

CASCADES OF ROGUE RIVER.

The falls, or more properly cascades, of Rogue river as shown by our engraving are among the most entrancing of the many aqueous beauties of Oregon. The waters leap and foam in the rocky channel over a series of small falls and steep inclines that keep them lashed into foam and draw from them a rushing, plunging sound that announces their existence to the traveler before yet the river is seen. They are fifty-five miles north-east of Jacksonville, and not far from where both the railroad and stage road cross the stream. Rogue river is the principal stream of Southern Oregon and drains all that great region lying between the water sheds of the Umpqua and Klamath from the summit of the Cascade range to the Pacific ocean. The area drained is large and the volume of water discharged into the sea enormous. Having its fountain head in scores of mountain brooks, the river gradually increases in size until it defiles from the mountain canyons into Rogue river valley. It then flows through a succession of valleys and spurs of mountain ranges, receiving the waters of numerous tributaries, until it reaches the rocky barrier of the Coast Range, through which it cuts its way in a deep and precipitous canyon. Here it runs with great velocity over a channel filled with rocks, breaking often into a series of beautiful cascades. The nature of the channel renders the stream unnavigable, despite its immense volume of water.

The name of this turbulent stream has associated with it some of the most bloody events in the pioneer history of the Pacific coast. Here more than any other place, the conflict of races was long and sanguinary and only ended with the complete extermination of the Indians who contested the occupation of their country by the white invaders. The lower civilization had to succumb to the higher, but it was at the expense of much blood and agony. It was in 1828 that the first party of Hudson's Bay Co. trappers, under the leadership of John Rhoderick McLeod, passed south through the beautiful valley of Rogue river, on their way to the trapping grounds of California. With this party were the celebrated Tom McKay and Joe McLaughlin, son of the chief factor at Vancouver. This party bestowed many of the names now borne by the streams and mountains of that region, calling this the "Rogue" river, because of the thievery and hostile spirit displayed by the Indians. It is also claimed that the stream was christened "*Rouge riviere*" by these trappers, who were nearly all French Canadians, because of the reddish tinge possessed by the water discolored by the recent heavy rains, and that the present spelling and pronunciation are but the usual result of American corruption of foreign words. Jump-off Joe creek was named at this time because of an involuntary plunge into the stream taken by Joe McLaughlin from a high and brushy bank. Siskiyou mountain, which borders the valley on the south, was also named by them. One morning an old white, bob-tailed pack horse was missing, and he was trailed up the mountain side until his dead carcass was found filled with arrows. The trappers christened the mountain "*Siskiyou*," which is the *patois* French for "bob-tail." This word will be found in Gill's Chinook dictionary having that significance, and as the Chinook was made up largely from the *patois* there seems but little doubt of the

above being the true origin of the name. Dr. William McKay, son of Tom McKay, is authority for this statement, and as he was born and reared among the trappers, there is certainly no one better qualified than he to decide such matters.

GREAT FALLS OF THE MISSOURI.

