THE OLD MISSIONS OF CALIFORNIA ON THE OLD KING'S HIGHWAY.

BY PROF. C. F. HOLDER, PASADENA, CAL.

IN the California exhibit at the forthcoming Paris Exposition there will be a nook devoted to Southern California, and one of the interesting features will be the outlining of a plan which has already commended itself to the State, and which, in all probability, will ultimately become one of its attractions. It was conceived by Miss Picher, an art lover and honorary director of the Pasadena Art Loan Association, and, briefly, is the rehabilitation of the old King's Highway of Father Junipero Serra. It was the dream of this champion of the faith in California to see a chain of missions from San Diego to Monterey, a distance of about six hundred miles, and the ruins of these fine old buildings constitute one of the charms of travel in California to-day. They are so arranged that the traveler on the highway can reach a mission every night during the entire distance, and it is the object of the modern plan to revive the old road, plant it with double lines of palms, making one of the longest and best equipped roads ever contemplated, and one to rank with the great constructions of the day. The plan of the director has been to obtain the co-operation of the different towns along the route, and have each prepare the road and plant trees on the territory contiguous to it. Much interest has been enlisted, and in all probability the new King's Highway will become a fact. Local societies or branches are to be formed in various towns, each of which has some especial beauty or point of interest. Those on the line are San Diego, San Luis Rey, Oceanside, Escondido, San Juan Capistrano, Tustin, Orange, Santa Ana, Whittier, San Gabriel, Pasadena, Los Angeles, San Fernando, Ventura, Santa Barbara, Santa Ynez, San Luis Obispo, San Miguel, San Antonio, Monterey, Santa Cruz, San José, San Francisco. The ultimate scheme gives a bicycle or automobile roadway, lined with fan palms in three rows, from the mission of San Diego to the mission of Dolores in San Francisco.

The old mission buildings have in many instances fallen to decay, but within a few years this has been arrested through the efforts of the Landmarks Club of Southern California, which has accomplished excellent work in restoration along the exact lines of the original structures. Thus San Fernando, which was almost a complete ruin, has been re-roofed; so with San Juan Capistrano, and now it is proposed to arrest further decay at the old mission of San Diego. These old monuments of the adventurous Spaniard, and the religious zeal which served as an excuse for setting up the standard of Spain all along the western American coast, will make the new King's Highway, with its palm-lined sides, a delight to the lover of quaint architecture or of romance. The road now begins at the mission of San Diego, which was founded by Father Junipero Serra, July 16, 1769. The Camino Real is, so far as the comfort of the traveler is concerned, complete at present, and the project has but to secure the planting of palms and the improvement of the road at various points.

Starting from San Diego, we leave one of the earliest of the missions of Southern California, that was built by Padre Junipero Serra, a man whose influence is still felt in California, and whose memory is revered by Protestants as well as Catholics. After many changes and trouble with the Indians the present mission was begun in 1776 and completed in 1784. This fell into ruins, and in 1813 another building replaced it, and it is the ruins of the latter which constitute the starting point of the Camino Real or King's Highway of to-day. It is a pitiful ruin, but the old date palms tower high in air, telling the story of the last century. One can well tarry here and learn of the struggles and martyrdom of the old fathers. As late as 1827 this mission was a center of wealth. It owned 17,284 head of sheep, 9,120 cattle, 1,123 horses, and had a small army of native converts.

From here, when the East is covered with snow, we leave the old mission of San Diego and travel north along the coast, through a delightful country. The winter rains have brought summer verdure, and the rolling hills and ranges, the mesas and arroyos, are clothed in fresh greens and carpeted with flowers of every hue and description. Away to the east and southeast are lofty mountains and the continuation of the Sierra Madre, while to the west lies the blue Pacific. The road winds along, now skirting the ocean, again curving in among the hills, down through little oak and sycamore covered valleys. At night we find shelter, carrying out the idea of Camino Real, at the fine old ruin of San Luis Rey de Francia, to the mind of the writer one of the most beautiful missions in California. Its long colonnade and fine arches are a delight to the eye. It was built in 1798 by Father Lasuen and Padres Santiago and Peyri. It stands in an isolated position in the center of a rich and beautiful country. If we had happened along the King's Highway a little sooner, say in 1827, we should have found, instead of a picturesque ruin, a principality, as here, as late as 1826, Father Peyri received into the Church 2,867 Indians. The mission was very wealthy, owning 20,000 head of cattle, 20,000 sheep, 200,000 acres of the richest land, where in one year were

raised 3,000 bushels of wheat, 6,000 of barley, and 10,000 of corn.

