

resembling a light bronze colour, in consequence of the vegetation having been scorched up for many months.

About nine o'clock, five horses arrived instead of the eight we were in need of. These were literally the lame, halt, and blind, having sore backs, and being withal half starved. One had an eye protruding from its socket, another was without a tail. In any other country and place we should have refused to mount such horses; they were indeed sorry beasts, and compared with that of Don Miguel's, that had been in waiting for him, truly deplorable. Of the caparisons I shall only say, that sheep-skin and raw-hide predominated, although I regretted before the league was passed over that I had not had more of the former under me. I felt ashamed, even in California, to be thus mounted. We took leave of our kind hostess with many thanks for the attention she had showed us, and engaged her to provide an ample supply for the boats' crews during our absence.

The league between the Embarcadero and Santa Clara occupied us somewhat over an hour, for it was unbearable to attempt to ride faster than a walk. After ten o'clock, we came in sight of the mission of Santa Clara, and as we approached it the little ponds and damp places on the prairie were literally covered with wild geese, which would but barely open a way for us to pass through. They were far more tame than any barn-door geese I ever saw, and I could not easily divest myself of the idea that they were not domesticated.

The mission of Santa Clara has, at a distance, a respectable appearance; but on our drawing near the long line of huts, formerly occupied by the Indians, which are now destroyed, excepting a few, the ruin and neglect that have taken place are evident enough. The church and mission-house adjoining have also a dilapidated look; their tile roofs and whitewashed walls require extensive repairs, as well as all the wood-work of the doors, posts, &c. The church flanks the mission-house on the north, and is about one hundred and fifty feet long by forty wide, and about fifty feet high; it is surmounted by a small steeple. The mission-house is of only one story, with a corridor extending its whole length, of one hundred and fifty feet. This dwelling is now occupied both by the administrador and the padre, and a wall divides the premises into two parts, separating the temporal from the spiritual concerns of the establishment. The padre has his own servants, cooks, &c.

As we rode up with Don Miguel, we had no need of further introduction, and shared the kind welcome he received, as an old acquaintance, who had evidently much to do with the affairs of the mission, in the way of business. The administrador and his deputy