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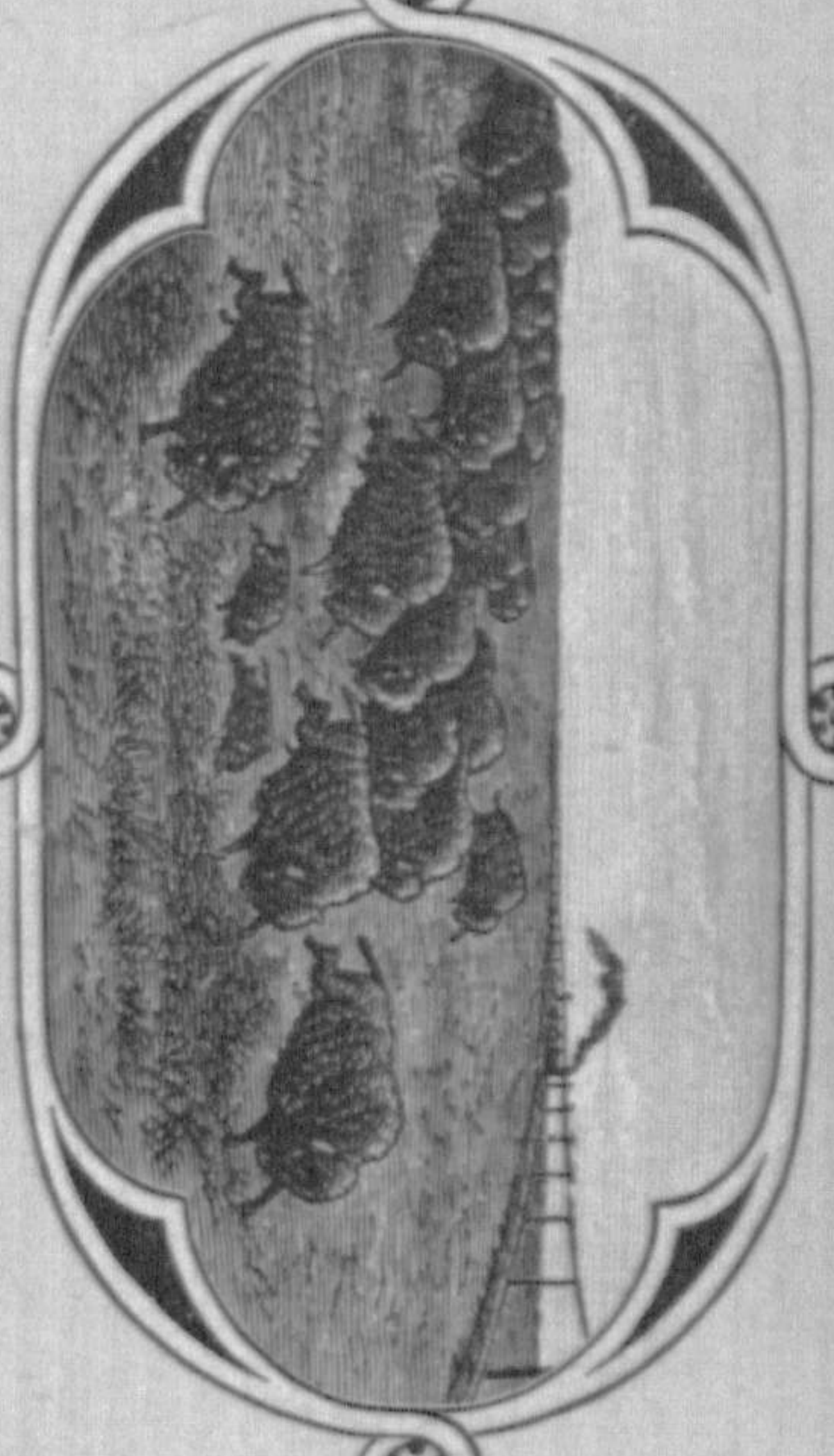
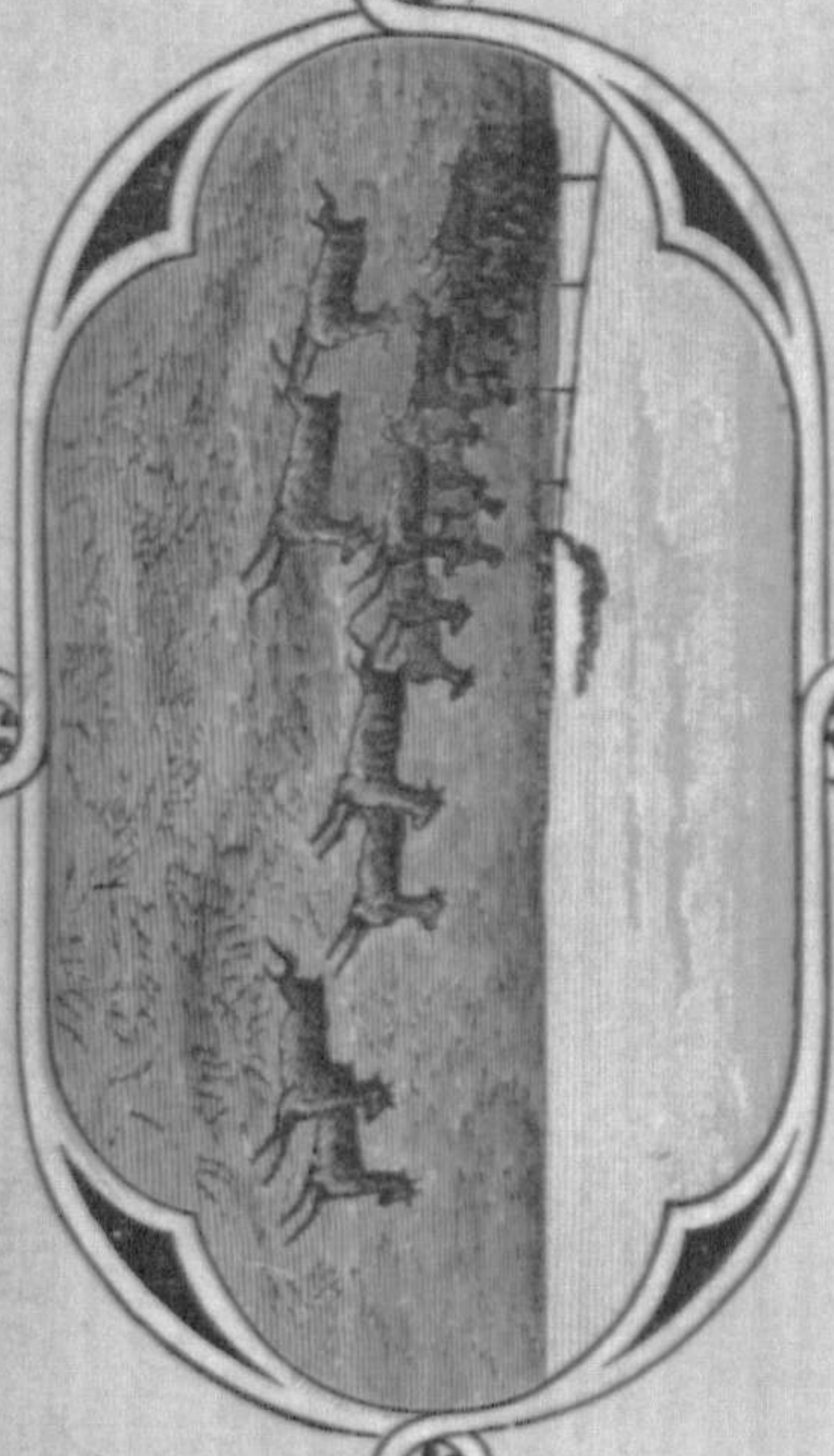
Line Etchings

KANSAS CITY

by
Spec.

A Trip from the Missouri River
to the

KANSAS PACIFIC RAILWAY



Rocky Mountains

DENVER



LINE ETCHINGS.

A TRIP

FROM THE

MISSOURI RIVER

TO THE

ROCKY MOUNTAINS

VIA THE

KANSAS PACIFIC RAILWAY.

BY "SPEC."

B. R. Keim

SAINT LOUIS:

Woodward, Tiernan & Hale.

1875.

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PREFACE.



EVERYBODY knows how to get from the East and South to Kansas City on the Missouri River. But everybody does *not* know how to get from there to the as yet comparatively unknown, though indescribably beautiful, summer and winter resorts of the Rocky Mountains; and to supply this want, long felt by our tourists and pleasure-seekers, is this little book destined. At the same time be it remembered that the Resorts herein described are only *a few* of the principal ones, as it would fill a tome too unwieldy for general use, were I to attempt to give but an epitome of all the glories and attractions of the wonderful region of the Rocky Mountains.

SPEC.



A TRIP FROM THE MISSOURI RIVER

TO THE

ROCKY MOUNTAINS.



KANSAS CITY! shouts the porter of the handsome Pullman Palace Car, and gathering up my belongings I step out upon the platform of the Kansas City Union Depot, into which eight different Railways are pouring their quota of pleasure-seeking, fortune-hunting, busy humanity. Verily, man, by means of the iron highway and its steam courser, has almost conquered time and space, and made a journey on this great continent, from Occident to Orient, once such a fearful undertaking, now a matter of but trivial importance and the greatest ease.

Two days ago I was walking down Broadway, New York, and in another day and a half I shall be promenading the streets of Denver, at the foot of the Rocky Mountains. Wonderful, but true.

However, I anticipate.

I have but time to glance at Kansas City as I pass through. A most striking city, this great key to the riches of the famed West, and probably never a one

in any land so favorably situated for the development of transcendent commercial power. It is built on high bluffs, in the great bend of the Missouri river, just below the mouth of the Kaw (or Kansas), on the south bank, and is in a geographical location so central as to make tributary to it the produce of the fertile Southlands and the pastoral wealth of the Plains, while it garners the sheaves of the North-West; and all their gigantic and ever-increasing traffic becomes an element in its growth and joins in building up its power. It is the nearest and most accessible distributing center of the South-West, whose teeming millions of cattle find their market through its railway system. Everywhere, as I pass through, do I see improvements and building going on; and while this gives a somewhat crude appearance to the city, its street railways, water and gas works, fine hotels, handsome stores, and elegant residences, bear testimony to its being possessed of all the accessories of metropolitan refinement, and show that the augury of the prescient Benton is about to be realized—when in 1831 he pointed to her present location as the future seat of empire for the West.

But, like time and tide, the trains of the Kansas Pacific Railway wait for no man, so I secure a lower berth for Denver, and take my seat again in a Pullman Palace Car—only the second change I have made on my journey from New York. This one is indeed the acme of elegance and comfort, and I find that the farther West I get the more complete and comfortable is the rolling stock of the railways, and the more polite

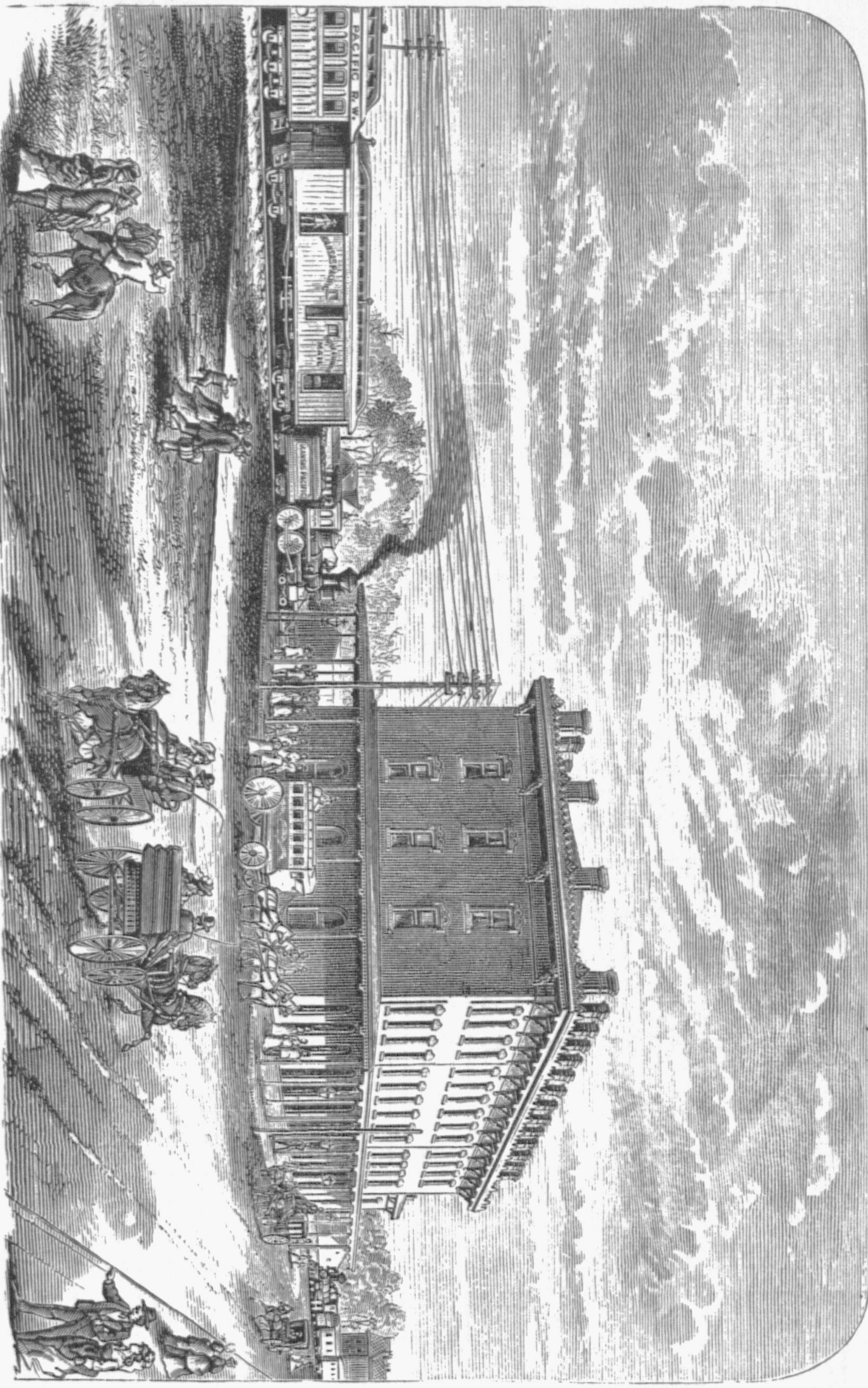
and anxious to please are the officials. As we move slowly out through the city, I notice the immense packing houses on the river bank, and the extensive stock yards for the shipment and reception of the millions of cattle, which trade alone has made Kansas City so famous. Across a fine new iron bridge over the Kaw river, and we are in the State of Kansas. For upwards of thirty miles we pass through a thickly wooded country, following the course of the river, when we emerge into prairie country, and stop at the city of Lawrence, which has a population of about 15,000, was settled in 1854, and is, without doubt, one of the prettiest in the State. She, too, has her street railways, water and gas works; a magnificent dam across the Kaw river, giving her one of the finest water-powers in the West, flour and woolen mills, soap factories, beautiful broad streets and handsome residences; and with the gardens, nurseries and vineyards which adorn her suburbs, has more the appearance of a town of twenty or thirty years' growth, such as we find in the older portions of this continent. What most strikes the eye, though, as one passes through, is the majestic building of the State University, on the summit of Mount Oread. It contains fifty-four rooms, and the entire structure is devoted to the work of instruction. For laboratory practice in all the branches of science it is said to surpass every other college building in the United States.

Lawrence boasts of the finest race-track in the West, and also a famous stud-farm, devoted to the breeding

and training of thorough-bred horses. Our next stopping place of importance is Topeka, the capital of the State. Here we stop for dinner; and I was very agreeably surprised to find that the *cuisine* of the railway restaurant also improves as we go farther West. This one is a nice brick hotel, owned by a company, and the table I sat down to, as comfortable as one could wish; plenty of good plain food and attentive waiters. Evidently the management of this railway appreciates the fact that the best plan to find the way to a traveller's heart is through his stomach, for nothing so agreeably astonishes one nowadays as to get a good wholesome meal at a railway eating-house.

Topeka was first located in 1854, and now has a population of about 12,000. Here are the great Rolling Mills for rolling railroad-iron, which are leased and operated by the Kansas Pacific Railway; the beautiful building of the Capitol, Washburne College, the Topeka Female Seminary, and no end of handsome stores, banks and private residences. But "onward" is the word, and taking my stand on the rear platform of my sleeping car, I enjoy the fresh balmy air and lovely scenery, as we glide along through the celebrated Kaw Valley, with its broad and beautiful bottom land, its numerous timbered creeks and rivulets, and the gently undulating prairie in the background. It is the 10th of November, but the air is still warm and pleasant, and an overcoat would be oppressive.

