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G. BAILEY, *Washington, D. C.*

WASHINGTON, D. C.

A subscriber desires us to print the following, which he learned some forty years ago, and writes out from recollection.—*Ed. Era.*

THE TWO WEAVERS.

I.

As at their work two weavers sat,
Beguiling time with idle talk,
They touched upon the price of that
So high a weaver scarce could walk.

II.

"What with my brats and sickly wife,"
Quoth Dick, "I'm almost tired of life
So hard my work, so poor my pay.
'Tis more than mortal man can bear."

III.

"How glorious is the rich man's state!
His house so fine, his wealth so great!
Heaven is unjust, you must agree—
Why all to him, why none to me?"

IV.

"In spite of what the Scripture teaches
In spite of what the parson preaches,
This world, I've thought, indeed is so
It is ruled, methinks, extremely wrong."

V.

Says John: "Our ignorance is the cause
Why thus we blame our Maker's laws.
Parts of his ways alone we know.
'Tis all that man can see below."

VI.

"Stand thou that carpet, not half done,
Which lies, dear Dick, last well begun.
Behold the wild confusion there;
So rude the mass, it makes one stare.

VII.

"A stranger, ignorant of the trade,
Would say no meaning's there conveyed
For, where the middle, where the border?
This carpet now is all disorder."

VIII.

Says Dick, "My work is yet in bits,
But still in every part it fits;
Besides, you reason like a lout—
Why, man, this carpet's inside out."

IX.

Says John, "Thou sayest the thing I mean,
And now, I hope, to cure thy spleen:
This world, which clouds thy soul with doubt,
Is but a carpet inside out.

X.

"As when we view these shreds and ends,
We know not what the whole intends,
So when on earth things seem but odd,
They're working still some scheme of God.

XI.

"No plan, no pattern, can we trace,
All wants proportion, truth, and grace:
The medley mixture we divide,
Not see the beauteous upper side.

XII.

"But when we reach that world of light,
And view the things of God aright,
Then shall we see the whole design,
And own the workman was Divine.

XIII.

"What here seem random strokes, will there
All order and design appear;
Then shall we praise what we here spurned,
For then the carpet will be turned."

XIV.

"Thou's right," quoth Dick, "no more I'll grumble
That this sad world is such a jumble;
My impious doubts are put to flight,
For my own carpet sets me right."

Entered according to act of Congress, in the year 1854, by H. Ammon, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.]

FOR THE NATIONAL ERA.

SHERWOOD FOREST, OR WAGER BY BATTLE.

A Tale of Saxon Slavery in the Twelfth Century.

BY HENRY WILLIAM HERBERT.

CHAP. XI.

A New Home.

"Clout mountains on his right hand,
Both dows and roes dun and red,
And hares aye rasting up their head,
Barks that brays, and harts that bailes;
And hinds running into the fields;
And he saw neither ox nor poor,
But moss and ling, and bare wild moor.
Sir Eger, Sir Grahame, and Sir Grayme.

For many days, many weeks, passed away, while a gay cavalcade were engaged in their long progress to the northwestward, through the whole length of the beautiful West Riding of Yorkshire, from its southern frontier, where it joins on Nottinghamshire and the wild country of Derby, to its western border, where the moors and towering crag-crested peaks are embroided with the vast treeless fells of Westmoreland.

And during all that lengthened but not wearisome progress, it was but rarely, and then only at short intervals, that they were out of the sight of the unbageous and continuous forest.

Here and there, in the neighborhood of some ancient borough, such as Doncaster, Pontefract, or Ripon, through which lay their route, they came upon broad oases of cultivated lands, with smiling farms and pleasant cornfields and English homesteads, stretching along the wide valley of some blue brimful river; again, but that more frequently, they found small market-hamlets, wood-embosomed, with-their little garths and gardens, clustering about the tower of some inferior feudal chief, literally set in a frame of verdure.

Sometimes, vast tracts of rich and thriftily cured meadow lands, ever situate in the lowest places of the shire, pastured by abundant herds, and dotted with sleek herds of the already celebrated short-horns, told where the monks of old, in their peaceful sway, enjoying the fat of the land, and proclaimed how, in those days at least, the priesthood of Rome were not the sensual drones, the ignorant, oppressive tyrants, we whereabout can be now easily detect in the squalid and neglected state of lands and tenements, whenever they possess the wealth and control the people. Such were the famous Abbey-steds of Fountain's and Jervaux, then, as now, both for fertility and beauty the boast of the West Riding.

Still, notwithstanding these pleasant interludes of rural with forest scenery, occurring often as to destroy all monotony, and to keep up a delightful interest of anticipation in the mind of the traveller, as to what sort of scene he should meet his eye on crossing yon hill-top, or following that-curvature of the wood road, by far the greater portion of their way led them along tracks, meandering like ribands through glades of greensward, under the broad overspreading arms of giant oaks and elms and beeches, the soft sod no less refreshing to the feet of the quadrupeds, than was the cool shadow of the twilight trees delicious to the eyes.

