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SALT LAKE CITY

1. Wasatch Mountains. 2. President Brigham Young's School-house. 3. City Hall. 4. Zion House. 5. Theatre. 6. St.



LOOKING SOUTH.

ews Office. 8. East Temple Street. 9. Foundation of Temple. 10. New Tabernacle. 11. Overflowed Banks of River Jordan.

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NELSONS' PICTORIAL GUIDE-BOOKS.

SALT LAKE CITY,

WITH

A SKETCH OF THE ROUTE OF THE UNION AND CENTRAL PACIFIC RAILROADS, FROM OMAHA
TO SALT LAKE CITY, AND FROM OGDEN TO SAN FRANCISCO.

WITH TWELVE ILLUSTRATIONS FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY C. R. SAVAGE.

T. NELSON AND SONS, 42 BLEECKER STREET, NEW YORK.

C. R. SAVAGE, SALT LAKE CITY.

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STATISTICS: UTAH, AND SALT LAKE CITY.

[THE census returns from Utah for 1870 show the population of the Territory to be 86,786. Great Salt Lake County contains 18,337 inhabitants. Piute County is returned as having no population, its inhabitants having been driven out by Indians. Utah County has a population of 12,243. Salt

Lake City, in Great Salt Lake County, has a population of 17,282, those born in the United States numbering 10,214, and in other countries 7068. The population of Montana is 20,594. This number may be slightly increased by whites living on Indian reservations.]

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SALT LAKE CITY, AND THE WAY THITHER.

I.—“ACROSS THE CONTINENT.”

[Via the Union and Central Pacific Railroads.]

THE journey “Across the Continent” is very different, now that the various divisions of the Pacific Railroad are completed, to what it was a few years ago. Then the “trip” occupied from ten to thirty days between the Missouri River and Salt Lake City, according to the season of the year, or the successful assiduity of the Indians on the plains in burning “stations,” carrying off horses and mules, imperilling the lives of travellers, and otherwise making themselves unpleasantly notorious. Now the distance is accomplished by rail in about fifty hours—in saloon carriages luxuriously fitted up, provided with refreshment bars, and with elegant berths for the accommodation of tourists. Yet the old route was not altogether an unpleasant one, especially to those who like a dash of excitement in their pleasure; and it had the advantage

of affording time to the traveller for the contemplation of the beautiful scenery which he encountered on the route.

But *nous avons changé tout cela*. Everybody nowadays goes by rail; and the steam-car, with wonderful regularity, dashes across the immense expanse of the continent, conveying curious visitors or busy merchants or daring adventurers to the stronghold of Mormonism in the one direction, or the “Golden Gate” and splendid shore of the Pacific.

The traveller, coming from the Northern States, will probably select *Chicago* as his starting-point.

Chicago is undoubtedly one of the most extraordinary instances of the rapidity of American development. It is the principal city of Illinois, and situated at the southwestern extremity of Lake Michigan, and at the mouth

of the Chicago River, in lat. $41^{\circ} 52' N.$, and long. $87^{\circ} 35' W.$ Of Indian origin, and pronounced *Shu-kaw-go*, it is first mentioned by Perrot, a Frenchman, who visited the spot in 1671. A small military station, called Dearborn, was erected here in 1803, but destroyed by the Indians in 1812. It was afterwards rebuilt in 1816.

It was sixteen years later before American enterprise appreciated the advantages of the position; and in 1832, with the exception of the officers and soldiers, it did not contain above a dozen families. In the following year a town was organized by the election of a Board of Trustees. On the 26th of September following, the surrounding territory was purchased of the Pottawattomies, seven thousand of whom were transported west of the Mississippi River. The city obtained its first charter in 1837. At that date its population was about 2000; but its facilities for becoming a vast grain depôt were so obvious that settlers flocked to the new city from all parts of the United States, and its growth became so rapid as to surpass any previous instance in the history of the world. A population of 2000 has increased in thirty-five years—a single generation—to 170,000. It is the emporium of the navigation of the great lakes; the imports and exports amounting to about 470,000 tons, whose value probably exceeds \$5,820,000. Nearly 6000 miles of railway centre in this extraordinary capital of Western commerce. It has its universities, medical colleges, theological, liter-

rary, and scientific institutes, churches, chapels, public schools, private schools and seminaries, and all the *addenda* of a great city. One drawback is, that its surrounding scenery is tame and uninteresting, the town being situated on a level, or nearly a level, which never varies more than from five to twenty-four feet above the lake.

But the traveller need not start from Chicago unless he likes. He may commence his great Western tour at St. Louis, the terminus of the Ohio and Mississippi Railway; or at Springfield, the junction-point of the Toledo, Wabash, and Western, with the Chicago, Alton, and St. Louis. But whatever route he takes, he will find himself eventually deposited at Omaha, on the Missouri River—the focus of an amazing network of railways, and the actual point of departure of the Union Pacific Railroad.

The principal lines which converge to this flourishing town are:—

1. The Dubuque and Sioux City.
2. The Chicago and North-Western.
3. The Chicago, Rock Island, and Pacific.
4. The Burlington and Missouri.
5. The St. Joseph and Council Bluffs, which unites the Hannibal and St. Joseph, the Missouri and Pacific, and the Kansas and Pacific—the latter a main line of railway, which is intended to be carried as far as Denver,

and there unite with a branch to Cheyenne, on the Union Pacific.

Of Omaha it is enough to say that it is destined to expand into very considerable proportions. It is connected by railway with the principal towns of Illinois, Kentucky, Colorado, and Kansas; has a large river trade; and is an important prairie dépôt. It is situated on the right bank of the Missouri, opposite Council Bluffs, and twenty miles northward of the mouth of the River Nebraska.

On leaving Omaha, our course, as far as Macpherson, lies on the northern bank of the Platte River, which we ascend to its point of confluence at Cheyenne, where the North Platte unites in one broad channel with the smaller stream of the South Platte: the former rising far away in the highlands of Wyoming; the latter in Colorado, to the south of Denver.

The principal stations we pass are Fremont, Columbus, Grand Island, Kearney, Brady Island, and North Platte. Above this point we continue our route to Cheyenne, by way of Julesburg, Sidney, and Pine Bluffs. None of these places have attained as yet to a degree of importance which justifies description. Many consist only of a collection of log huts; which, indeed, are scattered here and there along the line wherever the game is abundant or the soil offers a favourable opportunity for tillage.

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The really remarkable feature of this part of our journey is the prairie scenery, which unfolds far and wide on either hand. Yet the prairies are not what English people are so apt to think them—immense level and monotonous plains, thickly covered with grass and buffaloes; but vast rolling uplands, which rise from the Kansas River to the Rocky Mountains in a series of ascending billows, always of a gentle ascent, and often of an enormous sweep. The creeks and inlets branching from the rivers are fringed with walnut, oak, and hickory: the hollows are bright with marigolds, shamrocks, and sun-flowers, which clothe the ground with a warm golden splendour. The air is warm, and interpenetrated with fragrance; the sky a deep soft blue, occasionally relieved by patches of snow-white cloud. For leagues and leagues the picture is as rich in colour as it is majestic in outline; and were not the traveller occasionally aroused by the terrors of a prairie storm, he might begin to think himself in an enchanted land, which Nature had dowered with all her richest gifts.

But as we recede further and yet further from the Missouri, as we strike deeper into the solitudes of the great continent, the landscape loses its brilliancy: wooded knolls and flowery ridges give place to vast breadths of rolling uplands, where the wolf creeps along its insidious track, and the rattlesnake lies coiled among the thick herbage, and the pioneer's path, as he strolls along, gun and axe in hand, is marked out before him by the bleached

skeletons of dead animals. The scene would be almost wearisome but for its frequent atmospheric changes, and for the occasional appearance of a group of antelopes or a herd of buffaloes. One of the plagues of the prairies is the dry fierce wind; another, the sudden inrush of clouds of grasshoppers, which, like the locusts of Egypt, consume every green thing before them. No one who has not travelled on the prairie, says Lieutenant Warren, can appreciate the magnitude of the swarms. Frequently they fill the air for many miles of extent, so that an inexperienced eye can scarcely distinguish their appearance from that of a heavy shower of rain or the shifting smoke of a prairie fire. Their flight is frequently at an elevation of from 1400 to 1500 feet above the surface of the earth; but they descend to within a few inches, and settle on the vegetation of the plain like a universal blight. To a person standing in one of these swarms as they whirl over and around him, the air becomes perceptibly darkened, and the sound produced by their wings resembles that of the passage of a train of cars on a railroad when you are about two or three hundred yards from the track. This plague seems to be the main impediment in the way of man's colonizing and tilling the prairies.

Leaving Cheyenne—one of the most important stations on the Union Pacific—we soon come in sight of Fort Russell, on the Crow Creek. It is the largest fort in the West.

