

APPENDIX.

killing him sooner so that we could go back and catch a bigger one. He weighed fifteen pounds, and was the gamest fish that I have ever tackled. Passed a quiet evening on the car after a julep and a capital dinner.

June 12th: Colonel W. G. Curtis, General Manager of Southern Pacific R. R., and wife arrived with his special car from San Francisco to meet and take us back with them later in the day. Will have more to say of this amiable couple. The General took breakfast with them and then went back to the falls, they continuing on to Portland, twelve miles further on, but all meeting about 12:00 m., the General with a nineteen-and-a-half pound salmon. Our car hitched on behind Colonel Curtis's special engine, and his car to ours, and we started on a seven hundred and fifty mile ride to San Francisco, passing through an extensive and beautiful valley along the banks of the Willamette. It was hard to realize that this beautiful and well-developed land was a wild region described by Captain Bonneville less than a hundred years before on his famous tour of exploration. Stopped over in the afternoon and fished in the Umphual River. While standing on the saw mill above saw large salmon trying every instant to jump the dam just below us, but were not prepared for them as we were only trouting. Later returned to our little train, had an elaborate dinner on Mr. Curtis's car, played euchre until bed time, and then retired. The following afternoon moved on to the headwaters of the Sacramento, a kindred stream, and tried that with like success. Ran back a few miles to Castle Craig, a precipitous rock, said to be a mile and a quarter high without the slightest sign of earth or vegetation on it, and halted for the night on the cars. After a fine dinner, preluded with a julep, played euchre until bed time and then retired for a good night's sleep, with the raging river just beside us for our lullaby.

June 14th: This being the anniversary of Mr. and Mrs. Curtis' wedding day, it was voted to pass it where we then were, than which a more picturesque place could not have been found within the borders, nearby the lofty rock of Castle Craig and Mount Shasta, one of the highest peaks on the Continent, seventeen thousand, five hundred feet above sea-level, and covered with snow, and the Sacramento rushing below in a perfect torrent; while on the other side of the road, towering above, was an almost perpendicular bluff over a thousand feet high. After breakfast Colonel Curtis and I walked over to the Castle Craig Tavern, half a mile off through beautiful grounds and flower gardens. This is an elegant summer resort, capable of accommodating some six or eight hundred guests, with extensive walks and drives.

June 15th: Followed the Sacramento down until dark, stopping to fish wherever any spot looked inviting for that purpose. During the morning came to a bend in the road by which four-and-a-half miles brought the train back to within half a mile of the starting point and some five hundred feet below, at a famous spring much like the Deep Rock water which we had been using on the train. There was an attractive little hotel added by the railroad, and an exceedingly high water jet natural, from the mountains above, which was made to play for our edification. Mrs. Curtis and I walked down from the halting place above by a narrow path through the woods, passing numerous large springs whose flow unites further down, forming a lovely moss-covered cascade just below the spring. Nature did her level best to make this an ideal spot, the grounds of which belong to the railroad. The river runs right in front of the hotel. Dined and fished until sundown, moving on along the stream (Sacramento). Then gave up our engine and hitched on to the express train which came along for San Francisco.

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June 16th, Sunday: Passed through one of the most fertile sections of country on the globe—the Sacramento Valley—every acre of which seemed teeming with luxuriant ripe wheat as far as the eye could reach. This continued for fully three hundred miles, interspersed here and there with orchards, small fruits, vegetable gardens, and hundreds of miles in extent, shade trees and flowers. Entered San Joaquin, a kindred valley, at right angles, lower down. About 5:00 p. m., reached the town of Oakland, opposite San Francisco, and leaving our cosy accommodations with a tinge of regret, took an immense ferry-boat and passed over to the last-named place. We were driven up to the Palace Hotel almost without a rival as a city hostelry, and assigned to elegant apartments with every convenience. The next day Thomas and I took the electric car out to the Cliff, a bold eminence looking out on the Pacific. Felt something of a Balboa's exultation on first seeing this grandest of all oceans; the shores were crowded with bathers, and the rocks with seals. Farther on is an immense bath-house, fed from the ocean and capable of seating twenty thousand lookers-on. On the way out took a hack and passed an hour in the park, nothing to boast of except in its flora, unique and diversified. Much has been done in developing it however, as it was but a succession of barren sand hills and banks only a short while ago. Passed the evening quietly with General Hampton, who was complaining much of a pain in his shoulder occasioned by an old accident. Met his medical attendant there, Dr. M. Gardner, a very entertaining man, cousin of General Gardner, C. S. A., the Port Hudson, celebrity. Some of the gradients on the electric and cable street railway are fearful to ascend and descend until used to them, suggesting angles of 30, and even 45 degrees. Dined with Bill Foote, Captain Brice, of the Navy, Major Schofield, of the Army, and two young men,

