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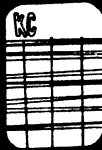
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JOHN A. BERGER

The
Franciscan Missions
of California

ILLUSTRATED WITH PHOTOGRAPHS
BY KARL OBERT



G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS, NEW YORK

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TO
FATHER AUGUSTINE HOBRECHT
OF SANTA BARBARA
WHO RESCUED THE QUEEN OF THE MISSIONS
FROM THE EARTHQUAKE RUINS OF 1925

FOREWORD

THE Franciscan Missions of California are the physical landmarks of one of the most remarkable undertakings in recorded history. Certainly no episode in the white man's conquest of the present United States is more amazing. In contrast to the procedure of deliberate extermination as carried out along the Eastern seaboard, the Spanish conquerors of California made a valiant effort to raise the native Indians to their own standards of civilization. The instrument employed in this ambitious venture was the marvelous mission system developed by the Jesuits and adopted by the Franciscans. Although the whole futile undertaking lasted only sixty-five years, the Mission Period gave California an historical background unsurpassed in interest and romance by the local traditions of any other section of this nation. Nor can any locality boast of better preserved monuments to its pioneers than the remains of its twenty-one missionary stations.

Many books have been written about the missions. Few years of the present century have failed to provide at least one new volume on the subject. Yet not many have offered new material or a new approach. Easily the most distinctive book has been *In and Out of the Old Missions* by George Wharton James, which for twenty-five years was the classic in the field. There would hardly be need for further discussion, had not recent restorations rendered the work of Mr. James out of date. Most of the ruins belong to

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THE FRANCISCAN MISSIONS
OF CALIFORNIA

I

THE DISCOVERY OF CALIFORNIA

IN THE last quarter of the eighteenth century a remote corner of the United States was engaged in a tremendous experiment in racial culture. The entire history of human affairs relates no adventure of greater ambition and deals with no task more utterly hopeless than the noble effort of the Franciscan padres of California to raise a pagan Indian race to the white man's standards of living. To add to its unique distinction, the whole grandiose undertaking from beginning to end spanned merely the period of one normal lifetime. Though the present State of California was discovered by Europeans only fifty years after Columbus landed at San Salvador, its real history did not begin until colonization was forced upon the busy Spaniards by threats of foreign invasion. When once begun, however, settlement was pushed with unusual vigor and continued until Mexican independence in 1822 severed all ties with the Spanish crown. The short Spanish era of fifty-three years bequeathed to modern Californians an abundant heritage out of all proportion to its brevity. For California today is still Spanish.

Though reared against a Spanish background of discovery and settlement, present-day Californians oddly enough have little to say about the Spanish troops or civil authorities.

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One seldom hears of the paramount services of José de Gálvez or Antonio Bucareli. All praises are reserved for a little band of Franciscan padres whose valiant efforts held the province together during the precarious period of founding. A thousand miles removed from the sources of supplies, the conquerors found themselves endeavoring to embrace another half-thousand miles of undeveloped frontier region thickly populated with a native Indian race. The indigenous people, moreover, were often unfriendly to the newcomers and uninviting to behold. Both women and men were ugly, short, lumpish, and ungainly, with portly abdomens on scrawny legs. Straight coarse black hair was matted over their low foreheads; beady dull eyes were as repelling as the flat noses on their wide and shapeless faces. Only a penchant for petty thievery seemed to rouse them from their sluggish indolence. Except perhaps those resident along the Santa Barbara Channel, the California natives appeared to occupy a level of civilization little above that of the beasts that lurked listlessly about in the shadow of the live-oak thickets.

In the company of the Spanish conquerors the Franciscan missionaries approached those helpless pagans with only one purpose in mind. Despite the discouraging prospects, they proposed to make good Catholics of this pathetic material, which only the kindness of the climate had already preserved from extinction. The story of that heroic effort is almost unique in the annals of man and constitutes one of the most interesting episodes in American history. Through it are woven the golden threads of California's romantic past. The prominence of the Spanish Franciscans in the traditions of the Golden State rests securely upon the numerous records they left of their abundant labors and upon the mission ruins which alone survive as the tangible, obvious memorials of the rich Spanish period.

The chain of twenty-one missions, stretching from San

Diego into the north, is known as "Father Serra's Rosary," in honor of California's most beloved and honored hero. That Franciscan's unquenchable zeal for converting the heathen was responsible for the inauguration of mission settlement at a time when no other stabilizing influence was effective in the province. Californians can hardly be criticized for their overemphasis on missionary service, even though historical accuracy demands the explanation of a broader basis for the founding and colonization of that great State by the Catholic sons of Old Spain.

Too often Americans have been led to believe that only the English and French came to the shores of the New World to found homes and build permanent empires. The covetous Spaniards, they have been told, in search only of the continent's riches, ruthlessly killed off the native Indians, who had nothing to match their musketry. But a wider acquaintance with the facts will disclose that the two-thirds of the Western Hemisphere explored by the two small Hispanic nations remains today still Spanish and Portuguese. The late-comers, England, France, Holland, and Russia, were forced to found colonies in the one-third which remained beyond the borders of the vast Spanish realm already established to the south. After the initial settlement, which was crammed into a brief half-century, it was only natural that Spanish northward expansion under the lure of the elusive "Strait of Anian," should follow the coast of their own Pacific Ocean. The present California thus lay in their path. Though only an incident in the great drama enacted by Spain in the New World, the story of her push north of the Colorado River became of vital importance to the budding republic destined to span the continent from the east.

It is inevitable that Californians should bask in romance, for even the name of their State has emerged from a fable. Unlike Maryland, Georgia, Virginia, or the Carolinas, Cali-

ifornia represents no effort to preserve a royal family name. Nor did its founders wait to reach the Land of Heart's Desire to find an Indian title for their discovery. They dug it from a story book. During that extravagant period of transition from medieval to modern times, the florid Spanish romancer, Ordóñez de Montalva, wrote *Las Sergas de Esplandián* (The Deeds of Esplandián) to regale the romantic imaginations of a reading public accustomed to the fantastic novels of chivalry. The romance concerned the strange island of California, "at the right hand of the Indies," inhabited only by women and ruled by the lovely queen, Calafia. "Their weapons were all made of gold, and so was the harness of the wild beasts they tamed to ride. The island everywhere abounds with gold and precious stones, and upon it no other metal is found." Montalva had doubtless discovered the name "Califerne" in the famous *Chanson de Roland* and employed the Spanish form of that word for his own story.

Widely read throughout the world at the opening of the sixteenth century, the *Sergas* supported perfectly the fantastic dreams which activated those hardy Spanish *conquistadores* who found themselves in a land already productive of the riches gathered by Montezuma. When the companions of Fortún Jiménez, the first white man to reach the peninsula of Lower California, returned to Cortés with inflated reports about the "island of pearls," they thought they had certainly found the "Califerne" of their romance. Though their great leader, Cortés, never himself applied that magic name to the new region, it did become of general use. California was casually mentioned as a name already well known when the first Spanish vessel passed along the shore of the west coast. The name was retained even after further explorations exploded the myth that riches abounded on that barren peninsula. And it was Edward Everett Hale who discovered in 1862 that the *Sergas* must have been the source

of the name for the present magic State of redwood groves and poppy fields.

The events which led to the Spanish discovery of America's west coast are linked with the heralded success of Columbus. The culmination of that mariner's wild ambition to span the Atlantic to the land passage to the Indies not only silenced forever the taunting scoffers, but it touched off the explosion of maritime jealousy between the two Catholic strongholds of sixteenth-century Europe. Their appeal to Pope Alexander VI resulted in the important papal decree which allotted to Spain the absolute control of all territories of the Western world not yet discovered, and to her rival, Portugal, those of the Eastern world. The principal condition of the vague authority was that both countries must enforce the conversion of the natives to the Catholic faith.

Spain answered the challenge with the tremendous outburst of exploratory zeal which led to California's discovery. Expedition after expedition went forth into unknown lands and uncharted seas. Faithful to its promise to the church, the Crown sponsored no voyage unless accompanied by the Cross. The religious orders of the Mother Country trained and supplied the missionaries whose enthusiasm for pagan conquests at least equaled that of the ardent explorers. Within fifty years this combination of determined adventurers had reached the shores of California. That accomplishment of Spanish pioneering genius was the more remarkable in view of the geographical isolation of the region. Land approach by white men was, of course, unknown. By sea the voyager would be obliged to cross from Europe, round Cape Horn, then overcome the immense obstacles presented by an ocean with northern storms and currents belying the name of "Pacific" bestowed by its first navigator, Magellan. As it happened, the discovery was made by a combination of land and sea expeditions.

Swiftly the frontiers were pushed from their cradle in the West Indies, where Spain had found a starting point to try her pioneering wings. To the Indies she transplanted her ancient conventions and experimented with such difficult problems as learning to handle the native labor. Proceeding to the mainland, she advanced to the Isthmus of Panama through the efforts of Balboa, who on September 29, 1513, beheld the glorious expanse of water he called the Gulf of San Miguel. Then Magellan sailed through the straits which now bear his name and became the first white man to circumnavigate the globe. Meanwhile Governor Velásquez of Cuba had sent his nephew, Grijalva, to explore the Gulf of Mexico. Grijalva became the first European to set foot on the mainland of Mexico, where friendly native Indians loaded his boats with priceless jewels and golden plates.

Tales about the fabulous wealth aroused Velásquez to outfit an extensive expedition under the young Spanish adventurer, Cortés, with orders to conquer and subjugate the country. Two years after landing with a tiny army at Vera Cruz, that energetic pioneer occupied the "mountain throne" of Montezuma, established himself as supreme ruler, and set the stage for the real conquest which led eventually to the northern expansion. Eager to widen his realm in the name of God and the King, the great *conquistador* sent out expeditions in all directions. After conquering the south as far as Panama, he encouraged settlement by his companions with grants of lands and Indian serfs. Then he turned his eager eyes upon the mysterious north with its alluring riches, which would doubtless exceed anything yet found in the land of treasures. The first victories in that direction laid the foundations for the present-day Mexican mining interests. Reaching the west coast in 1522, the vigorous Cortés formed the settlement at Zacatula, whence the winding coast line must lead to the perplexing "northwest passage."

It was his northern endeavors from Zacatula that became vital to the future California. The coast settlement was hard to maintain because all supplies except timber had to be transported over the mountains to the port. Yet the diligent conqueror succeeded in building some ships to explore the coast line under Diego Hurtado de Mendoza. In those difficult waters both of the vessels were wrecked. But Cortés was undismayed. In 1533, a second expedition discovered the Revilla Gigedo Islands, 300 miles south of Baja California. One of the ships under Fortún Jiménez effected at La Paz the first landing of white men in the Californias. Of greater importance, the voyagers returned with reports of the fabulous wealth of pearls they had found. Aroused to even greater efforts, Cortés decided to go himself. With three boats he reached the peninsula in 1535 and established another colony at La Paz. But the hazards of crossing, the distance from the mainland, and the unexpected barrenness of the country offered perplexing difficulties for centuries ahead.

Then occurred a spectacular event to give the land approach to California a great impetus independent of Cortés. At Culiacán in Sinaloa, Alvar Nuñez Cabeza de Vaca suddenly appeared in 1536 out of the unknown regions to the northeast. Nuñez had been a member of the tragic Narváez expedition which collapsed after landing in Florida in 1528. He made his way westward only to become enslaved by the Indians on an island off the coast of Texas. Finally escaping, he wandered westward until eventually he reached Culiacán. To the eager Spaniards he brought exactly what they were seeking: not gold, not jewels, but myths to kindle their hopes anew. He told them about the Kingdom of Quivira, whose ruler was "lulled to sleep by golden bells," and whose borders were "bathed by a stream in which swam fish as large as horses." Farther west he had passed the Seven Cities of

Cíbola, those "many-storied towns with turquoise-studded doors." Doubtless Nuñez had seen just enough of the Indian cliff dwellings to succumb completely to their fascinating legends. His tales of the fabulous riches were later confirmed by a Franciscan padre, Marcos de Niza, who wandered among the Moqui pueblos of present-day New Mexico.

A tremendous stir shook all New Spain. Here at last must be that magic land where no metal but gold was known. Cortés hastily sent out a new sea expedition under Francisco de Ulloa, whose main discovery was that Baja California was not an island as supposed, but a peninsula. That was the end of Cortés's efforts on behalf of the future California. His powers had already been curbed by the arrival from Spain of the first viceroy, Mendoza. Cortés must be granted the distinction of having been the first of the great Spanish explorers of California, though he never reached the borders of that State. Despite his extensive discoveries and conquests, he failed to reap the reward of personal riches and kingly favor his efforts had sought. In keen disappointment he retired to the mother country where he died in 1547. To the last he wanted to be known as an American, and by his will his body was removed in 1629 to its final resting place in Mexico City.

After Cortés left the frontier, the viceroy himself assumed command of the exploratory efforts. Not only was the small area so far discovered unproductive of the hoped-for riches but that elusive strait to the East Indies had not yet been found. Perhaps both prizes lay still farther to the north. In search of that "Strait of Anian," lured by that "northern mystery" which was to baffle the French and English as well as the Spanish for centuries to come, the skilled mariner, Juan Rodríguez Cabrillo, set out from Navidad on the west coast of New Spain.

Cabrillo's two small boats, the *San Salvador* and the *Vic-*

toria, were poorly built, badly outfitted and manned with natives and conscripts. Fortunately he took along a chronicler to record what proved to be momentous events of a ten-month journey into the unknown seas. So strong were the headwinds and contrary currents that it took him three months to reach a port, "which they named San Miguel." It was, in fact, the harbor of present-day San Diego. The Spaniards had discovered the future state of California!

They entered the harbor and made a landing. Having heard from their neighbors to the east how Coronado had killed many natives in the previous year, the Indians were terrified and hostile. But Cabrillo, here as elsewhere, offered gifts of beads and other trinkets to quiet their fears. After a stay of six days, he again set sail and proceeded leisurely up the coast. Stops were made at Catalina Island, San Pedro, and Santa Monica. Near Ventura friendly natives came out to greet them in large canoes, each holding as many as a dozen people. Continuing northward, the Spaniards reached Point Conception before being forced back by the winds. They remained for a week in the shelter of Cuyler's Harbor on the island of San Miguel. There Cabrillo suffered a broken arm, but courageously issued orders to proceed upon their quest. For a whole month they encountered storms, which separated the two boats for four days. Yet they managed to reach as far north as opposite Fort Ross, but could make no landing, "because the coast was very bold." The commander strangely failed to see such important places as the Bay of Monterey or the Golden Gate. He did take refuge from the contrary winds in the inlet now known as Drake's Bay. Returning south, the explorers passed and named the "Bay of Pines" but did not stop at the future famous Monterey harbor. About the Coast Range of mountains, the journal relates:

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There are mountains which reach the sky, and the sea beats upon them. When sailing along near the land, it seems as if the mountains would fall upon the ships. They are covered with snow to the summit, and they named them the Sierra Nevadas (Snowy Mountains).

Bad weather confined the expedition to the Santa Barbara Channel for three months, during which Cabrillo succumbed to the effects of his broken arm. Resolute to the very end, the intrepid leader with his dying words enjoined his men to continue their explorations of the coast line under their chief pilot, Bartolomé Ferrelo, whom he appointed his successor. Thus ended the career of California's first hero, whose exploits merit the respect in which posterity holds him. By going farther out to sea, Ferrelo rounded Point Conception and reached the Oregon coast opposite Rogue River. Returning, he stopped again at Ventura, Catalina, and San Diego, where, the diarist records, "he secured two Indian boys to take to New Spain as interpreters." The two vessels reached Navidad on April 14, 1543, having followed the coast line for eight hundred miles without finding the "Strait of Anian."

More than fifty years passed before any effort was made to follow up Cabrillo's explorations. The authorities at Mexico City succeeded in establishing regular trade with Spain's eastern islands, named "San Lázaro" by Magellan but changed to the "Filipinos" by Villalobos. For several centuries the "Manila galleon" brought valuable cargoes from the Orient to Acapulco in New Spain by way of the Alta California shoreline. To insure its safe arrival despite the always threatening foreign piracies, the viceroy finally concluded that Spanish ports should be established along the coast opened by Cabrillo.

Suddenly appeared another incentive of much more serious portent. In 1578, the *Golden Hind* came sailing around

the Horn under command of Francis Drake. His little fleet of five vessels carried 164 men, eager for Spanish plunder. After satisfying their wildest expectations along the shores of South and Central America, Drake continued with only his flagship into the unknown waters of the north. His purpose now became a search for suitable lands for British colonies, in an effort on the part of Protestant England to compete in colonial expansion with the hated Catholic Spain. Drake's famous pirate boat probably reached as far north as the present boundary line between California and Oregon. From there contrary winds forced him to find refuge in what is now known as Drake's Bay. According to the account of Chaplain Fletcher, whom Drake once described as "Ye falsest knave that liveth," the Indians submissively brought gifts, "sacrifices upon their persuasion that we were gods." The commander was particularly careful to assuage the timidity of the natives and ordered Fletcher to conduct religious services with unusual solemnity in their presence. History must grant to the English the distinction of holding the first recorded divine services in the State of California. There followed a number of long, unintelligible speeches, religious songs and dances by the Indians, culminating in what Drake believed their offering him the scepter and crown of the tribe. Doubtless the ceremony was that of the peace pipe and admission of Drake into tribal membership, which the hopeful, gullible invader misunderstood. At least he set up a monument claiming title to this "New Albion" for his English queen, Elizabeth. After a sojourn of 36 days, the *Golden Hind* hoisted anchor and passed the Farallone Islands, its navigator unaware of the nearness of the Golden Gate. Striking westward, the voyagers left the shores of Alta California on July 25, 1579.

Thus long before the English established colonies on America's eastern coast, plans were made by Queen Eliza-

beth and the ambitious Drake for a colonial empire in the west. In rivalry to New Spain, they believed Drake had found a beginning for a New Albion, the settlement of which was to be an exact duplication of the practices of Spain. Drake, or his nominee, was to be made governor of a colony centering in present-day California. If their plans had succeeded, one cannot but wonder what would have been the settlement's destiny. Though political complications prevented their culmination, Drake's great feat did stimulate Spain to efforts which eventually led to Alta California's permanent occupation. Such a threat against her outposts had to be forestalled without delay. To emphasize the need for coastal settlements, another Englishman, Thomas Cavendish, in 1587 succeeded in capturing a richly laden Manila galleon as it came down the coast toward Acapulco.

The next important Spanish effort along the western coast was made by Rodríguez Cermenho, who made frequent soundings and left accurate descriptions of the whole shoreline south from Cape Mendocino. He brought his personal reports to Mexico City, where another mariner made use of them in laying plans which promised glory and profit for the realm.

Sebastián Vizcaíno's first venture was a trip to the Californias with permission to gather pearls in exchange for pacification of the lands he visited. Three ships with a large crew and four Franciscan friars composed the expedition. After failing to establish a permanent colony at La Paz, he explored the Gulf until forced by shortage of supplies to return to the mainland. In 1602 Vizcaíno started on a second voyage with orders to explore the coast more thoroughly as far as Cape Mendocino. He was commanded to make friends with the Indians but not to attempt settlement. His party of two hundred men, carefully selected in Mexico City as both soldiers and sailors, sailed on the *San Diego*, the *Santo*

Tomás, and the *Tres Reyes*. An expert map maker and three Carmelite padres went along. It took them almost six months to reach Cabrillo's "San Miguel Bay." The entire company went ashore, where mass was said by the Carmelites on November 12, the day of Saint James. In honor of that saint and also of his flagship, Vizcaíno rechristened the harbor San Diego, which name it bears today. He remained ten days to repair his leaky ships and to allow his crew to recover from the scurvy. He also traded with the natives and named Santa Catalina Island, Santa Barbara Channel, and Point Conception. On December 15, they entered "a large bay" to secure fresh water and named it Monterey Bay in honor of the viceroy, then Carmel River in honor of the Carmelite missionaries. The port received great praise and close description from the chronicler, until the legend about its excellence and protected shelter became a moving factor in Spanish expansion toward the north for the following century and a half. In the words of Vizcaíno:

We found ourselves to be in the best port that could be desired, for besides being sheltered from all the winds, it has many pines for masts and yards, and live oaks and white oaks, and with water in great quantity, all near the shore.

From Monterey the commander consigned the *Santo Tomás* to immediate return to Acapulco with the sickest of the party. Of the thirty-five who began the return journey only nine reached port alive, so great was the ravage of scurvy in those days. Eventually Vizcaíno got to Cape Mendocino in the *San Diego*, then raced back down the coast without daring to stop because of food shortage and the prevalence of scurvy. Once "there were only two sailors who could climb to the maintopsail" and "the sick were dying of hunger because they could not eat what was on board on

account of their sore mouths." But at last the survivors anchored in the home port. Despite the loss of almost fifty men, the trip had become successful.

The expeditions of these bold adventurers had proved the difficulties of colonizing Alta California by way of the sea. Meanwhile the land approaches, too, had been tried. Some progress had been made by Nuño de Guzmán, who in one conquest during 1529-31 had subjugated about half the territory between Mexico City and California. In 1540 Vázquez de Coronado had led an army through Sonora to the Colorado River, across into New Mexico, then east as far as Kansas. Failing to find the vaunted Seven Cities, he returned to New Spain a broken man. But his heroic march served to quiet the extravagant tales of great cities of wealth in the north. And the frontier had attained the very borders of the future California. Colonization of New Spain had given the pioneer experiences valuable for the imminent venture of immediate importance to the budding Union.

In conquering and settling Mexico, the Spaniards had employed three social elements: the military, the religious, and the civil. The most vital, of course, was the military. Though small in numbers, the service of the troops was primary and essential. The natives to be subdued were an Indian population, among whom a presidio force was established immediately after the conquest.

Much more prominent and constructive, both socially and economically, was the second element, the religious. The missionary orders of Franciscans, Dominicans, and Jesuits sent dozens of ardent, pious padres from the Old World into the missionary fields of New Spain. Once arrived, they became direct royal agents of the Crown. Without the consent of the royal authorities, no mission could be founded or any missionary go into the field. In some cases the church was thrust into a venture against its wishes, though usually

the missionary ardor surpassed the royal intention. The padres accompanied the troops on land or sea; they even at times made explorations ahead of the soldiers. The church's purpose was to convert the natives to Christianity and then to lead them out of savagery into a state of civilization. As soon as a territory was conquered, a mission was established to support the troops in keeping the Indians under subjugation, thus adding to the security of the realm. The combination of the military and religious was an economical one, because the friars were much cheaper to support than the soldiers. Moreover, the mission, once established, soon became a valuable economic unit, not only almost self-supporting, but often able to provide grain and hides for the soldiers' use.

The usual procedure was for the friars to build the mission with the help of the troops and the friendly natives. Then the Indians were gathered into a near-by mission village, or rancheria. This was done by persuasion or by gifts of food, clothing, tobacco, and such trinkets as beads which appealed to the natives' childlike fancy. Though conversion was voluntary, the Indian once in a mission had no legal escape. Usually two padres remained at each mission, under pay by the Crown and the Pious Fund. They became absolute monarchs of their little kingdom, spiritually, politically, and economically. In theory, the mission, its lands and herds were owned by the Indians under the supervision of the friars. Generally the devotion of the missionaries to the natives was genuine, if they enslaved the body of the Indian, they did it only for his soul's sake. The neophyte was taught the catechism and other outward forms of the religious ceremonies. Services were frequent, and attendance at mass twice daily was compulsory. Under the guidance of the padres, all had to work. The men usually did the menial tasks of building the mission structures, tending the flocks,

and supplying the agricultural labor. The women and children were taught weaving and spinning by other women brought in for that purpose. As the establishment became prosperous, it frequently assisted the more backward or newer missions. Indian labor was hired out in later days. Surpluses were supplied to the soldiers and even bartered to outsiders who were attracted by the abundance, rare in a frontier province.

Discipline was strict and severe. The Indians were accustomed neither to steady work nor submission, a condition inherent in their semi-savage state. Recalcitrants, male or female, were whipped by the soldiers or put into stocks or shackles, the punishment being in accordance with the offense. Often unwilling Indians fled into the interior and had to be brought back by soldiers, accompanied by a padre to offer persuasion before the use of force. Within the mission compound the families were housed together, and the unmarried segregated by sexes. All were locked in at night.

All in all [says Chapman], the institution of the Spanish mission was one of the most interesting examples of benevolent despotism that human history records.

After the military and religious elements in importance came the civilian settlers, often miners as in northern Mexico. Such citizens as the traders, farmers, and stockmen had difficult times because they had to compete with the mission establishments. The latter had the advantages of controlling the best lands due to prior arrival, and of having an abundance of Indian labor. In the settled colonies constant disputes and jealousies between the settlers and the padres were therefore unavoidable.

This was the threefold basic method of conquest the Spanish were preparing for the conquest of the Californias. Using this wedge the Jesuits entered Sinaloa and Sonora in 1591.

By the end of the seventeenth century only a strip along the west coast remained unsettled in the land approach to Alta California. Had its potential wealth and agreeable climate been better appreciated and more accessible to other European colonizers, foreign competition would naturally have hastened the region's settlement without such protracted delay.

II

THE PIOUS FUND

AFTER TWO centuries of Spanish failure to establish colonies in Baja California, credit for eventual success must be given to the Jesuits. Settlement of the two Californias was really a single problem, because the lower province was needed first as a base for expeditions northward. The continued frustration of attempts by the military at length led to the suggestion that the Jesuits take over the problem. At first the Order declined, on the grounds that the land was too wretched and the natives too few. But the Jesuit padre, Francisco Kino, became fired with an enthusiasm for Jesuit penetration of that baffling region and found a ready supporter in a fellow missionary, Juan María Salvatierra. Together they offered to undertake the initial task. The entire project was to be under Jesuit control, even to the hiring and commanding of the soldiers. The only conditions set by the Crown were that all expenses were to be borne by the religious order and the conquests to be made in the name of the king. This plan, new to the Californias, had already been successfully employed in Paraguay.

On October 10, 1697, Padre Salvatierra with only six men crossed the Gulf in one day and established the first permanent European settlement in the Californias at Loreto. With

native Indian help he built a fort and mounted a small swivel gun. The crafty padre encouraged the Indians to attend services by issuing a double portion of porridge when they did. Palatable food in that barren land had an irresistible appeal. Despite an attack by the unconverted natives, the colony held out until reinforcements from the mainland brought their number to eighteen—two padres, seven soldiers, five sailors, and four Christian Indians. The first five years at Loreto were crucial ones; the venture succeeded only because the solely responsible Jesuits had developed assistance through a means known as the Pious Fund. Additional buildings were erected, the number of soldiers was increased and supply ships crossed the Gulf with regularity.

A second mission was founded in 1699 at San Javier, with Father Piccolo in charge. This first step toward expansion was watched with satisfaction by the Crown. Despite the hardships, Indian revolts, and uncertainty of supplies from the mainland, a chain of fourteen missions finally extended the length of the peninsula. The greatest of the Jesuit padres there was its first president, Father Salvatierra, who held the settlement together for two decades until his death in 1717. During his regime the Crown found it necessary to come to his aid by sending additional soldiers and larger funds than he was able to gather. He was succeeded in the presidency by Father Juan de Ugarte, second only to the founder in importance and ability. Ugarte continued the colonial expansion of that barren area until he died in 1730. In his explorations of every corner of the province and its ocean borders, Ugarte definitely established the fact of its being a peninsula pendent to the mainland of Alta California.

The Jesuits characteristically built up immense power within the little realm. For seventy years those pious missionaries, often men of high character and of gentle birth, performed the feat of bringing civilization to an arid land in a

manner which commanded the sincere admiration of all mankind. They charted the whole coastline; established the Pious Fund; erected fourteen successful missions and formulated a system of mission life never surpassed; instructed the Indian in religious life and taught him the various crafts; made a network of trails over the whole land; took scientific and geographical notes and made ethnological reports of the native races; and cultivated and irrigated many hundreds of arid acres.

The Pious Fund played a vital part in the Jesuit success in the province and in time became the principal support of the Spanish missions in both the Californias. When the Crown authorized the Society to colonize the lower province on condition that they themselves defray all expenses, Ugarte and Salvatierra in 1697 founded what came to be known as the Pious Fund. This institution provided for the collection of moneys from devout persons for the founding and support of missions among the heathen. In the beginning the donors retained possession of the gift and paid into the Fund only the annual interest, which was handled by a Jesuit administrator in Mexico City. Occasionally a difficulty arose, as when a benefactor went bankrupt. After 1716, the whole gift was paid into the Fund and reinvested by administrators, generally in ranch lands. The greatest donor was the Marqués de Villapiente who gave not only money to found several missions, but several hundred thousand acres of land in Tamaulipas, including all their buildings and flocks. A Josepha Paul de Argüelles donated almost 200,000 pesos. A member of the famous Borja family, María de Borja, Duquesa de Gandia, gave 62,000 pesos. The Fund reached a total of between one-half and a million pesos with an income at the rate of 5 per cent.

While on the subject, it seems advisable to continue its interesting history even though it will anticipate some of

our story. When the Jesuits were withdrawn from Baja California, the Pious Fund was taken over by the government and managed as a separate financial organization to carry out the intentions of the original donors. The uses of the Fund were not always purely religious, as when financial aid was extended to the expeditions in Alta California in 1769 and again in 1775-76. But since the ultimate purpose of the attending missionaries was the conversion of the natives, the administrators were amply justified in using the Fund to defray part of the large costs. Success was possible only by recruiting every available resource. Again in 1836, after Mexico declared her independence of Spain, the Fund established an annual endowment of \$6,000 for a new bishopric of both the Californias. The new bishop, García Diego, was then given administration of the Fund. But in 1842, the dictator Santa Anna reclaimed the entire capital from church management, although the records disclose that all resources had been capably and honestly handled. Yet the dictator ordered all properties sold and the money, almost two million dollars, turned into the Mexican treasury. At the same time he formally acknowledged his government's indebtedness at the rate of 6 per cent annually for religious purposes in the Californias.

By the Treaty of Guadalupe Hidalgo, the United States in 1848 took over Alta California and the Mexican government ceased interest payments for many years. When a commission met in 1868 to adjust claims between the United States and Mexico, the Catholic authorities of the State of California put in a claim for the portion of the Fund normally due the northern church. After failure to reach an agreement, an independent umpire was called in. In 1875, Sir Edward Thornton, as moderator, decided that Mexico owed the California church one-half of the income for the twenty-one years between 1848 and 1869, amounting to almost one mil-

lion dollars. Mexico paid, but refused further payment thereafter. The United States continued to enter its claim until both countries agreed to leave settlement to the arbitral tribunal at The Hague. In 1902, in the first case ever decided by that tribunal, it decreed that Mexico owed the United States the accrued interest of \$43,050.99 annually, then amounting to almost one and one-half million dollars; and that the annual payment must be made in perpetuity. Again Mexico paid, though it later fell in arrears and is hopelessly so today. The obligation is due the United States government, which in turn gives the payment to the Catholic Church of California. No remittance was made after 1848 to the Baja California church. Such was the romantic fortune of the Pious Fund created by the zeal and enthusiasm of the Jesuit Fathers, Ugarte and Salvatierra. And only its support at a time when the power and resources of Spain were fast waning made possible the colonization of Alta California.

III

THE FOUNDING OF THE CALIFORNIA MISSIONS

IN 1767, the Spanish government banished the Jesuits from all its dominions. The sweeping action was part of a world-wide movement in Catholic countries which feared that the powerful Order was planning a revolution against the absolute monarchs of Europe.

The Spanish banishment of more than six thousand Jesuit missionaries without open trial or public accusation was carried out under a well-laid and thorough arrangement. Simultaneously in every part of the far-flung realm, all professed members of the Society were ordered to depart. Those from Mexico were sent to the remote island of Corsica. As soon as Gaspar de Portolá reached Baja California as the province's governor, he assembled the fifteen missionaries at their Loreto church, "with no effects other than their clothing, breviaries, one theological and one historical book." From the church the sad gathering were escorted on February 3, 1768, to the landing place, accompanied by the entire Indian population, "all wailing and crying aloud." The neophytes were somewhat consoled by the presence of some new padres who had come to take up the work of the departing exiles.

Propagation of the faith on the peninsula was granted to

the Franciscan missionaries of the College of San Fernando in Mexico City. They accepted the charge with reluctance because of the reputed barrenness of the region and the low type of resident Indians. Sixteen members of that Order accompanied Portolá on the difficult crossing from the mainland. As Father-President the College had selected Junípero Serra as most likely to succeed if anyone could. Accompanying Serra were Fathers Juan Crespi and Francisco Palóu, and all three were destined to play important roles in the drama about to be staged. During the period of change, the peninsular missions had been entrusted to military commissioners, with the result that the Franciscans found the establishments impoverished and the native population in sad condition. The soldiers had interested themselves only in a search for the vast wealth they believed the Jesuits had acquired and concealed. As a reaction against the church, moreover, the new friars were given authority only over the spiritual affairs and church properties. With little food or clothing to use as inducements, they found it impossible to attract new converts, or even to hold those already made by the Jesuits. According to Palóu, there were 7,149 neophyte Indians on the peninsula when the Franciscans arrived.

Those zealous Franciscans little realized the future in store for them. While putting the peninsula house in order, they really were only biding their time until events permitted their longed-for reaping of a richer harvest farther north. They never took their eyes off the missionary field awaiting their labors among the populous rancherias of that more inviting region. The essential elements for the impending perforation of the stubborn northern barriers were rapidly being gathered for the vital leap. The need for immediate action arose when Russia threatened to extend her Alaskan fur settlements down the Pacific Coast. So King Carlos III with

characteristic energy decided to forestall the foreign danger at once.

Fortunately the determined king found able agents ready at hand to carry out the project. Of prime importance was the new *visitador-general*, José de Gálvez, who had just come to reorganize the whole administration of New Spain for the purpose of increasing its revenues. Gálvez proved to be the energetic, capable administrator long needed on the west coast. An added good fortune was the arrival in 1766 of the Marqués de Croix as viceroy. Both men agreed upon the necessity of an immediate conquest and settlement of Alta California. While the viceroy remained at the capital, the forceful Gálvez went into the field and set to work. His first move was to overhaul the government of Baja California and restore control of the temporalities to the Franciscan padres. On the coast of the mainland he established a Department at San Blas, which remained the port of supply for the northern outposts for the years ahead. During his ten months on the peninsula he made preparations with a vigor new to the province. With like determination Father Serra made ready to accompany the expedition of conquest.

A happier combination than of Gálvez and Serra could not have been found in all New Spain. Both were zealous, effective, dependable, and successful. Most important of all, the executive Gálvez was a loyal son of the Church and in complete sympathy with Serra's eagerness for bringing the pagans to conversion. As soon as he reached the peninsula, he summoned Serra to a conference in his camp at Santa Ana. Together they laid the fateful plans for one of the most important projects in the history of human endeavor. Their only guide was a sketchy map based on Vizcaíno's explorations of the northern coast line. After a lengthy discussion it was decided that three missions should be founded at once

at sites which appeared on Vizcaíno's map to be most advantageous. The first would be located at San Diego, the second at Vizcaíno's highly praised port of Monterey, and the third halfway between, in honor of San Buenaventura.

"But," asked the anxious Serra, "is there to be no mission in honor of our Father, Saint Francis?"

"If Saint Francis desires a mission," replied Gálvez, with a smile, "let him show us first his harbor."

Preparations went ahead with all speed. The resourceful Gálvez took over two old transports, the *San Antonio* and the two-hundred-ton *San Carlos*, the only available craft at hand. The peninsula missions had to supply the provisions, livestock, utensils, and ceremonial equipment from their meager stores, and Serra said later that he much regretted the stripping necessary to collect the essentials. As soon as the two vessels arrived at La Paz, they were found to be so damaged by the gulf crossing that they had to be unloaded and careened. Gálvez personally supervised the work and often gave a hand in the many tasks. His almost mad frenzy inspired his indolent associates to open-eyed wonderment. Only Father Serra seemed fired with an equal fury as he carefully assembled and packed the supplies intended for the Monterey establishment. The *visitador-general* took personal charge of the San Buenaventura equipment, for that, he jokingly told Serra, was to be "his mission." And when his cases were ready before Serra's, he added that he must be a more zealous missionary even than the ardent Father-President.

The plans included the sending of two ocean expeditions and two by land up the peninsula. On January 9, 1769, the *San Carlos* at last was ready for the venture. After a rousing speech by Gálvez, Serra blessed the departing voyagers and assured them all would meet again at the port to which God would guide them. Gálvez accompanied the *San Carlos* on

another vessel until it rounded Cape San Lucas and struck out for the north. On the small transport sailed sixty-two men, including Lieutenant Pedro Fages, later to become one of Alta California's greatest Spanish governors, with a company of Catalan soldiers sent from Sonora, two blacksmiths, a baker, and Miguel Costansó as engineer and diarist. The cargo included church ornaments, agricultural tools, provisions, and sacks of seeds. Then Gálvez returned to prepare the *San Antonio* for sailing. It left on February 9 under the command of Juan Perez, who became for some years the principal maritime figure in Alta California's history. It too carried the crew, some blacksmiths, a carpenter, and a heavy cargo of supplies.

As an added precaution Gálvez exceeded his plans for sea trips by outfitting a third transport, the *San José*. An idea of the needs for the trip may be gathered from Father Palóu's notes, which say:

The *San José* carried 10,000 pounds of dried meat, 8 casks of wine, 2 casks of brandy, 1,250 pounds of figs, quantities of beans, raisins, fish, clothing for the Indians, church vestments, church bells and other articles.

The laden vessel departed for the north in the following year, but, after rounding Cape San Lucas, was never seen or heard from again.

The first land expedition entrusted to Captain Fernando de Rivera y Moncado consisted of twenty-five "leather-jacket" soldiers (so called because of the coats they wore as protection against Indian arrows), three muleteers, and forty-two neophyte Indians to serve as laborers, interpreters, and aids in making converts in the new territory. Father Juan Crespi, Serra's intimate friend and graphic diarist of many later expeditions, was also in the party. As they proceeded northward from Loreto, they gathered nearly four

hundred mules and horses, besides implements, meat, grain, hardtack, flour, and pinole, leaving a receipt at each mission so that everything could later be paid for. Arriving at the most northerly mission of Santa María de Los Angeles, Rivera found the country too barren and arid to pasture and water his animals, so pressed farther north to Velicatá. From there he advanced toward Alta California through a strange, uninviting land, encountering, according to Crespi, many *mescales*, *chogas*, and other cacti, patches of *cacoba* and plenty of coyotes, deer, and antelope. Everywhere the wild mountain districts and desert plains were crossed with well-beaten paths of the heathen, who followed the caravan from a distance but offered no resistance.

Meanwhile the second land expedition left Loreto on March 9 and reached Velicatá. In command of Portolá, the party included Sergeant Ortega with ten soldiers, two servants, and forty-four Christianized Indians. Despite a badly swollen and aching leg, Father Serra refused to be left behind. After paying his last visit to all the missions of the province, he left them in charge of Father Palóu and overtook the Portolá party before it left Santa María de Los Angeles. On May 14 he founded the Mission of San Fernando de Velicatá, leaving Father Campa in charge with sufficient supplies to provide for that most northerly of the province's establishments. Walking all the way (for he never learned to feel at home on a horse), Serra had the greatest difficulty with his ulcerated leg. Finally he asked one of the muleteers to prepare the same ointment used to treat saddle galls on his mules. In a single night the salve, combined with the padre's fervent prayers, miraculously healed the leg. Then the expedition continued over the trail made by Rivera's party. On July 1, after a march of four hundred miles in forty-eight days from Velicatá, the party came in sight of a beautiful harbor on whose placid waters rode the two Span-

ish vessels with folded sails. On nearer approach, they could also distinguish the tents of their comrades along the shore. Portolá ordered his soldiers to discharge their muskets, which greeting was answered in like manner by Rivera. Tears of joy and thanksgiving welled in the eyes of Serra, who realized that his hour of pagan conquests was finally at hand. At the camp he found that Rivera had arrived on May 14; the *San Antonio* on April 11; and the *San Carlos* 18 days later, though it had left La Paz forty days before the companion ship.

All except those on the ill-fated *San José* were thus reunited at San Diego. The *San Antonio* had been fifty-five days en route. All on board except the two padres were sick with scurvy or disabled, though none had lost their lives. It took 110 days for the *San Carlos* to make the trip, having been blown as far south as Panama before starting its northward progress. Everyone arrived sick; twenty-four, or all but two, of the crew had perished from scurvy. Of Rivera's party some of the Indians had died, others had deserted, but lack of food and water had been their greatest difficulty. Of Portolá's forty-four Indians, only twelve reached the destination. Almost three hundred had started with the four expeditions; only one-half reached San Diego and one-fourth had died on the way.

What a sorry state the party was in! When no shoreboat was launched from the long-delayed *San Carlos*, Captain Perez went out himself to discover the cause. There he found that no one was able to handle a boat. So he called for his own well sailors to bring the few survivors ashore. Canvas shelters were hurriedly erected on the beach. But, while attending their comrades, the rest took the disease and hardly enough able-bodied remained to care for the sick or bury the dead. Those first six weeks of May and June, 1769, made a pitiful beginning for Spanish settlement in the new province.

Yet the determined leaders managed to locate a site for a permanent camp in what is now called Old Town. Supplies for the settlement were unloaded from the *San Antonio* by the recuperating survivors, though much of the food had already spoiled.

Despite the discouraging prospects, the undaunted Portolá prepared to continue his journey as soon as enough men were able. A true soldier in training and spirit, he was determined to let nothing prevent the execution of his orders to plant the Spanish banner at the port of Monterey. First he sent the *San Antonio* back to San Blas to replenish the fast-diminishing supply of food and to get more sailors to complete the meager crews. On July 9 Perez left with a crew of only eight men able to make the trip. Then Portolá arranged that the *San Carlos* should sail for Monterey as soon as a crew was ready. He himself would start overland into an utterly unknown land to seek the "fine harbor," which Vizcaíno had praised so highly.

On July 14, 1769, Portolá set out on one of the most remarkable expeditions of history. His long and terrible march of four hundred miles lifted the veil of mystery from a country never before traversed by Europeans. Only a meager supply of food could be spared by the sick and helpless group he was leaving behind. He took along a small company of persons, "or rather say skeletons, who had been spared by scurvy, hunger and thirst," as he himself puts it. His party of sixty-three consisted of Costansó, Fages with only six Catalan soldiers, Rivera, Ortega with twenty-six soldiers, seven muleteers, two servants, fifteen Baja California Indians, and Fathers Crespi and Gómez. Along the way they came to many heathen Indians who lived in villages and greeted them "in great good humor," according to Crespi, who left a graphic daily account of the journey. In most of the villages the men went naked and "painted themselves

from head to foot in several colors." The women wore an apron of matting in front to the knees and sometimes a rabbit-skin cape over the shoulders to cover the breasts.

One day, while proceeding along the coast, they were intercepted by a small party of natives, gesticulating wildly as they hurried down from the interior uplands. In their midst came two wailing women, each bearing in her arms a young girl, whom they held up to the commander with pitiful supplications. Perceiving at a glance that the children were already at the point of death, Portolá called upon Father Gómez, who hastily baptized the girls and gave them the Christian names of "María Magdalena" and "Margarita." These two baptisms among the Diegueño tribe were the first performed in the province.

On the day after the jubilee of Our Lady of the Angels, the party camped on a site which they named for her and "has all the requirements for a large settlement," despite the "many temblores" which had greeted them intermittently for several days. They were, in fact, at the present location of Los Angeles. Near by they came upon "rivers of pitch"—the La Brea asphalt beds—and concluded that there must be volcanoes in the vicinity. These first white men in California thus discovered the presence of oil deposits. They were heartened by finding many Castilian roses growing wild and reminding them of their native Spain. Portolá kept near the coast where possible and passed along Santa Barbara Channel. There the numerous Indians lived in spherical houses, well-built and roofed with tule. Fortunately the natives were curious and friendly; they brought welcome gifts of roasted perch and bonitos to the strangers. By partaking frequently of native food, the explorers were unwittingly escaping the ravages of scurvy which had taken such a toll among their companions on the sea route to San Diego.

Continuing northward, they shot a sea-gull at a camp

they therefore named "Caviota," where they were obliged to turn inland. The march was slow but never tedious. Ortega's scouts always went ahead to locate the best trails and easiest route, then returned to direct the cumbersome caravan whose laden mules lagged behind. Crespi's daily record relates the endless incidents which added interest at every turn of the great adventure. When the pious padre christened a stream or campsite, the profane soldiers in a spirit of teasing banter would usually dub it some name less holy. At length they passed down Salinas River to its mouth on a beautiful harbor. In the vicinity the observant Crespi, forever making notes about the native shrubs and trees, was especially attracted to a grove of stately trees, which he designated as "redwoods" because of their color. The party, in fact, had reached the Bay of Monterey on September 30, two and a half months after leaving San Diego.

Although they had indeed attained the object of their quest, they failed to recognize the port Vizcaíno had so glowingly described. Some of that mariner's landmarks were easily distinguishable, especially the wonderful pines and cypresses, for which the region is famous today. But certainly the harbor was neither good nor protected. Could it have filled with ocean sands during the years since Vizcaíno described it? Nor were they much impressed with the country they had crossed. Portolá himself stated:

Aside from the fact that there was in all that ungracious country no object to greet either the hand or the eye save rocks, brushwood, and rugged mountains covered with snow, we were also without food and did not know where we were.

They wondered if by turning inland they might have passed the port they sought. Comparing what they saw with Vizcaíno's descriptions only added to the bewilderment of the

worn-out, hungry men. It is easy to understand the commander's assertion that "we were all under hallucination and no one dared to assert openly that the port was indeed Monterey." To increase their quandary, seventeen men were already unfit for service and had to be carried on litters between mules hitched in tandem. Provisions were almost exhausted, and the *San José* promised by Gálvez was nowhere in sight.

Perplexed but still undaunted, they all agreed to continue northward and thus went up the San Francisco peninsula. At length the starving stragglers actually reached the Bay, where Ortega with a vanguard of scouts undoubtedly looked across the Golden Gate and saw enough of the great Bay to the east to confirm their suspicion that it was certainly not the Monterey Bay for which they were seeking. Dispirited and exhausted "from keen hunger which was wearing us out," they turned back toward San Diego on November 11. Of the return trip Portolá later wrote:

In order that we might not die meanwhile, I ordered that at the end of each day's march, one of the weak old mules should be killed. The flesh was roasted or half-fried in a fire made in a hole in the ground. The mule being thus prepared, without a grain of salt or other seasoning—for we had none—we shut our eyes and fell to on that scaly mule like hungry lions. We ate twelve in as many days, obtaining from them perforce all our sustenance, all our appetite, all our delectation. At last we reached San Diego, smelling frightfully of mules. The reverend father president said to me, as he welcomed me, "You come from Rome without having seen the Pope," referring to the fact that we had not found the Port of Monterey.

Serra had not been idle during Portolá's absence of six long months. Intent upon his purpose in coming to Alta

California, the eager Father-President had selected a spot adjoining the Spanish hospital camp as suitable for a chapel. There on July 16, two days after the commander had started north, he raised and blessed the cross, said mass with unusual fervor, and then preached a passionate sermon to the few who were able to attend. Serra alone seemed to appreciate the significance of the memorable ceremonies which formally dedicated the first Franciscan mission in the province. The whole proceedings were so mysterious to the natives that they held aloof and viewed them from the near-by hills in wonderment and fear. Not an Indian came down to the shore, though later several approached to satisfy their curiosity. Soon they became even troublesome and stole from the sick in camp and from the *San Carlos* anchored in the bay. At length they organized a raid in which a flight of arrows resulted in several casualties among the resisting Spaniards. Taking the deviltries seriously by that time, the infuriated "leather jackets" sent a volley from their muskets into the midst of the marauders and thus effectively cleared the colony. In consequence few conversions could be made, there being only one during the first whole year.

Into that troubled camp on January 24, 1770, staggered Portolá and his party, "smelling frightfully of mules." The anxious commander found that not one Spaniard had escaped the scurvy and many had died. Nothing had been seen of the *San José*, nor had the *San Antonio* returned. The Indian difficulties had prevented augmentation of their scant food supply by use of native fare. Certainly the situation had become desperate. The anxious Serra, who in the meditations of his youth had even craved the crown of martyrdom, could not but wonder if already that sacrifice was in store for him when his task was only begun. Portolá was mindful only of his orders to conquer and hold the territory. There is ample contemporary evidence that neither soldier

nor missionary was willing to abandon the colony as long as a shred of hope remained. Portolá at length dispatched Rivera back to the peninsula mission for supplies. But as rations grew steadily shorter, he at length set a date on which they would have to depart unless relief had come. To his great joy, the *San Antonio* returned on March 23 and the settlement was saved.

Portolá's prospects were now completely changed. Immediately he prepared to retrace his steps into the north. Certainly this time he would not fail to find Vizcaíno's port. On April 16 the *San Antonio* left under command of Perez, with Fathers Serra and Crespi on board. Another passenger was Surgeon Pedro Prat, California's first doctor, who had managed to save many of the scurvy-ridden invalids Portolá had left behind on his former trip. Next day the intrepid commander set out. After 38 days he reached and recognized the elusive and overlauded harbor. Even the cross he had erected on his previous march was found undisturbed, nor had the buried records beneath it been removed. During his absence the natives had approached the wooden cross in awe and had only sought to propitiate its influence by offerings of fish and berries.

A week later Perez hove in sight with the *San Antonio*. Amid great rejoicing the Spaniards agreed that this was certainly Vizcaíno's port. On July 3, 1770, a shelter of branches was erected on the beach, a cross was raised near an old oak tree, on a limb of which Serra hung a bell. As he scattered holy water upon the ground, he began the formal founding of the province's second mission, dedicated to San Carlos Borromeo. Serra preached with great passion and ardently invited the natives to come near and be saved. The remains of that historic oak tree may still be seen in the garden behind the presidio church at Monterey. Around that "Serra Tree" hovers a legend which relates that Viz-

caíno had camped under the same oak tree 168 years before, on the site now marked by a granite cross. The ancient oak was unwittingly killed when a cement culvert was erected as protection for its widespread roots. So the immense trunk was dug up and thrown into the near-by harbor. Two fervent men, however, succeeded in recovering the bulky stump of the old patriarch and placed it safely in the church garden.

On the day of the mission's founding, the Spaniards unfurled the royal standard of Spain and established the presidio destined to become the capital of the province during the whole Spanish era. After saluting the standard with salvos of artillery, they solemnly uprooted some native shrubs and cast stones in all directions, as symbols of their seizure in the name of their king, Carlos III. A stockade enclosed the presidio and mission. In 1891 Mrs. Leland Stanford erected at the landing place a marble statue of the famous missionary, standing in a boat and about to come ashore.

His purpose accomplished, Portolá returned to San Blas, leaving the settlement and two padres to the mercy of the fates. When news of the establishment reached Mexico City, a great demonstration was staged. For a year and a half the viceroy had waited for news of his elaborate, expensive, and momentous effort to pierce the northern frontiers, so the reports of success were decidedly acceptable. Bells were rung, flags flown, and a special high mass celebrated. Alta California at last was occupied.

The zeal of Father Serra was only heightened by the founding of the first two missions. He set forth at once to realize the passion of his life. Accompanied by Crespi, he visited the neighboring natives and offered them gifts. Through the offices of a neophyte he had brought from Lower California, he was able to converse in their native

dialect. In December to his joy he had performed his first baptism in the north. His reports to the viceroy and the College of San Fernando exhorted them to the great need for additional missions among the thousands of natives along the four-hundred-mile stretch between Monterey and San Diego. The proposed founding in honor of San Buenaventura must go forward without delay. The sacred vessels and vestments had already arrived at Monterey. And the missionary field to the south surpassed even his wildest dreams. Crespi had listed many inviting sites; yet only three missions were authorized. Especially the district along Santa Barbara Channel should receive immediate attention. There the natives were not only numerous, but friendly and intelligent.

But difficulties arose from the very beginning. When Portolá left the province, Pedro Fages succeeded to his not clearly defined authority. Fages claimed the wide powers of the former commander, especially the decision about further settlements, on the grounds that he would have to provide the soldiers for their defense. Serra, however, maintained that the governor had nothing to do with the missionaries and that his only authority was over the five or six soldiers left at each mission. To becloud the situation further, Rivera, still in the province, became jealous of Fages and thought that he himself should have succeeded Portolá. An added misfortune was the proximity of the troops to the mission settlements at Monterey and San Diego. When the soldiers attempted to debauch the Indian women, their men strenuously objected and trouble ensued. Naturally the padres resented these actions, which made the work of conversion more difficult. The Father-President at length had to move those two missions. The one at San Diego was transferred six miles up the valley to a site where the present building stands. From Monterey he moved the mission in

1771 to its present location on the Carmel River and re-christened it Mission San Carlos Borromeo del Carmelo.

Pleased with the prospects of colonization, the viceroy authorized five more missions and promptly sent to Serra's headquarters ten additional Franciscans with the necessary church equipment. The jubilant Serra at once proceeded down Salinas Valley with a small guard and a few converted Indians to a beautiful site in the heart of the Santa Lucia Mountains. At the juncture of two small rivers in an oak-studded valley he founded the third mission on July 14, 1771 and named it San Antonio de Padua. Fathers Pieras and Sitjar attended the dedication. As Serra loudly tolled the bells hung from an oak tree, he cried like one possessed, "Come, gentiles; come to the Holy Church; come and receive the faith of Jesus Christ!" undaunted by the observation of Father Pieras that not a single heathen was in sight. Later an Indian brought other natives to hew the logs for the rough church, barracks, and houses which composed the settlement at the beginning.

Not forgetting the southern regions, Serra sent four friars by sea back to San Diego. From there Fathers Somera and Cambón started north with a guard and packtrain of supplies for another settlement intended for a site on Rio de los Temblores (Santa Ana River). Dissatisfied with the location, however, the party continued north to a spot under the shadow of the Sierra Madre. There on September 8, 1771, they founded the Mission of San Gabriel Arcángel as the beginning of a settlement destined to expand into the city of Los Angeles. At first the many heathen were inclined to hostility until Father Cambón raised a painting of the Virgin before them. At sight of the picture, the two Indian chiefs came forward to throw their necklaces at her feet and peace was made. Soon after, however, a soldier outraged the wife of one of the chieftains, who fired an arrow at the vil-

lain. Brushing it aside with his leather shield, the soldier shot the Indian dead. The Spaniards then cut off his head and set it on a pole as a hideous warning to the other natives. Such proceedings naturally hampered the padres in their efforts to make conversions.

Chapman calls attention to the precarious position of the Spanish settlements during this early period. In the first year of occupation, for instance, there were only forty-three soldiers in the province extending four hundred miles along the coast. Three years later the number had increased only to sixty-one. This insignificant military force was responsible for the safety of the colony occupied by thousands of Indians, many of whom, especially in the south, were openly hostile to the newcomers. Moreover the missionary records prove that for the first five years very little headway was made in winning converts. Few missionary conquests by the Spanish in the New World were as slow in gathering momentum as that of Alta California. The padres had so few material gifts to attract the natives, and spiritual arguments made no impression whatever. As Crespi naïvely states: "The Indians pay attention to and obey only those who give them something, and only by gifts and threats can they be attracted to progress, the catechism, or anything that pertains to the church." Even Father Superior Verger of the College of San Fernando believed it necessary to moderate somewhat the ardent zeal of Serra, whose enthusiasm had so far proved unfounded. Opposed to the undertaking from the very beginning, the skeptical Verger openly predicted its failure. At the end of the fifth year, only sixty-two marriages had been performed at the five established missions. This doubtless represented also the total number of adult converts. Most of the converts were children, and the native men could not be counted on to protect or assist the work of the padres.

The colonists found themselves in a land of great possibilities but of small provision for immediate needs. They were dependent for their food, materials, and all manufactured products upon the supply ships from San Blas, which often were late in arriving. Such had been their predicament in 1769. Again in 1772 supplies became exhausted. When finally the ships did arrive at San Diego, there were not enough sailors left alive or free of scurvy to continue the trip to Monterey. The northern missions were faced with famine until Governor Fages went on "the most celebrated bear hunt in the history of California." For days he hunted near the present site of San Luis Obispo and supplied the settlers with meat until food came by packtrain from San Diego. During these years the raising of crops was fruitless. The Spaniards knew little about agriculture and practically nothing about the needs of the soil. By 1773, San Gabriel seemed the only place which held any promise of successful farming to ward off the ever-threatening danger of starvation.

With the province also suffering from lack of wholehearted co-operation between Serra and Governor Fages, the latter usually had his way because of his control over the military element. The founding of new missions, so much desired by the padres, met with delay on the part of the military, who used the apparently valid excuse that troops could not be spared to guard the foundations. On the other hand, additional padres had already been supplied by their College. As early as 1770 it was found that both the Californias were too large an area for one missionary order. Baja California was then transferred to the Dominican Order, which sent the needed friars from Spain. Thus freed of his responsibilities, Father Palóu left the peninsula and took the remaining six Franciscans with some Indian families and soldiers to join his former companions in the colonization of

Alta California. As he traveled through the province, the keen, intelligent padre made notes of everything he saw at the missions already founded by his old friend, Serra. At the San Carlos headquarters he rejoined another dear confrere, Crespi, after five years of separation. How much those two old friends had to tell each other! Writers both, and most observant, like Emerson and Carlyle they must have exchanged "large conversation." Without a Boswell to set it down, posterity yet is fortunate in the possession of the vivid writings of Palóu and Crespi. Not every historical period can boast such graphic, contemporary, first-hand records, left by actual actors of the drama.

The authorities at Mexico City had meanwhile found that reports from the province were so confusing that intelligent decisions were well-nigh impossible. They finally asked Serra to come to headquarters to make a personal accounting. Elated over the trust thus bestowed, Serra set out from Monterey for the long overland journey and the opportunity to discuss with the viceroy what he considered the crying needs of the infant colonies. On his way south he took Father Cavaller and a guard provided by Fages to the place where the governor had conducted his famous bear hunt. There on September 1, 1772, he founded his fifth mission, San Luís Obispo de Tolosa, and left Father Cavaller in charge. The Indians were numerous amidst an abundance of native foods and seemed friendly in gratitude to the Spanish for that bear hunt. They even brought acorns and pinole to the settlement, whose stores at first were rather scanty. But with little material inducement to win them, conversions were very slow.

Continuing his journey southward, the Father-President twice almost succumbed to illness. But he finally reached the capital with a lengthy memorial, in which he recited the measures he thought vital to the province's welfare. Fortu-

nately his suggestions during the long conference were held in high respect. The use of the Pious Fund was so arranged that missionaries and troops were to be better paid. It was definitely decided that at the earliest opportunity a settlement must be established on the Bay of San Francisco. More pack animals must be provided for the transport of supplies. Serra especially insisted upon the need of an overland route from New Spain so that not only colonists but much-needed cattle could be brought in. Spanish women should be encouraged to come, as a means of ending the continual difficulties between the wifeless soldiers and the Indians. Every effort must be made to insure the province's permanence and self-support. In insisting upon the retirement of Fages, there doubtless was some truth to Serra's complaints that the governor opened letters addressed to the missionaries; that he sided with his soldiers when their misbehavior hampered the conversion of the natives; that he interfered with the padres' punishment of wayward and recalcitrant neophytes; and, most decisive of all in the eyes of the viceroy, that the ambitious commander employed mission properties for his own personal uses. The unfortunate Fages was therefore replaced by Rivera. With renewed zeal the enthusiastic Serra returned to the province in restored health. A genuine Franciscan by training and habit, he made the whole journey of some 2,400 miles on foot. Most of the arduous trip over the unsettled mountain districts and deserts was in the company of only a Christianized Monterey Indian. Few travelers of any period can equal the remarkable records of the ardent Serra, whose sandaled feet helped pioneer the now famous road called *El Camino Real*—the King's Highway.

As Portolá had blazed the trail, *El Camino Real* was little more than a narrow path winding northward from San Diego, eventually to reach Sonoma as the ultimate terminus. The tireless feet of Serra trod that path for fifteen industrious

years, when the sparsely settled regions held an adventure on every trip. The approach of additional colonists increased the plodding of feet by man and beast, to make the route steadily smoother and more convenient. Still later came the Mexican carreta, requiring a wider, surer road. It widened into a real highway, which some historians consider as beginning, not at San Diego but in Guatemala. In Alta California it remained the recognized highway of official travel.

Along this road were finally stationed the twenty-one missions separated by a day's journey of some forty miles. The chain of "Father Serra's Rosary" was then complete. Since the missions were also the only inns of early days, the traveler perforce must follow the beaten track which linked together the picturesque settlements of Spanish and Indians clustered around each mission. Especially at San Juan Bautista today the tourist can get a glimpse of the original dusty highway, unspoiled by modern improvement. No traveler of old hesitated to ask for lodging in the mission guest quarters. Hospitality was freely offered and no questions asked. At the height of mission prosperity during the romantic period, the guest would be royally entertained with the choicest foods and wines.

When the Americans began to arrive, they found the Highway almost the only beaten route of travel. Despite its constant changes, it remained close to Portolá's trail. The building of railroads and paving of highways generally altered its exact location. Today the beautiful San Antonio de Padua lies some thirty miles off the main traveled way. The exact path trod by the padres can now only be surmised from dim traces on old maps transposed on topographical sheets, or from other uncertain evidences. Yet in the main a tourist from San Diego to Sonoma seldom departs very far from the course opened by the missionaries. Efforts of California's romanticists to rehabilitate the precise original route have so

far come to little more than marking the approximate road with a string of bronze mission bells denoting *El Camino Real*. The appropriate guide post is a mission bell surmounting a post that also carries a sign board giving road directions. The first of these, at San Diego Mission, was the gift in 1913 of Mr. and Mrs. A. S. C. Forbes.

The viceroy with whom Serra conferred on his important visit to Mexico City was Antonio Bucareli, who stands out as one of the greatest men in the history of New Spain. Chapman esteems him as, "simple, straight-forward, unselfish, clear-thinking and sincerely religious, without a shadow of conceit or pretense, and even without great personal ambition, except to perform his duty to the full." His activities on behalf of Alta California made the difference between failure and success in assuring the permanence of its occupation. It was he who authorized the famous expedition of Anza about to be launched. He ordered further exploration of the coast under Perez, Heceta, and Bodega, and sent Rivera up the peninsula with a body of colonists. He was responsible for the valuable pioneering of Juan Manuel de Ayala. On the *San Carlos* Ayala made his way up the coast, unaware that at that very time the farmers of Lexington on the other side of the continent were firing the "shot heard round the world." Yet he became painfully aware of another shot close at hand, when a loaded pistol in his cabin was accidentally discharged, seriously wounding him. But he continued his trip and succeeding in exploring, surveying, and mapping the entire San Francisco Bay for the first time. After a stop of fifty-four days, he returned to San Blas and reported that the Bay was "the best he had seen in those seas from Cape Horn north," a statement with which all Californians today will heartily agree.

During the winter of 1773-74, despite Bucareli's efforts another famine struck the province. The settlers were forced

to eke out an existence on herbs and seeds gathered by the neophyte Indians, who were allowed to leave the mission compounds to forage in their native state. The missions were able to supply only milk and that was none too plentiful. Not only food but all manufactured articles were scarce. As Chapman says, "some soldiers had a gun but no sword, some a sword but no gun, and some had neither the one or the other." Serra claimed possession of the only forge in the province, but had no iron to work! It was March before Bucareli was able to get a supply ship to San Diego, from where relief had to be carried by packtrains to the northern missions. To Bucareli's credit, that was the last famine in the colony. Thereafter he managed somehow to gather supplies, ships, and men to keep starvation away. Faithful to his promise to Serra, he made Rivera governor and gave him definite instructions to maintain harmony between the friars and the soldiers. He also ordered Rivera to proceed at once with the founding of a mission at San Francisco. As soon as it became evident that his orders were being neglected, he replaced Rivera with the energetic Felipe de Neve and in 1777 Monterey was established as the capital of the two Californias.

The early prospects for the successful development of the future Golden State, in short, looked very discouraging. In Alta California alone more than a quarter million pesos had been expended by the crown without return. All men conversant with the problem agreed that a land approach for permanent settlers and domestic animals was indispensable. The barrenness of the lower peninsula excluded that way as a route of supply, so attention became directed more and more to the mainland through Sonora. Credit for saving and eventually developing the province must certainly be given to the tireless energies of Bucareli. The first impulse for the advance through Sonora had been given by the explorations

of the Jesuit padre, Eusebio Francisco Kino, who had explored the Gila and Colorado River valleys and then established a chain of missions along the Altar. By advancing into Arizona, Kino had opened the trail to the borders of Alta California. Most prominent successor to Kino's ideas was the Franciscan, Francisco Garcés, whose name looms large in that galaxy of Spanish explorers. But a definite plan for opening a land route was brought to focus by a letter received by the viceroy from one of the most remarkable adventurers in California history, Juan Bautista de Anza.

With all the delightful qualities of a Spanish cavalier, Anza was a member of the presidial aristocracy of Sonora. His grandfather had served for thirty years on that frontier. Then his father had fought Indians there for another thirty years, until his death in battle with the Apaches. Anza himself already as a young man had established his name as a great Indian fighter and guardian of the border settlements. In constant contact with the Indians, he heard their stories about white men who went up and down the coast beyond the mountains to the west. Realizing that word about Portolá's activities must have been carried overland to their tribe, he concluded that it was possible to reach the coast by crossing the desert and its bordering sierras. As captain of the presidio at Tubac, he became acquainted with Father Garcés, who confirmed his conclusions by describing the distant mountain passes he had seen across the Colorado River. So Anza decided to offer his services as leader of an overland expedition to the coast. The original of his history-making letter, dated May 2, 1772, is carefully preserved in the archives of Mexico City. After thorough investigation and consultation with everyone familiar with the frontier, Bucareli finally authorized the project. Anza and Garcés speedily and carefully assembled the men, horses, mules, and equipment. Just then a stroke of good fortune augured well

for their success. Wearied of the routine of mission life, a neophyte Indian, named Sebastián Tarabal, had run away from San Gabriel and eventually reached Sonora. Instead of punishing his apostasy, Anza wisely mustered him into service as a guide for his proposed expedition.

The interesting caravan assembled at Tubac and set out north on January 8, 1774. Composing the party were thirty-four men, including the commander, Fathers Garcés and Díaz, an Alta California soldier who had been with Portolá, twenty presidial soldiers from Tubac and some converted Indians. Material equipment consisted of thirty-five pack loads of provisions, sixty-five head of cattle for food along the way, and one hundred and forty horses. Under the guidance of Garcés the explorers had little difficulty reaching the juncture of the Gila and Colorado rivers, where much to their relief the Yuma Indians under Chief Palma greeted them with a friendly welcome. But in the terrible sand dunes of the Colorado Desert no trails could be located. After becoming lost for some days, the party skirted the dunes to the southwest and managed to reach good pasturage and water at the foot of the wooded sierras. A week later they crossed the San Jacintos through a pass which gave them a welcome view of "green plains, snow-capped peaks, live-oaks and rivulets," as Bolton described the scene. The descent was comparatively easy across a plain "full of flowers, fertile pastures and other plants, useful for the raising of cattle"—a cheering spectacle to the desert-weary travelers.

At sunset on March 22 they arrived at Mission San Gabriel, after a march of seven hundred miles. The four surprised padres and small guard were almost dumfounded at sight of their fellow countrymen, but greeted them with the ringing of the church bells and volleys of muskets. Anza at last had found a way from Sonora to "the Philippine Ocean," as he called it. The isolated white men at the mission still

found it hard to believe that Sonora actually lay so close at hand. With tears of joy they repeatedly asked the travelers if they actually had come from that province.

Unfortunately the mission food supply was almost depleted, so Anza and Father Paterna rushed a packtrain to San Diego to meet the supply boat that had just come in. The tireless Garcés went along to secure an instrument for taking latitudes. On his return he was accompanied by Serra, who was on his way back from Mexico City. What tales of adventure in the New World must have been exchanged by those two historic padres! The equal of that pair is hard to find on any frontier. The one with a passion for endless wandering; the other with a zeal approaching madness for bringing converts into his apostolic net.

When the two Franciscans reached San Gabriel, they discovered that Anza had already left with a small party for Monterey. Forced by food shortage to travel lightly, the captain had left instructions for Fathers Garcés and Díaz to take most of their companions back to the Colorado River to await his return. Anza himself reached Monterey with great despatch. After a few days' conference with Fages and Palóu, he put spurs to his horse for a speedy return to San Gabriel. Coming down the Santa Barbara Channel he ran into Serra, who persuaded him to spend the night in camp and relate the thrilling details of his desert crossing. Then stopping only one day at San Gabriel, the tireless cavalier hurried back to rejoin his companions on the Colorado. From there he continued his journey to make personal report to the anxious viceroy at Mexico City.

Though Anza had triumphantly opened the trail, his expedition had added no permanent settlers to the province. A small increase was made that year when Rivera, coming to replace Fages as governor, brought a few families, only fifty-one persons in all, across to Baja California, from where

they finally reached San Diego. It must have been a relief for the skeptical Indians to lay eyes for the first time on white women, as the colonists made their slow way up to Monterey. So frequent had been the abuses committed by the soldiers who were continually passing back and forth, that the native women timorously took to the mountains or hid in their huts whenever the Spaniards approached. When the colonists reached Monterey, the reluctant Rivera made a perfunctory trip up the peninsula to carry out Bucareli's insistent orders for the founding of a settlement on San Francisco Bay. But nothing came of the expedition because of the winter rains. "Day broke raining—the men were very wet," was the almost daily entry in Father Palóu's diary of the fruitless journey. So Rivera returned to his headquarters with his freely expressed conviction that San Francisco Bay held no suitable site for a settlement. Ayala's explorations of the Bay in the following summer, however, completely discredited Rivera. But it remained for the intrepid commander of Tubac to bring the colonizing plans to fruition.