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The distance from Cheyenne to Laramie is only fifty-seven miles; but the ascent is not less than 1082 feet, Laramie being 7123 feet above the sea-level. Up this toilsome acclivity the locomotive cannot travel at any considerable speed; but the slower rate of progress does but afford the traveller more time for the contemplation of the grand and unusual features of the scenery around him. To the north-west rolls the range of the Black Hills, with sharp-pointed peaks rising some 2000 feet above the general level. To the south is visible the massy chain of the Rocky Mountains, the great barrier which separates the prairie region from the Pacific littoral. Looking eastward, along the tract we have passed, we see it stretching far away to the dim horizon as one vast plain: even the hills of a thousand feet in height seem but a speck in the distance.

Sir Walter Scott tells us of the beautiful ruins of Melrose Abbey, that to see them aright they should be seen by the "pale moonlight;" and this part of the railway journey across the continent should also be accomplished when the scene is lit up by the radiance of the moon. Thus a recent traveller writes:—

"The moon is shining brightly as we climb these everlasting hills. Her mellow light gives a softness to the view; the air is pure and invigorating; and with hearts swelling with grandeur at the sight of those enduring monuments of God's greatness; we drink in the prospect in silent, heartfelt rapture. In view of these

let us be dumb; for silence is most becoming to us, the creatures of a day, in the presence of these rocky creatures, which will continue to lift their tall heads to the sky when we and all like us are mouldering in the dust."

At Sherman we reach the summit-level of the railway—the highest point which we cross in the Rocky Mountains—an elevation above the ocean of 8242 feet.

Then we begin our descent towards the Pacific, every mile exhibiting to us some novel feature in a panorama of inexhaustible interest. "Here, to our right, rises far above his fellows a bald-headed mountain of rock; to the left, mountains of rock heaped upon mountains of rock meet the eye everywhere; and all around are rugged, craggy, precipitous rocks—barren of grass, or leaf, or tree—and deep-yawning chasms, through which the flashing stream leaps on its merry way. We strike across bridges of such a height that it turns one dizzy to look down into the awful depth below."

Now we come to a plateau on whose grassy summit the red rocks rise, in tower, spire, and pyramid, to a height of three and four hundred feet. Everywhere there is something to arrest the eye, to strike the imagination, and to remind one of the wisdom and infinite power of the Architect who built up the mountain-crests and rent their sides with profoundest chasms.

On a mountain-sheltered plain is situated Laramie, the largest town in Wyoming Territory. Fort Sanders is three miles distant: it has a mud fort and several block houses. To the westward the mountains attain an elevation of 13,000 feet.

Passing Medicine Bow, on one of the small branches of the North Platte, we descend to Rawlings; thence to Black Buttes and Rocky Point; after which, leaving the Salt Wells on our right, we cross the Green River—a winding, rapid stream, affording capital sport to the angler, if any solitary disciple of Izaak Walton should wander into its valley. At Bryan we strike Black Fork, a branch of the Green River, which we follow for several miles; with the white plains, whitened by alkaline incrustations, only sparsely relieved by sage-bushes and stunted willows.

Towards the south rise the Uintah Mountains, with the River Uintah at their base. This point is nearly midway between Green River Town and the junction of the Green River with the Colorado.

We now skirt the banks of the Big Muddy for nearly fifty miles, crossing and recrossing it according to the devices of the railway engineers. Its valley seems everywhere covered with sage-brush and grease-wood, and its only inhabitants are an innumerable colony of squirrels.

At 886 miles from Omaha—the great eastern terminus of the Union Pacific—and at 888 miles from Sacramento, we arrive at *Church Buttes*—so called from the red-sand-

stone masses on the summit of the mountains, which at a little distance present the appearance of hundreds of churches, with tall pointed spires.

Next we pass Fort Bridger, surrounded by many-coloured rocks. It was here that three regiments of United States soldiers, under command of Albert Sidney Johnson, who had been despatched in 1857 to chastise the Mormons, endured such severe sufferings. Imprisoned by the deep winter snows in the heart of the mountains, their commissary train captured by the Mormons, they were compelled to kill and eat their mules, and even to boil and eat the mules' skins. Hundreds perished of cold and hunger; and even when the summer loosened their chains, no provisions from the States reached them until the following September.

We have not yet got clear of the spurs and buttresses of the Rocky Mountains. To avoid heavy cuttings and abrupt gradients, we are continually winding round the base of grassy hills. In the front as in the rear still rise the snowy peaks. The cuttings are covered with a heavy roof of timber, to prevent them from being filled up with the snow in the midst of winter. On the acclivities around us Indians are constantly making their appearance; sometimes singly, sometimes in pairs and groups; sometimes standing or reclining, sometimes urging their horses to full gallop.

Crossing the Bear River—it abounds in trout and other fish, and rises sixty miles away to the south in the Un-

tah and Wahsatch Mountains—we reach Bear City. It is situated as romantically as a poet could wish,—in the sweet bosom of a valley, whose rich verdure brightly contrasts with the gray, naked, barren, and rugged mountains. The charm and beauty of contrast is very strikingly felt.

In some places of this valley—let us note as a fact—the grasshoppers are so numerous that it is impossible to place the point of a pin on the ground without touching them. “An eastward-bound train,” says a traveller, “which has just come in to Wahsatch, is provided with evergreen brooms, covering the cowcatcher and brushing the track, to sweep off the grasshoppers. The engineer of our train informs me, that at times they are so numerous on the track as to be crushed to death by thousands: hence they make the driving-wheels and track so greasy that trains are often two or three hours behind their time.” We state this fact on the authority of a correspondent of the *New Jersey Journal*.

We now hurry through *Echo Canyon* (or Cañon), one of the sublimest, and yet, too, one of the loveliest, scenes we Americans have to boast of. Picture to yourself, O reader, a deep rocky ravine, some seven miles in length, and, at its head, from one-half to three-quarters of a mile in width. On the right hand it is flanked by bold, precipitous, buttressed cliffs, from three hundred to eight hundred feet high, denuded and water-worn by

the storms which rage against them during the southerly gales. Their strata lie inclined at an angle of 45° , from N. E. to S. W. The opposite side, sheltered from furious winds and driving tempests of rain, is formed by a succession of swelling verdurous hills or sloping masses of rock, profusely clothed with grass and mosses. In the hollow between them rolls a bright transparent stream. Incessantly at work, it has excavated for its waters a channel some twenty feet below the surface. At certain parts a rocky ledge or a pile of boulders vexes it into madness, until, gathering itself up like an athlete, it clears the obstacle in one swift and sudden bound. About half-way down, the ravine narrows to a mere defile, where the stream grows wilder, and the banks are steeper, and the vegetation flourishes more thickly. The lofty cliffs on the right are here broken up into a variety of fantastic outlines: pyramids and pinnacles, spires and towers, battlemented fortresses and ruined cathedrals—the whole resembling a fairy vision, embodied in stone, which might furnish the imagination of poet or artist with inexhaustible material.

Near the end of Echo Canyon, and on the summit of rocky heights a thousand feet above the valley, are the remains of the fortifications prepared by the Mormons against the expedition threatened by the Government several years ago. A sudden access of anti-Mormonism had seized upon the east, and to pacify it, says Ludlow, it was suggested that troops should be sent to break up

the Mormon settlements. But this was not done,—the Mormons were not once attacked,—only a body of our regulars, termed an army of observation, posted themselves at Camp Floyd, thirty-nine miles from Salt Lake City, and there remained, much to the mortification of the more eager Mormons. The feeling between troops and saints was, however, of a moderately cordial character, and every day was the occasion for some interchange of courtesies. Still, the fortifications were an established fact, and it is noticeable that the place selected for their erection is really a dangerous locality for warlike operations. The defile is very narrow, the bare red walls rise perpendicularly; and had Brigham Young been able to fulfil his intention of showering down upon our men grape and shrapnell from guns hung slanting over the edge of the precipice, sweeping them with similar missiles from each end of the defile, an army of the size of Johnson's would have been crushed with wonderful ease and celerity. We calculate that neither Grant nor Sherman would be likely to let their men into such a murderous trap.

Passing the celebrated Pulpit Rock, we enter, eight miles below Echo, the *Weber Canyon*, which almost surpasses the Echo in its sublimity of character. All along the valley flows the Weber or Webber River, exquisitely clear and cold. It rises near the source of the Bear River, and after a curiously winding north-westerly career, falls into the Great Salt Lake, a few miles south of its sister-stream, and nearly opposite Frémont's Island.

