

first sights that caught my eye was a patent threshing machine in the middle of the road, that seemed to have been there for a length of time totally neglected.

We rode on to the log houses which the Messrs. Lee built when they first settled here. In the neighbourhood are the wheelright's and blacksmith's, together with their work-shops, belonging to the mission, and, about a mile to the east, the hospital, built by Dr. White, who was formerly attached to this mission. I was informed by many of the settlers that this gentleman had rendered very essential service to this district. His connexion with the mission was dissolved when he returned to the United States.\*

The hospital is now used for dwellings by some of the missionaries. It is, perhaps, the best building in Oregon, and accommodates at present four families: it is a well-built frame edifice, with a double piazza in front. Mr. Abernethy and his wife entertained us kindly. He is the secular agent of the mission. Order and neatness prevail in their nice apartments, where they made us very comfortable, and gave us such hospitality as we should receive at home. It seemed an out-of-the-way place to find persons of delicate habits, struggling with difficulties such as they have to encounter, and overcoming them with cheerfulness and good temper.

Near the hospital are two other houses, built of logs, in one of which Dr. Babcock, the physician of the mission, lives.

We paid Dr. Babcock a visit in the evening, and found him comfortably lodged. He stated to me that the country was healthy, although during the months of August and September, they were subject to fever and ague on the low grounds, but in high and dry situations he believed they would be free from it. A few other diseases existed, but they were of a mild character, and readily yielded to simple remedies. He is also of opinion that the fever and ague becomes milder each season, as the individuals become acclimated.

The lands of the Methodist Mission are situated on the banks of the Willamette river, on a rich plain adjacent to fine forests of oak and pine. They are about eight miles beyond the Catholic Mission, consequently eighteen miles from Champooing, in a southern direction. Their fields are well enclosed, and we passed a large one of wheat, which we understood was self-sown by the last year's crop, which had been lost through neglect. The crop so lost amounted to nearly a thousand bushels, and it is supposed that this year's crop will yield twenty-five bushels to the acre. About all the premises of this mission

\* Dr. White has since returned to Oregon, in the capacity of Indian Agent.