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they sent forward two very old Men, who lying flat on the ground in the most pitiful manner; crawling slowly, frequently lifted their heads a little as if imploring mercy; my Native Interpreter would not speak to them, and all the signs I could make gave them no confidence; close behind the men three women crawled on their knees; lifting up their hands to me as if supplicating for their lives; the men were naked and the women nearly the same, the whole, a scene of wretched destitution, it was too painful, they did not smoke with us, I gave to each of the men two inches of Tobacco, and left them. They appeared as if outcasts from the others ; all those we have passed today appeared idle, we saw none of them employed with the Seine, when I spoke to the Interpreter when we camped to learn the state of these people, he gave me no answer, and both himself and his Wife did not wish to be spoken to about them.

In the afternoon, when the River ran to the WSW a high Mountain, isolated, of a conical form, a mass of pure Snow without the appearance of rock, appeared, which I took to be Mount Hood, and which it was; from the lower part of the River this Mountain is in full view, and with a powerful achromatic Telescope I examined it; when clear, the Snow always appeared as fresh fallen, it stands south of the Columbia River, near the shores of the Pacific Ocean, and from six thousand feet and upwards [is] one immense mass of pure snow; what is below the limit of perpetual Snow, appears to be continually renewed by fresh falls of Snow, its many Streamlets form Rivers, one of which the Wilarmet, a noble River through a fine country falls into the Columbia River.<sup>1</sup>

July 10<sup>th</sup>. A fine morning. Having gone twenty one miles, we came to eighty two families, they were well arranged for the Salmon fishery, their Seine Net was about eight feet in width with strong poles at each end and good lines, and

 $^{\rm t}$  Thompson's camping-place this night was not far from Castle Rock, Oregon. [T. C. E.]