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Notes of a Trip to Mt. Jefferson,  
OVER THE MINTO PASS.

(Continued from the Supplement.)

tance, and forty feet below or down hill, the stream is some four feet wide and probably eight inches deep, so there is considerable water flowing from it. The trail goes along the water edge on the south side and is decidedly rough for one hundred and fifty yards when it strikes up a divide for a quarter of a mile when we come in sight of lake fork of the river about the same distance from us. The mountains at this particular place are almost entirely destitute of timber having been burned off only a few years ago, but there will be great quantities of blackberries which now are about half grown. After descending to the river we followed it up for about three hundred yards and crossed the same, which is thirty or forty feet wide and two feet deep with a very swift current. About an eighth of a mile below the crossing the largest known falls of the river occurs, but for want of time did not visit them, but will on our return. Up the river we went over a good trail, and all the time climbing a steep hill in sight of lower end of the lake and where the river leaves it, and upon arriving at the summit suddenly the lake came in full view at the base of hill 200 feet below, where we halted to feast our eyes on one of the grandest panoramic views that can be found in any country. To the north and about ten miles distant stood Mount Jefferson in majestic grandeur, while along the base could be seen many lesser peaks of rocks that raised their lower heads ambitiously above the surrounding mountains and dense forests. Intervening the country is rugged and cut up in the extreme showing that it would be a toilsome journey to reach it from this lake. While many depressions give forth the undoubted evidence of numerous lakes now unknown. Snow could be seen nestled in the forest in many places.

Marion lake is nearly if not quite three miles long and one and a half wide, irregular in form, and at places has gravel shores while at others it is of unknown depth at the immediate bank. The water is very deep and dark blue in color, at the lower end and extends to about a quarter of a mile of the upper end when it becomes a shoal comparatively, in which stands a beautiful island covered with timber. At the lower end and on the north side of the source of the river there is a high peninsula covered with a heavy growth of forest, forming a beautiful harbor, adding much to the beauty of the lake. If a great many tourists would go to this lake, it would be a source of great admiration for tourists when a way will have been constructed through this pass. In three hundred yards the water descends at least eight hundred feet through a canyon so deep that the falls of the river are far below where we stood while the water pitches and plunges in one continuous foaming cascade. The appearance of the country is rough, wild, grand in the extreme, a place where the painter and poet could go into raptures of joy without much effort. By the time we had satisfied our curiosity the trail had passed and was considerable distance ahead, but a short walk brought us up and continued with them until we arrived at our old camp at Independence Valley.

Thursday, July 22.—This morning we went down along the north side of the lake, found and examined a bed of lava, that apparently is of recent geological date, and at present, presents the rough, jagged and peculiar appearance of molten stone that had become suddenly cool, similar to cinders from a blacksmith's forge. On examination, we found, apparently, the crater of this volcano, and the lava, undoubtedly in great quantities, has been thrown from the lake. Three of our party constructed a raft and two of them went out on an exploring expedition to ascertain the depth of the water in the lake; they found it at first quite shallow until they arrived even west of the island, when it suddenly became of great depth as if floating over a precipice and our gallant raftsmen became suddenly satisfied with their cruise and paddled for shore. In the afternoon Prof. Powell, Mr. Riddington and myself concluded to go to the summit of the mountain, believing that the blaze was not going in the right direction, we attempted to make a cut-off, with the usual result that it was a decided cut-off with a vengeance. But our trip proved far more interesting than if we had followed the trail, we climbed along the side of a very mountain, finally arriving at a flat where we found considerable snow and indulged in a game of snowballing. We were now in a district of lakes and in traveling three miles we discovered no less than nine, which probably never been visited by white men before. The largest, which we named Minto Lake, is about the size of Marion lake and contains a beautiful island that rises about thirty feet above the water, containing probably an acre of land and is a hemisphere in form, covered with timber; the water is a deep blue color and of great depth. There were five smaller lakes connected to this one by small streams and each exceeding one lower than the preceding. In the woods surrounding were large patches of snow, while beautiful flowers added variety to the scenery.

