

that then existed within its limits. Thus more than three hundred years ago a large population enjoyed the sunshine and the pleasant climate of this delightful country.

As Santa Barbara is attracting much attention at the present time as a health resort, and as many are desirous of ascertaining what its special claims are in this behalf, a fuller statement of facts than usual will be given of this particular section of the State. What has come to the writer's knowledge, both experimentally and through competent testimony, will be mentioned, after which a catalogue will be given of the resources, in the way of soil and productions, which make the place inviting to those who, already blessed with health, seek here a competency and a home. When an artificer is the possessor of knowledge and skill, the result of his effort will be in proportion to the resources at his command. Here were all material and all power in the hands of the Great Creator. Behold how skillfully the arrangements were made and the combinations effected in order to bring about the desired result, and fit up a great sanitarium, from which a voice should go out to the sick and weary everywhere, saying, "Come ye disconsolate, where'er ye languish," come, bask in this sunshine and breathe this refreshing air, which will warm without heating, and cool without chilling you!

But as to the means by which this desideratum is brought about. First, from Point Concepcion to San Buenaventura, a distance of seventy miles or so, there is a trend of the coast toward the east. This direction of the shore gives it a southern exposure, and spreads out its lap to receive the sunshine. This is the only coast-line that faces south between Alaska and Guatemala. The town of Santa Bar-

bara occupies nearly a central position in this line. Next, the Santa Inez mountains, a branch of the Coast Range, stretch across nearly or quite the whole seventy miles, parallel with the coast, and inclose a valley between them and the ocean which has an average width of about three miles. These mountains lift up their heads three thousand feet toward the heavens, and form an effectual barrier to all the harsh and inhospitable winds that would find access from the north. Then, as if to make assurance doubly sure, a group of islands are dropped in the sea, having their length parallel with the coast, and lying twenty-five or thirty miles out in the ocean. These islands hold up a barrier of high hills, which says effectually to any stray winds that come down from the Arctic and are seeking a place of entrance, Hitherto ye have come, but ye can go no further! Thus these faithful guards keep watch and ward over the beloved land, and maintain it in a state of almost perpetual tranquillity.

As a worthy adjunct, the beach spreads out a level and attractive carriage-way, where those who ride may sniff the wholesome air of old ocean and watch its restless tossings and ever-varying beauties. The arrangements for sea-bathing are complete, so far as natural facilities can make them. Spurs of the Santa Inez mountains come down on each side, and lock in a little cove by reaching out their protecting arms, about a mile and a half apart. How could there be a nicer and safer bathing-place? For those, however, who prefer more limited accommodations or warmer water, a Bethesda is hidden away in a cañon four miles from the town, in which sufferers may wash and be made better, if not entirely whole. The waters

of this hot sulphur spring are said to have power to drive rheumatism from the joints, and expel other demons which may have gained power over the flesh to torture and to destroy.

These peculiarities of situation and environment secure to Santa Barbara all the conditions required by those who, on account of weak or diseased lungs, need an equable, bracing climate, for it is warm without being hot, and cool without being chilly. There is scarcely ever a day when the most delicate invalid cannot be out-of-doors some part of the time. Even in the rainy season, which lasts from November till March, some portion of almost every day can be safely and pleasantly spent in the open air. That there cannot be many days of continuous rain is clearly proved by the fact that the entire rain-fall averages but twelve inches per annum. But a case is made stronger by cumulative evidence. Dr. Brinkerhoff went to Santa Barbara on account of poor health eighteen years ago, since which time he has been a leading physician in the place. He says: "The heat of summer is tempered by gentle breezes from the sea, the average summer temperature being less than 70°. The average winter temperature is 58°. The changes of the season are scarcely perceptible in temperature. Frosts are of rare occurrence, and disagreeable fogs seldom prevail. There are comparatively few days in the entire year when one cannot sit out-of-doors without discomfort. The nights are always cool and sleep-inviting. The softness and general uniformity of the climate, its freedom from dampness and sudden changes, the opportunity for diversion and recreation, render Santa Barbara preëminently a de-

