



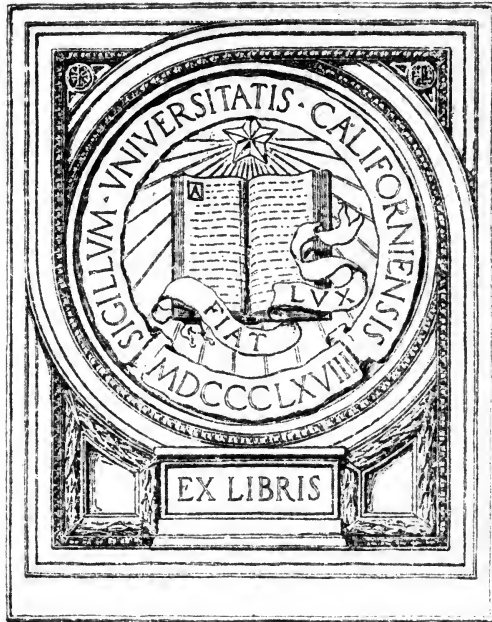
# THE PAINTED ROCK

*and a few illustrations of  
Paintings in the Great Chamber*



THE PAINTED ROCK





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To

The University Library  
Berkeley, California.

This Legend calls attention to an  
archaeological monument of greatest  
interest in California;

With compliments of the author,

Myron Angel

San Luis Obispo

California

January, 1911





Myron Angel

714 Buchan Street

San Luis Obispo, Cal., January 21 1911

Mr. J. C. Rowell,

The University Library  
Berkeley

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Respectfully

Myron Angel.



*A Painted Blessing*



*La Piedra Pintada*

---

**The  
Painted Rock  
of California**



*A Legend*  
**By MYRON ANGEL**

*Author of*

*Langley's Gazetteer of Pacific Coast, 1869-1873-1875*

*History of State of Nevada, 1881*

*History of Placer County, California, 1882*

*History of San Luis Obispo County, California, 1883*

*History of Tulare County, California, 1892*

*History of Polytechnic School at San Luis Obispo, California, 1908*

*Hon. Cor. Member of Oneida Historical Society of New York*

*Editor, Etc., Etc.*

**Grafton Publishing Company**  
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*The Painted Rock*

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***Myon Angel***  
*San Luis Obispo*  
*California*

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*P r e s s* o f  
W E S T  
C O A S T  
M A G A Z I N E



*Los Angeles*  
*California*

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## *Dedication*

IN presenting this legendary narrative to the reader I wish to express the obligations due from myself and the public to the family of Mr. and Mrs. Chester Brumley, who, among the early American occupants of the Carrisa Plain, residing near the Painted Rock, aided in its protection and by skillful drawings and photographs preserved the outlines of the paintings prior to the mutilation they have suffered at the hands of modern "relic hunters." In the fate of enterprise Mr. Brumley removed his refined and accomplished family from the comforts of the city of Brooklyn, N. Y., to the charge of a great stock ranch on the plateau of the Carrisa. Isolated and without post-office—La Panza, the nearest cattle ranch, was 25 miles to the northwest; El Paso de Robles Hot Springs, where passed a mail stage, was more than fifty miles away; El Temblor ranch house was thirty miles northeast, and as far to the southeast Alexis Godey, famous as a scout with Fremont and Kit Carson, had settled at the cienega of the Cuyama.

Three young ladies were of the household, to whom I particularly dedicate my work: Mary, Margaret and Helen Brumley, since Mesdames Fred Noyes, Rev. F. H. Robinson

and B. G. Latimer of San Luis Obispo. These young ladies, fresh from the schools and society of the East, transplanted to the wierd and wild waste of the West, were ecstatic in their enthusiasm for the strange vastness of their surroundings and overawed by the mysterious Painted Rock so near at hand, engaged at once as guardian angels of a sacred trust, measuring the rock in every dimension as engineers; studying and sketching the paintings as artists, and preserving them for reproduction in the form here given. Only through such strange circumstances as brought these ladies, "like caged birds let loose," said one of them, effulgent in the spirit of youthful romance, to these strange surroundings, could these pictures have been so preserved.

In no settlement of the wild West was there a more romantic venture nor one more truly recorded. To this worthy family I wish to express my thanks.

MYRON ANGEL.



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CALIFORNIA



*Carrisa Plain Eastward From Painted Rock*

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*La Piedra Pintada*  
The  
Painted Rock  
*A Legend*





# *Illustrations*

VIEWS OF THE PAINTED ROCK, '

TAKEN BY R. A. HOLMES IN 1876

THE PAINTED ROCK

A PAINTED BLESSING

CARRISA PLAIN EASTWARD FROM PAINTED ROCK

A SECTION OF THE PAINTED ROCK

SODA LAKE—PANORAMA VIEW CARRISA PLAIN LOOKING NORTH-  
EASTWARD FROM THE PAINTED ROCK

CHUCCAWALLA

MOJAVE INDIAN BASKET

ADOBE RANCH HOUSE

FIRE-KINDLING SPINDLE

HOME OF LA MADRE

WOVEN WATER BOTTLE

THE FEATHERED SERPENT

***“Sun - Worshipers”***



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CALIFORNIA



A Section of "The Painted Rock"



# THE PAINTED ROCK

## CHAPTER I.

### A TEMPLE OF THE SUN-WORSHIPERS.

FROM time without record the mysterious Sphinx of Egypt upon the desert of Gizeh has faced the rising sun, the devout token of Sun-worship in the first religion of man. So rises on the western border of the great Carrisa Plain of San Luis Obispo the counterpart of the Sphinx, a temple, hewn in the rock, facing the rising sun, a temple of the Sun-worshippers. This was named by the Spanish discoverers "La Piedra Pintada," or The Painted Rock, as called by the present inhabitants. This isolated rock attains an elevation of near two hundred feet above the surrounding plain, and about one thousand feet in diameter at its base. On its eastern side through a narrow portal of twenty feet in width has been excavated an oval chamber, or amphitheatre, near three hundred feet in length by two hundred feet in its widest place, open to the sky in perpendicular walls one hundred and fifty feet high on the west. A gallery running partly around the chamber has been excavated, like the altar and choir of some vast cathedral, and in this are the paintings

## LA PIEDRA PINTADA

which have given this ancient temple of the sun the name it now bears.

On this cloudless plain of a high plateau, the Sun-worshippers of some period of the unrecorded past constituted this their temple, facing the rising sun, their God, the giver of light and life and warmth and all that is life and growth and food. Naturally the first thinking people turned with love to the bright shining sun which came so mysteriously out of the east, bringing all comforts and chasing away all the terrors of the night; and with love and devotion, the spirit that pervades all human minds, and with advancing knowledge, temples of worship and honor were constructed. These are found in all parts of the world, civilized or savage, and reverence for the sun pervades the most enlightened of every religion. In America and in Egypt, in countless centuries of the past, a high culture existed as is proven by the ruins found in the valley of the Nile and in Mexico. An overflow of that cultivation, of which Sun-worship was the religion, left records in the paintings on the rocks of California, the caves of the Cliff-dwellers and the canals of Arizona and the mounds of the Mississippi Valley.

Most awe-inspiring and mysterious, and most indubitably the work of the Sun-worshippers, are the Sphinx of Egypt and the Painted Rock of San Luis Obispo, standing almost precisely

## THE PAINTED ROCK

opposite each other on the globe. The first has stood as a riddle to all inquirers during all the centuries of written history, and its fame is world-wide, attracting tourists from all parts of the civilized earth, while the latter is known to but few, though its existence as a temple may be of equal age and its purpose the same, both facing the rising sun, and both great and mysterious works of an unknown people. Through all the history of California the Painted Rock has remained a mystery, silent in the wilderness, never visited or studied by the archaeologist, and its maze of paintings unread. The aborigines and the early Mexican ranchero revered the rock and its paintings as something sacred, but the iconoclastic Anglo-Saxon has little reverence for anything, and thus the curio hunters, to the shameful dishonor of civilization, have mutilated them to some extent. Still, a recent visitor remarked, "The paintings stretch around the gallery like a great Turkish carpet."

Being in a pastoral country and surrounded by a grassy plain, the temple has been used as a corral for stock, with a gate at its entrance, and as many as four thousand sheep were nightly enclosed therein.

Moslem fanatics marred the benign face of the silent worshiper of the sun on the desert of Egypt, and Christian curio-hunters have defaced the records of the Sun-worshippers in the

## LA PIEDRA PINTADA

great temple on the plains of Carrisa. A higher enlightenment now protects one, so the State of California or the National Government should possess and preserve the other. Through millennial periods of unrecorded number the stone Sun-worshiper on the desert of Egypt stood gazing at the rising of the God of life until the drifting sands had covered all but the head and body, a temple in a mighty rock was forgotten and unknown to mankind, but exhumed in recent years. So is its prototype and equal in mystery and history, the temple of the Sun-worshippers, neglected on the grassy plains of Carrisa.



## CHAPTER II.

### LA PIEDRA PINTADA OR THE PAINTED ROCK.

ON the precipitous rocks of the mountains of California, in secluded canyons, in the temple caves made by man and nature, are lines of paintings as of writing, or pictures, having a definite meaning. No modern scholar has yet been able to read the meaning of these paintings on the rocks. When the Franciscan missionaries came to California, nearly a century and a half ago, the paintings were as deep a mystery and as awe-inspiring to the native Indians of the time as they have remained to the present—to all a mystery the most profound, of a prehistoric race, of a people of long ago who had lived and flourished, had made their mark and vanished from the earth. Of one of this most unique and peculiar cluster or gallery of paintings, a strange and wierd legend has recently been divulged.

Legends are the sources of history. Before man thought of records or of art he had speech, and with speech told the story of his life and deeds, and thus preserved in the memory of his descendants the story of deeds, growing into the story of his family and tribe and aggregating into the history of a people and nation.

## LA PIEDRA PINTADA

By legend and song has come down through the ages, in its simplest, yet most vivid form, the story of the world's creation and of earliest civilization, giving a picture, like the faint glimmer of a distant star, a long thin pencil of light, first illuminating the garden of Eden, where majestically stand the God-created Adam and Eve in the dazzling purity of Nature amid the impenetrable darkness about and beyond them; then onward through the earliest period of mankind—the legend, in allegory, which science elucidates as the evolution of the earth and all therein.

Following the legend of the Creation, we have the legend of the Flood, of Noah, of the Ark, and of Ararat, when the fixed habitation of man becomes known. Again legend and the ray of light give us the story of the Holy Land, with faint glimpses of the dark regions on either hand, of the industrious Egyptian or the fierce Assyrian, broadening and continuing into written history.

The books of all ages are full of stories of events and of men handed down through long periods of time in the legends of the people. Without the corroboration of the relics of graves or of monuments, or of paintings or writings, legends may be classed as mythical tales, though when sustained by imperishable evidence of contemporary handiwork, or in written

## THE PAINTED ROCK

song and poetry they come as welcome aids in the search of truth and the knowledge of mankind.

Faint and mythical are the earliest legends of the human race wherever archaeologists may have sought them, in mid-Asia, dark Africa, the islands of the sea or in the wilds of America. Wherever found greedily are they pounced upon for whatever knowledge they may give. Until quite recently ancient history was based on no other foundation. The pyramids of Egypt, its monuments and catacombs with unread hieroglyphics were enigmas to all observers, as have been the ruins of the cities of Palenque and Yucatan, the graves of the Mound-builders of the Mississippi valley and the paintings on the rocks of California.

The records of Egypt apparently reach backward into the earliest dawn of civilization, backward beyond any dawn of our comprehension, whose history is yet unread by modern students.

## CHAPTER III.

### THE ROSETTA STONE.

CENTURIES and millenniums passed and still the hieroglyphics of Egypt were an unsolved mystery, but at last, slightly more than one hundred years ago, as a new era of scientific research was opening in civilization, a discovery was made which gave the key to reading the earliest written records of man. By the discovery at Rosetta, in Egypt, of a tablet of stone on which was engraved, with almost superhuman wisdom, an order of a priest in hieroglyphics, demotic, and Greek characters of writing, a key was given to the reading of the inscriptions on the monuments, tombs and buildings and the writings on the papyri and wrappings of the dead.

