history of California, five thousand persons crossed the endless plains to enter a land whose rocks were not yet known to be veined and crossed with gold.

The vexed souls of the Padres may rest in peace. The act of the Mexican government was not necessary. Sequestration would have come by the eternal law of circumstances, and had they stayed the missions would have been surrounded and engulfed by alien and heretical adventurers, and five more brief years would have seen the end of the halcyon rule which has had no paralled in the story of civilization, which illustrates the irony of fate, and which goes far toward convincing the cold and carping that he was right who said: "There are no such things as principles; there are only events. There are no such things as laws; there are only circumstances. A wise man embraces events and circumstances to shape them to his own ends." Yet to the "wise man" who rightly sees, it rather seems that Palou's old journal forms the first scant human record of a drama that was set by the Almighty upon the green hills whose destiny He knew alone

CHAPTER XII.

THE ORIGINAL CALIFORNIAN.

IN the Century Magazine for July, 1889, Mr. Frederic Remington contributed a chapter about Indians. In closing he allows himself to express that sentiment which is almost universal among those whose fate has led them into anything like personal acquaintance with the tribes and kindreds of the original American, and says: "I thought then that the good white men who would undertake to make Christian gentlemen and honest tillers of the soil out of this material would contract for a job to subvert the processes of nature."

THE DIGGER'S ANTIPODE:—A PUEBLO WOMAN.

In the same issue of the same magazine (see page 471) this and other opinions of Mr. Remington are duly apologized for by a writer who must have seen the article in manuscript, and who made his apology in deference to that peculiar form of public opinion which knows the American Indian for the reason that

it never saw him, and understands him perfectly because it is not acquainted with him, and accounts for itself and its existence by promulgating the unassailable creed that it believes "in the development of public opinion not only favorable to an award of exact justice, but in knowledge of the real character and capacity of the Indian himself," and also that "what can be done with the Indian is no longer a matter of speculation. Much has been done in education, in agriculture, in social organization, and in diffusion of the spirit, occupations and habits of civilized men."

That coterie of the unconverted which is composed of such as do not know the Indian because they are personally acquainted with him, and do not understand him because they have lived with him, await the facts, circumstantial and in detail, which should follow every such enunciation of the creeds of the philanthropists. They never get them, and are denied the pleasure of either disproving them or of personally conducting a committee of philanthropists into the fastnesses where alone they may be found, if at all, and whither the philanthropists hesitate to go by themselves, and, in fact, do not go, notwithstanding the aforesaid advancement in "the spirit, occupations, and habits of civilized men." It has been discovered that it is of very little use to visit Indians unless one comes back. The "friends of the Red Man" are anxious to do him a substantial benefit. Their way of doing it has been to "awaken public sentiment," and they have not very well succeeded except in the mistake of regarding the Pueblos as "Indians," and

declaring them to be examples in proof of their position. The Pueblos have not materially changed in perhaps a thousand years. It is doubtful if they are "Indians" at all. The public has for many years been asking for something more statistical and exact than either Uncas or Ramona. There was also one lone and solitary Indian saint. Her name was Katherine Te-gah-Kou-i-ta, and she belonged to a tribe in its day subject remotely to the Christian amenities of the New England where most of the friends, the influential friends at least, of the Red Man and Brother have always dwelt. This saintess was so good that "she mingled dirt with all she ate:" not in the casual tribal way, but so that the viands really tasted of it to her; and thus died, half-suicide and half-martyr, yet probably only of acute inflammation of the duodenum, and the general public declines to accept her as an advanced example of either.

PUEBLO GIRL.

