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1891 - Life in California During a Residence of Several Years in that Territory, Alfred Robinson

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E. R. Rindge

// LIFE IN CALIFORNIA //

DURING A

RESIDENCE OF SEVERAL YEARS IN THAT
TERRITORY.

COMPRISING A

DESCRIPTION OF THE COUNTRY AND THE MISSIONARY
ESTABLISHMENTS, WITH INCIDENTS,
OBSERVATIONS, ETC.

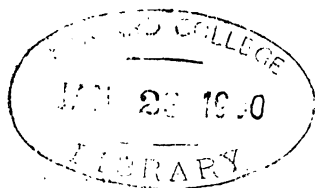
BY ALFRED ROBINSON.

WITH AN APPENDIX; BRINGING FORWARD THE NARRATIVE
FROM 1846, TO THE OCCUPATION OF THE COUNTRY
BY THE UNITED STATES.

SAN FRANCISCO:
WILLIAM DOXEY, PUBLISHER.
// 1891.

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TO
WILLIAM STURGIS, ESQ.,
OF BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS,
ONE OF THE EARLY ADVENTURERS TO THE
WEST COAST OF AMERICA,
THIS VOLUME
IS RESPECTFULLY INSCRIBED BY
THE AUTHOR.

INTRODUCTION.

IN venturing to submit the following work to public notice, the writer would respectfully state, that it was originally intended as an introduction only, to his translation of Father Boscana's "Historical Account of the Indians of California;" but owing to the increasing interest manifested for the fate of that fair portion of the North American Continent, he has been induced to extend his first views, that he might lay before the reader a simple statement, respecting the country, and its political progress, from the time when Mexico became free from Spanish dominion. It has been his object to confine himself, as much as possible, to those events which came under his own personal observation, and, though possessing but few notes to which he could refer, he has endeavored to connect the historical with the political incidents, so that their dates may be depended upon.

Alta California is called a Territory, and is under the control of the general government of Mexico, which appoints its Governor and subordinate offi-

cers. It extends along the border of the great Pacific, which bounds it on the west. On the east, it is bounded by a range of the Cordilleras and the Indian territory. The northern limit is to the forty-second degree of north latitude, and the southern boundary extends to the Presidio of St Diego, or a little further south.

The writer has gleaned the early history from a celebrated work of Pádre Miguel Vanegas, who says, "The country of which we are to treat, is 'known on the maps under three distinct names: 'first, 'California,'—second, 'New Albion'—third, "'Islas Carolinas.' That of California is the most 'ancient, for we find it in the work of Bernal Diaz 'del Castillo, a soldier of Hernan Cortez; his companion in the conquest of Mexico, and afterwards 'his historian." The name of New Albion was given by Sir Francis Drake in 1577, on his second voyage round the world. The name of Islas Carolinas was given a hundred years afterwards in honor of *King Charles the Second of Spain*, when he projected the conquest of California, which at that time was supposed to be an island.

It is thought by some writers, that the name "California," was given by the Spaniards, in consequence of the uncommon heat which they experienced, on their first visit, and was derived from the two Latin words *calida* and *fornax*. Father

Vanegas thinks differently; he says, "The name "originated accidentally, from a wrong pronunciation, as might have occurred in the sounding of "any Indian expression, badly understood by the "Spaniards."

The whole of Upper California was left entirely to the control of the Franciscan Friars; while the Dominicans were entrusted with the lower province. From 1769 until 1776, no less than nineteen Missions were founded—another in 1817, and one more in 1823, which are all that have ever been established. These were the germs of Spanish colonization, which were advanced under the protection of four *Presidios*, or military fortresses; viz., St. Diego, Santa Barbara, Monterey, and St. Francisco; from whence troops could be marched at any moment, if requisite. The prosperity of these Missions was great until the year 1824, since which they have gradually depreciated, and are now almost entirely destroyed.

The shore in some places is lessened by the near approach of a range of mountains toward the sea; but there are spacious openings, which are capable of great improvement. In these openings, or valleys, the missions are located, and are so distanced as to be of great convenience to the traveller.

In the many revulsions suffered by Mexico from political struggles, California has had her share of

domestic disturbances; and for years past it has been the scene of numerous conflicts. The natives possess an inveterate dislike towards the Mexicans, which has given rise to sundry revolutions in their government. The time is not far distant when they will cease from such broils, and either become consolidated into an independent form of government, or be the subjects of foreign administration. Immigration will aid the former, while the attractions of its magnificent and giant harbor of St. Francisco may, in a very few years, effect the latter.

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LIFE IN CALIFORNIA.

CHAPTER I.

**First Attempt of the Spaniards to Colonize Alta California.—
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Spain.—Second Departure for California.—Their Arrival at
St. Diego.—Founding of their First Mission.—Success of
their Labors.—Departure of the Writer from Boston.—
Incidents on the Voyage.—Arrival at Valparaiso.—Depart-
ure for California.—St. Felix and St. Ambrose.—Arrival at
Monterey.**

NUMEROUS attempts were made during the reign of Philip the Second of Spain to colonize the Peninsula of California; but it was not until the reign of his son and successor, "Philip the Third," that the efforts of the Spaniards met with any success. This sovereign, instigated by the same political policy as his father, in the year 1599, despatched orders to the Count de Monte Rey, then commander of the Colony of New Spain, directing him at the expense of the treasury, regardless of the cost of the enterprise, to use all possible diligence in making new discoveries, and, above all, further entrance into Alta California. Accordingly, the Viceroy, after much deliberation, to ensure the success of a project that excited so much enthusiasm,

and caused so many calamities during the previous century, appointed as Captain General of the proposed expedition, "Don Sebastian Viscaino," who had once before commanded on a similar voyage, and who, on this occasion, seemed indefatigable in his endeavors to forward the interests of the enterprise.

Everything being ready on the 5th of May, 1602, the General made sail from the port of Acapulco. His fleet consisted of two ships and a frigate, together with a small vessel with one mast, and drawing but little water, to be used on occasions when the larger vessels would have been impracticable. He was accompanied by three religious Carmelites; one of whom, Friar Antonio de la Ascension, wrote a long account of the voyage, whereby it appears that Viscaino made actual survey of the coast, up to the latitude of Capes Mendocino and Blanco. They visited a large port near the "*Punta de Pinos*," which, in honor of the Viceroy, they named "Monterey." St. Diego was also explored, and another port in the neighborhood, which undoubtedly was St. Pedro.

Their hardships, infirmities, and dangers were so great, that to maintain themselves long on the coast was impossible; and, in consequence, they returned to New Spain, after an absence of nearly eleven months, and anchored in Acapulco, in the latter part of March, 1603.

From this time, no particular attention was called to the acquisition and occupancy of Alta California, until the expulsion of the Jesuits, in 1768; when Pádre Junipero Serra, of the order of St. Francisco,

was appointed presiding missionary of the Californias. On the 12th of March, 1769, he embarked for Loreto, in company with sixteen others of the same College. They arrived in safety, and immediately commenced operations for a northern enterprise; cattle were driven across the mountains, and a naval and land expedition departed at different periods, for the purpose of uniting at St. Diego, to co-operate in the spiritual conquest. The latter, under the command of the Governor, Don Gaspar Portala, and Pádre Junipero, arrived on the first of July, 1769, and found the ships at anchor, which had arrived nearly two months before them. Mutual congratulations passed between the officers; surveys were commenced; the country was explored; and here, in this wild, uncultivated spot, they erected their first Mission, and named it, in honor of the patron saint of Spain, "St. Diego."

It was not until the succeeding year that San Carlos was founded at Monterey; and in 1771, when other reverend Pádras arrived from St. Blas, they established the Missions of St. Antonio and St. Gabriel. Thus, by occasional succor from the Viceroy of Mexico, the holy enterprise prospered; new Missions were founded, and the missionaries beheld with rapture the success and triumph of the Cross.

More than half a century had passed by. Father Junipero was no more, and the few faithful companions of his pilgrimage to this distant land had, like him, found rest from their labors in the tomb; others had filled their places; and notwithstanding that the subversion of Spanish dominion in Mexico,

and subsequent change to a republican form of government, had somewhat lessened their zeal; yet the neophyte was protected, conquests increased, and the abundance of the warehouses and granaries continued to be distributed with the same fostering liberality.

At this period the writer embarked at Boston on a voyage to the North-west coast of America. It was on a beautiful morning in July, 1828, and our noble craft* slipped quietly down the bay with a light wind from the south-west. The breeze soon freshened, and the sight of the friends who had accompanied us to the wharf, the buildings, the steeples, and the neighboring hills, all gradually grew fainter and fainter, "till like a dream they passed away."

The pilot left us—and at sunset I stood gazing on the dim outline of our native land, which, like a cloud, appeared slowly fading in the west, till naught remained to gaze upon but the distant horizon. Night passed, and morning came; and with it all the routine of a sailor's life, such as usually accompanies the first few days of a long voyage; clearing decks, stowing cables, securing spars, &c., and then followed, day after day, the same monotonous and tedious scenes, with nothing to relieve them from their wearisomeness, or incident worthy of consideration, till three long months had expired, when we opened upon the Pacific—the great South Sea.

Our ship glides on, and as the mighty wave comes

*Ship Brookline, Captain James O. Locke.

slowly rolling from the west, she, with equal sublimity, rises to the element and then sinks majestically into its course below, as if in courteous recognition of its approach. Wave after wave rolls on, wave after wave is left behind, and thus she pursues unchangingly her destined course. But the scene changes. Thick clouds appear in the horizon, whose quick advance and fearful aspect betoken the coming storm! the ship is prepared to meet its fury—sail after sail is taken in, till from a top-gallant studding sail, and running before the wind, she is lying to, reduced to a close-reefed maintopsail, and mizzen staysail. The storm at length comes—cloud after cloud adds new fury to its blasts—the sea rises, and in its way would seem to engulf all before it—one vast surge comes aboard with heavy crash, and sweeps the deck of boats and spars, the bulwarks, and all that meets its course. The climate changes also; and cold, snow and hail are added to the terrors that surround us. At length, however, the storm abates; sail is made, and we are again in apparent security; but soon it returns with redoubled fury; and the ship is again lying like a log upon the ocean. Thus we proceed, gale succeeding gale! one storm only ceasing, to give place to another—our good ship making but little progress, until, at last, enabled to take a northerly course, and the wind proving favorable, we rapidly leave these tempestuous latitudes. A few days of prosperous gales bring us to anchor in the pleasant bay of Valparaiso.

A protracted passage of 110 days made it neces-

sary for us to put in here to replenish our water, and after three days' detention we again made sail for the port of Monterey. Three days out, we came in sight of the Islands of St. Felix and St. Ambrose. When about three miles distant from the latter, the mate with a few men started off in one of the boats on a fishing excursion, and returned after a few hours' absence with plenty of fish of different kinds. We next proceeded to St. Felix, which bore N.N.W. of us, distant about fifteen miles, and hove to, between the island and *sail rock*, so called from its singular resemblance to a sail when seen from a distance. This island is much larger than that of St. Ambrose, and easier of access, though equally barren and destitute of vegetation. We found here the ruins of a house which had probably been erected by some sealing-party, for we saw great numbers of seals lying about among the rocks, and killed several ourselves. Sea-birds were abundant—fish, also, of which we caught many, and returned on board to pursue our voyage.

From this time no particular occurrence took place until we came in sight of land; and then the weather was such that several days intervened ere we could learn our true position; at length, on the afternoon of the 15th February, 1829, the fog cleared up and we beheld the "Punta de Pinos" bearing east, distant ten or twelve miles. This was the outer southern point of the bay of Monterey, into which we were soon slowly gliding. The breeze now died away, night closed around us, and as we approached our place of anchorage, naught was heard but the

occasional cry of the leadsman in the chains, or the dip of the oars as the boatmen towed us slowly into port. Suddenly a flash was seen from the castle, the report followed, and a ball came whizzing across our bow, so near the boat as to throw upon the men the spray, as it glanced over the waters. "Let go the anchor," cried the captain. "Aye, aye, sir," answered the mate, and then followed immediately the splash and the running out of chain cable, until the heavy iron instrument had found its resting-place in the sand.

A few minutes elapsed when a boat came off from the shore containing an officer of the customs and his assistant; sent by the commandant of the "Presidio." They appeared much pleased when informed that we wished to trade on the coast, and particularly so, when made acquainted with the nature and amount of the ship's cargo. The conversation soon became general, and the more intelligent of the two (Don Manuel Jimeno) gave us an account of the country, its government, missions, and its political condition at that time. He spoke also of the affair of the ship Franklin of Boston, which had a short time previous been detained by the authorities on suspicion of being engaged in contraband trade, causing much excitement throughout the country, and consequent restrictions on commerce. Her flight from the port of St. Diego was thought miraculous, running the gauntlet of a heavy battery within pistol shot of the cannon's mouth, and yet escaping without injury. On she sailed, leaving her enemies in the distance, little heeding their

guns, till, once more rolling to the swell of the mighty ocean, she approached Point Loma, when a light cloud was seen to emerge from her side, and the report of her cannon came reverberating among the hills, as if in derision of a government of such weakness and pusillanimity.

The local government, exasperated by this open defiance of their authority, sought by more stringent regulations of trade to prevent in future any fraud upon the revenue; and conscious of its weakness at most of the ports along the coast, laid an embargo upon all, with the exception of the more strongly fortified places of Monterey and St. Diego, at which ports only, foreign vessels were allowed to enter and discharge their cargoes.

The officers bade us "*buenas noches*," and left us for the shore, leaving us to ruminate upon the events which had passed, and those likely to ensue, with many forebodings of the trials and disappointments which from the recent change in the revenue laws we were probably to encounter. What were we to do? With the exception of Monterey and St. Diego, all the ports were closed, and we were prohibited from discharging at any other. This restriction, if insisted upon, would overturn all our calculations, and in fact ensure a total failure of the voyage.

Our supercargo, William A. Gale, was much perplexed in consequence, and resolved to write to the Governor at St. Diego, setting forth the fact of our having fitted out from the United States with the supposition that no change would be made in the

regulation of commerce; that the recent alteration had not given sufficient time for the news to have reached us prior to our departure from home, and that consequently, he should take into consideration the embarrassment of our situation and repeal in some way the restrictions of the new law.

CHAPTER II.

Monterey as seen from the Ship.—A Visit to the Commandante.—Reception.—Unexpected Restrictions upon Commerce.—Preparations for a Departure.—Description of Monterey.—Departure for St. Diego.—Dangerous Navigation in the Bay.—Arrival at St. Diego.—A Visit to the Presidio.—Description of the same.—General Echeandia.—Climate.—An Entertainment on Board.—Vessels in Port.—Matrimonial Adventure.

THE next day, when I was to look for the first time upon those shores which were to become for some years my home, was necessarily one of great excitement, and I hurried on deck much earlier than my usual hour. Before us lay stretched out the shore, and as it curved away toward the northern extremity of the bay, the swell of the ocean, wave after wave, echoed loud and heavily upon its sands. The sun had just risen, and glittering through the lofty pines that crowned the summit of the eastern hills, threw its light upon the lawn beneath. On our left was the "Presidio," with its chapel dome, and towering flag-staff in conspicuous elevation. On the right, upon a rising ground, was seen the "*Castillo*" or fort, surmounted by some ten or a dozen cannons. The intervening space between these two points was enlivened by the hundred scattered dwellings that form the town; and here and there groups of cattle grazing.

After breakfast, G. and myself went on shore on a visit to the Commandant, Don Mariano Estrada, whose residence stood in the central part of the town, in the usual route from the beach to the Presidio. Its external appearance, notwithstanding it was built of *adobe* or brick, made by the mixture of soft mud and straw, modelled and dried in the sun, was not displeasing; for the outer walls had been plastered and whitewashed, giving it a cheerful and inviting aspect. Like all dwellings built in the warm countries of America, it was but one story in height, covered with tiles, and occupied, in its entire premises, an extensive square.

Our Don was standing at his door, and as we approached he, with true Castilian courtesy, sallied forth to meet us, embraced G., shook me cordially by the hand, then bowed us ceremoniously into the "*sala*." Here we seated ourselves upon a sofa at his right, and during conversation "*cigarritos*" passed freely, and although thus early in the day, a proffer was made of refreshments. We learned from him that the courier was to leave the following morning for St. Diego; and as it was necessary to prepare a petition to the General, we soon took leave of our commandant and proceeded to the house of Lieutenant Rocha, a friend of G., under whose direction the document was to be drawn up.

During the absence of the courier, who left next day with our petition, we determined to prepare the ship for sea, to be enabled to sail immediately in the event of an unfavorable answer from the Governor. Accordingly, the men were employed

in replenishing water casks, cutting and embarking wood, packing beef, and other various duties necessary to our departure. Whilst these preparations were going on, I had many opportunities of visiting the neighboring country, and enjoying some friendly intercourse with the inhabitants. Several Englishmen and Americans were residents here, who had been married to pretty Californian women, and had settled down in the peculiar occupations of the country. I became acquainted particularly with Mr. W. E. P. Hartnell and Mr. David Spence, the former from England, and connected in business with a mercantile house in Lima, having an extensive trade on the coast, and making large contracts with the missions. The latter was a Scotchman, and a partner of Hartnell. An Anglo-Yankee sea captain, J. B. R. Cooper, from Boston, and several others, were added to the number of my friends, with whom I enjoyed many pleasant hours.

"El Presidio," or town of Monterey, is situated on the declivity of a beautiful rising ground, the top of which is crowned with stately pines. The gradual ascent to its elevated summit is covered with scattered woods and rich and varied flowers. There are many pleasant locations in the vicinity, where the natives frequently resort to celebrate their festivities or "*Meriendas*," and many "*lagunas*" are scattered throughout the neighborhood, that during the winter months are crowded with ducks, whilst the green plains are literally covered with geese. The woods contain an abundance to gratify the sportsman, and a variety to enchant the botanist.

Amongst the many useful herbs whose medicinal virtues have been discovered by the natives, one in particular is held in high esteem, since it is by them considered a specific for the poisonous bite of the rattlesnake. Its peculiar virtues were discovered not long since by an Indian, who seems to have placed the most implicit faith in its power, for he submitted himself to be bitten by a snake upon the arm. His limbs immediately swelled to an extraordinary size, and the poor native seemed just ready to expire, when taking a small quantity of the herb in his mouth and chewing it, he spat upon the wound, and rubbing this into it with his hand, in a short time entirely recovered. It is said by the Indians, that should any venomous reptile eat of the plant, its death would be instantaneous.

Another of their plants of very useful properties, heals the most dangerous wound without the accumulation of *pus*, which is not an unfrequent attendant upon the application of balsam. Another, called the "Canchelagua," is found to be excellent in curing the fever and ague, and may be depended upon in any case, no matter of how long standing. It abounds all over the coast, and in the spring, during the season of flowers, its pretty blossoms add much to the beauty of the country.

At this time the population of the town did not exceed one thousand souls, including all the neighboring "Ranchos;" and although they annually elected a civil magistrate and two inferior officers, yet the general government was a military despotism on a petty scale. The Governor General resided at

St. Diego, where the temperature of the climate better agreed with his delicate constitution ; so that when any appeal was necessary from the decision of the "*Alcalde Constitucional*," it was not unfrequently the case that the delay of a month occurred ere the documents were interchanged, and a decisive judgment given.

At length, however, our courier returned. Our petition had obtained only a trivial modification of the law which permitted us to trade at Santa Barbara in addition to the ports before mentioned ; but it required the landing of the entire cargo at these places, without any reimbursement of duties in the event of their re-embarkation. This was not sufficient encouragement for us to discharge any part of our cargo here, and as G——, in private letters from his friends at the South, had been advised to repair thither, he concluded to make one effort more with the General. Accordingly, after calling upon the Commandant, and taking leave of our friends, we set sail for St. Diego.

We kept the ship close into the land until reaching Point "Almejas," where we stood well over to the northern side of the bay. Here the light wind left us entirely, and our situation became somewhat critical ; for the heavy swell from the ocean, which was constantly increasing, threatened to drive us upon the coast. But fortunately, a light breeze springing up from the land, soon wafted us out into the open sea. This is the only danger to be feared in approaching the coast during the night, for the north-west wind during the day usually creates a

heavy swell of the sea, which continues to roll in long after the breeze ceases. Several vessels have by this means been entirely lost, and others much endangered, by running too far into the bottom of the bay.

After passing Point "Pinos," we continued our course parallel with the coast, making the most prominent places and islands, until at last we came in sight of the bluff point of St. Diego. Here the ship was hove to, the boat lowered and manned, and G—— went up to the Presidio. Satisfactory arrangements were made with the Governor, the boat returned, and the ship ran in and anchored close under the guns of the low fortification.

Immediately commenced the preparations for a long stay. The long boat was hoisted out, the ship moored, spars were landed, royal yards and masts, and top-gallant yards were sent down, and these and all other surplus rubbish about the decks sent on shore and deposited. Lumber was discharged, and the carpenter commenced building a large house for the storage of hides, which, when finished, served as a place of accommodation for the lighter part of our cargo while under the examination and care of the custom-house officers; for the government as yet had not deemed it important to erect an "*Aduana*" in this port.

Whilst all this was in progress, G—— and myself visited the Presidio, which was about a league distant from the place of anchorage. Horses were sent down to us from Don Manuel Domingues, a brother-in-law of G——. I was unable myself to compre-

hend the use and necessity of all the trappings connected with the saddle-gear, which appeared to me cumbrous and useless in the extreme; but my companion, who was an old cruiser in these parts, was well acquainted with their convenience and necessity; so with his experience as a guide, we galloped off on our excursion. Our way was barren of interest till we came suddenly to an almost perpendicular descent of some thirty or forty feet into a deep and broad ravine, where formerly some river had flowed, but its bed was now filled with bushes and shrubs. Previous to this we passed a small shanty in an unfinished state, which had been erected some time before as a Custom-House, but owing to its incapacity and situation, had been abandoned. We saw also the commencement of a new Presidio, that, on account of the difficulty of procuring water, had also never been completed. These two monuments of the imprudence and want of foresight of the
★ Governor, served as very good evidence to me of the want of sagacity and energy of the government.

A short ride further brought us to the house of our friend Don Manuel. We rode into the "*patio*," or court-yard, where a servant took the horses. At the threshold of his door we were met by Don Manuel, who embraced us cordially, and presented us to the family, his mother, wife and sister. This was to be our home during the ship's detention, and though its coarse mud walls and damp ground floor did not altogether coincide with the idea I had previously formed of it, yet if their walls were cold, and their floors damp, their hearts were warm, and

the abundance of their luxurious entertainment more than compensated for any disappointment.

After dinner we called upon the General Don José Maria de Echeandia, a tall, gaunt personage, who received us with true Spanish dignity and politeness. His house was located in the centre of a large square of buildings occupied by his officers, and so elevated as to overlook them all, and command a view of the sea. On the right hand was a small Gothic chapel, with its cemetery, and immediately in front, close to the principal entrance, was the guard-room, where the soldiers were amusing themselves; some seated on the ground playing cards and smoking, while others were dancing to the music of the guitar; the whole was surrounded by a high wall, originally intended as a defence against the Indians. At the gate stood a sentinel, with slouched hat and blanket thrown over one shoulder, his old Spanish musket resting on the other; his pantaloons were buttoned and ornamented at the knee, below which, his legs were protected by leggings of dressed deer-skin, secured with spangled garters. x

On the lawn beneath the hill on which the Presidio is built stood about thirty houses of rude appearance, mostly occupied by retired veterans, not so well constructed in respect either to beauty or stability as the houses at Monterey, with the exception of that belonging to our "*Administrador*," Don Juan Bandini, whose mansion, then in an unfinished state, bade fair, when completed, to surpass any other in the country.

The climate of St. Diego is milder than that of any other port on the coast, and not so much subject to dense fogs as Monterey and St. Francisco. The soil presents a barren and uncultivated appearance, and although several spots dignified by the name of gardens are found upon the banks of a river which flows from the mountains during the rainy season, in which they cultivate a few vegetables, yet nothing can be seen of any agricultural importance except in places at some distance from the town. The hills and glens abound with many kinds of "Cactus," among which the rabbit and quail find shelter when pursued by the sportsman. These are both very numerous, the latter frequently rising in flocks of two or three hundred. Hares are abundant, and here also, as at all other places on the coast during the rainy season, the plains and ponds are crowded with ducks and geese, while thousands of brant cover the extensive bay.

Our accounts with the Custom-House were soon adjusted, and we were prepared to commence our trade. Visitors were numerous, both male and female, who came on board to purchase. Amongst others, the reverend Pádre Antonio Peyri, of the Mission of St. Luis Rey, had expressed a wish to visit his many friends on shipboard, for besides our own, there were two other vessels then in port; the English brig *Vulture*, under charter by H. D. Fitch, of Massachusetts (whose matrimonial adventures I shall presently relate), and the Mexican brig *Maria Ester*, from Acapulco. The good old priest was accordingly invited, and the last day of his visit was to be

passed with us; other friends came also, and dinner was prepared for the occasion.

As the old gentleman was held in universal respect upon the coast, not only as founder of the Mission over which he presided, but also as a man of great mental energy and capacity; high in favor with the government for these qualities, and being dearly loved by the people for the extreme benevolence of his disposition, we prepared to receive him with "all the honors." Accordingly, as the reverend Pádre descended the gangway, we thundered forth a salute, and proceeded to show him the different parts of the vessel. Particularly did we call his attention to our trade-room, which had been fitted up with shelves and counters, resembling in appearance a country variety store. The amount of his purchases testified how vastly he had been pleased.

On the following morning he departed, and when the boat had reached a short distance from the ship, the men laid upon their oars whilst our guns sounded a parting salute. As the smoke cleared off, I beheld the old man standing in the boat, and gazing toward us with apparent delight, and I thought I could perceive by the glistening of his eye, that future patronage would be the result of this reception.

I soon became acquainted with several excellent families residing at the place, and received from them much attention. The ladies were mostly quite handsome, particularly those of the families of our friends Bandini and Carrillo. The daughters of the

former were, though very young, yet very beautiful; those of the latter had attained to womanhood, and it was with the eldest of them that H. D. Fitch had become enamored. He resolved to marry her if he could prevail upon the chaplain of the Presidio to perform the ceremony without the necessary form of becoming a Catholic. But it was the edict of the Governor, that no foreigner should marry in the country without his special license, and without complying with the regulations established by the church; and though the old friar in his heart wished them married, yet he dared not disobey the injunctions of a superior.

But a plan is soon devised. He resolves to carry her off and marry her in Lima—the idea is proposed, she consents, and parties are appointed to co-operate in the scheme. The day arrives for the brig to sail—F. goes up to the Presidio to take leave of his friends—bids adieu to his betrothed, and departs for the beach. The vessel gets under way—stands out to sea—passes the bluff Point Loma, and hauls on a wind to the west. Night approaches and a horse-man is seen galloping down the road leading to the beach, where a boat is prepared for the reception of some expected visitor—he alights, and assists a lady to dismount, who rode before him—a friend receives her—they hurriedly embark—and the boat, as she skims over the waves for the distant vessel, is soon lost in the gathering darkness of the night.

CHAPTER III.

Journey to St. Pedro, and Departure of the Ship.—Don Manuel and his "Sancho Panza."—Arrival at St. Diego.—St. Luis Rey.—Pádre Antonio Peyri.—Description of the Mission.—Rancho de las Flores.—Mission of St. Juan.—Mayordomo.—"Cuatro Ojos."—Rancho de Santa Ana.—Don Tomas Yorba.—St. Gabriel.—Pádre José Sanchez.—Mass.—Gambling.—A Yankee.—Mission of St. Fernando.—Pádre Ybarra.—Pueblo de los Angeles.—St. Pedro.—Incidents of Trading.

HAVING accomplished our business for the present at St. Diego, the ship sailed for the port of St. Pedro, while G—— and myself performed the journey by land. Horses were brought in the evening previous to our departure, and secured for the night in the court-yard, so that when we arose in the morning they were already saddled and impatiently standing at the gate. Little time elapsed ere we were mounted, and coursing our way across the low sandy plain leading from the town to the main road. Don Manuel accompanied us, and his faithful and confidential servant Chulo, who acted usually as a kind of Sancho Panza to his master, but on this occasion led the way, driving before him our extra horses, with the luggage. Away he galloped, swinging and snapping his "*lasso*," dextrously throwing it amongst them, and singing or whistling the air of some favorite "*jota*," interrupted

by an occasional shout to the animals, to urge them forward.

Thus we proceeded, without any novelty, save the change from a smooth and level road to a rocky and rugged ascent, or a variation in the music of our worthy Chulo, till a few hours' ride brought us to the beautiful little valley of St. Diegito, where we dismounted under a shady grove, by the side of a sparkling stream, spread our blankets on the grass, and waited impatiently, while Chulo prepared our dinner. We had brought provision with us, and a fire being kindled, he soon gave us ample proof of his skill in cookery. A half hour was given to our siesta, and we then resumed our journey to St. Luis Rey.

* We saw no habitations on the route, and the soil was one continued waste of barrenness, entirely destitute of cultivation. A few scattered trees adorned the road, and now and then a deer was seen running over the hills, or a hare, or rabbit sat basking in the sun among the low shrubbery. This, with the exception of a passing traveller, or a casual glance of the sea, was all that met the eye during a ride of forty miles. The great number of hills which it is necessary to surmount makes the way very tedious, and to the traveller they seem almost endless, until at length he perceives from the top of one of them, far beneath, in the centre of a beautiful + vale, the Mission, with its cultivated grounds and gardens.

It was yet early in the afternoon when we rode up to the establishment, at the entrance of which

many Indians had congregated to behold us, and as we dismounted, some stood ready to take off our spurs, whilst others unsaddled the horses. The reverend father was at prayers, and some time elapsed ere he came, giving us a most cordial reception. Chocolate and refreshments were at once ordered for us, and rooms where we might arrange our dress, which had become somewhat soiled by the dust.

This Mission was founded in the year 1798, by its present minister, father Antonio Peyri, who had been for many years a reformer and director among the Indians. At this time (1829) its population was about three thousand Indians, who were all employed in various occupations. Some were engaged in agriculture, while others attended to the management of over sixty thousand head of cattle. Many were carpenters, masons, coopers, saddlers, shoemakers, weavers, &c., while the females were employed in spinning and preparing wool for their looms, which produced a sufficiency of blankets for their yearly consumption. Thus every one had his particular vocation, and each department its official superintendent, or *alcalde*; these were subject to the supervision of one or more Spanish *mayordomos*, who were appointed by the missionary father, and consequently under his immediate direction.

The building occupies a large square, of at least eighty or ninety yards each side; forming an extensive area, in the centre of which a fountain constantly supplies the establishment with pure water.

The front is protected by a long corridor, sup-

ported by thirty-two arches, ornamented with latticed railings, which, together with the fine appearance of the church on the right, presents an attractive view to the traveller; the interior is divided into apartments for the missionary and mayordomos, store-rooms, workshops, hospitals, rooms for unmarried males and females, while near at hand is a range of buildings tenanted by the families of the superintendents. There is also a guard-house, where were stationed some ten or a dozen soldiers, and in the rear spacious granaries stored with an abundance of wheat, corn, beans, peas, &c.; also large enclosures for wagons, carts, and the implements of agriculture. In the interior of the square might be seen the various trades at work, presenting a scene not dissimilar to some of the working departments of our state prisons. Adjoining are two large gardens, which supply the table with fruit and vegetables, and two or three large "*ranchos*" or farms are situated from five to eight leagues distant, where the Indians are employed in cultivation and domesticating cattle.

The church is a large, stone edifice, whose exterior is not without some considerable ornament and tasteful finish; but the interior is richer, and the walls are adorned with a variety of pictures of saints and Scripture subjects, glaringly colored, and attractive to the eye. Around the altar are many images of the saints, and the tall and massive candelabras, lighted during mass, throw an imposing light upon the whole.

Mass is offered daily, and the greater portion of

the Indians attend; but it is not unusual to see numbers of them driven along by alcaides, and under the whip's lash forced to the very doors of the sanctuary. The men are placed generally upon the left, and the females occupy the right of the church, so that a passage way or aisle is formed between them from the principal entrance to the altar, where zealous officials are stationed to enforce silence and attention. At evening again, "*El Rosario*" is prayed, and a second time all assemble to participate in supplication to the Virgin. X

The condition of these Indians is miserable indeed; and it is not to be wondered at that many attempt to escape from the severity of the religious discipline at the Mission. They are pursued, and generally taken; when they are flogged, and an iron clog is fastened to their legs, serving as additional punishment, and a warning to others. X

Remaining here but a few days, we then continued our journey towards the mission of St. Juan Capistrano, distant about ten leagues. After taking leave of our hospitable friend, we mounted our horses and rode on without meeting any place worthy of notice till we came to the "Rancho de las Flores," one of the cattle establishments of San Luis. It is situated on an eminence commanding a view of the sea, with the distant islands St. Clemente and Catalina, and overlooking an adjacent level, extending for miles around, covered with thousands of animals grazing. A few inferior gardens are scattered about in the little valleys, cultivated by the Indians, for their own personal benefit, and in

which they are permitted to labor when not required to give their time to the interests of the Mission.

Not many leagues further brought us to a beautiful spot in the centre of an opening in the highlands, extending from the beach to the distant mountains. A small river flowed down the glen toward the sea, but the constant action of the surf upon the sand had dammed up its mouth and formed it into a lake. We halted on its margin to partake of the liberal provision supplied us by the father Antonio, and then continued our course along the hard and sandy beach to the Mission. At length we reached an opening between the hills, through which we caught a first glimpse of the establishment; and pushing our horses to a smart gallop, we soon arrived at its entrance. Several straggling Indian boys were seen about the gates, and two or three approached as we alighted; they said nothing, but stood gazing at the great staring eyes of friend G——, which were considerably magnified through the spectacles he wore, till at last a sudden light seemed to break upon their dull comprehensions, and, with a cry of "*Cuatro ojos*," "*cuatro ojos*," (four eyes,) they darted away. This *soubriquet* we instantly adopted, and G—— was ever known throughout the whole coast by the nickname of "*cuatro ojos*."

A corpulent old man received us at the door, who bade us welcome, and appeared delighted to see my companion, with whom he had formed an acquaintance in former years. It was the superintendent of the Mission, who, superannuated as he seemed, yet

from long experience in the situation, was still capable of fulfilling the duties of his office; he gave us a room within the square, where we proceeded to take possession, and found the furniture, like the building, fast tumbling to decay. Two aged missionary friars resided here, but one alone attended to the temporal concerns of the Mission; this was Pádre Geronimo Boscana; the other, Pádre José Maria Zalveder, though at this time secluded, and apparently weak in mind, once took an active and laborious part in the management of the Missions. This establishment was founded in the year 1776, and, though in early years the largest in the country, yet is now in a dilapidated state, and the Indians are much neglected. There yet remain the ruins of an immense church, which was destroyed by an earthquake in 1812, when many Indians were buried in its fall. It still bears the appearance of having been one of the best finished structures of the country, and the workmanship displayed in the sculpture upon its walls and its vaulted roof would command admiration in our own country.

The arrangement of the mission of St. Juan is similar to that of St. Luis; in fact, all these establishments are formed upon the same plan, and much resemble each other, varying only in their extent and population. In many of the villages the residences consist of straw huts of an oval form, which, when decayed, the Indians set on fire and erect new ones—here, however, they are built of unburnt brick, tiled and whitewashed, forming five or six

blocks, or streets, which present a neat and comfortable appearance.

It was not until evening (supper time) that we saw the *pádr*es, who were then seated at the table, unconscious of our approach till announced by the old *mayordomo*. Immediately they arose, embraced us, and welcomed us to their hospitable board. During the meal our conversation turned on the political state of Europe, in regard to which they seemed to be very well informed, and they found an absorbing topic in the prospect of Spanish influence in Mexico.

The following morning we started for St. Gabriel, distant twenty leagues. As we proceeded, our course was through a long and narrow defile between the hills, having before us the high snow-capped mountains of St. Juan, till at length we left them on our right, and a short gallop soon brought us to an extensive plain. The road was level, and "Chulo," elated with the prospect of soon reaching the habitation of his "ladye-love," resumed his whistling and shouting; and dashing forward among the animals, drove them furiously along the track. We followed swiftly in his rear, our horses being unwilling to be left behind, and a few hours brought us to the farm or *rancho* de St. Ana.

The proprietor, "Don Tomas Yorba," a tall, lean personage, dressed in all the extravagance of his country's costume, received us at the door of his house. He came toward us, embraced G. and his *compadre* Don Manuel, took me cordially by the hand, and invited us to enter. Arrangements were

soon made for dinner, which, notwithstanding the haste with which it was served, did much credit to the provider, as did our appetites to its excellent qualities.

Don Tomas and friend G. then commencing a business conversation, I got up from the table and retreated to the corridor, where I could study, unobserved, the character and appearance of our host. Upon his head he wore a black silk handkerchief, the four corners of which hung down his neck behind. An embroidered shirt, a cravat of white jaconet tastefully tied, a blue damask vest, short clothes of crimson velvet, a bright green cloth jacket, with large silver buttons, and shoes of embroidered deer skin, comprised his dress. I was afterwards informed by Don Manuel, that on some occasions, such as some particular feast day or festival, his entire display often exceeded in value a thousand dollars.

The day was wearing apace, so we hastened our departure, and mounted again for the journey. Don Tomas had prepared to accompany us to a river that crossed our route, which at some seasons of the year proved dangerous to travellers unacquainted with the pass. This was a thoughtful precaution on his part, and received from us due acknowledgment. We rode along slowly through the sandy soil, till at length we saw the rapid stream, which, by our friend's guidance, was easily forded, and he bade us farewell.

The journey continued across a plain, where thousands of cattle were grazing; and immense herds of

wild horses, which fled swiftly to the mountains on our approach. We soon reached the river of St. Gabriel, and having forded this stream, Don Manuel, who had accompanied us thus far from St. Diego, left us to pursue our journey alone to the Mission, which was now just in sight, whilst he proceeded for "El Pueblo de los Angeles," where his wife's family resided, and where he had for some time past made his permanent home.

It was Saturday evening, and as we approached the buildings of the Mission, the chapel bells tolled the hour for prayer. Hundreds of Indians were kneeling upon the ground, and as the tolling ceased, they slowly rose to retire, and a merry peal announced the coming of the Sabbath.

The director of St. Gabriel was father José Sanches, who for many years had controlled the establishment, which, through his management, had advanced to its present flourishing condition. Possessing a kind, generous, and lively disposition, he had acquired, in consequence, a multitude of friends, who constantly flocked around him; whilst through his liberality the needy wanderer, of whatever nation or creed, found a home and protection in the Mission.

In the morning, at six o'clock, we went to the church, where the priest had already commenced the service of the mass. The imposing ceremony, glittering ornaments, and illuminated walls, were well adapted to captivate the simple mind of the Indian, and I could not but admire the apparent devotion of the multitude, who seemed absorbed,

heart and soul, in the scene before them. The solemn music of the mass was well selected, and the Indian voices accorded harmoniously with the flutes and violins that accompanied them. On retiring from the church, the musicians stationed themselves at a private door of the building, whence issued the reverend father, whom they escorted with music to his quarters; there they remained for a half hour, performing waltzes and marches, until some trifling present was distributed among them, when they retired to their homes. x

As is usual on all their "*días de fiesta*," the remaining part of the Sabbath is devoted to amusements, and the Indian generally resorts to gambling, in which he indulges to the most criminal excess, frequently losing all he possesses in the world—his clothes—beads, baubles of all kinds, and even his wife and children! We saw them thus engaged, scattered in groups about the Mission, while at a little distance quite an exciting horse race was going on; the Indians betting as wildly on their favorite animals as upon the games of chance, which found so many devotees.

