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Charles Roscoe Savage

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Charles Roscoe Savage (August 16, 1832 – February 4, 1909)^[1] was a British-born landscape and portrait photographer who produced images of the American West. He is best known for his 1869 photographs of the linking of the first transcontinental railroad.

Savage was born in Southampton, England, on August 16, 1832. At age 14, he joined The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints (LDS Church). After serving missions for the church in Switzerland and England, he emigrated to the United States during the winter of 1855–56. He initially found work as a photographer in New York City, and headed west the following year. He first settled in Nebraska, then Council Bluffs, Iowa, where he established his first independent studio and gallery. In the spring of 1860, he traveled to Salt Lake City, Utah Territory with his family, where he established a photography studio with a partner, Marsena Cannon, an early Utah daguerreotypist and photographer. A year later, after Cannon moved to southern Utah, Savage established a partnership with artist George Ottinger. Many of Savage's photographs were reproduced in Harper's Weekly newspaper, which created a national reputation for the firm. This partnership continued until 1870.



C. R. Savage, self-portrait, ca. 1880-1890.

As a photographer under contract with the Union Pacific Railroad, Savage traveled to California in 1866 and then followed the rails back to Utah. He photographed the linking of the Union Pacific and Central Pacific on Promontory Summit, at Promontory, Utah in 1869. This series is considered his most famous work. Other well known Savage images include pictures of the Great Basin tribes, especially the Paiute and Shoshone. Savage photographed scenic areas of the west including Yellowstone National Park, Zion National Park, and created many images documenting the growth of Utah towns and cities. England born artist Alfred Lambourne often painted scenes while Savage photographed.^[2] He also traveled extensively over western North America, taking pictures in areas of Canada and Mexico, and in areas from the Pacific Ocean to Nebraska in the mid-west. Most of Savage's archived photographs, produced by several different early photographic methods, were lost in 1883 in a disastrous studio fire.

Notes

- [^] "Death Certificate". State of Utah. February 5, 1909. <http://archives.state.ut.us/cgi-bin/indexesresults.cgi?RUNWHAT=IDXFILES&KEYPATH=IDX208420019986>. Retrieved 2009-12-10.

- ² ^ Crocker Art Museum Store accessed Feb. 27, 2009

External links

- CR Savage Photo Collection - Information about the Harold B. Lee Library online collection
 - CR Savage Photo Collection - browse 662 images by Savage



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About the Collection

C.R. (Charles Roscoe) Savage, 1832-1909

C.R. Savage, born 16 August 1832 in England, became one of the foremost 19th century landscape photographers of the western United States, as well as a renowned studio portrait photographer, with his studio in Salt Lake City, Utah. The idea to emigrate from England to Utah undoubtedly began shortly after his 1848 baptism and membership in the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints (LDS).

Savage's immigration in 1856 to New York marked the beginning of his known interest in establishing a photography business. On assignment from the LDS Church he traveled to Florence, Nebraska. His family subsequently joined him in 1860 and Savage established a primitive studio in Council Bluffs, Nebraska. Finally the family made their way across the country arriving in Salt Lake City on 29 August 1860. The next day he made business arrangements with Marsena Cannon, a daguerreotype photographer, and owner of a studio on East Temple. In 1862, with Cannon's departure to St. George, Utah, Savage formed a partnership with George Martin Ottinger. Savage & Ottinger legally dissolved their firm in 1870, and that same year Savage formed the Pioneer Art Gallery, and in 1875, needing more space, he replaced it with the Art Bazaar.

On 26 June 1883, his Art Bazaar burned to the ground, with all of his negatives. After his death on 3 February 1909, another fire, in 1911, destroyed all of the negatives from the last 25 years of his career. Although his sons continued to operate the business, the Art Bazaar closed its doors permanently on 31 December 1926.

About the Collection (Ca. 1866-1906)

Because of the fires which destroyed Savage's negatives, this collection contains original prints, covering all periods of his career. It includes stereographs, carte-de-visite, cabinet, and boudoir prints, with the medium predominately albumen, and a number of collodian and gelatin prints, all of varying quality.

