

IN TROPIC LANDS.

Trip to Cahulla Valley in Southern California.

AMONG THE MISSION INDIANS.

A Popular Feast—A Chief's Idea of Justice—Helen Hunt Jackson's Novel.

EDITOR OREGON SCOUT:

It was in Colton in the latter part of August and it was hot. I may be mistaken about many other things but upon that one point I am certain—it was excessively hot. There can be no doubt about it as the thermometer stood at 120 degrees in the shade. Every thing was burned up by the rays of a tropical sun that stood directly overhead. One could almost see the heat dancing in the air. The glare and glitter of a burning sun reflected from the hot sand and cement sidewalks made it almost unbearable. The air was hot, the streets were hot and even the breezes that came from the mountain tops seemed to be laden with the heat from a fiery furnace. With the exception of a few squads of Indians and Mexicans lounging here and there on the street corners and making merry over a watermelon—for be it known that among these people the watermelon is the greatest panacea for heat—the streets were deserted. Even the flies, which are generally very numerous, had disappeared, worn out and unable to contend with the excessive heat. Business was at a stand still and the shop-keepers and clerks were lounging half asleep in the back part of their stores, where the rays of the burning sun would be least likely to strike them.

It was on such a day as this that my friend Jannus, who was at that time superintendent of Indian schools, and myself were seated in the back part of a small fruit store trying to make life bearable, with the aid of a watermelon and a large carving knife; for we, too, had readily fallen in with the manners and customs of the people who dwell in that delightful climate of the sun. There is an old rule that when you are in Rome you must do as Romans do, *ergo* gentle reader when you are in Colton on a hot day you must eat watermelons. We were discussing the situation and the watermelon at the same time and had about made up our minds to go to the mountains for a few weeks, until the weather could moderate and give the thermometer a chance to gain its equilibrium, when the shop-keeper suddenly exclaimed: "Hello, there comes Captain Pablo."

And now, gentle reader, appreciating the fact that you like all readers (especially those of the gentler sex) are of an inquisitive disposition, I shall proceed to tell you who Captain Pablo was before I go any farther. He was the *capitan* (or as we would say the chief) of the Cahulla Indians. I suppose that after what I have already said it will not be necessary to state that he was dark complexioned; but in order to give my *La Grande* readers a better idea of the man, I will say that his eyes and complexion were a *la Dago*. He and his people lived in a small valley in the San Jacinto mountains and it was of this valley that Jannus and I were talking of visiting when the shop-keeper interrupted us.

Captain Pablo was the very man we wanted to see and upon going outside we found that the shop-keeper was not mistaken for there sure enough stood the captain surrounded by half a dozen Indians who were shaking hands with him and plying him with questions. After the usual salutation of *¡Buenos dias, señor; mañana collora es a dia* (good morning; it is very warm to-day) we repaired to the inside of the store and purchased an other watermelon, *Saudias*, in honor of the *capitán*, who told us that the Cahullas were going to celebrate St. Lewis' day (the 25th of Aug.) with a grand feast and extended us an invitation to be present. And this is the way that we came to visit the Cahulla valley to witness "*La fiesta del día San Louis*."

That night we provided ourselves with a buckboard and a team and made all the necessary arrangements to get an early start the next morning, stopping so make the journey up Richies cañon and to pass over the mountain and to reach the San Jacinto plains on the other side before the heat of the day commenced. But as is generally the case with early starts we didn't get under full headway until about 9 o'clock the next morning and by the time we reached the canyon it

