

A TRIP TO THE NORTHWEST IN 1861

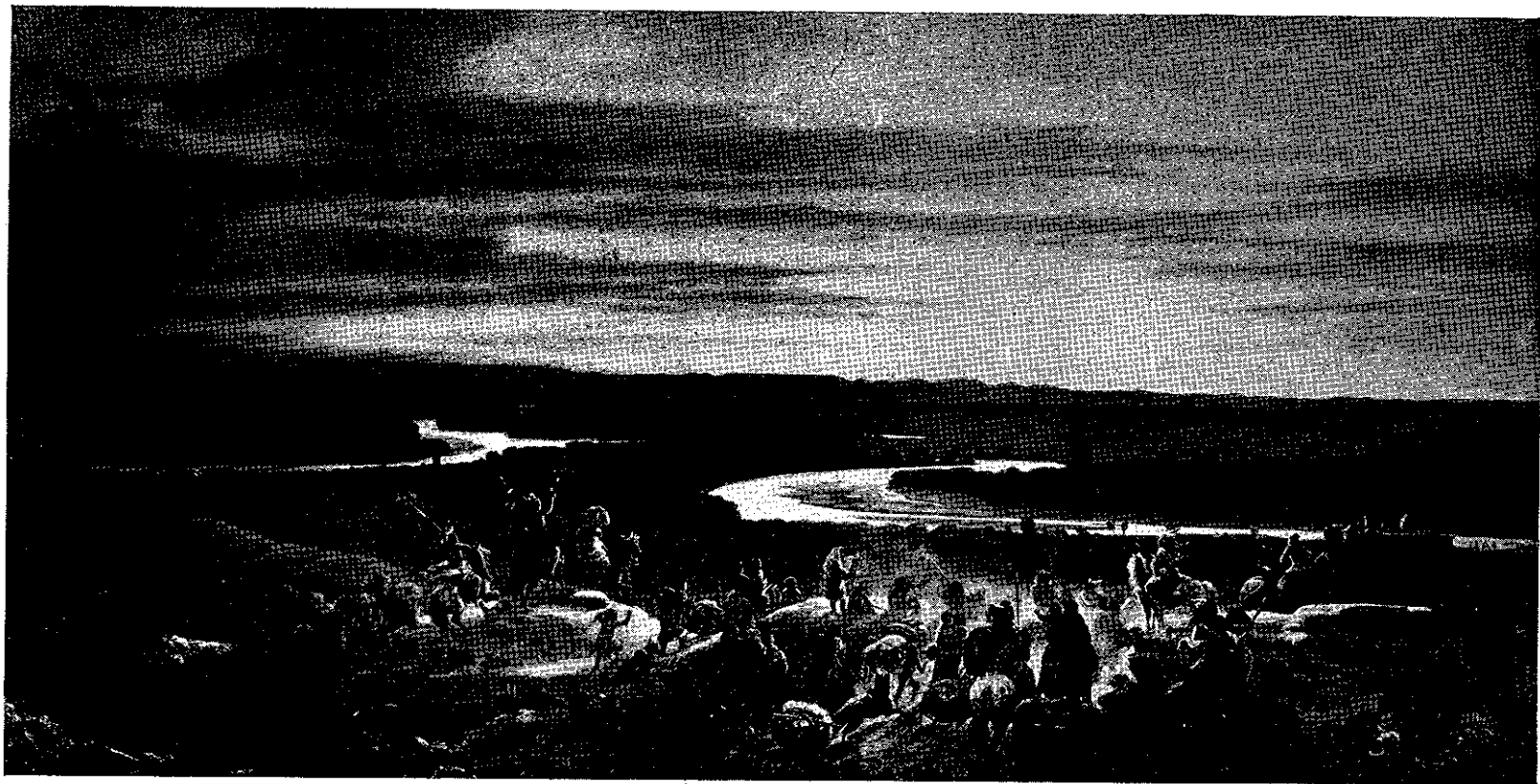
By JOHN MASON BROWN (1837-1890)*

(Continued from p. 136, April 1950 issue.)

Thursday, July 11th [Fort Benton]—Spent the forenoon in various preparations, such as the limited resources of the Fort afforded, for our journey. Got enough hard bread and bacon. Brisk trade in ponies going on between Dawson and the Blackfeet. He will bring up supplies overland from the lower posts. Drew on Gratz for \$100 for which Dawson (just like him) refused to charge me discount. At 6½ P.M. drove out accompanied for a mile or so by Seaman. Took the wrong fork of the road and at 12 m. came to a halt at the Grand Cullee (English *Gully**) where we camped without water. In the night Worden & I both sick with cholera morbus probably from quantities of milk drank at Benton. Took a strong dose of Cayenne Pepper, our only medicine, with good effects.

Friday, July 12th—Diverged to the North and in 3 m. reached main road. Still very unwell and accepted a seat with Col. Vaughan Ind. Agent for Blackfeet, to the Sun River Farm 59 m. from Benton where medicine is to be had. Halted at the "Spring" 27 m. fr. Benton but found no water. Grass abundant and of excellent quality along the road. 9 m. on came to the Lake where found plenty of water. Vaughan's team, 4 U.S. mules went at a spanking trot and at 12½ o'clock I had my first sight of the Rocky Mts. in the W. and N.W. towering in the distance and capped with snow. To the S. and E. the Belt Mts. fringed the horizon, one road lying over a high level prairie N. of Sun River. At 2 o'clk descended into the vally of Sun River, the most beautiful stream that I have ever seen, large, bold, cold as ice, fed from the Rocky Mt. snows and swarming with Trout. It empties into the Mo. at the Falls, a point which under the circumstances it was impossible to visit. At 7 arrived at the Farm established by Govt. for the Blackfeet and managed very successfully by Col. Vaughan who resides here. 160 acres in cultivation, this the 3rd year, 4 men employed. A fine prospect for wheat which is here harvested in Sept. Corn also of a peculiar dwarf kind ripening early. V. has a good kitchen garden and the establishment looks prosperous. "The Little Dog" head chief of the Blackfeet has been induced to establish a small farm 5 m. below where he works industriously *in propria persona*. He was not visible, secluding himself in grief at being obliged to shoot 3 of his own warriors last week. Took a few simple remedies and went to bed feeling much better

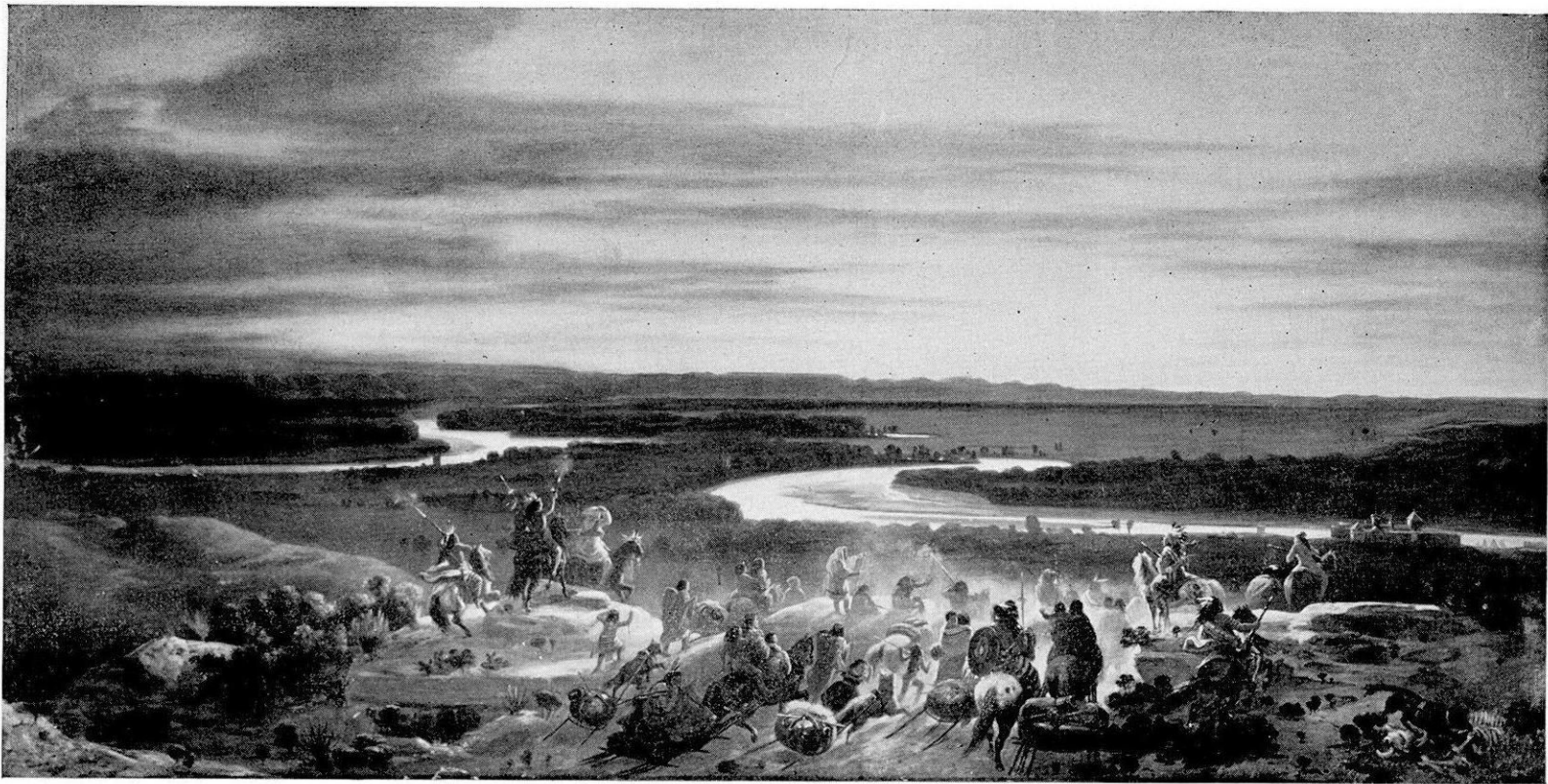
*The original manuscript of the Diary of John Mason Brown is published through the courtesy of his grandson, John Mason Brown, New York City. Italics indicate underscoring by the author. The author's spelling has been retained.



