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### On the Wing.

(Continued from Vol. 22, No. 5.)

THE PACIFIC SLOPE NO. 1.

We leave Victoria by boat for Seattle. The steamer stops at one of the ports on the Puget Sound to unload and reload her freight, and we step on the wharf and walk up the pier. Here we find boys fishing. The fish-hooks are soldered on a triangular piece of strong iron wire, five hooks on each side, and this is thrown into the water by a fishing-rod and line, then pulled quickly out. The fish are so numerous as to appear almost a solid mass at the bottom, and the water is so clear that thousands may be seen. By quickly drawing this barbarous implement up some of the hooks are pretty sure to strike a fish, and many are wounded to every one that is hooked so as to land it. We take the railroad from Seattle to Tritoma, passing through the largest hop garden in the world. Tramways are laid to take the hops from the gardens to the drying-house. The hop poles used are split cedar, twenty-feet long. Any amount of hop land is attainable. The hops are of good quality, and cannot be so cheaply and easily raised in any other part of the world we have seen or read of. We pass through Washington Territory. This is a fine agricultural part of the country. We can tell by the growth of the timber and the appearance of the soil that it is productive; but it has its drawbacks. Its thick fogs and rains and warm weather cause rheumatism, and a moss or fog is seen on the land.

Portland, situated on the Willamette river, and 122 miles from the Pacific Coast, is the principal port in Oregon Territory. Tritoma and Seattle in Washington Territory, are cities showing signs of great prosperity, and are strong rivals for the mercantile business of Puget Sound. We leave Portland by rail for San Francisco.

At Ashland, at the foot of the Olympian Range, we take the stage for thirteen miles over the mountains, the railroad not yet being complete. Six good horses are attached to this vehicle. We take our seat by the side of the driver, an elderly man, whose whole life appears to have been spent in driving stage coaches over the most dangerous routes. I always thought I could drive horses where any other man could, but I would not attempt such a drive as this on any account. After slowly climbing up the steep ascent, in some places a dash down a declivity would cause one to think the hind part of the stage would tip over on you; at others the turns were so acute as to cause one to think the hind wheels must go over the precipice and take all to an abyss hundreds of feet below. To add to this a shotgun guard sat behind me with his hand on the trigger ready at any moment to shoot at a stage robber or an Indian should any suddenly appear. The previous day the driver had a bead drawn on him—that is, a pistol was pointed at him to cause a halt. The shotgun guard and a passenger instantly covered the ruffian with the gun and a pistol, thus preventing an encounter. The previous week, on a route not far from here, another driver had the bead drawn on him, but he would not or could not stop. The robber fired. The ball struck a passenger that was sitting by the side of the driver and killed him.

We might fill a paper with such, but we enjoyed this drive immensely, although not devoid of danger. There is one tollgate on this road. The toll is \$1.50 for a single horse and \$2.50 for a stage. The price of passage for the thirteen miles is \$5, and 3c. per lb. for luggage. The road, we presume, will be abandoned as soon as the railroad is complete.

At the end of the stage road we again take the train, and pass through the Sacramento Valley on our way to San Francisco. On this route we had the roughest ride previously taken. A travelling companion was thrown so violently against the plate glass window in the washing department that his head broke the glass. In the valley we heard of so much malarial sickness brought on by irrigation that its charms were much diminished, despite its great vine and fruit capabilities.

We arrived in San Francisco rather badly shaken up. Not feeling very well we tried to rest, but that is a difficult matter to obtain when travelling for information. We remained some weeks at this busy, thriving place. The sight of the sea lions basking, barking and playing on and around a large rock not far from the Golden Gate was a sight that pleased us much. Hundreds of these immense animals live about this place, and have now become a cause of complaint, because it is claimed that they destroy all the good fish in this locality. They are protected by Government; no one being allowed to kill one for many miles around. We visited Alameda, Oakland, and the California Agricultural Experimental Station at Berkley. From one of the professors we learned that the quality of the grape and other California fruits are greatly deteriorated by the large amounts of water taken up by them from irrigation, and that the quality of the juice of the grape was many-fold superior where irrigation was not practiced to so large an extent. They were making many, no doubt, very valuable tests and experiments in their laboratory with wines when we were there. Agricultural lands are worth from nothing to one thousand dollars per acre, depending on location.

San Francisco has such a good harbor and so many other advantages that it appears destined to command the principal business on the Pacific slope, although there are other important points. It is a busy and prosperous city, located on the side of a hill facing east. Cable cars are on many of the streets; the ascent or descent on some of them is so very steep as to cause fear in strangers unaccustomed to descend into mines. The west part, or the entrance into the harbor, is bleak. The climatic changes are very great on the Pacific coast; at times one almost requires an overcoat, and in a few hours one's shirt sleeves are most comfortable. Thick, damp fogs sometimes suddenly arise, and an umbrella or waterproof may be needed. These fogs and sudden changes are confined to the coast and a narrow strip of the adjoining country; for this reason a very large proportion of the private residences are located a dozen miles or more inland—Oakland and Alameda being favored resorts. These are reached by lines of large and magnificent ferry boats, that run every half hour, a distance of about five miles, thence connecting with railroads running through these towns. The railroads in Alameda

are free, no charge being made to anyone; even the school children jump on the cars and go and return from their schools—the Alamedians would not give the railroads running power, without this privilege. Despite this privilege the company make it up by their boats, as they have the monopoly—the fare to San Francisco and return being 25 cents, and about \$3.50 for monthly tickets. The constant stream of traffic is very great, especially in the mornings and afternoons.

The fruit, shrub and floral products are very pleasing where irrigation is practiced, and attention given to the gardens, but the beauties of these charming spots are much increased or diminished as you may view it by the fact that immediately beyond the irrigated ground only a bare, dry surface is to be seen. No green grass will grow here without irrigation through the summer months. They have a fine market in San Francisco, of which they feel very proud, and consider it is supplied better than any other city in the world, with all the varied product. It really is a grand sight, but it just lacks one stall, and this is an Ontario one, for the supplying of Canadian bacon, hams, butter, cheese, potatoes and apples, as there are plenty of people that can and will have the best if they can get it. They may talk and brag all they choose, but never will be able to produce such products in their dusty, even, and debilitating climate, as we can. Their apples, potatoes, beef and mutton is very much inferior to ours; the product of the animals must be like the animals themselves. It may not be generally known, but the fact is, that even a horse raised in a debilitating climate, although he may look as well, has not the endurance that those have that are raised in the North. It is so with men, and from what we have seen and heard this climate has a most baneful effect on women. There are young, active, pretty and refined ladies here, but they become aged and broken-down early in life. We do not think the average of them can stand one-half the fatigue, nor are half as good, physically, as our Canadian women. This is attributable in a great measure to the pleasing, although debilitating, even temperature.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Mr. Smith, in his articles on Holsteins, shows how marvelously the milk production of these cattle has been increased within the last ten years.

Mr. Fuller, while claiming superior qualities for the Jersey, says the yield of any cow may be increased or diminished, according to how she is fed or managed.

There is much to be learned in Mr. Snell's, short but pointed reply. Yet which is the most profitable cow has yet to be learned. The fact that one animal, or a group of animals, produces more pounds of milk or butter in a given time than another, argues little. The real question is, which gives the most value in return for the food consumed.

A Clydesdale can move a much greater load than a French Canadian or a Cleveland Bay, but that does not argue that he is the best farm horse, and the only one that should be used.

We would like to hear from some of our breeders the actual amount of feed consumed and products obtained. This would interest our farmers and be of value to them.