

BLANCO

Is a small town six miles from Salinas, near the Salinas River. The land in the vicinity is said to be of the best in the entire valley.

The town comprises a store, blacksmith shop, postoffice, and several very good residences.

A hotel is very much needed in the town, if not to accommodate travelers who flock there, to give them assurances, in case they do visit the town, that they will not be obliged to lie under some one's portico, but can find proper entertainment.

Two miles South of Salinas is the enterprising village of

SPRINGTOWN.

A general store and saloon, and a large blacksmith and wagon-making establishment constitute the business element of the place. The blacksmith shop is well fitted for doing good work, and the proprietor is skillful, prompt and energetic.

A considerable amount of fruit, of very superior excellence, is raised here.

A hotel is talked of, and, no doubt, it would prove a judicious and remunerative investment.

A post-office is to be petitioned for during the coming Summer.

Much travel would visit this place, were it only provided with a good hotel and stable.

Some 60 miles South-east from Salinas are two very fertile valleys, separated only by six miles of a mountain ridge. These are Peach Tree Valley and Long Valley.

A small part of Peach Tree Valley is susceptible of cultivation, but by far the largest portion, 1,000 acres, is grazing land.

Long Valley is nine miles in extent, is altogether agricultural, in both the nature of the soil and the purposes to which it is devoted. It is a beautiful valley, backed by steep hills.

The inhabitants are "Mormons" in religion, are hospitable, energetic in the prosecution of their industries, and seem, as far as their characteristics or those of their religion are concerned, excellent people.

The recent past of this County has been characterized by such energetic struggles for advancement as to leave no doubt but that her future progress will be rapid and assured. In no portion of the State have such wonders been accomplished, with such rapidity and such thoroughness. The strife has been a hard one. The territory has been, until recently, almost inaccessible in its position. The land, originally covered with Spanish grants, has held out no inducements to small farmers—men whose limited means would only permit the purchase of a few acres. Here, too, the Mexican and his descendants have clung to their landed estates with a tenacity unparalleled in the annals of the State, and it is only very recently that their grasp has begun to relax, and that these vast ranchos are being thrown upon the market in small tracts. They are induced to sell from two causes; they can hope for nothing from a progress which moves at a pace so swift as to amaze and stupefy them; and again, the greatly enhanced value of their land tells them the opportunity is good, and the "coin of the realm" possesses for them a fascination they are powerless to resist.

Within an incredibly short space of time the County has been transformed from a vast pasturage into almost unbroken grain fields. In productive capacity, the soil is found equal to that of the vaunted agricultural sections of the State. Towns have sprung into being with almost magical celerity, and have been populated as though by the command of a "merlin." The mineral wealth is also being developed, and promises to become an important source of revenue.

With these interests properly subserved by an energetic people, what is to prevent Monterey, with her rich agricultural resources, her flock-flecked summits, her large mineral production, and her not inconsiderable commerce, from ranking among the first counties in California in wealth, importance and prosperity?