There are several extensive gardens attached to this Mission, where may be found oranges, citrons, limes, apples, pears, peaches, pomegranates, figs, and grapes in abundance. From the latter they make yearly from four to six hundred barrels of wine, and two hundred of brandy; the sale of which produces an income of more than twelve thousand dollars. The storehouses and granaries are kept well supplied, and the corridor in the square is y

usually heaped up with piles of hides and tallow. Besides the resources of the vineyard, the Mission derives considerable revenue from the sale of grain; and the weekly slaughter of cattle produces a sufficient sum for clothing and supporting the Indians.

The two "*ranchos*" of St. Bernardino and Sta. Anita are included in the possessions of the Mission; the former of these has been assigned by the *pádr*es for the sole purpose of domesticating cattle, and is located some leagues distant, in a secluded valley among the mountains; the latter is for cultivation, and is one of the fairy spots to be met with so often in California. On the declivity of a hill is erected a *molino*, or grist-mill, surrounded with fruit trees and flowers. A beautiful lake lies calm and unruffled in front, and all around fresh streams are gushing from the earth, and scattering their waters in every direction. It would be a magnificent spot for a summer retreat, and much reminded me of many of the beautiful locations to be met with in the vicinity of Boston.

The Mission of St. Gabriel was founded in the year 1771, and its population, including the two *ranchos* before mentioned, now numbered from twelve to fifteen hundred. It was thought at one time to possess from eighty to over a hundred thousand head of cattle, besides horses, mules, and sheep, and countless numbers which run at large. No advantage is derived from them beyond the value of their hides and tallow, and thus thousands of dollars are yearly left to perish on the field.

While here, I met with a Yankee * from the interior of New England, who had been a resident in the country for many years, and who had become, in manner and appearance, a complete Californian. One peculiarity, however, he retained—the spirit of trade, which had lost none of its original power, and to which I owed thus early my acquaintance with him. He was married, and living in Santa Barbara, where he was engaged in business in a small way, and learning that we were on our route up the coast, he had come all the way to meet us, in order to gain some trifling advantage over his competitors in trade. x

Our next destination, after concluding our business with father Sanches, was St. Fernando, situated only about eight leagues further up the coast. We accordingly set out, on being rejoined by Don Manuel and his "Sancho Panza," who once more took the lead, and we followed close in his rear. Our horses were in fine condition, and we arrived at the Mission in little more than three hours. The road generally was good, and the scenery for the first few leagues was a continuation of the beautiful grounds of *Sta. Anita*, with a fine view, on the right, of one of the ridges of the lofty Andes.

St. Fernando was founded in the year 1797, and at this time was governed by the reverend father Francisco Ybarra; a short, thick, ugly-looking old man, whose looks did not belie his character. In his own opinion no one knew so much as himself; nothing was so good as that which he possessed;

* Daniel A. Hill, from Billerica, Massachusetts.

and, being at the head of his establishment, no one ever presumed to call his sentiments into question. The niggardly administration of this place, compared with the liberality and profusion of the other missions we had visited, presented a complete contrast; and the meanness and unpopularity of our host had gained for him the nickname of "*cochino*" or "hog." At supper I was amused at the economy displayed in the arrangement of his table, which seemed perfectly in accordance with the narrowness of his mind. A door, hinged at the bottom, which served to close a recess in the wall, used as a cupboard, was let down upon the occasion; and on this was placed our repast. The dimensions were only sufficient to admit of four persons comfortably seated; and, when the number was larger, to accommodate them all, recourse was had to a dirty-looking bench which stood in one corner of the apartment.

Distrustful of every one who wished to purchase his tallow or hides, he had accumulated an immense amount in his storehouses, where many of the latter had been destroyed by the length of time they had remained deposited. The tallow he had laid down in large, arched, stone vats, of sufficient capacity to contain several cargoes.

In the morning we left, and pursued our course across the valley of St. Fernando, towards the glen of Cowwanga, and a short gallop over the hills brought us in sight of the "Pueblo de los Angeles," situated about three leagues from St. Gabriel, and about twenty miles from the bay of St. Pedro. The

population of this town is about fifteen hundred; and has an *alcalde*, two *regidores*, and a *syndico*, who compose its "*Ayuntamiento*" or Town Council. In the vicinity are many vineyards and corn-fields, and some fine gardens, crossed by beautiful streams of water. The lands being level and fertile, are capable of great agricultural improvement; and several Americans, taking advantage of the resources of the place, are living here, having storehouses, and are engaged in business. After passing the night here, we resumed our journey to St. Pedro. The ride was over a long plain through the farm of Don Manuel, called "El rancho de Dominguez," where we stopped a while to rest, and having taken a final leave of our friend, pursued our way to the beach.

We found the ship at anchor, having performed the passage in three days and a half, and was then waiting our arrival. On board were our friend Yorba, from Sta. Ana, the old mayordomo from St. Juan, and several others waiting for goods, whom we immediately despatched, and then made preparations for the numerous friends whom we expected to arrive in the morning.

Having imprudently left St. Diego without passports, we found a letter from the "*Comandante*" of the place, reproving us for having presumed to travel in the country without these necessary documents. We met with no difficulty, however, on our route without them, which we attributed to the fact of our being "pretty well known upon the road, as the saying is." The necessity of procuring pass-

ports is not confined to foreigners alone, but also to the country people, who, when even going to their farms, or to the neighboring villages, are required to obtain permission from the authorities. The rigid performance of this custom, although oftentimes extremely inconvenient, still had its advantages; inasmuch as the escape of a criminal was next to impossible, for he was most generally sure to be detected at the missions or outposts.

The harbor of St. Pedro is an extensive bay, and, although not considered a safe anchorage during the winter months, when the southeast wind prevails, yet vessels frequently embark and discharge their cargoes here at all seasons of the year. The best anchorage is close under the northwest point of the bay, about three quarters of a mile outside of a small and rocky island; and the same distance from the beach. There is a house at the landing-place which generally serves as a land-mark, in connection with the preceding locations, and vessels usually, in the mild season of the year, bring this to bear W.N.W., whilst the point lies S.W. by S., and the island N. $\frac{1}{2}$ E. From the month of October, till the beginning of May, vessels anchor at least a mile outside of these bearings, and ships are necessarily prepared for slipping their cables, and getting under way, should the wind, as is often the case, chop in suddenly from the S.E. The holding ground is good; of stiff mud, in four and a half to nine fathoms.

As we anticipated, our friends came in the morning, flocking on board from all quarters; and soon

a busy scene commenced, afloat and ashore. Boats were plying to and fro—launches laden with the variety of our cargo passing to the beach, and men, women, and children crowding upon our decks, partaking in the general excitement. On shore all was confusion. Cattle and carts laden with hides and tallow, "*gente de razon*," and Indians, busily employed in the delivery of their produce, and receiving in return its value in goods; groups of individuals seated around little bonfires upon the ground, and horsemen racing over the plain in every direction. Thus the day passed; some departing, some arriving; till long after sunset the low white road leading across the plain to the town, appeared a living panorama.

Due north from the place of anchorage is a narrow creek, communicating with a shallow basin, operated upon by the tides, where at this time thousands of hair-seal might be seen at low water, basking on the sand-banks. The channel here when at full flood has ten feet of water over the bar; so that, in moderate weather, vessels drawing nine feet can easily pass over, and anchor sufficiently near the shore to discharge their cargoes without the aid of launches. With very little expense it might be made a place of anchorage for large ships, either by digging out and deepening the present channel, or by closing up another outlet to the north of the island, which would bring the whole strength of the current through one passage, and thus wash away its sandy bottom.

CHAPTER IV.

Departure for Santa Barbara.—Arrival.—The Presidio.—Landing through the Surf.—Friend Daniel.—A Ride on Muleback.—Visit to Doña Maria Antonia.—House of Friend Daniel.—Mission of Santa Barbara.—Female Costume.—Missions of St. Ynes and Purissima.—Rancho del Refugio.—St. Buenaventura.—Return to St. Diego.—House Blessing.—Fandango.

HAVING collected in St. Pedro more produce than could be well received on board at that time, we resolved to deposit it in the storehouse on shore, while the ship proceeded to some of the northward ports. The anchor was weighed; the vessel hauled on a wind, and stood over towards a low gap in the island of St. Catalina, and then back again to the main; tacking off and on shore during the night, so that when daylight broke, we found ourselves between Point Dume and Point Conversion. The wind was very light, hardly sufficient to keep steerage way; but soon the sea breeze began to blow, and a cracking westerly wind enabled us during the day to beat up off the mission of St. Buenaventura. Here the shore is bold, and there is good anchorage for all classes of vessels; but it is seldom visited on account of the high surf. The country as we proceeded northward assumed a more cultivated and beautiful appearance; the hills, however, seemed

bleak and barren, but the valleys presented the highest degree of fertility. From the mission, we stood over for some small and rocky islands at the southeast point of Sta. Cruz; and on the following morning, close under our lee, we beheld the beautiful vale of Sta. Barbara.

Seen from the ship, the "Presidio" or town, its charming vicinity, and neat little mission in the background, all situated on an inclined plane, rising gradually from the sea to a range of verdant hills, three miles from the beach, have a striking and beautiful effect. Distance, however, in this case, "lends enchantment to the view," which a nearer approach somewhat dispels; for we found the houses of the town, of which there were some two hundred, in not very good condition. They are built in the Spanish mode, with *adobe* walls, and roofs of tile, and are scattered about outside of the military department; shewing a total disregard of order on the part of the authorities. A ridge of rugged highlands extends along the rear, reaching from St. Buenaventura to Point Conception, and on the left of the town, in an elevated position, stands the *Castillo* or fortress.

The port of Santa Barbara is completely sheltered from the northwest and westerly winds, but somewhat exposed to those from the southeast. The anchorage is hard sand, abounding in sea-weed, where the ship came to, in six and a half fathoms. The sails were furled, the boat lowered and manned, and we proceeded to the shore.

A heavy westerly wind during the night had

"knocked up" considerable swell, which continued to roll in and fall heavily upon the sand. Our men pulled lustily till ordered to lay upon their oars, when we effected our landing. In approaching the shore through the surf, more depends upon the judgment of the person steering the boat than upon the rowers. Usually there are three consecutive rolls, and then follows a temporary recession; and to land safely, it is necessary to proceed with caution, wait an opportunity by observing the swell; pull in strong on a third roller, and the moment the boat strikes the sand, the oars should be cast on either side, while the men jump out and prevent her being carried back by the retiring surf.

At the landing we found our Yankee friend, Daniel Hill, and a few others who had come down to greet Gale. As the town was three quarters of a mile distant, I accepted Daniel's offer of his fine saddled mule, and he getting up behind me, we rode along slowly, until we reached a small descent, where flowed a stream which recent rains had swollen beyond its usual bounds. Here the stubborn animal stopped, and seemed disinclined to proceed, but repeated application of the spurs at last urged him forward, and he forded the stream. Ascending the opposite bank, he again stopped, and giving a sudden fling in the air with his heels, sent us both rolling down towards the water. Fortunately we were neither wet nor hurt, but after so decided a manifestation of the creature's abilities, I declined remounting. Daniel, however, nowise disconcerted, mounted the beast and rode off alone.

As was requisite, we first visited the Commandant, in order to leave with him the ship's roll. This is a compliance exacted from all vessels arriving at ports in California, and usually their captains are obliged to deliver their documents in person.

The most stately house in the place at this time was that of the *diputado* to Mexico, Don José de la Guerra y Noriega. Gale having in his possession some presents for the family, we proceeded thither at once. Here we partook of chocolate with the lady of the house, Doña Maria Antonia, whilst her daughters eagerly distributed the several gifts. The old lady, a fine, motherly, good woman, had acquired by her deportment and affectionate manner toward strangers the esteem of all who knew her. Her father was an officer in the royal command, previous to the success of republicanism in Mexico, and her brothers, all but one, were then officers in the army. An American lady once observed to me, that there were in California two things supremely good, La Señora Noriega, and grapes!

During the afternoon, we visited the house of our friend Daniel. He was standing at the door anxiously awaiting our approach; and two or three children were playing in the corridor before him. As we drew near, the little ones retired, and chairs were brought outside, that we might enjoy the fresh air. Here we were to remain for the night, and arrangements were made accordingly. Supper was soon announced, when we had the pleasure of seeing the lady of the house, a fine, healthy-looking female, with splendid eyes and beautiful black hair; but

she said but little, and soon retired with her children.

The Presidio of Santa Barbara consists of a large square of buildings, surrounded by high walls, in plan similar to that of St. Diego, and contains a chapel, cemetery, prison, and storehouses. The Commandant, Don Romualdo Pacheco, is a Mexican, who came to the country in the year 1825, with the present Governor, Echeandia. The number of men garrisoned under his command does not exceed forty.

In the morning we walked to the mission, distant from the town about half a league. The road was pleasant, through scattered oaks; and groups of cattle were seen grazing upon the grassy plains. On the right were spacious wheat fields; at length, through a narrow way, amid immense rocks scattered over the ground, we reached the establishment. The stone church, with its two towers and extensive wing, its artificial clock, tiled roofs, arched corridor, and majestic fountain, was before us. On the right were various buildings for superintendents, a guard-house, tannery, and a dilapidated grist-mill; on the left, the spacious garden, with its fruit trees and flowers, and several rows of low buildings. Father Antonio Jimeno, the missionary, received us in a small but tastefully arranged apartment; the floor of which was of colored cement, and the walls painted and hung round with pictures of saints. Two or three sofas, a long table and book-case, comprised its furniture. He welcomed us kindly, and after a short conversation, we walked into the "*patio*," or square, where carpenters, saddlers, and shoe-

makers were at work, and young girls spinning and preparing wool for the loom. We next entered the vestry, which was carpeted and hung round with looking-glasses and fine paintings. Adjoining this was a small, but convenient dressing-room, where were arranged the numerous dresses and ornaments used in the church services, some of them rich and of the most costly description. From this a door led into the church, where we beheld a gorgeous display of banners, paintings, images, and crucifixes of gold and silver. The musicians attached to the choir were practicing, and played some fine airs; rather unsuitable, however, to the place. It was not unusual, both there and at the churches of other missions, to hear during the mass the most lively dancing tunes. Another door of the church opened upon the cemetery, where were buried the deceased Christians of the Mission and Presidio, surrounded by a thick wall, and having in one corner the charnel house, crowded with a ghastly array of skulls and bones.

In the rear, from a slight elevation, might be seen large fields of wheat and corn; and the little valleys among the hills, filled with fruit and vegetable gardens. A foaming stream rushes down the mountain, from which is carried in an open aqueduct along the brow of the hill, a supply of water for a spacious reservoir, of beautiful masonry.

We returned to town, and at the beach found a lively and busy scene. Our men were passing through the surf to the launch bearing hides upon their heads, while others landed, from smaller boats,

portions of the ship's cargo. It was a merry sight, and their shouts mingled with the sound of the waves as they beat upon the sand. We embarked on board ship, where soon our decks were crowded with men and women of all classes; many coming to purchase, some to see the vessel, and others to accompany their friends, so that it was not unusual for us to have a party of twenty or thirty at dinner.

The dress worn by the middling class of females is a chemise with short embroidered sleeves, richly trimmed with lace, a muslin petticoat flounced with scarlet, and secured at the waist by a silk band of the same color, shoes of velvet or blue satin, a cotton *reboso* or scarf, pearl necklace and ear-rings, with the hair falling in broad plaits down the back. Others of the higher class dress in the English style, and instead of the *reboso* substitute a rich and costly shawl of silk or satin. There is something graceful in the management of the *reboso* that the natives alone can impart, and the perfect nonchalance with which it is thrown about them and worn, adds greatly to its beauty.

Very few of the men have adopted our mode of dress, the greater part adhering to the ancient costume of the past century. Short clothes and jacket trimmed with scarlet, a silk sash about the waist, *botas* of ornamented and embroidered deer skin, secured by colored garters, embroidered shoes, the hair long, braided and fastened behind with ribbons, a black silk handkerchief around the head, surmounted by an oval and broad-brimmed hat, is the dress universally worn by the men of California.

The following morning, intending to visit the northern missions of Santa Ynes and Purissima, we started off about eight o'clock accompanied by our friend Daniel. We rode through a woody pass, crossed a small plain and many hills, till we at length reached a place called, from the innumerable bogs and quagmires with which it abounds, "Las Cenegitas;" yet we found here several gardens and two or three fine maize fields. Continuing our course from this place, nearly parallel with the coast; passing several small farms attached to the Mission, and many pleasant little valleys, through which rivulets flowed down to the sea; a ride of about two hours and a half brought us to the "Rancho del Refugio," generally termed "Ortega Farm." It consisted of three or four large buildings, several gardens or vineyards, and a few fields of corn, wheat, and beans. Daniel informed me it was once a large place, and, under the supervision of its proprietor, Don José Maria Ortega, appeared like a little mission; but that in the year 1819 it was visited by a piratical vessel, under the command of Buchard, a French navigator, who nearly destroyed it, since when it has never regained its once flourishing condition.

Here commences the *Cuesta* or pass across the mountains. It is a winding road, in many places only of sufficient width for one animal to pass, and almost blocked up with loose stones. From the level summit to which we slowly ascended, we had on one side an extensive view of the shore from Point Conception to Santa Barbara, comprising more than sixty miles

of sea-coast, and on the other a fine open country covered with woods and abounding in excellent pasturage. Here we rested a few moments to give our animals breath, and then commenced our gradual descent. This we found even more tedious, and oftentimes, from the immense numbers of worn rocks and loose stones, more dangerous than had been our ascent. We accomplished the task, however, and soon beheld, upon a distant elevation, the Mission of Santa Ynes. The fording of a river and a short gallop soon brought us to its door.

This Mission, founded in 1797, was governed by Father Blas Ordas, who received us with the accustomed cordiality of his hospitable order. The building we found much like that of Santa Barbara, differing only in the appearance of the church and the cleanliness of its apartments. In front was a large brick enclosure where the females bathed and washed; to the right the gardens, filled with choice fruit trees, and on the left a few clusters of Indian huts and tiled houses. The storehouses were well stocked with grain, and the domesticated cattle numbered nearly nine thousand.

In the morning we rode over to the Purissima, where we found two reverend friars, Fathers Victoria and Juan Moreno. This mission was originally established in 1787, at a place now known as "*La Mision Vieja*," but has since been rebuilt in its present location, and though possessing abundant wealth, in cattle and planting grounds, yet it has been much neglected, and the Indians generally are ill clothed, and seem in the most abject condition.

We remained here but a short time, and returning to Santa Ynes, slept there that night, and the next day reached the ship.

The morning after, we set out on an excursion to St. Buenaventura. The road thither is partly over the hard sandy beach, and at times, when the tide is low, it is possible to perform the whole journey over this smooth level. We were not over two hours on the road, and arrived before dinner, finding the reverend father Francisco Uria closely wrapped up in his studies, in his sitting apartment. He was the Pádre and Director of the Mission which was founded in 1782, and which is situated near the seashore, at the entrance of a valley leading into the interior among the mountains. It possesses about six thousand cattle and some splendid locations for cultivation. Besides the church attached to the main building, there is a small chapel towards the beach, in which mass is at no time performed except on extraordinary occasions.

At dinner the fare was sumptuous, and I was much amused at the eccentricity of the old Pádre, who kept constantly annoying four large cats, his daily companions; or with a long stick thumped upon the heads of his Indian boys, and seemed delighted thus to gratify his singular propensities.

After concluding our meal, we walked with him to the garden, where we found a fine fountain of excellent water, and an abundance of fruits and vegetables. In their proper seasons they have apples, pears, peaches, pomegranates, *tunas* or prickly pears, and grapes. Along the margin of the river St.

Buenaventura are many small gardens belonging to the Indians, where they raise fruit and vegetables, which are taken to the town and disposed of. The whale ships that touch at Sta. Barbara are from them frequently supplied with provisions. The small streams in the vicinity abound with fish, and salmon of excellent quality are sometimes taken in the river.

In the morning we departed early, for the town, where, on our arrival, the ship was immediately prepared for her return South. The wind was favorable; the passage short; and, twenty-four hours after weighing anchor at Sta. Barbara, it was cast a second time in the bay of St. Pedro. Here we embarked the hides and tallow we had deposited, and then proceeded for the port of St. Diego.

The ship arrived there after a passage of two days, came to, and was anchored within pistol-shot of the shore, immediately opposite the storehouse, so as to be conveniently located for landing hides. Then commenced a busy scene. Boat after boat, launch after launch was laden and discharged on the beach, where men were stationed to receive and pile them upon large spars for protection from the dampness of the ground; some secured together by ropes were placed at low water-mark to soak, and two large vats which had been made by the carpenter during our absence, were filled with sea-water, into which large quantities of salt was thrown to increase its strength for a second immersion which the hides underwent to prepare them for shipping.

Señor Don Juan Bandini had his house *bendecida*,

or blessed, during our stay here, and Gale and myself were invited to attend. The General, his officers, with many friends and their families, were present. The ceremony took place at noon, when the chaplain proceeded through the different apartments, sprinkling holy water upon the walls, and uttering verses in Latin. This concluded, we sat down to an excellent dinner, consisting of all the luxuries the place afforded, provided in Don Juan's best style. As soon as the cloth was removed, the guitar and the violin were put in requisition, and a dance began. It lasted, however, but a little while, for it was necessary for them to spare their exertions for the evening *fandango*. So *poco a poco*, all gradually retired to their homes.

At an early hour the different passages leading to the house were enlivened with men, women, and children, hurrying to the dance; for on such occasions it was customary for every body to attend without waiting for the formality of an invitation. A crowd of *leperos* was collected about the door when we arrived, now and then giving its shouts of approbation to the performances within, and it was with some difficulty we forced our entrance. Two persons were upon the floor dancing "*el jarabe*." They kept time to the music, by drumming with their feet, on the heel and toe system, with such precision, that the sound struck harmoniously upon the ear, and the admirable execution would not have done injustice to a pair of drum-sticks in the hands of an able professor. The attitude of the female dancer was erect, with her head a little in-

clined to the right shoulder, as she modestly cast her eyes to the floor, whilst her hands gracefully held the skirts of her dress, suspending it above the ankle so as to expose to the company the execution of her feet. Her partner, who might have been one of the interlopers at the door, was under full speed of locomotion, and rattled away with his feet with wonderful dexterity. His arms were thrown carelessly behind his back, and secured, as they crossed, the points of his *serape*, that still held its place upon his shoulders. Neither had he doffed his "*sombrero*," but just as he stood when gazing from the crowd, he had placed himself upon the floor.

The conclusion of this performance gave us an opportunity to edge our way along towards the extremity of the room, where a door communicated with an inner apartment. Here we placed ourselves, to witness in a more favorable position the amusements of the evening. The room was about fifty feet in length, and twenty wide, modestly furnished, and its sides crowded with smiling faces. Upon the floor were accommodated the children and Indian girls, who, close under the vigilance of their parents and mistresses, took part in the scene. The musicians again commencing a lively tune, one of the managers approached the nearest female, and, clapping his hands in accompaniment to the music, succeeded in bringing her into the centre of the room. Here she remained a while, gently tapping with her feet upon the floor, and then giving two or three whirls, skipped away to her seat. Another was clapped out, and another, till the manager had

passed the compliment throughout the room. This is called a *son*, and there is a custom among the men, when a dancer proves particularly attractive to any one, to place his hat upon her head, while she stands thus in the middle of the room, which she retains until redeemed by its owner, with some trifling present. During the performance of the dances, three or four male voices occasionally take part in the music, and towards the end of the evening, from repeated applications of *aguardiente*, they become quite boisterous and discordant.

The waltz was now introduced, and ten or a dozen couple whirled gaily around the room, and heightened the charms of the dance by the introduction of numerous and interesting figures. Between the dances refreshments were handed to the ladies, whilst in an adjoining apartment, a table was prepared for the males, who partook without ceremony. The most interesting of all their dances is the *contra danza*, and this, also, may be considered the most graceful. Its figures are intricate, and in connection with the waltz, form a charming combination. These *fandangos* usually hold out till daylight, and at intervals the people at the door are permitted to introduce their *jarabes* and *jotas*.

Gale and myself retired early, and in the morning hastened to the beach. Ten days had now elapsed since our departure from St. Pedro, and we were at last ready for sea. The launch was hoisted in, the ship unmoored, and the day appointed for our departure, which was to be the following.

CHAPTER V.

Departure for San Francisco. — Farallones Islands. — Yerba Buena. — Comandante. — The Presidio. — Journey to Santa Clara. — Mission of Dolores. — Rancho de las Pulgas. — Mission of Santa Clara. — San Francisco. — Departure for Monterey and Santa Barbara. — Journey to San Pedro. — Ride by Moonlight. — Tiburcio Tapia.

AT noon the Commandant made his appearance on board with the ship's roll, and we got under way, and stood out of the bay till well clear of the shoal, off Point Loma, where we hauled to the wind, and stood off to the west. Unfavorable weather carried us much out of our course, and it was with difficulty that we could make a northerly direction, so that twenty-two days elapsed ere we had obtained our point of latitude. Finally, we saw the rocks called the *Farallones*, bearing northeast, distant from us eight or nine miles. We soon passed the largest and southernmost one, which was still occupied by the Russians; and could distinctly perceive among the huts ten or twelve persons, who were living there for the purpose of catching fur seal, which were so abundant in former years, that my friend Gale assured me he had assisted in collecting during one season, over eighty thousand skins from this same island. Four or five hours more brought us to the entrance of the port of St. Fran-

cisco, but as it was then quite dark, I could not discern the appearance of the land. As we passed the castle point, the water became less acted upon by the ocean's swell, and the only ripple, visible, was caused by the course of our ship, as she drew near her place of anchorage. Leaving the Presidio on our right, we continued our course for Yerba Buena, where we came to, in six and a half fathoms.

When morning came, I found we were in a small bay, close to the shore; on one side of which were steep rocks, and on the other a smooth sandy beach. Outside of us was the island of Yerba Buena, and beyond this, on the other side of the bay of St. Francisco, the highlands of St. Antonio. At ten o'clock we were visited by the Commandant, Don Ignacio Martinez, who remained to dine; a Mexican by birth, though more of a Spaniard in feeling. In his conversation, it would have been difficult for a stranger to designate his nation, for having learned a few words in English, Russian, and French, he had formed a jargon which no one could understand but himself. As soon as dinner was over, we accompanied him to his house. It was a short ride over the hill, in the direction of the *castillo*, or fort. We soon caught a glimpse of the low buildings, with their dark tiled roofs, resembling prisons more than dwelling houses, and the residence of our Commandant was the most conspicuous amongst them. This was the Presidio. In its plan, it is similar to those already described, but is in a most ruinous state. There are a few framed houses scattered about outside the square, and a

short distance beyond, upon the extreme point of the little bay, is the fort, which, on account of its elevated position, is used as a "look-out place."

In the morning, Gale went to the Mission of Dolores to visit the padre, and engage horses for our contemplated journey to Santa Clara, and returned on board in the afternoon. On the following day, at an early hour, our animals were on the beach, in charge of a *vaquero*, who was sent to accompany us as guide in the journey. This was an accommodation universal with all the good old friars, for which they accepted no compensation. (We mounted speedily, and commenced our route through a dense thicket, where the path was narrow, and where the trees so intersected their branches, as to endanger our heads as we rode along. Thus we went on; sometimes crossing little valleys, where the fox-like *coyote* prowled, and sometimes rising sandy eminences, where a glimpse was had of the neighboring bay. Through the woods resounded the wolf's howl, and the heavy track of the grizzly bear lay printed in our course. At length, through an opening in the woods, we saw the Mission of Dolores.) Its dilapidated walls, and dark tiled roof, well accorded with the bleak and cheerless scenery with which it was surrounded; for the cold, blustering sea winds, as they sweep over the hills, chill and destroy vegetation. As we approached the building, we saw in the long corridor the old friar and his *mayordomo*, to whom he appeared to be giving some directions, for the latter, hat in hand, attentively listened. Some Indians were employed in throwing out hides

from one end of the building, and he was evidently giving orders for their transportation to the beach. "*Como les van amigos? pasan vmds.*"—"How are you, friends? walk in," he shouted, at the top of his voice, as we entered the hospitable mission, and his extended hand was warmly closed on mine, in earnest of the sincerity of his invitation.

After a short conversation we remounted our horses and proceeded on our route for Sta. Clara. The first two or three leagues of the journey were over a succession of hills and small valleys, where the strong westerly gales came with such force that the progress of our horses was somewhat impeded, in consequence of the violent effect of the wind on the large leather trappings attached to our saddle-gear. We passed on the road a large inclosure, called *El potrero*, used for the rearing of horses, the walls of which were of loose stones, piled up to the height of about four feet.

Passing this, we opened upon the grazing grounds of the Mission, where thousands of cattle were scattered about in herds. On our right, the land was elevated, and as it continued in the distance, its top was covered with pines. To the left, lay the smooth and spacious bay, extending in a southeast direction, full thirty miles from the ship's place of anchorage, bounded on the opposite side by the highlands of St. Leandro and St. José. Our ride was charming, and now and then a distant farmhouse, or Indian hut, with its little garden, would come in sight; and numerous rivulets winding their way towards the bay, adding much to the

picturesqueness of the scene. A few leagues brought us to the sheep-farm of St. Mateo, situated in the midst of a small wood. The building, occupied by the *mayordomo* and servants, is spacious and covered with burnt tiles. Here we alighted, and, after a short rest, remounted and resumed our journey. "*El Rancho de las pulgas*" was the next place of any importance in our route, and is situated a little retired from the road, at the foot of a small rising ground. It is the property of Doña Soledad Ortega, widow of Don Luis Arguello, formerly governor of California. I found her a beautiful woman, and the mother of three or four fine children. She was very lady-like in her manner, and treated us with the utmost courtesy. After dinner, we bade her adieu, and again proceeded on our way, which was uninterrupted, till, far distant in the centre of a spacious plain, we beheld Santa Clara and its numerous buildings.

It was three o'clock when we arrived at this Mission, having performed the journey of eighteen leagues in about eight hours. Father José Viader was director of the establishment; a good old man, whose heart and soul were in proportion to his immense figure. This institution was founded in the year 1777, and formerly stood a few rods beyond its present location. Like the other Missions in the neighborhood of St. Francisco, its resources were immense, from the annual production of grain; and, possessing large stocks of cattle, it was enabled to make liberal "*matanzas*," of which, the abundant proceeds were usually heaped up, under the corridor

in the square of the main building. A large garden of choice fruit-trees adorned its right, whilst another of greater magnitude occupied a space in front. The hills of St. José were visible beyond, and betwixt the trees that covered the plain we obtained a distant view of the town of that name.

Our stay of several weeks in the neighborhood gave ample time for observation, and I had various opportunities to visit among the inhabitants, from whom I received great kindness and hospitality. Business required several trips to and from the ship, which were performed sometimes on horseback, and sometimes by means of a launch belonging to the Mission of Dolores. The latter mode of conveyance was preferable by far, and the more expeditious when aided by the tides, which here rise and fall some five or six feet.

San Francisco has one of the largest and most valuable harbors in the world. Nature has so defended its narrow entrance, that with but little expense it might be made perfectly impregnable. Its steep and lofty cliffs, on either side, combined with other prominent locations within, might be so fortified as to bid defiance to the most powerful and determined foe. The soundings are deep, and, in mid-channel, may be found in from forty to forty-five fathoms. The course for vessels coming in from sea, is generally midway between the bluff points of land.

There are five missionary establishments located upon the sides of the bay, called the Missions of Dolores, Santa Clara, St. José, St. Francisco Solano,

and St. Rafael. These have a population of over five thousand Indians, and only about two hundred whites. The whole number of cattle, domesticated, is more than forty thousand, exclusive of horses, mules, and sheep. The rivers and creeks are supplied with an abundance of salmon and other fish; game is plentiful, and bears, wildcats, wolves, and coyotes, are often met with. On the northern side of the bay are found the American elk and antelope, and great quantities of deer; the first of these is hunted for its tallow, which is preferred to that taken from bullocks. The islands and neighboring lands afford abundance of wood and timber. The soil is excellent, and perhaps in no part of the world more yielding, particularly for wheat; as an instance of its immense fertility in this respect, the following circumstance was related to me by the mayordomo of the mission of San José. Eight *fanegas*, equal to twelve bushels of wheat, were sowed, which yielded twelve hundred *fanegas* or eighteen hundred bushels; the following year, from the grain which fell at the time of the first harvest, over one thousand bushels were reaped; and again in the succeeding year three hundred bushels. The average production of wheat is one hundred *fanegas* for one sowed. In many parts of the country irrigation is necessary, but here, owing to the heavy dews which fall at night, the earth becomes sufficiently moistened for cultivation.

Having accomplished our business for the present at St. Francisco, we got under way and proceeded along the coast to Monterey. During the night a

strong current swept us down below Point Pinos, so that we did not arrive till the third day after our departure. We found at Monterey two new comers; an American schooner from the Sandwich Islands, and a Mexican vessel belonging to Don José de la Guerra y Noriega, late "*diputado*" to Mexico, who had just returned after an absence of two years. He brought with him, as passengers, two American gentlemen * who had received large grants of land from the general government, and had come to the country for the purpose of making arrangements for colonization.

Remaining here but a short time, we continued our voyage to Santa Barbara, where we arrived after a protracted passage; the same strong current from the north having carried the ship a second time beyond her port of destination. Here we left the ship for a short excursion across the country, proposing to meet her again at St. Pedro, and starting early in the morning, arrived about noon at the mission of St. Buenaventura, where we remained till evening, and then resumed our journey upon the same horses. A fine moon had risen just as we set out, and so brilliantly was the whole country lighted up, that our way lay before us as clearly as at noonday. The clear heavens; the bright moon; the beautiful country stretching far away into the blue distance, and basking in the moonlight; the deep silence, unbroken save by the footfalls of our horses, or the cries of some wild night-bird; all formed a scene of such rare beauty, that the im-

* Abel Stearns, of Massachusetts, and Mr. Peck.

pression still lingers in my memory. At midnight we reached the "Rancho de Simi," some fourteen leagues from the Mission. The good people who inhabited this lonely spot we found were fast locked in sleep, so that we were obliged to take up our quarters upon the ground, in the open air. The "*mochillas*" and "*armas*" attached to our saddle gear were spread for a bed, to secure our bodies against the dampness of the earth, whilst our "*serapes*" served as coverlets, and our saddles as pillows. We slept soundly in spite of the rudeness of our beds, and awaking at daylight much refreshed, pushed on for Los Angeles, which we reached at noon. We stopped at the house of Don Tiburcio Tapia, the "*Alcalde Constitucional*" of the town, once a soldier in very moderate circumstances, but who by honest and industrious labor had amassed so much of this world's goods, as to make him one of the wealthiest inhabitants of the place. His strict integrity gave him credit to any amount, so that he was the principal merchant, and the only native one in El Pueblo de los Angeles. A short ride brought us to the beach at St. Pedro, where we embarked for St. Diego. The ship was soon under sail, and forty-eight hours' run brought us to our place of anchorage.

The consequent bustle of disembarkation commenced. The hides were landed, tallow bags white-washed, ship smoked, and every thing again prepared for her departure. During her trip to the northward I was to remain a resident at St. Diego, and quantities of goods were landed, and a store

fitted up in the house of the mother of our old friend Don Manuel Dominguez. The day for the ship's departure arrived. I bade adieu to Gale, and proceeded to take charge of my future occupation and residence.

CHAPTER VI.

Residence in St. Diego. — Practice of Medicine. — Evening's Amusements. — Pastores. — La Noche Buena. — Insurrection in the North. — Departure of Echeandia and his Troops. — Defeat of the Rebels. — "Hide Park." — Hide Stealing. — Embarkation. — Pueblo de San José. — Its Inhabitants. — Mission de San José. — Padre Narciso Duran. — Perilous Adventure in a Boat. — Sailing out of San Francisco. — Journey from Monterey to Santa Barbara. — Buena Vista. — La Soledad. — San Antonio. — San Miguel. — Hot Springs. — Santa Margarita. — St. Luis Obispo. — Guadalupe. — Matanzas. — A Chance Shot. — Landing Cargo at Santa Barbara. — New Residence on Shore.

THE family in which I now resided at St. Diego consisted of the old lady Dominguez, Don José Antonio Estudillo and his wife, Doña Victoria, with two children, and three servants. My first week's residence proved rather dull, and I found it necessary to make frequent hunting excursions in the neighborhood, with an occasional ride to our dépôt at "Hide Park," in order to wear away the time, and break up the monotony of our little village.

My new lodgings unfortunately had no direct communication with the street, except by a small window, so that my customers were compelled to pass through the *sala* and a sleeping apartment, ere they could get access to my place of business. On the third or fourth night I was aroused by a rap at the

little window and requested by an old woman to go with her and prescribe for her daughter, who was taken suddenly ill and was suffering most violent pain. Fearful of exposing myself to the night air and endangering the safety of the property under my charge through such indiscretion, I concluded not to accompany her, but advised her to give her daughter a few drops of laudanum. She then left me, but on the following morning returned to express her thanks for the wonderful cure I had so accidentally performed. This was enough to establish my fame as a *medico* or physician throughout the town, and had I been so inclined I might (by providing the medicine) have become quite a proficient in the art of killing.

There are no physicians in the country, and every foreigner is supposed to possess some knowledge of the practice of medicine. I recollect a circumstance which will serve to illustrate the fact. One of our sailors, who had absconded from the ship at one of the neighboring ports, found his way to Santa Barbara and set himself up as a doctor. It was not difficult to impose upon the poor credulous creatures of the lower class, and thus he managed to get as much liquor as he wanted during his stay by administering his remedies in "*aguardiente*" (brandy), of which he partook freely, himself, to prove their simplicity.

In a short time I became acquainted with many of the inhabitants of the place, whose frequent visits to the house established between us a familiarity which resulted in many a pleasant pastime. Señor Lugo was one who nightly made his appearance,

and amused us by his stories and eccentricities. One evening he came prepared to play off a practical joke upon me. He had loaded a paper cigar with gunpowder and placed it among his *cigarros*. During his visit he repeatedly asked me to smoke, but I fortunately missed the one he had prepared, until finally, from the lateness of the hour, he withdrew. In the course of the night, after retiring, he awoke, and feeling a desire to smoke, selected from his bundle, quite forgetful of the evening's amusement, the very cigar he had prepared for me. Having lighted it, he returned to bed and extended himself by the side of his fair *esposa*. The cigar was about half consumed and he more than half asleep, when a sudden explosion carried away the better part of his moustache, and so thoroughly frightened his poor wife, that I venture to say the event will never be forgotten.

Don José Antonio was equally amusing in his character, and was ever on the alert seeking for some new device for my gratification. It was nearly time for the religious festival of "*la noche buena*," and he directed the customary exhibition of the "*pastores*." They were rehearsing night after night, till at length Christmas arrived, and I had an opportunity of beholding the ceremony of midnight mass and the subsequent performances.

At an early hour illuminations commenced, fireworks were set off, and all was rejoicing. The church bells rang merrily, and long before the time of mass the pathways leading to the Presidio were enlivened by crowds hurrying to devotion. I ac-

accompanied Don José Antonio, who procured for me a stand where I could see distinctly everything that took place. The mass commenced, Pádre Vicente de Oliva officiated, and at the conclusion of the mysterious "*sacrificio*" he produced a small image representing the infant Saviour, which he held in his hands for all who chose to approach and kiss. After this, the tinkling of the guitar was heard without, the body of the church was cleared, and immediately commenced the harmonious sounds of a choir of voices. The characters entered in procession, adorned with appropriate costume, and bearing banners. There were six females representing shepherdesses, three men and a boy. One of the men personated Lucifer, one a hermit, and the other Bartolo, a lazy vagabond, whilst the boy represented the archangel Gabriel. The story of their performance is partially drawn from the Bible, and commences with the angel's appearance to the shepherds, his account of the birth of our Saviour, and exhortation to them to repair to the scene of the manger. Lucifer appears among them, and endeavors to prevent the prosecution of their journey. His influence and temptations are about to succeed, when Gabriel again appears and frustrates their effect. A dialogue is then carried on of considerable length relative to the attributes of the Deity, which ends in the submission of Satan. The whole is interspersed with songs and incidents that, seem better adapted to the stage than the church. For several days this theatrical representation is exhibited at the principal houses, and the perform-

ers at the conclusion of the play are entertained with refreshments. The boys take an enthusiastic part in the performance, and follow about from house to house, perfectly enraptured with the comicalities of the hermit and Bartolo.

