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*1886*  
59 of '86.

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LETTERS

— WRITTEN TO —

The Lebanon Courier,

DURING THE SUMMER OF



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BY ZITELLA.

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LEBANON, PA.  
WORTH & REINOEHL, PRINTERS.  
1886.



To  
My Uncle, Col. J. H. L.,

*Whose interest in my welfare has been unabated since earliest  
childhood, 59 of '86 is respectfully dedicated.*

## PREFACE.

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After wielding the journalistic pen sufficiently long to render an abbreviated account of the, to us, 59 memorable days of the year 1886, we cheerfully abandon the same with the hope that it may in the future fall into more competent hands.—Literary fame, save but one exception, has never been our aspiration. In years gone by, when but nine summers were ours, a childish romance with the euphonious (!) title of *Kitty Bundle* commenced and ended as we then thought our literary work. Unexpectedly 59 of '86 courageously assumes a book attitude. It comes to you in the form of a gift, hence treat its shortcomings with magnanimity.

LEBANON, PA.

T. McC.



## LETTER I.

SHERMAN HOUSE,  
*Corner Randolph and Clark Streets,*  
CHICAGO, ILLINOIS, May 2, 1886.

*Dear Courier :* From this great commercial centre, which but fifteen years ago that great fire fiend so completely claimed as its victim, and which to-day shows not a single trace of the terrible devastation, my first letter to you shall be written.

On the 29th of April, at an hour far removed from the original for starting, the Raymond excursion party, numbering in the neighborhood of one hundred persons, moved out from the 9th and Green street station, Philadelphia, for a trip across the Continent. The exit was made amidst the waving of hats and handkerchiefs, and a few stray tears, accompanied by many well and hearty wishes for a safe and happy journey. The sun, too, which had been hidden, shone out lustily for several hours, setting aflame the soft bright sky of the wild and picturesque Lehigh Valley, through which we sped. Numerous halts were made until Glen Summit was reached. Here a supper awaited us. Well was it for those who, like your correspondent, were fortunate enough to have had a plentiful dinner, for the repast was certainly a mean apology of the name it bore.—Justice, however, forces us to say that the beginning was the worst. Save that exception, the meals have thus far all come up to the standard, only “*sea sickness*” on board the train overtook us almost as badly as when the Pennsylvania, of the Red Star Line, rocked us across the briny deep; hence we could not partake as freely as those who were minus the attack.

During the interval at Glen Summit, between supper and the hour for retiring, the genial colored porter, George by name, displayed his skill at metamorphising. In a very short space of time the elegant sitting room was transformed into a dormitory. By an ingenious system, berths are improvised in a few minutes; the beds are comfortable, but the heavy surroundings make it oppressively close. Morpheus, that wily fellow, chose to wink at us, at a disagreeable distance that first night, but during the second the tyrant was vanquished.

But to return to our journey: At midnight the train, with its sleeping freight, was carried safely away from Glen Summit. As daylight broke upon us glimpses of the undulating country were had. Before 9 a. m. the transformation on the car again took place. The bed room once more became a parlor, and thus it changed from one to the other until, thanks to ye gods, we were once more privileged to occupy that amount of space sanctioned by sanitary laws.

At Hornellsville, at 9 a. m., our first breakfast was had. The first grand sight which met our eye were Genesee Falls. Slowly we passed over the bridge. From this advantageous position we looked down into the depths below, longing for only one-half hour to explore some of the beauties of this enchanted spot. The season in this part of New York is not nearly as far advanced as we left it in the Lebanon Valley. The greater part of the country looked bare, cold and uninviting, which served to bring out as prominently as possible the stump fences, those great molar teeth, as it were, set on an edge, so common here and in Canada. Crossing the Suspension Bridge over the Niagara, we found ourselves at Clifton in time for dinner, and not for breakfast, as is stated in the Itinerary. The delay from the start became more disagreeable the farther on we went. Through Canada we flew amidst the falling drops, and fields covered with water. With the short seasons common here, the question arose in our mind, whether or not anything beyond the famous Canada thistle could be raised. We pause for a reply.

Night came upon us so speedily that the most interesting feature of the trip from Philadelphia to Chicago was a failure for the want of daylight, viz: the crossing of the St. Clair river, to Port Huron, where the train is taken in three sections across the stream on a boat.

Chicago, thou truly great city of the West. What massive houses, what adornments are thine! In the morning of May 1st we took a long walk through the principal parts of the city, and in the afternoon a drive along the lake, through the famous Lincoln Park, out Wabash and Michigan avenues, the favorite drives of the city. On these avenues some of the finest residences in the world may be seen. We use this term with impunity, for we deem them an impossibility to be surpassed. We visited the water works, which are considered among the wonders of the world: the stone Tower on one side of the street, and the structure on the other, in which

are the four powerful engines, three being in motion when we were there, with a wonderful pumping capacity of millions of gallons daily, have the appearance of two beautiful churches, so massively and elaborately are they constructed. This morning we went over and under the Chicago river, the latter by the La Salle tunnel. The city to-day has by no means the appearance of an Eastern Sunday, but very European-like. Business is done until noon the same as during the week.

We leave this city to-morrow, at 9 a. m., for a five days' run, in a Pullman Palace car, our next resting place being Santa Fe, from which point we hope to write to you again.

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## LETTER II.

SANTA FE, N. M., May 8, 1886.

*Dear Courier* :—In simply stating that 1,772 miles have been traveled in six days, the reader can form only a faint conception of the work actually accomplished. Reminiscences of the past week shine out so vividly that we can scarcely find it in our heart to cancel any, yet our letter would become interminable, and we should be censured for the unwarrantable freedom we would allow ourselves of your valuable paper, were we to make a note of all, hence a few points must suffice.

Let us return to Chicago, where unexpectedly we were privileged to visit many places of interest after our first to you was written. In the afternoon of May 2nd, in company with a jovial band of Quakers, work at sight-seeing was continued and prosecuted with genuine American activity, which, as is universally known, is neither slow or routine-like. South Park was our destination. After riding for hours in the street cars, making but one change, and all for the consideration of ten cents, we were brought to the Park, which is a rival of Lincoln Park. Here we found a motley assembly enjoying the exhilarating spring air; the aristocracy of the city rolled and rumbled in all kinds of equipages, and horsemen galloped on beautiful steeds. In this pleasant spot, so skilfully laid out, with broad walks and drives, and where, when the season is further advanced, are scattered over these green lawn beds of beautiful flowers, artistically arranged, fountains springing up in fairy-like nooks, artificial lakes, &c., everything contributes its little towards the grandeur of the whole. We could have

spent hours here, but our time was limited, hence a run for the "dummy" was made, which took us in the neighborhood of Michigan Avenue, where we feasted our eyes upon hundreds of lovely homes. On we strolled, regardless of the time, until the shadows of night began to overtake us, and we found ourselves three miles from the Sherman House.

After tea we again continued our work. Although it was already 8.30, p. m., we still had much to see, and having for our guide a courteous lawyer, a resident of the city, we received much valuable information.

Much of the ground on which Chicago's most massive buildings are standing is *made ground* to the depth of from twenty to thirty feet.

If we at all compare the destroyed city with the present, it is because we find it so quickly built up over its grave. The First National Bank, the largest building of its kind in the world, was opened expressly for our inspection. The safe vaults, with solid iron doors closed by a lock which defies the skill of the most accomplished burglar, would have opened of itself for us had we waited until 8 o'clock Monday morning. In the Columbia Theatre the Mikado was performed for the benefit of non-church goers. We saw nothing but the entrance of this building, which was grand in every particular. This theatre, by the way, received its name in this wise: When Miss Terry, the actress, came to the city she was asked to name it, when she exclaimed, "Hail Columbia!" The Board of Trade, in which colossal fortunes are made and lost in the twinkling of an eye, is another of the many wonders of the city. It has a tower 375 feet high, upon which is placed a ship weighing 600 pounds. A coronet, illuminated with numerous gas jets, encircles the top. We will make mention of one more building, and that must suffice for Chicago, viz: the Palmer House. According to the judgment of several connoisseurs, the attractions of this house are unsurpassed. Its world-famed barber parlor, of polished and richly-colored marble, with its four or five hundred silver dollars imbedded in the marble floor; its five thousand dollar wash-stand which is supported by fine Mexican onyx pillars, all contrive to make it a treasure house. This room alone is lit up with several hundred electric burners. The parlors are elegantly furnished, the dining rooms are rich in highly-polished marble. The whole was constructed at a cost of three millions of dollars.

But we must leave this gem of the West and hasten on our journey to Kansas City. At 9 a. m., Monday, May 3, we resumed our journey over the Chicago, Rock Island and Pacific Railway. That superb sheet of water, the Mississippi, was crossed at Rock Island and Davenport. At various places its banks were overflowed. Monday night was spent in the cars. What a solitude spread around us! A tremendous thunder storm was hanging o'er our heads, as the sky darkened and peal after peal arose, together with the puffing, hissing noise of the engine, deafening us with their uproar. Zig-zag lightning lit up the heavens at intervals, but in safety we were borne on until 8 a. m., when Kansas City was reached.— There we spent about two hours. First we took a carriage ride around the city; afterwards a ride on the cable road.— The progress of this city is like that of all Western cities— wonderful! Real estate, which last fall brought eight thousand dollars, is to-day worth twenty thousand. Its meat market is as good, if not superior, to that of Chicago. It, however, lacks a public park. The climate during the last fifteen years has changed considerably. There is more rain, owing to the planting of trees.

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### LETTER III.

*Dear Courier* :—After leaving Kansas City, Tuesday morning, May 5th, with the sun shining and the rain pouring at intervals, the time was pleasantly spent in the Palace Car, in writing letters, talking, playing euchre, and last, though not least, in having the youthful crayon sketchist of the party deftly wielding her pencil as a good subject chanced to strike her fancy. Had we confidence enough in our own taste, it would be a pleasure to dwell for a little time on these productions—for the opportunity is tempting, but we dare not indulge, knowing that as a rule artists are sensitive, and our uncultivated taste might bring forward what should be left in the shade, and leave untouched that which would give character; therefore we must deny ourselves this delight. Dinner and supper were taken at the dining stations along the line—the former at Topeka, the latter at Newton. These dining rooms are owned by the railway company, and are under skilful management. At all where meals were taken thus far, entire satisfaction has been given.

Before leaving Newton, a gentleman from this town paid our car a short visit, and in genuine western style gave us much and interesting information about the place. But twelve years ago, where there is now a flourishing town, buffaloes ran at large, and at the present day Indians come to the market place to trade horses.

Wednesday, May 6, after a tolerably good night's rest, we awoke in the uninviting region of Western Kansas, near Coolridge, having passed Dodge City during the night. The sun was just peeping above the eastern horizon, (we are very early risers, when out upon the prairies.) What a scene met our eyes! Over a broad expanse of country, without a habitation in view, hundreds of cattle were lying dead, having been frozen during the severe winter months. It was indeed, a sad, sad sight. Miles and miles of prairie land were passed, with nothing but the sage bush, cactus and yucca, scattered everywhere. Sometimes, however, to vary the monotony, emigrants living in tents were brought upon the scene. Surely the country here appeared to us for no good save to build railroads, as few bridges and no tunnels would need be constructed.

At La Junta, Col., where breakfast was had, the snowy range came in view, making a pleasing and prominent object in the landscape. Every new feature was welcomed with delight. At South Pueblo, after dinner, we got ourselves in readiness for a visit to the Veta Pass and Toltec Gorge, via Denver & Rio Grande Railway. A change of cars was necessary, as we were going on a narrow guage road. This side excursion was the crowning feature of the week. Between South Pueblo and Chuchara the heat was very oppressive.—Near the station of San Carlos we saw the country so smooth that we doubt whether it can be anywhere surpassed. As far as the eye could reach, with nothing to obstruct the view, an open stretch of country, like an immense ocean lay before us. However, at La Veta Pass the tableau changed. Here we beheld the two Spanish Peaks, (two-and-a-half miles high and twelve miles distant,) standing out in bold relief. At the La Veta Station the ground was covered with snow, which gave considerable amusement to some of the passengers, who indulged in the sports of mid-winter, in the budding month of May. The train now began to climb the mountain steeps.—The two beautifully snow-covered Spanish Peaks kept flitting now here, now there—one second in front of you, the next

instant behind—so winding is the road. The trees looked like patches of green, so steep became the ascent. The heavy grades here almost strike terror to one's hearts, but no thought of danger was permitted to be indulged in. As one of the passengers remarked, "if they could build the road we can ride over it." When we reached the famous Mule Shoe Curve, neither the engine nor any car, save the one we were in, could be seen from our car windows. Imagine anything more daring if you can! On this wonderfully-graded road, which goes obliquely, or in fact just any way it pleases, up the steep mountain side, a single false turn would plunge everything down an incline, from whence few would return to tell the tale. The train follows the windings of the mountains, now clinging to the side, then suspended above precipices, sharp angles, bold curves, plunging into narrow gorges from which exit seems impossible—on, on, until an elevation of 9,393 feet is reached! Here we began to feel a tightness on the chest; respiration became a task. After the west slope of the range is gained, the immense San Louis valley which consists of 18,000 square miles, is entered. The Sierra Blanca, which at the present day claims to put all other peaks in the shade, having an elevation of 14,464 feet, soon comes into view.

During the day dark clouds threatening us with a snow storm hung ominously over our heads. A slight feathery sprinkle would not have been objectionable, but it would have been no fun had we been snowed in. The views from the top of the mountains are marvelous. With the exception of a few shanties and dug-outs and at long intervals a little bit of open sunny cultivated patch, Nature stands alone in all her majesty. Passengers are often tempted to stand on the rear platform while making this trip to the Veta Pass, a position at all times dangerous, but is particularly so here, on account of the frequent and sharp curves. The conductor's story is that during thirty-three years of railroad service, he saw thirty persons thrown from that perilous position. This did not seem to frighten those who were determined to see all there was to be seen from this desirable point.

It is also told as a fact that in making the Mule Shoe Curve, it frequently breaks off corners of the last car. Whether these western stories are a myth, like that of the "little hatchet," we are unable to say.

## LETTER IV.

*Dear Courier*:—That no country can compare with America in its richness of natural wonders, we were forced to admit after our return from Toltec Gorge, Col. The praises of Niagara Falls, the Natural Bridge of Virginia, the Yosemite Valley have become familiar to every school boy and girl, and their attractions have been set forth in such glowing and attractive terms, that would lead the unsophisticated to believe that nothing grander in Nature could exist. But not so. The praises of Toltec Gorge can be sung for years ere all its beauties will lose their freshness.

But we have been anticipating: let us retrace our thoughts to Alamosa, where in a car upon a side track we spent the night of May 5, prior to our visit to the famous Gorge. We left our crowded sleeping quarters very early in the morning, and were amply repaid for the sacrifice, if there was any, for Old Sol certainly did magnificently on this memorable occasion. A more gorgeous sunrise we never saw. The genial proprietor of the Victoria House, where we took our breakfast, prepared us for the sudden burst. There was nothing gradual about it. In an instant the snow-clad Sierra Blanca was enveloped in a ball of fire, glistening like myriads of jewels, while the orb scintillated more brilliantly than ever. The exhilarating pure morning air invigorated us to such an extent and sharpened our appetites, that full justice was done to the morning meal, and well was it for us that such was the case, for our dinner hour came not, until three hours beyond the noon-day stroke.

At 7:40 a m., May 6, we were all ready for a visit to the Gorge. The party left in two sections. After passing through miles of the desolate and worthless-looking country of the San Luis Valley, with the beautiful blue Colorado sky above our heads, (a dangerous rival of sunny Italy,) we find ourselves entering upon an elevated scene, when the grandeur gradually becomes indescribable. Whoever had any idea that the Rocky Mountains could be so satisfactorily seen! What skillful engineering is here displayed! Truly the work of man commands our admiration, as well as that of Nature.

What glorious views we had continually before our eyes; could we but have caught it all on a canvass! All around this majestic landscape the high-peaked mountains boldly ascended and descended, sometimes appearing to run into each other, then in an opposite direction, as the railway mounted



higher and higher, up the steep and heavy grades until a plunge through the tunnel landed us upon a platform with the culminating point of the Gorge before us. What exclamations of surprise broke upon the silent air! Here, upon an elevation of nine thousand five hundred feet above the level of the sea, Nature's painter and sculptor labored lovingly together to give us one of their rarest gems. From what other place on earth does the eye range over more that is grand and beautiful!

