of going back to Astoria at the old pay of a Collector, as I supposed it still to remain did not please me, but I was of course ignorant how far I might be committed - was pretty near broke again, and had every prospect of present starvation, saving always black tailed venison which is not much better than mule. Accordingly I concluded to get out of that, at any rate, trusting to find some certain information below or at any rate to get employment for the winter at the saw mills on Humboldt Bay. One or two other miners were of the same mind and the storm holding up for a day I shouldered my inevitable gun took my blankets on my back & leaving the rest of my plunder at the shanty crossed the mountain to Orleans Bar on the Klamath my old stamping ground. There I found one or two old letters & a note from an acquaintance mentioning my appointment. It was lucky I got out when I did, for it snowed that night heavily on the mountains & covered the trail. At the bar I learned that there was no provision on the river, that every body had put off packing till the last in hopes of a fall in prices & in consequence had been caught on the early rains. After spending a day with my friend Dr Whitmore finding it would not stop raining, I travelled down to the forks with a couple of companions making about twenty miles on an awful trail, wet through & what was worse being obliged to pack my blankets, which weighed twenty pounds dry & I dont know how much more when well soaked. At the forks of the Klamath & Trinity however we found a welcome at the trading