

Rambles through the great Kansas valley, and in eastern Colorado

Section 2, Pages 31 - 60

This Kansas Pacific Railway land promotional publication describes the natural scenery and resources to be found along the Kansas Pacific route with respect to its future economic development. The last section of text relates to buying Kansas Pacific Railway land. There are a number of advertisements for various businesses, particularly in the Colorado Springs, Colorado area.

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we will diverge to the north and right, over the "Mesa" which is an elevated plain about three miles in length north and south, by one-half mile in width. The road winds around the points of the southern extremity; and after we reach the summit, we will take a look at the surroundings--turning to the south and east; the city of Colorado Springs is in plain view. Monument creek finds its way, down a beautiful valley, between us and the city.

The Denver and Rio Grande railroad (narrow gauge) follows the windings of this valley, along the base of the mountain, from near Summit lake, on the top of the divide, to the junction with the Arkansas river at Pueblo. It is a little over three hours ride, and seventy-five miles in distance on this road, from Denver to Colorado Springs.

The two cities are alike in general appearance. The same kind of cotton-wood trees are planted on either side of the streets, watered by the same kind of an irrigating ditch, and they are all very thrifty, adding much to the beauty of the place, and the comfort of the people. The streets at the Springs are much wider than those in Denver, and in some instances, as Nevada avenue, four rows of trees are planted, two in the center of the street, some fifteen feet apart--forming a central promenade for pedestrians only.

Why is it, when trees are planted in a new country, where fruit does not abound, that some hardy variety of fruit trees, such as the cherry, plum, crab-apple or hawthorn are not planted instead of the everlasting cotton-wood? There are some varieties of fruit-trees of nearly as rapid growth, and more hardy, with more beautiful foliage; and then, just think of the fruit, and the fun which those boys who cannot tell a lie might have with their little hatchets. Judging, however, by the care which the city fathers of Colorado Springs take of their cotton-wood trees, were they *favorite* cherry-trees they would rather all the boys in the city told a dozen lies each, than to cut into one of those trees with a little hatchet.

It is said that in Spain, fruit-trees are grown along the public roadside, and that, when a traveler eats a peach, the stone is carefully planted with the heel of the boot, in order that other wayfarers may fare as well, at some future time.

Stringent laws are enacted at the *misnamed* springs, for the protection of their cotton-woods, from all assaults, whether it be hatchets in the hands of truthful boys, or the teeth of our saddle horses.

Should we picket out our horses on any of the grass plots around that town, and they should pull up the picket pins, and

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wind the rope around any of those trees, and your horse is nowhere to be found, don't go rambling all over creation to find your horse as we did, but go straight to the city pound, and there you find him, with nothing to eat and the charges \$1; and should you innocently fasten your horse to one of those trees, it is you that will get *pounded* instead of the horse. We, that is, this horse and rider, are sad but living examples of the foregoing facts.

You, Mr. Twain, are fond of fruit. We have seen the care you take of those apple trees that are growing near your finely original residence in Hartford.

You may think it absolutely necessary to have at least one apple-tree in your garden, whether it be a garden of Eden—gardens for the angels—or like that just over there in sight—"the garden of the Gods." But you are mistaken. You have crude ideas of what constitutes a garden, at least, out in this country.

All the Eves in creation hunting over all the gardens in Colorado could not find one single apple tree from which to pluck one single apple with which to tempt any single man. You say that's bad, eh? Well, you see there being no apple trees here, there is no use in enacting a law interdicting the use of the fruit, of that particular tree; and as the tempting fruit is brought here from California—very delicious—and from the states east there is no danger of your suffering.

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But why they call such a place as that over there, without fruit, almost without trees or vegetation—without water—with nothing but those tall, massive, irregular shaped columns of red and white rock—a *garden*, is more than can easily be imagined; but then gods and angels are supposed to live on nectar—and we don't know what that is, except that it is something *sweet*.

Losing sight of Colorado Springs and her three thousand people protecting their cottonwood trees, and before we descend from the "Mesa" and enter the gate which General Palmer has erected at the entrance of Glen Eyrie Cañon, we'll take a look to the north-east, toward the pine-clad divide.

It is twelve miles to those pines and yet their fragrance seems to be wafted past us even over to the "Garden of the Gods." Perhaps this perfume constitutes a part of the nectar upon which the gods do feed. It may be it is this which the chemists call *ozone*. At all events this is a right down good country to *breathe* in.

You see that singular large white rock there, just this side of the pines, which looks like a castle, with its turrets, and spires, and windows, and domes. It was from that point we had such a fine view of the mountains, with Pike's Peak as the central figure; and we could look over this mesa, where we are now standing, and see the tops of those vermilion rocks in the garden, and which look like huge brick kilns.

We'll now go down this road, cut out from the side of the "mesa" toward "Glen Eyrie," or we can go down to the right and pass through that natural pass at the upper end, where the water, some day, burst through and separated the "mesa" from the mountains above.

After passing the gate a short distance, if we take the right hand road across the rustic bridge, built over this bubbling, noisy trout-brook, we come to a rustic cottage or lodge; and you imagine yourself again in merry England.

Passing this, we presently come in sight of the "Eagle's Nest" and the "Devil's Punch-bowl." Devils and angels and gods—were they all here some day?

If his satanic majesty makes the kind of punch that is now found in this bowl, the temperance and cold water advocates have slandered his mixture most outrageously. It is as pure and invigorating as—old bourbon. Ah, we have it! It was Bacchus who drank that other stuff, and has gone to the dogs long ago, whilst his majesty is still a lusty, vigorous old chap and is supposed to be

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"rambling" for aught we know, around here in Colorado. At all events, let us take a drink of his punch. These waters have been tumbling over that rock above us for thousands of years, and it was these falling waters that have worn out this huge bowl; the devil had nothing to do with it. So here's to your health, friend M.—

"With the last drop in this"—*bowl*,
As I gasped upon the brink;
Ere my fainting spirit"—*roll*,
'Tis to thee that I would drink."

ascending to the road again we go down on the west side, past the beautiful and charmingly located residence of General Palmer. Just below this, and near the stables, stand those three giant sentinel rocks, several hundred feet high, and only a few feet in diameter.

It was a curious kind of freak of nature to leave those columns of rock standing in that way. In the dark one might mistake either of them for that individual that is supposed to have made the punch-bowl, and General Palmer ought to be advised to move his elegant residence over into the garden where he may find better society. It is said that "a rose by any other name may smell as sweet," but it does seem to us that that punch-bowl would be better appreciated were it called by some other ancient or aristocratic name—say the fountain of Moses, or Jacob's dug-out, or the ice-king's drinking-cup; anything but a punch-bowl, for that name produces a kind of tantalizing, unsatisfying thirst. It is wicked, but then there is sometimes such a satisfaction in being a little wicked, just for variety.

It is a mile over to the garden, and another up to Manitou, so we'll say good-bye to Glen Eyrie.

"Farewell, farewell, is a doleful sound,
And always brings a sigh,
But give to me, that good old word,
That comes from the heart—good-bye."



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GARDEN OF THE GODS—MANITOU—ASCENDING PIKE'S PEAK.

