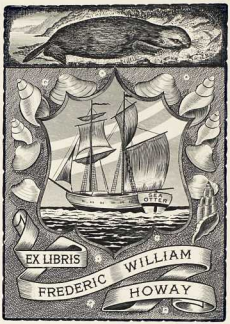

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The Monastery of San Francisco, at Palma, Mallorca, where Crespi was a pupil of Serra.

FRAY JUAN CRESPI

MISSIONARY EXPLORER ON THE PACIFIC COAST 1769-1774

BY

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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

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

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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FRAY JUAN CRESPI

MISSIONARY EXPLORER

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.

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

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.

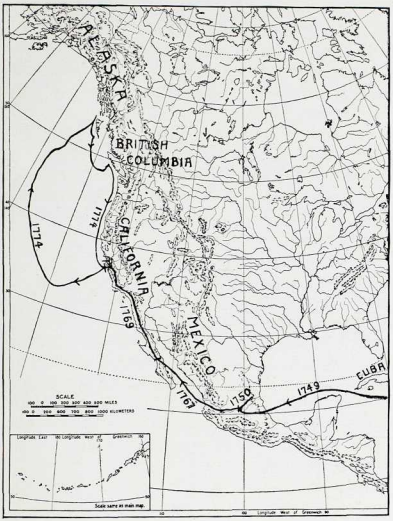
Back at Carmel, Crespi remained there as missionary eight years more. At the end of that time, with Serra he visited Palóu at San Francisco, and beheld again the great bay of which he had been one of the discoverers and explorers. By now the sand of his hourglass had run, for he had scarcely returned 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.

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 outtraveled 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,



Crespi's Travels in North America.

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

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

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

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.

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

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,

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

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 Carpoforo 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

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

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

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

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 Palóu, Feb. 6, 1770; Ortega to Palóu, Feb. 9, 1770.)

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.

"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

shall remain together with Father Juan Crespi and hold out to the last breath."[7]

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

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

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 if 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.)

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

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.

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

a disappointment when they learned that their way round the bay was cut off by Carquínez 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

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.

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-

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.

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.

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

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

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

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.

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

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

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-

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

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.).

gained altitude, and on July 18 when land was first seen they were in 53° 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

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).

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;

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]

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° 49′. His latitudes were obviously too high. He tried to land, but wind and current made it impossible. Divine aid was

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).

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

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.

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.

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.

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 Mexico 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

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 Expedizión 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 compañia 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.

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 Genéral 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.n 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.n 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.r 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.er 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.

THE PORTOLÁ EXPEDITION

AS TOLD IN CRESPI'S LETTERS

THE JOURNEY TO SAN DIEGO BAY

FRAY JUAN CRESPI TO FRAY FRANCISCO PALOU

SAN DIEGO, JUNE 9, 1769.*

HAIL JESUS, MARY AND JOSEPH!

TO MY REVEREND FATHER LECTOR, FELLOW-STUDENT AND PRESIDENT, FR. FRANCISCO PALÓU.

My very dear fellow-student and friend: I shall be very glad if this letter finds your Reverence in the perfect health that my deep affection wishes for you. I give thanks to God for this favor to me, and as always I am awaiting orders for your further pleasure.

My dear friend: On the 22d of March, Wednesday of Holy Week, between two and three o'clock in the afternoon, I reached Villacatá well and without any injury to my health. The two boys whom I brought with me and the soldier Islas were likewise sound. Arriving at Villacatá I found the captain well and ready to leave on Holy Thursday, although we did not start on that day. I very much desired to write your Reverence from that place before our departure, but the captain's impatience and the fact of my having just arrived at the place did not permit it. The 24th of March, Good Friday, we left Villacatá in the afternoon, starting our journey in search of the port of San Diego. The 14th

* British Museum. Add MS. 13974. Copia de Cartas escritas por P. P.er Fr. Juan Crespi.

of May, the Feast of Espíritu Santo, we arrived with the greatest success at this pleasant port of San Diego, all in good health, thanks to the Lord, having spent fifty-two days on the way, with not a few misadventures on such an unknown road, in danger every instant, since it was all so thickly populated with numerous Indians; but thanks to the Lord we suffered no harm anywhere on the way.

When we arrived at this port of San Diego we found in it the two packetboats, *San Carlos* and *El Príncipe*. The latter arrived here the 11th of April and the former the 29th of the same month. We found the crews of both ships and the soldiers from the *San Carlos* filling a hospital on shore, recovering from the disease of loanda or scurvy. Up to the present twenty-one have died from the crews of both ships, besides one or two of the soldiers on the *San Carlos*. At this time the sailors on *El Príncipe* are very few, since those who are somewhat stronger, and able to walk and do a little work, are only about six or seven, while of the soldiers only three are well, all the rest being sick, many dying, the majority with cramps in the legs or all over the body. With all this trouble your Reverence can easily see how well fitted this sea expedition is to continue its course to Monterey.

At present only those of us who came by land are in good health. We found here Fathers Parrón, Vizcaíno, and Gómez, who, although they have been a little indisposed, are all well once more. Of all our band the one who is frailest and weakest is Father Parrón, who says that he will stay at this port. Of those on the two vessels the strongest are

the lieutenant of the volunteers, Sr. Costanzó, the captain of *El Príncipe,* and his pilot. Although some of them have been ill, they have now recovered, and with the few that I brought they are the only ones from the two vessels that are able to do anything. The *San Carlos* spent three months and nineteen days on the voyage, since they went as far as thirty-five degrees in search of this port, and the same thing happened to *El Príncipe,* although, as I have observed, this port is only thirty-two degrees and forty-two minutes north latitude. As a matter of fact, they are disembarking the leather-jacket soldiers from *El Príncipe,* in order to send it to San Blas to inform the visitor-general of what occurred on the sea expedition. Meanwhile, if the *San Joseph** does not come, or the sick do not get relief, I do not know how the commanders will manage to go on to Monte Rey. God has seen fit to send us the gift of patience and submission to the Most High Providence of the Lord, since He willed that those of us who came by land should arrive at this port in good health. I am much troubled because I do not know when our father lector president and the governor will come.

When we reached this port, since there was no fresh water near, we went back about a league, still in sight of it, where the fathers who arrived the first of the month had already investigated. We found there a good sized river† which empties into the sea through an estuary which the ships use as a

* This supply vessel was lost at sea, never being heard of after it set out on its voyage.

† San Diego River.

watering-station. This river has a very large, broad plain on its banks, which seems to be of very good soil, with many willows, some poplars, and some alders, although so far it has not been possible to examine it properly. If the river is permanent it may prove in time to be the best of those discovered in all California. On the banks of this river, which are thickly covered with willows, there are many Castilian rose bushes with very fragrant roses, which I have held in my hand and smelled. All the plain is dotted over with wild grapevines, which look as if they had been planted, and at present their many branches are in bloom. We have been in this port since the second day of the Feast of Espíritu Santo,[15] but we have not yet been able to begin the mission, and we are much troubled because the river, which flows through the plain and which has very good, clear water, as we have observed every day, is drying up to such a degree that although two weeks ago when we arrived we saw it flowing with an abundant stream, it has now diminished so that it hardly runs at all, and they say now that they can cross it dry shod. If this continues it will be necessary to look for another place to establish the mission and obtain irrigation.

This port is a large, level place in the midst of great meadows and plains, with very good pasturage for all kinds of cattle, and not a stone is found for variety. All the port is well populated with a large number of villages of Indians, too clever, wide awake, and business-like for any Spaniard to get ahead of them. The men are naked and almost all are very much painted. They are well armed with

bows and quivers of arrows. We are camped near one of their villages. They received us in peace, thanks to the Lord, and so far there has been no trouble, but strict care is necessary, since they are great thieves. The women, as many as we have seen, are all properly clothed with a thick apron from the waist in front, and skins of deer or seals behind, and some have a garment made of hare or rabbit skins in the shape of a cape with which they cover their breasts and the rest of their bodies, in the manner of a blanket.

We suffered great cold on the way and it still prevails. The northwest and west winds are very cold—too cold. But in spite of it all we have kept our health throughout, except one soldier, who became ill during the week of our departure from Villacatá. I administered all the sacraments to him as he seemed to be in the last extremity, but, thanks to God, he recovered and at present is safe and sound.

Many of the fifty-one Christian Indians who accompanied us were sick. I buried five on the way, and almost all the rest absconded on the road. But this is not to be wondered at, since they did not give them food where there was mescal, which was lacking most of the way. When this failed they had to get along with only a little atole, although the need of water was more urgent than that of atole. Since I could not remedy this at all, it is not strange that they returned to their missions, or that of the whole number only thirteen reached this port, or that some of them were sick.

I do not know how to tell your Reverence what we suffered from hunger on this journey, because the captain brought only sixteen tierces of very old flour and ten packs of jerked beef. This was all the food that was brought; and if he had left eight other tierces of the flour which he did not wish to bring, we surely should have perished from starvation halfway along the road. From what he did bring we had two meals a day of poor tortillas, which were mostly bran, and a bit of roasted jerked beef that was so hard and so salty that only necessity could make one eat it, except some days when they boiled it in water. On those days we considered it a great treat to have a little stew, which was more like brine than anything else, but the beef, which softened with cooking, tasted as if it were the finest chicken.

This was all the food we had on the journey. The beef gave out eleven days before we reached this port, and the soldiers got along with a single dry tortilla, although mine lasted until we arrived here. This, without any seasoning or sauce, and the morning chocolate, which was more like a poor syrup than anything else, was our only food. Praise God for preserving our health.

Almost all the road was through the mountain, or mountains, some of them very rough, but we found water and good pasturage in them on every day's march. We always traveled on the mountains because the captain had a complete aversion for going down to the seashore, until finally the mountain forced us to descend because of its height, roughness, and steepness, and he was obliged, in

spite of himself, to allow us to come down to the beach. In my opinion all our good fortune in not perishing was due to this, because the beach gave us a good and very easy passage by land, was well supplied with pasturage, and had sufficient fresh water for all. We reached this port with only three tierces of flour and part of another, and this only because when the first eight tierces were used up strict orders were given that the two tortillas that were distributed as rations at the two meals should be made very thin, so that we might not perish entirely.

Words fail me in which to tell your Reverence of the danger that this man put us in because of his whim, since, without knowing what road we had to travel over, he left at Villacatá as much flour as he brought with him, considerable corn, four or five boxes of chocolate, and four or five jars of wine and brandy, of which he brought only his case full, although there were a great plenty of mules, for in all one hundred and eighty-nine have come.

Moreover, instead of the fifty-two days that we spent on the way, the journey could have been made in a month or a little over. I do not know why, except that it suited his fancy, we were in some spots two days, and in some even two and a half, as is seen by what I wrote in my diary, a copy of which will not fail to reach your Reverence in time, together with the latitudes and directions on the occasions when they could be observed on the way.

I have reckoned the distance from Santa María to this port as one hundred and twenty-eight leagues,

and from Villacatá as one hundred and eight* leagues and a half. On all the journey we found about ten good sites, with sufficient land and water for establishing missions, and with soil suitable to raise everything. Many sites have marshes and moist land, as will be seen in the diary in good time. The first place was San Isidoro in thirty-one degrees and five minutes. It has much moist land and some other land for irrigation, with a very good stream of water somewhat larger than that which flows near the Hospice of Tepic, well-wooded with white poplars, many willows, underbrush, and pasturage for the cattle. This stream flows to the northwest by west at the foot of a very high mountain.

Six or seven leagues beyond Río de San Isidoro we came upon a large river very much blocked up and choked with trees. I called it Río de San Dionisio, and although we saw no land good for agriculture where we crossed, we learned from some Indians by signs that it emptied into the sea, and that two or three streams of water joined it; and that beyond the mountain there was a great confluence; hence we did not doubt that near the shore there might be some plains that would be suitable for establishing a mission. Two leagues beyond the river of San Dionisio we came upon a stream which I called the San León. It has a flow of water perhaps as large as the San Joseph Comundú; and although we did not see any arable land in passing, we were persuaded that some would be found on exploring.

* See Crespi's letter to Father Andrés, p. 15.

I will mention only one other place, the one which I called San Francisco Solano, since in time you will read about all of them in the diary. This San Francisco Solano is a large valley, which is in 32° and 12′, and is entered from the north. In the center of the level ground it has two springs about two hundred feet apart, one larger than the other, and from the two there is a good flow of water. It has also abundant land and pasturage, and I do not doubt that one hundred bushels of wheat could be sown there. Moreover, it is well wooded. The captain and the soldiers told me that there are to the west-northwest of this valley many marshes and much tule land, and that a large amount of moist land could be planted. From the Christian Indians I also learned that by going in the same direction to the beach, which is not very far from this valley, one finds there a large body of water flowing like a river.

Besides this, to the east and northeast, two rivers can be made out in the distance, flowing down from the mountain between green, wooded banks, which we conjectured might also have good water, although we could not explore them. Of all the good places this seems to me the most advantageous. And thus your Reverence has now a good site for establishing the mission of San Francisco Solano, which will be about eighty leagues distant from Villacatá, according to my reckoning. Besides, this is the eighth of the good locations, counting from Villacatá, while from San Francisco Solano to this place there are only two others, namely San Jorge and San Juan Bautista. This last also might be a good mission.

It is fifteen leagues distant from this port of San Diego, but I could not take its latitude. It was there that we began to get news of the ships, in some well populated villages of Indians who crowded around us and were very peaceful but wide-awake.

All along the road from Villacatá, as we continually saw from the mountain, there were many footprints, and many well worn paths of the Indians, but, although we came upon many villages, we did not find a very large number of people because the greater part of the mountain is very barren, so that the poor wretches do not have anything to eat. Even the mescal, their daily bread, is not to be found in the greater part of the mountains, and those that we crossed are so very poor that the numerous tribes of Indians on the two slopes are forced to get their living from the sea.

On all the mountain we saw no trees that produce food except some on a peak in the distance that appeared to be pines. Indeed, all the trees that we came upon were on streams, and as far as we have penetrated the mountains continue even barer than those about the old missions. When we descended to the shore because the mountain had closed our road by its height and steepness, our Gracious Lady wished it to be at the great Bay of the Virgins.* The map does not show it quite correctly, because it represents it with one island, whereas it has two islands, with all the headlands or farallones that the map shows. The bay is about twenty-eight

* Todos Santos Bay. Port San Quentin, a little north of Todos Santos, was called by Vizcaíno the Bay of Eleven Thousand Virgins, in allusion to the Virgins of Cologne.

leagues from this port, and is in thirty-two degrees and fourteen minutes north latitude.

When we reached the coast we began to encounter what we had expected, that is, very well populated Indian villages. From the tops of the nearby hills Indians well armed with their bows and quivers began to shout at us, and although we made signs to them to come to us and that we did not intend to harm them, they never let themselves be seen at close range. For three days one village of twenty-nine Indians followed us along the hill-tops, shouting all the time and too often with gestures of wanting to shoot us with their arrows. Indeed, on the second day they came so near us that they were almost within shooting distance. Fearing an ambush in some pass, the captain ordered the pack animals halted, and that all the soldiers should then show themselves with their shields and their arms in their hands, drawn up in battle array. All the Indians drew up on a small hill in the same valley a little more than a gunshot away. The captain gave orders that none of our men should say a word, but all should be on the lookout. All the Indians were shouting at us and making gestures of intending to shoot us, until finally, although they were not within shooting distance, they shot three arrows into the air, which fell not far from the captain and the soldiers. At this demonstration the captain and another soldier fired twice without hitting the Indians because they were out of range. For this reason they retreated to the top of the Sierra, which was near, and gradually disappeared, giving a loud war whoop.

We were delayed more than two hours in this affray, but when the Indians had disappeared we continued our journey, giving thanks to the Lord. The following day we came upon the river of San Juan Bautista, on which we found a village of very peaceful and friendly Indians, from whom we learned by signs that the port of San Diego was not very far away, and that the two ships were there, and that there were fathers dressed in habits like mine. From this settlement a number of Indians guided us from village to village until we reached this port, which, as I have said, is about fifteen leagues distant from the Río de San Juan Bautista.

Although I should like to enlarge upon this narrative more, I cannot, and although I intend to write to my dear Father Martínez, I shall not be able to do so at such length. Therefore I request you to show him this letter and beg him to consider it as his, and tell all the other father companions that I hope they are enjoying the best of health, begging them all most earnestly to keep me in mind in their sacred devotions, and to pray that we may arrive at the port of Monterey as soon as possible, although I do not know what means will be found, since almost all are sick, including the commander of the ships, Don Vicente Vila, and his pilot.

Please, your Reverence, accept the warmest greetings from the fathers and the captain who are all in perfect health. I remain, your Reverence, as always, entirely yours, begging God that he may guard and keep you many years.

From this port of San Diego, June 9, 1769. As always, your Reverence's most affectionate fellow student, friend, and humble servant, who honors you in all things.

FRAY JUAN CRESPI (Rubric).

FRAY JUAN CRESPI TO FRAY JUAN ANDRES

SAN DIEGO, JUNE 22, 1769.*

HAIL JESUS, MARY AND JOSEPH!

MY REVEREND FATHER GUARDIAN, FRAY JUAN ANDRES:†

I shall be indeed happy if at the time of receiving this letter your Reverence is enjoying very robust health. I, thank God, am enjoying this blessing, and I humbly place it at your feet for the fulfillment of orders to your satisfaction.

On the 26th of February of this year, by order of the reverend father president, I left the mission of Purísima Concepción,‡ where I was missionary, and took the road to the north for the glorious conquest of the multitude of heathen who dwell in this hemisphere at the ports of San Diego and Monterey. On the 22d of March I arrived at Villacatá, which is situated in the midst of the heathen, eighteen leagues from the frontier mission of Santa María, having traveled by land a distance of one hundred and eighty-two leagues from Purísima, from which I started, to the aforesaid place of Villacatá. There I met Don Fernando de Rivera y Moncada, captain of this province and commander of this land expedition, who was awaiting me so that we might enter immediately among the heathen to look for this port of San Diego.

* Museo Nacional de Mexico. Documentos Relativos á las Misiones de Californias. MS. (Quarto Series, Vol. I.)

† Fray Juan Andrés was Guardian, or Superior, of the College of San Fernando in Mexico City, from which came all the early Franciscans to Alta California.

‡ Father Crespi's mission in Lower California.

On the 24th of March we set out from Villacatá—the commander, twenty-five leather-jacket soldiers, three muleteers, and about fifty-two Christian Indians from the missions—taking the necessary provisions and a convoy of about one hundred and eighty mules and horses, while I alone accompanied the expedition for its spiritual administration. On the 14th of May, the Feast of Espíritu Santo, we arrived at this fine harbor of San Diego, all in good health, thanks to the Lord, nothing special having occurred on the road. To travel from Villacatá to this port took us fifty-two days, most of the way through rugged and barren mountains such as are common in this Peninsula of California. The distance to this port, according to the computation which I have made in the diary which I have formed by order of the father president, is one hundred and twenty-eight leagues and a half, counting from Santa María, the frontier of the heathen, which is eighteen leagues from Villacatá, and consequently from Villacatá whence we started to this port it is one hundred and ten leagues and a half.*

Having arrived here on the day that I have just said, we found at anchor his Majesty's two packet-boats, the *San Carlos* and the *Príncipe*. The *Príncipe* had arrived in April, having taken about a month and a half for its voyage from Cape San Lucas. The *San Carlos* dropped anchor on the 29th of the same month of April, having spent in its voyage three months and nineteen days. We found erected on land a general hospital for the crew of

* In his letter to Palóu he says 108½ leagues from Villacatá and 128 from Santa María. See pp. 7–8.

both barks, and the twenty-five volunteer soldiers of the *San Carlos*. Up to the present time some twenty-three persons have died, most of them sailors, but including two of the soldiers mentioned. Nearly all of the members of the sea expedition still living are very sick with scurvy; only a few are able to stand, and only by a miracle can most of them escape. The commanders of the expedition, being in this difficulty, have determined that the *Príncipe* shall sail as soon as possible for San Blas to report what has happened to His Excellency the Viceroy and to the Señor Visitor-General.* I found here the father companions Father Viscaíno, Father Parrón, and Father Gómez, who had come with the two barks. They are all in good health, and since they will report everything more fully to your Reverence I shall not stop to trouble you further in this matter. We are momentarily expecting the arrival of the father president and the governor of this province by land, but as yet we have had no news of them whatever. May God be pleased to bring them in safety as soon as possible.

The number of heathen in the whole country is truly large, but the land we find more barren the farther inland we go, and greatly lacking in food for the poor, miserable heathen. Although the daily bread of the unfortunates who live in this land is mescal, it is lacking in most of the country as far as my eyes have seen, for which reason most of the heathen resort to the two coasts in order to live on sea food. As soon as we reached this opposite coast† we came

* Joseph de Gálvez.

† He means the Pacific Ocean, which was reached near Todos Santos Bay.

Viva Xto Ntro Rey

R. P. Guardian Fr. Juan Andres.

Mi siempre mi Dno de P. Guardian, Muchas Cabezas, por el acierto de obras
Gracias D.s mi estimada salud, y (a Dios) gracias, para de este beneficio y mucho
sentido la Ofresco a sus plantas para ejecutar cuanto de su mayor agrado.

Dia 26 Fuimos del Convento Santo, de orden del R. P. Fr. mi Sal. de
la Religion de la Ilustrisima Conquista en donde estava el Gral. Dno Fernando
el Camino para el Norte, para esta Provincia Conquista de la numerosa
Gentilidad que ocupa este Emisferio en los Puertos de San Diego, y del
Monte Rey. Dia 27 de Marzo llegue al Puerto de Villacata, entrando
dicho en la Gentilidad dicho y ocho leguas de la Religion Fuertema Santa Ge-
xia; haciendo andado desde la Ilustrisima de donde sali, veintinueve hasta
el dicho pueblo de Villacata. Ciento y ochenta y dos leguas. En este pueblo
encontre al Cap.n de este Puerto y Comandante de esta expedicion de
Marina D. Fernando de Ribera y Moncada que me estava esperando
para internarnos luego entre la Gentilidad, en busca de este Puerto de
San Diego.

Dia 24 de Marzo salimos de Villacata dicho Comandante con 25
Soldados de Cuera con sus Mexicos, y como Cincuenta y dos indios Chris-
tianos dichos Gentiles, llevando los Vivores necesarios, y de Gomitos conveni-
ente y ocho mulas y Caballos, siguiendo mi Reumo esta otra expe-
dicion para la administracion. Dia Catorce de Mayo Dia de Dos Ojos
del Espiritu Santo llegamos a este dichoso Puerto de San Diego, con la
Ayuda Todos gracias al D.s y sin haver tenido especial novedad en el Cami-
no. Tardamos desde Villacata a este Puerto de San Diego 52 dias, guiados
todos por Cuarenta mil asperas y estrechas que fuimos esta Terminado dicha
California. Dista Villacata de donde salimos hasta este Puerto segun
el Computo que tengo hecho con el Diario que tengo formado de cada dia del
Dia Ciento y siete y ocho leguas y media, Contandolas desde Santa Ge-
xia fuera de la Gentilidad, que dista de Villacata dia y ocho leguas;
y de Consiguiente desde Villacata a este Puerto, todas Ciento y dia leguas
y media.

Llegado el dia que llevo dicho a este Puerto, encontramos dados fondeados
los Navajeros de N. P. S. San Carlos del Principe, que el Principe ha-

First page of Crespi's letter to Father Andrés.
From the manuscript in the Archives of Mexico.

across many villages. All the heathen men go naked, with no other clothing than that which nature gave them. The women go modestly covered in front with strings which they wear tied at the waist and behind with skins of deer or seal; they also cover the breasts and the rest of the body with a sort of cape made of hare and rabbit skins which they join together very skillfully. Both men and women are much painted, and the men have the lobes of their ears pierced, from which they hang sea-shells. All are well armed with quivers and arrows. All the heathen of the interior are wide awake and are great traders. They are docile, although along the road one village of twenty-nine heathen followed us with signs of wishing to shoot arrows at us. They followed us for three days, and then shot at us, but not within range. Seeing this demonstration our soldiers fired two shots at them, but no one was wounded on either side, and thereupon the heathen retired and left us in peace.

This port of San Diego has been found by the pilots not to be in latitude 33 or 34 degrees as stated in ancient history, but only in 32 degrees and 42 minutes. When we arrived here we found a good river* running quite full about a league away, but in these few days it has entirely dried up. Yesterday, the 21st of the month, Father Viscaíno and I, accompanied by the lieutenant of the troops, Don Pedro Fages, and the engineer, Don Miguel Costanzó, with seven or eight soldiers, went out to explore it. We followed the river, which runs through a valley with a good plain of land, which

* San Diego River.

narrows in parts to about half a league or a quarter of a league. It appears to be good arable land, and seems to have marshes or damp soil. The bed of the stream is full of trees, such as willows, poplars, and sycamores, but the river we found dry in many places, although in some parts there are pools and in others it flows a very little. We traveled about three leagues along its bed and plain, which continues in the same way, until we reached the place where it comes down from the Sierra through a narrow pass, but where the water still does not run.* We do not know whether this river could be used for irrigation or not, but if it depends on rainfall, as is the case in other parts, good seasonal plantings can be made, for it has plenty of land and good places for cattle with good grass. But in the whole region there is no building stone visible, and it seems that firewood also is scarce in the entire vicinity, as far as can be seen.

It appears that in accordance with the orders of the father president, Fray Fernando Parrón will remain here, and that according to the instructions which I have from the father president I shall go on to Monterey as soon as the barks sail to join the father president there, when God may be pleased to permit it. May His divine Majesty grant that this may happen soon, in order to raise in that port the standard of the holy cross forever, and to reduce to the holy faith that numerous body of heathen which is collected there the same as here.

* Later on the missionaries built a dam in this vicinity, the remains of which are still visible.

I do not know whether your Reverence will have received my two letters which I wrote from Purísima, I believe it was in May and November of the past year of 1768. In them I begged you to grant me the consolation, when the mission shall have arrived from Spain, and ministers shall have come to bear us company, of favoring me by permitting my companion, Father Cruzado,* whom I left in Tilaco, to come to join me. He desires it very much, as he told me before we separated, but he did not come then because not more than one could come from each mission, as was done. We have been companions for a long time, and there is much that he could do there. Even though I shall go on to Monterey to join the father president, as I have already said, from what I learned of the plans it seems that in a short time the three missions that are to be founded now, will perhaps become six; and therefore there will always be room for Father Cruzado, if it be your pleasure, and the holy bishopric will send him.

Although I have my good habit, the old one has been worn out in this long journey all the way through mountains, and so when opportunity offers I should be glad if you would send me a habit with a hood and a tunic and cord, for here there is nothing of which to make them. I am also greatly in need of some handkerchiefs for the dust; four or six might be sent, since they are so far away—thick ones from La Puebla, for I have only two, which I brought out of the Sierra,† and they are already

* Fathers Crespi and Cruzado had been stationed together at Tilaco in the Sierra Gorda.

† He means the Sierra Gorda, in Mexico.

badly worn, and since I have been in this country I have not been able to get any. I also ask you for a good encased crucifix for the rosary, for the one that I have is breaking. This is a favor for which I shall be very grateful, and God will reward you for it. Pardon me for troubling you. I pray God to preserve your important life for me for many years in His divine love and grace. From this port of San Diego, June 22, 1769. I kiss Your Reverence's hands. Your least and most humble servant, who venerates you.

FRAY JUAN CRESPI (Rubric).

I make the enclosed request for Father Cruzado. And I commend myself with all my heart to all the Holy Community, praying that you will keep me present in your holy sacrifices and prayers.

DISCOVERY OF SAN FRANCISCO BAY

FRAY JUAN CRESPI TO FRAY FRANCISCO PALOU

SAN DIEGO, FEBRUARY 6, 1770.*

HAIL JESUS, MARY, AND JOSEPH!

My Reverend Father Lector, Fellow Student, and President Fr. Francisco Palóu. My Ever-Honored and Very Dear Fellow Student in Christ:

How eager I am that this may find your Reverence in the full perfection of health! Although very much fatigued by the long journey and pilgrimage that we have just completed, Father Gómez and I are in good health, thanks be to God, in spite of the indescribable toils through which we have passed, and, in accordance with my desire, together with our Father Lector Junípero, I promise as always to serve you in everything that may please you.

My dear friend:—Last year, '69, when the *Príncipe* was about to leave this port of San Diego at the end of June or the beginning of July, I wrote to your Reverence several letters concerning my safe arrival at this port, and how also our father lector had arrived with the governor. In one letter

* British Museum. Add MS. 13974. Copia de Cartas escritas por el P. P.er Fr. Juan Crespi. [Verger makes the following endorsement:] Copy of letters written by the Father Preacher Fray Juan

I wrote at length about what happened to the crews of the two ships and the expedition, and those that had died at this port, and how at the same time the expedition by land continued its journey in search of the port of Monterey, on which Father Gómez and I were going, as we did. I suppose that you must have received those letters of mine and learned their contents.

Now I will tell your Reverence how on the 14th of July of last year, '69, we left this port of San Diego, traveling by land with faces toward the north, to go in search of the much praised port of Monterey. On the 14th of January of the present year we all arrived again on our return, having gone to the parallel of thirty-eight degrees, where lies the port of San Francisco. However, that of Monterey has become invisible to us, and we did not find it anywhere throughout the journey. And judging from what we saw all along the coast, using the greatest care that it was possible to observe and that your Reverence can think of, we did not find the port of Monterey before we came upon that of San Francisco, which is a very noble and very large harbor and is on the parallel of thirty-eight degrees,

Crespi, apostolic missionary of the College of San Fernando of Mexico, concerning the land expeditions which were made in the year of 1769 in search of the port of Monterey. After having worked for seventeen years with laudable zeal in the missions of the Sierra Gorda, which were under the charge of that college, he went to California for the same work in 1768. Also a letter of Sergeant Don Joseph Francisco de Ortega, who accompanied the same expedition. With the correction of the above letters, they agree with their originals; and no new copy is sent because the mail does not permit. August 4, 1771.

FRAY RAFAEL VERGER, Guardian.

as I said. We were at that port about seven days, and I will go on explaining with all detail what we saw and explored up to that place. Unless the port of Monterey is beyond thirty-eight degrees (and then all the accounts and Cabrera would be proved wrong, which can hardly be believed, since we saw very clearly all that Cabrera in particular says of the coast, with as much exactitude as if he had been with us and told it to us) that is the place. Therefore, the best and most careful conclusion that we could come to is that Monterey has been lost or the land swallowed up, unless, as I have said, it is beyond thirty-eight degrees. I will now go on explaining.

When we left this port of San Diego for Monterey we always kept close to the shore (and only near this port, so as to take a straight line, did we leave it for about six leagues) until, about a month after setting out from here, that is, on the 14th of August, we entered the first regular town of the Channel of Santa Bárbara, which was given the name of Assumpta de María Santíssima, since we both said Mass there. This place has a pretty river, land, and numerous peaceful and friendly Indians. From this place to the Punta de la Conversión,* which is probably about eight or ten leagues beyond, come the majority of the islands that form this channel, and which are probably about five or six leagues from the mainland, since we saw them very clearly. This side of the Punta de la Conversión there are no

* Crespi's diary does not mention Punta de la Conversión, but it is on several old maps. Ten leagues from Assumpta would place it near Dume Point. (See H. R. Wagner, in American Antiquarian Society *Proceedings*, April, 1926, pp. 111–112.)

islands, as I understand it, except the first two as you go from here; they are San Clemente and Santa Catharina, both of which we saw well and which are not far before you reach the Punta de la Conversión.

Having arrived, as I said, at Assumpta, the first town of the channel, we always followed the shore until we reached the port of San Francisco, and I lay it before your consideration whether everything would have been carefully explored or not when we were going on an undertaking of so much importance and value. I made the observations with Don Miguel Costanzó at all the places where I was able to do so and where the weather permitted, taking the elevations and noting them in the proper places. From Assumpta we followed the channel along the beach almost all the way to this port of San Francisco, except at the Sierra de Santa Lucía, which did not allow a passage because it is very steep at the sea, and it was necessary to open a road over it for some leagues, so as to be able to advance and to explore it along the shore, as we did with the greatest care.

This channel of Santa Bárbara is very well settled, with towns composed of large huts roofed with thatch and with a very great number of peaceable and friendly Indians. There are at least nine or ten towns. All have canoes, very well made. Six villages had as many as fifteen canoes each, which they use for fishing, because many kinds of fish, such as tunny, needle-fish, sea bass, barbel, and very large sardines, are plentiful. All these towns welcomed us with much rejoicing and entertained

us well, bringing us a fine supply of fish, in particular fresh tunny, of which they made great piles for us. We had to tell them that we would not take so much because it would be wasted, for if we had wished to use all the pack animals, without doubt it would have loaded them down. All these people are very wide awake and active, and have no fault except that of being very nimble with their fingers. There may well be ten thousand souls along the channel, from the first town of Assumpta to the Punta de la Concepción, where the islands end.* There is one town of thatched huts on an island made by a large inlet. As we looked at it from a distance it appeared that it might have a hundred houses, at least as many as that, and the number might even be two hundred. We conjectured that this village alone might have about eight hundred souls, and besides this there are four or five large villages in the neighborhood of this inlet. Besides the abundant fish on which they live, they have many grass seeds of which they make very good pinole and atole.

I began this letter with the intention of being very diffuse, and explaining everything in detail, but I have just this instant received notice that the expedition is to return to California within a week, because they say there is no food on which to live, since the ship *San Joseph* and even the *Príncipe,* which should have returned by now, for it left for San Blas before we left for Monterey, has not come. Therefore, I will recount to you as briefly as possible the remainder of our journey.

* Mescal Island, near the site of Santa Bárbara.

The time that we spent going and coming was six months and eight days. We did not find Monterey in all the distance that we passed over; and I do not know whether it exists or not. We did find the Sierra de Santa Lucía, which is a high, white, rough mountain, very steep at the sea and exactly as Cabrera says. Since we found a point of pines at about six or eight leagues distance, and since it was the only one that was seen on the whole trip, we explored the mountain twice with the greatest care possible, and the Point of Pines, according to my observation, is in latitude thirty-six degrees and forty-two minutes.

Where the Point of Pines begins there is a little cove; it may be that it cuts into the land a quarter of a league, and from here the Point of Pines extends. The pines are very dilapidated, and not as the accounts describe them, and I can assure your Reverence that I did not see a single one on the whole point that would do for masts or spars for these ships. This point ends where it merely touches the port of Monterey, and from its terminal there extends a very large cove, of some twenty leagues at least, to the Point of Año Nuevo. Along this cove runs a range of very high sand dunes; they are mountains in height and cover five leagues in extent. Near this point where they begin we found four lakes, all of very poor, brackish water, so that from only one of them could one drink in case of need. Where the lakes are there is a plain which extends as far as the dunes run, and turns perhaps two leagues toward a mountain.[16] Some

large and small oaks and same scraggly pines are found near some dunes where the lakes are. This, according to the opinion which we all formed at this place, is the spot where Monterey ought to be, but we found it closed with high sand dunes.*

About four or five leagues from where these dunes end, on the same beach, there is a large estuary, and near it much moist level ground, and many large ponds, but without any trees or any signs of a harbor, although we explored it twice. Near this spot we not only saw tracks of the mountain animals, but the captain succeeded in seeing on a trail about twenty-eight as large as cows, with their young, but it seems to me, as I heard them described, that the antlers or horns were like those of deer, although the points were like blunt sticks. Not far from this spot we saw manure like that of horses and we saw bears' dung everywhere. I did not succeed in seeing any of these animals, but the soldiers saw several, and they testified that the animals with the manure like horses were like mules. They said that some of these animals must be buffalo, but I say that they cannot have been, according to the skins and the pictures which I have seen.

Seeing that Monterey did not appear, it was decided, with great eagerness, in view of the fact that the thirty-seven degrees had not been covered, to continue until it was found. And at thirty-seven degrees and forty-nine minutes according to my reckoning and some few minutes less according to that of Don Miguel Constanzó, we found ourselves

* See Cabrera Bueno's description of Monterey Bay, p. 236, Note.

in front of a very large inlet or bay, and at its mouth six or seven farallones just as Cabrera describes them, and likewise the Punta de Reyes that rises at a distance from the sea and forms an island, as it were. And thus exactly Cabrera explains it when speaking of San Francisco; and says that this port has three ravines and that by the one in the middle an estuary flows into the land. All this was as we saw it, so that we do not doubt that it is the port of San Francisco. I took the elevation, as I said, at one side of the port, about three leagues this way.* We arrived at that harbor on the eve of All Saints' Day, and we said Mass of that day and the Mass for the dead. In spite of this we explored for three days, and went on to see if we could get around the estuary.

This is not an estuary proper, but a large arm of the sea, which enters the land for at least ten leagues. At the narrowest point it must be about three leagues, and at the widest expanse it must be under four. In a word, 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. We camped about four or five leagues from the end of this estuary, about a league away from it, in a level plain which must have been at least six leagues wide, wooded with oak and some live oak. We stopped near a good stream of water that flowed through the middle of the large plain and estuary. All the land is so very good and mellow that it can not be excelled. To reach this place from the side of the port where I took the

* At San Pedro Creek, just north of Montara Mountain.

latitude we made three marches, travelling eight leagues.*

While we were in this spot Señor Ortega and the soldiers went out to explore for four days, by order of the governor, but in those four days they were not able to get around to the other side† of this estuary, for there still remained a long distance to go from where they turned back because their time was up. As a result of this expedition we learned that at about four or five leagues from where we were the estuary ended, and that in the middle of the plain they found a river with a considerable flow of water and a bed well-wooded with different kinds of trees. It ran into the estuary and could be forded with difficulty. From this river they went forward on the other side of the estuary about eight or ten leagues, but there was still a long distance for them to go. At this distance of ten leagues they came upon another very large stream with a very strong current, and its bed was also wooded and its course was through a great plain which was also quite well wooded.‡

This great estuary or arm of the sea connects with the ocean between some high mountains which form, they say, three islands within the strait, but we could not see them from where we were because it was low. This estuary is surrounded on all sides by high mountains throughout its entire extent, so that it becomes a lake, as it were, protected from all the winds. Since this most noble estuary is

* Camp was on San Francisquito Creek, at Palo Alto.

† He means the north side.

‡ They must have gone as far north as to Niles or farther.

three leagues wide at the narrowest place throughout its whole length, it would seem that its mouth would therefore be large and that ships could enter even though they were of deep draught. I do not doubt that in time it will be possible to make soundings and to explore it. The idea that we have formed of this large and most noble port of Our Father San Francisco is that there are two, both excellent and very large, an outer one in which there are six or seven farallones, as Cabrera says; and the other, a better one, guarded from all winds, within this estuary or arm of the sea. Therefore, if the ships do not find the port of Monterey after a time, a thing I doubt completely since it was sought by so many eyes and with so much care, inasmuch as the whole undertaking depended on it, we have in place of it this fine bay of San Francisco, in which to set up the standard of the Holy Cross and from which to convert to our holy Catholic Faith the numerous friendly and kindly Indians who inhabit the land round about this estuary.

Concerning the multitude of Indians whom we have found everywhere, and concerning their gentleness and peaceableness, I will speak in particular of those of the port of San Francisco. From San Diego to that port, which is the farthest point which this land expedition reached, I may say that all the land in general is everywhere well wooded, has abundant forage and countless other kinds of herbage, and of its own accord produces as food for the numerous Indians plentiful harvests of the crops from which they make the good pinole and atole on

which they live. All the land is abundantly supplied with water from creeks and rivers, and the farther inland one goes the more abundant and frequent is the water supply. The place with the greatest lack of running water is a stretch of a few days' march, near San Diego, but where there is no running water there are great springs. If it is a country of seasonal rains, as its wooded condition goes to show, it would be possible to plant in season as is done in other places where there is no running water. The farther inland one goes the more frequent and more abundant is the running water. We found stretches of only two leagues with six or seven arroyos having good streams of running water, and in the same distance two or three or even four or five are very common. All the water is excellent, cool and clear, since the majority of the arroyos flow from the mountains and almost all empty into the sea.

I counted twelve rivers from San Diego to San Francisco, including those at this port of San Francisco. Towns or missions could be established between San Diego and San Francisco at any distances desired, as three, four, or six leagues, or whatever you like, since there is land and to spare for it everywhere. In some places this land lacks nothing except that there is a scarcity of wood (though generally the mountain nearby has it) and of rock; but the regions that lack wood generally have the mountains nearby, and these are very well provided with fire-wood and timber. In many places the country is well supplied with herds of antelope and many rabbits.

All this land is populated with a large number of Indians who are very gentle, generous, and well-formed. The most savage natives that we have found are those of San Diego and a circle in the same neighborhood. All the others are very good, peaceable and gentle. About forty leagues from San Diego the rivers begin, and then in a space of about eight leagues there are three which flow through a very large plain. The one that has the least land must have about six or eight leagues and is very near the bay of San Pedro. The first of them, which is the most rapid and has the largest volume of water, flows ramblingly and empties into this bay, the shore of which is a plain of many leagues in extent with large streams of water. All this plain is extremely level, as is that of the third river, so that each river by itself would be able to produce grain sufficient, I do not say for cities merely, but for provinces, as well as for the people that inhabit these plains, which are as level as the palm of the hand.

On the first river, which we named Dulcísimo Nombre de Jesús de los Temblores* on account of the earthquakes that we felt when on it, there is a very large village of very friendly, gentle, peaceful natives, who offered us all their land if we would remain with them, saying that the Serranos wished to leave their mountains, that they would feed us on chia and other seeds, and that they would build us houses, and protect us. We told them that if we returned we would stay with them, and that we would make a house for God and afterwards one for

* The Santa Ana River.

ourselves, and that we would clothe them and plant for them, and also defend them from their enemies. When we said this to the one who was captain of them all, he shed tears of happiness and joy.

From here on in all the towns and villages that we came to they brought out trays of very good pinoles, atoles and tamales, not just once, but three times a day, in the morning, at noon and in the afternoon. There was a village where, besides the large amount that they divided among the soldiers and Christian Indians that came with us, they gave us a good supply of chia for lunch, for there is good chia in most places.

I have already pointed out above that there are many villages round about the estuary at the port of San Francisco. When we were there several groups came out inviting us to come to their villages, promising that they would give us food. Since we were out of our way, it was not possible to accept lest we should lose time, but we managed to satisfy them by the governor's giving them some trifles and telling them that we were going to stop at some distance, and if they wished to come they might.

Some of them who urged very strongly that we go to their villages, seeing that we offered excuses, went off on the run, and soon we saw a string of them descending from the mountain. There must have been at least sixty, some very much burdened. When they reached the path they all stopped. We came up and found that they had four very large baskets, two almost full of some very thick atoles which were similar to blanc-mange, and the two

others also nearly full of pinoles. Without doubt each one of the baskets would hold a half bushel of the seeds, which I tasted and found very good. They distributed them all to the members of the expedition.

On the 11th of November we started on the return from San Francisco to this port.[17] For seven days we had very hot sunshine, but at the same time the cold at night-fall was insupportable. There is a great abundance of large acorns from the many oaks, and we all nearly got sick on them because there was great need of food, since the soldiers then had only tortillas, and the menestra had been finished some days before. Father Gómez and I, although the governor looked out for us as much as he could, setting aside some that he ordered kept for us, nevertheless suffered many hardships and not a little hunger. When we turned back from San Francisco we had thirty or so tierces of flour.

We reached the Point of Pines the 28th of November to explore the Sierra de Santa Lucía again, and to see if the port of Monterey had been hidden in some corner, but we did not find it.[18] We were detained eleven days on this Point of Pines, until the 10th of December, when we left, continuing our return with only twelve tierces of flour. On the 20th of the same month we still lacked about a league of leaving that mountain, and on that day the five tierces of flour that were left were divided among all. The governor's two boxes of biscuits were divided among the leaders and us;* each of us was given a ham, and with that and a bit of jerked beef

* Fathers Crespi and Gómez.

which the governor gave us every day, and the birds and bears that Don Pedro Fages and Don Miguel could get (they did us a thousand kindnesses) and the fish that they caught after we entered the Channel, we got along very well in the company of those gentlemen. I hope God and our holy Father San Francisco will reward them for the kindness they showed us.

When we started for San Francisco* about twenty or so Leather-jackets became ill with the scurvy, from which some were so sick that they were finally given the last rites, but in the midst of all our hardships they suddenly recovered their health and no soldier died and no Indian of those that went on the expedition.

Friend, pardon me if this goes without any more time spent on it, as God is served. Please share it with all our companions, or if that is not possible, with those that would like this letter of mine, because this has been a sudden departure, for they said at first that they would remain until the food gave out. I hope our father lector and president will be more lengthy in telling you of what happened at San Diego on the day of the Assumption of the Blessed Mary, when the Indians came near making away with all of them. There was a bit of warfare and of our men they killed Joseph María, the father president's servant, wounded two others, and cut one of Father Vizcayno's fingers from his hand, but all the wounded have recovered. But, as I am informed, Father Vizcayno, who is going with this expedition and is returning to the College, will him-

* From Monterey.

self tell you better in a living letter of the episode that happened at this new mission of San Diego.

May God desire that the ships shall soon arrive with supplies so that they may not have to abandon it for lack of food. Up to the present it has not been possible to baptize anyone, or even to attempt to do so. Nevertheless may God, our Lord, move these wretched people to His understanding and may your Reverence commend it to His Divine Majesty so that this beginning may not be lost. When it is possible I will take a bit from the diary and send it to your Reverence. Now I beg you earnestly to keep me much in mind in your holy offices, and to commend this affair to God for a happy outcome, that such a multitude of souls dwelling in the scattered regions of the North may not be lost. I have reckoned that the port of San Francisco is two hundred and ten leagues from here. It seems that the governor and Señor Ortega will remain here.

The governor has treated us with all possible courtesy and conducted himself towards all with great wisdom. Will your Reverence please thank him, a thing which will delight him greatly. He has worked hard like a true and faithful servant of the king to find the port of Monterey. He told me that he was writing to your Reverence, and in addition he charged me to beg for him from your Reverence a silver box or chest that he left at San Ygnacio and which they are keeping for him. May God guard you and keep you for many years in His divine love and favor. From this new mission and port of San Diego de Alcalá. February 6, 1770.

Your affectionate friend and fellow-student, who honors you in all things, greets your Reverence.

FR. JUAN CRESPI.

The Indians have many dogs. The women wear skirts of deer-skin and bracelets of shells; they are less timid than the men and are the ones who give the most. The men go about entirely naked; they have good hair and very long, which they twist about their heads.

FRAY JUAN CRESPI TO JOSEPH DE GALVEZ

SAN DIEGO, FEBRUARY 9, 1770*

HAIL JESUS, MARY AND JOSEPH!

SEÑOR VISITOR-GENERAL DON JOSEPH DE GÁLVEZ.

Most Venerated Sir: In fulfillment of my obligation I write to tell your Illustrious Lordship that I together with Father Fray Francisco Gómez was named by our father president, Fray Junípero Serra, to go with this expedition by land to look for the port of Monterey. We left this port of Señor San Diego on the 14th of July of the past year of 1769, traveling at the start in sight of the coast. At the end of a month we entered the first town on the Channel, and from there continued to follow the coast from beach to beach.

This Channel has eight or ten regular towns containing a great number of heathen, with very many round houses in the form of half oranges, roofed with grass. Some of the houses which, with other persons, I entered are so large that as many as sixty families live in one of them. These people have their form of government, all the towns having three or four captains, one of whom is head chief and is obeyed by all the rest. Each of the chiefs has two wives, while the rest of the men have only one. They have two cemeteries, one for the men and another for the women, all surrounded by high, sharpened palings, painted in many colors, with many boards set in the ground and painted the same

* Archivo General y Público, Mexico, Californias, Vol. 66.

way. Around the edge there are many large whalebones.* All this very numerous body of heathen are mild, affable, and docile, and they feasted and entertained us to the best of their ability.

This Channel abounds in fish, the bonito being especially plentiful in August. They gave us so many that in all the towns they made piles of them for us, both fresh and roasted, so large that we had to tell them not to bring us any more, because they would be spoiled. If we wished to do so we could have loaded the entire pack train with fish, not to mention the large amount that was consumed. They remained with us the entire day, unarmed and as friendly as though they had always known the Spaniards. I do not know what led them to seek out us two fathers in particular, and to desire to talk with us all the time, and to wish to take hold of my rosary. They asked me to give them one, but I could not do so, for poor Fray Francisco had only the one that he wore hanging by a cord. My heart went out to them, seeing myself with such empty hands when others were giving to them from full hands.

All these towns have many canoes with keels, made of pieces very handsomely worked, all having two prows and two oars, and so light that with one stroke they cover a good deal of water. They are so light indeed that two heathen can put them in and out of the water. For fishing they use spears well made of reeds. At one† town we counted as

* In his letter to Palóu, February 6, 1770, Crespi does not mention these cemeteries.

† In his letter to Palóu he says "six." See p. 24.

many as fifteen canoes, some of them not so small, for they measured not less than seven or eight varas; but all were equally light, so that two men could launch them in the water.

Three or four of these towns have a great deal of land and firewood, and one of them has a river. There is one town isolated by a large estuary in which there is fine fishing; it must have a hundred and more houses, and of souls there must be no fewer than eight hundred.* Besides this town there are many large villages around the borders of the estuary, each with a large population of heathen. Without doubt all the Indians in this place together must number nearly two thousand souls, and it has been estimated that the Channel alone may have as many as ten thousand. In front of these towns are stretched the islands, about five or six leagues from terra firma. Opposite Point Concepción is the last island of the Channel. On one side of it there is a rock inhabited by sea lions.

We passed Point Concepción by the beach, and on the 13th of September found ourselves about a league from a very high white range which, according to all the signs, is the one called by the histories Sierra de Santa Lucía. Being very precipitous, it cut off our passage by the beach. So they opened a road for some leagues along a very high ridge, by which we climbed this sierra and crossed it.† It is very rugged, but abounds in very clear running

* This was the town on Mescal Island, near the site of Santa Bárbara.

† They entered the Santa Lucía Mountains by way of San Carpoforo Creek.

water. While in it we were near the source of a beautiful river, having on its banks a heavy growth of white poplars, and which we all thought must be the Carmelo River.* Having crossed this sierra we again came to the same river in a valley of very good land and about two or three leagues wide.

We followed this river and valley for sixteen leagues, having the sierra always in plain sight on the left, until on the 1st of October the river and plain again placed us on the beach, in sight of a very large bay and a beautiful point of pines, which extends far into the sea and from afar makes a fine view. We were all very happy, for we had not the least doubt that this was what the histories call the Point of Monterey, and that the port of this name must be there.

Captain Don Fernando de Rivera went at once with nineteen of his leather-jacket soldiers, in high spirits, to explore this place, and we all eagerly hoped that he would return with the joyful news that the desired port was found at last, so that we might all move there. But on the second day after his departure he returned with the report that after exploring the entire vicinity of the point, no trace was found of any port, large or small. He said that where the Point of Pines began there was a little bay into which emptied a small stream, with a scraggly growth of blackberries, and forming an estuary on the beach of this little bay; that the Point of Pines, which must be scarcely a league and a half long, had on the other side four small lagoons

* The river was the San Antonio. They again encountered it near King City, where it is known as the Salinas.

of very salt water, and that on this other side of the point and the lagoons there were chains of very high sand dunes, which looked like high mountains, in front of a plain about two leagues long and extending to a mountain. They said they had traveled along the whole beach without seeing trace or sign of a port; but that the Point of Pines was undoubtedly the one so-named in the histories, and that it was thickly covered with pines down to the sea, but that the pines were all very scraggly, knotty, and with low branches. They said that they did not see any such pines as the histories describe, but that they did see large live oaks. There were no poplars either, but they did observe a few live oaks near the lagoons mentioned.

This report was a sad disappointment to everybody, especially since there were now twenty and more leather-jacket soldiers very ill with scurvy, twelve totally incapacitated and the rest not far from it. In view of all this, and seeing that the port of Monterey did not appear, the commander held a council with the other chiefs, in which we fathers took part, and it was determined to go on until the port of Monterey should be found, for it might be that the sierra mentioned would turn out not to be that of Santa Lucía, which might be found farther on, with the port.

So we went on, beach by beach, exploring everything carefully. This place where we had made camp, five leagues this side* of the Point of Pines, had been named Señora Santa Delphina. I took the latitude there, and it came out for me 36 degrees

* On "this side" by the trail, but in reality north of it.

and 53 minutes. A rest was taken for some days on account of the sick, and so that the horses might recuperate a little, for they were now becoming very footsore.

On the 8th of October we left this place of Santa Delphina, with some leather-jacket soldiers so ill that they had received communion. In a short time five or six had been given the last sacraments, and it was only with great trouble that they could be carried on litters, for they were not able to use their bodies in any way. So we went on with immense labor, expecting momentarily that those who had received the sacraments would breathe their last, until we were near Point Año Nuevo, at an arroyo which was named San Luís Beltrán. Here we were thoroughly drenched by a heavy rain which fell on us, and from this moment all the sick began to improve, so that in a few days they were able to mount their horses and help a little. For this reason the soldiers named the arroyo La Salud.*

On the eve of Todos Santos we came in sight of a very large port with six or seven farallones stretching across its mouth for a distance of about a league.† There are three barrancas in this bay, and by the middle one a large and round estuary penetrates into the land. There is a point of land which runs far into the sea and forms a point like an island, but is in reality terra firma.‡ In view of what we all saw before us we all conceived the idea that this very great and magnificent port was that

* See the Diary, p. 218.

† Camp was at San Pedro Creek, just north of Montara Mountain.

‡ Point Reyes.

of San Francisco, for it is only in that bay that the histories put the six or seven farallones, the barrancas, and the rest. This caused disappointment and confusion to all, for we now saw that Monterey was behind us, in the sierra which we had left there.

We moved near the estuary or arm of the sea, which must penetrate the land at least ten leagues, all surrounded by high mountains, and must be three leagues wide in the narrowest place. We pitched camp in a plain some six leagues long, grown with good oaks and live oaks, and with much other timber in the neighborhood.* This plain has two good arroyos with a good flow of water, and at the southern end of the estuary there is a good river, with plenty of water, which passes through the plain mentioned, well wooded on its banks.† We all hold the opinion, without any doubt, that this is a very great and magnificent port, with shelter from all winds. At one side, about six leagues before reaching it, I took the latitude, and it came out 37 degrees and 49 minutes.‡

This entire port is surrounded by many and large villages of barbarous heathen who are very affable, mild, and docile, and very generous in giving what they have. As soon as they learned about us they all came out on the road and importunately invited us to go to their villages, saying they would give us plenty to eat. When we refused to go, for fear of getting lost, they came out to the road with large quantities of pinole and atole made from their

* Camp was on San Francisquito Creek, at Palo Alto.

† Guadalupe River.

‡ At San Pedro Creek, on San Francisco Peninsula.

grasses. One village brought us a whole bushel of pinole and several bushels of atole. What I have just said about these heathen we have experienced all the way up to this port, all the pueblos and rancherías bringing us not only one meal but three meals every day, in the morning, at midday, and in the evening.

Seeing that this bay was without any doubt the Port of San Francisco, the commander again called a council, at which we friars were present, and it was resolved that we should go once more to make camp and explore the Sierra de Santa Lucía, and all its vicinity, with as much care as though looking for a pin. This was done promptly.

