

CHAPTER XI.

A CHAPTER FOR TOURISTS.

THERE is a time for all things under the sun. If this is true as a general proposition, it is emphatically so when applied to a visit to California. A very little rehearsing of the climatic conditions will show the reasons.

By courtesy the rains are said to begin in November, but as a matter of fact there are seldom more than a few showers in that month, which barely suffice to lay the dust for a few days.

Rain sufficient to start vegetation cannot be depended upon until December has well advanced. Two or three weeks thereafter greenness begins to creep over the hillsides, and the earth puts on its spring attire. Again, there is seldom much rain after April is past. A few showers come in May, occasionally, but not enough for vegetation to hold its own against the sun.

Sahara is not drier and more desert-like than are parts of California after three, four, five and six months have passed, during which a clear, unchecked sun has been shining upon the thirsty land, drying up the juices of plants and extracting every particle of moisture from the surface of the earth, and down below the surface as far as the heat can penetrate. The dust becomes something fearful, and any kind of wheeled vehicle stirs it up and so puts it in motion that riding is a pleasure to be en-

joyed at the risk of suffocation, or at least of a near approach to it.

Whoever, therefore, would see the country in its best estate must do so between say the latter part of January and the end of April. Every day after the last date will detract from its beauty, and be so much subtracted from the admiration and enjoyment that its meridian glory would occasion.

There is no part of California, no place in it, which tourists will be likely to wish to see, that cannot be visited with entire convenience during the time specified, except the Yosemite valley. On account of the great quantity of snow that accumulates in this locality, a journey to it cannot well be made until the end of May. After the snow is melted, so that the trip is practicable, the sooner it is made the better, because early in the season the streams are fuller and the falls more wonderful than later.

Southern California should be seen in February or March, if possible. The oranges will not then all have been gathered, and everything will be looking its best. The rain-fall is so much less in this part of the State than it is farther north that, of course, it dries up sooner. Let no one who visits this part of the State fail, either in going or coming, to make the trip by land. It is better to go down by sea and return by stage. The ride, to be sure, will be fatiguing; but rest can be taken by the way, if need be, by stopping over a day. After the ride is finished, there will be great comfort in feeling that you have accomplished that for which you went—you have seen something of the country. For how can you know anything about the land by sailing past it on the ocean, especially if you

should chance to be sea-sick and lie in your berth all the while?

After the southern trip you can take the others in whatever order you please. You will probably make San Francisco your base of operations, and you will find much in the city itself to please and interest you. One of the first places that you will visit will be Woodward's gardens, where you will find among the native products some immense "grizzlies" and huge sea-lions, or seals, as they are more generally called. Ungainly and awkward-looking as they are, you will discover a strange pathos in their brown eyes if you regard them attentively enough. If you have the time to spare, you can well spend a day there, and then not feel willing to depart.

Your first ride will probably be to the Cliff House, to see the seals and the Pacific ocean. This is a pleasant ride, and you can take a carriage and have the privilege of paying several dollars for it, or, if "of a frugal mind," you can go in the public conveyances for thirty or forty cents. If you have not seen the Pacific ocean before, that will be the great attraction—the grand sight for which you will most care. But the seal rocks, and the seals sporting on them, will also claim attention. There are three or four of these rocks only a little way out in the ocean. One of them is as high as a meeting-house; but the great lubberly seals contrive to get up to the top of it. These seals are protected by law, and really seem to have a very good time of it. They come up on the rocks to sun themselves, and here they squirm and squabble and bark and play and fight. Those who go often to see them make acquaintance with them as individuals, and even know

them by name. One monster of unusual immensity is known as Ben Butler. What has secured this cognomen for him—whether he is a manœverer, a wire-puller, or a defeated candidate who has run for the gubernatorial office on an independent ticket, or shown a determination, by "hook or by crook," to lord it over his fellow-seals—the deponent knows not. At any rate, in whatever way he has gained his celebrity, Ben Butler contrives to keep things in motion in sealdom, and maintain a general interest, of which he is the center. "There goes Ben Butler!" can be heard every little while from some of those who are watching through their glasses; and even if he is not seen, it is not always safe to presume that he is asleep, or that he has given up the contest.

Either going to or coming from the Cliff House you will stop at Lone Mountain cemetery, which is the principal one belonging to San Francisco.

