History of San Diego 1542-1908, An Account Of The Rise And Progress of a Pioneer Settlement On The Pacific Coast of The United States

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"For the friendship of the people of San Diego"

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VOLUME I. OLD TOWN
PART FIRST. PERIOD OF DISCOVERY AND MISSION RULE
CHAPTER I. THE SPANISH EXPLORERS

Stand upon the heights in the sunny afternoon and turn your eyes to the dazzling waste of waters, and, with the slightest exercise of imagination, you may see them yet those Spanish ships that crept up the coast, then headed for the Silver Gate, in September, 1542. Quaint craft they were, with their round bows and square sterns and their poop decks rising in the air, so that they seemed about as high as they were long. Although small when compared with the standards of today-only three or four hundred tons-there was a certain grandeur about them which does not attach to the modern liner. Somehow, they suggested the poverty-stricken Spanish gentleman who manages to keep his pomp and pride on an empty stomach. For there were paint and gold, carvings and emblazonry of armorial bearings, but there was probably very little to eat, especially in the forecastle.

It is a marvel that they could make long voyages in those days. The ships were clumsy, hard to handle, capable of carrying but a small spread of canvas in anything approaching a strong breeze, and sailed sidewise almost as well as forward. They seemed to invite every peril that goes with the sea. Besides, the lack of condensed foods, of facilities for refrigeration, and of sanitary knowledge, entailed hardship and privation upon those who set out upon long voyages into regions of the earth but vaguely known. It is little wonder that sailors died like flies from causes which were comprehensively characterized as scurvy, though in many cases the trouble was simply starvation. And yet those two ships which had pitched and rolled along their uncertain way from Mexico made a brave sight as they swept in upon the smooth waters of San Diego Bay and dropped their anchors under the shelter of Point Loma. They were the first ships that ever rested on those waters-the San Salvador and the Victoria-and a new era had dawned upon the world of the Pacific when Juan Rodriquez Cabrillo, a Portuguese navigator in the service of Spain, looked up and down the bay, around the encircling shores, and

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then to the hills and mountains that made the noble background.

It was the last act in the great drama of Spanish discovery which began with Columbus fifty years before. A train of events in which he had no part made Cabrillo the star performer and placed in his hand the laurel of lasting renown. Hernando Cortés had set his heart on exploring the mysterious land which lay to the north of Mexico and was popularly believed to be India. He had expected that this would be the crowning glory of his career, but Charles V. was unwilling to see the figure of Cortés grow larger, lest he

should set up an empire of his own and divide the glory of Spain. Thus it happened that Mendoza was made Viceroy of the Spanish possessions in the New World and Cortés returned to complain to the king. He never saw New Spain again, and his dream of northern exploration vanished forever.

One of his former lieutenants, Pedro de Alvarado, had cherished the same ambition and proceeded to build ships as a means of carrying it into effect. He was in favor with the court and with Mendoza, and thus enabled to proceed with his plans. But Fate did not intend that Alvarado should realize the dream of Cortés and become the discoverer of a northern realm. He was drawn into a war with the Mixton Indians in Mexico and killed while assaulting one of their strongholds. Thus it happened that Cabrillo sailed northward from Natividad, Mexico, on June 17, 1542, on the long-deferred voyage of discovery.

Fortunate, indeed, is the discoverer in the quality of his fame. The achievement of the soldier, of the scholar, of the statesman, of the founder of institutions may be surpassed in subsequent times and relegated to comparative obscurity by those who achieve even more greatly; but the claim of the discoverer cannot be superseded. His distinction endures with the lands he brought to light and gains with their growth through the centuries. California is yet in its infancy, so that it may-be said that the day of Cabrillo's greatest glory will come in the future.

The historic sailor knew a good harbor when he saw it and was the first of a long line of mariners to realize that the bay of San Diego is a spot favored by nature and destined for great things. "A land-locked and very good harbor," he called it, and gave it the name of San Miguel. On the very day of his arrival, he sent a small boat "farther into the port, which was large." While it was anchored "a very great gale blew from the southwest," but this did not disturb the boat and its occupants. The port being good, we felt nothing," says the narrative, which is only too meager.

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[Ship of Cabrillo's Time]

The explorer sent a party ashore to replenish his supply of water. They landed on Point Loma and followed the river until they found a pool. It was the driest season of year, and then, as now, the San Diego River was a little of water at that season. It was late in the day when they set out, and dark when they started to return. They chanced upon the shores of False Bay and looked in vain for ships. The mistake was natural enough under the circumstances, and the traveller who approaches the city by rail also falls into the same error of mistaking False Bay for true bay of San Diego when he catches his first glimpse of country. The sailors camped for the night, but were found early the next morning by another party and guided to the ships.

It was not long before the Indian inhabitants discovered the presence of the strangers. Word of the extraordinary event must have passed rapidly from mouth to mouth, and doubtless

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[Juan Rodriquez Cabrillo]

the story of it was handed down from father to son for many a long year. In the account of the voyage written by one of Cabrillo's companions, and translated and published by the Government in a report of the United States Geographic Surveys in 1879, this interesting statement appears:

"And the following day, in the morning, there came to the ship three large Indians, and by signs they said that there were traveling in the interior men like us, with beards, and clothes and armed like those of the ships, and they made signs that they carried cross-bows and swords, and made gestures with the right arm as if they were throwing lances, and went running in a posture as if riding on horseback, and made signs that they killed many of the native Indians, and that for this they were afraid. This people are well disposed and advanced; they go covered with the skins of animals."

Cabrillo remained but six days in the bay with which his name will be forever associated. He took observations with such imperfect instruments as he had and located the place

in latitude 34° 20' North. (The true latitude is, of course, 32° 41' 57.6".) This mistake led to some embarrassment in later times when other navigators tried to find the harbor by means of Cabrillo's notes. The discoverer sailed away for the North, where he died four months later, or January 3, 1543, in consequence of a fall on an island which his companions named in his honor, "Juan Rodriquez." With his last words, he directed his party to go forward with the original plan of exploration. His grave has never been identified, but it is interesting to reflect that his dust is mingled with the soil which he discovered.

The accounts of Cabrillo's achievement slowly percolated to Spain by way of Mexico, but if they produced any excitement it was successfully restrained for a period of nearly two generations. In these days, when the news of a fresh mineral discovery sends thousands rushing into the desert on automobiles, or to the frozen wastes of the Far North in swift steamships, it would seem that human nature in the Sixteenth Century must have been different if it could receive the news of the discovery of a land like California without feeling an irresistible impulse of adventure. The difference, however, was not one of human nature, but of facilities for spreading information and for transporting men and supplies across distances relatively greater than any now known in all the spaces of the world. The development of new countries waits upon events. Not in that time did events call for the utilization of the resources of the Pacific. Fortunately, nature provides an ample margin of resources for the needs of successive generations. When there are no more lands to be discovered, the genius of discovery seeks other channels of expression, and men find new and better ways in which to use lands already in their possession. The discoverer is with us yet, and he will be with those who come after us; but he explores the realms of science, or makes his perilous way to new continents of thought, and so he widens man's dominion of the universe.

It was exactly sixty years before the ships of civilization again appeared off the coast of Southern California. Charles V. passed away without any serious attempt to colonize and develop the region, but during the reign of his son and successor, Philip II, the possibilities of the peninsula of Lower California, and of the northern regions known as Alta California, were much in the royal mind. It is easy to understand why nothing was accomplished. Philip, busy with his European politics and with the terrors of the In-

quisition, had neither time nor money to expend upon the conquest of the wilderness. Such efforts as were made came to nothing, but when, in 1598, a merciful providence removed the royal fanatic from his blood-

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[San Diego de Alcala]

stained throne. Philip III immediately took steps to improve the Spanish possessions of what is now the Pacific Coast of the United States.

Don Sebastian Viscaino was chosen as Captain-General of the expedition and sailed on May 5, 1602, from the port of Acapulco, with two ships and a frigate, together with a small vessel to be used in exploring shallow waters. He was accompanied by three religious Carmelites, one of whom, Friar Antonio de la Ascension, became the journalist of the expedition and wrote an account of the voyage, which extended to the northern coast of California.

Viscaino pursued his leisurely course northward, stopping at several points in Lower California, and found himself at the picturesque islands which rise abruptly from the sea off San Diego on November 6, 1602, precisely six months after leaving Acapulco. He gave the islands the name which they still bear, the Coronados. It was November 10 when his fleet sailed into the harbor which no white man, save Cabrillo and his com-

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panions, had visited before. A survey of the harbor was immediately undertaken, for Viscaino was bent on obtaining exact information as far as it was possible with the facilities at his command, and he was able to leave several maps which constituted a very valuable contribution to the geographical knowledge of the time.

It was he who gave the port its present name, though many people suppose that the name originated with the mission which was established more than a century and a half later, and others suppose it was derived from St. James of the Bible. Because his survey was either begun or ended on November 12-no one knows exactly which, though the former seems more probable-and because that was the day of Saint James of Alcalá (San Diego de Alcalá) Viscaino gave the port the name of San Diego. It would be pleasant to linger on the virtues of this saint, whose best monument is the San Diego of today; but space forbids the digression. Born in a hamlet of the Archbishopric of Seville, Spain, in 1400, he died on November 12, 1463, and was buried in the chapel of his monastery near Toledo, Spain. His sainthood was won by a life of loving service, and may well inspire the city which bears his name to lofty effort in behalf of humanity.

On the day after his arrival the Captain-General organized a party to survey a forest lying "on the Northwest side of the Bay,"-evidently Point Loma. The party was in charge of Ensign Alarcon, and included Captain Pequero, Father Antonio de la Ascension, and eight soldiers. In this forest they found "tall and straight oaks and other trees, some shrubs resembling rosemary, and a great variety of fragrant and wholesome plants." The identity of the spot with Point Loma is further confirmed by the report that "the high ground commanded a view of the whole harbor, which appeared spacious,

convenient, and well sheltered," and by the further statement that "to the Northwest of the wood is another harbor," which doubtless refers to False Bay. The forest is described as bordering on San Diego Bay and its dimensions are given as "three leagues in length and half a league in breadth."

The existence of anything approaching a noble forest on the slopes and top of Point Loma in 1602 is a matter of unique interest, in view of the fact that nothing of the sort is found today. But the story is unquestioned by the oldest settlers; indeed, those with whom I have talked confirm it and furnish some evidence to sustain the view. Thus Ephraim W. Morse said:

"Many years ago I saw in the possession of the late Mr. Ensworth of San Diego, a piece of an old book in the Spanish language which gave an account of Viscaino's visit to, and

his survey of, the Bay of San Diego in 1602. It had neither title-page nor date; consequently I do not know its author. It is stated that at the time of Viscaino's visit there was quite a large grove of oak trees on the slope of the hill on the north side of the bay and at now known as Roseville, and extending around the point toward the North Bay, which is now called False Bay, and that the valley of the San Diego River from opposite where Old Town now stands, as far up as could be seen from the top of the hill, was a dense willow grove, and that at high tide the waters of the North and South Bays met. It further stated that while the bay was being surveyed, the sailors went up the point of the hill (I suppose about where Judge Robinson was buried) and sat under the oak trees and washed and mended their clothes."

And Miss Margaret Macgregor, another old settler, says: "There is no doubt that Point Loma was covered with trees [referring to Viscaino's time]. There are now old stumps in the ground there, charred by fire, and the Indians used to dig them out for fuel. The Indians said there was once a heavy forest there, but that it was destroyed by fire. They were live oak stumps. They were not very large-about the same as the other trees on the Point. I would not call it timber. There was a good deal of it-the Point was covered with it."

This testimony finds very strong corroboration in the following article published in the San Diego Daily World, June 12, 1873:

"The Gipsy yesterday brought into port Captain Bogart. In a conversation with that gentleman some very interesting reminiscences were developed. Captain Bogart first visited San Diego in the Black Warrior in 1834, 39 years ago. In those days the hills about the Playa, and indeed all around San Diego, were covered with a thick growth of oak, such as is found in the Julian mountains now. This was the case, to a very great extent, when Captain Bogart came to San Diego in 1852, as the agent of the Pacific Mail S. S. Co.

"He ascribes the destruction of this timber to its liberal use by the native population, and by the crews of vessels trading for hides, in their tanning operations.

"He can remember the time when the whole flat, where the race-course is, was covered with a dense willow growth. His memory also goes back to the days when Rose's Canyon, clear to Captain Johnson's, at Peñasquitas, was covered with a liberal

forest growth. The tanning operations of the venerable Mr. Rose are responsible for much of this disappearance of timber. We asked Captain Bogart how he accounted for the fact that there were no reminders of the forest growth at the Playa. He replied that he had occasion to cut a road to the Playa once, and came across many stumps. Captain Bogart's accounts agree with the narratives of the old Missionaries, who say that when they came here, nearly a hundred years ago, the site of San Diego was covered with a forest."

Andrew Cassidy thinks there is no doubt that Point Loma was once quite heavily wooded, but is of the opinion that the

Spaniards exaggerated the size of the trees. This is probably the case, for the early tales of their explorations are notoriously full of such exaggeration. The disappearance of the forest in the manner described by Captain Bogart, or by fire, is entirely probable, and is only another instance of the familiar process by which the natural resources of the West have been wasted.

Viscaino ordered a tent to be pitched on shore for religious worship, and then proceeded to clean and tallow his ships. His men were also busy getting wood and water, and a few were employed in keeping guard to prevent any sudden attack by the natives. They obtained water from "a little island of sand," where they dug deep trenches. "During the flood," says the account, "the water was fresh and good, but on the ebb, salt."

Viscaino and his men saw much of the Indians during their brief stay and found them both interesting and friendly. On their first appearance they came in great numbers, armed with bows and arrows. For the most part, they were naked, but their skins were daubed with black and white. Father Antonio went forth to meet them, attended by six soldiers. They responded to his overtures for a peaceful conference. Presents were distributed by the Spaniards, and the Indians went away pleased with the visitors. It is related that "the kind of paint they used looked like a mixture of silver and gold color; and on asking them by signs what it was, they gave them a piece of the metallic ore, from whence they made it." They also signified that they had seen men like the Spaniards in the interior. In return for the food and trinkets which were given them, the Indians left a good many skins of wild animals.

The explorers were delighted with San Diego, and their expressions sound much like those of the tourist of today. They admired the beauty of the scene and appreciated the remarkable climate. They declared that the situation offered "a fine site for a Spanish settlement." Of the mineral possibilities of the country Father de la Ascension wrote: "In the sands of the beach there was a great quantity of marcasite, golden and spongy, which is a clear sign that in the mountains round the port there are gold-mines, because the waters when it rains bring it from the mountains." They also found in the sand masses of a gray light substance, which it was thought might be amber. Some very heavy blue stones with which, when powdered and mixed in water, the natives made shining streaks on their faces, were thought to be rich in silver.

But most of all, the visitors were impressed during their ten days' stay, with the importance of San Diego as a natural seaport. In their whole voyage they found no more perfect harbor, nor any place upon which nature had written more unmistak-

ably the prophecy of a great destiny. In fact, it may be truthfully said that Viscaino and his chroniclers were the first San Diego "boomers." And yet for a period of one hundred and sixty-seven years after this exploration, which added so richly to geographical lore, civilization held aloof from the tempting opportunity. For one hundred and sixty-seven years-what history was made elsewhere in that space of time-the sun rose and set, the seasons came and went, and the ocean roared along the shore, while this land, which daring explorers had rescued from the unknown, slept in primeval silence The Indian papooses that Father de la Ascension blessed in 1602 grew to manhood, and their children and children's children lived and passed away, before the white man came again with sword and cross to plant the first seed of institutions which were destined to take root and flourish.

PART I. CHAPTER II. BEGINNING OF THE MISSION EPOCH

It was in the year 1769 that Spain finally got ready to reap where her explorers had sown generations before. Carlos III. was King, the Marquis de Croix, a man of great energy and enterprise, was Viceroy of New Spain, Don Joseph de Galvez was Visitador General. The royal order came for occupation of the ports of San Diego and Monterey. And it was high time. Spain could not hope to hold vast territories indefinitely by mere right of discovery, and both England and Russia had eyes upon the Pacific Coast of North America. It was the latter's aggression which was most feared and which probably gave the specific impulse to the new movement.

It is not, however, the name of king or statesman which survives in the popular imagination when the early settlement of San Diego, and the coast line which stretches north of it, is recalled, but the name of an immortal missionary. And it is a fine tribute to the quality of mind and heart which finds its expression in unselfish and loving service that this is so. But as I study the records of the past it seems clear enough that it was the lust of empire far more than religious zeal which led to the pioneer plantings in California. This judgment is no reflection on the Missionary Fathers, who simply availed themselves of a favorable political situation to accomplish designs unquestionably born of a high conception of duty to God and man. But if we seek the motive behind the movement, we find it when we ask ourselves the question: If the Spanish King had not wanted to hold California for the advantage of his empire, would it have been within the power of the Franciscans to found a line of missions from San Diego northward, and thus to lay the foundation-stones of an enduring civilization? The question must be answered in the negative, for the missionaries could not have supplied the necessary ships and soldiers nor the other provisions essential to the great undertaking. Put the question in another way and ask: If there had been no missionaries, and if the Spanish King had still desired to occupy the California coast, could he have done so with the men

and money at his command? Unquestionably, he could; but he was wise enough to utilize the enthusiasm and capacity which he found ready to his hand in the shape of the Franciscans and who were the more necessary because the Jesuits had but recently been expelled from their mission holdings in Lower California.

It is important to note the influences which led to the founding of San Diego, and it is the simple truth of history to say that the most vital of these influences was the need of Spanish statecraft to exert itself in order to hold valuable possessions gained in previous centuries by exploration and discovery. If this motive had been absent, San Diego would not have been settled in 1769, nor perhaps by those who spoke the Spanish tongue. Its history might have been entirely different. It might have been settled by Russians, or by Englishmen, or it might have slept on until a new nation-almost at that hour in travail on the Atlantic Coast of North America-sent its pioneers across the plains and mountains to give a new and strange flag to the breeze.

It is true, of course, that for many years the missionaries had urged the King to lend his assistance to the conversion of the gentiles of the North, and that a Catholic nation like Spain, always influenced by the Papacy, would naturally give heed to the claims of the faith. But while this was doubtless taken into account, it was clearly secondary to considerations of empire. Nevertheless when the time for action came, a great man, garbed in the cassock of the priest, stood ready to sow the seed of a harvest which men are now but beginning to reap.

Junípero Serra was fifty-six years old when the opportunity came to him. He had been trained from childhood for the work he was to do. Born on the Mediterranean Island of Mallorca, in the humblest circumstances, he was benevolent and devout even in his youth and seemed to have had no other thought than to do good. He became a Franciscan friar at sixteen and the enthusiasm of the boy gradually evolved into the burning passion of the man for the salvation of souls. He sought the blackest midnight of ignorance that he might spread the light of his faith the most widely, and his quest brought him to the North American Indian. For many years he labored in Mexico, among the Missions of the Sierra Gorda, and penetrated to the farthest frontiers. When he heard of the expulsion of the Jesuits from Lower-California, he feared that the Indians in that country would relapse into utter barbarism, and hastened to occupy the field before this calamity could occur. It was thus that Galvez found him on the ground, ready to cooperate in the scheme of settlement and to raise the Cross under the protection of the sword.

In October, 1768, the two leaders met at Santa Ana, Mexico, to develop their plans in detail. It seems clear that Galvez was the master mind at the conference, but that the priest assented heartily to all his suggestions. When they separated a perfect understanding had been reached and both proceeded to push the organization of the expedition with the utmost vigor. The early days of 1769 found plans well advanced and the hour for the actual beginning of the movement close at hand. It was the work of Galvez to get the ships ready for the voyage and to direct the organization of the military parties who were to go by land and sea; and the work of Father Serra to select the

priests who were to go, some by sea and some by land, to engage in the founding of the new missions. There was much to be done in securing furniture, ornaments, and vestments for the churches which were to be established. It was arranged that these things, together with implements, live stock, grain, and other food, should be taken from the old Jesuit establishments, now fallen into the hands of the Franciscans, and that with the

exception of the few articles to be accepted as gifts, they should be religiously repaid in kind. Thus the old missions were called upon to support the new, after the Jesuit custom.

On January 9, 1769, the San Carlos sailed from La Paz, after the performance of impressive religious ceremonies at which Father Serra presided. The San Antonio sailed from San José del Cabo on February 15th, and the third vessel, the San José, followed many months later, but went to "the Port of Missing Ships." It was never heard of again.

The land parties went forward from points where they had been assembled on the Peninsula in the month of March, one proceeding under the leadership of Governor Portolá, and the other under Captain Rivera. Father Serra had expected to go with Portolá, but when the time came it found him suffering keenly from an ulcerous sore on his foot, contracted during a long journey in Mexico the previous year. He was thus compelled to see the party start without him, but he followed soon after and overtook Portolá on May 5th. The effort cost him much pain and lends a touch of real heroism to a journey which was otherwise unmarked by any special hardship. The sore was healed in a single night by an ointment of tallow and herbs such as was commonly applied to beasts, but the ointment was supplemented by his own prayers and his touching faith in their efficacy. The cure was only partial; he suffered from the infirmity to the day of his death.

Very good accounts of the progress of the expedition, on both land and water, were kept by several of the participants, including Father Serra himself. These have been preserved and made accessible to students, some of the most important of the translation having been accomplished by Charles F. Lummis, the most competent and tireless student of early California history. But though the accounts are remarkably complete, it is not until the story reaches San Diego that they are of special interest to us.

Although the San Antonio had sailed over a month later than the San Carlos, it was the first to arrive at its destination. Misled by Cabrillo's error in placing the port two degrees farther north than its true latitude, both ships went as far as Santa Barbara Channel and then turned south on discovering the mistake. The San Antonio sailed through the Silver Gate and dropped anchor in the harbor, April 11th. Two of her crew had died, and many were ill, from scurvy. But the condition of the San Carlos, which followed on April 29th, was very much worse. Only four sailors were able to stand at their post and half the troops were also down with the wretched disease. The men were just able to reach port and had no energy left to lower a boat and go ashore. Their plight was soon discovered by the

[Facsimile of the Title Page of the Costanso]

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captain and crew of the San Antonio, who proceeded to remove the sick sailors and soldiers to a rude hospital which they had improvised on the shore. Like the early explorers, they were charmed with the port and its surroundings and soon became enthusiastic over the prospects of settlement. "A country of joyous aspect," they called it, and no one has improved upon the phrase.

One of the most valuable records of the time was that left by Costansó, a civil engineer and cosmographer of the expedition, who came on the San Carlos. He gives an interesting account of the Indians who were present in large numbers to witness what must have been a most exciting scene for them-the arrival of the first white settlers. The Indians were very shy, at first, but it seemed absolutely necessary for the Spaniards to make their acquaintance without delay, since they had urgent need to obtain a fresh supply of water. The water question appears early in the annals of San Diego, and stays late!

The Indians were finally induced to parley and, after presents had been distributed among them, undertook to show the strangers where they could find a flowing stream. "They went a matter of three leagues," says Costansó, "until they arrived on the banks of a river hemmed in on either bank by a fringe of willows and cottonwoods, very leafy: Its channel must have been twenty varas wide [about 55 feet] and it discharges into an estuary which at high tide would admit the launch and made convenient the accomplishing of taking on of water." This was, of course, the San Diego River, and it is evident that there had been a fair rainfall in the Winter of 1769. A good-sized Indian village was found in the valley, and Costansó leaves us this item of society gossip: "These natives are of good figure, well-built and agile. They go naked without more clothing than a girdle of ixtle or very fine maguey fiber, woven in the form of a diet." After a better acquaintance with them, he drew this picture of the Indians: "They are of haughty temper, daring, covetous, great jesters and braggarts; although of little valor, they make great boast of their powers, and hold the most vigorous for most valiant. They greatly crave whatsoever rag; but when we have clothed different ones of them on repeated occasions, they would present themselves the following day stark naked."

The temporary pest house or hospital erected for the accommodation of the sick sailors stood at what is now the foot of H street. It was a rude affair, made of canvas. A third of those who had come on the San Carlos died before the ravages of the scurvy were stayed. They were buried there, and henceforth the place was known on the Spanish charts of the harbor as Punta de los Muertos, or Dead Man's Point.

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It was on the 14th of May that Captain Rivera arrived with the first land party. This consisted of twenty-five soldiers, from the Presidio of Loreto; Father Juan Crespí, José Canizares, who had been designated to write a diary of the land trip, three muleteers, and a band of converted natives who had been drawn from one of the missions in the South. The natives were brought along for the purpose of performing the drudgery. The party had been fifty-one days on the march without incurring any special hardship. As

they approached San Diego they met many of the gentile Indians, and when they came in sight of the ships and camp they were welcomed by a salute of fire-arms.

Rivera proceeded at once to establish a more permanent camp, moving it from the present site of the city to the neighborhood of what is now known as Old Town, in order to be near the river. The exact location of this first attempt at a permanent camp is not entirely clear. Costansó says it was on the "right bank of the river," and, if he used the term as it is now understood, he must have referred to the north bank of the stream. There is a tradition in Old Town to the effect that the camp was on the north side, though the more general impression seems to be that it was on the south side, not far from the famous old palms. The camp was fortified, a few rude huts built, and a corral made for the animals. Here the whole party was busy for six weeks, attending the sick and unloading supplies from the San Antonio. It was here that the second land party found them when it reached San Diego at the end of June. Governor Portolá arrived June 29th in advance of his men, and Father Serra just before noon, July 1st. Besides the leaders, the party included nine or ten soldiers, four muleteers, two servants of the governor and the President, and forty-four natives of Lower California.

The personal letter which Father Serra sent to Father Palóu his intimate friend and biographer, supplies an account of the expedition which will always be regarded as one of the most precious memorials of San Diego history. The letter in full is as follows:

"My Dear Friend and Sir: Thank God I arrived the day before yesterday, at this port of San Diego, truly a fine one, and with reason famous. Here I found those who had set out before me, by sea as well as by land, excepting such as died on the way. The brethren, Fathers Crespí, Viscaino, Parro, and Gómez are here and, with myself, all well, thanks be to God. Here also are two vessels; but the San Carlos is without seamen, all having died except one and the cook. The San Antonio, although she sailed a month and a half later, arrived twenty days before the San Carlos, losing on the voyage eight seamen. In consequence of this loss, the San Antonio will return to San Blas, to procure

seamen for herself and the San Carlos. The causes of the delay of the San Carlos were, first, the want of water, and, second, the error which all were in respecting the situation of this port. They supposed it to by in thirty-three or thirty-four degrees north latitude; and strict orders were given to Captain Villa and the rest to keep out in the open sea till they should arrive in thirty-four degrees, and then make the shore in search of the port. As, however, the port in reality lies in 32 deg. 43 min. according to observations which have now been made they went far beyond the port, thus making the voyage much longer than was necessary. The people got daily worse from the cold and the bad water; and they must all have perished, if they had not discovered the port about the time they did; for they were quite unable to launch the boat to procure more water, or to do anything whatever for their preservation. The Father Fernando did everything in his power to relieve the sick; and although he arrived much reduced in flesh, he had not the disorder, and is now well. We have not suffered hunger or privations, nor have the Indians who came with us; all have arrived fat and healthy. The tract through which we

have passed is generally very good land, with plenty of water; and there, as well as here, the

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country is neither rocky nor overcome with brushwood. There are, however, many hills, but they are composed of earth. The road has been in many places good, but the greater part bad. About half way, the valleys and banks of rivulets begin to be delightful. We found vines of a large size and in some cases quite loaded with grapes; we also found abundance of roses, which appeared to be the same as those of Castile. In fine, it is a good country and very different from that of Old California [meaning the Peninsula].

"We have seen Indians in immense numbers; and all those on this coast of the Pacific contrive to make a good subsistence on various seeds and by fishing; this they carry on by means of rafts or canoes made of tule [bulrush], with which they go at great way to sea. They are very civil. All the males, old and young, go naked; the women, however, and even the female children, were decently covered from their breasts downwards. We found in our journey, as well as in the places where we stopped, that they treated us with as much confidence and good will as if they had known us all their lives; but when we offered them any of our victuals, they always refused them. All they cared for was cloth; and only for something of this sort would they exchange their fish or whatever else they had.

"From this port and intended mission of San Diego, in Northern California, 3rd July, 1769. I kiss the hands of your Reverence, and am your affectionate brother and servant. ..... FR. JUNIPERO SERRA."

Between the lines of this remarkable letter glows the optimism of the great missionary, and something of that enthusiasm for the region and its possibilities which is felt by all who come within its influence. If nothing save this letter had come down to us from the memorable summer of 1769, we should not have been left in ignorance of the fate of the expedition, nor of the aspect of the country and its inhabitants.

With the arrival of Father Serra, the great project of Galvez scored its historic success, a fact which reflected the highest credit upon the man who had planned it to the last detail. He never saw the country himself, but he set the forces in motion which saved it for his king and his flag, at least for a time, and thus he deserves lasting remembrance among the fathers of California. The success of his plans in uniting the four branches of the expedition at San Diego furnished a base from which the larger scheme of settlement could be carried along the coast.

The work of establishing a real settlement began with the least possible delay. The place selected was "a point of middling height, " as Costansó called it, a hill overlooking Old Town now known as Presidio Hill, on the site of an Indian village called "Cosoy." Standing there today upon the ruins, one can well understand why this spot was chosen and cannot fail to admire the judgment which dictated the choice. It is conveniently located both as to the harbor and as to the indispensable

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[Facsimile of a page from the diary of Father Serra, 1769]

water in the river, and it commands the valley on one hand, and the shore of the bay, on the other, so as to be reasonably safe from attack from either of those directions. It was easy to fortify, and it has a sightly outlook upon land and sea. The soil is deep and rich, and therefore well adapted to support the gardens and orchards which are always a part of mission establishments.

Here, in the space of little more than two weeks, rude earthworks were thrown up as the nucleus of a presidio or fort, houses that were little more than huts were hastily constructed, and the largest one set apart as the mission building. Everything was ready on the 16th of July for the dedication of the first mission on the soil of California. It was named the Mission of San Diego and the old record declares that it was built at the expense "of the Catholic monarch, Don Carlos III, King of Spain, whom God prosper, defrayed under most ample authority from his Excellency, Don Carlos Francisco de Croix, Marqués de Croix, present Viceroy, Governor, and Captain General of this New Spain, by the most Illustrious Don Joseph de Galvez, of the Council and Chamber of his Majesty in the royal and supreme of the Indies, Intendent of the Army, and Visitador General of this New Spain, by the religious of said Apostolic College, San Fernando of Mexico."

The ceremonies attending the dedication were as elaborate and pompous as circumstances permitted. The military and naval officers were on hand with their troops, who strove to make up in dignity what they lacked in numbers. Father Serra and his priests performed their part with the utmost reverence and solemnity, praying that they might "put to flight all the hosts of hell and subject to the mild yoke of our holy faith the barbarity of the gentile Dieguinos." The Cross was raised, the royal standard thrown to the breeze, incense sent up from a temporary altar, and, from the branches of a convenient tree, the mission bell rang out on the stillness of the valley.

This was the true natal day of San Diego-July 16, 1769. The life of the settlement dates from that moment. Presidio Hill, with its mouldering, tile-strewn ruins, is historic ground and should be preserved as such, forever. It is the birthplace of civilization on the Pacific Coast of the United States.

PART I. CHAPTER III. THE TAMING OF THE INDIAN

Father Serra and his associates now stood at the threshold of their real work-the taming of the Indian-and a stupendous task it must have seemed, even to the optimistic minds of the missionaries. They were a long distance from any reliable base of supplies, and the means of communication were most uncertain. The country itself produced practically nothing, as yet, for their subsistence. The climate, of course, was glorious, but it has been proved again and again that men cannot live on climate, even in San Diego. Water and fuel they had in abundance, and supplies to last them a few months; but beyond this they must create the situation which should make permanent settlement possible. In order to do so successfully, they must convert the Indian in a double sense, for it was not enough to bring him to the foot of the Cross; he must also be converted to habits of industry and made a useful member of civilized society. No one but an enthu-

siast like Junípero Serra, equipped with a fund of experience in similar work, could possibly have contemplated the undertaking with anything like confidence in the result, and even the stout heart of that great teacher and lover was sorely tried before the seed took root and began to flourish.

The Indians who swarmed about the bay of San Diego were, apparently, as poor material as ever came to the social mill. All the early observers, except the missionaries, spoke of them with contempt. Humboldt classed them with the inhabitants of Van Diemen's Land, who, of all human beings, seemed nearest to the brute. Neither physically nor intellectually did they compare with the Indians of Eastern America nor with those whom the settlers encountered in the region of the Mississippi and its tributaries. No one ever called the San Diego Indian "the noble red man," for he was neither noble nor red, but a covetous, thievish, and sneaking creature, of a brownish complexion, something like the soil. There were no orators among them and, it is to be feared, very few brave men, for when they fought they acted like a pack of cowards. They never attacked an enemy except in overwhelming numbers, and they ran like so many

curs before the snap of a whip the moment their enemy obtained a momentary advantage.

It is unpleasant to speak harshly of the poor creatures, but no just appreciation of what the missionaries accomplished in later years can be had unless we begin with a true estimate of the human material they had to deal with in building their institutions. It was very poor material, and the Mission Fathers did exceedingly well in moulding it into some semblance of civilization.

The Indians had their homes in rude huts, made of sticks and mud, and generally grouped in villages. Some of these villages were large, containing hundreds of huts, with a population which often reached a thousand or more. They were governed by hereditary chiefs, with a captain in each village. They had some simple laws, which were made from time to time to meet conditions as they arose, and the death penalty was inflicted for certain crimes. Their method of execution was shooting with arrows. Prisoners of war were cruelly tormented in the presence of the assembled chiefs. Marriage customs were quite similar to those now common among Southwestern Indians, and punishment for infidelity fell exclusively upon the wife. They had a vague, instinctive belief in a supreme being, and they showed much reverence for certain animals. The owl, for example, was held in esteem, and the porpoise was regarded as an intelligent being, intrusted with the duty of guarding the world. The men went naked, but the women wore some clothing, for sake of decency, yet furnished scant patronage for the dressmaker. They wore a single garment of deer skin, or were clad in braided strands of rabbit skins, which hung to the knees. Frequently the garment was adorned with bright beads or grasses, for even Indian women had some concern for their appearance and desired to make themselves attractive. They painted, of course, after their own fashion, smearing their faces with colored mud.

The Indian diet cannot be recommended, for they were fond of rats, ground-owls and snakes, and regarded a large, fat locust, roasted on a stick, as a particular delicacy. They caught plenty of fish, and knew how to cook them; and they had all sorts of game, together with many things which grew wild in the vegetable kingdom. On the whole, they lived pretty well, and it was the life of one large family, generally quite peaceful, but sometimes marred by fierce tribal wars.

The San Antonio had sailed for San Blas on July 9th leaving the San Carlos in the harbor to await its return with seamen to take the places of those who had fallen by scurvy and now slept in the sands along the shore. Portolá had marched northward to Monterey on the 14th. The little settlement was

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[Famous palms of Old Town]

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alone in the wilderness. There were forty persons, all told, including priests, soldiers, sick sailors, and Indians from Lower California.

With the dedication of the Presidio and the Mission, the first institutions had been established in what is now the State of California. These institutions were typical of Spanish civilization-the soldier and the priest working side by side, but always with the sword above the Cross in point of authority. It was essentially a military government, and the commandant was empowered to deal out justice, civil and criminal. The San Diego garrison was always pitiably weak and could never have protected the Spanish title to the country against any serious attack. In fact, the whole military establishment along the coast, after the four districts of San Diego, Santa Barbara, Monterey, and San Francisco had been organized, was a mere shell, with less than two hundred soldiers. There were, in addition, a few mechanics and numerous native laborers. Each soldier had a broadsword, lance, shield, musket, and pistols, together with six horses, a colt, and a mule. As settlement increased, the carrying of the mails between the missions was the most arduous and useful service the soldiers performed.

Father Serra and his associate minister, Father Parron, found it very difficult to make Indian converts. It was no task to assemble the natives, for they swarmed to Presidio Hill in such large numbers as to become a nuisance. They had well-developed bumps of curiosity and were persistent beggars, but, fortunately, they were afraid of the strangers' food. They would have none of it, for they imagined it was the food the Spaniards ate which made so many of them sick. It is dreadful to think what would have happened to the white men if the Indians had liked their food as much as their cloth and trinkets-they would have been eaten out of house and home! As it was, the Indians became so obnoxious that trouble could not be avoided. They tried to plunder the San Carlos, and it was necessary to keep a guard constantly on board to protect the ship.

The trouble reached its acute stage on August 15th, when the new settlement was a month old. It was a feast-day and Father Parron was saying mass on the ship, with a guard of two soldiers. During his absence, the Indians burst into the Mission and proceeded to strip the clothing from the beds of the sick. Four soldiers rushed to repel them, but they were greeted with a volley of arrows. A boy was killed-he was José María Vegerano, the first person of white blood to die a violent death in San Diego-and the blacksmith was wounded. Serra and his fellow-priest, Viscaino, had just finished mass and were sitting together in the hut. Viscaino rose to shut the door

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and received an arrow in the hand at the moment when the boy staggered in and fell dead at Serra's feet. The four soldiers gave the Indians a volley of musket-balls and the blacksmith fought like a demon. The Indians ran away, notwithstanding their superior numbers, but they had the assurance to return soon and request medical aid for their wounded.

The Indians had made the acquaintance of gunpowder and it did them good, for they behaved much better after that adventure. Nevertheless, the good Fathers had the wisdom to erect a stockade around the Mission and to make a rule forbidding the savages to come inside without first depositing their weapons. The Indians continued very neighborly, yet none embraced the faith. This does not seem remarkable in view of the fact that the missionaries could not converse with them intelligibly, having to rely wholly upon sign language at first. Even when one of their men had mastered the savage tongue sufficiently to act as interpreter, they were still unable to enroll a single neophyte. So far as known, this was absolutely the most discouraging experience the missionaries had ever had, for nearly a year had passed without one conversion. But that was not the worst of it. Converts could wait but mouths must be fed. The supplies were dwindling while sickness increased.

Those were gloomy days on Presidio Hill-the Summer and Fall of 1769-in spite of the smiling sky and genial atmosphere. No converts, no progress toward cultivating the soil, no white sails on the horizon to tell of returning ships from Mexico-nothing but sickness and death and the chill portent of coming disaster. Of the forty whom Portolá had left when he marched away, nineteen died before he returned, and the survivors were heartsick with the sad work of laying them in their graves. Of those who died, eight were soldiers, four sailors, six Indians, and one a servant. No wonder the savages wanted none of their food!

On January 24, 1770, the disheartened party of twenty souls living within the stockade on Presidio Hill was startled by a discharge of musketry. It was Portolá and his men, returning from their futile search for Monterey. But they brought small comfort for Father Serra. Portolá had accomplished nothing in the North; he could not see that Serra had accomplished anything in the South, and he declared that San Diego ought to be abandoned while there were yet supplies enough to enable the party to get back to civilization. Poor Junípero Serra was heart-broken at the decision. He was not a soldier of the flag, seeking to win territory for his King, but a soldier of the Cross, seeking to win souls for his God. He could not abandon the gentiles of California to the fate of the heathen,

and while he acknowledged the worldly wisdom of Portolá's advice, there is every reason to believe that his own private decision was to stay at every cost and, if need be, to offer his life as a sacrifice on the altar of the Mission of San Diego. For Portolá spoke from without, and Junípero Serra only obeyed the Voice Within.

Nevertheless, preparations were made for the abandonment, and March 19th was fixed as the day for the formal ending of the work which had been so auspiciously begun in the previous July. But one thing could save San Diego now-not only San Diego, but California as well, for Galvez had planned the conquest of the whole coast. This one thing was the timely return of the San Antonio which had been so long awaited in vain that no one now expected it-no one, save the immortal priest. He went up to the

hilltop on that fateful morning and turned his eyes to the sea as the sun rose. All day long he watched the waste of waters as they lay there in the changing light. It was a scene of marvelous beauty, and, as he watched and prayed, Junípero Serra doubtless felt that he drew very close to the Infinite. So devout a soul, in such desperate need, facing a scene of such nameless sublimity, could not have doubted that somewhere just below the curve of the sea lay a ship, with God's hand pushing it on to starving San Diego. And as the sun went down he caught sight of a sail-a ghostly sail, it seemed, in the far distance. Who can ever look upon the height above the old Presidio, when the western sky is glowing and twilight stealing over the hills, without seeing Father Serra on his knees, pouring out his prayer of thanksgiving!

Captain Perez had made a quick trip to San Blas, but had been long delayed in his preparations for returning. His orders were to proceed to Monterey, where it was supposed Portolá's men would be found in need of help, and it was the merest accident which sent him to San Diego at the last moment when his arrival could save the colony. This accident was the loss of an anchor in Santa Barbara Channel and the consequent need of seeking a safe harbor. He had been told by the natives at Santa Barbara that the land party had passed south, but he would have gone to Monterey, nevertheless, in accordance with his strict orders, except for the loss of the anchor. Thus it happened that he reached the Bay of San Diego, four days after the missionary had caught the first glimpse of his blessed sail.

The arrival of supplies and recruits changed the whole face of the situation. Portolá thought no more of abandoning the settlement, and decided to renew the northern exploration and the quest for Monterey. Father Viscaino went to Lower California to obtain live-stock and other necessaries. Father Serra

proceeded with his work of mission-building with a glad heart and renewed vigor.

Presidio Hill was not destined to be the permanent seat of the mission establishment. The story of the two or three years immediately succeeding the return of Captain Perez cannot be told with any fullness, since all sources of information are barren on this period, and since the early mission records were destroyed by fire, but the fact that the mission was removed supplies convincing evidence that it was not prosperous. However, some progress was made and there is good authority for the statement that in 1773 seventy-six converts had been enrolled and some material progress made. The live-stock at that time consisted of the following: forty cattle, sixty-four sheep, fifty-five goats, nineteen hogs, two jacks, two burros, seventeen mares, three foals, nine horses, four riding and eighteen pack mules- a total of 233 animals.

There was now no thought of abandoning the settlement. It had begun to take hold both of the natives and the soil, but there were evidently imperative reasons for changing its location. One important consideration was the fact that the presence of the soldiers seriously interfered with the work of interesting the Indians, both spiritually and industrially. A removal had been suggested by Commandant Fages in 1773, but Serra opposed it. Father Jáume, however, who was in charge of the mission, threw his influence in favor of the removal. He desired an atmosphere which should be wholly free from the distraction of the military, yet not so far removed from the Presidio as to deprive him of protection. In his walks about the country he had discovered the ideal location. In fact, it must have suggested itself, for he had but to follow the river a few miles up the

fertile valley to see where nature pointed with unerring finger to the very place which seems to have been created for his purpose.

Standing now among the relics of that historic settlement, one can easily imagine the joy which must have filled the old missionary's heart as he took in each detail of the scene and roughly outlined the work which his followers were to do. Junípero Serra was not himself the builder of the San Diego Mission, nor did he personally organize the work which was done there for a period of more than two generations. His was the genius which could conceive great projects, then set others at work to carry them out, inspired with his own confidence in the beneficent consequences of the work. His name outshines those of all his contemporaries, for there were many lieutenants and an army of followers where there was but one great leader who saw the end from the beginning. When any important work is accomplished, all who have a part in it are entitled to their share of credit; but it is the man of bold conceptions, the man en-

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[Statue of Father Serra at Monterrey]

dowed with the creative instinct to initiate great undertakings and to set forces in motion to secure their execution, who changes the face of his times and takes high rank in human history.

The spot selected for the permanent mission is about six miles up the valley from the original settlement on Presidio Hill. It possesses every advantage, in the way of soil and water, of sheltering hills and gentle climate, for an agricultural, industrial, and pastoral establishment under a patriarchal form of government, like that of the Mission Fathers. If there was a drawback, it was the fact that the river did not furnish water at all seasons, and that some engineering skill and a large amount of labor were required to secure a reliable supply for the orchards and gardens. A perennial stream would have been an improvement, yet the water problem was readily solved after a time by going a few miles up the river, building a dam, and conducting a supply to the place of use by means of tunnels and ditches. This was not done, however, at first, nor was there urgent need of it until the community had grown to some size. There was good pasturage; grain could be raised without irrigation; and water could be had from the natural flow of the stream for one crop of vegetables and small fruits each season, while the rich

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soil along the river, with plenty of underground water not far from the surface, encouraged the growth of trees. Thus the missionaries were able to make an early start in their new location and could safely reserve the finer forms of development until the time when they should be called upon to sustain hundreds or thousands by a more intensive cultivation of the soil.

Aside from these material considerations, the place must have appealed powerfully to the devoted priests. It was like their native Spain in all its essential aspects; it was in the midst of the gentiles whom they wished to christianize and to make useful in field and shop; and the scenery offered by hill and valley, by sea and mountains, was as charming as the eye of man ever beheld. So there the missionaries went in August,

1774, to make a new start and to lay the foundations of a mission which they fondly hoped might last for many centuries. For more than a year the work proceeded prosperously, with a constant increase in the number of converts, with growing herds and increasing crops, and with Fathers Fuster and Jáume in charge of affairs. All was quiet as the hills and peaceful as the sunshine. The converted Indians seemed to enter more and more into the true spirit of the work.

Thus they celebrated the Feast of Saint Francis, founder of the Franciscan order, with every evidence of satisfaction, on October 3 and 4, 1775. On the first day the priests baptized sixty new converts, and on the next day Spaniards and Indians assisted in the solemn mass and procession and, later, joined in sport and play. There were horse and foot races. The Spaniards gave exhibitions in the art of fencing and the Indians displayed their skill with bows and arrows. Everybody seemed happy and nothing occurred to mar the harmony of the scene. And yet within a month of that time the Indians rose in revolt the mission was wiped from the face of the earth, and the cause of the Franciscans received a staggering blow at the moment when its promoters felt entirely secure.

There is no explanation of the event except the innate cruelty of the Indian character. They had received nothing but kindness from the missionaries. The soldiers had not attempted to oppress them. Those who had accepted the new faith had been clothed and fed, while those who rejected the faith had been let alone. The Spaniards had been in the country for more than six years, and if the savages resented their presence it took them a long time to discover their state of mind. Had they been a people of any spirit they could have expelled or annihilated the intruders at short notice and killed the seed of civilization wherever it touched the soil. Instead, they acquiesced in the Spanish occupation, took all they could get from the missionaries, and then, when they had fully established their friendly

character, turned into demons and sought to strike down the hand that was leading them from darkness to light. Such was the way of the Indian.

A few days after the feast, two of the new converts slyly left the mission and returned to the mountains, where they proceeded to agitate for a movement against the Spaniards, visiting one ranchería after another to urge an uprising. They found most of the villages eager for the adventure, though a few declined to have any part in it. November 4, 1775, was fixed upon as the date for the attack, and large numbers of Indians wended their way toward the seacoast to engage in the affair. The plan was to divide the forces and attack the mission and Presidio, which were six miles apart, simultaneously, and it was arranged that the firing of the mission should be the signal for the attack on the Presidio. The eagerness of the force assigned to the mission saved the Presidio, for the party which was headed down the valley saw the flames at the mission and reasoned that the soldiers at the fort would be alarmed at the sight and thus prepared to resist attack. They overestimated the Spanish soldiers, who were sound asleep instead of standing faithfully on guard; and they slept through that fateful night in blissful ignorance of the tragedy in progress a few miles up Mission Valley. The Indians, however, turned back and joined their companions in the assault upon the mission buildings. Thus it happened that the savages were eight hundred strong when they stealthily surrounded the sleeping Spaniards-eight hundred sneaking cowards, marshaled for a bat-

tle against eight friendly whites under cover of midnight darkness! Surely, they should have made short work of them, yet when day dawned there were white men still alive in the mission and it was the savages who were fleeing, laden with dead and wounded. But it was an awful night up there in the shadow of the hills, where the stars looked down upon a scene which seemed eloquent of peace.

The first move of the Indians was to surround the huts of the converts, waken them gently and command them to remain quiet, on pain of instant death; the next, to invade the vestry and steal the church ornaments. Evidently, none of the Spaniards were troubled with insomnia, for these preliminaries were accomplished without rousing them. Then the Indians snatched firebrands from the camp-fire which still burned in front of the guard-house and applied them to the building, which was soon enveloped in flames. At last, the savages were ready to announce their presence, which they did by sounding a horrible war-cry with all the power of their eight hundred lungs.

There were sleeping in the mission the two priests, Fathers Fuster and Jáume, two children who were the son and nephew

of Lieutenant Ortega (then absent at Capistrano), four soldiers, two carpenters, and a blacksmith-eleven in all, but only eight who could fight, as one of the carpenters was confined to his bed with illness and the children could do little but shriek.

The soldiers got to work promptly with their muskets and Father Fuster joined them in the guard-house, with the children. The blacksmith tried to do the same, but was killed in the attempt. One of the carpenters succeeded in reaching the guard-house, but the one who was confined to his bed was terribly wounded and died the next day. "O Indian, thou who hast killed me, may God pardon thee!" he exclaimed, and when he made his testament, the next morning, he left to the mission Indians his small savings and belongings. Could there be a more striking evidence of the lofty spirit with which the Fathers imbued those around them than the Christlike attitude of this dying carpenter?

But it is Father Luis Jáume who will stand out forever in boldest relief as men read the story of that terrible night. He was quickly awakened and instantly understood what was happening, yet he did not seek the shelter of the guard-house nor seize a weapon for defense. He walked straight to the nearest and wildest group of savages and, extending his arms and smiling a gracious greeting, said: "Children, love God!" If there was ever a moment when the phrase, "Love God," meant "Love your fellow men," it was the moment when this saintly priest stood without fear in the midst of those howling demons. He loved them and would not have harmed a hair of their heads, but they fell upon him in overwhelming numbers, dragged him down to the river, tore his clothes from his body, tortured and stabbed him, and left him a mutilated mass of unrecognizable flesh.

In the meantime the six men and two children in the guardhouse were fighting for their lives in the midst of roaring flames. The place became too hot for them, and they decided to move into a slight building adjoining, which served as a temporary kitchen. It had only three sides and was wide open to attack on the other, and through this open side came constant volleys of arrows, clubs, and firebrands. To improve their situation, the defenders brought boxes, sacks, and chests from the adjoining storeroom and thus barricaded the open side. Only three remained to carry on the fight-two soldiers and Father Fuster-as all the others had been disabled. At this critical moment, the party of Indi-

ans who had gone to the Presidio returned and reinforced the crowd at the mission. It was then that the priest noticed that one of the chests forming the improvised breastwork contained all the powder that remained and was in imminent danger of exploding, for it was

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already afire. He seized it, extinguished the flames, and, with the aid of the two children, proceeded to load the guns for the soldiers, who shot as fast as they could, and always shot to kill. So the fearful night wore on. Daybreak came, and the craven besiegers had not dared to carry the frail shanty and overwhelm its two active defenders by bold assault. They picked up their dead and wounded and went back to the mountains, leaving the Presidio untouched, but the mission a smoking ruin.

The neophytes crawled out of their huts and, with tears and sobs, assured Father Fuster and his bleeding companions that they had been closely confined throughout the night and unable to lift a hand in their defense. This was probably true enough, yet it seems a pity that they did not avail themselves of the opportunity to write one noble page to the credit of their race by showing some evidence of loyalty to those who had befriended them. However, Father Fuster required no explanations, but sent some of the converts to notify the Presidio, and others to find the missing priest, Father Jáume. They found the lacerated corpse by the river and identified it by reason of its whiteness.

The lazy incompetents at the Presidio listened with widemouthed wonder to the tale which the Indian messengers brought them from the mission. They had heard nothing, seen nothing, during the night, but had slept disgracefully well.

The destruction of the Mission of San Diego was a stunning blow to the Franciscans, and, indeed, to the whole scheme of Spanish settlement on the coast of California. The vibrations of the shock did not stop at Presidio Hill, but went on up the coast, and culminated at Monterey in the form of a general alarm. A relief party was at once put in motion, and Father Serra hastened south to lend the inspiration of his courage and of his indomitable persistence in the holy cause. There was no serious thought of abandoning the settlement, for this would have encouraged both Indian and foreign aggression and might have put an end to Spanish dominion much sooner than it came in response to the inexorable logic of events.

The survivors of the mission fight were removed to the Presidio and tenderly nursed back to health. The dead were in buried at the Presidio, but many years afterward the body of Father Luis Jáume was removed to the mission and placed between the altars, where it yet rests. The place where he sleeps should be marked by an imperishable monument, for he was one of those rarest of heroes who, refusing to do violence even in self-defense, look smilingly into the face of death and go down to the dust with a prayer for their enemies on their saintly lips.

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PART I. CHAPTER IV. THE DAY OF MISSION GREATNESS

When President Serra heard of the noble death of Father Jáume, he exclaimed: "God be thanked! now the soil is watered; now the reduction of the Dieguinos will be

completed." And it was indeed a case where the blood of the martyr became the seed of the church. The mission was re-established and dedicated in 1777, though it was not completed until 1784, and was yet to be finally dedicated in 1813. But the uprising in which Father Jáume lost his life really marked the end of the first hard period of struggle in which the outcome seemed doubtful, while the rapid recovery from that disaster signalized the beginning of the long day of mission greatness.

Of that day it is important that we should have a true conception, for it will always supply a romantic and picturesque background to local history; but it would be an error to suppose that it is vitally related to the city which finally grew up in the neighborhood of the pioneer settlements and which now bears the name of San Diego. The real history of the place begins at a later period than that which saw the passing of the Mission Fathers and the crumbling of their works under the pitiless footsteps of the years. Nor were their institutions or their influence much more substantial than their adobe walls. And yet, for a period of about two generations, the Spanish soldier and the Franciscan missionary ruled the land and, partly by leading and partly by driving, converted many of the savages to the ways of religion and civilization.

Conflicting tales come down to us from the earliest years of the joint reign of the soldier and the priest, and the written records are so bound with red-tape and saturated with conscious piety that it is frequently difficult to get at the facts; but there can be no doubt that the sword was the constant ally of the Cross, and that the glory of God and of the King were utterly synonymous to the minds of that generation. Neither is there any doubt of the earnestness of the missionaries in bringing souls to Christ. They were so deeply in earnest that they did not hesitate to employ the military arm as a means of

forcible conversion. There is reason to believe that whole villages were sometimes surrounded and their inhabitants driven to the missions. It appears that the soldiers themselves had a poor opinion of the Indians, yet co-operated heartily with the priests in bringing them under subjection. Apparently, neither the military nor ecclesiastical authorities were under any illusion concerning the inherent unfitness of the Indians for real citizenship. Both clearly understood that they could only be utilized in connection with a patriarchal establishment. Somebody else must think and plan and direct; it was their part to labor, and to labor in the fear of God. As to the treatment of the Indians, accounts differ widely. They were better clothed, fed, and housed than in their native state. They learned useful arts. They caught a spark of industry which, had they been made of more inflammable material, might easily have been fanned into a fierce enthusiasm for the modes of civilized life, and thus have lifted them permanently from barbarism. But there were many impartial observers who regarded their condition as no better than slavery. Thus Alfred Robinson, in his fascinating book, Life in California, said that "it is not unusual to see numbers of them driven along by the alcaldes, and under the whip's lash forced to the very doors of the sanctuary." He adds: "The condition of these Indians is miserable indeed; and it is not to be wondered at that many attempt to escape from the severity of the religious discipline of the Mission. They are pursued, and generally taken; when they are flogged, and an iron clog is fastened to their legs, serving as additional punishment, and a warning to others."

That the good Fathers thought it more important to save the souls of the Indians than to spare their feelings or their backs, is easily susceptible of belief, for their mis-

sionary zeal knew no bounds. Better a converted soul in chains than a free heathen! There is no doubt that they sincerely subscribed to this doctrine, and they were no more fanatic than many others of their time all over the world. Nevertheless, the fair-minded student will not forget that while they were saving souls they were organizing a mass of cheap labor which worked for the enrichment of the Franciscan order, and founding settlements which they thought would secure the permanent possession of an opulent land for the benefit of their sovereign. In other words, their duty and interest happened to be the same, and they had thus a double motive for what they did. They thought it was good religion and good statesmanship.

When the Spaniards came, the whole beautiful western slope of the present San Diego County belonged to no one--but the Indians. With the raising of the royal standard it came under

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[The Old Mission Dam]

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the nominal ownership of Spain, and it was agreed that each of the missions should take so much of the territory as it needed. The San Diego Mission laid under tribute something like forty square miles, with its religious and industrial headquarters in Mission Valley and its military base on Presidio Hill. It was expected that the mission would become self-supporting, and more. This expectation was grandly fulfilled after the first hard years had been outlived. But ships arrived each year in the harbor with supplies for the military establishment. The day came when they were able to depart with larger cargoes than they brought, for when the Mission Fathers had enrolled thousands of laborers, and when their herds had multiplied, they had a surplus of good things for exportation. The boundaries of the mission domain seem to have been quite indefinite, but when the property was finally transferred to Santiago Argüello, in 1846, the deed covered 58,208 acres; 22 and 21-100 acres, containing the mission buildings and gardens, were reserved for the church and still remain in its ownership.

In organizing the first expedition, in 1769, Galvez supplied it with material for planting such field, garden, and orchard crops as he thought adapted to the climate. It is probable that the famous olive orchard, which still flourishes, and which is recognized as the mother of all the olive trees in California, owed its existence to the thoughtfulness of Galvez. There were many other varieties of trees of the early planting, such as peaches and pears, but the olive outlives all its contemporaries, and those ancient trees in Mission Valley should remain to receive the homage of generations unborn.

By 1783 the San Diego Mission had begun to assume something of its permanent appearance. The church occupied a space eighty-two feet long by fifteen wide, running North and South. The granary was nearly as large. There was a storehouse, a house for sick women and another for sick men, a modest house for the priests, a good-sized larder, and these enclosed on three sides a square one hundred and fifty-one feet long, the remaining side being enclosed by an adobe wall eight feet high. As the years went on the establishment was gradually extended to provide a series of small shops around the patio for the artisans and mechanics and accommodations for the increasing numbers of neophytes outside the walls, but close at hand. It was not until 1804 that the

buildings took on the final shape which is preserved in the pictures of the mission period. But the plan of the Fathers was always the same, with its low, gently-slanting roofs, its interior square, its Roman towers; and the material was always adobe, with burnt tile for roofs, windows, and doorways. The walls were about four feet thick. There can be no question that the architecture harmonized with the landscape, for it was

the architecture of Spain in a landscape resembling Spain in all essential aspects.

There is a tradition of unusual interest concerning the building of the San Diego Mission, which is related as follows in the San Diego Weekly Union of September 24, 1878:

"From an old woman now living near San Luis Rey, named Josefa Peters, and whom we believe to be at least 124 years of age, Mr. W. B Couts learned that the timber for the mission came from Smith's Mountain, at least sixty miles inland from this city. The old lady says that after the timbers had all been nicely hewed and prepared, and blessed by the priests on the mountain, on a certain day a vast number of the stoutest Indians were collected and stationed in relays of about a mile apart, all the way from the summit of the mountain to the foundations of the mission buildings in the valley near this city. At a given signal the timbers were sprinkled by the assembled priests on the mountain, and were then hoisted on the shoulders of the Indians, and were thus carried to the first relays and changed to their shoulders, and so on, all the way to San Diego, without touching the ground; as it was considered sacrilege to have one of them touch the ground from the time of starting until it arrived at its final destination in the Church. As there are an immense number of these timbers, it shows the zeal and devotion of the Indians at that date, and their obedience to the Reverend Fathers."

As the mission grew it became evident that the San Diego River could not support the large community without something better than the crude works which had been built at first. This condition gave rise to some talk about removing the mission, and there are early reports still extant which speak of the "barren soil." But the soil needed only water to make it produce successive crops of hay and vegetables, and annual harvests of fruit in great variety. There is nothing more remarkable about these priestly builders than the versatility of their talent and the manner in which they met all demands. Thus they were able to supply the engineering capacity to solve the problem of a permanent water supply. They went ten miles up the valley, found bedrock, and proceeded to build a dam of solid masonry across the river bed, two hundred and twenty-four feet long and twelve feet thick. The remains of this work are still in existence and exhibit a wall fourteen feet high, as seen from the lower side. The water was conducted by means of well built ditches and a short tunnel, and supplied the mission at all seasons of the year. It is this achievement which gives the Mission Fathers a high place in the history of irrigation, and the remains of that ancient dam should be regarded as a hallowed shrine in a land where water is the God of the Harvest. Having thus thoroughly possessed themselves of the charming valley, and established the material life of their mission upon firm founda-

tions, the Franciscan enthusiasts were at last ready to proceed triumphantly with their designs, both religious and secular.

It is pleasant to linger upon the personal character of these California Fathers. While they furnished no exception to the rule that "there is a black sheep in every flock," they were for the most part men of the rarest virtues, consecrated to the work in which they were engaged. It would be difficult to select from human annals two loftier characters than Junípero Serra and Luis Jáume, yet these men are but conspicuous examples of the spirit which moved the Franciscans in all their labors for the upbuilding of California. The early priests came from Spain, the later ones from Mexico, and observers appear to have agreed in the opinion that the former somewhat excelled, both in attainments and zeal. It seems very remarkable that men so deeply immersed in spiritual concerns should also have been practical men of affairs and capable executives. Had they not been very competent in both respects they would have failed in their difficult undertaking. This very unusual combination of qualities seems to have been common to nearly all the priests, and it is little wonder that they obtained the confidence of the Indians to a very large degree and became their trusted advisers in all their troubles.

The ordinary dress of the Franciscan was a loose woolen garment, of brownish color, reaching nearly to the ground. It was made whole and put on over the head. The sleeves were wide, and the hood usually rested on the shoulders, though it could be drawn over the head when the weather required. A girdle was worn at the waist and was usually tied, with tassels hanging down in front. It was one of the requirements of the order that priests should have shaven crowns, the circular spot being about three or four inches in diameter. Thus the priest was readily distinguished wherever he went, and his benevolent, picturesque figure will always stand out clearly in California history.

As soon as the mission was firmly established the number of neophytes steadily increased, though it fluctuated a good deal with the passing years. The life of the place soon settled down into a regular routine, but it was ever marked by two predominant facts--worship and labor. The activities of the day began at daylight. Everybody who was able to move went to mass. Then the invariable breakfast of ground barley or atole was served and sunrise found everybody ready for the daily task. The midday meal was served between 11 and 12 o'clock. Again ground barley did duty in various forms. Sometimes mutton was supplied, and frequently the Spanish frijoles, or beans. The sick and aged were fed largely on milk, which was something of a luxury. An interesting custom was the dis-

tribution of a liquid made of vinegar and sweetened water, which was carried through the fields in the hot afternoon on the backs of burros and always received with enthusiasm by the workers. At six the evening meal was served. This consisted principally of the inevitable ground barley and of such nuts and wild berries as the Indians gathered for themselves.

The commissary department was organized on a semi-military basis with a keeper of the granary in charge. He distributed rations to each individual or family. The unmarried neophytes carried their share to a common kitchen where it was prepared and then served at a common table. The married men took their rations to their homes and shared them with their families.

At sunset the angelus summoned the Indians, the workmen, and the priests to the chapel, where the litany was sung and the evening blessing pronounced. This marked the ending of the long day of devotion to religion and labor. Each night found the mission a little richer and the Indian no poorer.

