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Souvenir Hotel Del Monte, Monterey, Cal.

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Midwinter Scenes at Pacific Grove

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MANAGER
MONTEREY, CAL.—“America’s Famous Summer and Winter Resort.”

Midwinter Views of the Celebrated Hotel del Monte, Monterey, Cal.
THE MOST MAGNIFICENT SEASIDE ESTABLISHMENT IN THE WORLD.

GEO. SCHÖNEWALD, MANAGER
Midwinter Scenes at Pacific Grove—The "Peerless Seaside Resort."
SOUVENIR

OF THE

HOTEL DEL MONTE

MONTEREY, CALIFORNIA.

BY

W. C. MORROW.

Presented with the Compliments of the Manager.
RT has supplemented the efforts of nature in making California the paradise of the tourist; and fortunate indeed above his fellow-man is he who, fitting opportunity to inclination, may shake off the snow which envelops him in the frozen winters of the East and come hither to flood all his sensibilities with the warm glided glories of the western sun. Thus may life be beautified, enriched and prolonged, and the ice which, from persistent contact without, has penetrated the soul and frozen the warmer qualities of the heart, melted, broken up and driven out, and the milk of human kindness and the good warm blood that makes life precious and its possessor a comfort to his kind, established in its stead. Who may estimate the value of these pleasant excursions into the sun-lit by-paths of life? If one have the means to take them (and, yet wealth is not required), and by any effort may create the opportunity, it is a duty which he owes himself and all about him to come,—a duty which loses none of its force from coming in the guise of pleasure.

Leaving San Francisco, the traveler, taking a train on the Coast Division of the Southern Pacific Company, is swiftly carried southward towards Monterey through a country of marvelous beauty. A few miles out from the city, and he passes through charming towns in San Mateo county where are seen the out-of-town mansions of San Francisco's millionaires, set in great forests of oak, and surrounded by broad acres of gorgeous flowers in perennial bloom. Vineyards and orchards appear on every hand. The beautiful city of San José, with its wonderful electric-light tower, is traversed from end to end, only fifty miles from San Francisco. Orchards, vineyards, grain fields, forests of oak, stately country mansions, delightful towns and villages, the great dome of the Lick Observatory glittering in the sunlight on the summit of Mt. Hamilton,—these are passed in quick succession. On the left are seen the rounded outlines of the Coast Range Mountains, brown and bare; on the right the Santa Cruz Mountains, intervening between the traveler and the ocean. Dark, heavily wooded slopes are these, with strange blue and purple shadows in the deep
MIDWINTER GLIMPSES OF HOTEL DEL MONTE AND VICINITY.
ravines, and a blaze of golden sky beyond. Streams bordered with giant sycamores are passed. The mountains close in upon the road and then recede. The Pajaro River, swollen by winter rains, runs a losing race with the train as the two, side by side, drop swiftly down the gorge.

Then the river is left, and the beautiful Pajaro and Salinas valleys come into view, with their pretty towns, their great fields of grain, their sugar-beet plantations and mammoth refinery, and the great dark Salinas river, wide and turgid, and to the left the Gabilan Mountains overlooking the sea. A little farther, and glimpses of Monterey Bay are seen on the right between the low sandhills that in the ages past were cast up by the sea. Then come brown hills and valleys, and suddenly an enchanted garden is entered; for the train has halted at the station of the Hotel del Monte, one hundred and twenty-five miles from San Francisco and less than a mile from the quaint old town of Monterey.

A glance at the map will show that in forming the bay the ocean did not bite deeply into the land, and that the mouth of the bay is nearly as large as the body. The Hotel del Monte stands in a beautiful grove of ancient oaks and pines a few hundred yards from the beach, and, with its back to the ocean and the trade winds, faces the south. From the hotel northward there are miles of beautiful sand beach, affording at low tide a drive equal to the famous one of similar kind at Galveston. This beach extends south and west to Monterey; and thence on around the peninsula which bounds the southern extremity of the bay the coast is wild and rocky, its ruggedness broken and tamed at intervals by charming little beaches of sand. The Santa Lucia Mountains find their northern terminus in this peninsula; and here all the slopes, down nearly to the water’s edge, are covered with pines which are said to be the only ones of their kind in the world. The Bay of Monterey, wide mouthed and placid, receives in summer the soft trade-winds which, starting in the ice-fields of the northern seas, are tempered to a delicious coolness by passing over the Japan current. This monstrous ocean river sweeps the eastern coast of Asia, swings out into the northern Pacific, strikes across the ocean, and passes eastward along the Aleutian Islands, that remarkable chain which is supposed to have been the causeway by which in ancient times crossed from Asia the aboriginal settlers of the Western Hemisphere. In the winter months the winds come from the tropics, warm and rain-laden; so that through the year the winds are of that delightful temperature which is neither warm nor cold; and they always come fresh and bracing from the sea.
MIDWINTER VERANDA SCENE AT THE HOTEL DEL MONTE
WHAT can be said in sufficient praise of this marvelous creation? If, ten years ago, the seeker for the choicest of nature’s blessings had pitched his tent in this vast garden of giant oaks and pines, where ferns and wild flowers grew in modest seclusion from the public gaze; where soft winds, scent-laden, whispered their secrets to the pines; where sun-kissed, azure-tinted hills and mountains watched from afar the long lines of silver breakers chasing one another on the sands, and the distant rumble of the surf and the near crooning of the pines invited to unspeakable content and peace,—if he had seen this picture of infinite grace, he would have said, “Here is all earthly perfection.” But if, while he slept, Aladdin’s geni had sat down in the grove this wonderful hotel, with its airy modern Gothic façades, its incisive angles, its many sharp gables, minarets and towers, its dormers and window-hoods and broad verandas, and had planted about it a vast garden of the rarest and most gorgeous flowers from every country of the earth, and thus added undreamt-of beauties to the loveliness of the spot,—what tongue could express his wonder and delight, what pen describe the boundless charms, what brush depict this form, expanse and color? Yet the wild natural scene of the traveler who found in it perfection did exist, Aladdin’s ring was rubbed, and the Hotel del Monte passed from the unimaginable into actual existence less then ten years ago. Since then its name has penetrated wherever civilization is found; and the cultured and refined of all nations have shared its hospitality.

