

MISCELLANEOUS.

THE PACIFIC COAST AND CANADA.

I left Salt Lake City August 1st 1896, at 7 p. m., in company with President Lorenzo Snow, Minnie J. Snow (my parents) and Elder William Salmon, on a tour to California and Canada, in quest of health and recreation. At Ogden we located ourselves comfortably in the sleeper Ariosa. On arising the following morning at 6:30, nothing could be seen but a wilderness of sagebrush, only relieved during the day by short stops at the little towns Terrace, Elko, Carlin and smaller stations. After passing another night we found ourselves approaching a pretty little place—Fort Casto, which is situated among the foothills on the river bank. Our next place of interest was the attractive and important city of Sacramento, the capital of California.

The announcement that Oakland had been reached occasioned hasty preparations for leaving the train and to be ferried across the bay, enjoying the invigorating ocean breeze. On landing in San Francisco we took a carriage and were driven through some of the principal streets of the city to the Colonial Hotel, where we secured pleasant accommodations. In the afternoon I met and conversed with a strange gentleman who expressed much interest in our principles and people. In the evening, in company with Elder Salmon, I visited the Columbia theater and witnessed a very interesting play, *The Gold Mine*.

The next morning Henry S. Tanner, President of the California mission, called, and in company with him we visited the Cliff House, situated on the shore of the Pacific, about nine miles distant. Many interesting objects are to be seen here. Among the most important are the Sutro Baths, museum, conservatory and numerous seals climbing up and down the rocks in the vicinity.

While listening to beautiful strains of music and deeply interested in other attractions, our attention was suddenly drawn towards an object which proved to be a man who unfortunately had been carried out into the ocean by the force of an undercurrent. Immediately the alarm was given. Several volunteers came forward and plunged into the water but were beaten back by the angry surf, while the drowning man was being carried farther and farther out to sea. After several unsuccessful attempts, the only man who had not been beaten back and discouraged with a daring leap from a craggy peak cleared the surf and reached the drowning man, with whom he struggled to the shore amid the cheers of the excited spectators.

The next place visited was the far famed Golden Gate Park, which covers an area of 1,300 acres, beautified by well-kept lawns, artificial lakes, rare flowers and trees, a museum, conservatory, children's play ground, animals, birds, etc., a most desirable resort for the thousands who visit the charming walks, drives and grounds specially prepared for bicyclists. Friendly visits in the evening completed the day. In the morning we breakfasted at the Delmonico, and again crossed the bay, having decided to spend the day in Oakland, celebrated for its delightful climate, beautiful dwellings, made doubly attractive by the va-

riety of flowers and ornamental shrubbery to be seen on every hand. The 40,000 residents are fortunate to dwell amid such charming surroundings. The evening was devoted to witnessing *The Benefit of the Doubt* performed by a strong cast of players at the Baldwin, the most celebrated theater in San Francisco. Saturday was quietly spent at home until evening, when we attended the opera. *The Bohemian Girl*, at the Tivoli. Sunday we attended services held by the Latter-day Saints in the Pythian Hall. Next day brief visits were made to the city hall, and places connected with the shocking murder of Blanche Lamont. On our return to the hotel we received a pleasant visit from my brother, Mortimer, who is a favorite actor at Morosco's Grand Opera House, where we enjoyed his creditable rendition of an important part in the play that evening.

The following evening we accepted President Tanner's invitation to accompany him to China Town, where 30,000 Chinese are located. While walking along the very narrow sidewalks we peered into filthy shops of all kinds. Hundreds of these people can be seen in their dens smoking opium. The Joss house, their place of worship, now claims our attention. It contains many images and idols, with lamps in which incense is kept constantly burning. The decorations of carved work are very beautiful. We were entertained a few moments in one of their theaters, and also stopped to listen to a Chinese concert of the Salvation Army. We stepped into the leading restaurant, where a feast was being prepared. Everything here is remarkable for its decorations and cleanliness. After purchasing a few souvenirs from their curio stores we returned to the hotel.

