Forks of the Salmon, July 17th 1852

My dear Wool

It is a disagreable necessity that of commencing every letter with a geographical disquisition on the country, but I presume it will be necessary to tell you that the Missouruk or Salmon is a branch of the Klamatte, & that this place is about 25 miles from [illegible] Salmon River. I wrote you another the very first week before last giving an account of our illustrious Indian campaign, & the fatal necessity of Hannibal's crossing the Alps, or otherwise my quitting my diggings & seeking home, where my old brethren were slaughtered. Fortunately at this place they are pretty much exterminated. I have spent a week or two days here & in the neighborhood prospecting in company with a party of three, our object being to find a bar on to which we can turn the water and which will afford us permanent diggings. Two of the men are out to day & if on their return they do not make a favorable report I shall pitch my camp here and work alone as long as I can make fair wages. My prospect for present work gives me from half an ounce to two dollars a day, quite sufficient to prove a temptation at a time when few make more than six. The main part of this letter will be devoted to the subject of mining but it is necessary to preface it with something on the important question of self. You by me in yours not to give my notes to Uncle Sam but send them to you to make up into a book. I think I have written before that I engaged to prepare a journal of our expedition when I set out on it last summer, & that although it proved a serious cost to me & the expedition itself a great loss of time, because