Those forests of the olden day were rather thicketlike, unless in marshy localities, where the alder, the willow, and other water shrubs, replaced the monarchs of the wood; or where, in craggy gullies, down which tumbled impetuous the bright hill-streams, the holly, and the juniper, mixed with the stems and quivering verdure of the aspen, or the deeper hues of the broad witch-elms and hazels, formed dingles for fairy bowers.

For the most part, the huge boles of the forest trees stood far apart, in long sweeping vistas, as regular as if planted by the hand of man, allowing the grass to grow luxuriantly in the shade, nibbled, by the vast herds of red and fallow deer and roes, into the softest and most velvet sward that ever tempted the foot of high-born beauty.

Can no more lovely sight can be imagined than those deep, verdant solitudes, at early spring, when the luxuriant feathery ferns, the broom and gorse blazing with their clusters of golden blossoms, the crimson-capped foxgloves, the sky-blue campanulas by the roadside, the clustering honeysuckles overrunning the stunt hawthorns, and vagrant briars and waving grasses were glittering far and near in their morning garniture of diamond dewdrops, with the long level rays of the new-risen sun streaming in yellow lustre down the glades, and casting great blue lines of shadow from every mossy trunk—no sight more lovely than the same scenes in the waning twilight, when the red western sky tinged the gnarled boles with lurid crimson, and carpeted the earth with sheets of copper-colored light, while the skies above were darkened with the cerulean robes of night.

Nor was there lack of living sounds and sights to take away the sense of loneliness from the mind of the traveller in the green wilderness—the incessant songs of the thrush and blackbird, and whistle of the wood robin, the mellow notes of the linnets, the willow warblers and the sedge birds in the watery brake, the harsh laugh of the green-headed woodpecker, and the hoarse cooing of the innumerable stock doves, kept the air vocal, during all the morning and evening hours; while the woods all resounded far and wide with the loud belling of the great stags, now in their lusty prime, calling their shy mates, or defying their lusty rivals, from morn to dewy eve.

And ever and anon, the wild cadences of the forest bugles, clearly winded in the distance, and the tuneful clamor of the deep-mouthed talbots, would tell of some jovial huntsup.

Now it would be some gray-frocked hedge priest, plodding his way alone on foot, or on his patient ass, who would return the traveller's benedicite with his smooth pax vobiscum; now it would be some green-kirtled forest lass, who would drop her demure curtesy to the fair Norman lady, and shoot a sly glance from her hazel eyes at the handsome Norman pages. Here, it would be a mitred abbot, or proud prior, with his lay brothers, his refectioners and sumptuers, his baggage mules and led Andalusian jennets, and as the poet sung,

With many a cross-bearer before,
And many a spear behind,

who would greet them fairly in some shady nook, beside the sparkling brook or crystal well head, and pray them of their courtesy to alight and share his poor convent fare, no less than the fattest haunch, the tenderest peacock, and the purest wine of Gascony, on the soft green sward.

There, it would be a knot of sunburned Saxon woodmen, in their green frocks and buckram hose, with long bows in their hands, short swords and quivers at their sides, and bucklers of a span-breadth on their shoulders, men who had never acknowledged Norman king, nor bowed to Norman yoke, who would stand at gaze, marking the party, from the jaws of some dusky dingle, too proud to yield a foot, yet too few to attack, proving that to be well accompanied, in those days, in Sherwood, was a matter less of pomp than of sound policy. Anon, receiving notice of their approach from the repeated bugle blasts of his verdurers, as they passed each successive *mere* or forest station, a Norman knight or noble, in his garb of state would gallop down some winding wood path, with his slender train scattering far behind him, to greet his brother in arms, and pray him to grace his tower by refreshing his company and resting his fair and gentle daughter for a few days or hours, within its precincts.

In short, whether in the forest or in the open country, scarcely an hour went by a day, was passed, without their encountering some adventure. There was a wild and romance in the daily life of those olden days, an untold abundance of the picturesque, little, indeed, of what we should call stage effect, in the ordinary habits and every-day affairs of men, which we have now, in our busy, headlong race for affluence, ambition, priority, in everything good or evil, overlooked, if not forgotten.

Life was in England then, as it was in France up to the days of the revolution, as it never has been at any time in America, as it is nowhere now, and probably never will be anywhere again, unless we return to the primitive, social equality, and manful independence of patriarchal times; when truth was held truth, and manhood manhood, the world over; and some higher purpose in mortality was acknowledged than the mere acquiring, some larger nobleness in man than the mere possessing, of unprofitable wealth.