Perhaps the most well-known of Savage's photographs is that of the joining of the transcontinental railroad at Promontory, Utah, 10 May 1869. He joined two other famous photographers, Andrew J. Russell and Alfred A. Hart, in documenting this historic event. In addition this collection includes hundreds of images of Salt Lake City and the west, with Utah and California predominating. Savage was also a prolific portrait photographer, and his numerous portraits of Brigham Young and other LDS church leaders are well represented.

The Brigham Young University Collection

There are 662 digital images representing about 79% of the total of 839 images in the C.R. Savage Photograph Collection (MSS P 24). See the [finding aid](#) for a complete description of the entire collection. The digital collection contains mostly Savage photographs, but there is an Alfred A. Hart, two photographs by Edw. A. Muybridge, and a possible Carleton E. Watkins photograph. The Stuart and Carita Kadison collection of approximately 100 Savage prints was recently acquired by the L. Tom Perry Special Collections and in the future many of these prints will be scanned and made available on this "Historical Photographs" web site

The LDS Church History Collection

The digital images from the LDS Church Archives are from their PH 500 collection. In time all of this collection, plus images from many more collections will be scanned and added to this web site. The images include views of Salt Lake City: including the Salt Lake Temple and Tabernacle, 1897 Pioneer Day parade, Great Salt Lake, and Fort Douglas; Utah cities of St. George, Manti, Logan, Park City, Ogden, and Provo; and mining operations, canyons, natural landmarks, and railroads in Utah. Views of Oregon, Idaho, Yellowstone National Park, Colorado, New Mexico, Arizona, Nevada, California, and Wyoming and portraits of

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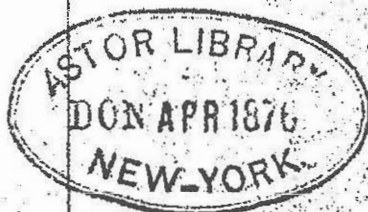
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PHOTOGRAPHER.

EDITED BY EDWARD L. WILSON.



VOLUME IV.

PHILADELPHIA:
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S. W. COR. SEVENTH & CHERRY STREETS.
1867.

thoughts of present joy, and sketching on the yet unrealized future fancy scenes of coming bliss, we leave them with the prayer that their future may prove as free from the black clouds of adversity and discord, as is the glorious night of their betrothing free from threatenings of elemental storm. We are now among the Highlands, a description of which, so far transcends our power, that the effort must result in failure. It would seem enough to assure the photographer that it cannot well be surpassed. Views of noble mountains, with a winding river hurrying seaward past their base; choice subjects for the stereoscope, every way you turn, and all crowded with legends of the early days, when the Delaware chased the deer and the bear or contested in the struggle for life with the fierce Mingo.

The old Sugar Loaf rises grandly, nobly, in the distance, casting over the river the same black shadow as of old, when the savage red man silently paddled his birch canoe through its almost impenetrable blackness; still the same when the venturesome Hendrick Hudson forced his way to the river's source; or, later, when the deep, dark, and all but successful plans of the traitor Arnold were laid within its very shade.

Swiftly, steadily, we move along, and turning abruptly, we pass the Military Hotel on the left, and Constitution Island on the right. During the Revolution there was stretched from this island to the main land, an enormous iron chain, to prevent the passage of the British fleet, portions of which are preserved, and to be seen at West Point. Turning again sharply to the right, we pass along beneath the high hills, almost mountains, on the left, which, from their peculiar outline, are known as the Crow's Nest. Immediately opposite, lies the village of Cold Spring, celebrated for the enormous foundries where are produced the far famed Parrott gun or cannon. Above, and on the same side of the river, rises first Bull Hill, then Breakneck Hill, now called Storm King. These curious names are not without their history, which is simply this: In the early days of the settlement of the country, bordering the banks of the river, and before its natural wonders had been

christened, a bull, once domestic, but now wild, found a home upon the hill bearing his name; at night, and not uncommonly in the day, he ventured upon a little trip to the valleys below, much to the loss and terror of the peaceful tillers of the soil. Growing bold, he at last made himself a most decided nuisance, so much so, that it was agreed by all that Mr. Bull must die; armed and accompanied with dogs, the sterner sex started in pursuit.

They were not long in finding old Taurus, and chasing him to Breakneck Hill, he, in his flight, fell over a precipice, which, breaking his neck, named it. The new name of Storm King may be more elegant than the old one, but, inasmuch as it destroys the value of this legend, it can scarce be said to be an improvement.