The scenery along the winding course of the great Missouri river is grand in the extreme, and especially between Helena and Fort Benton. Twelve miles east of the former place it enters a series of grand canyons known as "The Gateway of the Mountains," the walls rising to heights varying from 1,500 to 2,000 feet, so abrupt that for six miles there can be found but four places where one could stand between the water's edge and the towering wall of rock. Leaving the last canyon, the river flows for forty miles through a high, rolling prairie country, until it breaks for ten miles, near the mouth of Sun river, into a series of rapids and falls, the most grand and inspiring imaginable. It was on Thursday the thirteenth of June, 1805, that Captain Lewis was searching for the great falls of which the Mandans had told him, "when his ears were saluted with the agreeable sound of falling water, and as he advanced a spray which seemed driven by the high southwest wind, arose above the plain like a column of smoke and vanished in an instant. Towards this point he directed his steps, and the noise increasing as he approached soon became too tremendous to be mistaken for anything but the great falls of the Missouri. Having traveled seven miles after first hearing the sound he reached the falls about twelve o'clock. The hills as he approached were difficult of access and two hundred feet high; down these he hurried with impatience, and seating himself on some rocks under the center of the falls, enjoyed the sublime spectacle of this stupendous object which since the creation has been lavishing its magnificence upon the desert unknown to civilization. The river immediately at the cascade is three hundred yards wide, and is pressed in by a perpendicular cliff on the left, which rises to about one hundred feet and extends up the stream for a mile; on the right the bluff is also perpendicular for three hundred yards above the falls. For ninety or one hundred yards from the left cliff the water falls in one smooth, even sheet, over a precipice of at least eighty feet. The remaining part of the river precipitates itself with a more rapid current, but being received as it falls by the irregular and somewhat projecting rocks below, forms a splendid prospect of perfectly white foam two hundred yards in length, and eighty in perpendicular elevation. This spray is dissipated into a thousand shapes, sometimes flying up in columns of fifteen or twenty feet, which are then oppressed by larger masses of the white foam, on all of which the sun impresses the brightest colors of the rainbow. As it rises from the fall it beats with fury against a ledge of rocks which extends across the river at one hundred and fifty yards from the precipice. * * * From the falls he directed his course southwest up the river. After passing one continued rapid and three small cascades, each three or four feet high, he reached at the distance of five miles a second fall. The river is about four hundred yards wide, and for the distance of three hundred throws itself over to the depth of nine-

teen feet, and so irregularly that he gave it the name of Crooked falls. From the southern shore it extends obliquely upwards about one hundred and fifty yards and then forms an acute angle downwards nearly to the commencement of four small islands close to the northern side. From the perpendicular pitch to these islands, a distance of more than one hundred yards, the water glides down a sloping rock with a velocity almost equal to that of its fall. Above this fall the river bends suddenly to the northward. While viewing this place, Captain Lewis heard a loud roar above him and crossing the point of a hill for a few hundred yards, he saw one of the most beautiful objects in nature. The whole Missouri is suddenly stopped by one shelving rock, which without a single notch and with an edge as straight and regular as if formed by art, stretches itself from one side of the river to the other for at least a quarter of a mile. Over this it precipitates itself in an even, uninterrupted sheet to the depth of fifty feet, whence dashing against the rocky bottom it rushes rapidly down, leaving behind it a spray of the purest foam across the river. The scene which it presented was indeed singularly beautiful, since, without any of the wild irregular sublimity of the lower falls, it combined all the regular elegancies which the fancy of a painter would select to form a beautiful waterfall. The eye had scarcely been regaled with this prospect when, at the distance of half a mile, Captain Lewis observed another of a similar kind. To this he immediately hastened, and found a cascade stretching across the whole river for a quarter of a mile, with a descent of fourteen feet, though the perpendicular pitch was only six feet. This, too, in any other neighborhood, would have been an object of great magnificence, but after what he had just seen it became of secondary interest. His curiosity being, however, awakened, he determined to go on even should night overtake him to the head of the falls. He therefore pursued the southwest course of the river, which was one constant succession of rapids and small cascades, at everyone of which the bluffs grew lower, or the bed of the river became more on a level with the plains. At the distance of two and a half miles he arrived at another cataract of twenty-six feet. The river is here six hundred yards wide, but the descent is not immediately perpendicular, though the river falls generally with an even and smooth sheet; for about one-third of the descent a rock protrudes to a small distance, receives the water in its passage and gives it a curve. On the south side is a beautiful plain a few feet above the level of the falls; on the north the country is more broken, and there is a hill not far from the river. Just below the falls is a little island in the middle of the river well covered with timber. Here on a cottonwood tree an eagle had fixed his nest, and seemed the undisputed mistress of a spot, to contest whose dominion neither man nor beast would venture across the gulfs that surrounded it, and which is further secured by the mist arising from the falls. This solitary bird could not escape the observation of the Indians, who made the eagle's nest a part of their description of the falls, which now proves to be correct in almost every particular, except that they did not do justice to their height. Just above this is a cascade of about five feet, beyond which, as far as could be discerned, the velocity of the water seemed to abate."