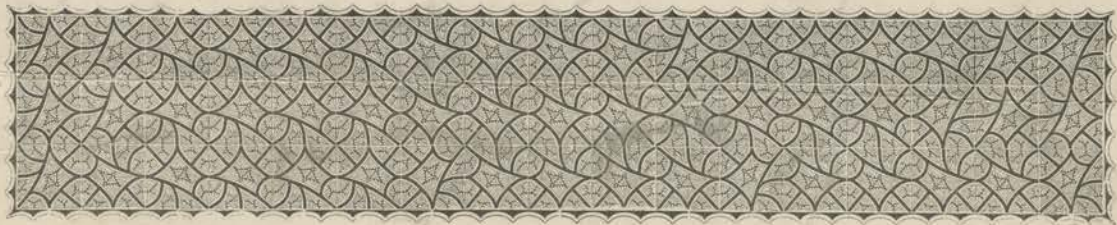
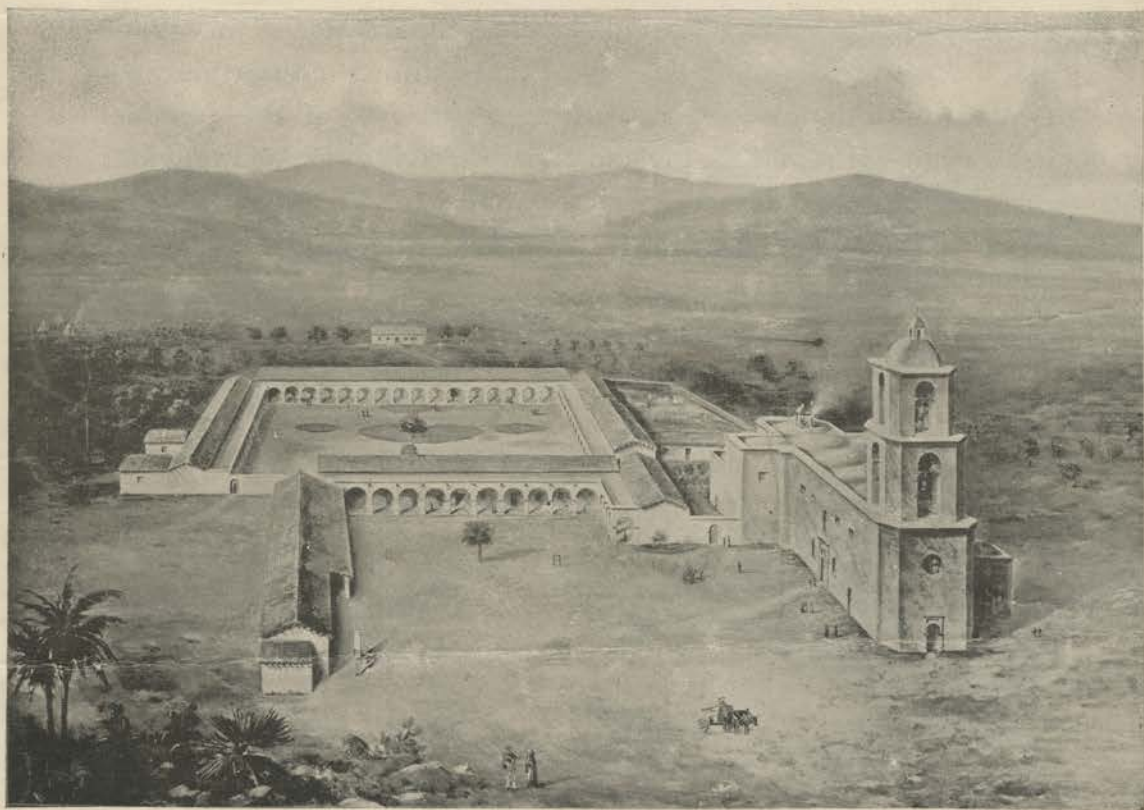


Ym
2 00



RANCHO GUAJOME:
THE REAL HOME OF RAMONA.