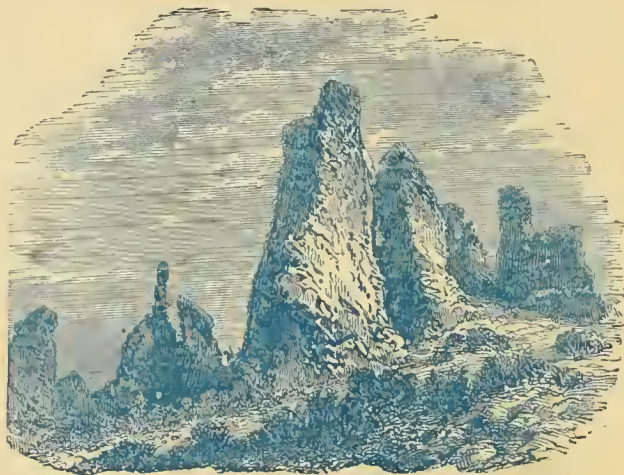


THE PULPIT ROCK.

Two miles down the Canyon are the Witches' Rocks, weird and wild-looking, and wearing a fanciful resemblance to those dreaded and much-abused "powers" of a dark age of ignorance and superstition.

Some six miles further, and at the point called the "Narrows," may be seen a lone pine tree on the river

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THE WITCHES' ROCKS, IN THE WEBER CANYON.

bank. The traveller can hardly fail to notice it, for no kindred trees are near it, above it, below it, or on either side; and this memorial of a remote antiquity was found—the fact, though strange, is true—to be exactly one thousand miles from the Missouri River by the Pacific Railroad. It bears a board, with the inscription, "One

Thousand Mile Tree," telling the traveller how far he has journeyed on his way to the "Dead Sea of the Western World," or the "Golden Gate of the Pacific."

Below this, on the left of the river, and stretching down the mountain-side, is a large slate rock, grooved down the centre like an arm of a centrifugal railway, and known unto all men by the name of the "Devil's Slide." Assuredly no individual but he after whom it is entitled could accomplish the descent.

The mountains here seem to overlap each other, the river making sharp abrupt turns round the projecting angles. Through these are excavated the third and fourth tunnels of the Pacific Railroad.

Within three miles of the mouth of Weber's Canyon, Devil's Gate, and the station so-called, are passed. The river strikes away on the right from the railroad track, and is soon lost to the view of the passengers, whose train sweeps through a deep and narrow gorge in the massive rock, which, on one side, rises perpendicularly some eighty or ninety feet; on the other towers aloft, in mountainous grandeur, with grim shadows seeking to shut out the sunlight.

Passing through Ogden Canyon, and by Ogden, a small but rising township, we reach the borders of the Salt Lake. A small branch-line conducts us from Ogden to Salt Lake City.

But, first, let us take a view of the great basin of this Dead Sea of the New World.

At the foot of the snowy summits of the Wahsatch range, stretching far away into dim regions of mist and shadow, lies what has, in picturesque phraseology, been called the Happy Valley. In the full splendour of a tropical sun, it certainly looks irradiant; for the fields glow with the gold of the yellow sunflowers, the ridges are purple with moss, and a fiery lustre lies on the lakelets, streams, and pools; the cultivated land, a narrow strip, waves with crops of grain; and westward shines the expanse of the Salt Lake, enclosed by a line of dim blue mountains, called in Indian language the Oquirrh. The lake itself, about 120 miles in length, and 45 in breadth, sleeps in deep purple shadows, broken and irregular, which are themselves the reflection of the broken irregular summit-line of the sierras of Utah and Nevada; and it bears on its bosom a few isles and islets, to which, it is probable, distance lends an enchantment that is not fairly theirs.

The air is soft and genial in the summer and autumn seasons, and is so transparent that objects afar seem brought startlingly near us. Antelope Island, which lies twenty miles to the west, you would think but an hour's journey.

The undulating plain, or valley, dips in the centre "like the section of a tunnel," and rises on either hand into "benches" or terraces, which mark the gradual fall of the lake-waters in long distant ages. In some parts the valley retains its old verdant character; in others, when

the sun strikes full upon it, it warms into a tawny red, like the sands of Arabia, but relieved by leafy clumps, and brightened by the wave of the Jordan, as it flows through the pastures and corn-fields painfully cultivated by the hand of man.

The traveller, coming either from the East or the West to Salt Lake City, leaves the cars of the Pacific Railroad at Ogden, to take those of the Utah Central, thirty-six miles from Salt Lake City. The terminus of the Utah Central is situated on the east side of the Weber River, across which a substantial railway bridge has been constructed.

A few days can be profitably and pleasantly passed in this locality. Ogden itself, to which we have already referred, is the junction-point of the Union Pacific and Central Railroads, contains between 6000 and 7000 inhabitants, and is situated between the Ogden and Weber Rivers, the town being built partly on the "bench" and partly on the "bottom level" beneath. Like all Mormon, or semi-Mormon towns, Ogden contains a considerable proportion of Easterners—its streets are wide, with streams of water, required for irrigating purposes, carried along the side-walks. The houses are mostly small, built of *adobe*, and embowered in orchards.

The Wahsatch range, at whose western base Ogden is situated, stretches away to the north and south, its gray peaks rising in solemn grandeur over the valley and

lake. Eight miles north of Ogden lie some of the hot springs so numerous in this Territory; and five miles further, there are distinct indications of a volcanic agency which cannot have been long extinct.

Thirty-two miles north of Ogden, on the road to Montana, is the Bear River Bridge.

Large flocks of wild geese, ducks, and teal, especially in autumn, on the river, and an abundance of trout and other fish *within* it; rambles over the mountains, and bracing rides across the broad prairie of the Lower Malad Valley, render it an agreeable sojourn for those who seek health and sport with gun and line.

About four miles from the Bridge may be seen a remarkable instance of "hydraulic force." The mountain gorges so approach each other that the water is completely *jammed in*, and roars and brawls, and leaps and dashes against huge masses of rock, which are known as "devil's gates" in the Rocky Mountain region. There is another, such in the Valley of the Sweet Water, a few miles west of Independence Rock; another, as already pointed out, in Weber Canyon, crossed by the Pacific Railroad; and the one we are now describing on Bear River. This, perhaps, is the most romantic,—a narrow neck of the river jutting across the pathway, and forcing it to make a sharp curvature where the mountain dips into the water on one side, and the rocks rise perpendicularly for eighty or ninety feet on the other. Standing on these rocks and looking up the river, the mountain-sides slope, clothed in

wood to its very margin; while the gradual narrowing of the gorge, and the vast masses of rock in the river-bed, impel it with the rush of a host of maddened steeds, broken from bit and rein, and dashing wildly towards an imaginary goal.

But we must return to Ogden, and take our seats in a car on the Utah Central Railroad, for Salt Lake City, thirty-six miles. For about twelve miles the line runs over what is known as the "Sand Ridge," a long sandy swell, where sage-brush, rabbit-brush, sunflowers, and similar vegetation, with occasional patches of succulent grass, reign undisturbed by plough or water-ditch, much of it being too elevated for the ordinary means of irrigation.

A fine view of the Great Salt Lake, with Antelope, Frémont, Stansbury, Carrington, Dolphin, and Hat Islands, is here obtained; a span of horizon of over a hundred miles in extent from north to south being opened up to the gaze of traveller and tourist, with scenery which combines the chief elements of loveliness and sublimity—loveliness inferior, but akin to that of the Bay of Naples, with a magnificence not unworthy of the Swiss Alps.

Sunset upon the lake is, during the summer months, one of the most brilliant spectacles the eye could ever hope to see, so gorgeously rich is the colouring, when peak and canyon are bathed in "the dying halo of departing day."

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Twenty-two miles of the line from Kaysville South crosses the most fertile portion of the valley, the generous soil yielding profitable crops of every product grown in this latitude; while cereals and root-crops are very large, the fruit—including apples, peaches, plums, apricots, grapes, and smaller kinds, with melons, squashes, pumpkins, and similar products—being especially fine.

The lake, sleeping in the shadow of its mountainous islands, or reflecting the glory of a cloudless and sunlit sky, stretches away to the right; dreamy-looking valleys, buried in purple haze, and crowned by towering ranges of mountains, whose peaks, snow-capped even in mid-summer, soar above the clouds; while to the left lie well-cultivated and fertile farming lands, with orchards and gardens encircling the settlements of Kaysville, Farmington, Centreville, and Bountiful, and running along the base of the Wahsatch range.

Within about five miles of Salt Lake City, the railroad reaches the Hot Spring Lake, fed by the celebrated Springs. It forms a beautiful little sheet of water, nearly three miles long and upwards of a mile broad, whose calm surface is scarcely rippled by the flocks of wild ducks and geese floating so lazily upon it. A small inlet or creek of this lake is traversed by the railway; and the cars, speeding through the pasture-land north of the city, and past the Warm Spring Baths, soon reach the terminus in what has poetically been called the "Jerusalem of the West."

II.—SALT LAKE CITY.

