



Picturesque America; or, the land we live in

a delineation by pen and pencil of the mountains, rivers, lakes, forests, water-falls, shores, cañons, valleys, cities, and other picturesque features of our country ; with illustrations on steel and wood, by eminent American artists

Bryant, William Cullen

New York, 1872

On The Coast Of California.

[urn:nbn:de:hbz:466:1-65789](https://nbn-resolving.org/urn:nbn:de:hbz:466:1-65789)

they press boldly to its very brink, and run out huge promontories far into the proper domains of the many-voiced deep. The vicinity of such places, for many miles, bears the impress of this eternal contest, in the shape of huge masses of basaltic and trap rocks, which have been torn apart by the waves, and which stand sometimes isolated, sometimes in groups in the midst of the waters. All along the coast-line, from Eureka, on Humboldt Bay, to Sonoma County, the shore is rendered interesting by these gigantic fragments, around which the wind howls with fruitless fury, and where the wild birds of the ocean congregate in myriads, deafening the tourist with their tumultuous cries. Interesting and peculiar as this region is, it has never been portrayed either by pen or pencil until the present time. The wonderful attractions of other portions of this favored State have formed grooves of travel from which it requires considerable effort to emerge. Nor can the writer conscientiously promise to the brave who venture to follow in this route the pleasant hotels and the agreeable accommodations which are to be found elsewhere. No—the coast counties north of the bay of San Francisco are the camping-ground of the Pike, and south of it the Greaser flourishes almost as freely as in the days before the conquest. The tide of immigration has set hitherto toward the mines or to the glorious valleys of the interior, rich with all the luxuriance of tropical climes. The Coast Range of mountains has cut off this part of California from observation and from settlement, and the fertile land is but little tilled. Here and there, no doubt, are fields of excellent wheat, and in favored spots are patches of the vegetables which the Missourians love, and orchards of fruit-trees, planted long, long ago by the *padres* in the mission days. But, for the most part, the face of the country is covered with herds of cattle and with droves of pigs.

The inhabitants of the coast are, for the most part, Missourians; but there is a lingering remnant of the Spaniard, and a trace of the Russian, dating back from the far-away times when the Russian Fur Company was established here, and was a power in the land. The means of travelling are twofold—the mud-wagon in summer and the stage in winter—the stage being of that ponderous variety known as the Concord. A pleasanter way than either is to go on horseback; and the mustangs, which, though small in size, are excellent, can be purchased for a moderate sum. The roads are not very good, it must be confessed; and there are bad bits, especially where the track winds round the base of a mountain. But they are good enough to the contented mind, and stage communication has never been interrupted. The tourist will find little scenery of sufficient grandeur to interest him until he approaches Cape Mendocino. Here the mountains, which previously were low down upon the line of the horizon, come right up to the sea. After crossing the Eel River, a stream of considerable magnitude, the road winds along the skirts of Mount Pierce, a huge mountain, which terminates a long range of high hills, running parallel to and not far from the sea-coast. The sides of Mount Pierce are positively covered with the famous red-wood; and the eye ranges



COAST OF MENDOCINO.

over miles and miles of this magnificent tree without detecting any other kind. Some of these are no less than three hundred feet high and twelve feet in diameter, and the magnificence of these mountain-forests can well be imagined. In the early morning, as the mud-wagon painfully climbs up the foot-hills, the eye delightedly watches the mist slowly departing from the tall tops of these giants. A thick veil lies upon the cliffs and the sea, also unilluminated by the sun. To the left, however, slanting arrows of red light come up beside the crags and fall upon the columnar trunks of the red-woods. The deep-green leaves seem gilded at the edges, and the bark of cinnamon-color glows under the red rays. Above, half-way up the trees, there is a point where the early sunlight and the mist are at strife. At this place the mist wreathes and circles about under the influence of the sun, and this movement communicates itself slowly, very slowly, to the deep bank of mist above, where the grays are pure, and have no contact with the glowing arrows of Phœbus Apollo. The sky above is wonderfully clear, tinged a little with saffron back of the mountain, and a few stars tremble lazily over the deep, dark pall of gray fog that overhangs the ocean. We can hear the slow, solemn pulsing of the waves and the roar of the breakers as they beat upon the rocks. A few light, wandering *cirri* suddenly become visible overhead, a tongue of fire licks the topmost crag of Mount Pierce, and warms its barrenness. The cloudlets become a pale red, the mist upon the trees creeps up higher, and more and more of the dense foliage becomes visible. In five minutes, while we are gazing at the light moving upon the crags of the mountain-side, and the mist departing from the red-woods upon its broad flanks, all has become clear; and seaward the eyes are charmed with such a bit of rugged grandeur as the artist has depicted. The cliffs are not high, but along them are the fragments that the sea in its fury has overwhelmed after centuries of never-ending warfare. In a kind of inlet, standing like the monument of some great one in a market-place, is an isolated rock of fantastic shape. It is of basalt, seamed and scarred very strangely. The sea has worn a passage through the base, through which the waters splash and rage unceasingly. The height of the arch thus made gives us an idea of the fury of the storms that have beat upon this tower of the sea-birds. If this did not exist, we might infer it from the difference of color in the rock. Above, the tones are pure gray; but below, where the tempest reaches, of a dark-brown. The crest is of a dazzling white, from the guano of the wild-fowl that inhabit there, and breed and bring up their young. In the early morning they are silent until the mist has lifted; then one starts up, and he goes circling round the cliff, pouring out harsh and discordant cries, then another joins in, and another, until all the adult birds are on the wing, and the rock is left in possession of the young ones, that scream for food as long as they can see a single bird in the air. In a few minutes, of all the thousands of birds that were circling about, not half a dozen are in sight. All have gone a-fishing in such places as they are acquainted with; and, if one might linger, doubtless he



SCENE AT THE MOUTH OF RUSSIAN RIVER.

would see the birds return one by one with food for their young ones. Among the inhabitants of such rocks the pelican, the cormorant, and the large kind of sea-gull, are the most conspicuous, but occasionally there is a fowl called the murre, whose eggs are considered a great delicacy, and are sold by hundreds of thousands.

