

Argus - Oct 16 - 1858 - Dr James Mc Bride letter - with him set over Bailey
Woods & McClure (letter called a "Eugene merchant" -
Woods was a Mc Minnille attorney (Apposition Bancroft N) O II 479. note 27.
(Aug 1858 James Mc Bride letter a
second B B et - 26 men - month
search - no result

A PROSPECTING TRIP UP THE MIDDLE FORK OF THE

WILLAMETTE
no heavy only 11) 27 gages
could be set 1852-1854

(Diary of A. S. McClure, August 20 - September 26, 1858)

37 26 not early
August Sept 1858
Argus has "Russ & Yankel in
party but Mc Bride letter
demerit this - 16024

A Prospecting Tour up the Middle Fork of the Willamette, intending
to Skirt the Des Chutes, Prospecting the West and East branches of the
DesChutes. August 20th to September 26th, 1858.

August 20, 1858. (First day). Left Eugene City about eleven o'clock
A.M., twenty-seven in number,

~~Mc McClure~~ - Dr. Thompson. Mc Green
Murphy - J. Roland Senior. Geo. S. Wood, Jason (?) Peters
A. S. McClure, James Mc Bride, E. Daniels (?) - Henry
travelling in detached bodies about fifteen miles apart, a portion of the
company stopping near Mr. John Stoops, (or Sloops?), and the remainder
scattered at different points above them.

James
Daniels
with Garrison
Mrs Corral (?)
He says he with Garrison 1853 (?)

August 21. (Second day). The company concentrated today. Travelled
about twenty-eight miles to Big Prairie, crossing the river six times.
Nothing worthy of remark occurred. Camped at dark about the middle of
the prairie.

August 22. (Third day). Moved one mile today to head of the prairie.
The majority considering it necessary, officers were elected today, con-
sisting of McBride, captain and --- Daniels (?) ord. sergeant.
No ----- being deemed actually indispensable. This prairie is about

This group undoubtedly sought the "Blue
Bucket" mine -
Henry Harlow was in it

Edward Gray
190 E. 24 #1
Eugene, OR 97405

-----miles long, east and west, and about one-half -----wide in its widest part. The soil is gravelly and covered with bunch grass of a rich quality. It is situated on the right, or north, bank of the Willamette. The hills on the north look bald and give the appearance of good grass (bunch); those on the south are high, rugged and heavily timbered.

Monday, August 23. (Fourth day). Started at seven o'clock A.M. Travelled about sixteen miles, crossing the river twelve times. The bottom is narrow and heavily timbered. Cedar, fir and pine of gigantic growth. A little scrubby oak on the adjacent hills. Vine-maple and yew compose a part of the dense copses of undergrowth. Camped on the right bank of a stream at the foot of a bald hill, where our horses had but scanty subsistence.

Tuesday, August 24. (Fifth day). Today our way led up the north branch of the Middle Fork, crossing the river twice soon after starting. For six miles the way led through open pine ----- of red ----- . Twelve miles farther through heavy timber and thick ----- led us to the summit. The summit hill is long (?) and steep. Summit Prairie is not on the summit, as would seem from the name, but a distance of one, two or three miles. It is rather difficult while travelling to tell exactly when the culminating point is reached. The camp is two miles south of Diamond's Peak. Evening cool and comfortable.

Wednesday, August 25. (Sixth day.) The mountain scenery upon starting is beautiful and sublime beyond description. Diamond's Peak on the north and three other snowy peaks on the south forming an obtuse angled triangle, and the whole country interspersed with small lakes, present a subject which language, art and even imagination will scarcely do justice to. Five miles brought us in sight of a fine lake, lying east of Diamond's Peak and from northeast to southwest about five miles in

(Cressut Lake)

*(?) - front of
Emigrant
Gulch
Front (?)*

Pine openings (?)

(Big marsh creek)

length and two in breadth. Five miles more brought us to a small stream of water, running northerly. Water poor for a mountain region, grass of a fair quality. Eight miles more over a poor, uneven country, crossing the above-named stream, brought us to a glade of prairie on same stream. Very good grass, water better. South of camp there is a ridge of black basaltic rock, lying from northeast to south west and giving evidence from the distance of having once been subjected to volcanic action. North of camp about one and one-half miles lies a huge pile of basaltic rock, seemingly of the above formation and strongly indicative of former volcanic action.

THURSDAY, AUGUST 26. (Seventh day). Our trail today led us over a

part of the country exceedingly barren. Fine timber of large size. The soil, if soil it may be called, is composed of coarse, light-colored sand. Travelled about twenty-five miles down the stream (Fall River). There is some country along the stream which would do for cultivation, but it offers few inducements and it is confined to a narrow strip along the stream, which is very crooked. But little timber along the bottom. Willows the principal undergrowth. The stream seems to run high, being but a few feet below the bottom and the bottom but a few feet below the adjacent plain. Grass very good. Water tolerably good. Timber scrubby.

