

driver was also in high spirits at the prospect of a speedy termination of his arduous labors. He had frequently bemoaned his fate in having, at his age, and for the first time in his life, become reduced to the level of a common mule driver. The near sorrel mule, whose thick and unfeeling hide had, for three long days, been the recipient of unceasing wallopings from the driver's almost worn-out whip and nearly disabled arm, seemed to be inspired with the idea that he was approaching the end of his journey. His long ears, instead of flopping listlessly back upon his neck, suddenly assumed a rigid position a little forward of the perpendicular; and away he went over the almost trackless road, down hills, through caverns, gulches and gorges, at a rate which seemed to hazard the safety of our outfit, to say nothing of our own lives and limbs, till we reached the foot of Guy's Hill, which suddenly stretched its huge and uncouth sides directly athwart our path.

The road up this formidable hill is located upon the zigzag principle—that is, it switches back and forth in the gorges, and along the rough mountain sides a distance of nearly two miles from the base to the summit. Fearful tales were told us by our driver, of the many accidents and hair-breadth escapes which had occurred here; and we were impressed with the idea that so important a thoroughfare, and one over which so large a traffic between Denver, and the heart of the mining regions about Central City, was necessarily carried on, should have been made to follow the equally direct, and far more gentle and uniform grades of the Valley of Clear Creek. This will, as a matter of economy, if not necessity, be done sooner or later, either by railroad or turnpike.

Having safely reached the high summit of Guy's Hill, our descent through Golden Gate to Golden City, a dis-