

of the death of his wife. These men afterwards returned with a horse and some smaller presents from the medicine-man, which he had paid to save his life.

This rule equally applies to the whites who prescribe for Indians, an instance of which occurred a short time before our arrival, when Mr. Black, a chief trader in one of the northern posts, was shot dead in his own room by an Indian to whose parent (a chief) he had been charitable enough to give some medicine. The chief died soon after taking it, and Mr. Black paid the forfeit of his kindness with his life. The deed was done in a remarkably bold and daring manner. The Indian went to the fort and desired to see Mr. Black, saying he was sick and cold. He was allowed to enter, and Mr. Black had a fire made for him, without any suspicion of his intentions. On his turning his back, however, towards the Indian, he was instantly shot, and fell dead on his face, when the man made his escape from the fort before any suspicions were excited of his being the murderer.

To Mr. Black the world is indebted for the greater part of the geographical knowledge which has been published of the country west of the Rocky Mountains; and he not only devoted much of his time to this subject, but also to the making of many collections in the other departments of natural history, as well as in geology and mineralogy.

I remained at Vancouver till the morning of the 17th, and passed these few days with much pleasure in the company of the gentlemen of the fort, of whose attentions and great kindness I shall long entertain a grateful remembrance.

Mr. Waldron now joined me from Astoria, without bringing any news of the Peacock or tender. I did not think it worth while to wait any longer their coming, when I had so much duty to perform elsewhere. After completing orders for Captain Hudson, I determined to return. Plumondon was sent to the Willamette Falls for Mr. Drayton, as I desired to have some consultation with him before my departure.

The day before I left the fort, Mr. Ogden informed me that he had made arrangements to take me as far as the Cowlitz Farm in his boat, on my way to Nisqually, and desired that I would allow Mr. Drayton to accompany him up the river as far as Wallawalla. To both of these arrangements I readily assented.

During my stay at Vancouver, I frequently saw Casenove, the chief of the Klackatack tribe. He lives in a lodge near the village of Vancouver, and has always been a warm friend of the whites. He was once lord of all this domain. His village was situated about six miles below Vancouver, on the north side of the river, and, within the last fifteen years, was quite populous: he then could muster four or five