Much of life, then, was spent out of doors; the mid-day meal, the mid-day slumber, the evening dance, were enjoyed, alike by prince and peasant, under the shadowy forest tree, or the verdure of the trelliced bower. The use of flowers was universal; in every rustic festival, of the smallest rural hamlets, the streets would be arched and garlanded with wreaths of wild flowers; in every village hostelry, the chimney would be filled with fresh greens, the board decked with eglantine and hawthorn, the beakers crowned with violets and cowslips, just as in our days the richest hall rooms, the grandest banquet halls, are adorned with brighter, if not sweeter or more beautiful, exotics.

The great in those days had not lost "that touch of nature which makes the whole world kin," so completely, as to see no grace in simplicity, to find no beauty in what is beautiful like to all, to enjoy nothing which can be enjoyed by others than the great and wealthy.

The humble had not been, then, bowed so low that the necessities had precluded all thought, all care, for the graces of the existence of man.

If the division between the noble and the common of the human race, as established by birth, by hereditary rank, by unalterable caste, were stronger and deeper and less eradicable than at this day, the real division, as visible in his nature, between man and man, of the noble and the common, the difference in his tastes, his enjoyments, his pleasures, his capacity no less than his power of enjoying, was a mere nothing then, to what it is to-day.

The servants, the very serfs, of aristocracy, in those days, when aristocracy was the rule of blood and bravery, were not, by a hundredth part, so far removed below the proudest of their lords, in everything that renders humanity graceful and even glorious, in everything that renders life enjoyable, as are, at this day, the workers fallen below the employers, when nobility has ceased to be, and aristocracy is the sway of capital, untinctured with intelligence, and ignorant of gentleness or grace.

It is not that the capitalist is richer, and the operative poorer—though this is true to the letter—than was the prince, than was the serf of those days. It is not only that the aristocrat of capital, the noble by the grace of gold, is ten times more arrogant, more insulting, more soulless, cold hearted, and calmly cruel, than the aristocrat of the sword, the noble by the grace of God; and that the worker is worked more hardly, clad more humbly, fed more sparely, than the villain of the middle ages—though this, also, is true to the letter—but it *is*, that the very tastes, the enjoyments, and the capacities for enjoyment—in a word, almost the nature of the two classes are altered, estranged, unalterably divided.

The rich and great have, with a few rare exceptions, that serve only to prove the rule, lost all taste for the simple, for the natural, for the beautiful, unless it be the beautiful of art and artifice; the poor and lowly have, for the most part, lost all taste, all perception of the beautiful, of the graceful, in any shape, all enjoyment of anything beyond the tangible, the sensual, the real.

Hence a division, which never can be reconciled. Both classes have receded from the true nature of humanity, in the two opposite directions, that they no longer even comprehend the one the tastes of the other, and scarce have a desire or a hope in common; for what the poor man most desires, a sufficiency for his mere wants, physical and moral, the rich man cannot comprehend, never having known to be without it, while the artificial nothings, for which the capitalist strives and wrestles to the last, would be to his workman mere syllabub and flummery to the tired and hungry hunter.

In those days the enjoyments, and, in a great measure, the tastes, of all men were alike, from the highest to the lowest—the same sports pleased them, the same meats, for the most part, nourished, the same liquors enlivened them. Fresh meat was an unusual luxury to the noble, yet not an impossible indulgence to the lowest vassal; wine and beer were the daily, the sole, beverages of all, differing only, and that not very widely, in degree. The same love of flowers, processions, out-of-door amusements, dances on the greensward, suppers in the shade, were common to all, constantly enjoyed by all.

Now, it is certain, the enjoyments, the luxuries of the one class, nay, the very delicacy of their tables, if attainable, would be utterly distasteful to the other; and the *consommes*, the delicate-made dishes, the *fumet* of the game, and the purity of the light French and Rhenish wines, which are the *ne plus ultra* of *Dives's* splendid board, would be even more distasteful to the man of the million, than would be his beans and bacon and fire-fraught whisky to the palate of the gaudy millionaire.

Throughout their progress, therefore, a thousand picturesque adventures befell our party, a thousand romantic scenes were presented by their halts for the noon-day repose, the coming meal, or the nightly hour of rest, which never could now occur, unless to some pleasure party, purposely masquerading, and aping the romance of other days.

Sometimes, when no convent, castle, hostelry, or hermitage, lay on the day's route, the harbingers would select some picturesque glen and sparkling fountain; and, when the party halted at the spot, an extempore pavilion would be found pitched, of flags and pennoncelles, outspread on a lattice-work of lances, with warcloaks spread for cushions, and flasks and *bottiaus* cooling in the spring, and pasties and boar's meat, venison and game, plates of silver and goblets of gold, spread on the grass, amid pewter platters and drinking-cups of horn, a common feast for man and master, partaken with the same appetite, hallowed by the same grace, enlivened by the same minstrelsy and music, and enjoyed no less by the late enfranchised serfs, than by the high-born nobles to whom they owed their freedom.