On the afternoon of the 11th of November we left this port of San Francisco for the Point of Pines, where we arrived on the 28th of the same month. It was all explored again, but Monterey was not found. About six leagues by air line from the Point of Pines there is a long estuary which has no opening into the sea, near very large lagoons and swampy plains without trees.* Here were seen tracks of all the animals which are ascribed to Monterey. While exploring in this place some bands of animals were seen which must have numbered more than fifty, accompanied by their young. They were as large as cows, without horns, the color of deer, with feet like cows, head and face like mules, and the excrement the same. There are bears in abundance in the whole country from near San Diego up to the last region explored at San Francisco.

* This place appears to have been near Pájaro River. See p. 212.

The land in general is all very good, well covered with grass, and abounds in running and permanent streams. In marches of two leagues we found as many as seven arroyos with good streams of water. It is all populated by numerous heathen, all of them, as I have already said regarding the port of San Francisco, very mild, affable, and apparently docile. Up to the port of San Francisco eleven or twelve rivers were encountered, all with plains many leagues wide, each one capable in itself of furnishing cities or provinces with grain. There is so much good land between San Diego and the port of San Francisco that pueblos could be placed there at any distance apart that might be desired. But the country, generally speaking, has one drawback, which is the lack of wood and trees at most of the sites; but those which have no wood on the spot have timber not very far off, usually in cañons and along arroyos, as far as we have seen.

Your illustrious Lordship will pardon me for writing this in great haste, for although I would wish to write more at length I am prevented by the positive notice just given me that a young man of the expedition is setting out immediately for California to inform your Lordship of all that has happened.* I hope that your Lordship will not take offense because the port of Monterey has not been found; for, believe me, your Lordship, this expedition has done its full duty before God and the whole world, as faithful and obedient vassals of our Catholic monarch. And if in time the port is not

* Plans evidently had changed within the past three days. See p. 25.

found we have that of San Francisco, carefully and well examined, and only forty leagues distant from the Point of Pines, counting the many detours made by the coast, while by air line or by sea it is clearly much less. Since the departure of the messenger catches us so recently arrived and worn out, I have not yet had time to copy the diary, but I presume your Lordship will receive those of others promptly. As soon as I can I shall make a copy and send it to your Lordship.

In my diary I have estimated from this port of San Diego to that of our Father San Francisco two hundred and ten leagues—that much extension for the crown of our Catholic monarch. And we have found so many heathen in all this area that it would be a great pity if so many thousands of souls which have been lost for so many centuries should be abandoned forever. I trust in God that it shall not be so, and that it is not unimportant that the whole country has been explored and the character of these miserable heathen learned. I assure your Lordship that from here to San Francisco we have not had the least alarm, nor has it been necessary to fire a gun.

Señor Don Gaspar de Portolá has comported himself toward everybody with much circumspection and prudence, and I do not know that the wisest could have done better with everybody, officials and soldiers. He has looked after us friars with the greatest kindness, and although the provisions were almost exhausted when we left the Sierra de Santa Lucía for this place, he ordered a little biscuit and flour saved for us. From that place the expedition

has lived on mule meat, bear meat, and whatever else fell into our hands, including the large sardines that we were able to get on the Channel. We also owe thanks for a thousand favors to the gentlemen Don Pedro Fages and Don Miguel Costansó, who have done everything that they could. We have always eaten together. God will pay them for their kindness. The captain has conducted himself in the same way, and has carried out his office of explorer to the best of his ability.

Your illustrious Lordship will pardon my plainness and lack of elegance and will give me such orders as may please you, with certainty of my prompt obedience. I pray God in His Divine love and grace to preserve and guard your important life for many years, for the protection of those numerous souls whom His Divine Majesty has created in this heathendom.

From this port and new mission of Señor San Diego de Alcalá. February 9, 1770. Most illustrious Visitor General, I kiss your hands. Your most affectionate servant and chaplain who venerates you in Jesus.

FRAY JUAN CRESPI (Rubric).

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

THE FOUNDING OF MONTEREY

FRAY JUAN CRESPI TO FRAY JUAN ANDRES

MONTEREY, JUNE 11, 1770.*

HAIL JESUS, MARY AND JOSEPH!

MY REVEREND FATHER GUARDIAN, FRAY JUAN ANDRÉS.

My always greatly venerated Father Guardian: I am sending you this letter to tell your Reverence and all the Discretory the joyful news that we have taken formal, solemn, and legal possession of this most famous port of San Carlos de Monterey. On the 3d of this month of June, day so notable, Feast of Espíritu Santo, the reverend father president said the first Mass, I being his vicar in the choir, aided by Engineer Don Miguel Costanzó. Having first sung the *Veni Creator Spiritus* with all the solemnity possible, the ceremony was concluded with the *Te Deum,* with a salute by all the soldiers, answered from the harbor by the packet boat *El Príncipe,* which must have been about four hundred yards from us. The Mass was sung on the very edge of the beach of this harbor, under a live oak, about six paces from another whose branches reached the water, and which no doubt was the very live oak under which the people of General Vizcayno celebrated Mass. Let thanks be given to His Divine Majesty for the achievement of what has cost so many steps and toils. No doubt everybody was grieved by the news that we had not

* British Museum. Add MS. 13974. Copia de Cartas escritas por el P. P.er Fr. Juan Crespi.

found the harbor, which I wrote your Reverence on the arrival of this expedition at the port of San Diego after the first journey. That report could not be avoided, but thank God all those cares are now vanished.

While we were in San Diego the packet boat *El Príncipe,* alias *San Antonio,* was seen in the vicinity of that harbor in the afternoon of the 19th of March, day of Señor San Joseph. On the 24th of the same month it dropped anchor there. As soon as it arrived it was decided to make a second journey by land, the vessel going by sea, confident now that we should find this harbor.*

On the 16th of April, second day of the Feast of the Resurrection, the vessel sailed for the north, with the reverend father president on board, in search of this harbor. The next day, the 17th, in the afternoon, we of the land expedition set forth. It was composed of Commander Don Gaspar de Portolá, the Lieutenant of Volunteers, Don Pedro Fages, with twelve of his soldiers, seven Leather-jackets, two muleteers, five Christian Indians from the missions, a servant of the commander, and myself. On the 24th of May, Ascension Day, we arrived at this harbor with perfect ease, without the least mishap or sickness, thank God, having spent in the journey thirty-eight days.

As soon as we arrived, the very same day, before we dismounted about half a league before reaching

* For an account of the return journey to Monterey and the founding of the mission and presidio there, see Palóu's *New California* (Bolton, *ed.*), II, 281–296. Palóu evidently used this letter in that account.

the Point of the Pines and the beach where we had halted on the first journey, we wished to see a cross which they said they had set up when we started back last December. We were consumed with curiosity to see this cross and the beach, which we had not seen or been on, except those who had explored that place. And so Commander Don Gaspar de Portolá, Lieutenant Pedro Fages, and I, with a soldier, went to see it, guided by the soldier to the place where he knew the cross had been erected. We reached it, looked at it, and examined it again to see if we could find any signs that the bark had arrived, according to the signals formerly agreed upon by the chiefs, but we saw no sign of the bark whatever. We found the cross all surrounded by arrows and darts with plumes stuck in the ground; a dart with a string of sardines, still nearly fresh; another dart with a piece of meat hanging to it; and at the foot of the cross a little pile of mussels, all put there by the heathen in token of peace. All along the road where the camp had halted we found many darts with plumes stuck in the earth. And now, as soon as they saw us, they all came out unarmed, just as though they had dealt with us all their lives.

Satisfied with having seen the cross, we returned to the beach and went down to it. There we began to see thousands of sea lions which looked like a pavement. About a hundred yards from land we saw two whales together, the sea being very quiet as though calmed with oil, or like a very quiet lake. At the same time we noticed that the very large bay which begins at the Point of Pines was enclosed

by the land, the two points coming together and forming a large O. Seeing this, all three of us broke forth in the same breath, saying that this doubtless was the harbor of Monte rey which according to the histories is northeast of the Point of Pines. I took out the compass to see if it was open to the north-northwest, as the History says, and exactly in the north-northwest is the place where it opens. We were all greatly pleased to see that the cross was placed on the very harbor, whereas we were told by those who had explored it that there were no signs of the harbor. In spite of this we waited till the bark should come, to see if it entered and confirmed our observations.

On the 31st of May, in the afternoon, a week after our arrival,* the bark was seen very close to the Point of Pines, and soldiers went to signal to it that we were already here. It saluted us with cannon shots, to let us know that it recognized us, and then came in to the very spot where the cross was, entering like Pedro into his own house, guided by the very same anchorage and signs given by the histories. The same night it anchored in six fathoms, and the captain of the bark sent a messenger to us to say that he was now in Monte rey, and the soldiers told him that as soon as we arrived we had recognized the place. The bay is most excellent, the sailors say, and has a beach just such as that described by Cabrera Bueno, who did not miss

* While waiting they camped on Carmelo Bay, at the north edge of the present town of Carmel by the Sea. To reach camp the pack train climbed the long slope over the ridge, but Crespi and Fages went around by shore, over the Seventeen Mile Drive (Palóu, *New California*, II, 285–286).

a single point on the whole coast. The pilots have found it to be in latitude thirty-six degrees and thirty-eight minutes. It is a fine sight to see the forest of pines of all sizes growing on the ridge of the Point of Pines. The barrancas, the live oaks, and the estuary of the History are all here. We even recognized the little barranca of the wells, and with very little digging three wells have been made near the estuary which pour forth much water from veins.*

This spot where we are encamped and which has been cleared for the establishment of the presidio and mission is in front of the bark, in a plain about two or three gunshots from the beach. The Carmelo River, which I have crossed and seen many times, is distant from the harbor by land about a league and a half. It is a very large place and the river is pretty, with much good land on its very banks, all of which can be put under irrigation. There is plentiful pasture, and about half a league this way from the river there is a fine arroyo with a good stream of very good clear water. In that vicinity there are good groves of cypress. Rose bushes and blackberries are abundant everywhere.

Having traveled so long, I have not been able to write the diary,† except what I have in notes. As soon as I am able I shall write it and send it to that holy college. I have found from the estimate of leagues which I have made that from the mission

* Points mentioned by Cabrera Bueno. See p. 236.

† He evidently refers to a diary of the second Portolá journey to Monterey, a document which has not come to light. Possibly Father Crespí never completed the diary.

of Santa María, on the frontier of heathendom, to the port of San Diego, it is one hundred and thirty-three leagues; from the port of San Diego to this one of Monte rey, one hundred and sixty leagues; and from Monte rey by the route which we traveled last year to the last point reached on the Estuary of the harbor of San Francisco, forty-four leagues.

The mission of San Buenaventura is not yet founded, but the father president tells me that we will found it as soon as there is news of Captain Don Fernando de Ribera, who went to California with most of the soldiers to bring the stock for the founding of the missions, which His Lordship had ordered him to bring when I set out with him. For the founding of this mission the first regular village of the populous heathendom of the Santa Bárbara Channel has been selected.* It has a good river and extensive lands that can be put under irrigation. Along the river there are large groves of willows, cottonwoods, and alders, plenty of oaks for firewood, and plenty of stone for building. I observed the latitude of this place and found it to be in thirty-four degrees and thirty minutes. It is distant from the port of San Diego sixty-seven leagues, and from this one of Monte rey ninety-three leagues. In order that this mission may be founded as soon as the captain returns, we two, the father president and I, will sacrifice ourselves to remaining alone, he staying in this mission of Monte rey while I retrace those ninety-three leagues to found San

* The site was at the native town of Assumpta, where later on Mission San Buenaventura was founded.

Buenaventura, and we will remain here alone as long as God may be pleased to have us.

If I am not mistaken, since I came to California I have written three letters to your Reverence, and in all of them I have begged that you favor me if possible, as soon as the missionaries arrive from Spain, with my dear companion Father Cruzado who, according to what he told me when we left the Sierra, would come most gladly. We have been boon companions, through many years of living together. To Father Cruzado I have written as many letters as to your Reverence, telling him that I was begging this favor of you. I am not writing this because I think that you have not replied to me, but, to speak frankly, I have not received any letter in reply. Since we are exiled here in another world, as it were, the letters have perhaps been lost. I have estimated that by land this port of Monte rey is four hundred and ninety leagues from the presidio and mission of Loreto, California.

I shall rejoice greatly if this letter finds your Reverence and all the rest of that holy community in perfect health. I, thank God, in spite of so much travel and toil that have fallen to my lot, have had good health all the time, except that twice during these journeys I have had severe inflammation in my eyes, and I now have arrived here with my right eye very bad since the 17th of last month. It is much better now, and although it is still very difficult for me to write, I trust that soon I shall be sound again.

I remain with the completest submission to your Reverence's wishes, asking God, in His divine love and grace, to guard you and spare you for many years. From this royal presidio and new mission of San Carlos of the famous Port of Monte rey, June 11, 1770.

Your Reverence's most humble and submissive subject, who venerates you in Christ, kisses your hand.

FR. JUAN CRESPI.

THE PORTOLA EXPEDITION

AS TOLD IN CRESPI'S DIARY

DIARY OF THE FIRST EXPEDITION BY LAND FOR THE EXPLORATION OF THE PORT OF SAN DIEGO

HAIL JESUS, MARY, AND JOSEPH!

Diary[19] of the expedition and description of the long roads which, to the greater honor and glory of God, our Lord, and of our king (God save him) were traveled by the apostolic missionaries of the College of San Fernando de Mexico, of the Order of Our Father San Francisco, to whom had been recently delivered, in the years of our Lord 1769 and 1770, the missions north of the Peninsula, from the frontier mission called Nuestra Señora de los Angeles to the ports of San Diego and Monterey, all a heathen land. From this the results were prompt. The foundations of the missions of San Diego and San Carlos de Monterey were newly planted on the harbors of their respective names, and measures were ready for the founding of the third on the shore at the beginning of the channel of Santa Bárbara under the title of San Buenaventura.

All this has been done under the direction of the most illustrious Don José de Gálvez, of the Council of his Majesty in the Royal and Supreme Council of the Indies, intendant of the army, and visitor for New Spain.

The diary was kept by the father prior Fray Juan Crespi, apostolic preacher of the College named, one of the three friars in the party, formerly minister of the mission of Purísima Concepción in California, and now minister of that of San Carlos de Monterey, for the reason which we will explain in the following prologue.

Prologue

Although there were three of us missionaries from the College of San Fernando de Mexico who traveled over the roads which I am going to describe, that is to say, the Reverend Father Fray Junípero Serra, doctor and professor *de prima* of sacred theology, commissary of the holy office, and president of all the missions, Father Preacher Fray Francisco Gómez, and I, my father president ordered me to write the diary, as I was the only one who had gone all the way by land from the royal presidio of Loreto to the very end, at the port of Our Father San Francisco. The father president, who came by land from Loreto with the second division of the expedition, did not go farther than the port of San Diego, but remained there with the fathers Fray Juan Vizcaíno and Fray Fernando Parrón, for the purpose of founding the first mission of San Diego. He sent me with the expedition, giving me as companion Father Fray Francisco Gómez, who had come by ship from Cape San Lucas to the port of San Diego, and therefore could not give any account of the country lying between Santa María de los

Angeles and San Diego. Consequently, I was the only one who went all the way by land, and so he thought that I ought to prepare this diary. However, there were always two religious witnesses of the journey by land to supplement the reports made by the subaltern officers who composed the body of the respective expeditions.

Having reached California, the visitor-general, Don José de Gálvez, desiring to send an expedition by sea and land to the ports of San Diego and Monterey, with the object of making their spiritual and temporal conquests, ordered that the land expedition should go in two divisions, the first to discover and open a road for the second, and that the sea party should go in two barks. I was designated for the first division, commanded by Captain Don Fernando Rivera y Moncada; for the second, which was to be commanded by Don Gaspar de Portolá, governor of California, the father president remained to make arrangements, taking as companion the father preacher Fray Miguel de la Campa, former minister of the mission of San Ignacio, with the intention of founding a mission at Vellicatá, eighteen leagues farther up than the frontier mission of Santa María de los Angeles.

For this latter division of the expedition several diaries were kept which will perhaps come to the hands of many persons. Some were made by the first division and others by the second, although, judging by what I observe in that kept by the father president, which I have before me, the difference

is very immaterial, even in the names of places. Because the governor and father president could not know how we had named them, and as it was necessary for the keeping of their diaries and to make them intelligible to name them in some way, they also gave them names. In order to make everything clear I shall use both designations in this diary, leaving those who may afterwards establish the missions at liberty to name them as they please. The father president, from whose diary I shall insert in this one some notes whenever it may seem conducive to a more perfect description of some important places,[20] says the same. I shall begin with the departure from Vellicatá, where the soldiers were assembled for the start on the expedition with which Captain Don Fernando Rivera went. There were twenty-five leather-jacket soldiers, selected from the Company of California; Don José Cañizares, pilot, charged with writing the diary for the captain; three muleteers for the pack train; and some forty California Indians, new Christians, from the last missions, for the labor of opening roads and other things that might come up. However, that number was not completed, for some did not reach Vellicatá, but fled back to their missions while on the road.

Diary

March 24, 1769, Good Friday.—About four in the afternoon, those of us destined for the first division of the expedition set out from the place named

Vellicatá, going northeast,[21] and following the road which the father president Wenceslao Linc, Jesuit, traveled over in the year 1766, when he passed through this place until he came to another named by him Cieneguilla, whence he climbed the Sierra and came out on the coast of the Gulf of California on his way to explore the Colorado River. Before leaving Vellicatá our party filled two barrels and all the leather bags with water, for they already knew that we were to pass the night in a place where there was none.

On leaving Vellicatá we directed our course between some hills. After two hours' traveling we stopped after sunset in a dry arroyo which had some grass, and camp was pitched there; we had covered about a league and a half. The country continues like the rest of California, sterile, arid, lacking grass and water, and abounding in stones and thorns.

March 25, Holy Saturday.—At half-past seven in the morning we left this dry arroyo and continued toward the north-northeast. After about one league's travel we came out from among the hills and entered open country with good plains, but the sterility of the land and the scarcity of water continued, with the difference that we now found some grass in some places. After twelve we came to another dry arroyo; then we climbed a hill and descended to the arroyo of San Juan de Diós, called thus by the Jesuit father mentioned,* where we

* San Juan de Diós is on the modern map about where they reached the arroyo. This stream flows east into the Gulf of California.

made camp at half past twelve.[22] The day's journey was five hours, during which we must have covered four and a half leagues.

This arroyo has many willows, poplars, and alders in its bed, and some pools of water. The soldiers told me that lower down it had much level land on both banks; and the California Indians, who went further down the arroyo than the soldiers, told me that lower down it runs with a good stream of water. This being the case it may be suitable for a mission. When we reached this arroyo we found a village of heathen, who fled as soon as they saw us. Our California Indians ran after them and caught a youth whom they brought to the camp, naked and all painted. He was regaled, in order to dispel the fear felt by him and the rest. We have had with us nearly all the way trees called cirios and cocobas. The California Indians are getting sick on our hands. As soon as I arrived I confessed one who is very ill.

March 26, Easter.[23]—I said Mass, which was attended by everybody, and we stopped until afternoon. I buried the Indian from Santa Gertrudis whom I confessed and gave extreme unction last night, and a cross was planted over his grave. This day I took the latitude, and it came out for me thirty degrees and forty-six minutes.*

At half-past two in the afternoon we set out toward the northwest, looking for the opposite coast,

* Crespi's latitudes are generally too high. This place is near latitude 30 degrees and 6 minutes.

the cacti and choyas of the Californias still following us. We entered the arroyo of Los Santos Mártires,* which has water and pasture and some willows in its bed, but lacks land for planting. We did not meet a single heathen in this place, although the reverend father president, when the second division of the expedition stopped here, saw a large number of them; but when they sent some California Christians to invite them in peace, they did not wait for the embassy, but fled, leaving behind them a bow and a quiver of arrows, which the Christians brought to him. Afterwards he succeeded in inducing an old heathen to come, who told him he wished to be a Christian. The father president sent him, with a messenger from Vellicatá, to Father Fray Miguel de la Campa, writing to him that since he had now a captain and forty heathen under catechism in the new mission of San Fernando de Vellicatá he might receive this old man into the number of catechumens. This afternoon's journey lasted three hours, during which we must have traveled as many leagues, and camp was made in the arroyo of Los Mártires.

March 27, Easter Monday.—I said Mass and it was attended by all the company. We started about three in the afternoon, notwithstanding that the day was cloudy and threatening rain. We followed the same arroyo, which is several leagues long, among high sierras; on leaving camp we went northeast, but after following the bends of the arroyo for a little

* A branch of the west-flowing Arroyo Rosario of today.

while it turned to the west-southwest. The only woods continue to be the sad cirio, and very spiny choyas and cocobas, the thistles of California. It began to rain, and we stopped, very wet, on the same arroyo, after traveling for two hours and probably making two leagues. Camp was made near some pools of water which we found in the arroyo named Los Mártires by the Jesuit above-mentioned.

The captain permitted me to put the poor bed which I carry inside his good tent, and in this way I was saved from getting wetter than I already was. We did not see a single heathen during the day's journey nor at the stopping place, but we did see many signs of them.

March 28, Easter Tuesday.—Dawn broke with rain, which had been falling all night. The altar was arranged inside the tent, but as it did not hold all the men most of them got wet while listening to the Mass that I said. The rain continued all day, and for that reason we did not start. Here seven California Indians fell ill. I confessed all of them, and as two became worse immediately I gave them extreme unction. One of them became unconscious, and there is little hope that he will live till morning.

March 29.—The day broke clear, and it was decided to depart as soon as the wet things should be dried. This morning the Indian whom I spoke of yesterday died. He belonged to the mission of San Ignacio. I buried him, and a cross was placed over his grave. The captain decided that the other

Indian, who is also very ill, shall be carried on a litter, and that the five who are not so ill shall return to their missions, with two or three of the well ones to accompany them.

At a quarter to eleven we set out from the camp, and after traveling a little way we left the arroyo, taking the road to the west-northwest; we climbed a pass, and between hills we descended to a dry arroyo. A little afterward the country opened up with some plains; but it was all sterile land, without any pasture, and without any other trees than the spiny cirios and the other cacti of California. The journey was made up entirely of ascents and descents for four hours and a quarter, during which time we must not have traveled more than three leagues, on account of the windings of the road. We did not meet a single heathen, but we did see signs of them.

We pitched camp in the arroyo called Las Palmas on account of its palm trees, some of which are very large. In this place we found no water, so they opened a bátequi,* although the soldiers immediately reported that about half a league farther down there was running water and pasture, and they took the horses there. A little after we arrived at the camp the five Indians who had been sent back on account of illness also arrived and reported that as soon as we left, ten well-armed heathen had sallied out on them, and through fear they had got up courage to follow us. The poor creatures seem to be better.

* A well dug in the sand.

This place the father president called Santiago in his diary. On this day's journey nine Christian California Indians ran away from us. May God guide them and repay them for the good service they have rendered us, for their loss will be very much felt by us.

March 30.—We rested this morning and at midday I had an opportunity to make observations, and the latitude came out thirty degrees and fifty minutes. At half-past one in the afternoon we broke camp, and after traveling a little entered another dry arroyo which has a palm or two. It was very annoying on account of the sand, which fatigued the animals. We descended through a small pass, and the country opened out wide, with some plains surrounded by hills, through which we came to another dry arroyo which I named San Angelo de Fulgino.

In this arroyo we pitched camp. We brought water in two barrels and in the leather bags for the use of the men, but the animals were left without any, although precaution had been taken to water them before we set out. After we arrived the soldiers said that lower down than where we stopped there was water enough for the men, although somewhat distant. This place the father president called Corpus Christi, because they arrived there on this solemn day. In the night a lion was heard to roar, the same as had happened at the four preceding camps.

When the Christian Indians arrived here they brought us an old heathen with a girl, a daughter

of his, ten or twelve years old; the man was totally naked, but the girl was modestly covered in front with some fibers woven together and behind with a deerskin hanging from the waist. The commander presented the girl with some strings of beads and some glass earrings. In this day's journey we left the cirios behind. The march lasted four hours, and we must have traveled three and a half leagues.

March 31.—At half-past seven we left camp, going straight to the north; we traveled up and down hills, and with a few turns we came to wind around to the north-northeast. In this journey I observed some change in the land, for although its sterility continued, yet I saw during the day some little trees with leaves similar to the cypress.

Upon descending a hill we found a village of more than ten houses. The people were roasting mescal, but as soon as they saw us they sprang up, leaving all their little utensils. Some soldiers went to catch them in order to allay their fears, but they could only overtake an old woman and three girls, the eldest of some twelve or fourteen years. They brought them, and it was seen that they all were modestly covered, and wore their civas on their heads. The captain gave them some beads, and sent them off to their village.

About half-past eleven we arrived at Arroyo de Los Alamos, so-called by the Jesuit father because of the large number of cottonwood trees on its banks. We made camp there after four hours' travel, during

which we must have covered three and half leagues. As the arroyo had no water they opened a bátequi, but after it had been opened the soldiers said that lower down there was running water in the arroyo and also good pasture.

Soon after our arrival here our neophytes came and brought us four large cakes of mescal, which were very savory and sweet. They gave them to me, saying that they had found in the sierra some twelve heathen who had given them the cakes to bring to me, with the message that on the following morning they would come to see me; but they did not keep their word. I divided three of the cakes among the neophytes and the other among the soldiers. The captain and I tasted it and it seemed to us a very rich preserve. It was made of mescal roasted, ground, and kneaded just like a loaf of bread. It is the staff of life for these heathen and those of the missions of northern California.

When the father president arrived at this place he and all the company saw a number of heathen, who, from the top of a small hill that was in sight, were standing looking at them. They made signals to them through the neophytes, telling them that they were friends and came in peace; that they should have no fear, and should come down to the camp and receive the gifts that they would make them; but with all this they did not wish to come.

Two or three of the Californians went toward them, but they immediately fled, and it was only

possible to catch one, who resisted so strongly that it was found necessary to tie him in order to bring him to camp, where he arrived trembling with fear. Being asked by the interpreters what his name was, he said it was Arajui. They gave him meat, tortilla, and dried figs to eat. He ate a little, but trembled with fear all the time; yet he continued to speak, and the interpreters said he gave it to be understood that he was sorry he had been spying upon them so long, but that he had been sent by his chief to keep watch upon them, so that when they went forward his chief, with all of his village together, and four other chiefs with their villages, might conceal themselves along the road and fall upon them, to kill the father and all his company, no matter how many there might be. As a reward for exposing this crime our people entertained him as liberally as they could, and sent him to tell his chief and the rest how well they had treated him, and that all should come and see our people, who were friends and came in peace. They did not permit themselves to be seen close by, but when our people took up the next day's march they saw many heathen standing on several hill-tops looking at them; but they never allowed themselves to be seen close up. What I shall relate below happened after they had made the day's march which follows:

April 1.—At eight o'clock in the morning we set out from this arroyo of Los Alamos, directly to the north, through a long range of hills, and along one

of the best roads that we have had for many days. Exactly at twelve noon we arrived at La Cieneguilla, the day's march having lasted four hours, in which we must have traveled as many leagues.

Up to here we have followed the route of the Jesuit, Father Linc, as we were assured by some of the soldiers who are accompanying us, and who went on the exploration with that father; but from here we shall have to take another route, to the opposite coast. This Cieneguilla mentioned is at the foot of a high sierra. When we arrived at this place we found some small pools of water, but only enough to serve for the people, so they opened a well. After digging a little, sufficient water was found for the horses, and there was a little pasture for them. This afternoon the weather darkened, with a thick fog and a northwest wind, and the cold so intense that we could scarcely endure it. The whole afternoon was spent in trying to make altar breads for celebrating Mass, but not one could be taken out. Here one soldier and an Indian neophyte fell sick, and according to the way they describe it they will have to be carried on a litter, like the other whom they have been carrying for days.

When the father president arrived at this place with the second division of the expedition they were obliged to endure the annoyance of having many heathen gather about them, over forty altogether. They were all armed and very noisy, obstructing the passage of the pack train and the horses. Being

asked by the neophytes who served as interpreters what they wanted, they replied that they did not wish that they should go on, and that they wanted to fight. As no arguments sufficed to quiet them and give a chance to catch the animals, the governor ordered the soldiers to fire, not to kill anyone, but in the air, and by this means they were made to go away and leave them in peace.

After leaving La Cieneguilla our people saw on the summit of the hills many armed heathen. As there was a bad and narrow pass in front, and being fearful that the heathen would fall upon them, they made ready with their leather-jackets and arms, but nothing happened, and it turned out to be a false alarm, although well-founded. A little while after leaving these heathen behind twelve appeared in the road, but apparently they were from a different village and of a different temper, for they proved to be very affable and friendly, offering to accompany our people and show them the camping place, which they did, and our people rewarded them the best they could.

April 2, Dominica in albis.—I could not say Mass for lack of altar breads, for, as I said yesterday, after working all the afternoon it was impossible to produce even one that would serve. We halted to-day to give time to the explorers to examine watering places towards the opposite coast, and if possible by means of the many tracks that are to be seen, to find some heathen, with the object of

obtaining from them some knowledge of the country and the watering places. I took the latitude of this place and it proved to be thirty degrees and fifty-six minutes. This afternoon an effort was made to make altar breads, with some success.

April 3, Feast of the Annunciation.—I said Mass, which all attended, and about ten o'clock we broke camp, going north-northwest, guided by two[24] heathen whom the explorers succeeded in finding yesterday, although one of them ran away from us at the beginning of the march and the one that was left was only a boy of some fourteen years. The neophytes are carrying the three sick men, one soldier and two Indians, on litters. After traveling half an hour we entered an arroyo without water, and along it we continued to a beautiful plain of good land, about a quarter of a league wide and two leagues long. About half of it is good land but the rest is sandy.[25]

In the good land at the foot of the hills of the opposite coast much verdure is to be seen. When they reached this place the father president told one of the Christian neophytes who went with the second division of the expedition, that in that green spot there must be plenty of water, and he named the place Santa Humiliana. Although the land continues to be sterile as before, yet a difference is perceived, for now some live oaks are met with, although small, and some wild date palms. The day's journey occupied four hours, during which we

must have traveled about three leagues. The entire march has been along the skirt of a high range. We found on the road three streams of running water, and grass for the animals. In one of them we saw many sycamores. The camp halted on another arroyo with running water and sufficient pasturage for the animals and which I named San Ricardo.

During the day's journey two villages were observed, but not a heathen allowed himself to be seen, although there were many signs of them. From a high hill in this place the sea of the opposite coast is visible; they say it must be about ten leagues distant.

April 4.—We set out from this place at ten in the morning, after experiencing a sharp frost. Going northwest by west, we traveled through the range, ascending and descending slopes of pure earth, for only in a few places were any stones to be seen. On one of these slopes we saw signs of an abandoned village, but although we saw many paths beaten down by heathen, not one permitted himself to be seen during the whole day's march, which occupied four hours and three quarters, and during which we probably traveled four leagues through rough country. We stopped in a plain well covered with grass. Running through it there is an arroyo of good water which flows according to the slope of the land. It has plenty of moist ground, and of all the country traversed up to here it is the best, for it has a beautiful grove of cottonwoods and

willows. Camp was made under a very large white cottonwood near the arroyo, which I named San Isidro, because we arrived there on this saint's day.*

Although we did not see any heathen in this place nor during the march, the people of the second division of the expedition saw many, for the twelve that I said offered to accompany them did so. As soon as they left the camp they found their village of very well built houses, and these heathen, with others who accompanied them, went leaping down a declivity that followed, running, shouting, and going from one side of the road to the other with joyful shouts. As the road was bad and narrow, they impeded them, though their intention was good, for the animals were frightened and there was danger that they would hurl themselves over the precipice. They were told that this was enough, and that our people were satisfied with their hilarious demonstrations of friendship; but they repeated their gift of mescales to the neophytes, and, as the uproar was such that they neither heard nor understood, it went on just the same, and the loss of time continued.

Their chief was now called and ordered to control his people. He did endeavor to quiet and collect them, but succeeded only in part. Finally the governor, who went ahead, fell back and made his

* San Isidro is still on the map in the same locality, near the upper waters of Río Santo Domingo.

request more forcibly. Seeing that this was not enough, he was compelled to discharge a gun into the air, but without wounding anyone. Frightened by the sound, they ceased and retired. Shortly after their arrival at the arroyo three of these heathen, with no other arms than their pipes in their hands, presented themselves, saying that from the preceding camp word had been sent to them to welcome the Spaniards in peace, for they were all good people, and in fact they did so.

The second division of the expedition arrived at this arroyo on the day of San Fernando, king of Castile, for which reason they named it San Fernando.

April 5 we rested, in order to give time to the explorers to look for a pass by which to get through the high range ahead of us. At this place I buried one of the California Indians from the mission of San Ignacio, to whom I administered the holy sacraments of penance and extreme unction, and over his grave we left a cross planted. On account of this stop I had an opportunity to make an observation, and the latitude came out thirty-one degrees and five minutes.

April 6.—At a quarter past eight in the morning we set out from this place, going west-northwest, and after a little while entered an arroyo between very high and rough hills. We then turned northwest, traveling along a declivity at the bottom of which we saw an arroyo grown with cottonwoods.

We went on thus over rough and stony country, and afterward entered a valley with some level ground, well covered with grass and crossed by an arroyo with a good deal of water, which we conjectured to be the same as San Isidro, and which flows with the slope of the ground. The medium-sized plain of this valley appears to be of good land, and in places it shows that it has some moisture by different herbs, and by amarinths, some of which were gathered to eat. In the bed of the arroyo there are many cottonwoods, alders, willows, some pines, live oaks, and wild grapes.

We pitched camp in a high valley that happens to be there, with plenty of pasture and water for the animals. The march occupied three hours and a half, during which we must have traveled three leagues without encountering a single heathen, although we saw many signs of them. I called this place the valley and arroyo of San Vicente Ferrer, and the father president, who stopped in it with the second division of the expedition, called it Santa Petronilla. In this place they succeeded in seeing eleven heathen who went to visit them, and seemed to be very mild and docile. They gave them food and tobacco, for which they all brought their pipes. They were very grateful for this and went away well pleased with our people.

April 7.—We rested to-day while the captain with eight soldiers went to explore and to see if they could find water in order to make the march,

and whether we could get out of this rough mountain range.

April 8.—We left the valley at eight in the morning, taking the road to the north-northwest. After about one league of travel we came to a large arroyo, or river, with plenty of running water, and in the short space of the league traveled over we saw nine large wolves all told. This little river has a good width. The water that runs in it is well closed in, and the bed is so crowded with cottonwoods and willows that not only on the banks but also in the middle it was necessary to cut trees in order to cross it, which it was necessary to do nine times, for the high mountains on both sides gave no chance for anything else. On entering the river the direction turns to the west-southwest, for the course of the river is from east-southeast to west-southwest. The march occupied four hours and a quarter, during which we must have traveled three leagues. We made camp on the bank of the river, on a little eminence on which there is a large live oak and good grass for the horses. I named this river San Dionisio.

April 9, Second Sunday after Easter.[26]—I said Mass and we halted to rest, in order to give time for them to go early to-morrow and repair a bad pass which the explorers say lies ahead. I took the latitude of this place and it proved to be thirty-one degrees and eight minutes.

April 10.—Early in the morning I said Mass in order to give the viaticum to the soldier Guillermo, to whom I also gave extreme unction. He is very ill with a pain in the side, and for days they have been carrying him on a litter. At nine o'clock we set out from the camp, following the course of the river, which is to the west-southwest.[27] We followed it for about three-quarters of a league and crossed it three times. At the last crossing it is spotted with a sandy stretch and fewer trees. It has a fall, near which there is an opening in the country, with a spacious plain. This morning they repaired the trail up the very high ridge which we have to climb.

The plain passed, we began to climb the ridge, going northwest. We climbed to the top, but other higher ridges followed. After ascending the last one we thought we made out the sea, but it was not so, because this eminence was behind a very deep ravine and some medium-sized ranges, and another chain of hills,[28] not less lofty than those already passed. After having climbed so high we found ourselves again descending to the foot of the sierra, where we saw a leafy, verdure-grown arroyo, with a good stream of water, in which there is a large pasture and better water for the horses. The march lasted three hours and a half, and we probably traveled two leagues. All the ranges and hills that we crossed in this march are clothed in fragrant rosemary, with many small trees that resemble cypresses, junipers,

small oaks, some pines, and other trees not known to us; and we now found very few stones, so many of which we have traveled over in California and on the whole stretch up to here. We pitched camp on a mesa at the side of the arroyo mentioned, which I named San León, after the saint whose day we celebrate to-morrow.

A little while after our arrival the Indian neophytes from California, who follow on foot, came bringing a heathen Indian with three girls and a baby, all much exhausted. The girls were modestly covered behind with skins of coyote and deer, and in front with fibers well woven together; but the boy had no more clothing than nature gives, which is the only kind that the men use. Hanging from their hair they had snails[29] and seashells. The captain gave them some beads and ribbons, but I had nothing for them. They were given food and were with us all the afternoon, in great good humor. They are very poor, for it seems that the land lacks food, especially mescales.

When the father president reached this place he examined the arroyo downstream for about a league, and ascended a high hill to see what there was to be seen. It seemed to him that farther down, in the direction of the opposite coast, there were lands well covered with grass and good for planting, and which could be irrigated with water from the arroyo, which has a grove of cottonwoods and live oaks and many Castilian roses. The father president

named it the Arroyo de San Andrés Hispelo, alias El Agua de Nuestra Seráfica Religión.

Before leaving this place I buried an Indian named Manuel Valladares,* of the mission of San Ignacio, to whom I administered the holy sacraments of penance and extreme unction. I felt his death very keenly, for he had served me as interpreter. A cross was planted over his grave. *Anima ejus requiescat in pace.*

April 11.—At one in the afternoon we set out from this place, going toward the northwest. After traveling a little while through ravines, ascending and descending, the road turned. Coming out of the ravines we entered a dry arroyo, and through it came to a large plain. Afterwards we came to a mesa, and the road again turned to the west-southwest. After four hours' traveling we climbed a high hill which has some grass but with water only in a little pool in a small arroyo. We halted near it, but the animals will be left without water for there is scarcely enough for the men.

The land on this day's march, during which we made about four leagues, continued sterile and with little pasture. The cocoba has followed us through all the marches up to the present, but here there was not even any firewood for our use. Up to this place a heathen boy had followed us, but here he was joined by another from the neighborhood and the two disappeared. The captain had clothed him

* A place called Valladares is still on the map in the same vicinity.

and I was already catechizing him and believed that he would reach baptism, judging by the signs that he gave.

April 12.—At seven o'clock we set out from this place toward the southwest, and entered a spacious plain in the mountains. Afterwards we traveled along extensive ranges of hills, not at all rough, but without pasture or water, or a sign of it. The march lasted two hours and we must have traveled about as many leagues. We did not see a single heathen, although we saw many signs of them. We stopped at the end of the two leagues because we found a little grass for the animals, and to give the explorers an opportunity to look for water, for the horses have not drunk since day before yesterday, and there is no water left for us in the leather bags. I called this place San Angelo de Clavacio, but the father president, who also stopped here, called it San Pacifico.

The explorers set forth and soon returned with the glad news that about a league away they had found running water in an arroyo. They immediately took the barrels and all the leather bags, and also the animals, so that they might drink their fill there.

April 13.—At about a quarter to ten we started towards the northwest, and traveled over ridges of the mountains, which are not rough. The land continues sterile, without trees, but with large patches of grass. At the end of two leagues we encountered

many mescales, the largest we have seen on the trip, and in such abundance that they gave no room for the animals to step. Among them were many patches of cocoba, which has not been lacking the whole way. After traveling four hours and a half, during which we must have made four leagues, we descended to a large valley, also crowded with mescales. We pitched camp at the beginning of the plain, to the east of it, where some grass was found but no water at all, and we only brought a little in the leather bags. As soon as we arrived the explorers went out in search of water, and came back with the report that to the west of the valley they had found a large pond of good water. This place was immediately named La Poza de San Telmo.

April 14.—We rested in the morning with the intention of moving to the pond. At twelve I took the latitude, which was thirty-one degrees and seventeen[30] minutes. At half-past four in the afternoon we left camp, crossing the valley from east to west. On departing from this place we left behind the groves of mescal, which had been very annoying to the animals. We crossed many paths well beaten by heathen, and saw many coyotes, deer, and antelopes, of these last a band of nine together. At nine o'clock at night we arrived at the pond, the march having lasted four hours and a half, during which we must have traveled about four leagues over land as level as the palm of the hand. Before reaching the pond,

which lies to the west of it, this plain is all well covered with grass, among which we saw some patches of tule whence water flowed. At the end of the plain is the pond, near a narrow pass formed by the hills to the west.

The water in the pond is fresh and clear, and it must be about a hundred and fifty varas long and twenty wide, and so deep that on the second division of the expedition a diver who went in close to the bank, after having been under water as long as he could bear it, came out saying he had not been able to reach the bottom. There are some fish in it, the most abundant being small turtles, about a handbreadth in size, of which they caught some. I did not see any heathen; the explorers said they had seen four, but as soon as they saw them they ran away. The reverend father president says that when he stopped at this pond he saw many heathen on a high hill, one of whom came down to the camp and gave account of the first expedition, telling them that we had stopped near the sea, but very far away. He adds that from a high hill they made out the sea, which seemed to them to be about four leagues distant, and through a pass in the mountains they saw something like a harbor or bay. The father president named this pond Los Santos Mártires Gorgonienses, but it previously had been given the name of San Telmo.* While there I took the

* The San Telmo of to-day is in the same vicinity but nearer the coast.

latitude, which was thirty-one degrees and eleven minutes—seven minutes less than yesterday's camping place, on account of our having changed our direction in our day's march in order to reach the pond.

April 15.—This day was set aside for rest and to allow the animals to enjoy the good pasture and water while the explorers go to look for a camping place for to-morrow's journey. They brought the sick soldier as far as this place on a litter. Thank God, he is now better and able to continue on horseback. Four Indians, neophytes of the mission of San Borja, ran away from us here. May God save them from misfortune.

April 16, Third Sunday after Easter.[31]—After Mass we set out from this pond at half-past eight, going north. After traveling a little way we veered to the north-northeast, but afterwards we kept on to the north during the whole march, which occupied four hours and a half, during which we must have traveled about three leagues. On this march the mescales, cocobas, choyas, and other California cacti continued. We descended by a path well beaten by heathen, to a green and leafy valley, entirely surrounded by hills. It must be a little more than a league long and about a quarter of a league wide. It has plenty of grass and the land is good, although it gives signs of being alkaline. We pitched camp near good water, although we could see no current. Towards the opposite coast we saw cottonwoods,

alders, willows, and other trees. The explorers said that to the northwest of this valley there is another and better plain with running water. I called to-day's camping place San Rafael, to whom I pray this day.

As soon as we arrived the explorers started to look for the camping place for to-morrow, and on their return they told us about the other valley. They brought one heathen man, two women, and a boy; the man was naked and painted all over, and horrible to behold; the women were modestly covered, as I said of the rest. We wished them to serve as guides to the watering places, but we could accomplish nothing because our neophytes did not understand any of their language. The commander made them presents of beads, ribbons, and some gourd cups, and with this sent them off, very well pleased.

The reverend father president says in his diary that when they arrived at this place they saw a little grove and many heathen in it. One of them came down to the camp, bringing a stick in one hand and a timbrel in the other. They welcomed him with much attention and gave him food, but he would not taste it by any manner of means, although, in order to remove his suspicions, our people tasted it first. He gave them to understand that he was the dancer of that country, and that he could not eat without dancing first, and that if they would give him permission he would dance. They consented,

and he began to dance and to play the timbrel. When the soldiers gave him some food he told them to put it in the center, and then changing his tone, he danced around it. Not content with this, he danced around all the packs, making a turn about the camp; having done this he had now the general permission to eat it all. He said that the first people, who had gone farther on, had stopped in this place, and that he offered to accompany them if they wished, but on condition that they would allow him to dance[32] the whole way. They told him "Yes." Being asked what he was called, he replied "Matiropi"; and the father president said to him; "Well, from now on you will be called Bailón,* reserving the name Pascual until you are baptized." He remained in the camp until the hour of departure, when he ran off like a deer to the hills and they saw him no more. The father president named this place Santa Margarita.

April 17.—At eight in the morning we left the camping place, going north, and after traveling a short distance the road turned northwest. The day's march occupied five hours and a half, during which we traveled about five leagues, all through level land, but sterile, and with cacti like the preceding. The mountains on the sides were very high and bare, with here and there a small tree. We came to another valley which has a large, very green plain, and a large pond of salty water, although

* Great dancer.

it has some that is fresh and potable. It appears that the entire plain is full of alkali. I named it San Bernabé.

April 18.—At eight in the morning we set out from this valley, going north-northeast, and after traveling a short distance the road turned to the northwest. At one league we found two little houses of heathen, with only one old man, of whom we inquired by signs where there was water. Taking up his bow and arrows he went ahead to guide us, but although he was given meat and tortilla he did not wish to eat.

Here the country begins to open, with meadows and hills stretching out, but the land continues with the same sterility and without firewood. After four hours' travel, in which we must have made about four[33] leagues, we came to a very large plain, with damp or marshy land, all clothed in green grass, and the old heathen showed us near a hill some little pools of fresh water, and good water for the animals. He was asked if he wished to accompany us farther, and he said "No." The commander made him a present of some beads, and he went back home well pleased.

Through this place runs an arroyo with many cottonwoods, alders, and willows, and the plain stretches from north to southwest. It has arable land with plenty of moisture and is even marshy. We crossed the arroyo and saw some water running. It may be that lower down it runs with more volume.

I named this spot the Marsh of Santa Isabel, Queen of Hungary, and the father president named it Güido de Cortona. Everybody thought it was a good site for a mission. I observed the latitude, which came out thirty-two degrees.

April 19.—At eight in the morning we set out from the camping place toward the northwest, veering to the west. The journey lasted five hours and a half, in which we must have traveled about five leagues, over a bad road of ups and downs and gorges. We now found the mountains and hills covered with some small trees similar to the juniper, and small oaks, but the land continued sterile and without grass. Many signs of heathen have been seen which indicate that the country is well populated, although the people do not permit themselves to be seen. At five leagues we came to an arroyo full of alders and plenty of grass, but without water, for which reason it was given the name of Arroyo Seco de los Alisos, although the second division called it San Nazario. We stopped near the arroyo, comforted by the fact that we had brought water for the people in the barrels and leather bags, though the animals were left without any.

April 20.—At seven o'clock we left the dry arroyo, taking the road to the northwest. The first part of the march was through gorges and over medium-sized hills. After traveling one league, when we were on the top of the last hill we saw the sea on the opposite coast, distant from us about a

quarter of a league, but, although we desired to go down to the shore, the high, steep mountain gave us no chance, and so we took the road to descend to a valley in which we found plenty of grass, and water in a little pool used by the heathen. We made camp on a mesa near the little pool, the day's journey having covered two leagues. The pool had water, but was so deep that the animals could not drink from it, so they found it necessary to open a hole, from which a little water was obtained. Shortly afterwards, down the valley, they found running water under some trees, with which the animals satisfied their thirst. I named the valley Beato Jacobo Ilírico, choosing this saint for its patron. The father president, who passed it on the day of San Antonio, named it San Antonio de los Trabajos, on account of the troubles they had suffered from want of water. I observed the latitude and it came out thirty-two degrees and eight minutes.

April 21.—At half-past six in the morning we set out from the camping place, after burying an Indian neophyte from the mission of Santa Gertrudis, who died after receiving the holy sacrament of penance and extreme unction; above his grave I fixed a cross. On setting out we took the road to the north, and after traveling a short time we entered another arroyo full of alders and with good pasture. The march occupied three hours, during which we must have traveled as many leagues. We halted in the same arroyo, which has running water, and which

I called the Alders and Spring of San Anselmo, and which the father president named San Basilio. I did not see in it or in its vicinity any land on which the water could be used.

April 22.—At eight in the morning we set out from the camp, traveling to the north-northeast. After going a little way we turned to the north and traveled a league and a half through valleys and over steep hills bare of trees, but very passable. We finally made out a large valley, but in order to go down to it we had to cross a very bad ridge, high and steep, but entirely of earth, so that the animals sank in half way up to their bodies. We descended to the plain, which had a length from north to south of about two leagues, and a width of about half a league. We camped in the middle of it near a spring, one of two which it has, about a stone's throw apart. By means of them the fertile land of the plain could easily be irrigated, and a good mission founded in it.

When we left camp this morning our neophytes went to the shore. They came back late to the next camp, saying that the beach is near, and that an arroyo discharges into it, coming out of the side of the plain nearest the other coast, where we saw many trees. I called this plain San Francisco Solano. I observed its latitude, and it is in thirty-two degrees and ten minutes. There is enough pasture on the plain for the animals, and all the hills are green with the grass which covers them.

The second expedition stopped at this place on the day of San Antonio de Pádua, for which reason the father president named it the Valley of San Antonio. He states in his diary that he explored it carefully, accompanied by the sergeant of the Leather-jacket Company, Don Francisco de Ortega, examining the large cottonwood grove that this valley has to the west-northwest, towards the shore. He says there are many cottonwoods and live oaks of all sizes, some of them very large. They saw in the grove a large marsh with many tules, and a channel of running water more than a buey deep. They could not go on to explore farther down lest some heathen should be killed. As a matter of fact, near the tules they encountered three heathen women, with whom they did not stop, but went on with the object of finding the source of the water. Before reaching it a band of heathen appeared on the summit of the hills and shouted at them. They called to them in peace to come down without fear, but they kept up their shouting. By the signs they made it was understood that they were telling the Spaniards to turn back. Seeing that they did not do so, a well-armed Indian scrambled down and ran in front, making gestures as though he wished to fight, and compelling the sergeant to make ready with his leather jacket and shield. The father president, seeing the danger to the life of the heathen, thought it was best to go back without finding the source of the water, postponing the search till a

better occasion. But, according to what he saw of the valley, it seemed to him, as it did to me, a suitable site for a large mission.

April 23, Fourth Sunday after Easter.[34]—After Mass was said we left the place, about eight in the morning, going straight north. Having left the plain we traveled over a hill and through a pass, in which we found a great many stones for building if a settlement should be made there. The whole ascent and descent, which is not very rough, is full of live oaks. After two hours' travel we came to another medium-sized valley, about a league long, which runs from northeast to southeast, all of very good land, with a good deal of marsh and wet land, and so much verdure that at first sight it looked like a cornfield. In the highest part of the valley there are many willows and tules. In the midst of this pleasant place there is a good pool of water, which runs for same distance within the green grove where it seems to sink. Although this water is very hot, almost as soon as it strikes the air it cools, and it is very good. Besides this water there are two other little pools of cold water from springs. Everybody thought it a suitable place for a settlement. I named it the Valley and Marsh of San Jorje, and the father president, who also stopped there, called it San Atenógenes, for the bishop and martyr, in deference to the sergeant, who has a very special devotion to this saint.

In the afternoon the captain went out with eight soldiers to explore and look for a camping place

for to-morrow. They returned, saying that on the summit of a high hill about three leagues from the place they descried the sea, which beat upon the cliffs of that hill, and that it formed a very large bay with two islands in the middle, which we inferred to be the bay of Todos Santos. But they observed that the mountain range which followed was higher, precipitous and close to the sea, and had no pass, and also that the road to the north which we were following was taking us to the precipice, without any possibility of descending to the shore. For this reason it was necessary to stop here while the explorers looked for a road and water in another direction.

April 24.—The explorers set out early in the morning. In the afternoon they returned with the report that they had found a way out and a water-hole at which to camp; but in the night it became cloudy, and began to rain hard, with a northwest wind which continued all night.

April 25.—The day broke raining, and it continued all day and the next night, so that we could not leave the place.

April 26.—The day dawned clear, but in order to give an opportunity somewhat to dry the clothing that had been wet, we did not leave until half-past ten in the morning, when we started northeast,[35] turning our steps to the north after going a short distance. The march lasted three hours and a half, and covered three leagues of hard travel, during

which we crossed hills grown with groves of small oak and other trees not known to us. During the entire day's journey we did not see a single heathen, though we did see trails well beaten by them. We reached the watering place that the explorers had found. It is an arroyo which has grass and some water, with some live oaks, alders, and other little trees which we did not know, but nothing else worth notice. I named it Los Santos Mártires Clete y Marcelino, and the father president, who also stopped there, called it San Gervacio.

April 27.—We set out from the camping place at eleven in the morning, carrying water for our use in the two barrels and all the leather bags, as a precaution against the chance that the next camping place might not have any. We went directly to the north and traveled three hours, in which we must have made about two leagues, all ups and downs. After surmounting the first hill we descended to a dry arroyo which has some live oaks and alders, and pitched camp in a hollow without water. The explorers went out to look for some and to ascertain whether the very high mountain which we have close to us is very rough, and if there is any pass. They returned dissatisfied with their examination, saying that they had not found water and that the mountains ahead of us to the north do not permit passage on account of their roughness. We therefore have to content ourselves with the water that we brought as a precaution, and the animals with

the grass which, thank God, there is in this place. They will drink water when some is found.

April 28.—Early in the morning the explorers started out to see if they could find water in another direction, for it was now badly needed by everybody. At the same time the captain decided that the pilot, Don José Cañizares, should go out with six soldiers to explore at closer range, and ascertain whether the mountain[36] gave any chance to descend to the shore. Both bands spent the whole day in their respective explorations. In the evening they returned, the first ones saying they had found a small spring of water about half a league behind the camp; and the pilot bringing the report that from a high hill they had seen the beach, which is a bay; that in it there are some islands; that he believed the descent could be made to the shore; but that in all the country he had traveled over he had not found water or any signs of it.

April 29.—We started early in the morning, turning back about half a league from this hollow to the little spring of water that I said yesterday the explorers had found. It is in a very deep dry run[37] with live oaks and alders. It has plenty of pasture for the animals, but although the spring has a sufficient flow of water, the animals could not drink from it; and even for the men it was very difficult. For this reason they opened a well, and enough flowed out for all, with which, thanks to God, we were relieved. I named this place the Spring of

San Pedro Mártir, and the father president, who stopped here, named it Santa Miguelina. In the afternoon the captain went out with ten soldiers to examine the bay and see if there is a passage by the beach, and to look for watering places, in order to continue the journey.

April 30.—We rested in this place until the captain should come back from his explorations. I celebrated Mass, because it is the fifth Sunday after Easter. In the afternoon the captain returned well pleased, saying there is a passage along the shore of the bay, over level land all the way and with plenty of water and pasture for all, God be thanked and may He guide us on our way.

May 1, Feast of the Holy Apostles San Felipe and Santiago.—I said Mass in the presence of everybody. Then we set out from the camp, going west-southwest, carrying water in the barrels and leather bags because the next watering place can not be reached to-day. The journey lasted five hours, through very rough gorges and with ups and downs. After about an hour's travel we saw the bay from a height and continued our way to it. We stopped in a hollow, in level land now, on the way to the beach. While descending the last slope we heard some heathen shouting and saw them raising a great cloud of dust. As soon as they saw us they turned back and ran at great speed, like deer. We stopped in the hollow, about a league before reaching the bay, having traveled about three leagues. I named

the place the Hollow of the Holy Apostles. We had no water here except what they carried, and the animals, though they had good pasture, went without drinking.