sirable place for persons suffering from bronchial and pulmonary affections. Although many persons suffering from these complaints have come here too late to receive any permanent relief from the restorative effects of climate, yet the greater portion of cases which have come under my observation have been permanently relieved, and many in a surprisingly short space of time have been perfectly restored to health. Some ten miles from Santa Barbara, in a westerly direction, in the bed of the ocean, about one and a half miles from the shore, is an immense spring of petroleum, the product of which continually rises to the surface of the water and floats upon it over an area of many miles. This mineral oil may be seen any day from the deck of the steamers plying between here and San Francisco, or from the high banks along the shore, its many changing hues dancing upon the shifting waves of the sea, and affording various suggestions both for the speculative and the speculator. Having read statements that during the last few years the authorities of Damascus and other plague-ridden cities of the east have resorted to the practice of introducing crude petroleum into the gutters of the streets to disinfect the air, and as a preventive of disease, which practice has been attended with the most favorable results, I throw out the suggestion, but without advancing any theory of my own, whether the prevailing westerly sea-breezes, passing over this wide expanse of sea-laden petroleum, may not take up from it, and bear along with them to the places whither they go, some subtle power which serves as a disinfecting agent, and which may account for the infrequency of some of

the diseases referred to, and possibly for the superior healthfulness of the climate of Santa Barbara."

About four miles from Santa Barbara, pleasantly located in one of the cañons of the mountains, are the hot sulphur springs which have become so favorably known. If it is true of places, as well as of persons, that nearness and familiarity are the true test of greatness and worth, then Santa Barbara must have the ring of the genuine metal about it! Its number of admirers seems to be equal to the number of its entire population, and can only be estimated by taking the census!

A preacher, who has for some time been a resident of the place, on one Thanksgiving day delivered a sermon appropriate to the occasion to his assembled people. He did not wander off to the ends of the earth for causes for thankfulness, but showed his hearers what reason for ceaseless gratitude they had in being allowed to dwell in so Paraisical a place as Santa Barbara—a place of unparalleled richness of soil, of unequalled salubrity of climate—a place for which earth, air and sea did their best. That little spot alone of all the earth seemed to have escaped when the earth was cursed for the sin of man! After dwelling for some considerable time upon the features of this perfectness, the thought seemed to occur to the speaker that after all the taint of transitoriness which pertains to everything earthly rested also upon Santa Barbara and those who inhabit it. As, therefore, people could not live there always, some inducement must be presented to make them willing to leave when the inevitable summons came for them to go to heaven! Therefore he endeavored to bring about a reconciliation between their

necessity and their desire, by a description of the pleasures and delights of the new Jerusalem, remarking that inasmuch as it was a foregone conclusion that they would sooner or later be forced to take their departure from the land of delights in which they were now permitted to live, it would be well for them to acquaint themselves with the conditions upon which entrance to it could be obtained, assuring them that the glories and wonders of the place made it worthy of being earnestly sought after. The conclusion of the whole matter, as summed up by one who heard the sermon, was that heaven was a very comfortable place to live in, and very desirable to—those who couldn't stay in Santa Barbara!

To the writer, personally, a sojourn there gave new ideas of the possibilities of life. The atmosphere was so pure and exhilarating, the sky so blue and serene, the sunshine so bright and cheering, that mere existence seemed a blessing rich beyond compare. Visions of beauty and blessedness float before my eyes and fill my heart with yearnings as I recall the experiences of those delightful days. Whether I looked above, beneath or around me, there was something to charm, something to comfort and delight. The usual taint that affects all earthly things seemed to be wanting, at least it did not make itself visible to the eye. Sky, earth and air, all seemed to be absolutely without a flaw.

