

WITH PICTURES BY HARRY FENN.



WHEN one studies the vegetation of the western coast of the continent, it is found to be undergoing many and surprising changes. Native plants have been destroyed in some districts in order that exotic plants of commercial value might take their places. Exotic plants have escaped from cultivation, and are familiar denizens of roadsides and ravines. The soil and climate of California are so friendly to plant life that only a botanist can give a list of the species already naturalized, or another list of the species from all parts of the world that might easily become wild here if they had the chance.

Out of all this arises a curiously complex and interesting result—as if a thousand grafts of modern garden art were already set in native stocks to produce in due season more varied and wonderful results. In other States the exotic elements remain exotic, mere pot-growers in conservatories; here they have equal rights to the soil. Giant redwoods and oaks belong to the earlier wilderness, and to the California of the pioneers; but the orchards of olive and orange are the creation of an age of intensive horticulture. The border-land between realm of orchard and realm of wild forest is full of undeveloped possibilities, new forms of landscape gardening, new harmonies of plants with

architecture. One of the first planters in the Santa Clara region was wont to say, "I have given up trying to find what I can grow on my land, but I should like to know if there is anything that I cannot grow." There are, however, an infinite number of differences in the same valley, or even on the same farm, and the key to the fascinating contradictions of California plant life is to be found only in the native flora.

California astonished the botanical world long before it began to play much of a part in politics or business. Neé, the botanist, was at San Diego and Monterey a hundred years ago, and his collections are still to be seen at Madrid. Dr. Menzies, whose portfolios are partly at Kew, partly at the British Museum, spent several seasons on the coast a few years after Neé. David Douglas, one of the most devoted and successful of botanical explorers, reached the Pacific coast in 1825. Nuttall sent his herbarium to Harvard University. Pickering, Hartweg, Coulter, and others were early in the field. None of them were more typical investigators than the late Dr. C. C. Parry, who first crossed the country with the Mexican Boundary Commission. At intervals, for forty years after, he was a familiar figure to hunters, prospectors, mountaineers, and all sorts of outdoor people from the Arizona deserts to the Siskiyou pine forests.

So early were collectors in the region, and so universal was the interest felt in Europe

over the new plants of the Pacific coast, that many trees of sequoias and other superb conifers were planted in the parks of England, France, and Italy long before the discovery of gold. Wealthy Californians, as early as 1855, visiting Europe, were surprised to find how popular were the brilliant annuals, flowering shrubs, vines, and trees of their own State. Returning, they often urged neighbors to cultivate more of the native plants, but with little effect. In Alameda County, a plain, uneducated Englishwoman of Lancashire yeoman stock was one of the first persons in all California to make a home garden of wild flowers from field and hill. I remember in my boyhood the passionate devotion that she showed to this pursuit.

"It do be the best land the sun ever shone on," she declared, "for poor folk to have a garden."

The first botanists recognized many and strange contradictions in California plant life; more complete knowledge has only emphasized this feature. Very glorious are the superb flowering shrubs of the desert plateaus, such as *Fouquieria*, the *Fremontia*, and numerous acacias. Around the old missions, naturalized long ago, is the fragrant Farnese acacia of southern Europe. Agaves, cacti, palms, and yuccas grow in the Mojave and Colorado deserts, and species of conifers allied to Mexican species hang to the barren mountains. The Coast Range, the Sierras, and the great interior valley of the State present widely different botanical features from those of the extreme south or of the desert district. Little of the Rocky Mountain influence, or of that of the Puget Sound and Oregon region, is manifest in the California flora, and it is connected only remotely with the flora of the Mississippi valley or the Atlantic slope. Species of the *Portulaca* family are very numerous on the Pacific coast, and the *Compositæ* really seem to make the bulk of the field and hillside flowers at all seasons of the year. Next to the *Compositæ* must rank the lilies in their innumerable subdivisions. Lupines and clovers are also well represented. On the other hand, very few asters, goldenrods, lobelias, milkweeds, or gentians are found in California. It would be easy to give lists of plants whose nearest relatives are Asiatic, Mexican, or South American, and of others hardly represented outside of California; but the purpose of this paper is less technical, and more universal. It deals with those features that are most striking, and most characteristic of the region.

Chief among the native species are the conifers, and the sequoias are easily first in the class. That most painstaking investigator, Dr. Asa Gray, who gave evidence over and over again that the Pacific coast vegetation possessed for him a perennial charm, tells us in one



ENGRAVED BY S. G. PUTNAM.

A MIDDLE-AGED REDWOOD TREE, CAZADERO, CAL.

of his graphic papers how the two sequoias, sole living representatives of fossil species that once grew within the arctic circle, were pushed south along Coast Range and Sierras, were cut off from retreat, and therefore perished everywhere except where soil and climate fostered them. Hence the isolated forests of the giants

that the redwoods of these three localities are in reality three different species.

I remember a typical outpost group of redwoods on the trail from Cazadero to Guerneville. Seven or eight trees stand on one side of the road and nine on the other; their curving branches, interlocking, form an immense arbor



MADROÑA TREE, COAST RANGE.

ENGRAVED BY R. C. COLLINS.

of a prehistoric age, scattered as sequoia islands in the midst of hundreds of square miles of pines, cedars, and spruces.

