

DENVER TO SALT LAKE CITY.

To witness some of the grandest views of the Rocky Mountains, the tourist should leave Denver in the evening on the Denver and Rio Grande Railroad, and after a restful night's sleep in the comfortable cars, let him arise in the early morning to behold the wonders of the royal gorge, which is the narrowest part of the canon. The train then moves slowly along the side of the Arkansas, and around projecting shoulders of dark granite, deeper and deeper into the heart of the range, while the crested crags grow higher, and the river flows along its rocky bed, so that the way seems to become a mere fishure through the heights. The place is truly a measureless gulf of air with solid walls on either side, and man appears but an atom in this sublime scene, where nature exhibits the power she possesses. In crossing a long iron bridge suspended from smooth walls, the grandest portion is reached. It is the pathway over the Continental Divide. We are told at first the grades are moderately steep, but soon the ascent begins in earnest—two powerful engines toil and pant, the curves are sharp and frequent, banks of snow are seen and fallen trees bent by fierce winds are on every side. In an hour we are at the summit, over 10,000 feet above the sea level.

Now the descent begins, and the train rolls swiftly on giving us a backward glance at the vast heights overcome in the passage. Having bade adieu to "Marshall Pass" we now enter the "Black Canon of the Gunnison." Taking an observation car on the rear of the train, we behold its wondrous grandeur and stand in almost breathless silence viewing the vastness of the scene—here a waterfall from the dizzy heights, there the river leaps like a cataract beside us, 3,000 feet from the railroad track.

No greater sermon ever fell from mortal lips, for it shows one the immensity of the Creator's works. How the im-

agination goes beyond the long ages, even to creation's dawn, when the earth was without form and void and darkness was upon the face of the deep, even then they might have been formed and fashioned by the Supreme Being, and afterwards upheaved in the convulsions of nature, while the storms and snow of centuries give a sublimity to their hoary crests, and the waters leaping down their granite sides hewed out these magnificent canons.

Still going westward, we enter the Utah Valley, which is like a well cultivated section of country. To the north are low hills crossing the valley, and separating it from Salt Lake Valley, which appears to be as fertile as a garden along its entire length. Then we enter Salt Lake City; the streets are 100 feet in width, and lined on either side with shade trees.

Their magnificent unfinished temple, we are told, is now in the hands of a United States Receiver, also the "tything house," surrounded by a massive wall, has been taken by the government, which is now using measures to break up Mormonism—although they now pay a nominal rent for its use. Every Mormon has to pay a tenth of all he possesses to the church, and it is to this house, that all the poor emigrants go when they arrive in the city. I may add, a Mormon woman told us there were now many men in the penitentiary for having more than one wife, yet she was a firm believer in the faith.

The great Salt Lake is about twenty miles from the city. It is a pleasant trip by rail. On the one side are the dead waters of the lake, on the other the mountains rise far above it, and how mysterious is the lake, it appeals to the imagination of every traveller. As we watch its quiet motion—no waves dance over it, and no surf breaks its sillness—we wonder why it has remained a lone part of a mighty ocean, salt and lifeless? It has an elevation of some 4,250 feet above sea level, and Great Salt Lake covers an area it is said of about 2,200 square miles. We return from Salt Lake