

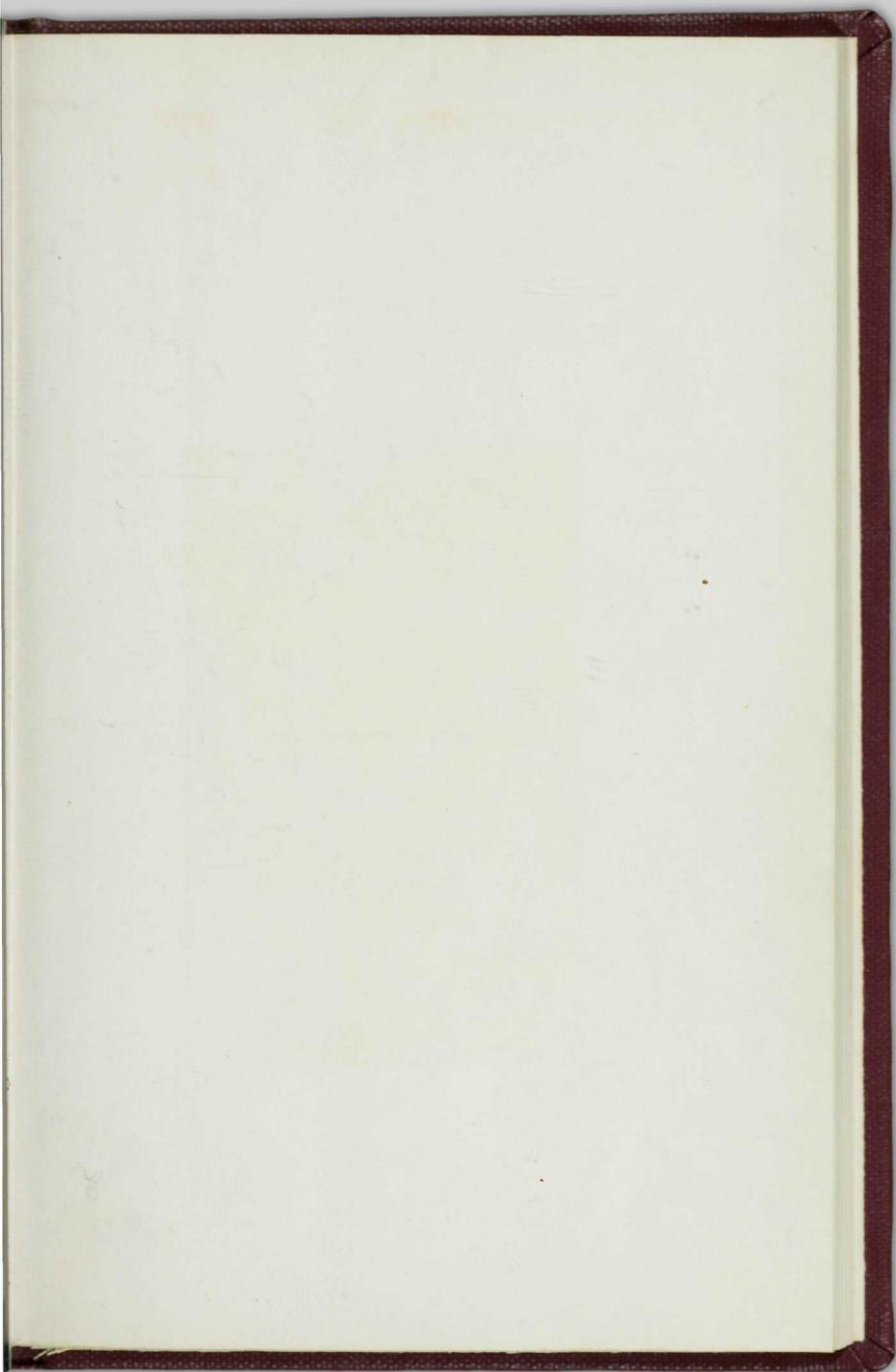
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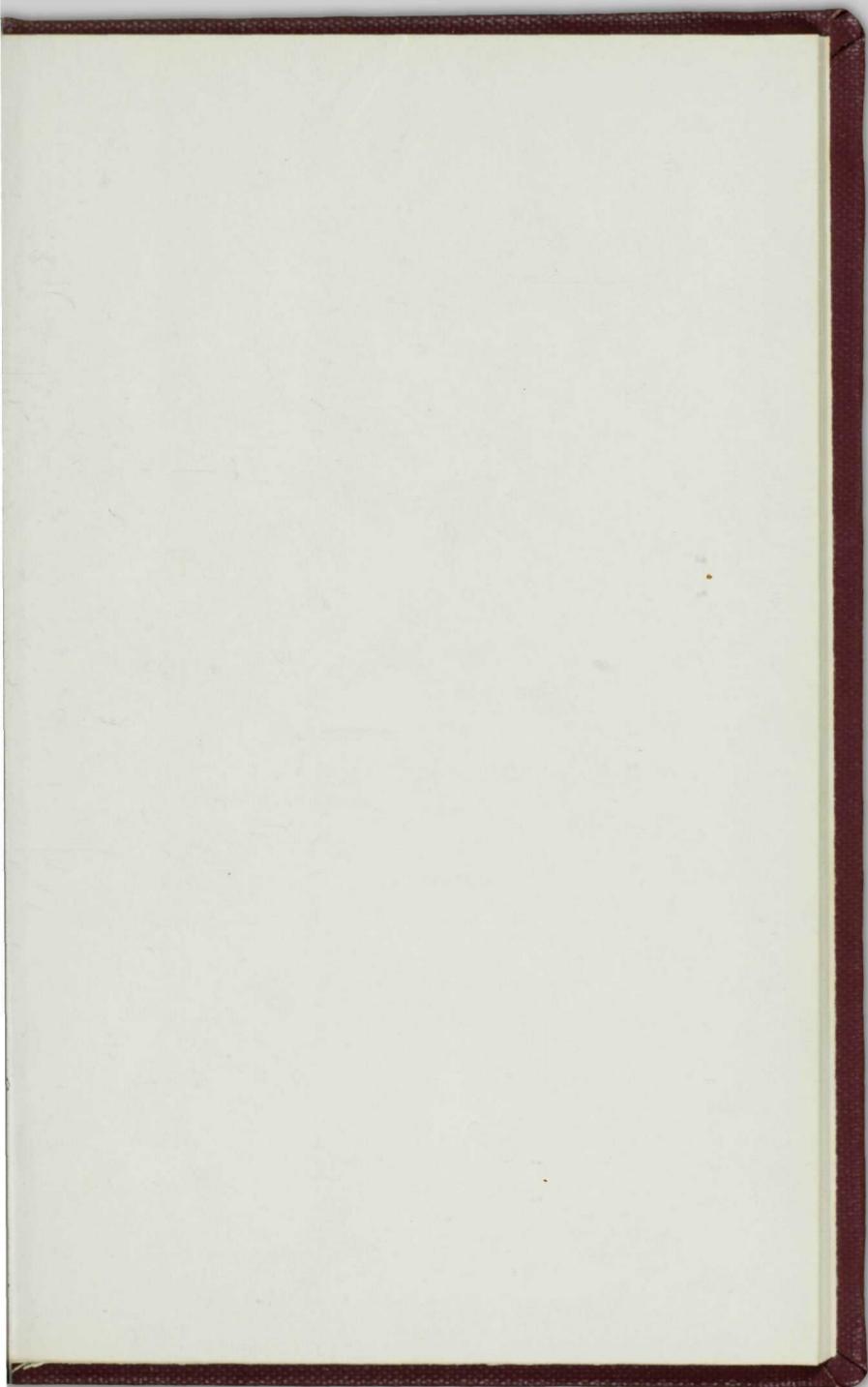
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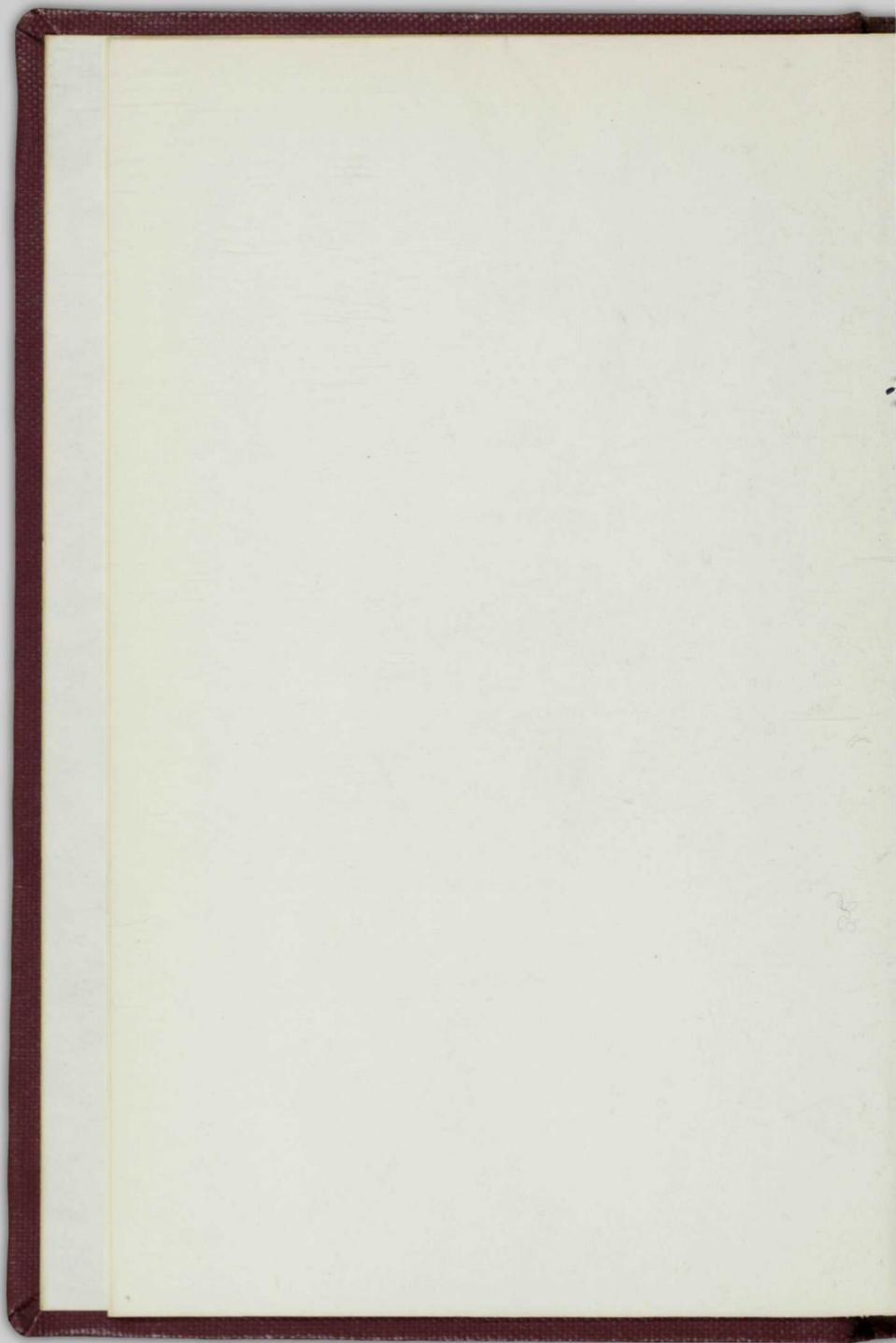
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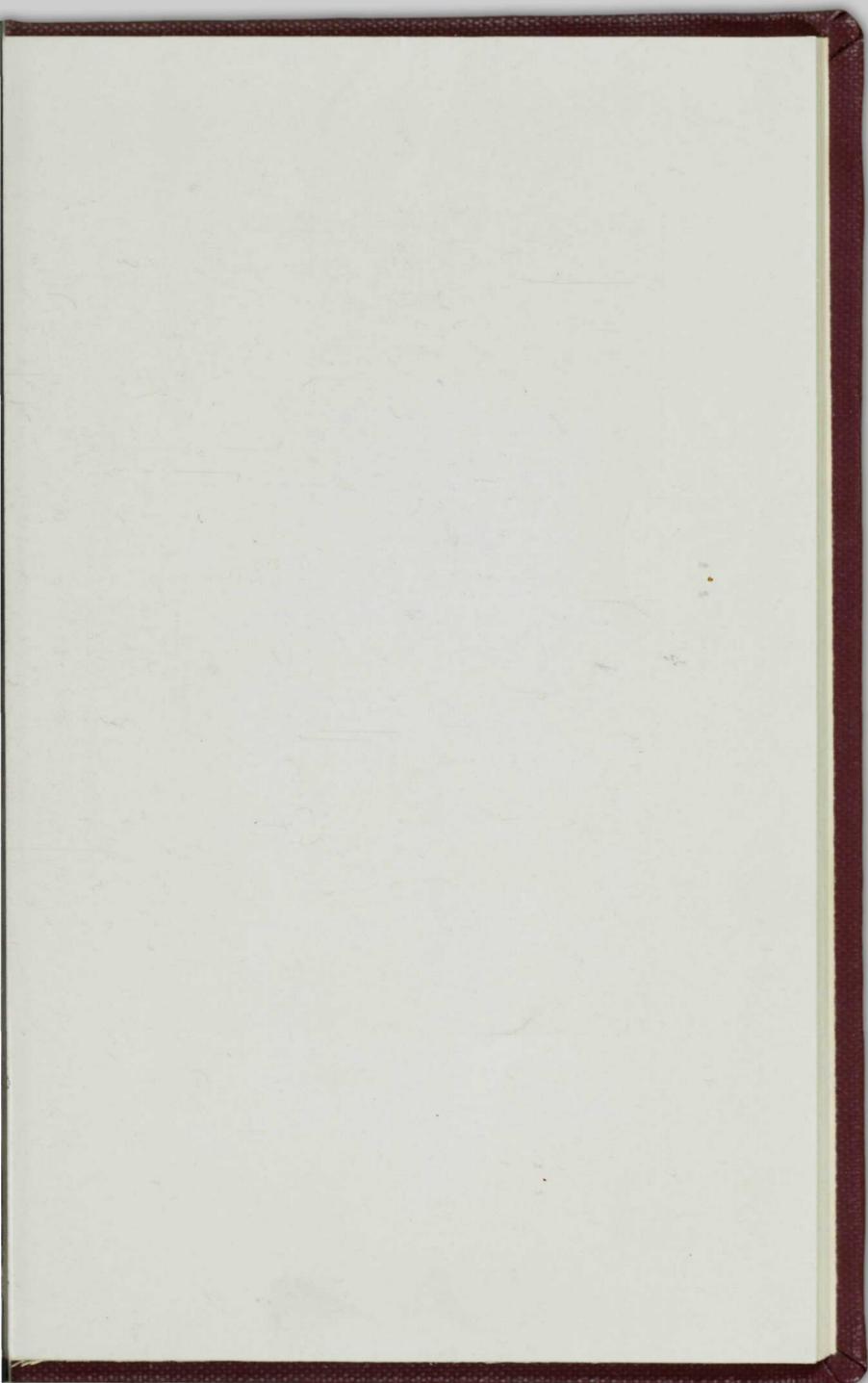
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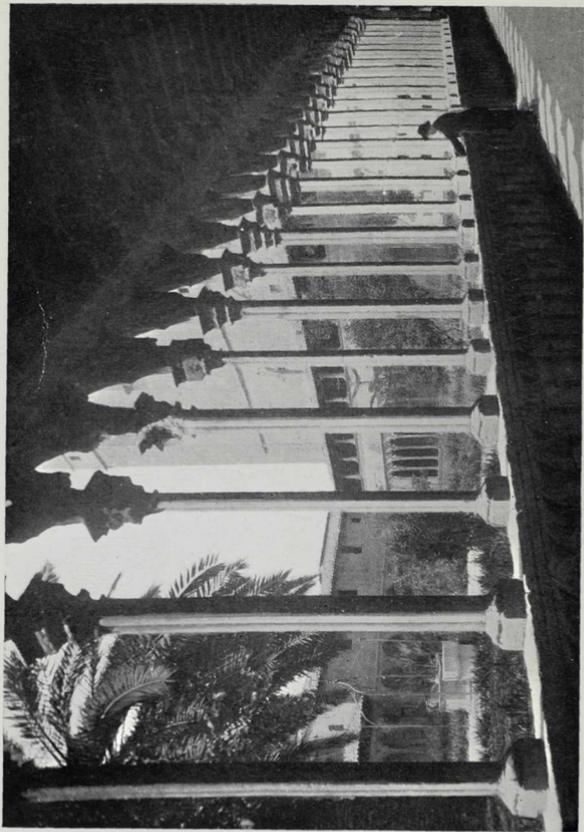