The life of the Indian girls and unmarried women was somewhat different and the echo of cheerful laughter comes down to us through the years. There was a low building built around an open court which served as a sort of nunnery under the supervision of a trusted old Indian woman. Here the girls and young women lived, weaving and spinning, and making all the cloth which was used at the mission. They seem to have been happy in this association and to have had many love affairs which ripened into lawful marriage with the approval of the priests.

The Fathers ruled their little kingdom with a strong hand, which was doubtless necessary. It is easy to understand that discipline was indispensable and that the failure to maintain it must have resulted in speedy demoralization. Imprisonment was a common punishment, but the priests did not hesitate to use the rod for minor offenses. The most serious cases were turned over to the military authorities at the Presidio and sometimes resulted in the execution of the culprits by shooting.

Alfred Robinson visited the mission at the time of its greatest prosperity and left the following account of the hospitality he enjoyed:

"Riding along, following the course of the river up the valley, passing on their way two or three small huts, without anything particular to note, they reached the Mission, where they met the two Father Missionaries at the door, they having just returned from a walk around the premises. The visitors were welcomed, and alighted to have half an hour's chat before dinner--that is, before twelve o'clock, their usual hour for that meal; and accordingly sat down on one of the rude benches so generally found at all these establishments. The author's

[Old Mission of San Diego de Alcala]

friend, being an old acquaintance of the Fathers, had considerable to say to them in relation to their travels, which was of great interest to them. At length the church bells announced the hour of noon, when both the holy friars turned around and knelt upon the bench upon which they had been sitting with faces turned to the building, while three or four young pages knelt by their side, on the pavement, when the elder of the two friars commenced the Angelus Domini, in a very devout manner, and led the prayer, which was responded to by the brother friar and the pages, the bells of the church chiming an accompaniment.

"During the prayer a large fly alighted on the wall just in front of the Father, who, apparently without any attention to the prayer, was watching the course of the fly and following it with the large round head of his cane, as it moved about, sometimes up, sometimes down, sometimes to the right, sometimes to the left, and ready to annihilate it, when, at the closing of the prayer, and pronouncing the word Amen! Jesus! he brought his cane down on the poor fly and crushed it and then turned around to renew the conversation, as though nothing had transpired. This incident was amusing to the

beholder, but serves to show the simplicity of the reverend Father, who was probably not aware of having committed any impropriety.

"Dinner was now announced, when they entered through the large reception-room into the dining-room, where the table was spread, at which they sat down, and had an entertainment of the usual guisados, their fritos and azados, frijoles, and the universal tortilla de maiz, and plenty of good native wine, with the usual dessert of fruits peculiar to the climate; after which the old friars retired to take their siesta, and the author and his friend hurried away on their return to the town, where they arrived after half an hour's ride."

The economic life of the Mission was not confined to the cultivation of the irrigated fields and gardens in the fertile valley or the simple manufacturing that went on in the quaint little shops around the patio. The Mission Fathers were the merchants, the great stockmen, and even the bankers, of their period. They were busy men, indeed, with their spiritual affairs, their trade, and their management of immense herds of live-stock. Vessels came to the port in increasing numbers, travelers constantly passed along the trail from Lower California to the north, and ranches were gradually established in the mountains. Thus it happened that the mission establishment more and more fulfilled the function of an ordinary town as a trading center. There were great opportunities for making money, and the shrewd priests made the most of them. They were bent upon the enrichment of their order because this meant a constant increase of their power, including the power to do good to the gentiles.

In those days the waters along the coast swarmed with sea-otters, a valuable fur-bearing animal. The priests encouraged the hunting of these animals by Indians and others, and thus

built up a profitable fur trade. They also bought other skins, usually paying for them with goods from their store, and were thus able to make a double profit on the transaction. They were the first and best customers of the ships when they began to come around the Horn with cargoes from New England, and their store became constantly more important as a distributing center for all imported goods required in the country, and as a clearing house for surplus products available for shipment. They sometimes had large amounts of coin, which they kept beneath the tile flooring in their rooms. Their reputation for integrity was so high that they were implicitly trusted with the savings and property of others, and they were thus able to perform a useful service as bankers for their neighbors.

The largest business operation conducted by the priests was in connection with the live-stock industry. They brought only 18 head of cattle, but by the year 1800, they had six hundred cattle, six thousand sheep, and nearly nine hundred horses. In 1830, the number of cattle had risen to fifteen thousand, of sheep to twenty thousand, and they had thousands of hogs. The horses which they originally brought to this country were shipped from Spain and were of Arabian blood. The annual harvest also reached large proportions, sometimes exceeding thirty thousand bushels of grain. The cattle were wastefully slaughtered, after the manner of the time, and were considered chiefly valuable for tallow and hides, which were sold to the

masters of the ships coming to the port. Only the choicest portions of the beef were used for food.

From 1777 to 1833--a period of fifty-six years--life flowed smoothly on at the Mission and the Franciscans waxed strong and prosperous. Two other missions were established within the County, at Pala and San Luis Rey, the latter being founded on June 13, 1798, by Father Antonio Peyri, and named in honor of Saint Louis, who was Louis IX. of France. These Missions also prospered and lent strength to the mother settlement in Mission Valley. The total number of baptisms from 1769 to 1846 at the Mission of San Diego, was 7126; of confirmations, 1726; of marriages, 2051. It would be interesting to know the total value of property accumulated, and the total amount of wealth produced, during the same period. These facts are not available, but we know that the half-century of rule by military and ecclesiastical government was a day of material greatness, as it undeniably was of marked spiritual achievement.

PART I. CHAPTER V. THE END OF FRANCISCAN RULE

The footing of the Franciscans in California rested from the beginning upon the power of Spain. They could not have come at all without the financial and military support of the Spanish monarch, nor could they have remained save with the aid of his soldiers. When the power of the Castilian began to wane, it was inevitable that the Franciscan rule should diminish in proportion, and that even the institutions which they had founded should begin to crumble and, at last, become a mere memory with no monument except mouldering heaps of adobe.

Spain's empire in Mexico lasted for three centuries. It was in 1521 that Cortés virtually completed his conquest, and it was in 1821 that Iturbide wrested the country from the feeble grasp of Ferdinand VII. The Mission of San Diego was then almost at the zenith of its prosperity and as the good Fathers basked in the sunshine or looked out upon their smiling fields, they fondly believed that their works would endure to bless the land and enrich their order for many generations to come. They knew that the internal fires of revolution had been blazing in Mexico for more than a decade, but had little fear that the hand which had held the region for three hundred years would lose its hold, at least in their time.

The Spanish statesmen had given the missionaries the utmost latitude because their scheme of converting and utilizing the Indian population was admirably adapted to meet the political necessities of the Empire in this far country. But Mexico had different necessities and naturally proceeded to make different plans. It had no time to lose in strengthening itself against the rising power of the United States. It could not leave so precious a possession as California to the control of an element which, at best, could be but lukewarm toward the new-born power which had overthrown Spanish control, and thus done violence to the great tradition of which the missions were themselves an important part. Moreover, Mexico had friends to reward as well as enemies to punish. Some of the men who had fought its battles, and who would be needed to fight its battles again,

looked with longing eyes upon the rich dominions of the missions and began to dream of founding great families and great estates.

It is a very convenient thing to be able to pay your debts with other people's property. Mexico was in this fortunate position and proceeded to take advantage of it. In 1824 the Colonization Law was enacted. This authorized the government to make grants of unoccupied lands to Mexican citizens to the extent of eleven square leagues. Under this law thousands of acres were parceled out among the supporters of the government. These grants encroached upon the mission holdings and gave the Fathers their first shock of serious apprehension for the future. In 1832 the Mexican power mustered the full courage of its convictions, its necessities, and its desires. It passed the Act of Secularization, which was simply an act of confiscation, from the Franciscan point of view. It was the object of this legislation to take all the property of the missions, real and personal, and divide it among those who would use their wealth and influence for the defense and development of Mexico. The attempt of Governor Figueroa to put it into effect in 1833 was a failure, but it was gradually executed, being extended little by little until the day when Mexico lost the country to the United States.

With the adoption of the policy of secularization, the Mission Fathers knew that their long day was passing into twilight and that it could be a question of but a few years when they must relinquish their hold upon California. Some of them were utterly discouraged and unwilling to attempt the continuance of their work. Some were frankly hostile to the new rulers and went home to Spain. A few persisted to the last and died peacefully at their posts. The effect of the new order of things on the Indians was demoralizing. Their loyalty could hardly be expected to survive the shattering of priestly power. The only government they understood was the patriarchal form, and the very foundation of this government had now disappeared. Nevertheless, the Mission of San Diego lived on for more than a dozen years, after its ultimate downfall was clearly foreshadowed. It was not until 1846 that the ownership of the property was legally and finally taken from the Church.

The full force of the blow could no longer be stayed. Mexico was threatened with invasion by the United States and it became imperatively necessary that the country should be put in the best possible condition of defense. Thus the Governors of the various states and departments were vested with extraordinary powers and instructed to adopt drastic measures to strengthen the government. Governor Pio Pico sold the missions as rapidly as possible in order to raise money for the war which impended. In June, 1846, he sold to Don Santiago Argüello so much of the

property of the San Diego Mission as had not already been granted to Mexican citizens. The deed of sale read as follows:

"Being previously authorized by the Departmental Assembly to alleviate the missions, in order to pay their debts and to avoid their total ruin; and knowing that Don Santiago Argüello has rendered the government important services at all times, and has also given aid when asked, for the preservation of the legitimate government and the

security of the Department, without having received any indemnification; and, whereas, this gentleman has, for his own personal benefit and that of his numerous family, asked to purchase the mission of San Diego, with all its lands and property belonging to it, both in town and country, he paying fully and religiously the debts of said Mission, which may be established by the reports of the committee of Missions, binding himself besides to provide for the support of the priests located at said Mission, and of divine worship. In view of all which I have made real sale and perpetual alienation of it forever, to Don Santiago Argüello, according to, and in conformance with, what has been agreed upon, with all the appurtenances found and known at the time as belonging to it, whether consisting of lands, buildings, improved real estate, or cattle."

The reader will not fail to note the pious terms in which the instrument was drawn. The object of the transfer was "to alleviate" the Mission, and to avoid its "total ruin." The purchaser was required to provide for the support of the priests and to maintain divine worship. These diplomatic phrases deceived no one, and least of all the priests. The idea of a proprietary mission dependent for its support upon the bounty of an individual, must have been repugnant to their souls. Certainly, such an arrangement could never have proven workable, but it was not put to the actual test. The war came on with swift footsteps, and when it had passed, Mexico had gone the way of Spain and the Missionary Fathers had gone with them, so far as the dominion of California was concerned.

What was the net result of Spanish dominion in San Diego which nominally began with the discoveries by Cabrillo in 1542 and Viscaino in 1602, and ripened into actual occupation with the expedition planned by Galvez and executed by naval, military, civil, and missionary leaders in 1769?

They left, of course, a great memory which will endure to the end of time and which is likely to grow rather than diminish in the quality of picturesque and romantic interest. They left their nomenclature, and this is somehow so pleasing to the ear and eye of the composite race which has evolved into the American population of today that it seems likely to last as the visible expression of the Spanish tradition. Not only does it remain in the name of the city and of landmarks to which it was given by the Spanish explorers and founders, but

[Ruin of San Diego Mission]

it blooms perennially in many other forms, including the names of new residences and estates, for which it is frequently preferred to names associated with the racial, national, and family traditions of their owners. Nothing could more strikingly illustrate the power of the memories of Spanish occupation upon the popular imagination. The same influence is apparent in architecture, and this seems to be growing and likely to grow more in the future. The Spanish speech still lingers and may do so for a long time, though it tends to disappear and will some day be no more in evidence than the speech of other European peoples who had nothing to do with the early time.

Aside from this virile tradition, expressed in the nomenclature and architecture of the city and its surrounding country, the Spaniard left nothing pertaining to his national life. But the value of this contribution to civilization should not be underestimated. Happy is the land which has memories to cherish! Twice happy when the memories are asso-

ciated with the pioneers of pioneers! And thrice happy if, as in this case, those memories chance to be sanctified by the struggle to light the lamp of spiritual exaltation in the darkness of ignorance and savagery! As time goes on, the earliest history of San Diego will be revived in art. More and more, it will supply a rich theme for painting, for sculpture, and for literature. But the institutions which it sought to plant deep in the soil have

perished almost utterly. English law and English speech have taken the place of Spanish law and speech, and even the religion which the founders brought apparently owes little or nothing of its present strength to their teaching or their building. The Catholic Church is powerful, of course, but by no means as powerful in San Diego, whose legitimate child it was, as in Boston, which was established by those who deliberately fled from its influence.

What shall be said of the missionary achievement? For the most part, the answer to this question depends upon the individual point of view. No mere material conquest is to be compared with the salvation of immortal souls. The Mission Fathers brought thousands to the foot of the Cross and persuaded them to live in accordance with religious ways. Those who believe that these thousands of souls would otherwise have been lost justly place the missionary achievement above the most enduring things done by the soldier, the law-giver, or the founder of institutions. Those who accept distinctly modern views of religion may hold more lightly the purely spiritual conquest accomplished by Junípero Serra and his fellow priests, yet even such must credit them with the noblest aspirations and must concede that the Indian population gained much in simple morality from the missionary teachings. Nor has this gain been wholly lost, even after Father Serra has slept for more than one hundred and twenty years in his grave at Monterey. The Indian was unquestionably elevated by his spiritual experience and by his manual training, and, dubious as his condition seems today, is still a better man because the Mission once flourished under the sunny skies of San Diego.

The literature of the missions is voluminous and constantly increasing. For reasons already stated, it is somewhat remote from the real history of San Diego. It is not the picture itself, but the shadowy background of the picture. Nothing more finely expressive of the appeal which it makes to the poetic senses has been written than the following extract from a sketch of the Mission of San Luis Rey, by Will H. Holcomb:

"To behold this beautiful structure for the first time under the softening effect of moonlight requires no great stretch of the imagination, to believe one's self among the romantic surroundings of some Alcazar in old Spain. Below, among the purple shadows of the valley, which half conceal and yet reveal, lies the river, a counterpart of the Guadalquiver; ranged about are the hills, dreamy, indistinct, under the mystic canopy of night, while nearer at hand are the delicate outlines of arches, facades, and vaulted roofs, reflecting the pearly light, and appearing half real, half visionary, against the ambient breadths of starless sky. The land breeze wafts down the valley from the mountain heights, cool and sweet, and whispers among the columns and arches, and we are tempted almost to inquire of these

voices of the night something of the tales of adventure, of love, of ambitions gratified and hopes unfulfilled, which cling to this sacred spot, from the shadowy period of the past."

PRIESTS OF SAN DIEGO MISSION

1769. July 16. Mission founded by Father President Junípero Serra. Also present: Fathers Hernando Parron and Juan Viscaino.
1779. Fathers Juan Crespí and Francisco Gomez had been at San Diego but departed with the land expedition for Monterey on July 14th. They returned January 24, 1770, and all five priests were present until February 11th, when Viscaino went south by land to Velicatá with Rivera. On April 17th, Serra and Crespí sailed for Monterey with Portolá (left at San Diego, Parron and Gomez, the former in charge).
1771. April. The San Antonio came up from Mexico with ten friars and left some of them at San Diego, among them Pedro Benito Cambon, Francisco Dumetz, and Father Somera. Same ship took Gomez to Monterey. Dumetz was in charge. In July, the San Antonio arrived with six friars from the north, and Cambon and Dumetz went overland to Mexico.
1772. May. Crespí came from the north and Dumetz returned with Father Tomás de la Peña to take Cambon's place. Sept. 27th, Crespí and Dumetz left for San Carlos and two friars, Usson and Figuer, came from Mexico.
1773. August 30. Father Francisco Palou arrived overland from Mexico, with Fathers Pedro Benito Cambon, Gregorio Amurrio, Fermin Francisco Lasuen, Juan Prestamero, Vicente Fuster, José Antonio Murguía, and Miguel de la Campa y Cos, assigned to different missions.

September 5. Paterna, Lasuen and Prestamero departed.

October 26. Palou, Murguía, and de la Peña departed. This left at San Diego Luis Jáume, Vicente Fuster, and Gregorio Amurrio as supernumerary.
1774. March 3. Serra came by sea from Mexico. With him came Father Pablo Mugartegui, who remained for a time, but later went north.

April 6. Father Serra departed for Monterey, by land.
1775. November 5. Destruction of the Mission, Fathers Luis Jáume and Vicente Fuster in charge; the former killed, as related. At the Presidio, Fathers Lasuen and Amurrio.
1776. July 11. Serra arrived by sea from Monterey to arrange for rebuilding the mission.

October 17. Three friars, Fuster, Lasuen, and probably Santa María, occupied the new mission.

December. Serra departed the last days of the year, for the north, with Amurrio, and never returned.
1777. Juan Figuer came and served to December 18, 1784, when he died and was buried in the church.
1785. For about a year after Figuer's death, Lasuen served alone. In November, 1785, he went to San Carlos and his place at San Diego was taken by Juan Mariner (arrived 1785). With him was associated Juan Antonio García Riboo (arrived 1783), till October, 1786, then Hilario Torrens (arrived 1786). Mariner and Torrens served till the last years of the century. Torrens left California at the end of 1798, and died in 1799; Mariner died at the Mission, January 29, 1800.

1800. Their successors were José Panella (arrived June, 1797), and José Barona (arrived May, 1798). Pedro de San José Estévan was supernumerary, April, 1796, to July, 1797. Panella was accused of cruelty to the neophytes and was reprimanded by President Lasuen. He left the country in 1803. Barona remained as minister throughout the decade (1800-1810). Panella was replaced for about a year after 1803 by Mariano Payeras, and then José Bernardo Sanchez took the place in 1804. Pedro de la Cueva, from Mission San José, was here for a short time in 1806, and José Pedro Panto came in September, 1810.
1810. Father Sanchez continued to serve until the spring of 1820, when he was succeeded by Vicente Pascual Oliva. Panto died in 1812, and Fernando Martin took his place. "Panto," says Bancroft, "was a rigorous disciplinarian and severe in his punishments. One evening in November, 1811, his soup was poisoned, causing vomiting. His cook, Nazario, was arrested and admitted having put the 'yerba,' powdered cuchasquelaai, in the soup with a view to escape the Father's intolerable floggings, having received in succession fifty, twenty-five, twenty-four, and twenty-five lashes in the twenty-four hours preceding his attempted revenge. There is much reason to suppose that the friar's death on June 30th of the next year was attributable to the poisoning." The new Mission Church was dedicated November 12, 1813 (this is the building whose ruins yet remain). The blessing was pronounced by José Barona, of San Juan. The first sermon was by Geronimo Boscana, of San Luis, the second by the Dominican Tomás Ahumada, of San Miguel, and Lieutenant Ruiz acted as sponsor.
1820. Father Martinez served for a time in 1827.
1830. Fathers Oliva and Martin continued in charge. Martin died October 19, 1838. He was a native of Robledillo, Spain, born May 26, 1770. He was a Franciscan, and arrived at San Diego July 6, 1811. He was regarded as an exemplary frey. He was one of the few missionaries who took the oath of allegiance to Mexico.
1840. Oliva remained alone, and was the last missionary to occupy the mission, till August, 1846. Upon the secularization of the missions in 1835, José Joaquin Ortega was placed in charge as majordomo or administrator, and 1840 he was replaced by Juan M. Osuna. Others served at different times. Some Indians lingered at the place, and in 1848 Philip Crosthwaite leased the Mission. Oliva went first to San Luis Rey, then to San Juan Capistrano, where he died in January, 1848.

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PART SECOND. WHEN OLD TOWN WAS SAN DIEGO

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PART II. CHAPTER I. LIFE ON PRESIDIO HILL UNDER THE SPANISH FLAG.

For more than a hundred years Old Town was San Diego. It began with the founding of the fort and mission in July, 1769; it ended, as a place of real consequence, with the fire of April, 1872, which destroyed most of the business part of the town and turned the scale decisively in favor of the new settlement which had sprung up at Horton's Addition, or South San Diego, as it was then called. It is rare that two historical

eras are so clearly marked on the face of the earth as in this case. The site of Old San Diego is a thing apart from the location of the present city, just as the life of the older time is separated from that of the present by a space of years. And yet, it was in the soil of Old San Diego that the seed of the present city was planted and took root, and it was in that mother settlement that civilization began on the Pacific Coast of the United States.

From 1769 to about 1830--a period of over sixty years--San Diego lived within the adobe walls of its garrison on Presidio Hill and became a famous dot on the map of world. Nothing now remains on Presidio Hill to show the casual observer that it was ever anything but a vacant plot of ground. Weeds cover the earth, wild flowers bloom in their season, and always the ice-plant hangs in matted festoons from the scattered mounds of earth. A closer examination of these mounds, however, shows them to be arranged in something like a hollow square. The soil, too, is found to be full of fragments of red tile and to show the unmistakable signs of long trampling by human feet. Looking more closely at the mounds, beneath their covering of weeds and earth, one finds the foundations of old walls built of thin red tile and adobe bricks. These remains are all that is left of the Spanish Presidio of San Diego.

Standing on this historic spot, one is moved to wonder how the manifold activities of the ecclesiastical and military affairs of the Southern District, and of the political and social center of one of the four important towns in Upper California, were ever carried on for so many years upon this little space.

The commandant's residence was the principal building. It was situated in the center of the presidial enclosure and overlooked the garrison, the Indian villages, the bay and surrounding country. On the east side of the square were the chapel, cemetery, and storehouses; the guard-house was near the gate on the south, and the officers' quarters were ranged around the sides of the square. The whole was enclosed, at first with a wooden stockade, and later with a high adobe wall.

It would seem that half a century of life should mean a great deal to any community, even to a frontier outpost on the edge of the world; but to San Diego, in the period with which this chapter deals, it meant very little. Of the mission activities the men and women at the Presidio were mere spectators, while only far echoes of events in the outside world came to their ears. They had enough respect for the Indians to keep well within the shelter of the garrison for all those years. Even when they went down into the valley to cultivate a little patch of soil, they took care to keep well within range of the guns. They led a lazy, dreamy life, not without some social diversions, yet mostly spent in attending to military and religious routine. As the years wore on and the nineteenth century dawned, the visits of foreign ships became more frequent. These visits must have seemed very grateful to the inhabitants, especially those few which were attended with sufficient excitement to break the monotony and lend a momentary zest to the stagnant life of the community.

The Spanish soldiers were usually men of good character. Among them were many cadets and young men of good families who had adopted a military career, whose birth and education entitled them to certain exemptions and privileges, and who afterward became distinguished in civil life. Officers could not marry without the king's consent, and to secure this, those beneath the rank of captain had to show that they had an

income outside their pay. The chief officer was the commandant. Discipline was severe. The old Spanish Articles of War prescribed the death penalty for so many trivial offenses that, as another writer has remarked, it was really astonishing that any soldier could escape execution. There is no record of any military executions at San Diego, however, except of Indians.

The principal duties of the soldiers were to garrison the forts, to stand guard at the missions, to care for the horses and cattle, and to carry dispatches. Both officers and men had usually a little time at their disposal, which they were allowed to employ in providing for their families. Some were shoemakers, others, tailors or woodcutters; but after the first few years most of them seem to have given their leisure hours to agri-

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[Rough Plan of Presidio Hill]

culture. The pay was small and subject to many vexatious deductions. Supplies were brought by ship from Mexico and the cost was deducted from the men's pay.

The military establishment on Presidio Hill was always the weakest in the department. The rude earthworks thrown up in July, 1769, grew but slowly. In August there seem to have been but four soldiers able to assist in repelling the first Indian attack. But when Perez returned, in the following March, good

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use was made of the time. The temporary stockade was completed and two bronze cannon mounted, one pointing toward the harbor, the other toward the Indian village. Houses of wood, rushes, tule, and adobe were constructed. Three years later four thousand adobe bricks had been made and some stones collected for use in foundations. A foundation had also been laid for a church ninety feet long, but work upon this building had been suspended because of delay in the arrival of the supply ship.

When the mission establishment was removed up the river all buildings at the Presidio, except two rooms reserved for the use of visiting friars and for the storage of mission supplies, were given up to the military. In September of this year there was some trouble with troops which had been sent up from Sinaloa. The following year, at the time of the destruction of the mission, related in a previous chapter, the force at the Presidio consisted of a corporal and ten men. In the panic caused by this tragedy, all the stores and families at the Presidio were hastily removed to the old friars' house, the roof of that building was covered with earth to prevent its being set on fire, and the time of waiting for the arrival of reinforcements was spent in fear and trembling.

The work of collecting stones to be used in laying the foundations for the new adobe wall to replace the wooden stockade was begun in 1778 and the construction of the wall soon followed. The population of the Presidio was then about one hundred and twenty-five. Small parties of soldiers arrived and departed, and some effort was expended in attempts to find improved routes of travel through the country. In 1782, the old church within the presidial enclosure was burned. Two years later, the regulations required the presidial force to consist of five corporals and forty-six soldiers, six men being always on guard at the Mission.

The visit of the famous English navigator, George Vancouver, in the Discovery in 1793, was the most important event breaking the monotony of these early years. His was the first foreign vessel that ever entered San Diego harbor. He arrived on the 27th day of November and remained twelve days. His presence disturbed and alarmed the Spanish officials, who did not relish the sight of the British flag in Californian waters. The San Diego commandant, however, treated him with courtesy and relaxed the rigid port relations in his favor, so far as lay within his power. Vancouver gave Father Lasuen, of the San Juan Capistrano Mission, a barrel-organ for his church, made some nautical observations, and corrected his charts. But the most valuable results of his visit, so far as

this history is concerned, are his shrewd observations upon the Presidio of San Diego and the whole Spanish military establishment in Upper California. He says the soldiers "are totally incapable of making any resistance against a foreign invasion, an event which is by no means improbable." The Spanish officials knew this; the relations between England and Spain, too, were strained and war broke out not long after. It is no wonder that Vancouver was regarded with dread and suspicion. He goes on:

"The Spanish Monarchy retains this extent of country under its authority by a force that, had we not been eyewitnesses of its insignificance in many instances, we should hardly have given credit to the possibility of so small a body of men keeping in awe and under subjection the natives of this country, without resorting to harsh or unjustifiable measures."

And again: "The Presidio of San Diego seemed to be the least of the Spanish establishments. It is irregularly built, on very uneven ground, which makes it liable to some inconveniences, without the obvious appearance of any object for selecting such a spot. With little difficulty it might be rendered a place of considerable strength, by establishing a small force at the entrance of the port; where at this time there were neither works, guns, houses, or other habitations nearer than the Presidio, five miles from the port, and where they have only three small pieces of brass cannon."

The "three small pieces of brass cannon" at the Presidio were somewhat like the toy cannon now used on yachts for firing salutes. One of the original San Diego Presidio cannon is now in the Coronel collection at Los Angeles, and a cut of it appears herein. These cannon were far less effective than a modern rifle, but, mounted in the bastions of the old Presidio, they served their purpose of making a loud noise and awing the Indians, who called them "creators of thunder."

Vancouver's visit, with its annoying revelation of the weak state of the country's defenses, led to the strengthening of the military arm. In the same year, upon the Governor's urgent request, the Viceroy ordered the Presidio to be repaired. A fort was also projected on what is now known as Ballast Point, then called Point Guijarros (cobblestones), the same spot which Vancouver's quick eye had noted as the strategic defensive point. Plans were drawn in 1795 for installing there a battery of ten guns, but the work proceeded slowly and was not completed for five years or more.

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[Presidio Hill Today]

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In November, 1796, the priests were called upon to perform the ceremony of blessing the esplanade, powder magazine and flag at the Presidio, and a salute was fired in honor of the event. There were neither flags, nor materials for making them, in Upper California, and they were therefore sent from Mexico. This marks the beginning of the fortifications proper on Presidio Hill, on the point of the hill below the Presidio walls. This fort was maintained, in a small way, during the Spanish administration, and to a certain extent afterward. Nothing whatever of the site now remains, the earth forming the point of the hill having been hauled away and used by the government engineers in making the embankment for turning the San Diego River, in 1877. Some of this earth was also used for grading the county road across the valley from then end of the Old Town bridge, in later years. These excavations also took large quantities of earth from the north side of the hill, the extent being measured by the widening of the road from a narrow track to its present width. During the year in which the fort on the hill was built, twenty-five soldiers and six artillerymen were added to the garrison, making the total force nearly ninety men.

The end of the eighteenth century was now close at hand and it brought a few events of unusual interest to the quiet community. In 1798 the soil of San Diego was first trodden by Americans. Four sailors had been left by an American ship in Lower California, whether by accident or design is unknown. They tramped to San Diego and applied at the Presidio for food and shelter, as well as for a chance to take the first opportunity to sail in the direction of home. They were not very hospitably welcomed by the Spaniards, who regarded them with some suspicion, but there was nothing to do except to care for them until a ship sailed for Mexico. In the meantime, they were given a chance to earn their bed and board by working on the fortifications. Later, they were sent to San Blas. The Americans bore the names of William Katt, Barnaby Jan, and John Stephens, and were natives of Boston. They were accompanied by Gabriel Boisse a Frenchman. who had been left behind, like themselves from the American ship Gallant,--a treatment hardly in keeping with the name.

The next year the English sloop-of-war Mercedes paid a brief visit to San Diego, but sailed away without any hostile demonstration. The last year of the old century found the Presidio with a population of one hundred and sixty-seven souls, mostly soldiers and their families, according to official report made to the Viceroy. During that Year a number of foundling children were sent from Lower California, and eight of them were assigned to San Diego. As one of them inelegantly re-

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marked, long afterward, they were distributed "like puppies among the families." There is no reason to suppose, however, that they were not well cared for.

With the year 1800 the Yankee trader began to cast his shadow before him. It was the palmy day of Boston's captains of commerce, when they used to load their

ships with the products of New England ingenuity and send them forth upon the seas bound for nowhere in particular, but looking for good bargains in exchange for their cargoes. About all that California had to offer at that time was the trade in furs chiefly those of the sea otter which, as we have seen in previous pages, was a considerable source of profit to the Mission Fathers. These skins were in great demand and the government tried in vain to monopolize the business. The commandants at all the ports did what they could to prevent foreign ships from getting any of the furs, but the Yankee skippers were enterprising and found many a weak spot in the Spanish lines.

The first American ship to enter San Diego Bay bore the good old English name of Betsy. She arrived on the 25th of August, 1800, in command of Captain Charles Winship. She carried nineteen men and ten guns, remained ten days, secured wood and water, and then departed for San Blas. In June 1801, Captain Ezekiel Hubbell came in the Enterprise, of New York, with ten guns and twenty-one men. All he asked was wood and water, with which he set sail after a stay of a few days. If either of these earliest American captains succeeded in doing any illicit trade at San Diego, they kept the secret successfully, leaving not so much as a rumor of scandal behind them. Such was not the case with those who came shortly after.

Captain John Brown arrived on February 26, 1803, in the Alexander, of Boston. He was bent on getting otter skins, though he failed to mention the fact to the Spanish commandant. On the contrary, he told a touching tale of sailors down with the scurvy, on the strength of which he was permitted to land, though required to keep away from the fort. He was supplied with fresh provisions and, in view of the condition of his crew, granted permission to stay eight days. In the meantime, the wily captain was buying all the skins offered by Indians and soldiers. On the fifth evening of his stay, the commandant sent a party on board the Alexander to search for contraband. The search was rewarded, 491 skins coming to light. The Yankee was invited to leave San Diego without ceremony; also without the otter skins. There was nothing to do but to comply, unless it was also to grumble, which the captain did. He complained that his ship had been visited by a rabble before any demand was made for the surrender of

the furs. He also complained that the soldiers relieved him of other goods to which they had no rightful claim. The evidence seems clear, however, that Captain John Brown, of Boston, abused the Spanish hospitality by perpetrating the first Yankee trick in the history of San Diego.

The Lelia Byrd dropped anchor in the Bay on March 17th, having sailed by the fort on Ballast Point without arousing any protest. But promptly the next day the commandant of the Presidio appeared on board with an escort of twelve soldiers. He made himself acquainted with the Captain, William Shaler, and with Richard J. Cleveland, mate and part-owner of the ship, a character who gains much additional interest from the fact that he was a relative of Daniel Cleveland, a prominent citizen of San Diego. Captain Cleveland left a good account of the exciting events precipitated by the presence of his ship. Among other things, he described the commandant as an offensively vain and pompous man, but it is possible that the captain's unsatisfied desire for otter skins may have prejudiced his opinion in the matter. The commandant agreed to furnish needed supplies, but informed the visitors that when these were delivered they must promptly depart. They were expressly forbidden to attempt any trading and five men

were left as a guard to see that this injunction was enforced. Three days later, the commandant again visited the ship, received his pay for the supplies, and wished his visitors a prosperous voyage.

The Yankee crew, in the meantime, had been ashore, visited the fort at Ballast Point, and made the acquaintance of the corporal in charge of the battery, José Velasquez. Thus they learned that the commandant had on hand something like a thousand confiscated otter skins--which he would not sell. The corporal hinted, however, that he might be able to deliver some of the forbidden goods, obtained from other sources. Captain Cleveland was ready for the trade and sent a boat ashore that night for the skins. The first trip was successful, but a second boat failed to return. When morning came, the Yankee captain decided on vigorous action. He disarmed the Spanish guards who had been left on his ship, sent them below, and went ashore with four armed men. It was found that the crew of the second boat, which had failed to return the previous night, had been captured by a party of mounted soldiers, headed by the commandant himself. They had been bound hand and foot and compelled to lie on the shore, where they were captured, all night under guard.

In his account of the affair Captain Cleveland says: "On landing, we ran up to the guard, and, presenting our pistols,

ordered them instantly to release our men from their ligatures....This order was readily complied with by the three soldiers who had been guarding them; and, to prevent mischief, we took away their arms, dipped them in water, and left them on the beach."

It was now necessary for the Americans to make their escape as quickly as possible. The men were full of fight, but their situation seemed desperate. There were only fifteen men, all told, in the crew, and the armament consisted of six three-pounders. Their inspection of Fort Guijarros had shown that it contained a battery of six nine-pounders, with an abundant supply of powder and ball. The force was probably sufficient to work the guns, although Cleveland is doubtless mistaken in thinking the ship opposed by at least a hundred men. He remarks that while the preparations for flight were making on board ship, all was bustle and animation on shore, and that both horse and foot were flocking to the fort; and it is a fair inference that most of this crowd were mere spectators.

The difficulties in the situation of the Americans were much increased by various circumstances. It took time to hoist the anchor and get up sail. There was only a slight land breeze blowing, and the Spaniards were able to fire two shots at the ship, one a blank shot and the second a solid one, before they began to move. They were under fire fully three-quarters of an hour before arriving near enough to reach the fort with their small guns. In the hope of restraining the Spanish fire, the guard were placed in the most exposed and conspicuous stations in the ship. Here they stood and frantically pleaded with their countrymen to cease firing, but without avail. At every discharge they fell upon their faces and showed themselves, naturally enough, in a state of collapse. As soon as they came within range, the Americans discharged a broadside at the fort from their six small guns, and at once saw numbers of the garrison scrambling out of the back of the fort and running away up the hill. A second broadside was discharged, and after that no one could be seen at the fort except one man who stood upon the ramparts and waved his hat.

There is no record of any blood being shed in this first "Battle of San Diego," although the ship was considerably damaged. Her rigging was struck several times early in the action, and while abreast of the fort in the narrow channel several balls struck her hull, one of which was "between wind and water." Safe out of the harbor, the terrified guard, who expected nothing less than death, were set on shore. Here they relieved their feelings, first by falling on their knees in prayer, and then by springing up and shouting, "Vivan, vivan los Americanos!"

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["El Capitan" cast in Manila in 1783]
["El Nino" which came with the Spaniards....]

There is no doubt that Corporal Velasquez and his men did everything in their power to sink the Lelia Byrd. The battery was stimulated by the presence of the fiery commandant, and, perhaps, the corporal thought it prudent to make a showing of zeal, in view of his previous conduct. Captain Cleveland expresses the opinion that the contraband skins were offered them treacherously, for the express purpose of involving them in difficulties. It is a fact, however, that the corporal was placed under arrest for his part in the two affairs of the Alexander and the Lelia Byrd, accused of engaging in forbidden trade. The priest in charge of the Mission of San Luis Rey also wrote the commandant and asked for the return of one hundred and seventy skins which his Indian neophytes had smuggled on board the Alexander, doubtless by his own direction; but he was refused.

The animation of the controversy which raged over these otter skins, actually ending in a battle between an American ship and the Spanish fort, naturally suggests a question as to what they were worth in dollars and cents. The question is rather difficult to answer, because the value of these furs fluctuated over a wide range at different times and varied again

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with the different markets in which they were bought and sold. It is probable that the thousand skins at that time in possession of the commandant were worth at San Diego not far from $7,000 or $8,000, and that they could have been sold in China for five or ten times that amount. The margin of profit which could have been made on a successful transaction would have represented a good fortune, for those days, for the owners of the Lelia Byrd. And now comes the melancholy part of the story--melancholy or ludicrous, as the reader pleases. After all the trouble they had made, those valuable furs never did anybody good. They rotted before they could be legally disposed of and three years later were thrown into the sea! But the dignity of Spain had been vindicated.

The affair of the Lelia Byrd, which caused a tremendous excitement at the time, was long talked of on the Pacific Coast. They were still gossiping about it when Richard Henry Dana visited San Diego, thirty-three years later. The story was always told in a way to reflect great credit upon the Americans, though it is likely that they would have preferred less credit--and the otter skins.

In January, 1804, Captain Joseph O'Cain, on a trading expedition in the O'Cain, ventured to call and ask for provisions. He had been mate of the Enterprise when she

was at San Diego, three years earlier. He had no passport and his request was refused. While his ship was in the harbor, a negro sailor named John Brown deserted from her and was afterward sent to San Blas. Probably he was the first negro ever seen in San Diego. There is no record of any American visitors in 1805, but there was much perturbation in Spain and Spanish America respecting the supposed designs of the United States upon California.

Upon Governor Arrillaga's arrival, early in 1806, more stringent measures were taken to prevent contraband trade. It had become something of a custom for the American trading ships to avoid the ports and, by standing off and sending boats ashore, to carry on their trade at will. The Peacock, Captain Kimball, anchored off San Juan Capistrano in April, ostensibly for the purpose of securing provisions. Four men were sent ashore in a boat, but they were seized and sent to San Diego. The ship soon after appearing off the harbor, the men broke jail and endeavored to rejoin her, but without success. They were therefore obliged to return to the Presidio and later were sent to San Blas. The names of these men were: Tom Kilven, mate; a Frenchman, boatswain; Blas Limcamk and Blas Yame, sailors from Boston. They were the first Americans to occupy a prison in San Diego.

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[Burial of James O. Pattie on Presidio Hill]

In the summer of this year another craft whose name is not known with certainty, but which is said to have been under the command of Captain O'Cain, was off the coast and gave the San Diego military establishment some trouble and a good deal of fright. The Spanish accounts call her the Reizos, and it is possible she was the Racer, which was here in July. The captain, having asked for supplies and an opportunity to make repairs and been refused, went to Todos Santos, in Lower California, where he took water forcibly and made prisoners of three guards who had been sent to watch his movements. He then came back and endeavored to exchange his prisoners for the four men from the Peacock; this failing, he threatened to attack and destroy the fort and Presidio. Hurried preparations were made for meeting the attack, but Captain O'Cain thought better of the matter and sailed away, releasing his prisoners. The Racer was at San Diego again in 1807, and the

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[Judge Witherby's Chair]

Mercury, Captain George Eyres, in the following year. These were the last foreign ships which came for several years.

Again the annals of the quiet years grow scanty. The military force fluctuated slightly, officials came and went, quarrelled and became reconciled, and the ebb and flow of frontier life went on with scarcely a ripple.

In 1804 the sum of $688 was set apart by the Viceroy for the construction of a flatboat, twenty-five feet long, to be used as a means of transportation between Fort Guijarros and the Presidio. This boat was actually built and used many years. Evidently

the San Diego river had not then filled in the tide lands near Old Town. This boat was wrecked at Los Adobes in the latter part of the year 1827, and in the following year the governor ordered that its timbers should be used for building a wharf. In 1812 some soldiers were arrested on a charge of being engaged in a plot to revolt and seize the post. Governor Pio Pico in his manuscript History of California says that his father,

Sergeant José María Pico, was one of the accused men, and that three of them died in prison.

The struggle for Mexican independence in the decade from 1811 to 1821, caused very little disturbance in Upper California. The uncertainty of the soldiers' pay and the irregularity in the arrival of the supply ships were keenly felt; but the archives of the period are almost silent on the subject of the revolution, knowledge of which seems to have been purposely suppressed. Officials were blamed for their negligence, and there was much unrest and complaint, but the department as a whole, both military and ecclesiastical, was loyal to Spain. The sufferings of the soldiers were severe. Their wants could only be supplied by the missions, which took in exchange for their produce orders on the treasury of Spain which they knew might never be paid. At the Presidio these supplies were traded to foreign ships and sometimes disposed of by less regular methods. Governor Arrillaga importuned the Viceroy in vain on the subject of the necessities of the soldiers, and by 1814 the dependence of the military upon the missions was complete. At his visit in 1817, Governor Sola found the Presidio buildings in a ruinous condition, but apparently nothing was done toward restoring them under the brief remainder of Spanish rule.

In March of this same year, there was a slight revival of foreign trade following upon the visit of Captain James Smith Wilcox, with the Traveller. He came from the North where he had sold cloth to the officials for the Presidios and brought with him the share assigned to San Diego. On his departure he took a cargo of grain for Loreto,--the first cargo of grain exported from California in an American vessel. In June he returned and did some trading up and down the coast, seeming to enjoy the confidence of the authorities in an unusual degree.

In December, 1818, occurred the episode of the Bouchard scare, which made a deep impression. Captain Hippolyte Bouchard came to the California Coast with two vessels which he had fitted out at the Hawaiian Islands as privateers, flying the flag of Buenos Ayres. He was regarded by the Spaniards as a pirate, although his conduct scarcely justifies so harsh a term. What his designs were is not clearly known. He may have intended to seize Upper California. The expedition appears to have been a feature of the wars then raging between Spain and the South American countries, the latter employing the methods of privateers, which at that time were recognized by the laws of nations.

After committing some depredations at the north, particularly at Monterey, it was reported that the two ships of Bouchard were approaching the Mission of San Juan Capistrano. The Commandant at San Diego therefore sent Lieutenant Santiago Argüello with thirty men to assist in its defense. When

Argüello arrived he found that the Fathers had removed a part of the church property and concealed it, and he and his men fell to and did all they could toward completing the work. Bouchard arrived the next day and demanded supplies, which Argüello refused. Re-enforcements soon arrived, and after much bluster Bouchard drew off without venturing to give battle, but not before some damage had been done. For this damage and certain other irregularities the San Juan Capistrano Mission Fathers accused Argüello. These charges were the cause of much bad feeling and voluminous correspondence, but General Guerra, who was friendly to the friars, expressed the opinion that the charges were merely trumped up by the priests to cover their own neglect of duty.

Extensive preparations had been made at San Diego to receive Captain Bouchard, even down to such details as red-hot cannon balls. The women and children were sent away to Pala for safety. But the insurgent vessels passed by without stopping, and all was soon serene again. When the news of this attack reached the Viceroy, he determined to re-enforce the Upper California presidios, at any cost, although he was in extreme difficulties, himself, on account of the civil war then raging in Mexico. He accordingly managed to send a detachment of a hundred cavalrymen, which arrived at San Diego on the 16th of September the following year, and about half of them remained here. They were fairly well armed and brought money for the payment of expenses.

Up to 1819, the military force at the Presidio was about fifty-five men, besides a detail of twenty-five soldiers at the Mission, and twenty invalids living at Los Angeles or on ranchos. In that year the number was increased to one hundred and ten, and in 1820 the total population of the district was about four hundred and fifty. In August of this year the British whaler Discovery put in for provisions--the only foreign ship for several years, and Captain Ruiz got into trouble by allowing her commander to take soundings of the bay.

At the close of the Spanish rule, San Diego was still a sleepy little military post on a far frontier. The fortifications were dilapidated, the soldiers in rags and destined to lose their large arrears of pay, and the invalids their pensions. The missions had large possessions, but were impoverished by the enforced support of the military for many years. Commerce was dead and agriculture scarcely begun. But a better day was at hand.

LIST OF SPANISH AND MEXICAN MILITARY COMMANDANTS AT SAN DIEGO, 1769-1840.

Lieutenant Pedro Fages, military commandant of California, July, 1770, to May, 1774.

Lieutenant José Francisco Ortega, from July, 1771; made lieutenant and put in formal charge, 1773; continued till 1781.

Lieutenant José de Züñiga, September 8, 1781, to October 19, 1793.

Lieutenant Antonio Grajera, Oct. 19, 1793, to Aug. 23, 1799.

Lieutenant José Font, temporary commandant of military post, ranking Rodríguez, Aug. 23, 1799, to 1803.

Lieutenant Manuel Rodríguez, acting commandant of the company from Aug. 23, 1799, till 1803, when he became commandant of the post and so continued till late in 1806.

Lieutenant Francisco María Ruiz, acting commandant from late in 1806 till 1807.

Lieutenant José de la Guerra y Noriega, for a short time in 1806-1807.

Captain José Raimundo Carrillo, from late in 1807 till 1809.

Lieutenant Francisco María Ruiz, lieutenant and acting commandant from 1809 till 1821; then captain and commandant.

Captain Ignacio del Corral, nominally commandant from 1810 to 1820, but never came to California.

Lieutenant José María Estudillo, Oct. 23, 1820, to Sept., 1821.

Captain Francisco María Ruiz, Sept., 1821, to 1827, when he retired at age of 73.

Lieutenant José María Estudillo, from early in 1827 to April 8, 1830.

Lieutenant Santiago Argüello, from April 8, 1830, to 1835.

Captain Augustin V. Zamorano, from 1835 to 1840; was here only during 1837-8 and never assumed command of the company.

Captain Pablo de la Portilla was nominally commandant of the post by seniority of rank, whenever present, from 1835 until he left California in 1838.

PART II. CHAPTER II. BEGINNINGS OF AGRICULTURE AND COMMERCE.

The range steer was the first historical character in the commercial life of San Diego. He it was who drew the ships from far-off New England; furnished material for an export trade with the United States, Mexico, South America, and the Sandwich Islands and even laid the foundations of social life at Old Town by supplying an interest to attract and support a population, including some families of large means, when the military society began to pass away. Every early visitor to San Diego refers to the hide-houses which stood out conspicuously near La Playa and which, for many years served as the emblem of its commercial importance. The trade in hides and tallow was the significant thing during that quarter of a century--1821 to 1846--in which San Diego rested under the Mexican flag. The cultivation of the soil was a different story, and one full of human interest.

The members of the first expedition of Spanish settlers brought seed with them from Mexico and it was planted in the fall of 1769 on the river bottom, directly opposite Presidio Hill, probably at a place now known as Serrano's field. This first crop was a total failure--the ground was too low and the winter rise of the stream in 1770 destroyed the grain. The second crop was also a disappointment. It was planted too far away from the stream to be irrigated and, as it was a season of light rainfall, only a small quantity of maize and of beans was harvested. The third year the scene of operations was moved up the valley to a place called Nuestra Señora del Pilar near the site subsequently occupied by the Mission. The result was not immediately satisfactory, as only about twenty bushels of wheat were harvested, but the priests now bent their minds to the task in earnest, worked out crude methods of irrigation and finally established their

agriculture successfully.. By 1790 they were raising fifteen hundred bushels of grain annually and the production rapidly increased.

There is no record of any further attempts at agriculture in the Eighteenth Century. If any of the soldiers tried it, they probably had a varied experience.

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It was the Spanish soldiers who made the first gardens at Old Town. Doubtless as they looked down from Presidio Hill they had an eye for choice spots of land where they would one day make a comfortable home for their old age and live under their own vine and fig-tree, in the literal sense of the term. The very first house in Old Town was doubtless the tule hut of a retired soldier. And the pioneer of successful gardeners was Captain Francisco María Ruiz. He planted the spot which afterwards came to be known as Rose's Garden, and his pears, olives, and pomegranates bore goodly crops for seventy-five or eighty years. These trees were planted early in the last century and it is only a few years since the last survivors of them, which happened to be pear trees, were removed. This pioneer garden was in the same block as the residence of George Lyons. The olive trees at the Mission, and the famous old palms at the foot of Presidio Hill, were the only plantings which antedated the orchard of Captain Ruiz.

There is no possible doubt that the two old palms were the first ever planted in California, and as such they constitute a most valuable and interesting historical exhibit. The seeds from which they sprang were a part of that remarkable outfit with which Galvez had thoughtfully supplied his expedition for the conquest of the new empire. They were planted in 1769, and there is good evidence that they bore a crop of dates in 1869, in honor of their one-hundredth birthday. There is a tradition that they never bore a crop earlier than that--a freak of nature, if true. The historic trees were shamefully neglected and abused for many years. They were gnawed by disrespectful horses, and fell victims to those thoughtless vandals who, for some inscrutable reason, never miss an opportunity to carve their own unimportant initials upon everything which the public is interested in having preserved unscarred. In April, 1887, a very modest fence was placed about the trees and now they bid fair to survive for many a generation.

By the year 1821 the little patches of cultivated land had multiplied at the base of Presidio Hill and even spread up and across Mission Valley. Don Blas Aguilar, who was born at San Diego, in 1811, recalled fifteen such rancherías, as they were called, which were occupied prior to the great flood of that year. At two places in the valley there were vineyards. Most of the rancherías were washed away or greatly damaged by the flood, which occurred in September or October and in a single night filled the valley and changed the course of the river. Large numbers of ripe pumpkins were brought down from the fields in the El Cajon country. Dana was able to buy, in July, 1836, a bag of onions, some pears, beans, watermelons, and other fruits.

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The fine upper valley of the San Diego, including the El Cajon, was monopolized by the Mission Fathers; hence, the military were compelled to look elsewhere for their grazing and farming lands. For grazing purposes, they took possession of that fine district known in later times as the National Ranch, but called by the Spanish the Rancho

del Rey, or Ranch of the King. Their grain-fields were located at the Soledad, twelve miles up the coast. This latter valley was treated as the commons of the San Diego military establishment, and, later, of the Pueblo. The land was not divided into individual holdings, but farmed in common. A man cultivating a plot one year had the option of doing so the next season, an arrangement which continued until a short time before the Mexican War.

Agriculture never acquired any great importance in all the years of Spanish and Mexican dominion. True, there is a record of grain exports in 1817, as already noted, and this is evidence of progress when it is remembered that it had formerly been necessary to import this staple from Mexico; but the exports never reached an important stage. The easy-going inhabitants were well content if they produced enough to meet their own needs, and their methods and implements were ridiculously crude. Until the Americans came, there were no plows in the country except those made of the fork of a tree shod with a flat piece of iron. Grain was cut with a short sickle, and horses threshed it with their hoofs.

But while the agricultural experience was a hard struggle from the beginning, the livestock industry was rapidly developed without encountering any difficulties worth mentioning. It involved but little labor, and that little was of a kind admirably suited to the Spanish disposition, for it could be done mostly on horseback with long intervals of rest between the periods of activity. The pasturage was usually excellent and the cattle took care of themselves and multiplied prodigiously. The Mission Fathers were, of course, also the fathers of the cattle business. It was not until the community acquired a population apart from that sheltered by the Presidio and the Mission that private herds began to appear, but the success of the Fathers inevitably attracted others into the profitable business of raising cattle on free pastures.

The Spaniards were lovers of horses and had them in such plenty that it was frequently necessary to slaughter them in order to prevent serious interference with the cattle industry. The Californians--a term which described the whole resident population of Spanish or Mexican blood--were noted for their horsemanship, yet they seem to have taken no pains to breed good stock. This they might easily have done, for they had good Arabian stock to start with, and doubtless the horse might

have become an important item for export. With the exception of a few shiploads sent to the Sandwich Islands in early days, this opportunity seems to have been neglected. There were a few sheep in early times, but they never grew into large flocks--perhaps because they required more care than the Californians were willing to give them, or because the Californians were not fond of mutton.

The pioneer ship in the hide trade between New England and California was the Sachem of Boston, which first came to the coast in 1822. Her Captain was Henry Gyzelaar, while the supercargo was William A. Gale, a man of considerable note. He had been engaged in the California fur trade, and his glowing report of the resources and possibilities of the country was very influential in developing a fleet of trading ships and giving California its first boom. The Boston merchants who became interested included Bryant & Sturgis, Trot, Bumstead & Son, and W. B. Sweet. The important San Francisco firms engaged in this trade at the time were J. C. Jones, and Paty, McKinlay & Co. Captain Henry D. Fitch, the first great merchant of San Diego, was a member of the latter

firm. The Sachem did not call at San Diego, securing a cargo elsewhere, but she was soon followed by other ships and a thriving trade in hides was established, which flourished until the Mexican War was well under way.

It was the custom of the hide ships to remain some time on the coast, going from port to port and bringing the hides which they collected to the large warehouses at San Diego, there to be prepared for shipment and stored until ready for the homeward voyage. These trips up and down the coast occupied three or four months and seven or eight trips were required for the collection of a cargo, so that two years or more were often spent on a voyage. The best account of this trade is that contained in Dana's Two Years Before the Mast.

The cattle were slaughtered from July 1st to October 1st. The methods used were wasteful. About two hundred pounds of the best part of the beef were dried and put aside for future use, and the remainder thrown away, greatly to the satisfaction of the buzzards and wild beasts. The hides were prepared for shipment by immersing them from two to four days in large vats of brine in order to make them immune against the attacks of insects. They were then spread out on the beach and dried, then hung on ropes and beaten with a flail until all the dust and sand were removed, and, finally, stored in the warehouses to await the sailing of the ships. A ship-load ranged from 25,000 to 50,000 hides.

The tallow was tried out in large pots and poured into bags made of hides, to cool, each bag containing from five hundred

to a thousand pounds. In securing the tallow, the part lying nearest the hide was removed and prepared for domestic use. A great deal of this grade of tallow went to Lima and Callao, to be used in making candles. The interior fat, weighing from seventy-five to one hundred pounds per animal, furnished the principal staple for export trade and was worth six cents per pound. This now seems very low, but of course, was due to the exceedingly small cost of producing cattle on the open range and to the heavy expense of shipping; otherwise the business could not have prospered with such enormous waste and such low prices for products.

For the purpose of storing the hides, a number of large warehouses were erected by the Boston firms at a point on the

shore nearest the anchorage, known as La Playa (the beach), near the site of the present government quarantine station. These houses were framed in Boston, sent out in the ships and set up here. They were named after the ships, and the names of four of them are recalled by old settlers as the Admittance, the California, the Sterling, and the Tasso. There do not appear to have been more than four in existence at one time. For instance, Dana says there were four in 1836. They stood until some time in the fifties. E. W. Morse says he spent his first night on shore, in April, 1850, in one of these old buildings, which was then used as a warehouse. Andrew Cassidy says there was only one of

them standing when he arrived, three years later, and that it stood for several years after. Lieutenant Derby, who came in August, 1853, says there were then left the ruins of two of the old hide houses, one being the Tasso. Bartlett, in his Personal Narrative, states that when he was here in 1852, these houses were still standing "exactly as described by Dana in 1836," but this is clearly somewhat inexact. There were also warehouses in San Diego for the storage of the tallow which was to be sent to Peru or Mexico. No hides were exported to Peru or Mexico and no tallow to Boston.

The first hide house was built by the carpenter of the Brookline and occupied by James P. Arthur, mate of that ship, with a small party, while curing hides, in 1829. The Boston Advertiser says on his authority:

They had a barn-like structure of wood, . . . which answered the purpose of storehouse, curing-shop, and residence. The life was lonesome enough. Upon the wide expanse of the Pacific they occasionally discerned a distant ship. Sometimes a vessel sailed near the lower offing. It was thus that the idea of preparing and raising a flag, for the purpose of attracting attention, occurred to them. The flag was manufactured from some shirts, and Captain Arthur writes, with the just accuracy of a historian, that Mr. Greene's calico shirt furnished the blue, while he furnished the red and white. "It was completed and raised on a Sunday, on the occasion of the arrival of the schooner Washington, Captain Thompson, of the Sandwich Islands, but sailing under the American flag." So writes honest Captain Arthur. He further states that the same flag was afterward frequently raised at Santa Barbara, whenever in fact there was a vessel coming into port. These men raised our national ensign, not in bravado, nor for war and conquest, but as honest men, to show that they were American citizens and wanted company. And while the act cannot be regarded as in the light of a claim to sovereignty, it is still interesting as a fact, and as an unconscious indication of manifest destiny."

The following is a list of all the American trading ships which have been found, known to have called at San Diego during the

life of the hide trade. A few of these were doubtless whalers, and there were probably others of which no record has been found; but it is believed this list contains the names of substantially all the hide ships.

In 1824, Arab, Mentor.
1825, Sachem.
1825-6, Rover.
1828, Andes, Courier, Franklin, General Sucre.
1829-31, Brookline, Louisa.
1829-32-34, Volunteer.
1831, Harriet.
1831-3-6-8-9-40-2-3-4, Alert.
1831-2-3-7-8-9-40-1-2-3-4, California.
1832-3, Plant.
1833, Newcastle.
1833-38-45, Don Quixote.
1833-36-43, Bolivar Liberator.
1833, Harriet Blanchard.

1834, Roxana.
1835, Pilgrim.
1836, Lagoda, Loriotte, Catalina.
1836-7, Kent.
1837, Rasselas, Sophia.
1839, Morse.
1840, Alciope.
1840-1, Monsoon.
1841, Thomas Perkins.
1841-2-3-5-7, Tasso.
1842-4-6-7, Barnstable.
1839-43-4, Fama.
1844, Menkar.
1844-5, Sterling.
1845, Martha, Admittance.
1846, Vandalia.
1847-8, Olga.

The hide and tallow trade practically ended with the transfer of California to the United States. This was a mere coincidence, due to economic rather than to political causes. New England found that she could get her hides cheaper somewhere else. The trade had marked the high tide of prosperity in old California days, and supplied an interesting and romantic episode in the history of the country. Excellent accounts of this period may be found in the writings of Bancroft, Dana, Robinson, and Davis. The latter, perhaps the most competent authority, estimates the total number of hides exported from California at about 5,000,000 and the tallow at 250,000,000 pounds.

Even after the cattle business passed mostly into private hands, the missions profited largely from it, by means of tithes, a form of ecclesiastical tax scrupulously paid by the rancheros and diligently collected by the missionaries. This tax was collected, in some instances, as late as 1850 or 1851. The missions were also the principal customers of the American ships. Their cargoes consisted of sugar, tea, coffee, rum, silk, furniture, calico, clothing, and blankets for the Indians, which they sold to the friars for cash and exchanged for hides. William A. Gale, Alfred Robinson, and William Heath Davis did a large business with the missions for many years.

In Robinson's Life in California is an interesting account of the pains which were taken, upon his first visit to San Diego,

in 1829, to entertain the good Father Antonio Peyri, founder of the San Luis Rey Mission, and especially to impress him with the excellence of the stores brought in the Brookline, from Boston. This entertainment seems to have proven quite profitable, in the end. The missionaries kept the first, and for many years the only, stores, from which they supplied the wants of their neophytes and sold goods to such as desired them. Their success soon stimulated emulation in this, as in other, lines and private fortunes began to grow. The first storekeeper at San Diego, and the only one for some years, was Captain Henry D. Fitch, who dealt in furs, hides, and general merchandise. After the cattle business began to assume importance and private residences were estab-

lished in the country, at every important rancho was maintained a general store and depot of supply for the surrounding country.

With the growth of the hide and tallow trade, land began to assume more value and private holdings increased. Under the Spanish administration, only the king could make grants of land, and it was many years before the right was exercised toward any except the missionaries. The general laws of Spain provided for the granting of four square leagues of land to newly-formed settlements, or pueblos as they were called, upon certain conditions. As early as 1784, application was made to the Governor by private individuals for grants of land, and he issued a few written permits for temporary occupation. Two years later he received authority to make grants of tracts not exceeding three leagues, not to conflict with the boundaries of existing pueblos, and on certain conditions which included the building of a stone house and the keeping of not less than two thousand head of livestock on each rancho.

It was considered that vacant lands outside the pueblos and missions belonged to the Indians, to be utilized by them whenever they should become sufficiently civilized. In 1793 it was reported that no private grants had been made, but a few years later a number were made near the presidios, subject to confirmation later on. Several governors in succession preferred to make these conditional grants, and at the close of the 18th century the situation was this: The Presidio was without settlers, but expected ultimately to become a pueblo, and was entitled to four square leagues of land whenever proper organization should appear; and there were in the whole department twenty or thirty men engaged in raising cattle on lands to which they had only such possessory permits, but none of these appear to have been at San Diego. In 1813 the Spanish Cortés passed a decree relative to the reduction of public lands to private ownership, destined to improve agricultural conditions and reward

the country's defenders. Lands might be granted to veterans and invalid soldiers.

This decree was unknown in California before 1820. One of the earliest of the grants made under this law was that of the Peñasquitos Rancho, of nearly nine thousand acres, to the veteran Captain Ruiz and Francisco M. Alvarado, on June 15, 1823. This grant was made against the earnest protests of the missionaries, as conflicting with their boundaries. In a report made in 1828 are named the Rancho del Rey, now known as the National Ranch, where the Presidio had 250 cattle and 25 horses; the San Antonio Abad, which had 300 cattle, 80 horses and 25 mules, besides producing some grain; the Peñasquitos Rancho, with 50 cattle, 20 horses, and 8 mules; El Rosario, or Barracas, which had 25 head of live-stock and some grain; and the San Ysidro stock range. It also appears from a statement of the missionaries in this year that the Temescal Rancho had been occupied by Leandro Serrano, majordomo at San Juan. In January or March, 1829, Governor Echeandía granted one league at Otay to José Antonio Estudillo, and another to María Magdalena Estudillo.

From about 1832 grants were rapidly made of the public or unoccupied lands of California; and subsequent to the acts of secularization of 1833-4, it was the practice of the government to grant to individuals tracts of land belonging to the missions, but which were no longer used or occupied by them. In spite of the opposition of the priests, grants were constantly made by the government within the limits of the so-called mission domain, and this continued up to 1846, when the dominion of Upper California

passed to the American Government. And so it went on, until the country, except the mission and pueblo lands, had passed into private hands. A table showing these early land grants is given at the end of this chapter.

Mr. Theodore S. Van Dyke has written very instructively about these land grants in his city and County of San Diego. He says:

"Soon after the establishment of other missions in California, and the quieting and gathering in of the greater part of the Indians around the missions, settlers from Spain and Mexico began to come in, and later on a few from the United States, England, and elsewhere. Nearly all these settlers obtained grants of large tracts of land from the Mexican Government, which have since been the cause of much litigation, envy, and quarrelling. These grants were simply Mexican homesteads, given to settle the country just as the United States homesteads are given, for practically nothing.

"Instead of selling a man, as the United States then did, all the land he wanted for $1.25 an acre, the Mexican Government gave it to him by the square league. The grants were made large partly as an inducement to the settler to go into

such a wild and remote country, but mainly because the raising of cattle for the hides and tallow being the only industry, a large range was absolutely necessary for profit as well as the support of the band of retainers necessary for profit and safety. . . .

