

California Correspondence.

The following communication was received by Mrs. Dr. McClary, from her brother in California,— a partial diary or a few notes as taken by the wayside:

I left Chicago May 31st; the country from there to Omaha, a distance of 485 miles, is very beautiful, almost as level as a house floor as far as the eye could see. Took supper in Dixon, Ill., a place a little larger than Andover. The B. Central R. R. crosses the U. P. R. R. at right angles passing through the city, (six shades make a city in the West) At this point I made the acquaintance of one Hiram Abiff, alias W. M. Clark, whose home is in San Francisco. Soon after leaving the station we crossed Rock River, a beautiful stream about 1 1/2 of a mile wide, and rode by its side about 20 miles.

Crossed the Father of Rivers, (Mississippi) in the evening. The bridge across this river is nearly if not quite one mile in length. There is a large island in the center of the river upon which the bridge rests. The cost of this bridge I was told by the depot agent was \$300,000. There are two cities, one at each end of the bridge, called East and West Clinton. There is a draw in the bridge to allow the vessels to pass through. I saw the head lights of several steamers lying at the wharfs. The ground ascends considerably on each side of the river and the sight from the center of the bridge of the lights of each city was beautiful.

TUESDAY, June 1st.—Took breakfast at Montana, Iowa, and dinner at Dunlap, same State; the country is of that same monotonous, or evenness, along the railroad, but on either side, distanced from 10 to 50 miles, is a mountainous range. Distances are very deceptive upon the plains; a man with a buckskin suit on asked me to guess how far it was to one of those mountains; I guessed 3 or 4 miles; he said it was 25 at least. The atmosphere is so much clearer here than in the East, an antelope 12 or 15 miles off can be easily distinguished with the naked eye. Dunlap is 441 miles west of Chicago, and 47 east of Council Bluffs.

Across the Missouri river, and I find myself in Omaha. This city is nothing but a hell hole, for with but very few exceptions every house has a sign reading "Lager Beer," "Lager Beer Garden," "Lager Beer and Restaurant." A great many are Dutch signs, but the Lager Beer is in English plain enough for any one to read. From the depot I could see the building that was once the capitol of Nebraska; the capitol has since been moved to Lincoln where it now is. To get from Council Bluffs to Omaha we had to ride on an old car drawn by horses that knew no other gait but a walk, about one mile to the dock where we drove onto a ferry boat, still keeping our seats in the cart, and ferried across and carried through Omaha to depot. Left Omaha 6 P. M. The distance from here to Ogden is 1032 miles; the prairie grass is knee high, and gardens are 6 weeks earlier than they are in Allegany Co.

About 8 o'clock we struck rolling prairies upon which are many antelopes. The scenery is perfectly sublime.

WEDNESDAY, June 2d, 8 a. m.—I am crossing the North Platte river; it is about 3-4 of a mile wide and full of beautiful islands. The railroad from a hundred miles back, and for two hundred ahead is as straight as a string, and all they had to do was to lay the ties on the ground, and smooth the rails on them, and you have as smooth a track as the Erie R. R. of York State. At every station west of North Platte, there are soldiers stationed to guard the Rail Road from the Indians, who are somewhat troublesome along here. Took dinner at Sidney, Dacotah Territory. The houses are nearly all made of mud baked in the hot sun.

I see a great many Indians along the road, and when the engine whistles they hardly know what to think of it; they dodge, and put their hands over their ears.

A few miles east of Cheyenne, we passed through a prairie dog village,— could see thousands of the little fellows running in every direction, some sitting up in a very soldier like manner, looking at us as we went flying by. Reached Cheyenne at 6 p. m. This is the city of the Far West; covers about as much ground as Andover. Buildings are mostly made of Sual Cloth. It has one Hotel made of lumber, and about the size of the Clinton House in Wellsville. It is very nicely furnished.

The next place of any importance is Laramie; is about 1-2 as large as Cheyenne; its surprising to see how much whiskey these western men drink and as get drunk, only a little soaked.

THURSDAY, June 3d, 1869.—Breakfasted at Bitter Creek; miserable breakfast, and cost \$1.50; no butter, no tea or coffee, no any thing that was fit to eat; after getting upon the cars Mr. Clark and myself had a splendid breakfast out of the luncheon my mother put up for me. Mr. Clark said it was the best meal he had ever eaten. I know it was my best one. The country for about 200 miles is a desert of Alkali and Sage Brush, and then we find ourselves among the rocks, some of which stand as high as 500 feet; they look grand and majestic. I have seen so much level country, it is a relief to get among the hills. There are some Coal Mines near here, (Rocky Point), which are being worked with great success.

