COLORADO,

The Rocky Mountains,

AND

THE MAMMOTH CAVE.

GAUSE.

A

Detailed Description

OF

The Scenes and Incidents

CONNECTED WITH

A Trip through the Mountains and Parks of

COLORADO,

AS ACCOMPLISHED BY

H. B. B. STAPLER, and HARRY T. GAUSE.

July 21—August 20,

1871.

JAMES & WEBB, PRINTERS, WILMINGTON, DEL.

Presented to

Mrs A. G. Robinson

With Compliments of

Harry T. Gaus

TO

MY SISTER HELEN,

THE BRIGHT SUN-SPOT IN OUR HOME CIRCLE,

THE JOY OF PARENTS

AND THE PRIDE OF BROTHERS,

THIS LITTLE WORK IS AFFECTIONATELY

INSCRIBED

BY

THE AUTHOR.

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PREFACE.

In publishing this Journal, I have acted from two motives, namely; to accommodate the many friends who have kindly expressed a desire to peruse it, and to preserve, for future retrospection, my impressions of the sights and scenes connected with our trip, that merits to be recorded in even a more elaborate and detailed manner.

It is not the result I had wished to produce; there may be much wanting both in description and narration, but I trust, for any appreciation of which it may be worthy, in a measure to personal interest, for only those who are our friends will care to know what concerns us.

From many reasons this little work has been rather hastily compiled, which may account for an occasional over-sight which otherwise might have been corrected.

I have dwelt at length upon the description of Mammoth Cave, because, to any of those who may read these pages, and who may now contemplate, or in future accomplish the trip through it, it may prove of service in

showing them just what to expect, and so enable them to lay their plans, for sight-seeing, to better advantage.

One other point before I close.

I have spoken, perhaps, in too severe a manner of the farming advantages of Colorado, but have done so in the hope of disabusing any honest minds of the erroneous impressions of this country to be derived from most of the extravagant colorings of travelers, who have written books to sell or to please. But I am in doubt whether to express the opinion that more good might be done by underrating a country, so that an agreeable surprise awaits those who visit it, or by overrating it and disappointing and vexing all tourists. But as I hesitate, the bell taps, the curtain rises, and the play begins.

JOURNAL

Of a Summer Trip to Colorado and the Rocky Mountains.

CHAPTER I.

The Start.—The Pennsylvania Central.—The Prairies.—The Garden City.—The Boulevards.—A Mob Fight.—North-Shore Drive.—The Water Works.—Enterprise of Chicago.—The Ride through Illinois.—The Missouri River.—Council Bluffs and Omaha.

Bright and early, on the morning of the twenty-first of July, 1871, we were called, to prepare for our start which was to take place at ten minutes past eight o'clock. At the dèpot we met several of our friends who had kindly come down to see us off. We had enjoyed but a few moments pleasant conversation, when the bell sounded and we stepped on board the train. The last we saw of them, was a number of handkerchiefs and hats waving in the air. We reached Philadelphia at 9:30 A. M., so that we had ample time, and, in fact, more than was sufficient to accomplish several errands in the city. This duty over, we met, according to agreement, at the West Philadelphia dèpot, and, after a hearty dinner, embarked for the West, full of bright anticipations for the future and our trip.

We both having traversed this section of country many times previous, found no special pleasure in gazing through the car window, so entertained ourselves in a much more agreeable manner by discussing our plans and arranging many little points connected with our trip. As we proceeded, conversation flagged and we betook ourselves to books and papers to beguile the time. When we wearied of reading, we slept ; when tired of sleeping, read again. In this manner all of Friday afternoon was passed. In the evening at about 9:55 we reached Altoona and had a good, substantial supper, after which, as the cars rattled away again, we composed ourselves for the night, as we were already a little fatigued by the monotony of the ride. During the night, unfortunately, we passed through the most beautiful portion of the country, crossing the Alleghanies a little west of Altoona.

In the morning we were awakened by the bustle and confusion about us, for the train had just stopped at a station, ninety miles beyond Pittsburg. After enjoying a second nap, we rose, washed and arranged our toilet, then sauntered about listlessly, sometimes standing in the vestibule of the Pullman car, and at others, seating ourselves upon the railed-in platforms to observe the points of interest which we passed.

At nine o'clock we reached Crestline where we breakfasted ; then returned to the car and read, slept and talked for the remainder of the morning.

At three o'clock we dined at Ft. Wayne and passed the afternoon in precisely the same manner as we had done the fore part of the day. Soon after dinner we began to traverse the prairies which surround Chicago for many miles in circumference. This was a new experience to us and we enjoyed it with a zest. Almost as far as the eye could reach was nothing but a broad, flat expanse of waving grass, upon

which, we noticed, here and there, herds of cattle quietly grazing.

At six o'clock P. M., we approached the Garden City, which, at first sight, was only visible by a long, low line of black smoke hanging just above the horizon. Soon, objects became more distinct, and before we had ridden another half-hour, we could easily discern the spires and smoke-stacks of the city. We arrived at the dèpot at 6:42 and took a bus up to the Sherman House. Having obtained good rooms, we repaired thither and indulged in sundry ablutionary processes, which very materially contributed to the respectability of our appearance. Having discussed a well-timed supper we adjourned to the reading room in order to peruse the various periodicals and newspapers. I sat down to write some letters, but had just begun, when my friend Stapler came and dragged me off for a moonlight walk. We strolled down to the shore of the lake and seating ourselves upon some piles of lumber that strewed the wharf, enjoyed the beautiful surroundings. On one side we looked out upon that broad and apparently limitless expanse of waters, reflecting from a thousand wave-tops the flood of soft moonlight that poured down upon it, only dispersing the darkness sufficiently to cast a wierd indistinctness upon the surrounding objects. In this mysterious light, a train of cars became a long, dense line of soldiers marching with wonderful order ; a lamp-post became a tall man with a large head, and the vast city lying before us seemed like some huge, breathing creature with a hundred thousand eyes. We lingered long to enjoy these sights which were so new to us, but at length, feeling somewhat chilled by the cool breeze from the lake, we retraced our steps to the hotel, where in a very short time we were dreaming a continuation of the evening's walk.

We arose on Sunday morning rather late, as might have been expected, but not too much so to attend divine service held in the large Methodist Church in Chicago. It is a beautiful building, constructed upon the Gothic style of architecture, with two spires, which are finished à la Cathedral de Milan. The material used in this building, in common with most of the other public edifices in the city, deserves a word of explanation. It consists of a soft, light colored stone which is brought from the North, somewhere, I believe, near the shores of Lake Michigan at its upper extremity. It is almost cream colored, but gradually wears darker with age and exposure. As no considerable amount of stone can be procured directly about the city, the surrounding section of country being nothing more than a flat prairie, all the building stone is transported from a distance to meet the ever increasing demand. After church, as we were returning to the hotel, who should we meet bnt Grover, of Yale, in Stapler's class, and a mighty good fellow. He, of course, was both surprised and pleased to see us and said he would call around after dinner and show us the city. According to agreement he was on hand promptly at the hour appointed, and after spending an hour in pleasant conversation, a walk was proposed and readily assented to. He escorted us through the principal streets immediately adjoining the hotel, pointing out the various public buildings and other objects of interest, until at last we found ourselves out on Michigan Avenue, which runs directly along the lake-shore, occupying, consequently, a most beautiful site. Between it and the water, there is stretching along for some distance, a series of lawns where a great number of people usually congregate to enjoy a quiet Sunday afternoon ; but unfortunately, being mostly of the laboring classes, they do not enhance the pleasure of the surroundings. Here we saw quite a crowd assembled and ap-

parently engrossed in some excitement. Presently we saw everybody running toward the spot, so we followed suite and after climbing up on the backs of some benches, from which high station we could command a good view over the heads of the crowd, we ascertained that there was a mob-fight in full blast, sustained on one side principally by a big Dutchman in his shirt sleeves. He was a powerful man and seemed fully competent to withstand the combined attacks of his many assailants ; but at last numbers conquered and he was obliged to run. As you may well imagine there was a general stampede. We joined the hurrying crowds, for it was right in the direction in which we would have gone, even had we been alone. He ran up Michigan Avenue, along fourteenth street to Wabash Avenue, and turned down ; but having eluded his pursuers for sometime, they overtook and arrested him somewhere in eighteenth street.

As Grover had invited us to take tea with him, we took a bus and after riding for some distance toward the southside, we alighted before a large sand-stone front building with a flight of wide stone steps leading up to the front piazza. There was a beautiful lawn extending from the house to the avenue and covered with large trees, in all, making a very aristocratic looking establishment. We sat upon the stoop for sometime, chatting pleasantly, when Mr. Grover came down and joined us. He is a very handsome man, gentlemanly, with refined manners and courtly address. He is the principal of a young ladies' boarding school in Chicago. Presently we adjourned to the supper-room where we met our friend Grover's maiden aunt, who proved to be a very cultivated and entertaining lady. After tea we spent an hour very pleasantly in the parlor.

After having passed a most agreeable evening or portion of an evening with them, Grover proposed taking us over to

the North side to hear the minister at St. James' Episcopal Church. Right here let me explain this term "North Side". Chicago is divided into four grand divisions, viz ; the "Center," South Side, West Side and North Side, meaning those parts of the city enclosed, or bounded by the different branches of the Chicago River.

Upon leaving Mr Grover's residence, we rode in a bus as far as the river where we alighted and were compelled to wait some time for the closing of the draw-bridge that spanned the stream. St. James' Church is situated but a short distance from the water, so we accomplished the remainer of the crossing on foot. We enjoyed the service exceedingly, for not only did we hear a good sermon but most exquisite singing. This choir is one of the best in the city.

After service we stepped over to see that thoroughly German institution called the "Turne Halle" or in English Turner's Hall. We entered the imposing looking building by a broad staircase, purchased our tickets and passed into the audience chamber of the Hall. Strains of magnificent music by a full orchestra, greeted us as we were ushered. On the stage, sat the musicians arranged as in the Theo. Thomas Concert. In their execution they are said to rival the former troupe, and we certainly concur in this opinion after hearing their performance that evening. Seated at the small tables that covered the floor of the house, were the Germans, with their wives, daughters and innumerable children, all drinking beer. It was no uncommon sight to see a baby who could not yet stand alone, sipping beer from a glass, held to its little lips by its mother. These children drink before they talk. It would not express the idea to say that the room was full. It was literally packed! One could scarcely crowd through the aisles between the

rows of tables. Even upon the side of the stage it was a difficult matter to obtain seats. We enjoyed this grand musical treat, the programme of which I carried away with me as a "memorabil," until ten o'clock, when there was a general scattering. The Germans never keep such entertainments open to a late hour for they are very temperate in everything but beer. I have no recollection of having ever seen a more orderly and less noisy assemblage of people any where. They seemed to be perfectly happy to sit and sip beer and listen to good music. This appeared to be their idea of earthly bliss. After the performers left the stage, we walked back to the hotel where we bade our kind friend good night.

On the following morning after making some arrangements previous to, and concerning, our departure, and visiting the ticket office of the Chicago and North-Western Rail Road, we ordered a carriage and drove down to Grover's, where, according to our engagement, he was awaiting us. We first rode along Michigan Avenue to obtain a good view of the lake; then through Calumet Avenue to the tomb of Stephen A. Douglass, which is situated upon the summit of a little knoll that commands an uninterrupted view of the lake, as well as the country for miles around the city. We unanimously declared that it occupied the most beautiful site for a grave of any that we had ever seen. A magnificent monument is in course of erection, which, at present, is only half finished. A few rods from the grave there stands a large hotel that is named in honor of this illustrious statesman and politician.

Returning to the carriage we drove out the Boulevards which is a splendidly constructed, and wide street that extends around the entire city, joining the different, distinct divi-

sions. It is laid with Nicholson's pavement throughout its whole length, and presents a very gay appearance when filled with the beautiful summer equipages of pleasure seekers. Most of the way this avenue was lined on either side by elegant residences, which contributed to make it one of the handsomest drives in the West. As it is over ten miles long, it occupied more than an hour to accomplish the entire distance. We returned by South Park Avenue and turning into Wabash Avenue arrived at the hotel, in good trim for the excellent western dinner that awaited us.

It was not until five o'clock that we adjourned to our rooms, though not to remain long, for Grover, who had ordered a carriage, made us accept of its use ; so we entered and drove off on our way over to the West Side. We stopped for a particular friend, a young lawyer named Bartow, who had graduated at Yale in the class of '69. He proved to be a very witty, jolly little fellow, and kept us in a constant laugh by his unexpected remarks and sly jokes. He was the life of the party. We rode out through the LaSalle street tunnel, under the river and then into the West Side Park. This is the smallest, cutest and most artistically arranged park I ever saw. Rustic bridges and summer houses on all sides ; little lakes and winding rivulets, sloping lawns and flower-covered arbors greeted the eye, no matter in which direction we looked. Here and there a fountain cast up a tiny column of water, under which white swans disported themselves, shaking the glittering spray from their snowy plumage. Large trees towered over this scene of loveliness, casting a pleasant shade over all.

We stopped the horses by the side of a clear sheet of water, and watched the children as they rowed upon its smooth surface, splashing with the miniature oars in their

childish delight. From this charming spot we recrossed the river to the center, and following one of the principal business streets, entered the North Side by means of another tunnel.

In passing through this portion of the city, we of course saw many beautiful buildings, and handsome churches, but it would be both unnecessary and tiresome to enter into a detailed description of them all, so I will pass them by, with the single remark that they are a credit to a city no older than Chicago, and indeed would prove an ornament to any *Eastern* city. Winding through the cool, inviting avenues of the North Side Park, we thought, after all, we preferred the sights that here met our eyes, to those that we had seen in other parts of the city, not excepting the West Side Park.

Our most sanguine expectations were more than realized when we drove out upon the North Shore Drive,as it is called ; for beside the grand view of the lake upon one side, we obtained on the other, an excellent sight of the Park, even to where it joins the prairies beyond.

The surroundings gave us an idea of what would be the effect of the combination of the ocean with Central Park. The drive is an asphaltum-paved avenue, extending for almost two miles along the edge of the beach, and terminating at its upper extremity in a gradual curve, which sweeps from the water around a narrow neck of timber jutting out from the park, and joins itself in the Main Drive, within a hundred yards of its point of starting. This lake avenue is the pride of Chicago, and there is here to be seen, on any fine afternoon, the style and fashion of the great city, attired in gala-dress for this impromptu tournament.

As we rode along, occasionally "speeding" our well-matched pair with those of a rival for the turf, we noticed many beautiful ladies, and noble looking men. All seemed

in the best humor possible, and everything about us spoke in language plainer than words, of happiness and contentment. The birds sang merrily, and the waves plashed noisily as they broke upon the pebbled beach.

Every now and then, turning at sound of pattering hoofs from behind, we would catch the ringing tones of a woman's laugh, and see a beautiful face, flushed with the excitement of holding the fiery steeds, already heated by the race. Who will say it was not fun to enter the lists with such a charming rival? Who could lag behind when such a fair sprite, looking back over her shoulder with a merry twinkle in her eye, shakes her little head in mock defiance, inviting you to join her in a race? In this manner we spent two short hours, when it began to grow dark, and we recollected that we had not yet accomplished all our round of sight-seeing; so we drove at once to the water-works of Chicago, which are a wonder in themselves. We saw three immense engines which are kept working unceasingly to supply the city with water, pumped out of the lake. These engines are situated in a large building, constructed expressly for their accommodation. There is a two-mile tunnel running out under the lake, and through which come the water-pipes. At the outer end there is an enormous "crib," which is, in reality, nothing more than a huge funnel, extending from the surface down into the tunnel, and, being provided with a sort of wire sieve or screen, it lets in the fresh, clean water, but excludes the fish and other impurities. These engines give to the water a sufficient impetus to cause it to flow with a pretty strong stream in the third and even fourth story of every house in the city.

Leaving the Water-Works, we took another airing on Wabash Avenue, after which we repaired to the hotel, where, after some pleasant conversation, we bade our friends fare-

well and turned our thoughts toward leaving, which we did at quarter of ten o'clock that evening.

We had purchased our berth tickets at the office, so that we had nothing to do but get into the cars and go to sleep.

Before relating the incidents of Tuesday, I will jot down my impressions of Chicago. The very first thing we heard on Sunday morning, was a brass band in full blast, marching down the street at the head of a procession of Dutchmen.

Coming home from Turner's Hall on Sunday night, we counted in three or four blocks, on only one side of the street, *sixty-seven* lager beer and whiskey shops, *all open.* I should say that at least a third of all the stores in the city are kept open on the Sabbath. Chicago is certainly the most immoral place that I have any knowledge of, and yet it is one of the most handsome. It occupies a beautiful site, and exhibits a wonderful enterprise. Its citizens are live people. The city has grown one hundred and ninety thousand inhabitants in the last eleven years, which startling fact is not only an indication of its success, but a cause of its vice.

There is in process of construction a tunnel underneath the city, which is to be over three miles in length, and connect with that under the lake ; also, there is building, an immense harbor on the lake ; and to crown all, an enterprise has just been accomplished, viz :—the turning of the waters of the Chicago River back into the canal. The canal alone cost more than fifteen millions of dollars. The reason for turning them was to clear the river of the filth that had collected to such an extent as to breed a pestilence unless removed. They first built the canal, then constructed an immense coffer-dam at the mouth of the river. After all was ready, they suddenly admitted the waters of the lake, which

rushed in with such tremendous force that the current in the Chicago River was turned in its very bed, and has since been flowing in the opposite direction into the canal.

We have seen some magnificent buildings in Chicago, and there is evidently great wealth there. There is every advantage and room for improvement, both in appearance and extent, as there is nothing but a flat expanse of rich prairie around the city for a number of miles.

The only thing in the least objectionable in the climate is the sad fact that the beauty of the young ladies, in most instances, fades away by the time they reach the age of twenty. But enough of Chicago.

The very first thing of importance that happened to us on Tuesday morning, was the breaking of our fast, which we did pretty effectually at a little place called Martinsburg.

The ride on the Chicago and North Western Rail Road was a very interesting one, for the country through which we passed combined, in so pleasing a variety, the grandeur of mountainous, and the rural charms of cultivated, landscape, that we found unceasing pleasure in watching the panoramic view from the car window.

This section of country is, perhaps, the richest in the United States. On the prairies of Illinois, and especially of Iowa, the grass stands to the hight of a foot and a half, and, in some places, even two feet. But it was not until we crossed the boundary of Illinois that we entered the real prairie-land of the West. On either side nothing was visible but a rolling ocean of grass, with, perhaps, here and there a patch of timber, or some low belt of willows that indicated the course of a stream ; and, again, as a background to this picture we beheld long ranges of hills that seemed to stand like

frontier-guards of granite protecting this charming spot from foes of wind or storm; and when we saw the last beams of the setting sun tinging with gold their rock-bound summits, they seemed, *indeed*, as an immense gilt frame encompassing this natural picture, fresh from the hand of the Divine Artist.

Thus the unheeded moments lengthened into hours, and before we were aware that we had so nearly reached our destination for the day, "Council Bluffs," were announced by a loud voice at the car door. Nevertheless we kept our seats, and in a few moments were whirled away again toward the river.

It is a mile from the dèpot to the landing. Upon our arrival, we found the ferry boat in waiting.

It was now almost half past eleven at night and we were, consequently, somewhat tired and sleepy; but we entertained no thought of indulging our feelings, for we were obliged to watch our carpet-bags and pockets too closely. The crowd of men (there being no women on board) told us plainly enough by their appearance to beware of pickpockets. I do not remember ever having seen a more villainous looking company. Men of all descriptions, all occupations (but mostly of the lowest) and all nations, assembled that night on the boat. The majority of them were drunk and all looked like thieves and blacklegs. They were not the most pleasant companions, but we could not choose our associates just then, so had to content ourselves as we were, and keep our eyes open. To add a spice to the situation, we were obliged to wait for the arrival of the Chicago and Rock Island R. R. train which was a little late, and then for the Chicago, Burlington and Quincy R. R. train which did not make its appearance for almost an hour. Everything was dark, dismal and dirty; vile odors from the boat and river-bed, viler con-

versation from the other passengers, of whom stage drivers formed a large proportion, and vilest atmosphere both within and without the densely crowded cabin. Physical darkness reigned outside, and mental,moral and spiritual darkness inside. The stream of foul blasphemy that flowed within the boat, was only equaled in offensiveness by its counterpart, the Missouri river, without. It was scarcely a relief to step from such a suffocating atmosphere into the open air,—for here too, the nostril wasconstantly offended by the fetid miasmas that arose from the mud flats on either side of the river. All was disagreeable. If we touched our faces, they felt cold and clammy, our skin was covered with a greasy dew that in reality was the exhalation of moisture from the water. A fog hung along the banks, or rather mud landings, and men walking upon the shore, but a few yards distant, assumed wierd proportions. We have no pleasant recollections of the Missouri River.

After steaming across, which occupied about a quarter of an hour, we landed at Omaha on a low, mud bank, there being no wharves, and after being jostled about by a crowd of animals commonly called men, and carrying on a little war against them with our boots and elbows as our weapons, we found ourselves really on terra firma. It was not until after having stumbled about in the mud and filth, and having our ears almost cracked by the incessant yelling and whooping of hotel names, that we at last reached the bus, which was to convey us to the Wyoming House. This is a beautiful name, but it merely serves to delude poor travelers like ourselves, who have never been to Omaha, and are not acquainted with the merits of the different hotels. The stage-driver, wherever he may be, for we cannot see him, cracks his whip which sounds more like a dull "thud" than a sharp snap, on the

damp and heavy atmosphere ; and there is a jerk, a jolt, and a straining of axles and we are thumping and tumbling about the inside of the vehicle after the manner of experienced inebriates. It is impossible to hold your carpet-bags between your feet ; they are constantly on somebody's toes, which, of course, causes a little pleasantry between said individual and yourself. You are, innocently, about to attempt a glance through the glass window, when bump ! goes your nose against the pane. While in your well-meant endeavors to allay the painful sensation by a little rubbing, your neighbor accidentally hits your elbow with *his* nose ; then there is more pleasantry. You try to bow your apology when off goes your hat into his very face, and in your excited endeavors to recover it from the floor, the stage gives a sudden lurch and you are sent sprawling into the arms of the man opposite, knocking his hat off and tramping on his toes at the same time. Then there ensues a scene of indescribable confusion which is only brought to an end by our opportune arrival at the top of the hill. At one moment the stage leans over as if it were about to capsize, and at the next, one end sinks and we go whirling down a steep descent which gives one a pleasant "sinking" sensation. I never knew a road of two miles length have so many turns and ruts. Imagine our feelings when we alighted before a little brick building with rough, board floors which bent and rattled under the foot, and a reception room that was more suitable for the reception of the stage horses than passengers.

We registered (?) our names—yes, "*registered.*" I guess this is a good word here ;—it means scribbling them in a big, greasy book, with black finger-marks all over the page. We were now waited upon by a sneaky blackman, who mildly suggested that he possibly might show us our

rooms. Without waiting even long enough to indulge in a hearty laugh at his expense, we assented to this meek suggestion and followed our sable ghost up a winding stairway that looked as if it ought to lead the other way, until we stood in a corridor which struck us at once as being the very place for a ghost story. Trudging along this hall we soon arrived at a mysterious looking door, that had we been alone we would not have ventured to open. We were ushered into a room. I will merely call it a room, in want of a more appropriate name, and not attempt a description, but leave it to your imagination to picture it in exact accordance with its surroundings. I hope your imagination is a vivid one, as otherwise you will not do it justice, or rather the injustice it merited. We slept. On Wednesday morning we breakfasted in the aforesaid human den, with feelings akin to pity for the poor inhabitants of a town of which this was the best hotel. It is a question with me whether it would not be more advisable to erect some twenty or thirty ordinary sized tents instead of putting up such a building, but we cannot have recourse to the original builders, for they, poor creatures, must long since have died (from famine). The tent plan would be desirable, at least for two reasons ; viz : cheapness and ventilation, other things remaining the same.

At nine o'clock we started out on a walk of inspection, but returned soon afterward from the want of something to inspect. We now went across the street to the offices of the Union Pacific Rail Road, to call upon Mr. T. E. Sickels, the superintendent, but as he had not yet arrived, we sauntered about that dried-up little place, resembling rather a lifeless, sun-scorched country village, than a railway center, until we were in a condition anything but comfortable, in a humor anything but amiable, and about ready

to embark anywhere, even though it be to theSahara Desert,—which could'nt be much worse. On again going to the offices, we met Mr. Sickels and enjoyed quite a pleasant chat with him. He was very kind, and gave us some useful information concerning the best course to be pursued after reaching Denver.

CHAPTER II.

Chickasaw Indians. — Line of Cultivation.—A Storm on the Plains. — Effects of the Wind. — Pawnee Indians. — Their Costume.—An Instance of Stoicism.—Platte Valley Bottom. — A Western "Happy Family."—Cheyenne. — Denver. — The First View of the Mountains.—Farming in Colorado. —Entering the Mountains.—Passing the Range.

At 11:30 A. M., we stepped on board the train for the far West, which, as yet, was but a mythical country, but full of interest. As a harbinger of what we might expect, we saw several Chickasaw Indians hanging around the cars, begging, loafing, or stealing, we could'nt decide which. They were a degraded looking set, with just enough clothing to cover them scantily ; their faces tattooed and their hair dangling down about their shoulders, and their eyes full of the—— Without a single exception they wore a savage, hang-dog expression of countenance. I will say, however, that we should not take these Indians as the representatives of the race, for I believe that the red man, in his wild, untutored state, living in the far West, is a much nobler being than these, sometimes drunken, and always treacherous, scamps.

The cars are rapidly whirling away, leaving the beautiful (?) city of Omaha far behind, and every one seems disposed to be sociable and chatty, for it is universally under-

stood that this is the very best way to begin a long journey, for, as everybody comes to it sooner or later, why not at first? The sooner we become acquainted with each other the more pleasant will be the trip.

We met several very nice people in our car, among whom in particular were the following: A young captain in the regular army, who, but four months before, had graduated with high honors at West Point; an elderly lady with her daughter, on her road to California, who, we learned afterward, had a son in the army; a gentleman from Chicago, who was bound upon the same trip that we intended taking; and, lastly, a young married couple with their two little daughters, and beautiful children they were, who formed the nucleus of interest, about which circled all the attention and kind criticism of the passengers.

I will not detain you with a detailed description of all the little incidents of interest that occurred in the car before we reached Fremont, where we took dinner. By this time we were pretty well acquainted, and it was odd to see the passengers of different cars forming parties at table. It was almost always the case that those persons who occupied the same car sat at the same table. We were now pretty far out upon the Plains, but not yet past the cultivated section, for on either hand stretched away corn, wheat and ploughed fields, giving unmistakable evidences of civilization, without the necessity of looking further back from the road toward the farm-houses and cattle-pens that would confirm the impression. It was not until we reached Grand Island, the supper-station, that we might truthfully be said to have passed out from the domain of men, and entered that of undisturbed nature. We were now upon the wild, broad plains. But I must not anticipate.

In the afternoon about four o'clock, we noticed in the north-west, indications of a storm. At first, no attention was paid to it, but it was not long before it became evident to every one that a terrible tempest was brewing; a regular "Storm on the Plains" that we had all heard so much about. I, at least, confess that I was pretty nervous, for, to witness the fearfully vivid flashes of lightning, and listen to the sharp crashes of thunder that followed each other in close succession, was certainly something to inspire, at least, a wholesome dread of the elements.

Soon the lightning seemed scarcely to rest an instant, but actually formed a net-work of intensely bright, forked streaks. All along the sky there was what seemed to be a white or grayish-white, feathery fringe of clouds, which was the surest sign of a tornado. This appeared the more striking on account of the dark blue, almost black, back-ground. It was a fearfully grand sight. I have always read the descriptions of these western storms with a certain feeling of leniency for the exaggeration, that made them so much more readable, but now I am convinced that these accounts were no exaggerations but a simple relation of facts. Before we had run another mile, a stiff breeze sprung up, blowing directly across the train, which we knew was the freshening before the heavy blow.

The thunder was something awful. Peal after peal in quick succession, and flash followed flash with astounding rapidity. We could see the balls of fire fall within a short distance from us. While I was at a window fastening it down securely, I saw a thunder-bolt descend and strike the level ground not more than six hundred yards from the train. It tore the earth for a space of a few feet around the point of impact, throwing a shower of dirt and sand to a considerable

hight. The storm was upon us. In a moment more the hurricane struck us and almost lifted the cars from the track. We could feel them tremble and rise. We had just stopped at a station, and here obtained a good view of the effects of the wind. The trees surrounding the few houses composing the village were literally bent to the ground. The lightning played above and around us. Alongside of our train there was another standing upon a switch. The wind, somehow, got under the corner of one of their tin roofs and ripped it off, wood and all. The rain descended in torrents, coming in through the ventilators of the car, spite of all our endeavors to render them water-tight. Everybody had to bundle up, the gentlemen in shawls and gum coats, and the ladies in hoods and water-proofs, or betake themselves to the end of the car or into the state-rooms. Nothing could keep the water out. It dripped from the ceiling, washed in under the windows, and wet the seats through, causing a good deal of inconvenience to us all.

We could not see more than a few rods on account of the blinding sheets of rain blown about in eddies by the gusts of wind. The plains were already streaked and furrowed by gulleys, and all nature presented a wild scene of confusion. Now and then a strip of board or a branch of a tree came crashing against the side of the car, and the howling of the wind and pelting of the rain, prevented all conversation within. While we were standing by the station house, the lightning struck a telegraph pole a short distance up the track, shattering it to atoms and cutting all the wires. The electricity came hissing and crackling along into the office. I saw a blue light, felt a queer sensation, and saw the men who were standing upon the platform jump as if they had been struck. It was fearful! There was no appreciable time

between the flash and the crash of thunder accompanying it. I have been in severe storms but have never experienced any that equaled this.

After the storm had passed over, we started again feeling somewhat relieved that we had come off so fortunately. Toward sunset, we noticed another tempest gathering almost in the same quarter of the heavens in which the first had begun, but, as there was a strong wind blowing in that direction, we apprehended no immediate danger from it.

The lightning furnished us a source of intense interest until we retired, for it played from the clouds to the ground and back again, incessantly, in vivid streaks, illuminating momentarily the limitless expanse of plains with magnificent effect. In spite of the wind, however, a severe counter-gust swept over us during the night, so that when we awakened on the following morning we found the pillows and bedding soaking wet. It was not as heavy a storm though, as that which we had met with in the afternoon.

We were roused very early on Thursday morning by the colored boy, who acted as a semi-demi conductor.

"Breakfast in one hour!" he cried; so we rose immediately and dressed, but, by way of traveling discomfort, were obliged to wait almost all the given time for a number of ladies and a multitude of children to finish their ablutions at the wash-stand in the end of the car. As we had been told by the agent of the road at one of the previous stations, we now found ourselves in the buffalo and antelope country; so we were in the *qui vive* to catch a sight of some of these far-famed animals. We breakfasted at a little place called Sidney, consisting of five or six houses or rather low, log cabins, and a water-shed. Here we saw quite a number of Pawnee Indians

who had an encampment a short distance from the road and were engaged, principally, in herding cattle, of which, they owned thousands of head. These Indians seemed to be better behaved and were certainly better dressed than those we had met at Omaha, but still might have improved on their toilet. Their costume was as follows. Head shaved of all hair except a long war-plume in the center, necklace of bear-claws, or other bone around the neck, face in most instances tattooed and scarred. A large shawl-like buffalo or deer skin slung carelessly over the shoulders and brought in tight about the waist by means of a leather belt, in which were stuck a brace of pistols, a deer-knife, and, perhaps, a dirk. This garment viz. the one which covers their back and shoulders, hangs in loose folds to the knees, sometimes lower. Lower limbs bare from the tip of the deer skin to the ankle where the moccasin begins. In the center of the deer skin, between the left shoulder and the sternum, rests the tomahawk with the handle projecting downward and supported by the blade. Across the back is strung the rifle, which completes the Indian's costume. At one of these little stations, as we came up, I noticed a tall athletic warrior, standing in graceful repose with his arms folded across his breast and his eyes fixed steadily upon the train. His face betrayed no emotion whether of pleasure or dislike. No one could have divined a single thought by looking at his unmoved, stony countenance. He was not approached by any one, and kept aloof from all. He stood a little to one side, out of the line of bustle, affording us a fine view of his muscular yet lithe figure. In a physical point of view, he could possess no other advantage than what he already had. However, upon his face, was written in seams, for words, vicious ignorance. The savage was portrayed in every lineament, and yet, when I gazed upon him, he somehow struck me as being a noble creature even in his degraded state.