Eager to follow up the captain's first success, Bucareli sent the tireless traveler back to the province with a second and larger expedition for the primary purpose of establishing a colony at San Francisco. Certain that the province needed men "adorned by good customs and habits," Anza carefully selected and assembled his party at the presidio of San Miguel de Horcasitas. Around the nucleus of ten veteran Tubac soldiers with their families, he recruited twenty more soldiers and some civilians with their families from "the inhabitants I have just seen submerged in the direst poverty and misery," all of whom would jump at the offer for a new start in fertile California. Father Pedro Font, "as an expert," was entrusted with the instruments for observing the latitudes and made a great name for himself by keeping the historic diary, now in possession of the John Carter Brown

Library. Animals and equipment were gathered with the greatest care. Part of the large expense was met by a contribution of \$10,000 from the Pious Fund and the balance was borne by the Crown.

The difficulties of moving so large a caravan were magnified by the inexperience of most of the travelers. Moreover the shortage of good horses and mules following a disastrous raid by the relentless Apaches almost stripped the expedition of mounts. At first it took several hours for the green hands to break camp and pack the overloaded animals. Packs often fell off and the train was delayed by incompetent handlers. But as they mastered the details, traveling became a practiced routine. The long procession was headed by the scouts as vanguard; then came the families of men, women, and children, followed by the sprawling string of pack animals, with the cattle in the rear to minimize the clouds of dust raised by the tramping feet.

Chapman's observations are worth quoting:

Anza's care of this mixed assemblage made his expedition one of the most remarkable in the annals of exploration. Starting with a party of 240, he faced the hardships and dangers of the march with such wisdom and courage that he arrived in Alta California with 244! No fewer than eight children were born in the course of the expedition, three of them prior to the arrival at Tubac. The day of the departure from Tubac one mother died in childbirth—the only loss of the whole journey, for even the babes in arms survived both the desert and the mountain snows. When one thinks of the scores that lost their lives in the days of '49 over these same trails, Anza's skill as a frontiersman stands revealed. Furthermore, over a thousand animals were included in the expedition. The loss among these was considerable, but enough of them lived to supply Alta California's long pressing want. A very heavy equipment was taken

along, all of it, even to the ribbons in the women's hair, being provided at government expense.

After thirty-seven days from Tubac they reached the Colorado-Gila junction, where the monotony of desert travel was broken by a warm welcome by the Yuma Indians who were "very festive and joyful and very much painted in various modes and colors." Chief Palma was delighted with the elaborate gift of clothing made especially to keep his friendship and repeated his request that missions be established among his people. Fathers Garcés and Eixarch, with seven others, remained there to explore the whole vicinity for suitable locations. Resuming his journey, Anza crossed the Colorado Desert with comparative ease, though many mounts had become leg-weary and so scrawny that riders had to continue the journey afoot. Crossing the snow-covered sierras, sleepless cold nights were spent around immense campfires. The San Francisco pioneers spent Christmas Eve in a canyon, regaled by special refreshments distributed by Anza with the admonition: "Be careful that you don't get drunk, for if anyone is found intoxicated outside his tent, I'll punish him." In his diary that night the less tolerant Font complained of those worn-out colonists in the midst of their hardships that "they were very noisy, singing and dancing from the effects of the liquor." At last on January 4, 1776, the travelers reached Mission San Gabriel. The hardest part of their journey had been accomplished. There they met with a delay of a nature to remind them of their good fortune in having passed through the Yumas without harm.

On his return from Mexico City, Serra had decided to establish a long-needed mission between San Diego and San Gabriel. Father Lasuén was sent from San Diego with a guard under Lieutenant Ortega to a site already selected

about sixty-five miles up the coast. There they founded a mission in honor of San Juan Capistrano. The natives seemed pleased with the proceedings and offered assistance in building the rude chapel and dwelling. But suddenly construction was halted by a call for help from the south.

At San Diego the mission had been moved to its new location in 1773, and Fathers Jayme and Fuster were "both very happy, seeing that they were gathering in abundance the spiritual fruit of the vineyard of the Lord," as Palóu relates. In eleven of the surrounding rancherias, however, not a convert had been made. Nor was mission food sufficient to support the neophytes, who were allowed to remain in their villages as of yore. Most natives, in short, were in constant contact with the hostile and aggressive pagans. One day two neophytes escaped from the mission and connived with the heathen to stir up a general uprising and rebellion. Naturally the native medicine men encouraged the revolt, to which even the Yumas were invited. Only Anza's recent friendliness prevented the Yumas from joining the rebels, forty villages of whom were implicated. The Diegueños agreed upon the night of November 4, 1775, for a simultaneous attack upon the mission and presidio.

Apparently no guard was kept at either place by the careless Spaniards. At the mission the mob of howling natives broke into the church, stole statues and vestments, and set fire to the place. Soon all the inflammable buildings, made of wood and covered with tule roofs, burst into flames. When the few residents sought escape, they were greeted with a shower of arrows. Father Jayme attempted to pacify the rebels by courageously walking into their midst, crying "Love God, my children!" But he was seized and dragged away, then beaten to death, and his body horribly mutilated. The others defended themselves in an adobe warehouse

until daybreak. Not one escaped wounds, a carpenter was killed, and a blacksmith later succumbed to his wounds.

Through some mismanagement the presidio attack went awry. Its eleven occupants—four of whom were ill and two in stocks—became aware of their good fortune only when the mission survivors came staggering in next morning, bearing their dead and wounded. Word was dispatched at once to San Juan Capistrano. Ortega ordered abandonment of the settlement, the bells were buried on the site, and all rushed south to the aid of their beleaguered companions. An appeal had already been speeded to Monterey. When Serra heard of the disaster, he displayed his invincible missionary zeal by exclaiming: “God be thanked! Now the soil is watered; now the reduction of the Diegueños will be complete!”

Rivera had only seventy men at his disposal in the whole province, widely scattered over four hundred miles. Taking only thirteen troops, he rushed south and was much relieved to find the Anza party resting at San Gabriel. Appreciating the emergency, the Tubac captain generously placed himself under the governor’s command, and the two men took a force of thirty-five soldiers to San Diego’s relief. While peace was being restored, Anza stayed twenty days at San Diego with the dilatory Rivera. Then he rejoined his waiting caravan at San Gabriel, where Father Paterna had courageously played host until his food was almost exhausted.

After a three weeks march, the last day through a driving rain that drenched them to the skin, the weary colonists reached Monterey. They had been on the road from Tubac for one hundred and thirty days and had covered a trail of fourteen hundred miles. Little wonder that Father Font writes: “Great and very special was the joy which we all

felt at our arrival." After a special mass conducted by Serra and Palóu, Font preached a glowing sermon of thanksgiving. Since Monterey was to be only a temporary stop, no accommodations had been prepared and the visitors had to put up their dilapidated tents in the crowded plaza. The commander and his aides, however, found better quarters at San Carlos mission near Palóu's "fine vegetable gardens and the fields of wheat and barley."

The dutiful Anza was forced to leave his colonists and proceed up the peninsula to find a suitable site for their homes. Accompanied by Father Font, the small party reached San Francisco Bay, which the padre called "a prodigy of nature which is not easy to describe"; it "might well be called the harbor of harbors." After a complete survey of the region, Anza selected for the presidio a place the Spaniards called Cantil Blanco, or White Cliff, overlooking the entrance to the harbor. For the mission he found a location with plenty of water, firewood, and building timber along a small stream, which he called *Arroyo de los Dolores*, because the day, March 29, was the last Friday of Lent. After wide exploration of the delta regions to the east, Anza returned to Monterey to bid a sad farewell to his settlers, who had learned to revere and trust him during that long march from Sonora.

When I mounted my horse in the plaza [he entered in his diary], the people whom I have led from their fatherland . . . came to me sobbing with tears, which they declared they were shedding more because of my departure than of their exile, filling me with compassion.

Incidentally, in their baggage the return party carried four cats, "two for San Gabriel and two for San Diego, at the request of the fathers, who urgently asked for them, since

they are very welcome there on account of the great abundance of mice.”

After Anza's departure, Rivera suddenly displayed a willingness to carry out Bucareli's orders to found the San Francisco establishments. Still at San Diego, he instructed Lieutenant Moraga to go to that region to erect a fort. To the relief of the waiting colonists, Monterey at last broke into humming activity. Household supplies were packed, stock was rounded up, and church equipment carefully selected. Most of the heavy stores were loaded on the *San Carlos*, waiting in the harbor. The anxious settlers were eager for their final march, so Moraga set out with them and Fathers Palóu and Cambón before the vessel was ready. In the rear of that historic caravan were driven two hundred cattle for the new presidio and eighty-six for the mission. Palóu relates that progress was slow on account of “the pregnant women.” And “surprised to see so many white people of both sexes and all ages,” the natives along the way “peered out at the visitors with wondering eyes.” Within ten days they reached the stream called Dolores, selected by Anza for the mission site. That spot thus became the cradle of the future city of magic, dedicated to the patron, Saint Francis. In temporary shelters the colonists waited a month for the *San Carlos* to arrive with needed supplies. Then Moraga moved most of them to the presidio location near the White Cliff and set to work on temporary tule huts. As usual among the devout Spaniards, the first house built was intended to serve as a chapel. By August the long-awaited *San Carlos* arrived in the harbor, having been blown as far south as San Diego and forced to sail two thousand miles on its trip from Monterey to San Francisco. Sailors, soldiers, settlers, and Indians joined in laying out the presidio square with places for the church, warehouses, officers' and settlers' quarters. On September 17, 1776, the feast of the Stigmata

of Saint Francis, all entered the little chapel and sang the *Te Deum Laudamus*, "accompanied," according to Palóu, "by peals of bells and repeated salvos of cannon, muskets and guns, whose roar doubtless terrified the heathen, for they did not allow themselves to be seen for several days." Meanwhile at the mission site the two padres had supervised the construction of some houses and a church of wood, covered with clay and roofed with tule. On October 9, the solemn dedication took place in honor of San Francisco de Asís. As at the presidio, the ceremonies were followed by a huge barbecue. These memorable events assured not only the permanence of Spanish acquisitions along the Pacific Coast, but also the fateful nucleus of a great port and city by the Golden Gate. When Father Serra visited the mission in the following year, he was delighted with the prospects. Looking across the Golden Gate, he exclaimed: "Thanks be to God that now our father, Saint Francis, has reached the last limits of the California continent. To go further, he must have boats."

The ambitions of Father Serra were at last reaching fruition. Despite the provoking delays in establishing a mission for San Buenaventura, settlements were being made elsewhere and some day he would get that one on the Channel. Meanwhile the south was needing his attention. In June he went down to San Diego on the *San Antonio* and was relieved to find the reconstruction of the mission progressing well. As a matter of precaution, the padres were staying at the presidio while the work was carried on by Rivera and his soldiers, some sailors from the harbor, and many repentant Indians. Thanks to Bucareli's added precautions, twenty-five more soldiers had been sent from Guadalajara. So Serra and Amurrio, accompanied by a guard of soldiers, re-established the beginnings of the mission at San Juan Capistrano on November 1, 1776. The Father-

President himself conducted the dedicatory mass. As soon as construction was well along, Serra returned by land to Monterey, stopping at each mission as was his custom.

That winter he sent Father Tomás de la Peña to an already selected site on Guadalupe River, a few miles from where it empties into San Francisco Bay. There Peña planted the cross on January 12, 1777, near the present city of San Jose and dedicated Mission Santa Clara in honor of Saint Clare of Assisi. Completing the occupation of the Bay district, this eighth of California's missions was the last to be founded for five years.

The next few years were absorbed with plans for consolidating the holdings and strengthening them against the ever menacing aggressions of the English and Russians. The vital needs were additional settlers and development of the province's material independence. Changes were also occurring within New Spain, where Gálvez had become the *com-mandant-general*, independent of the viceroy. The division of power was intended to establish closer contact with the frontier problems, though it lessened the vital influence of Bucareli. Fortunately, however, the petulant Rivera had already been displaced in the north by the arrival of the capable, energetic Filipe de Neve, who became much the best of the Spanish governors. Before deciding upon a definite policy, Neve traveled over the whole territory. Then he established California's first *pueblo*, or civilian city, at San Jose in November, 1777. He also issued a new *reglamento*, setting down the regulations for soldiers and settlers, the founding and government of missions, extensions of settlements, and all the myriad legal details for the administration of the province. He strongly urged the immediate establishment of three missions along the Santa Barbara Channel and the sending of more soldier families to protect the scattered settlements. To get full benefit of Anza's

labors, safe colonies should be founded all the way from Sonora up to Monterey. Events along the Sonora border then emphasized the weakness of the line of communication which settlers would have to follow.

It will be recalled that the second Anza expedition had left the padres, Garcés and Eixarch, to prepare the Yuma Indians for projected missions. There especially Garcés continued his ceaseless explorations of the whole Indian region. The colonizing of Alta California would doubtless have progressed more rapidly if Serra and his companions had been endowed with the zeal for investigation that characterized the indefatigable Garcés. Convinced that a better route than Anza's could be found to Monterey, Garcés with one Indian followed the Colorado River up to the present site of Needles, whence he struck across the formidable Mojave Desert and through Cajon Pass reached San Gabriel. In an effort to get to Monterey by an interior route, he set off north over Tejon Pass and reached almost to Tulare Lake. There he turned back eastward over Tehachapi Pass, recrossed the Mojave Desert, and finally accomplished his long desired object of reaching Moqui in Arizona from the west. In one of the most remarkable journeys of a single white man in history, the tireless Franciscan thus blazed the trail for the Santa Fe Railway across the deserts into Los Angeles.

Still no missions were established among the Yumas, who were eager, not for conversion, but for the gifts which Anza's generosity had led them to expect. As delays continued, Spanish influence began to wane despite the personal prestige of Garcés. At last two settlements were made on the Alta California side of the Colorado River. Instead of the usual missions, however, they were a conglomerate of mission, presidio, and *pueblo*, in which the padres had charge only of the church affairs. Shortly thereafter Captain Rivera arrived at the river with another party of civilian settlers on

their way to Alta California. With characteristic incompetence, Rivera offered no gifts to the natives and even allowed his cattle and horses to destroy the mesquite forage of the Indians. At last their pent-up wrath broke in full force upon the Spaniards. Both settlements were attacked and completely destroyed. In one, the two friars and most of the men were slaughtered. At the other, Garcés and all the men met the same fate. Then Rivera's little band was surrounded and wiped out to the last man. At one stroke about forty soldiers and four padres were massacred—an unprecedented disaster in the history of the Spanish conquest of Alta California. Of commanding importance historically, the misfortune on July 17, 1781, marked the end of elaborate plans to colonize the province by land expeditions.

The struggling colony was thereafter left to its own feeble efforts. This development played, of course, into the hands of the budding American nation to the east. Sufficient strength to prevent advances of the English and Russians combined with weak support of widespread settlements by the Spaniards to leave an open door for the enterprising Yankees, who slowly began to make their way through the mountain passes of the Sierra Nevadas. In 1790, there were less than a thousand whites in the province. Though these were prolific in raising families, the Spanish Californians could not develop a population large enough to settle the interior regions.

Governor Neve had the distinction of founding two of California's three *pueblos*. Besides the one at San Jose, he established El Pueblo de Nuestra Señora de Los Angeles de Portiuncula on September 4, 1781, as the beginning of the present city of Los Angeles. *Pueblo* inhabitants were of mongrel racial types beneath the notice of the proud residents of presidial towns. In time, of course, a progressive and decent element evolved, as it does in most frontier soci-

eties. But the first settlers of the City of the Angels consisted of eleven families totaling forty-four men, women, and children, recruited from Sonora and Sinaloa. Though all were part Spanish, they had far more Negro and Indian blood than white. Not one of them could read or write, and by all accounts they were a dissolute, immoral, lazy, gambling lot. The third *pueblo* was founded at Branciforte in 1797. Of small importance, it was later absorbed by the neighboring Mission Santa Cruz.

In 1782, Father Serra had the long-deferred satisfaction of establishing a mission along Santa Barbara Channel. Governor Neve led the large founding party from San Gabriel to the site already selected by Fages. In the assemblage were Fathers Serra and Cambón, seventy recruits with their families from Sonora, and some neophytes to help with construction. Not far from the beach at the head of the channel, the location bordered on a populous tribe of particularly fine Indians. There the cross was raised on Easter Sunday, March 31, in honor of San Buenaventura. Serra himself preached the dedicatory sermon before the largest gathering of any previous ceremony in the province. Not the least of his joys was the unpacking of the equipment so carefully boxed by Gálvez during those memorable weeks in 1769 at Loreto. It had taken thirteen eventful years to bring them into use. Serra stayed at San Buenaventura for three weeks. Leaving Cambón in charge, he then accompanied Neve's party up the coast to Santa Barbara for the purpose of founding both a presidio and a mission. On April 21, the presidio was established by the governor's party, but after locating the site for the mission, the founding was again delayed by disagreements between Neve and Serra. Thus San Buenaventura was the last to be added to his "Rosary" by the famous founder himself.

Within two years the venerable Serra fell victim to a

lingering illness. Enfeebled by hardships and the self-imposed rigors of an austere monastic life, even his remarkable strength had reached its limit of endurance. Yet in the fall of 1783, when past seventy years of age, he drove himself to undergo a last slow journey to all the southern missions. At each chapel he exercised his privilege of administering confirmations, a right especially granted by the church because no bishops lived in the province. At all six missions he bade a sad farewell to his devoted fellow Franciscans, as though he knew full well he would never be with them again on this earth. Then he made a last inspection of San Francisco and Santa Clara, and trod slowly back to Carmel in June.

His remaining days were lonely as he prepared himself in his cell. Of all the companions of his lifelong labors, only Palóu was near at hand. He had just buried Crespi in the San Carlos chapel, where he too would find a final resting place. His greatest comfort was the assurance that his work among the heathen would be carried forward by his Seraphic Order until every heathen was gathered into the net. He instructed the mission carpenter to build a redwood coffin. Faithful Palóu arrived from San Francisco in time to be with him at the end. On August 28, 1784, without a word of regret, he breathed his last. At the double tolling of the bells, the grief-stricken Indians came laden with native wild flowers to cover his simple tomb. They begged for bits of his habit or any trifle he had touched. Memorial services lasted for many days in the remote and sorrowful community whose founding and development were part of his own monument in the future Golden State.

Until authorities could name a successor, Father Palóu served as president, though he had long been requesting relief from service because of his advanced age. At length the Franciscan College at Mexico City appointed Father Fermín

Francisco de Lasuén, who was in charge at San Diego. In confirming the selection, the Sacred Congregation at Rome also accorded Lasuén the same right of confirmation enjoyed by his predecessor.

One of the first accomplishments of Lasuén was the addition of two more missions along Santa Barbara Channel. On December 4, 1786, he established the Santa Barbara station about two miles up the valley from the presidio near the foothills of the mountains on the bank of an abundant stream. With a lovely view of the mountains and the channel, Santa Barbara has become the most noted of California's missions. It also has the distinction of being the only one of the entire chain which has never been out of Franciscan supervision during its long and colorful history. Next, Lasuén personally inaugurated the third Channel establishment at Purísima Concepción. Though dedicated on December 8, 1787, actual work on the buildings was not begun until the following year. By 1802, a substantial adobe, tile-roofed building housed the monastery and chapel.

As soon as authorization was granted for two more northern missions, with his usual promptness and thoroughness Lasuén went himself to examine both contemplated sites. Crossing the Coast Range from Santa Clara, he found that the Santa Cruz location at the mouth of Branciforte River was excellent naturally and in the midst of numerous heathen. His report to the viceroy states:

On August 28 (1791), the day of Saint Augustine, I said mass and raised the cross on the spot where the establishment is to be. Many gentiles came, old and young, of both sexes, and showed that they would gladly enlist under the Sacred Standard. Thanks be to God!

The formal dedication was conducted on September 25 by Fathers Salazar and López in the presence of the small guard

under the commandant from San Francisco. Today nothing but a memory remains of the mission of the Holy Cross, the buildings having completely disappeared.

Lasuén then went up the Salinas River to a place known to the natives as Chuttusgeles. Portolá had called it Soledad, and after him, Anza had so designated the solitary, dreary spot, which formed a connecting link between San Carlos and San Antonio. Assisted by Fathers Sitjar and García, the Father-President conducted the ceremonies on October 9 in the presence of the customary guard and a few curious natives attracted by the unusual flurry in that silent place.

After the founding of that thirteenth mission, none was added for six years. Lasuén and the governors spent that period in a complete exploration of the territory farther inland, with the hope of acquiring more converts to the faith and extending the region under conquest. At the same time the authorities decided to remove the last vestige of Indian peril from the coast regions already under Spanish control. As it happened, only the latter precautionary measure ever reached fruition. With the plans completed and the additions authorized, the year of 1797 became the most remarkable for mission foundings in the history of the province. Within one year Serra and Lasuén had each established two missions; but within twelve months the latter himself was now to inaugurate five!

For the first founding, the strenuous Lasuén went down from San Francisco to a beautiful site in the foothills overlooking the end of San Francisco Bay. There on June 11, 1797, he conducted the usual foundation ceremonies for Mission San José, located fifteen miles northeast of the present city of that name. At first a wooden structure with grass roof served as the chapel, but a brick edifice had been completed when Georg von Langsdorff visited there in 1806. Langsdorff was the surgeon-naturalist who came to Alta

California with that famous expedition of Count Rezánof. Though successful in his primary purpose to secure food for the starving Russian colonists in Alaska, Rezánof is known to posterity for his thrilling romance with Concha Arguello. When he managed to pass through the Golden Gate against Spanish restrictions, he was surprised to find safety beyond reach of the fort's small guns because the Spaniards had not so much as a rowboat on the Bay. Even communication between San Francisco and the missions at San José and Santa Clara was conducted by land instead of the easier water route. Langsdorff explains the reason in his interesting *Voyages*.

Perhaps the missionaries are afraid lest, if there were boats, they might facilitate the escape of the Indians, who never wholly lose their love of freedom and attachment to their native habit . . . The Spaniards, as well as their nurslings, the Indians, are very seldom under the necessity of trusting themselves to the waves, and if such necessity occur, they make a kind of boat for the occasion, of straw, reeds and rushes, bound together so closely as to be watertight. In this way they contrive to go very easily from one shore to the other. The oars consist of a thin, long pole somewhat broader at each end, with which the occupants row sometimes on one side, sometimes on the other.

Later in that same month, Father Lasuén dedicated a second mission, in honor of Saint John the Baptist. Situated in the picturesque valley of San Benito with its fertile fields and abundant water, the location was thickly populated with natives and promised a prosperous future. After Corporal Ballesteros had put up a chapel, granary, barracks, and dwelling, the Father-President conducted the dedication on June 24, 1797, in the presence of Fathers Catalá and Martiarena and "many pagans from the surrounding country,

who manifested much pleasure," according to the title page of the baptismal register which Lasuén himself opened. The ruins of San Juan Bautista are among the most interesting of any in the chain today. With little modern reconstruction to mar its pristine spirit, the adobe church and living quarters are still saturated with the old missionary atmosphere of romance and service. The plaza in front, once crowded with gaily caparisoned vaqueros and laughing señoritas during fiesta; the long corridor down which wended on feast days the slow procession of chanting padres and choir boys, followed by solemn worshipers; the quiet garden on the brow of the knoll which overlooks the sweeping meadows and fields as far as Rio San Benito in the distance; the wide, dusty trail winding up to the garden from the south as an original part of *El Camino Real* leading the friars from the president's headquarters at San Carlos by the sea; all these and much more remain today as the old Franciscans left them.

The third founding that year was at San Miguel, in honor of Saint Michael Archangel, "the most glorious prince of the heavenly militia." Fathers Lasuén and Sitjar conducted the usual ceremonies on July 25 under the spreading branches of an old oak tree on which the bells were hung. The site was beautifully located on Salinas River and closed the span between San Antonio de Padua and San Luis Obispo. After formal possession was taken, fifteen Indian children were baptized on the first day and the padres' hearts were filled with joyful thanksgiving. It was the promising beginning for what proved to become a large and prosperous mission. Today San Miguel remains in remarkably fine state of preservation, with the decorations little altered from their original interesting state.

Later that summer Lasuén went down to the presidio at Santa Barbara to secure a guard before continuing south to

a ranch operated by Alcalde Francisco Reyes. There on September 8, Fathers Lasuén and Dumetz founded San Fernando Rey de España in honor of the Spanish King, Fernando III. The Reyes ranchhouse was converted into a dwelling for the attending padres, Dumetz and Sarría. Dumetz was destined to be the last survivor of that immortal group of Franciscans who came to Alta California with Junípero Serra. And poor Sarría was fated to lay down his exhausted body before the altar at Soledad, to expire in that barren place from sheer starvation. San Fernando, too, became a prosperous mission and connected San Buenaventura with San Gabriel to the south.

In the next year the irrepressible Father-President founded the fifth new mission just authorized—also his ninth and last. On June 13, 1798, he established San Luís Rey de Francia, in honor of Saint Louis IX, King of France. Today it is commonly called San Luís Rey, to distinguish it from San Luís Obispo in the north. After the ceremonies, Lasuén left Father Peyri in charge, to begin a memorable service of many years among his cherished followers. As an auspicious beginning, fifty-four Indian children were baptized on the day of the founding. San Luís Rey became noted for its exquisite octagonal Mortuary Chapel and for its now famous *asistencia*, which Peyri established at Pala. Distinguished for its world-renowned campanile, Pala later became the home of the Agua Caliente Indians, when they were evicted from the Warner Ranch by the federal Indian authorities. Around Pala today are clustered the descendents of those neophytes, to provide the curious traveler with a spectacle rare in modern California.

Lasuén's great service to the missions was not confined to that as founder, for as administrator he was even more distinguished. Under him the mission power and prosperity reached their greatest height. A more detailed estimate of

his accomplishments is reserved for a later chapter. It is noteworthy, too, that Lasuén as a man never wished to stay in the province; but as a Franciscan, he accepted with resignation the duty imposed upon him. To the very end of his busy life he retained his keen faculties and continued his effective labors. On June 26, 1803, he passed from the missionary scene after a short illness in his eighty-third year. Next day he was buried beside Serra before the altar of the chapel at San Carlos.

Father Estévan Tapis succeeded Lasuén and personally established the nineteenth mission, named in honor of Saint Agnes of Assisi. Commandant Carrillo brought a guard and many Indians from Santa Barbara for the Santa Inés ceremonies on September 17, 1804.

The original chain of missions was now complete. Later two additions of minor importance were added in the north. When the mortality among the Indians reached alarming proportions at San Francisco, Governor Solá found it advisable to move the afflicted natives to a more healthful location across the Bay. On December 14, 1817, Father Sarría with several companions dedicated San Rafael Arcángel. Though intended at first as only an *asistencia* of San Francisco, it later came to be considered an independent mission. Contrary to expectations, the neighboring Russian settlers along the coast came in friendly fashion to offer gifts to the new colony. Today not a remnant remains on the site. But the change so improved the health of the Indians that San Rafael was placed in charge of Father Gil and began its short career among the heathen north of the Bay.

In fact, Governor Arguello and Father Altimira decided in 1823 to close San Francisco completely and move the natives and equipment to the northern mainland. Altimira crossed the Bay with a large guard and spent some time in a careful survey of the country north of San Rafael. He finally

chose a site known as Sonoma, meaning Moon, and the cross was raised on July 4. Intended to replace the first San Francisco, it was named San Francisco Solano after the Franciscan friar who served in South America. Again the Russians surprised the anxious Spaniards with demonstrations of peaceful intentions by presenting the new mission with various useful and ornamental articles. After the founding ceremonies the Spaniards returned to old San Francisco to discover that trouble had arisen over the proposed changes. Fortunately for the future of the embryo settlement on the hills overlooking the Golden Gate, Father-President Sarría adopted a compromise by agreeing to retain all three establishments as independent missions. Popular confusion of the two missions named San Francisco is avoided today by distinguishing them simply as Dolores and Sonoma.

Having covered the era of mission foundings from 1769 to 1823, a backward glance will reveal that the active period of establishments was under the presidencies of Serra and Lasuén. In Serra's fifteen years nine were founded, and another nine during Lasuén's eighteen-year term. Santa Inés only added a connecting link between Santa Barbara and Purísima Concepción; the two across San Francisco Bay extended *El Camino Real* into the regions most threatened by Russian approaches around Fort Ross.

In Alta California had thus been established a dual power under a governor and mission president. Though independent of each other, both were responsible to and received instructions from the viceroy of New Spain. The uncertain division of authority naturally led to disputes, especially in the handling of mission guards. Quarrels were often protracted by the long delays incurred by sending reports to Mexico City and awaiting decisions of the viceroy. At times the friars, vestments, and equipment would arrive for a new

founding, but no soldiers could be spared to protect the intended settlement. The long-proposed establishments along Santa Barbara Channel were delayed on this account. Usually the governor, as commander of the soldiers, had the advantage in a frontier province where military forces were so essential. But the padres possessed and did not hesitate to use their control over the economic resources which they alone developed.

Under Lasuén the missions became the wealthiest organizations in the province. The first in the field, the early padres had selected the best lands for their efforts. After 1774, cultivation became extensive. With labor in abundance, they built large irrigation systems, remains of which are still to be found over the whole region. The land was really the property of the Indians and held as such by the missionaries, who had to feed the natives and the mission guards. With fertile fields, plenty of water, and the country's natural climate, crops became so abundant that a surplus later became available for trade. Herds grew to immense numbers. Following Lasuén's impulse to the establishment of local manufactures, tanned hides, shoes, blankets, coarse fabrics, saddles, soap, pottery, baskets, flour, and grain were produced for barter. Though officially forbidden by church and state, trade was widely carried on with foreign vessels, which left in exchange such luxuries as fine liquors, wines, silks, satins, and laces. The padres, in short, became the farmers, cattlemen, manufacturers, and traders, as well as the preachers of the province. Also, against authority, they became the innkeepers in a frontier land where no hotels existed.

IV

THE CALIFORNIA INDIANS

BY FAR the most numerous inhabitants of Alta California during the Spanish period were the native Indians, who were the first historic people to hold the land. The extensive descriptions of the primitive Californians, contemporary with the invasion by the white men, include the graphic, though random accounts by the diarists, Crespi, Palóu, Font, and Costansó. Much more elaborate is the famous *Chinigichinich* by Father Boscana of San Juan Capistrano, which, though interesting and often amusing, is practically devoid of scientific background. For real facts and conclusions we are indebted to the modern group of historians who have succeeded in getting a larger view of California history than purely a local adventure, and have placed it in proper perspective as an important phase of the history of North America. Kroeber, especially, has reported the California Indians exhaustively and with authority. Following him, Chapman concludes that "primitive Californians ranged from a state of upper savagery to that of the lower barbarian in the case of the Indians of the Santa Barbara Channel who were by far the most advanced."

Doubtless they came originally from Asia or the Pacific islands by way of Alaska. There were a great number of

unrelated tribes of at least twenty-one linguistic families and many more dialects. Boscana found a new dialect about every fifteen or twenty leagues. It may be that the Aztec migration into Mexico passed through California and left the least desirable elements behind. As found by the Spaniards, they were not nomadic. The most common unit was the small village, or *rancheria*, with practically no tribal or social organization. Kroeber estimates their number in the eighteenth century as about 135,000, with some 70,000 living in the vicinity of the mission settlements between San Diego and San Francisco. The only contemporary records are those of the *padres*, which do not include the unconquered tribes within their area. The certainly large number emphasizes their constant threat to the sparse settlements of the Spaniards, who were removed a thousand miles from reinforcements. Events conclusively proved, however, that the natives were neither determined nor competent to present effective opposition to their conquerors.

They covered themselves as the climate required, without any sense of shame. In summer the men usually went naked, or wore a loincloth; the women clothed themselves with an apron of tulle or skin, which hung from the waist to the knees. In winter they added a deerskin cape for greater warmth around the shoulders. Purely for style they adorned themselves with bone, shell, and wooden ornaments, in the hair and ears or around the neck and wrists. Both sexes tattooed their faces, shoulders, and breasts, and especially the males painted their bodies grotesquely, with reds, yellows, and blues. Crespi considered the men rather ugly, because of plucking their eyebrows, and many tribes plucked out their beards, hair by hair, using a bivalve shell as pincers.

The housing in that temperate climate was a primitive concern. Most common was the typical wigwam, made of grass and banked with earth, with a top opening for the

smoke to escape. Along the Channel the dwellings were more substantial, being spherical, well built, and roofed with grass. Near San Francisco Bay, according to Crespi, the natives "must be poor," for they had "no houses except little fences of branches against the cold winds."

For food they ate little meat, having no domestic animals. Though wild life abounded, most of them were too lazy to hunt to any extent. Unlike their nobler cousins of the eastern forests and prairies, they made no extensive seasonal pursuits after deer or buffalo. Doubtless they would have been mainly carnivorous, too, had the climate required them to make the effort. They were grateful to Fages for his famous bear hunt, but too indolent to make independent use of that vast source of nourishment. Coyotes, frogs, lizards, snakes, rats, and skunks could be caught with a little ingenuity and much less effort. When a dead whale drifted ashore, a disgusting orgy ensued. Even grasshoppers were dried, mashed, or roasted, then eaten with great relish. Many of the coast tribes lived mainly on fish, which they caught in a crude fiber net. But the chief foods were those that grew wild and took little trouble to get, such as acorns, chia seeds, and piñon nuts. The widely used acorns were ground in stone metates, run through sieves of interwoven grasses, then thoroughly washed to remove the bitter taste. Served as an *atole*, or mush, that fare was relished even by the white men. Other natural foods of the region were the mesquite beans, roots and berries, which existed in abundance. There was naturally no tilling of the soil in a land already productive of plenty for their uncultivated needs.

The men, in fact, were woefully lazy and would fish or hunt only occasionally. The women, held in low esteem, performed most of the necessary labor. They gathered the seeds and made what little clothing was used. Of rushes and reeds they devised woven mats and waterproof

baskets. Stone vessels were used for cooking, and a piece of bark or polished wood sufficed as a simple dish. The men fashioned other wooden implements with tools made of flint. Many an idle hour was passed in working with wood, for even the meanest man is not utterly lacking in pride. Costansó reports that "the men work handsome trays of wood, with firm inlays of coral or of bone; and some vases of much capacity, closing at the mouth. . . . They gave the whole a lustre which appears the finished handiwork of a skilled Artisan." And the Channel Indians took pains in the making of their canoes.

The dexterity and skill of these Indians are surpassing in the construction of their Launches made of pine planking. They are from 8 to 10 varas (22 to 28 feet) in length, and of a vara and a half (4 feet) beam. They fasten the boards with firmness, one to another . . . and through . . . holes they pass strong lashings of deer sinews. They pitch and calk the seams, and paint the whole in sightly colors.

The light, speedy vessels were propelled by long oars with two blades and carried as many as ten men each. Though it doubtless took some skill to cross the treacherous Channel, the California natives never became such proficient boatmen as the inland river travelers who shot rapids like a salmon, while steering the fragile canoe by a flutter of the wrists.

As warriors they ranked not very high. Although quarreling with other groups was constant, battles were more sporadic than persistent. An engagement would be staged, often at an agreed-upon time and place, with bows and arrows and clubs as weapons. Little blood was shed because hostilities usually ended with the first casualties. Though not without courage, they seemed dumfounded at the approach of the Spanish soldiers. The noise and effect of the white

man's guns more than offset the actual vast difference in their comparative numbers. Despite the lack of organization, the Indians might easily have wiped out the sparse settlements, if they had persevered. The much less numerous Yumas only emphasized what the Californians might have accomplished. Among each other there were no migratory conquests, each group remaining content in its own restricted area. Causes of warfare, such as it was, were often economic, as over acorn groves; or religious, as when the medicine men of one group resented the magic practices by those of another.

Their personal habits were filthy. They clung to their refuse-surrounded, vermin-infested habitats until only lack of space forced them to burn the fiber mats and scatter fresh soil to sustain a new abode. It is not surprising that disease and epidemics swept frequently through their villages. Illness was treated by the mysteries of medicine men, though extensive use was made of the natural hot springs profusely scattered over the region. They even built artificial "sweat-houses," called temescals. After a thorough steaming, the freely perspiring patient would rush to a stream or the ocean and immerse himself in cold water. The dead were often cremated; then the ashes were mixed with grease to form a paste which was painted on the face of the mourners. There it was allowed to remain until the weather had worn it away.

There was little political or economic life. Though trade was not common, shells and skins were sometimes used as media of exchange. In some tribes the chiefs were hereditary, in others authority was held by the man with the most possessions. The family unit was the principal one, and there the man was supreme. Adultery and murder were severely punished. Slavery was rare among a people who found little need to work. Except perhaps in the south, polygamy prevailed. The marriage ceremony was a simple affair, in which a man merely acquired another woman. If he had any

means, he would make payment to her parents and her social position became commensurate with the amount.

Their religion was a type of nature worship, centering around gods, demons, and spirits. Medicine men and sorcerers served as guides to a primitive people with only a vague idea of a Supreme Being and future life. After death the departed spirit was besieged by demons eager to prevent the spirit's attainment of heaven. To outwit or to pacify those devils, the mourners danced and chanted through the weird rites intended to attract the gods to their prayers and petitions. The scene of the ceremonies was the underground temescal, which did double duty as the "sweat-house" and communal room. At the social gatherings held in the temescal, only the men were admitted. During the winter months the assembled males squatted on fiber mats around a warming blaze, reveling without disturbance in their inveterate habit of gambling.

Into the frontier populated with these pathetic savages strode the gray-robed Franciscan padres under guard of Spanish muskets. Though the troops were frankly in search of riches and lands for the honor of their king, the friars were interested only in making converts to the faith. Trained by their Order in the duties and hardships of the apostolic life, they had already met with encouraging success among other Indians of the New World. It was with great hopes that Serra brought his companions across the Gulf to the peninsula to prepare for the subjection of Alta California. By accompanying Portolá, he shared in the glamour of that conquest and became one of the greatest figures of his time in the province.

But a backward glance will reveal that no civilized state could be quickly developed among so primitive and barbarous a people as the Indians they had come to save. The chain of missions covered only the coast area, the one at

Soledad being the farthest inland and that only thirty miles. With some 70,000 natives within reach of this chain, the highest number under missionary influence at one time was 21,066 in 1824 during the Mexican era. Since the Spanish authorities were under obligation to convert the conquered to Christianity, they brought along the reluctant Franciscans, who were dubious of the outcome. Few of the accompanying missionaries were fired with Serra's mad fanaticism and confidence. As it turned out, the padres became the chief constructive factor in the reduction of the natives to Spanish rule. Their power over the backward California Indians became, in fact, more absolute than in any other missionary field. There is no doubt that the padres were sincere and devoted to their converts, for they treated them as children entrusted to their care.

Under the enthusiasm of vehement Serra, they set to work with a frenzy. During the initial period of the foundings, the weather eyes of the missionaries were ever on the lookout for pagans to bring into their nets. By gifts of trinkets, food and clothing they attracted the simple people, whose timidity they overcame by making a display of the friendliness of other Indians they had brought along for that purpose. When necessary, even a double portion of food was offered to those willing to accept the little understood but apparently harmless rite of conversion. And surely the soft-voiced, kindly padre would do no harm by speaking strange words while sprinkling a few drops of water on the heads of their wondering children. As long as the padres could suppress the arrogant "leather jackets" whose long brown sticks emitted such murderous noises, they usually had little difficulty in making converts to the faith. In return for the favors, the gullible neophytes gave vent to their gratitude by joining in the construction of the settlement. Though unaccustomed to hard work, they found it rather amusing to

display their strength by cutting trees, gathering rocks, and slashing tule grass in the near-by swamps. They were fascinated, too, by using such clever and novel instruments as the Spanish axes, machetes, and crowbars.

Only after the rude chapel, barracks, and dwellings became enclosed within a stockade did it dawn upon the trusting natives that they had built themselves a prison, walled and guarded. Once a convert, always a convert, even though the confinement was mitigated by the benevolence of their captors. If services in the church were very frequent, it was impressive to follow the chanting of the deep-voiced friars, and especially to repeat the strange words of a litany. If modesty meant nothing to their shameless minds, they were happy to don the simple covering which their women cut from the bulky bolts of cloth the padres supplied without cost. For like most missionaries, the Franciscans were horrified by the indecency of nudity. Palóu expresses their universal rebuke when he describes the pagans' scant attire which left "those parts they ought especially to cover, exposed." To hide the nakedness became the first preoccupation, and unmarried boys and girls were subjected to strict and guarded segregation. In time the poor natives discovered there was no legal escape from their new homes, for every enterprising runaway was caught and severely punished. The easier road for a slothful people was to submit to the apparently inevitable change.

Moreover, life in the ideal communal state was not too hard. Though a person had to work, the burden was shared by all. Only the few soldiers seemed to be exempt. But the padres, with whom one lived, were certainly not afraid of manual labor and set a pace that only an industrious man could follow. If often they seemed taskmasters, at least they atoned for that failing by tempering the work with plenty of leisure. Every evening after services a period of play

was permitted. Best of all were the frequent fiestas, when dancing, singing, and games entertained them with primitive pageantry and display.

The efforts of the padres did not stop with conversion, for they really tried the much more difficult feat of raising the natives to the white man's level. Besides teaching the catechism and other outward forms of the church, they encouraged the general use of the Castilian language and customs. All sorts of workshops were erected to carry on the industrial arts. Indians became not only the manual laborers in the province, but the mechanics, carpenters, blacksmiths, stone masons as well. To assist the busy padres with the building and instruction, craftsmen were sent from New Spain and distributed over the territory. The women were taught to weave by instructors brought in from Sonora. Many of the artisan teachers traveled from mission to mission, thus giving all the natives the benefit of their skill. Evidences of a primitive ability in the use of colors remain today in the mountain caves near San Antonio, Santa Barbara, and on Catalina Island. This scant native talent for mural painting was encouraged by itinerant artists, who permitted the neophyte painter to employ motifs already known to him. Religious decorations executed by the Indians are today widely scattered among the mission ruins. Though many have been defaced by some well-meaning but misguided "restorer," federal art projects are today providing competent workers to remove the whitewashed coverings and expose the original designs. Several mission museums also have examples of figure paintings with features so Indianlike that they undoubtedly were done by natives.

During the prosperous years the missions were centers of industrial activity. Cotton was grown or imported and wool was supplied by their immense flocks of sheep. At one time there were as many as forty weavers working the looms at

San Juan Capistrano. The dress of the male became a plain shirt and rough trousers. The alcaldes and field foremen were distinguished by their Spanish costumes of greater pretensions. The women wore a skirt, bodice, and shawl, similar to the clothes of today's Mexican peasants. Blankets and fabrics were produced. Wine making began in the south as early as 1784. Fields were cultivated and the flocks flourished. Pears, grapes, pomegranates, figs, and oranges furnished a welcome addition to the plain mission fare. The natives, however, were usually allotted a set portion of *atole*, a mush made of barley, or of *pozole*, a thick soup. They were fond of sweetened water, to which vinegar had been added. When food was scarce, they were allowed to forage away from the settlements for acorns, rabbits, squirrels, and fish.

The men became cattle, horse, and sheep herders, teamsters and butchers. Horses, of course, were the favorite animals of the province. Great herds ran almost wild over the extensive mission pastures, and the natives became as expert as the Spanish vaqueros in the handling of the fleet-footed mounts. Everyone who went any distance was carried by a horse. The speed and endurance of those animals and riders have never been surpassed. Today one can believe the records only when consideration is had for the facts that horses were seldom used until the age of three or four, and as soon as a toughened mount showed the first signs of fatigue, the rider would change to a fresh animal chosen from the galloping herd which was always taken along. Only thus could Pío Pico leave San Diego at dawn with the intention of spending that night at San Gabriel, one hundred and twenty-five miles away. The riders themselves seemed tireless, as the journeys of Anza attest.

Hides were tanned for home use or sold to traders. The natives became adept at leather work, especially in fashion-

ing beautiful saddles of unique design and workmanship. Shoes were manufactured. Tallow was tried in great quantities and shipped in boatloads. Immense supplies of meat were jerked. Until 1810 meal was ground by the women with metates and mealstones. Then Father Zalvidea built the first waterpower grist mill at San Gabriel. At that mission, too, the first saw mill was run by water power in 1812. The Indians became experts at wood work and cabinet making. They built many of the old *carretas*, which as late as 1840 were the only wheeled conveyances in California. Those clumsy ox-carts had wheels made of blocks sawn from the end of a large log, a hole burned through the center, and then fastened to a wooden axle. Tallow provided the lubricant, yet they labored along with a piercing screech. Many of the clothes presses for the mission vestments were constructed by the neophytes. When the province became better supplied with iron and copper, the Indians became proficient metal workers.

Present-day ruins of irrigating systems provide examples of the skill of the natives with brick and mortar. Cement was made with ground shells of abalone. All permanent buildings were constructed of adobe bricks, which measured about 5 by 11 by 22 inches and weighed almost sixty pounds each. After the first few years, baked tile was used for roofing. Legend relates that the wet clay was fashioned by molding it around one leg of the kneeling Indian, then removed and baked in the oven till dried. The San Luís Obispo establishment is credited with the first use of this fire- and water-proof roofing. The most pretentious structures the Indians built were the huge San Juan Capistrano church, now in ruins, and the church at Santa Barbara, both made of native stone. Hand carvings in stone and brick furnish ample testimony to their remarkable skill with the chisel.

V

THE FRANCISCAN PADRES

THE EXPLORATION and settlement of Alta California were so involved and hazardous that any measure of success depended entirely upon the quality of the men behind the undertaking. New Spain itself had to rely upon the distant mother country for its governing classes and its skilled mechanics. To supply materials and men for the conquest and colonizing of a frontier another thousand miles away presented even greater difficulties, especially when that frontier offered little promise of becoming self-supporting. Food, materials, and men had to be raised, the roads and means of transportation kept open, and finally the settlements themselves supplied and manned. Fortunately Spain was then in the heyday of its power and able to send out hosts of its capable sons. On the heels of the explorers came administrators, organizers, and soldiers. Most vital to Alta California's history were Bucareli, Gálvez, Portolá, Perez, Anza, Neve, and that remarkable group of Franciscan missionaries who really made possible the colonization of the province.

Most famous of the padres, of course, was Junípero Serra. Among all that group who merit the gratitude and acknowledgment of present-day Californians, Serra's memory alone

seems generally revered. His was the distinction of accompanying the first expedition with Portolá and of founding the first missions. Most important of all for his future fame was the work of his friend, admirer, and fellow missionary, Francisco Palóu, who wrote the founder's biography. Palóu's book was published at Mexico City in 1787, soon after Serra's death, and was widely read throughout the world. His story of the founding of the missions was the main source of information about Alta California for nearly a century.

Palóu's biography is naturally extravagant in its praise of his companion's life and actions. It was principally responsible for the miraculous atmosphere which came to envelop the founder. There sprang up the "Serra legend," which the mission visitor encounters today on every hand. He is told, for instance, that Serra alone saved the province the first year of its occupation. When starvation was about to force the Spaniards to abandon San Diego in 1770, only Serra is said to have resisted departure. Though unsupported by other contemporary evidence, the story originated from Palóu's *Life*, which endeavors, not so much to slander Portolá, as to exalt the beloved Serra. The tale relates that Serra pleaded with Portolá to remain till March 19, so that he could celebrate the feast of the glorious patriarch, St. Joseph, patron saint of the Californias.

On that day he sang mass with great fervor and preached; in the evening all was commotion in the camp, preparing for the departure on the morrow; toward evening the fog which had enshrouded the bay all day vanished; when lo! far away a ship was descried approaching the harbor.

These are the words, not of Palóu, but of a modern writer under the influence of the "legend."

Another instance is the story about the storm which struck

the ship bearing Serra and his companions to the harbor of Vera Cruz on their way to New Spain.

This storm lasted for two days, and it raged so fiercely during one night that it was universally believed that the end was near, and all prepared for death. Fr Junípero, though surrounded by perils, stood intrepid . . . Seeing all human means fail, the religious had recourse to heaven; each wrote on a slip of paper the name of the saint he intended to invoke, and putting the slips together in one place, drew out the name of Saint Barbara; then all unanimously shouted: "Long live Santa Barbara!" and the storm abated as if by magic.

The writings of Palóu and the other friars abound in such legends, to which romantic Californians still cling. Serra, in short, has become the source and symbol of the State's romance, which began with the days of the conquering Spaniards.

Research has proved that the fervent padre deserves his fame, for undoubtedly he was no common man. Born on November 24, 1713, in the village of Petra on the Island of Majorca, he was baptized on the day of his birth as Miguel José. He received the sacrament of confirmation on May 26, 1715. When only sixteen, he was admitted to the Franciscan convent at Palma on September 14, 1730. There he took the name of Junípero, after a noted companion of Saint Francis who once said of that fellow worker: "Oh that I had a forest of such junipers!" He made rapid progress in the study of philosophy and theology and was made professor even before he was ordained. By the time he became Doctor of Divinity, he was already an ardent preacher. But he yearned to enter some foreign field and spend his life converting pagan souls. When a fellow Franciscan, Palóu, communicated a similar desire, the two arranged to get to Cadiz to join a group of friars about to sail to New Spain. Among

the devout adventurers were Serra's other former Palma companions, Verger, Crespi, and Vicens. Serra was already thirty-six when he gave up all connections with home and relatives and consecrated himself to his work among the heathen. On August 28, 1749, the eager exiles embarked for the Western Continent.

When the little vessel was forced by water shortage to put in at San Juan, Serra answered a query if he suffered from thirst by saying: "Not especially, since I have found out the secret of not feeling thirsty, which is, to eat little and talk less, so as not to waste the saliva."

He did, in fact, welcome every opportunity to harden himself for the trials ahead. As they approached the harbor of Vera Cruz, they were saved from the tempests by the miracle above related. Ninety-nine days out of Cadiz, the party reached the shores of New Spain. They repaired at once to the church where the twenty Franciscans and seven Dominicans chanted a solemn mass of thanksgiving.

On the hundred-league trip up to Mexico City, Serra with only one companion made the whole tedious journey on foot, depending for food and guidance upon Providence and the goodness of people along the way. Despite his whole-hearted trust, he received en route a serious leg injury from which he never fully recovered. After reporting to the Franciscan College of San Fernando, he was sent as father-president to the Sierra Gorda missions on the northeastern frontier. Palóu accompanied him to the headquarters at Santiago de Jalpán, where he remained for nine arduous years. In 1758, orders came for Serra's transfer to the missionary field of San Saba in northern Texas, a new assignment he eagerly accepted in the face of a sudden Indian massacre, which completely wiped out the settlement. The project, however, was finally abandoned. Recalled to the College in the capital for the next eight years, Serra was thus saved for his destined

work in Alta California. When the Franciscans replaced the Jesuits in Baja California, he went along as the president to prepare for the impending historic conquest. He then accompanied Portolá on the first land expedition to reach the province.

Serra was already fifty-six when destiny presented the opportunity for which he had been longing and for which posterity has justly repaid him with renown. During his remaining years he not only founded the first nine missions in Alta California, but he played an important role in every phase of the province's activities. With conditions unique along the frontier, he had the difficult task of laying the groundwork for future expansion. His greatest single service was rendered when he made the long journey back to Mexico City in 1773 to acquaint the perplexed authorities with the exact needs of the distant colonies. That expression of confidence in his honesty and judgment is ample proof of the high esteem in which he was held by his contemporaries. The later success of the precarious adventure proved that Serra's opinions were soundly based.

He thoroughly understood that his primary task was the Christianizing of the Indians. Though nothing could sway him from that purpose, the path was not a smooth one. In their settlement of the peninsula the Jesuits had exercised a much wider authority than was ever granted to the Franciscans. Forced to contend with the power of the governors, Serra often clashed with Fages, Rivera, and Neve in his eagerness to found missions and to run them as he believed he should. Nor would he readily yield to other opinion. Moreover, the problems he faced were new ones, the safety of the establishments more hazardous, and the temper of his governors less agreeable than under later presidents. Yet the indomitable Serra held his own against them. He even succeeded in practically nullifying Neve's accepted *regla-*

mento providing for the establishment of inland missions in which the padres' power was to be limited only to spiritual authority. Pointing to the disastrous failure of similar settlements among the Yumas, he persuaded his College to supply no missionaries for such mongrel organizations.

For fifteen years the venerable founder labored unceasingly for the colony's welfare. He made all arrangements for the mission foundings, then selected the two padres to remain in charge and build up the establishment. Through reports and personal visits he kept in constant touch with every detail of each settlement. Not only was he the intermediary between his padres and the soldiers, but he had to uphold the church's interest against the encroachments of the governors. Most important of all, of course, were his dealings with the authorities in New Spain and in these affairs he was especially fortunate. Without the vital assistance of Bucareli and Gálvez as the sources of authority and supplies, his missionary labors in the field would certainly have been in vain. As an added distinction, he was granted the right to administer the sacrament of confirmation for a period of ten years in the province devoid of priests. During his lifetime he confirmed 5,309 persons.

And all this time he indulged his lifelong passion for preaching. In early life he often naively compared what he called his inability to affect his listeners with the success of others. At San Juan on his way to New Spain, he sadly complained: "When I preached, not a sigh was heard, although I preached on fervent subjects and in a loud voice." But Palóu insists that he was an eloquent, persuasive speaker, as he doubtless was during his presidency. A visit from the guardian to any mission became an event of great import. While haranguing his auditors on the Christian life, he would beat upon his chest with a stone until the flesh was raw, or lash his shoulders with a metal thong. When his discourse

became particularly fervid, he at times protracted his flagellation to the point of utter physical exhaustion. Such self-castigation, combined with habitual monastic privations, at length exhausted the man. Aware of his waning strength, he paid a last visit to all his missions, then retired to his own at Carmel, where he died on August 28, 1784. It was only in 1937 that the church authorities of California instituted the beatification rites as the first step toward canonizing the worthy padre as a saint.

Until Serra's successor could be named, Father Francisco Palóu filled the office, but left no trace of his temporary service in the official missionary records. A fellow student of Serra and Crespi, Palóu had accompanied them on the journey from the mother country. All remained lifelong friends and devoted their energies to the welfare of the province. Palóu was left by Serra as president of the peninsular missions when Portolá's expedition set out for Alta California. There he remained until 1773, when he was ordered to turn over the lower missions to the Dominican padres. Proceeding to San Diego with a number of neophyte Indian families, he marked the boundary between the Dominican and Franciscan fields on a rock below the present international border. From San Diego he followed *El Camino Real* to Monterey, making notes along the way for a detailed report to the viceroy. His first important work in the province was the founding of the mission at San Francisco. During his nine years at Dolores, he erected the church which still stands on the site. He also compiled the first history of the Bay settlement as part of his now-famous record of the beginnings of Alta California. Still more important is his *Life of Padre Serra*, published in Mexico City in 1787, a year after Palóu himself returned to the capital. He served as Father Superior of San Fernando College until his death.

In September, 1785, a notable successor to Serra was ap-

pointed in Fermín Francisco de Lasuén. Though less renowned than the founder, Lasuén had all the qualities worthy of posterity's recognition. As Chapman points out, he lacked only the distinction of being the first in the field and a biographer such as Palóu to set down his record. Little is known of his early life. Coming to New Spain with Serra, in 1768 he was placed in charge of the difficult mission of San Francisco de Borja in Baja California. He found the station so destitute that his appeal to Gálvez for immediate supplies lamented that "my children are most numerous, and hungry and naked." After five-year charge of that impoverished station he was able to report that not a single Indian remained unconverted in the whole district. When he turned over his mission to the Dominicans, it had even become the most prosperous of all the fourteen on the peninsula.

As soon as he reached Alta California, Lasuén was again assigned to an onerous task. Promises of prosperity from its agricultural possibilities had not been realized at San Gabriel. That mission, too, became increasingly important as the first to be reached by overland expeditions from Sonora. Within a year his remarkable talents had made the establishment the most prosperous in Alta California. When the Indian revolt at San Diego created another emergency, Serra naturally dispatched his faithful workhorse, Lasuén, to restore peace to that turbulent settlement. There Lasuén remained until his succession to the presidency.

During his eighteen years in charge, he founded nine more missions, eight of them personally. As proof of his tireless industry, five were established in his seventy-seventh year. Yet his services as administrator were even more noteworthy than as a founder. He, too, was granted the special right to administer the sacrament of confirmation and in five years confirmed some 9,000 persons. As the number of Spanish settlers increased during his regime, many clerical duties

were added to his offices. When anything was to be done, he usually went himself and his headquarters at San Carlos seldom claimed his presence.

Most important of all was his service in advancing the economic development of the province. Artisans of all sorts were brought in from New Spain to establish manufacturing and to teach the Indians the useful crafts. Construction was greatly improved and assumed a permanence long wanting in the early period. Only then was it possible to build structures of such architectural distinction as those at Santa Barbara and San Luis Rey, or to adorn a church with such pictorial art as that at San Miguel.

In his dealings with the governors Lasuén exercised so much tact that he avoided the endless bickerings of Serra's troublesome period. With consummate skill he maintained harmony, yet usually managed to carry out his intentions. The French navigator, Lapérouse, who was not friendly to the mission system, was moved to say:

"Father Lasuén is one of the most worthy of esteem and respect of all the men I have ever met. His sweetness of temper, his benevolence and his love for the Indians are beyond expression." The generally more sympathetic Englishman, George Vancouver, was of the opinion that his "gentle manners, united to a most venerable and placid countenance, indicated that tranquilized state of mind that fitted him in an eminent degree for presiding over so benevolent an institution." Many contemporary tributes were paid to that missionary whose zeal prompted him to remain at his assignment long after he had asked to be relieved because of advancing years. Accepting the duties with resignation, he even served the years of his presidency without remuneration. While stationed at a mission as an ordinary padre, he had received the usual pay. But during his period in charge, he lived, he said, upon the alms of his Franciscan brethren.

At the age of eighty-three, after thirty years of service in the province, the devout man died at San Carlos on June 25, 1803. Even Bancroft pays him high tribute, rating him ahead of Serra, for "in him were united the qualities that made up the model and ideal padre."

After 1803, the presidents occupy places of much less importance in missionary history. Only three missions were added to the chain. Internal changes in New Spain caused repercussions along the frontier. After 1812, a *comisario prefecto* held complete control over the temporal affairs with a ranking superior to the presidency. Resignations and retirements were frequent in both offices, for no one had either the opportunities or the zeal of Serra and Lasuén.

Estévan Tapis succeeded Lasuén, though he thought himself unfitted for the office. In 1812, he retired to Santa Inés and performed the ordinary duties of a missionary. In 1815, he was transferred to San Juan Bautista, where he died in 1825. José Señán followed Tapis as president, but he too resigned in 1815 and retired to his own mission at San Buenaventura. During Señán's term, Vicente Sarría was made prefect. The two worked in harmony until Sarría's resignation in 1818. Mariano Payeras followed Señán as president, and when Sarría resigned as prefect, Payeras continued the duties as they had been exercised by the original presidents.

In 1819, the position of prefect was restored and given to Payeras. Señán again was selected as president. Both of these men died in 1823, Payeras at Mission Purísima Concepción on April 28, and Señán at San Buenaventura on August 24. Thereupon Sarría occupied both offices because the elected president declined the honor. When Sarría refused to take the oath of allegiance to Mexico in 1825, Narciso Durán assumed the presidency, though he too would take no oath. Both men, in fact, continued to perform their duties. In 1827 José Bernardo Sánchez became president

and served until 1831, when Durán again took over the office. These changes indicate the low estate to which the mission power had fallen during the Mexican period.

In 1833, ten Mexican friars arrived from the Zacatecas Franciscan College to replace as many Spaniards. They were given the missions north of San Carlos under their own prefect, Francisco García Diego, who later became the first bishop of California. The missions south of San Antonio were left with the Franciscans under Durán. When secularization abolished offices of both prefect and president, the church took over the properties and governed them in the usual manner. Thus ended the office of father-president which had filled so vital a function in the colonization of Alta California. All of the presidents had been officers in the Spanish Inquisition though the province itself experienced no terror usually associated with the activities of that institution.

Any valuation of the men responsible for the settlement of the province must include the services of the *visitador-general*, José de Gálvez, and the viceroy, Antonio Bucareli. Their importance to the men actually serving in the field can only be suggested in a story whose main theme is the work of the missions.

VI

SECULARIZATION OF THE MISSIONS

THE EXPANSION and harmony of Lasuén's administration instituted the happy romantic period which crowned the era of settlement of Alta California by the Spaniards. The colonists brought in by the Anza route had established themselves in their new homes. Centering around the missions and presidios, there emerged a communal life of greater independence and stability than the province had yet known. Freed from the problems of threatening starvation and of bare existence, the leisure-loving Spaniards found time to enjoy the pleasures and ease so natural to their dispositions.

As the civil, military, and religious capital, Monterey also became the center of social life. Its busy streets were filled with the parading and swagger of soldiers from the Royal Presidio, the passing of gray frocked Franciscans from the near-by Royal Chapel, the banter of visiting sailors, whalers, soldiers of fortune, pirates, and skippers from all parts of the world. Fashion attracted the wealth, wit, and beauty of the whole carefree province. Gorgeous horses from the noted strains of San Antonio Mission, elaborately caparisoned with gold and silver, pranced through the squares with gay cabal-

lers doffing richly trimmed sombreros at every dark-eyed beauty along the way. All was life and color.

The jovial Governor Borica exemplified the spirit of the period. Even his official correspondence teems with wit and enjoyment. Bancroft has left excerpts to portray the governor's appreciation of his delight in his California surroundings.

To live much, and without care, come to Monterey . . . This is a great country; climate healthful, between cold and temperate; good bread, excellent meat, tolerable fish; and *bon humeur* which is worth all the rest. This is the most peaceful and quiet country in the world; one lives better here than in the most cultured court of Europe.

An interesting feature of the days of romance was the frequent arrival of foreign vessels, attracted by the fame of the capital. The first one of note to open communication with the outside world brought the French voyager, Lapérouse, whose journal survives as one of the most comprehensive descriptions of the country's Indians, climate, resources, and geography. Later came Vancouver and Puget, to establish place names for their activities farther north. Captains Gray and Kendrick, the first Americans to sail the Pacific waters, led the way for other "Boston" vessels, as the Spaniards called them.

But the best known and most exciting visitor was Nikolai Rezánof. After founding Sitka in 1799, the Russian fur trappers, beset by famine in the frozen north, had heard from traders about the land of abundance in "sunny California." So Rezánof set out in 1806 in search of supplies to save his companions. The eventual success of his primary purpose is overshadowed by the famous story of his courtship of the daughter of the San Francisco Commandant. His romance

with Concepción Argüello, the acknowledged beauty of the province, has been alluringly recounted in the heroic poem of Bret Harte and in Gertrude Atherton's novel. Both leave a fascinating picture of the most cherished figure in the romance of California's Spanish history.

As the missionary influence became better established in the areas already settled, the eyes of the padres turned toward the inland regions in quest of more pagans to conquer. The heathen, too, expressed an eagerness for conversion and for the material benefits derived from Spanish control. In search of new mission sites, expeditions from the northern settlements combed the Sacramento and San Joaquin valleys among the "tulares," as the Spaniards described them. Though their explorations were valuable, the mission influence was destined to remain confined to the coastal tribes.

The era of peaceful contentment and plenty was of much too brief duration. The Mexican revolt against the mother country, bursting into the open in 1810, cut off the supply boats from San Blas and threw the province upon its own resources. More than ever the colonists were forced to depend upon the productivity of the mission settlements. Moreover, Indian troubles increased. In pursuit of deserters and stolen stock, the padres and soldiers became more and more absorbed with punitive expeditions into the interior. Their domestic concerns thus kept them out of touch with the progress of rebellion waging successfully in New Spain.

Suddenly the Frenchman, Hippolyte de Bouchard, brought events closer by carrying the warfare up to their doorsteps. He launched the only attack on the province by a foreign foe prior to the arrival of the Americans. In the employ of Mexican insurgents, Bouchard in 1818 anchored two vessels in the Monterey harbor, with a motley crew of almost four hundred Kanakas, Portuguese, Spaniards, Americans, Ne-

groes, and mixed Orientals. After grandiloquent but fruitless parleys with the defenders, the raider landed a considerable force in the face of the weak opposition offered by Governor Solá. With forces so unequal, the Governor wisely retired inland, carrying the province's archives with him. Reinforced mainly with Indians, he returned to the capital's defense, only to find that Bouchard had employed the intervening week in a thorough sacking of the town. Following the ruthless pillage and destruction even of the gardens and orchards, the settlement was set on fire and destroyed almost completely. Next he sailed his laden vessels down the coast to Refugio. Despite the resistance of Sergeant Carrillo's scant forces from Santa Barbara, the ranch settlement of the Ortega family was plundered and destroyed. At San Buenaventura the people anticipated the danger by abandoning the mission and fleeing with their possessions into the interior. The forewarned troops farther south made a sufficient show of resistance along the beaches at San Juan Capistrano and San Diego to oblige the invaders to make no more landings in the aroused province.

Bouchard's raid had made a great stir in the colony, still loyal to the Spanish crown. The missions were forced to bear the brunt, both of the preparations for defense and of the ensuing rehabilitation. From Monterey the movable wealth and the women and children were loaded for months upon the shoulders of the padres at Soledad. When the danger passed, the missionaries were asked to provide Indian labor for the capital's reconstruction. Supplies of every description were requisitioned. A great hue and cry went up from the padres at Santa Cruz because many valuables had disappeared in the excitement. In the south the missionaries at San Juan Capistrano accused the soldiers of making free use of their wine and brandy during their absence in the

interior. The women and children from San Diego were bundled off to Pala, where the friars had to herd them together and provide for them as they could.

Spanish authority in Alta California came to an end in 1822 with the creation of the Republic of Mexico. The great era of Spanish achievement, lasting just three centuries in the province, may be said to have expired when the colonists at Monterey took the oath of independence from the crown. Though somewhat stunned by the bewildering events, they staged a celebration with religious services, the firing of guns, some lusty cheering, music, and fireworks. The change inaugurated the beginning of the turbulent period which only marked time until the planting of Old Glory in 1848.

During the transitory period of revolutionary unrest, the province was governed alternately by Mexican officials and home rule. The steady flow of Yankee adventurers was already beginning to exert an influence vital for the future. The most stabilizing influence of the past was rapidly disintegrating because mission life could not compete with the covetous powers being loosed upon the land. Encouraged by the open license prevalent among the riffraff colonists, the mission Indians joined freely in the general disorder. A widespread revolt against the hated soldiery broke out almost simultaneously at Santa Inés, Purísima Concepción, and Santa Barbara missions. Peace was restored only after three expeditions into the interior had captured most of the rebels and returned them to their missions.

The tremendous experiment of mission colonization was fast nearing an end. Among Indians rarely capable of absorbing civilization or religion in any sense of those terms, the trial was foredoomed to failure. As soon as the missionary influence was removed, they usually reverted to their former savage state; or, worse yet, became completely demoralized by intimate contact with the unruly frontier life

of the white man. While still at the height of mission prosperity, deaths among them exceeded the births, nor could the difference continue to be made up by added conversions. Pagan tribes within the mission areas had become too scant in numbers. The most that can be said is that the tribal life along the coastal regions was prolonged by missionary care, though the benefit was only temporary. As a race the Indians were simply incapable of surviving the oncoming white competition. From the point of view of the succeeding Californians, however, the adventure can only be termed eminently successful. The missions kept the province together at a time when there was no other civilizing factor. The unselfish labors of the padres are praiseworthy in themselves and have left to Californians a romantic past which is today the cornerstone of California art, literature, and sentiment.

In the eyes of Spanish officialdom, the Catholic mission was frankly only a useful adjunct to the main project of effecting a conquest. The government purpose was to convert the pagans to Christianity as an influence for stability in the province and thus to expand the power of the Spanish Crown. It was never the intention to set up the missions for the sole benefit of the natives. Even though the padres consecrated themselves almost without exception to the single purpose of saving souls, they realized the establishments would not be permanent. Yet they appreciated, too, that the savage Californians could not be converted into self-supporting, loyal Christians in any short period of time. They therefore hoped to delay indefinitely the proposed transforming of mission settlements into civilian towns. But the distant authorities, unaware of the unique difficulties, often advised an immediate secularization. The difference in opinion became a constant source of dispute between the Church and State. As the efforts of the padres became increasingly successful, the mission powers expanded correspondingly. If they steadily

enlarged their land holdings, crops, herds, workshops, churches, gardens, always in the interest of the natives, the military elements surveyed the wealth and influence with an envious eye of suspicion. As early as 1787 proposals were made for division of the properties, although even the authorities could not agree that the Indians were ready for freedom. Governor Borica emphatically asserted, "Those of New California, at the rate they are advancing, will not reach the goal in ten centuries."

The first serious threat against the mission system was the decree of the Spanish Cortes in 1813, providing for immediate secularization of all American missions over ten years old. But the padres were allowed to remain at their posts because the bishop had no priests to take their places. Yet so prevalent had become the desire for division of mission wealth that the new Mexican republic instituted measures which brought on the downfall. It fell to the Mexican governor, Echeandía, to prepare and carry out the laws which led to ultimate despoliation. The initial decree permitted any married Indian to leave the mission if he had been a Christian for fifteen years and could prove his ability to support himself. Excited by the promises of independence and freedom from work, many grasped at the privilege and departed. Others were loath to exchange the quiet security of the mission compound for hazardous association with the covetous white men who hovered like vultures on the threshold. Still others remained out of personal loyalty to the apprehensive padres. At San Diego, for instance, of fifty-nine men who met the qualifications, only two elected to depart. The same hesitation prevailed everywhere. Though responsible sentiment in the province counseled gradual emancipation, the Mexican politicians were eager for speedy division of the mission fields among the incoming settlers.

