

the Stony Islands, on a barren point of land, at some height above the river, where we found several mosses in flower, which we had not met with before.

At this season of the year, the river is not high: its rise usually takes place in February and March, when it becomes very much swollen, and with its tributaries does much damage. These floods, however, are of very short duration, for the descent is so rapid that the waters are soon discharged. It was raining quite hard when we passed Camp Maude du Sable, a sandy point just at the opening out of the Willamette Valley, which was one of the points originally occupied when the river was first explored by the whites. About two miles further up the river is Champooing, eighteen miles above the falls, which we reached at about 4 P. M. Here we found a few log houses, one of which belonged to a Mr. Johnson, who gave us a hearty welcome. Mr. Johnson was formerly a trapper in the Hudson Bay Company's service, but has begun to farm here. He invited us to take up our quarters with him, and although they were not very pleasant in appearance, we thought it better to accept the invitation than to pitch our tents on the wet ground in the rain. To reach his dwelling, we passed through water over our shoes. The house had little the appearance of belonging to a white man, but his welcome made amends for many things. We were soon installed in his bedroom, where, in looking round, my eye was arrested by a print of the capture of the frigate *Guerriere* by the *Constitution*, which led me to speak concerning it, when I found he had been in that action. This at once made us old friends, for I found him familiar with the character of all our naval men, and I had much pleasure in listening to his anecdotes, and hearing him speak in high terms of many of those officers to whom I feel personally attached. It was delightful to hear his unvarnished account of Commodore Hull's coolness and conduct in the action. Johnson asked many questions about the young officers he had known. I was equally diverted with his own adventures. Finding, after the excitement of war was over, he could not be content to lead a quiet life, he determined to adopt the business of trapping. In this he was engaged until the last few years, when he had settled himself down here, and taken an Indian girl for his wife, by whom he had several children. To the latter he said he was desirous of giving a good education, and for this purpose he had engaged old Mr. Moore, from Illinois, to pass several months with him. Johnson had all the easy and independent character of a trapper; yet I could still perceive that he had hanging about him somewhat of the feeling of discipline that he had acquired in the service. His Indian wife is extremely