The first effect of these large grants was to retard settlement. The County of San Diego, in common with the rest of Southern California, was then believed to be a veritable desert of sand, cactus, and horned toads, fit only for stock range at the rate of about one hundred acres to each animal."

Dairying was practically unknown among the ranchos, and often there was no effort even to keep the tables supplied with milk. Davis says that he has frequently drank his coffee or tea without milk, on a ranch containing from 3600 to 8000 head of cattle. Other methods were equally wasteful. The horns were not thought worth saving, and the Americans who chose were allowed to gather and ship all they cared to, without money and without price. These lax methods may be further illustrated by the fact that in 1840 the Mission of San José ordered the slaughter of two thousand bulls, which were killed simply for their hides, none of the meat, and little of the tallow, being saved.

Next to the cattle industry, and the trade in hides and tallow, the fisheries made the most important contribution to the early commerce of San Diego. And the fisheries included the exciting chase for the sea otter, which was very valuable for its fur. The otters were far more plentiful in the north, yet were frequent visitors to the San Diego coast, especially to the kelp beds off Point Loma and La Jolla. The Indians were acquainted with the use of their furs when the Spaniards came, and one of the early cares of the missionaries was to train their converts to improved methods of catching them. The Indians do not appear to have been remarkably energetic hunters, but enough skins were brought in to form an important item of export and a subject of contention between the commandants and the missionaries, both of whom thought themselves entitled to a monopoly of the traffic. The heyday of the Spanish trade was about the time of the Lelia Byrd affair, when virtually the whole population had skins to sell, openly or covertly, and the commandant had a collection of about a thousand confiscated skins.

By the time the Americans began to settle at San Diego otters were not so common in the bay, but along the coast of Lower California and its adjacent islands there

was still good hunting. Philip Crosthwaite was one of the earliest and best known otter hunters. He stated that there were two companies of hunters at San Diego, in 1845, which were fitted out each season by Captain Fitch. The hunting season was during the spring

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[William Heath Davis]

and summer months, when the otters could be found among the kelp, often asleep, and shot with rifles from boats. This work required a peculiar equipment of patience, keen sight, steady nerves, and marksmanship. Each company sent out three canoes together which hunted in the day and lay up on the beach at night. There were places on the shore known to the hunters, where wood and water could be found, and at night they landed at such spots through the surf and made their camp. As late as 1857, two otter hunters were drowned in the surf on the beach near Point Loma, while trying to land in a small boat. Otters are, of course, now extinct in this vicinity. In 1845 the skins were worth $40 each at Fitch's store. There are no statistics of the extent and value of the otter catch, but it was very considerable.

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That strange animal, the sea-elephant, was also a native to this coast, and for a short time was a victim of the chase. Very early settlers tell how, on stormy days, the yelps of the elephants lying on the sand at what is now Coronado Beach could be heard in San Diego above the roar of the breakers. They were also plentiful in the haunts of the otter, along the coasts and islands of Lower California. They seem never to have formed an extensive object of the chase by the population. The story of their destruction is short and sad. Some of the Yankee whalers heard of them and conceived the idea that there might be money in elephant oil. There was a rush for them; they were slaughtered by thousands, and soon exterminated. It is said that some of these ships secured an entire cargo of elephant oil in a single season's chase. At any rate, these curious animals are gone, forever, from these parts. And does the reader ask, "What is a sea-elephant?" Merely a big seal--the biggest of his family--with a snout so prolonged as to be suggestive of an elephant.

The Spanish population never pursued the chase, either by land or sea, with noteworthy daring and vigor. It was great sport for the expert vaqueros to lasso a bear now and then and lead him home, to be baited to death by dogs and bulls; it never occurred to their uncommercial souls that this sort of thing could be turned into a money-making enterprise. Cattle were plentiful and cheap; why should a man incur fatigue and danger in the pursuit of articles of luxury which the state of society did not require? Such things were left to the restless and incomprehensible Americans. Cattle were something the Spanish could understand, and it was all very well to shoot an otter now and then as it lay asleep in the sun on beach or kelp; but to spend one's days amidst the toil and danger of the ocean chase, was much too strenuous. The finest of otter skins were worth no more than the hides of four or five bullocks, and there was neither use nor sale for whale oil, until the American ships came.

The story of the American whaling trade in the Pacific is one of the most picturesque and romantic in our history, and the half has never been told. The enterprise, hardihood, daring, and skill which made it possible, form a worthy sequel to the wonder-tales of England's Elizabethan age. This chase began long before the Mexican War and still continues to a limited extent. The chief rendezvous of the whale ships was first at the Sandwich Islands and later at San Francisco. In 1855 their number had reached five hundred, but it was not until ten years later that San Francisco became the headquarters. Whales were known to exist on the coast from the time of the earliest settlements. Father Crespí has left it on

record that upon his arrival at San Pablo Bay, in March, 1772, he saw whales spouting, and there is no doubt the same phenomenon had been observed here, where whales were no less plentiful.

As late as the early forties, San Diego Bay was a favorite resort for female whales in their calving season, and at such times, on any bright day, scores of them could be seen spouting and basking in the sunlight. On North Island there was a spring which the inhabitants of La Playa were in the habit of visiting in canoes to get a supply of fresh water. Often when these whales were passing in or out, it was deemed unsafe to cross, and the boatmen had to wait for hours. But when the chase began in earnest and steamers began to visit the harbor, the whales abandoned the place and went farther down the coast. They still passed by near the shore, however, in the winter and spring months, and came in near Ballast Point in great numbers. Andrew Cassidy says he has often counted as many as eleven whales inside Ballast Point, all spouting at one time, and in January, 1872, it is on record that fifteen were seen at one time.

Dana tells this story regarding an adventure with a whale at San Pedro: "This being the spring season, San Pedro, as well as all the other open ports upon the coast, was filled with whales that had come in to make their annual visit upon soundings. For the first few days that we were here and at Santa Barbara we watched them with great interest, calling out " There she blows," every time we saw the spout of one breaking the surface of the water; but they soon became so common that we took little notice of them. We once very nearly ran one down in the gig, and should probably have been knocked to pieces or blown sky-high. We had been on board the little Spanish brig, and were returning, stretching out well at our oars, the little boat going like a swallow; our backs were forward, and the captain, who was steering, was not looking out, when all at once we heard the spout of a whale directly ahead. "Back water! back water, for your lives!" shouted the captain, and we backed our blades in the water and brought the boat to in a smother of foam. Turning our heads, we saw a great, rough, hump-backed whale slowly crossing our forefoot, within three or four yards of the boat's stem. Had we not backed water just as we did we should inevitably have gone smash upon him. He took no notice of us, but passed slowly on, and dived a few yards beyond us, throwing his tail high in the air."

The whales passed south from December to February, and on their return trip north in March and April. The local whale companies were formed early in the fifties, at San Diego and other places, notably at Monterey, and they continued in business for many years and were very successful. The business began to assume importance here in 1853. In February, 1858, the

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company of whalemen at La Playa had killed "about a dozen" whales since they commenced operations, "only five of which they have been able to get into the port." These five yielded 150 barrels of oil, worth about $2,000. Editor Ames expressed the opinion that if some means could be devised to prevent the whales from sinking, a good business could be done in catching them within ten miles of the harbor. A little later, they captured five in as many days, each of which produced from thirty-five to forty barrels of oil. By 1868 the business had grown so that there were two companies with twenty men at work in the boats and a dozen rendering the oil, and it had become a favorite diversion of San Diegans to go out to the lighthouse and watch the chase.

In the season of 1870-1, the yield of oil was 21,888 gallons, and in 1871-2 it was estimated at 55,000 gallons and two hundred pounds of whalebone were collected. In 1873-4, 21,600 gallons, and in 1874-5 four hundred barrels of oil were produced. As late as 1886, three hundred barrels of oil were made and about a thousand pounds of whalebone gathered. In the eighties the business was declining, however, and soon became unprofitable and was abandoned.

The trying-works were on Ballast Point. The captured whales were towed in and cut up and the flesh thrown into two large iron pots, having a capacity of 150 gallons each. At each pot was stationed a man with a large strainer, whose business it was to fish out the pieces of blubber as fast as they became sufficiently browned. These pieces were then pressed to extract the oil, after which the refuse was used for fuel. It seems to have burned very well, but made "a villainous stench." The oil was ladled into casks and when cool was stored awaiting shipment.

The method of killing the whales was by a bomb lance from small boats. At first the work seems to have been unskillfully done, but in later years it was carried to great perfection. The whales were of the gray species. No reliable statistics can be given as to the total output, but it ran well into the thousands of barrels and was an important article of export. Among the older citizens of San Diego are several who came here to engage in this chase, and followed it for many years. The only remains now left of this interesting period are the vertebrae of whales which are used as ornaments and may still be seen in many San Diego dooryards. The Society of Natural History has also collected some valuable relics, which are preserved in the public library building.

Such were some of the principal commercial features affecting the early life of the place.

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Following is a list of ranchos of San Diego County, showing the number of acres in each rancho, names of grantees, and date each grant was confirmed. The names of the grantees do not represent the present proprietors, the ownership having changed, in many cases, since the confirmation of the grant:

Name of Rancho	Owner	Grant Confirmed	Acres
Santa Margarita and Las Flores	Pio & Andrés Pico		89,742.93

Ex-Mission of San Diego Santiago Argüello 1846 58,208.00
San Jacinto Nuevo Miguel de Pedrorena 1846 48,823.67
El Cajon María Antonia Estudillo de Pedrorena 48,799.34
Santa Rosa Juan Moreno Oct. 10, 1872 47,815.10
San Jacinto Viejo José Ant. Estudillo 1846 35,504.00
Cuyamaca Agustin Olvera 35,501.32
La Nacion (National Rancho) John Forster Aug. 3, 1858 26,631.94
San José del Valle (Warner's Ranch) J. J. Warner 1846 26,629.88
Pauba Luis Vignes Jan. 19, 1860 26,597.96
Temecula Luis Vignes. Jan. 18, 1860 26,608.94
Sobrante de San Jacinto Miguel de Pedrorena and Rosario E. de Aguirre 22,195.00
San Bernardo José Francisco Snook 17,763.07
Santa Ysabel José Joaquin Ortega et al. May 4, 1872 17,719.40
Santa María (Valle de Pamo) José Joaquin Ortega et al. July 30, 1872 17,708.85
San Vicente Juan Lope. 1846 13,539.96
La Laguna Abel Stearns Sept. 3, 1872 13,338.80
Monserrate Ysidro María Alvarado July 17, 1872 13,322.90
Valle de las Viejas Ramon & Leandro Osuna.. 1846 13,314.00
Agua Hedionda Juan María Marron 13,311.01
Pauma José Ant. Serrano, José Aguilar, & Blas Aguilar Aug. 29, 1871 13,309.60
Guejito George W. Hamley May 24, 1866 13,298.59
Rincon del Diablo Heirs of Juan Bautista Alvarado May 3, 1872 12,653.77
San Felipe Juan Forster Aug. 6, 1866 9,972.08
San Marcos José María Alvarado 8,978.29
Jamacha Apolinaria Lorenzana 8,881.16
Jamul Pio Pico 8,876.00
La Jolla 8,872.00
San Dieguito Juan María Osuna 8,824.71
Peñasquitas Francisco María Ruiz & Francisco M. Alvarado 8,486.01
Otay Magdalena Estudillo et al 1846 6,557.98
Tecate Juan Bandini 4,439.00
Janal Victoria Dominguez June 30, 1872 4,436.00
Los Encinitos Andrés Ybarra April 18, 1871 4,431.03
Island or Peninsula of San Diego Archibald C. Peachy & William H. Aspinwall June 11, 1869 4,185.46
Guajome Andrés & José Manuel (Indians) 2,219.41
Buena Vista Felipe (an Indian) 2,219.08

Potrero San Juan Capistrano 1,167.74
El Cariso and La Cienega 1,167.00
Ex-Mission of San Luis Rey Bishop J S. Alemany March 10, 1865 53.39
Ex-Mission of San Diego Bishop Alemany May 23,1862 22.21
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PART II. CHAPTER III. POLITICAL LIFE IN MEXICAN DAYS

Although twenty-three Governors--ten Spanish and thirteen Mexican--ruled California before the days of American dominion, only two of these impressed themselves upon the history of San Diego. Governor Echeandía loved the place so well that he virtually made it the capital during his administration, and Governor Pico was himself a San Diegan in whom his neighbors felt considerable pride. Several of the others appeared for a moment upon the stage of picturesque local life, but few exerted any influence upon the course of events in this neighborhood. It must be remembered that for sixty-six years San Diego lived under military rule and that it was not until the establishment of the pueblo in 1835 that civil government became dominant. Less than a dozen years then remained to the Mexican power, but this brief period was crowded with interesting political episodes. As we study the record, we are strongly reminded that the men of that time were of the same race as those who have made the turbulent politics of Central and South American states, for there is the same story of mimic wars and of the rise and fall of ambitious rulers. There were but few people to govern, but relatively many who desired to govern them, and the energies which Americans have given to the development of natural resources the Mexicans preferred to spend on the stormy field of politics.

When the Spanish flag went down, and gave place to the emblem of Mexico, on April 20, 1822, the people of San Diego submitted gracefully, but without enthusiasm. Only far echoes of the revolutionary struggle had reached them during the previous decade and their sympathies clung fondly to the Spanish tradition of the country. It is related that there was no flagstaff upon which to hoist the new colors; that the soldiers grumbled because there was no distribution of money; and that the next day they cut off their queues as an expression of their disgust. In December, the imperial commissioner, charged with the change of government in Upper California, stopped in San Diego for a week on his way home, but there is nothing to show that he transacted any business at this place. He gambled with a

[Pio Pico]

rollicking priest, named Fernandez, quarreled with Santiago Argüello about it, and departed in an unhappy frame of mind.

It was in 1825 that General José María Echeandía, who was both political chief and military commandant of Upper and Lower California, arrived with a detachment of soldiers and a number of subordinates and established himself at the Presidio. This was after the fall of the Emperor Iturbide and at the very outset of the effort to establish republican institutions. The task he had undertaken was by no means easy. The troops were destitute and mutinous; the old Spanish population was still unfriendly to the new order of things, and the region lacked capital and population and was far from prosperous.

Late in 1826, the governor ordered the election of five representatives to meet in San Diego for the purpose of choosing deputies charged with the duty of reorganizing the territorial assembly, as well as to select a member of the national congress. These representatives met in San Diego in February, 1827. They were Francisco de Haro, for San Francisco; Estévan Munras, for Monterey; Carlos A. Carrillo, for Santa Barbara;

Vicente Sanchez, for Los Angeles; and Augustin V. Zamorano, for San Diego. They chose Pablo de Sola as congressman, but doubts rose as to his eligibility and the vote was therefore reconsidered and Captain José de la Guerra y Noriega chosen, instead, with Gervasio Argüello as substitute. De la Guerra y Noriega was a Spaniard, although he had left Spain when quite small. But the Mexican prejudice against Spaniards at that time was so great that, upon his arrival in Mexico, he was not only refused admission to the national assembly, but forced to hurry home in order to avoid serious trouble. Thus ungraciously did Mexico receive the first representative to the national assembly elected in Upper California. Argüello, the substitute, then took the seat and served out the term, in 1827-8. The San Diego assembly also chose seven members and three substitutes for the assembly which later convened at Monterey.

Echeandia's choice of San Diego as his capital was not popular with the people of the North. His attempt to hold a meeting of the assembly here in the spring of 1827 was barren of results. The members met, protested that San Diego was not conveniently situated for their purpose, and adjourned. In October of the same year they again met here, and chose four new members. Another futile session of the body was held at San Diego in January, 1829. Then the Governor issued a summons for a meeting at Monterey, but his call was ignored.

Early in November of this year, from causes arising largely out of the prevailing destitution and discontent of the military, the Solis insurrection broke out at Monterey. Echeandía appears to have acted with vigor and moderation. He first convened a council of seven officers, whom he asked for a frank criticism of his administration. Fortified by their unanimous approval, and assured of the support of the inhabitants of San Diego, he set about his preparations for a campaign. Alfred Robinson was here at the time and gives some description of the bustle of preparation. Guns were repaired, swords sharpened, and lances manufactured. The troops departed on December 1, with the governor at their head, and it was several weeks before news of his complete success, after an opera bouffe campaign at Santa Barbara and Monterey, reached San Diego

Echeandía was disturbed no more by armed revolts, but encountered much opposition in his attempts to carry out the orders of the Mexican government directed against the Spanish population. A number of laws relative to the expulsion of all Spaniards who should refuse to take the oath of allegiance was passed, debarring them from office or employment until Spain should recognize the independence of Mexico. It was undoubtedly intended that he should enforce these regulations and expel recalcitrants from the country, but he chose to put a

more liberal interpretation upon his instructions. He proclaimed the laws and published lists of resident Spaniards required to take the oath, but does not appear to have used his power to persecute those who refused. Some of the missionaries surreptitiously fled the country, and others demanded passports and left openly, rather than submit. It appears that Echeandía regarded the presence of these stubborn missionaries as undesirable, and even went so far as to ship Father Martinez, of San Luis Obispo, out of the country, after a council of war, on a charge of having given aid and comfort to the rebels in the Solis insurrection. He was also desirous of carrying out the wishes of his superiors with regard to the secularization of the missions, and discussed plans to that end, but no definite steps were taken during his administration. He did, however, issue a decree of partial emancipation of the neophytes, permitting such as had been Christians from childhood or for fifteen years, who were married or at least not minors, and who had some means of livelihood, to leave the missions.

Trade was brisk on the coast during Echeandia's administration, for it was a time when the hide and tallow business was rapidly growing in importance. In 1828, the revenue collected at San Diego was $34,000--nearly six times that at San Francisco. In July of that year, Captain John Bradshaw, of the Franklin, anchored in San Diego Bay after doing considerable trading on the Lower California coast. A warning had come from Loreto, and he was accused of having been engaged in smuggling, and other offenses, although his supercargo, Rufus Perkins, had been allowed to travel overland from mission to mission. Bradshaw was ordered to deposit his cargo in the warehouse and await the investigation of these charges. He promised compliance, but returned to his ship and, once on board, refused to obey any orders given him and changed his anchorage to a point near the harbor entrance. The governor prepared to place a guard on the ship and applied to a French captain then in the port, Duhaut-Cilly, for the loan of a boat. The boat was loaned, but Bradshaw was also warned, and on the morning of the 16th of July he cut his cable and ran out of the harbor, passing the fort, although a shower of cannon balls was hurled after him. The Frenchman met Captain Bradshaw, later, at the Islands, where he learned that his hull had been perforated, rigging damaged, and the gallant captain himself wounded.

The Hawaiian brig Karimoko was also in trouble at San Diego, late in the fall. The records seem to make it clear that she was engaged in contraband trade, having a rendezvous off Catalina Island. Her sails were seized and Santiago Argüello was sent to the island to investigate and bring over the goods.

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[The Aguirre House, Old Town]

In the same year, an American named Lang, with two sailors and two Kanakas, was arrested in a boat near Todos Santos. The prisoners told a story about coming from the Sandwich Islands to settle in California; but as Lang's efforts included a barrel-organ and two trunks of drygoods, they were confiscated and sold. Lang had previously been at San Diego and confided to a countryman that he was engaged in smuggling. These and other irregularities led to the closing of the way ports to foreign vessels and caused considerable inconvenience to legitimate trading ships.

In December, 1830, the rule of Echeandía ended with the arrival of Colonel Manuel Victoria, the newly-appointed Governor, at San Diego. Victoria proceeded north,

where the transfer of office was made. With his coming the jurisdiction of Upper and Lower California was divided and the governor's residence again removed to Monterey. The new governor was soon embroiled with his deputies in a fierce quarrel. He refused to convene the assembly, even when petitioned to do so by the members, and a bitter wrangle ensued in which Juan Bandini of San Diego, then substitute congressman for Upper California, and Pio Pico, senior vocal of the assembly from the same place, were involved, and incurred the governor's displeasure. It was claimed that Victoria was setting up a military dictatorship and overriding the popular will. He was severe in the administration of justice and shocked the Californians by his strict enforcement of the law's penalties. He also quarrelled with many prominent men and sent a number of them into exile.

In November, 1831, Abel Stearns, a naturalized Mexican citizen, and José Antonio Carrillo, both of whom were among

the men banished by Victoria, but neither of whom had gone farther than the frontier, secretly met in San Diego with Juan Bandini and Pio Pico, and laid plans for a revolt. Pico, Bandini, and Carrillo set out with fourteen men besides themselves, seventeen in all, to seize the post. Bandini went to the house of Captain Argüello, where he found that officer and Lieutenant Valle playing cards. He presented first an apology and then a pair of pistols, and marched the two officers off to prison, where they found Commandant Portilla had preceded them. The troops gave no trouble, Echeandía was persuaded to head the movement, and soon all San Diego parties were agreed to make it unanimous. A long pronunciamento was drawn up, which Juan Bandini is credited with having written. Portilla was appointed commander, a force was mustered and marched northward and soon took possession of Los Angeles. Victoria had placed implicit confidence in Portilla, who had given him notice of the movement and promised to aid in its suppression.

The governor had left Monterey before learning of the revolt, and even upon his arrival at Santa Barbara seems to have received no accurate information of the nature and extent of the trouble. He started for Los Angeles with about thirty men, full of confidence in his ability to restore order without delay, and spent the night at San Fernando Mission. Next day, the 6th of December, Portilla moved out toward Cahuenga with about two hundred men, and was met by Victoria with his little band of thirty. A war of words ensued, followed by a brief conflict in which two men were killed, and then Echeandia's men fled. But Victoria, who had shown great personal bravery, was badly wounded and a few days later he surrendered to Echeandía and agreed to leave the country. This promise he kept, arriving in San Diego on the 27th and going at once on board the Pocahontas, with the Captain of which vessel Juan Bandini had made a contract to transport the exile to Mazatlan for $1,600, silver, in advance.

On the way down the coast, Victoria had spent some days at San Luis Rey, and the venerable founder of that Mission, Father Antonio Peyri, decided to leave the country with him. He was among the Spanish friars who had suffered persecution under Echeandía, and now quit the country rather than submit further. The ship sailed on the 17th of January, 1832, and Echeandía remained acting governor until the meeting of the assembly at Los Angeles. Pio Pico was then chosen governor, in accordance with the plan drawn up at San Diego, but the officials of the pueblo of Los Angeles refused to

recognize him and Echeandía, having paid no attention to the notice of his election, now thought it opportune to repudiate it and declared

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[Augustin V. Zamarano]

Pico incompetent and his election illegal. Pico was governor twenty days, and then the matter was referred to the national government, and in the meantime Echeandía continued to act.

A new rebellion now broke out at Monterey, headed by Captain Zamorano, in which quite a number of foreign residents were involved. After a wordy warfare, the deputies met at San Diego in March at Echeandia's call, to consider the state of the country. The net result of this meeting seems to have been a circular letter to the governing bodies of the pueblos asking them to preserve order to recognize the assembly, and to disregard the junta of the north. The disaffection continued to spread, however, and in a short time the hostile parties were arming and drilling recruits for war. The neophytes at San Luis Rey were adherents of Echeandía, and came into camp in large numbers. In April he marched north with about a thousand Indians, but a truce was arranged by which the political jurisdiction was divided between the two leaders and the assembly left with no power whatever.

On May 15, 1832, the assembly again met at San Diego and reviewed the exciting events of the year in an address to the

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president of the republic, especially condemning Zamorano. In the spring of 1832, General José Figueroa was appointed governor, but he had an adventurous trip up the coast and did not reach Monterey until the middle of January, 1833. With his assumption of office, San Diego ceased to figure as the political headquarters of Upper California. Echeandía welcomed the new governor and laid down the cares of office, with joy. He gave Figueroa valuable aid in the early days of his administration, but was required to report to Mexico, and sailed from San Diego May 14, 1833, and never returned. He lived for nearly forty years longer in Mexico, supporting himself by his profession of civil engineer.

The estimates of his public services as well as of his character, vary with the point of view of the writers. As an administrator he was inefficient, but personally he was both dignified and affable. The early American traders regarded him as a man of undecided character, who tried to please everybody; but he seems to have had strong republican views which he stubbornly strove to carry out in his administration. He is described as a tall, gaunt personage, full of true Spanish dignity.

San Diego was never the capital of Upper California in the proper sense of the term. The political events here during the thirties were due simply to the fact that Governor Echeandía preferred it as a residence and chose to order the assembly to meet here. It was, however, for a few years during and following Echeandía's administration, a hotbed of political activity.

In 1831, the first revolution, which ended in the expulsion of Victoria, began here, as related. One cause of this political activity seems to have been a local jealousy between the northern and southern establishments. The people of San Diego naturally desired a continuance of the arrangement by which their town served as the capital, and many of the disturbances of the time arose over such questions as the maintenance of a custom house at the port. Monterey was offended by Echeandia's action, as well as by the choice of congressional representatives from the south. San Diego was gratified by the selection of Pio Pico as Governor in 1832 and again in 1845.

On the 1st of September, 1834, the brig Natalie arrived at San Diego, having on board Juan Bandini and Señor Híjar, with a portion of the political colony sent by the Vice-President of the Mexican republic, Gomez Farias. Bandini had gone south in May, in time to fall in with the plans of Farias and Híjar. The failure of the enterprise is a matter of history, but does not belong peculiarly to San Diego; our interest in it relates to the brief entertainment of the party here, and to the disappointment

[The Serrano House, Old Town]

of Bandini at the outcome. None of his larger political ambitions, of which he had many, were ever realized.

The Natalie is said to have been the vessel in which Napoleon made his escape from the island of Elba. She was afterward wrecked by being driven on the beach at Monterey in a storm December 21, 1834, and went to pieces. The passengers in Hijar's colony numbered between 130 and 140. For two days the families were sheltered in the hide houses at La Playa, and fed by the owners of the hide houses. They were detained in quarantine for fear of measles, and a number died and were buried at the Mission. Híjar and his friends were entertained by Bandini, and the others were scattered among the residents of the town and entertained free of cost.

The colonists were of nearly every occupation except those which the country needed. There were goldsmiths, blacksmiths, carpenters, shoemakers, tailors, painters, printers, musicians and other artists and mechanics, but not a single agriculturist. Most of them were finally shipped back to Mexico, but a few settled and remained at San Luis Rey and places farther north.

The annals of the Presidio throughout these years are scanty, and merely a story of progressive decay. In 1826 a military commission reported the presidial buildings in a "deplorably ruinous condition," and estimated the cost of repairs at $40,000. Fort Guijarros, also, needed repairs to the value of $10,000. It does not appear that anything was done at this time, but in 1828 the battery was repaired.

In October of this year, the soldiers sent a committee of five to the commandant to complain of hunger and lack of clothing

and demand a payment on account of back pay. The commandant began to put them in irons, but the threats of their comrades compelled him to desist. They appealed to the General, who promised them justice, which he soon after administered by distributing

the five soldiers among other presidios. In May, 1830, a civilian cut a soldier with a knife and took sanctuary in the church, raising an interesting question of the right of asylum. He was sentenced to eight years' labor on the chain-gang.

The ranks of the presidial company were not kept full, and by 1830 the total force had dwindled to 120 men. In this year the armament consisted of 13 cannon, 8 of which were brass and of iron; 3 eight-pounders, 7 six-pounders, and 3 four-pounders. The fort and powder magazines were of stone, situated close under the hill at Ballast Point. A reservoir of stone and mortar was constructed near the fort, but the water soon broke it. The ruins were visible for many years after. Nothing whatever now remains of the Spanish works on Ballast Point. The last traces were obliterated in the construction of the modern fortifications on the spot, in recent years.

A petty uprising of the local military force in 1833 is of some interest. A private of the presidial company of Loreto, named Antonio Alipás, was placed under arrest and confined in the guard-house. On the 26th day of March, Corporal Inocensio Arballo, a comrade of Alipas's, assembled a squad of seven soldiers and, all armed and mounted, rode up and demanded the release of the prisoner. The sergeant of the guard refusing this demand, the soldiers broke into the guard-house, released Alipás, and carried him off. This was an exceptional occurrence, and anything resembling vigilante proceedings was rare, among either the civil or military population. The soldiers were harshly treated, but obedience was thoroughly taught.

The Spanish military system was continued under Mexican rule. One of its admirable features was a provision for retiring veterans and invalids on pensions. Privates who had served for thirty years could retire on half pay with the honorary rank of sub-lieutenant, and those who had served forty years, with the rank of full lieutenant, with the privilege of wearing a uniform. The conditions seem hard, but many of the men, including some of the early company of Catalonian volunteers, fulfilled them and lived to end their days in peaceful industry. Some of the invalids remained at the Presidio, performing such service as they were able, and were also permitted to settle outside the Presidio walls. Mention has been made of the fact that all soldiers had a little time of their own; and thus, with the pressure of slowly increasing numbers and hard-won knowledge of correct methods of agriculture, the Spanish soldiers began to

cultivate successfully their little garden plots at the foot of Presidio Hill.

The pueblo of San Diego was organized by an election of the necessary officials on December 21, 1834. These officials consisted of an alcalde, or mayor, for which the successful candidate was Juan María Osuna, who was elected over Pio Pico; a first regidor, or alderman, Juan Bautista Alvarado; a second regidor, Juan María Marron; and a syndico procurador, or town attorney, Henry D. Fitch. Thirteen votes in all were cast and the officers entered upon the discharge of their duties on the first day of January, 1835, which marks the beginning of

civil rule. They constituted the first ayuntamiento, or town council.

The new town was governed by its own Council for only three years. The country was not prosperous and population decreased until, in 1838, there were not enough people to entitle it to a council, the number required being five hundred. Accordingly from the 1st of January, 1838, until the Mexican War, San Diego was part of the sub-prefecture of Los Angeles and governed by judges appointed annually by the governor. José Antonio Estudillo was the first judge, or juez de paz.

In 1836 a tax was imposed on the hide-salting establishments of foreigners, as had been done before in 1834.

In this year, soon after a revolution at Monterey, as a result of which Governor Guiterrez had been banished and Juan B. Alvarado selected as governor in his place, San Diego was again drawn actively into the political affairs of the time. There was considerable local dissatisfaction with the course of events, and Juan Bandini and Santiago E. Argüello were sent to Los Angeles and Santa Barbara as commissioners to consult with the councils of those towns upon the situation. It was decided to insist upon the carrying out of a law already upon the books making Los Angeles the capital, to invite the co-operation of Los Angeles and Santa Barbara, and a provisional political chief was to be selected to act until the national laws should be again in force. Provision for the military support of the movement was also anticipated. The report of the commissioners was approved upon their return, but obstacles to the program soon began to appear. The soldiers showed a disposition to make the occasion a pretext for demanding their arrears of pay. The Santa Barbara council, too, failed to endorse the plan in its entirety, and proposed one of its own. It therefore appeared that nothing could be done, and at the end of the year as the net result, the Los Angeles council awarded the San Diegans a vote of thanks. Early in 1837, new town councils were elected and that of Los Angeles evolved a new plan which was indorsed by the restless San Diego politicians.

Governor Alvarado left Monterey with an army of eighty-five Californians and foreigners, about Christmas. At Santa Barbara he was kindly received, and entered Los Angeles without opposition about the 22nd of January. Andrés Pico was present with a body of twenty soldiers, and Pio Pico and Francisco M. Alvarado, also of San Diego, were said to be on the way, but did not arrive until all was over. Alvarado succeeded in temporarily pacifying the Los Angeles town council, and everything was quiet in the southern district during February and March. On account of disquieting rumors, however, Alvarado thought it necessary to send General José Castro southward, with orders,

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[Juan Bandini]

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in case these rumors should prove well founded, to remove or spike all the guns, carry off the horses, and distribute the supplies in such a manner as to prevent their falling into the hands of the enemy. A new assembly was gotten together at Santa Barbara on April 10, 1837, and submitted a new series of propositions for the pacification of the

country. Los Angeles promptly rejected these proposals, and San Diego, while more politic, pleaded for delay.

During all this time Juan Bandini was acting upon the advice of a friend who, on a former occasion, had suggested that he should "go home and keep quiet," and appears to have taken little part in the turmoils of the time, although the Picos and other San Diegans were deeply implicated. The matters about which the different factions were quarreling were such as would form proper subjects of discussion in political campaigns--mainly about the form of the civil and political code after which the government of the country should be patterned. The southerners were restless and irreconcilable, and Alvarado seems to have had cause for his suspicions

On May 21, 1837, Bandini, who had been for some time living quietly upon his ranch, came into San Diego with an armed force, proclaiming their purpose to engage in hostilities. Again he and Argüello were sent as commissioners to Los Angeles, with a ready-made plan for the cure of all the country's woes. The Los Angeles town Council approved, but feared to act, and Bandini therefore proceeded to inaugurate the revolution himself, by seizing the Los Angeles garrison and guns. There was doubtless an understanding with the commandant of the guard, as the coup was accomplished without resistance, including the capture of a gun which Pico had carried off from San Diego. Three commissioners were appointed to treat with Alvarado, and Bandini was then obliged to hurry home to San Diego, whence alarming reports of Indian hostilities had been received.

Bandini and his men carried the captured gun with them and were received with shouts of triumph by a procession of their townsmen. The Indian troubles soon came to an end, and then, the military spirit running high, the "Army of the Supreme government," numbering over a hundred men, was recruited and left for the north on the 10th of June. Captain Portilla was in command of this expedition, which occurred Los Angeles, hastily evacuated by Castro's forces on the 16th.

In the meantime Captain Andrés Castillero, representing himself to be a commissioner of the general government, arrived at San Diego with the new laws of December 29, 1836 which were to replace the federal constitution of 1824. The oath of allegiance was administered to the San Diego council and citizens on June 12th, and then Castillero joined the revolutionary

army at San Luis Rey. Arrived at Los Angeles he summoned the council, as well as the officials, soldiers, and citizens, and they took the oath on June 18th amidst festivities and great rejoicing. He then proceeded to Santa Barbara, where he met Alvarado in July, and induced him to take the oath of allegiance to the new constitutional laws. This the southern contingent regarded as an act of treachery, but being left without a cause to fight for, the army and the San Diego plan alike melted into thin air. Alvarado remained governor under the new laws, until in October, when Carlos Carrillo succeeded him.

In January, 1838, Governor Carrillo closed the ports of San Francisco and Monterey and established the custom house at San Diego. He was no more fortunate than his predecessors in maintaining peace, and was soon involved in a war which culminated in the battle of San Buenaventura, the latter part of March. Being defeated, Carrillo with a few friends and the remnant of his army fled to San Diego. Here he endeav-

ored to raise a force to renew the war, and was aided by Bandini and others. A force of about a hundred men and three cannon was collected and met the enemy at Las Flores, on April 21st. A long negotiation followed which ended in a compromise--the enemy carried off the cannon and Alvarado again became Governor.

The result of all this political anarchy was a distressing condition for the military at the Presidio. For instance, in April, 1834, Lieutenant Salazar cannot go to Monterey for want of a shirt and jacket! He has only a poor cloak to cover "the frightful condition of his trousers." There is no food for prisoners and they are farmed out to any citizen who will feed them. In February, 1837, fourteen prisoners were engaged on public works--three in repairing the plaza road, and several more at work on the courthouse and jail, which were deemed more urgent than the church. The Presidio building was abandoned about 1835 and by 1840 was in ruins. A few half-starved soldiers lingered as a melancholy reminder of former glory.

There is a tradition that in 1839 the garrison consisted of one soldier at the Presidio and eight at San Luis Rey, and that they disbanded in September of that year, in order to escape death by starvation. Much of the building material on the hill had by this time been carried down and used in the erection of the new town at the foot of the hill. At Christmas, 1838, earthworks were thrown up on the hill above the Presidio, for protection of the town at the time when an attack was expected by José Castro, and two cannon were dragged up to it from the fort, but nothing came of these labors. Fort Guijarros had no garrison after 1835. In 1839 it was reported that there were nine cannon, two of which were serviceable, and fifty canisters of grape and three hundred balls. An effort to have a guard

provided for this property failed, and on January 17, 1840, the contents of the fort were sold to Juan Machado for $40.

The secularization of the missions and the political disturbances of the time had impoverished the country. The church and other remaining buildings were unroofed by the commandant and the tiles sold to satisfy demands which he had against the government. Robinson says that in April, 1840, he found everything prostrated, the mission depopulated, the town almost deserted, and its few remaining inhabitants miserably poor.

In June, 1842, there was a rising of the Indians and it was reported that there were only five men at San Diego, three of whom were foreigners, while all the rest were absent on ranchos. Early in the year, the French traveler, de Mofras, says he found a few soldiers and one officer at the pueblo, and that there were a few cannon and balls lying in the sand at the Presidio and castillo. In October, José A. Estudillo was directed to carry away in carts all the useful guns and ball at the fort. The Alert, Captain Phelps, was lying at La Playa at this time, however. Phelps heard of the capture of Monterey by Commodore Jones of the United States Navy, and also that Governor Micheltorena had sent a force to seize all property at San Diego and, anticipating trouble, he decided to act promptly. He put his men at work night and day to hasten their departure, and in the meantime sent a party to old Fort Guijarros which spiked all the guns and threw the copper shot into the sea. Estudillo was therefore saved any trouble in the matter. An investigation in the following month showed that there was one officer at San Diego, with fourteen men under him, but no arms or ammunition.

On August 25, 1842, San Diego had a last glimpse of Mexican military glory in the arrival of Governor Micheltorena in the brig Chato, who remained about a month drilling and outfitting his "battalion of cholos," as they have been justly called. This invasion was the last of the convict colonies sent from Mexico. Fortunately, they did not remain long here, but moved on to devastate the rest of the country. They showed themselves very poor soldiers, but exceedingly expert night prowlers and pilferers. Alfred Robinson, who was here at the time and saw a part of them land, says:

"They presented a state of wretchedness and misery unequalled. Not one individual among them possessed a jacket or pantaloons; but naked, and like the savage Indians, they concealed their nudity with dirty, miserable blankets. The females were not much better off; for the scantiness of their mean apparel was too apparent for modest observers. They appeared like convicts; and, indeed, the greater portion of them had been charged with the crime either of murder or of theft. . . . The remainder of the "convict army" arrived in course of time, and I had an opportunity of seeing them

all, afterwards.... They mustered about three hundred and fifty men, and their general has given them, since their arrival, a neat uniform of white linen.... Day after day the place resounded with the noise of the trumpet and the drums; and a level spot, on the river's margin, was the scene of military manoeuvers. At night, the gardens and vineyards were plundered, and the neighboring farms suffered greatly, from the frequency of the soldiers' visits."

He also says there was no ammunition with which to salute the new governor, and that a salute from the Yankee ship in which Robinson had arrived, was the only welcome of the kind he received.

The new governor was received with social honors and was given a reception lasting several days. For a week there was a succession of balls and other amusements, and Micheltorena made a speech. There were troubles, too, as well as rejoicing. Twenty-five of the men deserted and tried to escape into Mexico, but were overtaken and brought back. It was found that a large part of the balls did not fit the guns, and had to be remelted. There were also financial difficulties, but the battalion finally departed, spreading desolation and terror. There is no episode of the days of the Mexican rule which caused more heart-burnings than the coming of this band of desperados.

De Mofras estimated the population at one hundred in this year. Three years later the town had grown somewhat and was made a subdivision of the Los Angeles district and Captain Santiago E. Argüello was appointed the first sub-prefect.

The political life sketched in this chapter ended with the Mexican War, when an entirely different set of men and influences took the stage of local history. The soldiers and statesmen of Mexico, in their rule of a quarter of a century, had added practically nothing to the accomplishment of their Spanish predecessors. To a very large extent, they had squandered their time and energies in petty squabbles over personal rivalries. They had virtually destroyed the economic structure evolved by the Mission Fathers and dissipated the strength of the military establishment. If commerce prospered to some extent under their rule, the fact was chiefly due to the enterprise of outsiders rather than to that of the Mexicans. Their policy of dividing the mission lands into private grants undoubtedly gave some impulse to settlement, but even this development was conducted in the most extravagant and wasteful way.

Before turning to the brighter days which dawned with American occupation, we must consider several other aspects of San Diego life in the early time.

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PART II. CHAPTER IV. EARLY HOMES, VISITORS, AND FAMILY

As the citizens and tourists of today look upon the crumbling adobe walls of Old Town, they naturally wonder in what order the houses were built, by whom they were inhabited in the early time, and what visitors from abroad mingled in the life of the place and went away to speak the name of San Diego in distant parts. It is these quiet annals of the old time to which this chapter is given.

There is no record of the erection of any dwelling outside the Presidio enclosure earlier than the year 1800. It seems likely that the first house at the foot of the hill was a very humble affair, and that it was built by Captain Francisco María Ruiz. The earliest authentic list of houses that has come down to us begins with 1821. At that time the following houses were standing on the present site of Old Town:

The small house of Captain Ruiz, on the tract afterward known as "Rose's Garden," where he lived until his death in 1839. The house has now disappeared.

The "Fitch house," a row of buildings where Captain Fitch lived and had his store from the early thirties; this is now a heap of ruins.

A building on the corner of Washington and Juan Streets, belonging to the Doña María Reyes Ybañes, the maternal head of the Estudillo family. This house was afterward used by José María Estudillo as a stable. It is now in ruins.

A two-story house on Juan Street, nearly opposite the one last named, belonging to Rafaela Serrano. This is now owned by Louis Serrano and was occupied until a recent date.

A small house on the plaza, owned by Juan María Marron. This house afterward became the property of Andrés Pico, and the late E. W. Morse was responsible for its final destruction. Some of the early views of Old Town show this building standing as it did out of line with the others and quite near the Rose house where Morse's store was located. Having tried in vain to buy it from Pico, Mr. Morse bided his time until the easy-going Californian allowed it to be sold for taxes, then bought it and immediately had it torn down and removed. He re-

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[The Machado House, Old Town]

marked, with a quiet smile, while telling this story, that he supposed the tax title really gave him no right to act so summarily but he correctly reasoned that no trouble would come of it.

These were the five oldest buildings, all of which were standing in 1821 and only one of which (the Serrano house) stands today. There were in this year several small gardens, or rancherías, at the foot of the hill and near by in the valley. Don Blas Aguilar recalled the following names of persons then cultivating such places:

Ignacio Lopez, Villobobo, Miguel Blanco, Pedro García, Tenorio, José Manuel Silbas, and Andreas Ybarra who afterward owned the Encinitos Rancho; all of whom were soldiers and whose gardens were in the valley. Rafaela Serrano, whose place adjoined "Rose's garden"; Juan Machado, who lived a short distance up the valley; Juan María Ybarra, a lieutenant from Mazatlan; el Alferez Delgado ("the thin lieutenant"), whose name Aguilar did not recall, but who was also from Mazatlan; Lus Ruiz, whose place was across the river, opposite the Presidio; Juan Marine, who had a garden and small vineyard on the other side of the river going toward the Tecolote; Los Arcias, who had garden and vineyard adjoining that of Marine; Santiago Argüello, whose garden was at the first cañada above the Presidio, called by the pious Canada de la Cruz, but by the wild soldiers Canada del Diablo, just above the present waterworks. These little farms were seriously damaged in the flood of 1821, as already related.

Building in the new town began to progress as the military establishment decayed and commercial prosperity increased. In

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[Estudillo House]

1824 the "Pico house" was built, on Juan street, and between that year and 1830 several large and substantial residences were constructed. Alfred Robinson, the earliest American visitor who has left a good account, says that on his first visit in 1829 the town "consisted of about thirty houses of rude appearance, mostly occupied by retired veterans." The house of Don Juan Bandini, then in an unfinished state, excited his admiration. This house is one of the utmost historical interest, having been the center of social gaiety and political affairs for nearly twenty years. It was the headquarters of Commodore Stockton during the Mexican war. Soon after the civil war it was purchased by A. L. Seeley, who added a second story of wood and used it as a hotel (the Cosmopolitan) in connection with his stage line between San Diego and Los Angeles. It is now occupied by Ackerman & Tuffley, who use it as an olive pickling works, and it is still in a state of very good repair.

Other houses built before the year 1830 were: the house of Juan Rodríguez, adjoining the Franklin house in later years; the house of José Antonio Estudillo, later the residence of José Guadalupe Estudillo, and long an important landmark, (this house is the picturesque ruin at the south end of the plaza popularly, but erroneously, called the "Ramona house"); the house of Doña Tomaso Alvarado; the "French bakery"; the house of Rosario Aguilar which was situated on what is now a vacant lot adjoining the house of Louis Rose; and the Carrillo house in "Rose's Garden," adjoining the Serrano house on the east. Bandini and Estudillo were granted a lot in common in 1827, which doubtless marks the time of their beginning preparations to build.

Some of the accounts of foreign visitors at this time, though not always accurate, are worth noting. Vancouver and Capt.

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Cleveland have already been mentioned. Benjamin Morrell, junior, on the American schooner Tartar, arrived in April, 1825. He remained twelve days, and in a book which

he published in 1832 told some remarkable stories. According to this veracious chronicler, the form of the Presidio was "nearly circular, and it is surrounded by a wall about 20 feet in height, which forms the back sides of the houses. There are about 250 houses erected in this manner, from one to two stories high, built of freestone and neatly finished. There is also a large church, one nunnery, and a very neat little court-house. This town contains about 1,500 inhabitants, principally natives of the coast." Does the reader care for more? Well, it seems that while here, he and seven Spanish companions had a desperate hand-to-hand conflict with fifty mounted Indian warriors of whom they killed seventeen, while on a hunting expedition. Notwithstanding the gallant captain's evident weakness for drawing a long bow, his statement that a whale boat was built during his stay here is perhaps entitled to belief.

In December, 1826, the American explorer and trapper, Jedediah S. Smith, and party, who had crossed the desert, following down the Colorado river and reached San Gabriel, were brought to San Diego to be dealt with by Governor Echeandía. They had a somewhat unfriendly reception, but were allowed to secure supplies and depart. The accounts of this visit do not seem to include anything of interest regarding the town or people of San Diego.

The next visitor was the French Captain Duhaut-Cilly, who came in 1827 and liked the harbor better than the town. He writes that the port is "without doubt the best in all California," safer than that of San Francisco even, and that this is due to natural advantages rather than to artificial improvements. He continues: "A sad place is the Presidio of San Diego, the saddest of all that we had visited in California, except San Pedro. It is built on the slope of an arid hill and has no regular form. It is a shapeless mass of houses, all the more gloomy because of the dark color of the bricks of which they are rudely constructed. Under the presidio on a sandy plain are seen thirty or forty scattered houses of poor appearance and a few gardens badly cultivated."

The American, James O. Pattie, claimed to have spent the greater part of the year 1828 in the Presidio prison, and afterward published a narrative in which he described only his prison, thus: "My prison was a cell eight or ten feet square, with walls and floors of stone. A door with iron bars an inch square like the bars of window sashes, and it grated on its iron hinges as it opened to receive me. Over the external front of

this prison was inscribed in capital letters Destinacion de la Cattivo."

The episode of the Pattie party in 1828 is a most interesting one and not as well known as it deserves to be. These eight Americans occupied a prison on Presidio hill for several months, and the leader died there. The feeling of the Californians was not particularly hostile to Americans, perhaps rather less so than to Spaniards; but all foreigners were regarded with suspicion and kept under as strict a surveillance as the inefficient administration of the time could contrive. The earlier visits of sea rovers on the coast were now being followed up by incursions of trappers and semi-military parties from the interior. Many books had appeared giving glowing accounts of the country, and the mysterious ichor in the blood of the American pioneer which still draws him ever toward the setting sun was full of potency. The Californians had just cause for alarm, as events soon proved. Some acts of violence and injustice resulted, at other places, notably the arrest and deportation to Tepic of a large number of foreigners at Monterey and other places in 1840. But on the whole, considering the volatile temperament of the rul-

ing class and the difficult situation in which they found themselves, it must be said that they acted toward foreigners for the most part with moderation and good sense. The treatment of the Pattie party, if Pattie's narrative is to be believed, is the single notable exception to this rule, so far as events at San Diego are concerned.

Sylvester Pattie was a Kentuckian, an Indian fighter, lumberman, and trapper. In 1824 he and his son, James O. Pattie, a young man of about twenty, went on an expedition to New Mexico, where they remained three years. In September, 1827, a company was organized at Santa Fe for the purpose of operating on the Colorado river, and the elder Pattie became its captain. Eight of this company, including the two Patties, reached the junction of the Colorado and Gila rivers on December 1, 1827, in desperate straits for food and supplies. After floating down the Colorado to tide water in a vain search for a mythical settlement of white men, they buried their traps and furs and started westward across the desert. They reached the Mission of Santa Catalina, in Lower California, on March 21, 1828, after suffering severely, and arrived at San Diego, under guard, by Echeandia's order, on the 27th. The names of the companions of the Patties appear to have been James Puter, Jesse Ferguson, Isaac Slover, William Pope, Richard Laughlin, and Nathaniel M. Pryor. The governor, for some reason, chose to regard the unfortunate men with suspicion and disfavor. He accused them of being Spanish spies, tore up their passport, and ordered them to

prison. They were quite willing to die resisting this indignant treatment, but they were disarmed, carefully guarded, and locked up in separate cells, so that there was never an opportunity to attempt an escape. The elder Pattie died within a month, and if the account of the son is to be believed, they were all fed on insufficient and nauseating food and subjected to continual taunts and insults. It is clear that he totally misunderstood the character of the Californians, and in the printed accounts cannot sufficiently express his scorn and contempt for the supposed cowardice and treachery of his captors. Through the grated door of his prison he could see the governor at his residence in the center of the Presidio, and the sight filled him with bitterness. "Ah," he exclaims, "that I had had but my trusty rifle well charged to my face! Could I have had the pleasure of that single shot, I think I would have been willing to have purchased it with my life." And again: "How earnestly I wished that he and I had been together in the wild woods, and I armed with my rifle!"

But Echeandia's mood was not always inflexible. Within a month he allowed young Pattie, who had picked up a little Spanish in New Mexico, to leave the prison for the purpose of acting as interpreter during the trial of Captain Bradshaw, of the Franklin. The governor also employed Pattie as an interpreter and made friendly overtures to him, which the young man regarded from the first as "vile and deceitful lies." He took advantage of the opportunity to plead his cause and debate questions of international law, as well as to endeavor to secure permission to return to the Colorado and recover the buried traps and furs. He even carried the matter, in his own words, to the extent of "teasing him with importunities." But when he refused to translate any more letters, Echeandía lost patience, struck him on the head with the flat of his sword, and had him returned to prison.

In the following September the governor released the prisoners and proposed a plan by which the buried traps and furs might be recovered. A military escort was to be

provided, greatly to the delight of the prisoners, who at once formed the resolution to overpower the guard and escape at the first opportunity. Pattie's vindictiveness shows itself in his instant resolution to "rise upon them, take their horses for our own riding, flea (flay) some of their skins to show that we knew how to inflict torture, and send the rest back to the general on foot." At the last moment, however, the shrewd old general spoiled the whole plan by refusing to send any horses and by keeping the young fire-eater himself as a hostage for the safe return of the party. "At this horrible sentence," he declares, "breaking upon us in the

sanguine rapture of confidence, we all gazed at each other in the consternation of despair."

The expedition returned in the latter part of September and reported that the furs had been spoiled by a rise of the river and the traps had to be sold to pay mule-hire. While his comrades were gone, Pattie seems to have had a stormy time of it in his prison cell, where he lay under constant expectation of a violent death. He had some consolations, however; Captain Bradshaw had been kind to him, and W. H. Cunningham, A. W. Williams, and Seth Rogers are named as captains of American vessels who befriended and gave him money. He also had a guardian angel in a Spanish young lady whom he calls Miss Peaks, but whom Bancroft says was Miss Pico. His ungovernable tongue seems to have been largely responsible for most of his troubles, as he would not leave off from importuning and disputing with the governor. There is no doubt his conduct and language greatly exasperated the proud old Spaniard.

There is nothing to show that the six men who went after the outfit were incarcerated after their return. The final release of the whole party was due to an epidemic of smallpox which broke out in the northern missions. It chanced that Pattie had a small quantity of vaccine matter with him, and he resolved to use it as a means of obtaining their liberty. As he tells the story, he now became master of the situation and dictated terms, refusing to be set at liberty or to vaccinate the governor or even Miss Pico, unless his demands were granted. In return for the liberty of himself and men, he would undertake to vaccinate everybody in Upper California. The stories of Pattie and others do not agree about this and many other matters. He would have it that vaccination was a mystery to the Californians and Russians, which is not correct. It seems strange, too, that if he had this vaccine matter among his effects, the Californians should possess neither the intelligence nor the power to find it for themselves. After his release he vaccinated everybody at the Presidio and Mission and on his arrival at San Francisco, in June, 1829, he claimed to have operated on 22,000 persons.

The truth of the matter probably is that Echeandía was tired of the whole business, perhaps convinced that the men were harmless, and anxious to find an excuse for releasing them, and that Pattie's threats and violent tongue did him more harm than good. At any rate, the governor seems to have seen in Pattie's possession of the vaccine virus and ability to use it, an opportunity to get rid of his unwelcome visitors and to do something for the public health at the same time.

The principal points in this story, as related above, are in accordance with Pattie's Narrative. Considerable doubt has been thrown upon Pattie's veracity, however, and the present

writer cannot vouch for it all. Indeed, it seems highly probable that the party was not badly treated at San Diego, at all. Pryor, Laughlin, and Ferguson remained in California and lived in Los Angeles, and the stories they told differed materially from young Pattie's. It seems that young Pattie (or, more probably, the man who wrote his Narrative, had an unreasoning hatred of Catholics and Spaniards, and the whole book is colored by it. For instance, he entirely suppressed the fact, which is well authenticated, that the elder Pattie became a Catholic before his death and was buried in consecrated ground on Presidio Hill, although the picture of "The Burial of Mr. Pattie," in his Narrative, itself betrays the fact that the interment took place on the hill.

From 1830 onward, the town grew rapidly and was soon, for the time and country, an important commercial and social center. When William Heath Davis first came, in 1831, he found it quite a lively town.

Captain J. C. Bogart was in charge of the Pacific Mail Steamship Company's coal hulk, Clarissa Andrews, for many years. His reminiscences of the country at that period relate chiefly to trees, agriculture, and live stock. He says: "In 1834 it was good to see the hills about San Diego. Wild oats grew upon them to a height which reached above the head of a man on horseback. Cattle were abundant and rolling in fat. Whenever any of the crew of the Black Warrior wished to use a horse, the animal was furnished by the native Californians for a whole day for a dollar. It made no difference if the rider pressed the horse to death, so he packed the saddle back. Horses were too plentiful to be a matter of any consequence."

The next visitor, in order of time, was the well known Richard Henry Dana, who was here in 1836, and whose story has already been drawn upon in earlier pages.

In 1838, there were nine foreigners in San Diego, among whom were Thomas Russell and Peter Weldon, who were concerned in a search for treasure supposed to be buried at the Mission.

In the early part of 1839, a Mr. Spencer came here as one of the crew of the Boston ship Sophia. In 1873 he revisited San Diego, and in his recollections given at that time recalled the San Diego of his earlier visit as "a few miserable huts." He may have had a disagreeable experience here which influenced his opinion of the place. During their stay, they purchased 6800 hides of very fat cattle. "San Diego," he said, "was at that time a beautiful picture of fertility. A luxuriant vegetation graced the mesa. Chaparral and mesquite grew abundantly and countless herds of cattle pastured around the edge of the bay."

The decline of San Diego began about 1836 and continued steadily until the Mexican War. In 1840, the population was the smallest for fifty years. De Mofras estimated it at one hundred and Bancroft thinks it was about 150. Late in 1841 the newly appointed Bishop of the Diocese of Upper California, García Diego, came with the intention of making San Diego his residence. He abandoned the idea, however, and located at Santa Barbara, instead, chiefly on account of the poverty of the Mission and town of San Diego. In 1844-6, in an effort to raise troops for the defense of the country in the

pending American invasion, there were only about seventy men capable of bearing arms.

The foreign settlers living in San Diego in 1845, according to Crosthwaite's recollection, were: Himself, Henry D. Fitch, Don Juan Warner, Abel Stearns, John Forster, Captain John S. Barker, Thomas Wrightington, John Post, Peter Wilder, John C. Stewart, Thomas Russell, Caesar Walker, Captain Edward Stokes, an English carpenter known as "Chips," Enos A. Wall, Albert B. Smith, and two negroes named Allen B. Light and Richard Freeman.

Frequent reference has been made to Alfred Robinson and William Heath Davis. Robinson was a native of Massachusetts who came here in 1829 as clerk of the ship Brookline. He was baptised as José María Alfredo before 1833, and early in 1836 married at Santa Barbara, Ana María, daughter of Captain José de la Guerra y Noriega. This wedding is the one described in Dana's book. The following year he and his wife went to Boston. He returned in the Alert in 1840, and remained two years. His employment in these days was as clerk and supercargo of different ships. In 1849 he returned to California as agent for the Pacific Mail Steamship Company, and in later years was engaged in some real estate transactions in San Francisco. His Life in California is a standard work and one of the best of its kind. They had eight children. Mr. Robinson, although of a somewhat reserved disposition, was a competent man and his standing in California was good. He deserves to be remembered among the pioneers who saw clearly, and judged with common sense.

William Heath Davis was born at Honolulu in 1821, and came to California as a boy on the Louisa, in 1831. In November, 1847, he married María de Jesus Estudillo, daughter of José Joaquin Estudillo. His wife lived in San Diego when young, and Mr. Davis's book is full of information about the life here in early days. For many years he was one of the most prominent merchants in San Francisco, and engaged in some of the largest trading ventures on the coast. He took little part in public affairs, but was a thorough and successful business

man. He resided at San Diego for a short time and part of his account of his life here is used in the following chapter. He was one of the founders of New San Diego, and built the first wharf there in 1850, a circumstance of which he was always proud, although the venture was not a financial success. In 1889 he published his Sixty Years in California, which is one of the most interesting and informative books ever written about California. In this book, like Alfred Robinson, he stands up manfully in defense of the Californians--that is, of the better families, such as that into which he married.

He is still living in Oakland, California, and has a new set of reminiscences written and ready for publication.

A Dance in Old San Diego

It is on the bough-roofed dancing-floor,

'Way back in the brave days now no more:
It is among the cavaliers,
A-tripping with the lissome dears
That bared those famous ankles, down
In gay old San Diego town.
The viols strike up and the guitar,
And yonder, as comes the evening star,
Her filmy skirt a little lifted--
A curling cloud afloat, wind-shifted,
Blown now to the left, and now to right--
Glides Josefita into sight.
Yon rider, he to every dear
The boldest, gayest cavalier,
Is rocking, rocking in his seat,
Keeping the motion of her feet.
He turns his horse, he runs him round
The circuit of the dancing-ground,
The earth is heaving like an ocean,
Witched with Josefita's motion.
He comes again, he comes a-riding,
And comes, too, Josefita gliding.
The bamba! Brighter shines the star;
He claps his spurs, he leaps the bar.
Dancing! Sweet heavens, look on her now!
Not so light are the leaves that dance on the bough.
The brimming glass upon her head
Dreams like a lily upon its bed!
See! Something she whispers in his ear
That you would give the world to hear.
Aha! Somebody will come down,
Tonight, in San Diego town;
But where's the shape that he would fear,
He, Josefita's cavalier!
-John Vance Cheney.

PART II. CHAPTER V. PLEASANT MEMORIES OF SOCIAL LIFE

Whatever was lacking in Old San Diego the social life was rich and beautiful. This is the testimony of all visitors and all the old residents who have lived to tell the tale. People did not take life too seriously in those days. They made the most of their opportunities for happiness, and collected large dividends of content, whether they had any other sort or not. The echo of their laughter still rings down the pathway of the years, and suggests to the nervous Americans of today that there might be some pleasant compromise between the extremes of energy and indolence which would result in forms of life peculiarly suited to the rare environment of this southern land.

The different classes of society were quite distinct in the early time, the division running on lines of birth. Natives of Spain or direct descendants of such natives, constituted the upper class and prided themselves upon the purity of their blood. Aside from this, they had other and better claims to consideration, for they were usually well educated and always possessed of considerable culture. In a society accustomed to caste, they naturally assumed a position of leadership. Some of them were gentlemen in reduced circumstances who had taken to soldiering in the hope of retrieving their fortunes. Others were men of good families who had secured official appointments. All of them were proud and dignified in bearing, even when they happened to be very poor.

The lower classes consisted, first, of Mexicans with more or less Aztec and Indian blood, and, last of all, the native Indian. Most of the Mexicans were soldiers, some of whom brought their wives, while others married Indian women after coming here. They were a class corresponding to the Spanish peasantry and furnished the labor of the country.

The social customs which flourished in the midst of these conditions were so deeply marked with the spirit of common kindness that one can hardly escape the thought that something has been lost, as well as gained, in our present-day struggle to get ahead, as individuals and communities. Take, for instance,

the matter of hospitality to strangers. To offer to pay for entertainment was an affront. The traveler was supplied with a fresh horse at every stage of his journey, and had no care or expense in the matter of returning them to their owners. On a table beside his bed he found a quantity of silver, to which he was expected to help himself, according to his needs, and no questions were asked. If a man needed a bullock, he might send a vaquero to lasso one from the herd of his wealthy neighbor, and pay for it when convenient--and if it did not become convenient, it was no matter. If a horse were borrowed and not returned, it was of no consequence--there were plenty more. The average of wealth among the cattle owners was large and their bounty was as free as air.

Incivility was absolutely unknown. Even the poorest peasant saluted you politely and was prepared to carry a message or do any little courtesy without charge and with an air of cheerfulness and good humor. The kindness of the people was genuine and unaffected. It was the custom to call all persons by their Christian names, with an easy familiarity. Older men received the prefix of Don or Señor Don, and ladies of Doña or Señorita Doña, if unmarried, and Señora Doña, if married. It was also quite usual to playfully nickname one's intimate friends in a humorous manner to which the Spanish language lends itself most happily. For instance, Wm. A. Gale was known as Quatro Ojos (four eyes), on account of his wearing glasses. He was also called Tormenta (gale), and (Cambalache (barter); both for obvious reasons.

One of the most remarkable characteristics of the Californians was the very great respect shown to parents by their children. This deference was not abandoned with the passing years, but even a grown man coming into the presence of his father or mother always removed his hat and remained standing until invited to sit. No man, whatever his age, ever smoked in the presence of his father or mother. If a young man met an elder in the street, he would throw away his cigar and lift his hat, whether to his parents or a stranger. Servants showed the same deference to their employers. One scarcely knows what to say about the current stories of old men chastising their grown sons and the lat-

ter, although themselves the fathers of families, kneeling meekly to receive the punishment. They may be true and do seem fairly well authenticated.

The better class of Californians were temperate, with few exceptions. They were fond of smoking, however, and the habit was almost universal with them. The Mexican ladies were also fond of tobacco, and brought the custom of smoking cigaritos to California.

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Notions of propriety were strict and young people, even when engaged, were not left to themselves. Courtships were usually arranged by the mother or aunt of the young lady. This was followed by a written proposal for the young lady's hand, from the suitor to her father, and the reply was also given in writing. Weddings were made the occasion of much social gaiety. Davis says that at a wedding which he attended in 1838, he was met on the road by a brother of the groom, gorgeously attired and splendidly mounted. Horses were lassoed for the wedding cavalcade. He had brought his own saddle, according to the custom, even though a guest. There were two cavalcades for the use of the party, one of red roan horses and the other of twenty-five blacks. On returning from the Mission and approaching the house of the groom's father, the old gentleman fired a salute with a brass cannon which he kept in the plaza in front of the dwelling.

