

ding.' There are cowed monks, the gowned priest who celebrates the ceremony towering above the rest, and a score or two of women, distended as if hooped countless ages ago for a saturnalian revel at Cape May.

"How this Cana of Gallilee festival—there are urns and vases everywhere fit for water and wine—happened to occur when heathen deities were abroad in the land, is a chronological mystery which may not be unraveled. This morning I was riding along the plateau at the base of the mountain that closes the western end of Monument Park. Its summit was crowned with clouds, and when these had drifted away, the blackened cliffs were white with snow. The sun reappeared, and the grim old mountain, nameless and untraversed, glittered like the dome of St. Peter's when illuminated at the close of Holy Week at Rome. All its rugged lines stood out in bold tracery, the stupendous stones, the deep gorges and towering cliffs were defined with wonderful distinctness; as the sun went down, its latest rays played about the summit of each towering crag, and purple shadows danced among the rocks until the mountain peaks blazed like a brilliant constellation.

"No such golden sunsets are seen in Italy as bathe the stupendous mountains in a sea of ineffable glory. The air is clearer and purer, the stars at night more brilliant, the sky more blue, and every aspect of nature more wonderful than elsewhere in the world. Properly the name Colorado (colored) was given a country whose boundless plains, as shadows of clouds or of mountains