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William H. Dall's Diary, 1866 -1867

Extracted on Apr-18-2024 09:48:43

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[[page start]]

[[preprinted]] WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 10, 1866. [[/preprinted]]
Fine morning, light wind; beating past Santa Cruz to Soquel where we arrive about four o'clock P.M. Go ashore with the Captain and spend the time in picking up shells on the beach while he goes up to town. About six P.M. Davenport's boats come in, and we go aboard again. A heavy cloud bank renders every thing obscure and a South east gale soon begins to blow. After some excitement we get from off a lee shore and beat about in the bay all night. Toward morning, commence to work over to Monterey.

[[preprinted]] THURSDAY 11 [[/preprinted]]

Morning. turn back toward Soquel but indication of a southeaster coming on, start again for Monterey, and working over against a head wind at last get anchor down in the harbor which is a poor one open to the North & N.W. Early in the forenoon go ashore on a wretched wharf, meet Dr Callaghan who directs me to Dr. Canfield's where I introduce myself and go up with him to Mrs Carver's who doesn't take boarders, and then to Mr. Harris' hotel where I shall stay over one trip. Aboard in the evening again with Capt Josslyn & sleep there.

[[preprinted]] FRIDAY 12 [[/preprinted]]

Get things together to go ashore in the morning. Write a note to Stearns to be sent by the captain. Wait for the schooner to haul up to the wharf. After dinner there, go up to Harris' Hotel where I leave my traps and look around and then go up to Dr Caufields, who goes out onto the rocks with me and we obtain a sack full of shells of various kinds nothing very rare. Leave my shells with him, dine at the hotel and spend the evening at his office.

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[[preprinted]] SATURDAY, JANUARY 13, 1866 [[/PREPRINTED]]

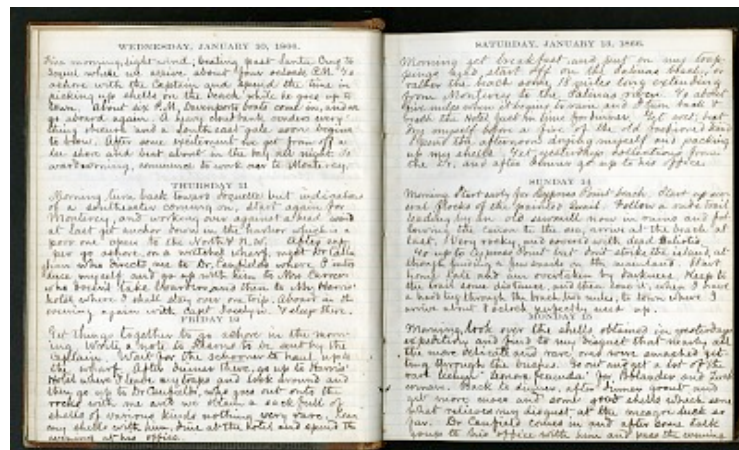
Morning get breakfast, and put on my trappings and start off on the Salinas beach, or rather the beach some 18 miles long extending from Monterey to the Salinas river. Go about five miles when it begins to rain, and I turn back & reach the Hotel just in time for dinner. Get wet, kept dry myself before a fire of the old fashioned kind. Spend the afternoon drying myself and packing up my shells. Get yesterday's collections from the Dr. and after dinner go up to his office.

[[preprinted]] SUNDAY 14 [[/preprinted]]

Morning. Start early for Cypress Point beach. Start up several flocks of the painted Quail. Follow a rude trail leading by an old sawmill now in ruins and following the cañon to the sea, arrive at the beach at last. Very rocky, and covered with dea Haliotis. Go up to Cypress Point but don't strike the island, although finding a few snails on the mainland. Start home late and am overtaken by darkness. Keep to the trail some distance and then lose it, when I have a hard tug through the brush, two miles, to town where I arrive about 8 o'clock perfectly used up.

[[preprinted]] MONDAY 15 [[/preprinted]]

Morning. look over the shells obtained in yesterdays expedition and find to my disgust that nearly all the more delicate and rare ones were smashed getting through the bushes. Go out and get a lot of the rare lichen "Leonora Fecunda" for Bolander and Zuckerman. Back to dinner, after dinner go out and get more moss and some good shells which some what relieves my disgust at the meagre luck so far. Dr Cauffield comes in and after some talk go up to his office with him and pass the



evening.

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