Smoothly we steam along through the luxuriant corn-fields and rich farms of Shawnee county, until we



DINING HALL AT TOPEKA, KANSAS.

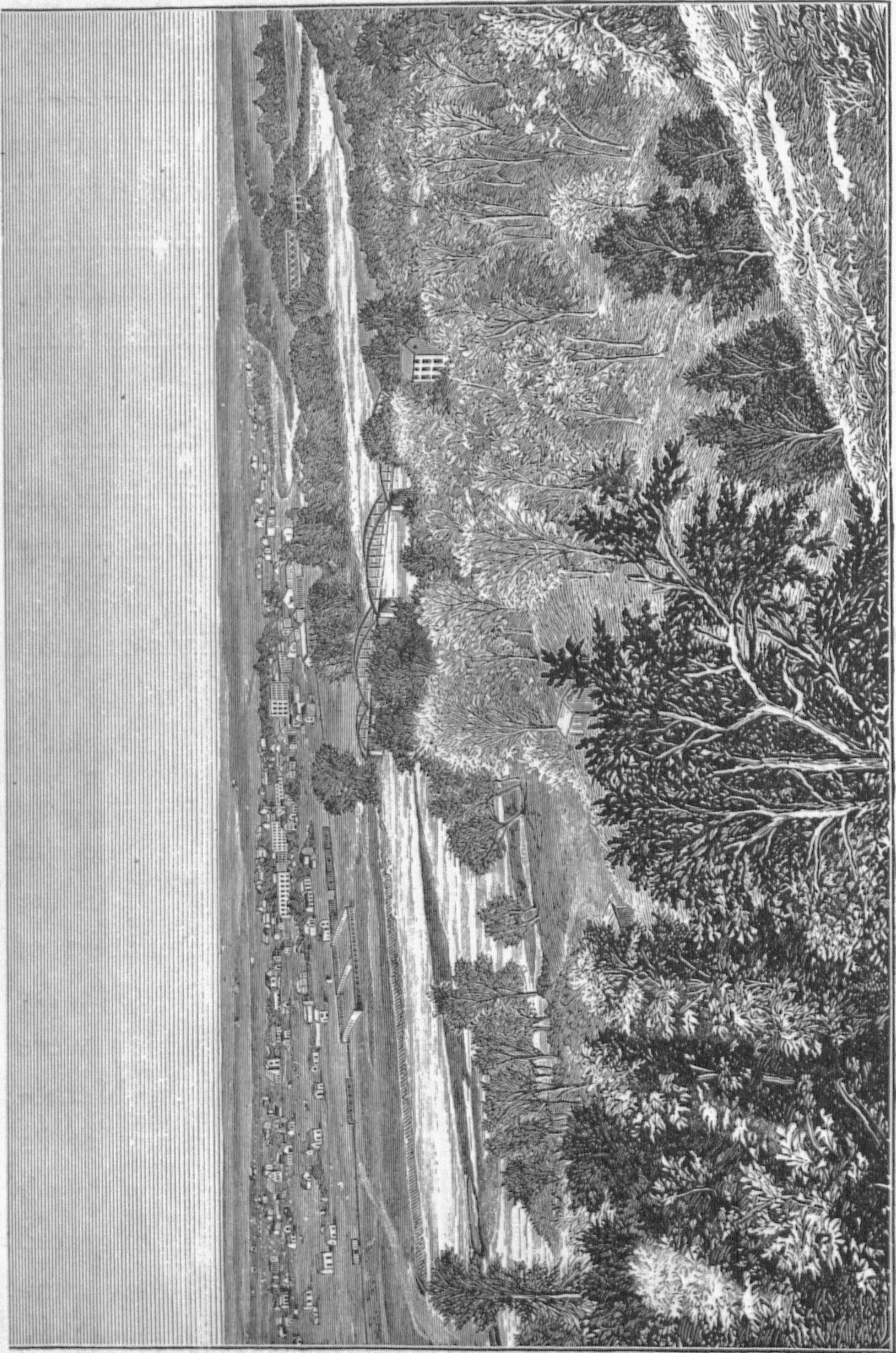
arrive at St. Mary's, on the Pottawatomie Indian reserve, the challenge agricultural section of the State (so the farmer that I talk to on the platform says). The organization of St. Mary's as a village dates back but four years, but its history and identity commence twenty-three years ago, when a few devout Missionary fathers of the order of Jesuits selected this spot, out in the then "Indian Country," for the establishment of their Mission station. By the aid of government, suitable buildings were erected, and here they labored for the civilization of the wild Indian; and now, their work being accomplished and their undertakings crowned with success, they have erected on their grounds, adjoining the town, the largest and most complete institutions of learning and education in existence west of the Mississippi. The Ladies' Seminary, completed in the fall of 1871, is a magnificent brick building with massive stone foundations, four stories high and having a frontage of 100 feet. This College is called the "Seminary of the Sacred Heart," and is a most praiseworthy institution. The College for males, adjoining, is also a fine building, and has accommodations for 1,300 students.

At Wamego, 103 miles from Kansas City, we get a fresh engine, and noticing as we pass a fine wrought-iron bridge, 900 feet long, over the Kaw, we move on still in the valley of that beautiful river. And now, as the shadows deepen on hill and dale, and the setting sun gilds the summits of the distant bluffs, may be heard the "hawnk!" "hawnk!" of the wild geese, as

they flap their swift but apparently lazy way up the winding river to some favorite sand-bar, where they will pass the night, until the first grey streak of dawn warns them to depart to the wheat-field, their favorite feeding place. See! there comes a flock of fifty or more, just visible over the tops of the cottonwoods that line the river bank; now one drops suddenly from the flock, and then I hear, reverberating from bluff and crag, the bur-rung of a heavy gun.

A little farther on, as we approach Manhattan, a pack of over thirty pinnated grouse, or prairie chickens, as they are known here, fly up at the noise of the train and skim away a couple of hundred yards, when they alight again in the long grass. Myriads of quail are also to be seen, and I make up my mind that this is the "El Dorado" of the gunner, the sportsman's paradise.

We now stop a moment at Manhattan, situated at the confluence of the Kaw and Blue rivers. It is the county seat of Riley County, and has a population of about 1,500. This town was first settled in 1854, by a colony from Ohio, all the members of which were well educated, and nearly all members of the Methodist Episcopal Church, thus giving the place at its start an intellectual and religious character which it has since sustained. They are said to have migrated from Cincinnati in a small steamer which they purchased for the purpose. They steamed down the Ohio, up the Mississippi, up the Missouri, and then up the Kansas river to the mouth of the Big Blue. That was



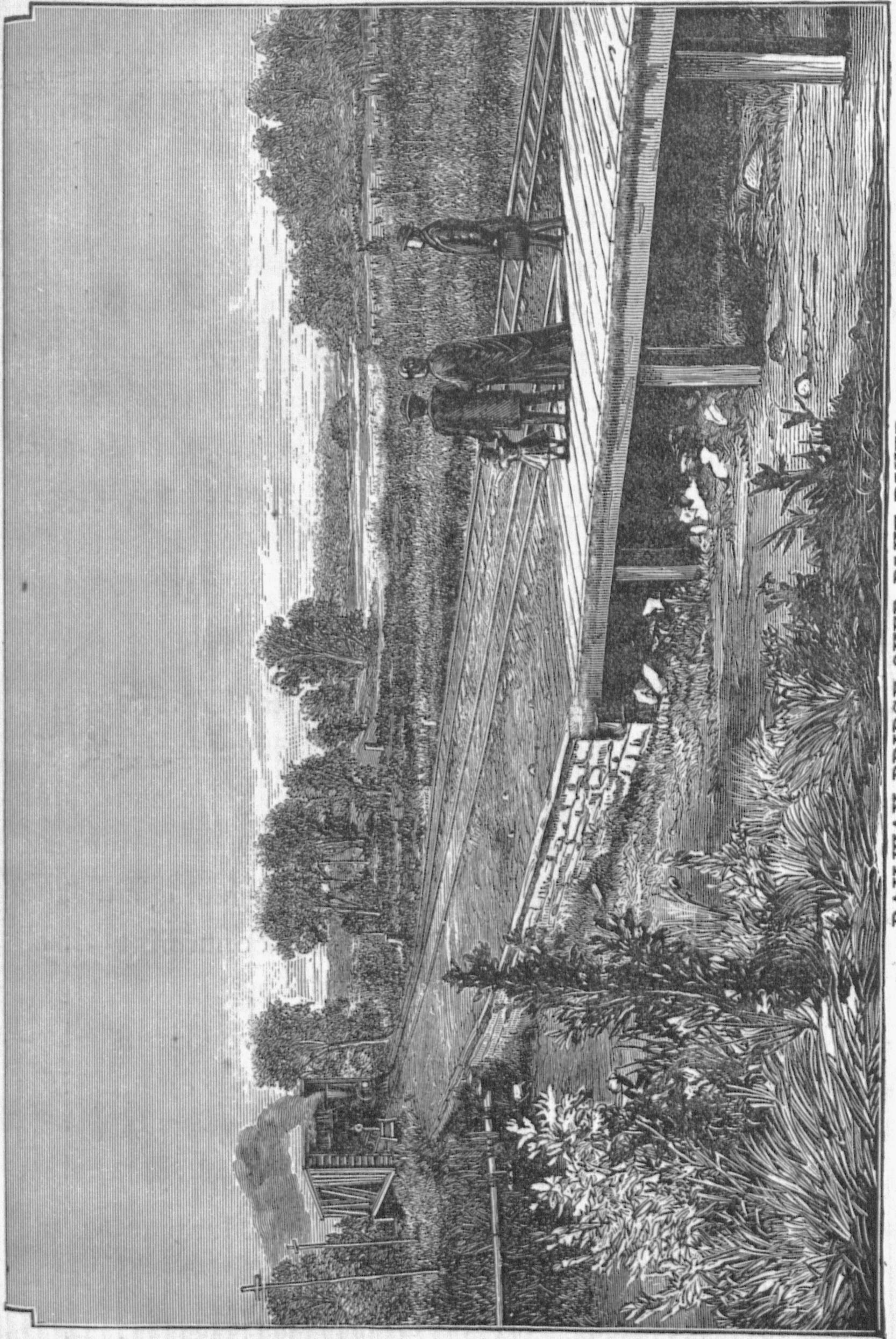
MANHATTAN, KANSAS.

their destination, and the boat never returned. It was kept for a dwelling place until provision could be made for the families on shore, but before they left the boat, and before a single dwelling place had been erected, the spot for a school-house was selected, and measures taken for its being built, so that they might have at once a school for their children and a place of worship for all. The steamer afterwards caught fire and was burned, but I was shown the school-house, where the bell that calls the scholars to their duties is the identical bell of the boat that landed their fathers at that point.

Manhattan is chiefly noted for its educational facilities, having, in addition to its primary and high schools, the Kansas State Agricultural College. This magnificent institution has four hundred and fifteen acres under fence and cultivation, upwards of two thousand apple and peach trees, forty thousand trees in the nursery, three acres of vineyard, a splendid geological and mineralogical cabinet, and a library containing three thousand volumes.

Some idea may be formed of the wonderful adaptation of the profile of the surrounding country for agricultural and bucolical enterprises, by looking at the picture on page 8, showing the course of the Kansas river, as it flows east from Manhattan, the course of the river being marked by the belt of timber traversing the upper part of the landscape.

The cut on page 10 gives some idea of the first-class character of the bridges which span the rivers



RAILWAY BRIDGE OVER BLUE RIVER.

in this young country, and also the size of that magnificent stream, the Kaw or Kansas.

Ogden, the next stopping place, is a point of some historical interest in the annals of the State, the first Territorial Legislature of Kansas having been convened here by Governor Reeder, and the stone building in which it was held still remains.

Now we round a curve in the track, and in front of us, on the summit of a lofty plateau on the north bank of the river, may be seen the stars and stripes floating from a flagstaff on Fort Riley. This post was established in the spring of 1852, and was first known as Camp Center, it being very nearly the geographical center of the United States.

Two miles farther on, we stop at Junction City. This is a substantially built town, located at the junction of the Smoky Hill and Republican rivers, which form the Kansas river, and has a population of between three and four thousand. The superior class of buildings here is owing to the great abundance of building material in the immediate vicinity; in fact, good stone and clay appear to be plentiful everywhere in this wonderful country.

The valley of the Republican, which stretches far to the northward and contains thousands of acres of the richest farms, is made tributary to the Kansas Pacific Railway by its Junction City and Fort Kearney branch, which connects here with the main line.

Twenty miles north of Junction City is located the Powys Welsh Colony, and 16 miles north-east of the

city, on the branch line, is Wakefield, the headquarters of the "English Colony."

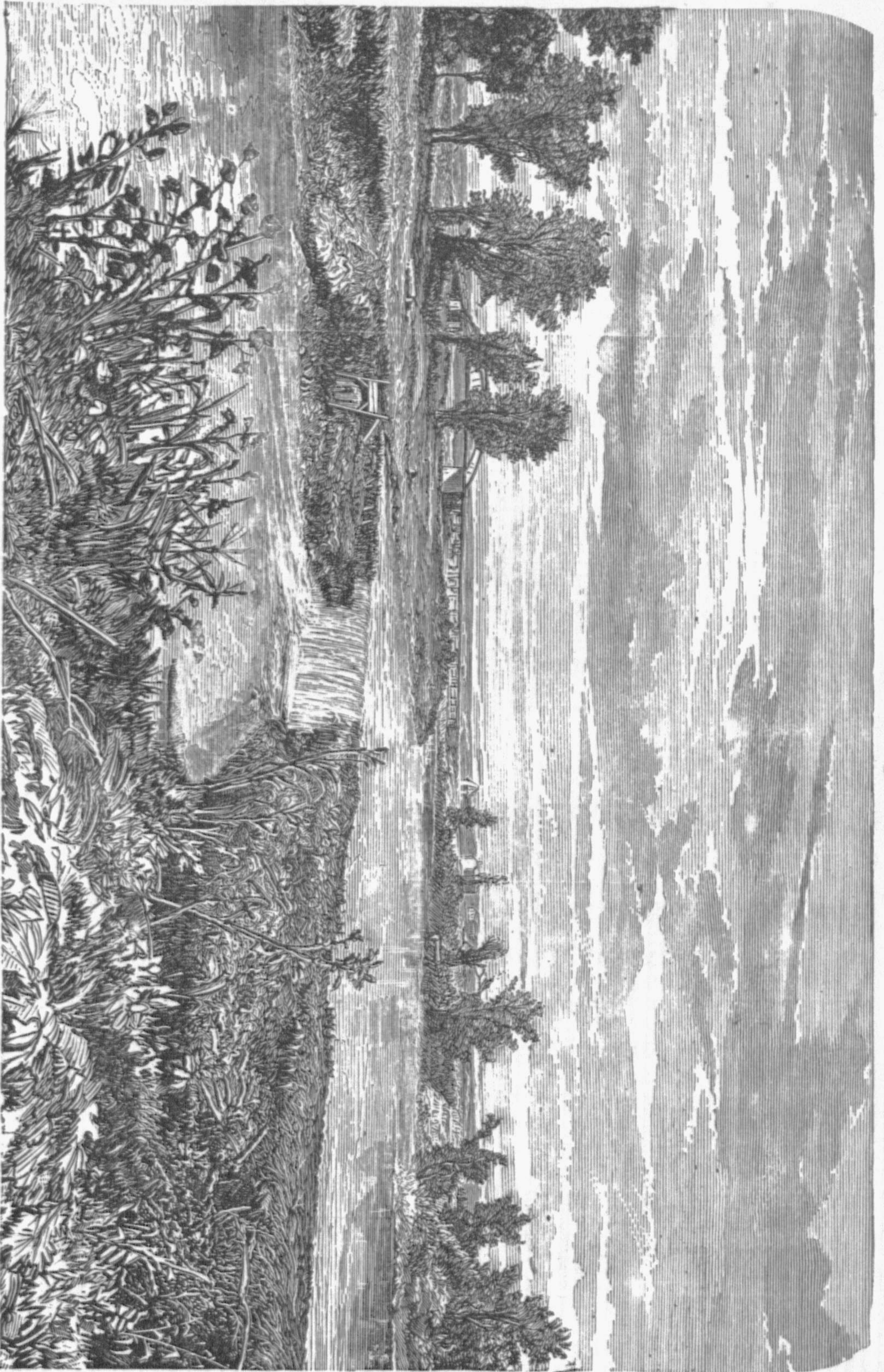
At Abilene we see the town whose name was once a synonym for Texas cattle, and as widely known as a great cattle market as any other one in the United States; in fact, no place of its size has ever, perhaps, been so thoroughly advertised or acquired such widespread fame as a shipping point for the long-horned Texans.

