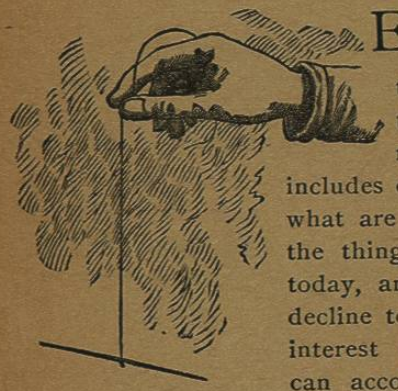
970
S.11
BIBLIOTECA
PS2909
.S5
O4

Copyright, 1893,
By W. B. Conkey Company.

CAPILLA ALFONSINA
ACERVO DE LITERATURA
154716
ACERVO DE LITERATURA

CHAPTER I.

THE BRIEF STORY.



EVERY land has its story; a story in the telling of which there are two distinct methods. One way includes only the question of what are called "resources"; the things that are present today, and will increase or decline tomorrow, and which interest the average American accordingly. The other is misty, intangible, historical, a hovering phantom whose presence is not visible, but which is nevertheless always there, an abiding legacy to whoever shall come, an influence not to be avoided, a mist such as that with which time has dimmed the colors of an old painting; not intended, but something which to all beholders belongs to the picture.

This story may be divided into periods, of which, in respect to California, there are manifestly three. First, there is the old time of the Missions, part of the scheme of Spanish conquest, imparting a certain coloring which nothing more practical and modern will ever entirely wash out. Second, the American romance of the Argonauts; a romance not any more

intended than the first, but one of the most thrilling in history, producing a new development of the myriad Saxon character as evolved on this continent. It is only forty years old. Men are living who took part in it. Yet it has gone into history as a distinct romance, scarcely considered in any other light, but illy to be spared from the story of American progress, or the pages of that unpractical but indispensable literature which time builds, which every nation owns, and which in time comes to be considered a legacy and possession as sacred as the monuments that commemorate any species of human glory. The third period must of necessity be described by a word which culture condemns and refinement refuses to recognize. It comprises the time at which the American re-discovered the climatic secret of the Spaniard. It is the period of the "Boom."

The time has not come for any description of this last, though its remarkable results are seen on every hand. The time must come when an attempt will be made to formulate into some degree of compactness and tangibility the dead-and-gone sensations of the people whose singular experience it was to witness with their very eyes all the processes of the making of an empire: an Oriental empire, that grew like the exhalations of a night; by the rubbing of a lamp; by an incantation; full of miracles; substantial, yet covered with mystery and clothed upon with a garment not heretofore worn by any form of American life. It is a period when the most brilliant exploits of financiering, the wildest dreams of speculation, the most extravagant pretensions, the most striking forms

of assertion, are covered by an accomplishment heretofore marked only by the lapse of painful years; by a visible achievement heretofore only known in the passage of centuries. The sunshine covers it all with a yellow glory. The winterless year wreathes it with garlands. It might be a corner of Algiers. On its coast invisible spirits sing, "come unto these yellow sands." Nature has made it the domain of the always afternoon; enterprise and race have turned it into a hive whose hum is ceaseless. Blue mountains fence the horizon, and its valleys smile in a kind of Biblical peace whose restfulness does not touch the modern soul. The home of the cypress and myrtle, its very air that of the old lands where in all ages the human soul has dreamed, there are yet neither garlands nor dreams.

