

curved lines, that one can hardly believe that they are not the work of art."

This is but a very imperfect outline of the background of the picture that extends for miles, while the Platte, with its wide and rich bottom, constitutes the foreground. But, though the lovers of nature and the beautiful, while Time shall last, will bow in adoration at this shrine, and the curious and fashionable shall make it their resort, yet, few of the emigrants of this generation will make it their home. The scenery that most attracts such men is found nearer, in the eastern portion of this territory, where the deep virgin soil of the rolling prairie invites the plough and spade. To give some idea of this scenery, I will quote my impressions, as they were pencilled, while travelling through the territory, south of the Kansas river.

May 11th. Our course, to-day, has been over the rolling prairie, and we passed along without difficulty. The prairie seems to be an endless succession of rolls, with a smooth, green surface, dotted all over with most beautiful flowers. The soil is of the most rich and fertile character, with no waste land. The feelings that come over a person, as he first views this immense ocean of land, are indescribable. As far as the eye can reach, he sees nothing but a beautiful green carpet, save here and there perhaps a cluster of trees; he hears nothing but the feathered songsters of the air, and he *feels* nothing but a solemn awe in view of this infinite display of creative power.

13th. Turned out this morning at 4 o'clock, to watch the cattle. Went upon a high roll of land where I had an extensive and enchanting of this, seemingly, boundless and ever varying prairie. The sun is rising out of this sea of land in the east, a line of timber skirts Cedar Creek to the N. E., also Spoon Creek to the N. W., while still further on, in the same direction, is seen a thick fog, marking the course of the Kansas river. All is still save the grazing of the cattle, and the concert of birds, which is composed of a great variety of songsters. The cooing of the prairie hens, heard in every direction, constitutes the base; the loud cawing of the crows, the tenor; the fine sweet voices of the ground and small birds, the treble; and a noise as of distant wild geese, the alto.

23rd. Passed a beautiful little creek of pure, cold water, about 12 M., where we found a newly made grave. Ascended a high bluff near the creek, where I had a most delightful view of the country to a great distance. I was reminded of the view of the Connecticut River Valley from Mt. Holyoke. There is this