It received its musical Spanish name from its environment of trees. The word monte means either mountain or forest; but in this case the forest determined the appellation. Del being Spanish for “of the,” the proper name of the hotel is “Hotel del Monte;” and, unless del be changed to el (which means “the”), the word “hotel” cannot be omitted without doing violence to the Spanish language. The owners recognized the proprieties in engraving “El Monte” on the table service, meaning simply and properly, “The Forest.” But “Hotel of the Forest” is the full name in translation.

In the name of Monterey, the meaning of monte is different. The name means Mountain-King. It was not taken from the environment, but was bestowed upon the place in 1602 by Don Sebastian Vizcaino in honor of
Gaspar de Zuniga, Conde de Monte Rey, at that time Viceroy of Mexico, and projector of Vizcaíno's expedition.

The name of the hotel was a happy inspiration; for it is situated in a forest of remarkable character and extent, and distinct in its general features from any other in the country. It is made up principally of live-oaks and pines of great size and incalculable age. Here all the peculiar and grotesque characteristics of the California live-oak appear in exaggerated form,—massiveness combined with whimsical distortion, an aggressive individuality, a cringing attitude tempered with the defiance of conscious strength, hoary with sweeping draperies of moss; gnarled, bent, awry, voluptuous with abundant glaucous foliage, impervious to natural sources of injury or extermination, restful to the senses, inviting to repose; low-spreadings, expansive, grand and peculiar; and scattered among them, and elsewhere standing apart in dignified solitude, the tall overtopping pines, towering, symmetrical, contrasting in all respects of form to the great sprawling oaks which they overlook.

In the middle of this forest sits the Hotel del Monte, with its one hundred and twenty-six acres of garden,—the finest, the most gorgeous, the richest, the most varied in all the world, the famous gardens of Kew and Kensington not excepted. The efforts of Mr. Clack, the head gardener, and his scores of skilled assistants, have developed the unparalleled natural facilities for floriculture to an unmatchable degree. It is not alone in summer that flowers bloom at the Hotel del Monte; in the middle of winter the grounds are lively with the color of blooming roses, pansies and countless other flowers, while stretches of the tenderest plants, with callas and heliotropes in prominent lead, are seen on every hand. The marvelous ribbon beds, with minute details of infinite variety of forms and combinations, exist in all their beauty throughout the year; and the section called "Arizona," made up wholly of cacti, many of extreme sensitiveness to cold, remains continually in prickly and rebellious thrift. Ivy, honeysuckles and nasturtiums grow in rampant luxuriousness, kept in decorous limits only by the free use of shears. In January and February, the first grand burst of spring color comes in the form of great beds of narcissus, tulips, crocuses, crown imperials, and the whole long list of Holland gems, arranged in beds of conventional design, in ribbons of dazzling colors, in trefoils, hearts and every other conceivable form. All the rare and beautiful flowering plants of countries south of the equator—of South America and the Cape of Good Hope, of Australia, of all the strange countries and islands over which hangs the
MIDWINTER AT HOTEL, DEL MONTE—BATHING PAVILION AND BEACH.
Southern Cross—have found a congenial home in the grounds of the Hotel del Monte; and as their native summers are coincident with our winters, and as in their own countries they are summer-blooming plants, the habit in time of bloom which is a part of their natures persists in transplantation; and the soft warm winter climate of the Hotel del Monte not only permits but fosters and encourages this habit; so that, during the winter months, there may be seen in this vast flower garden plants that exist nowhere else in Europe or North America outside of some isolated and cramped conservatories, generally inaccessible to the public. Not only have the floral resources of all countries been drawn upon, but scientific hybridization in the great propagating houses of the Hotel del Monte has produced new varieties of great beauty and value.

The local conditions for the culture of flowers are not equaled in the world. The soil is a deep sand heavily charged with the accumulated leaf mold of ages, and is warm and of great fertility; artificial irrigation supplies the necessary moisture at the best time and in proper quantity; an almost unbroken succession of days bright with sunshine; an entire absence of scorching winds and damaging frosts,—these constitute the ideal perfect conditions of flower gardening. There are also great stretches of blue-grass lawns. Besides the beds under the strictest care, where even the straying out of line of a leaf is corrected and absolute finish of detail is seen, there are broad patches and nooks growing in wild splendor to serve as a contrast to the dainty and exquisite plats of carpet and ribbon beds.

In the grounds is a maze covering several acres, made of cypress hedges inclosing the walks. Like marriage, it is very enticing, but a good deal easier to get into than out of. Scattered all through the grounds are benches, bordering the walks and stowed away in alluring trysting places, and comfortable lawn settees. There are numerous swings and croquet grounds, and bins of clean white sand for children. There are several fine tennis courts. All through the grounds are fine macadamized drives and walks, as clean as a floor;—mud and dust are unknown and impossible. This last is an important feature, and one that ladies especially will appreciate.

The Laguna del Rey (Lake of the King), covering some fifteen acres of ground, with its fountain in the center throwing a thin, wavering column high into the air, constitutes an enchanting feature of the grounds. At the landing are moored row-boats for the free use of the guests. There is also the Club House, a tasteful building with broad verandas, upon which
in midwinter are always seen groups of ladies and gentlemen.

Here are a fine billiard hall, a bowling alley and a saloon. Bowling and tennis are the chief daytime amusements of the ladies in winter, and what more healthful-giving and inspiring?

The hotel itself,—here we find the culmination of refinement, ease and wholesome luxury. Wide verandas afford delicious lounging places and means for gratifying the gregarious instinct; for here congregate the guests in winter to enjoy the bright, warm scenery around. Another favorite lounging place, particularly in the evenings, is the lobby, where the office is,—a great wide room with a huge open fireplace in which burns an oak-wood fire nearly every evening and early morning in the year.