May 2.—We started early in the morning towards the northwest, over level land, and after traveling a league we came to the shore of the bay, having crossed a ravine about half way. The day's march occupied three full hours, and we pitched camp on a high spot in a ravine formed by the first curve of the bay, about two hundred yards from the water of the sea. It is a delightful place, all of level land, well covered with green grass, and near the hills, which are not very high. There are some trees in an arroyo to the west which has no water. But there is plenty of it in some large pools, and although one of them is salty, the rest are of good water. I named the place Holy Cross of the Pools of the Bay of Todos Santos,* and the father president called it the Visitation of Nuestra Señora María Santísima. On reaching this place we found a village of heathen near one of the pools of water. But as soon as they descried us they fled with their arms to the hill, and although the captain called to them, making signs to them that they should come without fear, as we were friends and peaceable people, he accomplished nothing except that they shouted to us from above and made signs that we should turn back.

* The bay still has the same name.

May 3, Feast of the Holy Cross.—I said Mass in the presence of everybody. We rested this day in order to permit the explorers to lay out the road for the following march, while the horses enjoyed the good pasture and the abundance of water. I took the latitude and it came out thirty-two degrees and fourteen minutes.

May 4, Great Feast of the Ascension of Christ.—I said Mass in the presence of everybody, and at nine o'clock we broke camp, going northwest. On leaving the place we made a circuit around a range of hills that descend to this first curve of the bay, and at the end of the first hour we found ourselves again on the seashore. We proceeded along the shore the rest of the march, which lasted three hours and a half, all over good level land, until we struck a hill which juts out into the sea. It has on its skirt a green hollow, with several pools of fresh good water, and we made camp near it. We called it the Pools of Santa Mónica, and the father president named it Village of San Juan. Our explorers found in this place a large village which we did not find later on our arrival, doubtless[38] because the inhabitants hid themselves in the hills through fear. The second division of the expedition found them, and the reverend father says in his diary that they were with them all day; that they were Indians of good appearance, affable and cheerful; and that they were much in love with these good-looking heathen. They gave the Spaniards fish and mussels, for which they

went to fish in their little canoes; and they danced for them in their fashion to entertain them, and begged them to remain there a second night. The mules caused the natives much fear and astonishment, and even when they were in the midst of our people, in perfect confidence, if they saw the mules come near they all trembled, and calling out "mula, mula," a term which they quickly learned, they tried to get away. In order to quiet them one of our men had to get up, take hold of the mules, and lead them aside. The men all go about naked, with quivers on their shoulders, while on their heads they wear a kind of crown made of skins of beaver and other animals. They wear their hair cut like perukes and daubed with white and green with some taste. The women go modestly covered with woven fibers and skins. The bay has two islands in the middle of its mouth, and answers the description given to it by the pilot Cabrera Bueno.

May 5 and 6 we rested in this place to give time for the explorers to examine the country and look for water for the succeeding journeys.

May 7.—To-day, Sunday, after Mass was said, we started from this place about half-past seven in the morning, taking the road to the north in order to go to the watering place which the explorers had found. For a short distance we followed a very stony arroyo, and then climbed a very steep and stony slope. After an hour's journey we again saw the sea, though it was far away. We crossed a very

green arroyo, full of alders and live oaks, but without water. After traveling four hours and a half, during which we must have made four leagues over hills and slopes, we came to a large valley with a great deal of pasture, trees at its ends, and a stream of water running among the tules. It has a good pool of water, and some live oaks.[39] We made camp in the shade of a very large one, near the arroyo. I called this place the Valley of San Estanislao, and the father president called it San Juan Bautista.

I observed the latitude and it was found to be thirty-two degrees and eighteen minutes. During this march some heathen shouted from some hills. Seeing that we paid no attention to them they followed us, but at a distance, and keeping on the tops of the hills. We came to the camping place and they stopped on the last hill, continuing their shouts and making motions with their hands for us to go away. There were about thirty of them, armed with bows and arrows. The captain signaled them to come to the camp, showing them the beads and ribbons; but there was no way to induce them to come down or to be quiet, so they kept on in this way, we paying no attention to them, until sunset, when they gave a great halloo and went off.

May 8.—At half-past seven in the morning we left the camp, taking the road to the west-northwest. As soon as we abandoned the spot we heard a joyful shouting, and saw that they were the heathen, the

same number that we saw yesterday afternoon. They immediately went down to see if we had left anything and then, divided in two bands, they began to run to the summits of the hills that skirt the valley we were crossing. After half a league's travel it became necessary for us to ascend a pass, and then go through a narrow opening between hills. At the narrowest place we saw the heathen, who were almost above us and within gunshot. Seeing this, the captain ordered the pack train to halt, close up, put on their leather jackets, take their arms in their hands, and forming in a file, to maintain silence and pay attention to the movements and orders that he might give them. They did this instantly. As soon as the heathen, who numbered twenty-nine, and were apparently the same as those of yesterday, with their quivers of arrows, saw this movement, they halted a little beyond gunshot, divided in two bands. Half of them were on a knoll and the other half on the slope of the hill with bows and arrows in their hands, ready to draw the bow. One of them shouted at us, making motions with his hands, now up and now down, now to one side and now to the other. We kept this position about half an hour. At this juncture one of them slid down the slope of the hill, as though he wished to go behind some bushes where the horses were, in the rear of the file of soldiers, where I also was awaiting the outcome of the show.

Seeing this, the captain, who was in the band[40] of soldiers, went out with four of them, and little

by little crept up to where the heathen was sliding down. As soon as he saw them the Indian rushed off at full speed to the place where the others were. The captain halted in the file, watching the movements of the Indians, who continued shouting. When one wearied another continued with his harangue while our men, with their eyes fixed upon them, remained quiet and awaited the orders of the captain. After a short time three of the band that was standing on top of the hill let themselves down little by little, but they never came within gunshot. And all three shot their arrows into the air; they fell near the captain, who ordered a soldier to fire and he fired himself. Thank God, there was no casualty, for they were not within range, as I said, and the firing was done only to frighten them and to prevent deaths. It did in fact serve this purpose, for as soon as they heard the shot they all fled, and did not stop until they reached the summit of the hill which was near the knoll; but from there, where they considered themselves safe, they kept up their shouting as before, while our people did not move or utter a word. We stood in this way about two long hours, until they grew tired, and, giving one yell, passed behind the hill. Some time having elapsed during which we did not see them, we again took up the march, until we came in sight of a very green valley with an abundance of water; but it was very deep, with a long, high, and even steep descent.

It was already three o'clock in the afternoon, and we did not know at what point we could get down

into the valley, so the commander ordered camp pitched on a very spacious mesa near the beach, having an abundance of grass and mescales, until they could find a way to descend into the valley, whence water could be brought up for the use of the people, letting the animals wait until the following day. About three in the afternoon we halted on the mesa, which I called San Juan Bautista, about one league before reaching the valley. As soon as we arrived we saw the twenty-nine heathen on a height, some distance off, who did not go away until sunset.

May 9.—Early in the morning we set out from the mesa. We went west-northwest, and after traveling a short distance descried the very deep green valley. We descended its long steep slope, all of earth or dust, into which the animals sank so that they seemed to be sliding rather than walking. As soon as we began to descend into the valley it looked to us like a mission already established, both on account of the verdure, which resembled a cornfield, and because the many little Indian houses which appeared to us like a town. The moment the heathen saw us they broke into an uproar, all coming out of their houses and running to some knolls, most of them not stopping until they reached a hill on the other side of the valley. At the foot of the slope we found a large running arroyo, with many tules in it, amid which there is a great deal of water in pools.

We halted near the middle of the valley, not very far from the little houses of the heathen. After camp was pitched, seeing that the heathen remained on the knoll and the hill that I spoke of, and did not come down to the village, the captain approached them with two soldiers and without going down to the village called to those on the knoll and the hill which I mentioned, and to those who were nearer. He made signs to them not to be afraid and to come down, as he wished to give them presents, showing them a piece of cloth and a ribbon, but they did not move. Instead they made signs that he should leave these things and go away, and they would come down and take them. Complying, the captain left them on the ground and retired to the camp, when one of the natives went down and got them, leaving three arrows fixed in the ground. Near them he left a fish net, to repay the gift and as a sign of peace. The captain went and took it, expressing his thanks by signs, and inviting them again to come down to the camp. By this three of them were now encouraged to come to the camp, but with arms in their hands. They were caressed and entertained as much as possible. Encouraged by this, everybody came down, men, women, boys and girls, to their little houses or to the camp. They were all given presents and they reciprocated with roasted sardines. They told us, as we understood perfectly by the signs, that they had seen two barks pass by, and that they were not far away.

While they were with us and in very good humor, some heathen were heard shouting, and, looking, we saw that they were the same twenty-nine who had been following us during these days, and who had not learned their lesson. They were coming down the same slope by which we had descended. As soon as the friendly ones of this village saw them they fled like deer to the hill, and it was impossible to detain them. Without doubt they were from a hostile village, and they fled through fear, not feeling safe even with us. We regretted this greatly, for they had promised to go with us as far as the next camp to show us the watering place.

The hostiles came half-way down the slope, where they stopped and sat down. They remained there shouting more than two hours, and when they were tired they gave one loud yell and went off, doing no damage except to frighten away the good Indians, who did not come near the village again, no doubt being afraid of the others, for from us they had nothing to fear.

This place seemed to me suitable for a good mission, with water, land, pasture, and many villages, very near the shore. I named it the Valley of San Juan Bautista; the father president, who camped there, called it San Juan Capistrano.

May 10.—Early in the morning we set out from this valley towards the northwest, and entered a canyon with many trees. After a little we climbed a high ridge, and traveled over some large mesas,

covered with good grass. An abundance of wild beans were found here, which seemed to me very little different from the cultivated or ordinary beans. At these mesas nine friendly heathen from the village of San Juan Bautista caught up with us, having come to guide us as they had promised. They had left the village for the reason already stated. They now kept their word, showing us the road and leading us away from a high range which we had on our right.

After four hours' travel we came in sight of a valley as green and pleasant as the one we left behind at San Juan. But we were at a standstill, not knowing how to descend to it, as much because of its depth as because we were on the top of a very high declivity down which it was necessary to go. Everybody alighted, and down we went, in some places standing up and in others sliding, in constant peril of rolling down, although we had the consolation that it was pure earth. In this way we went down to the vale or valley, which is grown with tule and a thick wood of very tall saplings. We did not examine the place, but a well was opened in the tule, which has marsh water, so that the animals could drink, and also to get water for the use of the people. By clearing out the trees from this valley it might serve for a town, taking the water from above. We arrived here after having traveled some four leagues from the preceding camp, and halted in the vale or valley, which I called the Wells of the

Valley of San Antonio, and which the father president, who also stopped there, called San Francisco Solano. The nine heathen from the preceding camp, who accompanied and conducted us more than half the way, also arrived here with us.

Shortly after our arrival many heathen of both sexes and all ages began to descend from the hills into the valley, so many in number that we could not count them. They apparently belonged to four villages, for we observed that four of them, who were doubtless captains or chiefs, made us long speeches, of which we understood nothing, although we inferred from their signs that they offered themselves and their lands to us. We understood also, the same as from the preceding village, that they had seen two barks, and that they were anchored.[41] They also spoke of the people who had come in them, and said that there were three fathers who wore the same dress as I, pointing to me and taking hold of my habit.

The captain gave them beads, ribbons, and other little gifts, for which they were very grateful. They reciprocated with fish nets, which they carried tied around their waists, and many arrows, painted in all colors, with good flints. The men collected[42] about six dozen, which were brought all the way to San Diego. They also gave us roasted sardines and mussels. All the men were naked and painted in different colors, and wore feathered head-dresses. They were all armed, most of them with bows and

arrows, and some with macanas and long harpoons with points of bone. The women were also painted, but were modestly covered, wearing woven fibers as far as the knee in front and skins of beaver or seals behind. All the Indians seemed to us to be docile, friendly, and submissive. They remained in camp with us until very late, with the same confidence as though they were with their own people. At night they went to sleep in their villages.

May 11.—Early in the morning we set out from this place, guided by many heathen, who were prompt to accompany us and guide us to the next camping place. We took the same direction as yesterday, to the north-northwest, veering to the northwest. As soon as we left the valley we came out on the seashore, crossing some large sand dunes. Nearly the entire march was by level land and close to the shore; but there were many canyons to cross, they being ravines of pure earth which must have been formed by the water that flows in the rainy season to the sea. One league from the preceding place is found a very wide green valley, with less brush than the one before. It ends on the beach, and we saw that an estuary opens into it. Farther back from the sea there may be fresh water emptying into the estuary. We did not examine it, but only saw it in passing, and we noticed that the coast here appears to be peaceful. Afterwards we crossed some mesas of earth with good grass and many mescales and prickly pears with sour fruit. I may

note that here the mescales end, and that farther up no more are met with. We went on, drawing away from the shore. Seeing that we were not taking their advice, the natives went away little by little, as if they were offended, and in a short time not a single heathen was left to us.

We continued on our way, and after traveling five hours and a half, in which we must have marched four leagues, we halted in a little valley which has an arroyo with water running among willows, and wet ground with pools of fresh water. One pool, which is about a hundred steps from the sea, has running water which debouches on the beach. Near it there is a good village of heathen. We made camp on a mesa which is full of small bisnagas, and it was necessary to cut away many of them so as not to hurt our feet while in camp. The village was about two gunshots distant from us.

I named this place El Vallecito de San Pío, and the father president, in his diary, called it San Benvenuto. As soon as we reached the camp we saw a heathen coming from the village, followed by all the rest, men, women, and children. The first one was very friendly, as if he had already communicated and dealt with us, and he did not stop talking and gesticulating. He wore some clothing, and some beads hanging in the cartilage of his nose, which he had pierced. He continually kept talking and laughing and examining everything in the camp. The captain gave him some ribbons and

beads, and did the same with the others; but they were so stingy that even though they brought mussels they did not give us a single one. They demanded pay in advance, and it had to be just what they wanted, and nothing less. We soon learned that they were very wide awake, extremely clever, and very thievish, so much so that the heathen whom I first spoke of, who looked at everything with such confidence, stole some spurs and mangas from the soldiers, without anyone seeing him. When the father president stopped here on a feast day and said Mass this same fellow stole from him the little altar bell and his spectacles, and hid them close to the altar under the ground, so that they had a great deal of trouble finding them. For this reason they called that Indian Barrabás.

May 12.—Early in the morning we left this place, going towards the north, along the shore, guided by some heathen from this village, who, without being invited, offered to accompany us. They followed us for about half the day's march, when they left us. The journey was a little more than three hours over country all passable, during which we crossed some ravines, though not so troublesome as the preceding ones. During this interval we must have traveled about three leagues, and we reached a village of heathen which is on a mesa that resembles an island, not bathed by the sea but surrounded by a ravine. As soon as these heathen saw us they invited us to stop near their village; but

it seemed better to cross the ravine and camp on the other side of it near the shore, which has plenty of grass for the animals. In the ravine there is a pool of fresh water from which this heathen village gets its supply. Men, women, and children are unpainted and without arms. They are very different from the preceding and are very peaceable, docile, and friendly. During the day they remained with us as confidently as though they were with their own people. They told us the two ships were near, showing that they were pleased about it. Opposite this place are the four islands called Los Cuatro Coronados. I called the place Pool of the Holy Martyrs, Nercio and his companions; the father president named it Cárcel de San Pedro.

May 13.—Early in the morning we left this place, continuing north, accompanied by seven heathen from the village. After traveling a little distance we had to descend a long and very steep slope to a deep arroyo; then, as soon as we got to the bottom we began to ascend a high pass, because the road which we were following along the beach was blocked by the steep cliff which juts out to sea. After traveling one league we passed a point of land which prevented us from seeing how the beach runs, and then we saw in a long stretch the level shore that we were to follow, all the land being well covered with green grass.

From a height on this plain we could see that the ocean enters far into the land. In the bay we saw

the mainmasts of the two barks, which were scarcely to be made out, on account of the distance that we were still away from them. This sight was a great consolation and a joy for everybody, for we found ourselves at last so near the desired harbor of San Diego.

After three hours' march we came near to a populous village of heathen, along one side of which runs a good arroyo of water coming from the foot of a mountain range which we have had on the right during the entire day's march. At this place it retires about a league, forming a large plain of good land with much green grass. We stopped near the village, where we had good water and pasture for the animals. Although firewood is scarce, the mountains, which are not far off, have it in abundance. I named this village Sancti Spiritus, as it was the Eve of the Feast of the Holy Ghost, hoping that God with the fire of His divine love would light in the hearts of these heathen lively desires to receive our Catholic Faith.

As soon as we arrived and made camp many heathen of both sexes and all ages came not only from this village but also from others near by. All were very much painted and well armed, the men with their bows and arrows, and with great plumage on their heads. These Indians are extraordinarily clever and spirited, great traders, and covetous of everything they see and like, and very thievish. They are vociferous when they talk, and when they speak they shout as though angry.

This place is about half a league from a bay near the harbor. The heathen brought mussels, but if they were not given what they wanted and liked, by no means would they hand out a mussel. This afternoon it became cloudy and then it began to rain, and all were thoroughly drenched.

May 14, Sunday, the Feast of Espíritu Santo.—Not only did it rain on us all night and thoroughly wet us all, but the morning opened very dark, and as soon as day dawned a heavy shower fell again, lasting about an hour and a half, which I endured without any other covering than my cloak and hat. Afterwards the day cleared, but the captain was of the opinion that I should not say Mass, because we were all so wet, and also because there was a large crowd of heathen standing there, all armed. Consequently we went without Mass, which I regretted very much, on such a great day as the first day of the Feast of Espíritu Santo.

We were all anxious to reach the desired port, and we thought that we could get there in one day's march, even though it was somewhat long. In accord with these desires, notwithstanding that we are all so wet, the captain decided to break camp. We therefore set out a little before ten o'clock, continuing north, over a broad plain, withdrawing a little from the shore of the bay for fear that there might be marshes near the coast.

The reverend father president, with the second division of the expedition, stopped about one league farther up, to the north of the village of Sancti

Spiritus, taking the direct road and approaching somewhat nearer to the shore, where, on this same plain, he also came across an arroyo with running water and good pasture which he named San Pablo. It seemed to him a very good site for a town or mission. This arroyo doubtless empties farther up the shore than we went, for we did not find it. In the space of three leagues after our departure from the village where we stopped yesterday we found to-day three villages of heathen, but apart from the road which we were following. All along the way we met heathen from those villages, all of them armed with their bows and arrows. The day's march occupied somewhat more than six hours and a half, all over level land, well covered with grass, during which we probably traveled about six leagues, and we arrived very fortunately and happily at the desired port of San Diego.

As soon as we descried the camp the soldiers discharged their guns, giving a salute, and immediately those who were in the camp, as well as those on the packets, responded with their artillery and firearms. Immediately the three fathers who had come in the barks, and also the officers who were on land, came to meet us and gave us hearty embraces and congratulations that we were all now united in this port of San Diego. We soon had the story of their arrival and of the misfortunes that they had suffered on the sea from the scurvy. They also told us that many had died, and how the rest had been stricken with the same disease; and how the

packet *San Antonio,* alias *El Príncipe,* had arrived first, which was on the 15th of February, although it was the last to sail from Cape San Antonio—I should say San Lucas. It dropped anchor in the port of San Diego on the 14th of April, and the *San Carlos,* which had left the port of La Paz on the 10th of January, had anchored in San Diego on the 29th of April.

To the northeast of this port, not very far from its shore, there is a valley of good arable land, the length of which must be not less than three leagues, and the width half a league, or in the narrowest part a quarter of a league. In the middle of this valley ran a large river, six or eight varas wide, with water half a vara in depth, but it went on diminishing from day to day, so that in three weeks after our arrival it entirely stopped flowing, and there was left only water in pools. The bed of the river is everywhere very full of willows, cottonwoods, and alders. In the lower part of the valley there are some large live oaks, also many very leafy wild grapes, and Castilian roses loaded with flowers, a species of very fragrant wild rosemary, and an abundance of the wild fruit of the cocoba, which has not been absent on the whole trip.

In this port and its vicinity there are many large villages of heathen. All the men are naked and most of them painted, as I have said of all the rest, but the women are modestly covered in front with woven fibers and behind with skins of animals. They are very intelligent Indians, noisy, bold, great traders,

covetous, and thievish. They all go armed with their bows and quivers of arrows, and some with macanas. The beach abounds in large sardines, star fish, other species of fish, and mussels. All these heathen are fishermen, and they go to sea in rafts made of tule. The country consists of high hills, all of earth and without stones, and all covered with green grass and good pasture for every kind of stock. In front of the harbor, to the south, are the four islands named Los Cuatro Coronados, distant from *terra firma* about six leagues. The entrance to the port is from south to north, and its mouth, according to the observations made by the captains of the packets, is in thirty-two degrees and thirty-four minutes. The point where the mission was to be established, about three leagues farther north, is in latitude thirty-two degrees and forty-two minutes.

After arriving at this port, while waiting until the father president should arrive in company with[43] the second division of the land expedition, in which came the governor of California, Don Gaspar de Portolá, commander-in-chief of the expedition by land, we four friars who came employed ourselves in assisting the many sick that were there, both the volunteer soldiers of Catalonia and the crews of both barks, who were stricken with scurvy. The fathers told us that nine of the crew of the *San Carlos* had already died of it, two on the way who were cast into the sea, and seven who were buried on the shore where the camp was established.[44]

At the end of June the sergeant of the Leather-jacket Company, Don José Francisco Ortega, arrived at this place, accompanied by a single soldier.[45] He brought the news that the governor, with the father president and the rest composing the second division of the expedition, were now near, being only about three marches away, and that he had come ahead to give us this information. Captain Don Fernando immediately ordered the sergeant to return with ten soldiers to meet the governor, who, as soon as he received this relief pushed forward and arrived at this port on the day of San Pedro. The reverend father president, with all the rest who composed that expedition, arrived on the first day of July, a little before midday. All arrived in good health, without the slightest accident, thanks to God, as regards the land expedition, except the Indian neophytes, some of whom died, as I have already said, and most of whom ran back to their own country.

July 2.—As it was Sunday and the Feast of the Visitation of Our Lady, we sang a solemn Mass in thanksgiving to her most holy spouse, San José, patron of both expeditions by land and sea, since all parts of it were now congregated in this, their intermediate destination.

As soon as the two divisions of the land expedition which was to be commanded by Governor Don Gaspar de Portolá were united, he consulted with the commander by sea, Don Vicente Vila; and in view of the fact that all the crew of the packet *San*

Carlos, the flagship, were ill, and many of them already dead, and that the other packet, the *San Antonio,* lacked little of being in the same condition, the two chiefs decided that the packet *El Príncipe* should sail with the few men that it had left for San Blas, to inform his Excellency of the state of these expeditions, and that the land party should continue their journey to look for the port of Monterey. This plan was carried out, *El Príncipe* sailing from the port of San Diego on the 9th day of July. The governor decided that the expedition should resume the march by land on the 14th of the same month, as was done, with the expectation that the bark *San José,* which it was said would leave California in May with provisions, would overtake us on the road or at the port of Monterey.

This expedition is composed of the governor and commander-in-chief, Don Gaspar de Portolá, with a servant; Captain Don Fernando Rivera y Moncada with his servant; Lieutenant Don Pedro Fages, with seven of his soldiers of the Free Company of Catalonia; twenty-seven leather-jacket soldiers; Engineer Don Miguel Constanzó, and fifteen Christian Indians,[46] California neophytes.

The reverend father president decided that I, in company with the reverend father preacher Fray Francisco Gómez, should go with this expedition, his Reverence remaining in San Diego, with Father Fray Juan Vizcaíno and Fray Fernando Parrón, to make a beginning of the first mission, until the

bark *San José* should arrive, in order to go in it by sea to Monterey. The commander left as escort in San Diego eight leather-jacket soldiers, all ill, not only the volunteers of Catalonia, but also the crew of both barks. The chief surgeon was left to give them medical care, and as laborers some California Indians who had come with the second division, and a serving boy. All the rest, seven in number, go as muleteers with the land expedition to Monterey, making the total of this company seventy-four, including the two friars, the father companion, Fray Francisco Gómez, and myself.[47]

FRAY JUAN CRESPI.

JOURNEY OF THE LAND EXPEDITION FROM SAN DIEGO TO MONTEREY[48]

Diary and Itinerary of the Expedition from the Port of San Diego de Alcalá to that of Monterey, Leaving on the 14th of July, 1769

Friday, July 14, 1769.—We set out from this port of San Diego on this day of the seraphic doctor, San Buenaventura, about four in the afternoon. We went northwest, over level land well covered with grass on account of the proximity of the estuaries, which have good salt deposits. Afterwards we came upon the beach of the second harbor that San Diego has, although it is closed, so that it cannot be entered.* On some parts of the road there are rosemary and other small bushes not known to us, and on the right hand we have a mountain range, moderately high, bare of trees, of pure earth well covered with grass. We saw many hares and rabbits, for this port abounds in them. At about two leagues we came to a very large village of heathen who are in a valley formed by this second harbor where there are some small springs of water. We

* Now False Bay. The village was near the northeast point of the bay.

called this spot the Village of the Springs of the Rinconada de San Diego. As soon as the heathen saw us approaching they all came out into the road, men, women and children, as though they came to welcome us, with signs of great pleasure. We gave them such presents as we could.

Here we left the shore, and entered a valley between hills but on the same road. It has many willows and some alders and live[49] oaks, and we understood from the heathen of the preceding village that in this valley there were some small pools of good water, and we believed it to be so because it was so green. Although the valley is not very broad it is well covered with grass, and on all sides of it there are knolls, ridges, and hills, all of good land. We found small pools, which contained water enough for the people but the horses had nothing to drink. After traveling two hours and three quarters, in which we must have covered about two and a half leagues, we stopped and made camp near the little ponds which we called the Pools of the Valley of San Diego.* As soon as we arrived at this place, it being already dark, the heathen came. They brought[50] some very large sardines, and one of them made a long speech, after which the governor and the captain accepted the sardines, reciprocating with beads and some clothing, with which they left in great good humor. Day's march, two leagues and a half.

Saturday, July 15.—About half-past eight in the morning we left the place, following the same direc-

* Camp was not far from Ladrillo.

tion to the northwest. We ascended a large grassy hill, all of pure earth, and then found ourselves on some very broad mesas of good soft ground, all covered with grass, not having encountered a stone since leaving San Diego nor any other trees than those spoken of in the preceding valley, except that here and there we saw some very small oaks and chaparral. We saw seven antelopes running together on this mesa and at every moment hares and rabbits came running out. After about a league and a half of travel we came to a very beautiful valley, which, when we saw it, seemed to us to be nothing less than a cultivated cornfield or farm, on account of its mass of verdure. On a small eminence in this valley we saw a village of heathen, with six little straw houses. Upon seeing us, all of them came out into the road, in great good humor and making demonstrations of joy. We descended to this valley and saw that its verdure consisted of very leafy wild calabashes, and many Castilian roses. These heathen have near their village a pool of water in an arroyo.

This valley runs from southeast to northwest, and is about one league long and some four hundred varas wide, all of good pasture,[51] with some live oaks and alders. We called it the valley of Santa Isabel, Queen of Portugal.* We stopped a little while so that the commander might distribute some beads among the heathen of this village, and then continued on our way to the north side of the valley, with a

* Soledad Valley, near Sorrento.

heathen of the village who voluntarily offered to accompany us to the camping place. In about half a league's travel, at the end of the valley we came to a medium-sized pool of fresh water, in which we saw two pots of baked clay, very well made. Here we turned into a valley which lies to the north and traveled through it, over level land well covered with grass, from which we saw another valley better than the preceding, and went down to it. We pitched camp near a large pool of good, fresh water, which the soldiers called the Well of Ozuna, and which we called the valley of San Jacome de la Marca,* asking that saint to intercede with the Most High for the conversion of its heathen natives, and that a mission might be formed here, with him as its patron, since the site is apparently very suitable and invites it. The march this day covered three and one-half leagues.

The valley must measure about one league from north to south and about half a league from east to west; all the land is level, very verdant, with much pasture, many wild grapes, and other herbs. To the south of this valley there are three large pools, and to the north, according to the story of the explorers, there is a very verdant arroyo, and some other very large pools. Near the southern pools, on a slope, there is a large village of heathen and many well built houses with grass roofs. As soon as we arrived about eighteen heathen came to visit us, with their

* San Dieguito Canyon, near Del Mar.

women and children, all very affable and not at all noisy. It seems that this place is near the sea, judging by our view of it as we came down the valley. The hills that surround this valley are not very high, and are all of pure earth, covered with pasture, the only thing lacking to the site being trees. Many scorpions have been seen, but no one has been bitten by them. Day's march, three and a half leagues.

Sunday, July 16.—On this day we two fathers celebrated the holy sacrifice of the Mass, which was heard by all the people, and at half-past two in the afternon we set out north and northwest, traversing the entire plain; then we climbed a bare hill which followed soon afterwards, with a small wood of little trees unknown to us, and some chaparral. Passing over it, we came out upon some broad grassy mesas, and in about two leagues and a half we descended to a very green valley, with good level land covered with alders. In this valley we came across a village of heathen who, as soon as they saw us, all came running to us, in great good humor. They showed us a little pool of water that was there for their use, and we understood that they were asking us to remain; but, as this was not the spot the explorers had picked out for the camping place, we stopped only a little while. The commander gave some beads to the chiefs, and in passing we called this place the Valley of the Triumph of the Holy Cross, to which we prayed.*

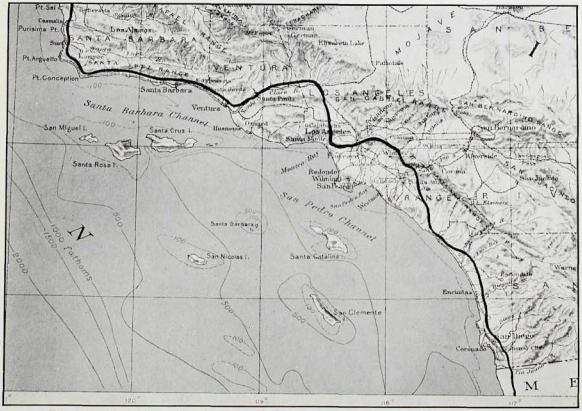
* Apparently San Elijo Lagoon.

We proceeded on our way, accompanied by all the heathen, who told us that farther on there was another small watering place. In about half a league we came to another little valley with many live oaks, where we found[52] a small stream of water, which ran a short way in the midst of some blackberry bushes, where we found another village which had only six women. We saw that they had some pots and jugs of baked clay, well made. We called this place the Spring of the Valley of Los Encinos. Then followed extensive hills, with good land and pasture. After about one more league of travel we descended to another very green valley, with good black soil, and from this we entered still another, very green and with good land well covered with grass. In the last valley we made camp near a hill which has two springs of water, one on one side of the hill which had about a limón of water, and one on the other side with about one finger of running water, from which, by digging it out a little, the animals could drink. Both springs are surrounded by Castilian roses, of which I gathered a branch with six roses open and twelve about to open. Right after this valley there comes another, with a village of heathen. As soon as they saw the camp made, the whole village, which was composed of eight men, three women, and four children, came down. Their chief made us a harangue, and when it was concluded they sat down as though they had always known us. One of the heathen came smoking a pipe of black clay, well made. We called this place San

Alejo.* The day's march occupied four full hours, and we must have covered about four leagues. On the following day I observed our latitude and it proved to be thirty-three degrees, exactly.

Monday, July 17.—At three in the afternoon we left the camp, following the valley in a northerly direction. In a little while we climbed a very grassy hill without rocks, in open country, then traveled over mesas that are in part covered with grass and in part by a grove of young oaks, rosemary, and other shrubs not known to us. Aside from this all the land is well covered with grass and is mellow. After traveling about a league we descended to a valley full of alders, in which we saw a village, but without people. In passing we named this valley San Simón Lipnica.† It is not very far from the shore, and at the end of it we saw an estuary, although the sea was not visible. We continued on our way in the same northerly direction, over hills and broad mesas supplied with good pasture, and after about one more league's travel we descended to a small, very green valley, which has a narrow plain some fifty varas wide. We pitched camp on the slope of the valley on the west side. The water is collected in pools, and we noticed that it flowed out of several springs, forming about it marshes, or stagnant pools, covered with rushes and grass. We named this place Santa Sinforosa.‡ We saw from the camp a village of heathen on the summit of

* Batequitos Lagoon. † Agua Hedionda Creek.
‡ Buena Vista Creek, near Carlsbad.


Pt. Sal
Casmalia
Purisima Pt.
Lompoc
Pt. Arguello
Pt. Conception
Santa Barbara Channel
San Miguel I.
Santa Cruz I.
Santa Rosa I.
Santa Barbara
Ventura
Santa Paula
Los Angeles
San Bernardino
Redondo
Wilmington
San Pedro
San Pedro Channel
Santa Barbara I.
San Nicolas I.
Santa Catalina
San Clemente
Ensenada
Tijuana
Coronado
Riverside
Fullerton
Palmdale
Mojave
Bakersfield
Fresno
Hanford
Visalia
Tehachapi
Mt. Pinos
Mt. Wilson
Mt. Baldy
Mt. San Jacinto
Mt. Gleason
Mt. Pacinto
Mt. Pinto
Mt. Grayson

a hill, who, having been informed by their neighbors of San Alejo, deputed two of their number to ask permission to visit us. They were given to understand by signs that they must put it off until the following day, as it was late, but, as soon as they went back to their village all its inhabitants came to camp. Not fewer than forty presented themselves. As soon as they arrived their leader made his speech, with excellent gestures; but without waiting for him to finish his harangue, he and his people were given some beads and dismissed. The next morning they returned and remained until our departure.

Tuesday, July 18.—A little after three in the afternoon we set out to the north. We climbed a hill of good soil, all covered with grass, and then went on over hills of the same kind of land and pasture. We must have traveled about two short leagues, when we descended to a large and beautiful valley, so green that it seemed to us that it had been planted. We crossed it straight to the north and pitched camp near a large pool of water, one of several in the plain. At the extremities or ends of the plain there are two large villages.

Soon after our arrival the heathen came to visit us. There were more than forty Indians, naked and painted from head to foot in several colors, which is their usual custom when they go visiting or to war. They all came armed with bows and arrows, and their chief made the accustomed harangue. When it was concluded they threw their arms on

the ground and sat down near us. The governor took out some beads, and, giving half of them to me, requested that we two should distribute them among the Indians. They gave the governor a present of a few fish nets made of thread that they make out of some fiber which, when it is spun, looks like raw hemp. Behind the men followed the women and children, who numbered more than fifty, but they did not dare to come near. We made signs to them not to be afraid, and after one of the heathen spoke to them they came at once, and we gave them also presents of beads.

The women were modestly covered, wearing in front an apron of threads woven together which came to the knees, and a deerskin behind. To cover the breasts they wear little capes made of hare and rabbit skins, of which they make strips and twist them like rope. They sew these strips together, to protect them from the cold as well as for covering for modesty's sake. Most of the women go clothed in the same manner, but all the men go as naked as Adam in Paradise before he sinned, and they did not feel the least shame in presenting themselves before us, nor did they make any movement to cover themselves, just as though the clothing given them by nature were some fine garment.

This valley must be about two leagues long from northeast to southwest, and about half a league wide in the narrowest place. To the southwest it ends on the beach, which must be about half a league distant from the camp, although there is a hill which

prevents us from seeing the ocean. We found no running water, although we saw three arroyos which are dry and apparently run only when it rains. There are, indeed, pools of good water, with tules on the banks. The valley is all green with good grass, and has many wild grapes, and one sees some spots that resemble vineyards. I gave this valley the name of San Juan Capistrano, for a mission,* so that this glorious saint, who in life converted so many souls, may pray God in heaven for the conversion of these poor heathen. Next morning the Indians came back, and my companion, taking up the image of the Holy Christ, spoke to them by signs about God and Jesus Christ crucified, and about heaven and hell, and they showed that they understood some of it, and looked remorseful and sighed. But, although they saw that the two fathers, the commander, and all the officers venerated the images of Christ, and we told them to do the same, and with this object raised it to their mouths, they were never willing to kiss it, but drew back and pushed it away with their hands. But this was attributed to their lack of knowledge and their failure to understand what we told them. I observed the latitude and it was thirty-three degrees and six minutes. The march from the last place covered about two short leagues.

Wednesday,[53] July 19.—On this day we halted, in order to give Sergeant Don José Francisco Ortega

* San Luís Rey Mission was founded near the site several years later.

time to go with seven soldiers to explore for the next marches, while we entertained ourselves with the heathen, who did not leave us the whole day. There were more than two dozen of them together in the camp.

Thursday, July 20.—We set out about seven in the morning, which dawned cloudy, and, taking the road straight to the north, we traveled by a valley about one league long, with good land, grassy, and full of alders. This passed, we ascended a little hill and entered upon some mesas covered with dry grass, in parts burned by the heathen for the purpose of hunting hares and rabbits, which live there in abundance. In some places there are clumps of wild prickly pear and some rosemary. A league and a half from the camping place we saw another beautiful green valley, well grown with alders and other smaller trees. On going down to it we saw a lagoon which the explorers said was salt water. We pitched camp in this valley near a pool of fresh water; the reason for stopping, although the march has only covered a league and a half, is because, since the departure from San Diego, we have had on the right a very high mountain range, and we are now apparently going to meet it, and it is necessary to explore it before crossing it, for it seems as though it is going to end on the beach. The pool of water, which I just saw, is more than a hundred varas in length, and its water is very clear and good. Besides this one the explorers say that lower down

in the arroyo from the north, there are some more pools, and that a good stream of water runs from them, and they have good lands on which crops might be raised by irrigation. According to this, the place is better suited for a town than the preceding. Because we arrived at this place on the day of Santa Margarita, we christened it with the name of this holy virgin and martyr. As soon as we arrived the heathen of the village, and counting men, women and children, they made not less than sixty, who have their town on the same plain, came to the camp. We gave them presents of beads and sent them off.*

Friday, July 21.—We set out in the morning toward the northwest, because the mountains prevented us from going north. We climbed a hill which has some stones, near the valley from which we had emerged, and from the height we saw the valley of Santa Margarita, which extends more than a league from north to south. We went on over hills of moderate height, all grassy, and halted near the water, which is in the grass, so that we could not judge whether or not it was running. What we did see was a great deal of water, and that the spot was full of grape vines and innumerable Castilian rosebushes and other flowers. For this reason it was called the Valley of Santa Praxedis de los Rosales.†

* Camp was near Home Ranch. This camp and the next are commemorated in the name of Santa Margarita y Las Flores Rancho.

† Las Pulgas Canyon.

Very near there we found a small village from which three men immediately came to visit us, with eleven women and some children. We entertained them, and the captain gave them some beads. This valley has a width of about a quarter of a league, but in parts it narrows more and more; its length runs from northeast to southwest. To the north-northeast it comes to a high mountain range,* which is distant about a league and a half from the spot where the camp was pitched. In that direction there are many live oaks, and the same on the skirts of the mountains. To the southwest it seems that there is a valley which extends to the beach, although it cannot be made out. From this place I observed the latitude, and it was thirty-three degrees and ten minutes. The day's march was about two leagues.

Saturday, July 22.—This day dawned cloudy for us. About seven o'clock we set out west and climbed a grassy hill. In a little while we entered a valley which turned to the north-northwest, and which communicates with that of Los Rosales. We traveled in the mountains, for they are not rough but open, with hills and extensive mesas, covered with a great deal of grass and grown with live oaks and alders, especially in the little valleys and arroyos, with an abundance of Castilian roses. Three mesas covered with large live oaks were encountered. About eleven o'clock we came to a pool of water, after having traveled some four leagues from the preceding place. This pool of fresh water is in a dry arroyo, which

* Santa Margarita Range.

is grown with many alders. We made camp near the pool, and immediately about fourteen heathen, and as many women, with boys and girls, came and showed themselves to be very friendly; we entertained them and made them gifts.

The explorers informed us that on the preceding day they saw in the village two sick little girls. After asking the commander for some soldiers to go with us to visit them we went, and we found one which the mother had at her breast apparently dying. We asked for it, saying that we wished to see it, but it was impossible to get it from its mother. So we said to her by signs that we would not do it any harm, but wished to sprinkle its head, so that if it died it might go to heaven. She consented to this, and my companion, Fray Francisco Gómez, baptized it, giving it the name of María Magdalena. We went then to the other, also small, who had been burned and was apparently about to die. In the same way I baptized it, giving it the name of Margarita. We did not doubt that both would die and go to heaven. With this, the only success that we have obtained, we fathers consider well worth while the long journey and the hardships that are being suffered in it and that are still awaiting us. May it all be for the greater glory of God and the salvation of souls. For this reason this place is known to the soldiers as Los Christianos; I named it San Apolinario; others called it Valley of Los Bautismos.*

* Now Cristianitos Canyon, north of San Onofre.

Sunday, July 23.—After we two had said Mass we started at seven o'clock, going to the north-northwest. On leaving this place we ascended a large hill, not very rough and all of pure earth, covered with dry grass. Having gone through the pass[54] we went on over mesas, hills, valleys, and dry arroyos, ascending and descending, all the land being well covered with grass. We passed two valleys with two dry arroyos, both grown with alders and large live oaks. In one of the valleys we found a village of heathen, who, as soon as they saw us began to shout; and they came out, as if to meet us at the watering place, where we went[55] to stop. We must have traveled this day about four leagues in the four hours on the road.

A little before eleven we came to a very pleasant green valley, full of willows, alders, live oaks, and other trees not known to us. It has a large arroyo, which at the point where we crossed it carried a good stream of fresh and good water, which, after running a little way, formed in pools in some large patches of tules. We halted there, calling it the valley of Santa María Magdalena.* In the journey of this day we came upon some deposits of fine red ochre, and some others of very white earth. They are on some hills near which we passed, and we inferred at once that from this earth the heathen

* Now San Juan Capistrano. The route from here was along the foothills east of the Santa Ana Valley, across La Puente Hills by La Habra to Bassett.

provide themselves for their paint, which is their gala dress for their visits and their war feasts. I observed the latitude of the valley of Santa María Magdalena, and found that we were in thirty-three degrees and fourteen minutes.

Monday, July 24.—We got up early this morning and broke camp at a quarter past six. Going north-northwest, we descended from the high hill on which we had stopped to a valley in the same direction. Before we left about nine heathen from a village in this valley allowed themselves to be seen. After traveling a short distance in it we came to two good villages, whose people were all very friendly. We greeted them in passing, and they made us their speech, of which we understood nothing. We traveled through this valley for about two leagues; it is of good land, but they had burned all the grass. From ridge to ridge it is about five hundred varas wide. After two leagues' travel we turned to the northwest, veering considerably to the west, in order to climb a high pass through a range of grass-covered hills;[36] and after traveling about a league over good mesas we descended to a pleasant arroyo, and a valley very full of large alders and live oaks, so that it looked like a fig orchard.

After about three hours on the road from the starting place, during which we must have traveled as many leagues, we pitched camp on a very long mesa of earth, which runs to the foot of a high mountain range, from which flows an arroyo of good

water.* Instantly the Indians from a village in the valley came to visit us. They came without arms, and with a friendliness unequaled; they made us presents of their poor seeds, and we made return with ribbons and gew-gaws. Nearly the whole day they remained with us, men, women and children; and these heathen listened with more attention to what we told them by signs, of God, of Jesus Christ, and of their salvation, and several times they devoutly venerated the Holy Christ and the cross of the crown.

The soldier explorers said that the preceding day, from the top of a hill, they made out six islands. Several of us went to the hill, but we saw only two, which they said must be San Clemente and Santa Catarina. The latter was just opposite us, and they said the bay of San Pedro must be about five leagues distant from our camp. Because we arrived at this place to-day, the day of San Francisco Solano, Apostle of America, we gave it his name, so that with his intercession the conversion of these docile heathen may be accomplished by founding for them on this spot a mission dedicated to him as patron, since the place and the docility of the heathen invite it, for I have made them say the acts of Faith, Hope, and Charity, and, without knowing what they did, they repeated it with devotion and tenderness, or at least their voices caused tenderness in my heart.

Tuesday, July 25.—This day we rested since it was that of the patron of our Spain, and we two

* Alisos Creek, near El Toro.

priests celebrated the holy sacrifice of the Mass. We had another visit from the heathen of this village. We observed that they have houses made of willows, and large baskets of reeds so tightly woven that they hold water. They have given us to understand that in the interior there are people like us, who are clothed the same, and that the soldiers carry swords and wear hats, and that they have horses and mules, pointing to those that we have. God knows what truth there is in their talk, or if we misunderstood them. This place is in latitude thirty-three degrees and eighteen minutes.

Wednesday, July 26.—On this day we celebrated the holy sacrifice of the Mass, which was heard by all the people, and about three in the afternoon we set out, with the object of breaking the next day's march, which was long, according to the report of the explorers. At first we went northwest, making our way through a valley full of wild grapes and Castilian roses. All the valleys and the hills on both sides are of pure earth, well covered with grass, and without a single stone. So we went on over very open country, with hills and broad mesas, ascending and descending through three or four little valleys of good soil well grown with alders. After traveling two hours and a half we entered a large plain. At the beginning of it we pitched camp near a dry lagoon on a slope, from which we examined the spacious plain, the end of which we could not see.[57] Near the camp some verdure was to be seen, and when the father companion approached it he found

two small springs of water, clear and good, for which reason the soldiers called this spot the Springs of Father Gómez, and I christened it with the name of San Pantaleón.*

Thursday, July 27.—About six in the morning we set out, crossing the plain and continuing to the northwest. We halted after three leagues' travel near an arroyo of running water, although it was evident that it was diminishing because of the drought, and little by little the waters were being absorbed by the sand. It has willows, grapevines, brambles, and other bushes. It comes down from the mountains, and shows that it must have plenty of water in the rainy season. It was given the name of the holy apostle and patron of the Spains, Santiago.† If this watering place should remain throughout the year, it would be a site for building a city, on account of the large amount of land and the extensive plain that the arroyo has on both sides. We saw only two heathen near the camp. I observed the latitude, and it is thirty-three degrees and thirty-six minutes.[58]

Friday, July 28.—About seven in the morning we set out, continuing our way to the northwest along the skirts of the mountains which we have on the right, to the north, and after traveling a league and a half we came to the banks of a river which has a bed of running water about ten varas wide

* In the Santiago Hills east of Tuston.

† Still called Santiago Creek. Camp was in the hills northeast of Orange.

and half a vara deep. It is not at all boxed in by banks. Its course is from northeast to southwest, and it empties through this place, according to the judgment of those who sailed to the bay of San Pedro. It apparently has its source in the range that we have in sight on the right, about three leagues from the road that we are following. The bed of the river is well grown with sycamores, alders, willows, and other trees which we have not recognized. It is evident from the sand on its banks that in the rainy season it must have great floods which would prevent crossing it. It has a great deal of good land which can easily be irrigated.

We pitched camp on the left bank of this river. On its right bank there is a populous village of Indians, who received us with great friendliness. Fifty-two of them came to the camp, and their chief told us by signs which we understood very well that we must come to live with them; that they would make houses for us, and provide us with food, such as antelope, hares, and seeds. They urged us to do this, telling us that all the land we saw, and there was certainly a great deal of it, was theirs, and that they would divide it with us. We told him that we would return and would gladly remain to live with them, and when the chief understood it he was so affected that he broke into tears. The governor made them a present of some beads and a small silk handkerchief, and in gratitude the chief gave us two baskets of seeds, already made into pinole, together with a string of beads made of shells

such as they wear. I called this place the sweet name of Jesús de los Temblores, because we experienced here a horrifying earthquake, which was repeated four times during the day. The first, which was the most violent, happened at one in the afternoon, and the last one about four. One of the heathen who were in the camp, who doubtless exercised among them the office of priest, alarmed at the occurrence no less than we, began with frightful cries and great demonstrations of fear to entreat heaven, turning to all the winds. This river is known to the soldiers as the Santa Ana.*

Saturday, July 29.—At two in the afternoon we set out from this place and crossed the river with great difficulty, on account of the swiftness of its current, and followed the plain to the northwest. Near the river the mountains have many prickly pears and much sage, but afterwards all the land continues fertile and is well covered with good grass. After traveling a short distance we turned to the north-northwest, and after marching a league and a half we again turned to the northwest, in order to ascend the nearest mountain range, which was now very low and comes to an end to the west-northwest. We climbed a medium-sized hill, quite steep, and descended to a very green little valley, which has a small pool of water, on whose bank there is a very large village of very friendly heathen.

* Still called by the same name. Camp was near Olive, east of Anaheim.

We made camp on a hill near the pool which has good grass for pasture. As soon as we arrived the whole village, which numbered more than seventy[59] souls, came to visit us. They invited us to go to stay at the village, but, in order not to be incommoded we remained on the hill, at the foot of which there is a beautiful valley of many leagues of good land. But the place has no water except the pool, which was only enough for the people, for which reason the animals were left without drinking. This afternoon's march occupied two hours, during which we traveled about two leagues. The place was known by the name of Santa Marta.* The Indians of this village were having a feast and dance, to which they had invited their neighbors of the river called Jesús de los Temblores.

Sunday, July 30.—After we two priests had celebrated Mass with all the people present, we started about seven and descended the hill, continuing to the north-northwest. We crossed the large plain, which has an extent of more than four leagues. To the west,[60] far away, it seemed to communicate with the preceding valley, and in that direction some mountains were seen, with many trees at their base. Crossing the plain, we ascended a pass† and entered a valley of very large live oaks and alders. We then descended to a broad and spacious plain of fine black earth, with much grass, although we found it burned. After traveling for an hour through the valley we

* La Brea Canyon, north of Fullerton.

† La Habra, the pass across Puente Hills.

came to an arroyo of water which flows among many green marshes, their banks covered with willows and grapes, blackberries, and innumerable Castilian rosebushes loaded with roses. In the midst of the verdure runs a good channel of water which when measured was found to have a volume of three quarters of a square yard. It runs along the foot of the mountains, and can be easily used to irrigate the large area of good land that the valley has. The valley has a length from north to south of about three leagues, and is surrounded by ranges of hills. The one to the north is very high and dark and has many corrugations, and seems to run farther to the west.[61] The others are not so high and they run from east to west. The plain must be about six leagues long. We camped near the arroyo of running water, whose banks were covered with watercress[62] of which we ate. This valley was named San Miguel Arcángel*. The camp is about four leagues from the former one, and that is the distance we have marched to-day. In the afternoon we felt another earthquake. I observed the latitude and found it to be thirty-three degrees and thirty-four minutes. In order to cross the arroyo it was necessary to make a bridge of poles, because it was so miry.

Monday, July 31.—At seven in the morning we set out and went west-northwest. We traveled about two leagues through brush and low woods, which delayed us for a long time, making it necessary to

* San Gabriel River now. Camp was near Bassett.

cut the brush down at every step that was taken. We crossed a very miry arroyo of running water,* and halted a little farther on in a clear open space, in the same valley and near a pass that was seen to the west. At half-past eight in the morning we felt another earthquake. We traveled about three and a half leagues.

* Lexington Wash, near El Monte. Camp was south of Mission San Gabriel.

MARCH MADE BY THE EXPEDITION IN THE MONTH OF AUGUST

Tuesday, August 1.—This day was one of rest, for the purpose of exploring, and especially to celebrate the jubilee of Our Lady of Los Angeles de Porciúncula. We both said Mass and the men took communion, performing the obligations to gain the great indulgence. At ten in the morning the earth trembled. The shock was repeated with violence at one in the afternoon, and one hour afterwards we experienced another. The soldiers went out this afternoon to hunt, and brought an antelope, with which animals this country abounds; they are like wild goats, but have horns rather larger than goats. I tasted the roasted meat, and it was not bad. To-day I observed the latitude[68] and it came out for us thirty-four degrees and ten minutes north latitude.

Wednesday, August 2.—We set out from the valley in the morning and followed the same plain in a westerly direction. After traveling about a league and a half through a pass between low hills, we entered a very spacious valley, well grown with cottonwoods and alders, among which ran a beautiful river from the north-northwest, and then, doubling the point of a steep hill, it went on afterwards to the

south. Toward the north-northeast there is another river bed which forms a spacious water-course, but we found it dry. This bed unites with that of the river, giving a clear indication of great floods in the rainy season, for we saw that it had many trunks of trees on the banks. We halted not very far from the river, which we named Porciúncula.* Here we felt three consecutive earthquakes in the afternoon and night. We must have traveled about three leagues to-day. This plain where the river runs is very extensive. It has good land for planting all kinds of grain and seeds, and is the most suitable site of all that we have seen for a mission, for it has all the requisites for a large settlement. As soon as we arrived about eight heathen from a good village came to visit us; they live in this delightful place among the trees on the river. They presented us with some baskets of pinole made from seeds of sage and other grasses. Their chief brought some strings of beads made of shells, and they threw us three handfuls of them. Some of the old men were smoking pipes well made of baked clay and they puffed at us three mouthfuls of smoke. We gave them a little tobacco and glass beads, and they went away well pleased.

Thursday, August 3.—At half-past six we left the camp and forded the Porciúncula River, which runs down from the valley, flowing through it from

* Los Angeles River, where Los Angeles now stands. The dry river bed to the north was Arroyo Seco. Camp was probably near Downey Avenue.

the mountains into the plain. After crossing the river we entered a large vineyard of wild grapes and an infinity of rosebushes in full bloom. All the soil is black and loamy, and is capable of producing every kind of grain and fruit which may be planted. We went west, continually over good land well covered with grass. After traveling about half a league we came to the village of this region, the people of which, on seeing us, came out into the road. As they drew near us they began to howl like wolves; they greeted us and wished to give us seeds, but as we had nothing at hand in which to carry them we did not accept them. Seeing this, they threw some handfuls of them on the ground and the rest in the air. We traveled over another plain for three hours, during which we must have gone as many leagues. In the same plain we came across a grove of very large alders, high and thick, from which flows a stream of water about a buey in depth. The banks were grassy and covered with fragrant herbs and watercress. The water flowed afterwards in a deep channel towards the southwest. All the land that we saw this morning seemed admirable to us. We pitched camp near the water. This afternoon we felt new earthquakes, the continuation of which astonishes us. We judge that in the mountains that run to the west in front of us there are some volcanoes, for there are many signs on the road which stretches between the Porciúncula River and the Spring of the Alders, for

the explorers saw some large marshes of a certain substance like pitch; they were boiling and bubbling, and the pitch came out mixed with an abundance of water. They noticed that the water runs to one side and the pitch to the other, and that there is such an abundance of it that it would serve to caulk many ships. This place where we stopped is called the Spring of the Alders of San Estévan.*

Friday, August 4.—At half-past six in the morning we set out from the camp, following the plain to the northwest. At a quarter of a league we came to a little valley between small hills, and continued over plains of level land, very black and with much pasturage. After two hours' travel, during which we must have covered about two leagues, we stopped at the watering place, which consists of two little springs that rise at the foot of a higher mesa. From each of the two springs runs a small stream of water which is soon absorbed; they are both full of watercress and innumerable bushes of Castilian roses. We made camp near the springs, where we found a good village of very friendly and docile Indians, who, as soon as we arrived, came to visit us, bringing their present of baskets of sage and other seeds, small, round nuts with a hard shell, and large and very sweet acorns. They made me a present of some strings of beads of white and red shells which resemble coral, though not very fine; we reciprocated with glass beads. I understood that they were ask-

* Ballena Creek, west of Ciénega. The springs of pitch were the asphalt beds at La Brea. Guinn here translates *Alisos* as *Sycamores*.

ing us if we were going to stay, and I said "No," that we were going farther on.[64] I called this place San Gregorio, but to the soldiers the spot is known as the Springs of El Berrendo, because they caught a deer alive there, it having had a leg broken the preceding afternoon by a shot fired by one of the volunteer soldiers, who could not overtake it. The water is in a hollow surrounded by low hills not far from the sea.*

Saturday, August 5.—This day we set out about two in the afternoon, going north, as the explorers said that at the beach the mountains were steep and did not permit passage, so we veered somewhat to the northwest, where we saw that there was a pass in the mountains.† We entered it by a canyon formed by steep hills on both sides, but at the end of it they were more accessible and permitted us to take the slope and ascend, though with difficulty, to the top, whence we saw a very pleasant and spacious valley. We descended to it and stopped close to the watering place, which is a very large pool. Near it we found a large village of heathen, very friendly and docile; they offered us their seeds in baskets and other things made of rushes. There were so many that if more of them had come with arms it would have caused us some suspicion, for we counted more than two hundred, men, women, and children. Each of them brought some food with

* Northwest of Soldiers' Home. The explorers reached the beach west of Santa Monica (Costansó).