All travellers agree to recognize the admirable skill with which the Mormon leaders have selected the site and developed the plan of their city. According to President Brigham Young, its situation was indicated to him in a vision by an angel, who, standing on a conical hill, pointed to the locality where the new Temple must be built; and when he first entered the Salt Lake basin, he looked for the angel-haunted cone, and discovering a fresh stream rippling at its base, he straightway named it City Creek. Some say the angel was the spirit of his predecessor Joseph Smith the apostle of Mormonism; others, that as early as 1842 the latter was favoured with dreams of these valleys and mountains, lakes and rivers, and revealed them to his favourite disciples. At all events, on the exodus of the Mormons from Nauvoo, they crossed the Rocky Mountains and descended into this basin, to plant their new home in a scene of the most picturesque and unusual beauty.

The city is finely situated in an angle of the Wahsatch Mountains, and stretches up close to the foot of the hills which lie north of it; while the mountains on the east are between two and three miles distant. Looking at the Illustration, the snowy peaks of the Wahsatch range are in the distance, on the left hand side, from twelve to

twenty-eight miles from the city. The highest mountains reach an elevation of over 7000 feet above the level of the valley, and between 11,000 and 12,000 feet above the sea-level.

East Temple Street in the centre of the Illustration, is the principal business street in the city. Like all the rest, it is 132 feet wide, with streams of water flowing down either side, keeping the shade-trees in lovely green foliage during the scorching summer months. The shape of the city is something like an L, the longer portion of the letter stretching east and west, the shorter north and south. Its appearance is unique, and peculiar to itself. The numerous orchards which abound through it, and the thrifty growth of shade-trees which line the streets, give it the air of an immense number of villas, small cottages, and residences of every imaginable style of architecture, buried in a mass of luxuriant foliage.

Laid out in square blocks of ten acres each, the wide streets run at right angles to each other, following the cardinal points of the compass. The city covers a space of about nine square miles, and contains nearly 25,000 inhabitants. It has three hotels—the Salt Lake House, Townsend House, and Revere House, with a number of boarding-houses and restaurants.

The streets are named in reference to their situation to the Temple Block. Thus, Main Street, strictly speaking, is East Temple Street; in its rear is First East Street (State Road); then Second East Street; and so forth. To Temple Block latitude and longitude also are generally referred. It lies in lat $40^{\circ} 45' 44''$ N., and long. $112^{\circ} 6' 34''$ W., at an elevation of 4300 feet above the sea-level.

In the city and contiguous to it are a number of factories for the manufacture of woollen goods, wooden ware, and furniture, with steam wood-working factories, a paper-mill, large adobe-yards, brick-yards, &c., &c.

There are two daily, one semi-weekly, and three weekly newspapers published. The dailies are the *Deseret News*, Geo. Q. Cannon, editor; and the *Salt Lake Telegraph*, M. A. Fuller, proprietor and editor. The former is the official organ of the Mormon Church. Mr. Cannon is also the proprietor and editor of a very popular illustrated juvenile semi-monthly paper, the *Juvenile Instructor*; and Messrs. Harrison and Godbe publish weekly the *Mormon Tribune*.

Of public buildings, the first to attract the attention of travellers is

THE TEMPLE.

It is not yet completed; and is the centre of the hopes of the many thousand devotees who cling to the Mormon faith throughout the world.

The Temple is not designed, as many suppose, for

public worship—this is the office of the Tabernacle—but it will be devoted to rites and ceremonies which are now performed in other and temporary places; such as baptisms, washings, anointings, and other rites required to prepare the neophyte. The building now in course of erection in Temple Block is $186\frac{1}{2}$ feet from east to west, including towers, and 99 feet from north to south. The foundation is laid 16 feet from the surface of the earth, and the walls resting upon them are 8 feet thick. Three towers will stand at each end of the building, the centre ones, east and west, rising higher than the others, and to an altitude of 225 feet; while a circular stairway in each will wind around a column 4 feet in diameter, with landings at the various sections of the building, from which most excellent views of the city and surrounding scenery—the valley, lake, and mountains—will be obtained.

The basement story will contain a room, 57 feet long by 35 wide, to be used for baptismal purposes, which will be flanked by two rooms on each side, 19 by 12 feet. These, with two more rooms on either end, $38\frac{1}{2}$ by 28 feet, and several wide passages, occupy the story. Four flights of stone steps, $9\frac{1}{2}$ feet wide, will lead up to the second story, the main room of which will be 120 feet long by 80 wide, with the ceiling an elliptical arch. Eight other rooms are on this story, 14 feet by 14. The third story will have a similar arrangement of divisions. The building will be decorated with allegorical and mys-

tical devices, making it a structure entirely unique. It is being built of a light-coloured granite, obtained in Cottonwood Canyon, sixteen miles south-east of the city.

THE TABERNACLE

is erected inside the Temple Block. The south wall of this ten acre enclosure is seen through the shade-trees in the foreground. The building itself, with its peculiar-shaped dome-like roof, surmounted by a flag-staff, is perhaps the largest hall in the world of a single span roof, unsupported by pillar or column, used for purposes of public meetings. It is 250 feet inside from east to west, with a width of 150 feet from north to south. Forty-six parallelogram pillars of red sand-stone, 9 feet deep by 3 feet wide, form the base for the roof, which is a strong lattice-work of timbers firmly bolted together and self-supporting. The ceiling is 62 feet from the floor, and is perforated with holes neatly stuccoed round, which serve the double purpose of ventilation, and a means by which scaffolding can be slung up to repair or whiten when necessity arises for doing either. The west end is occupied by a rostrum, or "stand," an elevated platform, with three seats in the centre in front elevated one a little over the other, for the Church dignitaries. The space on either side of these seats is devoted to other members of the priesthood, such as bishops, high priests, seventies.

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Behind the seats of the authorities is the Grand Organ, built by Mormon artificers, of material, except the metal pipes, obtained in the Territory. This is the third largest organ in the United States, and the largest yet built in the Union; the other two—one in Boston, and one in the large Plymouth Church, Brooklyn—having been brought from Europe.

The Mormon organ has two manuals, the great and swell, both heavily filled. The pipes number about two thousand. The following are its stops and pipes:—

Great Organ.—Principal, fifteenth, open diapason, stopped diapason, mixture-three ranks, flute harmonic, hohl flute, flute a cheminee, dulciana, twelfth, trumpet, bourdon.

Swell Organ.—Claribella, principal, clarifute, stopped flute, cremorne, hautboy, open diapason, stopped diapason, mixture-two ranks, bassoon, bourdon, piccolo.

Pedal Organ.—Open bass, 16 feet; dulc bass, 16 feet; principal bass, 8 feet; stopped bass, 16 feet; great open bass, 32 feet.

Mechanical Stops.—Great and swell, pedal and great, pedal and swell, tremblant, bellows, signal.

The builder was Mr. Joseph Ridges, a Mormon artificer of English birth.

THE THEATRE,

on the corner of First South and First East Streets, is a fine building, something in the Doric style of architec-

ture. In front are a couple of fluted columns, with the treasurer's office on the west side of the portico. The structure, which has a granite finish, is 172 feet in length, with a width of 80 feet, and is inside 40 feet from floor to ceiling. The stage is 62 feet deep, with proscenium opening of 32 feet at the curtain. It has a parquette, dress circle, second circle, and gallery, and is capable of seating about 1600 persons. The interior is finished in white and gold, and presents a very tasteful, cheerful appearance. Its arrangements and appointments in dressing-rooms, atelier, stage machinists' department, property rooms, orchestra room, &c., are considered superior to those of any other theatre on the continent.

THE CITY HALL,

situated on First South Street, between First and Second East, is a very handsome building for the western country, and was erected of cut red sandstone at a cost of \$70,000. It is 60 feet square, and surmounted with a clock-tower. The doors, windows, and panels, are finished in oak-graining. The building contains offices for the Mayor, Recorder, and City Treasurer; a Court-Room where the Alderman's and Justices' Courts are held; the City Attorney's office, the Territorial Library, Council Chamber, Office of the Adjutant-General of the Territorial Militia, and chambers in which the Territorial Legislature meets.

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The City Prison is in the rear, strongly built of sandstone, at a cost of \$30,000.

The Old Tabernacle, south of the large one, in which public worship is held during the winter, and which has a seating capacity for 2500 persons; the Council House, occupied by the University of Deseret, on the corner of South and East Temple Streets; the Court House, corner of Second West and Second South Streets, a large handsome building, in which the Supreme Court, and the United States and Territorial Courts for the Third Judicial District are held; the Social Hall and Seventies' Hall, on First East Street; the immense edifice of the General Tithing Store, north-east corner of South and East Temple Streets, seen as the "Deseret Store;" with the Assembly Rooms of the Thirteenth and Fourteenth Wards, are the other principal public buildings in the city. Every ward has its hall for public purposes, which is, in a number of cases, also used as a school-room; while, in other wards, there is a public school-house beside the halls, and private schools.

