

Correspondence.

Colorado and the Way Thither.

In pursuit of the beautiful in Nature, in her wild and craggy nooks, I had occasion recently to visit the sanitarium of the West—Colorado. Some account of the nature of the trip may be interesting to the stay-at-home readers of the News; others, who may think of visiting that very attractive locality, may possibly get a hint or two. All aboard, then, for Colorado.

Pay your \$2 to the U. C. R. R., get your breakfast at Ogden, \$1 at the R. R. R. Depot, 50 cents at the side shows, just as your means will admit of, get your baggage checked for Cheyenne on the U. P. R. R., and in about an hour you will be moving eastward through the Weber and Echo canyons. Some one remarked that it was very singular that in coming to Zion you should be required to pass through the Devil's Gate. It was really a devil's gate to the pilgrim who came by the ox express, but seated in the comfortable cars of the U. P. R. R. you glide over it as a bird would.

The next object of particular interest is the remarkable formation known as the Devil's Slide—more of his satanic majesty, then the 1,000 Mile Tree, Witch Rocks, Echo city, junction of the Coalville and Echo R. R., up, up, the canyon rising rapidly, Monument and Pulpit Rocks. Verdant travelers tell you that Prest. B. Young once preached on the top. Don't spoil their fun, or they will be as wise as you are. All men are green when they travel. Remember what the stage driver said to the New Yorker, in the White Mountains—"I expect if I was in New York I should gawk around as you do here." As we all have lots to learn, it is hard to determine who knows most. I was once asked where we kept all our pretty women in Utah. This was the enquiry of a lady. I told her that they were keeping close until they could see some from the States with an extra share of beauty. As beauty is not my weakness, I leave the subject as the engine is puffing hard on the steep up grade towards the head of Echo, passing Castle Rock on the left and many other attractions. The crops all the way are looking very fine, and there seems to be plenty of feed for cattle everywhere, after leaving Bro. Anderson's magnificent herd ground over Jordan. A sensible difference in the temperature of the air is felt. We are some 2,000 feet higher than Salt Lake Valley, and when we reach Evanston we are much higher still, and the air is cool and bracing. Here is a first-rate dining hall, and the trains each way stop thirty minutes. Evanston is the most lively place on the U. P. R. R. Each time that I pass new buildings are springing up. Near by are the Wyoming and Rocky Mountain coal beds, of almost inexhaustible quantity. Machine shop and round houses help to give the town permanent business.

Leaving Evanston you cross Bear River, and gradually reach at Aspen the second highest point on the road. Next Muddy Creek, passing, at Carty Station, Fort Bridger, some twelve miles distant. Glimpses of the Uinta mountains may be obtained as you proceed, some fifty miles to the south. You are now in Wyoming Territory, having passed the Utah line between Wasatch and Evanston. The country begins to look barren and unfruitful, but a crop of moss agates may be raised if you hunt for them long enough, in the neighborhood of Church Buttes. This region is known among scientific men as the Bad Lands. Professor Marsh, Leidy and Cope have made astonishing discoveries in fossil remains in this region, showing that this was once the bed of a great inland sea. Their researches are generally made in the buttes south of Fort Bridger.

Green River is the next objective point, and is very attractive to the keen observer. The Palisades are on the east side of the river, and you pass a remarkable fish rock cut as you descend to Green River. Hundreds of fossil specimens of fish and other objects are found, and as you take supper here, you will find an enterprising vender of fossils, with a good display on the platform. Many other fantastic-looking nooks may be seen in the neighborhood, to which enterprising photographers have given odd names. From this point, Professor

Powell descended in boats to the mouth of the Rio Virgin, in Arizona, passing through the grand canyon of the Colorado River.

You now change engines and conductors, and begin to ascend Bitter Creek, passing through Rock Creek coal mines, and but few objects worthy of note. This is a part of the route nice to sleep over, and before you wake up in the morning, you will have passed Fort Fred. Steele and Rawlings. Early morning will find you in the neighborhood of the snowy region, famous for blockades in 1871-2, now almost impossible by the extra precaution adopted by the R. R. officials. The track is raised for miles, and many of the worst parts are shedded over.