THE SAN LUIS REY MISSION AS IT APPEARED IN 1804.

FROM AN OLD OIL PAINTING.

NOTE.



THE present owner of the Rancho Guajome—
Mr. A. McWhirter—will be pleased to show
the places made interesting by Helen Hunt Jack-
son's famous novel, to all tourists and pleasure seekers who may
take an interest in the home of Ramona and who appreciate the
beauties of a Southern California landscape. To those of an artistic
and literary turn of mind he is at all times willing to impart any in-
formation within his power touching on the era of the Mission,
its agricultural resources, life and manners, civilization and religious
customs. Correspondence addressed simply to *Mr. A. McWhirter,*
San Luis Rey, San Diego County, California, will command prompt
and careful attention.



A GENERAL VIEW OF THE COUNTRY FROM OCEANSIDE.

RANCHO GUAJOME: THE REAL HOME OF RAMONA.

[From The Rural Californian for November, 1894.]

HELEN HUNT JACKSON has left nothing behind her, which appeals so strongly to the public heart, as the tender and touching story of Ramona. As one who was already filled with the sorrows of the Mission Indians and Mexicans, who thought they owned the land they lived upon, she entered upon her task as chronicler of those sorrows and wrongs, with her whole soul, and, consequently, she has been heard the wide world over. She chose to clothe the burning facts in the garb of fiction, and she chose well. Dickens, Thackeray, Lytton, Wallace, and many others have done the same. Fiction brings facts to the hearthstone as no other vehicle could, and thousands who would have lived and died with nothing but hatred for the Mission fathers and their villages of Indians, have been brought to do them justice, and accord to them their measure of merit, through the writings of Helen Hunt Jackson. There is an old saying: do not keep your own highway open and build a fence across your neighbors,—by the way, one of the hardest things in the world to keep from doing. We can worship in our own way, but we are neither wise nor just unless we allow the priest and his congregation the same liberty we claim for ourselves.

As one peruses the pathetic story of Ramona, the beautiful landscapes of Southern California seem spread before the eye, placed there by the author's vivid word painting. The ideal pastoral life that she tells of, with such sympathetic realism, seems to come home to the thinking mind as the most perfect life that can be lived. The great flocks of sheep grazing in the sheltered valleys; the peaceful Indians basking in the sun; the innocent amusements of the evening; the plenty and peacefulness of the days; the sunrise hymn, the sunset prayer, the cool night's restfulness,—O, it comes home to one's heart as an almost perfect life, and, though we are glad of the advent of the railroad and the telegraph, it is with an underlying ache that this life had to be interrupted.

Poor Ramona, the innocent victim of pride, prejudice, and a most malicious something we are fond of calling fate,—her story brings an hundred warnings to our minds. It is painful to dwell upon her sorrowful wan-

derings, though here in Southern California we can trace every step of the way as she went from one spot to another, from Temecula to San Diego, and from there to San Pasquale and Raboba in search of a place where she might abide in peace. Three days she and her lover Alessandro spent in one of the lonely cañons, that enemies might not find them, and she, with her poetical nature learned to love it as a home.

"What millions of things grow here, Alessandro," she said, "I did not know there were so many. I should like to live here for a year, and do nothing but look up at the sky all the time."

It is not wonderful that as soon as the book came out, Southern California people began to look for the localities that were so minutely described in the story. That Helen Hunt Jackson must have been familiar with the house to enter so into detail, one who has read the book cannot for a moment doubt. The house was not evolved from her brain, though many have thought that Ramona and Alessandro were created to set forth, in all their hateful colors, the injustice and oppression of the government toward those unfortunate people who had held the land for generations. The latest research, however, tends to prove that neither Ramona nor Alessandro were myths any more than the old Señora herself. Be this as it may, the search for Ramona's home has gone steadily on and it has finally been located at Rancho Guajome, four and one-half miles from Oceanside, and one and one-half miles from the San Luis Rey Mission (now occupied by Franciscan fathers lately arrived from Mexico) on the Santa Fé railway. There are several mentions in the story of the San Luis Rey Mission; one runs as follows:

"On the veranda (the Señora's veranda) were carved oaken chairs and a carved bench, which had been brought to the Señora, for safe keeping, by the faithful old sacristan of San Luis Rey." Then it tells about how he concealed the images in the bottom of a cart night after night and then carried them to the Señora Moreno's house that they might not fall into the hands of heretics. After Ramona and Alessandro had been married in San



THE GARDEN GATE, SAN LUIS REY MISSION.