We have not so far met an Indian on the highway, yet in 1834, after the secularization, this mission had a population of 35,000 Indians. The building was 160 feet long by 60 feet wide, 60 feet high; the walls four feet thick. A lofty tower held a chime of eight bells, and the fine corridor had 256 arches, many of which are still standing. While San Luis is still partly a ruin, we are welcomed by the Franciscan fathers who occupy the mission, and who, under Father O'Keefe, of Santa Barbara, are using it as of old. It was dedicated in 1893, the ceremonies being as near the original as they could be made; and what was particularly interesting was the presence of three Indian women who had heard the original dedicatory services by Padres Santiago and Peyri.

From San Luis Rey we ride down to the sea, skirting it for several miles, finally reaching the mouth of a well-wooded arroyo. Along this road, not so many years ago, the Spanish soldiers traveled with their leather armor and crude weapons. We can imagine the relief marching down to San Diego, when the Indians attacked the mission, and there was hardly a day but the King's Highway was used in the public service. Following up the arroyo, crossing and recrossing a little stream dignified by the name of river, about three miles from the sea, the four-in-hand rumbles into a little rambling town of adobes, with several small inns and a number of pretentious edifices, finding one of the finest ruins on the highway. Fourteen years ago, when the writer first saw it, this fascinating mission was still rapidly going to ruin, but the Landmarks Club has replaced the tiled roof and restored the old pile to such a condition that it will stand for years to come. We are comfortably housed at the Inn Mendelssohn, the genial proprietor a descendant of the famous composer. The first story is a store after the Mexican fashion, and above is the immaculate inn, where scores of distinguished travelers along the highway have been entertained during the past twenty years.

San Juan, while a ruin, is still in use, and a few of the faithful gather in one of the rooms which serves as a chapel. But what a strange contrast from the scenes enacted here at the beginning of the century! The mission was founded in 1776 by Fathers Serra and Mugar-tegui and Amurrio, a little party having been sent out from Monterey down the coast to make the selection of a location. The history of the mission is exceedingly interesting. In 1812 it was badly shattered by an earthquake, and the ruins of the roof where it fell are still shown. The great square surrounded by arches and corridors, the picturesque old chimney, the great chapel exposed to the elements, the quaint paintings and stations brought from Spain—all add to the interest of the remarkable old ruin that will always be a feature of the King's Highway. San Juan is about sixty miles from Los Angeles and San Gabriel, the latter being the next point of interest on El Camino Real.

The old mission of San Gabriel Archangel was founded in 1771 by Fathers Cambon and Somera, who marched along the highway with a guard of Spanish soldiers from the San Diego mission, and after an examination of the country selected a location which is now marked by a small, crumbling heap, the church having been destroyed by an earthquake. In 1775 the present building was begun, being finished twenty-five years later. It was one of the richest of the missions, and over four thousand Indian neophytes were baptized here. The writer has examined the old books and found records in the handwriting of Serra and of Father José Maria Zalvidea. The building has not the architectural pretensions of the other missions; it is an oblong structure, pierced for a number of bells, but four being now in place. The interior has been restored and is in constant use. It is very crude, and the interior, with its whitewashed walls, its ancient books and paintings, its vestments in gold and silver, its tall candlesticks, all tell a vivid story of the times when the mission was the center of a vast municipality of the Church.

The highway from San Juan to San Gabriel leads through the mission hills near the town of Whittier, and the traveler now passes through the modern town of Pasadena, through the Canada Valley, on the very base of the Sierra Madre range, to the head of a large valley, where we find the fine old mission of San Fernando, which, thanks to the Landmarks Club, is now in a fairly good state of repair. This mission was the result of Father Serra's effort to continue and complete the chain of missions from one end of California to the other, and in riding along one cannot fail to observe that these missions are situated in the most fertile districts—in brief, are in commanding positions. Father Lasuen established himself here, and dedicated the mission to San Fernando, King of Spain, in 1797. In 1812 it was badly shaken by the earthquake of that year, but to-day presents an imposing appearance, and is one of the most picturesque ruins in America. It is now practically deserted, yet in 1820 it was the center of the granary of America. Enormous flocks of cattle, sheep, and horses roamed the fields, while the padres had in hand \$50,000 in merchandise and \$90,000 in gold. In 1846 the mission

was sold by Pio Pico for \$14,000 to raise money to fight the Americans. To-day it is a land of *dolce far niente*; a few Mexicans, a little American settlement, not far distant, are all that tell the story.

