

to be navigable for some distance, we were pleased with its fine bottoms and long streak of timber; while on the left, were conical bluffs and high prairie mounds, with figured lines, and steps rising one above another in the distance, contributing to the scenery a very romantic appearance. Immediately above this important tributary, there is another beautiful prairie bottom, sloping back northward farther than we could see; and on the left, still another, containing more than 2000 acres, in a bend not more than three-fourths of a mile across the neck.—The enticing features of the latter are—a little grove of timber on the height, a cool gushing spring, and plenty of rock at hand in the bluff, with which to raise an enduring fence over the narrow isthmus. The world does not present a more excellent situation for a stock farm; indeed, the whole line of the main river and branches, from here upward, may be said to be adapted for a continuous series of such farms. On the right a bluff comes into the river, the first above the mouth of the Blue, offering an appropriate town site; and we saw stakes set on the slope, as well as a tent or cabin back on the high prairie—indicating that our countrymen were there. Just above, there is a clear, running stream, and a line of timber reaching far back. From this to the Fort, the river winds like a natural canal, through green flowery meadows, with similar scenery in the distance. On the left, we saw some splendid country for farms, up the valley of a stream, the name of which we do not recollect; there were fine groves of timber, and rich valley land. We understand that several claims have been made there.

On Monday night, just before reaching Fort Riley, we were overtaken by a tremendous thunder storm. We were surrounded by prairie; and the captain had to lay his craft close to the shore, and cast anchor, there being no stump or tree to hitch to. He is of opinion, that there should not be a cabin on steamers navigating these prairie rivers, where the winds sometimes sweep along with unbroken violence. We saw the Pilot Mounds in the distance, where the military road leaves the Kansas bottoms, and passes through a depression in the bluff to the crossing of the Blue. We passed some small creeks on the right, with settlements on them; and Clark's Creek, on the left, affording some fine timbered lands, and good springs.

A little after sunrise, on Tuesday morning, we neared Fort Riley—its fine stone buildings looming up grandly in the sunbeams. It is located at the junction of the Republican and Smokyhill forks of the Kansas, on the second bench or roll of the prairie, having higher bluffs immediately behind, from which