About this time the general received information of an insurrection in the north, headed by a person named Soliz. The town of Monterey had surrendered to his forces, the garrison having been surprised during the night and overpowered without the shedding of blood; and he was now on his way south to cope with Echeandia. Accordingly, the busy preparations for war commenced. Old rusty guns were repaired, hacked swords were sharpened, rude lances made, and all the force that could be mustered was soon on its way to meet the enemy.

At the commencement of this revolution, there were in the hands of the commissary about three thousand dollars, which were seized upon by Soliz. A contribution also was levied upon the inhabitants for the support of the new government. Their manifesto declared that they only contended for their rights; that they would not interfere with foreigners, nor in any way interrupt the commercial interests of the country. Soliz was elected President, and had under his command over one hundred well-armed men. This was considered a powerful force for California, and it was generally believed that Echeandia would have considerable difficulty in quelling the disturbance.

Several weeks elapsed ere we received information of the success of the government party. They had

defeated the rebels, and the ringleaders were taken to St. Blas. An old friar of the Mission of St. Luis Obispo was charged with having aided the insurgents, and after undergoing a strict examination before the general and his officers, he was embarked on board a merchant ship and sent out of the country.

The population of St. Diego being somewhat reduced in consequence of the departure of the troops, the town was dull in the extreme, so that I was compelled to make daily use of my fowling-piece, and resort with greater frequency, to the scene of hide curing at "Hide Park." On one of my visits, I was informed by our officer in charge, that for several days he had missed hides from the number put to soak; that the night previous he got up in consequence of some unusual noise among the dogs, and seizing his gun, sallied forth to discover the cause. He soon perceived a dark object moving along, a little above the surface of the water, at which he immediately fired. It dropped at once, and a tall figure sprang from the water to the shore, and rushed from the beach by one of the pathways leading to the hills. It was an Indian, who had swam to the hides, and having succeeded in abstracting one of them, was returning to the shore with it upon his head. In this way he had stolen about a dozen, which were subsequently found secreted among the bushes.

During the absence of friend Gale, I had received from him but two letters, which were of a date prior to his leaving Santa Barbara for the north, so that I had no specified time to look for his return;

but, at length, after an absence of three months, the ship was reported in the offing, and to my great joy, she soon appeared coming round Point Loma. I immediately started for the beach, and putting spurs to my horse, reached our *barraca* just as she came to, when a boat was dispatched to convey me on board. I found as passengers in the ship several of the officers who were liberated at Monterey, in consequence of the success of Echeandia. The ship had made a fortunate trip, and had gathered nearly enough hides to make a homeward cargo, and only one visit more to the north was to be made ere she would leave for the United States. This was gratifying to the crew, and to all concerned, and the labor of discharging went on so briskly, that soon everything was in readiness for our departure. The store was abandoned, the goods unsold re-embarked, and again we made sail for the port of St. Francisco.

A tedious passage of twenty-one days brought us to the place of anchorage at Yerba Buena, where we found several American vessels, and a large Russian ship from Sitka, which had come for a cargo of wheat and beef-fat. The next morning after our arrival, I took an early ride to the Mission of St. Clara, and from thence, after dinner, visited the Pueblo de San José, about three miles distant. The road, which is level and shaded on each side by large and stately trees, is called the "Alameda." It is frequented generally on the Sabbath or feast days, when all the town repair to the church at Santa Clara. On a Sunday may be seen hundreds of persons, of both sexes, gaily attired in silks and satins, mounted on

their finest horses, and proceeding leisurely up the road. No carriages are used, and, of course, the scene is divested of all the pomp and splendor which accompanies church-going in the larger places of the republic, yet, in one respect it excels them all, that is, in the display of female beauty. No part of Mexico can show so large a share of bright eyes, fine teeth, fair proportions, and beautiful complexions. X

The town of St. José consists of about one hundred houses; it has a church, court-house, and jail. Its civil authorities are an *Alcalde*, two *Regidores*, &c., as in the town of Los Angeles, at the south. Their decisions in important law cases are subject to the confirmation of the Comandante General, ere they can be acted upon. In all capital offences, the delinquents, after an investigation of their cases by the *Alcalde*, are sent to the supreme government, unless the arbitrary general sees proper to take upon himself the execution of the law, which has been the case in some few instances.

Many little gardens of fruit trees are attached to the houses, also some fine fields, where are raised large quantities of wheat and corn. A small stream of water supplies the means of irrigation, and serves as the power to a profitable grist-mill. The men are generally indolent, and addicted to many vices, caring little for the welfare of their children, who, like themselves, grow up unworthy members of society. Yet, with vice so prevalent amongst the men, the female portion of the community, it is worthy X of remark, do not seem to have felt its influence,

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and perhaps there are few places in the world, where, in proportion to the number of inhabitants, can be found more chastity, industrious habits, and correct deportment, than among the women of this place. This observation may be applied to the country, generally; which is rather surprising when we consider the want of distinction observed between those of virtuous and immoral habits: for it is not unusual to see at public assemblages the most perfect familiarity between the two classes. This often misleads strangers, who form, in consequence, incorrect opinions. In time, when the country becomes more settled, a necessary distinction will prevail among the various classes; and society will be found more select, as in places of greater civilization. Their adherence to the faithful observances of the church, as in all Catholic countries, is truly firm; and the most trifling deviation from its commands is looked upon with abhorrence. The extreme veneration shown towards the holy teachers of their religion, and the wonderful influence exercised by them, even in the affairs of their every-day life, may account for any virtue they may exhibit. The friar's knowledge of the world, and his superior education, give him a station far above the unenlightened state of the laity, and place him in a sphere to inculcate good or disseminate evil. Fortunately, however, for the country, the original founders of Christianity in California were truly pious, excellent men, and their successors, generally, have endeavored to sustain their honorable character.

Commerce is very limited, being confined to only four or five merchants in the place, who are principally foreigners, so that my business here was soon accomplished ; but ere returning to the ship, I concluded to ride to the Mission of San José about ten leagues from the town. My guide took the lead, and we galloped along, over a grassy plain, till we reached the banks of quite a large river. It was deep, and rapid, and I felt somewhat reluctant to follow my companion, who plunged in, regardless of danger, and was soon on the opposite side. Seeing that I had not kept behind him, he returned to encourage, and show me how to proceed. Our horses simultaneously stepped in, and I was soon in the middle of the stream, with my legs crossed above the saddle, for the water in some places was so deep from recent rains, that our steeds were obliged to swim. Having succeeded in reaching the opposite bank in safety, although pretty thoroughly wetted, we resumed our gallop, till we came to a cluster of hills, where the road was somewhat miry, from the continued flow of a neighboring hot spring. The Mission was situated a little beyond this, and, as we reached the summit of the last hill, we saw distinctly its long buildings, and singular church.

The pádre was at home when we arrived, and immediately ordered chocolate and refreshments. This was father Narciso Duran, a venerable, old man, who had spent the most valuable part of his life, in incessant labor, to promote the advancement of his holy religion. Generous, kind and benevolent, the natives not only revered him, as their spir-

itual father and friend, but seemed almost to adore him. He was universally beloved, and the neighboring village bore testimony to his charitable heart, while many a transient traveller blessed him, and thanked God, that such a man existed among them.

The Mission of San José was founded in 1797 and had, at this time, a population of about two thousand Indians. It possesses some of the best lands in the country for agricultural purposes, from which is obtained an immense quantity of grain. It frequently supplies the Russian company, who yearly send three or four large ships for stores for their northern settlements. In the rear of the establishment, is a large reservoir of excellent water, which is carried, through pipes, to the gardens, and other parts of the Mission. In front of the church is a very neat fountain, and also conveniences for washing and bathing. In point of beauty, the buildings here were very inferior to those of the southern missions. Durability and convenience alone, seem to have been consulted in their construction, and they mostly presented a very ordinary appearance.

Time passed swiftly during my stay with the old friar, and I left him with regret. It was late in the day, and the sky was clouded; yet fearing no danger from a storm, off I galloped to the landing-place, where I embarked in a small boat, with four Indians to row me to the ship. Arriving at the mouth of the creek, we tarried there until the tide had risen, to take advantage of the entire ebb, and

to put off as soon as the water slackened. The wind blew fresh from the southeast, the rain drizzled, and everything foretold a disagreeable night. However, we pushed off; but by the time we had reached the middle of the bay, the rain increased, and darkness closed around us. As the wind was favorable, we rigged the boat-hook for a mast, and taking the blanket of one of the Indians for a sail, we in this way proceeded admirably; but my oarsmen soon stretched themselves in the bottom of the boat, leaving me to accomplish the voyage under my own management. Unable to perceive any object beyond the boat's head, and without a compass, I was obliged to steer by the wind, and trust to the chance of its steadiness. In this dilemma, I remained for some hours in extreme doubt as to my whereabouts, often imagining I felt a gradual increase of the swell, which betokened an approach to the sea. At last, I caught a glimpse of the land. This gave me encouragement to proceed, and though ignorant of the localities of the place, yet presuming this to be the "Mission Point," I bore away for the ship's anchorage. A few minutes of great anxiety passed, when a sudden shock fully determined the fact. Our boat had struck the vessel amidships, luckily however without sufficient force to do us injury. The Indians, supposing we had struck a rock, started up in terror, but how great was their surprise, when on looking up, they beheld the side of our noble ship. The night-watch assisted us in securing the boat alongside, and I speedily ascended to the deck. We had been four hours performing a distance of

thirty miles, with a fair wind and favorable current. Had we been so unfortunate as to have missed the ship, we must have been carried out to sea, which would most probably have been the last of us, but something better, or worse, was reserved for our destiny.

A few days, only, passed ere we were once more, and for the last time, on our way to the port of Monterey. As we beat along down from the anchorage to "Castle Point," the breeze gradually died away, and when we reached the very entrance, and narrowest portion of the bay, it ceased entirely, leaving us to the force of the stream, the strength of which in the centre of the channel is from four to six knots an hour. On both sides are very strong eddies, and the junction of the waters from the northern and southern basins forms a multitude of whirlpools of such strength that vessels when becalmed are frequently driven by them upon the rocks. In such cases one or two boats in advance of the ship, to keep her in range with the current, is of the utmost importance. After passing the low point south of "Whaler's Harbor," where may be seen a few rocks, no danger need be apprehended of striking the northern shore, for the course of the current will take every thing clear of the rocks, and the soundings are deep. We passed so near with our ship, of four hundred tons, that I could have jumped upon the projecting points. Five miles outside of the castle, the soundings lessen considerably, and good anchorage may be found in from five to ten fathoms. Here we came to, and waited for a breeze,

as there is danger along the shore at the south of the port, unless the vessel has a good offing, for the swell sets directly upon the land. We did not wait long. The sea breeze soon set in, we continued our course, and the next morning found us busily employed at Monterey.

Having progressed thus far on our voyage, it was necessary to make arrangements for the disembarkation and storage of our cargo remaining unsold. Santa Barbara, on account of its central situation and quiet character of its population, was determined upon as the most suitable location, but it was necessary to ascertain if a building could be procured of sufficient capacity. For this reason I was obliged to proceed thither with all possible haste, Gale accompanying me as far as the Mission of La Soledad.

It was about nine o'clock in the morning when we started, and a few leagues of pleasant riding, mostly through dense woods, brought us to Buena Vista, the farm of Don Mariano Estrada. Here we alighted, and found the old gentleman at dinner. He had just commenced and was tasting "*la tasa de caldo*," a bowl of soup. His invitation to partake of his cheer we accepted, and seated ourselves at the table. We found him rather a lover of good eating, and, indeed, one would suppose that this remark might apply to all Californians, for the lowest personage must have his three or four different dishes. Their *olla*, *azados*, *guisados*, and *frijoles*, are found at every board. Dinner concluded, we took leave of Buena Vista and continued our journey. Our

road was quite level the whole distance, and wound along the base of a long range of hills, which run parallel with the sea-coast. A river flowed through the valley, emptying into the bay of Monterey, upon the bank of which was a farm-house belonging to the Mission of Carmelo ; this, and a few small huts scattered in our route, were the only buildings we passed in our ride. It was near sundown when we arrived and dismounted at the door of La Soledad. ✕ The gloomiest, bleakest, and most abject-looking spot in all California !

This mission was founded in 1791 ; and, although it presents a very unpromising aspect to the traveller from the gloominess of its exterior, its interior exhibits a striking contrast. A pious old man controls its concerns, and pours out to his guests with free hospitality the abundance thereof. His charities, his goodness, and meekness of character are proverbial ; and to have known the old Padre Seria was a happiness indeed. For many years he was Prefect of the Missions, and still exercised this function while attending to the spiritual, as well as the temporal affairs of his own establishment. In the kindness of his heart, he gave me a letter of introduction to the priests of the other Missions, requesting their assistance and hospitality during my journey.

The next day I took leave of Gale and set out for the Mission of St. Antonio, ten leagues distant from La Soledad. A *vaquero* accompanied me as guide. We travelled slowly, owing to our miserable horses, and the almost impracticable state of the

road which in many places extended across the mountains in narrow pathways, and was so obstructed with rocks, that I was obliged every few moments to dismount and walk. Thus we toiled on; and in this way we performed the greater part of our journey until we arrived at the top of the mountains and began to descend on the other side. The descent was so gradual that we put our horses to the gallop without danger or fear of their stumbling. This soon brought us to the neat little Mission of St. Antonio, which was the first mark of civilization we had met with during the ride. It is built of brick, with an arched corridor similar to the other missions, and was established in the year 1771. Pádre Pedro Cabot, the present missionary director, I found to be a fine, noble-looking man, whose manner and whole deportment would have led one to suppose he had been bred in the courts of Europe, rather than in the cloister. Everything was in the most perfect order; the Indians cleanly and well dressed, the apartments tidy, the workshops, granaries, and store-houses comfortable and in good keeping. Whilst taking chocolate, my host sent for the *vaquero* who was to accompany me in the next day's journey, to give him some instructions; and I took occasion to slip out after him, to urge the procuring of good horses, and the necessity of having them ready at early dawn. Soon after supper I retired to my quarters, and having arranged everything for an early start, getting my saddle, luggage, &c., conveniently together, sprang into bed, closed my eyes, and slept till aroused by a

rap at the door and a voice calling "Señor ! Señor ! it is daybreak." As I went forth the light was just peeping over the eastern hills, and our horses stood impatiently pawing the ground in the courtyard. I sprang into the saddle, and hastened our departure ; for I intended to perform, if possible, a two day's moderate journey in the next twelve hours.

Our horses were excellent ; and we galloped briskly over a smooth and level road for several leagues, without checking their speed, except to ford a small river, or ascend a few hills in the vicinity of the Mission of St. Miguel. From the tops of these we saw spread out before us a charming valley, through which our course lay. It was near mid-day when we descended the last hill, and rode up to the house. Father Juan Cabot, its director, was absent, having gone to pass a few days with the padre of St. Luis Obispo. So I repaired to the mayordomo, presented my letter, and requested immediate despatch. As it was necessary to send some distance for his horses, the delay of a couple of hours, ere they were procured, gave me ample time to look about the Mission. Like that of St. Antonio, it possessed few resources, owing to its distance from the sea-coast, and the moderate extent of its domains. It was founded in the year 1797 ; and is built near the extremity of a small pass through the hill, where the sun casts its burning heat in a degree almost insufferable. They say there, in proof of the warmth of the Mission, that the fleas cannot endure the summer months, and during the heat of the day may be seen gasping upon the brick pavements !

At the distance of about five leagues is a beautiful little bay called St. Simeon. Its anchorage is safe, and well protected from the winds, yet it is seldom visited by navigators.

Having already ridden fourteen leagues, I felt little inclined to extend my journey further, for my whole frame seemed as if it had undergone a severe pummelling, but ambitious to achieve my morning's undertaking, I again set off, following close at the heels of my guide. Shortly after our departure we reached a place where a sulphurous hot spring boiled up from the ground, and formed a little rivulet which crossed the road. Father Juan had erected a small house over the spot for the purpose of shelter, and convenience for bathing, and it was resorted to by many persons, suffering with rheumatic disorders, who generally obtained immediate relief. We afterwards stopped at the sheep farm belonging to the Mission of St. Miguel, where were two large houses and a number of straw huts. Gardens were attached to them, in which a variety of vegetables were cultivated by the Indians, who were there as keepers of eight or ten thousand sheep. Some distance off, on the other side of the valley, was a vineyard of excellent grapes, from which were annually made considerable quantities of wine and brandy. Further on, some three or four leagues, we reached "el rancho de Santa Margarita," a place used for the cultivation of grain, where, on an eminence that overlooked the grounds, an extensive building was erected. It was divided into store-rooms for different kinds of grain, and apartments for the accommo-

dation of the mayordomo, servants, and wayfarers. At one end was a chapel, and snug lodging-rooms for the priest, who, I was informed, frequently came and passed some weeks at the place during the time of harvest; and the holy friars of the two missions occasionally met there to acknowledge to each other their sins.

Here our horses were changed, and a smart gallop through forests of pine and oak, brought us soon to the ascent of a rough-looking hill, called "*la cuesta de St. Luis.*"

Notwithstanding its rugged appearance, we easily surmounted it, and arrived at the Mission of St. Luis Obispo, situated just beyond it. The sun was yet high above the hills, and we had journeyed, since morning, over eighty miles. I was of course much fatigued, and as the Pádrés Joaquin Jimeno and Cabot were taking a walk in the gardens, I had a short time for repose ere they returned. The former of these was a young man, of not more than twenty-four years of age, born in Mexico, from whence he had recently come, and was now missionary of St. Luis Obispo. The other, Father Cabot, was a native of Spain, and brother to Father Pedro Cabot of St. Antonio, but as unlike him in character and appearance as he could possibly have been. He was a tall, robust man of over fifty years, with the rough frankness of a hardy sailor, differing widely from the soft and pleasing manners of his brother, and celebrated for his good-humor and hospitality.

This Mission, though formerly a wealthy estab-

lishment, is now of little importance. The buildings are in a decayed state, and every thing about them appears to have been much neglected. It is surrounded by high and rocky hills, the soil of which bears the appearance of containing ore of some kind. In the vicinity are to be found the peculiar indications of gold and silver mines. Within a short ride is the harbor of St. Luis, where, in former years, during the monopoly of the Spanish government, the old friars sometimes secretly purchased goods of the American trading ships. The Mission possesses excellent horses, and a great many good mules; but, owing to want of attention, many of them are permitted to stray away, and mix with the wild cattle of the mountains.

The next morning, I started at daybreak with an excellent *vaquero* and fine horses. The road continued along the Mission valley for some distance, when it suddenly changed its course for the hills, and, passing over their woody summits, descended to the sea-coast, and opened upon a smooth, sandy beach, that extended for miles to the south. Here we raced along at a rapid rate, full three leagues, till it was necessary to strike off for the interior, through numerous sand-hills. Passing these, we reached an extensive plain, in the midst of which lay the cattle farm of "La Purissima," called "Guadaloupe."

We found the Indians busy at their annual "*matanzas*" or cattle killing. Numbers of the poor animals lay stretched upon the ground, already slaughtered; others, just suffering under the knife

of the butcher, whilst, in a spacious enclosure, hundreds were crowded for selection. The *vaqueros*, mounted on splendid horses and stationed at its entrance, performed by far the most important part of the labor. When the *mayordomo* pointed out the animal to be seized, instantly a lasso whirled through the air, and fell with dextrous precision upon the horns of the ill-fated beast. The horse, accustomed to the motion, turned as the lasso descended, and dragged him to slaughter. Another lasso was then thrown, which entrapped his hind leg, and threw him prostrate on the ground. In this position he was dispatched, and the horsemen returned for another. Sometimes it happened that one would escape and make off for the fields, pursued by the *vaqueros*, who, as they rode close in full chase, swung their lassos above their heads, and threw them upon the animal's horns and neck, giving their well-trained horses a sudden check, which brought him tumbling to the earth; or some one of the more expert would seize upon him by the tail, and, putting spurs to his horse, urge him suddenly forward, overthrowing the bull in this manner.

Leaving Guadaloupe, we continued on for several leagues through the plain, then across a range of elevated hills, arriving at La Purissima before twelve o'clock; thus accomplishing the distance of fifty-four miles in seven hours. I made arrangements for our horses, and we started immediately after dinner for "St. Ynes," where we arrived in about three hours. Pádre Blas was alone, and could not accommodate me with horses till the fol-

lowing morning; but ambitious to extend the ride to Santa Barbara, I prevailed upon my "Purissima" guide to take me to the other side of the mountain. Our horses held out very well till we reached its base, but here began to fag a little, and with great difficulty bore us up the ascent, so that it was quite late when we reached a small hut. Being completely exhausted, I halted here for the night, and in the morning proceeded to Santa Barbara, where every thing succeeded as I wished. Within two days after my arrival I had made arrangements for the purchase of a spacious building, and was on my way back to Monterey.

I had been absent but nine days when I arrived there, and dismounted at the house of friend Cooper. In an enclosure in the rear, a party of hunters were practising target-shooting with rifles, and appeared to have had considerable sport. A tall, gigantic Kentuckian, named Galbraith, was retiring from the scene as I entered, with extravagant boastings of his superior skill. When dinner was over, they gaily resumed their amusement, and Gale and myself were invited to take part in the sport. The mark was a small, square piece of paper, of the size of a dollar, secured to a board by a pin through its centre. I took my stand at forty paces, fired, and a loud shout followed. The mark was hit! My ball had struck the pin fairly upon its head, and driven it through the board. My triumph, however, seemed to create no little jealousy on the part of our Kentuckian, who challenged me to a second trial. But this was enough for me; a chance shot had

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gained my victory, and I had no idea of losing my credit by a second attempt, particularly with a person who amused himself daily by shooting off the heads of little "*chenates*" (blackbirds) at the distance of twenty paces.

In the course of a week we got under way and sailed for Santa Barbara, where we arrived safe, and immediately commenced landing our cargo. Many of our packages were bulky, and it required considerable care to get them through the surf without damage; and owing to the distance of the ship from the shore, and the rough state of the beach at times, a fortnight elapsed ere everything was disembarked. At length the last load was deposited in the house, and the men were employed in getting on board wood and water; this having been accomplished, the ship made sail, and stood out of the bay, on her way to St. Diego, where she was to take in her home cargo. The breeze was fair, and a few hours carried her beyond the reach of our glasses.

So, now I was a resident again on shore—a "*comerciante de Santa Barbara*." My house was a building of one story, containing one large room some fifty feet square, and four smaller ones. The large one was filled to the roof with bales and boxes, leaving a narrow passage only for communication with the other apartments, which were differently occupied. One of these was fitted up with shelves and a counter, serving as a show-room, and another I had transformed into a bed-chamber. I slept in a cot suspended from the cross-beams of the roof; and, besides the necessary furniture of chairs, tables,

looking-glass, &c., I had, displayed against the wall, two old muskets newly brightened up, two pairs of pistols, and a very terrific sword. The sight of these appalling instruments was ample security against the rogues, who were generally lounging about the door, leading from the corridor to the street. I had but one companion, a servant,* who had lived for many years in my father's house, and had followed me in my wanderings. Poor David! he was a good, honest fellow, officiating in many capacities, and often remaining in sole charge of a valuable amount of property; but he was fated to meet a watery grave a few years afterwards, in crossing the passage from Santa Barbara to St. Buenaventura.

The house united with that of my friend Daniel Hill, whose immediate vicinity I found of great convenience, for we took our meals together; and he was often of much assistance to me in matters of business. In fact, Daniel was a sort of *factotum* for the whole town, and was carpenter, or mason by turns, as his services were wanted; for his natural ingenuity made him useful in either capacity. For our better security, I made some additions to the house, which needed also some repairs and painting, so Daniel's aid was required. A large cook-house was built in the rear, surrounded by a high wall of brick, and the windows at the end of the house were barricaded. David attended to the painting, and very soon we had the best-looking establishment in the place.

* David Harrison.

While our arrangements were going on, Gale was at St. Diego with the ship, superintending the stowing of the cargo. I had several letters from him, one of which informed me of the arrival, from St. Blas, of the ship Harriet, Captain Fitch, whose elopement, and flight with his betrothed, I have mentioned in a previous chapter. His wife, whom he had married immediately on his arrival at Lima, he had brought with him. Don José Maria Padrés, the new Inspector General, was passenger with his family, besides over fifty prisoners, who had been sent by the Mexican government; making another Botany Bay of the fair fields of California. Padrés expected to have found there the new Governor, Don Manuel Victoria, who was on his way, by land, from Lower California, and who, it was reported, would again close the ports against foreign flags.

Gale, who had been complaining for some time of ill health, was resolved to return home in the Brookline, to obtain medical advice, and had notified me of the determination, that I might be prepared, on his arrival, to remain alone in charge of the business. A few days after, the ship was seen in the offing. As soon as she came to, Gale landed and came up to the house. She had put into St. Pedro on her way up, and more hides had been embarked, which were to be cured. The old house at St. Diego had been taken down, and brought up to be erected at Santa Barbara. The carpenter immediately commenced operations, in laying vats, &c., so that in a few days the same busy scene of hide salting was going on here that had been so long in

process at St. Diego. At last, the hides being all cured and embarked, the day arrived for the ship's departure. With a heavy heart, and swimming eyes, I took leave of Gale, the officers, and all hope of seeing my home, my "native land" again for years.

CHAPTER VII.

Mass at Santa Barbara.—Yankee Ingenuity.—Riding in California.—An Indian Game.—Temescal.—Secularization of the Missions.—A New General for California.—Fire on the Mountains.—Execution of two Indians.—Sulphurous Spring.—A Launch.—A New Companion.—Choyas.—A Bear and Bull Bait.—Pádre Luis and his Comical English.—David Douglass, Esq.—St. Juan Bautista.—Pádre Arroyo.—A Night with the Fleas.—A Californian Farm-House.—A Priest's Travelling Carriage.—An Indian Festival.

THE ship had gone, and a bright Sunday morning succeeded her departure. The bells were already ringing their first call to mass, when Daniel appeared, busily employed in making ready his wagon for a ride to the Mission. We had but time to snatch a hasty breakfast, for Father Antonio, being of delicate constitution, could not suffer a long detention from his chocolate, and until Mass had been said, he was forbidden to partake of any nourishment whatever. In consequence, the whole population was in motion as early as sunrise, on their way to the church. At Daniel's invitation I accompanied him, and jumping into the vehicle, I seated myself by his side, and off we started.

Our wagon, once a handcart, through the ingenuity of Daniel had been converted to its present use, and was one of the many specimens of his cleverness. He had put springs to it, and contrived it

that it might be drawn by one or two horses, with accommodations for four passengers. Several Jersey wagons accompanied us on the road, and one very fine-looking barouche, but none of them went off with the spirit of our own. The others were drawn mostly by mules, led along by a person on horseback, making rather a ludicrous appearance in comparison with the free movement of our carriages at home.

The distance being short, we soon arrived at the Mission, and after securing our horse to the railing of the corridor, we ascended the steps into the private apartment of the priest. Pádre Antonio had retired for the purpose of preparing for the Mass, but we found a number of the chief men of the town, and officers of the army, seated around in familiar conversation. Among them were the Comandante, Pacheco, dressed in full uniform, Don José de la Guerra, a retired veteran, dressed in citizen's clothes, with two gold epaulettes, and Lieutenant Antonio Maria Del Vallé, a little dried-up piece of vanity, who made up in boastful words what he lacked in physical proportions. I was a stranger to the party, and received a formal introduction to the two first mentioned. The seats were all occupied, and I saw no place for me to sit, but by lifting from the sofa the hat of Del Vallé, which I handed to that august personage, and squeezed myself in by his side. This was sufficient to wound his pride, and call forth a demonstration of his dissatisfaction; but perceiving I paid no attention to his indignation, his rage began to increase, when the tolling of

the bell, announcing the commencement of the ceremony, put an end to the scene, and we passed into the church to take part in the devotion. After Mass we again repaired to the apartment of Pádre Antonio, where breakfast had been prepared, and served upon a long table. All were kindly invited to partake, but as Daniel and I had already breakfasted, we declined, and taking our leave, returned home.

As we rode along we had an excellent opportunity of seeing the different varieties of riding, common in the country. The universal mode of travelling, with both males and females, is on horseback; the latter generally ride with a person behind them, who guides the horse. In this way many were returning from the Mission. Now and then we passed a poor broken-down horse with three lazy vagabonds astride him, who unfeelingly beat and spurred him onward. A few old men came trotting along, who from their firm manner of riding with their legs clinging to the sides of their horses, seemed almost to have grown to them. More amusing still, we saw many children of not more than three or four years of age, two or three together on one horse, who appeared as secure in their seats as the old men who lived all their lives in the saddle. The young commence thus early their lessons in horsemanship, and when despatched by their parents on some errand, the two more expert riders seat the youngest between them, and go tearing across the country without the least apprehension, not unfrequently with a bullock's hide dragging over the ground behind them. Both young and old

are passionately fond of riding, and rarely go from one house to another, no matter how short the distance, except on horseback. Many take their meals in the saddle, and the poor animal is fortunate if he gets either food or drink till late at night, when his master quits his back for his bed and retires to repose.

I sat down at my door on my return, to enjoy the following lively scene. In the front of the house was a large square, where the Indians assembled on Sunday afternoons, to indulge in their favorite sports and pursue their chief amusement—gambling. Here numbers were gathered together in little knots, who appeared engaged in angry conversation; they were adjusting, as Daniel informed me, the boundary lines for the two parties who were to play that afternoon at ball, and were thus occupied till dinner time. When I returned from dinner they had already commenced, and at least two or three hundred Indians of both sexes were engaged in the game. It was the “Presidio” against the “Mission.” They played with a small ball of hard wood, which, when hit, would bound with tremendous force without striking the ground for two or three hundred yards. Great excitement prevailed, and immense exertion was manifested on both sides, so that it was not till late in the afternoon that the game was decided in favor of the Indians of the Presidio.

Many of the Indians retired afterwards to the enjoyment of their *Temescal* or hot air baths, which is their usual resort after fatigue, and is the sovereign

remedy for nearly all their diseases. A round hovel or oven of mud is built, generally, over an excavation in the ground. An opening is left in the roof for the escape of the smoke, and one at the side for entrance. As many persons as it can conveniently hold, enter, and make a fire close to the door on the inside. They continue to add fuel to the flame till they can no longer bear the intense heat, which throws them into a profuse perspiration. Thoroughly exhausted, they crawl forth from the hut, and plunge themselves headlong into the nearest stream. I have frequently seen the old men lying about on the floor of the oven apparently bereft of all their strength, whilst some of the younger persons enjoyed it, and sang and laughed under its influence. The women also frequently make use of these baths, repeating them till their diseases are cured.

A few weeks passed away, and we received intelligence of the arrival of the ship *Harriet* at Monterey. The captain had been arrested by order of General Echeandia, and was separated from his wife for having dared to break through the required formalities attached to the marrying of foreigners. They were to be thus separated until their arrival at the Mission of St. Gabriel, where the missionary president resided. Here, after complying with the requisitions of the church, they were to be remarried. It is uncertain whether the cause of so much trouble and annoyance to Fitch originated in the special care of the ecclesiastical functionary for the fair Californian, or was the consequence of the open violation of the law. Perhaps the parents may have

been dissatisfied with the elopement, and for their better satisfaction had solicited the interference of the constituted authorities.

Rumors had been circulated for some days past that the soldiers and convicts meditated a revolt, in order to rob and murder the foreign residents. A plan was devised by some Mazatlan troops, who came to guard the convicts.—Base cut-throats and villains! they would have carried it into execution had they supposed themselves sufficiently strong.—Hardly a day transpired without seeing them returning from the beach at evening, with their black silk handkerchiefs as banners! emblematical of the blackness of their intentions.—On one occasion, while celebrating the glorious 16th of September, the annual celebration of their independence, the principal demonstrations of joy were confined to the square of the Garrison.—The figure of a "*gachupin*" or Spaniard, was hung in effigy, and as the valiant "*Mazatecos*" let off their rockets they cried "Death to the Spaniards and foreigners." The "*Comandante*," though *particularly friendly* with two respectable old Spaniards (the only ones in Santa Barbara), and *extremely partial* to the foreigners, yet was beheld in the midst of the crowd, as if foremost among the revelers.

The American residents were all well armed, and ready to unite on the first alarm. A large church bell, which had been suspended from one of the cross-beams of my store-room, was by agreement intended to announce the least appearance of treachery, for, as here lay the greatest temptation, un-

doubtedly here would have been the first point of attack.

The new Inspector, José Maria Padrés, pretending to take much interest in bettering the condition of the natives, soon commenced a work of destruction, under the name of reform. The act for the secularization of the Missions, passed by the Mexican Congress on the 13th September, 1813, was now put in force, and, through the ready compliance of Echeandia, partially carried into effect. In some of the Missions the Indians abandoned their labor, and, when chastised, insulted the priests. These flourishing institutions, as they had been, were in danger of immediate subversion and ruin. Through the encouragement of Echeandia, vice of all kinds had become prevalent, and the poor misguided Indians saw in the terms *libre* and *independiente* a sort of license for the indulgence of every passion. But, fortunately for the country, at this crisis the new General, Don Manuel Victoria, arrived at Santa Barbara, on the 10th of January, 1831, on his way to the seat of government at Monterey.

Señor Victoria was a tall, lean, half Indian kind of person, with sufficient resolution and courage to constitute him, in his own opinion, a legion amongst this unsophisticated race of Californians. He came unattended, and required no ceremonious reception. As soon as he received the command from Echeandia, his first step was to counteract the ruinous effects of the imprudence of his predecessor, and to restore the Missions to their former state. Echeandia retired to St. Diego; and Padrés to St. Francisco,

where he remained some time, sowing seeds of discord and discontent among the inhabitants, till ordered to Santa Barbara, where he was put on board a vessel for St. Blas.

About this time we were much alarmed, in consequence of the burning of the woods upon the mountains. For several days the smoke had been seen to rise from the distant hills of St. Buenaventura, and gradually approach the town. At last it had reached the confines of the settlement, and endangered the fields of grain, and gardens. Soon it spread low upon the hills, and notwithstanding a strong westerly wind was blowing, the flames travelled swiftly to windward, consuming everything in their course. It was late at night when they reached the rear of the town, and as they furiously wreathed upwards, the sight was magnificent, but terrible. The wind blew directly upon the town, and the large cinders that fell in every direction seemed to threaten us with certain destruction. The air was too hot to breathe. The inhabitants fled from their homes to the beach, or sought the house of Señor Noriega, where prayers were offered and the saints supplicated. The vessels at anchor in the bay were also much endangered, for their decks were literally covered with the burning cinders, and their crews incessantly employed in keeping them wet. During the entire night the ravages of the fire continued, and when daylight broke it had seized upon the vineyard belonging to the Mission. Here the green state of vegetation somewhat checked its progress, and it passed over

to the mountains again, to pursue its course northward. On the uplands every thing was destroyed, and, for months afterwards, the bare and blackened hills marked the course of the devastating element.

The character of our new Governor soon began to reveal itself, in the execution of his determined spirit to do justice. Two Indians, who had been convicted of cattle stealing, were, by his orders, publicly shot in the Presidio of Monterey; thus effectually putting a stop to robberies of all kinds. But an act so rash and hasty was likely to destroy his popularity, and materially injure his career in California, although the result was so beneficial to the community. The act was unconstitutional, and served, among the discontented spirits of the country, to hasten the revolution, the germ of which Padres had left behind him.

A few leagues from Santa Barbara is a hot spring, where the inhabitants resort in some cases of disease. I accompanied a few friends to the place, one of whom was desirous of proving its efficacy in curing rheumatism. We rode across the little settlement of Montecito, and soon came to a rough and narrow passage leading to the mountains, which we ascended till the path became so intricate that it was impossible to proceed further on horseback; so dismounting and securing our horses, we walked to the spring, where the waters were boiling up with much force. The place was very rocky, and the stream had washed away the earth, forming numerous cavities sufficiently large to contain one person. These were filled with water of different tempera-

tures, varying according to the distance from the source of the spring, which in some places was so hot that I could not bear my hand in it. There are a few shanties on the spot for the accommodation of families, who frequently pass several days there during the summer months. After bathing, we returned home to the town, much enervated from the peculiar character of the waters.

A launch was to take place at St. Pedro, of the *second*-vessel ever constructed in California. She was a schooner of about sixty tons, that had been entirely framed at St. Gabriel and fitted for subsequent completion at St. Pedro. Every piece of timber had been hewn and fitted thirty miles from the place, and brought down to the beach upon carts. She was called "Guadaloupe," in honor of the patron saint of Mexico; and as the affair was considered quite an important era in the history of the country, many were invited from far and near to witness it. Her builder was a Yankee, named Joseph Chapman, who had served his apprenticeship with a Boston boat-builder. He was one of the crew on board the piratical cruiser that attacked Monterey, at which time he was taken prisoner, and had lived in the country ever since. From his long residence, he had acquired a mongrel language; English, Spanish, and Indian being so intermingled in his speech, that it was difficult to understand him. Although illiterate, his great ingenuity and honest deportment had acquired for him the esteem of the Californians, and a connection in marriage with one of the first families of the country. Father

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Sanchez, of St. Gabriel, used to say that Chapman could get more work out of the Indians in his unintelligible tongue than all the *mayordomos* put together. I was present on one occasion, when he wished to despatch an Indian to the beach, at St. Pedro, with his ox-wagon, charging him to return as soon as possible. His directions ran somewhat in this manner. "*Ventura! vamos! trae los bueyes* go down to the *Playa*, and come back as quick as you can *puede*."

I visited St. Diego about this time, stopping on the route at St. Pedro. My companion was Ferdinand Deppe, a fine gentlemanly fellow, a native of Germany, who was agent for a Mexican house, and was there conducting the business of the ship *Harriet*. It being late in the day when we started, he proposed taking a short cut across the hills, which brought us into the midst of a large tract covered with *choyas*, or prickly pears. They had wounded my horse's legs severely, and he commenced plunging and jumping; at every movement, adding to his own pains, and increasing my danger. After much trouble, we got clear of the abominable place, and I dismounted to overhaul and examine the extent of damage. My horse had sticking to the inner side of his thighs and legs a multitude of the heads of the *choyas*, which, with a stick, I prepared to remove. At the very first effort I was rewarded by a presentation of both heels of the animal, which struck me just below the groin, and laid me prostrate on the ground. Deppe was amazed, and believed me killed, but a few moments convinced him

of his mistake. I was considerably lamed, and having exchanged horses with him, we rode along slowly to the beach. The "Harriet" lay at anchor, and the new schooner "Guadaloupe" had just left the inner harbor for the usual place of anchorage. Several days elapsed ere I could walk, and I ever after looked upon the *choyas* with an evil eye.

No other incident worthy of notice occurred during my journey, and I returned to Santa Barbara, after a pleasant trip, in time to witness a bull and bear bait that was to take place at the Mission, the day following.