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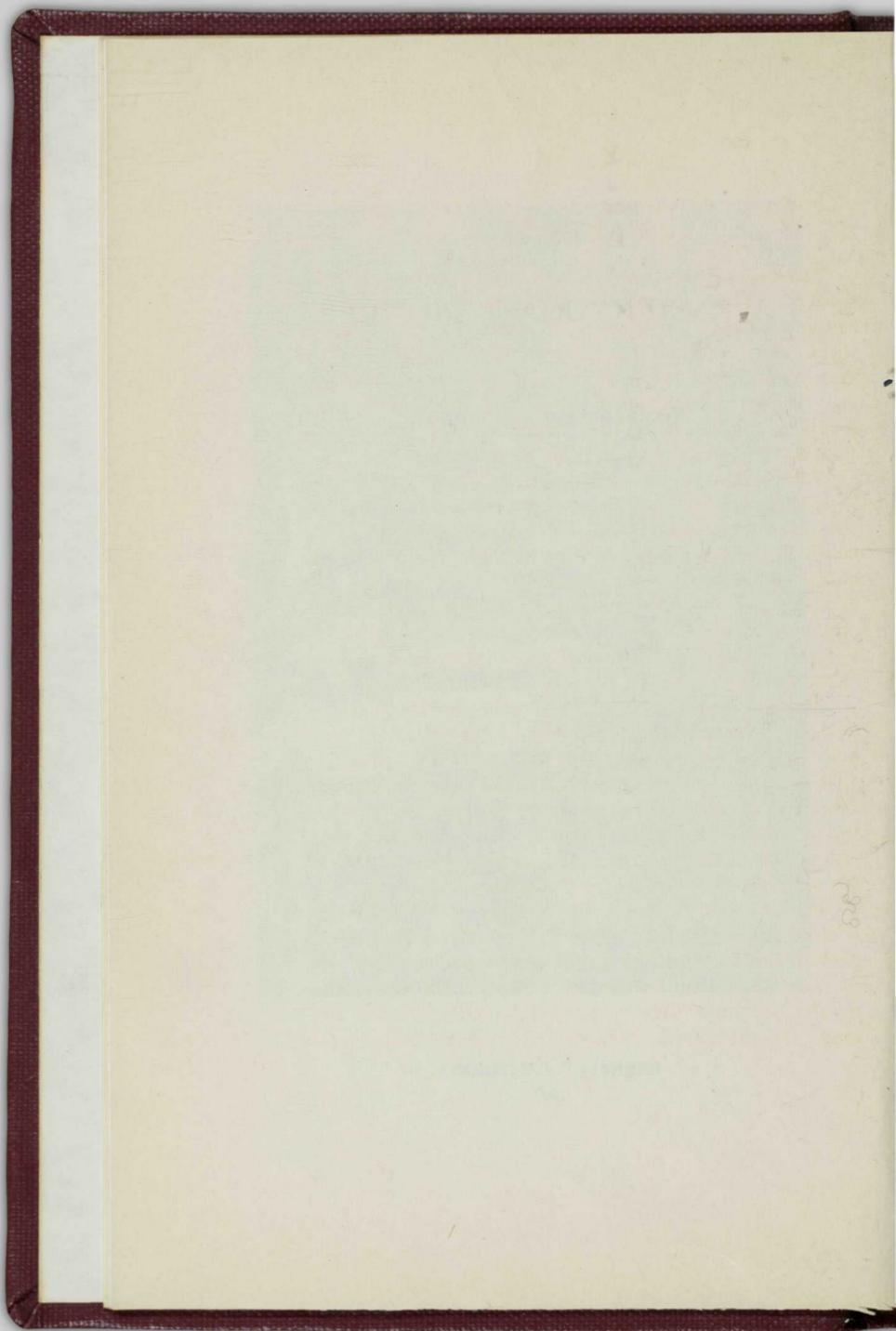
The Monastery of San Francisco, at Palma, Mallorca, where Crespi was a pupil of Serra.

A PACIFIC COAST PIONEER

BY

HERBERT EUGENE BOLTON

BERKELEY, CALIFORNIA
1927



PREFACE

The Spanish missionaries were superb pioneers of civilization. They spread the Christian faith among the heathen beyond the borders of settlement; they taught their rude neophytes the elements of European culture; they directed the labor of their charges toward bringing the frontier spaces under profitable cultivation; they served as guardians of the border to hold back hostile natives and intruding European neighbors.

Not the least of their pioneering service was their work as explorers. No single body of records made so vast an addition to geographical and ethnological knowledge of the world in the same space of time as that contained in the Jesuit letters and reports of the seventeenth century. In two-thirds of the Western Hemisphere, in major and in minor explorations alike, the missionaries generally played a conspicuous part. For this there were good reasons. Often the unattended friar could go unmolested and without arousing hostility into districts where soldiers were not welcome. Because of their education they were the class best fitted to record what they saw. So they were frequently sent alone to explore new frontiers, or as peace emissaries to hostile tribes, or as chroniclers of expeditions led by others. Hence it is that the best diaries of early exploration in the Southwest, and, indeed, of most of Spanish America, were written by the missionaries.

We have but to recall the example of Friar Marcos, who led the way to the "Seven Cities"; the rediscovery of New Mexico by Fray Agustín Rodríguez and his band; the journeys of Father Larios into Coahuila; the astonishing travels of Father Kino in the deserts of Sonora and Arizona; the diplomatic embassies of Father Calahorra in

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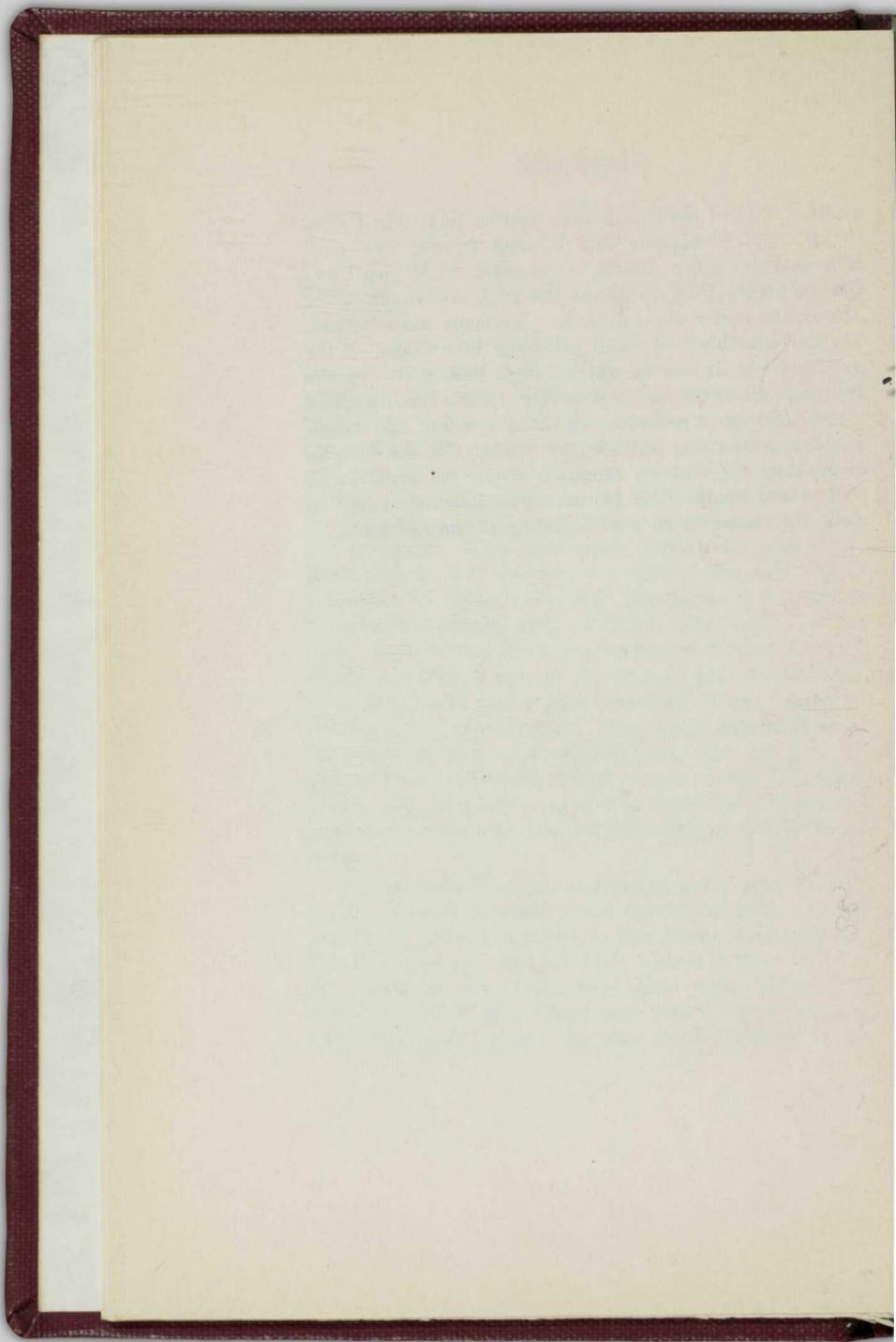
Texas; the lone travels of Father Garcés, seeking a better route to California; and the almost superhuman expedition of Fathers Domínguez and Escalante, pathfinders in and about the Great Basin that lies between the Wasatch and the Sierras.

High in the list of these "splendid wayfarers" should be placed the name of Fray Juan Crespi. The missionary travels of this gentle Mallorcan friar carried him by sea from Spain to America; by land, on foot or astride a horse or a mule, all the way across Mexico, and the length of Old and New California; and by sea again to the borders of Alaska. To make known to the twentieth-century world the remarkable journeys of Father Crespi is the purpose of this volume. With rapid stroke they are sketched in the Introduction. But this does not suffice. The only way to appreciate his deeds as explorer and diarist is to read his remarkable journals, and follow his itineraries with the map. To make this possible to readers of English, Crespi's diaries are printed here as the primary part of this book. They have never before been assembled in one volume or published as a separate work. They were scattered through the tomes of Palóu's *New California*, and are here reprinted from my English edition of that treatise (Berkeley, — 1926), with the addition of several important hitherto unpublished documents, a special Introduction, and Editorial Notes.

The diaries are here introduced in a charming manner by five intimate personal letters written by Father Crespi during the historic journeys to San Diego, Monterey, and San Francisco bays in 1769–1770. Three of these letters—rare treasures out of the past—have never before been published. They give a bird's-eye view of the memorable expedition, and prepare the way for the details of the

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diaries. Two of the letters were written to Father Palóu, Crespi's old schoolmate and lifelong friend; two were addressed to Father Andrés, his superior in Mexico City; and the fifth to José de Gálvez, the great visitor-general of New Spain, under whose direction California was colonized. The Introduction is devoted primarily to a sketch of the principal expeditions in which Crespi took part. In the Editorial Notes at the end of the volume are supplied textual and other comments on the documents, and extensive data concerning manuscript materials for the episodes covered by the diaries, especially from the archives of Mexico and Spain. The footnotes are designed mainly to assist the reader to an understanding of the narrative.

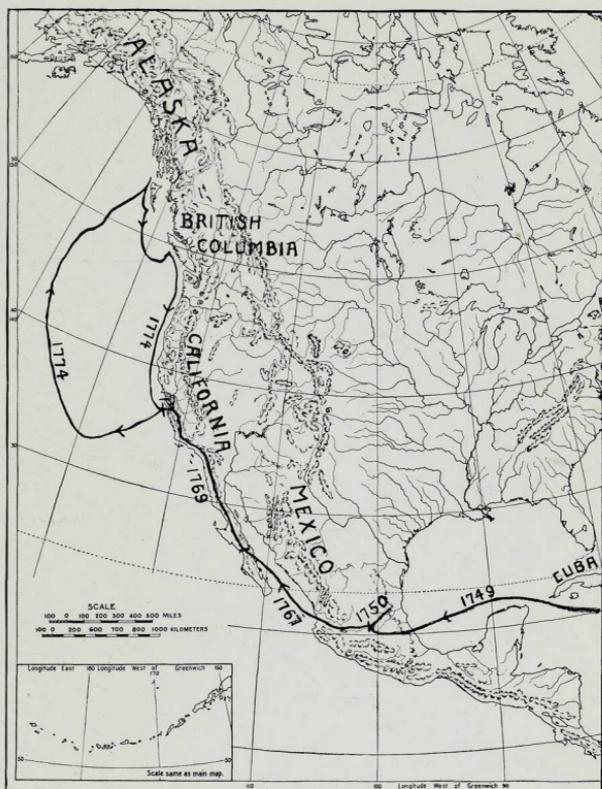


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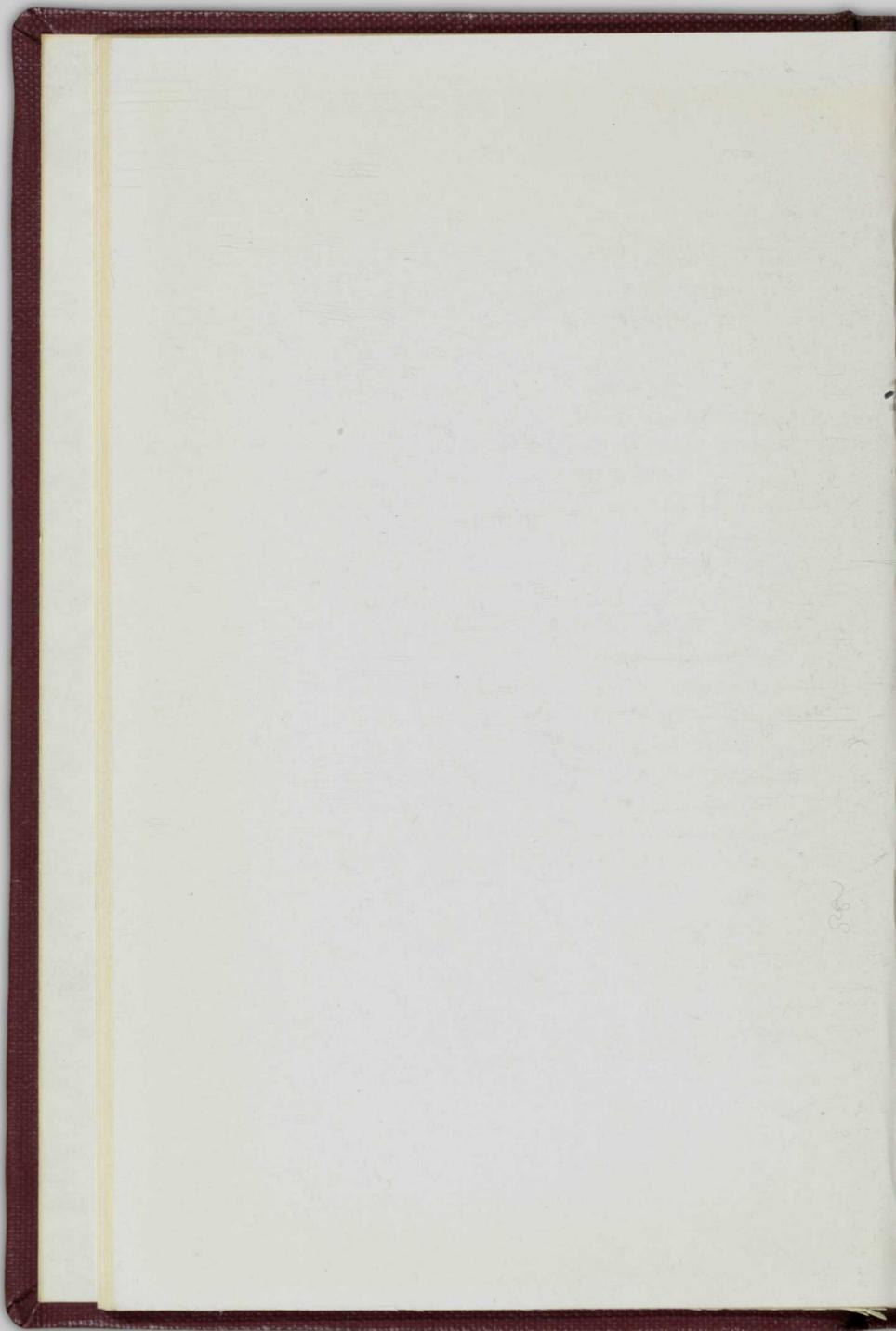
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Crespi's Travels in North America.