Sweet Water Junction is a city of tents, each has a sign "Saloon," in front in large letters which I should judge was put on with coal by one whose artistic developments were small. There is nothing in sight to remind one of vegetation; every thing looks bleak and barren.

11 a. m.—Am in Wyoming Territory, within 172 miles of Ogden. Took dinner at Carter where there were about 200 Indians trading. Snakes and Sheep Sheen. Wabath is the Chief of the last named tribe. He is a noble specimen of an Indian, stands full six feet high, well proportioned and has a very pleasant countenance. The braves are all strong looking fellows.

5:30 p. m., finds me in Utah Territory. On either side for miles and miles the mountains are covered with snow.

10 p. m., on passing through Weber Canyon, the length of which is 35 miles, and only wide enough for a train to pass through. At the end of this Canyon is the D—s Gate, through which Weber river rushes with bounding velocity. A short distance beyond the Devil's Gate is the Devil's Slide, or Jacob's Ladder, with steps as natural as though they were formed by man, reaching a height of 2000 feet. I did not intend to stop at Salt Lake City, but the idea of making such a long trip, and going within 40 miles of there, and not stopping to see that far famed city looks like a crazy one.

FRIDAY, June 4th, 5:30 a. m.—Am within 22 miles of Salt Lake City; have been in the stage since 2 a. m., and made only 13 miles. Took breakfast in the stable of Wells & Co., from which place I have a splendid view of Salt Lake. The scenery is grand and picturesque. The Lake is 40 miles wide, and 1-0 long (average). On the opposite side are mountains towering up into the blue heavens, a deep green at the base, while the peaks are snow-capped. Roses are in full bloom in great quantities along the road side, and within 20 rods, snow is 20 feet deep.

Reached Salt Lake City about 9 a. m. It has a population of 20,000 Mormons and 3000 Gentiles. The city is most beautifully laid out, the streets being 5 rods wide and well shaded. Each street has two streams of mountain water running through it upon either side. The Tabernacle is a large building constructed of wood, amphitheater style, and capable of seating 10,000 people. They have in process of building an organ of great size, which they contracted to be built according to specification for \$100,000; parties building

it have been at work upon it three years, and it will take at least two years more to finish it. The organ is nearly as large as a common country church. They are also building a Temple which they commenced in 1853, and have worked upon it nearly every day since, and have only the foundations laid. They are building it after the manner in which King Solomon's Temple was built, with all the sound of any instrument being heard about the place upon which it was to stand. They have a canal running from the quarry where the granite is obtained to the Temple, each piece of granite being numbered at the quarry, the workmen at the Temple knowing the location of each piece. The Temple when completed will seat 15,000 people.

There are some sulphur springs in the suburbs of the city, the water of which is so hot that it will boil an egg in four minutes.

Attended the theatre in the evening. Saw Brigham Young and his son, family consisting of 70 wives and children, oh dear!

SATURDAY, June 5th.—Went to the Art Gallery and purchased some fine stereoscopic views of Salt Lake City, and vicinity, also went down to the base, and in coming back, picked a beautiful Lilly for sister.

One of the first settlers here told me, when they first came here a more rugged set of being was not to be found on the face of the globe—that they had not \$100 all put together. If a man wanted a house built he would borrow so many days work and pay it back in the same coin. They are now a wealthy people, their residences are all models of beauty and neatness, built of light colored brick. I think it is a pity had been named the City of Blossoms, or the City of Gardens and Shades, it would have been much more appropriate than the name it now bears. I doubt if the Garden of Eden was as beautiful; it is truly a Paradise. One thing I find in the young ladies of this city I never saw before, viz, if you meet one in the street she will give you a both shy look, then cast her eyes on the ground until you have passed. In the East the young ladies will stare 40 men out of countenance without a single wink; of course there are a few exceptions. Utah Lake lies 15 miles south east of the City; is 19 by 29 miles, average. River Jordan runs from this lake and empties into Salt Lake. There are also 50 or 60 large size streams running into the same lake, all fresh water. Salt Lake has no outlet, so I am a little puzzled to understand why it is, the water in Salt Lake does not get fresh.