The first of these periods can only be recalled by bringing together the shreds and ravelings of a history which covers several centuries, yet the mementoes of it dot the Californian landscape as strangely as though old Spain had been awakened with a new population amid her orange-groves and gray walls; with new water in her mossy sluices; with a new language and a strange religion. Thoroughly in keeping with the landscape, but strangely at variance with all artificial surroundings, the crumbling towers of these ancient temples keep one all the time wondering if this be any lawful portion of the great American inheritance, and perhaps one sometimes wishes them entirely out of the way. Daily the incongruity between the then and the now becomes more striking, and daily the crumbling walls remind more strongly of a

modern usurpation of what was meant for other uses. So long as they shall stand there is a feeling that it is not entirely a Saxon country. Flowers and eternal summer are not the natural surroundings of the race. The arts of irrigation, the culture that is Egyptian, the vegetation that knows no autumn tints and falling leaves, the exotic odors that burden the air, the brown hills that can never be white with snow, the eternal yellow sunshine and blue haze; these things have never, in the history of civilization before, been the lawful and permanent property of those whose ancestors have been the brethren of white winter and the hardy nurselings of storms and cold.

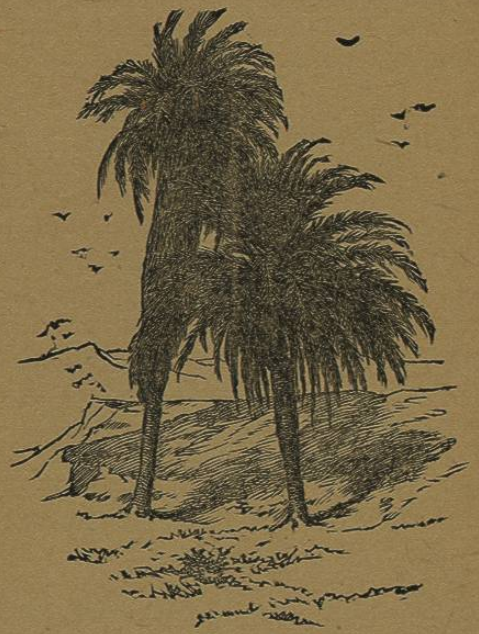
There should rather be the tinkling of vesper-bells across long reaches of pasture lands. There should be flowing garments, and brown faces, and black eyes, and maidens with red roses in their braids. There should be old-world songs, and rustic dances, and the dim faint tinklings of guitar-strings in the night. There should be processions, and wayside crosses, and all the simple ways of a people who do not learn or change, who believe what they are told, and who are content with what has been for a thousand years. There should be laden asses traversing rocky mountain paths, and dusty footmen who hope sometime to reach their journey's end content, and women who sit and spin in open doorways, and the brown robes of friars, and the shovel hats of priests; and over all that sweet content unknown in American life.

And even here such things have been. It was primarily because the country was like Spain that they

were. They seemed permanent. There was no portent of any change. The Spanish tongue and faith were firmly planted amid surroundings so natural that the only difference was that they were better. There was absolute isolation. The sea was on the one hand and a wide wilderness on the other. The names were of all the dear saints and saintesses of times beyond the Moor, before the crusades, or the Armada, or Martin Luther. The Virgin, Nuestra Señora la Reina de Los Angeles, had this new realm of roses for her own, and they gave her fresh garlands every day. The Alcalde was here with his tasseled staff, and the soldier with his casque and his clumsy musket, and the crone with her herbs and her gossip, and the young man with his sombrero and his moustache, and the girl with her eyes and her rebosa. No land the Spaniard found in all his wanderings suited him and was made for him so nearly as this.

And he lost it first of all, and so easily. It was first by a real-estate transaction of the shrewd American, known as the treaty of Guadaloupe Hidalgo, and secondly by the discovery of that which first, after mother church, has ever been the Spaniard's ruling passion, gold. The evil fate which timed the sequence of these events must be taken as part of the Spaniard's lot on this side the sea. He has gone, and the mementoes of his brief and picturesque time are solely those Roman towers which time is throwing down, and the mouldering crosses that stand above unnamed graves. The coming of these unheralded ambassadors of Christ; their conquering of savage tribes as though by a necromatic spell; was wonderful. Their

broken-hearted flitting was almost tragic. But in neither case were they intentionally making history, and he who seeks to know the details of one of the great stories of human endeavor must delve almost blindly.



THE FIRST PALMS.

CHAPTER II.