In the minds of many lovers of forests the true redwood sequoia of the coast is a finer tree than the famous "big tree," the sequoia of the Sierra. It is almost as large as the latter, and far more graceful in stem and foliage, while its habits of growth are unique among the conifers of the world.

The redwood can be studied to advantage in three places: along the banks of mountain rivers, such as the Gualala, where it grows to an enormous size, occupying the entire valley almost to the total exclusion of other trees; in high cañons near the ocean, where the whole expanse of the redwood forest can be seen rising in slopes and terraces to the clouds; and lastly, on the rounded summits of the mountains, where the sea-fog ceases, and the outposts of the redwood forest press into the land of the oaks and the laurels. One can easily believe

of a thousand feet in circumference, and more than two hundred feet to the apex. They grow on the end of a long promontory thrust out from the golden slopes of the higher ridges to the eastward, where hosts of deciduous oaks are scattered as wisely as if planted by some landscape-gardener; the promontory drops downward in long, easy slopes, ever more and more thickly clad with yellow pine, Douglas spruce, libocedrus, and scattered redwoods, till it descends to the dark cañon's depths, black with unbroken redwood forests. Golden grass and scattered oaks shine in open vistas part way down the slope, and serve to isolate the solitary group of redwoods by a mile or two from their fellows. Young redwood-trees, sprouting from the roots, make a dense and spicy thicket about them, and half conceal the great shafts that uphold in the wilderness this shelter that an army might camp underneath.

The place is fifteen hundred feet above the sea, and, as one looks eastward, the physical

conditions under which the redwood forest exists are clearly revealed; narrow cañons run seaward and meet others, until great winding mountain basins are formed, and in these are the centers of the lumbering industry. Islands of mountain rise out of the forest, the largest of them nearly two thousand feet high, but the general level of the oak ridges that cross and divide the "land of the redwood" into groups of forests is hardly twelve hundred feet. Dark green, misty with the smoke of fires, is the prevailing color of the dense redwoods, but the whole expanse of broken country is spotted with broad seas of old gold—they are hilltops and slopes of ripe grass, although it is hardly midsummer. Here are the scattered pastures of the Coast Range; they descend far down into the redwoods, but near the edges of the oaks they cluster and increase toward the eastern horizon until they grow to be the broadest and most luminous slopes of color

redwood in perfection. In such places there are often rings of great trees inclosing pits five or six feet deep, and thirty, forty, or even fifty feet in diameter. Each of these pits is supposed to show where the venerable ancestor of the surrounding circle of trees once stood. Long before it fell, innumerable sprouts grew from the yet living roots. Afterward, when the giant yielded, the rains washed new soil into the "bottoms" from the mountain-sides, to fill the deep chasm. For a century or so there was a struggle among the children of the fallen monarch, and at last only seven or eight remained, to become great trees of twelve feet in diameter set on the rim of the pit formed by the decay of the roots of the ancient tree, and each having a complete root system of its own. Other trees, seedlings or sprouts, grow up between them, and in a few more centuries the process of forming another redwood-tree ring will be repeated about the largest of the second



ENGRAVED BY GEORGE P. BARTLE.

FIG-TREE, RANCHO CHICO. (GENERAL JOHN BIDWELL'S.)

imaginable, rising about the shoulders of the greater mountains, and descending in long expanses far inland to such warm valleys as Santa Rosa and Sonoma. Even there, forty miles from the forests, a solitary redwood sometimes appears, the notable tree of a whole township.

On the camping-grounds of the Bohemian Club on Austin Creek, and in the Armstrong tract near Guerneville, one finds the lowland

growth. Rings of this sort can be found in all stages of formation in every cañon and valley of the redwood country. Some very large rings still show the broken edges of the central tree's roots projecting like the staves of a barrel around the hollow, overgrown with ferns and wild oxalis, or filled to the brim with fresh, spicy redwood sprouts. The green spires of the living forest, three hundred feet high, filter the air through



MANZANITA.

their innumerable branches, and shut out all but faint blue sparkles of the sky. The dust of one of the pioneers is underfoot, and a little tree of last year's growth is struggling to gain a place. The red-bronze trunks of the trees stand like a wall, hiding the rise of the mountains, hiding the banks of the river, though one hears the sound of its flow, and the splash of little trout streams in the cañons. Such groves as this are the temples of the California forest system.

In the Coast Range, belonging somewhat to the redwood belt, and somewhat to the oak openings, but not wholly to either, is a tree that is dear to the heart of poet, artist, and nature-lover. It is an arbutus, by family rights, but it is a glorified arbutus that rivals the *Magnolia grandiflora*, or any other tree of the continent. Many a writer and many a famous botanist have tried to make those who have never seen a madroño understand its grace and color, but it remains the despair of sylvan description. The madroño fully compensates California for the absence of the lovely white-birch stems, and of the scarlet sumac in autumn. Its flowers are insignificant, but its berries outshine the holly, and are infinitely more striking, while the glory of its bright green leaves is a constant joy. The young madroños grow in thickets like young mountain maples, and have long, straight, shining stems, no two alike in color, but ranging in the same thicket from light green almost to yellow, and from yellow to brownish red and rose-tinted purple. Nothing else that I have ever seen in the forest is quite so fresh, so clean, and so richly tinted as a madroño thicket.