Truly, if there are sermons in stones, there are in those of Toltec Gorge. Looking around us in the shadow of this eventful day's sun, what visions flitted through the mind! Human trouble seemed but a momentary annoyance, yet, as the tooting and hissing sound of the engine informed us, that human happiness was just an evanescent, for it reminded us of the fact that we must hasten to take our parting glances ere resuming our journey. We once more admired Nature's ponderous masonry. What a chasm extended between it and ourselves! We feared to venture too near, for the motion of the train had slightly toyed with our equilibrium, yet we dared for a moment to catch a glimpse of the raging, rushing waters in the great abyss. Little shrubs ventured here and there to sprout out of crevices, but these did little towards softening the stern aspect of the Cliffs.

Here in the midst of Nature's work, standing solitary against the blue heavens, bravely facing the winter storms and kissing the summer breezes, stands a monument in memory of the beloved and lamented Garfield. For a moment this tribute of respect swells the heart with pride and sorrow, unconsciously forcing tears to the eyes. It was erected by members of the National Association of General Passenger and Ticket Agents, who held burial services on this spot, September 26, 1881. A more solemn, imposing and impressive spot could not have been chosen anywhere on the face of the earth.

We continued our journey once more, in reverse order, again enjoying the magnificent scenery. In imagination we peopled these mountains. How grandly villages would nestle in many of those spurs and declivities! How a convent bell would echo and re-echo among these silent hills! But all was hushed. No sign of life, save now and then a prairie dog perched upon its little mound, or galloping along, running a race with the engine.

In this wild and picturesque Colorado it is said that perfect harmony prevails among the rattlesnakes, prairie dogs and owls, who live together in one home.

On our return to Alamosa, we witnessed a genuine Cow Boy performance, which was given for our special benefit, and which was enjoyed with such an extravagance of fun as was delightful to behold. Seated on Mustang ponies, they dashed up and down the street, throwing the lasso right and left, taking in men, dogs, and finally each other, with such dexterity as could only be acquired by considerable practice. Although tall stories of the doings of these boys often reach the east, we were assured by one, not of them, that they were a good set of fellows. Dudes, however, must give them a wide berth, as their high hats make interesting targets.

Monday morning, May 7, found us at El Moro station, so named from the castle-shaped rocks near by. Here we left the Narrow Gauge Road, and were welcomed, by our very accommodating porter Sam, back to our old quarters, on the Atchinson, Topeka and Santa Fe road.

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## LETTER V.

*Dear Courier* :—The first interesting feature which arrested our attention after crossing the line between Colorado and New Mexico was the little white house of Dick Wooten. The Sante Fe Trail, which proved a bonanza for "Uncle Dick" (as he is familiarly called) until its formidable rival, the steam engine, came on the stage, is seen for many miles. As the toll gate at Uncle Dick's house opens only after \$1.50 has been dropped into the coffer, one would suppose that its custodian would, at the ripe old age of seventy-five, be numbered among the money kings of the west; but not so. It appears that in his younger days, when money came thick and fast, Uncle Dick was numbered among the sporting men of that day. Expensive trips to San Francisco were often indulged in, speedily diminishing the heap.

The road here is exceedingly steep, so much so that it requires a sixty-five ton engine to surmount it. At 8 a. m., Raton, our breakfast station, was reached. As we began the day four hours previously, we were rather a hungry crowd. Our disappointment was indescribable when we discovered that we arrived two hours ahead of time. There was nothing left

for us to do save eat the atmosphere, which we did while strolling up and down the platform.

Near Wagon Mound we saw the first red man. "Ah, an Indian," was the exclamation which went the rounds and caused not a little amusement long after the object of our admiration was left in the distance.

Between here and Las Vegas hundreds of dead cattle are lying around, victims of the freshet which visited this section a month ago. Our next halting place was Las Vegas. We remained here long enough to glean a few points which may be of interest, as well as encouragement, to the progressive city of Lebanon. It took the place exactly eight years to become a city. That number of years ago it consisted of one house, and that an adobe or mud house; to-day it has a regular horse car line connecting East and West.

Las Vegas is amply supplied with water pipes and sewers, gas, telephone, in fact abounds in all modern conveniences.—Several very fine houses, Queen Anne style, are among its adornments.

At 3 p. m., Las Vegas Hot Springs station, situated six miles from the city, bearing the same name, was reached.—Here we took dinner and supper at the Hot-springs Hotel. The beautiful Montezuma House, which fell a prey to the flames last August, is being a speedily rebuilt by the insurance companies in which it was protected to the amount of two hundred thousand dollars. Over one hundred different mechanics were at work. We went over the greater part of the building, and found it superior to many city hotels.—Here are found the electric light, steam heat, telephone, elevator, elegant wood work, &c. All this display in a place that can scarcely boast of a dozen houses. However, the attractions here are the great number of medicinal springs, and their charming surroundings. No less than forty have been discovered. Twenty-five of this number have been neatly excavated and walled up, so to as make them easy for access. No. 17, one of the hottest, has a temperature of 160. There are two bath houses. The one most interesting to us was the one exclusively used for mud baths. We learned that patients usually take one bath a day, the mud being prepared in this wise: first, it is carefully sieved, so as to free it from all sticks and stones; then a batter is made by mixing it with sulphur water. The bath lasts from twenty minutes to a half an hour, when a massage is used as a reinforcer. We

came to the conclusion that a graceful yield to the tyrant Death would be more desirable than to fight him in this manner.

Saturday, May 8, at 4 a. m., we had before us Santa Fe, the capital of New Mexico. At a seasonable hour carriages arrived from the Palace Hotel; hither we were conveyed, where we found pleasant and airy rooms. The population of this city consists of Americans, Mexicans and Indians. It is considered a very healthy place to live, yet this statement is most emphatically contradicted by the figures on the tomb stones, in the silent city on the hill. Very few persons are buried here who were called to join the innumerable caravan at a later age than at fifty. This city is built principally of adobes or mud houses, which are more substantial than elegant. In the Historical Society Building are splendid specimens of ancient pottery and minerals, an old Mexican guitar and fiddle, a Pueblo cradle, filigree jewelry, and immense pieces of petrified wood (cedar and pine.) This wood is being utilized. When polished it makes beautiful slabs for wash-stands and bureaus. In the reception room of the Sisters' Hospital we were kindly met by sister Sebastian; but it being Saturday, always a busy day with them, we could not inspect the building. She, however, kindly took us into a neat private adobe, and we were surprised to find how cheerful and homelike it was. The walls are three feet in thickness, and very substantial. A modern window was pointed out to us, the opening for which it took a workman a whole day to cut. In Saint Francis church, during the Sunday morning service, a curious spectacle was presented: kneeling on the cold marble floor, in clothing faded with sunshine and washed out with showers, many, with no covering for the head, save heavy rusty-looking shawls, others with sun bonnets of various hues, while here and there peeped gaily-colored ribbons of those more fortunate in this world's goods. There they come in hundreds to pay their morning devotions. It was indeed beautiful to observe how tender were the souls of these men and women towards the Virgin Mother. Though an indolent people with seemingly not a whit of ambition in this world, they have a reverence for their sanctuary which touches the beholder. Their principal article of food is *Chili*, a red pepper, something similar to ours, though less strong. This is prepared in various ways. Among the curiosities of the city are an old adobe church and house which claim to

be three hundred years old, and an old beggar, one hundred years old. You are asked to pay a certain amount to see the church. You are prepared for this. You step into the old house gratis, but you are told something must be paid to get out. You are surprised at this, but you want to get out, consequently you search for a dime. The old beggar conscientiously claims to be *only* one hundred years old. He might easily add one or two hundred more, and no one would doubt him, for he looks ancient enough to have been one of Noah's family. He has vitality enough, however, to hold his hat for hours, in which you can throw as much loose change as you desire.

The atmosphere of Santa Fe is very clear; three miles below the city, the Sierra Blanca peak can be distinctly seen, although it is one hundred and sixty miles distant. The Santa Fe Baldly, a snow-capped mountain, stands out prominently. On Sunday morning quite an assembly visited the U. S. Barracks, where an uninteresting drill took place. In the afternoon the military band gave an excellent concert in the square.

We must not fail to make mention of that faithful patient little animal, the *burro*, which abounds in this place. They come down the mountain almost hidden underneath the immense pile of wood which is packed on their backs and sold for twenty-five cents a load. They receive little or no attention from their owners. They eat anything and everything they can find, and thrive on it,—hence are very profitable.

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## LETTER VI.

*Dear Courier*:—After leaving Santa Fe, New Mexico, and passing through a dreary, dismal, desolate country, with no water, no vegetation, but myriads of boulders, giving the beholder some conception of a terrific volcano disturbance which nature must at one time have indulged in, the train reached the station of Wallace, N. M. Indians were observed running from every direction and congregating on the platform, their object being to sell pottery and bits of stones to the tourists. Those specimens of the wild tribe of the west were most emphatically the queerest and dirtiest-looking people it has ever been our lot to behold. It appeared incredible that they were actually in their ordinary costume, and not masquerading for our benefit. They were soon surrounded by the multitude

that swarmed out of the cars, but the agent accompanying the excursion, evidently not desiring the Raymond party increased, dropped a word here and there which had a magic effect upon the spectators. The Indian was immediately placed in quarantine. As we continued on our journey numerous *Pueblos*, or Indian villages, were passed, and wherever the train halted, if but for a second, one or more of the tribe, male and female, would make a detour of the cars, trying to sell their ware. A *leper* would have been about as welcome. Every object they offered for sale, whether large or small, was the same price, viz: *tin cents*—that being their nearest intelligent approach to the English language; however, a nickle was not despised, when a bargain was attempted.

At Albuquerque, N. M., where on May 10th we took dinner and supper, we had an excellent opportunity of making the acquaintance of an Indian lad who had been given the advantages of one of the training schools, those noble institutions planned for the welfare of this rapidly-diminishing race. He was but seventeen years of age, spoke English with remarkable fluency, and seemed to appreciate what had been done for him. His responses were perfectly frank and kind. If we may be allowed to judge the race from this sample, then surely we cannot but conclude that they are as bright and intelligent a people as any, when opportunities are afforded them to develop their talents.

Albuquerque is a dull, uninteresting town, almost buried in sand. It consists of a new and old part, and is probably dignified by the title of city. A horse car line extends from one part to the other. Drug and jewelry stores occupy the same room. Nothing less than a *nickle* is in circulation. We visited the public school building, in which are four departments. The children are taught English and Spanish. Some thirty little girls sang a Spanish hymn very sweetly for us. The schools are in charge of the Sisters.

Between Manuelito and Allantown the line between New Mexico and Arizona is crossed. As we sped on through the latter, what a perfect enjoyment was ours in Nature's changing scenery! For miles acres of sand beds are seen, with now and then a green waste, over which the nimble jack rabbit skips, with nothing to check its progress. Then, O beautiful to behold! acres of wild flowers—a perfect wilderness of purple, scarlet and gold! With what delicate skill and accuracy Nature has fashioned them all! Now we come to mountain peaks and

rocks, producing the most fantastic forms, such as castles, towers, pyramids, monuments, giants and animals, while the frolicsome clouds o'er head, sometimes dipping far below the sloping range, add a most exquisite and effective contrast. Thus the scene is ever changing.

At the Canon Diabolo, where a beautiful and expensive iron bridge spans the deep, yawning, crooked chasm, a terrific flower massacre took place, in which hundreds of innocent little plants came to a sudden and untimely end. Although a very high wind was prevailing at the time, it did not prevent Nature's lovers from gathering between twenty-five and thirty different varieties of courageous prairie flowers, and at the same time picking up here and there some worthless fragment of the gorge. A yucca stalk, in brilliant bloom, was carried away in triumph. It was scarcely more than four feet in height, yet eight hundred and eighty flowers and buds were actually counted upon its stem! This specie of palm, with its beautifully lily-shapen flower, is found here in great abundance, as is also the cactus. To these plants is assigned the peaceful duty of brightening up the desert waste long after the myriads of varied-hued flowers are left in the distance.

At Barstow we took our first Golden State repast. It was a memorable event. What a swarm of insects greeted us! It was nothing else than the ubiquitous fly, hovering round and about us, exasperating us with their melancholy buzz. Long ere the meal was over, we concluded that this must be the winter rendezvous of the entire fly family, and we arrived before they branched out to their summer quarters.

On our arrival at Colton, California, we began to realize that we were indeed in the land of precious metals, golden fruits and golden fields. Already the wheat was fit for the garner. What a startling contrast to the luxuriant prairies we had so recently seen! both to be admired and enjoyed, both scenes well worth gazing at. Orange and lemon groves became numerous. Immense vineyards skirted both sides of the road. It is to be regretted that this is not the season of the vintage, for there promises to be an abundance of the luscious grape.

At Ontario we came within a hair-breadth of having a terrible collision. We were waiting, as we thought, on a side track for the regular train to pass; the fortunate discovery that we were not, was made when the train was already steaming in.

From Pomona to Los Angeles the country is admirably tilled. We were very forcibly reminded by the eucalyptus, the pepper, the palm, the mistletoe, &c., that we were not in a Keystone State climate. The houses are most beautifully nestled within the shrubbery, and are so overrun with blossoming creepers, and surrounded by rustic arbors, that they grow with remarkable beauty.

We were nearing Los Angeles. This fact was made known by Sam, the porter, who began to eye one and all in a sad and anxious manner. We were about to part—would perhaps never see each other again. What would the harvest be? In short, the brushing season was at hand, and strange as it may seem, so dirty were we that fifty cents' worth of mother earth blew off of every one of us. Our dusky friend was happy.

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## LETTER VII.

LOS ANGELES, May 13, 1886.

*Dear Courier*:—It was not the station of Los Angeles, neither its surroundings, that monopolized our attention and admiration when we alighted at this city of the Queen of the Angels, but a panorama in which, though unconsciously, one of the most eminent of the tourists figured most conspicuously. The omnibuses of the Pico House were awaiting our arrival; these were quickly filled to overflowing by those who were nearest to them. However, all could not be accommodated, hence it was necessary for some to wait for the second trip. A prominent divine, taking in the situation at a glance, and evidently not relishing the idea of playing second anywhere, and whose gigantic proportions enabled him to detect a desirable location among the shawl-straps, hand satchels and umbrellas on top of one of the omnibuses, was observed to quicken his loose, shambling gait, and laying aside all clerical dignity, with one step and a half bounded lightly to the top, geographically in a good position to represent an excellent burlesque on the Bartholdi statue of Liberty Enlightening the World. It was a sculpturesque, as well as a pictorial, departure, for so completely was he transformed to an outer world, that not a sign of recognition did he deign to offer, in exchange to a kindly social warmth which copiously flitted up to his aerial heights. This hardness of heart made the scene doubly ludi-



crous and indelible. Such was our triumphal entry into the Paradise of Southern California.

On the day after our arrival, at 9.15 a. m., we were one of a party of fourteen who clambered into an immense five-seated stage, occupying one of the two choice seats in the driver's domain. Our destination was Pasadena, the most attractive suburb of Los Angeles, situated eight miles distant, and christened the gem of this county. The four horses—Jack, Dick, Prince and Fanny—had an arduous journey before them, but they neighed cheerfully in the clear golden air, as they bore the merry party along from whose hearts this soft exhilarating climate was bound to lift every care. Our road led us through Lincoln Park, which plot of ground was bequeathed to the city, and in which there is any amount of room for improvement. Here are found in great abundance the live oak, poison oak, pepper, English walnut and numerous other trees. One would suppose from the appearance of this wild spot, that game would abound here, but beyond quail nothing is found within a radius of fifty miles. The "Raymond," a beautiful hotel built on a magnificent elevation in the center of the San Gabriel Valley, and which will be opened for the first time in November, promises to be one of the attractions of Pasadena. The scenery from this hill alone is worth a journey from the east. The Raymond parties will hereafter find this house their Mecca, as the limited hotel accommodations in Los Angeles have greatly detracted from the otherwise most attractive part of the excursion. We were considerably crowded at the Pico House, so much so that every nook and corner were occupied, and much dissatisfaction prevailed. It was here that small rooms yielded a big per centage. The "Raymond" promises to be equipped with every convenience and luxury, and so much confidence has the public in whatever Mr. Raymond undertakes, that already nearly all of the three hundred rooms are engaged for the winter of '86.

At the Sierra Madre Villa, six miles from Pasadena, we took our lunch. This villa is situated on nearly the highest part of the foot hills which stretch along the valley, and the farthest way round is the only way to get there. It is beautifully situated amid orange and lemon orchards and ever-blooming flowers. It is here that geranium leaves measuring nine and a quarter inches may be carried off. A drive through the famous Rose ranch and a visit to Mr. Adams' home were the principal features of our afternoon drive.

