

SNOQUALMIE RIVER AND FALLS.

BY LOU E. BEACH.

Away up the sides of the mountains
Are the heads of the bright, tiny streams,
Bursting forth from the icy fountains
'Neath the snowflakes' glistening beams.
They ripple along through the flowers,
And down where the fir tree waves,
Their music chimes praise to the powers
Which called them from out frozen graves.

At last o'er the foothills roaming,
While seeking their path to the sea,
They meet, with a rushing and foaming,
And form the Snoqualmie.
The stream ripples on, often turning,
Like some fair, youthful Queen in her pride,
Though royal, she cannot be scorned
The scenery so fair on each side.

She turns as she leaves the steep mountain,
Views the beauties around on each hand,
Laughs adieu to the snowflake and fountain,
Ere she leaps o'er the cataract grand.
She pauses—a sigh for the ocean—
A ripple so sweet,—fills the air.
She thinks of the snowbird's devotion,
And the flower-decked glen, ever fair.

She looks once again toward the mountain,
Where the deer on the hillside play,
Sighs farewell to the snowflake and fountain,
As she sinks north the binding spray.

THE FALLS.

Grand, awful flood, I, trembling, view
Thy foamy foam, and see, far through
Thy mist, clouds tipped with rainbow's hue,
Hang o'er thy stony throne.
The breezes fan thy clouds of spray,
And chase thy misty veil away,
As near thy brink I, fearful, stray,
Thou work of Him unknown.

Slowly thy waters whirl and creep
Down near thy brink, as if asleep,
Then waken with a start, and leap
Down o'er the dark abyss.
Down leaps the roaring, sparkling sheet,
Earth trembles as thy waters meet,
And waves, below, thy columns greet
With sullen, seething hiss.

Thy waters loathe with foam the shore,
And rocks repeat thy muffled roar,
While screaming eagles o'er thee soar,
Rejoicing in the sight.

The mock-eyed fawn and cautious deer,
With careful steps, draw wondering near,
And as though mist wet leaves thy peer,
See rainbows ever bright.

Then why not man—Creation's king—
With paucal thoughts, thy praises sing?
And ask the nurses touch each string
Of admiration's lyre?
Could man be mute at such a scene,
Where sparkling foam, with diamond gleam
Reflects the rainbow's glistening sheen,
Like pure and heavenly fire?

Ah no! the best of all shall swell,
When near such noble scenes we dwell,
Or of thy grandeur should we tell,
Although in future years,
Long live thy memories fresh and bright—
Thy dashing roar—thy shifting light—
Thy rainbows fair—most gorgeous sight—
Thy crown of dewy tears.

The spray from the cataract lifting,
As it's wafted to and fro, by the wind,
Sooms Snoqualmie's form, ever shifting,
Catching glimpses of hills left behind,
Like the phantoms of Youth, perfect seeming,
With their eyelids so fair and grand,
While Hope on the future is beaming,
They fade as we outstretch the hand.

SPOONBURN CRY, W. T.

NOTES AND REMINISCENCES.

LEAVING OREGON AND ESTABLISHING THE OLD IMMIGRANT ROAD IN THE SOUTHERN MOUNTAINS, IN THE YEAR 1848.

BY LINDSEY APPLEGATE.

(Continued.)

FROM TULE LAKE TO THE SPRING IN THE DESERT.

On the morning of July 5th we left our camp on the little creek (now called Hot creek), and continued our course along the shore of Lower Klamath Lake. This threw us off our course considerably, as the lake extended some miles to the southward of our last camp, and we did not reach the eastern shore until the day was far spent. We camped on the lake shore, and the next morning, July 6th, we ascended a high rocky ridge to the eastward for the purpose of making observations. Near the base of the ridge, on the east, was a large lake, perhaps twenty miles in length. Beyond it, to the eastward, we could see a timbered butte, apparently thirty miles distant, at the base of which there appeared to be a low pass

