

on its trunk is the notice. We have passed through the Wasatch Mountains, and now come to the valley of the Great Salt Lake.

At Ogden, 1,032 miles from Omaha, and 835 from San Francisco, we reach the end of the Union-Pacific Road, and begin the Central Pacific. The elevation here is 4,294 feet. Ogden is said to contain six thousand five hundred inhabitants, mostly Mormons. Valuable mines are reported as near the town, and the waters of the Ogden River irrigate the place. The Wasatch Mountains, towering high above with their granite walls, made the surrounding scenery imposing, and the air salubrious.

We came through from Omaha to Ogden the first week in June, and were surprised to find the roads for a thousand miles so dusty, the treeless hills so barren, no green of any kind,—a general aspect of barrenness, and but few crags or mountain peaks to break the dreary monotony. Miles of snow-fences and vast snow-sheds were frequent; but we learned that live stock thrive and fatten upon the dried grasses, which remain nutritious, as in California, till the autumn rains destroy the nutriment, when new grasses spring up, and make the hills green again before November. It is certain that the yearly number of sheep, mules, cattle, and horses, which are reared along this road, is