the parish of anything coming under that species of property. Their successors do not seem to have been, some of them, even so conscientious as this. The great wealth and splendor of the old times have thus been turned into a tawdriness and squalor that is striking.

There was also at Capistrano a quarter of a century ago four or five times the population of the present. It was the stronghold of old customs and old ideas; one of the last in California. What has become of these no one pretends to state in detail. The American civilization has swept as with a besom. Only the strongest survive it. This passing away is one of the interesting California studies.

The church was deprived temporarily of its character before it became a parish ruin. Bonsard, a pirate, with his crew once occupied it for three days, while priests and neophytes took refuge in the willows of Trabuco creek, and waited until his debauch upon mission beef and wine was over. The same thing happened at Santa Barbara and Monterey.

CHAPTER VI.

THE PEOPLE OF THE ADOBE.

BETWEEN NEW AND OLD:—A CORNER IN LOS ANGELES.

A DISTINCT class of odors, sensations and impressions hang about every Spanish-American town. Whether in New Mexico or California, they are so much the same, so nearly alike, that they would be recognizable to a blind man who had once learned to distinguish them. Yet it is difficult to describe them with any hope of conveying a correct idea of what they are to him who covers all points with the undoubtedly true statement that a town is a collection of human habitations, and a city a bigger one, and there rests.

One of the strongest individualities on earth is the Spanish. A man who never changes himself, he

impresses himself upon all his surroundings if they are of his own beginning. It is not that he is strong, for he is entirely and invariably unable to resist, in this country, the ideas and encroachments of the Saxon. He avoids, when he possibly can, the pain attendant upon the parturition of a new idea. The things he knows he knows nationally, and his very individuality is a national one. It is thus that amid all the newness of American life he retains his adobe corner unimpaired, alone, apart, separate, individualized. It is so in Santa Fé or Albuquerque, in Las Vegas or El Paso, and so also in the obscure nook he still retains in the beautiful city which is, except in name, the very antipode of everything Spanish; in Los Angeles itself.

Perhaps it is in the mere brown fact of adobe alone, yet adobe is one of his few acquired ideas which has become second nature. But it necessitates the thick walls, the small windows, the low doors, the single stories, the long porches, the sunken floors, always and everywhere generally characteristic of Spanish-American occupation. The sturdy structures stand almost forever, and when abandoned by intention, sink back to earth again only with the passage of the centuries, and leave at last a long, low mound that will still proclaim a human use, still declare the nationality of him who made it regardless of all points of the compass and the symmetry of squares, convenient to a goat-path in front and a corral behind, and who lived in it as one does whose life might have originated the idea that has made immortal the masterpiece of Payne.

Whoever would understand aught of those by-gone days which placed on this continent the quaintness of Spanish peasant life, must come quickly if he wishes to judge by that surest index, the homes of the people. For the day of adobe occupation has gone by. A rumbling tile factory and a yard of sun-dried bricks do not exist long side by side. The age of cut stone and the age of dried mud do not pull along together. The street that has a cable car-line is not now much traversed by strings of laden donkeys. Only here and there is there a corner left, and, as an intermediary, the slant-eyed celestial has largely possessed himself of that, and Hop Sing and Yung Lee have hung upon the ancient walls their various signs of lavatory industry. And this is the strangest thing of all, a wonder conspicuously left out of all the prophecies; that the inheritor of the hidalgo should be the peasant of Peking or Macao. And, after the Chinaman, they are laid waste by time, or tumbled by spadefuls into carts, and the Spaniard and his belongings have said *adios* forever. Nobody knows what he thinks about it, and no complaints have been recorded. The closest questioning will not elicit his opinion or air his grievance. The dignity of his famous race upholds him while all around him goes on the sequestration of his inheritance and the spoliation of his country. For so it must seem to him. The process he can neither prevent nor understand, is the contrivance of a people even to whose tongue he is a stranger, and to one of Spanish blood there can be nothing more foreign and incomprehensible than that American life to whose most natural processes he has become a victim.

