

frolic and pleasure, they were allowed to barbecue an ox, which the Company's agent had obligingly sold me. They were permitted to make their own arrangements for the celebration, which they conducted in the following manner.

The place chosen for the purpose was a corner of the Mission Prairie, before spoken of. Here they slaughtered their ox, and spitted him on a sapling supported over the fire, which was made in a trench. The carcass could thus be readily turned, and a committee of the crew was appointed to cook him. Others were engaged in arranging the amusements, &c. All was activity and bustle on the morning of the 5th, as the 4th fell upon Sunday. Before nine o'clock all the men were mustered on board in clean white frocks and trousers, and all, including the marines and music, were landed shortly after, to march to the scene of festivity, about a mile distant. The procession was formed at the observatory, whence we all marched off with flags flying and music playing, Vendovi and the master-at-arms bringing up the rear. Vendovi was dressed out after the Feejee fashion. It was truly gratifying to me to see them all in such good health and spirits, not a man sick, and their clothes as white as snow, with happy and contented faces.

Had it not been for the want of news from the Peacock, and the consequent apprehensions in relation to her fate, I should have felt and enjoyed the scene much more than I did. But the continual feeling that the ship might have been lost on some coral reef, and the idea of the sufferings her officers and crew would, in such case, undergo, tended to repress all other thoughts. This anxiety was not only felt by myself, but the officers and crew partook of it in a great degree. It was impossible to conjecture her fate, yet her continued absence and detention beyond the time of her anticipated arrival, naturally excited many fears and surmises, which, as the time passed on, made each one more certain that some disaster had befallen them.

Two brass howitzers were also carried to the prairie to fire the usual salutes. When the procession reached Fort Nisqually, they stopped, gave three cheers, and waited, sailor-like, until it was returned. This was done by only a few voices, a circumstance which did not fail to produce many jokes among the seamen. On reaching the ground, various games occupied the crew, while the officers also amused themselves in like manner. At the usual hour, dinner was piped, when all repaired to partake of the barbecue. By this time, the Indians had gathered from all quarters, and were silently looking on at the novel sight, and wistfully regarding the feast which they saw going on before them. At this time the salute was fired, when one of the men, by the name of Whitehorn, had his arm most dreadfully