† Apparently Sepúlveda Cañon.

which to regale us, and we reciprocated with beads and ribbons. The journey covered three leagues, and we gave to this plain the name of Valley of Santa Catalina de Bononia de los Encinos.* It is nearly three leagues wide and more than eight long. It has on its hills and in its valleys many live oaks and walnuts, though small. I took the latitude and it was thirty-four degrees and thirty-seven minutes.

Sunday, August 6.—This day we both said Mass, which was attended by everybody, and then we rested, receiving innumerable visits from heathen who came to see us from different parts. They had heard of the sailing of the packets to the coast and channel of Santa Bárbara; they drew on the ground the shape of the channel with its islands, marking the route of the ships. They told us also that in other times bearded people, clothed and armed as they saw the soldiers, had come into their country, motioning that they had come from the east. One of them said he had been to their countries and had seen their towns formed of large houses, and that each family occupied its own. He added, besides, that in a few days' march, about seven or eight leagues to the north, we would come to a great river which ran between rough mountains and could not be forded, and that farther on we would see the ocean, which would prevent us from going on in this direction. The information gave us some

* San Fernando Valley. Camp was near Encino.

anxiety, but we put it off to be settled by our own eyes; therefore we are going to continue our journey with our most holy patron San José.

Monday, August 7.—A little before three in the afternoon we set out to the north and crossed the plain, which is about three leagues wide, and went to camp at the foot of the mountains in a very green valley grown with large live oaks and alders. The water was sufficient for the animals though not over abundant; it runs among rushes and reeds.*

Tuesday, August 8.—About half-past six in the morning we left the place and traveled through the same valley, approaching the mountains. Following their course about half a league, we ascended by a sharp ridge to a high pass, the ascent and descent of which was painful, the descent being made on foot because of the steepness. Once down we entered a small valley† in which there was a village of heathen, who had already sent messengers to us at the valley of Santa Catalina de Bononia to guide us and show us the best road and pass through the mountains. These poor Indians had many provisions ready to receive us. Seeing that it was our intention to go on in order not to lose the march, they urgently insisted that we should go to their village, which was some distance off the road; and we were obliged to consent in order not to displease them. We enjoyed their good will and their presents, which consisted of some baskets of pinole, made of sage

* San Fernando Valley northwest of Mission San Fernando.
† Over Fernando Pass to Newhall.

and other kinds of grasses, and at the side of these baskets they had others for us to drink from. They gave us also nuts and acorns, and were presented with beads in return. They furnished some other guides to accompany us; and we went on by the same valley, arriving late at the watering place, after a march of about four leagues.

The country from the village to the watering place is delightful and beautiful in the plain, although the mountains that surround it are bare and rough. In the plain we saw many tall and thick cottonwoods and oaks; the watering place consists of an arroyo with a great deal of water which runs in a moderately wide valley, well grown with willows and cottonwoods. We stopped on the bank of the arroyo, where we found a populous village in which the people lived without any cover, for they had no more than a light shelter fenced in like a corral.* For this reason the soldiers called it Ranchería del Corral, and I called it Santa Rosa de Viterbo, that this saint might be protector for the conversion of these Indians. As soon as we arrived they gave us many baskets of different kinds of seeds, and a sort of sweet preserve like little raisins, and another resembling honeycomb, very sweet and purging, and made of the dew which sticks to the reed grass. It is a very suitable site for a mission, with much good land, many palisades, two very large arroyos of water, and five large villages close together.

* Santa Clara River, near Castac, Los Angeles County.

Wednesday, August 9.—This was a day of rest, in order to give an opportunity to the explorers to go and explore along the beach, for we had this high mountain range in sight, and we understood from the heathen that this is not the only one, but that in the direction that we are traveling there are four others, more rugged, and afterwards a large river which they say we cannot ford, and which runs to the sea; and that when we reach it we will have to turn back. All this day we had visits from these good Indians, who brought us their presents of pinole, nuts, and preserves. They begged us to remain with them, and I told them that we would return, with which they were delighted. One of the heathen who visited us here recognized Father Gómez and gave him an embrace, telling him by signs that he was a coast Indian, and that he had already seen him on the bark from the shore; he also recognized Señor Fages and Señor Constanzó. This day we observed the latitude, and it was thirty-four degrees and forty-seven minutes.

The explorers came back in the afternoon with the report that the good road still continued through the valley, and that it was quite possible to go by way of the beach. This charming valley, which begins after descending from the pass, I named Santa Clara. We found here a populous village, and the heathen wished to detain us, for they had prepared refreshments for us. We perceived that they were having a wedding, and they showed us

the bride, who was the most dressed up among them all in the way she was painted and with her strings of beads. From here on the women begin to wear more decent clothing, for in the place of aprons they wear deerskins from the waist down, which serve as skirts, and little capes of rabbit skin to cover the rest of the body.

Thursday, August 10.—This day of San Lorenzo, after we two priests had said Mass and all the people had heard it, we set out at eight in the morning, following the valley west-southwest, and also the arroyo, which runs with a good stream of water, and has banks well grown with cottonwoods, live oaks, and willows. The land continues good, with plenty of grass, and is of large extent. The mountains on either side are very high and bare, but abundantly covered with grass. On the summits are seen some live oaks and pines. The range is very steep.

After three leagues' march we stopped in the same valley on the banks of the arroyo, and found ourselves here without any village.* The place was given the same name mentioned yesterday, Cañada de Santa Clara. On arriving we found that the arroyo was flowing with plenty of water, but a little while afterwards we observed that it had dried up with the heat of the sun, sinking into the sand, of which it has a great deal in the large bed, which resembles a river. This peculiarity struck us, and

* Near Camulos Rancho.

we observed afterwards that other arroyos ran at night and dried up[65] by day. We noticed in this valley that the earth was very spongy, insecure, and whitish, and that the animals sank in at every step.

Friday, August 11.—At half-past six in the morning we set out from this arroyo, going west-southwest and following the valley. After traveling a little distance we observed that the arroyo broke off, sinking into the sand in its bed. We traveled about three leagues by the same valley, and stopped in the neighborhood of a very populous village on the bank of another arroyo with much running water, which comes out of the mountains through a narrow canyon and empties into this valley of Santa Clara, which in this place seems to have a greater width. The people of this village have no other protection than a large brush shelter inside a big corral.

In the afternoon seven chiefs came to visit us with a numerous following of Indians with bows and arrows, but carrying the bow-strings loose, which is a sign of peace. They brought us an abundant present of seeds, acorns, walnuts, and pine-nuts, which they spread out before us. The chiefs, having learned who was in charge, offered to the commander, to us, and to the officers, several necklaces of little stones, white, black, and red, whose texture and material was similar to coral. There must have been more than five hundred of the heathen; the governor gave them some beads. The place was named Santa Clara, since the valley continues, and

it is a very suitable site for a good mission, for it has all the requisites for it. It is six leagues from Santa Rosa, and ten from Santa Catalina de Bononia. I took the latitude and it was thirty-four degrees and thirty minutes. With the sage that the heathen gave us a mule was loaded with a good pack; the rest was divided among all the others.

Saturday, August 12.—We started at three in the afternoon on this day of Santa Clara from her place, and following the same valley in the direction of west-southwest, over a road broken by arroyos and gullies formed by the floods from the mountain ridges which empty through them in the rainy season, we stopped on the bank of one of them which carried plenty of water. After traveling about three leagues, near the camping place we came to a village of heathen, as friendly as the preceding, and as soon as we arrived they came with their baskets of pinole and pine-nuts. Beads were given them in return. We called this village San Pedro Amoliano, hoping that this saint may be patron of these people and bring them to baptism.*

Sunday, August 13.—After we two said Mass, attended by the men, we left the place about eight in the morning through the same valley, which continues to the southwest and is now widening out. We traveled two hours, during which we must have made two leagues, and stopped near a village of heathen a short distance from an arroyo which we

* Near Fillmore.

would call at this point a river, as it is very wide and has a great deal of water running through it, formed no doubt by the many arroyos of the valley of Santa Clara. The village is composed of twenty houses made of grass, in a spherical form, like a half orange, with a vent at the top by which the light enters and the smoke goes out. I went with the father companion to see the river, which is not very far from the village. It seemed to us that the bed must have a width of fifty varas of sand and about eighteen varas of running water, very shallow and on a level with the land of this great plain, which we saw extending far to the south; indeed, it seemed to us that the level land might reach as far as the shore. The heathen made us presents of their baskets of seeds, which were repaid with beads, and they went off well satisfied. We called this river and spot The Holy Martyrs,* Ipólito and Casiano. In the afternoon we felt two earthquakes.

Monday, August 14.—At seven in the morning we left the camp accompanied by three heathen who came to show us the next watering place. We followed the plain to the west-southwest, and after traveling about two hours and a half we arrived at the shore, where we saw a regular town, the most populous and best laid-out[66] of all that we had seen on the journey up to the present time. It is situated on a tongue or point of land running out on the same beach which stands so high

* Near Santa Paula.

that it seems to dominate the waters. We counted about thirty large and spacious houses of a spherical form, well constructed and roofed with grass. According to the number of people whom we saw and who came down to the camp, there were not less than four hundred souls.

They are of good figure and disposition, active, industrious, and inventive. They have surprising skill and ability[67] in the construction of their canoes, which are made of good pine planks, well joined and of a graceful shape, with two prows. They handle them with equal skill; three or four men go out into the open sea in them to fish, and they hold as many as ten men. They use long oars with two blades, and row with indescribable lightness and speed. All the things which they make are neat and well finished; and the most surprising thing is that they have no other tools for working the wood and stone than those made of flint, for they are ignorant of the use of iron and steel. Yet we saw among them some pieces of knives and sword blades, which they use for nothing but to cut meat and open the fish that they take from the sea. The soldiers traded beads with them in exchange for baskets, pebbles, and wooden plates which would not be more graceful[68] if they were turned with a wheel. They gave us a lot of fish, especially very savory bonito. Judging by the great abundance of it and the ease with which it was caught, this must be the season for it.

A short distance from the town we pitched camp near the bank of a river, the waters of which come in a deep bed from the mountains and reach the sea. To the north it runs through a valley which has good lands, so that they make good use of the abundance of water. In the afternoon some chiefs came from the mountains, having come from[69] their country purposely to see us. Some islanders from the Santa Bárbara Channel, who happened to be in this town, came also, and they told us that twelve canoes had gone to the islands to bring from there the people who wished to see us. I called this town La Asunción de Nuestra Señora,* and I hope that such a fine site, where nothing is lacking, will become a good mission through the intercession of this great lady. I observed the latitude and it came out for me thirty-four degrees and thirty-six minutes and for Señor Constanzó thirty-four degrees and thirteen minutes.

Tuesday, August 15.—We two priests said Mass, which everybody heard, and at two in the afternoon we set out, taking the road to the west along the edge of the sea. At the start we crossed the river, which gave us some trouble on account of the stones and the large amount of water which ran above them. We traveled about two leagues over the sand of the beach. The space between the sea and the rugged, bare mountains that we have on the right

* On the site of Mission San Buenaventura, and of the City of Ventura.

is in some parts broad and in others narrow, so narrow indeed that it gives no room to pass without trouble. After traveling two hours we stopped near a small village which had a few little grass houses. All the water they have is a small pool. There was a canoe, which might be seven varas long, in which they were fishing; the people of the village immediately called them and they came to land, with very many large fish.

The chief, with all his village, came to the camp with the fish and many seeds, which he gave to the governor, who returned the gift with his present of beads, and they were well pleased. They brought more food than all the people could eat. During the night they disturbed us and kept us awake playing all night[70] on some doleful pipes or whistles, which caused our sentinels to be more watchful. I named this village Santa Conefundis.*

Wednesday, August 16.—About half-past six we started, following the same road to the west, which is the direction in which the beach runs here, and after traveling two leagues we came to another town larger than Asunción, for we counted sixty houses, well built, and of the same construction as those of the first town. It has a fine arroyo of good running water which flows into the sea, although a little above, on account of a small eminence, it is dammed up and becomes a sort of estuary. Near the village there are no lands on the seashore except enough

* Santa Conefundis was near Pitas (Whistles) Point. The name has persisted.

for building the town. The hills in the neighborhood are of good soil and are covered with good grass. I do not know whether or not there may be an arroyo or plains above in the openings between the hills. It is necessary to explore the region, for if it has them it would be a good place for a mission. The Indians are very mild and friendly; we observed that they had seven canoes in the sea in which they were fishing.

As soon as we arrived all the people came to visit us, and brought us a great supply of roasted[71] fish to eat until the canoes should arrive with fresh ones. They soon landed on the beach, and in a little while afterwards they brought us an abundance of bonitos and perch, which they gave us in such quantities that we could have loaded the entire pack train if we had had any means of preparing and salting them. They gave us also fish dried without salt, which they do not use in their food. We carried the fish with us as a precaution, and it served us well during the journey. One of the chiefs of this town was at that of Asumpta when we passed, and was the one who took the most pains to show us attention. He is a man of good figure and regular physiognomy, and a great dancer, for which reason the soldiers named the place the Town of El Bailarín, while I called it Santa Clara de Monte Falco.* I took the latitude and found it to be thirty-four degrees and forty minutes. The bed of the

* Near Rincón Point, on Rincón Creek.

arroyo of this town is well grown with willows, cottonwoods, alders, and live oaks.

Thursday, August 17.—We set out from this place at half-past seven and followed the road to the west. We climbed some steep hills of good grassy land, which end at the beach in a steep declivity, although between them and the beach there is passage along the sand dunes. We must have traveled about half a league when we came to a point of land which, with the other at the town mentioned, make a little bay in the shore. On this point we found another very large town in which we counted thirty-eight houses of the kind already described, some of them so large that they house many families. At the edge of the town all the people were awaiting us, the number being no less than those at Asumpta. We went on to the village to greet them, and the commander gave the chief a present of some beads. We pitched the camp not very far from the village in a plain that must measure, from north to south, about a league of good, black soil, well covered with grass. From east to west it is four leagues long. The place has many willows, cottonwoods, alders, and some live oaks. It is well provided with firewood, and the high mountains that it has to the north seem to have a supply of wood in some parts but are bare in others.

Just about north an arroyo comes down. My companion went to see it, and he says it has a good stretch of water at the foot of the mountains. The

soldiers and explorers said there was another good village of heathen. Not far from the town we saw some springs of pitch. The Indians have many canoes, and at the time were building one, for which reason the soldiers named this town La Carpintería,* while I christened it with the name of San Roque. It is only one league distant from the last camping place. As soon as we arrived they brought us so many bonito fish—fresh, dried, and roasted—that they exceeded the gifts of the preceding towns. Opposite the place was seen an island, but on account of the fog it was impossible to make out with certainty what one it was.

Friday, August 18.—At seven in the morning we left the camp and followed the same plain in a westerly direction, along the beach. We were accompanied by the chief of the village from which we had just come, and by the chief of the town ahead, who came last night with the explorers, and, following his example, a crowd of Indians, all pleased and merry. After traveling one league we came to the ruins of a village. The heathen told us that about three months ago the Sierra Indians had come down to fight and had killed all the people; two leagues and a half from our starting place we found the ruins of another village which had suffered the same disaster. In these places there are springs of water which are used by these villages. On this march, which lasted four hours, we saw bear tracks.

* The present-day town of Carpintería is near the same site.

After four leagues' travel we came to a large village, much larger than the preceding, which is near a long point of land running into the sea. With some difficulty we crossed a large estuary which penetrates deeply into the land, passed near the village, and pitched camp about two gunshots from it. A short time after our arrival all the people came with a generous present of fish, which they brought in seven very large loads. The gift was reciprocated with beads, and they went away very happy. In a little while the canoes that were out fishing came in, and immediately all the people, old and young, returned with a present of fresh fish, making about four loads of this alone. With this present more than five hundred persons, of both sexes and all ages, came to the camp, and we had them visiting us nearly all day. Near the village there is a spring of good water, and near the camp we found a large lagoon which does not seem to be seasonal, but to have a spring in the center. The mesas of this place have many large live oaks. This town was called Laguna de la Concepción.* Observation of the latitude could not be made because the day was cloudy. The islands can be seen from here.

Saturday, August 19.—We set out to-day simply to separate ourselves from so many people. Going west over the mesas we descended to a dry arroyo, although it was full of alders and live oaks. Another plain of good black soil follows, and we stopped

* Now Santa Bárbara. The lagoon lies east of the city.

there, having traveled no more than half a league. Withdrawing from the beach, which was steep and bordered with high hills, we halted in a valley which had running water, although the sand absorbs it. Not far from its source is the valley, covered with live oaks and alders, and on the summits there are some pines. The people of a village came to visit us, and no doubt they live near. The soldier explorers who went out this morning came back this afternoon with the report that they had found large settlements containing many people, and that they gave them a good reception. At night ten unarmed heathen came to this camp and offered to guide us in the morning to their village. They were permitted to remain for the rest of the night a little apart from the camp, a guard being placed to keep them company and entertain them until morning.

Sunday, August 20.—At eight in the morning after Mass we set out, following the plain in a westerly direction, and traveling on level land between the mountains and some hills which extend along the coast. It is all good land, with much grass, and well grown with live oaks, alders, and willows, and many Castilian roses. We traveled about three leagues and came in sight of a long bare point of land. On the west a large estuary enters by two different mouths distant half a league from each other; the estuary is bordered on the north by a good piece of land of moderate extent, entirely isolated. On that island,* which is very green and

* Mescal Island, which preserves the name Mescaltitlán.

covered with trees, we saw a large town, in which were counted more than a hundred houses. This estuary spreads out to the west, forming many marshes and lagoons upon whose banks there are other towns, but we could not learn with certainty how many there were. Nevertheless, some of our soldiers said there were four, making with that of the island five, the latter appearing to be the largest.

We passed through the middle of one of these towns to go to the watering place, near which the camp was made. In a little while the heathen from the towns came with roasted and fresh fish, seeds, acorns, atole, and other kinds of food; they urged us to eat, showing in their faces the pleasure that our coming and stay in their land caused them. The governor made them presents of beads and ribbon, with which they were much pleased, and the soldiers traded with them and obtained various curios, such as baskets, feather headdresses and skins. The whole country along[72] the road, as well as that which is to be seen from the camp, is extremely delightful, abounding in pasture and covered with live oaks, willows, and other trees, giving signs of its being very fertile land, capable of producing whatever one might wish to plant.

These heathen seem to be very well supplied with everything, especially with plenty of fish of all kinds; in fact they brought to the camp so much that it was necessary to tell them not to bring any

more, for it would eventually have to spoil. They were not content with making us presents of their food, but wished also to entertain us, and it was clear that there was rivalry and emulation among the towns to come out best in the presents and feasts in order to win our approbation. In the afternoon the chief men came from each town, one after the other, adorned according to their usage, painted and loaded with plumage and some hollow reeds in their hands, to the movement and noise of which they kept time with their songs and the cadence of the dance, in such good time and in such unison that it produced real harmony. These dances lasted all the afternoon, and it cost us much trouble to rid ourselves of the people. They were sent away, charged with emphatic signs not to come in the night and disturb us; but it was in vain, for as soon as night fell they returned, playing on some pipes whose noise grated on our ears. It was feared that they might frighten the horses, for which reason the commander went out to meet them with his officers and some soldiers. They gave them some beads and implored them to go, telling[73] them that if they came again to interrupt our sleep they would not be welcome and we would give them an unfriendly reception. This induced them to depart and leave us in peace for the rest of the night.

The soldiers named these towns Mescaltitlán, but others call them the towns of La Isla; I christened them with the name of Santa Margarita de Cortona.

I took the latitude and it proved to be thirty-four degrees and forty-three minutes. In this, as well as in the rest of the towns on the channel, or even before reaching it, we have observed that they have cemeteries, and they have explained that one is for the men and the other for the women. On each grave a very high pole painted in several colors is placed. On those of the men they hang their hair, and doubtless before burying them they cut off their locks. On the poles of the women they hang baskets.[74] We also saw in the large cemeteries skeletons of whales and a mortar of carved stone which might serve for holy water or a baptismal font. We noticed that they have two very neat enclosures. They say that one of them is for games and that the other is their ceremonial temple.

From the town of Asumpta, which is the first one on the channel, the coast runs to the west-northwest, with little variation, and from the neighborhood of the lagoon it runs directly to the west.

Monday, August 21.—At two in the afternoon we broke camp, and continuing to the west, in which direction the coast runs, we traveled two leagues over high hills, in sight of the sea, interrupted by canyons caused by floods from the mountains which we had on our right, and which in some places reach almost to the shore, leaving in the intervening space very little ground. In other places these mountains retreat, leaving some level ground between them and the sea, sometimes half a league wide. We tra-

versed a forest of live oaks and came to the watering place, which is an arroyo of good water in a valley. On its bank and on the beach we found a very large village, which must contain more than a thousand persons. We pitched camp on the right side of the valley, not far from the village.* The heathen came immediately to greet us and gave us an abundance of fresh and dried fish; and, not desiring to be less hospitable than the preceding ones, they entertained us with their dance. Some of our party thought that this ranchería was not one, but two villages; we gave them the name of San Luís Obispo. I observed the latitude, which was thirty-four degrees and forty-five minutes.

Tuesday, August 22.—On this day we rested, in order to give the explorers time to go out. From this place we made out two islands, a small one to the south and a large one to the southeast.

Wednesday, August 23.—At half-past six we started, with the object of taking advantage of low tide. We traveled about a league along the beach, but afterward left it and made the rest of the march, which covered about three leagues, over high hills, cut off from the sea in some places; and we were frequently interrupted by ravines and gullies by which the mountains discharge their waters, nearly all of which had running water and some live oaks. On each side of an arroyo† there is a village, but we

* At Naples, on Dos Pueblos (Two Towns) Canyon.
† Apparently at Tajiguas Creek.

do not know whether or not they are distinct. On one bank we counted forty-two houses, and on the other thirty-seven, and the people that we saw must exceed four hundred. We pitched camp on the left bank, and as soon as we arrived the heathen came to visit us and made us liberal presents of fish and seeds, to which the commander responded with beads; they also entertained us with a dance.

We named these villages San Guido de Cortona. We saw only four canoes, although they told us they had fifteen, and that the others had gone to the islands, of which four can be seen from this place. In this village, as well as in others in the channel, we have seen heathen men wearing the dress of women, with buckskin petticoats, very well tanned and clean. We have not been able to understand what it means, nor what the purpose is; time, and an understanding of the language, when it is learned, will make it clear.

Thursday, August 24.—On this day of San Bartolomé, after we two had said Mass and all the people had heard it, we set out early in the morning. We went west, and found the road and the country similar to those of yesterday. Every little way it was necessary for the workmen to repair the bad spots that were met with, and this laborious task caused much delay. We traveled two leagues and a half and came to the camping place, which is in a valley into which enters an estuary of salt water. On its banks we found a village of fifty-two houses,

which, judging by the people whom we saw, must contain about three hundred souls, who made us presents and entertained us like the preceding. In this place there is a lack of firewood, and in order to get good water it is necessary to go higher up in the valley, where an arroyo comes down, before the fresh water unites with that of the estuary. I called this place San Luís, king of France, and the soldiers know it as La Gaviota,* because they killed a seagull there. I observed the latitude, which was thirty-four degrees and forty-seven minutes. A heathen of this town, a great dancer, whom the soldiers called "El Loco," became so attached to us that he continues to follow us; he is of great service to us, and will aid us with the other villages. From this place we saw in the afternoon the last three islands of the channel of Santa Bárbara. They are San Bernardo, the most western; Santa Cruz, which follows to the east; and Santa Bárbara, the most eastern. The Indians of this town have seven canoes which are out fishing; some of them are very large.

Friday, August 25.—This day we set out at half-past two in the afternoon, across the estuary, and took the road along the beach, which continues to the west. We traveled four hours to make two leagues over highlands close to the seashore, the ground being much broken. One of these highlands completely cut off our passage on account of the precipitous nature of its slope on the west. For this

* Still called Gaviota.

reason we had to take the road by the beach over the stones at the foot of a cliff which was washed by the waves of the sea, so that it could be passed only at ebb tide. The cliff lasted about a quarter of a league. We afterwards climbed its highest part to the camping place[75] at a town of heathen of twenty-four houses, which must contain about two hundred souls, and which we named San Seferino, the Pope.* They received us with great friendliness, like the others. The place is rather gloomy, and is in a valley. There are other hills to be seen, not very high, all bare, and without a tree. In the interior of the valley similar hills are seen, also very gloomy, although there is plenty of pasturage. Firewood is scarce but the land is of good mellow soil. By the mouth of the valley an estuary enters and serves for a landing place for the canoes of the Indians. There is fresh running water in the valley, but it must be taken above before it mixes with that of the estuary. Two of the islands are in sight. The north wind which we have had in this and the preceding camps has been extremely cold; Señor Constanzó made the observation and the latitude was thirty-four degrees and thirty minutes.

Saturday, August 26.—At half-past two in the afternoon we set forth. Descending to the village we took the road by the estuary, and continued west, over some mesas of good land with much grass up to the very edge of the sea. In this stretch the beach

* Near El Bullito Creek (or possibly at Cañada de la Brea).

widens, as the mountain[76] recedes. After half a league's travel on the same beach we came to a village of twenty houses, whose people live, like the rest on the channel, upon fish, and we saw that they had three canoes out fishing. They showed great friendliness. In passing we named the village Santa Ana. From it we went on for a distance by the beach, and afterwards ascended the mesas, which continued to have good land and pasture. We traveled over them nearly three hours, with the annoyance of the ups and downs of the ravines, which are channels for the floods from the Sierra[77] in the rainy season. In one of them we saw some pools of fresh water, from which they filled the leather bags; this ravine had some poplars and live oaks.

We went forward and came to the camping place, having made two leagues and a half. Camp was pitched at the edge of a valley in which there is a village of twenty-four houses, with many heathen, who welcomed us and made us presents like the rest. Their chief is lame in one leg, for which reason the soldiers called it Ranchería del Cojo, but I christened it Santa Teresa.* It has its canoes, and the people live by fishing, like the rest. The place is short of firewood, but the land is good and has much grass. Water they have in the same valley in pools, which seem to come from springs. We have in sight at a distance of one league a point of land which penetrates far into the sea; according to the descrip-

* The valley is still called Cañada del Cojo.

tions it must be Point Concepción. Señor Constanzó took the latitude, and it was thirty-four degrees and thirty minutes, and I found it to be thirty-four degrees and fifty-one and a half minutes.[78] These heathen have European beads, and when asked they said they got them from the north. One of the mules was left in charge of the chief until our return, as it was too lame to walk.

Sunday, August 27.—We started at a quarter past two in the afternoon, after we two priests had celebrated Mass in the morning with everybody present. We took the road to the west, going by the seashore, as it was level ground and well covered with good grass. After one league's travel we came to the low, bare point of land which it is conjectured is Point Concepción. There is not a single village on it, although it has an extensive plain with a great deal of grass. From here the beach runs to the northwest. We went on our way over long hills, and after traveling a league and a half, the point passed, we came to the watering place on the beach itself, which is an arroyo of running water that looks like an estuary.

Near it there is a village of twenty houses, with more than two hundred and fifty souls; the people are very poor, they have no canoes for fishing, and the land is poor and short of firewood. One of the heathen, taking advantage of the carelessness of a soldier, took his sword from the scabbard so cleverly that the soldier did not notice it, and marched off

with it. Other heathen, who saw it, ran after the thief, and, although he had sought the safety of the sea, it did not avail him, for the others caught him, took it from him, and returned it to its owner, who rewarded them with some beads. For this reason they called it Ranchería de la Espada, so that, with this reminder the soldier would be more careful.* I gave it the sweet name of Concepción de María Santísma, in view of the neighborhood of the Point which has had this name for so many years. I took the latitude and it was thirty-four degrees, fifty-one and a half minutes.

Monday, August 28.—We set out at half-past two in the afternoon and traveled two leagues over high land, in sight of the sea, with good pasture, and arrived at the camping place, which is at a spring of about one naránja of good water. Near it there is a small village of about seventy souls, living in ten poor houses. These people seemed to us to be a little reserved,[79] although they treated us with the same friendliness as the others. From the camp we saw another point of land entering the sea, about a gunshot distant from the camp. Between this point and that of Concepción it appears that there is a good bay, and opposite it are seen the last two islands of the channel. One of them, the one nearest Point Concepción, is large; the other is smaller, and has a seal rock joined to it on the west. From the Point the coast runs to the northwest. In this

* Espada Creek in its name records this incident of the theft of the sword.

village the soldiers gathered good flints for their weapons; for this reason they named it Los Pedernales,* but I, in view of the fact that to-morrow we celebrate the martyrdom of San Juan Bautista, commended this village to him, so that with his patronage its reduction may be accomplished, for which purpose I gave it his name.

Tuesday, August 29.—At a quarter past one we set out northwest over level ground near the beach, and after traveling a short distance we passed the Point and saw another,† and a bay between the two on the sea side. After half a league's travel we came to an arroyo with plenty of fresh water running to the sea. We came out on the shore of the bay after crossing some large sand dunes with some difficulty, and because it was now late, for we had traveled three hours, during which we covered two leagues and a half, the commander ordered camp made in a valley in which there was no water for the animals. Only in some little pools was there any with which to make tortillas, and what was brought in the leather bags was drunk, for which reason the soldiers called it La Cañada Seca, while I named it Santa Rosalía.

Wednesday, August 30.—After we two priests had celebrated Mass and the rest had heard it we set out in the morning, following the road to the

* Still called Rocky Point.

† Argüello Point. The arroyo which they crossed just beyond was Cañada Honda. Santa Rosalía, where they camped for the night, was just south of Surf.

northwest. As we were starting some heathen came from the nearby villages and said they came to guide us. We proceeded on our way over dunes and sandy stretches, and after traveling half a league we came to a large river which is more than a hundred varas wide near the sea, its whole bed being full of fresh water. It is supposed that it sinks into the sea under the sand, for there is in its mouth a sandbank which serves as a bridge, over which we crossed. It runs in the middle of a very wide valley, and the sergeant said that in the exploration which they made higher up it was found that it has good land and groves. They saw that it has two branches above, and when they attempted to ford it the water came up to the cuirass. They say that water can be obtained to irrigate the good land which the valley has farther up. We halted on the bank of the river, where we saw no village, but in a little while many heathen came to invite us to go and stay with them in their towns. The commander excused himself, and gave them presents of beads with which they were well pleased. They asked my father companion where we were going, and begged him to stay with them, saying that they would support him. He replied that he was compelled to go on with the rest, but that on our return he would gladly remain. We named this river, which is the largest that we have encountered, for San Bernardo and his companion, but, because we arrived on this day, it is also called Santa Rosa.*

* Santa Inez River.

I observed the latitude to be thirty-four degrees and fifty-five minutes.

Thursday, August 31.—Early in the morning we set out from this river, traveling directly to the north, over sand dunes and shells, which we soon left behind and went through level country with low hills. After three hours' travel, during which we must have covered two leagues and a half, we arrived at the camping place, near a large pond of fresh water more than eighty varas across, with banks well grown with tule, willows, and other trees. We halted not far from the water, where there was a village, which must have been temporary, for we did not see a single house. The Indians entertained us with dancing, the first place where we saw the women dance, for which reason this lagoon is known by the name of El Baile de las Indias, although others call it La Graciosa, on account of the carelessness of one of the soldiers in saying that they had seen a pretty lagoon. It is in a hollow, surrounded by hills, not very high. The water comes from a spring, at whose source there is good watercress, tender and savory. We named this lake[80] San Ramón Nonato, as it was his day.*

* San Antonio Creek.

MARCH MADE BY THE EXPEDITION IN THE MONTH OF SEPTEMBER

Friday, September 1.—At six in the morning we left the camping place, taking the road straight to the north, in order to avoid the sand dunes on the beach; but, although we went some distance inland, we did not entirely escape them, for we found some quite high ones a good way from the beach. After traveling about half a league we came to a sink, or pool, of fresh water, with an abundance of pasture which grows among the tules with which the pool is surrounded. The sand dunes continued for about three-quarters of a league, and then followed a ridge of firm land, covered with rosemary and little trees unknown to us. After a league and a half of travel we descended to a valley of good land well grown with pasturage, and continued over hills. After four hours' travel, in which we must have gone three and a half leagues, we descended[81] to a beautiful valley, about three leagues wide and more than seven long. In the middle of it there is a very large lake, more than five hundred varas wide and of unknown length, for we could not see the end, and it is surmised that it reaches to the sea. All along its banks there is a great deal of tule, many

cottonwoods, and pasture without end. We pitched camp near the water. There are two villages, one small and the other larger, and as soon as we arrived the people came to visit us and made us gifts of some baskets of pinole and the seeds that they use. The water of this lagoon comes from a spring, and if it could be taken out much land could be planted. It is a very delightful place, and the view takes in the whole of the large valley. We gave it the name of Laguna Grande de San Daniel.* I took the latitude and it was thirty-five[82] degrees and thirteen minutes.

Saturday, September 2.—We set out from this lagoon at a quarter past eight and crossed the plain, which is about two leagues in extent. By the direction that we followed, which is northwest, the remainder of the way was over mesas as far as the next water, and we covered in a day's march about three leagues. The watering place is a large lake nearly circular in shape, in a valley, and it is enclosed by some sand dunes which retain the water and prevent it from going to the sea. The entire valley, which runs from east to west, is covered with rushes and grass, and the ground is very wet and swampy. In the afternoon the soldiers went out to hunt bears, as they had seen their tracks, and they succeeded in killing one with a gunshot. It was measured and found to be fourteen spans from the soles of its feet to its head. The paws were one

* Guadalupe Lake.

span long, and it must have weighed three hundred and seventy-five pounds. We tasted its meat and I thought it very savory. Six heathen, who belong to two villages that they say are not far from here, came to see us. I gave this place the name of Lake of the Holy Martyrs, San Juan de Perucia and San Pedro de Sacro Terrato. Our sergeant, Don José Francisco de Ortega, fell ill of a pain, perhaps from colic; some ten soldiers also complained of their legs.

Sunday, September 3.—This day we rested, in order to give time for the explorers to look for a pass through the mountains that we have in sight, in the supposition that they end at the beach. They are apparently the same ones that since our departure from San Diego have followed us on the right. In places they retreat from the shore and in others draw near it, so close at this point that there is no room for us to continue by the beach. This place is known to the soldiers as Camp of Las Vívoras, on account of the large number of snakes that were seen; others call it El Oso Flaco.*

Monday, September 4.—At half-past six in the morning we set out to the west over sand dunes, which we crossed in the narrowest part discovered by the explorers, only half a league wide. We then struck the beach, and traveled along it a matter of one league to the northwest; from there we went inland again, turning to the east and crossing the dunes

* It is still called Oso Flaco Lake (The Lake of the Lean Bear).

by another narrow place, half a league wide. We were then fortunate enough to travel on solid ground on a tongue[83] between two bodies of water. At the right we had a lagoon of fresh water which was walled in by the dunes and prevented from emptying into the sea; on the left we had an estuary which penetrated into the plain. We rounded it by turning to the northwest; then we took the road to the north and entered the mountains through a valley grown with live oaks, alders, willows, and other trees, and halted to make camp in the same valley, near an arroyo of running water covered with watercress.* On the whole march, which covered four leagues, we only found one very small town. Near the camping place we found a village, whose people immediately came to visit us, bringing their present of fish and seeds, for which we thanked them, the commander reciprocating with some beads. The chief of that village has a large goitre which hangs from his neck. On account of this the soldiers named him El Buchón, which name he and the village retained. I named the place[84] San Ladislao, so that this saint may be its patron and protector for its conversion. We observed among these people what we had not seen among any others, namely, that as soon as we arrived the women spread out some mats, and after scattering on them many seeds, told us to be seated. We did so, and these poor

* In Price Canyon, north of Pismo.

creatures remained with us just as though they had always known us. I observed the latitude and found it to be thirty-five degrees and twenty-eight minutes.

Tuesday, September 5.—At half-past six we broke camp, following the same valley until it turned to the northwest, when we left it. A short distance from there we took a rough and troublesome road over high hills not far from the beach, with many ups and downs; but it was very delightful on account of the thick growth of live oaks, oaks, and alders. On this march of two leagues we did not see a single heathen. We halted in a narrow valley hemmed in by very high hills, with running water and good pasture for the animals. I called it Cañada de Santa Elena, and it is known to the soldiers as Cañada Angosta.* It is in thirty-five degrees, three minutes.

Wednesday, September 6.—This day was dedicated to rest and to giving an opportunity to the explorers to examine the road.

Thursday, September 7.—We set out at half-past six, by a bad road, over high, steep hills, which lasted more than three leagues, until we descended to another spacious valley, with many lagoons of fresh water, from which the animals could not drink because the banks were so miry. This made it necessary to march to an arroyo of good water a league farther down[85] on whose banks we camped.† In this valley we saw troops of bears, which kept the ground plowed up and full of holes which they make

* San Luís Canyon. † Chorro Creek.

searching for roots which constitute their food, and on which the heathen also live, for there are some which have a very good flavor and taste. The soldiers went out to hunt and succeeded in killing one with bullets, in doing which they learned the ferocity of these animals. When they feel themselves wounded they attack the hunter at full speed, and he can only escape by the dexterity of his horse. They do not yield until they get a shot in the head or the heart. This one that they killed received nine balls before he fell, which did not happen until one struck him in the head. Some of the soldiers were fearless enough to chase one of these animals mounted on poor beasts. They fired seven or eight shots, and I have no doubt he would die from the balls; but the bear upset two of the mules, and it was only by good fortune that the two mounted on them escaped with their lives. This valley they named Los Osos, and I called it La Natividad de Nuestra Señora.*

Friday, September 8.—After Mass was said on this great day of the Nativity of our Lady, we went on by the same valley as far as the sea, which lies to the west. There were some obstructions caused by deep gulches, which it was necessary to prepare so that the pack train could pass. At the end of two leagues we stopped on a hill in sight of the sea, near an arroyo* of good water covered with water-

* Still called Cañada de los Osos. It is a few miles west of San Luís Obispo.

cress. It is a pleasant land, with many trees and good pasture. Not far from the camping place there was a very small village of heathen which seemed to be nomadic, for we did not see a single house. About sixty persons came to see us as soon as we arrived and presented us with a sort of porridge made of roasted seeds which tasted like almonds, and everybody liked it very much. The governor returned the gift and they were all well pleased.

To the south an estuary of immense size enters this valley, so large that it looked like a harbor to us; its mouth opens to the southwest, and we noticed that it is covered by reefs which cause a furious surf. At a short distance from it, to the north, we saw a great rock in the form of a round morro, which, at high tide, is isolated and separated from the coast by a little less than a gunshot. From this morro the coast runs to the west-northwest as far as the point that we saw jutting into the sea, and between it and another point of the mountains that we left behind, the shore forms a great bay, sheltered from the winds to the southwest and west; but it is necessary to examine it to make sure of the bottom. This spot was named Valley of San Adriano.

Saturday, September 9.—About six in the morning we set out to the northwest over mesas of good land covered with grass and well supplied with

* Morro Creek. The bay where they stopped is now called Morro Bay, and the rock in front of their camp is now called Morro Rock.

water[86] but without trees. In the four hours that we traveled, making at the most three leagues, we encountered eight arroyos by which the water from the mountains runs to the sea, along whose edge we traveled. We halted at the eighth watering place in a moderately broad valley, into which enters an estuary fed by an arroyo* of good water coming from the mountains. The hills which enclose this valley on the west reach to the sea. They impede passage along the beach, but the road to the north and northwest is left open. The spot was named Estuary of Santa Serafina. I found the latitude to be exactly thirty-six degrees, while for Señor Constanzó it came our thirty-five degrees and twenty-seven minutes.

Sunday, September 10.—After Mass had been said in the presence of all the soldiers, we set out early in the morning and took the valley by the north arm.† We followed it for the space of two hours and a half, during which we must have traveled two good leagues. Later we left it because we saw that it was turning to the north. From that point we made out a mountain range covered with pines, and in a very deep valley filled with a thick growth of willows, cottonwoods, pines, and other trees, we came to a large arroyo, which looked to us like a small river. We halted at the head of the

* Ellysly's Creek, just east of Point Estero. A short distance north it is joined by Villa Creek.

† They ascended Ellysly's Creek, went over Dawson Grade, and camped on Santa Rosa Creek, near Cambria.

valley, and some sixty heathen from a village that they said was not far from the camping place came to visit us. They gave us some baskets of pinole and we returned the gift with beads. They brought a little bear which they had reared and offered it to us, but we did not accept it. From this circumstance the soldiers took occasion to name the spot El Osito, but I called it San Benvenuto. I observed the latitude and it was thirty-six degrees and two minutes.

Monday, September 11.—Early in the morning, which broke very cloudy, we left the place, descended to the seashore and followed the beach, which runs to the northwest. We traveled for an hour and a half by a good road, along a cliff near the edge of the sea, with watering places at every step, and camped in a valley through which an arroyo empties into the ocean. I called it Arroyo de San Nicolás, but among the soldiers it is known as El Cantil.* There is an abundance of pasture and firewood. I did not observe the latitude, but Señor Constanzó did so and found it to be thirty-five degrees and thirty-five minutes.

Tuesday, September 12.—At half-past six in the morning we set out, following the beach on the highest part. The land was very rough and much broken; on the road there were many arroyos and

* Little Pico Creek, which enters San Simeon Bay straight east of San Simeon Point. Next day they ascended Arroyo Laguna to Arroyo de la Cruz.

gullies full of water, and they gave a great deal of trouble in fixing the bad spots that we found. We came to a point of land running into the sea, which we had on our left hand and went through a pass in the mountains. We then went on to the north-northwest, crossing several valleys and arroyos. In the day's march, which lasted three hours in which we must have covered two leagues, we came to eight watering places. We stopped on a hill at the edge of a deep valley which has sufficient water in a pool. A little way off from the camp we saw a village of heathen, and six of them came to visit us. We named this arroyo San Vicente. I observed the latitude and found it to be thirty-six degrees and ten[87] minutes.

Wednesday, September 13.—We started early in the morning, about half-past six, and marched for two leagues in a northwesterly direction, part way by the valley mentioned, and part by high mesas steeply inclined to the sea, on the edge of which we marched all this day. We stopped between two arroyos in a place where there is plenty of grass and firewood. Directly after we arrived some six heathen from a village that was near by came to visit us. At midday they brought us their present of pinole in baskets, and some good fresh fish, and the commander reciprocated with some beads, which pleased them very much. In front of us is the high, rugged mountain range, all covered with pines, which appears to be the Sierra de Pinos or Santa

Lucía, and, judging by its rough aspect, it looks as though it would prevent our passage. In view of this the commander decided to stop here for a few days in order to give an opportunity for the explorers to examine and discover a pass.[88] With this object, the captain set out to-day with a party of soldiers and Indians, equipped with the necessary tools to repair any bad places that might be found. I named this spot the arroyos of Santa Humiliana.*

Thursday, September 14.—A day of rest for us; some of the soldier explorers came back with the report that the pass was very rough, and that it was necessary to repair some places with pick and bar.

Friday, September 15.—This day they worked in preparing the road, and at night the captain came with the word that the pass was ready for the first march.

Saturday, September 16.—Early in the morning we set out from the camp, and entered the valley, which opened the way for us to enter the mountains, going now on one slope and now on another, according to what the ground would permit.† The valley is very narrow, and in part the mountains which enclose it are perilously steep, and all are inaccessible, not only for men, but also for goats and deer. In the middle of the valley runs an arroyo of water which we crossed many times before we arrived at

* Near Ragged Point, on San Carpoforo Creek. Here the coast becomes impassable.

† Up San Carpoforo Creek to its junction with Chris Flood Creek.

the camping place where we are. It is divided into two branches, one running from the east-northeast and the other from the north. Veering somewhat to the northeast there is a mountain, not so steep as those forming the valley, by the skirts of which they say we must ascend, first opening the road. After traveling one league we stopped at the foot of the mountain which we are to climb,[89] where the arroyo divides, and, after eating, all the men set out to open the road. The stretch that we have traveled over to-day is well wooded with live oaks, alders, willows, and other trees not known to us, without any land at all for planting, but with an abundance of stones. On account of the fog I could not make any observations during these days. This place received the name of the Foot of the Sierra de Santa Lucía.

Sunday, September 17, Day of the Impression of the Stigmata of our Seraphic Father San Francisco.—I would have been most happy to stop here to celebrate with my companion this great day for all our seraphic Order but we had to make another league of the journey. With this object we set out in the morning, and the first thing was to begin to go over the crest, with a prayer in our mouths, for this day's journey called for nothing less. Afterwards we followed the ridges of the hills which form the side of the valley which looks to the north; then we descended another declivity, very long and steep, and halted in a hollow which has nearby

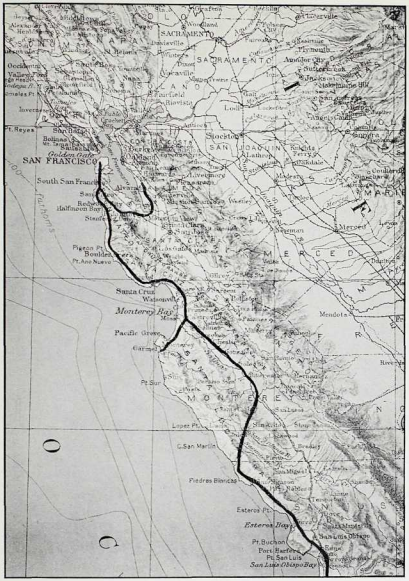
plenty of water, firewood, and pasture. We came upon a village of heathen who numbered perhaps sixty souls, but without a single house. They are very gentle and friendly; they told us this was not their home, but that as soon as they saw us they ran to meet us in order to accompany us afterwards to the village, which they say is near, and that we have to pass by there. We called this spot La Hoya* de la Sierra de Santa Lucía, and I named for patron to these poor heathen my Seraphic Father San Francisco (who received the impression of the stigmata on Mount Alberne, so that he might intercede for the conversion of these heathen who live in these crags, rougher than those of that mountain) and also Blucia de Sulermo. I was able to make an observation, and it came out north latitude thirty-six degrees and eighteen and a half minutes.

Monday, September 18.—This day was for us and those few who remained in the camp a day of rest, for nearly all the people went out to work on the road in preparation for the next march.

Tuesday, September 19.—The rest for us continued, while the men went on with the work on the road, which they finished, thanks to God.

Wednesday, September 20.—About half-past six we set out from the camping place, and immediately began to ascend a long steep acclivity. Afterwards we went on by the slope of a valley, narrow and deep, which has running water. We went down to

* Apparently at Wagner Creek.



Portolá's Route from San Luís Obispo to San Francisco Bay, projected on a modern map.

it and crossed the arroyo two or three times in the same valley, which we found now wider, and we again climbed a very long steep. When we reached the top of it we rose above the whole range, which extends in all four directions, without an end to be seen on any side. It was a sad spectacle for poor travelers, tired and worn out by the fatigue of a long journey, by the labor of leveling bad spots, and of opening roads through hills, woods, sand dunes, and swamps. They now began[90] to feel the cold, and some of the soldiers were also afflicted with the scurvy and incapacitated for work, by which the labor was made harder for the rest. All these considerations were such as to oppress our hearts, but, remembering the object to which these labors were directed, which was the greater glory of God in the conversion of souls, and the service of the king, whose dominions would be extended by this expedition, all took courage to work with pleasure, over which we rejoiced exceedingly, blessing our God and Lord and supplicating him to grant health to everybody and success to the expedition, naming as intercessor our patron, the most holy patriarch San José. We traveled this day five hours, covering two leagues, and stopped in the same mountains in a little valley, exceedingly narrow, so that there was scarcely room to form the camp. We found there three villages of heathen, who were harvesting pine nuts. They had their houses not far from the camp, from what they said, and they showed themselves

to be agreeable and lively. The explorers came back in the afternoon and reported that while making the exploration with more care they had seen not far from there another spot better suited for the camp, and the commander decided that in the morning we should go there. They named this place Camp of Piñones,* on account of the abundance of pine nuts, and the large number that the Indians gave us. The gift was returned with beads.

Thursday, September 21.—In order to move to the place spoken of by the explorers it was necessary to repair some bad spots, and for this task they set out after hearing Mass, which we both celebrated. In the afternoon we moved, leaving camp at half-past two, and in two hours we went a league to the north through the same mountains, and came to the camping place at a very large arroyo,† whose source, so they said, was not far off. It runs from east to west, is very much boxed in, and has a good growth of live oaks, alders, and cottonwoods. Not far from the camping place there are two rancherías, from which some heathen came to visit us. They gave us pinole and pine nuts; in return we gave them beads, which pleased them very much.[91]

[Friday, September 22.—We rested at this place so as to give time for the scouts to examine the country carefully, and also to allow the animals to recuperate somewhat, as they were in bad condition.

* Near Los Burros Creek, west of the Nacimiento River.
† The Nacimiento River.

Saturday, September 23.—After nightfall the scouts returned from their reconnaissance with good news. They said that they had pushed forward for twelve or fourteen leagues, and had followed a valley as far as its outlet in the sea; in this, however, they were greatly deceived, as we all found out afterwards, by the heavy fog which filled the valley towards the sea. They believed, also, that they had seen the beach, but this was still quite distant. Through the valley flowed a river which they took to be the Carmelo,* as they saw large trees on its banks—cottonwoods, willows, oaks, and other kinds. With this news the men were greatly rejoiced. They all bestirred themselves, supposing that the goal towards which we were marching was only a short distance away, for our desires anticipated our arrival.

Sunday, September 24.—We set out and proceeded for about two leagues, over low-lying hills, towards the north and at times towards the northeast. We descended a slope at the foot of which flowed a considerable stream of water.† Its course was eastward, and turned, afterwards, to the north, uniting with the Río de las Truchas, as we understood from the natives. The whole country over which we travelled, especially from this stream onward, was covered on both sides with white oaks and live oaks, as high and of as great girth as can

* The Salinas River.

† San Antonio River, near Jolón.

be found in the finest parks of Europe. All the trees were loaded with acorns, as yet unripe, and the crop would be so large that many herds of swine could be maintained. The Indians use them in making their *atole*—of which we have partaken in various places—and they also roast them and eat them as bread. On the margin of this stream there was a village of very poor, wandering Indians, but they showed themselves friendly and obsequious.*]

Monday, September 25.—This morning we halted, for the reason that on the next day's march that we are[92] to make there is no water for the animals to drink. At midday, here at this arroyo, which I named The Wounds of Our Seraphic Father San Francisco, considering the fact that since leaving his land we had not found a place suitable for dedicating a mission to him, and that this arroyo, with its land and abundance of water, was not unworthy of a good settlement, I decided to delay no longer; and therefore I dedicated this arroyo to the impression of his stigmata, reserving that saint's name for the famous town, as his Excellency the visitor-general said to our father president at the camp of Santa Ana before taking leave of him. At two in the afternoon we set out from this place and traveled a little more than a league straight to the

* The entries for September 22, 23, and 24, which, except for two lines, are lacking from the Figueroa MS. and the printed texts of Crespi's diary, have been supplied from Costansó. The last two lines of Crespi's entry for the 24th have been preserved. They are nearly identical with Costansó's entry: "village of very friendly heathen who appear to be wanderers, for we saw not a single house."

north. On the way we encountered eight small, round, white hills, close together. Afterward we entered a valley of good land between hills well covered with oaks and live oaks, and with some pines on the peaks; and after traveling for a short distance through it we found a little pool of water, from which all the skin bags and barrels were filled. We then went on to a place where the pasture had not[93] been burned, and stopped there, one league from the arroyo of The Wounds of Our Father.*

Tuesday, September 26.—At half-past seven in the morning we set out from camp, following the valley to the northeast; it gets narrower little by little, and the hills by which it is confined are very stony. At the end of the valley the hills come together, but they still allowed us passage, not at all difficult, to descend to another valley, the one in which the explorers thought they had a sight of the Carmelo River through the thick fog. We descended to it by an easy slope thickly grown with different sorts of bushes, among them one with a fruit which resembles wild chestnuts, but very bitter. At the foot of the declivity we found a village of wandering Indians numbering more than two hundred souls, who were camped beneath a fallen live oak. They gave us a quantity of seeds and pine nuts, to which we responded with some beads. We remained a while with them, and then went on with the intention of stopping on the banks of the river, which the

* Upper Jolón Valley.

explorers called El Carmelo. We traveled about three leagues, and pitched camp at a river whose banks are full of willows, cottonwoods, live oaks, and other trees. The whole plain is very verdant, and the earth is soft and mellow, producing a variety of fragrant plants, a great deal of rosemary, sage, and Castilian rosebushes which are loaded with roses. The day's march covered three leagues from the start. I named this place Valley or River of San Elziario; by the soldiers it is known as El Real del Chocolate.*

Wednesday, September 27.—A little after half-past six we set out from the camp, following the course of the valley and the river in a northwesterly direction. We crossed the river farther down where it was smooth, after its waters were divided into three arms. In some large pools in the same river many fish were seen, and the soldiers said they saw some that might weigh as much as ten[94] pounds each. We left the river bottom in order to get on level, clear land, drawing a little closer to the hills which enclosed the valley on the north, until we came again to the slope of the river bottom which inclined toward those hills, veering a little to the northwest, compelling us to take to the skirts of the hills which we had in sight on the right hand.† As

* They apparently descended Kent Canyon, reaching the Salinas near King City.

† Below King City and above Metz the Salinas River runs close to the eastern range. This passage in Crespi is in itself proof that Portolá reached the river near King City.

soon as opportunity offered we again followed the level land, keeping the direction of the river. We saw in this day's march two bands of antelope some distance from us. The march covered four leagues, and camp was made near some pools of water under a large cottonwood, a site well furnished with pasture, which cannot be obtained anywhere else in the valley. Because the camp was pitched near the cottonwood, it was named Real del Alamo.* I took the latitude, finding it to be thirty-six degrees and thirty-eight minutes.

Thursday, September 28.—We set out early in the morning, which was very cloudy, and followed the same valley and river by a level road, the grass all burned. As we approach the seacoast, the valley goes on widening, and in places the plain has a width of two leagues, in others still more. We traveled five hours, during which we must have made four leagues, and halted in the same plain of the valley in the midst of a grove of live oaks, which had a little pasture that had not been burned. Because the land had a whitish color it was called Real Blanco. Although we have come across many roads and paths beaten by the heathen, we have not seen one of them; some bands of antelopes were seen, but not within gunshot.

Friday, September 29.—To-day, day of the prince and archangel San Miguel, after we two had said

* Camp on the 27th (Real del Alamo) was near Metz; on the 28th (Real Blanco), near Camphora.