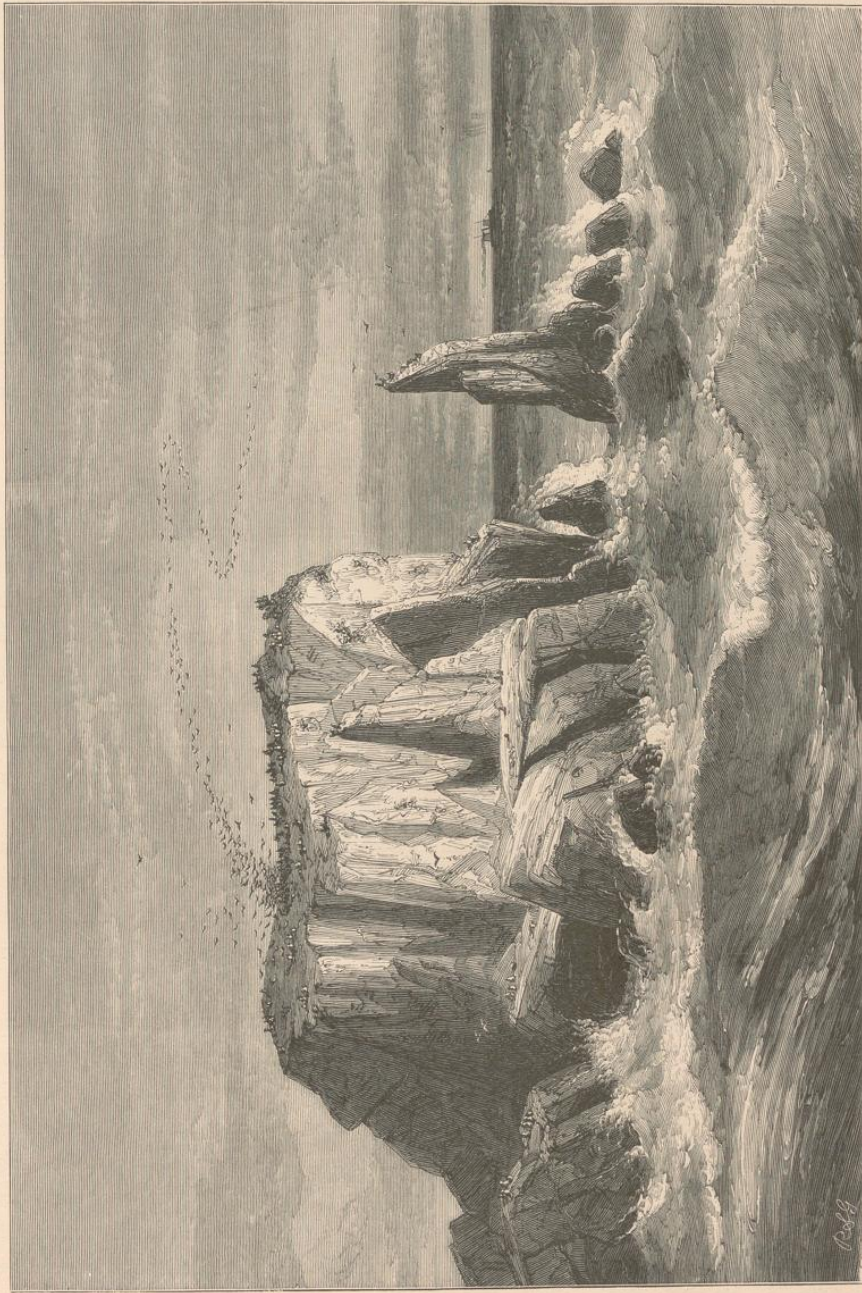
Nothing can be more tumultuous or less pacific than the waters of the Pacific Ocean along the Mendocino coast. Where there is a sandy beach, which is not often, it is pleasant to watch the incoming waves, and to compare them with those of the Atlantic. We at once perceive that there is a considerable difference. In the Atlantic the surf is seldom more than six feet high, and the serried line of waters that comes dashing onward is rarely more than two hundred yards long. In fact, gazing at the sea that breaks upon the Long-Branch shore, or upon the sands of Cape May, or upon the western side of Martha's Vineyard, or upon the petrified beach of Santo Domingo, one can see without difficulty ten or a dozen waves breaking on the shore or advancing in line, all within the field of vision afforded by one glance. It is not so here. The waves, in the first place, are not so frequent. Accustomed to the Atlantic quick pulsation, the traveller waits with impatience, even with a degree of pain, for the roar of the breakers on the Pacific coast, and has about concluded that the sea has given the thing up as a bad job, when the tremendous boom bursts suddenly and unexpectedly upon his ear. Then the waves are twelve feet high and a mile in length, and advance with a solemnity of motion which words cannot describe. The curves described by the falling crests of such waves are infinitely finer than any thing which the Atlantic presents; and the boiling fury with which they crash upon the beach and churn the sands is, at first sight, appalling. Around such isolated rocks as those presented by the artist they rage and raven, like the dogs which the poets fabled around Scylla. All along the Mendocino coast they have worn the cliffs into strange and wondrous forms, beating out caverns where the lower part is conglomerate rock, and series of arched cellars, into which tuns of sea-weed and *débris* are thrown. The basalt, which is the leading character of the crust, is not uniform in texture, some parts being very much softer than others. Wherever this occurs in the proximity of the waters, they have invariably scooped out the soft rock, making all kinds of mystic arches, siren rings, and gateways of Poseidon. This is not infrequent, and occasionally happens in spots accessible to the human foot, sometimes even in close neighborhood to the stage-road. The surface is covered with a rank, coarse grass, which even mules disdain, and which the wandering goat will not even look at. Sometimes a cactus will bloom along the cliffs, and there is a species of thistle, with very handsome bluish-green leaves and a large yellow flower. If a traveller wants to get out and smoke a pipe in contemplative mood, reclining on the cliffs and listening to the strange gurgling of the sea pouring through the passages, the drivers of the wagons are most obliging, and never fail to stop. Truth to tell, they are not often asked, for the population consists of those who



