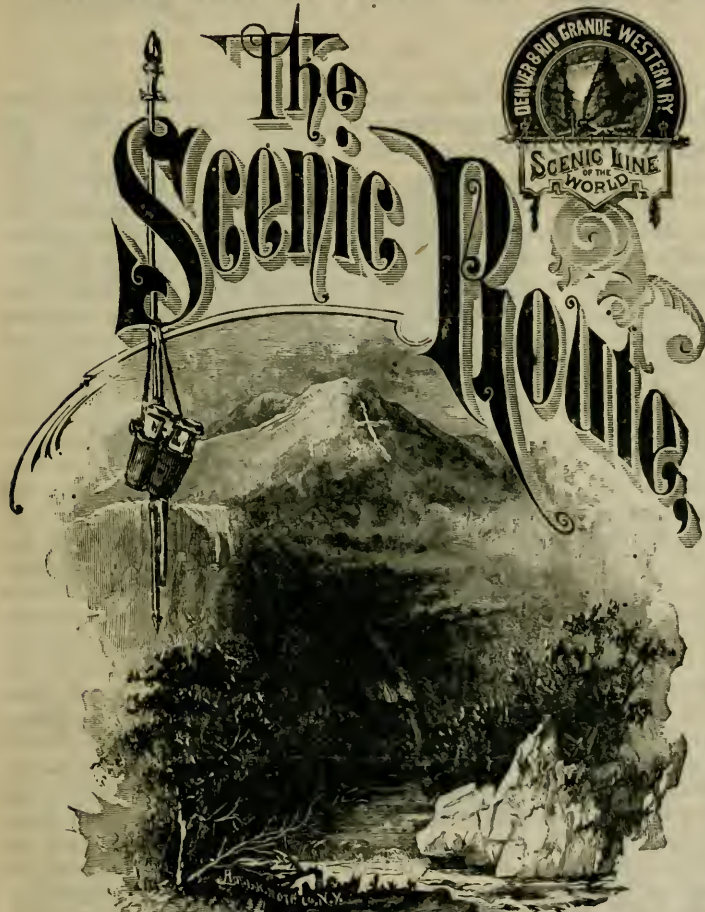


A JOURNEY

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ACROSS THE CONTINENT,

BY



Colorado, Utah, &
 Via the New Mexico.

Denver & Rio Grande Western
 Railway

Through the Heart of the Rockies.

THE Denver and Rio Grande Western is the only trans-continental route passing through Salt Lake City, connecting the trunk lines at Denver and Pueblo with the Central Pacific at Ogden. While its branches still form a vast network over all Colorado—reaching every mining camp and productive section of the State, penetrating deep cañons, and climbing the highest mountains—the main line has been extended westward over snowy heights, through shadowy gorges, across plains and up fertile valleys, to and beyond the City of the Saints. A profusion of grand and beautiful scenery exists along its entire length. There are mountains of every conceivable shape and size; secluded parks containing long stretches of the fairest farm-land; foaming torrents and broad rivers; wild, dark cañons; dense thickets and mirror-like lakes nestling beneath green mountain slopes. The topography constantly changes; now the eye rests on the wildest grandeur, and where the elements hold uncontested sway; then the scene is mild and beautiful, with rich simplicity. At one time confusion; at another perfect order. Arctic heights this hour, summer lowlands the next. Farms are lost, only to reappear beyond the forests which intervene; tiny streams become wide rivers, and changes are wrought as quick as thought while moving swiftly on from town to city. The road opens to civilization some of the richest districts of both the state and the territory. The western limits of Colorado and the eastern confines of Utah, the wealth of the Wasatch Range and the prolific Utah and Salt Lake valleys, are brought into direct communication with the East, and placed within reach of the capitalist and the settler.

