

the last two years been so loudly heralded through the land. The first on my programme is Boulder and the Boulder Canon.

I therefore embark on the train of the Boulder Valley Railway from Denver to Boulder, which leaves in the afternoon, and arrive at my destination at about a quarter past six in the evening. I now feel very much disinclined to take any notes or do any writing, as I want to give myself entirely up to the enjoyment of the lovely scenery and other attractions and novelties that I meet with at every turn; and having found a description of the Boulder Canon written by a correspondent of the Rochester (N. Y.) *Democrat and Chronicle*, I give you the benefit of his superior descriptive powers. He says:

"This is the Yosemite of the Rocky Mountains, and, like its prototype, it beggars the power of pen or pencil. No description can do justice to it. The stream, truly Alpine, plunges in foaming torrents down its rocky way, amid scenery as wild and grand, apparently, as nature could group along its banks. We were reminded of the New River Canon in West Virginia, but more by contrast than by similarity. There, also is the foaming mountain brook amid landscapes wild and picturesque, but sylvan beauty overspreads and crowns all. Here, it is massive grandeur alone. The rocks frown defiantly from their lofty battlements down upon the puny traveler as he winds his way along among them. A few scattered evergreens here and there stand out from their crevices, as if to soften their shadows a little, and light