FRIDAY, AUGUST 27, (Eight day). Travelled about fifteen miles in

the vicinity of the river, which seems to have received some large tributaries from the west. This day's travel presents the only portion traveled over which presents any attraction to the settler. Much of today's travel has been through prairie land of a fair degree of fertility and it will, when all danger is removed, offer inducements to the enterprising pioneer. Soil of sandy formation and the grass, which is bunch grass, mostly of a luxuriant growth. Encamped in a large prairie on the east

OSE

Crater Ford on 1853 Road

Hammers Horstead

Klamath County

(Beschutes)

(must be on south side here)

*Inducements?
or hope?*

bank of the river at a crossing much used by the travellers from California to The Dalles. This crossing is now too deep to ford and, consequently, must be so most of the year. There are three rafts here, which must have been made by some of the predecessors on the road to The Dalles. We do not cross the river here, but the trail is said to lead an easterly direction. The Three Sisters from this camp and ford lie about north eighty degrees west and are hid by the foothills of the Cascades. This prairie is about four miles long by two wide and offers inducements to settlers. The river seems large and deep enough to navigate with small steamers, ^(?) but is no doubt much narrower and more rapid below.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 28. (Ninth day). Upon starting, our trail led a northeasterly direction, entering the pine woods. About three miles' ~~the~~ travel brought us into the vicinity of a huge mass of basaltic rock, or cinders rather, covering acres in extent and forming something like a semicircle around a butte about five hundred feet high. ^(Lava Butte) The butte is covered on the north side by pine and other species of timber and upon examination it was found to be the crater of a volcano. The masses of rock heretofore spoken of are no doubt the production of it. The diameter of the crater is about one hundred and fifty feet and the opening extends to a depth incalculable. Passing around the volcano, the trail leads in a northerly direction for about five miles, when it varies to the west and in about five miles more strikes ^(Neschutes) Fall River. The stream is about eighty yards wide here and of a moderately swift current. Looks to be fordable at this time. There is a short right-hand bend here, the river coming from the southwest and turning off in a northwesterly direction. The river bottom is narrow. West the narrow strip of grass is good, bounded by a pine opening, with mancinello, a little sage and greasewood, as undergrowth.

*Wanted
to see this
named the 1852
summit
trail*

SUNDAY, AUGUST 29. (Tenth day). We started today on a trail leading directly eastward at the start, but upon travelling some distance it bore more and more southerly until it had turned to a course of about south thirty degrees east. Having travelled about ten miles, we mostly all became dissatisfied with the course and agreed to turn through the sage and juniper. The first ten miles of today's travel were for about two miles through pine barrens with a little sage and greasewood; emerging from that we struck an open plain; three miles through this plain. The scenery here is very beautiful. The Three Sisters with their seven peaks, Mount Jefferson and Mount Hood appearing in sublime majesty above the Cascade range. On the south lay a range of lofty hills, which at this season are mostly destitute of water, judging from appearances.

After travelling about ten miles on this trail, we turned our course to about north ten degrees west towards the canon on ^(Crossed River) East Fall River. Fifteen miles over a sage and juniper plain ^(the name of this?) brought us to the river again, running through a wide canon, steep and rocky. Our horses slid, crept and managed to get down about two hundred feet into the narrow valley. Some of the grass is good. The principal plant, however, is a coarse water grass about waist high, which might be made valuable as hay. Stream ^{Crossed R. (Michigan note)} about ten yards wide, sluggish and the water warm. A strip of willows along the bank is the only wood. ^{South Prineville} The canon is about a half mile wide here and the height of the cliffs on either side nearly equal. The stream drags a serpentine course through the canon, and its crooked course is plainly marked by the green willows on its banks, which present a striking contrast with the black rock-bound banks and parched vegetation. From this camp the northerly of the Twin Sisters is distinctly visible. We are now about ten miles from yesterday's camp and are in the land of gold upon which so large a portion of our company rest their most sanguine expectations. The noted bluffs of the followers of Meek are about five miles below here. We shall move to them tomorrow. Gold may be

found here, but there are no striking indications of gold. That some have been the honest dupes of other men more designing, I have no doubt. Be that as it may, we will prospect this part of the stream and then move up to a point about twenty miles above here, which is noted by the stories of a Mr. Hening, who was here in 1845 on his way to the Willamette valley. There is some disappointment, as prospecting tours generally terminate, but to me no disappointment is incurred.