The large evergreen leaves sometimes grow in whorls, almost like a Norfolk Island pine, and the light is reflected in so many ways from the smooth stems that an artist would find as many flesh-tints as in a garden of girls; each separate stem is worth study. The bark is smooth, with a soft texture finer than a kid glove, and glowing as if it held a different sort of life from that of the young oaks that stand a little apart. Unless there is a hamadryad in the

madroño, none are left in earthly forests.

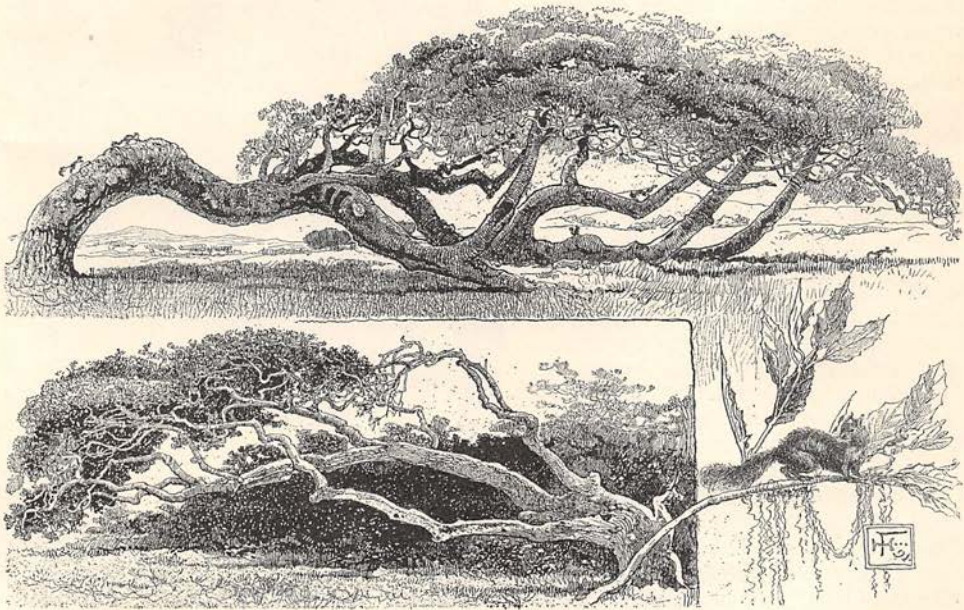
Apart from the thickets, comparatively few single madroños are seen. In fact, some districts contain only dwarfed and shrub-like madroños, but in other places there are great trees from eighty to one hundred feet high that more than fulfil the shy promise of the slender shining stems of the madroño thickets. There are not many such trees, and no photograph can serve to illustrate their magnificence. One in Sonoma County stands on a cliff,—an old tree, deeply scarred by fire. It is as picturesque as an olive or a cypress, with the added expression of color so varied and comprehensive that artists come from the valley below and make studies of it against the blue sky or the dark cliff. The old bark is rough, with very striking red-brown knots and bosses like dark armor, among which are perfectly smooth golden or olive-green or almost scarlet patches of shining, exquisite color. Every month of the year one who studies such a tree will discover changes; every madroño in the mountains has its especial and separate tints of color, its own peculiar charm of manner, its noteworthy combination of the more mature bark with the fresh, changeable, and transparent covering that is like the skin of a child. The very oldest madroño in California is grizzled only about the trunk; even the large branches keep the young look, and each little twig is as fresh as if it belonged to a madroño thicket. For a space below the beautiful crowns of leaves, as large and nearly as dark as the leaves of *Magnolia grandiflora*, the new wood is light, clear-hued green, yellowing downward. Then comes that rich, firm scarlet, so

brilliant that one could easily believe the saying of an old Sonoma pioneer, that when he was out late on the mountain he "had to see his way by the mathrone stems; they kep' the light an hour longer than anything else." As the new bark grows on the madroño, flakes of the old fall to the ground and lie there in crisp, dainty piles of brightness.

Another of the beautiful heaths, to which the arbutus, the leucothoës, the rhododendron, and many other striking shrubs and trees belong, is the manzanita. One species, the *uva-ursi*, or bearberry, extends around the world, but nearly all are Californian, nine or ten species being peculiar to this State. They are shrubs or small trees, with smooth bark ranging in color from that of the madroño to a rich and dark-red purple. The thick oval leaves and the clusters of fragrant white or rose-colored urn-shaped flowers add to the attractiveness of the manzanita. Its crooked stems are beginning to be known in the cane-shops, and the knots and roots have many ornamental uses. Thousands of acres of manzanita thicket have been cleared to plant vineyard and orchard; the dainty little tree seems to occupy some of

makes a wonderful display. From December to April, according to the locality and the season, one can find bushes on the hillside raining down an inch-thick carpet of blossoms, day after day, and still clothed in fragrance and beauty so charming that even the old residents of the manzanita region speak of the time of its blossoming as the prime of the California spring. The stages of the mining counties stop for passengers to break off branches, and groups of campers use the manzanita when in bloom for the decoration of tents and tables. The gorgeous flame-hued *eschscholtzia* has been chosen for the State flower, for it belongs everywhere, and illuminates valley and hillside alike, but nothing among the distinctive plants of California takes precedence of the dainty manzanita. More brilliant in their seasons of bloom are the two rhododendrons that make huge masses of color beside mountain springs, and the lilac-like thickets of *ceanothus* in the shady redwoods; but none of these have the delicate hue and the rare fragrance that make the manzanita unique among shrubs.

