

REPORT  
OF AN  
EXPEDITION FROM FORT COLVILLE

TO  
PUGET SOUND, WASHINGTON TERRITORY,

BY WAY OF LAKE CHELAN AND SKAGIT RIVER,

DURING THE MONTHS OF  
AUGUST AND SEPTEMBER, 1882,

MADE BY  
FIRST LIEUT. HENRY H. PIERCE,  
Adjutant 21st Infantry,

UNDER THE ORDERS OF  
BRIG. GEN. NELSON A. MILES,  
Commanding the Department of the Columbia.

WASHINGTON:  
GOVERNMENT PRINTING OFFICE.  
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Report of an expedition from  
Fort Colville to Puget Sound



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EXPEDITION FROM FORT COLVILLE TO PUGET SOUND.

VANCOUVER BARRACKS, WASH. TER.,  
September 20, 1882.

SIR: In compliance with your letter of instructions, dated July 18, 1882, I have the honor to submit the following report of my recent expedition from Fort Colville to Puget Sound, Washington Territory, by way of Lake Chelan and Skagit River, together with the inclosed map of the trail.

Under Special Orders No. 97, July 18, 1882, I left Vancouver Barracks *en route* for Fort Colville, Wash. Ter., accompanied by Assistant Surgeon George F. Wilson, Alfred Downing, topographical assistant, Principal Musician Alford, and Sergeant Worrell, of the Twenty-first Infantry. First Lieut. George B. Backus, First Cavalry, joined us very opportunely at Umatilla Junction, and at once reported for duty, according to telegraphic instructions from department headquarters.

On arrival at Spokane Falls, I found it impracticable to procure sufficient transportation for the entire party to Colville at one time, and, in order that preparations for the expedition might not be delayed, proceeded with Lieutenant Backus and my topographical assistant by the morning stage, leaving Dr. Wilson and the two enlisted men to follow at the earliest moment.

We reached Fort Colville on the afternoon of Wednesday, July 27, where I found Capt. (now Maj.) William F. Drum, Second Infantry, in temporary command. I forthwith presented my order, with letters of instructions, and by the courtesy of Major Drum, who displayed a hearty interest in the work before me, was enabled to enter at once upon the labor of preparation. A detail, consisting of Sergeant Doyle and four privates, all carefully selected by Major Drum from his company, was made, and, deeming it the wisest plan, camp was pitched the day after our arrival near a creek outside the garrison.

A train of fourteen pack-mules, with a competent packer, having been furnished by the post commander, I sent Lieutenant Backus to a ranch some 15 miles distant to select Cayuse ponies sufficient to mount the command and supply extra animals in case of need. This respon-

sible duty was performed with expedition and success, fifteen strong Cayuse horses having been chosen, and hired for the trip under most satisfactory terms. In the mean time, after careful inquiry, I had secured the services of an excellent guide, Joe La Fleur, a half-breed, who combined with shrewdness as a path-finder perfect familiarity with all the Indian dialects from Colville to the Sound, and thorough experience as a packer. The two latter qualities, joined with La Fleur's remarkable endurance and cheerful energy, as afterwards proved, went far towards bringing the reconnaissance to a successful termination.

All being in readiness, the cargoes made up, the command left camp by the south road Tuesday morning, August 1, for Old Fort Colville, on the Columbia River, where it arrived early in the afternoon, after a march of 17 miles. The old fort was built by Colonel Hawkins, of the Royal Engineers, English Army, in the fall of 1860, and occupied by him, with a portion of the British Northwestern Boundary Commission and a detachment of forty-five men, during that and the following years.

An observatory was established on the hill overlooking the post.

The Columbia is navigable 350 miles above this point, and near its waters lies the warped and rusted machinery of a small steamboat, named "The '49"—sad reminder of a thousand golden visions that are buried in the past.

In plain view upon the opposite bank of the river are eight comfortable ranches, belonging to the Columbia Lake Indians, who raise grain and vegetables in considerable quantities—no less than 4,000 bushels of wheat, said to be the best in the Colville country, having been harvested by them last year. The tribe under Edward, their chief, are friendly and disposed to be sober and industrious.

According to arrangements made the day previous, at an early hour on Wednesday, August 2, we began crossing the Columbia by ferry-boat, the point of landing being on the western side, about one and a half miles down the stream, and just below the mouth of Kettle River, shown by its Indian name, Ne-hoi-al-pit-kwa, on the maps. The transfer required four trips of the boat, occupying a greater portion of the day, as the return was against a strong current of seven to eight miles an hour. Everything was, however, safely landed and camp pitched, with plenty of wood and water, but no grass. As the absence of feed at this place was foreseen provision had been made by the purchase of hay and grain at Old Fort Colville. Here was experienced our first, and long-continued, annoyance from mosquitoes that infested the camp in swarms, necessitating constant smudge fires that men and animals might gain a moment's rest. The startling whir of the rattlesnake, that accompanied us along the trail had less of terror than the well-known hum of this troublesome insect's wings, and a camp comparatively free from the unwelcome sound was ever after hailed with rejoicing, regardless of the deadly reptile.



Soon after dawn on the following day we skirted the Columbia for six miles along a good trail that kept the margin of the bench, or tableland, at an elevation of about one hundred feet above the river, passing close by Kettle Falls. Although not more than 15 or 20 feet in altitude, the descent of water here, broken into cascades and chutes, is imposing. The entire width of the falls is perhaps nine hundred or a thousand feet. We halted a moment to watch the lusty salmon make their persistent and stupendous leaps to gain the upper stream over one of the foaming cataracts. A few of the more active cleared an apparent height of ten feet above the lower basin, and, it is to be hoped, reached the haven of their desires, or at least safe lodgment for a final and successful effort.

A short distance below the falls we passed several lodges of Colville Indians who were laying in a winter's store of dried salmon. We greeted them with a "good morning," smilingly returned, and passed on our way. After crossing three small creeks, the trail quitted the Columbia, and wound up and over a spur of the hills, in a southwesterly direction, until it struck the Sin-pail-hu, a strong and rapid stream, following whose northern banks over the rolling bench-lands at an elevation of 150 feet, and crossing one of whose branches, it led, after a march of 10½ miles, to our camp for the day near some excellent springs tributary to the Sin-pail-hu, and rising at a point perhaps 300 feet above it.

On the opposite side of the stream runs a lofty range of mountains (possibly 4,000 feet above the sea) densely wooded with yellow pine and fir, its slopes being exceedingly rocky and precipitous. The Sin-pail-hu itself is fringed with great numbers of balsam and cotton wood trees.

This was pronounced by all a charming resting place, free from mosquitoes and other pests, with abundance of water, wood, and grass. Its refreshing memories followed us to the end of our journey.

Here was enjoyed our first delicious meal of mountain trout and tufted grouse, the former caught with a fly by Lieutenant Backus, an accomplished angler, and the latter killed by his unerring pistol.

With many regrets we broke camp at an early hour the next morning, August 4, and continued our western course, still keeping the northern slopes of the Sin-pail-hu, no less than fifteen of whose tributaries were passed during the day. To the north and south, on either side of the creek, the mountain ranges are, as yesterday, lofty and plentifully wooded, much higher, more abrupt, and more densely timbered, however, towards the south. For the first four miles the trail was fair, but soon huge croppings of granite from the hillsides, with numberless and deep ravines, rendered the progress slow and often difficult. At the creek crossings, and generally for several hundred yards on either side, was much fallen timber to obscure and obstruct the path.

