

Letters of travel in California, in the winter and spring of 1896. By Loraine Immen

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Published originally in the "Grand Rapids Herald."

Preface or Foreword WITH THE WISH that these random notes of many happy moments spent in California may recall pleasant recollections to those who have visited the Golden State, those who have left us to make their home there and add to the interest for further facts to those who have the journey yet in store for them.

To my Husband, Frederick Immen, These Letters are affectionately dedicated.

Contents

Pasadena, Echo Mountain, Mount Lowe. San Diego, Cornado, Pacific Beach, La Jolla. The City of Los Angeles, San Gabriel Mission, Santa Anita, San Bernardino, Redland, Riverside, Santa Barbara. Yosemite Valley, Bridal Veil, Yosemite Falls. Oakland, Santa Clara Valley, San Francisco. From Oakland to Salt Lake, Manitou, Denver, Grand Rapids. Welcome Home.

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In Land of Flowers ECHO MOUNTAIN, CAL., March 6, 1896. "And those who come, both young and old, Declare the half has not been told."

Just before leaving home I cut from a Chicago paper the following poem, and I said that if California is all that is pictured in this poem I shall send it back through the Herald to my friends,

and after a journey through eight states, twenty-five hundred miles accomplished with as much ease as a journey to Lansing in our own State, we arrived in the sunny land, in San Gabriel valley, in the picturesque town of Pasadena, translated "Crown of the Valley, Entrance to Eden," etc. Four delightful weeks we remained there without a cloudy day, nothing but sunshine, gathered roses, poppies and orange blossoms and other flowers, with which the land around Pasadena is covered, attended the various churches, the Shakespeare club, which is ably presided over by Mrs. Stout, formerly of Niles, Michigan, visited Dr. Thomas, and family in their beautiful home, Mrs. Stuntz (who is a poetess) and Mrs. Margaret C. Graham (author of stories of "The Foot Hills"), celebrated Washington's Birthday by attending a picnic in Miller's canon, where, after an excellent lunch provided by our landlord, Mr. Painter, of the Painter Hotel, resolutions were adopted 10 by the guests of the hotel which included Mr. and Mrs. Lamos, Mr. F. Godfrey and daughter of Grand Rapids; Mr. Crane and family from Chicago; the Johnsons of Mars; Seamans and Stones of New York; Morrows from Pennsylvania; McFarlands from Washington, D C., and others from the East; and cheers were given for our worthy host and the day. We climbed to the highest point in the canon, where the water came tumbling down over the rocks, drank of the pure cold draught, cut canes from the bay tree and then drove back over the tortious way to our hotel; watched the rising and setting sun and the moon as it came up over the scarred and wrinkled mountains of the Sierra Madre, feasted upon the luscious oranges so abundant around us, watched the bees gathering the honey from the flowers, so that I can heartily endorse all that is uttered in the poem I mentioned in the beginning: "California: vine land and pine land afar by the west, Wine land and shine land by all blessings blest. France it is dreams on thy slopes where she lies; Italy beams from thy languorous skies, Gleams there and streams on the world's paradise. Land, which the grand old Sierras o'erfrown, Stern and eternal as a Titan-built town, Marred and Jove-scarred and yet not battered down. Giants they seem of the old fabled races, Wearing the dream of the Sphinx on their faces, Sifting its theme from all thought that debases. Foams o'er thy homes in a deluge the rose, In thy meadow the wild poppy grows, Balm from the calm of the summer sea flows. Oh, now to dwell where the oranges bloom, Oh, now to smell their enchanting perfume; Oh, there to go where the oranges shine, Seen through the green of the trees all a-line, Gold that is rolled round the honey and wine."

SLEIGHRIDE AMONG FLOWERS.

Looking out from my window at the Painter away up the mountain called Echo, one can see a cluster of buildings painted white, Echo Mountain House, annex and Lowe observatory. Friday, March 7, at 2 p. m., we took the electric cars to Altadena (Mr. and Mrs Roy Barnhart's home is at this place), thence up to Rubio canon, one of the most picturesque and beautiful canons in the Sierra Madre mountains, where is taken the great cable incline to the hotel among the mountains. On this electric cable incline, in the open "white chariot," we were carried up fourteen hundred feet at an average of 59 per cent. and for a portion of its length at one of 62. At the head of this ascent we saw to the left, the great World's Fair search light, the Mountain House, electric power house and the Lowe observatory. Immediately upon our arrival, after securing rooms, we went to the white dome of the Lowe observatory, where We were entertained and instructed by Dr Lewis Swift, the noted comet seeker, who gives his time to visitors, showing his instruments and explaining their workings. We then took a walk, following a trail up the mountains, far up, until the setting sun warned us to return. After dinner we watched the search light flash over the cities of Pasadena and Los Angeles, whose electric lights, like stars, contrasted strangely with the world over our heads, which an hour later was shown to us through Professor Swift's superb sixteen-inch refracting telescope. Jupiter and suns were admirably seen and the milky way with its I dare not say how many planets, no one has yet been able to count them. An evening with Music and Readings in honor of Professor Lowe, (who was at the hotel that evening his magnificent home is on Orange Grove avenue, Pasadena), and the 12 birthday of one of the guests, Miss Stevenson, of England, concluded our first day's stay up in the sky.

A RIDE UP THE MOUNTAIN.

The next morning a party from Pasadena, Professor Lowe, wife and son, myself and husband, began the upper mountain ride from the Echo Mountain House to Mount Lowe by an electric railway that clings to the mountain along a narrow thread of pathway, doubling or curving over 150 times in its four miles route, crossing canon after canon, springing out and around the circular bridge anchored

out in space by giant supports. Faintly can words or picture suggest the grandeur or beauty of the canons riving the mountains to their base; here crowned by giant forests, there dully green with chapparal, or thrusting their solid granite into full view. Alpine tavern. 5,000 feet above the sea level, is at the end of the track. At this point we took a four-horse sleigh to the summit of Mount Lowe, 6,000 feet above the sea. The snow was from three to five feet deep, and yet from out the snow the mountain laurel in full bloom was peeping and the manzanitas were in leaf and bloom. The snow had fallen two days before. The sun shone brightly and our thick wrappings that we took with us were unnecessary. On this summit the view opens up across the great Mojave Desert and sweeps along the coast from beyond Santa Barbara on the north down into Mexico to the south and 200 miles out at sea-bringing within one's vision a scope of over 400 miles, in diameter. Switzerland has her Rigi. New England, Mount Washington, Colorado, Pike's Peak and California, Mount Lowe, reached by the grandest of all mountain railroads, Mount Lowe railway. It was a lofty purpose that prompted Professor T. S. C. Lowe to make a retreat where those who vibrate to his 13 thought could come and commune with nature-mountains, valleys, sunsets, ferns, flowers and forests. One has well said of Professor Lowe: "He is a Chesterfield." "Here is blood and breeding," as Ruskin says of men. "A man that welcomed you with a hand of Lincoln, a head like a Bismarck and a heart like his own."

LORAIN IMMEN.

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CARONADO HOTEL, SAN DIEGO.

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San Diego

GEM OF THE PACIFIC, LA JOLLA, SAN DIEGO AND CORONADO BEACH, Cal., March 28, 1896.