We climbed a higher peak of rocks for the purpose of taking bearings of our situation,

and was astonished to find it composed of sandstone of beautiful texture. From the extreme point at the top of a perpendicular wall of 1000 feet we had a grand view of the surrounding country: At our feet to the north there peacefully lay a lake of half a mile in circumference, and to our right another nearly as large. At the east of the largest, there is a high backbone of rocks which rise for 500 feet, and at least 200 feet, and is divided from another lake not exceeding 300 feet and at least 200 feet above its neighbors. While on the peak we had the finest view of the entire trip, about four miles to the north of us we could plainly see Marion lake with Mt. Jefferson standing in bold relief. A great addition to the panoramic view. On the right of us was lakes, rocky crags and snow, to the south and at our back stood Red Butte which is a very interesting peak about 6,000 feet high, with considerable snow upon it, and very precipitous with its summit divided into three distinct sharp pinnacles, while along down its sides in a large craggy stream of water plunges at least 200 feet before it strikes the ledge below, and looks like a broad ribbon before it is dashed into spray. To our left and west a tall mountain about our view of the Willamette Valley. After remaining an hour we started for our camp and concluded to traverse the backbone spoken of, and found it rather hazardous to reach the top, which we found to be laminated sandstone heaved up from beneath that stood perpendicular and in one particular place not exceeding one foot wide, which made the traveling incumbered with a ride even, decidedly interesting, especially as it was almost straight down 500 feet on one side and 300 on the other hand, but we made the passage and struck out as only belated travelers could, until we entered a large meadow where we found fresh signs of elk, and spent an hour in fruitless search then started for camp where we arrived at 7 o'clock well pleased with our hard afternoon tramp.

Friday, July 23.—This morning at 6 o'clock we left camp and started for Independence Valley, and in an hour we were upon the mountains at the lower end of the lake, where we again halted to take a good look at Jefferson and surroundings. Mr. Sherman and myself went ahead to visit the falls that we had not time to visit on our upward trip. The falls are situated about six hundred yards below the trail, and the ground is covered with fallen timbers which made it exceedingly hard traveling. The first and principal falls leap at least 50 feet in a solid sheet of water, and as for beauty it far exceeds any that we have seen and will be a source of great admiration for tourists when a way will have been constructed through this pass. In three hundred yards the water descends at least eight hundred feet through a canyon so deep that the falls of the river are far below where we stood while the water pitches and plunges in one continuous foaming cascade. The appearance of the country is rough, wild, grand in the extreme, a place where the painter and poet could go into raptures of joy without much effort. By the time we had satisfied our curiosity the trail had passed and was considerable distance ahead, but a short walk brought us up and continued with them until we arrived at our old camp at Independence Valley.

Saturday we spent in hunting and fishing but met with poor success, and on Sunday morning we made the final start for the valley but nothing of interest happened on the way except losing the trail to give us a little trouble and to be more watchful in the future, and Mr. Sherman was made happy by finding his haversack.

On Tuesday at Red Butte we found the camp fires of a party who had evidently been there since we went up and had returned probably leaving discouraged.

## CONCLUSION.

As a pass through the Cascade mountains for railroad, wagon road or pack trail, this is naturally the best that there is now known. The survey as laid out, follows up the north bank of the Santiam to Marion lake where it crosses, but it was the unanimous opinion of all of our company that if a wagon or railroad should be constructed along this route, at Independence Valley, the road should ascend the river and follow up the south fork as being, from all appearances much lower and even grade. It was the opinion of all that Marion county and her citizens should immediately construct a good trail for the purpose of securing the mail route from Winnemucca via Red Butte to Salem as per notice of the Postmaster General. From all the evidence of the configuration of the country and the testimony of the forest, the deep snow line is not more than six miles long, and the greatest depth of snow does not exceed six or seven feet. If a trail was constructed this summer large herds of beef cattle could be safely driven across, and as it would naturally follow the route selected for the future wagon road it would be a great measure toward building the same. One very unfortunate thing was overlooked at the time the survey was made, and that is, in not having the present pack trail cut out along the road survey, as that would have had five men's work upon it (as there were two men with the surveyor and three to construct a pack trail) and they certainly could have constructed a better trail than the one they have left behind them for those who may wish to travel after them. For the purpose of saving the cutting of a few logs, the pack trail along which we were compelled to travel is sent high up all the high mountain sides along the entire route where possible, while the road survey is on level ground far below, thus rendering it almost impossible for a person to form an intelligent opinion of the cost of constructing a trail or wagon road or railroad through the pass. It is very true we had a gentleman along and was able to show us all the places where the wagon survey went,