It was customary for the Californians to marry young. One reason for this was in order that the young men might thereby escape being drafted into the army. It was not uncommon for boys of sixteen, or seventeen, and girls of fifteen or sixteen, to marry. Balls given at the celebration of the nuptials usually lasted three days. Arbors were carefully prepared, with beaten earthen floors, and lined with sheets and other articles to exclude the wind. The feasting and dancing did not cease, night or day.

One of the best descriptions of the wedding customs is that contained in Dana's Two Years Before the Mast, wherein he describes the wedding of Alfred Robinson and Señorita de la Guerra y Noriega, at Santa Barbara in 1836. He says:

"At ten o'clock the bride went up with her sister to the confessional, dressed in deep black. Nearly an hour intervened, when the great doors of the mission-church opened, the bells rang out a loud, discordant peal, a private signal was run up for us by the captain ashore, the bride, dressed in complete white, came out of the church with the bridegroom, followed by a long procession. Just as she stepped from the church door, a small white cloud issued from the bows of our ship, which was in full sight, a loud report echoed among the surrounding hills and over the bay, and instantly the ship was dressed in flags and pennants from stem to stern. Twenty-three guns followed in regular succession, with an interval of fifteen seconds between each, when the cloud cleared away, and the ship lay dressed in her colors all day. At sundown another salute of the same number of guns was fired, and all the flags run down.

After supper we rowed ashore, dressed in our uniforms, beached the boat, and went up to the fandango. As we drew near we heard the accustomed sound of violins and guitars, and saw a great motion of the people within. Going in, we found nearly all the people of the town--men, women, and children--collected and crowded together, leaving barely room for the dancers;

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for on these occasions no invitations are given, but every one is expected to come, though there is always a private entertainment within the house for particular friends. The old women sat down in rows, clapping their hands to the music, and applauding the young ones. After the supper the waltzing began, which was confined to a very few of the gente de razon and was considered a high accomplishment and a mark of aristocracy. The great amusement of the evening--which I suppose was owing to its being carnival--was the breaking of eggs filled with cologne, or other essences, upon the heads of the company. One end of the egg is broken and the inside taken out, then it is partly filled with cologne, and the hole sealed up. The women bring a great number of these secretly about them, and the amusement is, to break one upon the head of a gentleman when his back is turned. He is bound in gallantry to find out the lady and return the compliment, though it must not be done if the person sees you. A tall, stately don, with immense grey whiskers and a look of great importance, was standing before me, when I felt a light hand on my shoulder, and turning round saw Doña Augustia (whom we all knew, as she had been up to Monterey and down again in the Alert), with her finger on her lip, motioning me gently aside. I stepped back a little, when she went up behind the don, and with one hand knocked off his huge sombrero, and at the same instant, with the other, broke the egg upon his head, and springing behind me was out of sight in a moment. The don turned slowly round, the cologne running down his face and over his clothes, and a loud laugh breaking out from every quarter. He looked round in vain for some time, until the direction of so many laughing eyes showed him the fair offender. She was his niece, and a great favorite with him, so old Domingo had to join in the laugh. A great many such tricks were played, and many a war of sharp maneuvering was carried on between the couples of the younger people; and at every successful exploit a general laugh was raised.

"The next day two of us were sent up to the town, and took care to come back by the way of Captain Noriega's. The musicians were still there, scraping and twanging away, and a few people, apparently of the lower classes, were dancing. The dancing is kept up at intervals throughout the day, but the crowd, the spirit, and the élite come in at night."

A more intimate view is given by Robinson himself, in his account of the wedding of his wife's sister, a little earlier, both the contracting parties, in this case, being Spanish:

"On the marriage eve, the bride went with her father to the Mission dressed in her usual church costume, which was deep black; where the joining of hands took place towards morning, and, at a later hour, the church ceremonies were performed. Breakfast was served with considerable taste, a task to which the worthy friar was fully competent. At its conclusion the bride and bridegroom were escorted to the house of her father. Padre Antonio had made his Indians happy by distributing presents among them; and many of the younger ones, well attired for the occasion, joined in the procession. They approached the town without any regular order, until

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

appeared, accompanied with all the variety customary on such occasions.

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

"The usual season for Carnestolendas is during the three days previous to Ash Wednesday, but here they commence two weeks earlier. Whilst these amusements last, it is dangerous for one to go into a house where he is acquainted, for he is liable to be well drenched with Cologne or scented water. This is accomplished by the following preparatory process. As many eggs as may be required, are emptied of their contents, by perforating a hole at each end, through which they are blown by the mouth. The shells are afterwards immersed in a large basin of prepared essences, with which they are partly filled, and the holes then sealed with wax. Thus made ready, they are broken upon the heads of individuals; but it must be understood, that this is done only where great intimacy exists between the parties. Oftentimes invitations are given for a select company to assemble at a specified place, when all attend at the time appointed, "armed and equipped" for a battle with the eggs. On such occasions, as the excitement grows warm, and the ammunition becomes nearly exhausted, they resort to wet napkins, which they slap at each other. From these they have recourse to tumblers of water, and from these to pitchers, and from pitchers to buckets, until, tired and exhausted by the exercise, they desist!"

Even a funeral was made the occasion of feasting and dancing. Dana thus describes his first encounter with this custom in Santa Barbara:

"Inquiring for an American who, we had been told, had married in the place, and kept a shop, we were directed to a long, low building, at the end of which was a door with a sign over it in Spanish. Entering the shop, we found no one in it, and the whole had a deserted appearance. In a few minutes the man made his appearance, and apologized for having nothing to entertain us with, saying that he had had a fandango at his house the night before, and the people had eaten and drunk up everything. 'Oh, yes!' said I, 'Easter holidays.' 'No,' said he, with a singular expression on his face, "I had a little daughter die the other day, and that's the custom of the country.'

"At this I felt a little strangely, not knowing what to say, or whether to offer consolation or no, and was beginning to retire when he opened a side-door and told us to walk in. Here I was no less astonished; for I found a large room filled with young girls from three or four years of age up to fifteen or sixteen, dressed all in white with wreaths of flowers

on their heads and bouquets in their hands. Following our conductor among all these girls, who were playing about in high spirits, we came to a table at the end of the room, covered with a white cloth, on which lay a coffin about three feet long with the body of his child. Through an open door we saw in another room a few elderly people in common dresses; while the benches and tables thrown up in a corner and the stained walls gave evident signs of last night's 'high go.'

"Later in the day, the sailors rode out to the Mission and overtook the funeral procession. The coffin was borne by eight girls, who were continually relieved by others, running forward from the procession and taking their places. Behind it came a straggling company of girls, dressed as before, in white and flowers, and including, I should suppose by their numbers, all the girls between five and fifteen in the place. They played along on the way, frequently stopping and running altogether to talk to some one, or to pick up a flower, and then running on again to overtake the coffin. There were a few elderly women in common colors; and a herd of young men and boys, some on foot and others mounted, followed them, or walked or rode by their side, frequently interrupting them by jokes or questions. But the most singular thing of all was that two men walked, one on each side of the coffin carrying muskets in their hands, which they continually loaded and fired into the air."

Some of the things at which Dana wondered seem natural and beautiful enough. Mrs. Whaley describes a funeral at Old San Diego, which was very similar, except that the body was carried on a bier and not placed in the coffin until the cemetery was reached. A priest walked before, saying prayers and the musicians walked on both sides playing violins, guitars, and other instruments. At the rear followed a man with firecrackers which he was setting off as they moved.

The last interment in the cemetery within the presidial enclosure was that of Captain Fitch, in 1849. Nothing now remains to show that the spot was ever used for such a purpose. The Catholic cemetery on the mesa was used until February 1874, when the large new cemetery, on the hill above the town was laid out under Father Ubach's direction, and has been in use ever since.

On the subject of dancing and other amusements, it is again convenient to draw upon Robinson. Don Juan Bandini had his house blessed during the stay of Gale and Robinson at San Diego in 1829, and they were invited to attend.

"The ceremony took place at noon, when the chaplain proceeded through the different apartments, sprinkling holy water upon the walls, and uttering verses in Latin. This concluded, we sat down to an excellent dinner consisting of all the luxuries the place afforded, provided in Don Juan's best style. As soon as the cloth was removed, the guitar

were put in requisition, and a dance began. It lasted, however, but a little while, for it was necessary for them to spare their exertions for the evening fandango. So poco a poco [little by little], all gradually retired to their homes.

At an early hour the different passages leading to the house were enlivened with men, women, and children, hurrying to the dance; for on such occasions it was customary for everybody to attend without waiting for the formality of an invitation. A crowd of leperos [dependents] was collected about the door when we arrived, now and then giving its shouts of approbation to the performances within, and it was with some difficulty we forced our entrance. Two persons were upon the floor dancing el jarabe. They kept time to the music, by drumming with their feet, on the heel and toe system, with such precision, that the sound struck harmoniously upon the ear, and the admirable execution would not have done injustice to a pair of drumsticks in the hands of an able professor. The attitude of the female dancer was erect, with her head a little inclined to the right shoulder, as she modestly cast her eye to the floor, whilst her hands gracefully held the skirts of her dress, suspending it above the ankle so as to expose to the company the execution of her feet. Her partner, who might have been one of the interlopers at the door, was under full speed of locomotion, and rattled away with his feet with wonderful dexterity. His arms were thrown carelessly behind his back, and secured, as they crossed, the point of his serape [sash], that still held its place upon his shoulders. Neither had he doffed his sombrero, but just as he stood when gazing from the crowd, he had placed himself upon the floor.

"The conclusion of this performance gave us an opportunity to edge our way along towards the extremity of the room, where a door communicated with an inner apartment. Here we placed ourselves, to witness in a most favorable position the amusements of the evening. The room was about fifty feet in length, and twenty wide, modestly furnished, and its sides crowded with smiling faces. Upon the floor were accommodated the children and Indian girls, who, close under the vigilance of their parents and mistresses, took part in the scene. The musicians again commencing a lively tune, one of the managers approached the nearest female, and, clapping his hands in accompaniment to the music, succeeded in bringing her into the centre of the room. Here she remained awhile, gently tapping with her feet upon the floor, and then giving two or three whirls, skipped away to her seat. Another was clapped out, and another, till the manager had passed the compliment throughout the room. This is called a son, and there is a custom among the men, when a dancer proves particularly attractive to anyone, to place his hat upon her head, while she stands thus in the middle of the room, which she retains until redeemed by its owner, with some trifling present. During the performance of the dances, three or four male voices occasionally took part in the mu-

sic, and towards the end of the evening, from repeated applications of aguardiente [brandy], they become quite boisterous and discordant.

"The waltz was now introduced, and ten or a dozen couple whirled gaily around the room, and heightened the charms of

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[Bandini House, Old Town (Present Appearance)]

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

The bamba was a favorite dance, in which the lady would often dance with a glass of water poised on her head, or with her feet muffled in a handkerchief. The jota and the zorrita were danced by couples and accompanied by singing. The contra-danza was indulged in by the better classes and young persons seldom participated.

Before 1800, few houses had other than an earth floor, and the dancing was done upon the ground, which from constant use became very hard. A wooden platform was constructed, upon which the women and more skillful males might dance. After the ball was over, the men in groups accompanied the women to their homes, playing music as they went. After this, they would sometimes ride about the streets and sing or indulge in rougher sports.

"How often," exclaims Doña Refugia de Bandini, "did we spend half the night at a tertulia till 2 o'clock in the morning, in the most agreeable and distinguished society. Our house would be full of company--thirty or forty persons at the table; it would have to be set twice. A single fiesta might cost $1,000, but in those days the receipts at my husband's store were

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$18,000 a month. The prettiest women were to be found at San Diego."

"Ah, what times we used to have," exclaims another, "every week to La Playa, aboard the ships--silks! officers! rebozos! music! dancing! frolic!

"These "good times" continued until long after the American occupation and formed the pleasantest part of the recollections of old settlers now living. "We used to have great times here, " says one, "real jolly good times. The people didn't think of anything else, then, but pleasure and amusement. We used to have fandangos, or little parties, at night. We could get up one of these balls in a couple of hours. There was horse-racing, too." Mrs. Whaley relates that on the day of her arrival, the 8th of December, 1853, there was a festival and ball at the Gila House and she was prevailed upon to go. "We had splendid dances there," she says. "The musicians were Californians and played only Spanish airs. They looked as if they were asleep while they played. I remember particularly the cascarones--eggs filled with tinsel and cologne water, which

were broken over the heads of the dancers. I have had many a cascarone broken on my head. The suppers were also fine, but at first I found the Spanish cooking too highly seasoned for my taste."

The frequent fiestas were one of the most highly prized features of the social life of early days, and one which persisted after nearly all the other characteristic amusements had passed away. In the Herald of September 3, 1853, Lieut. Derby wrote: "The great event of the past week has been the fiesta at San Luis Rey. Many of our citizens attended, and a very large number of native Californians and Indians collected from the various ranchos in the vicinity. High mass was celebrated in the old church on Thursday morning, an Indian baby was baptized, another nearly killed by being run over by an excited individual on an excited horse, and that day and the following were passed in witnessing the absurd efforts of some twenty natives to annoy a number of tame bulls, with the tips of their horns cut off. This great national amusement, ironically termed bullfighting, consists in waving a serape, or handkerchief, in front of the bull until he is sufficiently annoyed to run after his tormentor, when that individual gets out of his way, with great precipitation. The nights are passed in an equally intellectual manner."

On August 28, 1858, Editor Ames says: "Our quiet village was nearly deserted during the whole of last week, the greater portion of our citizens being absent at the Feast. We have heard it estimated that 3,000 persons were present at San Luis Rey during the Feast week."

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Horse-racing was a common source of diversion and was indulged in by all classes. No feast day passed without a number of races, which were always attended with great interest and sometimes large sums of money were lost and won. They were usually run by two horses, in short heats of from two to four hundred yards. Dana found the population greatly interested and excited by these events. The Old San Diego racecourse was on the flat ground between the town and San Diego Bay, and in the fifties and sixties some famous races took place there.

In its first number, October 3, 1868, the Union says: "Tomorrow at two o'clock a two-mile race will be run over the Mission track. Alfredo Carrillo names b. h. Muggins, Jesus Marron names b. h. Buck. We are not advised as to the amount of the stakes, but learn that besides a large amount of money already up, the winner takes the losing horse." In early times, when money was scarce, the stakes were more often in cattle.

It is to be feared that bull-and-bear fights were not unknown here, although not so common as in other parts of the territory. The animals were placed in a strong enclosure and the whole population went to see the combat seats being provided for women and children. A hind leg of the bear and a fore leg of the bull were strapped together, and the combat sometimes lasted for hours before one of the animals succumbed.

Far more pleasant to recall are the picnics, in which it was the custom to indulge with joyous abandon. The married ladies rode on their own saddles, while the young women were carried on horseback by the young men. This service was considered a post of honor, and discharged in the most polite and gallant manner possible. A bride was often carried to church in this manner. Sometimes the picnickers would ride in wagons drawn by oxen, and, if one of their number could play, there would be both instrumental and vocal music, going and coming. At the picnic grounds, mats were spread

and a feast held, after which games were played. In the evening, after the return, the day would be finished with the inevitable dancing.

The only thing resembling dramatic performances were the pastores, or sacred comedies, in which the inhabitants took a deep interest. On Christmas night, 1837, such a pastorela was performed, and Alfred Robinson has left an account of it. Among the performers were Guadalupe Estudillo, Felipe Marron, Isadora Pico, and other girls. He thus describes the performance and the midnight mass which preceded it:

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

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

In later days there was an occasional circus, which must have been a godsend to the laughter-loving people. The late Mrs. F. W. Morse, who arrived here in July, 1865, says:

"A Spanish circus visited San Diego soon after my arrival. It exhibited in the evening in a corral with high adobe walls, the company having no tents. The place was lighted by strips of cloth laid in cans of lard and then set on fire. The primitive lanterns were set on high posts and at best furnished a poor light. The spectators included nearly all of the population of the town who could pay the admittance fee of fifty cents. I think the Indians were admitted at half-price. The Americans and Spanish occupied one side of the corral, and the Indians squatted on the ground on the other. The performances on the trapeze and tight-rope looked especially weird and fantastic in the smoky light of those primitive lanterns."

The Californians were famous horsemen, as everyone knows. Indeed, the Californian who was not a good rider was looked upon with contempt. The greatest tribute which could be made to friendship, was a present of a good horse. The usual gait in riding was a hard gallop, which was not slackened even when lighting a cigar. The trappings were heavy and gorgeous and

covered the horse from neck to tail. Many of the ladies were skillful riders. Their saddles had no stirrup, but they rested their foot in the loop of a silken band, instead.

The only other means of locomotion was in the primitive oxcarts of the time, which were truly a survival of ante-diluvian days. They had either two or four wheels, which were made of the section of a tree about four feet in diameter, sawed off about a foot thick. The body of the vehicle was set upon the axle, with no springs. A light canopy was erected over this. They were all wood, no metal at all being used. The cart was drawn by oxen, the tongue being attached to their horns by ropes. The driver walked in front, to guide the team, and the women and children in the body of the cart prodded them with sticks. This primitive contrivance was the only means of conveyance, besides horseback riding, for many years. All freighting was done in this manner and many long journeys performed, as well as nearby picnics. Considerable skill was required to guide these carts safely over the crude roads. It is said that the Californians were somewhat negligent about keeping the axles greased and did not mind the frightful shrieks which usually accompanied their progress. It is said, too, that it was not uncommon for the oxen to be trained to run races, and that this diversion was often indulged in on the way to and from church.

E. W. Morse related that one Pedro Gastelhum left his home in Ensenada, with his family, and traveled in such a conveyance to the homes of friends and relatives in Sonora, fully a thousand miles. "It may have taken them six months to reach their destination," says Mr. Morse, "but what of it? Unlike the Gringos, they saw no need of hurrying and worrying through this life. Their countrymen occupied ranches all along the route, to which they were heartily welcome, without money and without price, whether their stay was long or short. This family returned in the same manner, having been gone about two years, and, I doubt not, have always looked upon that trip as the most enjoyable of their lives."

This was the only vehicle in the country until the fifties. In 1853, Abel Stearns imported a carriage from Boston, which was looked upon by the Californians as a deplorable and dangerous piece of vanity. At Santa Barbara, where there was more wealth, we have seen that Captain de la Guerra y Noriega owned a barouche several years earlier.

The Californians were not, as a rule, fond of hunting although they sometimes indulged in such branches of the sport as could be pursued on horseback. It was great fun to lasso a bear and lead him home, gagged and foaming, to be kept for a bull-and-bear fight on the next feast day. For game which

[Wrightington House, showing the court]

had to be stalked on foot, or in boats, however, they had small taste. There was nothing of the spirit of the pot-hunter about them. The testimony concerning the abundance and variety of game in the country is quite conclusive. Besides those which have been previously mentioned, antelope were very plentiful. In the early fifties, Captain Bogart sowed a field of barley on North Island, but reaped nothing, for the antelope came along the peninsula at night and ate it up. In 1853, a party of four San Diegans, who had been camping on the hills for ten days, brought into town forty deer and "a cord" of smaller game, and this was only one instance out of many. As late as 1868 deer and antelope were plentiful at the Encinitos. In March, 1869, a son of Captain English, assisted by a Californian, captured a large wildcat on the mesa between old and new San Diego, and in December, 1871, the San Diego markets were well supplied with venison.

Dana tells how, while left in charge of a hide house in San Diego for some weeks, a part of his duties was to gather wood for use in cooking. This fuel consisted of scrub oak trees, which they brought in on a hand-cart, from the hills back of La Playa. While so engaged, they had considerable sport with various kinds of game. Coyotes (which Dana calls coatis) were so plentiful that the pack of dogs kept at the hide houses frequently caught and killed them. They also shot hares and

rabbits, and Dana makes quite a story of the killing of a rattlesnake.

The rodeos, or "round-ups" of cattle, were held frequently for the purpose of keeping the herds together, as well as of branding the cattle. They were more in the nature of sport than of labor and gave fine opportunity for the display of horsemanship. As the importance of the cattle interest increased, regulations were enacted by the territorial assembly for the due government of these important functions, which were presided over by the juez del campo, or judge of the plains. These officials were continued under the American administration and regularly appointed for several years.

The houses in which the Californians lived were of a type peculiarly adapted to the climate and to their habits of life. The walls were of adobes, or large, thin, sun-dried bricks. Usually there was no frame-work, and no wood in the structure except the doors, window frames, and roof timbers. The walls were laid up and cemented with mud and whitewashed without and within. The roof timbers were laid upon the walls, usually without other support, and the roof covered with thin red tiles so shaped and laid as to be an effectual protection against rain. The poorer people used tule or earth instead of tiles, for their roofs. The wealthier classes had board floors, either at first or later on, but others were content with the hard-packed ground. Doors were sometimes of wood, but not infrequently consisted of a dried bullock's hide, especially on ranchos. When carefully built, these houses were very comfortable as well as durable; but when exposed unprotected to the weather, they soon decayed. There were no stairs to climb and no plumbing to get out of order; they were cool in summer and warm in winter; and the extent to which the later comers are reverting to the Mission type of architecture shows how sensibly they were built.

Some of these houses--the simplest--consisted of only four walls and one room. The next better ones had a partition, making two apartments, and a little farther up the scale, a very long building was erected, with numerous rooms and entrances. But the highest type of house was built in the Spanish fashion, in a square, with an inner court.

This patio was surrounded by a corridor, off which doors opened into the rooms. Several of the houses in old San Diego were of this kind.

The furniture was simple--in the earliest days quite primitive. Later, the wealthier families secured furniture from Spain and bought that made at the missions. A good deal of this old Spanish and mission-made furniture can still be found at the country seats of the principal ranchos. When the Boston ships began to pursue their profitable traffic in hides, they brought quantities of New England-made furniture, which became the rage and

was preferred in San Diego to the plainer and more substantial Spanish and mission products.

The Californians ate a great deal of meat--almost subsisted upon it. The staple food was beef broiled on an iron rod, or steak with onions, and sometimes mutton, chicken, and eggs. A lunch put up for Alfred Robinson in San Diego consisted of one boiled chicken, one smoked beef tongue, half a dozen hardboiled eggs, a loaf of bread, a small cheese, a bottle of wine, and a little paper of salt and pepper--not bad, if one were not a vegetarian. The bread was tortillas, sometimes made with yeast. Beans they knew how to cook admirably, also corn and potatoes. Their tamales and chili con carne (meat cooked with chili peppers) are too well known to require description. The use of soups was understood, and fish were considerably eaten especially on Fridays.

Duhaut-Cilly says that the Californians considered venison unfit for food. We also learn that they cared little for mutton pork, or bear's meat, but were exceedingly fond of veal. They were famous makers of sugared pastry. The cooks were largely Indians who had been trained for the work, and some of whom became quite expert. This was something to which the later comers found it hard to become accustomed. Mrs. Morse said respecting this matter: "The cooking at the hotel was quite unlike the cooking at the Hotel Del Coronado at the present time. I sat at the table alone, being the only woman in the house. An Indian boy waited on me at the table, and also gave me the news of the town. The landlord, an Irish gentleman, kindly told me that I could go into the kitchen and cook whatever I wished, if I did not like the Indian style. I availed myself of the privilege and there were some interesting discoveries. The cook was sitting on a bench in front of an open sack of flour, vigorously scratching his head. This brought unpleasant suggestions to mind, as did also his stirring of the food while it was cooking with his long hair dangling over it."

When diet is mentioned, one naturally thinks of the fondness of Californians for high seasoning. The use of red peppers in meat was quite general. In hot countries, these peppers serve a highly important use and are to the Spaniard very much what his pork and beans are to the Bostonian. In the cool climate of San Diego, their use would not appear to have been so necessary.

The women were neat and cleanly in their housekeeping. The bedding, especially, was much praised. The coverlids and pillowcases were frequently of satin and trimmed with beautiful and costly lace. Except in a few of the wealthiest families, no table was set, but the family would proceed to the kitchen where

food was passed around in plates or clay dishes. Forks and spoons were of horn.

The subject of dress is another of those topics which can scarcely be touched without the temptation to write a volume, but to which only a paragraph can be given. The dress worn by middle class women was a chemise with short sleeves, embroidered and trimmed with lace. A muslin petticoat was flounced with scarlet and secured at the waist by a scarlet band. Shoes were of velvet or blue satin, and with a cotton scarf, pearl necklace and earrings, completed the costume. The hair was worn plaited and hanging down the back. . Others substituted a silk or satin shawl for the reboso.

The English style of dress was early adopted, especially by the better class. When Robinson first came, the picturesque Spanish costumes were almost universally worn by both sexes. The ordinary dress of the men was in short clothes and jacket trimmed with scarlet, a silk sash about the waist, botas of ornamented and embroidered deer skin, secured by colored garters, embroidered shoes, the hair long, braided and fastened behind with ribbons, a black silk handkerchief around the head, surmounted by an oval, broad-rimmed hat. The "best clothes" of both sexes were very gorgeous and expensive, but cannot be described in detail here. A glimpse of the ordinary dress and diversions of the soldiers is afforded by Robinson, at his first visit to the San Diego Presidio. He says the soldiers were amusing themselves at the guard-house, "some seated on the ground playing cards and smoking, while others were dancing to the music of the guitar. . . . At the gate stood a sentinel, with slouched hat and blanket thrown over one shoulder, his old Spanish musket resting on the other; his pantaloons were buttoned and ornamented at the knee, below which, his legs were protected by leggings of dressed deer-skin, secured with spangled garters."

With the coming of the Americans and the setting of the tide of business toward New England all these things soon began to be affected and, in time, passed into complete eclipse. Manners and customs went with the tide, especially after the Mexican War, and left only loving memories. It took some time to thaw the natural reserve between two peoples who did not understand each other. This thawing process, marking the period at the beginning of which Americans were regarded with distrust, if not dislike, and the time when they were received with marked favor, may be said to have occurred between 1830 and 1835. At the beginning of this period, intermarriages between the two races were rare and when they did occur created a sensation; at the end, they were too common to excite comment. In this connection, and to illustrate what has been stated, the story of Henry

D. Fitch's elopement and the troubles which it brought upon him, is worth telling.

Josefa Carrillo, eldest daughter of Joaquin Carrillo, of San Diego, was one of the beautiful women of the place in 1826 when Captain Fitch first came here, and he soon surrendered to her charms. He gave her a written promise of marriage in 1827 according to the custom of the country, and the family consented to the match, provided the impediments could be removed. The first impediment was that Fitch was a foreigner and a Protestant He announced his intention of becoming a Mexican citizen, and was baptized by Father Menendez on April 14, 1829, at the chapel in the Presidio, Lieutenant

Domingo Carrillo acting as godfather. Menendez had promised to marry the couple the fol-

lowing day, but at the last moment he weakened. The governor had decreed that no foreigners should marry within the territory without his special license, and this could not be secured. Domingo Carrillo, uncle of the bride, also refused to serve as a witness, and the case looked hopeless. But Menendez was a man of resources; though not willing to get into trouble himself, he was not averse to helping the lovers, and so suggested an elopement. This was soon arranged and Fitch hastily made ready for a voyage. He bade adieu to his friends, including Miss Carrillo, and got under way in the Vulture. But the departure of the Captain and the ship was only a blind, and in the darkness of night they were hovering close to the shore. Pio Pico, the cousin of Señorita Carrillo, took her on his saddle and carried her swiftly to a spot on the bay shore where a boat was in waiting, and soon the lovers were reunited on the deck. All went well, and they were married at Valparaiso on the 3rd of July, by the Curate Orrego.

This elopement caused considerable scandal, and, the matter having been arranged with some secrecy, various rumors were in circulation. One account had it that the lady was forcibly abducted. Fitch re-appeared the next year with his wife and infant son, and after touching at San Diego proceeded to San Pedro where he was arrested by Echeandía's order and sent to San Gabriel for trial. Mrs. Fitch was at first kept under surveillance in a private house and later sent also to San Gabriel. It was alleged that the marriage was a nullity, and technical flaws were picked in the certificate. The couple were repeatedly interrogated before the ecclesiastical court, Fitch acting as his own attorney, and offering to marry his wife over again. The vicar finally decided, in December, that the charges were not substantiated; that the marriage, though irregular, was valid; and ordered that the wife be given up to the husband. "Yet considering the great scandal which Don Enrique has caused in this province, I condemn him to give as a penance and reparation a bell of at least fifty pounds in weight for the church at Los Angeles, which barely has a borrowed one." Certain other easy penances were provided and poor Menendez's conduct was the subject of an investigation. The troubles of the couple were not quite over, for on Jan. 31, 1831, Captain Fitch, writing to his friend, Captain Cooper, complained of the conduct of his wife's parents, who, he says, abused his wife and would not leave her with him. However, although the historian cannot record that they did literally "live happy ever after," it is pleasant to know that they had many years of life together and brought up a large family.

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[Fine example of old Spanish home]

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[Another view of the home of Cave J. Couts]

PART II. CHAPTER VI. PROMINENT SPANISH FAMILIES

The names and annals of Spanish families, conspicuous in the social, commercial, religious, and political life of Old San Diego, will always be treasured as an interesting and vital part of local history. It would be quite invidious to attempt to present them in the order of their importance. Hence, the alphabetical plan is adopted in this arrangement of facts obtained from a great variety of sources:

AGUILAR, Blas, son of Corporal Rosario, born at San Diego, 1811, outside the Presidio walls. Was majordomo at Temecula in 1834. Settled at San Juan Capistrano and was a petitioner for land in 1841. Was alcalde there in 1848. Married Antonia Guiterrez.

AGUILAR, Rosario. Corporal of the mission guard at San Diego soon after the year 1800. Had a house on site of the present town, in 1821. Majordomo of San Diego Mission 1838. Juez de paz in 1841. Removed to San Juan Capistrano soon after and obtained land there. Died there in 1847 leaving several children, of whom Blas Aguilar, mentioned above, was one. His daughter Rafaela was married to José Antonio Serrano.

AGUIRRE, José Antonio. A native of Basque, Spain, born about 1793. At the time of the Mexican revolution he was a merchant at Guaymas. Remaining loyal to Spain, he was driven out of Mexico and settled in Upper California. Owned brigs Leonidas and Joven Guipuzoana, and engaged in coast, Island, and China trade. On arrival of the Híjar colony at San Diego in 1834, gave a ball in Híjar's honor. It was at this ball that certain modern dances are said to have been first introduced into California. He divided his residence between San Diego and Santa Barbara, at which latter place he owned the finest residence in 1842. In 1843, he was grantee of the Tejon rancho. In 1848 and 1849, engaged in trade with William Heath Davis, and in 1850 he and Davis, with four others, founded new San Diego. He was at San Diego April 1, 1850, and appears in a list of the voters at Old Town. In September of the latter year he served on the first grand jury

in San Diego county under American rule. He married Francisca, daughter of Prefect José Antonio Estudillo, of San Diego, and after her death married her sister, María del Rosario Estudillo. He was a large man and on that account was sometimes called "Aguirron" (big Aguirre). He was a fine type of the old Spanish merchant and left a large estate to his widow and four children. A son, Miguel Aguirre, lives in the neighborhood of the San Jacinto rancho. A daughter was married to Francisco Pico and lives in the same vicinity. His widow married Colonel Manuel A. Ferrer, of San Diego.

ALIPAS, Damasio and Gervasio; mentioned by Juan Bandini as members of the revolutionary junta of fourteen which began the revolt against Governor Victoria in November, 1831. A third brother, Santos Alipás, was one of the men killed in the Pauma massacre, in December, 1846.

Damasio Alipás married Juana Machado, daughter of José Manuel Machado, and had three daughters: Ramona, whose first husband was William Curley and her

second William Williams ("Cockney Bill"), and who is still living, in Los Angeles; Josefa, who married John Peters, and left San Diego in 1854 or 1855; and María Arcadia, who became the wife of Captain Robert D. Israel and lives in Coronado. Damasio Alipás went to Sonora before the Civil War, and was killed there. His widow then married Thomas Wrightington.

ALTAMIRANO, José Antonio, was the son of Tomás Altamirano and Dolores Carrillo, and was born at La Paz, Lower California, May 31, 1835. His mother was a sister of Joaquin Carrillo, the father of Mrs. Henry D. Fitch; another of her brothers was Pedro C. Carrillo, who once owned the San Diego (Coronado) peninsula and sold it for $3000. José Ant. Altamirano came to California in 1849 and was first engaged in mining. In 1859 he went into stock raising on a large scale near San Jacinto. He owned the Valle de las Palmas rancho, near Tia Juana, in Lower California, which is still in the family, and was at one time the owner of the Algodones grant, on the Colorado river, near Yuma. In the Mexican War, he served on the American side. He lived at Old Town, where he married Ysabel de Pedrorena, daughter of Miguel de Pedrorena, and had a large family. Miguel is unmarried, and lives on Las Flores rancho; Antonio is married, and lives at Paris, France, was formerly a San Diego councilman; José is unmarried, and lives in San Francisco; Robert, died at the age of twenty; Dolores, married, first Harry Neale, of San Diego, and had three children, second, Robert Burns, of Sacramento; Ysabel, married E. W. Ackerman and lives in Old Town; Tula, Victoria, and Mary, unmarried; and María Antoinette, who died.

ALVARADO, Francisco María. First regidor of San Diego, 1837. Treasurer, 1840-1. Juez de paz, 1845. grantee of Peñasquitas rancho in 1823, 1834, and 1836, on which he lived; and grantee of Soledad rancho in 1838. Was an elector at San Diego, April 1, 1850.

ALVARADO, Juan Bautista. First regidor of San Diego, 1835; comisario de policia, 1836. Daughter María Antonia was married to Captain Joseph F. Snook.

ARGÜELLO, José Ramon, son of Santiago Argüello. Second alcalde (juez de paz) in 1845. Davis related that on a trip into Lower California with Don Ramon as guide, he found that gentleman addicted to eating rattlesnakes.

ARGÜELLO, Santiago. Son of José D. Argüello, born at Monterey 1791. Paymaster at San Diego in 1818, and in 1821 had a garden in Mission Valley. His part in the Bouchard invasion has been related. In 1827-31 he was lieutenant of the San Diego Company, and commandant from 1830 to 1835. From 1831-5 was captain of the company and took part in the revolt against Victoria. In 1833-4 he was revenue officer at San Diego. In 1830 he was alcalde, and held several other offices. During the Mexican war he was friendly to the Americans and gave them considerable aid. Soldiers were quartered at his house and he held a commission as captain in the California battalion. Was a member of the Legislative council in 1847 and made collector of the port.

In 1829 he was granted the Tia Juana rancho, in 1841 the Trabujo, and in 1846 the San Diego Mission lands. He married Pilar Ortega, daughter of Francisco Ortega, of Santa Barbara, by whom he had 22 children. Among the children who lived and had issue were: Francisco, Ignacio, José Antonio, José Ramon, Santiago E, Refugio who was married to Juan Bandini, Teresa who was married to José M. Bandini, María Louisa, who was married to A. V. Zamorano, and Concepcion, wife of Agustin Olvera.

He died on his Tia Juana ranch in 1862, and his widow in 1878. The ranch is still owned by the family. Davis takes pains to state that his sons were finely-formed, well proportioned men. He was a man of ability and left an honorable record. His disposition was somewhat reserved and he was not universally personally popular.

ARGÜELLO, Santiago E. Son of Santiago, was born August 18, 1813. Collector of revenue at San Diego, 1833-4. Took part against Alvarado in 1836-7. Deputy in assembly and juez de paz in 1845-6. Aided the Americans in Mexican War and had a claim for $11,548 for damages to his property. Was in charge of the Otay and San Antonio Abad ranchos in 1836-7, and majordomo and landowner at San Juan Capistrano in 1841.

He was an elector at Old San Diego, April 1, 1850. He married Guadalupe Estudillo, daughter of José Antonio Estudillo. He died at the Rancho de la Punta, October 20, 1857, and left two sons and a number of daughters. One daughter, María Antonia, was married to A. H. Wilcox and another, Refugia, to William B. Couts. One son, Francisco, lives at Tia Juana and has a family.

BANDINI, Juan. Any sketch of this interesting figure in the early life of San Diego must necessarily fail to do him entire justice. For nearly forty years he was an honored citizen of California, saw it pass from Spanish into Mexican hands, and lived to take a prominent part in wresting it from the control of the Californians and making it an American State. Through all the intervening days of struggle, he took an important part, and narrowly missed the highest political honors of his time. Estimates of his character and services vary somewhat and have been influenced by the financial misfortunes which pursued him. But it seems clear that his long residence and eminent public services in San Diego entitled him to be considered the first Spanish citizen of his day.

The name of Bandini is not originally Spanish, but Italian, the family originating in Italy and there being a family of Bandinis of princely rank now in existence in Italy.

He was the son of José Bandini, who was a native of Andalusia. He was born at Lima in 1800, and received his education there. His father came to California as master of a Spanish trading vessel in 1819 and 1821, and it is possible Juan was with him. The father took an active part in the Mexican revolution and was made a captain. Soon after peace came, the father and son came to San Diego and built a house. His public services began in 1827-8 as a member of the assembly, and from 1828 to '31 he was subcomisario of revenues. His house at San Diego, which is still standing in a good state of preservation, was erected in 1829. In 1830 he was chosen substitute congressman. In 1831 he took a leading part in the revolt against Governor Victoria, as related elsewhere. In 1832, he was appointed comisario principal ad interim, but Victoria refused to recognize his authority outside San Diego, and he soon resigned. In 1833 he went to Mexico as congressman and returned the following year as Vice-President of the Híjar colonization company and inspector of customs for California. His elaborate entertainment of Híjar has been alluded to. The colonization scheme was a failure, however. The California officials also refused to recognize his authority over the customs and brought a counter charge of smuggling which they succeeded in substantiating, technically, at least. These failures of his hopes were a severe blow to Bandini, from which he never fully recovered. In

1836-7-8 he was the leading spirit in the opposition to Governor Alvarado, and on one occasion, at least, had the satisfaction of a great public reception when the whole population of San Diego turned out to meet him on his return from the capture of Los Angeles, in 1837. His return at this time was due to Indian troubles. He was the owner of the Tecate rancho on the Mexican border, which was pillaged by the hostiles and the family reduced to want. But peace having been made, Alvarado made him administrator of the San Gabriel Mission, and he was also granted the Jurupa, Rincon, and Cajon de Muscapiabe ranchos, besides land at San Juan Capistrano. He held other offices, but continued to oppose Alvarado and was present with troops at the battle of Las Flores, in 1838. On Christmas night, 1838, while the Pastorela was being performed at his house, all the prominent citizens of San Diego being present, the house was surrounded by General Castro, acting under Alvarado's orders, and the two Picos and Juan Ortega taken prisoners. Bandini was absent at this time, and thus escaped arrest.

In 1845-6 he was Governor Pico's secretary and supported his administration. After the Mexican War began, however, he adhered to the American cause and rendered valuable services. He furnished supplies for the troops, and did everything in his power to aid them.

In 1847 he was a member of the legislative council, and in 1848, alcalde. On April 1, 1850, he appears as an elector at San Diego, and was elected treasurer, but declined to serve. In this year he was keeping a store at San Diego, and also erected a large building for a hotel, the Gila House, which is said to have cost $25,000. Soon after this he removed to a rancho which had been granted him in Mexico and resumed his Mexican citizenship. Here he took some part in politics, and was a supporter of Melendres, and had to quit the country with his belongings, in 1855. He died at Los Angeles, whither he had gone for treatment, in November, 1859.

His first wife was Dolores, daughter of Captain José M Estudillo, and their children were: Arcadia, who married Abel Stearns and afterward Colonel Robert L. Baker. She lives at Santa Monica and Los Angeles. Ysidora, who was born September 23, 1829, was married to Cave J. Couts, died May 24, 1897, and is buried at San Diego. Josefa, who was married to Pedro C. Carrillo, who was alcalde and a member of California's first legislature in 1847. José María, who married Teresa, daughter of Santiago Argüello; and Juanito. His second wife was Refugia, daughter of Santiago Argüello (a sister of his son José María's wife). They had: Juan de la Cruz, Alfredo, Arturo, and two daughters, one of whom, Dolores, was married to Charles R. Johnson, and the other, Victoria (Chata), to Dr. James B. Win-

ston and lives in Los Angeles. Bandini's daughters were famous for their beauty. All his family are in comfortable circumstances, and several are wealthy. They live principally in Southern California, have married well, and are much respected citizens.

Perhaps the story of Bandini's personal appearance and characteristics can best be told by a few extracts from writers who knew him. Dana, whose opinion of Californians was intelligent, if not always sympathetic, saw him on a voyage from Monterey to Santa Barbara in January, 1836, and writes thus:

"Among our passengers was a young man who was the best representation of a decayed gentleman I had ever seen. He was of the aristocracy of the country, his family being of pure Spanish blood, and once of great importance in Mexico. His father had been governor of the province [this is an error] and having amassed a large property settled at San Diego. His son was sent to Mexico where he received the best education, and went into the first society of the capital. Misfortune, extravagance, and the want of funds soon ate the estate up and Don Juan Bandini returned from Mexico accomplished, poor, and proud, and without any office or occupation, to lead the life of most young men of the better families--dissolute and extravagant when the means were at hand. He had a slight and elegant figure, moved gracefully, danced and waltzed beautifully, spoke the best of Castilian, with a pleasant and refined voice and accent, and had throughout the bearing of a man of high birth and figure."

Upon the arrival at Santa Barbara, Bandini danced at the wedding of Alfred Robinson and Señorita de la Guerra y Noriega, concerning which Dana says: "A great deal has been said about our friend Don Juan Bandini; and when he did appear, which was toward the close of the evening, he certainly gave us the most graceful dancing that I had ever seen. He was dressed in white pantaloons, neatly made, a short jacket of dark silk gaily figured, white stockings and thin morocco slippers upon his very small feet."

Lieutenant Derby was well acquainted with the name and fame of Don Juan, and in his first letter from San Diego, in 1853, he pauses in his fooling long enough to write: "San Diego is the residence of Don Juan Bandini, whose mansion fronts on one side of the plaza. He is well known to the early settlers of California as a gentleman of distinguished politeness and hospitality. His wife and daughters are among the most beautiful and accomplished ladies of our State."

Davis bears testimony to Bandini's worth. "He was," he says, "a man of decided ability and fine character." Bancroft admits that he was one of the most prominent men of his time in California, of fair abilities and education, a charming public speaker, a fluent writer, and personally much beloved.

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He thinks, however, that in the larger fields of statesmanship he fell somewhat short--an estimate which is one of the penalties paid by those who, whatever their ability or deserts, fail of the largest success.

There is also contemporary testimony to the fact that Don Juan possessed a gift of sardonic humor and was somewhat given to sarcasm.

CARRILLO, Domingo Antonio Ignacio, son of José Raimundo Carrillo. Born at San Diego, 1791. Gentleman soldier in the San Diego company from 1807, cadet from 1809, etc. Left service in 1818, but afterward restored and at San Diego in 1821. Was revenue collector, 1825-8, promoted to lieutenant, 1827. Transferred to Santa Barbara in 1830, and later in political troubles. Married Concepcion Pico, sister of Pio and Andrés Pico, in 1810. Their sons were Joaquin, José Antonio, Francisco, Alejandro, and Felipe. Daughters: María, wife of José M. Covarrubias; Angela, wife of Ignacio del Valle; and Antonia.

CARRILLO, José Antonio Ezequiel. Son of José Raimundo, and brother of Domingo Antonio Ignacio, above. Born at San Francisco in 1796. Was a teacher at San Diego in 1813 and afterward. At Los Angeles, 1827-31. Having been exiled by Victoria, became a leader in movement against the governor at San Diego in 1831. Was deeply

implicated in trouble of the time at Santa Barbara, where he lived, and where he died in 1862. His first wife was Estefana Pico, and his second Jacinta Pico, both sisters of Pio and Andrés Pico, of San Diego. A daughter was married to Lewis T. Burton. Don José Antonio was a man of natural ability, but was dissipated.

CARRILLO, José Raimundo. Founder of the Carrillo family in California. A native of Loreto, born in 1749. Son of Hilario Carrillo. Came to California as a soldier, probably with the first expedition in 1769, and rose to rank of captain. Was commandant at San Diego, 1807-9. He married Tomasa Ignacia, daughter of the soldier Francisco Lugo, the ceremony being performed by Junípero Serra at San Carlos, on April 23, 1781. His early services in California were at Santa Barbara and Monterey, coming to San Diego in 1806. He was buried in the chapel on Presidio Hill, on November 10, 1809. His only daughter, María Antonia, became the wife of José de la Guerra v Noriega. His sons, Carlos Antonio de Jesus, José Antonio Ezequiel, Anastasio, and Domingo Antonio Ignacio, were all prominent in the early history of California.

CARRILLO, Joaquin. Native of Lower California and a relative (probably a cousin) of José Raimundo. Was living as a retired soldier at San Diego in 1827. He is said to have been a good performer on the violin, and was once put in the stocks

by Capt. Ruiz because the latter thought him too slow in tuning up to play his favorite tune. He died before 1840. His widow was María Ignacia Lopez, and their sons were Joaquin, Julio, and José Ramon. The daughters, Josefa, whose elopement with Henry D. Fitch has been narrated; Francisca Benicia, wife of M. G. Vallejo; María de la Luz, wife of Salvador Vallejo; Ramona, wife of Romualdo Pacheco and later of John Wilson, who lived in San Francisco; Mabel Pacheco, who was married to Will. Tevis; Juana; and Felecidad, wife of Victor Castro.

DOMINGUEZ, Cristobal. Soldier at San Diego before 1800. Died in 1825. Rose to rank of sergeant, and was grantee of San Pedro ranch in 1822. His wife was María de los Reyes Ybañes, at whose house Alfred Robinson resided while in San Diego, in 1829, and to whom he refers as "old lady Dominguez." Part of the American troops were quartered at her house in the Mexican War. Their children were María Victoria, who was married to José Antonio Estudillo; Luis Gonzaga; Manuel, who is mentioned by Robinson as Gale's brother-in-law at San Diego in 1829; María Francisca Marcelina, who was married to William A. Gale and went to Boston to live; María Elena Ramona; José Nasario; and Pedro Juan Agapito.

ECHEANDIA, José María. Quite a little has been said about this, the only governor of California who made his residence in San Diego. A few more personal details will be given at this place.

Before coming to California, he was a Lieutenant-Colonel connected with a college of engineers in Mexico. Besides Robinson's statement that he was "a tall, gaunt personage," who received him "with true Spanish dignity and politeness," we learn from Bancroft that he was "tall, slight and well formed, with fair complexion, hair not quite black, scanty beard . . . and a pleasing face and expression. His health was very delicate. In his speech he affected the Castilian pronunciation, noticeably in giving the 'll,' 'c' and 'z' their proper sounds." He was somewhat absent-minded at times. Some of his contemporaries regarded him as a capricious despot, who would carry out a whim without regard to results; others thought he lacked energy; and still others say he was popu-

lar, but overindulgent and careless. Pio Pico found him affable, but apathetic. Alfred Robinson, the son-in-law of Captain de la Guerra y Noriega, who strongly opposed Echeandía in the matter of the secularization of the missions, calls him "the scourge of California, and instigator of vice, who sowed seeds of dishonor not to be extirpated while a mission remains to be robbed." Wm. A. Gale found him a man of undecided character, trying to please everybody.

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After leaving California he was very poor until 1835, when, an earthquake having damaged a number of buildings, his services as engineer were in demand and he became prosperous. In 1855 he was arrested by Santa Ana for some political cause, but released. Two step-daughters took care of him in his old age, and he died before 1871.

ESTUDILLO, José Antonio. Son of José María, born at Monterey, 1805. Grantee of house-lot at San Diego, 1827. In 1828-30 was revenue collector and treasurer. Grantee of Otay rancho, in 1829. Member of the assembly in 1833-5. Received a grant of the Temecula rancho in 1835. In 1836-8 alcalde and juez. Administrador and majordomo at San Luis Rey in 1840-3 and owner of land at San Juan Capistrano in 1841. Treasurer in 1840. Juez de paz in 1845-6. Collector in 1845. Neutral in Mexican War. First county assessor, 1850. He died in 1852. He was a man of excellent character and large influence. His wife was María Victoria, daughter of Sergeant Cristobal and María de los Reyes Dominguez, whom he married in 1825. Their children were: José María, who married a daughter, Luz, of Juan María Marron; Salvador, married Piedad Altamirano, sister of José Ant.; José Guadalupe; José Antonio, who is a rancher at San Jacinto; and Francisco, who lives at San Jacinto. He married first, Carmen Roubidoux, daughter of the celebrated trapper; second, a daughter of Don Jesus Machado. They had two daughters, both of whom were married to José Antonio Aguirre; Francisca being his first wife, and María del Rosaria his second, and afterward marrying Col. Manuel A. Ferrer. Another daughter, María Antonia, was married to Miguel de Pedrorena, and another, Concepcion, was the first wife of George A. Pendleton.

ESTUDILLO, José Guadalupe. Son of José Antonio, one of the most prominent citizens of San Diego in earlier American days. County Treasurer from 1864 to 1875. City Councilman of San Diego. Treasurer of the State one term. Cashier of the Consolidated Bank, etc. He now lives in Los Angeles. He married Adelaide Mulholland.

ESTUDILLO, José María, Lieutenant of the Monterey Company in 1806-27, and captain of the San Diego Company from 1827 till his death in 1830. He may be said to have been the founder of the Estudillo family in California. His wife was Gertrudis Horcasitas. José Antonio, mentioned above, was the best known of his children. He also had José Joaquin, who lived on the San Leandro rancho, near San Francisco bay, whose three daughters all married Americans--María de Jesus becoming the wife of Wm. Heath Davis. He also had a daughter, Magdalena, who was grantee of part of the Otay ranch 1829, and a daughter who married Lieutenant Manuel Gomez.

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GUERRA y NORIEGA, José Antonio de la. Native of Spain, born March 6, 1779. Became lieutenant of the Monterey Company and came to California 1801. Here he

married, in 1804, María Antonia, daughter of Captain José Raimundo Carrillo. In 1806 came to San Diego, and was acting commandant for a short time in 1806-7. Had difficulty with Capt. Ruiz. Acted as agent for sale of his uncle's goods, shipped from Mexico, in 1808, and profited largely. After 1817, resided at Santa Barbara, where he was commandant and took a prominent part in public affairs. He was congressman from California in 1827, and the following year named by Echeandía in a list of those who had taken the oath of allegiance. Candidate for position of political chief, in 1837. In Mexican War was unfriendly to U. S. but remained quiet. Died in 1858.

Of his daughters, María de las Angustias, born 1815, was married to Manuel Jimeno Casarin, and later to Dr. J. D. Ord. Her first marriage is described by Robinson in his Life in California, page 142. Ana María, born 1820, was married to Alfred Robinson, and died in 1855. María Antonia, born 1827, married Cesario Lataillade, and later Caspar Orena. He had at least seven sons; Antonio María, born 1825, never married; Francisco, born 1818, died in 1878; Joaquin, born 1822, died before 1870; José Antonio, born 1805; Juan J., born 1810, died unmarried; Miguel, born 1823; Pablo, born 1819.

Captain de la Guerra y Noriega left a large estate, which Bancroft says his sons dissipated. He was a man of very great influence to the day of his death. His opinions on California political affairs strongly color the views expressed in the book of his son-in-law, Alfred Robinson.

LOPEZ, Bonifacio. Son of Ignacio. Juez de campo at San Diego, 1835. In charge of the Mission, 1848. Grand juror, September, 1850. His daughter, Josefa, married Philip Crosthwaite.

LOPEZ, Ignacio. Soldier, living in Mission Valley, 1821. Father of Bonifacio and probably others. First district elector of San Diego, 1822, and elected to legislature. Took part in revolution of 1831. José and Juan Lopez, involved in same, probably his sons. Juez de campo, 1836.

LORENZANA, Apolinaria. Was one of the foundling children sent to California from Mexico in 1800, and lived in San Diego. The name, Lorenzana, was that of the archbishop of Mexico, given to all foundlings. She never married, but was very charitable and known as la Beata [the sister of charity]. She claimed the Jamacha rancho, but lost it. She was in San Luis Rey in 1821-30, and later assisted Father Vicente at the San Diego Mission. In later life she lived at Santa Barbara, was poor and blind and supported by charity. She dictated for Bancroft her memoirs.

MACHADO, José Manuel. Corporal of the San Diego Company. Had quite a family of children, among them daughters--Guadalupe, whose first husband was Peter Wilder, and her second Albert B. Smith; and Juana, who was first married to Damasio Alipás and second to Thomas Wrightington; Rosa, who was the wife of John C. Stewart; and Antonia, who was married to Enos A. Wall.

MARRON, Juan María. Had a house at San Diego, 1821. Took part in revolution of 1831. Second regidor 1835; first regidor 1836, and owner of the Cueros de Venado rancho which was attacked by Indians. Juez, 1839-40-44. Owner of land at San Juan Capistrano, 1841. Grantee of the Agua Hediona Rancho, 1842. Died, September 19, 1853. Married Felipa, daughter of Juan María Osuna and Juliana Lopez. Daughter, María Luz, married José María Estudillo. Had a son, Sylvester.

MARRON, Sylvester. Son of Juan María and Felipa Osuna Marron, married Leonora Osuna. They had children: Felipa, who was married to J. Chauncey Hayes, now of Oceanside; and another daughter became the wife of John S. Barker. He married a second time, and lives at Buena Vista, California.

MENENDEZ, Father Antonio. Was a Dominican friar who came from Mexico with Echeandía in 1825 and was chaplain and cure at the Presidio until 1829 at an irregular salary of $15 a month. His part in the Fitch-Carrillo elopement has been related. In December, 1828, his name appears in a list of Spaniards who had taken the oath of allegiance. From August to December of this year he taught a school in San Diego, had 18 pupils enrolled, and was paid the same munificent salary. He was chaplain of the assembly which met at Santa Barbara from July to October, 1830.

His character seems to put him in the class with the coarser Mexican priests who followed the Spanish missionaries. In fact he illustrated the old saying of "the world, the flesh, and the devil," in an unusual degree. "Men's souls for heaven," says Bancroft, "but women for himself he loved and wine and cards." Pio Pico, who was then a young man engaged in trading with Lower California, played cards with him, with varying fortune. On one occasion in San Diego, after Menendez had, in a game of cards, despoiled Pico of all his stock of sugar, he added insult to injury by hurling at him a couplet which may be translated: "Christ came to ransom man of woman born; He sought his sheep, himself departed shorn. "

OSUNA, Juan María. Born in California before 1800. A soldier and corporal of the San Diego Company, and later a settler. District elector in 1830, and took part in revolution of

1831. Was the first alcalde of San Diego, 1835, juez de paz in 1839-40 and 1846. Grantee of San Dieguito in 1836-45. Died about 1847. Daughter Felipe married to Juan María Marron. Had sons Leandro and Ramon.

OSUNA, Leandro. Son of Juan María; took part in fight at San Pasqual, December, 1846. He committed suicide by shooting himself through heart, April 3, 1859. His son Julio married Chipita Crosthwaite.

OSUNA, Ramon. Comisario de policia, 1839. Collector of tithes, 1839. Grantee of Valle de los Viejas, 1846. Member of first grand jury at San Diego, September, 1850.

PEDRORENA, Miguel de. The best biographical sketch of this much respected citizen is that contained in Wm. Heath Davis's Sixty Years in California. He says:

"In 1838 Don Miguel de Pedrorena, a resident of Peru, arrived here, being at the time part owner and supercargo of the Delmira.... Don Miguel was a native of Spain, and belonged to one of the best families of Madrid. After receiving an education in his own country he was sent to London, where he was educated in English, becoming a complete scholar. Most of the Castilian race of the upper class are proud and aristocratic; but Don Miguel, though of high birth, was exceedingly affable, polite, gracious in manner and bearing, and, in every respect, a true gentleman. He married a daughter of prefect Estudillo, and resided in San Diego until the time of his death in 1850, leaving one son, Miguel, and two daughters, Elena and Ysabel. He was a member of the convention at Monterey in 1849, for the formation of the state constitution. He owned the Cajon Rancho and the San Jacinto Nuevo Rancho, each containing eleven leagues, with some cattle and horses. Notwithstanding these large holdings of lands he was in

rather straitened circumstances in his later years, and so much in need of money that when I visited San Diego in the early part of 1850 he offered to sell me thirty-two quarterblocks (102 lots) in San Diego at a low figure. He had acquired the property in the winter of 1849-50, at the alcalde's sale. I did not care for the land but being flush, and having a large income from my business, I took the land, paying him thirteen or fourteen hundred dollars for it.

"In Madrid be had several brothers and other relatives, one of his brothers being at that time a Minister in the cabinet of the reigning monarch. During the last two or three years of his life those relatives became aware of his unfortunate circumstances and wrote to him repeatedly, urging him to come home to Spain and bring his family with him. They sent him means and assured him that he would be welcomed. Though poor, his proud disposition led him to decline all these offers. Popular with everybody in the department, the recollections of him by those who knew him were exceedingly pleasant."

He settled at San Diego in 1845, having married María Antonia Estudillo, daughter of José Antonio Estudillo. He strongly

favored the American side in the war of 1846, and had a cavalry command with the rank of captain. He built one of the first frame houses in Old Town, which is still standing near the parsonage. In the late 60's it was used as the office of the Union. He was collector of customs in 1847-8. In 1850, with Wm. Heath Davis and others he was one of the founders of new San Diego. He died March 21, 1850. His only son was Miguel de Pedrorena, born at Old Town in 1844, and died at his ranch in Jamul Valley, December 25, 1882. He married Nellie Burton, daughter of General H. S. Burton of the U. S. Army, at the Horton House in New San Diego, Dec. 25, 1875. His sister Ysabel was married to José Antonio Altamirano. She was born at the very moment when the American flag was raised at Old Town (July 29, 1846), a circumstance of which the family is very proud. Victoria was married to Henry Magee, an army officer from the state of New York, of excellent family. Elena married José Wolfskill and lives at Los Angeles.

PICO, Andrés. Son of José María, born at San Diego, 1810. In 1836-8, was elector and receptor of customs, and in charge of Jamul rancho. Took an active part in the uprisings against the Monterey government and was several times a prisoner. In 1839-42 was lieutenant of the San Diego Company, served as elector, was in charge of San Luis Rey, and obtained lands at Santa Margarita, San Juan Capistrano, and Temecula. Was in command at the battle of San Pasqual and in subsequent operations. Made treaty with Frémont at Cahuenga which ended the war. Did not return to San Diego, but engaged in mining and land litigation. Represented the counties of Los Angeles, San Bernardino, and San Diego in the State Senate, in 1860-1. Was a Democratic presidential elector from California, 1852. He never married. He was a brave and popular man, but coarse and unscrupulous. Died in 1876.

PICO, José Antonio Bernardo. Son of José María. Born at San Diego about 1794. Member of the San Diego Company, and clerk in 1817. Sergeant, 1828, lieutenant, 1834, and commissioner to secularize San Juan Capistrano, 1834-6. Went to Monterey, 1838. Grantee of Agua Caliente Rancho in 1840 and left the military service. Grantee of San Luis Rey, 1846. Married Soledad Ybarra, 1828; died at San Diego, 1871. He was a lively old man, full of jokes, and nicknamed Picito [Little Pico] by reason

of his small stature. Wilkes ridicules him in his account, 1841. He was a soldier in the Mexican War and second in command under his brother Andrés, during the operations around San Diego.

PICO, José María. Founder of the Pico family of Southern California. Son of Santiago Pico of Sinaloa. Soldier of the San Diego Company from 1782, also at San Luis Rey. Died at

San Gabriel in 1819. His wife was María Estaquia Lopez, a native of Sonora, whom he married in 1789. Their three sons were Andrés, José Antonio Bernardo, and Pio. They had seven daughters: Concepcion, who was married to Domingo A. I. Carrillo; Estefana and Jacinta, who were married to José A. E. Carrillo, the brother of Domingo; Ysadora, who became the wife of John Forster; Tomasa, who married an Alvarado; and Feliciana.

PICO, Pio. As a resident of San Diego who became governor, Pio Pico is a figure of much interest. He was born at San Gabriel in 1801, and removed to San Diego after his father's death, in 1819. He kept a small shop there. Gambled with Father Menendez with varying fortune; lost all he had at San Vicente, Lower California, and later won twelve mules and stripped the padre, at San Diego. Built a house at old San Diego in 1824. Once on going to Los Angeles for a visit, he was ordered by Alcalde Avila, described as an ignorant fellow who ruled by the sword, to go to work on an aqueduct; but being on horseback and armed with a musket, he escaped and returned to San Diego. In 1821 he put up a hide hut at Los Angeles and opened a dram shop, the price of a drink being "two-bits." Introduced the use of an ox-horn to drink from, with a false wooden bottom to reduce the quantity of liquor.

Mrs. Carson once met him going to the races; he had his mule panniers loaded down with silver which he was taking to bet on the horse.

Was clerk in a trial at San Diego, 1826. Senior vocal of assembly, 1832, and chosen political chief after expulsion of Victoria same year, but only acted twenty days. Majordomo San Luis Rey Mission, 1834. Candidate for alcalde, December, 1834, but defeated. Elector, 1836. 1837-9, active against Alvarado's government and more than once a prisoner. Played an active and not always creditable part in troubles of this time. Became governor in 1845, and was the last Mexican governor.

In 1841, grantee of Santa Margarita and Las Flores Ranchos. Conveyed the former to his brother-in-law, John Forster and there was a noted contest for it in later years in the courts, but Forster won and retained the valuable property. He married María Ignacia Alvarado in 1834. He spent his later years in Los Angeles and wrote quite a little concerning California history. His character has been variously estimated and he has been much abused for various causes. It is not possible to discuss these matters here. He seems to have been a man of little education and only moderate intelligence; fairly honest but without any gifts of statesmanship which would have qualified him for important achievements in the difficult times in which he lived. Nearly all the magazines have contained, at various times,

"write-ups" of the Pico family, and attacks or defenses of his administration.

ROCHA, Juan José. Mexican lieutenant who came with Echeandía in 1825, under sentence of banishment from Mexico for two years. Held different commands, at Monterey and elsewhere. Gave a ball in honor of the Híjar colony, 1834. Married Elena Dominguez. Spent his last years in San Diego. Father of Manuel Rocha, who was a member of the first grand jury at San Diego, in September, 1850.

RUIZ, Francisco María. Native of Lower California. At Santa Barbara from 1795, and from 1806 commandant at San Diego. Made captain in 1820 and retired in 1827. Grantee of the Peñasquitas Rancho, and died in 1839, at age of about 85. Never married. He was the son of Juan María Ruiz and Isabel Carrillo, both of distinguished families. His father was killed by a lion. His brother, José Manuel, was governor of Lower California. He was a man of violent temper and quarrelsome disposition, and had serious difficulty with his relative, Captain de la Guerra y Noriega, whom he knocked down. He was also somewhat dissipated. He seems to have been well liked locally, notwithstanding his many faults.