Emerging from Glen Eyrie Cañon, between the Echo Rocks which nearly approach each other, as though with the design of shutting up this gem of all the beautiful spots in Colorado, from all but devout worshipers of the grand and beautiful in nature, we are reminded that these are called Echo Rocks, and so we try our voice by calling aloud "Mark Twain!" and all the rocks and hills and mountains of Glenn Eyrie Cañon answer back "Mark Twain!"

The little trout brook which babbles its laughing way through Glen Eyrie is called Camp Creek. Following down the valley of this creek a short distance, meeting carriages filled with ladies—parties on foot and on horseback, all making their way toward the beautiful Glen Eyrie and the punch-bowl—we turn off to the right toward the Garden of the Gods. The entrance on the east of the Garden, is between two large mountains of rock, some three hundred feet high and sixty feet apart, with the sentinel rock standing well out into the Garden in front, on either side of which the road diverges.

Through this gateway, as we approach, we obtain another interesting view of Pike's Peak. This view is thought by many to surpass all others; and no one passing here, should fail to stop and note all the surrounding objects.

The rock at our right is about five hundred feet long, from this gateway to the mountains above. Access to the summit is by way of the mountain side, on the north of the Garden, and the walk thence down to the perpendicular sides of the gateway, is well worth the trouble and fatigue of the ascent. In this way a fine view of the immediate surroundings can be had. With the exception of the "Balanced Rock," at the lower and western end of the Garden, this gateway is about all of it.

Passing through this, one feels well in among the "Rocky Mountains." Mountains and rocks, and rocks and mountains on every side. The plains toward the east, are shut out from our view. That white rock to the left of the Gateway as we entered extends on down to Fountain Creek, and seems to us to unite with the mountains on the other side. A feeling of solitude comes over us—stillness reigns everywhere. No noisy babbling brook is here,

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only the short brown grass beneath our feet, and we involuntarily look upward. Our own puny insignificance is felt, intensely. We are filled with wonder. What agency made that Gateway? When was that sentinel rock shoved back, leaving this gap for man to enter into this inner temple, to wonder and worship, looking up "through nature to nature's God?"

"I love not man the less, but nature more,
In these our interviews, in which I steal
From all I may be, or have been before,
To mingle with the universe, and feel
What I can ne'er express; yet cannot all conceal."

Here there should be no allusion to heathen mythology. The Christian's God is seen and felt in all that surrounds us. Here there should be built, a temple to the one only true and living God. Here all nations and all creeds might unite, in swelling the anthems of praise to the Great Jehovah—the Great I Am.

He piled up the mountains that they might praise him; yet not a sparrow falls to the ground without his care.

Words are too feeble to express the feelings of any thoughtful man, on first entering a scene like this. It must be seen and felt to be fully appreciated. The summit of yonder mountain peak, is nearly three miles above tide-water. It was that which was seen by us a hundred miles away.

Our journey hither, was only a preparation for this feeling of wonder—this feeling which creeps over us that we are now indeed in His presence. We are silent and thoughtful, and pass over.

Who that has ever rambled through this garden, or rather this temple, not made with hands, eternal among the beauties of Manitou scenery, and coming upon the Balanced Rock, has not felt inclined to turn aside from the road a few feet, and push it over, lest it might fall by accident or by a passing breeze? A long, huge boulder, standing like an egg on its little end, and leaning like the celebrated tower at Pisa, toward the south. You would shudder to crawl beneath its base, and wonder how long it will continue to stand on its three feet of surface. When it does fall, that stunted cedar tree will be crushed into splinters, as by the hands of a giant.

Turning our eyes at this point, back toward the Gateway and the long broken ridge of irregular-shaped rocks, we are reminded of Hugh Miller and the Old Red Sandstone. Here they are old enough and red enough, to satisfy Hugh Miller or the oldest geologist in existence. It is an odd coincidence that the color of the



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Ute Indians, who have for long ages inhabited this country, is almost exactly the same as that of these rocks. They are *par excellence* the noble red men.

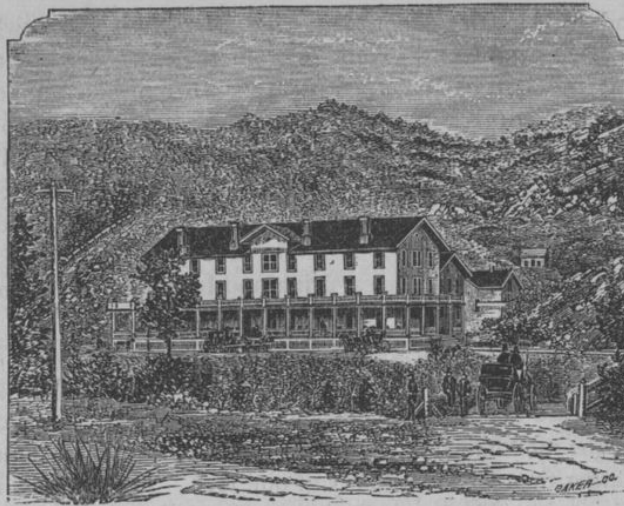
Just as we come to the direct road from Colorado Springs to Manitou, and as we cross the Fountain, we meet a party of thirty or forty of these Indians on their way to the plains, on a hunt for deer and antelope. They will stop for several days in this neighborhood of the "Iron Ute Springs," not only to drink in health with the waters, of which they are very fond, but also to "swap" ponies with their white brothers, for whom they have always manifested great friendship. It is said there has always been a belief among them, that their Great Spirit, Manitou, breathed the tonic of health into these waters, hence they come here to drink for all the ills to which their flesh is heir.

This belief is literally true, for these very waters are from the everlasting snow from the summit of God's everlasting hills, dripping and filtering through among the rocks and beds of iron, and salt, and soda—and after passing through this laboratory of nature, finally, at Manitou, bursting out at the very base of Manitou's Peak, as a tonic of health to make iron man, and adding the rosy hue of health to the beauty of woman. In this way the Great Spirit, has breathed the tonic of health into the Iron Ute spring, for the white man as well as the red; so we'll drink freely at Manitou's spring—and we are almost there.

The hotels are in sight; and to say we are hungry men, is feebly expressing it. Some woman has said (was it Fanny Fern or Gail Hamilton?) that "the true road to gain a man's heart is down his throat." We are hungry subjects of that interesting experiment; will somebody please spy out the route—"Barkis is willin'." Our hearts are unquestionably somewhere in that direction. (The impression generally prevails that this latter-named lady has never yet, by that road or by any other, succeeded in acquiring exclusive ownership over that restless thing.)

The hotels of Manitou are three or four in number; and the way the well-cooked meats, and other savory and delicious viands do find their way down that road, is truly astonishing. Men, and women too, eat like the Indians, veritable coyotes. If the aforementioned discovery be true, there must be a great number of masculine hearts pierced and bleeding around these hotels. How about those hearts that are not men's? there are such things, but the road to them is past finding out. These men are wolves, and

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MANITOU HOUSE.

should any lambs by chance ramble this way it would be advisable to have them attended by some careful and discreet guard, if they too would avoid being gobbled up. Is it the climate, the Iron Ute water or the tempting dishes found at these hotels, or all combined, that produces such ravenous appetites?

