

## EXCURSION TO THE OREGON.

sionaries. These we soon joined, and were met and received by them like brethren. Mr Nuttall and myself were invited to sup with them upon a dish of stewed hares which they had just prepared, and it is almost needless to say that we did full justice to the good men's cookery. They told us that they had travelled comfortably from Fort Hall without any unusual fatigue, and like ourselves had no particularly stirring adventures. Their route, although somewhat longer, was a much less toilsome and difficult one, and they suffered but little for want of food, being well provided with dried buffalo meat, which had been prepared near Fort Hall."

At Walla Walla, the party broke up into sections, some intending to reach Fort Vancouver in one way, some in another. The missionaries had engaged a large barge to convey them from Walla Walla directly to Vancouver, down the Columbia river, and Mr Townsend and Mr Nuttall were anxious to go along with them; but as the barge could not contain so many, they were obliged to travel on horseback to a point about eighty miles farther down the river, where Captain Wyeth engaged to wait for them and procure canoes to convey them to Vancouver. In the course of their land journey down the banks of the river, they passed a village of the Walla Walla Indians, a tribe so remarkable for their honesty and moral deportment, that their conduct and habits amidst great privations shine in comparison with those of Christian communities. The river in this part is described as about three quarters of a mile wide—a clear, deep, and rapid stream.

Having reached the appointed spot on the 10th of September, the travellers found the captain waiting with three canoes, each provided with an Indian helmsman, and on the 11th they embarked and commenced their voyage down stream. They had hardly set sail, however, when the wind "rose to a heavy gale, and the waves ran to a prodigious height. At one moment our frail bark danced upon the crest of a wave, and at the next fell with a surge into the trough of the sea; and as we looked at the swell before us, it seemed that in an instant we must inevitably be engulfed. At such times the canoe ahead of us was entirely hidden from view, but she was observed to rise again like the seagull, and hurry on into the same danger. The Indian in my canoe soon became completely frightened: he frequently hid his face with his hands, and sang in a low melancholy voice a prayer which we had often heard from his people while at their evening devotions. As our dangers were every moment increasing, the man became at length absolutely childish, and with all our persuasion and threats we could not induce him to lay his paddle into the water. We were all soon compelled to put in shore, which we did without sustaining any damage; the boats were hauled up high and dry, and we concluded to remain in our quarters until to-morrow, or until there was a cessation of the wind. In about an