FRAY JUAN CRESPI, MISSIONARY EXPLORER

FATHER CRESPI AS DIARIST

Among all the great diarists who recorded explorations in the New World, Juan Crespi occupied a conspicuous place. For more than three decades he pioneered the wilds of North America. Like Francisco Palóu he was a pupil of the great Serra and for many years was his close companion. Like them both he was a Mallorcan. In the same mission with them he came to America in 1749. With them he became a member of the Franciscan College of San Fernando in Mexico. Beside them he went as missionary to the Sierra Gorda, that wild mountain fastness northeast of the Aztec capital. With them he was sent to the Peninsula of California on the expulsion of the Jesuits in 1767, and there was put in charge of Mission Purísima Concepción.*

Two years later he was one of the small band of friars selected by Serra to join the Portolá expedition for the occupation of San Diego and

* The materials on which this sketch of Crespi is based are indicated at some length in the Editorial Notes at the end of the volume. With few exceptions citations to authorities are not given in the footnotes here.

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Monterey, while Palóu remained behind to fill Serra's place as president on the Peninsula. Crespi even preceded Serra on the great march, for he joined Rivera y Moncada, who led the vanguard, while Serra followed with Portolá. Crespi was one of the handful of pioneers who planted the Cross and the banner of Spain at San Diego in that fateful summer of 1769. With Portolá he continued north, accomplishing the first European expedition by land up the California coast. With the mystified Portolá, seeking the harbor of Monterey, he pushed still farther north, and became one of the discoverers of San Francisco Bay, whose existence theretofore was unknown, and whose importance he was one of the first to recognize. He was the only friar who made the whole fifteen hundred mile march from Vellicatá to San Francisco Bay and back. Serra rode the weary way to San Diego; Father Gómez made the long march thence to San Francisco Bay; but of the three Crespi alone covered the whole distance. For this reason he was commissioned to prepare the composite diary which was made.

Returning to San Diego, with Portolá Crespi again made the land march to Monterey, and with Serra, who had come by water, he now became one of the founders of Mission San Carlos, or Carmel. Carmel was his California

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home, and there he spent the next twelve years, as Serra's companion. During part of this time Palóu also was with his old friends. But for each of them these years were broken by more than one long jaunt. Two seasons had not passed when Crespi went with Fages to find a way around San Francisco Bay to Point Reyes. A few weeks later he conducted a mule train south with provisions for starving San Diego, and returned with another trainload of supplies brought thither from Mexico by the *San Carlos*. Still another year later, with Father Peña, he went as chaplain on the great sea voyage made by Juan Pérez to Alaska.

Back at Carmel, Crespi remained there as missionary eight years more. At the end of that time, with Serra he visited Palóu at San Francisco, and beheld again the great bay of which he had been one of the discoverers and explorers. By now the sand of his hourglass had run, for he had scarcely returned to Carmel when he died, still in his prime, just past sixty.* His years were few, but his deeds were many and memorable.

Gentle character, devout Christian, zealous missionary, faithful companion, his peculiar fame will be that of diarist. Of all the men of this half-decade, so prolific in frontier extension

* This was in 1782.

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up the Pacific Coast by sea and land, Crespi alone participated in all the major path-breaking expeditions: from Vellicatá to San Diego; from San Diego to San Francisco Bay; from Monterey to the San Joaquín Valley; from Monterey by sea to Alaska. In distance he out-traveled Coronado.

In all these expeditions he went in the double capacity of chaplain and diarist. With fingers benumbed by cold, with inflamed eyes, in drenching rain, under burning desert suns, or in his berth on a pitching ship, suffering the while with nausea, he faithfully chronicled the happenings of these historic journeys. Of all his expeditions he kept superb records that have come down to us through a century and a half. Of the march of the Rivera party from Vellicatá in 1769 his was the best of at least two diaries; of the journey thence to San Francisco Bay and return his was the best of three; of the famous march with Fages in 1772, from Monterey to San Joaquín River by way of the Contra Costa and Carquínez Strait, indispensable records are his exquisite diary and his curious, salamander-like map; and of the Pérez voyage he kept one of the best of the three or more journals. These precious pages record nearly two thousand miles of land travel and a sea voyage of twice that distance. Missionary, globe trotter,

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and diarist he was; breviary, pack mule, caravel, and quill might decorate his coat of arms or his book plate.

Crespi's record was carved deep in the palimpsest of North America. His kindly deeds and his Christian teachings will never die. In the Sierra Gorda, on the Peninsula, and at Carmel the baptisms, the marriages, and the burials of hundreds of neophytes are recorded in his distinguished hand. The archives of California, of Mexico, and of Spain are enriched by his correspondence with officials and friends. In his precious diaries the human toils, the adventures, the thrills, the hopes, the fears of three historic journeys on the Pacific Coast are embalmed.¹

WITH THE PORTOLÁ EXPEDITION

The occupation of Alta California in 1769 was one of the dramatic episodes of American colonial history. For over two hundred years Spain had contemplated the step but had been busy with more important affairs. Now and again the region beckoned, but it was far remote. Cabrillo made known the merits of San Diego Bay. The multitude of intelligent natives which he encountered on the Santa Barbara Channel offered an enticing field for missionary labors. Drake and Cavendish threatened the western

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end of the mythical Strait of Anian, and caused misgivings for the security of Spain's commerce on the Pacific. The ravages of scurvy made havoc with the crews of the Manila galleons as they came clock-wise down the Pacific coast. The merits of lime juice as an antiscorbutic were not yet known, and California was often talked of as a health-giving vegetable garden for sailors returning from the Philippines. Vizcaíno, sent to explore, reconnoitered and over-advertised Monterey Bay. But still Alta California was not occupied. The province was not needed and Spain was too busy elsewhere. And so for another century and a half the Land of Sunshine was chiefly a matter of conversation and romance.

Then the Russian Bear threatened and the situation changed. In the seventeenth century the Muscovites had crossed Siberia and opened trade with China. Early in the eighteenth century Bering made his stupendous voyages into the North Pacific. He discovered Bering Strait, coasted the American mainland, and initiated the fur trade. In a twinkling his voyages were followed by a rush of fur traders to the Aleutian Islands. Within a few years posts were established on Bering, Unalaska, Kadiak, and other islands, for a distance of nearly a thousand miles. Aleuts and sea otters now paid awful

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tribute to the gold-thirsty men of the North. Though trading activities were as yet confined largely to the Aleutian archipelago, alarming rumors reached the Spanish court of an impending southward push of the Russians.

It was time to act. And action was assured by the presence of two remarkable men on the northern frontier of Mexico. One was José de Gálvez, the energetic visitor-general of New Spain; the other was Junípero Serra, the fiery head of the Franciscan missions of Old California. The decision to move came early in 1768. On January 23 a royal order was sent to Viceroy Croix to resist any aggressions of the Russians that might arise. This command, which coincided with the views already arrived at by the visitor-general and the viceroy, reached Gálvez as he was on his way to Lower California.

While settling affairs on the Peninsula, Gálvez organized the historic expedition that was sent forth to hold Alta California. Specifically it was designed to establish garrisons at San Diego and Monterey, and to plant missions, under military protection, to convert and civilize the natives. The general command was entrusted to Portolá, governor of the Peninsula, and the missionary work to Father Serra. In a spectacular expedition the enterprise was carried out in 1769.² The *San Carlos* under Vicente Vila and the *San Antonio* under Juan Pérez

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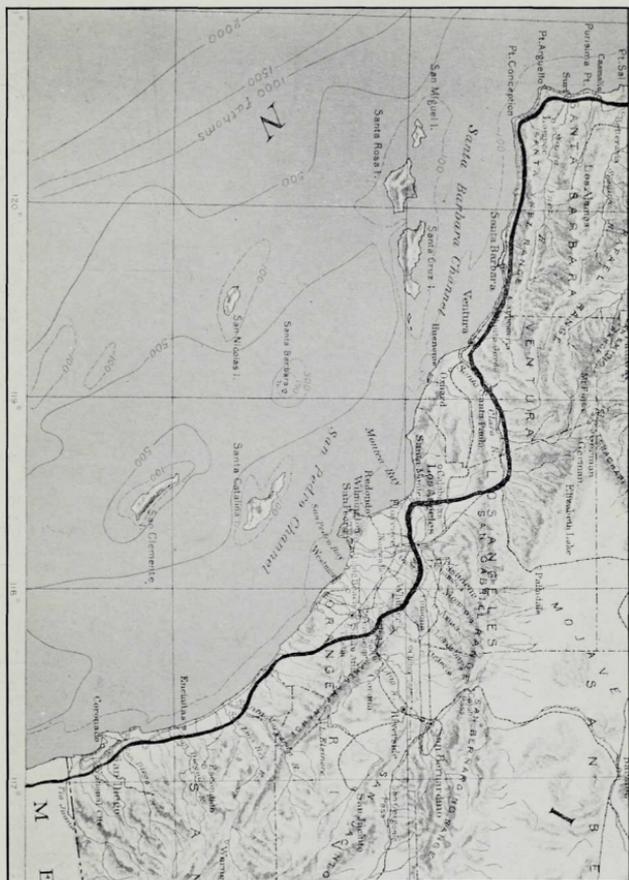
conducted a portion of the colony by sea, the rest marched overland from Lower California in two detachments.

Owing to errors in latitude made by the earlier explorers the vessels sailed too far north in their search for San Diego Bay. The *San Antonio** reached port after fifty-four days at sea. Slower still, the *San Carlos* was one hundred and ten days on the way, and when she entered the harbor her crew were too ill from scurvy and lack of fresh water even to lower the boats. A weary fortnight was spent chiefly in caring for the sick and burying the dead. The supply ship, the *San José*, on which hopes were pinned, was never heard of again after her departure from port in Lower California.³

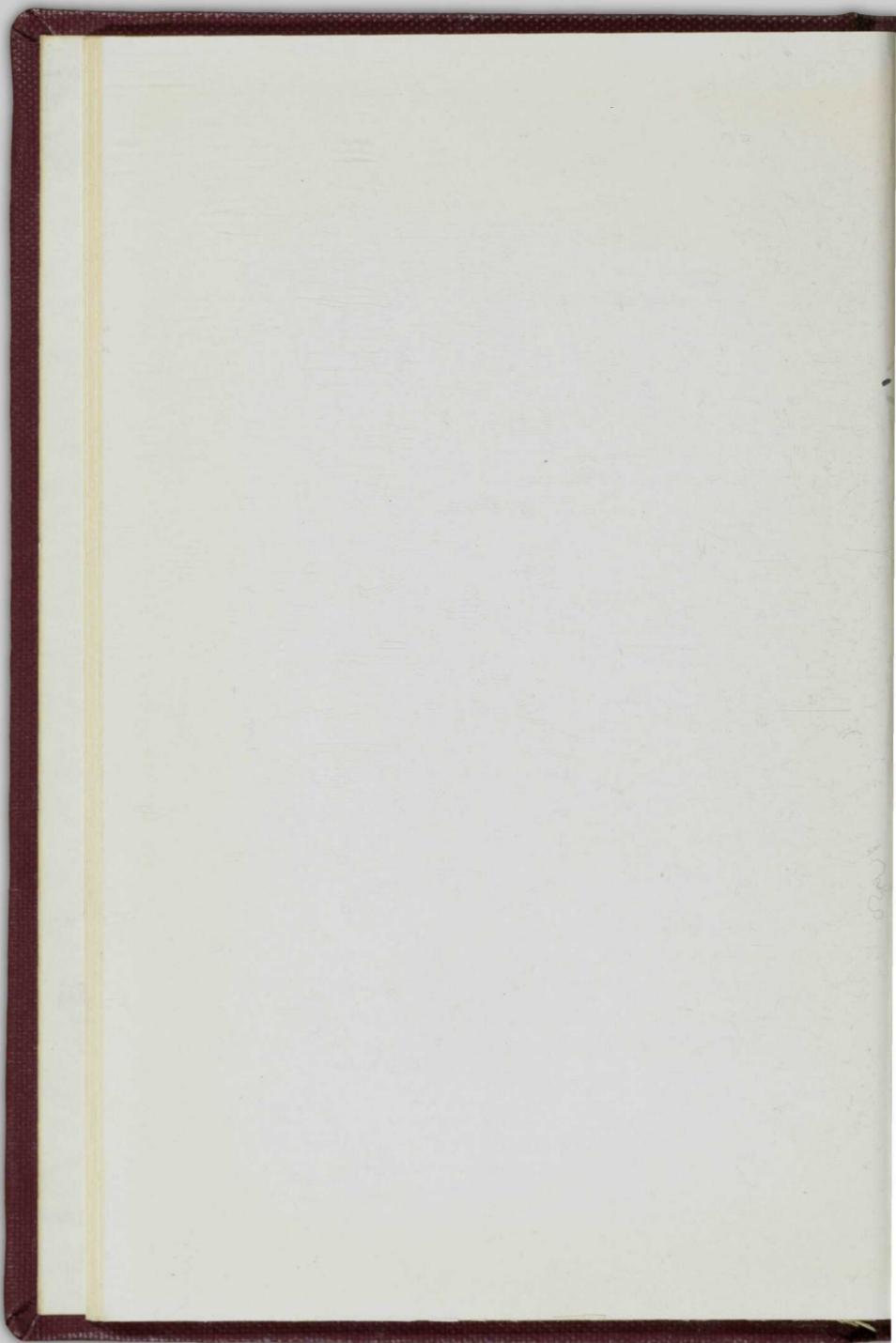
The land parties were more fortunate. Provisions for the journey, horses, mules, and cattle were assembled at Vellicatá, a post eighteen leagues beyond Santa María, the northernmost of the old Jesuit missions.† The first of the overland parties waved goodbye at Vellicatá on March 24, 1769. It was led by Captain Rivera,

* Also called *El Príncipe*.

† Villicatá, or Vellicatá, was the point of departure of the Portolá expedition from Old California. At the time Rivera and Crespi went through it was an Indian village where no mission had been founded as yet. Shortly afterward Serra and Portolá arrived from the south and founded at the site the Mission of San Fernando de Vellicatá, the first, last, and only mission on the Peninsula founded by the Franciscans. It was taken over by the Dominicans in 1773. It is now in ruins.



Portolá's Route from San Diego to San Luis Obispo, projected on a modern map.



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commander of the company of Loreto. He had twenty-five leather-jacket soldiers (*soldados de cuera*), three muleteers, and some forty Indians from the old missions, equipped with pick, shovel, ax, and crowbar, to open the roads through the mountains and across arroyos. As chaplain and diarist went Father Juan Crespi, principal historian of the expedition. To the timid natives along the route the armored Spaniards were an apparition. Rivera's men were declared to be "the finest horsemen in the world, and among those soldiers who best earn their bread from the august monarch whom they serve." The *cuera*, which gave them their name, was a leather jacket, like a coat without sleeves, proof against the Indians' arrows except at very close range. For additional armor they had shields and chaps. The shields, carried on the left arm, were made of two plies of bull's hide, and would turn either arrow or spear. The leather chaps or aprons, fastened to the pommel of the saddle, protected legs and thighs from brush and cactus spines.

The way was difficult and long, but the hours were shortened by the joy of discovery. For the first eight days the trail was that followed by the Jesuit Father Linck three years before. Thereafter, for over two hundred and fifty miles, the route was now explored by white men for

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the first time. Like De Soto, like Coronado, Rivera and his men were pathfinders. Frequently water had to be carried in barrels and skin bags (*botas*), for the Peninsula is dry. More than once the animals had to halt for the night without water, and sometimes there was no fuel for a camp fire. Several nights were made shivery by the screaming of a mountain lion. Much of the way was over rugged mountains. The wild Indians did no harm, but occasionally they were threatening. When the Spaniards reached the coast it rained, and the men spent uncomfortable nights in water-soaked clothing. At last the difficult journey came to an end. On the 13th of May scouts from a height saw the masts of the two vessels anchored in San Diego Bay. Next day their joy was mixed with sadness; the welcome salutes and the fond embraces were offset by news of the horrible inroads made by scurvy into the ranks of the sea party.⁴

Just one day after Rivera and Crespi reached San Diego, Portolá and Serra set out from Vellicatá. The season was better, the trail had been broken, and the journey was quicker than Rivera's, even though it may have lacked some of the romance. On the last day of June, after a march of six weeks, the wayfarers reached San Diego. Serra said Mass, the *Te Deum* was sung,

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and artillery roared salute from the new outpost of Church and State. This first band of Spanish pioneers on the soil of Alta California, when all were assembled, comprised one hundred and twenty-six souls; twenty-three of the original number had perished on the vessels or after landing; of the mission Indians some had deserted on the way, reluctant to leave home. On Sunday, the 16th of July, Serra preached to a group of naked natives made happy by little trinkets from his stock, and dedicated the mission of San Diego de Alcalá. Nearby the presidio of San Diego was founded.⁵ New California had been ushered into history.