We stopped at the station for at least five minutes, but from the time I first saw him, until the moment I lost sight of him behind the building, as we moved off again, he did not move a muscle, but stood like a statue, as if carved out of marble. I have heard of the great stoicism of the red man, but here was an instance of it that I had not dreamed of.

We passed on, and at a place called Lone Tree, met with the young wife of an officer who was stationed there with some U. S. troops. They had their camp and barracks at but a short distance from the station. She was quite pretty and very much sunburnt; this however only added to the healthy glow of her bright and youthful face. She had tamed and made pets of two beautiful little fawns which followed her about like dogs, and ate from her hand. Of course we caressed and admired them sufficiently to gratify her pride, and were so much pleased with their grace and beauty, that we spent all the time that the train was there, in watching them as they frisked about their mistress in cunning antics. I did wish I could buy one and bring it home with me, for they were such delicate and charming little creatures that, before we left, they had quite captivated me.

For some time we rode through a barren, treeless waste which was in reality the much talked of and praised Platte Valley Bottom. We had crossed the Platte River during the night, but did not lose much in point of beautiful scenery, as we learned afterward that it was nothing but an insignificant stream which flows along a channel, cut from the level plain by the gradual wear of the water.

The ride now began to be more interesting, for not only had we the anticipation of seeing a herd of buffalo and perhaps some antelope, but we passed through large cities of prairie dogs.

These dog-towns consist of little white mounds of sandy soil, heaped up without regard to a criterion of any description, but seeming to have been built to suit the tastes of the different animals.

In each one a hole enters at the top, leading down almost perpendicularly for the distance of about two or three feet. In these diminutive under-ground houses live in company with the prairie dogs, both owls and snakes, in perfect harmony and apparent contentment.

It is rather singular that there should exist such an odd amalgamation among animals of apparently diversified dispositions and habits. We amused ourselves for some time by shooting at them from the platforms and windows of the car, but we were flying along at such speed, that there was hardly time enough for a steady aim; consequently our endeavors proved in every instance unsuccessful. It was real fun though to see the bullet hit the ground but a foot or two from them, and see them disappear with inconceivable rapidity, into their holes. Once during the day we saw antelope grazing in a ravine some distance away, but did not even catch a glimpse of a single buffalo. They appear to be more plenty on the lower route, viz: the Kansas Pacific Rail Road. We were told by the employees upon the train that they had been pretty thoroughly thinned out so far north, and had migrated to the southern plains. However we saw any number of their skulls, horns, and skeletons, lying upon the plain, bleached snow-white by the sun's rays and the effect of weathering.

At last we drew near Cheyenne. We now began to pass under long snow-sheds built over the track to protect it from the slides of snow that would inevitably occur without their intervention, for the country had now become much more hilly, and, in some places, almost mountainous. The sheds

are constructed over those places where the road passes through what is called a "Cut," and are braced by long pine poles, planted firmly in the ground, and joined by short strips of boards.

It was not until after twelve o'clock that we reached Cheyenne, the hottest, smallest, dullest little place imaginable. The only redeeming feature connected with Cheyenne is its dry, pure and healthy atmosphere. However warm the rays of a summer's sun, there is a something about the air which exhilarates and invigorates one. Its elevation corresponding to that of Mt. Washington, in New Hampshire, gives one a feeling of elasticity which makes it a pleasure to live. And not only does the charm and novelty of the surroundings refresh the wearied senses, but the eye is gratified by a scene of contrast and unending variety of broken, mountainous and level landscape. Long ranges of black hills extend along the horizon, bounding the vision both on the north and the south. Here and there, perhaps upon the peak of some taller one than the rest, we noticed a dash of snow which served only to enliven the already charming view. The coloring of the more distant hills, formed, by their interchange of shades and tinges, a most exquisite picture for the artist's eye.

Upon our arrival at Cheyenne, we took a hasty dinner and sauntered about, to observe the more striking features of the town, in order to be the better able to form an opinion of its resources and position. There is nothing attractive immediately about the city; one has only to raise his eyes, however, from the dusty, unpaved streets, to the horizon, to catch a grand glimpse of that snowy range, which is in truth the wealth and pride of North America. Notwithstanding the beauty and impressiveness of this view, we could hardly be

said to have yet reached the true standpoint from which to command their fullest and most inpiring extent, or their richest and deepest coloring. Their sublimity as seen from this place is lost in disance. A correct and overwhelming conception of their altitude is only to be obtained when you stand nearly at their bases.

Cheyenne is not yet the great junction city which it is predicted to become in the near future, yet it is the main support of the Wyoming Territory, almost upon whose borders it is situated. It is a village still, but judging from its prominent and well chosen site, its wealth of pure, fresh water from the mountains, and the enterprise of its inhabitants, who number somewhere near four thousand, it might warrantably be expected that the fulfillment of the afore-mentioned prophesy would be consummated at no distant day. I have spoken at length in its favor, with two objects ; the first, because it merits all I have said, and secondly, for the reason that I desire to erase any erroneous impressions which might have been formed on account of my first statement, which was rather derogatory both to its character and prospects.

Upon our return to the station we found the other train in waiting, and we had just time enough to choose a seat and deposit our light traveling *impedimenta*, when the whistle blew, and we steamed off on our way to Denver.

On the road over, we were again entertained by the prairie dogs, but now our thoughts were almost constantly occupied with Denver and its surroundings. The ride for the next five hours was anything but interesting. In recalling it, there instantly arises a grim spectre of "want." It was not the scenery *taken as a whole* that left such an impression upon our minds, but as viewed intimately, and involuntarily estimated, according to such inspection. The country through which

we passed, was a broken and varied one, and, if covered with verdure and watered by numerous streams, would have presented a picture which, in point of scenery and utility, would have merited the immoderate praise of the many travelers who, returning to the East, vie with each other to commend the richness of the soil, the number and length of the streams, and the agricultural advantages of this western country.

It is a very good thing to travel, but it is a very bad thing, if the people in the east, by this means, are going to be deluded into forming incorrect and injuriously extravagant ideas of a country which they have never seen. This is not the worst feature of these flattered and overdrawn accounts of Colorado ; perhaps, a poor farmer in Pennsylvania, who has been spending years of toil to barely support his family, reads this colored description—of what ? Of a rich farming land where the grain waves beside the deep flowing water-courses and tall trees cast cooling shade over sequestered farm houses, of warm sunshine, and refreshing rain that cause the rich grass to spring into life. All this he reads and *believes*. Acting upon this conviction, he sells his homestead, and migrates westward. He reaches Colorado, and looks around him for the fertility and cultivation that has been pictured to him. What does he see ? Aridity, barrenness and a desert waste.

The few farmers who have ventured their all upon this sandy soil, and who have'nt made enough to buy their passage back to the east, are barely sustaining themselves and families by the very hardest labor. It takes two or three years to raise wheat enough to supply a family of four or five—I mean by this, that for the first two years, nothing whatever is raised, and at the end of the third season, he *may* perhaps harvest a crop. Fruit growing has always been a total failure in Colorado, and the only means of moistening the soil suf-

ficiently to bring forth any herb, except burnt buffalo grass and cactus, is that of *irrigation.* Ten farmers have lately combined their capital and labor to dig a ten-mile ditch for their joint benefit. When we visited Denver, there had no rain fallen for eight weeks, and during the two weeks that we spent among the mountains and on the plains, only two showers fell, and both were in Clear Creek Cañon. How can wheat or corn flourish under such circumstances? But notwithstanding all these disadvantages staring every sane traveler in the face with convincing force, the people of the East read elaborate and high-toned accounts of these same plains and this same inarable sun-scorched soil. There is a *possibility* of its being gradually worked into productiveness, but only by long years of unrepaid labor, and even then we have no justification for expecting more than a meagre return for the immense capital expended. Now in saying what I have, concerning this region, it has been done from a sense of duty to those who may read these pages, however few they may be. I have read so many accounts of the "Far West," and they have all told of such rich and undeveloped agricultural districts, that, having now traveled through this far famed country for myself, and having discovered with what inexcusable misrepresentations I had been deluded, I feel it my duty, since I am describing what I saw, to tell the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth.

Now let us return to Denver. After reaching the depot, we were hustled into a huge bus and jolted unceremoniously away to the hotel, through a pouring rain. The storm had overtaken us but a few miles from the city.

We were shown very pleasant rooms, and after enjoying a good, hot supper, and visiting the Post Office and Telegraph Office, we retired feeling pretty thoroughly fatigued by the day's travel.

It was not until we rose much refreshed on the following morning, that we could fully realize that we were in truth at our destination, over two thousand miles from home.

Some deliberation was necessary to determine how we should best spend the day, but acting upon a happy thought, we went down town and succeeded in procuring a couple of mettled horses, upon which we proposed riding out over the Plains. Having returned to the hotel and changed our attire somewhat to suit the excursion, we patiently awaited the animals. They arrived in good season, so forthwith, we mounted and were off. We rode directly eastward for about two miles, when we reached the crest of the ridge overlooking the city. From this eminence we obtained a grand view of the Rocky Mountains, which were visible for over a hundred miles, stretching along the horizon as an immense jagged and peaked range, lifting their snow-crowned summits into the clouds. It was a beautiful sight, but we did not get its full effect until, while returning, we had it directly before us.

Denver lies upon a gentle slope gradually rising from the South Platte River, which sweeps around its western suburbs, flowing down the Platte Valley, past Greeley, and joining its companion stream, the North Platte, at a place bearing the same name situated upon the line of the Union Pacific Rail Road. From this point it marks, by its course, the center of of the great Platte Valley Bottom which extends for hundreds and hundreds of miles across the vast Plains. Denver is a city of six thousand inhabitants and possesses all the advantages of both a railroad terminus and center, and a convenient dèpot for the products of the Clear Creek mining region, as well as all the other mining districts which it commands through more than half a dozen cañons, all visible from

the city. There is not a street but what is limited in perspective by either a vista with a mountainous or plain background. On the southeast is to be seen Pike's Peak, towering far above the surrounding ones, and looking as though the intervening distance *could* not be more than ten miles; but which is, in reality, over ninety.

Long's Peak just fills the vista of one of the principal business streets, and Lincoln's Peak is barely distinguishable, lying far away to the northwest. There appear to be three pretty distinct ranges. The first, which lies nearest the city, is only about two or three thousand feet above the level of the plain, the second twice the size, and the third, dimly outlined against the sky, is scarcely to be distinguished from great banks of bluish-gray clouds. These three ranges form by their infinite combinations of color and outline, the most pleasing feature of this sublimest of mountain scenery. As you gaze upon them in rapt admiration, you are struck, first of all, by their magnitude; for, if they seem so large at a distance of twenty miles, what would be their appearance when standing at their feet. Still studying their gigantic proportions, you become aware of a soothing, quieting influence which is the result of the perfect blending of colors, the gradual melting of one range into another, without that abruptness which is the special characteristic of so many mountain views. Everything about them is in exquisite harmony with its surroundings. The misty haze hanging over the gorges, and the dark storm-clouds further back among the peaks, casting a shadow on the mountain slope, upon which, but a moment since, the merry sunshine played, illuminating the recesses of the cañons and tinging the bare faces of the rocks with brightness.

Away up toward the summits lie white patches of snow, in sharp contrast with the dark, weather-beaten cliffs. But

to return! We rode out in a straight course for some six or eight miles until we happened upon a cool and shady spot on the banks of the Platte River. Here we hitched our horses and seated ourselves beneath the over-stretching branches of the cotton wood trees that lined the stream, to enjoy a short respite from the fatigue and heat. Soon we were enticed by some small game to quit our retreat, but it was not long, however, before we tired of pursuing birds that were not even approachable; so we returned, and, reseating ourselves, drank in the beauty and novelty of the scene around us. On the east, as far as the eye could reach, stretched away an expanse of level, scorched plain, with nothing to break its monotony but the old emigrant trail, that wound along like an immense white serpent, affording by its perspective a good idea of its extent. On the west the snowy summits of the Rocky Mountains reared themselves in majestic grandeur, seeming to lean against the sky, while the lower ranges jut upward six or seven thousand feet, and are of a dark, velvety, violet hue. They are cloven asunder by the cañons of the streams streaked with dark lines of pines which feather their summit, and are sunny, with steep slopes of pasture. These three chains with their varying but never discordant undulations are as inspiring to the imagination as they are enchanting to the eye. They hint of concealed grandeurs in all the glens and parks among them, and yet hold you back with a doubt whether they are more beautiful near at hand than when beheld at this distance. They extend around the horizon bounding the vision also on the south. On the north are mountains and plain in charming contrast. Truly it is worth all the fatigue of traveling, and the loss of comforts and time to behold such wonderful exhibitions of the power of nature.

We returned to Denver in time for a late dinner, after which we amused ourselves in writing a few letters and "doing the town."

In the evening we spent more than two hours in hunting up Col. Greenwood, but after finding his residence, we were told that he was out that evening at a party given by Governor Hunt, so we returned to our rooms pretty tired and quite ready for a sound sleep.

The first thing in the morning we visited the office of the Denver and Rio Grande Railroad, but as Col. Greenwood was not in, we lounged and yawned over the monotony of our situation until we were informed by black "John," who came to our room, that dinner was ready. This was the most welcome intelligence that we could have received, so we followed him to the dining room, where we passed the pleasantest hour of the whole day.

In the afternoon we employed our time variously, as in consulting over our future plans, looking about the town, making sundry arrangements relating to our projected mountain tour, sitting lazily in our rooms and sleeping, which last occupied most of the time.

The entire evening was spent in packing our trunks and carpet bags, and making up our mountain outfit, for we had decided to leave for Georgetown upon the following morning. We retired early in order to obtain a good rest before beginning our labors.

We were called on Sunday morning in time for the six o'clock stage, and at the appointed hour we were jolting out of Denver toward the mountains. Our course, at first, lay toward the base of Long's Peak, but at the end of an hour deviated toward the north, and entered the range through one of the numerous cañons which open out upon the plain.

It was not until we stopped at a relay house about thirteen miles from Denver that we found ourselves actually in the heart of the chain. The mountains rise on either side almost perpendicularly, forming, at times, apparently insurmountable barriers to the onward progress of the stage, but we always managed to wind around their bases so as to avoid such obstacles.

We took dinner at a few shanties and a big pine building bearing the name of "Pine Valley House;" however, they set a good table, so we, of course enjoyed ourselves correspondingly.

The scenery to be met with in this ride is, beyond all description, sublime and awe inspiring. The senses are benumbed in taking in the wildness, ruggedness and beauty of those Rocky Mountain passes and gorges. At one moment we were just hanging to the mountain side, thousands of feet above the bottom of the cañon, then winding around the brinks of fearful precipices, and anon dragging slowly along by the side of the gurgling waters of Clear Creek, that flows through South Park, and which, traversing the plain far below Denver, forms, for itself, a plateau of rich grazing land before bidding adieu to the grand, old hoary hills forever.

Every few moments, as we rounded a sharp bend in the road, we would catch a glimpse of a scene that would fill the soul of a poet or artist with pure delight. Here were deep gorges and lovely valley-bottoms, winding rivulets and snow-capped peaks, all heaped together in the wildest but most enchanting confusion. The snow was not everywhere white, but often flushed with the most exquisite pinkish tint that only enhanced its beauty. The verdure of the pines which covered the mountain sides to a hight of eleven thousand and eight hundred feet, seemed like a huge garment

of deepest green, festooned in graceful folds along the steep acclivity, as if to hide from sight the ugliness of the bare rocks beneath.

Every mile or so we passed the rude hut of some lone miner, who imagines that he is getting rich, but in reality wasting his labor, and perhaps his capital upon an insignificant lode.

It was a superb day. The wind blew from the snow-fields, tempering the heat of a dazzling sun in a cloudless sky. We were now above the line of arborescence, and began to experience a change in the atmosphere the more striking the greater our ascent.

Here and there, we saw behind and below us the scattered cabins of the miners, that were barely discernable through groups of tall, dark fir trees ; the creek, dammed for a stamp mill, spread out a bright lake in the lap of the valley, and southward the sharp summit of Franklin's Peak rose above all the surrounding mountains.

We had still a good wagon road, with rough bridges across the torrents which came down from every rocky glen. The valley now gradually narrowed, and we entered a defile far grander than anything we had yet seen in the Rocky Mountains. On either side enormous masses of dark red rock towered over our heads to the hight of fifteen hundred feet, so torn and split into colossal towers, walls and buttresses, that every minute presented a new combination of forms. The bed of the glen was filled with huge fragments, tumbled from above. Even here, high up on almost inaccessible points, the prospectors had left their traces, lured by the indications of ore in cliffs above, to which they dare not climb. Our necks ached with gazing at the sharp, sky-piercing peaks, in

the hope of detecting mountain sheep, but none were to be seen. At this elevation there were few trees, and the valley yawned under us like an enormous green basin with a jagged white border.

We at last attained a point from which we commanded a magnificent view of the surrounding range. Looking westward, we could follow the serpentine course of Clear Creek for more than fifteen miles. The main valley seemed to be formed of four or five small ones, radiating down from between the bastions of the main chain.

We had now reached our greatest altitude, and proceeding slowly along the crest of the pass for some distance, the road suddenly sinks and we are once more descending. What a relief from the ever-straining, never-resting ascent. But if the climbing of the steep mountain side at an angle, sometimes of not less than forty-five degrees, is laborious and attended with extreme peril both to man and beast, the ride down from the summit is not less fatiguing and dangerous. The wheels of the large coach were locked almost constantly by the brake, and the horses went sliding and stumbling down among the loose stones and half uncovered roots, threatening us by their fall, with instant death. I like excitement, but this wasn't of the pleasant sort. Fortunately we had no ladies along, or perhaps we might not have lived to tell the story of such a ride. All the way down, or at least until we reached a plateau, only a few hundred feet above the stream, we waited in mute expectation of being toppled over the edges of the gorges, or of being dashed out by the horny and gnarled branches of the pines, past which we rumbled at a terrifying speed. Fortunately the driver understood his business, and piloted us down without any further accident than the loosening of a whipple-tree.

The view had been utterly forgotten in our anxiety concerning our safety

After reaching the base of the mountain we had better roads. They were both more level and not so winding, so that we kept up a pretty fair gait for the next few miles.

CHAPTER III.

Idaho.—Its Springs.—The Georgetown Valley.—Georgetown.—Character of its Inhabitants.—The Ascent of Grey's Peak.—The View from the Summit.—A Storm among the Mountains.—The Descent.

At about two o'clock we arrived at Idaho. This is a pretty little place situated just on the banks of Clear Creek, whose cold, clear stream, fed from the fields of melting snow, foamed and flashed in the sun.

The soda springs here have been already turned to service. Two bath-houses have been built for summer guests, and offer one of the greatest luxuries to be obtained in the mountains. Unfortunately, we had not time for a plunge, as the stage only stopped long enough for a change of horses. One of the springs is hot, the other cold; but so close together, that it would seem inevitable that the waters would mingle beneath the surface of the ground. In addition to these springs, there are quite a number of gold mines situated in the immediate vicinity of the village.

But neither these nor her wealth of mineral waters comprise all the riches of Idaho. Further down the valley somewhere, there is a vein of rough opal eighteen inches thick. We saw some specimens at the hotel. It is undoubtedly opal, though of faint, imperfect fire, as if its quality were faded by long exposure to the weather.

Leaving this "city among the hills," we drove through the gorge into another open stretch of valley.

Westward, directly in front, a peak of the central snowy range towered over all the intermediate hights; while on the left Mount Douglass, throwing its own shadow over a thousand feet of vertical precipice, guarded the entrance into Georgetown Valley.

We drove on over what is called the "second bottom," a low table-land, rising into hills a mile from the stream, and covered with a growth of silvery sage, that, from a distance, gave it the appearance of a meadow, upon which the crystal frost-fibres stand, lifting by their tiny strength the gray carpet of glittering dew.

We had not proceeded a mile, however, before our way was barred by an abrupt mountain, through the center of which, the stream forced its way in a narrow rock-walled slit, —a *cañon*,(funnel) in the strictest sense of the word. The road led us into this cleft, taking the very edge of a precipice, two hundred feet in perpendicular depth, where there was barely room for the wheels to clear the brink. Under us, Clear Creek was a mass of foam; opposite, not a stone's throw across, rose the jagged walls of dark red rock, terminating in fantastic pinnacles. It was an exciting passage, not unmixed with fear, especially when in ascending a short, steep ridge, we had to halt, for the horses to breathe, in the narrowest part of the pass, where portions of the rock under us had crumbled away. A valley succeeded, then a second and loftier range where the dividing cañon disclosed the most singular formation of rock—natural fortresses and towers. Away to the left, rose two or three peaks of dazzling snow, sharply outlined against the hard, dark blue of the sky.

The road now descended by gradual steps to the bottom of the ravine, and wound along, keeping just alongside the creek for a distance of five miles.

All around us the half bare sides of the mountains reared themselves, looking as though at any time they might entirely shut over the narrow gorge leading into their very heart. Notwithstanding the perils and difficulties of this Rocky Mountain ride, we had a good deal of fun in the old coach. There was a young gentleman from St. Louis, who afforded amusement for the party by his laughable stories and odd pantomime.

The time passed very pleasantly after reaching the base of the first range, until we entered Georgetown Valley, where difficulties and obstacles multiplied with disheartening rapidity, and it was more than two hours before we again issued from among the masses of rock and thick forests of pine, within a mile of our destination. On consulting our watches we found that it was growing late. Just then, a break in the woods showed us the evening shadows high on the opposite mountain ; so we urged the driver to quicken our speed so that we might reach Georgetown by night-fall. It was only a short distance further, and we crossed the intervening space of rich meadow land, studded with many colored mountain flowers, in the best humor possible, in prospect of a warm supper and a comfortable bed. Almost unnoticed by any of us, the mists that had been hanging among the ravines, now rolled into clouds and came drifting down the valley, bringing with them a cold, drizzling rain. The air was already damp and chill, and we were obliged to wrap around us our heavy overcoats in order to keep out the penetrating cold.

At seven o'clock we rode into Georgetown, a pretty little place that seems as though it had been dropped into the

Clear Creek Valley, settling itself down between the steep mountain sides and resting there in peaceful security. It forms the terminus of the stage line.

Above the village, some six miles up the cañon, begins that snowy tangle of mountains, just on the south-eastern corner of Middle Park, that forms the only barrier to the unobstructed entrance into the region of parks and glens beyond.

At present, all the hotels are crowded with tourists or transient residents spending the summer, and everything wears on air of life and bustle. If Georgetown were an eastern watering resort, the same idea would be expressed by saying that it was now "the hight of the season."

All along Clear Creek, up through the valley is the mining region. Every now and then, as you proceed, you espy, more or less high up the mountain side, little holes pierced into the solid bed of the rock, and extending some distance in on the same plane with the entrance. These are the mouths of tunnels, which, in some instances, reach a depth of eleven hundred feet.

The inhabitants of all the mountain towns are composed mostly of miners, but, contrary to the representations of my eastern friends, who assured me that they were a half-civilized, blood-thirsty and boorish community, I found nothing but politeness (not what we call "etiquette"), kindness and sociability. There is also to some degree, refinement and culture, but owing to their surroundings the former rather predominates; I mean now *natural* refinement. Of course, the miners have always a rough exterior, but *invariably* you will find a kind generous heart beneath. Their general appearance argues otherwise, but I have found not a few unpolished diamonds among these hardy frontiersmen.

We stopped on our way into the village at the mail-office, then, after plashing along through the deserted streets for some minutes of uninterrupted silence, we drew up before the door of the Barton House. Alighting, we inquired for rooms; but to add to the unpleasantness of our situation, we were politely informed that the house was over-crowded, but that we could be accommodated without inconvenience, with cots spread upon the parlor floor. We had no choice. It was too wet to tramp about the town in search of a room, and as we had our baggage here, we determined to stay with it. The rain was still pouring, and nothing was visible, either up or down the cañon, but dense volumes of vapor filling all the the space between the mountain sides.

It was a dismal night, but we were obliged to brave its inclemency and trudge down about a mile, in gum coats, caps, and high topped boots, to see the livery stable man and engage our animals for the morrow's journey to the summit of Grey's Peak. A man named Campbell was at last found, who promised us the animals, so we returned to the hotel in silence, there being no inducement to begin a lively conversation.

On entering our public sleeping room, we found about a dozen others already in possession. Our bed was pointed out, and, as the clerk disappeared through the half open door, I will close it to all beside.

On the following morning we were called at five o'clock, and by six found the horses in waiting. The storm had cleared away and all was bright and cheerful. The first beams of the morning sun gleamed into the cañon through the rifts in the great masses of vapor that fled before its warmth. Soon, the bright but distant orb peeped over the tops of the mountains and gladdened all by his enlivening rays.

It was not long before we were in the saddle galloping gayly over the wild, mountain roads. It was a glorious morning and we felt the effects of our beautiful and romantic surroundings, which added a new charm to this invigorating ride.

It is fifteen miles from Georgetown to the peak, but almost before we were aware of it, we had reached a little place consisting of a few log cabins and a saw mill that is situated at the foot of the higher range, and at which point we were to leave the valley and begin the winding ascent to the summit, which has an altitude of fourteen thousand, five hundred and twenty feet.

We now found the journey more arduous. It was a hard climb even before we reached the timber line, for these rock-strewn roads are killing to both man and beast.

After we had ridden for some nine miles, we fell in with a party bound upon the same route. There was a lawyer named Scanlin, from St. Louis, who was very entertaining and witty, the surveyor-general of Colorado and his niece, quite a pretty young lady from New Orleans, whom he had invited to spend the summer among the mountains. She was a real southern girl, and surprised us all by her perfect horsemanship and extraordinary bravery in climbing over the rough rocks, and urging her horse forward along the very brinks of the frightful precipices, that every now and then imperiled our ascent.

When we reached the foot of the mountain we were over eleven thousand feet above the sea-level, and were even beyond the extremest limit of vegetation.

We stopped and looked back. At the base of the mountain we could just peep into the head of a meadow, where a jungle of willow-bushes, threaded by a net-work of streams,

lay between us and the valley bottom, and here and there, like an occasional pearl, set in a back-ground of the deepest emerald, glimmered a patch of silvery-gray sages. At other places there were what seemed to be black-holes in the ground, with a white and dotted border, but which were in reality the burnt forest trees standing, gaunt and lifeless after the ravages of the destroyer.

Further up, just at the beginning of the ascent, lay the loveliest meadow park, almost a mile long, opening northward as we entered, directly toward the foot of the great snowy peak. A swift brook sped down it, under bowery thickets and past clumps of trees; the turf was brilliantly green, and spangled with wild flowers; steep mountain slopes bordered it on two sides, and upon the others, it stretched down toward the valley. Nothing could have been more unexpected than the change from aspen woods and silvery hills of sage, to this green, pine-enframed landscape.

Higher still, snow-drifts made their appearance where the shade was deepest, and the few aspens and alders were just putting forth their leaves.

From our great hight we looked down into a narrow, winding glen, between lofty parapets of rock, and beheld mountains in the distance, flecked with dark shadows and vanishing in clouds.

Opposite to us, above the silvery gray of the sage-bush, above the pearly whiteness of the aspen, above the emerald green of the fir, rose huge mountain foundations, where the grassy openings were pale, the forest dark, the glens and gorges filled with shadow, the rocks touched with lines of light—making a checquered effect that suggested cultivation and old settlement. Beyond these were wilder ridges, all forest; then bare masses of rock, streaked with snow, and,

highest of all, the bleak snow-pyramids, piercing the sky. From south to north stretched the sublime wall—the western boundary of the Middle Park ; and where it fell away toward the cañon by which North Clear Creek enters the heart of the chain in its course to the foot of Snake Valley, there was a vision of dim, rosy peaks, a hundred miles distant. Other snowy summits appeared before us, overlooking the head of Blue River Valley ; charming valleys opened among the nearer mountains, and the blue, hazy mist around the heads of the steeper cañons, only added an indistinctness which softened the wild ruggedness of their outlines.

But we could not stop longer even to enjoy such a view, so we urged our now rested animals over the rough fragments of crumbled rocks, and loose, sliding stones, at a speed which was even more fatiguing than the first ascent. All around us lay patches of snow which reflected the dazzling sunlight in a thousand hues.

Although we had felt the gradual change from a denser to a rarer atmosphere as we ascended, we were not quite prepared for the lightness of the air which we now experienced. Every few steps compelled us to stop and regain our breath—we could feel our hearts thumping up against our sides with alarming irregularity, while the poor horses almost gasped for breath under their heavy burdens. It was hard work ; sometimes we fancied that we could get along by walking, much easier, but after about ten feet of floundering and scrambling, we were glad to climb upon our horses again and were not so thoughtful afterward of their welfare. The climbing was fearful. The path lay among the most jagged rocks and the most frightful chasms. Mr. Scanlin declared that he was actually afraid to look down, for nothing but about eight inches of stone lay between him and a terrible

death. The side was so steep, that with but little effort one could cast a small piece of rock clear to the bottom, several thousand feet below. At times, the horses seemed to give out, and would stop, utterly unable to proceed another step without rest. The angle of ascent could not have been less than fifty-five or sixty degrees. About two hundred yards from the top, the path terminated in an irregular mass of rock that blocked all further progress; so we dismounted, and tying the rein around a stone, let it fall, and so secured the animals. Before attempting the remainder of the distance which we had to accomplish on foot, we sat down and partook of the abundant and well assorted lunch which the landlord had kindly put into our saddle-bags.

After satisfying our hunger and feeling greatly refreshed and invigorated both by the rest and eatables, we prepared to ascend. We had hard scrambling and wearisome windings before us; but we trudged on, stopping every three or four steps to rest. At last we rose above the crest. What a view greeted us as we wound up over the last ridge of rock and stood upon the summit! On one side, stretched far away the Pacific Slope, an undulating ocean of snowy mountains; on the other, the Atlantic Slope, with an equal share of peaks and valleys, and beyond, the Plains just visible. With one grand sweep we could overlook the country for *two hundred* miles around. In breadth of effect, in airy depth and expansion, in simple, yet most majestic outline, and in originality, yet exquisite harmony, of color, this landscape is unlike anything we had ever seen.

Northward, we looked down the long, green meadows with their enclosing slopes of forest, to a line of snow-clad peaks in the middle distance, and then to a higher and fainter line, rosily flushed, a hundred and fifty miles away—the north-

ern wall of San Louis Park. Southward, is the valley of the Platte, a deep, gray-green trough, curving out of sight among the lower ranges, while beyond it, the increasing dimness of each line of mountains, told of broad, invisible parks and plains between ; and the farthest peaks, scarcely to be detached from the air, were the merest azure phantoms.