After 1834, partition began in earnest. Roughly the plan

proposed to distribute about one-half of the mission properties among the natives and to entrust the remainder to secular administrators for religious purposes. Though he considered the scheme too drastic for the welfare of either the Indians or the colonists, Governor Figueroa was ordered to carry it out at once. That year ten missions were turned over to civil trustees, six in 1835 and the remaining five in 1836. Given practically a free hand, the officers, unavoidably either dishonest or incompetent, mishandled or stole most of the mission estates. Despite the efforts of a few capable and upright men, the administrators could be held to no strict accounting. Flocks were slaughtered, chattels were scattered and no one was responsible for the results. The worst sufferers were the Indians themselves, to whom the wealth really belonged. But they refused to work any longer and discipline entirely vanished. They sold their shares for what they could get and squandered the proceeds, too often on liquor. The result was complete demoralization. When the war was impending between the United States and Mexico, Governor Micheltorena in 1844 authorized the sale of what was left of the missions to raise defense funds for the Mexican treasury. Within two years the mission collapse was complete. All except the Santa Barbara establishment passed into private hands, until the victorious American government invalidated the deeds of transfer.

When the last father-president, Narcisco Durán, died in 1846, little remained of the once rich communities. The missions, as such, had breathed their last. Buildings and equipment were in pitiful condition. Unrepaired roofs allowed the winter rains to wash away adobe walls, which year by year sank into a mass of ruins. Ceiling beams were decayed or eaten away by termites to accelerate the natural demolition. Vandals pillaged what the elements spared. Roof tiles were carried away to cover the secular structures fast rearing their

heads in the growing colony. Lands and buildings for religious use were later restored to the Catholic Church, which found itself so destitute that immediate repairs were out of the question. Fortunately many of the religious accouterments had been privately preserved by the faithful and were restored to their original places. But it is common today to find at one mission a bell or font or record book which originally belonged elsewhere. The present wealth of historic possessions is a tribute to the devotion of the church's steadfast adherents, who deplored the use of those once-sacred establishments as hay-barns, saloons, general stores, and cafés during the disastrous period following secularization.

With the return of economic and political stability, and especially supported by the vast wealth created by the gold rush, the church began the enormous task of mission restoration. Fortunately, too, the proud Californians of every creed came eagerly to the church's assistance. By 1888, the romantic people of southern California formed an "Association for the Preservation of the Missions," which in 1895 became the "Landmarks Club," under the inspiration of Charles F. Lummis. That group of laymen leased the mission at San Juan Capistrano to save it from further decay. Two years later they turned their efforts toward San Fernando, and in 1899 began work at San Diego. Their labors were especially effective as aid to the heroic restorations of Father O'Keefe at San Luís Rey and Pala. In 1902 the northern Californians came in for a share in the noble work by forming the "California Historical Landmarks League," with Joseph R. Knowland as president. Then the Native Sons and the Native Daughters joined in the state-wide ambitions. And the church itself continues yearly to preserve and restore the cherished tourist attractions bequeathed to the proud Golden State by the romantic Spanish era.

VII

MISSION SAN DIEGO DE ALCALA

SERRA HAD waited twenty years in New Spain for that memorable July morning of 1769. Oblivious of his aching leg, the venerable padre limped eagerly along the winding trail in the wake of the soldiers whom Rivera had sent out to guide the last of the four expeditions into the Spanish camp near the water's edge.

Clearly the San Diego port was worth the search. As the trail mounted a knoll, Serra was able to scan the whole section with joy and satisfaction. The bay itself entered far into the land; in the distance the masts of the *San Carlos* and *San Antonio* were plainly discernible. The intervening level plain was well covered with green grass. From the foot of the near-by mountain range a wide arroyo of fresh water was lined with live oaks, willows, cottonwoods, and alders. In the valley, too, were many leafy wild grapes, with an abundance of Castilian rose bushes loaded with flowers. During the unusually wet spring, nature had lavishly decked the region far beyond her custom, as if in cordial welcome to these first white settlers. Moreover, numerous pagans lived in large villages scattered in all directions. Though well armed with bows and arrows, even with macanas, they offered no real resistance to the approaching conquerors.

Eager to begin the long-delayed gathering of these heathen in his apostolic net, Serra was sobered by the news which greeted his arrival at the Spanish camp. Amid the noisy welcome of discharged firearms and hearty embraces, he quickly gathered the story of the ocean voyagers' misfortunes and their present sad condition. Everyone in camp seemed to be suffering from the scurvy. Only a few were well enough to care for their afflicted companions. So Serra joined his brother Franciscans in administering to the suffering.

That dreaded disease of the early explorers exacted a toll of pain and death now difficult to appreciate. Its first symptom was a general pain over the whole body, which soon became so sensitive that the slightest touch brought tears of agony to the most resolute man. Gradually small purple blotches appeared, first under the hams, then down the thighs, and developed into large, purple weals, extending along the calf of the leg. As the parts became more swollen, they appeared to be putrefied and became so rigid that the sufferer was rendered helpless. Finally permeating the entire body, the painful malady covered its victim with ulcers. Then even a sheet laid over the patient became unbearable. Unless checked by the unwitting feeding of vitamin-bearing fruits and vegetables—for no one then knew the cause of the trouble—death became the only relief. Only the most foolhardy would willingly expose himself to the ravages of the horrible ailment. Little wonder that the authorities of the mother country had to shanghai many a reluctant mechanic to supply the needs of the distant colonies. Compassionate Serra wept as he forced food past the swollen gums of the infected patients, whose teeth often dropped out in the pitiful process.

An added feature of the desperate outlook was the increasing shortage of food. The journey from Loreto had taken so long that most of the provisions had already been

consumed and the little remaining had spoiled on the way. Forced by necessity to appeal to the natives, the Spaniards found them, according to Crespi, "extraordinarily clever and spirited, great traders, and covetous of everything they see and like, and very thievish. They are vociferous when they talk, and when they speak, they shout as though angry." Swallowing their native pride, the white men managed to secure some of the large sardines, star fish, and mussels caught by the Indians, who went out to sea in their tule rafts. Unwittingly, too, the invalids thus provided their diseased bodies with another trace of the curative vitamin. Despite the discouraging prospects, Portolá prepared to continue his journey in search of Monterey Bay. After sending the *San Antonio* back to San Blas for relief, the intrepid commander set out with most of the able-bodied into the unknown regions of the north.

A pitiful camp was left at San Diego. Only eight soldiers remained to guard "the great hospital and pesthouse," as Father Engelhardt describes the rude shelter of poles, roofed with tule. All the sailors were scurvy-stricken and only six of Portolá's twenty-five Catalan soldiers had been well enough to accompany their commander. At anchor in the bay lay the *San Carlos*, with its captain and a handful of suffering sailors. To Surgeon Pedro Prat was assigned the hopeless task of restoring his companions to health. By the time Portolá departed, twenty-nine of the stricken had already died and were buried in the sands along the shore.

In the midst of the duties of caring for the sick, of administering sacrament and conducting mass, the zealous Serra impatiently awaited his first opportunity to establish a mission in the strange but promising land. Eager "to subject to the gentle yoke of our Holy Faith the barbarity of the heathen Diegueños," he selected a site called Cosoy by the natives, two gunshots from the shore, facing the entrance

to the harbor and suitable for building a permanent settlement. Two days after Portolá left, he raised the standard of the Holy Cross on July 16, 1769. With the help of the few able to be on their feet he erected some crude sheds of poles and brushwood, roofed with grass. Using one of the shacks as a chapel, Alta California's first mission began its eventful career. The first precaution was to enclose the humble huts in a rough stockade of poles.

Immediately the three Franciscans set out to attract the heathen, by offers of "gifts and endearments." But the wary Indians answered the overtures with impudent jeers and insolence. Without the slightest fear they loitered about the camp and proceeded to make life miserable for the unfortunate Spaniards. If not given what they liked in exchange for their baskets of fresh fish, they contemptuously refused to hand out a single mussel to the starving visitors. They annoyed the poor patients who lay helpless under the brush shelters. They stole whatever they could lay their hands on—everything except the Spanish food. That they refused even to touch, in the belief that it was the cause of the widespread disease.

The voracious heathen seemed particularly eager to secure any cloth. Encouraged in their stealing by the prudent patience of the outnumbered and incapacitated visitors, they organized a raid on the defenseless settlement. With confident arrogance they robbed the sick of their clothing and even of the sheets from their beds. On rafts they reached the decks of the *San Carlos* and succeeded in cutting away parts of the sails. In desperation the few well soldiers donned their leather jackets and brought their guns into play. After four of the marauders had fallen dead and others had escaped out of gunshot with gaping wounds, the thoroughly frightened heathen fled from the settlement to burn their dead, as was their custom. For many days the wailing of

their women could be heard at the mission compound. A little later some natives again showed themselves, now without arms and very silent.

After Portolá returned from his vain search for the port of Monterey, he found that not a single convert had been made during his six months' absence. Worst of all, neither of the relief ships had arrived with provisions. The situation of the remote colony had indeed become precarious. Little could be done to improve or extend the inadequate shelters by men half-starved and exhausted by their terrible march. Wearily they settled down to await the expected succor. In spite of the food secured by exchange with the natives, it became apparent that hunger would soon force their abandonment of the port. Though the governor dispatched Rivera with a train of mules back to the peninsula, it was doubtful if the colony could hold out till his return.

History is now forced into the background by the relation of events as chronicled by the pen of Father Palóu. That padre's famous *Life of Serra* is responsible for a legend loyally subscribed to by all true Californians. Though unsupported by a shred of contemporary evidence, the story relates that the indomitable Serra now took command of the desperate situation. Determined that Alta California should not be abandoned, he pleaded with Portolá to remain at all costs until the Feast of Saint Joseph, the nineteenth of March. As that day drew near without sign of a bark, the resolute padre declared his intention of holding to the mission, even if everyone else retired in defeat. While all others busied themselves with packing and talking of the approaching retreat, Serra alone stood impregnable.

The fateful day arrived at last. On the brow of the hill overlooking the port, the solitary Father-President turned his eyes beseechingly toward the gray mists which enveloped the harbor's entrance. All day long he watched and prayed,

with calloused hands stretched heavenward, then oceanward. "Unceasingly," says Palóu, "he laid the matter before God, imploring His Divine Majesty to cause the ship to arrive." In late afternoon, before the feast day ended, the trusting Franciscan clearly descried the sail of a ship passing through the mists at the gate of the port. With joyous cries of "The Ship! The Ship!," the ecstatic padre rushed down to the camp, waving his arms in triumphant thanksgiving. "Almighty God, in honor of the Holy Patriarch St. Joseph, had wrought a miracle to prevent the abandonment of California!"

The *San Antonio*, in fact, on its way from San Blas to the colonists supposed to be awaiting its cargo at Monterey, had sailed serenely past the San Diego port on that fateful afternoon of March 19. But it lost an anchor in Santa Barbara Channel, so Captain Perez ordered a return to San Diego to secure a replacement from the stranded *San Carlos*. By this happy chance the San Diego settlement was saved and the prospects for Spanish retention of the dearly won frontier entirely reversed. In solemn thanksgiving a High Mass was conducted and all felt obliged to persist in an undertaking so clearly sponsored by Divine Providence. Determined this time that the Monterey port should not elude him, Portolá dispatched the *San Antonio* to the north on April 16, 1770, and next day set out himself over the trail of his former terrible trek. Most of the Spaniards, including Serra, accompanied the two expeditions.

These exciting and almost disastrous events launched the precarious career of California's first Franciscan mission. Under the guidance of Fathers Parrón and Gómez and the protection of Sergeant Ortega's small guard, the tiny settlement was left with scant provisions in their flimsy stockade. The numerous belligerent heathen continued to display little desire to accept the strange religion whose advantages

seemed so dubious. As the first outpost of civilization on the way to the strange land being acquired in the north, San Diego from the start held a position of vital significance. Provisions, soldiers, and missionaries passed before its gates with every passing ship and a valiant effort was made to extend its meager accommodations.

Yet difficulties beset the mission unceasingly. In the spring of 1771 ten additional Franciscans stopped on their way to Monterey and discovered that even then not a neophyte had been enlisted. Both resident padres were suffering from the scurvy and had to be replaced by new arrivals, Fathers Jayme and Dumetz. "In all the missionary annals of the northwest," says Bancroft, "there is no other instance where paganism remained so long so stubborn." When Palóu arrived two years later to bring six companions for service in the province, he found the whole district again threatened with famine. Efforts to raise crops at San Diego had failed disastrously and the San Blas supplies had not arrived. In charge during Serra's absence in Mexico, Palóu dispatched Father Dumetz with a relief party to the peninsula to secure supplies. As Crespi relates, the padres had to "tighten the cords around their waists," and the Spaniards, after continual exchange of their clothing for native food, found themselves almost as naked as the Indians. Thanks to the energies of Bucareli, relief eventually arrived.

At an early date in the mission's history, its location adjacent to the military camp proved undesirable. The first crops had either been flooded out or destroyed by drought, and water for irrigation was completely lacking. Most of the year the river ran dry and hardly enough water for drinking purposes could be secured from the pools in its sandy bed. Moreover, close proximity to the soldiers was a constant source of trouble to the padres. Palóu wisely suggested that mission fields be planted at a place called

Nipaguay by the natives, some two leagues farther up the valley. So in 1774 the whole mission was moved from the present Old Town to the site on the river where the ruins stand today.

The change proved fortunate and salutary. Without interference from the troublesome soldiers, the padres at last succeeded in winning converts more rapidly. Within a year over a hundred had been baptized and even the pagans seemed more content. The neophytes, moreover, showed a willingness to work, and construction went ahead in earnest. Serra's report for the year states that the new settlement comprised a wooden church, the padres' quarters with adobe walls, a granary, a smithy, a horse corral, and fourteen wooden Indian houses. The herds included over three hundred animals. On the Feast of Saint Francis in 1775, Fathers Jayme and Fuster brought sixty more natives into their net. Palóu characteristically states:

The Missionaries by their whole-hearted energies and apostolic zeal were weakening the archenemy's stronghold and were little by little banishing heathenism from the vicinity.

But even yet the skies had not cleared. It appears that the "archenemy" inspired two of the new converts to escape from the mission into the mountains. From village to village between San Diego and the Colorado River, the two apostates exhorted the pagans to unite in a general rebellion against the usurpers' mission and presidio. Only Anza's recent generosity prevented the Yumas from joining in the insurrection. But hosts of belligerent heathen from the unfriendly rancherias did agree to sweep down on the Spanish outposts on the night of November 4, 1775. Armed with clubs and arrows, some eight hundred savages surrounded the mission at one o'clock in the morning. The faithful

neophytes were cowed into passive submission. After sacking the sacristy of its vestments and sacred vessels, the assailants set fire to all the buildings. No sentinel was awake to prevent the rude surprise. Aroused by the sudden wild outburst from the howling mobs, the staggered Spaniards found themselves surrounded and their quarters in flames. Only four soldiers made up the guard. Two carpenters, two padres, two youths, and one blacksmith completed the doomed defense. In the first encounter a carpenter was killed by flying arrows, and the smithy so badly wounded that he later succumbed. Yet all the party managed to reach the barracks where the guard was putting up a valiant resistance. Only Father Jayme was rash enough to expose himself. Boldly he approached the crowd of heathen and calmly greeted them with his usual salutation, "Love God, my children!" But the maddened throng seized and dragged him to the river bed, where they stripped and mutilated his body, then beat him to death with their clubs.

Defense of the barracks went bravely on, until heat from the flames forced the little party to escape to an adobe mess-room, roofed with tule. Then only three soldiers and the remaining carpenter were able to handle the guns as they were loaded by the wounded soldier, the two boys, and even by Father Fuster. The brave padre also played the hero by protecting their keg of powder against the flying sparks with his thick gray robe. Thus the plucky defenders managed to ward off the yelling fanatics who belabored the improvised fort with darts, arrows, clubs, firebrands, stones, and clods of adobe. A low barricade of crates and boxes protected the open side of the shelter. The break of day finally ended the siege, as the enemy retired with their slain and wounded.

The exhausted survivors emerged from the almost demolished fortress to meet the frightened converts who came running from their quarters. The Indians' delight at finding

Father Fuster unhurt turned to grief when they later discovered Jayme's mutilated and arrow-pierced body in the near-by arroyo. It was a sad group of neophytes who reached the presidio that morning, bearing the bodies of the martyred padre and the slain blacksmith, with the wounded soldiers and carpenter on improvised litters. Father Fuster followed sorrowfully on foot in the rear.

At the presidio the attack had never materialized. The occupants had slept undisturbed through the whole mission assault. The lone sentinel admitted later that he had observed the great flare in the firmament, but thought it was the light of the moon. Word of the disaster was immediately dispatched to all the northern settlements. At San Juan Capistrano, Fathers Lasuén and Amurrio abandoned their projected mission founding and hastened back with the guard. But three long months transpired before Governor Rivera and the dutiful Anza arrived from San Gabriel with reinforcements sufficient to quell the anxieties of the Spaniards crowded into the presidio quarters. The diligent Tubac captain soon discovered that dawdling Rivera might take all summer to make up his mind about punishing the instigators of the insurrection. After waiting a month, he rejoined his impatient colonists laying over at San Gabriel.

It was apparent that Anza's assistance had saved the situation at San Diego. The appearance of his troops, combined with Rivera's, supplied the strength the Spaniards needed. Fortunately also, two ships came to port from San Blas soon afterward. When twenty-five more soldiers later arrived from Guadalajara, the bewildered natives began to believe that white men were dropping out of the skies as a punishment for their recent outburst. Further thought of dislodging the conquerors was never entertained again.

The revived Spaniards now took retribution into their own hands. Investigation revealed that two apostates, named

Francisco and Carlos, were mainly responsible for the outrage. Conscience-stricken Carlos at length repented his boldness and returned in submission to the refuge of the presidio chapel. Thereupon Rivera demanded of Father Fuster that the culprit be turned over for punishment. Despite the padre's warning that the chapel was a sacred haven, the governor threatened to take him by force. Sword in hand, he forced his way into the chapel and dragged the frightened neophyte to the stocks within the guardhouse. Amazed at the captain's audacity, the protesting Fuster in a loud voice proclaimed Rivera and his assistants excommunicated. When mass was later about to be sung, Father Lasuén refused to proceed until all participants in the defamation had left the church.

As usual in such crises, Serra had to go down himself to restore harmony between his missionaries and the soldiers. Arriving on the *San Antonio* on July 11, 1776, he remonstrated with Rivera about the eight months' delay in beginning reconstruction of the ruined mission. The governor reluctantly agreed to provide a small guard, which Serra enlarged by accepting the offer of Captain Choquet to lend the help of twenty of his sailors from the bark idling in the bay. A large throng of Indian converts supplied the needed labor. Arrived with his party at the mission site, Serra found the whole place in ashes, with all the records, manuscripts, and every combustible object destroyed completely.

The Father-President set to work with his customary fiery zeal. While some gathered stones for the new foundations, others made adobe bricks for the quadrangle walls to enclose the mission buildings. Another report of Indian unrest further delayed the work when all the guard was recalled to the presidio. But the report proved false and the pagans seemed resigned to submission. Without excuse for continued postponement of Bucareli's order to establish settlements

around San Francisco Bay, the troublesome Rivera at length departed, much to Serra's relief. Freed of the wrangling, Serra, Lasuén, and Fuster pushed construction rapidly. Such progress was made that the energetic Father-President left completion to the others and went north to re-establish the abandoned San Juan Capistrano.

By October 17, 1776, the new mission was ready for occupancy. The grateful padres returned to their home, after almost a year's use of the barren warehouse down at the presidio. Fuster's first annual report, dated March 20, 1777, discloses the extent of the mission's rebuilding. It lists a church, not fully completed; a monastery of two rooms, with refectory; a storeroom of adobe walls and thatched roof; a *pozolero*, or kitchen for the Indians; a *jato*, or harness room; and a dormitory for the young men and boys. Of stock the mission owned about five hundred head. By the following year the church was finished and measured eighty by fourteen feet. Along the front of the padres' quarters a corridor was built, facing the orchard.

Bancroft relates an amusing incident that occurred in March of 1778. Sergeant Carrillo was sent to punish some pagans who were causing trouble at Pamo. With only eight soldiers he surprised the foe, killed two in a skirmish, burned some others who took refuge in a hut, and flogged those he was able to capture. The four chieftains were bound and taken to San Diego. After a trial and conviction of having plotted against their Christian benefactors, they were condemned to death by Lieutenant Ortega. The sentence read:

Deeming it useful to the service of God, the King and public weal, I sentence them to a violent death by two musket shots on the 11th at 9 A.M., the troops to be present at the execution under arms, also all the Christian rancherias subject to the San Diego mission, that they may be warned to act righteously.

As Ortega instructed Lasuén and Figuer to prepare the condemned for California's first public execution, he advised:

"You will co-operate for the good of their souls in the understanding that if they do not accept the salutary waters of holy baptism, they die on Saturday morning; and if they do—they die all the same!"

In 1780, a larger and more substantial church was completed. It measured eighty-four by fifteen feet, with adobe walls three feet thick, beams of pine, and rafters of poplar. Rough boarding above the rafters was roofed with tule covered with a mass of earth to protect the building against fire. An adjacent sacristy was added. An oak-posted corridor ran along the church on the south side. These structures formed three sides of the quadrangle; on the fourth side they built an adobe wall eleven feet high. Outside was a tank for tanning hides, two sheep corrals, and a cow barn. The first reported tile-roofed structure was a granary listed in 1793. In that year about 740 neophytes were attached to the mission.

The continued shortage of provisions was a source of grave concern. Despite their valiant efforts, the padres were able to feed only themselves and a score of their converts. The rest of the neophytes had to be permitted to remain at their native villages. Even after crops became more successful, the mission could not supply regular rations to more than half its listed converts. The constant contact of their Indians with the pagans remained a continued source of trouble. The neophytes, in fact, were really more pagan than Christian and the padres could do little about it. The famous Franciscan diarist, Pedro Font, believed the San Diego Indians to be the worst along the coast. Not only had they "perverse intentions and a wicked heart," but they were "in body vile, ugly, dirty, careless, smutty, and flat-faced." Moreover, a large part of the presidio's needs had to be sup-

plied by the more prosperous establishment at distant San Juan Capistrano.

Another difficulty was the strenuous labors that fell to the San Diego padres during the thirty years before a mission was established at San Luís Rey. Regular services had to be conducted, not only at the mission but at the presidio six miles distant, where the increasing white population had no priests to serve them. Sick and death calls, baptisms, and other services had to be performed among the rancherias as far removed as seventy miles. Distant visits were made on horseback, attended by a guard; shorter ones on foot and often alone. After Serra received the right to administer the sacrament of confirmation, his arrival at the mission caused a flurry of excitement over the whole extended area. In 1783, the aged Father-President paid his last visit to San Diego for that purpose.

The banner year was 1797 when 565 converts were baptized. The population had reached 1,405, the largest at any of the Alta California establishments. In the next year the raising of grapes and the pressing of wine were first reported. Additional buildings were erected, including a larger guardhouse and a tool shed. In 1803, Lasuén reported that "at San Diego they have already made some very good olive oil." An earthquake did some damage to the chapel that year, but the building was soon restored.

The endless failure of crops at length inspired the padres to construct an elaborate irrigation system during the early years of the nineteenth century. As Bancroft relates:

About three miles above the mission the river was dammed by a solid stone wall, thirteen feet in thickness and coated with cement that became as hard as rock. In the center was a gateway twelve feet high and lined with brick. . . . From the dam an aqueduct constructed of tiles, resting on cobblestones in cement and

carrying a stream one foot deep and two feet wide to the mission lands, was built through a precipitous gorge. The aqueduct often crossed gulches from fifteen to twenty feet wide and deep, and was so strong that in places it supported itself after the foundations were removed.

Reports after 1816 make no mention of the water system, which was doubtless completed by that time.

A new and larger church was begun in 1808. During the construction period occurred the great earthquake of 1812, which caused much damage throughout the province, but none at San Diego. Building, of course, was tedious in those primitive days. The timbers had to be hewn in the forests back in the sierra, then dragged to the site by oxen. Little wonder that five years were needed to complete the building. Nor is it surprising that ridiculous tales about the difficulties have wedged themselves into the traditions of the mission.

One legend relates that the beams were cut on Smith's Mountain, sixty miles inland. A large group of the stoutest Indians were stationed in one-mile relays all the way to the mission grounds. After being blessed by the assembled padres, the timbers were hoisted singly to the shoulders of the Indians and transported by the relays over the entire distance without undergoing the sacrilege of once touching the earth on their way. Though even the church authorities frown upon this silly story as a "curious specimen of sectarian gullibility," it has often been repeated since its first appearance in print in 1878. The church was finally finished and dedicated with all the appropriate formalities on San Diego's day, November 12, 1813. It is the ruins of this church which remain today.

On February 24, 1821, Mexico proclaimed her new republic, and Spanish rule in Alta California expired. During the next year most of the resident Franciscans took the oath of

allegiance to the new government. The Mexican period of turmoil ensued. The petty quarrels between the northern and southern sections of the province, not unknown in the State even today, were precipitated when the second Mexican governor, Echeandía, took up residence at San Diego in 1825 instead of at Monterey. He, too, inaugurated the policies which led to the spoliation of all the Franciscan missions. The first step toward their ultimate downfall was his demand upon the padres for larger supplies to support the unproductive military element. Pressing the intention of curbing the missionary influence, the authorities then transferred the duties of the missionaries at the presidio to Chaplain Menéndez.

The powers of the padres had passed their peak. Their last efforts at mission expansion were the explorations among the heathen of the back country, where *asistencias* were established at Mesa Grande and Santa Ysabel. The banner year for neophyte population was 1824, when 1,829 were listed on the registers. Yet within three years the French visitor, Duhaut-Cilly, was able to say that its buildings were "poorly kept and in part in ruins. A musty smell penetrates even to the quarters of the padres." So rapid was the decay when deterioration once set in. The presidio commander's report for 1830 stated that "commonly the congregated Indians suffered from venereal diseases, which produce terrible havoc among them. This is the cause of their decrease." Already the rapidly expanding white man's civilization was exacting its toll from a backward race.

The final report on the state of the mission, for the year of 1832, listed the total number of baptisms as 6,522, of marriages as 1,803 and deaths as 4,332, the neophyte population being then 1,455. The flocks consisted of 4,500 cattle, 13,500 sheep, 150 goats, 220 horses, and 80 mules. In the following year Governor Figueroa came personally to harangue the

assembled neophytes on the advantages about to be granted them by mission freedom. But only two family heads accepted their opportunity to leave the padres. On September 20, 1834, formal secularization was finally effected, and the mission inventory was handed over to the administrator, José Rocha. The plunder of the properties then began in earnest. Within six years there was not enough produce on hand to pay the annual salary of \$140 to Majordomo Juan Osuna. Yet the civilian settlers clustered around the presidio had profited not at all. When García Diego, the first bishop of the new diocese of the Two Californias created by Pope Gregory XVI, took up residence at San Diego in 1841, he found the settlement of less than 150 residents too poor to support him. Within a year he was forced to move his see to Santa Barbara.

The excuse for secularization had been promotion of the Indian welfare. Yet they benefited least of all. Too late the Mexican authorities who were scrupulous made an effort to undo the mistake. Explaining that the remaining Indians were reluctant to stay with the secular administrator, Governor Micheltorena on March 29, 1843, restored what was left of the mission to the management of the Franciscans. Father Oliva resumed its care, but found only four cows, five calves, and one bull, where nine years before had been 3,000 cattle and 8,000 sheep. In the following year, Father-President Narcisco Durán informed the Mexican government that "the mission has always been a poor one and hardly ever had enough for the support of the Indians; but today it has nothing. Father Oliva is in charge of a population that may number one hundred souls." The administrator's hungry henchmen had been granted the choicest of the mission's lands. The freed Indians roamed the district and ran riot without restraint. Conforming to the pervading spirit, the malicious among them joined their pagan brothers in petty

thievery and wholesale raids upon the new ranchmen. Fights were frequent, lives were lost, and the country became impoverished of all agricultural pursuits. And finally the Franciscans were again rejected from authority when Governor Pío Pico on June 6, 1846, sold the buildings to one Santiago Arguello "in consideration of past services to the territorial government." The desolated land was crying out for a saving influence of strength and stability.

Relief appeared at last and from a long impending source. That enterprising captain of the United States Army, John Charles Frémont, sailed into port that year and landed a force of eighty men. After taking possession, he quartered his soldiers at the mission. Though suitable for his purpose, he reported that most of the roof tiles had been carried away, adobe walls had been left to crumble, and the buildings generally despoiled. During the next fifteen years United States forces were frequently garrisoned in the church. Bartlett states that in 1852 "the buildings, which are of adobe, are not extensive but are in good preservation. . . . The place is celebrated for a flourishing orchard of olive trees which still remain, yielding a great abundance of olives. . . . The mission is at present occupied by United States troops under command of Colonel J. B. Magruder, and in consequence is kept in good repair." The stabilizing authority of the American government at length brought relief to the whole troubled province. All mission property for religious use was restored to the Catholic Church. On May 23, 1862, Bishop Alemany was informed that 22.21 acres of land were returned to San Diego mission.

Today the mission visitor naturally stops first at Old Town to linger among the remaining relics of the romantic Mexican days. Most commanding of popular interest is the ancient Estudillo house, known since Helen Hunt Jackson's day as

Ramona's Marriage Place. Despite what one writer had called the "rather strained effort to capitalize romance for tourist profit," much of the old atmosphere still clings to the adobe walls, covered with Castilian roses like those that delighted the homesick hearts of Portolá's half-starved soldiers on their march through the strange land. The visitor will also climb to the Presidio Hill to stand beside the massive cross that marks the site of Serra's first California mission in the Indian village of Cosoy.

From the province's first settlement, the tourist will drive six miles up the broad valley of the San Diego River over a dusty country road. On the brow of a knoll overlooking the valley stands the mission ruins, dominated, alas, by a modern white stucco convent, with a school building so closely adjacent to the ruins that the one-time picturesqueness is sadly diminished. Despite the extensive reconstruction accomplished in 1931, the feeling of poverty and defeat is reflected from the mission itself as it must have been during its long life of hopeless struggle for prosperity.

Simplicity is the keynote of its architecture, because of its having been built in the early mission period and in a region never flourishing. The austere plainness of the façade is almost unique in the whole California chain. The old broad stairway converges on the brick arched entrance, to which the two abutting side walls recede. Over the arch a five-membered cornice crowns the entrance, with each row of plain brick set forward an inch or two beyond the row below. Above the cornice a slightly recessed narrow window is in turn crowned by a plain pediment with alternate convex and concave curves. On the left of the pediment the restored bell tower rests upon a massive base of brick. Two double-arched sections support a third, which has one arched opening. The campanile is thus part of the façade, all of which is

of white-washed brick. Five bells hang in the tower, the largest, "Mater Dolorosa," having been recast in 1894 from fragments of the old bells.

The church itself, now completely restored, is used only for special occasions. It measures 159 feet long, 26 feet wide, and has a beamed ceiling 29 feet high. Both roof and floor tile are modern. The sanctuary is dominated by a large central picture preserved from the fire of 1775 and supposedly painted by one of the last artists of the Murillo school. Before the altar are buried five of the old padres, including the martyred Jayme, Juan Figuer, and Juan Mariner, whose bodies were placed here in 1804.

The sacristy is reached by a stairway leading to an upper level behind the altar. The relic room houses a few of the old vestments, some of which Serra is supposed to have worn. Of much greater interest are the registers of baptisms, marriages, and deaths, with title pages and numerous explanatory notes in the handwriting of the famous founder. When Serra discovered that all records for the first five years were destroyed by the fire, he instructed the padres to restore the entries as accurately as possible from memory. At the rear of the church are a modern chapel and enclosed cloister for the use of the children of the convent school.

Little else remains of the buildings, though adobe ruins suggest their extent and location. The padres' quarters extended from the front of the church to the southeast, overlooking the orchards and the valley. Only one adobe room still stands, sadly neglected and desolate. The front wall of the monastery has been replaced by an unsightly wooden fence. Before that wall in mission days ran the pillared cloister. But today the "Mother of the Missions" pitifully reflects a remiss negligence which civic pride should recognize.

Remains of the old water system can still be seen at the

dam three miles up the valley and in the orchard in front of the church. Water was brought from the river and from a well into the mission patio, some of the distance through a tunnel, caved-in portions of which survive. These ruins stand as a tribute to the energies of the missionaries who tried courageously to bring productivity to a naturally barren area. In front of the church the remnants of California's first olive grove bring the picture of the old establishment more vividly to mind. And suggestion of its destruction by the Indians in 1775 is lent by the large cross which marks Father Jayme's martyrdom, news of which aroused Serra's joyful cry that "now the soil is watered!"

VIII

MISSION SAN LUIS REY DE FRANCIA

THOUGH convenience and safety enjoined that the beads of Father Serra's rosary be not more than a day's journey apart, it was thirty years before a mission was established that close to San Diego. Attendance upon that populous region had long overtaxed the padres from the "Mother of the Missions," and from San Juan Capistrano. The founding of that link became a fitting climax to Lasuén's astonishing outburst of creative zeal in his seventy-eighth year.

Exploration for a suitable site was made in 1795 by Father Mariner. His diary of the journey from San Diego leaves an accurate description of the exact route of *El Camino Real* during the mission period. Instead of following the shoreline as it does today, the original highway passed further inland by way of Buena Vista. Not satisfied with the preliminary findings, the sedulous Lasuén decided to look over the country himself as soon as the establishing of San Fernando was finished. From San Juan Capistrano he secured a guard under Corporal Lizalde. With Father Santiago he finally settled upon a location which Crespi had recommended when he passed that way with Portolá's pathfinders. Called Tacayme by the natives, the place was beautifully situated on an abundant stream in a fertile valley.

Approving of the choice, Governor Borica ordered the San Diego *comandante* to supply the guard and "to require from the soldiers personal labor in erecting the necessary building, without murmuring at site or work, and with implicit obedience to Father Lasuén." On the feast of Saint Anthony of Padua, June 13, 1798, the usual founding ceremonies were conducted in honor of Saint Louis IX, thirteenth-century King of France. Thus the eighteenth mission was launched, in the presence of "a great multitude of gentiles of both sexes and all ages, who manifested ineffable satisfaction and pleasure." As an auspicious beginning, Lasuén on the same day baptized 54 children in the little *enramada*.

The establishment was prosperous from the very start. The efficient Father-President stayed six weeks to supervise the planting of the fields and the arrangement of the buildings. It needed ingenuity and experience to undertake a settlement when the initial supplies were made up only of "some pickaxes, a dozen plowshares, half dozen crowbars, some blankets, a quantity of flannel and two dozen bolts of cloth with which to clothe the naked Indians." As was the custom, stock was donated by older missions, about 900 head of horses, oxen, cattle, and sheep being sent from Santa Barbara, San Gabriel, San Juan Capistrano, and San Diego. Construction progressed rapidly, and within a month 8,000 adobe bricks were ready, 175 beams prepared, and the foundations for five rooms completed. By the end of the second year, the flocks had increased to more than 2,200 head, and 337 neophytes were listed on the registers.

The primary cause of San Luís Rey's successful strides was the character of the guardian to whom the place was first entrusted. Today at the mission the visitor is told that the capable Father Peyri was trained as an architect before entering the priesthood and that he drew complete plans for his future buildings as a unique procedure in Franciscan per-

formance in the province. But Peyri's own brief autobiography, recently discovered on the fly-leaf of one of the old mission books, would suggest that he merely had a natural gift for effective superintendence. Coming to the province from his native Barcelona, he finally reached San Francisco. From there he was sent to San Lu s Obispo, thence to the south for the founding of San Lu s Rey. For thirty-three industrious years he built up and guided the destinies of what became through his efforts "the largest and most populous Indian mission of both Americas," according to Engelhardt.

Peyri's first task was construction of quarters to accommodate his rapidly increasing colony. After completion of a rude chapel and the padres' quarters, he added a guardhouse, soldiers' dwelling, and a storeroom, all of adobe walls with flat roofs of poles covered with earth. Next he built a granary, then replaced many of the earthen roofs with tile. By 1802, he had completed an adobe, tile-roofed church large enough to accommodate 1,000 neophytes. Two years later the inner patio was enclosed, and apartments for the unmarried women surrounded a private court. A huge adobe corral measured more than 300 feet square.

During 1810 the extraordinary number of 432 converts were baptized and raised the total of the Indian population to 1,571. Only a guardian of Peyri's energies could cope with the problems of feeding, housing, clothing, instructing, and generally caring for so many dependent and helpless charges. The padres alone took the responsibilities seriously, for the soldiers generally showed little sympathy with the Christianizing efforts of their fellow Spaniards. Indeed, Peyri on numerous occasions complained to the authorities that the troops turned their horses to graze in mission pastures and otherwise infringed upon Indian rights. At least he was fortunate in having a station more quiet than the mission at San

Diego, where the more numerous soldiers and foreign sailors provided recurrent clashes.

But the ambitious Peyri had only begun to show his mettle. After 1811, his genius for building undertook an elaborate program surpassing any yet launched in the whole mission chain. Foundations were laid that year for the magnificent church structure whose ruins are seen today. Although dedicated on the feast of Saint Francis, October 4, 1815, the chapel itself and its adjacent buildings were expanded and improved for the next ten years. Gradually the "King of the Missions" assumed a permanent arrangement, covering more than six acres.

Posterity is indebted to the French traveler, Duhaut-Cilly, for an interesting description of the mission at the height of its prosperity. The superb structure, beautifully modeled and supported by its numerous columns and arches, reminded him of a palace, glittering in the sunlight. The vast buildings were shaped in the form of a quadrangle measuring 500 feet on every side. On the front the attractive church was flanked on one side with an adobe wall, on the other with a long peristyle sustained by 32 square pillars which supported semicircular arches. He considered the single-storied, tile-roofed edifice to be so well proportioned that its appearance was "graceful and noble." The main rooms behind the front cloister were occupied by the resident padres and visiting guests. The interior of the church was richly and tastefully decorated with distemper murals and carved wooden fixtures, executed by the Indians. Water was carried to the sacristy through an earthen pipeline leading from an outside reservoir.

He found the inner court especially interesting. Neat, leveled, and spacious, the patio was bordered on all sides by an arched cloister which afforded ready access to all parts

of the mission. One building served as quarters for the unmarried boys; others were used as storerooms for supplies, tools, and implements, and as workshops for the numerous crafts. There was also an infirmary, with its own special chapel. With "gracious and superabundant solicitude" the sick were enabled to enter this chapel through the inside corridor without stepping from under cover. Cilly was also impressed with the elegant superstructure on the roof of the church. Supported by 8 small columns, this cupola lantern brought daylight through its 144 glass panes to the nave and sanctuary below.

The vast gardens and orchards adjacent to the mission supplied an abundance of fruits and vegetables of all kinds. An extensive system of irrigation brought water from the near-by river. In one orchard was a pond in which the Indians bathed, and another where they washed their clothes. Waste water was carried by conduits to the gardens in the vicinity. The 2,000 converts lived in a village two hundred yards away, where their conical huts, thatched with straw, were scattered or grouped without order or symmetry. The expansive completeness proved that Peyri indeed was a model disciple of Lasuén's insistent advices.

Unlike the majority of the Spanish Franciscans, Father Peyri became an ardent supporter of the Mexican rebellion against the mother country. When Spanish rule in the province definitely expired in 1822, he confidently threw the weight of his wide influence to the aid of the Mexican authorities. With courage and hope he supplied the increased demands levied by the military forces in their efforts to secure provisions no longer sent from San Blas. Even the requisition of Indian labor and cash failed to dampen his ardor. When he took the oath of allegiance in 1826, his mission was at the height of its prosperity. Neophytes numbered 2,869 that year and flocks almost 50,000 head. Though internal

difficulties were numerous throughout the whole province, romance and pleasure enlivened the daily existence of the carefree, indolent people.

Again we are indebted to Duhaut-Cilly for a spirited description of the life of those happy Californians. Fortunately his visit to San Luís Rey occurred during a fiesta celebrating not only the feast of Saint Anthony but the twenty-ninth anniversary of the mission's founding. The double feast attracted such multitudes of the natives that even Peyri's expansive establishment could hardly accommodate the throngs. On the evening of the fiesta, volleys fired from the loopholes of the barracks and bonfires lighted in the plaza served as harbingers of the morrow's events. As with all celebrations in mission days, the feast was inaugurated with religious services. Chanting and music for the high mass were provided entirely by natives. Though he considered the orchestra less skillful than that at Santa Barbara, the visitor generously made allowances for the fact that most of the instruments were products of the mission itself and therefore of inferior quality.

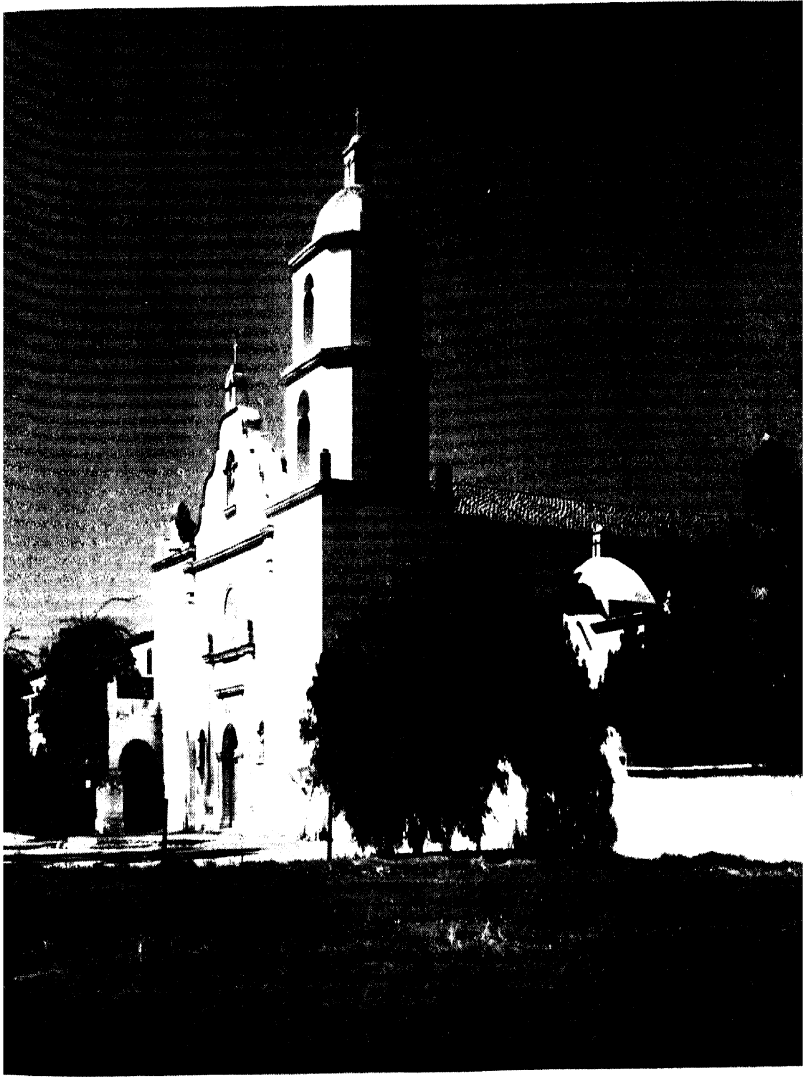
At conclusion of the church services, the celebrants adjourned to the inner courtyard for the bullfight. While the men boldly crowded around the sides of the yard, the women and girls retired to the cloister's protection. Many children even climbed to the roofs for safer outlook upon the mad scene. Although one girl fell from the roof and fractured her skull that day, the sport went on without delay. Across the court a number of mounted horsemen harassed the enraged bull which rushed with lowered head, first at one and then at another tormentor. Men and horses were often grazed by the charging beast; yet both were so agile and dexterous that they always managed to escape injury. When the animal was finally worn out by his vain efforts, the gate leading to the surrounding prairie was thrown open. Sensing the possibil-

ity of escape, the bull in a headlong rush then struck for the open country. But his relief was only for the moment. All the horsemen followed in hot pursuit. The swiftest rider overtook the beast, seized him by the tail, and cleverly toppled the exhausted bull into the dust. Apparently this sport, called *colear el toro*, or "tailing the bull," was the extent of the animal's torture. Unlike the Spaniards of the mother country, the Californians did not wind up their fun with a killing.

The next sport, less perilous and more amusing, was known as *la carrera del gallo*, the cock chase. A rooster was buried in loose soil, with only its neck and head left protruding. From two hundred paces away the horseman dashed across the square and, leaning from the saddle as he passed, tried to snatch up the fowl by the neck. It often required several attempts before the rider succeeded in picking up the bird. Then all the other riders set out in pursuit to rob him of his prize. In the ensuing *mêlée* of horses and men, all were sprinkled with feathers and blood as the poor bird was torn to pieces. All through the affair the tumbling participants were the butt of gibes and laughter of the spectators.

The last game on horseback was called *Quattro Canti*, or Four Corners. Armed with a tough willow switch, the riders struck at each other unmercifully across the head and face, until the switch had been worn to a stub. The gaily-dressed, laughing women seemed to take as much delight in these sports as did the noble ladies of the fourteenth century when their cavaliers broke lances in their honor at the splendid tournaments.

The Indians also had their share in the sports. One of their games was a form of field hockey, employing heavy curved sticks and a wooden ball. In another, one Indian sailed a small willow ring through the air toward his partner, who attempted to pierce the ring in flight with two slender sticks thrown from his side. In a game for only the women, the



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unmarried girls met defeat by the married women, but complained to Father Peyri that they had been beaten unfairly.

With a seriousness befitting the judgment of Solomon, Fr Antonio investigated the case closely. While the information was given and he was listening to the one and the other side, the good missionary had his eyes half closed and sat gravely in the corridor. . . . Finally he raised his head somewhat and decided the momentous quarrel; but within his cowl he smiled to himself. Later he said to me softly: "Poor girls! Something must be done for them. In this and similar ways I secured the confidence and respect of these Indians."

After dark the Indians conducted a strange but captivating dance in the light of burning torches. Twelve men, naked except for the breechcloth and a high tuft of feathers atop their heads, performed a pantomime dance by beating the earth rhythmically while expressing with gestures and facial contortions such emotions as love, hatred, and terror. As the dance continued, the light from the torches was reflected by the moist swaying bodies as from brown mirrors. When the perspiration incommoded them, they deftly scraped it off with a wooden ferule which each carried in his hand. The orchestra, arranged in a half-circle, consisted of women, boys, and old men with native drums and stringed instruments. The regulated time of the weird, mournful strains appeared to excite the performers ecstatically. Then suddenly the chanting, playing, and dancing came to an abrupt pause. While resting, all present would simultaneously and noisily expectorate into the air, to chase away the evil spirits. Such superstitious customs of the Christianized Indians were prudently disregarded by the attending padres.

Another visitor comments upon the control exercised by the missionaries over their charges. An American trapper, James Pattie, who came in 1829 to vaccinate the San Luís

Key residents, observed that every detail of the community life was carefully and rigidly managed. Food and clothing were parceled out, and the proceeds from barter of hides and tallow turned over to the padres' direction. All women whose husbands were absent and girls over nine were entrusted during the day to the guardianship of matrons, and after supper segregated under lock and key. Despite the precaution, however, Pattie states that he saw women in irons for misconduct and men in the stocks.

It is odd that no description of the intimate life at the missions has been left by the padres themselves. Though valuable for factual data, the numerous surviving records of the missionaries consist only of official reports to their superiors about the routine business of their stations.

Events following the arrival of the Mexican governor, Echeandía, convinced Father Peyri that his confidence in the benefits of independence was sadly misplaced. The governor introduced the measures of levying taxes and encouraging the Indians to leave their missionary homes which precipitated the collapse of the colonizing system it had taken the padres so long to establish. The mere rumors of secularization encouraged the natives to expect freedom from work and a permanent food supply from the mission stores. Discipline vanished at once. Buildings could no longer be kept in repair, nor crops be planted. In disgust and despair, Peyri decided that the time had come for him to leave the field of his life's labors. In 1829 he asked for his passport, but it was three years before the affairs at the mission were well enough settled to justify his departure. After turning over his responsibilities to Father Anzar, the venerable Peyri, past seventy years of age, fled one night to San Diego, where the *Pocahontas* was waiting to take the exiled ex-Governor Victoria back to Mexico.

Tradition relates that the secrecy surrounding Peyri's de-

parture was maintained only to prevent any demonstration among his beloved Indians. When they discovered his absence next morning, hundreds of them rode into San Diego to bring him back. But they arrived only in time to see the ship weigh anchor with their popular padre standing on deck, with outstretched arms blessing them amid tears and wailing. Many of them, so runs the tale, even swam to the ship, begging him not to desert them. Bancroft says that he took two Indian youths with him, to place in the School of the Propaganda in Rome. For years to come the grieving neophytes set candles and flowers before the padre's picture at the mission and offered prayers for his return. They continued to revere as a saint the memory of one whose goodness they had known for more than thirty years.

Peyri's departure only hastened the decline of the mission. Deprived of all civil authority, Anzar was unable to keep the natives at work or to command any semblance of obedience. Formal transfer to secular control was affected when Father Fortuni surrendered the inventory on August 22, 1835, to Administrators Pío Pico and Pablo de la Portilla. But as soon as he began to partition the land among the Indians, Portilla found that he needed additional troops to quiet the ensuing disorders. Father-President Durán attributed the violence to the bad example set by the soldiers, "inasmuch as concubinage, gambling with the Indians and drunkenness are continuous." And the administrator reported that, "the liberation of the young girls from their quarters has caused considerable havoc. The girls now rove about in the sierras with their lovers, the prey to concupiscence." Horses were stolen and allowed to run wild in the mountain regions. Fields were strewn with the carcasses of cattle, killed by the Indians for the sake of their hides. A wholesale slaughter of stock was the only means of meeting the debts incurred with the foreign traders. James states that 20,000 head

were killed at Rancho San Jacinto alone. The most crafty despoiler of lands and stock was Commissioner Pico with his relatives and friends. When Inspector Hartnell came to examine the affairs at San Luís Rey, he agreed that the complaining Indians had ample reason to grumble over the looting of their properties by the insatiable Picos.

Even the Mexican authorities at length discovered their mistake. Unable longer to countenance the ruthless plundering, Governor Micheltorena in 1843 restored the mission to Franciscan control. On April 22, the property and books were turned over to Father Zalvidea, a veteran Franciscan of forty years service in the province. Then in his dotage, he appointed a majordomo to handle the temporal affairs of the establishment reduced to poverty. The choicest lands had passed into private hands, and the place would not even feed and clothe the four hundred faithful who remained. Fewer than 1,200 head of stock and some worthless implements were left. The irrepressible Pico, then risen to the office of governor, sold the impoverished mission on May 18, 1846, for \$2,437.50. But, in August, Captain Frémont dispossessed the purchasers' agent and later the United States courts declared the deed of transfer null and void. Following American occupancy of the province, federal troops were periodically quartered at the mission and happily seem to have respected the sad remnants of the once thriving establishment. The buildings and property usable for religious purposes were definitely restored to church ownership by a deed of transfer signed by President Lincoln on March 18, 1865, less than a month before his assassination.

The registry books of San Luís Rey were carried away during the period of vandalism and have never been accounted for. But the annual reports to the church authorities disclose that from the mission's founding in 1798 to 1832, baptisms numbered 5,397, marriages 1,335, and deaths 2,716. In the

latter year there were 2,788 neophytes under its control and livestock totaled more than 57,000 head.

A sincere effort was made by the United States Commissioner of Indian Affairs to undo the gross injustice done to the descendants of the natives once dependent upon the southern missions. Though some twenty reservations were finally established over the area, only 500 of the 200,000 acres were tillable or supplied with water. The Indians naturally complained bitterly over being dispossessed of their arable lands, and legal arguments cluttered the courts for many years. Through the efforts of such sympathizers as Charles F. Lummis and Mrs. Helen Hunt Jackson, the San Felipe Indians and those evicted from Warner's Ranch were finally settled in 1903 on a reservation at Pala.

For thirty turbulent years the extensive mission at San Luís Rey was the prey not only of the elements but of the indifference or pillage of man. Every article of use was carried away, and not even the altar survived. Tiles and timbers were ruthlessly stolen for the building of houses and barns. The dome and roof of the church were on the verge of collapse.

Finally in 1893, Father Joseph Jeremiah O'Keefe was sent down from Santa Barbara to restore the property for use as a Franciscan missionary college. For nineteen years that energetic priest distinguished himself as one of the most intelligent and faithful restorers of California's missions. First he repaired the church sufficiently for its rededication on May 13, 1893, with elaborate ceremonies attended by many of the church dignitaries. Among the 300 celebrants were four aged Indian women who were supposed to have been present at the original dedication in 1802. Guided by the extensive records, Father O'Keefe was able to reconstruct much of the establishment along the original plans. Most of the materials were also original, even the adobe bricks being made by

descendants of the first Indian laborers and of adobe soil which lay scattered several feet deep where the workshops once had stood. Many roof tiles were returned from neighboring buildings to their original use. When age forced Father O'Keefe in 1912 to return to Santa Barbara, Father Peter Wallischeck took up the task of reconstruction and brought the mission to its present excellent condition.

Today the traveler is privileged to observe the manner in which these two loyal Franciscans have restored that remarkable edifice built by Father Peyri. Beautifully located on an eminence overlooking the valley of San Lu s Rey River, the mission distinctly represents that composite of Spanish, Moorish, and Mexican construction which has become famous under the name of "Mission architecture." In general, all the missions were built along similar lines in the form of a hollow square. Usually the church represented the fa ade, and the other three sides consisted of the padres' quarters, guest rooms, and work shops. All these buildings opened into an inner court, or patio, which often contained a garden and a fountain. Generally the padres' quarters were bordered by a cloister composed of a series of arches and roofed with tile. The neophytes were housed in the most secluded section of the compound next to the patio. When necessary, adobe walls were used to complete the sides of the enclosure for the double purpose of confining the converts and excluding the pagans. The distinctive features of mission architecture are the characteristic *fachadas*, pediments, campaniles, columns, and arches, which were commonly employed, yet with admirable diversity over the whole Franciscan chain.

At San Lu s Rey the fa ade is most attractive. On the left of the church runs the cloister, with twelve of the original thirty-two arches. On the church is a pediment with stepped and curved sides, a motif also used in the extension wall to the right. The pediment supports a lantern crowned by a

cross. The two outer walls of the church are faced on the ends with pilasters which support the cornice of the pediment. Between the cornice and entablature is a circular window. The entablature is supported by engaged columns upon which rests a heavily molded cornice. To the right stands the massive and graceful bell tower, which is two-storied, pierced, and with flat-surfaced sides. The tower is an irregular octagon with four greater and four lesser sides. Above is the dome, not a hemisphere, but with eight rounded sections to match the tower below. The dome is crowned with a lantern which supports the cross. Three niches for statues ornament the church façade—one in the center of the pediment and one on either side of the simple, arched entrance doorway. The massive walls, six feet thick, are of adobe, faced with burned brick.

Within the church the baptistry to the left is dominated by an old and elaborately decorated font, cut by the Indians out of soapstone. To the right of the entrance a second doorway leads up the worn stairway to the choir loft above, thence up to the belfry. Only two bells remain—one small, cracked and doubtless original, the other larger and recast. The lookouts in the tower are completely restored. Here in olden days Indian youths were stationed to protect the mission against surprise from intruders and to signal messages to workers in the surrounding fields.

The interior of the church offers one of the best examples of faithful restoration, both in architecture and decoration. Measuring about 180 feet in length, 28 in width, and 30 in height, the nave is spanned at either end by an arch from wall to wall. The heavy ceiling beams have all been replaced. Supporting each side, four large pilasters consist of a base with wainscot molding, then continue up to within two feet of the ceiling, where they are crowned by another molding. Built of burned brick, these pilasters are decorated

with a crude imitation of black marble. The heavy dado along the side walls is bordered by a conventional running pattern. Other interesting distemper decorations are found in the spaces cut for holy water vessels and in designs stretching outward from a mosaic star over each window.

Near the front of the nave on the left wall is the old Byzantine pulpit in its original position but without its canopy, or sounding board. The corbel with its conical sides harmonizes with the ten panels and base moldings of the box itself, which is fastened to the pilaster supporting the arch above. The original paint on the pulpit has been restored with white panels, lined with red and blue. Entrance was gained from the left side altar through a passageway which penetrates the thick wall. Burned red brick steps lead up to the pulpit.

Two side altars flank the main altar, all three being enclosed by one railing to form the sanctuary. The main altar and reredos are very elaborate and of classic design. The original altar table has been restored and rests upon a vase-like base of brick and cement. The sanctuary floor, as well as that of the whole church, is of modern tile.

From the nave of the church an elaborate Moorish doorway leads out to the patio where Father Peyri had his private garden, now used by the resident priests. Through the opposite wall a unique and beautiful shell-arched doorway leads into the side chapel. For many years this chapel stood in dilapidated neglect but was completely and faithfully restored by Father Wallischeck as a permanent tribute to the fervent affection and architectural zeal of its builder, Antonio Peyri.

By far the most attractive feature of the mission, this Mortuary Chapel is as fine a piece of work as any in the whole mission chain. Dedicated to the Third Order of Saint Francis, it certainly is worth the visitor's detailed inspection.

At each corner of the octagonal room, an engaged column, crowned by a three-membered cornice, supports the arches which reach from one column to the next, thus serving to ornament the sides of the octagon. At the front of each column the brick is rounded; at the back it is left rectangular and is thus fitted into the ordinary brick of the wall. On the side opposite the entrance, the altar stands in a recess, from whose brick-domed ceiling hangs a lantern. On either side of the altar a passageway leads through the wall to an outlook over and behind the altar, from which the whole interior of the chapel may be seen. The purpose of this unique balcony was to permit the Indian mourners to view the mortal remains before the altar while they wept and wailed until their grief was assuaged. Then the body could be carried for burial through the side doorway leading into the cemetery. If the hurried modern tourist lingers only in this exquisite chapel at San Luís Rey, he is certain to experience a more sympathetic appreciation of the loving tenderness of the old mission padres for those primitive California natives.

The few restored monastery rooms are now used for museum purposes. Here one may see the large revolving music stand and several illuminated manuscript singing books of mission days. In the choir loft the chanters stood before the rack on which the large manuscript chorals were placed and revolved as needed. Among the other interesting relics is a large, gray, wool-felt hat once worn by one of the padres. During the mission era the California Franciscans wore a gray habit, like that of Saint Francis himself. For centuries other branches of the far-flung Order, unrestricted by any specifications by the founder, used other colors, such as blue, white, and black. Finally in 1897, Pope Leo XIII prescribed the uniform color of dark brown for all Franciscan garb. San Luís Rey is fortunate in having the original patent restoring the mission property to church ownership. The

last of its several pages was duly signed in 1865 by President Lincoln. And near by stands a plaster reproduction of the vast establishment from which Antonio Peyri fled.

Chapel of San Antonio de Pala

The early Californians were essentially a wide-scattered ranch people. A mission thus served its dependents for a distance not only of some thirty miles in each direction along *El Camino Real*, but often farther removed among the rancherías in the interior. Often the padres erected a permanent chapel for regular services in those remote but well-populated regions. Such a tributary chapel was known as an *asistencia*, most famous of which was at Pala, a dependent of San Luís Rey Mission.

As early as 1810, Father Peyri built a granary for his numerous converts up the river in a picturesque valley at the foot of Palomar Mountain. Later he added a chapel, which he dedicated on October 4, 1815, the feast of Saint Francis, to San Antonio de Padua. A thousand converts were soon tilling the soil and attending the services conducted by padres sent out from the mission. In 1818, the chapel was lengthened to meet the growing needs, two granaries were added, and apartments built for the boys and girls. All the buildings were of adobe and roofed with tile. The fields were irrigated from San Luís Rey River and planted to wheat, corn, beans, and garbanzos. By the addition of vineyards and orchards, the settlement assumed the permanence of an independent mission. There the happy community enjoyed its seclusion until secularization dispersed the natives and reduced the place to ruins.

Interest was revived in Pala when the Palatingwa Indians were evicted from Warner's Ranch and settled by the federal government around the former *asistencia*. In May, 1903,



SAN ANTONIO DE PALA, best known of
the Mission *Asistencias*

army wagons hauled their possessions to the remote mountain village on the reservation of 4,480 acres. The dilapidated chapel and graveyard became again the nucleus of the descendants of Father Peyri's mission Indians. The bishop of the diocese sent them a priest, but unfortunately one who was unfamiliar with the history, memories, and sympathies of those native Californians. To their indignation, he went ahead with his ideas of restoring the chapel by covering all the old neophyte murals with a coat of whitewash.

A later priest, Rev. George D. Doyle, succeeded in carefully removing the offensive wash and restoring the original decorations. Today above the primitive dado, columns spanned by broad arches are painted with distemper in dull reddish brown on the adobe walls. The long, narrow chapel, 144 by 27 feet, is reroofed with tile. As a matter of safety, many wooden beams were replaced with iron girders and iron bolts substituted for leather thongs. All of the original floor tiles have been reset. The present altar, brought from the Warner's Ranch church, holds several old statues highly cherished by the faithful Indians. A long strip of drawn work of exquisite design and workmanship hangs from a ceiling beam above the rail to mark the chancel border.

For many years the Indians in the near-by village occupied the usual type of wooden shacks supplied by the government. When finally in 1913 their allotment of land was formally ratified, the natives themselves began to erect more substantial houses. Trees were planted and today the valley looks very gardenlike. The chapel is now served by a priest sent out from Mission San Luís Rey. The noted campanile, copied from the tower of the old church at Juarez, Mexico, stands in the cemetery separate from the chapel. It rests on a heavy base of cobblestones shaped in a pyramid. The adobe and cement superstructure is two-storied, each story pierced with a bell aperture. Three cornices break the

monotony of the face. Two curves top the pediment which is crowned by a cross and a growing cactus plant. In front of it stands a mission-bell roadsign, directing the traveler back along *El Camino Real de Pala* to San Luis Rey.

Pala today is the one mission station with an Indian village clustered picturesquely about it. On Sundays and feast days the candlelighted chapel is crowded with natives as it was a century ago. The curious traveler should let nothing divert him from a leisurely visit to this unique community only twenty miles from the seashore.

IX

MISSION SAN JUAN CAPISTRANO

NO FRANCISCAN settlement in Alta California had a more varied and tragic career than the mission at San Juan Capistrano. Yet its picturesque ruins, which have found such high favor in popular fancy, provide ample testimony of the physical grandeur which earned it the title of the "Jewel of the Missions." Named by the viceroy in honor of Saint John of Capistran, Serra's seventh establishment became a prosperous station early in the mission era. Its first little adobe chapel survived the vicissitudes of time to become California's oldest building today and the only church in which the revered Serra actually conducted religious services. The mission built a church of quarried stone, which was the most magnificent structure ever erected during the Spanish regime. But during most of its life of only fifty-eight years, it was battered about unceasingly by every elemental hazard known to the region and period.

Even its first attempted founding met reversal. When Bucareli authorized two additions to the mission chain in 1775, Serra and Governor Rivera agreed that one should break the long and hazardous journey among the troublesome natives between San Diego and San Gabriel. Fathers

Lasuén and Amurrio were dispatched with a guard to carry the ecclesiastical supplies all the way down by pack mule from the Monterey headquarters. Hurrying ahead to San Diego, Lasuén secured additional materials and soldiers at the presidio and returned north to the site which Crespi had praised when the Portolá pathfinders had camped there six years before. At the juncture of two streams with an abundance of water, a temporary arbor was erected on an elevation known to the natives as Acagcheme. After blessing the cross, two bells were hung in a tree, and mass was offered on October 30, 1775, by Lasuén in the presence of Lieutenant Ortega's soldiers and a gathering of curious natives. When Amurrio arrived from San Gabriel eight days later with the supplies and stock, the willing natives had already cut and brought down a pile of timbers for the chapel and dwelling. But on the same day the news of the terrible Indian uprising at San Diego reached the settlement. Ortega hastened south with most of the guard and advised the others to follow. After burying the bells and loading the rest of the goods on their pack mules, the founding party set out with all speed for the safety of the San Diego presidio.

After postponement of a whole year, Serra personally took in hand a second attempt at founding, which met with more success. Accompanied by Fathers Amurrio and Mugártegui and a small guard, he reached the site where Lasuén's cross still stood. The loud clanging of the disinterred bells announced the padres' return to the natives, who welcomed the party with demonstrations of joy. On the feast of All Saints, November 1, 1776, the Father-President conducted the first mass before an altar in the new arbor. Eager to insure its progress and safety, Serra with only one companion hurried to San Gabriel to secure additional supplies and some neophytes to help with construction. On the return journey, dis-

aster again almost halted the founding when a crowd of painted savages surrounded and threatened the adventurous padre. But miraculously, they became "as peaceful as lambs," when he made the sign of the cross above them and distributed a handful of glass beads. After preparing the registry books and himself writing the title pages, Serra departed for his San Carlos headquarters, confident of the outlook for his new establishment.

In the next year the first section of the adobe church was finished. Its builders were little aware of the unique distinction which destiny had in store for their handiwork. Today that church, reconstructed and known as "Serra's Chapel," is the only one in California in which the founder actually celebrated mass and administered the sacraments of baptism and confirmation. In 1778, he confirmed 174 converts before its altar, and 221 more on his farewell visit of 1783.

The mission's location had been happily chosen. Watered by the San Juan and Trabuco creeks, the abundant harvests of corn, wheat, and beans supplied not only its neophytes but a surplus to pay for clothing and other needs. The growing flocks found ample pasturage in the near-by fertile fields. Less than a league to the west could be seen the silver surf lapping the beach below the cove which offered excellent anchorage for the boats. Supplies for the mission and for San Gabriel were thus saved the long haul by packtrain from San Diego. Steadily the mission grew, despite the troubles caused by the immoralities of the soldiers with the native women.

Though the little chapel was once enlarged, it proved too small for the more than thousand neophytes listed on the registers. Fathers Fuster and Santiago decided to build a temple which they hoped would surpass any yet erected in the province. The doors and windows would be made of

wood, but for every other purpose they would use only stone, a quarry of which was available in the near-by hills. The ambitious padres laid plans for a structure in the form of a cross, 146 by 28 feet, with a vestry, a baptistry, and tower included. The concrete roof was to consist of six domes, vaulted like the sky. As often happened in mission construction, the measurements of the finished church varied considerably from those proposed. The miscalculation of the Indian workers are apparent in all parts of the mission today. Sides of a room or a court are seldom parallel and no two cloister arches are identical. The completed roof of the church actually had seven domes.

The accomplishment of the immense undertaking depended upon an abundance of manual labor. Legend relates that the neophytes eagerly begged for a share in the holy project. The men agreed to quarry the stone and haul it to the site with oxen. Disconsolate over having no part in the sacred venture, the women at length asked "Will the Lord be pleased if we bring small stones, so that they may go into the walls?" Relieved to discover that even sand and gravel would be of service to the Almighty, women and children joined in the chattering, gossiping, singing groups and processions which shuffled back and forth over the two-league trail to the quarry. To increase the durability and architectural beauty of the structure, the padres secured the services of Isidoro Aguilar, a master stone mason from Culiacán. His directions alone made possible the carving of the beautiful interior details, such as those found today in the sanctuary ruins. When he died in 1803 before the church was completed, the padres continued the work themselves along the lines he had projected.

During nine long years the mission community was absorbed with construction of the church and its adjacent buildings. Extensive corridors of burnt brick were attached

to the padres' quarters and the workshops facing the front garden, and around the four sides of the inner patio. The energetic fathers tore down old structures and rebuilt the entire establishment on a scale of grandeur conforming to the magnificence of the stone church. Even a cursory examination of the mission today provides convincing evidence that more care and work were given its construction than that of perhaps any other in the whole chain. Since only a prosperous mission could support such extravagance, an artisan weaver, Mariano Mendoza, was brought from Monterey to teach his art to the natives. Soon the humming looms were turning out coarse blankets, carpets, and fabrics for its own needs and for trade with foreign ships. The large flocks supplied such quantities of wool that shipments were made to other missions and to presidios of the province. Grape wine was produced as early as 1800. Progress was thus being made despite such difficulties as damage to the rising church from a slight earthquake in 1800 and the loss of two roofs by fire in the following year. Then a contagious fever took the lives of some natives at the same time that drought destroyed the crops. And an Indian boy, trying to kill bats while carrying a lighted candle in the tallow room, set fire to two warehouses filled with tallow, wheat, and corn.

The great stone church at last was finished. On September 7, 1806, its consecration took place at the most elaborate ceremonies ever held in the province. Father-President Tapis was assisted in the rites by many visiting padres. The occasion was distinguished by the presence of Governor Arrillaga with his staff and officers and troops from the San Diego and Santa Barbara presidios. Hundreds of neophytes from the southern missions made up the colorful background. Two days of dedicatory services were followed by a solemn transfer of the remains of Father Fuster from the

old adobe chapel to a tomb before the altar of the new edifice. No structure in Alta California was so magnificent. Its two-storied masonry campanile rose to such a height that the gilded cock surmounting its dome could be seen at Los Alisos, nine miles to the north. Tradition also states that the sound of its bells could be heard even farther away. To the right of the entrance was the baptistry. Though the floor of the nave was earthen, that of the transept and sanctuary was tiled with diamond-shaped brick. In the whole front, indeed, the magnificent stone work would indicate that the master craftsman had spared no pains or time in carrying out his elegant ideas. The ceiling of the sanctuary was groined, and, the apse being six-sided, it allowed the use of five beautiful connecting arches above. The sacristy to the left of the altar was entered through two arched doorways, both finely carved and artistic.

But troubles for the mission had by no means ended. In December, 1812, an extensive earthquake shook the whole province. On the eighth, the feast of the Immaculate Conception, a small congregation, mostly of Indians, was witnessing the sunrise mass at San Juan. Suddenly the earth rocked with great violence. In terror, the faithful watched the overhead domes open wide enough for light to pass through the cracks. A second shock sent the great bell tower crashing down on the roof. In a moment huge masses of stone and mortar came tumbling upon the paralyzed worshippers. With the front entrance blocked, they crowded to the left doorway leading into the garden. But the jammed door prevented escape and forty neophytes were buried by the tons of falling debris. Only six, including the officiating padre, were able to save their lives.