The port of Monterey was still to be protected. Indeed, it was the main objective. Portolá therefore sent the *San Antonio* back to Mexico for men and supplies; then, leaving the *San Carlos* at anchor for want of a crew, he continued up the coast by land to complete his task without the aid of the vessels. The march began on the 14th of July, two days before Serra formally founded his mission of San Diego. Ahead rode Ortega and his scouts. Next came Portolá, Fages, Costansó, Father Crespi and Gómez, six Catalán volunteers, and the Indian sappers. Now followed the pack train in four divisions, each of twenty-five loaded mules, with muleteers and a soldier guard. In the rear came

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Captain Rivera, the rest of the soldiers, and friendly Indians driving the *caballada*—the herd of spare mules and horses.⁶

Portolá and his band jogged northward along the coast by a route practically on the line of the railroads today. Most of the way pasture and water were plentiful and the Indians numerous and friendly. At Santa Ana River a sharp earthquake was felt. "It lasted about half as long as an Ave María, and about ten minutes later it was repeated, though not violently." It was from this circumstance that the inconstant Santa Ana was long called the Río de los Temblores. Other shocks occurred during several days, until the Los Angeles River was crossed. Without great difficulty the coast was followed past San Luís Obispo to a point near the southern line of Monterey County. But here the way was blocked by the rugged Sierra de Santa Lucía, whose steep cliffs overhang the sea, and a halt of several days was necessary while Rivera and the scouts sought a way through the mountains.

An opening was found by clambering up the steep slopes along San Carpofoero Creek. The way was continued then to the north and northeast for about fifty miles, across Nacimiento and San Antonio rivers, and down Kent Canyon to Salinas River, which was reached at the site of King City. This march through the Sierra de

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Santa Lucía was one of the hardest stretches of country encountered anywhere by the early explorers of the West. With grim humor Crespi wrote, "The mountains . . . are inaccessible, not only for men but also for goats and deer." Arroyos flowing down the deep gorges had to be crossed innumerable times. From a high peak near San Antonio River nothing but mountains could be seen in any direction. Sea and valley were completely lost to view. "It was a sad spectacle for us, poor wayfarers, tired and worn out by the fatigues of the long journey." Some of the soldiers by now were disabled by the accursed scurvy. "All this tended to oppress our hearts," said philosophic Crespi; "but, remembering the object to which these toils were directed, and that it was for the greater glory of God through the conversion of souls, and for the service of the king, whose dominions were being enlarged by this expedition, all were animated to work cheerfully."

When the scouts who went ahead looked down the Salinas Valley they thought they saw the ocean. The men now "all bestirred themselves, supposing that the goal toward which we were marching was only a short distance away, for our desires traveled faster than we," says Costansó. But it was an illusion. Six more days' march were necessary before the roar of the

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sea was heard at Monterey Bay. The shore was approached with breathless anticipation. Vizcaíno had told of a "fine harbor." But none was found, and Portolá, bewildered, concluded that some mistake had been made, and that the harbor must be farther north. So north he continued up the coast. As the men pressed on through the spacious forests, they saw, rank upon rank, the sheer, ruddy trunks of giant timber, and they called this new tree the *palo colorado*. This is the first historical mention of the famous California redwood. At Half Moon Bay they saw the Farallones, Point Reyes, and Cermeño's (Drake's) Bay; this they recognized at once, for the old pilot Cabrera Bueno had made it better known than any other point on the north coast.

Plainly, they had passed Monterey and were a long distance out of their course. So crossing Montara Mountain they pitched camp at San Pedro Point, to rest and debate what should be done. Ortega, chief scout, was sent ahead to try to reach Point Reyes. Next day, food being nearly exhausted, some hunters struck into the mountains northeast of the camp to look for game. The chase, or perhaps only the hope of it, led upward until presently they came out on a clear height and beheld a great quiet harbor to the east and north. These hunters were the

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first white men to report a glimpse of San Francisco Bay. Ortega returned a few hours behind the hunters, with the news that his way to Point Reyes was cut off by a roadstead that led into the estuary described by the hunters—a noble harbor that was almost land-locked, so near together stood the two titanic pillars of its one gate, open to the sunset ocean. Crespi, who saw it next day, had a sense of its importance. "In a word," he said, "it is a very large and fine harbor, such that not only all the navy of our most Catholic Majesty but those of all Europe could take shelter in it."

The Indians near the Golden Gate had told Ortega that two days' march to the north there was a ship in a harbor. The hungry wayfarers concluded, or dared to hope, that the vessel was the *San José*, or perhaps the *San Carlos*, with provisions. So Portolá decided to push on and find the ship. His way up the coast was cut off by the newly-discovered channel, so he decided to go round the obstacle, by swinging south.

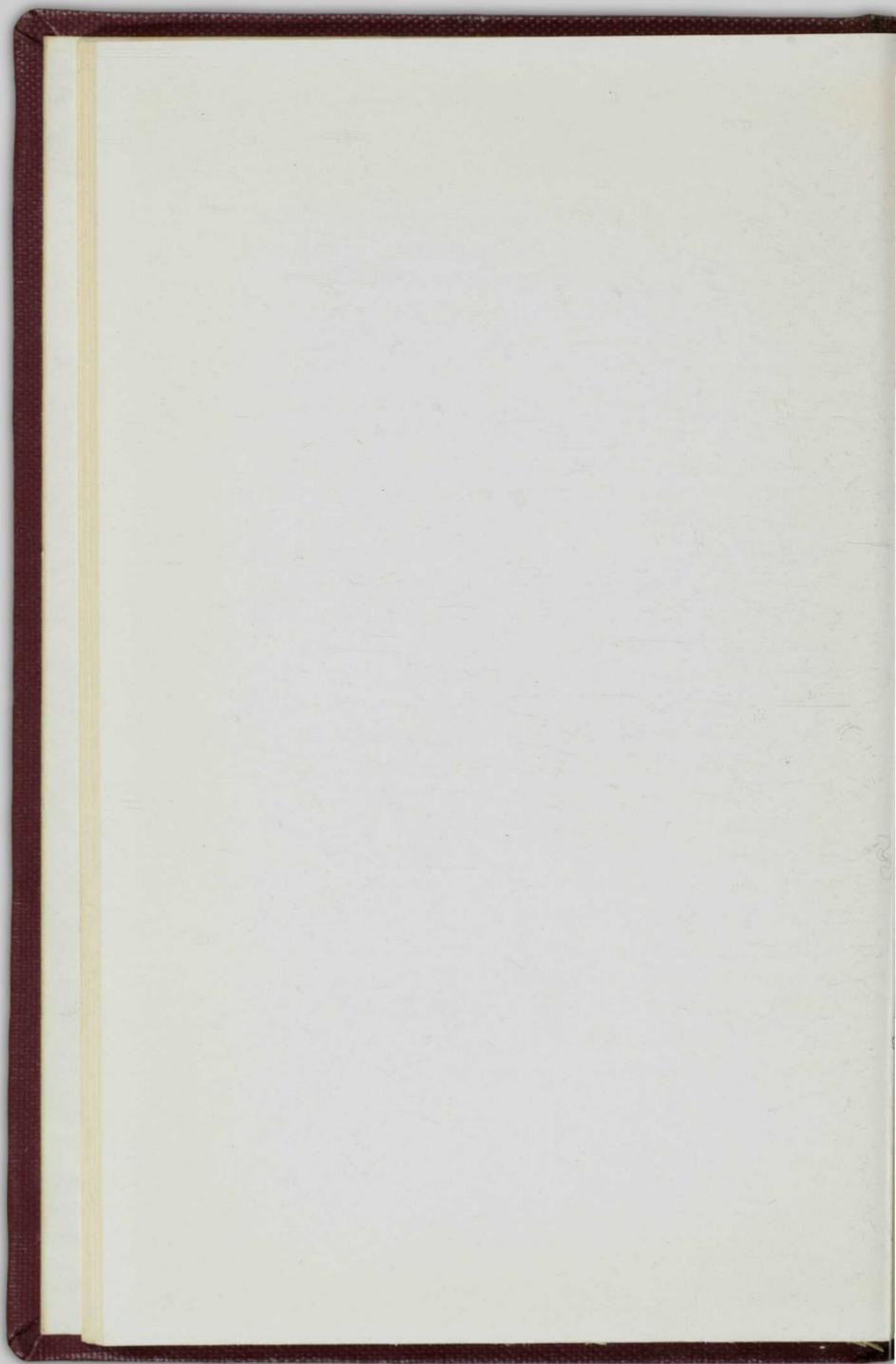
On the 4th of November the way-worn party descended to the bay at Palo Alto. From here Ortega and eight men were sent out to attempt to reach Point Reyes by going round the estuary. The worthy scout explored the bay to its southern extremity, but he succeeded in getting north

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only to the neighborhood of Hayward. Either from this point or while on the Peninsula Ortega saw the passage through the Golden Gate and the three islands within the strait—Alcatraz, Yerba Buena, and Angel. Retracing their route along the coast they again reached Point Pinos and Monterey Bay. They planted two crosses, one near Carmel River and the other on the bay shore, and continued to San Diego.*

Though he was one of the lesser personages of this historic expedition, Sergeant Ortega should not be passed by without further mention. He does not need my testimony, for Junípero Serra gave him a eulogy that will fix his place in history. Ortega joined Portolá's division of

* A good deal of debate has been indulged in as to whether Ortega saw the entrance to the harbor. Unquestionably he saw it, for the records of the Portolá expedition plainly tell us so. From camp at San Pedro Point he was sent north to explore, with Point Reyes as an objective. After going "about three leagues" he reached the "end or head of the estuary" which the hunters had described. There his way was blocked by a "very noble and very large harbor," . . . "on the parallel of thirty-eight degrees." There were "three islands within the strait which connects with the ocean between some high mountains"—the pillars of the Golden Gate. On the basis of Ortega's reports of his visit to the Golden Gate and of his tour around to the Contra Costa, Costansó, engineer and map-maker, drafted a map of San Francisco Bay that was strikingly accurate, showing the passage to the ocean, and two arms of the bay, between the Point Richmond and Alviso of today. (See Crespi's *Diary*, entry for Nov. 3; Crespi to Paláu, Feb. 6, 1770; Ortega to Paláu, Feb. 9, 1770.)



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the California expedition, following or rather guiding the governor all the way to San Diego. Up to that point, of course, they were following Rivera's trail, and Rivera's work as pathfinder need not be minimized in an effort to exalt Ortega. From San Diego northward Ortega was the real pathfinder. His work can best be set forth in Serra's own words:

"The Sergeant went with the expedition, and as soon as we came to the end of a short stretch of road which some of the soldiers knew because they had been over it on a preceding expedition, the governor appointed him to go every day accompanied by a soldier to explore the route that we were to take on the following day. And thus he continued for the space of more than a month that our journey lasted, going three times over the road which the rest of us traveled but once. He went to look for the watering place and the camping site, returned with the information, and then went with all the party to the place selected. The soldier who accompanied him was sometimes relieved but the Sergeant never. The danger of going in this way among heathen people who were now resisting us, as we learned afterwards, kept me in constant anxiety; and, in fact, on some occasions his escape in safety could be attributed only to the saints of his devotion.

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“After our arrival at San Diego, where everybody was surprised at the manner in which we had come, the departure from that port in search of the harbor of Monterey was determined upon. The Sergeant never left off serving in the same office; and especially when they went out in various directions to look for the harbor, it was he who penetrated farthest in the examination of the estuaries of San Francisco, looking for a passage to the other shore.” Ortega’s fame as Portolá’s chief scout in the discovery of San Francisco Bay is not unmerited. Portolá, commander; Crespi, diarist; Ortega, scout.

At San Diego affairs had gone badly. Fifty persons had died and the rest were homesick. During Portolá’s absence they had had a serious brush with the natives, who had pillaged their huts and stripped the invalids of their garments. Provisions were scarce, and there was even talk of abandoning the enterprise. But Rivera was dispatched to Loreto for stock and supplies, and the pioneers held on as if they knew the full meaning of their fortitude. In the crisis Serra’s faith was superb. “What I have desired least is provisions,” he wrote. “Our needs are many, it is true; but if we have health, a tortilla, and some vegetables, what more do we want? . . . If I see that along with food hope vanishes I

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shall remain together with Father Juan Crespi and hold out to the last breath.”

But relief was at hand. The supply ship came. To the eyes of the friars, who kept an unceasing vigil of prayer for nine days, and to the discouraged Portolá, the white sails of the *San Antonio* cleaving the clear blue twilight must have seemed as the wings of some heavenly visitant, more beautiful than ever ship before had spread to the beneficent wind. Alta California had been saved from the danger of abandonment. Another expedition to Monterey was successful and the presidio and mission of San Carlos were founded there (1770), near the spot where one hundred and sixty-eight years before Father Ascensión had said Mass under a spreading oak tree.⁸ “Let thanks be given to His Divine Majesty for the achievement of what has cost so many steps and toils,” wrote Crespi, who had shared in all of them.

The Russian menace had been met. Spain's frontier had been advanced eight hundred miles. That the event was of more than local import was generally felt, and the news of it, hurried to Mexico by special courier and dispatch boat, was celebrated at the capital. “His Excellency [the Viceroy] wanted the whole population forthwith to share the happiness which the information gave him, and therefore he ordered

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a general ringing of the bells of the cathedral and all the other churches, in order that everybody might realize the importance of the Port of Monterey to the Crown of our monarch, and also to give thanks for the happy success of the expedition; for by this means the dominion of our king had been extended over more than three hundred leagues of land." To give the event signal emphasis the viceroy ordered a solemn Mass of thanksgiving sung in the cathedral, and attended in person with his whole viceregal court.

WITH THE FAGES EXPEDITION

The long-talked-of harbors of San Diego and Monterey had been occupied. But Gálvez had ordered that next a mission should be founded for Saint Francis. And it must be established "on that saint's port," that is, on the bay near Point Reyes known as San Francisco Bay ever since the sixteenth century. This was the fiat of the great Gálvez.* Here was a pious task to be performed; and, besides, the surprising new-

* In regard to the naming and location of Mission San Francisco, Gálvez wrote an interesting letter to Serra on September 15, 1768. This was six weeks before Gálvez and Serra met and talked over plans for New California. He said: "It is quite proper that each religious order should invoke the protection of its own saints, and especially must we remember the seraphic saint, Our Father San Francisco. . . . We have seen how, in happy prophecy, the old explorers gave the names of some of them to the principal points on the coast above and below Monterey. The port where one of the new missions is now to be established they called San Diego, and that

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found bay or estuary piqued curiosity and claimed attention. Portolá had discovered the puzzling harbor, but its merits were only half recognized. In fact, it upset old notions of geography. Cermeño had been wrecked in the bay under Point Reyes (1595) and called it San Francisco (now Drake's Bay). Portolá regarded the noble sheet which he had stumbled upon as tributary to Cermeño's harbor, and he therefore called it the Estuary of the Bay of San Francisco. By him it was regarded chiefly as an obstruction in the path to Cermeño's Bay. So he sent Ortega to go around the obstacle, but the worthy scout succeeded only in getting to the neighborhood of Hayward.

appellation must not be changed. To another fine harbor, situated in thirty-eight and one-half degrees, they gave the name of the glorious patriarch San Francisco, and we must not change this very appropriate title, for after a foothold is once gained in Monterey it must be the first mission to follow; and our Father, being so beloved of God, will facilitate the establishment by means of his powerful intercession. Let the intervening mission be called San Buenaventura as a guaranty of good fortune, and let those that may be founded afterward take the names of other saints of the order. We must not take away the name of San Carlos from the port or from the town to be founded at Monterey, for it is the good-omened name of our beloved sovereign, of the Prince of the Asturias, and of the present Viceroy of New Spain. Nevertheless, the titular saint of that church must be the patriarch Señor San Joseph, because the present expedition has been undertaken under his special patronage; but my saint will not be offended if the temple having his appellation is small, for he is very humble . . . and besides, he already has on the Peninsula two missions commended to his protection." (Joseph de Gálvez to Junípero Serra, Santa Ana, September 15, 1768. MS. Museo Nacional, Doc. Hist. Rel. Mis. Cal. Quarto I.)

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Just a year behind Ortega, Pedro Fages lifted the veil of mystery a little higher. He had been with Portolá, and was left by him in command at Monterey. On his own initiative he made another attempt to reach Point Reyes by land. With six soldiers and a muleteer he set forth from Monterey in November, 1770. To the south end of San Francisco Bay he broke new ground. Portolá had held to the coast. Fages and his men struck into the interior and by a direct route marked out the present highway from Monterey to San José. Northeast they rode across Salinas River, through the broad Salinas Valley, over the San Juan grade past the sites of Hollister, Gilroy, Coyote, and San José, to the mouth of Guadalupe River.