Opposite, on the west side, lies Butter Hill, said to be so named on account of its even roundness and its fancied resemblance to a print of butter. The man who first made this discovery could not have lived to threescore and ten, his imagination must have hurried him to an untimely grave.

Thence, passing into smoother waters and tamer scenes, though beautiful, and as the small hours warn to rest, we seek our stateroom, leaving one solitary passenger to keep the pilot's company.

Knowing full well that this letter does not tell of anything new, yet knowing it speaks of much that is beautiful and valuable to our art, interlarded with scenes of every-day occurrence in the tourist's experience, and hoping that the cameras and tripods of the workers in the "black art" may more often visit these places of interest, I am, as ever,

C. W. H.

A PHOTOGRAPHIC TOUR OF NEARLY 9000 MILES.

As photographing on the Plains is becoming more and more fashionable, the following letter will be found most interesting and valuable—Ed.:

DEAR "P. P.": Having safely returned from a somewhat prolonged and tedious trip in pursuit of information on matters

pertaining to photography, I embrace this opportunity, according to my promise, to give you some account of the trip.

I bade adieu to our metropolis of the mountains six months ago, and took coach per the Overland Mail Company, on my trip westward. After leaving Salt Lake Valley and passing a divide, we entered Cedar Valley, where may be seen the ruins of what was Camp Floyd, now called Fort Crittenden. With the exception of the mountain ranges bordering Lake Utah and Salt Lake Valley, but few objects to interest the photographer can be found thus far. As one progresses westward, the country becomes more and more uninteresting, culminating in the Desert—a stretch of land of ninety miles, without water, barren, desolate, and God-forsaken, without a blade of grass or a green thing of any sort. Water for the use of the stations is conveyed in boxes on wagons, from the nearest springs. The tourist in search of landscapes, will find but very few combinations that will make pictures, for the stations are the only objects of particular interest, and a picture of any one of them would be a picture of them all, there is so little difference between them.

The country, from the Desert to Austin, Nevada, is a succession of alkali flats and mountain ridges, sparsely covered with cedar. I do not think it possible to secure more than five or six good views in the distance of four hundred miles west from Salt Lake City. At Fish Springs I saw about fifteen Indians basking in the sunshine on a heap of manure. It occurred to me that such a group would be interesting to the admirers of the "noble red men of the forest," and if I had been prepared, would have secured a negative of such a "LAY-OUT."

Austin, Nevada, is located in a narrow canon, and is a fair specimen of what "quartz on the brain" can accomplish in a few years. In all these mining towns we may find the representatives of almost every nation. Here the reformed Shoshone Indian saws wood and gets gloriously tight. There the Chinaman does the laundry work, instead of its being done by the ladies, who, by the way, are few and far between in this

delightful city, that can neither boast of a garden or a tree. On every hand you hear the clatter clatter of the stamps pulverizing the silver ore, and the hills on each side of the town are honeycombed by the burrowing miner. "Feet," "feet," "feet," is the universal talk.

I found a gentleman of the Teutonic persuasion trying to keep a gallery, *sans* chemicals, *sans* books, *sans* almost everything. It occurred to me that there was a fine chance for a live photographer in that town. I urged the claims of the various photographic publications upon him, and I hope he has profited by the suggestion.

Between Austin and Virginia we see constantly the same variety of flats and ridges, unbroken by any scene to please the eye or to suit the lover of the beautiful. Virginia is indeed a remarkable city, and one of the wonders of the great West. Immense structures devoted to mining interests, fine hotels, stores, &c., lit up at night with gas, reminding one of seaboard cities, and a busy moving mass of humanity all absorbed in the great question of mining and its details. There are one or two galleries doing pretty good work and a good business.

At Virginia we change stages and take the "Pioneer Stage Company's" coaches for Placerville. An hour's drive down hill brings us to Carson City, and from this point there is a gradual ascent to the summit of the Sierra Nevada Mountains. Nature has here atoned for the desolation of the previous six hundred miles, by bringing together everything to charm and delight the tourist photographer. The cedars are exchanged for the giant pines, the flats for the fresh-water lakes, and snow-capped peaks for the barren ridges. We crossed the mountains by a magnificent road, but on descending the Pacific slope we encountered horribly muddy roads, and it will be a long time before I forget the night's travel before reaching Placerville. As many as twenty times we were invited by the driver to "balance the coach," first on one side and then on the other, to keep it from falling either into a ravine or a deep gulley in the middle of the road. Of course the railroad will do away with all this, and, instead of being pounded almost to a jelly, we may

cross in first-class coaches and hardly know it.