Leaving San Fernando the highway passes through an attractive valley, past the home of the Del Valles, Camulus, made famous by Helen Hunt in her story of Ramona. That night the wayfarer can make the mission of San Buenaventura by the sea, that at the time of its founding was in the heart of a densely populated Indian country. Father Serra importuned the powers that be for years before he succeeded in obtaining authority and funds for the erection of this small mission, which now stands on one of the main streets of the town of Ventura, and is in the best condition. In 1783 he was authorized to build this and the next mission south, thirty or forty miles beyond—the mission of Santa Barbara. From Ventura to Santa Barbara, from the top of a coach, one has delightful vistas of the ocean. The road skirts the sea, and in half a day's ride takes one to one of the most attractive old towns in California—Santa Barbara, with its background of mountains and its fine old mission building. This is to priest or layman one of the fascinating links in this chain, strung along the Californian coast by the great Franciscan, Junipero Serra, and it is still the abode of this order. The mission was begun by Padres Victoria and Rapoli in 1782, and finished in 1823. At that time there were 10,000 Indians in the vicinity. The mission is their monument, as the writer could not find an Indian in the country about, though the graveyard is filled with their remains, and their personal effects, mortars, and other stone implements are to be found in all the great museums of the world. One of the attractive features of this mission is the interior court, or garden, in which it is said but two women ever stepped, Princess Louise and the wife of ex-President Harrison. There is an air of sanctity and rest about the place that to many is its greatest charm. The tiled roofs, the sandaled-barefooted monks, the quaint pictures, the rich vestments, the long rows of arches, the artistic belfry, present a picture that recalls old Spain or Portugal.

The mission of Santa Barbara was one of the richest, and possessed thousands of head of cattle and large sums in coin. See illustrations on page 67.

Riding out of Santa Barbara to the north we pass El Patero, where has been found a vast burying-ground of the ancients. It has been estimated that scientific men uncovered the remains of no less than 10,000 Indians in their search for implements. Along this road, in 1804, Commandante Carrillo, with nine soldiers from the Santa Barbara Presidio and Padres José Calzada and José Gutierrez, marched to Santa Ynez and founded that mission which in the earthquake of 1812 was badly shattered. As late as 1831 the mission owned 20,000 cattle, 1,500 horses, and 10,000 sheep.

These disasters did not discourage the Franciscans. A new link was forged on the highway in 1797 by Padre Sitjar, on the Indian rancheria of Sagshpileel, and called San Miguel. Four years later four hundred Christianized Indians could have been seen working about the mission. In this vicinity the Indians formerly were very numerous. In 1771 the mission of San Antonio de Padua was established on the highway; La Purisima Concepcion in 1787, about forty miles from Santa Barbara. From here one journeyed on to San Carlos Borromeo at Monterey, founded in 1770; then to Santa Clara, near the flourishing city of San José. From here, by fine roads, the end of the chain is finally reached—the mission of San Francisco de Asi at San Francisco, founded in 1776.

It is interesting to note that an appeal made by Protestants in that city, in 1894, to save the old mission from ruin met with little or no response. The Landmarks Club, which is raising the means and stopping the work of destruction in the interest of history, is composed largely of Protestants, who have entered more enthusiastically into the work than the people who have every reason to be personally interested in the old piles along the highway built by the earnest and vigilant Franciscan fathers of the last century.

A RESIDENCE AT PLAINFIELD, N. J.

WE present as our subject for color, and also on page 64 in this issue, a modern residence which has been erected for D. C. Ivins, Esq., at Plainfield, N. J. The building, though square in outline, is somewhat broken by bay windows and piazzas, thereby creating a most excellent combination of well arranged plans and attractive elevations. The underpinning is built of red brick, laid up in red mortar. The superstructure above is of wood, and it is covered on the exterior with sheathing, and then covered with paper and Southern white cedar shingles, left to weather-finish a silvery gray color. The trimmings are painted cream white. The roof is covered with similar shingles and stained a dark moss green. Dimensions: Front, 50 ft.; side, 35 ft., not including piazza. Height of ceilings: Cellar, 7 ft.; first story, 9 ft. 6 in.; second, 8 ft. 6 in.; third, 8 ft. The interior is finished off in a handsome manner. The entrance is through a vestibule into an entrance hall, beyond which is the staircase hall and stairway to second floor. The trim in this hall, and throughout the house,

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1. Santa Barbara Mission, 1786.
2. San Fernando Mission, 1797.
3. Mission of San Luis Rey, 1798.
4. San Gabriel Mission, 1771.

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