

Blown by the blast of fate like a dead leaf over
the desert.
Not that day, nor the next, nor yet the day that
1070 succeeded,
Found they trace of his course, in lake or forest or
river,
Nor, after many days, had they found him; but
vague and uncertain
Rumors alone were their guides through a wild
and desolate country;
Till, at the little inn of the Spanish town of
Adayes,
Weary and worn, they alighted, and learned from
1075 the garrulous landlord
That on the day before, with horses and guides
and companions,
Gabriel left the village, and took the road of the
prairies.

IV

Far in the West there lies a desert land, where
the mountains
Lift, through perpetual snows, their lofty and
luminous summits.
Down from their jagged, deep ravines, where the
1080 gorge, like a gateway,
Opens a passage rude to the wheels of the emi-
grant's wagon,
Westward the Oregon¹ flows and the Walleway²
and Owyhee.³

¹ *Oregon.* The Columbia River.

² *Walleway.* Or Wallawalla, a tributary of the Columbia.

³ *Owyhee.* Empties into the Snake River, a tributary of the
Columbia.