The Manitou House is the first we meet. It is situated on the north bank of Fountain Creek, right against the base of the mountain, a long wooden edifice with veranda on the east and south sides, and here is where the guests do promenade, and talk, and sing, and—and—dinner being over, wonder whether there are any other roads except the aforesaid throat route. On this veranda are very many high-backed easy arm-chairs, all filled with well-dressed satisfied-looking ladies and gentlemen guests. They do not look like invalids—they are pleasure-seekers, and they have found a “right down” good place. We three, with our slouched hats, and fans and costumes of the plains, are no doubt objects of wonder to them. They wonder whether we are pilgrims and tender-feet. Our horses have been taken and domiciled at the livery-stable over the creek, at the foot of the opposite mountain, and we conclude to take a stroll up the Fountain, under and among the shrubbery of natural growth which borders the creek. We have passed several beautiful private residences nestled in among this shrubbery, on the banks of this rapid-running little Fountain. The billiard hall is also about forty yards further down, where those do assemble who

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are fond of "looking upon the wine when it is red," when it moveth itself aright, and giveth color in the cup—reckless that it biteth at the last like a serpent, and "stingeth like an adder." Notwithstanding this wise saying, is it not strange there are so many who are anxious to get bitten and stung just this way? Unlike the people of Colorado Springs, the people of Manitou invite their guests, not only to look upon the red Iron Ute spring water, but also upon the wine, when it is red or of any other color. Their motto evidently is, "Let us eat drink and be merry, and to-morrow—do likewise."

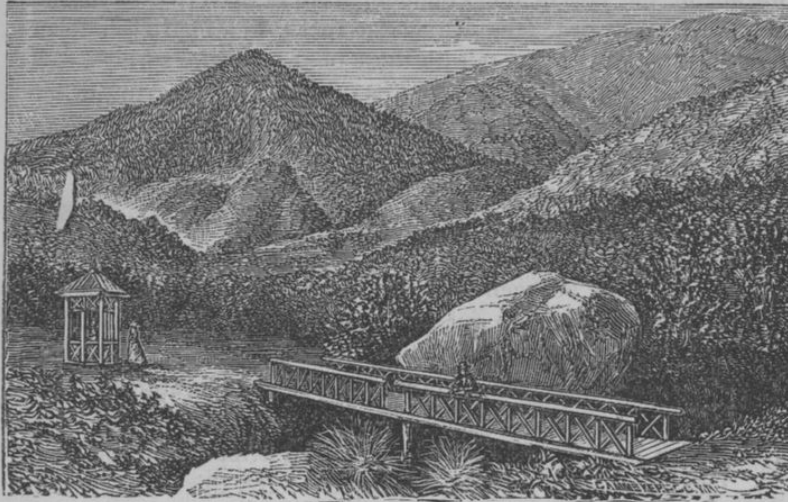
These paths up the Fountain—cut out from the side of the mountain, and shaded by the thick, green foliage of these miniature trees—are delightfully cool and pleasant. The pines on the sides of the mountains above, and on the opposite side, appear to us no larger than this shrubbery at our feet. They are in reality trees of considerable size. Owing to the rarity and clearness of the atmosphere, distances in this country are very deceptive—to the "pilgrim."

An amusing anecdote is told of a tender-foot on first arriving in Denver. Thinking the distance to the mountains only three or four miles, he concluded to walk over to them before breakfast. His friends allowed him to depart, and after a long time went out in search of him. They found him a dozen miles away (but apparently no nearer the mountains than when he started) standing in doubt on the side of one of the little irrigating ditches. He anxiously inquired of them where he could find a bridge to cross that river? They asked, "Why don't you jump across?" "Jump across!" said he, "no *sir!* I am not going to undertake that job. For aught I know this may be a river a mile and a half across."

Manitou is mostly made up of the hotels and boarding houses, a few private residences, and three or four stores. The population in summer is greatly increased by dwellers in tents, and by "pilgrims" lying around, here and there, in the open air.

A short distance above the Manitou House, is the "Mansion" or "Beebe House," and between the two is Grace Greenwood's cottage. A rustic fence encloses the grounds, which are filled with a great variety of the native shrubbery. The house is now deserted but the bubbling murmur of the brook intermingles with the songs of numerous birds that have early returned to this delightful spot for their summer sojourn. The divinity who rules this charming house is not yet (it is early summer) returned. It is said she will

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MANITOU.

soon be here, and shall we call her Mrs. Lippincott? The name is not half so pretty as her *nom de plume*, but we can console ourselves with the thought that a rose by any other name is just as sweet, and so is she, under any name, to all the world who read her charming thoughts and musings, written as she dwells among the birds and brooks and springs, of delightful Manitou. Well, the birds are here building their nests, and some are already singing sweet lullabies to their young, and *she* ought to be here, adding her part to the charming scene. That quail in yonder bushes no longer pipes "Bob White." He has caught the echo of Glen Eyrie Cañon, and now distinctly says "Mark Twain," "Pike's Peak," "Iron Ute."

We are reminded of the springs, and so, passing on up these shaded walks and over rustic bridges, we taste the waters of the various springs—the Shoshone and the Arapahoe, the latter higher charged with carbonic acid gas, and bubbling like boiling water, yet cool and pleasant to the taste, and unequaled for bathing purposes; but for a right-down good wholesome draught give us this Iron Ute. The Cliff House is situated near the Arapahoe spring and the bath-houses, and is also filled with guests, many of whom are now finding their way to the different springs and passes in an after-dinner ramble.

If we turn to the right, and go up the Ute Pass a half-mile,



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we are at the falls of the Fountain, a fall of sixty feet, and then numerous other little falls among the rocks, in a mad rush to get down and mix their waters with those of the mineral springs.

We will go to the Iron Ute first. A half-mile up to the left, on a good road for carriages, and among huge round boulders, and past numerous tents, and we are at the celebrated springs. A neat wooden structure has been erected over the spring, and here we find a goodly number of pilgrims, and some Ute Indians, all quaffing these tonic waters. Drink hearty! it is appetizing; and as it bubbles up there between those two vermilion rocks, it looks like rich, old, red wine; but in our goblets it is clear as crystal, and very pleasant to the taste. Bottles are filled here daily to serve with the dinners at the hotels, where the rich, juicy roast antelope, venison and beef is served in a manner excelling Delmonico's, or any feast which Dickens took such delight in describing in detail.

Our exercise on foot, this atmosphere, and this water, have all combined to sharpen the appetite, and we are again wolfish. The cold meats, and in liberal quantities, for our supper will alone satisfy our ravenous appetites. We might easily be mistaken for the Indians—"Ugh!"—"meat"—"swap-pony."

The hotels and restaurants are well enough for pilgrims from the east, but camping out is the true mode of life, and the open air (and *this* open air!) is the cure, if cure is possible. Camping out here, even the ordinarily healthy and robust, will take a new lease of life, and many pleasant days will be added to their life-long in the land which the Lord thy God giveth thee. But this is that land, not the malarial regions of the great fertile valley, or the crowded cities of our eastern shore.

We are at the base of Pike's Peak. It is fourteen miles to the summit. The day is not too far advanced, and we proceed on our way toward the summit. At the liveryies we can get ponies accustomed to the journey. The moon is full, and we wish to witness a sunrise from the top of Pike's Peak.

The route is all the way interesting. We shall need to stop often and look back and down—to look up, to wonder and admire. A half day is little time enough for the ascent.

