

And from this western line, let it be remarked, all the country westward and northward is open for settlement.

From this boundary to its mouth, the Kansas River presses on the southern bank, touching the uplands every four or five miles; while on the north side, from a point just below the mouth of the Blue, down some fifty miles, there is a continuous bottom, four or five miles wide—larger and more magnificent than the far-famed American Bottoms, below St. Louis. Here excellent corn has been raised by the half breeds for many years. The soil is a black, sandy loam—kind, warm, and quick; and produces much earlier in the season than farms in the same latitude east. Emigrants to California and Oregon, who are aware of this fact, prefer to cross the Missouri River, at Parkville, and take the great road up the Kansas Valley, on the north side, on this account. They find most excellent grazing for their stock by the 1st of April, often earlier. We have not seen a swamp or wet slough, nor any stagnant water, in the valley drained by the Kansas River. The streams, generally speaking, flow over gravelly beds; most of the bottoms are high; the few that are low are of a dry, sandy character; and the prairies are rolling enough to drain off the water freely.

Passing the west line of the Pattawatomie nation, we entered upon open prairie, often reaching the river on both sides; now and then a small grove, and a light fringe of timber on the banks. On the right, in a great prairie bottom, in a bend of the river extending back to Rock Creek, Mr. Perry has made a selection for a stock farm; and a little way above his claim there is another great bend, offering a tempting inducement to some other enterprising farmer who has a taste for stock raising. Beyond this we passed a large grove of timber on the right, and then passed a most appropriate bluff for a town site—the first we saw for several miles. Here we saw Blue Hill, which is a prominent landmark overlooking the mouth of Blue river. From this point upward, the bluffs are higher and more abrupt, and the country back more elevated and broken. Here we saw a large eagle nest, out of which the old bird looked angrily at us, for intruding on its pre-emption; but she, too, must give way, with the red skins, to manifest destiny. A little way above, another huge buffalo floated past; he may have been anxious to slake his thirst in the Republican or Smokyhill, lost foothold, and got carried away by the rolling flood.

Passing the mouth of the Blue, which comes in from the north, (as nearly all the tributaries of Kansas do,) and appears