"The other features of the ground floor," says the Chicago Hotel World, in an article describing the hotel, "are a handsomely furnished office, connected by speaking tubes and electric bells with all the rooms; a library, furnished with tables and writing desks, and richly finished; a ladies' billiard hall, equipped with Manhattan tables; the parlor, furnished in the most luxurious manner; a grand ballroom, with orchestra recess, and furnished with a Weber grand piano. Then we come to the dining-room. The ceiling and walls are snowy white; the floor is of polished eastern oak; and the furnishings in every detail are the most elegant and artistic, much of the table and silverware being imported. The chairs are large and comfortable, especially made for the hotel, the pattern being obtained in England. A beautiful feature of all the rooms here enumerated is the open fire-places, finished in ornamental tiling, those in the office represent-
ing scenes portrayed by Scott in his Waverly novels; the one in the library has English face-tiling fashioned after scenes from the poets, by Moy Smith, of London; in the billiard-room the fireplace shows scenes from Shakespeare; and the fireplace and mantel of the parlor have taken the subjects of their pictures from mythology. The dining-room has four of these artistic pictures.

"In furnishing and in the interior finish of the hotel throughout, expense seems hardly to have been considered at all, the idea prevailing to have the most artistic and at the same time the most appropriate and durable, giving the effect of real merit and worth. The carpets are Axminsters, Moquettes and Brussels; the woods used are San Domingo mahogany, English quartered oak and selected cherry. All the rooms of the house are furnished equally well, though variety has been sought in different colors, designs and finish. A special order was given and special measures taken to have the best mattresses and beds obtainable placed in the house. The hotel has its own system of gas machinery, placed some distance from the building; and the house is heated throughout by steam. There is also a first-class elevator service." There are private baths and closets, it may be added, for every two rooms, and many private parlors for the use of the guests.

The *World* mentions in terms of equal praise the admirable kitchen arrangements, the *cuisine*, the large ice machine, which manufactures a ton of ice a day, the cold-storage rooms, the water-works system, with its delicious, pure water taken from El Carmelo river, the pure milk, cream,
MIDWINTER AT THE HOTEL DEL MONTE—DOLCE FAR NIENTE—AND BOTANY.
and butter from the Dairy del Monte, the fish taken daily from the bay, the delicious vegetables, fruits, grapes and melons grown in the gardens there, and the nearness to the markets of San Francisco.

That which will strike the visitor's notice with peculiar force is the immaculate neatness and cleanliness of everything. The snow-white walls, doors and panelings, the immaculate brightness of the table service, the spotless whiteness of the linen throughout, the entire absence of dust,—these are rare blessings; and equally delightful is the unobtrusive yet never sleeping solicitude on the part of the servants for the comfort of the guests. There are no dark, stuffy rooms;—all are open to warm sunshine; all may receive the fresh, sweet breezes from the sea; all command a glorious view of garden, forest, and the boundless ocean beyond. Here all is comfort, ease, repose, luxury and refinement. Distracting noises have been left far behind; and in their stead are the odors of the rose and the heliotrope, the singing of birds, and the faint breaking of the surf on the sands.

In the grounds are the stables, elaborate and complete, stocked with handsome horses and vehicles of all kinds; for riding and driving are favorite pastimes, there being neither dust nor mud; and leading from the hotel is the grandest drive in the world,—the Eighteen-mile Drive around the peninsula, to be noticed at greater length later in this sketch.

A few hundred yards from the hotel is the Bathing Pavilion, belonging to the hotel. "Surf bathing," says the World, "is engaged in the whole year, the beach being among the best adapted for this purpose on the entire coast. Two hundred and ten dressing rooms are provided,—one-half for ladies,—each a double room, one part for dressing and the other for shower bathing. For those who love to 'take a header' a long wharf has been built out into the bay, from which to dive; but for those who prefer the water artificially heated, or who find the air and water of outdoor bathing too bracing, the owners of the resort have provided the most complete and extensive indoor bathing facilities afforded on the coast, or even in the entire United States. Near the sea stands a pavilion, the main building of which is seventy feet wide and one hundred and seventy feet long. In this structure are four immense swimming tanks, with a capacity of two hundred and seventy-five thousand gallons. Each tank is thirty-six feet wide and forty long, the bottoms of the tanks sloping, thus varying the depth of the water. Pumping machinery of great capacity fills these large tanks every day with salt sea-water, which in one tank is left at its natural temperature and in the others heated to varying degrees of warmth." Numerous
hanging baskets of blooming plants swing over the tanks; and the decks are beautified with tropical plants of all descriptions, all receiving light, warmth and sunshine through the broad glass roof of the pavilion.

Is all this luxury and refinement within the reach of the wealthy few only, or is it accessible to all persons of cultured taste? Those who have not been guests of the Hotel del Monte will be surprised to learn that the charges are only half the rates exacted at the popular resorts of the Southern States for accommodations not half so good. "The rates at the Hotel del Monte," says the World, "are just the medium rates of commercial hotels in cities, and actually about half those charged at similar hotels elsewhere." [Par parenthése, it may be said that there is no hotel in the country "similar" to this.] "This assertion," resumes the authority, "applies to the hotel, and does not refer to the latitude allowed the guest at this resort, where he takes a boat ride on the lake, and plays croquet, lawn-tennis or billiards, without money and without price. From what has been said, it is evident that the hotel itself, when classed with other resort establishments, is justified in demanding the highest rates, since every comfort, convenience and attention is afforded the guests to be had at the highest-priced hotels of metropolitan cities or other noted seaside resorts. * * * The liberality of the proprietors in this respect even offsets any additional expense that the journey from the distant East may incur, when compared with resorts nearer home."

MONTEREY

A** MILE from the Hotel del Monte is the quaint old town of Monterey, nestling snugly in the sharp bend at the southern end of the Bay of Monterey, at the point where ends the long sand beach that runs northward, and begins the wild, rocky beach that bounds the peninsula. A strange old town is this, founded by the Spaniards one hundred and seventy-four years before the signing of the Declaration of Independence, and long before Shakespeare wrote his plays; an uncanny mixture now of ghost-haunted ruins and smart modern paint and architecture; cut in all uncertain and disorderly ways, with crooked streets and lanes, with now and then a broad, straight thoroughfare; rolling lazily over low hills, and sweeping down gentle slopes to the sea; dreaming in the sunshine, and listening to the songs which the ocean sang to the generations gone and forgotten in the centuries. It witnessed one of the grandest and most dramatic struggles that ever fell to the lot of the Cross; and it saw the tragic downfall of Franciscan wealth and glory. Here was the cradle of far Western civilization, the birthplace of the commonwealth of California. Here was made the first Western test of that strange projectile border law, which, tempering the
austerity of force with the persuasive example of Christian behavior, broke down the barriers of native barbarism, and replaced the savage with the citizen. Rich in the romance of almost forgotten days, abounding in tragic memories; beautiful and bewitching, with her back to the hills and her face to the sea, drinking in the soft sea winds; with her sun in the future and her heart in the past,—Monterey forever will claim and receive the tenderest affections that center in the Western shores.

