

After many weeks of weary waiting, today sees us all ready for the adventures of an unknown country. Heretofore all attempts in exploring the Colorado of the West, throughout its entire course, have been miserable failures. Whether our attempt will turn out the same time alone can show. If we fail it will not be for the want of a complete outfit of material and men used to hardships. After much blowing off of gas and the fumes of bad whiskey, we were all ready by two o'clock and pulled out into the swift stream. The Emma Dean, a light four-oared shell, lightly loaded, carrying as crew Professor J.W. Powell, W.H. Dunn, and a trapper, designed as a scouting party, taking the lead. The "Maid of the Canon" followed close in her wake, manned by Walter H. Powell and George Y. Bradley, carrying two thousand pounds of freight. Next on the way was "Kitty Clyde's Sister," manned by as jolly a brace of boys as ever swung a whip over a lazy ox, W.H. Rhodes, of Missouri, and Andrew Hall, of Fort Laramie, carrying the same amount of freight. The last to leave the miserable adobe village was the "No Name" (piratic craft) manned by O.G. Howland, Seneca Howland, and Frank Goodman. We make a pretty show as we float down the swift, glossy river. As Kitty's crew have been using the whip more of late years than the oars, she ran on a sand-bar in the middle of the river, got off of that, and ran ashore on the east side, near the mouth of Bitter creek, but finally got off and came down to the rest of the fleet in gallant style, her crew swearing she would not "gee" or "haw" a "cuss." We moved down about seven miles and camped for the night on the eastern shore where there is a large quantity of cord wood. As it was a cold, raw night, we stole a lot of it to cook with. Proff., Walter, and Bradley spent a couple of hours geologising on the east side. Howland and Dunn went hunting down the river; returned at dark with a small sized rabbit. Rather slim rations for ten hungry men. The balance of the party stopped in camp, and exchanged tough stories at a fearful rate. We turned in early, as most of the men had been up for several preceding nights, taking leave of their many friends, "a la Muscovite." The natural consequence were fog[gly] ideas and snarly hair.

How strange it is that adopting foreign ways will so change us in many respects. If there is any meanness in a man, get him drunk and you soon see the Devil's claws, if not the whole of the traditional "Auld Cootie." If he is a goodhearted man when sober, he will be willing to sell his only shirt to help his friend. When I see how drink shows the true colors so plainly, I sometimes wish the whole world could be drunk for a short time, that the scoundrels might be all killed off through their own meanness.