Here we were privileged to go to the orchard and pluck the golden luscious fruit. The Adams cottage and yard are marvels of loveliness. Here flourish ever-blooming roses of many varieties, the giant of all being a lamarque which envelops the entire side and roof of the house, and the trunk of which measures twenty inches in circumference. All flowers and shrubs do well here; even the tender fuchsia attains a truly marvelous perfection. Will those rose-embowered homes in Los Angeles ever be forgotten! In this sun land, what ornamentation the soil can be made to produce! The grounds around the houses are arranged in a profusely ornamented style, magnificent hedges of cyprus, pomegranate, lime, geraniums and calla lillies, (of the latter we counted two hundred flowers in one stretch,) grace the city. During the Flower Festival held during the month of March, wagon loads of blooming roses were brought to the city. The cyprus hedge is gracefully trimmed with mathematical precision, into various fantastic shapes; magnificent palms, with their fan-like branches, tower many feet in the air. A Palmetto, a century old, is pointed out as a curiosity. The old Mission church of San Gabriel was also included in our day's excursion. The cold interior contains nothing of interest. Dark oil paintings hang grimly against the roughly-plastered walls. The rude gallery at the rear is entered by an outer stone staircase. But four of the six bells which formerly hung in the tower are still there. The two missing ones are supposed to have been carried back to Spain as relics, they having been cast in that country. The beautiful waving pepper trees almost hide the misty old building on the outside. The old Spanish woman who acts as guide to the visitors, and the opening and closing of the doors during certain hours of the day, closed the venerable old doors most indignantly upon our backs, and refused those of the party who arrived later an admission. However, after a great deal of persuasion, accompanied by silver, they were again swung open and the rude interior inspected.

## LETTER VIII.

*Dear Courier*:—From the charming city of Los Angeles, with its beautiful sunny climate—the Mecca in which those blessed with ease and abundant means, can bask in spring-like sunshine and escape the discomforts of snow and ice during the cold winter months—this spot which excels in graceful beauty and general attractiveness—yea, from all this grandeur, coupled with an unfinished lunch, were we most unceremoniously and unnecessarily torn, Monday, May 17th, to make the 12:50 train, which was to take us towards the beautiful Yosemite Valley. Again the sleeper Tahoe, which had grown dear (?) to us by past associations, was called into requisition. In this we spent the following night. Scarcely an hour's ride from Los Angeles causes a wonderful transformation in our surroundings. The beautiful valley, with its wavy golden fields, is exchanged for the dry desert which is brightened only by the abundant sprinkling of the yucca in full bloom, and a few strange flowers of various hues scattered here and there. At 6 p. m., we arrived at Mohave where we had supper. After leaving this station the most interesting part of the trip was had in the moonlight, while standing on the platform with a kind and courteous brakeman ready to point out all objects of interest. Within a very short distance seventeen tunnels—one a mile and half in length—were encountered. As we emerged from these gloomy vaults, the transition into the outer world was enchanting. Between the stations Girard and Keene is the famous Loop, one of the most magnificent samples of skilful engineering. The road, after winding around a certain mountain for more than half a mile, passes through that same mountain by means of a tunnel, with the road but a few minutes crossed, right overhead. The approach to this Loop, with the bright moonlight enveloping the earth like folds of graceful drapery, with myriads of sparkling stars dancing in the firmament, with the wind gently swaying the branches of the trees to and fro, all produced a multiplicity of ornament which it is utterly impossible to describe.

At the station of Berenda, which was reached some time during the night, our car was left standing in melancholy silence upon a side track, which, long after daylight had broken upon us, was attached to the train coming from San

Francisco, and we were brought to Raymond, the point from whence stages are taken for the valley. We were still minus our breakfast, but expected to get it at the dining station of this city, therefore our first desire after stepping upon terra firma was to seek the long-coveted meal. We looked to the right—we looked to the left—then north, south, east and west—not a house was in sight, not even a dug-out. While endeavoring to take in the situation as calmly as possible, our reverie was broken by a musical cry of "Breakfast! this way, this way." Hastily glancing in the direction from whence came this welcome strain, we spied a tent with an annex of the same material, the former turning out to be the dining hall, and the latter the kitchen, of this pretentious edifice! Stepping inside this movable lodge, we discovered eight tables laden with the necessaries of life, hidden, as we at first supposed, under black tarlatan, but which when raised responded to the color blue—this chameleon-like change being caused by a fly stampede. It was not long ere the place was christened Fly Ranch, and a historical wag, of the San Francisco party, recorded the fact that the place was originally intended for a campmeeting, but the Lord not coming, it was decided to convert it into a restaurant for the Raymond Excursionists—that it was more profitable.

After our primitive breakfast we stationed ourselves in close proximity to the huge stages which were fully equipped for the long and tedious journey. There was no difficulty to find our respective seats, as they had all been selected for us ere our arrival. Only five of the Raymond party occupied seats in the one in which your correspondent was packed, the remaining six being taken by four gentlemen from the east and two from San Francisco, making, with the driver, a party of twelve. Six horses were necessary to initiate this load into the mysteries of Yosemite staging. The road was so level and in such an excellent condition that we began to treat as fables those horrible hackneyed tales of this valley, but long ere the shades of night began to overtake us we inwardly confessed that half had not been told us.

The scenery during the entire ride was constantly varied: the rolling hills thickly wooded with beautiful blooming horse chestnut, pine, live oak, manzanita, the gently undulating plains dotted here and there in the landscape, covered with beds of purple, blue, and golden; the graceful mariposa, the queen of the wild flowers, appearing in the different garbs

of white, yellow and pink; all this display offered a pleasing contrast to the wide flat sandy stretch of the Mohave Desert.

The great flume, sixty-five miles in length which is a V shaped trough for carrying timber from the mountains to the railroad, was an interesting feature. The water flows through this passage so swiftly that the sawed timber floats down with wonderful rapidity. These troughs are as useful as they are numerous in the Sierras. The noon-day sun began to torment us with its most scorching rays. The dust at times almost hid us from sight, and played sad havoc with us and our possessions. The horses moved at such a snail-rate pace, and so many halts were made for their benefit at the numerous rivulets along the way, that many of the gentlemen started out on foot, while we of the gentler sex, with submissive meekness, continued to rock from side to side, regardless of the increasing aches and pains. The splendid and refreshing dinner at Grant's was a welcome and delightful break. After this repast we again climbed into our appointed places, the scenery becoming more and more rugged. Staging in the mountains was beginning to lose its poetry. Sharp and dangerous curves hanging over fearful precipices, around which the six now whirled us with a break-neck rapidity, caused the most courageous to become speechless. Through all this tedious tumult it was delightful to catch glimpses of the picturesque scenery, and especially to regard with veneration those noble forest trees. Water, too, was not wanting to add its charms to the scene, for numerous were the released mountain rivulets, which often came crashing over the rocks, descending several hundred feet; and where trees or rocks had fallen across their path, most pleasing miniature water falls would be afforded, their gentle spray sometimes kissing our dusty faces with such a degree of affection as would remind us of the fact, as we looked at our companions, that were slowly, but surely, on the verge of being converted into terra cotta images. But all things have an end, so had our first day of thirty-nine miles of staging. We were safely landed at the Wawona House, at 8 p. m., a dusty, tired, hungry party, where we spent the night of May 18th, prior to our arrival in the valley.

## LETTER IX.

*Dear Courier*:—At 6:30 a. m., in the morning of May 19th, after a refreshing night's rest, and a breakfast which left no room for fault-finding, together with an abundant supply of Faith and Hope mixture, we were once more prepared to continue our rough journey over the Sierras, now made familiar to us by one day's experience. We were one of the party of thirty-three pilgrims, who were moving to and fro on the piazza of the beautiful Wawona Hotel, or Clark's, as it is more familiarly known, awaiting the arrival of the stages which were to carry us twenty six miles distant into the heart of the great Yosemite Valley. Ere the clock struck seven three stages, each drawn by six spirited animals, flew in front of the hotel with a grand sweep and flourish, putting to shame the timid-hearted traveler. All were soon again snugly huddled up against each other in their respective places, and off we flew, midst the farewells and good wishes of the proprietors and their aids. Our coach on this memorable occasion was a grand improvement on the one in which, on the preceding day, we had been tossed, tumbled and slammed until our muscles were stiff. This one was of recent manufacture, and everything bespoke ease and comfort. Among the six horses into whose keeping our lives were anxiously entrusted, was a little grey one whose imperious manner and cutting gait plainly showed a perfect indifference as to whether school kept or not. He at once attracted notice and suspicion, but the dignity and kindness of the remaining five reassured and comforted us, as well as the skillful handling of the ribbons by the careful and experienced driver, at the crack of whose whip they bounded lightly up the winding mountain path, passed the solemn-looking pines, the curiously-shaped and twisted manzanita, the old oaks—all a continuation of yesterday's scenery, yet so bright and fresh in the sweet mountain air. Our course lay up the western slope of the Sierra, which we continued to climb on a steep, though easy grade, until we reached summit rock, where we were at an elevation of over six thousand feet. Here we found vegetation scant, and snow lying around in good-sized patches, while the giant trees, way down the precipice, appeared like sprouts. From this point we began to descend—the views of the hilly country became more grand and picturesque at every turn—the capricious windings of the road would sometimes

for an instant hide the horses from our sight. Those majestic primeval beauties, straight as arrows, covered with luxuriant foilage, with the graceful green California moss lovingly clinging around the trunk and branches, present a picture, peculiarly grand and inspiring. On we sped, without any incident foreign to the ordinary routine, until the Thirteen-mile house was reached, where it is customary to change horses when going into the valley. The malicious little grey now began to show his colors, and to such an extent that for a few moments we were thrown into a feverish state of excitement. By some tricky manoeuvre four of the six horses were thrown on the ground, while the remaining two struggled frantically to extricate themselves from the kicking mass. Fortunately for us, the stage was in such a position that an immediate upset could be averted. We heard the cry of "jump," but not relishing the idea of leaping several feet to the ground, with the stage rocking from side to side, we paused for an instant, when, joy to behold! a pair of strong brawny arms were extended, into which it was soon our turn to jump, and we were safely landed.

The scene here was greatly enlivened by the meeting of the three stages, bearing those who, no doubt, inwardly thanked heaven that they had done the valley, and were out of it. Our courage was now on the wane. From henceforth we were confident our faith in Yosemite stage horses would be exceedingly limited, yet scarcely one-half hour after our departure from this point, all fear was for the time-being wiped from our memory by the bewildering and startling revelations of nature which sprang up from every side. We were being gradually schooled for the ineffable loveliness of Inspiration Point, yet when the sharp curve was made and we found ourselves face to face with the most indescribable vista it has ever been our lot to behold, we found ourselves speechless—not a sound was heard. It was all far beyond our fondest expectations. What a crowning grandeur is here blended! No matter how rough and tedious the journey to this remote Art Gallery of Nature, the treasures here depicted more than compensate the horrors endured. Save the rumbling of the stages until a convenient halting place was reached, a solemn stillness pervaded every portion of the landscape. Even the clouds seemed to have gone to sleep upon the towering peaks. Neither pen nor brush can ever satisfactorily bring before the mind's eye a picture of this Wonderland. No matter how

bright and beautiful it is, how near its approach to nature may be, it will disappoint when compared with the original.

The descent from Inspiration Point to the green level valley below is quickly made. The first of the numerous falls which attracted our attention was the long, narrow, graceful Ribbon which playfully gushes from the side of that ponderous mountain of rock known as El Capitan. This rock is 3,300 feet high, and has a surface so smooth and regular that it must strike envy to the heart of the advertising wretch, whose brush and pencil would long ere this have profaned its clear bright side, did not the law stand guard. A tree scarcely visible to the naked eye, and which has the appearance of a pressed fern leaf, stands on this rock 130 feet high, and is nourished by a quarter acre of ground. On the opposite side is the Widows' Tear Fall, so called because its waters sometimes disappear in six weeks' time. The majestic Bridal Veil was tumbling and roaring with ever-varying degree, covering us with its spray as we drove by.

On we went through this beautiful valley, which is one unbroken chain of magnificence, until we arrived at Cook's, one of the three hotels of this far-away place. Directly opposite this house is the Yosemite, (Grizzly Bear,) the Queen of all the Falls. We had it before us in all its grandeur. It was most copiously fed by the vast supply of snow upon the mountains; the flow of water was terrific; with a mighty and constant thud it kept leaping and dashing down the mountain side, plunging into the roaring Merced, which forces its noisy course so grandly through the valley.

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## LETTER X.

*Dear Courier*:—What an insurmountable barrier seemed betwixt us and the outer world when we at last found ourselves safely stored away in the remarkable Yosemite cave, after passing successfully through the beautiful, dangerous and mazy routine of the sixty miles of staging!

Seated on the veranda at the Cook hotel on the evening of our arrival, hedged in by the steep surrounding mountains, welcomed by the stars and greeted by the moon, as they brilliantly and coquettishly emerged from their hiding places, spreading a mellow glow over the enchanted vale—the harmo-



nious chords of the grand Yosemite Fall, mingling its music with the solemn waving and rustling of the branches, *all* combined to produce such a feeling of insecurity which was akin to melancholy. It seemed as if we had suddenly dropped into a living tomb but on the morrow, when freed from all fatigue, we took a sixteen-mile drive through this magnificent crevice, we felt ourselves phenomenally invigorated and aroused to an indescribable enthusiasm. The grandeur, the massiveness and variety of scenery excels anything we have ever seen—all is so wonderfully beautiful.

Bright shone the sun on the radiant afternoon of May 20th, when we visited the foot of the Yosemite, the Cascade, and the Bridal Veil Falls, reaching the latter in time to see it gorgeously arrayed in five most perfect and brilliant rainbows, one of these extending far out over the surrounding foliage. This scene alone is worth a visit to this far-away hollow, and is one, when once seen, can never be erased from the memory.

The appropriately-christened pinnacles of the sky-piled masonry, such as the Three Brothers, Cathedral Spires, The Sentinel, North and South Dome, together with a countless number of others, were pointed out in rapid succession by the indefatigable driver, as were also nature's strange and grotesque caricatures, such as the Chief of the Valley, the Old Man and Woman, a train of cars, a pair of boots, birds, and animals, all producing boundless amusement as we passed by.

The one great big hobby of Yosemite travelers is to toil upward from the green, lovely valley, to the dizzy height of one or more of the surrounding mountains. We had caught the fever, hence ordered a steed for to-morrow's cavalcade, the objective points being Vernal and Nevada Falls, on an eminence several thousand feet above our heads.

Donning our soft felt hats, with which we provided ourselves for this occasion, when visiting South Pueblo, and with hearts made of unyielding texture, together with boasted herculean strength, we were prepared to take our airy positions, not, however, before taking a drive to that magnificent little sheet of water, known as Mirror Lake. In this, one of the loveliest parts of the valley, are found all the requisites for the picturesque. The lake, with its pure clear water, reflects in an inverted position the sky, trees, rocks, mountains—in fact, all surrounding objects. We were in time to see the rising sun glide over the perpendicular cliff several thousand feet overhead. This was a most gorgeous and awe-inspiring pano-

rama. From here we drove to the foot of the rough and rugged trail, where we found our horses. These animals are raised and trained only for these mountain trails; they are no good in the valley, as we found by sad experience on the following day.

Beseeching the guide to give us a good, gentle animal, a little grey was brought to fill the bill. We had an aversion to the color, but allowed ourselves to be lifted upon its back, when like a streak of lightning it whirled us several times around. The *onward* feeling was still predominant, but we begged for a less spirited beast to share it with us. It was for this reason that *Shot Gun* was forthwith introduced as the gentlest, slowest quadruped of the valley. We took to each other philosophically.

One by one, some twenty in number, trudged up the steep and rocky trail, which was often scarcely more than fifteen inches in width, and so close to the edge of the frightful precipice that at times we forgot to breathe.