SERRANO, José Antonio, son of Leandro Serrano. Married Rafaela, daughter of Rosario Aguilar. Their children were: Jesus, who is about seventy-five years of age and lives at Ventura; Luis, born March 12, 1846, married Serafina Stewart daughter of John C. Stewart, and lives in San Diego; Rosa, who was married to Andrew Cassidy; and Adelaide, who was the first wife of Sam Ames, of Old Town. José Antonio Serrano was a horse and cattle man. He served under Pico in the Mexican War, and was engaged at the battle of San Pasqual.

UBACH, Father Antonio D. Native of Catalonia. Educated for a missionary priest at Cape Girardeau, Missouri, and traveled thousands of miles as a missionary among the Indians. He came to San Diego in 1866, and had been in charge of the Catholic parish here ever since. Had a dispensation which allowed him to wear a beard. He had Moorish blood in his veins. He brought the first organ to San Diego. In early days after the morning services were over, he would bring out a football which he brought with him here, and play with the boys on the plaza. He had the dagger of the celebrated bandit Joaquin Murietta. He had also had charge of a large number of valuable relics of early Spanish days, including vestments, books of record, etc., from the old mission. He was the "Father Gaspara" of Mrs. Jackson's Ramona, circumstance which gave him wide fame and made him an

object of extraordinary interest to all strangers. For many years he refused to discuss the truth of the incidents of the story, but in the San Diego Union of June 25, 1905, he spoke of the marriage of Ramona as follows:

"Although it took place forty years ago, I remember it very well--how the couple came to me and asked me to marry them and how I was impressed with them. But it was not in the long adobe building which everybody points out as the place--that is the Estudillo place--but it took place in the little church which stands not far away, near the old cemetery where the old mission bells are. Why, I would not marry them outside of the church; Catholics know that. Mrs. Jackson herself says that the wedding took place in the chapel, and I can't imagine why the other building is the one that is usually pointed out.

"Do I know who Alessandro and Ramona were? Yes, but those were not their real names. I know what their right names were, but I do not care to tell. Mrs. Jackson sup-

pressed them because she did not care to subject the families to the notoriety that they would be sure to get from the publication of the book. They were native families who lived in the country, and I was well acquainted with them. I have never mentioned their names to anyone and of course I don't want to do so now."

In 1874 he laid out the present Catholic cemetery on the hill back of old San Diego. In 1878-80, he went home and visited his people in Catalonia. A large part of his work here has been among the Indians, with whom he has had great influence. The corner stone of the unfinished church at Old Town was laid in July, 1869, but he was destined to be unable to finish it. Three years later, a movement for a new building in new San Diego was commenced, and in 1875 he had the satisfaction of occupying a comfortable building on what was then mesa lands west of the new town. The present brick church was completed and occupied in 1894.

Father Ubach died at St. Joseph's Hospital on the afternoon of Saturday, March 27, 1907. He had been in failing health for several months, but insisted upon pursuing his accustomed tasks until he could no longer appear in public. His death, though not unexpected, impressed the community profoundly. It was the sundering of the last link which connected the new day with the olden time, for Father Ubach was in truth "the last of the padres." His funeral, which occurred in his church on the forenoon of Wednesday, April 2d, was exceedingly impressive. Bishop Conaty conducted the elaborate ceremonies and pronounced the eulogy. The church was filled to overflowing, while thousands of mourners remained outside the

building. Among the mass of floral emblems nothing was more touching than the wild flowers sent by the Indians from the mountains. The historic priest sleeps in the Catholic cemetery on the mesa, which overlooks the scene of his labors.

ZAMORANO, Augustin Vicente. Was a native of Florida, his parents being Spaniards. He received a good education and entered the army May 1, 1821, as a cadet. After service in Mexico he came to California in 1825 with Echeandía, and served as the governor's secretary for five years. In February, 1827, he married María Luisa, daughter of Santiago Argüello. In 1831, he was made captain of the Monterey company. He left California in 1838, but returned in 1842 and died the same year in San Diego. His children were: Dolores, born 1827, married to J. M. Flores; Luis, born in 1829 and now lives in San Diego; Gonzalo, born in 1832; Guadalupe, born in 1833, married to Henry Dalton; Josefa, born in 1834; Augustin, 1836; Eulalia, married to Vicente Estudillo.

His political career was an active and stormy one. In 1827-8 he was a district elector for San Diego; candidate for congress 1830; secretary to Figueroa in 1833-5. Proclaimed commander general and governor ad interim in 1837, and divided the jurisdiction of the territory with Echeandía for a time. He left California at the fall of Guiterez, but returned to take part in the campaign against Alvarado, without achieving anything of consequence.

The relations of the Indian population with the Mission Fathers have been sketched in earlier chapters, but we have still to study the natives as they appeared to the people of Old San Diego. The general observations made upon the Indian character hold good in both cases, and we must never forget that the course of local history might have been very different if the natives of this region had possessed the warlike traits and organizing genius of their brothers in most other parts of North America. In that case, San Diego could not have been settled at the time and in the manner it was. It would have taken more than a handful of indifferent soldiers to hold it against such pressure from without.

The Indians of this locality belonged to a number of tribes, varying somewhat in language and customs. Those living around the bay furnished most of the mission converts, and proved far more tractable than the hill tribes. The latter were "rounded up" and brought in by force occasionally, but had a habit of escaping at the first opportunity. The destruction of the Mission in 1775 was due to these half-wild Indians, and they also provided the Spanish and Mexican soldiers with their excuse for being, in the brief intervals between their own petty revolutions. But the Indians were slow to give up their own language, much as it has been derided. It is of record that the friars failed utterly for several years to teach them Spanish, and had to resort to the expedient of learning the Indian dialect, themselves. Some of them became somewhat expert and able to preach to the Indians in their own language. An interesting relic of this circumstance exists in the shape of the Lord's Prayer done into Dieguino, as follows:

Nagua anall amai tacaguach naguanetuuxp mamamulpo cuyuaca amaibo mamatam meyayam, cannaao amat amaibo quexuic echasau naguagui nanacachon naquin nipil meneque pao echeyuchapo nagua quexuic naguaich nacaguaihpo, namachamelan upchuch-guelich-cuiapo. Nacuiuchpampcuchlich cuitponamat. Nepeuja.

In Bartlett's Personal Narrative, is a brief account of his struggle with this language, while here in 1852:

"No event that is worthy of mention occurred, except a visit from a band of Diegueno Indians. The chief and several of his tribe were sent to me at my request by a Californian gentleman. 'They were a miserable, ill-looking set, with dark-brown complexions and emaciated bodies; and, though the weather was cold, they were but slightly clad. Articles of old and cast-off clothing, such as a tattered shirt and pantaloons, were all that the best could boast of. One, I think the chief, had a piece of horse-blanket around his cadaverous-looking body. I managed to get from them a vocabulary of their language; though I must confess that, with the exception of the Apache, I never found one so difficult to express, in consequence of the gutturals and nasals with which it abounded. I finally got the words so correct, that the Indians could recognize them, and give me the Spanish equivalents. I tried to write down some short sentences, but was obliged to give up the attempt as unsuccessful. I could not combine the words so as to be understood, in a single instance. These Indians occupy the coast for some fifty miles above, and about the same distance below San Diego, and extend about a hundred miles into the interior. They are the same who were known to the first settlers as the Comeya tribe."

Dana has also left his opinion on record, which is worth reproducing: "The language of these people . . . is the most brutish, without any exception, that I ever heard, or that could be conceived of. It is a complete slabber. The words fall off at the ends of their tongues, and a continual slabbering; sound is made in the cheeks outside the teeth."

Not only had they no written language of their own, but they were provided with no facilities for acquiring one from their new masters. The friars were not merely indifferent to the education of the Indians--they were inflexibly opposed to it. Not even their favorite neophytes were permitted to learn to read, and their servants learned only such things as would aid them in providing for their masters' comfort. At a time when the territorial governors were utterly unable to provide for the education of the gente de razon, it was scarcely to be expected that they could do anything for the Indians, who were under the especial care and jurisdiction of the missionaries. To the soldiers, the Indians were despised foes; to the citizens, they were inefficient and troublesome servants.

The employment of Indians as house servants was general, for they were very cheap. They were held under a strict discipline and not infrequently thrashed, as it was claimed that in many cases they would not work without their regular castigation. While Wm. H. Davis and Captain Paty were dining with Captain Thomas W. Robbins at Santa Barbara in 1842, he

told them about an Indian cook whom he had had in his employ for years, but who had to be soundly thrashed about twice a year to keep him in order the rest of the time. To prove this to his incredulous guests, he called the cook, a man weighing 200 pounds or more, who laughingly confessed the truth of the statement. It is related that Philip Crosthwaite had a number of Indians working for him, and sometimes they grew lazy and refused to work. Then he tied them up one at a time, and gave them a good whipping, whereupon they went to work again. They did not appear to resent such treatment, but acquiesced in its necessity. It seems to have been the custom to beat them for other causes, without "due process of law," in earlier days. In 1843, a San Diego man was fined fifty dollars because his wife had severely beaten an Indian servant. The missionaries did not hesitate to punish them for a variety of trivial offenses. Solitary confinement was a favorite form of discipline, but sometimes the good fathers would take them across their knees and administer the sort of castigation that is supposed to be the exclusive perquisite of small boys. In a few instances, the mission discipline was so severe as to lead to bloody rebellions, but nothing of this kind occurred at San Diego.

The story of the Indian, since known to white men, is largely a story of insurrections, crimes and executions. There were men of good character among them, but they were "as two grains of wheat hid in a bushel of chaff." The story of these early troubles can only be briefly sketched.

Their first raid on the Mission seems to have been inspired by a desire to plunder, coupled with profound ignorance of the white man's methods of warfare.

The destruction of the first mission, in 1775, was followed by an aftermath of troubles of various kinds. An Indian called Cárlos, who had been a leader in the revolt, professed repentance and took refuge in the Presidio church. General Rivera ordered Father Fuster to deny the fugitive the right of asylum, and upon his refusal, forcibly entered the church and carried the Indian off. Fuster thereupon excommunicated Rivera

and was sustained by Serra when the matter came to his attention at Monterey. An excommunication was a very serious thing, in those days, even with the military, and Rivera was finally obliged to submit and return the Indian to Fuster.

Four Pamo chiefs concerned in this uprising, named Aaaran, Aalcuirin, Aachil, and Taguagui, were convicted but pardoned upon promise of good behavior. Two years later, at the time of an Indian scare, when it was reported that the hill tribes were making arrows with the intention of again attacking the whites, Commandant Ortega sent a message of warning, and Aaaran defiantly invited him to send his soldiers into the hills

[View of Old San Diego]

to be slain. Eight soldiers went forth, surprised the savages at Pamo, killed two of them, burned a few more, and flogged the rest. The four chiefs were taken to San Diego for trial, along with 80 bows, 1500 arrows, and a large number of clubs. The men were condemned to death and executed by shooting on the 11th day of April, 1778--the first public execution in California. It turned out that this first execution was illegal, Ortega having no right to inflict the death penalty without the approval of the governor.

After this, matters seem to have been quiet for several years. On October 30, 1824, an Indian was executed by shooting, his offense not being disclosed by the records. Two years later, Lieutenant Ybarra, with a small force of Mazatlan men, had a battle with the Indians and lost three men, while killing twenty-eight of the foe. After the barbarous custom of the time, he sent in twenty pairs of ears. On April 23rd of this year, an Indian who was an accomplice to the killing of three soldiers and a neophyte was publicly executed. There was also a battle between the Indians of San Felipe Valley and gentiles from the surrounding rancherías, in which eighteen of the hill Indians were killed and their ears cut off.

The troubles and petty wars with the Indians during these years were chiefly due to their raids on the missions and ranchos for the purpose of stealing horses and cattle. Occasionally

some of their number who had been at the missions returned to their old haunts and led these raids. The rancheros got together after such a raid, and went into the hills in parties of ten or twelve, well armed, to punish the thieves and recover the live stock. They were usually successful in recovering the stolen property, but often had fierce fights in which as many as eight or ten of the Indians were killed, as well as an occasional ranchero. After the secularization of the missions, the condition of the Indians became very miserable, and while large numbers of them continued to live in rancherías and to practice the rude arts which they had learned of the missionaries, others were forced by want, and doubtless also led by inclination, to get their living by joining in these raids. When Alfred Robinson was here in January, 1832, they were in a miserable condition and daily reports were received of robberies and murders. From February to June of the following year there was much excitement due to rumors of a plot on the part of the Indians to unite and seize the mission property. A corporal was sent with a small force to

El Cajon, where he seized Chief Jajochi and other malcontents, who were sentenced to terms of imprisonment.

Between the years 1836 and 1840, nearly all the ranchos in the country were plundered, at one time or another, and agriculture fell to a very low ebb. In the spring of 1836, there were loud complaints and the soldiers could furnish no protection, being without arms and ammunition. Juan María Marron was attacked in January, on the Cueros de Venado rancho, but the hostiles were driven off with the help of friendly Indians, and several of them killed. The savages became so bold that they even made raids into the town. An unsuccessful effort was made to have a garrison established at Santa Ysabel. In March, Don Sylvestre Portilla proposed to conquer the Indians at his own expense, on condition that he be allowed to keep those made prisoner, for servants.

The year 1837 was one of great anxiety for the San Diego people--a year of blood and terror. One of the best accounts of some of these disturbances is that in Davis's book, his wife having resided here as a girl at the time of their occurrence. It gives us such a vivid picture of the life of the times that it is worth quoting:

"About the year 1837 there was an Indian outbreak in what is now San Diego county. A family by the name of Ybarra, consisting of the father, the mother, two young daughters, and a son about twelve years of age, lived at the rancho San Ysidro. They had in their employ an old Indian woman, who had been christianized at the Mission, a very faithful and good woman, a comadre to her mistress, the godmother of one of the Indian woman's children. This relation was frequently assumed by the California ladies, it being a mandate of the Catholic church

everywhere, that any child that is christened shall be attended by a godfather and a godmother, and the Californians performed this religious duty toward the children of the poorer classes, including the Indians. The serving woman got information of an attack on the rancho which had been planned by Indians in the mountains, and a week before the occurrences here mentioned she warned the family of their approach. She urged and begged that they at once remove to the Presidio of San Diego for protection. Her mistress was anxious to follow the advice, but Ybarra himself disregarded it. He did not believe that the Indians contemplated a movement. The Californians were a brave people, especially in opposition to the Indians, whether they went out in pursuit of them to recover stolen horses, or otherwise. They were always prepared to resist an attack by them in their own homes, and did not fear them, but considered that three or four, or eight or ten of their number were sufficient to vanquish ten times that many Indians. Ybarra had with him two vaqueros on the ranch, and did not think it necessary to pay heed to the statement of the woman, who, the night before the attack, repeated, with emphasis, her advice for the family to leave, saying the next day the Indians would surely be there and carry out their plans."

"The next morning at nine o'clock, while Ybarra and his vaqueros were at the corral, about 150 yards from the house, engaged in lassoing horses, with the intention of starting for San Diego, the Indians stealthily approached, to the number of 75 or l00. The three men in the corral, seeing them very near, immediately ran toward the house to secure arms. This design, however, was thwarted by a little Indian boy employed in the family, who, seeing them coming as they neared the house, shut and barred the door and prevented them from entering. He must have had knowledge of the designs of

the Indians, and been in complicity with them, as by this act of the little villain, the three unarmed men were left outside at the mercy of the miscreant savages, and were speedily killed. The Indians then broke into the house, and made a movement immediately to kill Doña Juana, the mistress, but the old Indian woman defended her at the peril of her own life; interceded with the Indians and supplicated them to spare her mistress. This they did. The two daughters were also captured by the Indians and made prisoners. All the houses of the rancho were also burned. The mother was ordered by the savages to leave the house, and go on foot to San Diego. She set forth entirely disrobed. On approaching San Diego Mission she was clothed by a friendly woman, who came out and met her. In proceeding through a wheat field on the rancho she met her little son, who had gone out in the morning and had not encountered the savages. He now learned from his mother of the murder of his father and the two vaqueros, and the capture of his sisters. He was sent ahead to give information of the attack to the first Californian he might meet."

"News of what had happened was immediately communicated to the Rancho Tia Juana, owned and occupied by Don Santiago Argüello, a beautiful piece of land having a fine stream of living water running through it. At that time several California families were encamped there, spending a portion of the sum-

mer; the Bandinis, Alvarados and others. There were also several young ladies and girls, one of them Miss Estudillo."

"At the Rancho Tia Juana the intelligence created much consternation, and the camps of the several families were immediately broken up. They proceeded to San Diego, accompanied by the Argüello family, who took with them as many of their horses as they conveniently could. The Indians shortly after reached the place, burned the houses, and secured the stock which the owner had left behind in the fields.

"The third night the Indians intended to fall upon the Rancho Jesus María, occupied by Don José Lopez with his wife and two daughters. News of the Indian outbreak reaching San Diego, it was resolved to send out a force for his protection and to rescue, if possible, the two girls captured at San Ysidro.

"Don José Lopez had a large vineyard and manufactured wine, of which he occasionally imbibed more than was consistent with a well-regulated head. On the evening when the Indians were to attack him he was filled with wine, which led him to some extraordinary demonstrations. He went out and built a number of large bonfires in the vicinity of his house, and then commenced shouting vociferously, making a great noise for his own entertainment only. As the Indians approached the place they sent out a spy in advance to reconnoitre and ascertain if everything was favorable for attack. The spy seeing the fires burning, and hearing this loud and continued shouting, concluded that the Californians were there in force, and so reported to the main body of Indians, who deemed it prudent to retire.... The next day the force arrived, and Lopez and family were escorted to San Diego, the main body of the troops going in pursuit of the Indians.

"Ybarra, at the time he was murdered, had in San Diego two sons, who joined the company in pursuit, as they were anxious to learn everything possible regarding the fate of their sisters. They were soon informed by a captured spy that two of the chiefs had made them their wives. The company followed into the mountains, until they reached a rugged and broken country wholly inaccessible to horses, and were obliged

to stop, the narrow defiles affording innumerable hiding places for Indians and giving them an advantage over the approaching enemy. Had the Californians attempted to advance on foot they would have met with certain death, for the Indians swarmed in force, knew the region intimately, and would have picked the troops off one by one. The two brothers Ybarra, however, urged on by desire to rescue their sisters, advanced further into the mountains than the rest of the company, actually saw the girls in the midst of the savages, and got within a short distance of them, but were so badly wounded by the arrows showered upon them that they were compelled to return. After that, up to the time Miss Estudillo left San Diego in 1842, nothing further was heard of the two girls.

"Opposite the house where she was living with her aunt was the residence of Ybarra's two sons and their families. Doña Juana, the mother, lived with them in San Diego up to the time of her death, which occurred about a year after her husband was murdered; this terrible occurrence and the loss of her daughters also, proving too great a blow for her. . During this time she never ceased to lament their sad fate. It was heart-

rending to listen to her expressions of grief, weeping and wailing for the loss of her husband and children, like Rachel refusing to be comforted. Her distress often made the people weep who heard her lamentations."

Prior to this occurrence, the hostile Indians had made several attacks upon San Diego for plunder and the capture of women, but without success. They now began to grow still bolder, and to plan their enterprises upon a large scale, and soon after formed a plan for the reduction of the settlement. Again the clearest account is contained in Davis's book:

"One of the daughters of the Alvarado family married Captain Snook. After her marriage two of her younger sisters resided with her a part of the time. One of them had acquired considerable knowledge of the Indian language. Several of these families had Indian men for cooks. One evening after supper, the young lady just mentioned, Doña Guadalupe Alvarado, overheard the cooks in earnest conversation in the Indian language. As soon as the words were caught by her ear she was startled and surprised, and drawing nearer heard all that was said. She discovered that the Indian cooks from the different families had gathered in the kitchen of the house and were discussing a plan of attack upon the town by members of their tribe. It appeared that arrangements had been completed for the capture of the town the following night, and that the cooks in the several families were to lend their aid.

"In the council of the cooks, it came out that each on the following night was to communicate with a spy from the main body of the Indians, and take stations for this purpose on top of the hill overlooking the town, where the old Presidio and first garrison quarters of the Spaniards in California formerly stood. They were to inform the spies of the condition of each family, whether or not it was sufficiently off guard at the time to warrant an attack. There happened to be present in the house Don Pio Pico and Don Andrés Pico, who were making a friendly call on the family. They were a good deal startled at the statement made by the young lady, and represented that they would give the conspiracy immediate attention. The people of San Diego at that period had their houses well supplied with arms and were always on the watch for Indian movements. Accordingly, during the night they organized a company of citizens and arranged that at daylight each house should be visited and the cook secured. This was successfully ac-

complished. As each of the conspirators came out of the house in the early morning he was lassoed, and all were taken a little distance from town, where it was proposed to shoot them. They expressed a desire to be allowed to die as Christians, to confess to the priest, and receive the sacrament. This request was granted; the priest heard the confessions of each, and administered the rites of the church. A trench of suitable depth was then dug, and the Indians made to kneel close beside it. Then on being shot, each fell into the ditch, where he was buried. Eight or ten Indians were executed at this time.

"While these proceedings were taking place a messenger was sent to one of the Boston hide-ships lying in port, requesting

that a cannon might be loaned to the town, to assist in its defense. The cannon was sent over, with a suitable supply of ammunition. At night a party of citizens visited the spot where the Indian spy was to appear, and succeeded in capturing him. He steadily refused to confess, though assured that he would soon die, as his friends had done before him. One of his ears was cut off, and he was given to understand that the other one would follow, and that he would be mutilated little by little until he made the statement required of him, whereupon, his resolution gave way, and he made a confession indicating where the Indians were encamped, and telling all that he knew.

"After the spy had divulged all he knew, he was shot without further ceremony, he being an unconverted Indian and not desiring the services of a priest. The next day the citizens went out in force, found and surprised the Indians, and engaged them in battle; numbers of them were killed, but none of the Californians."

In December, 1846, soon after the battle of San Pasqual, eleven men were killed in an Indian uprising at Pauma. Their names were: Sergeant Francisco Basualdo, José M. Alvarado, Manuel Serrano, Ramon Aguilar, an old man known as "Dominguito" but whose name was Dominguez, Santiago Osuna, José Lopez, Santos Alipás, Estaquio Ruiz, Juan de la Cruz, and a New Mexican whose name is not known.

These men were Mexican rangers and they were taken prisoners by the Pauma Indians, whose chief, at the time, was Manuelito. It is not known why the Indians captured them, but it is possible they had some grievance on account of past ill treatment. The Indians were at first in doubt what to do with their prisoners; then came Bill Marshall, a white man living with a neighboring tribe, who will be mentioned again later, and told the Indians that, since the Mexicans and Americans were at war, it would please the latter if they would execute these prisoners. This bad advice was taken and the men put to death. Manuelito later became general over nearly all the Indians living in San Diego county. He was a man of fine character and had many friends, among the warmest of whom were some of the relatives of the murdered Spaniards.

Antonio Garra, a San Luis Rey Indian, received a fair education at the San Luis Rey Mission. He was a man of energy, determination, and influence. He was chief of the tribe residing in the neighborhood of Warner's Ranch, i. e., the Cupeños, and had large herds of cattle and horses.

The first sheriff of San Diego County, Agostin Haraszthy, conceived it to be his duty to collect taxes on the live stock of the Indians, and in his effort to do so came into conflict with Garra. The Indians also claimed the whites were settling on their lands and trying to take the hot springs away from them. Living with Garra's tribe at this time was one William Mar-

shall, a renegade sailor from Providence, R. I., who had deserted from a whale ship at San Diego in 1844, taken up his habitation with the Indians, and married the daughter of a chief. This man took an active part in the subsequent proceedings, and was hanged for his pains, as we shall see. It was also believed that he was in a large measure responsible for filling the head of Garra with the dreams of destiny which proved his undoing.

Within the circumference of a circle having a radius of 150 miles, with Warner's Ranch as its center, there were supposed to be then living about ten thousand Indians. The numbers were formidable enough, but the thing was, to unite them. Garra quickly grasped this point and set about making his preparations accordingly. But the Americans were on the alert, and when he left for a tour among the neighboring tribes, his movements were watched. Besides rumors of trouble on the Colorado river, word came from Bandini's ranch (the Tecate, in Lower California), that the Indians there had been invited to join in a movement for the annihilation of the whites. In consequence of these rumors and of warnings from friendly Indians, Colonel Warner employed Judge Sackett, who was then stopping at his ranch, to make a tour among the tribes with two Indians, in the disguise of a trader, and to report upon conditions. This party was out ten days and on their return reported themselves unable to discover any evidences of an intended uprising. Warnings continued to come in, however, and about ten days after Sackett's return three messengers reached Warner's in one day, all sent by Chief Lazaro, of Santa Ysabel, by different routes, that the Indians would surely make an attack on the following morning.

Warner was still incredulous, but concluded to send his family away to San Diego. They departed on November 21st, a little after midnight, together with all the white servants and some visitors, leaving only Colonel Warner, an Indian boy about sixteen years old, and a mulatto boy who had been sent there to be treated for rheumatism--the servant of an army officer of San Diego. Nothing happened the following day, but in the evening four Americans, invalids and others who were stopping at the hot springs on the rancho, were murdered. These were Levi Slack (E. W. Morse's partner), Joseph Manning, Ridgley and Fiddler. They were surprised, mutilated, and butchered in cold blood-a work in which Bill Marshall is said to have been a leader.

That night Colonel Warner slept, not knowing what had occurred; but the next morning at sunrise he was awakened by the yells of an attacking party, which had already killed the Indian boy when he went out to milk the cows. Upon rising,

[Col. Warner of Warner's Ranch]

he found the house surrounded by a large party of Indians, part in the rear of the house and others at the corral. A flight of arrows was shot at him, and he narrowly escaped injury. He was an excellent marksman and quickly killed three Indians with as many shots. In the panic caused by this fusillade, he got the invalid boy out of the house, mounted a horse, placed the boy on another, rode off unharmed and heavily armed, and

safely reached the ranchería of San José, where his vaqueros had taken refuge. Here he left the boy, and, after instructing his vaqueros about gathering up the cattle, rode back to his house which the Indians were busy plundering. Here he met an Indian who tried to shoot him, and only Warner's superior quickness saved him. Convinced that he could not save his property, he rode away for San Diego, and left his rancho to its fate.

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The arrival of the Warner refugees at San Diego, coming as they did about the same time as rumors from the Colorado river and Bandini's ranch, caused intense excitement. A letter from Antonio Garra to José Antonio Estudillo, clearly showing that the Indian chieftain expected the help of the Californians in the uprising, was also made public and added to the excitement. A translation of this letter follows:

"Mr. José Antonio Estudillo--I salute you. Some time past, I told you what I thought, and now the blow has been struck. If I live I will come and help you because all the Indians are invited in all parts. Perhaps the San Bernardinos are now rising and have a man named Juan Berus. He tells that the white people waited for me. For that reason I gave them my word, and be all ready by Tuesday to leave this for the Pueblo. You will arrange with the white people and the Indians, and send me your word. Nothing more. ANTONIO GARRA.

The people of San Diego at once held a mass meeting, proclaimed martial law, with the aid of Major Samuel P. Heintzelman, who was in command of the district, and began the organization of a volunteer company to go on a punitive expedition. Sentinels were posted to guard every approach to the town and a strict watch kept. Deputy Sheriff Joseph Reiner was sent out as a scout and found the hostiles in force at Agua Caliente, three miles beyond Warner's. In the meantime, the town filled with refugees from the country. The Indians at Temecula, after refusing to join Garra, came in for protection. The white residents of the various ranchos did likewise, many of them abandoning their household goods. Many citizens rendered important services at this time. Don Joaquin Ortega, owner of the Santa María rancho, offered to donate horses for the use of the volunteers, and Philip Crosthwaite undertook to go after them. With him went Albert B. Smith, Enos A. Wall, John C. Stewart, and Dr. Ogden. They made the trip in safety and returned with the horses, although it was considered a hazardous service. Don José Antonio Estudillo also furnished horses and mules from his El Cajon rancho.

The volunteer company was known as the "Fitzgerald Volunteers," in honor of Major G. B. Fitzgerald, an army officer, who was given the command. Two or three other army officers, who were in San Diego for their health, also volunteered and served as privates. Cave J. Couts was made captain, Agostin Haraszthy first lieutenant, Lewis A. Franklin second lieutenant, Robert D. Israel first sergeant, Jack Hinton second sergeant, Philip Crosthwaite third sergeant, Henry Clayton fourth sergeant, and George P. Tebbetts ensign. The single men only were

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allowed to go, leaving the married men, under the command of Sergeant Hinton, to guard the town. Those who went were forty in number, all mounted.

The line of march was by way of the Soledad, Peñasquitas, San Pasqual, Santa María, and Santa Ysabel. They arrived at Warner's Ranch without meeting any Indians, and found the place entirely ruined. Advancing to Agua Caliente, they found the ranchería deserted. The bones of the murdered white men at this place were gathered up and buried and the village burned. No Indians were seen, and the next day the return march began. A scouting party captured Bill Marshall and two Indians, who were taken along as prisoners. The company was detained two or three days at Santa Ysabel by rain and snow, and arrived at San Diego and was disbanded, early in December, after an absence of two weeks. The campaign was a failure, from a number of causes. Garra was away in the San Bernardino mountains, trying to rally the Indians in that region to his aid. It was the policy of the Indians to avoid an open engagement, and when the troops approached they scattered in the mountains. The men were also chiefly armed with condemned army muskets loaned by Colonel Magruder, and an inspection of arms was not held, by some strange oversight, until they arrived at Agua Caliente, when it was discovered that only about one fourth of the guns could be fired.

Colonel J. Bankhead Magruder, in command of the troops at the Mission, did everything in his power to help, but was much hampered by the lack of men and arms. A company of infantry was sent to Yuma, for the relief of the garrison there, which was thought to be in danger. On December 11th two companies of troops arrived and immediately went out under Lieutenant Patterson. Knowing the Indians would avoid an engagement with his troops, he took them out some distance and then brought them back on the Yuma road, disguised as a wagon-train of emigrants. The Indians took the bait, charged upon the wagons which, to their dismay, proved to be full of soldiers, and a bloody skirmish ensued in which they lost many killed. Patterson then led his men on to Agua Caliente, where they went into camp; in the night, however, leaving their camp fires burning, they went over the mountains to Los Coyotes, whither the Indians had fled, and surrounded their camp. A large number of Indians were killed and captured, and those who escaped were subdued. A drum-head court-martial was held at once and the following prisoners, known to have been active in the murders, were shot: Francisco Mocate, chief of the San Ysidro; Luis, Indian alcalde of Agua Caliente; Jacobo, or Ono-Sil; and Juan Bautista, or Coton. The regulars returned to

San Diego early in January and, everything being quiet once more, the refugees returned to their homes.

Bill Marshall and the two Indians confined in the San Diego jail were promptly tried by court-martial. One of these Indians was José Lacano, Marshall's father-in-law, an old man. As it appeared that, while he knew of the uprising, he had taken no part in it, he was discharged. Marshall's mother-in-law gave testimony against him. An Indian boy who had been a servant of Warner's was convicted of giving false testimony during the trial and punished with twenty-five lashes on his bare back.

Marshall was found guilty and condemned to death, as was also the second Indian prisoner. His name was Juan Bero or Berus. He appears to have been the man named as a leader in Garra's letter to Estudillo. The trial was concluded on December 10th and the men were hanged at two o'clock, December 13th. The Indian acknowledged his guilt, but Marshall insisted he was innocent. A scaffold was erected near the

old Catholic cemetery, the men placed in a wagon, the ropes adjusted about their necks, and the wagon moved on, leaving them to strangle to death.

What the course of events would have been had Garra been personally present with his warriors, can only be conjectured. His misfortunes were not yet at an end. The Cahuilla chief whom he hoped to win over proved loyal to the whites, and while they sat discussing the matter, he caused his men to slip up behind Garra and seize and bind him, and delivered him to the authorities at Los Angeles. He was brought to San Diego under guard on January 8th, and a court-martial was assembled for his trial on the charges of treason, murder, and theft. The board consisted of General Joshua H. Bean, of Los Angeles, Major Weston, Lieutenant George F. Hooper, Major M. Norton, Captain T. Tilghman, and Major Santiago E. Argüello. Cave J. Couts was judge advocate, Major McKinstry counsel for the prisoner, and J. J. Warner interpreter.

In the course of the trial it was brought out that Garra had expected aid from a number of Californians, but this was doubtless a mere fancy of his own. The court-martial took occasion to publish a signed statement that nothing whatever had been brought out at the trial reflecting upon the men accused. Captain Israel says:

"I never understood Garra very well. With his education, he ought to have known he would have no chance in fighting the Americans. He had told the Indians he would turn the bullets into water, and it looked as though he himself believed he could do this, as he certainly was not afraid of them. While he was in jail here he told me about an Indian chief, somewhere

off in the San Bernardino mountains, who, he said, had promised to send him three hundred warriors. He also accused Argüello and Ortega of promising to help him. If Argüello ever made any promises of that kind, it must have been when old Antonio had him scared--Argüello's explanation was that he was trying to find out what the Indians were up to and that he never promised them any help."

At three o'clock on January 10, 1852, it was announced to Garra that he must die. Father Juan Holbein remained with him from that hour until the end. At half past four, the firing squad of ten men paraded before the cell, the provost marshal, Robert D. Israel, informed Garra that his hour had come, and the march to the grave was begun. Garra's bearing was cool and he showed a determination to die like a man. The priest thought his conduct unbecoming, and tried to insist upon his praying all the way. Garra refused to do this, saying: "What is the use? That is of no account!" The priest stopped the procession and stood quarrelling with Garra about it, until he gave in and began to pray. "Then," says Israel, "we found that Garra knew more Latin than the priest did." This by-play continued all the way, the priest continually insisting upon Garra's praying and Garra refusing and declaring there was no use in it, but muttering a prayer now and then to rid himself of his importunities.

Arriving at the open grave, Garra took his station at its head, and then a new difficulty rose. Father Juan commanded him to ask the pardon of the people assembled; Garra at first refused, and only after repeated commands and entreaties did he lift his eyes and say, calmly and with a contemptuous smile: "Gentlemen, I ask your pardon for all my offenses, and expect yours in return." When a soldier advanced to tie a handkerchief over his eyes, he laughingly refused to permit it, but at Father Juan's request he again yielded and allowed his eyes to be bandaged. The provost quickly gave the com-

mand: "Ready ! Aim! Fire!" and Antonio Garra fell into his grave. He actually died laughing. His firmness was real, lacking all bravado, and excited the admiration of all who witnessed it. Editor Ames said: "In an instant the soul of a truly 'brave' winged its flight to the regions of eternity, accompanied by the melancholy howling of dogs, who seemed to be aware of the solemnity of the occasion, casting a gloom over the assembled hundreds, who while acknowledging the justness of Antonio's fate, felt the need to drop a tear o'er the grave of a brave man and once powerful chieftain." But notwithstanding Ames's real admiration for Garra's courage, he could not refrain from indulging his propensity to joke, and, in the next; issue of his paper, under the head of "Departures," inserted the following: "Antonio

Garra, Tierra Caliente" (literally, for a hot country, i. e., hell). A large number of Indians witnessed the execution and were doubtless duly impressed; at any rate, there was never another Indian uprising, of like proportions, in the South.

But although there were no more Indian "wars," occasional murders, robberies, and pillaging still occurred. A large number of Indians lived in and near San Diego all through the 50's, 60's, 70's, and even far into the 80's, and there was an encampment in Switzer's Canyon for many years. In 1876, an effort which had been going on for some time to have the Indians settled upon reservations, took definite form in an executive order by President Grant, setting apart a large area of lands in San Diego County "for the permanent use and occupancy of the Mission Indians of Lower California." A copy of this order, giving a description of the lands set apart, is given at the end of this chapter. This was the foundation of the present Indian reservations.

One of the customs of the Mission Indians in early days was to camp on the seashore near Ocean Beach, about the time of Lent, and remain till Easter, drying mussels, clams, and fish. They formed the principal resource of the white population for laborers, and were tolerably satisfactory so long as they did not get drunk. While Lieutenant Derby was turning the San Diego river, in 1853, he employed a large number of Indian laborers. He found it necessary, however, to offer a reward for

the apprehension of any person selling liquor to the Indians. During the 50's, there was something like a reign of terror in Old San Diego, due to the lawless acts of drunken Indians. Severe measures were taken, but without very much effect. There was an Indian alcalde who had a sort of authority over these Indians, and occasionally punished offenders by tying them up to the old cannon which then stood muzzle downward in the ground in front of a store at Old San Diego and was used for a hitching post, and whipping them with a blacksnake whip.

During the years from 1853 to 1860, stabbing affrays were of nightly occurrence, and very little effort was made to apprehend or punish the offenders. Editor Ames waxed by turns indignant and grimly humorous over the matter. On one occasion, "our able district attorney, instead of subjecting the county to about a thousand dollars ex-

pense by having the stabber sentenced to the state prison, had a ball and chain put to him and 'farmed him out' to the highest bidder for cash." A short time afterward:

"Since the opening of the new meat market, the Indians about town have gone into the butchering business on quite an extensive scale, killing about one a week. An Indian boy, belonging to Mrs. Evans, walked up to another Indian boy on Saturday night last, and with a long knife ripped him open as quietly as if he were cutting a watermelon. Who comes next?"

Sometimes the whites suffered. In August, 1857, John Minturn was severely cut in the arm by an Indian, whom, however, he succeeded in "knocking out" with a stick of stove-wood. On April 10, 1858, the Herald declares:

"There must be something done to "clean out" the cattle thieves in this county. Whipping has got to be of small account in deterring the Indians from thieving, and we have come to the conclusion that the delectable and efficacious remedy of hanging is about the best, after all. One fellow whom they whipped out at Santa Ysabel, got so mad about it that he just walked off a hundred yards and laid down and died!...It has been ascertained that there have been 311 head of cattle stolen in this vicinity, Ramon Carrillo alone, having lost 108 of that number."

That the citizens endured this state of affairs as long and patiently as they did, may well excite wonder. Only one incident of vigilante work in San Diego proper has come to light. There was a poor old tailor in the town who used to get drunk quite often. One day, having borrowed a dollar from a friend, on the plea that he was suffering from want of food, he was soon seen in an intoxicated condition. The next morning, his body was found lying on the side of the hill just above the town. He had been beaten to death with stones and the jawbone of

a bullock, stripped naked, and left lying there. The manner of his death and the fact that he was known to be poor and had evidently been killed for his clothes, gave rise to the belief that it was the work of Indians. A search of the ground near the body resulted in the finding of a knife which was known to belong to an Indian called Manteca [fat, or tallow], and with this clew the names of a number of Indians who had been seen with the tailor on the evening of his death, were soon discovered. The murderers had decamped, but about six months afterward some of them ventured back to town, and with the aid of other Indians, three of them were arrested and lodged in jail.

The citizens now thought it time to act, and also that it was just as well to save the county the expense and trouble of legal proceedings. The vigilante party consisted of Robert D. Israel, E. W. Morse, John Van Alst, and one other man whose name has not been learned. These four men went to the jail and took the three Indians out with the intention of hanging them. Israel, who was a veteran of the Mexican war and knew something of military affairs, protested that the party was too small to handle the Indians all at once, and suggested that they be dealt with one at a time. He was overruled, however, and the result was that as soon as the Indians learned the intention of the party, they began to fight hard and two of them succeeded in getting away. One of these two escaped and was never recaptured, and the other would have done so had not Mr. Morse shot him and broke his leg. They then hanged one of them in a vacant building which had belonged to Agostin Haraszthy, and the other in an old adobe building built by Crosthwaite near the American cemetery. Mrs. Carson says that on looking out the

next morning, she saw the body hanging in the Haraszthy house, mistook it for an effigy and called to her husband that the Spanish had been "hanging Judas" again.

Mrs. Carson tells many interesting stories about the Indians of San Diego in early days. They kept an Indian servant who one day was missing, and after two days was found in the bottom of a dry well. He was taken out, very much bruised, his wounds dressed, and an Indian employed to nurse him. He improved and was thought to be out of danger; but one day the nurse went away and left a blind Indian in charge of the patient, who thereupon crawled out of bed and proceeded to treat himself by the Indian method. This consisted of taking a brand from the fireplace and scorching himself on the side with it, to set up a counter irritation by burning. He burned himself so severely that he only lived a few hours afterward.

Thomas Whaley bought an Indian girl from her parents, giving them something like $100 worth of goods from his store in

exchange for their consent for the girl to live in his family. The girl stayed about a month and then disappeared and returned to her parents. When Mr. Whaley went after her they were willing to let her go, but wanted to be paid over again, and this continued as long as the kind-hearted merchant would allow himself to be "worked," the girl running away as often as her parents felt the need of supplies from the store.

There was an Indian ranchería near the palm trees in Old Town where they were accustomed to hold dances. "It was like old-fashioned spelling bee," says Mrs. Whaley; "the Indians would stand up in two long rows and dance, and the one of each opposite pair that could dance best won the other's clothes. I dressed this girl well, but she would go to those dances and

always came home in rags, having lost the clothes I gave her, at the dance."

On May 26, 1869, the Union contained this item: "We noticed a half dozen or more of the Lo family parading the streets last week, dressed after the fashion of Adam and Eve before they left the garden of Eden. If there is an old clothes society in this part of the moral vineyard, we would suggest to its members that these children of the forest receive a little of their attention."

This was a common occurrence for many years before and after. Mrs. Morse speaks of "wild Indians, nude, with the exception of a cloth about the loins," who, "stalked majestically across the plaza, their long hair streaming in the wind, or, if in mourning, plastered up with paste made of grease and ashes. The rings in their noses were equally as useful and ornamental as the rings in the ears of white ladies."

In 1873, the Indians about new San Diego made themselves so objectionable by petty thieving and nightly brawls, that City Marshal Gassen and José Guadalupe Estudillo were sent to notify them to move their camp out of town. Their old chief, El Capitan, was found in the midst of a harangue, which he broke off to hear the message of the alcaldes, and promised obedience. In the following month he entered an indig-

nant protest against putting out poisoned meat for the purpose of killing dogs, a practice which, it appeared, had led to the death of two of his warriors.

This venerable chief was one of the best of his race, and long an interesting figure about San Diego. The words El Capitan mean simply the captain, or chief, and give no clew to his name. He was once a chief of the Cahuillas. He always wore a "plug" hat and carried a cane, and in his younger days was a manly figure. He exerted considerable influence over his turbulent people, and aided the authorities in keeping them in order. He died in San Diego on December 10, 1875, at an advanced age.

In March, 1880, there was complaint of "too much pistol-shooting around town after dark" by Indians. And on May 18, 1886, Constable Rice shot and killed an Indian on lower Fifth street in new San Diego. The Indian was drunk and attacked Officer Kerren with a knife. Rice interfered, whereupon the Indian turned upon him and was shot.

In October, 1883, the only surviving daughter of Chief O'Tay, of the Diegueno Indians, died at Old Town. She was among the first of the Indians converted by the missionaries. Father Ubach thought her to be at least 120 years old. About two years before her death, she cut a third set of teeth. Another of these first converts, a man named "Nevos," lived to the age of 125, dying at Old Town on January 23,1887. He

was a native of Lower California and was brought to San Diego with the first expedition, in 1769. He bore his age well, was never crippled, and although blind for years could hoe corn and beans, cut wood, and wash dishes, to the last. The characteristic old age of San Diego Indians has been alluded to by Dana:

"Here among the huts, we saw the oldest man that I have ever met with; and, indeed I never supposed a person could retain life and exhibit such marks of age. He was sitting out in the sun, leaning against the side of the hut, and his legs and arms, which were bare, were of a dark red color, the skin withered and shrunken up like burnt leather, and the limbs not larger around than those of a boy of five years. He had a few gray hairs, which were tied together at the back of his head, and he was so feeble that, when we came up to him, he raised his hands slowly to his face and, taking hold of his lids with his fingers, lifted them up to look at us; and, being satisfied, let them drop again. All command over the lids seemed to have gone. I asked his age, but could get no answer but "Quien sabe?" and they probably did not know."

There is an aged Indian yet living who is one of the landmarks of Old Town--Rafael Mamudes. He is a native of Hermosillo and has led an adventurous life. He was once a baker and followed his trade at Monterey. He also mined in Calaveras County, and made a sea voyage to Guaymas. He claims to be over a hundred years old, but it is not possible to verify this, and his real age is probably less. He came here about fifty years ago, and has supported himself by day labor. He has been married but is now alone, save for an aged sister. He owns the little plot on which the old jail stands.

MISSION INDIAN LANDS

Extracts from Executive Order, dated Washington, D. C., January 7, 1876, making reservation of tracts for the permanent use and occupation of the Mission Indians in Southern California:

"Potrero"--Including Rincon, Gapich, and La Joyo: Township 10, south range 1 east; sections 16, 23, 25, 26, 31, 32, 33, 34, 35, 36, and fractional sections 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 27, 28 and 29.

"Cahuilla"--township 7, south range 2 east; sections 25, 26, 27, 28, 33, 34, 35, and 36; township 7, south range 3 east; sections 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, 31, 32, 33, 34, and 35; township 8, south range 2 east; sections 1, 2, 3, and 4, township 8, south range 3 east, sections 31 and 32; township 15, south range 2 east, sections 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, and 6.

"Capitan Grande"--township 14, south range 2 east, sections 25, 26, 27, 34, 35, and 36; township 14, south range 3 east, sections 31 and 32- township 15, south range 2 east, sections 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, and 10; township 15, south range 3 east, sections 5 and 6.

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"Santa Ysabel" (including Mesa Grande)--township 11, south range 2 east, south half of section 21, northwest quarter and east half of section 28, and sections 25, 26, and 27; township 11, south range 3 east, sections 25, 26, 27, 32, 33, 34, 35, 36, and fractional sections 29, 30, and 32; township 12, south range 2 east, sections 3, 10, 14, 15, and fractional section 13; township 12, south range 2 east, sections 1, 2, 12, and fractional sections 3, 4, 10, 11, 13, and 14.

"Pala"--township 8, south range 2 west, northeast quarter of section 33, and north half of north half of section 34.

"Agua Caliente"--township 10, south range 3 east, southeast quarter of section 23, southwest quarter of section 24, west half of section 25, and east half of section 26.

"Lycuan"--township 16, south range 1 east, northeast quarter of section 13.

"Maja"--township 13, south range 3 east, northeast quarter of section 35.

"Cosmet"--township 13, south range 3 east, north half of northeast quarter of section 25.

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PART II. CHAPTER VIII. SAN DIEGO IN THE MEXICAN WAR

The people of San Diego lived through an anxious and exciting experience during the war with Mexico. As the only important port in Southern California, the town was of obvious strategic importance, and both sides tried to hold it as a base of operations. The most conspicuous Americans identified with the war in the West, Stockton, Frémont, Kearny, participated in movements in this neighborhood, and the hardest battle which marked the progress of the struggle in California was fought at San Pasqual. The town itself was taken, lost, and taken again by the American forces before the new flag went up to stay. In the midst of it all, the stream of social gaiety flowed on with only light interruptions and the joy of it was actually increased, at times, by the presence of gallant soldiers from abroad.

The pleasantest memory of the period which comes down to us is the attitude of native Americans who had married Californian women and become Mexican citizens. Beset on one hand by the claims of their native land, and on the other by their obligations to their adopted country and the natural sympathies of their wives with the race to

which they belonged, these Americans were certainly in a very embarrassing situation. Without exception, and with little or no hesitation, they declared for the United States. What is yet more beautiful and touching, from the American point of view, their Spanish wives stood by them, even when their own fathers and brothers were in arms on the Mexican side. If blood is thicker than water, love is thicker than blood--the love which these men felt for their country and these women for their husband. The native population divided between the two sides, while some remained neutral. The most prominent Spanish families, the Argüellos, Bandinis, and Pedrorenas, promptly espoused the American cause when they found that war was inevitable. They clearly recognized that Mexico could not hold the country in the face of the growing power of the United States, and wisely decided to throw their influence on the side which could offer personal security, material prosperity, and liberal self-government.

[Capt. Samuel F. DuPont]

On July 29, 1846, Captain Samuel F. Dupont arrived from Monterey in the sloop-of-war, Cyane. With him were John C. Frémont and his company of 80 men, and a like number of marines; also, Kit Carson, Alexis Godey, and four Delaware Indians. The whole composed the "California Battalion" of volunteers, with Frémont as major and Archibald H. Gillespie as captain. This formidable party received a friendly greeting from leading citizens, and lost no time in hoisting the American flag on the Plaza at Old Town. The log of the Cyane shows the following entries:

"July 29.--8 to meridian. At 10:30 hauled up courses, standing in for harbor of San Diego. At 11:30 came to in 9 1/2 fathoms; hoisted out boats. Found the Mexican brig Juanita at anchor in the harbor. At 11:45 sent Lieutenant Higgins alongside with instructions to overhaul her papers. At 3:40 the launch and Alligator, under command of Lieutenant Rowan, and the Marine Guard under Lieutenant Maddox, left the ship to take possession of the town of San Diego and hoist the American flag. From 4 to 8, Major Frémont left the ship with a de-

tachment of his men. At 9 p.m. launch returned and at 10:50 the Alligator with Lieutenant Rowan, after taking possession of San Diego and hoisting the American flag, leaving all our marine guard, under Lieutenant Maddox, on shore to defend the flag and town.

"July 30.--Crew employed in landing Major Frémont's Battalion with their equipments. 8 to meridian. Finished landing Major Frémont's troops and baggage.

"August 9.--Lieutenant Maddox and the marine guard came on board; also, Lieutenant George L. Selden. Meridian to 4 p.m. Beating out to seaward."

The flag used on this occasion was a naval flag. One of the first American flags used in San Diego was made by the three daughters of Juan Bandini,--Josefa, Ysabel, and Arcadia, of red and blue flannel and white muslin sheets. The only one of these ladies now surviving is Mrs. Arcadia Bandini de Baker of Santa Monica. Their flag is pre-

served in the archives of the government at Washington, together with the history of its making and use.

Frémont's orders were to use San Diego as a base for the capture of Los Angeles. After collecting cattle, horses and other supplies, he marched north Aug. 8th, riding "an uncommonly beautiful sorrel horse," which had been presented to him by Bandini. A small garrison was left behind, but it did not remain long, or was regarded by the citizens as inadequate, for about the middle of September twelve men under Captain Ezekiel Merritt came down from Los Angeles to assist in the protection of the town, in response to a demand which had been voiced by Henry D. Fitch. Prominent citizens aided in preserving order and accepted offices under the election which was ordered by Stockton, and took place on Sept. 15th. Miguel de Pedrorena became justice of the peace, and Pedro C. Carrillo was appointed collector of customs.

Los Angeles promptly surrendered to Stockton and Frémont who joined forces when the former arrived from San Pedro and the latter from San Diego. The victory was not lasting, however, for in a short time the Californians rose and recaptured Los Angeles. Thus encouraged, they determined to regain San Diego also. For this purpose Francisco Rico was sent south early in October with fifty men. Rico did not reach San Diego, being recalled in haste after reaching the Santa Margarita, but Sérbulo Varela was soon after sent in his stead. A number of Merritt's men had been sent from San Diego to Los Angeles from time to time with dispatches, so that there were at that time but six or seven left. On the approach of Rico's forces, John Bidwell, who had been left in charge at San Luis Rey, left that place and joined Merritt's party at San Diego. The little garrison were alarmed by the approach of the Mexicans, as well

as by apparently well-founded rumors of a plot of the Californians to kill the Americans. They therefore embarked on board the Stonington, a whale-ship then lying in the harbor, which had been chartered by the government. The refugees included the garrison, the American residents and their families, and a number of Californians who had reason to fear for their safety. The town was immediately occupied by the enemy, and, looking out the next morning, the refugees saw the Mexican flag floating from the flagstaff above the plaza.

In this emergency, Bidwell was sent to San Pedro with four men in a small boat to ask for reinforcements. He returned after a dangerous voyage and steps were immediately taken to recapture the town. It often happens that we worry most about things that never occur, and the refugees in the whale-ship worried about the fact that two of the old cannon lay at the Presidio, and that the Mexicans might mount them on ox-carts, bring them down to the shore, and bombard the ships. To render such a disaster impossible, Albert B. Smith was put ashore at La Playa, and succeeded in reaching Presidio Hill by a circuitous route. He found the guns, spiked them, and returned in safety. Relieved of anxiety on this score, and emboldened by Smith's exploit, Captain Merritt the next morning landed all his available force, together with the whalers and two cannon from the ships, and marched upon the town. The Mexican

troopers were formed in battle array but soon gave way and ran off over the hills. The Mexican flag was hauled down by María Antonia Machado, who carried it off to save it from the Americans. Albert B. Smith then climbed the flagpole, attached the new halyards and hauled up the American flag. Since that day, it has never been hauled down. The Mexicans shot at Smith during his daring feat, and he replied by waving his hat at them in defiance. He was not hit and none of the Americans were wounded.

Though driven out of town, the Mexican rangers retired but a short distance and continued the siege. They were reinforced late in October by 100 men from Los Angeles under command of Captains Cota and Carrillo. Their tactics were to avoid engagements and cut off supplies. Every day they appeared on the hills and shot at anyone in sight, and on one occasion drove some cattle away from the flat in town. As a consequence, provisions grew short and suffering increased.

Commodore Stockton, awakened to the fact that California had not yet been conquered, came to San Diego early in November in the 60-gun ship Congress.

"The situation of the place was found to be miserable and deplorable. The male inhabitants had abandoned the town, leaving their women and children dependent upon us for food. He at once sent Captain Samuel Gibson, of the Battalion, in the Stonington. to Ensenada, and this expedition returned in a few days overland, driving about 90 horses and 200 head of cattle into the town. Stockton had in the meantime made a trip to San Pedro in the Congress, and on his return the ship grounded and was in danger of tumbling over. While the crew were engaged in staying the ship with spars, the enemy, irritated, I suppose, by the loss of his animals, came down in considerable force and made an attack; they were, however, soon driven back with the loss of two men and horses killed, and four wounded."

The date of this report, November 23rd, marks the time when vigorous measures were begun for clearing the country of the enemy. Up to this time the American losses were one man killed and one wounded. Varela had brought a cannon, with which he attacked the post from the hill. Earthworks had been thrown up at this place in 1838, at a time when an attack was expected from General José Castro, and from this protection the rangers menaced the town. They were so near that Juan Rocha could be heard shouting to his aunt for ropa [clothing] and chocolate. From this coign of vantage J. M. Orozco amused himself by shooting at Miguel de Pedrorena while he was escorting a young lady. But this all came to an end in consequence of a gallant exploit, led by Captain Santiago E. Argüello.

This officer assailed the hill, his company dragging a cannon with them, drove the Californians from the trenches, captured

[Miguel de Pedrorena]

their gun, and turned it against them. The enemy made a new stand behind the old Presidio walls, but soon retreated up the valley toward the mission. Argüello having been wounded in the leg, Captain Pedrorena led the men in pursuit, and about a mile up the valley exchanged shots with a party under Leandro Osuna. A little farther on an American, going to water his horse in a cañada, was killed. A skirmish occurred at the old

mission, where a few rangers were taken prisoner. The enemy then scattered, a part deserted, and the rest retired to the Soledad.

One of Stockton's first cares was now to place the town in a state of defense. The captured earthworks were speedily improved by the sailors and named Fort Stockton. It consisted of a ditch or moat, behind which casks filled with earth were placed at intervals of two feet. Twelve guns were mounted in the spaces between these casks in a manner to command the approaches from Los Angeles and Mission Valley. One hundred men, under Lieut. Minor, were placed in the fort as a garrison. The work was well done and constituted a formidable

defense for the town. The remains of the earthworks stand today, in a fair state of preservation.

Stockton now began preparations for an advance upon Los Angeles. The first thing to be considered was a supply of cattle and horses. The enemy had swept the country clean of livestock and the horses brought in by Captain Gibson were in such poor condition that they required weeks of rest to become fit for service. The Stonington was therefore sent once more down the coast, about the end of November, with a force under Captain Samuel J. Hensley, of the Battalion, to secure supplies. In this work, Bandini, Pedrorena, and Argüello, were active. Stockton had landed his force and, while awaiting the return of this expedition, he improved the time by organizing and drilling at the old Presidio. His men consisted of sailors and marines from the fleet, members of Frémont's "Battalion of California Volunteers," and volunteers who enlisted here. Frémont was operating elsewhere, but Major Gillespie, Captains Hensley, Gibson, and Bell, Alexis Godey, and some Delaware Indians of his command, were here. John Bidwell was quartermaster of the entire force, a man named Fisher was commissary, and Merritt and his twelve men were already here. Among the local volunteers, Santiago E. Argüello and Miguel de Pedrorena were made captains of cavalry. Philip Crosthwaite, who was on an otter-hunting expedition to Lower California in October, reached the Rosario Mission and was surprised there to meet the fugitives, Governor Pico and his secretary, and to learn of the breaking out of the war. He hurried home and enlisted in the volunteers, under Captain Alexander Bell. William Curley, John C. Stewart, Julian Ames, John Brown, A. B. Smith, John Post, and Thomas Wrightington were members of the same company.

It is claimed that no muster rolls of these volunteer companies were ever sent to Washington, and not a man who served in them was ever able to secure a discharge. This afterward worked considerable hardship in the case of San Diego Volunteers, making it impossible to obtain the pensions to which they were entitled. It is difficult to understand how, without turning in any muster rolls, the officers secured the money to pay their men. The late Dr. Winder made some investigation of the matter, as well as the present writer; but without result. It is therefore impossible to give anything like a complete record of the services of San Diegans in this war, the only information available being that disclosed by the participants who were thoughtful enough to set down their recollections. Gillespie wrote that the force in Stockton's camp numbered 450 men. Strict discipline was established, the men were thoroughly

drilled, and even the marines soon began to present a soldierly appearance and to enjoy the new work.

Bandini offered his house to the Commodore, and it was made headquarters. There was soon considerable gaiety. Stockton had his band play during the dinner hour, and invited the Bandini family and the ladies of San Diego to dine with him. There were also dancing parties in which the officers participated and many courteous attentions were shown the ladies, who afterwards spoke of this period with great enthusiasm.

Meanwhile, an Indian scout had been sent out to ascertain where the Californian forces lay. He returned with the report that about fifty of them were encamped at San Bernardo some thirty miles out. This force in reality numbered about eighty and was under the command of General Andrés Pico. Captain Gillespie was immediately ordered to take as many men as he could mount, with a piece of artillery, and endeavor to surprise them. On December 3rd, before this expedition departed, however, two deserters from Pico's camp came in and

reported that Pico had been reinforced by 100 men. While Stockton was examining these deserters at his headquarters, with his aid-de-camp, Lieut. Andrew F. V. Gray, of the Congress, Captain Edward Stokes arrived from the Santa Ysabel rancho, bringing the following letter from General Stephen W. Kearny, giving the information that he was approaching by way of Warner's:

"Headquarters Army of the West, Camp at Warner's.
December 2, 1846.
Sir: I (this afternoon) reached here, escorted by a party of the First Regiment Dragoons. I came by orders from the President of the United States. We left Santa Fe on the 25th of September, having taken possession of New Mexico, annexed it to the United States, established a civil government in that territory, and secured order, peace, and quietness there.

If you can send a party to open communication with us, on the route to this place, and to inform me of the state of affairs in California, I wish you would do so, and as quickly as possible.

The fear of this letter falling into Mexican hands prevents me from writing more.

Your express by Mr. Carson was met on the Del Norte, and your mail must have reached Washington at least ten days since. You might use the bearer, Mr. Stokes, to conduct your party to this place.

Very respectfully your obedient servant,
S. W. KEARNY,
Brigadier-General, U.S.A."

This letter greatly surprised Stockton, who had previously known nothing of Kearny's approach. It did not occur to him that Kearny might be in any danger, but on the contrary he seems to have thought that the junction of these new forces with the ex-

pedition he was about to send out might afford an excellent opportunity of carrying out his own plan for the surprise and defeat of the enemy. He therefore hurried the preparations for Gillespie's departure, and in the meantime sent the following reply:

"Headquarters, San Diego, December 3, 1846, half-past six o'clock p. m.
Sir: I have this moment received your note of yesterday, by Mr. Stokes, and have ordered Captain Gillespie, with a detachment of mounted riflemen and a field-piece, to your camp without delay.

Captain Gillespie is well-informed in relation to the present state of things in California, and will give you all needful information. I need not, therefore, detain him by saying anything on the subject. I will merely state that I have this evening received information, by two deserters from the rebel camp, of the arrival of an additional force in this neighborhood of one

hundred men, which in addition to the force previously here, makes their number about one hundred and fifty.

I send with Captain Gillespie, as a guide, one of the deserters, that you may make inquiries of him, and, if you see fit, endeavor to surprise them.

Faithfully, your obedient servant,
ROBT. F. STOCKTON.
Commander-in-chief and Governor of the Territory of California."

The expedition left the same evening, December 3rd, about 7 o'clock. It consisted of Captain Gillespie in command; Captain Samuel Gibson, with a company of twenty-five volunteers, among whom were Philip Crosthwaite of Captain Bell's company, Alexis Godey,_____ Burgess, and Henry Booker; and ten carbineers from the Congress under Acting Lieutenant Edward F. Beale and Midshipman James M. Duncan; thirty-nine men in all. Captain Stokes also returned with the party and one of the deserters, Rafael Machado, was sent as a guide.

They took all the available horses in San Diego and a brass four-pounder piece. The mountings of this gun were made by the ship's carpenter, but it proved impossible to secure harness for hitching horses to it, and the men were obliged to drag it along by lariats attached to the pommels of their saddles. The route taken was by way of the old mission and El Cajon to the Santa María Rancho. The trip was full of hardships, rations giving out and the expedition moving over rough and unbeaten trails. On the second day out, December 5th, at about one P. M., they joined General Kearny's force at Ballena, between the Santa Ysabel and Santa María ranchos, without having met the enemy. The junction of the forces was effected in the midst of a cold, pouring rain.

A council of war was now held. It was certain that the enemy was between the Americans and San Diego, but in what force was not known; he might have 80 men or he might have double that number. It appears that Lieutenant Beale strongly advised avoiding an engagement, and suggested that an effort be made, instead, to capture the horses of the Mexicans. It is highly probable that in giving this advice Beale was influenced by the reports of the numbers and equipment of the Californians, and also by the wretched condition of Kearny's force. Both the men and their mounts were emaciated and weak. and the cold rain which had been falling all day and which continued to fall all night caused them to suffer extremely and rendered them almost unable to walk.

Kearny, however, determined to attack. Without doubt, he was influenced to this course largely by the advice of Kit Carson, who declared that the Californians were cowards and would not fight. At first he planned to send Captain Moore with sixty

men and make a night attack, but for some reason changed his mind and sent Lieutenant Thomas C. Hammond, with ten men, including Sergeant Williams and Private George Pierce, with Machado as guide, to reconnoiter. They succeeded in getting near the Indian huts at San Pasqual occupied by Pico's men, and the guide and Sergeant Williams advanced to the door and saw the men asleep on the floor and a lone Indian keeping guard. They beckoned the Indian without the hut and began to converse with him, when a sentinel hailed the main party, and they all retreated precipitately. In this retreat they lost a blanket and jacket, which betrayed the presence of the force to Pico.