A SCRAP OF HISTORY

PERHAPS it might more properly be called a want of history, for in the earlier annals of this unique republic the scrap referred to is never mentioned. Hale, Barnes, Quackenbos, Hassard, Bancroft, Johnston, Frost, Scudder—go through the endless list of elementary and abbreviated histories as far as you will—and you will find all the earlier facts succinctly stated in their order. All but this, perhaps in its way the most interesting of all. Every school-boy knows Captain John Smith to an extent of intimacy that entirely prevents his somewhat hypothetical exploits from becoming mixed with those of any other of his innumerable namesakes. Pocahontas and her adventures is as familiar as Cinderella, and almost as true. Sometimes the more prominent of the Pilgrim Fathers are known by name, and in many cases a distinct relationship is claimed with them. One immortal Spaniard claims precedence in the school-boy idea; poor old Ponce de Leon, who for the fountain of youth found the Okeechobee swamps, and for fabled wealth and eternal life a grave in the Mississippi. Nothing can be more familiar than all the men and perils of those early beginnings, the whys and wherefores of them, and the momentous and enormous results that immediately followed or have since grown out of them.

For they pertain to the eastern coast; to the Saxon side. They are interesting because they are of us and our affairs. There is an egotism of which we are not conscious, and of which we often accuse others, which has sometimes caused us to forget that the American continent has more than one side.

It has distinctly two, and the early beginnings of the western coast form a curious parallel with those of the eastern. To trace this parallel may not be uninteresting save to those who view even history from a race and personal stand-point; to whom the picturesque is nothing and the practical all. Many of the curiosities of American history seem to have been lost sight of. Few reflect that there are sixty million people on this side the sea who speak the Spanish tongue, and least of all is it remembered that the motive that brought the winning and abiding civilizations alike to the Atlantic and the Pacific coasts was a religious one. The cupidity that planted Jamestown failed, but the zeal that nourished itself amid the bleak sterility of a country sparsely inhabited even by the Indians, lived. So the gold-hunting Spaniard died around the tattered banners of innumerable expeditions, but the Franciscan survived. It was the church of Paul that came to the East; that of Peter lived its day of zeal and died its lingering death in the West. Each begot a certain civilization, the chiefest characteristics of which still remain, opposed eternally, one to be finally and utterly obliterated by the other. The rivalry and struggle are of these times, for in the beginning they knew nothing of each other. A thousand leagues of what

is now the most splendid empire the world has ever seen lay unexplored between them, unknown to both. The Puritan saw his immediate surroundings; the Franciscan only his. But alike on both coasts was the seed of civilization planted in toil and tears, and nourished with prayer and blood.

The parallel does not begin with civilization and settlement only, but goes back even to discovery; with Leif the Lucky on the one hand, and one Juan Rodriguez Cabrillo on the other. The first was an event so dim in the past that until very lately it was not recognized as an historical fact at all, and the last follows it at an interval of only some five hundred years. The world was then wholly wrapped in that deep sleep which may be likened to the slumbers of infancy. The flight of eventless centuries did not count. For all that happened between, these two events might have followed each other immediately. In fact, all that did happen was that western voyage of Columbus which has linked his name forever with the greatest event in history. Yet it might be said, not without argument and dispute, but with as much reason and fairness as history ordinarily shows, that it is to Leif and Cabrillo we owe it all. Vinland and its successive settlements and abandonments, and New Spain with its fruitless expeditions and discouraged adventurers, are neither of them myths. From the story of Leif did Columbus obtain the idea which sustained him in what was so long considered the original inspiration of his genius, and from Cabrillo and his lonesome voyages in wider and still less familiar waters than those of the Atlantic, came finally the wonderful story of California.

