

First Arcant of Mt Jefferson

# The Oregon Argus.

## THE OREGON ARGUS.

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY MORNING,  
BY WILLIAM L. ADAMS.

**TERMS**—The Argus will be furnished at Three Dollars and Fifty Cents per annum, in advance, to single subscribers—Three Dollars each to clubs of ten at one office—in advance. When the money is not paid in advance, Four Dollars will be charged if paid within six months, and Five Dollars at the end of the year. Two Dollars for six months—No subscriptions received for a less period. No paper discontinued until all arrearages are paid, unless at the option of the publisher.

### BUSINESS CARDS.

**W. T. MATLOCK.** W. C. JOHNSON.  
**Matlock & Johnson,**  
ATTORNEYS & COUNSELORS AT LAW,  
And Solicitors in Chancery,  
WILL promptly attend to any business which may be committed to their professional charge before the District and Supreme Courts. Office in Higginbotham's building, immediately opposite the Main Street House, Oregon City, March 7, 1857. 47y

**H. G. Burnett,**  
ATTORNEY & COUNSELOR AT LAW,  
And Solicitor in Chancery,  
BETHEL, POLK COUNTY, OREGON.

**JOHN R. MBRIDE,**  
ATTORNEY AND COUNSELOR AT LAW,  
Lafayette, Yamhill County, O. T.,  
WILL faithfully attend to all business entrusted to his professional care.

**Wm. C. Dement & Co.,**  
WHOLESALE and Retail Dealers in Groceries, Provisions, Paints, Oils, Boots and Shoes, Crockery, &c. Opposite the Land Office, Main St. Oregon City. June 1, 1855.

**CHARLES POPE, JR.,**  
DEALER in Hardware, Groceries, Dry Goods, Clothing, Boots & Shoes, Medicines, Books and Stationery.  
Main-st., Oregon City, April 21, 1857-18f

**GEO. ABERNETHY & Co.,**  
MERCHANTS,  
OREGON CITY, O. T.

**Abernethy, Clark & Co.,**  
COMMISSION AND FORWARDING MERCHANTS,  
San Francisco, Cal.,  
Will attend to selling Oregon produce, and fill orders for Goods, Groceries, &c., at the lowest rates. The patronage of the people of Oregon is respectfully solicited. Aug. 2.

**E. Millwain,**  
Manufacturer, Wholesale and Retail Dealer in  
**COOK AND PAILOVER STOVES,**  
TIN & COPPER WARE, HARDWARE, &c.,  
Main St., opposite Main Street Hotel,  
OREGON CITY, O. T.  
Steamboat and jobbing work attended to with dispatch.  
Orders from the country promptly filled. jet

**W. F. HIGHFIELD,**  
WATCH-MAKER,  
Persons desirous of getting good work done will do well to give me a call, as my whole time is devoted to the repairing of Chronometers, Levers, Duplex and Horizontal watches.  
An assortment of Jewelry on hand.  
Jewelry made to order, and repaired.  
Prices to suit the times. I am thankful for past favors, and hope to give satisfaction in future.  
17 Locust at the old stand, opposite the Telegraph Office, OREGON CITY. Feb. 2.

**Drugs, Medicines, Paints, Oils, and Dye-stuffs,**  
at the OREGON CITY DRUG STORE,  
Main Street, Oregon City, O. T.

**JOHN P. BROOKS,**  
Wholesale & Retail Dealer in Groceries, Produce, Provisions, &c., Main Street.  
A General Assortment kept up of Selected Goods  
Cashmere, March 28, 1857.

**GUN-SMITHING.**  
BEING permanently located in Oregon City, I am prepared to carry on the business of GUN-SMITHING  
IN ALL ITS BRANCHES.  
Those who favor me with their patronage, may expect to have their work done right.  
Those who leave GUNS at my Shop for repairs, and do not call for them within nine months of the time set for the work to be done, may expect to have them sold to pay charges.  
FERDINAND WILDE,  
June 27, 1857. 11m18

