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CHAPTER I.

A Reminiscence—A Spectacle—Oregon—Landward and Seaward—
The Great South Sea—Magic Palace—Taking in Sudding-sails—
Caverns—Storm in Full Blast—Professor of Psalmody—Fur Hunter—
A British Tar—An Author—A Seaboat—A Corkscrew—A Flagon—A
Conversation about Life in the Northwest—Its Dogs—Logs—Food—
Surface—Lords of the North—Frozen Mountains—Moss—Flowers—
Potatoes, Oats and Barley—Indian Wives and Sheep—The Arctic
Shore—Suicide of a Brave Man—A Solo—Eel Pond—Ghost in the
Shrouds—Tumult in Upper and Lower Ocean—Minor Key—War-cry
—Special Pleading—The Sea—Wine and Song—To Bed.

In a work entitled "Travels in the Great Western Prairies," &c., to which the following pages are a sequel, I left my readers off the mouth of the Columbia river, in sight of the green coast of Oregon. Lower Oregon! A verdant belt of wild loveliness!—A great park of flowering shrubs, of forest pines, and clear streams! The old unchanged home of the Indian; where he has hunted the moose and deer; drawn the trout from the lake, and danced, sung, loved, and warred away a thousand generations. I cannot desire for myself any remembrances of the Past which shall bring me more genuine wealth of pleasurable emotions than those which came to me from that fourth sunset of December, 1840, when I was leaning over the bulwarks of the ship Vancouver, looking back on Oregon, and seaward over the great Pacific! A spectacle of true grandeur! The cones of eternal snow which dot the green heights of the President's range of mountains, rose on the dark outline of the distant land, and hung glittering on