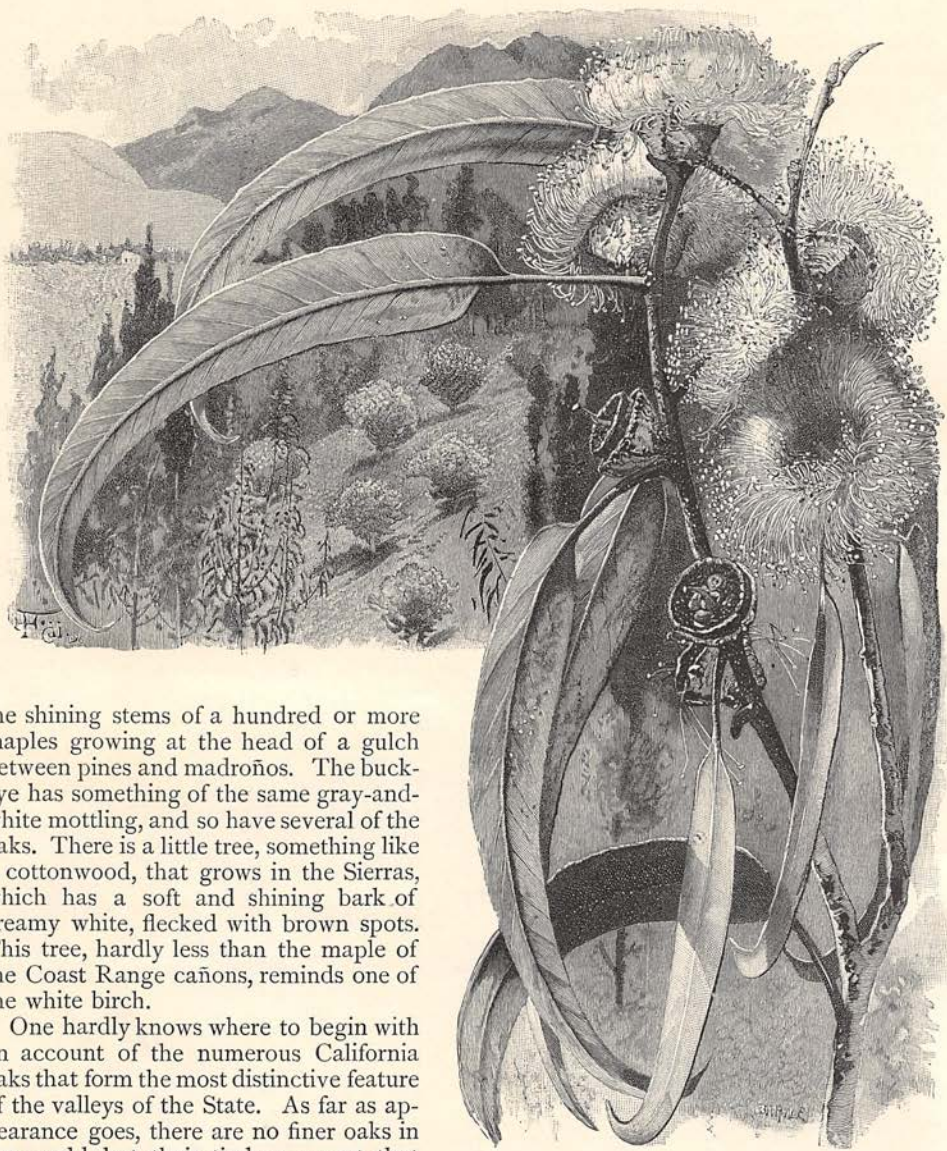
In all the mountain cañons are broad-leaved maples, which grow in copses that are worthy



HABITS OF TREES OF THE COAST RANGE.

the choicest fruit-lands of California. It is as wild and shy as a quail, and the gardeners find that it will not bear removal to the lowlands. The other shrubs of the region can be transplanted, grown from seeds or from cuttings, but every effort to make the manzanita a denizen of the gardens has come to grief, even in the mountains. At the season of bloom it

of a painter's pencil. The same species of maple is found in the valleys, but there it is large and stately, with dark-brown trunks and rounded tops; in the foot-hills it has the most lovely bark of white and gray, rivaling in grace and softness of outline the white birch of New England. One is tempted to name it the California birch-maple, so striking is the effect of



ENGRAVED BY GEORGE P. BARTLE,

EUCALYPTUS.

the shining stems of a hundred or more maples growing at the head of a gulch between pines and madroños. The buckeye has something of the same gray-and-white mottling, and so have several of the oaks. There is a little tree, something like a cottonwood, that grows in the Sierras, which has a soft and shining bark of creamy white, flecked with brown spots. This tree, hardly less than the maple of the Coast Range cañons, reminds one of the white birch.

