IISTABLISHED

## LIFE AND SCENES IN THE CANYONS

BY WILLIAM CLEGG.

How grand! how awfully sublime is Nature here!

How, various, grotesque, and beautiful! What wondrous combinations here are seen!

Fertility with barrenness conjoined, Incipient, early vegetative forms, Lichens, and moss, and flowers of every hue

Grow sile by side, in contrast striking, strange.

There giant pines, of many ages' growth, Lift their tall heads above the mountain peaks,

As if they fain would touch the "ethereal blue,'

And prop the starry vault of heaven above. While here, far down the great, tremendous steep.

Run murmuring waters, whispering as they

Like endless silver threads of sparkling light,

Still adding ever as they onward flow From stores of melting snow and tiny springs,

Till from a trickling, babbling, mountain Like infant's laughter in its gleeful sounds.

Is formed a roaring, shouting, deafening noise,

Like voice of many angry, raving giants, Becoming still more madly frantical

As tributaries come to swell the floods, And dash impetuous o'er opposing rocks, The vast collections from the snowy heights. While there, down by the ever-changing banks,

Grow rank and shrubby weeds, and mighty trees,

Attesting water's fertilizing powers.

Now black clouds hang their dismal drapery Around the mountain tops, concealing them From view as with a fun'ral pall, as if

Some spiteful demon scowled his dire resolve To wreck creation, and bring back once more

The dread primeval chaos, flinging his Forked lightning shafts in random fury round,

And answering awfully each lurid flash With crackling thunder, like the storm

king's laugh To see the fearful elemental war,

Until the clattering racket seems the sound Of rending mountains, rocks, and chiffs and pines. Then comes a drenching deluge, furrowing

deep The mountain sides in channels gravelly,

Changing the clear, pellucid stream below To one conglomerate and turbid mass. Sudden the storm is spent-the beauteous

In radiant glory, many-hued, appears. The storm fiend gathers up his terrors like A foiled warrior, and departs once more. The sun pours forth a lustrous golden flood O'er all the scene, and Nature smiles again.

Down by the crooked torrent is the road, Rugged and devious as serpent's path, With rocks beset, and to the dreadful cliffs In dangerous proximity. Anon

It winds where thousand tons of rock hang

The teamster's head, for ever threatening

With instant death, yet ever clinging there. Somtimes above the foaming stream, the road

Lies high, with scarcely room enough to

The dreadful bank. At times the load and team

Roll o'er, he only 'scaping safe and sound. Oft-times the attlesnake will cross his path, And give the well known, dreaded dauger

Oft after night, when camped beside their

"load," The "boys," assembled round their blazing fires,

Recount the dangers of the day that's past, Of bygone days, of savage fights with bears, Of hairbreadth 'scapes from falling trees, or rocks,

Or of the lurking ambushed Indians, Furtively waiting for the white man's life. Sometimes they tell of broken wagous, or Absconded teams, and weary search for them;

Of broken bridges or of dangerous fords. Acquaint with danger in unnumbered forms,

What w nder at their fearless-looking eyes, When they by such terrific teachers taught! What marvel that the "boys" are brave, And joke and laugh at incidents which seem | NOT for mirth

Too horrible to residents elsewhere, Yet which to hearts unknown to fear are

Diversion, pastine, glorious sport; who laugh

Immoderately because a bear came down,\* Sniffing around their heads at dead of night!

It passes courage, faith, and e'en transcends

Reflection far, how courage may increase Through constant perilous companionship.

Perhaps old 'Sparta's' youths were not less bold,

And may be they to steal a she bear's cubs, Right in her presence in the face of day,\* Had earned a shout of praise, a laurel wreath,

And name inscribed upon the roll of Fame, Yet here such daring deeds are sometimes done,

And yet no trumpet heralds them abroad. But what the future of such valuant youths Will be is hard to tell. With nerve and force Of character thus formed what may the world

Expect? will they be found a craven host When foes assail, and when fai: Freedom stands

In peril sore, by usurpation, fraud, And briber;? When black corruption

stands

And threatens Liberty w th death, and our Fair Constitution hangs as by a thread, Will such young heroes quail and let it go? Or will they form a part of that brave host Who yet will rush intrepidly, and save The pride, and hope, and glory of the world?

\*This is no stretch of poetical fancy, but what actually occurred not long ago in this part of the Territory.

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