But while here and there an adobe yet stands back of the street front in Santa Barbara, or down by the old renovated and replastered sub-mission in Los Angeles, or in some obscure nook in a mountain valley where once was the outpost of a cattle-ranch, or roofless and tenantless in the shadow of a mission church, or as the home of contented poverty in the midst of a village garden, let us regard them as the indices of those days that were present only forty years ago, and which are now so far in a remote past that the amateur antiquarian has already begun to delve in them and misunderstand them. One of these brown or intensely whitewashed structures standing alone is an architectural widow whose loneliness one must respect, but where two or three are gathered together the cluster at once begins to have a character. And, to begin with, sunshine and adobes go together. There must be lights and shadows, and open doors, and a continual going in and coming out. Such a house with the door closed seems blind and deaf and dumb as well. It is a place which lacks all newness, and which has always that air of use and occupation which makes it human. Somebody is always there, and always at leisure, and invariably producing the impression that time is not an object worthy of particular attention. Perhaps it is a store, and has "*Tienda*" somewhere displayed upon its frontage. But, if so, the proprietor is not engaged, and has no anxiety about customers and sales, and sits content upon a box and smokes cigarettes, and does not advertise. But if it be a dwelling, there is always a woman there with a shawl over

her head, and a black-eyed child clinging to her skirts. The chances are largely in favor of a half-dozen others. A childless adobe I have never seen.

Here, and in New and Old Mexico as well, there is a sign of nationality which may almost be regarded as a talisman. It is a string of red peppers. Where, strung upon a thread it hangs not upon the outer wall, there is something unquestionably wrong with the interior. For pepper, and not garlic, is the sauce of life with the Spanish-American, and a more harmless dissipation it would be hard to find. "*Chile*," or "*chile con carne*," comforts every simple life, and such lives are often drawn out to a good old age.

Save where some American has adopted the material and fashioned himself therefrom a house, I do not remember ever to have seen a new adobe. Perhaps the Spaniard is, in his turn, of the opinion that he never saw an old American house, but, at least, that air of age and use he carries with him wherever he goes is inexplicable and indescribable. All his domestic belongings partake of it. His fence is old. The path beside his door is worn, and the step of his threshold seems to have been trodden by the feet of generations. The street in front of him may be clean, but it has the indescribable semblance of bearing the debris of centuries. And there is a sensation that does not arise to the decided character of an aroma, which nevertheless belongs in that list. It may be of the fuel he burns, mesquite or cedar, or a mingling of his cookery with the atmosphere, or his national smell. The Indian has it, but his is distinct and of a flavor anciently oleaginous. The

emigrant-car possesses it, and it stays after the occupants have raised the first fruits off of preëmpted land, and therewith purchased tickets for the remainder of their families to come over with. Every occupation has it as a trade-mark, and every nationality carries it as an unconscious inheritance. It has naught to do with cleanliness necessarily, and the American nose may with impunity only refer to it as one of the sensations of the Spanish occupancy, dim and faint, but there.

The cot and the palace of old California were alike of sun-dried bricks, and from them come indifferently the *vaquero* and the millionaire. San Francisco started so, and Los Angeles still shows some of her beginnings, and old San Diego is little else. Sometimes the huge brown building rambled over an acre of ground, and was the clustering place of a host of dependents or the headquarters of a provincial community. American statesmanship has been notoriously nurtured in log houses, and all that was good or strong in California came out of these thick, brown walls. And there was such strength, mingled perhaps with a goodness which Americans do not appreciate, and which has long passed from human judgment and criticism. They were practically an unarmed and pastoral people, taken by surprise in an outlying province, and unsupported by a near or respectable government. Nobody cares now, not even the Spaniards, how California was won, and all the little battle-fields have perhaps been planted in oranges or their localities lost. They could not read fate, and there was nothing else to read. They did

not know of the enormous odds against them, or understand that conspiracy of the centuries against all things Spanish. They were not even that organized militia which is the ineffective show of defense. There was no arsenal save the family powder-horn; there were no arms but antiquated fowling pieces

THE OLD GATE OF THE GARDEN.

