

found in Colorado. They raise their snow-clad peaks far above their compeers, rising proudly and defiantly into the clear blue sky; their gray sides and white crests being visible through this clear atmosphere for many, many miles.

In the pure air of this country, objects like these are visible for a great distance, so great indeed, that were it named, those who have never been in these regions, we fear, would doubt the statement.

The altitude of the principal mountains, according to Prof. Whitney, are: Mt. Lincoln, 16,190 feet; Pike's Peak, 14,336; Gray's Peak, 14,251; Sopri's Peak, 14,200; Mt. Cameron, 14,000; Mt. Guizot, 13,223 feet; Vealie's Peak, 13,456 feet; Parry's Peak, 13,214 feet; Argentine Pass, 13,000 feet; Laguna Alta, 12,000 feet; Mt. Flora, 12,878 feet; Snowy Range, 11,700 feet; Boulder Pass, 11,700 feet; Georgia Pass, 11,487 feet; Berthoud's Pass, 11,371 feet; Note Pass, 11,200 feet; Long's Peak, 14,271 feet. There are other peaks, less high, but none the less grand and majestic. The Alps—storied monuments of poetical, legendary fame—cannot compare with these mountains in scenes of sublime beauty and awful grandeur. Here, all of the vast scene is before you, the pure air bringing the distant mountains within your vision, as though anxious that the whole grand beauty of the scene should be visible at one and the same time. The mind drinks in the inspiration of the glorious vision at one draught, and filled with awe, wonder and admiration, the bounding heart almost stands still, while the eager eyes gaze on the grandest panorama in nature. From the top of Grey's Peaks, either of them, a morning scene of glorious beauty is unfolded to the visitor, such as one rarely sees in any clime; for nature, in her wildest moods, has never excelled her handiwork in the panoramic view spread out in every direction. European travelers tell us that nowhere within the range of European travel can such scenes be found—scenes so full of beauty, sublimity and inspiration.

Nowhere on the old continent do we ascend so high; from no point is the view so wide and comprehensive. From Alpine summits, the tourist's gaze extends over one petty province to rest upon another. Here, the eye fails to reach the extent of even one portion of our country, and the far distant horizon closes in the scene by

dropping an airy curtain, whose fleecy fringes rest on mountain peaks and vast plains in far distant portions of the same fair land.

THE SUMMIT OF THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS—from one side of which the waters of numerous little springs ripple softly away, as though afraid to venture on the vast distance which lies between them and the waters of the Atlantic Ocean, their final destination—rears far heavenward its serried peaks. On the other side of the crest the scene is repeated, with this difference, that the waters stealing away through beds of tiny, delicately tinted mountain flowers, are destined to reach the Pacific Ocean, on the other side of the continent—so close together in their infancy, so far apart in their prime, or at their final grave—the ocean. This point is the apex, the centre of the North American Continent, the crowning peak of that great backbone, whose iron ribs are represented by the many spurs that branch away in earnest support of the whole grand system.

From this point, range on range, gorge after gorge, can be seen, interspersed with rugged peaks, which lend a peculiar wildness to the scene. Away to the east, lies the vast, grayish expanse of the plains, looking like some great ocean, its breast unstirred by the passing breeze, or rippled by a single prow. Nearer, still, among the bordering mountains nestling in the hollows and between the brown heights, lie miniature prairies, patches of green, on which the rays of the morning sun fall in folds of yellow light, enveloping them in a flood of golden beauty. Small and insignificant as they appear when compared with the vast sea of plains beyond, they are really large valleys, in which are found the farming lands of Colorado.

These little valleys, as seen from the mountain tops, prove, on entering them, to be both wide and long. They consist of the NORTH, MIDDLE, SOUTH and SAN LUIS PARKS, which lie along, on either side of the line of Central Colorado. Each is a great central park or valley in itself, shut out from its neighbors by dividing ranges of rugged hills, the only entrances being along the numerous water courses, which have their origin in the valleys, and cut their way through the surrounding mountains in their passage to the sea. The extent of these parks varies, the largest being about 80 miles long, with an average width of 40 miles. The smallest of the