

the consummation of one of the grandest of modern enterprises, that they had gathered here. They were here to do honor to the occasion when 1,774 miles of railroad should be united, binding in one unbroken chain the East and the West. (Sacramento at that time was the western terminus.)

To witness this grand event—to be partakers in the glorious act—this assemblage had convened. All around was excitement and bustle that morning; men hurrying to and fro, grasping their neighbors' hands in hearty greeting, as they paused to ask or answer hurried questions. This is the day of final triumph of the friends of the road over their croaking opponents, for long ere the sun shall kiss the western summits of the gray old monarchs of the desert, the work will be accomplished, the assemblage dispersed, and quiet reign once more, broken only by the hoarse scream of the locomotive; and when the lengthening mountain shadows shall sweep across the plain, flecked and mottled with the departing sunbeams, they will fall on the iron rails which will stretch away in one unbroken line from the Sacramento to the Missouri River.

The hours passed slowly on until the sun rode high in the zenith, his glittering rays falling directly down upon the vacant place between the two roads, which was waiting to receive the last tie and rails which would unite them forever. On either road stood long lines of cars, the impatient locomotives occasionally snorting out their cheering notes, as though they understood what was going on, and rejoiced in common with the excited assemblage.

To give effect to the proceedings, arrangements had been made by which the large cities of the Union should be notified of the exact minute and second when the road should be finished. Telegraphic communications were organized with the principal cities of the East and West, and at the designated hour the lines were put in connection, and all other business suspended. In San Francisco the wires were connected with the fire-alarm in the tower, where the ponderous bell could spread the news over the city the instant the event occurred. Baltimore, Philadelphia, Boston, New York, Cincinnati, and Chicago were waiting for the moment to arrive when the chained lightning should be loosed, carrying the news of a great civil

victory over the length and breadth of the land.

The hour and minute designated arrived, and Leland Stanford, President, assisted by other officers of the Central Pacific, came forward; T. C. Durant, Vice-President of the Union Pacific, assisted by General Dodge and others of the same company, met them at the end of the rail, where they reverently paused, while Rev. Dr. Todd, of Mass., invoked the Divine blessing. Then the last tie, a beautiful piece of workmanship, of California laurel, with silver plates on which were suitable inscriptions, was put in place, and the last connecting rails were laid by parties from each company. The last spikes were then presented, one of gold from California, one of silver from Nevada, and one of gold, silver and iron from Arizona. President Stanford then took the hammer, made of solid silver—and to the handle of which were attached the telegraph wires—and with the first tap on the head of the gold spike at 12, m., the news of the event was flashed over the continent. Speeches were made as each spike was driven, and when all was completed, cheer after cheer rent the air from the enthusiastic assemblage,

Then the Jupiter, a locomotive of the C. P. R. R. Co., and locomotive No. 116, of the U. P. R. R. Co., approached from each way, meeting on the dividing line, where they rubbed their brown noses together, while shaking hands, as illustrated.

To say that wine flowed freely would convey but a faint idea of the good feeling manifested and the provision made by each company for the entertainment of their guests, and the celebration of the event.

Immediately on the completion of the work, a charge was made on the last tie (not the silver-plated, gold-spiked laurel, for that had been removed and a pine tie substituted) by relic hunters, and soon it was cut and hacked to pieces, and the fragments carried away as trophies or mementoes of the great event. Even one of the last rails laid in place was cut and battered so badly that it was removed and another substituted. Weeks after the event we passed the place again, and found an enthusiastic person cutting a piece out of the *last* tie laid. He was proud of his treasure—that little chip of pine—for it was a piece of the last tie. We did not tell him that three or four ties had been placed there since the first was cut in pieces.