Santa Barbara is the preferred home of the beautiful pepper tree. Those who have only seen it further north have no adequate idea of its possible loveliness and elegance. The tree produces the white pepper of commerce, but so far as I know, it is not utilized in this region, and

it ought not to be. Nothing more ought to be asked of it, than that it should beautify and adorn, as it does, every place where it grows. With the graceful sweep of the weeping willow it unites a refined and aristocratic look which the willow does not possess. Then it is an ever-green, and retains its handsome foliage to charm the eye all the year round. The fruit hangs in large, loose panicles all over the tree during the winter, and by its pretty red color gives additional grace and glory to the effect.

There are many varieties of acacia that flourish in California; and the eucalyptus, or Australian gum, is a great favorite and much cultivated. These are all ever-greens, and some of them beautiful; but among them all there is nothing equal to the graceful, refined-looking and beautiful pepper tree.

The olive, too, seems to be in as good as its native element in this region. The leaf of the tree is long and narrow, and not unlike that of the willow. It is bluish green above, and on the under side of a lighter color, with a silvery tinge which produces a very pretty effect when the branches are tossed by the wind.

The fruit of the tree has been utilized from an early day, and its cultivation is among the things that pay. It may not be without interest to go somewhat into detail in regard to this industry. In the Santa Barbara region the olive is propagated by cuttings. These are made from ten to fifteen inches long, and the thicker the better. The slips are put into the ground perpendicularly about six or eight inches apart. Everything seems to be delighted to grow in the beautiful country around Santa Barbara, and the olive is not an exception. These cuttings soon send out

roots and branches. After awhile they are taken up carefully and set out in orchards, being placed in rows twenty-five or thirty feet apart each way. The trees grow slowly at first, but begin to bear in four or five years. They do not, however, produce a full crop until they are ten or twelve years old. But as a compensation for their slow growth and tardy maturity, they live and produce fruit to a venerable age. A tree, that had lived through its three-score and ten years, last year bore one hundred gallons of olives. The average yield that is expected of an orchard is about twenty-five gallons per tree.

For pickling, the olive is gathered before it is ripe, though the nearer it is to maturity, and a consequent change of color, the better and richer the pickle. It is from the color of the fruit in this unripe state that the shade "olive green" takes the name. When ripe, the fruit is of a purplish, maroon color, and in both size and color has a striking resemblance to the damson plum. For making pickles, the immature olive is gathered and put into vessels filled with cold water, which must be changed for four or five successive days; or better yet, they are sometimes placed in casks through which the water is allowed to percolate. The object of this process is to extract from the olive a bitter quality that is always present. When this process is completed the olives are put into a strong brine, and in a few days are ready for use. Persons who do not like imported olives often become fond of those put up in Santa Barbara, on account of their superior richness and excellence, which is in part owing to their being allowed to become more nearly ripe before they are gath-

ered. When the berry is to be used for making oil it is allowed to ripen on the tree.

When gathered, cloths are spread under the tree and the fruit is shaken off, and that which does not fall readily is beaten off with rods or poles, which would seem to have been the way in which olives were gathered in Palestine, as can be inferred from the command, "When thou beatest thy olive tree, thou shalt not go over the boughs again; it shall be for the stranger, for the fatherless and for the widow."

After the fruit is gathered it is placed in a drying-room or on shelves, where it is allowed to remain several days, in order that the watery juices contained in it may evaporate. The machinery now in use for manufacturing the oil is of the rudest and most primitive character, and will probably before long, when the rule of the Anglo-Saxon is fully established in this region, give place to something better. A circular stone bed is built, and upon this a stone is placed to which a sweep is attached. A horse is fastened to the sweep, and the berries being spread upon the bed, they are crushed by the turning of the stone upon it. Even this would seem to be an improvement upon the Jewish method, which seems to have been to tread out the oil with the feet. Thus the dying Jacob said of Ashur, "Let him dip his foot in oil."