**Wells, Fargo & Co's Express,**  
Between Oregon, California, the Atlantic States and Europe.  
HAVING made advantageous arrangements with the United States and Pacific Mail Steamship Companies for transportation, we are now prepared to forward Goods, Mail, Ballast, Specie, Packages, Parcels, and Freight, to and from New York, N. Orleans, San Francisco, Portland, and principal towns of California and Oregon.  
Our regular Semi-monthly Express between Portland and San Francisco, is dispatched by the Pacific Mail Steamship Co's steamship Columbia, connecting at San Francisco with our semi-monthly Express to New York and New Orleans, which is dispatched regularly on the 1st and 16th of each month, by the mail steamers and in charge of our own messengers, through to destination.  
Our Express from New York leaves regularly on the 5th and 20th of each month, also in charge of messengers.  
Freight insured in the best New York companies, or at Lloyd's in London, at the option of shippers.  
OFFICES—New York, No. 16, Wall st.; New Orleans, No. 11, Exchange place; San Francisco, No. 144, Montgomery street.  
Oregon City, April 21, 1857-14f

**Reading for the Million.**  
S. J. McCORMICK  
HAS CONSTANTLY ON HAND at the FRANKLIN BOOK STORE, FRONT-ST., PORTLAND, OREGON,  
A choice selection of Popular Books, Newspapers, Magazines and Fancy Stationery.  
Among the books on hand will be found works on Temperance, Agriculture, Horticulture, History, Poetry, Biography, Medicines, Religion, Science, School Books, Romances, &c., &c., &c.  
If Subscriptions are returned for Harper, Graham, Godey, Leslie's, or Putnam, at \$4 a year, postage free.  
If Subscriptions received for any newspaper published in any part of the Union.  
Remember the Franklin Book Store and Newspaper Agency, Front street, Portland Oregon.  
A priced catalogue will be published early in April, and will be sent to any part of the territory free on application.

**Oregon Lodge No. 3, I. O. O. F.,**  
MEETS at their Hall over the Oregon City Drug Store every Wednesday evening at 7 o'clock. Brethren in good standing are invited to visit.  
FRED. CHARMAN, N. G.  
GEORGE PRASE, Sec'y. 31

**TEMPLE OF HONOR**—Tualatin Temple of Honor, No. 1, meets on the 1st and 3d Friday evenings of each month at 7 o'clock, at Temperance Hall, Forest Grove, Oregon.  
Members of the Order in good standing are invited to visit this Temple.  
E. W. DIXON, W. C. T.  
M. TUTTLE, W. H. 39

—A Weekly Newspaper, devoted to the Principles of Jeffersonian Democracy, and advocating the side of Truth in every issue.—

VOL. III.

OREGON CITY, OREGON, OCTOBER 17, 1857.

No. 27.

**ADVERTISING RATES.**  
One square (12 lines or less) one insertion, \$3.00  
" " " " two insertions, 4.00  
" " " " three insertions, 5.00  
Each subsequent insertion, 1.00  
Reasonable deductions to those who advertise by the year.

### JOB PRINTING.

THE PROPRIETOR OF THE ARGUS IS HAPPY to inform the public that he has just received a large stock of JOB TYPE and other new printing material, and will be in the speedy receipt of additions suited to all the requirements of the locality. HANDBILLS, POSTERS, BLANKS, CARDS, CIRCULARS, PAMPHLET-WORK and other kinds, done to order, on short notice.

**Notes of a Trip to the Mountains.**  
DEAR SIR:—Having become tired of the monotony incident to a close application to study, I naturally sought some means of relief; and knowing of nothing so well calculated to regenerate the overtaxed energies of the mind as travel, camp life and mountain scenery, I determined to forego the comforts and pleasures of home for a season, and try their influence. To this end a company was called, and preparations made for a trip across the Cascades into eastern Oregon, with the double purpose of looking at the country lauded so highly for its pastoral advantages and its healthy atmosphere, and of ferreting out the long talked-of Eldorado which is said to have been discovered by the immigration of 1845, which crossed the plains via Meek's cut-off.

Our company consisted of Dr. James McBride, J. C. Woods, C. P. McCollough, H. P. Moore, myself, and one other person, from Yamhill, and John Fisher and Samuel Gilliland from Clackamas, all of whom met together, armed and equipped and about the 14th of August commenced their journey. Soon the settlements were left behind, and we found ourselves in the Cascade mountains, whose hills, canons, legs and rocks are long to be remembered by thousands of our fellow citizens, who, after enduring incessant toils and privations for months amid burning sands and barren wastes, were doomed to see their teams—their stock, their all, perish in these rugged mountains—leaving fathers, mothers and children starving, sick, or perhaps dying, without any visible means of relief. Such are the terrors associated with their former history, and such the sufferings and privations of the poor, care-worn immigrants in these rugged defiles, that I for one cannot help feeling a deep sorrow every time I pass over their stony summits. As I looked upon the bleaching skeletons of horses and cattle that are every where scattered along the road, I could not help reflecting upon the amount of trouble, perhaps even suffering, brought upon destitute families by the death of these brutes.— Suffice it to say that the mountains, the terror of immigrants, and the worst portion of the road from the States to Oregon, we passed in three days, and the level land was once more hailed with pleasure.