A full description of all the scenery encountered between Denver and Ogden would require much more space than is here allotted, and it will therefore be practicable to notice only a few of the attractions, and these briefly. From Denver the railway follows the Front Range of the Rocky Mountains for one hundred and twenty miles. To the east stretch the sea-like plains, rolling silent and brown. On the west rises the irregular shaped, blue-tinted range, beyond whose low and green wooded foothills peer majestic peaks with snow-capped summits. On the crest of the divide which separates the waters of the Platte from those of the Arkansas, is Palmer Lake, with its flashing boats, its picturesque pavilion, and the soft cool breezes which render it so popular in summer days. At Colorado Springs, famous the world over as a winter resort, a short branch extends westward to

MANITOU,

located at the very base of Pike's Peak, and shut in on three sides by the foothills which hide it from view until a sudden turn exposes its hotels, cottages and green surroundings. Known as the Saratoga of the West, on account of the medicinal springs which it possesses, Manitou in reality is far superior in attractiveness to its namesake. It lies within easy reach of Nature's grandeurs, and the different rides and rambles are full of surprises and delights. A narrow trail leads by steep grades to the summit of Pike's Peak, following all the while

the banks of a mountain stream, and affording extended views, through clefts in the range, of the cloud-patched plains beyond. From the snow-covered top of this grand peak, Colorado is spread out at the observer's feet in all its harmonious confusion. Mountains, plains, parks, rivers and lakes meet the eye at every turn, and the sight is one to linger in one's memory forever. Another pathway, the Ute Pass, extends to Manitou Park, where a mountain-hemmed valley, watered by a twisting stream, reposes in the midst of odorous forests. Near the hotels is Williams Cañon, a red-rock gorge worn by the waters long ago, and containing in one side of its high walls the mysterious Cave of the Winds. The hundred or more chambers of this cave are filled with stalactites and stalagmites which glis-

the torches held by away is the Garden filled with various curious shapes, and two immense ledges sembling the prows In South Cheyenne ful fall, which leaps after being broken jecting terraces of er cataracts may be on the Fontaine-Queen's Cañon. In hotels are filled to tourists, who never visiting the varied Eyrie, Austin's Falls, the Iron Athol are frequent-who admire their The atmosphere of fully cool, there is shade, and good

Resuming our line, we soon pass southern divisions Rio Grande diverge Gap, Santa Fe, and sublime scenery of Southern Colorado and New Mexico. City we reach the



RAINBOW FALLS.

ten in the light of explorers. Not far of the Gods. It is colored rocks of at its entrance stand of red sandstone re- of two huge ships. Cañon is a beauti- into a granite basin seven times by pro- the cliffs ; and oth- found in Ute Pass, qui-Bouille, and in summer, Manitou's overflowing with seem to weary in attractions. Glen Glen, Rainbow Springs and Blair ed by thousands picturesque beauty. Manitou is delight- an abundance of roads everywhere. journey on the main Pueblo, where the of the Denver and for Wagon Wheel Silverton, and the Just beyond Cañon

GRAND CAÑON OF THE ARKANSAS,

the narrowest portion of which is known as the Royal Gorge. When first examined it seemed impossible that a railway could ever be constructed through this stupendous cañon to Leadville and the West. There was scarcely room for the river alone, and granite ledges blocked the path with their mighty bulk. In time, however, these obstructions were blasted away, a road-bed closely following the contour of the cliffs was made, and to-day the cañon is a well-used thoroughfare. But its grandeur still remains. After entering its depths, the

train moves slowly along the side of the Arkansas, and around projecting shoulders of dark-hued granite, deeper and deeper into the heart of the range. The crested crags grow higher, the river madly foams along its rocky bed, and anon the way becomes a mere fissure through the heights. Far above the road the sky forms a deep, blue arch of light; but in the Gorge hang dark and sombre shades which the sun's rays have never penetrated. The place is a measureless



MANITOU AND PIKE'S PEAK.

gulf of air with solid walls on either side. Here the granite cliffs are a thousand feet high, smooth and unbroken by tree or shrub; and there a pinnacle soars skyward for thrice that distance. No flowers grow, and the birds care not to penetrate the solitudes. The river, sombre and swift, breaks the awful stillness with its roar. Soon the cleft becomes still more narrow, the treeless cliffs higher, the river closer confined, and where a long iron bridge hangs

