



San Francisco, May 8 1878

Dear Mother,

As it is now
late, 11.30, you must not
expect more than a few brief
lines.

We arrived here after a
very pleasant & most instructive
journey. We have had pleasant
company all the way, plenty
of books, & altogether, if it
were not for the smuts from
the engine, I ^{for one} should have been
sorry that the land portion
of our trip is over.

This morning when we awoke
we were high up in the Sierra
Mountains, passing through

almost continuous snow sheds,
now we are in the luxuriance
of Californian vegetation. As
we passed through the fields
this afternoon we noticed that
most of the hay had been
cut, & that not a little was
already stacked or had even
been carted away. This however
was only in the valleys; the
hills, I was surprised to find,
are for the most part dry &
used only for pasturage. This
applies also to large portions
of the plains which are only
fertile when constantly irrigated.

I must postpone further
description &c. until a future
occasion