If space permitted I would gladly enter into a detail of all the advantages of this region, or give information upon any point with which I am familiar, that would tend to draw immigration hitherward. Barlow's gate is situated on the eastern side of the Cascade range, about forty miles from the Dalles, and is so called because of its being the place where S. K. Barlow Esq., the person who opened the road, collected toll from the immigrants as they passed. From this point you enter upon an extensive plain of high table land on which spruce and sage brush are found. The soil is inferior, based upon a stratum of rocks, which in all of the little depressions comes to the surface, presenting innumerable rocky, barren spots, destitute of vegetation, and which continually annoy the traveler, and are alike destructive of the beauty and agricultural value of the country. I am forced to the opinion that this country will never be worth anything for agricultural purposes, for with the exception of the narrow strips of alluvial land that line the streams, it is characteristic of the whole country. But grass is abundant in all directions, and a better grazing country cannot be found. There are no settlements here nearer than the Tye, a small stream midway between Barlow's gate and the Dalles. Upon this is a fine settlement, some good farms, and many of the comforts and conveniences of civilization. But as a point far to the south-east, on Meek's cut-off, was our aim, the De Chute being somewhat difficult of ferriage at the old crossing, we abandoned the old road five or six miles south-east of the gate, with the view of following up the river to the crossing of the southern river, about one hundred and eighty miles south of the Dalles, and from thence east about seventy miles to the point of destination. Having thus changed our course, we plunged into the wide plain without track or guide, and were traveling at a rapid rate, when all at once we were "taken up" by one of those "infernal canons" so common in this region, and which you never see until you approach the very verge. But by a series of engineering and zig-zag windings we at last triumphed, and were pleased with the flattering hope of having a few miles of good travel, as our extended plain of high table land lay stretched before us as far as the eye could reach. The stony spots before referred to became more numerous as we advanced to the south. But from this annoyance we soon escaped, for after about fifteen miles travel we struck the old California trail leading from the Dalles via Jacksonsville and Yreka to Sacramento, which has apparently been used from time immemorial. Although we had not traveled far without,

yet the very appearance of a road was hailed with delight, as it not only enabled us to travel with greater rapidity, but to make a more leisurely survey of the country, which, were it not for that dull monotony that seems so insuperably connected with the juniper tree and sage bush, would be quite beautiful. The portion of country already described is a fair sample of all that vast extent of country lying between the Dalles and the Warm Springs. There is one exception, however, which I shall mention. At the distance of sixty miles south of the Dalles, and bordering on the trail to the west, is a scope of superior land, well watered and timbered, embracing enough for the half of a good sized county, and as nice a country as one could wish. With the snow capped Cascades on the west, a range of magnificent hills on the south, while on the east and north is an extended plain whose gentle undulations rise and fall like the swellings of the sea, it affords a variety of picturesque scenery such as seldom greets the eye. If any wish to forsake their homes, when large farms and spacious dwellings, the fruit of many years' toil, seem to promise real enjoyment, I would advise them to go direct to this point, as it is in my opinion, superior to any portion of eastern Oregon. Passing on from this prairie, and to the south of the range of hills before spoken of, there is enough good land, though it is considerably cut by hills and canons, for twenty or thirty good claims, with an abundance of springs and timber near by. But from this point there is nothing either interesting or attractive until you reach the warm springs, around which the hills are magnificent in the extreme, cut up as they are into innumerable lofty pyramidal mounds, and almost as red as blood. But perhaps the greatest curiosity of this region is some boiling hot springs, situated on the north side of a tributary of the De Chute—one immediately at the crossing, and not more than five feet from the water, while the other, the largest one, is about a half mile below, at the base of a high bluff, immediately at the road, on the east side. The water of these springs is boiling hot, and strongly metallic.