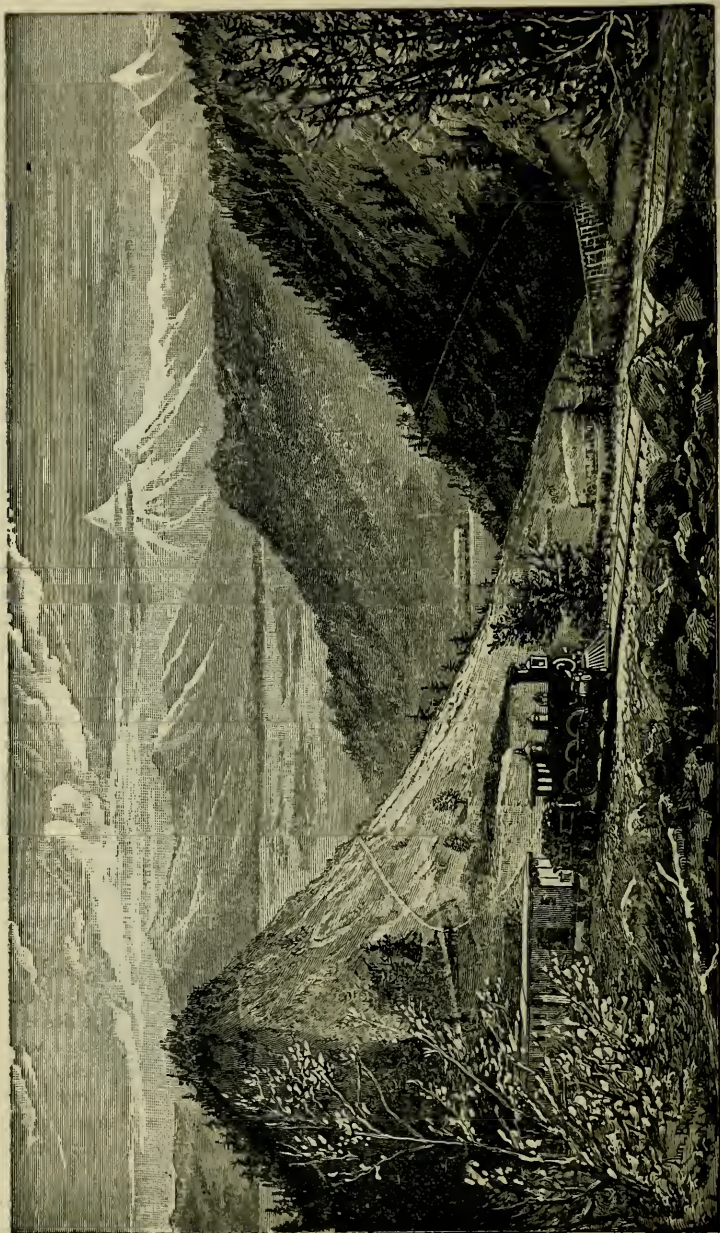
suspended from the smooth walls, the grandest portion of the cañon is reached. Man becomes dwarfed and dumb in the sublime scene, and Nature exhibits the power she possesses. The crags menacingly rear their heads above the daring intruders, and the place is like the entrance to some infernal region.

