habitations were such that the house of a beaver or the nest of an oriole were wonders beside them; rude and temporary shelters against the sun only; holes in the ground; burrows; dens; and most frequently they had none at all. Their clothing scandalized the Padres by an ostentatious absence of any at all in the case of the men, and by only some "twisted strings in front, and the skin of an animal behind," in the middle of the body in women. Sometimes they fended against the cold, such as there was, with a garment of mud from head to foot, and by the time it dried and cracked and fell off, it was warm again. From the North to the South, the further one traveled the lower and more degraded he found the Indians. Those whom the Franciscans converted and utilized were, save that they were of divers tribes and tongues, all of a kind, yet of so many kinds that details are conflicting. There was an infinite diversity of tribal names. Sometimes one tribe had three or four names, sometimes, apparently, none at all. Often they had a designation for themselves, while all outsiders took the liberty of calling them by another and different one. Occasionally they earned for themselves the reputation of being most prodigious and unnecessary liars by calling themselves by one name among themselves, and by another among strangers. Every two or three leagues of the early missionary wanderings would show a new cluster of huts, or booths, or holes, inhabited by a new tribe with a distinct language, and the people of these "*rancherias*" were accustomed not to interfere with, or even to casually know, each other. Near where

now stands Santa Barbara there was a place known as Dos Pueblos, "two towns," where a little *estera*, or sea-swamp, lay between, and the inhabitants of the one village considered the inhabitants of the other to be foreigners, and the *estera* was an impassable barrier. At the mission of San Carlos de Monterey there were eleven different languages spoken by the converts, and at San Francisco nineteen. The Indians of San Luis Rey de Francia and their near neighbors of San Juan Capistrano, were totally different, and those of them that are left remain so, and yet all the tribes and kindreds came under the general designation of "Diggers" from an universal shiftlessness which made them akin.

INDIAN TYPES:—PUEBLO SCHOOL-GIRL.

On other details the sparse chroniclers who deign to mention them greatly differ. One speaks of people "of an olive color, very light, with rather comely women." Another tells of "broad-faced squaws of almost African blackness." To this day one observer of old California will say that the Indians he has seen are very black, while another will think those of his acquaintance rather fair. There are in mission annals no stories of any great lewdness of custom or life, but Powers, a writer in the Overland Monthly, has said that all their unmarried women were common property. Thus, while the general life of the

original Californian might be fairly included under one description if it was bad enough, totally different impressions might be produced if the history was only that of a single tribe. The rule was at one time accepted that all deteriorated as they lived nearer the coast, those in the northern interior being said to be "very superior, and approaching more nearly to the races of the plains," which, if they did, leads one to the conclusion that the idea of superiority is also a merely relative one. No rule seems to have held in the matter of locality. To this day one tribe is somewhat superior to another, or the reverse, quite regardless of habitat or visible cause, while the despairing axiom that "Indians will be Indians" holds good with all. Ethnology comes forward with her reverend verdict and declares that in all probability the Californians were of a different stock from all other aborigines of the continent, and describes them cheerfully, thus: Complexion, darker than copper-color, nearly black; low, retreating foreheads; black and deep-set eyes; square cheek-bones; thick lips; very white teeth; long, coarse, black, bushy and abundant hair; very little beard, with exceptions to the rule; nose of the African type; figure of medium height and physical development average. The incompatibility of this general figure with a personal docility which is beyond dispute, ethnology does not attempt to account for, and the curious "gentile" the Padres found and converted remains very much a puzzle in all except his passing away from among the denizens of earth.

Almost naked, with only a strip of something round the waist, or dressed as Palou describes them; wanting no house save a shelter from the sun in summer and a hole in the ground in winter; knowing no law but lax custom, and almost without even the time-honored tribal magnates known as "chiefs;" they found sustenance in the offal and droppings of nature, and knew but two industies: the plaiting of *tule* or rushes, and the preparation of acorns as the only standard food they knew. The first they made aprons and built shelters of, the last was an acrid staple of the tribal larder which nobody seems to have eaten since. One of the troubles of the Padres with them was that they would not wear clothes, discarding them and mis-wearing them the moment they were out of sight. They had no "pots and kettles" of any kind, and the Monos and other tribes, whose remnants still linger, do not have or need them now. The interior agriculturist, who at "killing time" heats water in a barrel by putting hot stones in it, unconsciously imitates the earliest cookery known to humanity. The vessel was a water-tight basket in which water was made to boil and the acorns to cook by a continual putting in and taking out of heated stones. The *metate;* the mill upon which the Mexican woman grinds away her life in making *tortillas;* is the savage invention upon which these boiled acorns were made into meal. Then they scooped out a hole in the running stream and set the basket of meal there until what we would call the tannin was washed out, boiled it again to make "mush," and ate it. Nearly every acorn had a