INDIANS APPROACHING FORT BENTON

From a painting by C. Wimar, 1859

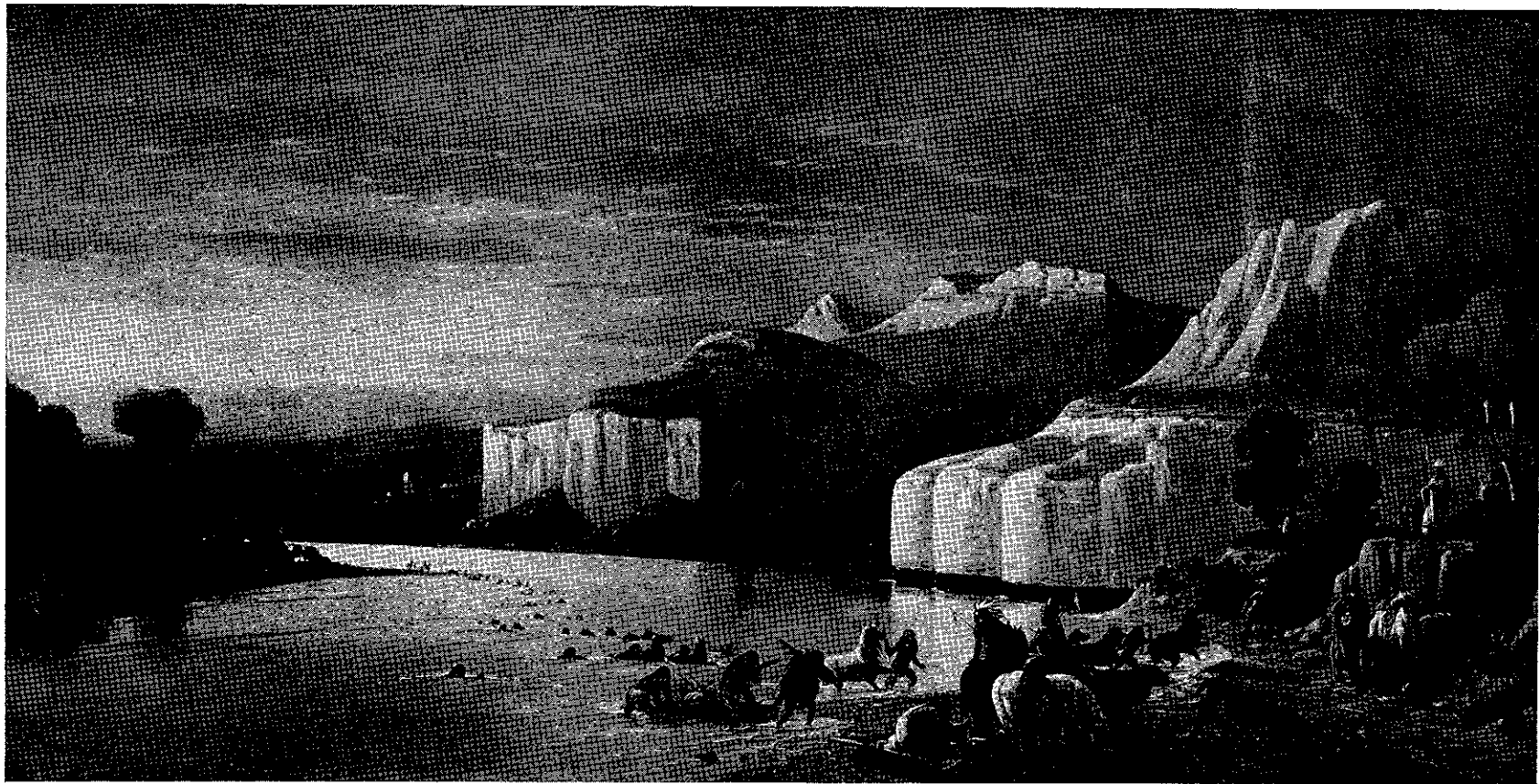
Courtesy of the City Art Museum of St. Louis



INDIANS APPROACHING FORT BENTON

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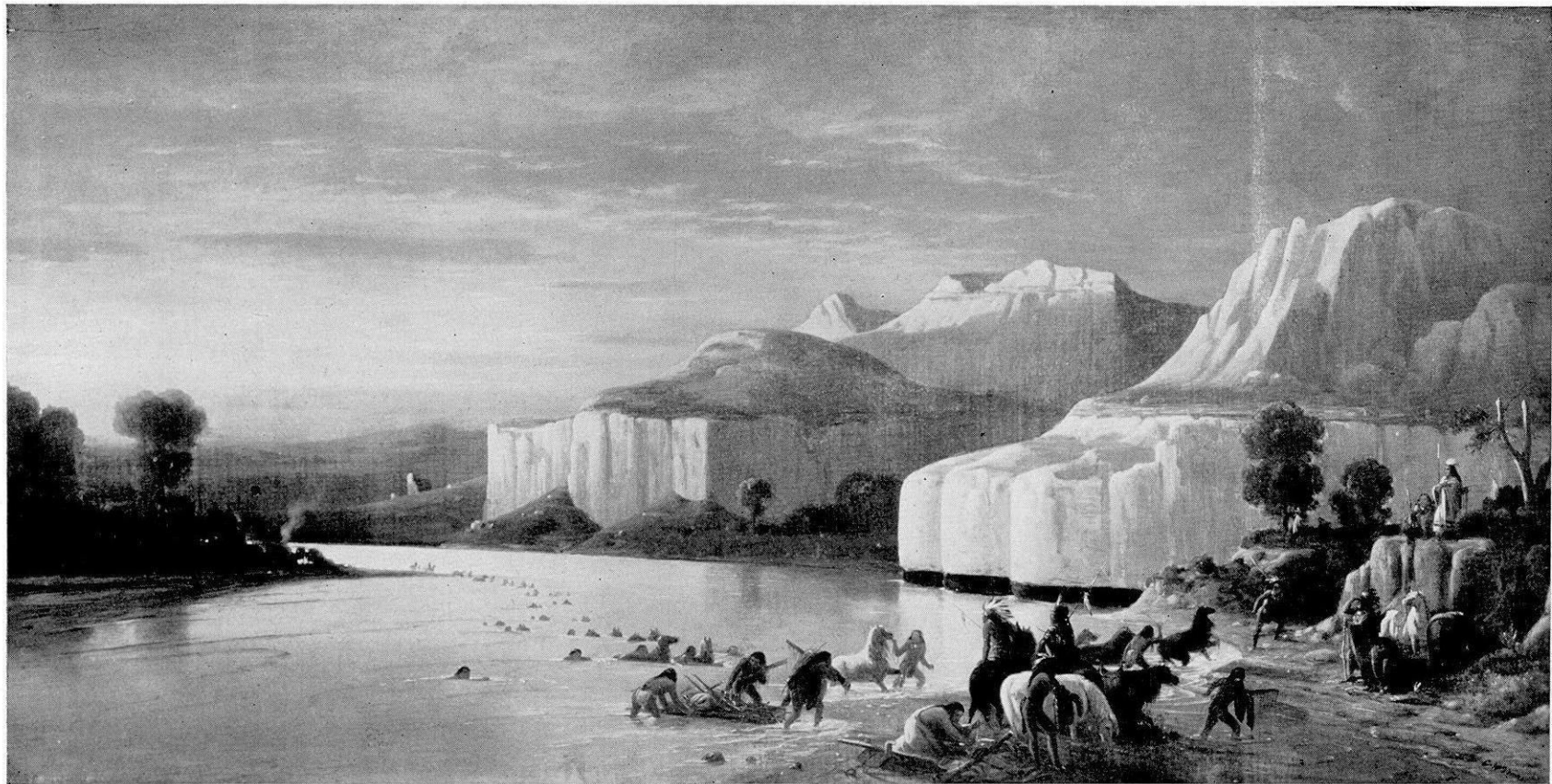


INDIANS CROSSING THE MOUTH OF THE MILK RIVER

From a painting by C. Wimar, about 1859 - 60

Courtesy of the City Art Museum of St. Louis

(See *The Filson Club History Quarterly*, April, 1950, page 131)



INDIANS CROSSING THE MOUTH OF THE MILK RIVER

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(See *The Filson Club History Quarterly*, April, 1950, page 131)

though uneasy about the long march for the oxen without water.

Saturday, July 13th—Quite well this morning though weak. Vaughan's houses are good cabins of round logs, some better ones finished but not yet occupied. He served in Mo. legislature with Gratz. Very kind and hospitable though a little tiresome. In afternoon I caught a mess of fine mountain trout. They refuse the Artificial fly but bite with avidity at grasshoppers. Macadow rode up at supper time announcing the approach of the team which camped at the Lake last night. We all took supper of Fish, Beaver tart, and bacon and greens with Vaughan and went on a short mile crossed Sun River and camped. The mosquitoes in the valley exceed all belief.

July 14th, Sunday—Found one of our oxen so lame from travel that we were unable to proceed. Lay by all day. Caught an abundance of Trout and Mountain Mullet. Tried a cake of French dessicated vegetables such as is used by the Army on prairie service. Found it to make excellent soup. Vaughan gave me several cakes. Maj. Graham and Worden exchanged our lame ox for a good one, to Col. V. and we will go on tomorrow. At sundown a party of 5 ex-employees of the A.F. Co. overtook us, on their way to the Nez Perces Gold Mines. Day hot with myriads of mosquitoes.

July 15th, Monday—Left our camp on Sun Riv at 4½ and struck Southward. Passed the Round Bute a lofty symetrical circular flat bute of some 2 m. diameter. At 7 m. passed the Crown Bute 1½ to our W., a landmark. Our road through the hills and quite good. At 16 m. halted at the Bird Tail Rock a singular peak, thin sharp and high much resembling a fish's back fin. Much of the grass recently burned. Country sterile and strewed with fragments of the granite that composes the hills. Camped 7 m. from Bird Tail Rock at a little branch, the same that shows at the Rock. Dug out an excellent spring with our butcher knives. Had to eat raw meat, no wood or buffalo chips. Made 23 m.

July 16th, Tuesday—10 m. on to the Dearborn River where we halted for some time. D. River a very beautiful perfectly limpid mountain stream of about 15 or 20 yds width. Many Big Horn on the rocks near by, and a few signs of Black Tailed Deer. Afternoon hot and close. Made over an ascending grade about 16 m. to the Prickly Pear Creek passing a number of fine Mt. Springs and an unnamed branch of the Prickly Pear. Our march to day is marked by the absence of other wood than *pine*, denoting that we are fully into the Mountains. On the Dearborn saw a few Mt. Cottonwood, bark that of the Cottonwood, leaf that of the willow. Crossed Prickly Pear and camped in a spot litteraly swarming

with mosquitoes. The Cattle almost frantic, ran to the ridges but could not escape the pests. It was not until 2 in the morning that the cold gave us some rest from them. Was forced to sleep with head covered by an India Rubber blanket. Our camp is but 4 m. from the Missouri Riv. Made to-day 26 long miles. 2 Big Horn.