Can the discovery of a Rosetta Stone be hoped for to lead to the reading of the paintings on the rocks of California? That these paintings have a deep significance has long been believed by many, but no one has yet translated them, and so deep has been their mystery that they have been neglected, and abandoned to the elements and the ignorant marauder.

Of one of these there has strangely been handed down a legend of the period and of the events inciting the painting and

## THE PAINTED ROCK

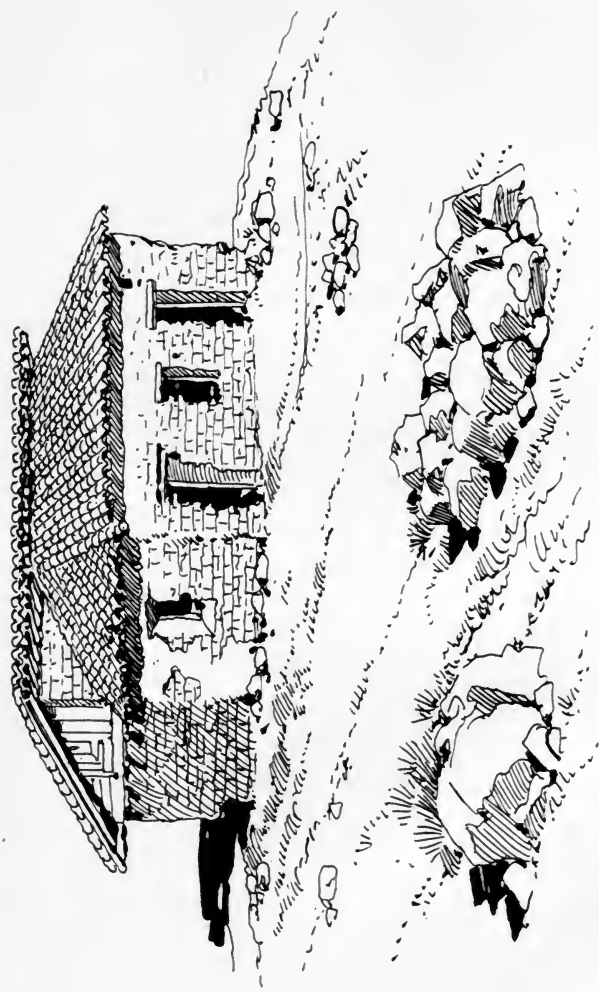
its record, but not a key to read the writing unless some studious archaeologist, from the crude lines and this legend, exhumes its alphabet. This legend concerns the Painted Rock of Carrisa.

## CHAPTER IV.

### THE CARRISA PLAIN.

Through the eastern part of the county of San Luis Obispo stretches the Carrisa Plain, sixty-five miles in length by twelve or more in width, bordered on the east by the Monte Diablo range of mountains which separates it from the southern extremity of the great San Joaquin Valley, while on the west rises an irregular uplift of sandstone which in the south merges into the Sierra Santa Lucia, where it breaks up in the plateau region of several converging ranges. This plain is a basin, a thousand and more feet above the level of the sea, with drainage to the center, where a shallow lake is formed, in seasons of excessive rains, which is a bed of salt and soda when dry, as is usual in such formations. The Carrisa is a grassy plain, formerly abounding in wild horses, elk, deer, and antelope in countless numbers, and myriads of migratory birds of the arctic in their season, feeding upon its herbage. In the bordering hills are ever-running rivulets of purest water, and a sparse growth of trees affords timber for economic purposes. A pleasant and healthful climate over all made this an ideal home for a large number of the peaceful aborigines of the country.





Adobe Ranch House



## CHAPTER V.

### A NUMEROUS POPULATION.

THAT there were vast numbers of people throughout this region of California when first known by the Christian world is told in the records of Cabrillo, who sailed along the coast A. D. 1542. No other portion of the coast was found so densely populated as the region now included in San Luis Obispo and Santa Barbara counties, and this is the region distinguished for its paintings on the rocks. Dr. L. N. Dimmick, of Santa Barbara, a student of the Indians, in an essay evincing deep research, says:

“Of the inhabitants of this country, previous to the discovery by Cabrillo, nothing is known except as is developed by a minute examination of their rancherias and cemeteries. From these have been obtained many tons of their household utensils, tools, weapons, ornaments and various other articles that throw light upon their domestic economy, occupations, character and history. The supply of food appears to have been so abundant that there was no struggle for existence, and the climate so even and delightful that they showed their appreciation of these conditions by crowding it with a dense popula-

## LA PIEDRA PINTADA

tion, which, for a long period, enjoyed a peaceful and indolent life. Excavations into the cemeteries show that many of the localities had been occupied continuously, probably FOR TEN CENTURIES AT LEAST.

“A little more than three hundred years later and the native race was almost extinct. This fair domain, once its exclusive possession, is now occupied by another race, which wanders over these deserted homes that are the only record the vanished race left of its history, its inner life, its aspirations, hopes and fears, in the unrecorded past.”

## CHAPTER VI.

### ARCHAEOLOGICAL STUDY.

INTERESTING, indeed, is the study of the graves to which Dr. Dimmick referred. These, to a great extent, have been robbed of their relics, or treasures, as the archaeologist would term them, though neither gold nor silver nor precious stones were found therein. Hunters for the universities and the museums of England, France, Germany and elsewhere have excavated the graves and overturned the accumulated earth of the rancherias, or villages, in search of whatever might tell of the forms and manners, of the customs and habits, the perils and pleasures, arts and culture, thoughts and beliefs, frivolities and necessities of the people who once dwelt in the land; and the things found through such labor and interest have again vanished in the broad world as curios, Indian relics, toys of a household or on the dark shelves of distant museums; and rare is the printed page that gives to the student world the knowledge, the history or reflections these relics suggest.

Dr. Uhle, a learned and scientific German explorer of Spanish America, writing of the ancient civilization of the people, says: "Possibly, and even probably, this civilization was at one



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time the most advanced upon the earth." In Peru he explored what he called "four strata of civilization," some extending over thousands of years. It is probable that the influence of this high civilization extended along the California coast. The relics of the graves might have told us much, but the period when they could have been studied best was a period of wealth accumulation. The accumulators had other thoughts than of Indian relics or the founding of museums of archaeology.

A precious collection was once held by Rev. R. W. Summers in San Luis Obispo, but poverty, preceding death, compelled the selling to a collector of England whither they were transported. But of these a monograph was written, perhaps printed, making at least one scholarly record of the ethnology of pre-historic California.

From these relics of the graves and the "kitchens" a most pleasant study is made of this ancient people, very numerous at the period of the discovery of America by Columbus, and peaceful and happy, as indicated by the relics we have found. In a great measure the peace and quietness of the people are proven by the greater number of instruments of pleasure than of war. The many trinkets of adornment and implements of their manufacture show the ambition and skill of maids and matrons for the beauty and ornamentation of the person. Mi-

## THE PAINTED ROCK

nute and prettily woven baskets from the size of a pea, or of an acorn, or walnut shell are found still holding the vermilion or other pigments, or wax, or perhaps a medicine, in great variety, as of a lady's boudoir, with which are baskets of various forms, and shells with beads, needles and shuttles of bone, drills of the bristles of the sea lion, pipes for smoking and music, ingeniously arranged bones for twisting and braiding fiber, also for catching and spearing fish; neat spindles with bow and string for starting fire; and of the larger implements, the mortar and pestle for grinding seeds, the talcose pot used in cooking, and, imported from some distant land, the many varieties of baskets, never two woven in the same design; and thus may be extended a long list of articles of manufacture, showing taste, skill, love of home, comfort of life, social ambition and a gentle nature. That a belief in future life existed is indicated by the breaking of even a very small chip from a basket or pot, or anything buried with a person, so broken as to signify its death and RELEASE OF ITS SPIRIT OR SOUL.

## CHAPTER VII.

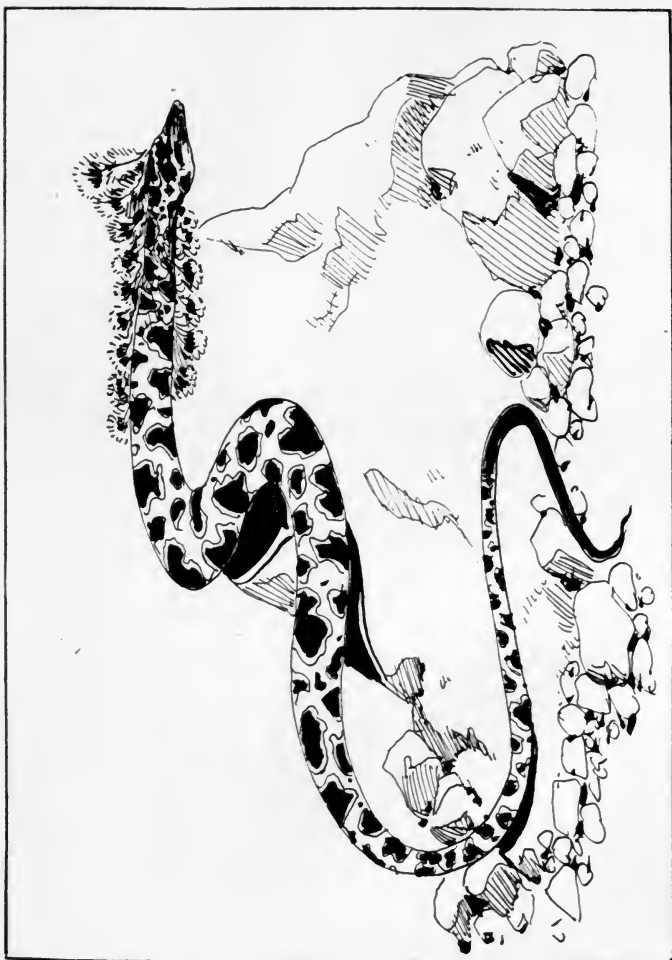
### ANCIENT RELIGIONS.

BUT a feature appears, not yet proven in the graves, but surmised in the legends, of the overshadowing of perfect happiness by a dreadful religion demanding human sacrifices. A people enfeebled by ease and subject to a cruel religion became an easy prey to the invader.

Of the condition of love and peace prevailing among the Indians of the southern California coast at the period of the discovery of America by Columbus there can be but little doubt, although the legend of which I write tells of human sacrifices. In that we see the relationship with the Indians of Mexico and trace the reasons they so easily fell a prey to the invading Spaniard. Cortes, in his letter to Charles V., writes vividly of the discontent prevailing among the people of the great country he invaded, and of which he formed the empire of Mexico.

From the ruins, from customs and legends we infer that a higher degree of civilization had prevailed than existed at the time of the invasion. With this civilization was a religion of love and humility, of which the Feathered Serpent was the symbol. This is in accord with the legends of all ages which





The Feathered Serpent



## THE PAINTED ROCK

make the serpent a FEATURE IN ALL RELIGIONS. The Feathered Serpent was called *Quezalcoatl*, brilliant in the bright metallic green and multi-colored feathers of the quezal,—a bird about the size of the dove and the most beautiful of Central America,—and humble as the serpent which crawls upon the earth.

*Quezalcoatl* represented the most lowly humility adorned in the brightest colors and purest loveliness the devout mind could conceive. This was the religion of LOVE, HUMILITY AND CHARITY.

Teocalli—the house of God—the great pyramid of Cholulu, was a temple to *Quezalcoatl*. On the summit was a chapel with its door so low that to enter it one must humble himself and crawl like the feathered serpent, though its interior was spacious, highly adorned with precious stones, ornaments of gold, brilliant plumage of birds and handsomely wrought tapestries.

The religion of *Quezalcoatl* had been displaced by another long prior to the invasion by the Spaniards. The old religion was of love, charity and humility, a religion of the people; the new religion was of mystery, of war, human sacrifices, oppression of the people and aggrandizement of those in power. The many temples of the religion of love and humility throughout

## LA PIEDRA PINTADA

the vast region we now call Mexico and Central America had been converted into temples of sacrifices. Authentic history tells of dreadful executions at those temples, of opponents in opinion, rivals in power and prisoners of war. Cortes writes that at one time four hundred caciques and principal men were burned as a sacrifice, being prisoners of war. The sacrifices of virgins and others at the demand of Aztec priests were too dreadful for belief.

