

had never before heard or even imagined. I ventured one morning to ask whether the oaths were a help to them in the packing. Jack assured me that if I had them mules to pack he'd give me two days, and at the end of that he'd bet I'd swear myself worse than any of them. Another morning Andy was hanging his coat on a branch projecting near the camp fire. The coat, however, fell off the branch and was, as a matter of course, greeted by its owner with an execration. It was put up again, and again slipped down. This was repeated two or three times, and each time the language was getting fiercer and louder. At last, when the operation was successfully completed, I asked him of what use all the swearing at the coat had been. "Wall, boss," rejoined he triumphantly, "don't ye see the darned thing's stuck up now?" This I felt was, under the circumstances, an unanswerable argument. Western teamsters are renowned for their powers of continuous execration. I myself heard one swear uninterruptedly for about ten minutes at a man who was not present, but who, it seemed, was doomed to the most horrible destruction, body and soul, as soon as this bloodthirsty ruffian caught sight of him again, either in this world or the next.

From Gardiner's River we made a *détour* over a long ridge dotted with ice-borne blocks of granite and gneiss, and crossed the shoulder of Mount Washburne by a col 8867 feet above the sea, descending once more to the Yellowstone River at the head of the Grand Cañon. The whole of this region consists of volcanic rocks, chiefly trachytes, rhyolites, obsidians, and tuffs. We chose as our camping-ground a knoll under a clump of tall pines, with a streamlet of fresh water flowing below it in haste to join the main river, which, though out of sight, was audible in the hoarse thunder of its falls. Impatient to see this