Moonlight, white foam, where waves beat upon the shore —house one blaze of light, music— people from frozen North, over the sea, ball-room, dancers, America's fairest daughters! “How many hearts will cherish sweet memories of thee, Hotel del Coronado, fair palace by the sea!”

In 1542 what is now California was discovered at San Diego by Cabrillo, a Portuguese navigator sailing under the Spanish flag. He named the spot San Miguel and sailed north. Fifty-four years after- wards Sebastian Viscanio renamed the harbor San Diego (St. James). At this time Indians alone inhabited the land. Another long blank and then came the mission fathers, whose noble and faithful work can still be seen in other parts of California; but in Old Town San Diego was planted the first mission. Time forbids a description of the missions the fathers established, but, in brief, their work was to convert the savages of California into makers of brick, tillers of the soil and carriers of Water, and though they were not the material with which to form a civilized nation, their lives were made much better.

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MANY SHARP ENCOUNTERS. Later came sharp encounters at Old Town, in which Fremont, Bidwell and Kit Carson took part. Although it is 353 years ago since the first discovery of this part of our country, and though it is the oldest municipality in the State, it was not until 1867 that the city of San Diego was settled, a City on the bay of the same name, with a \$150,000 courthouse, public library containing 12,000 volumes, twenty churches and thirty church organizations, five kindergartens, forty-five miles of graded streets, forty-four miles of street railways, electric car system, four daily newspapers, a \$100,000 opera house, five banks and the largest hotel in the world at Coronado, which brings me back to the beginning of my story. Coronado, with “its towers and turrets” reaching up into the blue ether, gables here, orioles there and flowers everywhere! The grounds cover twenty acres, containing rare flowers and pine, palm and pepper trees. The dining room has a floor area of 10,000 square feet; its ends are oval, and its ceiling is thirty-three feet high, unsupported by a single pillar; the hotel is lighted by 25,000 arc lights; the quadrangular court is a tropical garden of one and a half acres; the ball-room is circular, with an area of 11,000 feet, with its timber roof open to the lofty observatory. All these are facts, the whole hotel covering five acres.

We climbed to the observatory, we tasted of luscious viands in its dining room and attended the ball, where we saw the merry dancers go round; we wrote home letters to our friends in one of its spacious parlors, and lastly, we wandered on the sea-beat shore, and some of us had a plunge in the grand old ocean, by the side of which the hotel lies. Of the beauties, views around it, etc., one is Point Loma, with its picturesque old lighthouse, the highest in the world. The 17 view from the top is pronounced by C. D. Warner, Kate Field and others "one of the finest views of the world."

Of the city of San Diego, let Mrs. Rose Hartwick Thorpe (who has a home not far from it called "Rosemere," and who has won many hearts in the Golden State by her poems, which she still continues to write), sing to you of it:

SAN DIEGO. Low swaying pepper boughs; blooms of magnolia; Summer and sunshine and roses galore; Song of the mocking bird, Morning and evening heard; Murmuring waves breaking white on the shore. Fogs marching up from the breast of the Ocean; Languorous moons sailing into the west; Fruitage of tree and vine, All the year summer time; Harbor of safety and haven of rest.

It has a climate found nowhere else, for the United States records at San Diego show that in ten years there were but 120 days in which the mercury passed 80 degrees, and but six days in which the mercury fell below 35 degrees. Of its surroundings, the cereal belt and the mountain region, though but a small acreage is yet planted to wheat and corn, they will in future be one of the paying crops of this locality; the chief products are wheat, barley, oats, corn, potatoes and vegetables of all kinds; figs, walnuts, grapes, melons, nectarines, peaches, prunes, apricots, pears, plums, apples, cherries, olives and currants are raised here. Can you ask for more? We've just had a feast of delicious strawberries fresh from the vines. Travelers who have visited Palestine remark that the fig, olive and grape 18 yield here as wonderfully as it is recorded of their doing in Palestine 2,000 years ago.

Foremost among the citrus localities is Chulu Vista, a 5,000-acre tract, over 2,500 acres of which are in orchard. There are upwards of 3,000,000 fruit trees in the country, of which 300,000 are orange and 400,000 lemon; the latter raised in this country have no superiors. "A tribute we bring

to the 'apple of gold' And tributes of praise to the fruit of the vine, With clusters abundant as fables of old, Peach, apricot, pear, plum, olive and lime; Crown princes, each one, that respond to our call, But Lemon, King Lemon, is monarch of all." The subjects of Olive fought long for his crown, And thousands to Orange have bended the knee; Long years hath Old Grape held the place of renown, Long years reigned as king in this land by the sea; But Lemon arose in his might at our call, Now this sturdy monarch is king of them all."—R. T.

Mrs. Thorpe writes from personal knowledge, for at Rosemere we walked through her lemon grove, as well as orange grove, where Mr. Thorpe showed us quantities of fine lemons being cured for the Eastern market.

GAME IS PLENTIFUL

Over a hundred varieties of food fish are caught in the bay, and in the ocean outside barracuda, albacore, sea trout, herring, whitefish, deep-water sole, etc Rabbits, quail, and occasionally an "antlered monarch of the waste" and mountain lion fall victims to the prowess of some hunter who has entered the forest and surprised them in their native home, while wild duck and water fowl are abundant in the lagoons and upon the bay.

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The public buildings, churches, etc., and homes of San Diego show taste and beauty in architecture, and there are no better school facilities or thorough instruction in the public schools than in San Diego city and county, and as they have no storms which would make it unsafe for a child to go one, two or even three miles to school in the mountain region in the depth of winter, there is no part of the county where children are debarred from school privileges.

Just a word in regard to the soil. There are thousands of acres in the mountain valleys where pure cold water may be obtained but a few feet from the surface-so close that the surface never becomes too dry to produce good crops without irrigation. The mean annual rainfall is from ten to thirty-four inches. The two large irrigating systems are the Flume and Sweetwater. The latter dam is one of the triumphs of modern engineering, and one of the largest in the world. It has a capacity to

irrigate 50,000 acres of land, and with its distributing system, cost a million dollars. After looking the matter carefully over, I know of no place in Southern California whose future possibilities are so great as San Diego and vicinity; and Eugene Allen and family, I believe, have chosen wisely their permanent home, where we attended a reception given in our honor to meet the members of the San Diego club, and where we listened to a fine musical program rendered by Mrs. Allen on the piano and her daughters, Loraine and Laura, on the violin.

LA JOLLA. “The land's-end here of rugged mould Fronts grim and grand the tossing sea; The rock-strewn ledges, fold on fold, Withstand the water's battery; The caverns where the waves make moan Are spiked with columns carved from stone.”

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LA JOLLA.

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A day spent at this “Gem of the Pacific” completed, in an attractive manner, our stay in Southern California. The scenery at La Jolla is such that one can find something new and pleasing to mind and eye. The Wearing away of the cliffs under the constant action of air and water has formed a coast line of fantastic shapes and grotesque figures, not unlike those found in the “Garden of the Gods,” in Colorado. There are soft, sandy beaches where the breakers roll; the lovely California sea moss and ferns and the beautiful abalone shells are found here.