Sometimes, when it was known beforehand that they must encamp for the night in the greenwood, the pages and waiting women would ride forward, in advance of the rest, with the foragers, the baggage, and a portion of the light-armed archery; and, when the shades of evening were falling, the welcome watch-setting of the mellow-winded bugles would bid the travellers hail; and, as they opened some moon-lit grassy glade, they would behold green bowers of leafy branches, garlanded with wild roses and eglantine, and strewn with dry, soft moss, and fires sparkling bright amid the shadows, and spits turning before the blaze, and pots seething over it, suspended from the immemorial gypsy tripods. And then the horses would be unbridled, unladen, groomed, and picketed, to feed on the rich forest herbage; and the evening meal would be spread, and the enlivening wine-cup would go round, and the forest chorus would be trolled, rendered doubly sweet by the soft notes of the girls, until the bugles breathed a soft good night, and, the females of the party withdrawing to their bowers of verdure, meet tiring rooms for Oberon and his wild Titania, the men, from the haught baron to the humblest groom, would fold them in their cloaks, and sleep, with their feet to the watch-fires, and their untented brows toward heaven, until the woodlark, and the merle and mavis, earlier even than the village chanticleer,

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In this life there was much of that peculiar charm which seems to pervade all mankind, of whatever class or country, and in whatever hemisphere; which irresistibly impels him to return to his, perhaps, original and primitive state, as a nomadic being, a rover of the forest and the plain; which, while it often seduces the refined and civilized man of cities to reject all the conveniences and luxuries of polite life, for the excitement and freshness, the inartificial liberty and self-confiding independence of semi-barbarism, has never been known to allow the native savage to renounce his freeborn instincts, or to abandon his natural and truant disposition, for all the advantages, all the powers, conferred by civilization.

And if, even to the freeborn and lofty-minded noble, the careless, unconventional, equalizing life of the forest was felt as giving a stronger pulsation to the free heart, a wider expansion to the lungs, a deeper sense of freedom and power, how must not the same influences have been enjoyed by those, who now, for the first time since they were born, tasted that mysterious thing, liberty—of which they had so often dreamed, for which they had longed so wistfully, and of which they had formed, indeed, so indefinite an idea—for it is one of the particulars in the very essence of liberty, as it is, perhaps, of that kindred gift of God, health, that although all men talk of it as a thing well understood and perfectly appreciated, not one man in ten understands or appreciates it in the least, unless he has once enjoyed it, and then been deprived of its possession.

It is true, that, personally, neither Kenric nor Edith had ever known what it is to be free; but they came of a free, nay! even of an educated stock, and, being children of that Northern blood, which never has long brooked even the suspicion of slavery, and, in some sort, of the same race with their conquerors and masters, they had never ceased to feel the consciousness of inalienable rights; the galling sense of injustice done them, of humiliating degradation inflicted on them, by their unnatural position, among, but not of, their fellows; had never ceased to hope, to pray, and to labor for a restitution to those self-existing and immutable rights—the rights, I mean, of living for himself, laboring for himself, acquiring for himself, holding for himself, thinking, judging, acting for himself, pleasing and governing himself, so long as he trench not on the self-same right of others—to which the meanest man that is born of a woman is entitled, from the instant when he is born into the world, as the heir of God and nature.

The Saxon serf was, it is true, a being fallen, debased, partially brutalized, deprived of half the natural qualities of manhood, by the state of slavery, ignorance, and imbecility, into which he had been deforced, and in which he was wilfully detained by his masters; but he had not yet become so utterly degraded, so far depressed below the lowest attributes of humanity, as to acquiesce in his own debasement, much less to rejoice in his bondage for the sake of the flesh-pots of Egypt, or to glory in his chains, and honor the name of master.

From this misery, from this last perversion and profanation of the human intellect divine—the being content to be a slave—the Saxon serf had escaped thus far; and, thanks to the great God of nature, of revelation, that last curse, that last profanation, he escaped forever. His body the task-master had enslaved; his intellect he had emasculated, debased, shaken, but he had not killed it; for there, there, amid the dust and ashes of the all-but-extinguished fire, there lurked alive, ready to be enkindled by a passing breath into a devouring flame, the sacred spark of liberty.

Ever hoping, ever struggling to be free, when the day dawned of freedom, the Saxon slave was fit to be free, and became free; with no fierce outbreak of servile rage and vengeance, consequent on servile emancipation, but with the calm although enthusiastical gladness which fitted him to become a freemen, a citizen, and, as he is, the master of one half of the round world. It is not, ah! it is not the chain, it is not the lash, it is not the daily toil, it is not the disruption of domestic ties and affections, that prove, that constitute the sin, the sorrow, and the shameful reproach of slavery.