I do not propose in this to write a treatise on the Aztec religion or to copy the report of the Conquistador further than is necessary to seek the cause for the ease of his conquest, and for corroboration of the story told in the legend of the Painted Rock of California.

## CHAPTER VIII.

### CORTES AND MALINCHE.

THE religion that had grown upon the people of Mexico was cruel and oppressive in the extreme. They were ready to revolt. Dreamers had promised the coming of a Messiah who would restore the ancient religion of love and humility. In this period of distress and hope the Spaniards came. Beautiful were the ships as great white swans on the water. High in the air their white sails were spread like the wings of a bird larger than any they had ever known. These were blown by the breath of the Great Spirit to the shore. From the ships came men of lighter skins than they had ever seen, richly clad in bright colored garments, with plumes waving from the covering of their heads. Horses richly caparisoned were brought to the land upon which the men of the ships mounted and appeared as one, riding and going and coming at will. From the sides of the ships came loud explosions and streams of fire from great guns. Seeing all this strange beauty, grandeur and power, surely, thought the natives, the promised Messiah had come. As Cortes writes, he was regarded as THE CHILD OF THE SUN.

The opportunity slumbering for years untold awakened on

## LA PIEDRA PINTADA

the approach of Cortes. The conquest of Mexico is attributed to his genius. But Opportunity was his aid, and far more was the aid of Malinche, the Tlascalan maiden, the guiding spirit of the conquest. She is represented as of great beauty and talent, quickly learning the language of the Spaniard and the language of every tribe or people with whom the invaders came in contact, and thus a most accomplished interpreter. Malinche, as Doña Maria, or Doña Marina, as written by Cardinal Laurenzana, became the wife of Cortes, who had also a wife in Cuba, and by her knowledge of the condition of the people, their religion, history and hopes; by her skill in the languages of various tribes, became mentor and advisor; and greatly to her devotion and genius must be attributed the success of Cortes and his little band of soldiers.

In this Indian maiden do we see the phenomenal character of youth and inspiration shown by Saint Catherine, of Sienna, and Joan of Arc, the Maid of Orleans. These, without education or rank, became powers in literature and war to excite the wonder of the world.

So Malinche, a Tlascalan princess, as if by divine direction, attracted to the side of Cortes, influenced her people to ally themselves with the Spanish invader against their former conquerors, the Aztec, thus overthrowing the empire of Montezuma,

## THE PAINTED ROCK

establishing the rule of Spain in America, and achieving a triumph for the Conquistador unsurpassed in history.

By no reasoning or probabilities could this have been accomplished without her aid. Malinche aimed to liberate her people from the cruel tyranny of the Aztec and to restore the ancient religion. The alliance with Cortes appeared the auspicious opportunity. Her ideas were sublime; her acts heroic. Let history show the result—**inscrutable, relentless, inflexible destiny!**

## CHAPTER IX.

### LA PIEDRA PINTADA.

THE pyramid of Cholulu, vast in dimensions, grand in its proportions, and many others of the ancient temples of Mexico are evidences of the devotion of the people to their religion, of their constructive skill, the courage of endeavor and their industry. So may we believe that in this region far remote from the center of that shadowy civilization, the same race had excavated in a mighty rock upon the plain a temple which withstands the ages, grand and awe-inspiring.

This was by the aborigines called "Tlacatapetl," by the Spanish discoverers "La Piedra Pintada," and by the Americans "The Painted Rock."

In all lands there are sacred mountains, and The Painted Rock was the sacred mountain of the most ancient people of California. Here, in a structure created by the Great Architect of the Universe, these people of this western wilderness had created a temple rivaling the greatest temples of the world and standing at this time as one of the most sacred and lasting monuments of mankind. The people capable of such work and such art were of an age as yet unclassified and undescribed. What

## THE PAINTED ROCK

were their social organization, their family relationship, their laws, their religion and their mode of worship?

To rise above the plain is the ambition of man. To build temples and surmount them with spires piercing the heavens, to pile up massive pyramids reaching into the sky have marked the mightiest efforts of the religious world of all times. As mountains surpass the works of man, so have they been sought by worshipers and become sacred objects on the earth. In every part of the globe, every nation and every people have, and have had, their sacred mountains. Mount Ararat is held sacred as the resting place of the Ark; to Mount Moriah did Abraham take his beloved son, Isaac, to offer as a sacrifice in evidence of his faith; from Mount Sinai came the tablets of stone on which God had graven his great laws for the guidance of his children; from Mount Pisgah did Moses look upon the promised land; on Mount Carmel did Elijah defy the prophets of Baal; on the top of a high mountain did Satan tempt our Saviour with offers of temporal power; on Mount Calvary was Jesus crucified; Mount Tabor in the plain of Esdraclon, was the scene of the transfiguration, and from the Mount of Olives He ascended into Heaven.

The Painted Rock of Carrisa possesses a unique geological formation, being a great cone rising from the plain to a height of

## LA PIEDRA PINTADA

one hundred fifty feet, with a base seven hundred fifty feet on the level from east to west, and twelve hundred feet from north to south.

Out of the eastern side has been excavated a vast cave or room, in oval form, two hundred twenty-five feet in length and one hundred twenty feet transverse, open to the sky and entered by a portal twenty feet wide. The floor at one time was probably level with the outlying plain, but has been filled by accumulating debris from five to fifteen feet in depth, therefore the condition of the floor and portions of the sides awaits the investigation of the explorer. The walls of the chamber rise with the cone, from a few feet at the entrance, to one hundred forty feet at the highest side. The formation is a hard grey sandstone in which it was not impossible for the ancient people to have excavated the mysterious cave they used as a temple. A majestic temple indeed it was, and as enduring as the ages.



## CHAPTER X.

JOSE SEQUATERO.

THERE appears, at least, a legend which may aid in showing that the past is not entirely unrecorded.

Amid the hills of Monte Diablo range, bordering the Carrisa Plain, are lovely basins and valleys, watered by pearly springs and threaded by babbling brooks. Some of these valleys are cultivated in prosperous farms. One of these is the Rancho Agua de las Yeguas ("the Ranch of the Mare's Spring"), the property of Mr. Archibald McAlister of San Luis Obispo.

For a number of years José Sequatero had been in the service of McAlister as vaquero and mayor domo. José was an Indian, boasting of a lineage far back into the old days when his ancestors ruled the country. His training and education had been under Spanish associations, but he still retained a knowledge of his forefathers' tongue. In character he was a model of truth, industry, unselfishness and faithfulness to his employer and all obligations; very quiet in demeanor, studious of all features of nature and conditions of wild and domestic animals.

José Sequatero was a very Spanish name for a pure-blooded Indian; José traced his descent to the Achamickjaves, believed to be

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the Mojaves\* of the present, whose home is in the valley of the Colorado river. The name had been applied to him according to the customs of the Californians, from some whim of his fellows or from associations, and because of his long service as vaquero on the ranch of Mr. Philip Bidell, who was called by the Spanish "El Sequatero" (the miser), the Indian became José Sequatero. Indian names appear arbitrary, or accidental at best.

In addition to being a philosopher of extraordinary interest, José was a close observer of the manners and expressions of men, making him, as the manager of a stock ranch, a servant of great value. Very reticent and rather cynical, it was exceedingly difficult to get expressions from him not connected with his daily avocations. José had travelled considerably in Southern or Baja California, and had been in the service of many of the great ranch-owners of the region. He had formed opinions regarding them and had knowledge of their rise, wealth, and disasters—connecting all, in a mysterious manner, with the paintings on the great rock near the western border of the plain. In discussions about these men and in controversies concerning them, José was induced to relate, to Mr. McAlister, the history of those paintings and of the ancient people

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\*This tribe bears distinctive marks as the remnants of a once superior people, of a strong, gentle, peace-loving character, in contrast with the degenerate Jumas (or Yumas), of the southern part of the valley, the base and treacherous Chimehuevas (akin to and speaking the language of the Pahutes) of the north, and fierce Hualapais and Apaches to the eastward.

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of the country, as it had been handed down through hundreds of years in the traditions of the pure-blooded families. Indignant at the charge of the degradation of his people, José was aroused in their defense and thus was led to the recital of the legend which had been instilled into his youthful mind by his mother, who had learned it from her ancestors.

*See cont. West n s 4, p 129, Geog.  
1912*

## CHAPTER XI.

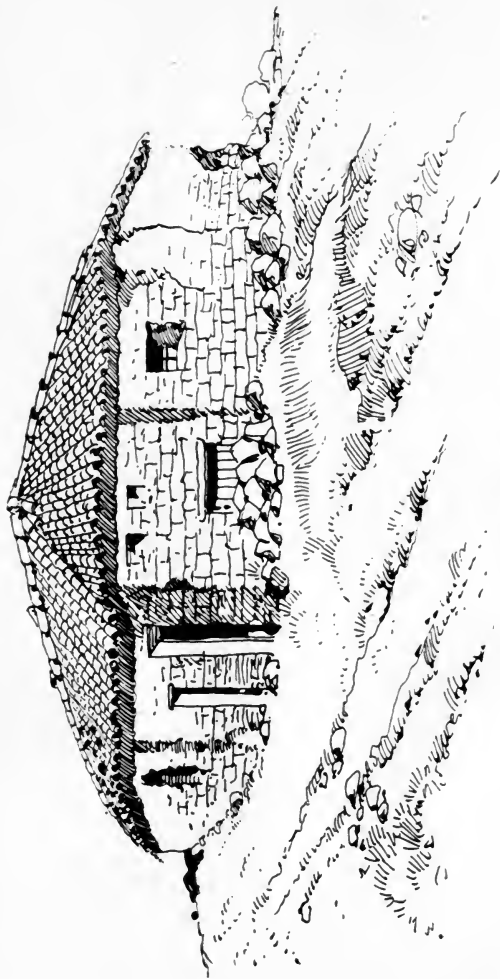
### LA MADRE.

AS JOSE was known by no other than his Spanish name, so his mother was called La Madre, by the same people.

José's mother, he relates, was the wife of old Taquala, chief of the Mojaves, but he was a "love-child," his father being Lataquana, one of the young warriors. This having been discovered by Taquala, the gallant culprit, Lataquana, was put to death according to the laws of the Indians. Ordinarily the guilty mother would have shared the fate of her lover, but she was the custodian of the legendary history of her people, and, being the only one capable of relating it, was held in a feeling of reverence which spared her life. However, having a strong aversion to the old chief who claimed her as his wife, and caring for the safety of her love-child, she fled with him in her arms toward the land of which her mother, and grandmother and grandmothers before, had told—the land of the legend, from which her ancestors had been driven untold years before.

The flight was long, dangerous and painful; waterless deserts and rugged rocks in mountain piles were across her path. Her knowledge of the resources of the desert gave her confidence in





Home of La Madre

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the effort so forlorn to civilized man. If not learned in the sciences of the colleges, she was learned in the schools of nature. From the earliest beginnings of civilization on the fertile plains of Asia, the Aryan has handed down to his descendants his system of land-culture and life-sustenance, till now considered the sole resource of his race, but the Indian, knowing nothing of the white man's history, had evolved a system, peculiar to his surroundings. In this instance the Indian of the desert could sustain life where bleach the bones of many a famished soldier, emigrant, sportsman and prospector of the Aryan culture.

Of obsidian and flint he makes edged implements. From many a weed or grass he obtained a fiber which he spun into strings for bows, fish-lines and nets. Twigs, delicate shavings of willows, the skin of bulbous roots, skillfully prepared grass, supplied material for baskets for many purposes. A small stringed bow and a quickly-twisted pointed spindle made a fire, and countless other tools, trinkets and weapons were of their manufacture. For them the barren desert yielded refreshments and food. The phenomena of the intense heat of its Summer sun, the desiccating atmosphere, the burning sand, the cloud-bursts precipitating rain upon rocky peaks and canyons, the "tanks" preserving water in the mountains and depressions filled with sand in the ravines, were familiar to him.