The Chinese quarters will be the most attractive because most peculiar part of the city. The sights and wonders visible among these very peculiar people are recorded in another chapter devoted especially to them.

* No one will fail to visit Oakland, beautiful Oakland, on the other side of the bay. Although only eight miles from San Francisco, it is so protected by a change in the trend of the coast, and by the hills which break the force of the wind, that the climate is much milder and more desirable. It has, too, more of the sobriety and steadiness of an eastern city than any other place in California. The Sabbath is quiet and well observed, except that there is sometimes disturbance occasioned by picnickers from San Francisco passing through on their way to a pleasant

grove on the farther side of the city. Taking everything into consideration, climatic conditions, social advantages, educational privileges and religious opportunities, Oakland is to-day the most desirable place of residence that can be found in the State.

The University of California, with true western liberality, opens its doors to all, without regard to sex, color or condition, free of charge. This institution is located at Berkeley, five or six miles from Oakland. The site is as charming as can well be conceived. The grounds run up on to the foot-hills of the Contra Costa mountains, and are handsomely ornamented with acacia, eucalyptus and other evergreens, with the beautiful pepper tree sprinkled in here and there to give the finishing touch to the landscape. From every part of the grounds you can look right out of the always open Golden Gate to the limitless ocean beyond. The view alone is worth twice the journey necessary to secure it. The buildings are of a fine granite brought from Folsom, some thirty miles from Sacramento.

The live-oak grove in which Oakland is built has been very tenderly treated. Not a tree has been cut down that could be spared. Trees have even been left standing in some of the streets, and the carriage-ways wind about hither and thither in order to avoid them. But of course this indulgence cannot be continued; as business and population increase, these hinderances to safe transit must be taken out of the way. In Oakland the perfection of beauty exists in the way of artistic combinations and arrangements of flowers and shrubs and trees. The delightful climate and rich soil render such things possibilities when there are found the wealth and the taste to use

them. In the case of one delighted observer, at least, nothing finer, or better, or richer, or more beautiful, is expected to be seen until that better land is entered of whose glories all the most excellent things here are but types and shadows. Indeed, the sight of these has helped the imagination in its endeavor to reach up to the full expectation of that of which it has not entered into the heart of man to conceive.

The bay of San Francisco is a very perfect sort of product, look at it from what point you will—æsthetic, commercial or climatic. It is the only break in the Coast Range mountains between Puget Sound and the Gulf of California, and the only water communication between the ocean and the interior valleys. It is completely landlocked, and is generally conceded to be the second best harbor in the world. It is fifty miles in length, extending both north and south from San Francisco. It reaches about forty miles below San Francisco, in a southeasterly direction. The valley along its western border is one of the finest in the State. Causing a break, as it does, in the Coast Range mountains, the ocean wind comes through, and, following the line of the bay, makes the inhabitants of all the regions round about participants in the refreshing and invigorating influences of the sea-breezes. The average width of the bay is nine miles.

The Golden Gate, as the strait by which it is connected with the ocean is called, is less than a mile in width at the opening, and because it was so narrow it escaped for centuries the scrutinizing eyes of the mariners who sailed along the coast. There are sixty feet of water in the channel. The arrangements for defense could scarcely

be better. The gate-posts, both north and south, are bold projections, which thoroughly and easily command the entrance. Point Bonita, on the north, has a light-house upon it to illuminate the entrance to the bay. Fort Point is placed on the southern projection, just in front of the open gate. Only one mile and a quarter away a little island has been dropped, as though on purpose to furnish additional guards to the entrance.

This island is called Alcatraz, and is bristling with ordnance from bottom to top, and is always ready to repel a hostile invader. Northeast of Alcatraz, and also commanding the entrance, is Angel Island, the largest and most valuable of the three government islands in this part of the bay. Still further from the gate, and east of these two, is the island of Yuerba Buena, or Goat Island, as it is now generally called. This is the coveted morsel that the Central Pacific Railroad has been and is so anxious to swallow. The road extends out into the bay three miles, a wharf being built that distance in a direct line toward Goat Island, to which another mile would bring it. Of course it would be better to have a place on *terra firma* on which to receive and discharge freight than to construct warehouses upon piles so far out in the water. The San Franciscans are hostile to any such arrangements, because vessels could enter the Golden Gate, go to the island, receive and discharge freight, without saying "By your leave!"

