

Tucholsky Wagner Zola Scott
Turgenev Wallace Fonatne Sydon Freud Schlegel
Twain Walther von der Vogelweide Fouqué Friedrich II. von Preußen
Weber Freiligrath Frey
Fechner Fichte Weiße Rose von Fallersleben Kant Ernst Richthofen Frommel
Engels Fielding Hölderlin Eichendorff Tacitus Dumas
Fehrs Faber Flaubert Eliasberg Eliot Zweig Ebner Eschenbach
Feuerbach Maximilian I. von Habsburg Fock Ewald Vergil
Goethe Elisabeth von Österreich London
Mendelssohn Balzac Shakespeare Rathenau Dostojewski Ganghofer
Trackl Stevenson Lichtenberg Doyle Gjellerup
Mommssen Thoma Tolstoi Lenz Hambruch Droste-Hülshoff
Dach Thoma von Arnim Hägele Hanrieder Hauptmann Humboldt
Karrillon Reuter Verne Rousseau Hagen Hauff Baudelaire Gautier
Garschin Defoe Hebbel Hegel Kussmaul Herder
Damaschke Descartes Schopenhauer George
Wolfram von Eschenbach Darwin Dickens Grimm Jerome Rilke Bebel Proust
Bronner Campe Horváth Aristoteles Voltaire Federer Herodot
Bismarck Vigny Gengenbach Barlach Heine Grillparzer Georgy
Storm Casanova Lessing Tersteegen Gilm Gryphius
Chamberlain Langbein Lafontaine Iffland Sokrates
Brentano Claudius Schiller Bellamy Schilling Kralik Raabe Gibbon Tschchow
Katharina II. von Rußland Gerstäcker Raabe Gleim Vulpius
Löns Hesse Hoffmann Gogol Morgenstern Goedicke
Luther Heym Hofmannsthal Klee Hölty Kleist
Roth Heyse Klopstock Puschkin Homer Mörike Musil
Luxemburg La Roche Horaz Kraus
Machiavelli Kierkegaard Kraft Kraus
Navarra Aurel Musset Lamprecht Kind Kirchhoff Hugo Moltke
Nestroy Marie de France
Nietzsche Nansen Laotse Ipsen Liebknecht
Marx Lassalle Gorki Klett Ringelnatz
von Ossietzky May vom Stein Lawrence Leibniz Irving
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By the Golden Gate

Joseph Carey

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BY THE GOLDEN GATE

or

San Francisco, the Queen City of the Pacific Coast; with Scenes
and Incidents Characteristic of its Life

By

JOSEPH CAREY, D.D.

A Member of the American Historical Association

1902

To My Beloved Wife
this volume
is affectionately inscribed.

PREFACE

This work now offered to the public owes its origin largely to the following circumstance: On the return of the author from California and the city of Mexico, in November, 1901, his friend, the Rev. John N. Marvin, President of the *Diocesan Press*, asked him to contribute some articles to the *Diocese of Albany*. From these "sketches" of San Francisco this book has taken form. There are chapters in the volume which have not appeared in print hitherto, and such portions as have been already published have been thoroughly revised. Much of the work has been written from copious notes made in San Francisco, and impressions received there naturally give a local colouring to it in its composition.

It is not a history, nor yet is it a guide book; but it is thought that it will be helpful to tourists who visit one of the most picturesque and interesting cities in the United States. It furnishes in a convenient form just such information as the intelligent traveller needs in order to enjoy his walks and rides through the city. The writer in his quest among books could not find any thing exactly of the character here produced; and therefore he is led to give the results of his observations and studies with the hope that the perusal of this volume, sent forth modestly on its errand, will not prove an unprofitable task.

THE AUTHOR.

November 1st, 1902.