and disabled blunderbusses. No Californian could walk, or would, and they displayed only a force of free riders, armed with the *riata*, or the home-made lance. Yet they did fight. Nineteen men at San Pascual out of twenty-three were killed with thrusts. I know where there is a rust-eaten marine cutlas

which was picked up from where it had lain for a quarter of a century or more on the hills east of San Pedro. Some wandering bull has set his hoof upon the grip and broken it, and the dew has eaten deep scars into the blade. The national honor does not require, I think, that it should be denied that this old knife is the memento of a retreat which, though of no great moment considering the final result, at least actually occurred. The men of the adobe, like those of the cabin and the clearing, have invariably been dangerous when aroused. In this case the wonder is that they awoke at all, for, hating Americans as they might, and as they are reputed still to do, they could have no devoted love for Mexico. A political and ecclesiastical orphan such as California was must make her own way.

As a specimen of the abnormal development of some of these children of the adobe, did the reader ever hear of one Flores? It is not a pleasant or poetical reminiscence, for Flores merely showed one of the most ancient forms of Spanish wickedness. He was a bandit, and terrorized a goodly portion of South California as late as 1858. It was from his followers that Capistrano once withstood a siege. Nobody knew when to look for him or where. Commanding admiration after the old fashion of all times and countries, he had many friends, and it seems finally to have become a question of exterminating him or conceding the fact of his being the actual ruler of the country.

Going from Los Angeles to San Juan, a friend called my attention to a clump of trees growing in a

low place in a wide stretch of ranch-land. "There," he said, "is the place where Flores ambushed and killed the Sheriff of Los Angeles county and his whole posse save one man."

I had not heard the story, nor would its details, or many glimpses of the life and adventures of the California bandit, probably interest the reader. But we had gone but a few miles further when another feature of the mountain landscape attracted my companion's attention and produced the sequel. It was a countryman of Flores' and his vaqueros, and not the American civil authorities, who were alone useful in bringing the hero to his untimely end, and the man who did it was the principal figure, on the Californian side, of the battle of San Pascual; Don Andreas Pico.

Perhaps there were never two men who more perfectly illustrated the inherited types of old Spain than the man Flores and his mortal foe and final exterminator, Pico, bearing in mind the somewhat vivid distinction that the one was a professional murderer and the other a gentleman. The enmity was not an actual or personal one, but grew out of the two opposing views of citizenship and law, and outlawry and plunder. The old Californian was such a man as comes to the front in emergencies with that certain and untrained instinct of the soldier common to the caballero, and which enabled an adventurer to conquer Mexico and an unlettered goatherd to lay waste Peru. A vaquero by training and life, and nothing more, he was a cavalryman by instinct, who would have been better suited to more stirring times. The little California war was long since over and gone, its

victims and its enmities alike buried and forgotten for more than ten years when the Flores era locally dawned. The cowboys of San Pascual were still alive, and so was their leader, and they turned their attention to this marauding countryman.

Through the pass my friend pointed out to me they followed the gang, all one day and all the following night. The cowboys knew the mountains better than the pursued, and smiled among themselves in knowing how much further the robbers could go, and no further, on the trail they had taken. And when the *barranca* came, and there was neither crossing nor retreat, they took them all except Flores and one or two others.

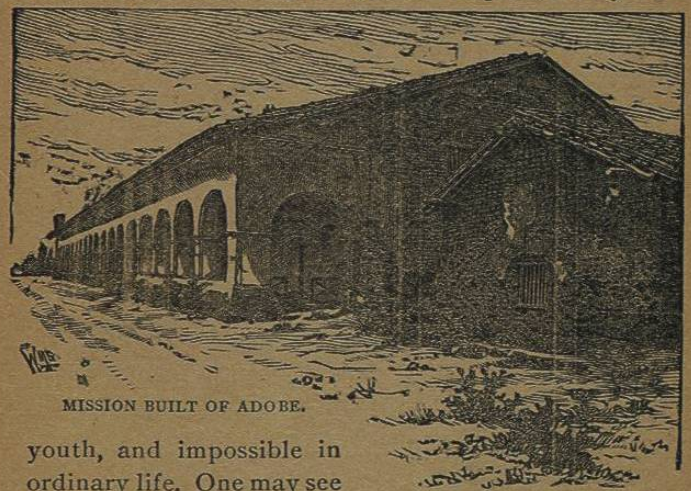
Pico was a churchman. He believed in all the dicta, and wished his fellow-sinners to have all the priestly consolation necessary to secure a favorable verdict when they were beyond his jurisdiction. So he placed them under guard while he went in further pursuit, intending to take them to Los Angeles and bespeak the services of a priest, ere he should hang them. But when he returned he found that some of them had escaped, and therefore he forget about the priest and the hereafter, and strung all the remainder, a riata to each, upon the nearest sizeable tree, and he and his vaqueros rode home again righteously content.