Escaping from the Gorge, the narrow valley of the upper Arkansas is traversed, with the striking serrated peaks of the Sangre de Cristo close at hand on the west, until Salida is reached. Here a branch of the railway bears northward to Leadville, to Fremont Pass, and the Mount of the Holy Cross, while the main line crosses the Arkansas, leaves Poncha Springs on the left, climbs into a narrowing but verdant valley running down between low-browed hills, and begins to scale the heights of

MARSHALL PASS,

that wonderful pathway over the Continental Divide. The grades at first are only moderately steep. A clear stream gurgles through the thick growth of brush, and eastward lies the range we have passed along. Soon however, the hills merge into mountains, and press more closely together. Looking up at the distant summit, there is seen a narrow rim of earth which marks the onward course of the road. Gradually we move upward. The prospect broadens, and soon the valley lies far below. Now the ascent begins in earnest. Two sturdy engines toil and pant, the curves are sharp and frequent, banks of snow surround us, and tangled masses of half-dead forests, with fallen trees and others bent by the fierce winds, are on every side. In an hour's time we are at the summit, 10,858 feet above the sea. Looking back over the way we have come, Mount Ouray stands, bare, solitary and high above its mates, at our left. Around it lies a sea of granite billows, tumbled wildly together, and holding within their giant embrace green valleys and sparkling streams. Away in the distance rise the long continued heights of the Sangre de Cristo Range, white with everlasting snows on their crests, but lower down covered with dark forests. At their base is the great San Luis Park, sloping away into an unseen distance. The wind is cold; all nature hardened; and a silence, deep, unfathomable, reigns about us. But turning to the westward, the scene changes. The view embraces less formidable heights, and is more soft, subdued and beautiful. At our feet, and doubling back and forth down the mountain side, are the loops of the road leading to the valley. It disappears within the forests, but is seen again far down the narrow vale. There runs Tomichi Creek, through sylvan shades, and beyond, hazy, obscured in the distance, is the broad plateau on which Gunnison City stands. We are above all neighboring peaks, and the country is exposed beneath us, with its every beauty shown. The eye is untrammelled in its vision, sweeping at will the mighty areas about. The descent begins, and the road winds around projecting headlands, on the verge of vast precipices, treads dark recesses where patches of light fall through leafy canopies upon the green slopes, follows the windings of the Tomichi, and later courses through cultivated meadows dotted with hay-stacks and small ranch houses. As the train rolls swiftly on, a backward glance gives the traveler a comprehensive idea of the vast heights overcome in the passage.

Beyond Gunnison, the railway traverses the valley of the same name, following the river closely, and encountering nothing but meadows and low, grayish cliffs. Soon, however, the channel, which the stream has worn, becomes narrower. The cliffs grow higher and steeper, the vegetation is less abundant, and suddenly the sunlight is cut off by broken summits, and the



MARSHALL PASS

BLACK CAÑON OF THE GUNNISON

holds us fast in its embrace. This gorge is grander, deeper, darker, and yet more beautiful than the one we have so lately penetrated. It is thrice as long, has more verdure, and, although the walls are dark-hued enough to give the place its name, still they are of red sandstone in many places, and from their crevices and on their tops shrubs, cedars, and piñons grow in rich abundance. The river has a deep, sea-green color, and is followed to Cimarron Creek, up which the road continues, still through rocky depths, to open country beyond. The Black Cañon never tires, never becomes commonplace. Here a waterfall starts from a dizzy height, is dashed into fragments by lower terraces, and, tossed by the winds, reaches the river in fine white spray; there another cataract leaps clear of the walls, and thunders unbroken upon the ground beside us. In the cliffs are smaller streams, which trickle down and are lost in the river below. At times the cañon narrows, and is full of sharp curves, but again has long, wide stretches, which enable one to study the steep crags that tower heavenward two or three thousand feet. Currecanti Needle, the most abrupt and isolated of these pinnacles, has all the grace and symmetry of a Cleopatra obelisk. It is red-hued from point to base, and stands like a grim sentinel, watchful of the cañon's solitudes. At the junction of the Gunnison and the Cimarron a bridge spans the gorge, from which the beauties of the cañon are seen at their best. Sombre shades prevail; the streams fill the space with heavy roars, and the sunlight falls upon the topmost pines, but never reaches down the dark red walls. Huge boulders lie scattered about; fitful winds sweep down the deep clefts; Nature has created everything on a grand scale; detail is supplanted by magnificence, and the place is one appealing to our deepest feelings. It greets us as a thing of beauty, and will remain in our memory a joy forever. Long ago the Indians of the region built their council fires here. By secret paths, always guarded, they gained these fastnesses, and held their grave and sober meetings. The firelight danced across their swarthy faces to the cliffs encircling them. The red glow lit up with Rembrandt tints the massive walls, the surging streams and clinging vines. They may not have known the place had beauties, but they realized its isolation, and fearing nothing in their safe retreat, spoke boldly of their plans.