Laramie City is the next prominent place. This is gradually growing in importance. The country is fast filling up with settlers, and vast flocks of sheep and herds of cattle fill the valleys and cover the hills. This is considered a splendid stock-raising country, and on this source of revenue the future of this region will chiefly depend. But little mining is done, and it is almost too cold for some kinds of vegetables. Three miles from Laramie City is Fort Sanders, and from the last point to Sherman, the highest point on the road, there is a steep ascent. Dale Creek Bridge is passed, four miles west of Sherman. This is a remarkable structure, about 132 feet high and 660 feet long—a vast mass of timber.

Sherman Station is 8,236 feet above the level of the sea, being the highest railway station in North America and perhaps in Europe, although in South America I hear of a railway station 15,000 feet above sea level.

There is nothing of great importance in this place, and bidding good bye to the western slope we descend to Cheyenne. The country is woodless and undulating. Sage brush seems to have been left behind, as very little of it can be seen. Herds of buffalo used to roam across these parks, but they are a thing of the past—all have disappeared.

Cheyenne is an uninteresting place, principally made up of the one-story shanties, with some fine buildings in the central part of the town. Fort Russell is close by, and old Fort Laramie is reached after a drive of ninety miles. You will have plenty of time to do Cheyenne, as the Denver Pacific train does not leave until 1.30 on the morning after you arrive, giving you twelve hours to study the topography, ethnography and geology of a town on the plains.

It is 106 miles to Denver, and you are politely requested to "fork over" ten dollars for the trip. Now I have heard people grumble about our Utah railroads and the cost of fare. How would they like to pay ten cents per mile? *Nolens volens*, you must pay it here.

Having enjoyed the luxury of a pine feather bed in the waiting room, I left at the appointed time, in some dilapidated cars of the Kansas Pacific, for Denver.

As we were nearing Summit station, some one threw a rock into the hind end of the car, striking a gentleman just under the eye. A universal consternation ensued. Some thought the train was attacked. A grand hunt on the prairie followed—result, nothing. It seems that the brakeman, on the down trip to Cheyenne, had put off an unauthorized dead-head, and he tried to make it even by means of the rock, but hit the wrong man. Moral—keep clear of crowds when there is any shooting going on.

The road from Cheyenne to Denver is an unbroken plain, costing little or nothing to make the grade. Midway you reach Greeley, containing about 2,000 inhabitants, boasting a school building that cost \$20,000, containing also banks, saw and grist mills, machine shops, tanneries, &c., modeled after Salt Lake City as to irrigation and tree planting. In fact it looks somewhat like our "Mormon" towns. There are, belonging to the colony, two irrigating canals, one 12 and the other 36 miles long, that cost nearly \$80,000. Liquors cannot be bought in the town, and a clause of forfeiture is inserted in all deeds if this agreement is violated. Wouldn't this be fearful on the Salt Lake ring, if such tyranny were enacted in Utah? Just to think of it, ye freedom-shriekers, no liquor to be bought or sold without forfeiture of your real estate. It is high time a government post was established near Greeley, to

break down such an oligarchy in this great republic.

An insignificant place called Hughes is the junction of the road to Boulder City, 18 miles from Denver, and here we are. In the fall of 1857 the first log hut was built upon the present site of Denver. To-day, it boasts a population of 15,000 inhabitants, with the terminal points of five railroads centered within the limits of the town.

Denver is a live bustling town, with every feature that shows enterprise,—gas-works, water-works, theatre, smelting-works, mills, manufactories, &c.

The pioneer narrow-gauge road in the United States runs from Denver South, and is called the Denver and Rio Grande R. R.—fare at the rate of ten cents per mile, neat commodious cars, runs beautifully smooth, and free from jar. On my return from Crest Lake to Denver we made 30 miles per hour, without the first inconvenience as to jolting.

I have omitted to say that the eye is much relieved on the level plains around Denver by the sight of the mountain chains called the Rocky Mountains. Long's Peak, Grey's Peak, and other monarchs of the air, each over 14,000 feet, loom up in the distance. In fact the most thickly populated parts of Colorado Territory are at the base of the Rocky Mountains, and follow them clear around to Canyon City, on the Arkansas river.

A ride of 75 miles brings you to Colorado Springs. This is the objective point for a variety of very interesting trips, if you are after the beauties of nature. From here you can visit Cheyenne canyon, one of the most beautiful of canyons, terminating in a water fall of seven divisions. Pike's Peak, 14,090 feet above sea level, with a meteorological station on the summit, is visited almost daily. Then there are the wonderful iron and soda springs of Manitou, the Garden of the Gods, Glen Eyrie, Monument Park, Ute Pass, and many interesting points almost too numerous to mention.

