

usually done on arriving is to take a drink—water—and *then*, order breakfast—and such nice little private breakfast rooms! Oh, these Californians know *how* to tickle your fancy.

Hark! "*Yci-Hoi, Yoi-Hoi, Yoi.*" What the deuce is that? *Those hearing us, smile.* We do not ask, but we conclude it must be a big herd of healthy donkeys passing, when two gentlemen enter from the rear, and one of them says: "Colonel, (*there is no lower grade in California*) I will bet you 50 shares in the Ophir or Virginia Consolidated, that General Grant, that big seal on the top of the rock, will weigh 3,000 pounds." We did not stop to hear more, but rushed out the back door on to a long veranda running the whole length of the house, which is situated on a projecting cliff, 200 feet above, and almost overhanging the waters, when "*Yoi-Hoi, Yoi-Hoi, Yoi*"—and there were *our* donkeys, 500 yards away, laying on, scrambling up, plunging off, fighting, and sporting around three little rocky islands. The largest of these islands is called "Santo Domingo." It is quite steep; few can climb it. A sleek, dark-looking seal, which they call Ben. Butler, has at times attempted it; but away up on the very top—basking in the sun, with an occasional "*Yoi-hoi, boyi*"—lies General Grant, the *biggest whopper* of them all. We knew him at the first sight. He had something in his mouth, and looked *wise*. Often when the din of his fellow seals below become fearful, who are ever quarreling in their efforts to climb up, his "*Yoi-hoi, Boyi*" can be heard above them all—which, in seal language, means, "*Let us have peace.*" Sea fowls in large numbers are hovering on and around these rocks. They, too, are very chattering, but we have no time to learn their language, as here comes a steamer bound for China. (See illustration, page 219.) It steams in close to the islands, and we think we can discern some of our fellow travelers "across the continent" among the passengers. They are on a trip "around the world," and are waving their compliments to the General on the top of the rock.

Just around that projecting point of land to the northwest are FARALLONES ISLANDS, seven in number, thirty miles distant, in the Pacific Ocean, totally barren of everything but seals, sea-lions, and water-fowls. These are *very numerous*. Many of the seals will weigh from 2,000 to 3,000 lbs.,

and are quite tame (see illustration, page 99), as they have never been disturbed by hunters; the birds—and they are legion—which inhabit these islands, lay millions of eggs every year, which, until 1871, were gathered and sold in the San Francisco markets. The islands are all rocks; the highest peak is surmounted with a light-house of the first order, 340 feet above the water.

Breakfast is called; being fashionable, we take another—water—and, while eating a hearty meal, learn that these seals are protected by the laws of the State against capture, and something of their habits; then pay our bill, and the ostler *his detainer*, take our seat, and whirl around over a broad winding road, which is blasted out of the rocky bluff on our left to the sandy beach below.

Right here we meet Old Pacific Ocean himself—face to face—near enough to "*shake.*" He is a good fellow when he is himself—*pacifc*—but he drinks a great deal, perhaps too much; but certain it is he gets very noisy at times—very turbulent. In driving along the beach, we come to one of the evidences of his fearful wrath. Do you see that ship laying on her side?

One night, after a big carousal, when it was said Old Pacific had been drinking a great deal—more than usual—and was in a *towering passion*, he drove this ship *up almost high and dry* on the beach, where you see her. Not content with that, he chased the escaping occupants far into the sand hills, throwing spars, masts, and rigging after them.

Thank you! We don't want any of that kind of *pacifc* in ours.

We will now keep our eye on Old Pacific, and drive along down the beach, by several fine hotels, and then turn into the sand-hills to the left, passing over a high point, where some fine views can be had of the surrounding country, and around to the old Mission Dolores. Here is food for the curious. But we cannot afford to stop here long, as Boreas is getting waked up, and is sliding the sand over the bluffs after us—rather disagreeable. This Mission was founded in 1775, by Spanish missionaries, who, for over 60 years, wielded a mighty influence among the native Californians (Indians). In its most prosperous days, the Mission possessed 76,000 head of stock cattle, 2,920 horses, 820 mules, 79,000 sheep, 2,000 hogs, 456 yoke of work-