"From the earliest period of California's history," says Harrison in his "History of Monterey County," "Monterey has been conspicuous as the objective point of navigators and explorers, and the arena where were enacted many of the important political and historical events of the county. As early as 1602 Don Sebastian Vizcaino, sailing under instructions from Philip III. of Spain, entered Monterey Bay, and, landing with two priests and a body of soldiers, took possession of the country for the king. A cross was erected and an altar improvised under an oak tree, at which was celebrated the first mass ever heard in the land now known as California. The place was named in honor of the Viceroy of Mexico, Gaspar de Zuniga, Count of Monterey, the projector and patron of the expedition. The departure of this expedition returned the place to its primitive condition, and the silence in its history was not broken for a period of one hundred and sixty-eight years. When Father Junipero Serra, president of the band of Franciscan missionaries sent to the coast in 1768, was planning his work in California, the most cherished object of his expedition was the founding of a mission at the Monterey of Vizcaino's discovery. In 1770 this cherished dream was realized, and the Mission de San Carlos de Monterey was established on the 3d of June of that year, "being the holy Day of Pentecost," as the Father expresses it. About the end of the year 1771, the mission was removed to Carmelo valley, some five miles from the Bay of Monterey, and called the Mission San Carlos de Carmelo. This was done by order of His Excellency the Marquis de Croix; and here, on the banks of the Carmelo River, still stands the old stone church then erected, beneath whose sanctuary repose the remains of Father Serra and three of his coworkers, including Father Crespi, his trusted friend and adviser. The presidio, or military establishment, still remained at Monterey. In its inclosure was the chapel, which is the site of the present Catholic church; while on the hill overlooking the bay was erected a rude fort, the remains of which are still discernible."
The first Indian baptism was at Monterey, December 26, 1770. The converted Indians cultivated grain for the missions and tended vast herds of cattle, horses, sheep and hogs for them. "The first European lady to come to California," says Harrison, "was the wife of Governor Fages, who arrived in Monterey in 1783. Their child, born about 1784, was probably the first child born in California of European parents." There was a long list of Spanish Governors; the population increased; prosperity followed every effort. "In the year 1813 the twenty-one missions in California yielded annual revenues aggregating two millions of dollars. They had then reached the zenith of their prosperity; but in that year the first stroke of their death-knell was sounded when the Spanish Cortez, during the struggle for national independence that was then being waged on Mexican territory, ordered that the authority of the Franciscan friars in California be superseded by that of the secular clergy. With the downfall of Spanish power in Mexico in 1822 came the last stroke of the knell, although the missions were not formally abolished and their property confiscated until 1845." Monterey was still the seat of government. Immigrants poured in; the town grew and prospered.

The quarrel between the United States and Mexico gave Commodore Jones, of the United States Navy, an excuse in 1842 to seize Monterey for his Government. He entered the harbor, captured the fort, claimed the territory for the United States, and planted the Stars and Stripes; and the next day, when he discovered that his action was premature, he apologized to the Mexican authorities and withdrew.

In 1846 John C. Frémont, leader of an expedition to the coast for the United States, had trouble with the Mexicans at Monterey, and withdrew. On the 7th of July, 1846, war having been declared between the United States and Mexico, Commodore Sloat took possession of Monterey in the name of the United States, to the delight of the inhabitants. San Francisco, Sonoma, and Sutter's Fort were captured soon after. Sloat was made Military Governor of California, and afterward Commodore Stockton, and then General Riley, who called a constitutional convention for September 1, 1849, to meet at Monterey. The constitution was framed and adopted; the State government was established at San José; and on the 9th of September, 1850, California was admitted into the Union. Monterey was a bustling city once; but, with the loss of the capital, its commercial, social and political glory became but a memory.
The railroad, after passing the Hotel del Monte, runs through Monterey and goes on to Pacific Grove, two miles beyond the town, passes through the Grove, and terminates two miles beyond at Lake Majella and the curious and beautiful sandhills near it. The history of Pacific Grove furnishes striking evidence of the rare value of the climate. A few years ago it was started as a camping ground and a place for holding the annual conference of the Methodist-Episcopal Church. It was laid out in lots, and tents made of cloth stretched over wooden frames were erected. Soon, however, it outgrew its original purpose. Tasteful cottages were built, stores sprang into existence, and the population increased beyond all expectation. The prices of choice lots advanced, and small fortunes were made. The Pacific Improvement Company made addition after addition to the original plat, until now the townsite covers an area of about two square miles, and has a population during the summer season of about five thousand souls. It is still growing with the same lusty vigor. Handsome and expensive residences have been built; and beautiful flower gardens abound on every side. The government of the community is patriarchal and unique; and it admirably serves the purpose of keeping without the borders of the town all disreputable, unruly and boisterous characters, and all unwholesome and demoralizing sports and pastimes. It is a home and a haven for the gentle, the refined, the cultured, where carousing and dissipation are unknown. It is the favorite assembling place of various organizations. In 1889 the Woman's Christian Temperance Union held its school of methods, the State Teachers' Association its annual convention; there were also the State Sunday-School Convention, the annual Chautauqua Assembly, the celebration of the Young Men's Christian Association day, the California Conference of the M. E. Church, and others. There is a public school, a fire brigade, and a fine stable. There is delightful bathing, rowing, sailing and fishing. Delicious water comes from the Carmel river in pipes.