Hammond returned about 2 A. M. and reported that he had found the enemy and had been seen, but not pursued, by them. Notwithstanding the misfortune to the reconnoitering party, the General seems still to have expected, as Dr. John S. Griffin naively says in his journal, to "surprise" the enemy. Camp was broken at once, and soon all were upon the road, in the following order: First rode an advance guard of twelve men, on the best horses, under Captain Abraham R. Johnston. After them came General Kearny with Lieutenants Wm. H. Amory and Wm. H. Warner, of the engineers, and four or five of their men. Then Captain Benjamin D. Moore and Lieutenant Hammond, with about fifty mounted dragoons. Next Captains Gillespie and Gibson, with twenty volunteers. Then Lieutenant John W. Davidson, in charge of the artillery, with a few dragoons. The balance of the force, some fifty or sixty men brought up the rear under Major Swords. The rain ceased with daylight, but it was very cold and the men, having had no shelter during the night, were stiff and jaded. And, strangest of all, their arms were not recharged!

As day dawned on the morning of December 6th, the advance came out on the hillside above the village of San Pasqual, and, looking down into the valley through the fog, saw the campfires of the Californians burning brightly and the lancers moving, about three-quarters of a mile away. Without waiting for the main force to come up, Kearny ordered a trot, then a charge, and Captain Johnston and his twelve men dashed down the hill. After them rode the General and his little party. It was not, as a rule, the policy of the Californians to stand still and receive a charge. They were superb horsemen and skilled lancers, but not beef-eaters. But, seeing only twenty men coming, they stood firm, discharged what muskets and pistols they had, and received the Americans upon their lances. Captain Johnston fell at the first fire with a ball through his forehead, and a dragoon was badly wounded. The men kept on, there was a confused struggle for a few moments, and then the Americans

[Commodore Robert F. Stockton]

fell back. A ranger now dashed by; it was Juan (or Francisco) Lara, and Lieutenant Beale fired several shots at him and brought him down with a broken leg. Six months later Lara's leg was amputated by a French physician and he lived in Los Angeles many years. By this time the main body of the troops came in sight and, seeing them, the Californians drew off and retreated rapidly down the valley.

Captain Moore, seeing the Californians retreating, now ordered Lieutenant Hammond and his men to follow, which they did, in a wild charge. The statement has been made that a recall was sounded which the men did not hear, but there is no official confirmation of this statement. Kearny ordered the troops to close up in support, and they did so to the best of their ability. But the tired and balky mules could not be hurried and only those having the best mounts, about fifty in all, came up in time to take part in the second conflict; the balance of the men never saw the enemy until after the fight was over. The charge was made without any attempt at order; the men rushed down the road at full speed, pell-mell, hurly-burly, strung out in a line half a mile long.

At a distance of about half a mile from the village the road divided, the main road leading out upon the plain toward the San Bernardo and Rincon ranchos and a branch leading up a ravine on the side of the valley. Upon reaching this point, part of Pico's men kept straight ahead on the main road and the remainder turned up this side road, where they were concealed by a rocky spur, and waited for the Americans to come. Those of the troops who were riding the best horses soon reached and passed this ambuscade, among them General Kearny, Captain Moore, Lieutenant Hammond, Captain Gillespie, and a number of the men; then Pico suddenly wheeled his lancers and charged back on their front, and the detachment in ambush rode out and attacked them on the side and rear. A brief but terrible butchery ensued.

The miserable condition of Kearny's men and mounts was evident enough to the Californians, who are said to have exclaimed. as they saw them coming, "Aquí bamos hacer matanza!" ["Here we are going to have a slaughter!"]. The Americans found their arms useless, but defended themselves as best they could with sabres and clubbed muskets. A scene of the greatest confusion followed, the chief feature of which was the ruthless slaughter of the almost helpless troops by the rangers. This lasted about ten minutes; and then, the struggling troops on their lagging mules beginning to come up and the howitzers approaching, the Californians again put spurs to their horses and galloped away, part going down the valley and others over the hills.

The story of this terrible conflict was never known in detail, even by the participants, but a few of the incidents and a record of results have come down to us. Captain Moore was killed early in the fight, in a combat with Pico. The General was armed with a lance and the captain with a sword, which broke at the hilt while parrying the lance. Moore then reached for his pistol, seeing which, two rangers rushed in and killed him with their lances. One of these men was José Antonio Serrano, the other Leandro Osuna, both residents of San Diego. Moore's body was found near a pond of water, his sword hilt still in his hand, and the blade broken in two pieces.

Captain Gillespie, a skillful swordsman, was attacked by Dolores Higuera, commonly called "El Guero." Gillespie received first a slight wound in the chest, and was

then struck full in the mouth and had two of his teeth knocked out. He was thrown from his horse where he lay still and feigned death. Higuera seized his horse with the saddle and bridle, also Gillespie's fine zerape, and made off with them. Had he not been in such haste to secure this loot, he would probably have discovered that his antagonist was shamming, and have killed him. He afterward offered to restore this property to Gillespie, who refused to receive it, since its loss had saved his life. General Kearny was singled out by a young Californian, who twice wounded him, but spared his life. While in San Diego at a later date the General inquired for this young man, had him call, greeted him warmly, and praised his brave and soldierly conduct. Carson was thrown from his horse and his rifle was broken.

Davis says that in this fight General Pico's conduct was brave and honorable; that he watched the conduct of his men, and whenever he saw a soldier unhorsed and wounded, called upon his men to spare his life. Kearny says in his report, however, that most of the killed and wounded were lanced while unhorsed and incapable of resistance. They all had as many as three lance thrusts and some as many as ten. An instance of unsoldierly conduct is related by Frémont as having been told him in Los Angeles by an eye-witness: "One of the Californians in the melee ran his sword through the body of a Christian or Mexican Indian who was fighting on the American side. When he felt the sword going through him the Indian knew that he was killed and called out, 'Basta!, [enough]. 'Otra vez,, [another time], said the soldier-murderer and ran him through the second time. 'Ahí está, [there it is], said he. 'Sí, senor', [yes, sir]. said the dying man, with the submission of an Indian to his fate."

Conspicuous among the rangers were Captain Juan B. Moreno. Juan Lobo a ranchero of Mission Vieja, and Dolores

Higuera. Casimiro Rubio was wounded, one account says fatally. The horse of Pablo Véjar fell early in the second fight, and he was taken prisoner. Gabriel García killed Henry Booker, one of the men in charge of a howitzer, which was captured by the Californians. This gun came up at full speed near the close of the fight, the mules being frightened and the men unable to control them, and plunged madly after the retreating enemy. Seeing this, the rangers closed in on the gun, captured one of the men in charge of it, wounded the second, killed Booker, and made off with the howitzer.

The Americans rallied around the remaining howitzer in a circle to protect it from attack. As soon as it was ascertained that the Californians had drawn off, Kearny's first thought was of his rear guard, following at some distance under Major Swords, with the baggage. Some of the Californians were still seen in the rear, and Lieutenant Emory was sent back with a few men. He met Major Swords at the foot of the first hill, in the rear of the enemy's first position. Returning, they took up the body of Captain Johnston, which was partially plundered, his watch being gone, and carried it into camp.

It was a sadly demoralized body of men who now stood on their guard waiting to see what would happen next. The first report sent in by Kearny stated that he had 18 killed and 14 or 15 wounded. His official report places the killed at 19 and the wounded at 15. Griffin's diary says 19 men were killed, one missing supposed to be killed, and 17 wounded. The best conclusion appears to be that 19 was the correct number of the killed; that 19 were wounded and 3 of these died later, making the total deaths 22; and one missing; making the total casualties, 39-every man, save two, engaged. The dis-

crepancy is only in the number of wounded, General Kearny having apparently failed to take any account of a number of slight sounds. Only one death and one wound were caused by firearms, all the rest being due to lance and sabre thrusts. Following is a list of those killed and wounded.

Killed: Captains Johnston and Moore; Lieutenant Hammond; Sergeants Moore and Whitness; Corporals West and Ramsdale; privates Ashmead, Campbell, Dunlop, Dalton, Lucky, Repsoll, Gholston, Fiel and Gregory, of the dragoons, and Booker, of the volunteers; farrier Johnson; and Menard, of the engineers.

Missing and supposed to have been killed: McKaffray, of the dragoons.

Wounded: General Kearny; Captains Gillespie and Gibson, of the volunteers; Lieutenants Warner of the engineers and Beale of the navy; Sergeant Cox, dragoons, who died December 9th; Roubidoux, interpreter; Kennedy of the dragoons, who died

at San Diego December 21st, David Streeter, who also died; and ten other dragoons.

Of the two prisoners taken by the Americans, Lara and Véjar, the latter was placed under the care of Philip Crosthwaite, who soon had to protect him from attack by one of the Delaware Indians. This Indian apparently did not believe in taking prisoners, and therefore proceeded to try to massacre Véjar, but was prevented from doing so.

Regarding the losses of the Californians, the accounts are very conflicting. General Kearny, in his official report, expressed the opinion that "the number of their dead and wounded must have been considerable," although he adds that they carried off all but a few. Judge Benjamin Hayes, who was personally acquainted with many of the Californians, and their friend for years, was never able to discover that a single one of Pico's men was killed. The prisoner, Véjar, thought that Lara was killed and twelve men wounded. He had probably seen Lara fall from his horse at the time he was shot; but as Véjar was taken prisoner early in the second action, he could have known little about the casualties. Pico himself reported to General Flores that he had eleven men slightly wounded. Two days later, upon Kearny's offering to send Dr. Griffin to Pico's camp to care for his wounded, the latter replied that he had none. Doubtless this was a piece of bravado, but it is clearly the fact that not more than eleven or twelve were wounded, and there is a strong doubt

whether a single man was killed. A ranger named Andrado was shot in the thigh; he lived at Old Town in after years. Another wounded ranger was named Alvarado; he was shot in the thigh, but recovered.

Camp was made and the dead and wounded collected and cared for. Kearny first gave orders that the eighteen bodies should be packed on mules, to be carried to San Diego; but it was found there were not enough strong mules to carry both the dead and the wounded, and it therefore became necessary to bury the dead. They were interred at night, under a willow tree to the east of the camp. The burial was hurried and secret, as it was believed that if the graves were found the bodies would be disinterred and

stripped. The bodies were afterward removed to the American cemetery near Old Town, but now rest in the military burying ground in the government cemetery at La Playa. "Thus," says Emory in his diary, with deep feeling, "were put to rest together, and forever, a band of brave and heroic men. The long march of two thousand miles had brought our little command, both officers and men, to know each other well. Community of hardships, dangers, and privations, had produced relations of mutual regard which caused their loss to sink deeply in our memories."

The General's wounds were so serious that it became necessary for Captain Turner to take command. The day was spent in caring for the wounded and making ambulances. It took Dr. Griffin all day to dress the wounds. The situation of the camp was on a little height, surrounded by cactus, in a defensible position, but without water. The ground was covered with rocks and cacti, so that it was hard to find a place where the wounded could rest comfortably. The provisions were exhausted, the horses dead, the mules on their last legs, the men worn out and suffering from the cold and the Californians on guard near by. Pico reported to Flores that he only awaited the arrival of Cota to attack, and that the Americans could not escape.

Among the matters to which Captain Turner gave early attention were the questions of reinforcements and transportation for the wounded. Being informed by Beale that there were wheeled vehicles in San Diego, he determined to send there for help. Godey, Burgess, and one other man were selected for this service and started early in the day, bearing the following letter:

"Headquarters, Camp near San Pasqual, December 6, 1846. Commodore R. F. Stockton, U. S. Navy, San Diego.

"Sir: I have the honor to report to you that at early dawn this morning Gen. Kearny, with a detachment of the United States Dragoons and Captain Gillespie's Company of mounted riflemen, had an engagement with a very considerable Mexican force near this camp.

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[Sketch of the actions fought at San Pasqual]

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"We have about eighteen killed and fourteen or fifteen wounded, several so severely that it may be impracticable to move them for several days. I have to suggest to you the propriety of despatching, without delay, a considerable force to meet us on the road to San Diego, via the Soledad and San Bernardo, or to find us at this place; also that you will send up carts or some other means of transporting our wounded to San Diego. We are without provisions, and in our present situation find it impracticable to obtain cattle from the ranches in the vicinity.

"Gen. Kearny is among the wounded, but it is hoped not dangerously; Captains Moore and Johnston, First Dragoons, killed; Lieutenant Hammond, First Dragoons, dangerously wounded.

I am, sir, very respectfully, Your obedient servant, H. S. TURNER. Captain, U.S.A., Commanding."

Of the adventures of these men on the way we know little, but they reached San Diego safely the following day, December 7th. Another messenger had preceded them; this was Captain Stokes who, after witnessing the beginning of the battle and without waiting to see the close, hurried away to San Diego and gave a highly-colored account. He saw a great many men engaged and was sure the Americans had suffered defeat. Very little attention seems to have been paid to this vague report, but when Godey and his comrades arrived the next day the gravity of the situation began to be realized. This incident has been much discussed, and one writer goes so far as to say that Stockton only left a fandango at Bandini's house long enough to hear Godey's story, gave a contemptuous refusal to do anything, and returned to the merry-making. It may be true that the Commodore was found at a ball, and also that he showed irritation and made use of hasty words, as he might be excused for doing. It appears, however, that he at once set about the sending of a relief expedition with two pieces of artillery, and at first intended to have it leave on the evening of the 7th and to join it himself the next day, but it was found that it could not move so soon. Gillespie's party had taken all the good horses, Hensley had not yet returned from the south with more, there were no carriages for the guns, and supplies of all kinds were scarce. Godey and his men returned with letters to Kearny, but seem to have carried with them the impression that no relief would be sent.

At 10 P. M. on the 9th a messenger arrived who made the urgency of the situation unmistakable. This was Lieutenant Beale, bleeding, exhausted, reduced to a skeleton, and scarcely recognizable. He was so weak that the pickets had to carry him in, and soon after telling his story became delirious. Of his two fellow messengers, Carson and the Indian alcalde Panto, the lat-

ter arrived a short time before, and the former soon after, he came in. It was now imperative that the relief column should start, at once. The effort to get the artillery ready was therefore abandoned, and 215 of the sailors and marines who had been drilling on Presidio Hill were started off, with one fieldpiece, under Lieutenant Andrew F. V. Gray, of the Congress. Lieutenant Jacob Zeilin, also of the Congress, was in charge of the marines. They marched until nearly daylight on the 10th, then camped in a secluded spot, and remained concealed during the day. They succeeded in evading Pico's men and joined Kearny's force at 2 P. M. on the 11th.

After burying their dead on the night of the 6th, the Americans spent a sleepless and uncomfortable night. "Day dawned," says Emory, "on the most tattered and ill-fed detachment of men that ever the United States mustered under her colors." Kearny was able to resume command, and at an early hour gave the order to march. The wounded were placed in six litters made by "the mountain men," Peterson, Londeau, and Perrot, formed of poles placed like the shafts of a wagon and each dragged by a mule, one end of the poles resting on the ground and the men reclining on a bed of willow branches woven between. This was but a crude conveyance and the roughness and stoniness of the ground caused the wounded great suffering, despite the utmost care. The wounded and baggage were placed in the center.

The route taken was toward the San Bernardo rancho, along the hills to the right of the stream. The enemy retired as they advanced, keeping near the bed of the stream, on the opposite side. At Snook's San Bernardo rancho the horses and mules were watered and a few chickens killed for the sick. They also found a number of cattle here and

proceeded to drive them along, moving toward the bed of the stream in the hope of finding grass. About a mile from the ranch house, near the foot of a detached hill, the Californians suddenly appeared in the rear and a body of thirty or forty of them dashed off to take possession of the hill. Kearny sent Captain Gibson with six or eight volunteers, who drove these horsemen from the hill with a few volleys and without loss. The booty in this skirmish consisted of three spears, abandoned by the foe. The cattle had been lost in this movement, and as it appeared that any attempt at a further advance would bring on a fight and might cause the loss of the wounded and the baggage, it was determined to halt for the night. The men were now dismounted with the intention of performing the rest of the journey on foot. An insufficient supply of water was secured by digging and the fattest of the mules was killed for meat. The enemy took up a position across the creek and threw out pickets and the siege began.

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Early the next morning (December 8th) a ranger came in with a flag of truce, bringing some sugar, tea, and a change of clothing for Captain Gillespie, sent by his servant from San Diego. He also brought from Pico a proposal for the exchange of prisoners. Godey, Burgess, and their companion had been captured by the Californians. Pico treated these prisoners well and inquired for the welfare of the wounded, particularly for Captain Gillespie, whom he knew. He had four prisoners, Godey, Burgess, their unnamed companion, and the man captured with the howitzer. Kearny had only Véjar and the wounded Lara.

Emory's simple and straightforward account reads as follows: "In the morning a flag of truce was sent into our camp, informing us that Andrés Pico, the commander of the Mexican forces, had just captured four Americans, and wished to exchange them for a like number of Californians. We had but one to exchange (this was Pablo Véjar), and with this fellow I was sent to meet Andrés Pico, whom I found to be a gentlemanly looking and rather handsome man. The conversation was short, for I saw the man he wished to exchange was Burgess, one of those sent in the morning of the 6th to San Diego, and we were very anxious to know the result of his mission. Taking rather a contemptuous leave of his late captors, he informed us of the safe arrival of himself and Godey at San Diego. He also stated that when captured, his party, consisting of himself and two others, on their return from San Diego, had previously "cached" their letters under a tree, which he pointed out; but on subsequent examination, we found the letters had been abstracted."

The remaining prisoners were sent to Los Angeles by Pico. The letters buried by Godey and his comrades to keep them from falling into the enemy's hands, having been found and seized; Kearny failed to receive them; and Burgess, ignorant of their contents, gave the general to understand that help was refused. The situation now seemed more desperate than ever. The wounded were in no condition to move, and starvation was drawing near. It was therefore determined to send another party to San Diego with despatches, in the hope of having Stockton understand the true situation, and of prevailing upon him to come to their relief. Lieutenant Beale volunteered for this service, and Carson and the Indian alcalde Panto were also sent. The command settled down to await the result of this mission, though not hopeful of its outcome, and determined to cut their way through as soon as the wounded were in condition to move. In the meantime,

the baggage was burned, as it was thought there was no longer any hope of getting through with it.

The dispatch-bearers began their hazardous journey at night, creeping past the sentinels inch by inch, so close they could

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[Ruins of Fort Stockton on the hill above Old Town]

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hear them whisper and smell the smoke of their cigaritos. At one time Beale thought all was over. Pressing Carson's thigh to get his attention, and putting his mouth upon his ear, he whispered: "We are gone; let us jump and fight it out." Carson said: "No; I have been in worse places before and Providence saved me." His religious reliance encouraged the sinking hopes of Beale, and they got through. After passing the sentinels they took different routes, and, as we have seen, all arrived. The Indian, being acquainted with the country, arrived first and in best condition; but Beale and Carson suffered terribly from the rocks, thorns, and fatigue.

This night, December 8-9th, was one of the hardest the company had spent. Emory tells one of the incidents touching simplicity: "Don Antonio Robideaux, a thin man of 55 years, slept next to me. The loss of blood from his wounds, added to the coldness of the night, 28 degrees Fahrenheit, made me think he would never see daylight, but I was mistaken. He woke me to ask if I did not smell coffee, and expressed the belief that a cup of that beverage would save his life, and that nothing else would. Not knowing there had been any coffee in camp for many days, I supposed that a dream had carried him back to the cafes of St. Louis and New Orleans, and it was with some surprise that I found my cook heating a cup of coffee over a small fire made of wild sage. One of the most agreeable little offices performed in my life, and I believe in the cook's, to whom the coffee belonged, was to pour this precious draft into the waning body of our friend Robideaux. His warmth returned and with it hopes of life.

"In gratitude he gave me the half of a cake made of brown flour, almost black with dirt, and which had, for greater security been hidden in the clothes of his Mexican servant, a man who scorned ablutions. I ate more than half without inspection, when, on breaking off a piece, the bodies of several of the most loathsome insects were exposed to my view. My hunger, however, overcame my fastidiousness, and the morceau did not appear particularly disgusting."

The annals of the following day (December 9th) are pathetically brief. Dr. Griffin's diary says: "In camp; nothing going on; the enemy parading the hills on the other side of the valley. We are reduced to mule meat." Sergeant Cox died in the night, and was buried on the hill in a deep grave and covered with stones. He was a young man and married a pretty wife just before leaving Fort Leavenworth.

On the 10th, while the horses and mules were grazing near by, the Californians tried to stampede them by driving up a band of wild horses and mules, some with dry hides attached to their tails. This movement was seen, and by active work, a stampede

prevented. One of the enemy's mules was shot, and, proving fat, was butchered and eaten and proved, in the lan-

guage of Dr. Griffin, "a godsend." The wounded were now improving, and Dr. Griffin reported that most of them could ride. General Kearny therefore determined to move the next day. About two o 'clock the next morning, however, when everything was quiet in camp, one of the sentries reported that he heard voices speaking in English. This was shortly followed by the tramp of feet, and soon Lieutenant Gray and his men were welcomed into camp with joy. They busied themselves until day in distributing food and caring for the wants of their comrades. The jack-tars were delighted with the adventure and only sorry they had no opportunity to fight. When the sun rose the enemy had disappeared, leaving the cattle behind. At ten o'clock, camp was broken and the march commenced, in close order. At night they arrived at Alvarado's Peñasquitos rancho, where they camped and made free with the turkeys, chickens, goats, and wine. A good night's rest followed, and on the morning of the 12th they set out gaily for San Diego, which they reached about 4 P. M. and received a warm welcome from the troops and inhabitants.

The wounded men were distributed among the private families in San Diego, taken in charge by Dr. R. F. Maxwell, surgeon of the Cyane, and very tenderly nursed back to health. All but two recovered: Streeter, who was cut in sixteen places and Kennedy, who died December 21st. Wm. Heath Davis, who visited the invalids, says that they all had the utmost horror of the Californians. He spoke particularly of one young man who lapsed into delirium during his visit and called out in terror, thinking the Californians were upon him.

How shall Kearny's encounter with Pico be characterized? Kearny himself called it a "victory," and thought it might "assist in forming the wreath of our national glory." Looking back to it over a period of sixty years, it is impossible to regard it otherwise than as a defeat, even though it is true that the Americans finally reached San Diego, which was their objective, with the major portion of their forces. The performance of a commander must be judged by the use he makes of his opportunities, and it is difficult to imagine how General Kearny could have made worse use of the opportunity which he had, after the union of his forces with the first relief party, under Gillespie, to overwhelm the Mexican commander and end the war in California at San Pasqual.

Had he chosen to avoid a fight he might have found excuse for such a course in the fact that his men and horses were utterly worn out by a long and arduous journey across the deserts, and that the way was open, as shown by Gillespie's march There are times when the avoidance of battle is good generalship). Beale advised this course and there were surely some

arguments in its favor, yet it seems clear that most commanders in General Kearny's situation would have chosen the opportunity to strike a decisive blow at the enemy and thus crown the long adventure of the Army of the West with a victory of lasting importance.

Choosing the latter course, Kearny should have planned and fought his battle in thorough, soldierly fashion, instead of neglecting every precaution and exposing his followers to every danger. On the night before the battle he had a good knowledge of the situation and numbers of the enemy, and knew that his own presence had been discovered through the detection of his scouts. He knew Pico had separated himself from his horses, and he had the benefit of the suggestion that it would be well to capture the animals, then make a night attack on the Mexican camp. Failing to adopt this plan, it was obviously his duty to prepare his forces for battle in the morning by having them recharge their water-soaked guns, form in a compact column, and advance in such a manner that they could be readily disposed to advantage and so meet the situation as it should develop. Think of sending men into battle with guns that could not be fired, mounted upon horses that could scarcely be ridden, and scattered along over a distance of half a mile in helter-skelter fashion! That is what General Kearny did. The result was inevitable--nearly every one of his men actually engaged was horribly slaughtered or grievously wounded, and his own life was saved only by the magnanimity of a gallant young foeman. He was able to inflict almost no damage in return for this fierce assault, and there is a strong probability that he would have been utterly annihilated, or compelled to surrender before reaching San Diego, except for the timely arrival of a second and powerful relief party from Commodore Stockton with ample ammunition and provisions.

The only possible explanation of Kearny's incapacity was that he underestimated the strength and ability of his chivalrous opponent. This fault is very serious in a soldier under any circumstances; in Kearny's case, with the information supplied by Stockton, by a deserter from Pico's camp who came with Gillespie, and by his own scouts, it was utterly inexcusable. All the glory of the battle of San Pasqual belongs to General Andrés Pico and his Mexican rangers. They made a hard and skillful fight with nothing but lances and swords against a more numerous enemy armed with muskets and howitzers, and withdrew in good order prepared to renew the attack at any favorable moment. The issue was finally determined by the arrival of reinforcements, not by the skill of the American commander. If Kearny be judged by the use he made of his opportunity, he met inglorious defeat at San Pasqual. It is hard for a soldier

[Gen. Andres Pico]

to confess his mistakes, and Kearny made no attempt to do so. In his official report, he suppressed material facts and tried to regain the lost battle on paper. Doubtless he suffered some injustice at the hands of his rivals for supreme authority in California, but the undisputed facts of the case leave no room to doubt his failure.

The war ended, so far as California was concerned, with the battle of San Gabriel, near Los Angeles, January 9, 1847, and the treaty signed four days later by John C. Frémont for the United States, and Andrés Pico, for Mexico. From that day henceforth San Diego was undisputed American soil.

The 29th day of July, 1906, the sixtieth anniversary of the first raising of the American flag, was observed by the people of San Diego with fitting ceremonies. Fully four thousand people assembled on the plaza at Old Town and gave earnest attention

to the proceedings. In the procession were included the Mexican War Veterans, the Loyal Legion, Confederate Vet-

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[Gen. Stephen W. Kearny]

erans, Sons of the Revolution, the Grand Army of the Republic, Spanish War Veterans, a battalion of the U. S. Coast Artillery, Company B Seventh Infantry National Guard of California, Masonic and other fraternal societies, and public officials.

Mayor John I. Sehon, chairman of the committee on arrangements, acted as master of ceremonies. After the invocation, a large new flag, donated by the sons of George Lyons, was raised on the flagpole already standing on the old plaza, by Major Charles G. Woodward, U. S. A. Following this, a large granite boulder, designed to mark the spot where the first flag was raised sixty years before, and bearing a suitable inscription, was unveiled by Miss Frémont, daughter of John C. Frémont, assisted by Mayor Sehon, U. S. Grant Jr., Major Edwin A. Sherman, president of the Mexican War Veterans, Colonel E. T. Blackmer, Captain Joseph D. Dexter, and others. A salute was fired, and the oration of the day was delivered by William

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E. Smythe. Another feature of the day was the planting a large date palm by Dr. T. C. Stockton and a committee citizens, to commemorate the work of Commodore Stockton at San Diego. Hon. W. W. Bowers made appropriate remarks at this ceremony.

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PART II. CHAPTER IX. PUBLIC AFFAIRS AFTER THE WAR

Soon after the formal ending of the war in California the famous Mormon Battalion reached San Diego by way of Warner's. They camped for a few days at the old mission, and the journal of their colonel supplies the following description of the historic spot as it appeared on January 29 1847: "The building being dilapidated, and in use by some dirty Indians, I camped the battalion on the flat below. There are around us extensive gardens and vineyards, wells and cisterns, more or less fallen into decay and disorder; but also olive and picturesque date trees, flourishing and ornamental. There is no fuel for miles around, and the dependence for water is some rather distant pools in the sandy San Diego, which runs (sometimes) down to the ocean."

The Mormons remained but a short time at first, but were reorganized at Los Angeles and a company of 78 returned to Fort Stockton, where it served as a garrison for a period of six months. They were under the command of Captain Jesse D. Hunter, whose wife presented him with a son having the distinction of being the first child whose parents were both Americans, to be born in Old San Diego. The boy was named Diego Hunter and lived for several years in San Diego. He died, several years ago, at San Luis Rey, where his father was Indian agent.

The Mormons, then as now objects of unusual interest, appear to have performed their duties successfully while in San Diego. These duties were not arduous--merely those of a garrison in time of peace--and they had time to ply their trades, burning bricks, digging wells, making log-pumps, and doing other things really more useful than soldiering. One of their number, Henry G. Boyle, relates in his diary: "I think I whitewashed all San Diego. We did their blacksmithing, put up a bakery, made and repaired carts, and, in fine, did all we could to benefit ourselves as well as the citizens. We never had any trouble with Californians or Indians, nor they with us."

One thing they did which the present historian regrets, as those of the future are likely to. Quartered in an old build-

ing in which public documents were stored, they used some of these documents for fuel and thereby destroyed the records of the past.

Upon the departure of the Mormons, they were succeeded by Company I of the famous Stephenson Regiment. This company was raised at Bath, New York, and its officers were: captain, William E. Shannon; lieutenants, Palmer B. Hewlett, Henry Magee, and William H. Smith; sergeants, Joshua S. Vincent, Joseph B. Logan, and Joseph Evans. The company was mustered out here on September 25, 1848, and this was the end of the military occupation of San Diego.

José Ramon Argüello, who was appointed sub-prefect April 3rd and took office on the 12th, 1846, was the last Mexican prefect. The last Mexican jueces de paz, or alcaldes, were José Antonio Estudillo and Juan M. Osuna. In August, Miguel de Pedrorena took Estudillo's place, the latter being absent. On September 15th, at the election ordered by Stockton, Henry D. Fitch and Joaquin Ortega were elected alcaldes, the first under American rule. At the custom house, Henry D. Fitch was in charge but resigned in April; Pedro C. Carrillo was acting as collector when the Americans came and was reappointed by Stockton upon taking the oath.

Pedrorena was appointed collector on June 24, 1847, but as military orders required the commanding officer in each port to serve in that capacity, Lieutenant Robert Clift, of the Mormon company, filled the place.

The constitutional convention met at Monterey in September, 1849, Miguel de Pedrorena and Henry Hill representing San Diego. The legislature met the following winter and launched the great American State of California. San Diego was the first county created under the act of February 2, 1850, and San Diego and Los Angeles made up the first judicial district. The first legislature also provided for a custom house at San Diego. Two voting precincts were established under a law providing for the first elections in the new state, one at Old Town, the other at La Playa--and the official record of the election held here April 1, 1850, reads as follows:

FIRST PRECINCT-VOTES FOR OFFICERS.

The undersigned judges and clerks of election held in the first precinct of the county of San Diego, State of California, on the first day of April, 1850, do hereby certify, that at said election there were eighty-eight votes polled, and that the following statement presents an abstract of all the votes cast at said election for the officers designated in the third section of an act entitled "An Act to provide for holding the first County Election," and that the accompanying Poll List gives the names of all persons so voting.

San Diego, April 2, 1850.
Enos Wall, John Conger, Judges.
P. H. Hooff, C. H. Fitzgerald, Clerks

For Clerk of the Supreme Court-No Candidate.
For District Attorney-William C. Ferrell, 79; Miles K. Crenshaw, 4.
For County Judge-John Hays, 80; William C. Ferrell, 1.
For County Clerk-Richard Rust, 82.
For County Attorney-Thos. W. Sutherland, 71; Wm. C. Ferrell, 4.
For County Surveyor-Henry Clayton, 85.
For Sheriff-Agostin Haraszthy, 45; Philip Crosthwaite, 42.
For Recorder-Henry Matsell, 50; A. Jay Smith, 34.
For Assessor-José Antonio Estudillo, 81.
For Coroner-John Brown, 45.
For Treasurer-Juan Bandini.

FIRST PRECINCT-POLL LIST.

Poll list of an election held for county officers at San Diego, California, April 1, 1850 (1st precinct):

[Column 1]
1. Thos. W. Sutherland.
2. John Snook.
3. Andrus Ybarra.
4. Don Juan Bandini.
5. Juan Machado.
6. José T. Moreno.
7. Philip Crosthwaite.
8. Henry C. Matsell.
9. L. G. Ingalls.
10. David A. Williams.
11. Charles Morris.
12. William Tongue.
13. Ramon Rodríguez.
14. John Post.
15. Andrew Cotton.
16. James Murphy.
17. Luther Gilbert.
18. Agostin Haraszthy.
19. William Leamy
20. John Semple.
21. Daniel Con.
22. John A. Follmer.
23. Benjamin F. McCready

24. William Power.
25. Peter Gribbin.
26. James Campbell.
27. Ernest Schaeffer.
28. Edward H. Fitzgerald.
29. W. F. Tilghman.
30. George F. Evans.
31. George Viard.
32. W. A. SIaughter.
33. B. Bangs.

[Column 2]
45. Robert Peterson.
46. A. Jay Smith.
47. F. M. Holley.
48. Joseph Whitehead.
49. John Peters.
50. Albert B. Smith.
51. Charles C. Varney.
52. Augustus Ring.
53. Leandro Osuna.
54. Francisco María Alvarado.
55. E. G. Brown.
56. William Curly.
57. John C. Stewart.
58. James Tryong.
59. Darius Gardiner.
60. Adolph Savin.
61. Antonio Moreno.
62. Lorento Amador.
63. José Lena Lopez.
64. Francisco Lopez.
65. Tomás Lopez.
66. José Moreno.
67. John B. Reid.
68. José Briones.
69. Juan Diego Osuna.
70. John Hays.
71. P. H. Hooff.
72. Enos Wall.
73. George Gaskill.
74. José Escajadillo
75. Francisco Rodríguez.
76. Peter Faur
77. John Woodfir.

[Column 1]
34. Philip García.
35. David Ferguson.
36. Thomas W. Sweeney.
37. Henry Hiller.
38. John B. Pearson.
39. David Shepley.
40. John Conger.
41. William White.
42. Henry Adams.
43. Thomas Patrickson.
44. Frederic Hutchins.

[Column 2]

78. Raphael Machado.
79. Abel Watkinson.
80. Santiago E. Argüello.
81. José Antonio Aguirre.
82. Santiago Argüello.
83. C. P. Noell.
84. Joseph P. Israel.
85. William H. Moon.
86. Lewis R. Colgate.
87. José María Argüello.
88. Salvador Aguzer.

We the undersigned, Clerks of Election held in the first precinct of the county of San Diego, State of California, on the first day of April, 1850, do hereby certify that the foregoing Poll List gives the names of all persons voting at said election.

C. H. Fitzgerald, P. H. Hooff, Clerks, San Diego, April 2, 1850.

SECOND PRECINCT-VOTES FOR OFFICERS.

List of votes polled at the Playa, Precinct No. 2, San Diego, April 1, 1850, pursuant to an Act of the Legislature passed March 2, 1850.

(Here follows the tally list, which is omitted, the aggregate vote for each candidate being given in the annexed certificate.)

We the undersigned, Judges of said Election, do hereby certify that Wm. C. Ferrell had 68 votes for District Attorney; that John Hays had 68 votes for County Judge; that Agostin Haraszthy had 62 votes for Sheriff; that Philip Crosthwaite had 5 votes for Sheriff; that Henry C. Matsell had 53 votes for Recorder; that A. Jay Smith had 14 votes for Recorder; that Thos. W. Sutherland had 66 votes for County Attorney; that Richard Rust had 64 votes for County Clerk; that José Antonio Estudillo had 62 votes for Assessor; that Juan Bandini had 63 votes for County Treasurer; that John Brown had 65 votes for Coroner; that Albert B. Gray had 56 votes for County Surveyor; that Henry Clayton had 12 votes for County Surveyor; and that Festus G. Patton had one vote for County Clerk.

John R. Bleecker, John Hensley, Judges of Election.

D. Barbee, D.L. Gardiner, Clerks of Election

SECOND PRECINCT-POLL LIST.

Pursuant to notice from the Prefect of the District of San Diego, the electors, residents of the Playa San Diego, met at the store of Messrs. Gardiner and Bleecker at ten o'clock a. m. on the 1st of April, and proceeded to elect Edward T. Tremaine Inspector of Election, who forthwith proceeded to appoint John R. Bleecker and John Hensley Judges of Election, and David L. Gardiner and Daniel Barbee Clerks, whereupon the polls were declared open, and the following is a list of the voters:

1. George P. Tibbitts.
2. Albert B. Smith.
3. Samuel P. Heintzelman.
4. John E. Summers.
5. John R. Bleecker.
6. David L. Gardiner.
7. Frederick Emmil.
8. Edward T. Tremaine.
9. William B. Banks.
10. Jonas Cader.
11. Thomas D. Johns.
12. Festus G. Patton.
13. Francis Mason.
14. William H. Hemmenway.
15. Peter S. Reed.
16. John Adams.
17. William Pearl.
18. William Botsford.
19. Jacob Gray.
20. John Kenney.
21. John Latham.
22. James Reed.
23. Patrick McDonnah.
24. Patrick Symcox.
25. Henry Wilber.
26. John Brown.
27. James Johnson.
28. Peter Mealey.
29. John Corbett.
30. Peter McCinchie.
31. James McCormick.
32. Thomas McGinnis.
33. Frederic Toling.
34. John McHue.
35. John Edwards.
36. Antern Giler.
37. Timothy Quin.

38. Tobias Bedell.
39. George B. Tallman.
40. James White.
41. Edward Eustis.
42. Joseph Cooper.
43. Edward Daily.
44. Joseph Kufter.
45. Michael Leahy.
46. Bartholomew Sherman.
47. John Warner.
48. Patrick Newman, (objected to)
49. Henry Hopp (objected to).
50. Thomas Fox.
51. Daniel Barbee.
52. Oliver Dupree.
53. Edward Brennan.
54. Michael Vickers.
55. Michael Cadle.
56. James Blair.
57. Thomas Kneeland.
58. Francis Dushant.
59. Edward Murray.
60. Lawrence Kearney.
61. John Hensley.
62. Michael Fitzgerald.
63. Sylvanus Gangouare.
64. Moses O'Neil.
65. James McGlone.
66. William Nettleton.
67. Allen Inwood.
68. Rudolph Richner.
69. James Sullivan.

We hereby certify that the whole number of votes polled at this election was 68.
John Hensley, John R. Bleecker, Judges of Election.
D.L. Gardiner, D. Barbee, Clerks of Election

The following is a list of the first county officials elected: district attorney, Wm. C. Ferrell; county judge, John Hays; county clerk, Richard Rust; county attorney, Thos. W. Sutherland; county surveyor, Henry Clayton; sheriff, Agostin Haraszthy; recorder, Henry C. Matsell; assessor, José Antonio Estudillo; coroner, John Brown; treasurer, Juan Bandini. The first district judge was Oliver S. Witherby, who was appointed by the legislature and not voted for at the election. For some reason Bandini refused to qualify as treasurer, and Philip Crosthwaite was appointed in his place.

The first term of the district court was held May 6, 1850. The judge and the clerk were present, but no business was transacted, as it was found that the laws had not been received nor the officers properly qualified. On the 2nd of the following September the court was duly organized, grand and trial jurors summoned, and six cases tried. Two other cases were continued.

The seal of the District Court was designed by Wm. H. Leighton, the other seals by Chas. H. Poole.

The names of the first grand jurymen were: Charles Haraszthy, Ramon Osuna, James Wall, Loreto Amador, Manuel Rocha, J. Emers, Bonifacio Lopez, Holden Alara, Seth B. Blake, Louis Rose, Wm. H. Moon, Cave J. Couts, José de Js. Moreno, Cristobal Lopez, and Antonio Aguirre. This body found no indictments, but made one presentment. The practicing attorneys enrolled in this year were: James W. Robinson, Thomas W. Sutherland, John B. Magruder, and Wm. C. Ferrell. At the session of the District Court held in April, 1856, Messrs. D. B. Kurtz and E. W. Morse were examined and admitted to practice.

San Diego was incorporated as a city by the legislature of 1850 and the first election under the charter took place on June 16th of that year. Joshua H. Bean was chosen the first mayor, while the councilmen were Charles Haraszthy, Atkins S. Wright, Chas. P. Noell, Chas. R. Johnson, and William Leamy; treasurer, José Ant. Estudillo; assessor, Juan Bandini; city attorney, Thos. W. Sutherland; marshal, Agostin Haraszthy. The council met and organized on June 17th. On July 20th, Henry Clayton was chosen city surveyor, and on August 12th, George F. Hooper was elected councilman in place of Johnson, resigned. On August 24th, Noell resigned, and on Sept. 8th, Philip Crosthwaite was chosen to fill the vacancy. Bandini refused to serve and Richard Rust became assessor in July.

On June 29th, an ordinance was passed, against the protest of Noell, fixing the amount to be appropriated for salaries of city officers at $6,800 per annum. There were $10,610.54 in the treasury. The mayor vetoed this "salary grab," and a new salary ordinance was passed, fixing the total sum to be appropriated at $2,400 per annum.

The mayor and council appear to have been at loggerheads in September, but the cause of the trouble is not apparent at this day. On October 14th, the council appropriated $500 for a complimentary ball to be given to the officers of the U. S. Coast Survey, and on October 18th, they set aside $300 for a ball in honor of the admission of California into the Union.

In 1852, the city charter was repealed and the government of the town vested in a board of trustees. The Herald says of this:

"From and after Monday next our hitherto busy, bustling city dwindles into a quiet village. A little less than two years ago, with some $12,000 or $13,000 in the treasury, and when land speculation was rife throughout the city, our precocity showed itself in a wonderful manner.... Now, with an empty treasury and in debt deeply, we return to 'first principles.' "

There were no more charter changes until the new town grew up at Horton's Addition. Elections were held from time to time, but frequently the trustees held over. The business of both town and county was small and several offices were often held by one man. It is said that in 1852, Philip Crosthwaite, who was then county clerk and recorder,

was deputized by all the other county officers to act for them while they went to attend a bull-and-bear fight, and thus for a short time held all the county offices, at once. Captain George A. Pendleton, who was county clerk and recorder for many years, also held for a time, in addition to these offices, those of auditor, clerk of the board of supervisors, and county superintendent of schools--all this regularly, not as deputy.

On March 18, 1854, a public meeting was held at the court house to consider the state of the country. Col. Ferrell made an address, referring to the failure to secure a share of the State school funds, the neglect of persons elected to qualify for their offices, etc. It seems that the sheriff had resigned and the assessor declined to serve; the county judge was absent and had been so for several months, while the retiring judge first called an extra session of the court of sessions and then declined to go on with it. April 8, 1854, Editor Ames complains that "we are now without judge, assessors, supervisors, or any proper legally qualified officers, except trustees and attorneys, and the clerk and county treasurer; and to sum up, a term of the district court soon to be held, with prisoners out on bail."

The administration of justice in these early days presents many features of interest. In the first state laws, district and county courts were provided for and two years later a court of sessions was created. Oliver S. Witherby the first judge of the district court, was a prominent citizen of San Diego for many years. John Hays, the first judge of the county court, was not a lawyer. He served four years. The first justice of the peace in San Diego was Charles Haraszthy, a Hungarian. The story of how Squire Haraszthy gave judgment for costs against the defendant, because the plaintiff was impecunious, has become a classic in the annals of San Diego. The best account is that of Captain Israel, who was an interested party:

"Agostin Haraszthy was the first sheriff. His father was a justice of the peace, and he was the man who told me we must always give the judgment to the man who paid the costs.

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I was city marshal, and a Mexican named Morales came to me and told me that Blount Couts owed him money and he wanted to sue him for it. We agreed that I was to have $15 for my services if he won the suit. I went to Haraszthy and got out a summons and sent it out to the Soledad, and Couts came in when the cause was to be tried. He began to cross-question Morales: He would say: 'Didn't I pay you so much on such a date?' And Morales would say, 'Yes, sir, so you did.' And in a little while I saw my $15 going glimmering. I said to Morales, ' Shut up, you fool, he'll have you owing him money, in a minute!,' ' Well but, Señor,' says he, 'it is true.' Couts kept on until he had proved by the plaintiff's own evidence that he was the one to whom money was owing, and not Morales. 'Vell, ' says Haraszthy, 'vat ve goin' to do now?' 'Well, said I, 'there is nothing I can see to do except to enter judgment.' 'Vell,' says Haraszthy to Couts,' I shall gif shudgment against you for twenty-five cents. (That was the balance which Morales owed Couts.) 'I'll be damned if I'll pay it,' says Blount 'the man has acknowledged himself indebted to me!' and he got up and left. 'Vell,' says Haraszthy to me, 'vat ve goin' to do, now?' 'Well enter judgment against this Mexican for twenty-five cents.' 'Vell, but dis man, he got no moneys. Ve must gif de shudgment to de man vat gifs us de pizness. 'Couts was mad, and he found out that this Mexican had a fine horse, saddle and bridle in my corral. I thought Couts would be after this horse, so I told Morales his horse would be

seized. He wanted to know what he should do. I told him perhaps he could find somebody to buy them. 'Well, why don't you buy them?' 'Well, I don't want them, but to keep them from being seized, I will take them at $65, and pay you $50 cash, if you will allow me the $15 I was to have out of the case.' So he agreed and the barkeeper made out a bill of sale and the Mexican made his mark, and I had just paid him $50 and put the bill of sale in my pocket when in steps Agostin Haraszthy with an attachment. He asked me if Morales had a horse, saddle, and bridle in my yard? I said 'No.' 'Well, he did have.' 'Yes, but he has none now; he has just sold them,' and I showed him the bill of sale. He threw it down and swore that it was 'one of our damned Yankee tricks!' He always hated me, after that."

E. W. Morse is authority for the following story

"Philip Crosthwaite was county treasurer in 1850, and as the law then required each county treasurer to appear in person in Sacramento and pay over the money due the State and settle with the State treasurer, he proceeded to Sacramento at the required time, and paid over the funds due the State--somewhat less than $200. As his traveling fees amounted to $300, he returned with more money than he took up, having made his annual, and, to him, very satisfactory settlement. But it is said the State treasurer suggested to him that under similar conditions it would be more satisfactory to the State if he should play the role of the embezzler and run away with the State funds before settlement day."

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The political life of the early days was thoroughly characteristic of pioneer conditions, yet many able and high-minded men were engaged in the public service, though there were doubtless others who were illiterate and incompetent. Social customs have improved since judges adjourned court in order to take a drink or to witness a bull-and-bear fight. It was the customs rather than the courts that were to blame for such things.

In 1851 a strong agitation began in favor of dividing the state and organizing Southern California as a separate territory. Public sentiment in San Diego supported the movement, and a committee was appointed to co-operate with Los Angeles, Santa Barbara, and Monterey in bringing it to fruition. In 1859 the legislature submitted the question to a referendum vote in the six southern counties. It was carried by a two-thirds majority, but the legality of the vote was questioned, much opposition arose, and the effort was abandoned.

Under date of Feb. 13, 1849, James Buchanan, Secretary of State, issued instructions for running the international boundary line between the United States and Mexico. The head of the Commission, who came to San Diego in connection with the work, was Colonel John B. Weller, of Ohio, afterward governor of California and one of its representatives in the United States Senate. He was accompanied by Andrew B. Gray, surveyor, Wm. H. Emory, astronomer, and Oliver S. Witherby, quartermaster and commissary. The instructions of the Commission were to "run and mark that part of the boundary consisting of a straight line from a point on the coast of the Pacific Ocean distant one marine league due south of the southernmost point of the port of San Diego, to the middle of the Rio Gila, where it unites with the Colorado." The initial point of the

boundary was fixed 18 miles south of San Diego, on a spot 500 feet from the ocean and 42 feet above its level. The monument was erected in June, 1851.

There was some disappointment in California at the failure of the United States to obtain the Peninsula in the settlement with Mexico, and genuine dissatisfaction with the result on the part of some citizens of Lower California. As a consequence, there was some sympathy with William Walker when he made his filibustering attempt upon the Peninsula in 1853-4. When the effort collapsed, some of Walker's associates, among them his secretary of state, were arrested in San Diego and taken to San Francisco for trial.

The politics of San Diego city and county was strongly Democratic in the early days of American rule. Many, probably a majority, of the first American settlers were from the Southern States, and the following incident shows the social temper of the time.

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Miss Mary C. Walker arrived in San Diego on the morning of July 5, 1865, having been sent from San Francisco by the state superintendent of schools to fill a vacancy as teacher. She was a native of New England and entertained no prejudices against negroes. On the voyage from San Francisco, she suffered from mal de mer and was attended by the stewardess, a quadroon. Some weeks later, while her school was in progress, she found this negress in Manasse's store, eating a lunch of crackers and cheese, and feeling a friendly interest in the woman, invited her to take dinner with her at the Franklin House. When they entered the dining-room and sat down at the table together, a number of people who were there at once got up and left, and Miss Walker and her guest had the table and the room to themselves.

There was a storm, at once. The teacher's dismissal was demanded and most of the children were taken out of school. The Yankee school-ma'am did not understand things clearly, and made the matter worse by some unguarded remarks comparing the complexion of certain of the protesting Californians with that of her guest. The school trustees at the time were Dr. D. B. Hoffman, E. W. Morse, and Robert D. Israel. Hoffman felt that, whatever the merits of the case, the school money could not be wasted keeping an empty schoolroom open. Israel was an old soldier and a Republican, and his sentiments are best expressed in his own words: "'Morse,' said I, 'I'll be damned if I wouldn't take that school money and throw it in the bay as far as I could send it, before I would dismiss the teacher to please these copperheads! You may do as you please, but I will never consent to her dismissal.' "It is easy to believe that the Captain would have stood his ground, but it proved that the third trustee, Morse, was a diplomatist. He was then a widower and had matrimonial designs upon the teacher. She tendered her resignation and became Mrs. E. W. Morse, and thus the country was saved once more.

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PART II. CHAPTER X. ACCOUNTS OF EARLY VISITORS AND SETTLERS

The Panama Steamship Line was established in 1849, and San Diego became a port of call. By 1850 it had nearly 500 population, with as many more at La Playa, and with a

new settlement sprouting on the site of the present city. It was a period of fluctuating hopes and fortunes, but without important achievement. In the two decades which separated the war with Mexico from the beginning of the great Horton enterprise, the steamers brought many visitors as well as settlers who became citizens of note. Several of these men and women left interesting accounts which furnish a clear idea of the appearance of town and country and of the features of local life.

Thus, Philip Crosthwaite tells us that in 1845, there was not a house between Old Town and the Punta Rancho, owned by Don Santiago E. Argüello. The San Diego Mission was partly dilapidated, but the main church edifice and some of the wings were in good condition. The priest then in charge of the mission was Father Vicente Oliva, and he came to the presidio on Sundays to celebrate mass. Besides olive orchards and vineyards, the mission owned some horses, cattle, and sheep. Near the mission was a large Indian village or ranchería. The principal business was the raising of cattle for their hides and tallow.

Major Wm. H. Emory, who came with General Kearny in December, 1846, made these observations:

"The town consists of a few adobe houses, two or three of which only have plank doors. It is situated at the foot of a high hill on a sand-flat, two miles wide, reaching from the head of San Diego Bay to False Bay. A high promontory, of nearly the same width, runs into the sea for four or five miles, and is connected by the flat with the main-land. The road to the hide-houses leads on the eastward of this promontory. The bay is a narrow arm of the sea indenting the land for some four or five miles, easily defended, and having twenty feet, making the greatest water twenty-five feet.... The rise is said to be five feet of water at the lowest tide.

"San Diego is, all things considered, perhaps one of the best harbors on the Coast, from Callao to Puget Sound, with a

[Jose Guadalupe Estudillo]

single exception, that of San Francisco. In the opinion of some intelligent navy officers, it is preferable even to this. The harbor of San Francisco has more water, but that of San Diego has a more uniform climate, better anchorage, and perfect security from winds in any direction."

One of the most famous visitors of early days was Bayard Taylor, who was here in 1849, and managed to impress his literary genius upon his record. In his book, El Dorado, or, Adventures in the Path of Empire (dedicated, by the way, to Lieutenant Edward F. Beale), he says:

"Two mornings after, I saw the sun rise behind the mountains back of San Diego. Point Loma, at the extremity of the bay, came in sight on the left, and in less than an hour we were at anchor before the hide-houses at the landing place. The southern shore of the bay is low and sandy; from the bluff heights at the opposite side a narrow strip of shingly beach makes out into the sea, like a natural breakwater, leaving an entrance not more than three hundred yards broad. The harbor is the finest on the Pacific, with the exception of Acapulco, and capable of easy and complete defense. The old hide-houses are built at the foot of the hills just inside the bay, and

[Jose Antonio Altamirano]

a fine road along the shore leads to the town of San Diego, which is situated on a plain, three miles distant and hardly visible from the anchorage. Above the houses, on a little eminence, several tents were planted, and a short distance further were several recent graves, surrounded by paling. A number of people were clustered on the beach, and boats laden with passengers and freight, instantly put off to us. In a few moments after our gun was fired, we could see horsemen coming down from San Diego at full gallop, one of whom carried behind him a lady in graceful riding costume. In the first boat were Colonel Weller, U. S. Boundary Commissioner, and Major Hill of the Army. Then followed a number of men, lank and brown as is the ribbed sea-sand-men with long hair and beards and faces from which the rigid expression of suffering was scarcely relaxed. They were the first of the overland emigrants by the Gila route, who had reached San Diego a few days before. Their clothes were in tatters, their boots, in many cases, replaced by moccasins, and except their rifles and some small packages rolled in deerskin, they had nothing left of the abundant stores with which they left home.

"We hove anchor in half an hour, and again rounded Point Loma, our number increased by more than fifty passengers.

The Point, which comes down to the sea at an angle of 60 degrees, has been lately purchased by an American, for what purpose I cannot imagine, unless it is with the hope of speculating on the Government when it shall be wanted for a lighthouse

"The emigrants we took on board at San Diego were objects o£ general interest. The stories of their adventures by the way sounded more marvelous than anything I had heard or read since my boyish acquaintance with Robinson Crusoe, Captain Cook, and John Ledyard. Taking them as the average experience of the thirty thousand emigrants who last year crossed the plains, this California crusade will more than equal the great military expeditions of the Middle Ages in magnitude, peril, and adventure. The amount of suffering which must have been endured in the savage mountain passes and herbless deserts of the interior, cannot be told in words. Some had come by way of Santa Fe and along the savage hills of the Gila; some, starting from the Red River, had crossed the Great Stake Desert and taken the road from Paso Del Norte to Tucson in Sonora; some had passed through Mexico and after spending one hundred and four days at sea, run into San Diego and given up their vessels; some had landed, weary with a seven months' voyage around Cape Horn; and some, finally, had reached the place on foot, after walking the whole length of the Californian Peninsula."

The reminiscences of E. W. Morse are among the richest we have and are necessarily drawn upon in many connections. He says: "When I first saw the presidio (in 1860), the adobe walls of the church and portions of other buildings were still standing. The roofing tiles and most of the adobes and other building materials had been utilized in building up the new town, on the flat. It was not long, however, before even the church walls were carried away, probably by some undevout 'gringo.'

"There was then no doctor at Old Town, either American or Spanish. The army surgeon at the Mission Barracks did some general practice, and he was the only physician in the country. There was literally no agriculture, and most of the live stock business was in the hands of the Spanish. Abel Stearns, in Los Angeles county, and Don Juan Forster, had large ranches. The biggest fenced field in the country was in the San Luis Rey Valley; it contained about ten acres and belonged to some Indians. The only bridge in the county was out near Santa Ysabel, and it was built by the Indians. Some years later we had an assessor who was a cattle raiser, and in his report to the State Comptroller he said that no part of the country was fit for agriculture. That was what people honestly thought, at the time.

"The river then ran in close to the high ground at Old Town, making a bluff of ten or fifteen feet near the McCoy house, where it undermined and caved down an old adobe house. There were a good many people who came here by the overland route, on their way to the mines."

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[George A. Pendleton's house]

J. M. Julian, in later days editor of the San Diegan, was in San Diego Bay on May 4, 1850, on board the steamer Panama, en route to the Isthmus. The steamer stopped to bury a passenger who had died en route and to examine the bay in the interest of the steamship company. Julian records that the site of the present city was "as green and pretty as any place we had ever seen, and covered with a growth of small trees." He carried away the impression that Old Town was a flourishing place.

Mrs. Carson can only recall one American woman who was living at Old San Diego when she came, 1864. That was Mrs. Robinson, the wife of J. W. Robinson. There were several American men, but most of them were married to California women.

The old road to the mission crossed the river at Old Town and went up on the north side, instead of the south side, as it now runs. It crossed the river again near the mission and went out by way of what is now Grantville. The San Diego River emptied into the harbor then, and for some years after there were some houses on the west side of the river, and one man had a house and garden in its bed. People told him he would be washed away, but he did not believe it. One morning, when he got up his house was floating down to the bay.

Lieutenant Derby, famous as "John Phoenix," made the following delightful record of his first impression of the place:

"The Bay of San Diego is shaped like a boot, the leg forming the entrance from the sea, and the toe extending some twelve miles inland at right angles to it, as a matter of course, points

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southward to the latter end of Mexico, from which it is distant at present precisely three miles.

. "The three villages then, which go to make up the great city of San Diego, are the Playa, Old Town, and New Town, or 'Davis's Folly.' At the Playa there are but few buildings at present, and these are not remarkable for size or architectural beauty of design.

A long, low, one-storied tenement, near the base of the hill, once occupied by rollicking Captain Magruder and the officers under his command, is now the place where Judge Witherby, like Matthew, patiently 'sits at the receipt of customs.' But few customers appear, for with the exception of the mail steamer once a fortnight, and the Goliah and Ohio, two little coasting steamers that wheeze in and out once or twice a month, the calm waters of San Diego Bay remain unruffled by keel or cut-water from one year's end to another.

"Such a thing as a foreign bottom has never made its appearance to gladden the Collector's heart; in this respect, the harbor has indeed proved bottomless. Two crazy old hulks riding at anchor, and the barque Clarissa Andrew (filled with coal for the P. M. S. S. Co.) wherein dwells Captain Bogart, like a second Robinson Crusoe, with a man Friday who is mate, cook, steward and all hands, make up the amount of shipping at the Playa.

"Then there is the Ocean House (that's Donohoe's), and a store marked Gardiner and Bleecker, than the inside of which nothing could be bleaker, for there's 'nothing in it,' and an odd-looking little building on stilts out in the water, where a savant named Sabot, in the employ of the U. S. Engineers, makes mysterious observations on the tide; and these, with three other small buildings, unoccupied, a fence and a graveyard, constitute all the 'improvements' that have been made at the Playa. The ruins of two old hide-houses, immortalized by Dana in his Two Years Before the Mast, are still standing, one bearing the weather-beaten name of Tasso. We examined these and got well bitten by fleas for our trouble. We also examined the other great curiosity of the Playa, a natural one-being a cleft in the adjacent hills some hundred feet in depth, with a smooth, hard floor of white sand and its walls of indurated clay, perforated with cavities wherein dwell countless numbers of great white owls.... Through this cleft we marched into the bowels of the land without impediment for nearly half a mile....

"From present appearances one would be little disposed to imagine that the Playa in five or six years might become a city of the size of Louisville, with brick buildings, paved streets, gas lights, theaters, gambling houses, and so forth. It is not at all improbable, however, should the great Pacific Railroad terminate at San Diego . . . the Playa must be the depot, and as such will become a point of great importance. The land-holders about here are well aware of this fact, and consequently affix already incredible prices to very unprepossessing pieces of land. Lots of 150 feet front, not situated in particularly eligible places either, have been sold within the last few weeks for $500 apiece.... While at the Playa I had the pleasure of forming an acquaintance with the pilot, Captain Wm. G. Oliver, as noble a specimen of a sailor as you would wish to see. He was a lieutenant in the Texas Navy,

under the celebrated Moore, and told me many yarns concerning that gallant commander.... Leaving the Playa in a wagon drawn by two wild mules, driven at the top of their speed by the intrepid Donohoe, Mac and I were whirled over a hard road, smooth and even as a ballroom floor, on our way to Old Town. Five miles from La Playa we passed the estate of the Hon. John Hays, County Judge of San Diego, an old Texan and a most amiable gentleman. The Judge has a fine farm of 80 or 100 acres under high cultivation, and . . . a private fish pond. He has enclosed some twenty acres of the

flats near his residence, having a small outlet with a net attached, from which he daily makes a haul almost equalling the miraculous draught on Lake Gennesaret.

"The old town of San Diego is pleasantly situated on the left bank of the little river that bears its name. It contains perhaps a hundred houses, some of wood, but mostly of the adoban or Gresan order of architecture. A small Plaza forms the center of the town, one side of which is occupied by a little adobe building used as a court room, the Colorado House a wooden structure whereof the second story is occupied by the San Diego Herald, . . . and the Exchange, a hostelry at which we stopped. This establishment is kept by Hoof (familiarly known as Johnny, but whom I at once christened 'Cloven') and Tibbetts, who is also called Two-bitts, in honorable distinction from an unworthy partner he once had, who obtained unenviable notoriety as 'Picayune Smith.' On entering, we found ourselves in a large bar and billiard room, fitted up with the customary pictures and mirrors.... Here also I made the acquaintance of Squire Moon, a jovial middle-aged gentleman from the State of Georgia, who replied to my inquiries concerning his health that he was 'as fine as silk but not half so well beliked by the ladies.' After partaking of supper, which meal was served up in the rear of the billiard room, al fresco, from a clothless table upon an earthen floor, I fell in conversation with Judge Ames, the talented, goodhearted but eccentric editor of the San Diego Herald, of whom the poet Andrews, in his immortal work, The Cocopa Maid, once profanely sang as follows:

'There was a man whose name was Ames,
His aims were aims of mystery;
His story odd, I think, by God
Would make a famous history.'

"I found the Judge exceedingly agreeable, urbane and well informed, and obtained from him much valuable information regarding San Diego and its statistics. San Diego contains at present about 700 inhabitants, two-thirds of whom are 'native and to the manor born,' the remainder a mixture of American, English, German, Hebrew and Pike County. There are seven stores or shops in the village, where anything may be obtained, from a fine-toothed comb to a horse-rake, two public houses, a Catholic church which meets in a private residence, and a Protestant ditto, to which the Rev. Reynolds, Chaplain of the military post six miles distant, communicates religious intelligence every Sunday afternoon.

"San Diego is the residence of Don Juan Bandini, whose mansion fronts on one side of the plaza. He is well-known to the

[Present appearance of house in Old San Diego where Richard Henry Dana....]

early settlers of California as a gentleman of distinguished politeness and hospitality. His wife and daughters are among the most beautiful and accomplished ladies in our State."

In 1859, Richard Henry Dana revisited the place he had known and written about so charmingly, twenty-three years before. He was deeply touched by renewing his associations with old scenes.

"As we made the high point off San Diego, 'Point Loma,' he writes, we were greeted by the cheering presence of a lighthouse. As we swept around it in the early morning, there, before us lay the little harbor of San Diego, its low spit of sand, where the waters run so deep; the opposite flats where the Alert grounded in starting for home; the low hills without trees, and almost without brush; the quiet little beach; but the thief objects, the hide-houses, my eye looked for in vain. They were gone, all, and left no mark behind.

"I wished to be alone, so I let the other passengers go up to the town, and was quietly pulled ashore in a boat, and left to myself. The recollections and emotions all were sad, and only sad.

'Fugit, interia fugit irreparable tempus.'