From Placerville we drive to Shingle Springs, and thence by railroad to Sacramento City, where we take steamer for San Francisco, generally arriving at the latter place about eight or nine o'clock, P. M.

For enterprise and every feature calculated to make a great city, San Francisco (in my opinion), stands next to New York. I believe I shall live to see the day when it will be the second city in the Union.

I lost no time in exploring its fine streets and observing its photographic productions. I may say that I was charmed with what I saw. I found many very fine galleries and spirited go-ahead photographers. Here the porcelain picture is known by the poetic appellation of "Sun Pearls." Every style of work can be obtained equal, with few exceptions, to any work I ever saw. The *Philadelphia Photographer* was in many of the galleries, and much thought of.

Among the most advanced in the photographic art, none stands higher than Mr. E. C. Watkins, who has produced, with his camera, results second to none in either the eastern or western hemispheres. I spent many pleasant hours with him, and found him ever ready to communicate information to the ardent photographer.

I was somewhat curious to learn his *modus operandi* for producing his large views in a climate so dry and difficult to work in. After so much attention to photographic ware, porcelain, rubber, and other materials for making baths, I found his to consist of pine wood coated heavily with shellac. In addition to this, he uses the water bath, by means of which he can take a greater number of pictures without losing his chances while the light is good. His negatives are taken, developed, and then placed in the water bath until he is ready to finish them. Just think of carrying such huge baths, glasses, &c., on muleback, and you can form some idea of the difficulties in the way of producing such magnificent results. In the matter of intensifying, he sometimes uses a very weak solution of bichloride of mercury, washes, then flows with a solution of iodide of potassium of about ten grains to the pint of water. Personally, I have

found such a method very serviceable with thin negatives; but it is a very nice point to know when you have applied enough. The rule I adopt in such cases is this: when using the above, I watch for the required intensity as I pour over the iodide solution. When sufficient is poured on, wash, then dry: it will become more intense. By coating with flint varnish, it will bring it to its previous condition before drying. It works best for over-exposed negatives; and for dense foliage nothing is better. I do not wish to recommend this method as preferable to the old one of intensifying before fixing with pyro and citric acid and silver, but in some cases where a negative may be too thin after fixing, it can be advantageously applied.

You may perhaps say that it would be better not to intensify at all, but different men have different modes of operating, and in every case where the results were beautiful, I did not find two men who worked precisely alike.

Great quantities of Mr. Watkins's pictures are sold in the Eastern States and Europe, as well as in California. Messrs. Lawrence & Houseworth publish some very fine stereoscopic views, and the galleries of Messrs. Bradley & Bulsacn, Shew, Selleck, and many others, are equal in appointments and style of work to those of first-class galleries in the Eastern States.

From San Francisco I took the P. M. Company's steamer for Panama, thence by rail to Aspinwall, and from there to New York. As this route is more familiar to many of your readers than the overland trip, I pass by in silence the many scenes incidental to such a journey, and would merely say that any devotee of the dry process may obtain a few views at Acapulco, Panama, and Aspinwall, if he is well prepared. Such views would be very interesting, and would repay the trouble of obtaining them. Everything to be used should be condensed as much as possible, and none but a first-class passenger should attempt it.

At Aspinwall there is a fine one-horse gallery. Being unwell, I did not see the photographer, but from the specimens exhibited, I inferred that he had much to learn.

(To be continued.)

to you a little out of the question, as involving too much expense; but you are no doubt thinking of collodion at sixpence an ounce. Collodion for this purpose, however, can be made as low as two shillings and sixpence per pint; and, as this quantity will go a long way in the covering of prints, it will not be so costly after all."

PHOTOGRAPHIC TOUR OF 9000 MILES.

(Concluded from page 289.)

AFTER being absent from New York for seven years, I felt a degree of pleasure when the good ship "New York" hove in sight off the Narrows, thus dispersing all the uncertainties of ocean travel, and placing me once more among friends and past associates. I had resolved to lose no opportunity to see and learn everything that could be of use to me in building up a first-class business in the heart of the continent, and happy was I to secure, as guide and director, my esteemed friend, Mr. H. T. Anthony, a gentleman whose enterprise in the development of photography has done much to render our manipulations successful.

