

glitter of stars, and the water in the creek as it fell over the rocks in the distance came to our ears with a faint murmur. All nature seemed pitiless in its calm repose.

When suddenly the whole mountain seemed to echo from the roar of the mountain lions. Three of the savage beasts came in sight of our camp, but fortunately they did not observe us, but the peril I did endure is almost indescribable. We were obliged to guard our camp all night for fear those savage beasts might rush in upon us, which we knew would be death if we were not prepared for defense.

After such an experience, Home is the place to which the heart is apt to turn in adversity, and memory see the latest days of life, though which oceans should roll, and mountains rise between.

The next morning we still continued our journey westward, until we reached Jefferson Canyon. Which is to travelers a most impressing scene. We first came to a small cave which we climbed over and ascended a large rock, which was so laden with moss rendered it almost invisible. From this rock we could see for miles and miles through the canyon, which appeared to the observer, like the remains of ancient fortifications, where rivers had rushed through in indescribable granduer.

The next note of any importance was the ascending of Bradford Hill, and thence to the foot of the Snowy Range. Here lay before us a beautiful park, which was designated as South Park. Two rivers ran through the Park, which were noted for their granduer and beauty.

During our stay here, we devoted the greater part of our time to trout fishing which was indeed, quite exhilarating.