Two friends whose acquaintance I had made on the cars, and myself went over to the Tabernacle and while standing together talking and laughing about B. Young & Co., a gentleman stepped up to me, presented his right hand saying, "Gentlemen, my name is Brigham Young." We all shook hands with him, after which he questioned us very closely about our business there, where we were from, where we were going, and a hundred other questions all of which we answered satisfactorily.

Had berries for supper almost as large as a small hen's egg. I had money is of but little value here. There are thousands of quarts of berries in the market, and sell readily for 75 cts. per quart. Board is \$5 per day.

MONDAY, June 7th, 1869.—Left Salt Lake City at 7 a. m. About half way between there and Ogden we passed a regiment of soldiers on parade. They belonged to Brigham Young. He has over 10,000 troops in the territory whom he has drilled one day in every week. Reached Ogden at 2 p. m. 5 a. m. found me in Promontory, the terminus of the U. P. R. R. We had to remain at this place 12 hours for trains. About ten rods West of the depot is the last tie the one that united the Atlantic to the Pacific by one unbroken line of railroad. I have a small piece of it. The gold and silver spikes were taken out the same day they were put in.

Was 37 minutes crossing it. Truck hands upon this division are all Chinamen. It is awful hot and the alkali dust comes in upon us so thick we can hardly see the end of the car—get it by the mouthful. Have done nothing but spit for the last 200 miles! The more water a person drinks the more he wants—have drunk so much, an in great pain, my lips burn and are terribly swollen.

WEDNESDAY, June 8th, 5 a. m.—It is a most beautiful morning, have been running a oag side of the Humbolt river for 2 hours, it is full of nice trout and covered with geese and ducks and other water fowls. This valley is very fertile with grass which is good to us poor claps who have seen nothing but sand, alkali, and sage brush for 1000 miles back.

7 a. m., took breakfast at Aliso the nearest point on the R. R. to the White Pine (white humbug), an in payment for same gave \$5 bill and received in return \$2.50 in silver. This is quite a place, more so than usual on account of a new discovery of gold being made three or four days ago, 75 miles from here. Also, is full of small pox—not a single case as yet has recovered. Had dinner at Argenta. What a country this is! And why it was made with I was run in a mystery to me. Nothing but hot, burning sand and alkali for hundreds of miles. If I ever go back it will be by water, for I would rather be six months going and see sick at the time, than suffer as I do with the heat and the dust. Took supper at 6 p. m., at Humbolt. Understood I have got about three days and nights staging to do from San Francisco to V. S. A.

FRIDAY, June 10th 5 a. m., am on the summit of the Sierra Nevada mountains, (by summit I mean the highest point in the railroad) thousands of feet high, covered with snow, and mountains of White Pine on the right. Thousands of feet below is a beautiful valley in which lays Downey Lake. There are places in this lake over 100 feet deep, but the water is so pure and clear you can see the bottom of it.

5:30 p. m., am crossing a bridge 360 feet high and 315 feet long. Car, horse and driver all safe. Cape Horn. Passed over a bridge that resembled very much the celebrated Portage Bridge, in N. Y.

9:30 p. m., finds me in San Francisco, or Frisco, as it is called by Californians, at the International Hotel, which is a solid water house.

June 12, 1:30 P. M., am on Telegraph Hill. Have a splendid view of the city and bay. Directly north east of the city, and distant 6 miles, is the town of Oakland, where most of the business men reside. Ferry boats run from the city there every hour. Can see the village quite plain with my telescope. East of me, distance 9 miles, is the town of Alameda. Also plain to be seen West, is the Golden Gate outlet to the Bay.

There are many Islands in sight, of which I have no means of learning their names. Most of them are inhabited. One has a battery, and I can see soldiers around it.

Geo. Frances Train has been here several days preaching women's rights and trying to convince the San Franciscans that paper currency is better than Gold. The preachers are giving him some pretty hard hits.

SUNDAY, June 13th.—This is the day of all days for amusements. The streets are open, dance houses are crowded horse-racing, and every thing one can think of that ought not to be. I went to Woodward's Garden in the afternoon and never did I make an investment for which I was so well repaid. Birds, plants, animals, and reptiles of every kind. I saw a thousand things I never saw before, and now, sister, as it won't do to write the whole of my diary, I will close. Hoping I have not completely tired you out by my lengthy epistle, I am your Affectionate Brother, MILES H. HARMAN.

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