

This morning we were all awakened by the wild birds singing in the old tree above our heads. The sweet songs of birds, the fragrant odor of wild roses, the low, sweet rippling of the ever murmuring river at sunrise in the wilderness, made everything as lovely as a poet's dream. I was just wandering into paradise; could see the dim shadow of the dark-eyed houris, when I was startled by the cry, "Roll out; bulls in the corral; chain up the gaps"—our usual call to breakfast. The hour is vanished, and I rolled out to fried fish and hot coffee. The Professor and Dunn climbed the hill south of camp, two miles from the river — h[e]ight, 2200 feet; Howland spent the day dressing up his maps; Bradley, Seneca and Hall crossed to eastside and measured off a geological section. The remainder of the party spent the day as best suited them. Measured the old tree; circumference, 5 feet from the ground, 23/ 2 feet.