it was beginning to be somewhat tropical. There was hardly a breath of air stirring and the heat was almost suffocating, but we stood it like martyrs as we jogged along up the canyon, consoling ourselves with the thought that when we reached the plain on the other side, we would come in contact with the refreshing breezes blowing across the valley from the San Jacinto mountains. We reached the plains about one o'clock in the afternoon but instead of the refreshing breezes we expected we encountered a veritable simoon of the desert, for the mountains on the north east side of the valley were on fire and as the wind blowing from these mountains struck us directly in the face you can imagine our situation. The sun which stood almost directly over us seemed like a molten mass suspended in the heavens, while the wind which struck us in the face seemed like the breath from the fiery jaws of hell. But it was too late to turn back, the only thing to be done was to go ahead and reach the valley proper beyond as soon as possible. That was several years ago, but every circumstance of that infernal trip is so indelibly impressed upon my memory that it seems but yesterday. We were not able to make good time as we had to proceed slowly on account of the horses who were panting for dear life. In the course of two or three hours we reached the valley proper and passed out of the track of the hot winds and from there on to the village of San Jacinto we had a very pleasant ride. We put up at the Hewitt's hotel for the night and continued our journey the next day. But before I describe the rest of our trip I desire to say a few things about the Mission Indians of whom the Cahullas are a part.

I suppose, gentle reader, that you have read "Ramona" that picture of Indian life in Southern California written by Helen Hunt Jackson. If not I advise you to do so, as the enjoyment you will derive from its perusal will more than repay you for your time and trouble, and yet, when you have finished it, if you are an inhabitant of Oregon, you will be inclined to measure the Mission Indians by the standard of those you have met with in your own state and to think that Mrs. Jackson's description is very much overdrawn and highly ideal. But in that you will be wrong. For the Mission Indians as a class are a distinct type and are altogether different from the rest of the Indians on this coast. They are to a certain extent civilized, having been gathered together in the Missions years ago by the Catholic Father's who taught them the arts of husbandry and agriculture. All of them can speak Spanish and most of the younger ones are pretty well versed in English, being able to read and write fairly well. In fact, as a class they are better educated than the majority of Mexicans one meets with in California and are an industrious, hard working people. Most of the men who have not farms of their own work on vineyards in San Bernardino and San Diego counties while quite a number of the women do household work in private families. They are all Catholics and live up to their religion as well if not better than a great many white people who are members of the same church. As a rule they are honest, always being able to obtain a certain amount of credit at the stores where they trade.

While we were sitting on the veranda that evening conversing with the landlady, Mrs. Jordan, something was said about Mrs. Jackson. Thereupon Mrs. Jordan related an incident that took place in Saboba, an Indian village about three miles distant from San Jacinto; which was probably the foundation of a portion of "Ramona." It seems that a few months before Mrs. Jackson visited San Jacinto, as special U. S. Commissioner of the Mission Indians, an Indian by the name of Fernando, and his wife, Ramona were living in Saboba. Fernando was subject to temporary spells of insanity, and during one of these spells he took a horse that belonged to a man living in San Jacinto. When the owner of the horse heard about it he became very much enraged and swore he would kill the Indian as soon as he could find him. Mrs. Jordan and others reasoned with him and tried to prevail upon him to desist from his design; but all to no purpose; he had made up his mind to kill the Indian, and kill him he did. The man was arrested and had his preliminary examination before Mr. Hewitt, Justice of the Peace, who was forced to discharge him for want of evidence. After the death of Fernando, his wife, Romana went to Cahulla valley where she is still living. Mrs. Jackson made particular enquiries about the case when

she was in San Jacinto and afterwards used this incident in her book, only changing the man's name to Alessandro.

Thanks to Mrs. Jordan, who had us called about 4 o'clock the next morning, whereby we obtained an early start. We had traveled about twelve miles when we arrived at the base of a mountain that seemed almost insurmountable. We followed the narrow road, which wound round and around up the mountain, until at last we reached the summit only to find that there was still another mountain of greater magnitude before us to be ascended. Thus we traveled over this grand series of mountains one after another, ascending higher and higher until we reached the top of the highest ridge, and there stretched out before us was a series of rolling hills extending for miles, and far beyond in the distance was an immense chain of mountains which seemed to bound the horizon. After crossing innumerable rolling hills, suddenly we made a turn around the base of a hill and over a small ridge, and lo! Cahulla valley lay before us. The valley was covered with grass almost a foot high, over which small herds of horses and cattle were grazing, and dotted here and there with patches of wheat and barley enclosed by brush fences, presented a very beautiful appearance as it wound in and out among the hills. When I call it up to my memory I think it was the most beautiful sight I ever witnessed in my life. After viewing this valley I can readily conceive of the Indians' great love for it, and can realize why it is that whenever you meet a Cahulla he will sing you the praises of this glorious valley. It is their Mecca to which they make their annual pilgrimage to celebrate *La fiesta del día San Louis*. No matter how far away a Cahulla lives, whether he is working in the Los Angeles vineyards or in the fields of San Bernardino, every year when the month of August comes around you will find him on his way to Cahulla valley to celebrate this feast. This valley has been the home of the Cahullas ever since the death of their first great chieftain, Juan Antonia. Before that time they lived in another valley, farther up in the mountains, known to this day as Juan Antonia's land.

