

of the buffalo, but the animal had not been met with.

July 13.—Marched until 10 o'clock in a soaking rain. In the afternoon travelled a long distance through a picturesque country, crossing the end of an extensive lake, whose gently sloping banks of green sward were covered with thick woods. Here the party fell upon the trail of emigrants from Red river to Columbia, and thence followed the well beaten track made by them for both horses and carts.

July 14.—Under this date we annex a considerable extract:—

In this part of the country we saw many sorts of birds, geese, loons, pelicans, ducks, cranes, two kinds of snipe, hawks, owls and gulls; but they were all so remarkably shy that we were constrained to admire them at a distance. In the afternoon we traversed a beautiful country, with lofty hills and long valleys full of sylvan lakes, while the bright green of the surface, as far as the eye could reach, assumed a foreign tinge, under an uninterrupted profusion of roses and blue bells. On the summit of one of these hills we commanded one of the few extensive prospects we had of late enjoyed. One range of heights rose behind another, each becoming fainter as it receded from the eye, till the farthest was blended in almost indistinguishable confusion with the clouds, while the softest vales spread a panorama of hanging copses and glittering lakes at our feet.

July 15.—The travellers had now reached the Bow river, on the south branch of the Saskatchewan, which, says Simpson, 'takes its rise in the Rocky Mountains near the international frontier, and is of considerable size, without any physical impediment of any moment. At the crossing place the Bow river was about a third of a mile in width, with a strong current, and some twenty miles below, falls into the main Saskatchewan, whence the united streams flow toward Lake Winnipeg, forming at their mouth the Grand Rapids, of about three miles in length.'

A smart ride of four or five hours from Bow river through a country very much resembling an English park, brought the party to Fort Carlton, on the Saskatchewan—latitude 53 deg., longitude about 108.

The Saskatchewan, Governor Simpson remarks, is here upward of a quarter of a mile wide, presenting, as its name implies, a swift current. It is navigable for boats from Rocky Mountain House, in longitude 116, to Lake Winnipeg, upwards of seven hundred miles in a direct line, but by the actual course of the stream nearly double that distance. Though above Edmonton the river is much obstructed by rapids, yet from that Fort to Lake Winnipeg it is descended without a portage alike by boats and canoes, while even on the upward voyage the only break in the navigation is the grand rapid already mentioned.

July 17.—After forty-eight hours at Fort Carlton, Gov. Simpson's party resumed its journey along the north or left bank of the Saskatchewan. The first day's route lay over a hilly country so picturesque in its character that almost every commanding position presented the elements of a picturesque panorama.

July 18.—The hottest day; much inconvenience from thirst; encamped at 8 P. M. on a large lake.

July 19.—Overtook the emigrants to the Columbia. In this connection so many particulars of interest are given that we may make a liberal extract:—These emigrants consisted of agriculturists and others, principally natives of Red River Settlement. There were twenty-three families, the heads generally being young and active, though a few of them were advanced in life—more particularly one poor woman, upward of seventy-five years of age, who was tottering after her son to his new home. This venerable wanderer was a native of the Saskatchewan, of which, in fact, she bore the name. She had been absent from this, the land of her birth for eighteen years, and on catching the first glimpse of the river from the hill near Carlton, she burst, under the influence of old recollections into a violent flood of tears. During the two days that the party spent at the fort, she scarcely ever left the bank of the stream, appearing to regard it with as much veneration as the Hindoo regards the Ganges. As a contrast to this superannuated daughter of the Saskatchewan, the band contained several very youthful travellers, who had in fact made their appearance in the world since the commencement of the journey.

Each family had two or three carts, together with bands of horses, cattle and dogs. The men and lads travelled in the saddle, while the vehicles, which were covered with awnings against the sun and rain, carried the women and the young children. As they marched in single file their cavalcade extended above a mile in length, and we increased the length of the column by marching in company. The emigrants were all healthy and happy, living in the greatest abundance, and enjoying the journey with the highest relish. Before coming up to these people we had seen evidence of the comfortable state of their commissariat, in the shape of two or three still warm buffalo, from which only the tongues and a few other choice bits had been taken. This spectacle gave us hopes of soon seeing the animal ourselves, and it was not long before we saw our game on either side of

the road grazing or stalking about in bands of between twenty and a hundred, to the number of about five thousand.