but we were for hours that we did not see the route at all. Every evening the subject of cost of constructing a good trail and wagon road was discussed, and that considerably, without any intention of under or over estimating the same. The conclusions are as follows: A feasible trail \$3,000; a good trail so that the mail could be carried and stock driven over it, \$6,000; a possible wagon road without bridges, \$20,000; a good stage road with the Santiam at Hennessey and Brighten-bushes fork bridged, also all other lateral streams, \$50,000. There are but two points that would require much blasting, and they are not very long. These estimates are the unbiased opinion of all who were in the expedition and several had been over the mountains in a number of different places, and some of them somewhat conversant with road building. Two of the gentlemen went along to examine the route with the intention of investing with others to build the road if it was as easy and could be as cheaply constructed as they had been informed. They admitted that it was practicable, but the estimates unfortunately have been put from one-half to one-third too low. It is not the intention of any of us to throw cold water upon any enterprise that would benefit the city of Salem as much as the construction of a good trail or wagon road over this pass, but at the same time we propose to say what it will cost without regard to our desires on the subject. It is not the wish of the party who lately traversed the same to persuade any one to spend his money in attempting to construct a trail without they know what it will cost.

When a road or trail is constructed so that tourists can travel with ease and safety, there will be great numbers of them visit the mineral spring for the purpose of testing the undoubted medicinal virtues it possesses, and also to enjoy the unrivaled scenery of mountain, snow peaks, water falls and lakes, making it the Oregon Yosemite, where health can be regained and recreation enjoyed.

There will be a country thrown open sufficiently large for 200 to 250 families to settle and make comfortable homes, while the lumbering interest will be no inconsiderable item.

J. HENRY BROWN.

Extract from the diary of one of the party: "Monday, July 19.—Mr. Irv. Smith and myself having equipped ourselves for a two or three days' journey, determined to pay our respects to Mt. Jefferson, which, though not in sight from Independence Valley, on account of a very high mountain intervening, was supposed to be very near to us. In fact, we supposed that as soon as we reached the top of the first mountain, which was so high and difficult of ascent that we were no further on in making it, we would have passed by a gentle rise in our way, and could see the snow-capped peaks of the very summit of the snow-capped mountain. When we reached the top of the first mountain, we found it covered with a luxuriant growth of the finest bunch grass to the extent of from one to two thousand acres. We passed through this in the spirits, feasting our souls on the grand scenery surrounding us on all sides. From the bunch grass prairie we passed into an open pine glade with an easy ascent to the north, with Mt. Jefferson full in view. At the distance of a mile and a half from the top of the bunch grass mountain we came and descended upon a precipitous descent densely covered with spruce and pine timber and a shrub familiarly known as mountain laurel, which was in full bloom and presented most beautiful sight. We climbed around upon the brows of this mountain till we came to an open space, from which point we could see with astonished vision both Jefferson and all that intervened between us and it. At our feet, and extending down to depths dizzy to look upon, was an immense canyon running east and west and directly in our way to the base of Jefferson. From the opposite side of this canyon rose another timbered mountain still higher than the one upon which we stood. As we stood gazing upon this scene, our hearts, so recently buoyant with zeal, almost failed us, and I half way suspect each thought, though he did not say it, 'I wish we had not undertaken this enterprise.' Having surveyed the country carefully, we bore far to the eastward, and by traveling about four miles along a rocky backbone, in some places scarcely wide enough to walk upon, and picking off to giddy depths on either side, we passed entirely around the first canyon, and came to the verge of another deeper and more appalling, from the opposite side of which, without a doubt, the object of our aspirations rose in solitary and majestic grandeur. We perceived that by bearing still further to the eastward we could cross this canyon at a point where it was not more than half so deep as immediately in front of us. Into this we descended over banks of snow from two to ten feet deep, and found at the base a beautiful park like flat containing probably a hundred acres. Through it flowed two beautiful ice-cold streams, which hurried on to unite their waters just at the verge of a fearful precipice, over which they plunged in a wild, foaming torrent to at least a thousand feet below, whence they went tearing along in one continuous rapid till they found rest upon the bosom of a beautiful and serene lake lying mirror-like at the very base of Jefferson.