At an elevation of 5,450 feet above sea level we reached the summit of the divide, marked by a rude wooden cross, doubtless the site of an Indian grave. Quitting the summit, past the headwaters of the Sin-

pail-hu, the trail winds down the western slope to our fourth camp, two miles beyond, with plenty of grass, wood, and the purest water, but with no level space for tents. The entire distance accomplished was 23 miles, which proved our longest march. The timber along the trail had been principally yellow pine with a sprinkling of hemlock, fir, and tamarack. Wood grouse in large numbers were raised among the thickets.

After a restful night, despite our hill-side camp, we pursued a well-defined and very fair trail for five miles, where it crossed the Klat-a-oos Creek, bearing away to the northwest and said to flow into Kettle River. Over a low divide a fine bunch-grass plateau was next traversed for two miles, when suddenly to the right, and about half a mile distant, a small oval-shaped lagoon (probably a lake earlier in the season), fringed with willows and covered with tall rush-grass of a superb green, broke upon the sight; a charming picture after the dry, open plain just crossed. From drainage indications and the assurances of our guide this was deemed the head of the San-puelle. As our course had been nearly due west from the mouth of the Sin-pail-hu, the conclusion could not be avoided that the San-puelle rises much farther north than is indicated on the maps, and on the *western* instead of the *eastern* side of the main range of mountains. In a small grassy valley a mile beyond camp was pitched near an excellent creek tributary to that river. In the central valley were a few yellow pines with here and there a tamarack of huge proportions, one close to camp measuring 30 feet in circumference at the base. The creeks, shaded by willow, beech, birch, and poplar trees, with clumps of wild raspberry and currant bushes, are filled with trout, while the neighboring hill sides abound in deer and other game. A black-tailed deer, shot soon after our arrival, furnished savory venison for several repasts. The trail thus far could scarcely be better for a mountain path, and from its worn appearance has been a highway for Indians since time immemorial. The hills along the north bank of the Klat-a-oos from its source down are almost destitute of timber, while to the south the growth of yellow pine and tamarack continues dense.

At high water, earlier and later in the season, salmon of large size ascend the San-puelle to this point, and are caught and cured by the Indians, a deserted lodge, with drying-frame of poles adjacent, from which some bleached salmon heads still hang, furnishing ample evidence.

There being rich grazing for the animals, the next day, Sunday, August 6, camp was not moved. Two coyotes, the only ones during the entire trip, were sighted the day before.

At an early hour in the morning, Monday, August 7, we skirted the San-puelle for a short time to the fording, ascended a low hill, and about a mile and a half beyond came to a creek that apparently flowed into a branch of the above-mentioned stream. This creek was followed for 11 miles, four of its tributaries being crossed on the way.



The trail kept well up from the bank for much of the distance, and was a very fair one to travel, except for several patches of fallen timber, small, however, and easily removed by an experienced chopper. Crossing a divide 3,800 feet high, camp was made, after a march of two miles, near a small stream, running south, and said by the guide to be a branch of the Hy-as-kwa-ha-loos River, as shown upon the maps, or Bonaparte Creek, as more familiarly known. It proved to be a tributary of Lost Creek, as afterwards named by us, since its waters disappeared in Miles Valley, 12 or 14 miles farther west.

Tents were pitched upon a gentle slope, densely covered with small pines, among which was quite an abundant growth of forest grass, furnishing good grazing for the animals. Bunch grass was plentiful along the trail during the march, and the timber passed was of about the same variety as on previous days. Two creek-beds were crossed, dry at this season, where there would be excellent camping ground at an earlier month, when, doubtless, filled with water.

Left camp the next morning by a clearly defined trail for five miles along the bluffs overlooking Lost Creek, and eight miles beyond crossed a small tributary flowing south. Soon after a huge canyon wall of granite was lifted upon our right, to the sheer altitude of 800 feet, and there, as through a vast gateway, we descended into Miles Valley, a broad and fertile plain. About two miles down the valley, and half a mile to the left of the trail, was the fenced ranch of E-ne-as, chief of the Okinakanes—Ten-as-kit being their subchief. E-ne-as, a short, thick-set Indian, is said to be friendly and reliable. His house of logs, near which the waters of Lost Creek disappear, was vacant, the chief, with most of his tribe, being on the Columbia catching salmon for the winter.

Just beyond we passed between two small lakes, the larger, Margaret Lake, on the right, fed by springs from the adjacent hills, being at this season about one mile long and a thousand feet wide. Its waters, fresh but not very cool, are the resort of myriads of ducks of possibly every species. The hills to the right of the trail are rocky, with a scattered growth of yellow pines, while to the left they are densely timbered.

Leaving Margaret Lake, the valley soon narrowed to less than a mile in width, merging into a plateau or low divide, over which we descended by a gentle slope westward to our next camp near the headwaters of the Hy-as-kwa-ha-loos or Bonaparte River.

The presence of the divide recently crossed, with no surface indications of a union at any season of the year, and the fact that the creek upon whose banks we were encamped had a distinct source from high mountain springs to the southwest, compelled the conclusion that Lost Creek and the Hy-as-kwa-ha-loos have been erroneously considered as one and the same stream, thus causing the latter to be displayed on the maps as a very considerable river, 50 miles or more in length, with numerous branches, when in truth it is but an unimportant rivulet, emptying into the Okinakane 15 miles from its origin.

Our camp overlooked an Indian ranch of perhaps forty acres, surrounded by a rail fence of the Virginia pattern. As the occupant was away I took the liberty of herding our animals for the night inside the inclosure.

Miles Valley, where the climate seems to be of a remarkably even temperature, is the winter habitation of the Okinakane tribe. Hither, from all directions, they bring their animals after a summer's fishing nearer the Columbia River. In this fruitful valley the snow is said to never fall to a greater depth than six inches.

The plain itself with its neighboring hills, especially to the north, covered with bunch grass and hopeful with indications of numerous and plentiful springs, presents one of the most magnificent grazing areas in the world.

Wheat, oats, and potatoes, with doubtless rye and corn, could be grown in profusion. A slight shower with thunder and lightning, about 2 o'clock in the night, lent a coolness to the air so sultry the day before. A monster snake of a shiny, greenish look, and exceedingly vicious, that visited the kitchen, was with some difficulty dispatched, yielding eleven rattles and a button.

The next morning by an excellent trail, around the Indian ranch to the right, we followed the bend of Bonaparte Creek westward; the valley growing more and more narrow, after the manner of a treeless canyon, until some ten miles from our starting place it became very confined, rocky, and difficult of passage, turning the angles of sharp spurs as it kept the curvatures of the stream. At last from the shadeless foot hills the valley of the Okinakane appeared, devoid of protection from the burning sun except along the river banks. Descending by a precipitous path, we encamped near the Hy-as-kwa-ha-loos, about half a mile from its mouth, finding imperfect shelter for ourselves beneath some low-growing poplars that bordered its alkaline waters. The first sage-brush was observed to-day, with scanty timber, the creek borders being, however, densely grown with small poplar, birch, and willow. Bunch-grass upon the hill sides and in the valley at this point, while more than sufficient for the animals, was not so plentiful as theretofore. The valley, as we viewed it under a tropical sun, the thermometer reading 105° in the shade, was neither pleasant to the eye nor seemingly over-fruitful. To the west were lofty, barren, uncanny hills, with here and there a stunted yellow pine. I had hoped to halt here for the purpose of more careful observations, but, owing to the many discomforts for man and beast, concluded to make an early start in the morning.