In 1867 thirty-five thousand head arrived there from Texas; in 1868, seventy-five thousand; in 1869, fully one hundred and fifty thousand; but the surrounding country became gradually settled and farmed, and too valuable for grazing, and the cattle are now shipped from Ellsworth, sixty miles farther West, and which is now the great receiving point for the "Texans."

The next stop is Solomon, situated at the confluence of the Solomon and Smoky Hill rivers, and was laid out in 1865, the Kansas Pacific Railway being completed to this point in 1867.

Salt springs exist here in abundance, and large salt works have been erected and are seen from the train as we pass. Solomon also boasts a fine flouring mill situated just below the falls of the river, of which I have a sketch on page 13. It is the depot for the vast and grandly fertile valley of the Solomon, which is well settled for 100 miles north, and an immense amount of shipping is done via Solomon, and also via Clay Center, on the Junction City Branch Road.

The polite conductor now informs me that we are

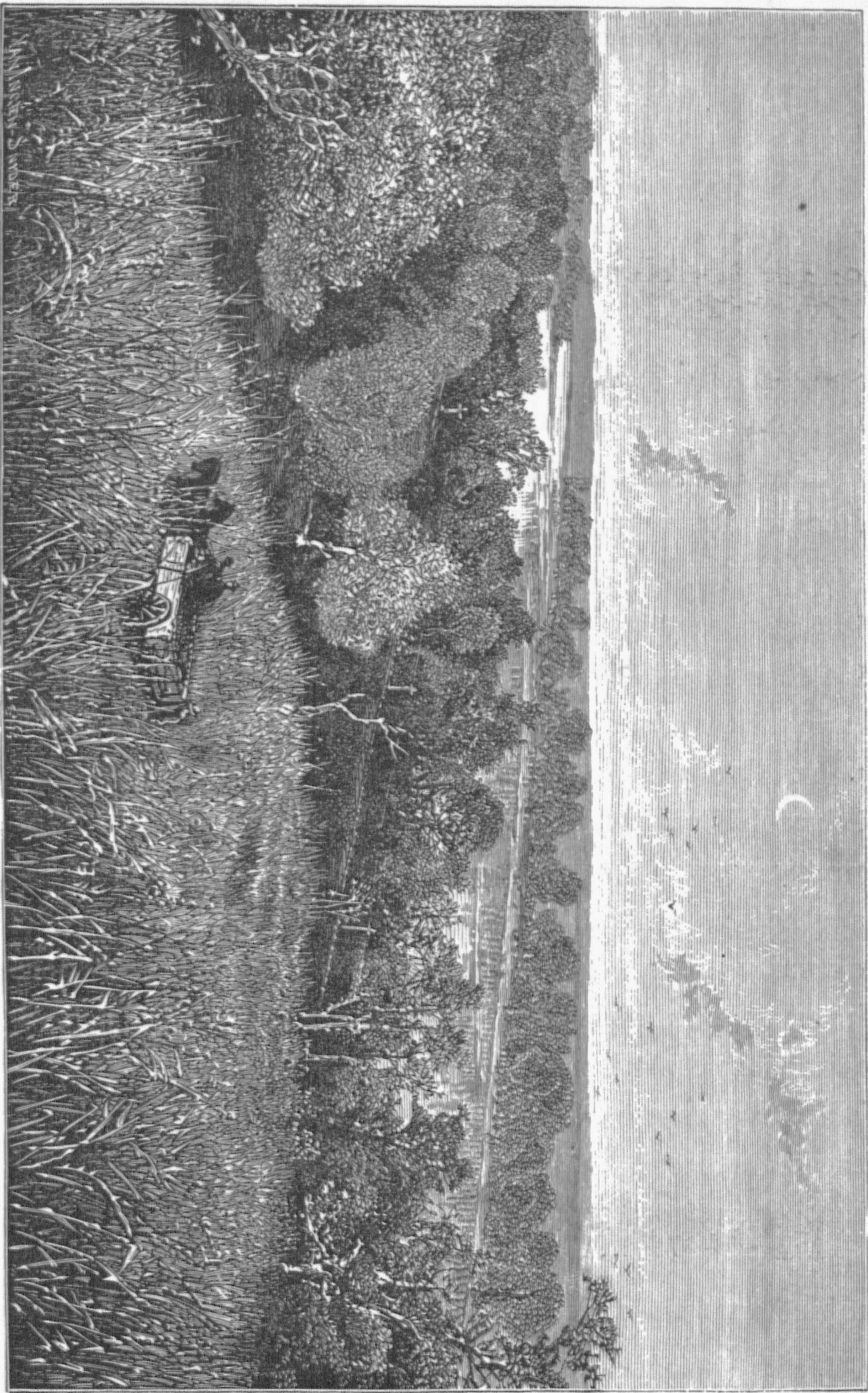


FALLS—SOLOMON RIVER.

entering Salina, where we will stop for supper, and I step over to the railway hotel. Here everything is the picture of cleanliness and neatness, and such a table laid out as would make the eye of a gourmand sparkle with joyful anticipation; in fact, I don't know that I ever more thoroughly enjoyed a meal than I did this one—good coffee, rich, sweet milk, good bread, stewed chicken, beefsteak, canned fruits, and a host of etceteras. I saw many plethoric-looking lunch-baskets in the car, but their choice contents were left to stale, as there is no need for them on this line.

Salina is the county seat of Saline County, and was first settled in 1858. It is situated on the divide between the Smoky Hill and Saline rivers, and has about 1500 inhabitants. Fifteen miles farther, and we reach Brookville, the western terminus of the Kaw valley division of the railway. Here are fine station buildings, repairing shops, &c., belonging to the company. The surrounding country is rolling prairie, well watered by the Saline river and Mulberry creek on the north, and by Rock Spring creek and the Smoky Hill river on the south, and is thickly studded with fine farms and cattle ranches, which find a ready mart for their produce at Brookville. This is the finest wheat-growing district on the line.

Seventeen miles more and we pass by the deserted military post of Fort Harker, which was built in 1867-8, to defend the then frontier from the Indians, and for which purpose it is now happily of no use, as Mr. Lo, the poor Indian, has departed.



VALLEY OF THE KANSAS RIVER—LOOKING EAST FROM ST. GEORGE.

The post was abandoned last year, and the beautiful tract of land embraced in the military reserve will doubtless ere long be thrown open for settlers.

We next stop at Ellsworth, which is now what Abilene was in the past, the largest cattle market west of the Missouri river. It is the county seat of Ellsworth County, and situated on the north bend of the Smoky Hill river, and is about the southernmost point of the line of the Kansas Pacific Railway.

The splendid cattle-yards belonging to the Kansas Pacific Railway Company have facilities for loading and forwarding over one hundred car loads of cattle per diem, and during this year (1874) there were shipped from this point and vicinity 48,320 head.

We now emerge from the high rocky bluffs of Ellsworth County into the gently undulating prairie of Russell County, and stop at Wilson. Here a very pretty view is had of the "boundless prairie." To the south are seen the blue bluffs on the Smoky Hill river, dotted with the dark green of the red cedar, while the intervening prairie is one vast green meadow carpeted with the velvety verdure of the succulent buffalo grass. Three years ago countless herds of buffalo roamed over these pastures. A gentleman on the train informed me that one moonlight night in 1871, he drove to within three hundred yards of a herd which must have contained many thousands, and which was feeding in the Smoky Hill valley about $3\frac{1}{2}$ miles south-west of the station buildings in Wilson.

Now, most of the surrounding country has been

purchased and homesteaded, and as far back as the lovely valley of Wolf or Paradise creek, some 14 miles to the northward, are fine stock and sheep ranches and farms. Water in this country is very plentiful. South of the town three miles is the living current of the Smoky Hill river. A few miles north is the Saline, and then the Solomon—all having tributaries of more or less prominence. The magnificent pasturage of this part of Kansas makes it the paradise of the wool-grower and stock-raiser. The best of well water is also available at nearly every point, and there is a tank here having a capacity of 30,000 gallons of delicious water, which is obtained 48 feet from the surface; and from this point to Hays, where the railway is built on the divide between the Smoky Hill and Saline rivers, water is found at depths corresponding to the undulations of the track, and its elevation above the Smoky, and a short distance either north or south of the line is found in springs, streams and pools.

Coal is found in large quantities all through Russell County, on the banks of the Smoky Hill river and its tributaries, in veins from one to four feet in thickness, and though that found so far has not been of sufficiently good quality to burn in the locomotives, it affords cheap and easily obtained fuel for the settlers.

The next place we stop at, fourteen miles farther on, is Bunker Hill, the county seat, and settled by a colony from Ohio in the spring of 1871; and next to that we pass through Russell, an enterprising trading post and town, the third anniversary of whose settlement was

celebrated on the 19th of April, 1874, on which day three years ago sixty persons, comprising the "North-Western Colony," from Ripon, Wisconsin, here unloaded their households to stay for better or for worse. And it was for better, as is attested by the thriving appearance of their town. Impossible as it may seem, I have ascertained it to be a well authenticated fact that two years ago, early one morning, a herd of buffalo came in from the prairies and were killed in the very streets of Russell. This will give some idea of the strange admixture of civilization and aboriginal wildness created by the building of this great national highway over the plains.

We stop a moment at a very handsome stone station house called Victoria, the location of an English colony, who have about eight thousand sheep, and a number of thoroughbred cattle and horses, and have built several fine farm houses through the surrounding country.

At Hays, the county seat of Ellis County, is another headquarters for Uncle Sam's servants. The fort was established in 1867, and is prettily situated on elevated ground, about half a mile south of the town. From this point the Government receives its supplies for many points south.

The next stopping place of importance is Ellis, where the railway company has built a handsome hotel of the white magnesian limestone found in such quantities throughout this country. A look at this building will convince the tourist of the elegance and importance of this invaluable building material, which has been pro-



VALLEY OF CEDAR CREEK—BUNKER HILL, KANSAS.

vided by Providence for a country comparatively devoid of timber. From this point we pass through an elegant rolling country well adapted for grazing purposes, and upon whose grassy slopes I predict ere long will feed thousands upon thousands of cattle and sheep.

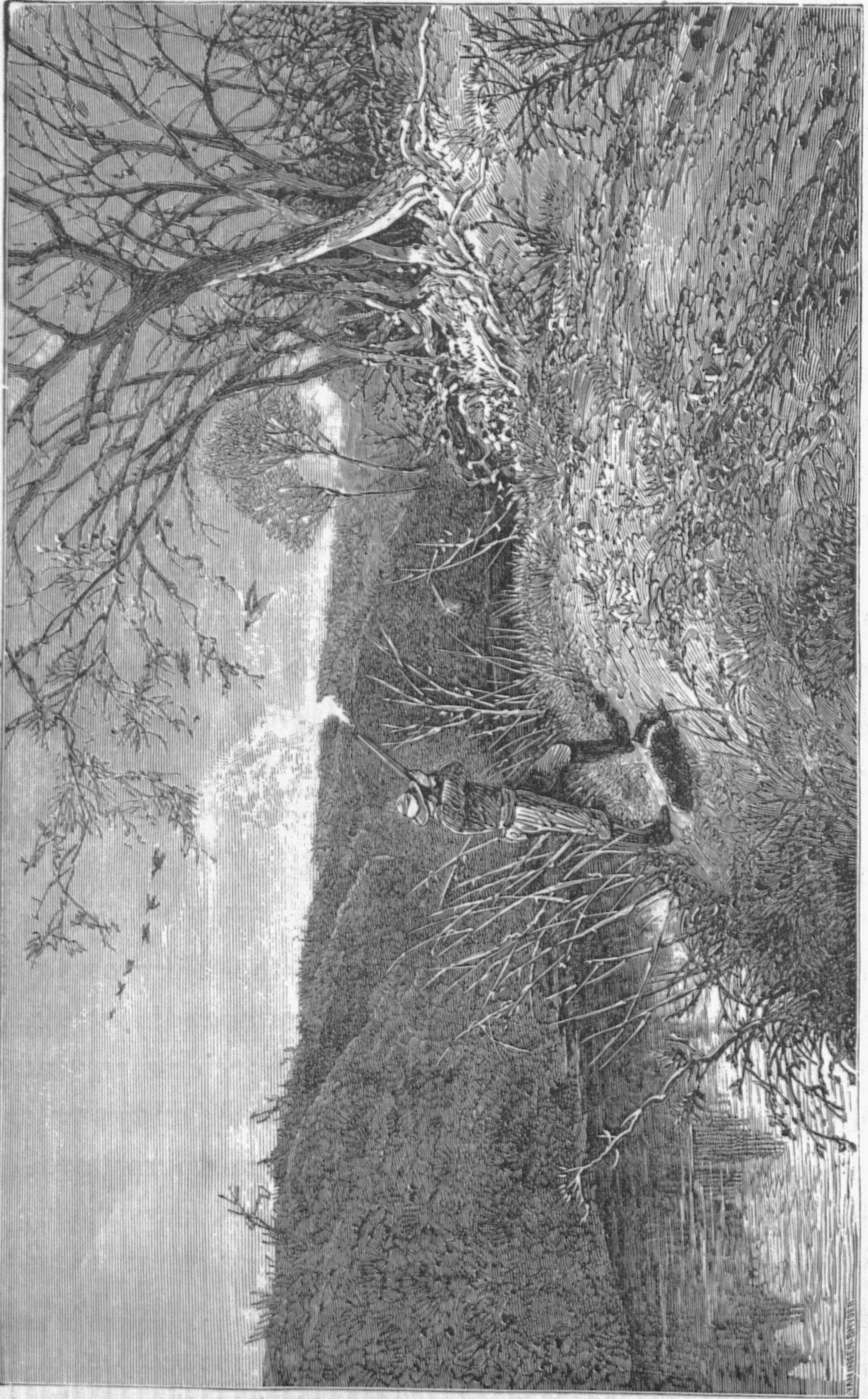
This is one of the best localities I know of for the settlement of colonists. One of the most profitable investments is for a party of capitalists to purchase these grand grazing lands from the railway company, to build towns along the track, in which the people can reside, and have the benefit of society, churches, schools, &c., while the herds graze for miles and miles away. The grass, which for so many years gave support to the almost countless herds of buffalo and antelope, is now available for domestic cattle. It is short, very succulent, grows in bunches, cures itself in the ground, and drops its seed to spring up new and green each succeeding season. A number of fine herds can be seen as we pass along, and I was surprised to hear that no food or shelter except that provided by Dame Nature is ever given them. Having these great natural advantages, it is not singular that a number of organizations of some of our very best people are forming to buy large tracts at intervals along the railway for settlement and stock-raising. The great profit in the raising of live stock (especially here where food costs nothing) is well known, and the fine climate and the romantic nature of the business commends itself to those worn out by the months and years of close confinement in office and store.

About ten miles west of Ellis we found such an organization already under way, a large tract of land having been purchased by Messrs. Chaffee, Lower, and others, of Shelbyville, Ill. Early in the spring the town of Keim will be laid out on the tract, and a church, school-house and hotel erected, wells dug, trees planted, and a colony formed, which from the well-known business habits and energy of its projectors, will not be excelled by any similar organization in the West, and I can commend the place to any one wishing a good and healthy home.

At Wallace we stop for breakfast, and here I had the pleasure of eating my first buffalo and antelope steak. The table was as well laid as that at Topeka, and one naturally wondered where all the good things came from, so many miles (420) from the Missouri river.

Fort Wallace, a fine post, is situated two miles southeast from the station.