July 20.—The first complaint of the scarcity of water—only one supply, from Turtle river, during thirty-six hours. Game abundant—buffalo, beaver and deer, besides wolves, badgers and foxes. Returned to the immediate valley of the Saskatchewan, reached Fort Pitt about dark.

July 21.—Crossed to the south bank of the Saskatchewan, and travelled thirty miles through bolder scenery than formerly. At night, first apprehensions of Indians expressed by hopping horses and mounting guard.

July 22.—No water till eleven o'clock, and again in the afternoon; passed over a perfectly arid plain of about twenty-five miles in length, encamping for the night at the commencement of the Chain des Lacs, a succession of small lakes stretching over a distance of twenty or thirty miles. The journal adds, 'During the afternoon we saw our first raspberries; they proved to be of large size and fine flavor. Two days previously we had feasted on the service berry or mis-asquitomia—a sort of cross between the cranberry and black currant, and before leaving Red river we had found wild strawberries ripe.'

July 23.—Encamped on the confines of an extensive forest, a tongue of which, stretching away to the northward, is known as Le Grande Pointe. In the afternoon we had come upon a large bed of the eyeberry or oos-quisquomina, very nearly resembling the strawberry in taste and appearance. It grows abundantly in Russia; and, flourishing as it does in the same soils and situations as the strawberry, it would doubtless thrive in England. Nights chilly, dews heavy.

July 24.—Reached Edmonton House. In the vicinity is an extensive plain, covered with a luxuriant crop of the vetch, or wild pea, almost as nutritious a food for cattle and horses as oats. The Saskatchewan here is nearly as wide as the Carlton, while the immediate banks are well wooded, and the country beyond consists of rolling prairies. Coal also is found in its banks.

Gov. Simpson's further route was along the eastern base of the Rocky Mountains, to the sources of the Bow river or South Saskatchewan, whence he crossed to the head waters of the McGillivray, or Flat Bow River. He left his carts at Edmonton, making the journey to Fort Coiville with pack horses; but a party destined to Frazer and Thompson rivers would find a direct route, but not for wagons, through the Athabasca Portage to the Boat Encampment on the Upper Columbia. This pass is between Mount Hooker and Mount Brown, and on its divide a small lake, called on some maps 'Committee's Punch Bowl,' sends its tribute from one end to the Columbia, and from the other to the Mackenzie.

A witness before the Parliamentary Committee, Mr John Miles, states that from the Boat Encampment it is 'two days level walk' on the head waters of the Columbia before reaching the mountain—a good day's walk, and hard work too, to reach its summit, and three days' before getting out of the mountain ridge altogether. It seems reasonable to suppose from this testimony that a party might traverse the Rocky Mountains from Edmonton House to the head waters of Thompson river in about twelve days.

UTAH,

THE LAND OF THE MORMONS.

THE New York Tribune, Times and Herald have long letters from Utah, dated as late as June 19. It appears that the correspondents left Camp Scott with the first division of the army on the 15th ult., for Salt Lake City. On the next day they left the army and proceeded in advance with a small party under U. S. Marshall Dotson. The correspondent of the Tribune thus speaks of the mountain scenery along their route:

I have ceased to ridicule the extravagant rhetoric of the Mormons about the 'Valleys of the Mountains,' or to wonder that a people so fanatical by nature, should have found in the scenery which surrounds them, inspiration for the 'war.' I have traversed the Tyrol, wandered through Switzerland, tramped with a party of German students over the hills of the Palatinate, have crossed the Alleghanies half a dozen times, and have waded in the trout brooks of Northern New Hampshire so many summers that I am familiar with every landscape between Lakes Umbagog and Connecticut, but I have never seen a panorama of mountain scenery so varied and beautiful as on our ride from Bear River to the Valley of the Great Lake. For miles and miles in the canyons the road winds through thickets of willows and alders, and hawthorn bushes, whose twigs interlaced, and often hung so low under the load of leaves and blossoms, that even when we bent down on the necks of our little Indian ponies, they swept our backs. Through the interstices of the foliage, we could catch glimpses of the mountain sides, streaked by slides of gravel and studded with masses of sandstone, surrounded by twittering flocks of birds which had built their nests in the crevices of the rock. The ridges we crossed, between canyon and canyon, were covered with fields of luxuriant grass and flowers. From them,

whenever the sun shone clear, we could see on the west and south the broken line of the Wahsatch range; but through the morning haze, only the outline of its white crests was visible, and our eyes strained to discern more.