Previous to the change of plan, an aged Indian, who brought us new potatoes from his ranch two miles away, and who seemed an honest soul, was engaged for a reasonable sum to take letters to Old Fort Colville. I inquired of him diligently as to a possible trail due west to the Methow, and learned of one that led in the right direction, but was



very rocky, obstructed by fallen timber, and little used. This information was afterwards confirmed by other Indians. Wishing to spare my train for the main object of the expedition, and deeming discretion timely, I decided to pass down the Okinakane for 30 or 40 miles to a better path within the knowledge of my guide, but heretofore unknown upon the maps. It proved a wise resolve.

Sent La Fleur to inform the old Indian employed as courier of our change of purpose, with instructions to follow us a day's march, and at daybreak on the 10th of August, the thermometer reading 80°, broke camp, and three-fourths of a mile below the mouth of the Hy-as-kwa-ha-loos, crossed the swift, deep waters of the Okinakane to its western shore. The river was so clear that every pebble along its bed could be distinctly seen. Although some trouble had been apprehended, and I had, therefore, sent my guide and packer the night previous to exactly locate the ford, no cargoes were wet and all landed dry-shod, except Lieutenant Backus, whose mule unfortunately stumbled over a boulder in the central stream.

Three miles below the ford we crossed a rapid tributary of the river, Warren Creek, whose waters, slightly alkaline, were delightfully refreshing after the warmer and less genuine flow of the Kwa-ha-loos. Up this tributary ran the reported cut-off to the Methow, as was confirmed by an Indian who joined us at the crossing from his ranch above. He accompanied us for a mile along the road, and, after a gift of tobacco and matches, galloped homeward with a smiling face. A short distance from Warren Creek we passed an old deserted cabin of logs, where the trail avoided a sweeping bend of the river, by a cut-off to the right, and perhaps five miles over the bluffs. Descending from the highlands, we skirted a small lake of stagnant water, one-fourth of a mile long by a thousand feet wide, left by the overflow, and abounding in ducks, but exhaling an intolerable odor. Once more ascending the bluffs, we escaped another considerable bend, encamping for the night hard by the river's bank. The heights on either side of Okinakane, perhaps two thousand feet above, and rising from one-third to half a mile back from the water, are often very abrupt, but covered with bunch-grass wherever there is space among the stones.

The rock formation is granite, of a bluish-gray color, and the slopes, almost like canyon walls, are sprinkled with a scattered growth of yellow pines. In the stream itself, 450 feet broad at this place, swift, and averaging 4 feet deep, are many thickly-wooded islands. Plenty of driftwood, and grass along the shore.

The old Indian, faithful to his promise, left late in the afternoon with a telegram and letters for Old Fort Colville, carefully placing them in a tastefully ornamented wallet of skins. Before handing him his compensation, I asked, through my interpreter—more to hear his answer than to satisfy doubts, for his entire manner was eloquent of sincerity—whether he was an honest man? With great dignity, and something

of an injured look, he replied, "Me honest Indian. Me afraid to do wrong for fear some one there," pointing upwards, "see me, and be angry." Shaking hands with uncovered head, he then mounted his pony, and rode slowly away.

The next day, August 11, we remained in camp as several of the aparajos needed restuffing. Suitable grass about a mile back on the trail was carefully dried in the sun and the refilling accomplished in good order. Four Indians visited the camp and were given tobacco and matches, for which they seemed thankful. Having been supplied with fish-hooks, they soon returned with a string of excellent trout, caught, they said, in a creek entering the Okinakane from the opposite side. One, a tall, lithely-built young Indian, was a splendid specimen of his race—with regular features, keen, handsome eyes, sound, white teeth, flowing hair, and broad, intellectual forehead. At five o'clock in the morning of August 12, the trail, a clear one, led us in sight of the river and by the margin of an extensive slough. About five miles on our journey, crossing a somewhat turbid creek, it quitted the river, avoiding a long bend, and gradually ascended to Pierce Prairie, a fine, bunch-grass plain, six miles in length and four or five in breadth. Descending from this plateau by a narrow, winding canyon, we once more struck the river, and, after a tiresome, somewhat perilous passage over a jutting spur, or bluff, of loose masses of sharp, broken rocks, where a single false step would have precipitated horse or mule 400 feet to the water beneath, skirted a small circular lake, beautiful to the eye, but very offensive to the nostrils, being stagnant, and evidently formed by the overflow. Upon its surface were thousands of ducks and wild geese. Among the bushes and reeds along its margin nests were observed, marking it as their breeding place. Just beyond, near a fine, strong stream, cold and clear as crystal, that went foaming to the Okinakane, over a bed of smooth, white boulders, camp was pitched after a march of 15 miles. The stream was named Wilson Creek, in honor of an unimportant, but very energetic, feat performed by our accompanying surgeon near its mouth. Lieutenant Backus had brought down with his carbine a wild goose that fell into the swift current of the Okinakane close by the opposite shore. The doctor, nothing daunted, resolved to rescue the game already abandoned by the hunter. Hastening to a point nearly a mile below, and quickly throwing aside his outer garments, he plunged into the flood, taking a position, by wading and swimming, so accurately judged, that the prize was seized on its downward voyage and borne triumphantly to camp. While this scene occurred, Lieutenant Abercrombie, with a guide and small pack-train, was hailed on his way up the other bank, taking a census of the Indians. Most excellent grazing lands were traversed during the day, with certain indications on the hill sides of numerous springs that sink into the ground at this season before reaching the level of the plain, where large bands of cattle were feeding.

The next morning, keeping the bank of the river for two miles, the path swerved to the right up a narrow ravine to a grassy plateau—Backus prairie—six miles long and two broad at the widest, bordered on the west by lofty, rugged mountains, with sparsely timbered slopes. About midway our path skirted a fenced area belonging to an Indian, and planted with corn, oats, and potatoes. The ever-present bug had made sad havoc with the latter. A perennial spring on the neighboring heights supplied water for irrigation. Descending rapidly 400 feet, we forded a good, strong creek tributary to the Okinakane. An Indian, whose ranch it divides, informed us that it was the Conconnully. From this creek to camp, nearly two miles, the trail traversed a large fenced inclosure, tilled by Lap-a-loop, the Indian just referred to. Tents were pitched by the waters of Kate Creek, a purling stream that entered the river half a mile below. Grass and wood not abundant, but sage-brush in profusion.

This ended our journey by the Okinakane, for up this creek ran the promised cut-off to the Methow. Lap-a-loop with three other Indians paid us a visit, bringing melons and green corn, of which we made a feast. His arm was in a sling from the effects of a rattlesnake's bite on the finger, received twelve days previous while reaping oats. The member was in a horribly discolored state, yet the old man cheerfully argued that it was nearly well, his entire arm and breast having been fearfully swollen. His little boy, he sorrowfully told us, had died from a similar wound. Dr. Wilson kindly dressed the hand, bestowing a supply of bandages and soothing ointment, with instructions for future treatment. I had a long talk with Lap-a-loop concerning his plans and hopes for life, and he expressed himself as well pleased to till the ground in peace; indeed, evinced an intense desire to be in all regards like his white brother, and no longer like a "coyote," as he styled the wandering members of his tribe. Upon reference to Chief Moses, he spoke with evident regret and contempt of his worthless, gambling propensities, and quarrelsome disposition while in his cups. There was apparently little faith in the so-called chief. He could give me neither the name nor abode of the agent, if there be one, never having seen him. The just conclusion was that that official, comfortably housed at a distance, has left the nation's wards to take care of themselves.