Diego by Father Gaspara and were riding away, Alessandro was mourning because of the poor home he should have to give his bride, when Ramona exclaimed: "Any house that you will build, I can make comfortable. It is nothing but trouble to have a home as large as the Señora's. Margarita used to be tired to death sweeping all those rooms in which nobody lived, except the blessed old San Luis Rey saints."

This surely gives us the locality. The old images would surely be taken to the nearest safe place. From what has been lately learned, the author told a tale that she knew well. Every page is glowing with Southern California life as it really is. Nothing is imaginative, nothing forced. The ferny nooks in the cañons, the orchards, the flowers, the skies, the valleys, all are truly depicted. One has only to record what one sees here in order to have an enchanting description of scenery and climate; indeed the difficulty is in the language—there are no words expressive enough.

That people like Ramona and Alessandro lived, under other names, and suffered like woes, at that time, there can be no doubt; and the author, with embellishment

here and there, and bits of realistic description, has set such lives before the public, and we may feel assured we are not sympathizing with fictitious woes, nor rejoicing in purely imaginary pleasures. Such woes, indeed, were in the ascendancy during the invasion, if so it may be called by the Americans.

To come back to the house where Ramona lived. The description in the book tallies exactly with the house at Rancho Guajome, now occupied by Mrs. Coutts, at whose house Helen Hunt Jackson stopped while writing the story. *Some of*

"The house was of adobe, low, with a wide veranda on three sides of an inner court, and a still broader one across the entire front which looked to the south. These verandas, especially those in the inner court were supplementary rooms to the house. The arched veranda along the front was a delightful place. It must have been eighty feet long, at least, for the doors of five large rooms opened on it." We have ~~two~~ ^{two} fine illustrations of this ~~the~~ inner court and ~~the~~ ^{the} veranda. One can easily see how natural it would be in a country where a warm sun can be reckoned upon for three hundred days in the year, for the inmates of such a home to live their lives upon these great verandas. The author tells us that this family did so. "The greater part of the family life went on in them. Nobody stayed inside the walls. All the kitchen work except the actual cooking was done here, in front of the kitchen doors and windows. Babies slept, were washed, sat and played on the veranda. The women said their prayers, took their naps and wove their lace there. The herdsman and shepherds smoked there, lounged there. There the young made love and the old dozed." It was in this veranda that Alessandro wished to place a bed for Felipe, who had been ill so long in his room, a bed of his own making, such as the Indians used when ill, a bed of rawhide. And it was here, night and day, that Felipe stayed until he grew strong and well. Here in the sun, here with the flowers and fresh air, here where he had nothing less pleasing to look upon than the purple hills and green orchards. The surroundings are clearly described: The long sunny valley stretching down to the ocean in soft undulations and dotted here and there with orchards and vineyards. The surrounding hills—we have one of them beautifully pictured here—each crowned with its great wooden cross, "that heretics may know," said the Señora, "when they go by, that they are on the estate of a good catholic and that the faithful may be reminded to pray." The Señora hated the heretics who were wrenching from her the land given to her military husband, for deeds of valor in the war; and which extended, before she was deprived of it, of forty miles along the coast and forty miles inland, and she would assert herself and her religion even to elevating the emblem of humility upon the hills within her estate.