Bidding adieu to these mysterious springs we hastened on to the agency of the Warm Springs reserve, distant seven miles, traveling in a dense sage plain almost the entire distance. Here we were very courteously received by the gentlemanly and intelligent agent, J. W. Knight, who entertained us in a genteel and friendly manner. This Reserve is about ninety miles south of the Dalles, and is bounded on the east by De Chute river, on the south by California, on the west by the Cascade mountains, and on the north by a line running from the base of the mountains, due east, by the Warm Springs to the De Chute river, and is, in my opinion, the most judicious location that has been made by the department; not so much on account of its superior advantages, as from the fact that the bad society and vicious habits that are so inseparably connected with an Indian Agency cannot influence the settlements so easily. The fort is situated on the north bank of a tributary of the De Chute, and from appearances, is judiciously managed. Extensive preparations are being made for the erection of a more substantial depot. There are now about three hundred acres plowed, sixty of which are in cultivation, all in potatoes, and judging from the present crop, the soil is very productive. There is also a saw mill in course of erection, which will be completed during the coming winter. Upon the whole I believe it to be the best Reserve west of the Rocky Mountains. None of the surrounding country is worth anything except for grazing purposes, with the exception of five or six sections on a little creek south of the fort, where the farm now is; consequently there never can be any settlements near by. Here two of our company, Messrs Fisher and Gilliland, left us and returned home, having heard some bad stories about the Indians east, and becoming doubtful as to the propriety of going among them with so small a number: they by decreasing a company already too small to six men, with which number we determined to proceed at all hazards, and if possible, reach the point of destination. And to that end we separated from our friends at the Agency, and pursued our journey.

The next morning as preparations were being made for a start, we were hailed by an Indian belonging to the reserve, who delivered a note from Mr. Knight in which he stated that from information secured from Indian chiefs on the previous evening, it would be perilous for us to cross the river, and advised us to make a precipitate retreat. Knowing that all the Indians were aware of our approach, that Mr. Knight had constant intercourse with all the surrounding tribes, and consequently was well posted with regard to their real intentions respecting us, and being aware

that if we were to get into an engagement with a select band of warriors, our sparsity of numbers was such as to insure a total defeat, if not our entire destruction; although we were extremely anxious to go on, we reluctantly abandoned the expedition, and bent our course toward the foot of Mt. Jefferson, with the view of prospecting the leading streams in that vicinity.

This being done, and nothing found, we determined to explore the country lying between the Reserve and the Southern immigrant route, and turned our course in that direction, finding it differing but little from that over which we had just traveled, unless it is that the sand and sage become more plentiful, and the country less valuable for grazing. But the greatest objection to that vast extent of country south of the Dalles and extending to the California line, is the extreme scarcity of water.—None is to be found, except in the rock-bound canyons of the tributaries of the Dechutes, whose precipitous bluffs seem to bid defiance to man and beast. In fact, there are only a few places where a descent can be made. These watering places are sometimes ten, and even fifteen miles apart; consequently the number of Rancheros will be governed by the number of watering places. Hence the wide fields for pasturage and its consequent superiority over most other countries for grazing purposes. But it is unfit for agricultural purposes, and never can sustain a dense population.—The Three Sisters, whose snow-capped summits pierce the clouds, now began to loom up in gloomy grandeur, and a desire to scale their snowy heights, and associate my name with the Humbolds, Fremonts, and Dryers of the mountain-climbing notoriety, urged us on to the perilous undertaking. Hill after hill was left behind, and soon we stood at the base of those mighty peaks. It was now ten o'clock, and we had reached the object of our desires, and nothing remained but to devote ourselves of every encouragement and commence the arduous task; which was quickly done, and unprepared as we were with proper instruments, having neither hook nor staff, nor anything else calculated in the least to assist us, we began the long ascent, but soon found that the smoothness and apparent beauty of these peaks, when at a distance, is all a humbug, for deep canyons, abrupt ridges, overhanging precipices, and frowning cliffs, constitute the leading features of the whole of them, almost entirely preventing their ascent; and per necessity, we were compelled to undertake it by means of a long, steep, precipitous ridge, leading to the extreme summit from the east. We soon got under headway, and moved on with as much rapidity as circumstances would permit, frequently stopping to rest—for the labor was excessive—sometimes to hurl some massive stone from its resting place, and send it tumbling, leaping, sometimes three or four hundred feet at a bound, and making the congealed snow fly like a misty cloud, to the plain below. Thus we were permitted to amuse ourselves, even amid the most incessant toil. The general inclination of this ridge is about seventy degrees and is very narrow on the top—scarcely wide enough for one to walk in safety, and on either side it is almost perpendicular, so that if a person, by some mis-step, were to fall, immediate death would be the consequence. The principal danger incurred was in passing huge rocks forty or fifty feet in height, and almost perpendicular, which in several instances, lay across our path, around which it was impossible to go; consequently we were compelled to clamber up the rough sides, running a risk of life at every step, for the slip of a stone would have hurled us thousands of feet below. These we clambered over from stone to stone and height to height, until three of our party, (the other three having stopped more than half way down the mountain) seated themselves upon the snowy crest of one of the highest peaks in America,—I having the honor of being the first human being that ever made a foot-print upon its icy summit.—And now, although I had toiled incessantly, and periled my life at almost every step in the ascent, I felt more than compensated for all attending dangers, in that soul-thrilling gratification that I enjoyed, as I looked below, upon the wide extended fields of the grandest scenery that I ever beheld, from grassy lawns and flowery woods where the Rose, the Lilac, and Jasmine lend their sweet perfumes to each passing zephyr, to the endless fields of eternal snow whose icy aspect almost made me shiver as I gazed upon them.