A herder in charge of the various bands of cattle seen along the way informed us as he passed that he was about to start with 3,000 head for The Dalles, whither he drove no less than 1,500 beeves each fall. It appeared, upon inquiry of the Indians, that for the past fifteen years Moses has farmed out the valley to a man by the name of Snipe, at an annual revenue of a dollar per head. The doughty chief has thus realized more than \$10,000 in cash, to which he had, as I believe, no legal claim, every farthing of which has doubtless been squandered in gambling and debauchery. This sum, under an energetic, conscientious agent, might have been well expended in stocking the valley for the benefit of the

tribe at large, and many a moving lodge thus converted into a permanent home, where, as property is conservative, the inmates would have been lifted from the war-path forever. Instead, the few scanty inclosures, poorly fenced by unaided hands, have been overrun and impoverished to satisfy the beastly appetites of a besotted, self-appointed chief. Rations for ten days were left in charge of Lap-a-loop for the returning party.

My guide, La Fleur, frankly admitting that he had not been over the shorter path since boyhood, and was, therefore, not quite sure of the best camping-grounds, as a precaution I hired an Indian, Swa-u-lum, to accompany us as far as the Methow.

August 14, the trail brought us after a half mile up the right bank of Kate Creek to a fine, rolling, bunch-grass plateau. Passing an Indian ranch to the left we crossed the head of the creek where it is fed by numerous and ever-flowing springs that bring their abundance from different points of the compass among the hills, thus rapidly forming a short but considerable stream. Thence to Morrow Pass, the crossing of Granite Mountain, our path led in a southwestern direction through pleasant glades of yellow pine, carpeted with forest grass, with here and there huge boulders from the neighboring heights. The summit at Morrow Pass was gained by a series of natural terraces joined by steep slopes, becoming more narrow, and the slopes more rugged as the crest was neared. Each terrace, free from underbrush, was in itself a charming picture, with its park-like area of scattered pines whose branches spread a grateful coolness athwart the trail, and cast symmetrical shadows over the fresh, bright grass that glowed in the morning sun.

Camp was made soon after the ascent of Granite Mountain, by the banks of Downing River that runs southeasterly through a small lake some eight miles distant, according to our guide, reaching the Columbia between the Methow and the Okinakane. The trail to this point was withal excellent. Deer, bear, and other game abound in this vicinity, but no fish were found in the stream.

After a refreshing night, we pursued a well-worn trail westward along the hillsides, threading in its course a grove of poplars one-third of a mile in width. Although no water was visible it could have been easily obtained by digging, as indicated by dense willows in many places. The drainage was apparently to the south. Leaving the poplar grove, we descended gradually for about five miles to Baldwin Creek, a clear, cold stream, winding through its thick shading of cottonwood, aspen, and balm trees, whose brilliant foliage, as seen in the early light, with the music of its waters, seemed like a cheerful greeting on our way. Along Baldwin Creek, that sinks to reappear a short distance before its union with the Methow, we journeyed for four miles when we quitted its banks for a shorter route, noticing two tributaries that entered from the south. About three miles from the point of divergence, the trail wound over projecting foot-hills covered with



bunch-grass and a few pines, until camp was chosen near the mouth of Backus River, a strong tributary of the Methow, with abundant wood and rich pasturage for the herd.

As one looks down from the commanding table-lands upon the Methow Valley, a scene of peculiar loveliness is presented. Westward, the mountains, thinly grown with yellow pine and fir, rise abruptly, towering peak on peak, until, in the distance, their summits are clad in perpetual snow. To the north and south are pictures of rival beauty. Far from our standpoint a jutting spur divides the prospect. Through the midst of each the Methow, fringed with poplars, balsams, and evergreens, winds its tortuous course as if reluctant to quit so fair a landscape. Here and there the stream emerges from its covert of green, coyly displaying the charm of gliding waters, so clear that the smooth granite boulders beneath their surface may be distinctly seen from the distant heights. Outside its charms, the valley offers great attractions as a place of abode, superior to those of the Okinakane. The soil is fertile, and the climate, as claimed by our Indian guide, is remarkably genial—snow rarely falling to a greater depth than twelve inches. In many instances the foot-hills terminate in broad, level benches, rich in bunch-grass and spreading far out into the valley at an elevation of perhaps a hundred feet above the river. The streams, where beaver dams are frequent, throng with splendid trout (no less than two hundred having been caught during our stay), and their banks with tufted grouse, while thousands of deer are said to roam the fruitful uplands. The trail, free from obstructions, broad, well-defined, and shorter by fifty miles than that traced on the maps, was far better and more direct than had been anticipated, striking the Methow some five miles below the mouth of the Twitsp, thus practically prolonging our general due-west course to the Sound.

Despite the troublesome mosquitoes, the next day, August 16, was spent in camp to rest and graze the animals. Three men and a squaw of the Chelan tribe visited us, and to their manifest content were hospitably treated. Discharging my guide from the Okinakane, one of them was engaged to lead us to the head of Lake Chelan.

Refreshed after a day's rest, the train was ready for an early start, and passed briskly up the east bank of the Methow, about five miles to its confluence with the Twitsp, where we forded the river, some 450 feet wide, swift, and 3 feet deep. Three quarters of a mile farther west the trail carried us over the Twitsp, 200 feet across.

The rock formation, thus far granitic, here changed to the metamorphic type, with a decidedly igneous fracture, and the first positive indications of mineral were observed. Rich deposits of gold are reported higher up the Methow and its tributaries.

Skirting the northern bank of the Twitsp a good trail over level, well grassed plateaus brought us to an ice-cold stream from the northwest, named Malcolm Creek, crossing which we climbed a rugged spur, and

thence descended to the mouth of Celia Creek, where camp was selected in the midst of a charming glade of yellow pines, resembling in many features our first and well-remembered halt by the banks of the Sin-pail-hu.

The trail during the day, excepting a few quite dangerous portions around rocky points along the steep hill-sides, was excellent. Indeed the entire march was pleasant, at times romantic.

To the south the expansive slopes of the nearer hills were verdant with forest grass among the pines. At places the uplands receded from the river, leaving beautiful, semicircular, lawn-like areas. To the north the mountains, less prominent, were covered with fewer trees, but plenty of bunch-grass, with now and then a jutting ledge to break the monotony of the scene.

Through notches in the hills, many a striking glimpse was had of the lofty, inhospitable ranges to the south, mantled in their garments of everlasting white.

While riding leisurely with my guide over a fine, grassy plateau, a glance to the left revealed through one of these openings a picture of such startling effect as to call forth an exclamation of surprise: two friendly peaks, apparently thirty miles away—the one shaped like the point of an egg, the other like a pyramid—lifted their snow-clad summits to the clouds. So grand and sudden was the vision, that I named them Wonder Mountains on the spot. The blue of the distance framed in the green and gold of the foreground completed a landscape worthy of the highest efforts of the painter.

