

interminable and gave us a singular feeling of going right into the depths of the earth, we emerged suddenly into full view of the Uncompahgre valley. It is no exaggeration to say that all four of us, some of whom had made the voyage round the world more than once, were amazed at the grandeur of the great picture before us. Scattered already to the four winds, as becomes mining engineers,³⁸ we shall, I believe, always remember that "polychrome of splendor, an exultation to recall." Ruskin would have rhapsodized over it and Clarence King could have described it.³⁹

The storm had swept northward, the sky was still partly overcast with flying cloud, a luminous atmosphere, pure as interplanetary space, filled the cañon depths, and from the west the sunlight pierced the lingering mists with mellow light. We stood on a narrow promontory. Across the cañon the terraced slopes descended in parklike gradation, resplendent with the livery of autumn, and above their aspen gold the bastions of blue-gray andesite rose tier after tier in Gothic severity of line until belted with the rising mists. Up the valley to the left the winding thread of the river led to the pyramid of Mt. Abram, his sentinel head aglow with sunlight, while farther south rose the Red mountains, shrouded

³⁸ One is in Western Australia, another in California, the third is in Mexico, and the fourth in New York City.

³⁹ This gives me the opportunity of recommending to my friends that most delightful book of Clarence King, 'Mountaineering in the Sierra Nevada.'