So far as the great body of Indians is concerned, such advancement as they have made has been brought about not by the voice of philanthropy or the action of the government, but by the simple physical fact of the disappearance of the beasts of

the chase, and, notably, by the extermination of the bison. They *have* advanced, for the simple mind of the child of nature has grasped in all its complexity the tergiversation that beef is beef, whether it comes from under a spotted hide or a brown and shaggy one. Corn is an old thing to them, and the squaws raise it anyway. As to staying on his reservation, he simply don't, and only pretends to for reasons of policy. He has adopted the hoe as he did the white man's gun, because it is more effective. These, in brief, constitute his "white man's ideas." There are not so many "outbreaks" as there were, merely because he is burdened with herds of horses and cattle which he does not wish to scatter and lose, and the situation has come about without his intention, and much to his personal disgust. His education at Carlisle or Hampton ends in his re-adoption of the blanket, or, if it does not, it is time the frontiersman should be pilloried for the slanders he has been uttering in defying civilized mankind to produce a sworn roster of two dozen names of those who have graduated and yet retain the garments of their scholastic days.

There is, in some respects, an exception, and that exception is he who will be attempted to be described in this chapter. He was the Original Californian, and he has avoided all discussion as to what shall be done with him now by mostly going himself before the question had attracted other than that merely cursory public glance which is given to a crime already committed. In his prime he was unique in his savagery, and in his decay and death pathetic in his refusal of

the conditions which suited or were accepted by all other peoples and tribes who were independent, treaty-making powers, and yet "wards of the government." The Padres came and found him as he was originally, the "Digger," the completest savage the continent ever knew. They did not investigate him beforehand, and knew him not when they came, and had the notions of him that were then or a little earlier current in regard to all Indians. He was different from the others, very luckily for the missionaries. During the entire history of the Franciscans in California he never killed any of them but once. Their first entrance was unobstructed, and they possessed the entire land in peace. This singular white mark across the page of American history is not to be accounted for entirely by the peaceful mission of the fathers, since conquest by occupation is nevertheless conquest, and so in a brief time have all the tribes save these regarded it. They were too barbarous to have the idea of a property in the soil, too easy-going to observe continuous and gradual aggressions, and too timid to fight even among themselves, with all their numerous tribes, any other than bloodless battles of braggadocio and shouting between the lines. When rarely they did fight nobody was much hurt. They formed in two lines and made much noise, and tried to scare each other. Sometimes two champions had a duel between the opposing forces after the manner of David and Goliath, and, honor being satisfied, both parties retired to their places and everybody went home.

The Spaniards had, in their turn, the usual ideas of the times above referred to, and some of these notions are curious as matters of reference. Early misconception of the Indian, not only in Europe, but by those who had full opportunity for observation on these shores, was something almost grotesque. They were judged not as Indians; not as one looks upon a barbaric curiosity; but by the standards of the times. And among those standards was surely one which varied considerably from that of later times in regard to female loveliness, for it was said by some of the earliest who saw them that they were "tall, handsome, timbered people," and that among the women were some "that while young are verie comelie"—"many pretty brunettes and spider-fingered lassies." "Brunettes," forsooth, and "spider-fingered" quotha. Doubtless these wilderness-saunterers had not seen a woman for so long that possibly grease-paint and strings of buckskin seemed to them like silk and the folds of ancient lace.

Meantime the Indians returned these compliments by regarding the whites of those times as supernatural beings. There seems to have been a general mutual misconception.

The general idea was that all Indians were really born white, like everybody else, and even the acute Jesuits thought their peculiar color was due to long exposure and "bear's grease." One historian states that "all their babies are dyed with hemlock bark," and therefore had a literal "tan," and even William Penn gravely says that they were "dark, but by design."

In those times all petty chiefs were "kings," and the tawdry and rancid "heap big Injun" was not the fiction and humbug of these irreverent days. The reader knows that there was a question about the legality and propriety of the marriage of a girl who used to turn handsprings and stand on her head for the delectation of a frontier garrison, and known as Pocahontas, to a plain man who was only a commoner, merely because "Poky" was a "princess." There is somewhere in old files still to be found an official letter of those days which was addressed to "The Emperor of Canada."