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CHAPTER I

WESTWARD

Choice of Route – The Ticket – Journey Begun – Pan-American Exposition
and President McKinley – The Cattle-Dealer and His Story –
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Friends – The Father of Waters – Two Noted Cities – Rocky Mountains – A
City Almost a Mile High – The Dean and His Anti-tariff Window –
Love
and Revenge – Garden of the Gods – Haunted House – Grand Cañon and Royal
Gorge – Arkansas River – In Salt Lake City – A Mormon and His
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Lake – Streets – Tabernacle and Temple – In St. Mark's – Salt Lake
Theatre – Impressions – Ogden – Time Sections – Last Spike – Piute
Indians – El Dorado – On the Sierras – A Promised Land.

The meeting of the General Convention of the Church in San Francisco, in 1901, gave the writer the long-desired opportunity to visit the Pacific coast and see California, which since the early discoveries, has been associated with adventure and romance. Who is there indeed who would not travel towards the setting sun to feast his eyes on a land so famous for its mineral wealth, its fruits and flowers, and its enchanting scenery from the snowy heights of the Sierras to the waters of the ocean first seen by Balboa in 1513, and navigated successively by Magalhaes and Drake, Dampier and Anson?

The question, debated for weeks before setting out on the journey, was, which route of travel will I take? It is hard to choose where all are excellent. I asked myself again and again, which line

will afford the greatest entertainment and be most advantageous in the study of the country from a historic standpoint? The Canadian Pacific route, and also the Northern Pacific, with their grand mountainous scenery and other attractions, had much to commend them; so also other lines of importance like the Santa Fé with its connecting roads; and the only regret was that one could not travel over them all. But one way had to be selected, and the choice at last fell on the Delaware and Hudson, the Erie, Rock Island, the Denver and Rio Grande, and the Southern Pacific roads. This route was deemed most feasible, and one that would give a special opportunity to pass through cities and places famous in the history of the Nation, which otherwise could not be visited without great expense and consumption of time. It enabled one also to travel through such great States as Pennsylvania, Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Iowa, Nebraska, Colorado, Utah, and Nevada, as well as central California. As the return journey had also to be determined before leaving home, the writer, desirous of visiting the coast towns of California south of San Francisco, and as far down as San Diego, the first settlement in California by white men, arranged to take the Southern Pacific Railway and the direct lines with which it communicates. In travelling over the "Sunset Route," as the Southern Pacific is styled, he would pass across the southern section of California from Los Angeles, through Arizona, New Mexico, Texas and Louisiana, the line over which President McKinley travelled when he made his tour in the spring of 1901. From New Orleans, by taking the Louisville and Nashville Railroad, he would journey through southern Mississippi, Tennessee, Kentucky, and so back through Ohio from Cincinnati, and across Pennsylvania into the Empire State, over the Erie and the "D. & H." Railways. By the "Sunset Route," too, the writer could avail himself of the privilege of going into the country of Mexico at Eagle Pass, and so down to the City of Mexico, famous with the memories of the Montezumas and of Cortez and furnishing also a memorable chapter in our own history, when, in September 1847, the heights of Chapultepec were stormed by General Pillow and his brave followers.

The journey from beginning to end was one of delightful experiences, full of pleasure and profit, and without a single accident or mishap. This is largely owing to the excellent service afforded and

the courtesy of the railway officials, who were ready at all times to answer questions and to promote the comfort of the passengers. The obliging agent of the "D. & H." Railway in Saratoga Springs made all the necessary arrangements for the ticket, with its coupons, which was to take me to and fro; and baggage checked in Saratoga was found promptly, and in good condition, on my arrival in San Francisco. How different our system, in this respect, from that of the English and Continental and Oriental railways! Luggage in those far off countries is a source of constant care, and in Continental Europe and Asiatic lands a heavy item of expense. The old world might learn in several particulars from our efficient American railway system, which has for its prime object facility of travel. The ticket was an object of interest from its length, with its privileges of stopping over at important towns; and strangely, as I travelled down the Pacific coast, with new coupons added, it seemed to grow instead of diminishing. One could not but smile at times at its appearance, and the wonder of more than one conductor on the trains was excited as it was unfolded, and it streamed out like the tail of a kite. It was most generous in its proportions as the railway companies were liberal in their concessions.