The glory of the towering stone church thus ended in disaster, after a life of only six years and three months. The stunned padres during mission days never undertook further

construction of any consequence, except to add a hospital at the rear of the patio. To provide a place for divine services, the original adobe chapel was overhauled and restored to use. Examination of the walls discloses that after completion of the first section in 1776, the building was lengthened and the roof raised. This chapel was used until 1891, when its roof became so unsafe that a former reception room had to be taken over for services.

The largest number of Indians ever resident at the mission was 1,361 during the year of the earthquake. For two decades thereafter Father Gerónimo Boscana was active as a resident and guardian padre. Boscana became famous for his treatise on the California Indians called *Chinigchinich*, which he compiled in 1825 while at San Juan Capistrano. He was also in charge when the neophyte families and valuables were taken inland to Trabuco Rancho to escape threatened capture in 1818 by the privateer, Bouchard. A more peaceful visitor was the American, Alfred Robinson, whose *Life in California* especially commends the brick, tiled, and whitewashed Indian dwellings neatly and comfortably arranged at San Juan, in contrast to the usual straw huts at most of the missions. And later Richard Henry Dana in *Two Years Before the Mast* tells of the throwing of hides over the cliff to the beach at the place now known as Dana's Point.

The decline of the mission during the tumultuous Mexican era was accelerated by Governor Echeandía's emancipation decree of 1826. Real deliverance of the natives from missionary control was precipitated on a large scale in 1833 when Governor Figueroa organized an Indian pueblo and distributed the mission properties. As elsewhere, most of the lands and stock went to greedy whites who had done nothing toward accumulating the wealth. Hundreds of the neophytes quickly reverted to a lawless, roving life and became hopelessly demoralized. Though Father Zalvidea remained

until 1842 because no priest was sent to relieve him, the few conscientious attempts to restore missionary authority were much too feeble and belated. On December 4, 1845, the last Mexican governor, Pío Pico, sold the mission to his brother-in-law, John Forster, and James McKinley for \$710. After twenty pitiful years of neglect and decay, the property was returned to the church by a deed, signed by President Lincoln on March 18, 1865.

During the sixties an effort was made to save the remains of the great stone church. All except two of the remaining roof domes were dynamited away for greater safety and replaced with a shingled roof. Then the great gaps in the stone walls were filled with adobe bricks. But before the repairs were finished, a severe storm tore off the roof and left the adobe to be washed away by the rains. No effort was made thereafter to rebuild the famous church. Another period of neglect, lasting thirty years, finally ended when the Landmarks Club in 1896 took a lease on the mission. Courageously those romantic Californians set to work with their limited means to preserve the dilapidated buildings. They replaced the broken roof of the adobe chapel with pine poles and the original tiles, and sealed with asphaltum four hundred feet of the cloister roofs. Then the old kitchen vault was reinforced with iron rods and protected with a tiled roof.

When the sentiment for mission restoration became more definite after the turn of the century, San Juan Capistrano was especially fortunate in securing a priest of inspired devotion to the memory of the early padres. Father John O'Sullivan labored unceasingly from his arrival in 1910 until his death in 1933 to preserve and restore the ruins entrusted to his care. The praises of the thousands of travelers who visit the mission annually pay a well-earned tribute to the remarkable accomplishments of that intelligent, energetic

man. Emblematic of his sincere regard for the station's founder, one of his first acts was to erect in the front garden a life-sized statue of Father Serra standing with an Indian boy. The monument was dedicated in 1914 on the 201st anniversary of the birth of that noted Franciscan.

Passing before this graceful monument through the charming entrance garden, the visitor today soon comes upon an obvious example of the architectural uncertainties of the neophyte builders. In the cloister facing the garden he finds the unusual feature of two elliptical arches of different axes standing side by side. The wing behind this cloister housed the kitchen whose vaulted roof still supports the old brick chimney. Next was the pantry with its hand-hewn wooden shelves and its tulle ceiling bound with rawhide thongs. The old dining rooms and padres' quarters now serve as museum rooms for display of the vestments, paintings, and other relics. Two crude neophyte musical instruments are especially interesting. In one, a loose stone was rattled around in a three-cornered box studded with pieces of iron. The other created an equally hideous noise when shaken rapidly from side to side. The mission also possesses the original registry books with the title pages written by Father Serra, all folio volumes bound in flexible leather covers. The records disclose that the total baptisms reached 4,507 in 1838, the marriages 1,197, and the burials 3,344.

Continuing eastward through the garden, one reaches the ruins of the old stone church. Enough of the nave remains to expose the round building stones of all sizes, buried in walls as thick as seven feet in places. Part of the adobe reconstruction still stands along the east wall. The interesting section is the remains of the transept and sanctuary, with its stone roof dome patched with cement to keep it from falling. Diamond-shaped tiles cover the floor and three steps lead up to the sanctuary. The elaborate ruins are filled with

examples of the exquisite carvings of its master stone mason. The two fine arched doorways, which lead to the sacristy, are now walled up with brick. The rear of the altar has nine statue niches in three rows. All the details supply abundant evidence of the consummate skill of the builder.

The quadrangle, covering an acre, was originally surrounded on all four sides by corridors with picturesque elliptical and semicircular arches. Each side measures about 200 feet, though no two sides are parallel. The communal life of the mission centered around this patio. The bordering buildings housed the various artisans whose work was carried out into the courtyard whenever the weather permitted. An admirable example of intelligent reconstruction is supplied by the parochial school building which Father O'Sullivan erected in 1928 along the north side. The stone walls, faced with brick, already reflect the atmosphere of age and use as faithfully as do the original buildings across the patio. The eighteen arches of its cloisters are built of Indian-made bricks of eight different sizes. Its juncture with the east cloister is unique in mission construction. At the square turn an auxiliary arch spans the passageway between the corner column and the wall, thus producing a most picturesque triple arch. The corner column supports one end of three arches, the extra one resting on the inside upon a pier built triangularly into the wall. On the west side of the court only the column foundations remain in front of the adobe ruins of workshops. Recent excavations have unearthed two old brick tallow vats and parts of the water conduits which drained the courtyard.

The four mission bells are hung in a *campanario* wall which joins the adobe chapel and the stone church. Nothing is known of the fate of the original bells which were disinterred on the site when the mission was founded. The two

large bells are inscribed with the date of 1796, the other two with 1804; which proves that all four bells once hung in the lofty tower of the stone church. Today they are rung by jerking the ropes tied to their clappers.

Much the most noteworthy of Father O'Sullivan's remarkable restorations is that of the adobe chapel where Serra officiated. After its abandonment in 1891, it was used as a warehouse for olives, wool, grain, and lumber. So little of the original survived these profane uses that the Father made a tour of the missions to study various neophyte motifs before beginning its reconstruction. The actual work, begun in 1922, employed decorative patterns found already at the mission or copied after those of Santa Inés and San Luís Rey. The four-foot walls were rebuilt of adobe bricks made exactly as were the original. The side altars, dedicated to the Blessed Virgin and to Saint Joseph, are patterned after the beautiful altar in the San Luís Rey Mortuary Chapel. The original main altar having entirely disappeared, the mission was fortunate in being presented with a new one during the period of reconstruction, so that exact space would be provided for its installation. Shipped from Barcelona in 1906, the new Golden Altar measures about 23 feet high and 19 feet wide. Elaborately carved out of Spanish cherry wood, it is ornamented with more than fifty faces of angels and is completely covered with gold leaf. From the semidarkness of the long, narrow nave, a stirring effect is offered the observer by the natural light which falls upon the beautiful reredos through a narrow horizontal window above the sanctuary. Six sculptured statues occupy niches in the elaborate retablo. The sanctuary is lavishly adorned with paintings, statues, candlesticks, torches, and other church paraphernalia. Three large altar-card frames form an ornate set with the bookstand for the missal. A few of these objects

may have survived the destruction of the stone church and been later brought to this spectacular building now known as "Serra's Chapel." Beneath the sanctuary floor are buried the remains of Fathers Fuster, Barona, and Oliva, who served during mission days. Much of the floor tile is original. Only thirteen Stations of the Cross ornament the walls, a large old painting of the Crucifixion hanging in the place of the missing Twelfth.

Commonly heedless of the extraordinary architectural treasures so abundant at San Juan Capistrano, most people think of the mission as the scene of the mysterious migrations of the swallows. The gardens and ruins, in fact, are alive with birds of many types, as though they were still basking in the tender affection of Saint Francis and his descendants. The cooing of dozens of fearless doves greets the visitor as he passes through the entrance gate. The gardens are filled with song. The ivy-covered ruins of the church are astir with fussy, crimson-headed linnets. But these birds only form the background for the famous flights of the swallows. With a regularity which has become legendary, a small squadron of scouts announce each spring the imminent approach of the main body of migrants. Punctually for more than a century and a half, so the legend relates, on Saint Joseph's day, March 19, the main flock sweeps in from the ocean in such numbers that, like a cloud, they darken the whole patio. They lose no time in settling themselves for the summer in their mud nests scattered along the corners and arches. Then with equal regularity the visitors depart on Saint John's day, October 23. Their quaint, upside-down homes are not long deserted because a colony of white-throated swifts immediately take up the haunts from which they are driven each March by the arrival of the swallows. So dependable are the perennial arrival and departure that crowds of visitors witness the accompanying fiesta, special

mass, concert by the children's choir, and other ceremonies, which today are allotted a nationwide radio broadcast. A colorful background is supplied by the natives of the mission village, who deck themselves out in the red and yellow costumes of the old Spanish days. The uninterrupted precision of this religious miracle has never been effectually explained.



MISSION SAN GABRIEL
ARCANGEL

ONE of the greatest difficulties encountered by the Spaniards in their colonization of Alta California was providing food for their little settlements. During the early precarious years the danger of starvation could be averted only by the regular arrival of the San Blas supply boats. The raising of crops in the new land offered problems with which the padres were not ready to cope. They knew practically nothing about farming or the needs of the soil. Either drought or floods nullified their initial efforts. Only the successes at San Gabriel offered any promise for eventual agricultural independence.

The site selected for the fourth mission, named in honor of Saint Gabriel, the Archangel, was near the place on the River of Earthquakes (the Santa Ana) where Portolá's party had camped. From Monterey Serra sent Fathers Somera and Cambón by sea to San Diego to secure the guard ordered by Governor Fages. Following Portolá's trail, the party reached the contemplated region, which seemed, however, unsuited for their purpose. Pushing on, they found a more satisfactory place located on another near-by stream. But their operations were suddenly checked by the arrival of a yelling throng of hostile Indians. Fortunately one of the

padres had the presence of mind to unfurl before the savages a large canvas painting of the Virgin. "Overcome by the sight of the beautiful image," according to Palóu, the two chiefs threw down their weapons and cast their beaded necklaces at the feet of the Sovereign Queen. Whereupon peace was established and the pagans flocked from the near-by villages to watch the curious proceedings. There on a fertile spot along the present-day Rio Hondo, Fathers Somero and Cambón on September 8, 1771, celebrated the first mass under a flimsy shelter of boughs. Next day the trusting natives offered their help with construction which went forward so well that the padres soon completed a small chapel and houses for themselves and the guard. These structures of poles, roofed with grass, were enclosed in a pole stockade.

But the difficulties of the little settlement had only begun. The visiting pagans came in such numbers that the Spaniards were kept in constant apprehension. Always at war among each other, the various tribes roamed the region restlessly. One of the chief causes of warfare was that the hostile coastal tribes would not permit the inland natives to fish along the shores. To add to the anxieties, one of the soldiers recklessly outraged the wife of a friendly pagan chief. The offended native with a crowd of his mates set out to revenge the insult. In the ensuing mêlée, the chief was shot dead and his head set up on a pole in front of the barracks as a warning to the panic-stricken heathen. Although the Spanish guns had won the day, Governor Fages found it advisable to increase the mission guard by postponing indefinitely the proposed establishment of San Buenaventura on the Channel. Fathers Paterna and Cruzado, en route to that founding, were asked to remain at San Gabriel to replace the two residents who had become ill. The increased guard only intensified the troubles. Confident of the superiority of their weapons, the soldiers insolently rode

among the villages, seeking fun where they could find it. When the native women tried to avoid them, the arrogant Spaniards caught them with their lassoes and never hesitated to shoot down the men who tried to interfere. In consequence of such disorders, the padres found it difficult to attract the pagans. After fifteen months only forty entries appeared in the baptismal register which Serra himself arranged a year after the founding. To lay first-hand complaints about the unruly mission guards, Serra in the next year made the long journey to Mexico City.

During Serra's absence, Francisco Palóu arrived at the mission on his way to Monterey. As temporary Superior, he determined to place the establishment in charge of a padre of proven ability, in an effort to develop the unusual farming opportunities offered at San Gabriel. Among the companions he had brought from the peninsula was the capable administrator, Lasuén, and to him he gave the trust. The new guardian found his station, later to be known as *Misión Vieja*, consisted of the usual group of small structures, all made of poles and roofed with grass, with ten neophyte huts, enclosed in a stockade about sixty yards square. The extensive fertile plain with an abundance of running water seemed to offer exceptional lands for crops. Yet those of the first year had been drowned out and the next year's only moderately successful. Lasuén decided that the numerous creeks and ditches traversing the fields had not been properly directed. He proposed moving the mission to a more suitable place five miles away. But almost three years passed before the change to the present site was made in 1775. The site of the original mission, or *Misión Vieja*, was marked on July 21, 1921, by a bronze plaque donated by Walter Temple. It is today unhappily surrounded by the oil wells of Potrero Heights near the crossing of San Gabriel Boulevard over Rio Hondo.

One Christianized Indian, who had come from Baja California with Palóu's party, made up his mind to return to his former home. Escaping the mission with two companions, Sebastián Tarabal set out east over a new route and finally reached Sonora by crossing the Colorado River. His cross-country journey provided the convincing proof to Captain Anza that led to that famous commander's first expedition to open a land route to Alta California. Under the guidance of Tarabal and the Franciscan pathfinder, Garcés, Anza's little party reached San Gabriel from Sonora on March 22, 1774. Though the mission was suffering from a food shortage, the four surprised padres welcomed their half-starved countrymen with open arms. The fortunate arrival at San Diego of the supply boat, *Santiago*, ended the province's famine at last and permitted the mission to care for most of the newcomers, while the commander himself completed his journey to Monterey. On his second expedition with the large body of San Francisco colonists, Anza again reached the haven of San Gabriel, which had moved to the new location farther north. There he was greeted on January 4, 1776, by the much-relieved Rivera, who was on his way to quell the San Diego insurrection. Father Paterna courageously played host to the resting colonists for almost a month during their captain's fruitless absence in the south. Anza rejoined his companions on February 12, only to meet with another annoying delay. In his absence four of his people with one of the mission soldiers had deserted with thirty of the horses and a quantity of stolen property. So Lieutenant Moraga was sent in pursuit of the fugitives. Before their return, however, Anza set out for the north with his impatient pioneers, who had practically exhausted the mission supplies. Two months later the tireless colonizer stopped again on his return trip to Sonora.

The mission, indeed, performed a valuable service as a

way station for travelers up and down the province. It bore an especially onerous burden as a resting place for the colonists brought over the Anza trail during Governor Neve's regime. On July 14, 1781, a party of thirty-five soldiers, thirty of them with families, arrived from Sonora on their way to establish the Santa Barbara presidio. On August 18, another motley crowd came in by way of Lower California. The latter group had to remain for a time in quarantine some distance away, because many of the children were recovering from smallpox. Care of all these troublesome exiles, of a none too desirable class, fell upon the mission. Though the Yuma massacre of July 17 put an end to further immigration across the Colorado Desert, the ensuing excitement and approach of the rainy season delayed the Channel foundings until the following spring. Meanwhile San Gabriel remained a humming military center.

Some relief to the congestion appeared when Neve issued orders for the establishment of the province's second *pueblo* of La Reina de Los Angeles about four leagues west of San Gabriel. Understanding that they would have to maintain themselves by means of their crops as soon as the government subsidy ran out, the twelve settlers with their families, numbering forty-six persons in all, were escorted on September 4, 1781, to a plaza already laid out "on high ground near the river." One amused writer comments that apparently the haughty Governor was ashamed to figure personally in the proceedings, "with the colonists such as they were." Even today many loud protests deny the nationalities listed by Bancroft as a "strange mixture of Indian and negro with here and there a trace of Spanish." Within six months one Spaniard and two Negroes were expelled with their families as worthless to the community. But additions were made, especially from soldiers who had served their enlistments. By the end of the first decade the population of 139 boasted

of twenty-nine adobe houses, a public hall, barracks, and granaries, all enclosed within an adobe wall. The fields, too, had prospered and produced that year more grain than any mission except San Gabriel. From this squalid Mexican settlement the modern Los Angeles has grown.

By the time of Serra's death San Gabriel had risen to a place of prime importance in the occupation of the province. Over eleven hundred natives had been baptized, and 739 neophytes were listed on the rolls of the mission and its ranches. The more than four thousand head of stock accumulated during those first thirteen years provided a good beginning for the immense herds of forty thousand head in the banner year of 1830. Under Lasuén's direction, ably continued by Fathers Sánchez and Cruzado, the community had become a beehive of activity. The mission was able not only to care for its neophytes and many guests, but later sent large consignments to the always hungry presidios at San Diego and Santa Barbara.

About 1791, construction was begun on the present church. The foundation and walls as high as the windows were built of stones, above that with brick. Trouble was encountered with cracks appearing in the vaulted concrete roof. The masons managed to repair them, but the roof was reopened by an earthquake in 1803. After fifteen years of building, the completed church was blessed on February 21, 1805. Two years later the vaulted roof had to be completely taken down and replaced with a flat one of tiles. Then came the severe earthquake of December 8, 1812, which badly damaged the church, the padres' quarters, and many of the workshops. The church tower was so badly cracked that it later fell. Several large altar statues and a crucifix had to be replaced. While the extensive repairs dragged along till 1828, a tile-roofed adobe granary served as temporary church.

The proximity of Los Angeles was a source of numerous annoyances during the early years. At first the Angeleños had to travel across to San Gabriel to attend services. The faithful complained about being neglected by the mission fathers, who did the best they could to serve their numerous charges scattered between the new *pueblo* and the distant San Bernardino Rancho on the east. Though permission to build a church of their own was granted in 1814, the shiftless civilians seemed not to care whether the project was ever begun. Finally all the missions from San Miguel to San Diego made contributions of material, money, and labor during the Mexican period of general indigence. Among the gifts from the missions were seven barrels of brandy. These had to be turned into cash by the citizens themselves, drink by drink, to secure materials more suited to the building of a church. With this "spiritual" foundation the Church of Our Lady of the Angels was completed and dedicated on December 8, 1822. But ten years passed before the parish received its first resident priest. Another concern at the mission was the alarming and mounting mortality rate among the neophytes. Though the establishment included a hospital to serve its charges, little was known of the relief and cure of the most common ailments, dysentery and *galico*. Especially the latter venereal disease, brought in by the Anza colonists, raised havoc with the natives. Infant mortality had risen so high by 1820 that the Indian population was already threatened with extinction. Nowhere in the province was the conflict between the uncongenial colonizing elements of civilian settlers and missionary methods more aggravated than at San Gabriel.

Much of the mission's success must be attributed to the character of Father Zalvidea, who had charge for twenty years after 1806. A strict disciplinarian, that tall, muscular padre was accounted one of the most efficient laborers in the

province. Tirelessly he developed the mission fields and distant *ranchos*. He established the chapel in 1810 at San Bernardino twenty leagues away. In 1809, he planted the famous cactus hedges to fence hundreds of cultivated acres from the bands of wild horses that overran the region. Some of the prickly-pear cactus grew to a height of twelve feet and supplied the natives with a highly relished food. Zalvidea first developed water power in the district in 1810 by building a gristmill for the mission. Its circular basin was so badly cracked by the 1812 earthquake that it had to be abandoned. Later Joseph Chapman, the American artisan, built a new one, which has since disappeared. But Zalvidea's original *El Molino Viejo* still stands in all its historic glory in the town of San Marino. It serves today as a private residence. Zalvidea not only supplied the many expeditions sent out from his station to search for new mission sites or to punish the inland pagans, but even found time in 1806 to go along himself as diarist on a march into the *tulares*. The aggressive padre more than held his own in the continuous disputes with the Los Angeles settlers. Though just and sympathetic with his charges, he exacted strict obedience and hard work from every class. His orders were carried out by his assistants armed with rawhide whips, which they used freely upon man or woman. He drove himself just as relentlessly until a threatened breakdown made wise his transfer to the easier station of San Juan Capistrano. Though entitled to a well-earned retirement from the province, the faithful Father remained at his new post for another sixteen years, eleven of them alone. Then he was moved to San Luís Rey, where he died in 1846 after more than forty years of service. Despite his severity, he seems to have won the devotion of his people. Certainly, they felt, he must be a saint who for hour after hour would walk back and forth in the cloister, carrying his book and repeating his prayers.

Who else could preach from the pulpit every Sunday in the native tongue so all could understand? The natives doubtless also marveled at his well-known personal austerities, carried to the point of madness. As an act of penance, for instance, it is said that he prevented his enjoyment of meals by stirring all the food into a mess—fish, meat, vegetables, fruit, puddings, sweet or sour. Around his waist he wore a horsehair girdle and similar bands around his legs, next to the skin. During his last months he was often found in the morning covered with blood from self-inflicted wounds. It was by men of such singular devotion that California was held together until the Americans arrived to reap the harvests.

A few Americans, in fact, were already appearing from out of the east. The earliest arrivals came naturally by boat; the first to remain reached Monterey in 1816. Ten years later a number of trappers came overland to San Gabriel and stayed two months. There they met their fellow countryman, Joseph Chapman, who had settled in the province after his escape from Bouchard's pirate vessel. A resourceful jack of all trades, Chapman became a favorite everywhere, especially with the padres who could use his varied talents. He married one of the daughters of the wealthy Ortega family and spent the rest of his days around Santa Barbara or Los Angeles. At the latter place he planted a vineyard of four thousand vines. We have seen how he resuscitated San Gabriel's power project by construction of its second gristmill. He served as a surgeon; indeed no task daunted the ingenious man. He even built a schooner out of timbers brought down from a canyon; then took it to pieces, carted them to San Pedro, where he reassembled the parts; then launched the boat as the *Guadalupe!*

After 1830, the mission was under constant strain from the rumblings of sectional quarrels. When Governor Victoria

was wounded near Cahuenga Pass in his battle with the southern Californians, he had himself carried to San Gabriel. There he offered to give up his office and leave the country. He sailed from San Diego with Father Peyri who was escaping from his post at San Luís Rey. During the ensuing disputes between Pío Pico and Echeandía, conditions became even worse until Figueroa arrived to attempt the impossible task of satisfactory mission secularization. In November, 1834, Father Estéñaga handed the mission inventory to Administrator Gutiérrez and stood helplessly aside to watch his quarters fill with the commissioner's noisy friends and relatives. Wholesale slaughter of mission cattle had been going on since Echeandía's arrival four years before. When the mission was transferred to Gutiérrez, 16,500 head of cattle were listed on the inventory; six years later not a hundred head were left. Micheltorena restored the place to the Franciscans in 1843, but little of value was left. Of the once prosperous establishment, only the neglected vineyards and a few hundred bewildered, hungry natives remained. On June 8, 1846, Pico gave the place to Hugo Reid and William Workman on condition that they assume the unlisted debts. But two months later the United States troops marched into Pico's capital at Los Angeles and dispossessed the mission purchasers. The property was finally returned to the church on November 19, 1859. The last Franciscans in charge were Fathers Sánchez and Jimeno, who left in 1852. Thereafter it was administered as a parish church under the diocese bishop. In 1908, the old mission was entrusted to the Claretian Fathers, who later erected a large parochial school without altering the well-preserved structure long known as the Pride of the Missions.

Today the mission possesses one of the largest collections of old paintings preserved at any of the missions. Especially interesting are those kept in the museum, once part of the

padres' quarters. Some are on canvas, some on copper, and others on wood. A *Story of the Apparition* consists of four separate oval oil paintings on wood and joined at the back by cross pieces, each representing an incident in the story. A Mexican product four centuries old, the wood is well preserved and the colors still brilliant. Many of the paintings, in their damaged Old World frames, are unquestionably Spanish, several attributed to Murillo and his school. A Mary Magdalene is Italian and credited to Correggio. There are also Italian copies on copper of a Raphael and an Andrea del Sarto.

The interior of the church has apparently been well preserved. In 1886, the windows were enlarged, the walls plastered, and a most incongruous effect produced by installing an oak-paneled ceiling. The altar is more in keeping with the original spirit. The elaborate retable with six statue niches is doubtless Mexican in origin as it is in style. Five of the six wooden statues, including the central Saint Gabriel, are old. Other interesting original equipment includes a hammered copper baptismal font, brass candlesticks, silver holy-water bowl and sprinkler, and the baptismal shell. The bodies of several missionaries are interred under the sanctuary floor. The two Franciscans, Cruzado and Miguel Sánchez, who worked together for thirty years to build up the station and give it the spacious surviving church, were honored by burial here. Like honor was paid to Gerónimo Boscana, the noted author of *Chinigchinich*, which Professor Kroeber calls "by far the most valuable document on the California Indians preserved from the pen of the Franciscan missionaries." And Father José Sánchez, who reluctantly served as father-president for three years during the decline, was buried in front of the altar.

The general outside view of the mission is unfortunately restricted by its cramped location among city streets. Yet its

construction is unique in that the side of the church forms the façade. The thick wall, five feet at the bottom, is supported by ten massive buttresses with pyramidal copings divided by projecting ledges into three unequal sections. Some of the buttresses are ornamented with statue niches and entablatures. The most striking feature of the façade, however, is the walled campanile attached at the left. For many years this belfry has been famous in song, story, and picture. The solid wall is irregularly pierced by six arches of various sizes, designed to hold the different-sized bells. The end of the wall is stepped up irregularly to the central bell opening at the top, each step being capped by a molded cornice. The top aperture is crowned with an arch which holds the cross. The unusual construction provides a most pleasing and attractive variation from all the other mission pediments. Only four bells now hang in the niches. Behind the church are remains of several brick structures where soap was made and tallow rendered in the olden days. Here, too, is the little cemetery where hundreds of Indians must be buried. It is not easy today to realize that this fourth of Serra's establishments had baptized almost ten thousand natives and buried nearly seven thousand when the last Franciscans departed in 1852. San Gabriel has also become well known as the scene of John Steven McGroarty's famous *Mission Play*, which stresses in dramatic manner the important role played by the Franciscans in California's romantic past.

XI

MISSION SAN FERNANDO REY DE ESPANA

THE FATES would have been inconsiderate if they had not granted the Franciscan missions at least a minor role in that momentous drama of the discovery of gold in California. Though none of the establishments shared directly in the stupendous harvests from that fortunate development, Mission San Fernando did have the distinction of offering on one of its *ranchos* the first sight of the precious metal within the borders of the State.

Six years before James Marshall found glittering nuggets in Sutter's millrace, the *majordomo* of San Fernando had an exciting experience destined to be the forerunner of much future joy and tragedy in the Golden State. On March 9, 1842, Francisco López went out to his little garden, so runs the tale, to get some fresh vegetables as a special treat for his birthday dinner. Pulling up a bunch of onions, he noticed in the soil around the roots some shiny yellow particles, which turned out to be real gold. Digging further, he unearthed still more. Throwing off all thought of his anniversary feast, he hurried to inform his friends of his good fortune.

The placer in the Santa Feliciano Canyon, some eight miles northwest of the present town of Newhall, became the

mecca for a rush of fortune-seekers from Los Angeles, Santa Barbara and even from Sonora. For four years a region extending over two leagues was the scene of frenzied activity. Despite the scant flow of water, a man could take out about two dollars a day. One Spaniard with three Indian helpers made \$600 in two months of the first year. In their crude and wasteful procedure, the miners used bowl-shaped Indian baskets instead of pans. The first California gold to be coined was a parcel of 18.34 ounces carried around the Horn to the Philadelphia mint by Alfred Robinson, the American merchant-trader who translated Boscana's famous book on the California Indians. Though the importance of the first gold field in no way approached that of a later day, at least it served as a forerunner of the great discovery in the north, which for many centuries had eluded the Spaniards, only to fall into the laps of the Americans.

The mission named in honor of Saint Ferdinand III, King of Leon and Castile, was one of the five founded by the tireless Father-President Lasuén in his seventy-seventh year for the purpose of closing the gaps in the long chain. After careful exploration of the region between San Buenaventura and San Gabriel, a site known to the natives as Achois Comihabit was selected in the broad, sweeping valley, which Crespi had named Encino. The place was part of a *rancho* being operated by Francisco Reyes, the alcalde of the Los Angeles *pueblo*. The whole district was already widely cultivated and overrun with pagans, "clad in shoes, with sombreros and blankets, and serving as muleteers to the settlers and *rancheros*," according to Father Santa María, whom Lasuén had sent to look over the possibilities. It is interesting to note that in spanning the 32 leagues between the two already established missions, the prime consideration was the outlook for future prosperity. In this instance the chosen site was much closer to San Gabriel than to San Buenaven-

tura. The region further west was found to be "too salinous," as the padres called it; the sierras were too steep for farming; or, most vital of all, there was no running water. The new location, moreover, was two leagues north of *El Camino Real*, providing an illustration of how that established route was sometimes altered during the province's settlement.

As soon as he had established San Miguel, Lasuén himself arrived from the north with a guard supplied by Santa Barbara. He and Father Dumetz blessed the land, erected the cross, and conducted the solemn dedicatory ceremonies on September 8, 1797, in the presence of a crowd of natives. On the same day ten pagan children were baptized in the brush *enramada*, which housed the altar until a chapel could be built. Then Lasuén prepared and wrote the title pages for the registers of baptisms, marriages, and burials, all of which are preserved today in the Bishop's archives in Los Angeles. According to custom, the adjacent missions made contributions of stock and materials to start the new institution, and church equipment was supplied by the Pious Fund. The first resident padres, Dumetz and Cortés, were temporarily housed in the Reyes ranch house.

The first task confronting the padres was construction of a church, dwellings, and workshops for the rapidly increasing converts. Within two months the adobe church was completed and blessed on November 28. On that day the forty-third baptism was recorded, as evidence that the natives were friendly and open to the attractions of mission life. Lasuén's emphasis on the development of the mechanical arts is reflected in San Fernando's early diligent effort to become self-supporting. Within the first year one wing of the projected patio contained a large granary, storeroom, and weaving room, all 17 feet in width. During the following year, a second and larger church had to be built and another quadrangle wing was started by erecting an adobe dwelling

for the padres. All the buildings were roofed with tile. Within seven years of its founding, the thriving community consisted of almost a thousand neophytes. The quadrangle was completely enclosed with the church, barracks, dwelling, workshops, and storerooms. The apartment for the unmarried girls had a courtyard of its own. Even the Indian village to the west boasted a square with seventy small adobe houses for neophyte families. And the fathers found it necessary to begin construction of a still more commodious church.

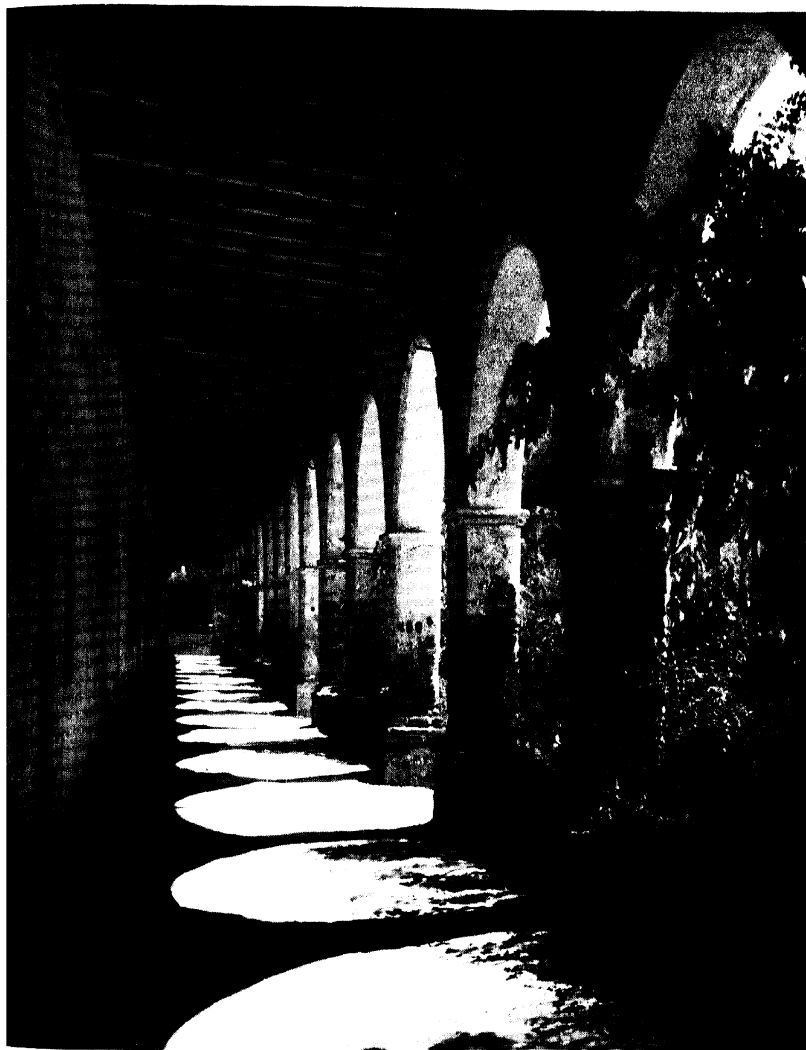
After two years' labor the large adobe edifice in ruins today was ready for use. Father Muñoz from San Miguel officiated on December 7, 1806, at the dedication rites attended by other visiting padres and a host of neophytes. As an added feature of the solemn ceremonies, a large band of native musicians from Santa Barbara and Purísima Concepción entertained the assemblage with the melodious chants they had learned from the padres. Accompanied by their crude native instruments, their strained voices seemed attracted only to sad and doleful tunes, which would perfectly fit the pitiful ruins one finds on the site today. For this church, which was opened soon after the dedication of the great stone edifice at San Juan Capistrano, was destined to suffer from the same disaster that ruined that famous structure.

Though it never could lay claim to such pretensions, the church was quite substantial. Built entirely of adobe and roofed with tile, the thick walls permitted the working out of curious archways which reveal the individuality of the builder. The main entrance on the west end had an archway rounded on the outside and flat within. In the middle of the south wall an archway leading into the quadrangle had a flat top with rounded upper corners, then sloped down to a smaller semicircular arch on the outer side. On the opposite

wall a doorway leading into the cemetery was a half-circle inside, sloping outward into a square arch. Under the choir loft a low-vaulted archway led into the little baptistry with a quaintly arched ceiling. Four sets of engaged columns divided each side wall of the nave into panels, each with a recessed arch. The roof beams were supported by corbels set out from the walls between the pilasters. Another interesting architectural feature was the construction of nine recessed arches along the side walls, seven of which were pierced through to provide windows. A shell-shaped, burnt-brick archway led from the sanctuary to the sacristy behind the altar.

For six busy years this church took care of the mission converts, who reached their greatest number of 1,081 in 1811. But on December 8, 1812, the earthquake, which rocked the whole mission area, caused considerable damage to the adobe building. Fortunately the walls withstood the tremors, though thirty beams had to be inserted to make the structure safe for use. One wall had to be reinforced with a burnt-brick buttress, which remains in place today.

Lasuén's insistence upon the internal independence of the province is apparent in the self-sufficient character soon developed by this seventeenth link in his mission chain. The fields were irrigated by a series of masonry dams connected by an aqueduct leading down to the vineyard south of the quadrangle. In addition to developing the agricultural and stock interests customary in the early mission era, San Fernando became a thriving if primitive manufacturing colony, supplying itself and other centers with hides, soap, tallow, cloths, even with shoes. The Santa Barbara presidio alone in five years became indebted to the mission for more than \$20,000 for various supplies. During the Mexican period the padres complained constantly of their difficulties in supporting their native charges with the worthless drafts



MISSION SAN FERNANDO, REY DE
ESPAÑA. The monastery corridor

its constant use as a stopping place for people traveling through the province, especially during the tumultuous period of alternate political dominance of Mexican governors and home rule. By the time that the capable José Figueroa became governor in 1833, internal dissensions had divided the province into quarreling northern and southern sections, with the district around San Fernando an ever shifting dividing line between the factions. Unfortunately Figueroa did not live long enough to supervise the carrying out of the disastrous secularization decrees sent out from Mexico. The sincere efforts of Alvarado and Hartnell to restore some semblance of the mission system came too late to save the pitiful wreckage. All of these men, as well as Governor Castro during his brief term, used San Fernando as military headquarters. California's first bishop, García Diego, was a guest there in 1843. A few years later near the mission Micheltorena surrendered his office to the confederates of Pío Pico, who signed the mission's death warrant by leasing it to his brother, General Andrés Pico. And at Mission San Fernando Colonel Frémont took up quarters in 1847 after Pico had surrendered the place. His astonishment at the sight of the well-equipped United States troops must have been great indeed, as he recalled the Mexican army which Governor Micheltorena had brought to the mission. That *cholo* mob had been made up mostly of liberated convicts. Alfred Robinson describes that motley gathering as presenting "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."

The reason for San Fernando's popularity is evident, even today. Having no hotels, those who traveled along *El*

Camino Real were obliged to seek accommodations at the missions. The Franciscans, in short, were not only the province's farmers and manufacturers, but innkeepers as well. Eager for the latest gossip, often lonesome for intercourse with people of understanding more elevated than that of their Indian charges, the isolated padres threw open their establishments to every man who came along. In later mission days, the visitor could be assured even of bountiful entertainment centering around good food and drink. To care for its guests in the frontier land, each mission built extra rooms, usually adjacent to the padres' quarters. And this is the section known as the "long building," which distinguishes the mission today.

This "House of the Fathers" must have seemed like a palace in the simple days of the province. Only the main building at Purísima Concepción resembled it architecturally. Begun in 1810, it underwent many alterations and additions during thirteen years of construction. Connected with the church by a corridor, the adobe dwelling was placed outside the crowded quadrangle. Fortunately it is so well preserved that the visitor today is given the rare privilege of inspecting the entire tavern in its original arrangement. The first room he enters, now used as the museum, served as the mission chapel after abandonment of the large church. Passing through one of the padres' rooms, one reaches the famous *sala*, or reception room, which was the largest in California. In this interesting room the padres offered their generous hospitality to such noted guests as General Pico and Colonel Frémont, whose booted feet trod these same worn floor tiles. One doorway and two windows pierce the thick adobe wall to the bordering cloister on the south. The arches of these openings are particularly fascinating in having a Moorish design with curves from the apex uneven and asymmetrical on the inside. The thick wooden doors are ornamented with

deep running grooves to represent the River of Life. Behind this historic room was the old library, which now houses a few relics, such as an old confessional box, an altar, and a life-sized carved wooden statue of the patron saint of the mission. A doorway leads to the large kitchen with its open firebox. The brick walls of the adjacent smoke room support three heavy timbers on which the meat was hung. The spacious dining room also looks out upon the south cloister. A hole in the door near the floor allowed ready passage for the mission cats, which served a great need as defense against the teeming rodents. At the end of the corridor lay the "governor's room," the guest room for distinguished visitors. Recently workers in the Federal Arts Project have carefully removed the whitewash covering and exposed extensive mural decorations in this room. The running pattern of yellow California poppies and blue vases with conventional flowers adorns the walls and the wooden cupboard recessed into the outside corner. Throughout the whole building one can see the beams and rafters fastened together with rawhide thongs, instead of nails. Another interesting feature is the cavernous winery. A brick stairway leads down to a lavatory into which the Indians stepped to cleanse their feet before climbing into the large masonry vat to stamp out the grapes. From the vat the juices were carried below by a pipeline to a large underground cellar for storage and aging.

The exterior view gives an even more impressive idea of the immensity of the building, which measures 50 feet wide and 243 feet long. The massive rear wall shows repairs made after 1923, when the Oblates of Mary Immaculate were given charge of the parish which includes the mission ruins. A new foundation was installed and five large steel anchors inserted to strengthen the wall. The new stewards completely renovated the long front corridor, whose nineteen arches present an imposing feature of the building today.

Most of the old tiled roof had survived and was repaired where necessary with modern tile. A small arch to hold a bell stands on the west end of the corridor roof. For greater privacy an adobe wall was built between the front cloister and the bordering street. Posterity should be sincerely grateful to the church for its faithful preservation of this historic building which the noted mission artist, Henry Chapman Ford, visited in 1888, during the period of its profane use by the Porter Land and Water Company as a warehouse and stable.

The ruins of the church are reached by passing along the adobe mounds which are all that remains of the cloister and workshops on the western side of the old quadrangle. The whole patio was in ruins when Charles F. Lummis found the sacred ground being used as a hog ranch in 1896. Through his personal efforts, the Landmarks Club took a lease and began repairs in an effort to prevent further dissolution. The adobe church was covered with a temporary roof in time for the commemoration on September 8, 1897, of the centennial of the mission's founding. Later a storm wrecked the covering, so Lummis arranged a "Candle Day" for August 6, 1916, when several thousand inscribed candles were sold at a dollar each. The funds thus raised paid for another wooden roof. Without sufficient funds for a thorough restoration, the caretakers found it necessary again to reroof the dilapidated building in 1927. Since the structures lie within the limits of the city of Los Angeles, it is hoped that someday the church can be completely restored.

Across the street from the "long building" in the old mission plaza now lies Brand Park, a part of the Los Angeles park system. The historic site is used to preserve many of the mission's effects. The original mortar fountain was once part of the extensive irrigation system leading to the vineyards. A larger elaborate reservoir is oddly built in a geo-

metrical figure, composed of eight semicircles connected by inverted V's. A copy of one in Cordova, Spain, it measures thirty feet in diameter and holds 1,600 gallons. Though weighing fifty tons, the huge mass of tile and brick was safely brought from its old location out in the mission field. Near by is a statue of Father Serra, presented by the Land Company. Another interesting relic is the remains of the soap factory built by the padres in 1818 of boulders set in cement. Inside the square structure are two round brick vats six feet across at the top, decreasing to about four feet at the bottom. Part of the park is known as "Memory Garden," dedicated to mission and pioneer days. Over the entrance arches are two seals, one of the United States and the other of Spain, in honor of Colonel Frémont and General Pico. The main walk is lined with olive trees dedicated to padres and patriots. Plants, shrubs, and trees of the whole park were gathered from various mission gardens, the surrounding pepper trees from the original peppers at Mission San Luís Rey. This well-kept garden forms a fitting foreground for the famous "long building," which is about all that remains of Father Lasuén's Mission of the Valley.

XII

MISSION SAN BUENAVENTURA

AT THEIR memorable conference in the Santa Ana camp on the bleak plains of Baja California, Serra and Gálvez carefully examined the meager map based on Vizcaíno's explorations more than a century and a half before. At length they agreed that the middle of the three missions authorized by the viceroy should be placed on Santa Barbara Channel. During the frenzied preparations for the occupation of the northern province, the *visitador-general* personally supervised the packing of the church equipment for what he called *his* mission, in honor of San Buenaventura.

Prospects for the intermediate settlement were most promising. The first white visitor, Cabrillo, had been favorably impressed by the natives when he landed there just fifty years to the day after Columbus had sighted San Salvador. There Vizcaíno had traded with the native fishermen who "rowed so swiftly that they seemed to fly." Crespi whetted Serra's eagerness still more when he reported in 1769 that the Channel Indians "are of good figure and disposition, active, industrious and inventive." So it was with keen anticipation that the Father-President in 1771 sent two missionaries with the cases of equipment by sea to San Diego. The supplies soon reached San Gabriel on their way back

north by packtrain. But there they lay unpacked during the month after month of delay caused by Indian troubles and the scarcity of soldiers. The continued wranglings with the military soon convinced the impatient Serra that he would have to establish his missions only when and where conditions permitted.

The opportunity at last arrived when Felipe de Neve, the greatest of the Spanish governors, came north determined to carry out Bucareli's orders for a sounder development of the loosely settled province. His journey through the territory convinced him that the populous Channel region needed three missions and a presidio at once. Serra joyfully made his preparations and agreed to join the governor at San Gabriel. All the Franciscans being occupied, he had to secure Father Cambón, who was recuperating at San Diego from a long illness. On March 26, 1782, the founding party set out for the Channel. The jubilant Serra surveyed with satisfaction the large gathering of seventy soldiers with their families, recruited from Sonora, Lieutenant Ortega with his troops, muleteers in charge of the packtrain, the personal servants, and some neophytes to help with construction. To complete the imposing procession, Governor Neve in full regalia brought up the rear, under guard of ten of his Monterey soldiers.

On the first night out of San Gabriel, a courier reached camp with orders from Commandant-General de Croix to join a punitive expedition against the Yuma Indians. Instructing the others to go ahead with the founding, the governor and his ten soldiers hastened back to San Gabriel. Serra and his party reached the head of the Channel two days later and camped near the site which Portolá had named La Asunción de Nuestra Señora. On Easter Sunday, March 31, the venerable padre raised the cross and in the brushwood shelter sang mass and preached the sermon for the last

founding ceremony he was destined to attend. At least he had the pleasure of unpacking Gálvez's cases after thirteen years of waiting.

The aging Serra stayed almost three weeks at the new mission, assisting Cambón in starting the settlement while waiting for Neve to return. He prepared the registers and wrote the title pages himself. Though the natives were friendly and willingly traded with the newcomers, few seemed interested in exchanging their freedom for the uncertainties of mission life. Only two baptisms were recorded in the first nine months. Yet the curious Indians gladly helped with construction of the chapel and habitations for the padres and the guard, in exchange for trifles such as beads. As soon as Serra reached Monterey, he replaced Cambón with Fathers Dumetz and Santa María, and the latter began his memorable service of almost twenty-five years at the mission. Though prospects had appeared so promising, only twenty-two neophytes became residents by the end of the second year when Serra paid his farewell visit to administer confirmations. During the more settled period of Lasuén's regime, converts came in much faster.

Construction went forward steadily. The first church was destroyed by fire after ten years of use. So the padres set to work on a new building of stone, large enough to insure ample accommodations for any future needs. During its construction, a tile-roofed granary, tannery, storehouse, workshops, and dwellings were built around two courtyards planted with gardens. After more than fifteen years of labor, the large stone church was finished and dedicated on September 10, 1809. The solemn rites were conducted by the resident Father Seán, assisted by five visiting missionaries. On the next day the remains of Father Santa María, who had died on July 16, 1806, were transferred from the old church to a niche in the wall of the new sanctuary. The thick walls

were built of native stone and masonry, the roof of tile, and the ceiling beams of timbers brought down from the Ojai. A beautifully carved pulpit and canopy projected from the right wall. The pilasters of the canopied romanesque altar were finished in imitation marble and heavily gilded. The elaborate altar pieces included two silver crucifixes, silver oilstocks and a sculptured image of the Immaculate Conception. Six red cassocks for the altar boys and fourteen canvas paintings for the Stations of the Cross were brought from Mexico. The ceiling and walls were covered with neophyte decorations. It is apparent that a special effort was being made to attract the particularly desirable Channel natives.

The unusual industry of the local Indians, in fact, enabled the fathers to take full advantage of the natural productivity of the region. The abundant and constant water supply from the river was brought to the fertile soil to produce harvests of vegetables and fruit surpassing any yet seen in the province. Only a decade after its founding, the mission was highly praised by the discerning traveler, George Vancouver, who stopped in 1793 on his second visit to California. Nowhere had he found such gardens with the "quantity, quality and variety of its excellent productions." In addition to the usual kitchen vegetables, the padres were able "in the greatest health and perfection" to raise apples, pears, plums, figs, oranges, peaches, pomegranates, plantain, bananas, coconuts, sugar cane, and indigo. Little wonder that the widely traveled Englishman was impressed with California's natural advantages, though he thought the Spaniards failed to make the best of their opportunities. He was enthusiastic in his praise of the missionaries, who received him with generous hospitality in spite of the precautionary restrictions against foreign visitors. When Vancouver landed at Santa Barbara, for instance, Father Santa María brought from San Buenaventura a small flock of sheep and all the

fresh fruits and vegetables he could load on twenty pack mules. Then the padre returned to his mission on Vancouver's *Discovery* and persuaded the traveler to stop over a day as his guest.

The series of disastrous earthquakes which rocked southern California from December 8, 1812 through February, caused considerable damage to San Buenaventura's buildings. The whole front of the stone church was twisted so badly out of plumb that it was feared the walls would collapse. The bell tower and front had to be rebuilt and all the interior woodwork replaced. As the tremors continued, the ocean ran so high that the anxious fathers retired with their wards to a temporary chapel three-quarters of a league inland. There they remained during the rebuilding and repair of the damaged structures, which were far enough along by the middle of 1815 to permit the return of the exiles.

But the mission was soon again abandoned. The only foreign foe to attack the province before the Americans arrived was the motley crew assembled by the insurgent, Bouchard. Especially the coastal settlements were kept in an uproar during the Frenchman's visit in the fall of 1818. The exposed San Buenaventura was ordered to be vacated. Father Seán packed the sacred vessels, vestments and font, hid the large statues, images and Station paintings in a nearby cave, then took his baggage, neophytes, and livestock into the sierra regions. There he built a timbered chapel at a place called Purísima Nueva and remained for almost a month until Bouchard had left these shores.

Troubles during the turbulent revolutionary period never ended. Pagan Indians from the Colorado River regions had developed a practice of trading with the southern missions. On May 29, 1819, a party of twenty-two Mojaves arrived for that purpose at San Buenaventura. The soldiers forbade their mingling with the neophytes and locked them in the

guardhouse for the night. Next morning a general fight broke out, in which ten Mojaves, two soldiers, and one mission Indian were killed. The surviving Mojaves escaped into the interior, and an alarm was spread among the settlements that the Mojave tribes might come in force to seek revenge. Such occurrences kept the coastal stations in constant apprehension from Indian raids.

The Mission by the Sea—Vancouver says that its corn fields were cultivated within a few yards of the surf—seemed unusually fortunate in its assignment of resident padres. Santa María had laid a good foundation before the place was honored by being entrusted to the capable José Señán. During Señán's quarter-century at the mission, he was twice selected as father-president. There he died on August 24, 1823. His remains were buried in a masonry tomb built by the neophytes in the sanctuary of the stone church beside the grave of Santa María. Another prominent padre, resident for a time at the mission, was Narciso Durán, who is considered the ablest of the Franciscan missionaries during the period of decline. Durán served forty years in the province, as father-president most of the time after 1825. His death in 1846 marks the end of the mission era.

Not all of the Franciscan padres, however, left unblemished records in the province. It will be remembered that Father Ibarra was saved the ignominy of apostasy from San Fernando through the intervention of Father-President Durán. At San Buenaventura a similar incident is disclosed. When the Mexican Republic expelled all native Spaniards in 1827, Father Altimira decided with Father Ripoll of Santa Barbara to escape the ungrateful country at once. Secretly boarding the American vessel, *Harbinger*, they sailed for their native land. Altimira practically deserted his trust, because his fellow friar, Suñer, had not only become blind, but was absent then from the post. And investigation of the



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incident disclosed that the truant missionary had taken along, among other things, "a little box of cigars!"

Mention of that trivial item evokes a consideration of the living conditions to which the Franciscans were subjected. The regular shipments of supplies, or *memorias*, sent to the padres often included a consignment of tobacco. In the dried leaf it was used by those wily shepherds as inducements to attract and hold their neophyte flocks. The Indians crushed the leaves in a mortar and smoked the weed in pipes or cigarettes. But the "herba santa" was universally used in the Western world for its supposedly miraculous healing powers. And the poor padres surely had need for some sovereign remedy. Their adobe quarters were damp and cold, as anyone knows who lingers for a time in any of the ruins today. Even California's lustrous sunshine could not penetrate the loophole openings in the six-foot musty walls. The modern imitation, known as "Mission architecture," has altered the style almost beyond recognition for the sake of sanitation and air circulation. But these features were unknown in the mission era. The floors, moreover, were either earthen or tiled. Only by a visit to the kitchen's open fire could the friars warm their lightly clad, or even bare feet. Certainly the bed of rawhide stretched over a wooden frame offered little warmth or comfort.

With many of the open-air duties delegated to the *alcaldes*, the fathers spent most of their time under cover. No wonder father-presidents were constantly besieged with requests for retirement to New Spain. Most of the padres soon contracted chronic head colds and catarrh. One available, widely employed relief was found in the use of snuff. As a cure, of course, it was worthless. But at least its sedative effect was consoling. And one can sympathize with Father Señán when that sufferer from the disagreeable head ailment sends his thanks to Captain de la Guerra of Santa Barbara:

I am very grateful to you for sending the handkerchiefs. My nose is exceedingly delicate and soon becomes inflamed if the handkerchief is not a little soft. May God reward you!

During the general disorders of the Mexican period, San Buenaventura was the scene of one of the numerous "comic opera" battles between the northern and southern gubernatorial aspirants. In support of Governor Alvarado, General Castro assembled an army of one hundred men and advanced with several cannon upon the Carrillo forces, numbering one hundred and ten, entrenched within the mission. Strongly fortified with the delicious mission wine, the defenders carelessly allowed themselves to be surrounded and their water supply cut off. After placing two cannon on the ocean side and one on the hill behind, the besiegers opened parley. The reinforced valor of the mission garrison refused to succumb to three vociferous demands for surrender. So the cannonading began. For two full days the battle raged. One of the attackers was even killed. Deciding that hostilities had gone far enough—or, perhaps the wine supply ran out—the Carrillo army under cover of darkness silently slipped away. Seventy of the weary men were captured next day and led into Los Angeles in triumph. For many years the mission walls displayed the marks made by the cannon balls during that terrible siege of March 27-28, 1838.

But Carlos Carrillo returned soon after with a more legal claim to the mission. In June Father Ordaz was ordered to receive Carrillo as administrator under the secularization edict. Actual transfer did not take place until Rafael González took charge on June 4, 1838. The mission was made a parish church and Father Fortuni reduced to a pastor. When that Franciscan died two years later, the place was served from Santa Barbara until José Rosales arrived in 1843 as the

first secular priest. In a futile effort that year to revive the missionary influence, Governor Micheltorena restored control to the Franciscans. San Buenaventura was found to have suffered less than most of the other establishments. But relief was only temporary. Pío Pico first leased the mission for an annual rental of \$1,630; then on June 8, 1846, sold it for \$12,000 to one of the renters, José Arnaz. The sale was later nullified and on May 23, 1863, President Lincoln signed the deed transferring the property back to the church.

The records of the whole mission history from 1782 to 1834 show that 3,924 baptisms were performed. The banner year of 1816 lists 1,328 resident neophytes and over 41,000 head of stock. The mission still possesses the first register of baptisms, ending in 1808 and arranged by Father Serra. Many of the entries are made in the delicate, even handwriting of Father Señán. Those meticulous Franciscans must have whiled away their idle hours designing the picturesque curlicues that terminate their signatures.

The mission today presents a perfect example of the wrong way to preserve an historical ruin. For fifty years after the mission's secularization, a lazy Spanish settlement of squat adobe structures spread over the acres once used as mission orchards. The coming of the railroad in 1887 precipitated a typical small-town boom which carried the craze for improvement to the very doorsteps of the mission. Succumbing to the excitement, the resident priest, Ciprian Rubio, tore down all the dilapidated outer buildings and left only the church. He even razed the sacristy to make room for a parish school. Collapse of the boom delayed the school's completion until 1922. But the eager priest, with total disregard of historic associations, proceeded to modernize the church. To obtain more light for the nave, he lengthened the windows, then covered the openings with dark stained glass.

Worse yet, he replaced the Indian murals with meaningless modern stencil work. During a previous restoration, the ceiling beams had been replaced and a wooden floor installed. By removing the covering from the aisle, the original floor of small, thin, square burnt tiles has been exposed.

Despite the present modernity of the colorless church property, the curious visitor will find several interesting remnants of traditional value. The imposing façade of the church is distinguished by the massive bell tower on the right and the large hipped buttress attached after the earthquake to the end of the left side wall. The two-storied tower supports a dome which holds a lantern surmounted by the cross. This marked feature of mission architecture appears also at Santa Barbara and San Luis Rey. The arched and corniced entrance doorway is topped by a triangular entablature pierced by a small square window and a bracketed niche for a statue. The side entrance from the courtyard offers an interesting example of the padres' efforts to preserve motifs found in their native land. The arched doorway is of Moorish design and the simple entablature is framed by plain corniced pilasters.

Across the courtyard from the church a small museum building was erected in 1929 to house the few remaining treasures. Among the relics is a well-preserved chair of neophyte make. Although rough in style, it is soundly put together by tenon and mortise. A crude effort at embellishment appears at the ends of the back-posts, the rounding of the arms and the ornament surmounting the front stretcher. Of greater interest are two worm-eaten, wooden bells whose very existence seems absurd. Each appears to have been carved out of a large block of wood, about two feet high, with metal plates attached inside for the wooden clapper to strike. It is said that at one time they actually hung by raw-

hide thongs in the bell tower. Of Mexican make, they were brought to the mission in the late Mexican period and used to call the faithful to services during the two days of Holy Week when metal bells are always silent. So even the dullest of today's mission remnants offers the visitor some reward for his trouble in stopping.

XIII

MISSION SANTA BARBARA

IN SERRA'S chain of scattered stations, one stands out in singular distinction for its unusual and continued vigor. Like Saint Paul among another group of apostolic zealots, this station refused to give up when others were succumbing to alien discouragements. Yet also like Paul, it was devoted to the missionary message of a man it never personally saw. Serra founded nine missions, but the vigorous tenth fell to the lot of Lasuén. (And after a bustling half-century as a mission among the Indians, Santa Barbara continued to extend its theological prominence without for a moment being out of the care of its Franciscan founders.)

The Channel region lay in the path of the Spaniards from the very beginning of their northern explorations. Undaunted by the date, on Friday the thirteenth of October, 1542, Cabrillo became the first historical white man to enter the Channel. After an absence of fifty years, the Spaniards stopped again when Cermenho sailed through its waters in 1595. Then Vizcaíno arrived on the eve of Saint Barbara's Day in 1602 and christened the passage after that saint. More than a century and a half later Spanish adventurers appeared again, this time by land with Portolá in command. Three years passed before Serra came that way with Gov-

ernor Fages en route to San Diego to get supplies. Returning from Mexico City in the next year, Serra again trod the now established *Camino Real* through the future Santa Barbara. Palóu, too, became enthusiastic over the district when he passed through in 1773. Anza stopped on both his expeditions to Monterey. And all agreed that the populous district offered unusual opportunities for Spanish settlement.

The zealous mission founder made every effort to colonize the district. On his first confirmation tour in 1778, his heart bled because there were yet no converts between San Luís Obispo and San Gabriel. San Buenaventura at last made a beginning in 1782. From there Serra proceeded up the Channel with Governor Neve and on April 29 of that year they founded the Santa Barbara presidio. Serra blessed the ground and conducted mass near a *laguna* about a mile from the beach. Palóu called it a dismal place, with but little water. Construction of a church, barracks, dwelling, and storerooms enclosed in a pole stockade was facilitated by the assistance of Yonanalit, a native chief of thirteen villages. His friendly Indians joined with the soldiers of the first *comandante*, José Ortega, and soon the little fortress was ready for use. Serra himself arranged the registers, and the station assumed all the functions usual to a mission. In fact, the busy governor was so satisfied that he saw no immediate need for a regular mission in the valley. In bitter disappointment, the father-president was forced to return to Monterey without completion of his cherished purpose. The presidio church had to be served from San Buenaventura. Just before his death, Serra was relieved to hear that the new governor, Fages, was willing to go ahead with the mission founding.)

That fiery Catalan, devoted to the province's welfare, had already selected a site near the place called Montecito. But the efficient Lasuén was not the man to confirm a choice until he had seen for himself. Late in October, 1786, he left

San Carlos with Father Oramas and picked up Paterna at San Lu s Obispo. (On December 4, the feast day of Saint Barbara, they raised the cross at a place known to the natives as Taynayan and to the Spaniards as El Pedregosa, both signifying "a place of stones.") It bordered a stream running down from the mountains a league or more above the presidio. Further founding ceremonies were delayed until December 16 so that Fages could be present in person. Lasu n arranged the registers and left Paterna and Oramas in charge. The first three baptisms had to be performed at the presidio church because the rainy season prevented any building that year.)

(Construction got under way in the spring. By the end of the first year a church, friary, storeroom, and workshop formed one wing of the proposed quadrangle. Built of poles and clay, the buildings were roofed with grass. Then a second wing of adobe was started. Additions made in the next year were roofed with tile, at that time an innovation in mission construction. Converts came in so rapidly that over three hundred were living at the mission at the end of the second year. A steady increase continued for the next fifteen years until the founding of Santa In s in 1804 put a check to the growth in the north.)

(During this period of expansion the church had to be enlarged several times. In 1789 a second chapel was built of adobe and roofed with tile. Storerooms and workshops were added, and a new padres' quarters with a *sala*. Then a third church was built and dedicated on March 19, 1794. During its building, the energetic founder, Paterna, died on February 13, 1793, and was buried in the sanctuary. Each of these first three churches was apparently an expansion of its predecessor on the same site, until the new structure measured 124 by 25 feet, with a sacristy 26 by 14. Both were of adobe, tile-roofed and plastered, inside and out.)

The next eighteen years were occupied with continued improvement and expansion. In 1796, all the old sycamore and poplar rafters were replaced with more durable pine, said to have been brought by the neophytes from Little Pine Mountain twenty miles away. A front, tile-roofed corridor with brick pillars ran 124 feet along the monastery facing the presidio. A second corridor was built along the inner patio. Then the Indian village was started to the southwest, surrounded by an adobe wall topped with tile as protection against the rains. By the end of the century, three sides of the quadrangle were corridored and the floors paved with tile. In all this construction the builders naturally took advantage of the abundance of sandstone on the premises. All the foundations were made of stones laid in mortar. On the front of the monastery they added a second row of rooms, built of masonry with a flat concrete roof. This addition necessitated the erection of a new front corridor with stone arches supported by pillars of brick. To match this tile-floored corridor, a new façade was added to the church. By the end of 1811, the front of the establishment had assumed something of the appearance so famous in picture today.

Though the presidio's prominence gave the mission a decided advantage, not all the sailing had been smooth. The livestock was constantly a prey to "bears, leopards, wolves and coyotes." The flocks and crops both suffered from the shortage of water. An epidemic of pneumonia struck the settlement in 1801 during the guardianship of Estévan Tapis, who also served as father-president for nine years after Lasuén's death. The main difficulty of water shortage was approached with vigor and courage. In 1806 a masonry reservoir, 110 feet square and 7 feet deep, was built on the hillside above the mission. Standing today in as perfect condition as when Zalvidea completed it, it is used by the city water department. Then that hydraulic engineer, who

later solved the irrigation problems of San Gabriel, constructed a stone dam across Pedregosa Creek a mile and a half above the mission. By an open stone aqueduct he carried the water down to the reservoir and to another above it to supply a water-driven grist mill. Though the mill and ditch have fallen into ruins, enough remains of the dam and second reservoir to show today the immensity of the undertaking. A fountain and lavatory were built in front of the mission to serve the neophytes and travelers who came that way. Fed from the reservoir, the fountain sent its waters into the air to fall into an octagonal concrete basin. From there the water flowed through the mouth of a carved stone bear to a stone lavatory with sloping edges, on which the native women scrubbed their laundry. Though both of these remarkable structures are still in good condition, only the fountain is in use.

But the province of "temblores" had in store an even greater trial, of which a comparatively harmless shake of 1801 was an ominous forerunner. December of 1812 has become noted for its disastrous treatment of mission structures over the whole southern section. The shocks struck Santa Barbara on the twenty-first and continued for more than a week. So serious was the damage to all the buildings that the padres and their charges had to take up residence in the open. The fine adobe church was completely ruined.

Work was begun in 1815 on the fourth church to occupy the present site. Oddly enough, the new building was erected around the abandoned adobe ruins which were later removed. The ambitious guardian, Antonio Ripoll, decided to build a structure, 176 by 39 feet, with its six-foot sandstone walls supported by seven massive stone buttresses. One large two-storied tower was installed, and sometime later a second was added. It held six bells, three hung on a yoke for ringing and three stationary for tolling. The first story of the towers

extended as a solid wall to the heavy cornice at the base of the pediment. Then came two upper chamfer-cornered stories, each receding from the lower and pierced with arches for the bells. Both towers supported semicircular domes of red cement, surmounted as at San Lu s Rey by the typical mission lanterns holding a cross. At the quadrant of each half-dome a series of low steps ran up to the lantern. Meticulous George Wharton James was of the opinion that this odd appendage was a clever device of the padre to provide ready access to the cross in the event of accident. James thought the sacred symbol was protected with every precaution to maintain the confidence of the superstitious Indians.

Like many another builder before and since, the resourceful Ripoll adorned his edifice with motifs taken from that ancient Roman architectural compiler, Vitruvius. The Spanish translation, published in Mexico, of that famous classic used by the padre is still preserved in the mission's archives. From there the padre secured the Ionic volute used as the capital of the three rounded engaged columns on either side of the main entrance, the Grecian fret of the entablature, and the heavy dentals under the pediment cornice. The beautiful faade, so famous today, held carved stone statues representing Faith, Hope, and Charity. A center niche above the entrance was honored with a statue of the patron saint. As an addition to the pediment, the main front wall was raised like a pedestal, which tapered to the center in small steps and supported a cross above. The interior walls of the edifice were plastered and the floors made of polished red cement. As a feature of the murals, the ceiling was decorated with intricate Vitruvian designs representing forked lightning, carved from cedar and painted. Under the padre's guidance, all the ponderous walls, delicate molds, and intricate carvings were the product of Indian labor.

† This magnificent church was solemnly dedicated on Sep-

tember 10, 1820. Father-President Señán from San Buena-ventura, the jovial Martínez from San Luís Obispo, and the literary Boscana from San Juan Capistrano were present to assist the proud guardians, Ripoll and Suñer. In pompous procession through the church and corridors strode aristocratic Pablo Vicente de Solá, last of the Spanish governors, with his officers and troops. Not least of the distinguished gathering was Don José de la Guerra, *comandante* of the presidio and for half a century the most influential layman in the community. After the elaborate church ceremonies, the housetops, corridors, and tower were illuminated with fireworks. For two days and nights the celebration continued with the gay fiesta for which Santa Barbara has since become noted. In those carefree days the crowds of visitors were welcome guests of the padres, who reported on this occasion that "food, drink and shelter were given to all who asked for them, and they were given on a grand scale." Yet, "thanks be to God, neither mischief, nor quarrel, nor complaint occurred."

"Quarrel" and plenty of excitement struck the place on December 6, 1818, when the insurgent Bouchard cast anchor in the harbor. In order to impress the raider with the size of his insignificant army, de la Guerra is said to have marched his small force several times around a little hill so that Bouchard would count them over and over. Deceived by the stratagem, the unwelcome visitor fired a gun and raised a flag of truce before coming ashore. A lengthy parley was followed by an exchange of prisoners, in which it was the wily Frenchman's turn to outwit de la Guerra. After delivering three pirate prisoners whom Sergeant Carrillo had lassoed at Refugio, the *comandante* was presented with only one worthless character named Molina, who had been carried away from Monterey. Then the Frenchman hoisted anchor without even seeing the motley company of defend-

ers hurriedly organized at the mission on the hill. Not to be outdone by the fiery Martínez of San Luís Obispo, Ripoll had gathered a company of Indians, "filled with a lively eagerness to defend their country and religion." Of the 180 picked men, 150 were armed with bows and arrows and chopping knives. The 30 horsemen carried lances. The wary padre freed his natives from all temptation by keeping the weapons locked in the mission guard house, except for an occasional drill.

The precaution was amply justified by subsequent events. As the military element under Mexican rule developed a growing disregard of former native privileges, their arrogance became more and more irksome to the easy-going Indians. With grave concern the missionaries watched the mounting rancor of their charges. The spark to set off the smoldering rebellion was the flogging of a neophyte by one of the soldiers at Santa Inés. The ensuing outbreak spread from there to Purísima Concepción. On February 22, 1834, news of the uprising reached Santa Barbara. During Ripoll's absence at the presidio, the natives took possession of all the arms and soon worked themselves into a mad frenzy. When the padre returned, they refused his request to lay down their weapons as long as the soldiers remained at the mission. So the outnumbered guard discreetly decided to leave. Then the aroused natives insisted they leave their guns behind. In the excitement, two hesitant soldiers were wounded with machetes. Incensed at the insult, de la Guerra marched up from the presidio with some fifty leather-jacketed troops, whose approach precipitated a heated battle of several hours. Shooting arrows and bullets from behind the pillars of the corridors, the Indians successfully defended their fortress at the expense of three fatalities and three wounded. After four of his men were incapacitated, de la Guerra retired to the presidio and left the rebels in posses-

sion of the field. Fearful of the consequences, the neophytes hastily seized clothing, money, and everything they could carry and fled to the recesses of Pedregosa Creek. Though none of the church property had been violated, the *comandante* returned next day and proceeded to pillage the native houses and kill without question every Indian who had been left behind. Hearing of the ruthlessness, the neophytes retired farther into the mountains and finally joined other runaways among the pagans in the *tulares*. Near Buena Vista Lake the fugitives were attacked by a force of eighty men sent out by de la Guerra. Four Indians were killed and several soldiers wounded, when high winds and a dust storm drove the troops back to Santa Barbara.

By this time Governor Argüello took action by sending out two expeditions with instructions to bring back the neophytes by force. One company of sixty-three, accompanied by Father Ripoll, left Santa Barbara on June 2nd. The second party of fifty troops, attended by Father-President Sarría, crossed to the *tulares* from San Miguel. At sight of their united forces, the frightened neophytes expressed a willingness to lay down their arms if no punishment would ensue. Through the intervention of Sarría, the Governor granted a full and general pardon and most of the Indians submissively returned to their mission homes.