THE BENCH.

Our Illustration of the Bench, or elevated part of Salt Lake City, gives a beautiful view of the mountains to the north-east of the city, and lying contiguous to it. In the foreground, to the right hand, is the gable end of the residence of Mayor D. H. Wells, second counsellor to President Young. One end of the verandah, which runs

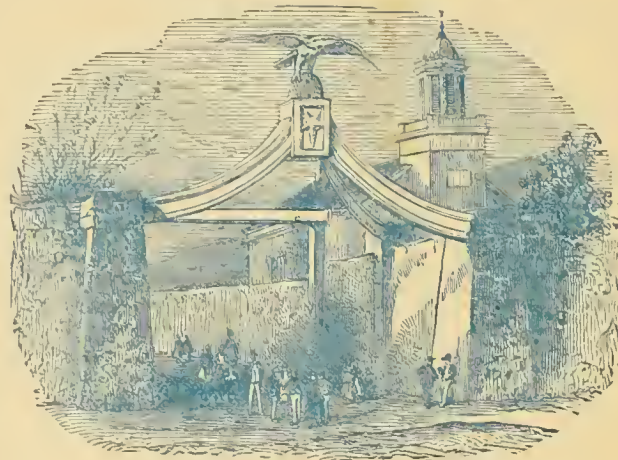
along the front of the house, facing South Temple Street, is seen ; and the street, with its well-grown locust trees, combining beauty and shade in the hot summer months, runs east towards the mountains.

PRESIDENT YOUNG'S HOUSE.

The Lion House, so named from a carved figure of a lion in front, with its triangular windows and full-length verandah facing the west, is seen to the left ; forming, with the Beehive House, also named from a carved beehive in front, the residence of President Young. The two are connected together with the owner's business offices, the General, or Tithing Office, being to the west of the Private Office.

East of his residence, and reached through the Eagle Gate, of which an illustration is presented, is President Young's private school, the tower of which is seen in the wood-cut to the right of the eagle with "outspread wings ;" and still further east is the White House, President Young's former residence.

The gardens are laid out with great taste, and very carefully cultivated. On the neighbouring hill-side a vineyard has been planted, and thrives very vigorously. Three kinds of grapes are grown : the California grape, which is supposed to be the Madeira introduced into the New World by the Roman Catholic monks ; the Catawba, so called from a river of that name, celebrated by Long-



THE EAGLE GATE.

fellow ; and the Isabella, which is a native variety. The principal vegetables cultivated are the Irish and sweet potato, squashes, pease, cabbages, beets, cauliflowers, lettuce, broccoli, rhubarb, and celery ; the chief fruits, apples, walnuts, quinces, apricots, cherries, plums, currants, raspberries, and gooseberries.

The "Bench," or elevated table-land, with the ancient

water-mark close to the base of the mountains, has all the evidences of erosion from the waters of the sea which must have formerly filled the Great Basin. Close up to the mountains' base, the ground has been surveyed, blocks and streets marked off, and building is going on as rapidly as the increasing population of the city requires increased habitations. From this Bench a beautiful view is obtained of the valley stretching away to the south, the Wahsatch range to the east, and the Oquirrh range to the west, with the entrance of the Jordan River

from Utah Valley, where the "spurs" of the two ranges seemingly almost meet.

No visitor to Salt Lake, who has time to spare, should leave without driving up to the Bench, and enjoying the splendid panorama of mountain and valley which it reveals. If he ascend to Ensign Peak, north of the Arsenal, a still more extensive view will be obtained, reaching south to Mount Nebo, at the southern end of Utah Valley, and north to Promontory Point, at the northern end of Great Salt Lake.

III.—PLACES TO VISIT.

The visitor to Salt Lake City can spend a few days most pleasantly and agreeably in visiting places of interest in the neighbourhood, or within a reasonable distance. First in order, as first in place, is

GREAT SALT LAKE,

the "Dead Sea of the West;" for, without a visit to, and a bathe in its saline waters, no traveller or tourist can say he has "done" Utah, and visited one of the greatest natural wonders of the globe; for it is a wonder, this remnant of a vast inland sea, with the ancient water-

marks still distinctly visible along the base of the mountains, where the erosion has made as well-defined a line of shore as the most enthusiastic geologist could desire. This *Mare Mortuum*, slumbering peacefully in the shadow of the vast mountain ranges on either side; its islands towering almost to the snow-line; its waters containing from fifteen to twenty-six per cent. of saline matter, according as they are taken from near the rivers' mouths or the middle of the lake; its shores, covered in some places with salt so plentifully, that it can be shovelled up like sand; its only inhabitants, a species of marine insect peculiar to itself; and its beauties and surrounding

scenery unlike any other on the continent—perhaps on the globe;—this lake, which was the wonder of trappers and hunters, and the terror of the wild Indian tribes of the Great Basin for many years before civilization was planted on its shores, cannot be passed without a visit. It can be most easily reached from Salt Lake City by the Utah Central Railroad, leaving the train at Bountiful; this station being within probably a couple of miles of a nice beach for bathing. The lake is approached nearer than this a little further north, by the same line; but the beach is not so nice, nor the facilities for bathing so good. As the excellence of this part of the shore is only beginning to be recognized, there is little doubt that in a very

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THE BLACK ROCK.

short time boating facilities will be offered to tourists for short excursions on the water.

The once favourite resort of visitors to Salt Lake was Black Rock, a solitary and massive heap of flint conglomerate, of which an engraving is given, situated about 20 miles from Salt Lake City. All through the summer months joyous parties in private carriages, hired conveyances, waggons, omnibuses, buggies, and other vehicles, would every week visit Black Rock, have picnics, bathe in the lake, row over the waters, and enjoy the scene and the scenery with an exuberance of pleasure which the purity and rarity of the atmosphere tended to heighten. These parties still continue, though they are not now so numerous as formerly; and

the traveller who has leisure will be well repaid for the trip, as, among other attractions, it will take him past a number of those ancient "Indian mounds," concerning which speculation has been busy.

In geologic ages it is evident that an inland sea occupied the vast basin between the eastern range of the Sierra Madre and the western ridges of Goose Creek and Humboldt River. It may be computed at 500 miles from north to south, and at 350 to 500 from east to west, with a total area of 150,000 square miles. Owing to the gradual elevation of the land the waters have sunk, at successive stages, into the lowest parts of the basin. In many places thirteen of these stages, "benches," or terraces may be distinctly traced.

Returning to the city, next the "big toe of the Wahsatch," or

ENSIGN PEAK,

can be climbed. It lies north of East Temple Street, and is probably a couple of miles to the summit from Temple Block; but once on it, the view is magnificent. Away to the north is spread a panorama of mountain, lake, and valley, stretching nearly a hundred miles. To the west, the towering peaks which rise between Utah and Nevada. To the south, the valley south of the city, hemmed in and bounded by the Wahsatch and Oquirrh ranges; the canyons, gloomy-looking in the rich flood of sunlight, looking like deep gashes in the bosom of the giant mountains. At the southern end of the valley the

approaching heights shut out a clear view of Utah Valley and its lovely lake; but the gray head of Mount Nebo rises boldly and distinctly outlined over 80 miles from where the gazer stands. At his feet is the city, buried in green foliage, cozy dwellings peeping out from orchards and shade-trees, with a wealth of floral loveliness shedding its fragrance on the ambient atmosphere.

Descending from "Ensign Peak" to the city, and taking the Territorial Road north, the visitor soon reaches the

WARM AND HOT SPRINGS,

the former supplying comfortable bath-houses, private and plunge; and the latter, gushing out of a rock at the base of the mountain.

The Hot Springs are some two miles north of the Warm Springs, and in their narrow basin throw off a heavy and sulphurous odour, far from pleasant to some sensitive olfactories; yet various medicinal virtues are ascribed to their waters. Among others, they are said to be a wonderful restorative for and preventive against baldness. Here we may introduce an anecdote, illustrative of the hotness of the springs, which is too good to be passed over. In the early days of Mormonism in Utah, and soon after the "gold-fever" in California had commenced to draw thousands across the continent, a train of waggons, destined for the golden land, had arrived at Salt Lake City, and camped there to rest and re-

cruit. One of the teamsters, who had faith in the virtue of occasional ablutions, having heard of the Warm Spring in which it was alleged the Mormons bathed, expecting its waters to preserve them in perennial youth, determined to enjoy the luxury. By mistake, he reached the Hot Springs instead, and feeling the water, found it hotter than he had expected. However, nothing daunted, he "peeled off," and plunged into the bubbling basin, with an assertion that he could bathe where any Mormon could. The plunge was followed by a yell shrill as an initiatory war-whoop, and the over-venturesome teamster dashed out of the water, in colour like a boiled lobster, and with his epidermis in a condition for easy flaying.