July 17th, Wednesday—Waked very early by the mosquitoes beginning operations for the day. Set out shortly after daybreak, having a long and toilsome day before us. Took our course Southward up the Cañon through which flows the Prickly Pear. The Cañon walled by high cliffs of dark red granite of a soft texture the bed being debris of slate and granite. Drove slowly and carefully for fear of wearing out the hoofs of our cattle. The Creek is so tortuous that in 12 miles we crossed it 27 times. After leaving the Cañon ascended a succession of high and steep hills and our road lay for some miles along the back bone of the Mt. At 10 m. (about) passed Medicine Rock a mass of quartz, part of a dike trending N.E. Found about it a number of Indian offerings. Saw no game during the day. 2 m. South of Medicine Rock descended into the valley at a spot most beautifully adapted in situation, grass, timber and water for a large Cattle ranch. Timber altogether pine, save a few Water Beech and Aspen about the streams and springs. Caught a quantity of Trout. Made our Camp on a branch of the Prickly Pear at 7½ P.M. having accomplished about 17 m. only.

July 18th, Thursday—Found the road quite good and travelled well although ascending a heavy grade. Great quantities of Gooseberries, Currants and such like of varieties that would be very palatable if cultivated. Crossed the divide between Little and Big Prickly Pear at 7 m. Noon on a fork of Big Prickly Pear 12 m. Our route lies South across the breaks or heads of the various small brooks that make this stream. Had a limited view of its valley to East through a notch in the Mts. Apparently very inviting to a ranchero. In Afternoon leaving our noon camp, distinguished by the first bridge yet seen, crossed an extensive undulating plateau, intersected by numerous small cullees. One heavy mountain overcome brought us in close view of the main ridge and Summit of the Rocky Mts. A number of rocks, some of large size curiously balanced and of fantastic shapes lie around. One group much like the Stonehenge rocks. Camped on Big Prickly Pear 7 m. from nooning having accomplished 29 m. to-day.

July 19th, Friday—Last night very cool. No gnats or mosquitoes this high up in the Mts. At 5 o'clock followed up the fork of

Big Prickly Pear for 3 m. and then commenced the ascent of the Pass. The pass, called "Mullan's Pass" from Lt. M. Top Engineers, the constructor of the road, is a hill of 1 m. length, heavily timbered with Red Pine and Larch. The ascent is not very difficult, and the road is good. At 7 o'clock we stood on the Crest of the Rocky Mts. North of us the waters of the Prickly Pear emptying into the Atlantic, South the Little Blackfoot, a tributary ultimately of the Columbia and the Pacific. The crest of the Mt. divides the territories of Dakotah and Washington. The summit is 148 measured miles from Ft. Benton. Descending the slope we immediately struck the valley of the Little Blackfoot which we followed for 10 m. before halting. Caught a quantity of trout on which we dined. The afternoon cool. Maj. Graham, Worden & I rode ahead 9 m. and fished with great success, taking a number of very fine brook and Salmon Trout. The valley of the Little Blackfoot though narrow is productive of excellent grass. Found the true Blue Grass of Ky growing in places. Macadow killed an antelope. Game scarce this side of the Mts. The commonly received opinion that Buffalo never frequented the Western slope is erroneous. We saw a number of skeletons apparently of animals long dead. Camped at a favorite spot with the Nez Perces having made 23 m.

July 20th, Saturday—At about 2 m. crossed a branch of the Little Blackfoot. Found on its banks 2 trappers with their lodge, bound ultimately for 3 Forks of the Mo. Climbed a succession of wearisome hills making 9 m. to the brow of the hill overlooking the Deer Lodge Prarie, and nooned at a remarkably fine cold spring. Had a heavy shower about 3 P.M. In afternoon crossed Deer Lodge Creek (4 m.) and descended it towards Johnny Grant's. 3 or 400 head of cattle in sight and nearly as many horses, Grant's property. He is a $\frac{1}{4}$ breed Flathead and wealthy. A great horseman too; rode 80 m. day before yesterday to get a pistol left behind and accomplished the feat between 11 A.M. and bed time. Camped on Deer Lodge Cr. about $1\frac{1}{2}$ m. above Grant's. 15 m. to-day.

July 21st, Sunday—Stopped at Grants 1 m. Had an ox shod, badly and at a high price. G's houses, built in the point of land between the Deer Lodge Cr. and the little Blackfoot. At this Fork the combined rivers are called Hell Gate River. Grant has some very good cattle and refused to sell anything. In afternoon crossed Blackfoot and made for Hell Gate. At 6 m. entered the Cañon as we suppose. Road reasonably good and the crossings not difficult. Camped a short distance above Gold Creek. Made 9 m. only. The River 30 yds wide, 3 or 4 ft deep and current rapid.

July 22nd, Monday—Came in about 1 m. to Gold Creek on the South bank. Here two brothers, Stewarts, have commenced an experiment with a small farm. The country though well suited for stock-raising will never I think repay the Agriculturalist. At 8 m. crossed a small brook on which is a Ranch belonging to Dempsey. Here the Mormons endeavored to establish themselves a year or two since, but they were robbed and run out by the Bannack band of Snakes, instigated by the whites no doubt. 3 m. further on halted at an old Dragoon Camp of Maj. Blakes command. Leaving the River made a cut-off to the South crossing Flint Creek $3\frac{1}{2}$ m. and camping at a Spring $4\frac{1}{2}$ miles further on. Days journey 19 m. Travelled slowly to favor our team one or two of whom are quite foot sore. Found no trout in the streams to-day. About $9\frac{1}{2}$ o'clock Johnny Grant and three men came into camp. Their mule-wagon was loaded with Bear & Beaver skins. They had been driven from their first camp on the Creek by mosquitoes and sought rest on the ridge with us. Night cold.

July 23rd, Tuesday—In 7 m. came to one of Mullan's mile posts, indicating 400 m. to Walla-Walla. This point is reckoned the beginning of the Hell Gate Cañon. The Cañon is 40 m. long and reported to be severe upon teams. About 100 yards W. of the mile post is the grave of one of Mullan's men, apparently not made a year since—no marks of name or age on the pine splinter that marks the head. A pen of pine logs protects it from the Kiota wolves. The commencement of the Cañon for $7\frac{1}{2}$ m. is a narrow strip of bottom land between high hills, the Hell Gate River to the N. The road so far is good. Near the mouth is a bluff of reddish color reported by Col. Lander to contain Cinnabar. Do not know if it has been examined. Halted after passing several small spring branches at a little Creek 14 m. from last night's camp. In afternoon crossed the Medicine Tree Hill (a bad hill but much improved by Mullan's road) about $1\frac{1}{2}$ m. from our noon camp. Continued our route up the narrow valley crossing the Hell Gate River 5 times and camping on its North bank near an old Dragoon camp, having made 7 m. since noon and 21 m. during the day. On both sides are high mountains very steep and rocky, their sides densely wooded with pine and their tops ornamented with occasional fantastic peaks. By our nearest conjecture we are now only 35 or 36 m. from Worden's place, our point of destination for the present. In the night the horses were twice frightened and noises heard that made us believe Indian thieves to be about. Saw nothing of them however.

July 24th, Wednesday—3 m. to Beaver Dam hill which Indian tradition says was thrown across the original channel of the river

by the Great Beaver Spirit in some angry mood. Descending the rocky hill side with some difficulty crossed the Hell Gate 4 times in 7 m. Entered at a post marked 378 to Walla-Walla a beautiful pine forest traversed by a very excellent trail in which we travelled 7 m. finding water at 6 m. but no grass. The country before us seems to flatten, indicating I suppose our near approach to the end of the Cañon. Our mornings travel has been necessarily long, 17 miles. Saw a yearling Grizzly a short distance from camp, but it was so shy that none of us could get a shot. In afternoon had 4 m. of rough road including the 2 last crossings of Hell Gate. The last crossing very bad, large rocks in the channel and the current rapid. In trying the ford my horse was swept from his feet and I was forced to swim, spoiling an elegant pair of moccasins given me by Col. Vaughan. As we approach the W. end of the Cañon the service-berries are abundant as well as large and ripe. Camped a short distance from the last crossing in a pine forest. Chambers & Co. came up late with their pack train. Killed a black-tailed deer, one of the few we have seen. Sat up very late washing clothes. 21 m. to-day.

July 25th, Thursday—Crossed the Big Blackfoot at 4 m., most of the distance being through piney woods. The ford bad from rocks and current. Road West of the ford rocky and difficult. Close along the banks of Hell Gate River 5 m. to Hell Gate, the mouth of the Cañon, where two steep mountains closely hem in the river. Before us lay the valley of the Bitter Root into which we drove 1 m. and halted to rest the team. The Cañon by my count must be 43 m. in length. Its difficulties are much exaggerated by Mountain men. 4 m. further brought us to Worden's trading post, the end of our journey, or at least of the ox-team portion of it. We have accomplished since the morning of 26th June (exactly 30 days) $333 + 267 = 600$ miles, losing 3 days and averaging therefore $22\frac{1}{5}$ m. daily, a wonderful trip for oxen over mountainous country. From Ft. Benton to this place I compute at 267 m. Worden and his partner Higgins are very well established in good cabins tidily kept. We here tasted our first coffee since the disaster of the Chippeway. Chambers and his party we fear have had their 16 horses stolen. An Indian so informed me by signs.

July 26th, Friday—Lay here all day waiting for Worden and Maj. Graham to come to some conclusion about their team. Day hot. Chambers and party came in in afternoon. We will have some trouble in equipping. Dr. Lansdale from the Columbia Riv. settlements came in with news from the States, which had great interest for us all. Felt very much as if I were not doing exactly

right in absenting myself from the States at this time.

July 27th, Saturday—Rode over with Higgins to old Capt. Grant's, a Hudson Bay trader in former days. His $\frac{1}{4}$ breed daughters very good looking and much admired by the settlers in the valley, possibly because Grant has flocks and herds and much money. McAdow started for Ft. Owen to inquire about horses saddles &c. Am desirous to save Maj. G. in his wagon speculation and therefore will wait a day or two before purchasing for myself. Mosquitoes annoying but not so troublesome as we have heretofore had them.

July 28th, Sunday—Being a day of rest the settlers for 15 or 20 miles round collected to raise Hamiltons house, designed as a groggery. Dry raising to the discontent of the participators. McAdow returned from Ft. Owen whither he had gone yesterday. Reports it a beautiful place, well improved and comfortable. The mosquitoes gave us no rest all night.

July 29th, Monday—Maj. Graham disposed of his interest in the team to Worden, and I took one of his horses at \$90, a good stout saddle nag. Worden got off for Walla Walla and at 2 P.M. Maj. G. and I started for the Indian Agency Farm distant 21 m., on our way to the St. Ignatius Mission. Went through the Defile of Coriacan, a rough pass 5 m. in length. Descended a long hill to the valley of the Jocko where is the Farm and buildings. Got there at 9 o'clock, found Tipton in charge, a Kentuckian from Montgomery County. Houses very comfortable cabins of pine, well built and supplied with many conveniences. Slept soundly in a bed first time since 22nd June.