A compatriot and neighbor of Pico's has been referred to in another chapter, who was also a characteristic product of the adobe community. He talked. He could neither read nor write, but had he possessed these accomplishments he would have used

innumerable reams of paper, and assisted greatly in that official pen-and-ink garrulity for which his race is famous. His friends would have done the fighting and he would have made the treaties, and probably making this mutual imaginary concession, they got on very well in the same region in hum-drum daily life. This last was also a caballero, perhaps an unconscious one, and born a whole age too late. Having no education to begin with he proceeded to acquire one, and took an early opportunity of hiring a talented wanderer through the country to teach him to form his distinguished autograph, with a *rubrica*. Thereafter the signing of his name was an important ceremony. He would say "*Usted quiere mi firma?*" and when books and all other impedimenta had been duly carried away and the document spread before him, he would look upon it with a Quixotic frown, insert his goose-quill in the fatal fluid, and go through the whole of the "education" upon which he prided himself, with three quiddles, a long understroke and two dots, and the fateful deed was done. It was entirely a mechanical accomplishment, for which he had paid the man who taught it to him a hundred heifer calves. This unimportant incident in a provincial life may perhaps hardly amuse the reader who has little idea of the Spanish character, or who has read Cervantes but for the story of the infatuated Knight of La Mancha.

The original cowboy is a Californian and a nurseling of the adobe, and all his imitations are comparatively feeble. And that also is in the race. The word *caballero* means nothing more than one who

rides, but it has meant "gentleman" for six hundred years. Here is one who, without much use of hyperbole, may be said to have been born on horseback, and to have cantered as his last act. His style of horsemanship is one born of necessity and long habit, and is totally distinct from that of the schools. But all the real hard riding of America is done after his unconscious fashion; a fashion acquired only in



MISSION BUILT OF ADOBE.

youth, and impossible in ordinary life. One may see him even in these degenerate days, wherever there are cattle on the hills, or a rambling ranch-house lingers superfluous in the land of booms. Wherever he is, he will not walk, and even his going to bed is but an unnatural waddle. Every day, all day, summer and winter, he is but a part of a horse. And yet he is not an imposing centaur. He will "stay" for endless miles; he is tireless in a proverbially hard life; but either his "technique" is bad or the rules are

wrong. He sways in the saddle; his reins are often held in the wrong hand; his stirrup-straps are too long; he mounts quickly but awkwardly; he uses his heels; he "flaps" his elbows; when really on business he raises his bridle-hand as high as his chin, and leans forward, and perhaps does everything he should not do. But he would ride an English hunting-field to death, and, give him horses enough, would be the finest light cavalryman the world ever saw.

And even now he is perpetually armed—not with anything the reader thinks of as a weapon, but with the *riata*. This lissome coil of plaited rawhide, or of twisted black and white horse-hair, hangs always at his saddle-bow. The implement seems never to have been Spanish, and was not imported. It is comparatively modern, for it would be almost useless without a horse, and there was a time in America when horses were not. The Indians did not have it, so far as mentioned by any investigator, and it is altogether *sui generis*, a cowboy's, a vaquero's, thing.

