

EXCURSION TO THE OREGON.

utterly abominable, and was glad to escape to a purer and more wholesome atmosphere."

The party again toiled on, every day's march bringing them sensibly nearer the end of their journey. On the 2d of September they reached the Utalla river, and here Captain Wyeth and two men left them to go on to the Walla Walla fort, a little way distant. Now that our travellers were to enter once more into civilised society, they began to feel a little anxiety about their toilet; and Mr Townsend's description of the preparations they made on the occasion is rather amusing. "As we were approaching so near the abode of those in whose eyes we wished to appear like fellow Christians, we concluded that there would be a propriety in attempting to remove at least one of the heathenish badges which we had worn throughout the journey; so Mr Nuttall's razor was fished out from its hiding-place in the bottom of his trunk, and in a few minutes our encumbered chins lost their long-cherished ornaments; we performed our ablutions in the river, arrayed ourselves in clean linen, trimmed our long hair, and then arranged our toilet before a mirror with great self-complacence and satisfaction. I admired my own appearance considerably (and this is probably an acknowledgment that few would make), but I could not refrain from laughing at the strange party-coloured appearance of my physiognomy, the lower portion being fair like a woman's, and the upper brown and swarthy as an Indian."

ARRIVAL AT THE COLUMBIA.

"About noon of the 3d of September," continues our traveller, "we struck the Walla Walla river, a pretty stream of fifty or sixty yards in width, fringed with tall willows, and containing a number of salmon, which we can see frequently leaping from the water. The pasture here being good, we allowed our horses an hour's rest to feed, and then travelled over the plain until near dark, when, on ascending a sandy hill, the noble Columbia burst upon our view. I could scarcely repress a loud exclamation of delight and pleasure as I gazed upon the magnificent river flowing silently and majestically on, and reflected that I had actually crossed the vast American continent, and now stood upon a stream that poured its waters directly into the Pacific. This then was the great Oregon, the first appearance of which gave Lewis and Clark so many emotions of joy and pleasure, and on this stream our indefatigable countrymen wintered after the toils and privations of a long and protracted journey through the wilderness. My reverie was suddenly interrupted by one of the men exclaiming from his position in advance, 'There is the fort.' We had in truth approached very near without being conscious of it. There stood the fort on the bank of the river; horses and horned cattle were roaming about the vicinity, and on the borders of the little Walla Walla we recognised the white tent of our long lost mis-