We reached our first halting place at the top of Vernal Fall, without any unusual incident. We lingered in this neighborhood until our time was more than exhausted. We viewed the falls from various positions, never knowing a feeling of weariness. Here the water in a broad sheet rushes, foams and dashes over an immense table rock, into a huge caldron, casting its feathery spray many feet in the air. The exposed rocks at the base of this waterfall are completely covered with the most exquisite moss; rainbows, too, add their charms to the scene. Mounting again our faithful little horses, we commenced work in dead earnest. We soon found that the comparatively easy climbing was at an end. We were still hundreds of feet from the higher falls, and a perilous and dangerous aspect was brought before our eyes, when we found courage to raise them heavenward from our already confused height. Overhanging us were immense crags, apparently ready to crush us into atoms, but in safety we were swung backward and forward up to the coveted spot. Here we found a neat hotel, known as the Snow House, opposite to which was that mighty cascade, the noble Nevada Fall! Here in dazzling fury a broad, continuous sweep of sparkling foam, whirls and plunges over the face of a huge precipice. We now began to contemplate the deep solemn valley in miniature. It was precisely like gazing through an inverted opera glass. Huge trees resembled shrubs; the houses dotted here

and there appeared like infants' toys, while the winding Merced was proportionately insignificant. At length came the final struggle; it was time to begin the terrific descent, which, when compared to the ascent, was as a grain of mustard seed. What noble fortitude was required under these trying circumstances! Never was more delicate attention lavished upon beast than was that of which Shot Gun was the ungrateful recipient on this memorable afternoon, for in spite of all the endearing terms showered upon him, he would tantalize us, and amuse himself, by indulging in an occasional genuine stumble, striking terror to our heart, and seriously damaging our courage valves. Inquiry as to the cause of this awkwardness and unsteadiness of limb elicited the startling information that Shotty was given to occasional naps, and that it was our duty to see that he was kept awake. This contributed much to the cheerfulness (?) of the occasion! We were now steadily working our way down the steep mountain grade, constantly meeting short, sharp, terrifying curves, and as a deep yawning chasm lay before us, poor Shot Gun's back was most vigorously beaten to rouse him from his lethargy. There was no monotony in this excursion.—When we recovered our senses sufficiently to look around us, what pleasant surprises loomed up on all sides. What a succession of grand and lovely scenes would at times imperatively demand our attention!

How the terrified countenances of the companions in the rear would amuse us as they shot woful gazes at us, when for an instant they dared to raise their orbs from off their horses' ears; but any gaiety on our part would be quickly checked by a jerk and stumble from Shot Gun, who countenanced no such levity.

What memories are recalled when we think of those horseback journeys up and down those wearisome trails. How our hearts throbbed as our horses deliberately and leisurely walked close to the the edge of the narrow path, to nip the overhanging branches, suspending us between heaven and earth in the uncomfortable space between the nose and the saddle. How encouraged and comforted we felt when the faithful guide came to our rescue, and placed us more securely on our perch, assuring us, while humorous smile illuminated his face, that we were doing nobly, and that the worst would soon be over.

## LETTER XI.

*Dear Courier*:—After a copious discussion, in which the mountain horrors and the opinion of the outside world, if we *would*, or would *not* venture up Glacier Point, were carefully weighed, we decided in favor of the latter, and fully deserved the punishment we received for again undertaking such a foolhardy expedition, after our experience of yesterday's trail.

The tan-colored beast into whose care our life was entrusted on this occasion rejoiced in the sweet name of Molly. Unlike Shot Gun of yesterday's companionship, she was a sprightly walker, keeping us in a constant tremor on account of her eagerness to push forward.

In justice to our old and worthy friend Shot Gun, we take pleasure in recording the fact that he was not thus derisively named, but received this euphonious cognomen in his younger days, when he was given in exchange for a so-called weapon.

The trail to Glacier Point is wider and less rocky than the one leading to the Vernal and Nevada Falls, but the ascent, 3,000 feet above the valley, is more precipitous, in fact almost perpendicular. Ere we had climbed 1,000 feet, we found that we had nothing more than an intensified repetition of yesterday's frolic. Up we floundered the steep and slippery path, until we arrived breathless, at Union Point, where with a sigh of relief, we jumped from Molly's back to allow her a rest, and to give us time to regain our senses, and if possible enjoy the boundless views before us. What glorious light and splendor shone all around this marvelous valley on this beautiful May morning! What revelations of nature in rarest beauty were held before our eyes for silent contemplation! How beautiful, how majestic, how awe-inspiring! Yet when we turn away from it, if only for a one brief moment, how changed our feelings! Then we recoiled in terror as we glanced up the gloomy cliff, where we soon expected to wind around, in the solemn, panting procession.—We rose higher and higher—our courage sinking lower and lower. We could now, if we desired, look down upon the barren tops of the one- and two-thousand-foot peaks.

O, the sensations! the horrors of that day! Indescribable are they as are the picturesque surprises which spring up at every turn. On, on we climbed, often turning pale and

speechless, the mind refusing to fix itself upon a single point; but there was no turning back; we had to press on.—Grandeur views were constantly opening before us, but, alas! we enjoyed them not!

Finally, after a slow, steady zig-zag climb of more than two hours' duration, we stood 3,000 feet above the valley, and 6,000 above the level of the sea. Supported by the iron railing, which extends from one jutting rock to another, we had before us a grand, full sweep of the greater part of this mighty abyss. It is for the purpose of gaining the view from this advantageous position that hundreds of Yosemite travelers yearly climb the steep and dizzy trail. No one can adequately describe this scene. Away down in the narrow grave lay Mirror Lake, now contracted into a mere speck, while the tremendous Yosemite, Vernal and Nevada Falls had the appearance of long silver cords. Beyond Half Dome lies Cloud's Rest, which extends its jutting brow 2,000 feet higher than where we stood. In spite of all the grandeur in which we found ourselves enveloped, we were not loth to leave the scene. A restless longing for the depths below seized possession of our soul; and after our safe return to Union Point, where we arrived cold and rigid with fear, we determined to give Molly a holiday, and in company with another undaunted spirit trudged on foot for nearly a mile and a half, until a playful mountain stream intercepted our progress.—When we were upon a footing in which we had greater confidence than in that of Molly's, we began to realize the beauties of this gigantic landscape. Although the scorching sun was beating its hot rays most unmercifully in our already bronzed faces, we cared not, and our increasing fatigue we regarded with disdain. What a blaze of glory was spread around, above and below us, for we could now enjoy the dazzling blue heavens, so richly and artistically frescoed with fleecy clouds, as well as the valley with its exhaustless collection of treasures. As we approached the green level, we concluded to mount our horses again for a nice little gallop through the valley. It was now that Molly showed a most treacherous disposition and displayed her pent-up emotions in a most unlady-like manner. We had evidently insulted her by causing her to come down the steep precipice with an empty saddle on her back, and she was determined to resent the insult. No sooner had we reached the foot of the trail, when with surprising and terrific speed she plunged towards

the stable door, pitching us most unceremoniously on the ground. Such a sudden flight to earth we had not anticipated. This equestrian feat closed our Yosemite trail performances.

At six o'clock the next morning we were on our way out of the valley in rather a tattered, battered and tattooed condition. It was impossible to forget for one moment the horse-back rides of the preceding days, as the pitching and jolting of the lumbering stage increased the one hundred and fifty aches and pains which we carried with us as souvenirs.

We again enjoyed, in reverse order, the panorama of scenes of the beautiful Sierra Nevada mountains, arriving at Clark's a little before noon, on Sunday, May 23rd. Here we were thrown into a state of intense excitement by the startling intelligence that one of the stages of the preceding day had been upset, and that some of our party were among the unfortunates. The accident occurred about three miles from Clark's Hotel, the ringleader of this commotion being again the young, little, inexperienced grey that had caused the tumultuous disturbance at the Thirteen-mile house the day we went into the valley. It appeared that he being either annoyed, restless or treacherous, began to kick, which in an instant caused a terrific panic among these easily-excited beasts. By great presence of mind the cool-headed driver urged the upsetting of the stage toward the mountain side. But for this thoughtfulness all would have undoubtedly been hurled down the steep precipice. The maddened horses struggled fiercely for freedom, which one by one they succeeded in gaining, continuing in their flight until bleeding, foaming and almost exhausted, they reached the hotel. Fortunately a clear track was theirs. Had this not been the case, a terrific smash-up would have been the result. This accident was appalling enough, yet it was miraculous that no lives were lost. Beyond a few painful sprains and bruises, no very serious damage was done.

After lunch in the afternoon of this beautiful Sabbath day, in company with five carriage loads of passengers, we drove eight miles distant through the Mariposa Grove, to view those mammoth forest wonders—those giants of the west that have no known parallel.

We were glad, however, when this day's programme was at an end. We had had a very hard week, and we now discovered that our constitution was not sufficiently rock-bound to equalize our ambition.

A grievous headache abbreviated the day.

## LETTER XII.

*Dear Courier* :—Three heavy knocks, loud enough to disturb the dead, roused us from our slumbers at three o'clock in the morning of Monday, May 23rd, warning us that the hour of fate had come. Sixty minutes were permitted us to prepare ourselves for the remaining thirty-four miles of tedious staging which still lay between us and the bustling outside world. In the sweet solemn stillness of this morning hour, it was a doleful subject to contemplate. The heart of a doomed man preparing for the scaffold could not leap more convulsively than did ours when the thought that we would again be knocked around like a ten-pin, flashed across the mind.

At 4 a. m., the stages stood before the door, into which we were soon packed with military precision—not, however, before giving an anxious glance in the direction of the horses, and up to the outside seat, where in company with two lucky recipients of this seat of honor, sat that exalted dignitary, the driver. Both horses and driver seemed to be in perfect harmony with each other, yet unbounded confidence was sadly wanting in us; our souls had become weakened and disheartened by the appalling accident already chronicled,—But no alternative remained; we were forced to put up with the inevitable, which we did with the firm resolve that if we were once more safe out of this region we would give it a wide berth in our future travels. The isolated Wawona hotel, so beautiful for situation, being built in a gentle verdure-clad slope bathed by the waters of a noisy mountain stream, was soon lost to view, and the sublime repose of the grand Sierras demanded our entire admiration. The light of the early May morning was beginning to peep brightly through the great wooded hills, and the cool breeze that comes before the sun-rise became keenly fragrant with the odor of the stately forest trees. The exhilarating mountain air refreshed and invigorated every faculty; the unclouded sky predicted another fine day.

The horses trotted so briskly and carefully along the beautifully picturesque and magnificent road that at times all danger was lifted from our minds, and we thoroughly enjoyed the thrilling and brilliant landscape, so richly endowed by nature; but all would be suddenly changed at the slightest crack or

creak of the old stage—noises uncomfortably suggestive of broken limbs and cracked skulls.

The sunshine and remarkably fair weather which greeted us all the way through our Yosemite travels, we found possessed disadvantages as well as advantages. Ere this day's bright spring sun illuminated the heavens, we discovered such an increase of pulverized earth that the solemn scriptural injunction of "Dust thou art and to dust shalt thou return," became disagreeably ominous. Great clouds curling and rolling above, and finally imbedding us, caused our solemn faces to assume a most ludicrous aspect. Thus extravagantly bedecked in native soil we reached our destination—the finest feature of the entire trip being our descent to Mother Earth.

How grateful we were when we were once more on a firm foundation; when we were clear of the risks and hardships of staging, and had achieved the magnificent triumph of successfully visiting the world-famed Yosemite valley!

Before our final departure from the station of Raymond, which is still rocking in helpless infancy, we partook of another meal under the so-called "Fly Ranch" tent, after which we piled, without any regard to order, into the cars. The iron horse was fretting and fuming to depart. The whistle shrieked once, twice, thrice, and off we were on the iron path to San Francisco.

The scenery all along the route from Berenda to Oakland was interesting and attractive—magnificent farming land; dotted here and there with those luxuriant western landscapes, ornamenting the country. At Oakland we were transferred by boat to San Francisco, where we arrived after a calm sail across the beautiful bay.

The scene on the arrival of the boat is quite inspiring; cabs by the dozen are backed up in long rows, while the driver of each vociferously shouts out the name of the hotel he represents. Our agent being on hand, we had no difficulty in finding our way through the deafening crowd to where a cab for the Palace Hotel was awaiting us, and it was not long ere we were ushered into the brilliantly lighted reception room of this mammoth hotel, very considerably fagged out. What an enchanted scene here met our gaze! Elegantly-dressed ladies flitted gaily to and fro to the music of the band which was discoursing sweet productions in the great glass-roofed court which occupies the center of this vast structure. Our toilets, with the Yosemite dust still clinging to



them, were not in keeping with this splendor, yet there we were kept waiting 'neath the blazing chandeliers to what seemed to us an interminable length of time, before our rooms were assigned to us. Although twelve hundred people can be comfortably accommodated in this colossal hotel, which is an iron building seven stories high, studded with several hundred bay windows, and is said to be the most stupendous public house of its kind in the world, so great is the constant influx of visitors that at times there are no vacant rooms.

This, however, was not the case on this, the evening of our advent into the Golden City, for after a long search a spacious room, elegantly fitted up with all the modern appurtenances, was sealed to our name. Here we (trunk and self) had a happy reunion. Only those who have traveled for one week in the Yosemite, during a warm, dusty season, minus this traveling auxiliary, can appreciate such a meeting.

With an elegant supper, which gave us an idea of how sumptuously we were to fare during our short sojourn here, with an abundance of welcome mail matter which had accumulated during our wanderings in the Sierras, and last, though not least, with a good refreshing night's rest, we found ourselves fully equipped to do honor to this far-away city. As it takes a good guide to give a genuine flavor to city sight-seeing, we were fortunate enough to find all the requisites in our good friend, Mr. John S. Hittell, of whose kindness we cannot speak in terms of too high praise.



### LETTER XIII.

*Dear Courier*:—9:30 a. m. on the morning after our arrival in the beautiful city of the Golden Gate, found us sauntering leisurely along the grand and crowded thoroughfares of this remote place, now made so easy of access by a most wonderful net work of metal. We soon discovered that everything was carried on on a gigantic scale—everything was teeming with life, business and beauty. Its streets, which are beautifully wide, are lined on both sides with magnificent, costly and colossal buildings, that will compare very favorably in architectural splendor with the massive structures in the cities east of the Rockies, differing only in the materials used for their construction. Here iron and wood are chiefly used, as they are said to possess a greater security against earth-

quakes than brick or stone. That enterprise responds here quickly and promptly to all the requirements of the public, is clearly demonstrated in its mammoth hotels, and its wonderful cable roads. Eastern visitors need not have the least concern in regard to the nature of the accommodations that await them, for in every street are found extensive hosteleries, many of which have a world-wide reputation. Some of the oldest and most important maintain family characteristics.—These see, and care little for transient business.

Although part of this city of mushroom growth reclines gracefully on numerous steep hills, there are quarters, particularly in the business portion, where scarcely a quarter of a century ago there existed nothing more than huge drifting sand banks; and many of the buildings on the level ground are on a foundation of piling. Water, too, at the advance of civilization, has been driven back to make room for beautiful avenues and costly structures.

The cable road, which can claim this city as its birth-place, was invented especially for the purpose of overcoming the steep elevations, although it is equally successful on level ground. The ride up the perpendicular hill called Telegraph, we took in perfect safety and with the greatest speed imaginable. As you rise you seem to hang in the air over the city. From the tower on the hill you have a grand panoramic view of the city and its environs. Nature has indeed lavished many gifts on the distant state of California, yet the most wonderful and important of all is the magnificent San Francisco Bay, which joins the waters of the blue Pacific at the far-famed Golden Gate. In its waters lie the islands of Goat, Angel and Alcatraz. The latter is beautifully terraced, and is a strongly-fortified island.

Another never-to-be forgotten day and night view was had from that aristocratic elevation known as Nob Hill. Here are found the palatial residences of the railroad Cræsus, which are an attraction in themselves. The homes on these steep hills required enormous labor and expense, while the climbing up to them on foot is a back-breaking undertaking, as we found by experience.

In the popular pleasure resort known as Woodward's Gardens, we spent several very pleasant hours. The aquarium here is especially fine. The collection of animals peculiar to California afford amusement to both old and young, particularly its huge grizzly bear, which is a rare attraction.

A morning ride to the Cliff House, through the Golden Gate Park, was one of the most enjoyable features of our visit to the coast. The Park contains over one thousand acres of land. What was formerly a bleak waste of sand and scraggy hillocks has been wonderfully converted into a veritable paradise. The trees, shrubs, lawns, and artistically arranged flower beds, show careful and intelligent supervision.—The smooth green sward is kept so closely mown that it resembles velvet. This must be carefully irrigated to keep it thus arrayed. The magnificent conservatory is filled with many rare specimens of horticulture. The Garfield monument rests upon a mound, in the center of an open space, from which point several neat paths radiate. An inscription on this statue informs the beholder that it was “Erected by the Offerings of a Grateful People.” The landscape gardener has made several gigantic representations in flowers in this neighborhood.

Before we reached the Cliff House we drove by a tract of sand as yellow and barren as the Sahara. This, too, will, no doubt, some day be redeemed from its original condition by an ingenious people.

Opposite the Cliff House, in the ocean, are two huge rocks which nature seems to have designed expressly for the hundreds of seal monsters which congregate around them. These strange animals of the sea, so entirely devoid of all grace, beauty and musical accomplishments, apparently lead a most miserable life. They seem to be a most war-like and gossippy family, each one struggling and fighting for the mastery.—Their unearthly, piercing noise goes beyond description. It is a mixture of a howl, bark and grunt.

