

Santa Rosa. Here the scenery changes, we have nearly reached the end of Sonoma Valley, and have to cross a ridge of low hills. On the right we see Rincon Valley—of which we shall speak again—and pass over a shaded road by the side of a creek, reaching Santa Rosa at 4 P. M. Our friend had the kindness to leave us at the door of the hotel, where we will for the present remain and partake of some refreshments.

Sonoma Valley, through which we have just passed, covers an area of something like 90 square miles, is highly cultivated and very productive. It never suffers from drought, hence the crops never fail. The wine made here is of excellent quality, especially the foreign varieties. We sampled some "Chambertin," (made from grapes of imported cuttings), which could not be distinguished from that made in La Bourgogne, France. We also tasted some "Chablis," which was very fine, and equal, if not really superior, to the imported article. The more common varieties are also of good quality, though rather more "decapitating" than foreign wines of the same kind.

After a refreshing sleep we arose early in the morning to walk through Santa Rosa, the County Seat and principal town of Sonoma County, on the line of the North Pacific Railroad, situated on Santa Rosa Creek, a tributary to the Russian River, and is one of the prettiest inland towns of the Pacific Slope. It is 16 miles from Petaluma, 22 miles from Sonoma, 16 miles from Healdsburg, and 26 miles from the Pacific Ocean, and was first laid out in 1853. The population numbers 2,760; 1,463 males, 1,297 females, and is rapidly increasing. The streets are wide, well kept, and run at right angles, and the buildings are supplied with gas and water. In the centre of the town is a square or plaza, lined with beautiful shade trees, and kept in excellent order. Here, on summer evenings, a good brass band discourses sweet music to the people assembled, and many are the pretty girls who come to promenade, enjoy the concert and indulge in innocent amusement with the young gentlemen of the locality. In speaking of good-looking girls, we will say that they are very numerous in Santa Rosa; in fact more so than in any other town of its size we have as yet visited.

But, the speaking of the pretty girls must not cause our readers to believe that we made no other observations. Santa Rosa is a lively trading centre—all kinds of business, the different trades and the professions are well represented. There are several large business houses, also two banks—the Santa Rosa Bank and the Santa Rosa Savings Bank—both doing a very good business. The officers of these last-named institutions are very polite and obliging, and are an ornament to their positions. In fact, we found more politeness among the business people of this locality than in many other places, and suppose that the beautiful climate, equable temperature and agreeable surroundings, tend to render the inhabitants amiable and sociable. Altogether Santa Rosa is, in the true sense of the word, a thriving town, which in a few years more will become one of the principal business centres of the Coast.

It is a pretty place; its climate and surroundings recall to our memory travels in Southern Europe. On the outskirts of the town are some very handsome private residences, and a number of the most beautiful gardens we have ever seen. Early this morning we took a walk, and finding an open gate, leading into what appeared to be a fruit orchard, we entered. It was just after sunrise. The dew drops yet hung on the flowers and glistened like so many diamonds in the rays of the sun; nature was fresh and fragrant. Swarms of butterflies, bees and birds of radiant plumage, fluttered in all directions among the numerous flower-beds of the garden. We sat down in the shade of an aged oak, by the side of a riotous little creek, hurrying on its course down the valley with the waywardness of a noisy child. Tufts of stately trees were scattered in different portions of this princely estate. We afterwards walked through the numerous paths of the garden, hoping to find some one to tell us the name of the proprietor of this delightful spot, which we had so unceremoniously invaded, but for several hours after our first entering the premises we saw no one, and after having taken the liberty to make a bouquet, we wended our steps toward the hotel. There are several very good schools and educational institutes at Santa Rosa. Among the most prominent is the Pacific Methodist College, which was transferred from Vacaville to this place. The building is commodious, well arranged, and in point of architectural beauty is the most remarkable structure in the town. The Christian College is also located here. The building, which was completed in 1872, presents a very fine appearance, while the College enjoys an enviable reputation as an institution of learning. Its Board of Directors are representative men, some among the number being eminently fitted for such a position, by virtue of the culture and attainments they possess. Both of the institutions have able faculties. A change has recently taken place in the conduct of the Pacific Methodist College, through the resignation of the President and the appointment of a brother of the late incumbent to the position thus rendered vacant. This gentleman, Rev. A. S. Fitzgerald, is well known in educational circles throughout the Coast, having filled with credit the position of State Superintendent of Schools. Encomium is consequently unnecessary. We simply prophesy for this institution, which has so flourished in the past, a condition of enhanced prosperity and greatness in the future.

While in Santa Rosa we paid a visit, through the courtesy of one of the members, to one of those organizations which are the special hatred of the ladies, viz: "A Social Club." We were enjoyably entertained, conversationally and otherwise, and spent an evening we shall long remember with pleasure. Their rooms