Mass, attended by all the men, we started about eight in the morning by the same valley, following the course of the river by a level road like the preceding, although it was more abundant in unburned pasture. The valley gets wider, the trees and the verdure of the river bed continue, and on the banks there are an infinite number of roses of Castile. We traveled four hours, making three leagues and a half, and halted close to the river, which flows in this part more noisily and swiftly. Shortly after halting we heard a great uproar and shouting in the wood formed by the trees of the river, which must be more than four hundred varas wide. Presuming it to be some village whose people had seen us and were making this noise in consequence, the commander, some of the officers, and I started in their direction, when we saw that it was not as we had thought, but that they were hunting, and had not seen us, for now,[95] just as soon as they caught sight of us, the shouting stopped. We signaled them with a white cloth to approach, but there was no way to attract them; on the contrary, they began to blow on a pipe and throw earth in the air, on seeing which we returned to camp and allowed them to continue their exercise. From the foregoing incident this place was called Real de los Cazadores.*

Saturday, September 30.—We started early in the morning, following the valley down stream, northwest and west-northwest. Little by little the

* Near Chualar.

hills are getting lower and lower and drawing farther away, at the same time that the valley widens, for at the camping place and in sight of two low points formed by the hills the valley must be more than three leagues across. The soil is of the same nature as the preceding, although the land is lower and has some fissures into which the animals sink; the soil is whitish and short of pasture on account of the fires set by the heathen.

We traveled four leagues and a quarter, and halted in the same valley not far from the river, which here is distant from the coast two and a half leagues.* The sea can be heard from the camp, although it cannot yet be seen. The explorers came in this afternoon with the report that this river, which we have been following for days, empties into an estuary which enters the sea through the valley; that the beach can be seen to the north and the south surrounded with sand dunes, and the coast forms an immense bay; and that to the south is seen a ridge which terminates in a point in the sea, and is covered with trees that look like pines.

On hearing this information most of us suspected that we had left behind the harbor that we were looking for, because of the great circuit we had made northeast-by-north in order to pass the mountains cutting across our path, until we came down to the valley which permitted us to again take the road along the beach in the direction of the northwest and

* Camp was below Old Hill Town.

west-northwest. Another indication of this was the Point of Pines visible to the south, for it is one of the marks of the harbor of Monterey given in the itineraries, making it certain that the great bay described by the explorers was undoubtedly that formed between the Point of Pines and Point Año Nuevo.[96] These arguments had some force, especially in view of the fact that we were higher up than thirty-six and a half degrees north latitude. For these reasons it was considered indispensable to make a careful examination of the point to the south before going on.*

* In his search for Monterey Bay, Portolá was relying principally on the old Manila galleon pilot, Cabrera Bueno. For his description of Monterey Bay, see p. 236, Note.

MARCH MADE BY THE EXPEDITION IN THE MONTH OF OCTOBER

Sunday, October 1.—On this day, after Mass had been said by us two priests and heard by the rest, we broke camp, and, following the same river, we traveled one league, approaching the beach. We halted near the same river in the plain, which had good pasture, about a league and a half from the beach.* Soon after our arrival the commander, the engineer, and I, accompanied by five soldiers, went to examine the beach. Ascending a small hill which is not far from it, from the top we saw a great bay, which we conjectured to be the one which Cabrera Bueno places between Point Año Nuevo and the Point of Pines† of Monterey, for we saw this point covered with tall pines, and it must be that the port of Monterey is near it. The river which we have been following for so many days empties into this great bay, which forms an estuary that penetrates the land about two leagues and causes the river to rise and fall. Near the beach it is now very full and of great depth, so that it cannot be forded; the mouth is narrow, perhaps twelve varas wide, and near the sea it resembles a very deep pond. The plain is

* Camp was near Blanco. † Still so-called.

very large, and extends for many leagues until it reaches the other point, which we conjectured to be Año Nuevo. We did not see a single heathen in this neighborhood. We returned to the camp, and, in view of what has been said, which we related to the commander, he decided that on the following day the captain should go out to examine the point mentioned.

Monday, October 2.—Early in the morning the captain started out with eight soldiers to examine the point closing the bay to the south. On this day I took the latitude, and it turned out thirty-six degrees and fifty-three minutes, while Señor Constanzó observed it by the gnomon method and it came out for him thirty-six degrees and forty-four minutes.

Tuesday, October 3.—To-day the explorers returned in the afternoon. Both the captain and the soldiers said that they had seen no harbor, either to the north or to the south of the point, but they did see that the point was covered with pines, and after passing it they saw a small bay formed between this Point of Pines and another somewhat farther south, with an arroyo of water which came down from the mountains,* well forested with trees, and an estuary into which the arroyo empties, near some small lagoons of little consequence. Farther on the precipitous coast ran south by southwest, and its ruggedness compelled them to retreat. They

* Carmel Bay and River.

believed also that this was the same cliff that had forced us back from the shore and obliged us to travel through the mountains. This report heard, the commander decided that on the following day a council of the officers should be held to determine what was to be done. He summoned them to it, and charged us priests to say the Mass of the Holy Ghost, that it might enlighten all and help them to give their opinions as to what was the best course to pursue.

Wednesday, October 4.—A great day for all the sons of our seraphic father San Francisco, whose festival we, his two sons, celebrated in this New World, or corner of the Old World, without any church or choir but the wilderness. We constructed an arbor in which to celebrate the holy sacrifice of the Mass, which we both said with all possible devotion, begging the Holy Ghost, by making our seraphic father intercessor, to give light to these men so that they might decide what is best to be done for the greater honor and glory of our king.

The Mass concluded, the commander summoned the officers. When they had assembled in the name of God, he told them about the shortage of provisions in which we found ourselves, and the number of sick on hand (there were seventeen men who were half crippled and of no use for labor); he called attention to the fact that the season was now far advanced, and to the great hardships of the men still in good health from the excessive labor in watching the

animals at night, in guarding the camp, and in the constant sallies to explore and reconnoiter. In view of this and of the fact that we had not found the harbor of Monterey in the latitude where we had supposed it to be, he asked each one to give his opinion freely, in order to decide upon the best course to pursue. Having heard the commander's proposal[97] the officers voted unanimously to continue the journey, as it seemed to be the only thing to do, in the hope of finding, through the favor of God, the desired harbor of Monterey, and in it the packet *San José,* which would relieve the suffering. And if it should be God's will that we should all perish in looking for Monterey, we should have done our duty to God and to all men by coöperating unto death to bring success to the undertaking that we had been commanded to carry out. All were resigned to this decision and in the mind to continue. We two friars also took part in this council and gave the same vote; and we endeavored to encourage all the rest and to convince them that the help of God would not be lacking to us, since the undertaking was directed to His greater honor and to His desired conversion of all souls.

Thursday, October 5.—Sergeant Ortega started out early in the morning with his soldiers to explore the country and examine, if it should be possible, the other point of the bay, which was thought to be Point Año Nuevo.

Friday, October 6.—The explorers returned in the afternoon with very joyful news, saying that

they had found a river* with a great deal of verdure and Castilian trees, and that they had seen a point with many pines to the north, although it was learned afterwards that they had been mistaken on account of the heavy fog. They also saw tracks of large animals with cloven hoofs,[98] and which they judged to be buffalo, and a populous village of heathen who were living in barracks or huts covered with grass. They said they must number more than five hundred souls.

These people had had no information of our arrival in their country, judging by what our soldiers observed of the terror caused by their presence; for, astonished and confused, they ran wildly about, not knowing what they were doing. Some ran to their weapons, others shouted and yelled, and the women began to weep. The soldiers did all they could to calm them, and the sergeant succeeded in doing this by his wisdom, bravery, valor, and experience among Indians, although it cost him a good deal of trouble to restrain them. As soon as he saw that they were excited he dismounted and approached them in an attitude of peace. The Indians did not permit him to reach their village, but made signs to him to stop, and then instantly they all took up their arrows and thrust them into the ground, points down.[99] They did the same with some small daggers and feather headdresses which they immediately brought from their houses. They then retired, and the

* Pájaro River, near Watsonville.

sergeant, understanding that they had done these things as a sign of peace, approached and took some of the arrows and other things that they had planted there. The heathen were delighted at this, and applauded this conduct on the part of our men.

With the object of reassuring them still further that they were not going to harm them, but, on the contrary, desired their friendship, they asked them for food. At this the confidence of the Indians became greater, and their women at once set to work to grind seeds, of which they made balls of dough and gave them to the soldiers. The sergeant then gave the Indians some beads, and they were very pleased and happy. In consequence of the information that the explorers brought, all the rest of us became confident that the river they had seen was the Carmelo, and that, therefore, near that point of pines which they said they had seen, must be the desired port of Monterey. Everybody prepared to march on the following day, after having rested now five days and a half.

Saturday, October 7.—We set out from this camp, which took the name of Santa Delfina, virgin and wife of San Elcearco, to whom I dedicated the spot where we were on his day, the 27th of September, and at about twelve noon took the road to the north-northwest.[100] After traveling a short distance we entered a marsh, or dry lagoon, very verdant with mallows and other herbs. Afterwards we followed a valley between low ridges, passing four

lagoons that caused us some trouble to get around, for which purpose it was necessary to do some work on some miry spots. The march lasted three hours, during which we must have traveled two[101] leagues, and we halted in a valley near a lake and a village which it was evident had recently been abandoned by all the heathen. The road is over passable ground well covered with pasturage. Many cranes were seen at the lake, the first in the whole journey, for which reason the soldiers called it Laguna de Las Grullas,[102] while I named it Santa Brígida.* This night we confessed and gave the holy oil to one of the Leather-jacket soldiers, who has become seriously ill with scurvy.

Sunday, October 8.—After Mass we administered the holy viaticum to the sick man of last night, and to another who had also become worse, and to-day the latter likewise received the holy oils, nevertheless they are continuing the journey on litters which have been made for them. In the same way nine more are going who are almost crippled with the same disease, the scurvy, although not so badly as the two mentioned. After this tender and devout ceremony we left the place about eight in the morning, going north through hills higher than the preceding. At each bay formed by the land there was a lagoon of greater or lesser magnitude, which made it necessary for us to make many detours.

* Near Del Monte Junction. The laguna was perhaps Espinosa Lake.

After traveling five hours, covering four leagues, we came to the large village which the explorers had told us about. We found it abandoned, contrary to our expectations; for when we set out from the lake of Santa Brígida de las Grullas, we saw near the camping place several arrows and little darts thrust in the ground, with some mussels at their feet, which the Indians, either in the afternoon or the night of the preceding day, had fixed in that spot without allowing us to see them. These signs of peace convinced us that we should find them friendly, and that they would allow us to treat with them at their village, but the fear of these poor creatures caused them to desert and burn it as we found it. We all regretted this circumstance, because we need them greatly, especially to acquire information of the country, and to accompany the explorers in their reconnoissance to find good camping places, and to serve as interpreters in the villages which are newly met with, so that they may not do what the others have done.

We halted on the bank of the river which the explorers had discovered not far from the burned village, which was near its very verdant and pleasant plain, full of cottonwoods, alders, tall oaks, live oaks, and other species not known to us. We saw in this place a bird which the heathen had killed and stuffed with straw; to some of our party it looked like a royal eagle. It was measured from tip to tip of the wings and found to measure eleven spans. For

this reason the soldiers called the stream Río del Pájaro,* and I added the name of La Señora Santa Ana. I could not make observations on account of the fog.

Monday, October 9.—This day was devoted to rest on account of the sick who are giving us anxiety, and in order to give an opportunity to explore for the next two marches.

Tuesday, October 10.—About eight in the morning we set out northwest. We could not make the march as long as was intended, because the sick men were worse, and each day their number increased, so we must have traveled but little more than one league, over plains and low hills, well forested with very high trees of a red color, not known to us. They have a very different leaf from cedars, and although the wood resembles cedar somewhat in color, it is very different, and has not the same odor; moreover, the wood of the trees that we have found is very brittle. In this region there is a great abundance of these trees and because none of the expedition recognizes them, they are named redwood from their color. We stopped near a lagoon† which has much pasture about it and

* Still called Pájaro River. Camp was near Watsonville. The route from this point to Soquel Creek (El Rosario), reached on October 16th, is difficult to trace with minute precision, but the explorers evidently ascended Corralitos Creek and swung round some distance to the north, for they crossed Soquel Creek a league from the coast. Their route was close to the present highway from Watsonville to Soquel.

† College Lake or Pinto Lake, evidently.

a heavy growth of the redwoods. In this march many tracks of animals resembling those of domestic cattle have been encountered, and there is some discussion as to whether they may not be buffalo. Some very large deer have also been seen, which they call stags to differentiate them from ordinary deer. The droppings of some mule-like animals have also been found. Bands of them have been seen, and it is said that they are long-eared and have short, flat tails. In the lagoons many cranes are also seen. The explorers say that near here they have seen many chestnut trees which are in flower, and they brought some few nuts, which we tasted, and they truly are chestnuts,* the only difference noticed being that they have a thicker shell than those of Spain.

Wednesday, October 11.—During the night the sick became worse and others have been prostrated, for which reason the commander ordered a halt. We two said Mass this morning to the Most Holy Patriarch San José, for the recovery of the sick and the success of the expedition. We gave the viaticum and the holy oils to three more, the ones that are most seriously ill. The commander determined that while we were resting for the sick, the explorers should go out and examine everything as far as possible, so as to have that done. With this object Sergeant Ortega set out with eight soldiers, each one taking three mules for relay, for the animals have become very thin from the cold.

* Buckeye nuts, perhaps.

Thursday, October 12.—The sick men appear to be somewhat better this morning. We commended them to Nuestra Señora del Pilar, and in her honor we named this place the Lagoons and Chestnuts of Nuestra Señora del Pilar. I took the latitude, as the sun allowed itself to be seen, and it was thirty-seven degrees and thirty-five minutes.[103]

Friday, October 13.—Nothing special happened this day, nor is there any change in the condition of the sick.

Saturday, October 14.—This afternoon the explorers returned. The sergeant reported that he had gone ahead twelve leagues without getting any information of the harbor that we are looking for, and that he went to the foot of a high, white mountain range.

Sunday, October 15.—We two said Mass, commending to God the sick persons, who were feeling rather better. For this reason the commander decided that we should start, as we did, setting out northwest through a valley grown with redwoods, and over hills all covered with chestnuts. After half a league's travel we came to an arroyo with a good volume of water;* it seemed to be very much boxed in, with many trees along its banks, cottonwoods, alders, and willows, but there is no plain near by to make use of that water. We traveled only a league and a half on account of the fatigue of the sick persons, and we halted in a valley near another small lagoon which I named Santa Teresa† because

* Corralitos Creek. † Apparently in Pleasant Valley.

it was her day. The place has good pasture, and we had found the same along the road.

Monday, October 16.—We set out in the morning from this place, to the northwest, following the valley of the preceding day, and going afterwards through the thickest growth of chestnuts and redwoods, of which there are many extremely large ones. After traveling half a league we crossed the arroyo that I spoke of in the preceding journey, because it is very near the beach, and the range of hill which follows, which has good pasture, although it has just been burned by the heathen, who do not permit themselves to be seen. The march lasted three hours and a half, during which we traveled only two leagues because of the sick, but the poor creatures are slowly recovering. We stopped on the bank of a small stream, which has about four varas of deep running water. It has on its banks a good growth of cottonwoods and alders; on account of the depth at which it runs it may be that it cannot be utilized to water some plains through which it runs. It was named El Rosario del Beato Serafín de Asculi.*

Tuesday, October 17.—We set out about nine in the morning to the west-northwest, and traveled over good land well covered with grass and in sight of the seashore, although it was about a league away, and having the redwood trees still with us. We traveled for three hours and made about two

* Soquel Creek.

leagues, during which we found three arroyos, two of them with running water, one with a buey of water, and all with plains of good land and a heavy growth of cottonwoods and alders in their beds.[104]

At the end of the day's march we turned to the west. Not far from the sea we came to a large river,* which, in the place where we crossed it, must have been about eighteen varas wide, and which in the center reached to the bellies of the animals. It is one of the largest that we have met with on the journey. In its bed there is a thick growth of cottonwoods and alders, and it has good meadows for raising crops by irrigation. It is not far from the shore, and, according to what the explorers say, it empties into an estuary of a bay. We made camp on the other side of the river, the descent and ascent of which cost some trouble to clear and make a passage. Besides the growth along the river there are many redwoods. Not far from the stream we found a good patch of ground that is not burned, and it is a pleasure to see the grass and the variety of herbs and roses of Castile. This river was named San Lorenzo. We did not find a single heathen on it, nor did we see one in the whole day's march.

Wednesday, October 18.—About eight in the morning we started, taking our way along the coast, which runs to the west-northwest, over high hills, precipitous on the side towards the sea. Five hundred steps after we started we crossed a good

* San Lorenzo River.

arroyo of running water which descends from some high hills where it rises. It was named Santa Cruz.* Afterwards we crossed some large mesas of good land which could easily be irrigated with the water of this stream. The mesas, which end in cliffs at the sea, must be about one league wide, extending to some hills at the foot of the mountains. We traveled three hours and a half but only made two leagues, during which we descended and ascended four deep watercourses carrying running water which empties into the sea. Only in the watercourses are any trees to be seen; elsewhere we saw nothing but grass, and that was burned. About halfway on the march we left the redwoods behind us. We stopped at the fourth arroyo, which ends in an estuary; it was named Arroyo de San Lucas,† but the soldiers called it Las Puentes, because it was necessary to bridge it with poles and earth before it could be crossed.

Thursday, October 19, Day of San Pedro de Alcántara.—We set out about eight in the morning. The road on this march was very troublesome, on account of the frequent gulches along the way, for we crossed seven, and they caused a great deal of work in making them passable, especially one of them, on account of its depth and the steepness of its sides. In this one the mule that was loaded with the cooking pot fell down, and because of this accident it took the name of Barranca de la Olla.

* At Santa Cruz.

† Coja Creek.

The coast, which now turns more to the northwest, is all precipitous, except at the mouth of the ravine mentioned above, where a small beach is formed. On the right hand we had some bare white hills which caused sadness. We halted on a very high one in sight of the white mountains which the explorers discovered, and on which some patches of pines could be made out. At the foot of the hill run two very copious streams, one to the right and the other to the left. The day's march was two leagues and a half, and in it we spent about five hours. The spot did not seem to me undesirable for a town, although we did not see a single heathen, but we did see vestiges of a village which had been deserted shortly before. I called the place San Pedro de Alcántara, and the soldiers know it as El Alto del Jamón.*

Friday, October 20.—In order to leave this place we had to ascend a very long ridge after crossing the arroyo which runs at the foot of the hill to the north, and it was necessary to open a road by force of the pick. In this task the whole morning was spent, and we therefore started late. We traveled for a long space on the ridge of a chain of rough broken hills which drop to the sea, and halted on the same beach at the mouth of an arroyo or valley, about a league from where we started. In this short stretch the coast runs northwest by north. The valley is open towards the northeast,[105] and it

* Scott Creek. Junín in the MS., evidently a slip for Jamón, as given elsewhere by Crespi and by Costansó. See p. 239.

enters the land in the same direction something like a league. From here the coast runs west by northwest;[106] it is low and full of rocks which are but little elevated above the water. This spot or arroyo I named Valley of San Luís Beltrán.* The point that we judged to be Año Nuevo is about a league from our camp, and so we still found ourselves on the great bay which we supposed to be the port of Monterey.

Saturday, October 21.—This day was set aside for the explorers to spend the whole day in the reconnoissance, and to serve as a rest for the sick, who do not feel any worse, although their improvement is slight. I observed the latitude, which I have not been able to do for so many days on account of the fog, and it came out thirty-seven degrees and twenty-two minutes, while for Señor Constanzó it resulted thirty-seven degrees and three minutes. This afternoon and in the night heavy rain fell, together[107] with a very strong wind from the south which stirred up a storm on the sea.

Sunday, October 22.—This day broke very cloudy and dark, with all the people wet and fatigued from loss of sleep for lack of tents, so that it was necessary to rest to-day and dry the clothing, our greatest anxiety being lest the poor sick persons with us might be harmed by the wetting. But exactly the contrary happened, and it seemed as though God had sent them health with the drenching, for to the

* Waddell Creek.

surprise of everybody they began to improve, and in a short time were entirely recovered, thanks to God, to whom we attributed this special blessing. For this reason the valley was renamed La Salud.

Monday, October 23.—About half-past eight we set out from this valley of La Salud, following the beach, where there is pasture, but after half a league passage is cut off by the precipitous Sierra Blanca. Arriving near a point of low land which projects far into the sea, we climbed a mesa of level land which turns northwest by north. This mesa, which ends at the beach, must be about a league and a half long, half a league wide, and near the mountains a quarter. We traveled two leagues in three hours, and halted in a little valley between hills near a village of heathen, which for some days we had been wishing to find. They had already learned of our coming from the explorers. They welcomed us with demonstrations of pleasure, and immediately gave us some tamales made of seeds, some of acorns and some of other kinds of seeds, as well as a certain kind of honeycomb which some of our party said was bee honey. They brought it very neatly wrapped in leaves of the reed grass. Their gift was repaid with beads, which pleased them greatly.

In the middle of the village there was an immense house of a spherical form, large enough to hold all the people of the town, and around it there were some little houses of a pyramidal form, very small, constructed of stakes of pine. Because the large

house rose above the others the soldiers called it Village of the Casa Grande, but I dedicated it to San Juan Nepomuceno. There is a good arroyo* of water here, much pasture, and an abundance of firewood, and not far from the village there is a grove of redwoods.

Tuesday, October 24.—We set out at half-past eight with two heathen of this village who came[108] to guide us, taking a northerly direction, in sight of the sea, over high, broad hills of good land, but all burned over and despoiled of trees. Only through the openings is to be seen the Sierra Blanca which still remains with us, but after half a league's travel there were some groves of redwoods. We crossed two arroyos, each one of which carried more than a buey of water. In two leagues we crossed two valleys with very good land and an abundance of running water in each, measuring more than a buey. One of them, besides the water spoken of, has a fair-sized lagoon.† This is a fine place, with good lands and an abundance of water, where a good mission could be placed; for this purpose I give it as patron San Pedro Regalado, which name it will keep.

It is a pleasure to see the great number of blackberries in this place, so thick that they prevent us from walking. After traveling seven hours, in which we made two[109] leagues, we arrived at the camping

* Gazos Creek.

† The two arroyos crossed were Arroyo de los Frijoles and Pescadero Creek. The lake mentioned is still at Arroyo de los Frijoles, halfway between Bolsas Point and Pescadero Point.

place, which is in a small valley with a good village of heathen, who received us with much friendliness. They are fair, well formed, and some of them are bearded. They have their village near the beach, about half a league from the camping place; but they also have their little houses in this valley, and at present are living in them. The valley has a great deal of land, much of it good; in the middle of it there is an arroyo with plenty of running water which goes to the beach, on whose edge, lower down, these heathen have their village. The only shortcoming that I[110] noticed was the scarcity of wood, but the mountains are near, and there is plenty of brush from the redwoods. I believe the place is a good site for a mission, for which purpose I dedicated it to our Father Santo Domingo, so that the conversion of this village may proceed under his patronage.*

Wednesday, October 25.—On account of the long march that was made yesterday some of the pack animals were tired, and for that reason a rest is being taken to-day, which will give the explorers time to go and reconnoiter with guides from this village. I observed the latitude and it was thirty-seven degrees and thirty minutes. The heathen gave us many tamales made of black seeds, which are not so bad, so the soldiers say, for making atole. To-day the miniestra for the soldiers was exhausted, and the meat for them was used up several days ago, so

* This camp was at San Gregorio Creek, near the coast.

that they are reduced to only five tortillas a day, one for breakfast, two for dinner, and two for supper, a very small ration for so much work; but there is nothing else to give them, and the poor fellows content themselves with this short ration.

Thursday, October 26.—Captain Don Fernando de Rivera arose ill with the common sickness of scurvy, and with diarrhoea, of which many soldiers are complaining also, for which reason no march was made to-day. The other sick men, about whom we felt great anxiety before, continue to improve,[111] thank God.

Friday, October 27.—The captain arose better this morning, and the rest of the sick also, so we set out at a quarter past nine, taking the road to the north over high hills, all burned. After traveling a short distance we came upon sloping mesas near the beach, precipitous to the sea, and not a single tree to be seen on them. There are deep descents to three arroyos which empty into the ocean. After three hours' travel in which we must have advanced two leagues, we halted near the beach, on the bank of the third arroyo, where we found vestiges of a village, but, according to what we were told by four heathen from the preceding village who have accompanied us, the people of this one have moved to the mountains. I named this place Arroyo de San Ibón.* All the inquisitive persons who wished to see the habitations which had been abandoned by the heathen, some few grass huts, were covered with

* Now called Purísima Creek.

fleas, for which reason the soldiers called it Village of Las Pulgas. In this day's march they had to repair the descent into the arroyos, which gave plenty to do; it ends at the beach.

Saturday, October 28.—On this day of the Holy Apostles San Simón and San Judas, after we two had said Mass, we set out about ten in the morning, traveling near the beach and over low mesas of good land, although all the grass had been burned. We traveled about two leagues in two hours and a half, and came to a large arroyo near the beach which carries a good volume of running water, halting on its bank. During the entire march the country has been bare of trees, and only behind a mountain range where we saw a higher one are there to be seen some groves, which they say are pines. From the camp a very long point of land which runs out into the sea is visible; at the end of it there is a great deal of low land, with many large rocks, which at this distance appear to be farallones, and which stretch to the west. The four heathen from the village of our father Santo Domingo, who are following us and serving as guides, tell us that near that point there is a good village of heathen. These four wished us to camp there, and I wished it as much as they did, in order to see the place and the poor unfortunates who live in it; but we could not do so, as it was late and the men were very tired. I named this arroyo The Holy Apostles San Simón and San Judas. In this place there are many geese, and for

this reason the soldiers named it the plain of Los Ansares.*

From the camp the above-named point lies to the north-northwest, and the high rocks look like two thick farallones of an irregular and pointed shape. On seeing these indications we did not know what to think. We believed that we were now in latitude thirty-seven degrees and a half, without being able to say whether we were distant from or near to the port of Monterey. Every little while it rained on us, and the men were downcast and reduced to only five tortillas a day, made of flour mixed with bran. No grain remained, and only a little meat which was reserved for the sick. They talked of killing mules for the healthy ones to eat, but the soldiers refused to accept this relief until the last extremity. The commander, as a consolation for their misfortunes, fell ill; the captain continued to suffer from his sickness; and many were afflicted with a diarrhoea which prostrated them. However, it appears that this trouble was remedial, for with it they felt relieved of the greater ill from which many were suffering, the scurvy, which had made even greater ravages on those who had come in the ships, and they were relieved without any other medicine than the new disorder of the diarrhoea. They were undoubtedly improving, for by this means nature was discharging the humors which had caused the epidemics. The change of

* Pilarcitos Creek, just north of the town of Half Moon Bay (or possibly Frenchman Creek). The point of land is Pillar Point.

weather contributed to it, also the cessation of the northwest winds, the benefit of the rains, and the beginning of land breezes, which no doubt purified the air that was so noxious to us, for they immediately perceived that the swelling in their legs went down. The acute pains which they had previously felt in all their limbs and which had kept them constantly groaning,[112] ceased, and the swelling of the gums diminished, so that they took some consolation and hope of soon recovering entirely.

Sunday, October 29.—It rained all night, and morning broke very dark, for which reason and the illness of the commander, the departure was postponed. We two said Mass, everybody attending, for, thanks to God, although we had been somewhat indisposed it was nothing to cause anxiety, and commended to God the health of the sick and the success of the expedition. The people of the village on the point came to visit us and gave us some tamales made of black seeds which have not a bad taste; they are good for atole, especially for those who watch the animals and go out early in the morn to explore.

Monday, October 30.—The day opened clear, with a pleasing aspect, and the sick felt better. Accordingly the governor decided to resume the march, which was done. We started about nine in a northwesterly direction along the beach, near which there are mesas and low hills with good grass although[113] burned. We crossed four or five arroyos,

with good streams of running water, which caused us some trouble and delay, because it was necessary in some cases to bridge them before the pack train could cross. Near the point was noticed a good little bay, with pasture, good water and land, which would be suitable for a town if there were any firewood; but it lacks this advantage, for not even a twig could be found, for which reason they had to carry the wood necessary for the use of the people from the preceding camping place. We stopped not far from the shore at the foot of some hills which prevent us from passing along the beach. They form a valley sheltered from the north, from which flows an arroyo with plenty of good water.* The camp was pitched on its bank, after a march of two leagues, which we made in three hours and a half. I called the point Angel Custodio, but on account of the large number of mussels which they found on this beach, very good and large, the men called it Punta de las Almejas.†

Tuesday, October 31.—The high hills, which are without rocks, prevent passage by the beach, and although the ascent to them is not difficult the descent in any place is arduous. For this reason the sergeant started out early in the morning with the soldiers to repair the descent, and we set out about ten in the morning. As soon as we ascended to the summit we descried a great bay formed by a point of land which runs far out into the open sea and looks like an island. Farther out, about west-

* San Vicente Creek. † San Pedro Point is meant here.

northwest from where we stood and a little to the southwest of the point, six or seven white farallones of different sizes were to be seen. Following the coast of the bay to the north some white cliffs are visible, and to the northwest is the mouth of an estuary which seems to penetrate into the land. In view of these signs, and of what is stated in the itinerary of the pilot Cabrera Bueno, we came to the recognition of this port; it is that of Our Father San Francisco, and we have left that of Monterey behind. Filled with these doubts and arguments, we descended from the hill and pitched camp in the middle of a small valley, some six hundred varas long and about a hundred wide, which has plenty of water in two small arroyos which unite to enter the sea. The valley has a great deal of reed grass and many blackberries and roses; there are a few trees in the beds of the arroyos, and some moderate-sized willows, but on the hills there was not a single tree to be seen except some on a mountain range which encircles this bay.

Not far from the camp we found a village of very friendly heathen, who, as soon as we arrived, came to visit us with their present of tamales made of black seeds. Judging by the fires that we have seen on the beach it must be well populated with villages.

From this beach the farallones lie west by southwest and the point which I believe to be Point Reyes, and is the one that forms and encloses the

bay at the northern end, lies west by northwest. All the signs that we find here we read in the itinerary of the pilot Cabrera Bueno, from which we conclude that this is the port of San Francisco,* and we are confirmed in this by the latitude in which we find ourselves, which is a full thirty-seven and a half degrees; for although that author places it in thirty-eight and a half, that does not disturb me, considering that we have observed that this happens in all his reckonings whenever he describes this coast and its latitudes. For example, he puts the harbor of San Diego in thirty-four degrees, while in the observations repeatedly made there it came out a little more than thirty-two degrees and a half. Point Concepción, we found in thirty-four and one-half degrees while he puts it in thirty-five and a half. And so it would not be surprising if this harbor, which is in full thirty-seven and a half degrees, should turn out to be that of our father San Francisco, since we find all the other signs that the author gives for the port referred to.

Some of our party do not yet believe that we have left the port of Monterey behind or that we are on that of my father San Francisco. In order to clear it up entirely the commander ordered that during the day Sergeant Ortega should go out with a party of soldiers to explore, and that we should wait until their return.

* The Gulf of the Farallones, with Drake's Bay at the northern extremity. The camp was on San Pedro Creek, near San Pedro station.

MARCH MADE BY THE EXPEDITION IN NOVEMBER

Wednesday, November 1.—In this little valley of Punta de las Almejas del Angel de la Guarda, both friars celebrated Mass, which everybody heard. After Mass the sergeant set out, with the understanding that he was to be gone only three days. On this day I observed the latitude, and found it to be thirty-seven degrees and forty-nine minutes, while for Señor Constanzó it came out thirty-seven degrees and twenty-four minutes.

Thursday, November 2.—To-day, All Souls' Day, we two celebrated Mass for the souls in Purgatory, and after Mass some of the soldiers asked permission to go out to hunt, for many deer have been seen. Some of them went quite a distance from the camp and climbed the hills, so that it was already night when they returned. They said that toward the north they had seen an immense arm of the sea, or an estuary, which penetrated into the land as far as the eye could reach, extending to the southeast; that they had seen some beautiful plains well adorned with trees, and that the smokes which they saw in all directions left no doubt that the country was thickly populated with heathen villages. This

report confirmed us still more in the opinion that we were on the port of Our Father San Francisco, and that the arm of the sea which they told us about was certainly the estuary of which the pilot Cabrera Bueno spoke, the mouth of which we had not seen because we went down to the harbor through a ravine. That pilot, speaking of it, uses these words: "Through the opening in the center enters[114] an estuary of salt water without any breaking of the waves at all, and by going in one will find friendly Indians and can easily take on water and wood." We conjectured also from these reports that the explorers could not have crossed to the opposite shore which was seen to the north, and consequently, would not succeed in exploring the point which we judge to be that of Los Reyes, for it would be impossible in the three days that they were to be gone to make the detour that they would unavoidably have to make to round the estuary, whose extent the hunters represented as being very great.

Friday, November 3.—To-day we had a feast on the good and very large mussels that are to be found in such abundance in this harbor. At night the explorers returned, firing loud salutes, thus letting us know in advance that they were bringing some good news. They told us what they had learned or inferred from the uncertain signs made by the heathen; that is, that two days' march from the place which they had reached, which was the end or head of the estuary, there was a harbor and a ship in it.

As a result of this many now believed that we were at Monterey, and that the packet *San José* or the *San Carlos* was awaiting us. And certainly our necessities made us wish, even if we did not believe, that we were in Monterey instead of San Francisco. In consequence of these reports the commander decided to continue the journey in search of the port and ship of which the heathen had given information to our explorers.

Saturday, November 4.—We celebrated this day in honor of San Carlos, the patron of the royal presidio and mission to be founded at the port of Monterey, and also in honor of our king, Don Carlos III (whom God keep) by performing the holy sacrifice of Mass in this little valley, on the beach of the harbor, without the least doubt, of my Father San Francisco. About one in the afternoon we set out to continue the journey, following the beach to the north. We then entered the mountains, directing our course to the northeast and from the summit of a peak we beheld the great estuary or arm of the sea, which must have a width of four or five leagues, and extends to the southeast and south-southeast. Keeping it always on the left hand, and, turning our backs to the bay, we took a valley open to the south and southwest.[115] After three hours' travel in which we made two leagues, we halted in a valley at the foot of a mountain range covered with low, very green woods, and having near the camp a grove of live oaks on the west slope of the mountains.*

* On the west slope of Sweeny Ridge, west of San Andreas Lake.

Sunday, November 5.—After we had celebrated and all had heard Mass, orders were given to march, and we set out about nine in the morning, which was very cloudy. We traveled in a southerly direction along the edge of the estuary, but without seeing it, as we were prevented by the hills of the valley which we were following. On the right hand we had delightful mountains, with many groves of live oaks and redwoods. We traveled four hours and a half, in which we must have made three and a half leagues, and halted near a lake† formed by an arroyo of good water, with unlimited pasture and numberless geese in the same valley, in which there have been seen many tracks of large animals, which they say are bears or buffalo. Many deer have been seen in herds, and the explorers declare they saw a band of fifty of them in this place. Shortly before we left three very gentle heathen came to visit us; they came as envoys from their respective villages to invite us to go and camp with them, and they brought us their present of black tamales and a little fruit like a plum. Their gifts were returned with some beads, and they went on with us. In these last two days' marches may madroños have been found, and although the fruit is smaller than that of Spain it is of the same species.

Monday, November 6.—At nine in the morning we set out from the camp, following the same valley. We traveled through it for another three and a half

† Near the southern end of Crystal Springs Lake.

leagues, through very charming country, more thickly grown with redwoods, live oaks, and oaks loaded with acorns. Two numerous villages of heathen came to meet us with demonstrations of great pleasure, bringing us a good present of pinole, black tamales, and porridge made of acorns, which relieved in part the hunger of the men, who were reduced, as I have already said, to only five tortillas a day. The heathen invited us to go and camp in their villages, saying they would feed us. The commander excused himself, saying we had to go on. They were very sorry at this, and although they were given some beads, they still showed sadness and regret because we did not accept the invitation. We followed the valley till we came to the end of it. Here terminate the hills which we have had on our left hand between us and the estuary. At the same time the mountains on the right hand, which with the hills form the valley by which we came, and which was called Nuestro Padre San Francisco, suddenly turn to the east, and enclose the estuary in a spacious valley. We traveled a little farther in the same direction, and in a short time halted on the bank of an arroyo whose waters descend from the mountains and run precipitously to this estuary.*

Tuesday, November 7.—The commander decided that we should stop in this valley while the explorers went out again to acquire certain information

* San Francisquito Creek, near Palo Alto. Costansó tells us that they turned east (from Searsville Lake) before making camp, and halted near the bay.

regarding the port and ship that they understood the heathen to mean. They were given four days to be gone, and took with them their ration of flour to keep off hunger for that time. They started in the afternoon, accompanied by some heathen from these neighboring villages.

Wednesday, November 8.—This day nothing special happened. I observed the latitude to be thirty-seven degrees and forty-six minutes.

Thursday, November 9.—The men, on account of the lack of meat and other food, through necessity took to eating acorns, of which there is an abundance now ripe; but most of them experienced serious injury to their health, having indigestion and fever.

Friday, November 10.—On the night of this day the explorers returned, very sad, and no longer believing in the reports of the heathen, which they confessed they had not understood. They said that all the territory which they examined to the northeast and north was impassable because of the scarcity of pasture and especially[116] because of ferocity and ill-temper of the heathen, who received them angrily and tried to stop their passage. They said also that they had seen another estuary* of equal magnitude and extent with the one which we had in sight and with which it communicated, but that in order to go round it one would have to travel

* This was San Pablo Bay. The explorers went far enough north to be able to see this bay from a distance.

many leagues; and that they saw no signs that might indicate the proximity of the port where it terminates, and that the mountains were rough and difficult.

Saturday, November 11.—The report of the explorers having been heard, in view of the state of the expedition in the matter of provisions as well as of health and strength, the commander decided to call a council of officers in order to determine, with the aid of their opinions, what course to pursue in the present circumstances, and they invited us two friars to take part so that we might also give our opinions.

The council was held after asking the aid of God for its success and the assistance of the Holy Spirit, which was asked for in the holy sacrifice of the Mass, celebrated with this object. Being assembled in His name and congregated in the field-tent of the commander, all the officers gave their votes in writing. They were unanimously of the opinion that it was necessary to turn back, for they saw that the harbor of Monterey must have been left behind, and considered it foolhardy to go on after having seen in the coast all the marks of the harbor of San Francisco, according to the descriptions and signs given by the pilot Cabrera Bueno in his itinerary. We friars were of the same opinion, adding that on the return another examination should be made of the Point of Pines that we had seen in the beginning of October. Although the

commander was inclined to go ahead, in deference to the general opinion he had to agree, so he decided that plans should be made to begin the retreat this afternoon.*

* For the identification of Monterey Bay, which he now went to seek once more, Portolá was dependent chiefly on the pilot Cabrera Bueno, who described the harbor as follows: "From this Point [Año Nuevo] the coast runs more to the east, making a large bay until it comes out from a point of low land, very heavily forested to the very sea, to which was given the name of Punta de Pinos, and is in 37° of latitude. From Point Año Nuevo to this point, high ranges run from northwest to southeast for twelve leagues. Looking straight at the point from the northwest one sees the Punta de Pinos. It is a small ridge perhaps two leagues long, from northeast to southwest. It is heavily grown with pine forest, as I have said, and forms near the southern point a maze of barrancas, which is a sign by which to recognize it. On the northeast the Punta de Pinos forms a famous harbor, and by steering straight one may enter it and run close to the land in six fathoms. All this point and roadstead is rocky, but steering to the southeast and east until all the rocks are passed one comes to a famous beach. Before reaching it there is a good anchorage, clear and sheltered from all winds except from the north-northwest. In this port which they call Monte Rey there are many pines good for masts and lateen yards. Right close to the sea and the beach there is a salty estuary into which in spring tide the sea enters. To the southeast of this estuary at the distance of a musket shot from the beach, and close to the estuary, is a very moist plain, where, by digging just a little, fresh, abundant, and very good water flows. This harbor is in thirty-seven degrees, and it is a good port in which to succor the China ships, because the land is the first they see when they come to New Spain. Following the coast from the Point of Pines toward the south-southwest there is another fine harbor running from north to south. It is sheltered from all winds and has a river of very good water and of slight depth, whose banks are well grown with black poplars very high and smooth, and other trees native of Spain. It comes down from very high, white mountains, and is called Rio de Carmelo, because the friars of this Order discovered it" (Joseph González Cabrera Bueno, *Navegación Espéculativa y Práctica,* Manila, 1734, p. 303).

THE EXPEDITION RETURNS TO SAN DIEGO

We set out on the 11th of November in the afternoon and retraced our steps two leagues, stopping for the night in the same valley of our father San Francisco.*

Sunday, November 12.—After we two had said Mass in the presence of all the men we left the camp, following the valley of San Francisco to the north-northwest and north. We traveled four and a half leagues, and halted near a small lake in the same valley of our father San Francisco.

Monday, November 13.—We traveled two leagues along the same road by which we had come, and halted near the shore of the harbor of San Francisco.

Tuesday, November 14.—We traveled one league and camped in the valley of Las Almejas in the same spot where we had been before, about a league distant from the point of Ángel Custodio. Señor Constanzó took the latitude here and it was thirty-seven degrees and thirty-one minutes.

Wednesday, November 15.—This day we rested, so that the men might employ themselves in getting a supply of mussels, of which there is a great abundance, and they are large and good.

* For the camp sites during the rest of November, see p. 243.

Thursday, November 16.—From the day that we came in sight of this harbor of Our Father San Francisco until to-day when we are leaving it, we have had every day a serene sky, without clouds or fog; but to-day there is a thick mist in the east, with a south wind that makes us fear rain. Notwithstanding this we set out and traveled a league and a half, and halted in the camp of the holy apostles San Simón and San Judas, which is the plain of Los Ansares, where there was such a multitude of these geese that some soldiers who went out hunting killed twenty-two, the Divine Providence designing in this way to relieve the hunger of these poor[117] travelers.

Friday, November 17.—This morning broke very cloudy, and as soon as we started on our way it began to rain, and in the whole three leagues that we traveled it was falling on us. We halted on the banks of a deep arroyo.

Saturday, November 18.—We traveled this day three more leagues and halted in the valley of San Ibón, where we had been on the 27th of October. We found the village deserted just as it was before. We went on and halted in a long valley on the bank of an arroyo with plenty of water.

Sunday, November 19.—After we two friars said Mass, we broke camp and marched four leagues; we passed by the village of San Juan Nepomuceno, alias La Casa Grande, and found it deserted. We went one league farther on and halted on a steep rock, in sight of the point which we judged to be Año

Nuevo, on the bank of an arroyo which empties into the sea.

Monday, November 20.—This day we traveled only two leagues and camped at San Pedro de Alcántara, alias El Alto del Jamón.*

Tuesday, November 21.—We traveled this day two and a half leagues and camped in the same place where we halted on the 18th of October, which we called Arroyo de las Puentes de San Lucas. On this and the preceding days the soldiers killed a great many geese, the flocks of these birds that are seen at every step being uncountable. Some of the soldiers' messes have twelve of them saved up. Blessed be the Divine Providence which relieves us in our direst need!

Wednesday, November 22.—To-day we set out and forded the San Lorenzo River, and then continued as far as the place named El Rosario de San Serefino, where we were on the 16th of October, and thus we traveled four leagues. On the way they killed many geese.

Thursday, November 23.—We traveled this day three leagues and a half, and halted on the site of Los Avellanos† de Nuestra Señora del Pilar, which the men called Laguna del Corral, and where we rested on the 11th of October and the three succeeding days. Thus we had left behind the camp of Lagunilla de Santa Teresa, passing through it without stopping in order to hasten on as fast as possible.

* See the note on p. 217.

† The Hazelnuts.

Friday, November 24.—This day the explorers set out early, charged to carefully examine the coast and everything else.[118] We followed after them, but by a straight road which runs somewhat inland. We passed by the village of Santa Ana, alias El Pájaro, which we found deserted as when we came, and went on a league farther, halting near a lagoon which the soldiers called El Macho. The place is short of firewood, although there is an abundance of pasture on the low hills near by.

Saturday, November 25.—On this day the men and animals rested to give the explorers time to examine the coast with more care. They spent the whole day in this way and returned at night without bringing any special news.

Sunday, November 26.—After we two friars had said Mass we broke camp and traveled this day five leagues, until we reached the river and valley of Santa Delfina, where we camped from the first until the sixth of October inclusive. On the road we found a new village of heathen who were building a town, making their spherical-shaped houses of poles and tule. According to what the explorers said these were the same ones whom they had seen in the village of El Pájaro. They found them there, but we always found the village deserted.

Monday, November 27.—In the morning we set out from the camp of Santa Delfina and went up the river about a league, where the water is now fresh, unmixed with that of the estuary, and where we

found that it could be forded without difficulty. The river crossed, we took the road to the south until we came very near the beach, the edges of which are made up of large sand dunes, on whose skirts we continued our journey, veering to the southwest,[118] which is the direction of the coast. All the ground that we traversed is sandy, covered with brush, with some patches of small live oaks, and very little pasture. We rounded a medium-sized lagoon of fresh water, traveling upon some sand dunes which we found between it and the sea. We halted in sight of the Point of Pines (recognized, as was said, in the beginning of October) and camped near a small lagoon which has rather muddy water, but abounds in pasture and firewood. Here the geese began to be scarce, no doubt because of the proximity of the mountains.

Tuesday, November 28.—We set out in the morning, following the beach, which we had on our right hand. We entered a very large pine forest before ascending the pine-covered ridge which we soon mounted. On the other side of the ridge we halted where we found a medium-sized bay with shelter from north and northwest winds, because the Point of Pines referred to, extending to the west-northwest, serves to protect it.

On the south this bay has another point which defends it from the south and southwest winds; but it cannot be learned what its bottom is like for lack of a launch and a canoe for sounding. Out in the

water it has many flat rocks, without any beach whatever, unless it is on the east side, where an estuary of salt water enters the land. It receives the waters of a small but copious little river which comes down from the mountains through a valley. We crossed the estuary and stopped on the edge of the shore, near another arroyo of good water in a place abounding in pasture and firewood.

Wednesday, November 29.—The commander resolved to rest at this place and send out the explorers to examine the coast, following the skirt of the mountain range, with the intention that we should take that road, for according to the descriptions that they had brought, he was confident and hopeful of finding the port of Monterey, which we were seeking.

Thursday, November 30.—To-day the explorers were to go out, but some hindrance came up, so it was put off till the next day. In this place the animals fared well, on account of the abundance of pasture; but, as there was no game or fish, and even mussels were not to be found on the beach, the men suffered greatly from hunger. The soldiers appeased it with sea gulls and pelicans, but even their hunger did not make this meat palatable. Señor Constanzó made observations in this place, and the latitude came out the same as it is at the bay of Cádiz, thirty-six degrees and thirty-six minutes. The cold was intense here, and north winds, which usually last forty-eight hours, are frequent. The coast from the

Point of Pines mentioned inclines to the south and the stretch which is in sight runs from the southern point of the bay southeast-by-south.

This afternoon ten or twelve heathen came to see us. They say they have their village in the valley of the river which empties into the estuary. They brought as a present a good ration of pinole and seeds, which was divided among the men, and the commander reciprocated with some beads.*

* On the return journey to Monterey Bay the expedition camped on the 11th near Woodside; on the 12th at San Andreas Lake, or possibly at Pilarcitos Lake; on the 13th on San Pedro Creek; on the 14th at San Vicente Creek; on the 15th at Half Moon Bay; on the 17th at Tunitas Creek; on the 18th at Pescadero Creek; on the 19th at Año Nuevo Creek; on the 20th at Scott Creek; on the 21st at Coja Creek; on the 22d at Soquel Creek; on the 23d in Corralitos Valley; on the 24th near Elk Slough; on the 26th on the Salinas River southeastward of Blanco. On the 27th they crossed the Salinas and went to camp on the site of Monterey. On the 28th they halted beyond Carmel River, near Point Lobos, where they remained in camp until December 10. It was from this camp that the exploration of Santa Lucía Range was made, and it was here that the council was held December 7.

MARCH MADE BY THE EXPEDITION IN THE MONTH OF DECEMBER ON THE RETURN TO SAN DIEGO

Friday, December 1.—The captain set out this morning with the party of men to explore the mountains, and with six Indians to make themselves useful in clearing and opening the road, taking a supply of tortillas sufficient to last several days. To-day a mule was killed to ration the men, but no one ate of it except some of the volunteer European soldiers and the California Indians.

Saturday, December 2.—Two of the mulatto muleteers, who yesterday asked permission to go hunting, have not returned up to this time, and we are all anxious about them, fearing they may have received some harm from the heathen, or may have deserted and will be lost in this wilderness.

Sunday, December 3.—To-day, the day of San Francisco Xavier, we both said Mass and all the people heard it. In the afternoon a south wind rose and it rained hard on us.

Monday, December 4.—To-day at nightfall the captain arrived with his soldiers, tired from the rough nature of the mountains. They told us they had to go on foot most of the way as far as their exploration reached. From it they drew the com-

plete certainty that those mountains are the Santa Lucía Range, because of the signs which were found to conform to those given in the itinerary of the pilot Cabrera Bueno, such as a high white cliff extending somewhat along the coast, which can be seen for many leagues out at sea, and a rock shaped like a large top which resembles a farallon and is about six leagues from the Point of Pines. They came back lacking two of the six California Indians whom they had taken, for they disappeared and the men are convinced that they have deserted.

Tuesday, December 5.—In view of what is said above about Sierra de Santa Lucía, for without doubt it is that range which we have at the back of this camp, and since we have not found in this vicinity the very celebrated harbor of Monterey, which was enthusiastically described in their time by men of character, skill, and intelligence, experienced navigators who came expressly to explore these coasts by order of the king who was then governing in the Spains; we have to say that it is not to be found, after the most exacting efforts made at the cost of much sweat and fatigue. Or perhaps it may be said that it has been hidden or destroyed by the passage of time, although we have not seen indications to support this view. I therefore suspend my opinion in regard to the matter, but what I can certainly say is that although every effort has been made on the part of the commander and his officers and soldiers, that harbor has not been found. But God permitted us

to reach the harbor of my Father San Francisco, and we recognized it to be such, according to the descriptions given in ancient histories; and below Monterey, which is the goal of our long journey, we recognize some marks, such as Sierra de Santa Lucía, the rock shaped like a large top and the Point of Pines.[120] But no harbor at all is found, nor have we seen in the whole journey any country more depopulated than that of this vicinity, nor wilder peopled, as is seen by this diary, although the contrary is stated in the diary of the voyage made by the commander Sebastian Vizcaíno, in which it is said that Monterey is well populated with extremely good heathen. But even this is more easily to be changed than a harbor as famous as Monterey was in the preceding centuries. So I repeat that I suspend my judgment and leave it to the time when we shall be relieved of all doubt and perplexity.

The commander, having heard the report of the captain concerning the exploration of Sierra de Santa Lucía, explained to his officers their sad situation, with no provisions but sixteen sacks of flour, without hope of finding the harbor and with it the ship which could relieve us and support us on land, and called them to a council, summoning them in writing to come to the meeting in order that he might make a decision after their opinions were heard. He invited us two friars for the same purpose, handing us a paper in which he asked us to attend the meeting called for to-morrow. We were

aware that the commander was inclined to divide the expedition into two divisions, one to go to San Diego, and the other to remain in this place to await the bark, for, perhaps, after its coming it would be easier to recognize and find the desired harbor.

As soon as I heard his plan I told him I would gladly remain, and my father companion, Fray Francisco Gómez, said the same, for we were willing to sacrifice ourselves to suffer whatever might come, to accomplish the desired purpose of finding the harbor of Monterey; for we both believed that if that harbor should not be found it might cause the abandonment of the reduction and conversion of this multitude of heathen whom we have seen in these widespread lands; whereas, if the harbor should be discovered it would no doubt start the founding of the missions, and much glory would result to God, the welfare of souls, and the honor of the crown of our king. For the success of the decision in the council that is to be held to-morrow, I have asked the commander to have all the men attend Mass; and to-morrow, the day of San Nicolás I will make a vow to the Holy Ghost in order to ask him to give light to us all, and determine what is the best course to follow for the greater glory of God and the success of the expedition.

Wednesday, December 6.—To-day I celebrated the Mass of the Holy Ghost, at which all the people were present, and all commended this important matter to God. In order to give more time to think

it over and afford each person opportunity and time to discuss this very important matter, the commander allowed one more day's time, putting off the decision until the following day, the Eve of the Immaculate[121] Conception of Most Holy Mary, patroness of the kingdoms of Spain.

Thursday, December 7.—This day, after having repeated the supplications to God for success in the holy sacrifice of the Mass, the council was held. Some were of the opinion that it was best to remain at the Point of Pines until the existing provisions should be entirely consumed, and then start on the return with the determination to eat mule meat for the rest of the journey. Others were of the opinion that the expedition should be divided, part to remain at this place and the rest to go on to San Diego, but several difficulties came in the way of both plans. Everything considered, the small amount of provisions remaining, the extreme cold that was now prevailing, and the snow that was beginning to cover the neighborhood, the commander himself decided to retreat, remarking that if the pass through the mountains should be closed against them it was inevitable that all should perish. This afternoon a very violent south wind arose which caused a great storm on the sea and annoyed us considerably on land.

Friday, December 8.—On this day we celebrated the feast of our beloved prelate, first performing the holy sacrifice of the Mass, which was heard by

all, the weather continuing so raw and tempestuous as not to permit us to move from the camp.

Saturday, December 9.—The storm lasted all day until night, when it cleared up. The California Indians who are with the expedition found on the beach an iron hoop, very large and much worn, which, when it was new, must have weighed several arrobas. It is thought it must have come from some ship's mast.

Sunday, December 10.—We two said Mass with all the men present. The day having dawned very clear, the commander decided to start, but that first a large holy cross which had been made for the purpose should be set up. On it were inscribed these words: *"Dig at the foot and you will find a letter,"* so that if any of the packets should arrive in this vicinity it would get news of the land expedition, and in accordance with it, would decide to return to San Diego. The letter, which was buried in a bottle at the foot of the cross, copied literally, ran in this manner:

THE LETTER BURIED AT THE FOOT OF THE CROSS

"The land expedition which left San Diego on the 14th of July, 1769, by order of the governor of California, Don Gaspar de Portolá, entered the channel of Santa Bárbara on the 9th day of August, passed Point Concepción on the 27th of the same month; arrived at the foot of Sierra de Santa Lucía on the

13th of September; entered that range on the 17th of the same month; finished crossing the range or completely rounding it on the 1st of October; observed on the same day the Point of Pines and the bays to the north and south of it, without seeing any signs of the harbor of Monterey, and resolved to go on in search of it. On the 30th of October it came in sight of the point of Los Reyes and the farallones of the port of San Francisco, seven in number. The expedition attempted to reach Point Reyes, but some immense estuaries which penetrate extraordinarily into the land made it necessary to make a very long detour. And there were other difficulties, the greatest being the lack of provisions, which made it necessary to return, thinking that the harbor of Monterey might perhaps be within the mountains and that the expedition had passed it without seeing it. It started on the return from the head of the estuary of San Francisco on the 11th of November; passed Point Año Nuevo on the 19th of the same month, and again arrived at this Point and Bay of Pines on the 27th of the same month. From that day until the present 9th of December it has made efforts to find the harbor of Monterey within the range, skirting it by the shore, in spite of its ruggedness, but in vain. At last, disappointed and despairing of finding it after such efforts and labors, with no provisions except fourteen sacks of flour, the expedition set out to-day from this bay for San Diego. It prays the All-Powerful God to guide

it, and that His Divine Providence may lead thee, sailor, to the port of salvation. At the Bay of Pines, December 9th, 1769.