As we passed through this park-like basin we saw three beautiful black-tail deer, one of which, a buck, we might have taken had it not been so far from camp as to forbid the hope of getting it there, and to shoot down the lovely creature and leave it for bear and panther, we both thought would be cruel. Having lunched, and rested for an hour, we began the ascent proper, traveled up the side of the mountain about a mile and a half and camped for the night at least a mile above the snow line and 6,000 feet above sea level by the barometer.

Mr. Smith was fearful we would suffer from cold during the night, surrounded as we were with great areas of snow, but I as-

sured him from my experience on Mt. Hood that we would have no difficulty from that cause, and the sequel proved I was correct, for we enjoyed a very comfortable night's repose. From our elevated encampment we had one of the most gorgeous sunsets it has ever been my lot to enjoy. As we stood gazing upon the slowly-sinking sun and the fearfully grand upheavals all around, with minarets and spires, snow-robed and gold-tipped, with yawning chasms and granite-walled canyons intervening, the soul felt as if in the very presence chamber of Him at whose fiat the rock-ribbed sphere rolled out upon her ample rounds, at once a mother, a home, and a heaven for God-fashioned man. Poet's muse inspired brain, nor painter's varnish-guided brush, could portray the transcendent beauty and awe-inspiring grandeur of that scene! The soul that sees can alone drink in the God-wrought potion and adore the hand that fashioned.

Tuesday, July 20.—The sun returned as it set, throwing from an undimmed sky its sheen of glory over the still and pulseless world of snow-tipped peaks and jutting crags, and everything was favorable for the ascent, excepting my health, which was such as to forbid the attempt, knowing as I did just how much of effort it would take. Our ambition said 'go ahead,' regardless of health conditions; our reason said 'give up the enterprise, and return to camp.' We obeyed the latter. On our way back we descended into the canyon where we discovered the lake the day before. It is about one mile long and a half mile wide—clear, calm, and beautiful—and is full of the finest of speckled trout, a nice string of which, varying in length from 8 to 12 inches, we caught and took to our camp in Independence Valley. The lake is fed by numerous clear, cold streams issuing from the snows of Jefferson, and drained by what is known as the Fork of Jefferson. In honor of my traveling companion, I named the lake 'Irv. Smith.' We frightened up a band of elk at the upper end of the lake, but did not attempt to pursue them, as it would have been almost impossible to get one out if we had killed it.

On our way back to Independence Valley we enjoyed the luxury of an old-fashioned Eastern thunderstorm, followed by a drenching shower of rain, which continued for over one hour, giving us a thorough wetting, and wound up with a furious hail-storm, covering the ground to the depth of two inches. At six o'clock reached camp, and found the boys just ready to sit down to a sumptuous supper.

GRAND MASONIC PICNIC.—On the 18th of the Masons, and all their friends who chose to participate, will take an excursion from Portland to Puget Sound to last the entire week. Leaving on Monday they will reach Olympia that night; Tuesday will be devoted to Masonic exercises; Wednesday will realize a grand clam bake, that will be a very important feature of the week; Thursday and Friday will be employed in an excursion through the sound to Victoria and back, and it is expected that Saturday will return all to their homes in good order, and satisfied with having enjoyed a week of the grandest proportions. This excursion has been planned for months past, as our readers will recollect, for we gave the first mention made of it, and there is every reason to expect that it will prove an entire success. It certainly promises to be a delightful affair.

ACCIDENT NEAR HUBBARD.—We learn from Mr. John Giesy that while his brother, Dr. Martin Giesy, and his nephew, Dr. Andrew Giesy, were returning to Aurora Monday evening from a professional visit to St. Louis, the team took fright near Hubbard and they were suddenly thrown out, breaking the leg of Andrew Giesy near the ankle joint, and dislocating that joint, and causing slight injuries to Dr. Martin Giesy. The injured man is doing well. The team stopped almost instantly after the inmates were spilled out.

COAST AND MOUNTAINS.—At the present time a great many of our citizens are seeking rest and recreation at the coast or in the mountain resorts, of which our State has such a charming supply. Our farmers are forced into the harvest field earlier than usual and are therefore obliged to defer their season of recreation until September, when many of them will celebrate their harvest home in a pleasure trip.