July 30th, Tuesday—Walked over the Reservation farm with Tipton the Superintendent. 130 A. enclosed last November. 90 acres in cultivation. Farm looks well and the location appears to be judicious. The Reservation is large, lying between Hell Gate Cañon and the 49th Parallel and the Missoula and Crest of the Rocky Mts. Is designed for Flatheads, Pend d'Oreilles and Kantonays. Through the farm runs Jocko Creek on the banks of which $2\frac{1}{2}$ above is a saw and grist mill nearly completed. On the farm are 400 or more head of cattle. About 30 men employed to whom \$50 per month is given. Mechanics \$1000 yearly. In afternoon rode up to the mill, 4 or 5 carpenters and a blacksmith at work. A very good job and will exceed the appropriation (\$15000). Saw to the N.E. a very high waterfall 10 or 12 m. distant. It has never been visited. Our cobbling not yet done and we are forced to wait.

July 31st, Wednesday—Spent the day about the farm and amused myself learning the game of Cribbage. Michel Ogden,

formerly a Hudson Bay trader, came down from the mission on business. Tipton sent out 4 men to cut hay. Plenty of Pease and Potatoes to eat. The beef is very fine. The night very cool with heavy dew.

August 1st, Thursday—Left the Agency Farm at about 9 o'clock for St. Ignatius Mission. Crossed the Jocko twice and passed a defile of 4 or 5 miles in length, a difficult but practicable for wagons. Saw a few lodges of Indians apparently traveling. At half way between last crossing of the Jocko and the Mission (about 4 m. from latter) met Father Congiato, Superintendent Jesuit of the various missions, resident in San Francisco, accompanied by Father Menetry and a young priest. To each of these Fathers I had letters with me from Father De Smet. They received me very kindly and welcomed me to the mission. Father Congiato is en route for California on business of the Order. He very kindly regretted not having seen me before, and assured me of every service at the hands of the priests. He formerly resided in Bardstown Ky. The priests rode on together after adieus. Father Menetry returning at a gallop overtook us before reaching the Mission and escorted us in. Seemed much pleased to receive me so well recommended and informed me that "every things was mine." After dinner examined his Saw and Grist mill and church. His mill is small but answers his purposes. The mill-race very well constructed. The new church (the old Father's pride) is a large, sightly, frame of 100 by 40 feet, about. Its appearance is very good. A good deal of work remains to be done, the Padres being obliged to proceed gradually in all their projects. Met FF Louis and Imoda, the first an old Belgian, very good and simple hearted, the other a young Italian about to take charge of the Blackfoot Mission on Bear River. Father Menetry's 90 A. of wheat *very* flourishing averaging 40 bu. Harvest commenced to-day. His garden too very thrifty. He irigates by small ditches from the Senilmin Creek running through the place. Everything very quiet and happy looking through the Pend d'Oreilles village about the mission. A choir of Indian children, under direction of F. Imoda, sang quite well at vespers in Latin and Kalispelm. As yet there is no organ. Chatted most pleasantly with the Fathers and Lay Brothers until late bed time. The distance hither from Reservation Farm 16 m. from thence to Hell Gate 21.

August 2nd, Friday—Rose early and attended matins. Some 125 Indians were present; decorous and accurate in the ceremonials. Spent the morning in conversation with the Fathers. F. Louis gave me a long account of the Kalispelm or Pend

d'Oreilles language which is very singular and intricate. E.G.—Five totally different words, bearing no marks of composition or derivation, signify respectively to cut the hand, the arm, the foot, the face, the head, &c &c. In after noon went with Father Menetry to Penetse Finlay (generally known as “Penetse”), an old half-breed guide of Father De Smet. He cheerfully consented to go with me any where and offered to show me a deposit of white metal which he supposes to be Lead. I will avail myself of his services in 10 days or so when he shall have finished his harvest of wheat. He recommended me to see his brother Augustin, whom I shall call on tomorrow. The Finlays are very numerous, more than 1000, and only the 4th Generation from F the old Hudson Bay trader. Find here a Mr. McClaran, trader of H.B. Co. He leaves tomorrow for Colville. Many of the Indians have little patches of wheat and potatoes, and their crops look exceedingly well. The Fathers are most considerate and polite, and will not hear of my leaving for several days. I am most favorably impressed with their piety and single heartedness, and their hospitality without being obtrusive is most open-handed and liberal.

August 3rd, Saturday—Dispatched a letter to Gratz for memoranda lost on the Steamboat availing myself of McClaran's going to Colville. Rode over with Father Imoda to see Augustine Finlay. He lives in a cabin and cultivates a small field 12 m. N. of the Mission on Crow Creek. 5 m. on the road is an old trading post of H.B. Co., where resides Michel Ogden ex-trader. Rode rapidly and soon arrived at Augustin's. Had a long and in most respects satisfactory talk with him. (Mem: of conversation filed away in ink.) Can get him as guide when needed. He recommended me to talk with André alias “Cut Hair” and Lou-a-out-sin both at the Mission. Much snow on the north slopes of the mountains. Day warm and horse flies troublesome. Returned to the Mission at 3½ o'clock. Sorry to find that Abraham Finlay is now at the Nez Perces mines, and of course hard to find. But hope to find out something even without him. About dusk heard a loud oration from an aspirant for a chieftaincy, who blew his own trumpet very loudly.

August 4th, Sunday—All the neighboring Indians came in to church, to the number of three or four hundred. Father Menetry preached to them in Kalispelm, the language of the Flatheads and Pend d'Orellies. Had another talk with Penétse. A few drops of rain fell in the forenoon, a very unusual thing for this season of the year. Generally no rain falls from June to October. The deficiency of moisture is supplied by artificial irrigation, easily contrived by small ditches communicating with the

streams. Saw the cattle belonging to the Mission. The 3 yr olds will average far better than any herd I ever saw both for size and condition. Some of the animals are enormous. No feed is given them the year round except what they graze from the prairie. F. Menetry tells me that the beef is generally fat after Winter. Maj. Graham measured a 3 yr old of great size. After dinner took leave of the Fathers and rode back to the Reservation Farm. I cannot overstate the high opinion I formed of the sincerity, piety and self-sacrifice of these truly good men. For 17 years they have steadily devoted themselves to their mission and are only now beginning to see an occasional white face. There is no work that seeks reward in the applause of men & I truly believe that I never saw men of purer religious zeal. Their hospitality is free and ample. Reached the Farm after dusk. Tipton absent at Ft. Owen to get blades for his harvest. Much smoke E. of the Farm and over the mountain, apparently about the heads of Prickly Pear.

August 5th, Monday—A very little rain about day break. Rode up to the mill and had my horse shod. Lost much time waiting on the smith. Had quite a treat looking over files of the Scientific American from Jan. 60 to May '61, belonging to the boss-carpenter. The hands began the Wheat harvest to-day. The crop here does not compare with that at the mission. The secret of the Fathers' success lies in their sowing in July, experiment having proved that that length of time is necessary to fortify the stalk before the spring drouth sets in.

August 6th, Tuesday—Had a fine exhibition of lasso-throwing or "lassing" as it is called here. Antoine, a Spanish half-breed, Jimmy Grant, and Jimmy Spence, vacaros on the Reservation, being the performers, and several very wild young horses the subjects. Rode over to Hell Gate. Found the finest service berries yet seen, in Coriaca's Defile. Met Tipton at South end of Defile. No news yet from Maj. Owen. Found at Hell Gate several lodges of Flatheads come down for fear of Bannacks. Much troubled to get a saddle. None to purchase. Williamson very kindly put his at my disposal for as long as I chose to use it. It is the same I have used for several days.

August 7th, Wednesday—Left Hell Gate for Fort Owen, crossing Hell Gate River and keeping between Bitter Root River and the Mountains on the East bank. For several miles the trail lies over a swampy bottom densely grown up with service berries. Afterwards the country is gravelly and very rolling, in many places broken and altogether unsuited for cultivation. The Bitter Root is about 60 yards in width, rapid in current, a beauti-

ful gravel bed, and the water of perfect purity. So clear is the stream that small pebbles are distinctly seen in pools of 25 ft depth. Altogether the Bitter Root is the most beautiful stream that I have ever beheld, far surpassing the Sun River and other mountain streams that I have crossed. The union of the Hell Gate and Bitter Root Rivers, at a short distance from Worden's store, forms the Missoula, which is a tributary of Clarke's Fork of the Columbia. At Lou Lou Fork, I shot at and slightly wounded a Moose with my revolver. Distance 80 yds. across the River. I was not aware before that this Animal was found so far South; but saw several pairs of horns at Ft. Owen. Reached Ft. Owen at 4½ P.M. Maj. Owen absent at Walla Walla, expected daily. Sinclair, in charge, received us very kindly. Dr. Atkinson, Govt. Physician, also here. About dusk Dr. Thibideau of Walla Walla came in from S. Nez Perces mines. Reports mines as paying well, but has had a hard trip. He is well known as an explorer. 32 m. from Hell Gate to this.

August 8th, Thursday—Lounged about the Fort which is well built of Adobe, commodious and very neatly kept. A fine well in the center, good saw and grist mills and plenty of books. Owen's apartments well carpeted and furnished. The farm conducted by Tom Harris formerly of Versailles Ky. The fire observed in the Mts. for some days past still burns fiercely in the S.E. These fires are annual, and are started by the Indians for the purpose of destroying the old wood of shrubs, the young wood producing far better berries. Caught a fine mess of Salmon Trout in Bitter Root River. Day very warm. Thermometer 96° in the shade, between 2 and 5. The remainder of the day not oppressive.

August 9th, Friday—Wrote home by Dr. Thibideau to Walla Walla. Reduced my Indian signs to writing, also the few words of Crow, Snake and Blackfoot that I have picked up. Busy all day reading and writing, killing the time partly with a violin and guitar that Owen has here.

August 10th, Saturday—Talked most of the day with Dr. Atkinson. He has travelled industriously over the wilder parts of the country for 15 years past, and talks most intelligently. McAdow rode up the valley to Brooks. Wmson from Hell Gate reports news by miners from Owen's pack train, seen some days since at Coeur d'Alène Mission. They may be expected here in two or three days.

August 11th, Sunday—Intended being present at the Catholic service performed at the Flathead Camp but horses were out of the way and did not go. Received a formal (verbal) invitation to wedding of the son of "Nine Pipes" and a young squaw, or rather

to the Catholic sanction of their Indian marriage. The ceremony to be performed to-morrow. Read to-day "Ellis' Madagascar" a book of 500 pages that does not repay perusal. Sinclair went down to Hell Gate, to see old Capt. Grant off. Grant starts in a day or two for Vancouver to draw some £6000 accumulated in his active trapping days, and in the H.B. Co.'s hands.