worm in it, and it was counted a good year when such was the case. California is not a country very plentiful in grasshoppers, but such as there were in those times were made the most of. They dug a ditch, and formed a line of young and old, and encircled the insects and drove them into it. Their only provision for the gloomy season when grasshoppers were not, was to string them on a filament torn off of a yucca-leaf, like beads, and dry them. There were lizards and "horned toads" in plenty, and occasional snakes, only two varieties of which are poisonous. All these were so much food to the gentle aborigines. When one now sees the grotesque bird called a "sage-hen," or "road-runner," skurrying across the dusty highway with the yellow belly of a horned toad gleaming crosswise in his beak, he can not but think of the hilarious avidity with which, under the same circumstances, both would have been chased by the early Californian. When in these times you visit Yo Semite, walled with the colossal magnificences that make your inner consciousness throb whenever you think about them afterwards, and which teach you then and there that you have a soul, you may remember that it was an ancient fastness of the Californian, discovered first by white men who chased him thither. The aborigines did not go there for scenery; it was a famous place for acorns, and, perhaps, grasshoppers. There is no legend or tradition to indicate that he ever looked up, up into the blue beyond the immeasurable heights with any quickening of his sordid heart, with any new-born dream or idea of the possibilities of a

hereafter in which even the grandeurs Yo Semite must sink into insignificance.

And, withal, the Californian was semi-herbivorous. He preferred of all diet the blossoming clover of the country, or what was called clover from its similarity to that familiar fodder of civilization. Omnivorousness would therefore seem to be one of the original traits of humanity, and a freak not originating with Belshazzar. These Indians are declared to have grazed in the herbage on all-fours like swine or cattle, and like them to have grown fat upon the diet.

INDIAN TYPES:—YUMA CHILDREN.

Like their kinsmen, the Yumas and Mojaves of the present, they had great skill in the making of baskets. That which is to civilization almost an impossibility, the weaving of a vessel of grass or fibre which is water-tight, was to them easy. They could also, in common with all other savages, chip arrow-heads out of flint or obsidian, and grind shell beads and drill them. The greatest skill in these industries existed before the missionaries came, and is found in the contents of graves made many a year before. As in other regions, there are in these and similar

finds strong indications that as the unnoted ages have passed they have seen successive tribes and kindreds come and pass away, each one without a record, a monument, or a line of history. The last of the shadowy procession has now gone by, leaving only the impression that the story of the human race has never been written, but that even as guessed upon and imagined, it is the saddest story the silent æons know.

These people had one unimportant characteristic which seems an index to the gentleness with which they welcomed the Spaniards. They loved flowers. The Padres found them garlanded and smiling beneath the very bloom which is the glory of their lost country to this day. Perhaps the idea is not new, but if the reader will recall his facts from the general history of missions, he will find that wherever this redeeming trait has existed among savages there has been proportionately less difficulty in persuading them to adopt the only faith which teaches that love redeems. The converse is so nearly true that redemption from the natural heathenism which loves blood and not bloom is rare, individual, and an exception. But they also loved paint. What are now the New Almaden cinnabar mines were in the old times the scene and cause of much of the tribal strife. They wanted vermillion to make themselves pleasing withal, and were willing to fight for it. But while, in these days, the love of paint has gone, that for flowers remains. One can not always know whether the California cottage belongs to a Spaniard,

or an Indian or a Mestizo, but there are always flowers there.