It was on September the 23rd, 1901, a bright Monday morning, when I stepped on the "D. & H." for Albany, thence proceeding from the Capital City to Binghamton, where I made connection with the Erie Railway. Travelling on the train with me as far as Albany were Mr. W. Edgar Woolley, proprietor of the Grand Union Hotel, Saratoga, and Mrs. James Amory Moore, of Saratoga and New York city, whose hearty wish that I might have a prosperous journey was prophetic. The country traversed from Saratoga to Binghamton by the "D. & H." Railway affords many beautiful views of hill and valley, and, besides Albany with its long and memorable history and magnificent public buildings and churches, including St. Peter's and All Saints' Cathedral, there are places of note to be seen, such as Howe's Cave and Sharon Springs. By this branch of the "D. & H" system, Cooperstown, rendered famous by James Fenimore Cooper in his works, is reached. On alighting from the train at Binghamton I was greeted by my old friends, Col. Arthur MacArthur, the genial and accomplished editor of the *Troy Budget*, and that witty soul, Rev. Cornelius L. Twing, Rector of Calvary Church, Brooklyn, N.Y.,

who had come here for the purpose of attending the Annual Conclave of the Grand Commandery of the State of New York. At Buffalo I had sufficient time, before taking the through sleeping car "Sweden," on the Erie Railway, to Chicago, to visit the Pan-American Exposition grounds. The scene, at night, as I approached, was very impressive. The buildings, illuminated with electricity furnished by the power-house at Niagara's thundering cataract, looked like palaces of gold. The flood of light was a brilliant yellow. The main avenue was broad and attractive. The tower, with the fountains and cascade, appealed wonderfully to the imagination. Machinery, Agricultural, and the Electrical buildings, had an air of grandeur. Music Hall, where the members of Weber's Orchestra from Cincinnati were giving a concert before an audience of three hundred persons, had a melancholy interest for me. It was here, only a short time before, that President McKinley, at a public reception, was stricken down by the hand of an assassin; and the exact spot was pointed out to me by a policeman. In that late hour of the evening, as I stood there rapt in contemplation over the tragic scene which deprived a nation of one of the wisest and best of rulers, I seemed to hear his voice uplifted as in the moment when he was smitten, pleading earnestly with the horrified citizens and officers around him, to have mercy on his murderer,— "Let no one do him harm!" It was Christian, like the Protomartyr; it was the spirit of the Divine Master, Who teaches us to pray for our persecutors and enemies! Happy the nation with such an example before it!

In travelling westward one meets now and then with original and striking characters. They are interesting, too, and you can learn lessons of practical wisdom from them if you will. They will be friendly and communicative if you encourage them. Answering this description was a Mr. H.W. Coffman, a dealer in Short Horn cattle, who was travelling from Buffalo on the Erie road to Chicago. He lives at Willow Grove Stock Farm, a hundred miles west of Chicago on the Great Western Railway, one mile South of German Valley. Naturally we talked about cows, and we discussed the different breeds of cattle, especially the Buffalo cows of the present-day Egypt, and the Apis of four thousand years ago, which according to the representations, on the monuments, was more like the Devon breed than the Buffalo. The names which he gave to his cows were

somewhat poetic. One, for example, was named "Gold Bud;" and another, called "Sweet Violet," owing to her fine build, was sold for \$3,705. As the conversation drifted, sometimes into things serious, and then into a lighter vein, Mr. Coffman told a story about a man who had three fine calves. One of them died, and, when his foreman told him, he said he was sorry, but no doubt it was "all for the best." "Skin him," said he, "and sell his hide." Another one died, and he said the same thing. When the last and the best died, his wife said to him, "Now the Lord is punishing you for your meanness!" His reply was, "If the Lord will take it out in calves it is not so bad." I could not but moralise that the Divine judgments on us, for our sins, are not as severe as they might be, and that few of us get what we deserve in the way of punishment or chastening. I also met a horse dealer, who said that he shipped some sixty horses every week to a commission merchant in Buffalo. The latter made three dollars per head for selling them. They brought about \$60 a piece. When shipped at New York, by English buyers, for France, South Africa, and elsewhere, they cost about \$190 a head. The farmers of Ohio, Indiana, Iowa, and Wisconsin, are getting rich from horse culture and the raising of cattle. He said that fifteen years ago, the farmers, in many instances, had heavy notes discounted in the banks. Now they have no such indebtedness. When formerly he entered a town he would go to a bank and find out from the cashier who had notes there; and then he would go and buy the horses of such men at reduced rates. All is different now. The European demand has helped the American farmer.