Colorado Springs is another colony formed on temperance principles. The same clause of forfeiture of real estate holds good here as at Greeley. I enquired of some of the leading citizens if all went well with them. In reply I learned that a ring was formed to break up the temperance compact. The matter had once been tried in the courts, but the Colorado Springs colony came out ahead. It is, however, believed that it will be uphill work to hold their ground. Men are not always successful when they are in the right.

The colony is beautifully situated in close proximity to a score of attractions. Some few gardens can be seen, but the town is very young, was only commenced in 1871. Elevation, 5,720 feet above sea level. I noticed that there was less snow at a greater altitude than with us—could see none, only near the crest of Pike's Peak, while large deposits can be seen on our Wasatch range 2,000 or 3,000 feet less altitude. In fact, in Colorado there is a scarcity of water for extensive agricultural purposes, and the rain fall is less there than with us.

In talking with Mr. Siller, editor of the Colorado Springs Gazette, he mourned the fact that they had not the plodding, industrious people we have in Salt Lake Valley. In fact, it is the unsettled, undecided character of the population that makes everything backward as to agriculture. Men do not raise fruit because they do not try to do so. Most of the fruit consumed in Colorado comes from California. In some localities they are raising abundant quantities. There are very few places where the gooseberry, red currant, raspberry and other small fruits wont grow. Our Cache valley, at a similar elevation, produces liberally of fruit, and my advice to Coloradans was, "Never give up raising fruit until you have made the trial and failed." When there, July 28th, I found that Colorado was buying new potatoes from California at 10 cents per pound retail. With us they could have been purchased for one and a half cents, yet nothing from Utah could be seen. It might be a good idea for some of our co-operative gardeners to learn what kind of market we could have along the line of the U. P. R. R. and in Colorado for early fruit and vegetables. I made arrangements with some gentlemen to have our nurserymen send fruit trees the coming summer. All that is mentioned or known about Utah by

many is that we have a great abundance of fruit and that our country is almost a paradise of gardens. Beyond that, little more is known of Utah than of Timbuctoo.

Colorado has a set of government officials just as unpopular as ours, and they are regarded as excrescences. Gov. McCook, recently appointed, was berated daily in the papers. I could hear of no good trait of character in the man. Imported officials, not in harmony with the people as to local interests and not conversant with the struggles necessary to the founding of the community, can never be popular. Nearly every man that comes to Utah tries to be a reformer. Everybody here is in a condition worthy of missionary zeal, and almost all want our community to conform to the regulations of some village, either in the east or west, that the reformers hail from. Colorado has never had the difficulties to contend with that our people have had. Eighty per cent. of our emigration are almost penniless when they arrive here, and from our limited facilities fine houses, fine farms, and elegance are a long time coming. With Colorado it is the reverse. Ninety per cent. of her people have means to start with. Hence fine school-houses, residences, etc., and any improvements in the style of their buildings.

In Colorado, every point of interest to tourists has been named with high-sounding titles, all of which tends to strike one at a distance with awe. The Garden of the Gods is a series of rocks thrown up edgeways by some convulsion of nature, similar to the Devil's Slide, only different in form. Glen Eyrie is a continuation of the same. Monument Park is a series of curiously formed rocks of a volcanic nature, resting upon a fine white conglomerate, which, being softer than the upper strata, has been washed away by the elements into all sorts of forms.

I found the curse of the west, the locusts, hard at work, from Denver for 30 or 40 miles south, using up the crops. Having experienced the disappointment of seeing everything go before their ravages, I can sympathize with the unfortunate farmers afflicted by them. The wail of their distress comes from Iowa and Nebraska, and now they know how it is themselves. I remember once telling some visitors from these States, that the poverty of our settlements was owing to the visits of the grasshoppers for five successive years, and they could not understand how it could be so. With us, no one thought we needed help. Let us hope that the present victims of these aerial robbers will meet better luck from their more fortunate neighbors.

From Colorado Springs the railroad follows the valley of the *Fontaine qui Bouille*, or the Boiling Fountain river, called, for short, the Fountain, down to Pueblo, a semi-Mexican town, and as you advance you are made aware of the fact that you are approaching a warmer climate. The soap-root cactus, wild gourd, tree cactus, and other undergrowth smell of Arizona and Mexico. Then there is the dilapidated greaser, the aristocratic name of the low caste Mexican; then and there can be seen the time honored donkey of the jackass kind, borne down with a load that would frighten a well bred mule, but it serves the *burro* right—this is what they are called here. I was told of a man loading one of them with a load of straw so heavily that the sight of such a moving mass stamped a corral of mules—a sad case of unrecognized paternity.

