

ers who spoke with divine authority. No great teacher or prophet appears in the Bible who was not called or addressed by angels, not excepting even Balaam; *therefore*, Joseph Smith was called by angels as he professed. The apostles were all dead, but to one of them was given the power of the keys, and Peter bestowed them on Joseph Smith. The fruits of Mormonism prove it to be divine, for no other religion could gather so many nations together—the Swede, the Norwegian, the Dane, the Austrian, etc. They were poor and illiterate, but he loved them all, and prayed that they might keep the faith in its purity. This was followed by many amens, and a prayer by one of the bishops that God would bless the words of *inspiration* that had been spoken. The name of Joseph Smith was mentioned perhaps fifty times in the sermon, while the name of Jesus did not fall on our ear more than once. An anthem and the benediction followed, and the benighted people returned to their unhappy homes.

Hungry at night, we went to hear the Rev. Dr. McEldowney, of the M. E. Church. We are glad of the good work being done by this Church here. Out of a membership of one hundred, over twenty are converted Mormons. They have built up in less than six years a seminary with more students than the Mormon "University of Deseret," and with as high a course of study. They have established here the *Rocky Mountain Christian Advocate*, which enters many Mormon homes. A fine church, costing sixty thousand dollars, impresses the same minds influenced by the great Mormon temple in process of erection. Other Churches, too, are at work, and this beautiful valley will yet become a moral as well as a natural paradise.

Salt Lake City, Oct. 22, 23, 1876.

LETTER III.

ON THE CENTRAL PACIFIC.

WE left Ogden at 6:15 P.M. on the 23d, in one of the silver palace cars of the Central Pacific Railroad. This road runs through California, Nevada, and Utah to Ogden, where it forms a junction with the Union Pacific, that after leaving Utah runs through Wyoming and Nebraska. The length of the Union Pacific is one thousand and thirty-three miles, and that of the Central Pacific is about eight hundred and eighty miles. These nineteen hundred and thirteen miles of iron are needed to form the wedding-ring which unites the fortunes of California to those of the distant East. The moon is shining brightly on the motionless waters of the great Salt Lake, as, leaving Ogden, we hasten toward the Golden Gate. For many miles it is the same picture. With the sails of a schooner now and then to greet the eye, one might be almost persuaded that it is Lake Michigan or Erie that lies off to his left. But no; it is none other than the mysterious Dead Sea of the American Continent.

The early morning finds us in Nevada. The strong odor of the sage-brush penetrates the sleeping-car as we awake. We breakfast at Elko, one of the most important towns of this new State. Near by some of our Missouri friends from Glasgow are engaged in mining. We were very glad to meet at the depot a former acquaintance, Governor Brad-

ley, of Nevada. The people of Nevada are, we understand, almost unwilling to have any one else in the gubernatorial chair during his life-time, so that he has a sort of life-interest in the office. We admire their good judgment, and hope that when he must have a successor he will be a gentleman no less considerate and devoted to the interests of this great commonwealth. While breakfasting here the question arose as to whether greenback or silver would be necessary in paying the bill. The former was declared to be legal tender still. When we left the table we discovered that some one had left a hat in place of ours. Preferring our own, and looking for our neighbor who had unwittingly appropriated it, we passed out of a side-door in search of him. As the lost hat was recovered, the Governor's presence eclipsed the proprietor of the hotel, and not until the cars moved off did we remember our unpaid breakfast bill. At the next station we inclosed the proprietor a dollar bill with our compliments and suitable explanations, which he acknowledged in a very polite note.

A San Francisco paper obtained on the cars announces the death of our esteemed friend, the Rev. Dr. W. T. Luckey. His long experience as an educator endeared him to many hearts in Missouri, the scene of his longest labors. A severe cold, taken while returning home from his recent visit East, increased in violence and so prostrated his whole nervous system that paralysis followed with death. His bereaved family will have the sympathy of a host of friends in all parts of the land. The paper which we read paid a fitting tribute to his many virtues. We regret that our train will not bring us to the city in time to attend the funeral-service.