NEW CHRISTIAN CHURCH IN SALEM.—The Second Christian Church, that was commenced last spring, on Capital street, is now completed and the initiatory services will be held next Sabbath. They will be conducted by Elder D. W. Elledge, who will probably remain in that connection. Elder Elledge is an uncle of Dr. D. Payton, and is spoken of as a man of piety and ability.

FURNITURE.—Our friends from the country who want to purchase furniture will do well to call at the saleroom of Wm. Graves, on State street, on the clock West of the law office of Ross & Willis, where they will find him prepared to furnish good articles at a low price. Mr. Graves is a practical turner and cabinet maker and understands the business well.

For the Willamette Farmer.  
A REMINISCENCE.

Among Oregon's numerous streams there is no one, perhaps, that possesses more beauty and attractions than the timber-skirted "Luckiamute" in Polk county. This stream, rising in the Coast Range mountains, makes its serpentine course to the Willamette, into which it empties about three miles above the small town of Independence.

In the Spring of 1845, a train of some three hundred wagons could have been seen leaving the then "Far West" to go to the farthest West—the land of the setting sun. Had the people of this train been asked the question, "Why are you going West?" very likely their answer would have been similar to that of Gen. Nesmith's, "I do not know." But they went West, coming to Oregon by way of Forts Hall and Boise. Near Fort Boise one of their company—the "Mountain-man," Col. Joe Meek—claiming even then to be somewhat of a mountain man, convinced the train that about three hundred miles of very rough road could be gained by making their way to the Dalles via "Meek's cut-off," rather than the usual way of Burnt river, Grande Ronde valley, &c. The train followed the Col. but a few days till it made the deplorable discovery that it was lost. Meek was requested to explain, which explanation he was unable to make. It was fortunate that Meek, soon after, came up missing one morning at breakfast.

"Had he not 'struck out,' the train would have felt in duty bound to present him with about ten feet of good rope, with one end tied to a limb. After Meek had left the train, it succeeded, through much hard labor, assisted by information obtained from Indians, in reaching the Dalles. But all who had left the Missouri river in Spring, could not in the Autumn answer the roll call at the Dalles. "Camp fever" had claimed some of their number, and the table which he so often afforded them nourishment in a life, now furnished them a house in death. The rude coffin they manufactured lies interred in some lonely spot, with no other mark than a head board which bears an inscription, stating the name, age, country left and country sought, with date of burial—written, perchance, with a nail.

From this company, who thus reached the Dalles, thirteen can to day be counted living along the banks of the Luckiamute. Arriving here that same fall, when the only Oregon settlement (excepting the few stations of the Hudson Bay Company) was upon what is known as French Prairie, and the only money in circulation the "Unfettering money." On this stream they located what were to be their then and future homes. After about three years of up hill living—part of the time on boiled wheat and milk, and wearing moccasins without socks, clothes patched with the remnants of an older patch, and hats that to day their namesakes would disown, they began to see a better day; and, at this time each of these persons, with scarcely an exception, is owner of property worth from twelve to sixty thousand dollars. Their dwellings are neat and tasteful, surrounded by large and thrifty orchards, against the trunks of whose trees, may be seen leaning that mark of luxury, the bee hive.

The soil of the Luckiamute is of the best quality, and this season its crops are as promising as those of any other portion of the State—while the extensive oak hills promise mast sufficient to fatten enough pork to feed every Chinaman in Oregon.

X. N. STEVENS.

Mr. Dan Clark, Master of the State Grange, returned this week from Western Washington Territory, where he was visiting the various Granges. He gave up a portion of his contemplated tour for the reason that farmers were so engaged in the harvest field that it was not possible to secure an average attendance at the Grange meetings.

The Salem Capital Lumbering Company has its new boom in successful operation so that logs are floated down from the Santiam lower, caught by the diagonal boom and turned into the eddy and secured without loss. It works admirably.

POLITICAL CONVENTIONS.—The Democratic State Convention has met and finished its work; the Independent State Convention is called to meet on the 10th inst., and the Republican Convention will meet on the 11th, both at Salem.

It is reported that Rev. C. C. Stratton, formerly of Salem, now of Salt Lake, will come before the next Oregon Conference as a candidate for the position of editor of the Christian Advocate at Portland.