Next day we were pleased and surprised to learn of the presence in the city of President Woodruff, wife and son, and President George Q. Cannon and wife, who were visited at the Palace hotel.

On August 21st we boarded the steamer Walla Walla, for Victoria, after regretfully bidding Elder Salmon good by. He was to take the next train for Salt Lake City.

We were somewhat deprived of enjoying the beauties and pleasures of an ocean voyage through having to suffer the usual sea sickness. We arrived at Victoria, having spent two nights and two days in traveling 900 miles on the Pacific. We were here transferred from the Walla Walla to another boat, the *Charmer*, bound for Vancouver, 200 miles distant, where we enjoyed a grateful rest of several hours before resuming our journey over the Canadian Pacific railway. After leaving Vancouver the next objects of interest were gigantic trees, twenty, thirty, and even forty feet in circumference, and at several places are heavily wooded shores dotted with mills and villages; there were also ocean steamships, loaded with sawn timber for all parts of the world. We also can see snow-tipped mountains, beautiful in form and color, which are reflected in the mirror-like waters below.

We soon arrived at Westminster Junction on the Fraser river. The town is eight miles distant and has a population

of 8,000. There are handsome buildings and this place is the headquarters of the salmon canning industry. It also has large saw mills and numerous other large establishments. We still go on, frequently seeing immense trees, the usual size of which is indicated by the enormous stumps near the railway. We follow up the Fraser river, which is now a smooth and mighty stream. Mount Baker can be seen rising 1,400 feet above the railway level and fifty miles away. After passing Ruby creek we often see vegetation of all kinds. The canyon widens and is soon succeeded by a broad, level valley, with rich soil and heavy timber.

We arrive at Hope, which was formerly an attractive place for miners and ranchmen. Mountains of great height can be seen on all sides, and on the opposite bank is a little village where a conspicuous Joss house shows the presence of Chinamen, who can be seen washing gold on the river bank. Soon the river makes an abrupt turn to the left and the railway disappears into a long tunnel and again joins the stream. Enormous cliffs seem to bar the way so it seems hardly possible for the train to pass through. The scenery from Yale to Spuzzum is almost startling in its grandeur. The great river is forced between walls of black rocks, and is seen hundreds of feet below rushing madly, foaming and roaring over massive rocky obstructions. After leaving North Bend, where there is a charming little hotel, we see huts of the Chinese and Indian farms and villages. Three immense engines force the train to the height of a thousand feet above, and one is almost afraid to gaze at the angry waters beneath. We cross the Fraser river on a steel bridge high above the water and then rush into a tunnel and reach Cisco.

We next enter Thompson canyon, where the scenery almost defies description. A little brook is found here where trout may be caught; then high cliffs streaked with red and suddenly followed by grassy slopes of green. The beautiful colors blending or contrasting is such an enchanting sight that it can never be forgotten. We pass through many tunnels, following in succession, and pretty little lakes of clear water with picturesque mountains in the background. The valley broadens and the eye, which has become accustomed to rugged mountains and uninhabited places, is gladdened by the sight of grass, fields, little cabins and farm houses.

Soon the Columbia river is reached and crossed upon a bridge half a mile long, in the Selkirk Mountains. We pass here a terrible looking narrow place, which is only wide enough for the train to pass through and seems to have been prepared solely for its use. High mountains rise abruptly on each side throughout the canyon. The highest place here is at Summit Lake, eight miles from the Columbia and 525 feet above the level of the river. Revelstoke is reached, the town is situated on the river bank. Here the mining industry is very extensively carried on. It is the centre of the rich Slocan silver. After leaving Revelstoke the narrow valley again becomes a gorge and the river and railroad dispute the passage through a chasm with vertical rocky walls, standing but ten yards apart. Just before reaching Twin Butte a beautiful peak can be seen. It is called