At Carlin, where we stop to change engines, the names of all the passengers are telegraphed to San Francisco and Sacramento, where they appear in

the papers of the following morning, so that friends interested may know whom to expect on the evening train. By the kind courtesy of Superintendent Coddington we are seated in the cab with the engineer, to obtain a better view of the magnificent scenery between Carlin and Palisade. The index of the steam-gauge points to one hundred and thirty pounds to the square inch. This indicates too much steam, and, as he lifts the brake and opens the throttle-valves to start the engines, he touches a couple of levers, and the locomotive fairly shakes with the escaping steam. It looked for a moment as if the whole "bottom had dropped out," and we should not have objected to a seat in the rear end of the last car. In a few seconds the pressure is relieved, and the index points to one hundred and twenty pounds to the square inch, the average at which they run on this part of the road. On we go, every minute faster and faster, as the engineer, moving his lever little by little, opens the throttle-valves. Will those cattle feeding by the track scamper away to the right, or attempt to cross it? The engineer quickly moves his lever—they have concluded to cross. They are all over now, and away we go toward the palisades. The train winds like a serpent around the curves. What faith that engineer must have! How does he know that around yonder curve, where he cannot see a hundred feet before him, a fallen rock is not lying on the track to hurl the train into the river below? But scarcely slackening our rate of speed, we whirl around the curve to find all well, and then we dart into the fifteen-mile *cañon*, with the perpendicular rocks towering on each side hundreds of feet above our heads. We are forcibly reminded of the palisades of the Hudson, which closely resemble these stained and discolored rocks, standing like sentinels, in unbroken columns, to guard the river and the road.

The estimated height of these bluffs and palisades is eight hundred feet. Mile after mile we speed along, filled with awe and wonder, and wishing that our ride might be prolonged amid scenery so sublime. But the shrill whistle of the locomotive announces that we are nearing a station. The throttle-valves are closed, the air-brake is set, and we stop at Palisade. The passengers rush from the cars to interchange expressions of wonder at the impressive scenery which has made all hearts beat quicker.

During the day we see numbers of Indians at the stations. They are Shoshones and Piutes. Bare-headed squaws are here with their barefoot children, crying, "Give me money!" "Give me greenback!" A passenger hands a small silver coin to a squaw for her papoose hung on her back. She receives it, saying, "No good." She would be a suitable person to take up a Church collection where mostly nickels were found in the baskets. Whether men, women, or children, they are the most degraded persons we ever saw. They hang around these depots to beg. They live in tents without top or covering—simply stakes driven down to protect from the wind. Water, whether in the shape of rain or otherwise, they know nothing about.

All manner of houses are passed in this trip. In Salt Lake City about one-half the houses are adobe. George Q. Cannon's house, several stories high and with Mansard roof and bay-windows, is adobe. When these sun-dried brick are plastered on the outside they last a long time. Yonder, in the great American Desert through which we are passing, is a house made of nothing else but poles and straw. That fence is made of stakes driven down side by side, while this one is made of stakes, not so near together, with willow branches among them. The snow is visible on the mountain tops only at inter-

vals during the day, but the large quantities of alkali cropping from the soil mantle with white the whole plain, and sometimes the sides of the foothills. The Humboldt River, which we have crossed several times to-day, now empties into the "Humboldt Sink," a sort of lake with no outlet save a subterranean one. The glimpse of this "Sink," like that of Salt Lake, last greets the eye before we retire for the night.

By daylight the following morning we are on the platform of the cars, watching for the grand scenery of the Sierra Nevada Mountains. We have just run through forty miles of snow-sheds; but the last one has been reached, and here we are at Blue cañon, with the satisfaction of not having our view broken by obstructions just when it becomes most interesting. All along by the side of the track, as we thunder by, are flows and ditches for conveying the water from the tops of the mountains to the mines and houses down the sides. Here are the evidences of hydraulic mining, where acres of ground have been washed away in the search for gold. Mounds where the water has played stand half washed away, and in many instances greatly amuse us by their fantastic shapes. The water used for these purposes is hardly less costly than gold itself. Carried immense distances in flumes, it is clear as crystal when leaping, with the force of one thousand pounds to the square inch, through the nozzle of an iron hose, but, having done its work in destroying a bank of earth, it pours a muddy stream into the valley below, until that which enters into the Sacramento River makes its clear waters more yellow even than those of the Missouri. We pass the great mining districts of the country. Dutch Flat and Gold Run are stations on the road. During the night we have taken on some of the treasures of the great Virginia City mines—Comstock

Lode, the Ophir, and the Big Bonanza—and there they lie in the express car in bricks of mingled gold and silver, worth four thousand dollars each. The door stands open, for there is no danger of anybody carrying away what they cannot lift. We are invited by the express messenger to help ourselves, but we shall wait until it is in smaller pieces and stamped with eagles.