Directly to the west of us, however, rose a knot of tremendous snowy steeps, crowned by a white, unbroken cone; this was Mount Lincoln, believed to be the highest point in Colorado. The estimates vary from fifteen to eighteen thousand feet ; but the most trustworthy measurement, and that which corresponds with its apparent elevation above this peak, is sixteen thousand, six hundred feet. It is the central point from which at least, four snowy ranges radiate ; is one thousand feet above any peak which has yet been measured, and commands a magnificent view of the whole range, both north and south, far surpassing even that from Grey's Peak.

The timber line was far, far below us ; near at hand we were surrounded by a desolation of snow and naked rock. Mount Lincoln, rising in his awful majesty from amid the clouds below us, gathered together the white folds of the separating mountain ranges and set his supreme pyramid over them ; while far to the south east, where the sage-plains of South Park stretch for a hundred miles, all features were lost in a soft, purple mist.

Before us, however, lay the crowning grandeur. The ridge, upon which we stood, slid down like the roof of a house, to the valley of the Upper Arkansas, which we could trace to the very fountain-head of the river, its pine groves and long meandering lines of cotton-wood drawn upon a field of pearly grayish-green.

Starting from Mount Lincoln, the eye follows the central chain in a wide semicircle around the head of the valley, until it faces us on the opposite side, and then keeps on its course southward, on and ever on, slowly fading into air, a hundred miles of eternal snow!

Beyond the great valley, glimmered, as if out of blue air, the rosy snow of other and farther ranges. Westward, seventy miles distant, stood the lonely Sopris Peak, higher than Mont Blanc.

This scene of mountain grandeur, in its singular combinations of subdued coloring and varied form, is unsurpassed. No language is adequate to portray its manifold and ever unexpected beauties: no words capable of conveying a comprehensive impression of its overcoming majesty. It is at once simple, sublime, and boundless. With a very clear atmosphere, the effect might be different; as *we* saw it, the farthest peaks and ranges melted insensibly out of the scope of vision, suggesting almost incredible distances. The snow-line, though broken by ravines, was quite uniform; but the snows were flushed with such an endless variety of colors, that they presented a beauty of the rarest kind. This landscape alone is worth coming across the Plains to behold. To add to the sublimity of the scene, a thunder-storm came up. When first noticed as a long, blue bank of clouds, it hung over the range to the north-west. Soon dense masses of vapor began to pour over the summits of the surrounding peaks, and envelop, as in a misty veil, both hills and valleys. The lightning flashed, and the thunder rolled, the reverberations among a hundred rocky cañons, causing a prolonged rumble, as of distant cannonading. Soon we were in the midst of driving snow and rain. It was very cold, and we were bundled up in blankets, heavy gum-coats and capes, and

thick over-coats, and even *then*, felt the piercing blast that came whistling across the ravine. However, it did not last long, for as there is always one storm which never abates, but keeps ever moving about over the range, it does not rest over any particular spot for a great length of time. As the last volume of mist went drifting away to the eastward, a glorious view broke upon our delighted vision. We could now see for many miles to the westward, but there were mountains and mountains everywhere; an arctic labyrinth, with a dark blue ground. White, red, and blue, in striking contrast, and yet in perfect harmony, with a dash of jet black streaking the dazzling cones with a seam that could only have been grooved by the elements, in ages; *all this* we took in at *one glance*.

Each of us, in turn, climbed up and stood upon the topmost stone of a little pyramid of rocks that crowns the very highest spot, took the American flag, and waving it on high with one hand, and swinging our hats with the other, sang "America," and gave three loud, long cheers for the land of the free and the home of the brave. We never thought so much of our country before; with even a stronger patriotism than usual, we celebrated the fourth of July on this last day of the same month. It was a glorious pinnacle. The highest spot on the range, on the very back-bone of the continent, where, should we pour a half pale of water upon one side, and another on the opposite side, these halves would flow, respectively, into the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans.

On either side we saw the streams flowing away from us. Down the Pacific slope we could trace, for over a hundred miles, the course of Snake River, winding like a silver thread among the bases of the apparently miniature mountains. It

is strange what a diminuefying effect is given by these immense altitudes to objects less high. We could look down toward the south into South Park, also into Middle Park, and just peep over a spur of the main chain into San Louis Park, below us, to the north.

We now saw that another portion of the storm was approaching from the southeast, so we reluctantly began the descent. While occupying such an elevated position, we were very liable to become the objective points for the flashes of lightning, which darted from one cloud to another with a vividness, which far surpassed anything we had witnessed in the valley. It was impossible to remount our horses until a certain point, nearly two thousand feet below us, had been reached. We passed among great white slants of snow that had lodged under the cornice of the mountain, and scrambled over or slid down among the loose and sharp edged rocks that lay right in the zig-zag, headlong path. We kept this up for over two miles, when we reached a small plateau of grassy turf, nearly at the base of the mountain, with trembling knees and dripping faces. The rain now descended in great sheets, flooding the already foaming torrents and wetting us through, even before we had time to dismount and unpack and don our gum suits. We rode on, forming rather a straggly, dejected looking procession; the rain dripping from the corners of our capes and coats into our boot tops, and slowly trickling down inside, wetting us to the skin. In this manner, we plodded along through the deep mud and cold wintry gusts of wind, for more than an hour and a half before we reached Bakersville, at the head of the valley. We stopped here and warmed our stiffened limbs beside the stove, but soon seeing that the rain had ceased, we remounted and turned our jaded horses heads toward Georgetown, twelve

long miles away. It was seven o'clock before we reached our destination. We had not carried on a very lively conversation during our homeward ride, and by this time felt tired, wet, and out of humor.

CHAPTER IV.

The Burleigh Tunnel.—Machine Drilling.—The Composition of the Silver Ore.—The Reduction Process.—Our Mountain Party.--Scenery along the New Trail.--Crossing the Range. —The First Mountain Rabbit.—Lost among the Rocky Mountains.— A Comic Scene— The Head of the Platte.— Another Funny Adventure.—The Ride to Hepborn's Ranch.

We engaged rooms at a different hotel, where we obtained comfortable quarters, and retired early to recruit our exhausted energies. We had intended starting at six o'clock on the next morning, in the stage for Idaho Springs, from whence we were to strike across the country on mule-back for a distance of, perhaps, thirty miles, to the intersection of the trail with the Tarryall road into South Park, and pursue that route to Fair Play, a little village at the head of the Park ; but we were so fatigued by our yesterday's climbing, that it as was as much as we could do to move our sore bodies from one spot to another. So we gave up that plan and determined to remain in Georgetown another day. Having come to this wise decision, we cast about us for some pleasant and profitable way in which to spend our time, and finally concluded that a visit to the gold and silver mines of the "Clear Creek Mining Region" would be both instructive and entertaining.

Having ordered a pair of horses and a buggy, we were soon on our way up the Silver Gulch. The mountain roads

are none of the best, as I before remarked, so it occupied over an hour to ride about three miles. We carried with us a letter of introduction to the proprietors of the Burleigh tunnel, from a gentlemen of position in Georgetown, so that we were particularly fortunate during our visit. One of the firm was absent, but we met Mr. Burleigh, a very pleasant and gentlemanly man. He first exhibited and explained the machinery outside the tunnel. This is the largest mine in the district, and the only one which accomplishes all its drilling by machinery. The engines are worked by means of condensed air. In this way steam and its appurtenances are entirely dispensed with, and apparently without sustaining any loss of power, or in any other way suffering a disadvantage. On the contrary, the cost of the working is less, because the fuel is not needed which would be necessary for a steam engine. It is not nearly so dangerous as the other would be. With the known data, viz: the numerical value of the volumetric increase of common air, at zero degrees and ordinary pressure, and the co-efficient expansion of air, they calculate that an engine of four hundred horse-power will do the work of drilling, at a distance of eleven hundred feet, with regular four-pronged "irons," as they called them, being the drilling chisels. There is a slight correction to be added for the temperature of the tunnel, and the length and diameter of the pipe leading into the lode.

After a thorough and satisfactory examination of the outer works, he proposed sending us in on a hand-car. Candles were procured, and we seated ourselves upon a rough board that crossed the sides of the car.

A miner came and pushed us along the iron track. It was the blackness of Egypt about us from the moment we left the mouth of the tunnel. By holding our candles up, we

could see above us the damp walls glistening in the light. Underneath us at some depth, ran a drain to carry off the water always accompanying the ore in the bed. Near the wall we could trace the course of the india-rubber pipe leading in from the engine outside. Nothing was visible either behind or before us. All was black.

We now experienced a strong odor of powder smoke, which the guide told us was from a blast which had occured about two hours before we entered. It was fortunate that the explosion was over, for the concussion is in most instances so violent that when one takes place at the end of the mine, a distance of eleven hundred feet from the outer air, the stout roof of plank that covers the entrance is torn off, and the men knocked down. Even the miners who remain in the side avenues have their hats and shoe-soles jerked off and their breath taken, instantly, from them.

The farther we proceeded the colder and damper it became. The air seemed to weigh upon us; and it was with difficulty that we could inhale it in sufficient quantities to prevent giddiness. After rumbling along for some time in silence, now and then passing a crevasse, where we saw the miners at work with pick and shovel, and after being subjected to the continual dropping of cold water from the rocky ceiling above us, we at last heard a confused noise, sounding like a distant cataract; but as yet, could see nothing. Soon, however, a tiny, dim ray of light was pointed out to us by our guide, who informed us that it was from a candle held by one of the miners at the end of the tunnel, and where the machine drilling was in operation. It was the terrible noise of the drills as they struck the solid rock that we had perceived for some time past. Having reached the spot, we alighted and stood for some time, watching the immense chisels as they

glided in and out of the iron caps, striking, with tremendous force the granite walls, and revolving with inconceivable velocity, at the moment of impact. All this was accompanied by a deafening roar and clatter, so that it was just as much as we could do to make ourselves audible, even when placing our lips at each other's ears, and yelling at the top of our voices. Consequently the conversation was not very brisk, and almost every communication was made exclusively by signs. It was a curious and interesting pantomime to see the workmen motioning to each other in the most laughable and idiotic manner. Of course they meant something by each gesture, but we novices, could not understand a thing, so we enjoyed ourselves at their expense.

At the side of the cap in which the drilling piston worked, was an aperture to admit of the free escape of the condensed air, after having accomplished its mission. We were directed to place our hands before this opening, but the instant we did so, they were flung back against the rock with great violence. It was impossible to check the rush of air. One could lay hold of it, almost as if it were a stick of wood or a bar of iron. Think of the terrible force with which it was ejected.

Having now seen everything of interest in the mine, we again seated ourselves upon the car, and were wheeled back again toward the outer world. It is a fearful place in which to work. I cannot imagine what induces these miners to spend their lives in such a dungeon as the Burleigh tunnel. At its extremity we were over a thousand feet below the surface of the mountain slope. On our way out, we stopped a moment to obtain some specimens of the ore from a lode that intersected the tunnel almost at right angles.

After reaching the open air we delivered up what remained of our candles, feeling that we "had had enough", of underground traveling. On again conversing with Mr. B., we learned some very interesting facts connected with this mine. This lead yields four or five ounces of pure silver to the ton, being in value about forty five dollars. There is no brittle silver. The ore is composed of the following elements and compounds. Silver, galena, (sulphide of lead), copper, both native, in hexagonal cubes of the trimetric system, and in combination; iron pyrites, a slight trace of manganese, also a small quantity of mica and other calcareous matters, and what is called "gang," a kind of worthless stone. It is a very complex ore, but one from which large quantities of silver are extracted.

The crushing and reduction processes I will describe hereafter.

Bidding Mr. B. good morning, we rode some miles further up the valley to visit the "Terrible" mine. This mine is the richest silver mine in the region, yielding over eight hundred dollars per ton; some of the gold mines, however, yield over one thousand. The Terrible is worked entirely by hand, having both a shaft and a tunnel. The lode is only from one eighth of an inch to an inch in width, that of the Burleigh tunnel being two inches.

We now visited several other silver mines, among which were the Cashier and the Sage, &c., but finding that we had just enough time to reach the hotel before dinner, we decided to abandon our plan of going into the gold mines, and take those we had seen, as the representatives of their class, and return.

In the afternoon we walked down to the reduction works, which are situated but a short distance from the hotel, and

spent an hour and a half very profitably in studying the operations by which the rough, unseemly ore is transformed into the bright, glistening, and costly metal.

First of all they shovel it into a large machine which crushes it very fine, after which, if there is any that has escaped this process, it is taken up into a high, wooden dust-flue, from which it runs into the "pulverizer," through a long, wooden channel, and from whence it is returned as the softest powder. Now, a certain quantity is put into each of several large revolving hogsheads, and quicksilver, which is the proto-chloride of mercury, is poured in also. These substances form an amalgam which is then composed of chloride of silver and sulphide of mercury, and probably a little phosphide of mercury, together with all the comlpex silicates of aluminum, which are the principal ingredients of the soil. After amalgamation, the silver is placed in a retort and heated to a very high temperature. Old horse shoes or other scraps of iron are now introduced to act as general reducing agents, instead of sodium or potassium. The chlorine unites with the iron, forming chloride of iron, and the silver is precipitated in the form of pure metal. The chlorine fumes are conducted out of the building by means of a special draft-chimney. Here is the whole process, and yet, simple as it really is, it occupies considerable time, and many men. The metal is finally cast into small ingots and shipped. Perhaps I have tired you with this detailed account, but I have, as my excuse, the desire of affording the practical profit of knowing just how the precious metals are extracted from the earth and separated from all contaminations. After all, perhaps, it is worth the reading.

In the evening we indulged in a moonlight walk some distance down the cañon, but returning early, went to bed, satisfied with our day's experience.

On Wednesday morning at seven-forty-five, we started, according to former determination, on mule-back, for Fair Play, in South Park. We had procured the mules and a little pack-jack, with a boy to attend to the animals. I must give a place to these two latter personages, the boy and the jack. They formed the funniest team you ever saw. Charley was only twelve years old, and the jack about the same age. Charley was a mighty cute boy, sharp as a steel-trap and full of fun; the jack was just the opposite; dumb, slow and contrary. The only thing in which they resembled each other was in being small. Any other person but Charley would have touched the ground with his heels, but in this case, animal and rider just fitted and suited each other.

In the gayest spirits, we set out on our long ride over the range. It was to occupy two days, for we were going to attempt to cross the mountains by a newly discovered and very difficult trail. Few had gone in this way, so we felt rather elated at our prospects for an adventure. Some miles from the town we fell in with a party of four gentlemen with their guides and pack-mule. Of course we at once formed a party and traveled in company. Indeed, it was quite an object to obtain companions of almost any kind on such a long and rough journey.

The trail led through the wildest, grandest country one can imagine. No one who has never experienced this ride, can possibly form a correct idea of its ruggedness and its glorious mountain scenery. I cannot picture it. Rocks, boulders, tall pines, thickets, roots, mud-holes, trailing vines, open glens, steep ascents, steep descents, winding, rocky paths, jutting promontories, deep gulleys, wide, rushing streams, clear ground, lakes, thick forest, prostrate timber, sloping, green, grassy hill-sides, huge, slippery logs, marshes,

bogs, precipices, gorges, little ravines, rocky glens, tumbling cataracts, quiet, clear rivulets, almost insurmountable hights, stony mountain sides, overhanging, twisted branches, prickly bushes, copses of sage and aspen brush, open woods, green, velvety meadows, and every other feature of the wildest mountain landscape, met us at every turn. At one moment we were galloping swiftly over the turf, crowning a sharp ridge, at the next floundering in a spongy, quicksand bog, that yielded under the hoofs of our animals, sinking them in two or three feet of marshy soil. Now we would move slowly along, step by step picking our way among trailing creepers and over rough stones and fallen tree-trunks, then plunge boldly into a foaming mountain torrent, and ford it with the greatest difficulty. It was almost impossible for the horses and mules to avoid stumbling upon the loose, rolling stones in crossing a fearful "slide", slipping from the smooth surface of a rock in crossing a narrow gorge, or sliding upon the sand on the steep mountain side. Having almost attained the summit of the range, we camped for dinner in a sequestered glen or plateau just on the verge of the timber line.

It was very picturesque to watch the eight or nine horses and mules grazing upon the rich grass of the clearing, each with a lariet dangling from his neck and trailing along the ground, and to see the camp, strewn with the paraphernalia of backwood's life. In the center of a natural rotunda, formed by four large pine trees, burned the camp fire, upon which simmered the coffee pot, while, lounging around, laughing, talking and preparing the meal, was the hungriest, jolliest group of individuals you ever saw.

After spending the noon hour here, in rest, we broke camp and trudged along again, making a still greater ascent until we halted upon the broad, rocky crest of the ridge.

Here and there bunches of brush, or an occasional grove of stunted aspens met the eye, while the grass grew in straggly patches only a few inches in hight. As we were crossing a belt of low willows that hemmed in the trail on either side, there suddenly sprang up a huge mountain rabbit, leaving the thicket and bounding up the steep slope to the right. He stopped somewhere upon the brow of a little knoll about two hundred yards distant. A young fellow named Henry Scott and myself started in pursuit, but spent the next half hour in beating the bushes, all to no purpose; however, while we were gone, two or three other fine fellows were "sprung" by the rest of the party. Unfortunately, none were killed. They are excellent game, as they average four or five times the size of our eastern rabbits. There was not one in our party, not excepting the guides, who did not think this fellow was an antelope when we first caught sight of him.

Having with difficulty descended the steep side of the range for some distance, we suddenly found ourselves completely at a loss as to where we should strike the Platte Valley trail, as there had been none to follow immediately upon leaving the summit. It was in vain that we scrambled first in one direction, then in another; we were lost. Lost on the Rocky Mountains! Matters now began to take a more serious turn, for night was fast throwing her long shadows upon the mountain sides, and the forest about us we knew to be infested by grizzly bears and panthers, not to speak of black bears, wild cats and elk, with all the other regular denizens of the woods. To add spice to the adventure, a storm gathered and burst upon us, even before we had noticed any premonitory indications. Day was rapidly fading into twilight and soon the twilight would vanish into night, and then! what should we do? Stopping many times to hold a council to determine

concerning the best course to be pursued, we spent nearly an hour in reaching the edge of the valley. We started in every direction, but would always come to an impassable bog or a too dense forest, so that in every instance we only made matters worse, for we knew not whether we were ever increasing the distance between us and the much desired trail. At last, almost fagged out, we reached the low valley-bottom, but only to increase our peril. Here we found ourselves in the midst of an apparently endless bog and thicket. Whichever way we turned, whether up through the timber again or toward the Platte river, which we could hear rushing down the center of the ravine over its stony bed, it was all the same; no trail could be discovered.

Once or twice there would arise a joyous shout from some member of the party, who had at last found it, but it always turned out to be a deer "run-away", through which they come down in the evenings from their beds among the mountains to drink at their "licks", which were noticeable every few hundred yards.

We sent out scouts, both on foot and horseback, in all directions, and at length by this means discovered a dangerous, though not wholly impassable deer trail to the river, which we determined we would enter and boldly ford or swim our way down until we reached an open plateau that forms the commencement of the Platte Valley Park, a little quadrangular space which seems to fit in around the three promontories of the mountains, which jut out into the valleys, almost concealing it.

Under other circumstances, it would have been a very ludicrous sight to see us, in a long string, wading and urging our horses down the stream, but in our uncomfortable and perilous position, we found no inclination to be mirthful.

However, once it was impossible not to indulge in a hearty laugh. The contrary, awkward and stubborn pack-jack, took a notion into his thick numb-skull, (however he managed it we dont know) not to enter the ice-cold water. One of us got before and the other behind and pulled and pushed with all our combined strength, but we couldn't even budge him. Then we detailed a corps of four of the stoutest men among us, to go out in the willows, cut as thick sticks as they could find and belabor the brute until he started. The rest of us rode on. After proceeding for some distance we stopped and looked back. Nothing was in sight, but we fancied we could hear some odd noises away down the valley. We waited and waited, but all in vain. No donkey made his appearance, so we thought we would ride back and see what was the matter. On coming around from behind the last willow bush, there we saw the jack, standing steadfast and firm, just as we had left him, but not so were our corps of execution. The poor fellows, wearied and almost exhausted by their exertions, were now taking it by turns, of two each. They were so tired that now only feeble strokes descended on the rump, the *iron* rump! of that invincible donkey. We joined in this one sided melee and had the satisfaction of wasting all our strength to no more purpose than the others. We stopped. I walked around in front of the little beast just out of curiosity, to look in his face. I just rolled with laughter when I saw that mild and idiotic expression of supreme contentment and stupidity that overspread his assinine countenence. He looked as if he was *just* as happy as he ever expected to be, "and his smile it was childlike and bland." There was a vacant, absent mindedness about his manner and position which was irresistably ridiculous. We had found after repeated experiment, that twisting his tail was a preventive of stoppages, but even this expedient now failed. We now held another council, and finally, after

much discussion, decided to build a fire under him and either move him or cook him, but even while we were talking, another idea seemed to dawn suddenly upon his understanding, for he began to turn around in the path and strike back toward the mountain. This movement caused great excitement. We dashed along on horseback and on foot and managed to collect in the path ahead of him in a dense column that seemed to frighten him as he came slowly plodding along, swinging his immense ears in lazy contrariness, for he wheeled about and made directly for the water, dragging his huge pack through the bushes, without regard to scratches or loss of cooking utensils. This was just what we wanted but we dared not urge him for fear he would again stop, so we followed at some distance to await the result of our, thus far, successful maneuver. Upon reaching the stream, he plunged in, as regardless of consequence as he had been while dumbly standing beneath the blows that fell thick and fast.

Everything now went smoothly again and we soon found ourselves once more on terra firma, and it was not many moments before we discovered the lost trail emerging from the edge of the timber.

We joyfully proceeded on our journey, feeling that we had been particularly fortunate in extricating ourselves so easily from the dilemma, because many persons have perished on account of losing the trail among these mountain gorges.

The scenery, although shrouded in deep gloom, now began to grow less rugged. From the mouth of the ravine we rode out into a broad, grassy meadow-park and where the other members of the party bade us adieu, as they had reached their destination, a little pine-bough hut that stood at one edge of the glen-like park. They had come out from Georgetown on a hunting and fishing excursion.

We had now arrived at the "Head of the Platte" as it is called, but Charley Stapler and I had yet eight miles of rough road before us, for we wished to put up for the night at Hepborn's Ranch. After exchanging good wishes with our friends, we galloped on.

In this lonely ride from Cushman's Camp to Hepborn's Ranch, we experienced the very worst portion of the trail that we had yet traversed. It was awful—nothing but fearful gorges, perpendicular ledges and bogs of the worst description. We were obliged to leap fallen tree-trunks, push our way through tangled and matted branches, cross rickety log bridges, and flounder in mud-holes without number. But it was the most amusing thing to see the short-legged jack attempting the crossing of some of the deepest bogs. He would plunge and rear frantically in his helpless endeavors to get out. Sometimes he would sink up to his belly in mud. Charley sat him like the true horseman that he was—all the while punching and digging him in the sides furiously with his old dull spurs, and yelling at him and beating his long ears about by turns. At one place in the road there was an immense fallen tree-trunk that completely blocked the way, so it had to be leaped. Stapler's widely distended carpet-bag had, sometime before, lost its handle, so that now it had to be carried under the arm. This was a very uncomfortable position, but it happened that it had come Charley's turn to take charge of it. He had gotten along well enough so far, but when after having forded a small stream and ridden up a very short but abrupt ascent, we came suddenly upon this huge log lying directly across the path; he was in a dilemma. Deciding that delay was worse than anything else just then, we determined, at least, to make the trial. I, being in advance, easily leaped my horse over; next came Charley.

The jack hesitated a moment and then sprang over with all his pigmy strength, but landed on the middle of the log with a loud grunt as all the wind went out of his body. Here he lay, with two feet on each side—and Charley on top. After stupidly gazing around for some moments, he thought it would be as well to get over, so he plunged and squirmed in his vain endeavors and we were dismounting to assist him when, by a sudden and well executed twist of his little corpus, he jerked his hind legs over and went sprawling on the ground, pitching poor Charley into the mud. The jack went one way, the round satchel another, and Charley another. After rolling over, the jack lay still on his side, too lazy to move—and we had to tug away for sometime at his ears before he deigned to stir. When he did though, raising himself upon his forelegs, his hind quarters still resting on the ground, what was our astonishment upon finding the stirrup clasping his leg almost at the shoulder—he had run his foot through it in some unaccountable way. Here was another task for us; we had to pick him up and lay him on the log before we could extricate his foot from its awkward and inconvenient position. It was too ridiculous to see Charley get up out of the mud, rubbing his knee, and threatening the dumb little beast with instant death by cutting his throat. However, he was not seriously injured and in a few minutes we were again on the way.

At times the trail was barely discernable as a red mark running along over the jagged fragments of detached rocks, and under the knotted and interlaced limbs of the pines, where we could scarcely urge our animals to venture.

It was now quite dark, so that every few hundred yards, it was necessary to dismount and scan the ground, to discover if we were following the real or only an apparent trail. Some-

times we hunted for it in the darkness on hands and knees. All this was very disheartening and sorely fatiguing. In the midst of our dismay, the storm that had been rolling up from the south in dense banks of vapor, overspreading the heavens with a thicker gloom than that of night, now broke over the mountain sides, bringing with it a strong southerly wind and a dripping, drizzling rain. It was only by the sudden glare of the lightning that we could see the dim trail as it wound along.

We rode at break-neck speed for over an hour, up steep banks at a run, and galloping with a desperate recklessness upon the very edges of the precipices, that here and there split the mountain side, and with only the thought of, and determination to, reach Hepborn's Ranch. Had it not been for the sure-footedness, and quick sightedness of the animals, we should have been dashed to pieces before we had ridden a mile.

We urged on our panting animals for dear life, for it is a thing to be dreaded, being left to spend the night in a gulch of the Rocky Mountains, and too, with three mules to take care of.

It began to rain in torrents just as we dashed out from under some thick willows, covering a mountain stream, and forming a tunnel-like hole, but it was our last ascent, for, by the vivid flashes of lightning we caught sight of a low, log cabin, which we joyfully hailed. It was Hepborn's.

CHAPTER V,

The Frontierman's Home.—Once more in the Saddle.—Entering South Park.—The Hill of the Espanola.—Fair Play.—The "Comfortable" Room.—Our Mountain Outfit.—The Ride to Horse Shoe Gulch.—First indications of Master "Bruin."—The First Buck.—A novel Bear Trap.—The Forest on Fire.—A cold, Morning Hunt.—Up the Valley again.—The Camp.

We drew up, before the plank platform answering for the pavement and porch, jerked off the saddles, pounded roughly on the door and entered without further ceremony. Old Mr. Hepborn assisted in stabling the animals, and Mrs. Hepborn, who, by the way, is a splendid cook, bustled about in a hurry to get us up a hot supper, while we sat around the stove and dried our saturated clothing.

When we reflected upon the perils we had that day encountered, how thankful we were that we had reached a haven of safety in such good season. We looked out at the storm that was raging with a fury that threatened destruction, and in our security, did not notice the bare floor and walls about us, nor the chinks between the logs, nor the rough, wooden benches on which we sat. All was comfort and rest to us.

One does not know how to appreciate happy and tranquil surroundings until they have been removed and he has felt their loss. That log cabin in the Rocky Mountain ravine was home to us that stormy night.

After doing full justice to the good "square" meal set before us, we adjourned to the sitting room. Soon Mrs. Hepburn, and the man living with them came into the room and we drew up our rough, home made chairs around the fire and listened to the life and adventures of the old pioneer, who seemed to regain his youthful fire as he recounted to us the many hair breadth escapes, both from Indians and wild animals, that he had made long years ago, when this region was still uninhabited. We sat thus until late into the night, when the little party broke up, each one seeking his own room to enjoy the rest that we had so well earned during the day.

Before closing the chapter on Wednesday's experience, I will add a few words concerning this house between the hills ; this back-woodsman's home on the frontier. Mr. Hepborn's ranche may be taken as the representative of its class. It is nothing but a rough, log cabin, with a wing constructed of the same material, and containing the kitchen, wood-yard, and barn. The main building consists of five rooms, viz : the reception or sitting room, and the dining apartment on the first floor, and three bed-rooms on the second. Then comes the roof, with, perhaps, a very low attic intervening. The front door is just high enough to admit of the entrance of a full sized man, and the interior of the house is entirely bare, there being nothing to fill the openings between the logs, except in the lower room where there are several rail road placards, business cards, and miscellaneous advertisements, pasted up without regard to taste or beauty.

On Thursday morning we were up with the sun, and felt ready for another day's ride, even though it be over trails, as it had been the day before ; but, fortunately, we now could travel along a good wide stage road that leads from Denver to Fair Play. The worst of the journey had been accomplished.

Remounting our animals, after finishing the well-prepared breakfast set before us by Mrs. Hepborn, we bade the old couple farewell and turned our faces toward South Park. For the first few miles the road lay through a rich, rolling country, scattered thickly with patches of pine timber, and little open glens, which glimmered here and there upon the vast mountain sides like green oases in the surrounding wooded waste. The mountains lining this lovely valley seemed to have drawn apart to expose to admiring eyes, the beauty and richness of the country.

After riding for eight miles, hardly noting the lapse of time while drinking in the charm and novelty of our situation, we reached the Kenotia House, where hungry travelers can obtain meals and lodging, and even stabling for their horses; but in this instance we merely refreshed ourselves with a cup of cold water, and rode on. Learning from the landlord that we would enter South Park in a very short time, we hastened forward in eager expectation of the beauty of this long imagined region.

Proceeding at a lively gait for about a mile, we passed one of the most exquisite little lakes that can be imagined. It lies to the left of the wagon road at a distance of two hundred yards, and is lined by a wide margin of tall, rich grass that gives it the appearance of an immense basin with a green rim. Sporting upon its glassy surface, we noticed several wild ducks, but were too far off to obtain a shot with even a half chance of killing.

After another quick stage we reached the foot of a long, and rather steep hill, that, according to Charley's statement, would afford us an excellent view of the lower end of the Park. In toiling up its side with difficulty, we were remind-

ed of the ascent of Grey's Peak, but all our recollections were transformed into actual and inspiring experience, when, on attaining the summit, a grand view opened before our gaze. Here was South Park! Here that fairy-land that had so often been pictured to us in the most inspiring language, and of which we had heard so much since entering Colorado; here was our final destination, to reach which we had endured the burning heat of the plain, and the fatigue and discomfort of long journeys; here was our most eagerly looked for "Mecca." Truly South Park is the garden of the Rocky Mountains. A more enchanting scene can not be met with in the range. It was not awe-inspiring grandeur, and terrifying sublimity, that lay before us; it was perfect tranquility, harmony, and soft blending of color and outline. It was a scene of contrasts between steep, rugged, snow-capped mountains, and green, grassy plains. All bespoke contentment and rest. In the immediate foreground lay the plain, stretching far away to the south-west, and terminated by the main chain of the Rocky Mountains, which seen at such a distance, seemed nothing but a long, blue bank of clouds. The haze that partially enveloped them in its misty veil, hid from view their most prominent features, only disclosing enough to give one an idea of their stupendous proportions and wild grandeur. We could just catch sight of the small white spots upon their sides and near their summits, which we knew, were, in reality, great patches of snow, some of them, perhaps, hundreds of yards in extent. These mountains were seventy miles away. There appeared to be no outlet from this immense plateau, but on descending the hill and plodding along over the level surface of the plain for more than two hours, we discovered that the road led us toward what seemed to be a narrow gulch, opening out of the very heart of the chain.

After entering the Park we had not headed directly across, but had borne off toward the north, and ridden along, keeping about four miles distant from the base of the range.