The stones or pits of the olive are not broken in the first process of crushing. After the fruit is fairly crushed the pulp is gathered up and put into coarse sacks or gunny-bags, and submitted to pressure in a home-made, rough sort of a screw. As the oil is extracted it is put into vessels and allowed to settle, after which, without any

further process, it is ready for use. The result of the first operation makes what is known in commerce as "virgin olive oil." Its sweetness and purity are perennial. Time does not harm it, and no change renders it impure. At the old Catholic mission in Santa Barbara there is oil that has been kept for years without losing any of its original virtue. We have been in the habit of getting very little of this "virgin oil" from abroad. The best is kept at home for the rich and great to use, that they may have unction given to their salads, and sweetness to any of the viands into which oil enters as a component part.

A second pressure succeeds the first, in which many of the pits are cracked and the pulp more finely comminuted. The result of this is an inferior article of oil, such as is generally brought to us for table use.

After this there is still another effort made to compel the olive to give up its oil. The pulp is brought to a boiling heat in large copper kettles, and then submitted once more to pressure. An inferior kind of oil is thus obtained, which is principally used for lubricating purposes.

In the good time coming, when the twenty thousand olive trees already set out in southern California, and the ten times as many more that will be set out, shall come into bearing, and when new and better machinery, the result of Yankee ingenuity, has been introduced, we shall get our olive oil from our own dominions, and it will be the pure "virgin oil," that will neither grow murky nor rancid, and our salads will be no more spoiled by oil that is common or unclean!

The profitableness of the olive as a factor for money-making will be evident by the statement that sixty or

seventy trees may be set out to the acre, and that from these there should be obtained about one thousand four hundred gallons of berries. Olives are worth, sold in the orchard, sixty cents per gallon, or when pickled, seventy-five cents per gallon. Twenty gallons of berries yield about three gallons of oil, which is worth from four to five dollars per gallon wholesale. It is more profitable to make the berries into oil than to pickle them.

There is an olive tree in Santa Barbara that is thirty years old, from which has been made forty-eight dollars' worth of oil each year for three successive years. It is estimated that an olive orchard will yield about nine hundred dollars, gross, per acre. Allowing half of that amount for cost of culture and manufacture, which is an overgenerous estimate, and there remains a very handsome income from the investment. It is a particularly pleasant arrangement for those who have not much land—only a town lot or two—to set out olive trees, which will not only furnish shade all the year, but in the season produce fruit that can be turned into money.

The fruit in its ripe state is very nutritious, and people can live on it for days without other sustenance; but it has a bitter, acrid taste, which makes it anything but attractive to the uninitiated. The olives of California are said to be better than those of France or Spain, probably because they have a better chance to absorb the sunshine, and a richer soil from which to draw their nourishment. There is a grove of old olive trees near the mission church which was set out by the Spanish padres fifty or sixty years ago. These trees are still a source of income to their owners. This old mission church was established in 1786.

It is about two miles from the wharf, on a plateau which rises all the way, gradually, from the beach, until where the church stands it is more than three hundred feet above the sea-level. As these old Catholic churches are all built after one general plan, it may be well to give a more particular description of the one at Santa Barbara, and "*ab uno disce omnes.*"

The church is built of sandstone and adobe in the Moorish style of architecture. It is quite imposing seen from afar, with its two high towers and rather grand and massive air. The walls are over five feet thick, and the cement that unites the stones cannot be broken with a pick. I make this statement, not from experimental knowledge, but from testimony that I find on record. The ancient tile roof has been replaced by one of shingles. Tile roofs were not among the least curious things brought to light and knowledge by the chance to see the handiwork of the Spaniards. A cylindrical pipe, made of red-burnt clay, not far from the size of an ordinary stove-pipe, cut in halves longitudinally, and from two to four feet long, is as accurate a description of these tiles as comes to hand. Two of these are laid parallel with each other, and a third is laid-over so as to cover the space between them. There are little gutters along the sides to carry off the water. They are very clumsy looking affairs, and would seem to be a heavy weight for any rafters and walls to support. The adobe houses of the Mexicans are covered with these tile roofs.