## CHAPTER XII.

### THE ESCAPE.

WITH the few most necessary implements, a little food and her child in her basket, La Madre crept at night to the bank of the Colorado river, entered the strong current of that most wild of western streams and, committing herself to the whirling, eddying, rushing, red-stained waters, by almost superhuman exertion, aided by hopes and prayers, safely reached the western shore. Far down from where she entered, the water swirled around projecting rocks of the mountains of the west, and into one of these eddies she was borne and secured a landing. In due time she clambered into concealment for which the clefts and caves of the rugged rocks gave full opportunity. La Madre had here time for reflection and contemplation of her enterprise.

All the old residents of the region of her later home are witnesses to her deep, reflective manner, her philosophic character, her native wisdom, her purity of life and religious sense of duty, so it may be believed that intense were her thoughts and fervent her prayers as she and her loved child lay concealed in the caves of the rocks on the western bank of the Colorado in this first stage of her long and desperate journey. Deep, holy, mysterious, imperative was the duty which impelled and directed her course.



## CHAPTER XIII.

### THE INHOSPITABLE DESERT.

OVER and along the Chuccawalla Range, the most forbidding and inhospitable of all the desert mountains, the lonely woman bore her child, by night or by day, weeks and months and years passing, the stars which shine so brightly in the clear sky of that arid land her companions and guide, the setting sun calling her on. Rare may be the flight of birds over this desolate land and rare may be the cloud-bursts on these naked mountain peaks, but the markings of birds pointed to the tanks or deep basins in the rocks which the phenomenal storm had filled with water; and her sensitive feet on the sands of the ravines would tell her of concealed water beneath, so that by climbing to one or by digging in the other that most essential element of life in the withering atmosphere could be obtained. In extreme cases the cactus, that characteristic desert plant, was cut with her obsidian blade and the more fleshy parts macerated on the rocks, giving both water and food. The fruit of the cactus in its season is quite abundant, of pleasant taste and, dried and stored, is an important resource of food for the desert families. The large deep root of the yucca is akin to the sweet potato when baked, and, in its season, is plentiful in arid regions.

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On the plateau of the Chuccawalla desert is a peculiar turtle, of five to forty pounds in weight, whose flesh is very palatable and nourishing; also a large lizard of two or three pounds, and other reptiles and occasional shrubs, weeds, grasses and their seeds, and on these did the lonely fugitive sustain the life of herself and child.

Her greatest fear was in being discovered by any pursuer or by wild rangers of the desert, although few of her race ever traversed this desolate region. Thus she fled, from rocky cave to rocky glen, where concealment could be found and shelter from the blazing sun afforded rest. Her flight, ever westward or northwest, into the foothills of the San Bernardino mountains where emerges the Mojave river, and onward by the oases about the few springs at the northeastern base of the San Gabriel range, and on to the Tehachapi and the San Emigdio, where a more hospitable country was along her path. But all was then void of human habitation, with but few trails of the explorer and the hunter.

By La Paleta, where several mountain ranges shoulder, the Paleta wash opened a pathway to the great Carrisa Plain whereon stands the sacred temple of her ancestors. This route and the locality had been described by her mother and her grandmother, together with the story of the paintings on the rocks. To this temple of the rock, the mother and child made their way. Finding it, entering the sacred portal, prostrating herself in prayer and thankfulness, La Madre's long journey was over.

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In this flight, thus successfully accomplished, incredible as it may appear, following the mountain ranges, a distance exceeding five hundred miles was traversed. Many months, possibly years, elapsed in her toilsome journey and mournful loneliness. The mountain route gave more seclusion, more frequent tanks and springs of water and means of sustenance. Painful indeed was that long journey! Only travelers of the desert can conceive the toil and danger of this hegira of the faithful mother, inspired by the love for child and the grand epic in her mind.

The Carrisa Plain was the grazing ground of great numbers of wild horses, elk, antelope, big-horn and deer, and, in the rainy season, the aquatic birds who summer in the distant North covered the earth in myriads. Small game was also abundant, so with simple devices La Madre was enabled to sustain life and provide clothing for herself and child. In the shelter and seclusion of the great temple she dwelt, teaching her child the mysteries of the paintings which were written on its walls and the religion of the ancient people. Time passed and she was found by the hospitable vaqueros of the rancho of Philip Bidell and kindly cared for.

## CHAPTER XIV.

### THE SKILLED VAQUERO.

AT THIS rancho the child grew to manhood, serving well his adopted master who accumulated great wealth, and from whom he received his name, Sequatero ("Miser"). A lowly hut, as was usual with the Indian vaquero on the great ranchos, was the home of his mother, and but little better was the home of the wealthy proprietor and his family.

The worldly education of the Indian boy was acquired in the school of the vaqueros; his was a life in the saddle and among the animals of the limitless range; amid a civilization of greed on the border of barbarism; José's dimly lighted mind was impelled to the arts of necessity, in which he became adept. He grew well to the form of the saddle, with the bowed legs of the lifelong horseman, and with an affection and consideration of the horse he was riding as part of himself, instinctively feeling every want of body, touch of feet or fatigue, and with such feeling unconsciously directing the steps in dangerous places or guiding the course in the pursuit, the turn, the halt, the strain when the riata is thrown. Reciprocating the perfect confidence and gentleness of his master, the horse trusted in and fearlessly obeyed his rider. In this José

## THE PAINTED ROCK

differed from most vaqueros, and the colts that he broke were known as the gentlest, most tractable, the most reliable in the lassoing of cattle or big game, and the favorites of the rancho and rodeo. In throwing the riata he appeared perfect, lassoing with precision the animal he sought in the fleet and desperate chase, sending the loop over head or foot as he thought best, rarely failing, and by adroit management of his horse subduing the most refractory.

## CHAPTER XV.

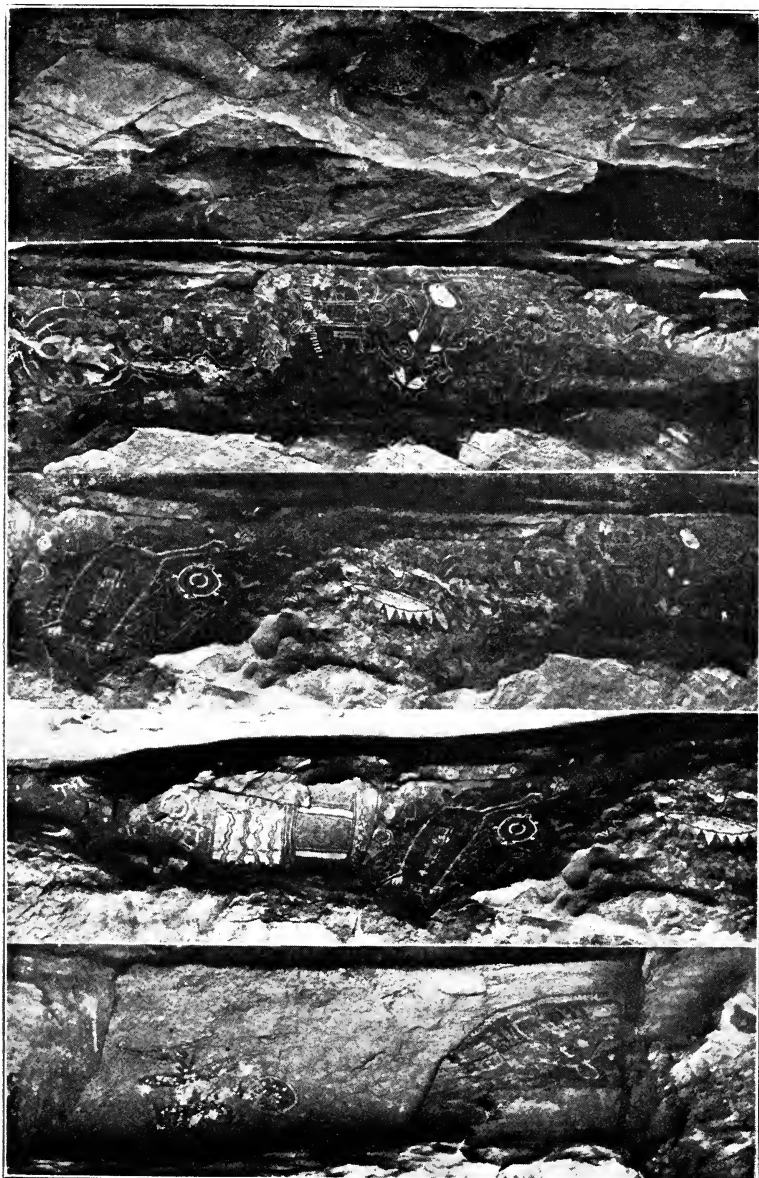
### IN MONTE DIABLO HILLS.

JOSE, for some years prior to relating this story, had, as previously stated, been vaquero and mayor domo on the Rancho Agua de las Yeguas.

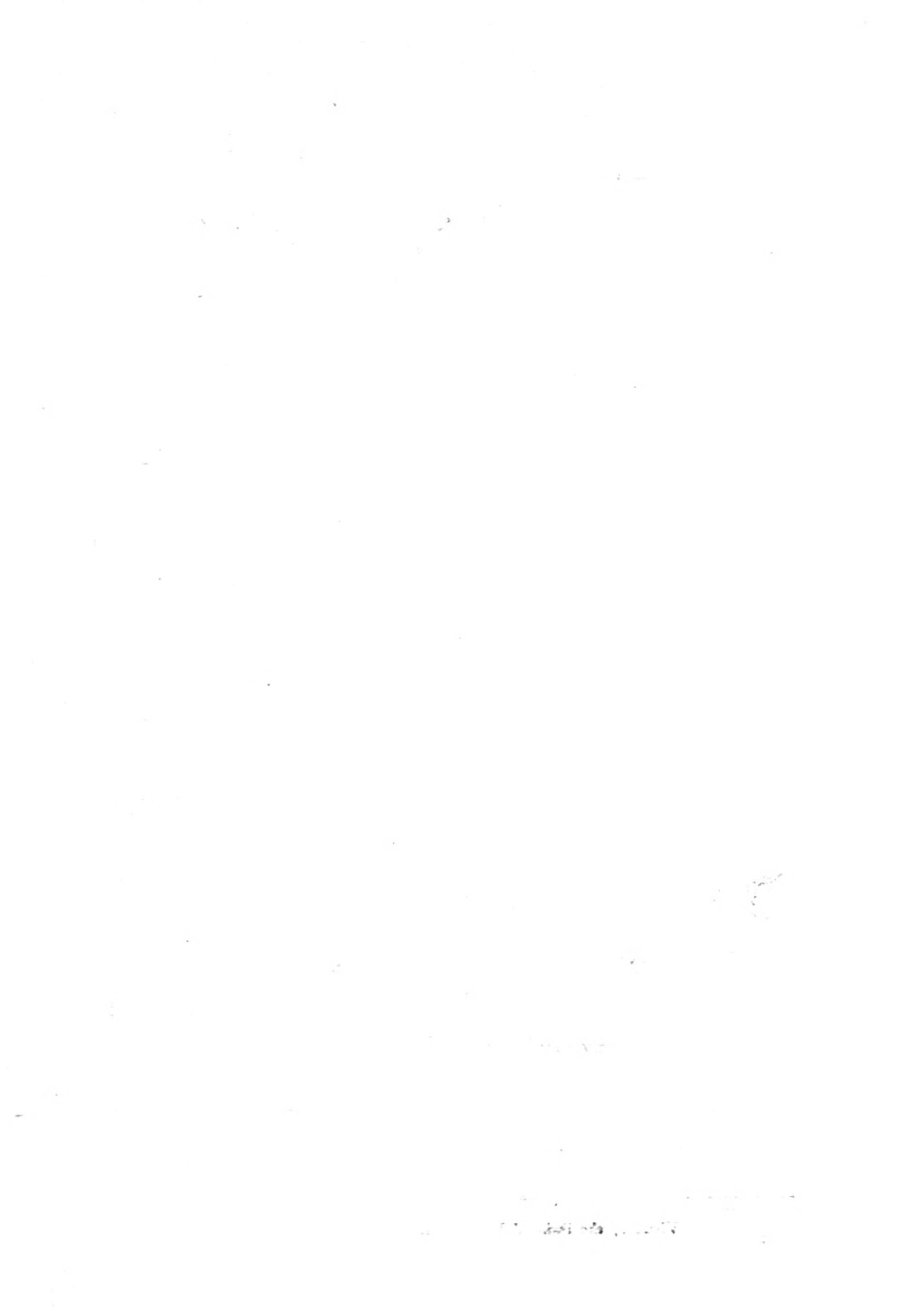
The mayor domo, as was his custom on the visits of Mr. McAlister, accompanied El Patron on an inspection of the rancho and in visits to neighboring ranchos. Mounted on excellent horses, in the comfortable Mexican saddles, they rode at speed or with leisure as suited their inclination over the grassy, flower-bedecked plain or to points of interest among the hills.

