

6.22.1869

day thirty

After a good breakfast of fried trout, we pulled out and made a splendid run of six miles through a continuous rapid and stopped to have a hunt, as we saw many tracks of deer and sheep on the sand. All ready by one o'clock, when the Emma started down a long rapid, which has a fall of about thirty feet per mile. Went along in splendid style till she got to the lower end, where there is a place about a hundred yards long that had a dozen waves in it fully ten feet high. As she could not be pulled out of there her crew kept her straight on her course and let her ride it out. Went through them safe, but shipped nearly full, and pulled ashore looking like drowned rats. Decided it unsafe for the freight boats to try it, so we were compelled to make a short portage and let down with ropes. Jumped aboard again and pulled out into more rapids, every one of which would thoroughly drench us and leave an extra barrel or two in the boats; but we kept bailing out without any unnecessary stoppages. Dancing over the waves that had never before been disturbed by any keel, the walls getting gradually lower, till about four o'clock, when we came suddenly out into a splendid park; the river widened out into a stream as large as the Missouri, with a number of islands in it covered with cottonwood trees. Camped on the first one we came to, and rolled out on the grass in the shade to rest. Distance from mouth of Bear river 26 miles. General course 20 degrees south of west from Brown's Hole to this point. The whole country is utterly worthless to anybody for any purpose whatever, unless it should be the artist in search of wildly grand scenery, or the geologist, as there is a great open book for him all the way.