Ah! no. But it is the very converse of these—the very point insisted on so complacently, proclaimed so triumphantly, by the advocates of this accursed thing—it is that, in spite of the chain, in spite of the lash, in spite of the enforced labor, in spite of the absence or disruption of family ties and affections, the slave is sleek, satisfied, self-content; that he waxes fat among the flesh-pots; that he comes fawning to the smooth words, and frolics, delighted, fresh from the lash of his master, in no wise superior to the spaniel, either in aspiration or in instinct. It is in that he envies not the free man his freedom, but, in his hideous lack of all self-knowledge, self-reliance, self-respect, is content to be a slave, content to eat, and grow fat and die, without a present concern beyond the avoidance of corporeal pain and the enjoyment of sensual pleasure, without an aspiration for the future, beyond those of the beasts, which graze and perish.

It is in this that lies the mortal sin, the never-dying reproach, of him who would foster, would preserve, would propagate, the curse of slavery; not that he is a tyrant over the body, but that he is a destroyer of the soul—that he would continue a state of things which reduces a human being, a fellow man, whether of an inferior race or no; for, as of congenerous cattle there are many distinct tribes, so of men, and of Caucasian men, too, there be many races, distinct in physical, in moral, in animal, in intellectual qualities, as well as in color and conformation, if not distinct in origin—to the level of the beast which knoweth not whence he cometh nor whither he goeth, nor what is to him for good or what for evil; which hopes not to rise or to advance, either here or hereafter, but toils day after day, contented with his daily food, and lies down to sleep, and rises up to labor and to feed, as if God had created man with no higher purpose than to sleep and eat alternately, until the night cometh from which, on earth, there shall be no awaking.

[REMAINDER OF CHAP. XI NEXT WEEK.]

DISCOURSE OF MR. BENTON, OF MISSOURI,

BEFORE THE MARYLAND INSTITUTE,

On the Physical Geography of the Country between Missouri and California, with a View to Show its Adaptation to Settlement and the Construction of a Railroad.

Delivered at Baltimore, Tuesday evening, Dec. 5, 1854.

[CONTINUED.]

Now, I think I have provided for two of the five States which I have promised, and that within the brief space of one and two years, and each upon a larger population than has ever yet been required from other new States. Now, let us proceed to the other three, and let us dispatch them in less time than these two have required.

We take a section of the Rocky mountains, from 37 to 41 degrees—near 300 miles north and south—and go down to the base on each side, say an hundred miles or more each way—making an area of 60,000 square miles, while all the Swiss cantons have not 20,000. Here, then, is territory enough for a great mountain State. Now, let us look to its contents and capabilities. First, there are the Three Parks, first described by Fremont, and since laid down on all the maps—large, beautiful mountain coves, two of them of thirty miles diameter each, the other of sixty—at a great elevation, delightful in summer, and tempered in winter from the concentration of the sun's rays; and sheltered by the lofty rim of mountains, forever crowned with snow, which wall them in, and break off the outside storms. The name is not fanciful, nor bestowed capriciously by travellers, but a real discription, translated from the Indian name of these parks, which signifies "cow lodge;" and not without reason, for the buffaloes not only feed, but lodge there, and make them the places of their immense congregation; attended by all the attendant game. Then the innumerable little valleys in which rise the myriad of young streams which, collecting into creeks, go off to start upon their long courses in the mighty rivers which, there rising together, go off in opposite directions, some to the rising, some to the setting sun: the South Platte, the Arkansas, the Del Norte, on one side; and the Great Colorado of the West on the other—all four born so near together, to run so far apart: a point of similitude to Switzerland, which the instructed mind will not fail perceive; and also to discover another similitude in Pike's Peak, grand in its elveation, forever luminous in snow—the Mont Blanc of the Rocky mountains, which no adventurous Packard, or De Saussure, has ever yet climbed. Then an endless labyrinth of little valleys and coves, where wild animals luxuriate in summer, and shelter in winter; and where the Indians pursue their game in all seasons, without impediment from cold or snow; and where their horses do well on the grass, retaining much of its moisture and nutriment. Fremont thus describes the general winter condition of these valleys:

"Our progress in this mountainous region was necessarily slow; and during ten days which it occupied us to pass through about one hundred miles of the mountainous country bordering the eastern side of the Upper Colorado valley, the greatest depth of the snow was (among the pines and aspens on the ridges) about two and a half feet, and in the valleys about six inches. The atmosphere is too cold and dry for much snow; and the valleys, protected by the mountains, are comparatively free from it, and warm. We here found villages of Utah Indians in their wintering ground, in little valleys along the foot of the higher mountains, and bordering the more open country of the Colorado valley. Snow was here (December 25th) only a few inches deep—the grass generally appearing above it; and there being none under trees and on southern hillsides. The horses of the Utahs were living on the range, and, notwithstanding that they were used in hunting, were in excellent condition. One which we had occasion to kill for food had on it about two inches of fat, being in as good order as any buffalo we had killed in November on the eastern plains. Over this valley country—about one hundred and fifty miles across—the Indians informed us that snow falls only a few inches in depth; such as we saw it at the time."