The pleasant day, the beauty of the surroundings and the grandeur of the distant scenery appeared to have aroused a reflecting and reminiscent mood in the mind of the Indian, to which he occasionally gave vent, as when something unusual was seen, or when his companion made some inciting remark.

On the faces of some of the precipitous rocks were seen the mysterious lines and figures frequently noticed in this region, attributed to a prehistoric people, and which are unread and meaningless to all occupants of the country at the present time. To all these, José, in passing, made a reverential salute.



*Views of the Painted Rock taken by R. A. Holmes in 1876*





## CHAPTER XVI.

### THE SECRET OF THE PAINTINGS.

"WHY do you salute such things?" asked McAlister. "They are only Indian daubs and mean nothing."

José turned with a look of reproach, saying, "They mean much."

"No one knows what they mean," said McAlister.

"No white man knows," replied José, "but I know."

"Tell it, then, if you know so much," continued El Patron.

"I dare not tell. It is not for the white man to know."

"Tell it to me, then. Call me an Indian and I will hear what you say."

"No; what is written on the rocks is bad for you; is bad for all who come to this land."

"How are these paintings bad for me?"

"It would pain my heart to tell you," solemnly replied the faithful servant.

"That is all nonsense," put in McAlister. "You know nothing of it. You are trying to scare me for some purpose."

After this repelling remark the two rode on for some time in silence. José appeared to feel as if his knowledge and veracity had been impugned and his sensitiveness was pointedly touched.

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Towards his warm friend and confidant he had brought his secret nearer than ever before to any human being; still his word was doubted and he was troubled how he could extricate himself from the difficulty and reestablish himself in the confidence of his patron. That there was a great secret and some unusual knowledge pressing upon the mayor domo's mind was obvious and he was struggling between divulgence and reticence. He was more than ever reverential in his salutations of the paintings on the rocks as they passed and his excitement increased as they proceeded.

Riding on to a high point where the Carrisa spread out before them, José, rising in his stirrups, stretched out his arm over the plain and exclaimed: "Oh, what crimes have been committed here. These plains have been the scene of wrongs and murders without number. Men have come and prospered for a time, then have failed and died in poverty. Such will be the fate of all. THERE IS A CURSE UPON THE LAND!"

"Do you mean to say that such will be my fate?" inquired McAlister.

"Yes, such is the fate of all."

"How do you know this? How dare you foretell such disasters to the white people?"

"IT IS ALL TOLD BY THE PAINTINGS ON THE ROCK," insisted José, who explained that the paintings on the

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rocks and the figures on the walls of the great temple of Carrisa were the records of great events and also a curse upon all who occupied the land wrongfully taken from his forefathers.

Again he was asked how he knew all this and what he knew of his forefathers.

Sententiously he replied: "FROM MY MOTHER."

"How did she know?" was asked.

"The story was told her by her grandmother, in the old language of our race, as it had been told from generation to generation, through so many years that no one can tell the time. My mother died when I was a youth, and now none know the story but myself. It was always held sacred, and now I may be culpable in telling this to you. My people are gone; I stand alone like the temple on the plain. The truth should be known concerning a people once so many, once so happy, so peaceful and so good."

With a gesture of profound obeisance to the plain, in the direction of the Painted Rock, José then raised his face toward heaven and chanted in his native tongue a plaintive invocation to the Deity for forgiveness of any wrong that he might now commit and an appeal to his ancestors as witnesses of the truth of all that he might say.

Continuing, in the deep though musical voice of his race, in gentle mood he apostrophized his mother: "O my Mother, my dear

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and loved Mother, how hard thy life and sad thy fate; though dark thy face, pure was thy heart and bright thy soul. The white man came and thou becamest a wanderer on thy heritage; so little they knew of thy goodness that they made thee an outcast and scorned thy rights but, as thou loved thy child, I will honor thee, wert thou ever so humble."

Turning to his companion, José said: "My mother sang to me as her grandmother had sung to her and this is what she sang so many times:

"Our people, as many as the birds which fly from the north when the sun goes to the south, lived in this land. They were very happy, and in great families, not like the tribes of later days, but families whose heads were the grand rulers of all, who met in great convocations for ceremonies of religion, for consultation regarding conflicting interests, for the adjustment of difficulties, for social intercourse and festivities, and upon occasion of interesting news or important events. Peace and contentment reigned. The genial climate rendered simple habitations comfortable, and the great numbers of wild animals of the land, the birds of the air, the fish of the streams and of the sea, with the little cultivation of the fertile soil, gave abundant food. There was little contention and no strife, love of each other ruled, justice to all was the general desire and war was unknown.

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“A simple people, their wants were few and easily supplied by the kindly land in which they dwelt; there were no struggles for wealth or commercial dealings; no desire to conquer or rule others; they passed their lives in perfect contentment and happiness, enjoying the pleasures of family life; in learning the arts giving rude comforts, embellishing the person, or aiding the chase; in telling stories and legends; in oratory and in the imagery of their religion. The maidens adorned themselves with the trinkets of their manufacture and the paints they compounded from the minerals they found; the women wove their baskets from the grasses and from the tender strips of wood, interlacing many intricate figures, carrying the design in their minds with exact uniformity though never were two baskets alike; the men fashioned their implements of the chase from the flints found in the hills, threading their nets and lines from the fibers of many plants, and with the bristles of the sea lion drilled bones and stones for their pipes and beads, and many were the arts they possessed for their pleasure and comfort. Thus they lived in peace and happiness, knowing no wants they could not supply. How could they be other than happy?

“Communication was held with distant families. Visits were made from the mountains to the coast, and some trade was carried on with the poorer people of the islands from whom they obtained the rock of which their cooking pots were made. From the north,

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where the snow covers the ground, and from the south, where the cactus grows and the sand flies in the wind, would float rumors that men of our race would fight each other, killing and destroying. This was incomprehensible to our people and very distressing. Upon occasions of importance large numbers of people would assemble at the great temple of Tlacapetl, the Sacred Rock, on the plain.

## CHAPTER XVII.

### A VISION OF CHANGE.

"IN THE MIDST of all their happiness there came a runner from Tlaclan, the land of the Toltecs, the Chichimecs and the Aztecs, later known as Mexico, who had been sent, as one of many, through all sections of the empire of the kindly Spirit, to the south, to the north and to the west, by many relays and with great speed, to spread the news that far away toward the sunrise there had come to the land many great cayucos (ships) having high white wings with which they swam, like swans, through the water. From these had come many men whose skins were of a lighter color than ever before seen. They were clothed in many garments, very different from the scantily clad natives of the country. From the sides of the ships streams of fire would come with a great noise like thunder, by which the wondering and astonished people were much frightened. The newcomers waved beautiful flags and banners with pictures before the natives and held up before them a cross which they told them was the sign of their faith by which all could be made happy and saved from eternal punishment after death.

"These new people appeared so kind and desirous of the welfare of the simple natives, were so grand and powerful, that they were

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welcomed as superior beings sent by our Great Spirit for our good, and for these reasons were the runners sent out to spread the news.

“Throughout all the country runners were dispatched in great haste to call the heads of families together at their several places of meeting, like the capitals of districts, to consult upon the strange things told them. There were many such meeting-places (as here, the Sacred Rock upon the plain) in the mountains south, by the great sea beyond, and others.







Chucucnalla

## CHAPTER XVIII.

### THE DREAMER.

“THE HIGH PRIEST of the Indian religion was The Dreamer. Awake, he was the man. Dreaming, he was the Spirit—held sacred by the people, infallible in his judgment, and obeyed. There were Dreamers of different ranks, for which boys were trained from childhood, those chosen being of perfect form and health, of most worthy parentage, bright in intellect and trained in purity and study for their life work.

“The Dreamer in his sleep communed with the Great Spirit and from Him interpreted the signs which appeared in the sky, foretold events, decided upon the right and wrong, and solved mysteries. He was the Messiah connecting the people with the Ruler of the Universe, and was held as sacred and regarded with the greatest reverence. People who disagreed sought the Dreamer. related their grievances and he went into a sleep or trance; the Spirit, speaking by him, rendered exact justice, acquiesced in by all, and all loved one another.

“The Dreamer’s rule was paternal, and his law was love. It was most natural to govern with love in this fair country of genial climate and abundant products; to teach children to love and obey

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their parents, and that it was a sin to incite parental displeasure or disrespect the law of love. The bodies of the disobedient were not respected after death, and the children of the disgraced strove to recover their honor that they might receive honored burial and enjoy fraternity in life."

(Such was the main tenet of the religion of these people as indicated by the narrator of the legend. But there appears a dark stain, in the story of human sacrifices. For this was practiced with dreadful savagery in the religion of distant Mexico, of which this was a faint part. There were also controversies in those days between those who contended for the religion of the Aztec, demanding or justifying sacrifices, and those who would restore the ancient religion of love, humility and charity.)

## CHAPTER XIX.

### THE RUNNER.

"THE RUNNERS, also, were selected in childhood and trained to manhood for the purpose. Suppleness of limb, strength of loin, depth of lungs and a retentive memory were the requisites demanded, as the journeys were long and celerity was required. Messages were sent orally as well as in figures, and all runners were trained in memorizing long dispatches which they communicated to others with whom they connected on their routes and delivered by repeating at their destination. This was regarded as a noble profession and the runner was welcomed, provided for and honored through all tribes and classes wherever his course led him.

"Marvelously accurate were their reports and wonderful their speed in transmission. Cortes, in his letter to Charles V., tells of finding in the City of Mexico a full and accurate report of his arrival at Chianiztlan, where he landed in May, 1519, and painted on sheets of bark, a description of his ships, men, guns and horses, which had been delivered to Muteczuma (as he writes the name we now call Montezuma) only twenty-four hours after the messenger could possibly have seen them, though the distance was two hundred and sixty miles.

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“Thus were the new arrivals reported to the Emperor and thus was the report spread to the uttermost parts of the land where a vestige of the ancient traditions, religion and civilization remained, and thus it quickly came to the people of this distant coast.



## CHAPTER XX.

### THE GREAT CONVOCATION.

"THEN assembled at the Sacred Rock, from all the country for many leagues around, the heads of families and vast numbers of people to consult upon the news brought by the Runner, and to ask the Dreamer an explanation of the strange people and a forecast of the consequences.

"The season was in the early days of the bright genial summer, the great plain was a sea of verdure, bedecked with brilliant flowers of every hue, and Nature appeared in her happiest mood. Many thousands gathered about the Rock and upon the plain. Intense interest was felt in the matter, as news of such possible importance had never before been brought to them.

"The temple, in this cone isolated upon the plain, was a mighty amphitheater inclosed by lofty walls open to the sky. The portal and passage-way, bordered by sloping rocks, welcomed the morning sun, and the high line of mountain in perpendicular face was toward the mysterious sea. Around the southern wall at a moderate height above the floor a spacious gallery had been excavated, in front of which an altar with broad platform was erected. Separating the altar from the gallery, was a curtain of large dimensions, elaborately

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wrought of skins and netting, and richly embroidered with brilliant feathers in many designs, symbolizing their laws, religion and government. The altar of wood was deftly carved in similar designs. The floor of the temple rose to the north like a great amphitheater, thus affording to all a view of the altar and gallery. Graven in the floor were figures of significant meaning and regarded with deep reverence.

“Such was the grand temple in the wilderness in the period of its glory, and grand it is today in its neglect and mystery. Indications of its decorations and purpose remain, but the wood of the altar has gone to dust with the centuries.

“The usual ceremonies attending the opening of great convocations were observed at this time with exceeding impressiveness. The leading men, in deference to the importance of the occasion, were dressed in costumes of skins and feathers wrought in the highest fancy of the art of the people, the masses being nearly nude.