Chief among the charms of Pacific Grove is El Carmelo Hotel, built by the Pacific Improvement Company. Although accommodating several hundred guests, it has a homelike character that brings a strong sense of rest and content. It is managed with the same care, the same irreproachable neatness, the same solicitous attendance that have helped to make the Hotel
del Monte famous. It has its elevator, its large bright rooms, its gas manufactured on the premises, its large and comfortable lobby with a crackling oak fire on the old-fashioned hearth, its beautiful lawns and flower beds, all reminding one in essence and effect of its more fashionable sister, the Hotel del Monte.

Pacific Grove sits in the shadow of the countless pines which crown the peninsula; and the hoarse rumbling of the breakers which rush headlong upon the rocks is heard above the gentler wooing of the pines by the wind. A half mile beyond the Grove, on Point Pinos, is the old granite lighthouse built by the Government when the State was in its infancy; and it still throws its spectral light over the waves. Beyond it, past the southern limit of the bay, is Moss Beach, rich in algae of marvelous form and color in infinite variety. The restless ocean here at the end of the peninsula has an unrestricted swing; and sometimes tall breakers hurl themselves with prodigious force upon the rocks and sands. Now and then clouds of spray are thrown high into the air; and the thundering crash of the waves as they break adds awe to inspiration.

AROUND THE PENINSULA

SKIRTING its pine-clad peninsular demesne of seven thousand acres, the Pacific Improvement Company has constructed the finely macadamized road known as the Eighteen-mile Drive; and little is said when it is asserted that this is the grandest drive on the continent. Let us traverse it and note some of the strange and striking scenes which it discloses. The road runs from the Hotel del Monte to Monterey, and there turns to the left and ascends a long hill of easy grade. The top is the crest of the ridge which runs out from the mainland; and just beyond a scene of surpassing beauty bursts upon the vision; for spreading out far below in dark-blue splendor are the waters of Carmel Bay. It is a fairy scene, a glimpse of another world. Down plunges the road toward the bay through a forest of oaks and pines; and glimpses of the blue water and the great shining ocean beyond are caught through the trees. The road is tortuous, winding in and out of shady ravines, and as hard and smooth and clean as the walks in the grounds of the Hotel del Monte. After many windings down an easy grade, the bay is reached.
Scene on the Eighteen-Mile Drive, near the Pebble Beach.
If one choose he may make a diversion of a short drive to the left to visit the famous Carmel Mission (mentioned in this Souvenir in the sketch of Monterey). The ruins of this grand old structure have recently been repaired through the efforts of Father Casanova, and the ghosts of a century have been driven away, and the prowling winds turned aside. A trim roof of shingles takes the place of the queer terra-cotta tiles. Some of the picturesqueness is gone with the aspect of desolation; but the imposing main tower and dome stand nearly as they have stood for a hundred years; and the carving in the stone of the main entrance has lost none of its delicacy and refinement. Within some of the ancient glories still remain to bring strange, weird thoughts and fancies to the visitor.

Returning to the Drive, we pass Pescadero Beach, long and sandy; then Chinese Cove, small, cosy and sheltered; then Pebble Beach, lying under a bluff of stone which the waves have worked into extraordinary shapes. Here is a famous place for gathering those pebble gems which many prize so highly for the wonderful colors which they show.

Then a strange tree is seen,—the far-famed cypress of this locality. Between Pebble Beach and Cypress Point there is a stretch of wild, rocky coast, with frowning promontories and wave-worn caverns, bleak spray-dashed rocks jutting naked from the land, and black reefs at their base. The bluffs are crowned with those strange trees called cypresses, which cling to the rocks with fierce tenacity, sprawling, cringing; grasping, seemingly with desperate strength, the immovable crags which give them support. Nowhere else in the world is this species seen. Like their neighbors, the pines, they belong to this locality, and are restricted to it. What inscrutable mystery of nature lies hidden in this singular phenomenon? Why should this spot, of all others in the world, have been selected as the home of this grotesque freak of nature? The trees are low, spreading, with flat, canopyed foliage which offers a broad surface to the overhead sun, and a keen edge to the ocean winds, like a vast flat umbrella. Nothing so striking in the vegetable world, so sharply in contrast to familiar arboreal forms, so boldly in violation of nature's rules and conventions, so distorted, grotesque and uncanny, so enchainning to the fancy and thrilling to the imagination, so suggestive of certain rare and grim aspects of abnormal human nature, is to be found elsewhere in the known world. Were the seeds brought by birds from some strange, undiscovered country, which the imagination may picture as the home of unnatural things? Or was this the birthplace of
THE OLD MISSION CHURCH, NEAR CARMEL BAY, MONTEREY—A STUDY.
this weird, gigantic, imposing monster, which has reproduced countless other monsters of its kind? Is this really a cypress; or is it a cedar, the seeds of which were brought from sacred Lebanon centuries ago by the pious missionaries from Spain? Hardly so; for some of these moss-grown monsters, still living, still clinging to the rocks, give evidence that they were old when Christianity still was young; were living before Columbus sailed from Lisbon; and were holding up their keen edges to the wind when the remote ancestors of Don Sebastian and Father Junipero were writhing under the lash of the Moors.

Or does science explain: The grotesque forms of these trees are the product of their environment,—the sprawling attitude, the inconceivable distortion of the trunks and branches, this is the work of the wind; and the flat, canopied foliage is the result of effort to present the smallest resisting surface to the wind, and the largest life-absorbing surface to the sun? If so, why do not trees of other kinds in the same locality,—the oaks and the pines,—behave in a similar fashion? No; the winds are not furious and destructive; the pines are uncommonly slender for their height. It is all strange, inexplicable, mysterious; and until the studies and experiments of Mr. Ulrich, the gardener of the Hotel del Monte, shall have borne fruit, we must be content to marvel and enjoy.

All along this coast, from the Carmel River to Cypress Point, under the shelter of the rocks, the oaks, the cypresses and the pines, are innumerable bewitching nooks where luncheon and picnic parties daily throughout the year pass many delightful hours. What offers greater pleasure than a luncheon alfresco, with steaming pots of tea and coffee on the camp-fire, and maybe fish caught ten yards away, and mussels taken from the rocks?