"The largest grape vine in the world" is another of the meritorious things that Santa Barbara claims. This grows at Montecito, about three miles from the town. It was

planted toward the end of the last century by a Spanish lady, who came from Sonora on horseback. There is a bit of romance connected with it that gives a little additional interest to the wonderful vine. When the young lady was about starting from Sonora her lover broke a branch from a grape-vine and gave it to her to be used as a riding-whip. The giver sanctified the gift to such an extent that the lady kept the whip to the end of her journey, and then, to make it a perpetual memento, planted it in the ground. The vine took root and grew, until its greatness astonishes the people. The trunk is four feet four inches in circumference. After reaching the height of eight feet from the ground, it sends out its branches, which are trained on horizontal trellises that are supported here and there by posts, and thus the vine is made to cover an area of five thousand square feet. Its annual yield for many years has been from ten to twelve thousand pounds of grapes. There is a fig-tree near by it to which some branches of the vine extend, so that the lady who planted the latter could literally sit under her own vine and fig-tree. The planter of the vine died not many years ago, having done what but few are permitted to do—entered a second time into her "teens." Report says that she was one hundred and thirteen years old at the time of her death; a striking proof that the climate of Santa Barbara is conducive to length of days.

The latest news in regard to this celebrated grape-vine is, that it is boxed up and on its way to attend the Centennial at Philadelphia, where all the world is to be gathered together. But it will come stripped of its glory, and its beauty will be henceforth only a memory.

Santa Barbara, beautiful as it is for situation, is attractive also to the fortunate ones who do not need to search for lost health. The mountains round about it are charming at all times. They are especially so at evening, when there hover and rest upon them the rosy tints and soft azure haze that travelers say are seen in Italy and other countries on the Mediterranean. One evening, when the sun was setting, the mountains on the eastern side presented a picture which will be to me "a joy forever." I wish that I could worthily describe it, so as to give even a faint idea of its glory and its grandeur. The mountain is corrugated, as all the foot-hills of the Coast Range are. The sun, in going to its rest, shone in such a direction as to make the different points and projections cast their shadows on the adjoining depressions. So the hill-side was flecked over with a rich green, which was now golden in the sunlight, and then subdued and saddened by a shadow, like life with its ever-varying shades of joy and sorrow. Upon the top of the mountain there rested a mist—a soft azure veil just dipped in the tint of the rose, which, while it concealed nothing, softened the outline and spiritualized the whole. I watched it far into the gloaming, and saw the light go out gradually and gently, like the light of life to the dying saint, changing every minute, yet each change revealing some new beauty, till, finally, the brightness faded away, and one star after another came out to see. Meanwhile, near by was the ocean, calm as though it had quieted itself for unwonted rest, catching and reflecting the beautiful tints which the mountain-top threw down to it.

To the traveler from the east who makes Santa Barbara

the first stopping-place in southern California it has a very foreign look. It is a little difficult to believe that the protection of the tricolored flag is over this place also, with its old adobe houses that look as though they had a heavy burden to support in the clumsy tiles which perform the office of roofs for them. The adobe of which these houses are built is simply clay moulded into forms like brick, though generally larger, and dried in the sun. All the adobe houses in southern California have only one story and one tier of rooms, so that there could be no quarrel as to who should have front rooms. Many of them are destitute of chimneys and guiltless of windows; somewhere, generally from a small room in the rear of the main building, a stove-pipe can be seen emerging from the roof, declaring the throne-room of the cook. Where there were no windows, as in the poorer houses, the light of the dwelling had to come in through the open door.

The Spaniards who built these towns seem to have eschewed geometrical figures and held in abhorrence all straight lines. Everywhere the streets are crooked, looking, many of them, very much like some of the "ways" in the "Hub."

It was curious to see the mixture of colors in the faces of those met on the streets. With the normal white of the Anglo-Saxon there was mixed almost every shade of brown, yellow and black.