Providence has been very kind to us from the moment we left home, raising up kind friends wherever we have been. In fact, our journey since the last week in January has been one round of pleasant surprises. Every day brings some new scene of nature to our view, and our days are full indeed. We have had a glimpse into Old Mexico, written letters from the town of Ti Juana, Mexico, talked to the Indian girls at Old Mission and heard them sing their songs; examined the adobe home where Ramona was married; tasted of the olives from trees at Old Mission 125 years old; visited the celebrated Kimball Ranch; heard good sermons at two of the churches, and enjoyed the ride through the park, a portion of which is being cultivated by a woman, Miss Sessions. She takes the land under agreement of planting so many trees a year. Most of the ground she has is used for the

cultivation of roses, and her rose garden is the admiration of the citizens, as well as strangers. Gen. Grant's son has a fine residence upon one of the heights, and around his are many other beautiful homes. Later I hope to Write you of the women's clubs of California, but prefer to wait until I have visited the clubs in the cities of Northern California before so doing.

LORAIN IMMEN.

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RAMONA'S HOME AT SAN DIEGO.

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The City of Los Angeles SAN GABRIEL MISSION, SANTA ANITA, SAN BERNARDINO, REDLANDS, RIVERSIDE, SANTA BARBARA.

SANTA BARBARA, California. Wednesday morning, March 31, with a hasty good-bye to our friends and we were speeding our way back to Los Angeles.

Of the 4,000 square miles of territory of Los Angeles county four-fifths is capable of cultivation and ships more oranges than any other county. Its chief city is located at the base of the Sierra Madre foothills and its city limits cover thirty-six square miles of hill, valley and plain, with a population of 65,000. A hurried visit to its East and West Lake parks, elegant buildings, one owned by T. Stimson, formerly of Michigan, a word with our kind Grand Rapids friends, Mr. and Mrs. Speares and Mr. and Mrs. Jamison (Abbe Norton), who are very pleasantly situated, a call upon C. F. Lummis, editor of "The Land of Sunshine," an afternoon at the Woman's Friday Morning club, Mrs. Osgood President, a ride down to Redondo beach, a Sunday service at Park Congregational church, where, upon entering, we saw, for a moment, nothing but Grand Rapids, Grand Rapids! Reason was the Grand Rapids Chair Co. had furnished the seating for 24 said church. We listened to a good sermon, and fine organ music from their grand new organ, furnished by a Detroit firm; attended a concert in Simpson's Tabernacle, by A. Schott; participated in the service at the New Presbyterian Church, just completed; visited upon several occasions the Chamber of Commerce. the public library with over 30,000 selected volumes, spent a day at Lucky Baldwin's ranch, Santa

Anita, 56,000 acres, which is like a beautiful park, planted with live oaks, orange groves, and where are stables of fleet racers, the names of which were glibly told us by one of the hired men, that spoke well for his memory at least. I should not have been any wiser had he made mistakes; but certainly he had many names at his command. We returned by way of San Gabriel, with its old adobe mission church, talked with its dweller, the priest, in the rooms adjoining the church; and recalled the fact that it was at this spot that the first settlement in the valley was made and the first orange trees were planted. One day we took the train around "the kite-shaped track," stopping at San Bernardino, where lives Lenora Harrison Drew (formerly of Grand Rapids). At Redlands we engaged a carriage and, with a party that were soon our friends, Mr. and Mrs. Reymond, of Massachusetts, went up Smiley Hill, a beautiful winter home of an Eastern man, then again took the train to Riverside, population 4,000, where we repeated the ride by carriage with Mr. and Mrs. Greer, of St. Louis, Mo., through Magnolia avenue, a magnificent driveway of seven miles between rows of eucalyptus, pepper, magnolia and palm trees, the avenue lined on both sides with orange groves, orchards of almond, pear, peach, apricot, fig and walnut, in the midst of which are fine mansion homes. Returned to Los Angeles in the evening of the same day, and after inspecting Los Angeles' China Town and the Old Mission Church, we left April 4th for Santa Barbara, passing the ranch where Ramona lived (which can be 25 seen from the cars), and arrived in the City of the Sea, Santa Barbara, which sits as the queen on the amphitheater of the Santa Juez range. Here, within a radius of forty miles, is found all that can delight the seeker for health and pleasure, knowledge and profit. "Away in the west, where the sun goes down To his rest in the summer sea, At the mountains feet sleeps a beautiful town, In wonderful shades of green and brown, That is like no other to me. There the roses drowsily nod and dip Their heads in the fragrant breeze, And through the trees can be seen a strip Of water blue with a white-sailed ship Afloat in the open sea. The mountains with their purple shade Guard the lovely valley there, And at night, when the moon begins to fade, The dulcet notes of a serenade Ring softly on the slumbrous air. The tides wash up on the sandy shore Where the berry brown children play, And there, where the breakers dash and roar And the amber seaweed drifts ashore, All drenched with the Silvery spray I have stood and gazed on the beautiful town That sleeps at the mountain's feet, And the sound of the evening bells came down From the old white mission above the tower And the breath of the roses sweet."

This describes fair Santa Barbara by the sea.

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ROMANTIC AND AMIABLE

The consensus of mankind has ranked the Pacific Ocean as not only the greatest and the noblest, but the most romantic and amiable ocean; its colors and shores are lovely; it is never flurried; knowing its power, it rolls along in calm reserve. Such is it at Santa Barbara, where are some of the most exquisite mountain byways, hidden in the ranges of Santa Barbara and Ventura. We drove to see the wonderful mammoth grapevine in a home and grounds at Montecito, followed a mountain trail up, up—away up—among the mountains to the hot sulphur springs, which come out of the rock boiling hot. The following day we attended service at the “Old S. B. Mission,” the best preserved on the coast. A Franciscan friar showed us the relic-room, the cemetery where rests the monk who was lately murdered here by an insane man, and then we climbed up the winding stone steps to the bell tower. One of the bells is missing, and thereby hangs the following tale: “Long ago, so runs the ancient story, Two bells were sent from Spain to that fair clime, New found, beyond the sea, that to God's glory And in His house together they might chime. And to this day one bell is safely swinging Within its sheltering tower, where, clear and free, It hallows each day with its mellow ringing; The other bell — the mate — was lost at sea: And when in gentle chimes the bell is pealing, The people listen; for they say they hear An echo from the distant ocean stealing; It is the lost one's answer, faint, yet clear.”

A pleasant morning walk by the seashore, then up the mountain 27 road away over to the cliff where the lighthouse stands to warn the incoming ships of the rocks that carpet the sea at that point; an afternoon at the Woman's Club; a day's attendance at the meetings of the county W. C. T. U.; a hasty visit to six churches, beautifully trimmed with roses from the gardens, on Easter Sunday, and a good sermon listened to from a chapter in St. Luke at a Congregational church; a drive with the President, Mrs. Ashly, to the Cottage Home hospital; a review of the preparations that were going on for the “Rose Festival;“ a charming visit with Maj. Belle Reynolds, who went as a bride with her husband to the war of 1861 and remained until it closed, having received a commission as major for

services rendered; numerous walks and drives and visits at the homes of their citizens, who are so cordial to strangers, and lo! before we realized it, the time had come to leave for ———. And now comes the pleasantest part of my story. I expected it to be direct to San Francisco, but instead, oh, joy! to Yosemite Valley. “Sometimes gentle, sometimes awful; never the same for two moments together; almost spiritual in its tendencies; almost divine in its infinity.”