Cypress Point is a bold high rock jutting out far into the ocean, and gives a commanding view seaward and a wide horizon. This is an inspiring scene. Here and there a sail is seen, and at intervals a steamer leaves its black trail of smoke on the sky. Usually the sea is calm, but at times huge waves come rolling in and break with a tremendous crash on the black rocks of the Point.

The Drive turns northward; more cypresses are passed; then come beautiful beaches backed by rolling hills of sand.

Standing in solitary grandeur out in the water a short distance from the shore is the famed Seal Rock. — Clinging to the jagged sides and peak of this little granite island are thousands of seals, easily visible from the shore.
There are more seals here than at any other point on the coast; and the spectacle is a strange and interesting one as the awkward creatures climb clumsily out of the water and plunge heavily into it. As shooting at them is prohibited, they are very tame; and frequently parties of them are seen in the bay, and particularly in the neighborhood of the wharf at Monterey. They are one of the most interesting curiosities of the coast.

At Moss Beach the road turns into the forest of pines, leaving the water to the left. This part of the Drive is a sharp contrast to that which has been passed; for the grim, imposing and grotesque features of the coast have given way to the mild, gentle and bewitching beauties of the wood. Trees of all kinds, the pine predominating, here make their homes; and wild flowers in unrestrained profusion waylay the traveler at every step. The noisy clatter of the jay, the plaintive cooing of the dove, the musical whistle of the quail, the lamenting of vagrant winds in the pines, and the distant rumbling of the sea,—these only are the sounds that are heard. Dancing leaf-shadows are on the road; and a deer bounds across the highway not far ahead. A drowsy, dreamy atmosphere hangs over all, and sweet odors fill the air. A delicious languor intervenes, and a touch of melancholy tempers and refines the emotions which these gentle beauties have aroused.

At length the road begins gradually to descend; and far ahead, seemingly a great distance down, a glimpse of the blue waters of Monterey Bay is caught in the vista of the road. The carriage swings onward, and soon dashes into the heart of Pacific Grove. The horses turn into the Lighthouse road, pass El Carmelo, and then head for Monterey. On either side—for we are still within the limits of the grove—are pretty cottages in gay flower gardens; those to the right on slopes and terraces, those to the left on the gentle slope that runs down to the bay, all seated at the feet of ancient pines. Then come open fields dotted with cottages; and to the left appears the bay in all its glory. The eye follows the white sand-beach for miles beyond the Hotel del Monte; and one never tires of watching the distant lines of surf as, one after another, they creep upon the sands and melt away. Far to the left, on the northern arm of the bay, is Santa Cruz, whose white houses rising on the terraces are dimly visible. A mile ahead is Monterey, dozing peacefully in the sunshine; and to the left of it is seen the Hotel del Monte, a fair queen in an enchanted grove.
The unexpected dominates the commonplace in Monterey and the country thereabout. The strange and the picturesque are curiously blended with the beautiful; and bizarre forms and quaint conceits of nature bear the impress of history and the color of tradition. The ancient adobe buildings of Monterey, constructed entirely without nails, tile-roofed and tottering, have a solemn pathos in their crumbling walls; and the echoes of the old-time revelry and happiness have faded away forever.

Not far from the Hotel del Monte, in a shady ravine, may be seen a wonderful instance of the tenacity with which the live-oak clings to life. Long before the memory of man began here to run, a majestic oak was felled by the wind, and it lay sprawling down the ravine; but still it lived, and likely yet will live for centuries to come. Where there was a trunk prone on the ground there is now a strange-looking forest; for each branch from the trunk grew upward and became itself a tree.

At intervals a school of whales invades the bay; and their black, shining backs, their thin water-spoutings, their great flukes lashing the water, and their clumsy frolics, make a spectacle worth many days of waiting to see. Whale-fishing at Monterey was a prosperous industry in years gone by; but, now that there is nothing to disturb these monsters of the deep, they appear to exercise a proprietary supervision of the bay.

There are yachts for sailing and boats for rowing; but one of the greatest pleasures is the fishing. For those who dislike exertion, bottom fishing for flounder and sole is a favorite pastime. More exciting sport is found in fishing for smelt, mackerel, pampino and salmon; and, for those who prefer shore-fishing, there are rock-cod in abundance. The most interesting sport to be enjoyed in this line is trout-fishing in the streams. As all the best part of the Carmel River lies within the lands of the Pacific Improvement Company, and as the stream is full of fish and none except the guests of the Hotel del Monte are permitted to fish therein, a treat is at hand for those who enjoy this finest of sports. There is also excellent deer hunting in the mountains not far away; and quail and doves are always abundant.
Medical Testimony

Regarding

Monterey as a Health Resort.

The late Dr. Shew, an eminent physician of Connecticut, spent the winter of 1883-84 in California, and improved the opportunity to carefully study its claims as a health resort. In a paper read at the annual meeting of the Middlesex County (Conn.) Medical Society, in April, 1884, he gave the results of his investigations. In considering the disadvantages, he sets down distance as the chief, and earnestly counsels physicians not to venture to send patients suffering from advanced organic diseases upon so long a journey, mentioning particularly heart troubles, spinal affections and acute lung diseases. He also says:

On the other hand, experience shows that nervous people who suffer from insomnia at home are benefited by the continuous motion of railroad travel, and thus find rest after other treatment has failed. The great army of sufferers from dyspepsia, asthma, neurasthenia, and convalescents from acute diseases, may safely and with advantage undertake the journey. I have been surprised to find that nearly all passengers overland weigh more and feel better at the end of the journey than at its commencement. When you have decided that your patient would be benefited by travel, you may safely follow this rule: If you consider him able to cross the Atlantic, you need have no hesitation in advising him to undertake the overland journey to California. Having tried both, I unhesitatingly give the preference to the latter; and in this opinion I am guided as much by observation as by personal experience.