Old Bruin was first, however, to be caught, and about a dozen *vaqueros*, with their *mayordomo*, started off to entrap him. On such occasions, a bright moonlight night was always selected, and their usual mode of securing him was as follows: In some remote spot which the bears most frequented, a bullock was slain and his carcass left exposed. At an early hour the Indians repaired to some neighboring concealment where they watched the bear's approach, which was announced by the howling of wolves, and the noise of immense numbers of *coyotes*. He usually crept along suspiciously towards the bait, and while eagerly engaged in consuming it, the Indians suddenly pounced upon him from their ambush, and with their lassos thrown around his neck, tumbled him to the ground. Oftentimes at the approach of his pursuers he would rise on his hind legs, prepared for defence, when the lassos were either broken or forced from the rider. The expert *vaquero*, however, generally suc-

ceeded, and poor Bruin, foaming with rage, gagged, and secured with a dozen lassos, was drawn to the Mission; either upon a low, two-wheeled cart, or a large bullock's hide.

Success had attended them on this occasion, and at sunrise a large grey bear was secured to a tree in front of the Mission. It was past noon when I rode up and dismounted to look at the poor condemned brute, who, almost exhausted with heat and rage, seemed hardly competent to the trial that awaited him. Persons were standing around, thrusting pointed sticks into his sides, till the madness of the infuriated animal knew no bounds. A sailor, rather the worse for "*aguardiente*," reeled up to take part in the fun, and with his recklessness and wit added infinitely to the amusement. At length an unfortunate stagger brought him within reach of Bruin's paw, who seized him by the leg and drove his teeth quite through the calf. With extreme difficulty, they rescued him from his danger, and a skillful practitioner happening to be near, the wound was immediately sewed up.

The time arrived for the sport to commence, and every one repaired to a large square, formed by the junction of the long corridor with a temporary fence of poles. The bear, still encumbered with his fastenings, was first brought in, and then the bull came plunging into the enclosure, as if a match for a dozen such opponents. A lasso was fastened to the hind leg of the bear, leaving his fore paws at liberty for defence, and connecting with one of the bull's fore legs, so contrived as to give them a scope

of about twenty feet for manœuvring. This being accomplished, the other fastenings were removed, and the two terrified creatures remained sole occupants of the square. The bull roared, pawed the earth, flung his head in the air, and at every movement of his opponent seemed inclined to escape, but the lasso checked his course, and brought them both with a sudden jerk to the ground. Bruin, careless of the scene around him, looked with indifference upon his enemy, seemingly too exhausted to bear the struggle, but the jerk of the lasso aroused him as if to a sense of danger, and he rose up on his hind legs, in the posture of defence. At this moment, the bull rushed upon him, and with his sharp horns seemed to have gored him through; but not so, for a mournful bellow told his situation. The bear had seized upon him by the nose, whilst his paws clung around his horns. A sudden exertion, however, liberated the bull from this embrace, and a second plunge drove his horns half way through his enemy's side, and tossed him high in the air, whence he fell powerless to the ground. One or two more successful attacks decided the fate of Bruin, and he was dragged from the arena, covered with numerous and ghastly wounds. The conflict in this case had been short, owing to the exhausted condition of the bear; but on some occasions, it was continued even to the exhausting of a second bull; this was rare, however, and more frequently a strong bull was able to cope with two such adversaries.

On this occasion every body attended, as is cus-

tomary in all their amusements, and men, women, and children took part in the discussions relative to the fight. Such exhibitions served for a topic of conversation amongst all classes for months afterwards, and the performance elicited as much applause as is usually bestowed on the triumph of some great actor in the theatres of our own country.

A slight misunderstanding in trade with one of the priests of San Francisco rendered it advisable that I should visit the north, and accordingly, having made all necessary arrangements, I was soon on my way for that quarter. Arriving at the Mission of St. Luis Obispo on the second day of my journey, how great was my surprise, on riding up to the corridor, to be saluted by the Pádre in my own language. "How do you do, sir? Very good oysters, Mr. Fish! come in! May the devil skin you to make your mother a night-cap!" The most outrageous oaths rattled from his tongue with most amusing volubility. At last, tired of his display in English, he abandoned it for a language more harmonious in sound, and in which he was more competent to converse. The mystery was soon solved. An eccentric old Scotchman, named Mulliken, had resided with him a number of years during his administration of the Mission of Santa Cruz, and had amused himself in his leisure moments by adding to the old friar's limited stock of English; who, poor man! profoundly ignorant of the *real* meaning of his salutations, thought he had addressed me in the most *civil* and courteous manner! Father Luis had recently taken charge of this establishment,

and Pádre Jimeno had gone to the Mission of St. Luis Rey. Everything was in fine order, and the hospitality of the new director equalled that ever bestowed by his predecessor. Horses were furnished me on the morning following, and I continued my journey to Monterey. Three days afterwards, late at night and suffering with cold, I rode into the town.

Soon after my arrival friend Deppe appeared as a visitor, and agreed to accompany me to the Missions of Santa Clara and St. José, for the annual feast of the latter was to be celebrated soon with considerable pomp, and he had much wished to witness a festival of the Indians.

I found a new resident at Monterey—David Douglass, Esq., a naturalist from Scotland, who had been indefatigable in his researches throughout the northern regions of America, and was adding to his treasure the peculiar productions of California. I was told he would frequently go off, attended only by his little dog, and with rifle in hand search the wildest thicket in hopes of meeting a bear; yet the sight of a bullock grazing in an open field was to him more dreadful than all the terrors of the forest. He once told me that this was his only fear, little thinking what a fate was in reserve for him. He went afterwards from Monterey to the Sandwich Islands. One morning he was found at the bottom of a pit which had been prepared as a trap for wild bulls. It is supposed that from curiosity he had approached too near to get a sight of the furious animal that had been ensnared, and the earth giv-

ing way, precipitated him below. The merciless brute had gored him to death. His faithful little dog was found near the spot, watching a basket of his collections.

After two days' detention at Monterey I started off with Deppe on our way to St. Francisco. The commencement of the journey was along a sandy road, over numerous hills that gave us a fine view of the bay and shipping at anchor. Several scattered huts, grazing cattle, and now and then a deer enlivened the scene. A few leagues brought us to an extensive plain, which we crossed, and entered upon a narrow road leading, through a range of beautiful green hills, to the Mission of St. Juan Bautista. An *alameda*, or shaded walk, of some length, gave access to the establishment, on each side of which were gardens and cultivated fields.

This Mission was founded in the year 1797, and had in 1831 a population of about twelve hundred civilized Indians. It is conveniently located in the centre of a valley, with an abundance of rich land and large stocks of cattle. Pádre Felipe Arroyo was the missionary, whose infirm state of health kept him confined closely to his chamber. For amusement, when tired of study, he called in the children of the place and set them to dancing and playing their games. In his eccentric taste he had given them the names of all the renowned personages of antiquity, and Ciceros, Platos, and Alexanders were to be found in abundance. A particular regard for us procured from the old gentleman a sleeping apartment adjoining his own, not usually

bestowed upon travellers. When we retired, however, we were surprised to find no sheets upon the bed, but in their stead, coarse blankets. Shut out from any means of access to the other parts of the building, except through the room of the Pádre, it was impossible to remedy the deficiency. Our light was extinguished, and soon Deppe's nasal organs announced how deep was his repose; but I lay restless and uneasy. I could not sleep; the blankets pricked my flesh, the room was warm, and at times it would seem as if a thousand needles penetrated my legs and sides. Can it be the blankets, thought I, or are they filled with fleas; and if so, how is it that Deppe sleeps so sound? The more I reasoned, the more horrible became my situation, and I feared I was to become a martyr to never-ending tortures. They were fleas indeed! and it appeared to me as if they came in armies to glut their appetites with human blood! It was terrifying! for I thought they would surely suck me dry before morning, and I jumped with horror from the bed to the floor. But it was like jumping "out of the frying-pan into the fire," for the floor was of tile, and the crevices their place of abode. I felt them jump upon my legs and feet, and reaching down my hand, I swept them off by dozens. The bed was least exposed on this account, so back I got, when a sudden twitch of Deppe's frame, and an extra snore, or *snort*, revealed his similar fate. Rolling about from side to side, he could suffer no longer in silence, but cried out "*Carramba!* what de divil is in de bed?" "Fleas!" said I, "ha! ha! fleas! and they will

devour us before morning!" Thus the whole tedious night was passed in scratching and complaining till morning broke, when, worn out with fatigue and loss of sleep, we finally closed our eyes and slept till roused to chocolate. As we passed the old friar, on our way to the breakfast-room, his friendly inquiries were incessant. "*Buenos días! como pasaron vmds. la noche?*" To which I would have frankly replied, but politeness forbade, and a shrug of the shoulders brought forth the feeble and laconic answer, "*Bien! gracias!*"

* The whole country is infested with fleas, and it is a rare thing to find a house without them, so that the natives have become accustomed to their bite, and think nothing of it. After this trial, I set myself down as fit to compete with any native, and really thought, since passing such a night, I could bear as much as the thickest skinned among them.

By the time we got through with our chocolate the horses were at the door, and we hastened to take leave of Padre Arroyo. The usual formalities of leave-taking having passed, we mounted and rode along with our *vaguero* on a pleasant gallop, till we had crossed the plain, when we came to a river, which had been concealed till now by the density of the trees. It was the River "Pajaro," which we were obliged to ford, and which, during the rainy season, becomes at times impassable. Having accomplished this, we crossed several hills, and stopped at the house of a Yankee carpenter, who had been several years in the country, and had married a Californian wife—a clever, good-natured mechanic,

whose only fault (that of intemperance) had prevented his advancement in life, and kept him, as he ever will be, in an embarrassed situation. His ingenuity had given him a wooden house, a novelty in California, and the chairs and tables bore testimony to his industry. His wife gave us some milk, with bread and cheese, of which we partook, and continued on our route. From this place we rode through a flat, level country, of fifteen or twenty miles in extent, where, on each side, ranged high hills and mountains. These were covered with pines; and on the level below were thousands of scattered oaks. A flock of antelopes crossed our path as we rode along, and away they scampered for the mountains. These were the first I had seen in the country, as they are not numerous at the south. At length the highland on each side closed to a narrow passage, and we alighted at the farm-house of a Californian.

As we rode up to the entrance, a score of dogs came rushing out, as if to annihilate us, but a gentle reproof from the master, who appeared at the door, called them off, and we entered. This cottage was built of sticks, covered over with mud, and the roof with "*brea*" (pitch). There were but two apartments, and these were occupied with several neat and comfortable beds. An elegance was displayed here which surprised me; but afterwards, I learned that it was no uncommon thing to find laces and satins in the houses of the most needy. All their food was cooked outside of the house, and a few paces in front stood a garden, where vegetables were raised. A

few of the tamest of the farmer's cattle were grazing around the house, and several young calves were shut up in a small enclosure. Dinner was prepared for us—horses were proffered to assist us on the journey, and, as usual among these hospitable people, no recompense was required.

It was growing late, and we started for the Mission of Santa Clara, which is about twenty leagues distant from St. Juan. A short ride brought us to the "Pueblo de San José," when we quickly passed up through the beautiful "Alameda," and stopped at the door of the Mission.

Being the festival eve, many of the Indians were starting off in numbers; and ere the sun had set, hundreds were upon the road for St. José. Father Viader was to go in the morning, before breakfast, and, it being but a short ride, we concluded to remain and accompany him.

The morning presented the same lively scene of people going to the feast; and, at an early hour, the Pádre's carriage was brought to the door. It was a singular contrivance, invented by himself, and built by the Indian mechanics under his direction—a narrow body, of sufficient width for one person only, hung on a pair of low wheels; and the whole frame was covered with brown cotton. The seat, well stuffed with lambs' wool, served to compensate for the absence of springs; and the harness, which he had made from green hide, twisted into rope, though not very ornamental, was sufficiently *strong*, and answered every purpose.

All being in readiness, Pádre Viader got into his

carriage. We mounted our horses, and off we started in grand equestrian order. The carriage was drawn by a fine black mule, astride of which sat a little Indian boy, who assisted in guiding the animal, in connection with a more experienced Indian, who, mounted on a fiery steed, led the mule with a *reata* fastened about his neck. On each side were two *vaqueros*, with lassos fixed to the axletree, by which they facilitated the movement of the carriage over the road, and essentially aided the mule in ascending steep places. Three or four of the priest's pages attended him also; and in the rear followed a number of Alcaldes of the Mission. All were attired for the occasion, and from their hats were flowing red and blue ribbons, which, like pennons, fluttered in the wind.

A quick movement brought us to a view of the Mission from a neighboring rising ground, from whence we saw the gathering multitude; and as we approached nearer, the bells of the church rang a merry peal, in honor to the priest, which continued until the two missionary brothers were fast locked in an embrace; when the ringing ceased, and we retired within.

It is a prevailing custom at every town or mission in the country to give this demonstration of respect to the holy friar; and not unfrequently many of the inhabitants go out to meet him, and escort him to his quarters. This respectful observance to a priest rather provoked the jealousy of one of the Mexican governors, who, in a circular to this holy brotherhood, ordered that the bells should be rung

whenever he approached their Missions. The order was complied with, and has been observed to his successors down to the present day.

Mass was soon commenced, and Pádre Viader at the usual period of the ceremony ascended the pulpit, and delivered an explanatory sermon relative to the celebration of the day. The music was well executed, for it had been practiced daily for more than two months under the particular supervision of Father Narciso Duran. The number of musicians was about thirty; the instruments performed upon were violins, flutes, trumpets, and drums; and so acute was the ear of the priest that he would detect a wrong note on the part of either instantly, and chide the erring performer. I have often seen the old gentleman, bareheaded, in the large square of the Mission beating time against one of the pillars of the corridor, whilst his music was in rehearsal.

After mass was concluded we passed out of the church to the priest's apartment through a shower of rockets, which were fired off incessantly in every direction. Dinner was served early to give us time to witness the performances of the Indians; and as there were many strangers at the Mission, a very lengthy table had been prepared, so as to accommodate all. An abundance of good things appeared and disappeared, till at length the cloth was removed; cigars were smoked, and the good old friars retired to enjoy their *siesta*, whilst we repaired to the front corridor to behold the fun.

At a signal from their "Capitan," or chief, several

Indians presented themselves at the corner of one of the streets of the "*Rancheria*" and gradually approached towards us. They were dressed with feathers, and painted with red and black paint: looking like so many demons. There were several women amongst them. Soon they formed a circle, and commenced what they called *dancing*, which was one of the most ludicrous specimens of grotesque performance I had ever seen. It did not appear to me that they had any change of figure whatever; but fixed to one spot, they beat time with their feet to the singing of half a dozen persons who were seated upon the ground. When these had performed their part, they retired to an encampment beyond the building and another party appeared, painted and adorned rather differently from the former, whose mode of dancing, also, was quite dissimilar. They retired after a while, and arrangements were made for a bear fight. Whilst these amusements were going on, the Padres had risen, and we were called to chocolate; but the enthusiasm of the Indians hardly gave us time to finish, when we heard them crying "*Aqui traen el oso!*" ("Here they bring the bear"). He was soon ready, though almost dead from confinement, and the bull made but a few plunges, ere he laid him stiff upon the ground. This part of the amusement concluded, Deppe and I walked to the encampment, where the Indians were dancing in groups, as we had seen them at the Mission. Around the large space which they occupied were little booths, displaying a variety of ornaments, seeds,

and fruit. All was hilarity and good feeling; for the prudence of Father Narciso had forbidden the sale of liquor. At sundown the bells were rung—rockets were let off—guns were fired; and long after supper, at a late hour of the night, we could hear from our beds the continued shouts of the multitude.

We returned safe to Santa Clara early on the following morning, where I was to adjust with Father Viader the misunderstanding which had called me to the north. This required but a short explanation, for his good and yielding disposition set every thing to rights; so I took leave of him and my friend Deppe, and departed for home.

CHAPTER VIII.

Interesting News.—Another Revolution.—Arrival of Gen. Victoria with Troops.—Defeat of Victoria.—His Expulsion.—A new Government.—Pío Pico Governor.—Arrival of the banished Priests.—Opposition of the North to the South.—State of Santa Barbara.—A Good Joke.—Ruinous Condition of the Indians.—Sail ho!

ABOUT a month after my arrival, a ship came into port and anchored. It was the *Harriet*; and soon friend Deppe and Captain Fitch made their appearance, coming up the street towards the house. As they drew near, Fitch held up a letter. Supposing it was merely a communication from some one residing in the country, I took no particular notice of it, until a closer glance revealed the well known writing of Gale! "Give it to me! when did you get it? where is it from? How do you do?" I cried in a breath. Snatching it from his hand, I tore it open, and found that it was dated but two days back, and my old friend Gale was at Monterey, with a new ship from Boston, called the *California*!

This was information so agreeable, that I was unable to sleep much during the night, and at an early hour I arose. Whilst packing up some goods, to go on board the *Harriet*, the door suddenly opened, and the large, glass eyes of "*Cuatro Ojos*" struck

full upon me. If it had been the bowsprit of his new ship, I could not have been more surprised; however, we were soon seated together, and he explained the cause of his sudden appearance. The General had unceremoniously taken leave of Monterey, and was on his way down, to put a stop to some revolutionary movements that were in agitation at St. Diego. His abrupt departure prevented any satisfactory arrangement with Gale, and this was the reason why he had come to Santa Barbara. He came passenger in a whale ship, whose captain politely landed him on his way down the coast. The General had been some days on the road, and he was looked for, hourly.

The following morning, I called upon the "*Comandante*" with Gale, from whom we ascertained that letters had been received from Victoria, giving information of his proximity, and that he would soon be here. It was near noon, when he came riding slowly along the road to the Presidio. Twenty soldiers accompanied him, who were well armed and equipped for service. It was necessary to make application to him immediately, relative to business, so we repaired to his quarters, and had the good fortune to adjust every thing to our satisfaction.

The brig Plant had sailed from Boston in company with the "California," having been despatched by the owners to enable me to close up the interests of the Brooklyn voyage. By persuasion of Gale, I accompanied him back, and left instructions for the master, on his arrival, to proceed to Monterey. The same morning that we com-

menced our journey north, Victoria proceeded to the south.

Upon our arrival at Monterey, immediate preparations were made for the examination of the ship California's cargo, and friend Cooper's house was selected as the most convenient location for deposite, as well as for security. The lighter portion of the cargo had been landed, and a few days more would have accomplished its entire inspection, when an extraordinary courier arrived with the intelligence of the defeat of General Victoria, by the rebellious party.

It seems that Victoria had placed implicit confidence in the faith of Don Pablo de Portilla, the "*Comandante*" at St. Diego, who had given him timely notice of the revolt, and had promised to co-operate with him in quelling the rebellion. For this reason, the General took with him but a few men; and, only in consequence of the repeated solicitations of Pacheco, who had no faith in Portilla, would he consent to his going also, with a detachment of ten or a dozen more.

On the 1st of December, 1831, a party of disaffected persons assembled together, and declared in favor of the late commander, General Echeandia. Don Pablo Portilla was appointed commander of the rebels. The charges of tyranny, and the unconstitutionality of Victoria's proceedings relative to the shooting of the Indians at Monterey, were sufficient to increase the rebel party in great numbers, as they marched to the "Pueblo de los Angeles," where they arrived and took possession of the town. The "*Alcade*" was arrested, and with an additional

force of more than one hundred men, making in all about two hundred, they advanced to meet Victoria, whose force was only thirty men.

The parties met, and the action commenced. Victoria, in advance of his troop, called upon Portilla to surrender. But no! treachery said, never! the poor General was deceived, but he was determined to be revenged, and, rushing sword in hand upon the rebels, he shouted his little troop forward. Pacheco was instantly killed from a cowardly shot in the back. Victoria, with savage fury, dealt his blows around, till, exultingly, he sheathed his sword in the body of one bold rebel, and stretched him on the plain. The others fled in every direction, and Victoria, triumphant, marched his little troop through the town to the mission of St. Gabriel, where, in consequence of loss of blood from wounds which he had received, he came to a halt. The *valorous* party whom Victoria had defeated, again rallied, followed him to the Mission, and demanded his surrender. The poor, weak, wounded soldier! they feared him even in his disabled state, and kept aloof, until he had sent them word that he was willing to resign the command, and return to Mexico. Faithfully, he kept his word; though numerous secret solicitations came from the north for his return. Arrangements had been made for his embarkation at St. Diego, should he yield; and every temptation was held out for him to join his faithful adherents at Monterey. But no! he had passed his word! and a retirement to the cloisters of Mexico was preferred to wreaking vengeance upon his enemies. He em-

barked for San Blas on board of the ship Pocahontas, in company with the Reverend Father Antonio Peyri, who, disgusted with the political changes in the country, had resigned his laborious duties as a missionary at the Mission of St. Luis Rey. I saw them both, only a few days previous to their departure, when the tear of regret coursed down the cheek of the good old friar, as he recalled to mind the once happy state of California. His great penetration of mind, led him to foresee the result of the new theory of liberty and equality, among a people where anarchy and confusion so generally prevailed, and who, at the time, were totally unprepared for, and incapable of self-government. He chose rather a retirement in poverty, than to witness the destruction and ravage that from this time ensued.

This state of things rendered it necessary for me to repair to Santa Barbara, to look after our interests; for we knew not what would be the result of this unfortunate change. The Plant had not arrived, and we were fearful that she might have been lost in the heavy gales off Cape Horn.

The victorious party, now firmly established at "Los Angeles," proceeded to form a new government, and the "*Excelentisima Diputacion*," by virtue of an act of the Legislature, named its oldest Minister, Don Pio Pico, for Governor. Thus things were taking a pacific turn, when the news came, suddenly, of another "*pronunciamiento*" at the north, declaring a non-recognition of the "new Government" and its acts!

Now commenced the downfall of the Missions! Echeandia retreated to St. Juan Capistrano, where he sought the co-operation of the Indians. His promises of liberty and land were sufficient to entice all from their labors, and caused the subsequent abandonment of their former pursuits. Rapine, murder, and drunkenness were the result; and, in the midst, revelled the Mexican chieftain.

About this period, the latter part of January, 1832, a small brig entered the desolate Bay of St. Pedro, and anchored. On the succeeding morning, two passengers were landed on the barren strand, and there left with two bottles of water and one biscuit, with nothing to protect them from the inclemency of the season. Here, more than thirty miles from any habitation, save a small hut two leagues off, they passed a sleepless night. The casual stroll of an idle Indian in search of shells, was the means of giving information to the Pádre at St. Gabriel, where, through his kindness and sympathy, they found a cordial welcome. They were Messrs. Bachelot and Short, two Catholic priests, who, in consequence of their unpopular religion, had been forced to leave the Sandwich Islands, notwithstanding their protestations against the arbitrary measure. All remonstrances were useless; they were insulted, driven on board, and the miserable craft was ordered to get "under way" without delay.

The ship California arrived from Monterey with Gale on board, who gave us intelligence of the departure of troops, under command of Don Augustin Zamorano. They were on their way down the coast,

to oppose the lower party, and would rendezvous at this town. Santa Barbara is the central position in California, and holds the balance of power between the north and south; so that whatever side she favored, was sure to succeed. Thus she generally remained neutral in political commotions, and acquired, in consequence, celebrity for her good and peaceable government. An old and experienced inhabitant, Señor Noriega, who had in earlier years filled the highest station in its political and military administration, still possessed a wonderful influence over his townsmen; for nearly all had served under his command. His superior knowledge and prudent management, ever kept them aloof from dangerous compromises; and on this important occasion they were to take no interest with the opposing parties.

The California had gone south; and as I sat writing one afternoon, my servant David passed through the room. I indulged for amusement, now and then, in a joke with him; so I told him "to repair to the beach, and inquire of our superintendent, how near the Plant was; for she had been seen that morning off Point Conception!" Elated with the *news* which I had jocosely given him, he started off in good-humor, and at an hour, when I had almost forgotten the circumstance, he came back with the answer, "the brig was close to the Castle Point, with a very light westerly wind." Dusk shut in, and the light of the moon revealed, shooting up above the western point of the bay, the white, light sails of a vessel. She came in and anchored; it was late, and no communication passed with her that night, but, to carry

on the joke, I ordered David to take my horse down for the captain early in the morning. When I arose at sunrise, David had gone, and I saw through my window a brig, indeed. Soon a horseman came galloping up the road and alighted at the door; it was the captain, and the brig was the Plant! This was joking in earnest, I thought, and too good a joke to be lost. She had been out over seven months from Boston, owing to stress of weather and the serious damage she had encountered off Cape Horn. The captain had put back to Rio de Janeiro for repairs, and this was the cause of her detention. Her arrival, however, was "better late than never," and we proceeded to Monterey to enter her cargo. A short passage of four days only brought us to her anchorage, and on the third after our arrival, owing to the cargo being small, the duties were speedily adjusted with the "*Administrador*" of the Customs, and we again weighed anchor for San Francisco. Here we were detained but a short time, and returned to Santa Barbara.

The army of Zamorano was here, and its close proximity to the party in "Los Angeles" caused the greater portion of the latter to seek shelter farther south. This position of affairs determined Don Augustin to continue on and gain possession of "Los Angeles," which he accomplished by sending a force under command of Don José M^a. Ybarra. The troops remained but a few days in the place, however, when they retreated to the Mission of San Fernando. The cause of which, was a secret compromise of Zamorano with the party below.

I proceeded at this crisis of the war to the Bay of St. Pedro, where, during my stay I received letters from Monterey announcing the arrival of the brig Newcastle, from Boston, via the Sandwich Islands, bringing news of the embarkation of troops for California; which news had been carried thither from San Blas by the brig Ivanhoe. This was the cause of much alarm to Echeandia and his party, who were draining St. Juan, and the splendid Mission of St. Luis of their richest possessions. Daily reports were received of robberies and murders, committed by the Indians at St. Diego, who were in a wretched state. At the Mission, below that place, which is called St. Miguel, they revolted and attempted to kill the priest, but he defended himself within his house, with the assistance of two soldiers, and finally drove them off. They subsequently united with Echeandia's party. Stabbings were frequent at St. Juan and St. Luis; and the drunken Indian, as he staggered along from his scene of debauch ejaculated, "*Soy libre!*" "I am free!"

Having a large quantity of hides and tallow deposited at St. Barbara when the Plant arrived, with the collections acquired up to this time, I had more than sufficient to load her for home. We proceeded, therefore, to carry into effect the necessary preliminaries, and soon the loading commenced.

One afternoon, standing on the beach in company with some friends witnessing the embarkation of the hides, all at once the cry of "Sail ho!" was given by the crew, and looking towards the point of land projecting from the fort, we saw a vessel

under full sail, standing into the bay. The beautiful symmetry of her spars, sails, and rigging, added to the elegance of her hull, her trim appearance, her sky-sails and man-of-war semblance, called forth a variety of remarks from the bystanders. "My eyes!" says Jack to his shipmate, "isn't she a clipper?" "See! how she throws up the suds for'ard!" and as a gust of wind struck her sails, she lay over and displayed the smooth and bright appearance of her copper. "Look at her!" continued Jack; "*she's* got a driver, I know, or those flying kites wouldn't be there!" At that moment a white smoke issued from her bow; the kites disappeared, and the report of a cannon echoed up the vale; sky-sails, royals, and top-gallant studding sails, all were taken in together!! and as the quick reducing of her canvas brought her to her top-sails, with jib and trysail, she slipped past the land like a duck upon the water! "She's a splendid-looking brig, isn't she?" says my friend Rutter, "who can she be for? Can she be a consort for the California?" "I don't know," I replied; "but we will see as soon as she comes to anchor, if you like; or, if you think proper, we will start now, and board her as she comes in." His assent to the proposition led us to the boat, which our boys immediately manned, and we started for the vessel. Ere we reached her, the swift movement, with which she came into port, had brought her to her place of anchorage, and as we passed up her side, a tall, gentlemanly fellow came to the gangway. "My name is Robinson," said I, "and yours is ——" "Thompson," said he, when

a cordial conversation succeeded; during which my friend was introduced, and we passed down into the cabin. It was the brig Roxana, Captain Francis Thompson, of Boston, which had been sent out, by our merchants, to co-operate with the California. I took my letters, together with those for Gale, and returned to the shore, that I might despatch intelligence of the brig's arrival. A man was procured immediately to proceed to "Los Angeles," and before sundown he was on his way, with the news.

On the arrival of a new vessel from the United States, every man, woman, boy, and girl in the place took a proportionate share of interest as to the qualities of her cargo. If the first inquired for rice, sugar, and tobacco, the latter asked for prints, silks, and satins; and if the boy wanted a "Wilson's cook knife," the girl desired that there might be some satin ribbons. Thus, the whole population hailed with eagerness an arrival; and even the Indian, in his unsophisticated style asked for "*Paños colorados*," and "*Abalorios*." "Red handkerchiefs" and "beads."

CHAPTER IX.

Another Cruise.—A “Ranchero’s” Perplexity.—Pudding Sauce, not *Soup*.—A Backwoodsman.—Heavy Rains.—Marriage Ceremony.—Fiesta de Boda.—Carnestolendas.—Battle with Eggs.—Pádre Antonio and Friar Menendez.—A Severe Gale.—Dangerous Passage into San Francisco.—Safe Arrival.—General José Figueroa.—“Administrador” of the Customs, alias “El Pintito.”—Patriotism!—“Hanging On.”—Narrow Escape from Shipwreck.—A Departure for Boston.—A Visit to the Farallones.—Seal Fishery.—Roadstead of St. Juan.—Seizure at San Francisco.—Drought.—Procession for Rain.

FOUR days after the courier’s departure with the intelligence of the new arrival, Gale had made his appearance at St. Barbara, and was on his way to Monterey, in the *Roxana*. The *Plant* was at anchor, still rolling to the swell; and, as our crew slowly stowed on board, their daily quantity of hides, she gradually increased her draught of water. Three weeks passed away. The *Roxana* was here again, and the *Plant* ready for sea, bound to the United States, via the Sandwich Islands. My quarters were, consequently, transferred to the former, whose next place of destination was the port of San Pedro. Both vessels got under way; but, owing to the difference of their destinations, there was very soon a considerable space between them; so that ere many hours had elapsed, we beheld the last dip of the *Plant*’s main royal in the distant horizon.

The succeeding morning found us safely anchored at a long distance from the landing, fearing the S.E. gales which prevail at this season of the year. Reports were circulated that a new vessel with a new cargo had arrived, which brought great numbers of persons to the brig, when the usual scene of confusion ensued. Several "*Rancheros*" were among our visitors, who had come from afar, to behold a "house upon the water." Whilst at dinner, we were particularly amused with their awkwardness, and when the pudding was served, it was looked at with astonishment. When the accompanying sauce was carried round, those who chose, added, with the assistance of the grater, a quantity of nutmeg. One of the "green ones," who had carefully watched this operation, in his turn seized the grater, and commenced rubbing with his *thumb nail* upon the indented surface; not succeeding by the application of his thumb, he paused; and from the general smile of the others, who were witnessing his perplexity, he began to think there was something wrong; so, looking towards me, he said, "*Como es que yo no saco nada?*" "How is it that I do not get anything?" I explained the matter to him, and told him to examine within, where he would find the source, whence the others had obtained the aromatic material. However, this is not quite so good a joke, as I learned took place afterwards, on board of another vessel, which I will insert here to compare with the story of the nutmeg. It was on a glorious fourth of July, and the day was observed with due festivity and rejoicing on board of the

—, from the Sandwich Islands. At dinner there was a great assemblage of guests from the neighboring farms of St. Francisco; when a large bowl was used for holding the pudding sauce, which, at the proper time, was introduced, and handed to the nearest one who had taken pudding. Liking its appearance, he took the bowl from the steward, returned his plate, and with his spoon, soon made a finish of the whole. This accomplished, smacking his lips, he said, "*Que caldo tan bueno! Que lastima! que no lo trageron antes de la carne.*" "What good soup! What a pity that they did not bring it before the meat!" It is needless to say that the rest were obliged to eat their pudding without sauce.

/ Among our own countrymen, who had lived all their lives in the Western Prairies, till a taste for emigration had brought them here, we had occasional opportunities to witness a want of experience and cultivation, that in many cases did not fall far behind the ludicrous behavior of the rude Californians.

\ Whilst lying here, the small schooner U— arrived; and, owing to her light draft of water, she was enabled to run into the creek, previously spoken of in the description of St. Pedro. Whilst at anchor there, she was visited by several Americans, detached followers of a hunting expedition. One of them had never before seen "salt water," and nothing nearer the semblance of a vessel, than a common Indian canoe. He embarked with great fear and distrust, and the smell of the sea, with the boat's

motion, had probably made him sick. Stepping upon deck, he staggered against the main-mast. "Gory! how she totters!" said he; "if it hadn't been for that are post, I should have fell down."

The same person afterwards ventured to come on board the brig, by sitting himself down in the bottom of the boat, and holding with his hands upon each side of the gunwale. When he ascended to the deck, he required assistance, and the sailors were called to hoist him in, like a bag of tallow. However, not long after this, he had courage to embark upon the "boisterous ocean" in a small, pine board canoe, to hunt the sea otter; and many a time, that would have made the stoutest seaman quail, he heeded not the storm. In like manner, probably, the Californian learned the use of nutmeg, and that pudding sauce was not soup.

While lying at anchor in San Pedro, we were frequently obliged to slip our chain and put to sea, to avoid the S.E. gales; during one of which, a Mexican schooner was wrecked on the island of Catalina. She had been taken into one of the harbors, for the purpose of "heaving out." When the gale commenced, she was unprepared to get under way, and soon a heavy swell rolled in, which drove her on the rocks.

Leaving St. Pedro, we returned to Santa Barbara, when; the day previous to the one which I had appointed for sailing, a southeast wind set in, with rain, which lasted ten days. The brig was obliged to get under way, immediately, and was driven to leeward so far, that she was not seen again at her place of anchorage for two weeks.

Oftentimes, at this season, I have known it to rain unceasingly for a week, and sometimes, so furiously as to wash down the mud houses. Near the suburbs of the town is a ravine, leading from the mountains to the beach, which I have seen filled to its margin, carrying down large trees by the force of the current.

During my detention here, the wedding of Don Manuel Jimeno with Doña Maria de las Angustias de la Guerra, daughter of Sr. Don José Antonio de la Guerra y Noriega, took place. On this occasion the bridegroom neither had an opportunity of appropriating the services of an experienced steward, nor had he a vessel to which he could repair, and make use of her choicest stores, as had been facetiously stated, in a popular work by R. H. Dana, to have been done by an American gentleman, who subsequently married a sister of the bride; but he had a brother, the director of the mission, who was determined to outdo all that had ever been known in California. On the marriage eve, the bride went with her father to the mission, dressed in her usual church costume, which was deep black; where the joining of hands took place towards morning, and, at a later hour, the church ceremonies were performed. Breakfast was served with considerable taste, a task to which the worthy friar was fully competent. At its conclusion the bride and bridegroom were escorted to the house of her father. Pádre Antonio had made his Indians happy by distributing presents among them; and many of the younger ones, well attired for the occasion, joined in the procession. They approached the town without any regular order, until arriving

almost within its precincts; when, under the direction of the friar, they formed and marched in the following manner. First came the military band, consisting of about twenty performers, who were dressed in a new uniform of red jackets trimmed with yellow cord, white pantaloons made after the Turkish fashion, and red caps of the Polish order. Then followed the bride and bridegroom, in an open English barouche, accompanied by the sister of the former. After these, in a close carriage, came Don José and Father Antonio; in another, the *Madrina* and cousin: and lastly, numbers of men and women on horseback. Guns were fired, alternately, at the mission and in the Presidio, until their arrival at the house, to the "*fiesta de Boda*." At one o'clock a large number of invited guests sat down at a long table, to partake of an excellent dinner. The married couple were seated at the head with the father spiritual on the right, and the father temporal on the left. Dinner being over, part of the company retired to their homes, whilst some of the younger adjourned to a booth, which was prepared in the courtyard, sufficiently large to contain several hundred people. Here they danced a while, and then retired. Early in the evening, people, invited and uninvited, began to fill up the booth, and soon, dancing commenced. The music consisted of two violins and a guitar, on which were performed many beautiful waltzes and contra dances, together with a great number of local melodies. During the evening all took active part in the amusement, and as the poorer classes exhibited

their graceful performances, the two fathers, from an elevated position, threw at their feet, silver dollars and doubloons. The "*Fandango*," which has been fully explained in a previous chapter, lasted until the morning light appeared, accompanied with all the variety customary on such occasions.

On the next day, Father Antonio, as a further compliment to the bride, had dinner prepared in the corridor of the Mission—the table reaching from one end to the other, and the place being adorned with flags. Here all the town was invited to participate, when old and young, rich and poor, lame and blind, black and white, joined in the feast. For several succeeding nights the "*Fandango*" was repeated at the booth, and they had enough of feasting and dancing intermingled with the amusements of the "*Carnestolendas*" to last them for some time.

The usual season for "*Carnestolendas*" is during the three days previous to Ash Wednesday, but here they commence two weeks earlier. Whilst these amusements last, it is dangerous for one to go into a house where he is acquainted, for he is liable to be well drenched with Cologne or scented water. This is accomplished by the following preparatory process. As many eggs as may be required, are emptied of their contents, by perforating a hole at each end, through which they are blown by the mouth. The shells are afterwards immersed in a large basin of prepared essences, with which they are partly filled, and the holes then sealed with wax. Thus made ready, they are broken upon the heads

of individuals; but it must be understood, that this is only done where great intimacy exists between the parties. Oftentimes invitations are given for a select company to assemble at a specified place, when all attend at the time appointed "armed and equipped" for a battle with the eggs. On such occasions, as the excitement grows warm, and their ammunition becomes nearly exhausted, they resort to wet napkins, which they slap at each other. From these they have recourse to tumblers of water; from these to pitchers, and from pitchers to buckets, until, tired and exhausted by the exercise, they desist.

During the continuance of the marriage festival spoken of, one of these frolics was held at the house of the bride. Among the persons invited were the Pádras Antonio and Menendez; at the close of the evening, when *buckets* were in constant requisition, the two friars became heated, and attacked each other with floods of water. Menendez, the weaker of the two, retreated to an adjoining dormitory and closed the door. Pádre Antonio, urgent to follow up the attack, pursued him; when Menendez, seeing no means of escape, seized from beneath the bed an article, oftener used than mentioned, and let it fly, contents and all, full into the face of Pádre Antonio, who had just appeared at the door. The consequences were, the loss of two of the poor friar's front teeth, and a conclusion of the *fun*. X

Immediately after the Roxana's return I embarked, and we sailed for the port of St. Francisco. As is usual, after a S.E. gale subsides, a strong S.W.

wind set in. Twenty-one days afterwards, when in the latitude of Port Bodega, whither we had been carried by adverse winds, we were obliged to heave to, and lay more than forty-eight hours drifting directly upon the land. Had the wind continued twenty-four hours longer, we should have been driven on the coast; but it hauled to the west, and Captain Thompson ordered sail to be made, and the vessel was kept away for the *Farallones*. Five hours brought us to these islands; a short distance from them and the main, the sea was covered with white foam, tumbling and breaking in every direction. It was fearful to look at; and the captain, somewhat doubtful as to the propriety of attempting a passage through, turned to where I stood gazing upon the scene, and said, "What do you say, squire, shall we go it?" "As you please, sir," I replied. In a moment the brig's bow became enveloped in foam; a heavy *comber* came inboard, rushing over spars and bulwarks, and furiously passed her sides. On we sailed. Another and another sea came rolling behind us, seemingly disposed to sweep our decks. The orders of the captain as he cried "Steady!" to the man at the helm, with the exception of the noise of the agitated billows, were all the sounds that met my ear. At length a heavier roller struck her stern; but its force was spent, ere it reached us, and it harmlessly washed upon the deck. I jumped to the rigging, and there I remained firmly fixed, until our approach to smoother seas. We passed safely through the danger, and arrived at our place of anchorage; but had the

vessel unfortunately broached to, when in the worst part of the passage, we must have been seriously injured. The cause of so much sea was, the length of time that the wind had blown so heavily from the southward and westward. This is not often the case, but when it does happen, the sea is soon calmed by the counter operations of the northerly winds.