At Akron, Ohio, the energetic and successful Rector of St. Paul's Church, the Rev. James H.W. Blake, accompanied by his wife and Miss Graham, his parishioner, boarded the train; and I found them most agreeable travelling companions to San Francisco. In Chicago, in the Rock Island Station, I was met by tourist agent Donaldson, in the employ of the Rock Island Railway Company, and during all the journey he was most courteous and helpful. Here also I found my old classmate in the General Theological Seminary, Rev. Dr. Alfred Brittin Baker, Rector of Trinity Church, Princeton, N.J., Rev. Dr. Henry L. Jones, of Wilkesbarre, Pa., Rev. Dr. A.S. Woodle, of Altoona, Pa., the Rev. Henry S. Foster, of Green Bay, Wis., and the Rev. Wm. B. Thorne, of Marinette, Wis., all journeying to San Fran-

cisco. It was a pleasure to see these friends, and to have their delightful companionship.

Many interesting chapters might be written about this journey; and to give all the incidents by the way and descriptions of places visited and pen pictures of persons met would detain you, dear reader, too long, as you are hastening on to the City by the Golden Gate. Some things, however, we may not omit as we travel over great prairies and cross rivers and plains and mountains and valleys. At Rock Island our train crossed the Mississippi, reaching Davenport by one of the finest railway bridges in the country; and as the "Father of Waters" sped on in its course to the Gulf of Mexico, it made one think of the Nile and the long stretches of country through which that ancient river wends its way; but the teeming populations on the banks of the Mississippi have a more noble destiny than the subjects of the Pharaohs who sleep in the necropolis of Sakkarah and among the hills of Thebes and in innumerable tombs elsewhere. They have the splendid civilisation of the Gospel, and they are a mighty force in the growth and stability of this nation, whose mission is worldwide. At Transfer we passed over the Missouri by a long bridge, and entered Omaha, a city picturesquely situated, the home of that doughty churchman, Rev. John Williams, and of Chancellor James M. Woolworth, a noble representative of the laity of the Church. Well may this place be called the "Gate City" of the Antelope State. Towards evening we reached Lincoln, the home of William Jennings Bryan, the Democratic candidate for the presidency in 1896, and also four years later. The house where he lives was pointed out to us. It is a modest structure on the outskirts of the city, comporting with the simplicity of the man himself. In the morning we found ourselves riding over the plains of Colorado. Here are miles and miles of prairie, with great herds of cattle here and there. Here also the eye of the traveller rests on hundreds of miles of snow fences. At last we have our first view of the Rocky Mountains, that great rampart rising up from the plains like huge banks of clouds. It was indeed an imposing view; and it reminded me of the day when, sailing across the sea from Cyprus, I first saw the mountains of Lebanon. You almost feel as if you are going over a sea on this plain, with the Rocky Mountains as an immovable wall to curb it in its tempests. One thought greatly impressed me in the

journey thus far, and this is the wonderful agricultural resources of our country. We were travelling over but one belt of the landscape. Its revelations of fertility, of cultivation, of products, of prosperity, of thrifty homes, of contented peoples, made one feel indeed that this is a land of plenty, and that we are a nation blessed in no ordinary way.

