

The ascent of these mountains has never been effected, but it was my intention to attempt it, if my other duties had permitted, as I was very anxious to get a view of their terminal craters. The absence of the Peacock, however, and the great amount of work necessarily devolving on the rest of the squadron, made it impossible for me to undertake this additional labour.

Around Nisqually there are many beautiful rides, and if there were any vehicles, they would be equally favourable as drives; for the country admits of a carriage being driven in almost any direction, within many miles of the fort.

The Company have as yet few fields enclosed, nor is it necessary that they should have, so long as the cattle are watched and penned in at night. The practice of penning is adopted, not only to protect the animals from the wolves, but to save the manure and apply it to a useful purpose. These pens are about half an acre in size, and are enclosed with our Virginia fence, made of pine rails. They are moved once a week, which, in the course of the year, gives a fertilizing effect to a large piece of ground; and all those portions of it that have been poor and barren are thus brought readily, and at little expense or labour, under good cultivation.

On this farm there were about two hundred acres under cultivation, which I was informed would yield fifteen bushels of wheat to the acre, and it is intended to convert it into a grazing farm, for which purpose a stock of cattle was on its way from California, during the year of our visit.

It is estimated that three thousand sheep, fifteen hundred head of cattle, and about four hundred horses, may be maintained at this place. Mr. Anderson, a clerk of the Company, whom I have mentioned as being in charge of the post, receives no more than one hundred pounds for his superintendence.

The observatory duties being completed, I set out, with Lieutenant Budd and Mr. Eld, in three boats, to join the surveying party under Lieutenant Case. Mr. Anderson accompanied us, on a visit to the Shute's River Falls, where we intended to take horses, to ride to the Bute Prairie, with some men, to open several of the mounds, to discover their contents, if they had any.

By the stupidity of the Indian guide, we took the wrong arm of the sound, and did not discover our error until we reached its extreme limit, where, as night overtook us, we were forced to encamp.

The next day, however, we reached the falls, which were insignificant, both in height and volume of water. This arm, which I have called Budd's, is a fine harbour, nine miles in depth, and about half a mile wide.