"NOTE

"Engineer Don Miguel Constanzó observed the latitude of several places on the coast, the following being the principal ones:

"San Diego, in the camp occupied by the land expedition, thirty-two degrees and forty-two minutes.

"The most eastern town of heathen on the channel of Santa Bárbara, thirty-four degrees and thirteen minutes.

"Point Concepción, thirty-four degrees and thirty minutes.

"The beginning of Sierra de Santa Lucía, thirty-five degrees and forty-five minutes.

"The end of the range at this bay of the Point of Pines, thirty-six degrees and thirty-six minutes.

"The point of Año Nuevo, which is low with rocky reefs, is in thirty-seven degrees and four minutes.[122]

"On land near the harbor of San Francisco, having the farallones west by north, thirty-seven degrees and thirty-five minutes.

"The point of Los Reyes, which was seen to the west-northwest from the same place, thirty-seven degrees and forty-four minutes.

"The commanders of the packets, whether it be the *San José* or *El Príncipe,* are begged, if within

a few days from the date of this writing they land on this beach, after learning its contents and the sad state of the expedition, to endeavor to keep close to the shore and follow it to San Diego, so that if the expedition should have the good fortune to sight one of the two ships, and by signals with banners or gunshots could make them understand where it is, it would be possible to succor it with provisions.

"Blessed be God. The cross was planted on a hill on the edge of the beach of the little bay which lies to the south of the Point of Pines, and at the foot of it the letter was buried.

"On the other bay, made by the Point of Pines and the other point, which is judged to be Año Nuevo, where the sand dunes and a lagoon are, they set up another large cross, and on its arm they carved with a knife these words: '*The land expedition is returning to San Diego for lack of provisions, to-day, December 9, 1769,*' so that if any bark should touch in the other large bay it might serve to guide them."

These measures concluded, we set out from this bay to-day, December 10, 1769, traveled a league and a half, and halted on the other side of the Point of Pines.*

Monday, December 11.—We started in the morning over a plain toward the northeast[123] as far as the river, which we forded, and camped somewhat above the ford in the same place where we had been on

* For the December camp sites, see p. 262.

the 30th of September. The men succeeded in killing many geese, with which they relieved their hunger somewhat; the march covered four leagues.

Tuesday, December 12.—We followed the valley and river up-stream, and traveled three and a half leagues. After we two said Mass to Nuestra Señora de Guadalupe, which was heard by all the people, we went to make camp at the place which we called Los Cazadores, where we had stopped on the 29th of September.

Wednesday, December 13.—We set out early in the morning, and after traveling three and a half leagues, we stopped at El Real Blanco, where many geese were killed. We saw large herds of deer, but far away.

Thursday, December 14.—After four league's travel we passed the camp of Los Alamos; some heathen came to see us and treated us to acorn porridge.

Friday, December 15.—This day we traveled four leagues, reaching the valley of San Elceareo, and halted in the same place where we had camped on the 26th of September, which the soldiers called Real del Chocolate.

Saturday, December 16.—We set out from this place, and, leaving the valley behind us, entered another open one which the explorers found, more convenient and with a better road by which to enter Sierra de Santa Lucía, which runs from northwest to southeast. In this valley we found the village of

Palo Caido,[124] and we stopped near a small water-place, where the animals could not drink. The march covered four leagues. In this day's journey one of the soldier explorers recovered a mule which he had left exhausted on the 26th of September. The heathen had taken such good care of it that they kept it in the village and carried water and grass to it, so that it had become very fat.

Sunday, December 17.—After we two had said Mass, all the men being present, we set out to the southwest. After leaving the valley of Palo Caido we traversed another more spacious one which has an arroyo of running water. We halted in the mountains on the bank of the river called Las Truchas de San Elceareo, where we were on the 21st of September. We traveled only two leagues.

Monday, December 18.—To-day we traveled only one league, and stopped at the camp of Los Piñones, where we had stopped on the 20th of September. We found all the arroyos now running, no doubt from the melting snow in the mountains, for at the beginning of this month it snowed a great deal all through the entire range.

Tuesday, December 19.—This day's march was very fatiguing, as it was through the roughest part of the mountains, this being the stretch which caused the most trouble when we came, where it was necessary then to open the road by dint of picks and hoes. We traveled two leagues and came to the hollow in Sierra de Santa Lucía where we had been on the

20th of September. We found the friendly people who treated us so well at that time, and who did no less on this occasion.

Wednesday, December 20.—As the pack train arrived much fatigued, the commander decided that they should be given this day for rest. The provisions were now getting so low that the entire amount was reduced to five tierces of flour. It was divided among all in equal parts, each one receiving eight small cupfuls, from each of which five very thin tortillas could be made. By liberal count there would be forty round, well-trimmed tortillas, which anyone in the expedition, judging by our hunger, could finish in two days. This division was occasioned by the discovery that some of the soldiers were bold enough to steal the flour from the sacks, for which reason the commander took the step of dividing it in equal parts, each to guard his own. In this way all were equal and satisfied, as far as could be.

The governor gave the officers and us two priests a little biscuit which he had saved from what he brought from the mission of Purísima Concepción in California, and he also distributed a little chocolate that was left, and a ham, for the remainder of the journey, half of which yet remains for us to travel.

Thursday, December 21.—On this day of Santo Tomás we two said Mass and all the people heard it. We started out in the morning by the same road which had been opened on the way up. We finally came out of Sierra de Santa Lucía, descended to the

beach, which we followed for the space of a league and a half, and after three leagues' travel halted near a village of heathen, who came out to receive us, having been informed by the mountain Indians of our arrival. They told us by signs that they had had as a guest one of the men who had deserted at the bay of Point of Pines[125] in the first part of this month, and that he had been in the village for three days. They immediately went after him, and he did what he could to save them trouble, for as soon as he saw that they were going to the village he came to the camp, walking painfully on account of swollen feet.

The commander asked him why he had deserted. He replied that it had not been his intention to desert, but, having gone to the shore to shoot geese, his companion proposed to him that they should go on and follow the mountains along the coast, in order to be the first to discover the harbor[126] of Monterey and win the reward by returning to the camp with the news. They traveled all that day and the next, believing that if they should discover a point they would find the harbor behind it. Having gone so far as to absent themselves from camp for two days without leave, they were sure that they would not receive any greater punishment if they should remain four or five more without returning, and that if they should have the good fortune to discover the harbor they would be forgiven for the fault, and, besides, would receive the

reward. For this reason they decided to continue their journey until in sight of the end of the mountain range, which they succeeded in crossing with indescribable labor and fatigue, sometimes rolling down the declivities.

Being asked about his companion and the two California Indians who had also deserted, he replied that his companion had suffered even more than he from the effects of the journey, and had begged the Indians to allow him to remain in their company with some fishermen who were camped at the entrance to the mountains, until such time as he could again set foot to the ground for the purpose of resuming the return journey to the harbor of San Diego, where he was going, for he had not the courage to again cross the mountains to join the expedition, partly because he feared being punished, and partly because he had suffered even more from the roughness of the mountains.

Friday, December 22.—This day opened very cloudy, so that it was thought best not to leave the camping place.

Saturday, December 23.—We set out in the morning, although the weather was threatening, and we had the good fortune not to have the rain come down on us until we reached the camping place. We traveled three leagues by a more direct road than when we came, and halted on a hill near an arroyo which was called El Laurel, on account of having seen laurel trees all along the road on the first trip.

Near this arroyo we found a small village whose inhabitants gave us some of their seeds and pinole, which we returned with beads. All the afternoon and in the night it rained heavily.

Sunday, December 24.—On this day before Christmas we two said Masses, which all heard, and we set out in the morning on the same road by which we came. Because the water had washed away a pass on a steep descent to the beach, which we had repaired on the way up, it was necessary for us to look for a pass in another valley, that was full of brush, so that in order to go through it the men had to go ahead and open the road with machetes. The march covered three leagues, and we halted on the same spot as on the 10th of September, which was in the valley of El Osito de San Buenaventura. It was God's will that we should celebrate the Nativity joyfully, which was done in this way: more than two hundred heathen of both sexes came to visit us in this place, bringing us Christmas gifts, for many of them came with good baskets of pinole and some fish, with which everybody supplied himself, so that we had something with which to celebrate Christmas Day. Blessed be the providence of God, who succors us more than we deserve! Their gifts were returned with beads, which pleased them greatly.

Monday, December 25.—On this day of the Nativity of the Lord we could not celebrate in any other manner than by saying Mass, we two, one

Mass for each, for the march gave time for no more. The cold is so biting that it gives us good reason to meditate upon what the Infant Jesus, who was this day born in Bethlehem, suffered for us. We made three leagues and a half, and went to stop a little farther to the south of the estuary of Santa Serafina, close to a small village of Indian fishermen, from whom a great deal of fish was obtained, in exchange for beads, with which all provided themselves. So we celebrated Christmas with this dainty, which tasted better to everybody than capons and chickens had tasted in other places, because of the good sauce of San Bernardo,* hunger which all had in abundance. And there was not lacking a Christmas gift of good baskets of pinole and atole, which, being white and made of acorns, tastes like manjar blanco,† because of its color and the pleasure with which it is eaten.

Tuesday, December 26.—We two celebrated this day of the proto-martyr San Estévan, and after Mass we set out on the road by which we came, traveling four leagues, and stopping at the old camp in the valley of San Adrián, or Los Osos. During the whole march it rained on us and the road was very heavy; the rain continued all the afternoon.

Wednesday, December 27.—It dawned clear, and we were able to say Mass, which was heard by all

* Saint Bernard was noted for his abstemiousness, and was said to have eaten only enough to keep him from fainting.

† A dish made of the breast of chicken and other ingredients.

the men, and the departure was then ordered. Just as the pack train was starting a good downpour began which lasted all day and the following night. The commander was of the opinion that this was no time to lose a day's march, on account of the lack of provisions, so we traveled three leagues, getting drenched, until we reached a small arroyo on whose bank we camped, but it did not stop raining all day or night.

Thursday, December 28.—On this day of the Holy Innocents it was impossible to say Mass, which we felt very much, for it is the only feast day up to the present on which we have not said Mass on the whole journey. It is because we are in a muddy place, all wet, and unable to move from one spot. For the same reason it is impossible to make any march, for we must give time for the plain, which is pouring water, to dry.

Friday, December 29.—We set out in the morning, leaving the old road, because of the difficulty there would be in passing over a spur[127] of the mountains which extend to the sea. In order to avoid them we ascended through a valley by a more direct road, in order to come out in the valley of San Ladislao or El Buchón. The only obstacle on this road is an arroyo covered with rushes and having a considerable marsh; but they found a pass through it, and after three leagues' travel we came to the arroyo or little valley of El Buchón. This chief, named El Buchón for the reason that I gave on the

4th of September, as soon as he learned of our arrival, came to visit us at the camp with a liberal present of pinole, atole, and some very good tamales which seemed to be made of corn. The gift was returned with glass beads, which they greatly esteemed.

Saturday, December 30.—When we were about to start from this place Chief Buchón came again to visit us. Without doubt on the previous visit he had perceived our needy state, for he came with a second present, more copious and abundant than that of yesterday. It was divided among the men, so that we all had this succor. We set out from the valley, taking the road along the beach, by which we cut off a good deal, no other difficulty offering itself but that of an estuary; but the heathen showed us the ford, by which we crossed easily and in this way we avoided the inevitable detours of the road inland, which is a labyrinth of lagoons and estuaries. By the road which we took to-day we arrived in two leagues and a half at this lagoon of the sand dune, or round lake, and there was a present here also from the Indians.

Sunday, December 31.—At daybreak we two said Mass, and then some heathen came to visit us with a present of pinole, atole, and tamales, on which we breakfasted; the gift was returned with glass beads. We then set out on the march by the old road, and in three leagues on this route we came to the long lake.

On our arrival the Indians came from the next village, with their present of pinole, atole, and tamales, which was returned with beads as usual.*

* After leaving Carmel Bay Portolá's December camps were as follows: at Monterey on the 10th; near Blanco on the 11th; near Chualar on the 12th; near Camphora on the 13th; above Metz on the 14th; near King City on the 15th; in Jolón Valley on the 16th; at Nacimiento River on the 17th; near Los Burros Creek on the 18th; in the Hollow at the forks of Campoforo Creek on the 19th; near Arroyo del Oso on the 21st; near San Simeon Bay on the 23d; at Santa Rosa Creek on the 24th; east of Ellysby's Creek, at the north end of Estero Bay on the 25th; at Chorro Creek on the 26th; near the site of San Luís Obispo on the 27th; north of Pismo, in San Luís Canyon, on the 29th; at Oso Flaco Lake on the 30th; at Guadalupe Lake on the 31st.

JOURNEY MADE BY THE EXPEDITION IN THE MONTH OF JANUARY, 1770, IN THE MARCH BACK TO SAN DIEGO

Monday, January 1.—We made, in the name of God, a beginning to this year of 1770, by both celebrating Mass in this long lake of the holy martyrs, Saint Daniel and his companions, where we were on the first of September, just four months ago to-day. We set out in the morning by the road already known, and after traveling three leagues we came to the Lake of San Ramón, alias La Graciosa, where on the 31st of August there was a dance by the Indian women. To-day the village was not found here; but the Divine Provider did not fail us, and ordered that a bear should appear in the road with three cubs following her. Some of the soldiers thereupon[128] changed to horses that were accustomed to the ferocity of these animals, and they succeeded in killing the mother and one cub, with which there was a great feast. Its meat is not in itself unsavory, and to-day it tasted better than if it had been a fatted calf. For this succor we gave thanks to the Lord, for it gave us a good beginning to the New Year.*

Tuesday, January 2.—From this place we set out in the morning and in passing got a supply of water

* For the camp sites from January 1 to January 15, see p. 269.

from the large river of San Bernardo, alias Santa Rosa, in the knowledge that in the Cañada Seca, where we arrived after three leagues' travel, there was none.

Wednesday, January 3.—Early in the morning we had a visit from some heathen of the San Bernardo River, where we did not halt because of the lack of firewood. They brought us our breakfast of atole and pinole made of seeds. May God reward them by opening their intelligence to receive our Holy Faith. They were given some beads, which are the only coin that they value. We set out on the march by the known road, and in two leagues of travel arrived at the town of San Juan Bautista de los Pedernales, from which is seen Point Concepción, the most western point of the channel of Santa Bárbara, eight degrees east of southwest.

Thursday, January 4.—We set out early in the morning, and, following the channel by the road over which we came, we passed by the town of La Espada and continued the march for four and a half leagues, until we came to the town of Santa Teresa. The chief of this village is the one called Cojo, who conducted himself so well that he immediately delivered a fat mule which had been left with him on the 26th of August because it was thin and tired. He and his people presented us with a great deal of fish, fresh and dried, sardines and bonito, so that now there is abundance, and want is therefore[129] banished. At the same time the country is delightful, for it is

covered with beautiful green grass which affords excellent pasture for the animals, which improve every day. The weather, since we left the valley of El Oso, has become very calm, and it is only at night that cold is felt, while the days seem more like spring than winter.

Friday, January 5.—In the morning we set out from this town and traveled two leagues, as far as the town of San Seferino the Pope, where we halted and the Indians gave us enough fresh fish for all the men.

Saturday, January 6.—We celebrated this great day, in which we both said Mass, all the men attending. Then we set out, covering in the morning the two leagues to the town of San Luís Rey, and camped in the same spot as when we came, where we were given many fish.[130]

Sunday, January 7.—We both said Mass in the morning. Afterwards we set out and made the two leagues over bad roads to San Guido, where the present of fish was not lacking.

Monday, January 8.—In the morning we set out and traveled three leagues, halting at the town of San Luís Obispo, where there was plenty of fish.

Tuesday, January 9.—We stopped at the town of La Isla, after traveling two and a half leagues of rather difficult road, through country grown with[131] live oaks and other trees; we passed to the east of those towns and pitched camp in clear and open land. Here there was no fish; I do not know

whether it was because there was none at this season, or whether the Indians had not gone out for it.

Wednesday, January 10.—We set out from the towns of Las Islas, and passed by that of the lake without stopping, arriving late at that of the Carpintería, or San Roque, having traveled five and a half leagues. We stopped in the same spot where we were on the 17th of August, the fish being absent here also.

Thursday, January 11.—We spent this day at the town of Asumpta, the last one on the channel, and passed the village of El Bailarín without stopping. All of these people, who, when we came, had plenty of fish and gave us a lot of it, are now without any, and we perceive that they are hungry, so that if some provision had not been made in the preceding towns, we should have found ourselves in the same situation.

Friday, January 12.—We entered the valley of Santa Clara, which we crossed in a southwesterly direction in order to enter the Sierra de la Conversión, with the object of going to take the valley of Santa Catarina. It looked as though we were going to get over the mountain easily through a pass which faces in the same direction. We crossed San Hipólito River[132] and took a guide from the village which is near its banks, close to the one where we had camped on the 13th of August. We followed a low range of hills and came out on a plain of con-

siderable extent, which ends on the west side at the sea, and on the east opposite a hill, which we climbed. Afterwards entering a spacious valley, we followed it, veering to the southeast, and stopped near a village of sixty heathen, more or less, and very poor. In this place there is water, firewood, and pasture. The march covered six full leagues.

Saturday, January 13.—In the morning we set out with a guide from the village, who took us by a very practicable pass, through which we crossed over a great part of the range. Afterwards we ascended a hill from which an arroyo precipitates itself. Its source is in a very large spring covered with watercress. After mounting the hill we found ourselves in another very sightly valley, covered with pasturage and live oaks.[133] This valley ends opposite another rugged ridge, at the foot of which there is a small village whose heathen treated us to roasted mescales.[134] Then we climbed the hill and from its top saw another very beautiful plain, in which we found another village of heathen, close to which we halted. There was plenty of water near at hand and firewood and pasture in abundance. The march covered two leagues and a half, and I called this spot El Triunfo del Dulcísimo Nombre de Jesús.

Sunday, January 14.—After we two had said Mass with all the men present, we set out from El Triunfo del Dulcísimo Nombre de Jesús in the morning of this, His day, and two old heathen of

the village offered to serve us as guides through the mountains. They led us southeast to the outlet, which was the most important to us because it was the shortest way out. But after going a little more than half a league we found ourselves penetrating the most rugged and intricate part of the range. We learned, but too late, that the pack train could not pass through those thickets, and we had to return to the village. We then took better guides, who led us by a very different road, to the northeast. The road was by sloping hills, much better than the one over which the first ones took us. The hills passed, we entered level land to the east and traveled two short leagues. We halted close to a village whose heathen urged us to remain and not go on, as the watering place was distant and it would be late when we arrived. We gave them this pleasure, and the village was named El Triunfo del Nombre de Jesús. It is a plain of considerable extent and much beauty, forested in all parts by live oaks and oaks, with much pasture and water.

Monday, January 15.—We set out with a guide from this village and traveled until we came to another small one in about a league and a half. From there we took another guide who led us in a northeasterly direction.[135] A little farther on he turned east. We climbed a long and steep hill, from whose summit we made out the valley of Santa Catarina. We descended to it, and, traveling to the southeast, arrived, now late, at Los Robles, where

we camped on the 7th of August. The march covered six and a half leagues.*

Tuesday, January 16.—From this place, without leaving the valley, we went on to the southeast,[136] and instead of crossing the mountains which encircle it to the east by the same road as the other time, we cut across them by the southeast without losing ground. We were aided by our good fortune in discovering a pass which opened the way for us to the plain of Los Alisos. In this march we made three and a half leagues and camped among some hills at the outlet from the range, somewhat distant from a small arroyo which sinks into the sand near its source.†

Wednesday, January 17.—We set out from the place in the morning, and as soon as we entered the plain we saw a bare chain of mountains covered with snow, which we descried on entering the valley of Santa Clara; from the hills we also saw the Porciúncula River. We crossed the plain in a southeasterly direction, arrived at the river, and forded

* The camps from January 1 to January 15 were as follows: San Antonio Creek on January 1; near Surf on January 2; Pedernales Point on January 3; Cañada del Cojo on January 4; Arroyo del Bullito on January 5; Gaviota on January 6; Tajiguas Creek on January 7; Dos Pueblos Creek near Naples on January 8; the lagoon at Mescal Island on January 9; Carpintería on January 10; Ventura on January 11; Santa Clara Valley near Camarillo on January 12; Potrero Valley on January 13; Russell Valley on January 14 (Triunfo Canyon opens into the valley from the south. The guide had misled them into the Santa Monica Mountains); through Calabazas Pass into San Fernando Valley on the 15th (camp was near Encino).

† For camp sites to January 21, see p. 271.

it, observing on its sands rubbish, fallen trees, and pools on either side, for a few days previously there had been a great flood which had caused it to leave its bed. We traveled three leagues farther, to the valley of San Miguel, and there we halted in the same place where we had camped on the 30th of July.

Thursday, January 18.—We started out in the morning[137] through the gap of the valley of San Miguel, which is very full of trees. We traveled a long while to the southeast on the edge of the stream, which, rising from a copious spring of water in the same gap, merits now the name of river; its plain is covered with willows and some slender cottonwoods. We forded the river and traveled over level land toward the southeast to the river named El Río de Jesús de los Temblores, which we also forded, and which carries more water at present than the Porciúncula. We made in this march six leagues.[138]

Friday, January 19.—We set out from this river in the morning, made four leagues, halted at the springs of San Pantaleón, or Father Gómez, having traveled by the same road as that over which we came.

Saturday, January 20.—We broke camp in the morning and traveled the three leagues to the valley of San Francisco, whose arroyo we found dry, although it had rained so much. Without doubt the water which was so abundant when we came was from the melting snow, and until that time it would

not again have its flow. We went on for the other two leagues to the valley of Santa María Magdalena,[139] alias La Quemada, whose arroyo we found dry, although there is water in the pools. Some of the soldiers are very sick with diarrhoea; this evening two of them became so much worse that it gave us some anxiety.

Sunday, January 21.—After we two had said Mass and the men had heard it, the march was ordered and we left the camp. Arriving at the arroyo of San Apolinar we found it dry and the village deserted, for which reason we could not find out whether or not the two sick children whom we baptized on the way up had died, and it was necessary for us to go on in search of water, which we found in an arroyo in a valley a little more than a league farther on, with sufficient pasture and firewood. The march covered four leagues.*

Monday, January 22.—We passed through the valley of Santa Margarita without stopping, and went in six leagues' travel to the valley of San Juan Capistrano, following a road over sloping hills. We saw in the canyons that terminate in the valley

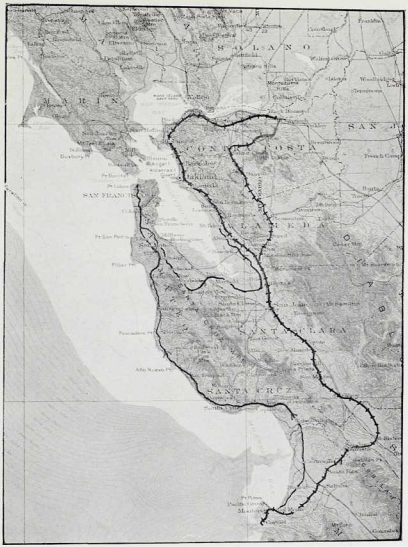
* On January 16 Portolá left San Fernando Valley by Cahuenga Pass, and camped near its mouth north of Hollywood; on the 17th he camped at the San Gabriel River near Bassett; on the 18th, instead of recrossing Puente Hills through La Habra, he followed the San Gabriel till near Whittier, then struck southeastward to his old camp on the Santa Ana near Olive. From there the northward route was retraced to San Diego, but as the homeward marches were now long, several of the old camps were passed without stopping. On January 21 camp was apparently on San Onofre Creek.

several lagoons which we did not see in July on the way up.

Tuesday, January 23.—We set out in the morning from this place and did not halt until we reached San Jacome de la Marca, making a march of seven leagues and passing Santa Sinforosa, two leagues from San Alejo, and two or three more to San Jacome, which is the camping place.

Wednesday, January 24.—We were now approaching the port of San Diego, and this whole day was passed in conjecturing what state we would find it in, whether settled by the few people whom we left there and the packets in the harbor, or whether it might have been entirely deserted in the six months since we had left it. Each one decided according to his nature and humor; but it is true that we all agreed in the fear that if the rigor of the sickness and the mortality among the people had lasted, not a span of the establishment would be left standing. In addition there was much to be feared from the perverse disposition of the Diegueño Indians, whose avidity in stealing is unequaled, and we were fearful that they might have attempted same offense against the mission and its small guard. Our inability to acquire any news of the barks on the coast, notwithstanding the efforts that were made for this purpose, gave us some reason for fearing that we would find ourselves in San Diego in the same need as that in which we now were.

Occupied by these thoughts and remarks, which had fatigued us for some days, we at last made out



Early exploration around San Francisco Bay: Portolá's journey up the coast in 1769, and Fages's journey via Santa Clara Valley in 1772.

the fence of poles and the humble buildings that contained the mission. Immediately all the soldiers discharged their firearms, our first announcement to the inhabitants of the mission, who, in the greatest excitement, came out immediately to welcome us with open arms.

We found our father president and esteemed rector, Fray Junípero Serra, convalescing from the scurvy, in which he had also shared; and in the same manner the father prior Fray Fernando Parrón, also recovering from the same malady; and the father preacher Fray Juan Vizcaíno wounded in one hand by an arrow-shot which he had received in August of last year in an uprising of the Indians which they afterwards related to us at length.

We found also that many of the volunteer soldiers and those from the presidio of Loreto had suffered from the scurvy, and they told us how many deaths there had been. We gave them in substance a report of our journey, reserving a more complete recital until we gave thanks to God and the Most Holy Patriarch San José, patron of the expedition, for our return with life and health after the long journey of six months and ten days, a special benefit which we knew had come from His Divine Majesty through the intercession of San José that no one should die on the journey. As an act of gratitude, on the following day a thanksgiving Mass was said.

[Fray Juan Crespi.]

THE FAGES EXPEDITION OF 1772

AS TOLD IN CRESPI'S DIARIES

NOTE

In the main the Sevilla Manuscript and the Palóu-Figueroa Manuscript of Crespi's diary of the Fages expedition of 1772 tell the same story, although each supplements the other at many interesting points. The text here printed is from the Palóu-Figueroa Manuscript, but it is preceded by the "Reasons for the Undertaking" contained in the Sevilla text and not in the other, from which it was apparently dropped by Palóu. EDITOR.

DIARY KEPT DURING THE EXPLORATION THAT WAS MADE OF THE HARBOR OF OUR FATHER SAN FRANCISCO*

Reason for the Undertaking†

The famous port of San Francisco named in the itinerary of Admiral Cabrera Bueno, and in the expedition of General Don Sebastián Vizcayno, as lying between this one of Monterey and Cape Mendocino, was seen confusedly by those who went on the expedition of the year 1769, when we were seeking the harbor of Monterey; for we saw the Farallones which indicate it and Point Reyes which encloses it in the gulf which this point forms with the Cape of Las Almejas.‡ From there the expedition turned back, convinced by these signs that the harbor of Monterey lay behind.

In the following year, in the month of November, the mission and royal presidio of Monterey now being established, the Lieutenant (now captain) of Volunteers, Don Pedro Fages, commander of that royal presidio, with an adequate number of soldiers,

* The port of San Francisco meant here is the harbor now called Drake's Bay.

† This page and the next are from the Sevilla Manuscript.

‡ San Pedro Point.

made his attempt to go to see and reconnoiter that harbor. But he was able to add little or almost nothing to the first reports. He did, however, make one advance, in the discovery of a direct, level, and easy road.*

Afterward, in the following May, the bark *El Príncipe* came with ten friars of the Apostolic College of San Fernando to found five missions in this vast heathendom. Among them one was designated as the Mission of our Seraphic Father San Francisco, on his harbor. Therefore the most excellent viceroy ordered that first an exploration should be made by land or sea to effect this foundation, and with it the occupation of that important harbor for the crown of Spain. But the bark could not go there for the reasons given by its captain. Neither could the land forces go because the founding of other missions was urgent, and because the commander went to San Diego to bring men and mules for those foundations, while the reverend father president went with those that he had here to found the mission of San Antonio de Pádua in the Valley of Los Robles, distant about twenty-five leagues from this one of Monterey. These things accomplished and the heavy rains over, it appeared necessary now to undertake this expedition to dispose of the foundation ordered as quickly as possible.

* See the Introduction, p. xxxiv.

DIARY*

March 20, 1772, Friday of the second week of Lent.[140]—About half-past ten in the morning the captain commander, Don Pedro Fages, and I, with the help of God, set out from the royal presidio of San Carlos de Monterey, with the determination to go and examine the harbor of Our Father San Francisco, to look for the most suitable site for the mission which is to be founded there. We were accompanied in this exploration by twelve soldiers, six from the Company of Volunteers and the other six from the Leather-jackets, with one muleteer and a California Indian for the pack mules. Taking the road to the southeast, after four hours' travel we came to a river containing a good deal of water, which we forded with some difficulty, and camped on its banks. I named this river Santa Delfina.†

Saturday, March 21.—About half-past six in the morning we set out from the Santa Delfina River,[141] taking the road to the north-northeast, toward a broad plain which has an extent of about four

* It used to be thought that this Fages-Crespi expedition of 1772 was the first to go inland from Monterey to San Francisco Bay, but the present writer discovered an unknown diary of an expedition over the same ground made by Pedro Fages in 1770. In 1911 he published a translation of the diary in the Academy of Pacific Coast History *Publications*, vol. II, no. 3 (Berkeley). Richman used the present writer's transcript. Fages also kept a diary of this expedition.

† The route to the Salinas on this day's march was along the line of the present highway, which runs southeasterly for some eight miles, then turns northeast to the bridge near Old Hill Town.

leagues, and is confined by a mountain range in the same direction. This plain is without trees. After traveling a league and a quarter across it we came to an arroyo, not very deep, which has plenty of water, but it did not seem to have any current, and we found it too miry to be forded. This caused us to travel about a league, winding about until we succeeded in rounding it, with some trouble. Shortly afterward, following this plain, we came to another arroyo with a good stream of running water, level with the land.[142] We crossed it successfully and on its bank near the ford we found two huts of the heathen, made of branches and covered with grass. Hearing the noise, ten heathen ran out of the huts and on seeing us fled like deer, and it was of no use to call to them with the object of stopping them. On the banks of this arroyo we saw a great many fish baskets well made of rushes, which the heathen used for fishing in that arroyo.

We noticed that these arroyos are very short of firewood, and that they are no doubt formed by the many lagoons of fresh water that are found in this plain to the northeast.[143] In the distance we saw flowing down, a river or large arroyo which descends from the mountains which we descried and whose bed is well grown with trees. The arroyo once crossed we continued by the same plain until we reached the foot of a medium-sized range, without stones, well covered with grass, but without any trees at all. It is four leagues distant from the Santa

Delfina River. We ascended a pass and then descended to a little valley through which we saw running a good arroyo of water, well grown with trees, cottonwoods, alders, and willows, on whose banks we stopped, after having traveled seven hours and a quarter. We had covered about six long leagues without seeing any heathen but the ten of whom I spoke at the Arroyo of the Fish Weirs, although we did find on the whole many of their paths and tracks. I named this stream where we halted the Arroyo of San Benito.*

March 22, Third Sunday in Lent.—This day dawned with a heavy frost, so heavy indeed that even the water in the vessels was frozen. After Mass had been said, all the men being present, we set out a little after seven, taking the road directly to the north-northeast, which was blocked for us by some miry marshes that caused us to make a detour of about two leagues.† After leaving the arroyo of San Benito we came to a beautiful plain, which is about three leagues long from east to west and about a league and a half wide from north to

* This day's march was close to the highway from the Salinas River through Salinas to San Juan Mission. The miry arroyo which they rounded was Natividad Creek, which, with Gabilan Creek, forms a marsh just northeast of Salinas. The Arroyo of the Fish Weirs was Lagunitas Creek. The pass over Gabilan Range was approximately that now followed by the highway. The old road is a little south of the highway, and comes out at the Cement Works. The stream called San Benito by Crespi was San Juan Creek, and the camp was near Mission San Juan.

† There is evidently an ellipsis here. The Sevilla MS. says that the way to the northwest was blocked, thus causing the detour.

south. It seemed to me that it should not be left without a name, so in passing I called it San Pascual Bailón. The whole valley is of good arable land, very level and covered with grass on the skirts of the mountains which lie to the south. We saw some oaks and live oaks, and, on the summits of the mountains mentioned, some redwoods. At the end of the plain flows a small river which does not carry much water, and the valley has no other supply. We saw many antelopes and tracks of bears. This seemed to me a very good site for a settlement, in-so-far as the land and water are concerned, though firewood may be scarce. From the arroyo of San Benito, which flows at high water with a volume of more than four irrigating canals, it seems to me that enough water could easily be obtained for planting.

After crossing this little river and valley we entered another valley of level land, and, turning from the north-northeast, we went northwest, when we immediately came to four lagoons and a stream of running water. We found the whole country well covered with grass. About a league after leaving the foregoing valley we entered another broad and spacious one, about four or more leagues wide; its longest dimension is from northwest to southeast, but its termination is not known. The land is very good, with abundant pasturage, and it has innumerable large lagoons of fresh water and three or four villages of heathen, who, by means of rafts, catch a

great deal of fish in the lagoons. They showed themselves to be mild and friendly. The valley has several arroyos of good running water, whose beds are well grown with trees—cottonwoods, alders, and willows—but on the plains not a tree is to be seen, though they are all covered with grass.

More trees were to be seen in some places in the valley in the distance, but we thought that they were probably along the arroyos. Near one of them which we crossed we found a very populous village, for we counted thirty grass houses. At the braying of the mules they were frightened and all ran into the houses; although we called to them and told them by signs to have no fear, showing them some beads, they would not accept them.*

We went on our way and came to another arroyo with plenty of water and alder trees, on whose bank we halted after traveling five hours and a half. As we had marched very rapidly and along a very level road, as smooth as the palm of the hand, we concluded that we had traveled nearly eight leagues. We saw in this valley many marshes and tule patches, with thousands of cranes and geese. As this broad valley seemed to me very suitable for a good mission, I named it San Bernardino de Sena,[144]

* On March 22 they went eastward along the floor of San Benito Valley (San Pascual Bailón) to Hollister Valley. Crossing San Benito River they turned sharply northwest, entered Santa Clara Valley north of Hudner, passed Tequisquita Slough and San Felipe Lake, crossed the broad valley (San Bernardino de Sena) and camped on Llagas Creek a little north of Gilroy.

so that this saint may intercede with His Divine Majesty for the conversion of these heathen.

Monday, March 23.—We started out on this very cold day about a quarter past six in the morning, following the course of the same valley directly to the northwest. After about two hours' travel we crossed an arroyo of running water which traverses the plain from side to side. We saw that the valley was narrowing, its width now being no more than two leagues. We then ascended a pass through some low hills which jut across one side of the valley; the other side continues to be level land.*

We descended the pass and from its foot followed the same valley. Crossing another arroyo with a great deal of running water we continued along the same valley, all of level land, and much of it well grown with oaks and live oaks. Its width now is one league, in some places more; the greater part of it is of good land with plenty of pasture. In it we gathered a good supply of chicory, and saw fourteen antelopes and some deer. Having marched six hours, two of which we spent in traveling to the pass and the other four from it, we made in all this time about six leagues. The valley now grows very narrow. We halted on the bank of a running stream,

* They were following the west side of the valley. The "pass" was over the low hills jutting eastward into the valley near San Martin. Camp was made on the 23d near Coyote, where the lake still persists. Next day they descended Coyote Creek and camped near Milpitas, or a little north of there. The Plain of los Robles was the oak-covered Santa Clara Valley. The river to the west which they could trace by the tree line was the Guadalupe.

which seemed to us not to be permanent, but to flow only in the rainy season. But near the arroyo we saw a lagoon of fresh and permanent water, which I named San Benvenuto.*

During the whole of this day's march we did not see a single heathen, but we did see many well-beaten paths and other signs of them. As soon as we arrived at the camping place two soldiers went out to hunt ducks in the arroyo, and at their shots six heathen showed themselves on a hill, from which they began to shout so loud that we heard them at the camp, but they did not come near.

Tuesday, March 24.—At half-past six in the morning we set out from the camping place by the same valley in the direction of the northwest. We soon found the valley widening again; all the land is level, good, and well covered with grass and grown with oaks and live oaks. Sometimes we followed the course of the arroyo running from the preceding camp, which carried plenty of water. After two hours' travel the whole valley began to widen so that it must reach two leagues.† From here it turns to the north-northwest, and continues to widen till it is about six leagues from mountains to mountains, all black, mellow soil, well covered with several sorts of herbs and grass, with many oaks and live oaks, and if it had water it could support many settlements.

* By a slip the MS. reads San Benito for San Benvenuto.

† The Sevilla MS. here reads "five or six leagues."

the seventh of November, 1769. Although at this time we passed some distance off the road, many trees can be seen in the distance. We judged them to be on the river which empties into the point or head of the estuary of the port of San Francisco, and which is formed by several streams that seem to come down from the mountains. But where we passed this day we did not see any other arroyo than the one named. Although we desired to halt near its mouth, we were prevented by some marshes, so miry that we had a great deal of trouble in getting out of them. The march lasted a little more than five hours, and we halted in the same valley on the bank of an arroyo with little water, but it was running, and its bed has alders. It is about parallel with the point or head of the estuary or arm of the sea, that runs to the south-southeast. We must have traveled about six leagues. I named this last arroyo Encarnación. Near it we found two villages of heathen who showed themselves to be very friendly toward us.

Wednesday, March 25.—On this day of the Incarnation, after Mass had been said, we set out about seven in the morning by the same valley in the direction of north-northwest. At the start we traveled about a league from the estuary at the foot of a bare mountain range, and after traveling a short distance we were three leagues from the estuary. All the land is level, black, and very well covered with good grass, mallows, and other herbs. In the transit of three leagues we passed five villages

of heathen, which are all on the banks of the arroyos. The Indians are very mild and have well-made houses. Afterwards we passed five more arroyos with running water, which spreads over the plain. The land is all good, although it has not a single tree or any firewood, except what is in the beds of the arroyos, a reason why it may be difficult to found settlements there.

The march lasted seven hours, during which we must have traveled about eight leagues from the point of the estuary, and we halted on the bank of a large arroyo close to the mountains skirting the broad plain. The bed of the arroyo is very full of alders, cottonwoods, and willows. We stopped about three leagues from the estuary, from which place we descried it, and it seemed to most of the party that it must be about four leagues wide. I called the arroyo where we halted San Salvador de Horta.*

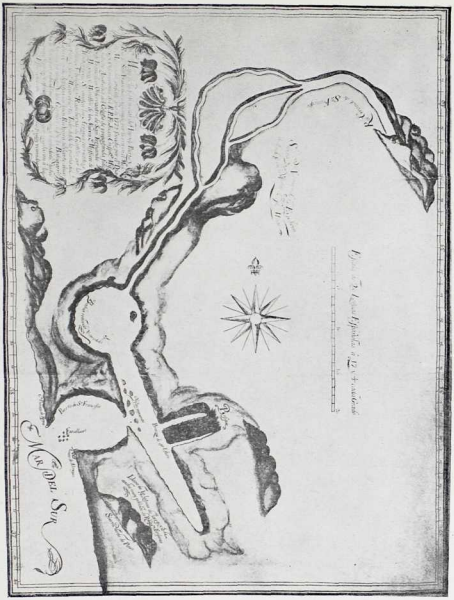
Thursday, March 26.—Shortly after six we set out, following the course of the valley and the estuary in the same direction to the north-northwest, by level land of the same nature as the preceding. The plain is more than six leagues wide, and in it we saw many deer. After traveling four leagues we saw many tracks of other animals which seemed

* The march on the 25th was along the edge of the foothills, and camp was made at San Lorenzo Creek (San Salvador de Horta). Crespi overestimated the distance from the foothills to the estuary (San Francisco Bay). On the 26th they advanced to the site of Fruitvale. The wooded area "something like a peninsula" was Alameda Peninsula, now an island. Camp was near Mills College.

to me to be buffalo: but the soldiers say they are mule-deer, and that they have seen the same kind in New Mexico. We had a chance to see on the road eight of those animals together, but, although the soldiers made an effort to kill one, they could not overtake them.

In the space of four leagues that we traveled we crossed five arroyos of running water, three of them medium-sized and two very large, their banks grown with alders, cottonwoods, live oaks, and some laurels. At the end of four leagues we halted not very far from an arm of the estuary, which forms with another something like a peninsula, where there is a grove of live oaks, which one can enter only from the mainland side. The camping place is about four leagues from the principal estuary or arm of the sea, which we made out from this place very well, and it looks like a sea to us. This camp is situated about three leagues before coming to the parallel of the mouth of the Gulf of the Farallones. I observed the latitude of this spot and it was thirty-seven degrees and fifty-four minutes. Bears, many deer, and the tracks of other animals whose footprints resemble beasts of the mule kind have been seen here. The site is very suitable for a good settlement; for on account of the proximity of the forest they could provide themselves with timber and firewood. This place was called Arroyo del Bosque.

Friday, March 27.—We started in the morning about a quarter past six, in the same direction, to



Crespi's Map of San Francisco Bay, 1772.

the north-northwest. Because of the estuary which surrounds the wood and penetrates into the land about four or five leagues until it heads in a mountain range, we were compelled to travel about a league and a half by some ranges of hills, which, although they are all treeless and grass-covered, annoyed us very much with their ascents and descents. At the end of three leagues we entered an immense plain, traveling about three leagues apart from the great estuary or arm of the sea. Here we found ourselves three leagues from the place whence we set out, and in the parallel of the gate by which the two great estuaries communicate with the Gulf of the Farallones. We halted a little while in order to map the entry through the gate to the mainland, and it appeared to all of us to run from west to east through the gulf where the seven or more farallones are lined up. We observed that the gate is about three-quarters of a league wide. In the same gate, on the south side, there is a farallón about an eighth of a league from the point at the gate. In front of the gate we saw three islands, one small, in the middle of the gate, another about a half a league long, and another about a league, all of them quite widely separated from each other and from the gate.

From the head of the great estuary or arm of the sea which extends to the south-southeast, to the place where it communicates with the Gulf of the Farallones, we found it to be fifteen leagues. At the

head it is about a league wide, and it goes on widening little by little until it is nearly five leagues across, the width that it seems to us to have near the gate.*

We went on for a league more to the northwest and halted on the bank of an arroyo which is about one league from the parallel of the gate. As soon as we stopped the soldiers succeeded in killing a bear, so that they had fresh meat to go on with. In the march of this day we came to seven arroyos of running water; three of them are opposite the gate, spread over the plain, and empty into the estuary. On the plain we saw many lilies[145] and an abundance of very leafy sweet marjoram. Neither in this march nor in the preceding one have we seen a single heathen, and very few tracks of them. During both marches we have been much plagued with zancudos and mosquitoes, which molested us as much or more than they molest the inhabitants of the port of San Blas.

Saturday, March 28.—Day broke very cloudy. We set out from that arroyo in the morning, following the road to the north-northwest over level

* On the 27th they turned inland to round the estuary and adjacent marshes, and emerged from the hills near the site of Lake Merritt. Near the Technical High School Father Crespi made his observations of the Golden Gate. The islands which he describes in the gate are Alcatraz Island, Goat Island (Yerba Buena), and Angel Island. The arroyo where they camped, a league north of the point of observation, was probably Strawberry Creek, and the camp site near the western side of the campus of the University of California. Crespi slightly overestimated the distance from the southern end of the bay to the Golden Gate.

ground, although it was now narrower. In two leagues we left the plain and entered some hills, and descended by them to a deep arroyo, whose ford had to be fixed on account of its steepness. It had plenty of water, and on its banks we found a good village of heathen, very fair and bearded, who did not know what to do, they were so happy to see us in their village. They gave us many cacomites, amoles and two dead geese, dried and stuffed with grass to use as decoys in hunting others, large numbers being attracted in this way. We returned the gift with beads, for which they were very grateful, and some of them went with us to another village near by.

We crossed four more arroyos with running water, and after four and a half hours' travel stopped on the bank of another arroyo at the foot of some hills, well covered with good grass, which form in the course of the estuary, or second arm of the sea, a large round bay, which resembles a great lake of about eight leagues extent. In it we saw an island, and also four young whales blowing, from which we inferred that there must be enough depth there for ships of deep draft, and in that case all the fleets of Spain could find room in it. The march covered five leagues. As soon as we arrived eight heathen came bringing us gifts, and we reciprocated.

From the mouth to this bay, or lake, there runs another estuary or arm of the sea, about three or four leagues wide. It communicates with the Gulf of the Farallones by the same mouth that I men-

tioned, that of the great estuary or arm which runs to the south-southeast; so that apparently barks can enter by the mouth, and, ascending by the estuary, can enter the bay or round lake, where they can drop anchor, as the sea is always calm.*

March 29, Fourth Sunday in Lent.—After Mass we set out at what must have been seven in the morning. We climbed the hills by the bay or large lake and turned toward it with the object of going to the mountains on the north in order to reach Point Reyes, near which we judged the real port to be, thinking that the second estuary, or arm of the sea, ended in that lake. But it was not so, for we saw that the estuary continued in front of the mountains, although it was now not so wide, but ran in a deep bed a quarter of a league across, in some parts less, and cut off our passage to Point Reyes, it having been our intention to examine the end of the bay and to go around it as we had rounded the one to the south-southeast.

We kept on going up, following the course of the estuary, and traveling by treeless, grass-covered hills, from which we made out the bank of the estuary on the other side. It appeared to us to be

* On the 28th they continued past the sites of Berkeley and Albany to eastern Richmond, where they turned into the hills. The deep arroyo which they then crossed was Wildcat Creek. The "large round bay" resembling a lake was San Pablo Bay, and the island in it was Mare Island. Camp was made near or at Pinole. The other "estuary or arm of the sea" mentioned in the last paragraph was the stretch of San Francisco Bay from Golden Gate to San Pablo Bay.

low land in front of the mountains to the north, which I called the Sierra of Our Father San Francisco, since they seemed to be the guardian of his port. From the end of the bay or round lake the estuary continues with the same width, turning in the direction of the north-northwest.*

In the whole distance we traveled on these hills there was not a single tree. The bed of the estuary is very deep and its shores precipitous; on its banks we did not see so much as a bush; and the water was so still that it seemed to have no current. On the banks on the other side we made out many villages, whose Indians called to us and invited us to go to their country, but we were prevented by a stretch of water about a quarter of a league wide; and many of them, seeing that we were going away, came to this side, crossing over on rafts, and gave us some of their wild food.

In this part of our day's march we came to five large villages of very mild heathen, with pleasant faces, and of a fair complexion, bearded and white, all with long hair which they tied with twine. We were well received by them all and presented with some of their wild food. After following the course of this estuary for six leagues, we observed that the

* Here he means that San Pablo Bay extends north-northwest. They now found their way around it impeded by Carquínez Strait, which they followed this day, continuing beyond to camp near Martínez, Crespi's leagues here are short, measured by air line, for the country was very rough. Fages gives eight instead of ten leagues for this day.

water had a current towards the round bay, and that it made some foam, which, we observed, lasted but a short space. In the distance, whence the estuary came, we noticed that the land makes an opening, which is like the scud of the sea or low land, but we could not make sure of it because of the roughness of the land. After traveling rapidly six and a half hours, for in the judgment of everybody we must have covered ten leagues, we came to a small valley through which runs an arroyo, grown with alders and oaks, which has running water and goes to empty into the estuary which we were following. It is not far from the camping place, whence we went to try its water, which we found to be fresh.

Monday, March 30.—We set out early in the morning, following the road to the northeast by level land. After two leagues we crossed a deep arroyo with much running water and well grown with oaks, cottonwoods, alders, and laurels. The arroyo crossed, we entered a beautiful plain or valley, about three leagues in extent in all directions, of level land, black loose soil well covered with grass, and grown with oaks and live oaks. In this valley, which reaches to the estuary, we saw some lagoons. The site seems to me excellent for a settlement, and I called it Santa Angela de Fulgino. It is in about thirty-nine degrees north latitude.[146]

As soon as we entered this valley four heathen shouted at us, making signs that we should go and receive a bow trimmed with feathers, the pelt of an animal, and arrows which they had thrust into the

ground. The captain went forward with a soldier and received their present, returning it with beads, with which they were well pleased. We went on and saw in the same valley two villages. We passed near the one from which came the four heathen mentioned, and they made us a good present of their seeds, to which we responded with some strings of beads, making them very happy.*

We set out from this valley and entered some medium-sized hills of pure earth and pasture. We ascended a pass to its highest point in order to make observations, and we saw that the land opened into a great plain as level as the palm of the hand, the valley opening about half the quadrant, sixteen quarters from northwest to southeast, all level land as far as the eye could reach. Below the pass we beheld the estuary that we were following and saw that it was formed by two large rivers. Where these united to form the estuary we saw a good-sized island; each one of the rivers seemed to us to have a width of about a quarter of a league. We saw also that one of these rivers, the one to the south, was formed by two other rivers as wide as the principal one, a quarter of a league, and that the place where

* The deep arroyo crossed two leagues from camp was probably Pacheco Creek, and the crossing near Pacheco, where they entered the broad valley round about Concord. Leaving this valley they crossed the western spur of Mt. Diablo, whence they, the first Europeans, gazed upon the great Sacramento Valley. The two large rivers before them were the Sacramento and the San Joaquín, at the head of Suisun Bay. Crespi's San Francisco River was the San Joaquín. Camp this night was probably westward of Antioch, near Pittsburg. Fages gives eight leagues for this day's march.

they united must be about eight leagues distant from the pass.

We made out that these three arms or three large rivers were formed by a very large river, a league in width at least, which descended from some high mountains to the southeast, very far distant, all that part of it which the eye reached descending from the east, and then dividing into three rivers. These three flowed to the north, making several windings, and afterwards they formed only two, one of which divided into two others, and the three then united to form once more the great river which entered the bay or round lake of which I have already spoken.

Besides the above we saw from the summit of the pass large groves of trees, very distant. It seemed to us that none of them were in the beds of those large rivers mentioned, though we judged they were on arroyos which empty into those rivers.

This examination concluded, we descended from the pass in order to go on and finish the day's march, which covered on this day ten leagues, all of level land, and we halted on the bank of a small arroyo of half salty water, about a quarter of a league distant from one of the large rivers, which we went to examine, finding the water fresh and still, and apparently with no current, on account of being very deep and having steep banks.

One league before halting, as it was nearly midday, I stopped to observe the latitude, and it was thirty-nine degrees and thirteen minutes. I gave to

this great river the name of my Father San Francisco, so that he may intercede with His Divine Majesty for the conversion of all the immense body of heathen that no doubt must be on the banks of the great stream, which it seems must be the largest that has been discovered in New Spain.

From this place we decided to return to the royal presidio of San Carlos de Monterey, 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. It is very certain, judging by what we saw, that it is necessary to cross these streams with a boat or canoe. Otherwise it is necessary to ascend the mountains to the southeast to look for the head[147] of the large river from which are formed the three mentioned that afterward unite to enter the round bay, and in order to go so far up to cross, a larger number of soldiers and more provisions would be necessary. For this reason we decided to go back to give account to his Excellency of what we had seen in this exploration and journey, so that he might decide what is the best course to pursue.

Counting the distance that we have traveled we are seventy-one leagues from the royal presidio of Monterey, by the route over which we came. But we know that we have wound about a great deal, and on the return we are going to look for a more direct road, in order to shorten the journey as much as possible. This will serve also to explore the interior of the country.

RETURN JOURNEY FROM THE EXPLORATION OF THE HARBOR OF OUR SERAPHIC FATHER SAN FRANCISCO

Tuesday, March 31.—At six in the morning we set out from this salt arroyo, taking the road to the south-southeast[148] through a valley of level land, at the foot of the mountains, which guided us in ascending a pass, and then descended at one side of the valley of Santa Angela de Fulgino, which is well grown with large oaks and live oaks, has fertile land and is of wide extent. This valley finished, we entered a beautiful valley of considerable width and good level land, well covered with grass, with good arroyos well grown with alders, cottonwood, laurels, roses, and other trees not known to us. The valley and the greater part of its sides are covered in the same manner with those trees. Once in this valley we turned directly to the southeast. After leaving this valley we entered another having the same characteristics as the first; in the course of it we came to three villages with some little grass houses. As soon as the heathen caught sight of us they ran away, shouting and panic-stricken without knowing what had happened. From this valley we

turned south, and halted in the same valley on the bank of an arroyo with plenty of running water, having traveled eight leagues in six hours of fast marching. This valley appeared to me to be a charming site for a settlement, with all the advantages that are required.

Wednesday, April 1.—We set out at six, following the same valley in a southerly direction, the excellence of the road continuing, with many trees. This day we covered ten leagues, all by the same valley, all level land, covered with grass and trees, with many and good arroyos, and with numerous villages of very gentle and peaceful heathen, many of them of fair complexion. It is a very suitable place for a good mission, having good lands, much water, firewood and many heathen. We stopped, after traveling ten leagues, in the same valley, on the bank of a running arroyo with plenty of water. At the entrance the valley has a width of a quarter of a league, and little by little it goes on widening up to four full leagues, which is probably also the width at this place.*

* From the camp near San Joaquín River they crossed the range, north of Mt. Diablo, to the Concord Valley (Santa Angela de Fulgino), entering it north of Clayton and continuing west to Walnut Creek. Turning southeast, they proceeded past Danville, through San Ramón Valley. Camp was made just south of Danville. Next day they continued south to Livermore Valley, skirted its western edge, and camped west of Pleasanton. Next day they descended Arroyo de la Laguna, crossing it near Sunol. Leaving Sunol Valley (Santa Coleta) they crossed Alameda Creek, ascended Mission Pass, reëntered the valley of San Francisco Bay, and continued past the head of the bay to a point near Milpitas.

Thursday, April 2.—We set out at six in the morning, still following the valley in a southerly direction. It continues with the same width until it gradually narrows. It is evident that the land is not so good now, and it is broken by some descents and small ravines, but it all continues full of oaks and live oaks, as does also the arroyo, which flows through the valley with an abundance of water and trees. In a league and a half of travel after our departure we crossed the arroyo, which had a good deal of water and a width of about six varas. As soon as this is passed the valley widens, making a valley three-quarters of a league wide, with good land well forested with trees, like the one mentioned above. On the other side of the valley we crossed another arroyo even larger, also full of trees. In the southeastern part of this valley the two arroyos unite, and from the junction a good-sized river now flows in the same direction. The place is very desirable for a good mission, although we did not stop there I named it Santa Coleta.

We continued toward the south and crossed an arroyo, on the bank of which we found a good village. We ascended a pass, and observed that the road did not run toward the head of the south-southeastern arm of the estuary which in coming we had on the northwest. After going about five leagues we found ourselves on the road by which we came in the immense plain of this arm of the sea or great estuary of Our Father San Francisco. We now

turned from the south to the south-southeast, following the broad plain by a road about three leagues distant from the estuary, for there are many inlets and lagoons formed from the principal bed of the bay, some of which penetrate into the land about a league. After five more leagues of travel, following the bay, we came to the arroyo and two villages which we called on our way up Encarnación. They are about in the parallel of the point of the bay. We did not find the heathen whom we saw on the way up, but we saw others from the preceding villages. We did not stop at the arroyo of Encarnación because of the lack of firewood, but went on about another league to another good arroyo of good water, which has a great deal of firewood from oaks and live oaks. We halted on its bank, and I called it San Francisco de Paula; we traveled this day ten leagues.