through the mountain range which seemed to encircle the lake basin. It appearing practicable to reach this pass by passing around the north end of the lake, we decided to adopt that route and began the descent of the ridge, but we soon found ourselves in the midst of an extremely rugged country. Short lava ridges ran in every conceivable direction, while between them were caves and crevices into which it seemed our animals were in danger of falling headlong. The farther we advanced the worse became the route, so that at length we decided to retrace our steps to the smooth country. This was difficult, as our horses had become separated among the rocks, and it was some time before we could get them together and return to the open ground. Then we discovered that one of our party, David Goff, was missing. While in the lava field he had discovered a band of mountain sheep, and in pursuing them had lost his way. Some of the party went quite a distance into the rocks, but could hear nothing of him. We decided to proceed to the meadow country, at the head of the lake, by encircling the lava beds to the northward, and encamp until we could find our comrade. While we were proceeding to carry out this programme we discovered a great number of canoes leaving the lake shore, under the bluffs, and making for what appeared to be an island four or five miles distant. We could also see a lone horseman riding leisurely along the lake shore, approaching us. This soon proved to be our lost friend. The Modocs had discovered him in the lava fields, and probably supposing that the whole party was about to assail them from the rocks, they took to their canoes. He said that, seeing the Indians retreating, he concluded he would leave the rocks and ride along the lake shore where the going was good. We nooned in a beautiful meadow, containing about two sections, near the head of the lake.

After spending a couple of hours in this splendid pasture, we re-packed and started on our way towards the timbered butte, but had not proceeded more than a mile before we came suddenly upon quite a large stream (Lost river) coming into the lake. We found this stream near the lake very deep, with almost perpendicular banks, so that we were compelled to turn northward, up the river. Before proceeding very far we discovered an Indian crouching under the bank, and surrounding him, made him come out. By signs, we indicated to him that we wanted to cross the river. By marking on his legs and pointing up the river, he gave us to understand that there was a place above where we could easily cross. Motioning to him to advance, he led the way up the river about a mile and pointed out a place where an immense rock crossed the river. The sheet of water running over the rock was about fifteen inches deep, while the principal part of the river seemed to flow under. This was the famous Stone Bridge on Lost river, so often mentioned after this by travelers. For many years the waters of Tule Lake have been gradually rising, so that now the beautiful meadow on which we nooned on the day we discovered the bridge is covered by the lake, and the back water in Lost river long ago made the river impassable; is now probably ten feet deep over the bridge.

After crossing the bridge we made our pilot some presents, and all shaking hands with him, left him standing on the river bank. Pursuing our way along the northern shore of the lake a few miles, we came to a beautiful spring, near the base of the mountains

on our left, and encamped for the night. After using the alkali water of Lower Klamath Lake the previous night, the fresh, cold water of this spring was a real luxury. There was plenty of dry wood and an abundance of green grass for our animals, and we enjoyed the camp exceedingly. Sitting around our fire that evening, we discussed the adventures of the past few days in this new and strange land. The circumstances of the last day had been particularly interesting. Our adventure in the rocks; the retreat of the whole Modoc tribe in a fleet of thirty or forty canoes across the lake from Goff; the singularity of the natural bridge; the vast fields of tule around the lake, and the fact that the lake was an independent body of water, were subjects of peculiar interest and only intensified our desire to see more of this then wild land.

July 7th, we left the valley of Tule Lake to pursue our course eastward, over a rocky table land, among scattering juniper trees. We still observed the timbered butte as our landmark, and traveled as directly toward it as the shape of the country would admit. This butte is near the State line, between Clear lake and Goose lake, and probably distant fifty miles from the lava ridge west of Lost river, from which we first observed it, and supposing it to be about thirty miles away. In pursuing our course we passed through the hilly, juniper country between Langell valley and Clear lake without seeing either the valley or lake, and at noon arrived at the bed of a stream where there was but little water. The course of the stream was north or northwest, and appearances indicated that at times quite a volume of water flowed in the channel. This was evidently the bed of Lost river, a few miles north of where this singular stream leaves the Clear lake marsh.

