

dry and crisp atmosphere was most healthful in its effect upon ourselves, and was manifestly exhilarating, as the whole city seemed to turn out, making the occasion one of outdoor exercise and fun.

Under the blessed influence of a gentle breeze called a "Chinook," bearing warmth from the tropical current of the Pacific, the cold has disappeared as suddenly and yet as quietly as it came.

A marvelous phenomenon to me is the fresh, green grass, clothing lawn and field, as the snow has disappeared, with a rich sward, as in April.

Our entire trip was a prolonged picnic. I divided it into four stages of about eight hundred miles each, stopping at El Paso and visiting my old friend, Judge Bingham, United States consul at Paso del Norte, and at Los Angeles, Sacramento, and finally Portland.

I am particularly pleased that we approached Oregon by way of the Southern Pacific railroad, as it enabled me to make a comparative observation of the country traversed, immensely in favor of Oregon.

Western Texas, New Mexico, Arizona and Southern California present an unbroken scene of aridity, a boundless waste of desolation and monotony of such forbidding aspect as overcast, with a shadow of gloom, the spirit of a Louisianian, accustomed to the unrestrained revel of an exuberant plant life.

Being suddenly transported from the magnolias and live oaks, the roses and orange trees of New Orleans, the vine-tangled forests of Terrebonne, and the royal parks of the Teche, to the mesquit bushes and chaparral of Texas, invoked a sadness and a sense of being forsaken, presently intensified by the weather-worn gulches, the cactus-grown mesas and alkali deserts of Arizona, into a feeling closely akin to terror.

No wonder the Arabs and all other tribes having like surroundings are deeply imbued with fearful superstitions about spectres of the desert. These ghostly notions are not confined to the natural children of the desert, but possess the foster children as well, for I was told at Fort Yuma a legend of that place by a gentleman who said he could vouch for the facts, about an army officer who died there one summer, and, as I was pained to hear, went to hell. The next night his spirit came wandering across the desert, and when challenged by the terrified guard, simply remarked that he had come back for his overcoat.

You have probably heard the story, but I saw the man who knew the guard. Fortunately for us, the uncomfortable sentiment, associated with arid deserts and treeless landscape, was kept in endurable abeyance by the novelty of every object and the scientific inquiry and speculation constantly suggested.

A comfortable Pullman, filled with a delightful crowd of fellow passengers, together with the appre-

ciable fact that we were gliding along over this seemingly inhospitable region, where "holding up a train" is considerably more than a legend, toward a happy land of showers and plenty, at the rate of thirty miles an hour, had most to do with keeping out the melancholy spirit of loneliness which broods over mountain and plain in that rainless region.

Approaching Oregon over such a line of travel as I have faintly described (and the trip over the Southern Pacific railroad would well repay any tourist), you may imagine the glorious enchantment of field and forest, of the surrounding ocean of verdure that greeted us as we rolled into the immense valley of the Willamette.

When we reached Portland, although in midwinter, the rows of vigorous trees and the dark forests of magnificent timber rolling away toward Puget sound, far beyond the vision, assured us of our best-loved friends—the trees and the green fields—and I made a vow that no enticements of fortune or of fame shall long separate me from such friends. But the trees and the flowers and the showers go together as natural associates, and not the trees and the flowers and artificial irrigation.

Looking over the vast territory which separates the Mississippi from the Pacific slope, I can now appreciate the magnificent courage of the "Fortyniners," and of the vast advance corps of heroic spirits which followed in ox wagons and carts, with wives and children, toiling day by day and month by month, opposed by obstacles of such formidable kind as nature might have devised had it been her intention to barricade the Pacific slope from the encroachments of civilization.

Although human graves and bones of cattle and horses mark, with a broad swath, the trails of the emigrant, yet the fittest survived and pushed on to the "western shore," to establish here a civilization, which, even in these few years, rivals in wealth and refinement that of the Atlantic seaboard and the Mississippi valley.

I bow in reverential awe before the history of this people. As for their future, judging from their history and the prospect plainly before them, the promise is too immeasurably grand for them to comprehend or for any mind to compass.

The vastness of domain, the variety and unlimited extent of their resources, the healthful and invigorating climate, the loveliness, the majesty and splendor of scenery all combine to compel greatness by urging upon ambition an incentive of action, which, in turn, must realize wealth and develop state pride and love of country.

These are the essential elements of progress to the highest conceivable attainment of social distinction