On approaching the gorge, we found that it was entirely impassable, but that, instead of entering it, the road wound around to the left, crossing a slight eminence and then leading to another portion of the park that we had not yet seen. On the level ground beyond the rise just mentioned, we stopped for dinner at a ranch, kept by a man named Lechner. We stabled our animals and entered the cabin, but had to wait for almost an hour and a half for dinner, during which time we entertained ourselves by perusing a lot of newspapers about a year old, and in dozing around the large stove that formed the principal piece of furniture of the apartment. At last the landlady, holding a dried-up looking little baby in her arms, which we at first mistook for a diminutive, wizen-faced monkey, announced that the meal was upon the table, and we were not slow in reaching the adjoining room where a substantial repast was spread before us.

In the afternoon we jogged along as usual, but now began to feel somewhat fatigued by our two hard day's ride. Other parts or divisions of the park unfolded before us as we advanced, and new sights charmed us at every turn of the road. Everywhere we noticed beautiful glens and ravines extending some distance into the mountain sides, and, here and there upon the green slopes, rustic, natural gardens that seemed to have been fashioned by the hand of man, so regular, and yet so charmingly irregular, was their arrangement. Small evergreens stood in clusters, half concealing serpentine avenues and walks as it were, but which were, in reality, the smoothly worn trails of the deer and antelope as they came down to drink at the mirror-like little lakes that nestled at the foot of

the mountains. Between the trees the grass was intensely green, and as smooth and velvety as if but just mown by an experienced workman. As a back-ground to such lovely spots, the dark timber of the pine forests rose giant-like and gaunt, only, in contrast, enhancing by their ruggedness, the rural serenity and natural beauty of these mountain gardens.

We now ascended an eminence from whose crest we commanded a view on both sides of not less than twenty miles. This is called "The Hill of the Espanola," from the fact that several years ago, a party of visitors, on their way to Fair Play, were brutally murdered on the top of this hill, by a band of savage, half-civilized, highwaymen, of spanish descent, styling themselves the "Espanola."

After crossing this ridge we traversed another stretch of plain, then succeeded a waste of willow bushes, then an open glen, and at last, rounding a narrow strip of copse, we came in sight of Fair Play. Let me describe it before we enter, so that you may know just what to expect, and be in nowise disappointed.

There is only one long street, with the most "batter-down," rickety, log cabins, lining it on either side. About half way down this so-called street, it being nothing but an opening to let wagons between the huts, stand the hotels, there being two; further on, stands the store, there being one; further still does *not* stand the church, there being none.

At one extremity is the livery stable, at the other, the express office, in the interval, the billiard halls and liquor shops.

There is supposed to be a commission store in this delectable town, but it is only a wild supposition, for opposite the hotel called the Clinton House, stands a miserable frame

shanty, bearing across the front a dilapidated looking sign, with "S. F. Valiton, Storage and Commission," in crooked, black letters, painted, probably, a dozen years ago, but which are almost faded or washed out of sight.

All day long, a crowd of lazy, "out-of-work" miners, with, now and then, a hotel keeper or bar-tender, is to be seen loafing about the door of, or sitting upon the rough, wooden benches before, the Clinton or Murdock House. Everything is dull, everybody is dull, so *we* are dull likewise.

Fair Play is situated on the edge of the high bluffs overlooking Four Mile Creek. It occupies an excellent site, but of course, it does not improve its situation. I cannot tell you what a dismal, woe-begone, insipid, out-of-the-way, diminutive, insignificant place Fair Play is. One must come here to fully appreciate its discomforts. But speaking of discomforts reminds me of what we endured on Thursday night.

On entering the village, we rode up to Murdock's and asked for rooms. Of course he said 'yes', for all hotel keepers say 'yes', even though their house is so crowded that you are obliged to sleep on the floor. He was no exception to the rule, but we were too much fatigued to be inquisitive, so we sent our animals to the stable and prepared to follow him to the "comfortable" room that he kept assuring us was in waiting. We stumbled up a narrow, uncarpeted, rickety pair of stairs, all the while, stooping low, for fear that our heads might injure the "elegantly frescoed ceiling" by a collision. We reached the top step, took two and stumped our toes against a shallow sill that marked the entrance, almost precipitating ourselves at full length upon the floor of that '*comfortable*" room. Recovering our equipoise, we slowly and silently took a mental inventory of the apartment. Opposite the door-hole, for there was no door, was a little pigeon

window with dust-incrusted sash and filthy panes, all streaked with the course of rain drops, as they had partially washed off the dirt ; and at the left of the window stood a bed—rough, unpainted bedstead, and clothes that certainly were never washed, and covering all, a plaid quilt upon which you might almost write your name. The pillows, I will leave to your imagination ; however, I will say, out of the kindness of my heart, that I do really suppose that *once* they *were* white. They are now of a delightful mud color, all soiled and mussed and greasy by contact with many a miner's uncombed locks.

We did not lift the topmost coverings. The exterior was enough ! We knew, of a certainty that if we carried our investigations below the quilt, we would have to pay the penalty, and, perhaps, be eaten up alive.

This is the description of only one of the beds that filled the *comfortable* room. There were *five* of them ! Think of it ! And all occupied ! *Now* think of it ! And by dirty unreliable miners. Imagine *that* ! Pleasant, wasn't it ? But we had to submit, for it was too late and we were too tired to seek other lodgings. The floor was covered, or *supposed* to be, by a torn and filthy, old, rag-carpet, that had, perhaps, been there ever since the house was built. The walls and ceiling were papered with periodicals and newspapers of every name and locality. Here and there, a picture, such as is to be found in the Harpers Weekly or Chimney Corner, catches the eye and relieves the sameness of color, produced by such an array of printed matter. Between the feet of two of the many beds in that *comfortable* room, stood a home-made pine table that looked old enough for a home to be made for it, rather than be made for one. On it, reared its lofty and snow-white head, a tallow-dip, that gave out just light enough to distinguish, after having accustomed the eyes to it's

feeble flicker, the farthest bed, which, with it's redheaded occupant, ornamented the recess around a corner. Opening through either of the rooms, were what seemed to be upright trap-doors, which proved afterward to lead into the suburbs of an attic which was crammed full of old shoes, boxes, bags, boards, and all the debris of a hotel.

With the very pleasantest (?) feelings imaginable we prepared for bed—I mean to daintily dispose ourselves upon the outside sheets so as not to disturb the lower inmates. We deposited our bundles and carpet-bags on the cleanest part of the floor, and carefully examined our revolvers to see if they were in a condition to oppose any midnight intruders. We lay awake a long time listening to the yellow curtain flapping and knocking up against the window sash making the most suspicious and alarming sounds. We each grasped our weapons in momentary expectation of seeing a long arm slowly entering the room, or of becoming aware that there were more than five persons in the room. In fact, I cannot say positively that there were not, for any one might have sneaked in and slept on the floor without being discovered. There was no door and we could lie in the room and look down the stairway into the street. In this manner we passed most of the night and when the gray dawn of morning crept in through the chinks between the logs, we arose, and having carefully looked to our 'where-withal' to see that none was missing, we shook hands and congratulated each other, that we had escaped death during the night, for we might have been robbed, murdered, eaten up, or, indeed, any other fate might have befallen us.

As soon as we had breakfasted, upon the following morning, we carried our chattels over to the Clinton House, and obtained a very fair room on the second floor. It was quite

neat, and not in any way repulsive, as the "comfortable" room had been. My friend Stapler, who had been suffering from a severe sore throat during the past few days, now became seriously indisposed. A high fever set in and it employed all my time in taking care of him, so that nothing of any interest occured that was worthy of a place in these pages. We spent the entire day in our room.

On Saturday morning Stapler was so much better that we found it practicable to fulfil our engagement, with a Mr. Mills, and his friend Mr. Reed, to go up through the mountains for a week's hunting. We had made an arrangement by which he was to furnish everything necessary to such an expedition, so, at the appointed hour in the morning, he came with his large uncovered wagon and mules, while Mr. Reed rode a fine roan horse. We packed up our gum suits, carpet bags and blankets, and after depositing them carefully in the wagon we arranged ourselves for a long ride. We drove out of Fair Play toward the north, and taking a sharp turn around the brow of the bluff, descended, and having crossed Four Mile Creek, we traversed the plains toward Horse Shoe Gulch. The ride was a beautiful one, for we wound through many sequestered glens and timber-lined parks, until we arrived at a cool, shady spot, near a little sheet of clear water, where we camped temporarily, for dinner. While Mr. Mills was setting the cooking utensels again in order, we scoured the country about for, perhaps, a mile square, in search of deer, but finding none, gave up the chase for the ride. We were soon seated once more in the wagon, jolting along up the valley. Riding quietly through a clear stretch of plain, we all at once came to a halt, in sight of a splendid buck antelope, which was slowly crossing a side park. Unfortunately we were not near enough to use our rifles, so he was permitted to walk away unharmed.

Every now and then we noticed little mounds of sand or sandy soil, heaped up, which were scattered along, and mostly just at the edge of the forest. There would have been nothing remarkable about their appearance, had they not been hollowed out as it were, from the top, sometimes to a depth of a foot and even two feet. After using all my ingenuity to devise an explanation of their peculiar form to no purpose, I asked Mr. Mills what they really were. "Ant hills that the bears have been at," he replied. Here was the solution of the mystery. The bears had rooted about with their nose in search of the little insects, and had thus destroyed the symmetry of the hill.

It was rather unfortunate that we did not reach Fair Play one day sooner, for there had been quite an excitement in the usually quiet little village. A large grizzly bear had yielded to temptation and contracted the very bad habit of stealing. He was accustomed to come every night, at about the midnight hour, to a butcher-house, which is situated at the northern end of the town, and closely bordering the edge of the dense, pine forest; and it was in vain that the owners of the meat, set traps for him, and gummed leaves, in order to cover his feet and eventually his eyes, so that they might approach him without fear. One black and stormy night, the bear came out of the woods at the usual hour, and, after looking carefully around for some minutes, started for the house. On arriving at the door, he paused again, as if he felt a little apprehension that some danger was threatening him, but soon, having seen nothing to attract his attention, he stepped inside. The moment after he disappeared, three human figures glided simultaneously from behind as many trees, and closed in around the door. Then, at a signal, they rushed forward and drew the sliding planks across the opening, at

the same time, barring and rebarring them, with stout two inch timbers. Master "bruin" wheeled about, and, seeing in what a snare he was caught, made a rush at the door, striking it with his shoulders and head. Finding how useless was this expenditure of strength, he deliberated what to do next; then drew off for some yards, and rising on his hind legs, came on again for another attack, but this time more slowly and cautiously. Reaching the side of the building he began a regular battle with the thick planks. He struck right and left with his fore limbs, sinking his claws deep into the wood, and tearing asunder the solid posts, like ribbons. With his teeth he seized the cross-bars, and rent them in twain as though they were brittle twigs. At last, the door could not withstand these terrible assaults, and began to creak and tremble, then suddenly gave way with a loud crash, and out walked the bear. By the time he reached the open ground in front of the building, there were no men in sight. The only consideration that deterred them from shooting him, was the desire of obtaining such a valuable prize, alive.

Several days passed by, without any more disturbance. However, on the night previous to our arrival in Fair Play, the old grizzly appeared again, at almost the same hour that had marked his former incursions. The men were on the watch though, and saw him enter the butcher-house. In the meantime they had repaired the shattered door, and had substituted *three* inch plank for the *two* inch boards that had answered for the door. This they believed would resist all the attacks which could be made by *any* bear. However, they were mistaken in their conjectures, as we shall presently see. Finding himself shut in again, the bear stood up and came roaring toward the door. He first bit and then clawed the timbers, but only to work himself into a greater fury. He kept

up this one sided fight for over a half hour, when, as might have been expected, by dint of perseverance, he succeeded in wearing down the oaken posts, until, at each stroke of his powerful arm, they would bend and creak. They could not hold out much longer. This alarming fact became evident to those outside, just in time to prevent the bear's escape, and perhaps fatal bloodshed. There being a gentleman from St. Louis present, the honor of killing this huge animal was conferred upon him, as the stranger. Approaching carefully, and raising himself as high as he could, he pushed the barrel of his rifle through the logs, and pulled the trigger. There was a fearful scream, and a continued succession of heavy jars as the bear went tumbling upon the floor. It was some moments before the door was opened, and then with the greatest circumspection, in order to ascertain if the brute had been killed outright.

This terrible beast weighed over *eighteen hundred* pounds, and his meat, after being dressed, weighed about *four* hundred pounds. He was the largest grizzly bear that had been seen about Fair Play for a number of years.

Now, after this lengthy digression, we will return to our ride up the Horse Shoe Gulch.

We passed the whole remaining portion of the day in reaching a spot, only twelve miles from Fair Play, where we went into camp for the night. The scenery between Fair Play and the camp was grand, in its ever changing mountain and level landscape. Lying on all sides of us, as we had advanced, were little clearings, shaped in the most fantastic forms; long belts of forest trees, rendered almost impassable by fallen timber and rushing, foaming mountain streams, that came tumbling down from their snow-fed sources. The glens were very level and were covered with a rich, sweet grass, upon which

the deer and antelope graze during the cool hours of the evening. All was quiet. Even the subdued colorings of the mountain sides gave a restful and mellowing influence, that elevated while it softened the feelings. Beyond the level vallies rose the wintry, snow capped pinnacles, jutting upward into the deep blue of the air. We could not peep over the range that immediately surrounded us, so that we were enclosed, as it were, in great prison walls of pines. But to return.

After unpacking our wagon and littering the ground for some distance around with the camp *impedimenta*, a fire was lighted and we seated ourselves to a real, out-of-doors, western supper. It consisted of beef, tea, bread, or rather a sort of "pome," made then and there, sugar, condensed milk, answering for cream, crackers, ginger-bread, butter and chocolate. This we considered faring very well for mountain life.

After supper we sat around the blazing fire for a long time, watching the flames dart up luridly for an instant and then sink back again into the glowing embers, and lay upon our blankets gazing up at the merrily twinkling stars that looked down upon us so kindly.

Talking pleasantly, we lingered to a late hour, and then, the fire having died down to a heap of smouldering coals, and beginning to feel somewhat chilled by the cold night air, we wrapped ourselves up in our heavy blankets and composed ourselves for the night.

In a very few moments I could hear all of my companions breathing regularly and deeply, which proved that they were already unconscious and were enjoying the rest of "nature's sweet restorer, balmy sleep." But no such good fortune was mine, for I could not lose myself for an instant, even when

using all the childish devices to entice slumber, which I had been taught when very young. The clearing in which our camp was situated was flooded with splendid moonlight, and whenever I opened my eyes on the mysterious mazes of light and gloom in the depths of the forest, I became excited and restless. I rose on my elbow and looked at my watch. The hands indicated that it was past the hour of midnight. I lay down again determined to overcome my untimely and annoying wakefulnesss, but it was in vain that I closed my eyes and forced my limbs into compose; soon I would toss restlessly about again, in each turn unrolling the blanket more and more from around my body, which now began to be numb and chilled. Sometime between one and two o'clock, I was just getting into a refreshing dose when I was startled into acute consciousness by a distant rumbling like that of heavy thunder. I opened my eyes. Everything about the camp, instead of being enshrouded by the deep gloom of night, was illumined as if by the sun, while above the tall pines hung dense black clouds of smoke. At first I could not imagine from whence it came, but all the while I could hear the roaring and crackling of a great conflagration. In perfect consternation, I sprang up and gazed around. To add to the wierdness of this midnight scene, all the trees in our immediate vicinity seemed green and unburned; but that awful sound continued. It was a very perplexing position in which to be placed. I could discover nothing of the cause or source of the flames, owing to the thick pall of smoke that enveloped everything. At last, after walking about the clearings, and taking a few steps under cover of the intensely black forest,(for I dared not venture farther on account of the bears and cougars,) without waking the sound sleepers about me I determined to return to my blankets, since the fire did not seem to threaten that portion of the woods in which we lay.

From my low position upon the ground, I could see, under the line of smoke, bright tongue-like flames shooting upward, and dancing with fiendish delight over the tops of the tallest pines that covered the mountain side across the narrow valley. The mystery was solved. I knew at once that the forest was on fire; but from the fact of its confining itself to the opposite mountain, I no longer felt apprehension for our safety, so shut my eyes, and after directing my thoughts from the conflagration, soon fell asleep.

When I *again* awakened, it was to behold the gray dawn of morning stealing a march upon us through the spaces between the pines. I roused Stapler, who, after sleepily rubbing his eyes, and shaking off the delusion that he was at home in a comfortable room, agreed to join me in an early morning hunt.

It was now about five o'clock. We took our rifles which were leaning against a tree within reach, and started out to find any deer that might be on the move. It is the custom of this shy animal to stir about the woods before it is light, and during sunrise, to pasture and visit their "licks," but they keep in seclusion during the day, lying in their beds at the feet of the largest trees. They are on foot again at night.

We followed the course of the stream up the valley for a mile or more, then struck off into a dense forest the edge of which skirted the banks of a shallow muddy mountain brook that served only to render the intervening ground almost impassable. It was very cold, and it was with difficulty that we could hold our rifles. The frosty barrels were painful to the touch. Our hands were blue from the effect of the freezing atmosphere. We hunted until breakfast time but succeeded only in raising a grouse, having seen no deer. There was one

thing that was greatly against us. The timber was so dry that the cracking occasioned by the breaking of the twigs and little roots under foot, resounded like small explosions, thus frightening away any animals which otherwise might have been approached without difficulty.

We broke camp at seven o'clock and moved farther up the valley with a view of getting as far up the sides of the mountains as possible with the wagon, so that we might have the shorter distance to accomplish when we started out upon daily shooting excursions. We were obliged to halt about an hour afterward, near the timber line, on account of the necessity of obtaining wood and water. A beautiful spot was selected by one of the guides. It was situated upon a gentle slope of the mountain side, which shelved gradually down to the stream that marked the center of the valley bottom. We chose the upper extemity of a sort of natural vista or glen-like opening among the forest trees, for our permanent camping ground. It commanded an extended view, both up and down the ravine. Along the base of the declivity ran a tributary to the South Platte ; beyond the stream stretched away for some distance a flat plateau or valley bottom covered thickly with a rank growth of willow bushes and aspen shrubs. Behind this scene of emerald verdure towered the bleak, white pyramids of snow, shutting in the gorge, as far as the eye could reach. We were just below the natural line of arborescence, so that opposite to us, upon the bare and rocky mountain sides, we could see the drifts of snow glistening brightly in the sunshine. Taking in the whole prospect in one glance, it impressed one with a feeling of man's littleness and God's greatness with more convincing power than any view we had yet beheld.

CHAPTER VI.

Stalking Antelope.—Dinner on the "Divide."—The Horse Shoe Basin.—Sunset from the Divide.—Atmospheric Temperature on the Mountains.—The Ascent of "Silver Heels."—View from the Summit.—Mountain.—Quail Shooting.—Master Bruin at Camp.—Farewell to Camp Life.

Here we were in the very heart of the chain. Nothing but a waste of snow about and above us, while below us curved the snaky course of the valley with its brilliant green setting. Here and there, were the ever present storm-clouds and great masses of mist hanging over some narrower, and deeper gorges, than the rest. At this great elevation, being now almost twelve thousand feet above the level of the sea, as may be imagined, it was quite cold. Indeed it was so much so, that overcoats and gloves found a ready use. After having deposited all our bundles and bags and everything else pertaining to camp life, an antelope hunt was proposed, and quickly assented to by the writer, but declined by Mr. Stapler who preferred his books and blanket by the fireside, to the rough climbing but exhilarating excitement of the chase; so Mr. Mills and myself started up through the woods. We proceeded slowly at first, for we expected to find some deer in the timber, it being now their time for resting. We visited several "arastras" situated upon the route, and found it very interesting to watch the operation of crushing, or rather

roughly assaying, the native ore. We ascended the mountain side under cover of the forest, until we reached the bank of a stream that came roaring and tumbling down with an impetus that proved how elevated was the spring that formed its source. This foaming torrent formed the boundary between the dense growth of pine and fir trees and the herbless waste of bare rocks beyond. It was a very wild but picturesque spot. I would fain have lingered amid such romantic surroundings, but Mr. Mills seemed to think it advisable to reach the regular hunting grounds before the game had become alarmed by any early morning sounds; so, jumping from one stone to another, we finally landed in safety upon the opposite bank. We had, however, but just attained the crest of a ridge that shut out a view of the immediate fore ground, and were slowly picking our way among the trailing vines and creepers that line the water for a distance of a quarter of a mile above our point of crossing, when Mr. Mills suddenly seized my arm and drew me down to a kneeling posture, at the same moment pointing through an opening in some stunted willows just ahead of us. I followed the direction with my eye and caught sight of a fine large buck antelope, loping gracefully but swiftly away toward the mouth of a deep ravine about seven hundred yards distant. As these animals are the most timid ones that exist, we were obliged to employ much caution in approaching them. After deliberating for sometime, and speculating as to their probable movements, we took a wide circuit about the base of another mountain so that we might appear again over the brow of a jaggéd ridge overlooking the basin in which we were confident the rest of the herd were grazing. It occupied full three quarters of an hour of hard climbing and scrambling to attain the desired eminence; but when we had done so, raising our heads inch by inch, and thoroughly scrutinizing all the ground thus uncovered, we at

last perceived about a dozen antelope quietly grazing upon the *opposite* side of the arena. Now it became a matter of doubt whether or not an attempt to surround them would prove successful, but finally we decided in the affirmative and began the strategem.

It was over an hour before we met on the hill above them, and by some accident though very slight, they caught a glimpse of my coat, which was unfortunately dark, and were away. The old buck whistled, and thus gave the alarm to the remainder of the herd, who raised their heads and listened for one instant, and then galloped off. We ran around the summit of the mountain to a precipice that overhung the gorge through which they were heading, and would probably pass; but just as we reached the edge they saw us, and dashed up the steep, rocky ascent, on the opposite side, and halted about eight hundred yards distant, all standing in a close group. Here was a half chance; they were now thoroughly aroused and would probably not give me a better, so, doubtful as it was, I determined to shoot; I drew bead on them and pulled the trigger. As the smoke cleared away I saw the bullet strike the ground about two feet this side of them. They scattered as if by magic, in every direction, and sprang down the other side of the pass out of sight. It was very provoking to come so close and yet not hit, but I consoled myself with the thought that perhaps a better shot would soon offer itself. We maneuvered about for an hour longer without obtaining a single shot, when we came to the conclusion that dinner would be very "apropos;" so we sat down on the bank of a stream flowing into a little, basin-like lake among the hills and ate some hard crackers and maple sugar, and drank from the clear, limpid waters of the brook. I enjoyed that rough, mountain meal, more than many a one to which I have

sat down at well spread tables, with all the comforts and delicacies of civilization and home about me. Notwithstanding, however pleasant this sort of living may be as a change, give me home fare for a regular diet!

Dinner finished, we set out for the top of the range. We had thus far been hunting in what is called Horse Shoe Basin. The main chain, lining the gorge, seems to swerve suddenly inward, the edges meeting, forming the head of the valley. Beside this mountain arrangement, however, there is another feature or characteristic connected with the basin that would of itself give the name to this section. At the upper extremity, looking directly toward the perpendicular face of the mountain that rises up to the hight of three thousand feet, you see, plainly marked, a stratum of galenious rock in the form of a perfect horseshoe. Beginning at the left hand extremity of the base, it sweeps up and around with a regular but sharp curve, reaching the foot of the wall at the right hand limit at about the same distance from the center of symmetrical curvature. It it a very peculiar formation and seems as though it were the mark left by an immense wave, (perhaps of the Deluge) as it rolled along the mountain side, and rose with a steady swell to dash over the highest peaks. But one sees wonders among these grand old temples of granite.

We toiled up the almost insurmountable steeps, stopping every few yards to regain breath for new efforts, until we reached the top of the "divide" as it is called. We were now upon the crest of a huge ridge of rock, almost as elevated as the surrounding mountains, and which ran along the spur, joining two very high peaks. It was comparatively level for a width of about eight yards, and offered us a fine opportunity of stealing upon the game that we felt confident were there. However, we wandered about in search of moun-

tain sheep for some time, without even seeing any animal larger than a cony, until, at last hearing a loud whistle from the top of the "divide", we dropped instantly, in time to see a large buck antelope slowly walking down toward us. We were in high expectation of getting a fair shot, when, by some mischance, he scented us and was off. We did not interrupt or hasten his flight as we well knew that where he went the herd was sure to be. We were not disappointed in this anticipation for upon creeping to the edge of the eminence over which he had disappeared we saw several animals grazing about a half a mile away. It was too long a shot, so we concluded to take a turn around the mountain that constituted one limit of the "divide". While stumbling and half running down among the loose stones and rocks, Mr Mills caught sight of a splendid animal which had not yet seen us. He came bounding along to within seventy five yards of us. He could easily have killed it, but, wishing to give me a good shot, he whistled to me, I, being at the time some distance behind, and not looking in the direction from which the antelope had come. I ran forward, but the very instant I came in sight of him, he dashed directly in under the mountain side and out of sight before I could even stop, much less shoot. We hunted in this manner all day, but after our labor, succeed ed in obtaining only two shots, and those with the utmost difficulty.

I have entered into a detailed and perhaps too long a description of antelope hunting, in order to show just what obstacles and disadvantages it is necessary to overcome, to ensure success. You are obliged to climb a great deal (and rough climbing at that) and calculate the exact position of the game, if stationary, or if moving, the direction which they are likely to pursue, judging from those movements. You

take into consideration the quarter from whence the wind is blowing, and the currents of air between you and the game; also the location of the "intercepts", the course of any gorge into which they may be entering, the color of your clothing, which should be as nearly that of the grayish white rocks as possible; you must be careful of the gleam of your rifle barrel; you must let no ribbon or cravat ends flutter in the wind, step on the grassy tufts, not upon the rocks; walk upon the balls of your feet, not touch the heel; not expose one inch of your person without first examining carefully the ground uncovered; make calculations for distance in the arrangements of your rifle sights, &c. It is very different hunting from that which it is supposed to be by most eastern people. My ideas were completely revolutionized by my first days experience. It is very exciting but very fatiguing sport.

We started for camp at about six o'clock. It was then just sun set upon the summit of the range, but we could look down into the valley below, where the gloom of twilight brooded over the already darkening forests.

What glorious sunsets are seen from such a spot! Would that the brush of some Raphael or Vandyke could preserve to posterity, scenes like these! Would that they could translate those rich, lustrous tints and warmth-giving rays from a crimson sky to their canvas! What a world's treasure they would become! I cannot describe, but only intimate, the beauty of such inimitable views.

Imagine a central spot of golden fire, just peeping through the peaks of some far off snowy range, and casting off into space a radiant halo of a thousand colors that perhaps tinge with their effulgence the edges of the storm clouds that are forever hanging among these wintry-white pyramids.

As the eye wanders along the horizon and down into the ravines, it lingers a moment here and there upon an open patch of velvety grass among the interminable gray and black of the forest, and follows the dashes of mellow sunlight that streak its margin and deepen the lengthening shadows.

The ever changing, ever fading combinations of light and shade that checquer and fleck the forest colorings of the mountain sides, supplies the mind with new subjects for admiration, and the eye for delight. Here is a rocky glen opening out into the valley, and below us, at our very feet, a great basin, walled in by snow-streaked mountains, with two blue lakes, set like gems in its soft green, and a tinted stream lying across it like a ribbon. Side by side, blending in one matchless picture, were summer and winter, day and night, light and shade.

Eighty miles to the South, Pike's Peak, like an old castle, the setting sun tinging with gold its rocky battlements, lies dim and dreamy against the sky, just where the crimson melts into blue.

Ninety miles to the north stands Long's Peak, sublime, rugged and corrugated, its feet wreathed in pine, and its head crested with snow. A dark, irregular wall at the verge of the sensible horizon, sweeps grandly between, and beyond, on either end, merges into the purple obscurity. It reveals every hue, from the dark, rich brown of the nearest hills, to the unsullied white of the snowy range. Away to the west stretches this great chain, and upon the farthest limit of vision, rise the perfect white pyramids of snow, waiting to impale the dying sun.

We stood in silent appreciation of this vast mountain panorama not heeding the moments as they flew.

Last night those farthest peaks were robed in the unearthly light of another world: Now they are arrayed in a fiery glory almost too dazzling to look upon. The eye raises its glance from the now dark valley at our feet; it reaches the summit of a mountain, then another still higher, then piercing the evening clouds, it rests upon a cone of purest white away above the rolling mist; then out into almost boundless azure depths to still loftier crests; peaks that are a part of air. The sun goes down; but the cold night air assails us in vain. Still we stand upon that everlasting hill, in utter silence. How the glories of painter and poet, earthly ambitions, human life itself, dwarf before it! In wonder, humility and thanfulness we remembered the work of the Great Artist.

Slowly turning from a spot forever consecrated to the most enobling memories, we wended our way back to our camp. The lower we descended the darker it became until at last we were obliged to move along with lessened rapidity in order to reconnoitre our path. As we came upon the summit of the "divide," a large, gray fox sprang up and dashed directly into a herd of antelope, which, being thus suddenly alarmed, ran swiftly over the ridge and disappeared before we could prepare for a shot. In the course of the day we had seen over sixty.

We now, having reached the valley bottom, plodded along through the rank grass and over the fallen timber of the forest until we arrived at camp, tired and out of breath.

In the evening we gathered about the camp fire and many were the stories and jokes that went the rounds. We spent a happy, cozy hour, and at ten o'clock wrapped ourselves up in our blankets and soon fell sound asleep.

On the following morning we were stirring before the sun peeped over the eastern mountains. We washed at the clear brook that wound along within fifty yards of the camp, but it was not the refreshing sensation that we had expected, for to apply ice-cold water to face and hands blistered by sunburns, is not the pleasantest sort of ablutions.

The little water that we had left in our tin cups on the night previous, was now all transformed into ice. Our hands were blue and numb with the cold, for as yet, the warm rays of sun had not flooded the clearing where every morning we went to "reanimate" our stiffened bodies.

After breakfast, we made an early start for the hunting grounds, my friend Stapler accompanying us, armed only with a pistol, as he had given us to understand that it was his intention to enjoy the scenery, while *we* did the shooting.

At first, we struck directly west and reaching the timber line, crossed a narrow neck of wooded land that lay at the foot of the mountain, and began the ascent of "Silver-Heels." This occupied four hours and a quarter ; however, at last we seated ourselves in triumph upon the summit of the range, almost to the highest pinnacle.

The last three or four hundred yards of the mountain formed a perfect pyramid, which ran up so sharply that it was impossible to scale it, even when dragging yourself up by main strength of arms, from one jutting stone to another. From this spot we commanded an extended view of the surrounding country, even a finer one than that of the day before. The atmosphere was very rare and of exquisite clearness. On one side of this immense continental ridge, stretched the Arkansas Valley, upon the other, the Platte Valley. We looked down upon Montgomery's Peak, and were on the same

level with Long's Peak that rose like a white dome against the sky, far off to the southward. There was snow every where, around us, beneath us, above us. Mountain tops that while scaling them seemed limitless, now appeared flattened and diminutive. A wide and varied scene lay before us. With the aid of a bright sun and cloudless heavens, we were enabled to see for almost incredible distances. Below us, a labyrinth of interlacing valleys and rock-bound dells; further off, the half clad peaks, standing out in bold relief against the blue of the air; beyond these, in the hazy distance, we could barely trace the jagged and undulating outline of ranges, over a hundred miles away. As we looked down upon the head waters of the Arkansas, just by the great patches of snow that feed its tiny spring, we noticed a beautiful cascade. A body of ragged, snowy foam, with disheveled tresses, rushes over the brink and comes singing down in a slender column, swayed to and fro by the wind, like a long strand of lace. Passing over the edge, the thin sheet of water breaks into a delicate, white net-work; then into myriads of shining beads, and finally into long sparkling threads—an exquisite silken fringe to the great, white curtain above.