In regard to the celebrated Echo Canon, however, we fancy that most people will be undeceived by the following description of the Times correspondent:

Echo Canon, at its eastern extremity, is a pretty valley, from 150 to 250 yards in width—as well as I could estimate it—inclosed by steep rocky hills on either side, their summits crowned with scattering dwarfed cedars. This valley is plentifully watered throughout its entire length by Echo Canon Creek, fed by numerous springs of delightful water trickling from the hills, generally on the south side of the road, and emptying at its western extremity into the Weber River. If I mistake not, the popular idea of this canon at the East, is, that it is a great rocky gorge, with perpendicular walls on either side, and so narrow that a stone dropped from the cliff on either side, must necessarily fall at the feet of the traveller passing along the road. Nothing could be further from the truth. At no single point of the canon does this description hold good. The mountains on one side or the other, have a slope, though exceedingly steep as a general rule, from one end of the pass to the other. Occasionally there is a point where the road and the creek with its luxuriant fringe of young willows—close as a Mexican chapparel—occupies the entire width of the valley,—but generally the valley will measure from fifty to one hundred yards from the base of one hill to that of the elevation on the opposite side. The mountain elevations are irregular, crossed occasionally by great ravines, sloping rapidly towards the creek from points of the ridges lying perhaps half a mile further back than those which directly overlook the valley. These ravines, as a general thing, form available though rugged and arduous avenues, by which pedestrians may reach the heights on either hand.

We copy the Tribune correspondent's sketch of the Echo Canon fortifications which have excited so much attention in the papers:

As the canyon approaches Weber River, it dwindles in width to five or six hundred feet. The northern side becomes a perfect wall of rock, which rises perpendicularly hundreds of feet above the road. The southern side retains the character of an abrupt mountain slope covered with grass and stunted bushes. The creek with its dense fringe of willows, fills the whole bottom between the road and the bluffs. The first indication that we were approaching the fortifications was the sight of piles of rock heaped into walls pierced with loopholes, which were visible on every projecting point of the cliffs along the northern side, from most of which a pebble could be snapped down upon the road. Shortly after, on turning a bend in the canyon, we saw that all the willows along the creek had been cut away, and through the cleared space a ditch about five feet wide and ten feet deep was dug across the whole bottom, which the road crossed on a corduroy bridge. The dirt thrown from this ditch was packed so as to form a dam on which logs were so placed that it would answer also for a breastwork, behind which riflemen could be posted under cover. A sluiceway at one end allowed a free flow to the creek, but this could easily be filled up, and the material for that purpose was lying near at hand. About two hundred yards further on another breastwork and ditch had been constructed from the creek to a rock near the base of the northern cliff. Space sufficient for the passage of wagons was left between the rock and the foot of the cliff, and the evident intention was to compel trains to pass beneath the precipice, which had probably been mined.

At the distance of fifty or sixty yards was another dam and a ditch which the road crossed again on a temporary bridge. The purpose of this ditch was to prevent wagons from passing to the opposite side of the bottom, and avoiding the vicinity of the cliff. A hundred yards further on was the last dam and its accompanying breastwork. They stretched the whole way across the bottom. By the aid of this dam the canyon could be overflowed for several hundred yards to the depth of five or six feet. It was constructed just above the mouths of two narrow gorges which enter the canyon at this point, nearly opposite one another. The earth washed down out of the gorge on the southern side forms a tongue of sand which extends nearly half way into Echo Canyon and obviates the necessity of so long a dam as the first one of the series. A gully washed by the rain down the centre of this tongue was dug over and arranged so as to form a breastwork in connection with the dam. Stone walls were built across the mouth of each of the narrow gorges. On the slope of the steep hills adjoining the gorge on the southern side of the canyon, ditches were dug and embankments made in front of them at different heights. These command the whole of the fortifications below. But a flanking party, by taking possession of the summit of any of the southern hills, would command this entire series of works.

All the correspondents concur in pronouncing these fortifications a trivial affair, which could not have delayed our army a day, nor scarcely an hour.