But mission power in the province was already on the wane. Santa Barbara had reached its greatest population of 1792 in 1803. During the whole mission era, it thus ranked fourth in the number of resident neophytes. San Luís Rey listed 2,869 in 1826, San José 1,886 in 1831, and San Diego 1,829 in 1824. The founding of Santa Inés had put an early check to Santa Barbara's growth, nor were conversions able to offset the increasing deaths. Eight years after he completed his new stone church, Father Ripoll escaped the expulsion decreed against all Spaniards by flee-

ing from the province with Altimira. Determined to crush the mission influence, the Mexican Echeandía succeeded in deporting the troublesome Martínez from San Luís Obispo in the following year. Yet the buildings at Santa Barbara continued in good condition, according to the reports of Duhaut-Cilly, Robinson, Dana, Pattie, Mofras, and its many other visitors.

Secularization was at hand. In 1833, ten Zacatecan friars arrived with Governor Figueroa to take over the missions north of San Antonio. From San José Father-President Durán moved his headquarters to Santa Barbara to complete his forty years of valuable service to the province. Commissioner Anastasio Carrillo arrived in September, 1834, to take over administration of the mission properties. The altered status of management was a subject of conference between Durán, García Diego in charge of the Zacatecans and Governor Figueroa, who met in Santa Barbara in 1835. In the same year José de la Guerra was formally appointed treasurer of mission funds. The remains of José Figueroa, one of the best of the province's governors, were brought from San Carlos for burial by Durán amid great pomp in a vault within the mission church. The new Franciscan capital, in short, was already assuming the prominence it has ever since enjoyed.

During the period of internal disorders following Figueroa's death, the mission was overrun with visits of the ever changing officials and administrators. The two Franciscans, Durán and Jimeno, were quartered as guests of the endless stream of secular managers. The only continuous policy was mismanagement and distribution of the wealth. To add to the troubles, Chico, the governor of three months, caused a lot of excitement by an unsuccessful attempt to deport the popular Durán. Then the later incumbent, Alvarado, paid a visit to the father-president to enlist his influence against

the ambitious Pío Pico, southern claimant to that slippery office. In an honest effort to save the fast-crumbling system, Alvarado appointed de la Guerra's son-in-law, William Hartnell, as inspector of the missions. When he reached Santa Barbara in 1839, Hartnell found the struggling place had only 246 neophytes and 4,685 head of livestock.

Special honors continued to fall upon the favored station when California's first bishop, García Diego, established his see at the mission. A kneeling multitude greeted his arrival in the harbor on January 11, 1842. From the beach he was escorted by troops, officials and the whole population to the famous de la Guerra home. Following a sumptuous dinner, the gorgeous procession passed under flower-covered arches on its way up the slope to the mission. In full pontifical robes the happy prelate rode in his carriage, drawn by the citizens themselves, amidst the firing of the presidio guns and the playing of bands. After elaborate ceremonies at the church, he took up residence in rooms next to the tower along the front of the monastery. Though promised the management of the Pious Fund, the new bishop was disappointed shortly after his arrival to be deprived of its control by Santa Anna's confiscation of that church account. Nor was it easy to lose his pledge of \$6,000 annual salary and be forced to depend upon the tithe. Worst of all, his plans for an elaborate cathedral had to be given up entirely. During his first year at the mission, he had the honor of ordaining the first priest in California, Miguel Gómez. From Santa Barbara the bishop directed the affairs of a diocese which included all of Alta and Baja California. After four arduous years he died on April 30, 1846, and was buried in a special vault beside the main altar of the historic mission church which fortunately survived his ambitions for a modern cathedral. On October 20, 1940, the Franciscan Order celebrated the centenary of García Diego's episcopal consecration with

pompous ceremonies attended by two archbishops, three bishops, and other dignitaries.

The whole mission system was breathing its last. In an effort to wring some cash from the skeleton, Pico rented Santa Barbara to Nicholas A. Den and Daniel Hill for \$1,200 a year. On June 10, 1846 he sold it to Richard S. Den for \$7,500. But the system had already expired ten days before, with the passing of one of the ablest Franciscans, Narcisco Durán. Buried in the mission church, Durán was the last father-president, for no successor was needed. In the next month the Stars and Stripes were raised at Monterey. On August 1, Stockton performed the same ceremony and left a small garrison at Santa Barbara.

The surviving members of that illustrious band of Franciscans stayed on at the mission in the only rooms reserved from the sale. Of the more than 150 padres engaged in that tremendous but futile missionary drama, only Rubio, Sánchez, and the two brothers Jimeno were left. González Rubio worked on for thirty years to become, according to Bancroft, the "last survivor of the California missionaries . . . one of the few Zacatecans who in ability, missionary zeal and purity of life was equal to the Spanish Franciscans."

The American occupation found only five secular priests in the whole territory. After the discovery of gold, moreover, the country was overrun with a stream of adventurers and settlers. Eager to supply the immediate need for English-speaking priests, the four Franciscans established a missionary college at Santa Barbara. The dedication ceremonies on January 5, 1853, were conducted by Bishop Alemany and the Guardian from the San Fernando College of Mexico City, which was to be the pattern for the institution. The Superior, José Jimeno, quartered his students in the mission buildings. After a year the college was moved to the center of town near a new parish church, built to re-

place the decayed presidio chapel. But in 1856 it was taken back to the original mission quarters.

While most of the other stations were falling into ruins, Santa Barbara was thus being occupied by the Franciscans who never from its founding had left the place. As the parish church, the see of the bishop, and an apostolic college, the buildings were always kept in repair. After the church received permanent ownership of 283 acres in 1865, alterations were undertaken to make the buildings more habitable. First, the monastery roof was raised and a partial second story of living rooms added. As the needs increased, this second story was extended to the end of the wing. In 1872, Father Superior Romo made many beneficial changes. He had water piped to the kitchen from a tank erected behind the church. He built the present fountain in the private patio. He re-opened the stairway leading to the tower to give visitors the splendid view over the city and the channel beyond. In 1888 the shingled roof of the rebuilt front wing was replaced with one of tile, thus restoring much of the original appearance. Then cement burial vaults for the religious were installed in the cemetery. The vestry was made into a choir loft, reached by a stone passageway from the front corridor. The opening of Saint Anthony's College in 1896 to prepare youths for the priesthood necessitated still further additions. Father Peter Wallischeck, later known for his remarkable restorations at San Lu s Rey, added a second story to the wing back of the church. When the quarters proved unsatisfactory for a college, Wallischeck secured permission to put up a modern structure apart from the mission. Begun in 1898, the new building was dedicated on April 25, 1901. Even relieved of the congestion, the mission was again enlarged in 1905 by an addition to the west end of the front wing. Thus many changes have been made since the death of Father Dur n.

More than any other mission, Santa Barbara has retained its old prominence in the life of the modern environment. The brown-robed Franciscans are as much at home on the city streets today as they were among the neophytes of Father Paterna. No expression of Santa Barbara's rich community life is complete without the padres. In the old days every expedition into the interior, every community celebration, every arrival or departure of distinguished guest, was accompanied by a solemn blessing from the missionaries. When the pageant-loving Santa Barbarans in 1924 inaugurated their annual fiesta, *Old Spanish Days*, the Franciscan friars were allotted the opening ceremonies as their traditional privilege. Citizens and visitors now crowd the mission plaza as the bells peal forth their welcome. The ensuing drama, prepared and produced entirely by the padres, features the old Spanish and Mexican tunes which owe their survival principally to the talent and energy of Narcisco Durán. The solemn procession of chanting padres leads down the tiled-floor corridor on its way to the church, just as it did on that memorable dedication afternoon in 1820. And today the modern *vaqueros*, known as *Rancheros Visitadores*, would never think of setting forth on their annual trek to neighboring ranches, without first calling at the mission to receive the guardian's blessing.

But the Queen of the Missions had not yet settled its account with the "temblores." While a score or more of the faithful were attending early mass on June 29, 1925, they were startled by an earthy thunder which rolled down with increasing violence from the mountains behind the altar. Then suddenly the whole nave rolled in furious waves as the savage roar rumbled beneath them. With quick decision the attending priest, while broken altar decorations fell all about him, exhorted his frightened congregation to remain at prayer in their pews. That happy procedure saved all from injury,

for masses of stone and brick were crashing down upon the main exit under the towers. Even in the crumbling monastery rooms, all the padres and students effected a hasty exit. The courageous Superior, Augustine Hobrecht, succeeded in carrying on his shoulders to safety the aged invalid historian, Father Zephyrin Engelhardt. As the settling shocks continued for weeks, the community lived in the open of the inner garden, where a chapel was set up under the trees. Outside the private garden another chapel served the public.

Damage to the buildings was severe. About half way up the badly cracked church walls a ridge was buckled out by the twisting motion of the main shock. Only the massive buttresses had kept the walls together. The east tower had been dashed to the ground in a mass of stone and mortar. Though roofless and wrenched, the west tower stood perilously leaning with its bells still clinging to the timbers. Most of the stone carvings had been thrown from the beautiful façade. In the monastery masses of brick and stone had fallen through the second floor and crashed down upon the precious vestments and curios stored in the rooms below. Statues, paintings, religious equipment and even the old altar in the church were battered by pieces of stone which continued to fall with every shock. So the first task was to rescue the treasures and install temporary support to the leaning tower and crumbling walls.

The complete and faithful restoration of the ruins is indeed a tribute to the zeal and vigor of the successors of those Franciscans who erected the splendid structure. Under the inspired leadership of Father Hobrecht, funds were raised and talent secured to restore the establishment exactly as Ripoll had left it, with the added feature of making it impervious to any like disaster in the future. Beginning on May 4, 1926, the whole monastery was reconstructed as far

as possible with the old materials. Reinforced columns were inserted in the old walls to support an immense slab of concrete, 225 by 55 feet, as the floor of the second story. The corridor arches, floors, and roofs followed the precise details as set down in the 175 pages of drawings prepared by a thorough survey. Throughout the whole restoration, every arch, every column, every wall thickness, even every tread and riser of a stairway were exactly as the original. The church walls were bound together with steel rods and plates inserted in twenty-four places, then re-anchored to the old buttresses. Fifteen heavy I-beams held a concrete lintel over the top of the four walls. The interior murals were copied as nearly as possible and, inside and out, the new wall surfaces can hardly be distinguished from the old. Then the altar and reredos were restored and six of the surviving statues replaced. About one-half of the total cost of four hundred thousand dollars was contributed by the general public of California. Completion of the task was celebrated at the opening of the community's fiesta on August 10, 1927. That year the ceremonies were particularly impressive. In solemn thanksgiving the processional padres carried a small casket, containing a list of all the donors to the restoration fund. After appropriate rites, the case was placed behind the memorial tablet inserted in the base of the west tower. In view of the magnitude of the accomplishment, it is easy to understand the wistful envy so often expressed by the other ruined and needy missions.

The bells at Santa Barbara are particularly interesting, there being eleven in all. In the west tower, the south or front arched openings of both the upper and lower terraces each hold an old bell inscribed: *Manuel Vargas me fecit año de 1818. Lima. Mission de Santa Barbara de la Nueva California.* Both of the west arches also hold bells. On the lower level, the inscription on the 18-inch bell is simply: *Santa*

Barbara; above, the 30-inch bell reads: *Santa Barbara. Ave Maria Purisima 1804*. The upper balcony also has a 4-foot modern bell, mounted on a wooden framework on the center platform. It is rung by means of a rope encircling a large iron wheel attached to the bell. The east tower holds six bells, three on each terrace. On the lower level, the south arch holds a 3-foot bell inscribed: *Ave Maria Purisima Concepcion Ruelas me fesit*. Facing the cemetery in the opposite arch, a 3-foot bell, badly cracked, is inscribed: *San Antonio de 1836. Rafael Rada*. In the center a heavy framework supports a modern bell, made in 1922, and rung by a rope leading on pulleys down to the baptistry on the ground floor. On the upper balcony, a second bell, 3 feet high and cast in Boston in 1875, is also rung from the baptistry. In the front opening, a 3-foot bell reads: *Viva la ssma Trenida Imeyano. S Barbara 1797*. In the east arch, a 2-foot bell, badly cracked, is inscribed: *N S de Guadalupe año de 1836*. On those special occasions when all the bells are used, those without ropes are sounded by striking the tongues against the sides. The opening rites of the annual fiesta, for instance, require the agile services of a number of busy men.

Thus the mission today, with minor changes, presents the same appearance as in the days of the padres. The arched front corridor, the imposing façade and massive towers, details of which have already been described, look exactly as Ripoll left them. The architectural features of this mission, San Gabriel, and San Luís Rey have had great influence on general construction in California. The treasures of its museum are numberless: the original altar embellished with mirrors; adobe bricks indented with the footprints of bears and mountain lions; native metates and stone pestles; cement oven; wooden processional cross; rude wooden belfry and a *matraca* to be used from Holy Thursday to Easter Sunday. One interesting relic is the crownpiece of the old altar taber-

nacle, decorated with a design combining the Sacred Heart of Jesus and Mary with the Cross, the crown of thorns and other insignia of the Passion. Inset into the wood are pieces of iridescent abalone shells, an attractive effect produced by the Channel Indians. Many of the still untarnished vestments are used today for special occasions. Among the unusual paintings are a paneled group on copper, and near the chancel rails of the church a fine Assumption after Murillo and a Crucifixion. With the fourteen Stations, these latter two were brought from Spain in 1793. Many of the other paintings are undoubtedly of Spanish origin. The church has two side altars and, in the rear, two side chapels. Especially interesting are the colored rosetted designs representing Winged Lightning on the ceiling. Cut from cedar, these are restorations of the figures executed by Ripoll's neophytes. Under the floor of the sanctuary are buried five of the early padres and three of the later period; while the remains of Bishop García Diego lie to the right of the high main altar.

Enclosed in a high wall, the cemetery is said to hold the bodies of 4,000 Indians. Besides those of the religious, the vaults of lay people bear names long prominent in local annals. The whole enclosure is thickly planted with shrubs and trees of every variety, many of distinguished history. One olive tree, for instance, was set out by the late King Albert of Belgium on his visit in 1919. A weeping willow was sprouted from one in Lafayette's garden, in turn a slip from Alexander Pope's, which came from the Garden of Lebanon. The private garden of the padres, however, is reserved for the seclusion of the religious. Church rules indeed forbid admission to any sacred monastery gardens by women, unless, as rulers or wives of rulers, they have become representatives of the Divine Power. Only three such visitors have entered the Santa Barbara gardens: in about 1880, Princess Louise, wife of the Duke of Argyll, then

Governor-General of Canada; in 1891, the wife of President Benjamin Harrison; and in 1919, Queen Elizabeth of Belgium. Featured by a fine Italian cypress planted by Bishop García Diego, the elaborate planting of this garden centers about a lovely fountain and affords an ideal retreat for meditation and study.

Study and contemplation are the main activities of the Franciscan community, though it sustains its independence by supplying its own farmers, laborers, cooks, and menials. The background for their speculation is the fine mission library. For many years the padres were the State's only historians. Such compilers as Bancroft would have been helpless without access to mission records. The archives at Santa Barbara are still custodian of more than 3,000 original documents. It was among these irreplaceable papers that the devoted student, Zephyrin Engelhardt, spent many years in compiling the mission histories. In that stupendous task the scholarly padre made copies of many papers which later were lost in the San Francisco fire of 1906. No future writer on the subject of the missions will go very far without the help of Father Engelhardt. Nor can any California visitor afford to miss a tour through the fine stone establishment completed by Ripoll before he fled to his native Majorca. More than one hundred thousand people made the trip last year.

XIV

MISSION SANTA INES VIRGIN Y MARTYR

ONE of the most attractive characters of the romantic period which, despite its brevity, has left such a lasting impression upon California life today, was the jovial Governor Borica. He it was who said that the State's climate is so good that the people "are getting to look like Englishmen." During his peaceful and congenial term five new settlements had been added to the mission chain within twelve months. Then Father Tapis left Santa Barbara to find a site for the last addition to be added south of San Francisco. The nineteenth station was to be located on the interior side of the Coast Range and thus reach the pagans who came to the coast each year from the hot *tulare* country. At a place called Alajulapu, fourteen rancherias were found to have a thousand heathens under the Christianizing influence of only an occasional conversion at Purísima Concepción. They were a troublesome lot, at war among themselves and mingling constantly with the treacherous pagans of the interior.

It fell to the successors of Lasuén and Borica to undertake the hazardous task. Governor Arrillaga provided ten soldiers for the founding party, which set out over the rough trail winding along the foothills north of Santa Barbara. Followed by a large band of neophytes, Tapis, who now had

become father-president, proceeded slowly with Fathers Ciprés, Calzada, and Gutiérrez past the Ortega ranch to Gaviota, then turned inland into the scenic mountain recesses of Nojoqui Pass. Emerging on the broad Santa Inés Valley after a long but romantic march of thirty-five miles, the expedition was joined by a group of neophytes from Purísima. More than 200 pagans came down to watch the proceedings. There on September 17, 1804, Tapis conducted the usual founding ceremonies in honor of the virgin and martyr, Saint Agnes. Following the singing of a *Salve* to the most holy Virgin, twenty-seven pagan children were presented for baptism.

But the spiritual results at Santa Inés were very modest. Begun so late in the mission period, it never had the opportunities of the early arrivals. In its thirty-two years as a mission, only 1,411 baptisms were performed. Although neophytes previously converted by neighboring stations returned to the district to join its listed residents, the greatest population was only 768 in 1816. And being across the mountains from the coast, the mission that stopped Santa Barbara's growth never enjoyed the prominence of its more accessible neighbors.

Yet the material accomplishments proved that the resourceful padres had profited by the early experiences. This small station grazed nearly 13,000 head of stock at the height of its prosperity. During five years the Santa Barbara presidio became its debtor for more than ten thousand dollars worth of supplies. The first guardians, Calzada and Gutiérrez, pushed forward the building program begun six months before the founding by neophytes from adjacent missions. At the end of the first year the padres had completed one wing of the quadrangle housing the chapel, monastery, and some workrooms, all of adobe, roofed with poles

and mud. As the other wings were added, the roofs were covered with tiles. Construction plans were suddenly halted by the earthquake which rocked the establishment with two rigorous shocks on the morning of December 21, 1812. One corner of the church fell in, houses crumbled to the foundations, walls cracked and roof tiles were demolished.

Undaunted by the disaster, the energetic Father Uría set to work at reconstruction. He was encouraged by the presence of Tapis, who after nine years as father-president, had retired to Santa Inés as an ordinary missionary. First they built a new adobe granary, which served temporarily as a chapel. Then Uría laid stone foundations for the church which stands today. Dedicated on July 4, 1817, the new temple, 139 feet long and 26 wide, was built of adobe walls two and a half feet thick and roofed with tiles. The south wall was veneered with brick. Behind the sacristy at the rear was a storage room for ceremonial equipment. The building was plastered inside and out, then adorned with an adobe belfry. The altar built out from the rear wall was also of adobe. All of the floors were tiled. Near the front on the cemetery side stood the mortuary chapel. Uría then built a tannery, ruins of which can now be seen at the end of the orchard. He brought water from the mountains several miles away through underground pipes and ditches, remains of which are still scattered across the fields. It was doubtless Uría, too, who built the two reservoirs found in front of the mission. The large one, twenty feet long and eight feet wide, stands at the lower end of a sloping pit some sixty feet long and constructed of burnt brick. Being near the monastery, it was probably for the use of the padres and guests. To serve the neophytes, a cement conduit carried the water from this reservoir to another near the adobe ruins of the old Indian village. This second one is over forty feet long

and six feet deep. It is easy to appreciate Alfred Robinson's enthusiastic comments on these remarkable structures when he visited the mission in 1829.

To cap the climax of Uría's energetic years, it became his lot to deal with the inevitable trouble stirred up by his turbulent Indians. The cessation of supply ships and resultant changed economic basis of the province after 1810 put an end to salaries both to missionaries and the soldiers. Thereafter the unproductive troops were dependent for supplies upon the labor of the neophytes. Discontent increased with every new demand, until such restless Indians as those near Santa Inés, always stirred by contact with the interior pagans, only needed a slight excuse for open rebellion. The spark to light the conflagration was the flogging of a neophyte by order of Corporal Cota. Next day, February 21, 1824, the small guard was surprised by a vigorous attack from a crowd of well-armed neophytes. Retreating to a building behind the church, they held the rebels at bay and killed several. The infuriated converts then set fire to the place in an effort to bring the soldiers from cover. To add to the destruction, a reinforcement of troops from Santa Barbara ignited another row of houses, in which the Indians had barricaded themselves. At this turn of events, the mutineers escaped to join their fellow rioters at Purísima, leaving the more timid and faithful neophytes in charge of the victorious soldiers.

But the victory was gained at a grievous cost. The barracks, the guardhouse, and most of the workshops had been destroyed and a quantity of vestments and equipment ruined. Only the church and front wing escaped damage. As a conciliatory procedure, the stern Uría was replaced by Father Ordaz, who remained in charge until secularization. Ordaz began repairs at once, though the row of neophytes' houses burned by the troops was never replaced. He seems

to have been particularly interested in the refinements of his station. While rebuilding the damaged sections, he secured numerous additions to the ecclesiastical equipment with chests and wardrobes for their protection. Especially noteworthy is the fact that Ordaz was also responsible for decorating the interior of the church with the Indian murals which remain untouched in the sanctuary and sacristy today.

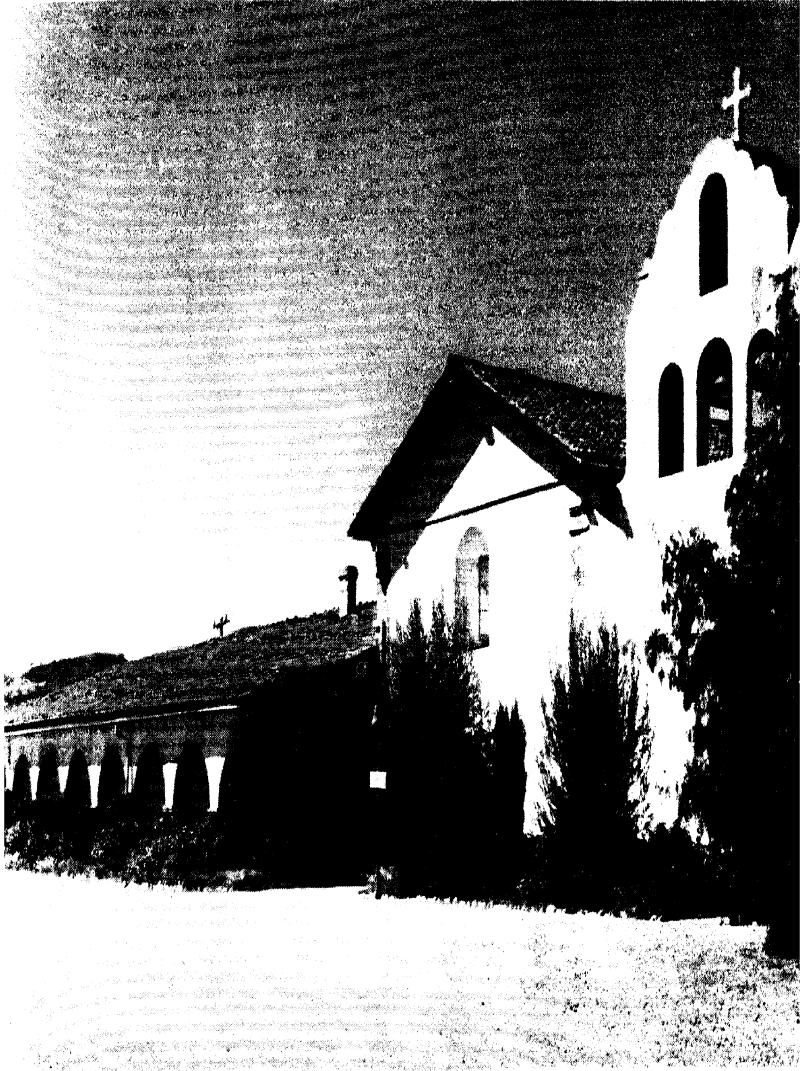
Father Ordaz, in fact, was a very busy and human character. Alone most of his decade at Santa Inés, he had to go himself to Santa Barbara to handle the mission's tradings. During these journeys he found it convenient to feed himself and his horse at the Ortega ranch at Refugio. His frequent visits there at length aroused the neophytes to accuse the padre of giving one of the old sacristy rugs to a woman living at the ranch. The case became so notorious that Father-President Durán issued a general warning to his Franciscans to conduct themselves in such a manner that there be no cause for scandal. But the vigilant Bancroft did not miss the opportunity to point his finger at Father Ordaz who "was a lively and good-natured man, but his fondness for women involved him occasionally in scandal and reprimand from his Superiors." So the unhappy man was one of the first to be transferred when the arrival of the Zacatecans in 1833 brought the Father-President down to Santa Barbara.

Nor was trouble spared his successor, José Jimeno. In 1836, the dissolute Chico served his three months as the most hated ruler the province ever had, until being driven back to Mexico for appearing at a public function in the company of his mistress. The fathers at Santa Inés were surprised one day to have the haughty governor drive up in his carriage unannounced. Incensed over the absence of the usual ceremonious reception, Chico drove on to Santa Barbara and lodged complaint with Durán over the insult he

had received. When the Father-President tried to excuse his padres, who probably had done the best they could, the querulous governor attempted to have the popular Durán banished from the province. Failing in that, he ordered Father Jimeno to surrender his mission to José Ramírez as administrator.

At the time of secularization in July, 1836, the inventory showed the value of properties other than the church to be about \$50,000.00. Each of the rapidly changing administrators thereafter reported a steady decline. Horses and mules disappeared so fast that the fields could no longer be cared for. Hartnell found the place so depleted of Indians that the cattle could not be branded. Micheltorena's effort in 1843 to save the mission system by restoring control to the padres, came too late for Santa Inés. The wasted establishment was later rented to José Covarrubias and Joaquín Carrillo for \$580 a year. In need of cash for immediate uses, the harassed Pico on June 15, 1846, sold the properties to the renters for \$7,000. Only three weeks later the American flag was raised at Monterey. Eventually the new regime restored the mission to church ownership.

Meanwhile the genial Micheltorena, despite the troubles he launched upon the province with his disreputable army of *cholos*, was winning the approval of the conservative element by establishing better schools than the country had ever known. Even the padres praised him for restoring the missions to their care. Then in 1844 he performed the master stroke of presenting Bishop García Diego with a tract of land for an ecclesiastical college at Santa Inés. Furthermore, he personally promised an annual donation of \$500 on condition that any poor boy wishing an education be admitted without charge. Within a year, however, the infant institution lost its major patron because Micheltorena was forced to flee the province. Then it struggled along by the sole



MISSION SANTA INES, VIRGIN Y MARTYR

support of the products of its thirty-six thousand acres, known as the College Rancho. The community was later moved to new buildings, ruins of which may still be found a mile and a half from the mission. But the venture was finally abandoned in 1882, when an Act of Congress permitted the sale of the lands to private settlers.

After the Franciscans turned over the mission to the Picpus Fathers in 1850, little could be done in the straitened district to keep the buildings in repair. So decayed became the church that its pulpit collapsed one day under the weight of Father Basso and has never been replaced. Weather and termites reduced the neglected outer structures until only earthen mounds remained as melancholy landmarks. When leaky roofs rendered the living quarters uninhabitable, the priests moved over to the near-by college. But the church itself was never abandoned. It became the nucleus of service to incoming settlers over the wide area including the Purísima and Sisquoc districts. After the dissolution of the seminary, the parish priest returned to the old monastery rooms to live with a family who did what they could to prevent complete collapse.

Preservation of the remnants finally became the privilege of Father Alexander Buckler, a tenacious priest who took charge in 1904. For the next twenty years he devoted his tireless energy to the unpromising task. Undismayed by finding the rooms housing a blacksmith shop, a haunt for weasels, snakes, gophers, rats, and fleas; equipment broken; torn vestments crammed into moldy cabinets; leaky roofs and crumbling walls, he shoveled and swept and plastered and renovated with the little help he could get. In March of 1911, disastrous rains and floods threatened to undermine the whole place. The bell tower, three of the buttresses on the cemetery side, and many of the monastery arches crumbled to the ground.

Restoration was then begun in earnest. The bell tower and buttresses were rebuilt and the tiles replaced on the water-proofed roofs of the church and friary. The south end of the living rooms was restored and concrete floors laid in both the corridors. The reservoir in front was protected with a corrugated roof and a cistern installed in the patio. As their contribution to the community cause, many Protestant settlers came to lend assistance as workmen. Much of the menial work was supplied by transient hobos, who stopped for a day or a week to pick up a "hand-out." To accommodate his "Dick Turpins," Father Buckler included a little Hobo Villa among the sheds in the rear of the courtyard. The buildings were ready for the centennial celebration of the church's dedication on July 4, 1917, a monument not only to the mission period but to the heroic labors of Father Buckler. Since his retirement in 1924, Santa Inés has been in charge of the Capuchin Franciscans of the Irish Province.

Today the mission stands out alone, far enough from the neighboring settlement to retain its original simplicity. If modern travel has passed it by, so too has its one-time activity. Only the church and monastery remain, in the quiet of seclusion. The façade of the church is exceedingly plain. To the right stands the *campanario*, consisting as at San Gabriel of only a shallow, pierced wall. Here the wall is crowned by a curved pediment which supports the cross. The top arch holds a modern bell, added by Buckler in 1912. Below are four bells, ranging in date from 1807 to 1818. One of them came from Purísima Concepción. In a lower side opening of the wall is a sixth bell, dated 1804. Since reconstruction, the bells are rung from a vestibule inside the tower. Of the original nineteen front arches, only ten remain. Out toward the mounded ruins of the Indian village is one bricked pillar of a collapsed arch, standing alone in the field. Inside the monastery building a central

wall provides two rows of living rooms, facing inside on another corridor of eight arches. As usual in mission construction, no two of the arches are duplicates.

Inside the church all floors have the original, Indian-made, red tiles. Two deeply worn steps lead up to the sacristy. The original adobe altar is now hidden by a modern replacement, though the old antependium, carrying elaborate blue and white stripes symbolizing the River of Life, is still in use. Over the stripes the Indians painted alternating baskets of fruit and roses. Two wall plaques outside the sanctuary commemorate the five padres buried beneath the floor,—Vitoria, Abella, Moreno, Calzada, and de la Cuesta. Directly over the altar stands a fully carved statue of the mission's patron saint, about four feet in height. Supposedly carved by the neophytes after a Mexican painting, the figure holds a lamb in the left hand and the martyr's palm in her right. On each side wall a statuary niche has the widely used cocker-shell arch as the background for its figure. Other niches of the nave have plain, semicircular arches to match the window openings.

But the proudest possession of Santa Inés is the original Indian mural work, in which the mission is second only to San Miguel. The wall behind the altar is covered with a series of mottled green panels and columns, crudely simulating marble. A dado below has similar but wider panels, consisting of an irregular diamond-shaped design. On the side walls the windows are elaborately painted on either side with panels, again in imitation of marble. The red, yellow, and green border below is broken by conventional chalices connected by short garlands of thick leaves. The decoration of the ceiling beams is unique. The sides are ornamented with red, yellow, and green arcs with an elongated pendant at each intersection and a leafy design inside the arc. The elaborate reredos, already described, is gaudy

and out of harmony with the prevailing green, which extends even to the fluted interior of the shell behind the statue of Saint Agnes. Most of the murals of the nave are now hidden by a whitewash coating. But the arches under the choir loft are still decorated with white and green panels conforming to the general scheme. Behind the sanctuary the archway leading back to the sacristy is also crudely ornamented with a pattern in keeping with the details of the altar space. Much more effective and pleasing is the painting of the sacristy walls, which some people consider the most artistic of any work found in the California missions today. The design is certainly original and well executed. A running Greek key is bordered above and below by a conventional red rose and leaf pattern, each differing in motif. It is believed that this association of the rarely used Greek key with a red conventionalized rose at both Santa Inés and San Miguel would indicate that the two churches were decorated by the same artist. Or, perhaps the motifs were secured from the same source book.

Santa Inés is also unusually rich in relics of mission days. Its vestments are among the finest of any collection. Its cases hold copes, chasubles, dalmatics, veils, and burses of silk brocade and damask, trimmed in gold and silver galloons. Among its interesting paintings are the Stations done in 1642. The copy of Cabrera's Our Lady of Guadalupe is especially good. In a neophyte painting of San Rafael, every detail reveals the personality of the primitive artist. The face is typically Indian; the figure, standing in a brook, is provided with large, crude and gauzy wings. In his right hand the Saint holds a fish, and a staff in the left. Two hand-carved confessionals represent the excellent skill of the neophytes both in wood and leather. Many silver-inlaid saddles made at the mission are still extant throughout the State. The museum is rich in silver, copper, iron, and wood work.

In the sacristy is an interesting example of native cabinet work. There too is the old tabernacle, ornately decorated in gilt and having a beautifully painted Good Shepherd on the door. Other examples of woodwork are the two old clappers and the worm-eaten door which once led into the cemetery. The present front door of the church is a modern replica, with the River of Life.

Among the old books is the complete set of the mission's registers, with title pages by Father-President Tapis. An interesting entry in the Marriage Register records the marriage to one of the Ortegas of that great favorite of the padres, of whom Bancroft says "there was no more attractive character, no more popular and useful man than Joseph Chapman, the Yankee." Chapman it was who built the grist mill, remains of which still stand three miles away. After he settled in the province at the end of an exciting career under Bouchard, his thirty busy years stamp him as a highly significant pioneer of the stream of Americans already trickling into the State. And for his American successors the mission of Saint Agnes jealously preserves some of the most interesting church equipment along the coast and many of the finest untouched neophyte murals. But in the well-preserved church one misses the ancient pulpit, up the creaking steps of which once struggled the aged Father de la Cuesta. Though he was crippled and racked with rheumatism, his glib tongue never lost its power to bewitch the neophytes in any one of thirteen native dialects. Why did not Father Basso rebuild that historic platform?

XV

MISSION LA PURISIMA CONCEPCION

CONSTRUCTION in those primitive days was mainly a matter of manual labor. As the requisites of a mission site, the careful padres asked only for water, wood, and plenty of pagans, with emphasis on the last. Though acceptance of conversion was voluntary, the gullible pagans discovered that they had entered confinement from which there was no legal escape. To aggravate their outlook, they found themselves persuaded by the wily padres to build the walls for their own virtual, if benevolent imprisonment. The problem of finding labor, in short, almost solved itself. Their conquerors were not too exacting and it was rather amusing to use the strange iron tools the white men had brought. So they submissively cut grass from the sloughs, felled trees for the palisades, carried stones from the river bottom, and dug the adobe pits. Hewing the large logs for the rafters was a little more difficult. But a patient, intelligent Indian soon became an expert with the adz and thus escaped the heavier labor of carrying the timbers to the distant site. If the church was built of stone, as at Capistrano, the job might take fifteen years. But, after all, there was plenty of time in the leisurely country. With the materials and labor to be had for the asking, the costs of building were thus negligible.

The modern builder would surely be stunned by such freedom from labor anxieties.

The unique experiment of duplicating those early conditions was recently undertaken at one of the missions. Probably never again will it be possible to watch several hundred vigorous young men, as bronzed and almost as naked as the neophytes of a century and a half ago, shoveling adobe from the native pits, laying the bricks one by one, hewing by hand the redwood beams and shaping the roof tiles by the same primitive methods. To duplicate exactly the crude finish of neophyte plaster, a special trowel was designed. The only modern implements allowed these unskilled workers were a concrete mixer and a transit. This laborious employment of present-day workmen, this duplication of primitive procedure, was deliberate. A peculiar combination of circumstances united the County, the State, and the Federal agencies in a project which the Church itself renounced by its sale of the mission ruins. Combining their resources in one ambitious project, they proceeded to reconstruct the whole mission community in its original spacious setting among the wooded California hills. The role of the inexperienced neophyte labor was delegated to a company of boys from the Civilian Conservation Corps. With workers thus supplied, the material costs of the first major unit did not exceed \$6,000. This, in brief, is the romantic tale of the reconstruction of Purísima Concepción.

Even before the founding of Santa Barbara, Governor Fages had asked Father Lasuén to decide upon a site for the fourth of the Channel missions. But the actual founding ceremonies were delayed until December 8, 1787, the Feast of the Immaculate Conception. The eleventh link in the mission chain was therefore dedicated to La Purísima Concepción de María Santísima, the Immaculate Conception of the Most Holy Mary. The place was called Algsacupi, located

in the fertile valley of the Rio Santa Inés. Driven back by the winter rains, Lasuén returned from Santa Barbara in the following March with a small guard, some neophyte laborers, and the church equipment. The pagans of the district were docile and intelligent, and construction went forward without delay. Though the first church was crude and flimsy, an adobe, tile-roofed structure was begun in 1795 and dedicated on the feast day of its patron in 1802. By that time a brick corridor ran along the main building, and the quadrangle consisted of adobe workshops, granaries, barracks, and dwellings. Converts had come in so rapidly that on Lasuén's confirmation visit on the third anniversary, he was greeted by 288 enlisted neophytes. In the one year of 1803, 451 pagans were gathered into the apostolic net. At the height of its prosperity in the next year, the thriving settlement was favored by the arrival of the energetic Father Mariano Payeras. Certainly the prospects were unusually roseate.

Then came California's famous "*año de los temblores.*" Beginning on the morning of December 21, 1812, the earth continued to shake for more than ten days. Early in the terrible experience it rocked so violently for four minutes that the horrified neophytes could hardly stand. Behind the mission a large fissure was opened in the mountain, emitting, according to the padres, "black sand and water." Most of the buildings and workshops, one hundred neophyte houses, and the adobe walls of the quadrangle were thrown to the ground in ruins. The church equipment was buried in mounds of debris. To aggravate the havoc, rains and floods turned the adobe into a mass of running mud. The disaster was complete. It brought to an abrupt close the mission's quarter-century on its original site in the present town of Lompoc. The disorganized community hovered around its stricken possessions for four long months, in the shelter of hastily erected palisade huts. A *jacal* served as the chapel,

wherein Payeras administered baptism to the 2,631st convert taken in at the mission's first location.

Then Father Payeras decided to move to quieter ground. A change would not only be congenial to the superstitious Indians, but remove the annual threat of winter floods. For three wet seasons Payeras had found himself marooned without a companion friar. So on April 23, 1813, he gathered his thousand natives and took them to a place four miles north-east. Known to the Indians as Amuu, the level valley of Los Berros lay directly along *El Camino Real* on the other side of the river. There the padres housed their salvaged treasures in humble pole structures roofed with thatch. Without the \$1,000 contribution from the Pious Fund, the vigorous Payeras had to start the establishment from the very beginning. Instead of the usual quadrangle enclosure, the plan consisted of a row of three main structures at the foot of a hill on one side of the valley. The first completed was the long monastery building with its four-foot adobe walls reinforced with stone buttresses and roofed with tiles. The front cloister was supported by twenty square fluted pillars, some built of brick, some of stone and others of adobe. Today these columns are generally considered the finest of any at the missions. They support the low-sweeping roof without the use of the usual arches. The numerous rooms housed the padres, their guests, their servants, some workshops, and a private but commodious chapel. In the following year, 1816, the second unit was finished for the guard house and workshops, with corridors in front and back. The adobe church farther south was completed two years later. Though intended as a temporary edifice, it continued to be used until the whole mission was abandoned in 1836. Joined to the church were two sacristies and a loft. In 1821, the cemetery was moved to its final location next to the church and the adobe belfry added. An unusual feature of the altar was the

cutting of three niches to hold large framed mirrors brought from Mexico. The relic room at Santa Barbara today has an old altar mounted with two mirrors. Though mission records are silent on the point, these mirrors probably enabled the padre, when facing the altar, to keep a weather eye on his dusky charges.

On the hillside west of the church stood the soap works, protected by a thatched covering. North of the blacksmith shop was one of the most famous pear orchards in the province. Across the gardens in front of the monastery lay the neophyte village of huts. To provide water for the community, an ingenious tiled pipeline tapped three springs near the orchard and carried the water more than a mile to two large basins, a cistern and a fountain in the mission plaza. The overflow irrigated the lower fields.

Exhausted by overwork, the builder of this fine establishment died in 1823 at the early age of fifty-four. The accomplishments of tireless Payeras stamp him as one of the great Franciscans of the province, a worthy successor of Serra and Lasuén. Honored by the offices of father-president and prefect after 1815, he cared for his own station and the nineteen others during a troubled period for the mission settlements. Yet he not only kept his friars and the soldiers at comparative peace, but endeavored to extend the missionary influence by personal exploration of heathen frontiers. In 1819, he accompanied a party to the coast regions already occupied by the Russians around Fort Ross. Two years later we find him on another exploration trip in the mountain districts behind San Diego. In the next year he is back again in the north, keeping the diary for the march which led to the founding of the Sonoma mission. The hardships of these journeys doubtless accelerated his premature death. "Of great strength of mind and firmness of character," according to Bancroft, "there was no friar of better and more evenly

balanced ability in the province." And his own mission at Purísima could ill afford just then to lose its popular guardian.

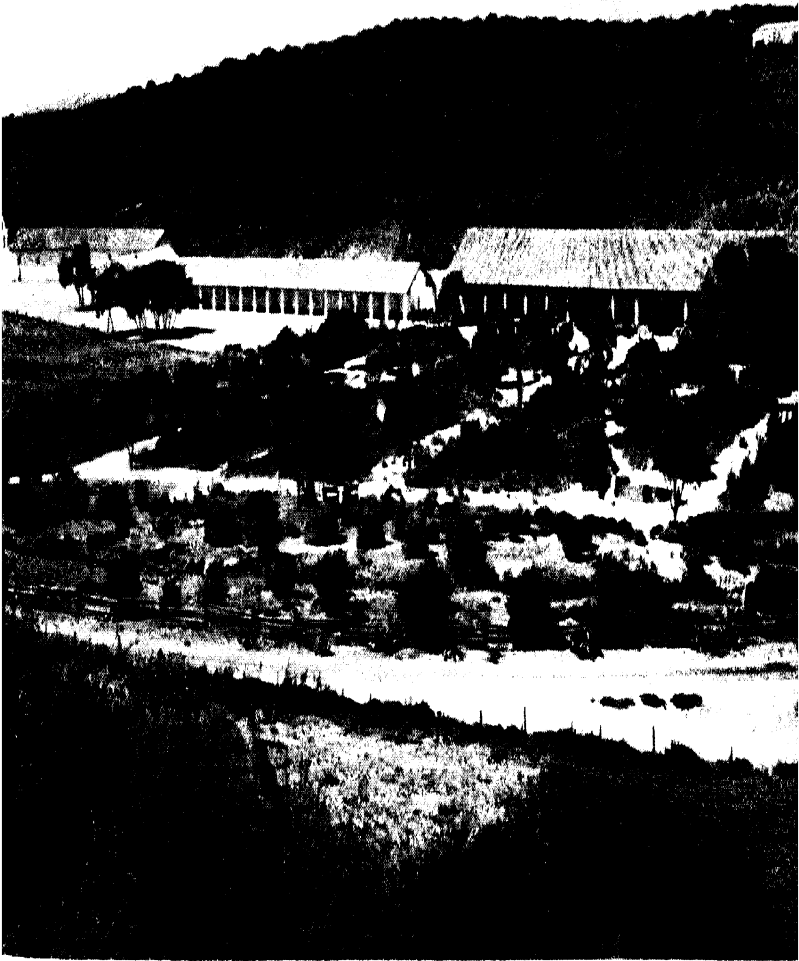
News of the Indian uprising at Santa Inés reached Purísima on the afternoon of February 21, 1824. Immediately the excited neophytes took possession of all the buildings. Corporal Tapia and his small guard defended themselves and their families throughout the night of intermittent fighting, in which one Indian, one woman, and four white transients lost their lives. When shortage of powder forced the soldiers to surrender next morning, they and Father Ordaz were allowed to retire to Santa Inés. The senior missionary remained behind to calm the frantic rebels. Anticipating attacks from the presidial forces, the savages erected wooden forts, cut loopholes in the walls of the church and other buildings and mounted a couple of rusty cannons, used by the padres on feast days. Thus the rebels remained in possession for nearly a month.

Meanwhile Governor Argüello dispatched a force from Monterey to join some troops Captain de la Guerra was asked to send from Santa Barbara. But the southern contingent was delayed by troubles at its own mission and the governor's force had to advance on the rebels alone. On the morning of March 16, Purísima was surrounded by mounted troops and the attack began. For three hours the soldiers peppered the place with shot from their muskets and a four-pound field piece. From the loopholes the one hundred and fifty yelling Indians responded with flights of arrows and an occasional futile explosion from their worthless cannon. Convinced at length of certain defeat, the defenders discovered all flight cut off by the waiting horsemen. At the intercession of Father Rodríguez, the firing ceased and the rebels surrendered. The casualties of the victors consisted of five wounded and one fatality; sixteen Indians were killed and many wounded. The Santa Barbara force did not arrive

until the battle was over. Commissioned to decree an appropriate punishment, the officers had seven of the Indians shot to death for the killing of the four innocent white travelers. The four ringleaders of the revolt were sentenced to ten years of hard labor at the presidio, to be followed by exile from the province. Eight other neophytes were imprisoned at the presidio for eight years.

Although the immediate trouble was over, the mission long since had passed its peak of prosperity and usefulness. From its highest population of 1,520 in 1804, only 662 remained at the end of the year of rebellion. Deaths exceeded baptisms because not an unconverted pagan was left in the district. By 1832 only 372 neophytes were listed. Three years later Domingo Carrillo arrived as secular administrator. Thereafter the neglected adobe church was abandoned and the occasional services conducted in the chapel of the monastery by Franciscans from Santa Inés. The last baptism listed by a Franciscan in the Purísima register was performed in 1850 by Father Sánchez, known to posterity as the Fra Salvadierra of Helen Hunt Jackson's *Ramona*. Even after the mission was returned to the Franciscans in 1843, it was served from Santa Inés. Little wonder that Pico in 1845 could get only \$1,100 for the ruins he sold to John Temple. Following years of decay, the place appeared so worthless as a missionary monument that the bishop sold the property in 1883 to one Eduardo de la Cuesta. During these years the monastery, which alone resisted dissolution, was used as a residence, a sheepfold, a stable, and finally abandoned entirely.

As a portentous reminder of the mission's early accomplishments the citizens of Lompoc in 1912 celebrated the one hundred and twenty-fifth anniversary of the founding, on the original site. As it happened, the date was also the centennial of the establishment at the new and present loca-



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tion. A great concrete cross was erected as a permanent monument overlooking Purísima's first mission fields.

At the turn of the century a faint ray of hope appeared on the desolate scene. The first real gleam was the genuine interest of the local superintendent of the Union Oil Company, which came into possession in 1903. Mission lovers bob up in the most unexpected places. This one gathered together the few scattered roof tiles and protected with sheeting all that was left of the buildings. In 1935, a generous gift from the oil company and an additional purchase by the County and State provided 507 acres of the original grounds as La Purísima State Park. Then the National Park Service agreed to join with the State in a complete reconstruction of the mission establishment. Assisted by an advisory group, an architectural engineer, Fred C. Hageman, spent months of research among old photographs and records and in measuring walls and foundations buried in the accumulated debris. With infinite care and precision, plans were drawn with every detail exactly like the original

Actual reconstruction first centered about the old monastery building. A company of Civilian Conservation Corps boys began the task of making adobe bricks from soil of a quality identical to the original. For the one building alone, 110,000 bricks were molded and baked in the sun, just as the neophytes had done more than a century before. To roof and floor the structure measuring 318 feet long and 65 wide, 42,000 clay tiles had to be made. Roof beams of redwood were hand-adzed in the same primitive manner. The remaining adobe walls were reinforced with concrete columns before being extended to their original dimensions. The surviving columns were incorporated untouched into the rebuilt cloister and replacements added to duplicate the original. Interior partitions were restored for the twenty-one rooms, the only modern concession being the electric

lighting. Old doors and windows were duplicated and artificially aged. The chapel at the south end was rebuilt to conform with details of a photograph taken in 1890. Where precise information was lacking, as in the furniture, hand-made copies were made of the most pleasing examples found at other missions. The stairway leading to the choir loft, for instance, is a copy of one at San Miguel. A bench comes from San Fernando and a chair from Santa Barbara. It is the intention of the sponsors to present "the most comprehensive exposition of mission furniture and artifacts in the State." Even the pulpit, choir loft, and sanctuary of the chapel will be painted with "neophyte" murals.

The next task was reconstruction of the old church with its plain bell tower. The foundations were clearly outlined. There being no old adobe walls to be dovetailed into the new, the simple laying of adobe bricks proceeded rapidly and construction is already finished. To prevent future earthquake damage, the new walls were supported by hidden concrete columns. Near the altar a concrete vault encloses the remains of the mission's founder, Father Payeras. On the hillside behind the church the old soap factory has been excavated and protected with a *ramada* similar to the original. Between the church and the monastery a large L-shaped structure, which housed the barracks and workshops, was rebuilt on the old foundations. Reconstruction of the three main mission buildings is now complete.

The extensive excavations necessitated by this ambitious project have unearthed the foundations of still another building, which is perhaps unique among the California missions. On the edge of the park grounds were discovered the foundations of a structure 554 feet long and 25 wide. Investigation disclosed that this immense adobe building housed the Indian families. It appears to have contained 56 rooms of identical size, 9 by 17 feet. Two connecting rooms

extending across the width of the building served each family. Each room had a door and one window in the side wall. The inner partition of each pair of rooms was also pierced by a connecting doorway. To prevent possible damage, the exposed foundations have been re-covered with earth. The sponsors hope that a future government project will undertake reconstruction of this unique mission building.

The gardens have been fully restored. Thousands of trees and shrubs were transplanted from the grounds of other missions. One old pepper tree has again burst into leaf as it was a century ago. The distant pear orchard was revived from cuttings off the solitary gnarled survivor of mission days. The extensive water system has been restored. The purpose of the whole project at Purísima Concepción is to create the most meticulously accurate reproduction of an entire mission settlement in California. And the modern supervisors have studiously employed only the primitive methods known to the padres and the docile savages.

XVI

MISSION SAN LUIS OBISPO DE TOLOSA

ON THAT long and terrible march in search of Monterey during the summer of 1769, the vivid pen of the diarist, Crespi, was kept busy recording the details of each day's adventures in the strange land. One day he recites that Portolá's party camped in a broad valley where the ground was literally plowed up by the many wild bears that came to feed on the native roots. The soldiers succeeded in killing a couple of the ferocious but savory animals and named the place La Cañada de Los Osos (Valley of the Bears). When famine struck the province three years later, Governor Fages recalled the huge source of meat supply roaming that valley and went himself with a party of soldiers to save the settlements from starvation. For three months they hunted bears and sent twenty-five packs with some nine thousand pounds of meat to the neighboring missions. The supply boats finally reached San Diego, but the provisions had to be carried by pack train over the long trail to the northern settlements. So Serra decided to accompany the governor from Monterey to bring them up.

Taking advantage of every such opportunity, the father-president prepared to establish his fifth mission on the way south. Loading the mules with the necessary goods, he and

Fages set out for the valley to which both had taken a fancy. If the governor remembered the toothsome bear meat, the padre had his mind set on the unhostile natives who were still "languishing in the darkness of paganism." On a level plot known to the natives as Tixlini, where two small streams offered plenty of water, Serra raised the cross and celebrated the first mass on September 1, 1772. Named for Saint Louis, Bishop of Toulouse, the new colony was entrusted to Father Cavaller with five soldiers and two lower California neophytes. The only provisions that could be spared were fifty pounds of flour, three pecks of seed wheat, a little chocolate, and a box of brown sugar. With those scant supplies the eight isolated exiles were thrown upon their own resources next day when their fellow-countrymen renewed their southward journey.

The undaunted Spaniards proceeded to anchor another foothold along the coastal wilderness. While the soldiers put up a barracks and stockade, the padre with his Indians set to work on a log chapel and dwelling. Though no pagans lived in the immediate vicinity, many soon came to watch the curious proceedings. Grateful to the white men, too, for ridding their country of the fierce bears, they brought venison and seeds to exchange for sugar and beads. Thus the newcomers managed to survive until supplies arrived from San Diego. In the following year Palóu added to the little colony by leaving a few more Baja California neophytes and two missionary companions to break the solitude for Father Cavaller. These Christianized Indians were expected to teach weaving, farming, and the mechanical arts to the new mission's converts. But only twelve were baptized in the first fourteen months. The natives preferred their own abundance of berries, seeds, fish, and venison to any inducements the impoverished white man's colony could offer. The success of the first crops of wheat, beans, and corn, however,

promised greater attractions for the future. On his way home from Mexico City in 1774, Serra was pleased with the outlook. Progress was certainly apparent when Anza's large party of San Francisco colonists were greeted two years later with the ringing of bells and firing of guns. The Tubac captain was received in a large reception room adjacent to sleeping apartments, which formed one side of the completed quadrangle. The chapel and dwellings for soldiers and neophytes were made of poles and roofed with tule grass.

The fire hazard of the grass construction became evident soon after Anza left. Some neighboring pagan Indians, hostile to the neophytes, slipped up one night and shot a firebrand fastened to an arrow upon the tule roof. Before the fire could be extinguished, all the establishment except the chapel and one granary was wiped out. Encouraged by this success, the pagans repeated the disastrous performance twice in the next decade. Then one of the desperate padres devised a crude method of forming and baking clay tile to cover the roofs. It is even claimed that a native would mold the wet clay around his shin before placing the mold in the sun to bake. The innovation soon spread to all mission construction and became the established roofing throughout the province.

The present adobe church was completed before the turn of the century, when the mission was near the peak of its prosperity. At no time a populous station, the banner year of 1804 showed only 832 resident neophytes. Then the quadrangle consisted of the church, the padres' and guests' quarters, barracks, granaries, workshops, neophyte huts, corrals and hospital. Much of this construction was begun by the zealous founder and first guardian, Father Cavaller, who after seventeen years of service died on December 9, 1789, and was buried in the church outside the sanctuary rail.

Though many prominent Franciscans served a term at the mission, the most widely known guardian was Luís Martínez, who came in 1798. This outspoken, fearless, gruff man became a famous character in the province. Though jolly and hospitable when the mood was upon him, he could also display his sterner talents if need arose. He built up his station and guarded its possessions jealously. Under his orders the two old surviving bells were cast in Lima, Peru. If all the province had greeted Bouchard with the indignant patriotism of Martínez, that freebooter would have regretted his destructive raids upon the coastal settlements. "There is no reason for dismay," the padre counseled his intimate friend, Commander de la Guerra of the Santa Barbara presidio. "If I only had two little cannon, I would take those two ships." Without the cannon, he rushed twenty-five of his mission Indians to the defense of Monterey. When he heard the insurgents had anchored at Refugio, he rose from a sick bed and rushed to de la Guerra's aid with another band of volunteers. As though determined to meet the elusive heretic face to face, the resolute padre made a forced march down the coast to San Juan Capistrano. But the arrival of the northern reinforcements caused the wily Frenchman to sail away without a battle. In like manner, Martínez always met the demands made on his small establishment for church or material supplies. Astonished at the "state of nakedness" he found among the governor's troops at Monterey, for instance, he sent to each of the fifty-five men a suit consisting of shirt, pants, jacket, and hat, all made by his mission converts.

The capricious Martínez became even better known as an incorrigible wit. During the disheartening period of Mexican turmoil and mission decline, the outbursts of his humorous moods provide welcome relief to the prevailing spleen and discouragements. Neglect of formalities in his official

letters aroused resentment in haughty officialdom unaccustomed to such lack of respect. His frolicsome moods were given even freer rein in missives scrawled on scraps of paper addressed to his close friends. His satires became particularly caustic on the subject of Mexican politics. In *Ramona*, Mrs. Jackson introduces the padre in the role of the practical joker who entertains a visiting general and his bride with a parade of all the mission poultry. Marched down the corridors by the whip-snapping Indians, the turkeys, chickens, ducks, and geese pass "squeaking, cackling, hissing, gobbling, crowing and quacking" for an hour before the guests who "nearly died from laughter."

It was well that Father Martínez laughed while he could, for disaster lay ahead. Long aware of his trading activities with foreign boats, the authorities were unable to prove their suspicions that he had shipped \$6,000 in cash to Mexico. The charge was dropped, only to have another arise. The padre was reported to have conspired to escape the province with the fleeing Franciscans, Altimira and Ripoll. But under the advice of his superior, he continued at his station which was already entering its decline. Neophyte discipline had vanished with promises of approaching freedom. Diminished crops could feed so few that even the faithful converts had to seek their food outside. Without neophyte labor the buildings could no longer be kept in repair. And troubles for the outspoken Martínez had only begun. On the charge that he had supported a Spanish revolt against the Mexican regime, he suffered the indignities of an arrest and trial for treason. Sentenced to banishment after thirty-four years of service at his station, he was forced to return in disgrace to Spain in the spring of 1830. He left an establishment reduced to less than three hundred natives, with deaths each year six-fold the number of baptisms.

The end of the mission was indeed at hand. The new

missionary found the neophyte village almost in ruins and the front of the church in such danger that it had to be taken down. Secularization of the decayed establishment took place in October, 1835, with the arrival of Commissioner Casarin to take over the inventory from Father Abella, the mission's last Franciscan. Though the inventory totaled \$70,000, only the livestock attracted the lawless newcomers. Especially the horses were driven away by bands of Indians, usually encouraged by a liberal sprinkling of *Americanos*. Freed of restraint, many of the neophytes joined the pagans in general vandalism. The mission lands were divided into parcels and distributed among the remaining neophytes. In the same year the first ordained pastor in California, Miguel Gómez, was assigned to the station. In 1844 all the neophytes were set free, the mission changed to a *pueblo* and the buildings set aside for community use. Its history as a mission came definitely to an end when Pico, ignoring the official provisions, sold the property for \$500 to Scott, Wilson, and McKinley on December 6, 1845. But the raising of the American flag at Monterey in the following summer dispossessed the purchasers and the property was eventually restored to church ownership.

San Luís Obispo passed through a period of misguided "restoration" from which it is only recently recovering. Since the once picturesque mission had lost its early status, the thoughtless restorers decided to give it the outward appearance of any other commonplace parish church. They encased the adobe walls with wood and boarded up the cloister. Most repugnant of all, they re-covered the proud beginnings of California's roof tile with wooden shingles. To complete the disguise, a wooden steeple was erected on the old monastery roof. But the faithful accomplishments at other missions at length inspired a return to the original architectural plan. The late Father John Hartnett continued this

accurate restoration as rapidly as his means permitted. The results already are pleasing.

Today the plastered adobe monastery building has its corridor of eleven columns restored in stained redwood. Originally the plain rounded columns with square base and topped with a square molding were connected by a wooden balustrade, parts of which are now preserved in the museum. The roofs of the corridor and all the buildings have again been covered with tiles. The façade of the church sets back from the right end of the monastery building and is unique among the missions. On the first level three archways on the front and one on the side lead to the entrance portico. The main wall of the second story is pierced at the front with three bell openings, in the style employed at Mission Dolores in San Francisco. This plain but pleasing belfry still holds the two bells secured by Father Martínez from Peru. Farthest to the right is the larger one, weighing about 400 pounds and inscribed: *Manuel Vargas me fecit-Lima-Mision D. Sn Luis Obispo-De la Nueva California—Ano D. 1818.* The smaller is inscribed with a similar memorandum. A third bell is modern, without inscription and probably made in San Francisco at a much later date.

The adobe walls of the church, six feet thick at the base, rest upon a foundation of stone and cement. The massive wooden entrance door is an interesting product of mission days. It hangs on the original heavy hinges and is remarkably well preserved. Two heavy panels with beveled edges are fastened with hand-made spikes, the heads of which are embossed with star-shaped studs. Similar studs ornament and strengthen the edges of the whole door. The interior of the church is severe in its simplicity. At the rear is the original baptismal font, used by the padres. Made of hammered copper, its projecting edge and hinged cover remain as Father Serra used it, resting on an ornate wooden stand

painted with a crude design. Some of the original floor tiles remain. On the side walls hang the graphic paintings of the Stations of the Cross with the original single candlestick under each faded frame. The ceiling is decorated between the beams with irregular shaped stars, in imitation of the first neophyte decorations. A fire in 1920 effectively exposed the native murals long covered with whitewash. The original plain altar is intact with five wooden statues, one being of Saint Louis, Bishop of Toulouse, the mission's patron. Outside the sanctuary rail is buried the mission's founder, Father José Cavaller. Behind the sacristy an old adobe building retains its ancient bamboo ceiling fastened with rawhide and covered with grass. One of its plastered walls still has rose-colored decorations made by the Indians.

The Mission in the Valley of the Bears is particularly fortunate in its possession of many interesting relics. Climbing the wooden stairs to the loft of the monastery building, the visitor enters the old guardhouse and barracks, recently reopened (1930) and being repaired. The most cherished mementos of any mission are the record books, many of which either disappeared after secularization or were later carried away to other archives. But San Luís Obispo still has its registers. The title page of the baptismal record is written in the clear and vigorous hand of Father Serra. The last entry by a Franciscan, in the second book, is Number 2909, made in 1841 by Father Abella. Serra also wrote the title page for the register of confirmations, which he opened in 1778. The burial register was set up by Francisco Palóu during Serra's absence at Mexico City. The extensive collection includes old candlesticks, paintings, neophyte metates, original rough chapel benches, books, and vestments. The sacred vestments are especially fine. One gorgeous chasuble with still untarnished silver flowers has a red, yellow, and blue fringe almost as brilliant and fresh as

when it came from the Spanish loom two centuries ago. Of course, there are examples of the first roof tiles made by the Indians before the turn of the century.

Behind the monastery the patio is shut off from the street which was cut through by the expanding town to the very edge of the old cloister columns. Here in the primitive garden the visitor will find old olive and pomegranate trees and grape vines descended from those set out by the padres. There is also a flourishing acanthus plant whose handsome flowers and leaves provided the pattern for the conventionalized design so often employed in neophyte decoration. Across the patio are scattered remains of the workshops, and here each year is celebrated the fiesta commemorating the founding of the mission near the Valley of the Bears.

Santa Margarita Chapel

By the time that Anza's first expedition passed San Lu s Obispo on its way to Monterey, the original route of *El Camino Real* had been altered to cross the Santa Lucia Mountains through the shorter and easier Cuesta Pass. On the northern side of the range, the highway entered Salinas Valley through a district thickly strewn with oaks, sycamores, and pines, broken by rolling grassy fields. Roots, acorns, and all kinds of game completed the requirements of an ideal home for numerous natives. To convert and serve those pagans, the San Lu s padres established a *rancho* along the stream which flowed down from the wooded mountains. At length they built a chapel with the help of native labor and the Santa Margarita *rancho* became one of the mission's most prosperous outposts.

The amazing present condition of the chapel ruins will prompt the curious traveler to examine its scanty history. The stone building, about 20 by 120 feet, originally had a chapel and perhaps eight adjoining living rooms. Its three-

foot walls were made of native sandstone and bricks, bound together with a whitish cement. The walls of the solid structure were damaged by the 1812 earthquake and had to be repaired. While serving the neophytes engaged in planting the fields in 1833, Father Gil succumbed to the pulmonary disease so common to the region. His body was taken back to the mission for burial. Even after secularization brought disorder and destitution to the district, Father Abella did his best to continue cultivation of Santa Margarita's fields. But Mofras, the French traveler, reported in 1841 that the fertile *rancho* had already been given into private hands, where it has remained ever since. Conversion of the sacred building to profane uses eventually brought the property to its present ridiculous condition.

Now the roofless, frontless walls are enclosed as the center of an immense hay barn. The wooden barn walls extend beyond the stone chapel walls, which on one side now serve as the end of the horse stalls. Hundreds of tons of hay bury the old chapel walls. To add to the irony, hay for the horses is pushed through the openings which once served as the windows of the chapel building. The windows as well as the doors are of peculiar construction. On the outside these openings are rectangular, but only for a thin, shell-like depth. Inside, the arch is much larger and beautifully constructed. The building must have been designed and erected by a capable master mason. It is tragic that such a well-built example of mission stone masonry could not have been spared the deliberate destruction which reduced it to its present low estate. Even today it is worth the mile drive off the highway to examine its unique arched doorways.

XVII

MISSION SAN MIGUEL ARCANGEL

EACH of the missions has an individuality. Though the basic purposes and problems were the same at all the stations; though each link in the chain was subject to the same strict regulations set down by the missionary college in Mexico City; though each establishment was launched on its hazardous career with the same grant of \$1,000 from the Pious Fund, with the same church equipment, agricultural and building implements, beads, and tobacco to attract the natives and bolts of cloth to cover their nakedness—despite the general uniformity of materials with which to work, even today each station has a distinct personality singular to itself. And San Miguel is unique in having the interior decorations of its church practically in the same condition in which the padres left them.

The sixteenth addition to Serra's chain was the third to be founded by Lasuén during that astonishing outburst of energy in his seventy-seventh year. The sedulous padre and Governor Borica were closing the gaps to consolidate the scattered settlements. The long span between San Antonio and San Luís Obispo still needed to be filled, and the viceroy named the protector of the proposed addition as the Most Glorious Prince of the Celestial Militia, Archangel Saint

Michael. After exploration of the region near the juncture of the Nacimiento and Salinas Rivers, a site called Vahca by the natives was selected, where flowing water from the Santa Isabel and San Marcos could be used for irrigation. There on July 25, 1797, in the presence of a large gathering of natives, Lasuén blessed the water, raised the cross, and conducted the first mass in the brush *enramada*. To add to the founder's joy, fifteen native children were brought for baptism on the first afternoon. After this auspicious beginning, the first guardians, Sitjar and Horra, found little resistance to conversion among the natives. Several neophyte families returned from the two adjacent missions to their old homes near the new establishment and thus helped to win the friendship of the pagans. Within seven years 1,169 converts were made and almost a thousand lived at the mission itself.

Construction had begun at once. The first chapel had to be replaced after a year by an adobe church, 28 feet by 34, with a flat, earth-covered roof. A similar house for the padres, another for the women, a granary and group of adobe huts for neophyte families were placed around the quadrangle. Workshops were outfitted, and the fields developed with canals and dams. Before the roof tiles were ready, a disastrous fire broke out one night in 1806. Two rows of the tule-covered workshops with all the wool, hides, cloth, 6,000 bushels of wheat, the implements, and part of the chapel roof went up in smoke.

Following the custom in such emergencies, the neighboring missions came to the rescue by sending livestock, tools, clothing, looms, and supplies to their stricken companion. During reconstruction, tiles were made by the thousands and baked in ovens to speed the drying. Weavers, carpenters, dyers, and tanners were soon back at work in their new adobe shops, roofed this time with fireproof tiles. Houses and granaries were built at the mission's numerous *ranchos*

extending to Pleyto in the north, Asunción in the south, and over the Santa Lucia Range to Rancho del Playa at the present San Simeon on the coast. In 1816, the stone foundations were laid for the new church, which survives today. Under the guidance of Father Juan Cabot, the natives had been making adobe bricks for several years and construction proceeded rapidly. By 1818, the structure was ready for roofing. Three years later Esteban Munras came down from Monterey to supervise the interior decorations for which the church is now famous.

Several of the earlier padres at San Miguel found the assignment rather unfortunate. Less than a month after the founding, Father Horra showed unmistakable signs of mental disorder, said to have been aggravated by the extreme heat of the region. Alfred Robinson later related that it became so hot at San Miguel that he found fleas in the front corridor lying on their sides and gasping for breath. Anyway, Lasuén came to the mission's relief by ordering a Santa Barbara padre to escort the demented man to the presidio "by gentle means, if he can, or any way he may." There the unhappy missionary was adjudged insane and deported to Mexico with three other Franciscans who were retiring to their College. In 1801 the two resident missionaries met with an experience which served to discredit their faith in the converts. Both fell suddenly ill from poisoning. Though they recovered, a visiting Franciscan, Father Pujol, succumbed from a similar attack.

The mission's proximity to the interior valley regions gave the padres ready access to the numerous pagans still unacquainted with the truths of salvation. One of the pioneer inland explorers, Father Juan Martin, with only two soldiers made a journey in 1804 as far east as Lake Tulare. He reported to the governor that unless a mission were immediately established among them, more than four thousand

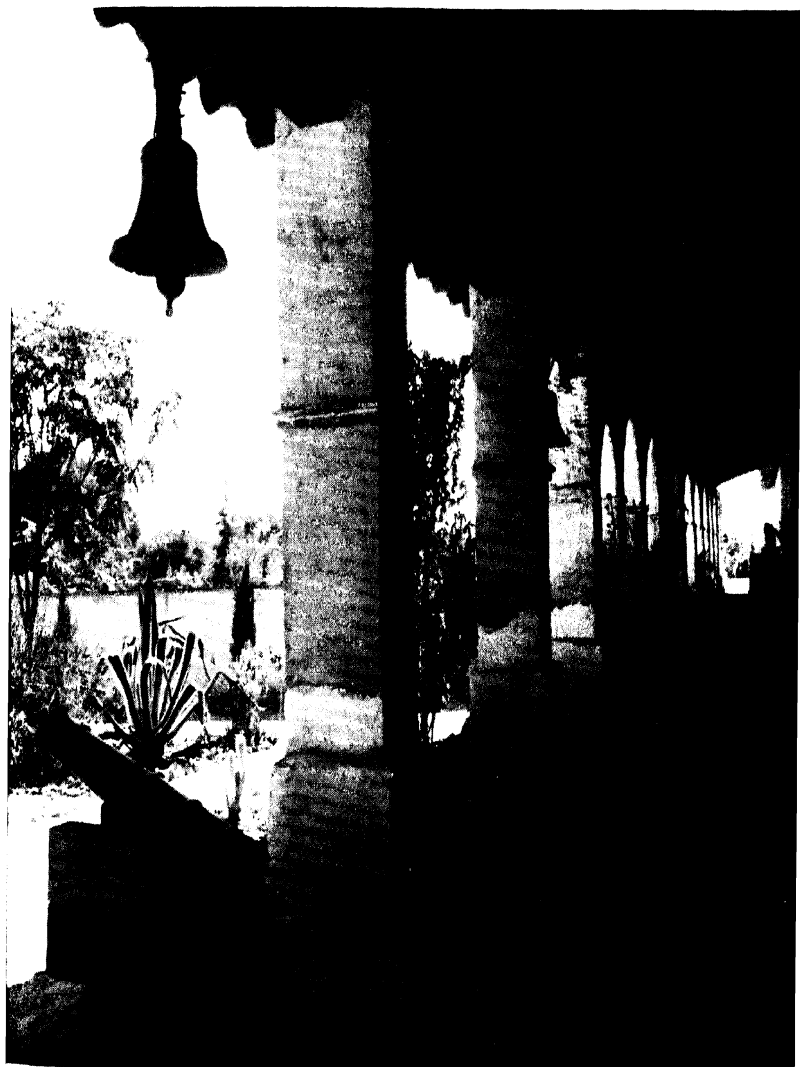
pagans would "all be lost by dying away ignorant of their destiny because Satan, wars and venereal disease would leave no one to be converted." Though the period of mission expansion was over, Father Cabot ten years later made a fresh search for a suitable mission site. On the first night out of San Miguel the party reached a rancheria of seven hundred pagans on the edge of Lake Tulare. Cabot baptized two dozen natives and became convinced that "the harvest was ripe and ready for the reaper." Next day the Spaniards visited another pagan village which was at war with the first tribe. In trying to establish peace between the two, a misunderstanding precipitated a skirmish in which the Spaniards lost two horses and the natives one old woman. After proceeding east to Visalia, the explorers returned to San Miguel with enthusiastic recommendations for the establishment of a row of interior missions parallel to the coast chain. The last elaborate expedition explored the interior valleys in 1815, principally to bring back runaway neophytes. But the colonizing vigor of the Spaniards had passed its peak and the settlement of the interior was fortunately reserved for the American gold seekers.

