



IDAHO—LAKE PEND D'OREILLE, FROM LOOKOUT POINT.

On issuing from the gorge, and hence to Townsend, rich bottom lands spread out in vernal beauty, and invite the husbandman to plenty and prosperity. We are in a district of incredible versatility. Herds of cattle, flocks of sheep, and bands of horses, alike, attain ideal perfection; while waving grain-fields attest the fertile and responsive soil. Here, delving will find dollars—and see those misty peaks! They are the rock-bound “Safety Deposit Vaults,” whence enterprise may draw treasure to enrich the worker and the world. Here and there, are ranchers’ cabins. God has done His part so well, man should be ashamed to mar the lovely landscape with such wretched hovels for human habitation. The wandering habits of cattle-men are fatal to domesticity; so the country over which these nomads roam presents a cheerless and homeless aspect. I had heard much of the expert horsemanship of the cowboy, but, quite unexpectedly, witnessed an exhibition that confirmed tradition. A cowboy, riding furiously across the plain, after a refractory steer, lost his hat. Wheeling suddenly, he described a circle which brought the head-gear in his path; and setting his horse to the dead run, he swung round in the saddle so that, reaching down, he grasped the hat with his right hand, and then swung back again into his seat, without checking in the slightest his horse’s speed. I scarcely knew which to admire the more, the feat itself or the extreme gracefulness of the performance.

Nearing Townsend there prevails more of the farmstead appearance, enhancing the favourable impression. “But what is