At the Rancho Guajome there is also the chapel spoken of; the chapel in the garden, although in its preservation it has been considerably modernized. This was where

*Miss Bond
Stop here*

many of the San Luis Rey saints were put, and where old Father Salviederra, one of the last of the Franciscans used to come to say mass for the family and their Mexican retainers. In speaking to Felipe of the father's coming, she says, "He leaves Santa Barbara on the first, and the tenth is the very earliest that he can be here." Taking out the day that he had to spend in Ventura, the day at Ortega's rancho, and that at Lopez's, it would still leave him seven days of travel from Santa Barbara to Señora Moreno's house, at the very least; and, it says, it was longer even than she had reckoned, before he reached it; but Ramona had the chapel all ready. She delighted

vent. "It was a pleasant spot," this washing place, "cool and shady even at noon, and the running water was always full of music. Ramona often knelt there of a morning, and when Alessandro saw her, it went hard with him to stay away."

At last, one evening, they chanced to meet under the trees, by the large sloping stones that lay with one edge in the water, and Alessandro, lead on by Ramona's gentleness and humility, told her of his great love. And then the terrible, implacable Señora found them, e're they had realized the sweetness of their first kiss, and drove Alessandro away, with bitter words, and made poor Ra-



INNER COURT AND FOUNTAIN.

in keeping the images adorned with wreaths of flowers and the ferns Alessandro brought her: "tall ones like ostrich plumes, six and eight feet high, the feathery maiden hair, and the gold fern and the silver, twice as large as she had ever seen them." The chapel was beautiful, like a conservatory, after she had arranged them in vases and around the high candlesticks. Then Alessandro taught Ramona to make wreaths of last year's seeds of the artichoke,— "great soft round disks of fine, thread-like silk, with a kind of saints halo around them of sharp points, glossy as satin and of a lovely cream color."

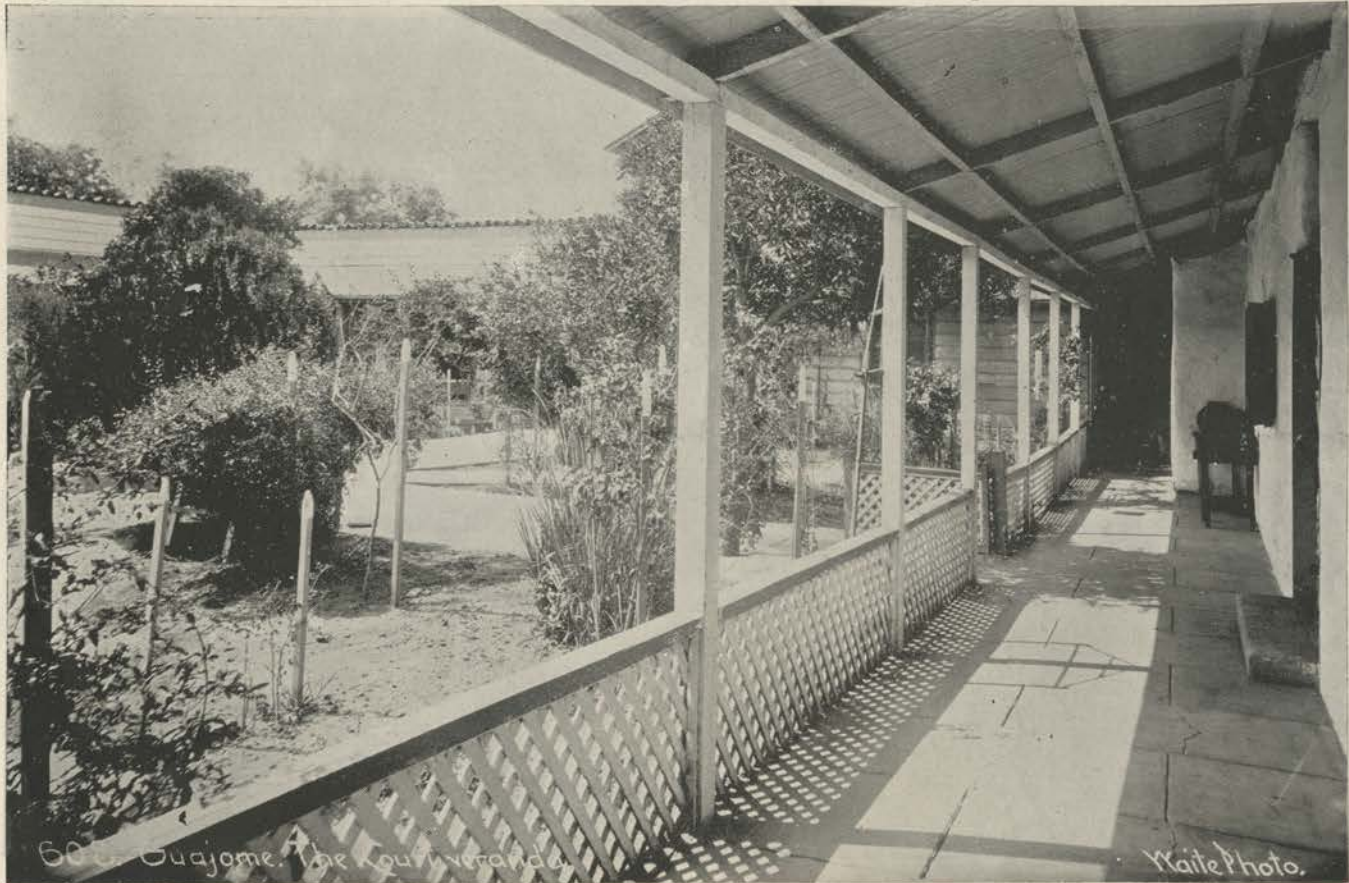
But it was at the washing place, the brook under the trees, that Ramona suffered the first horrible injustice that came to her. She often went to this washing place, we are told, to wash out a handkerchief or a bit of filmy lace, for Ramona was a lace maker, having been educated at Los Angeles by the sisters of the Sacred Heart Con-