“The Dreamer, clad in robes becoming the dignity of his high office, called to order the assemblage, which filled the spacious court, overflowing upon the rocks and into the plain. He then retired into the gallery behind the great curtain, for his sueño, and inspiration by the Great Spirit.



## CHAPTER XXI.

### H AJGUANI, THE DREAMER.

“THE DREAMER was Hajguani, a professor of the old religion of which the Feathered Serpent was the symbol. This class and faith in the return of the God, *Quezalcoatl*, according to prophecy. When the Dreamer returned from his sleep the multitude bowed to the ground before him. He called to them to arise. The great pipe used for the most solemn occasions was borne to him. He placed it to his mouth. He breathed through it. He blew the smoke toward the rising sun. He blew the smoke to the south. He blew the smoke to the west. He blew the smoke to the north. He was here. He was there. He gave and received. He the greatest and wisest. He the best beloved. He in whom all believed. In his sleep he had communed with the Great Spirit, and now, as a man, would tell them all that had been told to him :

“Let blessings come upon the faithful runner, who, with strength upheld by the Great Spirit, through privations and perils, over mountains of rough stone and across the sandy plains where the thorns of cactus pierce the flesh, in the heat when the tongue swells in the mouth because the arroyos are dry, by the country of many tribes, has brought to us from distant *Tlaclan* the

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story that there has come from the rising sun great cayucos bearing people of a race never before seen in our land. In far away Tlaclan the men of the ships are believed to be the Children of the Sun sent to this land as messengers of light proclaiming a religion which will give peace and happiness to our country.

“Our old people sing to us the songs their mothers sang to them, which have been sung by mothers from the time when memory cannot count the generations, telling of the good Quezalcoatl and of the religion he gave all the people, to which but few now hold, the religion of Love, Humility and Charity.

“This religion was long ago overthrown by the fierce teachers who sought for selfish power and the temples of peace were turned into altars of sacrifice. The songs of our mothers, though forbidden by the priests, were in dark and secret places sung to us, that at some time the God, Quezalcoatl, would come from over the water in a great ship with dazzling white wings, and would proclaim the restoration of his religion and the future happiness of his people. Now is the prophecy fulfilled. The great white-winged ships have come bearing the Children of the Sun, who show, as their emblem, a cross on a grand and proud banner, but not the Feathered Serpent of humility.

“After long years of suffering by the people of Tlaclan, under the cruel religion of the Axtecs, they willingly welcome the religion

## THE PAINTED ROCK

of the Cross as a fulfillment of the prophecy. We are told that the Cross means "peace on earth and good will to man." This, if not the full realization of our hopes, is grand and good, so now let us believe that a great blessing has come to all our people; that the cruel sacrifices shall be no more; that knowledge shall increase and all dwell in happiness.'

## CHAPTER XXII.

### THE BLESSING.

“THIS ADDRESS was received with great satisfaction and, in record of it, a Child of the Sun was painted on the rock, bearing in his right hand a picture of the sun, and the multitude went their way to their homes.”

José breathed a long and mournful sigh as he concluded the story of Hajguani.

After a brief silence of reflection, McAlister remarked: “I thought you told me that the paintings on the rock recorded a curse, but now you tell of a blessing.”

“Oh! that it might have been a blessing. Oh! that all Hajguani believed might have proven true.”

“Did your Dreamer commune with the Great Spirit and then tell his people what was not true?”

“He told what he believed was true from all he had learned of the religion of the invader, and what he hoped was true; but time passed and changes came,” replied José, with some feeling.

## CHAPTER XXIII.

### JOSE'S RELIGION AND PHILOSOPHY.

"YOU SPEAK of the religion of the invader," earnestly spoke El Patron. "That is not respectful. You know the invader was a Catholic and you have been raised a Catholic. You are not true to your religion. You bow to the tuchelote, the little bobbing owl that stands by the hole where the gray badger and the rattlesnake burrow together, and bare your head as we pass a painting on a rock. Why do you do that if you are a true Catholic?"

"May be," meekly replied the Vaquero, "that the spirit of one of my ancestors is now the life of the owl or the badger and the serpent represents humility and helplessness for which our people have reverence, and the paintings on the rocks are the records which I was taught to hold sacred."

"You were taught to hold the Holy Cross sacred."

"The good Padres at the Mission," said José, making the sign of the cross and with a wistful eye gazing into the long distance toward Mescaltitlan, the ancient name of the old Mission of San Miguel, the Archangel, where he and many thousands of his fellow Indians had received their lessons of Christianity, "the good Padres have told me much; and Nature also teaches me. My life has

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been passed in these hills, in the valleys, on the plains, by the sea and on the desert where the cactus grows its thorns. My companions have been the grazing herds I have guarded, the fleet horses which have carried me, the wild animals which roam at night in search of food, the birds which wander at will through the air, the fishes which sport and sparkle in the water from the stream trickling in the mountains to the river and the sea, and even the reptiles, crawling on the earth,—from the serpent our forefathers held so sacred to the basking lizard or the hopping toad, I love them all. That is Nature and Nature is my faith. Nature in its birth, youth and spring-time, is all love; Hatred is death and Death is Hatred. Love and kindness are good; deceit, enmity and selfishness are sin.”

“The deep earnestness and profound philosophy of the dark-skinned son of nature with whom I was riding greatly impressed me,” said McAlister in relating the story. “For some years I had known his sturdy character, his unimpeachable word and undoubted honesty, always regarding him as a servant of great worth with extraordinary skill in every feature, but I had not realized how far-reaching was his thought and how deep his philosophy. The early lessons of his devoted and loving mother, given in their loneliness, had planted the seeds of thought in his receptive mind, making him a thinker always; the broad fields and the objects of

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nature were his books and laboratories. The varied knowledge shown by José and his reverential deportment are proof of the grandeur of the school of Nature when the habit of study is instilled in the youthful mind. To such a student, pleasure and comfort are always present, and sin and degradation can never come near."

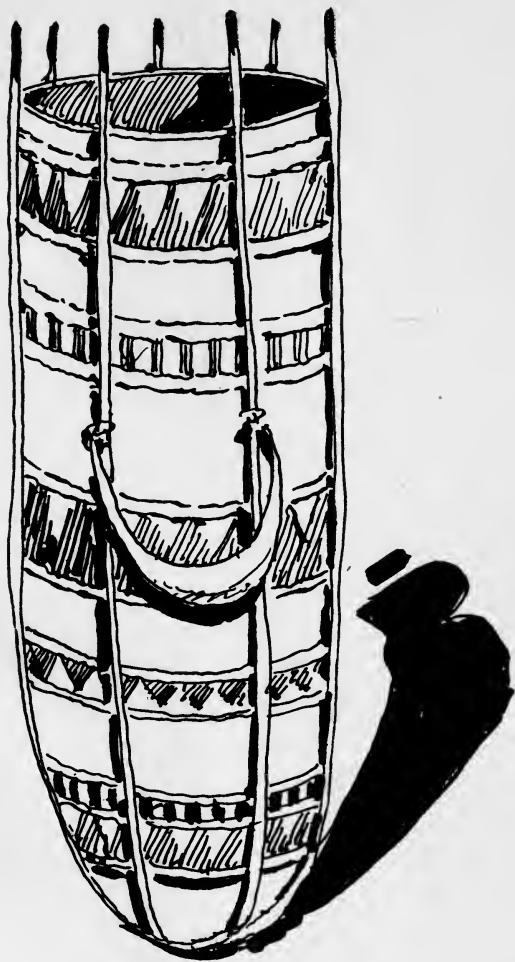
## CHAPTER XXIV.

### A GREAT RANCHO.

IN PREVIOUS conversations José had intimated a knowledge of the old settlers of the region and of the curse relating to them painted on the rock. For the present he had ceased and, as the hour was getting late, we hastened on our ride southerly to our destination, Rancho El Temblor, of the estate of Miller & Lux, on the eastern slope of the mountains, some twenty miles from Agua de las Yeguas. El Temblor (the earthquake) gets its name from the evidence of a severe earthquake there which had heaved the rocks in a long dyke and created a pass through the mountains. This, like the other ranchos of the Monte Diablo range, is devoted to cattle, and the many corrals, rodeo grounds, stables, sheds and other houses of the "Headquarters" show the extent of the business on a great stock rancho, where the possessions cover a vast area, extending, in this instance, more than forty miles to the eastward.

Passing the night with this, our nearest neighbor, we turned on our homeward way. Again crossing the divide by the travelled road, we soon took the trackless way over the fenceless range to the canyons and hills, sometimes to the summit of the Monte Diablo mountains, twenty-five hundred feet above the sea, and peaks to four thousand feet.





*Mojave Indian Basket*



## CHAPTER XXV.

### GRANDEUR OF SCENERY.

EAGERLY we rode from hilltop to hilltop in the enthusiastic enjoyment of the entrancing view, as if each view were better than the preceding—views old and very familiar to either of us, but forever new in their grandeur. The warm sun shone upon us, in this elevation, with a gentleness most tender and loving. Through an atmosphere of ethereal clearness was seen the long, serrated line of snow which, like a white cloud, marked the eastern horizon, two hundred miles away. There could be seen the western slope of that grandest of earth's mountains, the forest-covered and golden-veined Sierra Nevadas, with a hundred great rivers plunging from a height of seven to fifteen thousand feet into the broad Valley of California; at our feet lay the plains of Kern, King and Tulare counties, and to westward a great portion of San Luis Obispo county,—in all an area exceeding ten thousand square miles; above and encompassing all, the ever blue sky, the purest of all America. The dullest mind would here be aroused to inspiration by the grandeur and loveliness of the scene, and even the sordid is moved to enthusiasm as he contemplates the wealth of forest, soil and mine—illimitable! illimitable!

## CHAPTER XXVI.

### JOSE REMINISCENT.

JOSE, as is characteristic of the Indian, could not be demonstrative, however much he might admire, but there was a brightening of the eye and a gleam of the countenance proving that the scene made a deep impression. But withal there was a seriousness of expression as if sad thoughts were intermingled with his joy, and as we passed an abandoned ruin of a former ranch-house he said, half mournfully, half triumphantly, "Such is the fate of all."

"I have heard that before," interjected McAlister, "what does it mean?"

"Yes, I have told you there was a curse on the land—a curse because wrongfully taken from my forefathers; a curse upon the strong who wrong the weak. All that may now be done cannot atone for deeds which made outcasts of an entire people, even unto their graves. Such is the curse, and it cannot be removed."

"How can that be? All is well here now and looks well for the future," contended McAlister.

"Long ago Cardoza prospered in that old ruin we have just passed, but he died poor. There were Charley and Ed Crocker who located El Temblor. Their cattle ranged over the vast country

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they claimed but did not own; one killed a man and became insane—oh, who can tell their sad ending! Over yonder by the San Juan Capistrano, Bartolo Barete and his wife and partner, Borel, settled the rancho French Camp. Fertile was the soil, and with abundant gold in the house their hopes were bright, but the men were murdered by a band of robbers; and Jack Gilkey, on the Camate, shared the same fate, and Brumley, at the Rock, dragged to death by a broncho; and Norcross, the Thompsons and others—many so well known it pains me to name them—flourished grandly for awhile, but sudden death, failure and unhappiness were the end of all. Surely there is a curse upon the land as recorded in the great temple of the Painted Rock.”

As we rode along in the freshness of the morning, from one of many hill-tops the broad valley of the Carrisa came into view to the west. Midway shimmered the white salt plain, and far in the distance stood the Sacred Rock, with the sun's rays shining brightly into the portals of the temple, as it had shone those centuries ago when the events of the Legend were enacted and recorded. Like the scene to the eastward, the panorama before us was too lovely to believe it the dark and bloody ground my companion declared it to be. The murders and misfortunes José related were vividly brought to mind, but were not such incidents common in California's early history?

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“The curse is on all,” exclaimed José.

“You told me that the Dreamer, Hajguani, had blessed the land and that it was so recorded,” put in McAlister.