For Columbus visited Iceland in 1477, and doubtless obtained surprising ideas from those mouldy records which were in existence long enough before and after his death to rob him of a portion of his fame. He was like many a more recent inventor in that he possessed the faculty of practical adaptation, at the moment when the sleeping world was awakening from that lethargy which is itself one of the unexplained wonders of history. The son of Eric the Red did not perceive the import of the adverse winds and the torn sails which cast him unwilling upon New England shores. Yet his kindred, and not those of Columbus, have finally made America what it is. Philip III. of Spain was one of those who do not forget, and when after Cabrillo came the Englishman, Drake, in 1578, naming the country New Albion, he grew jealous and sent a mariner named Vizcaino to explore the country. He did this, and made a report on parchment which was doubtless duly filed, and which staid in its distinguished pigeon-hole for a hundred and sixty-seven years. As for Drake, all English-speaking people have been in the habit of regarding him as a great navigator and explorer. Viewed from another side he was nothing of that kind. Reputable Spanish records speak of him as a pirate, and an intelligent Castilian will grow warm upon the point to this day. His offense consisted apparently in the very common modern one of impudence—it was the "New Albion" business that consigned him to infamy. Yet he never knew that Cabrillo had preceded him in the bay of San Diego, into which, and out of which, each one sailed in turn,

each as unconscious as the other of the remote results of his lonely find on those shining western shores.

As in the case of Leif's discovery, where at intervals of a few years various settlements were made and each in turn abandoned, Cabrillo's early find bore fruit. How many expeditions to "Las Californias" were organized, how many never returned, what sufferings and disappointments they endured, will never be known. They all failed like the settlements of the Danes and Swedes on the Atlantic coast. They both lacked the motive of those two opposing yet identical religions which burned like fire in the bowels of their adherents, which carried them through perils and punishments like those of Paul, and which made them glory in peril and martyrdom. The Pilgrims faced the wilderness with an obstinacy inherited by their sons and daughters ever since, and the Franciscans amid cactus, rock, alkali and sage had no less a long series of vicissitudes and perils. It is true that the religious motives of the two settlements were different. One sought "freedom to worship God" for themselves; the other freedom to make others worship according to the dictates of an imported conscience. Both largely failed in these intentions, the result being in both instances to found a civilization in which religion can hardly be said to be either a foundation or a ruling motive. But it was the inspiration of the Cross in either case that furnished the motive for the two early struggles most prominent in the annals of a continent.

For they were times so inconceivably curious that no modern man or woman can form an adequate

conception of them. Years and centuries were but as days. Reforms were unknown except as connected with the two forms of the Christian faith; forms so virulent that each was to the other worse than "heathenesse;" an object of hatred such as in later times can not be engendered by the mere differences of opinion inevitable among men. Yet religion was the great power of the world. It was to believe all, and undoubtingly, that men lived. There was no science. Stories of inconceivable magnitude were readily believed, and tales of colossal proportions implicitly relied upon. The world was flat. The sun moved. Stars fell. Electricity was merely the quality of rubbed amber. Gravitation, co-existent with the universe, was an idea not to be evolved for hundreds of years, and the circulation of the blood had not yet occurred to any man. There were "gorgons, and hydras, and chimæras dire." A personal devil walked the earth unabashed and uncontrolled for four centuries after these times, and in despite of him there were undoubted miracles wrought among the faithful; miracles that all believed in on peril of their souls. Literalism was an implacable ghoul that claimed victims from every class. Then were born those beliefs whose descendant beliefs are not yet eradicated, and which tie the human race to the past.

Yet they were the times of learning, even of scholarship. Asceticism, the rapt attention of a soul to theories, has never thriven so well before or since. Alchemy claimed its disciples by the score, and an universal solvent was as nearly on the eve of realization as levitation is now. Knowing nothing,

stupidity as to truth and gullibility as to theory and assertion were the rule. To have brains, to reason, was to be a magician, and to be burned or to be famous accordingly. There was a passion for travel, and a thirst for the barbarous glory which came of self-reported adventure and research. The first time that the word "California" is known to have been used is as the name of a wonderful island. It is in a wild old Spanish narrative published at Seville in

SEA-GOING BOAT OF THE TIME OF LEIF THE LUCKY.