Basaltic Formation near Russian River.

care more for hog and hominy than for the strangest sight that ever Mother Nature wrought.

The hotels along the line are few in number, but there are plenty of saw-mills, where one can obtain fair accommodations. At Mendocino City it is advisable to halt for a few days and rest. The road has been all the way through mountains, and continues to be, though back of the hills that hem in this city there is a superb stretch of level country, known as the Long Valley, which is watered by the main fork of the Eel River, which is crossed the first day after leaving Eureka. The mountains press closer and closer to the sea until we arrive at the mouth of Russian River, south of which the Russian Fur Company had its station. This is not a very large stream, and is only navigable for about twelve miles from its mouth; but there are many saw-mills on its banks, and Bodega, the nearest town, does quite a lumber-business. The entrance to the mouth of Russian River is quite picturesque. There are numbers of schooners and sloops laden with red-wood, some going north, to Portland



COAST SCENE, MARIN COUNTY.

—others south, to San Francisco, Monterey, and as far down as the Isthmus. The northern side of the little bay is very bold. The promontory is of the most striking character, coming down from the mountain-peak in a succession of grand, sweeping terraces, some of the descents being so scarped as to suggest the idea of Titanic fortifications. On the flanks there is the inevitable red-wood forest, which, in places, ascends almost to the summit. In other places the mountain is bare and rugged, showing huge masses of grayish granite verging on purple. The cliffs at the extremity of the promontory have been torn and rent by some dreadful convulsion until they are almost separated from the main-land. And their jagged summit bears a quaint resemblance to the spires and minarets of a cathedral. At the entrance to the mouth of the river are huge detached cliffs of basalt, which form two groups, called by the boatmen the Brothers and Sisters, though the same name is applied to other cliffs down the coast. The slopes near the sea are denuded of timber, and, being covered with a short, sweet grass, afford excellent pasturage to a fine breed of sheep, for which this part of the country is noted. On the southern side of the mouth of Russian River there are broad sweeps of fine pasturage, from which, however, the basalt crops up occasionally in isolated peaks, like the castles of the robber-knights who lived along the Scottish borders in the olden time. They are inaccessible, which the birds seem to comprehend, for they inhabit here, and breed with as much freedom as on the sea-girt cliffs that stud the shore. This peculiar formation—shown in the engraving—is more than three hundred feet high, and affords a pleasant shadow in the hot noons for the flocks of sheep and their shepherds. It is nearly square, and the sides are so steep that no one has ever succeeded in climbing, though many have tried. Beyond the sweeps of pasturage the hills come down again and renew their struggle with the sea. It seems as if there had been a mutual understanding and a truce to allow the beautiful young river to join herself to the sea, and the plains ever her attendants. Then the truce is broken, and the old warfare recommences, for the mountains come down with greater determination than ever, and, at Bodega Head, rush far into the sea, as if in contumely and derision of the sea-born powers.

