

terchange, amounted to the sum of \$25,496,-269. This figure represents the aggregate volume of outside trade.

The city is laid out in a regular square, the streets running at right angles fronting on the Sacramento River, which here runs nearly north and south. They are numbered from the river, 1, 2, 3, etc. Those running from the river bank, or east and west, are numbered with the alphabet, A, B, C, etc.

There is a quiet beauty, peculiar to this city alone, which renders it attractive to the most careless of travelers. Its well-shaded streets; its beautiful gardens, blooming with an almost tropical luxuriance; its vineyards and orchards, all combine to form a city such as one rarely meets with in California, and nowhere else.

Sacramento is endeared to Californians—not by reason of her present beauty and prosperity, but because she is truly an American city, whose people, by their indomitable energy and perseverance, have raised this monument to our national character, despite the ravages of fire and flood. Not only have they re-built their city, but they have built the ground on which it stands, and to-day the city stands some ten feet above the original site on which Sacramento was first established.

From the small and unimportant hamlet of a few years ago, it has emerged into a thriving, bustling city. Fires burned the young city to the ground, but it rose—Phoenix like—more beautiful than ever. The floods swept over it, as with a besom of destruction, in the winters of '51 and '52, and the waters were rushing with irresistible force through every street. When they abated, the people went to work and built levees around their city, and fancied themselves secure. Again with the floods, in the winter of '61 and '62, Sacramento was inundated. To guard against a recurrence of these evils, the city bed was raised above the highest known tide, and instead of wearing away a levee, the angry waters find a solid mass of earth, on which stands the city, against which their efforts at destruction are futile. To one who has not resided on this coast, it may at first seem strange that a city should have been located in the midst of such dangers. When Sacramento was laid out, both the Sacramento and American rivers had bold banks above the reach of any floods. But when the thousands of miners commenced tearing down the

mountains and pouring the debris into the rivers, the sediment gradually filled up the river bed from twelve to eighteen feet above its former level. Consequently, when the spring sun unlocked the vast volume of water confined in the mountain snows, and sent it foaming and seething in its mad power to the plains, the old and half-filled channel could not contain it, and a large body of country was annually inundated. Levees were tried in vain; the mighty torrent would not be confined; hence the necessity of raising the city above its ravages. This has been accomplished; and beyond the present line of high grade, a powerful levee surrounds the unfilled portion of the city, on which is a railroad track, forming an iron circle or band, which no past floods have had power to break. These levees are guarded and kept in repair by the Railroad Company.

THE STATE CAPITOL—For a description of this building, see ANNEX, No. 15.

We will now take a run over the

Oregon Division.

CENTRAL PACIFIC RAILROAD.

For time of passenger train leaving Sacramento see schedule in ANNEX No. 47.

The trains run over the Overland track of the "Central" to Roseville Junction, passing all stations—except where signaled—until the Junction is reached.

Our road branches off to the left just before the station is reached, and stops close on the north side of the building, and we hear—"All aboard for Marysville, Chico and Oregon." We suppose the time is not far distant (in the age of nations) when passengers will hear, on arriving at this station: "All aboard for Puget Sound, Hudson Bay, Alaska and Behring Straits; close connections made with the *Yankee Tunnel Company*, under Behring Straits for all points in Russia, China, Japan, Germany, England, France, and the Holy Land!"

Leaving the Junction, our course is north; we are whirled along over a fine road-bed, in and out among the foot-hills, with rapid and ever-changing scenery on either hand, through groves of huge old oaks, with large herds of sheep grazing about them, for six miles to

WHITNEY—a signal station in the midst of sheep ranches—cross Auburn Ravine, and after a run of 4.5 miles, come to

LINCOLN, which is a village of about