

as securely as if they were on some broad plateau, and make leaps across the yawning chasms that would chill the blood of a beholder. We passed through the canon too hastily to search for any of them; massive horns adorn their heads, and their flesh is excellent for food. As we were gazing at mountain side and stream, absorbed with the ever-varying changes of scenery, all at once, as the coach wheeled around a curve in the way, the great plain stood before us, sweeping away out of our sight. It was a strange vision after our six days of mountain experience, where we had climbed great heights and been shut up between over-hanging cliffs. It was like the revelation of a new world. I felt as if I had been creeping through a strange labyrinth of wonders and had come out into a new state of existence. Just before us lay the beautiful village of Boulder, with its one or two thousand inhabitants; beyond were the green wheat-fields, the artificial lakes in the valley of Boulder creek, the graceful foliage of the cottonwoods along the streams. The fine and substantial improvements; the signs of comfort and thrift; the green soft foot-hills, rising to the left and right as we came out of the mouth of the canon and out upon the plains; the Trap Dyke of Valmont, rising abrupt, and the mounds or hills, that looked as if they might have been thrown up by a race of giants ages ago—all this formed a picture of wonderful beauty, that we caught and fixed on the canvas of memory as our coach swept rapidly into Boulder City."