Between Arapahoe and Cheyenne Wells we cross the west State line of Kansas into the Territory of Colorado, and the next stop of importance is at Kit Carson, named after the illustrious frontiersman and scout, whose home and haunts were located at this wild and romantic spot. Kit Carson is the northern terminus of the Arkansas Valley Branch of the Kansas Pacific Railway, its present southern terminal point, at a distance of 56 miles, being Las Animas, which is a trading point of great importance and is situated on the south bank of the Arkansas river, about three miles above the mouth of the Purgatoire. This being also



DUCK SHOOTING ON BIG CREEK—RUSSELL, KANSAS.

the natural shipping point for cattle from Southern Colorado and New Mexico, extensive stockyards have been erected. The only regular line of Messrs. Barlow, Sanderson & Co.'s Southern Overland Mail Coaches start from here, and they send out their coaches to Pueblo on the west, Trinidad and Santa Fe on the south, making close connections with the train which leaves Las Animas daily and connects with the trains on the main line going east and west, at Kit Carson. The stores and warehouses of two large forwarding and commission firms, and also the hotel, are built of adobe, and give the place a singularly picturesque appearance. From here may be seen, on a clear day, Pike's Peak, 150 miles distant, and the Greenhorn Mountains, 120 miles distant, while five miles to the east is situated the large military post of Fort Lyon. It is one of the very best points for invalids to spend the winter, the elevation being only 3,784 feet.

From Kit Carson we journey on to Hugo, where we halt for dinner, and where I had, without exception, one of the most enjoyable meals I ever had in my life. The invigorating mountain air had already given me a keen appetite, and the tempting white bread, fresh pure butter made by the good lady of the house, and the delicious antelope steak, and profusion of such vegetables as Colorado only can produce, formed a dinner in which the most fastidious epicure could find naught to cavil at.

It would be a piece of folly for me to attempt what every one else whose writings I have seen have failed in, and that is, to give in poetry or prose, hexameter

or pentameter, any adequate idea of the almost supernaturally grand sight to be obtained of the mountains approaching Denver; suffice it to say, that the city is built on the plains, within 12 miles of their base, and that to the north may be seen Long's Peak, over 70 miles away, rising 14,050 feet above sea level; Gray's Peak, south of this, 14,134 feet; immediately opposite the city on the west, the beautiful pine-clad foot-hills, backed up in the dim distance by the great snowy range; and to the southward Pike's Peak, 76 miles distant, towering 14,216 feet above tide-water and 8,000 feet above the level—the whole forming a continuous view of over 200 miles of mountains.

In this wonderful air, the summit of Pike's Peak can be seen from First View station, 150 miles distant; and now, as we are approaching Denver, every gorge and chasm in the rugged sides of this historic mountain are as clearly discernible as if less than 12 miles away.

Volumes might be filled with what has been told and written of Denver, and no city in the Union is probably so well known by reputation as this one. It will be therefore sufficient for me to say here, that I found the best of hotels, and especially complete livery stables, where carriages and horses for driving in the delightful boulevards and environs of Denver, or saddle-horses, teams and outfits for a visit or camping expedition to the neighboring fishing, hunting and pleasure resorts of the mountains, may be had at short notice and fair rates.

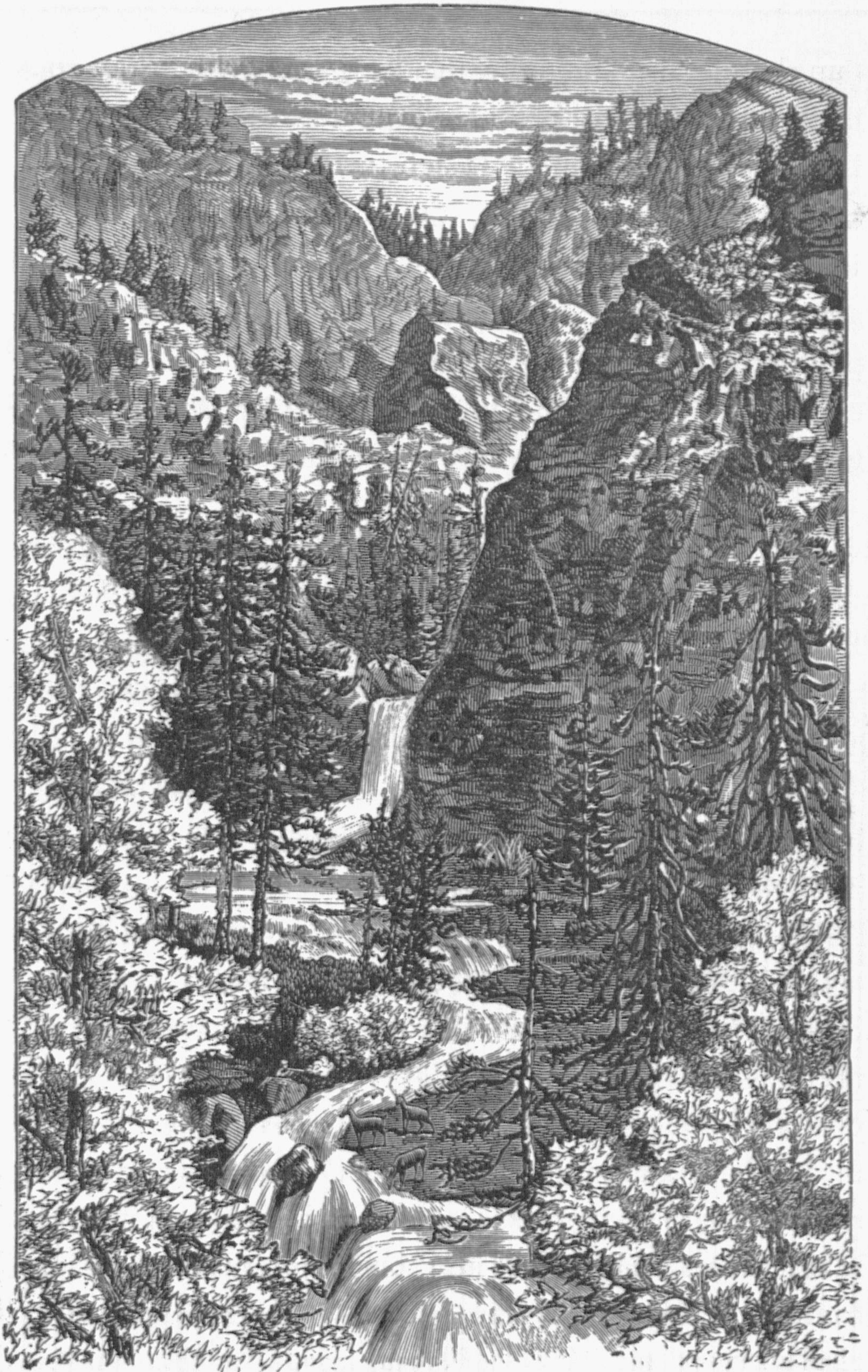
In addition to the Kansas Pacific Railway, which opens Denver to the Eastern country, there are five other lines of railway extending towards the mountains and great resorts; and she is possessed of horse railroads, gas and water works, fine churches and school-houses, public baths, breweries, a U. S. Assay office, elegant restaurants, &c. The population in April, 1874, was 22,300. John Russell Young, Esq., now managing editor of the New York *Herald*, as long ago as December 17th, 1871, wrote to Mr. Blake, of Denver, as follows: "Colorado possesses a deep interest to me, and Denver and Paris are the two cities with which I fell in love at first sight, and in which I have a constant yearning some time or other to reside. I have seen no prettier town in Europe or America than your same Denver." I heartily concur with Mr. Young in his admiration of this lovely place, and can add my personal testimony that never, in all my wanderings, have I met with a city whose natural surroundings and attractions were so intensely beautiful. And again I cannot but recur with wonder to the fact that as I write, the delicious breezes from the mountain tops of the great Rockies are puffing in at my open window, and three days and a half ago I was looking down from my hotel, on the crowded noisy thoroughfare of Broadway, New York.

Having thoroughly recruited my energies after the long trip, and "done" the city of Denver pretty thoroughly, I prepare to visit the world-renowned resorts of the mountains, the beauties of which have during

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



FALLS OF THE BOULDER—BOULDER CANON, COLORADO.

up the picture; but it is the rock, the grim, gray rock, which everywhere presides over the scene of wondrous majesty and sublimity. Each turn presents new forms, and our artists were on the alert. We paused, and again moved on as they desired. About half way down the canon the North Boulder comes rushing down the mountain gorge and plunges into the principal stream. Here is the finest water-fall we have yet seen in all our tour. This must be taken at the central point of the canon.

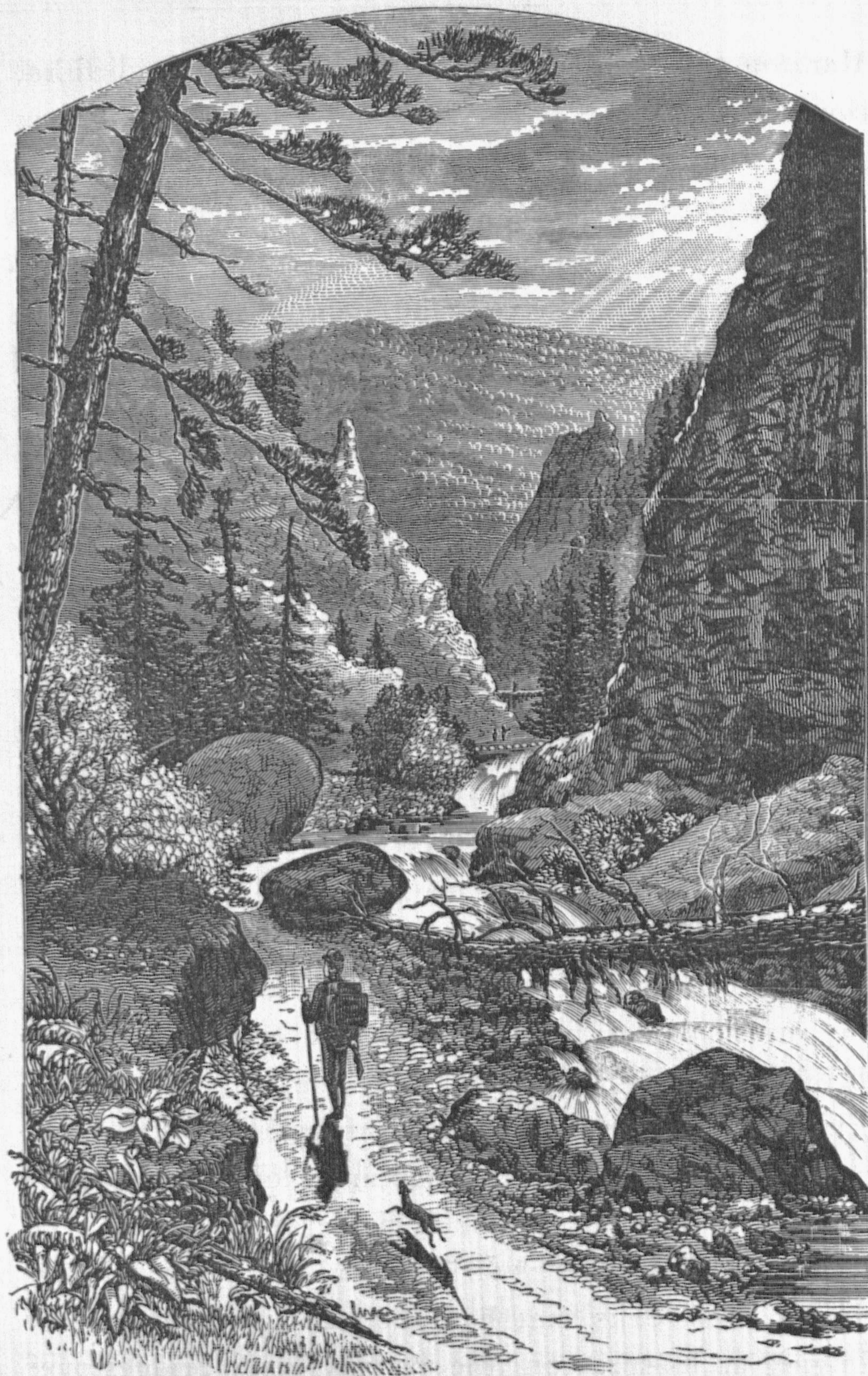
“After leaving the cascade, we followed down stream, still rapid, but gradually becoming less boisterous and wild, and the scenery little by little assuming a milder tone. A broken bridge hindered our progress for a time, but this being soon repaired we passed on, and at evening emerged from the canon and came to Boulder, a town of 1,500 inhabitants, situated at the entrance just outside of the foot-hills. What a change! after eight days up and down incessantly among the mountains to thus suddenly emerge into the plain. The last night, even with all our resources of covering, we were shivering with cold, and here it was summer again. We had descended, since morning, 5,000 feet.

“After remaining over night in camp near Boulder, we rode into Denver this morning, arriving in the city about noon. Thus ends the tour among the mountains, on the whole a gratifying success. None of us would have missed it. The editorial party, in this visit to the mountains, made three good objective points which I can commend to every tourist in this region: first,

Manitou Springs; second, Idaho Springs; and third, Boulder Canon with its unrivaled scenery, the climax of the whole."

In July, 1874, the Rev. T. H. Robinson, pastor of the First Presbyterian Church, of Harrisburg, Pa., visited this same beautiful canon, and in a series of lectures which were published in the *Daily Telegraph*, of that city, thus describes his trip:

"One of the most delightful of all our mountain rides was from Central City, by way of Rollinsville, to Boulder. The pass through which we had come from Rollinsville was filled with the brightest flowers, blossoming on each side of the road. We now followed the line of Boulder creek, a fine trout spring, for twenty-one miles through Boulder Canon to the great plain. The ride was one long to be held in memory for the beauty and grandeur of the scenery. The roadway crosses the creek, during the way, over no less than forty bridges, winding in and out among rough and ragged rocks, in quiet shaded dells, where only the musical dashing of the creek could be heard, through magnificent openings in the cliffs, each turn bringing to view some new prospect that seemed to surpass all the others in sublimity or in its picturesqueness. Below us rushed the creek, leaping from boulder to boulder, swirling and seething around among the rocks that had blocked up its way; now flinging up its spray on the narrow rustic bridges over which we crossed; now eddying about in some deep pool, and anon dashing with tremendous fury against



IN THE BOULDER CANON, COLORADO.

the precipitous sides of a granite bluff that reached half way across its course. Above we looked up the steep sides, straining the eyes sometimes to see the tops of the high bluffs; often to see the channel, for stream and roadway seemed to be but a few yards wide.

“There are many scenes of remarkable interest on the way. I pause to mention but two: ‘the Dome’ and ‘the Falls.’ The dome is an immense mass of bare rock, in the shape of a ‘dome,’ which rises out of the narrow valley two or three hundred feet high. Around its base and along the bank of the stream the roadway has been cut. About half way down the canon we came to the junction of North and Middle Boulder creeks. A few rods from the junction we reached, by a narrow trail cut in the side of the mountain, and wide enough for one person, some beautiful falls. They seem to break out of a mass of rocks, and, falling some forty or fifty feet into a deep pool, they presented a charming sight. The surroundings were as wild as they could be. Here, under some large cedars by the side of the creek, we found a small camping-ground, large enough for a company of forty or fifty, and opening our well-filled baskets, and dipping our cups into the cold clear stream, we enjoyed a bountiful lunch. Now and then the tourist through Boulder Canon may discern, far up on the crags and heights, the wild mountain sheep which frequent these hills, and are as nimble and fleet amid these precipices as are the chamois of the Alps. They keep beyond the reach of deadly gun and murderous man, and clamber about these ledges

as securely as if they were on some broad plateau, and make leaps across the yawning chasms that would chill the blood of a beholder. We passed through the canon too hastily to search for any of them; massive horns adorn their heads, and their flesh is excellent for food. As we were gazing at mountain side and stream, absorbed with the ever-varying changes of scenery, all at once, as the coach wheeled around a curve in the way, the great plain stood before us, sweeping away out of our sight. It was a strange vision after our six days of mountain experience, where we had climbed great heights and been shut up between over-hanging cliffs. It was like the revelation of a new world. I felt as if I had been creeping through a strange labyrinth of wonders and had come out into a new state of existence. Just before us lay the beautiful village of Boulder, with its one or two thousand inhabitants; beyond were the green wheat-fields, the artificial lakes in the valley of Boulder creek, the graceful foliage of the cottonwoods along the streams. The fine and substantial improvements; the signs of comfort and thrift; the green soft foot-hills, rising to the left and right as we came out of the mouth of the canon and out upon the plains; the Trap Dyke of Valmont, rising abrupt, and the mounds or hills, that looked as if they might have been thrown up by a race of giants ages ago—all this formed a picture of wonderful beauty, that we caught and fixed on the canvas of memory as our coach swept rapidly into Boulder City.”

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

bare, bold rocks, while here and there rose precipitous sides, scantily covered with stunted, scrawny cedars and pines. The track twisted and curved about; now apparently we were running up against a lofty wall that swept up into the sky before our eyes and defied us, when suddenly we dodged into some opening before hidden to our view.