Rocks, caverns, waterfalls—all that is rugged and sublime and beautiful in nature, is around us, above us, beneath us. We are hastening onward and upward, toward the summit of Manitou's mountain. Onward and upward, the watchwords of every true and earnest life. Onward and upward, each day, each hour. A

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higher life is attainable for all. Difficulties and dangers may lie on either side our narrow pathway, as they do here; still onward and upward, a glorious sunrise and a glorious sunset, too, may be witnessed by every true and earnest worker toiling onward and upward toward the summit of a well-spent life. To fall is so easy. There are dark fathomless pits below. The giddy fall, and falling, see not the glorious sunset. The summit is onward and upward. Let us get above the clouds. Alas! there are clouds which throw dark shadows on all human lives. Let us strive on, getting above them, all the while, striking great honest blows for the right. When we do arrive at the close and summit of human life, we may feel like that great man, philosopher and statesman, Daniel Webster. It is said that when he had reached the life-summit, and gazing upon a glorious sunset as he was lying upon his death-bed, with his relatives and friends waiting anxiously around, his physician approached his bed-side and asked, "How do you feel this evening, Mr. Webster? The reply was, "I—feel—like—the—Jackdaw—in—the—church—steeple." It was said with difficulty, and it was a strange reply. The physician returned to the family shaking his head, and remarked that he feared the mind of the great statesman was wandering. A niece of Mr. Webster's being present immediately approached the bed-side and asked, "What did you mean, uncle, when you said that you felt like the Jackdaw in the church-steeple? "Why,"—said Webster, slowly and difficultly "Cowper—don't—you—remember?" She did remember Cowper's translation of Vincent Bourne's delightful little poem entitled "The Jackdaw,"—as follows:

"There is a bird that by its coat,
And by the hoarseness of his note,
Might be supposed a crow;
A great frequenter of the church,
Where bishop-like he finds a perch,
And dormitory too.

Above the steeple shines a plate,
That turns and turns, to indicate,
From what point blows the weather;
Look up—your eyes begin to swim,
'Tis in the clouds that pleases him,
He chooses it the rather,

Fond of the speculative height,
Thither he wings his airy flight,
And thence securely sees

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The bustle and the raree-show
That occupy mankind below,
Secure and at its ease.

You think, no doubt, he sits and muses
On future broken bones and bruises,
If he should chance to fall?
No, not a single thought like that
Employs his philosophic pate,
Or troubles him at all.

He sees that this great roundabout,
The world—with all its motley rout.
Church, army, physic, law,
Its customs and its businesses,
Is no concern at all of his,
And says—What says he?—*Caw,*”

“Thrice happy bird! I too have seen
The faults and vanities of men—
And sick of having seen ’em,
Would cheerfully these limbs resign
For such a pair of wings as thine—
And—such a head between ’em.”

In our next letter we will attempt to describe a sunrise and sunset as seen from this mountain peak.

Sunrise From Pike’s Peak—Colorado Air Does Cure Consumption—And What Thoughts of the Future the Country Suggests.

Standing on the summit of this lofty mountain, nearly three miles above tide water, and gazing toward the eastern horizon, eager to catch the first glimpse of light which heralds the approach of another day, one can easily imagine, in the absolute stillness, that he feels the revolution of the earth on its axis. It is a pleasant July morning in 1877. We are up and dressed in good time; and, wrapped in our thick winter clothing, we grope our way to the eastern edge of the summit, and wait for the god of day to lift the curtain of darkness from the scene before us. “And God said let there be light and there was light.”

The stars, filling the heavens with their sparkling beauty, are

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shining with a brilliancy never before witnessed by us. All the earth around us is covered with darkness, as with a black mantle; no object is visible, save only the stars over head.

We are no longer striving onward and upward. We have reached the summit, and stand silently waiting for light. And behold, there is light. The source is ninety-five millions of miles away, yet we are moving toward its apparent place, at the rate of more than a thousand miles an hour. Does this thought help us to realize the flight of time?

From the first dawn of light in the east, how suddenly the blazing sun appears in full splendor above the horizon! We are no longer waiting for light—another day is born, and will soon be added to the pages of time.

We turn our eyes away from the glory of the blazing sun, and behold the magic change of the scene around us. Away to the north and west and south, mountains seem piled on mountains; and yet we are above them all. The clouds and mist and gloom which seemed spread over all the valleys and plains beneath us are lifted, as by God's right hand, and wafted by his breath into a thousand fantastic shapes, revealing on all sides His bows of promise to a reawakened world. The east is all one blaze of light, dazzling and beautiful, like some huge silver urn, with the inside lining of burnished gold.

If the view of these mountains, as we approached them for the first time from the east, was grand and sublime, filling our hearts with wonder at the majesty of His works, we are now filled with the sentiment of love and gratitude, as we turn our eyes back toward that east, and remember how the bosom of mother Earth, was teeming with all the bounties that are necessary for the health and comfort of man.

The pastoral and agricultural life of Colorado—the eastern half of the State—is like a map spread out before us. Mountains of mineral wealth, and magnificent parks, constitute the western half.

The eastern half is again divided into northern and southern slopes by a low mountain range called "The Divide," and covered with pine timber extending from the veritable "Rocky Mountains" eastward nearly to the Kansas line. The southern and eastern slope is drained by the Arkansas river and its tributaries, while the north is the great Platte valley, which stretches away down through northern Kansas and Nebraska to the waters of Missouri.

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When the Kansas Pacific railway shall have straightened their line west from Kit Carson, it will strike Colorado Springs, Manitou and the foot of this mountain where we are now standing; thence up the Ute Pass, into the great South Park, and thence over to the western slope and on to the Pacific ocean—as its name imports. Then will this great railway line have accomplished its mission and become a grand success—and then will this “divide,” being clasped in a loving embrace on both sides by the iron arms of this great railway, become the resort of all who would breathe a pure, healing and invigorating atmosphere. The Denver and Rio Grande railway, running among the foot hills of the Rocky Mountains from Denver south, completes the iron band, thus entirely surrounding this charming area, the summit of which is clothed in the everlasting green of sweet-smelling pines, and the slopes in all directions with nutritious grasses, affording pasturage all the year round for countless herds of sheep and cattle.

Invalids will note the fact that this “divide” has always been a favorite resort for all wild animals that have for ages roamed over these plains. The deer and antelope are yet found here in great numbers; and the herds of sheep that are permitted to graze among the scattering pines of the slopes, and browse upon the small and symmetrical pines which grow all around the margin of the forest, are found to be remarkably healthy, and especially free from the diseases of the breathing apparatus. These facts speak volumes to all those of the human family whose throats or lungs require pure air for complete restoration to health. Physicians, with all their medicines, do not pretend to cure the various diseases of the breathing machinery. In the last few years great advances have been made in medical science, and especially in the diagnosis of such cases, and the most which the medical profession hope to do is to “aid nature.” There are a few who have given long and earnest thought to the subject of “Climatic Influences in Phthisis” (consumption,) and their advice as to locality is invaluable.

There are here living evidences of the success of climatic influences.

It was once said, “Physician, heal thyself!” Acting upon this advice many sufferers from pulmonary troubles, came to Colorado and are now pictures of robust health.

But this “divide” possesses charms to others than the invalid. No artificial irrigation is needed. Splendid crops of grain and vegetables are raised, and to those who would own flocks and herds,

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and live to the age attained by the old patriarchs, no spot on earth offers such inducements as this iron-bounded triangle.