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GENERAL VIEW OF YOSEMITE VALLEY.

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At Yosemite Point A RIDE UP TO THE POINT, 3,220 FEET ABOVE THE VALLEY, ON MULES.

YOSEMITE VALLEY, CAL. April 9th, in company with Rev. and Mrs. James Morrow and daughter Carrie, of Germantown, Penn., we left Santa Barbara for the Valley, arriving at Madera April 10th, engaged a carriage to Raymond and over a carpet of wild flowers, yellow, red, purple and white, with jack rabbits, squirrels, curlews and sand cranes flitting across our roadway, and young owls on the fence posts along the sides of the road, reached Raymond (in time for supper), where we engaged H. Grider, with his fine faithful horses and excellent easy carriage, to carry us to the Valley. That two days' journey I have not the time to describe. Over mountain and valley, in snowstorm and sunshine, we rode through groves of tall pines, resting one night at Mr. Philips' hotel, Summerdale, where we were royally treated to the best the place afforded. At six o'clock p. m. of the second day, as we descended the last mountain, we came in sight of “El Capitan,” that monarch of vertical mountains, with its massive fabric of overhanging granite, towering above us 3,300 feet, and two immense faces three-quarters 30 of a mile across. The color of this granite is a pearly, cream-colored whiteness. I assure you no language can portray the majesty of this mountain. One writer has said of it: “It is sublimity solidified and materialized, and without counterpart or equal known to man or earth.” Another turn in the road and then came the “Oh! Oh! how beautiful! Just look! It never had its equal!” What was the cause of the ejaculations? We caught a glimpse, for

the first time, of Bridal Veil Fall, the most varying picturesque waterfall in the world, a stream of water thirty feet wide shooting over the edge of a precipice 900 feet high. As we ride along we see Cathedral Rocks, one 2,579 feet above the valley, the other 2,678 feet high. Farther on, the Sentinel, 3,100 feet high, comes into view, which resembles the tower of some vast cathedral. We passed the guardian's office and reached the comfortable and hospitable "Sentinel Hotel," where we gladly alighted, for we were tired physically, and soon located our rooms and, after an excellent dinner, gladly went to bed.

The red letter day of our journey, though, was this blessed Sabbath day, when, at 7:30 a. m., we watched the sun rise at Mirror Lake, where Nature embodies the infinite as well as the finite in one vast, unwritten poem. There is no spot known to man where one mountain 4,200 feet high, Mt. Watkins, another 6,000 feet high, Cloud's Rest, are perfectly reflected upon one small lakelet, Mirror Lake. When I say perfectly, I mean the different shades of the rocky mountains, the green pine trees on their tops and the snow on Cloud's Rest. I gazed long upon it after the rest of the party left, and dropped upon my knees in prayer, with thanks to our Heavenly Father for His goodness in permitting me to see such grand works of His creation, and a petition to bless all mankind; plucked a few leaves, sang "America," and then walked on, on, up, up, following the Merced River to Vernal Falls, where the river makes a leap over the 31 rocks 350 feet; went up The Ladders to nearly the top of the falls, saw the Cap of Liberty, then down, down again to the place where our carriage was waiting to convey us to the foot of Yosemite Falls, where, on some of its seething eddies of spray, we saw the sun paint gorgeous rainbow colors. As I look up from my paper I see, from my open door, this falling water, thirty feet wide, falling down 2,600 feet, and hear the roaring as the water leaps down, simulating an avalanche of snowy rockets that seem to be chasing and trying to overtake one another. Of it all I can say, it is simply indescribable. Just a word about the valley as a whole. Yo Semite, an Indian word meaning large grizzly bear, is a granite-walled chasm in the heart of the Sierra Nevada mountains, 150 miles from San Francisco, seven miles in length by half a mile to a mile in width, and bounded by frowning cliffs. A beautiful river, 100 feet wide, the Merced, clear as crystal, runs through the center of it and clumps of trees and grass-covered meadows border its banks. Here "Beauty is crystallized in object form and sublimity is materialized

into granite.” It was first seen by white men in 1851 and made a national park by act of Congress in 1864, and consists of 8,480 acres of the valley proper, the entire grant being 36,111 acres.

“Put roses in their hair, put precious stones on their breasts; see that they are clothed in purple and scarlet, with other delights: that they also learn to read the gilded heraldry of the sky, and upon the earth be taught not only the labors of it, but the loveliness.”

We fitly closed our Sabbath in the valley with a song service in the evening and Monday morning, April 13, at 7:30 a. m., a party of five, two ladies of the number attired in the Nineteenth Century progressive suits for women, accompanied by a guide, started up the zigzag trail on mules and horses for Yosemite Point, 3,220 feet above the valley. Because of my trusty mule, “Jessie,” the guide appointed me captain and I led the way up among the shadows of live oaks, turning short corners which caused, while outwardly calm, an increased beating of my heart, for one misstep of my “Jessie” would have hurled me over the rocks and down, down I would have gone to ——! But I forbear. Enough. Up we go 1,100 feet to Columbia Rock, where horses take a rest and their riders take a view of the eastern end of the valley, where the Upper Yosemite Falls, in all its impressive majesty, comes into view. Over the sharp edge of an escarpment of dark gray granite, and in a water-chiseled channel of its own, 1,600 feet above its base, shoots an angry torrent thirty feet wide, which, at a single bound, leaps down 1,600 feet, then through cascades descends 500 feet more, finally to make another plunge of 500 feet. After viewing the leap of the 1,600 feet our upward way was almost at the side of a vertical wall of granite to the top of Yosemite Falls, where bird's-eye views of the distant peaks and domes can be seen — the Three Brothers, Cathedral Rocks, Half, North and South dome, and others, all having names by which they are distinguished. We crossed Yosemite Falls by bridge and then began our descent to the valley. Neither pen nor picture can describe the beauties we saw as we slowly wended our way back. Such glimpses of the falls, of the valley and different peaks! I stopped to bottle up a small portion of the falls, picked leaves of the bay tree, rare and curious flowers and ferns that grow on the sides of the path, and finally we all reached the foot of the trail, where our carriage was waiting to convey us to the hotel. I have

ascended many mountains in Europe, and some in America, by carriage and railroad, but this was my first experience of ascent on a mule and the novel occasion will not soon be forgotten.

OAKLAND, CAL.

