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NARRATIVE
OF THE
UNITED STATES
EXPLORING EXPEDITION.

DURING THE YEARS

1838, 1839, 1840, 1841, 1842.

BY

CHARLES WILKES, U. S. N.,

COMMANDER OF THE EXPEDITION,

MEMBER OF THE AMERICAN PHILOSOPHICAL SOCIETY, ETC.



IN FIVE VOLUMES, AND AN ATLAS.

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was on a visit to Oregon as an agent of our government, he relinquished the idea, notwithstanding he had already incurred considerable expense.

Mr. Young was, at the time, of opinion, that unless they had cattle, to which he believed the country was well adapted, they never could succeed in creating a successful settlement, and it was necessary to go to considerable expense to obtain them from California, as the Hudson Bay Company, or rather the Puget Sound Company, would not part with any. Mr. Slacum generously offered to advance the money necessary, and to give as many Americans as desired it, a free passage to San Francisco, in California, there to purchase stock and to drive them through to the Willamette. This was accordingly done, and after many difficulties, the cattle reached the Willamette in 1839. Mr. Young took charge of the share of Mr. Slacum, which then amounted to twenty-three. Previous to our arrival on the Northwest Coast, we heard from the United States of the death of Mr. Slacum, and on our arrival there, that of Mr. Young was also made known to me. The funds and property of Mr. Young, by general consent of the settlers, was put into the hands of the Rev. Mr. Leslie, who acted as administrator, and informed me, that at the division of Mr. Young's cattle, eighty-six had been put aside as the share of Mr. Slacum, after the proportion of loss and accidents had been deducted, making the increase in four years, sixty-three. Of these cattle no other care had ever been taken than to drive them into the pens for protection at night. Mr. Slacum's share was subsequently sold at the request of his nephew, who was a midshipman on board my ship, to Dr. M'Laughlin, for eight hundred and sixty dollars—ten dollars a head.

The Willamette is now, through the interest felt and advances made by Mr. Slacum, well supplied with cattle, which are fast increasing in numbers.

We found the farm of Mr. Young very much out of order, although I understood that two persons had been put in charge of it on wages at one dollar a day. The farm-house, at which we stopped, was entirely open, and every thing seemed to be going fast to ruin. Johnson, in hunting about the premises, found a sick man, a native of the Sandwich Islands, lying in a bunk. In a small kitchen half a pig was hanging by its hind legs, roasting over a slow fire; and every thing seemed in confusion. We did not stay long, but rode on to his saw-mill, which we found in ruins. It was badly located,