MONDAY, AUGUST 30. (Eleventh day). The bluffs of rocks below excited the curiosity of some of the crowd and Mr. Peters more particularly, who came through with Meeks in 1845. Travelled about three miles down the river, where we found the river entering the bottom of a narrow canon. The canon is about one hundred and fifty feet deep and generally not more than sufficient to admit the stream when it is swollen by the winter floods. One mile down the canon we came to the upper end of the rocky bluff, which will in the future serve as a valuable landmark to the early traveller on these plains. The bluff is irregular in form, a semicircle with a diameter of about one and one-half miles, the river running immediately at its foot. The growth in this region is sage and a little greasewood, which extends to the brink of the canon and give the appearance of an unbroken plain. We travelled about three miles down the canon, where, from reasons unknown to me and after which I have not inquired, we turned about and proceeded up the river, crossing at the head of the canon. During the afternoon we took a due easterly ~~course~~ ^{(Crooked R.) McLean note} across the sandy hills on the north side of the stream, struck the stream late in the evening, travelled up it a short distance and encamped one-half mile above a high table rock on the north side of the stream and about four miles above last night's camp. Willows on the stream. Stream sluggish and full of small fish resembling the chub of

(Actually McLean doesn't say Hening was with them but Peters he does say was)

the western states. While on the hills this evening we saw willows before us and on the left, indicating a stream of water and was told by some of the knowing ones that it was produced by a spring. *Crooked River*

TUESDAY, AUGUST 31. (Twelfth day). We were delayed in starting this morning until a late hour by an unruly horse, which broke loose last night, and it was with much trouble that we were able to obtain him again. We took a snack before starting, with the intention of driving until night. Upon travelling about six miles, we arrived at the forks of the river, which produced some hesitation. We concluded to camp and examine the rivers and look for Meek's trail, which was found upon travelling the east about six miles. We travelled on the north side of the river today. A narrow strip of grass along the stream, which is fertile. The borders of the valley are sage plains, composed in many places of sand so loose that a person will sink to shoe tops in the sand. There is some fertile land in the forks of the stream, but there is but little. The bluffs on the south are high and precipitous in many places, presenting features pleasing and sublime. From the valley here Mount Jefferson's snow-capped peak may be seen peering above the high hills between here and there. Camped here about one o'clock P.M. and some of the men have been out looking for the trail. Upon close examination it was found that the main stream comes from the south. The river is supposed to make a large bend above this.

Some are in high spirits this evening, expecting in one day more to find the shining ore. Others say that the point looked for is some fifty miles off. Time will determine and may disappoint them both. The weather since we have been on this stream has been beautifully clear, the nights cool, the days warm. The soil is very loose and dust flies at a very disagreeable rate. The hills on the north are rather pretty, rising

gradually, and although poor, pretty to look at. Some little old signs of Indians here. They most likely only give this country a passing visit occasionally, there being little to induce any division of the human species. Wild rye here in considerable abundance and our horses are feasting on fine grass and wild pea vines. We see alkali here, the first on this trip.

WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 1. (Thirteenth day). Today our route really lay up the river, which comes from a southerly direction, but upon starting the company became divided, which was considered by all to be ^(smart?) short (?) but such was the nature of the country that we became so separated that we have not met yet. We were about equally divided, there being thir-^(?)teen men in this part of the company and fourteen men in the other. Upon starting, we crossed the stream upon which we were encamped and proceeded to ascend the table land upon the south, as it is called. But it is nothing more than a succession of hills in a large bend in the East Branch of the Fall River, passing through a low gap in the dividing ridge. Our course was changed from a southeast to a south course and, ^{near} ~~at~~ ^{the} ~~mouth~~ ^{of} ~~the~~ ^{river} ~~we~~ ^{found} ~~several~~ ^{several} weak springs under a high rock on the right. The rock is about a hundred feet high and is in a leaning posture, so that it will some day as a result of the wear and tear of the weather fall.

The country changes its appearance. The rotten quartz and slate assume the appearance of gold. Travelled down the ravine about two miles and came to what we suppose to be the east branch of the Fall River. (McClellan note: "Little Bear".) Encamped about one o'clock and have remained in waiting for the remainder of the company. High mountains on each side. Travelled a circuitous route of about twelve miles, which might be called about eight miles on an air line. Cool night. Frost last night. The grass along these living streams is generally good.

The coarse grass is from two to five feet high. The bunch grass is of a nutritious quality. The hills are high here and close in upon the stream in high hills and precipitous bluffs. Crystallized quartz in considerable quantities.

THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 2. (Fourteenth day.) Cool weather here during the nights and warm during the days. Froze ice one-fourth inch thick. Some prospecting done. Quartz found in considerable quantities. Some slate. No gold found. Waited until nine o'clock for the remainder of the company. Travelled about five miles and unpacked about eleven o'clock ~~XXXXXXXXXXXX~~ to wait for our comrades. They arrived about one o'clock P.M., having crossed the dividing ridge lower than we did and then, having turned to the right, struck the river about seven miles below our camp, where they camped for the day and prospected, find small prospects. Started at half past two o'clock, all together and travelled about six miles, making about eleven miles for our portion of the company. After crossing a high point in a left-hand bend of the river, we camped on the north bank of the river. No wood but willows on the flat. Cedar in the mountains. The stream is sluggish and the water poor. The stream is so variable that its width cannot be stated with accuracy. Today the hills have receded from the stream and the country appears to open out, with hills somewhat inducive to the miner. Opposite to camp there comes in a small stream from the south out of the timbered mountains. Doubtless a good hunting ground. The hills are red here and by miners from some localities would be called a gold region. Some of the men have been prospecting and they got a few small particles, but not sufficient to pay.

*no
the
Creek?
El*

FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 3. (Fifteenth day.) Frost last night. Travelled about six miles and lost Vaughn's Trail, to which we had paid considerable attention. After some deliberation, we decided to proceed up the

*It is not clear if Vaughn is with them or separate - I suspect
There was a John W. Vaughn in LWT 1653 + article on his trip says his party must south*

valley, now crossing the low land and now crossing some high spur of the adjacent hills. The hills continued to lower for most of the day's travel. At length, passing over a ridge, we came in sight of the noted canon, for which we had looked so long. Passing upon the south side of the stream, we saw several variagated hills on the northeast and north side of the river. Some looked red, others blue and others white, or of a light-lead color. On the north side of the river I noticed a streak of white seeming to issue from a high hill of red color. Some of the men pronounced it salt, some saleratus or alkali. After crossing the creek, the trail led to the left of a small mound and thence the trail of '54 leads over the hills north of the canon, while Meek's trail passes through. This canon is about four hundred yards long and the hill on the south side rises to the height of four hundred feet. Width, I suppose, from a passing view, to be one hundred feet at the narrowest place. I should have spoken of some sulphur springs about eight miles below the canon. These springs contain sulphur enough to make the water valuable and they may become a future resort for ----- Encamped just above the canon in the forks of the stream in a small cove. Fine grass. Water rather poor, but sufficient for camping purposes. Coarse grass, waist high, on the bottom land. Willows on the streams, small branch putting in from the mountains on the north. Some prospecting. No gold found. The most sanguine say that the gold is fifteen miles distant. Tomorrow will determine. Wild flax is found in considerable quantities along this stream and upon a cursory trial the lint seems to be tolerably good. Travelled about fourteen miles.

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 6. (Sixteenth day). Upon starting this morning, our trail led up the river about two miles, when it turned short to the right and ascended a steep hill, leaving the emigrant trail of 1854. Then for a short distance the country assumed the appearance of tableland.

But a travel of a short distance brought us among a succession of regular shaped hills and buttes, which look rather picturesque. Twelve miles' travel brought us to the point so long sought, the famous dry creek which Mr. Hening and others have rendered so remarkable in their journals of travel as containing the precious metal. Encamped in a cove-like opening, with the western bluff refreshed by several springs of good water. Grass tolerably good. Coarse grass high enough to mow. Wild flax, bunch grass and wild rye. This stream, upon first approaching it from the north, seems to flow to the south, but upon close investigation it is found to flow northerly and, I suppose, through a canon into East Fall River. The water stands in pools here, the little rivulets from the streams being the only running water. I have seen a few small willows along the creek and a few scrubby juniper on the hills. The hills present a bold front and come peering, as it were, into the small valley, as if anxious to keep a vigilant watch over their sister. A high butte on the north with a rugged, rocky face. Most of the men have been prospecting, Some returned without the color of gold.

SUNDAY, SEPTEMBER 5. (Seventeenth day). Not being satisfied at this camp, a majority were in favor of moving up the valley to the point where Meeks first struck this stream. Travelling up ^{three miles (the same route)} this ~~is~~, the valley widens and presents quite a wide flat, covered by luxuriant grass. Here the company was divided again for a short time. Those in the lead, irrespective of the guides, or the men in advance, kept around the base of the hill on the right and followed up the valley. The remainder and those in the rear halted seeing the men who were ahead hunting the trail on the base of the hills on the left. All concentrated and the trail was found to ascend a steep hill on the east about four miles from the point where it strikes it. The water in this creek stands in pools and looks bad, but there are springs innumerable, bursting from the adjacent hills?