An analysis of the springs was made in 1849 by Dr. Charles T. Jackson of Boston; his report is as follows:—

"Three fluid ounces of the water, on evaporation to entire dryness in a platina capsule, gave 8.25 grains of solid, dry saline matter.

Carbonate of Lime and Magnesia.....	0.240—	1280
Peroxide of Iron.....	0.040—	0208
Lime.....	0.545—	2.907
Chlorine.....	3.454—	18.421
Soda.....	2.877—	15.344
Magnesia.....	0.370—	2.073
Sulphuric Acid.....	0.703—	3.743
	—	—
	8.220	43.951

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"It is slightly charged with hydrosulphuric acid gas, and with carbolic acid gas, and is a pleasant, saline, mineral water, having valuable properties belonging to saline sulphur springs."

The temperature of the Warm Springs is laid down at 102 F., that of the Hot Springs is considerably higher.

Though these are not yet so popular as the Spas of Germany or the Waters of England, we may reasonably expect that in the course of a few years they will be the resort of thousands of health-seekers.

Turning south of the city, and driving in a southerly direction, 13 miles bring the visitor to Cottonwood Canyon, and 14 miles up this gorge in the Wahsatch will find him at the lovely little

COTTONWOOD LAKE,

a sheet of water nestling among the great peaks, whose summits are covered with "eternal snow," and lying at an altitude of about 10,000 feet. The scenery up the canyon, and that around the little lake, is grand and imposing, and attractively beautiful. Luxuriant vegetation crowns the canyon sides, except where the abrupt rocks show their bald sides.

The windings of the canyon; the whirring of the saw-mills, ripping the huge logs cut from the mountains' sides into marketable lumber; the wild and picturesque appearance of peak, and swell, and mountain gully; the

little lake itself, with the mountains dipping to the water's edge, and the border of greensward surrounding it, cannot fitly be described in words. The lake referred to is the principal one of a series of lakelets which repose in these mountain fastnesses, and are fed from the melting snows; as many as thirteen having been observed from the highest peaks embosomed in the surrounding scenery.

An exploration of

THE CANYONS

in the Wahsatch and Oquirrh ranges, with their clear and sparkling streams, which abound in trout, and afford excellent angling, will well repay the trouble, and give health and gratification to the tourist.

South of Salt Lake Valley lies

UTAH VALLEY AND LAKE,

the latter a sheet of fresh water, 30 miles in extreme length by 15 in breadth. A number of towns and settlements border on the lake, each built on a mountain stream, which gives water for irrigation.

The most important place in this valley is Provo, the county town, built on the Provo, or Timpanogos River, which flows down a canyon bearing its name. About six miles up the canyon is a beautiful cataract, known as the

"Cascades;" and all the streams afford a plentiful supply of most delicious trout.

SWEET WATER RIVER.

The Sweet Water River is a tributary of the Platte, which flows through a valley of the most romantic character. Its name is a translation from the Indian *Pina Pa*, and in a metaphorical sense is peculiarly applicable, the scenery in many parts being as soft and sylvan as any that ever enriched a poet's Arcadia. In its calmer course, says Captain Burton, the Sweet Water is a perfect Naiad of the mountains; but afterwards it becomes an Undine, hurried by that terrible Destiny, to which Jove himself must bend his omniscient head, into the grisly marital embrace of the gloomy old Platte. Passing pleasant is the merry prattle with which she answers the whisperings of those fickle flatterers, the Winds, before that wedding-day when silence shall become her doom. There is a something in the Sweet Water which appeals to the feelings of rugged men; even the drivers and station-keepers speak of "her" with a bearish affection.

The grandest feature of the valley is the *Devil's Gate*, a breach in the barrier of the Rocky Mountains, which might well serve as the portal to some enchanted region. The height of the huge dark perpendicular cliffs on either hand varies from 400 to 500 feet; the space between them

is nowhere more than 105 feet, in many is scarcely 40 feet wide; the total length of the gap is 650 to 700 feet. The walls consist of a gray granite traversed by trap dykes; and the rock in which the river has excavated her strange and difficult channel runs right through the extreme southern shoulder of a ridge appropriately enough named the "Rattlesnake Hills."

Through the profound fissure sweeps and plunges and splashes the swift stream, eddying round rocky points, and tumbling over massy boulders, wakening up the neighbouring echoes with her unceasing song, which varies from sounds like those of merry laughter to a dirge as sad and solemn as was ever breathed over a hero's grave. The spectacle is ever fresh and ever new, and would

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THE DEVIL'S GATE, WEBER CANON.

delight the artist and the poet.

SNAKE OR LEWIS RIVER.

The Snake River Valley lies to the north of the Great Salt Lake, and mostly out of the track of travellers. There are pictures on its banks and in its neighbourhood, however, which might inspire a great artist with immortal ideas. One of the brightest of these is presented at the point where the Unknown River, as it is mysteriously called, suddenly leaps into the light of day from the rocky walls which enclose the waters of the Snake River, pouring down the craggy descent in a double cascade, which sparkles in the sun with rainbow hues and fills the air with the echoes of its tumultuous course. This, assuredly, is

ne of the greatest natural curiosities in the Western World ; and the whole scene, with its lofty battlemented mountains and its foaming waters, its wreathing clouds of mist, and its rich garniture of moss, and ferns, and grasses, is well calculated to impress the imagination and find a lasting place among the treasures of memory.

Snake River, also called Lewis' Fork, forms the

southern branch of the Columbia, and is named after the Indian tribe whose ancient territory it traverses. Its course is broken up by numerous falls and rapids, which have been described by Frémont with much graphic force. It joins the northern branch of the Columbia in lat. $46^{\circ} 5' N.$, and long. $118^{\circ} 55' W.$, and thence the united stream flows onward to the Pacific Ocean.



A SNAKE INDIAN AND HIS SQUAW.

IV.—FROM OGDEN TO SAN FRANCISCO.

[By the Central Pacific Railroad.]

Travellers from San Francisco to Salt Lake City and Omaha have only to reverse the route laid down in the following pages to render them available; beginning, that is, where we leave off.

The distance from Ogden to Sacramento is 763 miles; from Sacramento to San Francisco, 138 miles.

The following Table shows the railway stations, and their elevation above the level of the Pacific:—

SALT LAKE DIVISION.

Ogden.....4332 feet.	Terrace.....4450 feet.
Corinne.....4274	Lucia.....4400
Promontory...4908	Tecoona.....4600
Monument....4290	Montello.....4800
Kelton.....4500	Loray.....1500
Mathie.....4821	Toano.....5964

HUMBOLDT DIVISION.

Pequop.....6280 feet.	Osino.....5100 feet.
Independence..6115	Elko.....5030
Wells.....5650	Molem.....5000
Tulasco.....5418	Carlin.....4930
Halleck.....5220	Be-o-wa-we...4717

HUMBOLDT DIVISION—*continued.*

Shoshone.....4665 feet.	Stone House...4449 feet
Argenta.....4575	Golconda.....4419
Battle Mountain 4534	Winnemucca...4355

TRUCKEE DIVISION.

Raspberry.....4354 feet.	Hot Springs...4098 feet
Mill City.....4256	Wadsworth...4104
Humboldt.....4262	Clark's.....4290
Rye Patch.....4285	Camp 37.....4400
Oreana.....4206	Reno.....4525
Lovelock's....4100	Verdi.....4915
Brown's.....3955	Boca.....5560
White Plains..3921	Truckee.....5866

SACRAMENTO DIVISION.

Summit.....7042 feet.	Colfax.....3448 feet.
Cisco.....5911	Auburn.....1385
Emigrant Gap..5300	Newcastle.....920
Blue Canyon...4700	Rocklin.....269
Alta.....3625	Junction.....189
Dutch Flat....3425	Arcade.....76
Gold Run.....3245	Sacramento...56

WESTERN DIVISION.

Galt.....	73 feet.	Pleasanton.....	551 feet.
Stockton.....	46	Nelis.....	148
Lathrop.....	23	San José.....	114
Bantas.....	48	Alameda.....	0
Ellis.....	73	Oakland.....	0
Livermore.....	520	San Francisco..	0

On leaving Ogden station, we still keep to the westward, and skirt the northern boundary of the Great Salt Lake.

A few hours later, we cross the Humboldt Mountains. They are between 10,000 and 12,000 feet in height; and, like the sister chain of the Rocky, their crests and flanks are thickly clothed with snow.

Next our rapid descent brings us to the Humboldt River, and we follow its course for 340 miles. The river-valley is about 700 feet in width; and on each side of it rises abruptly a wall of precipitous mountains, 1000 to 500 feet in height.