In 1881 the people in Colorado will vote on the location of their capital. What more fitting spot could be selected than the centre of this "divide," whereon to erect the capitol buildings for the Centennial State!

When another hundred years shall have rolled around, who can imagine what will be the grand and wonderful achievements which that time is sure to bring? Take a radius of a thousand miles and sweep a circle from this, as a central point, and then say what are its capabilities. Let the mind's eye wander away down across the fertile fields of Kansas, to where the proud Missouri rolls its turbid waves toward the father of waters. St. Louis, with her half million of people, is awake and reaching out for the trade of all this immense region of country. At that great bend of the Missouri stands Kansas City, with her fifty thousand people, and fifteen railroads, diverging in all directions, binding the wealth of all these great valleys to herself as a common centre. Here the cattle of the plains are slaughtered and packed as food for the people of New England and Old England too. Here grain elevators are raising as by magic, to receive the cereals of millions of acres now ripening in the morning sun. Sweeping this circle on around toward the Gulf of Mexico, and thence to the Pacific ocean, then on around north, and again down the Mississippi, and note the lowland and highland, the woodland and plain, the immense fields of grain, the mountains of precious metals, the cities where art, science, education and refinement are marching together, hand in hand, in building up such an empire as the heart of man never yet conceived as possible.

Thoughts like these will rush through the mind as you stand in the morning sunlight on this mountain peak; and you long for the inspiration of the prophets of old, that you may foretell the destinies of such a country, inhabited by such a people.

The three cities of Colorado Springs, Colorado City and Manitou, which are situated at the base of this mountain, will all unite into one, and vie with Denver in building manufactories for the wool that is grown on the plains, and for the reduction of the precious metals which lie imbedded in the mountains above and west of them.

The immense field of superior coal found all along the base of these mountains will be utilized in this grand work; and health,



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wealth, science and wisdom will together bless this land, as by a magic wand.

* * * We turn toward the setting sun. A soft and mellow light is stealing over a thousand snow-capped mountain-tops. The great god of day is sinking behind all these mountain-ranges, and, far beyond these great hills, is illuminating the waters of the mighty yet peaceful western ocean which separates us from the old world. In gazing toward that setting sun, how will memory roll back the pages of the world's history and mark the vast number of human souls who have lived on this earth and watched the rising and the setting of that mysterious sun. Who can tell what scenes were enacted around this very spot thousands of years ago? Who stood on this mountain-top and mused and wondered as we do to-day?

"The human soul, that wondrous thing,
Mysterious and sublime—
An angel sleeping on the wing,
Worn by the scoffs of time;
From heaven in tears to earth it stole,
That wondrous thing, the human soul."

But we had nearly forgotten the sunset. We can only say it was grand and beautiful; grand, beautiful, gorgeous, beyond the power of pen or pencil to paint. We have dreamed away another day.

"I dreamed and thought that life was beauty;
I awoke and found that life was duty."

The stars are peeping out from the firmament above; the silver moon is casting her borrowed light upon a thousand cone-shaped mountain tops; whilst the mist from all the surrounding valleys is being wafted into clouds of inverted cones by the gentle evening breeze—each apex kissing a farewell to its mother Earth, before being lifted forever into the ethereal space above.

These all combine to form a panorama of exceeding beauty. Our day-dream is over—

'Tis in the clouds that pleases him, he chooses it the rather.

We will now descend to scenes of duty, to "the bustle and the raree-show that occupy mankind below."

After resting for the night at timber line, the morning finds us again in Manitou, and we invite our two fathom friend to "take a drink"—at the Iron Ute spring.

"Not a full blushing goblet can tempt us to leave it,
For 'tis filled with the nectar that Jupiter sips."

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We will next visit Chian Cañon, just below the Springs, which is thought by many to be more interesting than all else "about these parts." Thence taking our course nearly due north along the line of the Denver and Rio Grande railroad into Monument Park, Templeton's Gap, we pass Summit lake, over the "divide" to Larkspur and Strawberry mountain—stopping at "Hay-stack Ranch," the summer house of Sir George Grant, and Pleasant Park, the property of John D. Perry, former president of the Kansas Pacific railway, thence to Castle Rock and down the Platte valley among the golden wheat fields, the rye and barley that are suggestive of other beverages than Adam's ale, which, notwithstanding all the Murphy movement, can be had in any quantity to suit the purchaser, when we arrive at the present capital of the State—the lovely city of Denver.

Each hour of our ride will be surrounded by objects of interest and wonder, and we shall linger, delighted, for many days and nights on this journey of only seventy-five miles.

For the present we must ramble in and around these three cities at the gateway of the beautiful and renowned South Park, at the foot of the lofty, snow-capped mountain-top—Pike's Peak

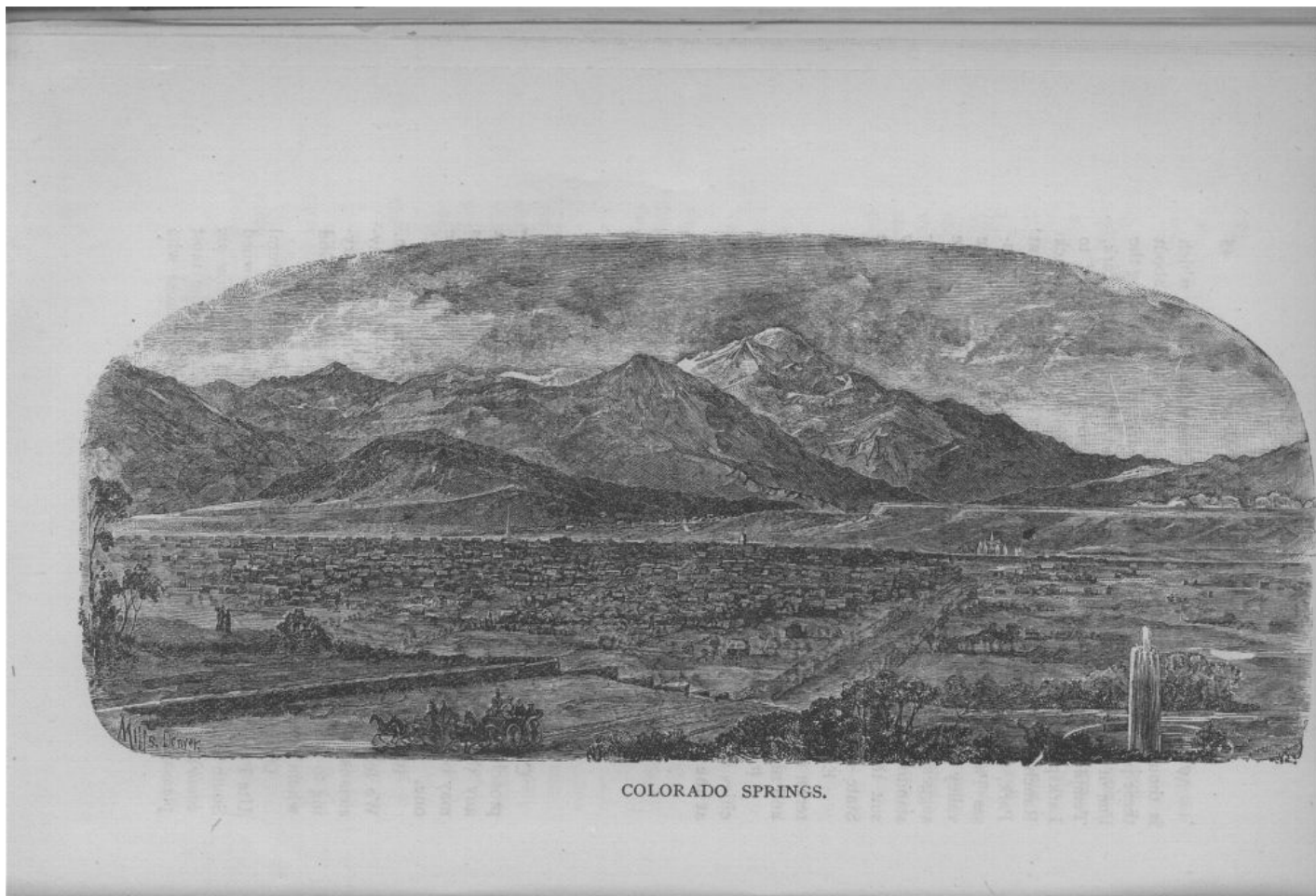
THE THREE CITIES.