Mountain scenery is the same every where, yet totally differing in many, if not all, of its features.

As we stood yesterday upon the summit of the "divide" and watched the setting sun, we saw a true mountain picture: To-day as we stand almost on the apex of Mount Silver Heels, we have before us another panorama of every constituent of grandeur, softness and beauty, spread out with the same lavishness and prodigality of the richness of these sublime monuments of nature's wealth, and yet it is not the same view that we beheld, either in outline, coloring or effect. All suggest difference, originality and distinctness even while

one sees the same snow, the peculiar and characteristic tint of far off haze-fleeced peaks, and the eternal green of the timber, and brown and red of the bare rocks.

There is no language that can grasp by its copiousness nor portray by its expressiveness such scenes as these. They appeal directly to the sentiments, the heart. It is not so much an understanding *of*, as it is a communion *with*, these works of nature that consciously fills and satisfies the mind. But, strikingly beautiful as was this view, we were compelled, by the lateness of the hour, to leave the crest of the range, and descend. We bent our steps toward Horse Shoe Basin, where we had seen so many antelope upon the day before, hoping to meet with an equal share of good fortune. While walking leisurely along, we discovered a large flock of mountain quail among the rocks. At first we did not notice them on account of their plumage being of exactly the same shade of color as the rocks. They are about three times the size of the eastern bird, bearing the same name, and are so wild that they are tame ; if this apparently contradictory statement may be used. I mean that they live among such wild surroundings, seldom if ever intruded upon by any human beings, that they are strangers to such a feeling as fear of man or fire arms, and, supposing a person to be some harmless animal, or not caring in the least for him, they scarcely move away at his approach, but will sit perfectly still until almost captured. We shot six of them in nearly as many minutes and then only stopped because our ammunition began to run low, and we feared being left without any, especially as we had antelope in prospect. Mr. Mills strung them together, and Stapler volunteered to act in the capacity of game carrier for the remainder of the day, to which we gladly assented, being already burdened with our rifles.

On arriving at the mountain top overlooking the basin, we caught a glimpse of some sheep, but were unsuccessful in approaching them, they taking a fright for some unknown cause and dashing up the side of the "divide" out of sight.

Further down we came in sight of a large herd of antelope, and after crawling on our very faces, inch by inch, for a hundred yards, we succeeded in obtaining three pretty fair shots, and in wounding one. We hastily followed them, as we supposed up a narrow gorge, leading to one of the two little lakes of which I have spoken, but on arriving there, no game was in sight. We then started out upon a long chase, leaving Mr. Stapler lying lazily, in a ravine, about a mile back. We returned after sometime, not having been able to discover their whereabouts, so we started back to camp. As we were leaving the basin, we noticed the tracks of a large herd that had, apparently, just passed over the ground in a run. We concluded immediately, that these were the animals we had seen, so hastened on, lifting the trail as we proceeded ; but, as it led us directly past the camp, we desisted there and abandoned the pursuit of game of any description for the remainder of the day, it then being nearly supper time.

On approaching, we found the mules in a state of wild excitement. They snorted, stamped upon the ground with their hoofs, and uneasily moved from one place to another, as if in mortal terror of some, as yet, unseen danger. We did not understand what it all meant until our guide informed us that this was the surest indication of the presence of master "bruin." This intelligence was not calculated to put us entirely at our ease, especially when he took us out in the woods a few steps and pointed out the bear's tracks in the yielding soil, plainly noticeable by the bent and crushed reeds, and fresh and clearly defined foot-marks.

We examined everything about camp carefully, but finding that nothing was missing, were contented. Mr. Mills, who up to this time had been in the best of spirits, now complained of a severe headache and seemed so dejected, that his indisposition cast a gloom over every one's feelings. He was utterly unable to attend to the cooking, or indeed any other little camp duties, so we relieved him as far as we could ; but, in the midst of our bustle, Mr. Reed, who had been out shooting and prospecting all day, came in, and set about preparing the supper. There were no stories nor bear yarns told at the camp-fire *that* night. We all retired early, fatigued with the day's tramp.

On the following morning, Mr. Mills felt so much better, that Stapler and I were warranted in leaving him to take a turn through the woods in search of deer and grouse. We ascended the opposite mountain as far as the timber line, then followed it down the ravine for some distance, without obtaining a shot, except at a cony. By this time we were pretty thoroughly tired of the chase ; and, feeling worn out by such continued exertions, determined to sit down upon a fallen tree trunk and spend the morning in a rather more quiet and less wearisome manner.

Two short hours slipped insensibly away as we sat, chatting and enjoying our wild surroundings, and upon consulting our watches we could scarcely force ourselves to believe that it was dinner time. However, not caring to disturb Mr. Mills' slumber by a too early return, we amused ourselves by practicing with our rifles ; and we accomplished wonders as marksmen. About noon, we crossed the valley, and returned under cover of the forest, to the camp, when we ate some dry crackers and drank some cold water, which was "dinner." In the afternoon, we found entertainment in target shooting, which

was carried on at some distance from camp, in order to be out of hearing of Mr. Mills. We kept at this wanton fusilade until supper time. After the meal had been finished, we did not linger long about the fire, but very soon sought our blankets and refreshing sleep.

On inquiring concerning Mr. Mills' health upon the following morning, we found him so much improved that he was able to attend to the necessary preparations for leaving the mountain and returning to Fair Play. We hastily packed the wagon and started, taking a last, long look at the spot, which perhaps we should never see again, and where we had derived an experience that would remain with, and influence us during the remainder of our lives. It was with positive regret that we bade adieu to the old camp, and instinctively we were reminded of another farewell to the same rough but happy life, that occurred three long years ago; and how much has transpired since then! How many events have occurred in our individual history to improve or mar our characters. Our wagon, however soon jolted, unceremoniously, all thoughts of a sentimental description out of us, and, as we enjoyed the beauty of the scenery through which we were riding, we soon forgot that such a camp had ever existed. We were passing over the road which we had traversed in coming out from Fair Play, so that it afforded us a source of continual interest to recognize the different points of special beauty or singularity as they appeared.

When we came to ascend the range, we found it utterly impossible for the mules to drag the heavily loaded wagon up after them. It was as much as a pedestrian could do to scale this fearfully steep ascent. We were obliged to unpack the wagon and carry each article up the hill upon our backs. It was very warm down in the valley, so we had a rather sorry

time of it, especially as the path rose at an angle of more than forty-five degrees. After having accomplished the climb, we rested for sometime upon the summit and then continued our journey, soon reaching the Platte parks and glens, of which I spoke when describing the "out-trip."

Steep, narrow cañons, unmarked by any trail, abounded on all sides, which, walled in by smooth, precipitous rocks, were impassable for any quadruped less agile than a mountain goat. Along the bottom of the gorge that led us down from the top of the pass, a brook leaped and plashed over the rocks in a sheet of silver. The overlooking hills were thickly studded with shrubs of oak and tall trees of pine, spruce, and fir. Wild cherries and clusters of purple berries, were noticeable upon either side as we wound down among the steep, dangerous gorges. We saw one or two antelopes, one of which we attempted to kill but he saw us too soon and galloped up a side ravine out of range.

CHAPTER VII.

In Fair Play Again.—Three of Colorado's Great Men.—The Baker's Ranch Imposition.—A Characteristic Speech.—Miss Elegance.—The View from the Summit of the Range.—One Link in the Chain of Western Life.—The Ride down Turkey Creek Cañon.—Denver once more.

We arrived in Fair Play at noon, in time for a good dinner at the Clinton House. Old Dave Miller and his busy little wife, seemed right glad to see us again, and at once installed us in a comfortable room, that needs no interrogation point after it. We went as soon as we had finished dinner and engaged our seats in the stage that was to leave for Denver, upon the following morning. We were obliged to decline a very kind invitation to visit the silver mines belonging to the company of which Messrs. Mills and Reed were members,—also one from a Mr. Paul, graduate of Williams College, and at present engaged in herding and mining, and in practicing law.

Notwithstanding the unattractiveness of Fair Play, we have met some very kind and gentlemanly men there, and on their account will ever put a diminuent expression in our severe criticism of its hospitality.

Early on Thursday morning, we bade adieu to all our friends, and rattled off in the roughest, jerkiest old stage coach that can well be imagined. It was hardly worth the

name, but nevertheless, we hailed it with pleasure, as it was the means by which we were to reach civilization once more. We have come to the conclusion that there is nothing, after all, like civilization for real pleasure.

We had for company three lawyers; the chief-justice of the territory, an associate justice, and attorney general, all high sounding titles, but, by no means, attached to correspondingly high toned men, though they *were* rather "high *toned*" in a certain way after all. They had been *fishing*, but looked as if they had been "somewhere else." Their conversation savored of the horrible as they mirthfully recounted some of the most sickening murders and crimes that had been committed in that neighborhood, and of the execution of the law, &c., &c. A wholesale massacre that had occured some months previous, on the road upon which we were then traveling, seemed to afford them infinite satisfaction and relish, for they discussed every particular with a gusto that rather struck us, who were not lawyers, and did not know how to appreciate a right clever manslaughter; but we got along very well together, for they shared their loose lap-blankets with us, and we, in turn, listened most attentively to their *learned* harangues.

Unfortunately, (?) at a little place called Hamilton, we lost our pleasant (?) companions, who there changed coaches for Breckinridge, where, innocently I suppose, there had been a great murder committed, for nothing would have drawn them sooner from their rods and lines, I am convinced. I would'nt venture to say that they went to ferret out the criminal with all their lawyer's tact and sagacity, or to enjoy the realization of their nearness to the real man who had had bravery enough to be 'singular.' I should judge that strength of character, (in a hanging operation,) was their hobby.

After their departure we were the sole occupants of the stage, with a single exception in the person of an old man, who sat out in front with the driver. We passed through the entire length of South Park just as we had come out, and followed the same road until we reached Hepborn's ranch, where we received some additional company by the entrance of a pleasant looking, elderly man with his daughter and her little baby. She was quite young and very pretty, so that this couple formed a most agreeable acquisition to the party. Mr. Davis, the gentleman, was talkative and entertaining ; and in a short time proved so genial, that we had not been riding a mile, before we were chatting away in the most sociable manner.

The road now became more uneven, although it ran along between hills of much less magnitude than those we had met with previously ; however, at about ten miles below Hepborn's, we passed through some fearful gorges and steep-sided ravines, that rivaled even the Clear Creek Cañon.

At Baker's ranch, a man got in who had no business to do so, as the "jerky" was already well filled, there being two upon each of the three narrow seats. But he possessed that characteristic very comonly and appropriately termed "brass," so that without further ado, he mounted the wheels and climbed in beside Stapler, who sat next me on the second seat, the back seat being given to the lady and her escort. He was very officious in addressing the young mother in regard to her baby, wanted to nurse "the little one," and asked her a thousand questions concerning her child, her father, herself, her home, and everything else which any light-headed individual might think of, thoroughly disgusting us all thereby. He proved to be a baptist minister stationed at Denver. Every once in a while such a sentence as "Ah! My dea' "itty"

one, will 'ou not "tum" to my awns?" 'would leave us in perplexing doubt, as to which of the two was the bigger baby. He crowded us both in a most unmerciful manner, and pushed me almost out of the stage, so much so, that I was obliged to sit with my feet outside upon the brake. Every now and then, however, he would turn slowly around, with much difficulty unwedging his huge body, and observe with a meanly sarcastic smile, "I hope, gentlemen, I do not crowd you at all?" or "I trust you are quite comfortable, sir." We always, of course, thanked him quite curtly and returned the wish with interest. He annoyed us excessively by his ill humor and disgusting officiousness throughout the entire afternoon.

At a station called "White's Ranch" we gentlemen were standing in the narrow door way of the half house, half hotel. It had been raining and shining by turns, for sometime past, but now had just cleared off as if it were going to remain so during the rest of the day. We had taken dinner at a little place just the other side of Hepborn's, and were now looking forward to the view that we should obtain from the summit of the range, the base of which we had already reached. We had been discussing the beauties and peculiarities of the ride, when the driver came and informed us that we were to have another passenger. We insisted upon his excluding said individual, as there were in the vehicle more than we could conveniently accommodate; but we argued all to no purpose. He was inexorable. What was our dismay when we were requested, in a steeled hard voice to "please step aside", and let a stiff ungainly somebody pass us. We now went in a body and poured forth our grievances into the unsympathizing ear of the driver. He listened attentively with a merry twinkle in his blue eye, and then quietly replied, "Get in gentlemen, make yourselves comfortable, put your arms around her and

squeeze her like the d—l. This was the most characteristic speech that I had heard since entering the mountain.

The preacher climbed over front, alongside the driver, leaving the new arrival and our two selves as the occupants of the second seat. She was the properest person in all the world, I think. Primness is no name for it. She had a certain, indescribable manner of her own, to perform even the slightest movements. Her whole air was preciseness itself. Her influence, method and her appearance a mixture of everything rigid and frigid. When, I, with difficulty repressing a smile, innocently suggested that a seat *between* Stapler and myself might be preferable, she drew up to her full hight and answered through closed teeth, while casting her eyes askant on the ground and almost biting her lip, "No ! I thank you Sir, I desire to be seated upon the extremity"; and she was seated upon the extremity with a vengence. Verily, we performed her desire to the letter, for she was shoved as far out as she could conveniently hang on, though not with malice prepense but from the force of circumstances.

Stapler was sitting with both his feet out of the stage, and I, turned side-wise, clinging with all my strength to his body for fear of tumbling into Miss Elegance's rigid arms, which I am inclined to think would have taken some of the stiffness out of them. Yet, withal, she was not bad looking. She proved to be a "school marm", which fact, explained her intensely correct grammer and pronunciation—even of a sigh. I went so far as to notice that she breathed just twenty times in every minute, by the watch. I guess this last feat must have required long training and diligent practice. Mr. Davis, the father of the young lady, was, I forgot to say, very corpulent, and when he politely proposed changing with Miss Elegance, and allowing her to occupy a place beside his daught-

er, we fairly trembled for the consequences. He rose with a genial smile, and bowing to her as well as the rolling of the "jerky" would permit, offered her his seat. It was fairly suffocating to see her as she attempted to bow gracefully, at the same time being almost pitched into the old gentleman's arms by a sudden plunge of the wagon, then to hear her incoherent but fearfully correct answer. "I should esteem it both a pleasure and a privilege to occupy a seat by the lady, but would exceedingly regret having caused you such great inconvenience by too hastily accepting an offer, made under such disadvantageous circumstances." There was a scarcely audible "whew!" went around the coach as she concluded; but I guess she did not notice it, for she remained as the "Danseuse" in Hans Anderson's Tinsoldier, "steadfast and upright". We almost choked in our endeavors to suppress the laughter caused by this speech; but the fun was yet to come. She, at last, with great "hauteur" and "empressement" accepted his offer (may she never have another!) and tried to pass, without touching even a hem of his garments, in a space which he already well filled. This was too amusing for any one to repress his risibles. The old man's face lit up with a jovial smile as he held out his hand to support her, but she was all ice, refusing his proffered kindness and "squelching" him with a look as if he had been a refractory school-boy. Thinking that she could step over the loose carpet bags and debris, littering the floor of the 'jerkey'; and imagining that she could maintain her awful self possession amid the jolts and tumblings of the rickety old box, she attempted the crossing, but no sooner had she risen, than a quick lurch of the coach, sent her this time, straight into the old gentleman's arms. With almost inconceivable rapidity, extricating herself from this dilemma, she only had time to turn into stone (granite at that) again, when she went plunging over toward the back

seat, but missing it, would have gone out, had I not quickly interposed an arm. Her motions now became surprisingly rapid. No one could hold her. She went tumbling and dancing about like a rubber-doll, not a bit stiff. At the moment when the excitement was at its highest pitch, there was suddenly an awful pause and we all looked round to see whether she had fallen overboard or was under the seat; for we had stationed ourselves at each of the openings between the standards, in order to head her off if she attempted an escape through them. To our surprise we saw her sitting beside the lady with the same imperturbable expression and the same rigidity of position. I dont like to be rash, but I would be willing to state my belief that that woman or iron bar whichever she may be, might start at the top and go rolling down Mount Vesuvius, clear to the bottom and then rise up with a sublime composure, and go to teaching a school-boy to calculate the velocity of her descent. At one of the stations when we changed the horses or rather mules, she absolutely did lean, yes, *lean* just a trifle toward Mr. Davis and said to him in a voice, mathematically modulated, "I am constrained Sir, to insist upon your again occupying this seat, and with many thanks for your protracted kindness." It was very *unkind* in us to laugh, but there was not one in the party who could command self possession sufficient to help it. Nothing touched her feelings, though, if we might judge by her expression of imbecile calmness. An hour or two passed by in social good humor after the confusion of seat changing, and we were all in high spirits, except Miss Elegance, who was certainly some relation to Lot's wife, if there is any virtue in inheritance.

We were now almost to the end of the long and arduous ascent of the range, and were on the *qui vive* to behold the

view that we were confident would greet us upon the crest. The mules were taxed about as heavily as their strength would bear, and yet we only dragged slowly up the winding and rock-obstructed road. At last we stopped upon the highest spot. We were fortunate in having a clear day, which gave us the view in its full sublimity. Eastward, for eighty miles, our eyes wandered over dim, dreamy prairies, spotted by dark shadows of the clouds and the deeper green of the pineries, intersected by faint, gray lines of road, and emerald threads of timber along the streams, and banded on the far horizon with a broad, fading girdle of gold. Looking back to the west, we gazed upon South Park, and other amphitheaters of rich floral and grassy beauty—gardens amid the utter desolation of the mountains—that were spread thousands of feet below us; and beyond, peak upon peak, until the pure white wall of the snowy range rose to the infinite blue of the sky. Eight or ten miles away, still to the westward, two little gems of lakes were set among the rugged mountains, holding the shadows of the rocks and pines in their transparent waters. Far beyond, a group of tiny lakelets, eyes of the landscape, glittered and sparkled in their dark surroundings like a cluster of stars. Toward the northeast, we could trace the timbers of the Platte, for thirty miles, almost to Denver. North, south, and west swept one vast wilderness of mountains of diverse forms and mingling colors, with clouds of fleecy white, sailing airily among their scarred and wrinkled summits.

After enjoying this grand picture for almost a quarter of an hour, we descended by the rough route over hillsides crossed and recrossed by tracks of the grizzly bear, and through cañons surprising us constantly with a new wealth of beauty, which, however, we were hardly in a proper condition to appreciate, owing to the cramped and uncomfortable position in which we had been sitting for so long. We now be-

gan to experience, not the gnawings of hunger, but that irresistible faintness which the Irishman so exactly described as "a sense of goneness." Endeavors to talk and think of other matters were fruitless ; the odorous ghosts of well remembered dinners *would* stalk unbidden through the halls of memory ; and in vain we sought to entertain ourselves and each other with remarks and deft criticisms upon our circumstances and experiences. We all had one overwhelming, all absorbing experience just then, that of "want," so that all conversation proved worse than a failure.

The dusk of a mountain twilight had settled down among the ravines, and the darkness of a moonless night was already brooding over us ; but we were now approaching a small tavern ranch, where we were to get supper. Soon we drew up before the door and alighted. Several rough-looking backwoodsmen were lounging around the bar, or sitting upon the angled stretch of hard wooden benches that lined the rickety old porch. They had just returned from their day's work, and were awaiting any news that might be learned of the driver concerning matters over the range.

It was a full half hour before, having finished the meal and having satisfied the "goneness," we emerged again to enjoy the scene about us. We noticed two immense ox-wagons coming along ; the first drove through the narrow opening between the stage and the corner of the porch, but the second teamster being either negligent or careless of his duty, whipped up his oxen and came rumbling along regardless of consequences. The front wheel of the wagon ran inside the corner post, carrying it completely away and letting in the porch roof. But the oxen went on, dragging everything with them, the wheel struck the second post, tearing it almost out, and down came the roof about our ears. It was

with the utmost difficulty, and only after hitching his team to the opposite end of the wagon, that the driver could extricate his vehicle from among the dèbris. I merely mention this little episode in view of its being one link in my chain of western life.

In a few moments we were jolting away again with fresh mules, whose spirit gave consoling evidence of a quick stage ; and, in accordance with our expectations, we found ourselves in less than two hours, entering Turkey Creek Cañon. This is the most beautiful, dangerous, and precipitious of all the cañons in the range. Almost perpendicular walls of solid rock rise from either side of a narrow, but foaming mountain torrent that flows along its stony bed, audible for many miles by its roar. We struck a pretty fair wagon trail leading down to the left of the stream and crossing it at some distance from the entrance, before it had become of sufficient size to be perilous. It was a frightful road, winding at times along the dizzy brinks of precipices over a thousand feet in vertical hight, anon, curving along the bare mountain side, a mere notch in its irregular contour. Down the narrow, winding shelf-roads our mules went leaping at a sharp gallop. It was a thrilling ride ; for, at many points, a divergence of six inches from the track would send the coach rolling from five hundred to a thousand feet down the mountain, into the foaming stream-bed of the yawning cañon. Here is the ideal of staging. For weeks afterward one's blood bounds at the thought of its whirl and rush.

A narrow, unsafe coach with four mules galloping down the Rocky Mountains, along a winding, narrow, dizzy road at nine or ten miles an hour ! Think of it ! The staging among the White Mountains or Catskills is not comparable with this ride down Turkey Creek Cañon. Here and there the road

was half spanned by a long freight-wagon, drawn by eight or ten oxen and driven by a regular "story book" mountaineer. Very remarkable was the skill and coolness of our driver, as we rolled on our winding way. With perfect confidence and nicest calculation he whirled us around sharp corners and through the gap between a wagon and the precipice, barely wide enough for our wheels, which shook from them a cloud of dust as they swung around. With him, driving had long ago ceased to be an experimental accomplishment and became one of the exact sciences.

While crossing a very risky piece of road, where the rocky wall rose vertically upon one side of the coach, and descended vertically upon the other for a thousand feet, one of the party intimated his terror by sundry expletives and expressive interjections, when Miss Elegance, who every once in a long while would deign a remark, ventured to reply: "As we are taught to read that the fowls of the air lodge in the branches of the mustard trees, so we might warrantably conclude that we would lodge upon the branches of yonder pines," (pointing downward.) We all thought this very apropos, indeed so much so that for an instant there was a general silence, then some one faintly murmured, "yes."

It was exceedingly unfortunate that we were obliged to pass the most interesting portion of the road by night, especially where there is such a collection of strangely shaped rocks, as to give a name to a section of country thirty miles in extent. We looked out at them as we passed, but I will have to employ the words of another, in describing this curious phenomenon as seen by day light.

"What appeared to be the ruins of giant cities, arose behind the walls of rock, casting their shadows across the green. Rude natural towers, obelisks, and pyramids; meno-

liths two hundred feet in hight, of a rich, red color, were gathered in strange labyrinthine groups, suggesting arrangement or design. Beyond the Platte, there was a collection of several hundred of these."

We saw some single rocks over a hundred and twenty-five feet square, and higher by ten feet than Grace Church spire. In other localities were other specimens of less magnitude, but combining all the variety of delicate coloring and fantastic outline. They seemed to have been worn away by time, and to have assumed these peculiar shapes solely by the action of wind and water. These huge masses of red sandstone, standing like time-worn reminders of vanished pomp and splendor, constitute the chief attraction and characteristic feature of Colorado.

Skirting the base of the mountains, and lying within the limits of the plain, at a distance varying from one to three hundred yards, are what are called "hogbacks." These are nothing more than sharp ridges of rock, that seem to have been cast up by the "setting back" of the mountains after their great upheaval. This appears to be the popular belief among the citizens of Denver, and the neighboring cities. We were, by this time, beginning to feel utterly fagged out by our close and uncomfortable confinement, and tedious ride, so that we hailed the last row of foot-hills with delight, as from their summits we could catch sight of the lights in Denver. On looking at our watches we found that it only lacked twelve minutes of being two o'clock, and owing to the deception of the plains, it proved to be another hour before we reached the bridge leading into Laramie Street.

CHAPTER VIII.

The Real Plains of the West.—The First Buffaloes.—The Plains on Fire.—A Buffalo on the Track.—Kansas City. The Ride from Cave City to Mammoth Cave.—Mammoth Cave and its Surroundings.—Temperature of its Atmosphere.

Arriving at Sargent's we found that every room was occupied, and that even the parlor floor was covered with cots; so we repaired to the Broadwell House and succeeded in obtaining comfortable quarters.

We threw our wearied bodies upon the beds, resting in refreshing repose. Every jarred bone and bruised muscle claimed its own particular sensation of relief. We lay awake for a long time in delicious rest, unable to sleep from the luxury of knowing what a perfect sleep awaited us. I doubt if unconsciousness is better than such wide awake *fullness* of rest. It was growing gray around the eastern horizon, when we at last closed our weary eyes.

We did not put in an appearance the next morning, until it was almost too late to be called morning; in fact we descended from our room to the dining hall. This pleasant duty over, we strolled down Laramie Street, to the Post Office, then purchased our tickets to Louisville, Ky., and engaged our berths in a sleeping car. After this, we walked

down F. Street, and delivered a package that had been intrusted to our care.

Now we were through all business, so for the remainder of the day, we employed the time to our own enjoyment. Directly after tea, I went over to the Sargent House, to see Col. Greenwood, while Stapler attended to our packing. While conversing with the Colonel and Mr. Sargent, I was presented to two gentlemen from England. They were in a certain way connected, or identified with the interests of the Denver and Rio Grande Rail Road, so that a pleasant and instructive theme of conversation was immediately offered.

We left Denver at nine o'clock the same evening, for Kansas City, via Kansas Pacific Rail Road.

While getting one of our trunks checked, I stepped back to allow some one to pass, and fell through, between the platform and the train, a distance of about ten feet, over a "turn table," spraining and bruising both arms, and otherwise rendering me "*hors de combat.*" Stapler very kindly assisted me to my berth, where, after resting for some time, I felt somewhat relieved from the excessive pain. Colonel Greenwood was down to the dèpot to see us off, and we enjoyed a few minutes very pleasant conversation, before the train moved.

We shall ever owe a debt of gratitude to this kind and generous friend for his unselfish efforts to make ours, a pleasant stay while in Denver, and shall always remember him with the warmest sentiments and most grateful appreciation for his hospitality. We were obliged to decline two very kind and pressing invitations, one from himself, to visit the new narrow-gauge road, and the other from his nephew, to join him in a party of pleasure excursionists up the Turkey Creek Cañon.

We opened our eyes on the following morning, to look

out upon a limitless and perfectly level expanse of dried up, parched plain. These were the *real* Plains. We had had no such view while crossing upon the Union Pacific Rail Road. Here was a treeless, herbless waste of which, previously, we had formed no conception.

Whatever the eastern people may say or write of the "natural farms and agricultural districts" of the Great West, it is certain that their flowery descriptions and immoderate eulogies of its farming facilities and graining advantages, cannot and does not increase such capacity. In whichever way we have traveled, since leaving an imaginary line running north and south, two hundred miles west of the Missouri River, at Omaha or Kansas City, there has not been enough rich soil to grow the annual crop of potatoes on a Pennsylvania farm. At Greeley, which is the pivot, about which revolve the speculative opinions of a large mass of eastern men, we saw an *attempt* at cultivation. It was accomplished by the most roundabout means, viz: *irrigation*. Among the citizens of Denver it is, of course, viewed with interest, as would any other new enterprise, if started in their immediate vicinity. This in no wise argues success. I was told by two of the wealthiest miners in Colorado—and both sensible, intelligent men—that it was their honest conviction, founded upon personal investigation and observation, that Horace Greeley has done more to injure Colorado than any other one man. Hundreds and thousands of poor, deluded emigrants, hearing of this imaginary, rich farming land, come out here, bringing with them their families, their money (however little they may possess) and their all. The first suffer hunger and privation, not to speak of hardships without number; the second is lost in spending it for the worthless soil and still more useless travel, and the third is soon, instead of being their "all," their

"nothing". About two hundred of these emigrants came out on the same train, in which we first crossed the Plains. I took the trouble to go forward and sit awhile in one of their cars and learn of their thoughts and expectations. They were a miserable looking set, and it was with difficulty that I could remain among them, owing to the vile, overpowering, all-pervading odor that exuded from them. I found them gay, happy and even boisterous at times, and they appeared perfectly at ease in the prospect of settling upon their western farms, with their grassy meadows and rich, dark soil, and which, they said, they had *purchased before coming out.*

At last, we arrived at the long-looked-for station, consisting of a few log cabins, squatted upon the hot and bare plain, with no sign of a tree or even shrub. The earth was cracked open by the intense heat, and the dry, burnt grass grew in stunted bunches over a scene of such scorched aridness. The arrival at their destination seemed to take them somewhat by surprise, and it was with looks, amounting almost to incredulity, that they prepared to leave the train. As we steamed away, I looked back and there saw a crowd of wretched human beings, huddled together on the little platform, with dejected countenances and inquiring eyes, as if they knew not what to do next. They were altogether the most crest-fallen looking company I ever beheld. I did pity them from my heart, for the great mistake of a lifetime was just dawning upon their benighted minds. They now saw how utterly mistaken had been their conceptions, and how hopelessly frustrated were all their plans, and how cruelly they had been deceived in regard to this "farming land of the west." One look at such a desert is sufficient to convince any honest man that it is absolutely unfit for even the most limited purpose of agriculture.

We stopped at a place called Wallace's for breakfast and here, for the first time, noticed the superiority of the stations on this road over those upon the Union Pacific. Every thing was neat and clean, and there were frame houses with painted porches; and even the waiters had a more civilized style about them, donning a little flourish of the east. The scenery was of course, just the same as that of the first mile out of Denver—nothing visible except a dreary waste of level plain.

About noon we entered the buffalo country and we were all in high spirits, with a prospect of catching a sight of them. We had not long to wait, for off to one side of the track, a herd of these animals was pointed out, which was about a mile away and looked exactly like cattle, but soon we passed a large number much nearer the train and obtained a fine view of them.

We dined at Ellis. In the afternoon we read and slept alternately, to while away the tedium of the dragging hours, but toward evening we arose, washed and prepared to enjoy the cool breeze that fanned us through the open window. Before an hour had passed, however, the wind changed, both in direction and temperature. The air blew across the train from the opposite quarter, and seemed as if it came directly from the mouth of some huge furnace. It was so hot and dry, that we could scarcely breathe. On looking out of the window to find, if possible, what was the cause of such a strange phenomenon, we discovered that the Plains were on fire for many miles around the horizon. The smoke hung in dense black volumes above the flames that darted up like tongues of fire, to the distance of not less than thirty feet, and the Plains were covered, for some distance in front of the conflagration, with animals, escaping from the awful fate that threatened them. The wind now became hot, so much so, that we were obliged

to close the window. It took our breath when we attempted to breathe it. The scene was one of grandeur, but it was most too near for us to appreciate its beauty as we, perhaps, might have done, had it been fifty, instead of ten miles away. We had been gradually accelerating our speed, from the time we had noticed the fire, and now, we were flying along at the rate of forty miles an hour. It became intensely interesting! We waited in painful anxiety to witness the result of such a race. In about an hour, however, we had the pleasure of noting that we were gradually more and more out of the circle of flame, that had, at first, apparently surrounded us. To think of a race between an engine at full speed, and the flames sweeping along over the level surface of the prairie at a tremendous velocity. It was a narrow escape, and every one, to judge by their relieved expression and subdued conversation, had realized in what imminent danger we had been placed.

