DESERET EVENING NEWS. fonday. August 9, 1869.

A DAY IN SALT LAKE.

ALLROADS.

Under this heading we offer to the tude. The former contingency is fore-readers of the Herald a few impressions shadowed in the present rising of the of Utah and the Mormons, received lake to the extent of overflowing and during a stay of not less than fortyeight hours in Salt Lake City. We could have produced them in a much more satisfactory manner could we have written in the midst of what we saw. But as it is not the intention to pleasing possibilities. describe Salt Lake City in detail, we jects of special interest in the town, which it would require columns to describe, that can but be merely mentioned in these rough and hasty notes. Among these are the Tabernacle, the future Temple, the City Hall, Coust House, Theatre, Brigham Young's residence, and the numerous private mansions and houses that adorn the town. We simply put into narrative form a day's personal experience in a community whose people, in their history, in their religion, and in their life, are now, as they have been for twenty years, the objects of so much needless anxiety to the Government and to popeople to the sad neglect of their own. Salt Lake Valley is four hundred

miles long, and of varying width. The lake itself is 150 miles in length by from 40 to 50 miles wide. The water is, of course, salt, as its name implies. In the journey to Promontory by the Union Pacific, we pass around its head, and stand, at that point, upon Promontory Hills, which are its western boundary. In the center of the Lake, as we travel by Wells, Fargo's stage line from Deseret (now Uintah) on the railroad down to the city, (a distance of 32 miles) the mountainous elevations which appear to be the West boundary are not such in fact. These eminences, outlined against the sky, are on what is known as Church Island, which is said by Gentiles to be extensively occupied by herds of cattle belonging to Brigham Young and the Church of the Latterday Saints. The Lake has no known outlet, but receives the waters of the Wasatch Ranges on the East through Bear and Weber Rivers, and other less notable streams that emerge from the glad to meet. base of these mountains, and from the Jordan on the South. The rim of the Great Basin reaches as far East as Wasatch Station on the railroad, at which point we begin descending into the caffons of Echo and Weber-a distance of more than 60 miles. As we

the snow level to a more melting alticompelling the abandonment of cultiva-

Continuing our walk to Capt. Hoopwill omit much that might otherwise receive attention. There are many ob-jects of special interest in the town, which it would require columns to desso many "mill tails," all in one general Were sold in the Year 1868 direction, viz., from their source, the Wasatch Bange, near whose broad base the city is located, through the town and down upon the farms which are groaning with half barvested crops of rye, wheat, oats, barley, and other grains. These are the waters of irrigation through which, Dr. Latham estimates, over 200,000 acres of agricultural lands are now under the most success ful cultivation in this great valley. Penetrating every household and ground FULLY GUARANTEED in town and country, they have conliticians, and to that large portion of verted Salt Lake City, as well as the the Christian sects whose time and whole region of which it is the tradeenergies have been so benevolently center, into a vast garden for grain, fruit, and flower culture. These streams all along the valley are crossed on the stage route, and, driven at the rate of eight or nine miles an hour, we seldom passed one in the coach without receiving a bumping reminder of it. Mr. Woolworth called them irritating, instead of irrigating, ditches. But they are a perpetual and refreshing luxury to people and visitors. Their beds are bright and pebbly, and their waters pure. We understood them to be diligently guarded against all filth. A great central ditch, walled with heavy stone and very deep, serves the city as a safeguard against floods.

But we are reminded that we ought to have reached Captain Hooper's residence some time ago. The stops on the way from the Townsend House were unavoidable. A hearty welcome greets us from Mr. and Mrs. Hooper, from Mrs. Hooper's mother, Mrs. Knowlton, a very intelligent lady of advanced years, and from Mr. Alexander Majors, who happened to be Capt. Hooper's guest, and whom we were particularly

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"A day in Salt Lake" is, like many other things of its kind-"to be contrnued.²³ G. L. M.



1869

DAY, ALLEN & CO.,



crossed Bear River, on our way to Promontory, we saw the little steambost "Kate Connor," of whose trip up lake and river we published an account some weeks ago.

Settlements extend for three hundred miles up and down this valley, as far north as Bear River, and to the extreme CHICAGO, southern boundary of Utab. The twenty-second anniversary of the earliest settlement, was celebrated with great rejoleings a day or two before our arrival. All the people participated. It was in 1847 that the first settlers, less than 500 in number, arrived in the Vallay, after a tollsome, weary journey through a thousand miles of uninhabited Indian country. They were very poor, and it is probable that the extent of the sufferings and sacrifices made by the Mormons to reach that country. will never be known but to those who will never be known but to those who endured them. They were the van-guard of a community who now number 120,000 strong, and of whose history it may be truly said, it is quite as unex-ampled in the peculiar character of the sacrifices of its people as it is in what they have achieved. When the Mormons entered Utah twenty-two years are it was a literal desart. two years ago, it was a literal desert. Sage-brush was its only vegetable pro-duct. This peculiar shrub, exactly as it is now seen in the more arid Bitter Creek region, covered the face of the whole land. Trees grew (pine) only in IRON AND BRASS FOUNDRY, the region of perpetual snow, 8,000 feet away up youder, where we see those towering peaks, the mercury in town making 80° to 90° at the same moment. Wrought and Cast Iron Pipe & Fittings, The utter barrenness of the country in 1847, as it appeared to the first Mormon settlers is graphically described by thom at this day. It is a positive fact that no tree, or plant, or spear of grain will grow in that valley without artificial aid even to-day. Irrigation has done the work of subduing the desert to the most profitable use of map. Water is the sole agent, which, under the best organized system of labor the world has ever seen, has made the deserts of Utah bloom and blossom with the richest fruits of agricultural industry. Dr. Latham would object to calling such a soil, made up of the sedimentary deposits of vegetable matter from the mountains, mixed with a wash from their granite and red sand stone formations a descrt. But we use the word to express our idea of its natural upproductiveness as compared to our own section of the country where the plenteous rain-fall quickens our heavier and sturdier soils into productions of unexampled bounty without artificial aids.

With this glance at Utah introductory, we reduce our "A day in Salt Lake" to a simple narrative of what we saw there on our recent visit. In no way can we do this better to our own satisfaction, and, we hope, to that of our readers, than to begin where, in a recent letter, we noted the arrival at the Townsend House last Tuesday night. Next morning found us eager to see

by daylight more and more of what we had had but mere glances by starlight. Breakfast over, and we sailied forth with our friend Thomas to see what was to be seen. As a starter we concluded to pay our respects to Hon. W. H. Hooper. The walk to that gentleman's residence from the hotel took us a haif mile ition use inter took is a finite inite whose first appearance astonished us astonishment growing into amazement a we afterwards extended our acquaint area with the wonderful work of the Mormens in the upbuilding of town and country. We walked under the shado of the locust nearly the whole way, trees planted in the earlier years. Hard, gravelly walks are everywhere. Ab-sence of rain makes the roads dusty, The weather is uncomfortably warm, and the sir has a dry and parching qual-ity. There is no moisture in it. It re-fuses to rain. A dark cloud in the weat as large as your hand emits a few gleams of lightning, and it thunders over there in the direction of the Uintahs. But it will not rain. The heat, however, does not interfere with the snow on yonder through the very heart of the town,

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