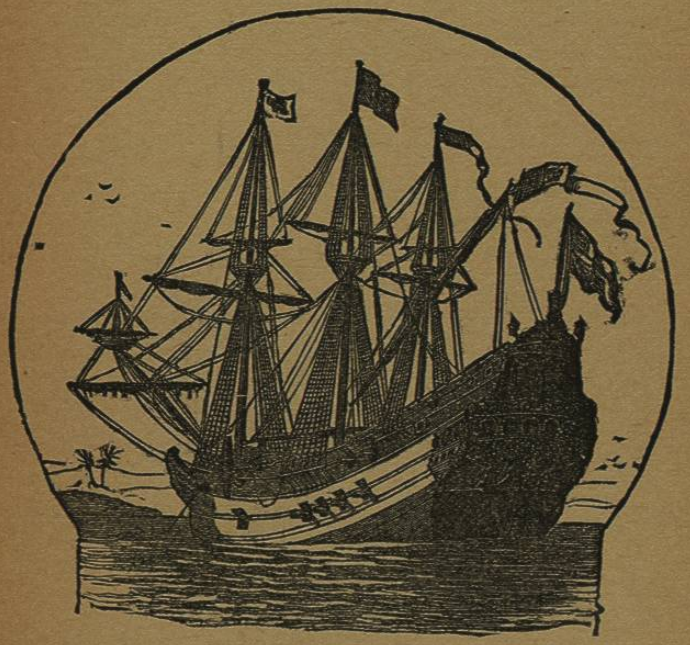
1510, and is there referred to as being "on the right hand of the Indies." The place was peopled with Amazons and Griffins, and the said women were black. Some reader of this narrative remembered it, and gave it certainty by being present when the country was actually discovered, for it was an age when a little story like that, told by a reputable man and having every internal evidence of probability, impressed itself upon the hearer.

Out of this dull and stupid mass of universal ignorance and credulity drifted Leif the Lucky, son

of Eric the Red, on one coast, and out of it came Cabrillo on the other. Between the two sailed Columbus advisedly, for he knew the luckless history of the lucky one. Both the former went here and there in frail vessels over unknown seas, kept by the Virgin or Odin as the case might be, and guided by a magnetized bit of metal hung by a thread held upon occasion with the thumb and finger. How little they knew of the results of their wanderings may be guessed by the fact that Columbus, the only purpose-guided mariner of the three, died after his third voyage without in the least knowing what he had discovered, or having heard the name of either Columbia or America, or being aware of the simple fact that Cuba is an island.

California is the child of Spain, and Spain of the sixteenth century is a more interesting study than she has ever been since. It is a matter of unceasing astonishment how far the old dominion of her *conquistadores* spread, and how wide are even now the influences and results they have left behind. The first European who ever looked upon the wide plains that lie between the East and the West, or studied, doubtfully, the ashen flood of the Missouri, or saw the ancient homes of the Pueblos, or made his forgotten grave amid the cactus and sage, was a Spaniard. She was the greatest maritime power of the world, and she combined with this the fact that she had more religion than all the world beside. This made an unique combination when we come to consider it, for she early adopted rules which prevented the embarcation of any heretic, or relative of

a heretic, to her countries beyond sea. She proposed to keep them uncontaminated, and, when the rule was violated she punished the evil-doer with fines and whippings, often with both. Only natives of Spain proper were permitted to travel as passengers



SHIP OF CABRILLO'S TIME.

to these new countries, and in 1662, a little time after California came into her hands, the punishment for so much as going on board an "India" ship without the necessary vouchers was seven years in the galleys.