The Pacific ocean, as seen from the piazza of this hotel, presents a view superlatively grand. There it lay before us so beautiful and calm, yet at times slightly ruffled, of a lovely indigo blue, upon which the rays of the splendid sun danced most gracefully.

On a hill back of the Cliff are the Sutro Heights. Here Mr. Sutro, the millionaire of Mine Tunnel fame, spends part of his time in a little cottage muffled by a heap of shrubbery, which, however, is soon to be supplanted by a magnificent palace, for the reception of which the grounds are already laid out, and flowers of every variety bloom in extraordinary profusion. An over-abundance of cheap statuary destroys the otherwise pleasing aspect of this luxuriant spot.

Our ride back was over the Point Lobos road, from which we had a view of the Military Presidio and the Golden Gate, that beautiful portal of the setting sun.

Oakland, so called from the lovely California oak-groves which once abounded here, is a fast and beautiful growing city on the opposite side of the bay. It resembles San Francisco so closely in its streets and buildings, that the two cities may well be called twin sisters. In its beautiful cemetery we saw handsomely-polished marble and granite monuments, and numerous costly monumental chapels, but these works of the sculptor received only a passing notice, while the gardener's skill and taste drew from us exclamations of surprise. Hedges of the most beautiful roses line both sides of the long avenues, while beds of the lovely marguerite bloom with unsurpassing beauty. A solemn, lonely procession reminded us of the fact that we were in the city of the dead, otherwise we should not have been able to associate death with this lovely spot.

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#### LETTER XIV.

*Dear Courier* :—The almond-eyed oddities of San Francisco that cluster in the quarter known as China Town are worthy in themselves a long journey to visit. They occupy a considerable part of the heart of this metropolis, and number in the neighborhood of thirty thousand souls. The traveler can here form a very fair idea of the life and appearance of things in the Celestial Empire, without being put to the expense and inconvenience of making a trip around the world—another of the many advantages that only the rich city of San Francisco can offer. So completely foreign do you find everything in connection with these John Chinamen that you can scarcely realize that you are on American soil, and not, as all appearances indicate, in Shanghai or Hong-Kong. The principal thoroughfare of China Town is Dupont street. Here are found numerous stores filled with exquisite bits of Chinoiserie, elaborate embroidery, splendid carving in wood and ivory—all dangerous baits for the tourist's purse, which soon grows painfully slender as the days go by.

In company with a party of four, conducted by the ex-police officer, McKenzie, we visited their haunts after dark,

and the unpleasant sights seen here can never be forgotten.— After going into their curious groceries, where everything they have for sale is imported, even to live fish and birds—their butcher shops, where you are startled to find for sale that which the civilized butcher considers refuse—their drug stores, where the medicine consists of herbs, snakes, lizards, bulbs of lilies—their restaurants, with their gorgeously decorated balconies, with lanterns and inscriptions—after seeing all this you are fully prepared to enter the private labyrinthian passage, which will bring you through the green room of the theatre, and from thence on the stage. Naturally one would suppose that such an intrusion would interfere not only with the drama, but also with the audience. Not so, however. Everything is strange and extraordinary with these people. It was plain to be seen by the manner in which the house was packed, that the Chinese love their theatre. The men occupy the pit and keep their hats on, while the women are huddled together in a place by themselves up on the gallery. Chinese etiquette resents the mingling of the sexes. The stage is a dreary, desolate-looking place. The fixtures consist of a few chairs and a table.— There is no drop curtain, or scenery of any kind. The orchestra occupies that portion of the stage back of the actors, and the performers smoke and sip tea when disengaged. The music is not of the kind that “will soothe the savage-breast,” but it will set your teeth on edge and cause you to start involuntarily. Their costumes are beautiful and costly, and their *star* actors receive as high as from two to four thousand dollars per annum—so our guide informed us, but we failed to detect the star. In our estimation they were all alike—all equally ridiculously silly and childish. One-half hour of the din, clatter, clamor and whining of the theatre, for which luxury we paid fifty cents, was sufficient to cause our party to long for a transition state, with the hope that it would be a step toward something better. Such, however, was not the case, for the opium dens were next on the list. In the two we visited we saw young and old men given to this deplorable habit—some completely stupified under the influence of the narcotic.

The most remarkable part of China Town is the manner in which these foreigners live. It is, indeed, marvelous how they thrive in these low rooms, impregnated by the most nauseating odors. Some of them actually live three stories under

ground. In going through these cellars we were nearly suffocated in the close four air. Personally the Chinamen are faultlessly clean. This explains why they can keep healthy in places where the sun and fresh air never penetrate.

In the Joss Houses or Chinese Churches, we saw their heathen manner of worship. The altars are decorated in a cheap gaudy style, with occasionally a costly piece of carving representing some hideous god.

In spite of their wonderful power of machine-like endurance, these Mongolians cannot live forever, hence a funeral procession through Chinadom is not an uncommon occurrence. Of course these are only preliminary funerals, for after a certain length of time the bones of the dead are taken to China. During our brief visit we saw two of these peculiar processions. It is the duty of one of the friends of the deceased to sit on the hearse with the driver, whose business it is to throw slips of paper, representing money, along the route, to keep the devil away from the coffin. The mourners in the various cabs were enjoying themselves in smoking and watching the people as they passed through the crowded streets. With the exception of the hearse, there was nothing connected with this line of cabs that suggested a funeral.

It seems an utter impossibility for this inferior people to adopt the habits of those by whom they are surrounded, so completely are their own stamped upon them. That they are not an ignorant people is easily proven in their stores, where you will find shrewd, intelligent business men. We learned from those who have had extensive dealings with them, that they are perfectly square and fair in all their transactions. They are skilled mathematicians, which enables them to deal with the American public, although they cannot speak the language very fluently. Their own unattainable dialect almost distracts one. It is said that the greatest evil which exists among them is their penchant for white children. Little babes, we are told, frequently disappear.

## LETTER XV.

*Dear Courier*:—The city of San Francisco has to offer among its many attractions numerous large and well-appointed theatres for the benefit of the amusement-loving people. In the beautiful Baldwin we heard Lawrence Barrett, supported by an excellent company, in his unsurpassed impersonation

of Elliot Grey in the charming play of Rosedale. In the Tivoli two pleasant evenings were spent in listening to Opera Bouffé, in which the San Francisco favorite, and talented artiste, Helene Dingeon, very charmingly and gracefully took the leading part. In the California, The Golden Giant, one of those April-like productions, which cause on a most prodigious scale, sunshine and showers at most uncomfortable intervals, tried its magic effect upon us.

Although our time in San Francisco was exceedingly limited, so carefully was our programme arranged by our kind resident friend, that we saw not only much that was of interest in the city, but enjoyed several delightful excursions to its environs. Ferry boats of a superior pattern and most luxuriantly fitted up, are constantly plying the waters of the magnificent bay. On the morning of May 28th we sailed across this inland sea, to the beautifully situated and favorite sea-side resort, Saucelito, where we had spread before us everything which could gratify the eye and taste. This place is the headquarters of all the Yacht Clubs, and has some of the finest homes in the State. From here we had a most superb view of the beautiful stretch of water before us. It was truly a scene worthy of contemplation. The day was perfect, as are all the days in the Golden State at this season of the year. The glorious sun kept ascending to a loftier height, until the surroundings were set aflame with extraordinary splendor. Yet there was an absence of life which gave to this hill an indescribable air of solitude and desertion.

In the inviting suburb of Berkeley we saw the handsome University buildings and the institution for the the deaf, dumb and blind. From here we passed through a highly-cultivated country, on a horse car line which brought us to Piedmont, noted for its medicinal springs. The grounds in which these walled-up waters are found, are one mass of floral beauty. The stranger is strikingly reminded of his duty by the following characteristic notice: "The flowers, ferns or shrubbery in these grounds do not belong to you. Do not pick or mutilate them." As true Christian lovers of law and order we revered the decree, hence came away without a souvenir.

At Alameda, a great Sunday bathing resort, we witnessed a genuine western Sunday. The season, however, was not far enough advanced for the usual number or bathers to make their appearance, yet those that were venturesome had a large audience.

On Monday morning, May 31st, the day observed as Decoration Day, when the beautiful city of San Francisco was brilliantly crowded with gay and handsome military and cavalymen, when numerous bands were playing mournful music, and huge wagons laden with gorgeous flowers destined to ornament the lonely graves of the fallen brave, were passing through every street—during all this commotion fate decreed that we should continue our mapped-out journey and proceed on our way near to the quaint, dreamy sea-side resort of Monterey. Our course lay through the beautiful Santa Clara Valley, which is considered one of the richest and most picturesque in the world. The land is, for the greater part, perfectly level, and the growth of grain and grass is astounding; while the flowers, both cultivated and wild, grow in masses, and are of such a size and beauty of color as to cause wonder and astonishment. The California live oak—a low-branching, far-spreading tree—gives to the country a lovely park-like effect. In this valley the traveler can get the best glimpse of the agricultural wealth of the State as well as of the picturesque beauty of its scenery. Menlo Park, the chosen site of the San Francisco millionaires, is almost hidden by magnificent trees and shubbery. Senator Stanford's stock farm here is the marvel of the country. The horses from this farm bring fabulous prices, and well may they, for California horses in general are the most beautiful we have ever seen. What then must those be like that are reared in luxury, as are those of Menlo Park.

San Jose (pronounced San Hosay,) called the Beautiful city, we reached at noon. We spent several delightful hours in this appropriately-named place. It is noted particularly for its magnificent drives, its lovely shade trees, and last, though not least, for its wonderful cherries. We visited a cherry ranch where we bought five pounds of this luscious fruit, which was of such an unusual size compared to the Lebanon county cherry, that were we to give dimensions we might endanger our reputation for truthfulness. Our drive took us out the historical avenue called the Alameda, the drive-way between this city and Santa Clara. It is bordered by a double row of trees, and many beautiful homes, with artistically arranged yards, may be seen on both sides of the road. We drove out as far as the University of the Pacific, and found here a beautiful structure, surrounded by a large lawn. It was Commencement Day, and from the benches, chairs, table



and organ which we saw in the yard, we concluded that part of the exercises were held in the open air. The State Normal school is located at San Jose. It is a large brick building, situated in the center of twenty-seven acres of land. An immense establishment called The San Jose Canning House, does an enormous business in the canning line. We found this city exceedingly interesting. It surpassed Los Angeles in climate and in its variety of fruit, for here peaches, apricots, plums, prunes, oranges, as well as cherries, grow to a wonderful perfection, while its wealth of trees, flowers and shrubbery is equal to that seen anywhere.

A few hours' ride from this city brought us to our destination, viz: the Del Monte Hotel, situated one mile from Monterey.

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## LETTER XVI.

*Dear Courier* :—The beautiful day of May 31st was rapidly drawing to a close when we arrived at the Del Monte Hotel, one of the most delightful winter, as well as summer, resorts of the Pacific Coast. This house, constructed in modern Gothic style, is situated in an extensive park containing over one hundred acres of land, and is within the sound of the waters of Monterey Bay. The approach to it, on the stately and elegantly-macadamized avenue, with the balmy refreshing breeze fanning the atmosphere, presents a veritable Paradise of foliage and flowers. Its dazzling splendor of floral display defies description. Here are tropical-plants innumerable, while the heliotrope, honey-suckle, rose-bushes, geraniums and running vines laden with a most extravagant profusion of flowers clamber adventurously to the dizzy height of from twenty to twenty-five feet. The Cacti bed is a study for those for whom botany has a charm. Here may be found every known variety, many of them in gorgeous bloom, carefully and tastefully arranged. Fuchsias grown into sprightly trees, with large and most perfect flowers, are abundant. In fact, in this highly-endowed locality all trees, shrubs and flowers attain a wonderful perfection of luxuriance. The temperature is so charming that plants from every zone grow side by side with remarkable vigor and harmony.—Here also with intelligent and skillful management the living-growing flowers are fashioned into the most marvelous and

artistic designs, the chief of which at present is, the unique floral picture representing the Grand Army badge, which is intended to commemorate the visit of the G. A. R. to Monterey, during the present summer.

Underneath the spreading oak, the pine and cedar, are found extensive croquet, lawn tennis and archery grounds, while swings, bowling alleys, a skating rink, and numerous square sand plots neatly fenced in for the benefit of the little ones, where they can amuse themselves with their infant utensils, are also among its attractions.

The Maze, that little nook of perplexity, so intricately arranged with hedges of arbor vitæ as to cause those who enter within its precincts boundless amusement coupled with extraordinary exercise in their efforts to find the center where benches are provided for those who grow weary and foot-sore in the struggle, afforded us a satisfactory share of sport. The bathing pavilion constructed at a cost of seventy-five thousand dollars, is situated on the sandy beach about a ten minutes' walk from the hotel, and is for the benefit of those who prefer a warmer temperature than the surf can give, and also for those who desire to take lessons in swimming, from the teacher, Prof. Moss, who is always on hand whenever his services are requested. Although the Del Monte grounds contain a thousand-and-one attractions, they do not in the least detract from the beauty of the hotel, which is in itself a model of loveliness. As we entered the spacious reception room, on the evening of our arrival, we found it beaming with a home-like security. In the large open fire place neatly brushed and polished, lay crackling and blazing, large logs of wood, which gave to the room an amazing brightness; and as the shades of night enveloped the earth the brilliantly-illuminated interior presented such a spectacle of beauty and animation which it would be difficult to surpass.

The day following our arrival we took a seventeen-mile drive through the quaint town of Monterey, and along the picturesque shore of the varied-hued waters of the Pacific Ocean. Monterey is probably the oldest town of the State; it consists almost exclusively of white-washed adobes, or mud houses, adorned with green shutters. Its interesting abandoned buildings of historical fame were pointed out in rapid succession by our extremely garrulous driver, who made himself odious by his eagerness to regale us, whenever an opportunity presented itself, with incidents of his life, which, however,

had too much of the manufactured flavor about them to arouse much enthusiasm.

A large wooden cross near the bridge in the town, marks the landing place of the missionary father, Junipero Serra, in the year 1770. From this point the road continues through shady woods full of enchanting beauties, until Moss Beach is reached; a little further on are rocks upon which cluster hundreds of seals, and finally Cypress Point, where a hair pin curve is made. From here a most enjoyable view is had of the two bays, Monterey and Carmelo. The grove of trees from which this point derives its name is of a specie peculiar to Monterey alone. These trees present a curious sight. Their huge gnarled trunks and contorted branches give evidence of great age, while the grey flimsy hanging moss adds nothing to their beauty. Yet the close-knit branches produce such a wealth of shade as to make this one of the most delightful of drives.

The scenery back through Monterey to Del Monte was extraordinarily fresh and bright on this particular morning.—The beautiful blue-shaded ocean lay constantly before us, while the life giving breeze sharpened our appetites for the excellent meal which awaited us on our return. If we were to remain here for months it would not be possible to exhaust all the charming promenades and splendid environs that this lovely place affords, so boundless is its wealth in variety of scenery.

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## LETTER XVII.

*Dear Courier*:—For the second time since our departure from the city of Brotherly Love it became necessary to divide the Raymond excursion party. The first division took place at Los Angeles, where it was necessary for small parties to leave in sections, for the Yosemite Valley; the second and last, at Monterey, for the purpose of more comfortably and conveniently visiting the charming sea-side resort of Santa Cruz, situated directly opposite the bay and town of Monterey. The distance via Pajaro, is only forty-eight miles, yet it required nearly three hours to get there, as we were frequently left standing upon a side track until accommodating freight trains chose to drag us along. However, the ride was by no means monotonous. The azure sky, the flower-carpeted

earth, the sparkling billowy ocean, together with the merry, congenial party in whose midst it was ever a pleasure to be, caused the hours to roll swiftly by. On our arrival at the station we found numerous carriages awaiting the party, and it was not long ere we were seated behind the highly-recommended pair, Frank and Fanny, on our way to the Big Tree Grove at Felton, six miles distant.

When in gracefully-poised Los Angeles, we thought it the most charming place in the world. Later, San Jose was regarded as *the* spot on earth expressly designed by nature for the repose and pleasure of humanity, and, finally, with the beauties of Del Monte so freshly mirrored on our minds, it did seem like sacrilege for the driver of these two "*F's*," to insist on it, that we had been woefully deceived, and that *now* only had we reached the beau ideal of a place in which to live. Here could be found the unadulterated tonic in the air, so pure and bracing in its effects, which snatches victims from the very brink of the grave, for was not he, himself, a fair example of such? Here the sky is bluer, the flowers more radiantly beautiful and in more dazzling masses than elsewhere; the mountains arrayed in a verdure lustre that words cannot paint; here nature has done and is constantly doing so much; here the picturesque scenery in diversity of form and richness of color is beyond description. All these points, and more, too, did our worthy Jehu of the Benedict tribe bring forward to prove his assertions.

