



Through more deep rock cuts we wind around Promontory Mountain until the lake is lost to view. Up, up we go, the engine puffing and snorting with its arduous labors, until the summit is gained, and we arrive at the former terminus of the two Pacific railroads—8.93 miles from Blue Creek.

Promontory—elevation, 4,905 feet; distance from Omaha 1,084 miles; from San Francisco 830 miles—is celebrated for being the point where the connection between the two roads was made on the 10th of May, 1869.

This town, formerly very lively, is now almost entirely deserted. The supply of water is obtained from a spring about four miles south of the road, in one of the gulches of Promontory Mountain.

The bench on which the station stands would doubtless produce vegetables or grain, if it could be irrigated, for the sandy soil is largely mixed with loam, and the bunch grass and sage-brush grow luxuriantly.

The Last Spike—On Monday, the 10th day of May, 1869, a large party was congregated on Promontory Point, Utah Territory, gathered from the four quarters of the Union, and, we might say, from the four quarters of the earth. There were men from the pine-clad hills of Maine, the rock-bound coast of Massachusetts, the everglades of Florida, the golden shores of the Pacific slope, from China, Europe, and the wilds of the American continent. There were the lines of blue-clad boys, with their burnished muskets and glistening bayonets, and over all, in the bright May sun, floated the glorious old stars and stripes, an emblem of unity, power and prosperity. They are grave, earnest men, most of them, who are gathered here; men who would not leave their homes and business and traverse half or two-thirds of the continent only on the most urgent necessity, or on an occasion of great national importance, such as they might never hope to behold again. It was to witness such an event, to be present at