No sooner was our excitement over, than another took its place. At one of the stations, we had just received an addition to our car's party, in the persons of two gentlemen, fitted out in complete western "rig," but an hour before, returned from a buffalo hunt. They had begun to tell of the sport they had, of how many animals they had shot, and what countless herds they had seen, when we all heard a prolonged and discontinued whistle from our engine ; we knew at once that something was wrong, either a buffalo on the track or a bridge was down. The train was suddenly stopped, and we all leaned far out of the windows, in the hope of discovering the cause of this unusual commotion. Just then, some one burst open the door and shouted hurriedly, "There is a big buffalo on the track". All the male portion of the passengers darted out at full speed. Several of us had rifles, others revolvers, while

others again carried no weapon of any description. Ours was the last car on the train, so that when we reached the ground, we could see absolutely nothing on account the dense crowd that lined the track, beside the cars. It seemed as if every body on the train had gotten off upon one side. I rushed forward and soon was in the foremost party. About twenty yards up the track I saw an immense buffalo plunging about, in his vain endeavors to extricate himself from between the timbers of a tressel-work bridge, that spanned a little gulley on the Plains. His hind feet rested upon the ground, while his head, shoulders and fore limbs protruded above the track. He was caught as prettily, as if by a steel trap. Two men on horseback were standing a few paces to one side. It seemed, that they had been out hunting and had driven this animal, together with the rest of the herd, across the track, but this fellow, by some mischance, missing his footing, had fallen through the open timbers of the bridge. Seeing the train rapidly approaching, they knew that it would be but a waste of ammunition to kill him, as perhaps in another moment he would be crushed beneath iron wheels. But the engineer, very fortunately, perceived the state of affairs and was able to stop before reaching him. We hurried on to within a few feet of him. What fearful rage ! His eyes glared luridly upon us, as we advanced, and in frantically attempting to rend the thick timbers with his horns, he reared and plunged, each time only wedging his sholders the more firmly between the ties. At one moment, he would strike out with his fore foot, with such tremendous power, that we could feel the iron track tremble ; at the next instant, he would struggle as if tortured by the most titanic agonies. Once he raised himself on his hind legs, and made a desperate spring. It seemed as if he had at last succeeded in freeing himself, and you may imagine what a stam-

pede there was among the spectators. We scattered and ran at full speed for a short distance, but finding that he had sunk back again, we approached boldly. His strength, enormous as it was, could not hold out against such fearful odds ; so at last he stood quite still, wildly, almost humanly gazing into our faces with a supplicating look, as if asking for mercy, finding that resistance was now useless. He was terrible in his fury, but was more terrible in his conquered wrath. This was a noble brute ; one could not but admire the way in which he had fought for life. But there was no quarter. The instant he became quiet half a dozen rifle barrels gleamed in the sunlight, and half a dozen bullets went crashing into his brain. With a loud bellow, he threw up his head and fell backward through the tressel-work. After waiting a moment, one of the passengers, doubting whether the animal had been killed outright, thought he would use his head as a target for one more shot, so going up, he placed the muzzle of the rifle against his head, and fired again. But as there was no more motion, we concluded that he was dead. I sprang down and grasping the horns, lifted the head with much difficulty, into a position in which I could cut some of the long, silky hair from his forehead. This was a signal for operations. Dozens of men followed and were eager to obtain a similar memento of the incident.

We had hardly finished our clipping, when "All aboard" was sounded, and away we went to seek our seats in the cars and talk over the excitement. A number of ladies came out and stood upon the platform to catch a sight of the buffalo as we passed over the bridge. Some screamed, others laughed, and others ran away, as if in a fright. We had some very amusing scenes on account of the poor old beast.

The remainder of the day passed without any more inter-

esting occurences than the shooting at buffaloes from the car windows. One hundred needle-guns are always carried in every mail car, to protect it from any attacks by the Arrapahoe Indians, who are now sweeping the plains with hostile intentions, so that we had all the fire-arms we could use.

At nine o'clock we retired, to sleep soundly until six the next morning, at which time we reached Kansas city. We were in doubt concerning this place, on account of having been disappointed in Omaha, the terminus of the Union Pacific road. But while riding in the bus from the depot to the hotel, we obtained a very good idea of the town, it having been necessary to drive almost all the other passengers to their respective destinations before our turn came. We passed through nearly every principal street, and saw most of the public buildings and leading business houses. We stopped at the Lindel Hotel, which is situated in the heart of the business section, but of course, it being sunday, the town was not very lively. As we had been traveling for almost two days in succession, and feeling very much worn out, we determined to maintain entire seclusion for the remainder of the day.

I busied myself in writing some letters and in composing my journal, while Stapler dozed away the afternoon in happy oblivion.

We were interrupted during supper by a long, loud call by the porter, for passengers for the North Missouri Rail Road. This precluded the possibility of finishing the meal, so, with a pretty bad grace, we followed him to the bus in waiting. In another hour we were rapidly whirling along toward St. Louis.

We went to bed soon after entering the train, and awakened upon the following morning, just in time to dress, rather

hastily, before reaching the city. We drove to the Laclede House, and after refreshing ourselves by an application of cold water, we descended to breakfast. This pleasant necessity being attended to, with due consideration for our individual feelings, we repaired to the billiard room, and passed an hour very agreeably "among the ivories.". Wishing to ascertain the particulars concerning the arrival of several trains in the east, we visited the Ticket Office of the Ohio and Mississippi Rail Road, then the Post Office ; and amused ourselves, afterward, by watching the procession of the Grand Mammoth Circus as it passed along the street accompanied by martial music and a howling crowd of urchins. Returning to our rooms, we passed the time as best we could till dinner was announced. After sitting at table from one-thirty to four P. M., we concluded to see the city, so went out and strolled leisurely from one street to another, until darkness warned us of the lateness of the hour. After taking a hasty supper we entered the bus which was to convey us to the depot. We embarked at five minutes past ten o'clock, and in another half hour were sleeping soundly, on our way to Louisville. We steamed into this beautiful city, early upon the following morning, and had just time to cross to the depot of the Louisville and Nashville Rail Road, to catch the train for Cave City, *en route* for Mammoth Cave in Kentucky. It occupied three hours and a half to accomplish the eighty-five miles between Louisville and Cave City, but they seemed more like six and a half than three and a half, for the road was very dusty, the cars uncomfortable, the day hot and our anticipations excited impatience. However, at twelve o'clock, we were sitting on top of the immense Concord stage coach, ready for the ride of nine miles that awaited us.

The sun poured down his intensely hot rays upon our

unsheltered heads, nevertheless we agreed that an outside seat, however warm, was altogether preferable to the cramped and almost suffocating interior of the stage. One of our companions purchased an umbrella, at the little store just opposite the depot and rode with it over him all the way to the cave. We had the pleasure of beholding his comfort while scorching just outside the rim.

The country through which we passed was very beautiful; richly wooded hills rose on all sides, cleft by picturesque little ravines and threaded by silver rivulets. The surroundings were those of real backwoods life. Every now and then we passed a small and dilapidated log cabin which had been the homestead of several generations of the miserable looking inhabitants. The father was usually out in his little corn field or potato patch, and the mother standing with her arms "a kimbo" in the middle of the doorway, while the half-clad children, clutched her dress, or ran down to the road to yell with boyish delight, at the horses. Such is the picture that continually presented itself as we neared our destination; but all was forgotten when we drew up before the platform of the Mammoth Cave Hotel. It is built of wood exclusively, and except in one place, has only a single story, but extends in a right-angular form over quite an area of ground. There is thus enclosed, by the hotel proper, the offices and the billiard house, a complete quadrangular space which is laid out in walks and lawns, and covered with beautiful trees, which cast pleasant shades upon the green carpet beneath.

When we arrived, ladies dressed in airy, summer costume, together with their escorts, were playing croquet on the lawn before the porch; and several small children were holding a juvenile pic-nic in the large chair-swing that was suspended

between two trees. Everything looked inviting, homelike and gay.

We obtained a good room on the second floor ; and, after arranging our toilet, we descended to dinner. We were agreeably susprised to find a hall of such dimensions. This seemed like civilization and comfort to eyes like ours, which had been for so long accustomed to frontier cabins, and poor accommodations ; so we did full justice to the excellent meal spread before us.

After dinner, although it was intensely hot, we concluded we would walk down to the Mammoth Cave, and satisfy our idle curiosity. Traversing the yard at one side of the building, and crossing an old fashioned stile that marked the entrance to the woods, we began an abrupt descent. A long winding and rocky path led us to the top of a steep flight of steps, on reaching the foot of which, we walked along for a hundred feet upon comparatively level ground, but would have gone right past the mouth of the Cave, had not a gentleman with us, who had been down before, pointed it out to us. The entrance is situated upon the right of the path as you descend and opens in a direction parallel with it. It is one hundred and ninety feet above Green River and is about twenty-five feet in hight by thirty in width. Over the edge of the sharp ledge of rock that hangs above the entrance, flows a diminutive rivulet, forming at once a beautiful, natural cascade, and a misty spray-veil to conceal the wonders within.

The entrance to Mammoth Cave, at an early period of its history, was situated about a half a mile from its present location, constituting what is now called the mouth of Dickson's Cave. This cave terminates within a few feet from the mouth of the Mammoth Cave ; but there is, at present, no

communication between the two. The voice of a person at the end of the former can be distinctly heard at the mouth of the latter. Descending the steep path leading into the Cave, we passed from an exterior temperature of about *one hundred* degrees, to an interior one of only *thirty-nine*. Standing upon the edge of this descent, with the feet just inside the thermometric line of demarkation between the subterranean and outside world, a marked sensation of cold is noticeable. It is, therefore, not advisable to enter the Cave immediately upon coming to the mouth—the change of temperature would be too extreme. It is almost like stepping from torrid summer with its sun-strokes, into an arctic winter with its frost-bites.

How refreshing, upon such a day, to sit on the rocks just inside the Cave and feel the cold pure air rushing outward. It was true luxury.

CHAPTER IX.

White's Cave.—Contrast of experience within and without. Entering the Mammoth Cave. The Wonders within.

We lingered long, enjoying the breeze and the woods, until we were reminded that it only lacked an hour and a half until tea time.

We were at a loss for a pleasant way in which to spend this remaining time ; however, one of the guides suggested a visit to White's Cave, which is quite a small but beautiful cavern, situated within ten minutes' walk of the hotel. His proposition met with a ready acquiescence and we repaired to the office and procured a couple of suits *a la* cave costume. We now followed the wagon road for some distance, then struck off into the woods and forced our way through the tangled underbush lining the narrow foot-path, until we reached a little rocky glen, where Lee, the guide, put down his lamp and remarked that it would be better to put on our suits before entering. Well, said I, "I guess we had better wait until we reach the cave". "Here we are right at the mouth", he replied. We both looked round us in incredulity. At last, but not until after carefully scrutinizing our surroundings, did we discover a little hole not three feet high entering the hill, under a large rock that lay at one edge of the glen. It did not look as if it was half large enough to admit a man, but knowing that others had gone before, we prepared ourselves for the trial. On attempting the entrance, we found it much easier than we had anticipated, and got along very comfortably.

Just inside, the mouth of the cave opened both sidewise and upward, until it became large enough for us to walk upright. We clambered along over and among the rough rocks, holding our lamps in our hands and watching the ceiling very closely lest we should strike our heads against any jutting knob or stalactite. It, together with the walls, was very damp and in some places beaded with glistening drops of water. On every side, beautiful stalactites hung from the rocks above, and under each one, rose a stalagmite. These subterranean pendants are formed exclusively by the solvent action of water holding carbonic acid in solution. This fact is evident upon examination, there being a crevice in the top or back of every one, through which water does, or did flow drop by drop. In the latter case the orifice at the lower extremity is closed by incrustations of carbonate of lime.

Passing a solid wall, formed by the union of stalactite with stalagmite, we came to a beautiful pillar formed in precisely the same manner. It is wonderful how perfectly symmetrical these stalactites are, and it is scarcely possible to grasp the conception of the lapse of time since their inception, when we realize while gazing upon such a column, perhaps ten feet in hight, that it takes five thousand years to form a layer as thick as a wafer. Countless centuries and ages must have rolled by, before they could possibly have attained half of their present dimensions. We saw one huge stalactite that extended from the ceiling to the floor of the cave, a distance of almost seventeen feet. In this instance there was no stalagmite formed.

But to explain these terms "stalactite" and "stalagmite". When water, holding bicarbonate of lime in solution, drops slowly from the ceiling, by which it is exposed to the air, sufficiently long to allow of the escape of one equivalent

of carbonic acid gas, the lime is deposited in the form of protocarbonate of lime. If this deposit occurs in such a manner that the accumulation takes place from above, downward, in the form of an icicle, it constitutes what is termed a "stalactite"; but if it accumulates from below, upward, it is called a "stalagmite". Frequently, as in the instances just cited, stalactiles and stalagmites meet in the center and become cemented, by which a column of support is formed.

Passing the before mentioned pillar, we entered the Grand Rotunda. This hall is about half way between the end and entrance of the Cave, and is from twenty-five to thirty feet high, by fifty wide. On the walls we noticed exquisite crystals of gypsum in all shapes; from a hexagonal cube to a many petaled rose. The most remarkable characteristic of these lime-flowers is, that they are invariably devoid of sepals and stamens, but have the petals and sometimes the receptacle in perfect formation, while in the center of the flower, the petals have converged, substituting a round head for the filaments and anther of the stamens. Still these peculiarities are not so noticeable at the distance of a few feet, so that standing in the middle of the Rotunda, we thought ourselves walled in by beautiful, snow-white clusters of flowers. The ceiling flashed and sparkled in the magnesium light, and the clear pure waters of a little basin at very our feet, reflected our every movement from its calm and mirror-like surface. The guide informed us that this sheet of water was called Purity Spring, and, indeed, it did not belie its name, for purer, colder water we never tasted. It always maintains the same temperature winter and summer.

Leaving this beautiful spot, we descended the steep side of a rocky cavern and stood beside a deep pit. The guide threw some lighted paper down and illuminated its damp walls

for over twenty-five feet in depth. Not caring particularly to explore this portion of the cave any further, we passed on and at last stood at the end of a narrow, stony pass between the perpendicular sides of a tortuous avenue that led to the Rotunda. Here we sat down and rested ourselves for a few minutes and then began the return.

We passed over the same ground until we left what is called The Rocky Chamber, when we bore off to the right into another avenue leading to the entrance by a circuitous route. We saw nothing more of special interest in White's Cave—for it was half a mile in length. We had not, indeed, anticipated seeing so much that was sublime. It only served to give us an idea of what we might expect on the morrow.

On consulting our watches on reaching the entrance, we found that we had been under ground for two hours. When we had entered, the sun had been shining brightly and all was animated, busy life ; but now, we issued into the darkness of night. Every thing was silent, except the crickets and frogs.

It is a strange feeling to see such a complete change effected, as it were, in an instant. We looked about us as if just awakening from a long sleep, and our feelings were a type of those of poor Rip VanWinkle, when he awoke alone, desolate and forgotten. But knowing that a good supper awaited us at the hotel, we began the laborious ascent of the hill rising over the cave. It was fearfully warm. The thermometer at the hotel stood at ninety-three degrees, at half past seven o'clock in the evening.

The return journey seemed, of course, about twice as long as the outward one had done. But at last we stood beneath the broad-porch roof of the hotel, fully satisfied with our experience at White's Cave.

In the evening we attended a hop given in the large ball-room on the second floor, and which was very well gotten up. At a late hour, we retired pretty thoroughly exhausted by the labors of the day ; but on the following morning felt sufficiently refreshed by our rest, to engage in our project of visiting the Mammoth Cave, with a great deal of pleasure.

It is the custom to send into the Cave with a party, no matter how large, a guide or guides instead of their being employed privately by single individuals or families. This is, by far, the best arrangement, for it makes the trip more pleasant, sociable and jolly, than would be the case, were every two or three visitors to have a special guide for themselves, exclusively.

At the sound of the first bell, which rang to warn the guests that "cave hour" had arrived, we hurriedly got together our suits and walked to the end of the long porch which extends around the hotel on the inner side, and there found quite a number of persons, all dressed in cave attire and awaiting the guide who was preparing the lamps in a shed at the side of the building. The female portion of the company, were dressed in regular bloomer costumes, but arranged in various styles to suit age, disposition and taste. Every one wore some bright colors, that not only gave a gayer and livelier tone to the excursion, but added a picturesqueness to scenes within the cave.

We learned upon our arrival in their midst, that the "short route" party numbering over fifty, had just started, and that we were to take up the line of march in a moment.

By way of parenthesis, let me explain the terms "long" and "short" routes.

On the "long route" the guide conducts the visitors from

the entrance to what is called the Giant's Coffin, about a half a mile from the mouth of the Cave, and travels for nine miles through various avenues to the end of the Cave and back again.

On the "short route" he leaves the main gallery at the same point, visits a number of places of special interest, such as Mammoth Dome, Gorin's Dome, the Star Chamber &c., the whole trip only occupying from seven to eight hours, whereas in accomplishing the "long route", one is under ground from nine o'clock in the morning until ten o'clock at night.

We had arranged to take the latter; so when Frank came along and told us he would meet us at the mouth of the cave, we sallied forth, with the brightest anticipations of the subterranean wonders we were soon to behold. We formed the jolliest, most rollicking party you ever saw. There was no constraint nor reserve among us. Everybody wanted to have a good time and determined to have it, so without the formality of introductions, gentlemen escorted ladies whom they had never seen before, and the ladies in turn smiled upon the gentlemen, nothwithstanding their over-alls and cotton blouses.

We had expected about thirty in our party, but by some mistake, only fifteen assembled on the porch at the appointed hour. However, Frank told us that it was better as it was, for, with fewer numbers, he could exhibit more in detail. With this remark we were quite contented. Besides this consideration there was another that induced us to believe ourselves fortunate, rather than otherwise in the loss of half our number. We carried lunch for thirty, and there were only fifteen to eat it.

We were delayed for some time at the mouth of the cave

to allow the other party to get beyond our reach, for had we entered at the same time, there would have been no end to the delays and annoyances.

At last, the long looked for moment arrived, when Frank, having decended to a ledge just inside the cave to light the lamps, gave us the signal to enter. In Indian file we picked our way down the rough, winding flight of stone steps, until we reached the floor of the Cave. The atmosphere was delightfully cool and pure, such a refreshing change from that without. The proportions of oxygen and nitrogen bear the same relation to each other in the Mammoth Cave that they do in the external air. The proportion of carbonic acid gas is less than that in the atmosphere of the surrounding country, upon an average of many observations. Not a trace of ammonia has been detected in those parts of the Cave not commonly visited. Of a necessity, it is unavoidable where so many human beings constantly respire. The vapor of water is found in varying quantities in different localities, but greater near the streams ; so that from these statements, you will observe that the atmosphere of the Cave is freer from those substances which are calculated to exert a depressing and septic influence upon the animal organization than that of any other locality of the globe. This great difference is noticed by every one on leaving the Cave, after having remained in it for a number of hours. In such instances the impurity of the external air is almost insufferably offensive to the sense of smell, and the romance of a pure country air is forever dissipated.

The temperature of the Mammoth Cave is uniformly fifty-nine degrees winter and summer, which together with the remarkable purity of its atmosphere, will account for the fact that indviduals are enabled to undergo such an unusual amount

of physical exertion while within it. It is not an uncommon occurence for a person in delicate health to accomplish a journey of twenty miles in the Cave, without suffering from fatigue, who could not be prevailed upon to walk three miles upon the surface of the earth. We had just such an instance in the person of a young lady named Miss Alice May, who was a member of our party. She had but a month before, recovered from a severe and exhausting illness, and had come to Mammoth Cave in the hope of entirely restoring her shattered health by means of pure air and physical exercise. This young invalid walked over twenty miles that day and danced till midnight afterward. For my part as testimony of the invigorating effect which is produced by the air of the Cave, I can honestly say that I should prefer to walk ten miles in such an atmosphere, than five above ground, not even making any allowance for the roughness of the one and smoothness of the other. But to return.

Upon reaching the aforesaid ledge to which Frank had preceded us, we took up our position to enter the Cave proper, through a low doorway which is kept locked in order to prevent the destruction or defacement of the interior.

Every one, in looking in toward this door, experienced for the first time a feeling of awe, inspired by the grandeur of such a terrible convulsion of nature. We could see nothing but an intensely black hole or low gallery, that of itself formed the end and background of the view. On all but one side we were shut in by the solid walls of rock that glistened in the light of our lamps, which, while moving onward, all held high up before our faces, in order that the strong draught that came rushing out, might not extinguish them. At a distance of a few yards beyond this entrance there is no apparent

motion of the air. The Cave then widens out and acts as a reservoir to equalize the different currents.

After leaving a small archway near the mouth of the Cave, the sides of which are walled up with rock taken from the floor at this point, and which is called the Narrows, we entered the Main Cave which is six miles in length, and which varies from forty to one hundred feet in hight, and from sixty to three hundred feet in width.

In a few moments we found ourselves in what is called the Rotunda. The ceiling is about one hundred feet high, and its greatest diameter is one hundred and seventy-five feet. The floor is strewn with the remains of vats, water pipes, and other materials, used by the saltpeter miners in 1812. All the nitre in the Cave, being in the form of nitrate of lime, this substance was reacted upon by the carbonate of potash, and thus transformed into nitrate of potassium or common saltpeter. In this manner they manufactured great quantities of it. The wood of which the pipes &c., were constructed, showed no signs of decay, although having lain there for *fifty-seven* years.

To the right of the Rotunda, Audubon's avenue leads off for about a half mile to a wild, rugged, and seldom visited chamber, containing a large collection of stalactites. The only thing worthy of note concerning this avenue, is, that in it, during the winter season, millions of bats hybernate.

At the entrance to Audubon's avenue, stands several small stone cottages, built fifteen years ago, for the accommodation of persons afflicted with consumption, under the impression that they would be benefited by a residence in so uniform a temperature ; but the experiment only proved the inefficacy of the atmosphere of the Cave to such a disease,

and indeed its prejudicial effects, especially to consumptive patients. After living in total absence of light for a period of four months, three of them died in the Cave, and the majority of those who remained for a still longer time, died within three weeks after leaving it. We learned from the guides, that those persons who remained in the Cave for three or four months, presented a frightful appearance when they came forth. The face was entirely bloodless ; eyes sunken, and pupils dilated to such a degree, that the iris ceased to be visible, so that no matter what the original color of the eye might have been, it soon appeared black.

We stood for some moments taking in the wonders about us. It was indeed a difficult thing to realize that above our heads, a sun shone brightly, and that busy life existed. All was silent as the grave. All was intensely black.

This is, perhaps, the only place in the world where a person can count the pulsations of his own heart, by listening to its beat ; in fact the pulsations of the heart of another person can be distinctly heard, and even counted at the distance of several feet.

Thunder is never heard in these silent caverns ; and even earthquakes are imperceptible, as a gentleman who was in the Cave at the time that the shock of an earthquake was experienced upon the surface of the earth, stated that he had not perceived any thing at all unusual.

The Rotunda is situated directly under the dining room of the Cave Hotel ; on leaving which, and passing huge overhanging cliffs to the left of the Main Avenue, which are said to resemble the cliffs of the Kentucky River, after which they are named, we entered the Methodist Church. It is eighty feet in diameter by forty in hight. Here, from the

gallery or pulpit, which consists of a ledge of rocks, twenty-five feet in hight, the Gospel was proclaimed more than fifty years ago. The benches and logs which we saw lying on the the floor of the hall, forming by their direction an almost faultless crescent, occupy the same position which they did when first placed in the church.

Passing on, we next wound along through the Gothic Galleries which lead to the Gothic Avenue, of which I will speak in my description of our second day's tramp, and at last entered the Grand Archway.

This is an immense corridor running in an almost straight direction for over a hundred and fifty yards ; and terminating in the Ball Room. As its name implies, the Ball Room possesses an extraordinarily level floor, suitable for terpsichorean festivities, but, it is needless to remark, seldom used for this purpose by visitors.

Traversing a long, low passage which gradually opened out as we advanced, we at length were halted by Frank before the Giant's Coffin. It is a huge rock, forty feet long, twenty wide, and eight in depth, and at the point from which it is viewed, presents a striking resemblance to a coffin. It has evidently, in some long gone period, become detached from the side of the avenue against which it now rests.

CHAPTER X.

The Giant's Coffin.—The Wooden Bowl Cave.—The Side Saddle Pit and Minerva's Dome.—The Bridge of Sighs.—The Bottomless Pit.—The Fat Man's Misery.—The River Styx. Music on Echo River.—The Eyeless Fish.

We had noticed in coming along through the last two avenues, what had appeared to be pigeon holes, situated in the walls about six or eight feet above the floor. Indeed so strong was the similarity, that they bear the above name. These holes, a collection of which form a natural pigeon-house, were all cut out of the solid rock by the solvent action of water, containing carbonic acid in solution, in the same manner as the groves in Gorin's Dome, presently to be described.

On the ceiling, a little to the left of the Giant's Coffin, and apparently looking down upon it, is the figure of an anteater. It is composed of the efflorescence of black gypsum, and rests upon a back ground of white limestone. The resemblance to the figure of the animal after which it is named, is complete. I never saw anything in nature's inanimate, that was so like the same thing in her animate kingdom, or in other words, such a remarkable similarity between the same objects belonging respectively to the animal and vegetable kingdoms.

Some distance back from the Anteater, we saw, also

upon the ceiling, the figure of an elephant standing with his trunk bent under, and with a perfectly shaped saddle upon his back. We could now say that we had seen the elephant! The cause of this phenomenon is the same as that of the former.

The guide now pointed out the remains of the corn-cobs, left from the feeding of the miners oxen, fifty years ago. It is supposed that these animals were tied by ropes, to the rocky partitions dividing one pigeon hole from another. We also saw their tracks in the now hardened clay.

Further on, at the distance of, perhaps, two hundred yards, we noticed bear tracks, and the guide told us that they were made by these animals just after the discovery of the Cave.

We also could easily trace the marks of the wagon-wheels leading to the saltpeter vats. The guide was very kind and chatty and he always had a story to tell of other parties that he had conducted through the Cave; or would take us all unawares by a sharp pun or well told joke on some portion of the Cave.

It was amusing to hear the expressions of surprise and delight with which the ladies greeted every new wonder, and to hear them scream at the slightest slip or slide of the foot.

However, these little exhibitions of feminine excitement only contributed to make the journey gayer and livelier, and we gentlemen heartily joined in any chorus of laughter that might be occasioned by some comical mishap to one of the party.

Anything to dispel the awful silence of this subterranean night! What an element of pleasure is young ladies society,

especially upon such an adventure as this! They were the very life of the party, and it, of course, employed every gentleman to protect them from falling, amid the jagged rocks. What an enlivening effect their bright colored dresses gave to this natural panorama of moving figures, as they wound around through the rocks, or climbed a steep ascent only to descend still deeper into the heart of some rocky recess. But let us return to the Giant's Coffin.

After a sufficient time had elapsed for the outburst of enthusiastic delight, on the part of the ladies, to subside in a measure, Frank told us that here we had to leave the main Cave; whereupon all their sentimentalism was stirred, to think that they should never see these walls again—never, again, as long as they lived, look upon that Ant-eater, never —never.

All took a long, last farewell look at this spot which none of us were ever going to see again and we were turning away with thoughtful countenances after the realization of this saddening fact, when Frank turned around with a malicious smile overspreading his good humored face and informed the party that we would come back that way. This pretty effectually dispelled all sentiment, and we laughed for the next five minutes so boisterously, that it was with difficulty that Frank could impress upon us that we had entered the Deserted Chambers, by a side avenue leading down under the Giant's Coffin.

There is nothing at all remarkable about these chambers outside of their existence, except the fact that they are the point at which the water left the Main Cave to reach Echo River, after it had ceased to flow out of the mouth of the former into Green River. They are shallow, smooth-bottom-

ed, inverted basins, as it were. We were obliged to stoop to accomodate our hight to theirs. This uncomfortable position however, did not last long, for in a few moments we stood in the Wooden Bowl Cave. This is an irregularly shaped hall, with nothing specially peculiar about it, except that on the ceiling there is a round hollow, exactly in the form of an inverted wooden bowl. This fact partly gives it its name. Some say that the whole hall looks like an inverted bowl, but we failed to see such resemblance. But the real reason for styling this part of the Cave by such a common-place cognomen, is that an actual wooden bowl was found in it when it was discovered, and which is supposed to have been used by the Indians in early times.

We were now one hundred and sixty feet below the surface of the ground.

Black Snake Avenue, which enterss the Main Cave, near the Cottages, communicates with Wooden Bowl Cave. It receives its name from its serpentine course and black walls.

Passing down a sharp declivity and a flight of wooden steps called the Steeps of Time, we entered Martha's Palace. The Palace is about forty feet in hight, and sixty feet in diameter. It is certainly not particularly attractive as a place of residence, and it seemed rather peculiar that Martha should choose such an humble abode. We did not find the mistress at home, but, 'leaving our cards' we passed on and stopped to quench our thirst at a spring of clear water that adorned the centre of the floor of what is called the Arched Way. This is Richardson's Spring, named after a Miss Richardson, from Louisville, Kentucky. The ceilings, walls and floor of the Arched Way bear evidence of its once having been the channel for running water.

The Side-Saddle Pit over which rests a dome sixty feet high, was next pointed out on our right. It was a frightful looking hole ; but, fortunately was covered partly by some joists that formed the foundation for a future platform, to enable visitors to walk out upon it, and thus obtain a better view of the dome. The Pit is ninety feet deep, and at its widest point about twenty feet across.

Minerva's Dome is situated about twenty feet to the left of the Side-Saddle Pit. It is fifty feet high, and ten feet wide. It is a miniature representation of Gorin's Dome. The Pit and both domes, have been cut out of the solid rock, by the solvent action of water, containing carbonic acid in solution, and the guides say they are still enlarging, the aperture leading down into the Pit, presenting the outlines of a well-shaped side-saddle ; thence the name.

This was the first pit we had met with, so of course, the ladies were exuberant. They screamed at its depth ; laughed at the possibility of falling in, and I was in doubt as to whether they were about to cry because there was no chance for a romantic 'scene' by doing so ; but they all eventually recovered their composure, and we proceeded without loss of numbers.

We next came to the celebrated Bottomless Pit—although its name is rather paradoxical ; for it is only one hundred and seventy-five feet deep, varying from fifteen to twenty feet in width. A substantial wooden bridge is thrown across this fearful chasm, and bears the historic name of the Bridge of Sighs. We all collected on it at about the center, and gave one huge sigh, for effect. The effect was, that we all laughed heartily instead of sighing. The guide was inclined to be jocose when he significantly re-

marked, that although the bridge was called the Bridge of Sighs, it was'nt of sufficient *size* to carry us all with safety. We left without a sigh ; but on the other side we stopped and amused ourselves for some time, by casting pebbles and rocks into the abyss, and listening to them as they went crashing down, down, down, each time turning away with a shudder, at the thought of such a fearful depth.

Shelby's Dome which is sixty feet high, rests directly over the Bottomless Pit. Frank illumined them both by magnesium light, with fine effect. It was a grand sight, one hundred and seventy-five feet down and sixty up ; and we, almost as it were, suspended midway. He then lit and threw in some saturated paper ; we leaned over the brink and saw it go whirling and eddying down, down, until we lost sight of it behind some projecting rocks. The damp, grooved walls of the pit were visible for over a hundred feet ; we almost sickened at the sight.