One hardly knows where to begin with an account of the numerous California oaks that form the most distinctive feature of the valleys of the State. As far as appearance goes, there are no finer oaks in the world, but their timber, except that of a few species, is not yet considered of much economic value. Professor Edward L. Greene of the University of California, in his monograph on the subject, illustrates about twenty-five distinct species of "West American Oaks," and describes several varieties of lesser importance. There are not only white oaks, and some of the finest species known among all the three hundred oaks of the world, but also black oaks, both deciduous and evergreen, and a species of oak that is almost as much of a chestnut as it is an oak. One thing seems to the botanist worth mention, and that is the curious fact that typical trees of the California oaks are very much more like the oaks of Europe than like the

oaks of the Atlantic slope. In growth and general appearance the oak groves of England are closely reproduced in California. Experience shows that the European species of oak grows easily and rapidly in California, while the common oaks of the Atlantic slope grow but poorly. One or two species of western "water-oaks" seem to suit the Pacific coast, but even these do not thrive as well as the English oak.

When American pioneers came into unfenced California, oak forests almost filled the valleys. The trees were not crowded; they seemed planted in vast park-like landscapes for miles. Up the Coast Range one could literally ride

from San Diego to the edge of the redwood country without ever being a mile from groups of gigantic oaks. In the same way, the whole valley edge along the base of the Sierras, from Fort Tejon to Fort Reading, was thick-sown; the Upper Sacramento was especially a land of oaks, which it still remains. Not only "Paso Robles," but every pass in the foot-hills from one watershed to another, was truly a "pass of the oaks." Most of the famous fords that the gold-seekers knew over the Calaveras, the Tuolumne, the Consumnes, the Yuba, the Feather, and hundreds of other rivers, were in the midst of giant oaks. Every county and district has some tree of local fame, and the time may come when the history of the individual oaks of California will be of much interest. The most prominent white oak of the valleys is *Quercus lobata*, a tree that often grows a hundred feet high. This species, and the leading evergreen species of the coast, the *agrifolia*, were discovered by Neé, the botanist. General Frémont, who camped on the Stanislaus River in 1846, makes special mention of the superb white oak. Professor Newberry, writing in 1853 of the Cache Creek country, says:

This timber-belt is composed of the most magnificent oaks I have ever seen. They are not crowded as in our [Atlantic State] forests, but grow scattered about singly or in groups, with open, grass-covered glades between them. The trunks, often seven feet in diameter, soon divide into branches which spread over an area of which the diameter is considerably greater than the height of the tree. There is no undergrowth beneath them, and as far as the eye can reach when standing among them, an unending series of great trunks is seen rising from the lawn-like surface.

A striking feature of the summits of the mountain ridges is the manner in which clumps of oaks occupy great hill-forts. Our highland oaks love to grow on isolated masses of rock, either alone or with pines and laurels. Some of the most characteristic trees of the species can be found crowning such rock fortresses on the points of otherwise naked promontories. One easily reaches

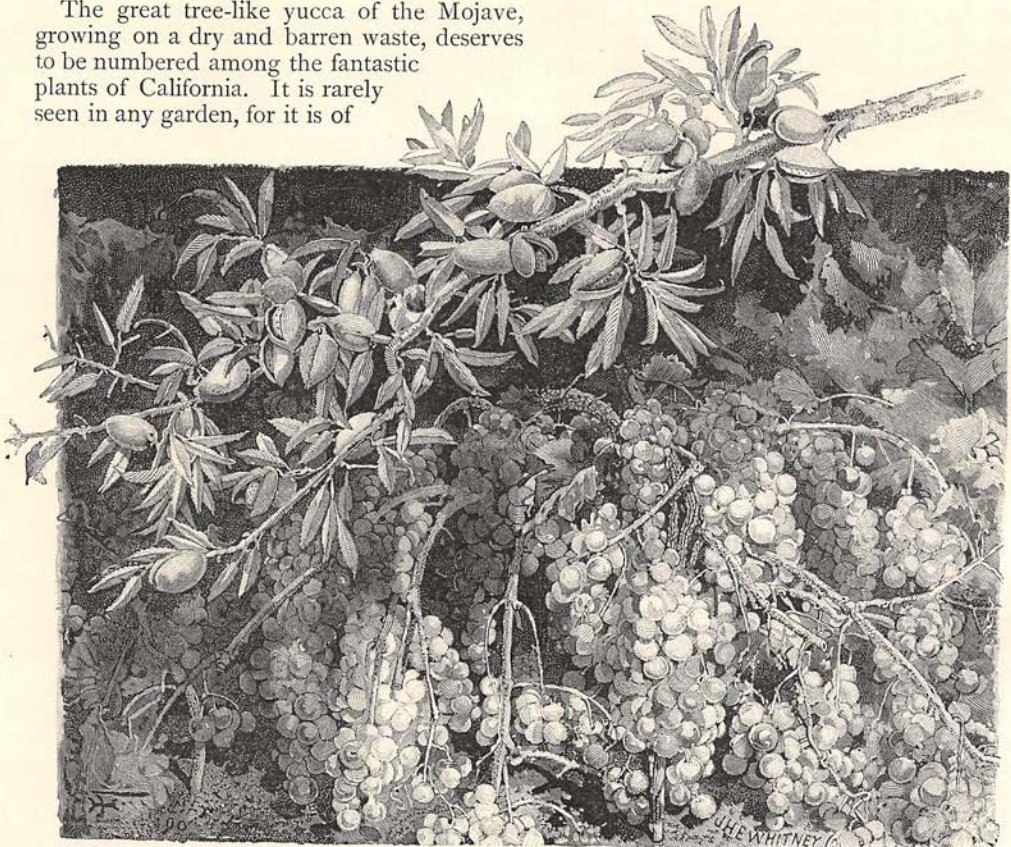
them over long, open slopes of wild oats, thick-sown with larkspurs and eschscholtzias; beyond them the mountain drops suddenly to the level of valley and river. A remarkable habit of the live-oaks (*Quercus agrifolia*) is to marshal themselves in military lines and groups along the smaller ravines that lead upward from the large cañons, and so to serve, in some measure, as sentinels that distinguish the watersheds and slopes of the range. The knolls and hilltops between seem nearly treeless, except for a few scattered pines. The rounded heads of oak after oak, in long curving lines, occasionally massed on the brow of a hill, where they stand against the sky, form one of the most noteworthy features of the landscape over a large portion of California.

