

rains. These hills are clothed to the very top with grass, and afford excellent pasturage for cattle, of which many were seen feeding on them. On our route through the Yam Hills, we passed many settlers' establishments. From their top, the view is not unlike that from Mount Holyoke, in Massachusetts, and the country appears as if it were as much improved by the hand of civilization. The oak trees sprinkled over the hills and bottoms have a strong resemblance to the apple-orchards. The extent of country we looked over is from twenty-five to thirty miles, all of which is capable of being brought to the highest state of cultivation. There are in truth few districts like that of the valley of the Faulitz.

We passed one or two brick-kilns, and finally reached the new residence of George Gay, one of the most remote on this side of the river. George had reached home with his wife and two children not long before us. His dwelling was to all appearance a good shanty, which contains all his valuables. George is of that lazy kind of lounging figure so peculiar to a backwoodsman or Indian. He has a pretty and useful Indian wife, who does his bidding, takes care of his children and horses, and guards his household and property. The latter is not bulky, for superfluities with George are not to be found, and when he and his wife and children are seen travelling, it is manifest that his all is with him. George is a useful member of society in this small community: he gelds and marks cattle, breaks horses in, and tames cows for milking, assists in finding and driving cattle,—in short, he undertakes all and every sort of singular business; few things are deemed by him impossibilities; and lastly, in the words of one of the settlers, "George is not a man to be trifled or fooled with." I felt, when I had him for my guide, that there were few difficulties he could not overcome. He is full as much of an Indian in habits as a white man can be. He told me he bore the Indians no love, and is indeed a terror to them, having not unfrequently applied Lynch law to some of them with much effect. The account he gave of himself is, that he was born of English parents, but became, before he had grown up, more than half Indian, and was now fully their match. I will add, that he is quite equal to them in artifice. He passes for the best lasso-thrower in the country, and is always ready to eat, sleep, or frolic: his wife and children are to him as his trappings. He has with all this many good points about him. I have seen him, while travelling with me, dart off for half a mile to assist a poor Indian boy who was unable to catch his horse, lasso the horse, put the boy on, and return at full gallop. All this was done in a way that showed it to be his every-day practice; and