

a Sept 1st. Our route since leaving the Eute had been very circuitous. We now travel along the edge of the valley and to avoid the rocks the road passes over some of the foot hills. As far as the eye can reach there is nothing but this black volcanic rock. This region must have received some terrible scorplings and shakings years ago. These rocks are thrown up in every conceivable shape. Some are like columns fifteen or twenty feet in height and I often wondered how it became so well balanced as to stand without proping. Again it would be thrown up like the roof of a house with the top edges a few feet apart leaving a chasm many feet in depth between. It appeared to be a crust and when cooled from two to four feet in depth was thus rent asunder by some pent up gasses. I saw it in many places where it had the appearance of running when quite thick. Upon the outer edge of the stream it would seem to cool and that more hot would still press forward leaving it wrinkled. Sometimes it would overflow and form a new crust which might easily be removed. I can give no just description of it. It must be seen to be appreciated.

b Sept 2nd. Splendid feed last night but no water. Springs one mile in advance and feed all burnt off near them. Road very rough. In going over one hill which was very steep we came near upsetting our wagon and were obliged to unload the larger part of it. Road all rocks in several places. Some so large as to scarcely pass under the wagon. At one place we were obliged to drive over a huge rock just a little wider than the wagon. Had we gone a foot to the right or to the left the wagon would have rolled over. The road was very crooked as it followed along the edge of the hills most of the time it being

the only route possible on account of this black rock. It was like following along a rough beach. As some steep point or bluff would run out into this rock then did we expect to see our wagons smashed. Such roads and surrounding country beggars description. The man whom Aesop described as being chained in a pool of water with an apple dangling above his head and being unable to quench either thirst or hunger was in a Paradise in comparison to him who drives a "Bull team" across such places. Nothing to attract our attention, but a poor, worn out cow (left to live or die) with the flesh or rather the hide and sinews eaten from one flank by the wolves and yet

c alive but not able to get up. One of our party, with his revolver, put an end to her pains. One of our own steers suffering from the foot rot and hollow horn decided to rest without our permission and lay down in the road. We unyoked them and drove a short distance and camped.

Sept 3rd. The long drives with little or no feed and water began to tell severely upon our stock. For the last hundred miles feed had been more plenty than water. We were camped in a little nook of the valley between the hills and this same molten volcanic rock where there was good feed and water. There were several clear and cool springs of considerable size. There were plenty of willows for fuel although very small and we decided to "lay over." For the first time since leaving Snake river I saw and shot a sage hen. Several went out in the hills hunting but found no signs of game.

Sept 4th. Drove six miles and coming to springs and good feed halted for dinner. That black volcanic rock we leave to the left. It can be seen extending for miles along the valley. We seem to turn

more to the right and up stream as nearly all the creeks run toward Snake River which is to the left. It was a relief to see the distance widening

d between us and that volcanic strata. It was a desolate, dismal scenery. Up or down the valley as far as the eye could reach or across the mountains and into the dim distance the same unvarying mass of black rock. Not a shrub, bird, nor insect seemed to live near it. great must have been the relief of the volcano, powerful the emetic, that poured forth such a mass of "Black Vomit." In P.M. drove on to trout creek and being very windy and dusty we camped. Fishing for trout a while and not catching any changed my tactics and went after Sage hens with better success. I started a huge old fellow and merely broke his wing. He came down with a crash and I had a smart run before I caught him. He was an old settler and must have weighed from five to seven pounds.

Sept 5th. Drove ten miles to Indian Creek. Road a little hilly but smooth. Passed a small lake and marsh to the left and Durbin shot three ducks. This creek is some ten or fifteen (feet?) wide and there are quite a number of ducks sporting in and along the marshes. There is considerable cotton wood timber along its banks. Weather quite cool and frosty. A camp fire of dry cottonwoods was no uncomfortable luxury though not very inexpensive considering the distance we had to pack it.