August 12th, Monday—Horses still out of the way, so did not go prospecting as had intended. Harris commenced his harvest. Batchelder, Owen's express from Walla Walla came in in afternoon with news from the States to 5th July. All very unhappy at the aspect of affairs.

August 13th, Tuesday—Batchelder, the expressman, started for Agency Farm. Dispatched a letter to Dawson. The nights are becoming cool and begin to feel like frost.

August 14th, Wednesday—Prospected the head of the creek running by the Fort but found no "color", though worked industriously almost all day. Day very hot but the night chilly.

August 15th, Thursday—Hunted. Killed a big horn and two rabbits. Weather lowering with indications of approaching storm. Cleared off in afternoon without rain. Very restless and somewhat feverish at night. Slept none but read all night.

August 16th, Friday—Read all day. Maj. Owen has collected, during the 11 years that he has resided here, a very respectable number of standard books. Lieut. Mullan's library is left here and many books belonging to Gov. Stevens. Interpreted for Sinclair in sign-language to a Snake Indian. Succeeded very well in making and comprehending the signs. Part of Owen's train (17 horses) came in in the afternoon loaded with salt. The remainder on the road this side of Coeur d'Alène. Worked hard at night on a Chinook vocabulary. The dialect is easy of acquisition and is the "Lingua Franca" so to speak of the Pacific slope.

August 17th, Saturday—Hunted. Shot a bear and cub. These animals very plenty at the foot of the Bitter Root Mts. 3 or 4 miles West of the Fort, where they are now fattening on service berries. Made myself unwell by a surfeit of clabber at Tom Harris', the first I've eaten for many a day. Old Grant came up from Hell Gate. Day very warm but the night chilly.

Sunday, August 18th—Rode about the valley in the morning. Observed Sun for meridian altitude. Rumors that Ino Owen is within 2 days of Fort. Also that 16 or 18 whites have been massacred by Spokans &c near Colville. This news deters Brooks, who was about to emigrate, from starting.

August 19th, Monday—Hunted strayed horses most of the

day but did not find them. Prospected with but poor success, merely raising color. Day exceedingly hot.

August 20th—Hearing that Batchelder, the express will probably start below in a few days, wrote letters. Begin to be very impatient for the arrival of Owen and his train. It will be very inconvenient if not impossible to do any exploring before he comes. Nor can I perfect any arrangements for returning to the States before seeing him.

August 21st, Wednesday—Blake got in from Orofino by the Loo Loo Fork trail accompanied by an Indian guide and bringing State news to the 16th July. He supercedes Sinclair in the charge of affairs here. Maj. Owen may not be expected here for two months. Irvine sick below. Blake reports "big diggins" at the Nez Perces mines and Rhodes Creek.

August 22nd, Thursday—Completed money arrangements with Blake. Can not get a pack animal here. All the horses and mules will be required for additional trains to be dispatched to Walla Walla and Ft. Benton. The Flatheads are preparing to break up camp and go Eastward for Buffalo. This is an annual custom. They remain generally until March. Shot a bear.

23rd—Hunted and fished in company with Blake. I killed two Deer (Blk tail) one of which we did not get. Blake caught 38 lb trout in a few hours. The mule train from Walla Walla got in this afternoon with residue of supplies sent up. Concluded arrangement with Harris for pack animal for Kootenay trip. Took some practical lessons in the art of moccasin making after the Snake model from Moyees, 2nd Chief of Flathead Tribe.

Saturday, 24th August—Ned Wmson came up from Hell Gate. Brooks down. A number of ducks killed to-day. New cook from Walla Walla inaugurated. Blake is a great epicure (if such a character can exist in a wild country) and extremely particular about the kitchen. We fare most admirably. Wandering along the River I shot the first Kyota I have seen this side the Mts. Had a long talk with *Moyees*, who remembers the Lewis & Clarke Expedition well. He promises to bring a son of Capt. Clark a prominent Nez Percè to see me. The days are lengthening perceptibly, but becoming colder towards evening.

Sunday, 25th—Higgins, boss Carpenter at the Jocko came up in 4 hrs (48 m.). Fished and hunted ducks, although it was Sunday.

August 26th, Monday—Started from Ft. Owen to the Jocko, but Blakes business caused such delay that on consultation we turned back for a fresh start tomorrow. For the last 3 or 4 days

the Ther. has stood about 90° in shade.

August 27th, Tuesday—Rode over to Hell Gate in company with Maj. Graham, Blake, Dr. Atkinson & Higgins. Started numerous coveys of Prairie Chickens and saw one white tailed deer. Stopped at Hell Gate to get some provisions left from the Ft. Benton trip. Blake, the Dr. & Higgins kept on to the Reservation. Slept at Worden's.

August 28th, Wednesday—Were delayed some hours in getting prepared for the Kootenay trip. The remnant of provision left from the Ft. Benton voyage were cached here. Found the sugar we had gotten at Ft. Owen damaged by water, for yesterday I had to swim the Bitter Root River. Got off finally at 10½ o'clock. The country this side (S) of Hell Gate is thick with smoke of numerous fires. So dense is the smoke that one can not distinguish objects at 300 yds distance and a person unacquainted with the country might ride for miles without suspecting the existence of the mountains on either hand. Shot a Big Horn in the Coriacan defile. The true name of this Cañon is, if a story I heard the other day be true, *Kanakan* Defile and its derivation is explained by a legend of 3 Kanakas or Sandwich Islanders who strayed into this part of the country in 49 or 50 from California and were murdered in the pass by Pend d'Oreilles. Tinkham states something to that effect in Vol 1 Pacific R.R. Explorers. (Note in margin: F. Menetry discredits the story.) Reached the Reservation at a seasonable hour in the afternoon.

August 29th, Thursday—Blake, Dr. Atkinson & Batchelder went back to Ft. Owen. Mule Pack train got in. Left Reservation at 1 o'clock and reached St. Ignatius Mission at 4½. The Fathers very glad to see us again. I felt quite at home in the little room they assigned me. A very few drops of rain, hardly sufficient to leave a trace in the dust, fell this afternoon, this side the Jocko.

August 30th, Friday—Hearing that Nickwam Finlay was camped on the Jocko near Clarkes Fork, I rode over to talk with him. Brought him back to the Mission and after long consultation deemed it inexpedient to explore the Kootenay country just now, for reasons tedious to set down here but eminently satisfactory. Searched for Looaoutzeen and André but they were out hunting for the day. Saw a very large black bear in the thicket on the Jocko near its mouth. Fired at it and, I think, wounded it badly but did not pursue it. My horse very much frightened at it and nearly threw me. In afternoon I rode over to Clarkes Fork of Columbia about 8 m. distant.

August 31st, Saturday—Quite a commotion in the Mission. Gregory's squaw united to him by holy church had eloped with

Antoine halfbreed "primo lassero" at the Reservation. The injured man came to complain to the Fathers. Talked with old F. Louis nearly all the morning, and then rode to the Agency. At dusk Antoine and his stolen bride rode up to say good bye. Soon after Gregory and an Indian in pursuit. Another Lochinvar.

September 1st, Sunday—Very unpleasantly cold. Rode to Hell Gate. Met various Indians & 1/2 breeds in search of Antoine. Arrived at Hell Gate. Skinned my knuckles washing clothes. Found 2 children of Gregory's abandoned by him in the woods and crying piteously from fright and hunger. A kind hearted woman wife of a Canadian named Moise volunteered to take them home and take care of them. Maj. Graham and I each made her a present of a dress at Worden's Store. Higgins tells me her maiden name was *Brown*, all honor to the illustrious patronymic.

September 2nd, Monday—Went to Ft. Owen taking the West trail. Saw 2 moose, a very large one and a calf. Could not get near, they had the wind of us. Shot a wolf and killed 4 prairie chickens with revolver. A miner from Nez Perces brings a rumor of a terrible battle in Va, but so exaggerated that I cannot credit it. 15 yrs since my hurt leg.

September 3rd, Tuesday—Fished and hunted ducks with Blake. Day quite cool. The Indians making their preparations to go to the Buffalo, East of the Mts.

September 4th, Wednesday—Parrish late head farmer at Sun River came in bringing me a letter from Seaman. Reports a general war among the Blackfeet, Crows, Crees, Gros Ventres and Assinaboins. Per consequence a boat voyage down the Mo. would be foolishly hazardous. Fished and hunted.

September 5th, Thursday—Made the few preparations necessary for going to Walla Walla and thence via San Francisco home to Ky.

September 6th, Friday—Blake and I were just mounting our horses to start when a runner brought in word that 4 whites had been killed at the head of the valley. Instead of pursuing our journey, rode to the spot indicated and found there Capt. De Lacy, Beaver Dick Smith, Andw. Livingston and Hudson shot with arrows and scalped. Blake recognized the bodies which we buried. Committed the charge of their few effects to Dr. Atkinson. The murder committed by Snakes or Nez Perces. Very tired, got to the Fort late at night after a ride of nearly 90 m.

7th Sept. Saturday—Last night a gust of wind and rain, terminating in a Snow that left the tops of the Mts. covered. Having

caught our horses Blake and I rode to the Jocko, 53 miles, stopping at Hell Gate to get a few things I had there. Found at Reservation two men who have left Vaughan's employ. They brought a letter for me from Seaman. Day very cool, an overcoat comfortable.

8th Septr. Sunday—Busy fitting up the train (work of necessity Blake calls it) and shooting grouse for dinner. Rode up to the mill, examined the improvements and gave, with all gravity, a professional opinion as to the location and design of a bridge over the Jocko.

Monday 9th Septr.—Left the Reservation for Walla Walla at 12 m. Rode through Coriacan Defile and down the Missoula camping at dusk making 26 miles. A very little discomfort at first but in a day or two I will be as much at home as ever.

September 10th, Tuesday—Rode from day break until 2 P.M., 29 m. over a very diversified trail sometimes at the level of the River, whose banks we are threading, then 2000 ft above it: at one time over alkaline plains, at another over the slate and granite of the Mts. Lost my powder-horn & pouch by the breaking of a thong. My baggage however will probably go safe being compressed in a wad about as large as a quart cup and safely sacked and tied. Rested our horses all the afternoon. They needed it after their ups and downs to day.

September 11th, Wednesday—Continued along the E. bank of the Missoula 25 m. over an unequal trail. Missed the Hudson Bay Co's train, in availing ourselves of a cut off. Camped at 3 on the River bank. Caught a great quantity of trout varying from $\frac{1}{2}$ to 6 pounds in weight. Camped in a low bottom for grass. Our horses stampeded at night scared probably by a wolf.

