

of the river, which consists of a shingle beach some two hundred feet wide, are to be found cornelians, agates, and chalcedony, among the loose pieces of basalt of which it is composed. The current was found to run at the rate of three miles an hour, although the water was said to be low. An old canoe was procured, in which we passed over, while one of the horses was led, and swam by its side: the rest were driven into the water, and followed to the opposite side. Here we met George Gay, who was travelling with his Indian wife: he told us that he would join us on our trip to the Yam Hills, which we proposed to make the next day.

We found our camp established by Plumondon, near the residence of Mr. O'Neill, formerly the property of the Rev. Mr. Leslie: it lies about a mile from the river, in a pretty, oval prairie, containing about three or four hundred acres, with a fine wood encircling it. Sixty of these are under cultivation; about forty in wheat, that was growing luxuriantly.

Three years since, O'Neill came to the valley with only a shirt to his back, as he expressed it: he began by working part of this farm, and obtained the loan of cattle and other articles from Dr. M'Laughlin, all of which he has, from the natural increase of his stock and out of his crops, since repaid. He has bought the farm, has two hundred head of stock, horses to ride on, and a good suit of clothes, all earned by his own industry; and he says it is only necessary for him to work one month in the year to make a living: the rest of the time he may amuse himself. He spoke in the highest terms of Dr. M'Laughlin, and the generous aid he had afforded him in the beginning. This farm is the best we have seen, in every respect; and it is not only well arranged, but has many advantages from its location. The success of O'Neill is a proof of what good education and industrious habits will do, and it is pleasing to see the happiness and consideration they produce. Mr. O'Neill is also a mechanic, and has gained much of his wealth in that way: he ploughs and reaps himself, and is assisted by a few Indians, whom he has the tact to manage. He has a neat kitchen-garden, and every thing that a person in his situation can desire.

The Rev. Mr. Leslie, who lives with O'Neill, invited us to the hospitality of his roof, but we preferred our camp to putting him to any inconvenience.

The next day (9th of June) we started for the Yam Hills, which divide the valleys of the Willamette and Faultz. They are of but moderate elevation: the tops are easily reached on horseback, and every part of them which I saw was deemed susceptible of cultivation. The soil is a reddish clay, and bears few marks of any wash from the