

spike" was driven, which united the East and the West by iron bands, and over where the "ten miles of track was laid in one day;" we shall run along beside Salt Lake,—the great dead sea,—down the Humboldt, and over the Eureka & Palisade railroad to the Eureka and White Pine country.

The "Palisades of the Humboldt," as well as the Lake and the great "sink" of the Humboldt, will be visited, as also the great Nevada Desert, and the hot, spurting sulphur springs of Nevada. We shall visit the greatest silver mining country in the world, Virginia City, Gold Hill and Carson, via the Virginia & Truckee railroad; will take a trip over Lake Tahoe, and fish in Donner; ascend the Sierras, and roll through more than fifty miles of snow sheds and tunnels, one continuing for 28 miles. Then around "Cape Horn," and to the old mining towns of Grass Valley and Nevada, over the Nevada County Narrow Gauge railroad, one of the finest in the world. We will take a run all over California, visit the "Big Trees," Yo-Semite Valley the "Geysers," "Redwood Forests," "Seal Rocks," "Quicksilver Mines," "Alabaster Cave," Calestoga, and the grape vineyards and wine cellars of Sonoma and Napa counties. We will visit Mount Shasta and the Upper Sacramento Valley; Coloma, where gold was first discovered; Mt. Diablo, the lofty peak of the Contra-Costa Mountains; and Mt. Tamalpais, the huge sentinel of the Coast Range, where we are at SUNSET, at the Golden Gate. After taking a hasty glance of Oregon and the Columbia River, we shall direct our course south and eastward, *towards Sunrise*, up the great San Joaquin Valley, over the "Loop" of the "Tehachapie Pass," and out on to the great "Mojave Desert," rolling down the *infamous* Soledad Canyon,—the "Robber's Roost,"—and through the San Fernando Mountains, out into the valley, and to the "city of the angels," Los Angeles, with its tropical fruits, orange orchards, and eternal summer.

From Los Angeles, our route is to Santa Monica, the Long Branch of the Pacific, thence around to Wilmington Harbor, on a visit to San Pedro's wife, the "Woman of the Period." We will also take a look at Santa Ana, Anahime, San Gabriel, where the oldest Mission building in the State is in ruins; where orange trees are over one hundred years old and loaded down with the golden fruit. We will have a run through the great vineyards and fruit orchards of this tropical region, inspect the Mammoth cactus pads and the huge palm trees. From this point, "Progress" turns more to the *Eastward*. We will follow its track and pass over the San Bernardino mountains, and descend into the "Great Colorado Desert," rolling down, down, to the *sea level*, where one would suppose "Progress" would naturally stop, unless she had a boat or a diving suit; but *no*, our train starts again downward; ye Gods! down, down we go, *under the sea level two hundred and sixty-six feet*, where sulphur springs, mud, geysers, salt, and many other kinds of springs—both *hot* and *cold*—are very numerous, forcibly reminding one of the "infernal regions;" but, as our modern teachers have done away with that old "bugaboo," we suppose they would not hesitate to visit with us this remarkable and very interesting region, and also go with us to Yuma, in Arizona, on the Colorado River.

Let us see, we are living in a fast age; the sun makes very good time, but "Old Sol" is aged, has run in the same old groove for too many years to retain much of the spirit of Progress. It is within the memory of many, how Morse, with his lightning, beat the old luminary, and we are now "talking all around him." Steam on the rail is next in speed; "one mile a minute" is not uncommon. The trip from New York city to San Francisco, a distance of 3,296 miles, was commenced June 1st, 1877, by Jarrett & Palmer, on a special train, and the run made in 83 hours, 53 minutes, and 45 seconds, an average of