CAMP CREEK
20/1990

Encamped opposite where Meeks first struck this valley, in a cove or inlet in the high hills on the west. Grass good. Water good. Small willows for fuel. Juniper on the mountains. This valley bears but little appearance of a gold-bearing country. Nothing encouraging, not even an attainable bedrock in many hiding places. Much discouragement in the company today. Six men went ahead today and, from the landmarks, pronounced this to be the long looked-for creek, beyond a doubt. The color has not been raised yet, which acts most discouragingly upon some of the most sanguine of the party. The grass in some places in this valley is a high, coarse, grass, which would make good hay. In many places it produces a nutritious bunch grass, upon which our horses are now feasting. The benches adjacent to the first bottom are covered with sage and greasewood. Alkali present in many places. This valley widens from a canon on the north to one mile in width at camp and extends in a southwesterly direction, but how far I know not. Wind has been high today, sufficiently to be uncomfortable. It commenced to blow yesterday evening and has continued to blow unabatedly. A fire by some means occurred yesterday, which filled the atmosphere with smoke and shut out the sun. It occurred possibly from our fires or from those of Mr. Vaughn, but most likely was caused by the Indians. (There are but few Indians in these desolate regions and they are shy, savage and treacherous, dragging out an existence even more miserable than their associates, the cayotes.) The men who went prospecting have returned. Nothing found. Some have become discouraged. CRL

MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 6. (Eighteenth day). Quite cold last night. Froze ice one-half inch thick, with frost. Three men, Dr. Thompson, Mr. McCoy and Mr. Green, started for home this morning. Four men went to search for Mr. Vaughn or the trail. By cutting across the mountain, they expected to shorten the distance. Some of the men went down to the canon,

along the creek, to prospect. Nothing found. Mr. Peters started a hole on the flat near camp, but did not get to the bedrock. Nothing found. Some discouragement in camp this evening. The golden dreams have vanished before the dawn of truth. What will be our next move, cannot be foretold. Did not move camp today. Horses are feasting on excellent grass. Beaver in considerable numbers on this stream. Rats, mice, snakes, and scorpions claim a residence in this abandoned land. No game of any consequence here. No deer to be seen. No elk. No antelope. Here and there a rabbit and a sage-hen.

TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 7. (Nineteenth day). Lay in camp today. No prospecting done today. All seem satisfied with yesterday's passing examination. Weather beautifully clear and warm. Nights cool. Froze ice last night. The four men who went to look for Mr. Vaughn and company returned after dark. They travelled about thirty miles in a westerly direction. Report favorable for gold. Think that diggings might be discovered to pay moderate wages.

WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 8. (Twentieth day). The general opinion this morning was, forward. Started about seven o'clock and, ascending a high hill and travelling about fourteen miles over a sage plain, we came to *SOUTH FORK CROOKED RIVER* East Fall River. We found it running through a low alkali plain nearly level and it seems to rise from a lake, or lakes, above. Water impregnated with alkali. Ground covered and white with it. The river here is about twelve feet wide and runs with a sluggish current. This plain, from slight observation, I judge to be about twenty-five miles long from east to west and about twelve miles wide from north to south. From this end of the plain the river seems to come from a south-easterly direction and enters the hills from the northwest corner of the plain, giving a canon-like appearance. Camped on the river against the foot of the hill,

Gilcrest Valley

on the west side of the river. On the east side of the river, opposite camp, is a high ridge. Arrived here at half-past twelve o'clock. Stopped to graze. Much discussion ensued. Some wished to go south to the vicinity of Dry Hollow; others wished to return to yesterday's camp. The alkali seems to cover the whole plain, wherever it is visible above the sage and greasewood. The water in the river tastes of alkali and the grass, no doubt, receives it as an ingredient.

THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 9. (Twenty-first day). Much dissatisfaction arose this morning, owing to the choice of some of the men, who wished to prospect the mountains to the south of this plain. This notion prevailed, and, striking a southwesterly direction, in five miles crossed a wagon trail, which we supposed to be the trail broke in 1853. Commencing the same course, we came to a deep ravine. We descended to the stream, which we found to be dry, and travelling up the ravine some distance, we came to an Indian ranch. The ranch was deserted. Some water rising out of the ground. Some distance further we stopped at a spring, or rather a series of seeps out of the hill. It took some time to water our horses, which was done by digging holes and collecting the water from them. From there we bore to the right, ascended a dividing ridge and, turning still further to the right, we came to a series of deep ravines. In one we found water, where a part of us camped. The others were before us and passed the ravine, regardless of a messenger who was sent down the ravine for the very purpose of looking for water. Good water, bunch grass and wood. Travelled about sixteen miles.

FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 10. (Twenty-second day). Weather more moderate last night. No ice. Upon starting, we took a northerly course, directing our course towards the highest peak of the timber covered mountains on the north. After travelling about two miles, we struck a level plain, and one mile further brought us to the trail of 1853, bearing here a

Hampton Bull

westerly direction towards the northern base of an isolated mountain, about fifteen miles distant. Crossing the plain, we entered the hills, or mountains, and, following down a ravine, which runs a northerly direction, passing over some red land and by some red hills, about twelve o'clock we came to quite a little valley of good grass and a spring of water rising out of the bed of the creek. This is supposed to be the creek we camped on the evening of the fifth and where we remained until the morning of the eighth. ^{camped} Quartz found in small quantities. Red hills and points. Springs here and there, bursting forth and furnishing good water for the weary prospector. Travelled about twelve miles today and camped about twelve o'clock. Red hills, blue hills and grassy hills form our scenery this evening. Wild rye and wild flax.

