

and exciting incidents connected with mountain camp-life, had made the time pass most pleasantly; and caused us to regret the pressure of other engagements which would soon compel us to leave it, and part, for a time, at least, with our most attentive and agreeable traveling companions.

My faithful horse had also become an object of sincere attachment. His fast, ambling gait was most easy and comfortable, after the first one or two days of *back-climation*; and he had never failed me, either in a sudden dash across the plain after an antelope, or the difficult crossing of a mountain-ledge or chasm; and I parted from him with sincere regret.

But I fear it was not so with my friend Mr. Williams, whose black horse "Chug-water" (which name he gave him on account of some peculiarity in his gait) came near failing him on several occasions; once, I recollect, when he stumbled and broke his saddle-girth; and quite frequently when he would persistently try to descend a hill *upward*, or, rather I should say, sideways or backward, instead of the straightforward way *downward*.