

sweep over them, assume every possible hue, and whose mountains are white with snow; and when white clouds roll over stupendous heights, the sheet of snow is taken away as if lifted up by nature's great chambermaid. Then appears the parti-colored rocks, white and black and red, and yellow and gray, and brown, as if all the paint-shops of the universe had been emptied from heaven upon massive mountains, that a wonderful land might be named 'Colorado.'

"From east to west, almost at the base of the mountain range on the eastern side, and for many miles, continuous stone palisades have been projected upward. These walls are red and white and gray. Their thickness varies from one to five hundred feet, and their height from 500 to 2,000 feet. Think of a solid stone wall, projected upward, of thickness equal to the width of Main street, and rising 1,000 feet above the tops of the tallest structures in the city, and extending twelve or fifteen miles from Chelsea to the line of the State of Mississippi, and beyond this majestic wall, within a mile, the mountain range constitutes another impassable barrier. Between this lofty palisade and the abrupt cliffs are the famed 'Gardens of the Gods.' Through this mighty palisade, its summit jagged, rent by lightning and tempest, and worn by rain and hail, there are three gateways, each two or three miles from the other. The eastern entrance is so narrow that our mustangs could not gain admittance.

"The area of this first garden between the palisades and the cliffs is narrow, but the very wildness of the