

were not good ; but any lack of politeness, or willingness to impart information or give assistance, we never met.

At Omaha, a town of more than forty-five thousand inhabitants, we checked our baggage for Salt Lake City, and started by the Union Pacific road at nine o'clock on the 3d of June.

On the train I met an Englishman of the Seventh Fusileers, a Mr. S——, who lived near Oxford ; and we, in company with several New-Yorkers who joined in the chorus, revived memories of the "Varsity," by singing portions of "John Peel," "Drink, puppy, drink," and other melodious refrains, until the other passengers thought we were a small detachment of the Salvation Army. S——, with H—— and I—— of New York, were all going to leave the train at Cheyenne, to go into that business which has enticed so many plucky fellows from both England and the Eastern States ; namely, to begin a rough life of boisterous good health in the bracing air of the great grazing plains of Wyoming. The hardy life one follows there has its many drawbacks, arising from the lack of cultivated society, and from having to undergo the hardships of cold nights, biting blizzards, furious hurricanes, and occasional destruction of property. As a counterbalance against these, we have health and vigor restored