

and I have known the Russians reject a dinner of ship's provision for these dainties.

In fourteen days we anchored off the island Catalina, five leagues from the coast of California. The hunters took to the canoes, and crossed over to the main, and we followed with the ship. The Mission of Saint Gabriel is fifteen leagues from the coast, but a corporal's guard is stationed on shore to give notice of arrivals. The missions are twenty or thirty miles asunder, and are little else than stations for trade. The Padres are very kind and honest men. There are about twenty or thirty Spaniards at each station, and perhaps five hundred Indians. These are converted in a summary way, for when other argument fails, the bastinado produces instant conviction.

Hunters are sent out and the natives are brought in at the horse's tail. They are caught like other wild cattle, by the *lazo*, or a noose dexterously thrown over them from a distance. They soon become attached to the Padres and acquire habits of industry. These Indians are a gentle race very unlike the tribes of the north, which are warlike and cruel. In the north the natives are cunning, deceitful, and vindictive, never forgetting offence, but in the blood of the offender. They are active in the chase, and with a musket, the best of marksmen. They have small eyes, high cheek bones and the general aspect of a Tartar. Their appearance supports the belief that all animals constitute a chain, and that there is no link between the least intellectual savage, and the most intelligent monkey.

Unlike most savages they care little for ornament, though beads and shells are often worn. The females, in aid of their natural charms, practice the arts of the toilet. They paint their faces in bright fanciful colors, and the under lip is rolled over a piece of wood which