One of the finest single oaks known is the Sir Joseph Hooker tree on General Bidwell's Rancho Chico in northern California. When that distinguished botanist visited the region in company with Dr. Asa Gray, he declared that this tree "was in all probability as large and perfect an oak as any in existence." This oak and several others of well-deserved fame, a few notable redwoods, one or two madroños, the famous cypresses of Monterey, and some noble pines of different species, should be set apart and protected as completely as the Sierra sequoias. Two or three well-chosen reservations of a thousand acres apiece—one in Shasta or Siskiyou, another in Mendocino, and a third in Santa Cruz—would preserve fine specimens of nearly all of the native shrubs and trees of California, and also several of the best oak forests that are left unspoiled.



CYPRESS POINT, MONTEREY.

The great tree-like yucca of the Mojave, growing on a dry and barren waste, deserves to be numbered among the fantastic plants of California. It is rarely seen in any garden, for it is of



ALMONDS AND RAISIN GRAPES, RANCHO CHICO. (GENERAL JOHN BIDWELL'S.)

slow growth, and there are many finer blooming species; but none of the desert plants suit their environment better. Some of these days, when only a few are left, those few will be as famous as the dragon-trees of the Canaries.

So much for a few of the picturesque species of native plants of California. But, as outlined in the opening paragraphs of this article, the horticulturist has a claim upon this subject. The fruits and flowers that he plants vary more rapidly here than elsewhere; so he produces new and valuable varieties. California has become the paradise of the rosarian, the seed-grower, the hybridizer, and the nurseryman. The wild grape is used as a stock for wine and raisin grapes, and, in some cases that I know of, men have grafted Italian chestnuts upon one species of the native oaks. All the hillsides of the tree region, when not too steep to plow, nor too far above the sea-level, will grow the fruits and varied horticultural products of Spain, Portugal, Italy, and southern France. The pomegranate is a garden shrub in many districts, and the almond is a roadside tree. The drooping, acacia-like leaves of the scarlet-

