

for winter food. They keep a large quantity of it on hand, and it constitutes almost their only food. Their salmon-fishery was on the opposite side of the river. Some of the party bought a number of salmon, the smallest of which weighed nearly forty pounds. These Indians had many good horses, which they had no inclination to sell.

About two miles above the Indian village, they unexpectedly found that they were obliged to cross the Columbia. The balsas were, therefore, put in requisition, and a raft was constructed, on which, with the assistance of a canoe obtained from the Indians, they succeeded in getting all their baggage safely deposited on the other side, whither the horses were also brought.

In lighting their fires they ignited the grass on the prairie, and produced quite a conflagration, which for a time threatened their camp, but they succeeded in extinguishing it. Lieutenant Johnson now engaged an Indian to show them the road to Okonagan, for which they intended to set out at an early hour.

Their course now lay along the Columbia, and, towards the latter part of the day, on the high prairie-land, which was somewhat sandy, and seemed likely to be unprofitable for any purpose, except sheep-pasture. The guides were quite averse to entering on the high prairie, alleging that it was destitute of water.

Lieutenant Johnson, however, determined to pass on, after filling the water-bags. Ascending two thousand feet, they reached the high plain, where all were much delighted with the magnificent and extensive view. The whole sweep of the prairie burst upon them, uninterrupted by any shrub, but covered by a long grass, clothing the gentle inclinations as well as the hollows. The view was desolate, nothing appearing to relieve the eye, but the very distant dark-blue mountains to the northward and eastward, which pointed out the course of the Columbia, or the snow-capped tops of Mount Rainier and the ranges they had left.

Over this prairie they had no track to guide them, but proceeded on a course north-by-east, leaving a remarkable peak, to which the name of Mount St. Pierre was given, to the east of their route. After travelling three miles, they encamped, and were enabled to cook their dinner with a hawk's nest and a few bushes growing out of a rock. The Indians indulged themselves in a feast on the squab hawks: these birds, from the quantities of down on their legs, have a droll appearance.

This plain—for so it must be called—was found tolerably level, and, although it is covered with grass, yet there is but a slight tint of green