



“LET EVERY STEP BE AN ADVANCE.”

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THROUGH THE WAHSATCH.

The cars leave Echo City, 993 miles west of Cheyenne, and speed along the banks of the Weber about six miles, then enter the Narrows of Weber canyon, through which the road is cut for two miles, most of the way in the side of the steep mountain that drops its base in the river bed. Shortly after entering the Narrows, the One Thousand Mile Tree is passed. This living mile-stone of nature's planting has long marked this place; long before the hardy Mormon passed down this wild gorge; long before the great trans-continental road was even thought of. It stood a lonely sentinel, when all around was desolation; when the lurking savage and wild beast claimed supremacy, and each in turn reposed in the shade of its waving arms. How changed the scene! The ceaseless bustle of an active, progressive age, the hum of labor, the roar and rush of the passing locomotive has usurped the old quiet, and henceforward the lone tree will be, not a guide to the gloomy past, but an index of the coming greatness of a regenerated country.

Near the "thousand mile tree" two ridges of granite rock are seen on the left hand side of the road, reaching from the railroad track to the summit of a sloping, grass-clad mountain. They are from 50 to 200 feet high, narrow slabs, standing on edge, as though forced out of the mountain side. The two ridges run parallel with each other, about 100 yards apart, the space between being covered with green grass and wild flowers, form-

ing one of the prettiest lawns imaginable.

The next place of importance is called Devil's Gate Station. The train runs down the right hand bank of the river, till near Morgan City, when it crosses to the left side, and follows for two miles farther, between towering mountains, until it suddenly dashes up to the station, and all the wild scenery is before the traveler. Onward goes the train across the bridge; 50 feet above the seething cauldron of waters, where massive frowning rocks rear their crests, far up toward the black and threatening clouds which hover over this witch's cauldron. With bated breath, we gaze on this wild scene, and vainly try to analyze our feelings, in which awe, wonder, and admiration are blended. No time for thought, as to how or when this mighty work was accomplished; no time or inclination to compare the work of Nature with the puny work beneath us, but onward, with quickened speed, down the right hand bank of the stream; on beneath these massive piles, worn and seamed in their ceaseless struggles against the destroying hand of time; on to where yon opening of light marks the open country; on, past towering mountain and toppling rock, until we catch a view of the broad sunlit plains, and from the last and blackest of the buttresses which guard the entrance into Weber, we emerge to light and beauty, to catch the first view of the Great Salt Lake—to behold broad plains and well cultivated fields which stretch their lines of waving green and golden shades beyond.

We have now passed through the Wahsatch Mountains, and are fairly in the great Salt Lake Valley. The elevation at this point is 4,550 feet, 2,269 feet lower than Wahsatch, 53 miles to the eastward. From this point to Omaha the distance is 1,024 miles; to San Francisco, 895.

—“Bring me no more reports,” as the sleepy individual remarked when he was roused up at half past four Saturday morning to see Echo Canon; when he discovered, after a hasty toilet, that the said “great gun” of scenery was about ten hours distant. The enthusiasm of preparation was a pure waste of powder, and the canyon did not receive our load of excursionists till some hours later; they all went off, however, well satisfied, and the worthy Treasurer is so prompt in the discharge of duty that all resolved to stand by him while he has a shot in his locker.

The question in the morning was, “Where is Echo Canon?” and echo answered, “Where?”

—On Saturday, after working off 150 copies of the TRANS-CONTINENTAL, the press broke down. It was soon taken to pieces, and portions transferred to our Machine Shop. in the forward car, where the damage was repaired in half an hour, and the balance of our edition worked off successfully. We seem provided against every emergency.

—About fifty years ago, a Boston merchant assisted in striking off the first page printed on the shores of the North Pacific. The first number of this journal, the first printed on the first train from Boston to the Pacific, contained an article written by his son, who, like his father, preserved as a historical relic, the first proof and impression.

—Whatever changes of temperature may occur in these high table lands in the centre of our continent, there are few changes of humidity, and consumption is unknown.

—One lady said she was so delighted with the trip, and the Pullman cars, she knew she would be actually sorry to leave the train on arrival.