This Mestizo, meaning a mixed one, a half-breed, is not a curiosity, and not at all discreditable to his ancestors on either side. The Spanish mission-soldier was a womanless man, and he took this flower-loving heatheness to wife. Panza was a good fellow in a way, and the Roman faith knows no divorce. One of the very strongest means of grace at the disposal of the Padres was the sacrament of marriage. When one sees the Mestizo now he reflects upon the curious mingling there of two histories, and the days they recall, and this same man or woman is perhaps the most pathetic creature in the California of to-day, for they represent to the observer something they are not conscious of themselves. Child of *conquistador* and of bug-eater, there is a story on either side which, separately considered, seem too far apart to ever be embodied in a single individual.

There is something so barbarously unique in the clouded and doubtful story of the original Californian, much that is so contradictory, that the genuineness of the best attested facts about him has been doubted or denied. Almost all travelers have unhesitatingly placed him in the very lowest notch of the scale of humanity, yet against every superficial reason why he should be so. There is no fairer land than California, but the argument that this fact has any tendency to produce better grades of humanity seems fallacious. Here was a man who tilled no ground, yet was anti-nomadic in the strictest sense, so that each little tribe became an amusing and

ridiculous parody upon the national idea. He was idle because the fertility of his native land rendered toil unnecessary, and clothed and warmed and fed him. Because of idleness he was not a fighter, for ambition and laziness do not go together. Even in the aridness of Arizona do we find the remains of past civilizations, and the fever-haunted swamps of Darien are the burial-places of vast cities. Further northward has in all time raged the fierceness of tribal warfare, and lived the thirst of glory and conquest. Only in the golden mean of California do we find, simple, amiable, sordid, idle, not races of hunters and wanderers, but whole tribes of those who live upon roots and herbs and insects; who sleep in the sun, who burrow, who have no God and no devil, no law and no rights, who garlanded their heads with flowers, and who yielded to the first touch of the invader, and readily and easily became his converts and his servants. Heaven or hell or angel they had not, and took what was given them. Possessing themselves no theory of origin or destiny or fate, they presented no arguments against that which was brought to them. "Tillage and fixed dwellings must precede the advent of a new religion and a new code of law." So Eliot found, and the Franciscans gave both these to the Californians as a preliminary. Eliot's Indians wished to know why God did not kill the devil and have done with him, and it is not known what answer the apostle made to this unexpected and logical irruption of the *bete noir* of theology, but these California amiables never thought of that heroic remedy for all human sin and sorrow.

And now, after a brief seventy years, came the inevitable end. Everything the Indian had or knew had been abolished suddenly. The routine of his aimless life, the want of custom of his race, was utterly changed. Infinitely more than he had ever had before was given him if he would only work, and hell was made apparent to him if he would not, and he therefore worked and was given to. Care was taken of him. He was not required to think; woe be unto his immortal part if he did. There came into his savage life a long roll of new wants and new fears. He learned the taste of beef, and thereafter the lizard escaped. The pulpy mission grape dwelt long upon his palate, and the herbs went ungathered and the roots undigged. When he wanted any of these new things he asked and was told how he might acquire them: not by manufacture or the knowledge of any process, but at the hands of those fathers of good, the Padres. Every Sunday he got them, even without asking, if he had been good.

BABY AND CRADLE.

More than two generations passed, and then the Californian had practically forgotten how his fathers had lived. New wants had been invented and new habits formed. The old would not do, and the new he could not furnish for himself unaided. He was a child, needing every day advice, direction and care. His barbarian independence was gone, but he had not

