

The hotel above referred to, the Abbott House, we would warmly recommend to all travelers. The entire establishment is conducted upon courteous and generous principles; nothing is left unprovided, and no wish is unattended to.

The proprietor, Mr. E. J. Swift, is a gentleman who strives for and consequently merits success; he has our warmest wishes.

MONTEREY.

At a distance of 18 miles S. W. of Salinas, is Monterey, the first Capital of the State. The town was founded in June, 1770. We cannot say much in favor of its business interests; it has but few. It is entitled to mention in connection with the early history of the State, in which it played an important part. As a quiet, pretty, romantic spot, it is noticeable. But there is that delightful Sleepy Hollow air, that monotonous monotony about it, which makes it so enjoyable a place to move away from. However, improvement seems to be setting in that direction. A large and good Depot has recently been erected for use of the narrow-gauge road connecting with Salinas City.

As offering a decided contrast to the majority of the business men of the town, we may mention Lambert Bros. and the gentlemanly proprietors of the new Hotel. These gentlemen employ energy in the conduct of their business, and as a consequence enjoy continued prosperity.

The Bay of Monterey was first called the Port of Pines. It was discovered in 1602, by General Sebastian Viscayno, who, under orders from Phillip III. of Spain, made an exploration of the coast of Upper California. On the 10th of November he discovered the harbors of San Diego. After remaining here a short time, he resumed his northward course, and on the 16th of December discovered the Bay of Monterey, which he named in honor of Gaspar de Zunziga, Count de Monte Rey, at that time Viceroy of Mexico. Viscayno was much impressed with the beauty of the surroundings, and remained in the bay eighteen days.

Monterey Bay, ninety-two miles South of San Francisco, is about thirty miles wide, and circular in form. Point Pinos forms its southern, and Point New Year its northern headland. Near the latter headland is the harbor of Santa Cruz, while Carmel Bay is in close proximity to Point Pinos.

Quite an extensive coasting trade is carried on from the numerous points around the bay, notwithstanding the bay offers but imperfect shelter, it being somewhat exposed to winds during the winter months.

Monterey has a good wharf, projecting into deep water. Formerly passengers and freight were landed by small boats upon the rocks along the shore.

Either side of Point Pinos affords the safest harborage to vessels, the lee side, just before the town of Monterey, or the weather side, where reposes the delightful little Bay of Carmel. Unfortunately, neither of these places are convenient for shipping purposes.

Near the latter named bay was located the mission of San Carlos de Monterey, established June 3d, 1770.

This was the second mission founded upon the Coast, the one of San Diego antedating it by not quite a year.

The buildings of the San Carlos Mission are in total ruin. Even the wall of the enclosure is a conglomerate mass of ruin and decay.

Decay has not, however, progressed so far as to obliterate all traces of the massiveness of the structures. They have an appearance of substantiality of which even their prostration cannot wholly rob them.

From this Bay also was procured the granite used in San Francisco for building purposes, prior to the discovery of the quarries at Folsom.

A pleasant excursion for a day in summer is a trip across the Bay of Monterey. The water is transparent as crystal; pebbles and mosses lying at the bottom, can be distinctly seen through twenty feet of this limpid element. In the vicinity of the old town of Monterey the coast is bold and rocky, the situation and appearance of the town picturesque, while the surroundings harmonize, blending the whole into a grand panorama, ravishingly beautiful.

Whalemen have made their headquarters in this Bay for some years past, and quite a large quantity of oil reaches San Francisco, annually, the product of their intrepid labor.