The maximum rise of water at full tide at San Francisco is eight feet. The influence of the tide is felt as far as navigation extends, both in the Sacramento and San Joaquin rivers. At Sacramento, one hundred and seventeen miles from the Golden Gate, the rise is two feet six inches,

and at Stockton, which is about equally distant, the rise is not far from the same.

One of the pleasant expeditions from San Francisco will be to San José. This is a beautiful town of ten thousand inhabitants, about fifty miles from San Francisco, and eight or ten from the head of the bay. The town of Santa Clara is three miles distant, and the two are connected by an alameda or avenue, on each side of which are large old willows, planted by the Spanish padres connected with the mission at Santa Clara nearly a century ago. The greater part of the trees have borne the ills of life so heroically that they are still vigorous. San José can be reached by two railroads—one each side of the bay. The court-house in the town is said to be the finest building in the State erected for that purpose. A beautiful picture is spread out before the eye from the top of the dome. Orchards and vineyards, groves and meadows, mountains and valleys meet the vision, while tasteful houses and charming grounds in the nearer space excite admiration.

The climate of San José is particularly attractive, especially in the winter. The winds from the ocean lose much of their fierceness before they reach it, and yet bring enough invigorating influence to make them acceptable and health-giving. In summer the heat sometimes transcends the point of comfort; still it by no means reaches the extreme that it does in valleys shut out from the influences of the sea. This upper Santa Clara valley is the most highly cultivated valley in the State. A ride through it in March will give a vivid idea of the capacity of the genial climate and fertile soil of the country.

The New Almaden quicksilver mines are twelve miles

from San José. These are the oldest mines of this ore in the State, and the most productive. The ore is very rich, yielding in some cases sixty per cent. of quicksilver.

A trip to Monte Diablo is among the things that will pay. This mountain, although not very elevated, is very conspicuous because of its isolation. Having become so well acquainted with it in the distance, it was pleasant to know it more intimately, though it was not the mountain itself, but the view to be had from its summit that formed the attraction.

We were a party of five, in which the feminines had a majority of one. Our wagon was spacious enough to accommodate us all, with our bundles and carpet-bags. We started from Benicia at three o'clock in the afternoon, and, crossing the straits of Carquinez in the ferry-boat, were soon in Martinez. The hills carpeted with green, the smiling fields that gave rich promise of harvests to come, the voice of the meadow-lark, thrown in now and then to give us a thrill of melody, were pleasant adjuncts by the way. An hour's ride brought us to Pacheco, which had rather a washed-out appearance. The winter rains seemed to have been more copious than the needs of the place required. Then we came to a little village called Concord, and from there found a smooth and pleasant road to Clayton, where we spent the night.

As everything depended upon our having a clear day for the ascent of the mountain, the weather was a matter of more than usual interest. There were ominous clouds hanging round the horizon, and when we retired at night we had many misgivings as to what might be on the morrow. During the night we heard the patter of rain upon

the roof and the hoarse voice of the wind in angry violence.

But the morning proved better than our fears led us to anticipate. The face of the sun was clear and bright, as though benefited by its recent washing, and the only trace of the storm visible was the snow upon the top of the mountain.

The summit of the mountain is about seven miles from Clayton, and for half the distance we could keep our seats in the wagon. As some of us had no great confidence in our equestrian skill, we were glad to keep to wheels as long as we could. Therefore our riding-horses were led till we reached the end of the drive. Then came the time of trial. Whether we should be able to retain our seats in the saddle remained, in the case of some of us, a problem to which the Q. E. D. could not be attached until the end of the journey. To those who were at all at home in the saddle there was nothing terrible in the ascent. It is possible to ride all the way to the top, though in some places the acclivity is so steep that walking is easier for the tourist, and certainly more merciful to the horse. The compensation for whatever fatigue there is, is ample nearly all the time. Payment is not deferred until the work is done. We had not gone up far before glimpses of the valleys and the far-off mountains were an earnest of what awaited us when the summit was achieved. There was one brilliant part of the show that we could almost flatter ourselves had been prepared for our special and particular gratification. The storm of the previous night had left its traces on the trees and bushes, which were all encased in ice. The sun shining upon them gave them a

brilliancy of appearance that was dazzling to the eye. Diamonds and all kinds of precious stones seemed waiting to be gathered as fruit from the trees. Clouds passed over the sun now and then, and their shadows flitted over the landscape, making it seem to fluctuate to the eye.

"Dark hollows seemed to glide along
And chase the sunny ridges."