On leaving the Bottomless Pit, a rock-strewn room is entered, which is about twenty feet in hight, and forty in diameter, bearing the name of Reveler's Hall. Here, it is the custom of visitors to rest for a short time, and discuss the terrors of the Pit. This is generally followed by the bringing forth of the potables, when the health and safety of all parties is duly swallowed ; but, by some mischance, our lunch man had gotten too far ahead to be recalled, so we sat down without any beverage except that of cold water.

Imagine the velocity with which the young ladies tongues vibrated. Nobody could talk fast enough. Every one seemed bent on being heard by everyone else, *before* everyone else. So that, as may be imagined, we had quite a merry time ; but at length, Frank, our constant but ever

faithful monitor, warned us that time was fleeting ; so we fell into line again and were once more on the move.

After passing through a low archway about four feet in hight, called the Valley of Humility, the ceiling of which is smooth and white, and appeared as though it had been plastered, we came to the Scotchman's Trap. The Trap is a circular opening through which it is necessary to descend by means of rough wooden steps. It is about five feet in diameter, and over it, is suspended a huge boulder, which, if it were to fall, would completely close the avenue leading to Echo River. It is supported solely by about three inches of its edge resting against another rock. Should this edge crumble, it would be precipitated upon the opening below. It looks very dangerous, and it was some time before the ladies could be induced to risk their precious lives by descending, notwithstanding the knowledge that the rock had been standing in this position for ages. But at last, one of their boldest spirits, Miss Mary Withers, of Cincinnati, had courage enough to venture.

After this, we got along splendidly. A short distance beyond the Scotchman's Trap, in what is called the Lower Branch, there occurs a curious shaped rock, which is named the Shanghai Chicken, from its striking resemblance to that animal. This, it is said to be two hundred and sixty feet below the surface of the earth.

Now we approached that far famed portion of the Cave, the Fat Man's Misery. Here was an obstacle which to less determined spirits, or greater rotundity of persons, would have proved insurmountable ; nevertheless it was a rather tight squeeze, but having no large individuals in our party, we managed pretty well. The young ladies, being

the most active on account of their lightness and the deftness with which they climbed along over the rough rocks got along much more easily than the remainder of the party, but all attempts at conversation proved worse than a failure, for all the gentlemen were commiserating their awkward and uncomfortable positions, at the same time writhing and squirming themselves along in the most comical manner. There is 'nt much poetry in the Fat Man's Misery. But I had almost forgotten to describe it !

It is a narrow, tortuous avenue, fifty yards in length, which has been cut out of the solid rock, by the mechanical action of water. The lower part of the passage varies in width from one to thirty feet, and at the upper, from four to ten feet. In hight, it varies from four to eight feet. Contrary to the general impression, their was never a man too large to pass through the Fat Man's Misery.

The "pons assinorum" of this avenue is, a spot where there is a sharp and jagged stone, that lies directly over the cut, so that in addition to this being almost the narrowest place in the whole passage, one is obliged to bend double, in order to creep under. Imagine a very corpulent man, in the act of compressing his body in two ways, both laterally and perpendicularly in this novel manner. It is *too* ridiculous !

After much fun and more labor, we marshaled our dilapidated, but triumphant forces on the other side of the Misery, and prepared for another move. Emerging from the low ceilinged, cramped avenue through which we had pushed our way, we found ourselves in a hall, varying from forty, to sixty feet in width, and from five to twenty in hight, and it proved in reality, to be what its name implied, a great relief. On the floor of Great Relief the direction of the currents of water that

filled these avenues, could be traced. At the side next to Fat Man's Misery, it is strewn with gravel ; near the center, sand occurs, and still further on, mud is deposited, demonstrating the fact that it flowed into Echo River.

River Hall extends from Great Relief to the River Styx. It averages fifty feet in width and is covered with rough, pointed rocks that seem as if they had but recently become detached from the ceiling. It is a wild portion of the cavern and deserves to possess a more appropriate name than its present one.

Picking our way carefully over the rocks, and meeting, every now and then, with a ludicrous adventure, while assisting our young lady friends past the most dangerous places, we at length reached the Bacon Chamber. It received its name from the fact that small masses of rock project from the ceiling, that in size and appearance, resembled immense Boulogna sausages or bacon hams. The guides called them the Odd-Fellow's Link, which I think is more appropriate, as they are joined by the extreme ends and seem to form a chain extending across the roof of the cavern. The Avenue which leads to Mammoth Dome and Spark's Avenue, takes its origin in Bacon Chamber. Having examined the peculiar features of interest in this avenue to our full satisfaction, we pushed on.

About forty feet below the terrace which extends to the Natural Bridge, is a dismal sheet of water, fifteen feet deep, twenty wide, and fifty in length called the "Dead Sea." It is quite as gloomy in appearance as its celebrated namesake, and as you pass it to the right, while crossing the narrow, slippery ledge that only affords a most precarious footing, and looking down into utter darkness, hear the gurgle and splash of deep water, you fancy that the only thing lacking to trans-

form this Dead Sea into a counterpart to the Burning Lake of the Infernal Regions, is the flames.

Following River Hall for some distance further, we arrived at the banks of the River Styx, which is one hundred and fifty yards in length, about forty wide, and, in depth, varies from thirty to forty feet. It has a subterranean communication with the other rivers of the Cave, and when Green River rises to a considerable hight has an open communication with all of them. The river is spanned by the Natural Bridge, which is about thirty feet above it. When the far bank of the Styx is illuminated by Bengal light, the view from the Natural Bridge, is awfully sublime. We paused upon the highest point, and looked across, while Frank lit up the deepest recesses with magnificent effect.

"What a wonderful freak of nature is this Mammoth Cave!" is the thought that invariably presents itself to one's mind at every new turn. There is always some new thing, stranger than the last. To enjoy this view alone, was worth the labor of our long and fatiguing tramp. But we could not tarry too long, for Frank promised us better things, so we hastened forward.

We had not gone far, before we came in sight of Lake Lethe, a body of water of the same length as the River Styx and extending in the direction of the avenue, the floor of which is covered by it. It is about forty feet wide and varies from three to thirty feet in depth. The ceiling of the avenue in this part, is ninety feet above the surface of the Lake. We approaced the Lake by descending an abrupt hill that only terminated at the water's edge. The soil around the margin of the stream for the distance of a few feet, was very soft, wet and spongy, yielding under foot, thus rendering

it as unpleasant, as it was imprudent to venture nearer than the limit of the rocky portion of the floor. However, there had been a wide plank thrown down, which extended to the landing, where two flat-bottomed boats awaited us. It was a most uninviting spot. Everything was wet and dark, giving a sombre cast even to our countenances. The water flowed sluggishly along, looking like a great inky sewer, but it only appeared so from being cast into the deepest gloom by our lights, but in reality it was pure and crystalline.

The bottoms of the boats were covered with muddy water which added to the muckyness of the surroundings, and every thing was damp and dismal, so that before we had accomplished half the distance to the other side, we fully appreciated the inappropriateness of its name. We did not go directly across but had to follow the bed of the lake for about one hundred and fifty yards, as the rocky banks were too steep to admit of being scaled. At last we reached the landing and disembarked amid the greatest noise and confusion, occasioned of course, by the young ladies.

We now stood in what is called Great Walk, which extends from Lake Lethe to Echo River, a distance of five hundred yards. This is an interesting avenue from the fact that the ceiling, which is forty feet high, is covered with rocks which present a striking resemblance to cumulus clouds, especialy when brought out by the magnesium light. These rocks are composed of white limestone, a substance which is extremely abundant in most localities of the Cave.

Echo River is of comparatively easy access by means of the Great Walk, as its floor is covered with fine yellow sand. A rise of five feet of water in the former, overflows Great Walk and gives a depth of water sufficient to allow the boats to pass

from Lake Lethe to Echo River. There are times, when the Great Walk is filled with water from the floor to the ceiling ; and, in fact, it is not an uncommon occurence for the water to rise to a hight of sixty feet in Lake Lethe, by which the iron railing on the terrace above the Dead Sea, is entirely submerged. This great rise is produced invariably by a freshet in Green River.

We had proceeded about three hundred yards, when we were halted by Frank, who told us to listen attentively. We stopped for a moment ; all was still as death ; then we heard far distant strains of music, that sounded as though they issued from the very bowels of the earth. We perceived, too, the continued reverberation of a thousand echoes, a soft and sweet accompaniment to the melodious notes of a clarionet. We listened in breathless silence. A dim light appeared ; then another and another, until they came in clusters ; groups of starlike apparitions. We could now hear the sound of oars, as they splashed in the crystal waters, re-echoing with a hollow rumble under the vaulted archway of Echo River.

The lights moved slowly, gliding along as if impelled by some mysterious power, which directed the course of this wierd procession, as well as sustained its magic brightness. Now the chorus of many voices swelled up to the ear and blended in exquisite harmony with the instrumental music. All defects were lost in the echo, and in the wild grandeur of the surroundings.

It was a scene of unalloyed romance. The music sounds doubly enchanting amid those gloom-enshrouded, everlasting rocks. It was the other party crossing Echo River and singing upon the water. They had taken the Cave Hotel band with them. We were obliged to wait some time for the boats

to return, which interval, we employed in resting and commenting upon the scene just witnessed. It was certainly the nearest approach to my ideal of the combination of Heaven and Hell that I have ever experienced. The fearfully rugged and strangely shaped boulders, jutting out upon all sides like huge demons, the red glare of the light from their damp faces, taking the place of eyes, the intensely black pall that enveloped every thing outside the circle of illumination, and the silence of the grave that pervaded this horrible cavern, represented the hell of my imagination. On the other hand, looking beyond the pure flowing waters, a miniature Jordan, we saw the lights glimmering in the Eternal City, and heard the voices of the angels as they swelled the chorus of glad praise-anthems to their Lord.

This enchanting delusion was strengthened by the fact that the other parts were singing the Doxology, and with an effect that left a deep impression upon us all. We were too far distant to distinguish any outlines, all we saw was the slowly moving train of lights, and all we heard was music. We learned afterward, that we had been particularly fortunate in hearing this party sing, for they proved to be a company of professional singers, traveling together during the Summer.

They had four magnificent voices, a second bass, a high tenor, a contralto, and a very sweet soprano. The rest served to fill in the intervals of the music.

At last we moved on down the river. Here, we found our lunch-man serving in the capacity of ferry-boy.

Echo River extends from the Great Walk to the commencement of Silliman's Avenue, a distance of three quarters of a mile.

The avenue at the entrance to the river, under ordinary circumstances being only about three feet in hight, we found it necessary to deposit ourselves along the sides of the boat, sitting in a row upon the edge of the gunwale. After much screaming on the part of the ladies, much coaxing from the gentlemen, and mnch cautioning by the guide, we at last found ourselves seated in order.

For the first few feet we were obliged to incline our heads, in order to avoid a collision with the hard rocks above, but after this distance, the avenue widened out, and the ceiling averaged about fifteen feet in hight. It varied in width from twenty to two hundred feet, and in depth below the surface of the water, from ten to thirty feet. When there has been no rise in Green River for several weeks, the water in Echo River becomes remarkably transparent, so much so, in fact, that rocks can be seen at a distance of ten to twenty feet below the surface.

The connection between Echo and Green Rivers is near the commencement of Silliman's Avenue, so that when the water from the latter flows into Echo River at a temperature higher than that of the Cave, a fog is produced, which, it is said, in point of density, rivals that off the banks of Newfoundland. There have been several very sad accidents, attended with much loss of life, whose cause has been attributed to the fact that this fog has so blinded and bewildered those persons who have become lost in it, that they have perished.

Leading up to the left of the point at which we entered the boats, is a small and rough avenue called Purgatory. It takes its beginning at the end of Great Walk and terminates in the avenue of Echo River, about a quarter of a mile from the landing in Silliman's Avenue. We had a great deal of

fun while climbing this hill, for it seemed utterly impossible for the fair portion of our company to surmount some very rough rocks that blocked the way, consequently, a gentleman in front and one behind was absolutely necessary to accomplish the difficult crossing, which was always accompanied by the most heart-rending but ill-timed screams. There is nothing like having young ladies along to brighten such an experience, after all.

A rise of eighteen feet of water, however, fills the avenue of Purgatory and cuts off all communication with the outer world.

Among the curiosities of this subterranean stream, is that of its eyeless fish and craw fish. They possess rudiments of eyes but no optic nerve, and they are, therefore, incapable of being affected by the most intense light. Both species are perfectly white, have the peculiarity of propelling themselves backward, instead of forward, like ordinary fish.

Their tail resembles the claw of a tack-hammer, except that, in this instance, the cleft or notch is closed, forming a mass of white flesh which is considered by some as the daintiest of morsels for the table. These fish range in size from one to eight inches in length, seldom exceeding the latter measure. We succeeded, after much engineering, in obtaining some very good specimens of this curiosity, but it was only through the generous kindness of a friend, who fished them for us. I will not mention names as, the whole proceeding was directly in opposition to the Cave Regulations.

We were now pushed along slowly by Frank, with his oar against the ceiling, for some distance, when we came suddenly around a sharp point of rocks and discovered that we had reached the second landing. We succeeded in disembarking

without any excitement worthy of mention, and proceeded up Silliman's Avenue. This avenue is one and a half miles in length and extends from Echo River to the Pass of El Ghor. It is from twenty to forty feet high and from twenty to two hundred wide.

Judging from the rugged and water-worn appearance of the walls and ceiling, I should think that Silliman's Avenue is one of the most recently formed portions of the Cave.

First, we came to Cascade Hall, which is two hundred feet in diameter and twenty feet high. It receives its name from the beautiful cascade that falls into it from the ceiling. Frank went behind the falling water and illumined the Hall It gave a superb effect to the crystal drops of water that were separated in their descent from the main body, forming an amber-tinted mist, when viewed in the red light.

This spot, especially, seemed to call forth more than the usual amount of praise, and it was long before the young ladies would consent to bid adieu to this most charming cascade.

A little further on we saw the Dripping Spring. This is nothing more than a limpid pool of water that is supplied from the ceiling. The only thing that needs mention here was the profuse abundance of stalactites and stalagmites.

A few hundred yards from the Dripping Spring we descended into the Infernal Regions. This was a terribly gloomy, forbidding cavern, seeming to open down into the very earth with horrid yawn. On descending the slippery, rocky path that winds down the steep side, one almost fancies that at each step a Pluto, with his two pronged fork and green eyed serpent will meet one, prepared to take vengeance upon him for presuming to enter within the charmed circle of his

Hadean domains. One feels an instinctive shrinking as he passes among the high rocks that stand on either hand like giants, blocking the lonely way. Imagine, at every turn a dozen demons, lurking just behind the next boulder ready for the spring upon their prey. Everything in this dismal pit savors of the ghastly, the wierd, the mysterious. Conversation was hushed. We spoke in low tones as if fearful of being overheard by the evil spirits around us. We walked along at times in perfect silence, the only sound breaking the ominous stillness being the dull thud of our feet as they sank into the wet clay. It was almost impossible to maintain our footing, the ground was so slimy, and the rocks so encrusted with saline and alkaline secretions that, when we at last reached the top of the opposite side, we hailed the smooth, open avenue again with delight.

We rested for some time before proceeding to talk over the horrors of the infernal regions, and all came to the unanimous conclusion, that if the real Hades was anything like that in Mammoth Cave, we would all strive from that hour to live better lives ; but all such resolutions were forgotten when, a short time after, we stopped under the Sea Serpent. This is a tortuous crevice in the rock overhead, that has been cut by running water, the layer of rock that formed the floor of it having become detached. We did not rest here long, however, for we had overstayed our time at the Infernal Regions.

The valley Way Side Cut was next in order, but as it is a small avenue leading off from Silliman's Avenue and returning into it a short distance further on, and the young ladies not caring to undergo any extra climbing to see it, we passed on. This Avenue, however, contains, according to Frank's statement, (and he knows) several beautiful points, and is well worth exploring.

CHAPTER XI.

A Subterranean Concert Room.—The Highest Dome in the Cave.—The Fly Chamber.—Martha's Vineyard.—A Romantic Meal.—The Last Rose of Summer, (before last).—Diamond Grotto.—An Underground Mountain.—The End of the Cave and the Maelstrom.—Music on Echo River.—Once More Above Ground.

We climbed the Hill of Fatigue, and stood by the Great Western, which is an immense rock, many times larger than any vessel, and the end of which closely resembles the stern of a ship. The rudder is turned to the starboard side. We noticed that some enterprising youth had taken the pains to climb to a great hight and write the name of the rock in chalk.

We commended the Unknown's spirit and proceeded to examine the Rabbit, which is a large stone on the right, which bears a remarkable similarity to that animal.

Having criticised this curiosity at length, we walked on until we reached Ole Bull's Concert Room. This apartment is situated on the left of the Avenue and is thirty feet wide, forty feet long, and twenty high.

When Ole Bull made his first tour through the United States, he visited the Cave and performed in the room which

has since received his name. In questioning Frank, we learned that he played before quite a large audience. A great number of people had heard of his entering the Cave, and anticipating such a treat, had formed a very large party and accompanied him. This was the last point of special interest in Silliman's Avenue. This Avenue is named in honor of Professor B. Silliman, of Yale College.

We left Silliman's Avenue when within a half a mile of the Pass of El. Ghor by entering Rhoda's Arcade, which led off to the left. This Arcade is fifty yards in length and from five to ten feet in hight. The walls and ceiling are encrusted with the crystals of gypsum and carbonate of lime of great brilliancy and indescribable beauty. The floor is covered with white crystals of limestone and is obstructed by fallen rock. In point of beauty, there is no avenue in the Cave, at least that we could discover, superior to this. Every few feet, the guide illumined it by means of the magnesium light, which brought out the hitherto unseen beauties of the gypsum formations. The crystals were arranged in every conceivable position and shape. Nothing could be more exquisite than the delicate crystalline rose-leaves as white as snow, that we noticed on the ceiling ; and nothing more inviting than the lusciousness of the perfectly formed grapes and plums that seemed to grow in such tempting profusion upon the walls.

It was with regret that we quitted this wonderful arcade, but it was only to behold new wonders, for we next stood under Lucy's Dome, which is the highest in the Cave, being sixty feet wide and over *three hundred and sixty feet* high. The sides appear to be composed of immense curtains, extending from the ceiling to the floor. It was a grand sight. The only unfortunate feature connected with this dome is

that, it is impossible for visitors to see the top, as at the hight of about three hundred feet, it makes a sharp bend and so folds upon itself, thus shutting out a view of its greater altitudes. It is for this reason that Mammoth Dome has obtained a more extended reputation for its vastness, as it is almost the same hight and can be seen clear to the top.

We next came to the Pass of El Ghor. This pass resembles Silliman's avenue, but the cliffs composing the walls present a more wild and rugged appearance. It is about two miles in length and possesses many points of interest, of which the first we saw was the Hanging Rocks that look as though they were about to fall, thus closing entirely the avenue, from the walls and ceiling of which they are suspended. Of course, we found it next to impossible to convince our young lady friends, even on the guide's statement, that not a rock had fallen since the discovery of the Cave. After a good deal of persuasion spiced with fun, we induced them to run, one at a time, under the threatening boulders.

Passing this apparently dangerous spot, we next came to the Fly Chamber. It is quite a large apartment, with nothing to merit remark except the fact, that crystals of black gypsum, of the size of a common house fly, project from the ceiling in great numbers. One of the party, seeing some one reach up with his long walking staff, exclaimed quickly, "Take care, they'll all fly away if you poke 'em." Indeed it was very difficult to distinguish them from real flies, even upon a close examination.

Table Rock was soon after pointed out, on the left side of the avenue, projecting from the wall to a distance of about ten feet. It is only two feet in thickness, and has no means of support except its connection with the rocky wall.

Leaving Table Rock, we came to the Crown, which is six feet in diameter, and is situated on the opposite side of the avenue, about ten feet from the floor. It closely resembles the object after which it is named, being a jagged-edged, circularly-formed rock, the tooth-like border, being the very counterpart of a real crown.

Boone's Avenue leads off to the left at a distance of a few feet from the Crown. It has been explored for over a mile, but nothing further is known of its extent or dimensions.

Corinna's Dome, which we were now approaching, rests directly over the centre of the avenue. It is forty feet high, and nine feet wide. This dome is formed like all the others in the Cave, by the solvent action of charged water, which, in this instance, enters from a fissure in the top, where the Pass of El Ghor was filled with water.

The Black Hole of Calcutta, was pointed out to us next. It is situated on the left side of the avenue, and is fifteen feet deep. This cavity is filled with loose rock and mineral dèbris, which renders it extremely difficult to effect a crossing. One is almost sure to meet with a fall while descending or ascending. There were many laughable incidents that occured, before we all collected on the other side. But, as there is always a reward for toil, we found ours, in the sight of Stella's Dome, just beyond the Black Hole of Calcutta.

This dome is one of the finest in the Cave, two hundred and fifty feet in hight, and somewhat resembling Lucy's Dome, in its general features. We enjoyed a long look at this wonderful excavation, and then proceeded as before.

We very soon stopped before the Chimes, consisting of depending rocks, which, when struck, emit a very musical

sound. We had quite a little concert here ; altogether impromptu, but causing a good deal of merriment.

In a few moments we passed Wellington's Gallery, but as there was nothing at all attractive there, we passed on to Hebe's Spring. This little body of water is four feet in diameter, and one and a half feet in depth. It is charged with sulphureted hydrogen, but, after standing undisturbed for some length of time, there is a layer of pure water that collects near the surface. It is supplied with sulphur water from below, and pure water from above ; having the remarkable characteristic of a double source. Eyless Crawfish have been found in this spring, but Frank told us that they were never caught now.

A half a mile beyond Hebe's Spring, we passed Mystic River, of which very little is known, as its name implies.

Ascending a flight of wooden steps twenty feet high, we found ourselves in Martha's Vineyard. At first we were rather surprised to find the vineyard so far from the palace, but soon we were lost in admiration, for the beautiful sights about us. The walls and ceiling were studded with stalactite nodules of carbonate of lime, which are colored and tinted with black and red oxyd of iron, which in size and appearance, exactly resemble natural grapes. The similarity is so perfect, that it was next to impossible for us not to believe ourselves in some vast grapery, with long, luscious bunches, hanging in gorgeous profusion. The grapes themselves seemed just ripe. They possessed that delicate tinge, which it is customary to notice upon fully matured foreign grapes ; and the vines and vinelets were in perfect keeping with the surroundings ; and running from the ceiling to the floor, was what appeared to be a perfect grapevine, being in reality, a

long wall-stalactite, about two inches in diameter. This completed the likeness. A large stalagmite, projecting from the right wall a few inches from the floor, is termed the Battering Ram. We were all delighted with this chamber, and lingered for a long time, feasting upon its beauty and loveliness.

We were now in Elindo Avenue, which is twenty feet over the pass of El Ghor. A feeling of hunger had for some time past, been admonishing us that we should stop and lunch, so we selected a beautiful spot about a half mile from Martha's Vineyard, and prepared dinner. The young ladies were now right in their element, and before long announced that all was ready. The eatables were spread out upon the surface of a long, flat rock, situated only a few rods from Washington's Hall, in which room the other party were seated at dinner. They looked very picturesque, when viewed from the dark, they being in a dazzle of light, from the many lamps. It was very like an encampment of gypsies. The ladies' fanciful, bright colored dresses, and the gentlemen's odd suits, in striking contrast ; and the merry laughter that every now and then greeted some witty remark, sounded so cherrily as it echoed through the desolate cavern.

It was an hour or more before we were again in line ; but we all felt so much refreshed by our rest, that we were fully prepared to enjoy the beauties of the Snow-Ball Room, which is about half-way between Washington's Hall and Cleveland's Cabinet. Here the ceiling and walls are covered by the same crystalline gypsum nodules, that adorned Martha's Vineyard ; but the air being too damp for the gypsum to assume the form of flowers and filaments, their resemblance to snow-balls is complete.

After leaving Snow-Ball Room, we entered Cleveland's Cabinet. This avenue is one and three quarters of a mile in length, sixty feet wide, and from ten to twenty feet in hight. The walls and ceiling are literally lined with alabaster flowers of every conceivable variety, and indescribable beauty and delicacy of outline.

The first point of interest in Cleveland's Cabinet, is Mary's Bower, which is fifteen feet in hight, and forty in length, the walls and ceiling of which are covered with rosettes of gypsum.

Next we came to the Cross, which is formed by the intersection of two crevices in the ceiling at right angles, and which are lined with flowers of Plaster of Paris. It is about eight feet in length. This was much admired by everyone. It was perfect in outline and presents the longer axis to first view, in an upright position. The Mammary Ceiling is formed of nipple-shaped projections of gypsum ; after passing which, we were shown the Last Rose of Summer. It is about eight inches in diameter, and is of snowy whiteness. It rests against the ceiling in the centre of the avenue, but we would have passed it unnoticed, had not Frank stopped and lit his magnesium wire. Some thirty yards further on, we passed the Dining Table. This immense rock is fifteen feet wide, and thirty long.

We were directed a few minutes after leaving the Last Rose of Summer, to hold our lamps in an alcove in the wall, which was three feet in hight, and five feet in length, the whole interior of which was lined with knob-like projections of carbonate of lime, in the form of grapes. This crevice is termed Bacchus' Glory.

Frank stopped next time before St. Cecilia's Grotto,

which is a picturesque recess, situated in the wall of the avenue. This spot is noted for the stucco flowers, that adorn its walls ; but seeing nothing further to arrest our attention, we proceeded to Diamond Grotto, which is named on account of the sparkling, gem-like crystals of selenite that covered the ceiling. It shows up to fine effect when the light is moved to and fro, so as to be reflected from the many sides of these little cubes.

Charlotte's Grotto is the terminus of Cleveland's Cabinet, and is remarkable for its fine collection of fibrous gypsum, but for nothing else. This avenue is named in honor of Profesor Cleveland, the distinguished mineralogist.

We now began the perilous ascent of Rocky Mountain, which is one hundred feet high, and is formed entirely of rocks that have fallen from the ceiling above. On the top, is a stalagmite, two feet high, and six inches in diameter, called Cleopatra's Needle. We, at last, after much hard climbing, reached the summit ; only to look down with dismay into a frightful gorge, seventy feet deep, and one hundred feet wide, that is termed, and appropriately, the Dismal Hollow.

The Cave at this mountain, divides into three branches. That to the right leads to Sand-stone Dome, which is interesting from the fact that the stone of which it is composed, indicates that the top of the Dome is very near the surface of the earth. The branch to the left communicates with Groghan's Hall. The centre one is called Franklin's Avenue, and extends from Dismal Hollow to Serena's Arbor.

Serena's Arbor is rather paradoxical in its name, for instead of being an inviting place, it is just the contrary, most forbidding, and presents a wild and gloomy appearance. It

is about twenty feet in diameter, and forty in hight. The walls and ceiling are covered with stalactite cornices, columns, grooves, &c., many of which are semi-transparent and sonorous. We hastened through this cheerless vault, and, in a few moments, stood in Groghan's Hall, which constitutes the end of the Long Route, and is about seventy feet wide, and twenty feet high.

The left wall is covered with beautiful and variegated stalactite formations, which excel all others in the cave, in extreme hardness and singular whiteness. On the right, we saw a yawning pit, which Frank told us was the Maelstrom. It is one hundred and seventy-five feet deep, and twenty wide. There are avenues leading from the bottom which can be plainly seen when a light is lowered into it. They have been but partially explored on account of the difficulty in reaching them, from the fact that persons are obliged to descend by means of ropes. Cave crickets abound in this portion of the cave ; also cave lizards and bats, in great numbers. A peculiar kind of rat is sometimes found in Groghan's Hall ; it is somewhat larger than our common barn-rat, and while the head and eyes resemble those of a rabbit, the hair of the back is like that of a gray squirrel. This abundance of animal life is taken, by scientific men, as an indication that there is a close connection between the cave and the outer world, at this point, although they have been as yet unable to discover it.

We sat down upon the rocks, to enjoy the thought of the distance we had overcome since we saw the light, and wonder where we were situated, relatively to the position of the hotel.

We had then reached our destination for the day, and

derived a good deal of pleasure in discussing together, the sights we had seen and the sounds we had heard since entering the Cave. We had traveled for nine long miles over the roughest ground imaginable, and felt a sort of pride in the consciousness of the grand results of our labors ; but these triumphant reflections were suddenly dissipated, when we remembered that we were obliged to return over the same ground. The very thought itself was fatiguing, so we banished it and determined to enjoy ourselves to the fullest extent while there.

The view down the Maelstrom was fearfully grand, and so much more impressive when we realized that this terrible abyss was beneath the surface of the earth.

Having rested for almost a half hour in Groghan's Hall, we started on the return. I will not enter into the details of our homeward journey, but only touch upon one or two scenes that presented themselves, before we reached the mouth of the Cave.

We had arrived at a spot about a hundred yards from Echo River, and seated ourselves to await the crossing of the other party whom we had met returning, just before we reached the end of the Cave, and had been talking gayly for some time, when Frank who had gone on to the brow of a little eminence that commanded a view of the water, called to us to join him. We did so and what a charming view we beheld as we came in sight of the landing. There were the ladies, with their bright colored dresses, and waving plumes ; the men with their oil-cloth caps and long staffs, and the guides leaning upon their oars. The whole scene was lit up by magnesium light by some one from behind an immense rock that lay close by—so that the full stream of brilliancy fell upon the pictur-

esque group. This strong light brought out the wild and rugged surroundings in sharp relief, and shone full upon the calm surface of the water that formed a charming back ground to this impromptu tableaux. To highten the effect of such a scene, there suddenly burst from the entire party a grand anthem that rung through the lofty cavern, in long continued echoes, which only contributed with their dying tones to the inspiring beauty of the music.

After finishing this chorus, the party entered the boats and glided noiselessly away, down the river. As they floated around a bend in the stream, which shut them out from view, we heard the soft, sweet tones of a lady's voice that came trembling back to us like clear flute-notes. The climax was reached when, having finished the verse, there swelled up a full chorus that sounded like the distant strains of a muffled spirit choir.

Long after the singing had ceased, we sat in silence, fearing to break the charmed spell that such music had wrought upon our feelings. But I feel my utter inability to describe such a scene and such music—it is impossible. I only trust for its appreciation to your imaginations to supply the deficiencies of this description.

After recrossing Echo River, we met with nothing further of comment, until we reached the mouth of the Cave, which was at nine thirty P. M.

The change of temperature in issuing into the outer atmosphere was so great, that it almost suffocated us. It caused me to experience a sensation of giddiness and oppression that was even more marked as I imprudently stepped quickly from one to the other.

A thunder storm was brewing as we could see by the

vivid flashes of lightning that streaked the sky, so we hastened up to the hotel, reaching the end of the porch just as the big drops began to descend.

We were soon seated at supper discussing the many wonderful sights we had seen during the day.

After tea we adjourned to the Ball Room and enjoyed the festivities that were there in progress, and at a late hour we retired to rest well satisfied with the labor that had added such an interesting page to our life's book of experience. We had that day seen what would remain with us during all our subsequent life, as a well-spring of pleasant and profitable retrospection, as well as a new theme of entertaining conversation.

CHAPTER XII.

The Short or Extra Route.—The Giant Group.—The Star Chamber.—The Greatest Natural Tunnel in the World.—Chief City.—The Labyrinth and Gorin's Dome.—Entering Pensacola Avenue.—The Great Crossing.—The Trip to Mammoth Dome.—Corinthian Columns.—Roaring River. The New Discovery.—The Gothic Arcade.

It was not long before our fatigue overcame our determination of talking over our plans, and we fell into a sound sleep, that was undisturbed until the sun shone brightly into the room through the shutters, forming many colored spots on the floor and opposite wall.