Thus far all was path-finding, but here at the head of the Bay Fages joined Ortega's trail. Spurring their mounts forward and swinging northwest now, his party skirted the Contra Costa for two days, going seven leagues beyond the point reached by Ortega. From the Berkeley hills they looked west through the Golden Gate and to the north they beheld San Pablo Bay cutting across their route to Point Reyes. Being needed at Monterey Fages now turned his horse's head homeward.⁹

Cermeño's bay was still the goal, and nobody had succeeded in getting around the Estuary

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that stood in the way. But events and curiosity pushed the explorers on. In May (1771) the *Príncipe* arrived in Monterey with ten friars to found five new missions. One of them of course was to be named San Francisco and founded on "his port." For so Gálvez had decreed. To everybody this still meant Cermeño's bay, near Point Reyes. Croix ordered preparatory explorations by sea and land, but other things demanded attention. The *Príncipe* could not undertake the task; Fages had to go to San Diego for men and mules; and Serra was busy founding Mission San Antonio in the Sierra de Santa Lucía. Saint Francis had to wait. These things attended to, and the winter rains over, in March Fages set forth to make another attempt to reach Point Reyes.

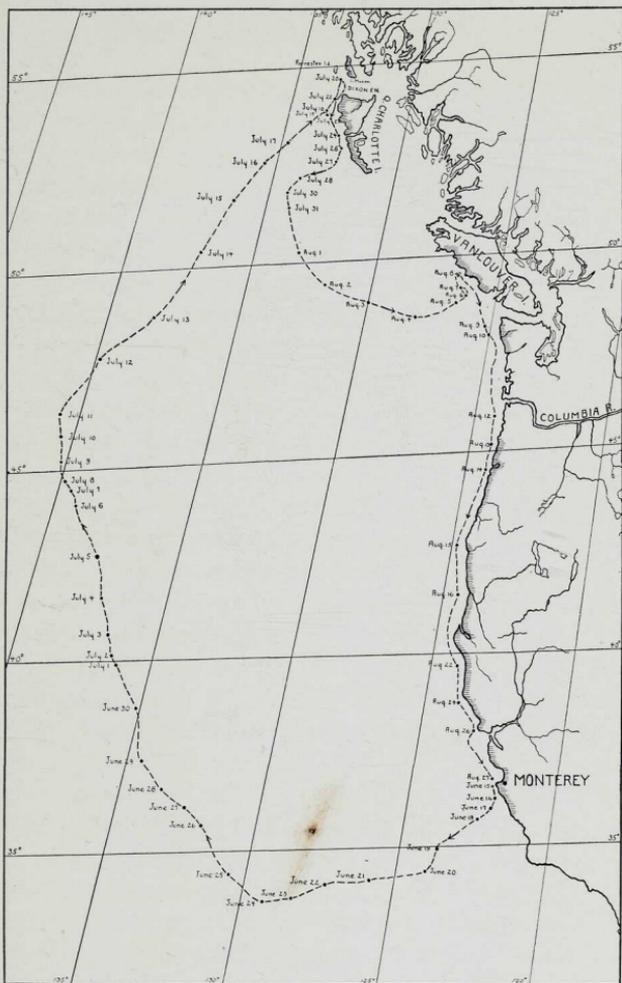
With the captain went Father Crespi, six Catalonian volunteers, six Leather-jackets, a muleteer, and an Indian servant. Crespi's firm hand recorded the venture.* To the head of the estuary they followed the trail opened by Fages more than a year before. Northwest to the region of Hayward they retraced the ground already twice covered by Ortega and Fages. To the Berkeley hills they were on Fages's trail. Thereafter they were path breakers once more, and their pulses beat faster.

* Fages also wrote an excellent diary.

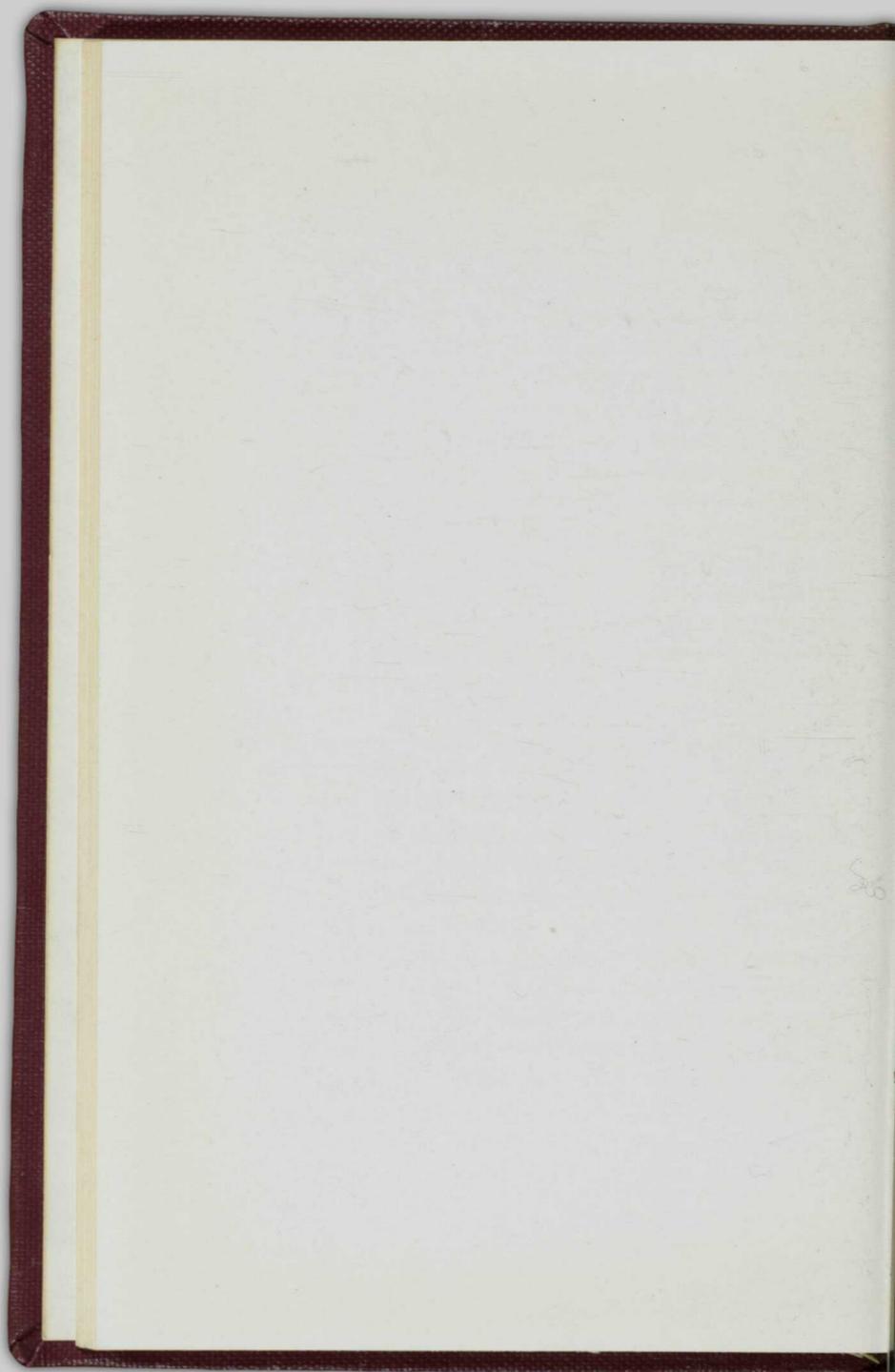
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Where Oakland now stands the explorers entered a vast plain and halted directly in front of the Golden Gate. There, with his back to the foothills, Crespi set up his instruments and in the clear March atmosphere mapped the passage from ocean to bay. To him the Golden Gate seemed two miles wide or more. In front of the Gate he noted the three islands which Ortega had seen—Alcatraz, Yerba Buena, and Angel. From the head of the estuary to this point he called it fifteen leagues, an estimate that is confirmed by the speedometer of any good automobile.

The cavalcade moved on. Below the green hills of Berkeley Fages's men killed a bear, but in turn were driven to desperation by mosquitoes. Near the site of Richmond they visited a village of fair and bearded Indians, who gave the Spaniards stuffed decoy geese in exchange for beads. A few miles farther on (six leagues from the parallel of the Gate) near Pinole, perhaps, they halted near "a large round bay" such that "all the fleets of Spain could find room in it." Crespi's queer map of the "round bay" and its connections, preserved in Sevilla, is one of the engaging bits of California cartography. This fine harbor, of course, was San Pablo Bay. Beyond it, to the northwest, the wayfarers would reach Point Reyes. But next day they suffered



The Pérez Voyage to the North Pacific in 1774. Compiled by Gilbert Becker.
Based on the diary of Pérez, whose dates were one day
behind those of Crespi.



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a disappointment when they learned that their way round the bay was cut off by Carquinez Strait.

Across this ribbon of water from the Vallejo hills came Indians on rafts to meet the fair strangers and offer them food. Along the strait the horsemen jingled through other villages of fair and bearded Indians who mingled admiration with surprise and fear as the cavalcade passed. Near the site of Pacheco they entered the beautiful valley in which Concord stands, a paradise for their animals. Leaving its luxuriant meadows behind, they clambered up a spur of Mount Diablo whence they, the first Europeans, gazed down upon the great Sacramento Valley, in its immensity one of the impressive sights of the world.

"We saw," says Crespi, "that the land opened into a great plain as level as the palm of the hand." To the north they beheld Suisun Bay; to the east the maze of islands and channels formed by the San Joaquín and Sacramento rivers; and beyond, the haze-covered foothills of the great Sierras. The soldiers thrilled with their discovery; each was an embryo Columbus. No other white man would be "first" to behold this matchless country. The vista before them challenged comparison with beloved homeland. "Some of those who were with us," writes

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Crespi, "and who had seen the Ebro River in Spain, declared that that stream is not half as large as this one." Crespi himself was stirred to superlatives. "To this great river I gave the name of my Father San Francisco, . . . which it seems must be the largest that has been discovered in all New Spain."

Descending the eastern slope of the ridge they halted near the site of Pittsburg. Here their outward journey ended, for they had been overtaken by six Leather-jackets who had followed their dim trail with letters requiring Fages to hasten to Monterey and thence to San Gabriel and San Diego. So, by the light of the campfire they decided to return. The messengers were not altogether inopportune, "in view of the fact that our passage to Point Reyes for the examination of the port of our Father San Francisco was cut off by these rivers." The bay near Point Reyes was still the objective. But to cross the river or the strait, boats would be necessary; to go to the Sierras and around the stream would require more men, more time, and more provisions. They were needed at home; hence they decided to call it a day's work, return, and report to the viceroy.

By their circuitous route they had come seventy-one leagues from Monterey;* but by taking a more direct trail homeward they hoped

* Fages's estimate was somewhat less.

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to shorten the distance and at the same time to make new explorations. To the disappointed this would yield at least a drop of consolation. There was still something to see. Therefore, reining southwestward they skirted the western base of Mount Diablo, re-entered the Concord Valley near Clayton, and continued west to the region of Walnut Creek. Turning southeast now, their spurs clinked past the site of Danville, and on through San Ramón Valley with its oak-covered hills on either side. Veering south they skirted the western edge of Livermore Valley, camped in front of the Hacienda de las Pozas, crossed Sunol Valley, threaded Mission Pass, and re-entered the valley of San Francisco Bay. They had tied a great loop in their trail. From this point they hastened to Monterey by rapid marches over practically the same route by which they had come. They had covered in their journey nearly four hundred miles, half the way over new ground.

This historic journey by Fages and Crespi had more than merely exploratory significance. It was a decisive factor in determining the location of San Francisco. Cermeño's bay or Point Reyes had been predestined for that honor. There was the historic port of Saint Francis. But the new-found bay and its affluents stood in the way. It was now concluded that communication with Point Reyes must be main-

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tained by water; or better—and here was the new thought expressed by Crespi—that the proposed settlement might be planted south of the Golden Gate, in reach from Monterey by land, and on the shore of the superb new harbor.

“From all that we have seen and learned,” wrote Crespi in the last paragraph of his diary, “it is inferred that if the new mission must be established on the very harbor of San Francisco* or in its vicinity, neither provisions nor stock can be taken to it by land; nor if it is founded will it be able to maintain any connection with this port of Monterey unless several canoes and some sailors are provided with which to go from one place to the other, to transport the necessities, and in this way make communication easy. May God our Lord, who penetrates hearts, show the rulers what to decide in order that they may make the decision most conducive to His greater honor and glory, and to the welfare of those helpless, blind, and unhappy souls. Amen.” With his prayer and his diary Crespi furnished the new idea. With the help of these the rulers decided to found the Mission of Saint Francis south and not north of the Golden Gate. The Fages-Crespi expedition marks a distinct step forward, both in discovery and in choice of a site for San Francisco.¹⁰

* That is, Drake's Bay.

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WITH THE PÉREZ EXPEDITION

Not San Francisco harbor alone gave anxiety for the northern coasts. It was the Russians who had frightened Spain into the occupation of New California, and the Russian danger had not by any means passed. New and disquieting rumors of the Muscovites continued to reach Spanish ears. Conde de Lacy, Spanish plenipotentiary at St. Petersburg, sent alarming dispatches to Minister Arriaga at Madrid.* He had heard that the Russian Tscherikow had recently made a voyage to the American coast, the reports of which the government was jealously keeping secret. Something sinister was brewing, and Spain must be on the *qui vive!*

Arriaga lost no time in forwarding the disturbing news to Viceroy Bucareli, with orders to investigate. There was a buzz of excitement in Bucareli's court, and the new viceroy showed his quality by taking the lead. For immediate help in this time of need he turned to Juan Pérez, ablest pilot in the California service, he who first in this period had steered a ship into the harbors of San Diego and Monterey. For the ultimate problem in the North Pacific, which he grasped with statesmanlike prescience, Bucareli asked for a corps of skilled mariners, trained for great deeds.

* Early in 1773.

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In quick response the king sent from Spain six officers of the royal marine, detailed especially to explore the North Pacific waters and ward off foreign danger there. This galaxy of mariners, coming to San Blas, in the next two decades made one of the brilliant chapters of seamanship in the history of North America. Hezeta, Bodega, Ayala, Quiros, Choquet, and Manrique, with several no less gallant associates, form a group of bold sea-dogs of the Pacific who deserve but still await an historian.

But it was a year before this marine corps arrived. Meanwhile Bucareli met the need of the moment with the materials at hand. New orders from Madrid quickened his pace. Still another Russian expedition to the American coasts was reported. The ambitions of the Russian Bear must be checked or it would be too late.

Pérez sprang to the breach. In September he submitted a plan for an expedition to the threatened shores. He would sail north, strike the coast in latitude 45° or 50° and then reconnoiter southward to spy out any lurking enemies. The best time to start would be between December and February, and the best ship available would be the transport *Santiago*, alias *Nueva Galicia*, newly built for the California service.