Emerging from the Black Cañon, the railway climbs Cedar Divide. From here the Uncompahgre Valley, its river, and the distant, picturesque peaks of the San Juan are within full sight of the traveler. Descending to the valley, and following the river past Montrose, the Gunnison is again encountered at Delta. Thence traversing the rich farming land of the Ute reservation, the road passes through the lower Gunnison Cañon, with its varied and attractive scenery, to Grand Junction, where it enters Grand River Valley. The space of over one hundred miles intervening between the Grand and Green rivers, resembles a billowy desert, and while the most uninteresting section of the route, is far from dreary or monotonous. Close by on the north are the richly colored Book Cliffs, while away to the southward the snowy groups of the Sierra la Sal and San Rafael glisten in the distance. Between them may be distinguished the broken walls which mark the Grand Cañons of the Colorado, scarcely fifty miles away. Beyond Green River and Castle Valley commences the steep ascent of the Wasatch Mountains, and the beautiful in nature again appears, the first effect being

CASTLE GATE,

guarding the entrance to Price River Cañon, and through which the railway runs



THE ROYAL GORGE.

into the very heart of the range. Castle Gate is similar in many respects to the gateway in the Garden of the Gods. The two huge pillars, or ledges of rock composing it, are offshoots of the cliffs behind. They are of different heights, one measuring five hundred, and the other four hundred and fifty feet, from top to base. They are richly dyed with red, and the firs and pines growing about them, but reaching only to their lower strata, render this coloring more noticeable and beautiful. Between the two sharp promontories, which are separated

only by a narrow space, the river and the railway both run, one pressing closely against the other. The stream leaps over a rocky bed, and its banks are lined with tangled brush. Once past the gate, and looking back, the bold headlands forming it have a new and more attractive beauty. They are higher and more massive, it seems, than when we were in their shadow. Church-like caps hang far over the perpendicular faces. No other pinnacles approach them in size or majesty. They are landmarks up and down the cañon, their lofty tops catching the eye before their bases are discovered. It was down Price River Cañon, and past Castle Gate, that Sydney Johnson marched his army home from Utah. For miles now, and until the mountains are crossed, the route chosen by the General is closely followed. The gateway is hardly lost to view by a turn in the cañon before we are scaling wooded heights. The river is never lost sight of. The cliffs which hem us in are filled with curious forms. Now there is seen a mighty castle, with moats and towers, loopholes and wall; now a gigantic head appears. At times side cañons, smaller than the one we are in, lead to verdant heights beyond, where game of every variety abounds.

Still pushing westward, the road reaches the summit, glides down Soldier Cañon, through the Red Narrows, and into Spanish Fork Cañon, with its fresh foliage, soft contours, charming contrasts, and whispering waters. It is the resort of an artist. Suddenly the train darts out into

UTAH VALLEY,

a mountain-girded, well-cultivated park. It has an arcadian beauty, and resembles the vales of Scotland. In its center rests a lake, where

“ * * * the stars and mountains view

The stillness of their aspect in each trace

Its clear depth yields of their far height and hue.”