This is the winter condition of these little valleys, very comfortable for man and beast, even in their wild state, and to become more comfortable under the hand of cultivation. The summer view, as presented by Messrs. Beale and Heap, is absolutely enchanting—a perfect labyrinth of valleys, with their cool water and sweet grass; some wide, some narrow; some bounded by perpendicular walls of rock, like streets in a city; others by softly rounded hills; some studded with small circular mountains, called by the hunters "round mountains"—fertile on the sides, level and rich on the top, diversified with wood and prairie, and refreshed with clear streams, and beautified with deep, limpid miniature lakes. These descriptions are charming, but too numerous for quotation; and I can only give a specimen of each:

"The trail led over low hills and down a succession of beautiful slopes, running mostly in a southern direction, until we enter a narrow winding valley, two miles and a half in length, by one and two hundred yards in breadth. It was shut in on each side by perpendicular walls of rock, rising from fifty to seventy-five feet above the level of the valley, whose surface was flat, and carpeted with tender grass. A stream of clear water meandered through its centre, and the grade was so slight that the stream, overflowing in many places, moistened the whole surface. As we descended this beautiful and singular valley, we occasionally passed others of a similar character. It ends in Sahwatch valley, which we entered about one hour before sunset." * * * "The valleys down which we travelled, and which opened into each other with the regularity of streets, grew gradually broader as we descended. We finally entered one watered by Carnero (Sheep) creek, which joins the Garita (Gate) creek in San Luis valley, and at noon encamped a short distance above a gate, or gap, through which the stream passes, and whence it derives its name. Half a mile below this gap there is another, and a quarter of a mile further a third. The passage through them is level, while the trail around them is steep and stony. In the afternoon we went through the first gap, made a circuit around the second, (as it was much obstructed with trees and bushes,) and, leaving the third on our left, rode over some low hills, and five miles from camp crossed the Garita. We were once more in San Luis valley, and all before us was a perfect level, as far as the sight could reach." * * * "Our way for a mile or two led over a barren plain, thickly covered with grie'wood; but we soon struck the base of the mountain, where firm, rich mountain grass swept our saddle girths as we cantered over it. We crossed a considerable mountain covered with timber and grass, and near the summit of which was quite a cluster of small, but very clear, and apparently deep lakes. They were not more than an acre or two in size, and some not even that, but surrounded by luxuriant grass, and perched away upon the mountain with fine timber quite near them. It was the most beautiful scenery in the world. It formed quite a hunter's paradise; for deer and elk bounded off from us as we approached, and then stood within rifle shot, looking back in astonishment. A few hours' ride brought us to the Indian camp; and I wish I could here describe the beauty of the charming valley in which they camped. It was small, probably not more than five miles wide by fifteen long, but surrounded on all sides by the boldest mountains, covered to their summits with alternate patches of timber and grass, giving it the appearance of having been regularly laid off in small farms. Through the centre, a fine, bold stream, three feet deep by forty wide, watered the meadow land, and gave the last touch which the valley required, to make it the most beautiful I had ever seen." * * * "Hundreds of horses and goats were feeding on the meadows and hill-side; and the Indian lodges, with the women and children standing in front of them to look at the approaching stranger, strongly reminded me of old patriarchal times, when flocks and herds made the wealth and happiness of the people, and a hut was as good as a palace. I was conducted to the lodge of the chief, an old and infirm man, who welcomed me kindly, and told me his young men told him that I had given of my small store to them, and to '*sit in peace.*' In about fifteen minutes, a squaw brought in two large wooden platters, containing some very fat deer meat and some boiled corn, to which I did ample justice; and when about to leave, found a large bag of dried meat and a peck of corn, put up for me to take to my people." * * * This morning I explored the mountain lying to the south of our camp, forming a picturesque portion of our front view. After ascending the mountain, and reaching the summit, I found it a vast plateau of rolling prairie land, covered with the most beautiful grass, and heavily timbered. At some places the growth of timber would be so dense as to render riding through it impossible without great difficulty; while at others it would break into beautiful open glades, leaving spots of an hundred acres, or more, of open prairie, with groups of trees, looking precisely as if some wealthy planter had amused himself by planting them expressly to beautify his grounds. Springs were abundant, and small streams intersected the whole plateau. In fact, it was an immense natural park, already stocked with deer and elk, and only requiring a fence to make it an estate for a king. Directly opposite, to the south, another mountain, in every respect similar, and a valley, more beautiful to me than either, lies between them."