mona a prisoner in her room. One can see by the engraving, what an appropriate place it was for the sweet story of love to be told—the story that was to be the turning point of two noble lives.

Then here we have the sheep shearing place. The beautiful valley, where biting frosts are never known, gave pasturage to great flocks of sheep. The sleepy Mexican herdsmen, shut in by the blue mountains, and the peaceful ocean, dreamed away the sunny hours and did not realize, until the priest came to tell him, that the world was full of strife, that the hand of man was raised against man, and that instead of one owner, the happy valley must have many. But the Señora had still many sheep, and the shearing time was made a sort of festival. The author says: "The shed where the shearing was done was a long narrow structure, all roof and no walls, the supports being slender rough posts, the roof of planks

laid side by side." The Señora, ever looking after the moral welfare of all about her, more indefatigably, indeed, than she looked after her own, always managed to have the priest's visits occur at the shearing time; so that, really, there was a sort of intermittent service of religion, dovetailing nicely with an intermittent shearing of sheep, and this went on until the last sheep was relieved of its burdensome wool, when the flocks and the father both departed for new pastures. Even the windmill which we see standing apart from the trees—though having lost some of its picturesque features through necessary renovation—is spoken of in the story. "There

habitants of Van Dieman's land, and these "were the nearest approach in human fabric to the brute creation." The author had no doubt some reason of her own, artistic perhaps, for contrasting the Castilian with the Indian nature, so favorably to the latter. We are accustomed to thinking in these scientific days, that an acorn, the seed of the oak, produces an oak. How in the world the Indians that the missionaries found, and that they themselves called "lazy, cruel, cowardly, and covetous," could produce such specimens of physical beauty and mental sublimity as Alessandro and his father, it is hard to conceive; but if they did not, it is altogether forgivable, the