When we left the valley it was rainy and yet the Bridal Veil flowed 33 on in all its beauty, entirely unconscious of weather, sunshine or storm. Ascending the mountains, we found a snowstorm in progress, and every tree and bush, as far as the eye could see, was covered with a mantle of snow, valley and mountain alike. It was a gorgeous scene and my regret was that I could not send the view to my friends, but some future discovery must enable one to do that. From Wawona we rode through a stately forest of pines, cedars, silver firs and other trees and then caught our first glimpse of a giant sequoia gigantea in Mariposa Grove. The grove was donated by Congress to California, and Professor Whitney states that there are 365 large sequoias in this grove, the largest 275 feet high and measuring at its base ninety-two feet. We measured with strings the circumference of several, but have not had time to measure the strings. I confess I could not comprehend the height and size; one has to grow to them, as it were, the same as one does to St. Peter's in Rome—one the work of God, the other man's work. It is asserted that Grizzly Giant is 4,680 years old. Evening found us at Summerdale, where, after a night's rest, we continued our journey the next morning, through pine groves of all kinds, manzanita and bay trees, and where we found the beautiful snow plant, *sarcodes sanguinea* (red in color), contrasting with the white of snow, and the adobe mud under our horses' feet. But we sang our songs and told our jokes, coming down from the last mountain, passing gold mines and the sixty-five mile flume, into actual dust—what a change ! snow, rain, mud, dust, all within twenty-four hours—reaching Raymond at 7:30 Thursday evening. At 5:30 a. m. we had a ride of twenty-two miles to Madera, at which point we took the train for Oakland, and 5 o'clock of the same day found us in the comfortable, beautiful and hospitable home of our former citizens, Mr. and Mrs. E. L. Briggs.

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VENDOME AND LICK OBSERVATORY.

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California Scenery ever Attracts and Wins THE SIERRAS AND VALLEYS ARE EQUALLY ATTRACTIVE OAKLAND, SAN JOSE, LICK OBSERVATORY, MONTEREY, PALO ALTO, STANFORD UNIVERSITY — SAN FRANCISCO.

THE CITY OF OAKLAND. Oakland, a city of 50,000, standing upon a peninsula, is the county seat of Alameda county and contains a large number of public schools, many seminaries and academies, and is the home of Berkley College and of the California poet, Joaquin Miller. We attended the Congregational church on Sunday, listening to an impressive sermon from the text, "Jesus steadfastly set his face toward Jerusalem." One rainy day Mrs. Briggs and myself took the electric cars and— "Just beyond the marsh's bound A city 'mongst fair groves we traced; Here factory tall and cottage small Each to the picture lent its grace.

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"Enchanting view! thy charms they woo To Alameda's fair retreat, And bid us wait within her gate Her hidden glories there to greet."

On our return trip from this charming place (the name being endeared to me because of its being the name of my beloved sister) we had fine views of East Oakland and Oakland proper. Another day we sped our way to— "Fair Berkley! nestling 'neath the hills Beside a calm and sparkling bay. "See yonder halls that, tower-crowned. Arise amid the forest grand; 'tis California's college ground, And here her youth of every class May come and thro' these portals pass.

Wednesday morning: "From classic halls we turned away To gaze upon a poet's home; And "Songs of the Sierras" there With new, sweet charms fell on the ear; Those rhythmic notes came softer where The singer's presence was so near.

We saw the sun rise at Piedmont. The ride to Joaquin Miller's home, the visit with him and his good mother, my afternoon at the Ebell Society and the lovely basket of roses they gave me will be in my articles on "Women's Clubs" and "The People We Met."

37

SANTA CLARA VALLEY. “Then all the birds came singing to where the valley smiled, And all the suns came shining by all its peace beguiled; And from the hidden canyons the brooklets sparkled down To cheer the future exiles from the city or the town; And the gray earth loved its flowers as the flowers love the sun, And the glory of the daytime into even glory run; And the live oak moves its banners green through all the year unfurled, And so was Santa Clara vale first given to the world.”

The mountains of California ever attract and win the admiration of the traveler, and we are never tired of reading and hearing about the beauties of the “Sierras;” yet the valleys equally win our attention. A few days ago, we mentioned the charm of San Joaquin Valley, San Bernardino, San Gabriel and Yosemite, and now a word about Santa Clara Valley, which was named for the mission of Santa Clara, after Santa Clara, who was born in Italy, 1193, and for her good works was canonized in 1256.

Santa Clara has an area of less than 1,000,000 acres; of this 250,000 acres are valley—the ancient lake bed, or the alluvial deposits of existing streams. While the general contour of the valley is that of a level plain, it is, in fact, a series of gentle undulations. In the lower plain the soil is black tenacious clay, known as adobe, which is fertile and productive, but requires much care as to the time and manner of cultivating it. In the vicinity of the bay there are many thousands of acres of salt marsh. No effort has been made to reclaim them, but it is predicted that at no distant day these lands will be reclaimed and made productive.

A hundred years ago the mission fathers introduced the grape, which still bears their name. Fruits of all kinds are successfully raised here.

38

SAN JOSE'S PUBLIC BUILDINGS.

San Jose, the county seat and principal city of this valley, where we spent a few days, is situated at the northern end, five miles from the southern arm of San Francisco Bay, and is one of the

oldest cities in the State, having been founded in 1777 by Spanish soldiers and their families. It is distinguished for its many imposing public buildings. The city hall, recently erected at a cost of \$150,000, is surrounded by a beautiful park. Nearly all the religious denominations have church edifices, many elegant and costly. The Hotel Vendome is a large building in the midst of a beautiful garden. In educational advantages San Jose is justly called the "The Athens of the Pacific." Its public school system rivals that of the Atlantic cities.

There are many handsome residences, surrounded by yards filled with choicest shrubbery, and, oh! the roses! Roses everywhere! It was in this place we found the largest, the diameter of one I saw being six inches, and of a delicate pink. We took the twenty-mile stage ride to Mount Hamilton, 4,443 feet above the sea level, and spent the day at Lick observatory and surroundings. Professor Shaeberle, formerly of Ann Arbor, and others extended every courtesy in showing us the astronomical instruments, library, etc. In the evening we looked through the Lick telescope, thirty-six inches in diameter, greater by six inches than the largest glass heretofore constructed. The appearance of the full moon through one of the smaller telescopes was a revelation to me. The observatory buildings are a marvel of solidity. These gifts to science, by James Lick, of \$750,000, enable scientists to give us many facts about the world above us. He is buried at the base of the great dome, the most illustrious mausoleum that the hand of man has constructed. The \$100,000 mountain road 39 from San Jose to Mount Hamilton is without parallel in this country. The grade is easy and the road smooth, notwithstanding there are 635 turns in it, and the scenery delightful. For the last seven miles the great dome seems as evanescent and unreachable as the rainbow's "pot of gold," and one stands startled and entranced upon this far-famed crown of astronomical research and scenic delight.

DEL MONTE AND MONTEREY.

For thirty miles down the Santa Clara Valley south of San Jose, the Mount Hamilton and Santa Cruz ranges stand guard on either side. On reaching the lower end of the valley an abrupt turn is made to the west, and after passing through Pajaro Canyon the famous watering place, Del Monte, is reached. The hotel is surrounded by what might be justly termed a park of live oaks and pines.