Pueblo is situated on the junction of the Fountain and the Arkansas rivers, population about 5,500. Elevation 4,400 feet, a trifle higher than Salt Lake City, but I should think a little warmer. I believe anything would grow there if it had a chance.

The Puebloians hope some day to have a railroad from their town to Salt Lake City. It is called, for the sake of brevity, "The Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fe and Kansas Pacific via Pueblo to Salt Lake Railroad." Those who write up Pueblo claim for it every advantage that poor mortals may hope for. In fact I think that Colorado is the best written up country on the face of the earth. Should one be sick, it is his own fault, the mineral springs are cure-alls. No show for patent medicine venders in that country. One writer says that the population of Colorado is composed of recon-

structed invalids, but still I found several obituaries of individuals dying of consumption. Of course they were too far gone when they came to Colorado. By counting the number of deaths from consumption in our sexton's report, I find that four per cent is the average mortality from that cause in Salt Lake County. I may not be perfectly accurate in the estimate. If not so, our sexton will please rise and explain. Admitting all that is said of the advantages of Colorado, I am forced to say that backbone and muscle are more needed than gas to make it the Eden it should be.

It is high time we flung around a little more ink in favor of our country. We have got medicinal springs of liquid health, hot or cold, fine climate nine months of the year, no mosquitoes of any consequence, the air is a sovereign balm for bronchitis and other pulmonary troubles, and I have yet to learn of any one dying of consumption, born in Utah. But I am writing of Colorado.

The Arkansas river at Pueblo is about the size of our classic Jordan. Another railroad to Canon City runs up the valley of the same river for 35 miles. I was carried back to my remembrances of the Missouri river by seeing our common Potawatomie plum, wild grapes and other fruits all along the bottom. There is very little cultivation of root crops and cereals, and but few settlers, along the banks of the river.

Near Canyon city are some of the most valuable beds of coal in the west, and any quantity of iron and other ores in great abundance. In my judgment Canyon city will prove more of a city in the future than Pueblo. It has a good start, and coal and iron are great auxiliaries to make a town grow. It is the present terminus of the Denver and Rio Grande railroad on this western branch, population about 800, elevation 4,700 feet. This is called by newspaper men the invalid's paradise. There are iron, soda, and warm springs of great value near the town.

But the crowning feature of attraction is the Grand Canyon of the Arkansas River. Of course I went there, and found it transcendently grand. Seen from Observation Point, looking either east or west, it is something to remember, and it is astonishing how careful the most reckless become when clamoring around the edge of the chasm. It is reached by a tolerably good road, is 10 miles from Canyon City, and is in my judgment the crowning gem of the wonders of Colorado scenery. About a mile from Observation Point is the Royal Gorge, a frightful abyss, that produces a thrill of danger just to get one look to the bottom. I have been told that the height is 2,000 feet by measurement. This is probably overated, but it is plenty deep enough for most people. When you go to Canyon City, hire a wagon and go and see the Grand Canyon. Should the weather be hot, take some water with you. I wish to thank Messrs. Rockefeller, Harrison and Fowler, of Canyon, for their hospitality and for facilities tendered while there. From Observation Point, splendid views of the snowy range, the parks, and other Colorado scenery may be obtained.

This is the end of my trip, but Colorado has only been skimmed over. The tourist will want to see her highest peaks—Mount Lincoln, Mount Harvard; in fact, she boasts of six peaks whose summits are all above 14,000 feet. This beats the best we can do in Utah. Peak climbing is fashionable in that Territory. With us it is not. Visitors to Utah get all their impressions from our city hotels. Very few pierce the hidden wonders of the Wasatch range, as seen in Big Cottonwood and American Fork canyons, southward, four Clear Creek, Little Zion valleys, etc.

The population of Colorado is about 100,000 (we are never particular in the Territories). The public or free school system has been established throughout the Territory. There are 175 public schools, and about 100 private ones. Their schools in 1872 were attended by 5,640 scholars, which had 232 teachers.

The value of the agricultural products for 1872 was \$4,650,000. Average yield of farm crops as follows—

Wheat per acre,	27 bushels
Oats, " "	55 "
Corn, " "	30 "
Barley, " "	32 "
Beans, " "	30 "