Crossing the Elko River, the train stops for half-an-hour at Elko (5030 feet above the sea). At this point—and, indeed, all along the line—the traveller often obtains glimpses of what may be called the *aboriginal* life of the continent. A traveller tells us that on one occasion he met there a large number of Indians of the Walla-Walla tribe. “Every squaw,” he says, “had her

face painted a bright crimson, striped with yellow.” The ladies by whom he was accompanied “gave them small pieces of blue and red ribbon, which greatly delighted them. Tying the ribbon to the beads around their necks, they go back to the Pullman commissary (that is, refreshment) car on our hotel train. Having just finished breakfast,” says our traveller, “I went into the cooking apartment, and got a pail full of scraps. A rush was made for the pail; but pressing them from it, I distributed its contents as equitably as possible amongst them. Some got three or four trout, others eggs, ham, beef-steak, rolls, corn-bread, &c., taking particular pains to give to every squaw who had a pappoose strapped to her back a double portion.”

Is it necessary to describe a pappoose? Perhaps it may be for the convenience of some of our readers.

Well, then: a pappoose is an Indian *baby*, who is strapped on a board about $4\frac{1}{2}$ to 5 feet in length; leather and skin of animals are nailed to it, making it look like a large ugly slipper. Into this slipper-like apparatus is inserted the baby, and strings are folded round and round the slipper and its inmate, from the chin to the foot; the hands are even tied down, and of the living mummy you see nothing but the head. This head is protected from the sun by a little roof of wicker-work, to which are fastened rags of various colours, some yellow feathers, and a few beads. The entire apparatus is attached to the head of the mother by a leather strap, coming round her forehead.

Elko is the base of supplies for the White Pine Mines, and is the largest town in Nevada; but it does not bear a very savoury reputation as a peaceful and law-abiding place.

Passing Be-o-wa-we, Shoshone, and Argenta—these little settlements bear so strong a family resemblance that it is unnecessary to describe them—we reach Battle Mountain (4534 feet above the sea), so called from the desperate engagement which here took place between the settlers and the Indians. The latter had one hundred and eleven killed. From this point the supplies for Austin and the silver-mining region of Nevada are conveyed across the mountain; the silver ore returning in waggons, drawn by ten, twelve, and sixteen oxen.

Thirty miles to the north, at the base of Battle Mountain, the Humboldt River takes its great turn towards the Pacific; and we now pass its "Big Bend." The white alkali deposits here cover the plain like snow, relieved only by patches of sage-bush. At various points along the valley rise steaming columns of vapour from the hot springs. At the head of the valley is Mud Lake, 50 miles long by 20 wide; its further extremity indicated by the precipitous and rugged headland of Black Rock, 1800 feet in height.

From Black Mountain to Humboldt we descend 672 feet. The descent is continued as far as White

Plains (3921 feet). At Hot Springs we have risen 177 feet; and at Wadsworth we are beginning in earnest the ascent of the Sierra Nevada (or Snowy Range).

At Truckee (5866 feet) we obtain a beautiful view of this rugged, wild, picturesque, and broken, saw-toothed chain. Their lofty tops are everywhere covered with snow, whose dazzling, unpolluted whiteness contrasts most vividly with the clear intense blue of the sky, which they seem to touch. At a distance, their emerald sides seem clothed with wheat and other cereals; but a nearer inspection shows us that instead of tiny stalks of wheat or grass, they are studded with giant pines of at least a century old.

The valleys of the Nevada are beautiful beyond description, and each is traversed by a musical stream.

"Wonders are on every side. The deep, deep gorge, at whose bottom, 2000 feet below us, runs a stream several hundred feet in width, seems no larger than a tiny mill-race. Now we skirt the rugged precipitous edge of a mountain, the railway track cut into its almost perpendicular sides. The Central Pacific Company have built enormous snow-sheds on the flank of the mountains where the railroad runs. These protections from head-long falls of snow are not frail structures, with a few hemlock or spruce boards nailed to them, but very heavy, massive, solid timbers, bolted together; the uprights being of pine, 16 and 20 inches in diameter. We passed one of these snow-houses 27 miles long! Many are from

half a mile to three miles in length; and taken together, their aggregate length cannot be less than 50 miles."

A few miles from Truckee we see Donner Lake, a beautiful woodland basin, which, like its neighbour, Lake Tahoe, is, undoubtedly, the centre of an extinct volcano. Summit Station marks the highest point of our ascent; it is 7042 feet above the level of the Pacific. The railroad cut round the mountain is here called Cape Horn.

Between Summit and Cisco we achieve a descent of 131 feet; another incline of 611 feet brings us to Emigrant Gap. Thence we run past Blue Canyon, a fair romantic valley, to Alta, and by Dutch Flat and Gold Run to Colfax, a rising town, named after the present Vice-President of the United States (1871), and situated on a branch of the Leather River, which is itself a branch of the Sacramento.

A visit may be paid to the Dutch Flat Gold Mines, which are worked by the "hydraulic system" of mining; the water being brought from a great height in the neighbouring mountain. The nozzle of the pipe is turned to the mountain side, the force of the water cutting great slices out of it, and bringing down tons of rock and earth. The earth is then washed, and the precious metal being heavier than the particles of mud, sinks to the bottom, while the mud is carried off by the water.

Crossing the American River a few miles above Sacramento, we soon reach the capital of the Golden State.

Sacramento is well built, well laid out, and well situated. All around it cluster elegant villas, with vineyards and blooming gardens. It is built on the east bank of the Sacramento River, 125 miles from the sea, in lat. $38^{\circ} 33' N.$, and long. $121^{\circ} 20' W.$ The streets intersect each other at right angles on a level plain, about 50 feet above the sea. It was first settled by Captain Sutter, a Swiss, in 1839, who built a small fort. The first house was built in 1849. Its population now exceeds 17,000.

Through a vine-clad valley we dash onward to the Livermore Canyon—a cutting, 1000 feet deep, which carries us through the littoral range of mountains.

Shortly afterwards we traverse Oakland, on the east side of the beautiful Bay of San Francisco, and in five minutes more our eyes gaze with a "wild surprise," like the emotion felt by its European discoverer, Nunez de Balboa, on the shining expanse of the vast Pacific. And thus have the iron horse and the iron road carried us across the great American Continent, from its eastern to its western coast.

Of San Francisco our limits do not permit us to say much. Unquestionably it is destined to become one of the world's greatest commercial depôts. It is situated on the west shore of the San Francisco Bay, in lat. $37^{\circ} 46' N.$, and long. $122^{\circ} 23' W.$ It contains about 12,500 houses, nearly 30 churches, elegant public buildings, theatres, hospitals, and asylums; and possesses a deep and spacious harbour. The small decaying Spanish

town, planted about 1776, was taken by the Americans in 1846. In 1847 it had a population of 450. Then came the gold discovery, and a sudden development of

commerce, which has known no check ;—its population now exceeds 110,000. It is thus that cities grow in the Far West !

V.—UTAH TERRITORY.

The Territory, of which Salt Lake City is the capital, extends from the 37th to the 42nd parallel of north latitude, and from the 109th to the 114th degree of west longitude, occupying an area of about 65,000 square miles. Much of it is wild and mountainous, but it is interspersed with productive valleys, of which nearly 150,000 acres are under cultivation. The Mormon pioneers, numbering 143 men, and 4 women, made their entrance into the valley on the 24th July 1847, under the leadership of their president, Brigham Young. A settlement was immediately formed, a city laid out with a view to future growth and greatness, and the clear-sightedness of the plan upon which it was so laid out is now shown in the uniformity and regularity of its streets, unlike most new Western towns and cities, which usually, after a few years' increase, are benefited by fires that sweep away narrow, irregular, and unsightly streets, and make room for wider, better-proportioned, and better-built thoroughfares.

The only inhabitants of the valley when it was colo-

nized by the Mormons were a few tribes of Indians, perhaps the most degraded on the continent. These were mostly different families of the Utes, from whom the Territory takes its name ; and as one great source of their subsistence was digging roots of different kinds, they were called "Digger Indians," to distinguish them from tribes that lived by the more exciting and manlier occupation of hunting. A few rabbits furnished them with skins to protect them against the inclement winters ; and an occasional buffalo robe could be found among them, obtained from the Snakes, or other neighbouring tribes. Roots, rabbits, and fish formed their food ; their habitations were, and are, principally formed by weaving willow-branches into a shape something like a gipsy-tent, and are called "wick-e-ups ;" though a few chiefs and others have "lodges," made of buck-skins neatly sewed together, and extended on poles meeting at the top, and spread out to the width of the skins at the bottom ; the smoke from the lodge-fire escaping by the opening at the top of the poles.



A GROUP OF UTE SQUAWS.