Westward in the direction of our trail another majestic prominence of the Cascade Range appeared. Its vast proportions, sharply outlined against the sky, assumed to our eyes the form of some quaint temple of worship, with its painted gables, grained, dark-ribbed central dome, and snow-covered roof. So close was the resemblance, that all united upon the name of Cathedral Mountain. With hopeful hearts we left camp on the morning of August 18, over a well-traveled path that skirted the northern fork of the Twitsp for seven miles, where we crossed at its junction with the southern branch. Tracing the north bank of the latter by an exceedingly obscure, difficult trail, over recent wind-falls, huge moss-grown logs, masses of broken rocks from the adjacent cliffs, through marshes and jungles of trailing alders, after a march of seventeen weary miles we reached our camp near the summit of a high divide. Without the Indian our journey would have been scarcely possible. After the passage of the Twitsp the course ran between lofty mountains; those to the south, sloping to a stupendous height, being very densely wooded with pines and firs; those to the north, precipitous, less densely timbered, and crowned by forbidding crags of granite rising to 3,000 feet above the stream. Often, for hundreds of yards, the rocky *débris* accumulation of centuries rendered the passage both arduous and dangerous for man or beast. The tents were pitched near

the crest of the divide, 5,900 feet above the sea level, in a small circular basin, environed by granite peaks and ledges, where a branch of the Twisp takes its origin. The last mile of our march was by a badly-defined zigzag path up a steep, grassy declivity, where the animals found great trouble in securing a foothold. A backward glance at the depth below, with a lifting of the eyes to the dizzy slopes beyond, was calculated to cause the firmest head to reel. At the foot of the ascent I came, with my Indian guide, upon an old miner and his younger comrade, who begged for a little flour, of which they were nearly destitute, in exchange for a shoulder of mountain goat. The request was granted, much to their relief, and thenceforth they clung to us for companionship to the top of the main cascades, where bewilderment and the loss of their strongest pack-horse down the mountain turned them homewards, a discouraged and disappointed pair. Just where I came upon them, as too late appeared, should have been our resting place for the night. Instead, alone with Swa-u-lum, and anxious to accomplish as much distance as possible, anticipating a pleasant camping-ground at the summit, I uttered the word Klat-a-wa, almost the only jargon at command, and we hurried on. It proved a day's march out of our way.

A gray-haired Indian, of the Chelan tribe, who seemed proud of the title "Captain Jim," accompanied the miners as a guide.

The incident is mentioned for the reason that from these wanderers the first intimation was gained of two heads to Lake Chelan, which was afterwards from undeniable proofs and the testimony of our guide found to be the truth. The elder of the two claimed that he had lived thirty-two years in the hills, and had spent the last seven summers in search of a rather legendary mountain of golden quartz. He confidentially informed me, in the thankfulness of his heart, that from significant hints and certain land-marks the way was at last sure to untold wealth, promising a speedy reward for my kindness. Alas, for his golden dreams whose realization was missed by less than a hundred rods! A dispute in their native tongue between our own Indian and Captain "Jim" concerning the trail, as was afterwards learned, caused some surprise, but, blissfully ignorant at the time, we enjoyed a comfortable night, and in the morning went cheerfully on our journey, little dreaming of the treacherous path ahead.

The "captain," who had evidently conceived a liking, approached just before starting and begged me not to be angry should a mule "ma-me-loos," or die, that day.

For half a mile after leaving the basin camp we climbed the divide 1,500 feet above. If there was ever a trail that way all trace had disappeared, and the ascent was laborious even for a strong man supported by a staff.

The last 200 yards, over loose, yielding rocks, ready to slip at the slightest pressure, offered dangerous footing for the already weary animals. One pony and a mule, unable to keep their equilibrium, rolled

headlong down the steep, landing among the jagged granite fragments below. The sight of their helpless, struggling bodies bounding in the air was pitiful. Though not killed outright, the injuries were so serious as to warrant their abandonment after removing packs and aparejos. Two other animals rolled several hundred feet, but after desperate efforts recovered themselves. I subsequently agreed with "Captain Jim" to look after the deserted horse and mule. Possibly the sergeant in charge of the returning portion of the expedition recovered them at the old man's ranch on the way back to Colville.

A trail was prepared down the western slope, otherwise too dangerous for the train, and crossing a high spur to the south we ascended, after two miles, a second divide, a short distance beyond which, our guide being unable to discover the path, camp was made near some mountain springs with plenty of grass. Water froze to the thickness of half an inch during the night. At eight o'clock the following day, ascending a low ridge and leaving a small round lake of melted snow to the left, after a march of one mile I reached with my Indian guide the summit of the pass that overlooks the head of Lake Chelan. As I gazed westward from a height of 6,850 feet above the sea, and 5,800 feet above the lake, a scene of remarkable grandeur was presented. To the south and west were the rugged peaks of the Cascade Mountains covered with everlasting snow. At our feet reposed Chelan, in color like an artificial lake of thick plate glass, while Pierce River brought its clay-tinted waters with many a winding down the narrow canyon that opened to the north. No painter could place the view on canvas and be believed.

It had been my intention to turn back a portion of our train from the lake, but as the descent from this point seemed perilous, and the further necessity for so large an outfit not apparent, a halt was ordered at the foot of the rise and the division completed there.

Leaving three men from Colville in camp as herders near the snow lake just mentioned, where was excellent grazing, with instructions to await the remainder of the train, we began the wearisome descent of over three hours, to Lake Chelan, by a zigzag path along the back of a narrow, rugged spur. After 9 miles, knee deep in dust like ashes filled with sharp fragments of rock, and constantly threatened by bowlders tumbling from above, the almost perpendicular slope was accomplished.

Reaching the canyon bottom, camp was made for the lack of a better place, on a sand bar one mile from the mouth of Pierce River. We were compelled to send the animals some distance back for grass. This head of Chelan, evidently unknown except to Indians, and possibly a few old miners, bears no likeness in any feature to that described by Colonel Merriam and others. The head visited by them is believed to be 20 miles to the south, beyond an impassable range, and into it the Sta-he-kin River flows. A reconnoissance in that direction will establish the correctness of this conclusion, and thenceforth give the lake an



entirely different form from that upon the maps. The peculiar conformation of the mountain spurs has doubtless so concealed the divergence of the newly discovered arm, that those passing in boats have deemed it but a simple indentation of the shore.

For a mile above the outlet, and on either side of Pierce River, is a dense jungle of cottonwoods, willows, firs, and underbrush, with frequent lagoons covered by an almost tropical growth of rush grass, ferns, and other marshy vegetation through the matted windfall of ages, an impenetrable barrier against any approach to this head of the lake except by water.

Following a most imperfect trail, over a recently inundated bottom densely grown with underbrush interwoven with countless fallen tress, we came the next morning to a creek, flowing from the northeast over a bed of huge granite boulders. Two similar streams occurred during the succeeding mile and a half. Beyond these for four miles our path led through thickets and over masses of rocks, with now and then a watery slough, in one of which a pony was badly mired. For some distance the passage was cut through a cottonwood swamp. A halt was ordered for the night on a grassy slope a few rods from the river's bank.

During the day a magnificent cascade to our right, on Ida Creek, with a sheer unbroken fall of 300 feet, called forth expressions of admiration. The entire descent of water, a broad sheet, including the initial rapids, is no less than 450 feet. The canyon walls, between which Pierce River finds its way, are of gray granite, exceedingly rugged and forbidding, rising to a height of 4,000 feet above the stream, with a scattered growth of stunted firs. Mountain goats find pasture among the cliffs.

The river abounds in lusty trout, averaging a pound's weight, numbers of which were caught. There being good grass, and the animals tired and foot sore, August 22 was spent in camp.