The missionary power was already being checked by the Mexican secularization plans. Without the heart to face the approaching demise of the station he had served for twenty-one years, Father Cabot in 1834 accepted the governor's grant of \$400 for traveling expenses back to Spain. Decay had already set in, for he left fewer than six hundred neophytes at a mission whose banner number was 1,076 in 1814. On July 14, 1836, Ignacio Coronel took charge as administrator and distributed everything among the remaining converts. During the ensuing general disorder, many of the faithful ran away. Three years after secularization, Father Moreno found his post so poverty-stricken that he had to retire to his little garden at Asunción to raise food for him-

self with his own hands. The last Franciscan at the mission was Father Abella, who departed in July, 1841.

San Miguel was the last mission to be sold by Pío Pico. On July 4, 1846, he transferred it for an unreported price to P. Rios and William Reed. Just three days later the American flag was raised at Monterey, and the property was subsequently restored to church ownership. During the turbulent period of change, lawless tramps and discharged soldiers roamed the province without restraint. One party of adventurers stopped at San Miguel in 1848 and entertained themselves at the expense of the Reed family, who occupied the old padres' quarters of the former mission. Aroused by the information that their host possessed a quantity of gold, the visitors atrociously murdered the whole Reed family, numbering ten. Of the five murderers, one was fatally shot by pursuers, one jumped into the sea and was drowned, and the other three were executed at Santa Barbara. During the hectic years following the discovery of gold, the Mission on the Highway was subject to endless indignities on the part of outlaws, fortune hunters, and gamblers who found temporary shelter in the deserted buildings of the establishment. During the Sixties and Seventies a saloon bordered the busy thoroughfare between Los Angeles and San Francisco in one of the old reception rooms; commercial ventures were housed in other sections of the monastery. The church itself seems to have been respected, except by the action of the termites and the elements.

After thirty-six years without a resident pastor, the mission was sent a priest in 1878 to save the place from complete disintegration. Six years later the energetic Father Mut completely renovated the monastery rooms and replaced the rotten timbers and broken tiles. The quarters were further improved by Father O'Reilly, who succeeded in raising funds to begin a complete restoration. The resuscitated mission be-



MISSION SAN MIGUEL, ARCANGEL
The monastery corridor

came the scene of several church festivities of unusual splendor. In 1897 the centennial of the founding was celebrated with a three-day fiesta at the end of September. In 1912 an even more impressive ceremony took place on November 13, when two large marble slabs were placed over the tombs of the two Franciscan friars buried in the church. Thus were San Miguel's builder, Father Juan Martin, and the zealous Father Ciprés honored. And in 1928, for the first time in eighty-seven years, the solemn feast of San Miguel Arcángel was celebrated in his mission. The real occasion was the return of both San Antonio and San Miguel to the care of the Franciscan fathers. As nearly as possible the rites exactly duplicated those originally performed in 1797 at the mission's founding. Over three thousand guests attended the ceremonies which ended with a pageant based upon the life of mission days.

The registers of baptisms, burials, and marriages, now preserved in the bishop's archives in Los Angeles, all have title pages written in the hand of its founder, Father Lasuén. The records show that in the early years converts came in more rapidly than at any other mission. During the one year of 1803, 348 baptisms were performed by the three busy padres. During its thirty-nine years as a mission, 2,588 converts were baptized.

Today the well-preserved mission offers the traveler the readiest opportunity to examine the handiwork of the old Franciscan padres. Bordering on the main highway, the old adobe monastery building is recessed a short distance from the simple façade of the church itself. A low adobe wall provides the attractive front garden with some privacy without obscuring the corridor which extends along the front of the monastery. Beginning at the church, three square pillars support the corridor roof. Next to these four arches is a row of twelve, of which the center two are elliptical and the

largest, bordered on either side by four semicircular ones. The extreme arch on either end is narrow and semicircular. The corridor thus has sixteen arches, because, it is said, this was the sixteenth mission established. The roofs and floors of all the buildings are tile-covered. One of the original bells, made in 1800, is suspended under the eaves of the front corridor. To the left of the church another bell is supported by a rude wooden frame. This huge bell, weighing 2,500 pounds, was recast in San Francisco in 1888 from the remains of old bells. Its fine tone is sounded three times each day for the Angelus.

The museum room preserves a number of old vestments, candlesticks, a beautiful monstrance, and other relics of mission days. In the padres' kitchen still stand the round oven set up on its high stone base, and millstones brought in from Mexico. Beyond the corridor at the left end of the monastery building a large room, now used as the parish social hall, contains an interesting old stone wine vat, recently unearthed. In the rear of the monastery rooms opens the quadrangle which measured 230 feet square. As rapidly as the means permit, the workshops and corridors are being reconstructed on the ruins of the original foundations. Behind the church may still be seen the ruins of the first adobe church beside the cemetery. But by far the most impressive feature of San Miguel is the remarkable condition of its church decorations.

The California natives had a primitive knowledge of the use of colors obtained from pulverized earths. Whereas the more advanced Mexican Indians understood the mixing of colors with such binding substances as chian oil and heavy plant juices, the Californians applied the reds, yellows, blacks, and greens only in their primary form. Their primitive drawings, moreover, lacked perspective. It was with this crude artistic assistance that the itinerant painters,

brought into the province to help the padres, set to work to decorate the church interiors. Since the chapels were primarily for the use of the natives, the neophytes were usually allowed a rather free expression for the greater part of the church adornment. The result was the grotesque, symbolic designs which employed the running parallel lines resembling serpents, the flash of lightning, and the often-repeated River of Life, all depicted in gaudy, unrelated color. The crude imitations of marble may have been intended to represent sky and cloud effects. Around the altar and sanctuary, however, the decorations usually disclose the dominant influence of the padres themselves, who doubtless sought to reproduce from memory some of the elaborate effects they had seen at Valencia, Burgos, and Mallorca. In the carving of wood for pulpits, wall-brackets, and confessionals the natives generally displayed a more refined taste than in the use of color. But in all their artistic efforts they showed little originality or independence and needed the stimulus and guidance of their instructors.

San Miguel was fortunate in securing the services of a Spanish artist named Esteban Munras. With the exception of the front of the altar, everything is just as the artist left the work in 1821. Assisted only by the Indians, he made extensive use of large designs which he copied out of books. The entire western end of the church is occupied from floor to ceiling by the elaborate reredos. It consists of three large panels separated by pillars mottled to resemble marble. Each panel is outlined by a running decoration of green foliage and vivid red flowers, and forms the background for a wooden statue. The central figure of Saint Michael, six feet high and fully carved, stands on the original rough bracket. In the right hand the patron holds the scales of justice and in the left a sword inscribed on the blade with the words, "*Quis ut Deus.*" The smaller carved figures on either side

are of Saint Francis and Saint Anthony in brown robes with gilt oak leaves. The Child held by the latter is out of proportion and resembles a little old man. The simple entablature features a huge Moorish All-seeing Eye with alternate white and gold radiating rays made of wood. Above each panel is a bracket supporting a chalice, each of the three being joined by a garland made of clusters of grapes with leaves. Each of the side panels is topped by a small oval panel. On the left one are painted the crossed hands of Christ, showing the nail holes of the cross. The right oval contains a conventional symbolic pattern. The pink dado below the side panels has a characteristic neophyte mottled effect.

The sanctuary has two side altars dedicated to the Holy Mary and to Saint Joseph. Near the top of the walls runs a horizontal wide band, consisting of three rows of small squares filled with a conventional design. Both above and below this band is a blue fringe looped with blue, brown, and green tassels. On the wall below are perpendicular bands with conventional leafy designs alternating on brown and green. A painted panel then forms the background for each side altar.

Even more interesting is the next wall section, containing on the north wall the old pulpit. Both walls have a huge fanlike pattern which radiates in alternate green and pink bands from a green base a short distance from the floor. The whole design is bordered by a fluted, blue-mottled column, one of a series which spans the wall at regular intervals from the altar space back to the choir loft. There an entirely different pattern is introduced in the use of the Greek key design, both above and below the choir loft.

The entire ceiling is original. The twenty-eight beams span the full width of the nave and rest upon heavy, rough-hewn corbels. Both rafters and corbels were cut in the



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The church with original murals

mountains near Cambria, forty miles away, and carried to the mission by the natives. The beams protrude through the side walls, to which they are fastened with large wooden spikes. Above the altar the ceiling and beams are pink and the corbels light green. A blue leafy pattern provides additional ornament to the ceiling over the altar.

The old pulpit on the north wall is particularly fascinating. A stairway leads from the altar space up to the octagonal pulpit, whose panels are painted inside in blue with a band of greenish yellow. On the outside the panels are a rich green enclosed in a blue, red, and gray molding. Over the pulpit hangs a canopied, crown-shaped sounding board tinted in gold and silver, black and green, with a red scalloped edge. The crown is surmounted by a bell on which stands a small cross. All the gorgeous colors are still vivid.

The old confessional near the main front entrance is another interesting feature. Built into the solid adobe wall, its two swinging doors are hung on the iron hinges of native make. One of the doors is new. With the exception of one new panel, the other door is as the padres left it, with the neophyte decoration a continuation of the fluted column painted down the adobe wall.

A sensitive visitor is tempted to linger a while under the spell created by this outstanding example of neophyte decoration. With the exception of the modern pews, every detail of the church is as the padres built it to win the favor of the pagan Indians. The prevailing effect is indeed pathetic. Nowhere among the missions is the failure of the padres to create an artistic decorative scheme so apparent. Those courageous Franciscans, who left posterity such astonishing buildings of natural architectural merit and beauty, failed woefully in their ornamentation. One cannot but wish they had left those simple, dignified, sturdy structures with their natural adobe walls untouched. There seems to have been

an utter incapacity to appreciate any artistic effect more refined than one expressed in crude, meaningless designs executed in vivid, unrelated color. Wholly lacking in natural inspiration, they copied without intelligence. It is not surprising that most of the buildings erected in the impoverished barren land were simple and plain. Materials were limited and the prevailing local poverty ruled out any demand for munificent buildings such as those put up in the wealthy mining regions of Mexico. Nor would the scanty revenues of the province have maintained more pretentious establishments. This gaudy nave at San Miguel displays unblemished the grotesque patches of glaring colors unhappily intended as ornament. Only Santa Inés can rival its historical interest. As other missions found a later use as parish churches, most of the neophyte murals have either been tempered to conform more nearly to the altered character of the congregations, or have been completely hidden by a whitewash covering. But San Miguel, undespoiled of all its pathetic glory, remains a perfect monument to the church's hopeless effort to raise an expiring race of primitive natives to the white man's level.

XVIII

MISSION SAN ANTONIO DE PADUA

IF the mission historian had reason to call San Miguel the "Mission on the Highway," its neighbor to the north might now be as logically termed the "Mission *off* the Highway." Modern travel has left San Antonio the most isolated of all the old establishments. Its very seclusion adds to the charm and beauty of the twenty-mile trip from the main thoroughfare, certainly one of the most delightful by-ways in the whole State.

Portolá's pathfinders entered the region on that memorable march in search of Monterey in the fall of 1769. On the slopes of the Santa Lucia Range, they crossed a small river flowing through a section covered with white and live oaks "as high and of as great girth as can be found in the finest parks of Europe." The abundance of acorns and berries provided ready food for the numerous Indians, who shared their palatable *atole* with the half-starved strangers. On their return to San Diego three months later, the unsuccessful party retraced their trail through the inviting and friendly country at the base of the loftiest mountain in the Coast Range, now known as Junípero Serra Peak.

The zealous Father-President did not keep the pagans waiting long for another visit from the white men. As soon

as he had completed plans for moving his Monterey mission to the banks of the Carmel River, he started out with two Franciscan companions, Pieras and Sitjar, some Lower California neophytes, and a small guard to find a suitable site for his third mission. In the broad, oak-studded valley commended by Crespi, he stopped near a river with a good flow of water even in midsummer. He named the stream in honor of Saint Anthony of Padua, who was to be the patron of the new establishment. As soon as the bells were hung in an oak tree, the enthusiastic Serra jerked their cords frantically in the hope that all the sierra pagans might hearken to the call to conversion. The cross was raised and the first mass celebrated on July 14, 1771. A single native had heard the bells and cautiously witnessed the strange proceedings. When later he exhibited the strings of beads given him by the gray-frosted padre, many other pagans were induced to show themselves and receive the gaudy presents. In exchange they brought gifts of piñon nuts and acorns.

Prospects were auspicious from the beginning. With the help of the natives, a small wooden church, a guardhouse, and a padres' quarters were enclosed in a pole stockade. The pagans manifested such a friendly attitude that the padres set about learning the native language in order to teach them the catechism in their own idiom. Serra stayed only two weeks at the time of the founding, but stopped again in the following summer on his way with Fages to found San Lu s Obispo. He found the isolated settlers on the verge of starvation from the long famine caused by the failure of supplies to arrive from Mexico. Drought had ruined their crops, and complete disaster had been averted by the generosity of the pagans who brought what they could of native foods. In the summer of 1773, the fathers found it advisable to move the settlement farther up Los Robles Valley to the banks of San Miguel Creek. By the end of that year a

small church, workshops, and dwelling were constructed of adobe bricks. Other houses of wood and tules accommodated the soldiers and converts, who then numbered one hundred and sixty-three. Among the fourteen marriages were three of soldiers with native women.

During that precarious early period, San Antonio was fortunate in having been entrusted to two able administrators, Pieras and Sitjar. These two Franciscans, imbued with Serra's zeal and self-reliance, spent the rest of their working days in winning converts to the glory of God and the King. After twenty-three years of untiring service, the former was forced by ill-health to retire to the Mexico City College. Sitjar courageously labored on without his companion until his death in 1808, being absent from his assignment only during the year he spent in launching the mission at San Miguel. Together these two pioneers established one of the most prosperous settlements in the province. For several years the crops were so abundant that a surplus was sold to provide clothing for their naked charges. They put up a new adobe church in 1779 and roofed it with tile. The 130-foot edifice was then considered the most pretentious church along the whole frontier. In the next year an even larger adobe building was provided for the Indian families. Workshops, storerooms, a tannery, a stone threshing floor, orchards, and vineyards added independence to the thriving colony. Its rich grazing lands enabled the padres to encourage the breeding and raising of horses of excellent stock, for which the mission later became famous. And one of its founders, Father Sitjar, lived to see the station attain its highest number of registered neophytes, 1,296 in 1805.

Troubles, of course, had not been absent. In August, 1775, a small crowd of hostile natives swept down on the mission compound. They succeeded in wounding with arrows an Indian who was about to be baptized. On receipt of the

news at Monterey, Rivera dispatched some troops to capture the culprits and return them to the mission for a sound flogging. The arrival in 1776 of Anza's large body of Sonora colonists on their way to Monterey placed an onerous, though welcome burden upon the little community. But the greatest disappointment was the early sterility of the mission fields. Despite the plentiful water, plots for sowing had to be constantly changed and fresh range found for the large flocks. At the same time, Father Sitjar's successors, Cabot and Sancho, were distressed to find themselves burying more natives than they were baptizing, with the result that their population was steadily decreasing.

Nevertheless, the two guardians went ahead with the plans of Father Pieras for a new and larger church. In 1810 they dug foundation trenches ten feet deep and filled them with stones from the river bed. Construction progressed rapidly because most of the materials had been brought to the site before the ground was broken. The timbers cut in the mountains were floated down San Antonio River whenever the winter rains had swollen its waters to sufficient volume. The resourceful fathers had taken advantage of several hot, windy summers to dry thoroughly the adobe bricks. To the region's compact soil they added short lengths of straw from the wild grasses which ripened early there. The walls of the building were almost six feet thick. The church which stands in ruins today was completed and blessed in 1813.

Continuing reconstruction along more substantial lines, Cabot and Sancho took down the abandoned chapel and used the materials to erect new quarters for themselves and workshops for their charges. Eventually the large quadrangle was enclosed with the church, dwellings, and shops, all roofed with tile. Three sides of the patio and the front of the monastery were protected by corridors with pillars of adobe or of brick laid in mortar. The vineyard near the

church was enclosed with an adobe wall supported by a stone foundation and protected from the rains by baked, curved tiles.

Maintenance of this thriving settlement depended principally upon the amazing irrigation systems constructed by Father Sitjar. That provident padre understood from the first that the feeding of his people on the crops from his ample but arid fields hinged upon his ability to secure water. With the skill of a modern engineer he first built a ditch from the near-by San Miguel Creek. When the famine of 1772 convinced him that the small stream was insufficient for security, he courageously undertook the immense task of tapping the more abundant San Antonio River. With an efficiency and knowledge that mark him as one of the cleverest mechanics of the mission period, he constructed a second ditch extending more than three miles up the canyon. By means of dams, open flumes, masonry conduits across side gulches, and troughs in places hollowed out of the sandstone cliffs, he succeeded in bringing the water across to a storage pond near the mission plaza. He built a mill race to a water wheel used for grinding the best flour in the whole province. Enough of the twenty miles of ditch remains to prove the magnitude of the undertaking. The efficiency of its grades is further established by its constant use today by the present neighboring ranch owners.

It was this flourishing colony, nourished by Sitjar's accomplishments, that the American merchant, Alfred Robinson, visited in 1832. He found Father Cabot to be "a fine, noble-looking man, whose manners 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 storehouses comfortable and in good keeping."

But, like the other Spanish missions, the snug little settlement was riding to a fall. When Father Mercado came in 1833 with the first Mexican Franciscans from Zacatecas to take over the establishment, he was given charge of a population already reduced to 587 in the midst of the uncertainties resulting from secularization plans. Nor was Mercado the compromising diplomat to moderate the difficulties. He appears to have been not only a drinker and gambler, but quarrelsome and arrogant as well. In an effort to pacify the troublemaker, the governor responded to his vociferous demands by removing from office the first administrator, Manuel Crespo. But six appointees followed in rapid succession without satisfying the fiery Zacatecan. Inspector Hartnell in 1839 reported the mission accounts in confusion and the 270 remaining neophytes complaining bitterly of the harsh treatment. So rapid was the decline that Micheltoarena's sympathetic restoration of the colony to missionary control on March 29, 1843, came too late to save the place. Pico's hasty effort to sell all the missions left San Antonio untouched because no one seemed willing to make a bid for its possession. It doubtless owed its escape from that disgrace only to its isolation. The property was later deeded by the federal government to Church ownership.

The last Franciscan, Father Gutiérrez, performed the mission's 4,651st baptism on October 27, 1844. Eighty-four years passed before the charge was returned to the Franciscan Order in 1928. During thirty of the intervening years the lonely station was cared for by a devoted character just the opposite of the insatiable Mercado. A Mexican Indian, Ambrís had been raised and educated by the padres and ordained as a priest at Santa Barbara. Finally assigned to the fast-decaying San Antonio, he humbly guarded the ruins until his death at a near-by ranch in 1882. The only companions of his last years were two old Indians, each over



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the century mark. The body of this last resident priest was taken back to be interred in the sanctuary beside the remains of the four Franciscans—Pujol, Sitjar, Sancho, and poor Sarría, who had perished so pitifully at Soledad.

With no one to care for the properties, they fell rapidly into ruins. Roof tiles, timbers, and everything of use were carried away by vandals. After several years the roof of the chapel collapsed, leaving the unprotected adobe walls to be washed down by the rains. As the tiles continued to disappear, the corridor arches crumbled. Only the efforts of a few enthusiastic organizers of the California Historical Landmarks League came to the rescue of the fast-disappearing missionary monument. In 1903 these public-spirited citizens began a timely preservation of what remained of the ruins. With their limited funds they first cleared away tons of the fallen debris, then patched one of the church walls with new adobe bricks. Before the other side wall could be finished, the earthquake of April 18, 1906, demolished their work, and the rebuilders had to start all over. In the next year thousands of bricks were secured from the adjacent ruins of the old workshops and the walls sufficiently rebuilt to support a new shingled roof. Since the turn of the century an annual fiesta has been held on June 13, the feast day of the patron saint. A feature of the ceremony is the carrying in the solemn procession of the beautiful, fully carved wooden statue of Saint Anthony almost four feet in height, which survived the period of vandalism. Several thousand visitors come each year to join the few remaining Indians and settlers in paying tribute to the Wonder-Worker and his Mission in the Sierras. As reconstruction proceeded, use of the dilapidated church was resumed twice-monthly by Franciscans sent from San Miguel.

Today the ruins of San Antonio present a scene of unforgettable beauty. Approaching from the east, the lonely

road crosses the fields dotted on all sides with the adobe ruins of the Indian village, the tannery, storerooms, reservoirs, grist mill, and cemetery walls. Truly the Valley of the Oaks is a quiet haven of peace and natural glory. Across the old plaza stands the forlorn church, bordered on the left by the ruined corridor with only twelve brick-faced arches standing as reminders of the sacred displays once visible along the cloister more than 225 feet long. Only a few decayed beams remain of the roof under which the strolling padres once told their beads in tranquil prayer. All of the original twenty-two arches, supported by square brick pillars, were exactly uniform. Behind the quadrangle ruins runs the dry arroyo of little San Miguel Creek on its way into San Antonio River. The oak-studded foothills climb steadily to the distant top of Junípero Serra Peak, which looks down upon the peaceful valley as it did that hot July day when the fervent Serra eagerly summoned the Sierra Indians to come forth and be saved.

The church itself is sufficiently preserved to show its former architectural dignity. The façade is unique among the missions in standing some dozen feet in advance of the front wall of the church to provide an enclosed entrance. On the ground level are three semicircular arched openings. The wall above has three bell arches, the side ones being in square towers crowned by cupolas. The central opening, on a higher level, contained the large bell, called the Osquila. The pediment sides rise with a pleasing effect by stepped and curved edges to the stepped crown. Built entirely of burnt brick, the façade is practically in the same condition as when the padres left it. A series of horizontal dividing cornices breaks the plainness of the flat brick wall. Most of these unbroken moldings are made of baked tile, but just below the crown is one of double brick with the edges molded half-round.

The most unusual and interesting feature of the church is the vaulted ceiling of the enclosed entry. It is said to have been built by filling the space with a great mound of dirt on which the dome was molded in an immense half-circle from floor to ceiling. Then the dirt was removed from below. Though much of the wonderful dome was destroyed by the 1906 earthquake, enough remains to show the remarkable accomplishment.

The interior of the church, measuring 40 by 200 feet, is now in dilapidated condition. The choir loft was entered by an outside stairway leading from the padres' corridor, the end roof of which was raised to provide a covered passageway. Under the loft a doorway led through the north wall to a lean-to baptistry. The original church roof was not the usual flat one, but was arched of hand-hewn timbers, then roofed with tiles. Practically all of these heavy timbers and the beautifully carved beams of the choir loft were carried away for profane uses as fast as they fell to the dirt-strewn, cobblestone floor. Examples of the finely carved woodwork have fortunately been preserved in the Dutton Collection of San Antonio treasures. Midway down the left wall an arched doorway leads through the six-foot adobe wall to the old courtyard. On the opposite wall the canopied pulpit, now entirely gone, was reached from the outside garden by a passageway through the side wall. A simple altar for present-day use now stands in the sanctuary where still lie the remains of the four Franciscans and the Mexican Father Ambrís. Through the rear wall a doorway leads back to the sacristy, an interesting feature of which is the two side windows with the usual arches above and inverted arches below. Deep niches for vestment cabinets are cut into the rear wall.

All of the other mission buildings are in complete ruins, indicated by mounds of earth and broken foundations. Near the end of the old padres' wing are the remains of two brick

wine vats and a cellar beneath for storage. The guide will tell you that the fathers had run a tunnel from this cellar three or four hundred feet across the court to Mission Creek outside the walls, in order to insure a water supply during any Indian attack. Parts of the cemetery walls are still intact. Recently the gardener's house, which stood for a century as a beautiful example of Spanish domestic architecture, was reconstructed for use as the administration building and quarters for the present custodian.

The visitor is reluctant to leave the peace of this lovely spot. Though saddened by the pathetic desolation of the weather-beaten ruins, he is profoundly impressed by the thought that only centuries of missionary zeal could prompt the Church to overcome the difficulties of putting up this superb structure in the secluded sierra district. Only the vigor and thrift of its lonely padres raised this spot in the wilderness to one of prosperous communal organization. Then to have the place collapse into ruins after a short half-century of success would have discouraged beyond hope a younger, less vigorous institution. In its long history this effort at San Antonio is only a trifling episode. Yet it penetrated a remote district of the pagan frontier to leave for Californians a haven of solitary peace and natural beauty unsurpassed in a State unusually fertile in nature's bounties. No mission traveler can afford to miss a pilgrimage to San Antonio.

XIX

MISSION DE NUESTRA SEÑORA DE LA SOLEDAD

THE name exactly suits the place. On their first march through the barren valley, Portolá's Spaniards trudged wearily along the river bottom, which consisted mostly of pot holes at the end of summer. They hoped its stagnant course would soon round the range of mountains, over which the sun was then lowering. Lest they miss the coveted Monterey, they must get back to the ocean's edge. That night they camped on the river's bank. It hardly seemed necessary in that desolate region to place any guard against Indian attack. Yet several curious natives did come up to stare at the strange proceedings. When friendly Father Crespi tried to engage one in conversation, all he could make out from the fellow's response was a repetition of a word that sounded like *soledad*. La Soledad: Solitude; it fitted the dreary, lonely region so perfectly that Crespi so named the region. But only the need to break the 26-league journey between Carmelo and San Antonio induced the friars to plant a settlement there.

The closing of the gaps in the chain was Lasuén's great achievement. Having completed the Channel section, he rejoiced to learn that the viceroy was sending missionaries and equipment for two additions further north. With his

customary thoroughness he personally selected the spot for the one in Soledad Valley. In September of 1791 he sent some Carmelo neophytes to erect a brush shelter. When the new Franciscans arrived at Monterey without the promised equipment, the father-president asked all the southern missions to contribute what they could. On October 9, he was back again with two companions, a guard under Lieutenant Arguello, and a few Carmelo neophytes. At a place the Indians called Chuttusgelis, he planted the cross and dedicated the mission to Our Lady of the Solitude. James is probably correct in assuming that the little group of faithful were "the only visible occupants of thousands of acres, bare and brown, stretching on every side in undisturbed silence."

The thirteenth mission was not long in conforming to its sinister number in the chain. The first senior missionary, Diego García, struggled along for a while, hoping some pagans would appear in that sparsely settled waste. In four months he converted only fourteen. Worse yet, he simply could not get along with his assistant, Father Rubí. So he exchanged places with a Franciscan named Gilí from San Antonio, thus foisting upon Soledad a pair of worldly complainers unique in Franciscan annals. The Rubí-Gilí case has now become notorious. As soon as they reached the San Fernando College from Spain, they had displayed a "repugnance for the laudable customs of the Apostolic College." Perhaps as a penance, they were assigned to the difficult field of Alta California, with the threat of being returned to Spain if they did not make good. After a year's separation, they were thrown together again at Soledad to continue their wayward careers. Rubí was at length found to be ailing with "a disease which requires a long time to be cured," brought from Mexico, according to the viceroy, but which Bancroft suspects was contracted at Soledad. Gilí, too, seemed to be suffering, though the Royal Surgeon con-

cluded his trouble was only mental. And how both of them hated the country and everything in it! "Always grumbling, always restless; agreeing with no one and not even with each other!" according to Lasuén's report. The instruction of converts was pleasant enough, but playing the farmer was nothing short of disgusting. Asking a man of God to plant beans and milk a cow was going too far. It was with a sigh of relief that the Father-President finally signed their release for a change of climate. Through some "mischance," poor Gilí was placed on a boat destined for the Philippines instead of Acapulco, and his name vanishes from Franciscan chronicles.

But Lasuén was not to be defeated by such annoyances. Pagans had appeared from out of the silent reaches and they must be cared for. By Christmas of the first year a church of sorts was ready for use. Adobe buildings with tiled roofs eventually formed a quadrangle, with a corridor facing the rolling plains to the south. Even the repining Rubí and Gilí managed to make 115 converts in the second year. But the highest population it ever had was 688 in 1805, when the church had to be enlarged. In a region so sparsely settled, it listed in 1810 the fewest neophytes of any of the missions except Carmelo.

Troubles hounded the place. In 1802 an epidemic carried off five or six natives every day for several weeks, and many of the converts ran away in fear. Some pagans increased the disorder by murdering three of the faithful. Moreover, the locality was so dreary, so cheerless, so unhealthful that no missionary was content for long. Few stayed more than a year or two, and, by the end of the mission period, more than thirty had had a taste of the disagreeable assignment. In summer it was so hot that the padres were given no open-air relief from the enforced confinement of winter. They worked and slept, studied, and rested, shut up day and night in their damp adobe quarters. Even if a dutiful apostle be-

came reconciled to the depressing solitude, the body succumbed to the strain. Especially rheumatism incapacitated several who had to be moved to other stations. The longest survivor was Father Ibáñez, who courageously stuck to the dreaded post until death relieved him after fifteen years. During his last seven years, the aged and crippled padre was seldom able to conduct services but lingered on because there was no one to replace him. Dying at the age of 78 on November 26, 1818, Ibáñez was the only Franciscan buried at Soledad. The last hours of the broken man were comforted by the attendance of Father-Prefect Sarría, who happened to be in the vicinity.

Sarría's presence near at hand was due to Bouchard's raid. During the previous week the fiery Frenchman had been pillaging and burning Monterey while Governor Solá was frantically gathering troops and Indians to defend his harassed province. When fleeing from the capital, the governor had fortunately carried away some munitions and the archives of the province. The Carmelo mission had been abandoned, livestock driven inland, and valuables rushed with the women and children over to Soledad. Sarría himself served as chaplain of the forces being assembled at Rancho del Rey, on the site of the present Salinas. It was from that estate that Sarría rushed to attend the dying Ibáñez at Soledad on the very night that Bouchard sailed away from Monterey. Then the overtaxed prefect hurried off to the ruined capital to handle the problem of reconstruction. As usual in such disasters, the missions were asked to supply materials and especially the Indian labor. Not until April of the next year had the excitement sufficiently subsided to relieve destitute Soledad of its great burden of feeding and housing the refugees.

Notable deaths seem to be associated with Soledad. It shared only with Carmelo the distinction of having a gov-



MISSION DE NUESTRA SEÑORA DE LA
SOLEDAD in 1883. From an etching by
Henry Chapman Ford

ernor pass away and be buried in its church. José Joaquín de Arrillaga had returned in 1804 to assume full gubernatorial powers. For the next ten years that worthy and respectable Spaniard enjoyed the peace and security of the so-called "romantic" period. A devout Catholic, he supported the missionary efforts in every possible way and pushed explorations for new mission sites over the whole of the interior regions. When he asked permission in later years to retire to his native Spain, the king refused on the grounds that his services could not be spared. So "Papa" Arrillaga, as he was affectionately known to the soldiers, dutifully remained until age and infirmities hastened a serious illness. Aware of the approach of death, he hurried over to Soledad to be near his old friend, Father Ibáñez. There he died in 1814 and was buried in the mission church. Pursuant to his wishes, his body was vested for interment in the Franciscan habit. Distributing his patronage among the stations he considered most needy, he left \$600 in cash to pay for 400 masses for his soul at Soledad, and one hundred each at San Antonio and San Miguel.

But these and the other missions were already on the decline. Never possessed of extensive buildings, the padres at Soledad had difficulty keeping their station in repair. Even church equipment was supplied by the charity of its sister missions. As soon as the summer heat moderated, the rains brought floods and destruction. Alfred Robinson in 1829 called it "the gloomiest, bleakest and most abject-looking spot in all California." Two years later Father Sarría had to replace the church because the old one had collapsed in the floods. It is the ruins of this small church which remain on the site today. Sarría needed no great establishment to care for his three hundred or more resident converts. Less than twenty-two hundred baptisms had been performed since the mission's founding.

Yet the venerable padre stayed on at the station, much of the time alone. Unable to fill the assignment with an ordinary missionary, the Prefect went there himself in 1828 and became its last Franciscan. Occasionally he even substituted for de la Cuesta when that aging padre could not care for San Juan Bautista. Nominally under arrest for refusing to swear allegiance to the new constitution of Mexico, Sarría actually performed the duties of his office without restraint. The threat of approaching secularization at last so vexed the overtaxed man that he succumbed on May 24, 1835, at the age of sixty-eight. Given to rigid mortification of the flesh and prolonged fastings during all his life, the ascetic padre had so exhausted himself among his destitute charges that he actually perished of starvation. Another conspicuous death on Soledad's record! But it was the last.

No one succeeded Sarría at the mission. The Zacatecan Mercado came to take the padre's remains for burial at San Antonio, to which Soledad had been united by the secularization decree of 1834. That was the end of Soledad as a mission station. All of its records and registers were cared for by San Antonio until taken to the parish headquarters at Monterey. Five years after the change, Inspector Hartnell found only 78 neophytes living around the abandoned mission. When Micheltorena returned the establishments to Franciscan control in 1843, Soledad was not even mentioned. The site was sold by Pico on June 4, 1846, for \$800 to Feliciano Soberanes. Although it was later restored to church ownership, no effort has ever been made to arrest the ravages of time.

Even the aroused sentiment for mission preservation and restoration, which swept California after the turn of the present century, could find little hope for poor Soledad. Lummis, James, Knowland, and Engelhardt all pronounced the ruins beyond rescue. Especially sentimental James went

into lamentations. "Weep! Weep! for the church of Our Lady of Solitude. It is entirely in ruins. . . . The winds howl around it, the rains beat upon it, the fierce sun shines upon it, and all do their part in its speedy dissolution." At least he found one circular arch still standing in 1904; but today even that has collapsed. Year by year the mounds of adobe are washed lower and lower among the fields of waving grain. Like the starved, neglected body of Father Sarría, they are disappearing into the dust from whence they came.



MISSION SAN CARLOS
BORROMEO

IT WAS typical of Serra to establish his headquarters at the most remote station in the new frontier. The initial experiences at San Diego were convincing proofs that Spanish occupation of the province was a precarious venture. The slightest mischance meant the difference between success and disastrous failure. A less courageous man would have set up his residence in the south, with retreat to the safety of the peninsula a matter of a few days' march. But to resolute Serra, as real an explorer as Magellan or Cabrillo, defeat was nonexistent. Convinced by Crespi that the country was filled with pagans, he would go himself and gather them into the net. The Spaniards had waited more than a century and a half to occupy the Monterey harbor made famous by Vizcaíno's report, and the happy Father-President would this time be certain that God and King Carlos remained.

Occupation of the northern port had not been easy. Despite the descriptions of Vizcaíno and Fathers Torquemada and Ascensión, Portolá's pathfinders had failed somehow to recognize the "fine port." This strange inability to make out the pine-bordered harbor is explainable only by Portolá's own opinion that his half-starved men were actually "all

under hallucination." The resolute commander was later convinced that the port they had seen failed to answer the descriptions only in not being "sheltered from all winds." So the dutiful soldier set out again from San Diego to carry out his orders. On May 24, 1770, he once more arrived on the shore of the bay, satisfied that this was the harbor he had been seeking.

The Spaniards this time had come to stay. While waiting for the *San Antonio* to bring up Serra and the supplies, Crespi and Portolá went over to look for the cross they had planted on the hill overlooking Carmelo Bay. Beneath the cross they had buried in a bottle a description of their experiences before returning to San Diego. There the signal still stood but, to their amazement, it was surrounded by arrows and sticks driven into the ground and hung with fish and meat. They later learned that the superstitious pagans, impressed with the fact that every white man wore a cross on his chest, thus paid their homage to that strange sign which at night became "surrounded by brilliant rays" and "appeared to grow larger so as to reach the skies." On the thirty-first, the intrepid Portolá was relieved to see the supply boat sailing into the harbor.

The reunited land and sea parties then proceeded to lay the foundations for the northern headquarters of church and state. On June 3, 1770, the commander and his soldiers joined Captain Perez and his sailors in a solemn service of thanksgiving over the success of their undertaking. In the arbor under the same oak tree that sheltered Vizcaíno's services, so close to the shore that its spreading branches were washed by the waves at high tide, Serra celebrated the first mass for Mission San Carlos Borromeo, his second in the province. In the absence of musical instruments, the ceremonies were accompanied by salutes from the *San Antonio's* cannons and the soldiers' muskets. Following the

church rites, formal possession was taken of the land in the name of King Carlos III. Thus was established the Monterey presidio, destined to serve as the province's capital under the flags of Spain, Mexico, and the United States. Relinquishing the military command to Fages, Portolá set out for Mexico City to render his eagerly awaited report. Though the justly famous commander disliked the country and never approved of the colonizing venture, as a soldier he had courageously carried out his orders to the letter.

But Serra's work had just begun. For the next fourteen years he labored unremittingly to bring salvation to the numerous pagans of the new frontier. With the help of his Lower California neophytes he put up a structure of poles driven into the ground and intertwined with branches. This fragile shelter was covered with mud and roofed with thatch. An Indian youth from the peninsula succeeded in overcoming the native reluctance to the padre's approach, and, by December, Serra had the great joy of taking in the first convert. In the following May ten more Franciscans arrived with supplies and equipment for projected settlements along the trail which Portolá had made. Taking advantage of their presence, the ardent founder staged a pompous celebration, intended to impress the pagans. The feast of Corpus Christi was observed with a solemn procession of his elaborately-vested companions, who also formed the choir for the occasion. Doubtless he was personally elated to conduct such a pretentious display in that remote and uncultured land. The future capital was soon a busy place, for Fages, too, was erecting a stockade to enclose the warehouses and quarters for his twenty-five men.

As a site for the mission, Serra found, however, that the settlement on the bay had neither the land nor water to become self-supporting. It was, moreover, too near the tumult of the soldiers to attract the diffident natives. Serra had

already lost his heart to the green hillsides which Crespi had shown him along the Rio Carmelo. So he decided to move his mission a league farther south. High above the rocky headlands surrounding a crescent bay, lined as now with wind-stripped cypresses native only to Monterey peninsula; bordered on the south by the lofty Santa Lucia range which had guided Vizcaíno's men—to that beautiful remote location Serra led a few neophytes, sailors, and troops to prepare timber for his buildings. Absenting himself only long enough to establish the San Antonio station in July, he personally supervised the erection of the cross in the center of the marked-off quadrangle. Living like a hermit in a rude hut, he would venerate this sacred emblem each day at dawn, attended by his companion Spaniards. While the work went forward throughout the day, he stopped at frequent intervals to recite his rosary and again revere the cross. The quiet of his wilderness was broken only by the occasional visits from curious pagans, whom he taught to greet each other with the pious salutation, *Amar a Dios*. In December of 1771, he led Crespi and his score or more converts through the pine woods to the pole stockade enclosing the new structures. He rechristened his headquarters San Carlos Borromeo del Carmelo. In those humble, primitive quarters Serra and Crespi spent the balance of their toilsome years in devoted service. Together they succeeded by the end of 1773 in bringing the station to the first rank among the five established in the province. Of the 291 baptisms performed by that time, 165 had occurred at San Carlos.

The busy founder was also occupied with his manifold duties afield. When supply boats finally brought relief from the severe famine of 1772, he accompanied Fages to San Diego and persuaded Captain Perez to continue to Monterey with the sorely needed provisions. On the southward march he established the mission at San Luís Obispo. Additional

stations had, in fact, become his obsession and the cause of his continual quarrels with the governor. The padre insisted that he alone had authority over mission foundings and maintenance; Fages replied that troops were too scarce for assignment to new settlements. The resulting impasse gave Serra the opening for perhaps his greatest administrative service to the struggling province. On October 20, 1772, he sailed from Monterey for New Spain to give the puzzled Bucareli firsthand information about the frontier's needs. Although the venerable padre, then nearly sixty years old, almost succumbed to fever on his way from San Blas to the capital, he succeeded in preventing the projected abandonment of the San Blas base, in replacing Fages with Rivera as governor, in convincing the viceroy that two missions must be established at once along San Francisco Bay, and in proving the need for an overland route to bring settlers and livestock from Sonora. It was during this sojourn at Mexico City that he sat for the only known painting actually made from the man himself. Though the picture has since mysteriously disappeared, photographs of it have fortunately survived and have since been widely reproduced. On January 24, 1774, he set out for the north, just sixteen days after Anza left Tubac to make his historic march across the desert to San Gabriel. Along the Santa Barbara Channel these two noted frontiersmen ran into each other and spent a night together in camp. They found themselves in complete agreement on the vital need for the land route, and, if the authorities were willing, Anza promised to bring the settlers for the San Francisco foundings.

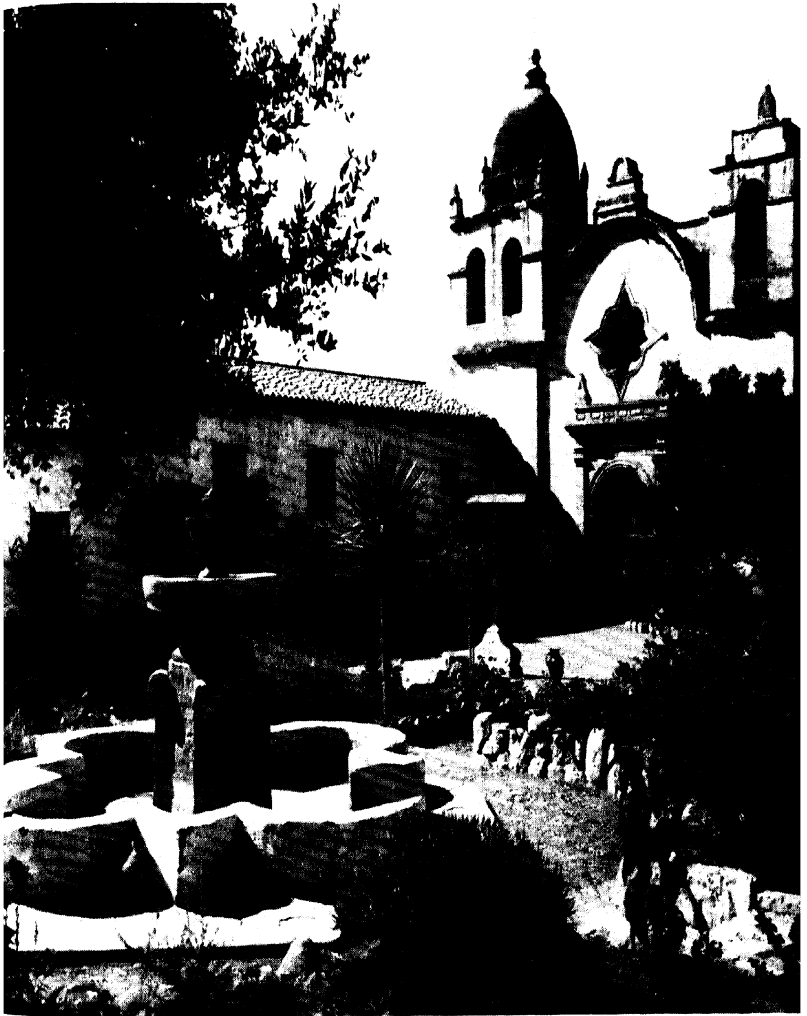
Bucareli's efforts were at last producing results. Freed of responsibilities on the peninsula, Palóu brought additional Franciscans destined for an important role in the development of Alta California. Acting as president during Serra's absence, Palóu was accompanied by Lasuén, Amurrio, Fus-

ter, Murguía, and Prestamero. In May, Rivera escorted a group of families up the peninsula to the northern province. Then Anza's deeds proved as good as his word. On March 11, 1776, Serra went over to the Monterey church to preach a fervent sermon of thanksgiving before the weary colonists, who had trudged in through a driving rain the day before. In the afternoon the officers and missionaries retired to the more comfortable quarters of Serra's mission, where Anza was confined for some days by a serious illness. Father Font reports enthusiastically about the "excellent site with very fertile lands . . . temperature is cold in a desirable way and very healthful, although somewhat foggy." What a relief it must have been to the desert-weary travelers! The Indians of San Carlos are not "so ill-smelling as those of San Diego . . . many good fish are caught . . . a delight to see the garden so beautiful and full of vegetables, cared for by Father Palóu . . . all around it has a border of azaleas . . . the beds full of cauliflowers, lettuce and other vegetables and herbs . . . they only water the plants by hand, throwing on each plant a gourdful of water and this suffices. . . . In short, although the rest of the missions are very good, this one seems to me the best of all."

The founders of this "best of all" mission were at length called to their reward. After forty-four years in the Franciscan habit, Crespi passed away on January 1, 1782. With heavy heart Serra interred the remains of his life-long companion on the Gospel side of the main altar. Soon the noted Father-President realized that he himself was approaching the end. The rigors of his personal life combined with his constant quarrels with Governor Neve to weaken the aged body. Yet he managed a last tour of confirmations before his authority expired in July, 1784, when he had performed that office for 5,307 persons. With complete resignation he prepared himself in the company of Father Palóu, who came

from San Francisco to be with him. On his very last day he even walked from his cell to the chapel to receive the Holy Communion. As quietly as though in his sleep, he breathed his last on August 28, 1784, and was interred by Palóu near the remains of Crespi in the mission church.

The passing of Serra, universally bemoaned throughout the empire, in no way weakened the missionary influence along the frontier. Until his successor could be named, Palóu served as president. In September of 1785 permission came for his retirement to Mexico City to complete his now-famous compilation of mission period history, which included his *Vida* of Serra. At the same time the illustrious Lasuén gave up his long service at San Diego to take over Franciscan management. At the time of his accession, the Monterey district comprised 2,314 converts, with 2,654 in the San Diego district, 1,100 in the San Francisco district, and 424 in the newly formed district of Santa Barbara. Prospects for further growth were enhanced by Lasuén's tactful handling of the governors and soldiers and the comparative peace of his whole administration. His headquarters at San Carlos listed almost seven hundred Indians when he came. The mission early reached its highest number of 876 in 1795, whereas the banner year for the whole province was 1824 under Mexican rule. The importance of San Carlos, out of all proportion to its population, rested upon its position as Franciscan headquarters under Serra and Lasuén. It housed the records and a library of some 2,500 volumes; it received the missionaries and supplies from Mexico for the founding of additional settlements. Gifts from travelers and visitors were usually more lavish and substantial than to other stations. Both Serra and Lasuén, however, were so generous to younger establishments that their own was often stripped of such equipment as paintings and statues. One easily traced gift to San Carlos was a barrel-organ presented to



MISSION SAN CARLOS BORROMEIO at
Carmel. Headquarters and Burial Place of
Father Serra

Lasuén by the British navigator, Vancouver. Today that incongruous church possession is found among the mission relics at San Juan Bautista.

Lasuén's distinguished services as administrator, economic stimulant, and builder of sound architectural structures naturally had an influence at his own mission. As soon as he had carried out the long-delayed Channel foundations, he turned attention to the rather disreputable adobe structure which served as Franciscan headquarters. He secured the services of a master stone mason, Esteban Ruiz, who had proved himself by his improvements around Monterey. On July 7, 1793, he laid the cornerstone for a new San Carlos church, which occupies the site at the present time. On one of his visits Vancouver refers to the structure going up under the direction of the padres. The stone being used was straw-colored, "of a very friable nature, scarcely more hard than indurated clay; but I was told that upon its being exposed to the air, it soon becomes hardened." It was, in fact, a native sandstone, quarried near by in the Santa Lucia Mountains. Lime was made from abalone shells, abundant along the shore line there. With those materials the master mason had a rare opportunity to display his unusual skill. San Carlos thus joins San Juan Capistrano, San Gabriel, and Santa Barbara in the distinction of being built of stone. The walls were five feet thick at the base, but reached a thickness of seven feet as they gradually curved inward to form a parabolic arched ceiling. This curious effect is unique in mission construction, and perhaps in any other. The mason also showed his skill in the carving of square pilasters along the inner walls, of the baptistry ceiling, and of numerous details of the façade and two towers. This fine church was dedicated in September of 1797.

Decline had already set in. Each year's reports listed fewer and fewer resident neophytes. Father Julian López died that

year at the age of only thirty-five and was buried in the sanctuary near Crespi and Serra. In 1803, an epidemic carried off so many Indians that eighty-six of them had to be buried without being identified. Others fled to the mountains to escape the disease, thus further depleting the rolls. Worst of all, the aged Lasuén, who had retained his faculties and worked effectively into his eighty-third year, after an illness of twelve days passed away on June 26, 1803. He, too, was buried near the altar of his church. San Carlos then lost much of its prestige when Lasuén's successor, Estévan Tapis, removed the Franciscan headquarters to his own mission at Santa Barbara. Yet his duties brought him occasionally to the north. On August 10, 1809, for instance, he came to San Carlos to witness Governor Arrillaga's oath of allegiance to Spain's new king, Fernando VII.

The mission recovered a semblance of its former importance when Sarría in 1813 was appointed to the new office of Commissary Prefect with headquarters at San Carlos. Until his pitiful death at Soledad in 1835, Sarría served as prefect, or president, or combined the two offices, to rank with Durán as the ablest Franciscans of the period of decline. At the beginning of his term, he had to remove the vaulted stone roof from the church because of damage from the 1812 earthquake. He was called upon to face the turmoil resulting from Mexican revolt against the mother country. Bouchard in 1818 fortunately spared the mission, though it was abandoned and its valuables carried inland to Soledad. Despite its own troubles, it was then asked for contributions of supplies and especially of Indian labor to help restore the pillaged capital. Some of Solá's disreputable reinforcements from Mexico were quartered for a time in a mission warehouse. Soon the vicious vagabonds, "of mixed race and worse than mixed character," according to Bancroft, had caused such havoc among the Indians that the governor had

to take them back to Monterey. Any glory derived from proximity to the capital during the Mexican regime, in short, was dearly earned. The missionaries gladly joined the elaborate festivities of 1822 in celebration of Mexican independence. But only a few like Antonio Peyri were willing to swear allegiance to the new constitution three years later. The decree of banishment of all native Spaniards was not enforced upon the padres because no priests were available to replace them. When Sarría refused the oath, he was placed under nominal arrest but allowed to carry on his duties as Franciscan head. But crumbling San Carlos was the first to be turned over to the Mexican Zacatecans who came with Figueroa in 1833. When Father Abella transferred the station to the Zacatecan Moreno, only 185 neophytes were left. Death and desertion had taken the rest.

In this exhausted condition San Carlos was secularized in 1834, when Commissioner José Gómez took over the inventory from Father Reál. Thereafter only occasional services were held by the priest who resided at Monterey. On September 29, 1835, José Figueroa, one of the most capable of Alta California's governors, passed away at the mission in the presence of Fathers Reál and García Diego. His unfortunate loss at that crucial time was also the death knell of the missions, for no successor was able to restrain the mischief inherent in the Mexican secularization policy. In conformance with his will, his remains were taken to Santa Barbara and buried with great pomp in a crypt beneath the mission sanctuary. Five governors passed across the scene in rapid succession before Micheltorena in 1842 restored what was left of the missions to Franciscan control. By that time nothing but the ruined buildings remained at San Carlos. Inspector Hartnell had not even stopped at Serra's old home when he made his tours of inspection. There was nothing of value to attract a bidder during Pico's orgy of

mission selling. But the dilapidated property, sacred as the resting place of the three great Franciscan companions, was definitely given church ownership in 1859 by a patent signed by President Buchanan.

For a quarter-century the ruins were left a prey to the elements and vandals. In 1852 the roof collapsed, and most of the tiles that survived the fall were carried away. When Rev. Angelo Casanova became parish priest at Monterey in 1870, he found the floors of the church at Carmelo buried in three feet of debris grown to weeds and grass. Yet the energetic priest determined to rescue the place. On July 3, 1882, in the presence of some four hundred faithful, he uncovered the four simple redwood coffins long buried beneath the sanctuary floor. First the solemn throng stood in silence before the remains of Father Crespi, while Casanova read the original entry in the Burial Register. Then followed in turn a similar ritual at the coffins of Serra, López, and Lasuén. The stone slabs were replaced on the tombs as before. Thus Casanova aroused interest in the mission's resuscitation, and so successful was his plea for funds that on August 28, 1884, the church was rededicated. Restoration progressed slowly as means permitted until Casanova's death in 1893. For thirty years the Rev. Mestres continued the work from his station at Monterey. In 1933, Rev. Michael O'Connell became pastor of the mission as a separate parish and carried forward the worthy task.

Today the traveler emerges from the forest of pines in which nestles the charming village of Carmel, to a rising hillside overlooking the Valley of Carmel River. Through a gate in the wall he enters the old plaza, now terraced with an attractive garden. On the left the partially restored monastery building runs down to join the front wall of the pink stuccoed church. Despite its ornateness, the façade of the church has a striking and simple dignity. Above the elab-

orate main doorway the wall is broken by a star-shaped window, slightly irregular but an interesting expression of primitive beauty. Above the window a rounded cornice sweeps impressively across the front, providing a base for the towers on either side. Between the towers the heavy cornice forms a semicircular arch supporting a massive ornament of Gothic design. A single arched opening pierces the plain face of the tower on the right. The larger tower on the south, with two bell arches, holds an egg-shaped dome surmounted by one of the original iron crosses. Between the two towers, both ornamented with Gothic turrets, the pediment rises to a severely plain gable, also supporting a cross. All of this weather-worn stonework was the work of Esteban Ruiz. On the south side behind the larger tower a deeply-worn stone stairway leads up to the belfry. Seven bells are hung in the towers.

The most striking feature of the curious nave is the curved side walls which turn inward to form the arched ceiling. The floor of the church is now concrete. To the right of the front entrance a narrow spiral stairway, deeply grooved by years of use, leads up to the choir-loft, continuing up to the smaller bell tower. On the left side below is the old baptistry with its ceiling of grained sandstone. The bronze holy-water font was secured from Spain by Father Sarría in 1823. The elaborately carved confessional box stands just as Serra left it a century and a half ago. The stained glass in the first window on the right is the only old one and is said to have been brought from Boston by traders seeking tallow and hides. Nearer the front along the same wall is the small wooden pulpit, resting upon a stone bracket decorated with carved moldings. This plain structure, surmounted by a wooden canopy, is reached by a solid oak door leading through the side wall from the sacristy below. Midway down the south side wall a beautifully carved stone

archway provides entrance to a side chapel added to the church in about 1817. The architectural details of the stone carvings are as ornate as any to be found in the whole mission chain. The ceiling of the small chapel is decorated with a passion flower design, recently applied. But on the wall may still be seen traces of the original neophyte murals. Above the remnants is inscribed a prayer supposed to have been frequently uttered by Serra:

*O, Corazon de Jesus!
Siempre ardes y resplandeces
Enciendo e ilumina el mio.*

The original stone steps still lead up to the sanctuary, the floor of which is paved with the old square tiles of Indian make. One of these steps consists of a single slab of stone almost eleven feet in length. On the south wall behind the rail hangs a marble tablet inscribed in Latin to the memory of the four Franciscans buried beneath the floor. Marble slabs mark the graves of Crespi, Serra, and Lasuén; that of Father López is without label. Over Serra's grave rests a cross of cypress, said to have been placed there by a neophyte at the time of the burial in 1784. Outside the sanctuary rail are the graves of Governor Roméu and Comandante Sal. Roméu's brief rule was terminated by his death from tuberculosis in 1792. Commander Sal of Monterey was buried in 1800. The altar itself is new, but the sanctuary is decorated with several of the original statues, candlesticks, and paintings. From the altar space a very plain elliptical-arched doorway, ornamented with a simple entablature, penetrates the north wall to the sacristy. Apparently in its original condition, the sacristy has its old beams fastened with wooden pegs. The old lavatory is still in use. Hewn of solid sandstone, it consists of a lower basin recessed behind an

upper one. It was doubtless cut by the Indians under the supervision of Esteban Ruiz. On the north side the church is bordered by the old cemetery in which the padres buried nearly three thousand of their charges. The quadrangle on the south side was surrounded by the workshops which it is hoped will be restored.

Next to the church in the monastery building is the restored *sala*, or reception room, now used as a museum. Dominating the room is a large sarcophagus executed by the California sculptor, Jo Mora. Unveiled on October 12, 1924, it depicts Father Serra in bronze, recumbent in death upon a stone tomb. At his head stands Father Crespi; at his feet, the grief-stricken Lasuén and López. The adjacent rooms, still unrestored, were once the kitchen and dining quarters. On the north side of the monastery wing is a small chamber now known as "Serra's Cell," in which it is claimed the great Franciscan lived, prayed, and died. Dedicated on August 28, 1937, the 153rd anniversary of his death, the restored room is furnished only with a rawhide bed, a chair of rush, and a plank table. The guide will call attention to the little Bible from which the saintly padre read. A stone with which he beat his chest and a chain of metal thongs to scourge his back provide grim evidence of the founder's rigorous self-discipline. The average layman with a sigh of relief will pass on to the adjoining room, which once sheltered California's first extensive library. Mission Carmelo may justly be proud of its possession of the cherished ashes of that strenuous and zealous padre who has come to symbolize to present-day Californians the romantic period when their State belonged to Spain. It was inevitable that its citizens designated Junípero Serra as one of its two patriots whose memories were honored with statues accepted in 1933 for the National Statuary Hall at the nation's capital.

And all Californians wish success to the recently launched effort to have the Church canonize their patriot as one of its saints. To romantic Californians he is already that.

The Church of the Royal Presidio at Monterey

When experience counseled the padres against the maintenance of a mission near a military headquarters, it became necessary to build a separate church at each presidio town. For military purposes the province was divided into four districts, with authority centered at San Diego, Santa Barbara, Monterey, and San Francisco. As capital and residence of the governor, Monterey naturally became the most important presidio.

Its church, often called the Royal Chapel, occupied a position of corresponding prominence. For a year and a month Serra's mission was stationed at the presidio; on July 9, 1771, he moved it to Carmel Valley. Thereafter his padres walked over the hills to conduct services at the old presidio church. Without the diligent care from the padres, however, the flimsy structure fell victim to the winter rains and neglect. By 1801, Governor Arrillaga reported it to be in ruins. But under the stimulus of Lasuén, a parish church had already been constructed in 1794 near the beach. Doubtless the work was done or at least supervised by the San Carlos builder, Ruiz. When the community outgrew the little structure, a faithful layman, Romualdo Pacheco, who later served the unexpired term of Governor Newton Booth, donated the funds to enlarge the building. In about 1859 the nave was lengthened and two arms added to make it cruciform in shape.

Standing a few hundred yards from Monterey Bay, the church originally had an attractive view across those azure waters. Now the outlook is shut off by the buildings of

Saint Joseph convent and school, a Franciscan community established in 1898 by the Rev. Mestres. Built of native sandstone, the church has a more ornate façade than can be found at any mission. The front wall, highly ornamented with intricately carved patterns, is broken by a central, slightly arched window. The pediment curve begins at the bottom with a flat segment, then bends upward with a long sweeping convex section, ending at the top in two scrolls. The scrolls are connected by a low arch supporting an ornament and the cross. Below this arch on the stone face of the pediment is carved a relief figure of the Virgin of Guadalupe beneath a shell-shaped crown. A statue occupies a niche on each side of the front arched entrance. On the left a massive tower rises to the level of the pediment top and is roofed with a pyramidal tile covering, also supporting a cross. At each corner of this attractive roof stands a simple, turretlike ornament and a fifth occupies a sloping pedestal in the center. The front of the belfry has two narrow arched openings, each containing an old bell. This parish church is better preserved than most of the missions; little has been done beyond replacement of the roof.

The nave measures about 150 feet long by 30 feet wide. The main altar is original but the side ones are new. In the sanctuary is buried the Rev. Angelo Casanova, who began Carmelo's restoration. A curious addition to the altar space is the set of Chinese chairs brought to Monterey by one of the Philippine galleons in early days. The ornate bodies are of teakwood, the seats are marble, and a marble disk is set in each back. A very elaborate Moorish-Gothic doorway leads through the west wall to the corridor-fronted rectory added in 1904. Behind the church stands the trunk of an old oak tree, said to be the one under which mass was said when Vizcaíno landed in 1602, and again in 1770 when Serra officiated at the presidio's founding. Moved to its present

location, the venerated trunk was marked with a suitable plaque in 1909.

The first rooms of the rectory now house a museum containing the most precious religious relics in the whole State. Many of its treasures were brought from Carmelo mission. The old iron safe, in which Serra kept his records and sacred vessels, has sheeted sides, reinforced with studded iron bands and is fastened with eight crude locks. A rudely carved reliquary case of Indian make remains as Serra used it, with a list of its contents written in the founder's hand on the back. Here too are Serra's own chasuble, cope, and dalmatics, and his altar service of beaten silver. The collection includes Spanish daggers and bayonets, Indian war clubs, processional candlesticks, beautiful vestments, a wooden clapper, a crown of solid gold once given to the mission, wooden statues, and Indian paintings. No visitor to Monterey should fail to see this remarkable collection of relics.

XXI

MISSION SANTA CRUZ

THE Mission of the Holy Cross never had a chance. Although its climate and topography could hardly be surpassed in the whole province, it was not a link in the main mission chain but was off the beaten trail of *El Camino Real*. If its founding had the benefit of the efficient Lasuén's personal attention, its restricted area had so few pagans that it took only five years to attain its maximum growth. Moreover, its banner number was the lowest of any station in the whole mission period. It humbly fulfilled its destiny of offering conclusive proof that a mission simply could not prosper near a *pueblo* settlement. Yet the modern town which survives both the civil and church communities on the northern shore of Monterey Bay quite naturally is known to romantic Californians by the name of the mission which is no more. The mission buildings themselves have disappeared.

The district was familiar to the padres from the beginning of Spanish occupation. Passing along the shoreline of the very bay for which they were looking, Portolá's seekers for the Monterey harbor were the first white men in the region. On October 17, 1769, the birthday of Saint Lawrence, they crossed a river "which in the center reached to the bellies of

the animals," according to Crespi. So he called it Rio San Lorenzo. The diarist waxes enthusiastic over "the good meadows for raising crops by irrigation." Besides the cottonwoods and alders along the stream, "it is a pleasure to see the grass and the variety of herbs and roses of Castile." It was always a joy to those homesick Spaniards to come across the familiar Castilian roses. Most marvelous of all were the "trees unlike anything ever seen in Spain," the *Sequoia sempervirens*, or redwoods. Because of their color, they called them *Palo Colorado*, and sometimes *Palo Alto*, on account of their height. Five years later another famous diarist, Palóu, entered the country with Rivera's party in search of the Bay of San Francisco. Palóu thought the district ideal for a mission, lacking "nothing that is necessary, having good land, water, pasture, firewood and timber, all at hand and in abundance." Activities preliminary to the foundings at San Francisco brought many exploratory parties up the peninsula from Monterey. But, like the modern travelers, they found the going much easier in the broad Santa Clara Valley free of mountains and deep arroyos. Serra's first journey to San Francisco in 1777 was made by way of Santa Clara, and perhaps that illustrious Franciscan never crossed the site of Santa Cruz.

The establishment of the twelfth mission fell to the lot of Serra's successor. The energetic Lasuén had completed the long-delayed Channel foundings before receiving authorization for Soledad and Santa Cruz. With the welcome news on August 2, 1790, came the four Franciscans with utensils and provisions. But church equipment had been forgotten, so Lasuén had to ask for contributions of chalices, vestments, and altar utensils from the southern stations. At last in August of 1791, he crossed the mountains from Santa Clara to look over the site for himself. Standing on the level knoll overlooking Monterey Bay, the observant Father-President

found the excellence of the location had not been exaggerated. Within a gunshot of pine-covered slopes and redwood groves, near the rock-strewn canyon of the dashing river, he gazed with satisfaction across the deep blue waters toward Monterey and his San Carlos mission home, only twenty-five miles as the gulls went. It was good, too, to feel the warm sunshine undimmed by blanketing fogs so common across the bay. On August 28, he raised the cross and said the first mass in the presence of many natives who acted as though they "would gladly enlist under the Sacred Standard, thanks be to God!" Then the busy padre hastened back to Santa Clara with his small guard under Corporal Peralta.

Characteristic of the harmony of Lasuén's rule, Comandante Sal of the San Francisco presidio gladly assisted in the formal founding. He accompanied Peralta's men back to Santa Clara and together they escorted some neophytes and the two padres, Alonzo Salazar and Baldomero López, over to the mission site. Sal also believed the location was better supplied with natural advantages than any mission in the province, although it might be difficult to maintain communication during the rainy season. The Indians cut timbers for the buildings while the fathers selected a field in which to plant their wheat. Contributions of cattle, horses, and mules came in from neighboring stations and even the soldiers made a modest loan of supplies. On September 25, the padres donned their robes and conducted the formal founding ceremonies in the presence of Peralta's soldiers and a group of pagans brought by their chief, named Sugert. Friendly relations were soon established by the chief's two daughters, Clara and Lucenza, who had already become converted at Santa Clara. Under their assurance, the pagans watched the curious services with interest. They were even undismayed by the firing of muskets which followed Sal's taking possession of the land, "in such words as my moderate

talent dictated." So effective was the mediation of Sugert's daughters that within three months 87 converts had been secured, a palisade chapel and dwelling completed, a corral built, and the orchard fenced to keep out the bears.

Indeed the prospects seemed most favorable. The first rainy season proved that the church was too near the river bottom, so on February 27, 1793, the guardians laid the cornerstone for a larger building on higher land. The front wall was of masonry, the stone foundations extended three feet above the ground, and the walls above were of adobe, five feet thick. Timbers were cut in the mountains and carried down to the site; and the roof was of tile. The finished church measured 113 feet long, 29 feet wide, and 26 feet high and was ready for dedication on May 10, 1794. The solemn rites were conducted by Father Tomás de la Peña of Santa Clara, assisted by the resident padres, Sánchez and Gil, and several visiting Franciscans. As godfather of the church, Ensign Sal accepted the symbolic keys. In another year two sides of the proposed quadrangle were completed by the addition of workshops and a two-storied granary. Late in 1796, millstones built at San Carlos were housed in the mill, and the mission was grinding its own corn and wheat.

But troubles were already brewing. Sergeant Amador was constantly out, investigating rumors that the sierra pagans were sharpening arrows for a raid. Padre Sánchez was always fearful lest the heathen shut off the road to Monterey, especially at the Pajaro River crossing. The converts, too, were so restless that ninety fugitives had to be brought back by force. In 1796, only five years after the founding, the mission reached its highest population of only 523. Two years later the fathers reported that almost two hundred had deserted. In the next year the winter rains badly damaged the flour mill and the new church. Then in January of 1799 a

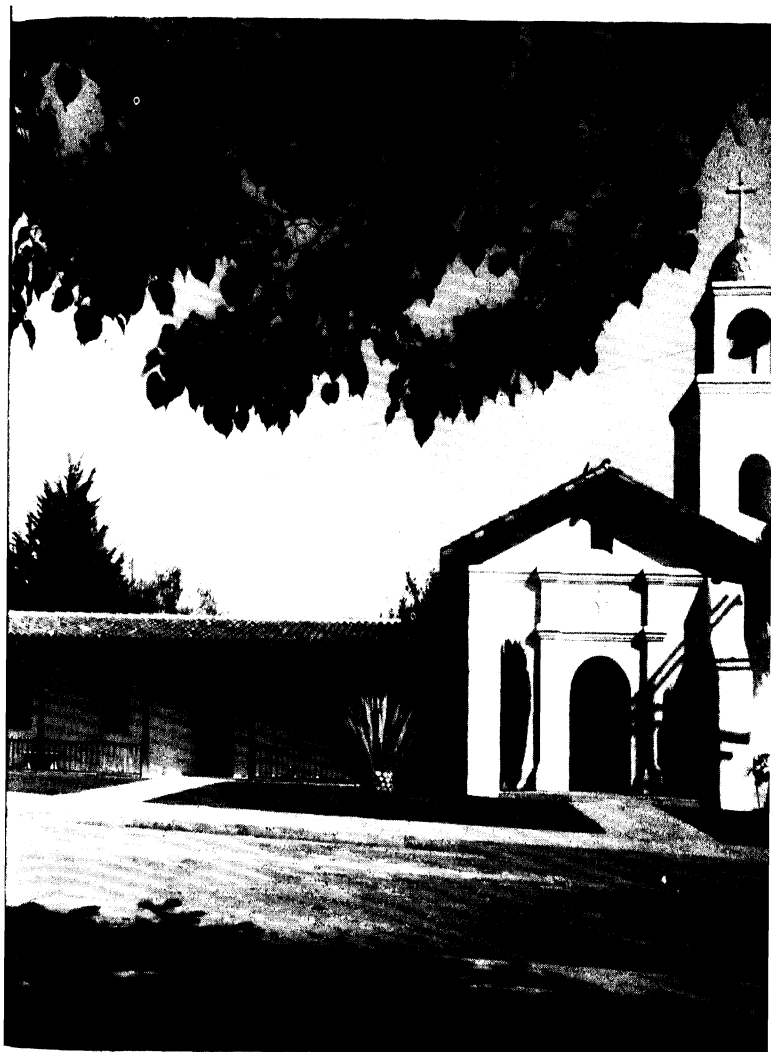
violent storm and floods caused such damage to the church and other structures that everything had to be rebuilt. It was this restored church which served as the model for the replica at Santa Cruz today. The crops in that fertile section were usually successful. But the arable fields were limited, and the padres complained about the shortage of workers to care for the land to the south. The Costanoan tribe, accustomed to the freedom of the mountains, supplied few new converts in a region unusually rich in quail, squirrels, rabbits, deer, fish, and berries.