Thursday Sept. 12th—Were detained for a long time getting up our horses and only journied to the crossing of the Missoula, a short distance below the mouth of the St. Regius di Borgia river. We found here part of Lt. Mullan's command. Lt. Marsh 2nd Inf in command of escort, Dr. Hammond Surgeon and Lt. Mullan all here. Marsh is a cousin of my old friend Linus Child of Yale '55. Were right royally entertained by the officers and spent the day and night with them.

September 13th, Friday—Left Marsh's Camp at 1 o'clock and rode with Lt. Mullan 26 m. up the St. Regius di Borgia valley. The character of timber changes here, hemlock abundant. A cool ride through the timber crossing the river very frequently. Saw several deer but shot none being in a great hurry. Got into Mullan's Camp after sunset. Met there Mr. Kohleck the topographer. Nearly froze at night.

September 14th, Saturday—Took a late start and in company with Lt. Mullan rode westward up the valley of the St. Regis di Borgia along the line of the Military Road. His labors and difficulties have been immense and but for his energy would I think never have been carried to their eve of successful completion. In 10 m. we crossed the Summit of the Coeur d'Alene range 5100 ft in altitude. Our course up the Borgia has been hemmed in by Mts. and we crossed the stream no less than 46 times. West of the summit we found the Mil Road completed and in excellent order. It here enters the valley of the Coeur d'Alene River on the West watershed. Dense forests of White Cedar, many of them measuring from 8 to 17 ft in diameter, are the first noticeable feature of this (W) side. Rode 35 m. and camped after dark about 13 m. E of the Coeur d'Alene Mission.

September 15th, Sunday—Gave our animals an easy drive to camp about 2 m. beyond the Coeur d'Alene Mission. Stopped at the Mission for a couple of hours and there saw and took a final adieu of my very good friend Father Menetry who is there for a few days. This Mission has been established for a long time among the Lower Pend d'Oreilles. The buildings are on a knoll and the surrounding plain is one of great fertility. The produce of wheat has often been as great as 85 bu pr acre. Killed a deer this forenoon. We have crossed the Coeur d'Alene River, which we leave at this point, 31 times.

September 16th, Monday—Made but a short ride through an almost impassable pine forest. Recent large fires have given it a most bleak and desolate appearance. The fallen timber obstructs travel. Camped at the Wolf lodge Prarie. 18 m. A heavy rain came on at dusk wetting us to the skin in spite of our heavy dragoon overcoats. The wolves surrounded our camp in great numbers, and their barking added to our other discomforts caused a sleepless night. Was amused at our Indian boy "Charley's" attempts to make medicine to stop the rain. He sang at the top of his voice for more than an hour. A temporary lull in the rain gave him great confidence in the charm and he confidently boasted himself to be "skookum tomanahwos" i.e. Big Medicine.

17th. September Tuesday—Rode for 8 or 10 m. along the north shore of the Coeur d'Alene Lake, a sheet of water 30 m. in length and of varying width. This lake is fed by the Coeur d'Alene River and has the Spokane Riv for its outlet. In point of beauty it far exceeds Lake George or any other that I have ever seen, ex-

cept it be perhaps the Flathead Lake. The water is so pure that small objects may be readily distinguished at 25 or 30 ft depth. Entered the Great Spokane plain, a handsome prairie, well set in grass. Camped on N bank of the Spokane River. A short distance above our camp are falls, 2 in number, aggregating 38 ft. Rain came on but we were this time prepared for it with a half face camp, roofed with pine bark. Caught a number of trout. The frequent rapids make the fishing fine.

18th Septembr Wednesday. Our horses got away last night and strayed out upon the Spokane Plain so that we were late getting started. Kept down the Spokane 6 m. to the ford used by Col. Wright (9th Inf) in his campaign of 1858. Near by is a huge mound of bones, the skeletons of 900 horses captured by Col. W. from the Spokans, Yakamas &c and shot here. The policy was excellent as events have proved. It crushed the Indians effectually. Diverged to the S.W. taking a cut-off. Camped at about 20 m. in the woods. Night exceedingly cold.

19th September Thursday—Woke early nearly frozen, hair and beard white with frost. Travelled by my compass all day and camped on the Military Road 121 m. from Walla Walla. The country dreary, but the grass plenty and good. Immense cammas flats and a number of scaffolds for preparing it. Our camp is on Rock Creek. Crossed Hangman's Creek this forenoon, so called on account of Col. Wright's hanging eight or ten Peluse Inds here in '58. Shortly after we had camped heard in the distance the whips of Worden's men transporting goods to the Bitter Root Valley. Got from Bolty a newspaper of late date.

20th September Friday—Were forced to make a short camp of not more than 19 m. halting at a spring in the prairie. The pine timber heretofore so abundant grew gradually sparser for ten miles and has now entirely disappeared. The country is covered with fragments of basaltic rock, and occasionally round fort-like eminences are dotted around. Met with a loss that I peculiarly regretted. I had brought thus far 5 beautiful black fox skins of remarkably fine fur and beautiful color. They had been a little dampned in crossing the Spokane and I spread them on the grass to dry in the sun. While I was at some distance with the horses, the Indian boy, in kindling fire, set fire to the grass and before we could save them the furs were entirely ruined. Their value in the States would have been about \$450. Frank Worden my old voyaging companion came into our camp en route from Walla Walla to Bitter Root. He brought me a letter from home.

21st September, Saturday—Got from Camp late, intending to

divide the distance to the Peluse. Although grass is still abundant and good, the aspect of the country is desolate and bleak. Timber has entirely disappeared. Basaltic formations of singular shapes abound. Shot several sage cocks for supper, Blake doing most of the killing. Camped at a little spring in the prairie about 20 m. We are forced to go slowly to ensure our safe arrival at Walla Walla. The Indian horses have nothing like the endurance of American horses. A long journey steadily kept up soon wears them out. Ours already begin to fag.

22nd September Sunday—Rode through a very dusty and sterile plain bounded on E & W by high rounded grass hills. The trail difficult on account of fragments of trap and basalt strewed around. This appearance changed as if by magic when we crossed Cow Creek, a cold and rather bold little stream which communicates with the Peluse by a subterranean channel. W of this creek the country is rolling, thickly set in grass and well watered & rock does not appear on the surface. Kept on to the Peluse River. Entered the Cañon by an almost perpendicular descent and camped at the upper falls. These falls are about 40 ft high, with a sheet of water 80 yds wide running over. Caught here (Blake being No. 1 Fisherman) a very great quantity of Salmon Trout. One I caught we estimated, by balancing against my rifle, as weighing 9 or 10 lbs. With a reel, fishing here would be splendid. Like this Camp far better than any yet made. 26 m. to day.

23rd September Monday—Travelled down the Peluse to its junction with Snake River. About 8 or 10 m above its mouth are the grand falls of the Peluse, little known to persons who have travelled hereabouts. At this point the river is compressed within a width of 20 or 30 feet, and falls through an unbroken space of 260 ft or more. I examined carefully and estimated (by help of a graduated pencil) the height of the falls as above. The perpendicular walls surrounding the pool into which the cataract falls are certainly not less than 500 ft high, and of basalt beautifully fluted. For miles above and below the channel of the river is a tortuous trench of from 50 to 200 ft deep with walls and bottom of solid rock. The cataract and its surroundings form the finest view that I have ever witnessed. So profound is the depth of the plunge over the falls that the slightest breeze rustling the grass is sufficient to drown the noise of the water. For this reason the falls are unknown to but very few. Crossed Snake River (properly called Lewis' Fork) and camped on its South bank at about 45 m from Walla Walla. A ferry boat has been established near

this but we preferred swimming our horses, holding to their manes, and rafting our clothes and fire arms.

24th September Tuesday—Were detained for a long time hunting our animals which had strayed nearly 12 m. Met Batchelder and Tom Adams on the Two Cañon trail. Missed Maj. Winston and party, by taking a cut off. Crossed the Touchet by hard riding at about 2½ o'clock. Rested there for a time and rode into Walla Walla. The days ride exceeds 45 m. through a rolling, grassy country, beautifully adapted for Antelope. I have however not seen one since I crossed the Rocky Mts. Found W.W. a very brisk town, flourishing on the Nez Perces mines excitement. Every other house a drinking shop or gambling house. Blake's introduction procured me quarters with Standiford. Found here *Yank* who had come the Loo-Loo Fork Trail, leaving 3 days after us and beating us here. Much excitement about massacre of De Lacy's party. Capt Manydier will leave for Snake Country in a few days. I estimate distance from Ft. Owen hither at 385m.

25th Sept Wednesday—Loitered up and down the single street of the town. Find a marked difference in the Climate of this place and that of the Bitter Root Valley. I left snow there and find here Watermelons and fruit in abundance. Rigged myself out in new clothes, discarding my buckskins. Will have to wait until Sunday for an opportunity of going below. Exciting news from the States and particularly from Ky. This makes me more anxious than ever to hurry home.

26th Sept. Tuesday—Went up to the garrison by invitation from Major Steen 1st Dragoons, Comdg. 2 Companies 1st Drag there. Very glad to accept the kind request of the officers that I should move up to their quarters. Spent the day with Lt. Wheeler, Capt. Magruder and Surgeon McParline.

27th September Friday—Maj. Steen received this morning news from his family that makes him anxious to avail himself of a leave to visit the States. We will probably go together. The buildings about the post are plain but neat and comfortable and the quiet and order that prevails is much preferable to the riot that reigns in Walla Walla.

28th Sept. Saturday—Had much trouble taking care of a Dragoon Captain who has constituted himself my chaperone and gets tipsy from the purest promptings of hospitality. Reno came in with C company 1st Dragoons, from a 4 months scout in Nez Perces country. Watched carefully the whole routine of Dragoon service in garrison.

29th September Sunday—Had a drill and inspection in the morning. The band though recently organized is very good. Read all the afternoon being kept indoors by rain. This is the first rain here since May last. High times in Walla Walla, to celebrate the day I presume.

30th September Monday—Rode with Reno all day through the valley and up into the Blue Mts. 15 m distant where fatigue parties are chopping wood for the Post. The valley is of great fertility and is being rapidly "claimed" and put under fence. The soil seems peculiarly adapted to potatoes which are here larger and more mealy than I remember of having ever seen East of the Mts. Dined with Reno Wheeler & Harrison's mess. My regular quarters are with Maj. Steene and Dr. McParline.

1st October Tuesday—After some ineffectual efforts to arrange my affairs concluded to let things take their course, the only way in this country. Spent most the day in watching drill and stable duty and in trying Dragoon horses. A rumor current that Jeff Davis has captured Arlington heights—discredited. Maj. S will certainly leave tomorrow. Doubtful if I can get off.

