

TRANS-CONTINENTAL

TUESDAY MORNING, JUNE 28.

Second Edition---Cheyenne, Wyoming.

SEASONS IN CALIFORNIA.

Visitors to California cannot but be impressed, among its many novelties, by a wide difference in the seasons as they exist there, and in the Northern Atlantic States, or in old England, where much of our literature on this subject has had its origin.

On the Pacific slope, which we have visited, there are but slight variations between different portions of the year. In San Francisco, where the average range of temperature is said to scarcely exceed eighteen degrees, the same description of clothing may be worn with uniform comfort throughout the year. Sharp distinctions, so common in New England States, are there without parallel, and the circling succession of months, brings but slight changes to San Francisco. November there, presents new grass in all its freshness, and Thanksgiving is never without strawberries fresh from the vines. When Massachusetts completes her sowing, the golden grain of California invites the reaper's care. Generations maturing in California may require foot-note explanations to Thompson's Seasons, and, indeed, to much English literature and poetry. Wordsworth and Tennyson will be found equally wide of a California reality. We cannot but feel that our friends experience positive loss by the absence of relieving change, which the succession of "summer and winter, heat and hoar frost" is calculated to supply. Their children know not the spirit of those verses which "ring out" like "bells across the snow," sparkling as the frosty Christmas nights. Nature, however, is rich in her compensations; and in soft delicacy of atmosphere, vitality of foliage, and tropical richness of fruit, remunerates our friends around the Golden Gate for any lack of sharp bracing frosts, for glassy ice-ponds, or smooth and moon-illumined snow-ways, made merry by echoing hoof and jingling sleigh-bell.

—We have passed several bands of friendly Utes and Shoshone Indians, mounted on their ponies, having w'th them, in many cases, their pack animals. We have seen as high as two or three hundred at a time.

Undoubtedly a Pilgrim.

J. H. Chadwick, one of the proprietors of Willard's Hotel, in Washington, D. C., stood on the platform to welcome us as we stopped at Ogden. He is personally known to most of our party, and he informed us that he is on his way to Salt Lake City. Whether his visit is of a temporal or religious nature, we are uninformed, although we surmise the latter.

—A lady and gentleman—we shall not say that they are of our party—were recently discussing the question of what single article nearest combines the animal and the vegetable; the lady asserted that a sponge did, because when taken from the rock upon which it grows, it really seems full of life and animation. After a thorough and scientific exposition of her theory, she inquired of her friend what *he* considered nearest combined the two, to which he mildly and waggishly replied, *hash!*

—Red Cloud, the Sioux chief, after his return from Washington, on last Friday, was escorted by U. S. cavalry and a military band of music, from Pine Bluffs to Fort Laramie, and quite a feature was made of the occasion. The Sioux tribe are said to have eight thousand well equipped warriors, capable of being put upon the war-Path at short notice.

—We are greatly indebted to Mr. J. Foley, of the Central Pacific Division of the Atlantic and Pacific Telegraph Company, located at San Francisco, for important telegraphic news forwarded daily.

—Yesterday, while our train stopped at Church Buttes, members of the party were industrious in gathering moss-agates along the side of the road, and a large number of beautiful stones were secured.

—Mr. W. D. Foster is the pressman, and Messrs. Wm. E. Oughton and M. Miller the compositors on the TRANS-CONTINENTAL, as we are homeward bound. They are first-class printers, and all formerly from the Eastern States.

—When an irresistible body meets an immovable body, what is the result?
Ans— I give it up, call the next boy.

—Why is fame like a weather-cock?
Ans—Because it is a *vane* thing to *aspire*.

—How does a locomotive listen?
Ans—Through its engine-*ear*.

—Iced tea is a good substitute for Bitter Creek water.

[BY TELEGRAPH.]

ELKO, June 27th, 1870.

CHAS. WOLCOTT BROOKS:

I was unavoidably prevented from meeting you in Sacramento. I arrived here yesterday afternoon. Please convey to your party my regrets at not being able to see them, and my wishes for a safe and pleasant journey home.

JOHN CORNING,
Ass't Gen'l Supt. Central Pacific R. R.

—Yesterday, between Bryan and Carbon, we passed many excellent coal mines, which appear to be actively worked, and must prove invaluable to the Union Pacific R. R., contributing largely to its freighting business, and also furnishing abundant supplies of cheap fuel, directly at hand for immediate use.

—Not least among the pleasant things which awaited us at Ogden, was the appearance of our charming friend, A. P. Pullman, who is now with us, and will, we are happy to learn, remain with us during the remainder of the excursion.

—The Ute and Shoshone Indians have a peculiar way of selling horses. They drive them to graze along the line of the railroad, and when one of them is "accidentally" killed the owner receives a good price therefor from the Railroad Company.

—As we passed Bridger Station, about three hundred cords of cedar wood were in a roaring blaze. This wood belonged to the Railroad Company, and the employees were energetically engaged in efforts to save the Station house.

NEEDS EXPLANATION. — Yesterday morning we left Mount Sinai, and passing by the Devil's Slide reached the Devil's Gate. We left the western portion of Utah on the other side of Jordan.

—Laramie time, by which all trains on this division are run, is one hour and five minutes faster than Sacramento time. So says Mr. Littlejohn, our most attentive conductor.

—Our ladies seem to think the Indian daughters and mothers of the Plains very *plain* women.

Enigma.

I am composed of seven letters :

My 1, 4, 2, 5, is a fruit.

My 1, 3, 6, 7, is a pre-arranged thought.

My 7, 6, 1, is what almost every one has taken since leaving San Francisco.

My 4, 6, 5, 1, is what we enjoy in the evening.

My whole is a genius and an attraction.