The City of Denver is beautiful for situation, with the Rocky Mountains fifteen miles to the west. As it is on the western border of the great plain, you can hardly at first realise what its elevation is. Yet it is 5,270 feet above the sea, lacking only ten feet of being a mile above tide water. The atmosphere is clear and crisp, and the mountain air exhilarates one in no ordinary degree. Although founded only as far back as 1858, it has to-day a population of 134,000, and it is steadily growing. It has well equipped hotels such as the Palace, the Windsor, the Albany and the St. James. It has also fine public buildings, flourishing churches and schools, and many beautiful homes. There is an air of prosperity everywhere. Here among other places which I visited is Wolfe Hall, a boarding and day school for girls, well equipped for its work, with Miss Margaret Kerr, a granddaughter of the late Rev. Dr. John Brown, of Newburgh, N.Y., for its principal. I also met the Rev. Dr. H. Martyn Hart, a man of strong personality. I found him in St. John's Cathedral, of which he is the Dean, and of which he is justly proud. It is a churchly edifice, and it suggests some of the architectural form of Sancta Sophia in Constantinople. Dean Hart showed my companions and me what he calls his anti-tariff window. The window was purchased abroad, and the original tariff was to be ten per cent of the cost price. This would be about \$75. The window cost \$750. Meanwhile the McKinley tariff bill was passed by Congress, and as the duty was greatly increased he would not pay it. Finally the window was sold at auction by the customs' officials, and Dean Hart bought it for \$25. As we rode about the city the courteous driver, a Mr. Haney, pointed out a beautiful house embowered in trees, which had a romantic history. A young man of Denver was engaged to be married to a young woman. She jilted him and married another, and while she was on her wedding tour her husband died. The house in which she lived was offered for sale at this juncture, and the original suitor bought it and turned her out into the street. He had his revenge,

which shows that human nature is the same the world over. Had he offered her the house to live in, however, it would have been a nobler revenge, "overcoming evil with good."

It is but a short ride from Denver to Colorado Springs, which is a delightful spot with 21,000 inhabitants, and here is a magnificent hotel a block or two from the railway station called the New Antlers. The Rev. Dr. H.H. Messenger, of Summit, Mississippi, an apostolic looking clergyman, with his wife, accompanied us from Denver to Colorado Springs, and also to Manitou, at the foot of Pike's Peak and the mouth of the Ute Pass. From Manitou we drove to the Garden of the Gods, comprising about five hundred acres, and went through this mysterious region with its fantastic and wonderful formations, which seem to caricature men and beasts and to mimic architectural creations. Here we saw the Scotchman, Punch and Judy, the Siamese Twins, the Lion, the elephant, the seal, the bear, the toad, and numerous other creatures. We also viewed the balanced rock, at the entrance, and the Gateway Cliffs, at the northeast end of the Garden, and the Cathedral spires. Everything was indeed startling, and as puzzling as the Sphinx in old Egypt. Nature was certainly in a playful mood when, with her chisel and mallet, she carved these grotesque forms out of stones and rocks.

On the outskirts of Manitou the "Haunted House" was pointed out by the guide, who said that a man and his wife and their son had been murdered here. No one would live in the house now. He asked me if I believed in "Ghosts." I said I was not afraid of dead men, and that I did not think they came back to disturb us. He seemed to agree with me, but hastened to say that he "met a clergyman yesterday who said he believed in them." The house in Manitou which, of all others, interested me most, was the pretty vine-covered cottage of Helen Hunt Jackson, who wrote "Ramona." It was she, who, with a fine appreciation of nature, gave this wild and secluded spot, with its riddles in stone, the suggestive name of "The Garden of the Gods."