The condition of the Indians is much improved since their intercourse with the Mormons, as in several places they have been taught to cultivate land, and grow corn, wheat, and potatoes. Others hang around the settlements, and almost live by begging from the whites, though the squaws will chop firewood, and do other kinds of work, for which they receive pay in bread, meat, sugar, and vegetables; and their spouses, euphoniously, but most erroneously, called "braves," can lounge in the hot sun, smoke begged tobacco, and live on these products of feminine toil with the greatest nonchalance imaginable.

(41)

The number of Indians in the Territory has been estimated at 5000; the settled population will probably reach 150,000.

The vast change which has occurred since the time when these degraded savages held undisputed sway over the country could be best understood by a visit to some of the vast sage plains which lie dreary and monotonous between the eastern base of the Rocky Mountains and the Great Basin.

Twenty-two years ago Utah was a wilderness; to-day it is the home of thrift, industry, and prosperity, its land teeming with abundance, its people enjoying the products of their labour, which supply them abundantly with the comforts, and many of the luxuries of life. Thriving towns and settlements extend a distance of about 500 miles from Idaho Territory on the north to Arizona Territory on the south. Schools and meeting-houses are found in almost every settlement, proportionate to the inhabitants; there being some 220 schools, with about 14,000 pupils. A telegraph line extends nearly the entire length of the Territory; a railroad 36 miles in length connects Salt Lake City with the great Pacific Railway, and it is designed to carry this line south through the Territory. Canals for irrigatory purposes are numerous, and have been constructed at great expense and labour; and the evidences of substantial and permanent prosperity are everywhere apparent.





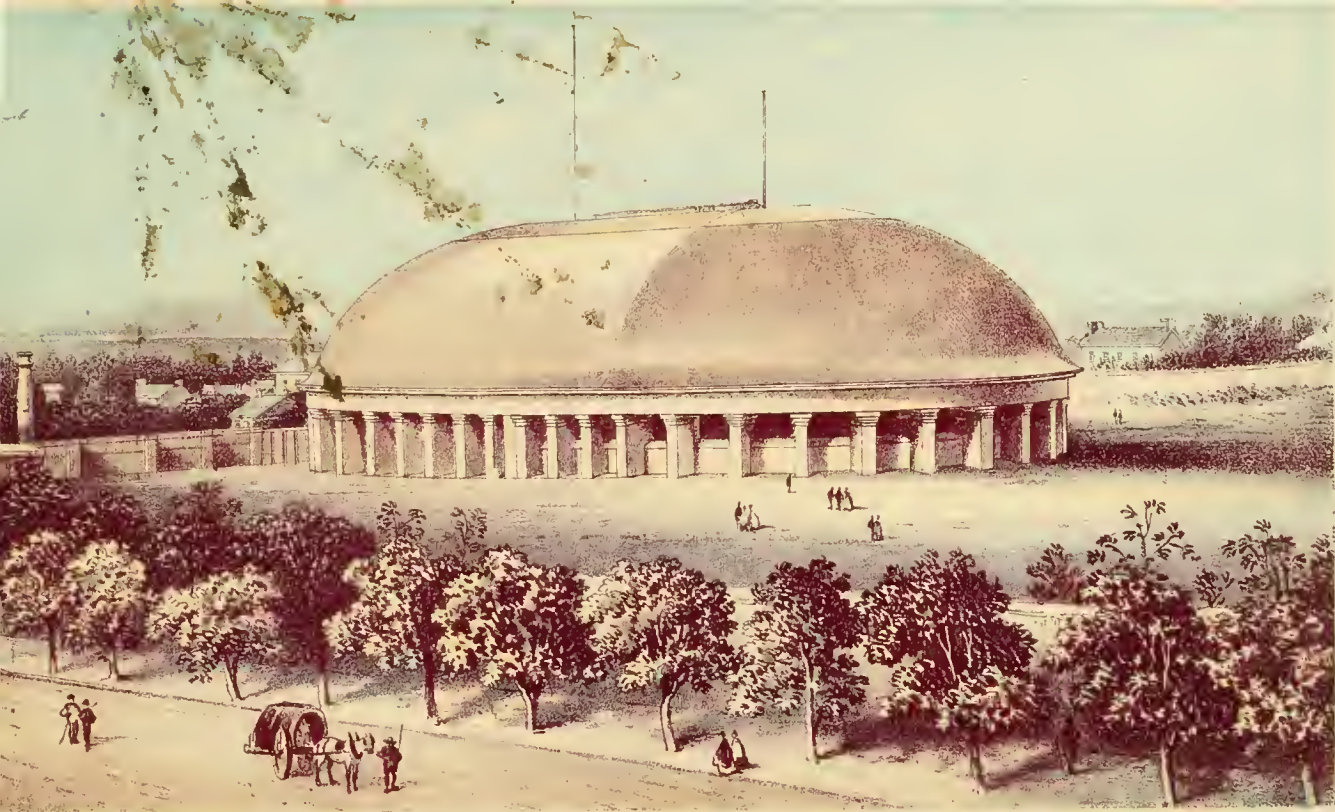
SALT LAKE HOTEL—WAHSATCH MOUNTAINS IN THE DISTANCE





MAIN STREET—SALT LAKE CITY





THE TABERNACLE—SALT LAKE CITY



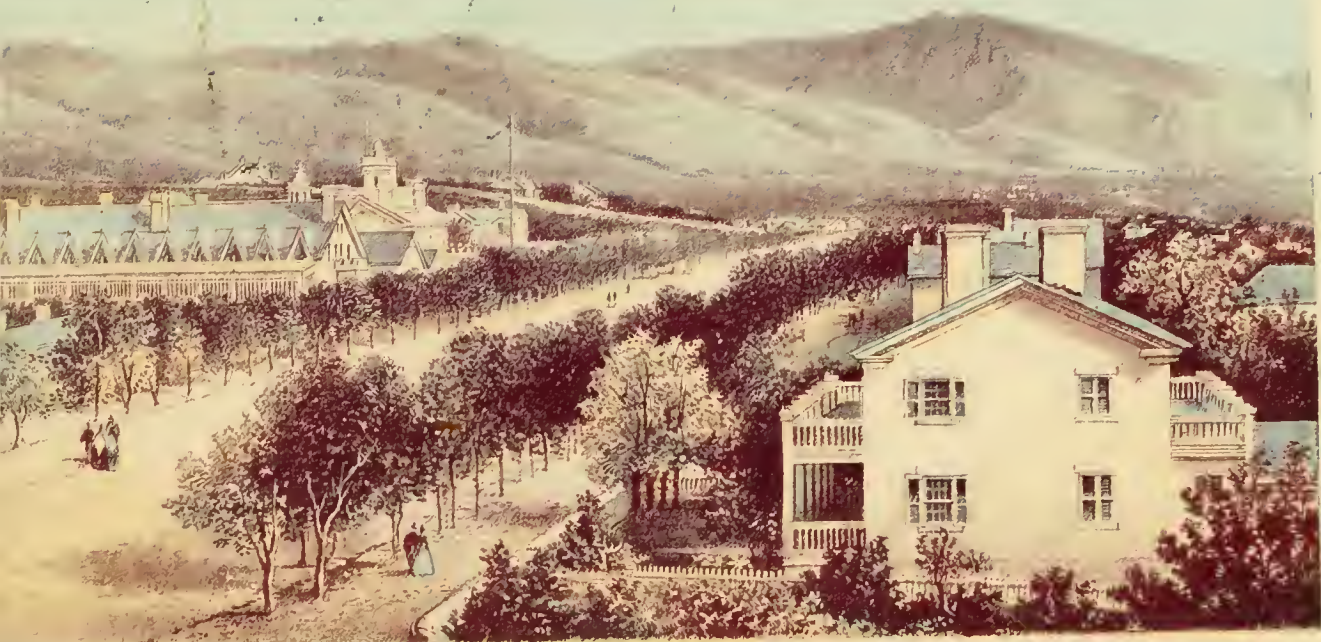
THE THEATRE—SALT LAKE CITY





CITY HALL—SALT LAKE CITY.





BENCH PART OF SALT LAKE CITY (FROM COUNCIL HOUSE, EAST TEMPLE STREET)

1. Residence of Pres. B. Young. 2. Camp Douglas. 3. Residence of D. H. Wells.





TOWNSEND HOUSE—SALT LAKE CITY





TITHING STORE—SALT LAKE CITY





THE WAHSATCH MOUNTAIN RANGE, A

1. Camp Douglas. 2. Emigration Canon. 3. Parley's Canon. 4. Mill Creek Canon. 5. Twin Peak



ALT LAKE CITY—FROM ENSIGN PEAK

7. Lone Peak—11500 feet above the sea. 8. Little Cottonwood Canon, where the rich silver mines are.

PD

4.1!

~~PD 4.5~~



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