2nd October Wednesday—Rode into town after bidding farewell to Maj. Steen who left for old Ft. Walla Walla & Portland, in an ambulance. Attended the sale of horses, wagons etc. of Maynadier's expedition where all the speculators, faro dealers, monte dealers and such like were busy plying their trade. Maynadier having more coin than he wished to carry was kind enough to cash my draft on P Chouteau Jr & Co for \$360. This sum enabled me to start in the night stage for the Steamboat at the old Fort. Rode all night without sleep arriving at the boat at 3½ in the morning. The landing, the present head of navigation, is the site of an old Hudson Bay post, the ruins of which still remain.

3rd October Thursday—Left the Old Fort at daylight in the "Tenino" a small steamer of great power. Made rapid speed down stream. The navigation of the Columbia is hazardous beyond any that I have ever seen. Great skill in the pilots, and power and obedience to the helm in the boat, are necessary to avoid the numerous rocks that obstruct the channel, and thread the rapids which seemed to me, at first, impracticable. The water very pure and, in places, very deep. At breakfast Mt. Hood bore about WSW distant about 100 miles. Ran down to the Umatilla rapids (45 m) in 2 h. Met gusts of wind and rain as we approached the Des Chutes. A portage of 15 m avoids the dangerous channel known as the Des Chutes. Bad road had to walk a

good part of the way. The channel is a fine sight. A narrow and crooked canal of little breadth receives the entire waters of the Columbia and hurries them down so steep a grade as to render navigation impossible. Arrived at the Dalles about 9 o'clock after tedious staging. 160 m by steamboat in 10½ hrs. Hotels quite poor but all the passengers found beds until morning.

4th October Friday—Started at 6 in the "Idaho" which was tied not 50 yds from our hotel. Dropped very rapidly down the Columbia through magnificent scenery, hurried by the current of a broad, limpid and glassy river, to the *Cascades* or Falls of the Columbia. These are rather insignificant as a "wonder." Were it not for the obstruction they offer to navigation they would hardly be noticed. Around the Cascades a tram-road has been laid to convey passengers from one boat to another. Below the Cascades we steamed down a most noble river, the grandest on the continent, through fine views—Mt. Hood on our South and St. Helens to the northward. The country flattens as we approach the West. At tea time we entered the Willamette River and at 7½ we were at Portland and safe in Awagoni's hotel.

5th October Saturday—Enjoyed the luxuries of hot baths, fruit &c. The city has some 8000 residents. The climate mild and humid. No apples in the States can compare with those raised in the vicinity. Pears too very fine, peaches poor. Met old Frush, Scranton, Owen, McAdow &c. Maj. Steen being resolved to go by land we booked ourselves for Sacramento by stage of tomorrow morning. Forney & McMichael recd their comms in 9th infy. Took leave of my very pleasant acquaintance and

6th October Sunday—At 6 a.m. set out by stage southward for Sacramento Cal. Found the road such as would be called in Ky a good dirt road. Following up the Willamette, crossing that river at Portland, crossed the Clacamas, Mollaly and Pudding Rivers and at dark the Santiam Riv. all tributaries of the Willamette. The country adjacent to the road fertile & highly improved. Fine farm buildings, extensive orchards and other evidences of prosperity. Emigration tended hither more than 20 yrs since and the Canadian H.B. men and half breeds original settlers of the valley have gradually disappeared. Oregon City, Salem & Albany neat & flourishing villages. At Salem saw the falls of the Willamette, 40 ft high. Here is a large wollen factory, very lucrative it is said. At 8 o'clock got to Albany. Here Dr. Thompson left us. Rode all night without any incident.

7th October Monday—Were awakened by changing coaches at Eugene City. Had a slippery ride over dirt roads. Much diffi-

culty in crossing the Kallipooya Mts, the dividing ridge between the Willamette & Umqua. Drove at a rapid pace to make up lost time. Heated an axle and had to lay by an hour to cool. Crossed the North Umqua Riv at 5½. The country to day has an exhausted look as if no longer fit for agriculture. In fact the wild grasses are dying out and the tame not yet set, so that the soil would seem to be as unfortunately half civilized as the Indian natives. Between North Fork of Umqua and the village of Roseberg passed the fine, well-fenced farm of the celebrated "Gosef lane." The General is certainly a practical farmer although a [illegible] politician. The villages of Roseberg, Oakland and Eugene City are prettily situated and the houses are in many instances tastefully designed. We feel our proximity to the Pacific in the humid atmosphere and the invariable drizzle of rain that greets our entrance into timber. Trees, cedar and redwood of immense size all along our road. At 12 P.M. drew up at Cañonville, a small place of which I know nothing but the name.

8th October Tuesday—Set out before daylight and drove in the dark at a rapid rate through a most dangerous cañon. Crossed in the afternoon Rogue River and noted numerous spots, scenes within 3 years past of Indian fights. Rogue River Valley very beautiful. Numerous excavations made in all directions by miners since '51, profitable. One quartz lead Co had just "cleaned up" two weeks work \$22000. Got into Jacksonville at 6 very tired and almost stifled with dust within 10 miles back. A very good hotel—our quiet a little interrupted by a fight with knives between two miners.

9th October Wednesday—At 6 took stage for Yraka. For 10 or 15 m kept up the Umqua valley, a handsome and well improved body of land. Crossed the Siskin Mts by a devious road 5 m in length from bottom to crest. Came down in a gallop. Country poorer S of the Siskin Mt. Extensive flumes & other mining arrangements everywhere, particularly numerous about Cottonwood which we drove thru in the afternoon. Crossed the Klamath Riv shortly after dinner. 6 m S of Siskin Mts brought us into California. Arrived at Yraka at 7 P.M. It is a flourishing village very similar in situation to Frankfort Ky. The Shasta River runs near by. Shasta Bute visible all day covered with snow, bears nearly E from Yraka distant about 40 m.

10th October Thursday—Left Yraka at 2 A.M. in a Concord wagon in which we what seemed to us a most tedious stage in charge of an old granny of a driver. In afternoon crossed Scotts Mt., a spur of the Sierra Nevada, into Scotts Valley where saw

extensive mining operations in progress. At night crossed the hazardous Trinity Mt. by long zig zag windings. Broke down on the Trinity River but repaired and after great trouble got into Shasta at 2 A.M. The face of the country cut up in every direction by excavations made by miners. Much annoyed by Chinese about the stage.

11th October Friday—Crossed thro the sluices to Red Bluff, head of navigation on the Sacramento Riv. Crossed the river and drove down its E bank through a very beautiful and fertile plain. This fine farming land is all held by Spanish title. One gentleman Bidwell owns 35000 acres in a body & cleared \$58000 last year on his wheat crop. Saw one wheat field of 700 acres said to have averaged 55 bu. Grapes very abundant and delicious. Got into Oroville after threading a labyrinth of sluices, flumes &c. Kept directly on to Marysville, a large, handsome town. At Oroville saw the first instances of river digging that have met with. Extensive dams have been constructed to lay bare the channel of the Feather River. Didn't have time to examine particularly. Got into Marysville at 1½.

12th Saturday—Left Marysville at 7 o'clock for Sacramento, distant 53 m. The road lies over a level tract of apparently fertile land, crossing the Yuba at M'sville and running through several little villages. Very dusty and hot. Crossed the Micosmy Riv at 11 and from that point our road lay along the favorite pleasure drive of the Sacrament-ers, about 2 m to the city. Fine gardens on both sides. Fruits such as grapes, melons, peaches &c abundant. Had not much time to look about the city, reserve that for another visit. Took Steamer Nevada at 2 o'clk for San Francisco. Had a fine run down the Sacramento Riv, more interesting because we ran a race—in which we got beaten. Valley of the Sacramento very beautiful and level. Fine ranches on both banks. Landed at Benicia, famous since Henan's fame. Got into San Francisco at 9, but had at sunset a beautiful view of the bay. Found after some trouble our Hotel and located for a good nights sleep.

13th October Sunday—Walked & rode about the City all day. The streets are ragged and unsightly, as a general thing, but Montgomery is very handsome and well built. There has been too much rage for frame and stucco-front houses to look well. Saw multitudes of Chinese, and in some localities numbers of signs, of every trade, painted in Chinese characters. Military affairs all the rage. 5 regts encamped near by. Visited Gen. Sumner with Maj. Steen. Saw what had been *Dr. Scotts* church. The

Plaza a humbug. Ditto hotels—ditto to a great degree the City.

14th Oct. Monday—Walked and rode all day about the City and formed a better opinion of it than I at first entertained. Called on Father Congiato at the Jesuit College. Visited the Chinese Buddhist Temple. No ceremonies were being performed, but the decorations, perpetual lamps, ugly idols and queer oriental hieroglyphics were enough to interest me for several hours had I had that much time to spare. Yesterday was an anniversary with them. Took leave of San Francisco on the Nevada at 5 o'clock for Sacramento. Saw in the harbor 3 men of war. Got a fine view of the Golden Gate and the most beautiful harbor in the world. Arrived at Sacramento at 2 o'clock A.M. and immediately booked myself and Maj. Steen at the Overland Mail office for Atchison Mo \$155.

15th October Tuesday—Left Sacramento at 6 o'clock for Folsom on a railway of 28 m length. At that place took stage. Arrived at Placerville (formerly rejoicing in the name of Haugtown) in about 6 hours. Placerville quite a town, active mining operations going on on all sides. Struck out East into the Sierra Nevada. Our road all day and night rough, dangerous, and dusty beyond belief. Fine timber in the Mts and numerous saw mills. Scenery good but not like that of the northern mountains.

16th Wednesday—Crossed the Sierra into Lake Valley to breakfast. Here is Lake Bigler, 40 m in length, feeding the Trucky Riv which sinks in Carson Valley. Passed an immense number of heavy wagons freighted for Washoe Silver mines. It is supposed that at least 1000 constantly employed in this trade. Descended into Carson Valley by a road of gigantic curves and heavy grade. Here we entered the Washoe mines. Got into Carson City the principal town of the new Territory of Nevada. Had several hours to spare; and ran about such of the silver leads as were near by. Changed horses at Nevada City (alias Chinatown). There examined a mill for crushing ores. Crossed Carson Riv and kept down it all night.

17th Oct. Thursday—Breakfasted at Redmans Ranch 70 m from Carson City. Road very heavy with sand. Valley barren and perfectly alkaline. Passed Link of Carson Riv. Crossed what is here called "Carson Range" and entered the 90 mile desert. Road very heavy with sand. Six horses pulled three of us and the mail with difficulty at a slow pace. Numerous carcasses of animals are strewn along the road. Pure air and the alkaline earth resist putrefaction and the dead bodies are dried into perfect mummies. At nightfall came to the Middle Gate a station of

the O.L.M.Co. Kept on all night with tired teams. Connections with West-going trains failing had to overtask our animals.

