

one hundred companies, on one ridge, but twenty pay dividends to their stockholders. The Sierra Nevada were the Andes of the North American continent. His first view of them was amazingly grand. He next gave an interesting account of his journey across these mountains and the dangers through which he passed. He spoke of the drivers as being safe and experienced, who manipulated the reins as if their fingers were guided by magic, and despised the obstacles of the journey as if they had been "born and bred among them." These parts of the lecture were listened to with considerable interest. Six thousand feet above the sea lies Lake Tahoe; upon the mountain top—its water clear enough to see to the bottom, one hundred feet. Soon we had a magnificent view of the Pacific slope and Mount Diavolo in the distance, and the fertile fields of California at our feet. I felt almost as Christian felt on reaching the House Beautiful and the Delectable Mountains. [Applause.] Then we reached Placerville and the Sacramento road, with its two hundred tons of freight a day. There we saw the first locomotive, after two thousand miles of stage-coaching, and were whisked away to Sacramento, the capital of the Golden State, and thence by river to the queen city of the Pacific coast, San Francisco, the metropolis of California. Fifteen years ago a collection of a few mean houses, and now rivaling Chicago, Cincinnati or St. Louis in population, welcoming the stranger to magnificent hotels and palatial mansions, to crowded stores and warehouses, to churches and libraries, and all the luxuries of civilization and life. This is a great, remarkable and noble State. In all my journeyings I have never met such a commonwealth—a smiling garden throughout the year. Manufactories are her greatest need, but mills are fast going up, and a woolen mill there is using one million pounds of wool a year. 12482.6596

Everywhere we meet the Chinese laborers, working in every menial department. The ladies say they make the best baby-tenders in the world. [Laughter.] They make good laborers, working on the Pacific railroad or extracting a living from refuse diggings, where white men would starve, and saving money enough to take them to their homes, or conveying their corpses thither, for the Chinamen must be buried in his native land.

The first locomotive built in that State commenced running last August.

Hers is an enterprising people. The long caravans that wended their way there, to develop her gold mines and other mineral wealth, have left their indelible stamp upon the character of the State. She needs but increased capital, manufactures and population to bring her more greatness, prosperity and power than was thought of in her palmiest days. [Applause.]

Thence to the upper regions of the Pacific coast, through the cities of Yreka and Jacksonville, over the vast agricultural plains of Oregon, six hundred miles long and one hundred and fifty wide, to Portland, a city of six thousand inhabitants and four thousand five hundred miles from its namesake in Maine, and to Fort Vancouver, once the station of Ulysses S. Grant. [Applause.]

An excursion trip on the Columbia river, through frowning mountains and overhanging cliffs, with the water deep enough at their base for a frigate to float. At the cascades, where the river falls thirty-two feet in a mile, the steamboat company built a railroad five miles in length, to a point above the falls, where steamboat navigation is resumed. In full view of this railroad is the block-house where Phil. Sheridan, then a lieutenant, six years ago, defended himself and party against a horde of howling Indians. [Cheers.]

Still later, we reached the northwestern town of the United States, Olympia, with Puget's Sound in the distance. Timber is plentiful there, and vessels are loading there for all ports on the North and South Pacific, for Australia and for France. Vancouver's Island, too, is close at hand, in joint occupancy of the forces of both Governments, the soldiers only to be distinguished in their frank intermingling by the royal red and the loyal blue. [Applause.]

The valleys of California are as fruitful as they are beautiful. Chief among them all is Sonoma, famous for its wines. There, too, we meet the wonder of the continent, the Yo Semite valley, never trodden by the white man's foot until 1851, and shut in by high walls of rock on every side. Its romantic beauty and wild sublimity surpass the fondest dreams any of our party had conceived of it. We might have thought of the home of the genius of Solitude. From the cliffs we looked down into the valley eight miles long, and averaging half a mile wide, with the Merced river winding gracefully through its length. On either side rise mountains from three thousand to six thousand feet above the valley itself, and four thousand feet above the sea level. Here are the yellowish granite walls of El Capitan, surmounted with a beautiful dome, grander than the dome of capitol or cathedral; other rocks rise from the floor of the valley, with scarcely a variation from the perpendicular. Such an aggregation of remarkable mountains fills the soul of the beholder, and awes him with the sublime magnificence of the scene. It seems as if in the creation the rock had been plowed through, and the fragments thrown away. It seemed like the happy valley of Rasselas, where, shut out from the rest of the world, peace and contentment could be found. [Applause.] Here is the Bridal Veil, a creek ninety feet wide, falling from a rock ninety feet high at a single leap, dissipated first into lace-like strands and then into mist, and decked with the beautiful colors of the rainbow. Here, too, are the Yo Semite Falls, 2,600 feet high—sixteen times higher than Niagara—where for the first time I saw that rare sight, a circular rainbow. [Applause.] No horse can scale these steep ascents, and the journey on foot is tiring; but fatigue and danger are forgotten in the sublime display. Not less imposing were the gigantic trees, 90 feet in circumference and 300 feet high, estimated at three thousand two hundred years old. There they have braved the storm since Moses wrote and David sang, outliving dynasties whose histories have almost perished from the history of man; there they have grown on and on, to maturity and vigor. But we are back to San Francisco. The last good-byes are said, we embark on the steamship Golden City, and move along the Pacific coast, past the shores of California.

