

6.27.1869

day thirty-five

Off again at seven, down a river that cannot be surpassed for wild beauty of scenery, sweeping in great curves through magnificent groves of cottonwood. It has an average width of two hundred yards and depth enough to float a New Orleans packet. Our easy stroke of eight miles an hour conveys us just fast enough to enjoy the scenery, as the view changes with kaleidoscopic rapidity. Made sixty three miles today, and camped on the west side, at the mouth of a small, dirty creek. Killed eight wild geese on the way.