certainly enjoy the sterility of his vote, considering his Democratic proclivities.

We remarked that Mr. Jno. L. Campbell was togged out as natty as a dude. He has been lately married, however, which will account for a little liveliness of wardrobe.

The solid Republican and weighty citizen was well personified in Dr. J. H. Pearson, of Mission. Squarely built, big-throated, with a bronze face, lighted up with a pair of the brightest eyes, he seemed quite capable of burying a small personal difference for the party's good, yet we would select somebody else to have a large difference with.

One young candidate promised, if nominated, to carry the biggest vote on the ticket, and another that, if elected, he would fill the office with credit to himself and the party.

Our friend, Mr. Douglas Barker, was one of the solid men in the Riverside contingent. His square shoulders and firm jaw give the impression that he is more than a mere barker.

Our streets have been made picturesque this week with three tall Harrison hats, brought home from the San Bernardino convention. A big hat is not so often brought home from a convention as a big head.

PROTECTION AND THE CHINESE.

To the people on the Pacific Coast, people impressed with "foreign competition," any fearful meaning. The Massachusetts theorist glibly talks of the American laborer's ability to compete with European labor, and builds his card-house arguments on the assumption that all we shall be called upon to compete with will be the laborers of Christendom. Just so have the sentimentalists of the country prated so long about ours being the land of the oppressed, the haven of all persecuted people of all nations. Under their influence the gates of our country are wide open to everybody. To-day we stand shocked that instead of making us a Canaan, they are making us a dumping ground; instead of this being a haven it is a cesspool, into which the sewerage of European society is pouring. To our hospitable arms are coming the paupers, the vagrants, the criminals and the idiots of Europe and the leprous Chinese of Asia.

The flimsy sentiment, that opened our gates, now gives place to common sense. After we have received incalculable harm, everybody demands that they be carefully guarded and immigration restricted. The free trade sentiment is parallel with the free immigration sentiment. It is just as short sighted, just as blind. And every free-trader from principle, was in favor of Chinese immigration when it was an issue.

Free trade with the world means more than free trade with England. Free trade with the world means free trade with China. We in California know that just across the Pacific from us is reservoired enough cheap labor to inundate the world. Chinamen have come here. They are initiated into all our industries. They are quite as skillful workmen as Americans. They are apt learners. We pass our Chinese exclusion bills, and lower our tariffs, and what is the result? *Factories will be established in China.* A few Americans can buy improved machinery, erect factories in China, instruct Chinamen to operate them and undersell everybody in our markets.

The Chinese government would encourage all such enterprises. And the statesmanship that does not contemplate the probability—nay, the certainty—of our having at an early day to compete with the products of Chinese labor is miserably shortsighted. A Chinaman, in China, under a free trade system, is just as formidable to our workingmen as a Chinaman here.

That China has not before this begun to manufacture articles consumed in civilized countries, on modern methods, is for the simple reason that she is but slowly waking from the apathy of her long seclusion. But her eyes are getting open. She is building railroads, she is using electric lights. Her hungry millions want labor and a market for its product. She knows something of the greatness of the market in this country. When millions of hands are ready to work for ten cents a day, the capital that is compelled to pay two dollars a day will go where they are and employ them. Confront the fine spun arguments of free traders with four hundred million Chinese, with whom poor living is a science, and to whom low wages are a boon. China can do the labor of the world. This crusade for cheapness has its goal among the hordes of China. The maudlin sentiment that measures a man's prosperity by the cheapness with which he can buy his breeches finds its logical outcome in China, for they can make breeches there cheaper than anywhere on earth.

The tariff question is a small question compared with what it will be. The time will come when instead of tariff it will be quarantine, and the reckless hands that now seek to tear down such slight bulwarks as we have erected, to maintain our industrial advantages as a people, will be condemned less only than treasonable ones.

THE MISSION INDIANS.

We propose to give to our readers the facts of the Indian situation in this locality. This article will be confined to a brief account of the Mission Indians in general. Next week we shall treat of the Indians of this Pass, and later, of the government policy toward them.

