

THE ROUND TRIP: FROM THE HUB TO THE GOLDEN GATE

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The round trip: from the Hub to the Golden gate by Susie C. Clark

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SUSIE C. CLARK

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THE GOLDEN GATE**

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FROM THE HUB

TO

THE GOLDEN GATE

BY

SUSIE C. CLARK

AUTHOR OF "A LOOK UPWARD" "TO BEAR WITNESS" ETC.



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THE ROUND TRIP

CHAPTER I

DEPARTURE

A CERTAIN dear little lady, who was so unfortunate (though she might not agree with our representation of the case) as to marry a naval officer, and consequently spent her days migrating from one port to another, on the eastern, western, or southern shores of our republic, according to the transient location of her husband's ship, that she might gain occasional glimpses of the glittering shoulder-straps and brass buttons of her truant lord, once gave to us as her profound conviction, this maxim: "If you want to be uncomfortable—*travel!*"

We could not gainsay her then, but can see plainly enough now, that the confession ranked her as one who has never placed herself under the espionage of those successful managers, Messrs. Raymond and Whitcomb, who make of travelling a science and an art, whose trains furnish every feature of a home but its usual stationary quality,

and this is not always one to be desired. Human as well as vegetable growth is often encouraged by the process of transplanting, and removal in this instance is accomplished so deftly, skillfully and delightfully that the wrench of leaving one's native soil is scarcely felt, even though the new habitat is the width of a continent distant, and active life is resumed in a new world, a new climate, and under sunnier skies than the rock-bound coast of dear old New England affords.

But California is much nearer Boston than it was in '49. The journey thither is hardly now considered much of a trip. The Raymonds certainly leave you no anxiety in regard to it, and little to do but to fold your arms and be taken care of. The start is made from the station at the foot of Causeway street, which structure seems a relic of some feudal age, and makes a refreshing oasis to the artistic eye amid the square, stiff, red walls of its democratic surroundings. Its stern exterior and battlemented towers, with its moat and draw-bridge might have served as a castle of the Norman conqueror, although his outposts of defence were not adorned by such mazy network of electric wires.

The Fitchburg's straight and narrow path runs through classic ground; Cambridge, earliest home of letters, name indissolubly connected with memories of Longfellow, Agassiz, Holmes, Gray,

and a score of lesser lights, Cambridge, which also holds the deserted hearthstone, and the friends who waft, we know, a strong God-speed; Belmont, long the home of Howells; Waverley, whose ancient oaks and Beaver brook are immortalized in Lowell's limpid verse; Waltham, making time for half the world; and Concord,

"Where first th' embattled farmers stood,
And fired the shot heard round the world,"

the opening of that history, written in the nation's heart-blood, whose second chapter is marked by the granite shaft which rises from Charlestown's hill. Fair Walden's placid wave recalls the gentle soul who built a lodge upon its shore and learned his lessons in Nature's school. The tall hemlocks and whispering pines that fringe its banks, chant no requiem in our ears for the departed great — Emerson and Hawthorne, Thoreau and Alcott — whose fellowship they have enjoyed, but murmur thanks that some there are in every age who understand their song and interpret all their mystic lore in words that our duller ears can reach.

Darkness begins to settle as we enter the lovely Deerfield valley, veiling the winding river and diversity of hill and glen, the grace of outline and brilliancy of autumnal foliage. But here the courteous conductor invites us to the dining car, where