Colorado Springs, Colorado City and Manitou—the trinity approaching unity. Don't be alarmed, we are not about engaging in any theological investigation, although the Garden of the Gods may be swallowed up and desecrated when this trinity shall become one.

We did not say trinitarians were about to become unitarian. We leave the discussion of that subject to theological metaphysicians, who delight to split hairs out of each other's heads in trying to prove that it takes three distinct persons to make one God whom they alone will worship.

Our business is to show that at the foot of that great natural Ute Pass into the Rocky Mountains and the beautiful and renowned South Park, and along the Fountain which boils (*Fountain qui bouille*), there are three charming cities which are already the most pleasant in summer and winter for the invalid, and for those who

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love mountain scenery and combines the grand, beautiful and wonderful; and these three are blended into one harmonious whole in a degree unequaled on this continent or any other. These three cities are sure to become one great beautiful city, and the pride of every American heart.

Coming down from Pike's Peak to Manitou, and among the boiling fountains of health-giving mineral waters, we ramble and drink, and drink and ramble, and finally wonder whether it is the drinking or the rambling that has had such a stimulating tonic effect upon our physics, that we doubt whether we ramble altogether decorously, and we suppose all observers are wondering and doubting about the very same thing.

Supper is over and we are seated on the broad veranda at the east end of the Manitou House and overlooking the billiard hall, and—and—in one corner we see innumerable little—devil's punch-bowls, and who are they sipping from them? Pilgrims, *pleasure-seekers*. Perhaps they are trying to get into a condition to imitate our friend Mark, in his late fantastic McMurphy movements. They will not succeed; nothing but a trip to Pike's Peak and a drink of Iron Ute water will produce the true Murphy movement.

We finish our fragrant Havanas and after a pleasant chat with the guests from all parts of the United States and from many parts of Europe, and with the proprietor and his estimable lady, we conclude that he knows how to conduct a first-class hotel as well as he once did a Pullman palace sleeping car, and that she knows how—better. We retire for the night to pleasant rooms and pleasant dreams for the "Fountain which boils" is all night long murmuring sweet music among the pebbles and rocks and boulders, and Indian arrow points and images that for long ages have been cast into these waters as peace-offerings to the great Manitou. We dream of eternal springs flowing from everlasting hills. We dream of the mountain tops all gilded in morning sunlight. We dream of stars. We dream of heaven. How often it is that our dreams at night are but reflections of the scenes of some passing day. New sights of wondrous scenes make deep impressions on our hearts and help to make up the fullness of human life.

Who can fathom the mysteries of

"The human heart, that restless thing,
The tempter and the tried;
The joyous and the suffering,
The source of pain and pride;
Yet do we bless thee as thou art,
Thou restless thing, the human heart?"



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Another bright sunrise greets us. The sunrises here are always bright and joyous. We mount our horses and find our way down along the banks of the noisy Fountain, two and one-half miles, to the old Capital, Colorado City. The taller masses of huge red rocks in the garden to our left, are barely visible, as we pass along the hard gravel road that winds with the brook along the valley toward the plains.

Colorado City is shut out from the plains by the mesa, up which we traveled on our way to Glen Eyrie and the Garden. It is a pleasant site for a prosperous city, but it has to wait and become a part of the new and growing city of Colorado Springs. There is good water power here, and a flouring mill, several stores, a hotel, a good brick school house and stone church.

The Denver and Rio Grande railway came crawling over the divide from Denver, and at the junction of the Fountain and Monument creeks there must be a city—the future capital of the Centennial State—Colorado Springs.

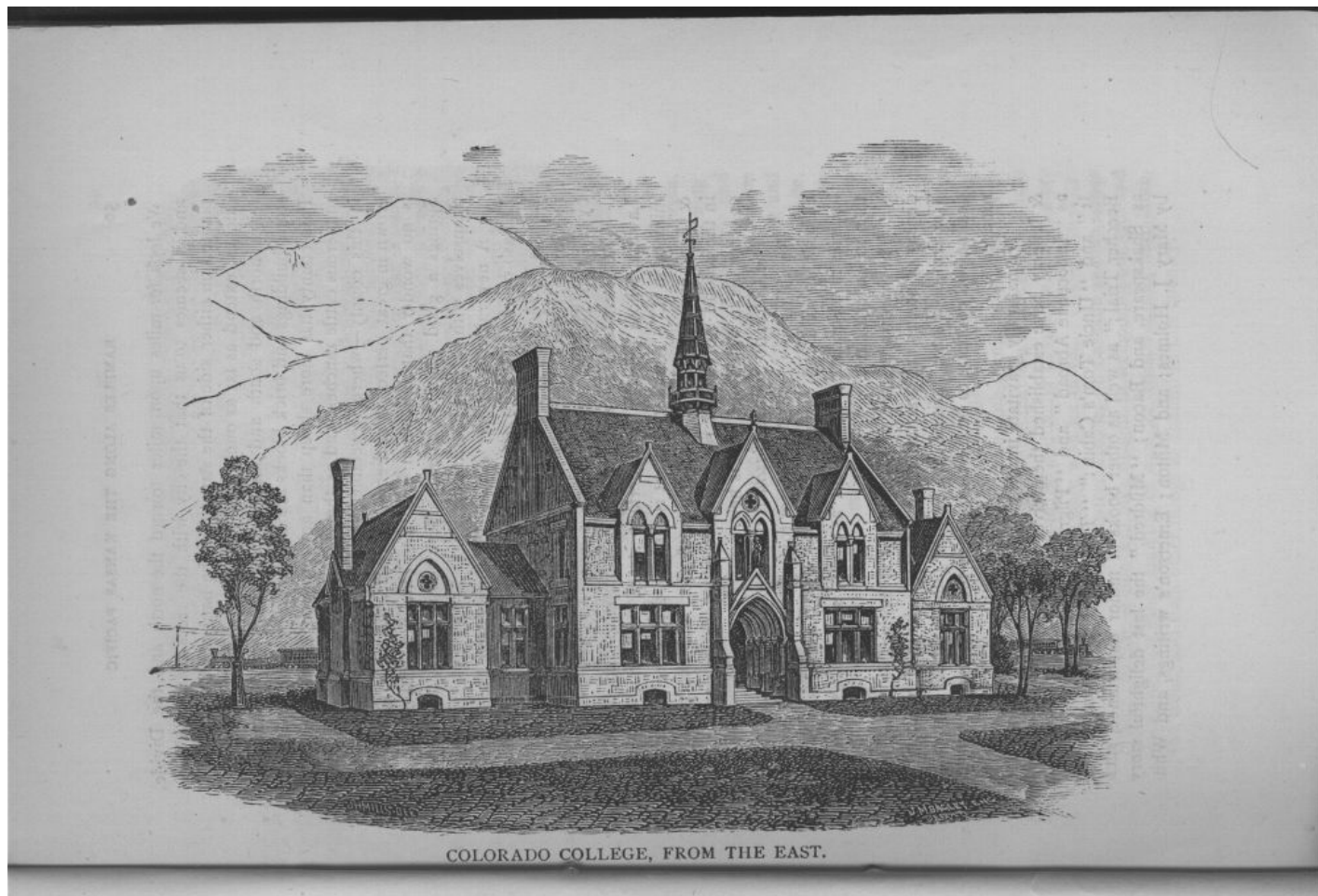
These three cities must unite in one and take the name of Colorado Springs (or Colored Springs). The color is of the brightest hues which rich minerals can give. The vermillion tinted rocks and springs, the snow-capped mountains, shining like burnished silver, and the golden wealth of the yellow earth, all combine to give the name Colorado—colored.

