

They proved also pleasant companions, and after they joined me the ride was without loneliness or anxiety, and so intensely enjoyable. Bear Creek Canon was not altogether new to me, but I saw that day for the first time the grander and more rugged portion of it. The creek is pure, full and sparkling, rushing along with arrowy swiftness, and leaping down the rocks as in a mad frolic, making innumerable falls, some of them of considerable height and wonderful beauty. The foliage for the greater part of the way is very luxuriant, and is now of all shades, from the deep green of the pine to the pale gold of the cottonwood. On the highest mountain sides the autumn tints have faded and grown sombre under frequent chastenings of the frost king. Two weeks ago it was as though the very glory of God had descended upon them, and was wrapping them round about. But here in this sheltered spot, the stern genii have 'done their spiriting gently.' We found the long winding pass still illuminated by a perfect carnival of color. The last mile or two of the trail seemed longer than leagues. It is at that height the strangest trail ever constructed. It is a sort of rude Russ pavement of unknown depth.

"Pike's Peak on the summit, and for a long distance down, is so thickly covered by huge blocks of porphyry that scarcely a foot of ground shows between. These rocks could not be cleared out of the way, there was no where to put them, so the trail was made by merely filling up breaks and crevices with smaller stones, so it was a sort of causeway we traveled over that evening.