One can not but think with amused surprise of the ship, either Cabrillo's, or Drake's, or Vizcaino's, which lumbered into the harbor of San Diego fifty or a hundred years apart in those good old times. She was round-bowed and square-sterned, of at most some three or four hundred tons, and so bad a sailor that one wonders how she ever came at all. She was a stately craft, her decks loaded with towering structures at each end having a height equal to a fourth of her length. The sides "tumbled home," as sailors say, so that her greatest width was below the water-line, and her least on deck. She could not carry even her lower sails with a stiff breeze. If she was of 400 tons her average length was less than seventy feet, while an American vessel of 150 tons is now more than that. She sailed sidewise almost as well as forward, and she pitched and rolled and strained continually. She had two masts, and her bowsprit was as long as the mizzen. In her adornment and fittings she attained a luxury to which even a Pullman car is a stranger. The poop and forecastle were rich with carvings and emblazonry of armorial bearings, and the stern and quarters flamed with paint and gold. She had balustrades and galleries whereon aristocratic passengers disported themselves until the first hard blow broke them to pieces. Even the sails were ornamented with allegorical figures, and from every available projection streamed flags and pennants from twenty to eighty yards long. She was manned by some fifteen officers and seventy or eighty men, besides experts to work the guns, and a company of soldiers. The most important person on

board was the pilot, though he was third in rank, and he had charge of the course of navigation and the actual handling of the ship. Yet, as late as 1550, it was understood that he was fully competent, after a civil-service examination, if he could read the sailing-orders and write his own name with a *rubrica* under it, after a Spanish fashion still imperative. He cost thousands of lives as an institution, but should not be too much blamed when it is remembered that it was a time when scholars considered America to be undoubtedly India, that the Antilles were a part of the main land, and that Greenland was an immediate adjunct of eastern Siberia. The life of a sailor on board one of these floating palaces was that of a dog; that of a passenger of an outcast. There were vermin, bilge-water, rolling, pitching, cramps, quarrels between the two pilots, guessing as to where they were. Three hundred souls were frequently on board such a vessel, and they guessed themselves across the Atlantic, and around Cape Horn, and up the long Pacific coast, and it was thus that California was discovered. What was called "ship fever" was a common thing in those days. Thus sailed the great Armada, and the men who cowed and scattered it, English sailors, were allowed to rot and starve in the streets of Margate by their queen, the stately and stingy Elizabeth.

Those were the palmy days of the pirates. There were whole fleets of them. They lay in wait for every straggling galleon, and often they took them as often as they came to them, fighting if necessary. Ships sailed generally in convoys and fleets, and there was

great ceremony. They saluted each other all the time. There was more powder fired away in ceremony than in fighting, and when the time of fighting came there was nothing to do it with. And the fleets almost always became scattered. A gale which now would produce no uneasiness whatever would then scatter, dismast or sink a whole fleet of galleons. They collided and ran into each other. A West Indian "norther" meant certain destruction to everything afloat. Lost galleons were counted not by names, but by hundreds. There was war with England. It lasted a quarter of a century. The English did not have any better ships, but they hated "Spain and popery," and they had the Britannic lust for Spanish gold. Here began that decay of Spanish power which has been the puzzle of historians. The Inquisition through several generations killed off the thinking and studious class at home, and the ocean storms and the English killed the active and athletic class at sea. They were both recognized factors of destruction even at the time. South America, the Antilles, Las Californias, had Spanish emigrants by the thousand. Though only a portion of these survived, they never returned. They were the wonderful seed of that miraculous planting whose fruitage yet survives, making the whole of South America practically Spain, and coming up on this continent to the extent that about one-third of it was theirs until very recent times. This Spanish occupation was possessed of a virility capable of being supplanted only by Saxon blood. It is impossible to quite understand how a people that could so root itself abroad could so decay