Enough for a sample; and if anything more is wanted to establish the character of this region as land, I refer the reader to the mass of soil and scenery and of *war* ground. Fremont says he found it the most variously and numerously stocked with game, and the most dangerous war ground, which he had seen in all the extent of the Rocky mountains—both indexes to a fertile country. The country sought for by animals, and fought for by men, is always a good country. Western men will understand this, and remember how Kentucky was called the "*Bloody Ground*," because Indians came there to hunt the numerous game, feeding on the rich grass, product of her rich soil, and to fight for its possession. By this test, and it is one which never fails, our mountain State will be one of eminent fertility.

We Americans are in the habit of referring to Europe for a point of comparison for everything we wish to praise in our own country, although our own may be far superior. Therefore, I compare this mountain state to Switzerland, although it is disparaged in the comparison. Its valleys are more numerous and beautiful—its mountains less rugged, and more fertile—its surface more inhabitable—its climate more mild, and equally salubrious—more accessible by roads; the mule anywhere sure of its feet, the carriage of its wheel; and the hunter at liberty to pursue his game without fear of slipping into a bottomless icy chasm, betrayed by a treacherous covering of snow. Its little round mountains, with their grassy sides, and rich level tops, and natural parks, and miniature lakes, and sweet flowing waters—have no parallel in Switzerland, or in any other part of the world. And upon this view of their relative advantages, I am ready to adopt the opinion of Fremont, and to go beyond it, and to celebrate this mountain State as being as much superior to Switzerland in adaptation to settlement as it would be in extent—and, to crown its recommendations, just half way to the Pacific, and on the straight line.

The valley of the Upper Colorado would furnish the territory for the fourth State—150 miles wide from the western base of the Rocky mountains to the eastern base of the Wahsatch and Anterria ranges—and 300 or 400 in length, up and down the river. The face of the country is high and rolling, with alternations of woodland and prairie, and open to roads and settlement in any direction. The soil, like much of that on the Rio Del Norte and in southern California, is peculiar and deceptious—looking thin and sandy to the eye, but having an element of fertility in it which water impregnates, and enables to send forth a vigorous vegetation. All it wants, and that only in places, is irrigation; and for this purpose, and for all purposes, there is water enough; for this valley is probably the best-watered region in the world, and is obliged to be so from the configuration and structure of the country. The valley is formed by the lofty ranges of the Rocky and Wahsatch mountains; which, wide apart at its lower end, converge as they go north, and unite above latitude 42—giving to the long and broad valley they enclose the form of the Greek letter delta, or of our V inverted. The summits of these mountains are covered with eternal snows—their sides with annual winter snows; and these latter, beginning to melt early in the spring, and continuing till midsummer, fill the earth with moisture, and give rise to myriads of springs, creeks, and small rivers, which collect into the two forks of the Colorado, called by the hunters Green and Grand rivers, and, in their junction, constitute the great river itself; for the country below, being steril and arid, contributes but little to swell the volume of the great river which traverses it. The climate in this valley is mild, the month of January being like autumn to us. We owe this knowledge to the last winter expedition of Fremont, who says: "*The immediate valley of the Upper Colorado, for about 100 miles in breadth, and from the 7th to the 21st of January, was entirely bare of snow, and the weather resembled autumn with us.*" This would be the fourth State—equal in extent to any, inferior in soil, superior in wood and water, softer in climate, better in due alternations of woodland and prairie; and being part of the Utah Territory, it is now under the dominion of law and government, and open to immediate settlement, which in fact is now going on.

The fifth State would consist of the remainder of the Utah Territory, beginning at the eastern base of the Wahsatch and Anterria ranges, and extending 300 miles to the California line—upon whatever breadth might be desired. It would include (towards its eastern border) the Little Salt Lake, which is 260 miles south of the Great Salt Lake; and which designates a country as much superior to that of the Great Salt Lake, as itself is inferior to that large and marvellous body of salt water. It would be a magnificent State, its eastern limit, there the rim of the Great Basin, would embrace the broad expanse of the Wahsatch and Anterria ranges, or rather blocks, as they are cut up into short sections—probably the richest mountain region in the world, where nature has crowded and accumulated into an hundred miles square, as into a vast magazine, a profusion of her most valuable gifts to man. Soil, water, grass, wood, timber, rock-salt, coal, stone—a due alternation of mountain and valley—the former cut into blocks, white on the top with snow, dark on the sides with forests, and their bosoms filled with ores; the valleys green with grass, fresh with cool water, opening into each other by narrow level gaps, or defiles; the climate so soft that animals live out all the winter, and February (so frosty and frozen with us) the usual month there for starting the plough. I say starting the plough; for the Mormons, since several years, have seen the beauty of this region, and have come upon it. We owe to Fremont's last winter expedition the revelation to public view of this magnificent region, more valuable than all the gold mines of California and Australia put together. He had seen these ranges in his previous expeditions, and given them a page in his journal, and a place in his map; but it was not until his last expedition that he penetrated their recesses, and saw their hidden treasures. He was fourteen days in them—from the 24th of January to the 7th of February—and thus speaks of what he saw:

"They lie between the Colorado valley and the Great Basin, and at their western base are established the Mormon settlements of Parowan and Cedar City. They are what are called fertile mountains, abundant in water, wood, and grass, and fertile valleys, offering inducements to settlement and facilities for making a road. These mountains are a great storehouse of materials—timber, iron, coal—which would be of indispensable use in the construction and maintenance of the road, and are solid foundations to build up the future prosperity of the rapidly-increasing Utah State. Salt is abundant on the eastern border—mountains, as the *Sierra de Sal*, being named from it. In the ranges lying behind the Mormon settlements, among the mountains through which the line passes, are accumulated a great wealth of iron and coal, and extensive forests of heavy timber. These forests are the largest I am acquainted with in the Rocky mountains, being, in some places, twenty miles in depth, of continuous forest; the general growth lofty and large, frequently over three feet in diameter, and sometimes reaching five feet, the red spruce and yellow pine predominating. At the actual southern extremity of the Mormon settlements, consisting of the two enclosed towns of Parawan and Cedar City, near to which our line passed, a coal mine has been opened for about eighty yards, and iron works already established. Iron here occurs in extraordinary masses, in some parts accumulated into mountains, which comb out in crests of solid iron, thirty feet thick and a hundred yards long."

Fremont brought home specimens of this coal and iron, of which Professor Baird, of the Smithsonian Institute, has made the analysis, and which I give in his own words: "*Magnetic oxide of iron: Paroan. Seems a very pure ore of iron, and suitable for manufacturing purposes. May be estimated to contain about 70 or 71 per centum of metallic iron, somewhat similar to the ore in the great beds of northern New York, but more solid than is usual there. Probably very well adapted* [illegible] *ity—semi-bituminous—somewhat in appearance like the transition coal of the Susquehanna mines in Pennsylvania.*"

I must ask the pardon of some of my auditors for supposing that they may not be better acquainted with the language of geology than I was myself, when I supposed that this "combing out of the solid iron into crests" was mere descriptive language, suggested by the taste of the writer. I found it was not so, but the technical language which the geological science required to be used, and which, being used, conveyed an exact meaning—that of a mineral showing itself above the surface, and crowning the top of the hill or mountain, as a crest does the hemlet, and the comb the head of the cock. In this view of its meaning the language here used by Fremont, and which seems to have been the suggestion of an excited imagination, becomes the subdued expression of science and technicality. And what a picture he presents. Here are, in fact, the elements of a great State—enough of themselves to build up a rich and populous State; but appurtenant to it, and interlaced with it, or bordering upon it, is a great extent of valley country—that of the Little Salt Lake, of the Santa Clara Meadows, of the Nicollets river, and its tributaries; and a multitude of other coves and valleys, all stretching along the western base of the Wahsatch, and within the rim of the Great Basin—that Basin as remarkable here for beauty and fertility as in most other parts for sterility and deformity. The Mormon settlements of Paragoona, Paroan, and Cedar City, are along the edge of this rich mountain region; and the well-trod Mormon road from the Great Salt Lake to Southern California, relieved with bridges and marked with mile-stones, pass by these towns; all announcing to the traveller that in the depths of the unknown wilderness he had encountered the comforts of civilization. Messrs. Beale and Heap passed these settlements at midsummer, and speak in terms of enchantment, not only of the beauty of the country, but of the improvements and cultivation. Pretty towns, built to a pattern, each a square, the sides formed by lines of *adobe* houses, all facing inwards, with flower and kitchen gardens in front, and a large common field in the rear, crowded with growing grain—and all watered, both fields and gardens, and the front and rear of every house, with clear cool streams, brought down from the mountain sides, and from under a seeming canopy of snow. Grist and saw mills at work; forges smelting the iron ore; colliers digging the coal; blacksmiths hammering the red hot iron into farming implements, or shoes for the horses, assisted by dexterous Indian boys; cattle roaming in rich pastures; people quarrying, and the cattle licking, the rock-salt. Emigrants obtain supplies here—beef and flour at moderate prices; and it was here that Fremont was refitted after his seventy days of living upon his mules which died from exhaustion. The number and beauty of these valleys and fertile mountains, seen by Beale and Heap in exuberance, their ripe, rich dress of midsummer, excite their wonder, and call forth enchanting descriptions. Broad val