A little back from the lake stand the towns of Provo and Springville, shaded by the near peaks of the range. Utah Valley possesses a fertile soil, a delightful climate, and is one of the best farming sections of Utah. Fruit trees and grape vines grow as readily as hay and cereals. Eastward the oblong-shaped basin is shut in by the Wasatch Mountains; and on the west is the Oquirrh Range. Northward are low hills, or mesas, crossing the valley and separating it from that of the Great Salt Lake; while in the south the east and west ranges approach each other and form blue-tinted walls of uneven shape. To the left of this barrier Mount Nebo, highest and grandest of the Utah peaks, rises majestically above all surroundings. Its summit sparkles with snow, its lower slopes are wooded and soft, while from it, and extending north and south, run vast, broken, vari-colored confreres. The valley is like a well-kept garden; farm joins farm; crystal streams water it; and scattered about in rich profusion are long lines of fruit trees, amid which are trim white houses. Nothing is harsh; the lake lights up the picture; the ranges are veiled beneath a soft haze, and in the autumn long lines of color reach from base to summit, where the frosts have painted in rainbow hues the maples, box elders and willows.

Passing Provo, the railway leads along the banks of the river Jordan. This stream flows from Utah Lake northward into Salt Lake through a narrow channel which it has worn among the mesas separating the two basins. The Narrows, as this gorge is called, shut off the sight of surrounding mountains for a time. Sage brush grows in abundance, and the river is the home of wild fowl. All is brown, rank and lonely. But directly the road escapes from all



CURRECANTI NEEDLE.

confinement, the hills recede, and, stretching out its broad length before the observer, is

SALT LAKE VALLEY,

fertile as a garden. On its one side are the Wasatch Mountains, with high peaks, which grow mightier in the northward until they pierce the azure in sharp white cones. Opposite them, and forming the western limits of the valley, are the lower heights of the Oquirrh Range, from the base of which gentle slopes extend down to the banks of the Jordan. Northward, and lying cold and still, is Salt Lake, from out whose waters rise solitary mountain islands. Along the entire length of the valley there are countless farms. In some of the fields are stacks of hay; in others cattle are feeding or green vegetables growing. Hardly a foot of ground remains uncultivated. In the ranges are shaded cañons, into which one may look, as the train passes, to where bright streams are flowing amid a mass of foliage. There is a wealth of coloring; bright green in the mountains; pure white on the peaks; blue in the dim distance, and nearer the traveler extended patches of yellow wheat scattered among the lesser lengths of vegetable gardens. The air is mild, and birds fill the trees. Nature seems to have smiled on the region, and basking in her pleasure the beautiful valley captivates all who see it. In such a spot might Evangeline have lived; it is the Eden of the West. At its upper end lies Salt Lake City, overlooking the lake, and pressing closely against the mountains on whose lower slopes it stands. From the Narrows the dim outlines of the city may be seen, half obscured by the thin wreaths of smoke above it, and nestling like a white patch in the landscape, under the shadow of Ensign Peak, which guards it on the north. Intervening stretches the valley—

Half drowned in sleepy peace it lay,
As satiate with the boundless play
Of sunshine in its green array."

Straight up this little world of beauty runs the Denver and Rio Grande. Along its line are small villages; now a town peopled by agriculturists, who have planted shady groves about their homes; and again a place with huge smelters and furnaces, whose tall chimneys send forth volumes of flame and smoke. Gradually the lake is approached. Its placid waters reflect the clouds above, and the peaks around it. To its right is our Mecca,

SALT LAKE CITY.

It is so located as to command a view of the entire valley, both ranges of mountains, and the southern portion of the lake. The streets are wide, and lined on either side by long rows of shade trees. The business sections are well built, and the private dwellings are almost invariably situated within large squares, and have trees and lawns about them. As it is a Mormon city, the first attractions are those which the Saints have created. The Mormon Temple, Tabernacle and Assembly Hall occupy a large square. The Tabernacle is immense in its proportions, the roof resembling an upturned boat, and is visible from nearly every part of the city. The Temple is still unfinished, but even now its massive walls of granite bespeak the future magnificence of the edifice. Near by is the Bee Hive, once the home of Brigham Young, and opposite the house of President Taylor. The hot springs of Salt Lake are highly medicinal, and the large baths are resorted to for many ailments. Within a short radius of the



CASTLE GATE.