at home. As before stated, the customs, the laws, the language and the religion of Spain are the inheritance of some sixty millions of people on this side the sea at the beginning of the twentieth century. It is so striking a fact that every detail and reminiscence of its beginnings is of interest. Cortez, De Balboa, Ponce de Leon, Narvaez, De Soto, Pizarro, and later, but not least, the Franciscan Friar, Padre Junipero Serra, were men with great hearts and steady purposes, undaunted by anything the uncharted seas or the unfriendly shores might bring. Actuated by the love of God, or the love of gold, their conduct was in the same line, heroic every day. The last man, the Saxon, has taken California and made it what it is to-day. He has taken what he was pleased to call a desert, and has checkered it with railways, and starred it with electric lights, and dotted it with villas. His domes and gilded spires stand out among the green foliages his hand has planted, and through the morning mist shines his starry banner. It is his, but his occupation lacks the element of heroism, a heroism and toil he does not pretend to understand or care about. Thither has he brought the traditions of Plymouth Rock and the legends of Boston Bay or the James River, and perhaps something of his inner life is fed by them. Yet there is another history in whose traditions he must share. He must remember that the "stern and rock-bound coast" had its parallel on this, the opposite side, and on such traditions does his Californian greatness stand. It is a history strangely mingled with that sunshine and romance which goes everywhere with

the Spanish people. It was embodied in religious endeavor, in missionary zeal, and such written memorials of it as there are, are found in musty documents that smell of the cloister and are larded with pious ejaculations. For, to repeat, it was religion, a pious motive, a zeal for Christ, that finally brought the men who came and staid, to either coast. They were wide apart. Each one would have prevented the other if he could, yet the result was in each case the same. The only difference is this: the Spaniard, the Franciscan, would never have crossed the continent—the Puritan did. Sunshine, the olive and the vine, were the natural surroundings of the one. Rocks, the gnarled oak, hard winters, a sterile soil, toil, and the little palisaded church in the woods whither the worshiper went with his gun, were those of the other. An awful creed and a frowning God nerved the Puritan to the vicissitudes of duty. A beautiful and glorified woman, queen of the Angels and Mother of Christ, beckoned the other. The very climate of the two contrasting civilizations would mark the difference, and it is here remarked, to be contradicted, of course, and yet stand among the striking probabilities, that, people it as you will, unite it with the East by still more continental lines, let its people come from wheresoever, it is not the width of a continent, but a million miles that separate it from Puritanism, and an uncongenial soil will never nourish here to vigor the faith that conquered New England.

Following somewhat loosely the story of Spain and England in the sixteenth century, it is necessary

to refer to matters a little precedent but intimately connected with the subject. For it was the founding of the sect that founded California that is especially referred to. The great motive in men's affairs was in Europe for several centuries a religious one. They were all continuously engaged in making the world morally, or rather piously, better. Success seemed imminent every day of those old days, and all heathenesse was very soon to come under the banner of that faith which, to say truth, has caused more misery and tears and blood, more longing and penances and prayers and wasted endeavor, than a thousand paradises could compensate. The priest went everywhere, and he and the soldier camped together beside all the lonely streams, and on the margins of the desert, on every shore where wind and current cast the caravel, or galleon, or open boat. Every ceremony that marked the landing of the tireless wanderers on a new coast included the planting of the cross, and thenceforth that land became a province of Christendom, and its benighted people came under a new law whether they would or no. The spread of the true faith was either the motive or the excuse for the pushing of enterprises and the promotion of expeditions which otherwise the commercial instinct would have condemned, capital in those days being "timid," as it is now. This was the power which Columbus brought to bear at last upon the mind of Ysabella Catolica, and through her upon her husband. It has been surmised that he would have been more easily successful if his theory had not involved the heresy that the world was round, whereas, in the case of

Leif, it did not matter to Odin or to Thor if it were round or flat. But pious thoughts at last prevailed, and the enterprise was patronized even at the risk of upsetting the accepted Biblical cosmos.

The religious idea that governed everything prevailed for a period quite beyond the historical conception of men of these days; say something like a thousand years. About A. D. 1200, or thereabouts, it occurred to a priest to establish a new order of friars. They were, to say truth, quite plentiful already. Orders in black and gray were everywhere, and the Jesuits had already begun to call down upon themselves the wrath of the temporalities. But this Francisco d'Assisi combined singular holiness with great powers of mind, and through him arose the great order of mendicant priests called Franciscans, or *Fratres Minores*, Minorites. The order was invented to bring about a reformed strictness in monastic ways. There were too many jolly ones, and a certain rubicund rotundity had become a reproach. There were Tucks in Italy and Spain as well as in England. Everybody agreed that the rules of Saint Francis were too strict for human frailty, and could not be successfully enforced. Even His Holiness had such a doubt, but at last consented to issue the writ,