Bucareli's ideas vaulted higher. He approved the plan and put Pérez in command, but

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ordered him to climb the North Pacific as far as 60° and then coast downward. By all means the purpose of the voyage must be kept a secret. This was to be a preliminary reconnoissance only, not a military expedition. Since Pérez would have no armed force, he must make no settlement. But he must note the best sites on the coast, take formal possession of them for Carlos III, and get acquainted with the natives. If he found strangers settled anywhere, he must go them one better by taking possession a safe distance farther to the north. Through his long-winded instructions there floats the aroma of the East brought west by old Marco Polo. In the spirit of the days of the conquistadores, Pérez was ordered to report on the resources of the country—its natives, its spices, its drugs, its metals, its precious stones. He was provided with copies of the latest Russian maps, sent for the purpose, with royal solicitude, from Spain. To win the natives he carried four chests of glass beads and four hundred and sixty-eight strings. In distributing these gifts great care must be taken to discriminate between the high and the lowly; more beads must be given to chiefs than to the rank and file.¹¹

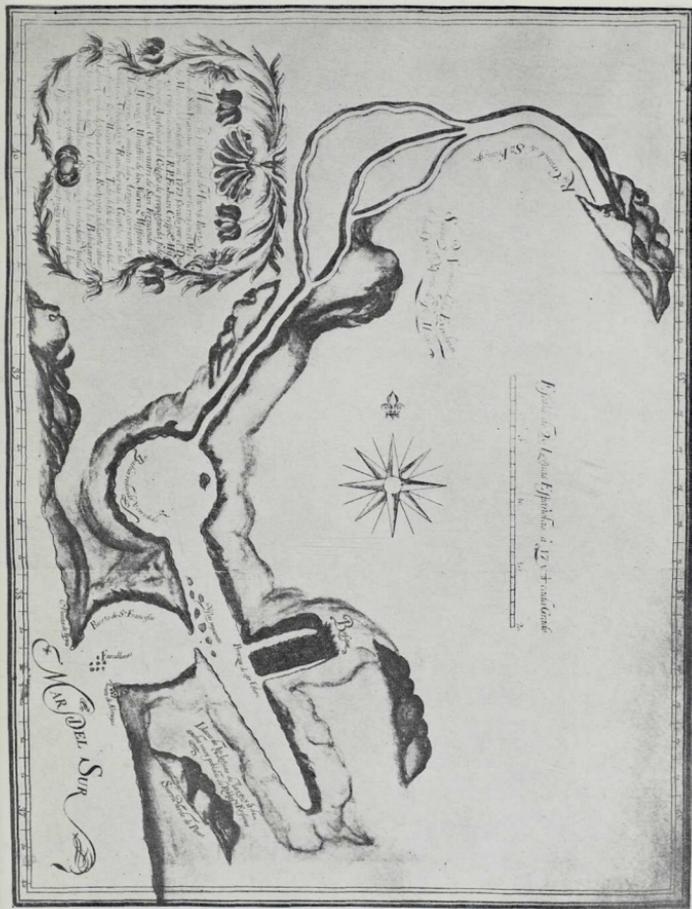
Detailed paragraphs told Pérez just how to “take possession.” They followed good old custom. The permanent sign of ownership would

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be a large wooden cross, set on a stone base, presumably in cement. For the appropriate ceremony Pérez was provided with a long formulary, couched in legal and pious terms, which, if heard by the red men doubtless would be most impressive—and wholly unintelligible. In the stone base of the cross a copy of the formulary of possession must be deposited in a sealed glass bottle or flask. This for any Europeans who might come meddling down the coast. It was to be like the leaden plates buried by France up and down the Mississippi Valley as a warning to England, most of which were found, if ever, long after both contestants were out of the game, to be quarreled over only by scholars.

San Blas, the California sea base, bustled and hummed to equip and provision the sturdy ship. Galloping couriers carried despatches over the mountains to and from the viceroy. Late in January, 1774, the sails of the *Santiago* filled and she glided from the harbor. On board were eighty-eight men, counting officers, crew, surgeon, and chaplain. Besides supplies for a year's cruise the vessel carried provisions for Monterey. Close behind, the *Príncipe* was sent with additional supplies to Monterey, to serve as succor for Pérez in case of need.

The *Santiago* carried a distinguished passenger—a wiry little man with compelling black



Crespi's Map of San Francisco Bay, 1772.

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eyes, and an eager look. It was Father Serra, returning now from his strenuous but successful mission to Mexico, where he had hypnotized a viceroy and taken Fages's official head. He had planned to wait for the *Príncipe*, but his eager spirit could not bear to see a vessel depart without him for his beloved Monterey.

At San Diego a three weeks' stop was made, and here one of the unfit was weeded out. Not all of Pérez's men were heroes, any more than were all those whom Washington began to muster a few months later on the other side of the continent. Indeed they were quite human enough to be interesting. Dr. Joseph Dávila, sent as surgeon of the expedition, was one of those many congenital landlubbers for whom the ocean has unconquerable terrors. With him Serra, who had a better stomach for the sea, was completely disgusted. On the voyage to San Diego the doctor lay prone in his berth, "not from illness, but from fear," says Serra. "It would take long to tell what was done to encourage him, but all in vain. And as soon as he set foot on land he armed himself with a firm determination not to embark again. His wife begged and I urged, but we could not budge him. And there he is remaining till he has an opportunity to come by land."¹² Consequently Don Pedro Castán sailed on the voyage in the timid doctor's place.

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The voyage had been slow and the *Santiago* did not reach Monterey till May 9. At three in the afternoon the vessel fired a salute; anchor was dropped in six fathoms; the *Salve* was sung to the Virgin, and another volley fired. To each salute the presidio guns gave response; at four o'clock Captain Fages went aboard the ship to pay his official respects; and as he departed three of the ship's guns boomed again and the sailors shouted "Viva el Rey"—"Long live the King." All these details of ceremony the staid pilot Estévan Martínez gives us in his diary, a log that is mostly taken up with nautical terms not intelligible to the layman.

At Monterey Fathers Juan Crespi and Tomás de la Peña joined the expedition, named by Serra to serve as chaplains. Crespi was now fifty-three years old. He was worn by thousands of miles of horseback travel on land, and his voyage to America had proved him to be a poor sailor. Nevertheless, he resigned himself to obedience and undertook the hard service. Serra knew his man.

The departure from Monterey caused a stir at the little outpost, for it was no everyday event. Before embarking the men of the crew were confessed. To see them off Serra trudged with the friars from Carmel over the hills and down the long slope to the presidio, where also were

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Fathers Palóu and Murguía. At the beach they embraced, Crespi and Peña said good-bye, and went on board. This was on June 6. Anchors were raised and the next day the *Santiago* was towed from the harbor. But they reckoned without Aeolus. They had scarcely set sail when a contrary wind drove them back into the harbor. In this the pious saw the hand of God, for on the 8th the *Príncipe* arrived with the latest news from San Blas. This of course occasioned another delay, and while they waited the chaplains visited the friars on land.

Jehovah was now pitted against the god of the winds. At the request of Pérez, the seaman, Mass was sung to Our Lady. Serra officiated; Friars Crespi, Peña, Palóu, Murguía and Dumetz made up the choir. There on the slope of the deep-hued bay, on the spot where one hundred and seventy-two years before Vizcaíno had landed, the rich harmonies of the majestic Church melody voiced the hopes and the prayers of the prospective voyagers, eager yet half afraid. A picnic dinner on the beach by friars and officers gave a festive touch, offset the same day by a tinge of sadness cast by the death of the boatswain on board the ship. His body was sent ashore for burial, where presumably it still rests, in the Campo Santo of the presidial church of San Carlos. His clothing was sold "for his

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burial and for the good of his soul." On the 11th the *Santiago* was towed out of the harbor once more and the voyage was begun *de veras*.

Crespi's instructions, like Peña's, required him to report only his observations on land, but he decided to keep a diary of the sea voyage, when weather and his inescapable sea-sickness permitted. The *Santiago* was breaking new sea paths. Not for one hundred and seventy years, not since the famed voyage of Vizcaíno, had the Spaniards examined by sea the coasts beyond Monterey. The Manila galleon, 'tis true, coming east, usually sighted Cape Mendocino, and steered thence southward, but these were commercial and not exploring voyages, and the galleons stuck to a course familiar by long use. Crespi's diary of the journey, like his others, therefore, has the interest always attached to "firstness" in discovery.¹³

Still the sailing was unfavorable. For two weeks the winds were inconstant, weak, or contrary, and the weather misty. Four days after sailing the *Santiago* was wafted back once more almost to the starting point. By the 24th it had been driven south below 34°, the latitude of Los Angeles. San Blas now was a better gamble than Alaska. Next day, however, the sky cleared and they began to gain altitude. The good winds continued, but most of the way the shut-in hori-

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zon was so lowering with clouds, fog, and mist that "it caused great horror and fear, navigating unknown seas."

The monotony of the dreary northward voyage in the crowded ship was broken by various diversions, chiefly drab-hued. Whenever the timid sun appeared the pilots set up their instruments and observed the latitude. On Sundays the chaplains preached and sometimes the sailors took communion. One day a sick sailor received the sacrament of extreme unction. The fickle winds shifted and the course of the craft became a dizzy zigzag. More than once Aeolus balked and the ship was becalmed on the wide ocean waste. A bright rainbow followed by a squall deserved mention in Crespi's diary. Now some sea lions were sighted; then some birds in the air suggested that land was near. Often in the higher latitudes the mist turned to downright rain, and then the sailors from the southland huddled with numb fingers and chattering teeth. As the winds got better the skies became heavier. The sailors became downcast, but Pérez held on, and when on July 9th the pilots announced latitude 45° all were "delighted." Good breezes now wafted the *Santiago* rapidly north and six days later she was above latitude 51° .

This July 15 was a decisive day in the voyage. Bucareli's instructions said sixty degrees, then

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to the coast. But even viceregal commands must be construed with reason. Pérez called a council in which it was decided to approach land. The winds so contrary early in the voyage were now driving him rapidly north, and he feared lest he might not be able to get back home. The water supply was low, "some hogsheads with two barrels, some with one, and others entirely empty." The crew was dispirited and weak from cold and illness. To the simple sailors with Pérez the terrors of the uncharted North Pacific were no less real than those which cowed the crews of Columbus when he ventured across the mysterious Sea of the West. To the officers assembled these seemed reasons enough for veering to the shore, even though they were nine wide degrees short of the goal marked on the map by the hard-driving Bucareli.*

The talked-of moment seemed now at hand. As preparation for taking possession of the country the carpenters made a wooden cross. This standard must proclaim to all comers God, the King, and the year, so it bore the inscriptions *I N R I—Carolus III Hispaniarum Rex—Año de 1774.* (Jesus of Nazareth, King of the Jews—Carlos III, King of the Spains—The Year 1774.) As they approached the coast they still

* Since the instructions required him to go to 60° he considered that this decision needed an explanation. The above is the one that he gave (Pérez to Bucareli, Monterey, August 31, 1774. MS.).

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gained altitude, and on July 18 when land was first seen they were in $53^{\circ} 43'$. For yet two days more Pérez worked northward, "without seeing sun or stars." On the 20th he stood in front of Santa Margarita Point, the northernmost tip of Queen Charlotte Island, in latitude 55° , according to his estimate. This was another memorable day in the voyage—indeed this day and the next, of all the days, were given the most space in Crespi's diary.

Friar Juan gives a graphic account of experiences here at this "farthest north" of the Pérez voyage. As the *Santiago* approached on the 20th the smokes of many fires could be seen on land. Then from the roadstead a canoe sallied forth. The occupants were singing, and while seven men rowed the eighth, a painted barbarian, stood up in the boat, danced, and threw feathers into the water—driving off strange devils, perhaps. Their singing reminded Crespi of the natives of New California. As they made a turn around the vessel, from the cabin the Spaniards called them to come near. Suspicious at first, when coaxed with bright colored handkerchiefs, biscuits, and bread, they drew close enough to seize the tantalizing gifts. When a rope was thrown down they declined to climb up, but by holding on they gleefully waterplaned behind the vessel for a goodly

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stretch. Later another canoe approached the vessel for presents and barter. After nightfall a third canoe-load came on a begging cruise and by their yelling and singing disturbed evening prayers on board.

Next day a whole fleet, bearing more than two hundred persons, swarmed and swirled around the vessel eager to trade. Some sang, others strummed a wooden instrument like a drum. Some of the canoes were twelve yards in the keel and held twenty men. One contained only women who rowed and steered "as well as the most dextrous sailors." Two bold natives went aboard, marveled at the wonders of the ship, and were shown the image of Our Lady. Two sailors in return delighted the natives by leaping into the canoes and dancing with the occupants. The young women especially gazed at them with admiring eyes. Two red-letter days were these in the lives of the natives, to be recounted round many a campfire, no doubt, until in after years the visits of the white men became all too frequent.

Crespi's notes on these early Canadians are unique, for the Pérez expedition marks their first recorded contact with Europeans. "They are very fat," he writes, "of a good appearance, red and white in color,* with long hair; and they

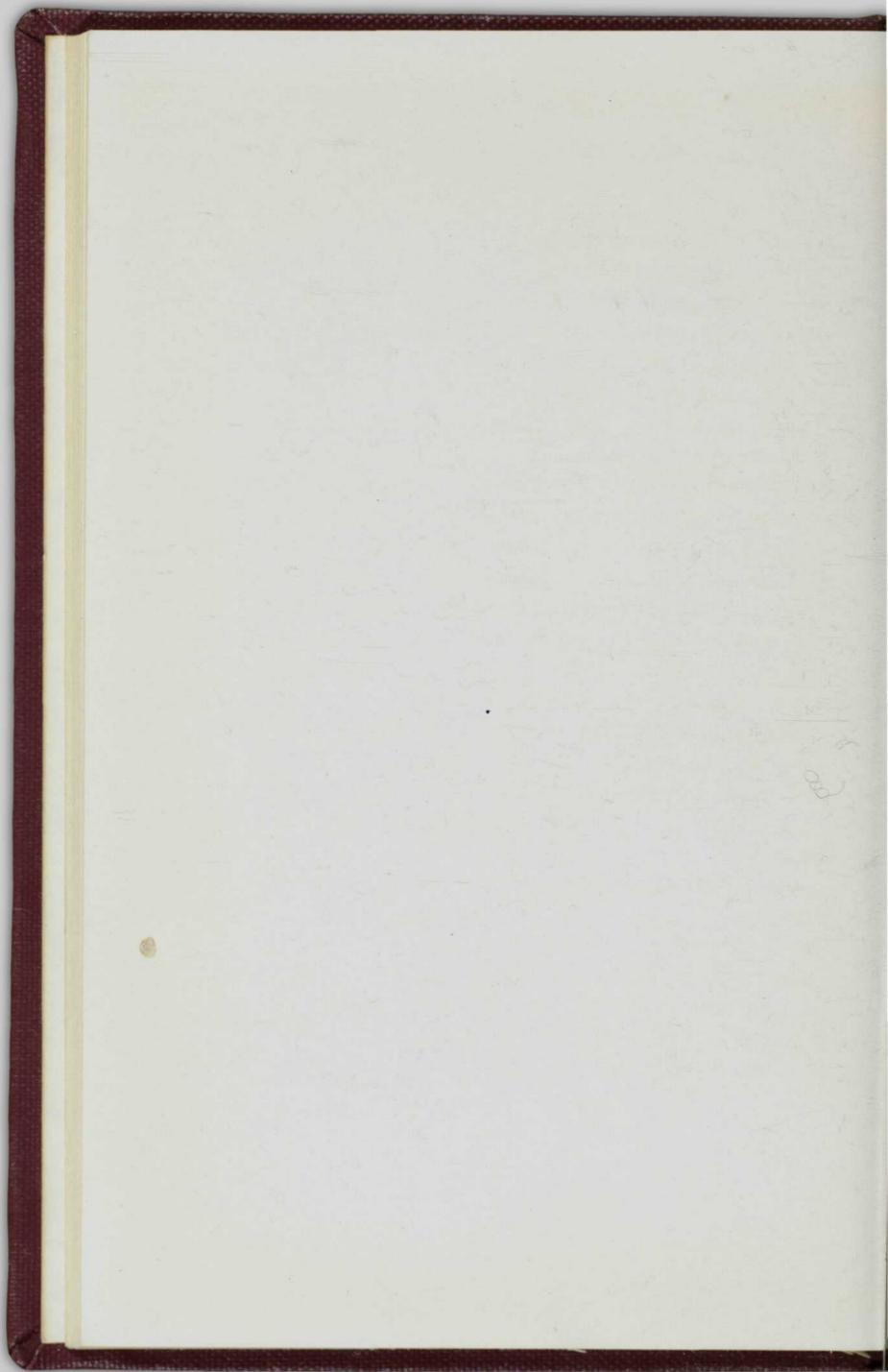
* Pérez said they had "blue and particolored eyes" (Pérez to Bucareli, August 31, 1774).

Este Diario segun va expuesto, firmo
y el sobre dicho Fr. Juan Crespi, de dia
à dia, en el discurso de la navegacion, escri-
viendolo en un Libro segun se fueran los
eventos occurrentes, pero como à vezes
el mal recado de escribir, à vezes los ba-
lanzes del barco, y otras el maro ocasion-
avan alguna ~~diffi-~~ dificultad en la de-
ria, y en el estubo, despues de llegado à esta
Isla lo he sacado en limpio, y procuran-
do abreviar de palabra, donde buunamen-
te se podia, pero sin dar à ni abreviar à
la sustancia de el, cosa alguna: y así lo
certifico, y para que conste lo firmo en es-
ta Isla de San Carlos de Monte Rey
al Pio Carmelo, en 5. Octubre de 1774

Fr. Juan Crespi


Last page of Crespi's Diary of 1774.

From the Sevilla MS., Archivo General de Indias. Palóu's version omits
this page.



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cover themselves with skins of beaver and sea lions." This was gratifying to our good friar, who sometimes had had to close his eyes as he passed among naked villagers in California. "All or most of them wear rush hats, well woven, with a pointed crown. They are not at all noisy, and they seemed to us to be mild and good tempered."