The inclement season of the year caused us considerable detention, it being difficult to procure our hides from the missions, for the roads were almost impassable. We were at length, however, enabled to proceed to Monterey, where to our surprise we found a new order of things in governmental affairs. The new General had arrived. "*Sr. General de Brigada Don José Figueroa, Comandante general y Gefe politico de la Alta California!!*" He embarked at Acapulco in the Mexican brig Catalina, accompanied by his officers and soldiers, and on his way touched at St. Blas to take eleven missionaries, who were from the College of Zacatecas. While at Mazatlan, where he had stopped for some military stores, the brig was struck with lightning, which passed along her mainmast into the hold, and set fire to some articles which were stowed near the powder. The fire was fortunately extinguished. While stopping at Cape St. Lucas, the troops revolted, and declared for St. Ana, who was then in arms against the government. They took possession of the vessel, and, leaving the general and friars at St. Lucas, obliged the captain to proceed to St. Blas, where they remained. On the passage, the military

chests were broken open, and the money distributed amongst the soldiers and crew. The captain, after recruiting his vessel returned to St. Lucas, where the general, with the few faithful officers and soldiers, who remained with him, together with the friars, re-embarked, and arrived at their destination in January, 1833.

He assumed his authority at a period, when anarchy and confusion spread throughout the country. The supreme government of Mexico had entirely disapproved of the conduct of Echeandia and Padrés, and ordered Figueroa, in case he should find that the scheme of secularization had been carried into effect, to suspend the operation, and restore the Missions to their former state.

A new "*Administrador*" of the Customs had also arrived, and was already put in possession of his office. His name was Don Raphael Gonzalez, *alias* "*el Pintito*;" as well calculated to discharge his duties, as he was to navigate a steamboat through the Straits of Magellan! A vessel with a small cargo had lately arrived, and the invoice was handed to "*Pintito*" for inspection, in which, where a repetition of either cases or bales occurred, the word *iden* was substituted, signifying *ditto*. After puzzling his brains for a considerable time, he inquired of the supercargo the character of the goods called "*iden*." This example must be sufficient to convince any one of his incapacity.

His wife was taken, as a specimen of Mexican beauty, to figure in the wild woods of California; but, how great must have been the surprise of both

husband and wife, to find that she was by no means the fairest of the fair! A daughter had blessed their happy union, a lively, dark-eyed girl, who had married a youth, more for his comely features than for his manly virtues. This was Don José Maria Castañares, the acting secretary to his respected father-in-law. The new "*Administrador*" was a plain-looking man, rather spare, with Indian features, but possessing very polite and affable manners.

Accomplishing our business in two days, I took leave of the new comers and my friends, and proceeded down to St. Barbara. At the time of my first embarkation in the Roxana, my friend Gale sailed in the ship California to St. Diego, where he was to superintend the stowage of hides, for she was to load for home, and to return afterwards to St. Barbara, to take on board a few more which we had collected there. Sufficient time had elapsed for this, and I looked daily for her arrival.

Whilst lying at St. Barbara, waiting, we heard of a circular which had been issued by Figueroa, granting pardon to all those who took part in the revolution against Sr. Victoria. Echeandia had retired to San Diego, to prepare for his return to Mexico. What a scourge he had been to California! What an instigator of vice! "*Hombre de vicio*," as he was called. The seeds of dishonor sown by him will never be extirpated so long as there remains a Mission to rob, or a treasury to plunder! If Mexico, in her zeal for the welfare of her territories, had been more circumspect in the choice of officers for California, she would

not have experienced the humiliation that she has borne, nor incurred the expense, of so many expeditions to reconquer it. Her own people have been in all cases the fomenters; and here, as has been frequently done in Mexico, they have aimed at the removal of certain governmental officers, not so much for the desire of reform, as for the division of the spoils! This is the pretended patriotism of all Mexicans who have taken active part in revolutionizing their own country, and which has been disseminated by them amongst the Californians, till, like themselves, they have become "*Patriotas de bolsa!*" (Patriots of the pocket.) The cause of such ungovernable desires may be traced to their education, and to the indolent manner in which they have been reared. Thus we may trace its origin to the time when Spain held sway over the American republics! to the old Spaniards, who, whilst rolling in wealth, indulged in excessive indolence. This trait of character still exists among their descendants, and you might as well expect a sloth to leave a tree, that has one inch of bark left upon its trunk, as to expect a Californian to labor, whilst a *real* glistens in his pocket!

But I will leave these reflections and continue my narration, from St. Barbara. We proceeded to St. Pedro. When nearly opposite St. Buenaventura, a sail was observed between the small islands which have been previously described, and the point of land which makes out below the Mission. As we neared each other I saw it was a ship, and at last, distinctly discerned her to be the California. We

kept away to speak her. Both vessels were hove to, with their maintopsails to the mast, Gale came on board with Captain Cunningham, and after arranging certain business matters, which he had deemed necessary for my guidance, they took leave and returned to their ship. The sails were filled, a good breeze favored us, so that the California was soon out of sight, and we rapidly approached our place of destination. The wind freshened, and hauling to the N.E. from the land, gave us greater speed, so that during the night we had reached the western extremity of the Bay of St. Pedro. A thick atmosphere rendered nearer approach to the land unsafe, and Captain Thompson concluded to "hang on" till morning, between the island of Catalina and the projecting point of the bay. Vessels, when not enabled to enter the bay at night, are obliged to keep under sail, beating to windward, for should they heave to, they would be swept to leeward by the strength of the current. This is what is called "hanging on."

At daylight, when the Roxana's course was shaped for the place of anchorage, another sail appeared in company, the barque Chalcedony, Captain Steele, of Boston, which was standing in also; but Captain Thompson, unwilling to permit that she should come to, before his vessel did, hurriedly dropped anchor near the point; not so the barque; her more experienced captain, distrusting the appearance of the sky, ran by us, deep into the bay, hauled on a wind, and stood out again to sea. Her after sails were hardly braced round when a sudden gust of wind

came rushing from the mountains. In a moment her topgallant sails were lowered, her courses rose, and the splashing waters, as they broke against her bows, told how swiftly she was borne on by the violence of the wind. Our situation was by no means comfortable, for, ere the topsails had been furled, a foaming sea gave notice of the approaching gust. Captain Thompson saw at once the danger, regretted his imprudence, and the men were ordered to "bear a hand" with the sails. "Come down," said he, "come down from the yards!" "Man the windlass, Mr. L.," "jump forward there, men!" But another idea had struck him, which was put into execution in the "twinkling of an eye." The brig lay tailing in (within a stone's throw) towards the beach. The swell increased, and as she plunged heavily into it, it broke in over her bows and came rolling towards her stern. Our sails were still hanging from the yardarms, and their opposition to the wind, with the force of the swell, seemed urging us to the shore. "Avast heaving!" "Hold on, Mr. L.!" "Clap a buoy on the chain!" "Quick now!" "Move yourselves!" "Bear a hand, boys!" "Stand by the jib!" "Unshackle the chain!" "Let go!" "Hoist up the jib!" and running to the helm he shifted it to the other side, for his quick eye had observed her stern-way. The brig fell off finely. The topsails were sheeted home, and as our good little craft leaped over the seas, we shaved the land close, and sailed from the dangerous spot.

This was only the commencement of trouble. We returned and anchored, but repeated storms obliged

us frequently to get under way, till at last, having embarked all that we could recover at this time from our "*Pueblanos*," we weighed anchor and proceeded back to St. Barbara.

Preparations had been made for my return to the United States in the *California*; a state-room had been fitted up, and Captain Cunningham and I had often talked over the good times we should have on the voyage. The idea, however, was disagreeable to friend Gale. He did not like to remain alone in California, and proposed, in a letter which I received at the Pueblo, to write home for the ship's immediate return, and that I should abandon the idea for the present; so, during the passage from St. Pedro, I had an opportunity to think it over, as the Spaniards say, "*despacio*" (slowly).

Our passage was pleasant, and two days after the brig's departure from St. Pedro, we beheld the green hills and low-roofed houses of St. Barbara. A light air kept our sails flapping till mid-day, when the sea breeze set in, and a half hour's sailing brought us to the anchorage. We anchored close along side of the *California*. Gale came immediately to the brig, and we started for the shore. His first inquiry was relative to my decision. A short conversation on the subject ensued, when I acquiesced in his proposition—therefore, my return to the United States was postponed, and although five years had elapsed since I took leave of Boston, by this decision I debarred myself of the pleasure, for three years longer, of seeing my relatives. Friend Gale was satisfied, and I partially reconciled to the deten-

tion. In a few days our business was completed, so that the California was enabled to sail.

About the first of April, 1833, the ship started for the United States. Her chain-plates dragged through the water, from the weight of her cargo, and yet she moved along with as much life and speed, as did the generality of vessels in ballast trim. The breeze was fresh, and I watched her from the door of my house, till, like a small speck, she was seen indistinctly with the naked eye, when I caught at a telescope, and looked, and looked—till the speck was gone! and thus vanished my ideas of return to Boston!

Having in store part of a cargo for the Roxana, I thought it advisable to make a trip with her to windward, and then after procuring a few more hides at the south, to load her up and send her home. To carry this into effect, Gale embarked in the brig for St. Francisco, and I started to perform the journey by land. Arriving some time before Gale, I was enabled to have everything ready for the brig when she came into port; so there was but little detention this time at St. Francisco, and we sailed for Monterey. We got under way with a light S.E. wind, which lasted during the day and night, and were drifted by the current within a very small distance of the largest island of the "Farallones." The weather became calm and pleasant, and the recollection of former scenes that passed through the mind of Gale, as he leaned over the rail, gazing at the rocks, determined him to visit his old sealing ground. The boat was prepared—Gale took a club to knock down a seal, should we

see any, and I took my gun. Although many years had passed away, he had not forgotten the little cove where he used to land, towards which we pulled and landed upon the beach. The rocks were covered with thousands of birds; many of the young were taken by the sailors, and carried to the boat, while Gale and I ascended to the place where his dwelling formerly stood; but, it had been invaded by the Russian sailors, who had used it for a turnip garden! There remained, yet, some coarse buildings, which, a few years since, the Russians inhabited. At last we arrived at a place where Gale came to a halt; grounded his long club as if it were a musket, and, like an old soldier on some battlefield pointing out the movements of an army as they occurred in some memorable engagement, he told of encounters and victories. "There," said he, "you see that high rock leading from one end of the island to the other?" "Yes." "Well, many a time I have crossed that place, with as many skins upon my back as I could wag under! Here," continued he, "here, where this infernal turnip is growing, I had my trap to catch the small ground rats that infested the place. It was a half barrel sunk upright in the ground, so that one end was on a level with its surface—the head had a square hole cut in its centre, which was fitted with a trap-door, that would cant inwards from the slightest touch. Well," continued he, "I have known it to be nearly filled in one night! There, I have attacked more than twenty seals and killed them all but two! and here," (as he took me to a little cove between

two high cliffs,) "here I have knocked down hundreds! But wait," said he, "there are two large fellows asleep. Now I will show you how I managed." I wanted to fire, but he said "No!" and carefully prepared to descend, so as to cut them off from the water; but in the attempt his courage failed, and the seals escaped. He was not *then*, what he was when monarch of the isle! A short walk over the premises succeeded, and we returned on board to continue our voyage to Monterey.

The wind set in from the N.W.—soon a stiff breeze followed, and before morning we were close under point Año Nuevo. Here the brig lay to, for daylight, when we ran into the bay and anchored. The General having gone south with his troops, the place appeared deserted; many had gone to their farms, and the streets were still as death. From Monterey, we went down the coast, landed our collections at Santa Barbara, and continued our course for St. Pedro and St. Juan. We anchored at the latter place during the month of June, at a time when no danger is to be apprehended from the S.E. gales, and just to the southward of a high projecting point of land, where, at low water, several large rocks were seen close under the brig's stern. Landing on the beach was usually very dangerous, and at this time it needed all the skill of the helmsman to keep us from a drenched skin. There are two points for embarking cargo; one is where the hides are taken directly to the beach, and the other, where they are thrown down upon it from a high cliff. Leaving St. Juan, we returned to Santa Bar-

bara, loaded the brig, and despatched her to the United States.

About this time, the schooner *Loriot*, from the Sandwich Islands, was seized at St. Francisco, and notwithstanding she had passed the requirements of the "*Aduana*" (Custom House) at Monterey, all her cargo was taken on shore, together with her sails, and detained for a long time. The vessel was afterwards given up, but her cargo had sustained much damage, and there was a great deficiency in her stores.

Time passed away rapidly. The year was nearly at a close. The season for rain had set in, but as yet none had fallen. The hills and fields were parched by the heat of the sun, and all vegetation seemed partially destroyed. Every one cried for rain! One wished it for his corn, another for his beans, another for his wheat, and all for their pasturage, the scarcity of which was likely to cause trouble among their cattle. At this important crisis, the holy father of the mission was besought, that the "*Virgin de nuestra Señora del Rosario*" might be carried in procession through the town, whilst prayers and supplications should be offered for her intercession with the Almighty in behalf of their distress. This was complied with, as was customary on such occasions, and conducted in the following manner. First, came the priest in his church robes, who, with a fine clear voice, led the Rosary. On each side of him were two pages, and the music followed; then, four females, who supported on their shoulders a kind of litter, on which

rested a square box containing the figure of the Holy Virgin. Lastly, came a long train of men, women and children, who united in the recital of the sacred mysteries. The figure was ornamented for the occasion with great finery, and every one who pleased, had contributed some rich ornament of jewelry or dress, for its display. In this manner, they proceeded from the church, through the town, to the beach; chanting verses between the mysteries, accompanied by violins and flutes. From the beach, they returned to the church in the same order, when the prayers were concluded.

After this performance, all looked for rain with as much faith as our countrymen look for the steamer from Liverpool on the thirteenth or fourteenth day after her time of departure! Should their expectations, however, not be realized, the procession would be repeated until they were!

CHAPTER X.

Dividing of the Missions.—Sporting at Santa Barbara.—Arrival of the Ship “California.”—Accident to Gale.—Supposed Revolutionary Designs.—Rumors.—Determination of the Priests.—Destruction of the Missions.—A new Appointment.—Arrival of the Colonists.—Señor Hjar.—Plan of the Colonists.—Appointment of “*Administradores*” to the Missions.—Death of Figueroa.—Proceedings of the “*Excelentísima Diputación*.”—Burial of Figueroa at Santa Barbara.—A new Governor.—His Disgrace.—Nicolas Gutierrez.—Disturbance at Monterey.—Juan B. Alvarado.—A Bold Tennesseean.—Surrender of the Mexicans.—Declaration of Independence.—Its Consequences in Mexico.

ABOUT this period of my narration the jurisdiction of the missions was divided; and one-half of them was delivered over to the “Pádrés” from Zacatecas. Their division would either comprise all the establishments at the northward of St. Miguel, or all those south of St. Antonio. To determine which, Father Narciso Duran, the President, proposed that the decision should rest upon his brother missionaries and be determined by ballot. In this way the rich and fertile missions at the north, fell to the management of the new friars.

With sorrowful hearts they were given up; and their former directors were located at other parts of the territory. Father Narciso settled at St. Barbara, where he has since remained an active distributor

to the temporal, as well as spiritual wants of his people.

Whilst Gale and myself remained as temporary residents on shore, no particular occurrence transpired, excepting an occasional robbery, or murder, at the south; for still the missions in that quarter were unsettled, and hardly a day passed without some new act of violence occurring.

A white man was stabbed by a black fellow; but this being considered only an ordinary occurrence, no notice was taken of it. A sergeant of artillery who had cut the throat of his comrade, was put on board the barque *Leonor*, bound to *St. Blas*. There being no constituted tribunal here to take cognizance of the deed, the villain was sent to Mexico, where, the probability is, he was promoted, and will be ordered back to commit more murders! This has been too often the case, and the assassin, emboldened in consequence, hesitates not to kill, when he feels it indispensable to his purpose. What is most astonishing, is, why the Indian does not take example from his Mexican brethren, and like them, kill and plunder. Thanks to the worthy missionaries, who have taught him and made him superior to those of higher pretensions to civilization!

To pass away the time, we frequently went out into the neighboring woods, or along the creeks in quest of game; of which we always succeeded in obtaining large quantities, so that our larder was ever well stocked with ducks, geese, rabbits, quail, and sometimes a fat deer. A large pond, called "*las salinas*," situated at the base of a thick wooded

hill, was our favorite retreat, where, under cover of the trees, we waited the coming of the ducks.

On one of these excursions, we rode to the entrance of the wood, and leaving our carriage, walked through the narrow pathway leading over the hill, to the further extremity of the pond. Having remained later than usual, Gale was anxious to return, and proposed our leaving; but I wished to have one more shot, and told him if he would go slowly along, I would overtake him by a short cut over the hill. He started, therefore, taking his course along the pond's margin. After he had been absent some time, I followed, as I had promised. Arriving at the carriage, I saw nothing of Gale, and supposing he must have continued his way to the house, jumped in and drove off. The road was along a hard, sandy beach, over which the horse trotted well. Not overtaking him, and seeing nothing of him ahead, I began to fear I had left him behind; yet, I had remained a long while at the pond, and certainly he had had more than sufficient time to reach the carriage. Thus I reasoned, as I looked behind me, and then whipped up the horse to urge him forward. On I drove, faster and faster, until reaching the house, where Daniel was standing, as usual, at the door. I enquired if Gale had returned. The answer was, "No! he had not been seen." The fact was now revealed—he was behind! I would have returned to meet him, but knew not which route he would take, there being two or three that led to the town; and, while resolving what to do, I saw him with his hunting-

coat over one arm, and hat in hand, coming towards the house. As he entered he threw them down, upon the floor, and waited patiently for explanation; and the perspiration rolled down his face in streams whilst listening to my story, which he would not credit. He insisted that it was done intentionally, for he saw me look behind several times, and the more he waved with his handkerchief, the faster I drove. He never believed otherwise, nor could be convinced but that I intended it as a joke!

Some time after this, whilst the ship *Lagoda*, of Boston, was lying at anchor here, I saw a sail one morning in the passage way, between the island of Santa Cruz and another smaller island east. Calling to Gale, I said, "Here comes the California! It must be she, for there is no vessel, that I am aware of, at any port south." The glass was brought to bear immediately upon the stranger, when we were both well satisfied of her being a ship, at least. She kept standing in towards the anchorage, and at noon, we made her out an American vessel. As the wind increased, she approached faster until at length we saw distinctly the house on deck, and her painted ports. Towards sundown, she stood close into the kelp that floats near the beach, and then tacked ship to the south, off shore; being much below the place of anchorage. As she filled away on the other tack, the sun struck brilliantly on her broad painted waist, when Gale exclaimed, "It is a sloop of war!" She stood off thus a while, then made another stretch in, and as there was a probability of her soon reaching the anchorage, I ac-

accompanied Mr. Shaw, of the *Lagoda*, to the beach. He had just returned from a visit to the Mission, and kindly invited me to his ship, to see the stranger. When we arrived on board, our new comer was standing in, with a very light breeze, which, from its scantiness, compelled her to pass some distance off, and anchor astern. Captain Bradshaw, of the *Lagoda*, went, in his boat, alongside and returned; but I could obtain no satisfactory information respecting her from him, for he, ever full of fun, proclaimed her "A New York ship, with the yellow fever on board—put in, in distress." Shortly, a boat shoved off from the vessel, came alongside, and Captain Arthur, of the *California*, was soon on deck, squeezing my hand; and I hastened to take leave of our friends of the *Lagoda*, that Gale might be convinced of his mistake; for the new comer was not the "sloop of war" he took her to be! Her prompt return from Boston was gratifying to both Gale and myself, and we joyfully went to work preparing her cargo. To enter into all the particulars of the voyage would be but to repeat, in a great measure, that which has already been described; for this reason, I shall confine myself to other more important events.

As before with other vessels, we repaired to Monterey, entered the ship, and regulated the duties on her cargo with our friend "*El Pintito*." One afternoon, whilst at his office arranging our papers, some necessary formality rendered it important that one of the papers should have the signature of the "*Sub Comisaria*." I took it to go to the office, but

Gale said to me, "No! you remain here, and I will go with the paper!" He had been absent but a short time, when a messenger came running in, with the intelligence that Gale had been bitten terribly in the leg, by a large dog that was chained at the door. The necessary remedies were immediately applied, but it was a long time before he could walk.

The bay presented a lively scene at this time, being filled with a kind of small fish called "*Sardinas*," thousands of which, in endeavoring to escape from the pursuit of larger fish, were cast upon the beach. These attract a multitude of birds that devour them, on shore and in the water. Numerous whales feed upon them also, and constantly play about the ship. At times these enormous creatures will raise themselves almost entirely out of the water, and fall into it again with great force. While preying upon this food, they are not unfrequently attacked by the sword fish and killer, when, like the *sardinas*, they are driven upon the beach to die. The Indians, during this yearly visitation, may be daily seen up to their knees in the surf, with their nets, which are easily filled, and thus the inhabitants are supplied with provision, and at night bears come from the woods, heralded by the howling of wolves, and the barking of coyotes. It is a merry sight, to behold, on a bright sunny day, the joy of the Indians, at the landing-place, as they scoop with their nets—the leaping of the silvery fish that are thrown upon the rocks—the darting of the birds, and the splashing of the water as they

pounce upon their prey—the jumping porpoise—the spouting whale, all of which attract hundreds of spectators to the beach, and keep them there for hours beholders of the scene.

Departing from this place we proceeded to San Francisco, thence south as far as St. Diego, and back to Monterey. During the trip there were but few occurrences of note, and soon after its accomplishment the ship sailed for the United States.

About the latter part of May, 1834, an important movement was made on the part of the Government, when the whole armed force of Monterey, under command of Don Nicolas Gutierrez, was brought into active service, to quell a revolution, said to have been projected by two distinguished individuals at the south. The facts are these: Don José Noriega of Santa Barbara, for some time back had contemplated purchasing a large tract of land called "*Simi*," which was then in the possession of a dissolute person, named Rafael Pico. On a certain day, by agreement, the parties, interested, met at the Mission of St. Gabriel, to draw up the necessary documents. For this purpose, several persons were required as witnesses. There was also in process, at the same time, an examination of the archives of the Mission, by Pádre President Narciso, who was assisted by Noriega in the work, which required several days for its accomplishment. A poor, ignorant fellow, a soldier attached to the Mission guard, having been witness to nearly the whole operation, suspected that some secret plan of conspiracy was forming against the government, and hastened to

the town of Angels with the information, which he privately imparted to the *Alcalde*. At this time a *brother-in-law* of Noriega filled this all-important station; and another brother was there from Santa Barbara on a visit. No sooner had they received the intelligence, than all haste was adopted for the purpose of conveying the same to the Governor at Monterey. The brothers had long possessed vindictive feelings towards Noriega, in consequence of his opposition to the plan of secularization; and now an opportunity offered to gratify those feelings, and secure his banishment, together with that of the good old Father Narciso. The brother from Santa Barbara hastened his departure, and on his route home, communicated the secret, in confidence, to Pádre Blas; who, in the general change in the locations of the priests, had been ordered, by Father Narciso, to the Mission of St. Buenaventura. This friar had been censured by his Prelate, for unbecoming conduct, and he, therefore, rejoiced at the information; rubbing his hands with ecstasy, he offered to assist in getting the intelligence to Figueroa. Horses were furnished, and a *son* of the *affectionate brother*, was despatched post-haste to the capital. In the meantime, our old President and Señor Noriega returned to Santa Barbara. Several days had elapsed, when, early one morning, a friend tapped at the window of Don José, and asked admittance. He was the bearer of important intelligence, and announced the arrival of Señor Gutierrez with troops, who had come to take Noriega and Father Narciso prisoners, as being charged with revolution-

ary designs against the Government. The affair being examined into, they were honorably acquitted; and subsequently, Figueroa made ample amends to the accused.

For several years past a few evil-minded persons had sought the ruin of the Missions in California, by dividing their possessions among the Indians. Various decrees had passed the Mexican Congress relative to their secularization, which were afterwards made null by counter resolutions. Here, in the territorial department, as I have before observed, the same eagerness was also manifested for their entire destruction; and rumors were afloat that the determined spirit of Señor Padrés, and the love of enterprise in Señor Bandini, the representative of California to the Mexican Congress, had formed another more effective scheme, for the ruin of these rich and flourishing establishments. The administration of Gomez Farias, as President of the Republic, was favorable to the plan; and the powerful influence of Padrés procured from his Excellency his sanction to an act of the Mexican Congress, passed on the 17th of August, 1833, entitled "An Act, for the secularization of the Missions of the Californias; for the colonization of both territories; for the appointment of Señor Don José Maria de Hjar '*Geefe político de la Alta California, y Director de la Colonizacion.*'" This movement would have been politic as well as advantageous, had it not been for other views, which time disclosed. The Government, actuated by motives of interest for the progress and welfare of California, had taken the grand enterprise under

its protection; and "Padrés," delighted to see the realization of his favorite scheme so near its fulfilment, procured for himself the appointment of "Sub Director!"

This intelligence, together with the instructions to Governor Hijaar relative to colonization, &c., had been published in "*El Diario del Gobierno*," and circulated throughout the Missions. It was sufficient to rouse the spirit of the holy missionaries, who had labored the greater part of their lives in fostering the interests of the Indians, and they determined to defeat, if possible, the scheme. If the property were to be destroyed they resolved that the *natives of the country* should reap its benefits as long as it lasted, and from this time the work of destruction went on.

At many of the establishments, orders were given for the immediate slaughter of their cattle; contracts were made, with individuals, to kill them and divide their proceeds with the Missions. At St. Gabriel, the ruin was more perceptible than at other places, owing to the superiority of its possessions. Thousands of cattle were slain, for their hides only, whilst their carcasses remained to decompose upon the plains. In this way, a vast amount of tallow and beef, was entirely lost. The rascally contractors, who were enriching themselves so easily, were not inclined to avail themselves of this opportunity of so doing, to the fullest extent; but, as it was, they secretly appropriated *two* hides for their portion, to one on account of the Mission. A wanton spirit of destruction seemed to possess them, co-equal

with their desire for plunder, and they continued to ravage and lay waste. In like manner, other interests of the establishments were neglected by the missionaries, and gradually fell to decay. His Excellency, the Governor, was soon officially apprised of the appointment of Señor Hjar to the civil command in California, and that a multitude of persons, of both sexes, were to accompany him as colonists, to whom the pay of half a dollar a day was assigned till their arrival, with a free passage, and maintenance during the voyage.

Figueroa immediately proceeded to appropriate a suitable spot for colonization, and departed for the Russian establishment at Ross. He explored the adjoining country, where he made choice of a pleasant location, and placed there a small detachment of troops for the defence of the colonists. While returning to the capital, and before his arrival, he received an "*ecstraordinario*" from the supreme government, which had come all the way from Mexico by land. The tenor and purport of the communication was an order, from the Secretary of State, to the General, not to deliver up the civil command to Señor Hjar, but to continue the fulfilment of his duties as political governor—that Santa Ana had assumed the government, having displaced Gomez Farias. By the same conveyance he received the first information of the arrival of Hjar at the port of St. Diego, in the brig Natalia, where he had disembarked on the 1st of September, 1834, with a portion of the colonists. On the 25th of the same month, the Mexican sloop-of-war

"Morelos" arrived at Monterey, with Señor Padrés, several new officers, and the remainder of the colonists.

On account of the distance between Monterey and St. Diego, Señor Hjar did not arrive at the seat of government till the fourteenth day of October. Figueroa received him with public demonstrations of friendship and respect, and after the usual compliments and civilities had passed, he informed him of the recent communication from Mexico. Deprived of the political command, Hjar's position as director of the colony was unimportant, unless aided by the possession of the missionary institutions. To this investment of power Figueroa was opposed, which produced, much altercation between them, and a lengthy correspondence.

The discussion caused considerable dissatisfaction among the colonists, who, in the ardour of their conversation, made public many matters which, for their own honor, they ought to have withheld; for thus they revealed the plans of the "*Compania Cosmopolitana*," as they styled themselves. They possessed no capital to act upon, but the interests of the missions, which had been granted to them by government—that is, Gomez Farias authorized the appropriation of fourteen thousand dollars, payable in tallow, from the missions in California, for the purchase of the brig "Natalia." An unjust project indeed! for no possible benefit could result from it to the Indians. They told also, with the same publicity, that this "*Compania*" were to monopolize the whole commerce of the country; placing at each

mission and town, a house of deposit, and the necessary number of vessels, on the coast, for the importation of foreign and domestic goods, and for the exportation of the produce of the country. This was the object of the colonial expedition that had cost the country so many sacrifices! This was the aim of Señor Padrés, who had lavished all his strength to accomplish it, and which was deserving of great merit; evincing, as it did, a proof of his *eminent patriotism!*

The Natalia was driven on the beach while lying at Monterey, and dashed into thousands of pieces, and in a short time not a vestige of the wreck remained. Thus perished the commencement of their speculations, and they were left to the formation of other schemes. The Natalia was the vessel, on board of which, Napoleon made his escape from the island of Elba.

The colonists were finally located at St. Francisco Solano, on the northern side of the port of St. Francisco; where the spirit of anarchy and disorder paved the way for a revolution, to separate the political command from Figueroa, and place it in the person of Señor Hajar; but the plan was discovered and, fortunately, frustrated.

An individual of the colony, who had been selected for a Commissioner, from Señor Hajar to the Mexican government, proceeded, in company with a friend, to the Pueblo de los Angeles, under pretense of embarking for Mexico; but the following official announcement of the "*Ylustre Ayuntamiento*" to the Governor, will show how false was the pretext.

"Secretary of the *Ylustre Ayuntamiento* of the "Pueblo de los Angeles." "An unorganized body "of about fifty persons from Sonora, seduced by the "promises and lies of Don Francisco Torres, and "Don Antonio Apalategui, have pronounced this "morning in favor of a plan, which I have the "honor to transmit to your Excellency; the purport "of which, is for their own personal benefit. They "remained under arms until three o'clock in the "afternoon, when Don Juan Gallado, their agent, "presented himself at the 'Juzgado,' and delivered "over to the authorities, the persons of Torres and "Apalategui, who were immediately imprisoned." Now for the plan.

"A multitude of citizens having assembled on the seventh day of March, 1835, to take into consideration the most convenient method to save the territory of Alta California from the evils which it had suffered, and was still suffering, under the administration of General Don José Figueroa, the following was considered: first, that this chief has not complied with divers orders of the Supreme Government of the Union, for the improvement of the inhabitants of this country; that abusing their forbearance, he has exceeded the power given him by the laws, improperly assuming the political and military power, contrary to the Federal system, and contrary to the express laws which prohibit this union of powers; that by the law of secularization of the Missions he has made a scandalous monopoly, reducing their productions to an exclusive commerce; suppressing the good faith of the '*Ex-*

celentisima Diputacion,' and causing them to regulate to his caprice a general law; that infringing on the privileges of '*Comisarias*,' he disposes of the soldiers' pay at his own will, without the knowledge of the '*Gefe de hacienda*,' and without the formalities of the law, and regulations required in such cases. Secondly—that the territorial '*Diputacion*' had no power to regulate or add a general law, as it had done with the secularization of the Missions. Thirdly—that, they have reached by gigantic strides a state of ruin, by the unauthorized measures which have been taken for the seclusion of the Indians, and the distribution of their interests; and fourthly—that some Commissioners, either from their entire ignorance of the management of this class of negotiations, or by their malicious conduct, have endeavored to forward their own private interests, ruining, in this manner, those of the Missions, to the notable injury of the Indians, who have acquired them by their own personal industry; and they have agreed to the following. Article 1st. Gen. Don José Figueroa is declared unworthy of the confidence of the public; therefore, the '*Alcalde primero Constitucional*' of the capital will take provisional charge of the political government of the territory, and Captain Don Pablo de la Portilla, as the senior officer, and next highest in rank, is called to the military. 2d. The measures taken by the territorial '*diputacion*' respecting the regulating of the missions are declared null and void. 3d. The Reverend Missionary Fathers will take exclusive charge of the temporal affairs of their respective

missions, as they have done heretofore, and the Commissioners will deliver to this religious order, their relative documents of administration. 4th. By the anterior article no obstacle will be made to the measures of the *Director de la Colonizacion*, that he may fulfil the instructions given to him by the Supreme Government. 5th. The present plan will be subject to the approbation of the General Government. 6th. The forces, which have pronounced for the plan will not leave their arms until they have seen realized the above articles, and they are constituted the defenders of the administration of justice, and its respective authorities."

Although this revolution commenced and ended on the same day, in the "Pueblo de los Angeles," yet, in other places it continued to exist, fostered by the principal aspirants for power. Under the pretext of establishing the colony, they endeavored to organize a force to support their pretensions. For this purpose they brought with them from Mexico, a quantity of arms and ammunition, which they concealed, but which were discovered in time to prevent mischief.

x A country like California, requires robust and enterprising men—men accustomed to labor in the field, and to a life of simplicity and economy. The colony, under management of Hijar and Padrés, was composed of persons of every class, except that which would have been useful. Not one agriculturist was to be found among them. They were artists and mechanics, who had been allured by the accounts of those who were to reap the harvest of

this speculation, and made to believe that they could soon enrich themselves, in idleness, in this rich and fertile country. There were to be seen goldsmiths, blacksmiths, carpenters, shoemakers, tailors, painters, printers, and musicians; all of whom could have gained an honest livelihood in their own country. Their disappointment led them into many difficulties, and they were accused of revolutionary designs. Unsuccessful attempts were made at different places, which finally resulted in the banishment of them and their leaders to Mexico. They were embarked at St. Francisco on board of the Italian ship "Rosa," and subsequently transhipped at St. Diego on board of the American schooner "Loriot," bound to St. Blas.

Although this scheme of Padrés had been foiled, a desire for the accomplishment of the Mexican decree relative to secularization, was frankly acknowledged by many Californians. The "*diputacion*" "*approximated to the law*" (as was observed by a member of that illustrious body), and administrators were appointed by them to look after the temporal affairs of the missions. Thus, many of those most interested, received appointments, and were enabled to enrich themselves with the spoils. Many that were poor soon became wealthy, and possessors of farms, which they stocked with cattle. In this way the "*Excelentisima Diputacion*" placed in the hands of Señor Figueroa these valuable institutions.

The General did not enjoy long the resources thus given him. Harassed and tormented continually, by repeated attacks of the missionaries and repre-

sentations of the Indians, and perplexed by the disordered state of the country, his mind and body became diseased; till at length, after a few months' sickness, he was brought to the grave. His death was unfortunate for the country; for his mildness of character, added to a knowledge of the art of pleasing as well as governing, made him a proper representative to guide the Californians. At the time this solemn event transpired, the "*Excelentisima Diputacion*" was in session at Monterey; when the following preamble and resolutions were offered by one of that august assembly.

PREAMBLE.

"To perpetuate the memory of the departed *Señor General de Brigada Don José Figueroa, Comandante General, y Gefe politico de la Alta California*. Most "excellent Sir,—Our chief is dead! The protector "of the Territory—the father of our California—our "friend—our adviser—General Don José Figueroa. "The people hover around his funeral couch, and "with their eyes fixed upon his inanimate corpse, "become dumb, and weep for the hero that death "has laid low. The mournful, the unhappy intelligence flies abroad; all are afflicted, and plunged "in one general sorrow.

"The bell's doleful sound, and the loud report of "artillery, bring forth tears from the heart. All is "bitterness—all is grief! The Californians weep for "a beneficent father, who has given an incalculable "impulse to their prosperity, and with unexampled "diligence, with constant and unparalleled exer-

“tions, contributed largely to the public weal. For
“him, who extinguished the flame of discord, and
“prevented this virgin land from being sprinkled
“with the blood of its children;—for him who
“planted the olive of peace, and cultivated beneath
“its shade, those virtues which emanate from the
“loyal bosoms of these inhabitants;—for him who
“gave security and extension to agriculture, and
“protection to our commerce;—for him who knew
“how to check anarchy, when daringly it approached
“our peaceful shores;—for him who consoled the
“widow, shielded the orphan, succored the soldier;—
“for him who protected merit and encouraged hon-
“or;—in one word, they weep for him who labored
“to regulate our social order. Our foreign friends
“testify, by their grief, their friendship and the ex-
“alted sense which they had of his superior tact to
“govern. The savage Indian, the child of the
“desert, shows in rustic manner that he also feels
“the loss. The name of General Figueroa is re-
“peated everywhere; his merits are spoken of, his
“political prudence; his zeal for the public good;
“and the gift which he possessed to captivate the
“will; his honor, his probity were acknowledged by
“the people, who proclaimed him an eminent pa-
“triot, and ‘*de hijo benemerito de la patria.*’ All praise
“and acknowledge the excellence of General Fi-
“gueroa; and shall not the ‘*Excelentisima Diputa-*
“*cion*’ express how much it participates in this sor-
“row? I see in the worthy members of which it is
“composed unequivocal proof of the pain caused by
“the premature death of our beloved chief. This
“sorrow is just; yes, it is just, it is laudable. Know

“all the world, and see, that in ‘Alta California’
“true merit is appreciated. And now, that we have
“at the foot of the altar, whilst adoring the inscrutable dispensations of the Almighty, implored his
“divine clemency for the man of whom his omnipotency has deprived us; and now that we have
“contributed all the political and military funeral
“honors due to his rank, let us give (*‘benemeritos Diputados’*) a public and eternal testimony of
“our gratitude and love for General Figueroa;
“let us perpetuate his memory, and let us give
“to his obsequies all respect and honor. Let us
“immortalize his glory and our gratitude, and
“encircle his brow with a crown of *‘siempre viva.’*
“Yes,—most excellent sir, listen, and please approve
“of the following propositions, or resolutions.

- 1st. “The portrait of General Don José Figueroa
“shall be placed in the Hall of Sessions of this
“*‘Excelentísima Diputación’* in proof of the esteem they bear for his distinguished merit.
- 2d. “To perpetuate his memory, and the gratitude of this Corporation, a durable monument shall be erected, with an appropriate inscription, in one of the most public unoccupied sites in the capital; and to fulfil which,
“the *‘Ilustre Ayuntamiento’* shall be authorized
“to have its sole direction and care.
- 3d. “Three copies of these proceedings shall be
“drawn. One shall be delivered to the executors of our beloved deceased General and
“Chief, another copy transmitted to his widow
“and children, and the third shall be passed to

"the printer, that it may be annexed to the
"‘*manifesto*’ of said General, which is now in
"course of publication. Monterey, 9th of Octo-
"ber, 1835.

"JUAN B. ALVARADO."

These resolutions were adopted, and were followed
by two others, offered by the Secretary.

1st. "That the three resolutions of Señor Alva-
"rado shall be put into execution immediately.

2d. "That at the bottom of the portrait of Señor
"General Don José Figueroa, shall be affixed
"the title of ‘*Bienhechor del territorio de la Alta*
"‘*California.*’ Monterey, Oct 14th, 1835.

"MANUEL JIMENO."

The foregoing document was placed before the
"‘*Ilustre Ayuntamiento,*’" who contemplated placing
upon the monument the following inscription:

THE PROVINCIAL DEPUTATION
AND THE "AYUNTAMIENTO" OF MONTEREY,
AT PUBLIC COST,
IN PROOF OF GRATITUDE,
DEDICATE THIS MONUMENT
TO THE ETERNAL MEMORY OF
GENERAL DON JOSE FIGUEROA,
MILITARY AND POLITICAL CHIEF
OF ALTA CALIFORNIA;
THE FATHER OF THE COUNTRY,
WHO DIED IN THIS CAPITAL,
THE 29TH OF SEPTEMBER, A.D. 1835,
AGED 43 YEARS.

Days! months!! years!!! have rolled away, and yet naught has been done to perpetuate the memory of this exalted man! the country's loss! This serves to show a want of sincerity in those *who most deeply deplored his death*, and the instability of their character.