When we reached the summit, such a view was spread out before us as I never dreamed could be taken in by the eye. On one side we looked out through the Golden Gate to the boundless ocean beyond; the Farrallones lay there like specks in the ocean; nearer was San Francisco, spread out like a map, with every street distinctly marked. Vallejo, Benicia, Pacheco, New York, Antioch, and several other towns could be easily seen. All this was viewed with the naked eye. Think of seeing the whole State of New York at a glance!

Prof. Whitney says: "From the summit of Monte Diablo the view is panoramic, and perhaps unsurpassed in extent. Owing to the peculiar distribution of the mountain ranges of California, and the position of Monte Diablo in the center of the great elliptic basin, the eye has full scope over the slopes of the Sierra Nevada to its crest, from Lassen's Peak on the north to Mount Whitney on the south, a distance of fully three hundred and twenty-five miles. It is only in the clearest weather that the details of the 'Snowy Range' can be made out; but the nearer masses of the Coast Range, with their waves of mountains and wavelets of spurs, are visible from Mount Hamilton and Mount Oso on the south to Mount Helena on the north. The great interior valley of California, the plains of the Sacra-

mento and San Joaquin, are spread out under the observer's feet like a map, and they seem of illimitable extent. The whole area thus embraced in the field of vision is little less than forty thousand square miles, or almost as large as the whole State of New York."

Of course no tourist will fail to visit the Geysers. There are two ways of reaching them, by way of Healdsburg and by way of Calistoga. The former route leads past Petaluma, Santa Rosa, etc., to Healdsburg, and then over "the hog's back" to the Geysers. It is well to go one way and return by the other.

We left San Francisco at four o'clock in the afternoon in the steamer, and in an hour and a half were on the other side of the bay at Vallejo. The cars awaited us here, and we were whisked through the beautiful Naper valley more rapidly than we wished. This is one of the most beautiful and fertile districts in California. It would be difficult for the elements of fine scenery and charming landscapes to enter into combinations that would surpass what is here seen. Oaks, the magnificence of which could scarcely be surpassed anywhere in the world, dot the landscape here and there, while orchards and vineyards and fields of golden grain—golden at the time of our visit—interspersed with "patches" of Indian corn, the first I have seen in the State, make up a wonderful beauty of shade and color.

Just at evening we reached Calistoga Springs, where we remained all night. There is much that is attractive about this place. Springs of almost every kind are found, hot, cold and tepid. One spring seems especially designed for the accommodation of the laundress. The water is soft

and clear, and just hot enough to make a good "suds." That it may be applied to its legitimate purpose a wash-house has been erected, where clothes go through the process of purification!

When strolling about the grounds in the morning a tasteful, rustic structure arrested my attention. "Nature's Kitchen" was written over the door in large letters. It seemed worth while to go in and see how the dame acquitted herself when she ventured into the department of culinary art. If she performed her duties as deftly in that line as she does her work generally, there might be something learned from an investigation. The door was entered. A comely youth seemed to be acting as the old lady's adjutant. He asked if I would have some chicken broth. The reply being in the affirmative, he proceeded to dip some water from a spring which was bubbling and boiling all the while, and, adding a little pepper and salt, he presented the cup. It was chicken broth, sure enough! and almost too hot to eat with comfort. In what subterranean fields the chickens were fed, and how far underground was the kitchen in which they had been prepared and put in the pot, there was no witness to testify.

Near by was another queer sort of structure, which proved to be a grotto made of petrifications brought from a petrified forest some five miles south of Calistoga. This forest is on a ridge which separates the Napa and Santa Rosa valleys, and was discovered in 1870. The examination that followed the discovery led to the finding of parts of one hundred or more large forest trees in a state of petrification. They were all prostrate, and seemed to belong to living species of coniferae. It is supposed that



THE DEVIL'S CAÑON. VIEW LOOKING UP. PAGES 153 TO 160.

the overthrow of the forest was occasioned by some eruption of Mount St. Helena.