No handsomer site could possibly have been chosen. We cross the bridge over Monument creek; we cross the railway track; we are on Huerfano street, going east. We rise several benches of land and at Cascade avenue we are on the summit of another but lower mesa or plain, several miles north and south and about one mile wide. On this Cascade avenue are many fine private residences, the very handsome stone public school building, and the foundation for the new Colorado College, which will be completed during the year 1878.

This building is to be like Joseph's coat, of many colored stones, and hence will have another claim to be called Colorado College. There is also another project on foot to build a much needed large and well furnished hotel to be called the "Palmer House," in honor to General Palmer, the president of the Rio Grande railway, and one of the clear headed founders of this growing, beautiful, healthful young city.

Another block farther east and we are on Tejon street (pronounced *Tahone*), the present principal business street of the city.

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We look for miles upon miles toward the north and the Divide, and it seems to us that the city with the trees that have been planted on either side of the street, on the banks of the irrigating ditches, extend as far as one's sight can reach. It is in fact two miles north and south and one mile east and west. Handsome stone buildings and brick blocks are already to be seen, and as El Paso county has more sheep than any other in the State, as also numerous cattle ranches, and as the pine-clad Divide is altogether in this county—where vegetables, and especially potatoes, are grown in great perfection and enormous size *without* irrigation—it is no wonder that ranchmen and their families find Colorado Springs a good place to market these commodities, and supply themselves with various needful fabrics.

A new railroad project is just now interesting the people in El Paso county. It is to connect this city with River Bend on the Kansas Pacific only sixty miles over a very feasible route. Colorado Springs would then be twenty-two miles nearer Kansas City by rail than Denver.

Real estate here would feel a new impulse and Mr. A. L. Lawton, whose office is on Huerfano street, says that he "sees millions in it." Across the street is the city drug store of Leppert & Clark, successors to T. H. Burnham & Co., and two physicians in the second story stand ready to prescribe for—for—snake bite, or other ills to which our flesh is heir.

The Colorado Springs *Gazette* is on the other corner.

Rambling along on Tejon street toward Pike's Peak avenue, all built up solid and having all sorts of wares, fruits, fabrics and luxuries in abundance, and about as cheap, some things cheaper, than in eastern cities.

The hardware store of G. S. Barns is noticeable for a large display of stoves and various tools and implements of husbandry. This firm do a large business and by their politeness and honorable dealing will continue to be the favorites in their line for public patronage.

We naturally gravitate into the book store where Messrs. Tribe & Jefferay have established themselves in the sale of books, such as "Innocence Abroad" and "Pilgrim's Progress;" "Roughing It" and "Uncle Tom's Cabin;" "The Gilded Age" and "The Beecher Trial;" as well as other books of minor importance, such as Shakspeare, and Bacon; "Mildred," the last delightful story by Mary J. Holmes; and Milton; Emerson's writings, and Whit-

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TRIBE & JEFFERAY'S BOOK STORE.

tier's poems, and Longfellow, and others too numerous to mention. A well arranged book store is of all others the most interesting. Individuality stands out on every shelf. The grave, the gay and funny are here grouped together in close companionship. Here can be found food for all appetites, and food that is nourishing and fits the partaker for a higher life. There stands Thomas Carlisle, the great original thinker and wholesome growler, and by his side is Ecce Homo and Deus Homo, and just below is Pope's essay on man.

"Above, how high Progressive life may go—
Around, how wide, how deep extend below."

Who that has once acquired a taste for books could not wish to live in a book store—and yet the keepers are often like the Blacksmith's horse and a shoemaker's wife, both going bare-footed. How we long for Senator Jones' silver mine that we might empty it into a book store. We are hungry and could devour whole volumes that we see here, and then only wish for more.

Let us go into the Crawford House, on Cascade avenue, where Messrs. Banker & Son will take delight in welcoming our trio and satisfying that other appetite of ours for roast venison, and lamb, and trout, and such other things as abound in this country.

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CRAWFORD HOUSE.

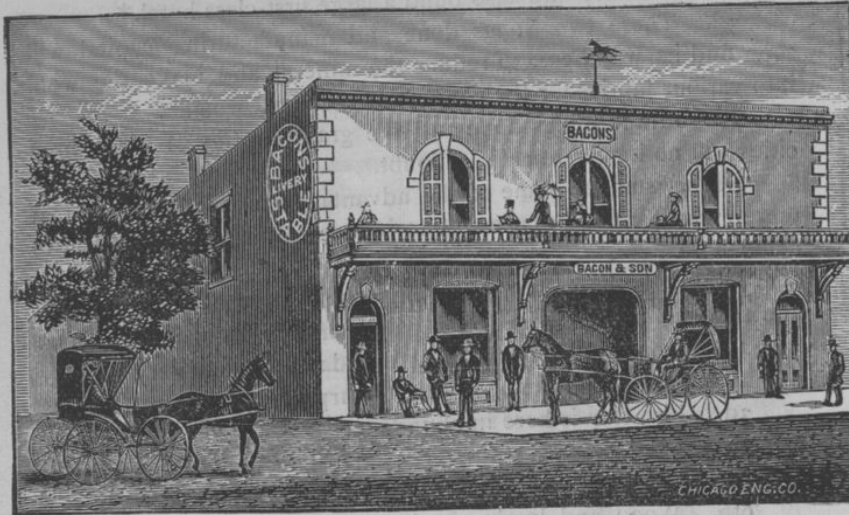
The *Mountaineer* office is on our way and we drop in. Messrs. Marsh & Adams, the present proprietors, show us one of the neatest printed weekly papers in all the land. It is as neat as the Colorado sunshine. Our editor of the *Hartford Times* is now delighted.

The next door west is Robinson's museum, and we go in to see the young Rocky Mountain lion. The mother was killed and this young chap was taken prisoner, and now snarls and growls at all strangers, as he ought, considering that our kind was the murderer of his maternal ancestor. She measured nine feet in length and her weight was four hundred and twenty pounds. This young lion is not sociable with strangers, but then he is a mere youth and no doubt feels bashful. When he feels that he is being made a lion of—he will do better. We take a look at the largest wild-cat in Colorado, so we are told. A glance at the extensive collection of mineral specimens, and we leave this noted museum.