Juan Antonia was the Napoleon of the tribe. Many stories are told by the early white settlers of the way he ruled his people and administered justice among them. It is said that he always traveled accompanied by from ten to fifteen attendants or body guards, and when he wanted to dismount, one of these attendants would hold his horse while another would kneel down on all fours so the *capitan* could step down onto this attendant's back and from there on down to the ground. Years ago one of his tribe, who had killed another in a quarrel, was arrested and put in jail by the authorities at San Bernardino. On the day of the trial Juan Antonia, accompanied by his attendants, appeared in front of the court house and demanded the prisoner, saying that he was able to dispense justice to his people without any assistance from the whites. The authorities, knowing that it would be folly to refuse, turned the prisoner over to him. He immediately formed a court, tried him, found him guilty and sentenced him to be buried alive in the same grave with his victim. This sentence was executed by the sheriffs of the tribe the same afternoon. A few years after this occurrence a great many of the tribe died of smallpox which was brought into the valley by one of the Indian women who had been working at San Bernardino. She was tried before Juan Antonia for this offense and condemned to be burned alive. He did this, as he believed, to stop the pestilence, but all to no purpose for it was only a few weeks until the *capitan* himself took the disease and died.

We arrived at the village a little before sunset. The village is situated on the slope of a small hill near the center of the valley and is composed partly of adobe houses and partly of ramadas or summer houses made of willows. Near the center of the village is a sulphur spring known as *Aqua Caliente* whence the village takes its name. A few hundred yards above the spring, below a body of massive rocks which seem to have been thrown up by some wild convulsion of nature is the graveyard. A large wooden cross surrounded by many smaller ones admonishes the passing traveler that this is consecrated ground.

We were driving up the hill toward the spring, when we were accosted by Captain Pablo who had come across the trail by horseback and had thus arrived a day ahead of us. He extended us an invitation to spend the night

at his house, which we eagerly accepted. With that he led the way to a commodious looking adobe house which with the exception of the government schoolhouse, appeared to be the largest house in the village. After introducing us to his wife and stepdaughter he told us that his boy would take care of our horses and that no supper would not be ready for at least half an hour we would have plenty of time to take a bath in the spring. We at once availed ourselves of this opportunity to test the waters of the spring which is said to have great medicinal properties. We had just finished bathing when Pablo came out to tell us that supper was ready. We at once repaired to the inside of the house, where we found an excellent supper awaiting us. As we had eaten nothing but a lunch since morning we did ample justice to the meal, particularly the *tortillas* and fried quail; and I must here give the *capitan's* wife the credit of being an excellent cook. After supper we smoked a few Mexican cigarettes in the company of the *capitan* and then retired to rest.

GEORGE QUINSCARD.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

SANGER.

Mining News and Notes From a Busy and Prosperous Camp.

A correspondent of the *Reveille*, writing of Sanger, in Union county, says:

We found the mill running to its fullest capacity, and learned that the ore now being milled is very rich and easily worked. About sixty men are carried on the payroll of this company, and every man is kept busy at his particular vocation; not an idle man can be found in camp. The genial superintendent of the C. S. Bradley Mining Co., in a long conversation gave us some important information, and while we are not at liberty to give our readers facts and figures, we are able to say that this mine is developing up far beyond the most sanguine expectations of its owners.