At seven o'clock in the morning we took our seats in the coach and started for the Geysers. The tourists filled three wagons that morning. These were open-covered, four-seated vehicles, each drawn by six horses. The first ten miles was through a farming country, and level a great part of the way. Then we changed horses, and the perils of the journey began. We commenced the ascent of the mountains, and for ten miles wound along their sides, rising higher and higher at every step. The road is a marvel. It is cut in the sides of the mountains, and follows all their windings in and out, turning angles as sharp as the crook of one's elbow, with only about six inches of leeway, and seeming, in places, not to have even so much as that where the road is excavated in the solid rock. As we ascended, the views became continually finer and finer. We looked off over mountains that seemed to rise one upon another, and to follow each other in almost endless succession. They were clothed with firs and pines to their very summits. In the distance lay the Pacific ocean, glistening in the sun and seeming near, though seventy miles away. Mount St. Helena was the presiding genius of the near landscape. Although only about four thousand feet high, it overtops its compeers, and is the observed of all observers. It was named for the Grand Duchess Helena of Russia, by the gallant Russian who first ascended it in 1841. He placed a metallic plate upon the summit, to bear record of his ascent, and to record the name which he had bestowed upon the mountain. The plate was afterwards taken possession of by the

Geological Survey, and removed to San Francisco for safe-keeping. We rested a little while on the top of the divide, and then began our descent. If one has nerves, then is the time to find it out. The drivers put the whip to the horses, and down they go at the most break-neck speed, sweeping around curves, turning angles sharply acute, the hubs of the wheels almost touching the sides of the mountains on the left, while on the right you look down precipices two thousand, three thousand feet. The eye cannot fathom the depth to which the giving way of a tug, the striking of the hub against the rock which it approaches so nearly, might precipitate the load of living freight. Dark chasms seem yawning to devour you. At last the race is over, and we draw up suddenly and unexpectedly at the Geyser hotel.

All preconceived ideas of the Geysers were doomed to be disappointed. The pictures in the Geography, of the geysers in Iceland, had perhaps unconsciously been the models upon which expectations had been formed; but they proved very wide of the mark. Pluton river runs along just in front of the hotel, and continues on its winding way until it finds the Russian river, into which it empties. The gorge through which it runs is quite narrow, and is called Pluton cañon. There is said to be fine trout-fishing in this little stream, and some conveniences are provided which are not always found in conjunction with opportunities of the kind. There are places where the fisherman, after having caught his fish, without moving may cast it into a hot spring, and bring it out done to a turn and ready for eating. Not very far from the hotel there is a hot, acid spring, to the water of which, if

a little sugar be added, the perfection of hot lemonade is produced. One visitor, that I know of, tasted the water fresh from the spring, and a blistered tongue bore testimony to its heat for several days. There is a bath-house over a hot spring in Pluton cañon, a bath in which is a luxury to be remembered.

Geyser cañon opens into Pluton at rather an acute angle. We entered at the lower end, and soon the hissing, shaking, roaring, and quaking began. The forces of Pandemonium seem to be released, and to have collected here to try what they can do. Passing alum springs, sulphur springs, black as the fabled Tartarean gulf, and many other kinds of springs, we come to the Devil's Inkstand. Whether he uses the ink for making records or not, other people do. We were told that the register at the hotel was kept with it, but in the case of one of our company who tried it, it did not prove durable. The writing soon faded, and after a while was obliterated.

The ground becoming hot, rapidity of motion is a necessity, and yet each time you put your foot down with hesitation, as though it might perchance get into the way that takes hold on death. The air becomes oppressive, steamy, thick, sulphurous. You gasp; you hesitate; you conclude that this is one of the places in which it may be pleasant to have been, but it is anything else than pleasant to be in!

The way is slippery and the slime is ghastly, supernatural, infernal. The cañon is so narrow that there is scarcely any room to spare by the side of the creek that runs through. We are obliged to go first on one side, then cross over to the other, ascending all the while a pretty steep grade. We come to a chair-shaped rock

which is called the Devil's Chair. Finding it vacant we do not disdain to take a seat for a few minutes to recover breath and wipe off the perspiration. Sulphur, and many compositions of which you do not know the name, are around you. Everything wears an unearthly look, and you can easily persuade yourself that you have indeed invaded the dominions of the Infernal Majesty, to whom the whole region seems to be given up, and whose stamp everything wears. Soon after we come to the Devil's Pulpit. What he wants of a pulpit it would be difficult to guess, unless it be in those times when he arrays himself in garments of light the better to deceive his victims. The Devil's Grist Mill, which he makes a great noise in turning, is near by. But far above all other sounds the Steamboat Geyser makes itself heard. The resemblance to a steamboat letting off steam is perfect. This noise is made by a column of steam rushing out of the side of the mountain. It sometimes ascends to the height of three hundred feet. Near this is the Witch's Caldron, as weird-looking a place as can well be imagined. It is a black hole seven or eight feet in diameter, and is said to be absolutely unfathomable. It has been sounded to the depth of twelve hundred feet without reaching bottom. The rock is black in which the cavity lies, the mixture is black, and it is boiling, bubbling, seething around, now rising to within a foot or two of the top, then falling back, hissing, steaming and howling as though it had been balked in its efforts to accomplish a purpose. I looked down into it almost expecting to see

"The eye of newt and toe of frog,
Wool of bat and tongue of dog."