The grounds are lively with the color of roses, pansies and ribbon beds throughout the entire year. One can row on the lake and indulge in the multitude of amusements here, lawn tennis, croquet, or study how to get in or out the cypress maze. All tourists take the eighteen-mile drive which takes you through Old Town, cypress groves, around Midway Point, down the shore and past old Carnival Mission. Monterey holds an unique place in the history of California. Viscaino entered Monterey in 1620 and erected a cross. Father Serra landed in 1770 and established a mission here. At this place was issued the first paper printed in the State, and J. C. Fremont hoisted the first American flag in California in 1846. We were shown the monument in memory of Father Serra, the old adobe house and flagstaff connected with scenes of 1846, the old mission, the lighthouse, and finally our driver drew up before an adobe house, in front of which was a rose tree covered with delicate yellow blossoms, Cloth of Gold, and said: 40 “This is the rose tree planted by Sherman, who said to the once young lady living here: ‘When the rose tree blooms, I’ll come and claim you for my bride.’” We went inside of the house and were greeted by a maiden lady who had seen many years, and for forty years had been waiting for her lover to come. That’s genuine Spanish woman’s devotion.

STANFORD UNIVERSITY.

Carnegie and Armour in the East have immortalized themselves by their noble and generous acts for others, one providing a fund of accessible knowledge for all, high and low, rich and poor, in a library. Armour has done the same in another way in a university, as has James Lick in California. Later, Leland Stanford laid the foundation for the greatest monument ever built. The pyramids of Egypt excite our wonder. We read of the great monument that one of the orientals, Taj-Mahal, built to his wife, but these dwindle into insignificance in comparison with that built by Leland Stanford in memory of his promising boy, Leland Stanford, Jr., who died March, 1884. The Leland Stanford University is built upon the Palo Alto estate in Santa Clara Valley. Here is also the Palo Alto stock farm, which has been the home of the celebrated horses, Electioneer, Sunol, Palo Alto, Advertiser and others. We went carefully through the trotting horse department, with its stables, paddocks, kindergarten, and were bewildered and decidedly puzzled at the long list of fathers and mothers, grand and great grandfathers and mothers that were related to some of the horses in the stables that

could go-oh, I won't try to tell you, for I might make a mistake as to one-quarter or one-eighth of a second and-what then? I might spoil their "record;" so I'll frankly give it up, by saying, as the boys and girls do, "They 41 went awful fast." I leave the facts for my husband, Mr. Immen, to answer, as he took it all down in his head and called my attention to the skeleton in the museum of the grandfather of his colt Exhibit, Electioneer. The monument and the university buildings are placed on the broad plain sloping up from the bay to the foothills of the Sierra Morena, and are unique in plan, of the old mission architecture—the long, low adobe buildings, with wide colonnades and the open court, native outgrowth of the Moorish and Romanesque. Gathered about a court 528x246 feet, inclosing an area of three and one-quarter acres, paved with asphalt, diversified with eight beds of tropical plants and flowers, are twelve buildings of the inner quadrangle, connected by a continuous open arcade facing the court, and one story in height. The soft buff sandstone, the great expanse of red tile roof, wide arcades, impressive arches, the distant glimpses of scenery, foot hills and mountains, present a picture long to be remembered. Eneima Hall (men's dormitory) and Roble Hall (women's dormitory) provide for 500 students.

THE GREAT MUSEUM.

The museum occupies a ground area of 318x156 feet, containing large collections of Greek, Roman, Egyptian and American antiquities, and one room is devoted to specimens collected by the son mentioned and other of his belongings. We were royally entertained by Mr. and Mrs. O. W. Dunn, in their lovely home, who escorted us through the museum, attended with us the lectures in several of the departments, and drove us through the private grounds of Mrs. Stanford, past the house, roses, lemon groves and orchards, through the Arboretium, and at last to the mausoleum of polished granite, the Stanford tomb, where rest the remains of Mr. 42 Stanford and his son. Many details of the University, its professors, aims and purposes, I have not time to touch upon. Mr. Stanford said to the trustees: "It should be the aim of the institution to entertain and inculcate broad and general ideas of progress, of the capacity of mankind for advancement in civilization; not alone to give the student a technical education, but to instill into his mind an appreciation of the blessings of this Government. We deem it of first importance that the education of both sexes shall be equally full and complete." Mr. Stanford's death in 1893 caused temporary postponement of

many plans; but Mrs. Stanford has taken up the burden, and this monument, "The Leland Stanford, Junior, University," may face the future with confidence and courage.

SAN FRANCISCO. "A score of years, then forth a city came And cast aside its quaint old Spanish name For San Francisco, Western Queen! And, like the saint whose name it proudly boasts, A friend to all who come within its posts— This city with a gate of gold."

My first view of San Francisco was a surprise, because I either never knew or had forgotten that it was "a city set on hills," but so it is, as I viewed it from the bay as we were crossing the ferry. Some of the hills, like Mission Peak and Russian, Telegraph, Rincon and Reservoir Hills, are abrupt and lofty, as we found in taking the cars at the ferry to Sutro Heights, Cliff House and Sutro Baths and Seal Rocks, where we watched with interest the seals in great numbers sunning themselves upon the rocks. We need an American Dickens to tell us of the tale of the "two cities of San Francisco"— 43 of the beautiful homes, elegant public buildings and public and private enterprises of this metropolis of the Far West, and of its great men and women. On a hill that overlooks the Cliff House Adolph Sutro made his home and out of the bare and shifting sands he created a garden of rest and delight for the people of San Francisco and the stranger within her gates and as free as the air of Heaven. He is gathering together a library co-extensive with the whole range of literature, science and art. Another great work of Mr. Sutro is the baths. In the building is a museum filled with curiosities from all parts of the world.

THE BATH CONSTRUCTION.

By broad stairways we reach the baths. The length of the baths is 4,995 feet; amount of glass used, 100,000 superficial feet; lumber, 3,500,000 feet, etc., etc. I will not weary you with figures; sight alone can give a comprehensive idea of their construction. A restaurant with capacity for 1,000 people is under this roof. While watching the bathers in the six various tanks we were treated to an historical play by Japanese performers, gorgeously attired in red and gilt costumes, and the music—oh! that noise still rings in my ears; it sounded about like the noise produced from pounding on big iron kettles; we really got more noise than our money's worth and left. Golden Gate Park lies

in the western part of the city, reclaimed from the sand dunes, and covers 1,013 acres, being three miles long and one-half mile wide. Its conservatory, deer park, aviary, children's playhouse and artificial lake and waterfall, combined with an excellent museum, were enough to interest us for an entire day. Then, ascending Strawberry Hill, a magnificent panorama is presented from this natural elevation. To the west the Pacific Ocean stretches in 44 an unbroken line north and south. To the north the hills of Marin county rear their majestic heights; across the bay, nestle in the foothills of Alameda county, Berkeley, Oakland and Alameda; clustered in the bay are Mare Island (used as a shipyard) and Angel Island, upon which army quarters have been established; to the southward lies a busy, thriving city, with its tall buildings and church spires lifting their heights into the sky, and, turning still further, "Golden Gate" comes into view — an entrance to the bay one mile wide. Add to this view the myriad shipping which dots the bay — the ferry steamers, all convince strangers that, were there nothing remarkable about San Francisco, its magnificent and unparalleled position would make it so. We visited Chinatown and Mark Hopkins' home on Knob Hill.

