

“The sound of the church-going bell,  
These valleys and rocks never heard—”

we concluded to work our way out upon the Plains by easy stages, and camp sufficiently far in advance to enable us to reach Laporte for dinner on the following day. We stopped an hour or so in the middle of the day, at Jack's Springs, where General Dodge regaled us with lunch from a French patti of plover, which was most excellent, and should form a staple for all self-subsisting travellers. At four P. M. we reached the valley of Box-Elder Creek, and encamped for the night.

Our route during most of the day had passed over the heavy swells, or sedimentary formations, which lie between the former base of the mountains and the present level of the plains; and which were formed, undoubtedly, by *débris* of the more perishable rocks, brought down by the mountain torrents, and deposited in long, irregular slopes at their base.

#### DEATH OF THE ANTELOPE.

On Monday morning we resumed our course towards Laporte, having left our escort to await orders at Camp Box-Elder. Our route lay over very much the same character of country as we had traversed the previous day. When at a distance of about two miles from camp, Mr. Williams, who was riding in advance, observed an antelope, lying down, some three or four hundred yards directly in our front. He quietly halted until the balance of the party came up, when General Dodge and myself dismounted and prepared for action; Messrs. Williams and Evans remaining in their saddles, the better to observe the effect of our guns.

The General, from his long practice, was able to unlim-