“The creek was high from the melting snows, and down over the rocks and immense boulders that had fallen from the mountain height, it poured in endless cascades, foaming, boiling, roaring, rushing on its way. Often we were completely shut in by the towering hills before and behind us. Bleak and frowning rocks stood out over the creek and over the railroad, our train, once and again, passing completely under some overhanging bluff. The face of the mountain sometimes assumed fantastic shapes. At various points the fallen boulders, torn from the mountain side, had blocked up the stream, and a path had been blasted through them for our little railway. One hundred and seventy feet to the mile our engine climbed through the narrow defile, and out of the car window we often stretched our heads and strained our eyes to scale the frowning tops of those mountain sides, from 500 to 2,500 feet above us. The only pain I felt in that journey of wonderful delight was that I could not look out of the car from both sides at the same moment. Pictures of rarest beauty were breaking upon the vision. The eye grew fairly weary, looking upon the wild sublimity and grandeur, and I was glad to rest.

"Part way up the canon we reached a little station called Beaver, in a wild, weird and romantic spot. The road makes a broad, bold sweep of curve, following the line of the stream, and at the station we seemed to be completely hemmed in close on every side by the beetling crags of granite. Perched high upon the rock, some fifty to seventy feet, was a pavilion reached by a staircase. It seemed to hang there like an eyrie, and looking up we saw it was well filled by some picnic party who had come to that cool and charming place to spend the day.

"Clear creek came thundering down alongside of our track, white with the foam of its dashing, while just above the station a small silvery rivulet came leaping down a gulch to join the creek on its way to the plain.

"More sinuous and winding than the track of a snake was our little railway, but its bed was firm as the mountains themselves, for it was laid upon the rocks, and we were compelled to go so slowly on a road that knows nothing of straight lines, that we felt no fear. In fact, it seemed to be a characteristic of all our journey, that the mind was so absorbed by the wonders of nature that the feeling of fear was quite unknown."

At Floyd's Hill, eighteen miles from Golden, there was a good coach with four horses in waiting, and climbing on top, I was whirled over to Idaho, five miles off, and through a continuation of the same indescribably wild and lovely scenery. I had intended to have gone straight through to Georgetown, but as we changed horses, I went into dinner at the hotel, and was so hun-

gry, and the meal looked so inviting, that I determined to take my own time, and go on to Georgetown the following day. The appetite that one gets in driving through this brisk mountain air is positively marvelous, and almost makes a man ashamed of himself, as he devours course after course. Then again, the bread seems whiter, butter sweeter, meat more juicy, and vegetables more luscious than that down in the valleys. Certain it is, however, that whether the air or the quality of the food, there is a something that gives everything a *gout*, unattainable by the use of even Lea & Perrin's much imitated but inimitable Worcestershire sauce.

After dinner I strolled out to look at the hot springs and the swimming baths. The springs were discovered in 1860, by some miners who were engaged in sinking a shaft, and who, at the depth of about sixteen feet, were compelled to abandon their work on account of the *heat* of the water that flooded the shaft. Now there are two comfortable swimming baths erected there, into which pours the hot spring water. One is 30x50 feet and the other 20x40 feet. There are also private baths for ladies and gentlemen; hot and cold shower baths, comfortable dressing rooms, barbers' shops, and all the necessaries to make things pleasant.

Although rather soon after dinner for such an experiment, I couldn't resist the temptation, so I took a dive head first into the warm soda water, and as I came up at the other end of the big bath, made up my mind that it was the most delicious thing I had ever experienced in the way of a swim. It doesn't do to stay in

long, however, as twenty minutes of it creates a feeling of great lassitude. A gentleman who was recovering from a severe attack of inflammatory rheumatism, told me that bathing there had completely taken all vestige of it out of his bones. In addition to the hot spring, there is a cold soda spring for drinking purposes, the water of which is sparkling, sharp and effervescent as that drawn from any druggist's soda fountain, and I also tasted another near the bank of the creek, which had a flavor like the well-known Blue Lick water of Kentucky.

The temperature of the hot springs is about 100 Fahrenheit, and the following is an analysis of the water, giving the proportions to the gallon:

Carbonate of Soda	30.80
Carbonate of Lime,	9.52
Carbonate of Magnesia,	2.88
Carbonate of Iron	4.12
Sulphate of Soda	29.36
Sulphate of Magnesia,	18.72
Sulphate of Lime,	3.44
Chloride of Sodium,	4.16
Chlorides of Calcium and Magnesium, of each a trace,	
Silicate of Soda,	4.08
	<hr/>
Grains,	107.00

The location of the town is very beautiful, being in the valley of Clear creek, which at this point is nearly half a mile wide. Chicago and Soda creeks, tributaries of

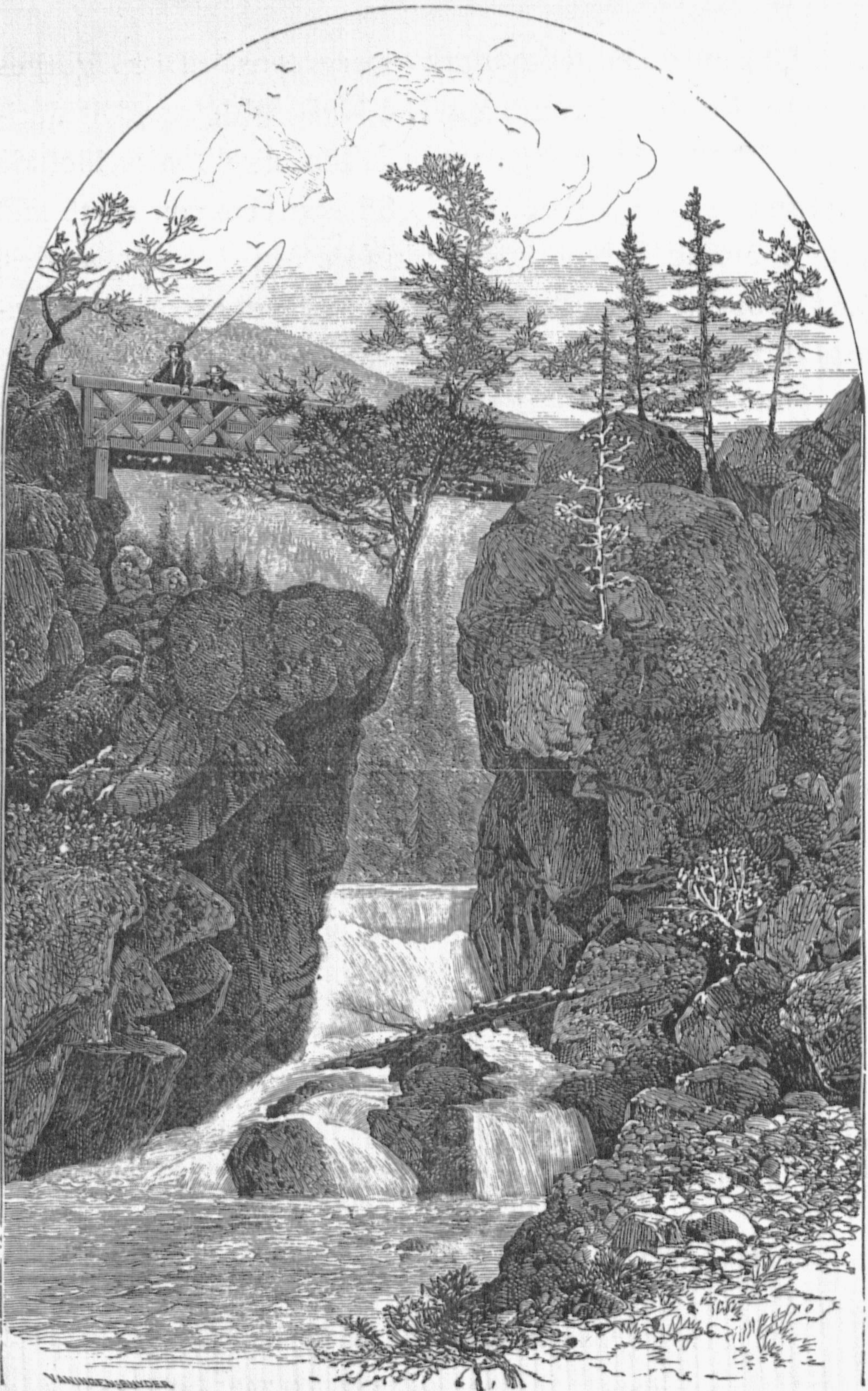
South Clear creek, mingle their translucent waters with those of that stream within the town limits, and Virginia Canon, a deep gorge, through which the road from Central winds its circuitous way, terminates at the northern boundary of the town. The mountains on either side rise to an elevation of at least 1,000 feet, their slopes covered with grass and timber, interspersed with bare rocks and rugged crags. Good liveries are established here, and teams, saddle-horses or outfits may be had for trips to Bear creek (8 miles), or Chicago Lakes (15 miles), for trout fishing, or to Berthoud's Pass (16 miles), and the Hot Sulphur Springs of Middle Park, 60 miles.

On the following day I resumed my outside seat on the coach bound for Georgetown, 13 miles distant. This is a most important town, and is described by Mr. Blake, in his excellently written "Hand-Book to Colorado," as follows:

"Georgetown, the capital of Clear Creek County, and center of the chief silver region of Colorado, is a live, prosperous city, 'beautiful for situation,' and of wonderful resources. The place has grown rapidly during the past year, and though still without railroads, her enterprising citizens have recognized no drawbacks, and have made her, if not in population, at least in wealth and stability, the second city in the Territory. The location of the city is romantic, in a valley on South Clear creek, at an altitude of 8,452 feet. On three sides, east, south and west, the mountains rise abruptly 1,500 feet. The west mountain is gray, bare rock; the

south is crowned with dark evergreens. Deep gorges isolate the south from east and west walls, and beautiful streams thread the streets. The city limits include an area of one square mile. The streets run north and south, and east and west, intersecting at right angles, and crossing Clear creek and its branches on substantial bridges. The buildings are generally neat and tasteful, many of them spacious and elegant. The present population is estimated at 3,000, and as the ratio of increase the past few months has been considerably accelerated, it is believed that the census of 1874 will show a citizenship of at least 4,000; this not counting a large floating class of prospectors and pleasure-seekers.

“The chief industry is mining. Georgetown is the supply depot and distributing point for the provisions and produce of the entire Clear creek mining region, embracing the Georgetown, Idaho, Silver Plume and Argentine districts. Here is the famous Terrible Mine that last year yielded a silver produce of 2,193 tons, worth \$216,712; and scores of valuable mines, besides the four great tunnel enterprises, the Hiawatha, Eclipse, Marshall and Burleigh, which will soon open the riches of Hiawatha, Griffith, Leavenworth and Sherman mountains. When the heart of these great mountains shall have been reached by these tunnels, the mining industry of Georgetown will be placed on a scale of grandeur that will not be surpassed in any portion of the world. The mines already cut by the Marshall tunnel have produced, by surface washings and driftings from the tunnel, ore which sold for \$200,000.



YOUNGER-BRIDER

DEVIL'S GATE—VICINITY OF GEORGETOWN.

"The position of Georgetown relative to the mining interest there is not only important, but the basis of a grand and prosperous growth. The great silver district is about 30 miles long from east to west, and about 18 miles broad from north to south, and Georgetown is as nearly in the centre as the nature of the face of the country will admit.

"Within this area there are millions of dollars worth of ore in sight, and the mills and furnaces of the Stewart, Spanish Bar, Idaho, Masonville, Whale and Lebanon companies. The total value of ore shipments from this region last year was \$1,518,653.60, and the present monthly shipments from Georgetown alone average \$80,000. The yield of silver in Clear Creek County has advanced from \$15,000 per annum, in 1867, to \$1,773,841 in 1872, and is constantly increasing.

"Georgetown is feeling the stimulus of this increasing product, and with new discoveries, improvements of old mines, erection of mills and furnaces, and better freighting facilities, the place is going ahead with a substantial prosperity unexcelled in Colorado. The total marketable production of Clear Creek County is about 215 tons per day. This all consists of ore carrying over 80 ounces to the ton. As will be seen, Georgetown is really living off the gleanings of its richest ores. The great body of mineral hasn't been touched.

"For a while last winter the mills refused to treat ore that run less than 300 ounces to the ton; and still the country lives.

"In Nevada the mills work, with profit, ores that run

but 50 ounces to the ton. Of all the millions of tons of low grade ores lying around Georgetown, there is none of it but what is as rich in silver as the average yield of the Comstock Lode, which last year was only 33 ounces to the ton, and some of it three times as rich as the average yield of the ores treated last year in Freiberg, Germany, which was less than 28 ounces to the ton. This great waste will soon be remedied. The art must be learned here; and ere long, mills and furnaces for treating these low grade ores will be in operation. This alone will bring the silver region of Colorado into greater fame than that enjoyed by any other in the country. Georgetown has communication with Denver, Golden, Central, Idaho, the various mining districts, and the Middle Park country, by means of good wagon roads.

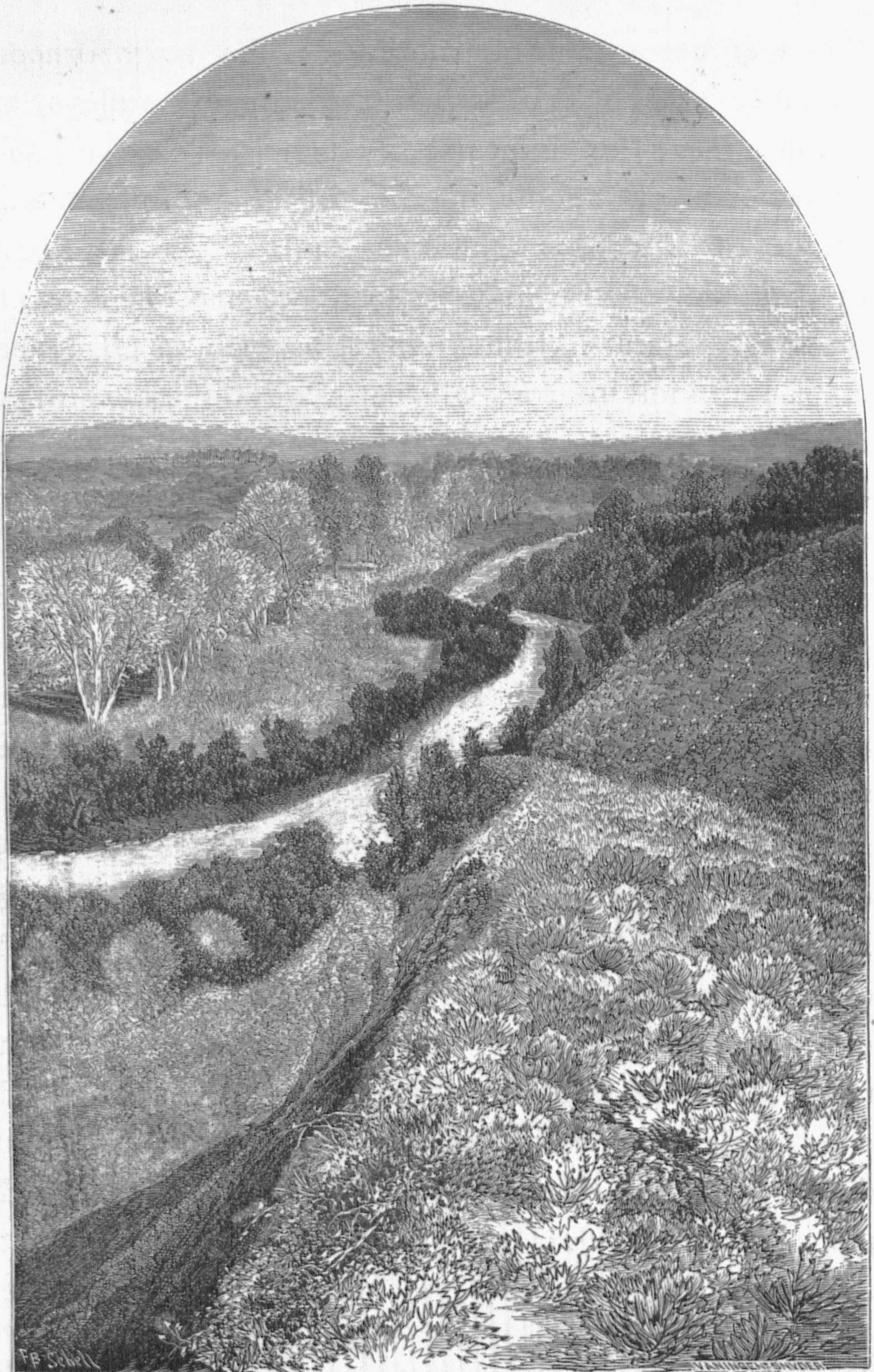
“As a point for tourists, Georgetown has great attractions. It is at an altitude of 8,452 feet—*almost the end of civilization on the Atlantic slope*—within nine miles of the summit of the Rocky Mountains, with snow and frosts among the luxuries of mid-summer. Europe has no place like it; for it is more than 5,000 feet higher than the glacier-walled vale of Chamounix, and is even higher than the far-famed snow-girt hospice of the St. Bernard.

