

64.
1.2

trains was not enjoyable to say the least. Finally we arrived at the station, and also the end of the road which for the last mile or two had been a switch-back road. The station was a small wooden shanty in the heart of the forest. On emerging from the train, we found no conveyance had been sent for us from the Hotel, our letter not having been received as the mail was irregular. A horse with a man's saddle was standing dripping under the trees, it having been brought down the mountain from the Hotel by a boy, for our fellow passenger, who we found was the owner of the mines. He kindly offered me the use of his horse, and as there was no alternative, except to walk a distance of a mile or two on a steady ascent I gratefully accepted. I was hoisted onto the animal, first gathering up the skirt of my new spring travelling dress to keep it from the wet horse, and with our little hat box in front of me, resting against the horn of the saddle, and with our friend at the horse's head, and my husband at my side, and the boy following behind, we took up the line of march.