STORY OF CHINATOWN

Oh, the story of Chinatown! The half can never be told of that night's visit to the port of San Francisco, from Kenney to Powell, north of California, to Broadway, in all twelve blocks, of what was once an important business part of the city. Population, 20,000. Joss houses, theaters, restaurants, curio shops, opium and gambling haunts, underground dens of filth and infamy! A resident of Boston visiting in Oakland said to me: "Why do you think of visiting Chinatown by midnight? Your Eastern cities, including New York and Boston, can almost show you a duplicate of what you will see." I replied: "I must see the shades of life as well as the sunshine." I assure you it is a dark picture; but let us draw the curtain upon it, and turn to the beautiful building formerly occupied and built by Mark Hopkins, near Mrs. Stanford's, Mr. Flood's, of mining fame, and other magnificent homes. The lot upon which the building is located is 206x275 feet.

45

ENGLISH GOTHIC STYLE.

The style of house is English gothic. The vestibule is finished in oak, enriched with color and gold. The great hall is 25x60 feet, and extends to the roof, and has a gallery surrounding it at the second floor, having an inlaid pattern of hard wood. Above the gallery are screen walls, paneled and pierced with arched openings into small overhanging balconies. Capping the screen and encircling the hall is a frieze inscribed with the following: "Beauty bideth everywhere, that Reason's child may seek her, and, having found the gem of price, may set it in God's crown." Springing from this frieze is a cove ceiling, on the east and west sides of which are painted symbolical figures of the fine arts, and on the north and south the great masters—M. Angelo, Dante, Durer, Tiziano, Shakespeare and others. All the rooms on the ground floor open into this hall. The dining-room is in the revived English gothic style, known as the Talbert. On the ceiling of the library is carved: "Receive my instructions and not silver, and knowledge rather than choice gold." The rosewood room, music room, salon and maple room, and drawing-room are en suite with library, and extend the full length of the house. The Moorish room is hung with silk texture, woven in patterns taken from the walls of the Alhambra. The guest chamber, state chamber and Louis XIV. room are all finished in woods exquisitely carved. The rooms in the basement, as well as on the very top floor, are finished in mountain mahogany.

Mr. and Mrs. Hopkins' reply to persons, in excuse for some expensive work, was: "Well, it will benefit the workmen whether we live to enjoy it or not." They are both dead, and it was given to the University of California for a "Mark Hopkins Institute of Art."

46

ROSE SHOW OF FLORAL SOCIETY.

Our last day in San Francisco was spent in visiting the "Thirteenth Semi-Annual Exhibition and Rose Show of the California State Floral Society"—roses, geraniums, pelargoniums, pansies (oh, so large), sweet peas in great variety and color, and large collections of each, contributed by amateurs and professionals. A collection of "historical" flowers of California attracted much attention. Among them was a bunch of roses, "Cloth of Gold," from the rose Sherman planted at Monterey, mentioned in the first part of the book. Standing before a large collection of unnamed carnation

seedlings, a member of the committee invited me to choose one that I admired most and to name it. There were mixtures of white and red, even a lavender one, but I selected a bright pink color and said to the lady, as to its name, "This is Shakespeare's birth month; I'll call it Shakespeare carnation," which name was accepted. The single carnation grew in my mother's garden, and all along my "flower life" I have tried to have the carnation have its place, as well as my other favorite, the rose. "A wild pink nestled in a garden bed, A rich carnation flourished high above her, One day he chanced to see her pretty head, And leaned and looked again and learned to love her." So ended our stay in California, which began with the poppy fields and ended at the "Exhibition of Flowers of the State Floral Society," San Francisco, April 30, 1896.

47

From Oakland to Salt Lake City. UTAH, A GEM TEEMING WITH FRUIT AND FLOWERS— A VISIT TO THE TABERNACLE ON SUNDAY— THE ARRIVAL AT GRAND RAPIDS.

At last came the day for our journey homeward, and, after packing the canes from the different California woods, olive, bay, acacia, orange, lemon, date, etc., the Cloisonne vases and Japanese cabinet and table, Chinese slippers, souvenir spoons, Mexican drawn work, etc., etc., in the midst of a fine May Day flower procession at Oakland away we sped to Salt Lake City. On our way we caught a glimpse of the city of Sacramento, and then the snow-clad mountains multiplied, the air grew colder, no flowers on the mountain side, only snow—snow and pine trees way up to the summit, 7,000 feet above sea level, after which we entered the snow sheds, which deprived us of all chance of seeing scenery (if there was any), but night comes on and darkness spreads its mantle over all. Upon awakening at 5 o'clock in the morning, we found ourselves in Nevada, the land of silver and sage brush, mineral springs, salt, borax and sulphur, mountain ranges and rolling plain. Humboldt river is followed through the greater part of the State. We come to Tecoma (a few houses in the midst of sand and sage brush), and away we go to 48 Utah—"a grand garden teeming with fruit and flowers"—which has an area of 87,750 square miles, larger than Great Britain. Everyone is familiar with its history and struggles, but right has nearly triumphed and the principles taught by our Saviour with regard to the greatest, the grandest and most holy institution, "the family,"

are being enforced. The ride from Terrace to Ogden is through sand and sage bushes. A couple of hours after leaving Ogden we reached Salt Lake, the capital, where the streets are 132 feet wide, bordered with shade trees. We visited the Tabernacle on Sunday and admitted the fineness of its architecture and acoustic properties. Of the principles taught in the mammoth structure perhaps "silence is golden," for if I said anything I should be severe in my condemnation of them. The Lion and Bee Hive houses are now dilapidated looking. The fine house built for the favorite wife has been sold to a banker. The first wife was out when I went to see her, but later in the afternoon she told a friend of her early struggles in the then new West.

The city and county building, as it is known, is built of Kyune stone, 160x273 feet, at a cost of \$1,000,000, and the grounds comprise the entire block of ten acres, and have been tastefully ornamented, laid out and planted. The Pavilion, costing \$250,000, is situated on the border of the Great Salt Lake.

NOW A DEAD SEA.

Great Salt Lake, which has lost nineteen-twentieths of its dimensions and yet covers an extent of 2,000 square miles, is indeed a dead sea. We listened to a fine band concert at Fort Douglas, which is located outside the city on a hill, and is said to be one of the well-kept forts in the United States.

49

"In the Royal Gorge I stand, With its mountain forms around me, With infinity behind me and infinity before; Cliff and chasm on every hand Peaks and pinnacles surround me; At my feet the river rushes with its never-ceasing roar."