The remains of his Excellency were finally embarked in the American brig "Avon," and carried to St. Barbara, where they were deposited in the vaults under the Mission church. During their conveyance from the vessel to the shore minute guns were fired, and a large procession followed to their interment.

By testament of Figueroa, Don Nicolas Gutierrez succeeded to the command, soon after his arrival from St. Gabriel, where he had been charged with the temporal care of that mission. But it was for a short period. A few months afterwards a vessel arrived at Santa Barbara with a new Governor named "Chico," who disembarked immediately, and proceeded by land to the capital.

Prejudiced against many of the Californians, and violently incensed at the foreign residents, Chico commenced a tyranny that soon brought him into disgrace; and finally ended in his expulsion from the territory. Gutierrez assumed the command once more, and things went on quietly till a disturbance broke out between him and the officers of the Custom-House Department.

The "*Administrador*" of the Customs at this period was Don Angel Ramirez, a Mexican, who had formerly held a similar post at Matamoras, and was

originally a *friar of the Zacatecas Order*. The next in authority was Don Juan Bautista Alvarado, a native of California, who had figured for several years as Secretary to the "*Diputacion*," and had been considered one of the bright luminaries of this lovely hemisphere. His early education commenced (as did that of most young men in California) under the patronage and tuition of one of the holy Missionaries. Possessed of good natural talents, he was quick to learn; so that from frequent intercourse with the foreign residents in the country, he had acquired considerable of the English language. This gave him access to their amusements and convivialities, and prepared for him that support which he subsequently received. It was with Don Juan that Gutierrez quarrelled, in consequence of some necessary etiquette that should have passed between them relative to the placing of guards at the landing-places. A violent dispute took place, with some high-sounding threats, which ended in an order from Gutierrez for his arrest. But escaping from the town, he flew to the protection of his friends.

There were many Englishmen and Americans living in the suburbs of Monterey; and on the route to St. Francisco, at a place called "*Natividad*," there dwelt a bold Tennessean, whose name was Graham. He had pioneered his way across the Rocky Mountains, in company with several others, who, like him, preferred the hunter's fare to a life of ease and comfort in their own country. Finding in Upper California a climate suited to his taste, he had located himself there, and erected a rude dwell-

ing, where he followed the distilling of spirit from grain. Here, at this rude hut, our hero, Don Juan, stopped and told his story; explained his plan of revenge, and begged the influence and aid of the Tennessean. His pleadings were not in vain. "Go you," said Graham, "go you, and gather together your friends in the north, and I will call around me here, a force that will make the old devil of a Mexican tremble." In a few days a force of fifty riflemen, headed by *Captain* Graham, and one hundred Californians under command of *Don José Castro*, were encamped near a wood in the rear of the capital. Here a consultation was held by the officers, and an agreement entered into between Graham and Alvarado, that in case of success against the Mexican governor, and obtaining possession of the country, it should be declared independent of Mexico.

The combined forces entered the capital under cover of night, and took possession of its fort without firing a single shot. Gutierrez was shut up in the *Presidio*, with his soldiers, who numbered double those of his enemies. When morning came, parleying commenced, and continued some time, without any advantageous result to either party, till, at length, a brass four-pounder levelled at the house of Gutierrez, sent a ball through its roof, which brought him to immediate terms. The Mexican troops laid down their arms; then, Alvarado and Castro, at the head of their valiant party, marched triumphantly to the "Plaza."

Señor Alvarado, by unanimous consent, was placed

at the head of the government, and Señor Guadalupe Vallejo was called upon to take the military command. On the 7th of November, 1836, the following resolutions were proclaimed to the inhabitants of Monterey. 1st. "Upper California is declared to be independent of Mexico, during the non-re-establishment of the Federal system, which was adopted in the year 1824. 2d. The said California shall be erected into a free and governing state; establishing a Congress, which shall dictate all the particular laws of the country; and elect the other supreme powers necessary; declaring the actual 'Most Excellent Deputation' constituent. 3d. The Religion shall be the Roman Catholic Apostolic, without admitting the exercise of any other; but the government will not molest any persons for their particular religious opinions. 4th. "A constitution shall regulate all the branches of the administration 'provisionally,' in conformity, as much as possible, with the expressed declaration. 5th. Until what is contained in the foregoing articles be put into execution, 'Señor Don Mariano Guadalupe Vallejo' shall be called upon to act as Commandant-General. 6th. The President of the 'Most Excellent Deputation' shall pass the necessary communications to the municipalities of the territory."

The expulsion of Gutierrez, his officers and troops, together with other Mexicans, followed these proceedings. Undoubtedly, the principal actors, in the formation of this new constitution, were the ex-Friar Don Angel Ramirez and Don Cosme Peña, a

Mexican lawyer. It was reported, at the time, that a flag had been prepared for the *new Republic*, and deposited in the house of the former. It was the Texian—the Lone Star! They never made use of it, however, but continued to administer their government under the Mexican banner.

Several Mexican vessels lying at anchor, in the harbor of Monterey, were taken possession of, by the Californians, but were subsequently released, and permitted to depart. One of them proceeded, immediately, to St. Blas with the important intelligence, which was communicated, forthwith, to the Mexican government. Furious proclamations against these daring rebels were issued, and an appeal was made to the citizens for their patriotic assistance, to crush, with one mighty blow, such audacious presumption. A formidable expedition was to proceed to California, but, after a while, the excitement subsided, and the Californians were permitted to govern themselves. This being (in the opinion of the Mexicans) the best method of chastisement.

However, as yet, Alvarado was uninformed of the views entertained by his countrymen at the south; and, consequently ignorant of the effect produced by his proclamation. He accordingly despatched José Castro to St. Barbara, whom he empowered to treat with its inhabitants. The fifty riflemen, with the Tennessean at their head, accompanied the Plenipotentiary, and they were quite sufficient to pioneer the way for Alvarado, who soon followed, and took up his quarters at the Mission.

CHAPTER XI.

Echeandia's Policy.—Don Carlos Carrillo appointed Governor.—**War against his Nephew.**—Is defeated.—**Singular Approval of the Mexican Government.**—Central Government.—Alvarado's wounded Dignity.—His Disgust for the Foreigners.—False Charges of Rebellion.—Seizure and Imprisonment of the Foreigners.—Their Banishment to Mexico.—Proclamation of Alvarado.—Arrival of an American and a French Sloop of War.—Consternation of Alvarado.—Satisfaction given to the Captain of the St. Louis.—Desertion of St. Diego.—Consequences of Secularization.—A Ride to the Pueblo.—Return of the Foreigners.—Mines.—Anglo-Californian Justice.—*Temblores.*—*Rodeo.*—Sad Incident.—Important News.—Arrival of a Bishop.—His Reception.—Arrival of Sir George Simpson and Governor McLaughlin.

LIKE their illustrious predecessors, the Californians seemed to think that the Missions were their own, to make use of as necessity required. So, like true professors of *Echeandia's policy*, they plundered and permitted plunder. Such a depraved system was not likely to succeed long; enemies were created from envy, and soon began to appear. In the "Pueblo de Los Angeles" a party was formed which avowed adherence to Mexico. This was followed by an express from Mexico, with documents, constituting and appointing Don Carlos Carrillo, "*Governador de la Alta California.*"

Don Carlos, incited by a few friends, declared war

against his nephew Alvarado, which was unsuccessful. He, and his advisers, were taken prisoners. The latter were sent to the Presidio of Sonoma, on the north side of St. Francisco; while the former, was confined in his house at St. Barbara.

Our hero, Alvarado, having so unceremoniously disposed of his uncle, Carrillo, prepared an account of his proceedings, for the Mexican government. A messenger was despatched to St. Blas, who promptly returned, with their entire approval of Alvarado's conduct. But it was necessary to appease the vanquished party, and Carrillo was presented with the island of St. Rosa, as a testimonial of the government's high regard. The central government was now recognized; Castro was appointed Prefect of the northern district, and Cosme Peña of the southern. Thus, Upper California formed two districts, each representing a state government, subject to the jurisdiction of the supreme power at Monterey. A new "*Diputado*" to the Mexican Congress was elected, and matters went on quietly, whilst the "Presidios," at the different places, were suffered to fall to ruin. At St. Diego, the officer in command was permitted to unroof the houses and the church, and dispose of the tiles to meet demands, which he had against the government. The forts were neglected, and Alvarado cared little for the safety of any other place but the one where he was located.

Thus, firmly established in power, the governor felt more sensibly the dignity of his situation, and wished to put an end to the freedom with which his rude foreign friends were wont to treat him. He

became more reserved; he was ever "not at home" to their calls, and avoided them at all times. Such ingratitude was not to be borne by the Tennessean! No! he boldly told him to his teeth, that to *him* he owed his elevation. Every day his disgust increased for "*los malditos estrangeros*," and an opportunity to rid himself of their importunities and threats, soon offered.

Graham had a fine horse, which he had trained for the turf, and had challenged the whole country to the course. At length, a countryman of his, residing in the "Pueblo de Los Angeles," made arrangements to run the noble gelding, with a high-mettled racer from St. Diego. A document was drawn up on the occasion, which was intended, solely, to bind more strictly the parties interested. This document was construed into a plan for overturning the government—a plan to plunder, and destroy, what was left of the Missions—a plan to deprive the Californians of their lives and country. As ridiculous as this may appear to the reader, nevertheless, it is a fact, to which I can testify, from information I received on the spot, shortly after its occurrence. This intelligence was secretly conveyed to all the authorities throughout the country, with explicit orders from Governor Alvarado, to secure and imprison the foreigners. But to take the Tennessean, it was thought requisite to send an armed force, under the command of the renowned José Castro! The manner in which they managed to get possession of his person, has been already stated in other publications. Suffice it to say, our countryman was

asleep in his rude dwelling, when the report of a pistol awakened him, and he sprang quickly towards the door. Several villains, discharged other pistols at him, so near, as to fire his shirt in many places. He attempted to escape, but was seized, and dragged to prison.

As soon as practicable on the part of the government, a vessel was chartered, and the Americans and Englishmen who had been collected at the different points, were embarked in chains, and sent to St. Blas.

This achievement was followed by a public expression of thanks to the Omnipotent power, who thus saved California from destruction. Mass was performed, and at its conclusion the following bombastic proclamation was distributed.

JUAN BAUTISTA ALVARADO,
GOVERNADOR CONSTITUCIONAL
DEL DEPARTAMENTO DE LAS CALIFORNIAS,
TO ITS INHABITANTS.

“Fellow-citizens ! a sordid and mercenary faction, “incited by some ungrateful foreigners, whom you “had received to your hospitable land, purposed to “deprive you of the richest of treasures, your lives “and country ; and sacrifice to their ungovernable “desires the highest authorities. ‘*El Gobierno De- “partamental,*’ with the assistance of its subalterns, “and the honorable military garrison, was enabled “to smother the conspiracy at its commencement.

“The necessary proceedings were taken, but for want
“of a competent tribunal, the villains were sent to
“the Supreme Government, together with the lead-
“ers of the faction, and a multitude of other foreign-
“ers, who were illegally introduced into the country,
“and who had no other object here but the increase
“of public disorder. They were deserters from
“merchant vessels, and vessels of war, who were
“secretly hidden in the ‘*ranchos*’ and woods, and
“against them we have proceeded, according to the
“powers conceded to the government by article 12th
“of the law of the 1st May, 1828.

“Fellow-citizens! I can assure you that the coun-
“try has been saved from imminent danger; for
“which I ought to congratulate you, recommend-
“ing to your generosity and friendship those who
“ought to be considered as Mexicans, and who re-
“side in the country under the protection of its
“laws; manifesting by this, your natural inclina-
“tion to order, and the hospitality with which you
“have always received strangers. And rest as-
“sured that the government will use every means in
“its power to insure the peace of this precious por-
“tion of the nation, relying upon your constant and
“pure patriotism, in which your fellow-citizen will
“ever join with you

“JUAN BAUTISTA ALVARADO.”

This important event took place in April, 1840.
Had the Californians been wise enough to have ex-
amined into the charges, and chastised where chas-
tisement was due, the affair would have ended

where it commenced ; but, erring, as they always did, when meddling with foreign interests, they were sure to be on the wrong side.

What must have been their surprise, when one day, towards the last of June, a French ship of war entered their port, and anchored close to the beach, so as to bring her guns to bear directly upon the town ! What must have been their terror when immediately afterwards came another ship, bearing at her peak the broad stripes of our country ! "I come for vengeance," said the first, "why have you killed a Frenchman?" "I come for justice," said the other, "what have you been doing with my countrymen?" Alvarado was now fallen indeed ! His valiant Castro had gone to Mexico with the prisoners, and Vallejo was more than two hundred miles off. Resistance was impossible, and retreat to a neighboring mission, by feigning a disturbance amongst the Indians there, was hit upon as being the most plausible method of getting out of an awkward dilemma. So, one morning early, he very unceremoniously departed. This was the *satisfaction* given to our captain of the St. Louis !

After the ships of war had sailed, the Governor came back, when I called upon him to arrange some affairs of my own ; for I had just returned to California after an absence of two years. We had some conversation respecting the expulsion of the foreigners, their reported conspiracy, the arrival of the St. Louis, and also, respecting the officer who had been left on shore by her commander, to look after the interests of the American residents.

Señor Alvarado firmly believed in the intention of Graham to revolutionize the country, although possessed of no facts to prove it. "I was insulted," he said, "at every turn, by the drunken followers of Graham; and when walking in the garden they would come to its wall, and call upon me in terms of the greatest familiarity: 'Ho! Bautista, come here, I want to speak to you.'—'Bautista, here.'—'Bautista, there'—and Bautista every where." No doubt the Governor had reason to be dissatisfied; but I really believe that there were others more to be blamed than Alvarado, for the outrage committed upon our countrymen. "Mexico was responsible for his conduct," he said, "and if he had erred—why, *Mexico* must suffer the consequences!" He observed, that he could not receive the officer, who had been landed from the St. Louis, as a diplomatic character, but would give him all the protection and hospitality due to a worthy citizen of the United States. ✕

Affairs continued under the control of *Juan Bautista*, without any important occurrence, excepting a breach which occurred between him and Vallejo, who had retired to his place of residence at Sonoma.

At this period of events, I embarked on board of the ship *Alert*, and again visited St. Diego. Here everything was prostrated—the Presidio ruined—the Mission depopulated—the town almost deserted, and its few inhabitants miserably poor. It had changed! From being once the life of, and most important place in California, it had now become ✕

the gloomiest and most desolate. With great difficulty I succeeded in procuring horses to return north, by land, and in doing which the person with whom I contracted compelled me to pay an enormous compensation. For a distance which I had often performed, during the flourishing state of the missionary establishments, at an expense of five or six dollars, I had now to pay forty! So much for secularization! so much for the Californian Government! I started in company with friend Mellus. We arrived at the Mission of St. Luis Rey early, and partook of the hospitality of Don José Antonio Estudillo, who had been recently appointed Administrador of the Institution. His daughters had grown up to be young ladies, and were said to be engaged to two European Spaniards. After passing the night with Don José Antonio, we continued on, next morning, passing St. Juan in our route, and, at an advanced hour of the day, halted for refreshment. Whilst doing so, a guide who had accompanied us through the journey, cautioned us to be careful of our horses, but the warning had scarcely escaped his lips when off they started, in different directions, at a rapid rate. Fortunately, one stopped, upon which he (the guide) mounted in pursuit. Night came on, and four hours elapsed ere he returned, bringing with him one of the extra horses, and the one on which I had performed the journey. His own horse, to which was affixed our portmanteau, with two others, were missing. It being then eight o'clock at night, we resumed our journey, upon the worn-out animals, trotted over an

extensive plain, where, at times, the wind came in gusts from the mountains, and reached "El Rancho de Santa Ana" almost dead from fatigue. As we alighted at the house, a dolt of a fellow accosted us, and said we could not be admitted, for "*Alli estan las mugeres*,"—"The women are there," so we were obliged to put up with a coarse kind of bed, outside the house, in the corridor. Tired, we soon fell asleep, and did not awake till late next morning. Continuing our journey for the Pueblo, we stopped at the house of Tomas Yorba; again, at "El Rancho Nietos," and arrived early at the town.

We took up our quarters with Mr. Abel Stearns, who came from Mexico in 1829 with Señor Noriega, and was now a merchant, doing an extensive business with the "*Pueblanos*." Having failed in his project of colonization, he had resorted to this mode of obtaining a livelihood, and, in so doing, had amassed a handsome property. His house, the handsomest in the town, was a place of resort for the Americans who occasionally visited "Los Angeles;" which, in consequence of its dimensions, was called by the natives "el Palacio de Don Abel." Being a warm politician, something of a surveyor, and a physician, they looked upon him as *the* man of the village; seeking for him to officiate in either capacity, as occasion required. He had been elected to the honorable dignity of "*Syndico*" to the "*Ylustre Ayuntamiento*," and had been lauded for the zeal with which he discharged the duties of his office; but no higher public occupation, I believe, had ever fallen to his lot.

Leaving the Pueblo, we proceeded towards St. Pedro, where we embarked and sailed for Monterey. While sojourning here, in July, 1842, the Mexican schooner Columbine came into port from St. Blas, and anchored. The Custom-House barge put off, to pay the usual visit. Rumors were circulated that her deck was crammed with men. Some thought they were Mexican troops. Some said they were "*presidarios*,"—and some, (jokingly) that they were Graham's party. In the meantime the boat returned, and the truth was ascertained. Graham and his party *had* returned. The indefatigable Tennessean had achieved an honorable conveyance back, and was enabled to face again the author of his disgrace. What were the feelings of Alvarado? He would have prevented their landing, but dared not interfere with a determination of the supreme power, when backed, or rather enforced, by English and American influence. They came on shore, dressed neatly, armed with rifles and swords, and looking in infinitely better condition than when they departed; thanks to the energetic measures of the British consul! His prompt interference and authoritative manner procured their immediate release in Tepic, and the imprisonment of their Californian guard; thus turning the tables completely upon the Californians. The Mexican government was obliged to maintain them, during their detention in Mexico, and finally chartered a vessel to carry them back. Castro's conduct underwent a strict investigation, and it is said that it would have gone hard with him, if he had not

managed to escape through the connivance of his government.

The foreigners, thus restored to their former residences, were permitted to resume their various occupations.

My friends Hartnell and Spence had dissolved their business connexion; and whilst the latter continued in the same line of employment, with the additional responsibility of "*Alcalde Constitucional*" of the place, the former had retired to one of the loveliest of spots, called "El Alisal," to educate young men for a business or professional life.

I had an opportunity one day to witness the wisdom of Spence's judicial proceedings. A "*Ranchero*" who had visited one of the American trading ships, saw among many things that were to be seen in the trade-room, a trunk, to which he took an extraordinary fancy. Its price was asked of the writer, then supercargo, and a bargain was struck between the two. The trunk could not, however, be delivered, till emptied of its contents; and the "*ranchero*" consented to await the ship's return from San Francisco, ere he received it. The vessel sailed, and in a few weeks returned to Monterey. Among the first who went on board was the "*ranchero*," demanding his trunk. It was shown to him, but he denied its being the one for which he bargained; he must either have *that* one or the money, which (without the knowledge of the supercargo) he had given to a *friend* who was on board at the time he made the bargain, and who had requested that the trunk might be charged in his account. A violent

dispute ensued, till, at length, the supercargo, worn out and irritated beyond measure, requested a boat from the first officer, and then told the "*ranchero*" if he did not walk into it quickly he would have to swim, for the mate would throw him overboard. This induced him to retreat; but he went off uttering threats and curses against the "*maldito Ingles*." Arriving on shore, he repaired immediately to the "*Juzgado*," and laid his complaint before the "*Alcalde*." On the following morning the supercargo was summoned to appear forthwith, to answer to a charge of fraud. Repairing to the place of justice, he listened to the story of his accuser, and then explained to the "*Alcalde*" the circumstances as they occurred. The cause was argued by the parties interested, as is invariably the case in California, and it rested upon the "*Alcalde's*" decision, which was a delicate point; the defendant being a foreigner, like himself, and the accuser a Californian. If he should decide in favor of the supercargo, it would be partiality; if in favor of the *ranchero*, injustice. Therefore, the following judicious decision was passed. The supercargo was compelled to take an order upon the person who received the money, to collect the same, if possible, and remit it to the "*Ilustre Ayuntamiento*," on account of the individual interested. The Californian appeared well satisfied in his own mind that he had gained his point; and the supercargo had no objection, on the other hand, to oblige his friend the "*Alcalde*."

During this visit to Monterey, I accompanied Hartnell to his "*Alisal*," which is a romantic spot,

in a valley, between large hills covered with trees. In the centre, a fine stream winds its way towards an extensive plain, and supplies the *Lagunas*, where the cattle resort to drink. There are fine gardens, and plenty of good ground for cultivation. The soil, on the highlands, has the appearance of possessing mineral qualities, and, a short distance from the house, may be seen an excavation, from which considerable quantities of silver ore had been obtained. It was the *first* mine discovered in California. Others were subsequently found at different points in the country, and at one time the mania for mining was so great, that every old woman had her specimens of what she called ore. Finally, a rich mine of *placer* gold was, by chance, discovered, near the Mission of San Fernando. It extends for several leagues through a valley. Some of its gold has already found its way to the United States, and quantities have been carried to Mexico.

While passing the night at "*El Alisal*," I was suddenly awakened by a sound, resembling the report of heavy artillery, accompanied by the jarring of the house. Women screamed, children cried, and as I groped through the dark, towards the door, I heard the cry, "*Temblor!*" Some were for throwing themselves from the windows, others leaped down the stairway; and for a few minutes we had one of the most confused scenes imaginable. The fright subsiding, Hartnell stopped at my room, in his search for damage, and said the walls beneath were badly rent; that this was the twenty-fifth shock they had experienced within the last two months.

One day, they had five successive shocks, which made the whole building tremble violently. Frequent as these occurrences are, they are confined to this spot alone; their cause, I presume, may be attributed to the existence of mineral formations in the earth.

A *rodeo* was held on the following day, when all the neighboring *rancheros*, as usual, were invited to attend. It was for the purpose of branding and marking the cattle belonging to Hartnell who, for his family's amusement, had erected a platform near the scene of action, that they might better witness the proceedings. This operation is performed once every year, by all holders of cattle, and is conducted as follows. After collecting the animals from the different points of the farm, into one body, a portion of them are driven into a "*corral*," where they are branded with the mark of the owner, and the operation of castration is performed on the calves. This being completed, they are let out and driven off, others taking their places; and thus, the process continues until all have passed the inspection of the operators. This sometimes occupies several days, and, while it continues, the young men have an excellent opportunity of displaying their skill in horsemanship.

Returning to Monterey, I took passage on board of a Mexican vessel, and proceeded to Santa Barbara. Here I received intelligence of the arrival of Castro, from Mexico, and of his having been suddenly taken ill on the road, which undoubtedly proceeded from the excitement, caused by intelli-

gence having been given to him, that Graham and his followers had preceded him, and were actually in the country. Being enabled, however, in a few days to resume his journey, the "*Coronel*," as he was now styled, made his grand entrance into the town. No guns were fired on the occasion, nor was there any martial display of troops; but a few of his dearest friends went forth to meet him. The *Comandante* of the place, was one who had worn himself grey in service, and had served under royal authority, before Castro was born; yet, because he was a *gachupin*, he was obliged to be contented with the rank of Captain, whilst others, who were once boys under his tuition, were denominated "*Coronels*" and Generals. Rumor had preceded Castro, of his having escaped from the authorities of Mexico; to ascertain the truth of which, the "*Comandante*" sent an officer to demand his passport. The requisition was contested in a message full of insult. This, the old veteran could not brook, but sat himself down, and wrote a communication to the "valiant *Coronel*," which soon brought him to his presence. He had no passport with him. He said "it had been carelessly left in his trunk, "supposing that no one would demand it: however, "as soon as the trunk came to hand, he would send "him the document for inspection." This was satisfactory, and he departed.

Business called me to the *Rancho del Refugio*, where the ship *Alert* had been despatched to be laden with hides and tallow; and, having witnessed almost their entire embarkation, I returned.

On the morning of the following day, which was Sunday, the ship was in sight, but at a long distance from the shore. I went to church, and on my return homeward, she having approached nearer, I observed her colors were hoisted at half-mast. My first conjecture was, that some one had been lost overboard, or had been drowned in embarking the hides at the *Refugio*. The ship came to, however, and the colors were run up to their proper place. Presuming the position of the flag was accidental, I thought no more of it, until Captain Phelps came on shore, and informed me of the melancholy loss of one of the boys. The poor fellow had gone in to bathe, and after wading up to his middle, had thrown himself forward to swim; not being aware of the powerful under-current, he was speedily taken outside of the surf, beyond his depth, and drowned. The captain was employed all the afternoon in searching for his body; but not succeeding in finding it, he offered a reward to several natives who had arrived at the beach, to continue the search, and if they found it, to take it to the town. About mid-day a person came to the house of the *Comandante*, with the body rolled up in blankets and mats, and thrown across a cargo mule. From thence it was taken on board the ship. The carpenter prepared a coffin, and the next day was appointed for the funeral.

At 10 o'clock a gun was fired from the ship, the colors were all hoisted at half-mast, and the coffin was gently lowered into one of the boats, which was manned by young lads, who pulled for the shore.

Another boat followed with the greater portion of the crew. Arriving at the beach, the coffin, shrouded by the American ensign, was transferred to a bier, and borne along slowly by the boys towards the grave. The men followed in the rear, as also the captain and supercargo, with many of the foreign residents.

Thus we slowly proceeded through the centre of the town, till we reached the place of burial, which was a short distance in the rear, and adjoining an enclosure where were deposited the remains of Mr. Hardy Pierce, of Massachusetts. The usual funeral prayers were read by the captain, and at their conclusion poor Lowell was committed to his narrow bed—the grave—in a foreign land, and thousands of miles from his mother, brothers and sisters. As the earth fell upon his remains, we, one by one, retired from the scene, deeply impressed with the importance of being fully prepared, ourselves, for a like sudden dispensation of the Almighty.

For a great length of time the Californians had been in anxious expectation of the coming of a bishop, who had been appointed for their diocese by his holiness, the Pope. At length a courier arrived from St. Diego, on the 16th of December, 1841, announcing the fact of his having disembarked at that place. He came passenger on board of an English brig from San Blas, accompanied by several priests, two schoolmasters, three schoolmistresses, and four novitiates. The news was received with the most enthusiastic expressions of joy by the inhabitants of Santa Barbara; guns were fired, and

skyrockets let off in every direction. At the Mission the bells rang a merry peal, and the music of the band was heard at intervals, as its harmonious sounds floated through the air.

Several days subsequent to this demonstration of joy, we had an exhibition of the *Pastores* by the *Indians* of the Mission. They had been practising for some time, under the direction of Pádre Antonio Jimeno, and a great triumph was therefore anticipated over the performances of the *gente de razon*.* This exhibition took place on Sunday afternoon, in the courtyard of Señor Noriega, where four or five hundred persons were collected, to enjoy the amusement. Their performances were pronounced excellent, and I think they far surpassed those of the whites, which I had witnessed some years previous, at St. Diego. At the conclusion of the *Pastores*, a celebrated juggler came forward, and amused us a half hour longer, with some expert, and wonderful tricks of legerdemain.

The schooner Leonidas arrived, from St. Diego, with the intelligence of the Bishop's intended embarkation at that place, in the barque Guipuzcoana. Her owner, Don José Antonio Aguirre, had lately married there, the daughter of Señor Estudillo, and designed bringing his wife to Santa Barbara, where he had been preparing for some time previous, a suitable residence. The venerable Bishop, and his retinue, had been invited to accompany the bridal party, and it was too good an opportunity for him to accomplish the remainder of his journey, to

* The white people.

admit of a refusal. Great preparations were made, upon hearing this news, and all were anxious for the Bishop's arrival; for he was a functionary that but very few in California had ever beheld.

The vessel was in sight on the morning of the 11th of January, 1842, but lay becalmed and rolling to the ocean's swell. A boat put off from her side, and approached the landing-place. One of the attendants of his Excellency, who came in it, repaired to the Mission, to communicate with the Father President. All was bustle; men, women, and children hastening to the beach, banners flying, drums beating, and soldiers marching. The whole population of the place turned out, to pay homage to this first Bishop of California. At eleven o'clock the vessel anchored. He came on shore, and was welcomed by the kneeling multitude. All received his benediction—all kissed the pontifical ring. The troops, and civic authorities, then escorted him to the house of Don José Antonio, where he dined. A carriage had been prepared for his Excellency, which was accompanied by several others, occupied by the President and his friends. The females had formed, with ornamental canes, beautiful arches, through which the procession passed; and as it marched along, the heavy artillery of the "Presidio" continued to thunder forth its noisy welcome. At the time he left the barque she was enveloped in smoke, and the distant report of her guns, was heard echoing among the hills in our rear.

The bride, with her mother and her sisters, remained on board till afternoon, when they, also, repaired to the festive scene.

At four o'clock, the Bishop was escorted to the Mission, and when a short distance from the town, the enthusiastic inhabitants took the horses from his carriage, and dragged it themselves. Halting at a small bower, on the road, he alighted, went into it, and put on his pontifical robes; then resuming his place in the carriage, he continued on, amidst the sound of music and the firing of guns, till he arrived at the church, where he addressed the multitude that followed him.

The Reverend Bishop Francisco Garcia Diego, is a Mexican, and a Friar of the Franciscan order. He had been a teacher of theology in Mexico, and afterwards, in 1833, was *Comisario Prefecto* of the Missions of Upper California. Having passed several years in the country, he knew well how to work upon the minds of the Californians, in order to win their esteem, and to make himself popular. Santa Barbara was selected to be the "Episcopal See;" and plans were drawn up, for the erection of his Palace, a Cathedral, a Monastery, and a Theological School. The inhabitants were called upon to unite in forwarding these plans, and the Bishop trusted for resources to the *Fonda Piadosa de California*, "Pious fund of California," in Mexico, for their accomplishment. Large piles of stones were heaped up, in several places, for laying the foundations of the above-named edifices; but, as the Mexican government has seen proper to appropriate this fund to less pious purposes, there they will undoubtedly remain, for some years, as monuments of the frailty of human speculations.

About this time, on the arrival of the Hudson Bay Company's barque "Cowlitz," we were visited by Sir George Simpson, Governor McLaughlin, and others, who were passengers on board. They came to California for the purpose of obtaining information relative to the character of the country, and making arrangements for the transportation of horned cattle to Oregon. An agent had been left at San Francisco, where they had previously touched, to accomplish the scheme, and at Monterey they had arranged with Alvarado for the delivery of the cattle at the northern missions. Thus large quantities of sheep and bullocks were driven to the Columbia. This served to establish the fact of the facility of communication between the two countries. The agency has been continued at San Francisco, and at one time it was said that the company intended to monopolize the trade on the coast, and put an end to all competition, as it had done at the north. Their establishing a commercial dépôt at this particular point, San Francisco, might suggest to the minds of some persons that it was intended for an introduction to further acquisitions. However, that is no business of mine. The country would prosper under their jurisdiction, as it undoubtedly must, if it should ever come under our own. Whatever may be its fate, it can never be in worse hands than the present.

CHAPTER XII.

A *Merienda*.—A Trip into the Interior.—Rancho de San Juan del Rio—Arrival of Micheltorena.—His Reception at St. Diego—Mexican Soldiery!—A Bull-fight.—War with the United States.—Capture of Monterey by the American Squadron under Commodore Jones.—Micheltorena's Flight.—His Subsequent Return and Establishment at Monterey.—Another Revolution.—A Battle.—Defeat of Micheltorena.—Expulsion of the Mexicans.—A New Governor.

★ WHILE preparing for a trip to San Diego, and about to leave, I received an invitation to participate in a "*merienda*," which was to be given by Doña Maria Antonia Noriega. As strangers who visit Santa Barbara are often entertained in this way, a description of this may be interesting.

Early on the day appointed, I found all busily employed in preparing for the entertainment, and that several ox-carts laden with children, and servant girls, were about to start off. The company were to assemble at the house of Don Anastasio Carrillo, a brother of Doña Maria Antonia. All having arrived there, and the necessary arrangements being concluded, at the word of command our *Gañanes*, or drivers, stuck the points of their long poles into the sides of the oxen, and the procession started for the *Laguna blanca*, the place selected for the scene of our diversion.

The cart of Doña Maria Antonia took the lead, drawn by two stout oxen. It contained, besides herself, her daughter, daughter-in-law, granddaughter, and Doña Concepcion, her sister; leaving just sufficient room for me to squeeze in between the latter and Doña Maria Antonia, with my legs dangling out behind. The cart was well made, arched over, and covered with bleached cotton, like many of our wagons at home. The next, in succession, was a cart containing the children with their respective Indian attendants to guard them from accident. This was lined inside with hides, which made a secure, as well as comfortable conveyance. After this followed another, filled with the families of Joaquin and Raymundo Carrillo, and still another, the fourth, the wheels of which squeaked under the immense weight of roast turkeys, chickens, beef, mutton, *tamales*, *dulces*, etc. The rear was closed by about fifteen or twenty persons on horseback.

After a slow but pleasant ride of one hour we arrived at the spot selected for our encampment, *la Laguna blanca*, a spacious amphitheatre, and one of the most lovely places that could have been chosen for the occasion. The surrounding hills were plentifully covered with small oak trees, and the grass around was beautifully enriched with flowers. In the centre of the area was a circular pond, bearing the name already stated, which had been increased by recent rains to a circumference unusual, excepting at this season of the year. During the preparations for dinner I took my rifle and

strolled into the woods in quest of game; succeeding in killing some quail, I returned just in time to take part in the feast.

A large white table-cloth was spread on the grass, upon which were tastefully arranged our different dishes of meats, pastry, fruits, and sweetmeats; and around these we accommodated ourselves, some reclining, others seated upon the ground. At the conclusion of the dinner, the boys amused us with' a *toro*, or bull, which they had brought from a neighboring farm; but he soon managed to escape, and made his way to the centre of the pond, where he remained quite secure from their torments. Being foiled in this amusement they commenced racing their horses, and gave us a good specimen of their superior skill in riding. While they continued these diversions, others of the party were scattered about in little groups, where the music of the guitar and singing seemed more attractive.

At evening we returned to the Presidio, in the same order in which we left it; each one well satisfied with the day's amusement.

Leaving Santa Barbara I sailed to one of the southern ports. Several new farms are established in the interior of the country, upon grounds which were formerly a part of the possessions of St. Gabriel. These I had long desired to see. They are located in the neighborhood of the river Santa Ana, and between the mission and the large establishment at San Bernardino. So, having made arrangements for horses, I started in company with my friend Henry Mellus, and we shaped our course

for the *ranch*o of Don Tomas Yorba. On our way we stopped at the farmhouse of Juan B. Leandry, who was alone, his family being absent at a wedding feast at the Pueblo. Leandry had been but two years a *ranchero*, and now possessed a stock of about six thousand bullocks, besides horses, sheep, and all the necessary appendages to constitute a farm of first rate character. A vineyard occupies a large space on the left of the house, from which he anticipated the pleasure of one day shipping a cargo of wines to the United States. Should he continue his indefatigable labors, he will have one of the richest *haciendas* in the country. He gave us dinner, after which we resumed our saddles, and soon reached Santa Ana. Not finding Don Tomas at home, we continued through a pass in the mountains, along the banks of a river; and at sunset entered upon the plains of the *Rancho de San Juan del Rio*, the dwelling place of Señor Bandini. We found our friend Yorba here, and the first expression of Bandini, as he took us by the hand, was "*Cuanto hay de bueno por aqui!*" "How much good we have here!" Soon after supper we retired to rest, and fell into a deep slumber which lasted till seven o'clock next morning, when a gentle tap was heard at the door, and in popped our agreeable friend Bandini. Having asked how we had passed the night, he quaintly told us that our horses were missing, and that we should have to remain and pass the day in "San Juan del Rio!"

After partaking of a hospitable breakfast, we went to a *rodeo* at the farm of one of the largest cattle

holders in the country. Having ridden a short distance, we saw large clouds of dust rising in that direction, and soon afterwards, cattle were distinctly perceived, gathered in a large body of between five and six thousand. The proprietor, Don Antonio Maria Lugo, now possessing from twelve to fourteen thousand bullocks, was once a common soldier in the army. At the time of his retirement from service, he was presented, by a friend, with two or three cows, which by careful management have made him the richest farmer in California. With all his wealth, he lives miserably poor, depriving himself of the comforts of life, yet he thinks nothing of squandering thousands upon others. Although advanced in years, he has lately married a young and pretty girl, who takes pleasure in entertaining the visitors of her husband.

As we returned, we visited the planting grounds of Bandini, which were beautifully laid out, on the side of the river.

On our route back to the Pueblo, we passed through a long valley, which was the scene of destruction during the slaughter of the Mission cattle in 1835. Its devastation was still visible, for skulls and bones were lying about in every direction.

At the farmhouse of Isaac Williams we stopped awhile to rest our horses. It is the most spacious building of the kind in the country, and possesses all desirable conveniences. Soon after leaving this delightful spot, we reached the dwelling of our friend Don Abel, at Los Angeles.

An arrival at St. Pedro, from Mazatlan, brought intelligence of the coming of a new General to California, with six hundred men. This was a movement of Santa Ana, who began to fear an innovation of the foreigners on the northern confines of San Francisco. Many Americans had already made their appearance along the margin of the Sacramento, where a Swiss gentleman, named Sutter, had commenced the formation of a colony ; and day after day notices were to be seen in the American papers, that parties had left, or were leaving our Western States for California.

This alone was sufficient inducement to prompt the Mexican Government to an act so important ; but it had also another reason. The political Governor of California had solicited the appointment of a new General, with an additional force of one hundred men, and *Vallejo*, the General, had also requested the displacing of *Alvarado*, and the appointing of another in his place.

Now was the time for the Mexican power to seek to re-establish its authority, while disaffection lasted ; and an expedition was accordingly equipped for the purpose. One day, towards the last of August, 1842, I sailed from St. Pedro, and proceeded along down the coast towards St. Diego. On the following morning, when approaching Point Loma, a small vessel was perceptibly making sail from her anchorage in the outer bay. When we entered the harbor, where she had preceded us, she had dropped anchor again, and the men were busy furling her sails. They had communicated with the shore, and as

we were curious to ascertain who were on board, we immediately repaired in our boat to "Hide Park." It was a small brig, bringing the new Mexican General and his officers. This was news indeed! This was an event worthy of particular respect, and we hastened back to prepare our guns for a salute. As his Excellency landed on the beach, he received a Yankee welcome, and that alone; for the *Dieginos* were without powder, and the guns of the fort were dismounted.

Soon afterwards I visited the town, and called upon the General. The conversation between us resulted in my learning that he was "*Don Manuel Micheltorena, Comandante General y Jefe politico de la Alta California.*" He had been in the celebrated campaign with Santa Ana against the Texians, and was now despatched by his government to fulfil the arduous duties, which had for nearly six years so much perplexed the Californians. Three vessels were daily expected with troops, and ammunition. They had left Mazatlan in company, and might be looked for any moment.

Five days afterwards, the brig "Chato" arrived, with ninety soldiers and their families. I saw them land, and to me they presented a state of wretchedness and misery unequalled. Not one individual among them possessed a jacket or pantaloons; but naked, and like the savage Indians, they concealed their nudity with dirty, miserable blankets. The females were not much better off; for the scantiness of their mean apparel was too apparent for modest observers. They appeared like convicts; and, in-

deed, the greater portion of them had been charged with the crime either of murder or theft. And these were the *soldiers* sent to subdue this happy country! These were the valiant followers of a heroic General, who had fought on the battle field, where he had gained laurels for himself and country! These were to be the enforcers of justice and good government! Alas! poor California! when such are to be thy ministers, thou art indeed fallen! The remainder of the "convict army" arrived in course of time, and I had an opportunity of seeing them all, afterwards, at the Pueblo, when on their route towards Monterey, the seat of government. They mustered about three hundred and fifty men, and their General had given them, since their arrival, a neat uniform of white linen. Here, their stay was protracted, in order to drill, and prepare for service, in case of opposition from Señor Alvarado. Day after day, the place resounded with the noise of the trumpet and the drums; and a level spot, on the river's margin, was the scene of military manœuvres. At night, the gardens and vineyards were plundered, and the neighboring farms suffered greatly, from the frequency of the soldiers' visits.

