

from Missouri, with all his family, last year: he did not like the country, and wished to go to California by the first opportunity. His principal objection, he told me, was to the climate, which was too wet for business. He said that the land was good, but only for crops of small grain, which there is no market for, nor is there a probability of one for some time. Indian corn cannot be raised: it was, however, a first-rate grazing country. He was a good specimen of a borderman, and appeared to think nothing of a change of domicile, although he is much past the middle age, with grown-up sons and daughters around him. He intended to go to California, and if the country did not please him, he would travel home by way of Mexico. His family consisted of eight or ten persons.*

George Gay now thought it proper to notify me that we ought not to delay any longer, as we had to cross the Powder river, and he did not know the state it was in. After a hard gallop, we reached that stream at the usual fording-place. We, however, found that it was entirely filled with drift-wood, and impassable at that place for our horses. This difficulty was soon obviated, for while we were transporting the saddles, &c., across the raft of timber, he had searched out a place where the horses might cross, and dashed in on one of them, while we drove the others into the river. We were soon mounted again, and on our way. This stream is about four hundred feet wide, and then about twenty feet deep. Quantities of large and fine timber were locked together, until they entirely covered the surface.

The country now became exceedingly rough, overgrown with brushwood, and in places wet and miry. It was chiefly covered with heavy pine timber. From Dr. Bailey I learned that the small prairies we occasionally passed were not capable of cultivation, owing to their being flooded after a few hours of rain.

A few miles further on we passed the Little Powder river, which was termed fordable, though the horses were obliged to swim it, after which Gay gave me a specimen of his rapid mode of riding. Having made up my mind to follow, I kept after him, and on my arrival at the falls, could not help congratulating myself that we had reached our destination in safety, for the last few miles of the route was a sort of break-neck one.

At the falls I found Mr. Drayton comfortably encamped, and Mr. and Mrs. Waller again pressed us to partake of their hospitality. I

* Mr. Walker subsequently joined the party I sent across to California, from the Willamette, and then entered the service of Mr. Suter.