The population of the town is now about six thousand, one half of whom are Americans. The gain of the latter has been very rapid during the last few years. In 1865 only twenty-one Americans could be gathered together to celebrate the birthday of our nation. Now the number of



CATHEDRAL ROCKS.
PAGES 219 AND 220.

voters is about equally divided between Americans and Californians.

It is only within a comparatively recent time that the benefits and advantages and delightsomeness of this Santa Barbara region have been understood and appreciated by any but those who were on the spot. Under the somnolent influence of Mexican rule everything languished. The accommodations were too wretched to attract strangers, or allow of their staying even if they chanced to come. A general lethargy prevailed, which checked all development and all enterprise. But American energy has already accomplished much, and promises more. Everywhere there is evidence of the change—in the quickening of all kinds of enterprise, in the improvements that are manifest in making the crooked places straight, in the increased accommodations for visitors, as well as in their better entertainment.

The variety of fruit that can be raised in this region is very great. It comprises apples, pears, peaches, plums, olives, almonds, apricots, nectarines,—in short, all the fruits of the temperate zone, as well as of the semi-tropical belt. Oranges do not do well, except in places where they are protected from the winds off the ocean. The growth of fruit-trees is very rapid. Peaches and figs sometimes bear the second year and apples the third. The soil is everywhere wonderfully rich and strong. There is one thing, however, that must be made sure of—water. Like emphasis to the orator, this is the first, second and third requisite. Let the supply of this be sufficient, and there is scarcely any limit to the variety or amount of production. Extravagant as these statements may seem to those who

have not been there to see, they are very easily credible to those who have.

As yet there are but two ways of access to Santa Barbara—by steamer from San Francisco, and by rail from the same point to Hollister and thence by stage. The stage ride occupies about sixty hours, including a few hours' rest at San Luis Obispo. It is not unattractive to those who have the strength to endure it. To the writer, who went down by sea and came back by land, the latter mode of transit seems much the more attractive of the two. The hours of sea-sickness, and the almost total loss of time, so far as any increments of knowledge were concerned, did not make the sea-voyage acceptable at the time or pleasant in the recollection; while in the journey by land there was much that was interesting and that returns pleasantly to the memory.

The views enjoyed in ascending and passing over the Santa Inez mountains, just after leaving Santa Barbara, are among the valuable possessions which will be retained. After starting, the road leads along between the mountains and the sea for about ten miles. Then the ascent of the mountains is begun. The road goes through Gaviota pass. As the stage winds slowly up the elevation magnificent views can be obtained, made up of mountain and valley and sea, the latter stretching off into the infinite.

They have a curious way of always changing the driver and the coach at the same time on the Pacific coast. I found this custom prevailing everywhere. Each driver has his own coach, or one of which he has the exclusive proprietorship. When we made our first change after leaving Santa Barbara, we were put into a very delapidated wagon,

which was minus a cover and everything else that was necessary to comfort. The prospect of riding the greater part of the night in this uncomfortable vehicle was not an attractive one, especially as the clouds were throwing down upon us occasional drops of rain, which, there was good reason to believe, were only an earnest of what was coming in the very near future; therefore, when at about four o'clock in the afternoon we drove up to quite a comfortable looking adobe house I was so urgently advised to stop over and wait for a more comfortable coach the next day, that I concluded to do so. The twenty-four hours' delay gave me an interesting experience.

Mr. Foxon, at whose house I stayed, is an Englishman, and claims to be the oldest Anglo-Saxon settler now living in California. He has been more than fifty years in the State, and has lived where he now does since 1836. He brought his family there the year following. There was no settler or settlement near, and the household lived under a tent while the father built the adobe house which they now occupy. Some of his accounts of the doings in those early times bordered so nearly upon the marvelous as to be rather a tax upon one's credulity. Among many other things that were passing strange, he told how upon one occasion his house was surrounded by grizzly bears, and he standing in the door, with his wife to help him load his gun, had killed eleven of the monsters! He had often been with Kit Carson in his exploring expeditions, and shared his dangers and his hardships. He had also engaged in enterprises under the leadership of Fremont. His wife was Spanish, and in all the half-century they had lived together she had not learned so much of his native tongue