city the attractions are varied and numerous. Fort Douglass, the Lake, Emigration, City, Bingham, Little and Big Cottonwood cañons are easily reached. From Ensign Peak a panoramic view of the surrounding country is had. One may look from it down the greater part of Utah's length, while near at hand lies the city and lake. The Fort is also a popular resort, and not only commands an extensive view, but affords excellent opportunities of studying garrison life. Bingham and Alta, on branches of the Denver and Rio Grande, are mining towns, where great activity prevails. The rides, drives, and rambles are innumerable. Every taste is catered to. For those who love grandeur, there are the mountains, with their narrow trails, secluded parks, wild cañons and deep gorges; for those preferring gentler aspects, the valley, glowing with freshness, affords continual pleasure; for those craving the mysterious, there is the lake, large, silent and strange. The hotels are excellent, the climate unexcelled, and days may be passed delightfully in exploring and in studying the wealth of attractions. There are theatres, reading rooms, good horses, perfect order, and universal cleanliness. Many of the private homes are palatial, and altogether the city is one of rare beauty and interest.

From Salt Lake City to Ogden, the railway traverses a narrow plain. On the one side are the dead waters; on the other the sharp peaks of the Wasatch Range. The region is highly cultivated. Farms reach their brown or green fields over its length and breadth, and little streams run in bright threads out of the mountain cañons and across the meadows. And the lake itself! Always mysterious, it appeals to the imagination of every traveler. It sleeps forever. No waves dance over it, no surf roar breaks the stillness about it. Is it sulky? one wonders. Does it recall the time when its waters covered all of Utah? Is it jealous of the mountains about it, remembering when they were battled against? What history belongs to it; why has it alone remained, part of a mighty ocean, salt and lifeless? The high peaks are radiant and full of life; but the Lake is dull and heavy. We speed past its inert masses, traverse the farms, enter an amphitheatre with mountains all around, and at Ogden say farewell to "The Scenic Route" which has brought us safely, and all too quickly, to our journey's end.

No one can better understand the incapacity of our language for adequately portraying the marvels of Nature than the traveler over the Denver and Rio Grande Western. What then can be the effect upon a stranger of what is at best but a faint attempt at the indescribable? Glowing words cannot so stimulate the imagination that disappointment will follow a personal visit. In this respect it is unlike any other anticipation. It remains, therefore, to advise all overland travelers to so plan their journeys as to include this marvelous experience. Through tickets via the Denver and Rio Grande may be secured everywhere, and any desired information concerning this extensive mountain system will be furnished cheerfully by

J. H. BENNETT.

General Passenger and Ticket Agent,
SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH.

THE LAKE PARK BATHING RESORT.

This new and elegant bathing resort is situated on the line of the Denver and Rio Grande Western Railway, on the shore of Great Salt Lake, and about midway between Ogden and Salt Lake City. It is, as yet, a young enterprise, having only been started in the summer of 1886; yet it seemed to spring into life over night, and to leap at once into the very height of popularity.

The Great Salt Lake, with its romantic scenery, its bright, blue waters, towering mountains, picturesque islands, and above all, its unparalleled bathing, offers the grandest attractions as a health and pleasure resort, and will commend itself not only to the general tourist, but especially to all in search of health and recuperation, as well as pleasure.

The Lake Park resort affords means for the enjoyment of all these attractions. There are several hundred bath houses built in the most substantial manner of red pine wood, 6 feet wide by 8 feet long, and provided with every comfort, especially a fine fresh-water shower bath, and stationary wash stands. These are undoubtedly the pleasantest and most commodious bath houses in the west; in fact, they are not excelled anywhere in the United States. There are, besides, large and elegant buildings for restaurant and bar, the catering to which is in the best of taste; a grand pavilion, where a first class orchestra discourses "music most eloquent" every day, and where a variety of entertainments, theatrical and otherwise, are constantly provided; a fine pier, from which the bathers can be watched, and the scenery enjoyed; there are pleasure boats of all kinds upon the water; and on land, shooting galleries, base-ball and cricket grounds, bowling alleys, in short every attraction that can be thought of to make a stay at the resort enjoyable.