It sometimes misses fire, so to speak, of course. So does everything else. But it is sure enough and strong enough to catch and control the oldest bull or the newest calf of the herd, and to outwit and tangle any creature over whom its loop may fall. It has an effective range of thirty to sixty feet, and the throwing of it is simply a "knack," obtained by practice and from natural aptitude, but one in which all members of the clan of vaqueros are more or less efficient. Swung in wide circles obliquely round the head, when let go it passes through the air with a singing sound not pleasant overhead to the creature at whom

it is cast, and there seems to be little use in attempting to "dodge" the flying loop. Were I to attempt the entertainment of the reader by stories of its efficiency, well authenticated, they would simply be relegated to the extensive limbo of Western "yarns." But its use is now universal over the whole unfenced Southwest. It, and not the fateful tool of Colonel Colt, or of Colonel Bowie, is the chiefest implement of that intermediate civilization which may be worse than none, but which is the ordained predecessor of the school-house and the plow. Sometimes it remains even a little later. Major Ringgold, in command of his battery, was dragged from his horse with a Mexican *riata* and killed, in the heat of battle. The last lynching but one in eastern Kansas was practically done by a mob of one mounted man, who flung his coil over the criminal's head, and executed him by riding off with him. The progress of fires in Western villages has been repeatedly arrested by "roping" the projecting timbers of half-burned structures by a skillful cast, and pulling them down. When a wild steer runs a muck through the streets of Chicago, as has not infrequently occurred, the fusillade of the police has little effect, and the man longed for is he who regards the whole occurrence as quite a natural one — for a Texas steer — and who cooly proceeds to "rope" him and induce him to return and be killed professionally, and for the general good.

Of near kinship with the *riata* is another; that peculiar piece of equestrian architecture known these forty years as the "California Saddle." For it is to the pommel of this that the subtle line is attached,

and it must be strong. In comparison with this structure, with what contempt must the flat English riding-pad be regarded; "fit for a pacin' hoss and an old man," one of my Texan friends once told me. Take a frame whose elaborate "lines" are comparable only with those spoken of in naval architecture; brace the arches with riveted iron; plate and strengthen it wherever possible; cover this frame with thong-sewed raw-hide, fitting without a crease, and let it dry and shrink there; then cover again more or less with carved and embossed leather; rim the round "horn," as big as a tea-plate, with silver, and fringe and tassel and plate it wherever possible; hang the huge wooden stirrups with their hoods and shields; furnish it with a woven hair "cinch" that will stand any strain; be sure that not a buckle occurs anywhere in its organization; and you have some of the chiefest features of the saddle that has gone from the Californian *vaquero* over half a continent. When the broncho has it on he feels that it is there to stay, and since he may lie down and roll in it only to his own disappointment, he has for generations ceased to do so. It is open in the middle from end to end, and his high backbone, the contradictory thing about a broncho which makes one think he was not built to be ridden when he is not good for anything else, is never galled. It is as hard as wood in the seat, and it is the rider's person that must be cushioned and not the saddle. The blacksmith will hold and hammer an iron bar which you would drop. The cook in your kitchen dabbles with impunity in the same water with which she removes the hair from the back

of your neighbor's pointer when he becomes too frequent in her domain. The Mexican peasant, reared amid a thousand varieties of cacti, has the foot of a pachyderm and a hand that plucks the red *tuna* with its million microscopic barbs. So in the *vaquero* and the cowboy, and mayhap the hardened cavalryman, the callouses of kindly nature are interspersed as are those of the palm of your hand.

South California in a state of nature is a land of nooks and corners, infinitely more beautiful then than any improvement has made them since. In these nooks the original Spaniard seems very generally to have nestled. When he did each one was an unintended corner of Arcadia with an adobe house in the middle. To say it is the land of flowers is but to repeat an item from an immense literature purely American in its origin, and devoted to a delineation of the attractions of described tracts of it. But it truly is, and of all lovers of flowers perhaps the Spanish peasant woman is the most devoted. Visit her at this late time in her California career, in her little brown house, with its little brown garden studded with bloom, and when you go away she will give you a flower. To her it has a certain value you may not perceive, and it is a gift—a "friendship's offering" the significance of which these heartless times have almost obliterated. There is only one variety of native dwelling in all this country that has not its bloom, and that is that most desolate and womanless of human abiding-places, a sheep-herder's shelter.