Friday, April 3.—At six in the morning we set out from the arroyo of San Francisco de Paula, following the course of the valley in the direction of the south-southeast. The valley is full of oaks, and we traveled by it for seven hours, marching rapidly, during which we must have made nine leagues. We reached the pass in the low hills which are mentioned in the diary, and which enclose half of the valley which they border; it was called in the diary San Bernardino. We halted on the bank of a good arroyo of running water which has plenty of firewood; on reaching the camping place we saw a band of sixteen antelopes together.

Saturday, April 4.—We set out about six in the morning from the arroyo of the pass in the hills which separate the valley of the arroyo of the live oaks of the bay from that of San Bernardino. The pass once ascended, we followed the valley of San Bernardino for some seven or eight leagues. Continuing for two leagues more, on the same road by which we came, we arrived at the arroyo of the valley of San Benito, on the bank of which we halted, having traveled about ten leagues. This arroyo is at the foot of a very high mountain range.

April 5, Passion Sunday.—After having said Mass we set out about half-past seven, taking the road to the south. In two leagues we entered the valley of Santa Delfina, and went from north-northwest to the south-southeast. After traveling four leagues by the plain we came to the Santa Delfina River, and in a few more leagues of travel arrived at the royal presidio of Monterey, the day's march being ten leagues. According to the reckonings, the return journey from the last point reached was fifty-seven leagues, while the up trip covered seventy-one, so that we cut off fourteen leagues.*

This same afternoon I left the presidio and went to the mission of San Carlos de Carmelo, where I

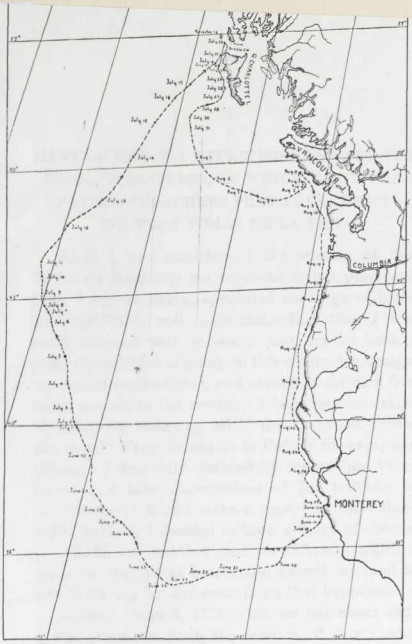
* Retracing their old course, on April 3 camp was made at the spur of hills near San Martin. Near there is the watershed between Coyote Creek and Pájaro River, hence "the hills which separate the valley of the arroyo of the live oaks of the bay from that of San Bernardino (Gilroy)." On the 4th camp was made near San Juan Mission.

found my venerated and esteemed father prior and president, Fray Junípero Serra, in the same state of health as before. After receiving his blessing I told him about the journey and what we had discovered, and delivered this diary to him, so that he might decide what he judged to be best for the greater glory of God, to whom I humbly offer these labors on these roads, so that He may deign with His divine grace to enlighten the understandings of all the heathen, that they may be converted to His Holy Faith and reduced to the fold of the Holy Church. Amen.

FRAY JUAN CRESPI.[149]

THE PEREZ EXPEDITION

AS TOLD IN CRESPI'S DIARY



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.*

DIARY OF THE SEA EXPEDITION MADE BY THE FRIGATE *SANTIAGO,* IN WHICH WENT THE FATHER PREACHERS FRAY JUAN CRESPI AND FRAY TOMÁS DE LA PEÑA

While I was minister of the mission of San Carlos de Monterey the reverend father president, Fray Junípero Serra, appointed me to go with the sea expedition, and, notwithstanding that I was much fatigued with so many journeys by land, I made the sacrifice of going on this enterprise, resigning myself to obedience, and expecting through God every success in the voyage. I had the consolation of going in company with the reverend father preacher,[150] Fray Tomás de la Peña y Saravia; and although I was only charged by my prelate to go ashore and take observations of the latitude, to explore the land and make a report of what there might be in it, I decided to keep a diary of the sea voyage, if the weather and sea-sickness, which I never can escape at sea, would permit me, and to note down day by day everything that happened.

Monday, June 6, 1774.—We set out about four in the afternoon from the mission of San Carlos de Monterey, accompanied by the reverend father president, and, after reaching the royal presidio and taking farewell of the captains, and of Fathers

Murguía and Palóu, who were there, and confessing the men of the crew for the voyage, we continued to the beach, where we took farewell of the reverend father president. After receiving his blessing we went aboard his Majesty's frigate *Santiago,* alias *La Nueva Galicia,* on which we were joyfully received by everybody, because they expected their spiritual consolation from us. This night they spent in the business of raising the anchors.

Tuesday, June 7.—The maneuver of raising the anchors was continued, the frigate was drawn out of the anchorage by a tow boat ahead, the northwest wind took effect at nine o'clock, and about eleven we were sailing on our way. Blessed be God, whom I ask to give us all success. They made two or three tacks, and then returned to drop anchor in the same harbor, as the northwest wind had freshened very much. About three in the afternoon we were safely anchored. This night the boatswain fell seriously ill of a high fever.

Wednesday, June 8.—Day dawned with a wind which lasted all day, for which reason we could not go out. Shortly after one in the afternoon a sail was seen, and it turned out to be the packet *San Antonio,* alias *El Príncipe,* which entered and dropped anchor in this port about three in the afternoon, for which reason, in addition to the contrary wind which did not give us a chance to sail, we delayed our departure.

Thursday, June 9.—Seeing that for the above reasons we were not starting on the voyage, we two

About eleven o'clock we set sail with a north wind, and the launch of the *Príncipe,* having left the fathers went ashore to the post, where we found the reverend father president, with Fathers Murguía and Palóu, and after being with them a while we went back on board to dine. This afternoon Captain Don Juan Pérez asked that on the following day a Mass should be sung on land to Our Lady for the success of the voyage.

Friday, June 10.—An altar was erected under a shelter of branches on the same spot where Mass was celebrated on the 17th day of December, 1602, during the expedition under General Don Sebastián Vizcaíno, and on June 3, 1770, when they came to settle this port. The latter Mass was sung by the reverend father president, who sang it also to-day, fathers Fray José Murguía and Fray Francisco Dumetz, and we two who were going on this exploration, making the choir. We dined on the beach, all the fathers with the captains and commanders by sea and land, and we went aboard about half-past four. The boatswain died after receiving the holy sacraments of penance and extreme unction, and his body was sent to land so that the fathers of the mission of San Carlos might give it burial in the church of the royal presidio.

Saturday, June 11.—The day dawned with a calm sea, and with a tow-rope at the prow they drew the bark towards the green growth on the point, the launches of the two barks helping to tow it out.

anchor which had served as a tow, could not overtake us. All this afternoon the bark pitched badly on account of the swell at the prow. At nightfall we found ourselves about three leagues from Point Año Nuevo, and the wind went down.

Sunday, June 12.—We two priests celebrated[151] Mass, the sea being still calm. In the afternoon the north wind blew, but lightly, and at sunset it ceased; about nine at night a variable wind blew from the east, but it soon died down; the entire night passed with light winds and a very wet, dense fog.

Monday, June 13.—Day broke with the same fog. We two celebrated the holy sacrifice of the Mass. On account of the heavy fog we could not see the land, and the pilots were not able to make observations. All the afternoon and the next night the fog continued thick and damp.

Tuesday, June 14.—Day broke calm and still foggy. This morning we made out Point Año Nuevo at a distance of two leagues, and the current carried us so near the coast that at nine we were only a quarter of a league from it. They took soundings several times and found a depth of 22, 24, and 25 fathoms. At half-past twelve the wind began to blow lightly from the southwest, and thereupon we drew off from the land. In the night it fell calm at intervals, and by tacking we kept ourselves between the two points.

Wednesday, June 15.—We found ourselves at dawn to the west of and opposite Point Pinos, and we

very clearly saw Cypress Point, Carmelo Bay, and the Sierra de Santa Lucía. At eight the wind began to blow from the northwest rather freshly, but before nine it died down again. This day we did not have as much fog as on the preceding days, but the sky was clouded. At nightfall we found ourselves about six leagues distant from the mountains.

Thursday, June 16.—Dawn broke finding us about twelve leagues from land opposite the Sierra de Santa Lucía. At eight in the morning the north-northwest wind freshened somewhat, with signs of rain, but it did not rain and the wind calmed. In the afternoon the weather cleared and the wind slackened.

Friday, June 17.—Day broke calm with the sky very clear, and about one in the afternoon a south-west wind arose, but it was light. We made out far away the Sierra de Santa Lucía, at a distance of about sixteen leagues. At night the wind inclined to the northwest, and they tacked with the prow to the west-southwest.

Saturday, June 18.—Day broke with the same wind and a fog so thick and damp that it seemed like rain. The captain got up with a sickness of the stomach, not having rested during the entire night. His indisposition lasted until midday when he was relieved. About twelve the pilots made observations and told us that we were in thirty-four degrees and fifty-seven minutes. In the afternoon the wind freshened.

Sunday, June 19.—Day broke with the same wind, but fresher and with heavy swells, causing the bark to roll heavily, and for that reason we went without Mass. At eight we were left with only the foresail, and we continued in this way at three or four knots an hour. In the afternoon it calmed down somewhat and the mainsail was unfurled.

Monday, June 20.—The wind having slackened somewhat, the maintopsails were trimmed and the bark sailed on at the rate of five and a half knots an hour. All this day it blew from the northwest.

Tuesday, June 21.—Day dawned with a very clear sky; the wind inclined to the north and blew fresh during the day; sail was made to the west by the northwest at three knots an hour. The pilots observed the latitude to be thirty-four degrees and eight minutes.

Wednesday, June 22.—Day broke cloudy; at seven in the morning a fog descended on us from the north and the wind died down. At twelve o'clock they observed the latitude to be thirty-four degrees and seven minutes; the wind remained light and variable.

Thursday, June 23.—The wind veered to the northeast, inclining afterwards to the northwest. Observations showed thirty-three degrees and forty-six minutes. The wind kept to the northwest the rest of the day and sail was made to the west-southwest at three knots an hour.

Friday, June 24.—Day broke cloudy, and the wind blew to the northwest rather freshly, while we sailed to the west-northwest. We both said Mass, in which the captain and the boatswain took communion in celebration of the days of their saint. Observations showed a latitude of thirty-three degrees and forty-three[152] minutes. In the afternoon the wind blew northwest by west, at three and a half knots.

Saturday, June 25.—The day broke clear and with the same wind as yesterday, and we sailed four knots in the same direction. Observation showed thirty-four degrees and twenty-six minutes. To-day we began to ascend. About nine in the morning the wind veered to the east.

Sunday, June 26.—Day broke with the same fresh wind. We both said Mass and in his the father companion gave the sermon. The pilots made observation and found we were in thirty-four degrees and thirty-seven minutes. At five in the afternoon the wind went down.

Monday, June 27.—At seven in the morning the wind began to blow to the northwest, light and variable. They observed the latitude to be thirty-five degrees, fifty-nine minutes. The same weather continued all day.

Tuesday, June 28.—The same wind continued, with which two knots were made. The pilots observed the latitude to be thirty-six degrees and twenty-six minutes, almost in the parallel of Mon-

terey. In the afternoon the wind freshened somewhat and continued all night.

Wednesday, June 29.—Day broke with the same wind. We both said Mass, in which the surgeon and some sailors took communion. At midday they observed thirty-seven degrees and twenty minutes. In the afternoon the wind veered to the east and with it four knots were made.

Thursday, June 30.—The wind continued in the east, although light, and about seven it turned to the east-southeast, still light. The pilots observed thirty-eight degrees and thirty-seven minutes; in the afternoon the wind freshened somewhat.

Friday, July 1.—This day broke almost calm. They observed thirty-nine degrees, and forty-five minutes. At half-past twelve a very light south wind began to blow and brought down on us a heavy fog; at five the wind calmed.

Saturday, July 2.—About three in the morning a shower fell with winds from the southwest, and then we were left becalmed, which lasted the entire day, and the sun became quite hot. In the night it blew very lightly east-southeast.

Sunday, July 3.—Day dawned with a great deal of fog and the wind rather fresh. We two fathers said Mass and Father Tomás preached the sermon. At eight the wind calmed and the fog changed to rain. At ten the east wind again began to blow. The pilots made observations and the captain said we were in forty degrees and thirty-four minutes.

About ten the wind changed to the southwest, rather fresh, and lasted all the afternoon and the following night.

Monday, July 4.—It dawned cloudy, with a heavy dew, the same wind as yesterday continuing all day. No observations could be made on account of the clouds, which began at two in the afternoon to discharge water. This lasted all the afternoon; but at night it cleared and a heavy dew fell.

Tuesday, July 5.—Dawn broke with the same wind, but it was not so fresh and cloudy. The day cleared, and the pilots were able to make observations, although they were not satisfied. They said the latitude came out forty-three degrees and thirty-five minutes.[153]

Wednesday, July 6.—It dawned with heavy dew and fog, with the same wind, but fresher. At eight the wind began to decrease on account of the fog, which continued, and observations could not be made. At one the wind changed to the southwest. At five the wind calmed, the sky cleared, and the horizon opened, but no land was to be seen.

Thursday, July 7.—Day broke calm, with much fog, and such a heavy dew that it seemed like rain. We saw a number of sea lions near the frigate. No observations could be made because of the fog. About seven in the evening it went off with the wind.

Friday, July 8.—Day dawned with the same fog as on the preceding days, with very light and variable gusts of wind from the north which calmed

every little while, so that at the best the ship did not sail over a knot an hour. At nine it calmed completely, and the fog gave no chance to observe with certainty. In the afternoon we had some gusts from the southwest, but they were light. This afternoon some birds were seen.

Saturday, July 9.—Day dawned with so much fog and dew that it seemed as though it had been raining all night, for the sails were very wet, and with the water that dripped from them the sailors filled two barrels. The calm continued all day with now and then a gust from the southwest. At midday the sky cleared somewhat, so that the pilots could make observations, and they said we were in forty-five degrees, with which we were all delighted, for we were now getting anxious. Immediately afterwards the clouds again closed down very dark, and in the afternoon a heavy rain fell.

Sunday, July 10.—Day broke with the same calm and fog. We both said Mass and the father companion delivered the sermon. About ten a very light south wind began to blow. At midday it cleared, and they observed the latitude; the captain said that we were in forty-five degrees and thirty-five minutes. At half-past eight in the evening it began to blow rather freshly from the southwest, and the bark sailed all night at the rate of two and a half knots an hour. This night the holy sacraments of penance and extreme unction were administered to a sailor who was very ill of a malignant fever.

Monday, July 11.—Day dawned with a south wind, very dark, with a thick fog. At midday it opened a little and they were able to make observations; the captain said that we were in forty-six degrees and twenty-three minutes. The wind grew fresher; at three o'clock we were sailing at the rate of three knots an hour, at times more. This afternoon it was very cold, and in the night it was even more uncomfortable, for the mist that the fog emitted seemed like snow.

Tuesday, July 12.—Day dawned with the same fog and very cold. About five in the morning the wind changed to the west-southwest, and became fresh, so that we sailed three knots. At ten it changed to the west, very strong and cold. It was very dark all day, for which reason no observations could be made. In the afternoon it cleared somewhat, and by night the weather was not so thick.

Wednesday, July 13.—The day opened very clear, with the wind northwest by west, and very strong, and we sailed at three knots. At seven o'clock it grew dark and cloudy, but at ten it again opened and the horizon cleared, so that they were able to make a perfectly satisfactory observation, and the captain told us we were in forty-eight degrees and five minutes. In the afternoon the wind slackened a little, although we sailed two and a half knots an hour.

Thursday, July 14.—Day opened with heavy fog and sprinkling, the preceding night having passed in the same way. At five it was blowing hard from

the west, and we were going at the rate of four and a half knots. At half-past seven we saw a rainbow in the west. Then a very hard squall struck us which caused a heavy swell and obliged them to take reefs in the fore-top sail of the main sail. As soon as the squall passed the rainbow disappeared, and the same west wind continued, rather fresh. Before twelve the sky cleared and the horizons became visible, so that it was possible to make observations. According to what the captain told us we were in fifty degrees and twenty-four minutes. At nine in the morning the prow was pointed north, with the object, according to what the captain said, of striking the coast, because, after examining the water supply, it was found that there was only enough for two months and a half, and lest something should happen we wished to make an effort to explore the coast to see if they could take on water, not knowing how long they might be on the return voyage to Monterey. At three in the afternoon the wind blew stronger from the southwest, becoming very fresh, so that we made four and a half knots with the prow to the north.

Friday, July 15.—Day dawned with the same thick, damp fog and cold mist as the preceding days, with a very fresh south wind, and such a heavy swell that the ship rolled badly. All this morning we made four knots an hour, and at times more, with the prow always pointed to the north. The cold increased greatly. At eight o'clock the wind changed to the southwest, becoming very fresh, and with it

they veered to the northwest, in order to strike the coast. The day went on clearing, and the captain said we were in fifty-one degrees and forty-two minutes.

To-day the captain assembled the officers of the frigate and explained to them the state of the water supply, and the danger to which they would be exposed in going farther up without taking on water, and asked whether they were of the opinion that it would be better to draw near the coast and look for an anchorage and take on water, or to continue as far as the latitude of sixty degrees as his Excellency ordered, and take on water in that latitude. After hearing the query of the captain, they were all of the opinion that it was best to make a landfall here for the purpose of providing themselves with water, and to look for an anchorage or place to put into in case of necessity. In view of the opinion of the officers he continued his search for the coast.

Saturday, July 16.—The day opened cloudy, although without fog, and with a southwest wind abaft, which we have had all this night and which lasted until nine o'clock, when it changed to the south. With this and a side wind we sailed three knots. At nine it began to clear, and we had a good sun, so that they could make satisfactory observations, and we found ourselves in fifty-two degrees and forty-one minutes. At four o'clock the wind again changed to the southwest, and we sailed with the breeze abaft at the rate of three knots an hour. The carpenters made a cross to-day about five varas

high, with the inscription INRI.* On the body of the cross is written *Carolus III Hispaniarum rex,*† and on its arms *año de 1774.* We intend to set it up as soon as we go ashore, although we have not yet sighted land.

Sunday, July 17.—Day dawned cloudy, but without fog, and we were almost becalmed, for the wind of the preceding night had gone down. We two said Mass, and in his the father companion made his talk, as he has done every Sunday when the weather has permitted. Although we had some fog this morning and a little shower, afterwards it cleared, and it was possible to make observations. According to what the captain told us we were in latitude fifty-three[154] degrees and three minutes. In this latitude the sun rises about four in the morning and does not set until eight at night, so that at nine at night it is still light, and at about three in the morning it is already beginning to grow light. If we had arrived one month earlier, according to what they say, we should have seen the sun set at nine.

Monday, July 18.—The day broke very dark and foggy, and at five o'clock a squall came with gusts of wind from the south and southeast, so that little progress was made. At about half-past eleven they said they made out land, and so it was that we began to see the coast. It was nearest to us on the prow

* Jesus Nazarenus Rex Judaeorum (Jesus of Nazareth, King of the Jews).

† Carlos III, King of the Spains.

Native Woman of Queen Charlotte Island, wearing a lip-piece.
From Dixon's *Voyage Round the World.*

toward the northeast, about sixteen leagues distant, and it seemed that it ended to the northwest by north, but it was so hazy and far away, at least twenty-five leagues, that it could not be seen distinctly. To the north it seemed to be low land, but to the northeast,[155] on the contrary, it was seen to be very high, with a high flat rock on it all covered with snow. Although the day cleared a little, so that we could see the land well, the sun did not permit itself to be seen enough to enable us to make an observation. About four in the afternoon the wind changed to the west-southwest, and with it they sailed two and a half knots an hour. Shortly after five it changed again to the northwest, being very gentle at the beginning; some progress was made with it, but at nightfall it died down completely.*

Tuesday, July 19.—The day broke cloudy but with the horizons clear, so that the land was plainly made out about eight or ten leagues distant, but there was the same calm as had prevailed all night.

* The land seen on July 18 was Queen Charlotte Island, British Columbia. Santa Margarita Point, which Pérez tried in vain to round on July 19th, 20th, 21st, and 22d, was Cape North, the northern point of Queen Charlotte Island. Cape Santa María Magdalena, the high point north of Santa Margarita Point, was Point Muzon, on Prince of Wales Island. The "bay, pocket, strait, or gulf" between these points, whose current prevented Pérez from rounding Santa Margarita Point, was Dixon Entrance. The Island of Santa Catarina or Santa Christina, to the northwest of Cape Santa María Magdalena, was Forrester Island (see Bancroft, H. H., *History of the Northwest Coast,* I, 151–155). The Indians so graphically described by Crespi were the Haida (J. R. Swanton, in Hodge, *Handbook of American Indians,* I, 520–523).

We saw the coast clearly, and it seemed to us all that what we had in sight runs from north-northwest to south-southeast, and that its course ends to the north-northeast, where there is a cape, and from there it turns to the northeast.[156] Before seven the day was darkened by such a fog that the coast could scarcely be seen, and the calm continued.

At eleven o'clock the wind changed to the southeast, second quadrant, and rather fresh, and we began to move toward the cape which we had seen on the coast early in the morning, with the object of observing the trend of the coast from the other side of the cape toward the north. About twelve the sun came out and permitted itself to be seen clearly, consequently they were able to make observations, and the captain said that the latitude was fifty-three degrees and fifty-eight minutes. In the afternoon the wind freshened somewhat, and at five we were some three leagues from the land. We saw that from the cape that I have already mentioned the coast continued low toward the north. As it was now late, they tacked in order to draw away somewhat from the coast, turning the prow north by northeast.[157] At six o'clock we were at the cape, where we have been all night, during which we have had heavy swells and continuous mist.

Wednesday, July 20.—The day dawned with a very heavy fog, and nothing could be seen even at a short distance; the mist continued, with a strong wind from the east, and with a heavy swell and con-

stant rolling; the sails were let loose, and the prow was turned north by northeast. Before nine the day cleared somewhat and the land was plainly seen. They then tacked, turning the prow to the northeast in order to make an effort to approach a point of land. At ten o'clock we were about four leagues from it, and it seemed to us that it consisted of three islands. At midday no observations could be made because the fog obscured the sun. At three in the afternoon we were about two leagues from it, and the point that we had thought to be three islands seemed now to be one, and not far from the coast.

We saw the smoke of many fires made by the inhabitants of the point, and that the land was well covered with trees resembling pines. With that point the land formed a good bay, and we noticed that from a roadstead in the land a canoe was coming out and being rowed toward the frigate. While they were still some distance from the bark we heard them singing, and by the tone we knew them to be heathen, for they sing the same song as those from San Diego to Monterey. They drew near the frigate and we saw that there were eight men and a boy in the canoe, seven of them rowing, while the eighth, who was painted, was standing up in the attitude of dancing, and, throwing feathers on the water.

They made a turn around the frigate. From the balcony of the cabin we called to them to approach, and although at first they did not venture, no doubt feeling suspicious, by showing them handkerchiefs,

beads, and biscuit, they were induced to draw near the stem and receive everything that was thrown to them. A rope was put down for them to come up. Although they took hold of it, they did not venture to climb up; but, holding on to it, they followed us for quite a distance. When this canoe arrived it must have been four in the afternoon, and the weather had thickened with a dense fog. The wind was now against us, and for this reason the captain ordered the ship tacked, to put off drawing near the shore to make a landing until the following day.

The heathen, seeing that we were moving away from their land, invited us to it, and we understood from the signs they made to us that they had food and water there and a place for the bark to stay; and when we replied to them by signs that on the following day we would come, they went away. These people are very fat, of good appearance, red and white in color, with long hair, and they cover themselves with skins of beaver and sea lions. All or most of them wear rush hats, well woven, with a pointed crown. They are not at all noisy, and seemed to us to be mild and good-tempered. About half an hour after the canoe had left us we again heard singing, and saw another smaller one coming, and, joining the first, the two approached the frigate. In this second one six heathen came. As soon as the two canoes were near they were given various little things, and, being told that on the following day we would go to their land, they withdrew satisfied, after following us for quite a distance.

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 poop, which the others lack, and the prow is not open, as is customary in the channel. The oars are well made. We saw in them two very long[158] 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.

After these canoes had gone, night having now fallen, while we were all reciting the rosary to Nuestra Señora de la Purísima Concepción, we heard singing again, and it was a third canoe which drew near with the same ceremonies as the preceding. When they noticed that no attention was paid to them, because every one was at prayer, they began to shout until the prayer of the rosary, and others special to some saints, were concluded, and we were singing the Alabado, which caused them great admiration. The prayer finished, as it was now dark the captain ordered that the lights be lit on board the frigate, and we saw a canoe with seven heathen. They were invited to come on board, but they either did not wish to do so or did not understand.

They were given some trifles and they reciprocated with some fish dried like cod, but whiter. A sailor obtained for a large knife that he gave 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 very good and handsome piece of work. This canoe remained close to the frigate about an hour. After we told them by signs to go away, as it was now very late, and that on the following day we would go to their land, they departed content, and they had to go back about six leagues, for we were that far distant from land.

Thursday, July 21.—Day broke drizzling and with some fog, although not so much as on the preceding days, and with a strong wind from the southeast, and a heavy swell. At eight in the morning they tacked, turning the prow towards the point which we saw yesterday, and which was named by the commander Santa Margarita Point, on account of our having seen it yesterday, the day of that glorious saint. We sailed with a side wind, with the prow pointed east by north. No observation could be made because the day was cloudy.

At about twelve we were about a quarter of a league from Santa Margarita Point, along which we coasted to the east, where it seemed to us it made a bend, with the object of examining and making soundings in order to drop anchor and go ashore to plant on it the standard of the holy cross. But it

was impossible to double the point, or make sure whether it was an island or a point of terra firma, for the force of the current drove us to the south. Accordingly the captain ordered the bark put about, and when we were about a league off shore to the southeast,[159] the wind, which we had had all the morning and which had caused a great swell, went down; so we were becalmed, without being able to drop anchor, for as we were so far from land bottom could not be found.

The point of Santa Margarita mentioned is a medium-sized peak, high, and precipitous to the sea. It is densely wooded down to the edge of the sea with trees which we all thought looked like cypresses, of all sizes. This peak is about a league long and has two points, one southwest[160] by south, where we tried to drop anchor, and the other to the southeast, where a large bay begins to form. From this point the land continues low for about ten or more leagues, running to the southeast[161] as far as we could make out; and we saw that it was as well wooded as the point with the same kind of cypresses.

To the north of the southwest point of Santa Margarita, about sixteen leagues distant from it, we made out a very high cape, wooded in the same way with cypresses, which the commander named Cape Santa María Magdalena. From that cape the coast[162] continues very high and covered with trees, and as far as the eye can reach it runs from east to west. To the northwest of that coast we made out

what seemed to be a large island, which was called Santa Catarina, although we could not make sure whether it was an island, for it may have low land communicating with terra firma, and as we only saw it from a distance we could not solve the doubt.

Cape Santa María Magdalena is to the north of Point Santa Margarita, and between it and that point to the east it is like a very large bay, but we could not examine it or enter it, for the violence of the currents that came out of it drove us to the south, so we could not learn with certainty whether it is a bay, pocket, or strait. If it is a bay and not a strait, it may be that some large river empties into it, and causes that force of current which prevented us from entering and examining it. Cape Santa María Magdalena is about ten leagues distant from Point Santa Margarita, and this is the width of the mouth of the bay, pocket, strait, or gulf. Cape Santa María[163] Magdalena runs into the sea from the east. To the west is the island of Santa Catarina, near the point which it makes in that direction. It is not very far from the point, and for that reason we were in doubt whether or not it was an island.

After being becalmed for two hours, one league from land, opposite the point or peak of Santa Margarita, canoes began to come out, from the point on the southwest and from the one which faces east-southeast; and in a short time twenty-one of them drew near, some very large, some medium-sized, and others small.[164] Among them there were two that

measured no less than twelve yards in the keel. In one of these came twenty men, and in the other nineteen.[165] In the medium-sized ones there were from ten to twelve persons, and in the smallest six or seven. In short, we saw ourselves surrounded by twenty-one canoes and more than two hundred persons, men, women, boys, and girls, for in most of the canoes there were some women.[166] Indeed, among the canoes there was one that contained women only, and there must have been twelve of them rowing and steering as well as the most dextrous sailor.

All those canoes came toward the side of the frigate, some singing and strumming wooden instruments like a drum or timbrel, and some in the attitude of dancing. They drew near the frigate, surrounding it on all sides, and a fair was opened at once between them and our people, for we understood that they came to trade with our folks and exchange their little trinkets for ours. Our people gave them some knives, cloth, and beads, in exchange for very well tanned skins of beaver and other animals not known to us, quilts of beaver skins cut in pieces and sewed together so skillfully that no tailor could have done it better; other quilts or blankets of fine wool, or hair of animals which resembled fine wool, woven and worked with thread made of the same hair in several colors, principally black, white and yellow. It is so closely woven that it seems to have been made on a loom, and all the quilts have fringes

around the edges made of the same hair twisted, so that they resemble table-spreads or rugs, for which they seem to be very suitable, as if they had been specially made for that purpose.

They also gave some little mats made of fine palms worked in various colors; some fine hats and other ordinary ones, most of them painted, and, as I said, conical in shape, with narrow brims and a cord to hold[167] them under the chin and keep the wind from blowing them away. They also gave some small wooden trays, well made and carved in half relief with figures of men, animals, and birds, and some wooden spoons, also well worked and carved on the outer side and smooth on the inner. One of them is quite large and made entirely of horn, though we could not recognize what animal it could have come from.

Our people also obtained two pine boxes, about a yard square, well made of boards, and sewed together at the four corners with cord instead of nails. They have no hinges or plates, but the lids are like those of trunks, fitting like powder chests. Inside they are rather rough, but outside they are well made and smooth, and in front they are carved in half relief with various figures and branches inlaid in them, and sea shells and snails so well fitted in that we could not perceive how they are inlaid. Some of them are painted in colors, principally in yellow and red. We saw these boxes in nearly all the canoes, some of them being a yard and a half

long, with a corresponding width. They use them to keep their things in and also to sit on while rowing. They also gave us some belts made of thread twisted from fine wool, well knitted. Of food, they only gave dried fish, as I said yesterday.

For all of the above, presents were given them in return, and it was perceived that they had a great fondness for articles made of iron for cutting; but they did not want small[168] pieces. It could not be seen either that they had any liking for beads, although they took them, just as they accepted biscuits and ate them without the slightest suspicion. I have already said that they were well formed Indians, with good faces, rather fair, with long hair, and some of them bearded. They all had the body entirely covered, some with beaver skins and others with cloaks woven of wool, or hair which resembles wool, in one piece in the manner of a cape, with which they are covered as far as the waist. The rest of the body is covered with tanned skins, worked in several colors and making a handsome trimming, some with sleeves and others without. Most of them wore hats of the kind already described.

The women are well dressed and covered the same as the men. They wear hanging from the lip a round piece of very thin wood which makes them very ugly, for at a distance it looks as though they have their tongues hanging out. 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. Those who saw them nearer by said they have the lip pierced and hang the piece of wood from it. 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, for among the heathen found from San Diego to Monterey we have observed that when they go to visit another village they paint themselves in several colors, which makes them very ugly. Among the men we saw some painted with ochre of a very fine hue.

Although we invited these Indians to come aboard they did not venture, and only two had the courage to do so. They were shown everything, and they wondered greatly at what they saw in the frigate. They entered the cabin and we showed them the image of Our Lady, and after looking at it with much attention they touched it with their hands, no doubt to see if it were real. They were given some little gifts and told that we would go to their country. While these were on board two of our sailors leaped into their canoes, which delighted the Indians very much, and they made great demonstrations and danced with them, with such great expressions of joy that they could not have done more if they had been people known to them, giving it to be understood by the sign of placing their hands on their breasts that they liked them very much. From this we all infer that they are a very peaceable and docile people. Those in the canoes invited the sailors who had leaped into them to go with them to their land,

if they wished, but they excused themselves, saying they would go in the big ship with all the men.

It was impossible for us to approach on account of the calm, which lasted all the afternoon, and the currents drew us away from the land. Now very late the canoes bade us farewell and went to their land, with the promise that had been given them that we would go to visit them there. We understood them to tell us not to go farther up because the people there are very bellicose and murderous, a common ruse of the heathen to cause it to be believed that they are good and the rest are bad. They attracted our attention by their appearance, with their good-looking faces and their long hair well combed and made into a braid, and their clothing reaching almost to the heels; their well-woven cloth, and the other little objects that our men secured from them, of wood as well as of fiber, and also of marble. We were interested also to see that the women wear rings on their fingers and bracelets of iron and copper, and the great value they set by them. Of these metals some were seen, though very little. The captain, who has been in the Philippines and China, said that these people greatly resembled the Sangleyes.* It is true that the weave of the fine little mats bears a marked resemblance to the work in those that come from China.

Although the night is very short, for the sun rises at four in the morning, it seemed long to us on account of the desire we all had to go ashore. Some

* Chinese traders in the Philippine Islands.

of the sailors 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.

Friday, July 22.—About two in the morning the southwest wind arose, though it was light. At five we were about four leagues distant from the land, traveling near it with the prow to the west by northwest, with the object of rounding the point of Santa Margarita and exploring to find out whether or not there is any anchorage in the bend that the coast makes behind that point. But the currents, which carried us far to leeward, did not permit us to reach that point. On the contrary, they forced us to put about with the prow to the south-southwest. At twelve o'clock, when we found ourselves parallel with Point Santa Margarita, the pilots made observations, and they told us that we were in latitude fifty-five degrees exactly, and so it is in this latitude that Point Santa Margarita is situated.

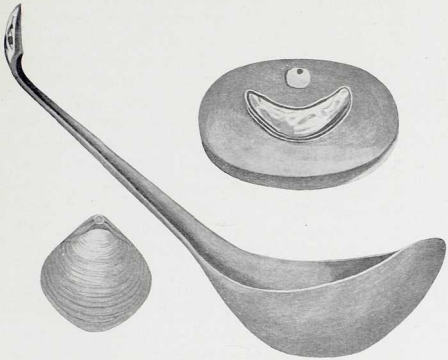
About one o'clock they turned the prow toward the land, but in two hours the wind changed to the west-southwest, and the prow was turned to the south. A little later the wind changed to the southwest and the prow was turned to the south-southwest.[169] The wind has been fresh all the time, and the afternoon very dark, with a heavy, thick fog, so that nothing could be seen, and so damp that it was like rain. For this reason, the contrary wind, the heavy swell, and the strength of the currents,

which were driving us toward the land, a course was taken out to sea, and the land was lost to sight.[170]

Saturday, July 23.—Day broke with a great swell by the prow, for we spent the whole night outside moving farther away from the land. The same wind, fog, and rain of the preceding night continued, in such a manner that during the entire day the sun has not permitted itself to be seen. On the contrary, at midday the wind changed to the west-southwest, and we ran to the south at the rate of two and a half or three knots an hour. Seeing that the weather was so contrary to the desired end of landing and exploring the coast, we decided to offer a novena to San Juan Nepomuceno, so that with his sovereign patronage he might obtain from the Lord favorable weather. The novena began this afternoon immediately after the conclusion of the daily prayer of the rosary of the Most Holy Mary, Our Lady.

Sunday, July 24, Day of San Francisco Solano, apostle of Peru, and patron of these South Seas.—The day broke clear for us, with a fresh west-southwest wind. The father companion said Mass and gave a talk, as on the other Sundays. But before Mass was finished the wind freshened very much, threatening a squall, and it was raining some, for which reason it was impossible to have a second Mass, and I had to be satisfied with only hearing that of the father companion.

Shortly after eight in the morning the weather again opened, and the day followed very clear and with a beautiful sun, which we have not had the good fortune[171] to see since we came up from forty degrees. At twelve o'clock we made observations, and we found ourselves in latitude fifty-three degrees and forty-eight minutes. The wind continues fresh and good, from west-southwest to west, and we are making good progress. Shortly after midday the prow was turned to the east. Although from six in the morning until three in the afternoon progress has been made at the rate of four knots an hour, we have not been able to make out the land, in spite of the fact that we have had the advantage of clear horizons. Before sunset the wind died down and land was descried, and according to what they say it is the same as we saw on the eighteenth, the low coast of which runs from Santa Margarita Point, from north to south, for about seven leagues. From that low coast, which is in fifty degrees and forty-two minutes, some high thick mountains begin, with several peaks, very high and covered with snow. They seemed to be well wooded, and although we could not distinguish what trees they were, we concluded that they were cypress, pine, and ash. After these trees came others; branches were even seen in the canoes that approached us opposite the point of Santa Margarita. These high mountains, which the commander called San Cristóbal, run from lati-



Lip-piece, horn spoon, and shell, used by Natives of Queen Charlotte Island.
From Dixon's *Voyage Round the World.*

tude fifty-four degrees and forty-four minutes as far as fifty-three degrees and eight minutes, from northwest to southeast by south, as seen from the sea. From the land it seems that their course runs from north-northwest to south-southeast.*

Monday, July 25, Day of our patron Santiago the Greater.—Dawn broke very clear and with a good sun, and we both said Mass. In mine the surgeon and two of the sailors took communion, and in that of the father companion the sacred viaticum was administered to the sick sailor, to whom we had given extreme unction fifteen days before, on account of the danger he was in at that time. Although day dawned with the same calm as we had the previous night, at six in the morning an east wind struck us from the coast, making it impossible to approach the land which we had in sight and only about eight leagues distant. It is the Sierra de San Cristóbal which I mentioned yesterday, and, according to the observation taken to-day by the captain, it is in latitude fifty-three degrees and twenty-one minutes. This high range has a length of about thirty-six leagues from a peak which it has to the north to another which it has to the south. After twelve a thick fog again came on. About six in the afternoon it began to rain, and it came down harder after nightfall. All day the contrary wind from the east had kept up, preventing us from approaching the

* The land seen on these days, till July 30, was the coast of Queen Charlotte Island, and the Sierra de San Cristóbal was a ridge on that island.

land, but in the night it veered off to the south-southeast and south. A little before seven the sailor to whom we had given[172] the sacraments to-day, died. He was named Salvador Antonio, and was native of the town of Guainamota. *Anima eius requiescat in pace.*

Tuesday, July 26.—Day dawned misting, and the weather was very dark, with a thick fog. For this reason it was possible to say only one Mass, which was celebrated by the father companion for the soul of the deceased already spoken of, with the body present, which was consigned to the water with the customary ceremonies as soon as Mass was concluded. The south wind gradually grew stronger, and by twelve it was so strong that it was about to drive us on the coast, which the thick fog did not permit us to see. The captain, fearing that we might be driven on the rocks of an unknown coast, ordered the ship put about, turning the prow to the west with a side wind, with only the fore-top sail of the mainmast, in order not to lose the altitude and not to withdraw too much from the coast because the wind grew constantly stronger. The wind increased till it caused such a heavy swell that we could scarcely endure the rolling. We passed all day and the first part of the night in this way, until eleven o'clock, when the wind changed to the southwest. Then they immediately put the ship about, turning the prow towards the coast, and taking all the steps necessary to accomplish the purpose of making a landing.

Wednesday, July 27.—The day broke very dark with thick fog and rain, and the same southwest wind blowing that had come up in the preceding night. With it we sailed towards the coast with the prow pointed south-southwest, and with a very heavy swell left us by yesterday's south wind. Before ten the day cleared and the sun was plainly seen, which gave an opportunity for making an observation, and the captain told us that we were in fifty-two degrees and fifty-nine minutes. After twelve o'clock the wind shifted a quarter more, and the prow was turned southeast by south. But about three it began to die down, so that at nightfall we were becalmed, although in the afternoon we had a good sun and the day was clear. We did not make out the coast, and at sunset the horizons were obscured. I do not know whether it was for this reason or because we were very far away that we could not descry the land.

Thursday, July 28.—Morning dawned with the same calm that came upon us last night. But the day was so clear that we made out the land about six or seven leagues distant, and a very high thick range of mountains is visible. The commander observed the extreme ends of it, which were clearly seen, one to the north and the other to the south. The northern one he marked to the north-northwest, and the southern one to the east, and the distance from extremity to extremity is about eighteen leagues. According to this demarkation this coast runs from northwest to southeast, although there may be some

error on account of the distance that we were from them when the survey was made. We saw very clearly the peaks which we discovered on the 18th of this month, covered with snow and now far away from us to the north.

This range, from where we saw it, seems to rise precipitously from the sea, although it may have a low beach which the distance does not permit us to see. We had no wind, but some light breezes, which gave us no opportunity to approach. At midday they made observations, and the captain told us that we were in fifty-two degrees and forty-one minutes. He again mapped out the land and the high mountain of San Cristóbal, and that part of them which lies more to the north he located to the northwest at a distance of about eighteen leagues, and the other end farther to the south he put more to the east-southeast. The light breezes continued all the afternoon and night.

Friday, July 29.—The day opened very cloudy, but without fog, and so we plainly saw the coast, which is about seven or eight leagues distant from us. We are now leaving behind us the peaks of San Cristóbal, which, according to the opinion of the captain, are about fifty leagues long, beginning with the point of Santa Margarita. This other coast which we have in sight to-day is also a moderately high mountain range, with some peaks, though not so high as that of San Cristóbal. It looks, seen from here at a distance, as though it rises precipitously

from the sea, and that it has some cliffs. If it can be seen and examined nearer by it will be possible to learn about it with certainty, and also whether it has a port, bays, or roadsteads; but, not knowing any more than we have seen up to now, I cannot give any further report than what has been said, namely, that its course is from northwest to southeast, and that according to the survey that has been made it is situated east-northeast of us.

There has been no sun to enable us to make observations for the purpose of marking the latitude, for during the entire day the clouds have prevented us from seeing the land. About ten in the morning the wind changed to the southwest, and then they turned the prow to the southeast, but in a short time it died down, and little by little we were left in a calm which lasted all night.

Saturday, July 30.—Although the morning broke very cloudy, the day was clear, and without fog. At daybreak we found ourselves quite a distance from the coast, which was visible, because at dawn the wind freshened a little, southeast by south. At half-past eleven the wind changed somewhat to the south, and they veered toward the coast, but it was impossible to make the observation because at half-past twelve the wind again turned to the southeast and they again turned the prow to the southwest. The wind continued to freshen all the time, causing a strong swell at the prow, which made the frigate pitch and roll so much that we could not keep our

feet. It remained so during the afternoon and night, which was certainly very wearisome, not only on account of that but because it rained; the storm was weathered with the foresail and mainsail alone.

Sunday, July 31.—The day broke very cloudy and raining, although the wind had gone down somewhat. It has not been possible to say Mass to-day on account of the rain, as well as of the great rolling and pitching. The wind continues south-southeast, but not so strong as last night, and we pointed the prow to the southwest without seeing land. The sun shone a little and gave an opportunity to make observations, and we found that we were in fifty-one degrees and fifty-eight minutes. During the afternoon and part of the night the same wind and swell continued. This afternoon we concluded the novena to San Juan Nepomuceno for the success of the voyage.

Monday, August 1.—It dawned very cloudy with a southwest wind that came up at one o'clock in the night, and from that hour we kept the prow to the south-southeast, with the object of approaching the coast again. At eight the sky cleared and the sun was seen, so that observations could be made, and we found ourselves in fifty-one degrees and fifty-eight minutes. After twelve the wind calmed somewhat, varying from south to southwest. At six in the afternoon the wind veered to the west and lasted so all night, allaying the swell which had molested us for two days.

Tuesday, August 2.—It dawned cloudy, but in a short time the sun scattered the clouds and showed itself. The west wind lasted until four in the morning, when it drew off somewhat, changing to the west-northwest, fourth quarter, favorable now for approaching the coast, thanks to God, for which purpose the prow was turned to the southeast.[173] At midday observations were made and we found ourselves in fifty degrees and twenty minutes. When he saw how far we had gone down, the captain ordered the prow turned east by southeast.[174] The same wind lasted fresh all the afternoon and the following night; about six in the afternoon a heavy fog came in.

Wednesday, August 3.—Day dawned with the same west-northwest wind, and the same fog that came in on us yesterday afternoon, so thick that nothing can be seen from stern to prow. Shortly after nine the northwest wind began to blow, and was very welcome because it was the most favorable for coasting and examining the shore. With it the prow was turned east by southeast, and it is gradually freshening, so that up to half-past eleven or twelve progress was made at the rate of five leagues an hour. The heavy fog has continued, and only at midday did it clear slightly in the place necessary to make observations. We found ourselves in forty-nine degrees and twenty-four minutes.

The captain noticed to-day that the needle varies by two quarters. In view of this and of the fact that the horizon was obscured by the fog, and that the

coast cannot be very far away, he was fearful of striking upon it unexpectedly, so he ordered that two reefs be taken in the sails and the prow turned southeast by south. At five in the afternoon the day brightened a little, so that the sun came out clearly and the horizons opened, but there was no land to be seen in any direction, although we imagined it to be near. Accordingly, the captain ordered the prow turned to the east. The northwest wind went on freshening every moment, so that with only the foresail and the main-topsail, with only one reef, we ran at the rate of four and a half knots an hour. At night it freshened more, so much so that it compelled us to lay to, and at ten at night the fog came down again.

Thursday, August 4.—About four in the afternoon a very strong north wind arose, so that with only the foresail and main-topsail, with only one reef, we ran about five knots an hour, in a fog so thick that we could not see from stern to prow. The sea was getting rough and the north wind blew harder every moment, and by eight o'clock the frigate could bear it no longer. Seeing this, the captain ordered all the sails furled, leaving us with bare mast, and only the fore-topsail flying, and the prow turned to the southeast.

About eleven the sky cleared and the sun came out and scattered the fog, giving us an opportunity to make observations, when we found ourselves in forty-eight degrees and fifty-two minutes. Until after dinner we ran under the fore-topsail only, at

the rate of three knots an hour. As the horizon had opened and the coast was not in sight, and the wind was slackening, the captain ordered the sails unfurled and the prow turned to the northeast,[175] for the purpose of finding out whether the coast could be made out in any place. The same wind continued, but later it slackened, and it was noticed that we were sailing at four knots an hour. The night was passed in the same way. This afternoon, after the daily prayer of the rosary to Our Lady and devotions to some special saints, we began a new novena to Santa Clara, making of this glorious saint an intercessor, to obtain from the Lord favorable weather and clear days for the purpose of exploring the coast.

Friday, August 5.—It dawned very clear, without fog, and the horizons open, but no land was to be seen in any direction. The same north wind as yesterday continued, but not so fresh, and we turned the prow to the northeast. Before twelve the north wind went down somewhat and we then sailed not more than two and a half knots an hour, and in the afternoon only two. To-day the pilots made a perfectly satisfactory observation, and we found ourselves in forty-eight degrees exactly.

Saturday, August 6.—At daybreak we had a fresh northwest wind, with the prow pointed northeast[176] by north, and the day came out very clear, without clouds or fog and with a good sun, better than we have seen on any other day. About eleven land was made out, although distant, and it looked

to us like a very high, snow-covered mountain range. At twelve they made observations, and we found ourselves in forty-eight[177] degrees and fifty-two minutes, although the captain said we were in the same latitude as yesterday, forty-eight degrees exactly. In the afternoon a thick fog closed down on the coast, so that it was scarcely possible to see the shore at sunset. The wind then began to die down little by little so that at nightfall we were in a calm that lasted all night.

Sunday, August 7.—Day dawned with the same calm as last night, and darkened by a fog so thick that nothing could be seen even from stern to prow. We both said Mass; in that of the father companion, who gave the sermon, the boatswain took communion. The fog and calm lasted all day and night, so that no observation could be made. This afternoon some large fish like taurones were seen, but they said they were not taurones. They are the first fish that we have seen on this voyage.

Monday, August 8.—The day dawned very cloudy and with signs of rain. About four in the morning the wind began to blow from the east and we got out of the calm. We began to sail with the prow to the north and northeast.[178] Before eight the wind changed to the southeast, second quarter, and the prow was turned to the northeast[179] with the object of drawing near the coast. Although the day has been rather cloudy, they did not fail to make observations, and the pilot told us that we were in forty-nine degrees and five minutes. Before dining

we made out the land, and it seemed to be a low mountain range, not far away, but as it was very cloudy it could not be seen clearly. At four o'clock we were near it, about four leagues distant. Although the wind was slowly going down, we were able to approach, and when we were within two leagues they made soundings, and a bottom was found in twenty-four to twenty-two fathoms.*

Two small canoes came from the land; in one of them there were four men and in the other three. Before reaching the frigate they began to shout and make gestures that we should go away. Our people persuaded them to approach without fear, and gave them to understand that we were looking for water, but either they did not understand or paid no attention, for they went back to land, and with the little wind that was blowing we drew near. At six in the afternoon, being within one league of land, they made soundings, and bottom was found in twenty-five fathoms and the anchor was dropped, with which anchorage was made at that hour. All wind stopped, and we were becalmed, waiting until the next day to go ashore and plant the holy cross there and take possession of the land in the name of our Catholic monarch, whom God save.[180]

* The land seen on August 6th was Vancouver Island, whose coast they now followed. San Lorenzo harbor, where they anchored on the 8th, has been identified with Nootka Sound, which fifteen years later became a bone of contention between Spain and England. (Bancroft, H. H. *History of the Northwest Coast,* I, 155). The Indians described by Crespi were the Wakasha (J. R. Swanton, in Hodge, *Handbook of American Indians,* II, 894–896).

We made out the land clearly, and it is a roadstead, which the captain named the roadstead of San Lorenzo. It has the shape of a C. It is low, and well forested, but we could not distinguish what kind of trees they were. This roadstead has little protection from winds; it forms two points, one on the southeast being called San Estevan in honor of the second pilot. From this point the low mountain range begins, well grown with trees, and it continues in this way for four or five leagues to the northwest, when it becomes a high range, running to the point that was called Santa Clara, to which saint we were making the novena for the purpose of preparing ourselves for her day. About a league from this low range of the roadstead of San Lorenzo we saw a very high range equally as well forested as the former, and behind that range we made out to the north another still higher one with several peaks covered with snow. I am of the opinion that in this roadstead there is protection only from northwest to southeast, and that all the rest of the winds are open.[181]

While we were dropping anchor about eight in the evening, three more large canoes came. They carried fifteen men, who remained apart from the frigate and wept, shouted, and hurrahed. We called to them and they came a little nearer, and we asked them by signs if they had any water, but they either did not understand or paid no attention, and returned to land. But, meeting on the way two more canoes, they came back, and the five came within

gunshot of the bark; but, in spite of all the signs and calls that were made to them from on board, they were not willing to come nearer, and remained until eleven at night talking among themselves and now and then shouting. These canoes are not so large as those that we saw at the Point of Santa Margarita, for the longest of them did not exceed eight varas. Nor are they of the same shape, for they are higher in the prow and flatter in the stern. The oars in these canoes are more ornate than those in the former, for they are polished and painted in several colors, making a blade which ends in a point about a span long. Most of these canoes are made of one piece, but we saw some made of different pieces well put together.*

Tuesday, August 9.—Day broke calm like the preceding night. The horizon was clear in the northwest, but in all other directions it was obscured by thick fog. As soon as it was light they set to work to put the launch into the water, for the purpose of going to land to set up there the holy cross. While we were occupied in this maneuver we saw fifteen canoes coming from shore.[182] We saw that

* Peña gives the following description: "The canoes of these pagans are not so large as those we saw at Point Santa Margarita in latitude 55°, nor of the same shape. The largest are about eight yards in length, with a long prow, hollowed out, and their sterns are blunter. The paddles are very handsome and are painted and are shaped like a shovel with a point about a quarter of a yard long at the end. These canoes appear to be of a single piece; though not all of them, for we saw some of pieces bound together. All are very well made." (Historical Society of Southern California *Publications*, II, Pt. I, p. 132.)

about a hundred men and some women, though not many, were coming in them. They were given to understand that they might approach without fear, and they drew nearer and began to trade with our people whatever they had brought in their canoes. All this consisted only of skins of beaver and other animals not known to us, and some hats like those which I said we saw at the point of Santa Margarita, except that these end the conical point with a little ball shaped like a pear, made of the same rushes or palms, and some fabrics woven of thread similar to hemp, with a fringe around the edge of the same thread.

Our people bought some skins woven like cloaks, and some hats, paying for them with knives, cloth and shells that the sailors had gathered on the beach at Monterey and in Carmelo River, and we saw that they took great delight in these shells and knives. None of fabrics of wool and fine hair like those of Santa Margarita were seen among these people, but some pieces of iron and copper and pieces of knives were seen. We observed that these people are as well formed as those of Santa Margarita, but not so well dressed or covered. They are clothed with the skins of beaver and other animals and the fabrics spoken of made of thread. They also wear a sort of cape made of fiber from the bark of trees. They wear their hair long. The women that we saw do not wear the round piece of wood in their lips like those of Santa Margarita, for

which reason they are not so ill-looking as the former.

About six in the morning, the launch being now ready to go to land, the wind came up from the west, and it was noticed that it was driving us toward the shore, dragging the anchor. The captain immediately ordered it raised, in order to set sail and tack up and down while the launch went to land and returned, but the strong wind and heavy swell were steadily driving us upon the shore. Seeing this, and the evident peril of shipwreck, the captain took the best course, losing the anchor and part of the stream cable, for he ordered the latter to be cut. We then set sail, turning the prow to the southwest by south, and with much difficulty we managed to round a rocky point which runs out about a league into the sea.

After we had passed the point and were now separated about three leagues from the land, the wind and waves became so violent that it was necessary to furl all sails and keep only the small foretopsail in order to raise the launch on board, for only by a miracle we had not lost it and the sailors that were in it. As soon as the launch was up the sails were loosed, and the prow turned to the south-southwest. The wind grew stronger and the swell was higher. At midday they were able to make observations and we found ourselves in forty-nine degrees and twelve minutes. In the afternoon the wind gradually went down, so that by night it was now calm.

Wednesday, August 10.—Dawn broke with the same calm as the preceding night, with the sky clouded, but without the usual fog, and we were accordingly able to make out the coast, although it was about fifteen leagues off. Both of us were able to celebrate the holy sacrifice of the Mass of the glorious San Lorenzo. It remained cloudy all day, without permitting the sun to be seen or observations to be taken; the calm continued all day and night.

Thursday, August 11.—Day dawned with the same calm, and the weather was also cloudy. About nine it cleared and the sun appeared, and we saw to the east a very high peak, distant from us about eighteen leagues, and it seemed to us that it had red spots that looked like cliffs. Some said that it was snow, or a hill near the beach with great sand dunes. At the hour mentioned a moderate northwest wind came up. At twelve they made observations and found that we were in forty-eight degrees and nine minutes. In the afternoon the wind freshened somewhat, and we sailed at the rate of three knots every hour. Consequently we drew near again to the land and the high peak covered with snow is plainly visible; and on each side of it, to the northeast and east-southeast,[183] farther inland than the peak, are to be seen also large patches of snow on the mountain range. Because it was a snow-covered peak and because it made so conspicuous a figure out at sea, the captain was not willing to leave it without a

name, so he called it Cerro Nevado[184] de Santa Rosalía.* As there was a very favorable northwest wind, we sailed all day with the prow to the east to see if we could arrive tomorrow near the range, in order to go ashore and plant the holy cross on it. The same wind continued until night, when it changed to the south-southeast.