“Among the neighborhood attractions are the ascent of Gray’s Peak and Griffith Mountain, a visit to Green Lakes, a trip over into Middle Park, side visits to Idaho, the old mining-camp at Empire, which has produced in former years \$2,000,000 in gold; Cascade

City, Chicago Lakes, trouting in the neighborhood streams, or delightful drives through the valleys, or a look into the mines and tunnels. One of the attractions that should not be omitted is the mineral cabinet at the First National Bank, by far the finest in Colorado. Here may be seen the specimens of all the ores found in the vicinity, as well as rare and curious minerals from all parts of Colorado. The Randall cabinet at the *Miner* office should also receive a visit; it is a rare collection, the accumulation of many years."

From Georgetown the tourist may make a most delightful trip to the magnificent trout-fishing, hot sulphur springs and other attractions of Middle Park, and I may safely say that this is *the* trip of the mountains.

Fortunately, on my visit to Georgetown I was enabled to accompany a party upon a trip to Middle Park, which I shall ever regard as the most delightful era of my experiences as a traveller. It was the morning of Wednesday, November 18th, 1874. In front of the First National Bank of Georgetown stood one of the Colorado Stage Co.'s Concord Coaches, drawn by six horses, with William Updike, the old pioneer whip, who, 14 years ago, drove the first coach into Central City, on the driver's box. The passengers were eight in number, leading men of Georgetown, one of whom was the well-known editor of the Georgetown *Miner*, Mr. E. H. N. Patterson. The occasion—the pioneer trip of the first coach over

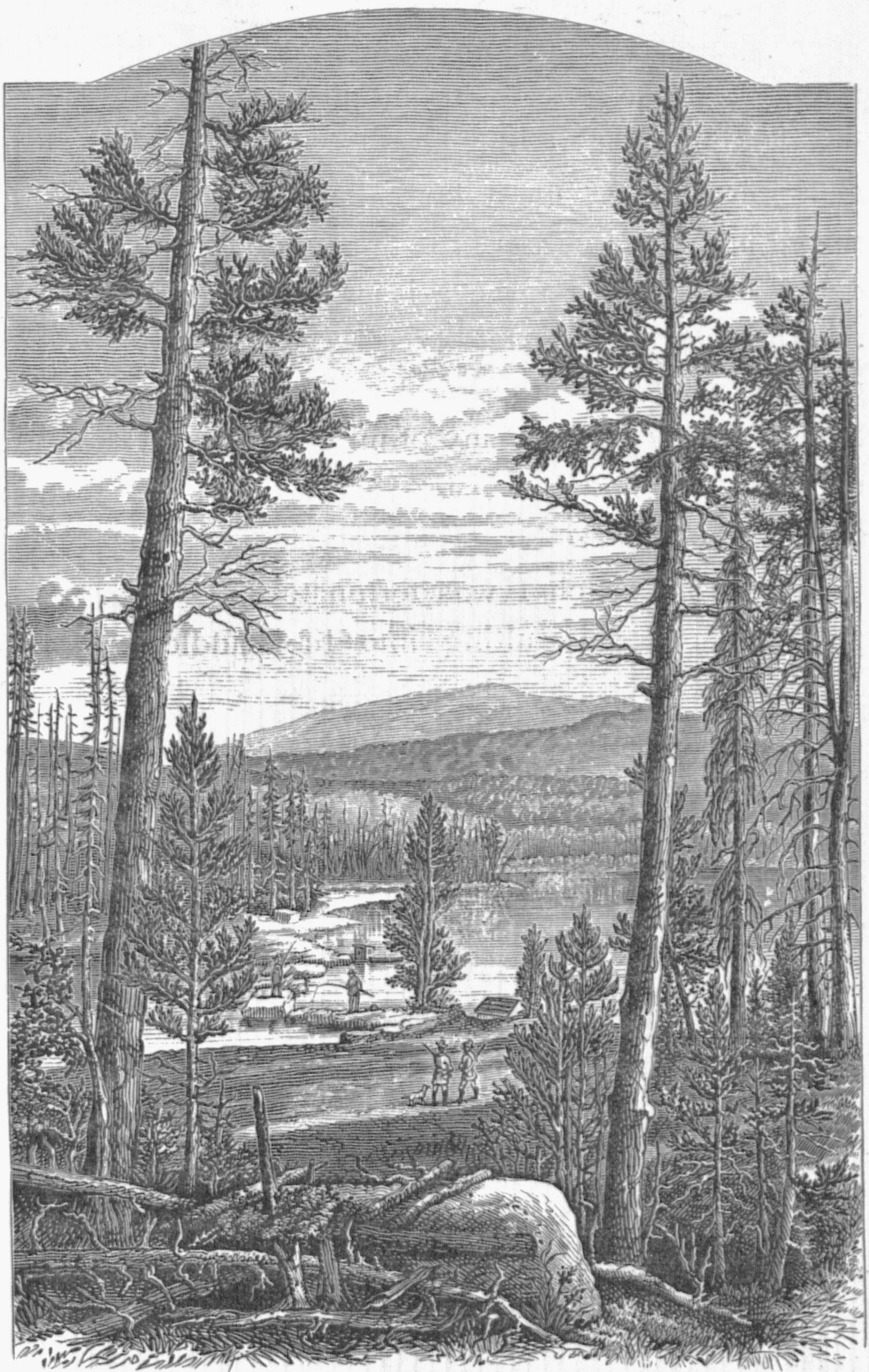


GRAND RIVER—MIDDLE PARK.

the Georgetown, Empire and Middle Park Wagon Road to Middle Park, distant 26 miles, via the Berthoud Pass. How I jumped at the kind offer I received to join the party may be readily imagined; and hastily throwing my blankets into the boot, mounted the box, full of joy at this unexpected "streak of luck."

As Mr. Patterson says in his account of this trip: "A keen wind was blowing up the valley as we drove down to Alvarado, but as the coach rolled over the bridge upon the Empire road the sun struck us, and we experienced only pleasant weather thenceforward. From Empire to the mill—ground over which a coach had never passed, and really the roughest part of the line, as the Company have deferred until next spring the contemplated improvements—our knight of the ribbons kept his fine team well in hand, watching carefully every crook and angle in the road. All went well, and only once did he pause for a moment to let the horses 'blow,' and to feast his eyes upon the grandeur of those wonderful precipices which stand out in bold relief on the north side of the stream, reaching an elevation of nearly a thousand feet. These points have heretofore been nameless, but as we distinctly saw a weasel on the distant face of one of them, so clear was the atmosphere, they shall henceforth be as renowned as the 'Peaks of Otter' in Virginia, and be known as the 'Peaks of Weasel.' Reaching the new road six miles from Empire, the gallant team wheeled to the right and our real experiment began. A grade of ten feet in the hundred, not a break anywhere from

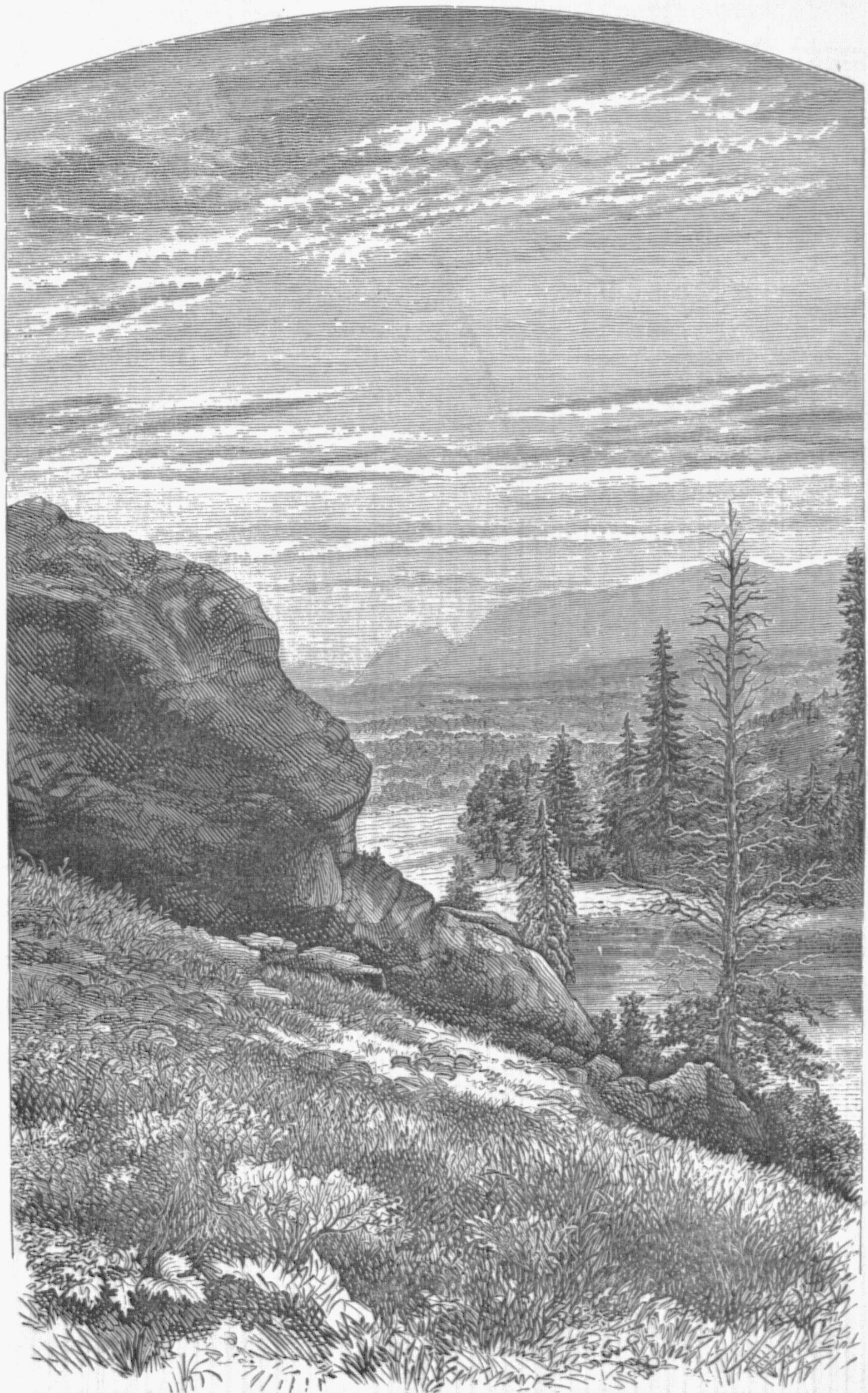
the surveyor's line, was easily overcome. Every elbow where substantial cribbing marked a gulch coming down, was turned with the skill for which Updike is famous, and in a little while we were at the summit of the Pass, 500 feet below timber line, and 10,680 feet above the sea. Some of our party, who had never been there before, looked around in surprise: "This the backbone of the continent! This the great barrier that seemed to say, 'thus far but no further shalt thou go!'" Aye—this is the gap that nature left expressly for this road, when she piled old Mt. Russell up there a thousand feet higher on the left, and rounded the grassy slopes of Mt. Flora two thousand feet above us on the right. Here we find a little snow in the roadway. Downward, carefully at first, but at a lively rate by-and-by, the driver allowed the stage to wheel its way on the Pacific Slope. A cutter would have made better time, perhaps, as we found several inches of snow all the way down to the edge of the timber, but eleven miles in two hours was good enough for an experimental trip. We have heretofore spoken of the magnificent timber that studs this slope, of the road-bed, and of the bridges; and it is not necessary to add more than to say it reflects credit upon its builders—the laborers, the bosses, and the men who furnished the capital, every dollar of which was raised in Clear Creek county. Not the most trivial accident occurred during the trip; so safely and speedily did we travel that the mere unhooking of a trace was hailed as an exciting break in the monotony. Crossing Vasques Fork we entered



GRAND LAKE—MIDDLE PARK.

upon almost level ground, the road stretching out through a dense grove of young pines, a mile and a half in a straight line, to the head of the Park. Trotting along through this for a few minutes, Updike proudly reined up his scarcely panting team in front of a residence on the banks of the Frazier, in the Middle Park, and the first stage coach ever seen there stood like a prophet, pointing to the West and seeming to say: 'I break the way where many of my fellows shall follow, until the locomotive whistle shall drive them further on.' Distance 26 miles. Time six hours."

From this ranch I was fortunate enough to get a good horse, and vaulting into the saddle, galloped over to the Hot Sulphur Springs, which I had heard and read so much of, and which are really wonderful. Within a small circuit are hot and cold sulphur, alum, salt and pure springs. The great sulphur spring is on the north bank of the Grand river, where it oozes from the ground, flows a short distance over a bed of its own deposit, and falls in a stream about 12 inches in diameter into a pool twenty feet by twelve, and four feet deep. The temperature of this pool is one hundred and thirteen degrees. I found a temporary sort of house built over it with a canvas covering, and having divested myself of clothes, went in and had what I consider, and what doubtless will be ere long, one of the most superb Russian baths in the world. The vapor was dense, and it brought beads of perspiration out in double-quick time. It took some moral courage and considerable tender testing before I managed to



GRAND RIVER—MIDDLE PARK.

enter bodily into the hot pool, however I didn't stay in very long, as its effect is so exhilarating to a novice, I was somewhat afraid.

After my bath I felt able to pull a house down, and hungry as a hunter, and made my way over to the hotel, where the worthy hostess soon set before me a spread, the like of which I fear I shall never relish again—that is, until I get back there once more. Brook trout, real speckled beauties from eight ounces to two pounds in weight, hot out of the pan, hot rolls and tip-top coffee. Ye gods! but it was splendid. After supper I turned into my buffalo robe and slept the sleep known only to the just and those who have breathed the air of Middle Park for a day, and bathed in the hot sulphur.

The mountains and valleys of Middle Park abound with game, such as elk, deer, antelope, bear, mountain sheep, rabbits, sage hens, grouse, &c., and I had a week's shooting there, such as would take a small volume of itself to chronicle.

I made some delightful excursions to Grand Lake, the great canon of Grand River, Palisades of Troublesome Canon and Falls of the Williams River, Corral Creek Canon, William creek gold diggings, the Moss Agate, Chalcedony, and the Onyx fields, the Lava dykes, &c.

On the morning that I determined to return, I very fortunately encountered Mr. Rollins, the enterprising builder and proprietor of the road from Rollinsville to Hot Sulphur Springs, and onward to Salt Lake. He

kindly offered me a seat in his wagon, which I was only too glad to accept, and with heartfelt regret I commenced to take my leave of lovely Middle Park and its surroundings. We had an early trout breakfast, and taking the Rollins road from the springs, made the best of our way towards one of Mr. Rollins' ranches near the Frazier river. We arrived in time for lunch, and again do I have an excellent repast of the incomparable trout only a few minutes previous landed from the crystal waters of the Frazier. Our trip from here to the summit of the snowy range was through miniature forests and over innumerable rivulets and streams, that gurgled and roared down from the region of perpetual snows, and so was it on our descent over the other side of the range to Rollinsville, where we arrived in time for supper. I remained there that night and proceeded onward the next morning to Nederland and down through the Boulder Canon to Boulder, where I stepped on board the cars of the Boulder Valley Branch of the Kansas Pacific Railway, and arrived in Denver in a few hours.