While standing on the platform looking out upon the summits of the Sierra Nevadas, our train dashing recklessly through deep cuts and around almost impassable curves, we suddenly find ourselves looking down into a gorge so deep that the river at the bottom seems like a muddy path, with just enough water on the surface to make foot travel most unpleasant. This is the great American River *cañon*, whose precipitous bluffs tower two thousand feet above the winding river almost lost to vision in the valley below. It is the grandest view on the whole road, unless we except Cape Horn, which is reached a few minutes later. At this latter point we creep right along the narrow edge of a precipice where workmen had to be lowered with ropes to make the road-bed. It is a scene of such thrilling interest that the cars stop for the passengers to look out upon it. Such as dare do so leave the train to gaze down into the valley two thousand feet below. The view is more extended than at American River *cañon*, which, by its narrow depths and the suddenness with which it bursts upon us, left an impression of awful sublimity that we can never forget. We clung to the railing of the car and shrank back as we thought of "the bottomless pit."

In sharp contrast with the rugged scenery, it is not many minutes before we find ourselves in an old-settled country again. We have left the Sierra Nevada, and are now in the Sacramento Valley. Hundreds of Chinamen are at work on the railroad

—some with horses and carts, others shoveling dirt with the skill and even the swing of an Irishman, others carrying buckets of water at each end of a stick resting on their shoulder, and some even as fruit boys selling California grapes and pears. They wear the peculiar hat and dress of the coolie, and were it not for an occasional American among them, directing their labor, we might suppose that we had already reached China. The Central Pacific Railroad Company appreciate the services of the Chinese on this coast, and have as many as five thousand of them at work at a single point.

From our favorite place in the cab of the engine we obtain a splendid view of Sacramento Valley and of the capital of California. Wheat-fields follow one after another in a valley three hundred miles long and seventy wide. Occasionally we see their greatest enemy, a little squirrel that burrows into the earth like a prairie-dog. He not only gathers into this hole immense quantities of the ripened grain, but nibbles the newly-sprouting wheat, and leaves large deserts where there ought to be an unbroken oasis. The Californian, thus far, has failed to cope with these great enemies of agriculture, and, propagating their young with great rapidity, their nests, or holes, honey-comb the soil. Horseback riding is dangerous where they abound. All through this valley, so like an Illinois prairie, windmills for drawing water are hardly less numerous than fence-posts; at least, fence-posts and squirrel holes are the only things which outnumber them.

We soon strike the Australian blue gum-tree, a very rapid grower, and planted all through the country under the belief that it absorbs the malaria of the atmosphere. A few years ago the demand in India for the seed of this tree was so great that Australia was unable to furnish any at all to California. We reach an end of the plain, and are soon

climbing around and penetrating the coast range of mountains. Then we run rapidly along by the almond and fruit groves in the vicinity of the bay. That long line of silver to the left is the bay itself. Here we are at Oakland, and now crossing the ferry to San Francisco. Our trunk is checked to the Palace Hotel, and we are on our way there, when some one steps up with the inquiry, "Is not this Mr. Hendrix?" "Yes, sir." "My name is Chamberlain; we expect you at our house." So here we are, pleasantly ensconced with the pastor of our Church in San Francisco.

October 24, 25, 1876.

LETTER IV.

AT THE GOLDEN GATE.

OUR programme was to spend somewhat on this wise the six days after reaching San Francisco, before sailing on the "Alaska" for Japan—two days at the Geysers in Napa Valley, two days in the city, and two days at San José, in the beautiful Santa Clara Valley. This would have enabled us to see all the most interesting parts of Middle California, save the Yosemite Valley, a visit to that point requiring ten or more days, which of course were not at our disposal. We were able to carry out the programme, excepting a visit to the Geysers. The heavy rain that fell for the first two days made it alike impossible and undesirable to visit that mysterious valley, where the tourist is both amazed and amused at the peculiar modes in which the water is constantly bursting from the ground.

The heavy mists which hung over San Francisco as we crossed the ferry from Oakland did not give the city a prepossessing appearance. Much of it is built on the irregular hills which look down upon the bay, while the dismal fog shut out all the houses save those nearest the wharf. The rainy season had begun, and we had the consolation of knowing that we could see California at her worst, if not at her best. This rainy season is the winter. The rain often pours down for days and weeks together. Then comes a bright spell, and the grass is left green