

extent, leveled the one, and filled in the other. Probably the finest view of San Francisco is that which is enjoyed by the spectator, who gazes upon the city and the surrounding country from the top of Telegraph Hill, an eminence which rises to a height of 289 feet. From it the landscape extends over portions of ten counties, combining the grandeur of the ocean, with the peaceful evidences of agricultural industry—a blending of the wild and picturesque—with the proofs of advanced civilization at your very feet. In a northwesterly direction we behold the Golden Gate, against whose rocky portals the white waves of the Pacific are ever dashing, and into which the ocean breeze daily sweeps with its chilling but purifying mists. Due north are the harbor and village of Sausalito—Angel Island in full view—Alcatrazes, with its formidable batteries, together with the rugged cliffs and picturesque headlands of Marin County. The northeasterly arm of the Bay stretches afar, till lost in the distance, studded with smoking steamers and sailing craft, on the silent highway to the numerous points on the Sacramento and San Joaquin. Looking eastward is the spacious harbor, crowded with ships, laden with rich and useful products from all quarters of the globe; the Island of Yerba Buena “with verdure clad,” together with the rural cities of Oakland and San Antonio; behind which, hills rise on hills, and towering over these—nearly forty miles in the distance—may be seen the conical peak of Monte Diablo, 4,000 feet in height, seeming like a giant sentinel, that for ages has guarded the slumber of these waters, when their glassy surfaces were unrippled, save by the plash of the Indian’s paddle. Far away are the lofty summits of the Sierra Nevada, at whose rugged base lie the treasures that have astonished the world. Turning to the south the eye embraces the scenery of San Mateo, Santa Clara and Santa Cruz, whitened with habitations; together with the great southern arm of the Bay, almost forming a horizon of water. Union City and the town of Alviso are also visible; nigh at hand is the New Potrero, and also the Mission Dolores, backed by the Bernal Heights, and by graceful hills. At your feet is the busy city; an adventurous population throng its thoroughfares, exhibiting the complexions and costumes of many lands. The solitude of the desert has given place to the hum of industry, and the yell of the hunter is supplanted by the echo of the steam-whistle. Where formerly stood the humble embarcadero, may now be seen numerous wharfs extending into the bay, beside which, are the vast hulls and lofty spars of ocean leviathans. The permanent improvements visible, on all sides, indicating the profound peace and prosperity which distinguishes California. From the North to the South Beach, the hissing of the jack-plane, the grating of the hand-saw, and the click of the trowel are heard on every side; workshops ring with the clang of metals, and factories with the whirr of looms. Lines of steamers connect us with the East, and incidentally with Europe, with South America and Australia, with the ports in the Gulf of California, with Oregon, with Washington Territory, and British Columbia. By means of the magnetic telegraph we are within speaking distance of every portion of the State—