

SAN FRANCISCO IN 1849.

formation, and the last-named has a single sharp peak. They are all covered with snow and in the sunshine are of dazzling whiteness.

Portland, Oregon, is a pretty city of some 40,000 souls, nearly an eighth of whom are Chinamen. Its population is evidence of its importance as a business centre. From here our party proceeded to San Francisco by different routes, I myself going by the overland route—train and stage—which is quickest, in order to meet a friend, before his departure for Australia on Sept. 23rd, while the other three took the longer but more comfortable way of going down the coast by steamer.*

I left Portland by the 4 p.m. train, and by dusk was hurrying through Salem, and, as the line passes immediately in front of the "Indian Training School," the buildings could be plainly seen from the car window. This route, known as the "Mount Shasta Route," leads right down through the centre of Northern California, and is very picturesque. By eight o'clock next morning we had arrived at Ashland, where stages were in waiting to convey the passengers on to Coles, a distance of some 20 miles, the railroad, which was then being built, not being completed between these two points. The California stage is not to be compared to the good old English Tally-ho coach—the rough roads of that new country requiring an altogether different sort of vehicle—more like our "bus," only the seats are put crossways and the body of the rig suspended on straps. A day's journey in one of these stages over a rough mountain road will limber up the stiffest joints. On this occasion the stages were over-crowded, the road very dry and dusty, the weather very hot, and altogether it was a long, tiresome, and comparatively uninteresting ride.

Ashland is 2,000 feet above sea level and at the summit of the road my aneroid barometer registered 7,100 feet, and the horses, six on each stage, were well fagged out. The descent to Coles was quickly made. The danger of the road was, however, made only too plainly evident by the sad misfortune of an emigrant who was descending immediately in front of us, whose horses became frightened and ran down the mountain side, the poor driver and his companion being badly hurt—one seriously, if not fatally, injured.

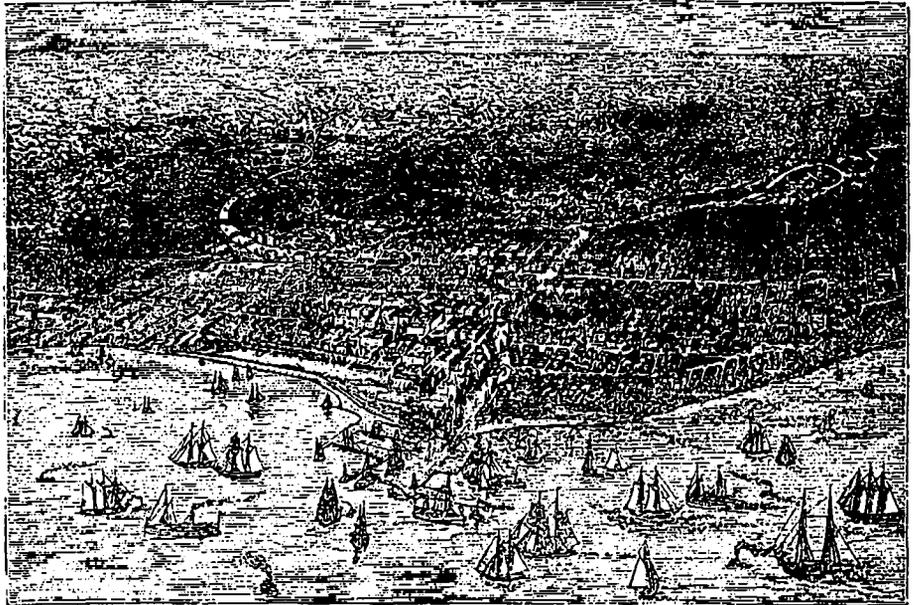
Coles is on the boundary line between California and Oregon, and from there it is 18 hours by rail to Oakland. This branch of the South Pacific gives opportunity for many splendid views, especially in the neighborhood of Mount Shasta and Strawberry Valley. Mount Shasta is a grand old snow-capped mountain, 14,000 feet high, and the hundred or more small and interesting extinct volcanoes at its base on the one side, are mere hillocks in comparison.

*The all-rail route has since been completed.

thing was parched up after the long dry summer, during which little or no rain falls, sometimes for months; the hillsides were brown and rusty, the roads exceedingly dusty, the fruit season was practically over, and altogether our impressions of that great State of which we had heard so much in praise, were most disappointing.

Santa Barbara is a quiet, old-fashioned little place, with but little to interest the traveller unless he comes to enjoy the "climate." The well-known old Santa Barbara Mission for the Indians was built by the Spaniards, who still form a goodly portion of the population of Southern California, about a century ago. It is a very quaint old structure and is still used by the Catholics.

Here, again, our party suffered delay for several days, I myself being the unfortunate one this time, and suffering a slight attack of malaria. When sufficiently recovered we proceeded south by rail to the rapidly growing city of Los Angeles—the great business centre of Southern California, and the focus of the "real estate fever" or "land boom," with which the Southern half of this State has been diseased for many months. Much of this "boom" is of a healthy nature, but it has been carried to a great extreme and the very plains have in places been laid out in "corner lots." About every third door on the principal streets of Los Angeles leads to a real estate office and in many cases there is no door—the "office desk" being put almost on the sidewalk.



SAN FRANCISCO IN 1888.

From Oakland the Southern Pacific Railroad runs large and elegant ferries across the Bay to San Francisco at frequent intervals. In the morning, when I crossed, the boat was crowded with passengers and residents of Oakland going to their business posts in the city for the day. The scene upon landing at the foot of Market Street was quite as busy as at the crowded ferry landings of New York—everyone in a hurry—scores of cab drivers and hotel runners shouting at the top of their voices—the clang of numerous street-car and cable-car bells—all combining in a very noisy and lively spectacle.

Our quartette having again come together at San Francisco, after spending a few days sight-seeing in the great and prosperous metropolis, took a steamer down the coast to Santa Barbara, one of California's numerous health and pleasure resorts. It is so situated on a bend in the coast as to be defended from the cold coast winds, and has a remarkably warm, equable climate—and indeed "climate" is the great boast of all Southern California. Its residents claim never to suffer with extreme heat in summer or with the cold in the winter, frost being unknown, or at least only the slightest; hence vegetation is semi-tropical, green and beautiful the year through. Our visit to California was at an unfortunate time of year—every-

The city was greatly overcrowded the hotels being more than full (my brother and I had to sleep on cots in the hotel parlor), although the season when visitors and health seekers come in largest numbers had not arrived. Los Angeles is a very pretty place, there being a great many beautiful avenues, fine residences, and elegant private grounds, adorned with palms, semi-tropical trees, shrubs, and flowers of great variety. There are many orange groves in the vicinity, too. Most fortunately a delightful and heavy rain fell while we were en route to the city (the first we had seen since leaving Toronto), which freshened up everything and gave us an opportunity of seeing the place at its best.

We remained there but a day, and went on to Santa Monica (18 miles), a very quiet place by the sea. The hotel, the principal thing in the place, is located right on the splendid beach—the finest beach for bathing, walking, and driving I ever saw. After enjoying the balmy sea breezes here for a few days, our steps were again turned to San Francisco—a 24 hours' ride by rail and one of no special interest. On the desert wastes were numerous and curious specimens of cacti. The part of the trip through the San Joaquin Valley—the great wheat growing region of the State, and where those mechanical monstrosities, the California Header and Thresher combined, are used extensively—was dry and, harvest having long passed, most uninteresting.