August 23, the trail, quite indistinct, kept the north bank of the river, passing Agnes Creek that entered from the southwest; the path growing more and more obscure by reason of rocky spaces and dense undergrowth where it hugged the stream. Ascending a short but rugged spur, we rounded a beautiful lake, a thousand feet in length and width, fed by mountain springs, and having its outlet into Pierce River.

After 14 miles, a comfortable camp was found near the junction of Backus and Symon's Forks.

Nine springs, heading from the canyon sides, and forming creeklets ere they reached the river, were observed during the day. Timber passed was chiefly yellow pine and cedar.

Soon after breaking camp the day following, we forded Backus' Fork, a strong, turbulent stream filled with large, smooth, granite boulders. At an earlier or later season the crossing would be dangerous, if not impossible.

Just above the ford was a rude bridge of drift-logs, joined with strips of cedar-bark, and ballasted with stones, built by the Indians, and doubtless often used by them instead of risking the formidable current.

For eight miles a wretched foot-path led us up the right bank of Symon's Fork, where we passed its rapid waters, 100 feet to the other side. Powerful springs and creeklets were seen at brief intervals on the march flowing into the main stream.

Through almost impenetrable underbrush and swampy areas, the pack-train toiled and floundered, the trail growing worse and worse as the day advanced. Often, by reason of fallen logs and other obstructions, progress was alone made by taking the actual bed of the creek. At the end of 12 miles, an indifferent camp, with no grass, was chosen; deeming it unwise, without rest, to attempt the final ascent of the Cascades in the weary, foot-sore condition of the animals, most of whom were unshod.

Making with my topographical assistant a most fortunate (as resulted) and early start the next day, in advance of the train, I began the passage of the main Cascades. The tiresome, zigzag trail seemed interminable. Midway, on glancing upward, I saw the old miner hastening down the steep with a look of utter discouragement upon his face. Upon inquiry, he advised me with great earnestness to return; saying that the ascent was impossible for packs, that his best horse had tumbled from the cliffs ahead, its body lying in the brush close by, with two others probably lost by Indians, giving ample proof, and that altogether the summit was a strange, inhospitable place. It forcibly recalled that passage in Bunyan's inimitable allegory, where the timorous pilgrim meets Christian on his way up the hill Difficulty.

Shaking hands with the old man, who bade me a sorrowful farewell, and sending back word for the train to come on, we gained the height without mishap, the last few hundred feet becoming exceedingly treacherous by reason of a sleety shower.

Among the rocks of a heathery ridge, beneath the sloping branches of some mountain firs that furnished slight protection from the mingled snow and rain, we found but meager comfort in anxious waiting by a smouldering fire. Lieutenant Backus and Dr. Wilson soon arrived. After cheerless hours, La Fleur and the packer reported it impossible to get the train up the boggy, slippery ascent, made ten-fold more arduous by the falling sleet, several mules having rolled, after repeated efforts, with their cargoes.

As the afternoon was now far advanced, nothing remained but to send the animals back to our recent camp, bivouac for the night, and hope for fairer weather. Selecting a more sheltered spot beneath a group of somber firs, a fire of wet wood was with difficulty kindled, and amidst the gloom of the present and the uncertainties of the future we discoursed the prospects of an uncomfortable night. Meanwhile, Backus, with habitual energy and unselfishness, had examined the

region ahead. Returning late in the evening, drenched from head to foot, he reported a small grassy prairie some distance beyond, but expressed fears of a precarious, if not wholly impracticable, path down the mountain to the west. Peering into the depths in that direction, concealed by impenetrable mist, it seemed, as he said, like the descent to the infernal regions. It being too dark to venture to the little prairie with the ponies, they were left to shiver supperless till morning. A portion of the cargoes having been brought up by hand, after a scanty meal of bread and snow water, with our backs partially screened from the blasts by a shelter-tent stretched between two trees, and our feet to the fire, we prepared for the dreary hours. The sleet continuing, and the bundles already saturated, few blankets were spread. During the night the sleet became snow, and, what with the weirdlike darkness, the thunder of falling masses of ice into the neighboring canyons, the ceaseless roar of the torrents, and the howling of the wind, the situation was rendered dismal beyond description. Daybreak found us astir, the sleety storm still falling on the desolate scene. One of our number was sent back for a coffee-pot and rations, while the remainder of the party, patiently expecting a breakfast, long deferred, fostered their hopefulness by the cheerless fire. The ponies in the mean time were taken to their much-needed repast on the little prairie, to which a trail was cut.

Breakfast over, the question of advance or return was formally submitted, all, with one exception, voting more or less decidedly for the latter. Ahead were uncertainty, probable difficulties, and a speedy journey home; behind, assurance, well-remembered obstacles, but a far longer road to travel. I decided to continue westward, and the necessary orders were given for a division of the train, all but three cayuses, luckily gotten to the summit before the storm, being sent back under Sergeant Doyle and the packer, who had full instructions to gather up the animals and property left near Lake Chelan, and proceed by the shortest route to Colville.

The work of refitting occupied several hours, every pound of baggage, up or down the mountain, having to be packed by hand; one man, Alford, who had given his voice to go forward, making no less than six trips over the now formidable trail. Late in the afternoon the labor was completed, and with two packs and a saddle-horse, regardless of a thorough drenching, camp was moved a half mile nearer the actual summit. The change was surely a wise one, for, as the darkness closed around us that night, all were in better spirits. Our position, too, was more sheltered than on the previous evening. Close by were the embers of the last camp-fire made by the old miner; from which, throwing away shovel and frying-pan, he had hurried past us on the backward trail. Familiar with the approach from the west, he had evidently failed to recognize the locality from the east. Nature, too, clad in dissolving snows, had doubtless changed her robes. The next day, as the expedition descended from the summit, floating specimens of rotten

quartz, rich in gold, were found along the trail, while extensive crop-pings were seen high up the mountain to our right. Surely the Eldorado of the old man's dreams.

The next morning a glorious sun illumined the surrounding peaks. Eight in number, bidding farewell to gloom and the place of our discomforts, we soon gained the crest of the pass, 5,050 feet above sea-level, over a snow-bank one-fourth of a mile in width. The prospect to the west, glowing in the sunlight, was now robbed of its foggy terrors. The pass is low and comparatively easy of approach from the east, but westward the descent is at first rapid and precarious. Packs were removed, and the animals led down the steepest part. About half a mile of loose rocks, with an equal breadth of snow, was then traversed, when the path wound its uncertain way for three miles through an entangled growth of trailing alders over seven feet high, emerging from which we came upon the margin of a creek, in and out of whose waters the footway led us blindly for a considerable distance.

Through groves of gigantic cedars, often 40 feet in circumference, with frequent patches of bewildering fern and devil-club, the journey brought us past a powerful waterfall from the canyon walls to the track of an avalanche 300 yards wide, and plainly visible from its starting point, perhaps 4,000 feet above us to the right. No sturdy lumbermen could have cleared the densely-wooded slope more completely, for not a tree or shrub was left standing.

We encamped close by the stream, now assuming large proportions, in the midst of a forest of white pines, red firs, and cottonwoods. This is certainly one of the most magnificently timbered regions in the world, the pines towering above our heads, large, straight, and without a knot for perhaps a hundred feet.

As the maps from Lake Chelan had been declared erroneous, we were in grave uncertainty as to the stream that had been followed during the day. It was believed to be the Cascade River, and this proved to be the case.