FROM THE PENINSULA.

Our Pilgrim Fathers had an idea that the incantations of their Medicine Men really could and did bring rain, and Roger Williams and Eliot were more or less inclined to the opinion that in them the doings of the Devil were graphically illustrated. Firmly established as they were in the idea of the wandering personality of one Satan, and they themselves being Children of Light, the Pilgrims almost universally accused these savage necromancers of some hidden connection with him whom they called "ye Devill, which entereth into ye hearts of ye unconverted." It was an easy solution, and convenient, theologically, of the simplest and most transparent of savage humbugs. But Brainerd,

Champlain, Whittaker, Josslyn, Roger Williams, and others, really believed in the genuineness of the Indian witchcraft and sorcery, and that the results of them were supernatural.

All the literature of these times in regard to Indians is a display of learned folly. There was among other items, a discussion of their origin, which was returned to with tireless industry. Adam being their natural father, and white people being, as they should be, those for whose origin there was no necessity of accounting, the question was where did Indians come from, and why were they as they were. They were the children of Canaan, the son of Ham; the Lost Tribes, etc., etc., and the question that has never been settled, and which there is no great necessity for settling, agitated those grave minds severely. Those primitive days, as compared with the present, are themselves a study in evolution, as ours will undoubtedly be to the days which are to come, with only the difference that we know we do not know, while those laborious and conscientious personages were sure of themselves.

It will become necessary in the course of a few pages to refer to the actual results of the missions to these original Californians, and the reader will find upon investigation that the saddest page of the story, on both sides of the continent at the same time, has similar outlines. A very competent authority declares that "the patient heroism of the French Jesuits must always excite admiration, but their labors for the Indian race have produced no larger or more enduring result than those of others who have

spent themselves in the attempt to elevate the American savages." One of these was he who said "*Ibo et non redibo*," and went back to death among the human beasts whom he knew he could not convert, and who he also knew would kill him with tortures indescribable. These Jesuits are especially mentioned because what they and the Franciscans could not do with the incorrigible savage could not be done, and was never done, by any others. Brébœuf was one of these, and he died brave and defiant amid tortures the most hellish that could be invented by that fiendish ingenuity that has descended through all the tribes of the American Indian to this day, some forms of which the present writer has himself seen, to haunt his dreams until his dying hour. Marquette was one, dying at last on the shores of Lake Michigan, in the midst of a wilderness to whose throbbing commercial heart men now resort from every land. But even the Jesuits did not succeed, much less the Protestants, some of whom used, in not unnatural indignation, to say that the way to change the savages was to cut their throats; merely an ancient version of the apothegm of General Sheridan. They caught young Indians and sent them to England for training, and "they only learned the vices of the English." A college was founded in Virginia, and ten thousand acres of land given it. The principal of the institution was killed, and the very germ exterminated. The students of every other school invariably relapsed into savagery just as they do now. The utmost zeal went unrequited; the most conscientious labors were without avail, and in certain private letters

which have been spared it is found that the missionaries sometimes spoke what they thought of the Indians of that day, and their sentiments do not greatly vary from the atrocious opinions of the non-philanthropist of the border at the present time. John Eliot, the "Apostle to the Indians," is the pride and praise of New England Protestantism, and one whose greatness as a Christian and a man can hardly be overestimated. In robe and crown he doubtless stands now with his opposites in life; with Brébœuf and Marquette and Jogues; in the shining ranks that guard the battlements of heaven, and in the service of Him who measures not by any human standard of creed or of success. He translated the whole Bible into a dialect spoken by only a few thousand people, and thought it worth while, and it remained a few years afterwards an indecipherable curiosity which had never been used, and almost all his efforts were in the end quite as useless. The piety of his Indian converts began and ended at a very low mark on the scale of right living. His most trying experience was the moral instability of his people. His educational schemes all failed, his only Indian college graduate died at twenty years of age, and others, after conversion, engaged in Philip's massacres, among them the very man who, as the only Indian printer that ever lived, had helped him to issue his famous Bible. And finally the remaining converts to the faithful work of all these great and good men, though Christians only after a modified Indian standard of piety, proceeded to die. Alike in New England and California, the virtues of the white man, his

