

north of San Francisco.

It is hardly understood yet by the people of the world, that the China, Japan, Sandwich Island, and Australian steamships, and ships both large and small, can land at this pier, load and unload from and into the cars of the Pacific railroad; and those cars can be taken through, to and from the Atlantic and Pacific Ocean, without change; that immense quantities of goods are now transported in that way, much of them in BOND, in one-tenth the time heretofore occupied by steamships and sailing vessels. When these facts are fully understood, and the necessary arrangements made, the rush of overland freight traffic will commence, the extent of which, within the next twenty years, *few*, if any, can realize.

From the landing place of the "Thoroughfare," in San Francisco, a rail track leads to the dock of the Pacific mail, and other ocean steamships, and goods are now transferred in that way in bond, but the time is not far distant, when all foreign vessels, with goods for "across the continent," will land at this pier.

The Railroad Company have taken ample precautions against fire on this pier, by providing the two engines that are employed doing the yard work, with force-pump attachments, steam from the locomotive boilers, and supplied with reels of hose and suction-pipe so arranged that water can be used from their tanks or the bay.

Behold!—As we stand at the end of this pier—almost in the middle of San Francisco Bay—and think back only thirty years, we are lost in wonder and astonishment. Here are already two great cities within a few miles of where we stand; the smallest has 40,000, while the largest teems with over 300,000 inhabitants—representatives from every land and clime on the face of the earth. In 1847 not 500 white settlers could be found in as many hundred miles, and not one ship a year visited this bay. Now there are seven large steamships in the China trade, six in the mail service via Panama, thirty-four more regularly engaged on the coast from Sitka, on the north; to South America, Honolulu, Australia, New Zealand, on the south; besides hundred of ships and sailing vessels of every description—all busy—all life. Here, too, at the end of this pier, is the extreme western end of the grand system of American railways which has sprung into existence within the same

thirty years. How fast we live! The gentle breeze of to-day was the *whirlwind* of fifty years ago. *Will we—can we—*continue at the same ratio? But why speculate? It is our business to write what is taking place to-day; so we will now step on board the ferry-boat and take a look around while crossing the bay.

GOAT ISLAND, or "*Yerba Buena*," is about one mile distant from the end of the pier, close to the right. It is nearly round, 340 feet altitude, containing 350 acres. It belongs to the Government. Beyond, looking over the broad expanse of water, the mountains of Marin county loom up in the distance, the highest point being Mount Tamalpais, 2,604 feet high. It is in the Coast Range of mountains, at the south point of which is Golden Gate, with Alcatraz Island in the foreground. Directly in front is the city of San Francisco. The highest point to the right is Telegraph Hill—the highest, *far* beyond, a little to the left, is Lone Mountain. In the center, that high building, looming up above all others, is the Palace Hotel; to the left the Bay of San Francisco.

But we are at the ferry; here passengers will find "buses" for all prominent hotels, or street cars that pass them all; fare, five cents.

San Francisco—Ah! here we are at sundown, at the extreme western city of the American Continent. Population, 300,000, and increasing rapidly.

On landing at the ferry-slip in the city, the first thing required is a good hotel. Now, *if* there is any one thing that San Francisco is noted for *more* than another it is for its palatial hotels. The Palace, Baldwin, Lick, Occident, Cosmopolitan and Grand, are all *first-class*, both in fare and price—charges from three to five dollars per day. The Brooklyn, Russ, American Exchange, and International, are *good* hotels, at charges from \$2 to \$2.50 per day. Then there are a great many cheaper houses, like the "What Cheer," with rooms from 25 to 75 cents per night, with restaurant meals to order.

San Francisco is situated on the north end of the southern peninsula, which, with the northern one, separates the waters of San Francisco Bay from those of the Pacific Ocean. Between these peninsulas is the GOLDEN GATE, a narrow strait, one mile wide, with a depth of 30 feet, connecting the bay with the ocean.

The city presents a broken appearance,