The excellent water craft of the islanders attracted his attention. "These canoes looked to us as though they were all one piece, very well hewn. They were made with keels, almost in the same way as those used in the Channel of Santa Bárbara, except that these have a rear deck, which the others lack, and the prow is not open, as is customary in the Channel. The oars are well made. We saw in the canoes two very long harpoons and two axes, one of which looked to me, by the way it shone, to be made of iron, but I could not be sure. We saw that the point of one of the harpoons was of iron, in the form of a pike."

The handiwork of the natives caught Crespi's keen eye. There were fur blankets made of tanned skins; others of woven hair in several colors, with fringes; mats made of palm fiber; fine hats and ordinary hats, wooden trays well carved in relief with figures of animals, birds, and men; wooden spoons; a spoon made of horn;

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woven belts; carved and painted pine boxes with cord hinges, inlaid with shell work. Of food they had only dried fish.

With due propriety the friar devoted another word to the women. This time it was to their lip-sticks. They wore wooden discs pendant from the lips making them look as if their tongues were hanging out. Crespi was intrigued by the mechanics of the thing. "They manage it with great facility and simply by a movement of the lip they raise it and cover the mouth and part of the nose." Here the friar felt the time-old man's puzzle. Why this feminine trap? "We do not know what their purpose is, whether it be to make themselves ugly or to adorn themselves. I am inclined to the latter." He adds, "We were interested also to see that the women wear rings on their fingers and bracelets of iron and copper."*

The sailors traded for trophies to show their friends at San Blas. The conical hats and the curiously made mats were favorite acquisitions. One "obtained for a large knife that he gave

* Thirteen years after Pérez' voyage Captain George Dixon, in the *Queen Charlotte*, visited the Indians at almost precisely the same place, and his report of the natives is strikingly like that given by Crespi. It is contained in Captain George Dixon, *A Voyage Round the World . . . in 1785, 1786, 1787, and 1788* (ed. 2, London, 1789). Like the friar, Dixon was much interested in the lip-sticks of the women. He published a drawing of one of them, and of one of the horn spoons.¹⁴

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them a well plaited rush hat of several colors; the crown was conical in shape, about a span high, and the brim of the hat was not more than six inches wide. Another sailor bought from them for a large knife a very pretty little mat a yard square, woven of fine palms of two colors, white and black, which, being woven in little squares, makes a good and handsome piece." In return for these articles iron was the thing most coveted by the natives. Some of the sailors got more than they paid for. More than one "who bought cloaks passed the night badly because they covered themselves with them and had to scratch, on account of the bites of the vermin which these heathen breed in their clothing." The commander distributed presents, and got in return some curios which he sent to the viceroy.

For three days Pérez tried to round Santa Margarita Point, but the swift current prevented. To the north he made out Cape Santa María Magdalena (Point Muzon, on Prince of Wales Island). Between these two capes lay Dixon Entrance, the "bay, pocket, or strait," whose waters checked his advance. On July 22 Pérez made observations and found that he was exactly in 55° . In his maneuvers he had been, or seen, as high as $55^{\circ} 49'$. His latitudes were obviously too high. He tried to land, but wind and current made it impossible. Divine aid was

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needed, and next day a Novena was begun to San Juan Nepomuceno—evidently Pérez's patron saint—but the weather did not improve. So the prow of the *Santiago* was turned homeward, to reconnoiter the coast as it went.*

The southward voyage was even rougher and darker than the northward cruise. Dangerous winds and cloudy weather prevented a close approach to the shore. But numerous points on the coast were seen even though at a distance, and one discovery was notable. A few days out they saw and named Sierra de San Cristóbal on Queen Charlotte Island, but were unable to land. On August 6 the shore of Vancouver Island was seen. On the 8th anchor was dropped at San Lorenzo harbor, that Nootka Sound which fifteen years later became such a bone of contention between Spain and England. Of this disputed morsel of North America Pérez was the discoverer. The southern point of the harbor he named San Estévan, in honor of second pilot Estévan Martínez, he who later played first rôle in the international drama that was staged on those shores. Indians were seen, and trade flourished as at Santa Margarita.

* "Tired now of trying to land, accomplishing nothing, I decided to continue exploring south from the said latitude of 55 degrees, keeping as close as possible to the coast, but neither the wind nor the cloudy weather permitted me to do so till the 28th of the same month" (Pérez to Bucareli, August 31).

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Momentary fair weather revived Pérez's hope of being able to land and take possession. Here the first cross should be erected. All hands were as eager as the commander to put their feet on terra firma. Next day they put out the launch to go ashore, but Fate forbade. A west wind arose, dragged the anchor, and threatened to drive the *Santiago* on the rocks. In grave peril of shipwreck Pérez cut the cable, sacrificed his anchor, and set sail in a storm, towing the launch. So rough was the sea and so weak were his men now from scurvy that they could scarcely get the launch aboard.

Keeping gingerly near the coast, as they edged along south they saw snow-covered Mount Olympus and named it Cerro Nevado de Santa Rosalía. From here forward the shore was frequently seen, but owing to almost constant dark weather and contrary winds no landing was made, and the cross so laboriously carved by the carpenters had an unexpectedly long voyage. On the way down it rained several dreary days, the weather was cold, and the sailors suffered terribly from scurvy. One man died. "I also," says Crespi, "have been so badly affected in the mouth that I have not been able to celebrate Mass, but my companion celebrated and gave the sermon."

When Cape Mendocino was sighted everybody was cheered, for the name of this landmark

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had a familiar sound. But when next day the ship was becalmed spirits again went down; another Novena was begun, and that night the sailors made a pious promise to the Holy Mother if she would take them safely to port. But pulses rose again for port was near. Men shouted when the Farallones were seen; and next day there were louder cheers when the white adobes of the presidio came in sight. The galliard was hoisted to the foremast and the pennant flung to the breeze. From shore a launch was put out; the *Salve* and three cannon salutes on board were answered by the presidio. Here Crespi* landed, home from his last long exploration.

On November 2 the sea-worn *Santiago* sailed into the harbor of San Blas, whence she had started nearly a year before. Pérez and his men had not reached sixty degrees, and they had not planted the cross on land, but they had made a plucky voyage into unknown seas. Bucareli complimented the brave Alférez with words of appreciation; the king, in a more substantial way, recognized his merit by promotion.

Bancroft's estimate of Pérez's achievement is a sound one: "In this expedition Juan Pérez, though he had not reached latitude 60°, as instructed, nor discovered any good ports, nor

* Peña also.

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landed anywhere to take possession for Spain, nor found either foreign establishments or proof of their non-existence, had still gained the honor of having discovered practically the whole Northwest Coast. He had surveyed a large portion of the two great islands that make up the coast of British Columbia, giving the first description of the natives; he had seen and described, though vaguely and from a distance, nearly all of the Washington coast, and a large part of the Oregon. He had given to his nation whatever of credit and territorial claims may be founded on the mere act of first discovery.”*

Crespi made no more long journeys. The remaining eight years of his life were spent in quiet but active missionary work at Carmel. But his travels became justly famous among his fellow-friars. Soon after his death Palóu chanced one day to be speaking to Serra of the dearth of volunteers for the missionary service. With a sigh the weary president replied: “If the friars of our Holy Province who knew the late Fray Juan Crespi could but see what he accomplished, and the great harvest which he was able to gather, great numbers of them would be encouraged to come. If they were but to read his diaries it would be enough to move many of them to the point of leaving fatherland

* Bancroft, H. H., *History of the Northwest Coast*, pp. 156-157.

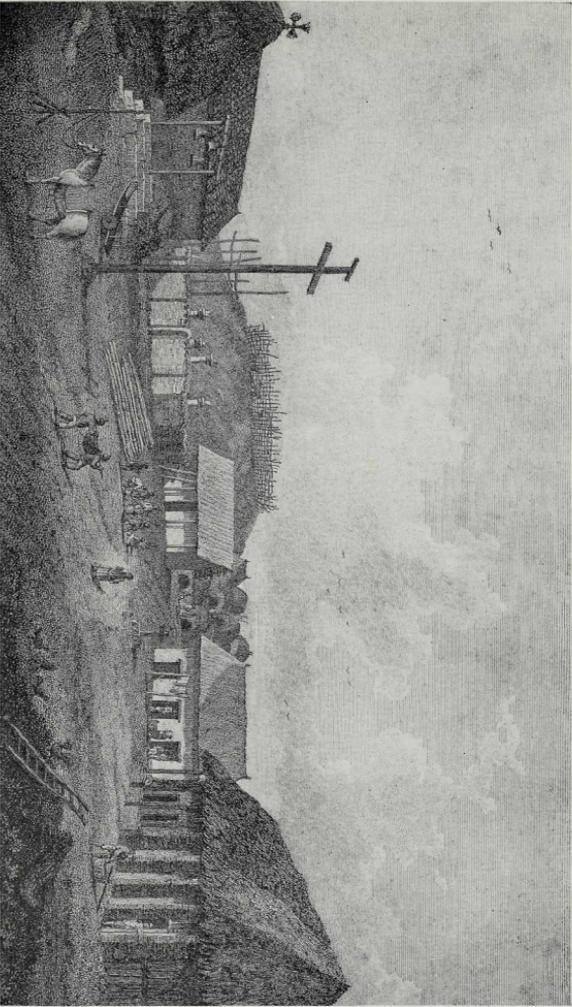
FRAY JUAN CRESPI

and monastery to undertake the journey in order to have a share in this vineyard of the Lord.”*

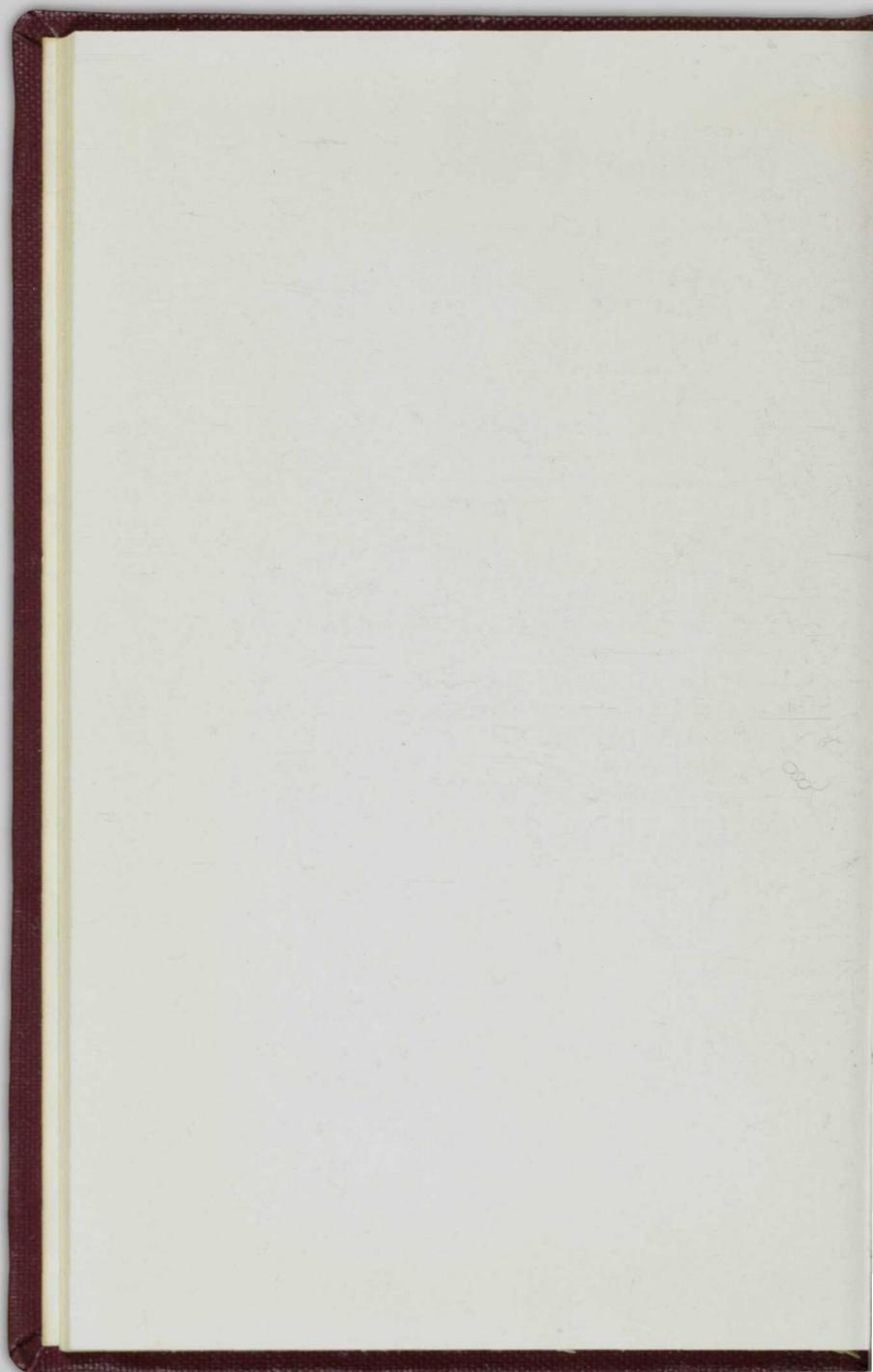
Crespi's travels and toils in California may be summed up in the simple words of Palóu, his lifelong friend and fellow-missionary:

He was the first missionary to tread its soil, for he started in the year 1769 from the mission of Purísima with the first division of the land expedition which discovered the harbor of San Diego. He continued afterward with the expedition by land until it discovered this harbor of Our Seraphic Father San Francisco, whence he returned with the expedition to San Diego. Shortly after his arrival there he set out again with the expedition in search of Monterey, and having found the harbor he took part in the founding of the presidio and mission of San Carlos in company with the reverend father president. In the second year after the founding of that mission he set out with Commander Don Pedro Fages to explore this harbor, in which expedition were discovered the great river or rivers which flow into this harbor, through whose outlet they descend to the sea. While they were engaged in this exploration they had to turn back, as is related in his diary. After returning to Monterey, having traveled one hundred and forty leagues, he was sent by the reverend father president to San Diego to prevent the abandonment of that port, threatened on account of the lack of provisions, which was relieved

* Palóu, *Vida del Padre Serra*, dedicatory letter.



Mission San Carlos Borromeo in 1792.
From Vancouver's *Voyage of Discovery*.



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by the supplies sent by the commander with that father.

Shortly before the end of the year he again went up to Monterey, and in the year 1774 he embarked with Captain Don Juan Pérez in the frigate *Santiago* on the first expedition to the high latitudes of the coasts of this sea. After his return he remained in the mission of San Carlos until God took him away to reward him for all these labors, from which he had suffered in so many journeys by sea and land, and I do not doubt he will have great glory in heaven, for they were all directed to these spiritual conquests. Besides being a very exemplary and humble friar, for I knew him since he was a boy, as we were reared together and studied together from the very first rudiments until we finished theology, he was highly regarded among all his fellow pupils for his mystic and perfect religion. For this reason I have no doubt that he is enjoying God, and that he will pray to Him for the conversion of all these heathen, for which end he labored so hard.

THE CRESPI MANUSCRIPTS

THE DIARIES

Diaries of all three of Crespi's exploring journeys were included in Palóu's *Noticias de Nueva California*. The only manuscript of this work known to be extant is that made by Figueroa. When Palóu left California in 1785 he took the original of his *Noticias* with him and filed it in the archives of the College of San Fernando, in the City of Mexico, of which he became guardian or president. Shortly before he died an order came from Madrid asking for the compilation of a great body of documents on which to base a monumental history of New Spain. Pursuant to this order Fray Francisco García Figueroa, of the College in San Cosme, in Mexico, compiled thirty-two volumes of *Memorias para la Historia de Nueva España*. Two of these volumes comprised Palóu's *Noticias*. The transcript, made from Palóu's autograph manuscript "with all the exactitude permitted by the wretched and difficult handwriting of the original," was certified by Father Figueroa himself on December 3, 1792. Six decades afterward, in 1857, the *Noticias* was published by the government of Mexico in the great collection of *Documentos para la Historia de Mexico*. It was printed from the Figueroa manuscript, for Palóu's holograph had disappeared. Seventeen years still later, in 1874, a small edition—one hundred copies—was published in San Francisco by John T. Doyle. Not knowing the whereabouts of the manuscript, Doyle merely reprinted the Mexican text.