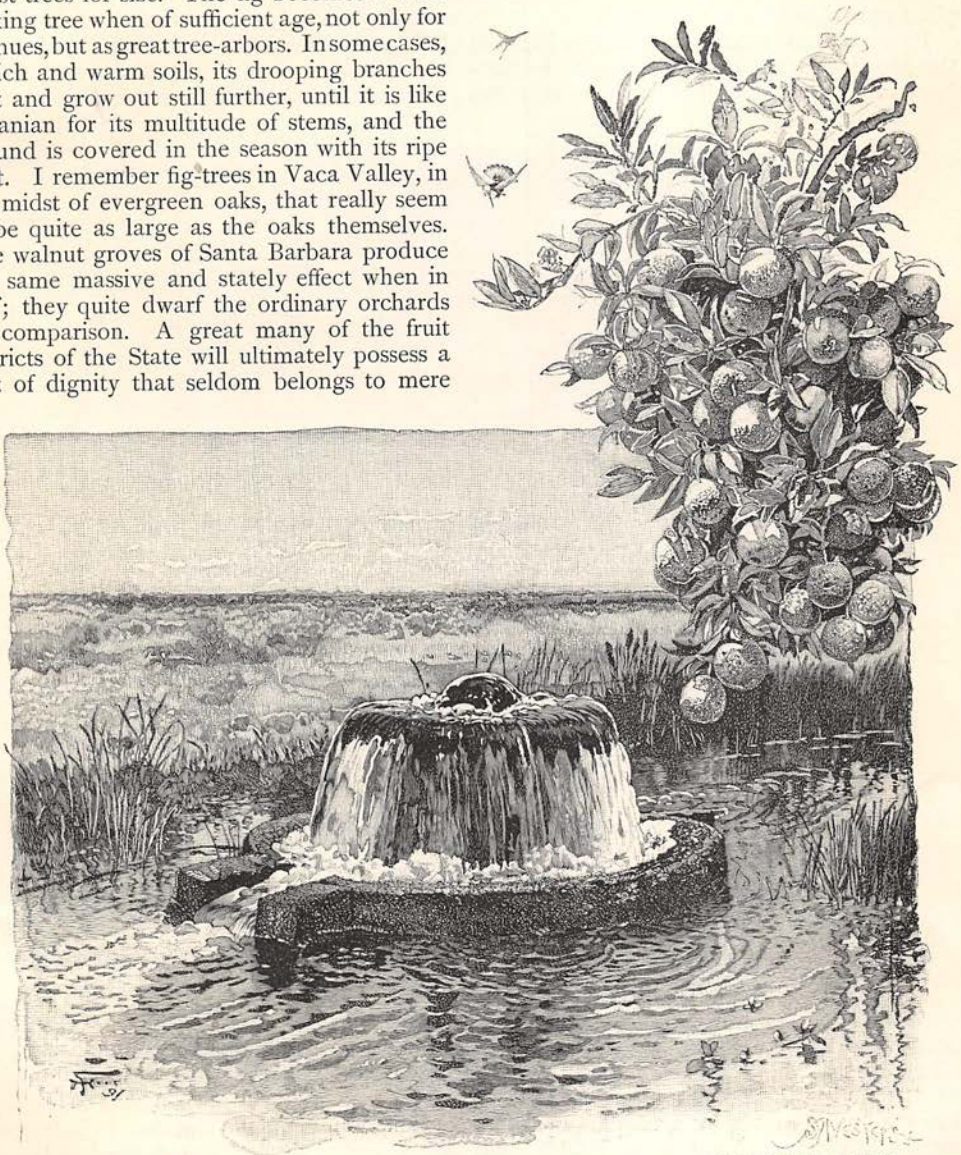
fruited pepper-tree grow with magnolias, palms, and cedars of Lebanon. Oranges and lemons stand in many an orchard with apples and peaches. Among the notable plants of the State are many adopted species, such as the acacias and *eucalyptuses* of Australia, and the bamboos and persimmons of Japan.

When Americans came to California, they were surprised at the variations that they observed in familiar plants. The elderberry, which is only slightly different from the elderberry-bush of the Atlantic slope, often becomes a tree of from two to four feet in diameter and thirty or forty feet high. This is merely a matter of local environment, rich soil, and shelter; the same species is a mere shrub on the rocky hillsides of the Coast Range. The bronze-leaved *Ricinus*, which makes a semi-tropic summer garden in front of many an Atlantic coast cottage, grows for year after year in California, until a section of its stem a foot and a half in diameter can be obtained by any collector of vegetable curiosities. Geraniums, nasturtiums, tomatoes, and many other plants, useful and otherwise, escape from cultivation, modify their habits of growth, and soon become

wild again. Many plants of Mexico, Peru, Chile, the Hawaiian Islands, Australia, New Zealand, South Africa, and the Mediterranean shores have already become dangerous weeds. The loquat, a choice fruit of Japan, is already growing wild in some cañons where picnic-parties have left the seeds. Apricots, peaches, cherries, and English walnuts have been found in the forests — chance seedlings, growing with the *madroños* and *manzanitas*.

The horticulturist, no less than the botanist, has his notable trees to admire. Old olive avenues that the mission fathers planted still remain, and some of their seedling pears are like forest-trees for size. The fig becomes a most striking tree when of sufficient age, not only for avenues, but as great tree-arbors. In some cases, in rich and warm soils, its drooping branches root and grow out still further, until it is like a banyan for its multitude of stems, and the ground is covered in the season with its ripe fruit. I remember fig-trees in Vaca Valley, in the midst of evergreen oaks, that really seem to be quite as large as the oaks themselves. The walnut groves of Santa Barbara produce the same massive and stately effect when in leaf; they quite dwarf the ordinary orchards by comparison. A great many of the fruit districts of the State will ultimately possess a sort of dignity that seldom belongs to mere

orchards as known in other parts of the world. All the trees will become very large, and will remain in health for a long time. Some of the Riverside oranges are already magnificent trees, and are growing still larger. Pecans, walnuts, Italian chestnuts, the carob of Asia Minor, the pistachio, the olive, and a countless variety of nut- and fruit-trees of especial beauty and character, are being planted everywhere. Then, too, the habit of massing separate fruits — here twenty acres of cherries, there thirty of peach or prune, and between them, perhaps, a vineyard or an olivarium — will always give orchard districts a peculiar charm. When the almond



ARTESIAN WELL IN THE DESERT.

ENGRAVED BY H. E. SYLVESTER.

is in bloom, one country-side is full of the drifted snow of almond flowers; the next week another little district, only a few miles away, begins to flush pink with peach-blossoms. The whole tendency of California horticulture seems to be toward specialization, and thus the orchards even now possess much of the attractiveness of natural forests. As they grow old and are partly replanted, as the roadside trees become mature, and as new orchards extend into the wilder parts of the State, all men will recognize the fact that California, once a great mining commonwealth, has become a distinctively horticultural community, whose most characteristic feature is the enormous range of plant growth, wild and cultivated.