"The past was real. The present, all about me, was unreal, unnatural, repellant. I saw the big ships lying in the stream, the Alert, the California, the Rosa with her Italians; then the handsome Ayacucho, my favorite; the poor dear old Pilgrim., the home of hardship and helplessness; the boats passing to and fro; the cries of the sailors at the capstan or falls; the peopled beach; the large hide-houses with their gangs of men; and the Kanakas interspersed everywhere. All, all were gone! Not a vestige left to mark where our hide-house stood. The oven,

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[Alfred C. Robinson]

too, was gone. I searched for its site, and found, where I thought it should be, a few broken bricks and bits of mortar. I alone was left of all, and how strangely was I here! What changes to me! Where were they all! Why should I care for them--poor Kanakas and sailors, the refuse of civilization, the out-laws and beach-combers of the Pacific! Time and death seemed to transfigure them. Doubtless nearly all were dead; but how had they died, and where! In hospitals, in fever climes, in dens of vice, or falling from the mast, or dropping exhausted from the wreck--

' When for a moment, like a drop of rain
He sinks into thy depths with bubbling groan,
Without a grave, unknelled, uncoffined, and unknown.'

"The light-hearted boys are now middle-aged men, if the seas, rocks, fevers, and the deadlier enemies that beset a sailor's life on shore had spared them; and the then strong men have bowed themselves, and the earth or sea has covered them.

"Even the animals are gone--the colony of dogs, the broods of poultry, the useful horses; but the coyotes still bark in the woods, for they belong not to man and are not touched by his changes.

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[Richard J. Cleveland]

"I walked slowly up the hill, finding my way among the few bushes, for the path was long grown over, and sat down where we used to rest in carrying our burdens of

wood and to look out for vessels that might, though so seldom, be coming down from the windward.

To rally myself by calling to mind my own better fortune and nobler lot, and cherished surroundings at home, was impossible. Borne down by depression, the day being yet noon and the sun over the old point--it is four miles to the town, the presidio; I have walked it often and can do it once more--I passed the familiar objects, and it seemed to me that I remembered them better than those of any other place I had ever been in--the opening of the little cave; the low hills where we cut wood and killed rattlesnakes, and where our dogs chased the coyotes; and the black ground where so many of the ship's crew and beach-combers used to bring up on their return at the end of a liberty day and spend the night sub Jove.

"The little town of San Diego has undergone no change whatever that I can see. It certainly has not grown. It is still, like Santa Barbara, a Mexican town. The four principal houses of the gente de razon--of the Bandinis, Estudillos, Argüellos and Picos--are the chief houses now, but all the gentlemen--

and their families, too, I believe, are gone...Fitch is long since dead; and I can scarce find a person whom I remember. I went into a familiar one-story adobe house, with its piazza and earthen floor, inhabited by a respectable family . . . by the name of Machado, and inquired if any of the family remained, when a bright-eyed, middle-aged woman recognized me, for she had heard I was on board the steamer, and told me she had married a shipmate of mine, Jack Stewart, who went out as second mate the next voyage, but left the ship and married and settled here. She said he wished very much to see me. In a few minutes he came in, and his sincere pleasure in meeting me was extremely grateful. We talked over old times as long as I could afford to. I was glad to hear that he was sober and doing well. Doña Tomaso Pico I found and talked with. She was the only person of the old upper-class that remained on the spot, if I rightly recollect. I found an American family here--Doyle and his wife, nice young people, Doyle agent for the great line of coaches to run to the frontier of the old States.

"I must complete my acts of pious remembrance, so I took a horse and made a run out to the old mission, where Ben Stimson and I went the first liberty day we had after we left Boston. The buildings are unused and ruinous, and the large gardens show now only wild cactus, willows and a few olive trees. A fast run brings me back in time to take leave of the few I know and who knew me, and to reach the steamer before she sails. A last look--yea, last for life--to the beach, the hills, the low point, the distant town, as we round Point Loma and the first beam of the light-house strike out towards the setting sun."

It is an interesting fact that in March, 1880, Richard Henry Dana, Jr., son of the author of Two Years Before the Mast, visited San Diego.

The impressions of Mrs. Morse, in 1865, are also interesting:

"Oh, the strange foreign look as I stepped from my stateroom and stood upon the deck as the steamer came to anchor! . . . The hills were brown and barren; not a tree or a green thing was to be seen. The only objects to greet the sight were the government barracks and two or three houses. I said to the Captain in dismay, 'Is this San Diego!'

He replied, 'No, the town is four miles away.' I saw a merry twinkle in his eye, which I afterwards interpreted as meaning, ' Won't the Yankee schoolma'am be surprised when she sees the town.'

"Wild looking horsemen, flourishing their riatas, were coming from different directions toward the landing, and the very gait of the horses seemed different from anything I had ever seen before. There were no wharves at the time. Passengers were carried in the ship's boats to shallow water and then carried on the backs of sailors to the shore. Fortunately for me, a little skiff was over from the lighthouse, which saved me the humiliating experience meted out to others.

"Once on shore, I was placed with my trunk on a wagon awaiting me, and we started for Old Town. The prospect as we

neared the town was not encouraging, but the climax was reached when we arrived safely at the plaza. Of all the dilapidated, miserable looking places I had ever seen, this was the worst. The buildings were nearly all adobe, one story in height, with no chimneys. Some of the roofs were covered with tiles and some with earth. One of these adobes, an old ruin, stood in the middle of the plaza. It has since been removed. The Old Town of today is quite a modern town, compared with the Old Town of 1865.

"I was driven to the hotel, which was to be my future boarding place. It was a frame structure of two stories, since burned. The first night of my stay at the hotel a donkey came under my window and saluted me with an unearthly bray. I wondered if some wild animal had escaped from a menagerie and was prowling around Old Town. The fleas were plentiful and hungry. Mosquitos were also in attendance. The cooking at the hotel was quite unlike the cooking at the Hotel del Coronado at the present time. I sat at the table alone, being the only woman in the house. An Indian boy waited on me at the table and also gave me the news of the town."

PART II. CHAPTER XI. ANNALS OF THE CLOSE OF OLD SAN DIEGO

In 1850, the first steamship line between San Francisco and San Diego was established, touching at San Pedro, Santa Barbara, San Luis Obispo, and Monterey. The first line was owned by a San Franciscan named Wright. In 1856, he transferred it to the California Steam Navigation Company, and they soon sold to the Pacific Coast Steamship Company. The first steamers were the Ohio, Goliah, and Fremont, while the Southerner, Senator, and Thomas Hunt also ran at times. In later years the Ancon and Orizaba were the regular coastwise steamers. They were all side-wheelers of small tonnage. As they approached the wharf at San Diego, it was the custom to fire a cannon-shot from the bow, to give notice of their arrival.

The Pacific Mail Steamship Company's steamers from Panama also called twice a month. Among those calling in 1851 were the Northerner, Tennessee, Antelope, and others. The fare from New York to San Francisco was, first class, $330; second class, $290; and steerage, $165.

The coastwise trade opened briskly under American rule. In the first number of the Herald, May 29, 1851, the marine list for ten days shows eleven vessels of all classes arrived and ten cleared, and the following week four arrived and three cleared. In December, traffic was so brisk that the steamer Sea Bird was chartered from the Pacific Mail Company, and put on the route between San Diego and San Francisco by Captain Haley.

In 1857 two packets ran regularly to the Sandwich Islands. The fare for passengers was $80, and the trip was made in about twelve days.

The first boat of American build regularly used on San Diego Bay is believed to have been the one brought here in 1850 by Lieutenant Cave J. Couts. It was built for the use of the boundary survey expedition under Lieutenant A. W. Whipple and first launched in Lake Michigan. This boat was 16 feet long and 5 feet 6 inches wide. It was equipped with wheels on which it traveled overland, and was used for crossing rivers on the way. At Camp Calhoun, on the California side of the Col-

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[Mrs. Carson (formerly Mrs. George A. Pendleton]

orado River, late in the year of 1849, Couts purchased this boat and used it for a ferry. On his return to San Diego, he brought it with him and used it to navigate the waters of San Diego Bay.

On August 13, 1857, occurred one of those historically important "first events." The schooner Loma, the first vessel ever built on the San Diego Bay, was launched. She was built at the shipyard of Captain James Keating, and was christened, as the Herald informs us, "in due and ancient form."

As traffic increased, and as there were neither lighthouse nor buoys, it was inevitable that wrecks should occur, although storm seldom ruffled the surface of the bay. The first wreck at San Diego was that of the pilot boat Fanny, on the night of December 24, 1851. She had been out cruising for the Northerner, was anchored just outside Ballast Point, and, a gale rising, was driven ashore and lost.

The only other wreck during this period of which there is any record was that of the Golden Gate, Captain Isham, in January, 1854. This steamer came up from Panama with a large number

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[House of John C. Stewart, Old Town]

of passengers. She broke a shaft, below San Diego, and came in with only one wheel working, arriving on Wednesday the 18th. Her provisions were nearly exhausted and the passengers very hungry. After securing supplies, she put to sea again on the evening of the same day, in a storm. Her engine gave out, and, in spite of attempts to anchor, she was driven ashore on Zuñinga shoal. The Goliah was in the harbor and went to her assistance, but could do nothing. The next morning the passengers, after a night of terror, were taken off in safety with the exception of one man, I. M. Gibson, who was killed by falling down the steamer's hold in the night. The passengers were distributed among the

houses of the town, and considerable difficulty was experienced in providing accommodations for them all. One of their number was the Very Reverend Wm. I. Kip, then on his way to take charge of the new Episcopal bishopric of California. The use of the courthouse was secured for him and he preached one sermon while here. The Southerner arrived the next day, and with the Goliah carried the passengers away soon after.

The steamer Columbia arrived on the 20th and, the storm abating, succeeded after hard work in pulling the Golden Gate safely off the sand-bar, just a week from the day of her arrival. She had three feet of water in her hold, but was not badly damaged, and soon left for San Francisco and arrived there safely.

In the days of Mexican rule, the mails were carried twice a week between San Diego and San Francisco, on horseback, by way of the old "Camino Real," from mission to mission. The service was fairly well performed, in a leisurely way; or, if it was not, little complaint was made. In March 1847, General

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[House and store of Thomas Whaley, Old Town]

Kearny established, for military purposes, a semi-weekly horsemail between the same points. The alcaldes acted as postmasters, and as there were no other postal facilities, it was ordered that the citizens "be accommodated by having their letters and papers sent free of expense."

The beginnings of regular mail service were slow and unsatisfactory. The semi-monthly Panama steamer carried the mails from 1849. The local service was such as to cause the Herald to complain bitterly. On September 11, 1851, it declared that "during a period of more than two years there has been no regularly appointed postmaster at San Diego, nor to those who have acted has there been more than a pittance allowed for the performance of their duty. Sometimes the mails go, and when this happens, they are taken to the landing by some transient conveyance, which admits of no certainty or security in their delivery to the proper agent for receiving them. We advise the citizens of San Diego to place no dependence upon the mails, but to send their letters through by any other channel." This last sentence doubtless referred to the express companies, between whom and the post office department there was considerable rivalry at the time. The same complaints as to insufficient pay and poor service came from all parts of the Pacific coast.

In June, 1851, the rate of postage on letters was reduced from forty cents to six cents. Complaints about poor service continued and Editor Ames made a practice of getting his exchanges from the pursers of the steamers, instead of depending upon the mails.

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Soon after the United States took possession of the Gadsden Purchase, a semi-weekly mail service was put on between San Antonio and San Diego, by G. H. Giddings and J. C. Woods. The first mail by this line left San Diego on August 9, 1857, carried on pack animals under the care of R. W. Laine, a young man of San Diego County. The first overland mail to arrive was on the 31st of the same month, under the care of James

E. Mason, and was the occasion of great rejoicing. It had made the unprecedented time of 34 days from San Antonio.

In September, 1857, the government entered into a contract with John Butterfield and his associates for carrying the mails between St. Louis and the Pacific Coast, at a cost of $600,000 a year. The preparations were very elaborate, and the regulations read curiously at this day. Each passenger on the mail coach was required to provide himself with a Sharp's rifle, 100 cartridges, a Colt's revolver, belt and holster, knife and sheath, a pair of thick boots and woolen pants, underclothing, a soldier's overcoat, one pair of woolen blankets, an India rubber blanket, and a bag with needles, thread, sponge, brush, comb, soap, and towels. The coaches were drawn most of the way by six horses. The sub-contractors were Jennings and Doyle, and in 1859 Dana speaks of Doyle as living in San Diego. When the Civil War came on, the military post in Arizona and New Mexico were withdrawn and the Southern mail route abandoned. There had been much trouble with Indians, especially in Arizona with the Apaches, and the protection was never adequate.

In 1865, the overland mail by the Southern route was resumed, but it went to Los Angeles by way of Warner's Pass, and thence to San Francisco, missing San Diego. In 1867, Major Ben. C. Truman was appointed postal agent for California and used his influence to have the route changed to run by way of San Diego. The contractors, Thompson & Griffith, had been losing money, and took advantage of this change to abandon their contract. Mr. John G. Capron, who was then living in Tucson and had been engaged in the mail route business for some years, driving for Jennings & Doyle and others, thereupon went to Washington and secured the contract between Los Angeles and El Paso, 913 miles. He then moved to San Diego, and continued to operate this line for seven years, from 1867 to 1874. The portions of the route between El Paso and Tucson, and from San Diego to Los Angeles, were sublet. Mr. Capron tells many interesting stories of his troubles with the Apache Indians in Arizona, but the California Indians never gave him much trouble.

In 1847, a census of San Diego County was taken by Captain Davis of the Mormon Company, by order of Colonel Stevenson. It showed the following:

[John G. Capron]

CENSUS OF 1850

Population of whites	248
Tame Indians or neophytes	483
Wild Indians or gentiles	1550
Sandwich Islanders	3
Negroes	3
Total population of the county	2287

The seventh national census, taken in 1850, gave San Diego County a population of 798 and the town (including La Playa) 650,--this, of course, not including Indians. In 1860 the county had 4,324 and in 1870, 4,951.

The first county assessment roll, in 1850, shows the value of taxable property to have been:

Ranch lands . 255,281
10 stores with capital of 65,395
6 vineyards, value not stated
87 houses 104,302
6789 head of cattle 92,280

Total $517,258

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[Old Town School]

The assessment roll for the city of San Diego gave the following valuations:

San Diego (Old Town) $264,210
New Town (Graytown, or Davis's Folly) 80,050
Middletown 30,000

Total $375,260

In January, 1852, the Herald said there was not a vacant house in the town, and that over 200 people had recently arrived. In 1853, flour sold at $22 per barrel, pork from 32 to 35 cents, barley at 4 cents, rice at 10 cents, sugar from 14 to 20 cents, and potatoes from 5 to 5-1/2 cents, per pound.

By the next year (1854) the town was not so prosperous, and a public meeting was held to consider the state of the country, at which a proposal to construct a good road to Temecula, for the purpose of securing the Mormon trade, was considered. In May, 1855, eggs sold for 50 cents per dozen and butter at 50 cents per pound. The best flour came from San Bernardino and was preferred to that from Chile. The Herald complains of a want of enterprise and says the town is going down hill.

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[The famous bells at the Old Town Church]

In 1856, flour was worth $6 per cwt. at the mill, wheat 22-1/2 cents per pound, barley 4 cents per pound, and hay $35 per ton.

In 1859, times were hard and the town dull. The Herald says a tailor, shoemaker, watchmaker, and gunsmith are needed, but is gratified to learn that "several of our mer-

chants and mechanics, who intended to leave this place on account of dull times, have come to the conclusion to remain a little while longer."

On May 29, 1851, the following Old Town advertisements appeared in the first number of the Herald:

Marks and Fletcher, general merchandise, west side of the plaza;
Exchange Hotel and Billiard Saloon, G. P. Tebbetts & Co., plaza;
Pantoja House, Chas. J. Laning, east side of plaza;
Colorado House, H. J. Couts, plaza;
Frederick J. Painter, M.D., plaza.

Nearly all the flour and grain used in the country at this period was imported, although most ranches had small patches of corn, beans, and wheat for home consumption. In 1853, more

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[Louis Rose]

grain, principally barley, was raised in the little valley of Viejas than in all the rest of the country. It was hauled in to Old Town, in Mexican carts, over a wild, broken country, without roads a great part of the way. Captain Bogart was not discouraged by the destruction of his crop of barley by antelope and rabbits on North Island in 1852, but persevered and raised good crops at that place, in 1855 and 1856.

Among the first to practice agriculture successfully were Colonel Eddy and Robert Kelly, owners of the Jamacha Rancho who planted 300 acres to rye, wheat, oats, barley, and potatoes in 1852, and made a success of it.

One of the most interesting ventures of the time was the tannery of Louis Rose, established in 1853. It was situated in Rose's Canyon, about six miles from town and was quite completely fitted up. There were 20 bark vats, 2 cisterns with a capacity of 500 gallons each, 6 lime and water vats, a bark mill, an adobe house for currying leather, and several force pumps.

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[House of Albert B. Smith, Old Town]

The vats had a capacity of from 80 to 100 hides. The head tanner was Mr. Rose's nephew, N. J. Alexander. Bark was hauled a distance of ten miles and cost $12 to $15 per ton. Hides, of course, were plentiful, and were obtained in exchange for leather products. He employed a Mexican workman who made up the leather into shoes, botas, and saddles. He used in one year 3,500 hides and 1,500 skins of deer, goat, sheep, and sea-lion, and sold $8,000 worth of products. It is not easy to determine whether the business paid, but Alexander died in 1854, and it was abandoned soon after.

Mr. Rose was an unusually enterprising man and engaged in many undertakings. At one time, he undertook the manufacture of mattresses from sea-weed; he prospected for coal at the mouth of Rose's Canyon, and thought he had a deposit of valuable clay. He gave considerable attention to copper and silver mines in San Diego County, and in January, 1858, it was stated that he had sold a half interest in these

mines for $30,000. At that time, there were about 1,000 tons of ore ready to ship. Mr. Rose is also remembered as the founder of Roseville.

One of the most interesting episodes of the early days was the work of some Mormons, bent upon the enterprise of mining coal on the north shore of Point Loma, late in 1855, in response to a "revelation." Obtaining a lease of land from the city trustees, they proceeded to make borings which penetrated several strata of coal, ranging from three inches to a foot in thickness. In April, 1856, they announced that they had discovered a vein of good coal four and a half feet thick near the old light-house on

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[Lopez House, Old Town]

Point Loma, and began to sink a shaft. Considerable machinery was installed and a few experienced miners, as well as engineers employed, but nothing came of the enterprise. Naturally, it excited high hopes while it lasted.

A curious aftermath of the Garra uprising in 1851 was the belated arrival of a party of rough characters from San Francisco in the role of volunteers for the protection of the country against the Indians. At the beginning of the outbreak, the governor had been asked for assistance and had enlisted a large company to go to San Diego in response to this appeal. Just as they were about to sail, the governor was notified that the trouble was over, but about fifty of the volunteers refused to be deprived of their adventure. They arrived in San Diego in December and went into camp in Mission Valley. A variety of trouble ensued, until the San Diegans began to fear that their deliverers from San Francisco constituted a worse menace to the public peace than the Indians themselves. Horses were forcibly taken from the settlers and rows occurred in the plaza. Philip Crosthwaite received an ugly wound, but responded by shooting one of the volunteers named Watkins, who lost a leg in the encounter. At last, the roughs chartered a vessel and returned to San Francisco, to the great relief of the community.

Thieving became so common and so annoying in the early days of American rule that in 1851 a law was enacted fixing a penalty of imprisonment from one to ten years, "or by death, in the discretion of the jury," for taking property to the value of fifty dollars or more. A hard character named James Robinson,

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[A view of Old Town in 1906-Hut of Rafael Mamudes...]

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[Remains of jail at Old Town]

familiarly known as "Yankee Jim," suffered the extreme penalty for stealing the only rowboat in the bay. The verdict of the jury was as follows:

"Your jurors in the within case of James Robinson have the honor to return a verdict of 'guilty' and do therefore sentence him, James Robinson, to be hanged by the neck until dead. (Cave J. Couts, foreman of the jury."

The poor fellow could not believe that he was to be hanged until the very last moment. He appeared to think it all a grim joke or, at the worst, a serious effort to impress him with the enormity of his evil ways. He was still talking when Deputy Sheriff Crosthwaite gave the signal. Then the cart was driven from beneath him and he was left dangling in the air. Surely, the punishment was far more wicked than the crime, yet the example must have proved very effective in discouraging theft. There are other instances of frontier justice which, when compared with the methods of today, show that society has grown much kinder with the passing of time. Such testimony as the following item from the Herald indicates that there was much excuse for rough justice:

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[Jose Antonio Serrano]

"A lot of greasers had a baile the other evening, and as that was not enough for one night, they turned to and stoned a poor Indian, belonging to Mrs. Marron, until he quietly laid down and died. This is considered fine sport, and as our magistrates don't trouble about such little matters, it will probably be repeated on the next occasion, with perhaps slight variation."

And here is a gruesome memory of the fierce old times related by Mrs. Carson:

"One day I stood at the corner of the old Franklin House and saw one man shoot another, and I was the only witness. Just as I was going to tell about it, Mr. Pendleton, who came up and saw that I had seen what had occurred, gave me a wink and I stopped myself in time. I did not know, then, why he wanted me to keep quiet, but I did so. He explained afterwards that he thought it would be unpleasant for me to have to be a witness. This was in January or February, 1865, and before we were married."

The story of the building of the cobblestone jail at Old Town is one of the most interesting in the annals of San Diego. It

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was one of the first things undertaken when the Americans came into possession of the City government. The contract was let for $5,000 to Agostin Haraszthy, who was city marshal and sheriff at the time and whose father was president of the city council. The bid of Israel Brothers, $2,000 lower, was rejected. The cobbles were laid in ordinary mortar, without cement, and the building was seriously damaged by a heavy rain while in the course of construction. The contractor demanded a further allowance or relief from his contract, and they allowed him $2,000 more, making $7,000 in all. It soon appeared that there was not enough money in the treasury to complete the payment, whereupon city scrip was issued for the balance, in denominations of $100. It read as follows:

"No. 45, $100.
San Diego, March 28, 1851.

To the treasurer of the City of San Diego: Please pay to Agostin Haraszthy or bearer, the sum of one hundred dollars out of the General Fund, with interest at 8 per cent per month, until advertised for payment--on account of contract for building jail.

By authority of an Ordinance of the Common Council approved March 28, 1851.
G. P. Tebbetts,
Treasurer of the Common Council.
A. J. Matsell, Clerk of the Common Council."

But little of this scrip was ever paid, though some of it was exchanged for city lands. In 1853, the town trustees resigned in a body in order to defeat a suit which had been begun to enforce payment of this and other scrip. This unusual course seems to have been justified by the wretched job which had been foisted upon the town. The jail was practically worthless, and the very first prisoner sent there promptly dug his way out. It still stands as a picturesque reminder of old times. It is within the enclosure of an old Indian, Rafael Mamudes, and is often visited by a class of people who do not ordinarily hunger to see the inside of a jail, and would not in this case save for historic interest and the easy exit afforded. The only prisoner ever successfully confined within the walls is a fine pepper tree, cheerfully growing in one of the cells.

The cobblestone jail was succeeded by an iron cage, 5'7" x 8'6", with a height of 7'. It had a wood roof and floor and was lined with sheet iron. It is now in use as a city jail, at Coronado Tent City. While not imposing in appearance, it has the merit of holding the bad men consigned to it.

The end of Old Town as a community of any importance was the great fire of April 20, 1872. It began in Mrs. Schiller's

kitchen, spread to the Gila, Franklin and Colorado houses and consumed all the business places on the plaza. This disastrous event turned the scale in favor of the vigorous young community which was growing up on Horton's addition.

The most eloquent reminders of the time that is gone are the two old cannon, one lying on the plaza at Old Town, the other treasured by the San Diego Chamber of Commerce. Both belonged to the Spanish fort on Ballast Point and were removed to Old Town in 1838. The one which lies in the plaza long stood upright in the earth and was irreverently used as a hitching post for horses and a whipping-post for naughty Indians. The bronze gun, "El Jupiter," now in the Chamber of Commerce, was cast at Manila in 1783. These ancient cannon did duty under three flags and typify the history of San Diego. If their iron lips could speak the language of human tongues, they could tell the whole story of the Plymouth of the West, with its varying fortunes under the dominion of Spaniard, Mexican and American.

It will now be in order to give some account of the early American settlers of San Diego, before proceeding to tell the story of the new city. A few who came before the Mexican War have already been sketched and the Spanish families are grouped in Chapter VI, Part II. Some of the names appearing in this chapter may be strange to the present generation, though familiar to older settlers. The necessity of compressing this history into one volume of moderate size renders it impossible to do full justice to all these pioneers. The most essential facts have been condensed and arranged with a view to giving as much information as possible concerning them, in a brief and impartial manner.

AMES, Julian. Was a sailor from Amesbury, Mass., and said to have been an uncle of the well known Oakes Ames. He married, in lower California, a lady named Espinosa. He was an otter hunter in 1846, and served as a volunteer in the Mexican War. He held some offices at an early day, including that of city trustee in 1853 and 1855. About 1859 or 1860 he settled on El Cajon ranch, where he died in February, 1866. His children were: Francisco, who lives in lower California; Sam, who married Adelaide, a daughter of José Antonio Serrano, and lives in Lower California; José, who married María, daughter of José Machado, and lived and died at Lakeside; Mary, who married James Flynn; and Nievas, who married Charles Greenleaf, of Lakeside.

BEAN, Joshua H. Settled in San Diego during the military occupation and was a prominent citizen. He served as alcalde in 1850 and as mayor in the same year, being the last alcalde and the first mayor of San Diego. While mayor, he signed the deed for the "Middletown Addition," May 27, 1850. He removed to Los Angeles in 1851, and at the time of the Garra Insurrection was major-general of State Militia and came to San Diego to preside over the courtmartial. He kept a store at San Gabriel and was a prominent citizen of Southern California. He was killed, in November, 1852, by Mexican ruffians, near Los Angeles.

BOGART, Captain J. C. Captain Bogart was one of the earliest visitors, touching here in 1834, in the ship Black Warrior. In 1852 he became the agent of the Pacific Mail Steamship Company at La Playa, with headquarters on the hulk Clarissa Andrews, and held the position many years. He represented the county in the State Senate in 1862-3, and was actively connected with the San Diego & Gila Railroad project. He was unmarried. In 1873 he revisited San Diego and gave some interesting reminiscences.

BUSH, Thomas Henry. Judge Bush was born in Pennsylvania, June 8, 1831, and came to California in 1853. He learned the bookbinder's trade, which he followed in San Francisco, and also engaged in mining and kept a store in Lower California. He came to San Diego in 1865, where at first he kept a store, and in 1868 became postmaster. In the same year he was appointed county judge to fill the unexpired term of Julio Osuna, and held the office eight years. He was also school trustee and city trustee; in the latter capacity, he was instrumental in selling the city lands to Horton, and signed the deed. From 1878 to 1887, he was absent from San Diego, prospecting and visiting in his native state. In his later days, he engaged in the real estate business, was a notary, and secretary of the San Diego Society of Pioneers. He died December 17, 1898.

He married Ellen Augusta Porter. They had one daughter, Bertha, born in San Francisco in 1863. Miss Porter was an early teacher at Old Town.

Judge Bush was not a lawyer, and might, perhaps, have made a more satisfactory record as a judge had he been one. At the time of the agitation for the removal of the county seat from Old Town to Horton's Addition, he showed decided bias in favor of the Old Town faction, and the people of New San Diego always remembered it.

CASSIDY, Andrew. A native of County Cavan, Ireland. He came to America when 17 and was employed three years at West Point, in the Engineering Corps, under General George B. McClellan. He then went to Washington and entered the employ of the Coast Survey Office, under Professor Bache. About a year later, he was one of a party sent to the Pacific Coast under Lieutenant W. T. Trowbridge. They reached San Francisco in July, 1853, and a month later came to San Diego, established a tidal gauge at La Playa, and left Cassidy in charge. He remained in charge of this tidal gauge, and of meteorological observations, for seventeen years, and also gave considerable attention to collecting specimens for the Smithsonian Institution.

In 1864, Mr. Cassidy became owner of the Soledad Rancho, containing 1,000 acres, where the town of Sorrento is situated,

and engaged in the live stock business until in 1887, when he sold the property. He is also a property owner in San Diego.

His first wife was Rosa Serrano, daughter of José Antonio Serrano, who died September 10, 1869. He married, second, Mary Smith, daughter of Albert B. Smith, who is now deceased. They had one daughter, Mary Winifred. Mr. Cassidy is still living, a respected citizen of San Diego. He held several public offices at an early day. He was a member of the Board of Public Works as late as his 88th year.

CLAYTON, Henry. Came to San Diego with the boundary commission as a surveyor. He married the widow of Captain Joseph F. Snook (María Antonia Alvarado de Snook). They are both deceased and left no children. Clayton held the office of city surveyor for a short time in 1850, and was the first county surveyor, serving for several terms in the 50's and 60's.

CONNORS, James W. A soldier who came to San Diego with Magruder's Battalion in 1850. He married Harriet Vandergrift, sister of Richard Kerren's wife. He was deputy sheriff seven years under James McCoy and still lives in Coronado. His son, George A. Connors, married Isabel Smith, daughter of A. B. Smith. She is now deceased; he is still living; they had three children: James W. Connors, Jr., married Helen Minter and lives in Old Town. Has four children. William E. Connors, married first, a Minter, who died; married second, Dolores Alvarado. Has one child, living at Whittier; employed at reform school. Paul S. Connors, married Mary N. Stewart, daughter of John C. Stewart. Lives at Old Town. Is night watchman at the court house, San Diego; has been postmaster at Old Town, where he keeps a store. Has two children living, one dead. Hattie Connors, married Ben Lyons; lives at Coronado. Sarah Connors, married first, Dr. Edward Burr; second, Angelo Smith. Dead. Mary J. Connors, died in a Los Angeles school. Unmarried.

COUTS, Cave Johnson. Born near Springfield, Tennessee, November 11, 1821. His uncle, Cave Johnson, was Secretary of the Treasury under President Polk, and had him appointed to West Point, where he graduated in 1843. He served on the frontier until after the Mexican War, and was then at Los Angeles, San Luis Rey, and San Diego from 1848 to 1851. In 1849 he conducted the Whipple expedition to the Colorado River.

On April 5, 1851, he married Ysidora Bandini, daughter of Juan Bandini, of San Diego. In October of the same year he resigned from the army and was soon after appointed colonel and aid-de-camp on the staff of Governor Bigler. In the Garra insurrection he served as adjutant, and at the courtmartial was judge-advocate. He was a member of the first grand jury September, 1850, and county judge

in 1854. In 1853 he removed to a tract known as the Guajome grant, a wedding gift to his wife from her brother-in-law, Abel Stearns. Having been appointed sub-agent for the San Luis Rey Indians, Colonel Couts was able to secure all the cheap labor needed for the improvement of his property. His business affairs were managed with skill and military precision, and he became one of the wealthiest men in Southern California. He purchased the San Marcos, Buena Vista, and La Jolla ranchos, and also government land, amounting in all to about 20,000 acres. His home was widely celebrated for its hospitality. He entertained Helen Hunt Jackson while she was collecting materials for Ramona, and part of the story is supposed to be laid at the Guajome rancho. As Colonel Couts's wealth consisted largely of cattle, the passage of the "no fence" law was a severe blow to him, and one from which he never fully recovered. He died at the Horton House, in San Diego, June 10 1874. He was over six feet tall, perfectly straight, and weighed 165 pounds. He was a man of good education, strict integrity, and gentlemanly manners. His widow continued to live on the rancho and manage it until her death.

Their children were ten, of whom nine lived to maturity: Abel Stearns, who died in 1855, aged nearly four years; María Antonia, who was married to Chalmers Scott, and still lives in San Diego; William Bandini, who married Christina, daughter of Salvador Estudillo, and is a farmer living near San Marcos; Ysidora Forster, who was married to W. D. Gray; Elena, married to Parker Dear and lived several years on the Santa Rosa rancho; Robert Lee; John Forster; and Caroline.

COUTS, William B. Brother of Cave J. Couts, married a daughter of Santiago E. Argüello. He was county clerk and recorder in 1855-6-7-8, postmaster in 1858, justice of the peace in 1861, etc. In 1857 he seems to have held nearly all the county offices at one time, if credit is to be given the Herald of April 27th in that year. His son, George A. Couts, is a San Diego city policeman.

CROSTHWAITE, Philip. Was born December 27, 1825, in Athy, County Kildare, Ireland, where his parents were visiting their old home, they having emigrated to the United States some years before. On their return to America, Philip was left in the care of his grandparents, and lived with them until 16, when he visited his mother. In 1843 he returned to Ireland to complete his education, and entered Trinity College, Dublin. His grandmother died in 1845 and he thereupon came to America for a second visit, intending to return and complete his education. But while in Philadelphia, he met a young man from Boston with whom he struck up an acquaintance, and for a "lark" these two determined to take a short sea voyage. Going to New-

port, R. I., they shipped on board the schooner Hopewell, Captain Littlefield, supposing they were bound on a fishing trip to the Newfoundland banks. To their dismay, after

reaching the open sea, they found the ship was booked for San Francisco. They begged so hard to be put ashore that the captain finally promised to allow them to return by the first ship they met; but Crosthwaite related it as a singular circumstance that they never saw another sail from that day until they reached the Bay of San Diego.

Crosthwaite and his friend, Rhead, deserted here and waited until the Hopewell had departed. A ship bound for the East came along soon after, but there was room for only one; there was a toss-up for the vacant berth, and Crosthwaite losing, he gave up all thought of leaving San Diego. He was strong and adventurous and made his way. In 1846, when the Mexican War broke out, he was on an otter hunting expedition on the Lower California coast, with Julian Ames, John Post, John C. Stewart, and William Curley. Learning of the war at the Santa Rosario Mission, they all returned to San Diego and served in the San Pasqual campaign. They reached the town late at night, and early the next morning were awakened by a thundering knock at the door. It was Captain Gillespie, who said: "There can be no neutrals in this country; you must either enlist for three months (as the war will probably be over by that time), or be imprisoned on the Congress. He intended to enlist, anyway, but the choice was made easy. A good deal of the local color concerning the San Pasqual campaign has been derived from his accounts of it. He was in the midst of it from beginning to end, and was slightly wounded by Pico's rangers in the slaughter of December 6th. After the troops left for the capture of Los Angeles, he performed garrison duty until the close of the war.

In 1851, Crosthwaite served in the Garra Insurrection, with the rank of third sergeant. After these troubles, he was the mainstay of the citizens in preserving the peace, at the time when the San Francisco "Hounds" were terrorizing the town, and was seriously wounded in the discharge of his duty, as has been related.

He held a number of offices at an early day, being the first county treasurer, deputy sheriff several years, and sheriff one or two terms. He was also school commissioner in 1850, county clerk and recorder in 1853-4, and justice of the peace in 1854. He lived for several years in Mission Valley, above Old Town, and later owned the San Miguel Rancho in Lower California. He was lessee of the San Diego Mission in 1848, and later went to the mines. He also kept a store in Old Town, and later in

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[Philip Crosthwaite]

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new San Diego, in partnership with Mr. Whaley. His old ledger, kept in 1853, is now owned by Mr. Joseph Jessop, and shows many curious things. The first entry in it shows the sale of over $200 worth of provisions to Lieutenant Derby, for the use of the Indians working on the San Diego River dam. The prices charged are also very interesting, now.

He purchased the San Miguel Rancho in 1861 and removed to Lower California, but still spent much of his time in San Diego. He was an active and earnest Freemason, and the first Worshipful Master of San Diego Lodge No. 35--the oldest lodge in the Southwest. When Lieutenant Derby left San Diego, he presented Crosthwaite with the

Past Master's jewel, which the latter later gave to his beloved lodge, and which is now a cherished item of their furniture.

He married Josefa Lopez, a daughter of Bonifacio Lopez, of San Diego, 1848. They had a large family, of which seven sons and two daughters survived him. His daughter Mary was married to J. N. Briseño, of San Diego, but the others live in Lower California. He died in San Diego, February 19, 1903. Mrs. Wm. Jeff Gatewood was his sister. It is said he had nearly fifty grandchildren at the time of his death.

Crosthwaite was a well built man, with a full beard and a remarkably deep voice. It is related that an uncle by marriage, Mr. Hempstead, stopping off at La Playa on his way to San Francisco in the 50's, recognized him by his voice, though he had not seen him for years. He was known to be an utterly fearless man, whose courage was proved in many hard encounters. He was a man of strong character and had enemies as well as friends. Part of these troubles were due to religious differences, he being an Episcopalian and his wife a Catholic. He was fond of telling his recollections of early days and his stories were not always accurate or free from prejudice. He was fond of a joke, and it has been said that he carried this propensity into his tales of old times; but a careful study of them shows clearly enough that the inaccuracies and discrepancies are no more than was natural with one who talks a good deal and whose memory is not remarkable for its accuracy. That Crosthwaite had some faults is doubtless true, but he was beyond question a strong, resolute man, well fitted for the rough life of his time.

CURLEY, William. Was an otter hunter with Crosthwaite and others, in 1846. Served as a volunteer in the Mexican War. He was an elector at San Diego, April 1, 1850. Married Ramona Alipás, daughter of Damasio and Juana Machado de Alipás, (later the wife of Thomas Wrightington), in 1844. He was drowned in December, 1856, on the beach near Point Loma, while out otter hunting with an Indian. His widow afterward married William Williams, and moved to Los Angeles.

DARNELL (or Darnall), Thomas R. Kept a store in San Diego in the early 50's; his store was robbed in February, 1856. In the following March he was chosen city trustee. He was an organizer of the San Diego & Gila Railroad Company. He was unmarried. Was Worshipful Master of the Masonic Lodge in 1858. He left San Diego soon after the latter year.

ENSWORTH, A. S. Squire Ensworth came to San Diego as a teamster in government employ. He was elected justice of the peace in 1856 and assemblyman in 1859. He was a "self-made man," who studied law after being elected justice, and later engaged in the practice of law, with considerable success. He was quite a reader and had a large library, for the times. He died in a hospital at Los Angeles.

FERRELL, William C. This pioneer came from North Carolina, where he had two daughters living. He settled at San Diego about 1850, and at the first election, held in that year, was chosen district attorney. He was a lawyer of ability and a useful member of the community. He was one of the founders of new San Diego, with Davis and others. In 1852 he was appointed collector of the port and served one year. In 1854 he was assessor and school commissioner, and, the following year, served as assemblyman. In 1858 he was a city trustee, and in 1859 district attorney again. In December of the last named year, he went to Reventadero, near Descanso, Lower California, where he lived the life of a recluse until his death. The reason for this action is somewhat obscure, but

the traditional reason is at least plausible. It is said that, being a somewhat testy man and having set his heart upon winning a certain case, it was decided against him; whereupon, he became enraged, banged his books down upon the table, and declared that, since he could not get justice in this country, he would quit it, and proceeded to do so. There is evidence that he left in haste a document on file in the county clerk's office containing directions for the settlement of a number of small accounts, for the disposal of his personal effects, etc. His San Diego friends kept him supplied with reading, and when they visited him, found him always well informed and, apparently, happy. The newspapers of the time contain many references to Ferrell, how he watched over San Diego from his mountain fastness, etc. He died June 8, 1883.

FRANKLIN, Lewis A. Came to San Diego in the summer of 1851, with George H. Davis, in a trading vessel from San Francisco. They decided to remain, and their San Francisco representative, Thomas Whaley, followed in October, and he and Franklin opened the Tienda California (California Store). This partnership was dissolved in April, 1852, Franklin retiring.

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In 1851, he served in the Garra campaign, as a second lieutenant. With his brother Maurice, he built the Franklin House, which was long a prominent landmark. He also practiced law in the 50's.

FITCH, Henry D. Captain Fitch was a native of New Bedford, Mass. In 1826-30, he was master of the Mexican brig María Ester, calling at California ports. In 1827 he announced his intention of becoming a Mexican citizen and was naturalized in 1833. He was baptized at San Diego in 1829 as Enrique Domingo Fitch. His elopement with Señorita Josefa Carrillo is related elsewhere. In 1830-31 he was master of the Leonor and brought 50 Mexican convicts to San Diego, where 23 of them remained. He kept a general store in Old Town for many years and in 1845 this was the only store in the place; there had been some other small shops previously. He bought and sold hides, tallow, and furs, outfitted otter hunters, and made trading voyages along the coast. At different times he was a partner of Stearns, McKinley, Temple and Paty. He was San Diego's first syndico, in 1835, and held other public offices. In 1845, he made the first survey and map of the pueblo lands. In 1841 he received a grant of the Sotoyomi Rancho, in Sonoma County, and began to develop his interests there. He died in San Diego in 1849, and was the last person buried on Presidio Hill. The family removed to the ranch near Healdsburg soon after his death, and continue to reside there. Fitch Mountain, in Sonoma County, was named for him. Mrs. Fitch died at the age of 82, having kept her faculties remarkably to the end.

Their children were eleven in number, as follows: Henry E. born in 1830; Fred., 1832; William, 1834; Joseph, 1836; Josefa, 1837; John B., 1839; Isabella, 1840; Charles, 1842; Michael, 1844; María Antonia Natalia, 1845; and Anita, 1848.

The estimates of his character vary somewhat, but are mostly favorable. Dana hints that he was coarse, and perhaps he was somewhat so, according to that young man's standards; old sea captains were not then noted for their polish. The testimony is clear however, that he was an honorable, popular, and influential man and a useful citizen.

FORSTER, John. Often called Don Juan Forster, was born in England in 1815. He came to Guaymas in 1831 and two years later to California, settling at Los Angeles. In 1844 he removed to San Juan Capistrano and purchased the ex-mission lands there,

where he lived for twenty years. In 1845 he was grantee of the National Rancho. In 1864, having sold the latter place, he bought the Santa Margarita Rancho from Pio Pico and spent his remaining days there. He was for many years a man of great wealth and lived and entertained in generous style; but in later years his affairs became involved and he died compara-

tively poor. He had not much liking for politics, but gave considerable attention to a number of colonization schemes, none of which he was able to carry to a successful conclusion. He died February 20, 1882. He was a useful and highly respected citizen.

In 1837, he married Isadora Pico, sister of Pio and Andrés Pico. They had six children, some of whom are still living in San Diego County.

GITCHELL., J. R. One of the ablest of early lawyers. Was the first attorney of the San Diego & Gila Railroad, and drew its charter. He was district attorney in 1856-7-8, and was a prominent member of the Masonic order. He left San Diego and settled in Los Angeles.

GRAY, Andrew B. In addition to his service on the boundary commission, Lieutenant Gray was one of the founders of new San Diego, and probably the original initiator of the project. He was a surveyor of more than ordinary ability, and made a survey for the old Southern Pacific Railroad on the 32d parallel in 1854, as far as the Colorado River; from that point, he made only a reconnaissance into San Diego, but it was sufficient to demonstrate the feasibility of the route. His report was published in 1856, and is a very valuable document. During the Civil War, he became a major-general in the Confederate Army.

GROOM, Robert W. Was a competent surveyor and a man

of good sense and high standing. He filled the office of county surveyor in 1856, 1859, 1861-2-3, and was assemblyman in 1858 and 1860. He then went to Arizona.

HAYS, John. First county judge of San Diego County, and county treasurer in 1853. He came from Texas, where he had been an actor in the early troubles. His farm and fish-pond on Point Loma are described by Lieutenant Derby. He died May 24, 1857, having broken his neck by walking over a steep bank while on his way home, at night.

He was an elector in 1850, and a director of the San Diego & Gila Railroad from its organization in November, 1854.

HOFFMAN, Dr. David B. This name first appears on the records on December 1,1855, and in that and the following years he served as coroner. He was admitted to practice law, April 1, 1856, and in 1859, 1860, and 1861, served as district attorney. In 1857 he was town trustee, in 1862 assemblyman, in 1865 school trustee, and in 1868 Democratic presidential elector for California. He was collector of the port from 1869 to 1872, and also acted as tidal gauger. His wife's name was María Dolores, daughter of Peter Wilder and Guadalupe Machado, who died August 12,1887. He died in 1888,

leaving a son named Chauncey, also a daughter, Miss Virginia Hoffman. He was a good physician and a much respected citizen.

ISRAEL., Captain Robert D. Is one of the few "real pioneers" still living. He is a native of Pittsburg, Pennsylvania. Served in the Mexican War, in the Second Division, in the Rifles, and saw much hard service. Immediately after being mustered out, in 1848, he came to San Diego. He lived at Old Town several years, engaged in blacksmithing, keeping a saloon, and doing contracting with his brother, Joseph H. Israel. He became keeper of the lighthouse on June 14, 1871, and served until January 6, 1892. He was orderly sergeant in the Garra campaign and in charge of the firing squad which executed that brave man. He served as policeman and jailor in the early 50's, in 1858 was Justice of the peace, and in 1865 school trustee. He married María Arcadia Alipás, daughter of Damasio and Juana Machado de Alipás, Their children are: Henry C., Joseph P. (died young), Robert L., and Joseph P., second. Since 1895 he has lived in Coronado. His memory is clear and his stories of early days most interesting and valuable.

JOHNSON, Captain George A. Captain Johnson is one of the best remembered of old San Diegans. He owned the Peñasquitas Rancho and was a large rancher and cattle raiser, and also largely interested in the Colorado Steam Navigation Company. He served as assemblyman for San Diego County in 1863 and 1867.

KELLY, Robert. A native of the Isle of Man, where he was born in 1825. Came to America while young and lived in New York and New Orleans. In 1850 he came west to the Colorado River and built a ferry-boat for the use of the government engineers. It was made of cottonwood timber, sawed by hand. He soon after came to San Diego and helped build the Davis wharf, in 1850-1. In 1852 he became, with Colonel Eddy, the owner of the Jamacha grant. They raised rye, wheat, oats, barley, and potatoes on 300 acres, and this was among the earliest successful agriculture in San Diego County. In 1857 he sold his ranch and engaged in mercantile business with Frank Ames at Old Town. In 1860 he again engaged in cattle raising with F. Hinton, on the Agua Hedionda Rancho, and later became sole owner of the rancho and made it his home. He served as juez de paz. In 1856 he was attacked by bandits and seriously wounded. He owned considerable real estate in new San Diego and was an enterprising and public spirited citizen. He was never married. Mr. Charles Kelly, at present a member of the common council of San Diego, is his nephew.

KURTZ, Daniel Brown. Mr. Kurtz was the second mayor of San Diego, succeeding General Bean in 1851. He was born in Pennsylvania in 1819, and came to San Diego in June, 1850; studied law under J. R. Gitchell and was admitted to practice in 1856. He was state senator in 1852 and 1855, county Judge in 1855-6, but resigned in the latter year; assemblyman in 1861 and 1865-6, and president of the town trustees in 1862. He was appointed brigadier-general of State Militia by the governor in July, 1856. Was a director of the old San Diego & Gila Railroad in October, 1855. He was a carpenter and did considerable contracting at Old Town and elsewhere. He removed to San Luis Rey in 1866, and resided there until his death, which occurred March 30, 1898.

LYONS, George. A native of Donegal, Ireland, who came to San Diego in 1847. He had been carpenter on board a whaler on the Northwest coast. He kept a store in Old Town from 1851 to 1858. In the latter year he was elected sheriff and served two terms, until 1862, when he was succeeded by James McCoy. He was city trustee and

postmaster in 1853-4, trustee again in 1855, etc. He was also a director of the San Diego & Gila Railroad from its organization in 1854.

In 1850, he married Bernarda Billar, daughter of Lieutenant Billar, at one time commandant of the San Diego Presidio. They had ten children, seven sons and three daughters. Their eldest son, William J. Lyons, married Sarah Ames. He was associated with H. A. Howard in the real estate business in boom days, and the Souvenir, published by the firm of Howard &

Lyons, consisting of advertisements written for them by Thomas I. Fitch, is famous. He has also been largely interested in mining in the Alamo district, Lower California. His daughter, Mary Dolores, was married to J. B. Hinton. She is now deceased. They had no children.

Son, Benj. Lyons, married Hattie Connors, daughter of Jas. W. Connors. They live at Coronado and have three children.

George Lyons is one of the best known of the few survivors of the days before the 50's.

MANNASSE, Joseph S. A native of Prussia, who came to San Diego in 1853 and opened a store. He began with small capital, but prospered and soon became a large dealer. In 1856 he formed a partnership with Marcus Schiller, which continued many years. In 1868 the firm started a lumber yard at the foot of Atlantic and E Streets, and soon after bought and stocked the Encinitos Rancho. They built up a large business, but suffered severely in the drought and hard times and the early 70's,

also in the great fire at Old Town in April, 1872. They laid out and sold Mannasse & Schiller's Addition, one of the earliest additions after Horton came. In later years, Mr. Mannasse's principal business was that of broker and collector. He was a public spirited citizen; served as city trustee two or three terms, and was president of that body when Horton made his purchase, but did not sign the deed. On account of his small stature he was called Mannasse Chico, or Mannasito.

He married Hannah Schiller, a sister of his partner. They had one daughter, Cilita Mannasse. Mr. Mannasse died December 26, 1897.

McCOY, James. A native of County Antrim, Ireland, born August 12, 1821. Came to America in 1842, and in 1849 became a member of Magruder's Battery, and accompanied it to San Diego. He was stationed at San Luis Rey, with a small squad, for over two years, and had some experience in Indian warfare. In 1859 he was elected county assessor and in 1861 sheriff. To the latter office he was re-elected five times and served until 1871, when he became state senator. He was a city trustee for fourteen years and took an active part in the public movements of his day.

In 1868, he married Winifred Kearny who survived him. She is now Mrs. F. D. Murtha. They had no children.

Mr. McCoy was a man of strong personality. He had his friends, also some bitter enemies. While city trustee he was

deeply involved, with Charles P. Taggart and others, in the tide lands speculation, over which a political controversy raged. The "tide landers" won at the polls, but the courts finally decided that the city had no title to the tide lands. Mr. McCoy was a man of considerable ability and a stanch friend of Old Town.

MINTER, John. According to the Herald, this man was attacked by an Indian and seriously cut in the left arm, in August, 1857. He married Serafina Wrightington, daughter of Thomas Wrightington, and they had a family of six children. He died several years ago. Had two daughters, one of whom, Ellen L., married Jas. W. Connors, Jr., and the other married his brother, William.

MOON, William H. A Georgian who settled at San Diego in 1849. He was an elector April 1, 1850, and a member of the first grand jury in September of that year. The records show that he was a justice of the peace and ex officio associate justice of the court of sessions, in 1850-1. He was a quaint character. He died February 3, 1859. He is the "Squire" to whom Derby refers, who

"Goes 'round a-walkin'
And sasses all respectable persons
Wlth his talk of pills he's invented
To give a spirit of resentment."

MORSE, Ephraim W. This sterling pioneer is deserving of more space than the limits of this work allow: He was not only one of the earliest American settlers, but one of the most public spirited and active workers for the building of the new city.

Mr. Morse was born October 16, 1823, in Amesbury, Massachusetts. He was a farmer and school teacher until the discovery of gold in California, when he caught the fever and joined a company formed for the purpose of emigrating to the coast. "This company," he said, "was intended to be, and was, a select company. No one could join without presenting satisfactory recommendations from the selectmen of the town, the mayor of their city, or some prominent preacher." There were 100 of these associates. With their joint funds they bought the ship Leonore and freighted her with such goods as they thought would be salable. The constitution of the company was dated December 28, 1848, and stated that the organization was "for the purpose of buying and chartering a ship, and freighting her as the directors shall see fit, for the coast of California, and engaging in such trading and mining operations as shall be deemed most advisable." The capital stock was $30,000, divided into 100 shares of $300 each. Each member undertook to give his personal time and attention to the interests of the company, not to engage in speculation on his own account, nor to assume

any pecuniary liability without the company's consent, nor to engage in any game of chance or skill by which money might be lost or won, nor to use any intoxicating liquors unless prescribed by a physician, all under penalty of a fine. Members were to be sustained and protected in sickness and interred at the company's expense in case of death. No stockholder was to be allowed or required to perform any labor on the Sabbath, "except works of necessity and mercy."

This company of highly proper young men were chiefly friends and neighbors of Mr. Morse's. Among their occupations were the following: Farmers, teachers, carpenters, clerks, bookkeepers, bookbinders, masons, seamen, hatters, blacksmiths, geologists, sail-makers, joiners, stair-builders, traders, moulders, brass finishers, machinists, soap-makers, truckmen, laborers, curriers, civil engineers, shoemakers, tailors, chemists, harness-makers, saddlers, and weavers. (This reminds one of the days of the Híjar colony.) Before sailing, they attended a special religious service at Tremont Temple, in Boston, where the Rev. Edward Beecher delivered an address full of solemn admonitions; he seemed to regard them as the leaven of a moral reformation, of which California stood particularly in need. Mr. Morse's papers include a copy of a pamphlet containing this address, with a list of the passengers, and much other curious information.

The Leonora sailed February 4, 1849, and, after an uneventful voyage, reached San Francisco on July 5th. Here the ship and cargo were sold and the company dispersed to the mines, on the Yuba River. Mr. Morse had for a partner a man named Levi Slack. They found the hot weather and other climatic conditions trying, and after four or five months returned to San Francisco to recuperate. They had read Dana's Two Years Before the Mast, and also met a man who had lived in San Diego and told them something about its climate. The partners therefore concluded to come to San Diego, and to bring with them a "venture," consisting of a stock of goods for a general store, a ready-framed house, etc. They came on the bark Fremont and arrived in April, 1850. Liking the place, they put up their house at Davistown and opened their store. The building was 20x30 feet, with an upstairs room, where they slept. Within a month after his arrival, Mr. Morse found his health completely restored. In 1851, he returned to Massachusetts by way of the Nicaragua route, having a stormy and adventurous trip, but arrived safely. He married Miss Lydia A. Gray, of Amesbury, and while preparing to return to California with his wife received news of the death of Mr. Slack and therefore hurried back to California, alone, leaving his wife to follow. He was absent all together six months, and returned in May, 1852. Mrs.

Morse came out with Thomas Whaley and wife, the following year.

By April, 1853, the new town had begun to dwindle and, having an opportunity to become a partner with Mr. Whaley at Old Town, Mr. Morse removed to that place. They kept a general merchandise store in one of the adobe buildings on the plaza. In 1856 this partnership was dissolved and Morse kept his store alone for three years. He then disposed of his stock and went to Palomar to engage in stock raising and farming. In 1861 he returned to San Diego and again engaged in business as a merchant, in the old Rose House, beneath the Herald office, and was also agent for Wells, Fargo & Co.'s express. In June, 1869, he sold out his stock at Old Town to Philip Crosthwaite and removed to Horton's Addition, taking the express office with him, much to the disgust of

his old neighbors. From this time onward he was a resident and active worker for the new city.

In 1852, he was elected and served as associate justice of the court of sessions. He also became secretary of the board of trade and held the office twelve years. April 21, 1856, he was admitted to the practice of law. In 1858-9 he served as county treasurer, and again in 1861-2-3. In 1866-7 he was city trustee and in the latter year was instrumental in selling the city's lands to A. E. Horton. He had shown his faith in the new town by settling there upon his first arrival; and he now stood by Horton and did everything in his power to aid in building up the new addition.

From the time of his removal to Horton's Addition he began to prosper and became a vital element in the life of the new town. In 1870 he was a leading spirit in the organization of the first bank in San Diego, the Bank of San Diego, which later was merged in the Consolidated National Bank, in both of which, as well as in the San Diego Savings Bank, he was continuously a director and officer. In 1871, he went to Washington city to represent San Diego in the matter of its pueblo lands, and argued the case with skill and ability. In company with James M. Pierce he built the handsome and substantial Pierce-Morse block on the northwest corner of Sixth and F Streets, and, in company with Messrs. Whaley and Dalton, the Morse, Whaley & Dalton block. At one time he was quite wealthy, but the collapse of the great boom hit him very hard, and he never fully recovered.

He was one of the prime movers in the organization of the San Diego & Gila Railroad and acted as a director and officer as long as the organization continued. He was also prominently connected with all other railroad projects from that time until his death, and probably knew the story of San Diego's struggle

[Ephraim W. Morse, the ideal citizen]

for railroad facilities better than any other man. At the time the representatives of the Santa Fe came to San Diego, in October, 1879, he was secretary of the Citizens' Committee, charged with the duty of furnishing the visitors with information. This duty he performed in a remarkably efficient manner, promptly producing everything called for, and answering all questions clearly and accurately. His associates testify that his great knowledge and untiring energy on this occasion were among the strongest elements contributing to the bringing of the railroad.

Among other activities, he was a member of the real estate firm of Morse, Noell & Whaley from 1880 to 1886, and for about a year longer of the firm of Morse, Whaley & Dalton. He was also connected with the San Diego Flume Company and made a considerable investment in it. He was public administrator in 1876-7. He had little taste for office, however, and only served when he felt it to be a duty. One of his greatest services was in connection with the park, which he was instrumental in having set aside. With characteristic steadfastness, he was a friend of the park to the end and stood up for its preservation and improvement, even when others weakened. He was a truly public spirited citizen, to whom no worthy enterprise or charity appealed in vain. He was an

old and active Freemason and a member and officer of the first lodge formed in San Diego. He early learned the Spanish language and was regarded as a friend by the native population. Personally he was one of the most lovable of men, full of unaffected kindness and so unassuming that his real worth and the true value of his services were often not appreciated. He passed away on January 17, 1906, retaining his faculties in a remarkable degree to the last.

His first wife died at Old Town, in 1856. In 1865, while acting as school trustee (an office which he filled for several terms), he was instrumental in bringing here Miss Mary C. Walker, of Manchester, New Hampshire, to teach the Old Town school. The story of her troubles, and final resignation, has been told. On December 20, 1866, Mr. Morse and Miss Walker were married. By his first wife, he had one son, Edward W. Morse, who is resident of Merrimac, Mass.

NOELL., Charles P. Born in Bedford County, Virginia, February 20, 1812. Came to California in November, 1848. He was a merchant in San Francisco until December, 1849, when he lost all he had in one of the great fires. In February, 1850, he came to San Diego and put up the first wooden building in the place. Here he conducted a general store, in partnership with Judge John Hays, for eighteen months. In company with M. Sexton and James Fitten, he bought a schooner in San

Francisco, loaded it with a miscellaneous cargo, and went on a trading expedition up the Gulf of California. They bought a band of sheep in Sonora, shipped them across the gulf, and drove them to San Diego overland. This was the first large band of sheep ever brought to San Diego County. In 1853, he sold his interest in the store to Judge Hays. The following year, he was elected and served as assemblyman. He then went to South America and remained two or three years, prospecting for gold. In 1870 he came back to San Diego, but returned to Texas where he had a brother, and three years later settled in San Diego for good.

In 1850, he was one of the purchasers of the addition known as Middletown, and, some years later, this proved a profitable investment. He was in the real estate business in partnership with Morse and Whaley, from about 1880 to 1886, when he retired. He was a public spirited citizen and did much to aid in the development of the city. In 1850, he was chosen one of the first councilmen; while serving in that capacity, he did everything in his power to prevent the looting of the city treasury by the ring which were then in the majority. Finding he could accomplish nothing, he resigned, in disgust. Two years later, when the treasury was empty and the town impoverished by the folly of his opponents, he was chosen a member of the first board of trustees (the city charter having been abolished). He was never married. He died December 30, 1887, leaving a valuable estate, and a richer legacy in the esteem of his neighbors. On his monument is carved the words: "An Honest Man is the Noblest Work of God." He deserves everlasting remembrance as the one honest and fearless man in San Diego's first reign of graft.

NOYES, William H. Noyes was editor of the Herald on several occasions during Ames's temporary absence, and once conducted the paper for a long period. He joined a company of volunteers and went to Arizona with them, a short time before the Civil War, and was killed in a battle with outlaws.

PENDLETON, George Allan. Born at Bowling Green, Virginia, in 1823. He was appointed to West Point in 1842, and was there at the same time as Grant, Sherman,

Stoneman, and others. Cave J. Couts was also his classmate. He was appointed first lieutenant in the Seventh Regiment. New York Volunteers, August 29, 1846. This was the famous "Stevenson Regiment." The appointment was signed by Governor Silas Wright, of New York, and bears on its back the certificate of Colonel Stevenson that Pendleton had taken the oath. The regiment was stationed at La Paz more than a year and then came to California, seeing little active service in the Mexican War. Lieutenant Pendleton resigned and settled at Sonora, Tuolumne County, where

he engaged in business. In 1849 he represented the San Joaquin district in the State Constitutional Convention. In 1855 he came to San Diego and made it his home.

In the following year he organized the San Diego Guards, was chosen captain, and remained at the head of the organization until it was disbanded, shortly before the Civil War. In 1857 he was elected county clerk and recorder (the two offices being combined in one), and continued to fill the position until his death, in 1871. He also held various other offices, being at times the only official in the county.

Captain Pendleton was a nephew of Colonel J. Bankhead Magruder and a descendant of the last British governor of Virginia. He was a man of capacity and culture. He married, first, Concepcion B. Estudillo, daughter of José Antonio Estudillo. He married, second, Clara F. Flynn, who survives him. He died March 3, 1871. His widow is now the wife of William Carson, and lives in San Diego. She relates that during the boom times, after Horton came, Mr. Pendleton would sometimes have as many as 400 or 500 deeds on hand at a time, waiting to be recorded. She was his deputy several years. His part in the conveyance of the city lands to Horton has been related. He was a steadfast friend of Old Town.

POOLE, Charles Henry. Born in Danvers, Mass., February 5, 1835. Entered West Point but resigned before completing course. Engaged in newspaper work and surveying at Salem and Boston. In 1853 was appointed assistant to Lieutenant Derby in the survey of the river and harbor of San Diego. His wife came out with Thomas Whaley, Mrs. Morse, and party, in 1853. He made some surveys of lands on the desert, and two or more surveys for the San Diego & Gila Railroad (the first of the kind ever made in San Diego County). He was county surveyor several terms, and made an official survey and map of the San Diego pueblo lands which is well known. His report to the Surveyor General is a most interesting document, full of information, to say nothing of its humor. He was a very bright man. After leaving San Diego, he had a checkered career. From the year 1867, he was located in Washington, D. C.. as assistant topographer in the P. O. Department, until his death, which occurred January 25, 1880.

ROBINSON, James W. Judge Robinson was, perhaps, the only ear]y settler who had a distinguished career before coming to San Diego. He was a native of Ohio, went to Texas at an early day, and in 1835 was living in Austin. In November of that year he was a member of a convention which met at San Felipe, and was by that body chosen lieutenant-governor of Texas. In the following January, as the result of a long quar-

rel between Governor Smith and his council, Smith was deposed and Robinson became governor of Texas. The independence of Texas was proclaimed on March 2d and the republic organized. In December, 1836, he was commissioned judge of the 41st judicial district and became a member of the San Antonio bar. A short time after, Santa Ana had the whole court seized and carried away prisoners, and confined in the fortress of Perote. In January, 1843, tiring of his imprisonment, Robinson sent a letter to the Mexican president proposing to use his good offices in the negotiation of peace between the two countries. His offer was accepted and he was released and sent as a commissioner from Santa Ana to the Texan authorities. There was never any chance of such a proposition being accepted by the Texans, and Robinson knew it; but he had gained his object--his liberty.