pieties, morals and beliefs have been as fatal to the Indian as his vices. John Brainerd, another veteran Indian Missionary, was constrained to say at the last: "There is too much truth in the common saying, 'Indians will be Indians.'" It may be much to say, and shocking to the reader, but the great mass of testimony which must be elicited upon any careful examination of the history of the beings whom we call Indians, will show them changeless in a character for which the word "awful" is only slightly descriptive; going steadily down to extinction and oblivion unchanged by any power, human or divine; with the forms and many of the acutest sensibilities and passions of men, yet in all their history incorrigible as the hyena whom the cage never tames

INDIAN TYPES:—APACHE CHILDREN.

But since the whole early history of missions on the Atlantic coast is written in blood, and that of the Pacific is margined only by the marks of submissive stupidity and final decay, and both belong largely to the same period, some curiosity is excited upon the question of the difference, and why? Serra and his companions went to meet death if necessary, and were willing to meet it, and it was intended that this beautiful solitude should be consecrated by the blood of martyrs if it should be the will of God. Instead,

they met with both a success and peace hitherto and since unknown in all the annals of the faith. In thirty years or less their converts had become their servants, and they themselves were no longer self-denying missionaries, suffering in the cause, but *hacendados* wearing an ecclesiastical uniform, and managing vast and productive estates with a commercial acumen and an agricultural knowledge never before so compactly stowed beneath shaven crowns. Success was so great that zeal was disarmed, monastic vows were forgotten, prayer and faith became merely forms. The causes of so unwonted a victory over Satan among the gentiles might have been searched for in that realm of miracles which in those days constituted a close environment of the holy life and the monk's cell, had it not lain still more plainly in view in the character of the gentiles themselves, and it is not a new inquiry which asks after the personality of the first man who, for historical purposes, may be called a Californian.

Temescals; Guenocks, Tulkays, Socollomillos, Sueconies, Pulpones, Tolores, Ullillates, Matalanes, Salsos, Quirotes, Ahwashtes, Ahltomes, Tulomos, Romenores—all the barbaric designations of tribes the savage tongue could twist, represented one general character with differences only important to themselves, and that general character is expressed by the term by which the Americans called them when they came and found their successors;— plain "Digger." This has until date passed for the general term applying to all that was aboriginal in California. It conveniently expressed contempt and described a mode

of life at the same time, and at a period when, in regard to both Indians and Americans, it was not the custom to inquire too closely after particulars and antecedents.

The tribes were so numerous at the advent of the Franciscans that a new one was discovered, and often two or three, with every day's journey. They all spoke differerent languages, and each occupied its own territory. No attempt at any confederacy had apparently ever been made, and there was not even a crude and incohate form of government for each separate tribe. Every soul in their country did as seemed unto him best, and yet never did those things which some rule or regulation or some other tribe of Indians, or some tradition, thought he ought not to do. There was among them all no form of worship, and probably not any idea or theory of religion. Bancroft says: "The Mission Fathers found a virgin field, whereon neither God nor devil was worshipped."

None of them worked, and they knew no form of industry. Even in such a land as South California they were not tillers of the soil. The spoils of their chase were gophers, rabbits, sometimes snakes, lizards, bugs, mice, grasshoppers. Roots they ate, digging for them with their fingers and nails. They caught fish on the coast, but had few or no boats, and used only that bundle of reeds called a "*balsa*," still to be found among their wild descendants on the upper waters of the Gulf of California. They were sometimes armed with that universal and effective weapon of all ages and times, the bow and arrow, but with them it had its weakest form, and often was absent entirely. Their