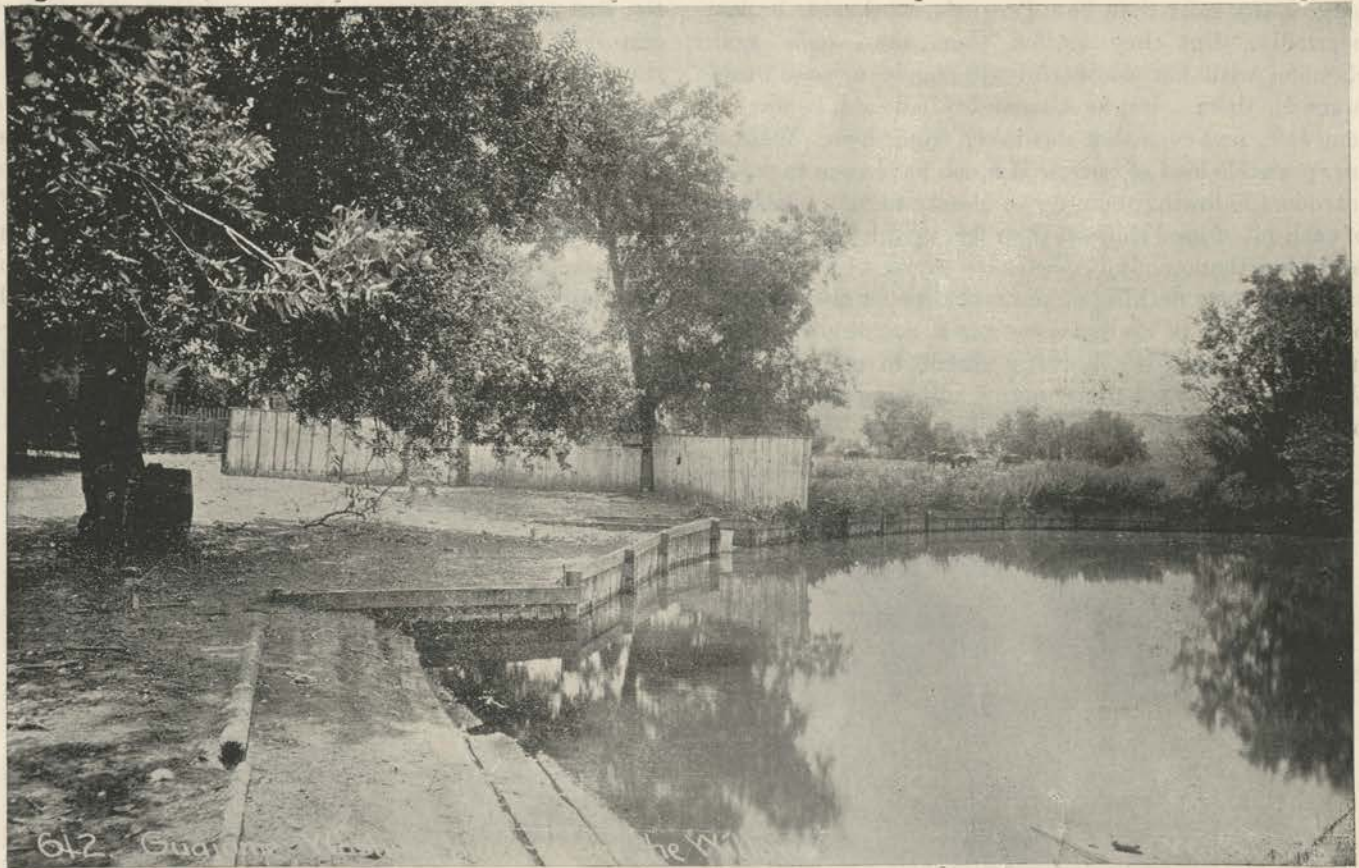
THE COURT AND VERANDA.

was a brisk wind, and the gay colored wings of the wind mill blew furiously round and round, pumping out into the tank below a stream of water so swift and strong, that, as the men crowded around, wetting and sharpening their knives, they got well spattered, and had much merriment pushing and elbowing each other into the spray." The Indians were the best shearers on all the coast; each man, as their leader Alessandro said, being "able to shear his hundred a day, and that without a scratch upon their sides."