In 1850, Governor Robinson came to San Diego with his wife and son, and settled. From the first he took a leading part in public affairs. It was stated by Mr. Morse that Robinson and Louis Rose were the originators of the San Diego and Gila Railroad project. He was district attorney in 1852-3-4-5, and in the latter year delivered the Fourth-of-July oration at Old Town. He was school commissioner in 1854, and rendered many other important services. He died late in October, 1857. His son, William N. Robinson, was a child when he came to San Diego with his parents. He was a well known citizen of Jamul, where he died October 30, 1878. He served in the Confederate army. In 1869-70 he represented the county in the assembly. Mrs. Robinson (his mother) was for many years the only American woman living in San Diego.

ROSE, Louis. Mr. Rose's business undertakings have been mentioned. He came to San Diego in 1850, from Texas, with Governor Robinson and party. He was a member of the first grand jury, in 1850, city trustee in 1853 and, later, interested in the San Diego & Gila Railroad and its treasurer from organization. Served as a volunteer in the Garra uprising. About 1866, he bought the tract known as "Rose's Garden" from Judge Hollister. He laid out Roseville on lands purchased by him, partly from Governor Robinson and partly from the city. At one time he was offered $100,000 for the townsite, but refused it, believing it would be the site of the future city. He was a Mason and one of the founders of Lodge No. 35. He was a most enterprising citizen and at times had considerable means. In June, 1883, he resigned as postmaster at Old Town, after having served nearly ten years. He died February 14, 1888. His only child, Miss Henrietta Rose, is a teacher in the San Diego public schools.

SCHILLER, Marcus. Born in Prussia, October 2, 1819. Came to America when 17, and in 1853 to San Francisco. Three years later, broken in health and fortune, he came to San Diego. In 1857 he formed a partnership with Joseph S. Mannasse. The activities of the firm of Mannasse & Schiller have been sketched.

Mr. Schiller was city trustee in 1860-1 and 1868, and in the latter year aided in establishing the park. He was superintendent of schools in 1868-9. Also served as stockholder and director of the San Diego & Gila R. R. He married Miss Rebecca Barnett, of San Francisco, in September, 1861, and left a family. He died March 19, 1904.

SLOANE, Joshua. If this work were a collection of entertaining anecdotes, instead of a sober and veracious history, it would be easy to fill it with stories about the various characters who once lived here. Among them all there is, perhaps, none more interesting than Joshua Sloane. He was the butt of many jokes and the "fresh" young

newspaper writers of the early 70's took such liberties with his personality that it is difficult to disentangle him from their fairy tales. But enough has been gathered from the records and from the recollections of his friends to show that he was something more than merely an eccentric old man.

He was a native of Ireland, came of a good family, and had advantages when young. He came to San Diego in the early 50's and earned a livelihood by various pursuits. At one time he was a clerk in Morse's store and later a deputy in Captain Pendleton's office. He owned a wind-power mill near the old Mission and had some real estate. In 1858 he was deputy postmaster and in the following year postmaster. When his term was about to expire, the people of San Diego, who were nearly all opposed to him in politics, signed a protest against his reappointment. When the letter containing this document was deposited in the post office, Sloane's curiosity was aroused by its appearance and address, and he opened it and read the enclosure. Having done this, he coolly cut off the remonstrance, wrote on similar paper a petition for his own reappointment, pasted the signatures below it, and forwarded the altered enclosure in a new envelope. The people of San Diego were at a loss to understand why their almost unanimous petition passed unheeded, and it remained a mystery until Sloane himself told the story, years after.

In the campaign of 1856, Sloane voted for Frémont, and is said to have been one of two or three in San Diego who did so. In the campaign of 1860 he was very active, organized a Republican club, and became known to the party leaders in the East. For this service he was made collector of the port in 1861, and served one term. A famous story about those days

was to the effect that he appointed his dog, "Patrick," deputy collector, and carried him on the pay roll. He was an autograph collector and delighted to show the letters he had received from notable persons.

His greatest service to San Diego was, undoubtedly, his work for the park. He was secretary of the board of trustees at the time the question of setting aside the park came up, and was one of the earliest, most tireless, and most earnest advocates of a large park. One of his friends says regarding this: "He was the man who first proposed having a big park here and he urged it upon the trustees till they let him have his way. There were people here who wanted it cut down and it was due to his efforts that this was not done. He often said to me: 'They want to cut up the park, but I'm damned if they shall do it!' He stood like a bulldog over that big park and, some day, people will be grateful to him for doing so. His mission here seemed to be to save that park, and he did it."

While Joshua Sloane was a shy man, he had a few warm friends who understood him and speak of him to this day with respect and affection. There is no doubt that he was eccentric and much misunderstood. He died, unmarried, January 6, 1879.

SMITH, Albert B. This was one of the earliest American settlers, coming to San Diego before the Mexican War. He was a native of New York. His service in the Mexican War has been described. In 1856, 1858-9 he was superintendent of schools. He married Guadalupe Machado de Wilder, widow of Peter Wilder and daughter of José Manuel Machado. They had several children: Angelo Smith, born 1851; married Sally J. Burr, widow of Dr. Edward Burr; they had five children. Lives in the old Burr place at Old

Town. Mrs. Smith died recently. Estes G. Smith, married first, Joseph Schellinger; second, Richard Kerren, both of whom are dead. She lives at Old Town. Albert H. Smith, married first, Mary Pond; they had five children; second, Julia Cota, who had four children. Lives in the old A. B. Smith house at Old Town. Mary Smith, first wife of Andrew Cassidy. Ysabel Smith, married Geo. Lyons and had three children; she is dead.

STEWART, John C. Was a shipmate of Richard Henry Dana in 1834, and settled at San Diego in 1838. Dana speaks of meeting him when he revisited San Diego, in 1859. He was born Sept. 2, 1811, and died February 2, 1892. He married Rosa Machado, daughter of José Manuel Machado; she was born November 15, 1828, and died May 4, 1898. John C. Stewart was second mate of the Alert. He was a pilot and was called "El Pilato." He served in the Mexican War and with the Fitz-

gerald Volunteers in 1851. Children: John B., married; lives at San Bernardino; has five children. Manuel, unmarried, lives at Old Town. James, unmarried, lives at San Diego. Frank J., unmarried, lives with Paul Connors at Old Town. Rosa, unmarried. Serafina, married Louis Serrano. Mary N., married Paul S. Connors. Susan, married Ben F. Parsons, lives at Old Town; has three children.

SUTHERLAND, Thomas W. Was one of the earliest, if not the very first, attorney to make San Diego his home. He was alcalde March 18, 1850, on which date he signed the deed to Davis and associates for the new San Diego tract. He was the first city attorney under the American administration, and district attorney in 1851. He removed to San Francisco in 1852.

TIBBETTS (or Tebbetts), George P. Was an elector at La Playa, April 1, 1850. A member of the "Reform" council elected in 1851, and mayor in 1852, being the last mayor before the abolition of the city's charter. He was associated with the San Diego & Gila R. R. from its inception, and was its secretary from 1854 to 1858. He served as an ensign in the Garra campaign, and in 1853 was a captain of militia under Kurtz. He left San Diego before its new prosperity began and settled at Santa Barbara, where he was for many years the publisher of the News.

WALL, Enos A. Born at Freeport, Maine. Was an elector at San Diego, April 1, 1850. Married Antonia Machado, daughter of José Manuel Machado. He died in new San Diego, January 2, 1885, and left a family, none of whom lives here now. A daughter, Refugia, married Capt. William Price. He was a shipmate of John C. Stewart's, and is said to have been in charge of one of the old hide houses when Dana was at San Diego in 1836.

WARNER, Jonathan T. Better known as Don Juan Warner was born at Lyme, Connecticut, November 20, 1807. He came to California in 1831 and settled at Los Angeles. In 1848 he removed to what is known as Warner's Ranch and lived there until 1857. His adventures in the Garra insurrection have been mentioned. In 1836, he married Anita Gale, daughter of William A. Gale. His later years were spent in Los Angeles. He was San Diego's first state senator, serving in 1850-1-2.

WHALEY, Thomas. Mr. Whaley was born in New York City, October 5, 1823. He received a good education at Washington Institution, and then travelled two years in Europe with his tutor, M. Emile Mallet. At the breaking out of the gold fever he sailed for California in the Sutton,--the first ship to leave that port for the diggings,--and reached San Francisco

[Mr. And Mrs. Thomas Whaley]

July 22, 1849. In the summer of 1851, Lewis A. Franklin and George H. Davis chartered a vessel and with a cargo of goods started down the coast on a trading voyage. Mr. Whaley had an interest in this venture, but remained in San Francisco as agent. Reaching San Diego, they liked the place so well that they determined to remain. Mr. Whaley followed in October, and, in partnership with Franklin, opened the Tienda California (California Store). In the following April the firm was dissolved and in partnership with Jack Hinton, Mr. Whaley bought the interest of R. E. Raymond in the Tienda General (general store). This partnership continued a year and in that time the firm cleared $18,600--quite a sum for those days. In April, 1853, Hinton retired and E. W. Morse entered the firm. Mr. Whaley went to New York and married Miss Anna E. Lannay, August 14, 1853. Mrs. Whaley is of pure French extraction, being a descendant of the De Lannay and Godefrois families. On the return of the party to San Diego a num-

ber of others, including Mrs. Morse and Mrs. Poole, came with them.

In 1856 Mr. Morse retired from the firm and Mr. Whaley continued alone, also engaging in brickmaking in Mission Valley--the first burnt bricks made in San Diego County. In that year, also, he erected his residence and store building, which is still standing at Old Town--the first burnt brick building on the coast south of San Francisco. In 1858 he was engaged in mercantile business with Walter Ringgold, but the store and goods were destroyed by an incendiary fire.

Upon the breaking out of the Garra insurrection, Mr. Whaley joined the Fitzgerald Volunteers and served in the campaign. In 1859 he quitted San Diego and was in different employments, at San Francisco and in Alaska. Soon after Horton came, he returned from New York, bringing a stock of goods with him. He bought out Mr. Morse, who removed to new San Diego, and took into partnership Philip Crosthwaite. By February, 1870 it had become quite evident that the new town would prevail as the city of the future, and the firm removed to Horton's Addition. The enterprise did not prosper, however, and the connection was a disastrous one for Mr. Whaley. In 1873 he again went to New York and remained five years. In 1879 he once more settled in San Diego, and in the following fall engaged in the real estate business with E. W. Morse. Charles P. Noell was soon after admitted to the firm. In February, 1886, Mr. Noell sold out to R. H. Dalton. Mr. Whaley retired from active business in 1888. He was a large property owner at Old Town, new San Diego, and La Playa. He was a public spirited citizen, but took little part in politics, only holding the office of city trustee in 1885, city clerk in 1881-2, etc. He died December 14, 1890.

WILDER, Peter. One of the American residents in 1845. He married Guadalupe Machado, daughter of José Manuel Machado. They had two daughters: Dolores, who was married to Dr. David B. Hoffman, and Refugia, who was the wife of Captain Samuel Warren Hackett. Wilder died and his widow was married a second time, to Albert B. Smith.

WITHERBY, Oliver S. Judge Witherby was one of the most important men in the community, in his day, as he is yet one of the best remembered. He was born near Cincinnati Ohio, February 19, 1815. Received his education at the Miami University, where he graduated in 1836. Studied law in Hamilton, Ohio, and was admitted to practice in 1840. At the breaking out of the Mexican War, he was appointed first lieutenant and served about a year, when he was invalided and discharged. Served as prosecuting attorney of Hamilton County

and acted as editor of the Hamilton Telegraph. In February, 1849, came to San Diego as quartermaster and commissary of the U. S. Boundary Commission, reaching San Diego June 1. Liking the country, he decided to remain, and the people of San Diego County elected him to represent them in the first assembly, at Monterey, in 1850. He was appointed by this legislature judge of the newly created first district court and served the full term of three years. In 1853 he was appointed collector of customs for San Diego and adjoining counties and filled a term of four years. In 1857 he purchased the Escondido Rancho and for more than ten years was a successful farmer and stock raiser. In 1868 he sold his ranch and removed to San Diego. He was a stockholder and director of the early banks of San Diego, and in 1879, upon the consolidation of the Bank of San Diego and the Commercial Bank, he was chosen president of the new institution and served several years. He invested largely in real estate and showed his faith in the city's future at all times. He was prominently connected, as an investor and executive officer, with most of the important enterprises of his day. At the collapse of the great boom and the subsequent bank failures, he was "caught hard" and lost practically his whole fortune, although he had been rated at half a million. He died December 18, 1896.

Besides the offices mentioned, he served as public administrator from 1860 to 1867. He was also intimately connected with the San Diego & Gila R. R., and was its president in 1858 and for some years after, Judge Witherby was a genial and popular man.

WRIGHTINGTON, Thomas. With the possible exception of Henry D. Fitch, Thomas Wrightington was the first American settler in San Diego. He came with Abel Stearns, on the Ayucucho, in 1833, and settled, while Stearns went on up the coast. Wrightington was supercargo of the vessel. He was from Fall River, Mass., was a shoemaker by trade, and had a good education. He applied for naturalization in 1835 and got provisional papers in 1838. He served as a volunteer in the Mexican War. He held several minor offices, both under the Mexican and American governments. Bancroft spells his name Ridington, which is erroneous.

He married Juana Machado de Alipás, widow of Damasio Alipás and daughter of José Manuel Machado. Their children were José, Serafina, and Luis. José was sent to Boston with the intention that he should be adopted and brought up by an uncle; but, having taken offense at a colored footman in his uncle's house, he went off to sea on his own account. He was a whaler all his life and married a Chilean woman. Serafina

was married to John Minturn. Luis was killed by a horse, at San Juan.

Mrs. Wrightington was a widow several years, and a well remembered character of Old Town. She was a mother to all the unfortunates around the Bay. She spent her last days with her daughter, Mrs. Israel, at Coronado.

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PART II. CHAPTER XIII. THE JOURNALISM OF OLD SAN DIEGO

The first paper published in the city of San Diego was the San Diego Herald. The initial number appeared on May 29, 1851, only twelve days after the first publication of La Estrella de Los Angeles (The Star of Los Angeles). In September of the preceding year a small sheet called the San Luis Rey Coyote had been issued by some army officers stationed at that mission, purporting to be edited by one C. Senior (Sí Señor). It was a comic journal neatly written, and contained a map and some useful information; but it was not in any proper sense of the word a newspaper, and only one number was published. It is not known how many copies were issued.

The Herald was at first a four-page four-column paper, published every Thursday. The subscription price was $10 per annum, and the advertising rates were: 8 lines or less, $4 for the first insertion and $2 for each subsequent insertion; business cards at monthly rates and a discount offered to yearly advertisers. The reading matter in the first number, including a list of 320 letters which had accumulated in the San Diego post office, filled five and three-fourths columns. The local advertisements made two columns, and those of San Francisco advertisers eight and one-fourth columns. The paper contained quite a little local news and was well set up and printed.

The editor and proprietor of this paper was John Judson Ames. He was born in Calais, Maine, May 18, 1821, and was therefore a few days past his thirtieth birthday when he settled in San Diego. He was a tall, stout, broad-shouldered man, six feet six and one-half inches high, proportionately built, and of great physical strength. His father was a shipbuilder and owner. Early in the 40's young Ames's father sent him as second mate of one of his ships on a voyage to Liverpool. Upon his return, while the vessel was being moored to the wharf at Boston, a gang of rough sailor boarding-house runners rushed on board to get the crew away. Ames remonstrated with them, saying if they would wait until the ship was made fast and cleaned up, the men might go where they pleased. The run-

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ners were insolent, however, a quarrel ensued, and one of the intruders finally struck him a blow on the chest. Ames retaliated with what he meant for a light blow, merely straightening out his arm, but, to his horror, his adversary fell dead at his feet. He was immediately arrested, tried for manslaughter, convicted, and sentenced to a long term in the Leverett Street Jail. The roughs had sworn hard against him, but President John Tyler understood the true facts in the case, and at once pardoned him. After this, he was sent to school to complete his education. A few years later, being of a literary turn, he engaged in newspaper work, and in 1848 went to Baton Rouge, Louisiana, and started a paper which he called the Dime Catcher, devoted to the cause of the Whig party, in general, and of General Zachary Taylor's candidacy for the presidency, in particular.

After the discovery of gold, he joined the stream of immigrants and came to California via Panama, arriving at San Francisco October 28, 1849, without a penny in his pockets. Borrowing a handcart, he engaged in the business of hauling trunks and luggage. He always kept as a pocket-piece the first quarter of a dollar he earned in this way. His financial condition soon improved and he formed a number of valuable friendships, especially among his Masonic brethren at San Francisco. He was present at the first meeting of any Masonic lodge in California, that of California Lodge (now No. 1); on November 17, 1849. On the following 9th of December he became a member of this lodge, presenting his demit from St. Croix Lodge No. 40, F. & A. M. of Maine. He also became interested in newspaper work, writing under the pen name of "Boston."

The question naturally occurs at this point: What was it which induced a man thus situated to leave these friends and settle in a little town of five or six hundred inhabitants? Ames's own writings may be searched for the answer, in vain. It is scarcely sufficient to suppose that it was due to his desire for independent employment, for at that time the region could not support a paper which would pay its publisher a living. The matter has excited wonder in other quarters. Thus, a writer in the Sacramento Union says:

"A number of young but well-defined interests called for the publication of an organ in this end of the Western American seaboard, though San Diego at that early day, no less than in later times, offered very little encouragement of the quality of local support to a newspaper. Any person who was willing to accept the chances of an easy living, and endure the dull routine of a little out of the way place, holding on for advantages that must certainly come by and by, might publish a newspaper in San Diego successfully; and such a person seems to have been

found in the conductor of the organ at that place. To him belongs the merit of establishing the press on that lonely shore."

The answer to this question rests upon the testimony of living men, to whom Ames disclosed it in confidence, and is strikingly confirmed by the whole policy of the Herald. Ames established the Herald as the organ of United States Senator William M. Gwin, who expected to bring about the division of the state, the annexation of Lower California and the Sandwich Islands, and the construction of a Southern transcontinental railway terminating at San Diego. This, of course, would have made San Diego the capital of the new state, and probably the most important city on the Pacific coast. That Gwin had the purposes mentioned, and that the first transcontinental railway project was for a line on the 32nd parallel and intended as an outlet for the Southern states, are historical facts too well known to require proof. From the first, the Herald vigorously supported Senator Gwin's policies, the project of state division, and the Southern transcontinental railway. Moreover, the surprisingly large volume of San Francisco advertisements in the Herald can scarcely be accounted for on any theory except that the paper was subsidized by means of these advertisements. It is scarcely reasonable to suppose that there was business enough here to justify San Francisco merchants in using more than half of Ames's space for their advertisements, at the start, and to keep this up for years. As a matter of fact, Ames took only a slight part in the public life of San Diego, and spent all the time he possibly could in San Francisco. Gwin failed in all these

schemes, although he served as senator from California two full terms from 1849 to 1860. He also failed to keep his promises to Ames, and the editor's end, broken in health, fortune, and ambition, was truly a sad one. But this is anticipating; at the present point in our story, our editor is young, strong, and full of hope.

In getting his paper established at San Diego, he had to overcome obstacles which, as he himself says, "would have disheartened any but a 'live Yankee.'" He issued a prospectus in December, 1850, and took subscription and advertising contracts on the strength of it. Had his plans prospered, the Herald would have been the first newspaper printed south of Monterey; but delays and difficulties followed. He says in his first number:

"We issued our prospectus in December last, and supposed at the time that we had secured the material for our paper; but when we come to put our hand on it, it wasn't there! Determined to lose no time, we took the first boat for New Orleans, where we selected our office, and had returned as far as the

Isthmus, when Dame Misfortune gave us another kick, snagged our boat, and sunk everything in the Chagres River. After fishing a day or two we got enough to get out a paper, and pushed on for Gorgona, letting the balance go to Davy Jones' Locker. Then comes the tug of war, in getting our press and heavy boxes of type across the Isthmus. Three weeks of anxiety and toil prostrated us with the Panama fever by which we missed our passage in the regular mail steamer--the only boat that touched at San Diego--thereby obliging us to go on board a propeller bound for San Francisco. This boat sprung a leak off the Gulf of Tehauntepec--came near sinking--run on a sandbank--and finally got into Acapulco where she was detained a week in repairing. We at last arrived in San Francisco, just in time to lose more of our material by the late fire."

Some side lights are thrown upon his adventures, by the way, by those to whom he related them more in detail. On arriving at Chagres, he found much difficulty in getting his outfit transported across the Isthmus. The only means of conveyance was by barges or canoes up the Chagres River to the head of navigation at Gorgona or Cruces, and thence on the backs of mules to Panama. He engaged a bungo with a crew of native boatmen and started up the river. When the boat was snagged, the standard of the press, a casting weighing about four hundred pounds, was part of the sunken material and, although the river was shallow, the boatmen were unable to lift it up on the boat again. After watching their futile efforts for half a day, Ames lost his patience completely and, jumping overboard in a frenzy and scattering the boatmen right and left, he seized the press and placed it upon the boat, himself. Arriving at Cruces, he experienced great difficulty in getting his goods transported by mules, and had to pay exorbitant prices. When he reached Panama, he was compelled by the attack of fever to remain some time, along with a number of California immigrants waiting for a steamer. During this time of waiting, he set up his plant and published a paper called the Panama Herald, half in English and half in Spanish.

It would seem that a man of so much strength and tenacity of purpose was of the sort to make a success of his newspaper venture at San Diego; and, indeed, though the Herald was somewhat erratic, it never lacked in vigor.

Ames cast in his lot with the new town (Graytown, or Davis's Folly), which was then just starting. He had met William Heath Davis before coming, and the latter aided him to the extent of almost $1,000 in getting his press set up--a debt which was never discharged. The office of the Herald was over the store of Hooper & Co., at the corner of Fourth and California Streets. About two years later, when the new town had proven a temporary failure, the Herald was removed to Old Town, and

for the greater part of its life occupied the second floor of a building owned by Louis Rose, at the Northwest corner of the plaza.

Ames's frequent trips to San Francisco, doubtless made for the purpose of looking after his political fences as well as his advertising patronage, began soon after his settlement in San Diego. It has been suggested that his readers, as well as himself, needed an occasional rest. Having no partner, it was his custom to leave the paper in charge of his foreman or some friend whom he could induce to undertake the burden. This course led to trouble on more than one occasion. It was quite the usual thing for an issue or two to be skipped at such a time. While he was away on these and other trips, it was Ames's custom to write long letters to the Herald, which he signed "Boston," and hence he became locally known as "Boston."

His first trip to San Francisco seems to have been on October 30, 1851, when he left his foreman, R. M. Winants, in charge of the paper, "with a good pair of scissors and a vast pile of exchanges."

On January 24, 1852, he went to San Francisco again, leaving "the amiable trio, Vaurian & Co.," to occupy the editorial chair. Vaurian was the pen name of a contributor to the Herald, whose identity is unknown.

In the latter part of August, 1852, Ames left for the Atlantic States, and did not return until the following March. He left the keys of his office with Judge James W. Robinson, but in December a man named William N. Walton came to San Diego and, representing to Judge Robinson that he had arranged with Ames in San Francisco to publish the paper, was allowed to take possession. He proceeded to publish the paper in his own name from December 4 until Ames's return, March 19-21, 1853, when he suddenly disappeared. The only allusion Ames made to this affair upon his return was this:

"During our absence in the Atlantic States, last winter, a friend to whom we loaned the keys of our office allowed a usurper to enter there, who made such sad havoc with our working tools, to say nothing of the injury done to the reputation of the Herald, that it will take some time yet to get things established on the old basis."

Six years later this Walton was arrested in Portland, Oregon, on a charge of robbery, and the Herald, in commenting on this, says that at the time of the Walton episode he had closed the office "for the season."

The Herald of August 13, 1853, contained the following announcement:

"We shall leave on the first steamer for San Francisco, to be absent about two weeks. A friend of acknowledged ability and literary acquirements will occupy the Old Arm Chair during our absence."

This was the prelude to the most amusing scrape that Ames's absences led him into, as it was, the occasion when Lieutenant Derby edited the Herald for six weeks (instead of two) and changed its politics, as related farther on. Ames seems to have learned something from this experience, for upon starting again for San Francisco, about December 3rd, of the same year, leaving one "Borax" in charge, he gave the editor pro tem of the paper "strict injunctions not to change its politics," as Derby had done.

In April, 1855, Ames went East again. It is said this trip was made on public business, but nothing has come to light to show what the public business was. Ames himself states that he was present at the convention of the American (Know-nothing) party, in Philadelphia, when Fillmore was nominated for president. It is a matter of record that he brought out Phoenixiana at this time, and it is also understood that he married and brought his wife to San Diego with him upon his return, some time the following spring.

During this prolonged absence, Ames left Wm. H. Noyes in charge of the paper, who took good care of it, not only at this time, but also on several subsequent occasions when Ames went to San Francisco. In April, 1857, when about to depart on such a trip, Ames left the following savage attack upon certain officials for insertion in the next issue:

"Malfeasance in Office: . . . We have for a long time been aware of the utter unfitness of our County Clerk and Recorder for the position which he occupies.... It is well known that this County is deeply in debt, but it is not so well known that the greatest portion of this debt has gone into the hands of county officers.... The salary of the County Judge of this county is fixed by law at $1000 and yet for a long time Mr. Couts, the County Auditor, has been issuing scrip to him at the rate of $1200 per annum."

He then goes on to say that a party had a bill against the county, of long standing, which after some trouble he got approved, and demanded the issuance of scrip to him first, so that it would be the first paid when the county had any money. He charges that Couts promised to do this but evaded it and issued scrip clandestinely to his friends ahead of it.

"It is to be regretted that there are not other offices in the county to which he (Couts) could be elected or appointed, as he at present only fills the following: County Clerk, County Recorder, County Auditor, Clerk of the Court of Sessions, Clerk

of the First District Court, Clerk of the Board of Supervisors and Clerk of the Board of Equalization; the income of which offices is greater than that of any other officer in the county."

This looks as though Gilbert had been reading the San Diego Herald when he drew his character of Pooh Bah, in the opera of the Mikado. In the next issue of the Herald Noyes repudiates this blast and "wishes it distinctly understood that it owes its paternity to the regular editor."

The issue of May 30, 1857, contains an apology for its leanness in the matter of news, "the editor being absent in San Francisco, the sub-editor gone into the country, and, to crown all, the 'devil' having sloped, leaving us 'alone in our glory,' with an overabundance of labor to perform, and a dearth of local news."

It is probable that on account of his relations with Senator Gwin, Ames had free steamer transportation during the first two or three years of the Herald's life. Derby seems to have had some such thought in his mind when writing this:

"Facilis descensus Averni, which may be liberally translated:

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It is easy to go to San Francisco. Ames has gone."

During the last year or two of the Herald's publication in San Diego it was not so "easy," for the paper severely criticizes the Holliday steamship line, complains of its poor service and high fares, "which prevent the editor from going to San Francisco on pressing business," indicating, possibly, that the free pass had been called in.

The political complexion of the paper was changed several times. The first issue announced it to be "Independent in all things, neutral in nothing," but soon afterward it supported Bigler for governor, and the full Democratic ticket nominated by the Benicia convention. But Ames was independent enough to kick over all party traces when he felt like it. He opposed President Pierce and severely criticized him at times; one reason for this doubtless being the fact that Pierce had vetoed a bill appropriating money for the improvement of the San Diego River. In April, 1855, he hoisted the name of General Sam Houston for president. In May, 1856, he came out for Fillmore and Donelson for president and vice-president, and went over completely to the Know-nothing party, substituting for his original motto the following: "Thoroughly American in principle, sentiment and effort." This bolt to the Know-nothing party appears not to have produced any results. The town and county were Democratic up to the time that Horton came, and for some little time thereafter. When the Know-nothing movement died out Ames returned to the Democratic fold. In 1857 his motto was changed to: "Devoted to the interest of Southern California."

It is clear that Ames suppressed many things which he thought might hurt the reputation of the town. The trouble with the San Francisco volunteers, following the Garra insurrection, is scarcely mentioned in the Herald. Again, while Ames was away on one of his trips, the editor pro tem. thought proper to write up and condemn certain disorders. Some of the citizens protested against this publicity in a letter in which they declared it was contrary to Ames's policy to have such items appear. It may be inferred from this that much interesting historical material has been lost, on account of this policy of suppression-a policy which is not yet extinct.

The many difficulties under which the paper struggled would make an interesting story could Ames himself tell it. There was no telegraph, no telephone, no railroad in those days, and for news of the outside world he was dependent upon a semimonthly mail service by steamer, which service was poor and irregular. He seems to have depended for his exchanges almost entirely upon the pursers of the steamers calling at this port.

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In almost every issue of the paper he acknowledges the receipt of bundles of papers, or growls about the neglect of those who should deliver mail and do not. After the

transcontinental stage line was opened to the East (August 31, 1857) matters went somewhat better.

In the latter part of 1855 the Herald ran for some time a list of all the post offices in California and at all times it was found necessary to fill up with miscellaneous matter.

Another source of trouble was the difficulty of obtaining supplies of print paper, and several issues were printed on common brown wrapping paper, for the reason that the paper ordered had, through some neglect or blunder at San Francisco, not arrived.

The failure of Gwin's schemes had a very depressing effect upon Ames, whose hopes and expectations had been very high, and other causes tended to discourage him. His wife died March 14, 1857, and not long after unknown parties mutilated and destroyed the monument at her grave. On October of this year, while he was absent in San Francisco, a gale blew down and completely demolished his house at Old Town, known as "Cosy Cottage." These things saddened and embittered him and, already somewhat given to indulgence in liquor, he became dissipated and broken in health. He married again, about 1858 or 1859. Soon after this, Brigham Young ordered the Mormons living at San Bernardino to come to Salt Lake to aid him in resisting the United States troops under Albert Sydney Johnston, and most of them sold out in haste for whatever they could get. The influx of Americans who bought them out, together with the discovery of gold in Holcomb Valley, made San Bernardino quite lively and Ames determined to remove his paper to that place. The last number of the San Diego Herald was issued April 7, 1860, and then Mr. Harvey C. Ladd, a Mormon who had been a resident of San Diego, hauled the outfit to San Bernardino, and Ames began the publication of the San Bernardino Herald. The new paper did not prosper, however, and in a short time he sold out to Major Edwin A. Sherman. Ames's end was now near, and he died on the 28th day of July, 1861. He had one son, called Huddie, born in San Diego, November 19, 1859, and died in San Bernardino March 27, 1863. His widow married again, and she is now also deceased.

The press which was used in printing the San Diego Herald was an old-fashioned Washington hand press, made by R. Hoe & Co., New York, and numbered 2327. It is still in use, in Independence, Inyo County, where it prints the Inyo Independent. After using it for a time to publish the San Bernardino Patriot, at the beginning of the Civil War, Major Sherman employed

Mr. Ladd to haul it across the mountains to Aurora, then in California, but now in Nevada, where in May, 1862, he commenced the publication of the Esmeralda Star. Three years later he sold the outfit to other parties, and it was later taken to Independence. It should be brought to San Diego to form the nucleus of an historical collection. There may be a few scattered numbers of the Herald in the hands of old residents, but the only collection known is that in the San Diego public library. A few numbers are missing, but it is almost complete. The preservation of this invaluable file is due to the care of Mr. E. W. Morse.

In estimating the character and achievements of John Judson Ames, there are some things to condemn, but, on the whole, much to praise. He was large-hearted, generous, and enterprising. For that time, his education was good and he wrote with clearness and fluency. He had opinions of his own and was not backward about expressing them. In speaking of the New England Abolitionists, he refers to them as "such

men as Garrison and Sumner, who are distracting the country with their treasonable and fanatical preachings." Like other journalists, he found it impossible to please all the people all the time, and there was frequently local dissatisfaction with his utterances. June 10, 1852, he published a letter, signed by nine residents and business men of San Diego, discontinuing their subscriptions, and made sarcastic comments on it; and a few months later he says: "There are several individuals in this city who don't like the Herald. We don't care a damn whether they like it or not."

On another occasion he broke out thus:

"Insolence.--There is a man in this town, holding a public position, who has got to using his tongue pretty freely of late, and but that we esteem him beneath the notice of responsible citizens, we have been half inclined, on several occasions, to knock him down and give him a good sound thrashing. If we thought the better portion of the community would justify us, and the District Attorney would not bear down too hard upon us for a fine, we would try what good a little pummeling would do an insolent official."

It is probable that Ames's immense size kept him out of trouble, as no one dared to tackle him. There is no record of his having been engaged in a duel, or in any personal combat, except the mythical one with Lieutenant Derby, but an item in the Herald of August 13, 1853, shows that he was a valuable peace officer and something of a sprinter as well.

"Indian Rows.--There is scarcely a day passes that there is not some fight among the Indians about town, in which one or more is cut or otherwise mutilated-and all through the direct influence of whiskey or some other intoxicating drink sold

to them by Californians or Americans.... A row occurred last Sunday night in which some fifteen or twenty drunken Indians participated, some of whom got badly beaten or cut with knives. Sheriff Conway called upon a number of citizens about 12 o'clock to go and arrest these disturbers of the peace. They succeeded in capturing eleven of the tribe, who were arraigned the next day before Justice Franklin. One was fined $10 and sentenced to ten days imprisonment, another to receive 25 lashes each for two offenses; and two were fined $5 and costs. On arresting the last 'batch' the ringleader was put in charge of Judge Ames, to convey to the 'lock-up.' They had advanced but a few rods from the rest of the party when the Indian made a sudden spring from his leviathan escort and made tracks towards the river. The Judge commanded him to stop, but he kept on, and was fired at twice--the last ball taking a scratch at his side just under the left arm. Having no more shots, legs were put into requisition, and then came the tug of war. The Indian held his own for about fifty yards, when the Judge began to gain on him, and when he had got within striking distance, that ponderous arm of his came down twice with a 'slung shot,' breaking the Indian's right arm and his left collar bone, which brought him to the ground, when he; was secured and taken to the calaboose."

Soon after this occurrence, Ames advertised for the return of a sword cane. It also appears that he had some difficulty with Major Justus McKinstry, which mutual friends thought it necessary to arrange before Ames's departure for the East, in April; 1853, and J. R. Gitchell published a card stating that a reconciliation had been effected. It is clear that, notwithstanding his gigantic size, our first editor was not altogether a man of peace. It is also a fact that he was very remiss in the payment of his debts. That he

had enemies in San Diego and vicinity is shown by the fact that he held but one elective office, and that a minor one.

Lieutenant George H. Derby made San Diego his home for about two years, from 1853 to 1855, and left behind him memories which the people of San Diego cherish to this day. This, not merely because the scene of so many of the funny things in Phoenixiana is laid here, but quite as much on account of his lovable personality. It may be assumed that the reader is familiar with that delectable book and it will therefore not be profitable to reproduce any considerable part of it; but it is believed that something about Derby's life and personality, with a few selections of local interest from Phoenixiana and others from the old Herald files not so familiar to the public, will prove of interest.

George Horatio Derby was born in Dedham, Massachusetts, April 3, 1823. He attended school in Concord and is remembered by Senator Hoar, who says in his Autobiography that Derby was very fond of small boys. Afterward he tended store

in Concord, but failed to please his employer, "who was a snug and avaricious person." During the proprietor's weekly absences in Boston, Derby would stretch himself out on the counter and read novels, and at such times did not like to be disturbed to wait on customers and was quite likely to tell them the goods they wanted were out. He afterward entered West Point and graduated with distinction, in 1846. He served through the Mexican War, was wounded at Cerro Gordo, and was made a first lieutenant.

In April 1849, he arrived in California on board the Iowa, with General Bennett Riley and a part of the Second Infantry Regiment. He was employed on different tours of duty in the Topographical Corps, until July, 1853, when he was detailed to superintend the turning of the San Diego River to make it debouch into False Bay. His description of the voyage down and of the appearance of the town of San Diego at that period, in Phoenixiana, are among the funniest things he ever wrote. He met Judge Ames, and has this to say about him: "I fell in conversation with Judge Ames, the talented, goodhearted, but eccentric editor of the San Diego Herald. . . . I found 'the Judge' exceedingly agreeable, urbane and well informed, and obtained from him much valuable information regarding San Diego." Ames appears to have proposed to Derby almost immediately to take charge of his paper for two weeks, while he made one of his frequent trips to San Francisco. Ames and Derby had probably met in San Francisco. At least, it is quite certain they were acquainted, for Derby had been in San Diego during the preceding April, on business connected with the work on the river, and at that time visited the Masonic Lodge, of which order they were both members. He was undoubtedly well acquainted with Derby's reputation as a writer, as his sketches had appeared in the San Francisco papers over the pen names of "John Phoenix" and "Squibob." Derby readily fell in with the proposal, doubtless foreseeing opportunities for no end of fun. The situation is developed thus in the Herald:

In his issue of August 13th, Ames said:

"Our Absence.--we shall leave on the first steamer for San Francisco, to be absent about two weeks. A friend of acknowledged ability and literary acquirements, will occupy the 'old arm chair' during our absence."

Derby writes, in his letter to a San Francisco paper:

"Lo, I am an editor! Hasn't Ames gone to San Francisco (with this very letter in his pocket), leaving a notice in his last edition, 'that during his absence an able literary friend will assume his position as editor of the Herald,' and am I not that able literary friend? (Heaven save the mark). 'You'd

better believe it.' I've been writing a 'leader' and funny anecdotes all day ... and such a 'leader' and such anecdotes. I'll send you the paper next week, and if you don't allow that there's been no such publication, weekly or serial since the days of the "Bunkum Flagstaff" I'll crawfish, and take to reading Johnson's Dictionary."

In the Herald he made the following announcement:

"Next week, with the Divine assistance, a new hand will be applied to the bellows of this establishment, and an intensely interesting issue will possibly be the result. The paper will be published on Wednesday evening; and, to avoid confusion, the crowd will please form in the plaza, passing four abreast by the City Hall and Herald office, from the gallery of which Johnny will hand them their papers. 'E pluribus unum,' or 'A word to the wise is bastante.'"

Ames neglected to ask what Derby's politics were, or to give instructions respecting the policy of the paper during his absence. The result was disastrous, for Derby immediately changed its politics from Democratic to Whig. The mingling of fun and seriousness in his political leaders of this time is inimitable. He sometimes mixed up the two gubernatorial candidates. Waldo and Bigler, referring to them as "Baldo and Wigler," or "Wagler and Bildo."

"Old Bigler," he declares, "hasn't paid the people of this county anything for supporting him (though judging by the tone of the Independent Press, he has been liberal enough above). We think therefore they will do precisely as if he had,--vote for a better man."

Again:

"Frank, our accomplished compositor, who belongs to the fighting wing of the Unterrified Democracy, 'groans in spirit and is troubled,' as he sets up our heretical doctrines and opinions. He says 'the Whigs will be delighted with the paper this week.'

"We hope so. We know several respectable gentlemen who are Whigs, and feel anxious to delight them, as well as our Democratic friends (of whose approval we are confident), and all other sorts and conditions of men, always excepting Biglerites and Abolitionists. Ah! sighs the unfortunate Frank, but what will Mr. Ames say when he gets back? Haven't the slightest idea; we shall probably ascertain by reading the first Herald published after his return. Meanwhile, we devoutly hope that event will not take place before we've had a chance to give Mr. Bigler one blizzard on the subjects of 'Water-front extension,' and 'State Printing.' We understand these schemes fully, and are inclined to enlighten the public of San Diego with regard to them. Ah! Bigler, my boy, old is J. B. but cunning, sir, and devilish sly. Phoenix is after you, and you'd better pray for the return of the editor de facto to San Diego, while

yet there is time, or you're a goner, as far as this county is concerned."

On September 17th, Derby says that Ames had promised to write to the Herald regularly. "We present to our readers this week the only communication we have received from him for publication, since his departure. It contains the speeches of William Waldo, advocating his own election; the remarks made by the Judge himself before the Railroad meeting, in favor of San Diego as the Western terminus; and the political principles in full of John Bigler. Apart from these matters of interest, it may be considered in some respects a model communication, for it contains no personal allusions whatever, nor anything that could cause a blush on the cheek of the most modest maiden, or wound the feelings of the most sensitive or fastidious. As a general thing, it may be considered the most entirely unexceptionable article the worthy Judge ever composed. Here it is:

"Letter from J. J. Ames, Esq., for the San Diego Herald."

(A blank space.)

But although Ames was strangely silent for a time, he did write Derby, at last, protesting against his policy. This letter was not received, however, until after the election, and remembering this fact it is interesting to note how Derby treated it:

"We have received by the Goliah, an affecting letter from Judge Ames, beseeching us to return to the fold of Democracy from which he is inclined to intimate we have been straying. Is it possible that we have been laboring under a delusion--and that Waldo is a Whig! Why! lor! How singular! But anxious to atone for our past errors, willing to please the taste of the Editor, and above all, ever solicitous to be on the strong side, we gladly abjure our former opinions, embrace Democracy with ardor, slap her on the back, declare ourselves in favor of erecting a statue of Andrew Jackson in the Plaza, and to prove our sincerity, run today at the head of our columns, a Democratic ticket for 1855, which we hope will please the most fastidious. Being rather hard up for the principles for our political faith, we have commenced the study of the back numbers of the Democratic Review, and finding therein that 'Democracy is the supremacy of man over his accidents,' we hereby express our contempt for a man with a sprained ankle, and unmitigated scorn for anybody who may be kicked by a mule or a woman. That's Democratic, ain't it? Oh, we understand these things--Bless your soul, Judge, we're a Democrat."

The ticket which he "ran up" was as follows:

"Democratic State Nominations.
Subject to the Decision of the State Democratic Convention, May, 1855. For Governor, John Bigler. For Lieutenant Governor, Samuel Purdy."

Concerning the Whig ticket he says:

"The "Phoenix 'Ticket" generally, appears to give general satisfaction. It was merely put forward suggestively, and not being the result of a clique or convention, the public are at perfect liberty to make such alterations or erasures as they may think proper. I hope it may meet with a strong support on the day of election; but should it meet with defeat, I shall endeavor to bear the inevitable mortification that must result with my usual equanimity.

"Like unto the great Napoleon after the battle of Waterloo, or the magnanimous Boggs after his defeat, in the gubernatorial campaign of Missouri, I shall fold my arms with tranquillity, and say either 'C'est fini,' or 'Oh shaw, I know'd 'it!'"

The Whig ticket carried the county, but the Democrats carried the state. His comments upon the result of the election are interesting:

"News of the Week.--We publish this week the gratifying intelligence, sobre la izquierda (over the left), of the triumphant re-election of John Bigler to the chief magistracy of this commonwealth. The voice of the Democracy has been heard, pealing in thunder tones throughout the length and breadth of the State, waking the echoes on Mokelumne Hill, growling in sub-bass from the San Joaquin (Republican), reverberating among the busy and crowded streets of Monterey, and re-echoed from the snow-capped summits of San Bernardino, with extensive shouts of Extension and John Bigler forever! While we of San Diego, through the culpable negligence of the Goliah (which put the Voice aboard but left it at San Pedro), have gone on unhearing and unheeding and voted for William Waldo, just as if nothing extraordinary was taking place. Many reasons are assigned by the Independent Press of San Francisco, and our Whig exchanges, for the election of Bigler. I am inclined to attribute it principally to the defeat of Waldo, and the fact that the San Diego Herald took no active part in the Gubernatorial election. Had Waldo been successful or our course been of another character, there is every reason to suppose that the result would have been different. But 'whatever is, is right,' as the old gentleman sweetly remarked, when he chopped off the end of his nose with a razor, in an endeavor to kill a fly that had lit thereon while he Was shaving. 'There is a Providence that shapes our ends rough-hew them as we may.' Governor Bigler is still Governor Bigler, there'll be no Ex. to his name (unless it be ex-tension) for the next two years; the people are satisfied, he is gratified, and I am delighted, and the Lord knows that it makes very little difference to me individually, or the people of this county at large, whether the water front of San Francisco remains unaltered, or is extended to Contra Costa. San Diego boasts a far finer harbor at present than her wealthier rival, and when that of the latter is entirely filled up, it will be more generally known and appreciated 'It's an ill wind that blows nobody any good.' If this election should, however indirectly, cause San Diego to assume its proper position as the first commercial city of California, I shall reverence

the name of John Bigler forever, and I will bestow that honored appellation upon my youngest child, and have it engraved upon a piece of leather or other suitable material, and suspended about that tender infant's neck, until such time as he shall be old enough to learn and love the virtues of his honored Godsire."

Derby never wrote anything more delicious than his account of the combat (which did not occur) between himself and Ames upon the latter's return, when "we held 'the Judge' down over the press by our nose (which we had inserted between his teeth for that purpose)," until "we discovered that we had been laboring under a 'misunderstanding,' and through the amicable intervention of the pressman, who thrust a roller between our faces (which gave the whole affair a very different complexion), the matter was finally adjusted on the most friendly terms.'" The people of San Diego took the change of politics of the Herald rather seriously, greatly to Derby's delight. One old gen-

tleman, still living, admits that he hurried to the Herald office and paid a year's subscription in the belief that the change was genuine. There was quite a little speculation as to "what Ames would do to Derby when he got back," and Derby played upon this apprehension and purposely let it be understood that he was awaiting Ames's return in trembling terror. Thus he says:

"Though this is but my second bow to a San Diego audience, I presume it to be my last appearance and valedictory, for the editor will doubtless arrive before another week elapses, the gun will be removed from my trembling grasp, and the Herald will resume its great aims, and heavy firing, and I hope will discharge its debt to the public with accuracy, and precision. Meanwhile 'The Lord be with you.' 'Be virtuous and you will be happy.'"

The friendly relations between Ames and Derby were never broken, and the combat which Derby describes was purely imaginary. The editor was a very large man, and had a reputation as a fire eater, while the lieutenant was small, and such a combat would have been a very unequal affair. Ames's own comments, in the first number after his return, show that, if he did not entirely relish the joke, he reconciled himself to bear it:

"Turned Up Again! Here we are again! Phoenix has played the "devil" during our absence, but he has done it in such a good humored manner, that we have not a word to say. He has done things which he ought not to have done, and has left undone things which he ought to have done; but as what evil he has done cannot be undone, we may as well 'dry up'

and 'let it slide.'

"He has abused Captain Wright, and like David of scripture memory, he has killed off the Goliah. He has abused our noble friend, Governor Bigler, but as the people in this region considered it only a faint echo of the Independent (?) Press of San Francisco, it had a contrary effect from that intended, and we are perfectly satisfied with the result. Notwithstanding the great hue-and-cry throughout the State, that Gov. Bigler was the father of the "Extension Scheme," and every imaginable outrage against the rights of the people, and that hired emissaries were sent down here from San Francisco, to stir up discord in the ranks of the Democracy, Waldo got but about thirty majority in the county--and these votes were all cast in one precinct. Well, it's all over, Bigler is Governor, and the country is safe for the next two years, at least."

The files of the Herald give incontrovertible proof of the friendship which continued to exist between these two men, so long as they both lived. In 1855, Ames compiled Phoenixiana and superintended its publication. This was done against Derby's judgment, he apparently thinking the matter too ephemeral for such a setting. It is possible that he also doubted Ames's competency, and if so, he was justified, for a more sloppily gotten-up book has seldom been issued. Notwithstanding this, the naive humor and exquisite drollery with which it abounds made it a success and today it is a classic. It was with considerable pride that Ames announced, in 1859, that he had re-engaged the services of "John Phoenix" to write for the Herald exclusively.

The fun which Derby had while conducting the Herald, aside from the famous political bouleversement, has received too little attention. In his first number, he added to

the editorial column, under the name of Ames: "Slightly assisted by Phoenix." He had fun with ex-Governor McDougal, who chanced to visit the city:

"Distinguished Visitors.--His ex-Excellency, the Hon. John McDougal, and Col. J. B. Wells, from San Francisco, have arrived among us on business, which will detain them until the arrival of the next steamer (as they have no other means of getting away).

"The Governor looks as hale, hearty and roseate as ever; don't think Bigler stands much chance of election, and wouldn't be quite inconsolable if he should be defeated. He has been engaged in a theological and polemical controversy with the Rev. Dr. Reynolds since his arrival, in which they have had it 'Nip and Tuck,' the Gov. taking an occasional 'Nip' to clear his mind and fortify his spirits as 'Friar Tuck' would get a little advantage in the argument. At their last sitting, the discussion turned upon the 'Divinity of the Scriptures,' and was closed by a remark of the Governor's, 'that the Bible (like his adversary's nose), was a good deal read.'

"Governor McDougal goes to the Playa today to wait for the Northerner to take him to San Francisco. The Gov. ex-

presses himself much gratified with his visit; and we are pleased to hear that it is his intention to purchase an elegant mansion lately erected at New Town, bring his family here in the spring, and make San Diego his permanent residence. He will devote himself to the profession of the law, and will be a most valuable acquisition to our bar."

The Herald having received a letter from the resident physician of the Stockton Insane Asylum, asking for a copy of the paper, Derby says he will send it, and anxiously inquires whether two could not be used? He also asks whether the idea of sending for the Herald was the doctor's or the patient's; and if the latter, "they 're sensible to the last," "there's method in their madness," and "they ought immediately to be discharged, every mother's son of them."

Derby was fond of San Francisco, and his writings abound with allusions to it. This remark may aid somewhat in the appreciation of the following:

"The Press of San Francisco. The steamer of the 1st from San Francisco brought no papers, none whatever--Some three or four weeks since, two little papers, called, we believe, the 'Alta California' and the 'Herald,' were published regularly in that village, and we used occasionally to receive them. They were made principally of excerpts from the San Diego Herald and we cannot but regret that the failure of the Goliah, and the uncertainty of the mails, preventing our paper reaching them with its customary regularity, should have caused their publication to be discontinued.

"San Francisco is a place of little business or importance, but in a large city like this, country intelligence is occasionally amusing, and should either of the above papers be republished or a new press started in San Francisco, we shall be willing to exchange. We are just informed that two little political sheets called the 'Commercial Advertiser,' and the 'Placer Times and Transcript,' are occasionally published yet in San Francisco. Ah, we dare say; we have never seen them, however. Willing to encourage the humble efforts of any individuals if exerted in a proper direction, we shall not object to an exchange with either of these little affairs, if they think proper to request it."

While the work on the San Diego River was progressing, he allowed himself the luxury of a few jibes about it. Upon his arrival, he wrote:

"Here I saw Lieut. Derby [himself], of the Topographical Engineers, an elderly gentleman of emaciated appearance and serious cast of features. Constant study and unremitting attention to his laborious duties have reduced him almost to a skeleton, but there are not wanting those who say that an unrequited attachment in his earlier days is the cause of his careworn appearance.

He was sent out from Washington some months since "to dam the San Diego River," and he informed me with a deep

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[Lieutenant George H. Derby]

sigh and melancholy smile, that he had done it (mentally) several times since his arrival."

A little later he noted that: "The report that Lieut. Derby has sent to San Francisco for a lathe, to be used in turning the San Diego River is, we understand, entirely without foundation.

"The Indians at work on the river behave well and shovel with great ardor con amore. There are at present 47 of them at work, and 50 more are expected early in the week. They are under the control of Mr. Conroy and Charles Gage, overseers, and their own chiefs, Manuelito and old Tomás. Tents have been pitched for them, and with an unlimited supply of beans, and the flesh of bulls (a burnt offering they do not despise), they are as happy as circumstances will admit, and doing as well as could be expected.

"The shanty occupied by the workmen on the Sao Diego River has been christened "The Phoenix Hotel," out of compliment to the brevet editor of the San Diego Herald."

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One more quotation from his writings must suffice. In 1856, Colonel Warren, secretary of the California State Agricultural Society, invited Derby to deliver an original poem at the annual meeting of the society, in September. Derby accepted the invitation by letter, and wrote the following as a sample of what he could do:

"Here's to the land of potatoes and carrots,
Whose banks grow wild, rich bacon and parrots;
Where each apple and pear a dollar apiece is,
And a man may devour just as much as he pleases (Spoken--if he's the money to pay for them.)
Where the soil is teeming with vegetable treasures,
And a pumpkin ten feet in circumference measures;
Where to root up a turnip, an ox employed is;
By each laborer a very large salary enjoyed is; (Play o the word celery)
And kind Colonel Warren with interest watches
The growth of parsley and marrowfat squashes,
And stirs up the farmers, and gives them rules of action and incentives to exertion, and constantly teaches

How they ought not to let Oregon get ahead of them, but establish nurseries at once, where they could raise at very trifling expense, all kinds of grafted fruit, pears and apples, and cherries, and the most delicious peaches, &c, &c, &c."

Listening to the stories told about him by old San Diegans, it becomes clear that he was an incorrigible joker and player of pranks. One lady recalls that, having one day climbed into an empty crockery cask, for fun, Derby slipped up and started the cask rolling with her, so that her dress was sadly torn on the projecting nails. She and her husband lived in upstairs rooms at the old Gila House, and Derby used to come into the room below, when he knew she was alone, and rap on the ceiling with his cane, to frighten her. Once while he and Mrs. Derby were calling on this lady and all sitting on the hotel piazza, Derby climbed upon the head of an empty barrel and began to make a burlesque speech. While he was in the midst of this, waving his arms and talking loud, the head of the barrel suddenly fell in with him and he took a tumble, to the great amusement of his audience. The house in which he and Mrs. Derby lived is still standing. He had a very remarkable memory, could recite chapter after chapter of the Bible, and, after hearing a sermon, could repeat it from beginning to end. It is said that he expected the appointment to make the Pacific Railroad survey and was greatly disappointed when he did not receive it.

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In later years he was employed in the erection of lighthouses on the coasts of Florida and Alabama. He died May 15, 1861, in the prime of his years, and his friend Ames died at San Bernardino two months later. His son, George McClellan Derby, is now a lieutenant-colonel in the army.

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PART II. CHAPTER XIV. ABORTIVE ATTEMPT TO ESTABLISH NEW SAN DIEGO

The site of old San Diego was by no means favorable for a seaport town. The presidio was located on the hill above the river, at the outlet of Mission Valley, merely because the place could be easily fortified and defended against the savages. Old Town grew up upon the flat below Presidio Hill because it was originally only an overflow from the garrison itself. La Playa took on some size and importance and flourished for a time because it lay close to deep water, but its topography was such as to offer no encouragement to the growth of a large city. San Diego simply could not have come into being with anything like its present consequence and future promise where the Spanish planted the seed of the city in 1769, nor where the seed was wafted and took root, on Point Loma in the brief day of Mexican dominion.

These conditions were sure to become manifest when men of energy and ambition should arrive and begin to study the possibilities of the region. Such men came with the American flag and but little time elapsed before they were planning a new San Diego at a far more eligible point on the shores of the beautiful bay. And yet, though these men had the judgment to choose the best spot for the city and the imagination to behold

its possibilities, they lacked the constructive capacity require for its building. Hence, their effort goes into history as an unsuccessful effort to take advantage of a genuine opportunity.

Andrew B. Gray, who served as surveyor with the boundary commission, and who was afterward a major-general in the Confederate Army, is entitled to the distinction of having first selected the present site of San Diego. In June, 1849, the officials of the survey camped near the spot where the army barracks are now located, on what is now H Street. It occurred to Gray at that time that this was the true location for such a city as would inevitably develop in connection with this great natural seaport. He discussed the matter freely and found several San Diegans who indorsed his conception, but the enterprise required capital.

In February, 1850, William Heath Davis came to town and Gray promptly. laid his scheme before him. Davis thought well of it and agreed to co-operate. On March 16, an agreement was made by which Gray, Davis, José Antonio Aguirre, Miguel de Pedrorena, and William C. Ferrell entered into a partnership for the purpose of developing a new townsite. Before the papers were signed, however, a vessel arrived at La Playa with materials for the new government building, in charge of quartermaster and commissary for the Southern Department, Lieutenant Thomas D. Johns. Gray and his associates saw that the location of the government buildings at La Playa would make it very difficult to attract population to their townsite. Hence, they lost no time in waiting upon Lieutenant Johns and urging the advantages of the new location upon him. They argued so convincingly that Johns reshipped the materials which had been landed at La Playa and brought the vessel across the bay, anchoring off the new townsite. Johns evidently joined the syndicate, for he received one of the eighteen shares. The others were distributed four each to Gray, Davis, Aguirre and Pedrorena, and one to Ferrell, the attorney. Under the agreement, Davis undertook to build a wharf and warehouse, retaining the ownership of the land and improvements. The scheme seems to have been very well "put up," combining capital, influence, and the necessary expert knowledge in engineering.

On March 18, 1850, the associates were granted the land for which they applied to the city, the deed being signed by Alcalde Thomas W. Sutherland. The tract contained 160 acres, was bounded on the east by what is now Front and on the north by what is now D Streets and cost $2,304--a nice little townsite which is now worth considerably more than it was 56 years ago. It was long supposed that it included the adjacent tide lands, lying on the bay shore between the lines of high and low water, but this construction proved to be incorrect. The terms of the grant called for "a new port," and stipulated that a wharf and warehouse should be built within 18 months.

New San Diego certainly started with bright prospects: The country was prosperous, had recently become a part of the United States, and was receiving constant recruits in the way of American settlers. The gold boom in the north was at full tide and people were rushing to California from all parts of the world. It would seem the new town should have depopulated Old Town and La Playa, attracted a reasonable share of the newcomers, and quickly established itself on a sure foundation.

Toward the end of the summer, the brig Cybell arrived at San Francisco from Portland, Maine, loaded with lumber and

carried also eight or ten houses already framed and a quantity of bricks. Davis bought this cargo and sent the ship at once to San Diego, where all but 80,000 feet of the lumber was used. The wharf and warehouse were begun in September, 1850, and finished in August of the following year. The wharf extended from the foot of Atlantic Street for some distance, then turned and extended at a right angle to the stream. Its total length was 600 feet, and with the warehouse it cost about $60,000. The barracks were built in 1851, on a block given for the purpose, and two companies of troops from the mission moved in.

The first house was built by Mr. Davis--one of the framed houses sent on the Cybell. It was on State Street, between G and H. About 1855, this house was purchased by Captain Knowles and removed to its present location on 11th Street, between K and L. Davis also put up a number of other buildings, among them one at the corner of State and F Streets known for years as the "San Diego Hotel." Gray also put up a house, which is still standing, on State Street between H and I and was known as the "Hermitage." Some army officers also bought lots and built houses, among them Captain Nathaniel Lyon. A short time before the Civil War, a number of these houses were removed to Old Town, being either moved bodily, or taken down and re-erected.

The coming of the Herald in May, 1851, was an important event. At that time, the following were in business at new San Diego, as shown by the advertisements in the Herald:

George F. Cooper, general merchandise, corner 4th and California Streets. The office of the Herald was upstairs over this store.

Ames and Pendleton, lumber and merchandise, California Street.

Slack & Morse, general merchandise.

The Boston House, Slack & Morse.

J. Judson Ames was the notary public.

On July 31, 1851, the Herald states that Davis's new wharf would be completed in about a week. This wharf was used by the government for several years, and was for a time a profitable investment. The government buildings were designed as a military storehouse and depot, and formed the government depot of supplies for several posts. The supplies were sent out by ship, unloaded at Davis's wharf, and sent out by wagon trains to Tejon, Yuma, Mojave, San Luis Rey, Chino, Santa Ysabel, and other places.

One of the difficulties with which the new town had to contend from the start was the absence of fresh water. The officers sent a water-train to the San Diego River, near Old Town, every day. Major McKinstry contracted with a Mr. Goens,

who had sunk a well at La Playa, to do the same at the new town. He sunk about 300 feet on the government's land, and then, for some unknown reason, suddenly abandoned the job and quit the country. However, it was not long until a good supply of fresh water was struck near the location of the present courthouse, Front and B Streets, and soon after at State and F, where Mr. Morse had sunk a well, and by Captain Sherman on his new addition. The future of the new Town now seemed assured.

That this opinion did not prevail in every quarter, however, is clear. The people of La Playa were naturally disappointed at losing the wharf and government buildings and the access of business and population going with them. Old Town was the county seat and the largest center of wealth and population, but began to fear the loss of that distinction. This three-cornered fight continued for some years, and it was difficult to prophesy which would win out. People in other places also had opinions. Thus, the San Francisco Alta California said in September, 1851: "The establishment of the new town at the head of the bay was certainly a most disastrous speculation, an immense amount having been sunk in the operation."

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But the "most unkindest cut of all" was that of Bartlett, who saw the place in February, 1852, and wrote thus: "Three miles south of San Diego is another town near the shore of the bay, which was surveyed and plotted by Mr. Gray, U. S. surveyor to the boundary commission, while on duty here.... There is no business to bring vessels here, except an occasional one with government stores. There is no water nearer than the San Diego River, three miles distant. Efforts indeed are being made to find it with an artesian well; but with what success remains to be seen. There is no timber near, and wood has to be brought some eight or ten miles. Without wood, water, or arable land, this place can never rise to importance."

At the time of the Indian uprising, late in 1851 and early in 1852, considerable anxiety was felt for the safety of the government stores at new San Diego, it being suggested that the depot would be a natural point of attack for the loot-loving savages, and the number of regular troops being small. Levi M. Slack was one of the victims of the massacre at Warner's ranch. Mr. Morse was absent in Massachusetts at the time and their store remained closed until his return, in May, 1852. It does not appear that the uprising had any lasting effect upon the new settlement.

About this time there was a considerable settlement at new San Diego of immigrants who came by the Southern route, by way of El Paso and Yuma. At Warner's ranch they divided, part going to Los Angeles and part coming here. In October, 1887, while some laborers were digging a culvert on B Street between 7th and 8th, they found an old, forgotten graveyard and removed five coffins which were reinterred in the cemetery. E. W. Morse was of the opinion that these were graves of members of this party of immigrants, eight of whom died while they were here. He appeared not to know what had become of these people, and it has been found impossible to ascertain who they were or what became of them. The best opinion appears to be that they were a party of gold hunters who, after remaining long enough to recruit, went on to the northern diggings overland or by ship.

Strange as it may seem to us in view of what has since happened, the new San Diego of Gray and Davis, in spite of the natural advantage of its site and the improvements which gave it the benefit of shipping facilities and government headquarters, could not hold its own in the struggle for supremacy with old San Diego. Early in 1853, less than two years after the completion of the wharf, E. W. Morse and the Herald establishment had removed to the Old Town of the Spanish fathers. There is no doubt that this marks the date when the tide turned definitely away from the new undertaking, though there was a

[Charles P. Noell]

slight revival in 1859, on account of army activities. Soon, however, the Civil War came on and the troops went East, leaving new San Diego to fall into decay. The wharf and warehouse ended ignominiously as fuel for the volunteers assembled there in the cold winter of 1861-2, and the toredos cleaned up the piles. Many years later (1886) Mr. Davis obtained $6,000 for the loss of his wharf. The site is now occupied by the Santa Fe wharf.

The "Middletown" tract of 687 acres was the scene of an enterprise inaugurated by the prospects of new San Diego. It was granted by Alcalde Joshua H. Bean to Oliver S. Witherby, Wm. H. Emory, Cave J. Couts, Thomas W. Sutherland, Atkins S. Wright, Agostin Haraszthy, José María Estudillo, Juan Ban-

dini, Charles P. Noell, and Henry Clayton, on May 27, 1850. It became dormant with the new town, but in later years revived and became valuable property, and there was a suit for its partition. It is now one of the most important additions in the new city.

The true and enduring San Diego--the city of today and tomorrow--does not date from 1850, nor is Andrew B. Gray its father. When Gray and his associates had gone and counted their labor lost, the sunny slope and the blue waters had yet many years to wait before the real founder and builder should arrive.