

gathered much information regarding their mode of life, history, and general character.

On the 23d of June, in order the more efficiently to explore a larger extent of country than it would have been possible to accomplish united, I resolved to divide the expedition into two parties, and as the Indians wished to return to their families, the distance to our depot at Port San Juan could barely be gone over in a week, for a greater length of time than which it was impossible for us to carry the baggage. The first division I took charge of to reach the sea at *Whyeck*, the fortified village of the warlike Nittinahts; the second I put in charge of Lieutenant Leech, with orders to meet me at Port San Juan by the 30th of June. The distance to Port San Juan was in a straight line about eighteen miles, and was marked as level plains on the old Admiralty chart. As will be shown, Leech found it anything but level plains.

Accordingly, on the morning of the 23d of June we divided the stores, and sent Leech and party to near the east end of the lake, with written orders (orders No. 2) regarding the conduct of the party. On the return of the canoe I proceeded with the remainder to the further extremity of the lake, paid off the Indians, despatched letters (No. 2) and specimens to the Committee, and struck in a general course south-west about nine miles, through a tolerably flat, well timbered and well watered country, until on the 24th June we struck a river flowing in a westerly direction, which I concluded to be the Nittinat river.

Next day we prospected the rivers and neighboring creeks, (found the color of gold,) and built a raft on which to descend to the sea. We accomplished all in safety for four miles, until the roar of a canon warned us to leave the raft, and finding any further progress impracticable by that mode of conveyance, we took to land, found an Indian trail, and that same night found, at the foot of the canon, a deserted Indian lodge and old canoe.

Next morning, Barnston and I descended the river in this tiny canoe, which leaked like a basket, hoping to find Indians at no great distance. The rest had orders to follow on a raft, if we did not return by the evening. All day long did we sweep down the swift river, shooting the rapids and darting through the overhanging branches of trees, past many Indian villages and salmon weirs, all deserted, until, as the sun was setting, we found the downward current stemmed by an upward one, and the river debouching in a large lake or inlet of the sea. On the most recent survey, that of Captain Richards, a lake is marked as supposed to exist behind "False Nittinaht," which was our destination.