The next day, full of encouragement, we crossed the river, and through an almost interminable forest of cedar, pine, and fir, traced its general course in a southwestern direction, climbing the bluffs at every mile to escape the windfalls and other impediments. The trail, as a consequence, was exceedingly serpentine and difficult to meander in all its countless bearings.

After seven miles the river made a sweeping bend to the northwest, the path crossing it thrice; the third time, just at the close of our day's travel, after a march of 15 miles. As on the previous night, no grass was found for the animals, and they therefore nibbled an insufficient meal of shrubs and moss. Our own rations of coffee, flour, and a little bacon, were also carefully husbanded.

August 29. Taking a northerly course for half a mile, and leaving a picturesque water-fall upon our right, we kept well up the slopes of the

canyon over numberless fallen trees, the ax being in constant requisition. At the end of seven miles the river's bank was again reached. Thence the trail threaded the narrow bottom-land, crossing a large creek, 150 feet in width, and flowing from the northwest. A halt for the night was made beneath some moss-grown Oregon maples that shaded an old Indian camp. A mile below, the canyon walls closed rapidly, and the sound of broken waters was distinctly heard, strengthening our belief that we were following the Cascade River. At this point the stream is not less than 300 feet across, with a swift, deep, steady current. Near its bank lay two log canoes, indicating navigable water above. Their presence was hailed as a good omen, promising a like conveyance when we should happily reach the Skagit to take us to the sound. The march of over 11 miles was through a thick forest of splendid cedars, pines, and cottonwoods, from which we only emerged at the Indian camp.

Crossing a large creek just after leaving camp the next morning, we climbed the bluffs to pass the river cascades. So steep was the ascent of 1,200 feet, that the ponies, in their weakened condition, having had no grass since quitting the summit, could barely accomplish the task, even with the then much-lightened packs. After eight toilsome miles of upland travel, the trails suddenly ended at a fording of the river, and a glance at the swift, broad, turbulent stream, that went whirling and foaming over the granite boulders, brought us to a stand-still.

My guide, La Fleur, mounting the strongest horse, crossed over, and soon relieved all doubts as to a trail upon the opposite side. Anxious to use all prudence, however, and hoping to find canoes without venturing the dangerous current, I then sent him in search of an Indian ranch, located, according to Major Babbitt, on the north bank of Cascade River, near its mouth. Meantime, Backus, with others of the party, climbed the mountain and gathered grass enough among the cliffs to give the animals a much needed and abundant feed. Late in the afternoon the guide returned, reporting no sign of a trail or Indian ranch. As a move over the river was then out of the question, camp was ordered, and after a scanty supper of bread and coffee we spread our blankets for the night.

To form a foot-bridge whereby to avoid the dangers of the stream, and at the same time lessen the burdens of the animals, I sent La Fleur at daylight to fell a tall pine that stood near the opposite bank, and had been selected for the purpose the evening before. With but one dull axe this was soon found to be a forenoon's labor. Time being too precious, I at once decided to attempt the fording, which was happily accomplished by ten o'clock, the two strongest ponies making no less than twelve trips each. During the passage Lieutenant Backus and the guide narrowly escaped drowning; the latter with his horse being carried down the stream to the deeper and more furious waters, where both were for a moment overwhelmed. Compelled to abandon the pony



to its own salvation, with perfect presence of mind, the courageous man at last gained the shore, drenched and chilled by the icy flood. The ford, at any time perilous, would be impassable at a higher stage of water. All safely landed, and the cargoes repacked, we pursued a rather bewildering trail for four miles along the south bank of the river, when one of its loops was passed by swimming the animals and carrying the baggage over by a bridge of logs. Trees were felled across the stream to keep the ponies in their weak condition from being swept away by the current.

After half a mile through a dense underbrush, we once more came upon the main stream below the cascades, where a crossing became necessary, and the packs were again removed. The water being less turbulent the fording was safe and easy, and our last camp outside the limits of civilization was selected on the other shore.

Judging that, if on the Cascade River, we must be near its mouth, and urged by an almost providential anxiety, I sent Backus with the guide, after a hasty dinner, to search for Indians, and, if found, to make arrangements for our journey down the Skagit. The result of their mission was awaited with more than doubtful hearts. At the end of two hours, however, success was announced, and for a time the welkin rang with cheers. Upon reaching the mouth of the river (now known to be the Cascade) they had discovered a summer lodge, beyond the Skagit, occupied with their families by a gray-haired Indian and his son. Hearing the call, the old man and his wife crossed over, and as La Fleur could fortunately speak the language fluently, an agreement was soon made to bring two canoes, their only ones, to our camping place at daybreak, where a final bargain might be consummated. They refused at first to believe that we had arrived from the summit, the old man, apparently 70 years of age, claiming that he had never seen a white man go or come that way, and that it was impossible for any one but an Indian to keep the trail. They also said that, a winter's supply of salmon laid in, they had intended to quit their temporary lodge and go down the river early the next morning. Had we therefore failed to send that night, or been delayed 24 hours on our journey, an insecure raft, on an unknown rapid river filled with snags, would have been our only recourse. Good fortune somewhat disturbed our dreams.

At daylight, true to promise, the welcome canoes appeared, and after some preliminary talk, the three ponies, no longer valuable to either the government or to us, inasmuch as they had to be abandoned, were exchanged for a ride to the nearest steamboat. Hastily adjusting the baggage, we boarded our hollow logs, and with an Indian at stem and stern began the homeward voyage. As we passed the summer lodge, the barking of a dozen wolfish dogs gave rude greeting on our way.

The journey of 60 or 70 miles down the Skagit in the swiftly-gliding canoes, though at times exciting by reason of the rapids, will be long and pleasantly remembered. Freed of the unsightly drift-logs that mar

its banks, the Skagit is a beautiful stream, often reminding the traveler of some charming tree-fringed river in New England.

At sundown we reached Sterling, a mere logging camp, with two shanties and a saloon. After our half rations for a week, a bountiful supper, hastily prepared by the red-shirted landlord, was eaten with a ravenous appetite, and camp was pitched among the stumps. A dense fog in the morning delayed us until nine o'clock, when it lifted, and we soon landed at Mount Vernon, about 12 miles below, to await the coming of the steamer Josephine, Tuesday, September 5.

Beyond the crossing of the Twitisp, the route passed over from Colville to the Sound could in no wise be recommended, nor is there, in my judgment, likely to arise any military necessity for its use west of that point. A small force in the Okinakane and Methow Valleys would close the trails, and effectually separate the Indian tribes.

This reconnaissance of 295 miles, through a territory never before traversed by white men, will, I trust, add to a correct understanding of the geography of the country and perchance attract attention to fertile regions and pleasant landscapes hitherto unknown.

Returning once more to the old miner, I would simply record his statement, confidently made, of a pass through the Cascade Range where the creeks, heading close together, practically sever the mountain, thus forming a natural roadway with a grade of less than fifty feet to the mile. The pass is believed to open north of our line of travel, and to be the gateway to one of the finest harbors on Puget Sound.

In conclusion, permit me to invite the department commander's favorable notice to Lieutenant Backus, of the First Cavalry, who rendered constant and untiring aid, and whose knowledge of woodcraft, joined with great energy and enthusiasm, proved of unfailing service. Dr. Wilson, my accompanying surgeon, also deserves much credit for sterling qualities as a companion under difficulties and for careful attention to the health of the command.

