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Seal Rocks.*

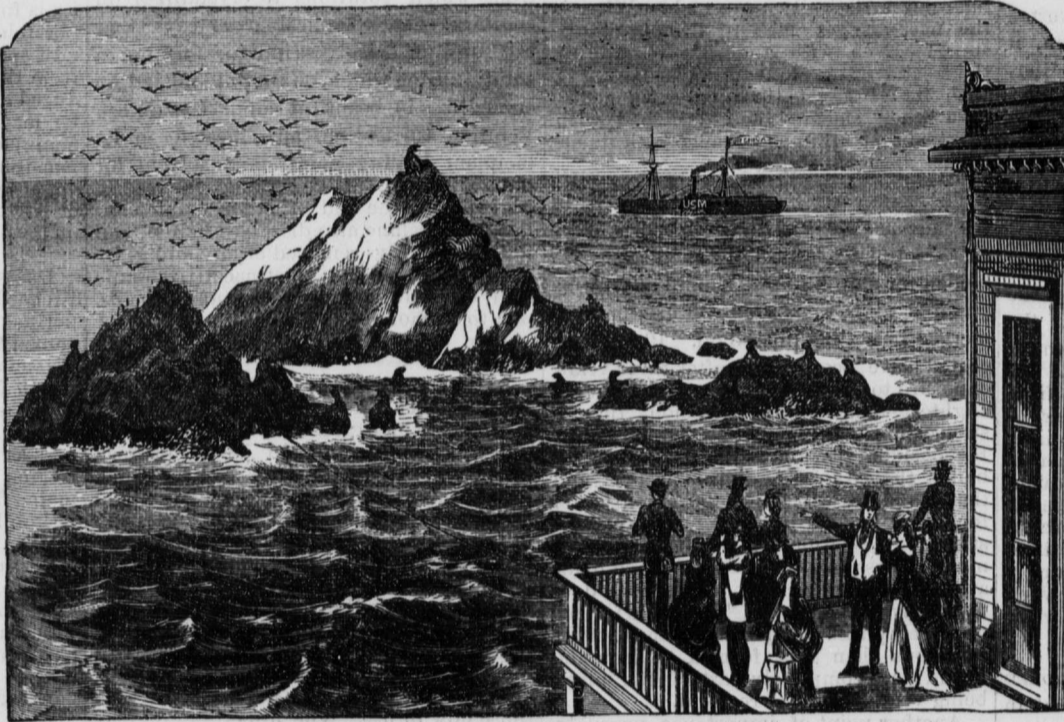
The long rolling waves of the Pacific ocean as they approach the Golden Gate, are first checked in their shoreward progress by the bluff, weather beaten wall of the outer seal rock. These rocks lie on the western side of the peninsula of San Francisco, about 500 yards from the base of a bold cliff, six miles from the city of San Francisco. The road thither is the favorite drive of the *elite* of San Francisco, and of a fine Saturday afternoon may be seen conveyances of every description, filled with pleasure seekers on the road to and from the "Cliff." It is considered as "quite the thing" in fine weather to rise early, get behind a pair of good fast trotters and go to the Cliff House, kept by Capt. Foster, for breakfast. The morning is the best time for a visit, as there is seldom any wind then, and the view from the balcony (as shown in our illustration) is especially fine at that time of day.

The rugged, sterile rocks, with their fringe of white foam, stand out boldly against the sky, while at their bases the heavy wild surf breaks, with a sound as of distant thunder, rushing up the sides as if dooming them to destruction, and falls back disappointed, in sheets of trembling foam. Beyond, stretching further than the eye can reach, lies, in all its mysterious majesty, "old ocean's grey and melancholy waste" which now in the rays of the rising sun, glitters with what Homer calls *anerithmon gelasma* (innumerable laughter of the sea) bearing on its ever-heaving bosom many white winged types of the world's merchant marine. The huge bulk of that *acme* of mechanical skill, an ocean steamer, is seen passing on its way, laden with the products of our clime, or returning with its rich freight from Oriental shores. Way off on the horizon one dimly sees the Farallone Islands, and to the right, close at hand, is the appropriately named Golden Gate, the entrance to our far famed harbor, its portals ever open to commercial enterprise, and above which frown the walls of the fort which guards the same.

Beyond are the dark precipitous bluffs and points of the northern peninsula, over which is visible the pine-capped peaks of Mount Tamalpais. On one of these points, high above the dashing waves, is a light-house, the welcome sentinel to the "wanderer of the trackless way," guiding him after his battle with the elements into the wished-for port. Still further to seaward lies Point Reyes, where Sir Frances Drake is said to have landed, and on which the surf piles up in immense white breakers as if angry at its interrupted march. To the left and southward is the long sandy beach, a favorite drive, where the waves after the extent of their fury is expended,

run up in curving, creamy ripples. This beach so quiet now has been the grave of many a noble ship dashed by the remorseless waters on its sands, and the fragments scattered far and wide.

