

Bailey desiring to accompany us to the falls, I gladly concluded to await their dinner, and before it was served had an opportunity of looking about the premises. The locality resembles the prairies I have so often spoken of, but there was something in the arrangements of the farm that seemed advanced beyond the other settlements of the country. The garden was, in particular, exceedingly well kept, and had in it all the best vegetables of our own country. This was entirely the work of Mrs. Bailey, whose activity could not rest content until it was accomplished. She had followed the mission as a teacher, until she found there was no field for labour. She had been in hope that the great missionary field to the north, of which I have before spoken, would be occupied; but this being neglected, she had left them.

Dr. Bailey had been the practising physician of the mission. He had been several years in the country, and was one of a party that, while passing through to California, was attacked by the Indians in their camp, and nearly all murdered. Dr. Bailey, after being severely wounded, made his escape, and returned to the Willamette; but he bears the marks of several wounds on his head and face. He spoke well of the country, considers it fruitful, and healthy for white men; and that it would be so for the Indians, if they could be persuaded to take care of themselves. The ague and fever, though common on the low prairies, was not of a dangerous type, and after the first attack, those of subsequent years were less violent, even if it did occur, which was rare. The climate, however, was very destructive to the Indians, of whom at least one-fourth died off yearly.

When an Indian is sick, and considered beyond moving, he is poisoned by the medicine-man; for which purpose a decoction of the wild cucumber (*Bryonia*) is given him. Some of the roots of this plant grow to a very large size; and I saw some at Mr. Waller's three feet long by twelve inches in diameter.

Dr. Bailey also related to me an anecdote of Mr. Farnham,* who has written upon Oregon. A few days before the latter left the country, they were lost in the woods, and were obliged to pass a cold and dark night up to their ankles in mire: this the Doctor thought had cured his enthusiasm; and the first news he received of him was his violent attack upon the country on which, a few months before, he had written so strong a panegyric.

The next farm I stopped at was that of Mr. Walker, who came

* Mr. Farnham had been staying with Dr. Bailey, and had prepared during that time the memorial of the settlers to Congress, speaking of it in the highest and most exalted terms, and was one of the most enthusiastic in its praise. His account subsequently given of Oregon, differs very materially from the memorial.