

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.