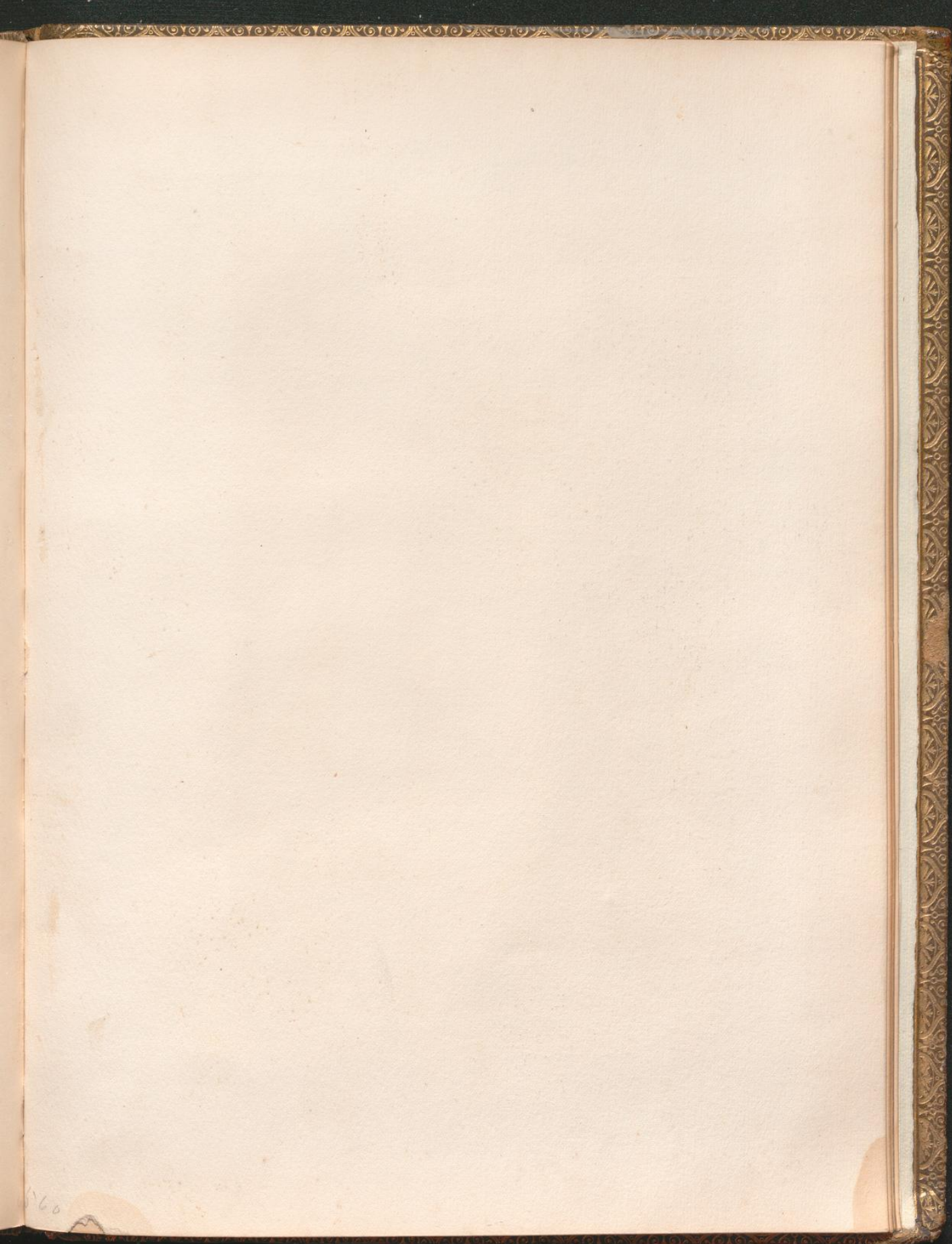
The town of Bodega was formerly the Russian station, and in the vicinity there are still the frail and fading remains of a stockade and fort, with an old church, built in 1787. Many of the names in Bodega are Russian, and one sees on the signs Ivani-vitch, *carpintero*; Vassilivitch, *panadero*—Spanish being the language of the place. There is an old Spanish hotel, built of adobe, in the regular Spanish style, with a garden attached. This in former days used to be filled with flowers, but is now occupied by vines. The native wine is called white Sonoma, and is excellent, but is not much patronized by the populace, who are rapidly becoming Americanized. Their teachers being Pikes, as the Missourians are called, whiskey made from corn or wheat is the great beverage. From the same cause it happens that, though there are plentiful flocks



MOUNT TAMALPAIS AND RED PORCH.

of sheep and herds of cattle, one can hardly get any meat save pork. There is abundance of good ham and bacon, eggs are plentiful, and the bread is of most admirable quality. Bodega is by no means a bad place; for the ground is very fertile, and there is excellent grazing all about. Pears and apples of the finest quality are grown in such abundance that two-thirds fall on the ground, and the pigs are driven in to feed on them. Besides the white Sonoma there is a black grape, which is of excellent quality as an eating-grape. Vegetables also grow superbly, and corn is produced as excellent as in Illinois or Ohio. After the toilsome journeying through the mountains, which is sufficiently fatiguing, whether by wagon or on horseback, a few days' halt in Bodega comes very agreeably. There is much to be seen also. Many of the houses are of the old Spanish construction, with, perhaps, romantic histories. The old stockade-fort, Ross, situated on a plateau near the cliffs, is well worthy of examination, and the old Greek Church, with its miniature spires of red-wood, and their gilded tops, is a curious relic of a past so absolutely gone that very few are aware now that it ever existed. From Bodega a capital, fast-going stage runs to Petaluma, which is only forty-six miles from San Francisco. It is situated upon Petaluma Creek, at the head of San Pablo Bay, and steamers run every day from it to San Francisco. But, for the tourist who wishes to see the coast, this route is inadmissible, since it is a diversion inland, and a turning one's back upon the scenery and the difficulties of the shore-line. A stage will take him to the town of Two Rocks, which derives its name from the configuration of the coast. One of these rocks is given by the engraving. The height is about two hundred and sixty feet, but the mass is enormous. Detached rocks, like needles worn to a point by the eternal blustering of the winds and waves, surround it on every side like small diamonds around a Koh-i-noor, and on the flanks there are broad, flat masses, which are the favorite resorts of seals. Here the soft-eyed wretches, so persecuted for their exquisite skins, sun themselves in comparative security; for, though not protected by law, as at San Francisco, yet the influence of that law is felt here in Two Rocks, and there is a moral feeling against disturbing their repose. The innumerable birds that make their nests upon the broad, flat summits of these rocks are not so kindly treated, being robbed at regular intervals by an egg company formed for that purpose. Wild and precipitous as these rocks appear, they can be scaled without difficulty, and the time will inevitably come when the birds will learn to avoid the place, and these rocks will lose their chief attraction—their chief attraction, it must be understood, for the multitude.