The Indians of Southern California are an inglorious people. The first records we have of them represent them as inferior, physically and intellectually. Like the climate of the region, their characters are devoid of extremes. They have renown neither for prowess in war, nor eloquence in council. The strain of nobility was never in them. They are different from all other Indian tribes on the continent. And this point is to be borne in mind. We are speaking of the Mission Indians of Southern California. All we say is of them alone. What the government's policy should be toward the Apaches of Arizona, we are not now saying, although we would be glad to have power long enough to compass the absolute extermination of that tribe of fiends. But between the Apaches and the Mission Indians is a hemisphere of difference. The Mission Indians are a distinct people, of peculiar traits and requiring special treatment from the government. As a people, history delineates them as the commonest of heathen.

They get the name Mission from the fact that, for a period of about fifty years, extending from about 1780 to 1830, they were a sort of voluntary serfs to the great Mission establishments of Southern California. The Missions along this coast, from San Francisco to San Diego, twenty-one in number, the dismantled remains of which are to-day the only historical monuments to be seen, were founded by the Franciscan Monks. The one at San Diego was established in 1769, and that of San Francisco in 1776. The Missions had large landed possessions, herds of cattle, sheep and horses, vineyards and orchards, and there were attached to them schools, a sort of nunneries for the Indian girls, workshops, storehouses, chapels, and the entire equipment of a community. The Indians became converted to the Catholic religion, and lived attached to the Missions in a patriarchal commune. They did the labor, being guided and instructed by the Monks, and accumulated vast wealth for the Missions. In 1834 the Santa Cruz Mission property was estimated at $97,361.96. In the year 1830 the government of Mexico acknowledged a debt due the Missions of $400,000. In 1834 the Missions raised 122,500 bushels of grain, and had 424,000 head of cattle. There were then 30,600 souls attached to the Missions. The Mexican government gradually confiscated the Mission property, and in 1831, the priests abandoned them.

The Mission Indians to-day are as civilized as the low Italians or Bohemians of our cities. They wear ordinary American clothes, and look like mulattoes. Nearly all speak a mongrel Spanish, all speak their own Indian dialect, and some speak English. They live in villages or settlements scattered over the country. The men work on ranches and at common labor, and occasionally a squaw can be secured to do domestic work. They subsist on all sorts of food, according to their means, from acorns to beef. We regard them a little more reliable than workmen of other nationalities of the same grades of intelligence. Of course there are exceptional men among them who have dignity and considerable honor, but the bulk of them is of the common run of humanity. They can be distinguished from other men of the same grade in few things. They have that stolidity characteristic of their race. Indians haven't the tonguey facility—they understand all the uses of silence. They are perfectly harmless and have hardly any fire-arms. Their homes are adobe, frame or thatched according to their condition. But the faintest trace of religion is left with them. Every man who can, owns one of their breed of small horses, begins to ride it at two years old, and stoves it up just as soon as hard riding and neglectful treatment can do it. Generally the men ride and the women walk. The Mission Indian, as a type is eminently uninteresting. He never heard of thrift or providence. He possesses his rude home, mayhap some scrawny ponies and lives like a bird on the fortune of the hour. He has not the humor, and emotion and ambition of the Negro, nor the industry of the Chinaman, yet he has all the faults of both.

There are five main tribes of the Mission Indians, namely, the Seranos, the Digenos, the San Luis Reys, the Coahuillas and the Owongos. They are found scattered through the valleys of San Bernardino and San Diego counties. The inhabitants of each village have a name of their own, generally borrowed from the locality. The Mission Agency headquarters at Colton, has charge of all Indians in a tribal state, South of San Francisco. Besides the Mission Indians in this Agency are the Tule River Indians and the Yuma Indians. There are in all 3127 Mission Indians, according to this year's census. In 1873 there were said to be 4000 Mission Indians. There are nineteen reservations of government lands in California for Indians, nearly all being in San Bernardino and San Diego coueties. The Indian Agent is charged with the care of the Indians, the protection of their reservations from trespass, the maintenance of their schools, the enforcement of the laws prohibiting the selling of liquor to them, and exercises a general guardianship over them. Through him, the government furnishes them at times with seeds and agricultural implements. At the Indian Agency is a physician and a superintendent of schools. As we purpose next week describing in detail the Potrero Indians in this Pass and their mode of life, that will illustrate their tribal government and other features of their life that otherwise would be appropriate here. Between the Mission Indians and the Mexican laborers among us, we see no difference. They are not dangerous, nor helpless nor romantic, and are worthy of public attention not for anything uncommon about them, but because of the extraordinary policy of the government toward them.