I saw the Wothlytype, carbon prints, developed prints, pictures by almost every process, photo-lithographs, photo-sculpture, German, French, English, and American cameras, new apparatus, new processes,—enough to confuse one's ideas for some time to come.

I could not help contrasting the free and liberal manner of the leading photographers, compared with those of ten years ago. At that time, in company with a gentleman, now editor of the *Salt Lake Telegraph*, I took the first stereograph ever taken on Long Island, and on one occasion "got stuck." We applied to a photographer on Broadway to help us out of our difficulty, which he graciously did at the rate of \$5 per hour for instructions. If my memory serves me, he did nothing more than rectify the bath, which was foggy, or he may have detected some derangement in the apparatus. Then the intensifier was a profound secret; a collodion formula, one

of the hidden mysteries; winks, nods, and secrets prevailed; every operator was a scientific Bluebeard, who held the keys of photographic science.

Thank heaven a brighter era has dawned; he who reads may know everything necessary, combined with practice, to do as well as his neighbor. Noble spirits have ventilated the subject, and given to the world the results of labors for which they will never get recompense, pecuniarily. I am so tired of photographic secrets that I have but a small opinion of men who profess to have them.

Seven years ago photography was found in the upper stories, in garrets, in yards, and other out-of-the-way places; it is now *out to the front*, occupying a very prominent position in the principal business avenues; splendid buildings devoted to heliography now adorn our cities, both in the East and West. I think Philadelphia carries off the palm for the finest plain work, as far as my observation goes, in spite of all my prejudices in favor of New York. I would not state this much, if it were merely my individual opinion, but it is sustained by half a dozen good critical judges from the West. Fortunately for the reputation of Boston and New York, the barbarians of Utah are not supposed to know much.

One of the objects of my visit eastward was to obtain a wagon suited for taking a series of views on the overland route on my return trip. By Mr. Rech, Girard Avenue, Philadelphia, I had a wagon made suitable for the purpose, and shipped by rail and steambomb to Nebraska City. With the exception of being a little too heavy, it answers pretty well; but, like every other thing, it can be improved upon. It is about nine feet long and six feet high in the dark-room, leaving three feet of space in front for carrying a seat and provisions. The sides are filled with grooved drawers, for the different sized negatives, and proper receptacles for the different cameras, chemicals, &c., forming a very complete outdoor dark-room. The principal objection I have to it is, that it will get too hot in the summer-time. I propose this year to cover it with white muslin two inches from the outside,

so as to keep it cooler; the sides are of sheet-iron, for lightness and to obviate shrinking; the body rests upon the best platform springs.

Provided with Globes, Dallmeyer Triplets, American Optical Company's thirds, chemicals, and everything to suit, I reluctantly left the land of photographic wonders, and followed the *iron horse* to St. Joseph, thence by river to Nebraska City. I did not fail to take a peep at the galleries in the river towns. I am sorry to admit that matters are at a low ebb at most points on the Missouri River. The classical term of "*one-horse galleries*," will apply to the *palaces of art* on the "Great Muddy." I distributed some of your Journals, and hope they have taken root and borne a hundred-fold. So very few men seem inspired with ambition to do something extra, that the art is almost dormant with them. I scarcely found a room that possessed a View lens; most photographers find such an article a good investment. It is surprising that so many do not see it. I found some men that know it all; of course they have stopped learning. I asked one of them how the carbon prints were made? He blandly told me that they were produced by subjecting the sensitized plates to the fumes of carbonic acid gas! Whenever I find a man that has got anything to learn, I know he will be somebody some day.

With two span of mules and provisions for two months, I joined a Mormon train which left Nebraska City for Salt Lake about the 8th of July. As the Mormon trains are all well armed and completely organized, I found it a great advantage, rather than attempt the trip alone, which, by the way, our kind Uncle will not allow anyone to do beyond Fort Kearney.

