

enter bodily into the hot pool, however I didn't stay in very long, as its effect is so exhilarating to a novice, I was somewhat afraid.

After my bath I felt able to pull a house down, and hungry as a hunter, and made my way over to the hotel, where the worthy hostess soon set before me a spread, the like of which I fear I shall never relish again—that is, until I get back there once more. Brook trout, real speckled beauties from eight ounces to two pounds in weight, hot out of the pan, hot rolls and tip-top coffee. Ye gods! but it was splendid. After supper I turned into my buffalo robe and slept the sleep known only to the just and those who have breathed the air of Middle Park for a day, and bathed in the hot sulphur.

The mountains and valleys of Middle Park abound with game, such as elk, deer, antelope, bear, mountain sheep, rabbits, sage hens, grouse, &c., and I had a week's shooting there, such as would take a small volume of itself to chronicle.

I made some delightful excursions to Grand Lake, the great canon of Grand River, Palisades of Troublesome Canon and Falls of the Williams River, Corral Creek Canon, William creek gold diggings, the Moss Agate, Chalcedony, and the Onyx fields, the Lava dykes, &c.

On the morning that I determined to return, I very fortunately encountered Mr. Rollins, the enterprising builder and proprietor of the road from Rollinsville to Hot Sulphur Springs, and onward to Salt Lake. He