Immediately to the south, and connected with the peak upon which we stood by a ridge eight or nine thousand feet high, is another mountain of equal altitude with this one, and which, judging from appearances at the distance of about two miles, is more difficult of ascent. The two peaks, and the ridge connecting them, forms a vast field of snow on the west, five or

six miles in width and eight or ten in length, and that, too, of a gentle inclination—perhaps not more than thirty degrees to the summit of the ridge; affording one of the finest fields for a summer excursion in the snow in the world. From this snow field there is a ridge leading to the extreme summit, from the south west, easier of ascent, and less dangerous than the one we traveled up; and it is to this ridge I would advise all persons to go who may desire hereafter to make the ascent. On the north the entire features are more rugged and precipitous. High peaks and craggy projections, formed principally of old volcanic matter, rear their lofty heads almost high enough to sustain perpetual snow, and contribute largely to the wild grandeur of the desolation that everywhere prevails. Separating these hills from the main mountain, there is a deep canyon, in which there is a beautiful little creek, fed entirely by the snows, of crystal clearness, and as cold as ice. On the east there is a beautiful plain, or cove, perhaps similar, though not equal, to the one on Mt. Chimborazo, where the city of Quito now stands. This place contains more than a thousand acres of comparatively level land, almost destitute of snow, and covered with green, luxuriant grass, and flowers of the most beautiful and delicate texture, although surrounded by snow. Imagine the scene!—spring—summer—autumn—and winter, with their numberless varieties of temperature of heat and cold, surround you, where with one hand you could pluck select bouquets of the most beautiful flowers, and with the other grasp the snows of a thousand winters. I did this, and I confess I feel a soul-thrilling enthusiasm—a reverential awe, that soared above the vague and sordid things of earth and penetrated to the throne of the eternal God. And as I stood upon the proud summit of this mighty peak, with the bleak wind of perpetual winter howling in my ears, surrounded by everlasting snows, towering peaks, and yawning chasms, mighty rivers, and extensive plains, vocal with their sweet melodies to Jehovah's praise, I could but feel a soul-pitying sorrow for the poor unfortunate being who by early training or bad associations has been driven to the denial of the existence of a God.

This peak is 15,300 feet high. There is another, about five miles to the south east, possessing the same characteristics, and of about the same altitude, of the other two, and yet two more, still further south, equally high and majestic with the three first, making, in all, five in a circle of twelve or fifteen miles—the greatest cluster in the known world. Perhaps there is not another place on earth, where there are such evidences of the power of volcanic action, as are presented in the vicinity of these mountains. In all directions, except on the south east, there are chains, or streaks of lava of from one to two, and even three miles in width, from one to three thousand feet in height, and from ten to twenty miles in length, destitute of vegetation, barren and bleak. The average height of the dwarf firs that are found there, is not over five feet,—sometimes ten feet—sometimes not more than one foot, owing to the elevation upon which it stands; the limbs spread far and wide from ten to fifteen feet across, lying almost on the ground, so dense that you cannot see through them, and as flat on top as a board, doubtless made so by the ponderous loads of snow which they groan under for eight or ten months in the year. After making the old grey rocks resound with the sound of fire arms, and devouring an apple which I had brought from home, and taking a long, lingering look, we bid adieu to its glories and commenced the descent, which by five o'clock P. M. was accomplished—having performed a feat in the space of seven hours, to which although it was perilous in the extreme, I shall ever recur with pleasing emotions.—My thirst for mountain climbing—by the way, something of a passion with me—was perfectly satisfied, and my only desire was now for home. As we had come to this place in the first instance, not only as adventurers, but also in quest of a road, which we afterwards ascertained runs fifty miles south, and as we had already traveled one day in the mountains, and scorned the idea of retracing our steps, we determined to cross the mountains at all hazards, road or no road, to the Willamette valley; a rash undertaking, which we perhaps should not have gone into, had it not been for a large trail, running westward, apparently much used, which we supposed crossed the mountains to some portion of the Willamette valley, but which, in fact, was only an Indian trail leading some twenty-five miles west of the "Sisters" to some large lakes, which we saw from the summit of the peak. Here is a large village of Indians, who are apparently very comfortably situated, have large numbers of fine horses—apparently of American