The road to the grove leads through a magnificent woods, and at times winds around precipices which fall sheer three or four hundred feet to the bed of the creek below. Expert driving is required to get in safety around the frequent and sharp turns. Sublime landscapes constantly shift before you, achieving, however, their grandest triumph in the vicinity of the home of the Superintendent of the Powder Works, (the latter located at Santa Cruz.) The mansion nestles upon a well-rounded, verdure-clad hill overlooking a deep canon, in which are found all the essentials for a perfect tableau. On one side of this chosen sight are the high mountains; on the other an elevation upon which are three terraced carriage roads; while in the canon between, a meandering stream and a railroad complete the magnificent picture. Pursuing our route we forded the St. Lorenzo, a mountain stream abounding in trout, and anon, after ascending and descending numerous steep hills, we were astonished to behold the lofty wonders of the

gigantic Big Tree Grove—the most interesting and historical of which is Gen. Fremont, whose top towers far into the clouds. The base of this tree has been chiseled out, making a room of wonderful capacity, in which a shoemaker's family, consisting of four persons, kept house for one whole winter, and which the youngest member of the family can claim as its birthplace. The Three Sisters, standing near by, though not so tall, are very graceful and majestic in appearance. Jumbo in size and contour resembles an elephant. Col. Ingersoll's Cathedral consists of nine monster trees, branched out of an enormous trunk. The Giant, the father of the forest, measures eighty-four feet in circumference, and has a bark two feet in thickness. A rustic bower, called the Arcade, built on the trunk of a tree, comfortably seats twenty-four persons. Underneath the luxuriant foliage of these forest wonders is the favorite German Sunday resort and picnic grounds.

On our way back to Santa Cruz in again passing through that beautiful forest of foliage-clothed trees of endless variety, vandal hands were laid upon the beautiful blooming azalias, for our benefit.

At 2 p. m., after a fresh and invigorating meal at the Kittredge House, of which repast the strawberry short-cake deserves honorable mention, our carriage excursion was continued. We first drove through the thriving little town, which boasts of six thousand inhabitants, sixty hotels, and is capable of attracting from three to four thousand visitors annually, and from thence out along the noble road along the rugged coast of the great Pacific Ocean, where its monster waves have eaten immense fantastic caverns, extending far underneath the bed of the road, making beautifully-arched natural bridges. With the courteous driver as guide, we were unexpectedly enabled to explore two of these subterranean passages, and it seemed almost an impossibility to realize that all this wonderful excavation was really the persistent work of the never-tiring waves.

The beautiful bathing beach was the last point of interest visited. This stretches a considerable distance between the tumbling surf, and is covered with the finest sand, and is almost level. Several bathers were enjoying the luxuries of a salt water dip, much to the envy of our errant crowd. Derby, said to possess the enviable reputation of being the best swimmer on the coast, was a conspicuous figure on the beach.

## LETTER XVIII.

*Dear Courier* :—The day after our return from Santa Cruz to Del Monte was delightfully spent underneath the frowning pines and stately oaks of this smiling blooming Eden—in gathering pebbles upon its rough, sandy beach—and finally in gaining bird's eye views from advantageous elevations, of this magnificent stretch of green sward, with its noble trees, broad avenues, and its profusion of thousands of gayly-colored blossoming plants.

From the hill on the opposite side of the lake—which bit of water was not at its best, having become incorrigible, bursting its banks and sweeping away its beauties—we undoubtedly had the finest view of the day. The eye is here arrested on all sides by strange and extravagant scenes. The peculiarly rose and blue-tinted veil enveloping the dark green foliage of the mountains made a phenomenal background to the overwhelming landscape. We wondered not, when in our rambles we chanced to find the talented artist of the party, Miss H., from Boston, endeavoring to depict this sublime scene upon paper. Before our departure for San Francisco on the following day, we enjoyed a final view of this magnificent spot, so resplendent with natural and acquired beauty, from the observatory of the hotel. It was only here that we fully realized and recognized the wonders of the architectural taste and study of that skillful landscape gardener, Mr. R. Ulrich, under whose careful supervision these peaceful grounds are speedily developing into an unparalleled site.

The evening of Saturday, June 5th, found us again snugly quartered in the great Palace Hotel of San Francisco. The remaining few days of our sojourn in this city were pleasantly spent in depositing some more cash in China Town, in visiting the headquarters of the Fire Patrol, where every day at twelve o'clock an interesting and remarkable drill of a few seconds' duration takes place, where like a vivid flash of lightning everything is done so quickly that you see nothing—and finally in bidding our friends and the city adieu.

On Wednesday, June 9th, we took our last sail across the beautiful bay, and were soon comfortably settled in our accustomed places in the Pullman Sleepers, ready to plunge through the snow-capped mountains of the almost inaccessible Sierra Nevada mountains.

For a distance of thirty-two miles from Oakland, as far as

Porta Costa, we had nothing new before us, as we followed the same route over which we had approached San Francisco nearly three weeks prior. The greater part of this time was spent by the mathematicians of the party in the unsuccessful attempt to solve the intricate problem in addition, which had its birth at the desk of the Palace Hotel, and which boldly confronted all those of the party on the adjustment of their bills, who had left the beaten path, and wandered into the Yosemite Valley.

On arriving at the Straits of Carquinez the train was divided into two sections and taken across the water on the mammoth ferry boat called Solano, said to be the largest craft of the kind in the world. The strait is about a mile wide, and so complete are all the arrangements that no delay is occasioned by this novel mode of transportation. The government military station and barracks of Benecia is directly opposite this narrow passage of water. After riding for many miles through a wide and almost dismal stretch of low flat country, the valley becomes gently undulating, and begins to fill up with ripened grain fields, acres of grape vines under cultivation, and numerous pear and apple orchards, together with myriads of wild flowers blending their magnificent colors most lovingly together.— Before arriving at the large and beautiful city of Sacramento our hearts were made glad by the pleasing intelligence, received by telegram, that the Capitol would be illuminated, and its portals thrown open for the benefit of the Raymond Excursion Party; that the fine military band of the city would give an open-air concert in the park, and it was hoped that all would avail themselves of this rare opportunity of seeing the seat of the State government of California. A rapturous applause greeted this announcement. At six, p. m., we reached the city. The train, with its hungry freight, had scarcely ceased its motion when a waiter appeared on the platform with a huge cracked dinner bell in his hand, and to the ding-dong, ding-dong of this instrument of torture, which calls for noble endurance as well hungry crowds, we wended our way into the Silver Palace Dining Hall, where we were soon as busy as bees in a hive. After this repast an hour's ride in the street cars gave us an excellent idea of its wide, regular streets, so beautifully shaded with magnificent trees with their mass of green foliage, its numerous fine homes surrounded with yards of blooming flowers, especially noteworthy of which were the huge magnolias; its splendid hotels,

its fine squares and churches. We lingered at the Capitol until the evening lengthened. Ere the rays of the setting sun had entirely vanished, we ascended the dark winding stairway to the top of the edifice, to the melody of the band, which floated through the open windows. What a beautiful picture met our gaze! Who could accurately describe it! From the cupola of this \$2,500,000 structure the city unfolds itself in all its picturesque grace and beauty.

When finally the shades of night were gently repulsed by the pure white flame of the electric light, the matchless panorama in the beautiful Park in which the people were moving to and fro *en masse*, vividly suggested a scene from the "Arabian Nights."

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## LETTER XIX.

*Dear Courier* :—The night of June 9th was spent in the Sleeper, on a side track, at the station of the capital of California. It proved a most melancholy event. The Sacramento mosquitos discovered the necessity of making our acquaintance. Suffice it to record, that these stinging insects are here in a state of development commensurate with the general grandeur of the Golden State.

The heated atmosphere of the preceding evening was followed by a raw chillness during the night that tampered seriously with the delicate vocal chords of some of the Eastern guests. The audacious early birds of the party made themselves particularly conspicuous on this occasion by abandoning their æries at the unreasonable hour of 3.45 a. m., much to the annoyance of the less-spirited ones, who by this smothered disturbance tossed uncomfortably until a more decided dawn of the welcome day appeared. After breakfasting at the Silver Palace restaurant, we again took our seats in the car, which during this interval had changed from a bedroom into a parlor, for a continuation of our trip on the magnificent Central Pacific, which ploughs its course so triumphantly up through and around the Sierras to the height of seven thousand and seventeen feet, causing wonder and astonishment at every turn of this daring piece of engineering. A short distance beyond Sacramento we crossed the American river, upon whose muddy waters, before the hour



of noon was passed, we gazed from a height of over two thousand feet. The snow-capped mountains soon became visible, and mining villages, with poetical and soul-stirring names such as Dutch Flat, Gold Run, Red Dog, Alta and the like, are rapidly passed. The train rushes on, frantically clinging to the mountain side until it sweeps upon a shelf made in this vast protuberance and rounds the picturesque Cape Horn. Here we had before us one of the grandest of all nature's grand displays, which was fully appreciated by the admiring group, who gathered on the platform, or looked hard from the car windows, giving evidence of their admiration in extravagant terms. "Is it not equal to the great Yosemite?" one ventured to say. "Yes," chimed the weak voice of one of the victims of the Yosemite stage accident, whose frail body was still writhing in pain from the effects of the disaster, "*and we can see and enjoy it all without being in constant fear of having our necks broken!*" To the left the perpendicular mountains rose thousands of feet above our heads—to the right a deep canon, bounded by bold cliffs sharply defined against the blue sky. The muddy American river now lying over two thousand feet below was dwarfed into a diminutive band. The luxuriantly-clothed trees, appearing like shrubs from our elevated position, cast an ineffable loveliness of green as far as the eye could reach. From this point on to the Blue Canon the scenery is exceedingly wild and rugged.

At one, p. m., a good substantial dinner was had at the isolated Blue Canon hotel, where the quantity and quality of food were equally commendable. At two, p. m., we continued our journey, which became exceedingly dull and uninteresting when we found ourselves imprisoned in the costly solid snow sheds which protect this iron pathway from its winter enemy—the feathery flake. These sheds cover over forty miles of this road, and cost from eight to twelve thousand dollars per mile, and, where masonry was necessary, as high as *thirty thousand* per mile! They are complete in every particular. At a moment's warning any section can be flooded in case of fire. But a passing glimpse was ours of the beautiful and historical Donner Lake, which lies so peacefully in one of the most beautiful of the lofty basins of the Sierra Nevada mountains, and which could a terrible tale untold of the cruel sufferings of the snow-bound Donner party in the year 1846, when out of a company of eighty-two souls, thirty-six perished of hunger and cold, the most touching incident of which was

the heroic triumph of Mary, the wife of George Donner, whose gentle, loving heart was tried beyond endurance, when on the arrival of the rescuing party her husband was found too weak and sick to travel over the mountains. A terrific struggle between a wife's love and a mother's love was hers. Her wifely instincts triumphed; although urged by her husband and friends to go with her clinging little ones, and being almost persuaded that such was her duty, she finally resolved that the strongest ties were those which bound her to her dying husband. With him she remained in this gloomy wilderness, helpless and alone, until death released both from their sufferings. Monuments have been reared to perpetuate the names of less heroic souls than that of Mary Donner!

At the Summit a grand winter scene presented itself. Great mounds of snow several feet high lay all around. A vigorous snow-balling was indulged in by the fair sex of the party.—The road follows the beautiful winding Truckee river for more than fifty miles. Several frightful-looking freight wrecks reminded us of the fact that not all danger was stored away in the Yosemite Valley. Truckee, the last of the Golden State towns through which we passed, will ever be remembered for its mania for hotels and drinking saloons. We soon stepped into the neighboring State of Nevada, and at Reno partook of an excellent supper.

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## LETTER XX.

*Dear Courier*:—On the evening of June tenth, at 9.20, p. m., the train halted sufficiently long at Wadsworth, Nevada, to enable us to pay a hasty visit to its beautifully fitted-up library, which contains a fine collection of choice works. A dozen or more of the famous Roger groups occupied conspicuous places in this far-away literary retreat.

Elko, our breakfast station, we reached the following day, at 8, p. m. We saw nothing of this, the county seat of Elko county, although it is said to be quite a town, with no less than fifteen hundred people claiming it as their home. Before we finished our morning meal, a motley crowd gathered around the station. It was here that we saw the last of the primitive tribe, and a heathenish, repulsive-looking delegation it was. One of the squaws, with a papoose, expected to reap

a fortune by asking a fee for a look at her little brown tot. In this she failed, and in her endeavor to hide it from the crowd, she gave it such narrow quarters between herself and the station, that the little one rebelled, sending up such a wail, that a retreat, which was made in anger, was inevitable, much to the amusement of the miserly audience.

Continuing our journey through Nevada, we rolled smoothly and rapidly for hours without anything of interest gladdening the eye. Nothing was to be seen save sand, with here and there a forlorn and desolate-looking sage brush. We had reached the great sandy desert, which, when not even brightened by the familiar sage, looked like a great muddy ocean. A very hungry crowd arrived at Terrace, Utah, at 1.50, p. m., where full justice was done to a late dinner. One hour later we again betook ourselves to our respective places.

As if to relieve the monotony of the sandy barren stretch of land, a corner of the great calm Salt Lake, glimmering like crystal, soon came upon the scene. Indeed, ere long, nature became exceedingly lavish. The beautiful blue sky against the snow-capped mountains, with the rays of the setting sun drawing myriads of colors from this salty body of water, transformed the desert waste into such a scene that would delight an artist to reproduce. At 8, p. m., supper was had at Ogden. Ere we left this city, its fine open space around the station was beautifully illuminated with the Edison incandescent lamps. From thence to Salt Lake City, we traveled on the Denver & Rio Grande. A prodigious supply of mail matter, which the agent of the party received at Ogden, and which he distributed immediately after our departure from the city, cheered the hearts of the favored ones. On we sped over this narrow gauge road, the iron horse fairly flying in its haste to reach the beautiful City of the Mormons, where we finally arrived a few hours before midnight. Omnibuses were drawn up in a line to convey us to the hotel. Into these the tired, sleepy travelers were hastily packed, but a party of sixteen of us soon became wide awake, when the discovery was made that we were in the midst of danger. A balky horse was determined not to allow us a good-natured entry into this, the city of the Latter-Day Saints. After a scene which beggars description, which nearly developed into a panic, and in which the equilibrium of the sixteen was considerably unbalanced, the ungracious driver finally opened the door and permitted the

frightened occupants to alight, which they did in hot haste. Naturally the commotion aroused the neighborhood, and the hospitable zeal displayed showed that we had fallen into the keeping of a warm-hearted people. After a detention of a half hour, or more, during which interval another conveyance was ordered, we reached the Continental Hotel in safety.— This house is said to be the best and finest in the city.— Charity forbids us from saying more than that our accommodations were emphatically below par, and that memories of the Glen Summit repast on the eve of the day of our departure, thronged vividly before us during our entire sojourn at this hotel.

Salt Lake City, the Mecca of the Mormons, is indeed unparalleled for situation. It lies in a valley surrounded on the north and east by the Wahsatch range of mountains, the highest peaks of which are covered with perpetual snow, and which form a boundary of unsurpassed grandeur. The streets are wide and ornamented with the most majestic shade trees. The houses are surrounded by yards which teem with luxuriant vegetation, and are gay with flowers of every description. A peculiar feature of the city is its water supply. On each side of many of the streets flow streams of pure water, fresh from the melting snows of the mountains, and which is conveyed hither through the numerous canons. This water is used for drinking purposes, as well as for irrigation.— Among the most noticeable business places is the store known as the "Zion's Co-operative Mercantile Institution," called for convenience "The Co-op." It is partly owned by the church, and monopolizes all its trade. It has a capital of one million, and an income of six millions. It has been in successful operation since the year 1868.

Camp Douglas, said to be "Uncle Sam's" most beautiful Fort, is several miles from the city. In answer to the query, "why are soldiers stationed there?" we received the following ironical answer, "Well, *first* they were placed there to watch the Indians; *now* they must watch the Mormons!"