Then Governor Borica's eagerness to colonize the province brought Santa Cruz its most effective shackle. That jovial Basque, in accord with Viceroy Branciforte's desire to increase the frontier's defense by the addition of civilian towns, recommended the district as the best site between San Lucas and San Francisco. In that productive region, he reported, the settlers would not only become self-supporting, but could supply a surplus for the needy presidios of Monterey and San Francisco. Though the *pueblos* at Los Angeles and San Jose had so far been unsuccessful, with characteristic optimism Borica asked for recruits to establish a third at Santa Cruz. The first new arrivals were nine families gathered in Guadalajara and they reached Monterey in destitute condition on May 12, 1797. Corporal Moraga escorted the newcomers to the site immediately across Lorenzo River from the mission. If the authorities were disappointed in the vagabond character of the first consignment of colonists, the pioneers had equal reason to complain. Promised adobe, tile-roofed homes built at government expense, they found themselves compelled to build their own redwood huts with thatched roofs. On July 24, the governor came for the formal founding of the town to be called Branciforte, in honor of the viceroy. By August, Superintendent Córdoba had completed the survey, dug part of the irrigation ditch, and built

a water mill and lime kiln. At the end of eighteen months additions had brought the population up to forty and crops had been good. But already depletion of funds put an end to improvements in the half-equipped community. Worse yet, the settlers from Guadalajara had shown less liking for agricultural pursuits than for the attractive urban diversions offered at San Jose. Efforts to set up a civil government collapsed. Comandante de la Guerra reported the colonists "not so bad as other convicts sent to California; still, to take a charitable view of the matter, their absence for a couple of centuries at a distance of a million leagues would prove most beneficial and redound to the service of God and the King."

From the beginning it was apparent that the colonizing effort was only another skirmish in the age-old warfare between Church and State. Lasuén protested vigorously against the use of mission pastures for civil settlement, reminding the governor that the laws granted each mission at least a league of land in all directions. The viceroy responded that the Santa Cruz Indians were dying off and could not take care of the fields they had. So the project went ahead, to become a torment to the padres as long as the mission lasted. In an effort to force domestic interests upon the dissolute settlers, all pleasure trips to neighboring communities were rigidly forbidden. This confinement only whetted their eagerness to mingle with the mission women. The immorality was contagious and the padres sometimes adopted extreme measures to control their wayward disciples.

One padre, for instance, was reported to have used an iron strap as punishment for theft and debauchery. The case of Father Quintana created a sensation. On October 12, 1812, his body was found dead in his bed. Though the inquest determined his death was from natural causes, its suddenness aroused the suspicions of the authorities. Two years



MISSION SANTA CRUZ. Modern replica of the original which was destroyed by earthquake in 1857

passed before a thorough investigation revealed that the missionary had come to be generally feared and hated. Nine of the neophytes at length had brutally murdered the man and mutilated his body. After a prolonged trial, five of the culprits were sentenced to receive two hundred lashes and to work in chains from two to ten years. By that time two had already died in prison, and the supposed leader succumbed in Santa Barbara five years after the crime. Only one survived. And Governor Solá reported that he could find no evidence to support the claim of the Indians that they had perpetrated the murder to escape a new instrument of torture prepared by the padre.

The experiences during Bouchard's raid in 1818, instead of uniting the disputants in common defense, only widened the breach. The news of the insurgent's arrival at Monterey caused great excitement across the bay. On the next day a message from Solá ordered Father Olbéz to abandon his station and take his charges to Santa Clara. With the distinct flash and audible roar of the raider's cannon as further incentives, Olbéz hastily fled from the booming bay with his frightened flock. Then the harried governor, fearful lest the mission grain and valuables fall into Bouchard's hands, sent word to Comisionado Buelna of Branciforte to go to the mission and remove all the property he could. Buelna eagerly took his men across the river and set to work. Meanwhile Father Olbéz dispatched his own Majordomo Castro back from Santa Clara for the same purpose. When Castro found the Branciforte people already at the task and apparently under official orders, he joined his Indians to Buelna's force, and things began to fly. In the excitement several casks of wine and brandy were disposed of by being spilt, doubtless down the throats of the men. Locked doors were broken open, drapes and vestments were soiled and torn, statues broken, and many articles disappeared. Thus the

mission treasures were scattered, some being buried, some carried to Branciforte and some to Santa Clara by Castro's Indians. Among the last was the personal trunk of Olbéz, which was broken into on its way to the owner. The two culprits were eventually exposed by tracing some of the padre's stockings to a young lady living at San Jose. One may imagine the forceful language with which the irate padre protested to the authorities. All blame for the desecration of church property, of course, was placed upon the Branciforte ruffians. According to Olbéz, the mission should be abandoned, for he "would no longer submit to the inhuman outrages of the people." The wrath of the father at length subsided and he returned to his difficult post. But in the next year he had to report that rumors of imprisonment by the soldiers caused all but three of his neophytes temporarily to flee from the mission again.

American adventurers were already trickling into the district. One of the first to remain was a Thomas W. Doak. Coming in 1816, that young Bostonian passed most of his life near Monterey and Santa Cruz. A more colorful figure was the Irishman, John Mulligan, who was stranded from a ship in 1822. He knew how to weave as well as to drink and taught both to the Santa Cruz Indians. He also gave lessons in English to Father Gil, who quite innocently used outrageous profanity when he spoke the new tongue. Another roistering character was the American woodsman and trapper, Isaac Graham, who built the first lumber mill near Santa Cruz in 1833. He later set up a distillery in near-by Pajaro Valley. His bar became the rendezvous for a rough group of deserters from whalers, foreigners, and half-breeds. This disorderly crowd became expert riflemen and joined Graham in military adventures during the turbulent era preceding the American conquest.

The side-tracked mission, which never did create much stir, was struggling just to keep alive. As early as 1805 the civil authorities suggested that since the district's pagans had all been converted, the neophytes might well be transferred to Santa Clara and San Juan Bautista and the padres released for other duties. This first official hint at secularization came to naught. The mission staggered along under the stimulus of trade with the increasing string of foreign vessels which plied those shores. Traders often put in at the roadstead to secure the fresh vegetables for which the district became noted. The Frenchman, Duhaut-Cilly, came in 1827 and thought "no situation is prettier than that of this mission." Its harbor had been made an official port of entry that year, although its lack of protection against storms often forced a hurried departure, as Duhaut-Cilly found. Even a padre, José Altimira, had recommended its suppression in 1823, but Father-Prefect Sarría silenced the proposal.

But the tide of secularization, suggested first in 1805, then more forcibly by Father Altimira, was rising irresistibly. The expiring College of San Fernando had become so destitute of padres for the missionary field that in 1832 it ceded the missions north of San Carlos to the Franciscan Zacatecans. At that time only seventeen Franciscans were left in the whole province. When Figueroa brought the first Mexican missionaries in 1833, Father Antonio Reál was sent to Santa Cruz to replace the Fernandino, José Jimeno. Then secularization struck Santa Cruz among the first. On August 22, 1834, Ignacio del Valle took charge as commissioner, and the former mission was made a curacy of the second class. The property consisted of some twenty buildings in the quadrangle and fifteen others near by. Secularization went forward more speedily than at any other station. Stock and equipment to the value of \$10,000 were distributed among

the neophytes. The Indians received civil liberties as residents of the *pueblo*, which was renamed Figueroa, after the governor.

The Mission of the Holy Cross had come to an end. During its forty-three years, 2,466 baptisms had been performed. Only Sonoma, Santa Inés, San Rafael, and Soledad had made fewer converts. The greatest addition in any year had been 131 in 1810. The highest number of livestock was 12,502 in 1827. And the new *pueblo* was only one in name. The emancipated Indians had simply lost the amalgamating influence of the padres. Land grants to influential families soon absorbed the former mission fields. By 1839, Inspector Hartnell found only seventy Indians and one-sixth of the livestock left.

Disintegration followed rapidly, with the help of the elements. On January 16, 1840, an earthquake crumbled the church tower and quantities of tile were swept into the sea by an ensuing tidal wave. Yet two years later de Mofras reports the buildings still well preserved, though "the farms have been given away and the cattle have been divided amongst the friends of the governor. The mission owns nothing any more." So Micheltorena's restoration to Franciscan control in 1843 made no mention of prostrate Santa Cruz. The community even lost its priest in the next year, when Father Real retired to Mexico. For several years it was served from San Juan. By 1845 the whole settlement of 470 persons, one-fourth of whom were Indians, had assumed its permanent name of Santa Cruz. But Pico reaped no profit from the sale of its mission, for there was nothing left to sell. Then the raising of Old Glory at Monterey put an end to the political turbulence, if not to that of nature. For on January 9, 1857, the elements made another upheaval which spelled finis for the mission buildings. A violent earthquake threw down the whole front wall and weakened the rest of

the structures. As the shocks continued for several weeks, the adobe collapsed into ruins and Mission Santa Cruz was no more. For some years a warehouse made of redwood occupied the remaining foundations. The resident priest succeeded in building a wooden church near by and it was dedicated by the Monterey bishop on July 4, 1858. In the next year Bishop Amat was given possession of 16.9 acres of the original mission site. The present brick parish church, which occupies part of the old mission location, was completed in 1891.

Today practically nothing is left of the original buildings. For fifty years little more than a memory remained. Then in 1931 the community was presented with a reduced replica of the original church with a few adjacent rooms suggestive of the monastery. The model used was the painting made in 1854 by the French artist, Touissant, who left the only picture showing the original style of the buildings. The present structure stands about two hundred and fifty feet from the old location. The donor, Mrs. Richard Sullivan Doyle, was a niece of the late California Senator, James D. Phelan, and was long a local resident. A plaque on the new chapel reads: *Mission Santa Cruz, Founded September 25, 1791, destroyed January 9, 1857, Restored November 1931.* The façade is very simple. Each side of the arched doorway is ornamented with a square pilaster which rises to a triple cornice spanning the full width of the front wall. The center of the low triangular pediment is broken by a small square window. A flaring buttress reinforces the front end of each side wall. On the right a massive two-storied tower supports a square belfry surmounted by a dome. In the open belfry hangs an old iron bell which was used for years in a chapel at near-by Aptos. The rooms on the left of the church are protected by a plain cloister. Here are kept the few surviving treasures which formerly had been cared for at Monterey. The old

vestments are now used at mass on Christmas night. The title pages of the mission registers were prepared by the founders, López and Salazar, for Father Lasuén did not attend the formal rites.

The interior of the chapel also has a few of the relics. The original font stands at the right of the entrance. Three old statues occupy the sanctuary. The figure of the Virgin is unusual, having movable joints like a large doll. This permits its being placed in various postures, and it doubtless was intended for changeable vestments. Several old paintings of inferior artistic value are hung on the walls. The church is constantly alert to repossess whatever equipment has survived. As recently as 1936 the priest secured an original statue of Saint Peter from the local Rodríguez family, who had preserved it all these years. In the baptistry is buried the remains of the rebuilt mission's donor, who died in 1933. In lieu of the old mission itself, romantic Californians are grateful for her generosity in leaving this modest reproduction, the only one in the mission chain. Poor downtrodden Santa Cruz! Its pitiful history only proved Junípero Serra's vigorous contention that no Indian mission could long survive close proximity to a civil settlement.

XXII

MISSION SAN JUAN BAUTISTA

TO create the proper mood for what is in store at the mission of Saint John the Baptist, the traveler leaves the feverish drive of daily life over a peaceful side road winding leisurely through the gray California hills. In an incredibly brief period the world of that hectic highway is swallowed up in the silence of the oak-studded valley. The tourist enters a sleepy village, sequestered at the foot of the hills. Around the corner lies an open square, bordered by white-blossomed locusts. Ancient adobe buildings take up two sides. But the opposite end is open and affords a sweeping view across the valley lowlands to the stubble hills in the distance. The whole side on the left is occupied by the old mission, with its picturesque front corridor running the full length of the whitewashed monastery to meet the adobe church in the far corner. At last the traveler has found the community which Spanish Californians knew. No place in the State preserves so completely that ancient setting. Only the sandaled, gray-frocked padre is missing, though the actual dusty path over which he trod still winds off into the south toward San Carlos.

Father Lasuén had to change the Royal Highway a bit to bring it up that path. As early as 1772, Fages and Crespi had

camped near by on the banks of a little stream. It being Saint Benedict's day, Crespi christened it Rio San Benito. Three years later Ensign Sal, looking for a mission site to fill the long gap between San Carlos and Santa Clara, entered the district with a small party from Monterey. Following the river bed to its source, the scouts found it much too dry for mission fields. But in the lowlands only a half-league off the main road they discovered two wells and marked the spot with a cross. The vicinity offered timber and stones for building, tules for roofs, and limestone lay only a league away. So Borica and Lasuén awaited the viceroy's approval to lay out a settlement.

Then occurred that remarkable outburst of founding zeal during Lasuén's seventy-seventh year. After establishing San José, the aged Father-President went down with a guard under Sergeant Amador to the elevation overlooking San Benito Valley. On the spot known to the natives as Popeloutchom he blessed the cross on the day of Saint John the Baptist, June 24, 1797. In the presence of the guard and some pagans Lasuén inaugurated the fifteenth mission with a mass and fervent sermon. Fathers Catalá from Santa Clara and Martiarena assisted in the rites. After preparing the registers, the founder hurried on to establish San Miguel.

Construction had already begun under supervision of Corporal Ballesteros, who had brought the mission guard from Monterey. By the end of the year the settlement comprised an adobe, tule-covered church, a dwelling for the fathers, one for the single women, a granary, cookhouse, guardhouse, and four buildings for the soldiers' use. As enclosure of the quadrangle progressed, the structures were roofed with tiles. Crops were good and conversions so rapid that 586 pagans had been gathered in by the end of 1800. In October of that year the *bête noire* of all the missions paid its first visit to San Juan. Earthquakes shook the region for

more than a fortnight, badly cracking the adobe structures. But repairs were made and structures added to care for the growing population. The chapel, in fact, could no longer hold the congregation.

With prospects so promising, the padres were obliged to build a larger church. On June 13, 1803, Father Viader came from Santa Clara to assist the resident guardians in laying the cornerstone. The governor was represented at the ceremonies by Captain Font and Surgeon Umueta of Monterey. Ensign de la Guerra acted as patron. The plans first called for the usual long nave, but during construction a change was made. It happens that Father Felipe de la Cuesta came to the mission in 1808, and perhaps that ambitious and energetic padre was responsible for the decision to build a mammoth structure. Services were being held in the large sacristy already completed. After nine long years the church was finished. Instead of one, it had three naves and was large enough to accommodate more than a thousand worshipers at one service. The walls were of adobe and the roof was tiled. This immense church was ready for formal dedication on June 23, 1812. Several Franciscans from neighboring missions assisted Fathers de la Cuesta and Ulibarri at the rites and Don Manuel Gutiérrez came from Los Angeles to serve as patron.

For the first time we find that a missionary had misjudged his needs. Deaths had mounted so rapidly that de la Cuesta's flock had shrunk from 1,112 in 1805 to half that number. His congregation rattled around in the vacant aisles, so he closed off the two side ones and proceeded to furnish only the central nave. He seemed to be especially interested in his church equipment. Rich vestments, a new antependium, candlesticks, altar stone, and a fancy wooden chandelier with gold plate were added to his inventory. New paintings included Saint Michael, Saint Francis, a set of the *Via Crucis*

and another set representing all the Apostles. When a Mexican painter asked seventy-five cents a day for decorating the main altar and reredos, de la Cuesta was afraid he would have to leave the plain boards unadorned. But Thomas Doak, the province's first American settler, came to his rescue by offering to do the job for his board and room. That was the year of Bouchard's arrival, when many of the neophytes deserted out of fear of the raider. There were fewer resident Indians that year than at any time since 1800.

Many of San Juan's converts, indeed, had come from the *tulare* regions, and the proximity of their former pagan friends was a constant source of trouble. A feeble and fruitless effort was made to extend the missionary conquest to the east. As early as 1806 a party of twenty-five men under Gabriel Moraga left San Juan with Father Muñoz as diarist. Crossing the mountains into the *tulares*, Moraga explored as far north as the Mokelumne River, then turned south, and after a march of forty-three days arrived at San Fernando. Muñoz reported that pagans everywhere seemed friendly, and 141 had even accepted baptism. In 1810 the indefatigable Moraga was out again exploring for mission sites. Leaving Santa Clara with Father Viader, he spent two weeks in the valley, but reached San Juan without finding any promising locations. Four years later Sergeant Pico set forth from San Juan for the more martial purpose of bringing back fugitive neophytes who had stolen mission horses. In an attack on a pagan village Pico captured sixty-six Indians, fifty of whom had once been converted. But on his return march, his Indian guides misled him, and his trip of nearly a month ended at the mission with only nine runaways. Ten of his troops, moreover, had contracted fever in the marshes. Another march under Lieutenant Estudillo in 1819 had equally unsatisfactory results. It is little wonder that the mission population had declined by the time of Bouchard's raid.

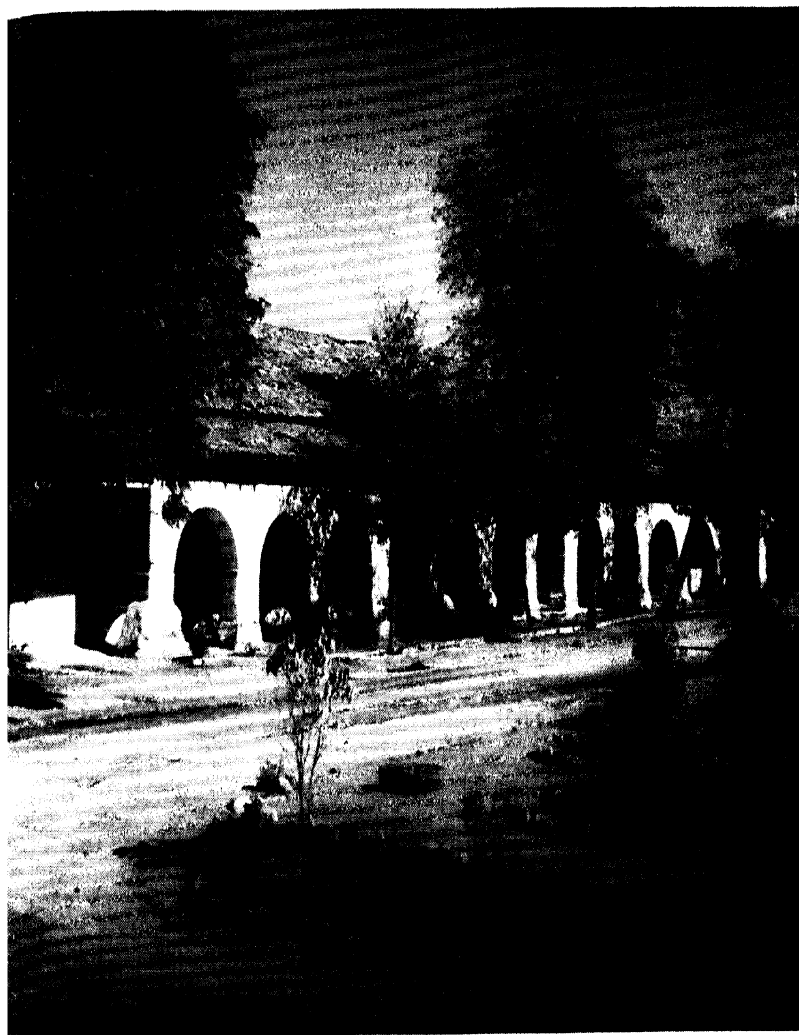
Fathers de la Cuesta and Tapis labored so valiantly to check the loss of converts that they turned the tide that year. In 1821 alone they succeeded in adding 359 to the rolls, while reporting 110 deaths. The looms were kept humming to supply clothes for their naked newcomers. Despite the constant thievery, their horses numbered six hundred, and cattle reached their highest number of 10,800 head. The open barbecue pit, which remains intact today, must have been a busy place. The methodical de la Cuesta reports that in twelve months, 2,603 beeves were slaughtered for neophyte use, or fifty head each week. In 1823, the mission reached its greatest population of 1,248. But the fathers had already sworn allegiance to Mexican Independence and unwittingly to their own eventual downfall.

The results achieved at San Juan emphasize again the importance of the individual missionary. Father Estévan Tapis deserves recognition as a capable, devout Franciscan of unblemished character. Although he never saw the famous founder, he certainly merits inclusion with Serra's inner circle. After serving nine years as Lasuén's successor in the presidency, he resumed the duties of an ordinary missionary and in 1815 was assigned to San Juan. There he completed his thirty-five years of service in the province. When he died on November 2, 1825, he became the only Spanish Franciscan to be buried in the San Juan church. His special contribution was his distinguished musical talent. His choir of Indian boys became famous throughout the province. In the absence of printed scores, he performed the tedious task of copying for each singer the square notes of the Gregorian chant. In mission days no musical instruments accompanied the religious singing. As each youth developed ability to follow his own copy, Tapis arranged some of the masses for four voices. By coloring the notes of the parts in black, white, red, and yellow, he enabled each singer to follow his

part without mistake. Examples of his ingenious scores are still to be seen in the mission museum. So thorough was his training of the youths that for years after Tapis' death, San Juan was celebrated for its music. Forty years later, for instance, Father Mora found that his Indian singers still clung to their love of the devotional music they had learned in their youth from Tapis. They even begged Mora each Saturday night to confine them in the mission under lock and key, lest their weakness for the white man's whisky prevent their attendance in the choir next day.

Another musical topic at San Juan has raised no end of amusement and comment. Among the mission's relics is a barrel organ with three cylinders, which was kept for years in the choir loft. This odd instrument, over four feet high, was made in 1735 by Benjamin Dobson, 22 Swan Street, London. It is believed to have been presented to Lasuén at Monterey by George Vancouver; perhaps when Bouchard appeared, it was carried to San Juan. Romanticists have related many fanciful tales about the captivating effects produced upon the pagans by the playing of its unholy but sweet tunes. Though the work of termites has forever silenced its dulcet strains, the list on one of the barrels relates that in its hale days a grinding of the handle would have regaled the lonely padre and his awed neophytes with *A College Hornpipe*, *Spanish Waltz*, and *Go to the Devil*.

Even more noteworthy than that of Tapis was the service of Felipe de la Cuesta. That scholarly missionary came in 1808 to remain for a quarter century of faithful and unusual labor. While completing and equipping the immense new church, the methodical student found time in the first seven years to compile an *Index of Indian Phrases*. Completed in 1815, the 85-page vocabulary of the Mutsun language as used at San Juan received scientific recognition by being published in 1862 under the auspices of the Smithsonian



MISSION SAN JUAN BAUTISTA

Institution. The 2,884 phrases were translated into Spanish and the footnotes written in Latin. As a scientific product of mission scholarship, the treatise ranks second only to Boscana's more elaborate work. Much of the time after Tapis died, the aging de la Cuesta was left without a companion at his mission. Though incapacitated by rheumatism, he frequently had himself carried on a stretcher to hear confession in an Indian village. Father-Prefect Sarría, himself advanced in years, often went over from Soledad to administer to the San Juan sick. There being no young Fernandinos to replace him, the dutiful de la Cuesta stuck to his post until the Zacatecan, Antonio Anzar, came to his relief in 1833. Three years later he reached his last assignment at Santa Inés, where he again became widely respected for his knowledge of the native dialects. There in 1840 he was buried in the mission church.

But San Juan's mission days were over. During its thirty-seven years the station had baptized 4,100 pagans and buried 3,008. The cemetery next to the church was practically filled, for in 1838 a new one had to be opened. Secularization was completed when Commissioners José Castro and Antonio Buelna on May 9, 1835, accepted the inventory from Father Anzar. The mission was made a curacy of the second class. The listed assets of the prosperous station were valued at \$138,723, and included the famous barrel organ at \$30. Anzar stayed on as a priest, with an annual salary of \$1,000. Castro complained that the greedy religious demanded eleven of the monastery rooms for his personal use. The commissioner at least had the satisfaction of calling the little settlement of Indians, Mexicans, Spaniards, and half-breeds by the name of San Juan de Castro. On his visit in 1841, Mofras found the neophytes dispersed and the old buildings practically abandoned. Four years later Pío Pico sent his brother, Andrés, and Juan Manso to take another inventory.

Less time was needed for the purpose than a decade before, for now the properties totaled only \$7,860. Within a year the hard-up governor sold the orchards for an unnamed debt to Ollivier Deleisseques. Then the advent of the Americans put an end to mission distribution. Thirteen years later President Buchanan signed a patent restoring to the Church three plots of land totaling 55.13 acres.

During the province's checkered career between Figueroa's death and the American conquest, San Juan was kept in the public eye by the activities of the bustling Castro. José followed Figueroa as governor and succeeded in holding the office for a few hectic months. Then he led a contingent of his fellow townsmen against his successor, Gutiérrez. Still later, as "General" Castro, he commanded Alvarado's forces in that notorious battle at Mission San Buenaventura. The turbulent period of home rule was approaching the end when Castro's control of the treasury forced Pico to raise funds by sale of the missions. It was a bitter pill to have the desperate governor place under the hammer Castro's home-town mission of San Juan. To complete the General's humiliation, Captain Frémont in 1846 refused to comply with the order to take his American troops clear out of the State. Instead, the bold newcomer moved his camp into the Gabilan Mountains overlooking Castro's cautious forces entrenched at San Juan. The mountain on which Frémont raised the Stars and Stripes is now known as Frémont Peak State Park. Each March the local residents commemorate that historic event on the near-by peak.

Since the mission period the drowsy settlement has lived on its past. If the romancers bemoaned the building boom brought to the doorsteps of San Buenaventura by the construction of the railroad, they rejoiced when the "Big Four" in 1870 passed by San Juan Bautista. To seal its isolation, the main highway a decade ago was redirected to avoid the

district. Yet the old mission has never been without a priest. After thirty years at the station, the last Franciscan, Father Anzar, returned to Mexico in 1854. His successor, the Rev. Molinier, made his entries in the registers in Latin, the first not written in Spanish. The Rev. Ciprian Rubio came in 1865 and distinguished his decade of service by erecting a tower for the bells. Standing on the edge of the mesa overlooking the valley, the mission had called its neophytes by the tolling of bells suspended from a yoke near the front door. At one time there were nine bells, but the inventory of 1835 lists only six. In 1847, Rubio decided to save the expense of paying bell ringers by putting up a wooden tower between the front of the church and the monastery cloister. The unsightly structure consisted of a two-storied square shack supporting a belfry. For convenience the provident priest used the upper room for his study and sleeping quarters. The bell ropes were passed down through his room to the floor below, thus enabling him to ring the bells himself when no one else was at hand. It was the dismal period when rigid economy was the sole consideration, just preceding the dawn of faithful preservation with historic accuracy.

That more wholesome era came in during the forty-two year term of the Rev. Ricardo Closa, who succeeded Rubio. Closa served long enough to have the problem of restoration forced upon him by the earthquake of 1906. Damage to the church walls was so severe that services had to be held in the monastery reception room. To secure funds for restoration, Closa staged a fiesta on June 24, 1907, the 110th anniversary of the mission's founding. After celebrating mass in the temporary chapel, he took his people to "Pagan Hill" overlooking the town and valley. Since time immemorial this mountain was sacred to the native Indians, who assembled there to converse with the Great Spirit. When the first padres erected a cross on the hill, the pagan spirits were

silenced. Thus convinced that the God of the white men was supreme, the Indians readily submitted to conversion to the new faith. In time the original cross disappeared. The feature of the 1907 celebration was the planting of another, made of redwood from the Santa Cruz Mountains. Embedded six feet in concrete, it stands twenty-four feet in the air and is visible for miles around. In his Franciscan habit and vested in surplice and stole, Father Zephyrin Engelhardt formally blessed the Memorial Cross. In the following year another fiesta realized sufficient funds to reroof the church and strengthen the walls. The Maryknoll Fathers, who took charge in 1928, continue the annual fiesta on Saint John's day.

As in the days of old, the entire left side of the open plaza today is bordered by the immense monastery, one of the largest at any mission. Measuring 270 feet, it surpasses in length even the famous Long Building at San Fernando. Along the front runs a corridor, the roof of which is supported by nineteen arches, built of flat burnt brick. Most of the openings are semicircular and typically irregular. But the first and twelfth are square and wider, thus permitting freer passage for the religious processions.

On the right of the monastery stands the original adobe church, separated from the corridor by Father Rubio's ugly bell tower. The plain front wall of the church, which forms the unpretentious façade, is spanned halfway up by a cornice molding, above which is cut a square window. Over the window runs a second cornice, slightly wider than the opening itself. On the ground level are three arches, the central and largest being the entrance to the church.

At the entrance an arched doorway leads to the old baptistry on the left. The original font, cut of native sandstone and measuring 3 feet high and 3 across, is still in use. Above

is the choir loft, rebuilt after the 1906 damage. Here it was that de la Cuesta kept his barrel organ. Only two bells now hang in the tower. One is original and perhaps the largest of the old surviving mission bells. Its inscription reads: *Ave Maria Purisima S. Fernando. Ruelas Me Fecit 1809*. The other bell was cast in San Francisco in 1874 from two which had become cracked.

The first impression of the church is its immensity, for it measures 210 by 77 feet. From the front door to the main altar is 165 feet. Its height of 55 feet is said to be the greatest of any adobe building in California. Certainly its sound construction is another tribute to the engineering genius of the padres. The side walls consist of seven arches resting on brick pillars three feet square and about twelve feet apart. Above the arches a superstructure supports the roof of the nave. Originally these arches led to the two outer aisles, the ceilings of which were lower than that of the central nave. Since the congregation failed to expand to meet de la Cuesta's expectations, the outer aisles never became part of the church proper, but were used as passageways. In time the outer walls of the side naves weakened and collapsed. Then the first five arches were filled in with adobe bricks to form a solid wall. This fortunate reinforcement saved the church, for the earthquake of 1906 damaged the pillars and left the roof and arches resting upon the filled-in walls. The whole floor is original, and the guide calls attention to the tracks of bears and coyotes and prints of oak leaves, made in the bricks while drying in the open.

At the front of the nave a semicircular arch spans the church from wall to wall. The two front arches of the side walls were left open to provide transepts for a cruciform church. These two side chapels contain altars respectively to Saint Anthony of Padua and Saint Isidoro, patron of

farmers and appropriate to the region. In the right alcove the old confessional still serves the faithful. From the left chapel a passageway leads through a small hall up adobe steps to the pulpit. The old octagonal paneled box is fastened to three joists protruding from the side wall of the central nave. Behind the high main altar an ornate reredos has six large statue niches. Until Father de la Cuesta could secure figures, these openings were covered with velvet curtains. The large central opening below was allotted to the mission's patron, whose statue had been acquired in 1809. With only one finger missing, the beautiful life-sized Saint John is preserved today in the museum. The marvelous carving of the veins and muscles of the neck, arms, hands, and feet marks it as perhaps the best example of woodwork at any of the missions. Even the exquisite coloring is still vivid. A Latin-inscribed stone labels the sanctuary tomb of Estévan Tapis, the only padre buried in the church.

The monastery is still intact. Several of the rooms house the interesting relics, including Indian metates, vestments, branding irons, and the mission registers opened by Father Lasuén. One naturally expects to find evidence of San Juan's distinction as the "School of Church Music," and is not disappointed. There are excellent examples of the choral music neatly copied by Father Tapis. Near by stands an Indian-made music stand once used in the choir loft. The worm-eaten head of a bass viol is all that remains of the mission's musical instruments, unless one counts that celebrated barrel organ. Passing through adjacent rooms, one comes to an adobe archway closed with a revolving door, similar to a turnstile and unique among the missions. The immense open fireplace, twenty feet across and seven feet deep, could accommodate three oxen or forty sheep. Leading out to the inner garden, the padres passed through a massive arched

doorway built of burnt brick. The heavy wooden door is deeply cut with the River of Life design and at the bottom is the usual cat door. One of the queerest relics is the old catafalque. Crudely constructed in three tiers, the huge bier provides an upper shelf for a person of distinction, such as a wealthy don or an Indian alcalde; a middle tier for the bourgeois; and the lowest for the proletariat.

On the north side of the church four supporting buttresses extend from the wall into the old cemetery. Here just a century ago Father Anzar conducted the 3,259th burial, which filled the grounds to capacity. A few *gente-de-rázon*, as the Spanish called anyone not an Indian, were buried in the recess created by the crumbling of the outer wall of the side nave. Here lie the remains of María Antonia Castro, niece of the Mexican governor and wife of Father Anzar's brother, Juan Miguel. The fame of that noted beauty has been preserved by Richard Walton Tully as *The Rose of the Rancho*. In front of the cemetery a garden is dominated by inappropriate formal cypress trees, among which stands a large statue of Father Serra. The outlook over the peaceful valley is superb. Across the lowlands spread the mission fields, once tended by neophytes. Remains of their adobe villages are scattered in the distance. The orchards lie at the foot of the mesa and close at hand. Even today a few of the gnarled old pear trees, sixty-five feet high, continue to bear fruit. Across these aged trees soared the melodic tones of the mission bells, audible as far as Tres Pinos, eight miles away. Over the fields in every direction came the responding neophytes wending their way to the plaza before the church.

And the mission square is still the center of things. To preserve intact this setting of early life, the State Park Commission in 1935 acquired the plaza and surrounding buildings. The annual fiestas are staged before the church on the

edge of the mesa. The scene of the former bull and bear fights is now a formal garden. The most interesting secular buildings are the old adobe barracks, which housed the Spanish troops and later became one of California's first public inns; and the two-storied adobe home of the prominent Castro family. In the southeast shines the Cross on Pagan Hill.

XXIII

MISSION SANTA CLARA DE ASIS

ONE of the missions has even become a college. When the excitement of the American conquest had subsided, the reorganized church decided to fill the neglected educational need of the new State by establishing an institution of higher learning. Withdrawing the remnants of the exhausted Franciscan Order to its Santa Barbara stronghold, the bishop ceded to the incoming Jesuits the old mission of Santa Clara. After four years of financial struggle, Santa Clara College was granted a charter on April 28, 1855, and lived to become the oldest college in California. And to its success Californians owe the preservation of at least part of the station which made the most conversions during the mission period.

The fertile Valley of the Oaks lay directly in the line of Spanish progress into the north. Undaunted by finding their march shut off by a great "arm of the sea," as they called the present San Francisco Bay, the early land voyagers made repeated efforts to penetrate still farther north by going around to the east. It took a deal of exploring to disclose the actual size of the bay which came to be named after their patron saint. Each attempt brought the explorers through the inviting El Llano del Puerto, the valley of the port. The

first to come was Ortega in 1769. Then Fages tried twice to get around, but ended each time in the hot San Joaquin Valley. On one of these trips Father Crespi named the great plain at the south end of the bay in honor of San Bernardino. Two years later Rivera and Palóu tried again. It finally remained for the energetic Anza in 1776 to place Saint Francis' settlement on the northern end of the peninsula. Then he and diarist Font made an exhaustive survey of the eastern shore, camping en route on a branch of Rio de Guadalupe. The observant padre agreed that the second mission planned for the Bay should be located in that populous region.

The dilatory Rivera at last bestirred himself. Hurrying up from San Diego, the governor paid his first visit to the San Francisco establishments. From there he sent Moraga with some soldiers and their families down the peninsula to the selected site. There the troops set up a little arbor and on January 12, 1777, Father Tomás de la Peña celebrated the first mass for the mission in honor of Saint Clare of Assisi. On the twenty-first, Father Murguía arrived from Monterey with the guard, the implements, cattle, and church equipment for Serra's eighth station. In May additional supplies came up on the *Santiago*, the first ship to make the direct trip from San Blas to San Francisco.

The founding of the bay's second mission was especially gratifying to Serra. He had wrangled for seven long years, first with Fages, then with Rivera, had made the long journey to Mexico City to convince the viceroy that settlement of the bay was essential to the Spanish conquest. Only straightening out the difficulties at San Diego and refounding of San Juan Capistrano kept the busy padre from the Santa Clara rites. His first visit was late in September, when he spent two days with the two guardians. At daybreak on October 1, he set out on the fifteen-league walk to get his

first view of Mission Dolores. There he arrived "much fatigued," says Palóu, for "he walked it that day and part of the night." How would the modern traveler respond to such a trip? Eight days later he was back at Santa Clara and again made entries in the registers. On his way to San Carlos two years later, Palóu found him "in such condition that he could not keep his feet." The twenty-seven-league trip from Monterey had badly swollen his ailing leg; yet he refused the surgeon's attentions and continued to "place his confidence in the Divine Physician." After a few days of rest, the two Franciscans went back to San Francisco. On the return trip to San Carlos, Serra again held services at Santa Clara.

The mission, too, was having its share of troubles. Despite the proximity of numerous pagans, the fathers found few interested in the new religion. When Neve paid his first visit, not a convert had been enrolled. It was June before the first baptism was performed on a six-months-old baby girl. In response to Neve's request for presidial supplies, Father Murguía had to inform him that during the first six months he had only three adult Indians to help with construction of the church, dwelling, barn, shops, and corrals, to dig the ditches and to plough the fields. The harvests were therefore negligible. By the end of the first year only sixty-seven had been baptized. When the *Santiago* arrived with supplies in 1780, fear of English raiders obliged the captain to discharge his cargo at Monterey instead of proceeding to San Francisco, and the padres had to send pack trains to get their needed provisions. Two years later no *memorias*, or supplies, came at all. The pagans, moreover, could not resist their fondness for the taste of mission cattle, and the two northern presidios were frequently called upon to punish the thieves.

Even worse were the difficulties arising from the adjacent civil settlement. Bucareli's last great service to the province

was his issuance on Christmas Day of 1776 of a twenty-seven-paragraph list of instructions, which became the foundation for government during the whole Spanish period. If Serra rejoiced over the provision for additional missions, he regretted the official decision to lay out civilian towns. Governor Neve indeed wasted no time in carrying out his pet project. In the fall of 1777 he instructed Moraga at San Francisco to escort some of Anza's colonist families down to the River Guadalupe. On November 29, Anza's capable lieutenant founded California's first purely white settlement. On the eastern bank of the river he allotted each colonist a piece of land for planting and a lot for his dwelling of palisades, plastered with mud. A ditch brought water for irrigation from a dam in the river. In honor of the patron saint of the whole California project, the *pueblo* was named San José de Guadalupe. The Santa Clara padres were asked to care for the spiritual wants of the sixty-six newcomers. From the beginning the fathers objected to their close proximity. For years the unruly settlers helped themselves to the mission lands, until the boundaries were surveyed and definitely marked in 1801 to prevent further disputes. But as the colony became the center of gay and dissolute life for the whole northern region, it remained a source of constant irritation.

The mission's first location near the present Alviso also proved ill-chosen. Because of the abundant laurel woods, the natives called the district Socoisuka, and the excellent fishing made it their favorite haunt. But twice in the winter of 1779 the place was flooded and the mission swamped. So the fathers decided to move to higher ground. The second site, now marked with a cross, was near the present Santa Clara railroad station. There on November 19, 1781, Serra and Crespi assisted Fathers Murguía and de la Peña in laying the cornerstone for a new church. That historic stone is still

preserved in the college museum. One of its smooth faces is penetrated with a small opening to hold an oiled-skin wrapping containing a bronze crucifix and some Spanish coins bearing dates of 1768, 1770, and 1778. The cornerstone rites were saddened by the illness of Father Crespi, who had just paid his farewell visit to Palóu in the north. Within six weeks Serra buried his devoted disciple at San Carlos.

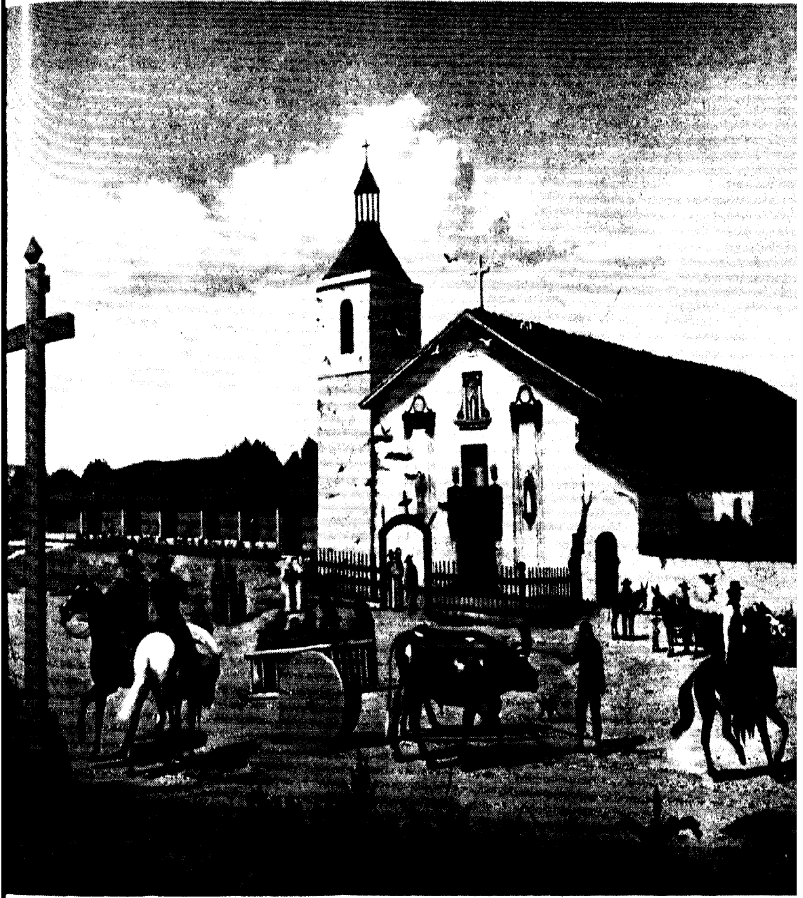
Three years later the church was finished. But its builder, Father Murguía, never attended the dedication, for on May 11, 1784, he was buried at Santa Clara by Father Palóu. On May 15, Serra arrived to conduct mass for the opening of the mission's second church. The elaborate ceremonies were attended by Lieutenant Moraga and the secular godfather, Ramón de la Vega from San Francisco, Governor Fages and his suite from Monterey, and a large congregation of natives and San Jose colonists. Palóu and de la Peña assisted the Father-President in his last services at the mission, which now possessed the most elaborate chapel in the province.

Santa Clara then entered a long period of prosperity unsurpassed by any mission. The unusually productive region, second only to San Gabriel, offered ideal conditions for its large crops and herds. Although several stations supported a larger population at brief intervals, Santa Clara maintained so high an average for more than a quarter century that it made 8,640 converts during the mission period, almost two thousand more than its nearest competitor. At the turn of the century it was the banner mission with 1,247 residents. Its greatest population was 1,464 in 1827. To accommodate their large congregations, the fathers in 1795 lengthened their church twenty-four feet, then roofed it all with tiles. Seven years later they consecrated a new main altar, secured from Mexico.

Pursuit of its destiny involved the inevitable skirmish with earthquakes. The state-wide catastrophe of 1812 caused con-

siderable damage to Santa Clara's adobe structures. Before repairs had been completed, another severe shock in 1818 convinced the fathers they must make another move. That year the third and present site was selected, in the Valley of the Oaks. Salvaging most of the old equipment and materials, they were able to complete the new church for dedication on the eve of the feast of Saint Clare, August 11, 1822. The pretentious façade of the structure featured a narrow horizontal section included between two engaged columns running almost the full height of the walls on either side of the entrance. In the center of each panel was a statue niche. Over a conventional Moorish entablature above the central arch opening was a small square recessed window. Directly above the window an ornate scalloped statue niche was crowned by a painting of the All-seeing Eye. A lean-to baptistry on the right was entered through a semicircular arched doorway. On the left stood a massive square belfry, pierced on each side with a single arched bell opening. The tile-covered, gabled roof of the tower supported a glass lantern and cross. Beyond the belfry on the left ran the single-storied adobe monastery rooms, housing the builders, Catalá and Viader. Again a station's progress depended mainly upon the unusual ability of its most noted padres.

Father Magín Catalá gained such a reputation for holiness that he came to be regarded almost as a saint. Coming to Santa Clara in 1794, he ranked with Serra as a model for asceticism and abstinence. Even today the college cherishes the large crucifix before which he passed many hours each day and night in prayer and contemplation. Yet he knew how to act when occasion demanded. His foremost exploit gave the community its beautiful Alameda. Indignant over the scandalous impieties of the neighboring San Joseans, the devout padre opened the way for their salvation by clearing a road from the *pueblo* right up to his church's door. Along



MISSION SANTA CLARA DE ASIS in
1849. From a painting by Andrew P. Hill.
The mission was destroyed by fire in 1926

this four-mile road he provided the hardened sinners with a shaded and comfortable pathway by planting three rows of black willow trees. When this inducement failed, San Jose was given permission to erect a church of its own. The settlers themselves did all the work, even the women contributing by tramping in the pits to mix the adobe soil. After nine tedious years the church was finished and thereafter the Santa Clara fathers trod Catalá's Alameda to attend the settler services. The famous mall indeed remained to bind together the mission and civil settlements. It was 1890 before the central row of willows was removed to provide the modern boulevard of today. After thirty-six years at the station, the creator of that beautiful thoroughfare passed away on November 22, 1830, in his seventieth year and was interred in the mission church. A half-century later the church took its first step in the long procedure leading to the beatification of the "Holy Man of Santa Clara."

His companion, José Viader, was a much more virile man. From the day of his arrival in 1796, he was in the midst of almost every northern missionary activity. Action was his forte. He reveled in the strenuous inland marches, especially in the company of the greatest pathfinder of his day, Gabriel Moraga. It mattered little whether they searched for mission sites or for fugitive renegades. Unruly Indians had to be treated with their own medicine. He chastised a convert and pagan whom he discovered on the monastery roof and suspected of planning an attack on the mission. The authorities once had to rebuke him for his cruelty in sentencing two Indian women to twenty-five lashes in the public square at San Jose. In 1814 the muscular padre even resorted to personal encounter with several of his riotous charges. Attacked one night by a husky pagan with two companions, he gave them such a sound thrashing in a rough-and-tumble brawl that the giant leader, named Mar-

celo, submissively offered himself for conversion. Marcelo became a great admirer and friend of his conqueror and for his faithful services later received a large grant of land near Alviso. Thus the padre demonstrated that there is more than one way to save the heathen from perdition. Despite these feats, Viader was a kindly man. On his visit in 1830, Robinson found him a "good old man, whose heart and soul were in proportion to his immense figure." After nearly forty years in the province, practically all of them at Santa Clara, the aged Spaniard who refused to swear allegiance to the Mexican constitution, retired from the scene to Spain.

If reports are true, the old padre might have prolonged his days indefinitely by remaining at Santa Clara. Some of its Indians reputedly became centenarians. One, who passed away in the 1890's, even claimed that he had children when Serra came in 1769. An alcalde named Inygo, contemporary with Viader's friend, Marcelo, lived beyond his 101st birthday. At the age of ninety, Marcelo bit off Inygo's ear in a fight over Marcelo's wife. And when the remarkable Marcelo was buried at Santa Clara, his age was listed as one hundred.

They and many other natives lived longer than their mission. Unable to supply replacements at all the stations they had founded, the Franciscans were obliged to relinquish the northern missions to the Mexican Franciscans from Zacatecas. In February, 1833, Santa Clara was ceded by Viader to Francisco García Diego, the Zacatecan Superior. After two years at the mission García returned to Mexico in an effort to rescue the missions from further spoliation. In 1840, he came back as California's first bishop. By that time economic control of mission properties had been granted to secular administrators. Among the last to succumb was Santa Clara, which was taken over by José Ramón Estrada on December 28, 1836. So when Father Moreno was made a simple priest, the mission had lived one month less than sixty years.

Decline set in rapidly. On his first tour in 1839, Inspector Hartnell found only 300 neophytes as compared with 1,125 seven years before. Two-thirds of the sheep and cattle and most of the property had already disappeared. Later Castro and Alvarado quartered their troops in the buildings, and the padre complained that the soldiers had stolen horses, cattle, blankets, shoes, saddles, and, worst of all, "twenty-two suits of fine red cloth worn by the music band." Yet the place was considered prosperous enough to be assessed \$250 annually toward the Inspector's salary of \$2,000.

Thrown upon their own resources, the Indians soon returned to a state of semisavagery. One neophyte, named Yoscolo, turned renegade and with a large throng of followers raised havoc over the entire district. When driven into the mountains by General Vallejo, Yoscolo reassembled his forces and returned for further raids. Finally Juan Prado Mesa attacked his hideout near the present Los Gatos in the Santa Cruz Mountains and succeeded in capturing the doughty rebel. Returning to Santa Clara with his head as a ghastly trophy, the victors mounted it before the mission as an admonition against future rebellions. Later in the same year of 1839, however, Mesa was less fortunate in an expedition against cattle thieves, who had escaped to the region of the Stanislaus River. There he was surprised by an ambush; three of his men were killed and a number wounded. Alarmed by the pagan boldness, the settlers formed a patrol to protect the scattered ranches.

The populous district never lost its prominence in the affairs of the province. Santa Clara, San Francisco, and San José, after all, ranked among the first four missions in number of total conversions. For a number of years the Santa Clara priests had charge of the whole northern region and even kept the registers of Mission Dolores until 1846. It was also the center of the political activities of Alvarado and the

Castros. After consolidating the divergent northern parties for a time at least, the convivial Governor Alvarado turned attention to more agreeable personal matters by announcing his forthcoming wedding at Santa Clara. Forsaking the mother of his natural children at Monterey, he prepared for the great social event which would provide him with a legal wife in the person of Doña Martina, daughter of Francisco Castro. The groom's uncle, Mariano Vallejo, came down from Sonoma for the gala affair of 1839. But the groom failed to appear. Some said he had imbibed too freely, others that his Monterey consort refused to release him. So a private ceremony was conducted by Father Rubio, the governor being represented by José Antonio Estrada, brother of the mission's administrator. Undampened by his absence, the festive wedding party spent eight merry-making days at hospitable ranches en route to Monterey and the welcoming Alvarado.

Nor had the mission heard the last of that enterprising politician, who remained a prominent figure during the province's efforts at home rule. In the midst of the turmoil, the fiery Father Mercado made the frequent mistake of airing his opinions against the upstart Californians. At last in October of 1844, Alvarado ordered his military henchman, José Castro, to seize the noisy Zacatecan and send him back to Mexico. Mercado indeed had had a checkered career. On charges preferred by Vallejo, he had been suspended for six months at Santa Clara from his first assignment at San Rafael. At San Antonio during the squabbling over secularization adjustments, Mercado gave the governor no end of annoyance with his bitter accusations and complaints. Again in 1843, when Micheltorena restored mission control to the Franciscans, the padre had injudiciously made a great fuss because he could not recover all the property. Herds of his

stock had been loaned to settlers, who refused to return them, he cried. Alvarado's uncle, Vallejo, alone took 4,000 sheep in return for services to the government. Mercado met his polemic peer when he tried to collect the tithe from Vallejo by reminding him that "he ought to show himself grateful for the spiritual benefits received; that being a leader in society, he ought by his example to guide others rather than to mislead them." The rancher responded with charges that the padre was himself "a drinker, a profligate and a moral leper." Not content with that thrust, he then used his influence to have the tormentor put under arrest for subversive political activities and sent back to Mexico.

When Father José Real took Mercado's place, only 130 neophytes were left. The padre tried vainly to support his charges and to meet the requisitions levied by the authorities upon the impoverished station. Within two years he asked permission to rent or sell enough property to discharge the debts and maintain himself. On June 30, 1846, he was informed that the orchards had been sold by Governor Pico to Juan Casteñada, Luís Areñas, and Benito Díaz for \$1,200. Later the United States courts decided that the deed was fraudulent, and in 1864 the property was returned to church ownership. Meanwhile Father Real supported himself on the rents collected from American immigrants who were pouring in from the East. But collections were bad and in June, 1847, Governor Mason ordered all persons occupying the buildings without Real's permission to vacate at once. An agreement permitted their remaining long enough to harvest the crops, and some stayed on as renters. And the jovial padre found consolation for his troubles in the exciting pleasures beloved by all early Californians. Noted for his horsemanship, he not only staged bull fights in his mission plaza, but often entered the field of combat himself. With

regret Santa Clara's last Franciscan left his festive station on March 21, 1851, and returned to his Mexican College.

For significant plans were being laid. With American occupation came promise of stability and the need for English-speaking priests. So Bishop Alemany ceded the mission to the Jesuits on condition that they establish a college. The bishop was fortunate in having at hand a learned and energetic man eager to launch the precarious venture. The Rev. John Nobili took over the task for which he already had laid the groundwork. Clearing the buildings of settlers, he accommodated his first few students as well as his meager funds would allow. As enrollment grew, the plant was enlarged and altered to meet the new requirements. In 1862, the old mission church was renovated without changing the nave. By removing the crumbling belfry and erecting a tower on either side, the façade was entirely rebuilt. In 1885, the whole church had to be done over. Tearing down the five-foot adobe walls caused unavoidable damage to the elaborate murals. But frescos on wood or canvas were removed to the new church and the others copied as nearly as possible. All the old furnishings were preserved and the original octagonal pulpit restored upon a pedestal as a relic of mission days. Another historical preservation was the building of the new altar rail out of the old church beams, made of redwood from the Santa Cruz Mountains.

After the turn of the century fires beset the place. Following losses of valued mementos in 1909 and 1913, a disastrous conflagration on October 25, 1926, destroyed the church, together with other college buildings. The right bell tower collapsed, cracking one of the original bells presented in 1799 by King Carlos IV. The other old bell, made in 1798, survived without damage; and the third, cast in San Francisco, was melted by the heat. The cracked one was sent to

San Francisco for recasting, and King Alfonso of Spain replaced the loss with a new bell cast at the royal foundry. The regal gift was hung on October 12, 1929, as part of the dedication ceremonies of the rebuilt church. But little remains of the original buildings. The present Adobe Lodge, with its three-foot adobe walls, was part of the old cloister. The only complete mission structure is an adobe storeroom in the rear of the grounds.

Although the present church is patterned after the original, the mission atmosphere has been absorbed by the modern college. Only the brilliant colorings and ornate designs suggest the elaborateness of the old church nave. And some mission relics survive. A redwood cross, said to be the one raised on the first site in 1777, is preserved in front of the church. The library of the College prizes an oil painting of the mission as it appeared in 1849 and another of Father Catalá's "Beautiful Way," three gnarled old willows of which are still alive. The mission registers and the old keys are kept in the museum, near the salvaged cornerstone of the second church. There is also a daguerreotype picture of old Marcelo. A wooden paschal candlestick, almost six feet high, is elaborately carved and heavily gilded. Two old sanctuary chairs are especially interesting. Their crudely scalloped ornamentation and solid workmanship stamp them as products of Indian handicraft. Much more unique is the ancient choral which James calls "the best bound book in the State." Its 139 pages of black and red handwriting are encased in boards covered with thick vellum, heavily embossed with bronze. The cumbersome keepsake brings to mind the fact that much of mankind's learning survived the Dark Ages only through the care of cloistered churchmen. Although demands upon a religious in the missionary field were more strenuous than upon an anchorite, a few Franciscans were

men of contemplation as well as vigorous action. The bustling Serra certainly filled both roles. But Father Magín Catalá leaned to the side of meditation. And near his tomb in the church stands the crucifix before which he prayed for hour after hour until miracles confirmed his holiness. The mission among the pagan Indians indeed was fortunate in having as his companion the relentless, hard-hitting Viader.

XXIV

MISSION SAN JOSE DE GUADALUPE

THE sole Franciscan purpose in the Spanish conquest was conversion of the pagans. If the padres intentionally permitted the Crown to use their marvelous mission system for the worldly purpose of widening Spanish borders, at least they doggedly pursued their own Christianizing efforts without serious digression. The success of this mere handful of apostles in gathering into the net most of the heathen within their reach was nothing short of miraculous. Yet even they had to admit that without the protection of the military guard, small as it was, the venture must have failed. Thus they succeeded in binding together the scattered colonies of the settled coastal regions. Only once did they penetrate the interior without first subduing the hostile Indians. Although only an opening wedge fifteen miles off *El Camino Real*, an exciting career was in store for the station named in honor of Saint Joseph, foster-father of our Lord and patron of the temporalities of all loyal establishments.

The wild district northeast of Santa Clara was not unknown to the Spanish conquerors. The efforts of the first five years to get around the great Bay had taken Ortega, Crespi, Fages, Anza, and Font through the pagan but inviting region overlooking its southern end. Then the selection

of a site for the San Francisco settlement put an end to the investigations. Two decades passed before consolidation of the coast regions was sufficiently advanced to permit renewed interior marches. For several years Lasuén had to caution the San Francisco padres against seeking runaway neophytes on the eastern shore unless accompanied by an ample guard. Then Governor Borica's arrival in 1794 inaugurated the harmonious period for which the Father-President had been waiting. Pending authorization for additional missions, Lasuén and Borica were agreed that the troublesome district must receive attention at once. Father Dantí from San Francisco had already erected a cross on a suitable site he had called San Francisco Solano.

Early in 1797, Lasuén's opportunity came. Five long years after establishing Soledad, permission was received for the five new settlements, which he personally founded within twelve months. The first was in the rolling fertile foothills at the lower end of the Bay. With a small guard under Sergeant Pedro Amador, the eager Franciscan left Santa Clara for the lovely district known to the natives as Oroysom. There on June 11, 1797, he raised the cross and conducted the usual founding rites for the fourteenth mission. Dedicated to San José de Guadalupe, the new station was fifteen miles north of the *pueblo* of the same name, which twenty years before marked the beginning of the present city of San Jose. Without spending the night, the little founding party returned to Santa Clara. Cautioning the new missionaries on the unusual perils of their assignment, the busy Lasuén went south to establish San Juan Bautista, his second founding that month. On June 16, Sergeant Amador went back to San José with Fathers Merino and Barcenilla to start the buildings. Soon the wooden chapel and first rude shelters with tule roofs were ready for occupancy. Water was brought to the site by a ditch from the near-by stream.

The neighboring missions made the customary contributions of livestock and implements.

The hazards of the bold undertaking were immediately apparent. Although pagans were numerous, not a one was converted in the first two months and only 33 by the end of the year. Since most of these were infants, the padres had little help with construction. The most discomfoting feature of the situation was the determined character of the rebellious Sacalanes, who dominated the region to the north and the east. For several years their forays went unpunished because of shortage of troops. Finally Amador proposed an expedition to capture San Francisco neophytes who had found refuge with the hostile tribe. Just a month after the founding, Amador arrived from the north with twenty troops on his way into the interior. Within three days the grizzled veteran, who had come to the province in 1769, was back at the mission with eighty-three Christian Indians and nine pagans. Stunned by the sudden display of Spanish firearms, the submissive captives were led home and sentenced to hard labor at the San Francisco presidio. This rude beginning was not reassuring to the exposed little colony at San José.

But the Indian troubles had just started. In 1805 Father de la Cuéva, attended by three soldiers and several converts, went out to call on some sick neophytes at a rancheria some miles to the east. The little party was set upon by the pagans, who killed four of the men and all of the horses. Although the few survivors were wounded, they managed to get back to the mission. When news of the disaster reached San Francisco, Sergeant Peralta was sent down to teach the rebels a lesson. With a force of thirty-four soldiers and San Jose settlers he killed eleven of the rebels and captured thirty, mostly women. In a subsequent raid Peralta found the pagans submissive and eager to disclaim any part in the

recent uprising. Twice in 1810 the indefatigable Gabriel Moraga passed through with Father Viader of Santa Clara on their way to the San Joaquin country in search of run-aways and new mission sites. So determined were the padres to find a suitable location for another interior mission that Father Fortuni went up to San Francisco to join an exploring march in the following year. After two weeks his party returned without success. In 1813 another expedition left San Francisco under Sergeant Francisco Soto, who enjoyed the distinction of having been the first Spanish child born at that mission. At San José he was joined by a hundred neophytes and he led his army into battle against a thousand pagans in the San Joaquin Valley. By killing many, Soto won a victory at the cost of only one neophyte. There were few dull weeks at Mission San José.

Despite the difficulties, the station had made some progress. Nine years after its founding, it was honored with a visit from the German, Dr. Georg von Langsdorff. While his companion, Rezánoff, was engaged in turning the head of fifteen-year-old Concepción Argüello, the inquisitive naturalist enjoyed a six-weeks sojourn among the neighboring settlements. In April, 1806, he went down the Bay in his bearskin skiff for a visit at the mission so beautifully located among the fertile meadows overlooking the southern end. Though Father de la Cuéva was anxiously awaiting the return of Peralta's punitive march, he hospitably arranged an Indian dance for the visitor's amusement. Langsdorff reported that the young mission with its admirably-chosen site "will in a few years be the richest and best in New California." Watered by a little stream flowing through the garden, the fertile soil was already producing excellent fruit, and especially the grape vines were hardy. The buildings were mostly of adobe, and a new church was being built. Three years later the church was finished and

blessed on April 23, 1809, by Father-President Estévan Tapis. On the next day the noted Indian linguist, Father de la Cuesta from San Juan Bautista, said mass before a large assemblage.

Ability to attract the pagans from the distant Sacramento and San Joaquin valleys was a tribute to the personnel responsible for San José's success. It was apparent from the beginning that only a fearless and hardy Indian fighter could cope with the hostile savages. Sergeant Luís Peralta was just the man for the task. His fifteen years of efficient defense of Spanish supremacy were rewarded in 1820 by one of the most famous grants of land in the entire State. Although popularly known as "Spanish land grants," by far the most of the six-hundred such subsidies were conferred during the Mexican era. A century later Peralta's ranch of eleven square leagues was occupied by the cities of Berkeley, Oakland, and Alameda and the campus of the University of California.

With no such substantial compensations, two other men, whose kingdom was not of this world, gave their best years to the dangerous station. In 1806 Fathers Buenaventura Fortuni and Narciso Durán came to San José. As a dutiful religious in charge of the station, Fortuni zealously carried out every order to the letter, without scruple, without complaint. It made no difference whether his simple charges needed instruction in the catechism or he had to don his deerskin mantle for a punitive march after rebels. He joined his sweating neophytes in laying adobe bricks for the new church, then humbly stood aside while the fluent de la Cuesta preached the first mass in the finished structure. As his superior, Sarría, remarked, Father Fortuni always minded his own business; "he does not at all meddle with that which is not under his inspection." After twenty years almost to the day at San José, without a murmur he moved in Sep-

tember, 1826, to the distant outpost recently opened at Sonoma. Then his assistant, Father Durán, was given charge.

Narciso Durán had just become president of the Fernandino Franciscans and he held that office most of the time for the rest of his life. As a high-minded religious and an able administrator, he was called upon to manage affairs during the hectic era of secularization. Although ranking with Serra and Lasuén in ability, he had the misfortune of being in power during the era of mission decline. It was he who had to yield the northern stations to the Zacatecans, reassemble his retiring Fernandinos around Santa Barbara, and prepare the way for the imminent American conquest. Under his guardianship San José reached its highest population of 1,886 in 1831. On his visit Robinson found Durán a benevolent old man, adored as a padre and revered as a friend by his charges. The American trader was especially pleased with his hospitable reception and entertainment featured by the Indian orchestra trained by Durán. Like San Juan Bautista, San José became famous for its music, and after secularization we find the padre heartbroken over the loss of the musicians "whom it has cost me twelve years of labor to teach." The Indians used to trudge for miles to listen to Durán's band.

Yet Indian fights never ceased. In 1826 a punitive march had to be made against the rebellious Cosumnes. One of their rancherias was wiped out, forty Indians slain, and many prisoners taken. In the next year Durán was grieved by the apostasy of his favorite alcalde, Estanislao. Wearying of mission routine, that intelligent and energetic Indian fled to the mountains, from where he led his large band of natives on forays against the neighboring ranches. For a time he joined forces with Yoscolo, the Santa Clara renegade, and together they became a terror to the district. Estanislao finally established a fortified camp near the Stanislaus River



MISSION SAN JOSE DE GUADALUPE

in the present Stanislaus County, which owe their names to the notorious rebel. There he inflicted a disastrous defeat upon a small force under Soto. So the rising ensign, Mariano Guadalupe Vallejo, who was laying the foundation for his future prominence in northern affairs, undertook the task of capturing the renegade. On May 29, 1829, the twenty-one-year-old commander led his forces across the San Joaquin on rafts. With shouts of defiance and a shower of arrows, the pagans retreated into a thicket of willows and brush. By firing the wood, Vallejo brought some of the Indians into the clearing, where he shot them down as fast as they appeared. Next morning he drove them from the ambush with his field pieces, but it was two days before he surrounded the stubborn survivors. In the ensuing fight, in which arrows stood little chance against bullets, practically all the Indians were killed. The captives were hung to the trees. Estanislao was taken back to the mission, where Father Durán secured his pardon from the governor. The merciful padre also charged Vallejo with ruthless slaughter, even of the women. But his protests were unheeded. And the political troubles in the conquered areas put an end to further Franciscan efforts to colonize the interior valleys.

The Fernandinos had exhausted themselves. The new Mexican constitution prohibited further immigration from Spain, so the source of recruits was closed. In April, 1833, President Durán ended his twenty-seven years at San José by ceding his station to the newly arrived Zacatecans. When Father José María Rubio took charge, the still flourishing establishment had almost 1,900 neophytes. Like neighboring Santa Clara, it remained prosperous longer than most of the missions, and it was the last to be subjected to the disastrous dissolution inherent in secularization.

On November 29, 1836, Father Rubio was ordered to assume the position of secular priest and to turn over manage-

ment of the temporalities to Administrator José Vallejo, brother of Mariano. During its thirty-nine years the mission had made 6,737 converts to give it the fourth rank among them all. Vallejo's inventory showed the property valued at \$155,000, but decline set in rapidly. San José was assessed \$300 as its annual share of Inspector Hartnell's salary, which was the highest levy on any mission. When Hartnell arrived in 1839, he found the place in bad condition and with a population of only 589. The Vallejo brothers, whose father had come to the province with Rivera in 1774, must have been a barbarous pair. This time we find the Indians complaining bitterly against José's cruel treatment. Not only were they half fed, but so poorly clothed that the women could not show themselves. Investigation convinced the Inspector that clothing and implements had been carried away to Vallejo's private ranch. On his tour in the following year, Hartnell replaced the greedy Vallejo with José Amador as administrator.

The only padre to be buried at the mission was Father Rafael Moreno, who served a short term as Zacatecan President during García Diego's absence in Mexico. Retiring from Santa Clara on account of ill health, he died at San José and was interred in 1839 near the altar by Father Rubio. Although nothing remains of the church today, the grave is now marked with a wooden cross. Three years later Rubio retired from active ministry to become the new bishop's secretary.

Micheltorena's decree of 1843 restored the mission to Franciscan control, but relief had come too late. Buildings had been looted of all the movable equipment, and both Fathers Gutiérrez and Quijas, who took care of the northern missions, reported that there were no longer any field products. Most of the neophytes soon drifted away. Yet Pico was able to reap the large sum of \$12,000 on May 5, 1846, for

its sale to his brother, Andrés, and the former governor, Alvarado. In 1858, the transfer was declared fraudulent and 28.33 acres were restored to church ownership.

For some years the ex-mission was served from the neighboring town of San Jose, or by temporary resident priests. In 1859 Father Julian Federy, a French priest, took charge. He made an effort to modernize the old adobe church by removing the massive buttresses from the walls. Before his work was finished, a severe earthquake on October 21, 1868, completely wrecked the building. With evident relief and total disregard of the historical background, the Frenchman proceeded to erect the present frame church of Norman architecture in keeping with his own individual fancy. Nothing but the wood-covered tile floor of the original church remains.

In this incongruous parish church now hang the three surviving bells. One is inscribed: *S. S. Joseph 1815 Ave Maria Purisima*. A second huge bell, weighing half a ton, bears the inscription, *S. S. Jose Ano de 1826*. It had been secured from the prominent German merchant, Henry E. Virmond, who was an active trader in mission supplies during the Mexican era. The third bell is undated. The church still uses the old baptismal font. About four feet in height, the hammered copper basin surmounted by an iron cross stands on a wooden base. The present pastor, Father John A. Leal, states that all the altar plate in present use dates from mission days. The monstrance is a work of rare beauty; the censer and the incense boat are both of solid silver. If San José's mission treasures are limited in number, at least they are of exceptional merit.

Meanwhile the church found another use for the vacant lands. In 1882 Archbishop Alemany erected a three-storied building to house a seminary. Failing to prosper, it was later moved to Menlo Park. In 1891 the vacant structures were

sold to the Dominican Sisters for an orphanage. The rebuilt and attractive convent now possesses several of the old mission paintings. Down the slope toward the old monastery runs a beautiful *alameda* lined with the ancient olive trees. Set out by the padres a century ago, they still bear fruit for the use of the Sisters. The mission grapevines became so diseased that they had to be taken up in 1899.