My next trip was south of Denver, taking in the famous springs of Manitou, Pike's Peak, Pueblo, Canon City, and other places of interest and renown. So without further prelude I will embark on the diminutive cars of the "little gauge" railway. The course of this line is along the base of the mountains, and the ride along the fertile and lovely valley of Plum creek to the top of the divide, between the Platte and Arkansas rivers, was simply too beautiful for description. From

the summit of the divide we rushed at a rattling pace by grassy slopes, between huge mountains, past castellated rocks of white sandstone, half hidden by the groves of pines, and reminding one of the ruins of castles so often seen in the Old World, past monuments of red and white sandstone, with ferruginous caps, and through occasional snow-sheds, until about four hours ride from Denver I reached the station at "Colorado Springs." Here a Concord coach drawn by four horses was in waiting, and climbing on to the roof, I lit a cigar, handed one to the driver as a peace-offering preparatory to any questions I might have to ask, and as we dashed along over the fine hard road, on our way to Manitou, five miles distant, took as much solid comfort as a man in enjoyment of good health, a good Havana, clear bracing air, the most magnificent scenery in the world, and behind four thorough-going nags, is capable of. Coming down over a hill into a sort of hollow in the mountains, I saw Manitou before me, and was somewhat astonished when we swept round a curve over a pretty rustic bridge, under which roared the mountain stream of *Fontaine qui Bouille*, and drew rein in front of a comfortable-looking hotel, on the broad verandas of which were grouped fashionably dressed women, a few invalids, children and their nurses, poodles, and other concomitants of a tip-top watering place. The dizzy heights and wild crags in front and at the back of the hotel were studded with picturesque cottages, and on one stands a really handsome chateau, built by a young Englishman. "Grace Green-

wood," the chatty and favorite writer, has also made this her refuge in the heated term, and has built herself a cottage near one of the principal hotels. The springs are seven in number, and called the "Navajo," "Manitou," "Camanche," "Shoshone," "Arapahoe," "Misha Tunga," "Pawnee" and "Iron Ute."

The richest one of these springs is said to contain an ounce of medicated matter to every four gallons of water, and the following is, I believe, a correct analysis of it, with comparative analyses of the Krahuchen springs at Ems, and the Seltzer of Nassau, in Europe:

	KRAHUCHEN.	SELTZER.	GALEN.
Chloride of Sodium, -	27.25	51.68	36.69
Chloride of Potassium, — —		0.85	10.01
Bi-carb. of Soda, - -	57.03	29.29	24.01
Sulphate of Soda, - -	0.56	0.76	4.78
Bi-carb. of Lime, - -	6.65	8.00	15.62
Bi-carb. of Magnesia, -	5.83	7.65	8.89
Bi-carb. of Iron - -	0.67	0.29	— —

Dipping my tumbler full out of the spring, as it seethed and boiled in its rocky caldron, I had indeed a delicious draught. The waters of these springs are of course supposed to cure all diseases, but as I am not in the least sense of the word an invalid, I was unable to test the truth of this. I can only bear testimony to the fact of their making a most elegant, invigorating and palatable drink.

The "Iron Ute" tastes as if a whole keg of nails had been emptied into it some time previously. When I first visited it, there was seated near by, a tall, gaunt,

consumptive, miner-looking individual, who was taking deep draughts of the water from an old lobster-can. "Is that pretty good stuff?" said I. "Sir, it's a *builder*, I tell you," was his emphatic answer, and indeed his giant though wasted frame sadly needed building up, and they say that the properties of the spring in this line are something wonderful.

There are good liveries at Manitou, where wagons, carriages, or saddle-horses may be had for excursions to the following neighboring points of interest: To the summit of Pike's Peak, by bridle-path, 10 miles; Chiann Canon, 9 miles; Monument Park, 9 miles; Garden of the Gods, 3 miles; Ute Pass and Falls, 1 mile; and to many other points which you can readily be informed of at the hotels. As to make the ascent of Pike's Peak is the correct thing here, I will here give some extracts from "Grace Greenwood's" account of an ascent to the signal station on the summit, from which point "Old Probabilities" gathers some of the data for his prognostications; and I here bow my thanks to that estimable lady for having provided me with such a happy description of the same.

"Prudent friends advised me not to venture on so grave an undertaking at so late a season of the year, reminding me of the well-known treachery of the wicked old Pike, who sometimes, with his bald head bathed in sunlight, knocks down his visitors with tornadoes and steals all their vitality with ferocious cold. I wavered, then I rallied; I gave up, I resolved, then I hesitated again. The woman who hesitates loses her horse.

The first I knew, mine, or the one I had spoken for, was gone—let to another and a bolder party. Then—I am proud of the fact, for it shows decision of character and iron nerve—just as soon as, the very moment that I found I could not go, I was determined to go. I dressed in ten minutes, actually in ten minutes; I ordered a carriage, had put in it my saddle, bridle and red camping blankets, then sprang in myself, and not stopping to bid a tender farewell to my only child, lest it should melt my stern resolve, dashed away toward 'the old town,' Colorado City, hoping there to obtain a horse and intercept the grand procession of Pike's Peakers, which was to leave the 'new town,' Colorado Springs, at 9 a. m. It was already considerably past that hour, but they had three miles to come. Arrived at the venerable metropolis, I drove to the first livery stable. No horse, not even a mule. I drove to the second and last stable. There was but one pony belonging to the establishment sturdy enough to carry a woman of my size to Pike's Peak, and he had just been turned out to grass after a summer of hard service; besides, he was uncommonly spirited, and had never been mounted by one of the weaker and timider sex. But science is remorseless and rash. I said I would take him and all the risks if he could be got.

"You see it seemed to me that if I did not make Pike's Peak on that day my life would be a signal failure. I think my spirit and resolve were contagious. The gallant stable-man started off at once, halter in hand, and soon passed out of sight over the windy

brown hills. I sat in the carriage, calmly waiting upon fate, and lo! as I waited, I beheld, away at my right, the long procession of pilgrims slowly filing over the foothills, evidently making no account of me or my fortunes. They were taking a short cut to Bear Creek Canon, and not coming through the old town at all. Then, for the first time, my courage failed me, and I talked of giving up; but my good driver cheered me by the assurance that if I could get my horse within half an hour, I could overtake them by riding hard.

"I resolved to ride hard, if so be that I could ride at all. In a very brief time we heard the clatter of hoofs, and on looking round, saw the stable-man coming like the wind, on a fiery compact little horse, the very animal for such an emergency. Never was pony more expeditiously saddled, bridled and mounted, my blankets were strapped on behind me, I took my waterproof before me, a kind woman came running out of a house near by with a cup of water and a 'good speed.' I called out my thanks and adieus, and was off—at first on a round trot, a good deal too round, then on a lope, then on a long swinging gallop, that rapidly devoured the distance. The mouth of the canon had ere this swallowed up the party I hoped to join, but I knew that by following the trail and keeping the telegraph poles in sight, I would have them at last. I was not destined to go far on the wild way alone. Seeing two horsemen riding hard behind me, I took them not for highwaymen, but for what they proved to be, friends and belated excursionists, and drew rein until they came up.

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.

Ridge after ridge we mounted, thinking it the summit where rest and warmth and refreshment awaited us; but that was still further on, and we went winding and creeping up higher and higher, and the sun sunk and the wind rose, and night—a strange, chill, solemn, supermundane night—fell upon us. We were all meek and quiet. Even the horses, as they steadily climbed and struggled and twisted from point to point, panting heavily and quivering in every limb, seemed oppressed with awe and subdued terror, and it was a relief when at length and quite suddenly we passed over the last ridge, to be greeted by a joyful bray from a burro standing by the station, and to hear it answered by an animal of the same family connection in our cavalcade. Even our horses gave a feeble responsive whinny. All distinctions of caste were forgotten at that supreme moment. There was a camp-fire blazing brightly before the little low stone house, from which the stars were to be reviewed and the winds timed, and the lower world signaled all through the wild winter, and beside this fire stood two or three of the young gentlemen of the corps.

* * * * *

“Last, at last, as I lay looking out through the open door, meditating on the vanity of human hopes and the vanity of human nature, I saw the moonlight and starlight glimmer slowly out, and the great dark depths of air at the east of the Peak change into a vast purple sea, and that again change into violet and crimson and gold, with a luminous throbbing point in the centre. Brighter grew the strange light, and larger and ruddier, till it was

like a great ship on fire; then it rose majestically from out the deep, and mounted the sky—the glorious, glad, thrice welcome sun; night gathered up her skirts and fled, and away the cold winds followed after; and the camp-fire was replenished, and we took up our beds and went forth to sit beside it and wait for breakfast.

“After that, I went wandering off to various points, leaping from rock to rock like a sizable mountain sheep. I was stimulated and sustained by the high fine air; I felt strangely light, yet with nothing of the dizziness or sickness others complained of. ‘That which made them drunk, made me bold;’ yet I could not have walked and clambered about alone in that manner, had I not been warmly and suitably dressed, and worn regular mountain shoes, heavy and hob-nailed. My costume was not picturesque, but it was safe and comfortable. I did not return until I had seen all that could be seen from different sides of the great desolate summit. The views were somewhat veiled in mist, but very lovely in color, and all the grander in outline.

“The distant mountain ranges then, and all that day, seemed stupendously high, from the intervening valleys and gorges being obscured by the light purple mist and by smoke. From the eastern side I looked down on our happy valley, and saw a little white bird-cage which I knew must be the Manitou House, and a tiny brown nut-shell, which, with a swelling breast, I recognized, or fancied I recognized, as my cottage.”

* * * * *

Monument Park and the Garden of the Gods is most

ably described by a correspondent of the *Memphis Appeal*, as follows:

"People from all quarters of the globe have visited this valley known as Monument Park. They come, no doubt, to relieve fatigued fancies, and give rest to the imagination, overtaken by the effort to grasp all the wonders beheld while in mountain gorges, cavernous canons, and from dizzy cliffs. It is commonly said that all the heathen gods went through this narrow valley and set up on either side of the marvelously beautiful glen, monuments of stone in perpetual attestation of delights, for which they were indebted to terrestrial existence in the midst of wonders like these, and in a climate so delightful, and atmosphere so clear and pure, that an angel's breath would not be less sweet, if caught up from breezes that sigh amid the countless monuments adorning this wonderful valley. The monuments are of granular limestone, varying in height from ten to two hundred feet; across the summit of each well proportioned pillar, varying in diameter from five to twenty feet, lies an ever-enduring sandstone cap, protecting the softer shaft below. Long colonnades project from the steep declivity down into the midst of the valley. And in its very midst, far down in the deep glen on the summit of a solitary pillar, like that which attested the folly of Lot's wife, Vulcan left his anvil. A wandering photographer came, and I have the picture of this last relic of the Lemnian deity. Hard by is a group of monuments, in the designation of which a singular anachronism is involved. It is termed the 'Dutch Wed-

ding.' There are cowed monks, the gowned priest who celebrates the ceremony towering above the rest, and a score or two of women, distended as if hooped countless ages ago for a saturnalian revel at Cape May.

"How this Cana of Gallilee festival—there are urns and vases everywhere fit for water and wine—happened to occur when heathen deities were abroad in the land, is a chronological mystery which may not be unraveled. This morning I was riding along the plateau at the base of the mountain that closes the western end of Monument Park. Its summit was crowned with clouds, and when these had drifted away, the blackened cliffs were white with snow. The sun reappeared, and the grim old mountain, nameless and untraversed, glittered like the dome of St. Peter's when illuminated at the close of Holy Week at Rome. All its rugged lines stood out in bold tracery, the stupendous stones, the deep gorges and towering cliffs were defined with wonderful distinctness; as the sun went down, its latest rays played about the summit of each towering crag, and purple shadows danced among the rocks until the mountain peaks blazed like a brilliant constellation.

"No such golden sunsets are seen in Italy as bathe the stupendous mountains in a sea of ineffable glory. The air is clearer and purer, the stars at night more brilliant, the sky more blue, and every aspect of nature more wonderful than elsewhere in the world. Properly the name Colorado (colored) was given a country whose boundless plains, as shadows of clouds or of mountains

sweep over them, assume every possible hue, and whose mountains are white with snow; and when white clouds roll over stupendous heights, the sheet of snow is taken away as if lifted up by nature's great chambermaid. Then appears the parti-colored rocks, white and black and red, and yellow and gray, and brown, as if all the paint-shops of the universe had been emptied from heaven upon massive mountains, that a wonderful land might be named 'Colorado.'

"From east to west, almost at the base of the mountain range on the eastern side, and for many miles, continuous stone palisades have been projected upward. These walls are red and white and gray. Their thickness varies from one to five hundred feet, and their height from 500 to 2,000 feet. Think of a solid stone wall, projected upward, of thickness equal to the width of Main street, and rising 1,000 feet above the tops of the tallest structures in the city, and extending twelve or fifteen miles from Chelsea to the line of the State of Mississippi, and beyond this majestic wall, within a mile, the mountain range constitutes another impassable barrier. Between this lofty palisade and the abrupt cliffs are the famed 'Gardens of the Gods.' Through this mighty palisade, its summit jagged, rent by lightning and tempest, and worn by rain and hail, there are three gateways, each two or three miles from the other. The eastern entrance is so narrow that our mustangs could not gain admittance.

"The area of this first garden between the palisades and the cliffs is narrow, but the very wildness of the

place, and its deep chasms and lofty sides, and great stone, of every hue and shape, amaze the beholder. The deep, narrow dell is completely walled in, and the little gateway through which we entered was made by nature, that mountain torrents might have access to the exterior world. A bright, sparkling stream rushes perpetually from the second and larger garden, which is full of wonders. There are towering crags and lofty stones set upon end, some inclined like the leaning tower of Pisa, and others erect as was Cleopatra's Needle or Bunker Hill Monument, all rising to dizzy heights, and each having its own peculiar color. Eagles' nests are visible along the summit and within the palisades, and there is a plateau covered with bright undergrowth; and five hundred yards from this mightier than Chinese wall is a residence at the base of the mountain. Through a deep, narrow gorge flows the brawling brook, and along its bed we rode beneath overhanging cliffs, until weary of wonders and of the contemplation of amazing precipices and mighty overhanging stones, shutting out the sky. These, now and then, almost kissed one another, and so far above our heads that we could hardly have heard it if the rugged osculation had been accompanied by a thunder-clap. To the broader garden one finds access through a double gateway, each wide enough for a dozen horsemen abreast. The stone fence on either hand is a solid wall of red sandstone, very thin in comparison with its frightful altitude. It was painted red, perhaps that it might endure and gratify the taste of savage red men. It is

sadly weather-worn; there are great fissures near the summit, and stone 'pickets' five hundred feet long have fallen to the plain, and there are rough projections along the top of this mighty wall, designed, no doubt, to exclude saurians and troublesome reptiles that were wont to invade this delightful vegetable garden when cultivated by the Hesperides and those jolly old people we were wont, in boyhood, to read about in mythological stories. The width of this inclosure is not more than one mile, while the stone wall extends westwardly far into the mountains. It is estimated that five thousand people, during the past summer, have visited these marvelous places, and, strangely enough, a greater number of Europeans have been attracted, in view of distance traversed, than of our own countrymen. A roadway across this garden leads to Manitou Springs. Sulphur, iron, soda, arsenic, and all ingredients that nature compounds and adds to healthful beverages, distinguish these fountains, boiling and bubbling up as if expelled from the earth's bosom by the tremendous pressure exerted by Pike's Peak. The shadow of this monarch of mountains falls upon them each day after four o'clock, and cool breezes in this summer time of prairie seas, as pure and refreshing as these peerless fountains, give vigor to life, and freshness to youth, and ruddy hues to beauty's cheek. Saratoga and Virginia watering places have no such attractiveness as is proffered by these sublimest mountain fastnesses, by boundless plains, by an atmosphere as clear and winds as soft as those that sweep over lands most favored of heaven.

"Weary, after a long ride over many a rugged height, and heated by breathing the dry atmosphere of mountain and plain, at three o'clock on a hot afternoon I first drank from the deep, clear, bubbling spring to which Indians gave the name 'Manitou.' It was

' Sweet as the desert fountain's wave
To lips just cooled in time to save.'

Properly enough, the most valuable offerings that red men offered to Deity were here deposited. Even yet arrow-heads and beads and Indian trinkets are forced upward by the boiling waters and found in the stream below. It was a proper place, at the foot of the imperial mountain, to do reverence to nature's God; and if purity of atmosphere, beauty in nature, and sublimity of wild mountain scenery may direct men's thoughts through nature up to nature's God, there is absolute faultlessness in every incident of earth, air and heaven to make this the spot on which man should bow in humble adoration of God's glory and omnipotence."

Another delightful trip from Manitou is to Bergen's Park, which is also thus interestingly described by Grace Greenwood in her correspondence to the *New York Times*:

"We lately spent two delightful days in Bergen's Park, which delightful retreat lies about 1,000 feet higher than Manitou, and is reached by a charming drive of seventeen or eighteen miles up the wild Ute Pass. We were the guests of an English gentleman of good family and a graduate of Cambridge, but quite content with this rough, secluded life, and proud to be a ranchman.