During these acts of the military, and the detention of Micheltorena in Los Angeles, grand preparations were making at Santa Barbara for his reception there. A liberal subscription was raised by some of the principal inhabitants, and measures were taken accordingly.

A large enclosure was made for the exhibition of

bull-fighting, and a profusion of good things was provided for a dinner and *Fandango*. The day appointed, at length, came, but no General was there to participate in the festivities. The foreigners, who had contributed to the preparations, were not to be cheated out of their amusement, and some of them proposed carrying into immediate effect, the object of their subscription. They were readily joined by the Californians, and the following day was selected for the entertainment.

A bull-fight in California is far different from the brutal exhibitions of Spain and Mexico. Here, the bull is not killed, or lacerated; the object of the amusement being merely the exhibition of equestrian performances. All the young bachelors are expected to be present, which generally secures a full attendance of ladies, who stand on stages and platforms erected around the enclosure, ready to bestow their smiles and approbation on those of their choice; hence the waving of handkerchiefs and shawls is incessant.

When a bull enters, (it being customary to admit only one at a time) he usually rushes in as if ready to attack anything before him, till the shouts of the multitude, and the confused fluttering of scarfs, shawls and ribbons, disconcert the animal, and he retires to the least occupied part of the square, where he remains pawing up the earth. Presently, a horseman comes forth, with a scarlet cloak, or gaudy *serape*, which he waves toward the bull; the animal rushes at the object, and the skill of the rider consists in avoiding a collision. Sometimes a

dozen riders are thus in the area at once, and in the confusion, it not unfrequently happens that a horse is gored, or a rider thrown. The more valiant appear on foot; and as they nimbly escape danger, or boldly throw themselves into it, the interest is exceedingly increased. When one bull is worn out with fatigue, another is let in to take his place; and occasionally a rocket or squib is thrown to excite his fury. The boys, on horseback, await to receive the harassed creature as he is let out, to drive him off outside of the town; and in his retreat he is sure to be overturned by them at least half a dozen times.

The *Fandango* followed the bull-fight; and the company showed, by their hilarity, that no regret was felt for the non-arrival of Micheltorena.

Several days afterwards, while the Mexican forces occupied the mission of San Fernando, orders, from the General, were received by the civil authorities of Santa Barbara, directing them to prepare quarters for his officers and soldiers, who were on the eve of marching for that place. Other intelligence immediately followed this important notice of Micheltorena, which not only excited the Californians, and terrified the Mexicans, but astonished the world! This was the capture of Monterey by the American squadron, under command of Commodore Jones!

As I lay slumbering in my bed at the house of Señor Noriega, at midnight, on the 24th October, 1842, I was suddenly aroused and alarmed, by the abrupt entrance of a person into my host's apart-

ment, adjoining my own. It was his son, who in quick succession rattled forth the following—“*Los Americanos han tomado a Monterey! Una Escuadra Americana está fondeada en el Puerto! Guerra con Mexico!*” etc. “The Americans have taken Monterey! A squadron is at anchor in the port! War with Mexico!” “Wheugh! here’s a go!” said I. “What is the matter? What is all this you are talking about?” “Talking about,” said he, “why, we are going to cut the throats of all you Yankees!” “Look here!” he continued, (as he entered my room and handed me a copy of the proceedings drawn up at the Capital, with the Proclamation of the Commodore), “read this!” I did so, and saw the reason for such a movement. Mexico had declared an unjust war. Monterey had capitulated on the twentieth, when the Americans took possession, and hoisted the “stars and stripes.”

✕ The news soon spread abroad, and at daylight, groups were assembled at different places, discussing the affair. The Americans were elated, and some of the most wealthy of the Californians seemed not displeased that they were to have a government more stable than that under which they had been living. “Will they meddle with our farms?” “Will they interfere with our religion?” “Will they trouble us in any way?” These were the questions asked, and replied to in the negative. The large guns in the Presidio were dismounted and buried, the garrison sought the protection of Micheltorena, and the place was promptly abandoned to the Americans!

What was our surprise, when, on the day following, a courier brought the intelligence "that the war was a *mistake!*" that the town of Monterey had been restored to the Mexican authorities, and friendly salutes had passed between the fort and the shipping!

Alvarado, who was still Governor and in command at Monterey, observed at the time of capitulation, that he preferred a surrender to the Americans, to the degrading necessity of submission to the newly-arrived Mexican General, who had been sent by the Mexican Government to supersede him.

Micheltorena was at a *rancho*, about nine leagues to the north of the mission of San Fernando, when he received the first information of the war, and he retreated precipitately to the Pueblo. The valiant forces of this courageous Mexican General never *travelled faster!*

They halted not till sheltered in the midst of Los Angeles. This, I presume, was the "*forced march,*" which Micheltorena took to repel the invasion of Monterey! and which he afterwards mentioned in his statement of the affair to his Government.

The war being over, every thing was restored to its former quiet state. Micheltorena finally reached Monterey, and continued his administration of the Government without opposition, till the Californians were emboldened, a third time, to make a stand for independence.

Sometime during the month of November, 1844, the disaffected people of the north, headed by Val-

lejo, Castro and Alvarado, took possession of the mission of San Juan; where the *wisdom* of Micheltorena had induced him to place his ammunition stores, to prevent their falling into the hands of the Yankees, in the event of another invasion by sea.

A proclamation was issued by the Governor allowing eight days for the rebels to lay down their arms. Micheltorena went forth to meet them; parleying commenced, and ended in a treaty, favorable to both parties. After the expiration of a few days, each party produced a treaty that was denied by the other, and the Californians again assembled, and prepared to invade the town of Monterey. On the 6th January, 1845, the General, with his soldiers, left the place, and was joined by Captain Sutter, and one hundred foreigners, most of them settlers on the river Sacramento; besides about seventy Indians, who had been taught the use of firearms. The whole proceeded in pursuit of Castro, who had fled to the town of Los Angeles, which is situated four hundred miles to the southward. Owing to the protracted movements of Micheltorena, who made on some days but three or four miles progress, it was forty days ere he arrived in the vicinity of the town, and consequently, the foreigners had become discouraged, and nearly all left him. This gave time for Castro to increase his numbers; which having done he returned, and met the government forces. On the 21st of February the parties came in sight, when a few shots were interchanged, which fell harmless on both sides. The day following, the cannonading again commenced,

and resulted in the surrender of the Mexican General.

It was reported that four persons were killed, several wounded, and some horses shot. Castro had, with his party, about fifty foreigners from the south. At the commencement of the action, the foreigners on both sides, by agreement, retired from their several parties, and left them to fight the battle alone, which accounts for the small number killed, and the speedy victory.

Señor Pio Pico, being the oldest member of the state "*Diputacion*," was declared Governor, and Don José Castro was appointed "*Comandante General*."

Micheltorena, his officers, and soldiers, with the exception of a few, who had married in the country, were put on board of the American barque Don Quixote, and taken to San Blas.

The last accounts from Monterey were up to June 18th, 1845. Pio Pico still continued Governor of the country. It was said that another General had been appointed, who was expected from Mazatlan, with eighteen hundred men. Funds, to the amount of seventy thousand dollars, had been deposited for him with a merchant in that place; and two wealthy persons in Tepic, had bound themselves to make good the payment of the officers and troops. This may, or may not, be true. It cost the treasury more than seventy thousand dollars to place Micheltorena in St. Diego, and it will cost, at this rate, over two hundred thousand to send such a force as is now in preparation.

Since closing this work for publication, I have received further information from California, by

letters, dated October 1st, 1845. A friend writes thus: "The country never was in a more disorderly, miserable condition, than at the present moment. We have no government. Pio Pico, who was nominally Governor, has been arrested and imprisoned. The people at the north, as usual, are opposed to those of the south, and will be satisfied with none other than Alvarado, for chief magistrate. Two commissioners have arrived from Mexico, to ascertain why the Mexicans were expelled. The soldiers from Mazatlan, have not arrived; but we understand that one thousand men and four vessels are preparing for the expedition."

CONCLUSION.

THE writer, in the preceding chapters, has given a correct and impartial account of the peculiar character of California and its inhabitants. A portion of the country, however, most interesting in its natural features, has been, perhaps, but too little dwelt upon; it is that, embracing the extensive Bay of St. Francisco, into which flow the waters from the Sacramento, San Joaquin, Jesus Maria, and other lesser streams. The surrounding country, diversified by hills and plains, is very beautiful; the soil is rich and heavily timbered; and the high mountains which rise around are thickly adorned with cedar trees. There are extensive prairies also; and large tracts of excellent tillage ground on the banks of the rivers. It is the grand region for colonization; and if peopled by our industrious backwoodsmen, who are gradually emigrating from the Western States, it must hold, in a very few years, a conspicuous station among the nations of the earth. Its locations are well adapted to purposes of agriculture, and such is its mildness of climate, that all the tropical fruits might be raised there, if cultivated. The large rivers are navigable for steamboats, for more than one hundred miles, and are well stocked

with salmon and other fish. The cold, blustering winds, and disagreeable temperature of the climate, alluded to by other writers, are solely confined to the lands adjacent to the seacoast; for, a very few leagues beyond the limits of "Yerba Buena," we find a totally different atmosphere.

As the traveller proceeds south from St. Francisco, he passes through a similar description of country till beyond Monterey; when the plains become more contracted, and less fertile, till he is forced at last upon a hard sandy beach. Riding through little openings among the hills, he enters again upon wider strips of land, as the mountains retreat from the sea. In this way he may continue towards St. Diego, day after day, the face of the country varying, until it becomes barren and cheerless.

There is a vast extent of land, however, beyond the mountains, which is but imperfectly known to the Californians. This has been repeatedly visited by foreigners, who have said much in its favor. It is unoccupied, and is the only part of California, with the exception of land north and east of San Francisco, that is attainable, for the purpose of colonization. All that portion that is within twenty or thirty miles of the seacoast is, at present, either occupied by cattle farms, or by the much restricted possessions of the missions.

Now, that Upper California remains in its unsettled state, it opens a field for immigration, and the unfriendly feelings of its inhabitants towards Mexico, will, undoubtedly, lead them to favor other nations. *St. Francisco, then, is the point, as also the*

lands around the bay, the banks of the Sacramento, and Jesus Maria. These are the best lands, and are well calculated for the raising of wheat, and other grains, and for the rearing of cattle. These immense tracts of land, and the facility of water intercourse between them and the bay, by rivers and creeks, render their situation highly important.

The white population of Alta California, may be estimated at about eight thousand, and the Indian, which in 1829 amounted to over thirty thousand, will now scarcely number ten—while the former has increased, the latter has rapidly diminished. This may be owing to various causes:—The abject state to which the missionary establishments have become reduced,—the consequent partial abandonment of them,—the introduction of vice and disease,—and the Indian likewise being left to provide for his own necessities. Dependent, as he had been for years, on the care of his spiritual Father, he took no thought of the morrow, but lived on, in a state of recklessness which unfitted him for any other condition. This indifference of character led him into every kind of immorality, and he has plunged headlong into the destruction which so naturally followed.

Until recently, the Government has held out no encouragement whatever to immigrants. The lands on the seacoast, having been principally occupied by the missions, gave no room for the introduction of foreign settlers, so that but very few have obtained a footing, in California, except at places remote from the ports and harbors. To secure lands for farming

purposes, it was in former years, necessary to get the written consent of the missionary under whose control they were, ere the government could give legitimate possession, therefore their acquisition depended entirely upon the good will of the Friar. It may be justly supposed, that by this restriction, the advancement of California was *rather retarded*. So it was! for the immigrant was placed at the mercy of a prejudiced missionary who might be averse to any thing like secular improvement; for although these religionists were generally possessed of generous feelings, still, many of them, were extremely jealous of an infringement upon the interests of their institutions. In fact, the abundance with which the missions were stored, and the bountiful distribution of their yearly productions by the missionaries, rendered any exertion on the part of the Californian unnecessary for his support, and but few persons cared for the means of independence, preferring idleness to industry and improvement. No officer in the Spanish service could marry without special license from his Catholic Majesty; thus, the increase of colonization was easily regulated, which accounts for the limited number of colonists in the country.

After the Mexicans had adopted the republican form of government, orders were received for the liberation of the Indians, and the missionaries were directed to apportion to each one, a certain quantity of land, for their maintenance. From this time, the white inhabitant began to turn his attention, more particularly, to agriculture, and the immense tracts

of land that were occupied by the missions, were mostly divided into numerous farms. At first, the change was considered disastrous to the prosperity of California, and the wanton destruction of property which followed, seemed to warrant the conclusion; but the result, however, proved quite the contrary. Individual enterprise, which succeeded, has placed the country in a more flourishing condition, and the wealth, instead of being confined to the monastic institutions, as before, has been distributed among the people.

The liberality of the Californians, since their first opposition to Mexico, has induced many foreigners to settle in the country, and several hundreds of Americans may be already found located at different points. Their industrious habits have procured for them many very promising settlements, where the lands, under judicious management, produce abundance, and contribute greatly to the beauty of the surrounding country.

Agriculture, as may be supposed, has not much improved since its first introduction by the Spanish friars; for the same modes of cultivation are still adhered to, which they introduced at the commencement of their labors in California.

The grains principally cultivated are wheat, barley, maize, and several kinds of beans or *frijoles*, as they are called, by the natives. Oats are not raised for any purpose whatever, but they grow spontaneously on the prairies, and upon the hills, where they are left to dry and rot with the yearly pasturage. The sowing of grain commences in Novem-

ber, when the rains set in; and the harvest is in the months of July and August. Owing to inattention, perhaps, in procuring good seed, their wheat is not so fine as it might be; for in no part of the world, can be found a soil and climate, better adapted to its production.

Most kinds of vegetables are raised in gardens, and there is hardly a house in the country that has not its small patch of ground devoted to that purpose.

Both flax and hemp have been raised in California, and also cotton, to considerable advantage. The vine is thrifty, and is cultivated every where; from which is made very excellent wine and brandy.

Notwithstanding the immense number of domestic animals in the country, it is rather surprising that the Californians give so little attention to the dairy. Butter and cheese are extremely scarce, and but seldom used; and I have known instances, in which a proprietor of three or four thousand cows, has been obliged to send all over the village where he resided, to obtain milk for his family. From this circumstance, it may be supposed that they are totally ignorant of its value:—not so; for since the introduction of foreign settlers, they have been well instructed in the art of making both butter and cheese; and it is only from sheer indolence, that these articles are not more plentiful.

In the intercourse between California and the Sandwich Islands, which has considerably increased in latter years, large quantities of wheat, beans, flour, cheese, and soap, have been annually ex-

ported from the former; the proceeds of which have usually returned in a variety of goods from the English and American markets.

The trade with California is, however, confined principally to American ships, direct to the United States; for they have but two or three vessels of their own, and not more than twenty or thirty on the whole extent of the Mexican coast!

The Californians have made several attempts to rid themselves of the Mexicans, as has been related in the preceding chapters; and they were left for several years without interference on the part of the Mexican Government; so that not until this interference was sought by them, did it again attempt any control over their country. The distance between California and Mexico renders it easy to effect a separation, provided there could be found sufficient unity among the Californians; for a very small number could successfully resist any attacks made by such a power as Mexico. "The shores of the Mexican Republic," says Alexander Forbes, Esq., "on the Pacific, are ill calculated for maintaining any maritime force; it has none at present; and from its unhealthy situation, scarcity of materials and want of sailors or maritime enterprise, it is not likely ever to have on the Pacific any formidable navy." These remarks compared with the following, relative to the situation of California, serve to prove its advantages. "California," he says, "is calculated, in an eminent degree, to become a maritime power; its coasts are healthy; its harbors excellent; and its capacity to produce materials for

ship-building and marine stores is almost without limits. If, therefore, there should ever exist a sufficient population to maintain a separate sovereignty, or the occupiers of the country be of a quality and character capable of taking advantage of those resources, Mexico, instead of being able to reduce California, would be obliged to succumb."

The natural resources of California may have drawn the attention of the British Government to its importance, and fears were entertained by them, at one time, that the Russians, who were settled upon its northern frontier, would either encroach upon, or take entire possession of it. These fears, however, proved groundless, for the Russians have, for the last three or four years, abandoned the settlement. In commenting upon this, Mr. Forbes says, "The danger does not lie there—there is another restless and enterprising neighbor, from whom they will most probably soon have to defend themselves, or rather to submit to; for although the frontiers of North America are much more distant than the Russians, yet to such men as the back settlers, distance is of little moment, and they are already well acquainted with the route. The northern American tide of population must roll on southward, and overwhelm, not only California, but other more important states. This latter event, however, is in the womb of time; but the invasion of California by American settlers is daily talked of; and if Santa Ana had prevailed against Texas, a portion of the inhabitants of that country, sufficient to overrun California, would now have been its masters."

That the British Government has had interested views in relation to California, is also intimated by Mr. Forbes, who says, "There have been some thoughts of proposing to the Mexican Government that it should endeavor to cancel the English debt, which now exceeds fifty millions of dollars, by a transfer of California to the creditors. This would be a wise measure on the part of Mexico, if the government could be brought to lay aside the vanity of retaining large possessions. The cession of such a disjointed part of the republic as California would be an advantage. In no case can it ever be profitable to the Mexican republic, nor can it possibly remain united to it for any length of time, if it should even be induced to rejoin this state, from which at present it is, to all intents and purposes, separated. Therefore, by giving up this territory for the debt, would be getting rid of this last for nothing. But would the English creditors accept of it? I think they might, and I think they ought. They have lately displayed an inclination to treat and receive lands as a part of the debt where no lands exist belonging to Mexico. In the settlement made with Lizardi and Co. as agents for the Mexican Government in London, lands are stipulated to be delivered at a certain price per acre, in Texas, in which Mexico does not possess an acre, in the state of New Mexico, which is many hundred leagues inland in Sonora, and God knows where. To the good fortune, however, of the English creditors this contract has been disapproved of by the Mexican Government, and it is hoped that some more rational


scheme will be hit upon to give the creditors some sort of tangible security for at least a part of what they have been so scandalously fleeced out of. If California was ceded for the English debt, the creditors might be formed into a company, with the difference that they should have a sort of sovereignty over the territory, somewhat in the manner of the East India Company. This, in my opinion, would certainly bring a revenue in time, which might be equal to the interest of the debt, and, under good management, and with an English population, would most certainly realize all that has been predicted of this fine country."

Gold and silver mines have been found in Upper California, from which, considerable quantities of ore have been obtained: skilful miners are only required, to make them profitable. It is said that coal has recently been discovered; which, if true, will greatly facilitate the introduction of steam navigation in the Pacific, and be the means of making California one of the most important commercial positions on the west coast of America; particularly, if ever a communication should be opened by means of a canal across the Isthmus of Panama. That such an event may transpire, is not improbable; the day is not far distant, perhaps, when it will be realized, and one may visit this fertile and interesting country, and return to the United States, in one half of the time now required for the long and tedious outward navigation.

The resources of California, its magnificent harbors, climate, and abundance of naval stores, would

make it the rendezvous for all the steamers engaged in the trade between Europe and the East Indies, as well as those from the United States; and the facilities for emigration would be such, that soon the whole western coast of North America would be settled by emigrants, both from this country and Europe.

During the anarchy which existed in past years, throughout this fertile country, there were many of the native Californians who would have been thankful for the protection of either England or America; and indeed, a great many desired it, in preference to the detested administration of Mexico. Perhaps, there are many who still feel as they did then: and in this age of "Annexation," why not extend the "area of freedom" by the annexation of California? Why not plant the banner of liberty there, in the fortress, at the entrance of the noble, the spacious bay of San Francisco? It requires not the far-reaching eye of the statesman, nor the wisdom of a contemplative mind, to know what would be the result. Soon its immense sheet of water would become enlivened with thousands of vessels, and steamboats would ply between the towns, which, as a matter of course, would spring up on its shores. While on other locations, along the banks of the rivers, would be seen manufactories and saw-mills. The whole country would be changed, and instead of one's being deemed wealthy by possessing such extensive tracts as are now held by the farming class, he would be rich with one quarter part. Every thing would improve; population would increase; con-



sumption would be greater, and industry would follow.

All this may come to pass; and indeed, it must come to pass, for the march of emigration is to the
↖ West, and naught will arrest its advance but the mighty ocean.

A P P E N D I X .

MANY friends and acquaintances, having frequently suggested and urged a republication of the foregoing narrative, on the ground of its being no longer in print, and almost entirely unknown to the reading community of the present day, the author has been induced to comply with their wishes in an appendix form, by giving a brief statement of events which have transpired since that period when California was an independent government, though not recognized as such by Mexico.

During the disturbances existing between Texas and Mexico, and the annexation of the former to the United States, which resulted in a war between our government and Mexico, the author was a resident of the city of New York, and was well posted in the proceedings which transpired up to the time when peace was declared, and California, by right of purchase, had become a portion of our domain. Troops had been sent to California, and every provision made to place that territory under a republican form of government, when measures were taken to communicate with that distant portion of our possessions by proposals for monthly mail service, through the agency of steam navigation. Contracts

for the purpose were secured by William H. Aspinwall, Esq., of New York, for the Pacific Coast, and by George Law, Esq., for the Atlantic Coast, and suitable ships were immediately prepared to carry into effect these measures, which drew the author's attention again to his old haunts in California. His acquaintance with Mr. Aspinwall gave him means of acquiring all the plans relative thereto, and during the construction of the steamers, three in number, for the Pacific Coast—the California, Oregon, and Panama—he daily witnessed their advancement, until the completion of the California in the latter part of the year 1848, and at this time having been appointed as special agent at San Francisco, arrangements were made to take him and the few passengers, numbering only about twenty-five persons, to Chagres, on the barque John Benson, in order to meet the steamer California at Panama, which had left New York October 6, 1848, under command of Cleveland Forbes.

On the evening previous to their departure, however, the city was excited with intelligence of the discovery of gold in marvelous quantities somewhere in the vicinity of San Francisco, and without knowing the effect it had produced on the public mind, they took their departure. After a prosperous passage, and just at declining day, they entered the open roadstead of Chagres, where, much to their surprise, they found at anchor a vessel, which proved to be the steamer Falcon from New Orleans, which only a few days previous had landed over one thousand greedy adventurers for gold. This was

the first emigration, all of which seemed determined, if possible, to get on board of the *California*, whose accommodations were limited to seventy-five persons in both cabin and steerage. The next morning, on landing, they learned that all the canoes, the only means of conveyance at that time, had gone up the river to Gorgona, a village half way across the Isthmus, so that they were obliged to wait several days ere they could proceed. Owing to excessive rains, and unavoidable exposure, many were taken sick on the river, and a report was soon current that the cholera had made its appearance, and several victims had died of the disease. This fearful announcement was sufficient to create a regular stampede, when all baggage and valuables of every description were abandoned and left on the route, whilst the owners of the property hurried on to Panama. Fortunately, however, every article was carried safely in on the backs of the natives, who were satisfied with a small compensation, and who were only, in a very few instances, lacking in faithfulness. The *California* had not arrived yet, and the consequence was that every one became impatient, and fearful of disaster to her machinery. Already more than a month had elapsed beyond the time allotted for her arrival, and in the meantime the emigrants were increasing daily on the Isthmus, until at length one morning early, the shouts of thousands of voices proclaimed that the long-desired object was approaching and would soon reach her place of anchorage in the harbor. All was excitement in consequence, and many of the most active

hurried off to the ship, thinking to get on board, and thus secure a passage beforehand, but a wise precaution, however, prevented any communication, and they returned to the shore disheartened and disappointed. To add to these difficulties up to this time, the steamer had taken on board a large number of passengers at the Chilean and Peruvian ports, and now the question arose, what should the agents of the company do in regard to those who had so eagerly been awaiting her arrival? It was decided that the New York passengers, with tickets, should first be provided for, and afterwards those from South America, and finally as many as possible from among the first applicants for passage at the office at Panama. The result was, the ship was crowded to excess, so much so that there was hardly room left to move about on the deck or in the cabin. The voyage was short, however, to California, and the first port arrived at was Monterey, where a detention was made over night in order to procure fuel; and the day following, the 28th of February, 1849, she reached the *El Dorado* so much longed for. Immediately the passengers began to disembark, and soon the sand-hills around the town had the appearance of a vast battle-ground, with its cotton tents, and busy preparation of groups passing to and fro in every direction. Many of the passengers started at once for the gold mines, but others, who were disinclined to undergo the dangers of a long trip by water in an open launch, remained behind. Many, too, who were contemplating large business in the future, thought best to look out for

accommodations for their cargoes of merchandise, already on the way from the Atlantic shores, for up to this time there were only about thirty buildings in the place, so that the cargoes of the first arrivals were left exposed on the beach. Fortunately for the owners of the property, however, the early comers were not thieves, and in consequence it was perfectly safe during the summer until the rainy season commenced.

Thus the months rolled on, and houses and stores of every description sprang up as if by magic, and indeed the whole extent of improvement, so rapid in its progress, seemed like the work of enchantment. At night all the principal thoroughfares leading to the Plaza (Portsmouth Square) were rife with individuals in crowds, hurrying to the surrounding halls of entertainment and gambling saloons, which were brilliantly illuminated and enlivened, too, by music from the numerous bands employed to allure the prodigal miner, who, plentifully supplied with the fruit of his labor (pure virgin gold), expended it as freely as if it were of little or no value. In the meantime ship after ship continued to arrive with their living cargoes, from which the interior country soon began to realize in the rapid increase of its population in every direction. For the steamers, like every other vessel that arrived in port, were immediately abandoned by officers and crews, and it was some time before means could be had to take the California to San Blas, where a deposit of coal had been made previously by order of the company. The same pre-

caution had been taken for this port, but unfortunately, the ship bearing the supply was detained on the voyage by her captain having erroneously touched into the bay of San Francisco, a port of Lower California, supposing it to have been the place of destination, and not until he had communicated with the shore, did he find out his mistake, and so did not arrive here until after the departure of the California. The Oregon and the Panama arrived in due time, laden with passengers, who were landed and soon dispersed for the mines, and the steamers promptly despatched for their return to Panama.

Among the more important structures erected at this period was a store-house built by the agent on the corner of Sacramento and Leidesdorff streets, which lot at that time formed the skirt of the bay, where in high tides the water beat against the sides of the house, and where lighters, secured at its very door, embarked from thence the millions of gold-dust that found its way to all parts of the world. The building was framed and prepared in New York at an expenditure of \$500, and cost \$10,000 to erect it and put it in proper condition for occupation here. This, accordingly, became the busiest spot in town, and often the scene of many a fracas between applicants for passage to Panama, as they crowded forward eager to be foremost on the occasion. For oftentimes it was very difficult then to obtain a berth on board of either of the steamers except by application some days in advance of their departure. As might have been expected from the

crowded state of these vessels, there was great dissatisfaction among the passengers generally, and particularly among those from New York *via* Panama; and the consequence was, that on their arrival in San Francisco, it required but little persuasion from the quack lawyers about, to induce some one of the disaffected to commence suit for damages, and then divide the plunder gained, if any, between them. In this way the Steamship Company had to disgorge large amounts from its golden coffers, and oftentimes very unjustly, too. For in many cases it was to pay some disagreeable individual who had been taken on board as a particular favor, and who, to secure his passage, had offered to put up with any inconvenience as to accommodation and comfort. The dingy little Court House on the corner of Clay street and the Plaza was on these occasions the exhibition of many a ludicrous scene, and as the premises were somewhat limited as to proportions, the jurors were obliged to settle upon a verdict without rising from their seats, when the almost invariable charge of the judge was couched in the following grave and reverend terms: "Gentlemen, you have the case before you; so you will decide where you are, whilst I go out for a drink!"

Not only the lawyers, but also the doctors, were reaping a harvest in this way, for the afflicted miners soon came journeying in from the mines broken down in health from constant exposure and unaccustomed hardship, that in many cases resulted fatally. The neighboring grave-yard, located on

the hill-side sloping toward North Beach, told the tale of daily woe, whilst its grassy mounds, side by side, proclaimed the numbers who had died from lust for gold. Steamer after steamer and daily fleets of sailing vessels came pouring in, all crowded with greedy gold hunters, who, on their arrival, soon made their way to the *El Dorado*! so that the numbers of vessels at anchor appeared like an immense forest despoiled of its foliage. At length, on the morning of the 18th of October, 1850, the steamer Oregon arrived and passed up through the Gate, bedecked with flags and firing guns, bringing news of the admission of California into the Union, causing immense excitement throughout the city.

Up to this time no decisive step had been taken for securing a proper depot or accommodation for the company's steamers, and although the agent had partially convinced himself of the impropriety of rejecting San Francisco, yet he was inclined to yield his opinion to the judgment of the directors at home. Returning to New York in the fall of 1850, on this business, he took part in a meeting convened especially to decide the question, when he set forth his views as to the different locations which had been recommended. If the company resolved to leave San Francisco, the first best point was Angel Island, and if, on proper examination, that should prove unfit, then Mare Island, and finally Benicia, in the event that neither of the others was desirable. It was decided at once, however, to secure property in the latter place, contrary to the recommendations of the agent, and steps were im-

mediately taken to that effect. After expending over fifty thousand dollars, he urged the abandonment of the site in favor of San Francisco, where he had been offered by the municipal government, gratis, all that would have been required for his purposes, and the same property, to-day, would have realized for the company over a million of dollars. Strange to say that the company subsequently changed their views, and after the resignation of the agent, they, at a considerable outlay, purchased their present location, which is but a very small portion of the tract that the city had previously offered gratuitously. Thus, by this movement, Benicia died a natural death, and Angel Island was unjustly claimed by the United States Government. Mare Island, that in reality was known as public domain, cost two or three hundred thousand dollars before expending a cent in the way of improvement for a navy yard.

Returning to San Francisco, on the way up the coast, and stopping at Acapulco, intelligence was there received of the recent conflagration in San Francisco, on May 4, 1851, which destroyed the greater portion of the city, including the steamship company's agency building. The monthly mail steamers for Panama continued their uninterrupted trips with their usual crowded numbers of passengers without any particular occurrence of note, save sickness contracted on the Isthmus, and which in many cases proved fatal. Sailing vessels also daily cheered the Golden Gate in fleets from all parts of the world, laden with passengers and mer-

chandise of every description, that thus constantly added to the grand marine panorama of the thousand vessels at their anchorage. Steamboats daily communicated with Sacramento and Stockton, and smaller boats plied to and fro from the different points of interest that had sprung up around the skirts of the bay. On shore the activity and enterprise of the population was made manifest in the thousands of houses which covered the entire space between Telegraph Hill and Market street, extending to the very tops of the hills. The large sand-hill at the junction of California and Montgomery streets had been removed, and projects had already commenced for the demolition of the numerous sand-hills between California street and the Mission, in order to fill up and extend the city front out into deep water. The entire frontage of the Happy Valley along the beach was occupied by stores, work-shops, saw-mills, flour-mills, machine shops and foundries, where the sound of the hammer and the steam whistle was heard without cessation day and night.

From the change in the character of constant arrivals of passengers from Australia and other countries, the population became infested in time with criminals of the worst reputation, who boldly committed murder, robbery and arson, without fear of chastisement, which consequently led, at a later period, to the organization, among the citizens, of a vigilance committee, in order to rid the city of a pest that was destroying its welfare and tranquility. Indeed, the whole country was in a state of insecu-

city, and it was dangerous for any one to travel alone, through the fear of being waylaid by desperadoes who infested the roads throughout the country. The vigilance committee was active and determined in its proceedings, arresting in every direction the culprits and bringing them to chastisement. A few examples in the way of hanging served to rid the country of the vile miscreants that were a pest throughout the land. Fires were numerous and alarming, and as the means of subduing them were feeble in the extreme, large portions of the city were frequently destroyed. For, having no engines, it was only with buckets of water, that the citizens were enabled to baffle the flames in their violent course of destruction.

In 1854, the author, connected with Mr. Abel Stearns, of Los Angeles, projected a plan for supplying the lower portion of California with merchandise direct from the Atlantic coast; satisfied as he was that the tradesmen in that location would be gratified to purchase goods placed at their very doors for the same price that they could procure them in San Francisco, and thus evade the enormous freight that they were necessarily paying. He proceeded to Boston, and there built a fine ship, which was named *Arcadia*, in honor of the fair lady of his copartner; which vessel soon after, with a large and valuable cargo, set sail for the port of San Pedro, where she arrived safe during the month of February, 1855. Contrary to his expectation, however, he met with jealousy on the part of the traders, and a general disinclination to purchase. So

that after he had unloaded and despatched his ship to China, he was obliged to freight most of his cargo to San Francisco in order of dispose of it.

At this period the condition of the country around Los Angeles and vicinity was in a very unsettled state, and robberies and murders were of common occurrence, particularly among the Indian population, for hardly a day passed without one or more deaths by violence. Monday morning of each week was usually heralded in by cathedral chimes from the parish church, notifying the parishioners how many poor creatures had been sent into the other world the night previous, who had been murdered during their bacchanalian orgies. This will account for the rapid decrease of the rude natives, who gave themselves up to all and every vice that civilization taught them, and, from a population of over ten thousand under the parental care of the old missionaries of former days prior to 1849, there are now scarcely fifty to be met with throughout the whole range of the coast. Not only the Indians are disappearing *en toto*, but their dilapidated institutions, fast crumbling to decay, will soon, like their constructors and originators, be buried in oblivion. Of course, this change has been necessary, in order to make way for a more intellectual and industrious race, to develop and bring forth the vast resources of a country so long sleeping in undisturbed tranquility and indifference. The result, of course, has caused a total abandonment of all former customs, usages and manners, and indeed it may be said that the Castilian language, with all its sweet and

musical attraction, has now but little or no reverence among the rising generation. Even the domestic culinary of their ancestors, so famous for its *olla podrida*, *frijoles-chinos*, *enchilados*, *tamales*, etc., has given place to the introduction of roast beef and plum pudding of the new-comers.

Among the most unfortunate occurrences of early days was the adjudication of Mexican land grants by commissioners, and the selection at Washington for that purpose of men who had no knowledge of the country, its political economy, or its people, as to fidelity or truthfulness. Had two or three chosen American residents here at that period, been appointed, there never would have arisen at the present day any doubt as to the validity of titles, for in those days no spurious grants existed, and if any at the present time exist, they were gotten up at the suggestion and planning of the new-comers, who thought it no sin to plunder government whenever in their power to do so. It was currently known throughout California the validity of every grant issued by the Mexican authorities, and it came very hard upon early grantees, who had been in possession of lands for nearly half a century, to be obliged to prove the titles to them at an expense equal to one-half of their intrinsic value. Indeed, it was no uncommon event for a poor *ranchero* to surrender one-half of his right to some greedy lawyer for the first presentation of his title before the commissioners, and then afterwards to part with the one-half of what remained for getting it through the United States Court at Washington. No wonder

the Californian disliked a government which permitted such atrociousness produced by its demand that he should prove his titles, when it would have been much more honorable to have recognized them, and indeed those of every grant of land issued prior to the treaty with Mexico. This would have prevented the spurious titles that sprang up afterwards, for the natives themselves would have ignored them at once, and the newcomers would not have had time or encouragement for looking up false testimony, as too often was the case, and which has cast a shade of distrust upon almost every land title in the country. But, on the other hand, the Californians are to blame, for among a few of the higher order of them, they, like the unprincipled lawyers, were ready to give any testimony required for a small gratification, and thus the lawyer was enabled to acquire whatever testimony he desired to prove his title. Even now the mania for land-grabbing is predominant, and the poor Californian is robbed daily, in the curtailment of his possessions, by some villain or villains who squat upon his lands, and, in defiance of the law, refuse to acknowledge him as their proprietor and legal owner. This, unhappily, has been too often countenanced by the government officials, who have lent their aid to such robberies, in their attempt to condemn and curtail the original surveys as recognized by the Mexican authorities.

The three islands, Santa Cruz, Santa Rosa, and St. Nicholas, lying south of the Coast Range of Santa Barbara, were once populated, and by a race

apparently of a higher order than that of the Indians on the mainland, as indicated by the many peculiar relics which came to light after their abandonment of the islands and their homes, which took place in the early part of the present century. The islands were made attractive and important from the vast numbers of fur-seals and sea-otters found there, which naturally called the attention of the Russian Codiacks of the north, who almost entirely engrossed that species of traffic throughout the whole extent of the Pacific Coast from their possessions in the north down to this region, which they frequently visited; and on one occasion, in a quarrel with the islanders at St. Nicholas, they inhumanly massacred nearly the whole of the male inhabitants, which act naturally induced the entire population of these islands to seek refuge and protection among the several missionary establishments on the mainland. After the lapse of half a century a party of hunters, headed by Mr. Isaac Williams, of Los Angeles, embarked in a small vessel at San Pedro for a trip among the islands, for the purpose of amusement as well as profit, in the hunting of sea-otter; and reaching St. Nicholas they disembarked, where strolling around over the rocks on the sea-shore, much to their surprise, they descried a group of persons, evidently endeavoring to escape observation, to whom they gave chase, and soon came up with. They proved to be an aged veteran and three females, who, by friendly signs, were induced to accompany them to their launch. As they proceeded the elder woman escaped, darting off amongst

the brush-wood, and was soon out of sight; so they continued their way to the launch, where they embarked, leaving the poor runaway alone on the deserted isle. With a favorable wind, they reached San Pedro the next day, and proceeded immediately to Los Angeles, where they arrived and entertained their rude visitors, much to their satisfaction, day after day adding to their comfort and enjoyment, every one in the town seeming inclined to extend them hospitality. It was not long, however, before they began to realize their change of habit and diet, which finally ended in the death of the women. The old veteran, bowed down with grief, wandering about from house to house, was at last missed from among the community, and it was not until the expiration of several weeks that he was found at San Pedro, where he remained for quite a period, daily seated on the cliffs, gazing, as it were, to catch a glimpse of his island home. Unhappily, one day his body was seen floating upon the water, crowned with sea-birds. It was taken ashore and buried on a little island, near the entrance of the harbor, now called "Dead Man's Isle." It was supposed that he fell asleep, and while dreaming, perhaps, of his beloved isle and his departed companions, he fell among the rocks below and died. Such was the end of poor Black Hawk! Some eighteen years had passed away, until finally an excursion from Santa Barbara to St. Nicholas, headed by Mr. George Nidevah, landed there, and during their stay on the island they accidentally fell in with the poor lonely creature, so long the sole resident of the island. She

was taken to Santa Barbara, where she was treated kindly and entertained at the house of Mr. Nidevah; but, like her two companions, unable to endure the change, she soon fell sick and died, the last remaining one of her race. During the first few days of her visit in Santa Barbara, all available means were made use of to ascertain, if possible, her history and connection with the island, for which purpose many of the Indians from the neighboring missions were invited to an interview, that ended unsatisfactorily, inasmuch as her language was entirely unintelligible to them, as was theirs to her. The same measures, with the same result, were taken at Los Angeles in regard to her three companions, who, like her, had departed unmourned, unhonored, and unknown.

Requiescat in pace!

