

uated at the head of the valley, 68.15 miles from San Francisco, surrounded on three sides with the mountain spurs of the Coast Range, as well as by vineyards and orchards; wine cellars—well, they are thicker here than quartz mills at Virginia City.

**THE PETRIFIED FOREST**—is distant about five miles, and consists of about forty acres of ground, covered more or less with petrified trees, some very large, eleven feet in diameter at the stump. These trees are nearly all down, some nearly covered with earth and volcanic matter, while the ground sparkles with silica. They will well repay a visit from the curious.

Stage lines are numerous from Calistoga; first, to the northward, it is 17 miles to Middleton; 20 to Harbern Springs; 20 to Guenoc; 35 to Lower Lake, and 45 to Sulphur Banks, where that *suspicious* mineral can be shoveled up by the cart-load. To the northeast it is 71 miles to Pine Flat; 26 miles to Geysers; 26 miles to Glenbrook; 41 to Keseyville; 48 to Lake Point, situated on the west shore of Clear Lake, a fine resort at all seasons, but particularly in summer. To the southwest it is five miles to the Petrified Forest, eight to Mark West Springs and 26 to Santa Rosa.

The celebrated Foss, with his stage, leaves Calistoga daily, over a mountain road unsurpassed for grand scenery, en route to

**THE GEYSERS**—These springs, with their taste, smell and noise, are *fearful, wonderful*. We have been told that "California beats the devil." May be, but he cannot be *far* from this place. Here are over 200 mineral springs, the waters of which are hot, cold, sweet, sour, iron, soda, alum, sulphur—well, you *should* be suited with the varieties of sulphur! There is white sulphur and black sulphur, yellow sulphur and red sulphur, and how many more sulphurs, deponent saith not. But *if* there are any other kinds wanted, and they are not to be seen, call for them, *they are there*, together with all kinds of contending elements, *raring, thundering, hissing, bubbling, spurting and steaming*, with a smell that would disgust any Chinese dinner-party. We are unable to describe all these wonderful things, but will do the next best thing. (See large illustration No. 17 and description in ANNEX No. 45.)

The Geyser Hotel, seen through the foliage in the picture, is the only house

which provides accommodations at the springs. Steam baths and other kinds will here be found ample, and board \$14 per week. In the region of the springs, are mines of quicksilver, and some silver mines that are being worked to advantage.

Returning to San Francisco, we start on **Route 3.**

### San Francisco and North Pacific Railroad.

General Offices—San Francisco.

P. DONAHUE... .. *President.*  
A. A. BEAN... .. *General Superintendent.*  
P. E. DOUGHERTY... .. *Gen. Pass. and Ticket Agt.*

Repairing to the wharf, a short distance north of the Oak and Ferry, we board the steamer Donahue, belonging to this road, and proceed up the bay, as in route No. 2, until Pedro Point is passed, when the course is more to the westward, to the mouth of Petaluma Creek, a very crooked stream, with salt marshes on each side. About six miles from the mouth of the creek, on the right, we come to a double-front cottage, which, when we passed *up* here in January, 1878, stood high and dry, above the marsh. Several days after, on the downward trip, the water covered the whole bottom in one broad sheet, and was apparently on the first floor of the building. When it is understood that the party who settled here did so to demonstrate that he could reclaim the land by an original system of dykes, the joke will be apparent, and to him an aqueous joke.

From the mouth of the creek, it is about ten miles to

**DONAHUE**—named for the President of the road. It is situated on the east bank of the creek, close in beside the bluffs, or Sonoma Hills, 34 miles from San Francisco. It is simply a landing for the boat where passengers take the cars, which stand under a huge, long building on the end of the wharf.

Leaving the wharf, the Sonoma Hotel is close on the right, almost on the water's edge. Passing along beside the rolling hills, which are cultivated to their summit, one mile brings us to LAKEVILLE, not a very pretentious place, but from which a stage leaves daily for the eastward, over the hills, nine miles to

**SONOMA**—This town is a quiet, old place, founded in 1840, and contains about 600 inhabitants. Many of the old original adobe buildings are still standing in a