We move slowly the first few days, and gradually increase our pace until we make about twenty-five miles a day. The *modus operandi* of managing a train is as follows: About five o'clock the bugle or reveille is sounded to call up the passengers to prepare their breakfast. About six o'clock all hands are called for prayers; that duty over, preparations are then made to roll out; the caravan then travels until about half past eleven or twelve o'clock; then dinner

is prepared, and at two P. M. the journey is resumed, and another camp is made about 6 o'clock. The night-herders then take charge of the herd, and drive them to a good feeding-ground for the night; supper is then prepared, then prayers by the night camp-fires, and the orders for the next day's travel are given by the captain, which winds up the day's journey; guards are then placed around the camp, who are expected to keep a sharp lookout for any sneaking red-skins.

The road from Nebraska City to Fort Kearney presents but few objects of special interest to the photographer. I secured negatives of one or two of the overland stations, and a few rural scenes not remarkable for any particular features different from the same genre of subjects elsewhere. When we reached Fort Kearney it was blowing a gale of wind, but, in spite of that, I made a desperate effort to take the Fort, with indifferent success.

From Fort Kearney on to the crossing of the South Platte, near the present terminus of the U. P. R. R., the road follows the Platte Valley, and a more uninteresting road can hardly be found. Very few trees to be seen, and what with the swarms of green flies and mosquitos, and the strong wind that blows regularly every day, your photographic enthusiasm gets cooled down so much that you see nothing worth taking under the circumstances of such a trip. Added to this, you are never free from Indian attacks, for, at the time of our passing along that route, the few settlers on the mail-road were almost scared out of their wits from rumors of Indian troubles.

Now to photograph successfully on the Plains, you must be perfectly safe from Indians, as on two or three occasions in our efforts to secure some views, we found ourselves alone several miles from the train, and run one or two risks of being *gobbled up* by a few stray rascals who are always on the look-out for a weak party, and generally manage to pounce down upon a few defenceless wagons that happen to be passing. The sad fate of your former correspondent, Mr. Glover, shows how uncertain is life in such a place, and the wisdom of keeping a good look-out. The necessary conditions for success under such circumstances are, that you

must have plenty of time at your disposal, a strong party well armed with good Henry rifles, and good animals. A company of men could manage to do something. As it was, I did but little, for, on several occasions, when I reached a place of interest, it sometimes blew a gale, or we had a thunder-storm, or it was the middle of the day, and too hot for working; rarely were the circumstances favorable for producing fine views.

We followed the old road after crossing the South Platte at Fremont's Springs, and kept up on the south side of the North Platte; there we found abundance of wild game, such as antelope, deer, prairie fowl, sage hens, &c.; from Ash Hollow on to Laramie the scenery increases in interest, and there are many fine subjects for the camera and pencil. Scott's Bluff, Castle Rock, and Chimney Rock, are fine subjects, and relieve the tedium of the trip considerably. I secured a view of Chimney Rock and Castle Rock, but could not do anything with Scott's Bluff, on account of arriving there in the middle of the day, for our wagon got so hot that we could only work in the morning or in the evening.

After leaving Fort Laramie we strike the Black Hills, and from this point to Salt Lake City we have a succession of scenes of great interest and beauty, if we follow the old emigrant route via the North Platte bridge, Independence Rock, Devil's Gate, and the Sweetwater country, to the South Pass. The last-mentioned point is the dividing ridge for the whole trip. Here we have a fine view of the Wind River Mountains, clad in eternal snow. West of the Pass we strike Pacific Creek, whose waters, after uniting with the Sandy, flow into Green River, and finally into the Colorado and the Gulf of California. A drive of about one hundred miles brings us to Fort Bridger. From there to Salt Lake City the road winds through cañons and valleys, and offers many features of great interest to the tourist photographer.

There is a certain monotony connected with the overland route, and the more one sees of it the less he will admire it. It is in the neighborhood of Salt Lake City that the principal interest of the whole route is

centred. The Wahatch Mountains, the Great Salt Lake, the City and Valley, the Hot Springs, the orchards, gardens, &c., offering such a great contrast to the sterility of one thousand miles, that the traveller is lost in astonishment at what he sees. You can readily imagine how was with a feeling of pleasure that we arrived home to the land of apricots, peaches, and every kind of fruit, after the bacon and beans of the Plains, and exchanged the unceasing watchfulness for the quiet and peace of home, for on the Plains no man can feel truly safe at any time.

The reader, by this time, will readily see that photographing in the circumstances under which we travelled, is *work*; what with the care of animals, and standing guard at nights, and having no time to spare, it was a scramble to photograph anything, and unless a man can travel with *art* companions he can do but little.