About this time Santa Barbara was cast down in consternation and gloom by the death of its revered and esteemed citizen, Don José de la Guerra y Noriega, and sensible of the great calamity befallen to its people (the native Californians), the author has thought proper to consider the same as one of the more important events in the early history of the State. The announcement of his death in the Santa Barbara Gazette of February 18, 1858, was made public with the following biographical sketch: "Don José Antonio de la Guerra y Noriega was born in Novales, in the province of Santander, Spain, A.D. 1776. He went to Mexico in 1788, where he shortly afterwards entered the house of his uncle, Don Pedro Noriega, a wealthy merchant residing in the capital, with the intention of becoming a mer-

chant, but finding the business unsuited to his taste, and being ambitious of distinction, and desirous of serving his country and his sovereign, in 1798 he obtained the appointment of cadet in the Royal Army. In 1800 he was appointed ensign to the company then stationed at Monterey, California, where he arrived and joined his company the following year. In 1804 he married the daughter of Don Raimundo Carillo, Comandante of the Presidio of Santa Barbara. In 1806 he was promoted lieutenant of the company stationed at Santa Barbara. In 1810 he was named *Habilitado-General* of both the Californias, and immediately embarked with his family, by way of San Blas, for the City of Mexico. On arriving at San Blas he was taken prisoner by the curate Mercado, a partisan of Hidalgo in the revolution of that time, and was carried to Istan, where he fortunately escaped the cruel assassination of his fellow-prisoners. The revolution of Hidalgo having deprived him of his office, he remained for some time at Tepic, where he served as *Ayudante Mayor* in the army stationed there, much to the satisfaction of the government. In 1811, he returned with his family to California, where, for several years, he held the command of the troops stationed at San Diego. In 1817 he was promoted captain and commandant of the company stationed at Santa Barbara, where he repaired with his family. In 1819 he again went to Mexico, as *Habilitado-General*, where the revolution of 1821, after a short official service, caused him to return again to California. At this time he sent to the

republican government his resignation, but it was not accepted ; and the President, Guadalupe Victoria, continued him in office as captain and commandant of the company at Santa Barbara. In 1828, he was named *Diputado* to the General Congress of Mexico, but did not fill the office in consequence of his seat having been already taken and occupied by the *Suplente*, Don Gervasio Arguello, and he returned to California the following year. From that period he lived almost entirely at home with his family, devoting himself to their welfare and happiness, and taking no active part in the political troubles and frequent revolutions of his country, except as adviser and mediator, in which capacity, from his great reputation as a man of unspotted integrity, patriotism, humanity, and wealth, he wielded influence in California. It is not our purpose, at this time, to speak at length of the public services and private worth of the deceased. At some other time, the life and character of this truly good man may be written and published as an example worthy of imitation by all persons who would live a long, useful, and pious life, and preserve throughout its many vicissitudes the respect and esteem of their fellow-citizens, and the unbounded veneration and love of numerous descendants. For the present, then, we will only say, that in his private life he was unsurpassed in his ready generosity to his friends, and unostentatious charity to the poor, irrespective of creed or country. In his family he was kind, affectionate, and indulgent. As a Christian, none surpassed him

in the daily practice of the Christian virtues, in his liberal donations in support of the decency of public worship, and his unremitting attendance and devotion at the altar of God. It pleased Providence to bless him with a ripe and peaceful old age, with the comforts and elegancies of fortune, and the filial veneration of his neighbors. As the inevitable hour approached, it found him supported by the reflection of a well-spent life, and surrounded by upwards of a hundred descendants, all respectful and loving, and vying with each other in attention and tender solicitude to lengthen and smooth his path to the grave. The surest evidence of the goodness of a man in this life is the regret of his neighbors at his death. And we can truly say that since the discovery and settlement of California no man's death has been more regretted, and no grave more moistened with the tears of devoted friends than that of Don José Antonio de la Guerra y Noriega."

In postscript to the above, the author would say that the deceased was buried in the vault beneath the old Mission Church, and with all the military honors available at the time. The funeral cortege was longer than ever before witnessed in Santa Barbara on a like occasion, for men, women, and children of all classes came forth to give homage and respect to the memory of one who, while living, was their benefactor and friend. The large landed estates he died possessed of were divided equally among his sons, which estate, properly cared for up to the present time, would have made each one a millionaire; yet, strange to say, of

the hundreds of thousands of acres bequeathed to them, not one acre now remains in the family.

This is a sad picture, though true to the life, and the same lamentable story may be told o'er and o'er of nearly all of the larger estates of the old Californians, that disappeared and were gobbled up by the sycophants that hovered about them. Such was the respect and veneration the lower classes had for Don José's piety, that during the period in which they looked for earthquakes, which was in the fall of the year, they encamped around his residence, under the full conviction that they were perfectly safe from harm by these disagreeable visitants. Yet with all his good qualities, his eccentricities were rare, and his almost universal distrust in the faithfulness of his menials, who were employed around the premises, was apparent on many an occasion. It was his custom to have the Rosary said after the daily *siesta*, when all the family was enjoined to make its appearance in the sitting-room, to take part in the devotions. The author was present one afternoon, when in front of the house some of the Indians were busily employed in various ways, where the work of cutting up soap into small cakes was going on preparatory to placing it away in store, and also where upon the ground, spread upon a sail, was a quantity of wheat that had been washed, for the purpose of grinding it into flour, with a few little urchins around to keep off intruders. The old gentleman, in order to have an eye to what was going on, placed himself in the doorway leading into the corridor, and then commenced leading off the

prayer, while the different members of the family, seated on the floor, gave the responses. The old gentleman, whilst apparently most devout in what he was repeating, all at once called out to the Indians who were cutting up the soap, "Stop there! What are you about? Why do you cut it in such large pieces?" and after giving them a severe reprimand, he resumed his prayer. It was not long, however, before the author was startled again by his crying out angrily, "Hi, there! Drive away those rascally chickens from the wheat, and don't let me have to speak to you again," and then, with a solemn countenance, he continued the service without any further interruption.

The early Californians, having lived a life of indolence, without any aspiration for wealth beyond the immediate requirements of the day, naturally fell behind their more energetic successors, and became impoverished and gradually dispossessed of their fortunes, as they idly stood by, lookers-on upon the bustle and enterprise of the new world before them, with its go-aheadativeness, and push-on, keep-moving celebrity.

Thus time passed by as the march of improvement rolled on with success throughout almost every portion of the State. The steamers arrived as usual at San Francisco, with their thousands of new-comers for gold, and sailing vessels reached the port day after day with abundant supplies of merchandise, whilst the introduction of produce and gold from the interior was gratifying indeed. The city water front was extended out, with new streets

and costly wharves; structures of stores and warehouses, magnificent hotels, theatres, churches, and other public buildings of the first order sprang up in every direction; also street railroads to all parts of the city, extending so far as the magnificent Golden Gate Park, and even across the entire peninsula to the ocean front. The same advancement and progress is apparent in all the mining districts of the north, and throughout all the towns and villages which have sprung up in every direction, with their orchards, and vineyards, and grain fields, that combine to give wealth and success; but in the south, however, the march is not so manifest, for the reason that the change is scarcely perceptible, excepting in the surroundings of Los Angeles, particularly in the San Gabriel Valley, which has been filled up with beautifully laid out orchards and vineyards on all sides.

At this period of affairs in California, the author was suddenly called to New York on private business, where he arrived during the daily violent discussions at Washington, which threatened an open rupture between the North and South. Soon after, New York was thrown into a state of excitement by the news of a *quasi* declaration of war on the part of the South against the North, in a rebellious attack upon Fort Sumter. A requisition for troops was immediately made on the different States, and they were soon on their march to the Capital. The author witnessed the prompt despatch of the Massachusetts regiment, under General Butler, and the subsequent march of the Seventh New

York regiment, that, in its progress down Broadway, presented one of the grandest spectacles ever witnessed in the city. It was publicly known the day they were to depart on their route to Washington, and consequently, on the morning of that day, Broadway was thronged with one entire mass of people, men, women, and children; and on both sides of the street every window was occupied by ladies, who, with the waving of their handkerchiefs, signified the interest they felt in the occasion. From the street it was one continued shout, one continued hurrah, so deafening as to entirely drown the sound of the unusually large band of music which led the regiment. He also witnessed the return of the regiment from Washington soon after, having fulfilled the duty for which it was required, that is, the protection of the Capital. They started from New York 1200 strong, and returned with their numbers increased to 1400. On their arrival at the ferry, on the North River side, they were met by a body of 500 retired veterans of the regiment, who had turned out to escort them home to their military quarters.

The author now started for California, where he arrived, in San Francisco, on the 14th day of July, 1861. Through the wise precaution of the government by the removal of the general in command, and the substitution of one more worthy of confidence, General Sumner, the State was secured to the Union. Troops had been sent from San Francisco and neighboring points to the number of 3000, under command of Brigadier-General Carleton, in-

cluding a company from Santa Barbara of young native Californians, under the command of Don Antonio Maria de la Guerra. They made their rendezvous at Los Angeles, and marched from there to the Rio Grande, where they remained until disbanded.

This warlike excitement was followed by one of nature's occasional visits in the shape of an earthquake, which, being of unusual violence, the author is induced to describe as he experienced it. It was one of those beautiful autumnal mornings, when all was quiet and serene around, that, as he lay slumbering in his apartment, alone in the building, his two companions having early departed, one on a yachting excursion, and the other for a ride in the country, he was disturbed by a dream, which was that he was about being buried alive. He was aware that others around him in the cemetery were also being buried alive, and while in wonderment and fear, he awoke, and immediately said to himself, "What can this mean? Something is going to happen, I'm sure," and at that moment he felt a trembling of the bed, which continued to increase. He jumped to the floor, and having reached the passage-way between the fireplace and bed, he was stopped by the noise of the bricks falling down the chimney, and articles in the other apartments being thrown to the floor. He stood with his hands upheld, and ejaculated, "God have mercy on me!" The suspense was truly awful, until at length the vibrations ceased, when his first impulse was to rush to the window, and look up the street, expect-

ing to see some of the larger buildings thrown to the ground; but, much to his surprise, they were all safe, but the street was filled with people who had rushed out of their stores, apparently as frightened as he. While preparing his toilet, he heard, with joy, footsteps approaching, and soon beheld in the door-way before him the familiar form of his friend, H. F. Teschemacher, formerly the popular Mayor of this city, who had come to learn how he had weathered the storm, and who, at a glance, saw how great must have been its violence to have caused such a disarrangement in everything around; where things that were small were thrown to the floor, and things that were large were moved out of place. His friend proposed their going to the club to breakfast and there discuss, over a cup of coffee, their plan for a stroll round the neighborhood, to witness the damage sustained. In passing through the billiard-room, on their way out, they were arrested by a second shock, which brought them to a stand-still, and they remained looking at one another until the vibrations ceased, when they made hastily for the street. They proceeded at once through the several streets, the first, Kearny, where the damage was but slight, if any; Montgomery, the same. In California street the damage was greater; several buildings were thrown down and many injured. Passing through Sansome street, but few houses were harmed in the least, and as a general thing only buildings on low ground or new-made land were injured at all. For a month slight vibrations were

felt, from day to day, until at last they ceased altogether.

Up to this time, south of San Francisco, but very few, if any, of the large rancho estates, had been disposed of at legitimate sale; in fact, many of the choicest, at four bits an acre, had been entirely disregarded. At length Don Abel Stearns, of Los Angeles County, managed to get rid of a few of them, comprising some two hundred thousand acres, at the price of one dollar and fifty cents an acre, subject to a mortgage of \$50,000 thereon. The original purchasers were Sam Brannan, E. F. Northam, and C. B. Polhemus. The terms were as follows: One hundred thousand dollars, in advance, including the mortgage, which the purchasers were to assume; also it was agreed, for the better security of Don Abel, and for the convenience in issuing the deeds for lands which might be sold, that a trustee might be appointed, in whom they mutually had confidence, and accordingly, the author, being a particular friend of Mr. Stearns, was selected for that purpose. Suffice it to say, sales soon commenced, and, out of the monies realized, the mortgage was removed, the \$50,000 advanced, was reimbursed to the purchasers with ten per cent. interest thereon, all the contingent expenses, taxes, salaries, etc., were paid by the trustee, besides a dividend of \$100,000, so that in a very short period the owners found themselves, after paying the balance due Don Abel, in possession of an immense estate, valued at a low estimate at more than \$2,000,000. This is one of the many fortunes that

have been made out of the old pioneer settlers and native Californians.

The memorable drought of 1864, with all its devastation and destruction, which swept away nearly all the fortunes of the lower counties, was soon followed by the more agreeable intelligence of the completion of the overland telegraph, and subsequent driving of the last spike in the construction of the trans-continental railroad, thus making us close neighbors with our Eastern States. What a contrast for the author, looking back on the early days when he first sought these regions, and it required 195 days to get here; and when he received intelligence from home, his letters and newspapers were sometimes a year old, particularly when received *via* the Sandwich Islands.

Up to this stage of advancement and improvement in the civilization of California, the most notorious, outrageous, and heartrending event that was ever chronicled in the history of the Golden State, was the inhuman butchery and massacre of the Chinese, at Los Angeles, on October 24, 1871, when twenty-five were dragged from their dwelling-houses and hanged without any apparent cause. Similar outrages had been perpetrated in the north, but none so barbarous in the extreme as the one referred to. It can be said with truth that no American-born had a hand in it, although they had to bear the stigma, as they have had to in most of the riotous proceedings that have occurred in our country. In San Francisco, November 10, 1877, the State troops were called into active ser-

vice by the orders of the Mayor, approved by the Governor, and placed under the direction of the Chief of Police, for the suppression of an unlawful and riotous assemblage. The troops continued in service for nine days, and were then dismissed, but were again called out, by order of the Mayor, January 16, 1878. These riotous acts were in opposition to the landing of the Chinese passengers from the regular mail steamers, and though at one time they threatened destruction, not only to the Mail Company's wharf, but to the steamers also, fortunately the prompt action of the authorities put at end to the whole matter. From this time to the present, 1890, no particular excitement has taken place worthy of remark. Suffice it, that the State, from north to south, progressed as usual, and immigration came pouring in from every direction.

The prediction of the author in the closing chapter of his "Life in California," regarding San Francisco, has, he is proud to say, been fully realized, and that, still marching on, she is destined from her wealth, power, magnificence, and fame, to become the wonder of the world.

REMINISCENCES OF 1829.

A LITTLE more than sixty years ago, when visits here were few and far between, the author and his special friend landed for the first time at the port of San Diego, where, under Spanish surveillance for half a century, no apparent change had been made in the surroundings. The same range of hills that protected the bay from the cold, bracing winds of the north; the same barren waste, with its lone, sandy beach, that withstood all the storms of the deep; and the far-distant Sierras, so famed for their charms—all remained undisturbed as of yore.

With this due reflection, they set off for the town, which they reached in good time, and put up at the residence of la Señora Dominguez, one of the few early settlers of the last century, of which none are now living. The houses comprising the town were but few, consisting of but fifteen or twenty rude adobe huts, without any regularity as to location. No gardens were visible in any quarter, either for vegetables or for flowers, and indeed but one single tree was to be seen throughout the whole space, extending for leagues around. The town was located near the base of a hill, on which stood the Presidio, a fortification on the principle of all military posts throughout the country, forming a large square,

enclosed by high adobe walls, the entrance to which was through a large gateway, where stood the guard-house. Within the square were located on one side accommodations for the officers and their families, and on the other the chapel and store-houses; and more conspicuously in front of the entrance was the residence of the *Comandante*, which overlooked the surroundings, and in this case commanded a view extending far away to the sea-coast. Usually the place was enlivened by groups of soldiers in the guard-house, some playing cards, and others amusing themselves in singing, accompanied with the guitar, they seldom having any other occupation to pass away the time. At this period, the Governor-General, José Maria Echeandia, making this his headquarters, the place was naturally made more gay from the numerous entertainments he frequently gave to his friends in the town, and scarcely an evening passed away without dancing, which was the universal enjoyment of the Californians.

Such was San Diego at this period of her advancement, with the exception of a few scattered Indian huts, oval in shape, framed and covered with tule, like those generally met with among the Indian villages. Having sufficient time to make a visit to the Mission of San Diego, they concluded to go there at once, so as to be enabled to leave in the morning on their trip towards the north, and so they ordered their horses for that purpose. Riding along, following the course of the river up the valley, passing on their way two or three small huts,

without anything particular to note, they reached the Mission, where they met the two Father Missionaries at the door, they having just returned from a walk around the premises. The visitors were welcomed, and alighted to have half an hour's chat before dinner—that is, before twelve o'clock, their usual hour for that meal; and accordingly sat down on one of the rude benches so generally found at all these establishments. The author's friend, being an old acquaintance of the Fathers, had considerable to say to them in relation to their travels, which was of great interest to them. At length the church bells announced the hour of noon, when both the holy friars turned around, and knelt upon the bench on which they had been sitting, with faces turned to the building, while three or four young pages knelt by their side, on the pavement, when the elder of the two friars commenced the "*Angelus Domini*," in a very devout manner, and led the prayer, which was responded to by the brother friar and the pages, the bells of the church chiming an accompaniment. During the prayer a large fly alighted on the wall just in front of the Father, who, apparently without any attention to the prayer, was watching the course of the fly and following it with the large round head of his cane, as it moved about, sometimes up, sometimes down, sometimes to the right, sometimes to the left, and ready to annihilate it, when, at the closing of the prayer, and pronouncing the word Amen! Jesus! he brought his cane down on the poor fly and crushed it, and then turned around to renew the conversation, as

though nothing had transpired. This incident was amusing to the beholder, but serves to show the simplicity of the reverend Father, who was probably not aware of having committed any impropriety. Dinner was now announced, when they entered through the large reception-room into the dining-room, where the table was spread, at which they sat down, and had an entertainment of the usual *guisados*, their *fritos* and *azados*, *frijoles*, and the universal *tortilla de maiz*, and plenty of good native wine, with the usual dessert of fruits peculiar to the climate; after which the old friars retired to take their *siesta*, and the author and his friend hurried away on their return to the town, where they arrived after half an hour's ride. During the afternoon they called upon the General to pay their respects, and to procure passports for the road north. An early supper was provided at the house in order to make way for an entertainment which was to come off that evening; and the tinkling of guitars and the sound of violins revealed to them what they were to expect, for soon the neighbors and friends came thronging to the house, until the large reception-room was crowded, the older persons seated around in chairs, and the younger ones on the floor. The musicians took their place at the head of the room, when dancing soon commenced, and the usual number of native dances, such as the *Jota*, *El Jarave*, *El Son*, and *La Contra Danza*, wore away the time until after midnight, when they retired, which closed the day's amusement.

The night had passed by, when at morn's early

dawn a gentle tap at the door announced the hour for departure; so, preparing at once, after partaking of chocolate, and bidding adieu to their friends, they mounted their horses, and, with their guide, set forth on the road to the Mission of San Luis Rey, distant some twelve or fifteen leagues. Crossing the river, their course was over a smooth but uninteresting road, over hills and dales, with now and then a glimpse of the ocean, which brought them to the valley of San Diegito, where they dismounted for refreshments, and then continued over innumerable hills, until at length, from the top of one of them, they beheld, in the midst of an extensive valley beneath them, the grand and imposing Mission. Reaching the building, they were met at the door-way by the reverend Father, Antonio Peyri, and given a hearty welcome. Alighting, they passed into the reception-room, where, after a brief conversation, they were invited to partake of chocolate, and then they retired to rooms assigned to them to make themselves presentable, as they were covered with dust. Having accomplished this, the author's friend excused himself, and started off to have a chat with good old Father Antonio, on business of trade, while the author concluded to take a stroll around the premises. This, the most modern structure of the kind in California, was considered the most imposing of all the Missions in the territory. The plan and system were, of course, like all the Missions, with the exception of the guard-house, which in this case was a separate building in front of the Mission, ad-

joining which was a very decent building, the residence of the *Mayor-Domo*. On the inside of the main building it formed a large square, where he found at least one or two hundred young Indian girls busily employed spinning, each one with her spinning wheel, and the different apartments around were occupied with the different trades, such as carpenters, blacksmiths, shoemakers, tailors, most useful for the establishment. There were also weavers, busily at work weaving blankets, all apparently contented and happy in their vocation. Passing out of the square, he strolled towards the garden, where he entered and found, much to his surprise, a great variety of fruit trees—pears, apples, peaches, plums, figs, oranges, and lemons, besides a large vineyard, bearing the choicest of grapes. Returning to the building, he found his friend had been quite successful with the old Father, and made quite a sale of merchandise, and as night approached, some of the outside friends came in, and it was proposed that they should have a game of cards, when the table was prepared, and the old padre sat down with his friends and commenced the popular game of "*Makilla*," or Spanish whist, in which they took great interest, and after awhile became somewhat excited; and while in the heat of argument, all at once the bell proclaimed the hour for evening prayer, when the dispute ceased, and they all joined in the devotion. Concluding the prayer, the old Father turned round and continued the dispute as though no interruption had occurred. The game ending, they were called to the supper table, where they pro-

ceeded, and after a sumptuous repast, they retired for the night. Rising in the morning early, they found their horses ready-saddled for the journey, having been ordered by the good old Father, who wished them to be ready, in the event that they desired to make an early start, but they preferred paying him their regards prior to leaving, and so concluded to wait until he had come from the church, where he was saying mass. Very shortly, they saw him approaching, when he greeted them cordially, and hoped they had passed a good night, and invited them to take chocolate before starting; and they accordingly went in, and soon after they took leave, bidding him "*adios!*"

So, mounting their steeds, they were soon under way, and racing along they descended into the large valley, crossed a small stream of water to the other side, and then ascended the highland, from which they had a view of the sea; and they rode along for at least half a dozen miles, until they came to a building called "*Las Flores*," one of the outposts of San Luis Rey. A little further on they had a more expansive view of the ocean, and the far-distant islands of San Clemente and Santa Catalina appeared like huge black clouds on the horizon. At length they reached a descent which led to the sea beach below, where, to their delight, they found quite an opening, extending inland between the hills towards the mountains, bountifully supplied with trees, and in the centre a stream of pure spring water came running down to the sea. It was a pleasing spot to look at, and a number of cattle were lying about

enjoying the shady places to be found beneath the trees; they were soon driven away, however, by the shouts of the travellers, when a spot was selected near the stream, where they might partake of lunch beneath the noble trees. These were the first trees seen since their departure from San Diego, with the exception of the fruit trees which they saw in the gardens of the mission. Cattle, however, had been seen on the way all over the hills and plains. The guide was directed to prepare the little repast, which he soon brought, wrapped up in a nice white napkin, which, opening, was spread out on the grass and exposed to view the following: One boiled chicken, one smoked beef tongue, half a dozen hard-boiled eggs, a loaf of bread, a small cheese, a bottle of wine, and a little paper of salt and pepper. This comprised the preparation which the good old Father had made for their comfort, but this was no more than he usually did for all strangers who, like them, partook of his hospitality. Having finished their sumptuous entertainment, they lighted their cigars and turned over what remained of the refreshments to the guide, and when he had finished, they mounted their horses and set off again to complete their journey for the day, now taking the smooth sand beach, which extended seven or eight miles, a smooth, hard beach, with not a rock to be seen, over which they rapidly galloped, until finally they reached the point where they struck off inland again, and after a short ride over two or three hills, at length from the top of the last one they saw before them the lonely, dilapidated Mission of San

Juan Capistrano, once the grandest structure of the kind in California.

They soon reached the entrance to the building, and were escorted to rooms appropriated for all strangers. The two reverend Fathers, who controlled the interests of the establishment, were rather advanced in years, and as a general thing kept themselves quietly within their own apartments, seldom appearing except at the hour for meals, so that the travellers were indebted to the courtesy of the *Mayor-Domo* for the reception given them. It being yet early in the afternoon, they had time to walk around a little, though there was not a great deal to expatiate upon. There was the old stone church, which, from its appearance, must have been originally the finest structure of the kind in California, before it was destroyed by an earthquake, as already referred to in the first part of this book. The whole appearance of the institution still shows that it must have been more perfect than that of any other of its kind. Like all the missions, it had its gardens and out-houses for the Indians, though but few of the natives were seen about the premises. The day closed in, when they returned to their rooms, to wear away an hour or so until supper time. At length the chimes of the church bells proclaimed the hour, and they hurried into the supper room, where they found the old Fathers, who received them very cordially indeed, and, although aged in appearance, made themselves as agreeable as one could desire. They appeared to be very conversant in worldly

matters, and were very much interested in everything appertaining to European affairs. Whilst conversing they smoked their *cigarritos*, and kept up the conversation for at least an hour after the supper was over, when they retired to their sleeping-apartments, and took leave of the travellers, who were to start early in the morning and who retired to their apartments also. Arrangements, however, had been made for means of conveyance to the next mission, and, as contemplated, the next morning they started with fresh horses and their new guides for the Mission of San Gabriel, passing over innumerable hills, until at length they reached a wide, open country, as far as the eye could reach, covered o'er with cattle grazing in every direction. On the right were seen the grand Sierras, with their lofty peaks stretching far to the south, and on the left, faintly, the dim outlines of the sea-coast, without anything to attract attention, until at length they reached the Rancho de Santa Ana, otherwise called the Yorba Ranchos, the property of three brothers, Tomas, Teodosio, and Bernardo, the first *rancho* met with up to this time, all the lands heretofore passed over being subject to the jurisdiction of the Missions. It was at the home of Don Tomas that they alighted, when they were received by the frank, open-hearted proprietor, and invited to partake of his hospitality. After a short interview, they bade him adieu, and hastened onward with a view of reaching San Gabriel sufficiently early to enable them to accomplish their journey to the Pueblo de Los Angeles that evening. So, after a

tedious ride, they reached the mission as desired, when the good, old, generous friar received them with a most cordial welcome. As their time was limited, they had but little to spare for conversation, so they followed the Father to his private apartment, where he ordered immediately refreshments, after partaking of which the author left his friend to have a little business conversation, while he took a stroll about the Mission grounds. This Mission was located in one of the richest valleys within the territory of California, extending for an immense distance away towards the foothills of the Sierras, including the rich possessions of San Bernardino, with their hundreds of thousands of cattle. The neighboring attractions were many, particularly the fruit gardens, vineyards, and the neat arrangements of the habitations of the natives, whose occupants, by hundreds, well-clad, were seen passing to and fro, apparently as happy as they could wish to be. Passing into the interior of the building, the author saw immense piles of bullocks' hides, which led him to believe that his friend would be successful in his visit. Returning, he found his friend anxiously awaiting him, that they might proceed on their journey to Los Angeles. Speaking of the rich character of the valley of San Gabriel, the author would say that years subsequently the good old Father urged him to petition the government for the possession of the Santa Anita Rancho, located in the very heart of this valley, which he could easily have obtained gratis, had he deemed it expedient to do so, as it only required

the consent of the presiding missionary, with that of the territorial governor, to have obtained it. The author, having no idea of remaining in the country, had no desire for it. The same property now would be worth millions of dollars to him.

In accordance with the wishes of his friend, they took their leave, and proceeded at once to Los Angeles, which, after a pleasant ride, they soon reached, and put up at the house of Don Manuel Dominguez, brother-in-law of the author's friend. The town of Los Angeles consisted, at this time, of about twenty or thirty houses, scattered about without any regularity, or any particular attraction, excepting the number of vineyards located along the low land on the borders of the Los Angeles River. There were but two foreigners in the town at this time, natives of New England, namely, George Rice and John Temple, who were engaged in merchandising in a small way, under the firm name of Rice & Temple. With this brief relation regarding the town, the author and his friend were anxious to resume their journey, but it being too late in the day, they concluded to await the early dawn, and arrangements were made accordingly as to horses, etc., when they retired for the night. Morning came, and they eagerly started off to reach, if possible, their destination, which was Santa Barbara, distant over a hundred miles. After crossing over the neighboring hills, they came to a level road for quite a distance, which brought them to a narrow entrance into the Coast Range of hills, when they passed through a narrow defile, and soon opened

into the grand valley of the Mission of San Fernando. The road now was over a smooth and level surface, until they reached the Mission, where they alighted and awaited the appearance of the reverend Father, who was engaged in morning church service. After a while he made his appearance, invited them to his private apartment, and ordered chocolate immediately. In the meantime the author's friend had an opportunity to talk business with the old gentleman, while he himself passed out to the front of the Mission to look around. A stately garden was in front, with many choice fruit-trees and vineyards. On the right was quite a little city of buildings for the native Indians. Unlike the other Missions, the church here was in the rear of the building. He saw but few of the Indian population, as most of them had retired to their houses, and were not engaged in work about the Mission. Chocolate, at length, was ready, and he was called in to partake of it. After concluding their refreshment, arrangements having been made already for exchange of horses and a guide, they took leave of the good old friar, and started on their way to the Mission of San Buenaventura; galloping over an extensive plain for miles until they reached the foot of a range of mountains that enclosed the valley of San Fernando. Ascending this steep and rocky pass across the mountain, they descended on the other side, and entered upon another similar vale, called the Rancho de Simi, where the road was level for miles. Both valleys, that of San Fernando and this one, abounded with grazing cattle. Pass-

ing onward at a rapid rate, they came to a range of hills, over which they passed, and a little before noon they reached the Mission of San Buenaventura. Pádre Uria, recognizing the friend, was pleased to meet them, and cordially invited them to his private quarters, where they sat down to have a chat, when they made known their desire that he would provide them with means to continue their journey to Santa Barbara, as they were anxious to reach there that evening. He pretended that it would be impossible, that the *Mayor-Domo* was away, and that it would not be easy to procure horses until the next day. They hardly believed, however, what he said, and concluded it was a mere joke, as they observed a smile on his countenance as he spoke. The hour for dinner was announced, and they passed into the dining-room, where, at the table, the necessity of their going on to Santa Barbara that afternoon was discussed, and the old gentleman, with a twinkle in his eye, thought it would be as well for them to go on in the morning and pass the afternoon with him. Having finished the repast, they arose, and the old gentleman wishing them a "*buena siesta*," observed, as he left them, that they would find their rooms ready for them, as if they were to meet again later in the afternoon. Reaching the outside of the building, much to their surprise, they found there fresh horses, saddled, and a new guide, ready for a start. All they had to do was to mount and set off, which they did at once, leaving the mission in the rear, and rode on, soon reaching the sea-beach, where, fortunately, the tide

was low. They rode along for about a league, when they came to a place called El Rincon, where they left the beach, and passed over a number of rude hills, without meeting anything worthy of notice—not a house or even a traveller, such was the lonely character of the road—until within a short distance of the place to which they were going, and then they came to the spot called La Carpinteria, named thus from the multitude of “*carpinteros*,” or woodpeckers, to be found there. Here were a few houses, of little consequence, with their gardens and cornfields. Soon after, ascending a hill, they caught sight of the long-wished-for Presidio of Santa Barbara, with the stately Mission prominent in the background. On reaching the town, they proceeded directly to the house of Mr. Daniel Hill, a native of Massachusetts, who had been several years in the country and had married here. He was rejoiced to see them, and gave orders to have their horses cared for. It being so nearly dark, they had supper provided, and soon after, fatigued by their ride, they retired for the night. The next day being Sunday, they concluded to wait until the following morning ere continuing their journey. As they arose the chapel bells in the Presidio indicated the hour for mass, and the surrounding thoroughfares were enlivened with the population proceeding to the church service.

The Presidio, with its chapel and surrounding buildings, had been kept in pretty good condition. Within the square was the residence of the military *comandante* and other officers with their families,

where a company of artillery was stationed, which added much to the interest of the scene around. The town consisted of about fifty dwelling-houses, in the midst of which was one, the most prominent of all in point of structure and general appearance, called La Casa Grande. This was the residence of Don José Antonio de la Guerra, of whom mention has been made, and who was then absent from California as *Diputado* to the Mexican Congress. The balance of the houses were rude in structure, and all pretty much of the same order as to appearance and comfort. In the afternoon they rode up to the Mission, and reached there just as the presiding missionary had arisen from his *siesta* and made his appearance in the corridor of the building. He saw them approaching, and awaited their arrival at the entrance, when he gave them a cordial reception, such as they had received at every institution of the kind. By invitation, they entered his apartment, and during the conversation chocolate was brought in, giving them afterwards an opportunity to walk about the premises, which were in keeping with the other Missions they had visited. They found some very fine paintings, not only in the missionary's apartments, but in the church. After amusing themselves until near sundown, they returned to the town, and during the evening made several visits to the houses of the American residents, among them William G. Dana and Robert Elwell, of Massachusetts. Both were married, and had been residents of the place for several years. Having passed an agreeable evening, they returned

in time to take supper, and then retired for the night. In the morning, as contemplated, they made ready to start for the north. Whilst at breakfast, a bullock was brought up in front of the house and slaughtered in the usual way, and the neighbors around, as was customary on such occasions, made their appearance, and each took what he wanted. This was the universal custom, that when anyone killed a bullock, his neighbors came and helped themselves, which was always reciprocated in like manner throughout the town.

Another custom prevailed to excess, known as the "*Dice mi nana?*" nuisance, a system of shrewd begging, carried on by means of trained urchins for that purpose, who were almost daily seen in the by-ways of the town asking charity for their mother, sometimes for one thing, and sometimes for another. Now and then she would have a craving desire for a nice, refreshing salad, and having obtained, in advance, some lettuce from a neighboring garden, she sent out her little urchins to procure the ingredients that were wanting. At one house they asked for oil, at another for vinegar, and lastly, at another, for a little pepper and salt, stating at each place that it was intended for a remedy. In this way her appetite was appeased, whilst the donors, who had contributed on the occasion, thought what they had done was for a more charitable purpose.

Breakfast concluded, the author and his friend bade a parting adieu to the gay little town and the Presidio, with their interesting surroundings, and were soon on their way, galloping over hill after hill,

until at length they reached an open space near the seaside, from whence they derived a distant view of the islands Santa Cruz, Santa Rosa, and San Miguel, that form the so-called channel of Santa Barbara, from which point also they beheld before them the long range of table land, extending as far as the eye could reach, o'er which they rode with increased speed, until they came to the Rancho del Refugio, a pretty little valley, extending from the seashore inland toward the foothills of the mountain range, o'er which the road passed. This famous spot was once the residence of the Ortega family, one of the most distinguished in its day, whose numerous descendants, like a distinct race of their own, are scattered throughout the land, and easily recognized under any circumstances, rich or poor, from their courteous manner and pleasing address. Without any detention here, they pushed forward, ascending the rude mountain, leaping over rocks and ridges, until they reached the summit, where they tarried a few moments to permit their horses to breathe, when they descended on the other side, over rocks and rude places, to the bottom, where flowed a gentle stream, which, fording, they soon reached the Mission of Santa Ynez. The good old friar was on hand, when, after a cordial welcome, the travellers made known their wish to have as little detention as possible, to facilitate the plan of their journey, in order to reach San Luis Obispo before the decline of day; also that they might have extra horses, under the impression that the old friar at La Purissima might be taking his *siesta*. Their request was

soon complied with, and they started off, riding over a smooth road, without anything important to notice, until they reached the Mission, and, as they anticipated, the good old Father Victoria had retired to his quarters; so, without disturbing him, they continued on their way, soon reaching an abrupt hillock, o'er which they slowly passed, and opened upon an extensive plain, reaching for leagues away towards the hills of San Luis, over which they rode rapidly, and passed up through the woody highlands, and just before sundown they reached the Mission of San Luis Obispo. The old padre, Father Luis, was rejoiced to see them, and gave them a hearty welcome. Passing the night there, the next morning early they proceeded on their journey.

Having already described the missionary institutions from here northwards, suffice it to say they reached the Mission of San Miguel in time to dine with the good old Father Juan Cabot, and then proceeded onward to the Mission of San Antonio, where they passed the night, enjoying the hospitality of Father Pedro Cabot, and on the fourth day from Santa Barbara, continuing their journey, stopping for a moment at La Soledad to salute Padre Seria, President of the Mission, they hurried on and reached the Presidio of Monterey early in the afternoon, where they put up at the house of Don Juan Cooper.

Monterey, though the capital, was of less importance than any of the other ports, excepting when occupied as the seat of government. The presidio, though held as a military command, they

found in a partially dilapidated condition, with hardly a soldier to be met with, the General having taken with him to San Diego all the men, with the exception of a few to protect the grounds. The fort on the hill was left entirely uncared for. The buildings outside the presidio, forming the town, were but few, perhaps not more than fifteen or twenty. The principal charm of Monterey consisted in its beautiful pine-clad hills, which still existed without any apparent change, wood not being much needed, for scarce two houses in the town had fire-places; consequently the consumption of wood was very small, which accounted for their still attractive appearance. Their method of heating the houses was by placing coals in a roof-tile, which was placed in the centre of the room; this method they found common throughout the country.

Having nothing to detain them, they started the next day for San Francisco, and after a few hours' ride, they reached the Mission of San Juan Bautista, where there was nothing particularly attractive to mention. The old Father treated them with the same politeness they had met with from time to time, and gave orders to supply them with fresh horses. After a short conversation, they started off, riding over a few hills, until they came to a fine, level road, which extended all the way to El Pueblo de San José, where they arrived after a few hours' ride, and, passing up through the centre, they soon came to the beautiful Alameda, at the end of which appeared the attractive Mission of Santa Clara. It

being late in the day when they arrived, they concluded to remain until the next morning, and then proceed to San Francisco. The generous old friar invited them to take a walk in the garden, where they found an abundance of fruit of various kinds. Returning to the Mission, he went to his apartments, and the travellers retired to theirs, to await the hour for supper, of which they were notified by the chimes of the church-bells at eight o'clock, and hurried to meet the good old Father. After a bountiful supper, they retired for the night, and the next morning started for San Francisco. The road was level, o'er which they rapidly advanced, without meeting a single individual or habitation of any kind until they reached the Rancho de las Pulgas, where they found a small adobe building, with no windows, and in place of the ordinary wooden door a dried bullock's hide was substituted, which was the case, as a general thing, in nearly all the *ranchos* on the coast, as there was no fear of intrusion excepting from the bears that now and then prowled about, and were easily frightened away when they ventured too near. The bullock's hide was used also almost universally in lieu of the old-fashioned bed-sacking, being nailed to the bedstead frame, and served every purpose for which it was intended, and was very comfortable to sleep upon. There being no family here, they continued their course, and, after a ride of three or four leagues, they reached the Rancho de San Mateo, an outpost or sheep-range of the Mission Dolores, at this time unoccupied. Here they tar-

ried a while, to give their horses a chance to breathe, and then resumed their journey over a still smooth road, without even a tree to be seen during the whole ride, until they reached the garden of the Mission. When they rode up to the door they found there Father Estenega, who cried out, as they dismounted their horses, "*Quanto hay de bueno por aqui?*" as he seized the author's friend by the hand, he being an old acquaintance, when they were ushered into the private apartment of the Father, to take chocolate, of course, as was the usual reception at these hospitable institutions. In the course of conversation, they learned that a ship had arrived a day or two previous, and lay at anchor in Yerba Buena, the anchorage place at this period, and presuming it to be the vessel from which they had disembarked at San Diego, that had been ordered by the author's friend to proceed to this place, they hurriedly departed to satisfy themselves that such was the case. Much to their satisfaction, such was the fact; and, on their reaching the beach, they made signals for a boat, which were immediately answered; and, on its arrival at the landing, they took leave of their guide, who had accompanied them, and embarked for the ship, which they gladly reached, and were soon comfortably provided for by the commander. At this time there were no houses of any kind, either between here and the Mission, or between here and the Presidio, excepting a rude little cottage over the hills near Washerwoman's Bay, the property of the widow Briones.

At the Presidio, the place was almost entirely abandoned, as was the case at the Presidio at Monterey, and at the fort also, there being not over half a dozen soldiers there, with the *comandante*. It was no uncommon occurrence for a vessel to pass up through the Golden Gate at the hour of *siesta* in the afternoon, and reach her place of anchorage at Yerba Buena, where she lay for two or three days, before it came to the knowledge of the post at the Presidio.

Such was the state of affairs in California at this early period.



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