blood, and branded with American brands. They may be their own property—but be that as it may, these lakes certainly afford the best place to hide stolen property that I ever saw. Surrounded by mountains, over which civilized man, except our little band, has never traveled, with an abundance of grass, and with bear, deer, and elk by the thousand in every direction, there is nothing wanting to make it a perfect Indian Heaven. These lakes are situated on the top of the mountain, and number, in all, fifteen or twenty,—some of them are a mile in length by one half mile in width, and of considerable depth, and if there is any outlet to any one of them, I did not see it. As they afford the only water that is to be found for a considerable distance around, they are the only resort for all game in that vicinity; Elk, Bear and Deer, flock in vast numbers to their shores, and all the labor required to kill them is to hide at the water's edge, and await their approach. It was of these Indians we first learned that there was no road across the mountains at this point, and were told by them that it would be impossible for us to cross, and were advised to retreat as the only means of averting trouble, if not the loss of all our horses. But possessing a little of that "unconquerable," so characteristic of the American people, we determined in good Yankee style "to put it through." And accordingly left our Digger brethren in the peaceful possession of all their rights, and resumed our journey, taking a due west course, hoping by following it, to strike the settlements somewhere in the vicinity of Eugene City.—The kind Providence, good luck, or whatever you may be pleased to call it, that had attended us thus far, seemed not yet to have forsaken us, for on the evening of our departure from the village and about ten miles west of the lakes, we enjoyed the privilege of camping in a beautiful prairie, of several sections of superior soil, gently inclining to the west, and thickly set with a crop of beautiful green grass. Whortleberries, of the finest flavor grew on the prairie in great abundance. Elk grazing upon the prairie in such great numbers that, in places, the ground was literally torn up, and large trails made by them, traversed it. But although we hunted faithfully on the evening of our arrival, we killed nothing—saw nothing. On the ensuing morning, however, we saw fifteen, but were unable to kill any.

Leaving this encampment, we pushed forward over hills, rocks, logs and brush, until we struck upon the McKenzie's Fork of the Willamette, distant from the Three Sisters forty or fifty miles. This stream heads at Mt. Jefferson, at the distance of fifty miles north of where we struck it, and runs due south to this point, where it makes a bend at right angles, and pursues an almost direct westerly course to the valley. At this point it is about sixty yards in width, half side to a horse in depth, and runs very rapidly. Crossing it where we first approached it we continued our course bearing slightly to the south of west, and as we again approached the river we were astonished at the appearance of large columns of steam rising from the bank, which we found originated in boiling hot springs, so strongly saline as to form thick crusts of pure salt on the rocks with which it came in contact. These springs are situated on the north bank of the river, immediately below the great bend, and gush out through fissures in a shelving rock, in streams from one to two inches in diameter for sixty or eighty yards up and down the river, and not more than ten feet from the water's edge at low stage. Hotter water than this I never saw.

For thirteen days from the hot springs we were subjected to the most incessant toil in climbing steep hills, crossing canyons, cutting through brush, and jumping logs. As the river now pursued the course we wanted to travel, and afforded the only grass for our horses, we chose it as a dernier resort, and followed down it as closely as we could, sometimes in the bottom, sometimes on the banks, and sometimes in the river, where the water was half-sides, and even swimming to some of the smaller horses. But by dint of continued effort we always succeeded in overcoming all difficulties. For eleven tedious days we followed down this river.

On the morning of the 12th day of our tedious travel down its meanderings we determined to follow it no further, as its general course now varied to the south-west, and accordingly took to the mountains, with the hope of finding some dividing ridge, leading to the valley, thereby affording us a more easy and speedy travel. But unfortunately, these mountains, unlike any other I have ever traveled in, seemed to have but few, if any, general "divides," but are so cut up by hills and deep canons, without order or regularity, that it is almost impossible to cross them. And then, too, the fires that have preyed upon them have