Leaving this place, we pursued our journey through a similar country to that passed over during the forenoon, and encamped at a little spring among the junipers, near the base of the timbered hill, and passed a very pleasant night.

On the morning of July 8th, we passed our landmark and traveled nearly eastward, over a comparatively level but extremely rocky country, and nooned in the channel of another stream, where there was a little water standing in holes. On leaving this place we found the country still quite level, but exceedingly rocky; for eight or ten miles almost like a pavement. Late in the afternoon we came out into the basin of a lake (Goose lake), apparently forty or fifty miles in length. Traversing the valley about five miles along the south end of the lake, we came to a little stream coming in from the mountains to the eastward. The grass and water being good, we encamped here for the night. Game seemed plentiful, and one of the party killed a fine deer in the vicinity of the camp. From a spur of the mountains, near our camp, we had a splendid view of the lake and of the extensive valley bordering it on the north. On the east, between the lake and mountain range running nearly north and south, and which we supposed to be a spur of the Sierra Nevada, was a beautiful meadow country, narrow, but many miles in length, across which the lines of willows and scattering pines and cottonwoods indicated the courses of a number of little streams coming into the lake from the mountain chain. A little southeast of our camp there appeared to be a gap in the mountain wall, and we decided to try it on the succeeding day.

July 9th we moved up the ridge to-

wards the gap, and soon entered a little valley, perhaps containing a hundred acres, extending to the summit of the ridge, thus forming an excellent pass. The ascent was very gradual. The little valley was fringed with mountain-mahogany trees, giving it quite a picturesque appearance. This shrub, which is peculiar to the rocky highlands, is from fifteen to twenty feet high and in form something like a cherry tree, so that a grove of mountain mahogany strikingly resembles a cherry orchard. About the center of the little valley is a spring of cold water, making it an excellent camping place, and for many years afterwards it was the place where the immigrants were wont to meet and let their animals recuperate after the long, tiresome march across the so-called American Desert; for this Sierra ridge separates the waters of the Pacific from those of the great basin which extends from the Blue Mountains far southward towards the Colorado. The little stream on which we encamped before entering this pass is called Lassen creek, taking its name from Peter Lassen, who led a small party of immigrants across the plains in 1848, following our route from the Humboldt through this pass, thence down Pitt river to the Sacramento. From the summit of the ridge we had a splendid view. Northward the ridge seemed to widen out, forming several low ranges of timbered mountains, while southward it seemed to rise very high, as we could see patches of snow along the summit in the distance. East and south of us, at the foot of the ridge, was a beautiful green valley, twenty or thirty miles in extent, and containing a small lake. A number of small streams flowed from the mountain into and through the valley, affording an abundance of water for the wants of a settlement. This fertile valley on the border of the desert has since been called Surprise valley, and now contains quite a population.

As we stood on the Sierra ridge, we surveyed the vast desert plains to the eastward of Surprise valley, apparently without grass or trees, and marked by numerous high rocky ridges running north and south. After deciding on our course, we descended the mountain and soon came to a little stream, the banks of which were lined with plum bushes completely loaded with fruit. There was a grove of pines at hand, and there we decided to noon, as the day was extremely hot. Game seemed plentiful about this rich valley, and while we were nooning a large band of antelope grazed in sight of us. Spending about two hours among these pines, which were the last we saw during our long and weary march on the desert, we packed up and moved across the valley eastward. After crossing the valley we entered a very sandy district, where the traveling was laborious, and next ascended to a table land, the surface of which was covered with small gravel. By this time most of our horses were barefooted, and our progress through the rocky country was consequently very slow. The country was so desert-like that we had almost despaired of finding water that night, but just at dark we unexpectedly came to a little spring. There was but little water, but by digging some we were able to get quite enough for ourselves and horses, though it kept us busy until about midnight to get the horses watered. Although we had met with singularly good fortune in this finding water at the close of the first day's march on the desert, we could not always expect such good luck in the future; and as we lay down in our blankets among the sage-brush that night, we could not help having some gloomy forebodings in regard to the future of our expedition.

(To be continued.)