While all the enlisted men were worthy and efficient, I am constrained to accord special praises to Principal Musician Alford, Twenty-first Infantry, and Sergeant Doyle and Private Grey, Second Infantry.

Too much commendation cannot be bestowed upon Alfred Downing, who had in charge the topographical work of the expedition. The beautiful map accompanying this report was traced by him, and gives ample proof both of the accuracy of his observations and his talents as a draftsman. His sketches taken during the trip are perfect transcripts from nature so far as the pencil could make them. Always cheerful, modest, and devoted to his profession, he won the friendship and esteem of the entire command. An itinerary is appended.

I am, sir, very respectfully, your obedient servant,

H. H. PIERCE,

*First Lieutenant and Adjutant Twenty-first Infantry.*

ASSISTANT ADJUTANT-GENERAL,

*Department of the Columbia.*

## ITINERARY—AUGUST 1 TO SEPTEMBER 1, 1882.

## FORT COLVILLE TO THE SKAGIT RIVER, WASHINGTON TERRITORY.

[Distances estimated.]

Camps.	Locality.	Distances.		Altitude.	Temperatures.		Grading.
		Miles.	Miles.		Fect.	Fahrenheit.	
1	Fort Colville, Wash. Ter.	0	0	1,700	80°	10 a. m.	
2	Old Fort Colville	17	17	1,000	84°	1.30 p. m.	Scarce
3	Mouth of Kettle River	1 $\frac{1}{2}$	18 $\frac{1}{2}$	950	65°	6.30 a. m.	None
4	Sin-pail-lu Creek	11 $\frac{3}{4}$	30 $\frac{1}{4}$	1,950	90°	12.30 p. m.	Good
5	Kla-ta-oos Creek	23	53 $\frac{1}{4}$	4,400	70°	5 p. m.	Do.
6	Headwaters San Puella River	9 $\frac{1}{2}$	62 $\frac{1}{2}$	2,100	84°	3.30 p. m.	Do.
7	Lost Creek (near head)	16	78 $\frac{1}{2}$	3,600	92°	3 p. m.	Do.
8	Bonaparte River (near head)	13 $\frac{1}{2}$	92 $\frac{1}{2}$	2,200	93°	2 p. m.	Do.
9	Bonaparte River (near mouth)	15	107 $\frac{1}{2}$	800	80°	4.40 a. m.	Very poor
10	Okinakane River	10	117 $\frac{1}{2}$	725	102°	10 a. m.	Good
11	do	15	132 $\frac{1}{2}$	700	92°	12.30 p. m.	Indifferent
12	Kate Creek	10 $\frac{1}{2}$	143	925	89°	11 a. m.	Scarce
13	Downing Creek	7 $\frac{1}{2}$	150 $\frac{1}{2}$	2,950	79°	11.30 a. m.	Good
14	Methow River	11 $\frac{1}{2}$	162 $\frac{1}{2}$	1,550	90°	11.30 a. m.	Do.
15	Twitsp River	12	174 $\frac{1}{2}$	1,950	78°	noon	Do.
16	Granite Springs	17 $\frac{1}{2}$	191 $\frac{1}{2}$	5,900	61°	5.30 p. m.	Scarce
17	Head of west fork Twitsp River	3	194 $\frac{1}{2}$	5,975	52°	8 a. m.	Good
18	Head of Lake Chelan (on Pierce River)	12	206 $\frac{1}{2}$	1,050	80°	4.30 p. m.	None
19	Pierce River	9	215 $\frac{1}{2}$	1,150	87°	1.30 p. m.	Good
20	Pierce River (upper forks)	14	229 $\frac{1}{2}$	1,900	77°	2 p. m.	Indifferent
21	Symon's Fork	12	241 $\frac{1}{2}$	3,150	62°	2.30 p. m.	None
22	Cascade Summit (near)	2	243 $\frac{1}{2}$	4,950	57°	noon	Do.
23	do	1	244 $\frac{1}{2}$	4,650	38°	8 a. m.	Grass in gulch.
24	Cascade River	9 $\frac{1}{2}$	253 $\frac{1}{2}$	1,850	62°	2 p. m.	None
25	do	15 $\frac{1}{2}$	269	900	70°	4 p. m.	Do.
26	do	11 $\frac{1}{2}$	280 $\frac{1}{2}$		73°	2.40 p. m.	Do.
27	do	8 $\frac{1}{2}$	289	850	74°	11 a. m.	Do.
28	do	4	293	800	80°	5.30 p. m.	Do.
	Skagit River	2	295	785			Do.

[First indorsement.]

## HEADQUARTERS DEPARTMENT OF THE COLUMBIA,

*Vancouver Barracks, Wash. Ter., September 25, 1882.*

Respectfully forwarded to division headquarters, inviting special attention to the inclosed report of First Lieut. H. H. Pierce, Twenty-first Infantry.

Lieutenant Pierce is entitled to much credit for the efficient manner in which he performed this duty and in obtaining valuable information regarding sections of country but little known.

NELSON A. MILES.

*Brigadier-General, Commanding.*

[Second indorsement.]

## HEADQUARTERS MILITARY DIVISION OF THE PACIFIC,

*Presidio of San Francisco, Cal., November 10, 1882.*

Respectfully referred to the engineer officer headquarters Military Division of the Pacific for his information. Papers to be returned.

By command of Major-General Schofield :

J. C. KELT ON.

*Assistant Adjutant-General.*

[Third indorsement.]

ENGINEER OFFICE.  
HEADQUARTERS MILITARY DIVISION OF THE PACIFIC,  
*Presidio of San Francisco, Cal., November 22, 1882.*

Respectfully returned to the assistant adjutant general these headquarters. Contents noted, and four photograph copies of sketch-map of route inclosed.

W. A. JONES,  
*Major of Engineers.*

[Fourth indorsement.]

HEADQUARTERS MILITARY DIVISION OF THE PACIFIC,  
*Presidio of San Francisco, Cal., December 4, 1882.*  
Respectfully forwarded to the Adjutant-General United States Army.  
J. M. SCHOFIELD,  
*Major-General, Commanding.*

[Fifth indorsement.]

HEADQUARTERS OF THE ARMY,  
*Washington, December 14, 1882.*

Respectfully submitted to the Hon. Secretary of War, advising the publication of this report, and especially of the map which accompanies it.

But little is known of the region of country between the Upper Columbia and Puget Sound. Further explorations will be made, and publication of the information gained should be made, as it is to the national interest that the timber and minerals of that region should be brought within the reach of the emigrants who will throng to Oregon and Washington Territory as soon as the Northern Pacific Railroad is completed.

Indeed, a railroad from Lake Pend d'Oreille to Puget Sound, as far north as Bellingham Bay, will soon become a national necessity.

W. T. SHERMAN,  
*General.*



MAP  
OF THE INDIAN TRAIL  
FROM OLD F<sup>t</sup> COLVILLE TO THE SKAGIT RIVER. W. T.  
(Via Headwaters of Lake Chelan.)

SHOWING THE ROUTE OF PARTY  
under 1<sup>st</sup> Lieut. H. H. Pierce, 21<sup>st</sup> Infantry,  
(REGIMENTAL ADJUTANT)  
in August 1882

A. Downing, Topographical Assistant.

SCALE  
miles 4 2 1 0 4 8 12 miles

Note: distances estimated by line



Explanatory

- Indicates Indian Trail as actually followed
- Indicates Trails not followed
- Altitudes above sea level
- Running water
- Dry watercourses
- Roads
- Camps



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