as would enable her to ask or answer the simplest question. Eleven of their eighteen children were still living, several of them in the vicinity. They were educated at the Santa Inez mission school, about eighteen miles distant. Mr. Foxon's possessions extended over many leagues, and his flocks and herds were numbered by thousands. A few years ago, on account of a severe drought which killed the feed, the family lost in a single season fifteen thousand sheep and seven thousand cattle, and yet in the twenty-four hours I stayed there, and the four meals I ate, I saw neither milk nor butter, nor anything into which milk enters as a compound, and no fruit of any sort. Neither did I see anywhere around the house anything that looked like a garden, or any preparations for raising vegetables for the future. In answer to some questions having a bearing upon the subject, Mr. Foxon said that it was too windy to raise fruit; he had tried two or three times; had set out trees, etc. Of course a Yankee would have found a way to remedy this difficulty by seeking a sheltered place, which must have been easy to find, where the surface was so uneven and hills near by, or he would have constructed a shelter to keep off the wind. Mr. Foxon said he supposed they might milk a cow or two, and have milk and butter; but they had sheep corraled near by, and if they had cows they would be obliged to rise early to milk them and get them out of the way before the sheep were let out, which would be a trouble; so they lived on meat and bread (unaccompanied by butter) and eggs, and creamless coffee. But, as if to make up for the quality, they increased the number of their meals. Although the breakfast was not over till somewhere between eight and nine o'clock, they had four

meals per diem, the last being supper at six. The extra occasion was made up of tortillas and tea about four o'clock in the afternoon.

I think I was quite a God-send to the old gentleman, and he made the most of the blessing. In this retired place it was something to have an attentive listener for a whole day. How constantly he talked, and how much he told me of the early times, the Indians, the bears and other wild beasts! He did not think that the coming of the Anglo-Saxons, and their settlement in the country, had increased the content and happiness of the inhabitants. As for their enterprise and improvements, what was the use of them if people were happier without them? There never were people that lived lives so easy, so full of contentment and actual happiness as the Californians did when under Spanish and Mexican sway. The delightful climate and fertile soil made it easy to support life, and what they had was shared by all who needed it. The coming of Americans introduced selfishness, the greed of gain, and all the thousand ills that follow in their train.

In an interval of rest in the conversation, when Mr. Foxon went out for a walk, I looked around everywhere for something to read. Not a book, not a newspaper, old or new, was to be found; not even an almanac was visible. It seemed strange to see people living so absolutely isolated—cut off from all the interests that affect the race, both in the past and present. Three sons and a daughter were still at home. One of the sons bore himself with the air of a prince, and when I came away, to assist me in starting, bestowed upon me numerous little civilities in a most gentlemanly and even courtly manner.

We reached San Luis Obispo, the principal town in the county of the same name, about two o'clock in the morning, and were allowed to rest until seven, when we started onward again. We saw the old mission church which was built in the early mission days, and gave name to the town and county. Soon after leaving San Luis Obispo we crossed the Santa Lucia mountains, a spur of the Coast Range, and were then in the Salinas valley. This is a fine area of land, about seventy-five miles long and from three to five miles wide.

About one-half of the valley lies within the limits of San Luis Obispo county. We crossed the Santa Margarita ranch, belonging to Mr. Murphy, soon after descending the mountains. This ranch has within its boundary twenty-five thousand acres of land, and upon these acres roam seventeen thousand head of cattle, all of which are owned by Mr. Murphy. As we rode along in the stage a gentleman, who was well acquainted in that region, pointed out a place that had been disrupted and thrown into confusion by an earthquake not many years before. Large fissures were made in the ground, which closed again with a suddenness that allowed them to swallow up horses and cattle that were feeding on the spot in unconscious ignorance of the casualty that awaited them. Quite a number of horses disappeared in this catastrophe, some of which left their tails or their feet sticking out of the cracks so as to identify the cause and place of their departure. These were their only mementoes.