The first view of the Salt Lake Valley is

thus pleasingly described by the Times' correspondent:—

Descending the Big Mountain, whose summit was enveloped in clouds, we struck into Emigration Canon, by which, opening, at last, we passed the last spire of the Wahsatch range. And now burst upon our view, as we came out upon the high bench overlooking the Valley of Great Salt Lake, one of the most enchanting landscapes. For days we had been imprisoned among the mountains, whose rugged grandeur and sublimity had almost become tiresome. Suddenly, as we emerged from the fastnesses, the great valley lay out before us, with its teeming fields of grain, and other quiet evidences of refined civilization. The change is sudden and striking, forcing the most practical mind to the observation of contrasts which, under any other circumstances, would be noticed only by the artist.

Great Salt Lake City certainly possesses a charming location. Its site is directly under the mountains, which come down in very steep ridges to a great bench or plateau, overlooking the bottom of the valley. Indeed, the city, which sits upon this sloping bench, comes to within a mile or two of the mountain's base, where Emigration Canon opens upon the plain, while the north-eastern corner of the settlement is scarcely a quarter of a mile from the cliffs. The traveller coming out of Emigration Canon first looks down upon the broad street of Great Salt Lake some twenty or thirty miles distant, although it appears to be not more than a quarter of that distance. As he rides on a little further, the city itself, with its neat buildings, luxuriant shade-trees, and teeming gardens, gradually appear, until at last the whole city lays out before him at a glance, with all its streets as plainly marked as though it were a map lying upon the table before him. On the bosom of the distant lake rests a great island, from which rises another mountain, lofty almost as those which we have just passed; while to the northward and southward, the valley spreads out as far as the eye can reach, without a hill to obstruct the view. West of the city, running through the centre of the valley, the Jordan courses its way.

A nearer view, however, revealed other features of the scene, viz:

'We found this city of six miles square almost entirely deserted. From many of the houses the roofs have been torn; in scarcely one of them was a window sash remaining. All had been removed and the windows boarded up, in anticipation of the coming of the Gentile army. In house after house, straw and other combustibles are piled up, ready for the incendiary torch, to be applied by the two or three men left here to guard the city and to burn it the moment the Prophet should give the signal. I do not believe there are five hundred persons in town to-day, although its population, under ordinary circumstances, cannot be far from twelve thousand. All had gone southward, in obedience to the order of Brigham Young.'

The conferences between the Peace Commissioners and the Mormon leaders were held on the 10th, 11th and 12th of June, before the correspondents left Camp Scott. Their accounts, derived from different witnesses, concur in the main points. We condense the 'Tribune' correspondent's account:

'On the 10th, about 11½ o'clock, according to agreement, Brigham, Heber and Daniel, as well as George A. Smith, William H. Hooper, and twenty or thirty more of the leading men of the Church, including most if not all of the twelve Apostles, entered the city. They dined at Brigham's mansion, and during the evening visited first the Governor and then the Commissioners. After supper Brigham was serenaded by the Mormon militia band—a compliment which was not extended to any of the Gentiles.'

Arrangements were made for a grand conference between the Commissioners, the Governor and the Superintendent of Indian Affairs on the one hand, and the First Presidency and Twelve Apostles of the Mormon church on the other, which commenced in the Council House the next morning at 10 o'clock. They sat until 2 o'clock in the afternoon, when Brigham proposed and carried an adjournment to 5 o'clock. The conference was private, but the outline of its proceedings, so far as I have been able to gather them, was as follows: Mr Buchanan's proclamation had been read in public in the city the evening before the Commissioners arrived, and a copy was forwarded to Provo the same day. It was received with great surprise and indignation by the bulk of the Mormon population, as they had been led by Col. Kane to expect a different expression of sentiment than that set forth in the beginning of the document. Even the 'full and free' pardon did not reconcile them to the narration of their treasons in the preamble, which they denounced as crammed with falsehoods and unjust aspersions from beginning to end. Something of this same feeling was carried into the conference by those saints of inferior grade who had not been acquainted with Brigham's intention to accept the pardon in spite of the preamble. One of the introductory speeches was made by Elder Erastus Snow, a member of the Twelve, and was full of profanity and obscenity. He was severely rebuked by Governor Powell, and each succeeded