

singularly clear water. Among the islands, and on the shore of the Sounds, there is an endless number and variety of passages, creeks, bays, and harbours of all shapes and sizes, which can be discovered only on a near approach. Many of these marine nooks, these unexpected quiet retreats on this secluded shore, are deep enough to float the largest ship, and far down through the pellucid water, never moved by storms, gardens of zoophytes are visible at the bottom. Such places, on a summer day, strike the imagination of a loiterer like the creations in a happy dream; they are so small, calm, and remote—so margined by worn, strange-shaped rocks, and by diminutive trees, chiefly cedar and fir, under whose arched roots streamlets flow murmuring into the sea.

On the ocean coast outside, between the entrances to the great inlets, a different prospect is found: the line of the shore there is broken by low headlands which project from the seaboard, and appear with their shapeless, outlying rocks, not unlike the shattered angles of a fortified work; between these capes are narrow beaches, backed by a curtain of rock, over which hill upon hill appears, woody and rugged. As the coast lies exposed to the uninterrupted western swell of the North Pacific, the waves are generally large, and even in calm weather they break with a noise on the shore and roar among the caverns. During a storm in winter, those who care for terrible scenes are gratified by the sight of enormous billows rolling in from the ocean and dashing with fury upon the shore. The line of the raging surf on the beach extends before one's eyes for miles to some rocky cape, over which the waves foam, the spray being borne upwards and flung through the air. Wild