

Forrest entered the room, and told me that he had found my watch altogether wrong, (it showed Greenwich time,) and he had set it for me. I could not help making an exclamation of astonishment. We stood looking at each other, and he appeared fully as surprised as I was, when I told him that he had changed my Greenwich time for that of Cowlitz, and had interrupted my series of observations. He thought it passing strange that I should prefer Greenwich time to that of Cowlitz, and told me that he was sure his watch was right, for it kept time with the sun exactly! This incident, though sufficiently provoking at the time, afforded me much amusement after it was over, and was a lesson to me never to trust a chronometer to such an accident again.

It having partially cleared up the next morning, I set off, accompanied by Plumondon, his wife and child, and another settler as my guide. We departed at eight o'clock, and being provided with good horses, made rapid progress. By the advice of Mr. Forrest, I endeavoured to take a canoe on the Chickeeles, sending the horses to meet us, without loads, over the mountain.

We rode up to the Indian lodges, near the Chickeeles river, in order to engage some of them to accompany us. I have before spoken of making a bargain with them, and of the time and patience necessary before any thing can be accomplished. I now saw that it was a hopeless task to attempt to overcome their perfect nonchalance. Time, haste, clothes, presents, are nothing to them; rum is the only thing that will move them at all times, and of this I had none, nor should I have made use of it if I had. When Plumondon had exhausted his words on them without effect, we rode off, succeeded in passing the mountain road quickly, and were well satisfied that we had thus shown our independence.

I have noticed the excessive love that the whole Indian population seem to have for rum: many of these poor creatures would labour for days, and submit to all sorts of fatigue, for the sake of a small quantity. No other inducement will move them in the salmon and camass seasons, for then they have nothing more to desire.

Towards night we encamped on a small prairie, where the grasses, flowers, and trees, were in every variety of bloom.

The Indians on the Chickeeles river were engaged in the salmon-fishery. This is effected by staking the river across with poles, and constructing fikes or fish-holes, through which the fish are obliged to pass. Over these are erected triangles to support a staging, on which the Indians stand, with nets and spears, and take the fish as they attempt to pass through: the fish are then dried by smoking, and pre-