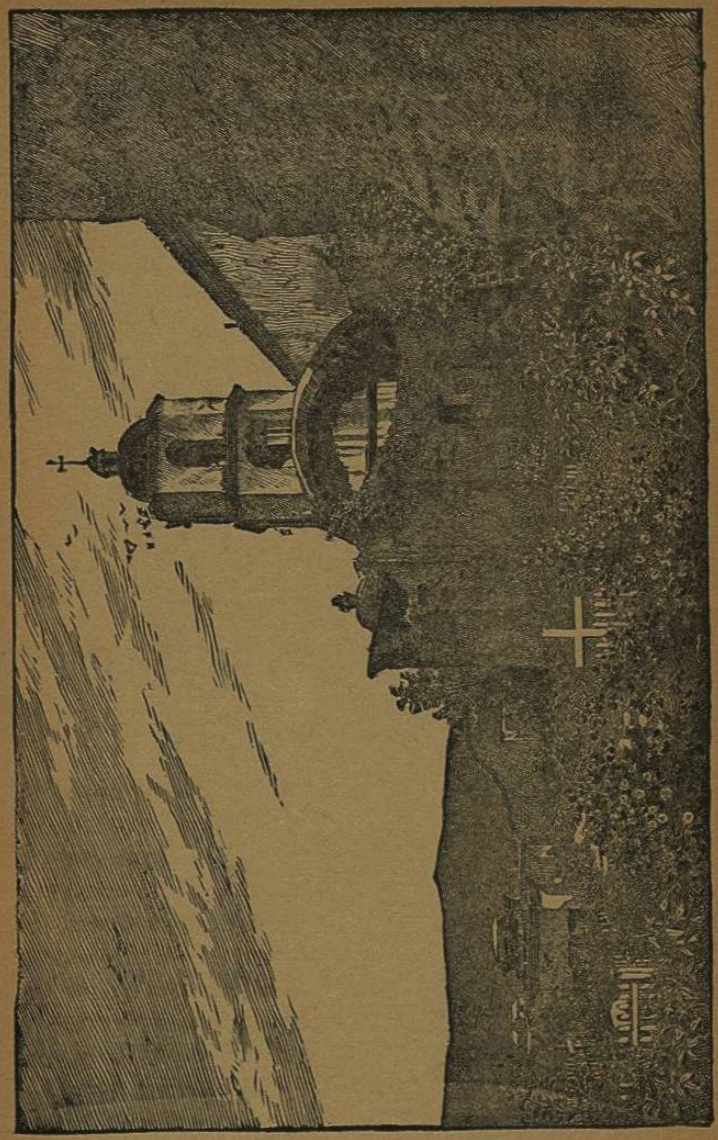
acquired the secrets of civilization. Here and there wandered the sandaled monks, directing, correcting, controlling, governing, as fathers among children, enforcing the law of conscience, administering the rule of right, always respected as the dispensers of a wisdom supernatural to untutored minds, and as the doers of a justice between man and man that even children might perfectly understand. Among all questionings and doubts upon whatsoever points, it has never been alleged that the Franciscan friars were not beloved of their people. The great Church they served unbends among the lowly, and becomes the Church of whatever tribe or race once admits its messengers. And these messengers, Franciscan or Jesuit, without homes or wives or loves, consecrated in a truer sense than Protestantism can know to the work upon which they have been sent, live and die content among those to whom they have once borne that imperative message which they have not failed to deliver even through flame and torture.

Then came that time, heart-breaking, we may guess, which is expressed by the saddest word in the vocabulary of that California that was, and that will never again be. Sequestration, long dreaded and long averted, came at last in the form of law. It was, in a political and economical sense, right. The Mexican government merely carried out the intention of the ancient and decaying power whose successor it was, and no government, however wedded to that ancient idea of the union of Church and State the fallacy of which was first perceived by the framers of the American constitution, could long

endure that a whole province should practically be administered by the Church alone. The ten years originally agreed upon had been prolonged to seven times ten. The turn of the State was long overdue. Sequestration meant the reversion of the lands until then used, but never owned by the missions, to the commonwealth, the making of the mission churches into parish churches, of the mission settlements into pueblos; "towns," and of the Indians into citizens. It was, and has always been, and will ever be, contrary to the internal and enduring idea of the Church herself, but, as in Mexico and Italy in still later times, and in laws for which the South California sequestration was but a shadow, she will find herself continually opposed by those kingdoms of the earth which have not yet entirely become the kingdoms of the Lord and of His righteousness.

MOJAVE GIRL.

Yet was sequestration in California based upon a primal error so serious that it almost obliterates the wonderful story of the missions, and gives us pause as to why they should have ever been. This error consisted in the supposition that in the Indian dwelt the capacity for becoming a citizen. The law of sequestration was the decree of his orphanage. Cast again upon the world which had once been his home, all his new wants aggravating the misery of a savage life, unable longer to avail himself of the advantages



of the life of either savage or citizen, he died, and continues to die, until, of all the swarthy hosts that watched from their hills the coming of the cross-bearers, scarce enough are left to furnish ethnology a clue. The ready victim of disease, and the predestined of extermination, small-pox alone has laid them by hundreds in unknown graves. The few instances of reversion to almost absolute savagery have been the only exceptions to that ancient rule which has worked with as perfect a certainty as any rule applied to human nature ever can, and which embodies an awful alternative. Convert the American savage; even change his life by the preliminaries and preparations without actually converting him; and you kill him. Leave him alone, and you also leave unchanged the fiat which dooms his soul.