## CHAPTER XXVII.

### THE RELIGION OF QUEZALCOATL.

“WHEN the runner came from Tlaclan with the report of the arrival of the great ships,” said José, “there was a belief that the new people, light colored, with flowing beard and waving hair, came to fulfil the ancient prophecy and restore the old religion of love, humility and charity. They came from the east, as the light of the morning, and were regarded as children of the sun. The Sun was their God of Charity; brilliant feathers, their God of Love; and the Serpent, their God of Humility, and Quezalcoatl represented all in person. Many years, centuries before, the God Quezalcoatl had been banished from the land, his religion was forbidden, and the cruel religion of the Aztec had grown in its place. But in the lands distant from the capital, in the deep forests and in the secluded valleys of the mountains, the legends of the forefathers were chanted in their worship, keeping alive faint sparks of the ancient faith and the belief that Quezalcoatl, the Messiah, would come again. With him would come peace and prosperity; the soil of the desert would be watered by gentle showers from the sky, and the earth, the dear mother of man, would yield abundantly of every good and necessary thing.

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“Hajguani, the Dreamer, at that time knew of the old prophecies, and when the runner came telling of the great ships bearing men of an unknown race, speaking with fire (as they interpreted the sound of the guns and cannon), he believed they came to restore the worship of the Sun, the religion of *Quezalcoatl*, the gentle religion of the parent tribes, and so he interpreted it to the assembled Indians as a blessing.



## CHAPTER XXVIII.

### SAD REPORTS FROM MEXICO.

"BUT OTHER runners came, and soon our people heard much of the great city of Temixtitlan, and of Cortes, and also of the country they had learned to call Mexico. All took deep interest in the reports of the wonderful changes going on in that region to which they felt related and to which they were much attached. Their sympathies were with their own race regardless of religion. They learned that the invaders, by combining one tribe of Indians against another, had gained ascendancy over all and had committed outrages of the most sanguinary character. The mighty Montezuma had been slain; his successor, Guatimotzin, tortured till he died; their treasures had been despoiled; their sacred temples desecrated; countless thousands of their people slain or enslaved; their property taken; their government destroyed, and the religion of the Cross forced upon them with the most terrible cruelties.

## CHAPTER XXIX.

### A LAPSE OF YEARS.

“SUCH REPORTS, brought by the runners, continuing for several years, another convocation was called at the Sacred Rock. In the meantime Hajguani had passed away, and Hago was Dreamer in his stead. Hago summoned the people. The year was passing into autumn when the convocation was called; the ground was dry and brown with the withered herbage, and desolate appeared the face of the country—as desolate were the hearts of the people.

“The temple of the Sacred Rock was as it had been at the former meeting, only to the few paintings of the hopes of fulfilment of the ancient prophecies, inspired by the loving temperament of Hajguani, and the kind professions reported of the invader’s religion, there had been added others indicating doubts and fears regarding the acts of the new people of the distant land.

## CHAPTER XXX.

### HAGO, THE DREAMER.

"HAGO was different from the gentle and confiding Hajguani. He was more passionate and commanding, firm in his beliefs, and determined in action. For his own faith he would die, and for those who believed differently he had no mercy. But he meant to be just to all as he saw justice. He had a wife and several children; of these, Seriat was the most beautiful maiden of all within their circle of acquaintance. She was as dutiful as she was beautiful, and her austere parent she held as sacred and as endowed with more than human gifts; she believed he communed with the Great Spirit and was worthy the high office he held; she believed implicitly and obeyed him without question.

"Seriat, meaning a comet, had received her name because of her long hair, which, like a comet, streamed as the wind blew it from her handsome head. She had been educated as a priestess, and had received instruction from her father in the mysteries evolved by him, and she shared his ideas. For her people, the lovely Seriat was a teacher and a model, to lead them to a higher plane of art and enlightenment, and as such she was regarded with unusual reverence. Of precocious talent, she had instructed the maidens of

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her age in the work and accomplishments required in this advancement, and the time seemed propitious for the achievement of her hopes.

“At such an epoch as this in their history, came the repeated messages from Mexico concerning the progress and the atrocities of the invader, causing most serious apprehension. A loving people, rising by their own efforts in civilization—were they to be struck down?

## CHAPTER XXXI.

### FRENZY OF HAGO.

“WITH THESE feelings the convocation was held. The assemblage was great and serious. Hago had long meditated upon the subject and had wrought himself almost into a frenzy. Coming from his sleep behind the curtain in the temple where he had communed with the Great Spirit, he addressed the multitude with impassioned eloquence. He related the scenes of the landing of the Spaniards, their grand ships with their white wings floating upon the sea like the swans upon the lagunas; the sound of their cannon like the voice of the Great Spirit, speaking in the storm with thunder; of the fair-skinned men and the horses they bestrode as parts of their bodies, and the promises of a new religion these men had brought. Our ancestors had left us the message that such people would come and be a blessing and so we had believed. With this faith we had welcomed them as the offspring of the sun. Such grandeur of appearance; such power to overcome the boundless water; with lightning and thunder rivaling the forces of nature, led us to believe all that had been claimed. But, alas! all this bright promise had faded into the darkest night. The banner of the cross bearing the message of ‘peace on earth, good will toward

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man,' had on its reverse side a flaming fire with human victims writhing therein, and soldiers following, cruelly putting to death all who would not submit. Then came more soldiers with banners, knives and guns, killing as they went, taking possession of the country and making slaves of the people. 'Oh! sad fate of Mexico. Oh, most sad fate of any people told in legend or story! Mexico is conquered and our brethren are slain! We invoke the aid of the Great Spirit to save us from such a fate. Oh! grant us a messenger more powerful than my words to intercede for us and save our people.'

## CHAPTER XXXII.

### FOR THE SACRIFICE.

“FRONTING the wooden altar of the temple, and on a level with it, an altar of stone had been erected. On great occasions these people had returned to the practice of blood-offerings, or sacrifices. The stone altar was for this purpose. The Dreamer had called for a messenger worthy of the cause. The cause was the most serious ever brought before the people. A calamity was to be averted. The people were to be saved, their liberties, their homes, their religion and their honor. No sacrifice could be too great for so noble a purpose. The invader was so powerful, the suffering of their fellow men had been so terrible, the danger so imminent, that only through the Great Spirit could safety be found.

## CHAPTER XXXIII.

### THE OFFERING OF SERIAT.

“A MESSENGER to the Great Spirit had been demanded. Seriat, the beautiful, the good Seriat, stepped forth upon the platform of the altar. A form of perfect loveliness; a virgin of purity; daughter of the Dreamer; a priestess of the faith; the most worthy of all the land; the best beloved of all the people, offered herself as the messenger to the spirit land. Oh! the sacrifice appeared too great. A remonstrance arose. A carnero, a “big horn” or mountain sheep, had been caught and brought to the temple for the blood-offering. To this the common people assented. Seriat, standing upon the altar, waved her hand and calmed the excited throng. All fell upon their knees before her. Standing upon the high projecting altar, the rays of the noon-day sun from over the southern rocks illumined her head like a halo of glory, while the Dreamer and all the great men on the stage were in deep shade—a holy and impressive picture.



## CHAPTER XXXIV.

### SERIAT'S INVOCATION.

“SERIAT, in a firm and melodious voice, made her invocation :

“We bow to Thee, Great Spirit, ruler of all. Before Thy power we are as the withered grass blown by the wind. Thou givest life ; Thou givest strength. Thou givest thought to believe, for good or for evil, and power to act. Thou takest our lives as thou wilt. Thou sendest happiness in thy love and destruction in thy wrath. Thou destroyest all our works in the twinkling of an eye.

“We are thy children. O mighty Spirit, we fear thee. O mighty Spirit, we love thee. O mighty Spirit, we worship thee. O mighty Spirit, aid our people. Turn aside the invader who is destroying them. Let him not come hither.

“My people send a message to thee. Permit my humble spirit to come near unto thee. My message is for my people. Oh, that I may do my utmost for them. The flesh of the body thou wilt not see. The voice of the living thou wilt not hear. The pure spirit alone can approach thee. Let not the spirit of my great love offend thee. Let the spirit of my great duty appeal to thee. Let my spirit be the voice and the messenger of all these people.

“As the bow and the arrow are broken at the grave so their

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spirits may be with the hunter in the happy hunting-grounds, so let my body be broken that my spirit may go to thee. As the spear is broken at the grave of the warrior that its spirit may be his defense, so let my spirit be released for this people. As the cooking vessels of the chief are broken at his grave so their spirits may serve their master, so let me be broken that my spirit may go to thee. As the jewels of the maiden are broken in her tomb that their spirits may adorn her forever, so let my spirit be freed from all that encumbers it here. As the toys of the children are broken that their spirits may give joy when death has taken the pure and innocent, so may I be taken to thee.'

"Seriat then turned toward the stage and the high chiefs thereon, and asked her father, the Dreamer, that the sacrifice be made.

"There was hesitancy. Could not a substitute be found? The excitement had risen to such a frenzy that no animal would be satisfactory. The exaltation of the fanatic Dreamer knew no bounds. His life theories and dreams were culminating in the most grandly heroic act possible on earth. He, Hago, the Dreamer, was lord of all, the father of Seriat, the teacher of the beautiful virgin whose pure spirit was to bear his message to the Great Spirit whom all worshiped. He was triumphant. It was his crown. He crowned himself. The aim and end of ambition, self-glorification.

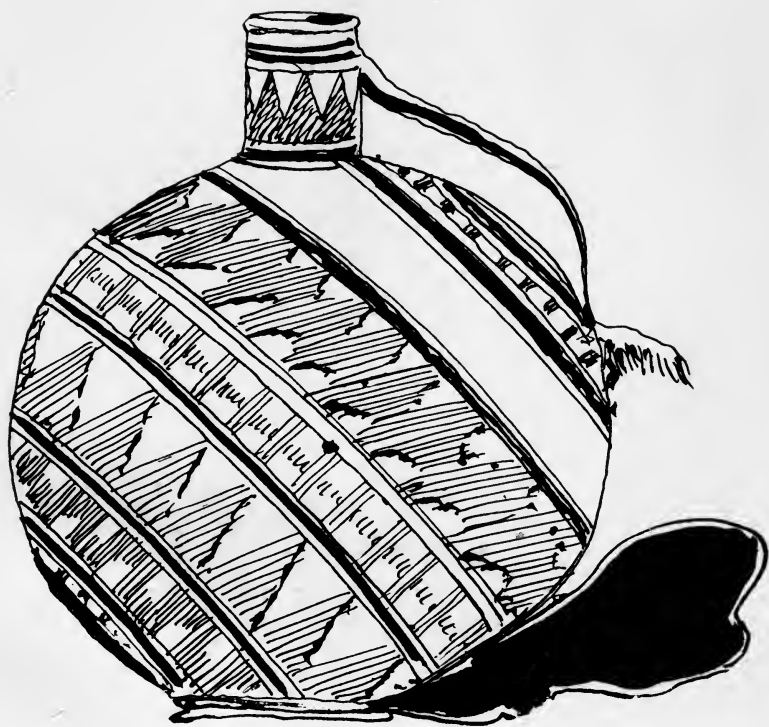
## THE PAINTED ROCK

The cause was worthy of the messenger ; the messenger, the first of the land in birth, beauty, culture and purity, was worthy of the cause.