Word was brought in from the Hills of the most thrilling adventure of the season. That redoubtable sportsman, Mr. Chas. Bigley, is again on the mountains. If Mr. B.'s luck bore any adequate ratio to his perseverence, he might ere this have planted his door-yard with a thicket of buck horns. It is related that on Monday he came down to the camp of the boys at work on the Water Company's ditch, with hair disheveled, hat gone, shoeless as to one foot and eyes protruding like cannon from the port holes of a man-of-war. He accounted for his situation with this harrowing tale: A monster grizzly had out his horse loose from his tether and the faithful animal had decamped, and the locality had so suddenly become unhealthy that Mr. B. had hurredly migrated without completing his toilet. To his credit be it said that no sooner was he shod and shaded than he went back to the seat of war, and the community is now breathlessly awaiting further news from him.

Misses Van Arsdale and Lounsbury started to drive through to Colton on Thursday. They will return Friday. If the gallants of Colton see the outfit they may well wonder what consuming business cares compel the young men of Banning to allow so fair a cargo to go so far without convoy.

Mr. Card is gathering his last crop of white Heath peaches. Those who want a delicious bite, to which they can fasten their memory and hold in recollection its surpassing flavor; the sweet of it, the rich juiciness of it, the peachiness of it, the entire and bountiful luciousness of it, than which the alchemy of vegetable life never distilled from the soils of earth a rarer, should visit Mr. Card's orchard.

THE THEORY OF PROTECTION.

The discussion of the tariff branches and twigs into so many subdivisions and details that the trunk of the controversy is very often lost sight of, and sometimes forgotten. To recall to the minds of our readers the fundamental principles of that policy of protection, which our government has pursued so long and with such satisfactory results, that the statesmen of Europe cite us as a demonstration of the benificence of the system, we will briefly give what we understand to be the theory of Protection.

The occasion for protection lies mainly in the difference between our society and that of foreign countries. Before we were a government, every nation of Europe and Asia had its social system organized, stratified into ranks and castes; the king was on top, and the slave at the bottom. Through long usage, everybody had learned his place, and filled it without the harrassment of ambition. The butler worshipped the duke, and gloried in his servitude. The lower classes accepted poverty as they did their complexions; it was the natural accompaniment of their birth.

In America, society started unstratified; it was a gravel bed of democracy. Slavery withered among us and slaves became senators. American society had no classes. The poor man of to-day became the rich man of to-morrow. Poverty never was regarded by American poor as a permanent condition; it was a temporary misfortune. And that ignoble contentment with inferior position, which to-day surprises the genuine American when he sees it among the European immigrants never was a characteristic of the American poor. Our poor were not disciplined like those of foreign countries. Our country was new and abounding in resources. As a consequence, the hand labor of this country is to day better paid and better fed than that of any country on the other hemisphere. The hand laborers of America are on a higher plane than foreign hand laborers. We do not stand on a level with Europe in the race of commerce. To put us on an equality, and to preserve the advantage which our hand laborers have, the tariff is levied. It compels European capital to pay our government the difference between the low wages it has paid and the higher wages we must pay, before it can sell in our markets the products of its cheap labor. It protects our laborers.

In doing this it accomplishes many other good results. It preserves our home market for our manufacturers. In keeping out the foreign products, it compels our people to buy at home. We wear home-made shoes, home-made cotton, home-made flannel, and it is a poor American whose back is not more comfortable under a woolen shirt from Marysville, than it would be under one from Lancashire.

It brings to the farmer a market within sight of his farm. Land within twenty-five miles of the city of New York is worth from five to fifty times per acre what land in Nebraska is worth, for the simple reason that the farmer on the New York land has an eternal market for everything he can produce, while the Nebraska farmer is confined to the raising of only a few products that will bear long transportation. The New York abs[illegible]man raises onions, carrots, [illegible], beets and