But it is at the quiet old town of Monterey, formerly the capital of California, that we find in the "Hotel del Monte" the ideal hotel. Taking everything into consideration, this hotel, with its fare, rates, appointments, accommodations, grounds, drives, beach, pavilion for bathing, etc., has no equal in the world. Coming to this beautiful place in January, from the snow and ice of New England, and finding one's self surrounded by shade-trees, green grass and bright flower-plots, it is difficult to shake off the impression that you are still in the mazes of dreamland, from which you dread to be awakened. After a stay of nearly three months, I am convinced that, considering everything,—climate, hotel accommodations, sea-bathing and beautiful surroundings,—Monterey approaches nearer to the ideal sanitarium than any place I have ever visited. Cold with moisture leads to pulmonary diseases; heat with moisture leads to malarial fevers. From such diseases the coast of Southern California is remarkably free. The dryness of the atmosphere prevents malarial diseases, and is also a great relief to bronchial affections.

The residents of Southern California do not claim that their climate has no discomforts; but they maintain stoutly, and with reason, that no climate has fewer. I have noticed that the longer one remains in California, the stronger becomes his attachment, and the less his inclination to return to the changeable climate of New England.

In closing, permit me to briefly indicate some of the classes of invalids which are benefited by coming to the Pacific Coast. Persons having sensitive lungs, and those in the early stages of consumption, always find relief, and sometimes permanent restoration, in the warm, dry regions of Southern California. So, too, sufferers from rheumatism, neuralgia, nervous prostration and asthma. In fact, all of the disorders in which outdoor life is indicated may be treated in this dry, warm climate with a fair prospect of success.

The following extracts are from an article written by an eminent California physician, J. S. Adams, M. D., of Oakland, which appeared in the Medical and Surgical Reporter of Philadelphia, February 17, 1883:

After visiting many of the health resorts of Europe and America, I feel warranted in saying that, for healthfulness of climate, California cannot be excelled. Not only is climate, but comfort and attractiveness, essential to the invalid; and while the first is of utmost importance, the others are valuable aids to recovery.

The health resorts of Europe have their disadvantages, such as periodical cold and sweeping winds, local malaria, foreign language, customs and accommodations, which latter, as a rule, are inferior to those of America.
Florida, with its attractions, has a humid atmosphere, and more or less malaria.

Colorado, with some advantages, has extremes of temperature and severe winters.

California, on the other hand, occupying, as it does, an area of country lying between thirty-two degrees and forty-two degrees north latitude, and extending from the Sierra Nevada Mountains to the Pacific Ocean, presents the greatest variety of scenery and climate.

Within these limits you may find the semi-tropics of the South or the eternal snows of the northern Sierras. Here is the greatest variety of altitude and temperature. Along the ocean the land gently rises from the level of the sea to the summits of the Coast Range, an altitude of from two to four thousand feet.

There is a multitude of people in the East who are suffering from bronchial difficulties, incontinent consumptions either hereditary or acquired, and nervous exhaustion from over-work and various other causes, who dread a long, cold and changeable winter. To those I would say, we have a climate and resorts superior to most and second to none in the world.

While it will be seen that Monterey, Santa Cruz, Santa Barbara, Santa Monica, San Diego and Los Angeles are the most desirable of the many Pacific Coast resorts, for a locality combining all the requisites before mentioned, I consider that Monterey stands at the head of the list.

At Monterey, the diversified scenery of bay, forest and mountain, the beautiful drives through groves of pine, oak and cypress, and along the ocean beach, are sources of interest to the visitor, while the clear water of the bay and white sandy beach invite those who are fond of sea-bathing.

While I do not think this location suited to all classes of invalids, its clear, even, bracing climate, attractions and comforts, make it the most delightful resort for health or pleasure of any place with which I am acquainted.

The following extracts are from an article entitled "Monterey as a Winter Health Resort," written by C. B. Currier, M. D., a well-known physician of San Francisco, for the New York Medical Times of January, 1882:

My own personal observation in a two years' residence in the State has convinced me that, when its attractions as a health resort shall have become more generally known and appreciated, California will become the great sanitarium of the world.

Its climates—for they are many—are varied to suit individual requirements; nowhere else in the world, not even excepting Naples in Italy, and Alexandria in Egypt,—both places noted for their clear, sunny skies,—is the atmosphere so pure and clear, so many consecutive days in the year, as in California; and no other climate has so equable a temperature.

California has many health resorts deserving more than passing notice; but my present object is to call the attention of the profession to the signal attractions presented by Monterey as a winter resort for invalids who require equability of climate and a pure, invigorating atmosphere.

Monterey is situated at the extreme southern point of the beautiful bay of the same name, distant from San Francisco only one hundred and twenty-five miles by rail; and both for a summer and winter resort I do not know its equal, but in its winter aspect it is simply incomparable.

The atmosphere of Monterey is dry and invigorating. The severe winds that make Mentone and other resorts on the Mediterranean coast so disagreeable at certain seasons, are unknown here; and the weather is not so cold in winter, nor so warm in summer, as in some parts of Southern California; but there is an equability of temperature not to be found in any other place I know of.

There are occasionally foggy mornings in the spring and summer months, as there are in most coast districts; but they are of short duration, and are not disagreeable in their effects upon the most sensitive constitutions, but seem rather to add new life and freshness to the air and to foliage and vegetation.

A point often overlooked or deemed of secondary importance in the selection of a health resort, is the necessity of comfortable and cheerful surroundings for invalids. In many places where climate might be favorable, all other points of comfort being conceded, there is often a sad dearth of the requisite accessories that tend to make life a desirable portion to the average seeker of health.

All this is amply provided for at Monterey. The "Hotel del Monte," built and conducted by the Southern Pacific Railroad Company, is not excelled, if equaled, in regard to magnificence, elegance and comfort, by any sea-side hotel in Europe or America.

It is picturesquely situated in a grove of 126 acres; and no pains have been spared to make it one of the most attractive resorts to tourists and invalids in the United States, if not in the world.

While I would not attempt to describe Monterey as adapted to the requirements of every class of invalids, still, for those who desire a dry, pure atmosphere and even temperature, and a climate of neither extremes of heat nor cold, I know of none other at home or abroad so deserving of comment.

For those who care for salt-water bathing, there is one of the most noted fine, white-sand beaches in California; and a new feature introduced here, after the plan of Brighton, England, is salt-water plunge-baths heated by steam-pipes.
## TEMPERATURE OF MONTEREY.

