

CLEAR CREEK VALLEY.

Our road towards Idaho now lay over a very rough, precipitous country, to a point a few miles below that city, where we again struck the Valley of Clear Creek. As we followed along the abrupt windings of this valley, we were continually reminded of the insatiate thirst of man for the filthy lucre *gold*, by the broken and decaying flumes and water wheels, and the crumbling and half-refilled excavations in the banks along the stream, which had been made and used by the earlier pioneers in their search for hidden treasure. Some two miles below Idaho we passed the extensive and more permanent works, now being erected for the same purpose, by Gen. Beaufort for an Eastern company of capitalists.

At early dusk we found ourselves in front of the Beebe House, in Idaho, acknowledged to be the best hotel in Colorado, with good mountain appetites for an excellent supper which awaited us. Our venerable driver, and part owner of our outfit, was almost exhausted by his continuous wallopings of the mules; and our mules (or rather horses by brevet, since the close of the war), were *hors de combat* from the effects of a long drive over rough roads, and the aforesaid wallopings of the venerable driver. On entering the hotel I was most agreeably surprised to find that it was owned and kept by old and familiar friends from Sullivan county, New York; which fact rendered our short stay exceedingly pleasant. The hot springs, ample bathing, and hotel accommodations, render this place the Saratoga of the mountains for the good people of Denver and adjacent cities.