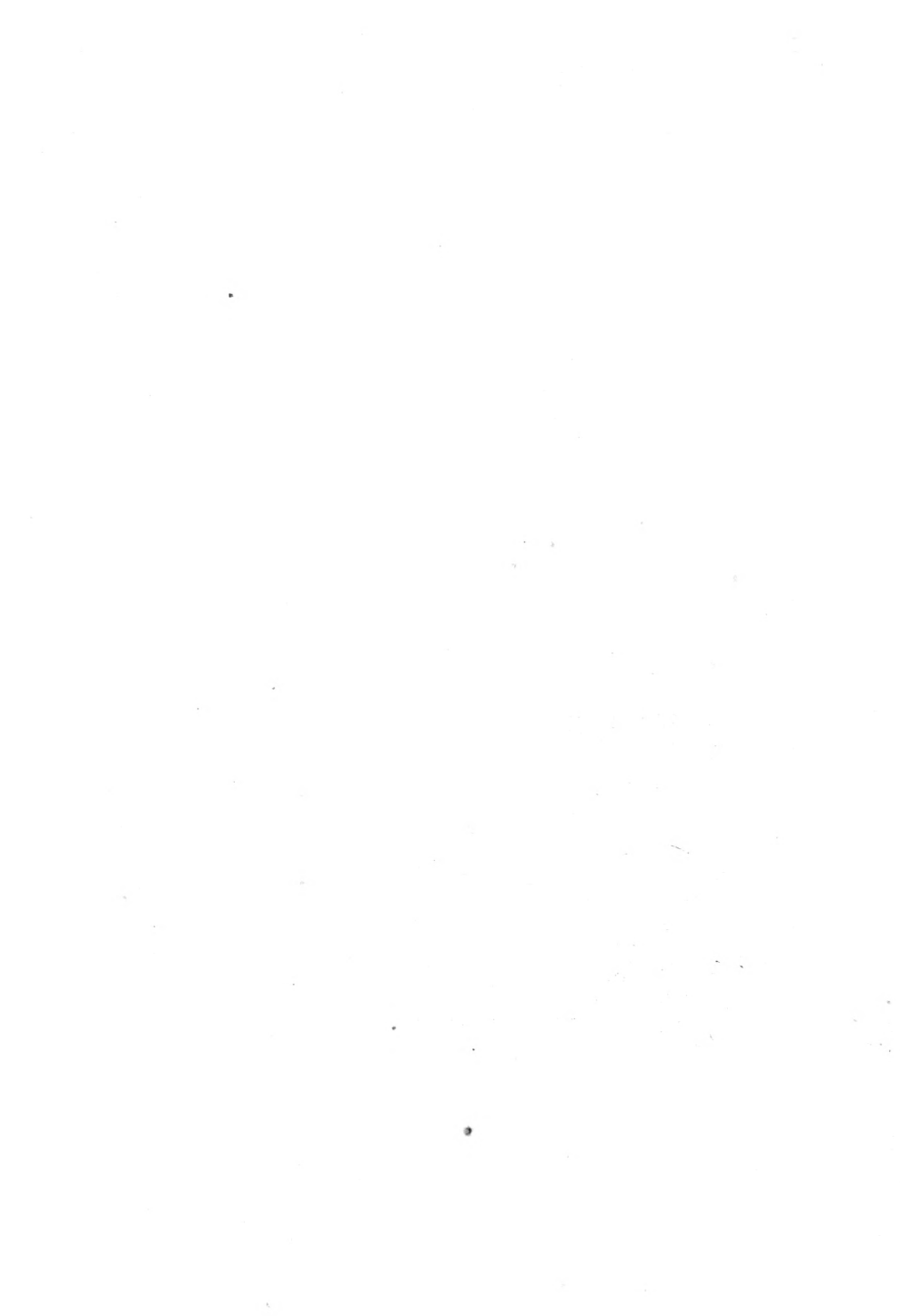
## CHAPTER XXXV.

### THE CONSUMMATION.

“SERIAT stood majestically upon the altar, her eyes gazing fixedly upon the azure sky above, the sun shining brilliantly upon her fair face, her long hair hanging as a veil down her back, her right hand raised above, her left baring her bosom for the blow. About her knelt the high priests with vessels in which to receive the sacred blood. The Dreamer, arrayed in a gorgeous robe flowing over his person and wearing a lofty crown of many colored feathers, advanced toward his daughter, chanting a prayer. In his right hand gleamed a dagger of the perdenalis of the coast, polished to the keenest edge. Direct to the heart of the martyr the father thrust the sharpened flint.



*Woven Water Bottle*



## CHAPTER XXXVI.

### THE REACTION OF HORROR.

“FOR A MOMENT all was still. The sacrifice was accomplished. The messenger-spirit had gone on its journey. The sacred blood had been gathered for the purpose of religious service. All seemed entranced. Reason had fled. At last there swelled a murmur as of a distant storm. The sun had passed the western rock and the temple in the cave was in darkness. The multitude rose to their feet and with a great cry of horror rushed from the scene. There was no benediction in dismissing the congregation. There was no blessing ordered painted on the rock. The people dispersed sullenly to their homes. The Dreamer and the chiefs remained with the dead, for the last mournful rites. The sacred blood was cared for, the body of the martyr burned, and the ashes preserved. The great convocation had ended.

## CHAPTER XXXVII.

### HAGO'S STRUGGLE FOR POWER.

"THE TIME came for reflection. Among the people there was growing a revulsion of feeling. As calmness was restored the thought came that the sacrifice was too great. None had seen the invader nor any of his acts, and their fears had been aroused by passionate appeals only. Hago and his coadjutors were in danger of losing their power. They were in despair. To confess their weakness would have been fatal. All the craftiness which the cruel Hago possessed was necessary to retain his power. Regret as he might, the sacrifice of his daughter—for surely he had sincerely loved her—he could not recall the past. Now he must save himself. Dissent was manifest.

"As the full moon came again, Hago called another convocation at the Sacred Rock. The reason given for it was that the spirit of Seriat wished to report to the people. In obedience to the call a number assembled, but not as many as on former occasions. The Dreamer, desiring to retain his supremacy, endeavored to create a deep impression. His sleep had continued for several days.

"When Hago appeared upon the altar he was ostentatious in manner and dress, but contrition was marked on his face. He



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steadied himself with his powerful will. He assured his hearers that the Spirit of Seriat had been welcomed by the Great Spirit and had borne back to him the story of the wrongs and wickedness done by the invaders. Her spirit had returned to him with approval of all that had been done. She foretold that the new people who had conquered their brethren of the south would come and overrun the land in which they lived. They would come with a new religion, but would be followed by soldiers who would enslave the people and make them do their work and build their houses. The sad fate of Mexico was to come upon all.

## CHAPTER XXXVIII.

### A CURSE UPON THE LAND.

“BUT UPON ALL, hereafter coming wrongfully upon this land should fall a curse. No invader should ever prosper on this land, so wickedly taken from the rightful owners. As Hajguani had ordered a blessing painted on the rock, so the Great Spirit, by the messenger Seriat, now orders his curse on the invader to be painted upon the rock, to last for all time, and that the blood and the ashes of the martyr'd virgin be mixed with the paints inscribing the record that should endure forever.

“The messenger, through the Dreamer, further stated that the invaders of the country would be succeeded by a more powerful people with a lighter skin who would take possession of the country, but the curse would fall upon them and rest upon the land, until it was restored to those whose rightful heritage it was, or UNTIL ALL HAD PASSED AWAY.

“The convocation ended with the order to record the curse. No great convocation was ever held after that. The paintings were made in the written language of the olden time. The three colors, red, white and black, were the symbols of their religion. Red signified Love; white signified Charity; black signified Humility—

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the religion of Love, Charity and Humility; symbolized by the Feathered Serpent. Records in these colors were deemed sacred and all-powerful, never to be disregarded; so through centuries they have remained. Read them as I have told.”

Such is the legend of La Piedra Pintada, the painted rock of Carrisa.

## CHAPTER XXXIX.

### THE GREAT TEMPLE.

JOSE had ended his story. The long-kept mystery of the strange paintings had been revealed. These paintings and the great temple in the rock had been as much a mystery to the Indians of the country upon the arrival of the Franciscan Missionaries, late in the eighteenth century, as they had remained until this revelation. The great cave called the temple is indestructible; the angular and clear face of the rock has been frayed away by the wind and rain of hundreds of years, but the paintings, sheltered in the gallery, still remain the most sacred archeological monument of California, sacred to the student, the æsthetic and the historian; and even the thoughtless are awed in their presence. The efforts of society and the statutes of government should be exercised in the preservation of the temple and the paintings. LET THERE BE A CURSE ON THE HAND OF THE DESTROYER!

José appeared relieved and satisfied that the facts he had learned from his dearly loved and faithful mother had now been confided to another; facts so precious and so important in the history of his race; facts so long stored in memory, and handed down with such care near to the vanishing point, would not be buried with him but would be preserved.

*José's death was as dramatic as his birth and life. Since the publication of this book, while a vaquero in a stockyard in San Francisco, he was told by a fellow vaquero that his name was printed in a book. "How?" he inquired. His companion replied, "The legend you told of La Piedra Pintada has been published in a book." José raised his hands to the sky, exclaiming "Mi Madre!" and fell dead from his horse. Related by the vaqueros. M.A.*



*Fire-kindling Spindle*



## CHAPTER XL.

### REFLECTIONS.

EL PATRON and the Mayor Domo resumed their ride in silence. McAlister reflected that he was one of the intruders upon the land and that the curse rested on him. The murders, the deaths of many in their prime, by accident or suddenly stricken in this most healthy region; the many failures in business, where the promise was so fair and the field so inviting, recurred to him and he pondered in his mind if a curse could really have effect. For a moment it appeared quite a serious matter. Were all his endeavors to be of no avail? Must this great plain of fertile soil, and its mountain borders, rich in minerals, grand in scenery and salubrious in climate, remain ever a desert because of an Indian curse? He rejected the thought as an absurd superstition.

Hailing José, who had ridden apart, he asked, "Do you mean to say that the curse is on me at this time?"

"I do not say it," replied José, "the record says it."

"You do not read it right," earnestly put in McAlister. "The first record was a blessing; the last record was a curse. The first was by a good man; the last, by a bad man."

"Both came from the Great Spirit," seriously remarked the devout vaquero.

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“The Great Spirit blessed the good and cursed the wicked people, and there was a limit of time for the curse, which limit has passed,” continued McAlister. “I will prove it by your own story. In the time of Hajguani the religion was of love and parental care; the country was at peace and the people happy. Designing men, to get into power, changed your religion to that of the cruel Aztec, and Hago became Dreamer. It was the same as in Mexico, and because of their religion they fell an easy prey to the conqueror. Cortes wrote that ‘The people of this country are addicted to a cruelty exceeding what had ever been known in any generation, and violating in a greater degree the laws of nature and humanity.’ They were ignorant and superstitious; as Cortes further writes, ‘When we arrived at the entrenchment they said that, since they regarded me as the offspring of the sun, and the sun in so short a space of time as one day and one night revolved around the whole world, I ought therefore to despatch them out of this life in as brief a space as possible and thus deliver them from their troubles, for they desired to go to Heaven, to their Orchelobus, who was waiting to receive them in a state of peaceful repose.’

“Montezuma sacrificed prisoners. Throughout Mexico there were thousands of altars for blood-sacrifices and for burning of prisoners, criminals, devotees and political or religious opponents. Thus their



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religion had become more political than spiritual; more for the exercise of power by the few than for the good of the many. 'Formerly,' he reported, 'the country had its priests who were engaged in conducting the rites and ceremonies of their religion, and so strict were they in the practice of honesty and chastity that any deviation therefrom was punished with death.'

"But this had changed to a religion most revolting, and to suppress this, Cortes was welcomed. He destroyed the temples of the idols and brought the entire population, nominally at least, into the Christian fold. He bore the emblem of the cross in one hand and the sword in the other. If he, too, were cruel, it was in a milder degree. His coming was a blessing to the people and not a curse. The end of the cruel religion had come. The people were destroying themselves. The same conditions had been established here. The sacrifice of Seriat was the culmination of wickedness. From that time your people were in two parties. Those of the old religion revolted. The calling of the third convocation to learn the result of Seriat's mediation was but a pretense to deceive and retain a fading power. Your legend says it was but slightly attended. That was proof of the divided sentiment. The order of the painting of the blessing on the rock was by a good man and approved by all. The order of the painting of the curse was by a wicked man and not approved by a united people. The curse re-

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acted upon himself and all those who took part in the sacrifice of the pure and innocent Seriat.

"From that time the entire race of red men declined. The Great Spirit protected them no more. As the years passed they vanished from the earth. Your own family you know nothing of. You are alone. The emblem of your ancient religion of love, charity and humility was the good serpent of the south. Your later priests and dreamers called in the Shoshone, the wicked Serpent of the north. Soon all that was good was overthrown, and death and degradation settled upon the land. Truly there was a curse over all.

"In the lapse of time the good Franciscan missionaries came and worked for your enlightenment and salvation. As your Dreamer had foretold, the soldier followed the priest. And later the people of a lighter color came. Whatever struggles they have passed through, the present is good for them and the future is very bright. The curse was for the red man, the blessing for the white."

\* \* \* \* \*

"I will bless them that bless Thee, and curse him that curseth Thee: and in Thee shall all the families of the earth be blessed."—  
Genesis XII: 3.