## LETTER XXI.

*Dear Courier* :—Eighteen miles from Salt Lake City is found that great deep blue body of water known as the Great Salt Lake. This Dead Sea of America was made doubly attractive on the afternoon of Saturday, June 12th, by the announcement that the celebrated and world-renowned swimmer, Capt. Paul Boynton, would give one of his famous and interesting performances in these waters at the station of Garfield, at six, p. m., and that special trains would be run thither for the benefit of the public. Many of our party took advantage of this rare opportunity, and those who were anxious for a *dip* in this said-to-be the finest bathing resort in the world, hied away at 1.10, p. m. This remarkable lake, about seventy miles long and thirty-five wide, is situated four thousand two hundred feet above the level of the sea. Its density is so great, nearly one-fourth its weight being pure salt, that fish cannot live in it, and it is considered a difficult feat for man to dive into it. The station of Garfield is a picturesque affair; it is hemmed in on one side by a steep mountain. It consists of a huge pavilion, from which a pier extends far out into the lake, at the farther end of which is fastened a large boat called Gen. Garfield. This is used simply as a floating restaurant, where meals and *fluids* are served at all hours of excursion days. A little steam tug, for the benefit of those who desire a twenty-five-cent sail on the lake, lay anchored at some distance from the shore. To it was attached a row boat, for the purpose of conveying passengers through the shallow water to the miniature steamer. This craft, with two sailors on board, became the centre of attraction before the close of day. The usually peaceful waters of this great inland sea were phenomenally turbulent on this particular afternoon, so much so that it was considered unsafe for any one to venture in. The daring Paul, however, ran to and fro, personally attending to the innumerable preliminaries which seemed necessary for his six o'clock entertainment. Every train from Ogden and Salt Lake City brought crowds of spectators to the scene. But it soon became evident that a terrific wind and rain storm would play sad havoc with the neatly-arranged programme. Attention was, ere long, directed to the dangerous situation of the two men in the tug. The angry waves dashed mercilessly against the frail vessel. The row boat was swept

ashore. Excitement was raised to its highest pitch when the great swimmer, dressed in his rubber suit, made three heroic, though unsuccessful, attempts to carry a rope to the imperiled ones. The third time he rode over two huge breakers, and had mounted the third, when it dashed him back with relentless fury. He was picked up unconscious and nearly strangled. The imprisoned men were not rescued until 4, a. m., when they were found in an exhausted condition. There being no abatement in the storm, the exhibition was postponed until the following day. Before we left Garfield it began to rain, which later turned into snow, and by the time we reached the city it poured in literal torrents. The following day was the Sabbath. The sun shone brightly, and everything was refreshed and invigorated in this beautiful Garden city of the West by yesterday's rain. The mountain peaks, too, had received a new coat of white, and the soft sky was set aflame with breadths and depths of color.

The City of the Saints is divided into twenty-one wards, each ward being provided with a chapel and a Bishop. At an early hour we wended our way to the Fourteenth Ward Sunday School. Exercises for the children are held in the different chapels in the morning, and services for adults in the evening. In the afternoon young and old go to the Tabernacle. Bishop Taylor, the shepherd of the Fourteenth ward flock, was unavoidably absent from his post, on this occasion. A sprightly Mormon dame gave the desired information, "he is not here, because he is imprisoned for polygamy!" Of course his absence was excusable. The Sunday school exercises were exceedingly interesting and the order exceptionally good. The session usually lasts two hours, but on this Sunday it was abbreviated a half hour on account of Teachers' Meeting. The programme was as follows: Singing, (standing); Prayer, (sitting, the person offering the invocation kneeling, with right hand raised); Singing, (standing); reading of minutes of previous Sunday, after which the Superintendent called on four young men to distribute the communion. One of the number blessed the bread, (all sitting, he kneeling,) after which it was handed around in silver baskets, old and young partaking. In like manner the water (no wine) was passed around in silver cups. During the distribution Mr. Murdock, Assistant Superintendent of another ward school, was introduced, who made a short speech, in which he stated that his object in visiting the school was to glean points which might be of benefit for

his school. After this address preparations for the lesson were made. The organist played a march, to which the infant and advanced pupils filed into adjoining rooms. The intermediate scholars remaining formed themselves into classes, and everything moved on regularly and in order. Our visit to the Infant room was an interesting feature. Sixty little buds were here assembled. Their answers were clear and remarkably well modulated, and their singing excellent. The lady superintendent took special pains to teach them a lesson on *purity*. We also visited a class of young men taught by a blind old man. We were too late for the lesson, but one of the members of the class made a few remarks, evidently with the intentions of converting some of the party to Mormonism. He tried to prove that their faith was founded in truth, based upon the teachings of the Old Testament; that as toils, privations and sacrifices were endured by their predecessors, so they, too, must now suffer in their day. Before dismissal all were again assembled in the main room, when after singing and the pronouncing of the benediction they left the room to the music of a processional hymn.

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## LETTER XXII.

*Dear Courier:*—Every good Mormon man, woman and child—whether old or young, rich or poor, lame or blind, together with the ever-numerous strangers within the gates, flock to the Tabernacle every Sunday afternoon, where services are held at precisely 2, p. m. This vast building is situated in what is known as Temple Block, in the city of the Latter day Saints. It is surrounded by a high wall, is oval in form, and its roof, which is seventy feet from the floor, is supported by forty-six sandstone columns. The spaces between these columns are filled with large windows and doorways. A broad gallery encircles nearly the entire building. Within an elevated enclosure are three pulpits, raised several feet above each other; back of these, high up against the wall, is an imposing organ, said to be among the finest in the States. The members of the choir sit in two wings, in the rear of the pulpits, the men occupying one side and the women the other. The music is under splendid management. The choir consists of nearly one hundred members, and some excellent voices are found among the number. The dignitaries of the church, ac-

ording to rank, occupy the seats around the three pulpits. This great amphitheatre is capable of seating from ten to thirteen thousand people, and can be vacated in ten seconds, so complete are the arrangements for a hasty exit. The great vaulted ceiling is profusely and gaudily decorated with evergreens and flowers of colored tissue paper. This decoration was put up in the year 1875, when a grand celebration of the 24th of July took place—a day set apart in commemoration of the Pioneers, and one much honored by the Mormons.

Sunday, June 13th, found us numbered in the stream which poured into this extraordinary building. The services lasted until four, p. m. The sacrament, consisting of bread and water, is administered every Sunday, during the preaching, and is passed to old and young. The Priesthood of the different wards take turns in officiating in the administration of this holy ordinance. On this particular Sunday it fell to the duty of the 6th ward delegation. As no less than four or five thousand souls worship here every Sunday, it requires the entire session to make the round. The meeting was presided over by High Councilor Wm. Eddington. The choir sang:

“Come, thou glorious day of promise,  
Come and spread thy cheerful ray.”

A long prayer was offered by Elder Arthur Stayner, after which the choir sang:

“Ye children of our God,  
Ye Saints of latter days.”

Editor John Nicholson was then called upon to preach. There being a fine sprinkling of Gentiles or “outsiders,” as they are called, present, this Elder took advantage of the excellent opportunity afforded him to plead his own case. He was in deep waters. Having been so charitably disposed as to undertake the responsibility of leading two wives through the vicissitudes of this life, he was thrown into prison, and was at present enjoying only a temporary release. He handled his theme in an eloquent and masterly manner—spoke plainly and fearlessly of the merciless character of the present crusade against the Latter-Day Saints. For nearly two hours he brought forward the weakest and most trashy of arguments, disgusting the “outsiders,” and putting asleep at least one-third of these poor ignorant and degraded people. After



the singing of the Anthem, "O Father, Almighty," and prayer, offered by Elder Hamilton G. Park, the afternoon exercises were concluded.

Near by the Tabernacle is the Assembly House, a small edifice used for winter worship. The Endowment House and Temple are in the same enclosure. The horrors and indignities of the former have been frequently ventilated. The latter is a symbolical edifice which is nearing completion. Already over two millions of dollars have been spent on it. It is not in an unfinished state for the lack of funds, but for the reason that forty years were to be spent in its construction. In two more years the allotted time will have expired, and one of the most wonderful buildings of the present century will grace the city of Salt Lake. It will require more than a million of dollars for the completion of the unfinished work. Every part of it is to be of stone—a beautiful granite found near by, in the quarries of the Cottonwood Canon. When completed it will be a sumptuous and costly edifice, with a grand display of magnificent workmanship.

Among the most interesting buildings of the City are the former numerous residences of Brigham Young, the most elaborate of which is the "Amelia Palace," which the prophet was building for his favorite wife Amelia, but died ere its completion. President Taylor now occupies it. In the houses appropriately called the Bee Hive and Lion, several of the bereaved widows of the divinely (?) appointed leader reside. The tomb of the prophet is an astonishingly modest affair. It is in his private burial lot. A large slab of marble covers the grave, and a neat high railing surrounds it.

Publicly the Mormons are a very social people. During our short sojourn in their El Dorado, we had several interesting conversations with devout members of the church, and found them unquestionably sincere in their religious belief. We were assured that not all Mormons were polygamists—that the church only tolerates a multiplicity of helpmates when the courageous one is in good standing and possesses enough of this world's goods to justify such an act, (a statement emphatically contradicted by the outsiders.) Naturally the Mormon woman is anxious to get married; for her religion teaches her that the gates of the Joe Smith paradise, which she is longing and hoping to enter, will remain forever barred to the unmarried of her sex.

A *Mormon* spinster is consequently a rare article.

## LETTER XXIII.

*Dear Courier:*—With the usual amount of shrieks and puffs and preliminary gasps of departure, the engine, attached to the special train consisting of seven narrow-gauge palace cars, in which the members of the Raymond party were more luxuriantly than comfortably ensconced, steamed out from the station of Salt Lake City on the morning of Monday, June 14th. Nothing could have been more delightful than the weather on this particular morning. Mother Nature wore a fairer guise than ever. The capacious valley turned rosy in the steadily-increasing sunlight. The white-crowned summits of the mountains climbed up into the azure heights. Added to this tenderly-magnificent landscape was the ever-shifting cloud-scenery, which was watched with unabated interest by the inmates of the car Aztec, and only abandoned when the broad open country, with its cultivated fields, green pastures and thrifty-looking Mormon settlements came rapidly upon the scene. Our course lay along the winding yellow waters of the river Jordan, which connects the Utah with the Great Salt Lake. The waters of the former are fresh, and are three hundred feet higher than those of the latter. After leaving Lehi, a village with an abundance of foilage, and wholly built of sun-dried brick, the placid waters of Utah Lake came in full view, and we passed through miles of rich farm land, admirably tilled, proving that the Mormons are not found lacking in agricultural pursuits. Near the railroad a narrow wagon road, showing much use, may be seen the greater part of the way through the fertile valley of the Jordan. At 11, a. m., we reached Provo, where we found dinner awaiting us. Provo is the most flourishing and important town on Utah Lake. Beyond this point the rugged and savage scenery of the Wahsatch range bewilders the beholder. The train climbs eastward across the rocky hills, through the Spanish Fork Canon, thence to soldier Summit, where an elevation of 7,464 feet is reached. The high mountains were gay with trees and shrubbery of various shades of green, while the earth, too, when not carpeted with fresh turf, showed various hues of red, making a variety of gorgeous colors. At Red Narrows the view is magnificent. The wonderful conglomeration of rocks, pushing out in all directions, show evidence of having been the bed of a mighty stream. The cliffs begin to rise higher and higher—

the narrow stream of the South Fork of the Price River continues its noisy course along the road. The sun shining and the rain falling at intervals, or in concert, gave a wonderful freshness and brilliancy to the enchanted scene. The road winds and bends in the most ingenious manner, bringing new and interesting views at every turn. At 4:15, p. m., the iron horse moved slowly and majestically up to the two remarkable columns, those guardians of Castle Canon, known as Castle Gate. The train halted five minutes, to give us an opportunity of examining this truly inspiring and marvelous work of nature. The scenery in Castle Canon assumes a bold and imposing aspect: huge cliffs, rent and jagged as if by an earthquake, resemble hanging terraces, vast castles, gigantic forts, towers and pinnacles. The precipitous rock, like immense walls towering skyward, are ornamented with impresses like that of trees and leaves, on their smooth bright sides.—Sublime and delicate landscapes present themselves and retire, making the picture wonderously beautiful. At Lower Price Crossing, where we had our evening meal, we found a box of minerals from the neighboring mines, generously filled for the benefit of the party. A fair specimen of the mining region, liberally saturated with *benzine*, entertained the crowd with the usual amount of western stereotyped sociability.—When the morrow's light dawned upon us, we had left the land of the Mormons behind us, and were hemmed in by the one-and-two-thousand feet high walls of the Black Canon of the Gunnison, in the picturesque State of Colorado. We dashed along between the solid, close-shutting crags, from whose sides now and then a miniature waterfall playfully gushed, until we reached that wonder of all pinnacles, the Currecanti Needle—an unbroken shaft fifteen hundred feet high, situated in the very heart of the Black Canon. Fifteen minutes were here allowed us, in order to give an approaching freight train the right of way. On leaving this point the beautiful leap of water, named Chepeta Falls, sparkling brilliantly in the early morning light, received a well-deserved share of admiration. Breakfast, at the Black Canon Hotel, at Cimarron, on the banks of the Cimarron creek, was finally in order. After our departure from this place it became very evident that the "*pestilential nuisances*" were not all "*on the list.*" The autograph fever taking a firm hold on one of the vigilant ones, soon became alarmingly epidemical. The *stubs*, remaining in the long narrow Russia

Leather ticket books, with which each passenger was supplied, were ingeniously wrought into an album, making it a doubly-interesting souvenir.

At Gunnison we halted a few minutes. This flourishing mining city is built in a circle, with a large plain between it and the station. The La' Vita House, an imposing brick building, is a prominent feature. The beautiful orange, pink and purple colored Mariposa flower, so familiar in the Yosemite Valley, again suddenly appeared upon the floral stage, and was welcomed with delight. At Sargent, where we had dinner, we were invited to one of the neighboring houses to see a snake Cactus, said to be a rare specimen of the Cacti family. It had been found several Sundays previous by the happy possessor, while crossing the prairies.

#### LETTER XXIV.

*Dear Courier*:—Proceeding on our journey from Sargent, Col., Tuesday afternoon, June 15, we commenced the ascent of the Rocky Mountains in good earnest. The train was again divided into two sections, to which were attached ponderous engines, which glided easily and rapidly around the numerous curves of this wild mountain route, the audacious grades of which are something almost beyond belief, some of them being from two hundred and eleven to two hundred and twenty feet to the mile. After passing through seven miles of snow sheds we reached Marshall Pass at an elevation of 10,820 feet. To acquire this height the tracks winds, twines and curves over this stupendous range in the most intricate and bewildering manner. At one point it actually climbs six miles around to gain a position, only a few rods in a direct line from its former position. The wild mountain scenery stirs the beholder with awe. The towering bald head of Mount Ouray, which has an elevation of 14,055 feet, is readily distinguished from the numerous projecting peaks which surround it, and the beautiful snowy peaks of the Sierra Blanca, with marvelous grandeur way off in the wondrously clear distance, are again gracefully shifted upon the scene. After riding for miles through the loveliest of ever-changing mountain scenery, which almost paralyzes the beholder with its awful grandeur, the train descends the Poncho Pass, at the foot of which

rests the picturesque little village of Poncho Springs, and soon steams into the brisk town of Salida. On our arrival here we found a huge white trained bear attracting the attention of the bystanders, but this performance soon terminated most ignominiously, much to the chagrin of the master of ceremonies, and the amusement of the audience. During the graceful (?) dancing of the polka an inquisitive little canine stepped upon bruin's coda, which occasioned a scene impossible to portray.

After supper at the Monte Cristo Hotel we took a walk across the Arkansas River, up to the upper end of the principal street of this prettily-hemmed-in place. This town was formerly known as Lower Arkansas. It is rapidly developing into a place of importance. The weather is one of its peculiarities, its winters being phenomenally mild. On our return to the hotel we learned that the most important personage of the State of Colorado, politically speaking, had arrived, viz : Gov. Eaton. After securing a glimpse of this portly magistrate, we turned back to our car, where we found the porter busily engaged in arranging the interior for our night's lodging. After a six o'clock breakfast the following morning we left Salida, and soon enjoyed a mingling of bold and picturesque scenes. For nearly one hundred miles the Arkansas river breaks along the side of the road, now placid, then a large roaring, foaming, swelling stream. The scenery in the ten-mile gorge, known as the Grand Canon of the Arkansas, and the Royal gorge, eclipses in grandeur, all hitherto seen. High above us rose immense red granite rocks, attaining the wonderful height of two thousand feet, ornamented in a few favored places by trees and shrubs. The skill of the engineer, as displayed in this gorge, is truly miraculous. At one place where there is room for only the river, a bridge is ingeniously *hung*, the strong supports of which are stretched across the chasm. After leaving this abyss we soon enter Canon City, noted for its neatly walled-up soda springs and its large State penitentiary. Between here and South Pueblo, curious and numerous ridges of rocks are seen. The weather became intensely warm as we neared South Pueblo. After dinner, which we had at the station dining rooms of this city, we were glad to hasten away to the cool and inviting retreat of Manitou, where we arrived early in the evening of the same day. This renowned summer resort has been christened the Saratoga of the West. It is noted for the medicinal quali-

ties of its numerous springs, and is surrounded by some of the most magnificent scenery in America. It rests under the snow-crowned summit of Pike's Peak, at an elevation of 6,297 feet. A playful, boiling little stream, called the Fontaine qui-Bouille, gayly washes its way through the rocky town. It already consists of eight hundred inhabitants, and has three churches—the Episcopal, Congregational and Catholic—to keep the flock from going astray.

