

Having heard so much of the beauties of Clear Creek Canon, the wonders of the Idaho Springs, and the immense riches of Georgetown, I now determined to pay them a visit, and accordingly took the morning train from Denver to Golden, a distance of seventeen miles. Here we changed into the cosy little narrow-gauge cars, and I was fortunate enough to secure a seat in an open excursion car, from which I had a fine view of the magnificent scenery; and I again take the liberty of quoting from Rev. Mr. Robinson's lecture:

"We entered the mouth of Clear Creek Canon, and began our ascent of the narrow pass, through which Clear creek foams and eddies, and dashes and leaps, in its hurry to reach the great plain. The railroad follows the course of the stream—it could not do otherwise—now on one side of it, now on the other, crossing and re-crossing so frequently in its mazy, winding way, that one gets bewildered. Far below the road-bed runs the stream. The little engine, which draws its train of diminutive cars, pants and groans as it creeps sometimes up a steep incline, and the cars creak, and seem at some of the sharp curves to fairly twist and bend around them.

"After a few miles the track of the railroad came closer down to the creek, and at times we were but a few feet from the water, creeping along a stony parapet cast up for our track. We were in the midst of the wildest and grandest scenery I had ever looked upon. The vegetation had changed. The mountains are well called Rocky, for they are hardly anything else, often