Sequestration ended the days of the most perfect form of the Kingdom of Righteousness, at least from a churchman's view-point, which, so far, it has been permitted to the world to see since Saul, the son of Kish, became the heir of the Hebrew theocracy. The Franciscans must have had their natural and human view of the situation. They saw blasted not only the present situation, but future hopes. One by one, or by twos and threes, they went away never to return. Following the act, and between it and the deed, came all the proverbial evils of Spanish administration. To go, and go quickly, was the end of the prayers and toils and hopes of Fray Junipero Serra.

There is a reason, perhaps, embodied in these few weeks or months of final waiting, why mission life is a blank as to all the details which go to make up a

picture. If there are diaries, journals, personal narratives, hints, descriptions, they are lost. It was not the intention that they should be preserved. Perhaps every cowled brother of them, sinking again into the brown ranks of his order, leaving his soul's children to wander and starve after a fatherhood that had become traditional, abandoning forever the fair land that had witnessed the peaceful triumph of his faith, wished in his heart that the California missions had never been. He said: "Even so does man work, and with God is the result. Let us go." Then came the secular parish priests, without flocks almost from the beginning of their pastorates, and amid silence, isolation and quick decay, an unholy miracle of disappearance seems to have been wrought whereby the precious vessels of the sanctuary, the sacred jewelry which showed the exquisite handiwork of the past, the vessels of the temple, were coined into sordid half-dollars. The reign of neglect and decay which continues yet then began, until now, in this good year 1889, the wanderer of another race and an alien faith sees around him somewhat of that which has been imperfectly described in these pages. There is no past, yet that which we call the past cannot be recalled. Let the visitor to California remember, carelessly perhaps, yet still remember, that about him lie the ruins of that time which is the connecting link between a past so remote that about it hangs a mist which is like the purple vail of the Californian hills, and that wonderful present which even they who see may not believe in, so much is it like the

rubbing of the lamp, so nearly the reality of an Arabian tale.

The Original Californian, embodying the face, habits and proclivities of the earlier time, may now only be caught in glimpses and shadows. What may sometimes have become of him, and what reversion may occur in the moral status of even him who was specifically known as a "Mission Indian," is curiously illustrated by the following excerpt from a California newspaper of very recent date:

"Mr. C. L. Bacheller, United States Master in Chancery, is engaged in taking testimony in a very important case, which will be decided by the United States Circuit Court. It is the case of John Morongo and other Mission Indians as wards of the United States, against John G. North and Richard Gird, to quiet the title to 45,000 acres of land in San Bernardino county, claimed by the Indians as a part of their reservation, and by defendants under a grant to them from the Southern Pacific Railroad Company. The land in dispute is alleged by plaintiffs to be a part of the Potrero reservation and is very valuable. The witnesses for the plaintiff attract a good deal of attention, and are curiosities in themselves. Deputy United States Marshal R. J. Dominguez had a long hunt for them in the Yuma desert, where the thermometer stood 120 degrees in the shade. These witnesses, five in number, are Indians, and the youngest is 75 years and the oldest 120. The oldest man, Juan Saberia, is supposed to be the oldest Indian alive in the United States. He was 12 years old when the old Mission San Gabriel was built, and saw it at the time. Another Indian, Juan Cahuilla, is about 115 years old. Harabisio Cabazon, the chief of the whole tribe, is 80 years old. He is the son of the old chief who died four years ago at the age of 140. Francisco Apache is 105 years old. He is said to have been given his surname when he married an Apache woman. He also says that he saw the Old Mission church when it was built. Since then he has been on the warpath several times, in Arizona. Ramon Largo, the next in age, says he is 104 years old. The Mission was built when he was born. He is another warrior and has been on the warpath several times. These specimens of aged humanity were brought here to testify to the length of time the Indians have been in possession of the lands claimed, and the defendants will have a hard time in obtaining witnesses who will go back further in their recollections. Recently they have been living in the desert under the mesquite trees on *pechete*, or the bean of the tree. They have white beards and grizzled hair and are queer looking individuals."