

up across the Continent, on which men would travel from Ocean to Ocean in six days, Jefferson would have believed they were crazy, and that their brains had been injured by the toils and sufferings they had endured in the snows of the mountains.

I tell you to-day that, the ratio of our increase, prosperity and glory for the next sixty years, is to be an accelerated one. What startling and beneficial developments science may make in that time I cannot imagine, as I have no data by which to work out the problem. Men may go round the world in six days in balloons, for anything that I know; taking a cold lunch on Mount Hood, boiling their coffee at the crater of Mauna-Kea, and bringing home curiosities from the highest peaks of the Alps. [Applause]

I have data however for the conclusion that many of you will live to see New York rival London; and Boston rival Paris; when Chicago will eclipse Pekin; and when there will be cities on the Pacific Coast, that will have more wealth, more trade, and more population than Boston has to-day. It was long after I was born, (and I am nothing but a boy yet) that Boston built a railroad out to Quincy, just three miles long. It cost you, exclusive of land, wharf, and cars, \$33,158.95. That was the first money that was ever spent on a railroad in the United States. When Davy Crockett, represented in Congress the district I once lived in, in West Tennessee, he took a trip up into the Yankee nation to see the factories of Lowell, and the wonders of the "Hub." He mustered up courage while here to take a ride on your railroad. When he got back among the natives of Obion County, every body wanted to know about that railroad—what it was, and what it looked like. Davy told them that it looked to him "just as if them Yankees up in Boston, had got hell in harness." [Applause]

If he had lived to see the telegraph wire flashing news almost around the world, while he was swallowing a glass of whisky, he would have thought that the Yankees had got *Heaven* "in harness" too. [Applause] Few citizens, you have actually lived to see the day, when the three worlds are "in harness," and hitched to the golden car of civilization and human progress.

Our great interior; the country between the Rocky Mountains and the Cascade Range, and stretching from British America to Mexico, is dotted all over with rich mines. Its stock raising facilities are illimitable; as most of this vast area embracing 900,000 square miles, is covered with better wild grass than grows east of the Rocky Mountains. I hold that this great interior is capable of supplying the cities on both seaboard, with beef, butter and wool; besides supplying the world with a circulating medium. Large tracts of this country have been by many considered worthless, being destitute of water, and having an alkaline soil covered with sage brush. Intelligent travellers, such as Dilke, and Baker, tell us that, in Algeria, Abyssinia, and Australia, just such lands become very productive when irrigated. They assert that these alkaline lands, when watered, make the best corn fields in the world—that under irrigation, the more alkali, the better the corn crop.

The sole requisite to develop this vast intra-montane region, is water. This will be supplied by artesian wells, and by means of dams and dykes, which will be made to husband the water running from the snows of the mountains, and carry it over barren wastes, which, at its magic touch will