

GOLD-BOUGHT.

LEMON.

Keep silent, heart, thou must not win
Another for thy mate;
Though guilty of no blackened sin,
Nor bowed by shameful weight,
Yet, speak not, dare not tell
That thoughts of Love within thee dwell,
Such thoughts are not for thee.
Keep silent, then, nor dare to name
A word of love, for Fate decrees
That wealth alone must light the flame.
If so, alas! thy word should freeze,
Ere it should spoken, be.

Keep silent—check, check that thrill,
Press back the burning sigh,
And smother all such thoughts that fill
Thy chambers, though thou die.
Yes, still the throbbing endures the stings—
Did Love depart on speedy wings—
'Tis sin if thou hast loved.
Though true thoughts fire the longing breast,
And plead with voices low,
Yet list not to this sweet behest,
Such joys thou shouldst not know,
Nor by such thoughts be moved.

Breaths not a word in tender tone,
Although thou lovest well—
Though every pulse may wring a groan
From out thy deepest cell.
Yet speak not, for but glittering gold,
The key to purest thoughts must hold,
'Tis thus that Fate decrees.

Then check, check the heartfelt sigh,
No matter though the heart should burst,
Or dreams so pure in sorrow die,
No matter though thy life is cursed—
No, no, think not of these.

Thus all thy hopes, my heart, are dead,
No pet of wealth art thou,
No flowery way is round thee spread,
'Tis only fit for thee to bow
Beneath this stern misfortune's load,
And wander on thy weary road,
Unloved, unloving and alone.
Oh, that the river who bids thee throbb,
Yet near-leaves round thee spread,
Who does thee of thy treasures rob,
And leaves thee thrilling—although dead—
Would turn thee back to stone.

NOTES AND REMINISCENCES.

LAYING OUT AND ESTABLISHING THE OLD IMMIGRANT ROAD INTO AND THROUGH SOUTHERN OREGON IN THE YEAR 1846.

BY LINDSAY APPLEGATE.

(Continued.) From Black Rock to Humboldt Meadows.

In pursuance of the plan decided on at Black Rock, on the morning of July 14th, we separated into two parties; eight men starting out in a southerly direction and seven men, including myself, towards the east. The country before us appeared very much like the dry bed of a lake. Scarcely a spear of vegetation could be seen, and the whole country was white with alkali. After traveling about fifteen miles we began to discover dim rabbit trails running in the same direction in which we were traveling. As we advanced the trails became more plain, and there were others constantly coming in, all pointing in the general direction towards a ledge of granite boulders which we could see before us. Approaching the ledge, which was the first granite we had seen since leaving Rogue River valley, we could see a green mound where all the trails seemed to centre, and on examining the place closely we found a small hole in the top of the mound, in which a little puddle of water stood within a few inches of the surface. This was a happy discovery for we were already suffering considerably for want of water and our horses were well nigh exhausted. The day had been an exceedingly hot one and the heat reflected from the shining beds of alkali, had been very oppressive. The alkali water at Black Rock had only given us temporary relief—our thirst was now really more intense from having used it. Unpacking our horses, we staked them in the bunch grass about the granite ledge, and began digging down after the little vein of water which formed the puddle in the rabbit hole. The water seemed to be confined to a tough clay or muck which came near the surface in the centre of the mound, thus preventing it from wast-

ing away in the sand. Digging down in this clay we made a basin large enough to hold several gallons and by dark we had quite a supply of good pure water. We then began issuing it to our horses, a little at a time, and by morning men and horses were considerably refreshed. Great numbers of rabbits came around us and we killed all we wanted of them. This is the place always since known as the Rabbit Hole Springs.

Looking eastward, on the morning of July 15th, from the elevated table lands upon which we then were, we saw vast clouds of smoke, completely shutting out the distant landscape. The wind blowing almost constantly from the southwest, kept the smoke blown away so that we could get a tolerably good view towards the south. Our wish was to continue our course eastward, but the country, as far as we could see in that direction, being a barren plain, we concluded to follow the granite ledge, which extended in a southeasterly direction from the spring, believing the chances of finding water would be better by following that route. The smoke, as we afterwards learned, was caused by the burning of peat beds along the Humboldt river, the stream we were now wishing to find, though we had no correct idea of the distance we would have to travel in order to reach it, nor of the difficulties to be encountered. Pursuing our way along the ridge, searching everywhere carefully for water, at about 11 o'clock A. M. we observed the rabbit trails all leading in the same direction, and following the course indicated, we found a basin in the side of a rock large enough to hold a few gallons of water. Into this basin the water oozed from a crevice in the rock, very slowly, so that when the basin was emptied it was a long time filling. There was no way of improving this spring, for whenever the basin was full and the water running over, it would waste in the loose gravel and sand, and we did not get a sufficiency of it for ourselves and horses until late at night. Appearances indicated that it was a great resort for Indians, though there did not seem to be any in the vicinity while we were there. During the afternoon and evening, great numbers of little birds came for water, and were so tame that we could almost put our hands on them.

On the morning of July 16th, we proceeded along the ridge for four or five miles and came to quite a large spring, but so strongly impregnated with alkali that we could only use it in making coffee. Here we rested an hour or so while our horses grazed. This morning we passed over a country abounding in quartz. At this spring our granite ridge terminated, and before us was a vast desert plain, without a spear of vegetation, and covered with an alkaline efflorescence which glittered beneath the scorching rays of the sun. The heat was intense as we rode slowly out to the eastward upon the great plain. After we had traveled a few miles, we observed what was supposed to be a lake, even fancying that we could see the waves upon its surface, but after riding in that direction awhile, we discovered that it was only one of those optical illusions so often experienced on the desert. Next, we saw what we supposed to be a clump of willows to the eastward and rode in that direction with all possible dispatch, but, on nearing the place, we discovered, to our intense disappointment, that it was only a pile of black volcanic rocks, fifteen or twenty feet high. The sun was now getting quite low, and the heat was somewhat abating, yet it remained quite hot as we rode a few miles to the eastward on the desert.

