Oct. 23d 1851.

Scott's Valley, near Mt Shasté

My Dearest Mother

I am writing you from one of the far off ends over of this far off part of the world. It is one of the valleys which lie on the head waters of the Klamath River & near the great [illegible] peak which commands this vast mountain region, but you will look in vain for it upon any map until you see mine, for Fremont's & the others are as far wrong as if they had been of the kingdom of Timbuctoo. Major Wessells and Dr Griffin return to morrow from here to Sonoma with the command, and I write down by them. I remain here a week or ten days to see the commission wound up and pacificate a couple of thousand Indians, or less. I wrote to Eliza before leaving the forks of the Klamath & Trinity. We left there on the 9th and followed the Klamath to the mouth of this river & thence to this place a few miles above it. The entire distance has been but 110 miles, but we seldom could make more than ten miles a day & were obliged occasionally to halt to have a talk with the natives. A more savage country I never saw. It is a wilderness of mountains through the gorges of which these huge mountain torrents have forced their way, and nothing but the extraordinary impetus given to human enterprise by the hope of gold would ever have explored it. As it is, it is tracked from end to end, up every stream & over every range by the trails of the miners, while upon the great routes the packers have made paths for their mule trains carrying Chili flour, Cincinnati pork, Brazil Coffee and