The only surviving mission building is part of the monastery, which borders on the street. After the turn of the present century sentiment for mission preservation reached the northern part of the State, and eventually San José. In 1916 the monastery rooms were transferred by the Dominican Sisters to the parish in return for a piece of land next to the cemetery. In the following year the Native Sons spent \$7,500 to preserve the historic remains. Over the original adobe walls they erected a modern roof, supported on new foundations independent of the weakened walls. The plain front corridor, which never had arches, was given a new tile floor, on the outer edge of which can still be seen the remnants of the old stone foundation. The original roof of the porch remains, with its willows fastened with rawhide to the roughly hewn log rafters. Before the earthquake of 1868, the corridor and monastery were connected with the church, upon the foundation of which the present chapel was built.

Only eight rooms are left. Opening on the driveway is one used by the Sisters for a Sunday School. Next is the old *sala*, the largest and most pretentious room. Opening off the porch is a chapel containing the highly prized figure of the *Ecce Homo*, one of the most wonderful statues in all the missions. About three feet in height, the figure certainly ranks with the Saint John at San Juan Bautista. Only the face, hands, and feet are carved; a tattered red robe covers the unformed body. A purple silken drape hangs from the

back of the shoulders to the hem of the cotton robe. A knotted white silk girdle of Saint Francis holds the gown against the body and, like the bonds of Christ, binds the hands crossed in front. Despite the use of crude pigments roughly stroked on the wood to create the flesh tints, the pathetic quality of the face is superb. The tenderness as well as the agony usually portrayed on canvas are effectively produced on this remarkable sculpturing. The teeth showing between the parted lips are as real as life itself. On the head rests a realistic crown of thorns. Instead of having the usual delicate, tapering fingers, the perfectly formed hands are short and stubby like those of a manual laborer. The mission's life-sized statue of San Buenaventura is more ordinary in quality. The wooden figure with a carved robe has a cape of stiffened deerskin hanging from the shoulders. The museum also has vestments, its original crucifix, processional cross, and altar plate.

An interesting relic of mission days is the rude movable wooden belfry, with the little bells fastened to the circumference of a wheel. One of the bells is missing. This instrument called the faithful on occasions when church formality forbade the use of the large bells, which are said to have "gone to Rome." From San José, too, the registers are gone, not to Rome, but to San Francisco in the Archbishop's care.

XXV

MISSION SAN FRANCISCO DE ASIS

THE fates seem to have concealed the great Bay especially for the Spaniards. For three centuries navigators sailed up and down the Californian shores until the coastline was fairly well known. Yet not a one had laid eyes on its only first-rank natural harbor. Indeed Sir Francis Drake, that great English scourge to Spanish trade in the New World, came closest to the discovery when he stopped at the Farallone Islands in 1579. Having established the first "Nova Albion" in North America six years before Sir Walter Raleigh's Roanoke settlement, Drake set out for England to lay his plans for an English Empire to rival that of Spain. Doubtless Queen Elizabeth would have pushed his claim, if he had had the good fortune to penetrate the Golden Gate. But the winding character of the port, its narrow entrance obscured by Angel Island directly in its line, and the customary fogs succeeded in hiding the Bay until the Spaniards were ready. Even then Providence had to show them the way. Failing to recognize Monterey, Portolá's pathfinders continued northward until their march was cut off by a "great arm of the sea." There on November 1, 1769, the first white men looked across the Golden Gate.

Its name was equally elusive. Sixteen years after Drake

sailed away from the "convenient and fit harbor" now known as Drake's Bay, Cermenho steered in and called it the Bahia de San Francisco. For the next two centuries this "Bay of San Francisco" remained a landmark in Spanish plans. During their conference preceding the Portolá march, Serra and Gálvez went over the plans for the three authorized settlements.

"Is there to be no mission for our father, San Francisco?" asked Serra.

"If San Francisco wants a mission, let him cause his port to be discovered, and it will be placed there," answered the Inspector. But when Ortega actually found the port, the name already belonged to the harbor behind Port Reyes a few miles farther north. The Spaniards made repeated efforts to get around the "great arm" to the bay they could see in the distance. When they found they could not go to San Francisco, as Bancroft observes, they decided that San Francisco must come to them. So the magnificent harbor was finally named after the founder of Serra's Order.

Then the Spanish purpose became clearly defined. In the words of Serra when first he looked across the Golden Gate: "Our Holy Father San Francisco has reached the extreme end of the continent of California; to pass on, a ship will be needed." Having no ship, he could go no farther. The mission chain had reached its northern limit. The conquered area between San Diego and San Francisco must be consolidated. Bucareli even projected a future northward thrust, but that ambitious venture must wait. With the single exception of Rivera, all authorities agreed that the northern port must immediately be settled and fortified. Stirred by the governor's continued postponements, Serra went to the capital to convince Bucareli of the vital importance of the project.

So things began to happen. Rivera bestirred himself to

make a trip up the peninsula in November of 1774, and Palóu went along as diarist. But winter rains prevented any real attempt at settlement. Then Captain Ayala took the first vessel through the Golden Gate on August 2, 1775. He spent forty days on the *San Carlos*, examining both arms of the immense harbor and reported that it was not merely one port, but many with a single entrance. On the feast of Our Lady of the Angels he landed on an island, which he named Nuestra Señora de los Angeles, or Angel Island. The Spaniards were now certain that the port was the best anywhere under the Spanish flag. But to keep the emblem there, the harbor must be fortified.

At this point the intrepid commander of Tubac came forward with the assurance that he could supply the new port with a colony of permanent settlers. He offered to conduct a company of soldiers and their families over the trail he had opened in that historic march from Sonora in 1774. There followed that even more remarkable expedition which brought 235 settlers with about 500 horses and cattle into Monterey on March 10, 1776. Anza then took diarist Font and a few soldiers up the peninsula and selected the sites for the San Francisco presidio and mission. But without the governor's co-operation, he had to return to Mexico without actually founding those establishments.

The climax of Anza's great work fell to the lot of his capable lieutenant, who remained behind at Monterey. Accompanied by Fathers Palóu and Cambón, Moraga led the Sonora colonists up to the little creek which Font had called the Arroyo de los Dolores. There on June 29, 1775, just five days before the first "Fourth of July" in United States history, Father Palóu celebrated the first mass in a little arbor. The ceremonies marked the founding day for Serra's sixth mission. After waiting a month for the *San Carlos* to bring up the heavy equipment from Monterey, Moraga took the

colonists across to the place near the White Cliff, which Anza had selected for the presidio. On July 28, Palóu conducted the first mass in a temporary tule chapel. The solemn function of taking possession of the port in the name of King Carlos III was formally celebrated in the chapel on September 17, the feast of the Impression of the Wounds of Saint Francis. Permanent occupation of the Bay was now assured.

As soon as the main body had moved to the presidio site, Palóu and Cambón began cutting timber for construction of shelters and a church. Only six soldiers with their families had been left behind to protect the mission colony. But sailors from the *San Carlos* came over to help, and the ship's captain brought all the settlers, troops, and sailors for the rites conducted by Palóu, Cambón, Nocedal, and de la Peña. At the head of the gala procession was borne on a litter the image of the patron saint, which was installed on the altar. In the absence of music, the function was accompanied by salvos from the muskets and the ship's cannon, and discharge of rockets and fireworks. And Palóu relates that "only the heathen did not enjoy themselves on this happy day."

At first the Indians were friendly, though a wretched lot, according to Palóu. The men wore no more clothes than nature gave them and the women only scant tule aprons. As protection against the cold of night and early morning, the men daubed their bodies with mud, which they washed off as soon as the sun came out. Only flimsy brush huts sheltered them from the chilly winds and continual fogs. Although curiosity and gifts of beads attracted a few as visitors, almost a year passed before a single convert accepted the yoke of the new religion. Indeed the first baptism was of Francisco Soto, the first white child born in San Francisco and son of one of the guards. On August 12, a hostile tribe from the San Mateo district destroyed the largest

neighboring village and drove its occupants across the Bay. Assured of protection by the mission soldiers, they gradually came back, especially to hunt ducks on the mission lagoon. In time they became such a nuisance with their thievery that several had to be flogged. When their companions tried to rescue them, reinforcements from the presidio succeeded in arresting the leaders and quieting the uprising. Thus the first months at the mission were fruitless and it was June 24, 1777, when Palóu made the first three conversions. By the end of that year thirty-five Indians were gathered in, and visits of natives from across the Bay gave promise of steady growth. Yet fifteen years passed before Father Cambón entered baptism No. 931 in the register now kept in the vaults of the Archdiocese. On February 26, 1791, he baptized the infant daughter of Comandante José Argüello, María Concepción, who was destined to become the most cherished figure in California's romantic history. That notable entry seemed to bring fortune to the fathers, for in the next four years they added more than eight hundred to the population.

Settlement of the wonderful harbor as the northern terminus of Spanish conquest gave San Francisco an importance unequaled by any station. As headquarters for the northern colonies, its presidio was responsible for the safety of the most exposed and distant outposts. During the early crucial years when the success of the whole project hinged upon a scant number of white men, it was vital that the leaders in the field be dependable, resourceful men. San Francisco was especially fortunate in this respect, once it had thrown off the handicap of Rivera's incompetence. Its military founder was the great Tubac captain. As Anza's successors came the Moragas, Peraltas, Argüellos, and Vallejos. The community could boast of having the greatest Indian fighters

and soldiers in the province. And despite the church's enmity because he refused to tithe his income, Mariano Guadalupe Vallejo may be credited with giving the north bay district a more businesslike management than enjoyed by any other section.

The mission, too, was fortunate, for Serra assigned his closest friend as founder and first guardian. Francisco Palóu was a man of proven ability. Following Serra's departure for the north in 1769, he had supervised the Lower California stations for four difficult years. Most of that time he served alone at Mission San Francisco Javier. Then he ceded the peninsula establishments to the Dominicans and proceeded to San Carlos to rejoin his fellow Franciscans. During Serra's absence in Mexico he served as temporary president. From San Carlos he accompanied the two exploratory trips and Moraga's successful expedition which founded the mission in 1776. Since it pleased God to bestow the special blessing of coming to this heathen land, he asked only for "the grace to let me labor in this vineyard during the days He grants me life." During his nine years as guardian, it fell to his sad lot to bury his companion and Superior Serra, and his last burial was of his fellow founder and friend, Comandante José Moraga.

As administrator of Mission Dolores, which became the popular name for his station on the Laguna de los Dolores, Palóu formed the plans for the church which survives today. On April 25, 1782, he laid the first stone with solemn rites witnessed by his assistant, Father Santa María, by Father Murguía of Santa Clara, the mission guard, and presidio troops. The proceedings were sponsored by Comandante Moraga, attended by his son, Gabriel, by Ensign de la Vega, and Surgeon José Davilá. Into the cornerstone Palóu placed an image of the mission's patron, some relics of the bones of

Saint Pius and other martyrs, medals of several saints and a collection of Spanish coins. The first three years of construction were under his personal care.

But Palóu's most lasting service to the missions and to California was his compilation of the early history of the province. Amidst his manifold duties, the able writer took time to copy verbatim many reports, letters, and diaries, which he joined together with comments of his own. His primary purpose was to provide first-hand information for the San Fernando College. Covering every detail of California history from 1767 to 1783, they were eventually copied into the Mexican archives and finally printed in 1857. An English translation of the famous *Noticias de la Antigua y Nueva California*, published in 1874 by John T. Doyle of San Francisco, provided historians with the only historical work written by a California resident before the American era. Exhausted by his quarter-century of arduous labors as an explorer, minister, farmer, administrator, and diarist, the weary padre asked to retire from the missionary field.

But circumstances created a new need, to which he dutifully responded. Serra's dying wish was that his companion prepare a record of Franciscan accomplishments in the distant field for the benefit of their Order back in Spain. So Palóu not only took over the duties of temporary president, but set to work on his second and better-known book, the *Vida del Padre Junípero Serra*. With the help of his notes he compiled the biography which naturally portrayed his lifelong friend in the most favorable light. Published in Mexico City only three years after Serra's death, the widely read volume gave rise to his hero's legendary fame which has persisted ever since. On Lasuén's appointment to the presidency Palóu at last was free to return to the capital with his massive manuscripts. In July of 1785, he reached San Carlos. In the following February he was back at the Mexi-

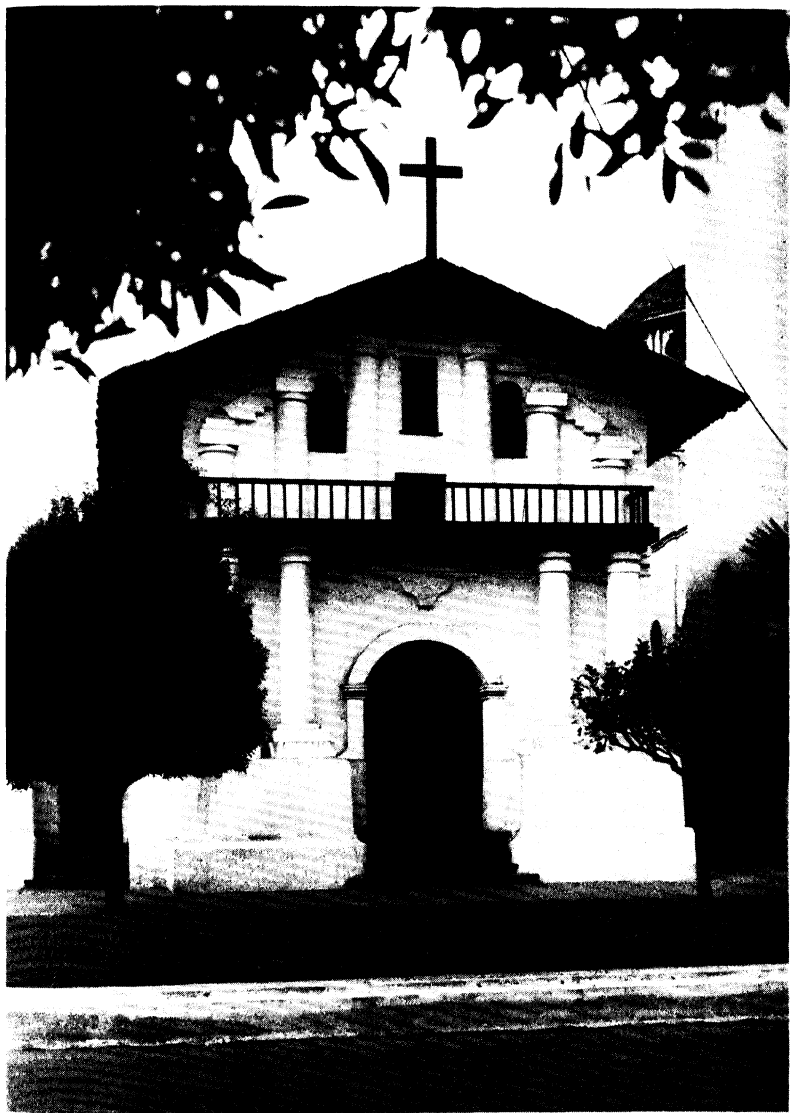
can headquarters. There he was soon made Guardian of his College and held the office until his death three years later. But already he had seen in print the well-written biography, on which rests his fame, and much of Serra's. Back at Dolores, however, the church he had started had to be finished by other hands.

To Father Cambón fell that task. Although plagued by repeated attacks of ill-health, Pedro Benito Cambón returned from each enforced retirement with such zeal that we find him assisting at the founding ceremonies of three missions and one presidio. And he finished Palóu's church. After nine years of labor the new chapel was formally dedicated on April 3, 1791. A few days later Cambón transferred to the new edifice the remains of the presidio's founder, Comandante Moraga, whom Palóu had buried six years before. Within a few months the exhausted Cambón departed to permanent retirement from the missionary scene.

Settlement of the northern port attracted the foreign vessels which gave Spanish Californians their only communication with the outside world. The first foreigner of note to put in at San Francisco was the English traveler, George Vancouver, whose *Discovery* spent two weeks in the Bay in 1792. Comandante Sal gave the visitor a cordial welcome and even permitted him to go down the Bay to Santa Clara. Nor would he take any pay for the supplies he liberally provided. When Governor Arrillaga heard of the friendly reception, he reprimanded the commander for allowing a foreigner, especially an Englishman, to observe the scantiness of local defenses. He ordered that in future such strangers might stop for provisions but nothing else. So on his second and third visits Vancouver met with a cooler reception. But the observant Englishman had seen enough to convince him that the easy-going Spaniards had taken little advantage of the country's remarkable natural fea-

tures. Though personally a delightful and friendly people, they had put up practically no defenses, nor developed any industry or commerce. As for the Indians, he considered them the most miserable race he ever had seen. Despite the patient encouragement of the benevolent padres, the ugly savages were cluttered together in overcrowded thatched huts "abominably infested with every kind of filth and nastiness." To correct at least one glaring weakness, the Spaniards hastily put up a new fort near the entrance to the Bay. It was blessed on December 8, 1794, but even the Castillo de San Joaquin proved a dismal failure. Every time a cannon was fired, the shock crumbled the adobe walls. So in 1797 the Spanish engineer, Alberto Córdoba, erected another battery at the rough and sandy cove known as "Yerba Buena." The name of "Good Herb" came from the little aromatic vine which abounded there.

To the new landing place, which became the cradle of the future city of San Francisco, came the most famous foreign visitor of the Spanish period. Though Nikolai Petrovitch Rezánof's sojourn was prompted by a worldly purpose, it is known to Californians for its romantic significance. The Russian advance across Siberia culminated in the founding in 1799 of its distant settlement at Sitka. Though furs were plentiful, food was scarce and Rezánof was finally charged with finding relief for the hunger-stricken outpost. In search of supplies and undeterred by his knowledge of the Spanish law against foreign trade, he sailed into San Francisco harbor on April 5, 1806. At the same time he hoped he could avoid betraying the real weakness of the Russian colony. Fortunately he and his officers were well received by Commander Argüello and Father Uría of the mission. During the pleasant interchanges carried on in Latin by Uría and Rezánof's companion, Georg Heinrich von Langsdorff, the subject of food was at first carefully avoided. The wily diplomat then



MISSION SAN FRANCISCO DE ASIS
(Dolores)

made gifts where he thought they might do the most good. In return the padres offered to barter supplies, if they could be used, but only with the governor's permission. Hearing of the proceedings, Arrillaga himself came up from Monterey. Since he and Rezánof both spoke French, there ensued a lively battle of wits, in which the wide-awake governor discovered the real object of the visit. Though he sympathized with the Russian predicament, he confessed that his conscience forbade violation of his rigid orders. Rezánof's mission seemed on the point of failure.

At this delicate juncture, romance entered to tip the beam. Among the thirteen children of Comandante Argüello the Russian caught sight of the lovely daughter, María de la Concepción. And a second glance at the bright eyes of the fifteen-year-old señorita made him almost forget his urgent purpose. Doubtless the middle-aged widower was sincerely infatuated with the bewitching creature, and certainly the innocent "Concha" was enthralled by his stories about the magnificent court of Saint Petersburg. Then it dawned upon the envoy that perhaps he might at one stroke find a pleasant personal future and also save the poor Sitka colonists. So as he himself recounts:

Finally I imperceptibly created in her an impatience to hear something serious from me on the subject, which caused me to ask for her hand, to which she consented.

In a short time even the parents and the friars agreed to the marriage, if permission for the unusual alliance could be obtained from the pope. With the betrothal came Rezánof's virtual mastery of his future father-in-law's influence over the governor. Within a week the clever Russian was aboard his vessel laden with supplies en route to Sitka.

The heart of the romance is in the aftermath. After saving

his scurvy-stricken countrymen, Rezánof set out across Siberia for his imperial capital. But he was stricken with malarial fever, which proved fatal at Krasnozarsk on March 1, 1807. Unmindful of his fate, the faithful Concepción meanwhile patiently awaited her lover's return. Year followed year and still no word. The loyal Concha devoted herself to her aging parents and turned a deaf ear to all her many suitors. When her father became Santa Barbara's presidial commander, she accompanied her parents there. For several years she lived with them on the dreary peninsula of Baja California, where her father had become governor. Only after both parents had died at Guadalajara did she return in 1829 to live with the de la Guerra family in the pleasant environment of Santa Barbara. There she devoted herself to public charities. It was 1842, thirty-six years after bidding her lover farewell, when she learned from Sir George Simpson of the Hudson's Bay Company that he had died in the frozen north. Her lifelong wait had been in vain. In 1851 at Monterey she took the white habit of Saint Dominic and with it the name of María Dominica. At last in 1857 poor María de la Concepción Argüello herself passed away at the convent of Saint Catherine in Benicia. For Californians, however, she still lives on, a venerated symbol of faithfulness, filial devotion, and Christian charity.

With all its memories, so well preserved by Gertrude Atherton and Bret Harte, the Rezánof episode occupied little more than six weeks. And during those tense days at the presidio, the mission was having a visitation of its own. An epidemic of measles hit the little settlement. Within two months Father Abella buried 236 neophytes, and it took five years for the fathers to overcome that disastrous set-back. Though they had labored in that vineyard for thirty years, less than a thousand belonged to their mission. No station had had so much trouble with fugitives. Many of the con-

verts belonged to tribes across the Bay. When the call of the wild induced bands of the young men to cross to freer shores, the padres often sent older neophytes to induce them to return. Occasionally the deserters showed such a preference for liberty that a battle would ensue. Back in 1795, too, Father Dantí enforced the Christian yoke so rigorously that over 280 converts ran away. Only the assurances of his companion, Father Landaéta, persuaded them to return. But in the next year the third missionary, José Fernández, presented the governor with accusations that the real cause of Indian defection was the cruelty of both the other padres. So Lasuén had to step in and re-establish accord in his own household. He did a good job by sending the unbalanced and useless Fernández, together with violently demented Antonio Horra of San Miguel, back to the Mexican College. Still desertions continued from Dolores. In 1797 a trusty neophyte, Raimundo, with thirty companions crossed the Bay on tule rafts in an unsuccessful effort to bring back some renegades. At first Governor Borica hesitated to use force in a situation doubtless created by Dantí's severity. But he finally deemed it advisable to convince the Indians that no aggravation justified a contempt for Spanish arms. Sergeant Amador with twenty soldiers went around the Bay through San José and, after two pitched battles against the Sacalanes and Cuchillones, brought eighty renegades back to their Dolores villages.

Clearly the growing friction must be checked more vigorously. Yet the revolution in Mexico placed the province on its own resources and prevented extension of the mission-presidio system which was effective at the beginning. Although the authorities continued to search for new mission sites, most of the expeditions concentrated on the recovery of runaway Indians and stolen stock. In 1810, Ensign Moraga crossed Carquinez Strait with seventeen men to

punish a pagan tribe for killing some mission Indians. In a battle against one hundred and twenty pagans, Moraga captured eighteen but let them go "because all were sure to die of their wounds." When the others took refuge in three huts, all in two were slain and those in the third burned to death when they refused to surrender. For this brilliant exploit, Moraga was made a brevet lieutenant. Later that year other successful marches added to his local renown. In 1811 Sergeant Sánchez with Father Abella and Father Fortuni of San José conducted the first expedition by water a little way up the Sacramento River. After a two-week trip the party returned to San Francisco without finding any suitable mission sites. Six years later another boat expedition under Luís Argüello with Fathers Abella and Durán explored even farther up that stream.

Then other troubles forced the padres into a radical move. No mission in the province took so long to hit its stride; several factors combined to prevent its growth. In the first place, the narrow peninsula offered no opportunity for agricultural security. As Vancouver had observed, the mission gardens were "lying waste and overrun with weeds." Although the fathers had chosen the most promising location, the sterile sand hills supported nothing but coarse shrubs, and stunted pines, oaks, chaparral, and hollies. Certainly the district was no San Gabriel. The climate, moreover, was windy, cold, foggy, and rainy. Only the need to retain possession of the vital harbor prevented abandonment as early as 1787. Worse yet were the frequent epidemics which swept through the native population. After 1812, the deaths exceeded the births at sixteen of the nineteen missions and Dolores suffered most of all. Father Abella attributed its extremely high mortality to the prevalence of *mal galico*. Weakened by venereal diseases, the natives had no resistance against San Francisco's inclement weather. At length Gov-

ernor Solá suggested a move which definitely placed a final check on the expansion of Dolores. He proposed a transfer of a portion of the neophytes across the Bay. When Father Gil of Purísima Concepción, who had some medical knowledge, offered to accompany the group, Sarría agreed to the unique experiment. On December 14, 1817, an *asistencia* with chapel, baptistry, and cemetery was founded under the patronage of Saint Rafael at a site recommended by Gabriel Moraga. Since it was intended only as a branch, its neophytes at first were included in the rolls of Dolores. In 1821 the mission reached its highest population of 1,801, but 695 of these belonged to San Rafael. After 1823, the latter had its own records and assumed the status of an independent mission.

That loss of population was just the beginning. Only the women, children, and aged remained around the mission. Many returned to their native villages or preferred the more agreeable surroundings of San José. There was such a scarcity of sound males that the fathers had to assign some of the manual tasks to their women charges. Then Father José Altimira, a newcomer to the field, again proposed abandonment of both Dolores and San Rafael, and removal farther north. Without consulting his church superior, he drew up a plan which won the approval of the governor and legislature. With a guard under Sánchez and one of the legislators, Francisco Castro, he crossed to San Rafael, then reconnoitered the plains around Petaluma, Sonoma, Napa, and Suisun. Because of the climate and abundance of water, wood, and building stone, the party selected Sonoma as a suitable mission site and Petaluma and Napa for establishing *ranchos*. At Sonoma on July 14, 1823, Altimira raised the cross and celebrated mass for the place that "in future would be called San Francisco," he reported to Father-President Seán.

But Old San Francisco was not the place to perish without a struggle. History was saving the becalmed community for a bewildering outburst of growth still unforeseen. The new Father-President Sarría hastened to inform the well-intentioned Altimira that he had no authority either to suppress or to found a mission. With equal firmness he protested to the governor, who offered the excuse that the padres had made no appreciable progress in conversion of the northern pagans. Finally a compromise was reached whereby all three settlements were to operate as independent missions and natives could align themselves with their nearest station. After that distribution, poor Dolores never had more than 250 neophytes on its rolls. But the authorities hoped that the new establishments would finally end the danger of Russian encroachment from Fort Ross.

Another foreign threat resulted in the last and probably the greatest of all interior expeditions under Spanish rule. Aroused by rumors that a colony of Englishmen or Americans had been established fifty leagues north of San Francisco, Governor Solá organized a party of fifty-nine soldiers under Luís Argüello, the well-known brother of Doña Concepción. Father Ordaz as diarist and a number of Indians accompanied the elaborate expedition supplied with provisions and horses by the Dolores, Santa Clara, and San José missions. On October 18, 1821, the company crossed in two launches to San Rafael and started north from Carquinez Strait. Proceeding up the Sacramento River as far as the present Shasta County, they circled westward to the Eel River, then south to the Russian River near Cloverdale. Passing through Santa Rosa, Petaluma, and San Rafael, they reached San Francisco again on November 15. Though they had a few minor skirmishes with Indians, most of the natives offered no resistance. But not a foreign white man had been found along the way.

To see a foreigner, a San Franciscan had to stay at home. In 1824 the Russian, von Kotzebue, paid another visit, only to confirm his opinion that "the Spaniards are an ignorant, indolent, good-for-nothing people." Two years later the English Captain Beechey was more generous in his regard for the padres, but found most of the neophyte huts in abandoned ruins. Even the occupied hovels were in miserable condition, black with smoke, the floors matted with grease and heaped with filth and rubbish. The French navigator, Duhaut-Cilly, in the next year attributed the wretched state to the lack of adult males to do the work. Then James Ohio Pattie, a Kentucky trapper, relates how he traveled the length of the province with a commission to vaccinate all the mission residents. He states that he had vaccinated 22,000 by the time he reached Dolores, though strangely the mission records make no mention of such a man as Pattie. Much is said, however, of the American merchant, Alfred Robinson, whose *Life in California* is still one of the most valuable records of California life between 1829 and 1842. Robinson tells of several trips from Dolores to Santa Clara, sometimes by boat, at others by horse. The road from the presidio to the mission was a sandy path leading through a dense thicket of scrawny trees, "where the fox-like coyote prowled" and "the heavy track of the grizzly bear lay printed in our course." En route to Santa Clara he stopped for dinner at El Rancho de las Pulgas near San Mateo. The old sheep ranch had been so named by Portolá's men, who found the deserted Indian village infested with fleas. It was later developed by the padres as one of the mission *ranchos*. But when Comandante Luís Argüello was buried in the Dolores cemetery in 1830, it was discovered that he had willed the estate to his widow, Doña Soledad Ortega. She it was who welcomed Robinson. But the hide trader was always glad to get back to Dolores and Father Estéñaga, "to take chocolate, of course, as was

the usual reception at these hospitable institutions." The mission was still the only inn along the whole peninsula, and not a single house stood between it and the Yerba Buena landing.

But even the mission was crumbling fast. In 1833 the few remaining neophytes hardly noticed the difference when a Zacatecan took over the establishment. If they missed Father Tomás Estéñaga after his twelve years in charge, at least the new guardian, José Quijas, wore the same gray Franciscan habit. That full-blooded Mexican Indian found only fifty neophyte families in his district extending down to San Mateo. In September of 1834 his successor, Father Gutiérrez, had the sad duty of transferring his impoverished station over to Commissioner José Estudillo. Dolores was among the first to be secularized. In its fifty-nine years as a mission, its 6,998 conversions gave it third rank among all the stations. The inventory of 1835 listed property valued at \$60,000. It is interesting to note that there were twenty-seven buildings besides the monastery and church. And behind the church at that time was an adjoining sacristy, 42 by 25, which has since disappeared. The mission became an Indian *pueblo*, though there is no record of property distribution.

Mission Dolores had breathed its last. When Inspector Hartnell made his first trip, only eighty ex-neophytes were huddled miserably around San Mateo. Father Gutiérrez had already abandoned the vacant buildings. Mofras in 1841 reported that both the mission and presidio structures were falling into ruins. During this desolate period the registers were carried down to Santa Clara and Father Mercado came up for occasional services in the old church. California's first bishop, García Diego, did not so much as visit San Francisco because of reports that the whole Bay region was dominated by Mariano Vallejo, who refused to contribute to the church's support. In October, 1845, Franciscan authority ended at

the mission when Father Reál from Santa Clara entered baptism No. 7,200. In the following February, Father Santillan took charge as the first secular priest with authority including San Rafael and Sonoma. When Pico put the establishments under the hammer, valueless Dolores was not even mentioned. Later it appeared that a grant of mission land, three leagues square, had been made in 1846, but the United States courts declared the whole transaction fraudulent. For Captain John B. Montgomery on July 9, 1846, had raised the Stars and Stripes in the community's public plaza, now Portsmouth Square. Within six months the four hundred residents proclaimed that hereafter the town of Yerba Buena should be known as "San Francisco."

Suddenly the curtain went up on a breathtaking drama. After eight quiet decades the easy-going Mexicans were swept off their feet by the cry of Gold! Gold! which resounded throughout the land. Within a year the Bay was alive with square-riggers crowded with newcomers eager for the great adventure. Hundreds of others poured through the passes from the East. Without lumber, labor, or time for building, the sand hills were overrun with tents, bedding, and bough-covered shelters. By the close of '49 the population had leaped to 25,000, mostly men growing rich at the base of supplies for the seething neighboring gold fields. The squalid, extravagant community also became the wild and lawless playground for the mad thousands. And the entire Catholic clergy of the whole State consisted of seven Franciscans and four secular priests. One of the latter was Father Santillan, alone at Dolores. Hurriedly the church sent out for ministers. In the town it organized the Parish of Saint Francis, with Fathers Brouillet and Langlois in charge. To convince the residents that "it was possible for a person to save his soul in San Francisco," the new priests secured a lot, 70 by 140, and erected the first parish church. They pro-

vided scant quarters for themselves in the attic. Old Dolores had to supply most of the church equipment. On June 17, 1849, Father Langlois conducted the first services and preached a sermon in English, Spanish, and French. Four years later San Francisco took on a new religious importance as a Metropolitan See in charge of Archbishop Joseph Alemany, who performed a lasting service to his church by securing return of the mission estates and proving California's right to a share in the Pious Fund.

The mission was carried along with the rising tide. Though less than two hundred people resided around the buildings, the district was a favorite amusement center for near-by San Franciscans. The church was carefully preserved inviolate, but the other mission structures were filled with roomers, tavern keepers, a dance hall, a gambling den, and a brewery. In 1850, travel over the sandy road down to Kearny Street was facilitated by private laying of a plank toll road over which a bus ran every half-hour. Travelers to the State capital at San Jose had to pass that way en route down the peninsula. On Sundays the road was lined with crowds of pleasure-seeking pedestrians and riders, bound for the bull and bear fights around the mission. The neighborhood also had two race courses and an endless string of drinking places. Even duels were not uncommon.

As a challenge to these mundane activities, Father Fontaine started a school in an adobe building north of the mission church. In 1853, he put up a brick building to house a college, which failed. But it later became the site of Saint Ignatius College, the predecessor of the present University of San Francisco. In the same year the Seminary of St. Thomas Aquinas was started in the old adobe monastery. After a precarious existence it was closed in 1866, because Father Prendergast found himself with only three students. During his seven-year term, Father Prendergast protected

the crumbling adobe walls of the church by covering them with boards. Through the south wall he admitted more light by cutting some windows. Over the old altar he erected a new white one. But in 1903 the original one was restored as it is today. And the whole building passed unscathed through the earthquake and fire of 1906, although the modern church next door crumbled in the disaster.

To the Rev. John W. Sullivan fell the task of effective restoration. Shortly after his arrival in 1916, he reinforced the weakened roof and walls with steel beams carefully concealed in concrete, then gave the whole building a coating of rough cement. The interior walls were redecorated, but the neophyte ceiling decorations were left intact, as they are today. Between the redwood beams the space is filled with rhomboid figures, each divided into two triangular parts in alternate red and pale gray. The rafters and corbels are painted with bands of red, yellow, gray, and white. Over the arch in front of the sanctuary is a more elaborate but conventional design. Father Sullivan also repaired the broken floor tiles, built a new stairway to the old choir loft, and replaced the wooden rail with one of iron.

Father Sullivan's greatest feat was restoration of the cemetery, which lay neglected for many years. Established in 1781, it contains the remains, first of five thousand Indians, then of Spanish soldiers, Mexican settlers, and finally of some of the pioneer *Americanos*. No padre died at Dolores during mission days. In the midst of Castilian roses the priest erected a Grotto of Lourdes. Near the side entrance to the church is the tomb of California's first native-born governor, Don Luís Antonio Argüello. Born in San Francisco on June 21, 1774, the famous brother of Concha passed away on March 27, 1830. Near by stands the brown monument adorned with firemen's helmets and bugles and built by the famous fire brigade for its honored member, James P. Casey,

who ran afoul of frontier law. In a heated dispute with James King of William, a rival paper editor, Casey shot his enemy dead. On May 22, 1856, he was hanged by the Vigilantes in the public plaza. In the rear of the cemetery is the large statue of Serra which once stood inside the church.

Like San Gabriel, Dolores today suffers in appearance by being crammed into a modern environment. The façade is unlike that of any other mission, having two stories resting upon a double foundation projecting toward the front. The semicircular arch of the doorway is a half-round cornice supported by two plain square doorposts. On either side two rounded columns rest on the projected double stone base and are capped with two elongated sections which hold a double-membered cornice stretching the full width of the wall. The second story has a railing resting upon the front of this cornice. Against the wall are six large engaged columns of three different heights. The three central wall spaces are pierced with bell openings. The smaller bell, inscribed with the year 1792, was hung in the central opening a year after the church was dedicated and has been there ever since. Suspended on a wooden carriage with rawhide thongs, it is sounded by being swung. The other two bells, both dated 1797, are struck when being sounded. However, the church is now used only three times a year: on Decoration Day; Founders Day, June 29th; and the feast day of Saint Francis, October 4.

The altars of the church are still in good condition. The large reredos behind the main altar has elaborate rococo decorations with niches for statues. Outlined in gilt frames, the many panels are ornamented with gilt scrolls, garlands, and other conventional designs carved in wood. Above the tabernacle in the center hangs an old crucifix flanked on either side by large figures of Saint Anne and Our Lady of the Angels. The upper tier consists of a small statue of Saint

Francis, a large Saint Joachim, a large Saint Michael between the Franciscan and Dominican coats of arms, a Saint Clare and another Saint Francis. Each figure stands on an elaborately carved and large pedestal. The immense Saint Michael, with a staff in the left hand and uplifted sword in the right, wears a green tunic decorated with gilt flowers, a red drapery over the shoulders and brilliantly gilded martial boots. The two side altars were built in 1810 by Father Abella. On the gospel side, Saint Joseph stands between Saint Buenaventura and Saint Luís Rey; on the epistle side Saint Anthony has Saint Juan Capistrano on one side and Saint Francis Solano on the other. The cornice of these side altars is decorated in lavender. Rose vases occupy the lower panels. The feeling of these latter altars is Italian rather than Spanish and has no semblance of neophyte work. All of the thirteen statues are well carved, though the hands invariably surpass the heads and faces in workmanship. Many of the statues are of redwood and must have been made in the province.

On the north wall the visitor will find a doorway, which once led into the monastery, now entirely gone. He may imagine old Father Palóu standing in that passageway with a little group of visitors. The day is July 5, 1783. Proudly Palóu points out to his admiring friends how rapidly the four-foot walls are rising. Yet construction on the new church has been in progress only fourteen months. Reluctantly he bids his guests an affectionate farewell, for tomorrow they are leaving San Francisco. Thoughtfully the weary missionary passes through that unfinished doorway and returns to his monastery cell. There he sits down to the table and enters the final sentence of his famous *Noticias*:

On the following day the *Favorita* sailed . . . bound for the port of Monterey . . . and intending to return to San Blas in October.

The first book written in California is finished. With a sigh of relief the worn-out padre lays down his pen. But in eighteen months he is at it again. On February 28, 1785, he resumes his literary labors by writing the dedication of his *Vida* of Serra. His little Dolores cell was thus the scene of the completion of his Notes and the beginning of his Biography, on which rests the fame of California's most revered hero.

XXVI

MISSION SAN RAFAEL ARCANGEL

THE last two missions seem like appendages—belated offshoots basking in the reflected glory of the nineteen original stations. At the Golden Gate, Serra's sturdy chain had "reached the extreme end of the continent of California," as he himself remarked. When circumstances gave birth to later additions, neither of them acquired the distinctive physical establishments for which the first have become so famous. If San Rafael has any distinction whatever, it is in being today more completely obliterated than any other mission. Even poor Soledad has left a massive mound of adobe soil, and Santa Cruz some broken walls and scattered foundations. But of San Rafael nothing is left.

Indeed it entered the mission family almost as an interloper. As a branch of Dolores, it was intended to care for ailing neophytes who were dying off at an alarming rate. Unable to find any remedy for San Francisco's enervating climate, Governor Solá suggested that a portion of the Indians be moved to the sunnier environment across the Bay. Father-Prefect Sarría hesitated to send the weakened charges to such an inaccessible region, more especially because he had no available padre to go along. Then Father Luís Gil of Purísima Concepción offered his medical knowledge and

missionary service to solve Sarría's predicament. Gabriel Moraga, whose frequent trips to the Russian settlements had familiarized him with the north Bay section, recommended as a site the sunny slope overlooking the Bay and protected from the north by a sweep of rolling, oak-studded hills. In that delightful retirement, a trial group of Dolores Indians showed a marked improvement in health. So Father Sarría crossed the Bay with the assigned guardian, Father Gil, and Padres Durán of San José and Abella of San Francisco. On December 14, 1817, he raised the cross and celebrated the first mass for the *asistencia* under the patronage of Saint Raphael, the Archangel, "in order that this most glorious prince, whose name signifies the healing of God, might care for their bodies and souls." The natives called the site Nanaguani and on the afternoon of the founding Sarría baptized twenty-six of their children. Since it was only a branch, the records were listed at Dolores.

Though Payeras thought little of the prospects when he visited the branch in the next year, Father Gil was more hopeful and determined. Under his spiritual and physical ministrations, the benefited Indians increased in number, both by added transfers and conversions. By the end of the first year 382 neophytes were attached to the station and 695 in 1821. To care for those ailing charges, Gil erected an adobe building 87 feet long, 42 feet wide, and 18 feet high, with a tule-covered corridor along the side. This composite structure was divided by partitions into a chapel, monastery, and hospital rooms for the bedridden. The extremely plain chapel had a rectangular side entrance at one end, the only ornamentation of the façade being twin star windows, one above the other. The building had no tower or campanile; the bells were hung in a group from crossbeams in front of the chapel entrance. Later extensions made an L-shaped structure, but the establishment never possessed the cus-

tomary quadrangle. No effort was made toward architectural beauty. In fact, San Rafael lacked the distinctive features of mission construction, such as pediment, campanile, columns, buttresses, and arches. Its contribution to California's present-day architecture is nil.

Its greatest service to the province was the preservation of the north shore from Russian advance. Though hardly a military bulwark, the mission settlement at least served to substantiate a claim which was needing support. Ever since 1809 the Russian colony on Bodega Bay had been prospering and expanding. Two years later Ivan Kuskov became its governor and acted as though he intended to stay. He presented gifts to the native chiefs and took stretches of land in exchange. He mounted cannon in a fort, which the Americans later called Fort Ross. The newcomers trapped, fished, planted grain and fruit; the clever handiwork of the Kodiak Indians, whom they had brought from Alaska, became much sought after by the traders around the Bay. With grave concern the Spaniards watched every move, which Kuskov made no attempt to conceal. On the contrary, he received the frequent visits of Gabriel Moraga with diplomatic pleasantries, yet with utter disregard for his protests and objections. Governor Kuskov even came down himself to a conference arranged on board the *Rurik* by the Russian navigator, Otto von Kotzebue, who cast anchor in the harbor on October 2, 1816. Nothing came of the meeting, however, except the Spanish conviction that only occupation of the north Bay region would check the advance of the Russians. And the Russians in turn were satisfied that the San Rafael settlement merely anticipated their own southward extension. When Kotzebue stopped there in 1824, he approved of the beautiful site among the oaks and again regretted the inertia of his own countrymen.

After the founding, every northern trip naturally passed

through the exposed outpost. With an energy reminiscent of the early Spanish enthusiasm, Father-Prefect Payeras encouraged the search for new mission sites in anticipation of the effects of the plan to secularize all stations over ten years old. He sent out and often himself accompanied inland expeditions over the whole length of the province. In 1819 he and Luís Argüello stopped at San Rafael to pick up Father Gil for an exploration of the Russian region. Returning from the trip, he advised the establishment of a presidio near Bodega Bay and missions at Petaluma and Suisun. Two years later that large expedition under Argüello and Father Ordaz spent the night at the mission at the start of their long march which reached Shasta County. In the next year Father Payeras was back again, accompanied by Commissioner Agustín Fernández, whom the government had sent to California to ascertain the sentiment of the people toward the new Mexican Republic. After checking the Spanish influence by securing the gubernatorial election of Argüello over the popular Spaniard, José de la Guerra, the Mexican envoy asked Payeras to take him to see the Russians. Attended by Argüello and Lieutenant del Valle, they crossed the Bay on October 19, 1822, and were received at San Rafael by Father Amorós with great rejoicing amid the ringing of the mission bells. Next day the Father-Prefect celebrated mass in the little chapel. After a three-day journey the party arrived at Fort Ross, where Captain Schmidt extended every display of cordiality. He even permitted Payeras to draw up a plan and description of his fort, which survives today in the Santa Barbara archives. On their return trip to Monterey, they again stopped at San Rafael, and Fernández later reported to his capital that Father Amorós and all his neophytes took the oath of allegiance in December of that year.

To Juan Amorós was due the little success enjoyed by the

mission. Following Gil's two years in charge, the studious Amorós served San Rafael for thirteen of its seventeen years. As the population grew, he added workshops, granaries, and corrals. Despite the insignificance of his mission guard, he traveled among the pagans and took in converts over the whole extended regions from Tiburon across the Corte Madera to Petaluma, where he built a house for his use. And he strenuously defended his station against the suppression proposed by Father Altimira. Late one afternoon in June, 1823, that aggressive newcomer arrived at San Rafael with Deputy Francisco Castro and nineteen soldiers under Ensign Sánchez. Aroused by the prospects of numerous conversions in the virgin north, Altimira impatiently urged his companions to begin the exploratory march which culminated in the founding of "New San Francisco" at Sonoma. Only the intervention of the Father-President prevented the adoption of Altimira's plan to abandon both Dolores and San Rafael. Following the compromise with Governor Arguello, San Rafael with its seven hundred neophytes was given the status of an independent mission with registers of its own. Although it contributed ninety-two of its neophytes to the new foundation at Sonoma, its population continued to grow. In 1828, it reached its banner number of 1,140. Thereafter the mounting mortality and domestic difficulties put an end to all possibility of expansion.

The frontier mission was ever in difficulties with the Indians. From the beginning the young male converts at San Francisco would cross the Bay to steal girls away from the new establishment, and the two neighboring communities were always embroiled in hostilities. Then a San Rafael native, turned renegade after his conversion at Dolores, for several years terrorized the countryside as far south as Santa Cruz with robberies, outrages, and murders, usually upon the Indians. When Pomponio finally killed a white soldier,

the aroused authorities captured him among his native haunts in the Cañada de Novato, north of San Rafael. Taken in irons to Monterey, the outlaw was eventually shot to death at the capital. Two other Indians, chiefs of neighborhood tribes, were a constant source of trouble to the little mission guard. One was captured and converted, receiving the name of Marin because of his unusual prowess as a sailor. His ally, named Quintin, was also taken prisoner after a battle on the point south of the mission. Both Indians gave present-day names to the region—one to Marin County and the other to Quintin Point, or San Quentin.

But Indian troubles were not the only ones. After thirteen years at the difficult assignment, Father Amorós was buried in the church on July 14, 1832. For a time the station was cared for by Father Estéñaga of San Francisco, but within a year he was sent to San Gabriel to make room for the incoming Mexican Franciscans. Bancroft's opinion that the Zacatecans seldom measured up to the Spanish Franciscans, either intellectually or morally, is certainly substantiated by the case of Father Mercado, who took over San Rafael. Soon the conceited Mexican stirred up more trouble than Amorós had had in all his years. First he quarreled with the mission guard for arresting a convert on orders of Comandante Vallejo and showered the corporal with "intemperate and insulting language." Then he arrested a group of visiting gentiles on the charge of thievery, and armed his own neophytes to prevent revenge. He sent his armed converts under Majordomo Molino to surprise some harmless Indians, and they killed twenty-one of them, wounded as many and captured a number of women and children. Finally Governor Figueroa dispatched Vallejo to restore peace among the aroused natives. The superior of the Zacatecans had to recall Mercado to Santa Clara to answer charges of excessive drinking, debauchery, and general trouble-making. After a



MISSION SAN RAFAEL, ARCANGEL
From an old print. The mission has entirely
disappeared

hearing, Mercado was suspended from active work for six months.

San Rafael was among the first to be affected by secularization. In 1834 it was united with the Sonoma and San Francisco stations into a first-class parish, in which the curate was supposed to be paid an annual salary of \$1,500. But in a district dominated by Mariano Vallejo, the priest never was able to collect that amount. Administrator Ignacio Martínez prepared an inventory, which showed the value of the mission property as \$15,025. Indicative of the destitution of the church, it is listed at \$192. Half of the property value was assigned to the mission *rancho* at Nicasio. In its seventeen years San Rafael had made 1,873 converts, surpassing only Santa Inés and Sonoma. The banner number of cattle was 2,120 in 1832; in 1822 it owned 4,000 sheep, and 454 horses in 1825. It is apparent that the station was born too late in the mission period to attain a position of importance. The administrator laid out an Indian *pueblo* and distributed 1,291 sheep and 439 horses to the 343 Indians still living at the place.

Without the stabilizing influence of the padres, only the autocratic but efficient Mariano Vallejo held the northern district together. Following a brilliant career as a soldier, Vallejo had turned his business talents to the management of the north Bay regions, of which he made himself virtual ruler. As Military Commander of the North, he brooked no interference with his far-reaching plans. He simply brushed aside the suggestions of Father José Lorenzo Quijas, the Mexican Indian who succeeded Mercado. When the liberated Indians dissipated their possessions, Vallejo gathered the remains together for safekeeping. He transplanted grapevines, fruit trees, and livestock to his own extensive ranches. A number of the mission horses, reserved by Vallejo for "national defence," were later seized by the Bear Flag

revolutionists. When Inspector Hartnell came in 1839, he found the accounts in a muddled condition, despite the care of the energetic Irishman, John Read. During his nine years as administrator, Read operated the first ferry boat across the Bay, in order to take his mission products to San Francisco. When Hartnell came the second time, Vallejo put him under arrest for his "bungling interference with mission management." But after a conference, the two decided to give unconditional freedom to the remaining two hundred Indians, to distribute one-third of the properties and use the rest to discharge the mission debts. After Hartnell's experience, the new bishop, García Diego, decided not to visit San Rafael at all, lest he offend "the blustering and conceited Don Mariano Guadalupe Vallejo."

It would have been a useless journey because the station was already abandoned. Yet enough of value was left in 1846 to bring \$8,000 from Antonio Suñol and Antonio María Pico. Later the purchase was declared invalid, and in 1855 the 6.48 acres of land were restored to church ownership.

In the northern region was concentrated another influence of more lasting consequence than Vallejo's. For several years the increasing Americans had been a source of concern to the Mexican authorities. Avoiding the highways dominated by the Mexicans, these bold and lawless *gringos* lurked in the recesses of the Santa Cruz Mountains and especially in the north Bay outskirts. Finally General Castro decided to gather his Mexican soldiers and drive the hated *Americanos* clear out of the country. The climax of several armed skirmishes was the raising of the Bear Flag and the capture of Vallejo at Sonoma. John C. Frémont became commander of the insurgents and marched his forces down to San Rafael to engage the Mexicans supposedly assembled at the mission. Finding the place deserted, Frémont took possession on June 26, 1846. Two days later he espied three strangers

approaching on foot from the shoreline. Dispatching three of his own men, including Kit Carson, to discover their business, he was told that they were Spanish Californians on their way to Sonoma. Through some misunderstanding, Carson and his companions shot the travelers to death in cold blood. Too late it was discovered that they were José Berreyesa, one of the country's most prominent ranchowners, and his twin nephews, Francisco and Ramón de Haro. The Berreyesa family held land grants over the whole district and was connected by marriage with the influential Peraltas. Both of the de Haros had served the government in various capacities on the peninsula, and Francisco as an ensign had accompanied the famous Argüello expedition to Shasta County in 1821. All three of the slain were thus at home in the country long before Frémont had even seen it. Such unfortunate events at that critical time served to aggravate the spreading rupture between the native Californians and the intruding Americans. But Frémont had already gone too far to turn back. After a week at the mission, he set out in pursuit of Castro. And within six whirlwind months the local powers concluded that further resistance was hopeless. On January 13, 1847, they agreed to a peace under the Stars and Stripes.

By that time services had been resumed at San Rafael under its first secular priest, Rev. Prudencio Santillan, who also attended Dolores and Sonoma. Timothy Murphy, the majordomo of the mission estate, took the few remaining neophytes to his own Nicasio ranch. Already the fragile mission structures were crumbling from the effects of the elements. After 1855, the faithful attended mass in the chapel at St. Vincents Orphanage, erected that year four miles north of San Rafael. There the missionary records were kept until transferred to the Archbishop of San Francisco sometime in the Eighties. In 1870, the last remnants of mission

buildings were removed to make room for the parish church. The growing modern community crowded in upon the old orchards until only a few of the century-old and fast-dying pear trees remained. During the general dissolution the bells were carried away. But thanks to the researches of that mission-bell authority, Marie T. Walsh, one has been found at the parish church in El Cajon near San Diego; a second serves a schoolhouse at Fallon; and a third hangs on the Olompali Ranch.

Of the buildings themselves not a vestige is left. Only a mission-bell signpost, erected in 1909 by the Native Sons, marks the site of the twentieth mission. It entered the chain much too late for major accomplishment, at least in the service of the church. As a civil colony, however, it performed the notable service of keeping the Russians away from the Bay. Those distant exiles at length became convinced that they had no future in California. After protracted negotiations they transferred their rights to Captain Sutter and in 1840 took their Aleuts back to the Alaskan north. Relinquishment of their lands at that time saved later California from a delicate predicament, and Mission San Rafael can take much of the credit for that service. Even today the visitor is impressed with Moraga's wisdom in selecting this location for the Hospital Mission. What a relief it is to emerge from San Francisco's clammy fogs into the sun-bathed, verdant hills of the County of Chief Marin.

XXVII

MISSION SAN FRANCISCO SOLANO

THE era of Spanish missions was passing. When Commissioner Fernández persuaded the Alta Californians to choose the Mexican, Arguello, in their first gubernatorial election held in November, 1822, he wrote the death sentence to Spain's influence in the province. Just three centuries had passed since Cortés established the Zacatula settlement on the western coast. For the last fifty-three years a handful of white men had administered the Spanish policy of practically enslaving the conquered natives with their marvelous mission system. Then Iturbide's victory supplanted "New Spain" with "Mexico." The cessation of the flow of Spanish padres and supplies placed the frontier on its own resources. During the brief Mexican period the new republic contributed to California little more than a score of governors, some inferior Zacatecan padres, a few hundred sorry colonists, and a number of degraded soldiery. Much more important for the future was the steady stream of Americans trickling into the country.

In the beginning of the mission conquest the talented padres were in the saddle. Only the presence of such men as Serra, Crespi, Palóu, and Lasuén made possible the holding of the frontier. The *Vida* of Serra is virtually the story

of the whole beginning; the mission records are the principal source of the venture's history. The viceroy's request for Serra's personal report in 1773 amounted to official acknowledgment of missionary supremacy. Further recognition of Serra's vital service was the displacement of Fages for Rivera at the padre's request. Through diplomacy and personal influence Lasuén, too, was able to maintain harmony with the troublesome military and to keep the mission empire in control of the colonizing policies. And we have seen how the annals of each mission community center about one or two capable, energetic Franciscan padres.

But the rising tide of politics finally submerged the mission influence. The last addition to the chain bears the stamp of no church personality. No Serra or Lasuén would have allowed the founding at Sonoma on such a slender pretext for a mission. If the governor wanted another bulwark against the Russians, only the support of a presidial force would justify any expectation of permanence at that distant outpost. As it happened, the mission did survive, but through the efforts of a soldier and politician, not friendly to the church.

Nor was it founded in the orthodox manner. The enthusiasm of a newcomer to San Francisco was responsible for the plan. Father José Altimira, among the last of the Spanish Franciscans to reach the province, came filled with a zeal for conversions based on a reading of Serra's biography. A few months at listless Dolores whetted his longing to go forth among the heathen and gather them into his net. He laid his ambitious proposal before Governor Argüello and the provincial deputies, who were glad to use the padre as further check upon the Russians. So on June 25, 1823, Deputy Castro and Ensign Sánchez with nineteen troops escorted the jubilant missionary across to San Rafael on the way to the north. For ten days they ranged the valleys and

plains around Petaluma, Napa, Sonoma, and Suisun. At length they selected a site in the Valley of the Moon (Sonoma) on account of the climate and abundance of water, wood, and stone. On July 4, Altimira planted the cross and conducted the first mass for the twenty-first station, which he called "New San Francisco." Leaving only the cross to mark the place, the founding party returned next day to Old San Francisco.

Altimira's ambitions had now crystallized. Without a word to his superior, he hurried off to Monterey for a conference with the governor. Dolores was practically useless, he argued, because it had few converts, no prospects, sterile soil, abominable climate, abandoned buildings, and its few fruitful *ranchos* were already given into private hands. Its *asistencia* at San Rafael, moreover, was only a branch. He urged the suppression of both the stations and removal of all neophytes and equipment farther north. With the reassembled property as a beginning, he could promise a successful settlement at Sonoma. Securing Arguello's ready consent, he returned to San Francisco, whence on August 12 he again started north with Lieutenant Ignacio Martínez, a dozen troops, and an artilleryman with a small cannon. On the twenty-fifth the party reached Sonoma and set their Indians to work on the buildings.

Suddenly a letter from his church superior took the wind from his spreading sails. Franciscan affairs were rather disorganized at the time. Father-President Señán was on his death bed at San Buenaventura when he first received news of Altimira's unauthorized procedure. But he immediately dictated minute instructions for Vicente Sarría, who was authorized to succeed him. Meanwhile other influential Franciscans, such as Fathers Tapis and Durán, condemned the actions of the bold newcomer. Then Sarría remonstrated to the governor that mission management belonged only to

the church. Argüello justified his actions on the grounds that in their fifty years around San Francisco the padres had made no progress in conversion of the northern pagans. To Altimira the superior sent a stern note, reminding him that he had no authority either to found or suppress any mission. Furious over such ingratitude, the padre called a halt to all building. His eagerness for converts still blinded him to the way he was being used to erect a civil outpost as well as to open the Dolores and San Rafael properties for appropriation by the settlers.

A happy compromise finally satisfied all parties. San Francisco was to continue, and Father Amorós' branch at San Rafael was to be made an independent mission. At Sonoma the governor secured his outpost, which also was made an independent station in charge of Altimira. To avoid confusion of names, the new establishment was placed under the protection of Saint Francis Solano, the famous apostle of the Peruvian Indians. Popularly it became known as Solano to distinguish it from Dolores. Work was resumed on the structures until the rude wooden church, 105 by 24 feet, was whitewashed and ready for dedication on April 4, 1824. Although only Dolores sent contributions of livestock and equipment, the friendly Russians donated such useful handiwork as picture frames, copper basins, music stands, linens, and bells. On the first day Altimira was encouraged by receiving for baptism twenty-six children from among the thirty-five neighboring tribes.

For a time the founder's expectations seemed to have been justified. He worked hard and by the end of 1824 had completed a long adobe, tile-roofed monastery with a corridor, a granary, and several wooden buildings for the guard and the workshops. The rocky fields were cleared and planted with extensive orchards of fruit trees and grapevines. Two other adobe structures were washed down by the winter

rains before the roofs were finished, and they had to be rebuilt. Ninety-six conversions had been made. Sarría had stipulated that the neighboring missions send to the new station all neophytes native to that region. By taking 92 from San Rafael, 153 from San José, and 332 from Dolores, Altimira listed his total population as 693. He established Rancho Santa Eulalia on the eastern frontier near Suisun. Experience soon taught him that the natives must be handled in a way they could understand. Forsaking moral arguments, he resorted to flogging and imprisonment until many ran away to their villages.

But events proved the folly of any attempt to maintain a mission without adequate military protection. Sarría might have said, "I told you so." In 1826 a band of pagans fell upon the little settlement, sacked and burned the buildings, and drove the padre with some faithful neophytes back to San Rafael. Escaping to San Francisco, the thoroughly disillusioned Altimira asked for a safer assignment and in August was sent to San Buenaventura. Two years later he escaped from the political turmoil of the province by fleeing back to Spain.

To rescue the ruins at Sonoma, Father-President Durán assigned the hazardous station to Buenaventura Fortuni, who had been his assistant at San José for twenty years. Father Fortuni spent seven arduous but hopeless years trying to rebuild the place. His first baptism was No. 228, entered on September 30, 1826. Alone he managed to carry the isolated establishment through its banner year of 1832, when 996 neophytes were resident there. Fortuni refused to swear allegiance to the Mexican Republic and in 1833 was asked to cede his mission to the Zacatecan, José Gutiérrez.

Father Gutiérrez exemplified the altered spirit which was sweeping over the land. Even the missionaries had caught the revolutionary fever and began to display an independ-

ence of authority. Though never accused of such moral charges as faced Mercado and Quijas, Gutiérrez did offend García Diego by his cruel treatment of the Indians. Insisting upon regular attendance at holy mass, he had the alcaldes search for all absentee slackers and stand in the church nave with sharp prods to enforce silence and attention. The poor Indians were even worse off when Gutiérrez was replaced by Father Quijas at the time of secularization. That lawless Zacatecan complained that his charges would not obey him or do the mission work. Even those who were willing to attend services were purposely kept at some trivial task by Commissioner Vallejo. In despair Quijas retired to San Rafael and attended Sonoma from there.

Fortunately the exposed district had one man capable of controlling the warring factions. Symptomatic of the enfeebled Franciscan influence, that person was not a church man. Mariano Guadalupe Vallejo, son of Ignacio, who had come with Rivera in 1774, had been an alcalde and *comandante* at San Francisco. Born at Monterey on July 7, 1808, he was one of the few native sons who could trace his aristocratic ancestry back through Mexico to fifteenth-century Spain. After a brilliant military career, young Vallejo had married Señorita Benecia Carrillo, member of a prominent San Diego family. In 1833, when still only twenty-five, he brought his wife and child to live at the Sonoma mission as headquarters for his new assignment as military commander of the north. He rode over his whole district and made a friendly call on the Russians. In the fall he established a colony of settlers at Petaluma and another at Santa Rosa.

When secularization was decreed in 1834, Governor Figueroa naturally asked General Vallejo to take over the mission as commissioner. In its scant eleven years California's youngest mission made only 1,315 conversions, least of all in the chain. Its previous year had been the banner for live-



MISSION SAN FRANCISCO SOLANO at
Sonoma. The last and most northerly in
the chain

stock, with 4,849 cattle, 1,148 horses and 7,114 sheep. Although the stock was distributed to the Indians who were allowed to return to their villages, the neighboring gentiles so harassed the ex-neophytes that they appealed to Vallejo for protection. So he reassembled the flocks at his various ranches and permitted the Indians to work for their keep.

Vallejo's major plan was the colonization of the northern district. At Solano he organized a *pueblo*, where he and a young Englishman, William Antonio Richardson, founded the town of Sonoma. For himself he put up the most pretentious adobe *casa* north of San Francisco. It featured a glass tower from which the soldier could scan the horizon for approaching hostiles or loafing peons. In the rear he erected a village to house his natives with their families; extensive gardens furnished food for the huge menage. He laid out an eight-acre plaza, bordered on one side by a barracks for the presidial troops brought up from San Francisco. Supporting the guard himself, Vallejo hoped to provide the frontier with a haven for the one hundred and twenty colonists assembled in Mexico by Padrés and Híjar. Those two scheming Mexicans connived to have the government subscribe to a colonization project involving the use of mission properties for support of the enlisting settlers. But another change in the Mexican government resulted in collapse of the invidious scheme after the expedition reached Monterey. The poor exiles might have starved if Vallejo had not come to their rescue by taking them to Sonoma, where he personally fed them through the winter of 1834. Most of them later scattered over the north Bay district and became first-rate citizens of permanent worth.

The efficient don held his domains together with exacting discipline. In a skirmish or two he taught the chief of the neighboring Suisuns that even his hordes were no match for Mexican guns and soldiery. The penitent warrior ac-

cepted baptism under the name of Chief Francisco Solano. Thereafter Solano proudly joined his conqueror in subduing other pagan tribes. The chief's loyal services were rewarded by a grant of land near Suisun, on which in 1934 a twelve-foot bronze statue was erected as the Solano State Monument. Much of Vallejo's Indian hostilities was terminated by a disastrous smallpox epidemic which decimated the Indians in 1838. His own estimate of 70,000 deaths, of course, was greatly exaggerated. In any event the vaccination tour of James Pattie some years before doubtless saved the southern settlements from the scourge. After Inspector Hartnell's experience with Vallejo at San Rafael, he made no call at Sonoma. Bancroft states that in that year there were only 500 Indians scattered over the region and near the mission only one hundred natives in the employ of Vallejo. Nor did García Diego deem it wise to inspect the holdings of the domineering lord, who responded to the bishop's request for a tithe by claiming that he already was supporting the mission. He did indeed keep the adobe church in repair, enlarged its windows, and added a tower to hold the bells. In the old monastery he reserved rooms for a priest despite the fact that none chose to make his residence there. In 1845, the place was declared too worthless for sale during Pío Pico's hurried orgy of selling.

Influences other than the Church or the Indians brought Vallejo's eventual downfall. The Mexican effort to expel the arrogant Yankees finally concentrated those ambitious interlopers in Vallejo's region. Following the lead of the Texans, they decided to formulate an independent State and thus force Uncle Sam to come to their support. First they planned to capture the Mexican fort at Sonoma. On June 14, 1846, a company of thirty-three hardy pioneers walked in on the sleeping Vallejo at the break of day. Capturing the General with his brother, Salvador, and Victor Prudon, they sent

their prisoners off to Fort Sutter. One of the remaining insurgents, William L. Todd, a nephew of Mrs. Abraham Lincoln, undertook to design a flag to replace the lowered Mexican colors. In the upper left hand corner of a piece of unbleached muslin Todd outlined with ink an irregular star which he filled in with red paint. To the right and facing the star he drew a crudely designed bear. At the bottom he printed with black ink the words: *California Republic*. This insurgent flag, later destroyed in the San Francisco fire, was run up on the staff in the plaza. Then the bold adventurers issued a proclamation inviting all good citizens to join the Sonoma camp. But on July 9 the Stars and Stripes replaced the short-lived Bear Flag, which has since become the State emblem of California. On June 14, 1914, a monument commemorating the revolt was unveiled in the Sonoma plaza. When Vallejo was released after a two-month imprisonment, he rejoiced to learn that the nation he esteemed had fallen heir to the land of his former triumphs.

The mission buildings were seldom used. In 1850, Bishop Alemany tried to revive the parish by sending Rev. Stanislaus Lebret to Sonoma. Later he supplied the altered congregation with new church pews and fittings. Finally in 1881 the bishop took more drastic measures by selling the old structures and the orchard to Solomon Schocken for \$3,000. Services continued in the mission until a parish church was erected with the proceeds of the sale. Then the mission equipment was transferred to the new chapel, where all the historic paraphernalia was later destroyed in a fire. In some unknown manner the mission registers turned up years after as a gift to the Bancroft Library of the University of California. Meanwhile the mission structures suffered the abuse and desecration of being used for a quarter-century as a storehouse for hay and wine. The floor tiles were broken, and parts of the monastery roof collapsed from neglect.

In 1903, the California Historical Landmarks League came to the rescue of the disintegrating buildings by purchasing the plot of land, 150 by 166 feet, and beginning restoration. Through the efforts of private enthusiasts, assisted by grants of money from the legislature, the State acquired the property as the Sonoma Mission State Monument. Following an authentic drawing made by one of Vallejo's officers, Victor Prudon, the chapel and monastery were restored to their original condition. Vallejo's bell tower was removed and the roofs retiled. Although the General had presented his church with several bells of English Sheffield make, all have disappeared from the church. The original mission bell of 1829 was finally traced to the Sutro Museum of San Francisco by members of the Sonoma Woman's Club. Returned to its old home, it was again hung on a beam in front of the chapel entrance.

The restored mission, like San Juan Bautista, stands at one corner of the historic public plaza. The low monastery extends from the front of the church about one hundred feet to the right. Along the whole front the overhanging tile roof forms a plain corridor. Under the new roof may still be seen parts of the original covering of branch willows, tied to the rafters with rawhide thongs. Most of the monastery rooms are now occupied by a civilian family. The façade of the adobe church is extremely plain, having a square, recessed entrance and a similar opening admitting light to the choir loft above. A vestibule, about fifteen feet square, has a stairway leading to the loft. This section was completely restored after the damage of the 1906 earthquake. Its six-foot walls are faced with burnt brick. From the vestibule the visitor may enter the end rooms of the monastery, the wooden ceiling of which is supported by heavy, hand-hewn beams of neophyte make.

The old chapel is used as a public museum. The only

feature of the long, plain nave is the strange manner of joining the side walls to the ceiling in a curve instead of a square. Appropriately enough for a mission dominated by a layman, the exhibits pertain only slightly to its original religious purpose. By far the most interesting mission relic is an ornate hand-riveted, dragon-shaped candlestick, which shows evidence of having been designed by an Indian from some foreign, perhaps Russian, model. There is a plaque in memory of Father José Altimira, who alone was responsible for the founding of the belated mission. The rest of the numerous exhibits incongruously commemorate civil pioneers and events. Among the most discordant mementos exhibited in any mission building are the old newspapers, photographs, chairs, Civil War greenbacks, World War relics, a sewing machine, and a bicycle! The religious spirit is as subordinate today as it was under the "autocrat of Sonoma." San Francisco Solano is still only the tail of the mission kite. Here California's remarkable Franciscans bowed to civilian dominance. Here indeed the mission sun went down.

Comparative Table of Indian Conversions
made by the
California Franciscan Missions

Mission	Founding Date	Total Conver- sions	Maxi- mum Popula- tion	In Year
1. San Diego de Alcalá	July 16, 1769	6638	1829	1824
2. San Carlos Borromeo	June 3, 1770	3957	876	1795
3. San Antonio de Padua	July 14, 1771	4456	1296	1805
4. San Gabriel Arcángel	Sept. 8, 1771	7854	1701	1817
5. San Luís Obispo de Tolosa	Sept. 1, 1772	2657	832	1804
6. San Francisco de Asís	June 29, 1776	6998	1252	1820
7. San Juan Capistrano	Nov. 1, 1776	4404	1361	1812
8. Santa Clara de Asís	Jan. 12, 1777	8640	1464	1827
9. San Buenaventura	March 31, 1782	3924	1328	1816
10. Santa Barbara	Dec. 4, 1786	5679	1792	1803
11. La Purísima Concepción	Dec. 8, 1787	3314	1520	1804
12. Santa Cruz	Aug. 28, 1791	2466	523	1796
13. Nuestra Señora de la Soledad	Oct. 9, 1791	2222	688	1805
14. San José de Guadalupe	June 11, 1797	6737	1886	1831
15. San Juan Bautista	June 24, 1797	4100	1248	1823
16. San Miguel Arcángel	July 25, 1797	2588	1076	1814
17. San Fernando Rey de España	Sept. 8, 1797	2839	1081	1811
18. San Luís Rey de Francia	June 13, 1798	5591	2869	1826
19. Santa Inés, Virgin y Martyr	Sept. 17, 1804	1411	768	1816
20. San Rafael Arcángel	Dec. 14, 1817	1873	1140	1828
21. San Francisco Solano	July 4, 1823	1315	996	1832

Maximum Mission Population

Under Spanish Regime	20,355 in 1806
Under Mexican Regime	21,066 in 1824

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