All the English younger sons who do not go into the church or army, come to Colorado. Well may this particular ranchman be proud; for the ranch which he owns, in partnership with his friend, is fit for a royal domain. It is royally grand and beautiful, and though so high up, is largely under cultivation, yielding the best of wheat, oats, barley, and all varieties of vegetables, while for grazing purposes it is unsurpassed. Nothing can be lovelier, more still and peaceful, than this magnificent ranch, lapped on the mountain slopes, and set about with primeval pine forests. Through it runs a clear trout stream, fringed with willows, and low-lying meadows and rolling uplands are almost alike green and flowery. It is a vast amphitheatre—mostly wild, of course, yet has a strangely pastoral and home-like aspect. It reminds one of the 'Happy Valley of Rasselas' in its sublime seclusion. The scene has all the purity of atmosphere, all the sombre inspiration of the mountain; all the tranquillity and coziness of the valley land.

"We found the brilliant noon-day hot, even here, but the nights were deliciously cool and balmy. Heaven came graciously down to us, since we had come to meet it half way, and bathed our tired bodies and weary spirits in divine coolness and peace.

"Bergen's Park contains some of those curious and imposing monumental rocks of red sandstone, which are such a marked feature in all this region. They are of a peculiarly weird character, and full of grotesque forms and faces, such as we find about old cathedrals.

Indeed, some one has named the largest of them 'the Devil's minsters.' Though the ranch is apparently closed in, except on the side of the great pass, down which you look till Pike's Peak seems to block the way, and to compel the morning to climb over him, a ride or drive of a few miles brings one to mountain points whence views of surpassing loveliness and grandeur can be obtained. We visited the finest of these points one morning, the last mile or so of the drive our road being made for us by our host, (who proved himself a magnificent woodman, swinging his ax like a very Cœur de Lion), and three of his guests, who all valiantly fought their way or worked their passage—one English officer of mighty mould bearing off good-sized trees with the jaunty air of a young Hercules swinging his club. That was a royal progress for us, driving leisurely over the road so gallantly opened for us, seeing the wild young pines and cottonwoods that disputed our passage falling on every side. Our host has, within the past year, erected a new ranch-house, roomy and pleasant, with open fire-place as spacious as the one in that grand old feudal hall of Warwick Castle, and also three cottages for visitors. One of these, however, is designed for private use during a portion of the year, being the forest lodge of a wealthy English lady. It is a marvel of rustic comfort and picturesqueness. This was assigned to us, and we had rare delight in it. Each evening, after watching out the sunset, which paid its last salute to Pike's Peak, we left the pleasant veranda for the large

sitting-room or hall, where we gathered about a flaming, fragrant, open fire, and told stories and 'laughed at little jests,' and, in short, were happy and glorious, with the larger part of the human race far below us. It is good to get above the world."

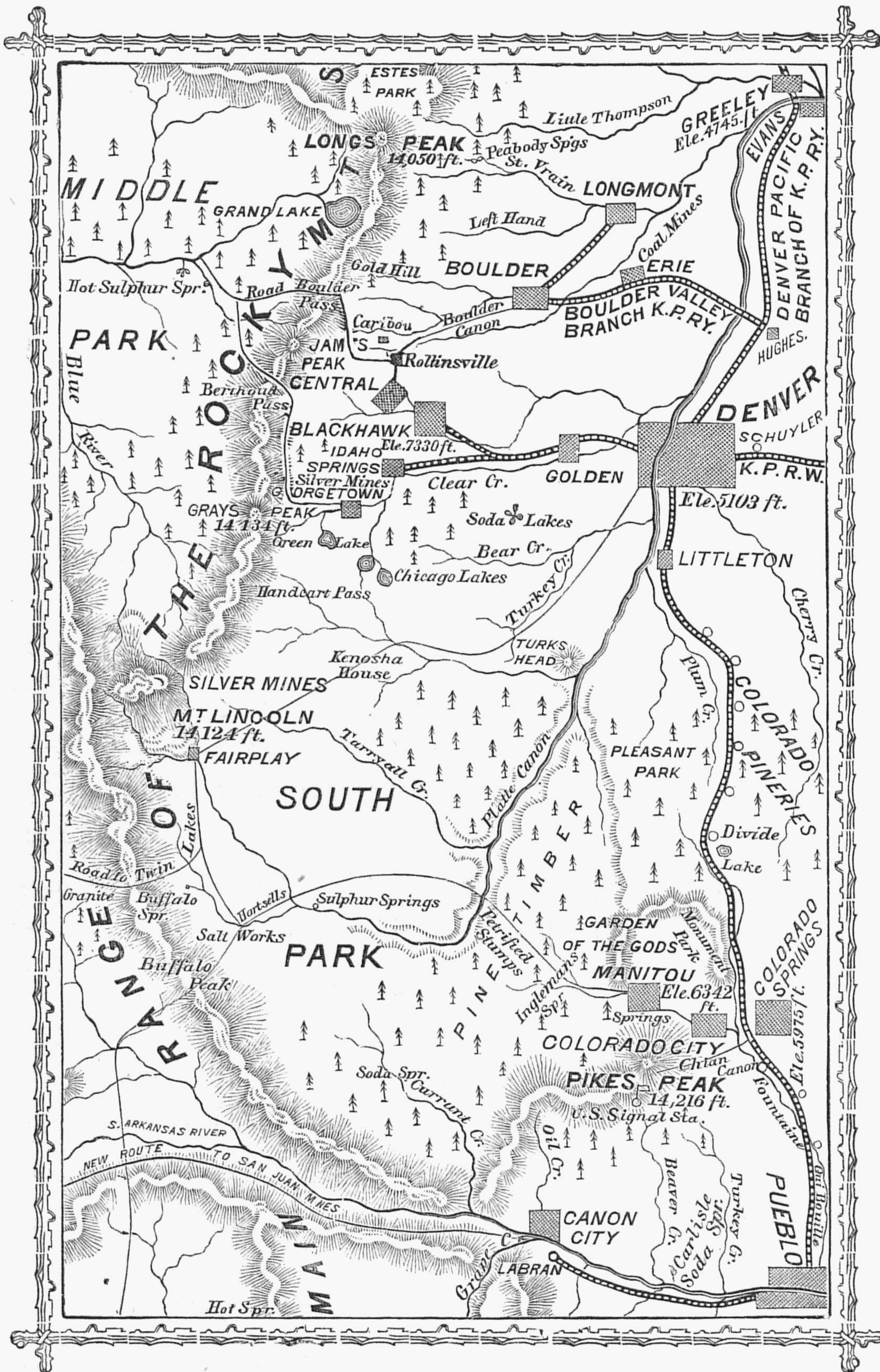
Taking an affectionate leave of Manitou, I again climb on top of the coach bound for the railway station, and re-embark on the "narrow gauge" for Pueblo, forty-two miles farther south. This is one of the principal towns of Southern Colorado, and has a population of 3,500—its existence only dating back as far as January, 1867, when its population consisted of about forty souls. From here there is a branch railway to Canon City, where are some of the best coal mines in Colorado, and iron in abundance. The timber regions of the upper Arkansas and Wet Mountain Valley are made tributary to Pueblo by this branch, and with the great cattle, wool, hide and grain product of the lower counties, Pueblo is a very important commercial entrepot. Canon City, distant forty-five miles from Pueblo, is located on the Arkansas river at the point where it issues from the great canon, and is, owing to its wonderful natural resources and riches, of the greatest interest and importance to the tourist. The principal attractions are the coal mines, five miles distant, the iron mountain (containing an inexhaustible supply, and showing sixty-seven per cent. of magnetic oxide of iron), copper mines, five miles, and the great canon of the Arkansas, eight miles of which is one of the grandest and most sublime

scenes I ever witnessed. Here, also, are to be seen soda and chalybeate springs of great medicinal value, and hot springs bearing a temperature of about eighty degrees Fahrenheit. The mineral springs are distant from Canon City one-quarter of a mile, the hot springs one-half a mile, and the Iron Rock spring three and one-half miles. Owing to the existence of these springs, and the fact that extreme cold in the winter is never known in Pueblo or Canon City, these two places are becoming widely known as most delightful winter resorts for invalids, in addition to their unusually attractive features for a summer residence.

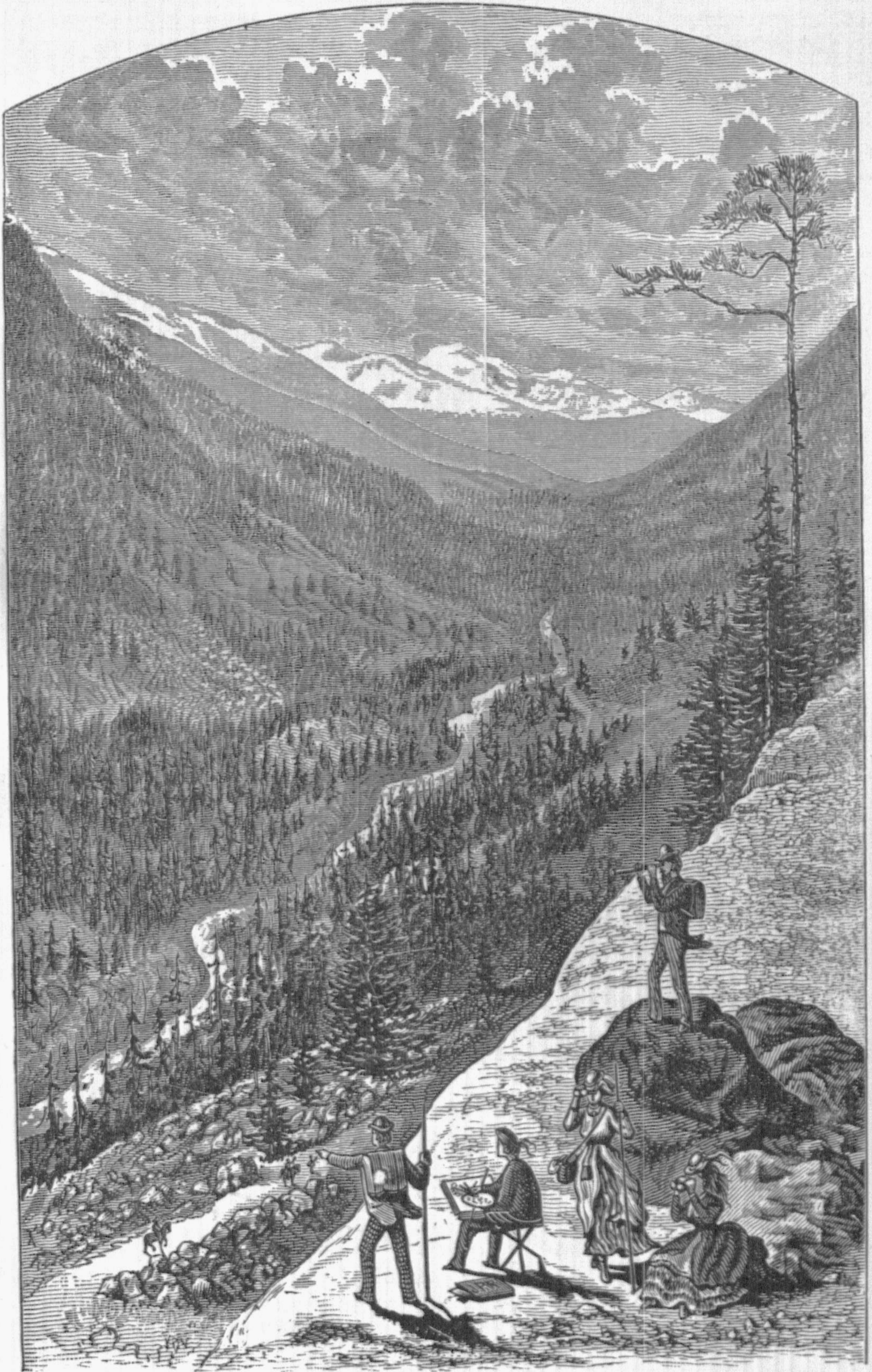
Eighteen to twenty-five miles from Canon City are some wonderfully rich silver deposits, and six miles distant are the oil wells on Oil Creek. Here the petroleum may be seen oozing from the ground like a spring, and the oil used in Canon City for some years past has been furnished by these wells.

And now, having become fairly weary in overstraining myself in viewing so many grand sights, I get my ticket, and seating myself once more in the doll's train of the "narrow gauge," I return to Denver. And here I intend to spend my winter, for I have fallen in love with the Rocky Mountains, and hope to enjoy a few months of uninterrupted nomadic life among her crags and waterfalls.

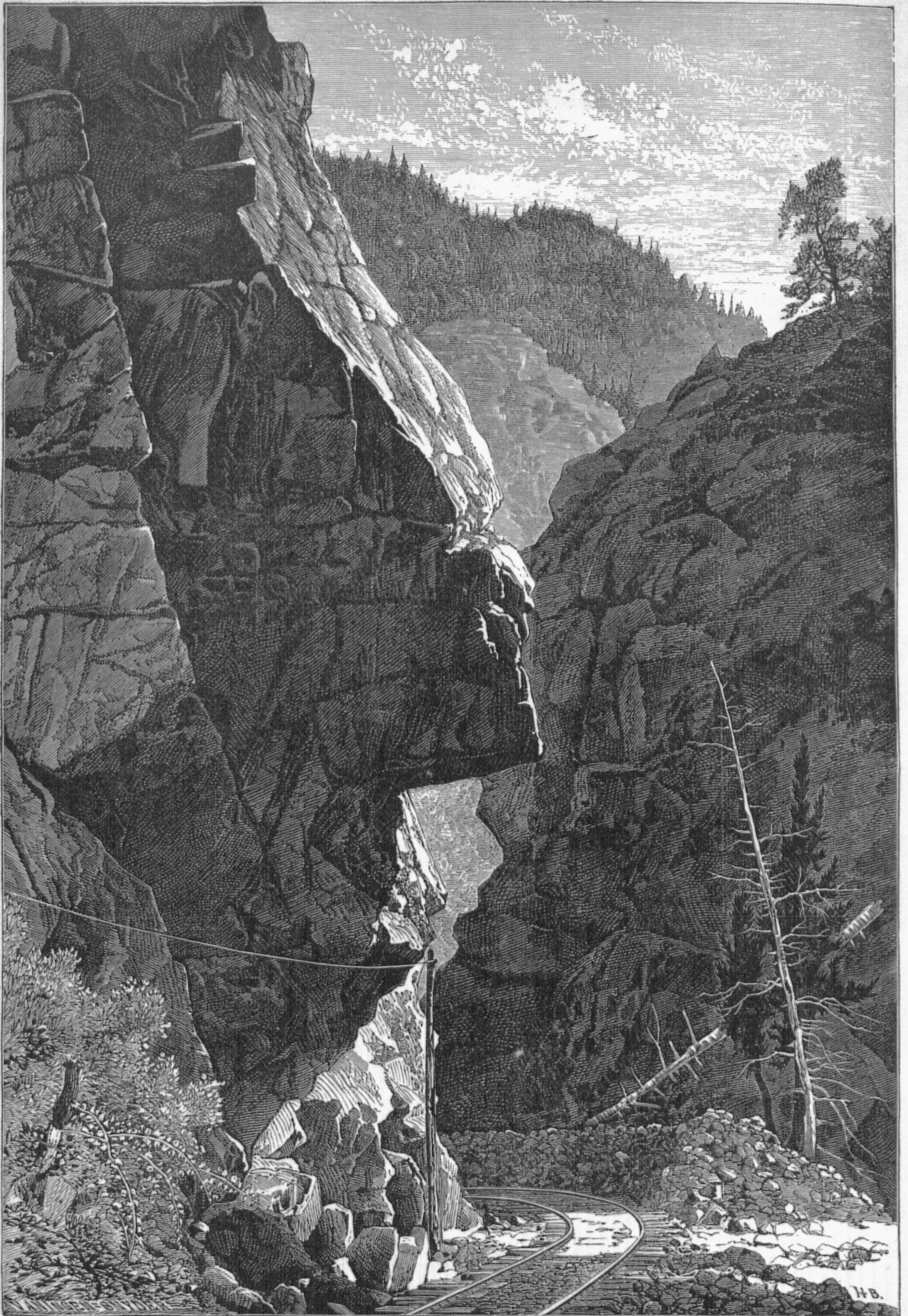




THE PRINCIPAL RESORTS IN COLORADO AS REACHED BY THE KANSAS PACIFIC RAILWAY.



GRAY'S PEAK—FROM NEAR GEORGETOWN.



THRO' CLEAR CREEK CANON, BY COLORADO CENTRAL R. R.

FROM THE MISSOURI RIVER TO THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS
A TRIP