We hastened to descend, as it was almost time to start into the Cave again, for we had determined to see everything that was to be seen, by finishing up, with the Short or Extra Route.

We had engaged a guide named Lee, who had conducted us through White's Cave, to accompany us upon the Short Route. He is a very careful and trustworthy cicerone, and we were not disappointed in our expectations of his being intelligent and communicative.

We ascertained at the office, upon inquiry, that we were

the only persons who proposed entering the Cave that morning, so without waiting until the regular time of starting, we found Lee and left the Hotel.

After leaving the mouth of the Cave we passed over the same ground that we had traversed the day before, until we reached the Giant's Coffin, where, instead of turning into the Deserted Chambers by the avenue which leads under the Coffin, we kept the main Cave, and soon after passing what is called the Great Bend or the Acute Angle, at which point the cavern makes a sharp turn to the left, the greatest curve in its whole length, we observed what is termed the Giants' Wife and Child.

Here we noticed a group of figures upon the ceiling, formed of black gypsum resting on a white back ground and representing the Giant in the act of passing the Child to the Giantess. The two larger figures are in a sitting position, and remarkably natural in outline.

Still further on, the figure of a colossal Mammoth is apparent, and which is also situated upon the ceiling. The formation is the same as that of the giant group.

Next we passed a row of stone cottages on the left of the avenue, which were inhabited by the consumptives, several years ago. These houses are in a good state of preservation, with one exception, and in as good order as when occupied. At some distance beyond the last house, is a small, stone building, which was used by the patients as a dining apartment, it being constructed at some distance in order to afford them the benefit of the walk.

The Star Chamber which was next in order, we approached soon after leaving the Cottages. It is sixty feet in hight, seventy in width, and about five hundred in length.

The ceiling is composed of black gypsum, and is studded with innumerable white points, which by dim light, present a most striking resemblance to stars. These points or stars are produced, in part, by an efflorescence of sulphate of sodium, or Glauber's salt, beneath the black gypsum, which causes it to scale off and, in part, by there having been numbers of stones thrown against it, by which it is detached from the white limestone. In the far extremity of the Chamber, a large mass of it has been separated, and by this means a white surface has become exposed, forming what is termed the Comet. You can perceive the nucleus or head, and the tail of the comet which is perhaps the most wonderfully natural feature of the whole Cave. When our guide took the lamps and descended behind the ledge of rocks, by which a cloud is made to pass slowly across the ceiling, it was difficult for us to divest ourselves of the impression, that a fearful tempest was fast approaching. It only needed the flash of lightning, and the sullen roar of thunder, to make the delusion complete.

After producing the storm cloud, Lee disappeared entirely with the lamps, through a lower archway, several hundred feet in length, leaving us in total darkness. After some time, he reappeared at the eastern extremity of the Star Chamber holding the lights in advance, which, as he slowly elevated them from the cavern from which he rose, produced the illusion of the rising sun. We could fancy ourselves seated upon the edge of some dense forest, watching the first beams of the rising orb as he peeped over the eastern horizon, as we heard the crowing of the cock, the barking of dogs, and the morning notes of the lark, which came in perfect accord from the guide. The Star Chamber is perhaps, next to Echo River, the most attractive object in the Cave.

Beyond it, is the Floating Cloud Room, which is the same size as the Star Chamber, and the Clouds being produced by the scaling off of the black gypsum from the sulphate of soda beneath. They appeared to be floating from the Star Chamber toward the Chief City.

However, before reaching the latter, one enters Procter's Arcade. This the most magnificent natural tunnel in the world, being one hundred feet in width, forty-five in hight, and three quarters of a mile in length. The ceiling is smooth and walls vertical, looking as though they had been chiseled out of the solid rock.

When the tunnel is illuminated by magnesium light, the view at Kinney's arena is magnificent beyond description. This Arcade is named in honor of Mr. L. J. Proctor, the proprietor of the Cave. Kinney's Arena is one hundred feet in diameter, and fifty feet in hight. From the ceiling in the centre of the Arena, there projects a stick, three feet in length and two inches in diameter, which rests, parallel with the ceiling, and is inserted into a crevice in the rock. How it was placed there, is a question which hitherto, it has been impossible to answer, inasmuch as it could not have been forced into the position it now occupies by any artificial means.

After passing "S" Bend, which has no particular points of attraction, we entered Wright's Rotunda. This rotunda is four hundred feet in its shortest diameter. The ceiling is from ten to forty five feet in hight, and is perfectly level, the apparent difference in hight being produced by the irregularity of the floor. It is astonishing that this ceiling possesses strength sufficient to sustain itself, for it is not more than fifty feet from the surface of the earth. Fortunately, the Cave at this point, is perfectly dry, and no change of any

kind is transpiring in it ; otherwise, there might be some risk of its falling in ; as evidences of such occurences are to be found in the surrounding country.

When this immense area is illuminated at the two extremities, simultaneously, it presents a most magnificent appearance. At the eastern limit of the Rotunda is a column, four feet in diameter, and extending from the floor to the ceiling, named Nicholas' Monument, after one of the old guides.

The Fox Avenue, communicates with the Rotunda and S. Bend. It is about five hundred yards in length, and worth exploring.

A short distance beyond Wright's Rotunda, the Main Cave sends off several avenues or branches. That to the left, leads to Black Chamber, which is one hundred and fifty yards wide and twenty in hight, the walls and ceiling of which are incrusted with black gypsum. It is the most gloomy room in the Cave.

There are two avenues leading off to the right. The far one communicates with Fairy Grotto, which contains a most wonderful collection of stalagmites. It is a mile in length. The other avenue communicates with Solitary Cave, at the entrance to which, is a beautiful little cascade.

Next comes the Chief City, which is situated in the Main Cave beyond the Rocky Pass. It is about two hundred feet in diameter, and forty in hight, and the floor is covered at different points, with piles of rock, which present the appearance of the ruins of an ancient city. From Chief City to the end of Main Cave, a distance of three miles, there are several points, at which, the appearance which this avenue presents when filled with running water, may be observed,

and where the overhanging cliffs, closely resemble those in the Pass of El Ghor of recent formation. The Main Cave is terminated abruptly by rocks that have fallen from above. It must not, however, be supposed that this is the end of it, for there can be no doubt that it was closed in the same manner as Dickson's Cave was terminated, and that the removal of the obstructing rock, would open a communication with a cave of the same size as the one I have been attempting to describe.

Having now seen everything of interest this side of the Main Cave, we returned to the Giant's Coffin, and, from thence followed yesterdays path, until we reached the Deserted Chambers. From these, we entered the Labyrinth by descending a pair of wooden steps, some seven feet in hight. It is a narrow, rugged causeway, and the only object of interest is the figure of the American Eagle on the left wall a short distance from the terminus.

Leaving this winding passage, we passed over a small bridge and, ascending a ladder ten feet high, were in Gorin's Dome. It is viewed from a natural window situated about half way between the floor and ceiling of the Dome, and it is about two hundred feet in hight, and sixty feet across its widest part. The far side presents a striking resemblance to an immense curtain, which, in one long sweep, has its first fold about forty feet from the bottom. This Dome was formed in the same manner as the Side-Saddle Pit. When the far end was illuminated with magnesium light by the guide, who reached an elevated point on the side, by passing through a small avenue to the right, the view was terribly sublime. We could plainly distinguish several avenues that communicated with the top and bottom of the Dome, and could see the

masses of jagged rocks, that formed the rim of a frightful pit in the floor below. This was the grandest dome we had yet seen, and we sat long in the Natural Window and studied this wonderful freak of nature, while Lee threw lighted scraps of paper into the abyss. We could hear the gurgle of water issuing from the darkness, and feel the cold spray that dampened our faces.

At length, having taken our farewell look at Gorin's Dome, we started back to the Deserted Chambers. From there, passing through the Wooden Bowl Cave and Martha's Palace, past the Side-Saddle Pit and Minerva's Dome, and the Bottomless Pit and Shelby's Dome, we reached Reveler's Hall, which we constituted the objective point for another side trip.

Entering a small opening in the right wall, we soon found ourselves in Pensacola Avenue which is a mile in length, from eight to sixty feet in hight and from thirty to one hundred feet in width.

The Sea Turtle was the first thing that struck our attention. It is merely a huge mass of rock, shaped in the above form and thirty feet in diameter. It has long since become detached from the ceiling and now lies almost flat upon the floor of the Avenue.

It was not long after leaving the Sea Turtle before we entered the Wild Hall, which in size and appearance resembles Bandit's Hall.

Bunyan's Way, which communicates with Great Relief, enters Pensacola Avenue at this point.

Snow-Ball Archway received our attention, when, a few moments afterward, we stopped a dozen rods further on.

It receives its name from the fact that the ceiling is covered with little nodules of gypsum like those in the Snow-Ball Room.

Walking on, we came suddenly upon the Great Crossing which is a point at which four avenues take their origin. The first set communicate at an elevation which is eight feet below the plane of the other two, thus forming a natural gulch, which is crossed by means of steps, which are cut out of either wall.

Leaving the Great Crossing, we entered Mat's Arcade. This avenue is fifty yards in length, thirty feet in width and sixty feet in hight. Between the floor and the ceiling, there are four beautiful terraces which extend the full length of the arcade ; there being also a splendid collection of exquisite stalactites termed the Pine-Apple Bush, in this remarkable passage.

We came now to Angelico Grotto, the ceiling and walls of which, are incrusted with crystals of carbonate of lime. Beyond this grotto at the distance of about half a mile, Pensacola Avenue terminates in a low archway.

Retracing our steps to Reveler's Hall, we had only to pass down the Scotchman's Trap, squeeze through the Fat Man's Misery, and traverse Great Relief, when we entered River Hall, from which Chamber, Spark's Avenue extends to the Mammoth Dome which is three quarters of a mile distant.

After entering this Avenue, we had but a short walk, before reaching Bandit's Hall. It is sixty feet in length, and forty feet in width, the floor of which is covered with large rocks that have tumbled from above.

To the right of Bandit's Hall, there is a side cavern of

great extent called Brigg's Avenue, but which has never been fully explored and is never visited.

Passing on we came to Newman's Spine, which is about ten feet in length and consists of a crevice in the ceiling which is the exact image of a gigantic back-bone. The traveling in this portion of the Cave is very difficult. We were obliged to crawl on our hands and knees in some places, and at others, to lift ourselves bodily over an impassable boulder, or press through a crevice only half large enough to admit of the passage of a man's body.

Having accomplished, with much difficulty, the entrance into Sylvan Avenue, we sat down to rest our weary limbs. Our good humored guide here entertained us with characteristic yarns and amusing incidents until we forgot our fatigue in the enjoyment of his well-told narratives.

Suddenly recollecting, however, that we had yet some distance to go before reaching the Mammoth Dome, we hastened forward.

Sylvan Avenue extends from Spark's Avenue to Clarissa's Dome and is about three hundred yards in length, containing a number of ferruginous, limestone logs, which vary from five to fifteen inches in diameter. Some of them appear to be chopped in half, while others have lost a portion of their bark, displaying a white surface of petrous wood; and others again look as though they were in a state of apparent decay. Anywhere else, these masses of stone would be mistaken for petrified wood.

Clarissa's Dome is entered at its base and possesses no very special points of interest, except its general beauty. It resembles Gorin's Dome, but is much smaller.

After passing Bennett's Point and Bishop's Gorge, a low and dangerous passage, we found ourselves standing upon a terrace which was in the wall, but at least forty feet from the base of Mammoth Dome. This dome constitutes one of the principal attractions of the Cave. It is two hundred and fifty feet in hight, and in appearance, closely resembles Gorin's Dome; however, it is more than *five times* as large. At the left, at a distance of about fifty yards, there are five large pillars, cut out of the solid rock by water, and which are called the Corinthian Columns. Each column is about the size of an ordinary house, but in contrast with the Dome, they appear of rather meager dimensions. The awful sublimity of the Dome when strongly illuminated by the Bengal light, exceeds any thing ever pictured to a mind not frenzied by insanity. It was fearful! Imagine, under ground, a wild, rugged chasm, gaping far upward until hid from view by the white, feathery mist arising from the gushing stream, flowing along its rocky bed at its base. Think of a dome in a cave, half again as high as Grace Church spire! This was by far the sublimest sight we had yet witnessed. After gazing about us in mute wonder and awe, for some moments, we followed the directions of our guide, and descended by a slippery and dilapidated ladder, to the next terrace below, which we crossed with difficulty and ascended the steep, slimy rocks that formed the right wall of the abyss, until we had attained an altitude not much less than that of the top of the Dome. Passing onward, winding about among the wet rocks and more treacherous mud, we at last gained a position directly at the base of the Corinthian Columns, where we commanded a fine view of the whole Dome that lay immediately before us. Lee produced his magnesium wire and illumined the farthest niches and recesses of this awful

cavern. Never have I seen such grandeur above or beneath the ground. It merits to be ranked among the wonders of the world—to be placed by the side of Niagara Falls, the Yosemite Valley and Grey's Peak in point of awe-inspiring grandeur and wild beauty.

The Mammoth Dome is still enlarging under the influence of water, nature's great chisel, which, as it courses down the smooth walls, is forever cutting, cutting, cutting, and simply by its solvent action upon the rocks, in virtue of the carbonic acid which it holds in solution.

Retracing our steps, we ascended the rickety ladder and re-entered Spark's Avenue, which led us back to River Hall.

The Avenue which comunicates with Roaring River, is entered from Cascade Hall in Silliman's Avenue, and is a half a mile in length. Roaring River resembles Echo River in size and appearance, but has a much louder echo. There is a cascade which falls into it, which produces the roaring sounds and from which, it has received its name. Eyeless fish and crawfish are found in Roaring River, also a few sunfish and *black* crawfish, but the difficulty of reaching it, is so great, that visitors seldom attempt the trip.

Marion's Avenue is about one and a half miles long and arises in Washington's Hall. It varies from twenty to sixty feet in width and from eight to forty in hight. The floor is covered, the whole distance with sand; and the walls are composed of white limestone which resembles cumulus clouds. At the farther end, the Avenue divides into two branches; that to the right leading to Paradise and Portia's Parterre, and that to the left, to Zoe's Grotto.

The walls and ceiling of Paradise Avenue, are covered

with gypsum flowers, and there is a dome about half way between its extremities, called Digby's Dome.

Portia's Parterre is entered from the left wall of Paradise Avenue. It is a half a mile in length, and contains the same kind of flowers that are found in Cleveland's Cabinet. As it was only discovered about two years ago, it is generally termed the New Discovery.

We now started back upon our last and best underground excursion. We were obliged to walk for almost an hour, to reach the Main Cave again, which having done by a low and narrow archway that opened into the right wall on the same plane with the floor, we followed it for some distance, until we came to a flight of wooden steps, leading up to the mouth of a side avenue situated some distance from the floor at this point. Ascending these, we entered the Gothic Arcade, which is the most interesting avenue in the whole of Mammoth Cave.

CHAPTER XIII.

A Curious Mummy.—The First Echo.—Register Room,—"Where there's a Will, there's a Way."—A Love Story founded on Fact.—Vulcan's Smithy and Napoleon's Breastworks.—The Lover's Leap.—Lake Purity.—Adieu to the Mammoth Cave.—Once More in Louisville.—The Queen City of the West.—A Cincinnati Park.—An Odd Tight Rope Performance.—The Ride over the Baltimore and Ohio. Alone.—The Last Adventure.—Home at Last.

The first point of note was the "Seat of the Mummy", which consists of a niche in the left wall, about forty yards from the steps, and just large enough for a human being to sit in.

The body found in this niche was that of an Indian woman, dressed in the skins of wild animals, and ornamented with the trinkets usually worn by the aborigines. A few feet distant, the body of an Indian child, attired in precisely the same manner, was discovered, in a sitting posture, and resting against the wall. They were both in a state of perfect preservation, and there can be no doubt that they wandered into this avenue, and becoming bewildered, as any one, inexperienced in the direction of the different passages would

have done, sat down and died in the position in which they were found.

A short distance beyond the seat of the mummy, we passed a large stalactite which extends from the floor to the ceiling, and is called the Post Oak, from its resemblance to a variety of the oak tree that grows near the Cave.

The First Echo which we next approached, is the name given to that part of the Gothic Arcade which passes over Pensacola Avenue, the floor of which when forcibly struck, as with our walking staffs, emits a hollow sound. It does not appear to be more than a few inches in thickness and it is remarkable for possessing sufficient rigidity to sustain its own enormous weight.

Walking on for a quarter of a mile, we entered the Register Room, which is about three hundred feet in length, forty in width, and from eight to sixteen feet in hight. The ceiling is white and as smooth as though it had been plastered. In this room, hundreds of persons have displayed their utter bankruptcy in every thing pertaining to good breeding and taste by tracing their obscure names upon the ceiling with black candle smoke. It presents a most singular appearance when first entered. You see curious caricatures and hundreds of names in all imaginable positions and styles of lettering, and often, here and there, a neat and well executed monogram, bearing evidence of the possession of superior skill, if not talent, by its designer.

After leaving the Register Room, we soon entered the Gothic Chapel. This is the most interesting room in the Cave from the fact that it is so closely connected with a most romantic life-scene in the history of two young persons.

About two years ago there lived a family, which until the

time of which I write, had remained an unbroken circle with nothing to disturb the blissful serenity of their home life ; but, as misfortunes never come singly, the old adage was, in this instance, verified by the sudden illness and death of the head of the family, followed very soon after, by the decease of his cherished wife.

For some time previous to the occurrence of these sad events, there had been two suitors for the hand of Elinor, the eldest daughter. They had vied with each other in their unceasing attentions, while each had flattered himself that he was receiving the greater share of favor from his fair mistress ; but, as we shall see, she smiled upon one with her face and upon the other with her heart. One of these young men, named George, was the son of very wealthy parents, who, upon his attaining his majority, had given him his portion of their estate, and it was no meagre one, as he was the only child. He possessed every luxury that the imagination could devise or the lips command, consequently, was vain of his wealth and constant in his attendance at the gaming table. Notwithstanding these faults, he was extremely handsome and possessed of a good deal of genuis, quite a beau among the ladies and a devotee to their society. He escorted them to all places of amusement, had them to drive with him in his handsome carriage, and behind his latest 'pair,' and passed five nights out of every week at parties &c. He was what might have been termed "a good-looking city fop."

Frank, Elinor's other admirer, was a steady, industrious young man, who, with his father's assistance had just opened a small business on his own account. He was prospering by his continued and untiring labor. He was the possessor of a noble countenance, a generous heart and a graceful, winning address. He was vastly superior to his wealthy, but in-

digent rival, in point of physical development, being finely formed and bearing himself with a dignified and manly carriage. Elinor, although, in her heart, she appreciated his many virtues and inobstrusive attachment which had already won her love, had not dared to discard his rival for fear of wounding her kind and indulgent parents whose wish it was, to secure for her wealth and position by an alliance with him.

It had been six weeks since her father died and now her mother lay upon her death-bed. Before expiring, she extorted a promise from her daughter never to marry Frank "any where upon the surface of the green earth." After the funeral had taken place, she retired to a country town in Ohio, with a hope of recovering from the shock occasioned by her sudden bereavement.

Not many weeks passed, before George came ; and, seeing in what a desolate and lonely position she was placed, offered her a home, and wealth beyond her most extravagant conceptions. Like a true-spirited girl, she refused his kindness prompted by pity for her misfortunes, and remained in entire seclusion.

In another month, however, Frank, whose delicate and sympathetic letters she had enjoyed so much since her mother's death, came to the village in which she was living, and told her the old, old story, of his undying affection, and the long-hoped-for happiness of calling her his own. Without hesitating, she confessed 'frankly', her long attachment, and the inexpressible joy of this unexpected moment.

Elinor, in the secrets of her own heart, had formed a plan to avoid, and yet comply with, her promise to her mother ; and it was nothing more than *to be married underground !* So, now that every obstacle was removed, which

could deter her from executing this plan, she collected all her valuables, and started in company with Frank, for the Mammoth Cave. Upon their arrival, they proceeded at once to the house of the resident minister, and engaged his services for the morrow. The guides learning of the event that was to take place, and hearing it rumored about the hotel that the ceremony was to be performed in the Gothic Chapel, illuminated the room by hanging lamps, and impromptu chandeliers, all around the walls, and from the ceiling of the Chapel. The bride elect was unconscious of all these preparations, so that when the little procession, with the minister at its head, wound around the last sharp bend in the avenue, they were welcomed by a dazzle of light from torches and lamps, and a wedding march, executed with fine effect by the band from the hotel.

There is a picturesque, natural pulpit formed by the union of stalactites and stalagmites, that occupies the most prominent position in the chamber, being just in the center of the smooth floor. Here the minister stood, when he pronounced them 'man and wife.'

The guides who were present at the ceremony, say that it was the most affecting and solemn scene they had ever witnessed. The novelty and romance of the surroundings, were such as to make the reminiscence of this occasion, one of a life-time. The bride and groom stood a few feet in front of the natural stone alter, with heads reverently bowed, until the wedding ring was placed upon the bride's finger, when the groom, bending over that fragile form, imprinted a warm kiss upon the upturned lips. At this moment there arose a jubilant shout from those who had been the silent spectators of this impressive scene, and the band struck up an inspiriting air, that echoed strangely along the vaulted ceiling of the Chapel.

After receiving the congratulations of their new-made friends, the happy pair left the Cave followed by a noisy crowd of people who *would* praise, too loudly, the modesty of the bride and the manliness of the groom. We noticed where the ceiling had been blackened by the smoke from the lamps that had been suspended from it.

After leaving the Gothic Chapel, we entered Vulcan's Smithy. This is a room, the floor of which is strewn with stalagmite nodules, which are covered with the black oxyd of iron, which resembles the cinders of a blacksmith's shop.

As there was nothing else remarkable about this apartment we passed on to Napoleon's Breastworks, which consist of a ledge of rocks that have been detached from the side of the avenue against which they now rest. From the front, they appear to be a gradual rise in the floor, terminatiug abruptly in a perpendicular descent, which forms a sort of natural rifle-pit behind.

Next, we came to the Arm Chair, which is a very comfortable and unique looking seat, formed by the union of stalactites with stalagmites. Nothing could be more natural than the symmetrical projections upon either side, that answered for arms ; and nothing more suited to the graceful inclination of the head, than the bowl-like hollow that offered it a convenient resting place.

We were now not far from the end of our journey, so we did not remain here long, to attest the merits of the Chair, but hastened on, past the Elephant's Head which is a large stalagmite bearing the above form, which projects from the left wall of the avenue, and descended a very steep and rugged hill that led us down into the pit beneath the Lover's Leap. The Lover's Leap consists of a long sharp rock that

juts out from the floor of the cavern, sixteen feet over a pit seventy feet deep. It is a very curious circumstance that this rock should occupy such a position, but the name given to it is so appropriate that one almost forgets to notice its uniqueness in the thought of the romance connected with it.

Elbow Crevice was next in order. This passage is five feet in hight, from three to five in width and twenty feet in length. It is another Fat Man's misery upon a large scale.

After some severe climbing, we reached Gatewood's Dining Table, which is a flat rock that has been detached from the ceiling. It is about twelve feet in length, and eight in width and is named after one of the old saltpetre miners.

One look was sufficient, at such a common place object as a rock, so we passed on for some twenty yards, when we stood beneath Napoleon's Dome. This Dome is fifty feet high and from twenty to thirty feet wide. It was formed in the same manner as, and somewhat resembles, Corenna's Dome, in the Pass of El Ghor.

As we had seen so many and such immense ones already, this offered nothing strikingly peculiar, either in appearance or size, so we tramped along again toward Lake Purity, which is the last point of interest in the route. It is a pool of perfectly transparant water, and is situated directly under Vulcan's Smithy.

The Avenues through which we had passed, turned and twisted so continually in their directions, that now we were back again, about ten feet under the point at which we had seen the Smithy. We sat down here and enjoyed a refreshing draught from the cold waters of Lake Purity.

About a half a mile further on, the Gothic Arcade termi-

nates in a dome and a small, but picturesque cascade. After indulging our weary limbs as long as the guide thought proper, we began the return.

It was almost three o'clock when we reached the hotel, and having ascertained that the stage was to leave for Cave City at four o'clock, we had just sufficient time left, to hastily pack our traveling bags and take dinner, when the coach was announced, and we were off.

In concluding my remarks concerning the Mammoth Cave, I would say that there have been over one hundred and fifty avenues, discovered ; many of these, however, are never entered by visitors, and consequently, I have not attempted to describe them. There has not been, for some time past, much enterprise displayed on the part of the guides in extending their explorations, into the remoter portions of the Cave, there being now something over a hundred linear miles which are known to them, this being more than can be displayed to visitors in a single day.

The explored Cave is, we have every reason to believe, but a fraction of the real one : for the guides who have certainly had more experience than any other persons in this matter, and are, therefore, more capable of expressing a correct judgment concerning it, say that, judging from the general features of the different avenues already discovered, and examining the rock formation that, in most instances, terminates them, the Cave must exceed, in reality, several times its present dimensions.

The train was on time at the station so we embarked with a feeling that now indeed we were homeward bound.

Three hours later, we alighted in Louisville. Riding directly to the Galt House, we obtained excellent rooms, and a hot supper, late as was the hour.

We slept soundly that night, and rose on the following morning, in time to take the seven-fifteen train for Cincinnati.

The road over which we traveled for the next five hours, was very interesting, from its cultivated surroundings and luxuriant growth of grains and timber, but possessed no special characteristic to distinguished it particularly from any other road in the western states.

At noon we reached the Queen City of the West ! and were hurried away to the Burnet House, which proved to exceed in elegance of appointment and taste of finish, our most sanguine expectations.

After dinner we spent some time in sauntering about the city on an inspecting tour, but at about four o'clock, we returned, and, while I adjourned to the parlor to write up my journal, my friend Stapler ordered a carriage, and drove out to Auburn Hill, to call upon a college acquaintance.

At five P. M., I left the hotel and walked leisurely from one street to another, visiting the different public buildings and other places of interest, until at last, I found myself seated in one of the beautiful open squares, that are so numerous in, and form one the most pleasant features of, the city.

Directly in front of me, was an immense fountain with a lake-like reservoir, upon the brilliant surface of which, great white swans floated in graceful curves, their spotless plumage, reflected in a thousand ripples.

On the left bank stood a rustic summer-house, from which the music of some bright, operatic airs greeted me as I entered this little gem of a park. The smoothly mown lawns were intersected by serpentine walks and drives, which were kept

in perfect order. Large trees lining these miniature avenues, cast a delightfully cool shade over the long rows of wooden seats that were arranged along either side. All was rest and quiet.

I noticed many gayly dressed ladies with their frolicsome children seated over the park, enjoying this scene of refreshing repose. The sun had set, and I now, for the first time, recollected that I had a long walk before me, ere I could reach the hotel; so, with reluctant steps, I left the square through a gate, opposite to that by which I had entered.

When I had arrived within four blocks of the Burnet House, and while crossing one of the side streets that extend along the banks of the canal, I noticed a great crowd of people, assembled to witness a tight rope performance. The rope was stretched across between the eaves of two, five-story houses on opposite sides of the street. At the time I came along, this prodigy was contentedly cooking his supper, upon a small kitchen stove that he dexterously balanced before him. The oddest feature of the scene was the fact, that he possessed but one leg, the other having been shot away just below the knee. It was wonderful with what skill he poised himself while going through various contortions and gymnastic exhibitions upon a loose rope-swing that dangled above the middle of the street. All this seemed to delight the vulgar populace, if we are to judge by their enthusiastic plaudits after each successful feat. But I did not stop long to behold such idiotic behavior, but hurried back to the hotel, where I found Stapler diligently hunting me.

At ten o'clock P. M., we stepped on board the train that was to bear us to our respective homes; and, it was with light hearts and joyous anticipations, that we lay down to rest that night.

We awoke an hour before reaching Parkersburg which is situated on the state-line, dividing Virginia and Ohio, and at which place, we breakfasted.

The Baltimore and Ohio Rail Road is one of the most wonderful feats of engineering skill in the world. It runs along through the Blue Ridge and over the Alleghanies, now spanning a fearful gorge by means of a light and narrow tressel-work bridge, and now winding up the steep side of the mountain with a grade of one hundred feet to the mile. We darted into a curved tunnel and out again before we had time to realize that we had entered, then in other places, they were a mile in length, shutting us up in blackness and smoke for several minutes. Ours, being the sleeper, was, as is the custom, the last car on the train, so that we had the benefit of every sharp curve, around which we went jolting and swinging from one side to the other with dangerous rapidity. I don't think there were five hundred yards of straight track in the whole distance from Parkersburg to Baltimore, except, perhaps, after passing the Relay House. This road possesses more curves than any other in the country, the Pennsylvania Central, not excepted.

The scenery was very beautiful all the way from the western bases of the Blue Ridge to Baltimore. We caught some magnificent glimpses while winding over the Alleghanies. Every now and then a sight of a grand vista of mountainous country would open before us, and perhaps a deep gorge would reveal a beautiful sunlit valley, nestling at its base, or while we were crossing an elevated tressel-work bridge that seemed as though it were suspended between heaven and earth, we could trace for miles the course of the sparkling stream that flowed far beneath us. It was a grand exhilarat-

ing ride, but one well calculated to inspire terror in those who are, by any means, prone to timidity.

It was not until almost nine o'clock in the evening that we stopped before the Relay House. Here it was, that I was compelled to bid adieu to my friend and traveling companion—Stapler. He left me to embark on the train for Washington.

It was not many moments before I was whirling away again *alone*. Any one who has not left one, with whom he has been constantly associated and, too, amid the most novel and exciting scenes for a number of weeks, cannot appreciate the feelings of loneliness that I experienced after I had fully realized that he had departed.

We steamed into the Monumental City and all was noise, bustle and confusion. I immediately adjourned to the supper room where I remained for the next three quarters of an hour in perfect contentment.

After thus refreshing myself, I took a long stroll over the portion of the city immediately surrounding the dèpot, to beguile the tedious moments that must intervene before the train should leave.

At last I was on board again, beginning my *last car ride*. I slept for a long time, I know not *how* long, but waking with a start, I found that the train had stopped at a station. I determined to step out upon the platform to rouse myself. I got off the car and wandered about through the dèpot for some time. All I could see was two solitary carriages standby the side of the curb. I said to myself "They are waiting for some one, to take both himself, whoever he may be, and his trunks." I entered the train again ; and and was just going back to my seat, when a happy thought occured to me,

viz ; to ask the brakeman what station this was, so I called, "holloa there! what place is this, sir ?" "Wilmington" he replied. Imagine my astonishment. To think of my walking into the dèpot and not knowing it. Imagine my looking up the streets and not recognizing the city of my nativity.

In a state of sleepy mortification, I seized my carpet-bag and overcoat and alighted. On approaching the solitary vehicle that I had noticed, I recognized the familiar face of our old coachman James, while sitting in the other carriage was Noah, his assistant, ready to take careful charge of my trunk, so *I* proved to be that mysterious individual, about whom I had, a moment before, speculated so dreamily.

It was not many more minutes before I drove up the long avenue and stopped before the door of my home. It was now very late,—about two o'clock, and I had scarcely pulled the bell, when the door was hastily opened and I was in the arms of my sister and cousin, and was home at last! What a relief was this consciousness to one who had been traveling constantly for almost five weeks! There is no appreciation without deprivation ; I now appreciated, if never before, the blessings of home.

It was with a thankful heart for our preservation amid the dangers which had threatened us while absent, and our happy reunion after both the pleasures and fatigues of such a summer tour, that I closed my weary eyes in sleep that night, and, as profound stillness again reigns throughout the house, let us draw the curtain over this scene of peaceful repose.