If Helen Hunt Jackson's picture of the Indian be true, the old padres performed a miracle in their reformation; for we are told by the earliest explorers that the Indians of California were, both physically and mentally, the lowest among savages. We are told that Humboldt classed them, in the scale of humanity, as low as the in-

putting of so artistic a character as this young Indian, in a scene so entirely appropriate as a setting for him. In this case the story certainly would have lost by a strict adherence to fact. The making of so majestic a christian out of the material she had, is a feat we love her for, though we are aghast at her boldness and cannot follow her reasoning.

One of the most beautiful pictures of the series is that of the old Indian basket maker of Saboba—the sun-bathed hills, the grassy valley, and this child of Nature. How each part belongs to the others! Saboba was that village at the foot of San Jacinto mountain, where poor, half-crazed Alessandro took Ramona after they had been driven by the white man from their cosy home in San Pasquale. "It is a poor little village, Majella. Majella would not like to live in it, neither do I believe it will



THE WASHING PLACE.



THE SHEEP SHEARING PLACE.

long be any safer than San Pasquale," he said, brokenheartedly. But they settled there, and once again Ramona with her wonderful gift made a comfortable home for them. But as Alessandro had said, it was not long safe, and even that was taken from them. What an inexpressible load of sorrow it must have been to see the intruders following them up so closely to take possession of each bit of land they set their feet upon! The poor savages (not Ramona and Alessandro whom we cannot call savages) knew nothing of the necessity for the resistless onward march of civilization—knew nothing and cared nothing. And it is a burning shame to our race that there was not found some way of adjusting matters without this terrible uprooting of villages and homes. The

past too! Californians should see that this is not disturbed. The estate greatly dwindled in the Señora's time, was sold by her son Felipe. The story says: "Felipe communicated with some rich American proprietors who had desired to buy the Moreno estate. Land in the valley had so greatly advanced in value that the sum he received for it, was larger than he had dared to hope." Then Felipe and Ramona went to end their lives in Mexico. I suppose from time to time portions have been sold, but it has now passed into the hands of an English gentleman by the name of McWhirter, excepting a portion of the original home place; but the house and all that the story tells of is still there, and we hope that, whoever may own it in future, it will be preserved just



THE CHAPEL IN THE GARDEN.

poor savage knew so little. There might be gold in the hills—what did he want of gold? There might be still greater wealth in the fertile valleys, if they were properly cultivated, and in the great herds if they were properly tended, but the happiness of the Indian did not consist of owning anything more than liberty to live in his beloved valley and bask in the sun. Surely this liberty should have been left to him! It was no wonder that, when the lands of the missionaries were seized by the government, and the sustaining hands of the old padres were removed, the Indians sunk back easily into their indolent irresponsible life, and gradually vanished into the past. O, this crowded past! How soon will this historical landmark, Ramona's dwelling place, be a thing of

as it is. It would be a cold heart and an ignoble soul who would lend a hand to the destruction of Ramona's home. Of course, people must pour in. It is utterly impossible to keep such a land from being settled up, but this one spot should remain intact.

It is not to be denied that the old padres had more than half an eye to their temporal welfare, for they invariably selected, for their missions, those spots where nature had been most bountiful in her gifts. Where the soil was richest and best watered, there was the mission planted. They showed great wisdom in this, but it was because of this that longing eyes were instantly directed to the immense pastures and fields whence the mission had obtained its wealth upon its cession to the



INDIAN BASKET MAKER AT SABOBA.

government. The people found here the vine laden to the ground with delicious grapes. The olive tree bearing an olive superior to those of Italy. The orange too, they had, and lemon. All these must have been brought over in ships, and well had they repaid the trouble. If the tree is known by its fruit, so too, must the ground be known by the fruit of the tree, and it was plain to all observers, that the old missionaries had chosen the richest land to be found upon the coast. Of great interest were the sacred groves or gardens connected with the mission. They were walled enclosures containing everything choice that they had of tree and flower and vine, and no woman was allowed the privilege of entering therein. This was indeed a strange and contradictory rule for people, who have placed the Virgin Mary upon such a splendid eminence, to make; but so it was, and men alone received the benefit the gardens were supposed to yield.