On our way to the Crawford House we pass a long, neat, new brick livery stable, with a parlor on either side of the entrance. We call here and introduce our companions to the proprietors, Col. J. H. Bacon & Son.

The Colonel's eyes sparkle with delight from under his old white hat as he grasps each and welcomes us to Colorado Springs. He insists upon our riding behind his fast stepping team—the pride of his heart. He will drive us to Cheyenne Cañon, Bijou Basin—

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anywhere. The roads are fine—they are always fine. Colorado is the cleanest State in the universe, and this is one of the cleanest stables in Colorado. It is well known that flesh does not decompose here. If the ravens do not get it, it will turn to salt. It must have been here that Lot's wife turned into a pillar of chloride of sodium.

We now go straight for the Crawford House for our dinners, which we dispatch in regular meat-axe fashion. Hot, juicy, delicious.—That young Rocky Mountain lion could not hold a candle to either one of us. We vote that Messrs. Banker & Son be the proprietors of the new Palmer House, and that it be erected in the early part of 1878, right here on this Cascade avenue—as the house of “three cities.”

Three things must be done to unite these three cities into one great, beautiful—well—call in the ladies to supply the other adjectives necessary to describe a charming city—

1st. Build the railroad east out by the sixteen feet of solid coal, ten miles; and on to River Bend, sixty miles, there connecting with the Kansas Pacific and bring this city twenty-two miles nearer the east than Denver. This being accomplished, the Denver & Rio Grande will run the narrow gauge up the Ute Pass to South Park, the salt works, and California gulch, where there has been already offered to one freighting firm one thousand tons per month, down the Ute Pass.

2d. Bring the pure water from the mountains, only about



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four miles distant; and also build a large first-class hotel.*

3d. These two things done and manufacturing capital will soon find its way here, to reduce the mineral and make the wool into various fabrics for the comfort of man and woman.

These three things done and the grand destiny of these three cities will no longer remain in doubt.

Let us sum up some of the advantages that can be found at these "three cities" that ought to induce manufacturing capital to come here.

1st. It is the great natural emporium for gold, silver, copper, and minerals from the California gulch, and the mountains west.

2d. Iron ore is here in great abundance, and of very superior quality for car wheels and for fluxing purposes.

3d. Fire-clay is here in abundance.

4th. Coal in two veins aggregating sixteen feet in thickness.

5th. Water power is in great abundance, when utilized.

6th. Wood and lumber is also abundant.

7th. The atmosphere here is so pure and healthful that a day's labor is worth more here than in the lower altitudes toward the Atlantic, and also it is found to be far better for the reduction of ores than the higher altitudes. It is the happy mean between extremes.

Our next letter will be devoted to other parts of the city, and some of the immediate surroundings.

THE THREE CITIES AND SURROUNDINGS.

It is the 8th of January, the anniversary of that day when General Jackson was rolling cotton bales at New Orleans to keep Johnny Bull from hurting him or his men. We celebrate it by accepting Colonel Baker's invitation to ride behind his fast-stepping team. The day is bright, warm, quiet, no snow, the streets are dry, and nowhere in America can handsomer streets be found for a handsome outfit for fast driving. It is only a few steps from the stable to Cascade avenue, and we stop to feast our eyes on one of the loveliest landscapes under the sun.

On the east side of this avenue the hotels, schools and private

* Since the above writing the Water Works have been established.



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residences are built for over a mile, fronting the valleys of the Monument and Fountain Creeks, the mesa, the foothills, the mountains, Pike's Peak. Between these valleys and Cascade avenue a large plaza is left, upon which no houses are yet erected, and it is to be hoped never will be. This space should be reserved for a park, where public meetings can be held and where the children of the city may romp and play, and where grown up children may laugh and be gay, rejoicing in this Colorado sunshine.

We drive up this avenue three, four, five miles, beyond the fair grounds which are outside the city. It is a gentle ascent, a plain from one end to the other. We could see a small object in any part of this street. Some very handsome and many very cosy residences are to be seen and more are in course of construction.

The Denver and Rio Grande railway train comes sweeping down the valley of the Monument and plays an interesting part in the lovely scene. There is no more interesting sight than a moving train of railroad coaches at a little distance. A party of Ute Indians are going toward the plains for antelope. They stop and wonder at the mysterious puffing, snorting, moving train. The devil himself would not be an object of greater wonder to these red men of the colored state. For long ages these Indians and their ancestors have inhabited this country and found it a happy hunting ground. Gold was found and Pike's Peak was made famous. Long trains of wagons filled with avaricious, venturesome pioneers, guided their course toward this mountain peak, even as the mariner is guided by the polar star. Cities were built at the base of this Manitou Mountain, the bison were driven from their hunting grounds, the pale faces were usurping the land, and the shriek of the steam whistle was heard even in the Garden of the Gods. Through all this, these red men were uniformly friendly with the pale faces.

"Lo! the poor Indian, whose untutored mind
Sees God in clouds and hears him in the wind,"

does not see much of God in these railway trains. We turn and drive north on Cascade avenue, noting the site and foundation of the new Colorado College, the design for which is very unique as well as beautiful.

The following is furnished by Prof. W. D. Sheldon:

This College is located in the town of Colorado Springs, Colorado, on the line of the Denver and Rio Grande railroad, seventy-five miles from Denver and forty-five miles from Pueblo. In lay-

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ing out the town, its founders appreciating the advantages of the place for an institution of this kind, set apart a fine tract of land as a site for its buildings; and in 1874 the College enterprise was fairly inaugurated. In founding the College several objects were had in view. It was felt that the wants of the rapidly increasing population of Colorado and its adjacent Territories in reference to the higher education, demanded that such an institution should be established. Another object was to furnish a place where the special advantages of the Rocky Mountain region for the study of the sciences might be utilized for the benefit of students from all parts of the country; and also that individuals, or families, coming to Colorado from considerations of health, might find here ample opportunities for pursuing a liberal education under the most favorable circumstances of climate and natural surroundings.

More than fifty acres of land, forming one of the finest College sites anywhere to be found, have been deeded to the Board of Trustees by the Colorado Springs Colony Company; and through the liberality of citizens of the town an exceedingly tasteful building of stone (views of which are given above) is now being erected, which it is expected will be ready for use at the beginning of the next academic year, in September, 1878. More than twenty thousand dollars have already been raised as the nucleus of an endowment fund.

There are at present three general courses of study. *First*, the Preparatory, which occupies three years and is, as its name indicates, designed especially for those looking forward to the College course. *Second*, the English and Normal course, also three years in length, designed to give a thorough education in English branches and in elementary science, and as a preparation for teaching. *Third*, the College course proper, with the usual requirements for admission, and occupying four years. Besides these there are special courses in Mining and Metallurgy, and also opportunities for such as wish to take up special studies in language, literature, history or science.

There are at present three professors and a tutor engaged in instruction and arrangements are being made to add other instructors as the needs of pupils require.

The College in all its departments is open to both sexes. About seventy students were in attendance during the year 1877, including natives of fifteen different States, and of Canada and England. The cost of tuition per year is twenty-five dollars for