Undoubtedly they were there, but they were undistinguishable in the diabolical mixture that continued to "like a hell-broth boil and bubble." In another place we found the Devil's Tea-kettle. I wonder what kind of tea he uses! There is much in our markets that might be sent to him; it might not hurt him, and surely the tea-drinkers in the world would be the better for its loss. Finally the summit of the route is reached, over which streams the tricolored flag, and we feel that we are once more in our native country. There is a feeling of relief that we have passed through the dominions of our arch-enemy and — are safe!

These curious and wonderful processes are now decided to be wholly the result of chemical action; volcanic power has nothing to do with them; the amount of moisture affects the manifestations. Heat and chemicals are always in the great laboratory, and when enough moisture is added all the conditions for activity are met.

On our return we were so fortunate as to have a seat in the wagon driven by Foss, whose renown is coextensive with the fame of the Geysers. That ride was worth the whole expense of the journey. Not a loud word was spoken; not a crack of the whip was heard. The reins seemed to be nerves to convey the will of the master to the steeds, that seemed to delight in obedience. On we dashed, bounding around corners and shooting around angles. The heads of the leaders were often out of sight, so sharp were the curves and so rapidly did we go.

Foss drives the last eighteen miles in an hour and three-quarters. No accident, it is said, has ever happened upon the road, notwithstanding it is driven over so rapidly

The cost of the round trip from San Francisco and back is now estimated at sixteen dollars. When the writer made the trip the cost was twenty-five dollars.

The beautiful beach at Pescadero is well worth a visit, and pebbles picked up there will be among the valuable trophies brought from the Pacific coast.

Pescadero is on one of the routes to Santa Cruz, which place should not be omitted if it is possible to reach it. It is the Newport of California. Being situated on a cove in the bay of Monterey, it is so protected from the winds as to be a very desirable summer resort. It is a place of considerable business also, being second in this respect to San Francisco. Tanneries are especially abundant, and a large amount of leather is manufactured. One reason for this industry is the abundance of chestnut-oak that abounds in the vicinity. The bark of this tree contains more and better tannin than that of any other tree. Large quantities of sole-leather are exported, which on account of its superior quality commands an extra price in the market.

The six weeks spent in Santa Cruz by the writer have left many pleasant memories. The visit was made during the months of July and August. The mornings and evenings were so cool that a little fire was almost always needful for comfort, and even at midday a heavy shawl was essential when riding in an open carriage. The rides are delightful in the vicinity, and one should never be finished without going to the beach and driving up and down a few times. There was but one drawback to the pleasure of riding, and whether that drawback should come under the geographical head of climate or soil ad-

mits of doubt; for it was fluctuating—now on the earth and now in the air. The dust was sometimes suffocating, blinding, tormenting. The soil was entirely too free for comfort; the laws of gravity seemed to have no dominion over it.

It was here that acquaintance with Ying was made. He had penetrated further into the *arcana* of the cooking art than any other "Heathen Chinese" that it was my good fortune to fall in with. Such appetizing viands as he set before us—such combinations and excellent results—it was an uncommon thing to meet with. He was caterer, steward and factotum in the establishment. The mistress said, why should she give orders when he knew so much better what was needed and what was best? He was a rarely good laundress too. Snow is not whiter nor glass smoother than the clothes that he sent from his workshop. He sprinkled while he ironed. Putting his mouth down to a basin filled with water, and sucking in as much as convenient, he again emitted it in a fine spray, making a noise meanwhile like an incipient steam-boat, which could be heard over a considerable part of the house.

Ying had the strange peculiarity of liking to have his own way, and when told to do anything that he did not want to do, he always took refuge in his imperfect understanding of the language: "Me not know." How could he, poor heathen!

