

by the Indians, on which we will break-fast, as provisions are running short." Rations were still shorter two days later, for the entry on the 21st, with a grim suggestion of a joke, says, "No breakfast; feel very much purified in the flesh." 24th: "Scorpions are quite common. Two nights since, just as I was about lying down, I saw something move on my blanket, and found it to be a good-sized scorpion." "Our party now numbers seventeen — Indians, *literati*, and all." The *literati* referred to were Mr. Nuttall, the botanist, and Mr. Townsend, the ornithologist. September 1st: "Camped at ten o'clock, having found no water, and the whole country as bare as my hand, affording a bad prospect for our poor horses." On the next day, pretty well worn out, the remnants of the expedition reached Walla Walla.

September 4th: Mr. Wyeth left Walla Walla in a canoe for Fort Vancouver. 9th, had reached "The Dalles" (or Narrows) of the Columbia. "Party arrived with news that they had drowned one of the horses and the jackass. I valued him more than ten horses as a breeder." Down the Columbia was no smooth sailing, for September 10th "the gale swamped one of our canoes, which frightened the Indians back." 13th: "Made the portage of the Cascades; and next day, September 14, 1834, arrived at Fort Vancouver, nineteen months after leaving this place for the East, *having in this time twice traversed the American Continent.*"

September 15th: "Early in the morning, having hired another canoe, put ahead down the Columbia, and at twelve o'clock met the brig *May Dean*. Boarded her, and found all well." This ship Mr. Wyeth had loaded with supplies and despatched from Boston. "She had been struck by lightning and much damaged, having put into Valparaiso for repairs. Captain Lambert brought me twenty Sandwich-Islanders, two coopers, two smiths, and a clerk." September 22d Mr. Wyeth settled upon a large prairie near the Wallamette River, about fifty miles from its mouth. "It is about fifteen miles long, seven wide, surrounded with fine timber, and a good wide stream on it." On the 25th he was back at Fort Vancouver, making preparations to send out parties on exploring and trading expeditions. 27th: "Sent Stout up the Wallamet with two men and implements to commence farm."

From this date to October 13, 1834, he was busy "making preparations for an expedition into the Snake country, and in building a fort on the Columbia River, forty miles from its mouth (Fort William).

October 6, 1834, he wrote to his old friend Mr. Frederick Tudor, of Boston, "I am now making an establishment on the Multnomah [Wallamet, now called Willamette], about fifty miles above its mouth, and one on the Columbia forty miles from its mouth. This winter I go up Lewis River to make one more fort on its waters, and one on the south side of Great Salt Lake."

On November 23d, Mr. Wyeth with four men descended the Walla Walla and Columbia to the mouth of the River Des Chutes, along which he ascended directly south into the heart of Oregon. By December 19th they were well into the unknown country, across "an extensive plain, beyond which, white and high, rose a range of mountains, disheartening to look at; *but ahead is the word*, and the spirit seems to rise to the occasion."

By December 25th they were reduced to such straits that one of the horses was killed for food. "Snow and rain all day, and a miserable Christmas."

January 2, 1835: "Made snow-shoes, but they were too small. I frequently sunk into the snow, and it bothered me much to get out again." 5th: "Killed two swans so fat we could not eat all the grease. Seems good to live well after poor horse-meat," which suggests an adage, Scotch in origin, I believe, that a mighty little does a poor body good. "One swan furnished two of us only two meals; they do not eat so in the States." On the 16th the thermometer was below zero. One of the men had his feet badly frozen. The snow was four feet deep now, so that further advance was impossible. Fearful of perishing, and as delay was dangerous, "we abandoned everything but our blankets, books, and ammunition, axe and kettles, and took it on foot with about sixty pounds each on our backs. Made six miles, killed one deer, and camped. Am tired and hungry, but the deer will cure all." January 22, 1835: "Snowed all night; breakfasted on two beaver tails." 25th: "We heard a gun, and fired in return, and a Snake Indian came to us and led us to his camp; he brought a lean dog on which we supped, and had enough left for breakfast."