The climate is claimed to be the pleasantest and most wholesome in the world. The summer days are rarely more than moderately warm; while the evenings are cool, and blankets are always required at night. Like in the Rocky Mountains everywhere, the air is delightfully pure, and in enjoying the scenery, the eye can penetrate to and distinguish objects at wonderful distances.

As to the bathing, it is not too much to say that it is entirely unlike any other in the world, and no one who has ever bathed in this water, is likely to forget the delightful sensations and the strangely invigorating effect it produces. The Salt Lake is one of the wonders of creation, and it is destined in the future to be the Mecca of health-seeking pilgrims from all quarters of the globe. It is well known that about one seventh of the substance of the lake is salt; so that seven buckets of the water boiled down would yield about one of salt. Its buoyancy, therefore, is wonderful, and drowning is impossible in this water. The bather, even if unacquainted with the very rudiments of swimming, may lift his feet confidently from the bottom he touches, and, leaning back, float and rest as if in a chair—the water buoying him up. The toil-worn and weak, as well as the healthy, derive new strength and vigor from this wonderful bath, and the many thousands living in the vicinity of the lake receive constant benefit, health and pleasure from it.

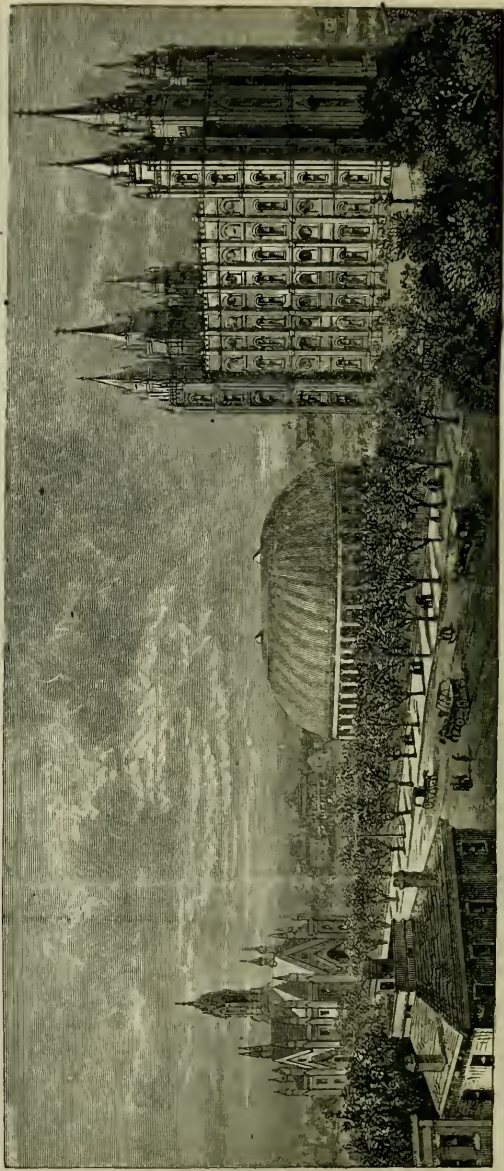
The Lake Park Resort Company intend continuing their efforts to make their resort one of the most attractive in the west. All visitors will be made welcome, and their comfort and pleasure carefully provided for. Quite a number of elegant cottages have been erected upon the grounds, which are furnished and fitted with every convenience, and will be let to visitors on reasonable terms.

LAKE PARK.



The new bathing and pleasure resort on Great Salt Lake, 15 miles from Salt Lake City, Utah, on the line of the Denver and Rio Grande Western Railway. Trains leave Salt Lake and Ogden for the resort about every hour; fare for the round trip, 50 cents.

The Denver & Rio Grande Western Railway



ASSEMBLY HALL, TABERNACLE AND TEMPLE, SALT LAKE CITY

The only Line passing through Salt Lake City en route to the Pacific Coast.