Resumé

To photograph successfully on the Plains and Mountains, you must be well prepared, and, as you will not care to try a view over again after you have once passed the same place, by all means stick to the wet process. After having two or three samples of collodion made expressly for the trip, including an alcoholic collodion, I found the ordinary samples, properly diluted, to do as well as any, and here lies the principal difficulty, for everything evaporates at a fearful rate, and you must watch your collodion very closely. The cameras of all the makers shrink in this country. The plate-holders go first, fortunately. In New York I saw one made of rosewood that had been in use for two or three years, apparently just as good as new. I took the hint and had some made, and pronounce them *the ne plus ultra* for dry latitudes, as the silver solution does not seem to act upon them at all. I have a pile of ordinary holders all shrunken and useless. The rosewood holders have not changed. The American Optical Company's cameras stand pretty well, but the wood and brass-work do not work well together. They seem to be the best we have. For baths, I use the solid glass in wooden cases, and for dippers, I prefer those made of

whalebone. I used Mr. H. T. Anthony's tanno-gelatin developer, and, on account of its keeping qualities, it is first rate.

Now, if a dozen photographers and painters will unite in one company, and come to the end of the U. P. R. R., from there get two or three mule-teams with light wagons, and any of your portable tents for photographing, proper negative boxes and every arrangement complete for packing chemicals (always preparing for an upset in crossing the Plains), provisions, and other necessities, a *Bullard*, or a *Henry* rifle to each man; water-proof coat and blanket; two pair of good boots (one water-proof); one or two suits of good strong clothes; hams, crackers, yeast powders, dried apples, beans, preserved milk, canned fruits, sardines, and other chemicals, I can promise them as good a time as they ever had in their lives. Prepare to wait one or two days at a point to get good pictures, make up their minds not to be in a hurry, and a series of views can be got that will repay the trouble of producing them. And when they get to the City of Saints, let them call upon Savage & Ottinger, and we will give them the best we have in the shop. Or, should any person or persons wish any information about photographing on the Great Plains, it will be cheerfully given by their humble servant,

C. R. SAVAGE.

GREAT SALT LAKE CITY,

August, 1867.

ON REPRODUCTION. OUR PICTURE.

As it is the care of the pastor to watch over his flock, and preach to them such doctrines and such arguments as he finds by intercourse with them that they need—giving the covetous Smith, the sly Brown, and the gossiping, backbiting Mrs. Jones hard raps, over the shoulders of the whole congregation—so is it a part of our mission as we go about, to find out what those who look to us for information need and want, and to give it to them in our humble way, so far as we are able. And we have had occasion to learn, that comparatively few of those with whom we come in contact are able to reproduce or copy pictures properly

and well. This branch of photography has become quite an extended one. Not only are hundreds of old pictures brought to the photographer to enlarge or reproduce in numbers, but copies of popular engravings, &c., are always in demand, and it is therefore desirable to know how to do this kind of work well. It is *more* desirable when we know that these copies generally need working up in colors or India-ink, and therefore add to the receipts of the business considerably. In view of all this we present our readers this month with a copy of Herman Saeger's excellent engraving of "*I want*," from the celebrated painting by Meyer Von Bremen, in order that we may give them a few practical hints upon the subject we have named. There is great room for improvement in this direction, generally, and we hope our readers will give heed to what we have collected upon the subject. There are times when a copy can be made *better* than the original, and it should be *nearly* as good invariably.

First, then, some remarks on

COPYING PAPER PRINTS.

When a large print is copied on a very reduced scale no special preparation is necessary; but when the copy to be taken exceeds, or even equals, in size the original, the coarse granular texture of the paper is also shown, no matter how carefully the light may be directed upon the subject. This texture or granularity may be destroyed in two ways,—first, by placing the surface of the paper in optical contact with a plate of polished glass; and, secondly, by glazing or enamelling the surface of the paper, so that its coarseness of texture shall not be apparent. The first of these has this advantage: that a print so treated is, when quite done with, restored to its original condition, so that, if it has been borrowed, it is restored to its owner in precisely the same condition as that in which it was received.

To put a print in optical contact with a plate of glass, it is only necessary to press the two in contact with a film of water interposed. The plate of glass must previously have been thoroughly cleaned, then