At noon on Friday, October 7th, I boarded the Pullman train at Colorado Springs, on the Denver and Rio Grande Railway, for Salt Lake City. On this train was my old friend the Rev. James W. Ashton, Rector of St. Stephen's Church, Olean, N.Y., whom I had not

seen for years, and from this hour he was my constant travelling companion for weeks in the California tour, ready for every enterprise and adventure. At Pueblo were some quaint Spanish-looking buildings, and farther on we were among the foothills of the Rocky Mountains. Our train gradually ascended the heights skirting the bank of the Arkansas River, which was tawny and turbid for many a mile. But the Grand Cañon of the Arkansas, with its eight miles of granite walls and its Royal Gorge towering nearly three thousand feet above us! It is rightly named. I cannot undertake to describe it accurately. Here are grand cliffs which seemingly reach the heavens, and in some places the rocky walls come so near that they almost touch each other. As you look up, even in midday, the stars twinkle for you in the azure vault. As the train sped on, toiling up the pass through the riven hills and crossing a bridge fastened in the walls of the gorge and spanning the foaming waters, you felt as if you were shut up in the mysterious chambers of these eternal mountains. It is a stupendous work of the Creator, and man dwarfs into littleness in the presence of the majesty of God here manifested as when Elijah stood on Horeb's heights.

It was a pleasant task to study the scenery, wild beyond description at times; and then you would pass upland plains with cattle here and there, and mining camps. That is Leadville, a mile or so yonder to the north; and the children who have come down to the station have valuable specimens of ore in their little baskets, to sell to you for a trifle. Off to the left hand, a little farther on, was a "placer mine," with water pouring out of a conduit, muddy and yellow with "washings." This emptied itself into the Arkansas River, which, from this point down to the foot of the mountains, was as if its bed had been stirred up with all its clay and other deposit. Above this junction the waters of the river were clear and sparkling. It is a picture of life, whose stream is pure and sweet until sin enters it and vitiates its current. Miles beyond are snow sheds, and the famous Tennessee Pass, 10,440 feet above the sea level. This is the great watershed of the Rocky Mountains, and two drops of water from a cloud falling here,—the one on the one side and the other on the other side of the Pass,—are separated forever. One runs to the Atlantic Ocean through rivers to the Gulf of Mexico, and the other to the Pacific Ocean. So there is the parting of the ways in human ex-

perience. There are the two ways, and the little turns of life determine your eternal destiny!

Even after a night of travel through the mountains and across the Colorado Desert, we still, in the morning, find our train speeding on amid imposing hills, but now we are in Utah. This we entered at Utah Line. At length we cross the Pass of the Wahsatch Mountains at Soldier Summit, 7,465 feet above the sea, and some thirty miles farther west we enter the picturesque Utah Valley. At length we see the stream of the River Jordan, which is the connecting link between Utah Lake and the Great Salt Lake, and at last we find ourselves in the city founded by Brigham Young and his pioneer followers in 1847. There is a monument of the Mormon prophet in Salt Lake City, commemorating this founding. Standing on the hill above the present city and looking out on the great valley, with his left hand uplifted, he said: "Here we will found an empire!" And here to-day in this city, which bears his marks everywhere, is a population of 54,000 souls, two-thirds of whom profess the Mormon faith.

Here we were met by Bishop Abiel Leonard, D.D., of Salt Lake, who was a most gracious host and who welcomed us with all the warmth of his heart. He had engaged accommodations for us at the Cullen House; and when I went to my room, I looked out on a courtyard bounded on one side by the rear end of a long block of stores. There I saw a wagon which had just been driven into the grounds. Two men were on the seat, the driver and another person, and seated on the floor of the wagon, with their backs toward me, were four women. They wore no hats, as the day was balmy, and I noticed that one had flaxen, another brown, and the two others dark hair. Seeing everything here with a Mormon colouring, I said, "This is a Mormon family. The Mormon farmer has come to town to give his four wives a holiday." It reminded me of similar groups which I had seen in old Cairo, on Fridays, when the Mohammedan went with his wives in the donkey cart to the Mosque. And is there not a strong resemblance between Mormon and Mohammedan? The Mormon husband alighted and gently and affectionately took up one of his wives and carried her into the adjoining store, then a second, and a third. My interest deepened as I watched the proceeding. I said to myself—"How devoted these Mormon husbands, if this is a true example, and how trusting the women!" When he took