The rocks themselves are covered with birds and seals or sea-lions, the latter of which keep up a constant roaring, and climb up the slippery heights, their coats shining with water, only to plunge back into the turbulent waves and sport with each others as if to enjoy themselves was the object of their existence. On the approach of man they invariably take to the water, and the report of a gun sends them tumbling promiscuously down the rocks in the utmost confusion. Occasionally a more ambitious one will reach the summit



VIEW OF SEAL ROCK FROM THE CLIFF HOUSE.

and there lie sunning himself in majestic idleness as if admiring the prospect. Some of the largest weigh from 2,000 to 5,000 pounds, and to see one of these huge amphibious monsters—"Ben Butler," for instance—basking in the sunshine, his head erect, and moving slowly from side to side, indifferent to the roar of the turbulent waters, is alone well worth a visit. With a good marine glass one can watch the motions of these unwieldy beasts, and see them tumbling in and out of the water, crawling awkwardly around and keeping up their peculiar and incessant noise. The eye of this animal is round and beautiful, and it is directed toward you with a look almost of intelligence, while the countenance shows tokens of great sagacity. A wise provision of the law prevents the wanton destruction of these monsters of the deep in this particular locality.

The passage from the Cliff to the summit of one of these rocks has been made several times by would-be Blondins, on a rope, the representation of which is shown above.

*We are indebted to Crofutt's Trans-Continental Guide for our illustration.

The American Pomological Society.

The regular annual meeting of this association commenced its session at Richmond, Va., on Wednesday, the 6th inst., and the display of fruit is said to have been the most superb and extensive ever witnessed in the country. The fruits from this State attracted much attention. The *Richmond Dispatch* somewhat facetiously remarks:—"The California fruit had a peculiar glow—a sort of sunshine condensed or extract of gold—which fairly lighted up the table on which it was displayed. In many respects it excelled anything which the Atlantic States could possibly produce." In the regular report of the exhibition given in that paper we find the following:—

CALIFORNIA.

The collection from this State perhaps

feeling and mutual friendship. The Association was most cordially welcomed by the Mayor of the city, while the Capitol building of the State was thrown open to receive them. The address of welcome by Mayor Keiley was most happily conceived, as was also the reply of President Wilder, and the whole proceedings were such as to make happy and glad the hearts of all present.

This meeting of the lovers of fruit culture from widely distant parts of the Union was the 23d which has been held since the organization of the society, and was one of unusual interest and importance. The direct object of these gatherings and exhibitions is to advance one of the most useful and delightful branches of agricultural industry—the cultivation of fruits, and to promote and perpetuate a cordial spirit of intercourse between pomologists of all sections of the Union; but as already intimated, one of the most important indirect effects resulting therefrom is an inter-sectional pledging of general good feeling and mutual friendship. Such occasions draw forth all the best feelings of our nature, and cannot fail to melt into friendship the hearts even of the most embittered persons, who will place themselves within the scope of their influence. We heartily agree with our cotemporary of the *Dispatch* in his utterance that "if the politicians would only let us alone—if we could be, for a season at least, relieved from the schemes of office-hunters, who are the drones of the country as well as the disturbers of the public peace—the people of this Union would be hearty and sincere friends in six months."

It is to be hoped that such national exhibitions may be more frequent, and more generally attended. National funds, even, might be most beneficially expended in promoting them. They are a most potent help in advancing the wealth and industry and comfort of the people; and above all in restoring the good feeling we so much need, and in binding together our people in a united brotherhood of neighborly good will and social friendship.

SAWMILLS IN OREGON.—The *Oregonian* gives the number of sawmills in operation in each county in that State, which foots up a total of 173, about one-quarter of which are driven by steam—the balance by water. The capacity of these mills is estimated at 1,200,000 feet of lumber per day. The largest of the number is located at Milwaukie, owned by the Oregon and Central Railroad Co., and has a capacity of about 140,000 feet per day. This list is supposed to be quite incomplete; and aside from those here enumerated are quite a number of mills situated on the Washington side of the Columbia, but which supply much lumber for Oregon, and for many vessels engaged in the Oregon trade.

attracted more attention than any other. It embraces a great variety, and almost every specimen is remarkable for its superior quality. Having been carefully packed in plaster, and by experienced hands, the fruit was all in excellent preservation. We noticed fine apples, mammoth pears, figs, grapes, plums, and oranges on this table. The grapes far exceeded anything else of the kind on exhibition, and the pears are beautiful to the eye and luscious to the taste. Dr. Curtis is in charge of the California table.

Some 20 different States were represented in their respective shows of fruit. Iowa seems to have taken the lead in apples. One of her exhibitors, Mark Miller, editor of the *Western Pomologist*, exhibited 118 varieties of this fruit, all raised near Des Moines, where 23 years ago there was not the sign of an apple tree of any kind. Another gentleman exhibited 115 varieties.

Hon. M. P. Wilder, of Massachusetts, the veteran President of the Association, made a most magnificent display of pears, all raised by himself. His exhibit embraced no less than 230 different varieties.

The meeting of the Association, on this occasion, seems to have been one of more than usual inter-sectional pledging of good