

SANTA FE, the capital of New Mexico, claims the distinction of being the oldest town in the United States, a claim that is readily admitted when we consider that



GARFIELD MEMORIAL.

it was a populous Indian pueblo when the first Spaniards crossed the territory now known as New Mexico, less than forty years after the discovery of the western continent by Columbus. A Spanish settlement was formed at Santa Fe about three hundred years ago. A hundred years later there was a great uprising of the natives, who entirely drove out the Spaniards, and obliterated as far as possible all evidences of their occupation. During all these years this town has changed its character but little, and is to-day, in general appearance, very much the same old Mexican town that it has been for nearly three hundred years. There is the same broad plaza, with the same adobe buildings nearly all the way around it; the same one-storey houses; the same suburban fields and gardens; and the same swarthy, dark-eyed population, still speaking the musical Spanish tongue.

UPON the boundary line between Color-

ado and New Mexico, and close beside the track of the Denver and Rio Grande Railway, the rocks have been levelled into a small smooth space, and here, on the 26th of September, 1881, that gloomiest day in the decade for our people, were celebrated as impressive memorial services of Garfield, the noble man and beloved president then lying dead in Cleveland, as were anywhere seen. It was under circumstances so fittingly mournful that an excursion party, gathered from nearly every state in the Union, paused to express the universal sorrow, and to conceive the foundation of the massive monument which catches the traveler's eye on the brink of the gorge, and upon whose polished tablet are engraved these words:—

IN MEMORIAM.

JAMES ABRAM GARFIELD,
PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES,
DIED SEPTEMBER 19, 1881,
MOURNED BY ALL THE PEOPLE.

ERECTED BY MEMBERS OF THE NATIONAL
ASSOCIATION OF GENERAL PASSENGER AND
TICKET AGENTS, WHO HELD MEMORIAL
BURIAL SERVICES ON THIS SPOT,
SEPTEMBER 26, 1881.

THE Grand Cañon of the Arkansas and its culminating chasm, the Royal Gorge, lie between Salida and Cañon City, near the centre of Colorado. Situated only half a dozen miles west of Cañon City, the traveler, going either to Leadville or Gunnison, begins to watch for the cañon as soon as he has passed the city limits. If he looks ahead he sees the vertically tilted, whitish strata of sandstone and limestone, which the upthrust of the interior mountains has set on edge, broken at a narrow portal through which the graceful river finds the first freedom of