18th Oct. Friday—At Breakfast, at Smith Creek, found we had made in 24 hours only 75 m. Country still desolate and utterly unfit for agriculture. Saw several Indian fences for trapping hares, some enclosing 20 or 30 acres. Made a short halt at Reese Creek, and took supper at Simpsons Pack, a valley of about a square mile in area enclosed by small mountains, very pretty to look at but as utterly worthless as that much land can possibly be. Rode on all night passing Dry Creek and Camp Station.

19th Oct. Saturday—To Roberts Creek and thence a rapid drive 14 m to Sulphur Creek. The whole country alkaline & the waters so strongly impregnated as to chap the face & hands making them very tender and sore. Met the Pony express under full gallop. Could get no news from him. Brought up at nightfall in Ruby Valley a large & (in some parts) a fertile spot. Met McDonald telegrapher formerly from Washington Co. Ky. He will have telegraphic communication complete from N.Y. to San Francisco in 5 days from this. At the Station W of Ruby Valley (Diamond Springs) saw a hot spring very large. Its waters are strongly alkaline when hot but palatable when cold. Left Ruby Valley, its mormons & Uncle Billy Rogers at 9 o'clock. We are now well into Utah Territory.

20th Oct. Sunday—Kept our way out of Ruby Valley up a Cañon to the Mt Springs and thence by a long drive to Schell Creek, the terminus of the Western division of the O.M. Here left the wagon which had brought us from Carson. Its name among the drivers & hostlers is the "Old Hearse" several drivers having been shot off its box by Apaches on the lower route. We found a decided improvement in the road from Schell Creek both in teams and road and general management. Country still monotonously *sagey* in the lowlands and without any particularly striking mountain features.

21st October Monday—Managed to get to Fish Springs Station, passing in the night Antelope Springs & other points none noticeable except Simpson Pack. Arrived at Camp Floyd, now Camp Crittenden, at 10 P.M. and thence drove into the City of Salt Lake which we entered at 6 A.M. on

Tuesday Oct. 22nd—Made acquaintance of Mr. Gilbert, firm of Gilbert & Gerrish, who sent his Clerk Mr. Byas with his horses & buggy to show me the City. Saw all the sights. A fine theater now being built by the Church. Brigham Youngs houses very

well built and tastefully designed. The Lion house particularly. Drove out to the Lake 7 m. Also to Hot Spring tempt. 128°. Exceedingly pleased with the city, neat, orderly and handsomely built of adobes. Rivulets supplied from the Mts run through the gutters and water the gardens and shade trees. Was desirous to examine the commencement of the Grand Temple but the entire square is "solum prohibitum" to gentiles. In evening called on Brigham, but he excused himself after a few minutes conversation, on plea of business. Saw much of Act. Governor Fuller. Brigham and his clerks very busy receiving the church dues at the Tithing Office.

23rd Oct. Wednesday—After a long walk about the City, left at 10 o'clk for the East having first "come the shenanagin" over 5 other passengers & inducing them to stay until tomorrow. Maj. Steen & I have the stage to ourselves. Driving out of the city met numerous teams hauling wood which is brought 12 or 14 m from the Mts. Numerous emigrants (2000 about) are preparing to go, at Brigham's order, to the south part of the territory to raise Cotton &c. Crossed the summit of the Wasatch Mts. in a gale of wind and every indication of an approaching snow storm. The East slope well timbered. Into Weber valley by dark, a very handsome valley. To the East of Weber valley is Echo Cañon narrow, with perpendicular walls and 25 miles in length. At various places in this cañon, (as well as W of Weber Valley on the East Cañon Creek) are numbers of entrenchments, rifle pits &c &c, mormon works to resist Gen. Johnston's approach. Down Echo Cañon, road very rugged, broke king bolt & other gear. Crossing Bear River & Quaking Aspen Cr. in the night.

24th Thursday—Came to Muddy by breakfast. Stopped at Ft. Bridger for a short time. The garrison consists of 3 officers and 1 private. Got news from the States here. Telegraphic communication now complete between San Francisco & St. Louis. Fort Bridger well built, quarters for 3500 men, finely watered. Fine smooth natural road from Bridger to Millersville (a depot of the Overland Co) and across Ham's Fork and Green River. Green River about as large as Salt River Ky., rapid and clear. It is the main stream of the Colorado of the West. Rode until 3 A. M. of

25th Oct. Friday—to Big Sandy where we lay for several hours being ahead of time. Passing Big, Little, & Dry Sandies dined at Pacific Springs, so called because its waters are the last that flow Westward. Rising a slight hill we were in the South Pass of the Rocky Mts. proper, a broad plain of 25 miles

width, smooth and level as a floor. To the South a Mt which I suppose to be Fremonts Peak. Fine driving to Rocky Ridge which terminates our Mountain. Struck here the waters of the Sweetwater a tributary of the Platte and deriving its name from the upsetting of a wagon-load of sugar in its channel many years ago. Rode all night over very good road.

26th Oct. Saturday—Stopped at Plauts an old French traders for a bit of breakfast. 5 m East came to the Devils Gate a narrow, perpendicular sided pass through the hills, serving as a channel for the Sweetwater. The rocks covered with names of various persons who have been here. Near by, the lonely grave of a Mormon woman, who fell from the top of Devils Gate. Crossed the main Sweetwater where is quite a fort and depot of the O.M.Co. Got to Red Buttes just at sundown (this is the proper point of divergence for an Oregon road) and crossed the Platte Bridge of 400 yds after dark. This bridge built by a Frenchman Louis Guinard on speculation. Not built soon enough. Wind blowing almost a hurricane but not cold. This is usual on the Platte. Am told by an intelligent man that he & party have found 7 to 14 cents pr pan in the Wind River country and from 1 to 3 cents any where this side of Salt Lake. Had a good bed with my blankets & the mail bags and slept soundly though our pace all night was a gallop and the wind blew furiously.

27th Oct. Sunday—At daybreak had reached a Frenchman's station called Sapinelle, a miserably filthy place. Were detained here 3 hrs. until the mules could be found that had broken corell. Found the road thence very rough, the breaks of the Platte River. Great gullies on every side indicating a wash sufficient to tint the Mo. At Horseshoe found a nice ranch, in charge of a neat Va family. From Horseshoe rode until 12 at night when we crossed the Laramie Fork and pulled up for the night at Ft. Laramie.

28th Oct. Monday—The mail schedule required us to remain at Ft. Laramie until 8½ this morning. Called upon the officers. Col. Alexander 10th Inf., in command. Did not see him. Breakfasted with Capt & Mrs Green 2nd Drag. Lt Misner also here. Garrison 2 comp 2nd Drag. & 2 of 10th Infy. Got here news from States to 18th. Situation of the Ft good but the improvements very poor for a post so long established. Got started at 8½ a very heavy cold wind blowing from the West. The Black Hills are to be seen to the N & N E. We enter to-day upon a grass country which extends to the Mo Riv. That which we have before seen is so sterile that the stock of the Company are unable

to subsist without importation of provender. Met 12 very large wagons loaded with hay for stations west of Laramie. Got to Scotts Bluffs $\frac{1}{2}$ hour by sun. A range of sandstone bluffs from 100 to 200 ft high and shaped by the action of winds and rains into Castles, towers and other forms. The wind here was very heavy and exceedingly cold. Passed in the night Chimney Rock and Court House Rock both of which I should like to have seen.

29th Oct. Tuesday—In the morning by daybreak to Mud Springs and thro a fine rolling grass plain by 11 o'clk to Pole Creek. We are now in the Cheyenne country. Met at Pole Creek an ancient Cheyenne Chief wearing a silver medal of Jas Monroe Presdt. During the forenoon large bands of antelope were to be seen. The frequency of travel has banished the buffalo to the N & S of the great trail. Buffalo-grass, short, curled & crisp, very abundant. Diverging to S E came at 5 $\frac{1}{2}$ P.M. to Julesburg, formerly Overland City, on the South bank of the S fork of Platte. Here is the junction of stage line to Pikes Peak. Many persons leaving Pikes Peak, the mines failing. Crossed S Platte to Julesberg and changed coaches. Night very cold. Slept but little. Prarie on fire in all directions.

30th October Wednesday—We now begin to approach civilization & its cooking and other comforts again. We found Cottonwood Springs a very well appointed station, a kind of depot of the Overland Co. Heard here that the coach in advance of us with its mail &c had been totally destroyed by fire on the prarie beyond Ft. Kearney. The day pleasant but lowering, turning very cold at sunset. Large fires on the praries to the Eastward.

31st Oct. Thursday—Arrived at Ft. Kearney at sunrise, thoroughly chilled with the night ride. Captain Newby 2nd Drags in command of the garrison of 3 companies. Grass fine on both sides of the road and occasionally mowing machines to be seen, the property of the Overland Co. At Kearney Station, 7 m from the Fort, diverged from the Platte and kept the timber and breaks of the little Blue River about 5 m to our right. The road fine all day over a rolling prarie well set in grass. Passed numerous wagons and foot travellers bound from Pikes Peak to the States. The few we spoke with gave dismal accounts of the mining prospects. Spits of snow towards evening and a very cold night, but our blankets and buffalo robes kept us pretty comfortable.

1st November Friday—To Virginia Ranch by daybreak. A few miles East of it, met Capt. Thompson U.S.A. on his way with several wagons to Ft. Kearney. Crossed the Kansas line

near Cottonwood and about 15 m on came to Marysville the first town of any pretension, this side of Salt Lake. A beautiful and perfectly fertile prairie on every side. At dark came to an old Frenchman's named Gautard where we found a supper that would have shamed the Galt House. This part of the State seems to be in terror of Lane's Jayhawkers, a lawless band that preys alike upon friend & foe. Rode on all night reaching

2nd Novr. Saturday—Kinnekuk at daylight. 22 miles further on we saw the hills of Mo. and soon the river was in view. Arrived at Atchison at 12 o'clk. Called on Gen. Bela Hughes Pres Overland Co. Found here Judge Flannihan of Nevada, who left Salt Lake a day in advance of us. At 4 P.M. crossed the River and took cars to St. Joe. Train crowded with a detachment of Illinois 16th Regt returning with their wounded from a skirmish at or near Platte City. Got in St. Joe after dark. Stopped at Pacific Hotel and found behind the desk there Jack Luckett formerly of Frankfort Ky.

3rd November Sunday.—Went to church and strolled about the town.

4th Novr. Monday—Left early for St. Louis. Met Gen. Todd at Hudson and at 2 P.M. got to St. Louis, stopping not a stones throw from the point from whence I took my departure on the 1st May.

THE END