Some twenty years ago I examined the original Figueroa manuscript in the archives of Mexico. A comparison of the printed Mexican edition with the manuscript showed a multitude of variations. Palóu wrote a direct and simple style. The Mexican editor, a belated Góngorist, freely substituted "elegant" phrases for Palóu's plain terms. In most cases the sense was not greatly altered, but the resulting text was by no means a faithful copy, and Doyle's text, as a matter of course, has the same defects. Indeed, Doyle's text was not well proof-read, and contains more errors than the Mexican edition. When in 1926, therefore, I published an English version of Palóu's history (*Palóu's New California*) I based the translation directly on the Figueroa MS. and not on the printed texts. That manuscript was laboriously compared with the editions of the Mexican editor and Doyle, which I designated respectively as M. and D. To

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justify departure in many places from these printed versions, and incidentally to help establish a correct text, most of the principal variations of M. and D. from the manuscript—several hundred in number—were indicated in the Editorial Notes.

The Crespi diaries thus scattered through Palóu's *Noticias* are here reprinted from my English edition of that work. Of the principal diary, that of the Portolá expedition, the Figueroa manuscript is the only version known to be extant. Of the other diaries there are manuscripts in the Archivo General de Indias, at Sevilla. Several copies were usually made of such documents, but they were seldom identical in all respects, and so it was with these. Although in essentials they are not greatly different, the archive versions vary from the Figueroa texts in numerous minor particulars. For this reason both the archive and the Figueroa texts of the Crespi diary of the Fages expedition are here printed. The Crespi letters here published are from the British Museum and the archives of Mexico. Two of them are included in the Appendices to my edition of Palóu, but the others have never before been printed. With this explanation the manuscripts of the three diaries may be listed as follows:

THE PORTOLÁ EXPEDITION, 1769-1770

A. *The Palóu-Figueroa MS.*: "Diario del Viage, y descripción de los dilatados caminos, que a mayor honrra y gloria de Dios N. S. y de N. Rey (que D. G.) hicieron los Misioneros Apostolicos del Colegio de San Fernando de Mexico . . . desde la Mision frontera llamada N. S. de los Angeles, hasta los Puertos de San Diego y Monterey, toda de tierra de Gentilidad en los años del Señor de 1769, y 1770," etc. (printed here). See p. 53, Note.

THE FAGES EXPEDITION OF 1772

B. *The Sevilla MS.*: "Diario de la Expedición que desde la Misión de San Carlos de Monterey emprendio el Reverendo Padre Fray Juan Crespi, Predicador Apostolico del Colegio de San Fernando de Megico, en compañía del Señor Capitán y Soldados del Presidio en demanda del Puerto de San Francisco, por el mes de Marzo de 1772." This is the original official draft of the diary. It is in the Archivo General de Indias (at Sevilla), 104-6-17. Cited in Chapman's *Catalogue*, No. 1925. This version and C. tell essentially the same story, but they supplement each other at many interesting points.

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C. *The Palóu-Figueroa MS.*: "Diario que se formó en el registro q. se hizo del Puerto de Nuestro Padre S.^a Francisco." (Printed here in part.)

D. *Crespi's Map*: Crespi made a most interesting map of the results of this expedition, the original manuscript of which is in the Archivo General de Indias. It has been reproduced in Wagner, *The Spanish Southwest*, Robertson, *The Harbor of St. Francis*, and Palóu's *New California* (Bolton, editor). It is reproduced in this volume, also.

THE PÉREZ EXPEDITION, 1774

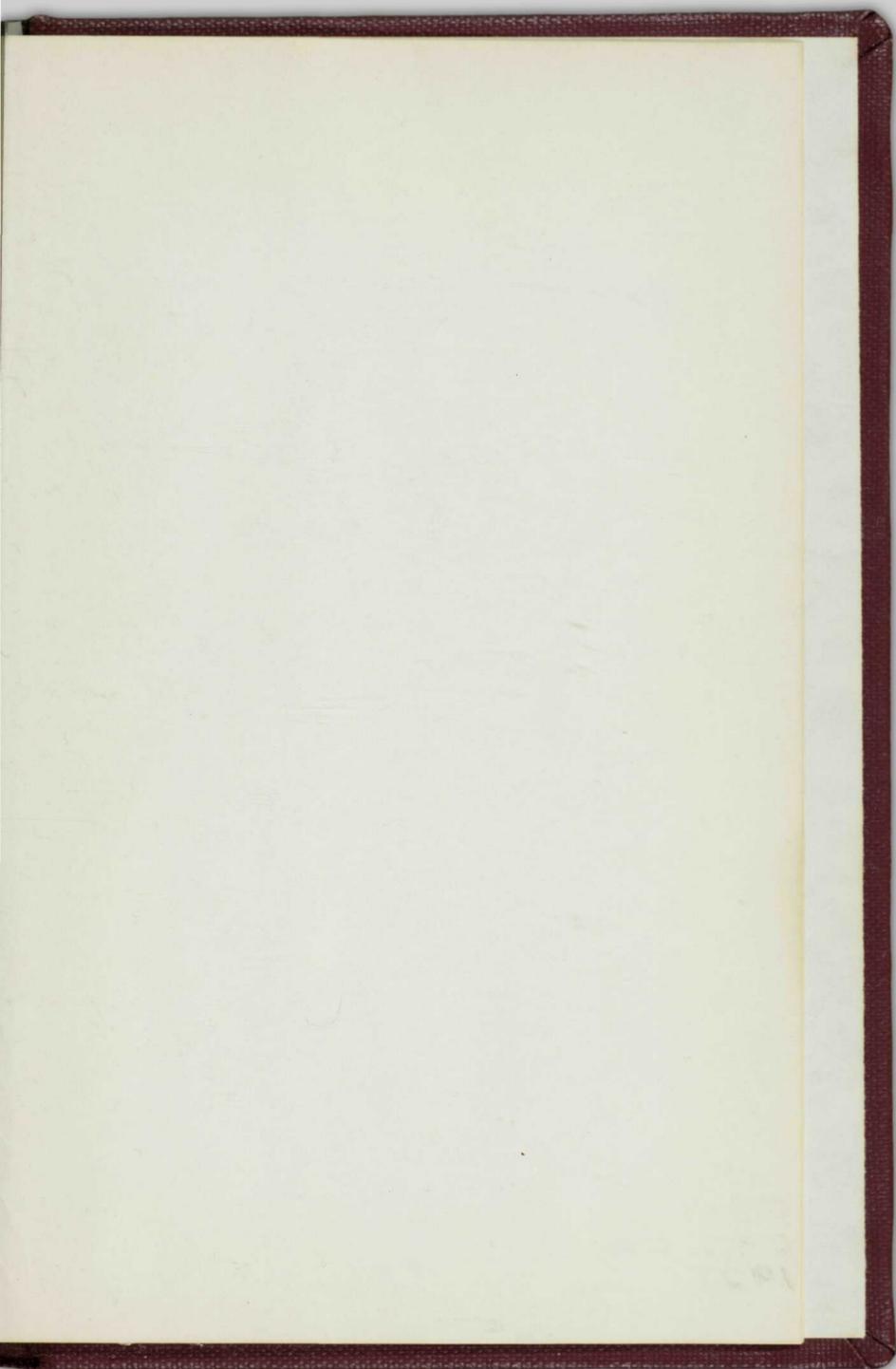
E. *The Sevilla MS.*: "Año 1774. Diario que yo, Fr. Juan Crespi Misionero del App.^{co} Colegio de Propaganda Fide de S.^a Fernando de Mexico, formo del Viage de la Fragata de su Mag.^d nombrada Santiago, alias La Nueva Galicia, mandada por su Capitan y Alférez de Fragata D.^o Juan Pérez, que por orden del Exc.^{mo} S. Baylio Frey D. Antonio María Bucareli y Ursua Virrey de la Nueva España va a hacer de las Costas del Norte de Monte-Rey, que se halla en la Altura de 36 grados y medio del Norte, hasta los 60 grados a lo menos." Printed by Griffin in the Historical Society of Southern California *Publications*, Vol. II, Part I, Los Angeles, 1891.

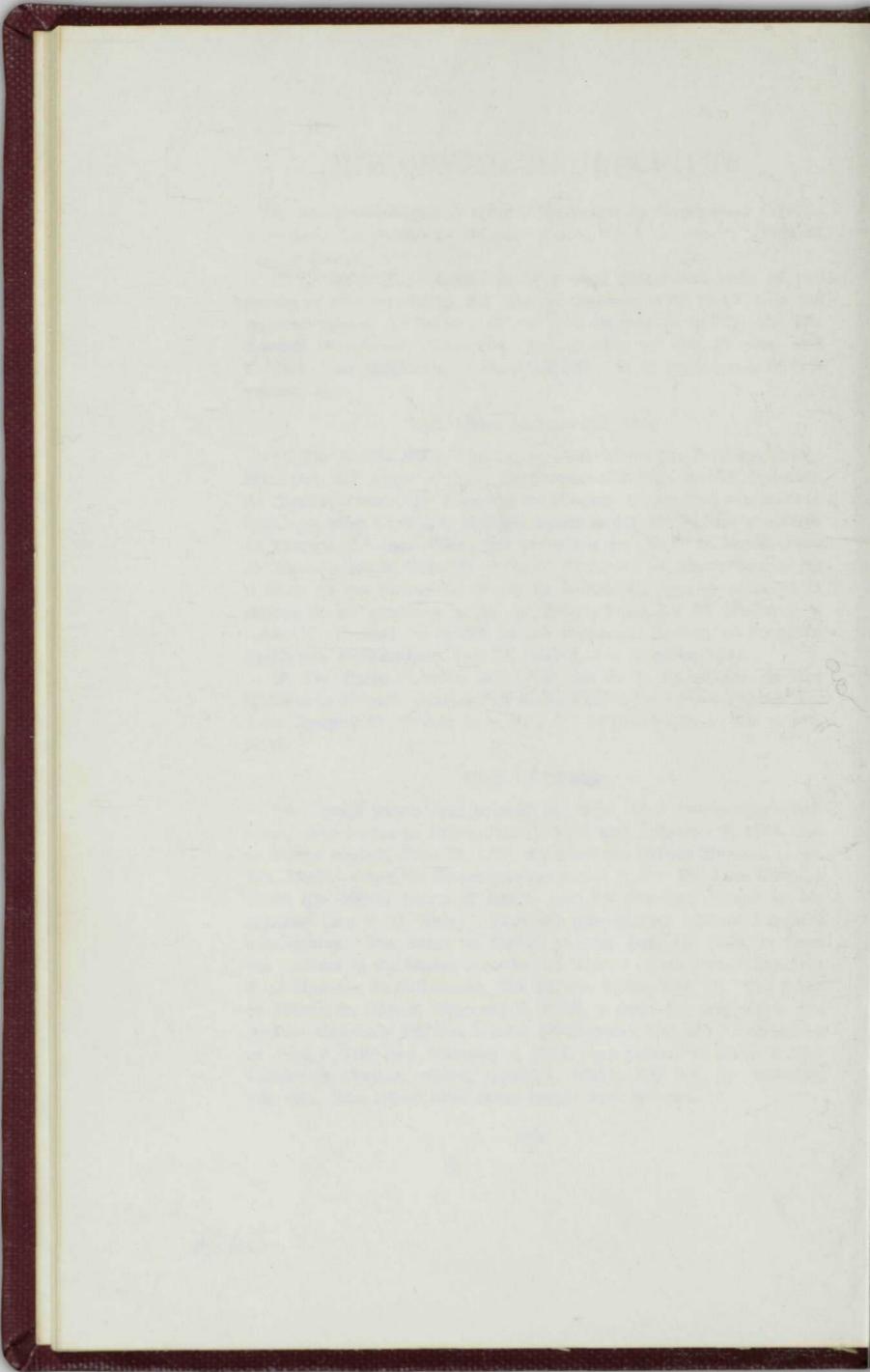
F. *The Palóu-Figueroa MS.*: "Diario de la Expedicion de Mar que hizo la Fragata Santiago en la que fueron los Padres Predic.^a Fr. Juan Crespi y Fr. Tomás de la Peña." (Printed here.) See p. 366, Note.

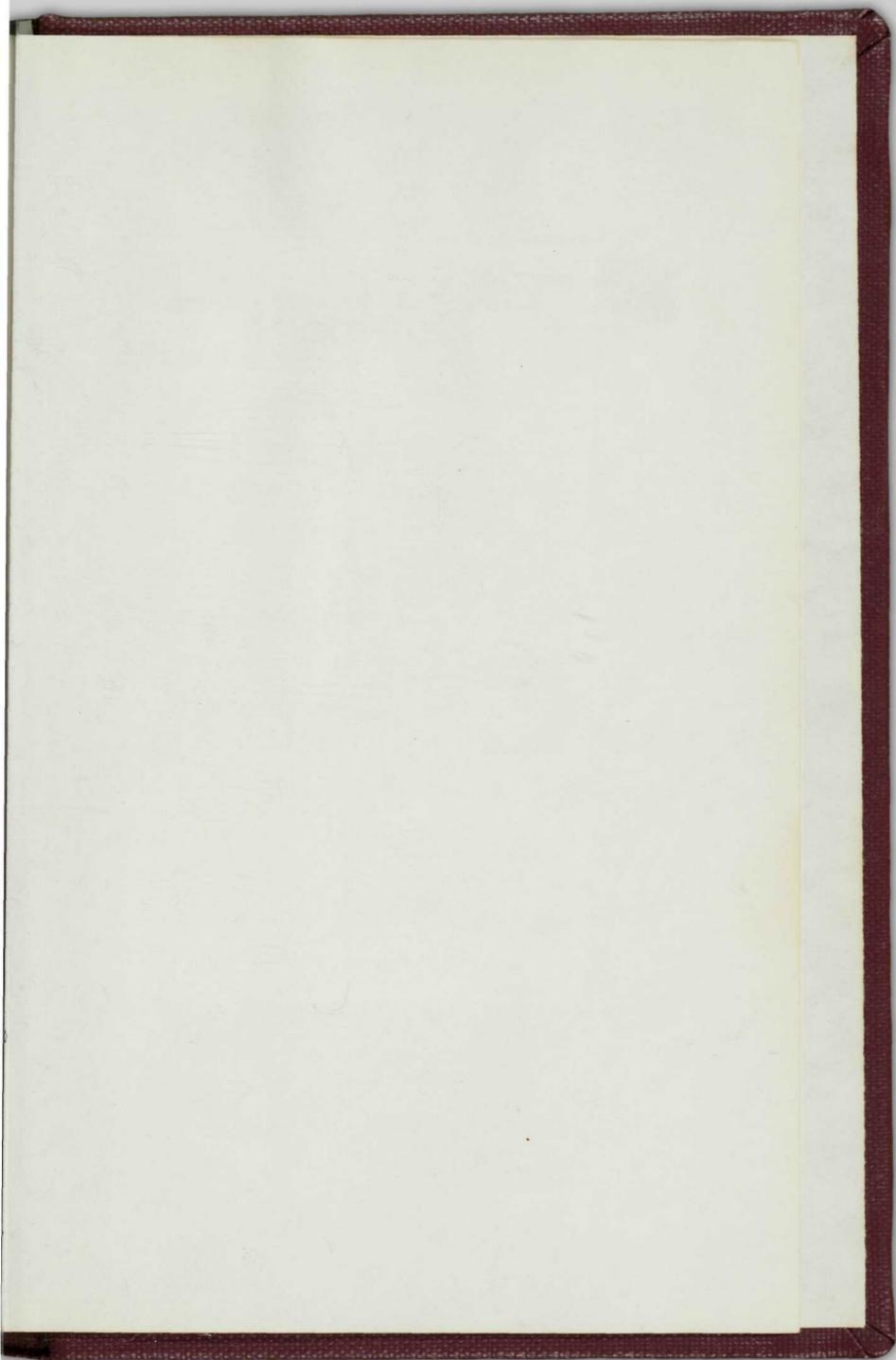
THE LETTERS

The Crespi letters here printed are from three manuscript collections. The letters to Palóu, June 9, 1769 and February 5, 1770, and to Father Andrés, June 11, 1770, are from the British Museum (Add. MS. 13974. Copia de Cartas escritas por el P. P.^o Fr. Juan Crespi.) These are official copies of letters sent by Guardian Verger to his superior (see p. 21, Note). They are printed here without Verger's annotations. The letter to Father Andrés, June 22, 1769, is from the original in the Museo Nacional de Mexico (Documentos Relativos á las Misiones de Californias, MS. Quarto Series, Vol. I). The letter to Joseph de Gálvez, February 9, 1770, is from the original in the Archivo General y Público, Mexico (Californias, Vol. 66). The letters of June 9, 1769 and February 6, 1770, were printed in Palóu's *New California* (Bolton, editor, Berkeley, 1926), Vol. IV, pp. 253-265, 269-285. The others have never before been printed.

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