the sons of Claus Spreckles, the sugar king of the Sandwich Islands. After dinner the first three named volunteered to show me the slums of Chinatown under the escort of Colonel Crowley, Chief of Police of the city, and three of his subordinates. Such squalor, filth and degradation, it is impossible to describe or even to conceive of as we saw here huddled together in this seething hive of forty thousand Mongolians; closets ten or twelve feet square furnished sleeping rooms for as many human beings, if such wretches can be so called, and frequently two and three stories under ground, reached by ladders, and not ten feet in dip. And yet we were told by the other two gentlemen, who had been there before, that we did not begin to see the worst phases of it, the police sergeants fearing to let the chief into their vilest dens and secrets of these horrible purlieus lest he should call them to account for being cognizant of them. Went to one of their theatres and sat half an hour on the stage, not the slightest elevation of tone or change of facial muscle marked either of the actors during the performance. Apparently it was all pure humdrum repetition.

The next day Mrs. Curtis, by appointment, took me through the shopping district, and better part generally of Chinatown. Bad enough this even under a noonday's sun, but what a contrast for the better to last night's horrors. Cannot blame these Pacific coast folks for insisting on keeping these people out. They may excite our pity, but there is contagion in their touch. Passed the rest of the day in strolling through the city and taking in the sights. Was surprised to see so little shipping of the better sort at the wharves. At night accepted an invitation of General P. M. B. Young, the then Minister to Guatemala, to accompany him and two ladies to the theatre, where he had secured a private box; an agreeable party and a most interesting comedy. After

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the performance we all took a light supper at the Palace Hotel restaurant.

June 21st: Met a number of agreeable acquaintances and passed a very pleasant day. Took dinner with Judge Foote in company with General Young at the University Club, an enjoyable affair. By the way, have been honored with invitations and the freedom of all the leading clubs of the city for two weeks. After dinner General Young and I called on Mrs. Oatherwood, the daughter of Chief Justice Hastings, of California, and an old friend of my father in the early days of the State, and, if report be true, a million heiress many times told. She was certainly a highly gifted and intellectual woman.

June 22nd: By invitation General Hampton and I passed the day at Palo Alto, the princely home of Mrs. Leland Stanford and about two miles from Meno Station. Our car was tacked on to the express train and switched off at Menlo, where we met carriages sent for us and likewise for Judge Field and family of the United States Supreme Court. He failed to arrive, but his sister-in-law, Mrs. Condit-Smith, and daughter did. After an elegant breakfast, were driven out to the stables containing seven hundred superb specimens of horse-flesh, for one of which the late owner refused \$150,000, and a four-weeks old colt, his son, was now under consideration on an offer of \$7,500. The finest specimens of the stable were put through their paces for our inspection, including the kindergarten or juvenile samples of the lot. They were put through their paces with the precision of the circus although only one and two years old. From there drove out to the Leland Stanford University, the noblest monument ever erected by man to commemorate an honored relative, twenty millions of dollars, the bequest in memory of his son. Cecilia Metella is here far outclassed in lavish display. Took

an early dinner with our hospitable entertainer, and then took train for Monterey, arriving at the world-famed Del Monte at 6:00 p. m., where elegant apartments were awaiting us. Taken as a whole, it surpasses all of the caravansaries that I have ever seen, and that imports the finest on two continents. The building proper, it is true, does not come up to the Ponce de Leon and its surroundings, but the grounds were an immense flower garden, far transcending it or any private or ducal home that I ever saw in Europe. Our being the invited guests of the establishment, with best quarters, was not calculated to lessen appreciation. After breakfast Colonel Curtis and myself took an eighteen-mile drive around Monterey Bay, an adjunct of the hotel and most picturesque one it is, alternately overlooking the ocean with the breakers lashed into fury at our feet, and then branching off into primeval tropical forest. Passed through the old town of Monterey, which looks as if it had not undergone the slightest change since first laid off and turned out by the old Mission Fathers. The first legislature of California was held here in 1849-50, my father being a member of the then State Senate. On the way back to the hotel examined the famous salt-water baths, enclosing perhaps half an acre in space and artificially heated, with three or four large swimming pools. After strolling through the grounds and enjoying a superb dinner, took train for Santa Clara, on the other side of the bay, where our car was side-tracked, remaining aboard until Monday morning (to-morrow) in order to try the salmon in the bay, now in full season.

June 24th: Was up bright and early and soon several miles out on salt water from the shore, the sea running high. I hooked a ten-foot shark and brought him alongside, but he snapped the line and escaped. It should have been premised that while there we were the guests of the California Fish