We are told that of all the missions established in this golden state, that of San Luis Rey, near San Diego, was the finest architecturally. It was founded in June, 1798, and was administered by Padre Peyri, who was so greatly beloved, we are told in the story, that when he was on board ship ready to sail away, three hundred Indians rushed down to San Diego to fetch him back, for he had gone away in the night, and many "threw themselves into the sea and swam out to the ship and begged to be taken on board with him."

For fifty years the noble pile that sheltered this good man, grand in its loneliness, awaiting inevitable disintegration and decay, was left as a thing, that, too belonged to the past. It was the prey of vandals and the jest of the ungodly; but it is now preserved as an evidence of the courage and unselfishness of those old padres, and it lends the subtle enchantment to the landscape that only an old ruin can.

Each one of these missions had its bells, and in many of them the bells are still hanging, unchanged amidst crumbling walls.

O, solemn bells! whose consecrated masses
 Recall the faith of old,
 O, tinkling bells, that lulled with twilight music,
 The spiritual fold,—
 Your voices break and falter in the darkness,
 Break, falter, and are still;
 And veiled and mystic, like the host descending,
 The sun sinks from the hill.

And Bret Hart is not the only one who has sent forth a strain of sorrow for the old missions. The utter heart-break of all connected with the early occupancy of California, at their being deposed, can only be fully understood by those who have seen it. Italy has one kind of glory, France another, Old Spain another, but California has all kinds of glory. Among all the states and all the countries it is the Master's *chef d'œuvre*.

Sp. Coll.
Goodman
P5
2107
.85
R36
1894

RANCHO GUAJOME: THE HOME OF RAMONA

This is the workshop of God,
Where mountains are set round the sky blue walls
And here and there are the water falls.
Where the great Art Soul, with tender grace,
Draweth athwart the mountain's face,
A bit of the filmiest sort of lace,—
 Drapeth it round with a touch so true,
 Just so the purple can shimmer through,
Then He setteth flowers in bright green sod

THE FUTURE OF RAMONA'S HOME.

We wish to call the attention of our readers to that part of the foregoing interesting description of Ramona's home, in which the writer expresses the hope that that home will be preserved. The author of "Ramona" has thrown such a charm around the place by her wonderful story, that all feel it must be preserved intact. To this end a plan has been found that will prevent the destruction of this historical spot. In cutting the property up



THE SAN LUIS REY MISSION. FOUNDED 1798; RE-DEDICATED 1893.

For the floor of His workshop—
The workshop of God.
He painteth ever a picture new,
With the colors of purple and crimson hue,
That threadeth all Nature through and through.
It is here that He laughs, here that He sings,
And we who can listen feel greater than kings,
As we kneel, all devout, on the simple sod—
 The floor of His workshop,
 The workshop of God.

Los Angeles, Cal.

Elizabeth Baker Bohan.

for sale,—for such rich and valuable land cannot lie idle — great care has been taken by the owners to divide it in such a way that not even a shadow of destruction rests upon the place. Now if those who buy the surrounding hills and fields, will carry out the designs of the old padres by planting the olive and the grape, the lemon and the orange upon them, it will be making the place still more attractive, and they will deserve the gratitude of the thousands of tourists, who, now that there is no doubt as to the true place, will throng there yearly to visit the scenes that so inspired Helen Hunt Jackson. —[Editor The Rural Californian.



**Santa Fe
Route.**

THE real home of Ramona is located on the line of the Santa Fe Route four miles from Oceanside, California.

Tourists who wish to see the historic old Missions and other interesting scenes should take the Santa Fe Route.



MOSSTYPE

SACRED GARDENS OF THE OLD MISSION FATHERS.