Colorado is the apex of North America, the crown of the slopes that rise from Pacific and Atlantic shores, being also the heart of the Rocky Mountain chain, numbering many individual summits that rise to the height of 13,000 feet. Between the ranges lie numerous valleys, diversified by forest, lake and stream. Leaving Salt Lake at night, we know not of the scenery (there was not any to speak of, only vast tracks of sand, they say). We went to Glenwood Springs, where the Grand River issues from canon walls into a mountain-penned valley, just above the confluence of the torrent of Roaring

Forks, where we breakfasted. Glenwood Springs, lately the resort of the Utes and home of deer, elk and bear, is in the middle of a park. The largest spring feeds an artificial pool of hot water, tempered by a fountain of cold mountain water placed in the center. After leaving Glenwood, red granite cliffs follow, scenes of grandeur pass before us, and we come to the continental divide, the loftiest railroad pass in America. The Frying Pan shows the way nearly to the summit, 11,000 feet above the sea. Five hundred feet of further climbing, then through a tunnel, and Pacific Slope is passed. By noon we arrive at Leadville, the great mining city (elevation 10,000 feet). On we go through exhilarating air, verdure, streams, waterfalls, red rock sculpture, gorges and mountains, and descend the Ute Pass, by way of tunnels and canons and brooks, to Manitou, whose beauty was understood by the Utes, who named it after the "Great Spirit." "Where the shadow of the mountain Meets the sunshine of the fountain,

50

Whiter tepees crown our hills, Sweeter lips now touch our rills; Under Manitou's bright skies Fairer faces meet our eyes, And where crystal waters glide Happy lovers blush and hide; Dusky features fade away, Saxon faces crown to-day."

AT THE TWELVE SPRINGS.

Of the twelve springs formed there, the Soda and Chalybeate we thoroughly enjoyed, and were benefited and refreshed by their life-giving waters. We rode through the Williams Canon, winding round and round that splendid mountain road to the "Cave of the Winds," walked through "Concert Hall," "Bridal Chamber," heard the music from the "Grand Organ," then away we drove to and through Gen. Palmer's estate, covering 1,300 acres, to a park of 500 acres, whose walls of red sandstone rise to a height of from 300 to 400 feet, "The Garden of the Gods." "Beneath the rocky peak that hides In clouds its snow-flecked crest"

Are found hints of Athens and the Parthenon, pyramids, Karnac and her crumbling columns. After their form the most striking feature is their color—an intense red sandstone. The different forms have received names: "Statue of Liberty," "Bear and Seal," "Lion," etc. "Their shadows linger

where we tread, Untouched by time the garden gleams; Unflecked the wild flower shines, And the scarred summit's rifted seams Are bright with glistening pines.”

51

PIKES PEAK.

52

Nine o'clock, May 5, at the mouth of Engleman's Canon, between Manitou and Hiawatha Mountains, in the car of the Cog Wheel Road, we started on our mountain journey to Pikes Peak, the length of the road being 47,992 feet and the grade 844.3 to the mile. The locomotive pushes the car when ascending and precedes it when descending, so that the car, which is not coupled to the engine, can be let down independently. I have no words that can fitly describe that mountain ride. Some one asked me if the ride up Mount Rigi is grander. I replied, “They cannot be compared, any more than the Rivers Hudson and Rhine.” Above the region of the forests we ascend to see the “Lone Fisherman,” who has fished (for no one can tell how long) from the top of the wall of the canon. We pass Echo Falls, Minnehaha Falls, Hanging Rock, many Swiss cottages, through Hell's Gate, by Bald and Sheep mountains, and then for two and one-half miles we have a good view of Pikes Peak. Around Windy Point we go, and finally we reach the summit, 14,147 feet, passing through snowdrifts several feet high. What a panorama is spread out before us! Standing on the peak among millions, yes, billions, of rocks varying in size, we see buffalo plains, villages and cities, flowering fields and Cripple Creek in the distance; at our feet Colorado Springs, Manitou, the Garden of the Gods, mountains of New Mexico, the Spanish Peaks, various mines, the sheet of perpetual snow, Sangre de Cristo range, Gray and Long Peaks, Denver and Castle Rock are a few of the mountains, cities, valleys, etc., to be seen. After an hour's stay, dropping into the United States signal station, we returned, feeling thankful that we had been privileged to witness the grandest scenic panorama visible from any accessible point.

TO COLORADO SPRINGS.

The next morning we took the electric car for Colorado Springs, 53 which is closely blocked by the Rockies, and four miles from which you enter Cheyenne Canon, where above the waterfall, on the

eastern slope of Cheyenne mountain, was the grave of Helen Hunt Jackson. I understand the people of Colorado Springs deeply regret the removal, as it was her wish to be buried on the mountain side. A hasty drive through the city, noting its many pretty homes, and then to Denver, passing Palmer Lake. "Serene and sweet and smiling as a bride Nestles Lake Palmer on the green divide; The hills around it, the blue sky above, The summer sunshine bathing it in love."

Before we know it the "Queen City of the Plains" is visible, and a few moments more and we are riding up and down its beautiful streets, admiring its fine city hall, capitol, business streets, hotels and beautiful homes. Denver has a population of 135,000, 160 miles of electric cable railway, which last year carried over 30,000,000 passengers. Colorado has reason to be proud of its capital city, its climate, scenery, silver, gold and iron mines. mountain peaks and passes, and the noble-minded men that believed (and acted according to it) that mother, wife, daughter and sister were equal to themselves in all respects, politically as well as socially Night comes on and we board the train for Omaha, and in the morning we find ourselves in Nebraska.

THROUGH ITS VAST PLAINS.

All day long we rode through its miles and miles of cultivated and barren plains and cattle ranches, with here and there a few trees, and at distances small and large villages. Omaha is reached, we cross the River Missouri, and are at Council Bluffs. On we went in the 54 darkness across the State of Iowa, and our last day's journey was through Illinois, where fine farmhouses and barns and orchards, yes, and well-tilled lands, indicate a well-to-do and thrifty people behind it all. We arrive at the great city of the West, Chicago, and in a few hours more are in Michigan-my Michigan! "With face looking full in the face of the sun, With breath of the pines and the roses new blown, Our Michigan sits like a queen on the throne. "We have come from the land where the sun goes down, Where a continent bends to the kiss of the sea; Where winters are verdant and summers are brown, We have basked in its sunshine, but loyal we are To Michigan, home of our youth's bright star."

We reach Grand Rapids May 10, after an absence of four months, feeling that though “Mid pleasures and palaces, (Yes, and mountains and valleys) Though we may roam, Be it ever so humble, there's no place like home. Home, sweet home,”

Where we are warmly welcomed by many and dear friends.

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The Welcome

TELEGRAM HERALD, May 17, 1896.

A very delightful occasion was the hearty welcome home from California tendered Mrs. Loraine Immen, Chairman of the Shakespeare Study Group, Monday, May 11. The members, each bearing a large American beauty rose, with a card of welcome attached, appeared at the door of her pleasant home, and, to complete her surprise, took possession of the music room. After singing “Home, Sweet Home,” the members each expressed their welcome by reading the sentiment on their card and placing a rose in a large vase. Mrs. Immen thanked the ladies for their expressions of love and assured them that she was happy to be with them again and to look into their faces once more. She mentioned the many pleasures of her journey, and spoke of her husband's and her own perfect health, and the many pleasant scenes she had witnessed since they had last been together. She laughingly said: “Now I'll pay you back, not in your own coin, but in that found in Chinatown, in San Francisco,” and she gave each guest a Chinese coin, and, as the weather was warm, she presented them each with a miniature fan, brought also from Chinatown. The members repeated the program of April 23, including the exquisite music rendered by Mrs. Panting. They brought with them, and secreted in a mysterious way until wanted, a supper of delicacies of various kinds, thus completing and rounding out the surprise in a most delightful way. “May the Lord fold about you his love and his care 'till old age is as lovely as California air.” J. A. R.