Twenty miles north of San Luis Obispo we came to the Paso Robles ranch. This lies on a beautiful level plain, and includes ten square miles. The Paso Robles

springs are on this ranch, and are quite a place of resort. There are two or three large buildings for the accommodation of visitors, and they seemed to be well filled when we were there. The water in a spring near the house is scalding hot, while in one but a mile distant it is icy cold, but in both it is strongly impregnated with sulphur. There was quite a civilized look around these springs, and much was said in commendation of the healing power of the waters. The greater part of this day's ride was through the Salinas valley, and there was much to make it attractive. The sun was bright and not too warm, the air was pure and the sky cloudless. The country looked like a grand park. Large oaks stood here and there as a skillful landscape-gardener would have placed them in order to get the best effect. There were no thickets, and only trees enough to give beauty and variety to the scene. The ground was covered with a luxuriant growth of alfilerilla, a native product, which is of a peculiarly soft and pleasant green. Without looking at all sickly, it has a yellowish tinge, which seems to give peculiar effect to the variations of light—to the alternations of brightness and shadow. This alfilerilla made the groundwork, then the pattern was filled in with flowers, "whose beauty and whose multitude rivaled the constellations." The California poppy (*eschscholtzia*) was in full blossom, and with its yellow petals shading off from a deep orange to a light straw color, according to the variety to which it belonged, covered oftentimes acres of ground. Sometimes a whole hillside was one solid mass of molten gold, or seemed to be, looking at it from a distance. Many sovereigns might have had their meetings on places covered

with "cloth of gold" without any help from the upholsterer. In other places purple prevailed, and over a large extent of space this royal color was spread out. Again flowers that were red or blue would possess the land, and afford a chance for comparison as to which of the different hues was most agreeable to the eye.

To one pair of eyes at least the solution was easy. After seeing yellow hills by the score, and red and blue and purple fields, there was something very restful in looking at the soft, polished and comforting green, unmixed with anything that was flaunting or gaudy. The summing up of the verdict was, although these bright hues are beautiful for variety, yet if choice must be made for common use, "green it shall be," for green suits the eyes best,—another proof that, among things as among persons, the brilliant and showy may please us as occasionals, but for every-day wear the quieter and more durable are better.

* Soon after leaving Paso Robles we came to San Miguel. The old mission church is still standing and is in quite a good state of preservation. The adjoining wing, which was erected for the use of the priests, is now perverted and polluted by being turned into a dram-shop, to our personal regret and the increase of our fears.

Our driver had for some time been giving unmistakable evidence of having taken a great many drops too much, and he now increased his potations and our danger. He lingered over his cups and made an unreasonably long delay. We finally started, and for the next ten or fifteen miles ran such a race as would have left John Gilpin's famous steed far behind. Up hill and down, through

rivers and quicksands, we went at a speed that seemed to one unused to racing more than a two-forty pace. We crossed the Salinas twice, splashing through each time as though running for a wager or for life. When we finally stopped at the next station for a change of horses our poor team was all dripping with sweat, and every muscle was quivering with the strain to which it had been subjected.

We started on with fresh horses with almost equal rapidity of motion, nor did the race end until we stopped at the philosophically named town of Plato, and changed team and driver. In all the eighteen hundred miles that I traveled by stage upon the Pacific coast that was the only "stage fright" I had—the only case in which I had any cause to doubt the skill or competency of the driver.

In southern California especially, the drivers, as a class, seemed to be intelligent, gentlemanly men, to whom it was safe for a lady to trust herself, and upon whom she might depend for any attention or help she needed.

The Atlantic and Pacific railroad, as now surveyed, will pass through the Salinas valley, and when the fortunate day of its completion comes this county will make rapid strides in the race for prosperity. There will then be an outlet for the products of the fertile valley of the Salinas, and tillers of the soil will find out how much better than gold-mines are the riches that honest toil can bring forth from the ground.