

**OUT WEST, OR, FROM
LONDON TO SALT
LAKE CITY AND BACK**

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Out West, or, From London to Salt Lake City and back by Colon South

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COLON SOUTH

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Mar 23 1884

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OR,

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By COLON SOUTH.



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OUT WEST.



PART I.—LONDON TO NEW YORK.

CHAPTER I.

Preamble.—Settling down.—La Belle Americaine.—
Une Affaire de Cour.—Love at Sea!—Dreams.—
Fiasco.—Charms of the Ocean.—Fuit Ilium.—
English and American Ladies.—Climatic Effects.

HURRAH! for the West! From boyhood the author had entertained a penchant to visit "the freest and grandest country in the world." There was a song we used to scream out in our schoolboy days in school-boy fashion to a schoolboy tune :

Oh! come to the West, love, oh! come there with me,
'Tis a land of sweet verdure that springs from the sea!
 &c. &c.

This effusion, vociferated as powerful young lungs alone can vociferate, was called singing. Nevertheless, it sufficed to impress upon the youthful and evergreen mind, that the West was a glorious place, fraught with irresistible enchantments. As also there was something about love in the rhyme, it

had of course an additional fascination for precocious young hearts, who imagine they fall in love with every pretty little girlish face they meet. On arriving, therefore, at the age of manhood and discretion, when an unexpected offer was made of a trip to America, it was at once accepted. It was imperative to start immediately, the business being of a most urgent nature. Having no "sweet love" to implore to accompany me, and hence fancy free, being light and airy as a daddy-long-legs (an appropriate simile), my passage was at once secured for the morrow's steamer.

"Don't forget a bull-dog revolver and a bowie-knife," said one. "Be sure you take a repeating rifle, with a good supply of ammunition and a scalping knife," said a second. "You will find a pair of top-boots with a rough-riding suit, and a Canadian fur-lined ulster absolutely necessary," said a third. In fact, all kinds of suggestions were volunteered by kind and considerate friends, whose only knowledge of the country was as vague and nebulous as my own. Had all their recommendations been listened

to and acquiesced in, my luggage would have assumed Brobdignagian proportions, and my starting indefinitely postponed.

Hurrying home and energetically setting to work, by midnight I had safely stowed away in a couple of *pôrtmanteaux* all that could be possibly thought of as requisite for the voyage—excepting, of course, the revolver, rifle, and other formidable accoutrements, so warmly advised by my friends. Leaving London early the following morning, I was safe on board the steamer by 5 P.M. The vessel was a noble one,—one of the largest and swiftest of the Atlantic liners, in reality a huge floating hotel.

After leaving Liverpool, we began to shake down into our places, and I was fortunate in finding that one of the best state-rooms amidships had fallen to my lot. A Scandinavian voyager took a fancy to my comfortable and princely quarters, and claimed them as pre-engaged by him. In a rude, swaggering manner he emphasised his claims, and insisted on my turning out, actually having the audacity to bring in his luggage. Doubting his veracity, I treated him with perfect *sang*

froid, then quietly went off to the purser, who I knew had the supreme authority in such matters, and who soon had the intruder, with all his luggage, sent right about face and relegated to a distant part of the vessel.

When we had somewhat settled down, my lines seemed to have altogether fallen in pleasant places. So, with a fair wind, fine weather, and a magnificent ship, everything presaged a most prosperous voyage. Fortunately, a lively, agreeable, and charming American lady was placed next to me at the dinner table. She was returning home with her mother, after a scramble through "Yewrup." She was a fine, handsome, accomplished young woman, clever and well read; while her peculiar transatlantic brogue was so slight and musical, that it was rather pleasing and fascinating than otherwise.

It is not therefore surprising that, my heart being light and free, of a sensitive susceptible nature, *La Belle Americaine* made a very favourable impression upon it. I found myself beginning to think thoughts and hope hopes, while indescribable visions of distant *cameræ obscuræ* came floating