



HON. OLIVER AMES.

With pleasure we present to our readers a likeness of the President of the Union Pacific Railroad, prepared for this paper by our special artist. While traversing this wonderful highway we are spontaneously moved to acknowledge his eminent services to us and the people of this nation. Oliver and his brother Oakes Ames—the latter our well known Congressman from Massachusetts—are sons of the original Oliver Ames, who commenced the manufacture of shovels at North Easton, Mass., many years ago, which early beginning has ripened into a manufacturing establishment said to be the largest and most prosperous of the kind on the globe.

To these two brothers now at the head of this great house, we are indebted,—to say the least, as much as to any other two men—for the enterprise, vigor and faith in the future, which carried the construction of the Eastern end of the Pacific Railroad to so early and satisfactory a completion. They fearlessly united their fortunes to it at a time when the road needed large pecuniary aid, and their liberal investments in the work, strengthened materially its financial credit.

We believe Oakes was first to invest, but Oliver, who soon followed, has recently given nearly undivided attention to its affairs. How efficiently he and other gentlemen associated with him in the management of this line perform their duties, those of us who are now travelers upon it; have visited its machine shops; and observed its general economic arrangements, can testify. To project, construct, equip and run a road across these desert plains, and

through mountain ranges forming our continental backbone, is one of the greatest and proudest achievements of our day.

We witness, as we travel, the vast solitudes which it penetrates, note obstacles which, *a priori*, were declared insurmountable, imposed by nature, and are reminded by soldiers, met at every station, of the pluck and courage, as well as energy, required to accomplish this mighty marvel. All honor, therefore, to Oliver and Oakes Ames and their associates. All, deserve the pecuniary reward their enterprise has brought them, and our grateful remembrance.

Hon. Oliver Ames is about 65 years of age, large hearted, liberal, public spirited at home, ever ready to contribute to educational and humane objects which commend themselves to his judgment or are approved by those in whose discretion he can confide.

—Asst. Gen. Supt. Chas. W. Mead, who has accompanied us thus far, returned last night by the Eastern train owing to business, but left a host of warm friends among our party, who cheered for him heartily before his departure.

Dr. H. Latham, surgeon general of the U. P. R. R., accompanied our train, as our guest.

FLOWERS.—Five varieties of sweet WILLIAMS in the Revere.

—In Congress yesterday a bill was reported granting \$100,000 toward the expedition to the North Pole.

FOUND.—A sum of money, which the owner can have by proving ownership and paying for this advertisement.
4-1t REVERE.

Those of our party who feared the interest of our journey would wane after the novelty of the first day or two had passed, find themselves agreeably mistaken. Each day brings its own novelty, and, if possible, enhances our gratification. The unfolding of new scenery, the salubrity of the atmosphere, the glow of anticipation, and the genial temper of our party, crowd into each passing hour the delight of a year of ordinary life.

Of the three great mediums through which we derive gratification; the eye the ear and the imagination; the first and last are in endless and delightful activity. All that is charming and diversified in landscape scenery by day; all that is sublime and glorious in "the starry dome of heaven by night," is revealed to the eye; while the imagination, waking or dreaming, revels in scenes of ideal beauty, which are but the glorified imagery of our passing experience. If it be true that we live by events and not by time, then are we indeed filling out the measure of years in these charming and delightful days; and if our noblest growth be that of thought and sentiment, then will our journey be the greatest teacher of our lives. The universal expression of our party is that nothing else could compensate the loss of this excursion; and those alone can know the extent and real grandeur of our great national inheritance who see it with the eye, and measure it by actual transit.

Yesterday we passed the North Fork of the Platte River, which we found wider than the Mississippi or Missouri, at their railroad crossings, and since then we have had a delightful run through green fields and varied flowers.

The prairies are diversified by little groups of antelopes and buffaloes, and our stoppings multiplied by frequent camps of National soldiers; these hardy lads who, having beaten back the waves of rebellion, now guard the advance of civilization into the wilds of the savage. The sight of the old flag, under which some of our party held command during the war, and the bugle notes which have summoned many of our kindred and acquaintances to scenes of conflict and of glory, have a new and glorious significance in this other defence of civilization and peace.

If there be any where an American heart that is sluggish in its patriotism, or any where a soul that is dull in its sensibility to the beneficence of our country's God, let him come out upon a