For the lover of natural scenery, these enormous, isolated rocks have a grand fascination, to which the birds contribute nothing. The grayish tones of the upper part, melting into the deepest brown, with the glowing white of the summit produced by guano, and the broad yellow of the withered grasses, delight the artistic eye. The shadows vary from pale violet to deep purple, according to the hues of the lights. The



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Golden Gate

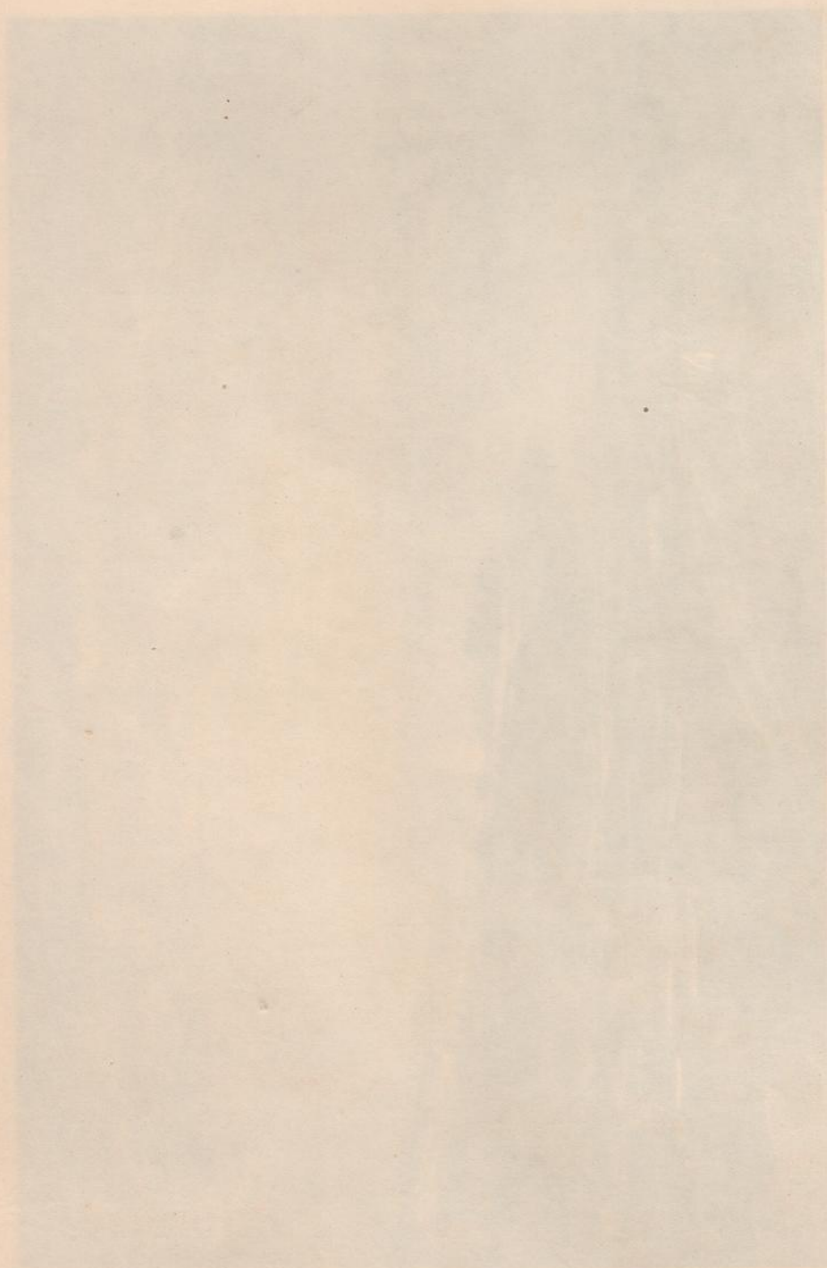
(FROM TELEGRAPH HILL)

New York: D. Appleton & Co.