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 11. (Twenty-third day.) From campe we struck a northerly course until we struck the timber. Here we struck camp to prospect. No gold found. Remained in camp about three hours and, starting, wound around the summit ridge of this divide, pursuing nearly a westerly course, passing through an open pine country and over some ridges of excellent grass. Camped on the ground of an old Indian ranch at a fine spring of water. This camp is in the gorge of the mountains and is quite pleasant at this season. Travelled about eight miles, making quite a circuit, say one hundred degrees of a circumference. Fresh signs of Indians here. An old ranch, which has not been deserted long, with pealed pine trees, indicates that a few red-skins have lived, or rather stopped, here lately. Pretty pine timber. Water along the mountain side every few miles. Some prospecting has been done. No gold found.

SUNDAY, SEPTEMBER 12. (Twenty-fourth day). Upon starting, we bore a southerly course to meet, if possible, with our companions, who, it will be remembered, parted company with us accidentally on the evening of the ninth inst., ten in number, and who are somewhere south of our trail.

After travelling until about ten o'clock A.M. nearly south, we stopped and turned our course north and travelled up a ravine. We crossed the divide about half-past two o'clock and, by a steep, long descent, found ourselves on the stream opposite to where our camp was on the second inst. Upon examination, we found that Mr. Vaughn and his company had ascended this stream when they left the valley of this stream, (East Fall River). Camped about one-half mile mouth of the river on the spring branch. Coarse grass, bunch grass, wild rye, greasewood and juniper. Passed through some beautiful pine timber today. Each side of the summit, or divide, crossed is covered with pine timber. Summit bald, Quaking asp, willow and birch in the gulches. Travelled about twenty miles today on a circuit perhaps not more than ten miles on a straight line.

MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 13. (Twenty-fifth day). Moved one-half mile today and encamped on East Fall River at the mouth of spring ranch (branch?). The day spent in prospecting. No gold found. Encamped immediately opposite the ground encamped on the evening of the second inst. Some of the men caught large quantities of small fish, which are very numerous in this stream. A few speckled trout, mostly chub. Mr. Peters in a short time caught forty-four. The weather is more pleasant than when we were here before. Nights warmer. Days cooler.

TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 14⁽¹⁴⁾. (Twenty-sixth day). Some discussion arose this morning. Some of the party wished to take the trail for home; others wished to go up the river again and take Meek's trail and endeavor to find Meek's trail on the mountains lying on our north. The first notion prevailed by a small majority and we accordingly turned our faces westward. Passing over the ridge. We soon came to the river again near the mouth of a dry creek, with willows and grass growing along it. Putting in on the north, opposite the mouth of this stream, is a high point

with curious shaped rocks, which look like conglomerate from the road. Some of them look to be ten or fifteen feet high and wear of the weather has left them in many curious shapes. Crossed the river four times and came to our camp of August 31, when we left the river and crossed over the north branch of the river. Camped near our camp of August 30. Travelled twenty-five miles. A hard day's travel. Road rough and very dusty. One of the men killed an antelope today, the first fresh meat of any account that we have had. Good grass here. Willows for wood. Juniper on the mountains. Wild rye, wild flax and bunch grass.

WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 15 (Twenty-seventh day. (Started, and soon striking Meek's trail, tried to follow it. Followed to the summit of a divide, which it crosses northeast of Rocky Bluff. Losing the trail, we continued a course northwest by north for two hours, passing north of Rocky Bluff a distance of five miles. We had not passed the Bluff far when our course was changed to Northeast by east and we followed for some distance a dim Indian trail. Pursuing this course, we came in sight of a rocky canon on our east, which we had passed around in our circuit. Followed down the canon with a hope of finding some water. Followed down five miles, when we found it to widen and the rock-bound bluff to recede and to open out into a kind of valley. Here we succeeded in finding a little poor water. When we had watered our horses, we concluded to camp, having been in the saddle ten hours without water. This is a barren God-forsaken country, fit for nothing but to receive the footprints of the savage and his universal associate, the cayote. Coarse grass here. Bunch grass on the hills. Sage, greasewood and juniper on the hills. This is a dry creek of considerable size. By diligent search, we found a small pool of water, and by digging into the bank we obtained water for ourselves. The atmosphere

(Note: Next page, eighteen, missing at present time)

appeared hazy or smokey all day, which seemed to indicate fire in the Cascade mountains. Cannot see but a few miles, all the snowy peaks of the Cascades are hid from view. No satisfactory land marks visible. But little indication of game. Now and then a lonely buzzard or crow wanders from the land of vitality and soars aloft over this hateful land. Traveled about thirty miles. It is perhaps eighteen or twenty miles from last night's camp on a straight line. This wet weather stream turns to the left one mile below camp and enters a canon which leads a westerly direction.