Every year the broader comparison between the two sides of the continent reveals increasing contrasts. The Californian who visits the

forests, so unlike the pineries of other States. He misses the careless ease of growth, the fullness and variety of exotic plant life. He misses much in color as well as in form. Even the buttercup season of New England, or the time when goldenrod is in its prime, seems cold and fragmentary to the Californian, who is used to the sunlit hill-slopes, where wild poppies and a thousand sorts of liliaceous and composite flowers grow in brilliant hosts under the cloudless skies, and still bloom on and on, while the wild oats, clover, and grasses ripen to golden browns and soft shades of yellow. It is true that New England at its best season appears to the Californian to be unspeakably beautiful, because it is so green, so fresh, so full of small hills and gentle woodlands sloping down to quiet streams: but all the while he thinks of California at the time when the rains are past,

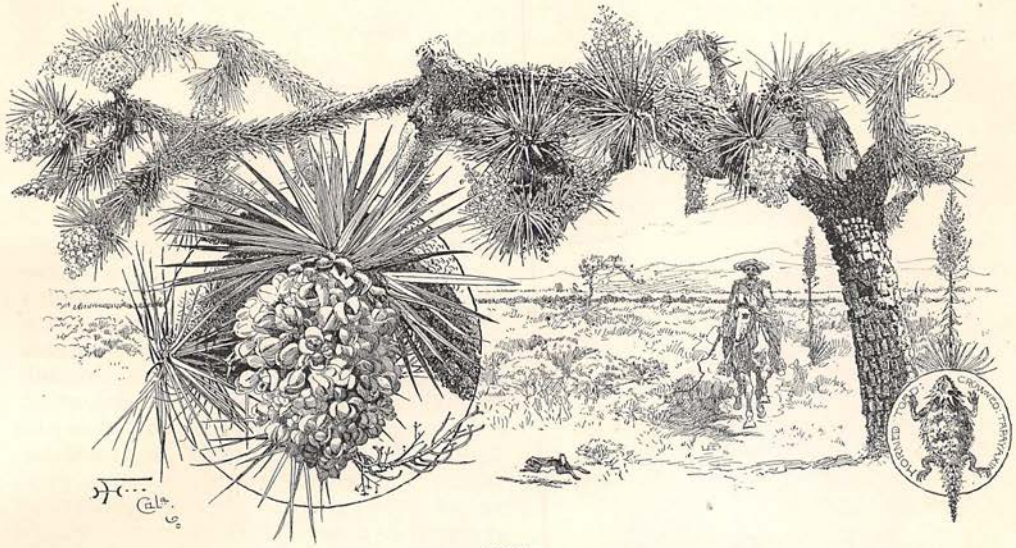


PEPPER.

ENGRAVED BY E. H. DE L'ORME.

Atlantic States is impressed with the palmettos of the South, the chestnuts and elms of the North; nothing like them grows in his own forests. But he misses his *madroños* and *manzanitas*, his fragrant chaparral thickets, his tree-like yuccas, and his unequaled coniferous

and it is like Palestine, a mountain land, the home of the shepherd and the vine-dresser; he thinks of the season when valleys, foot-hills, and high ranges begin to glow like Italy under the ardent sunlight. For more than half the year, over an extent of country larger than



YUCCA.

New England, one can sleep on the ground without a tent, so warm and rainless a land it is. Still the trees grow, the flowers bloom, the singing birds come out of the cañons and dwell in the fruit-laden orchards, the whole realm ripens as a swarthy olive or a bronze-red pomegranate. And, strange to say, the grape, fig, loquat, guava, and all the other exotics that came in so many diverse ways to California, the weeds that perplex the farmer, the fiber-plants, the insect-powder bushes from Dalmatia, and a thousand other strangers, seem as much at home as the sequoias, and each in its way has helped to create the memories

that the Californian carries abroad with him. Against a background of snow-peaks he sees the pine forests; the valleys and hillsides of the foreground are filled with gardens and orchards, for whose increasing plant wealth the resources of the whole world are being drawn upon. Old mining ditches are changing to irrigation canals; old pastoral counties grow famous for wines, raisins, dried fruits, and a multitude of plant products. Each district, from the extreme north of the State to the extreme south, has its own peculiar advantages, and California deserves to be characterized as the land of varied horticulture.

Charles Howard Shinn.

PAVEMENT PICTURES.

WILD storm, this languid summer night,
 Clashed o'er the city an hour ago;
 But now, released in heaven's blue height,
 A moon has brought her sorrowing glow,
 To flood the massed roofs' dimness dense
 With pale celestial penitence.

The breeze wakes rich in soothing damps;
 Faint spires loom silvered; and one sees
 In street or square, by rain-splashed lamps,
 The wet leaves flickering on stray trees;
 While black fantastic shapes of dream
 Bold from the drying pavements gleam.

Chance moods of moisture's random change,
 The dumb stone flaunts their blots grotesque,
 Where freaks of spectral trceries range
 Through many an elfin arabesque —
 Till the huge town's vice, crime, despair,
 Seems devilishly pictured there!

Edgar Fawcett.