I know a gentleman who, besides the designation already given him, is an Irishman, a soldier and a

bachelor, who was with me once in the yard lying about a little village adobe, as usual a place of flowers. When we were going away, and had reached the rickety little whitewashed gate, a child came and gave us each a bunch of flowers. "Now you see," said he, explanatorily, "these people love such things. That poor woman would carry water a mile in an *olla* to make them grow." Thereupon he went back and told her how to cure the sickness of her big grapevine, and how pretty the flowers were, and I, a clumsy stranger, knew nothing better than to explore the depths for convenient small coinage for the child, after the usual American fashion.

They tell us unanimously, and alas! history bears them out, that the Spaniard is cold, cruel, revengeful. For my small part I may only answer that his womankind have borne and trained him as ours have us, and that not in all rural California, or in rural Mexico either, will one find, even to the washerwoman at the brink of the acequia, aught but ladyship and gentle courtesy. It is not merely training, and there is a dignity of race for which neither the Spaniard nor his peasant mother will ever be equaled. The races do not quite make each other out. Ours is dominant, but the Chinaman may overreach us in the end. The adobe people have seen the end, and their poor contentment in what was theirs is gone. Yet the courtesy and simplicity remain, and from it, if from nothing greater, might we obtain some idea of social life in the California of the old times.

It was pastoral and almost patriarchal to a degree never attained elsewhere in America, and never to be

seen again. A *ranchero* thinks he works hard, and regards himself as one of the toilers of the earth. He was under that impression in the old times, but it is only a shepherd's idea. For his day included rest, laughter, perhaps the dance. There was no winter, and there was not in any land where a national merriment, a race festiveness, ever existed as an unartificial thing. If I made a comprehensive map of the United States, I should mark off this remote corner with a red circle, as being the only spot on the continent where, even under peculiar conditions, the people had ever danced in the afternoon, or it had never at some time snowed in the old-fashioned way.

All that we now see was absent. There was not a fence, other than that which enclosed a garden or a corral, in all the land. Very small area was occupied, and, save the nooks and shady corners mentioned the country was a green or a yellow wilderness, asleep in the sunshine. To journey was to ride, not upon roads, but paths; not in wheeled carriages, but on horseback. There were no mails, and a horseman carried tidings from rancho to rancho, or they who came and went were the chroniclers of the times. The book, as we know it, the serial publication, printing itself, were all unknown. No diarist or scribbler, no childish private impressionist, ever passed that way, and the present writer is sorry they never did. All these things were as unthought-of as they were in Mesopotamia, and would have been as useless, and this while in Europe the day of the pamphleteer was at its prime, and Franklin, on this same continent was making Poor Richard's Almanack, and Mother Spain was stirred by heretical

opinions, and the triumphant day of the daily newspaper had dawned in sister colonies that were not so rich or old as this. There were no schools. The wealthy ranchman hired a person who could read and write to teach his sons, and the daughters came by embroidery how they might, and by dancing traditionally, and these were all they should know. There were no doctors, and women, after the fashion

OLD ADOBE WALLS.

of knightly times that seem to us very old indeed, were chirurgeons—the setters of broken bones, the healers of contusions, the staunchers of blood. Women doctors are a very old institution, and they practised in California while the question as to whether they could or should be doctors was being first discussed from the allopathic view-point. So far as known even the Spanish lawyer, the toughest of his clan, had not made his appearance amid this innocence. The Alcade may sometimes have been a

licenciado, or he may have had upon his sign the word "Abogado." There are reasons purely circumstantial, and growing out of real estate transactions, which render this conclusion tenable.