During our three days' sojourn here, a "provided" carriage drive took us to the Garden of the Gods, the Ute Pass, Rainbow Falls, and the Mineral Springs. The Garden of the Gods is owned by a Mr. Potter, from Chicago. It contains a wonderful collection of interesting and amusing natural rock ornaments, the most peculiar of which are the red sand stone columns at the entrance, which are three hundred and eighty feet high. Among the attractions wrought by the action of the wind and rain, are the Tower of Babel, a Cathedral three hundred and thirty feet high, a seal, a Polar bear, mushrooms and toad-stools, Balance rock, profile of Ben Butler, Siamese Twins, Ant Eater, Lady of the Garder, Echo Cave, (where a most remarkable and astonishing echo can be awakened,) heads of animals, such as the buffalo, lion and deer, and a host of others too numerous to mention. From here our drive took us to Glen Eyrie, where we saw the eagles' nests; also, the isolated home of Gen. Potter, which consists of a magnificent red sand stone mansion, with corresponding stables, situated in a perfect wilderness; save the beautiful green lawn, sprinkled with flower beds, immediately in front of the villa, a melancholy air of desolation pervades the whole.

The next morning, June 18, was profitably employed in visiting Colorado Springs, five miles distance. Our course took us through the once-destined-to-be-capital-of-the-State, but now merely a deserted country village of Colorado City.

Colorado Springs, which place by the way received its name from the springs found at Manitou, is, on the whole, the most beautifully-planned and handsomely-built town it has ever been our lot to visit. It fairly sparkles with cleanliness, culture and refinement. Some of the avenues are quite Parisian-like in appearance, having double carriage ways separated by rows of beautiful trees. It abounds in handsome churches, school houses, private residences and hotels. Horse-back riding and carriage-driving are extravagantly indulged

in by the old and young of this highly-adorned town. The home of Helen Hunt, the authoress, was one of interest to our party. In a cottage peeping out from luxuriant foliage and partly-concealed by neglected shrubbery, this talented lady spent the last days of her life. Her monument is the yonder towering Cheyenne Mountain, where according to her desire, she was buried.

The country between Colorado Springs and Manitou is highly cultivated. Many large and beautiful ranches may be seen, while the scenery all around is grand beyond description.

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### LETTER XXV.

*Dear Courier:*—As the mountain-trail climbing passion which once dwelt in our bosom had become extinct since our Yosemite Valley experiences, we were content to leave the summit of Pike's Peak all unbereft of its mystery and grandeur, and confine our wanderings in the quiet valley, with that snow-crowned "beacon of '59" our constant attendant. It was no disappointment to us, when we learned from a reliable source, that the trail was in an exceedingly rough and dangerous condition—so much so that it was deemed imprudent for the ladies of the party to attempt the ascent. Only one member of our car family possessed enough enterprise and vigor to scale the rocky heights. His dejected appearance, together with his gruff, "I would not do it again for twenty-five dollars!" were proof positive of a hard day's struggle.

The illusive power of the pure Colorado atmosphere is startling and remarkable. In the clear sky it is impossible to realize distances; only the perpetual snow lodged upon the surrounding peaks indicate the great distance and height which separate them from the valley.

At eight o'clock on the bright and poetic morning of June 19th, we were borne away from the cool and inviting retreat of Manitou, which was left with universal regret, and hastened on to Denver, the "Queen City of the Plains," where we arrived at precisely twelve o'clock. This four hours' journey in the stillest and sweetest of summer mornings, was a memorable one. The "sleepers" were abandoned for the comfortable reclining chair cars, an innovation duly appreciated by

one and all. The entire scenery of this road is interesting and grand. The numerous foothills, bedecked with the rarest of wild flowers, conspicuous among which was the beautiful white poppy, were full of extravagant and pleasant surprises. At Divide, where a gem of water known as Palmer Lake is found, we were privileged to spend a few minutes. This cold, clear lake has great attractiveness as a summer resort. Owing to its elevation, (7,544 feet,) the temperature in its vicinity is remarkably cool and pleasant during the warmest days of the hot season. The ornamental little depot received its share of superlative expressions of admiration. Denver, the capital of this mountainous State, the city of magic growth, is finely located on the great plains, with the Rocky mountains twelve miles distance at their nearest point, yet at times having the appearance of being within easy walking distance. A three-hours' carriage ride, with an exceedingly communicative ex-cow boy driver, gave us a fair idea of this progressive metropolis. The view from Capitol Hill is marvelously grand—the ever-changing panorama of exquisite mountain scenery, is forever spread before the occupants of the palatial residences which beautify this once-barren hill, portions of which, not so many years ago, could be purchased for a mere song, now bring fabulous prices. The elegant wide streets are lined on both sides, for many blocks, with magnificent private residences, many of which are surrounded with extensive lawns, which are so neatly and artistically mown that their resemblance to green plush is wonderfully perfect. There is an absence, however, of luxuriant shrubbery and profusion of flower beds, which fill the yards of the cities farther west. Many of the public buildings are models of architecture, the most prominent being the Tabor Grand Opera House, which is considered the finest structure of its kind in America. Six hundred thousand dollars were spent in its construction. It is complete in every respect. We saw it in all its splendor on the occasion of a minstrel performance. The court house, constructed at a cost of three hundred and thirty-seven thousand dollars, is a noteworthy edifice. We were very courteously conducted through the building, and enjoyed a rare view of the city from its dome.

In the smelting works in the immediate vicinity an enormous amount of mountain traffic is done. We visited the Argo, which is the larger and more interesting of the two. We found foreign element largely employed in these works,



which made our visit exceedingly unprofitable, as we were unaccompanied by a guide.

On Sunday, June 20th, the St. John's Cathedral was filled to overflowing to hear the Rev. Phillips Brooks, of Trinity church, Boston. As this noted divine was one of the Raymond excursionists, it had the tendency of gathering together nearly the entire band of travelers. The speaker's subject was, "Learning to Know People," founded upon the twenty-second verse of the fourteenth chapter of St. John. The music on this occasion was of the highest order, and was most excellently rendered.

An excursion up Clear Creek Canon to Idaho Springs, Georgetown and Silver Plume, occupied the entire day of the following Tuesday. The railway through this prolific silver region is so tortuous that the most wonderful engine-spinning on record is here indulged in. The road crosses and recrosses itself at will. At one point it may be seen *five* times. The mountain scenery is wonderfully wild and rugged. Here savage Nature reigns supreme. Engulfed amidst lofty and magnificent rock-work in park-like reservations, with very little room to spread themselves, are found thrifty mining towns, bearing an aspect, however, far from inviting. Beyond Georgetown the road forms a complete loop, the line crossing itself by a bridge ninety feet high. The view of the valley from this lofty point is equaled by few, if any, in the world. The visit into the silver mine, at Brownville, was a decided failure, for the majority of the party, owing to its muddy condition and carefully-stored-away rubbers in trunks and valises at the station of Denver some fifty miles distant.

Among these grandly - conspicuous groups of mountains nothing is more touchingly sad than are the forlorn and desolate-looking graveyards which are occasionally shifted upon the scene. On our return to Georgetown we took dinner at the Barton House, after which we zig-zagged back to Denver, where supper was had at six, p. m., at the station dining room.

## LETTER XXVI.

*Dear Courier* :—The sleeper Ogalalla was the one destined to carry us out of the State of Colorado—that “Land of Promise,” through Nebraska—to Council Bluffs, Iowa. Our exit from the city of Denver was made at seven, p. m., on the evening of June 22d, amidst such a brilliancy, variety and gorgeousness of sky scenery as is rarely witnessed, and never excelled. The bewildering splendor of the sunset assured us that Old Sol was desperately determined to give us a lasting impression of his wondrous beauty in this remarkably pure, clear and healthy atmosphere.

On the following morning we found ourselves in the Valley of the Platte, in the neighboring State of Nebraska. Kearney Junction was the first place noted after our morning ablution. A rich flood of sunshine deluged the broad expanse of highly-cultivated land, variegating the scene with unprecedented brilliancy. The gorgeous atmospheric tints, mingling with the fleecy clouds, produced an aspect of more than ordinary attractiveness. A few hours more in the pleasant glow of this sparkling sunshiny morning brought us to our breakfast station, Grand Island. After this meal the discovery was made that a *leger-dermist* dwelt among us. In a mysterious manner an *onion* was transferred into the Ogalalla. This bulb, it behooves us to explain, not only caused much merriment, but was doomed to become of historical interest.

Our route led us through the prolific corn-yielding districts of the “State of the Plains.” Extensive cribs filled with thousands of bushels of last year’s growth skirted the road. This storage had a demoralizing tendency on the most aged member of our party, who threatened to tell his friends wonderful tales of this western agricultural paradise of ours. For, whispered he in confidence, “can I not truthfully say, that I saw one thousand bushels of corn raised on *less than an acre!*”

At Omaha our family chain lost its first link. After an acquaintance, such a one as is gained within the narrow limits of a car; after an imprisonment of days and nights in one stretch, a break in a congenial company is a sad event. Such, therefore, was the case when two of our most respected fellow-passengers left us at Omaha to prolong their sojourn among relatives. Crossing the Missouri river we entered the State of Iowa, where dinner was had at Council Bluffs. At three, p. m., we continued our journey, not, however, before a most

amusing and interesting *strike* was indulged in by the unpopular clique hailing from Boston. Accidentally (for it could *not* have been otherwise,) when a change of sleepers took place, one of inferior pattern and workmanship was shifted into the numerical position belonging to this aristocratic train. A quiet indignation meeting resulted in the piling of all their hand baggage on the platform of the station, and a declaration made in genuine Yankee venacular, that the journey would not be continued by them—unless a car more in keeping with their style and station would be forthcoming. The pale countenance and knit brows of the agent plainly indicated that *this* time, at least, he was unequally matched; consequently the complainants gained the day, and the wheels once more rolled smoothly around, on through the undulating prairie land, reaching the Capital De Moines at nine, p. m. The following day our meals were sumptuously furnished us in the dining car. Beautiful bills of fare, napkins and flowers were presented us, making interesting souvenirs of the occasion. Before the close of day, our number was again lessened. Several more of those who had endeared themselves to us branched off for a more extended visit, while we that remained hastened on through Illinois, Indiana, Michigan and Canada, halting at Niagara Falls, in the State of New York, on Friday, June 25th, where we breakfasted at the International Hotel. Only a portion of the day was allotted us to view this, the sublimest spectacle in the world. A copious shower, prior to our arrival, occasioned a peculiar vivifying and refreshing effect.

Through the generosity of the New York Legislature the grounds adjacent to the mighty cataract have been included in a public park, hence every portion of the American side can be enjoyed free from the petty impositions which formerly annoyed the visitor. On Goat Island we had a satisfactory view of the Canadian Falls; from here the descent to the Cave of the Winds is made. This cave is a place back and under the Falls. An immense rock stretching out above where the waters dash over makes it possible to walk beneath with this mighty rush of water overhead. After a walk to the islands of Luna and the Three Sisters, we were ready to enjoy what had been purposely reserved for last, that grandest of all views, the one gained from Prospect Park. We will not attempt to describe what we deem utterly indescribable. This roaring, seething, plunging, tremendous rush of water must be seen to be appreciated. The view from above was sufficient

for our party of limited time; but way down one hundred and sixty feet were four adventurous ones, who were enjoying this magnificence from below. Protected by yellow rubber suits, they resembled seals as they clambered out on the rocks. The "Maid of the Mist," a small steamer, fearlessly plies the river, enabling the visitor to gain good views of both sides of this stupendous work of Nature.

After a general interchange of compliments and regrets at parting, we left the "Bay State" excursionists, and in the midst of a tremendous thunder storm, were whirled in omnibuses to the station, where we soon took the train, and before another day had sunk into oblivion, our journey was ended where it had begun—at the Ninth and Green streets station, Philadelphia, where the final separation took place. After a most friendly leave-taking, we again drifted apart, returning to the care of those who had waited patiently and grown anxious for us during our absence. We had traversed our country from shore to shore, and traveled over ten thousand miles, during these 59 memorable days of '86.

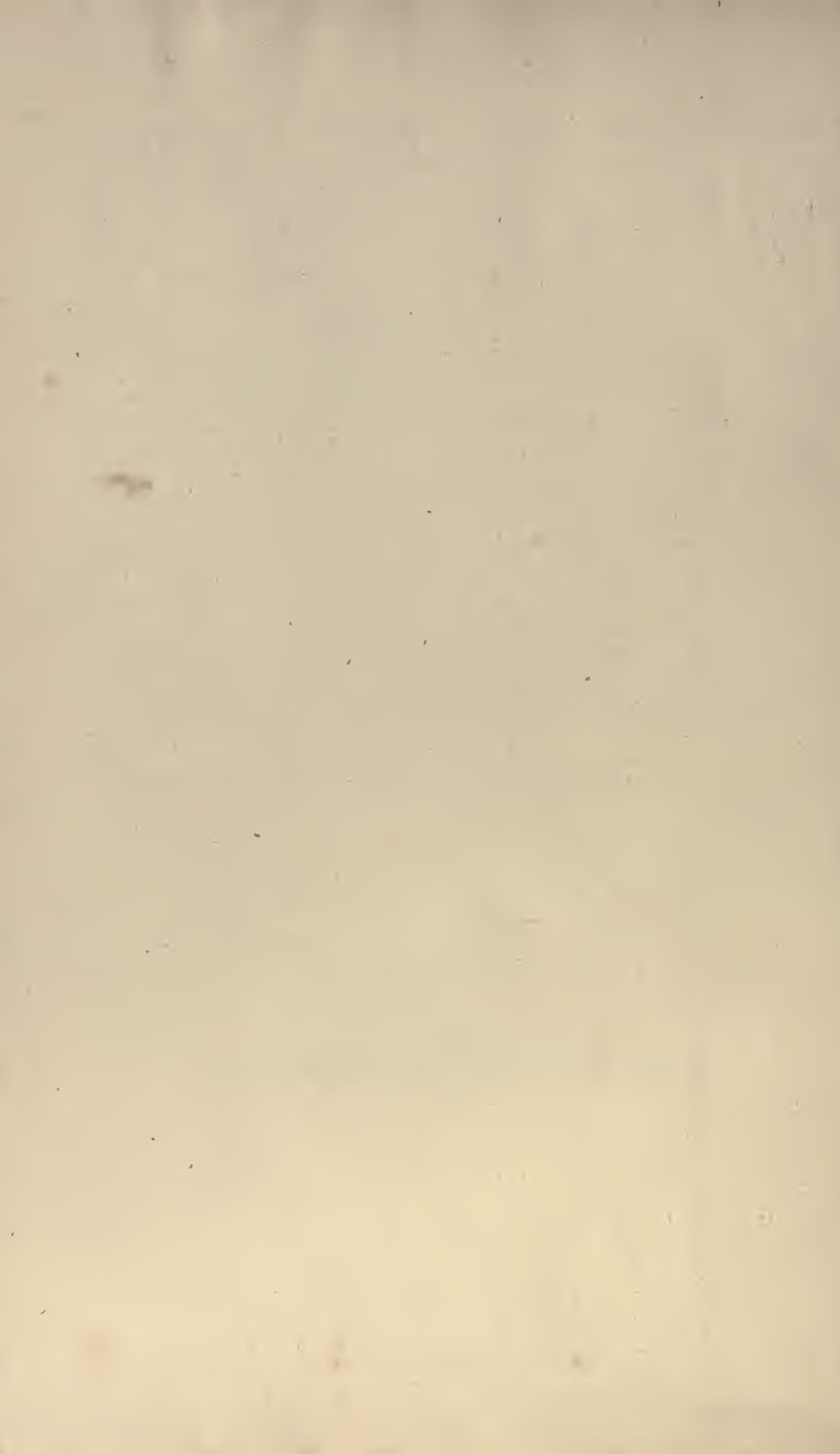
Now, kind reader, we, too, must part—since nothing more remains to be told,—yes, one thought more,—let us breathe it softly :

*"Be it ever so humble, there is no place like Home !"*

ZITELLA.







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