The following carefully prepared table presents the maximum, minimum and mean temperature of Monterey, from meteorological observations, taken at Hotel Del Monte, from January, 1884, to December, 1888:

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FLOOR PLANS

OF THE

Hotel del Monte.

The illustration on the adjoining page represents the ground plan of Hotel del Monte, together with a diagram of the pleasure grounds in close proximity to the edifice. Altogether the illustration shows an area of about sixteen acres. The general design of the hotel building includes a central edifice, with two extensive wings or annexes connected with the central structure by arcades, which extend in semi-circular form on each side. The main building is 340 feet in length, and 110 feet in width. The end towers have an elevation of about 50 feet and the central tower is about 80 feet high. The office, or lobby, is 42 feet wide and 48 feet long; the rear of the office opens into a spacious corridor extending the whole length of the building. The reading-room, 24 feet square; the ladies' billiard-room, 62 feet long and 31 feet wide, and the ladies' parlor, 40 by 35 feet, are near the office. The grand ballroom is 72 feet long and 33 feet wide. The dining-room, which extends back from the office corridor, is a noble apartment 162 feet long and 66 feet wide. Behind it is the kitchen, 50 feet long and 70 feet wide. There is ample room for 500 people to be seated in the dining-room. A passenger elevator and a baggage elevator are provided. There are also three staircases, one in the center and one at each end of the building. The arcades, which extend in semi-circles from the rear corners of the main building, connecting with the annexes, are 125 feet long, 20 feet wide, and three stories in height, to conform with the stories of the buildings they connect. Iron and glass are the materials of which these sections of the building are constructed, and the arcades furnish not only convenient extension of the corridors in the different stories, but a bright, sunny series of promenading places. Each of the annexes is 280 feet long and 48 feet wide, both being of the same size and style. There are, in addition to the corridors approached through the arcades, central entrances and three stairways—one in the center and one at each end. The establishment contains nearly 500 rooms, and can comfortably accommodate 750 people.

KEY TO THE NUMBERS.

No. 1. Grand Lobby.  
2. Business Office.  
3. Library.  
4. Ladies' Billiard-room.  
5. Grand Parlor.  
8. Dining-room.  
9. 10. Silver and Glassware Closets.  
15. 16. Hallways.  
21. 22. Lobbies.  
25. Corridor.  
26. Main Stairway.  
27. 28. Doorways.  
29. Elevator.  
30. Baggage-room.  
32. Ladies' Toilet.  
33. Gentlemen's Toilet.  
34. Coatroom.  
35. Vault.  
36. Woodroom.  
37. Manager's Office.  
38. Telegraph, Express and R. R. Ticket Office.  
39. 40. 41. Verandas.  
42. Tonsorial Departments.  
43. Porte-cochere.  
44 to 56. Suites of Rooms.  
57 to 67. Single Rooms.  
68 to 73. Private Parlors.  
74 to 77. Stairways.
First Floor Plan of Main Building, showing East and West Annexes, connected by Fire-proof Arcades.

See preceding page for key to above numbers.
HOTEL DEL MONTE

RATES FOR BOARD AND ROOMS.

MAIN BUILDING.

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ROOMS IN EASTERN AND WESTERN ANNEXES.

FIRST, SECOND AND THIRD FLOORS.

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ROOMS ON FOURTH FLOOR.

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<tr>
<td>Suite of Parlor and Bedroom, with Bathroom</td>
<td>$3.50</td>
<td>$6.50</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

Children occupying seats in Main Dining-room, full rates.
Children and Servants occupying seats in Children’s Dining-room, $2.00 per day, each.

All rates, as given above, apply by the day, week and month.

GEO. SCHÖNEWALD,
MANAGER.
MAP SHOWING ROUTES TO
Del Monte, Monterey and Pacific Grove.
OPINIONS OF DISTINGUISHED STATESMEN, CITIZENS, WRITERS AND TRAVELERS.

EX-PRESIDENT R. B. HAYES.—We shall always remember Monterey as one of the most beautiful episodes of our lives. We shall never forget that lovely hotel among the trees and flowers; and the climate—it was a perfect world for us, in all respects.

GENERAL W. T. SHERMAN.—I consider Monterey, with its “Hotel del Monte,” the most delightful place I have ever visited.

THE PRINCESS LOUISE (to the Manager of the Hotel del Monte).—You have the most beautiful place, and the clearest and the best kept hotel that I have ever visited in my travels. (LORD JOHN also expressed himself in about the same terms; and said that he was greatly pleased with his visit to Monterey).

J. W. MACKAY.—There is no place in Europe that can at all compare with it.

HON. P. DEUTER, of Milwaukee.—I consider it incomparable.

The Late GOVERNOR FENTON, of New York.—I can only picture Monterey and its delightful hotel and grounds as a paradise.

LAWRENCE BARRETT.—I have just returned from Paris, cracked up, you know, for the excellence of its coffee; but I have never tasted such delicious coffee, or had such an inviting early breakfast, as I got while at the “Hotel del Monte.”

PAUL OCKER, in New York Staats-Zeitung.—There is no doubt about its superiority over all Italian or Floridian resorts as a sanitarium.

CORRESPONDENT OF THE “BOSTON HOME JOURNAL.”—The “Hotel del Monte” is the most beautiful hotel I have ever seen. I must add, that the grounds about the hotel and the seventeen-mile drive. We were enchanted with very fine weather; and, after having seen most of the civilized world, both in Europe and on the Continent of America, I am obliged to say Del Monte is the most superb and the most beautiful place I have ever seen. With its heavenly climate, which is so invigorating and pleasant, we have nothing at home that approaches the magnificent and paradise-like grounds about the hotel and the seventeen-mile drive.

MANCHester (N. H.) MIRRBOR.—The half has not been told us of this famous resort.

D. O. IN “BOSTON TRANSCRIPT.”—The hotel del Monte fails me here in this entrancing spot; and I can only hint at its grandeur and beauty.

Don CAMERON.—I got great relief while in California, its winter climate is lovely and spicy and healing. California abounds in charms and surprises, and its greatest, and the one we shall remember the longest, is the Hotel del Monte and its lovely grounds and its seventeen-mile drive. Nature and art have done the best they could together.