THURSDAY, SEPT. 16th, (28th day). Today we traveled a northerly course over the sandy sage and juniper plains. Six miles from camp we passed around the head of a canon which runs a northerly course. We passed down the ~~the~~ east side of the canon for about three miles when we were compelled by canons putting in from the east to descend. Passing down this canon which may be considered as a canon within a canon, traveling on the side of this canon we came in sight of willows and soon after water, many hundreds feet below us. This was a happy discovery and we soon struck an Indian trail which led us to the bottom of the canon. Here we found a small stream of warm water which served to quench the thirst of our weary horses.

Passing down the canon a short distance we came to a large stream of water which we soon find to be Fall River much to our joy and surprise. Traveled about twelve miles today. Weather so smokey we cannot see more than three miles. River one hundred yards wide, deep and rapid. The river here is hemmed in by high mountains and may properly be called a canon. Good bunch grass for our horses. The water of the river ~~is~~ good, willows, sage, greasewood, hackberry (scrubby). Sumack, a little juniper. Hills on west of white clay and rocky; those on the east rocky and lower. A high castle like point on the south.

FRIDAY, SEPT. 17 (29th day) For about five miles down

the river over a tolerable good trail. Then the trail left the river and wound around the base of a high mountain, presenting on the west side little else but basaltic rock. The river appears to run near the base of this mountain through a deep canon-like bed. After passing over or around those hills, we came upon a level plain of sage and basaltic rock and sand. When fairly upon this plain, we discovered Meek's trail, which we followed for two or three miles, when we left it and followed down the pack trail into a ravine. Followed down the ravine some distance and found water and camped. Along the trail we found bunch grass of the best quality, much of which has been burnt off by the Indians. The hillsides near this ravine are covered with rich bunch grass. Wild rye in considerable quantities. A little muddy water in a pool, but little wood. The road passed over to-day presents a degree of sublimity worthy of a more enchanting pen. Travelled about twenty miles today, without water for our animals. Found a weak spring about one o'clock P.M., which afforded a little water for the men.

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 18. (Thirtieth day). From camp the trail led down the ravine by gradual descent, after which we arose on the table-land by going up a short but steep hill. But we were not destined to enjoy level road long, for the trail soon led us across a deep canon-like ravine, both ascent and descent being steep. But to detail is unnecessary. Suffice it to say that the country is very rough, not from its high mountains and deep valleys so much as from the precipitous canons, which the wear of every ravine cuts through, what otherwise would be considered a level plain. About twelve o'clock we came in sight of the river. We are nearly one thousand feet above it. The descent was steep. We found the river variable in width, in some places one hundred yards and in others not more than thirty feet. What is more remarkable is the

fact that some of the places which are so narrow flow with such a degree of placidness and with a current so smooth that it would lead a person to believe that it is a small rivulet rather than a considerable river. Passing down the river one-fourth of a mile, (in the mean time meeting three Indians and contracting with them for crossing,) we came to the falls. The river here falls over a semicircular ledge of rock about fifteen feet and is forced into a channel of about fifteen feet in width and rushes madly onward. Here we unpacked our animals and our chattels were transported on a kind of a bridge of poles, constructed by the Indians. They swam our horses above the falls, where Meek's train crossed their stock and also part of the train of 1857. We succeeded in getting everything over safely. The fee was one dollar or twenty-five pounds of flour per man. At these falls there are a few destitute-looking mortals, who seem to possess neither good health nor energy of purpose. I suppose they are living here by fishing. Once across the river, we proceeded up a deep ravine, which finally terminated in the valley of the Lye or Indian Creek. Five miles from the river we encamped near the Tugh[?] house of Mr. Cox, who fortunately had a beef killed, and of him we got some oats for our horses, the grass being very short, probably owing to the amount of stock which we see here. Mr. Cox has taken to wife a native and appears to live comfortably. He is hospitable to passers-by, never permitting the hungry to pass his door. There are six or seven small farms here, but the inhabitants live mostly by grazing. The grass is very poor near the river, so poor that we were compelled to pay two dollars per dozen for oats to feed upon. Travelled about fifteen miles today.

SUNDAY, SEPTEMBER 19. (Thirty-first day.) Much delay occurred this morning owing to our divesting ourselves of a superfluity of provisions

which we traded to the inhabitants of this valley. Six men parted company with us here, intending to go to The Dalles to recruit their horses. Eight of us now left. Started late. Travelled to Barlow's Gate, eleven miles, and camped. I saw Mount Hood this morning for the first time since I started home. Cloudy near the summit of the mountains. This country produces a luxuriant bunch grass and some of it might be cultivated to a limited extent. After leaving the Lye, the road leads over a high tableland, gently undulating, with large plains skirted by pine timber. Small creeks afford the best of water. The smoke, which a few days ago obscured nearly everything, has almost passed away; and it is followed by thin passing clouds.

MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 20. (Thirty-second day). Started at the usual hour, but upon leaving camp the company came upon a fine fat deer of the black tail species. The killing and dressing occupied about one and one-half hours, which made our start late. We drove very hard until sundown, when we arrived at summit prairie, a distance, as it is called, of twenty-six miles. Here we found a small prairie of short grass. Some very steep hills. This prairie is south of Mount Hood a distance of ten miles from its foot. The summit here is covered with heavy timber, fir principally. Some gigantic growths, measuring three or four hundred feet in height. Very little grass on this road. The trail is very plain, having been much used by drovers supplying The Dalles and upper country generally. Much fallen timber across the trail. This prairie is about three miles west of the summit ridge.

TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 21. (Thirty-third day). Today's travel lead us over several steep hills, of which Laurel Hill stands most prominent. Stopped a short time about ten o'clock. Crossed zigzag several times and came to its confluence with Sandy about three o'clock. Here the

valley widens out considerably and the point may be easily known by looking up the stream, which comes from a northwesterly direction and the opening seems to be cut in two by a round butte, which seems to cut the valley in two. The timber in this vicinity has been killed by fire and there is much fallen timber across the trail. Travelled about twenty-five miles today and camped on the bluff of sand without grass. The horses are rambling through the timber and among the logs, trying to get a scanty subsistence. The camp is situated in a fir grove with plenty of wood.

WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 22. (Thirty-fourth day). This morning we were up at four o'clock and ready for a start. The horses would not leave the trail to browse yesterday evening, on account of the darkness produced by the denseness of the timber and the quantity of the fallen timber. Started at half-past six o'clock and travelled until nine o'clock A.M., when we stopped on the backbone to graze. Previous to striking the Backbone, we came to and crossed Sandy. About two miles after crossing, we ascended the ridge, which is narrow. The water on the south side flows into Sandy, that on the north side into its tributaries. On the highest point on this ridge there is a one-horse trading post, which the proprietor calls the Mountain House. Having grazed about two hours near this station, without water, we saddled and drove to Mr. Foster's. Travelled twenty-two miles. Our horses are much injured by the last three days' drive across the mountains, but are refreshing upon oats and hay, of which Mr. Foster always keeps the best. Above Mr. Foster there are three houses, one on the Backbone and two at the lower crossing of the Sandy, one on each side of the river. Sandy is about sixty feet wide here. It flows from the west side of Mount Hood, and, although there are no high falls here, it may be considered one continued cas-

cade as far as I saw it. The distance from one crossing to the other is called fifteen miles. The Backbone produces some of the finest specimens of fir timber I ever saw. Trees of seven or eight feet diameter are common and with them grow the tall, slender sapplings to the height of one hundred and fifty to two hundred feet. Could some of the Willamette farmers have some of this timber on their farms, they would rejoice, but an Allwise Creator knows best.

THURSDAY, September 23. (Thirty-fifth day). Mr. Murphy and myself parted company with the remainder, who consisted of Captain McBride, J. Roland, sen., George S. Wood, Mr. Cowl (?), E. Daniels and Jason (?) Peters. We started up the valley for Salem, while they remained behind in camp, intending to make their way to Yamhill County, via Oregon City. We lost the road soon after leaving Mr. Foster's and wound around along neighborhood roads all day, making our way back to the main travelled road about sundown. Made about fifteen miles today, but travelled more than twenty. This part of the country is generally settled. The land is very rich, but the fern grows very rank and it is a formidable enemy to the farmer.

FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 24. (Thirty-sixth day.) Started early and made a steady drive of thirty-four miles, camping at the house of Mr. Monker(?) from whom we received very gentlemanly treatment. Four miles from Salem in a northeasterly direction we passed some very beautiful valley prairie land, lying on the borders of Howell(?) and Salem prairies. The most remarkable feature of these prairies is that they are skirted by a scrubby oak underbrush, which prevents the growth of grass and prevents the plowing of much good land.

SATURDAY SEPTEMBER 25. (Thirty-seventh day.) Commenced raining last night about twelve o'clock and continued at intervals until daylight. Travelled four miles to Salem and I parted company with Mr. Murphy, he crossing the river at Salem and I keeping up the east side of the river. Travelled thirty six miles and put up at Calipooia, the weather being too bad to camp. Rained at intervals all day, and with a southerly wind, made travelling in that direction disagreeable.

SUNDAY, SEPTEMBER 26. (Thirty-eight day). Horse very lame. Travelled steadily all day and arrived home about five P.M., a distance of thirty miles.
