A PACIFIC VOYAGE.

Graphic Description of a Trip Along the Coast of California.

THROUGH THE GOLDEN GATE

A Sight on the Ocean—Thoughts Directed Toward the Supreme Power—Santa Barbara and Los Angeles.

Special Correspondence.

Thursday, Feb. 23, 1899, 11 a. m.—The San Francisco had spread before us, on her good sea h, without a wake or ripple to rear the thousand beauty of her parlors.

The steamer Santa Rosa, by appointed on its pleasant leaves, with round her gay decks of sea gulls circling and uttering shrill cries, as if bidding speeding ship farewell, or warning her against an encounter during our South Pacific voyage.

Throngs of people strolled up and down the long deck, thronging their way to or out, between boxes and cargo piles, scarcely grasping the last ripples of parting, for behind, until they unwillingly become a part of the fast receding distance of the shore.

After the excitement waves of the bay we glide, with scarcely a backward gaze at the long piers with their ragtopped, and piled in, and the third, and fourth, and fifth, and sixth, and seventh from the wharf, leaving ruin-our old friends, with their hats and handkerchiefs, and the dismemberment of farewell, far behind, until they unwillingly become a part of the fast receding distance of the shore.

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Thus through in the right are the United States army quarters and barracks with the fort, high, the towers of the Cliff House, and the well preserved Seal Rocks, where people from the world of the world have resorted in the hopes of a few of our seal-skin hats.

Now, within a stone's throw, a group of rocks rise from the sea, called Bird Rocks, upon which dozens of sea lions are, want to rest and sun themselves, singing their hoarse angry cries when the people approach too nearer, which dash high against the rocks and leaves down where ragged sides by jagged jetties.

Sun then evidences of civilization are passed and we put ourselves adrift on the mighty Pacific.

Of fierce, grand and terrible! What mysteries your deep beneath the gray, gray sky!

What lies of you not untold misery and of suffering within the hidden depths of your dark, cold, cruel, ever-moving waters! Who can trace the silent, stealthy, ever-moving current, by by which the hatch are can kept their fathomless depths! 'Tis better so.

A brisk breeze was blowing, rendering it about impossible to remain on deck, and the passengers were only too glad to accept the warm, enticing atmosphere of the social hall, where, during the evening, a pleasant hour was spent consisting of piano selections was rendered.

NIGHT ON THE OCEAN WAVE.

Inexplicable, indeed, are the feelings which fill the soul upon the realization of the ships fore, and if at one time more than another, when, in the midst of coming, sequinces at the throne of glory, it is when benighted upon the ocean, with the heavens above, and utterly separated upon a Superior power.

In the silence of night with no sound save the dash, dash, of the pulsing ship, and the regular movements and roar of the engine, the soul seems to be a mighty wind, immediately and mysteriously, to be lost and a wide, wide, there stretches, Al 1 a.m. we anchored at Port Hartford, a small and unpretentious, but very picturesque little seaport and bright sunshine, which deceived us probably two hours.

Upon our arrival we were conveyed, traveling at a regular distance of five miles from shore, stopping at certained opportunity to watch from the upper deck the frantic cries the which was commenced with a sudden rolling fills, with bars and then, at great intervals, an ordinary farm house. But even this variety of scenery soon ceased, and the expanse of water on our right, grew monotonous, and we began to feel like one the sense of somewhat disappointed.

Not at this harbor our steamer passed for the Santa Barbara Islands, one of the sections, channel with its numerous islands, offering the true Spanish and Indian settlements (and designs). The people of this branch place, as, we were told, are most proud to exhibit the city, introducing a visit to the Old Spain Barbara Mission, one of the most perfectly preserved in the state.

Santa Barbara does not ask to contribute to the stranger within her gates, as the street car conductors stop and parade along the bay, and then proceed to the Hotel Arlington, a fine structure of the time Spanish and Indian architectural designs. The people of this branch place, as, we were told, are most proud to exhibit the city, introducing a visit to the Old Spain Barbara Mission, one of the most perfectly preserved in the state.

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At 4 p. m. Santa Barbara fades from the distance, and we continue down the coast to Port Los Angeles, arriving at 9 p. m., and a dirty, dirty, dirty, and unpleasant place it is, with a population, number, 1,500 before of Mr. Sumner, and he knows [illegible] that the subsequent [illegible] of the [illegible] Los Angeles, and the time necessary to their departure.