As all these prominent things were absent in the Californian Arcadia, so were others which were not so necessary. There were, of course, no fashions, and here would have been the place to find truly, at a date about the same as that of the battle of New Orleans, how the dames of Southern Europe dressed themselves when New Orleans was founded. There was nothing of what we call trade; there was only iudustry. Every necessity of life was made where the raw material grew, as it had been fifty years before by our own great-grandparents, and as it still was to some extent. The rancho, to the Californian the capital of social life, contained everything, made everything. There was a chapel there, and sometimes even a priest. There were tailors and shoemakers and smiths. There was a mill and a tannery, and a cemetery often enough to supply every reasonable demand. The products were rude, but they served, and when anything was wanting they supplied it with rawhide, and if in haste, with the hair on and wet with the natural juices of the animal it had covered. This singular material found a place everywhere. Every coupling or cross-beam was bound with it, the handle of everything was tied on with it, the stock of every old blunderbuss in the province was wrapped with it. It never came loose. Old doors are swinging yet whose rawhide hinges

first began to bend half a century ago. Rawhide was to every Californian second nature.

All human experience seems to indicate that the nearer a community comes to these simplicities the happier it is, and it is a fact that the manhood that has rocked the world has oftenest sprung from such surroundings. The most charming pictures of Saxon life are those of the gay green wood. Priestcraft chiefly rules in the crowded centers of civilization. The groves were God's first temples. Mountains have been the nursing mothers of both patriotism and poetry. The fatherland of these people is a mountain country, and whoever has overrun Spain has found that the entire population rose up behind him unconquered when he had passed. All that was here was natural to Spaniards, and they were not complaining. It would be yet. No railway would ever have been built, or mountain path made practicable for wheels, or uplands redeemed from the desert. For to this hour are those things true of the mother land, upon whose head lie the centuries. The old Californian, farmer or friar, was a poetic anachronism, as are all Spaniards, charming, simple, Arcadian, but now out of place in the awful country where ten years make a century, and beside the terrible people who laugh at saints because they have never had any, and scoff at miracles because they perform them themselves.

The Spanish woman, wherever in all sunny lands her lord has borne her, has maintained, even more entirely than he, the peculiarities of her race, and these have been marked and striking for centuries.

She is a follower of custom and a conservative for whom no equal is known; a stickler for *costombre del pais* who knows no relenting; a believer in all that ever was, who knows no shadow of turning. She is a frivolous being who is yet solemn and penitent; a dancer of the *zapatero* who is yet the best friend of the priest; a tinkler of guitars, who nevertheless goes to mass every day. It was this Spanish woman who kept away from old California all the features of our frontier, and who caused it to be from the beginning a custom-regulated and precedent-governed community. These features were absent here, and it is the only case on North American soil in which, under similar circumstances, they were. She reared her sons not as frontiersmen, but as Spaniards; and her daughters not as the awkward and unkempt slaves of circumstance and toil, but as the women of all their generations. It has been said that no difference is to be noted between the women or the houses of Lima and those of Seville, and there are no later appearances to indicate that she of the California valley was ever aught more or less than the woman she would have been on an olive-covered hillside in old Spain. In utter isolation, with a thousand untrodden leagues intervening between her and all her sisters; with nothing but unconscious custom and unlearned tradition to support her; the Spanish woman of California still wore the rebosa and the comb; still fancied the yellow silk and the falling lace; still had roses in her cheeks and her hair; still danced, sang, laughed, prayed, wept with an inconsistency that made her consistent; still knew as

much and as little; still clung to her idioms and her lisps, her traditional fears and constitutional proclivities; was still beautiful at sixteen, fat at thirty and lean and cronish at fifty.

In all reminiscences of the times of the adobe, one does but go over and over again the characteristics of a wonderful race whose character is almost as changeless as that face that has looked across the Lybian sands for five thousand years. No man has suffered more vicissitudes than the Spaniard has; no man has had his national heart oftener broken; but, also, no man has so changelessly maintained himself amid varying and strange surroundings, and in the very midst and presence of his successors. The Mestizo, the mixed man, in New or old Mexico, or in California, takes to the Spanish side, and speaks the Spanish tongue, and believes in the Spanish faith. And this singular power of impressing himself, of leaving himself as a memento, exists in line with a list of failures such as are hardly to be set down to the credit of any other people. To all there is of him, practically, north of the isthmus of Darien, we may begin now to say a quavering *adios hasta nunca*. But of his isms and ideas and beliefs, of his wonderful personality, of his perfect tongue, we shall not be quit until a time so far in the future that we need not contemplate it.