

6.26.1869

day thirty-four

Made the portage and went a short distance when we came to another one, and had to make it in the rain; while the men were at work the Professor climbed up the side-hills looking for fossils; spent two hours to find one, and came back to find a peck that the men had picked up on the bank of the river; all ready by three o'clock, when we pulled out again; ran four miles at a rapid rate through the canyon, when all at once the Great Uinta Valley spread out before us as far as the eye could reach. It was a welcome sight to us after two weeks of the hardest kind of work, in a canyon where we could not see half a mile, very often, in any direction except straight up. All hands pulled with a will, except the Professor and Mr. Howland. The Professor~being a one-armed man, he was set to watching the geese, while Howland was perched on a sack of flour in the middle of one of the large boats, mapping the river as we rowed along. Our sentinel soon signaled a flock of geese ahead, when we gave chase, and soon had ten of them in the boats. Summed up the log, found we had run 23 miles since leaving the canyon, and camped for the night on the east side, under three large cottonwoods. Rested, eat supper, and turned in to be serenaded by the wolves, which kept up their howling until we dropped asleep, and I don't know how much longer, as I heard them next morning at daybreak.