Lieutenant C. H. Manlon, Twenty-third Infantry, with his enlisted men, has reported at the Presidio. He will be assigned to the command of a detachment of recruits, on the way to the Philippines by early transport.

Lieutenant Colonel Robert Dunlap, Twenty-third Infantry, has been detailed to act as quartermaster and commissary on the transport Granada on her voyage to Manila. Acting Assistant Surgeon E. J. Frank of the General Hospital, Presidio, has been assigned to duty as attending surgeon on the Granada. Hospital Steward Patrick H. Walsh and Private Peter Dell of the hospital corps, have also been assigned to duty on the Granada, under Surgeon Frank.

DIFFERENT THEN.

Some Spanish Dispatches of a Year Ago Make Interesting Reading.

Who would have imagined a year ago that on a day of February, 1899, the seventh century would see us in Havana, or that a crowd would cry "Viva Aguinaldo" because an American general did not give Cuba to them? Who would imagine a crowd which they wanted? the city of "Viva Aguinaldo" was as insolent and contemptuous and insulting as the modern spirit of the Latin race. The Cubans are simply Spanish copies and have their origin. Pick up a paper of less than a year ago and read this:

"Madrid, April 28.—A great impression has been produced by the news that Germany will not permit the Americans to bombard Manila."

"Japanese naval officers have been given permission to visit the naval spectacles from the decks of Spanish ships.

"The Vox Espanola, of Manila says the Yankees are in a bad condition.

"The Spanish squadron, in two sections, is patrolling off Cavite searching for the Americans.

"Madrid, April 29.—The city is on the tiptoe of expectancy for news from Manila. Insurgent reinforcements have the forts have not and three American warships have been sunk.

The Correspondence says Spain fears the outdoor line and loss every day.

It is understood that anarchy reigns in the United States. The Americans are utterly unable to handle slips of war.

"Madrid, April 29.—General Correa, the minister of war, replying in the cortes concerning the bombardment of Batavia, said it was a glorious day for the Spanish arms.

"Madrid Heraldo's dispatch telling of the stranding of an American vessel in Subic with twelve dead and that the Americans are vexed in mannerless.

The Imperial says: All the world now knows that America tried to bluff Spain by war threats which she is unable to fulfill. Spain has shown that she is a worthy world-wide brave. Its real strength is clearly known—its brave and its fine children are those who are left behind, the fairest and most powerful citizens, and twelve other cruisers. All the rest are Spaniards, and Spain, the Imperial says it regards Dewey's victory as a glorious day for Spain.

"Madrid, April 30.—Spain is overjoyed, traveling at a regular distance of five miles from shore, stopping at certained opportunity to watch from the upper deck the frantic cries the which was commenced with a sudden rolling fills, with bars and then, at great intervals, an ordinary farm house. But even this variety of scenery soon ceased, and the expanse of water on our right, grew monotonous, and we began to feel like one the sense of somewhat disappointed.

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DR. WATSON, OR "IAN MACLAREN."

Noted Preacher and Author will Arrive Tomorrow Morning.

BRIEF SKETCH OF CAREER.

Southern as Salt Lake and Citizens Generally Will Welcome the Lecture Hardly Origin.

The arrival of Ian Maclaren in this city, which he will visit to take place tomorrow morning, is awaited with interest by a great many of the local reading public.

Possibly the best introduction of the interest that is displayed in the official author, Ian Maclaren, can be afforded to the regular Mormon "book" that has set in at the bookstores and public Henry Ward Beecher's "Life of the Herald Book Book." "Life Long Pastor" and will write both in about the gifted Scotchman's pen indicate the public pulse. The Scotch colony feel is very enthusiastic regarding the visit of the doctor of divinity, and it is to the efforts of Mr. Samuel Williams that the people are indebted for the visit of the author. Ian Maclaren is to address on his second tour as lecturer and reader, and last night gave some of his delightful readings before an audience drawn from the Congregational Sale in the city of Detroit, from whence he arrived yesterday. Mr. Williams says that they don't want to make any more of a fuss than is necessary, but will be content if they show enough to make the people in the city realize that we are a people of the world. Mr. Williams says that the people in the city of Detroit are very much on the part of the lecture's advance agent, and in conjunction with other Scotch men of this city has the street fair until they had secured their fellow countrymen to appear in the Assembly Hall for Monday, the 3rd inst