New machinery is being constantly added and the large saw mill which is operated by Mr. Hamm, of this city, furnishes the plank and timber which is used in operating the mine. The mill is kept running a large portion of the time, and this immense lot of lumber is used in the mine proper. Mr. Hamm also furnishes the wood. Besides the mills, the camp contains two stores, stage station, hotel, butcher shop and about fifteen or twenty residences.

From Sanger east to Cornucopia, new prospects are being discovered and worked. Near Big Eagle creek Tom White of this city, and associates are erecting a quartz mill, and their hopes for large returns reach as high up as do those rugged peaks by which they are surrounded. They will be ready to reduce ore sometime in August.

EAGLE VALLEY.

A Condensed Record of Recent Interesting Happenings.

Crops were never better. The health of the people is good. A big time is expected on the 1st of August. All our citizens are making great preparations for the picnic with the exception of a few who are always pulling backward. You know there is generally one balky horse in almost every team. But we pay no attention and will pull the load ourselves. I am satisfied we can do just as well without them as with them. Miss or Mr. "Guess" in the article last week says he was not consulted in the matter. We posted up notices in all the public places of the valley and it was generally understood that a meeting would be held to organize for the picnic; all had a fair chance, and almost everybody was there. "Guess" says we met on Sunday to do some writing. We did meet for that purpose, but I believe we are just as good as some people who pretend to be so pious. Mention is also made of the petition for liquor license to start a saloon. Those opposed to it had a right to remonstrate if they had seen fit; but what would four men do with a remonstrance when there were eighty on the petition. So far as the picnic is concerned we have no doubt it will be a grand success. K.

Boom! Boom! Boom!!!

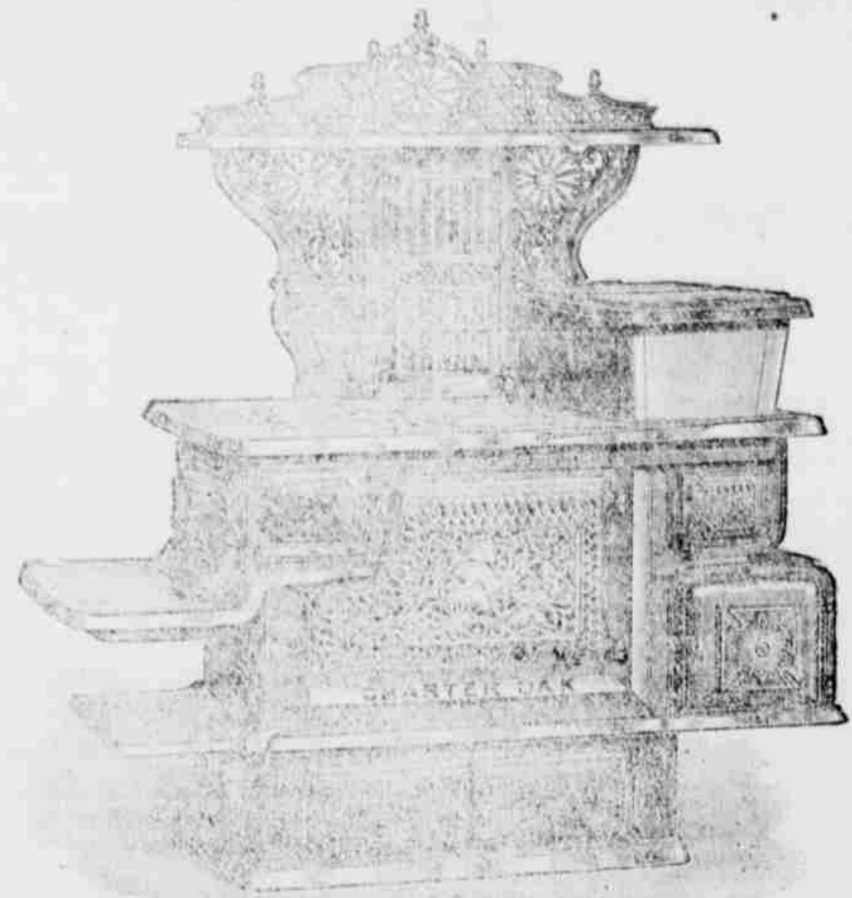
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