THE REFORMER OF HIS TIME.

so to speak, and let reforms come if they would. There was a general opinion that they were badly enough needed. The final result, coming after the lapse of centuries, is that Francisco d'Assisi is one of the immortal names of all history, sacred or profane. He was the founder of an order of ecclesiastical tramps whose feet have wandered upon every coast, whose brown habit has weathered every clime, whose corded waist and crucifix have mingled with every unconverted crowd, and whose poverty has never starved in any land.

Mediæval Europe perhaps owes more to the Franciscans than to all other agencies, and in 1209 was born, and for a long time flourished, a spirit which has now passed away from human affairs. They went everywhere and were felt in everything. Among them there were great names. The author of the Stabat Mater was a Franciscan, and so was he who wrote the Dies Iræ; and among those of the gray robe and sandaled feet were Roger Bacon, Duns Scotus and Bonaventura.

In 1720, or thereabouts, a young man named Junipero Serra belonged to this already famous order. A fever like that of his father, St. Francis, was in his veins, and to convert the heathen was his longing and his continual prayer. His history will not be given here, and it is enough to say that he is truly the patron saint of California. It would not only be no impropriety, but would be a fitting and proper thing, if his statue should be set by Protestant hands in every Californian town, and his heroic story told in every public school. Whatever his immediate

successors may have been, he was himself one of the few exemplifications among men of the power of that higher leading which sometimes glorifies a human life, and then departing lets the sordid ages pass with full churches, but without a single example to shadow forth the Nazarene.

Following his longing, Serra eventually found himself in Mexico with three companions of his sect. A hundred and seventy years had passed since the exploration of California by Vizcaino, and the country, pertaining to the realm of mediæval fable still save for his casual observation of its coast, was again almost forgotten. Expeditions not guided by faith or religion had gone there during those years, but like those which followed Leif on the eastern coast had accomplished nothing, or had never returned. There were Indians there, heathens, and it seems to have been the full intention of the Franciscan to visit and convert them when he left first his native shore.

The first Saxon settlement of territory within the present United States may be considered to have been at Jamestown, in May, 1607. The Puritans landed at Plymouth in 1620. They had a hundred and forty-seven years the start of the California movement, for it was not until 1767 that the Jesuits were expelled from the peninsula of California, their church property given to the Franciscans, and Serra's opportunity given him. The spot selected was that which had become known through the survey of Vizcaino, then, as now, called San Diego. For it must, to comply with the piety of those times, be San or Santa something. The name is the same with St. James, or

James (Santiago), who is the patron Saint of old Spain, and whose name has for centuries been the Spanish war-cry and talisman. His "day" is the 12th of November, and that was the date of Vizcaino's arrival. Thus the place and the huge county as large as a State in which it lies, lost forever the fleeting title of New Albion, and became, even to the Saxon, the legacy of Spain.

From this 12th of November, 1602, that which now is known as South, or Southern, California, became Alta or "upper" California. The people of those times knew little or nothing of all that we include under the name. They were very ignorant of its resources when they lost it, nearly two and a half centuries later. But what they considered to be theirs extended without limit or boundary upward, downward and sidewise in all directions. Certain in the correctness of their intentions, the certainty of their tenure and the perpetuity of their rule, they did not investigate. Time is nothing to a Spaniard.

So it was to San Diego that the Franciscan and his companions came. It is so easy to say they came, and so easy to do it now, that it is difficult to appreciate that awful journey. The soldier and the priest came together, as usual, and the conquest was one of Church and State combined. There was an understanding, expressed or implied, but afterward conveniently insisted upon, that the contemplated missions should remain missions only, and exist for that purpose exclusively, for a period of ten years, and after that become civil communities. They existed in full vigor for more than fifty years.