As night closed in upon us we selected our camping place in a little sag where there were some strong sage bushes growing. To these we tied our horses securely, for, as there was not a blade of grass and they were suffering for water, we knew they would leave us, should they break away from their fastenings. The only camp duty we had to perform that night was to spread our blankets down upon the loose sand. Then we stretched ourselves upon them, with little hope of rest, for our thirst had by that time become intense; worse, no doubt, from reason of our having drunk the strong alkali water the morning. Our reflections that night were gloomy in the extreme. Even if we could have heard the cry of a night bird or the familiar note of a coyote, it would have given us encouragement, for it would have indicated the presence of water somewhere in the vicinity; but not a sound was heard during the live long night except our own voices and the restless tramp of the half famished horses.

As we started out on the morning of July 17th to the eastward we could see only a short distance on account of the dense clouds of smoke which enveloped the country. We spent much of the day in searching in various places for water and at about 4 o'clock in the afternoon we came to some ledges of rock. They afforded a shelter from the scorching rays of the sun, and we halted to rest for a while, as some of the party were now so exhausted that they could scarcely ride. From the top of the rocks we could discern a small greenish spot on the desert, five or six miles distant, and, hoping to find water there, we decided to ride towards it at once. Robert Smith was now suffering severely from a pain in the head, and, as he was not able to ride, we were compelled to leave him under the rocks, with the understanding that he would follow us as soon as he felt able to ride. After going four or five miles, we beheld a horseman approaching us. This soon proved to be John Jones, one of the party who left us at Black Rock on the morning of the 14th. He had found water at the place we were making for, and, in searching for the rest of his party, had accidentally fallen in with us. We of course made a "stampede" for the water. On our arrival there two of the party, filling a large horn with water, started on their return with it to Smith. They met him on the way, hanging on to the horn of his saddle, while his horse was following our trail. By the time they returned the other party also arrived, so that, at about 6 P. M., we found ourselves all together again. The other party had fared almost as badly as we had, not having had any water since 10 o'clock in the forenoon of the day before.

Although a Godsend to us, this water was almost as bad as one could imagine. It was in the bed of a little alkali lake, thickly studded with reeds. There were about four inches of strong alkali water resting upon a bed of thin mud, and it was so warm and nauseating that it was impossible for some of the party to retain a stomach-full very long at a time. It was a grand relief to our poor horses to have an abundance of water and grass once more, and, tired as they were, they worked busily all night upon the reeds and grasses about the little lake. Much exhausted, we retired early, and arose considerably refreshed the next morning.

On the morning of July 18, our course was nearly southeast along the edge of a vast level plain to our right. Immense columns of smoke were still rising in front of us, and at about ten or eleven o'clock we came to places where peat bogs were on fire. These

fires extended for miles along the valley of the Humboldt river, for we were now in the near vicinity of that stream, and at noon had the great satisfaction of encamping upon its banks. We found this sluggish stream about thirty feet wide, and the water strongly alkaline and of a milky hue. Along its banks were clumps of willows, affording us an abundance of fuel, and as there was plenty of grass for our horses, our camp was a good one. Since leaving Rabbit Hole Springs we had traveled much too far south of our course to satisfy us, and our desire was now to travel up the Humboldt until we should reach a point nearly east of Black Rock, and endeavor to find a route for the road more directly on our old course.

On July 19, we traveled perhaps twenty miles in a northeasterly direction along the river bottom, and encamped. The next day, July 20, we pursued our way along the river, on a good, easy route, making about the same distance as the day before. On the 21st we continued our march up the river and at noon came to a point where the river bottom widened out into quite an extensive meadow district. From this point we could see what appeared to be a low pass through the ridge on the west, through which was a channel of a tributary of the Humboldt, now dry. Here we decided to encamp and send out a party to examine the country towards Black Rock.

We had nothing in which to carry water but a large powder horn, so we thought it best not to risk sending out too large a party. On the morning of the 22d of July, Levi Scott and Wm. Parker left us, and, following the dry channel of the stream for about fifteen miles, they came to a beautiful spring of pure water. Here they passed the night, and the next day, July 23d, they ascended by a very gradual route to the table lands to the westward, and within about fifteen miles of their camp of the previous night, they entered quite a grassy district from which they could plainly see Black Rock. Exploring the country about them carefully they found the Rabbit Hole Springs. The line of our road was now complete. We had succeeded in finding a route across the desert and on to the Oregon settlements, with camping places at suitable distances, and, since we knew the source of the Humboldt river was near Fort Hall, we felt that our enterprise was already a success, and that immigrants would be able to reach Oregon late in the season with far less danger of being snowed in than on the California route down the Humboldt and over the Sierra Nevadas. The sequel proved that we were correct in this opinion, for this same fall the Donner party, in endeavoring to cross the Sierras, were snowed in, suffered the most indescribable horrors, and about half of them perished.

The Humboldt Meadows affording us a splendid camping place, we concluded to remain there and recruit our jaded animals for a few days before pursuing our journey farther.

(To be continued.)

The Assotin Flat is situated on the east side of a spur of the Blue mountains along Snake river. It is about fifteen miles in width and perhaps thirty in length. For stock it perhaps is the best location, at present, in all the upper country. The winters, from some strange cause, are very mild, and the grass is the best I have seen in any place. The soil is rich and water is comparatively plentiful. All that will keep it from being a splendid farming district is that there are rocks too near the surface. There is much good land there to be taken, and it will be farmed in spite of rocks.