

sixty-three miles by 5 o'clock p.m. Upon the bill of fare for dinner that evening I saw, "Strictly pure Canadian maple syrup." Knowing how difficult it was to secure such an article at home, and glad to have something strictly Canadian, and wishing to test how my country sustained its reputation abroad, I ordered some syrup, and found the sample very good.

HOTEL DEL MONTE.

At 3 p.m. the next day I reached this most luxurious hotel. It is located upon a romantic site on the southern shore of the Bay of Monterey, the grounds comprising 126 acres. The natural charms of the location have been perfected by every resource of human skill and taste, regardless of cost. About forty acres surrounding the hotel are laid out artistically, and adorned with tropical plants,

there was awaiting me, at the door of the hotel, a splendid span of bays attached to a light carriage, and in charge of a competent driver. Down one of the beautiful avenues leading out of the city, and amid orchards and vineyards, we drove for eleven miles at a rapid rate. Here we changed horses, and having driven ten miles farther, reached the foot hills of Mount Hamilton, and halted for luncheon and change of horses. Then we began the climb of seven miles to the summit. As we started, the driver said to me, "the road turns 365 times before we reach the observatory." I said to him, "Now, captain, that is a pretty large story." In a somewhat injured tone, he replied, "Well, colonel, if you don't believe me you can count them." I said, "No, captain, I want to tell a good story when I get home, and will hold you responsible for what you have said."

When we were about half way up I said to him, "Well, captain, I take it all back. If you had said the road turned 465 times I would now believe you."

It was the crookedest road I ever travelled. I really think the reason there were no more turns in it is because they could not make any more. The turns were necessary because the road was compelled to skirt the great gorges, twist round the mountain peaks, zig-zag

through narrow canyons, and often turn upon itself in its constant effort to reach the summit. Nearly every road was an ascent.

At length the last turn was made, and we were at the top, nearly 5,000 feet above the sea. The view presented leg-



MOUNT HAMILTON, CALIFORNIA.

gars description. What variety, beauty, sublimity! Around us are rugged mountain peaks, deep gorges, steep precipices; in the valleys beneath are vineyards, orchards, forests and farms. Just beyond are the glittering waters of San Francisco Bay; still farther in the distance are the blue waters of the Pacific; while to the northward four hundred miles away, snow-capped Mount Shasta is seen enthroned among the lesser giants of the Sierra Nevada range.

One of the professors kindly showed me through the observatory, established through the generosity of the late Mr. James Lick, who left over \$700,000 for this purpose. Its object was to promote astronomical knowledge and research in connection with the University of California. Here is found the largest telescope in the world, its lens being thirty-six inches in diameter, and its tube fifty-eight feet in length. The summit of the mountain was levelled, suitable buildings erected, and the most improved appliances secured for the study of the heavens, and allied subjects.

On the grounds are buildings for the professors, and students who come here for a post-graduate course. Within a plain mausoleum, at the base of the great telescope, lie the remains of James Lick, the generous founder of the observatory. A grander monument no man could desire.

The most exciting part of this drive is the descent. With our horses thoroughly refreshed by rest and food, and with a fearless and skilful driver, having his foot upon the brake, and a firm grip of the reins, we begin our return journey. In the first seven miles we descend 2,500 feet. At full speed we swing round curve after curve, as only could be done by an experienced driver and sure-footed horses. At one time our road is upon a ledge hundreds of feet about the tops of the trees, at another it takes us between canyon walls that shut out the view of the heavens, excepting directly above us. The full view, at times, of the grand panoramic scenes of the valleys beneath and beyond us is beyond description.



AVALON, CATALINA ISLAND, CAL.

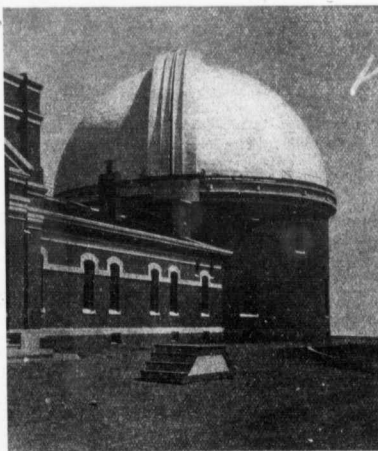
trees, and flowers in great variety and abundance. The grounds beyond are the natural forest of oak and pine, thoroughly clean, and through which wind splendidly made driveways and walks, with cosy nooks here and there furnished with seats for resting. No matter how facile the pen, or skilful the artist, Hotel del Monte, and its grounds, cannot adequately be described or represented. They must be visited to be properly appreciated.

SANTA CRUZ.

A few miles northward is this beautiful sea coast resort. Here the Sea-Beach Hotel, well located and efficiently managed, affords capital accommodation. Through the kindness of the manager, I enjoyed the beautiful drive along the sea coast, and to the big pine trees eight miles distant. Some of these giants are twelve feet in diameter and three hundred feet high.

MOUNT HAMILTON.

A short run by narrow gauge railroad through the mountains and forest of big pines, brings us to beautiful San Jose (San Hosay), called the Athens of the Pacific Coast. Here I made my home at the palatial Hotel Vendome, whose ample grounds are filled with flowers and tropical shrubbery. To the kindness of the manager of the Vendome, I was indebted for the delightful drive to the summit of Mount Hamilton, where is located the celebrated Lick Observatory. Upon a balmy bright morning, at 7.30 o'clock,



LICK OBSERVATORY, MOUNT HAMILTON, CAL.