

DAILY JOURNAL

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THE GREAT WEST.

Over the Union Pacific—The town of Fremont—Its Location—Columbus—Pawnee Reservation—Cheyenne—Sherman—The Black Hills—Seeking Moss Agates—Scenery in the Mountains—Unitah—Ogden—View of salt lake, &c.

CORENNE, Aug. 2, 1869.

Since our last, written from Omaha, we have seen the Far West; have traveled over the line of the greatest railroad ever constructed, and have lived one month in the most flourishing town on its line.

At precisely 8:40 A.M., July 7th, we left the ambitious little town of Omaha. During the first hours of travel nothing of startling interest transpired, though there was much to attract and interest a questioning mind. Frontierism filled up the view from every point of the compass; the towns were few and far between, and where they did occur were of the most flimsy character imaginable. After the first hundred miles travel, but few frame buildings greeted our view, the towns being made up principally of canvas, the Sibley tent prevailing. In many places where the hills offered protection, we would discover "little dug-outs," with curtains for doors, and in each one of which would live ten or a dozen men.

Remont, forty-six miles from Omaha, is the first town of any size at which we stopped. It is the junction of the Sioux City branch of the Union Pacific Railroad, and is, by rail, forty miles nearer to Chicago than Omaha is. At first view this seems a little strange, but a glance at the geography of the way will reveal that it is true. The line here to a point, the Chicago and Northwestern Railroad, known as the Mississippi Valley Junction, runs nearly straight east across the arms of a large Y, while Omaha is on the lowest point of the same. The scenery here is striking. The broad and beautiful Platte River sweeps lazily around to the south in its course, while north of the town a beautiful valley five miles in extent, level and fertile in the highest degree, is spread out like a panorama before the traveler's view.

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Evansville, 5½ miles from Omaha, is situated on the Big Laramie River, and is the base of supplies for the North Park Mines. It is the place of division repair shops, and is of considerable importance on account of being the point of embarkation of the railroad. Laramie is the principal point of this character. Wahsatch and Rawlings both lay claim to the dignity, but the Company has done but little for either, and they exist only in name.

After leaving Wahsatch, fifty miles west of the head of the Great Basin of Utah, the route turns generally westward, down the East and Weber Rivers, to Salt Lake Valley proper, descending 2,500 feet in 75 miles, or 33 feet to the mile. Unitah is situated in the valley, 32 miles North of Salt Lake City, and is the getting off place for the City of Saints

over in Mormondom. It is the point where freight for Salt Lake City will be transferred to wagons, until the Utah Central Railroad, which joins the main line at Ogden, eight miles to the north, is built, when said freight will go through to their destination without breaking bulk. Between Unitah and Ogden, a town under Mormon rule, the trains bend northward, to round the head of Salt Lake, keeping that course thirty miles through a narrow, and for the most part valueless, belt of land lying between the Lake and the Wahsatch Mountains. And here we gain our first view of the Great Salt Lake. The scene is one of indescribable beauty, the broad, mirror-like waters of the Lake extending as far as the eye can reach, and glistening in the noonday sun, seemed to combine all the beauties of nature and sea. After leaving the Lake, the road sweeps around westward, crosses Bear River, where I am writing, and departs across the desert for the Sierras and the Golden Gate.

CLAUDE.

From Evansville to Philadelphia—Over the Mountains—Sublime Scenery—A World of Iron—Farms and Crops.

CONTINENTAL HOUSE,
PHILADELPHIA, Aug. 2, 1869.]

Editors Journal:

No one who has not passed over the Pennsylvania Railroads can form a just conception of the grandeur of the achievement in its construction, or the magnitude of the corporation which it embodies. Building railroads in the West, across level prairies, or through such miniature hills as prevail in Indiana or Illinois, is mere child's play, compared to this, the construction of the Grand Union.

West of the Alleghenies, the mountains, and an inferior character can be found, but the State is emphatically solid and literally composed of iron ore.

West of the Alleghenies, and immediately to the west of the Ohio, the Missouri Valley Junction, runs nearly straight east across the arms of a large Y, while Omaha is on the lowest point of the same. The scenery here is striking. The broad and beautiful Platte River sweeps lazily around to the south in its course, while north of the town a beautiful valley five miles in extent, level and fertile in the highest degree, is spread out like a panorama before the traveler's view.

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Altoona, at the foot of the mountain, is reached at 10:30, fifty minutes behind time, and here the passengers breakfast. The delay has whetted their appetites, and each one did ample justice to the elegant meal. The "pig-iron" shops, the great iron company are located at Altoona, and are the finest in the whole country. Previously and east of the summit, we had passed Johnstown, a town wholly given over to the manufacture of iron in its various forms, rails, bars, nails, &c.

Spreading forward we pass Tyrone Creek, and strike the Little Juniata, which the road crosses nine times within scarcely more than as many miles.

All the way down the Little Juniata, the Big Juniata, and the Susquehanna, to Harrisburg, the hills rise to a great height, while at times the valleys spread out to a great extent, and appear like a grand amphitheatre, from ten to twenty miles in circumference, encircled almost completely by the everlasting hills, which are not only rock-ribbed, but all composed wholly of rock, all of which is rich with iron. The parameadows of these hills cannot be described. They are the most remarkable on the continent, and it is no stretch of the imagination to suppose that the Allegheny mountains are a solid and gigantic heap of iron and coal—sufficient to supply the world for a myriad of centuries. The most beautiful scenery and the most sublime perspective on the whole route are in the vicinity of the "Horseshoe," in the vicinity of Mifflin, and at the confluence of the Juniata and the Susquehanna Rivers.

The granite never corrodes, while time and the elements will affect the ferocious, or compounds, of which the mountain regions of Pennsylvania are composed. Nature's great laboratory itself, however, cannot, in a thousand centuries, destroy what was by Omnipotence spoken into existence in a moment.

West of the Alleghenies, and immediately to the west of the Ohio, the Missouri Valley Junction, runs nearly straight east across the arms of a large Y, while Omaha is on the lowest point of the same. The scenery here is striking. The broad and beautiful Platte River sweeps lazily around to the south in its course, while north of the town a beautiful valley five miles in extent, level and fertile in the highest degree, is spread out like a panorama before the traveler's view.

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