

we drove rapidly back to the city through the dense dampness.

After making all kinds of inquiries and plans for going to the Yosemite Valley and the Big Trees, we finally decided to give up the project.

It was too early to go then, and as we were impatient to get home, we did not wish to wait for several weeks. A party that started while we were at San Francisco found the roads snowed up, and were obliged to return.

The trip from San Francisco to New York is so familiar that I will only give a few extracts from my diary, written with a pencil as we jolted along in the cars.

*April 11.*—Left San Francisco this morning at seven o'clock. Very much interested in the California scenery.

Quantities of mustard plant growing along the road. Watching the forms and peculiar tints in the clouds; made Uncle admit that some of our American skies are as beautiful as those of Italy—a question we had often disputed. Have a little table in our section so we can play cards. Crossing the Sierra Nevada Mountains. Passing through the snow-sheds and tunnels. In the dark of the evening we pass the Hydraulic Mines—miners at work by torchlight.

12th.—We are going through Nevada. Mostly barren plains; cattle in great numbers grazing on the green and prickly sage and the stubble. Palisades.

13th.—Stopped at Ogden. Took the train for Salt Lake City. Visited the Tabernacle, shaped like the back of a monstrous turtle. Great interest is manifested in the beautiful new house which Brigham Young is building for Amelia, the latest favorite.

Salt Lake City is not as pleasant a place as we had