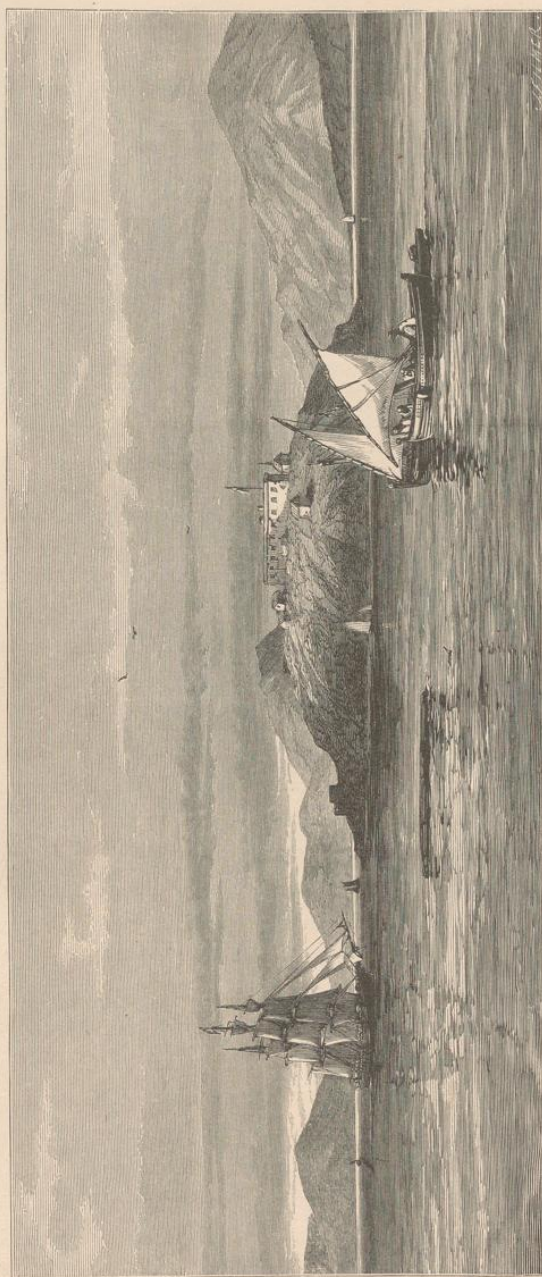
lines are also most picturesque, Nature having contrasted all varieties of lines—perpendiculars, diagonals, horizontals, various curves in the rocks; while below, in the wash and lapping of the tumultuous sea, there are other curves of a totally diverse character, and other tones, which contrast strangely with the colors of the rocks. The sea is deep green, like emerald, or indigo-green, like sapphire, according to depth and other conditions; and there is great variety also, in the white line of the foaming crests according to their volume. The sky above is not a very deep blue. It is a softer, milder cerulean than that which arches over our heads in New York and New England; it is not so splendid, but it is more tender, and seems to fill the soul with kinder, gentler feelings. The clouds are mostly *stratus* and *cirrus*, and lie low on the horizon, or flake the sky with golden fragments, like the sheep of some celestial shepherd. If you look at the sky, your heart becomes melted with joy; if you look at the sea thundering on these two



Always there.



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Alcatraz Island.

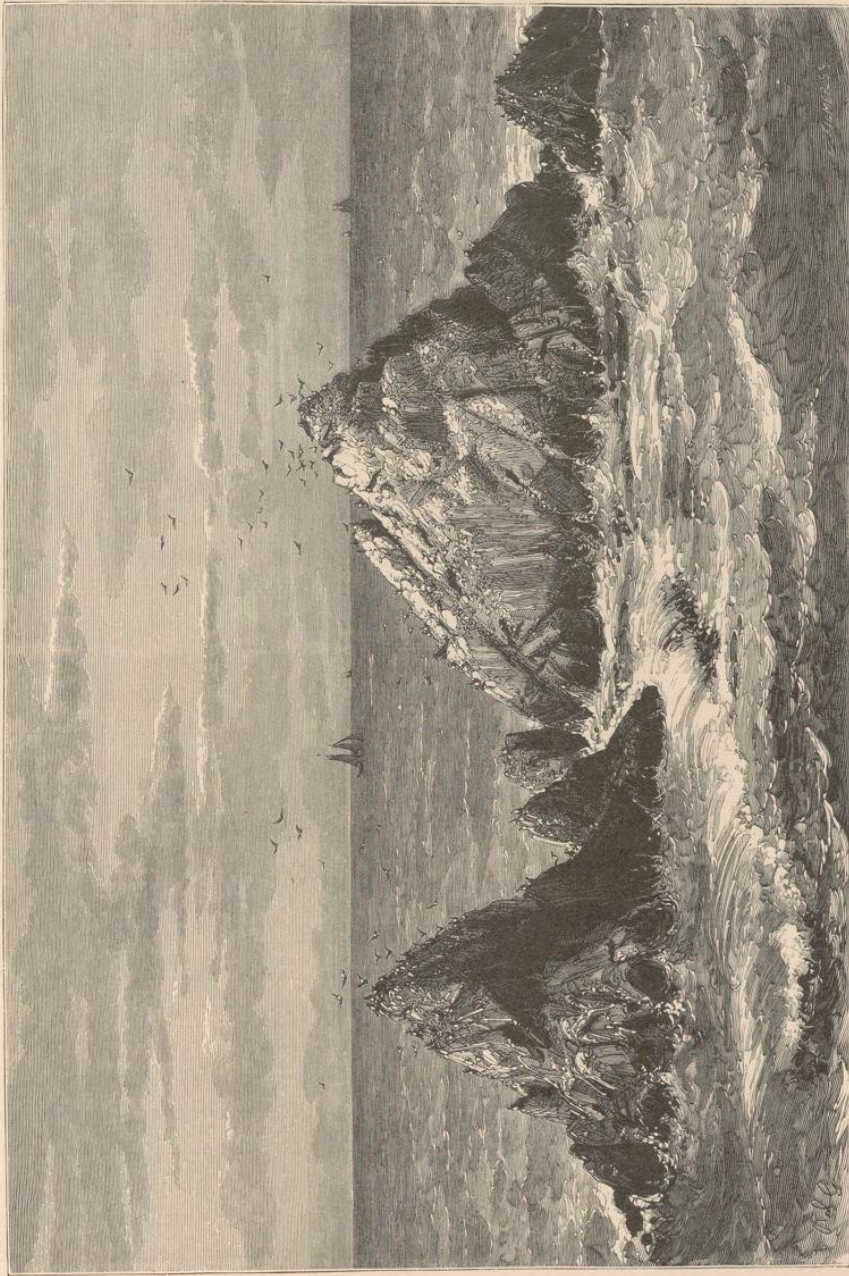
Rocks, and watch the great swathes of glittering-green water come rolling on to burst and be shattered in mid-career upon these castles of the sea-birds, straightway your soul is filled with ideas of the delights of battle, the fierce joys of hand-to-hand combat, and the stern music of ringing swords. Get, if you can, upon a level with the water, and catch the color of the tips of the waves when they are raised up heavenward, and are between your eyes and the sky; then you will forget the ideas of battle, and you will cease to hear the thundering strokes of the waves upon the sea-walls of the rocks, and you will live only in color. For the moment, whether you have ever handled a brush or not, you will be a painter, and you will know all the glories of color, and you will find the tears welling from your eyes, and will comprehend the inspired madness of Turner and the heroics of Ruskin. It is not that these things cannot be seen everywhere, for they can, but here the type is on so large a scale that he must be trebly blind who cannot read the book of Nature, and glory in the mystic revelations of her talisman. This is why the West is breeding our poets; for, as they stand and gaze with the eyes of understanding, the rhythm and the word are revealed, and the song has found the lips that shall utter it.