Ying adhered to the national customs in his dress. His head was shaved, except a round place on the top about the size of a saucer. The hair which grew upon this portion was braided, and coiled about like a crown.

What the longitude of this cue would have been if it had been allowed to stretch itself out there were no means of knowing. Ying wore the loose, blue blouse that is so generally seen in the streets of San Francisco, with loose trousers of the same color, made after the Turkish fashion.

Forests of redwood abound in the region of Santa Cruz, and are not among the least attractive things to be seen. The old town of Monterey, the first capital of California, is across the bay and easily visited.

No traveler should go to the Pacific coast and return without stopping to see Lake Tahoe, one of the most beautiful lakes in the world, as it is one of the highest. By leaving the Central Pacific railroad at Truckee it can be seen without fatigue, and without any great delay. It is only fourteen miles from Truckee, and a good stage road, over which there are daily coaches, makes it within easy reach. Lake Tahoe is six thousand four hundred feet above the level of the sea—higher than Mount Washington, that giant among the peaks of New England. Estimates of its size vary; by some authorities it is put down as being thirty by fifteen miles, and by others twenty by ten.

It was cloudy the day we reached it, and the clouds rested, not on the tops of the mountains which surround the lake, but on their sides, while the summits stood out boldly in the clear atmosphere. As though the lake said to them, "Come rest on this bosom," they nestled closely down, as if glad to find so beautiful a resting-place. A pleasant little steamboat goes back and forth, carrying passengers to the different parts of the lake. Never was water so clear and so blue. We could look down forty

or fifty feet and count the pebbles on the bottom, and see the fish glide along, and the water-snakes wound up in their coils. The sky itself was not bluer than the water, and the tint was particularly soft and bright. The lake abounds in trout, which are of an unusually large size.

A ride in a row-boat, one pleasant morning, was particularly enjoyable. We went over to Cornelian Bay, and along the first part of the way the lake was as calm as a summer evening. The water which dripped from the oars, falling into the lake, made little circlets which the sun at once converted into rainbows. These spotted the surface, and myriads of little rainbows danced hither and thither, some larger, some smaller, but all gay and beautiful. A breeze sprang up while we were out, and when we returned there was another and different display. The breeze roughened the surface of the lake, and the sun shone in such a direction that the crest of each little wavelet was converted into a brilliant diamond; thus they were glistening all around, dancing here and there, and all diamonds of the first water!

The mountains stand round about this lake as they do about Jerusalem, making such scenery as one does not easily tire of seeing.

The line which separates California from Nevada passes through the lake, so that a part of it is in one State and a part in the other.

Donner lake, so well known for its sad associations, is a beautiful little lake on the other side of Truckee, and in full view of the railroad. It is well worthy of a visit and a nearer acquaintance than can be had from the railway.

The cost of living differs greatly in different parts of the State. In San Francisco and Oakland it is about the same in gold that it is in Philadelphia or Cincinnati in currency. The charge at hotels is about three dollars per diem; at boarding-houses, almost anywhere between ten and twenty dollars per week. Many persons, to whom it is convenient or desirable, rent furnished rooms and take their meals at restaurants. The charges in restaurants are less than in eastern cities. A breakfast or lunch, consisting of a cup of tea or coffee, a mutton-chop or piece of beef-steak, potatoes, bread, butter and pickle, can be had for twenty-five cents. A certain person, in whom the writer has a first-class interest, who was scantily blessed with "filthy lucre," contrived to live in Oakland, during the whole winter, at an average cost of five dollars per week. Two of these dollars went for room-rent, and the remainder covered the cost of board, fuel, washing, and all other needful things. To be sure, many things were sacrificed that it would have been pleasant to have; but the privations were borne cheerfully, and amends were sought and found in seeing and enjoying the charming grounds of Oakland, which were a continual feast that never palled upon the taste, and in an occasional visit to San Francisco, over the waters of the beautiful bay. In making any such arrangement, be sure and get a room into which the sun shines a part of the day, and the larger the part the better. The days are rare, in Oakland and San Francisco, when it is really comfortable in the morning and evening without a fire. But when the sun is shining, if you have a room into which its beams can enter, you will always be warm enough. The prices of some things essential to

living are less in California than the east, while of many the cost is greater. Flour is both cheaper and better, and the price of meat and fish is less; but fuel is very expensive. A considerable part of the coal used is brought from England and Australia, and the remainder comes from Oregon.