

Cruz, 76; Monterey, 100; Stockton, 110; Sacramento, 125; San Luis Obispo, 209; Eureka, 233; Crescent City, 280; Santa Barbary, 280; San Pedro, 364; San Diego, 456; Portland, 642; Victoria, V. I., 753; Mazatlan, 1,480; Guaymas, 1,710; La Paz, 1,802; Acapulco, 1,808; Sitka, 1,951; Honolulu, 2,090; Panama, 3,230; Yokohama, 4,764; Hiogo, 5,104; Auckland, 5,907; Shanghai, 5,964; Hong Kong, 6,384; Sydney, Australia, 7,183; Melbourne, 7,700 miles.

The PLAZA, WASHINGTON, UNION, COLUMBIA, LOBOS, HAMILTON, and ALAMO Squares, and YERBA BUENA, BEUNA VISTA, and GOLDEN GATE PARKS, are all small, except the last, which contains 1,100 acres, but very little improved. The Oakland and Alameda parks are largely patronized by San Franciscans, who reach them by ferry-boat. But what the city is deficient in parks, is made up by the Woodward Gardens, for an account of which see ANNEX No. 44.

OCEAN STEAMSHIPS—for sailing days and other particulars, see ANNEX No. 27.

For general items of interest, see ANNEX No. 23.

Here we are, on the golden shores of California. We have come with the traveler from the *far* East to the *far* West; from the Atlantic to the Pacific—from where the sun *rises out* of the waters to where it *sets* in the waters, covering an extent of country hundreds of miles in width, and recording a telegram of the most important places and objects of interest—*brief, necessarily, but to the point*—and we feel certain that a pardon would be granted by the reader, if we *now* bade this country farewell, and started on our return trip. But, how can we? It is a glorious country, so let us make a few

Excursions,

say *five*, and then we will start on our trip towards SUNRISE, via the Southern Route.

Route 1.—To THE SEAL ROCKS, six miles west; procure a carriage. Early in the morning is the best time to start, as the coast breeze commences about eleven o'clock, after which it will not be so pleasant. We will be fashionable—get up early—and drive out to the “Cliff House” for breakfast.

Within the first two miles and a half, we pass a number of cemeteries; some of them contain beautiful monuments and are very

tastefully ornamented. The principal ones are the Lone Mountain, Laurel Hill and Odd Fellows. In the Lone Mountain cemetery, on our right, under that tall and most conspicuous monument, which can be seen for many miles away, rests the remains of the lamented Senator Broderick, who fell a victim of the “Code Duello,” through jealousy and political strife. Near by are the monuments of Starr King, Baker, and many others, whose lives and services have done honor to the State. On the summit of Lone Mountain, to the left, stands a large cross, which is a noted landmark, and can be seen from *far* out to sea.

In a little valley, close to the road, we pass, on the right, surrounded by a high fence, one of the most noted RACE COURSES in the State.

From the city the road leads over a succession of sand-hills; from the summit of some of these we catch an occasional glimpse of the “*Big Drink*” in the distance, the view seeming to *improve* as we gain the summit of each, until the *last* one is reached, when there, almost at our feet, stretching away farther than the eye can penetrate, lies the great Pacific Ocean, in all its mysterious majesty. We will be sure to see numerous ships, small craft and steamers, the latter marked by a long black trail of smoke. They are a portion of the world’s great merchant marine, which navigate these mighty waters, going and coming, night and day, laden with the treasure, and the productions and representatives of every nation, land and clime.

Close on our right is the Golden Gate, with the bold dark bluffs of the northern peninsula beyond. The “Gate” is *open*, an invitation to all nations to enter—but beside them are the “Boys in Blue,” with ample fortifications, surmounted by the “Bull Dogs” of “Uncle Sam,” standing ready to close them at the first signal of danger.

Our descent from the summit of the last hill *seems* rapid, as we are almost lost in admiration of the magnificence spread out before us, until we arrive at the

CLIFF HOUSE—The stranger on the *road*, and at the Cliff House, would think it a *gala day*—something unusual, such grand “turn-outs,” and so many. The fact is, this “DRIVE” is to the San Franciscan what the “Central Park” is to the New Yorker—the “style” of the former is *not* to be outdone by the latter. The drive out is always a cool one, and the *first* thing