Persisting in our resolution not to be diverted from the coast, we must, now that we have arrived in Marin County, take a schooner from the pretty little harbor of Oloma, only fifteen miles from San Francisco, and enter the famous bay in this way rather than yield to the seduction of stages, railways, and internal navigation. As we approach the entrance, the hills on the left loom up through the deep haze like giants, and are, indeed, more than two thousand feet high. To the right, they are by no means so lofty. As the mist clears off, they are bare and sandy, and are not very picturesque, though on the left the peak of Tamulpais shows grandly. The view opens, and the splendid straits called the Golden Gate appear. Through them we can see the island-rock of Alcatraz, with its fortifications gleaming in the distance. The enormous mass of Tamulpais, which showed at first boldly in our front, seems still behind Alcatraz. Between the last and the shore is Angeles Island, very high, and covered with rich green vegetation. Goat Island, with its fort, is on the left of Alcatraz. To our right hand is Fort Point, where the United States flag floats, and, a little beyond it, the old Presidio. Beyond is the city—the glorious city that leaped full-born into existence. It rises up with numberless towers and spires, and great warehouses, as the schooner, with her sails filled to bursting with the fresh sea-breeze, staggers on. Little craft and big craft, steamers from the ocean, tugs, and every variety of floating thing, are spread upon the gleaming waters, whose green waves dash into white foam upon the three islands ahead. Beyond the city, one can catch momentary glimpses of shipping, which grow fuller and fuller until we get abreast of Alcatraz, when all the glory of the bay bursts upon the sight. Far on the other side are Benicia and the glittering waves of Carquinez Straits. Beyond we catch a glimpse of the peak of Monte Diablo, at the base of which seems to crouch the



THE "CLIFF HOUSE."

town of Oakland, though it is really a very large place. But the air is so pure, so serene, that one can see the scarred ravines on the sides very far, and we almost think we can see Stockton. It is not from the bay itself, however, that the finest view can be obtained. From the schooner's deck one can indeed obtain glimpses, but the whole can only be seen from the shore. To survey all the beauty of the Golden Gate it is necessary to climb Telegraph Hill, which is to the westward of the city. From that elevated position, with roofs and buildings lying peacefully below one's feet, and stretching far out to one's right hand, the prospect of the Golden Gate is, indeed, exceedingly beautiful. The portals of the "Gate" seem but a mile apart, and, through the mist that hangs upon the farther side, the giant Tamulpais looms with tremendous force, like some Titan sentinel guarding the approach of a new Hesperides. The steamers, with their crowds of passengers swarming along the bulwarks, move majestically through the heaving tide, which makes the white-sailed schooners dance, and rocks the three-masted merchantmen that have traversed wild wastes of water around Cape Horn. The islands show plainly, and the fortifications gleam brightly, under the full glare of the sun. Spite of the mist that lingers along the bold cliffs opposite the vision commands a far stretch of landscape, and deserves the position which our eager friends of San Francisco have accorded to it. To them it is the lion of the place; and the first thing which the citizen recommends to the stranger within his gates is to take a look at the Golden Gate from Telegraph Hill. This view we illustrate with a steel engraving, from a drawing by Mr. James D. Smillie. But to the inhabitants themselves there is no pleasure equal to the drive through the sand-hills, over a fine, hard road, to the Cliff House. This is emphatically the most picturesque part of San Francisco, both in its surroundings and in its seal-cliffs, where the sea-lions bark and whine and roar, with none to make them afraid. The distance from the city is about five miles; and there is little to be seen on either side of natural beauty, though there are parks and cemeteries and gardens of extreme loveliness. Nature has furnished only sand-hills, which seem to be half firm, like sandstone, half crumbling. But the Cliff House is built, as its name imports, upon frowning basalt; and the road that winds from it to the ocean hence has been cut through solid rock. The bluff of the hotel is about one hundred and thirty feet in perpendicular height, of a gray color, verging into the deepest brown. Detached bowlders lie at its base, and are tormented by the fierce rollers. Beyond, at some distance, are the cliffs where the sea-lions congregate. Truly, their bark is worse than their bite. They occasionally get up a little altercation, and roar tremendously; but they are a placable people, and their contests are not alarming. Strangers sit on the esplanade in front of the Cliff House, and watch them by the hour through their opera-glasses. There is one big, burly fellow, the largest of all, who roars ten times more than any other, and of whom all the others are afraid, who climbs to the top of the cliff, and suns himself comfortably all day. No one attempts to take his place; and, when he descends, pad-



