

to meet us here and show us about ; but the violent storm had evidently prevented his coming.

It had also been our desire and intention to spend the one or two following days in an examination of the Boulder Valley and Pass, under the guidance of Mr. Rawlins, whose works are situated on the Boulder ; and whom we had met in Denver ; but he was nowhere to be found. The storm was still raging and the weather growing colder. Icicles a foot in length were hanging from the eaves of the houses. Our venerable driver and more venerable mules also became objects of our deepest solicitude—the driver claiming that the *outfit* was *unfit* to go further this stormy day ; but if we would let him and the mules rest till to-morrow morning, he would then drive us to Denver (forty miles), or perish in the attempt.

We finally concluded that, as the main object of our journey had been accomplished ; and as the state of the weather rendered a further examination of mountain passes and scenery exceedingly unpropitious at the present time, we would turn our faces toward Denver, with a view of reaching there on the following night. To insure this result, it appeared important that we should accomplish a portion of the distance during the present afternoon. We therefore set out again in the storm at four P. M., with the intention of reaching the Junction Ranch, nine miles distant, before nightfall.

BLACK-HAWK AND LYONS MILLS.

On our way down the valley of North Clear Creek, we passed through the town of Black-Hawk, about two miles below Central City, where we stopped an hour to examine two of the largest quartz mills now in operation in this valley. One, the Black-Hawk mill, which adheres to the