SEAL ROCKS.

dling in the awkward manner of the phocine tribe with his flappers, the others respectfully get out of his way.

The seals seem to appreciate their perfect security, and congregate in hundreds on these cliffs. The females suckle their young ones, and the males catch fish and sun themselves, as if they were in the middle of the ocean, where no eye of cruel man could see their glistening skins, and begin to calculate what they would fetch in the New-York market. Little touches of sympathy with universal Nature, such as this, are truer subjects whereon to claim American superiority than all the inventions with which the Yankees have blessed the world. To delight in the happiness of human beings is much; but to extend the circle, and to delight in the happiness of inferior animals, is more, especially when you could get a good round sum by killing them.

From the Cliff House, a road has been cut through the basalt for some distance, and is succeeded by a fine, sandy strand. About five miles from the first-named hotel there is another, named the Ocean House, which, if it has no attractions in the way of sea-lions, has much to recommend it in the scenery by which it is surrounded. Here, indeed, is one of the stretches of ground where one can see the Pacific Ocean roll in with uninterrupted grandeur. Nothing can be conceived more majestic than this sight, especially in that part of the strand which gives a fair view of Point San Pedro. The length of the wave-walls is fully a mile, and the height of the rollers twelve feet. The enormous mass of water comes onward with a solemn grandeur which appalls. There is no hesitation, no tremor, along the whole line; and it looks like the charge of an army of cavaliers galloping with perfect regularity and even line upon the foe. Solemnly it advances, with the crest just flecked with foam; and every thing seems hushed, as if in expectation of the onset. Suddenly, as it nears the shore, there is a trembling all along the mile of sea, and the crests begin to curve slightly over. The line halts; the crests curve more and more; and suddenly the immense length pours down like a cataract upon the shore, pounding the sand as if with so many trip-hammers. Every thing has a throb; the solid earth seems to tremble, and the great rocks to oscillate. The white rime that was poured over the strand rushes back with incredible velocity. He were a bold swimmer who could fight through that undertow. As it rushes back it meets another oncoming wave, and, striking its base, hurtles it down with crashing fury; and then there is a hush. The sea is silent. The birds and the insects, taking courage, begin to sing and to chirp until there comes another solemn booming, and the roar of another broken, rolling wave. And this eternal symphony takes place in a kind of bay, where the mountains, rushing to battle with the sea, have advanced far into the waters, and their outposts have been terribly mangled. The great promontory has been severed from the mountain; and between them are three square, isolated crags, with shallow water around them. Here the sea rages and bellows like a wild thing; and the waters seem to lose themselves in eddies and whirlpools, and to be unable to find

their way back to the sea, so that they might charge in line with the great, solemn rollers. The old promontory, now become an isolated crag, is covered with sea-birds, and its top is already white with their guano, although it could hardly have been separated from the main-land for more than a few hundred years. Seals sometimes come here, but not very often, as they are not protected. On the beach there are few shells, but there is an abundance of the broad, ribbon-like sea-weed which is gathered on the coasts of Ireland and Scotland, and burned for kelp. Blocks of granite show themselves occasionally peeping up from the sand, and probably are bowlders deposited there in by-gone ages, which the sands have covered. The sea is diversified with the sails of fishing-boats, for fish are abundant in these waters, and the birds are busy all day long in the neighborhood of their stronghold.

It is difficult to say at what time of year this view is most beautiful. In the summer the winds rage with more intensity than in the



Point San Pedro, near San Francisco.

winter, and the clouds assume fantastic forms, which combine with the raging of the sea to make most exquisite and forcible pictures. But in the winter, when the breezes blow from the southwest, though the fury of the great rollers is mitigated, and the bursting of the breakers less formidable, there is an added charm in the soft, misty haze which dwells upon the mountains, which to many seems preferable. For under this influence the Coast Range, which pours down its lines of rugged peaks at Point San Pedro into the midst of the wild waves, has a strangely soft and tender aspect. The impression which the ranges of crags make upon the spectator is no longer one of barren, savage desolation. The haze envelops them in tender tones, and gives to their coldness a warmth which, in truth, is not their own, and is calculated to deceive. But to the painter's eye how exquisite is the gradation of those warm and softened gray hues which seem not very distant, low down at the horizon, and melt by almost imperceptible degrees into the clear air, showing lines which are faintly traced and yet distinct!

The coast south as far as Monterey offers few specialties of picturesque beauty, being mostly foot-hills covered with pine-trees, and mountains of small height and monotonous outline behind them. There are few bold headlands, the land sloping, for the most part, with a gentle declivity toward the sea.

END OF VOLUME FIRST.