Friday, August 12.—Day dawned raining, and so dark with a thick fog that at four paces off we could not see each other. As I said yesterday, at midnight a very strong south-southeast wind came up and with a swell from the southwest we ran with the prow to the east toward the snow-covered[185] peak of Santa Rosalía. At daylight we were already near it, but could not see it on account of the thick fog. The captain, being fearful that we might strike on shore unexpectedly, ordered the ship put about and the prow turned to the southwest, in order to escape the perils until such time as the weather should clear a little. Although both of us fathers had a lively desire to say Mass, and all wished to hear it, as it was the day of Santa Clara, to whom we concluded a novena to-day, it was impossible to say even one Mass, on account of the rain, the strong wind, and the heavy rolling, for which reason we conformed to the will of God and offered him our sincere prayers. At eleven in the morning the wind blew from the west-southwest, and they again put the

* This snow-covered mountain, Cerro Nevado de Santa Rosalía, has been identified as Mount Olympus, Washington (Bancroft, H. H., *History of the Northwest Coast*, I, 156).

ship about and turned the prow to the coast, the weather continuing dark and not permitting the sun to be seen all day. The day, or rather all the afternoon and night, were spent in tacking in order not to draw away too far from the land.

Saturday, August 13.—The morning dawned very cloudy, but without the low fog, and we found ourselves in sight of the coast, some three or four leagues from land, which could be partly seen, but not entirely. Farther inland it was very cloudy. The coast at which we are looking is low land, some of it medium high, and well forested with trees all the way from the snow-covered peak of Santa Rosalía, which is now left behind to the north. All through the mountains we can see the smokes of many fires, showing that the coast is populated. Ever since dawn broke, with the west wind which came up last night, we sailed with the prow pointed to the southeast, with the object of running along the coast to see if some bay could be discovered in which to make soundings; but the wind gradually died down. At ten it changed to the southwest and grew stronger, being unfavorable for running along the coast and being near the shore. In order to avoid all peril they turned the prow to the south-southwest. The very cloudy day gave no opportunity to make observations. Shortly after twelve we could no longer see the land because we were so far from it.

At daybreak this morning when it was clear in the north, the captain marked out the land, and he

tells me that according to the observation that he took the coast runs from the snow-capped peak of Santa Rosalía as far as San Blas, about eight hundred leagues, from northwest by north to the southeast, half a quarter to the south.[186]

Sunday, August 14.—Day dawned very cloudy and every little while squalls came with showers. The swell which came to us from the west caused such heavy rolling that we could not keep our feet, for which reason it was impossible to say Mass.[187] About seven in the morning the clouds opened, and we could see something of the land, and we must be about seven or eight leagues distant from it. At eight o'clock the wind changed to the northwest, very light and variable. Shortly before twelve the sun showed itself and we were able to make observations, but not satisfactorily, for while we were engaged at it a squall came up and the sun was hidden; but, judging by the little that we made out, the captain said we were in forty-six degrees and eight minutes. Although in the afternoon the weather cleared up well, we could not now descry the coast. At nightfall the wind changed to the north, very fresh, and with it we sailed at the rate of three and a half knots an hour with prow[188] to the south-southeast.

Monday, August 15.—The day dawned very clear, the sun coming out with the same fresh north wind. There was a heavy swell from the west which caused constant rolling, so that we thought we should have to remain without Mass, but my companion got up

courage to say it and the rest of us heard it. The captain, the surgeon, and three sailors took communion. At sunrise the coast was plainly made out, and we were four or five leagues distant from it. We could see quite a stretch of what was marked out by the captain from northwest to south-southeast.[189] It is low land, but in parts rises somewhat, all covered with trees that looked to us like pines, but we did not see any snow on it. From three in the morning, when land was sighted, until eight, the prow was turned to the south by southwest,[190] and at eight it was headed to the south-southeast. At twelve the pilots made observations and found that we were in forty-four degrees and thirty-five minutes.

We were coasting all the morning some three leagues distant from land, and in the afternoon we did the same, seeing the coast more clearly, as it was not so hazy. The farther we descended to the south the lower the land became; we saw some level country on the shore, without trees but with plenty of grass; cliffs rising precipitously from the sea, and some canyons or openings which run from northwest to southeast. About six in the afternoon they noticed that the mountains were coming out by the prow, and the captain at once ordered it turned to the south-southwest. The wind lasted all night, so fresh that at nightfall we were traveling at the rate of five and a half knots an hour.

Tuesday, August 16.—The day dawned very clear, but the horizons were totally obscured by a

thick fog, so that the land could not be made out, either because of the fog or because we were so far from it. Day broke with the same fresh north wind, although as soon as the sun came up it calmed a little. Early in the morning the prow was turned to the south-southeast, and during the whole night we had been running to the south. At nine we were almost becalmed, and we were all day with only a puff of wind now and then. At that hour the thick fog which covered the horizon in the morning came in and shut us in so completely that nothing could be seen a few steps away.

At twelve the sun allowed itself to be seen through the fog, just enough to permit the observation, which, according to what the captain said, came out forty-two degrees and thirty-eight minutes. In view of this observation and what is related in the voyage of General Sebastián Vizcaíno, we conjectured that here ought to be the Cape Blanco of San Sebastián and that famous river discovered by Martín de Aguilar, for although this was placed by the old diaries in latitude forty-three degrees, yet, as it has been noticed that in the same places where they made observations a lesser latitude has been shown by the new and better adjusted instruments, it is to be believed that Cape Blanco and the river spoken of must be in a lower latitude than that which is set down by the ancients. And so it may be that we are in the latitude of that cape, but the fog gives no opportunity to see the land. A little

before midday a very strong north wind came down on us which lasted all night. The prow was pointed south by southwest, and the wind was driving so hard that it was only possible to keep the frigate under the fore-topsail, with which it made considerable progress.

Wednesday, August 17.—The day broke very cloudy like the preceding, with the prow to the south, but as soon as the sun rose the fog lifted on the horizons, but it continued until about midday, when it cleared up completely; but we did not see land, and are therefore far away from it. At midday observation was made and we were found to be in forty-one degrees ad twenty-seven minutes. Up to now we have sailed at four knots an hour, although we were only carrying the fore-topsail. After twelve the captain ordered the prow turned to the south-southeast, towards the coast. All the afternoon and night the north wind continued, but not so fresh as in the morning.

Thursday, August 18.—Morning broke very dark and foggy, so that at a few steps we could not see each other, a great difficulty in sailing on unknown coasts, for if there should be islands or shoals there would be no one left to tell our story. At dawn this morning the north wind calmed somewhat, but it lasted all day, although we did not fail to make some progress with the prow to the southeast. The day continued dark with fog, and for this reason no observations could be made nor could the land be seen.

Friday, August 19.—Dawn broke with the same fog as on the preceding days, with such a heavy dew that it seemed to have been raining, and with the calm that came on us last night. So it remained all day, with only now and then a puff of wind that was scarcely preceived, and with the same darkness as in the morning, not permitting the sun to be seen.

Saturday, August 20.—Dawn broke with the same fog, dew, and calm, which continued all day, with now and then a puff of wind, although the horizons were obscured with fog all day; but at twelve the sun showed itself a little, and observations were made with a great deal of trouble, showing us to be in thirty-nine degrees and forty-eight minutes.

Sunday, August 21.—Day dawned with the same fog as the preceding days, with such a heavy dew that it seemed like rain, and extremely cold. From this it has resulted that with the wetting of the preceding days and the cold that they have suffered, the greater part of the crew are incapacitated from scurvy, with which nearly all are afflicted, some very seriously. I also 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. Until twelve noon we were becalmed, but at that hour a southeast wind came up, though gentle and contrary; notwithstanding, they turned the prow to the east-northeast toward the coast. At twelve o'clock the sun permitted itself to be seen, and they

were able, though with difficulty, to make observations, and we found ourselves to be in thirty-nine degrees and thirty minutes. The wind which prevailed was so light that in the afternoon we were becalmed, and it continued even in the night.

Monday, August 22.—It dawned with the same calm as last night, the day somewhat cloudy, but without the usual fog. At sunrise we saw the coast, from which we were distant about six leagues. Through the fog we saw the top of the mountain range toward the north about six leagues distant; we saw also an elevated cape, but above it we saw no land, for which reason we judged that there the coast must take another direction. This cape in the opinion of the captain, is the one named Mendocino, which he marked out to the northwest, five degrees to the north. From the cape named, for about ten leagues to the south, it is all high land, with several openings that we believed to be canyons, all the land being well forested with trees that resembled pines.

Beyond that high land to the south we made out about five leagues of coast not so high, and the rest that followed seemed to be still lower land, all covered with trees. Soon after we had seen that coast the thick fog came down and hid the land from us. Before seven in the morning the southeast wind began to blow, and they were compelled to put the prow to the south-southwest, withdrawing again from the coast because the wind gave no

opportunity to do anything else. At nine o'clock the day opened a little, and about twelve they were able to make observations, the latitude coming out thirty-nine degrees and forty-six minutes. So we have ascended since yesterday afternoon. In the night our prow was pointed to the east-northeast, and with the puffs of wind, though they were light, we must have traveled some leagues, and so this higher latitude results. After making this observation the captain told me that according to the computation that he had made, Cape Mendocino, which we left above, is in latitude forty degrees, a few minutes more or less. The light winds continued without increase until sunset, when we were becalmed, and remained so all night.

Tuesday, August 23.—The day dawned foggy, but some said that through the fog at the left they made out land. After six the light wind from the south-southeast again came up, and it was necessary to turn the prow southeast, the wind gradually freshened and it was turned to the southeast by south. The sun has been seen very little, and at midday it was even less visible so that no observation could be made. The light wind ceased at sunset and we were left becalmed. Seeing, then, that these calms are continuing, that the weather is so contrary to us, and that the sick are getting worse and their number increasing, it was decided to offer a novena to Nuestra Señora de Talpa, imploring her sovereign patronage. After her most holy rosary

was finished we began, and in a short time we experienced her patronage; for shortly after eight the east wind began to blow, though gently. It lasted until after midnight, when it changed to the northeast, quite fresh, remaining so until after midnight, when it changed to the north, and the prow was pointed to the east. In this way we made good progress, thanks to God and His Most Holy Mother, to whom a promise was made to sing a Mass on the day of her nativity if she permits us to arrive safely.

Wednesday, August 24.—The north wind was blowing at daybreak and the day was rather clear, permitting the sun to be seen in the morning. We were both able to celebrate the holy sacrifice of the Mass; although during the second it began to cloud up and rain, the water did not reach us. But the effect of the rain, which we saw as far as our eyes could reach, was to calm the wind and bring a heavy swell, which made us roll until we were weary. This annoyance lasted all day and all the following night.

Thursday, August 25.—Day broke with the same calm and swell, and darkened with thick fog. About eleven a rather gentle wind from the southeast came up, and they put the prow to the northeast, with the object of not withdrawing from the coast. Towards twelve the sun allowed itself to be seen, and, though with difficulty, they made observations, and the captain told us that we were in thirty-eight degrees and thirty-two minutes. This light wind lasted until seven at night, and the fresh northwest wind did

not cease, so that some progress began to be made. Before nine the wind changed to the northwest and lasted until morning, our prow being pointed southeast by south.

Friday, August 26.—Day dawned cloudy, with a thick fog, so that nothing could be seen. About four in the morning the wind changed to the west-northwest and the prow was turned to the east-southeast. In a short time it calmed and at nine o'clock a fresh northwest wind came up. About ten they said they made out land at the prow, with some difficulty on account of the fog. The captain says they are the farallones of the port of Our Father San Francisco. The first descend from north to south. They say there are two rows of them about five leagues from the mainland, extending from northwest to southeast, about a league and a half distant from each other. We passed about a league from the first row, which we saw very clearly. They are the ones lying to the north, comprising seven farallones, not very large nor similar. The one in the middle is rather more elevated than the rest, and they are all separate from each other. It seems that no mention is made of them in the histories in the voyage of General Vizcaíno. To avoid them they turned the prow to the south-southeast, and about midday we left them at the stern. If the sun had come out it would have been a good opportunity to note their latitude with accuracy.

At the same hour of midday we began to make out the second row of farallones, of which there are also seven, very high, and from a distance they appear to be contiguous. They look like an island with seven peaks, some higher than others, and they occupy a stretch of about a league. It seems that the admiral Cabrera Bueno speaks of them when he says they are a good sign by which to recognize the harbor of San Francisco, for the seven are stretched in front of Point Reyes, and to the north, in the bay that this point begins to form, is the harbor mentioned.

The farallones that we made out on October 31 in the land expedition with which I went in the past year of 1769 are distinct from all these which I have just seen. For it was not possible to see these from the place whence we observed the others on the land expedition, which was the beach of the bay, on the other side nearly opposite Point Reyes. But after leaving this beach we made them out, and they bore west by north from us, that is to say, two quarters. These farallones which we have just seen, and of which we made mention, run from northwest to southeast. But when we marked out the farallones on the land expedition we were inside the bay, or great pocket, and only distant from the mouth of the great estuary about three leagues. We had the seven farallones in sight, and we saw them not far off, and we saw Point Reyes not far from us, at the most eighteen leagues by air line. And, as the two

and the Christian zeal of his Excellency the Viceroy, so that, with the greater light that will now be had about these coasts and the good people with which they are populated, another new expedition may be chains of farallones which we have seen to-day are about five leagues from the coast of Point Reyes, it follows that these must be distant twenty-three leagues from the place where the land expedition was, and consequently they cannot be the same ones, but must be different, and so in the land expedition we would not see these two rows that we have passed to-day. I make a note of this to prevent error.

Saturday, August 27.—Dawn broke with the same favorable wind from the northwest, and very fresh, which we were fortunate enough to have all last night. About six in the morning we were already opposite Point Año Nuevo, and we immediately began to enter the bay of Monterey, in which port we dropped anchor about four in the afternoon, although we did not disembark until the following day, after we two friars had said Mass. Thanks be to God and His most pure Mother, who have allowed us to arrive safely in this port, although with the disappointment of not having obtained the principal end of sailing as far as sixty degrees and landing to plant on it the standard of the holy cross, and to take possession of that land in the name of our monarch, Don Carlos III.

May His Divine Majesty grant that this voyage may serve at least to move the heart of our king

and the Christian zeal of his Excellency the Viceroy, so that, with the greater light that will now be had about these coasts and the good people with which they are populated, another new expedition may be sent, with missionary laborers to plant in it our Holy Faith and convert that immense body of heathen, who, I do not doubt, will come into the fold of our Holy Mother Church, so that the number of her sons and the vassals of our king may thus be augmented. I thus pray the Lord, to whom be all honor and glory. Amen.

FRAY JUAN CRESPI.*

* At the end of this diary Palóu makes the following note: "This diary was sent to his Excellency the Viceroy by the same frigate which, having passed the equinox in the port of Monterey, sailed from it for the port of San Blas on the ninth of October of the same year of 1774. One month before this there was sent by way of California to his Excellency, by messenger overland, the diary kept by the father preacher, Fray Tomás de la Peña, which contained the same things in substance. On account of the long delay that it will have on the long road as well as at the presidio of Loreto, they will arrive almost at the same time in the hands of his Excellency, and copies of both of them at our College. Of the results of this expedition I will give an account in its proper place, as soon as reports arrive at this mission of San Carlos."

EDITORIAL NOTES

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[1] No biography of Crespi exists. His early career was so closely bound up with those of Serra and Palóu that it can be gleaned in outline from the same sources that record their deeds. Notable among these sources are Palóu's *Vida del Padre Serra* and his *Noticias de Nueva California*. Incidental references are strewn through the exhaustive works of Bancroft and Engelhardt. Crespi wrote numerous letters, which are still scattered. The records of Mission Carmel and the mission archives at Santa Barbara contain many writings from his pen. His own diaries are the best records of his extended travel by land and sea. Manuscript materials in foreign archives are cited in Chapman, *Catalogue of Materials in the Archivo General de Indias* and in Bolton's *Guide to the Archives of Mexico*. In an account of Serra's visit to San Francisco, Palóu wrote the following brief sketch:

*. . . "His disciple, Fr. Juan Crespi, offered to go with him as he was desirous of seeing this port now populated with Christians, since he had not seen it since the year 1769, when it was populated with pagans. They arrived at this Mission on the 26th of October, bringing to me extraordinary joy and delight because I saw at my own door both my beloved master and teacher and my dear fellow-disciple, Fr. Juan Crespi, who, in view of what afterwards happened, seems to have come in order to bid me good-bye until eternity. They remained at this Mission until the 9th of November, in which time the Venerable Father President performed all the Confirmations necessary among the converts who had been baptized in the interval since his last visit.

"They left on that day for the Mission of Santa Clara, filling my heart with grief, and theirs also, as the pain of saying good-bye was quite as great as the joy with which I had welcomed them on their arrival. The Venerable Father President confirmed all the converts in that Mission and then returned to his own Mission before the rivers should rise. A few days after reaching home Father Crespi was taken seriously ill, and realizing that God was calling him to

* Francisco Palóu, *Life and Apostolic Labors of the Venerable Father Junípero Serra* . . . Translation. George Wharton James edition. Pasadena, 1913. Pp. 230–232.

the other world, he prepared himself to receive the Holy Sacraments and on the 1st day of January, 1782, he delivered his soul to his Maker, at the age of sixty years and ten months. He had worked thirty years in the Missions among the pagans; that is, sixteen years in the Mission of our Holy Father San Francisco, in the Valley of Tilaco, among the Pame Indians of the Sierra Gorda, where he had tried to imitate his beloved master and teacher, the Venerable Father Junípero, laboring both in spiritual and in temporal things, baptizing many hundreds of Indians and educating them in the Mysteries of Our Holy Faith, and at the same time engaged in secular labor in order to civilize them that they might have wherewithal to eat and to wear. He constructed for them a large stone church with its *bovedas* [arched roof of masonry] and tower. He had sent out, on account of his stipend from Mexico, the collateral pillars and the sacred images for the interior decoration, all of which he obtained to his own satisfaction and left that Mission in the Sierra Gorda in good condition. Just as he was about to deliver this work to the secular clergy he was named by the Reverend Father Guardian and the Venerable Council of the College to come to these Californias. As soon as he received the letter from the College he started out with great joy and hopes for the port of San Blas in company with four other companions, without stopping to visit the College and say good-bye, as there was need that they arrive at the port as soon as possible.

"The rest of his life, which was a period of fourteen years, he spent in these Californias, working without ceasing, as has already been indicated in this narrative, as he had part in many different journeys with the first land expeditions which came out, as we have already told; and if the curious reader wishes to know what things he did and suffered in order to bring about this Conquest he has only to read the diaries which this Father wrote while on the road and while resting in the camps at night, as well as the account of the sea expedition made in order to explore the coasts of this Pacific Ocean, and which had been the first expedition to reach as far north as latitude 55° along an unknown coast where they were in continual danger of being wrecked by striking upon some island, headland, or sunken reef. But in all these dangers God delivered him and permitted him to work in this, His Mystic Vineyard, helping his Venerable and Exemplary Master who, from the time of his arrival at Monterey, had appointed him to be his companion and co-pastor in the Mission of San Carlos, where he worked from the time of its founding until the time of his death, instructing and baptizing innumerable pagans as we have already recounted in connection with the work of that

Mission. With this abundance of merit and the exercise of virtue in which he had always excelled from a child when I first knew him and when we studied together our primer lessons, until we had finished theology and ethics, I knew him to be always most exemplary. He was known among his fellow-disciples by the name of "Devout" or "Mystic," and he continued in the same way throughout all his life, notable for his unsullied purity and his deep humility, as was shown by many incidents in which, when a student, if at any time he thought he had offended any one of his fellow-students, he would go to his cell and there throwing himself upon his knees, would ask for pardon. As he had not a good memory and was not able to repeat the doctrinal sermons after the first gospel of the principal Mass on Sundays and Feast Days, by memory, he used to take the book and would read one of the doctrinal sermons and in this way instruct the people, and all were much edified by his humility. Being thus adorned by this and other virtues and crowned with the reward for the great labor which he had accomplished for the conversion of the gentiles, God called him, in order to give him the reward of his Apostolic labors and fatigues. After being carefully prepared with the help of all the Sacraments which the Venerable Father Junípero administered, and also spiritually sustained by his Reverence, he delivered up his soul to his Creator. And we who knew him and loved him so well do piously believe that he must have gone straight to the enjoyment of God. Father Junípero had him buried in the presbytery at the gospel side of the altar in his own church of the Mission of San Carlos. Two other Missionary Fathers took part in the funeral service, after having given him all due honors, and Commander of the presidio was also present with all the tròops from that place and from the Mission, as well as all the converted Christians, whose lamentations eloquently expressed the love which they had for him as their Father. This love the Venerable Father Junípero also expressed to me later when, just before he died, he requested that he be given burial by the side of his beloved disciple and companion, Father Juan Crespi, and in this way he indicated not only his great love for him but the very high esteem in which he held him in view of his blameless life and model virtues.

"I have not wished to omit this brief reference to the life of Father Juan Crespi, not simply because he was my own beloved fellow-disciple and companion for more than forty years, both in the Mother Province as well as the Apostolic ministry, but also that that Province which was his holy Mother might not forget to commend him to God in case he should have need of her prayers in order to obtain in heaven the reward for his Apostolic labors."

[2] The Portolá expedition is summarized in the standard works of Bancroft, Hittell, Engelhardt, Eldredge, and Chapman, but specific citations to these general works need not be given. Palóu devoted extensive space to it in his *Noticias de Nueva California* and in his *Vida del Padre Serra.* Several diaries, published and unpublished, have been preserved, and will be cited hereinafter. Manuscript correspondence as yet unpublished is far more extensive than that published.

For the preparation of the San Diego expedition down to the sailing of the *San Carlos,* January 15, 1769, see the following unpublished letters: Croix to Julián de Arriaga, Mexico, May 28 (Gálvez has decided to send an expedition to occupy Monterey); Gálvez to Serra, Santa Ana, August 13, 1768; Gálvez to Serra, undated (plans to establish a cordon of missions from Santa María all the way to Monterey; five will suffice. "If this plan of mine should seem to your Reverence somewhat extreme, do not hesitate to tell me frankly . . . and lay all the blame to my lively desires, and to a temperament which does not permit me to do things by halves"); Gálvez to Rivera y Moncada, Santa Ana, August 20, 1768, appointing Rivera second-in-command, and transmitting instructions; instructions for the land journey to Monterey, same to same, same place and date, with postscript dated La Paz, April 4, 1769; Gálvez to Serra, Santa Ana, September 15, 1768 (asks Serra to name a friar for the sea voyage; plans for the "intermedial missions"; vestments; names of new missions; begs Serra not to make the hard journey to La Paz, but will meet him at Loreto); Gálvez to Serra, Santa Ana, October 7, 1768 (asks Serra to aid Rivera in preparation by furnishing stock and provisions from the missions; he has sent supplies by sloop to Mission Santa María; is awaiting the arrival of the packets for the expedition; now consents to Serra's going south to meet him; recounts what has been done regarding vestments for the new missions); Julián de Arriaga to Croix, San Lorenzo, Spain, October 18, 1768; Gálvez to Serra, La Paz, November 12, 1768; Gálvez to missionaries of California, November 21, 1768; Galvez to Serra, La Paz, December 28, 1768 (the careening of the *San Carlos* has been completed; will sail ahead of *El Príncipe;* chart of the officers and crew of the packet *San Joseph,* alias *El Descubridor*); Miguel Costansó to Croix, La Paz, January 1, 1769 (ready to sail for Monterey); Pedro Fages to Croix, La Paz, January 4, 1769 (ready to sail for Monterey); Gálvez to Palóu, La Paz, January 9, 1769 (is sending instructions to Rivera in haste—please hurry them to him). See also materials listed in Palóu's *New California* (Bolton, ed.), Vol. I, notes

19 and 22, where some of the same documents are cited for affairs on the Peninsula.

The sailing of the *San Antonio* and preparations for the California expeditions after the departure of the *San Carlos* (January 15, 1769), down to May 1, when Gálvez left the Peninsula, are set forth in the following correspondence: Gálvez to Serra, San Lucas, January 26, 1769; Gálvez to Palóu, San Lucas, February 20, 1769 (Gálvez is sending additional instructions to Rivera, to be forwarded to him by Palóu; hasten them along); instructions to Portolá for the second land expedition, issued by Gálvez, San Lucas, February 20, 1769 (twelve numbered paragraphs); Gálvez to Serra, San Lucas, February 22, 1769 (the *San Joseph* is to sail in May; more church ornaments for the missions have been acquired); Croix to Costansó, Mexico, March 11, 1769; Croix to Fages, Mexico, March 11, 1769; Croix to Julián de Arriaga, transmitting last despatches to Gálvez, Mexico, March 17, 1769; Gálvez to Serra, La Paz, March 28, 1769 (Gálvez regrets Rivera's delay in getting started; Palóu must remain at Loreto to aid in business affairs); Gálvez to Serra, La Paz, March 28, 1769 (Gálvez will insist that Palóu shall remain at San Xavier); Gálvez to Croix, La Paz, April 4, 1769 (Portolá left Loreto March 8; reports of the vessels on the coast; encloses copies of instructions to Rivera and Portolá); Gálvez to Palóu, La Paz, April 10, 1769 (Palóu has written that Serra has started north, "his leg somewhat improved"; Gálvez plans going to Loreto). See also materials listed in Palóu's *New California* (Bolton, ed.), Vol. I, note 22, where some of the same documents are cited for events on the Peninsula.

[3] For the voyage of the *San Carlos*, see *Diario de Navegación del Paquebot de S. M. Nombrado el San Carlos alias El Toyson*, etc., January 9 to May 12, 1769, and return, August 1 to August 24, 1770. Spanish text and translation by Robert Selden Rose, with introductory note by F. J. Teggart (Academy of Pacific Coast History, *Publications*, II, 1–119. University of California, 1911). This translation was made from a contemporary copy in the Sutro Library, San Francisco, and compared with the Bancroft Library transcript of the copy preserved in Madrid in the Depósito Hidrográphico. For diaries of the *San Antonio*, 1769, see Bolton's *Guide* and Chapman's *Catalogue*.

[4] Besides the Crespi diary of this journey, there is the diary of José de Cañizares, "Diario Executado por Tierra desde el paraxe de Villa cata á este Puerto de San Diego," etc., March 24, 1769–July 3, 1769 (A. G. I. 104–3–3, transcript in the Bancroft Library).

In general Crespi and Cañizares agree on the essentials. Distances and directions are nearly identical throughout. Emphasis is not always the same with regard to incidents. Their latitudes do not agree, nor are they correct; both are too high, and Cañizares' are generally about 24 minutes higher than Crespi's, and therefore that much more inaccurate. This expedition is summarized in Costansó's *Diario Histórico de los Viages de Mar y Tierra* (Spanish text with English translation by Adolph Van Hemert-Engert and Frederick J. Teggart; Academy of Pacific Coast History, *Publications*, II, 90–159).

For experiences on the expedition to San Diego, and at that place before the arrival of the Portolá-Serra party on July 1, see the following documents: Crespi to Palóu, San Diego, June 9, 1769 (printed here, pp. 1–13) (summarizes the journey of the first land expedition; describes the inroads of scurvy among the crews of the vessel; the *Príncipe* is going back to San Blas to report; chances for going on to Monterey are dubious; San Diego River has been explored; describes the harbor and the natives; describes the hardships of the land journey, especially from hunger; complains of Rivera, who had insisted on staying in the mountains instead of traveling by the beach; he offended by traveling too slowly; describes the good sites on the way); Crespi to the Guardian of the College of San Fernando, Fray Juan Andrés, San Diego, June 22, 1769 (printed here, pp. 14–20) (describes the journey; the ravages of scurvy among the sea parties; natives and country along the route, the harbor, River San Diego, opportunities for a mission; anxiously awaiting Serra's arrival; asks that his friend Father Cruzado may be sent; more than three missions will be necessary; he needs a new habit, his old one having become completely worn out on the journey; needs some handkerchiefs). Pedro Fages to Gálvez, San Diego, June 26, 1769 (is sending a box of Indian relics from the neighborhood of San Diego, including baskets, hats, fish nets, feather head dresses of chief, etc.); Costansó to Gálvez, San Diego, June 28, 1769 (describes ministrations to the sick sailors and soldiers, the making of camp, surveys, observations, etc.; old maps put San Diego too far north; describes the harbor; encloses a sketch; comments on the natives; they have taken a great liking to Fages, who demonstrated to them the value of firearms; exploration of San Diego River).

[5] For accounts of the second land expedition from Vellicatá to San Diego see: 1. *The Diary of Junípero Serra*, translation by Chas. F. Lummis, from the holograph diary in the Ayer Collection. *Out West*, Vols. XVI and XVII. 2. Portolá, Gaspar, *Diario del Viage*

que haze por tierra D. Gaspar de Portolá, 1769–1770 (Spanish text with translation by Donald Eugene Smith and Frederick J. Teggart; Academy of Pacific Coast History *Publications*, I, 31–89). This diary renders "arroyo" as "gully" and "cañada" as "cañon," neither of which is good. For example it makes a "cañon" of Santa Clara Valley, which is twenty miles wide. An arroyo was generally a small stream bed, and "cañada" in the diaries generally means "valley." 3. Costansó, Miguel, *Diario Histórico de los Viages de Mar y Tierra hechos al Norte de la California*. Signed at Mexico, October 24, 1770 (Spanish text and English translation by Adolph Van Hemert-Engert and Frederick J. Teggart; Academy of Pacific Coast History *Publications*, I, 91–169). This narrative covers both sea and land expeditions of 1769–1770. Earlier translations were published by Dalyrimple and Lummis. This journey to San Diego is treated in Palóu's *Vida*, Chaps. XV and XVI. In the latter chapter is printed a letter by Serra dated at San Diego July 3, 1769.

See also the following letters from San Diego after the arrival of Portolá and Serra, July 1, 1769; Fages to Gálvez, July 4, 1769 (reviews the sea expeditions; the first land expedition; the arrival of Portolá and Serra; Portolá's anxiety to push on by sea to Monterey; Vila thinks it impossible; Portolá has decided to go by land; plans for the journey; hopes the *San Joseph* will soon arrive); Portolá to Croix, San Diego, July 4, 1769 (reviews his land journey; conditions at San Diego; plans for going on to Monterey); Croix to Portolá, August 12, 1769 (has received Portolá's letter of July 4; approves plan to go by land to Monterey; is ordering haste in sending the *San Joseph*); Croix to home government, undated (summarizes reports of the San Diego expeditions). Fragments of letters by Serra from San Diego, July 3, 1769 (two letters); February 10, 1770 (describes the Indian attack, very graphically). See also Serra's letter of July 3 printed in Palóu's *Vida*, Chap. XVI; Vicente Vila, San Diego, July 6, 1769 (transmitting his diary; conditions at San Diego; plans for going to Monterey); Vicente Vila, "Succinct Relation" of the voyage of the *San Carlos*, January 11 to April 29, 1769, with letter of July 6, 1769 (with lists of crew of *San Carlos* and of the Leather-jacket Company).

[6] Besides Crespi's diary the journals of Portolá and Costansó cited in note 5 give first-hand accounts of the Portolá expedition from San Diego to San Francisco Bay and return. In both translations cited the rendering of "cañada" as "cañon" is very misleading in the identification of the route. Contemporary correspondence telling of the expedition after it was over is cited in note 5.

For personal experiences during the first expedition to Monterey see the following letters: Crespi to Palóu, San Diego, February 6, 1770 (printed here, pp. 21–37) (he has just returned from the search for Monterey; summarizes the journey, July 14 to January 14; could not find the harbor of Monterey; San Francisco is a very noble harbor; "Monterey has been lost or the land swallowed up"; points of interest along the way, and the fine "inner" Bay of San Francisco; suitable spots for missions; scurvy on the way; the Indian uprising at San Diego); Costansó to Gálvez, San Diego, February 7, 1770 (transmitting his diary; forced to write on "Holland linen paper"); Fages and Costansó to Gálvez, San Diego, February 7, 1770 (two letters; during the Monterey expedition there were "certain arguments and disputes"; being involved they are now "backfiring"); Fages and Costansó to Croix, San Diego, February 7, 1770 (telling of the return from the search for Monterey); Fages to Croix, San Diego, February 8, 1770; same to same, same date (is sending a box of Indian curios); same to same, same date (conditions at San Diego); Joseph Francisco de Ortega to Palóu, San Diego, February 9, 1770 (summarizes the journey to Monterey; describes San Francisco Bay; gives a list of latitudes; describes natives; the massacre at San Diego); Ortega to Palóu, Loreto, February 9, 1770 (expedition to Monterey); Crespi to Gálvez, San Diego, February 9, 1770 (printed here, pp. 38–48) (summarizing the Monterey expedition; a very colorful account); Portolá to Croix, San Diego, February 11, 1770); the expedition to Monterey; shortage of food at San Diego; list of provisions there, July 12, July 13, 1769, January 28, 1770, February 9, 1770); Rivera y Moncada to Joaquín Velásquez, San Borja, March 24, 1770 (tells of expedition to Monterey); Fages to Croix, San Diego, April 13, 1770; Fages and Costansó to Croix, San Diego, April 14, 1770 (welcome arrival of *El Príncipe*); Portolá to Croix, San Diego, April 17, 1770 (joyful news of arrival of *El Príncipe;* plenty of supplies now; agreement with Pérez for new Monterey expedition; may occupy San Francisco Bay instead; San Diego has been fortified and the mission moved); Croix to Arriaga, May 2, 1770 (reports results of the first land expedition to Monterey); Croix to the King, Mexico, May 4, 1770 (reports results of the expedition to Monterey, news of which came by extraordinary courier, arriving April 24; affairs at San Diego; encloses letters of Fages, Costansó, and Portolá from San Diego, cited above); Antonio López de Toledo to Manuel Espinosa, Loreto, June 6, 1770 (relief for San Diego by *El Príncipe* and Rivera's party).

[7] This passage has an interesting bearing on the question of plans to abandon San Diego. The *Príncipe* appeared on the 9th and plans were changed.

[8] For the second expedition to Monterey, and the recognition and occupation of the harbor, see the following unpublished manuscripts: Formal Act of Possession of Monterey, June 3, 1770, signed by Portolá; certificates to the same effect by Miguel del Pino and Juan Pérez, June 3, and by Pedro Fages, June 11, 1770; Crespi to Father Andrés, the Guardian of San Fernando, Monterey, June 11, 1770 (describes the return journey to Monterey; the search for the cross; the harbor; the formal occupation of June 3; arrival of the *Príncipe* March 19; summary of distances; plans for San Buenaventura; asks for Father Cruzado; "Since we are exiled in another world the letters may perhaps have been lost"; Crespi has trouble with his eyes); Serra to Father Andrés, Monterey, June 12, 1770 (the journey in *El Príncipe;* reached Monterey May 31; land expedition a week ahead of them; mission and presidio founded; ceremony described; things needed; has had no letter for over a year; plans for San Buenaventura; more missionaries needed); Fages and Costansó to Croix, Monterey, June 13, 1770 (tells what has been done there); Fages to Croix, Monterey, June 13, 1770; Portolá to Croix, Monterey, June 15, 1770 (news of the occupation of Monterey; is returning to Mexico to report); Armona to Palóu, Santa Ana, June 19, 1770 (plans for aiding San Diego: "Do not stop at anything"); Armona to officials and missionaries of San Diego, same date (?) (promises more aid); Serra to Sister Antonia Valladolid, Monterey, June 30, 1770 (is living in a log hut, building a church, and getting acquainted with Indians); also fragments of letters by Serra from Monterey, June 9, 1770; Fages to Croix, Monterey, July 1, 1770 (warehouses being constructed); four receipts, Fages to Pérez, with lists, Monterey, July 1, 1770; list of hardware made by Chacón for *El Príncipe*, Monterey, July 1, 1770; Fages to Gálvez, Monterey, July 1, 1770 (enclosing six receipts, July 1–3); Serra to Gálvez, Monterey, July 2, 1770 (setting forth needs of Monterey—a long communication); memorandum of things delivered to Father Serra, signed by Fages, Monterey, July 3, 1770; Fages to Gálvez, Monterey, July 3, 1770; Portolá to Croix, San Blas, August 19, 1770 (on his way to Mexico from California; has just landed at San Blas; reports success of the second Monterey expedition; encloses act of possession, cited above); Costansó to Croix, San Blas, August 2, 1770 (reports success of the Monterey expedition; buildings erected there; the missionaries are living in one of the warehouses); Matías de Armona to Gálvez(?),

August 2, 1770 (extracts of notices from Monterey, received August 2, 1770; the notices begin with the arrival of the *San Antonio* at San Diego; tell of second land expedition to Monterey; Croix to Portolá, Mexico, August 12, 1770 (reply to letter of August 1); Portolá to Croix, Guadalaxara, August 28, 1770 (reports success of the Monterey expedition; is on his way to Mexico).

[9] Pedro Fages, *Salida que hizo el Theniente de Voluntarios de Cataluña Dn. Pedro Fages, con seis Soldados y un Harriero,* November 21–December 4, 1770 (discovered and published with translation by Herbert E. Bolton, Academy of Pacific Coast History *Publications,* Vol. 2, No. 3, pp. 141–159).

[10] "Diario de la Expedición que desde la Misión de San Carlos de Monterey emprendio el Reverendo Padre Fray Juan Crespi Predicador Apostólico del Colegio de San Fernando de Megico en compañia del Señor Capitán, y soldados del Presidio en demanda del Puerto de San Francisco, por el mes de Marzo de 1772" (MS in the Archivo General de Indias, Sevilla, 104–6–17. Copy in the Bancroft Library). It is interesting to note from the title given by Crespi in his diary, that he was going around the present San Francisco Bay to get to the "Puerto de San Francisco."

[11] Materials for the Pérez voyage are extensive. There are diaries by Juan Pérez, Estevan José Martínez, Father Crespi, and Father Peña. Pérez also kept a *Tabla Diaria.* The diaries of Fathers Peña and Crespi were printed in both Spanish and English in 1891 by Geo. Butler Griffin in the Historical Society of Southern California *Publications,* Vol. II, Part I, pp. 83–213.

Correspondence includes the following: Bucareli to Pérez, December 24, 1773; Bucareli to Rivera, December 24, 1773; Francisco Hijosa and Joseph Faustino Ruíz, Lista de los oficiales . . . que tripulan la fragata *Santiago,* Mexico, January 22, 1774; Bucareli to Arriaga, Mexico, February 24, 1774. Reservado (reports that the *Santiago* has sailed); Serra to the Viceroy, Mission San Carlos, June 21, 1774 (tells of the sailing of the *Santiago;* Dr. Dávila, afraid of the sea, has refused to sail); Pérez to Bucareli, San Carlos de Monterey, August 31, 1774; Palóu, Relación of the voyage of the *Santiago,* based on the diaries of Crespi and Peña, Mission San Carlos de Monterey, September 6, 1774; Serra to Bucareli, Monterey, September 9, 1774, complaining of Pérez (facsimile in the Bancroft Library; translation in Historical Society of Southern California *Publications,* II, part I, pp. 76–80); Bucareli to Arriaga, Mexico, September 28, 1774, concerning Russians; Serra to Bucareli, Mission San Carlos, October 7, 1774, transmitting Crespi's diary (facsimile

in Bancroft Library; English translation printed in Historical Society of Southern California *Publications*, II, Part I, p. 82); Pérez to Bucareli, San Blas, November 3, 1774 (includes copy of his letter of August 31, and continues the account to November 3); Pángua to Serra, November 8, 1774 (*Sta. Bárbara Arch.*); Bucareli to Pérez, Mexico, November 14, 1774 (has received the Martínez diary; plans for a new expedition); Bucareli to Arriaga, Mexico, November 26, 1774 (summarizing the Pérez expedition and transmitting the Pérez diary); Melchor Peramás to Arriaga, November 26, 1774 (extract from Martínez's diary, entries for July 20 and 21); list of goods traded by the *Santiago* with the Indians of latitude 55° 49′, Mexico, December 27, 1774; Vicente Doz to Arriaga, Madrid, June 21, 1775 (summarizing the Pérez expedition and giving an opinion concerning the Russians).

[12] Serra to Bucareli, Carmelo, June 21, 1774, MS.

[13] Another manuscript of this diary is in the Archivo General de Indias (A. G. I. Sevilla, Papeles del Ministerio de Estado, Audiencia de Guadalajara, Legajo 1). It will be referred to here as the Sevilla MS. This version of the diary was sent to Spain; the one from which Figueroa's copy was made went to Crespi's College of San Fernando. Down to July 14, when the *Santiago* began to approach land in northern latitudes, the entries differ greatly in length, and in the incidents mentioned. So long as they were out on the high sea minute entries were treated as of little consequence. But beginning with July 14, the two versions run very close together. It is noticeable that in the Sevilla MS. the captain is sometimes given credit for taking the latitude, whereas in the Figueroa MS. "los pilotos" instead of the captain are mentioned. The diary of Crespi printed by Griffin (see note 11) was copied from this Sevilla MS.

[14] Of his trading experiences with the natives on Queen Charlotte Island Dixon writes: "A scene now commenced, which absolutely beggars all description, and with which we were so overjoyed, that we could scarcely believe the evidence of our senses. There were ten canoes about the ship, which contained, as nearly as I could estimate, 120 people; many of these brought most beautiful beaver cloaks; others excellent skins, and, in short, none came empty handed, and the rapidity with which they sold them was a circumstance additionally pleasing; they fairly quarrelled with each other about which should sell his cloak first; and some actually threw their furs on board, if nobody was at hand to receive them; but we took particular care to let none go from the vessel unpaid. Toes were almost

the only articles we bartered with on this occasion, and indeed they were taken so very eagerly, that there was not the least occasion to offer anything else. In less than half an hour we purchased near 300 beaver skins, of an excellent quality; a circumstance which greatly raised our spirits, and the more, as both the plenty of fine furs, and the avidity of the natives in parting with them, were convincing proofs, that no traffic whatever had recently been carried on near this place, and consequently we might expect a continuation of this plentiful commerce. That thou mayest form some idea of the cloaks we purchased here, I shall just observe, that they generally contain three good sea otter skins, one of which is cut in two pieces, afterwards they are neatly sewed together, so as to form a square, and are loosely tied about the shoulders with small leather strings fastened on each side.'' Dixon, Captain George, *A Voyage . . . to the Northwest Coast of America* (July, 1787), ed. 2, London, 1789, p. 201.

Dixon, like Crespi, was impressed by the strange lip-pieces. He first saw them farther north, at Port Mulgrave, describing them as follows: ''An aperture is made in the thick part of the under lip, and increased by degrees in a line parallel with the mouth, and equally long: in this aperture, a piece of wood is constantly wore, of an eliptical form, about half an inch thick; the superficiaries not flat, but hollowed out on each side like a spoon, though not quite so deep; the edges are likewise hollowed in the form of a pully, in order to fix this precious ornament more firmly in the lip, which by this means is frequently extended at least three inches horizontally, and consequently distorts every feature in the lower part of the face. This curious piece of wood is wore only by the women, and seems to be considered as a mark of distinction, it not being wore by all indiscriminately, but only those who appeared in a superior station to the rest.'' Dixon, *A Voyage . . . to the Northwest Coast of America* (July, 1787), p. 172.

The lip-sticks worn by the women on Queen Charlotte Island Dixon described as follows: ''There were likewise a few women amongst them, who all seemed pretty well advanced in years; their under lips were distorted in the same manner as those of the women at Port Mulgrave, and Norfolk Sound, and the pieces of wood were particularly large. One of these lip-pieces appearing to be peculiarly ornamented, Captain Dixon wished to purchase it, and offered the old woman to whom it belonged a hatchet; but this she refused with contempt; toes, basons, and several other articles were afterwards shewn to her, and as constantly rejected. Our Captain began now to despair of making his wished-for purchase, and had nearly given it up, when one of our people happened to shew the old lady

a few buttons, which looked remarkably bright, she eagerly embraced the offer, and was now altogether as ready to part with her wooden ornament, as before she was desirous of keeping it. This curious lip-piece measured three and seven-eight inches long, and two and five-eight inches in the widest part; it was inlaid with a small pearly shell, round which was a rim of copper.'' Dixon, *A Voyage . . . to the North-west Coast of America* (July, 1787), p. 208.

[15] Crespi evidently counted the eve as the first day of the feast, for as he himself says elsewhere, they arrived on Sunday, the Feast of Espíritu Santo.

[16] The lakes were in the region between the Salinas River and Watsonville. See the *Diary*, entries for October 10, pp. 211–212.

[17] The conclusions reached by this time are set forth by Costansó in his *Narrative of the Portolá Expedition* (Academy of Pacific Coast History *Publications*, I, 145–147).

[18] The efforts to find the harbor are set forth in the *Diary*.

[19] M. and D. add ''este es el.''*

[20] M. and D. read ''parages distantes'' instead of ''parages importantes.''

[21] M. and D. read ''nordoeste,'' instead of ''nordeste.''

[22] In this paragraph M. and D. omit ''Sábado de Gloria'' from the first line; read ''nordoeste'' for ''nor-noroeste'' in the third line; and omit from the next to the last sentence ''en el qual paramos el Real a las doce y media.''

[23] M. and D. omit ''Pasqua de Resurección'' here; ''Segundo de Pasqua'' in the entry for the 27th; ''Tercera fiesta de Pasqua'' in the entry for the 28th, and ''Dominica in Albis'' in the entry for April 2.

[24] D. reads ''los'' for ''dos.''

[25] M. and D. describe this arroyo as ''frondoso'' or ''leafy.'' At the end of the next paragraph they omit two lines, so that the passage mentions three instead of four arroyos.

[26] M. and D. omit ''Domingo segundo de Pasqua,'' from the first line of this paragraph and ''de buena mañana'' from the third line.

[27] ''Al oueste-sudoeste'' is supplied by M. and D.

[28] M. and D. omit ''de cerros.''

[29] M. and D. read ''corales'' for ''caracoles.''

[30] There is a discrepancy between this figure and that given in the last sentence of this day's entry.

* In the pages that follow M. and D. stand respectively for the Mexico and the Doyle edition of Palóu's *Noticias*.

[31] In this paragraph M. and D. omit "Domingo tercero despues de Pasqua" from the first line, and in the fourth line they read "nordoeste" for "nor-nordeste."

[32] M. and D. read "pasar" for "bailar."

[33] M. and D. read "tres" for "quatro." Cañizares reads "quatro."

[34] M. and D. omit "Domingo quarto de Pasqua."

[35] D. reads "nordoeste" for "nordeste." Cañizares reads "nordeste."

[36] M. and D. read "tierra" for "sierra."

[37] D. omits "seco."

[38] M. and D. read "tal vez" for "sin duda."

[39] M. and D. add "a cuyo alrededor."

[40] M. and D. change nearly every phrase in the next ten lines, without essentially changing the meaning.

[41] M. and D. change "parados" to "separados."

[42] M. and D. read "pintaron" for "juntaron."

[43] The Figueroa MS. reads "con" where M. and D. read "a la cabeza."

[44] See Crespi's letter of June 9, *ante*, p. 2.

[45] Ortega accompanied Portolá from Vellicatá.

[46] M. and D. read "individuos" for "Indios."

[47] Palóu inserts between this diary and the next a chapter on doings at San Diego.

[48] See note 6.

[49] M. and D. omit "encinos, por los gentiles de la ranchería antecedente entendimos."

[50] D. changes "traian" to "tenian."

[51] M. and D. change "pastos" to "tierras."

[52] M. and D. change "encontramos" to "enseñaron."

[53] Figueroa reads "Martes" where "Miercoles" is clearly intended. So, also, does M. Doyle corrected the slip.

[54] For "puerto" M. reads "puente" and D. reads "monte."

[55] M. and D. read "encaminarnos" in place of "encontrarnos."

[56] M. and D. omit "lomas."

[57] M. and D. read "no alcanzabamos" instead of "no percibian los ojos."

[58] M. and D. read "seis" instead of "treinta y seis."

[59] M. and D. read "sesenta" in place of "setenta."

[60] M. and D. read "norte" instead of "oeste."

[61] M. and D. read "norte" instead of "oeste."

[62] M. and D. omit four lines here: "Paramos el real junto á la sanja de agua corriente, cubiertas sus orillas de berros de que comimos. Se nombró este valle San Miguel Arcángel, que dista este parage del antecedente como quatro leguas."

[63] M. and D. add "con el Sr. Constanzó."

[64] M. and D. read "parabamos" instead of "pasavamos."

[65] D. reads "acaban" for "secavan."

[66] M. and D. read "subordinado" instead of "coordinado."

[67] D. reads "agilidad" instead of "habilidad."

[68] M. and D. read "airosas" in place of "curiosas."

[69] M. and D. read "recien llegados" instead of "que vinieron."

[70] M. and D. read "durante ella" for "toda ella."

[71] M. and D. read "tlatemado" instead of "tatemado."

[72] M. and D. read "hacia" for "assi," without changing the meaning essentially.

[73] M. and D. read "en la condición de que se irian" instead of "instandoles que se fuesen."

[74] M. and D. suggest "coras" for "cosas," and I have adopted this reading.

[75] M. and D. omit "hasta el parage."

[76] M. and D. change "sierra" to "tierra."

[77] M. and D. change "sierra" to "tierra."

[78] M. and D. add "á mí me salió treinta y cuatro grados cincuenta minutos y medio." I have adopted this reading.

[79] A gap in the MS. M. and D. supply it with "algo extraños," which at least makes sense.

[80] M. and D. change "laguna" to "paraje."

[81] M. and D. omit here "a una cañada de buenas tierras mui empastadas, y seguimos por lomas, y a las quatro horas de camino en que andariamos tres leguas y media baxamos."

[82] M. and D. read "34" instead of "35." Doyle noted the apparent error (*Noticias*, II, 156).

[83] All three texts read "legua," but I suspect that "lengua" was intended.

[84] M. and D. change "dediqué" to "designé."

[85] M. and D. omit "y esto obligó a alargar la jornada hasta un arroyo de buena agua que hallamos una legua mas abajo, y paramos en sus orillas."

[86] M. and D. omit "pero mui abastecida de aguas."

[87] The Figueroa MS. reads "forty" instead of "ten" minutes. There evidently has been an error in copying.

[88] M. and D. change "paso" to "para."

[89] D. reads "hemos subido" for "hemos de subir."

[90] M. and D. vary the phrasing here somewhat, without change of sense.

[91] A gap in the manuscript occurs between "agra" and "cheria." M. suggests "agra [decidos los de esta ran]cheria." He evidently did not note that entries are lacking for September 22, 23, and 24. The "agra" occurs in the entry for September 21, while the "cheria" belongs in the last sentence of the entry for September 24. I have supplied the gap from Costansó's diary.

[92] M. and D. change "vamos" to "ibamos."

[93] D. omits "no," giving a directly opposite meaning.

[94] Figueroa, M. and D. read "arrobas" where Costansó has "libros" (pounds). Ten arrobas would be two hundred and fifty pounds, which would make a real "fish story." I have adopted "pounds."

[95] M. and D. read "por lo que luego" in place of "y ahora."

[96] "y la de Año Nuevo" has been supplied from Doyle.

[97] M. and D. omit "Oida la propuesta del comandante."

[98] M. and D. write "hundida" for "endida," making very different sense.

[99] M. and D. omit "todas de punta."

[100] M. and D. write "nordueste" for "nor-norueste."

[101] M. and D. supply "dos," omitted by Figueroa.

[102] M. and D. read "La Grulla" for "Las Grullas."

[103] M. and D. read "treinta y cuatro" for "treinta y siete."

[104] M. and D. omit "en sus caxas."

[105] M. and D. read "nor-nordeste."

[106] D. makes the following note: "There is evidently a typographical error in this sentence; it should probably read . . . 'cosa de una legua; de aqui corre la costa al Oeste,' " etc. The Figueroa MS. does not bear him out.

[107] The phrasing of the texts varies slightly here.

[108] M. and D. read "fueron" instead of "vinieron."

[109] M. and D. insert "dos" where the number is lacking in the MS.

[110] M. and D. read "advertimos" instead of "reparé."

[111] M. and D. read "con notable mejoría" for "con mejoría."

[112] M. and D. read "un continuo quejido," instead of "un continuo háy."

[113] M. and D. read "recien" for "aun."

[114] Palóu's reference is to Joseph González Cabrera Bueno, *Navegación Especulativa y Practica*, p. 303 (Manila, 1734).

[115] All the texts agree on "sur y sur-sudoeste."

[116] D. omits "mas que todo por."

[117] M. and D. add "y solos."

[118] M. and D. add "puntos."

[119] Figueroa reads "sudeste," which is evidently a mistake for "sudoeste," as M. and D. give it.

[120] M. and D. add "en" and change the paragraphing, thus changing the meaning.

[121] M. and D. omit "Purísima."

[122] Doyle's conjecture here is correct. The MS. reads "siete" instead of "seis." (See Doyle, II, 223 *footnote*.)

[123] M. and D. change "nordeste" to "nordoeste."

[124] Figueroa, M. and D. all read "Pueblo Caido" for "Palo Caido" here.

[125] "Ensenada de la Punta de los Pinos."

[126] M. and D. add "deseado."

[127] D. reads "tramo" in place of "ramo."

[128] M. and D. add "luego."

[129] M. and D. add "casi."

[130] M. and D. add "y variado."

[131] D. reads "doblado" for "poblado."

[132] "Vadeamos el rio de San Hipólito" is omitted by M. and D.

[133] "Nos hallamos en otra Cañada muy vistosa, de pastos y Encinos."

[134] M. and D. read "mescales ademadas." The MS has "mescales, Ademas." "Ademas" may be intended for "tatemadas," as rendered here.

135 M. and D. read "nordoeste" for "nordeste."

136 Twice in this paragraph and once in the next M. and D. change "sueste" to "sudoeste."

137 M. and D. add "buena."

18 M. and D. add "largas."

139 M. and D. read "Margarita" in place of "Magdalena."

140 M. and D. here omit "de la Segunda Semana de Quaresma"; from the entry for March 22 they omit "Tercero de Quaresma"; and from that for March 29 they omit "4° de Quaresma."

141 In this diary as in former documents, M. and D. frequently change simple to more graceful phrasing, without essentially changing the meaning. Here they change "Salimos de este rio" to "abandanamos las deliciosos orillas del rio"; in the entry of March 22 pastures "muy buena y abundante" become "sobresaliente"; in the entry for the 25th the bay "que nos parecia a todos tendria" becomes a bay "pareciendo a la generalidad tendria a lo mas"; in the 27th the "port of San Blas" becomes the "beautiful port of San Blas"; in the 24th "grass" becomes "good grass."

142 D. changes "tierra" to "sierra."

143 D. changes "nordeste" to "norte."

144 The Figueroa MS. and M. read "Sena." Doyle changed the reading to "Siena."

145 Figueroa reads "lirios." M. reads "sirios" and D. "Sitios."

146 M. and D. omit "Está en altura de como trienta y nueve grados de latitud del norte."

147 D. changes "nacimiento" to "camino."

148 M. and D. change "sursueste" to "sudeste."

149 The expedition here set forth in full in the diary is given only a paragraph in Palóu's *Vida*, Chap. XXX.

150 M. and D. read "presidente" in place of "predicador." The Sevilla MS agrees with the Figueroa version.

151 M. and D. add "al amanecer."

152 As to latitudes the Seville MS. differs from the Figueroa MS. in several places, reading as follows: 33° 46′ for June 24; 38° 35′ for June 30; 39° 43′ for July 1; 48° 55′ for July 13; 53° 13′ for July 17; 51° 35′ for August 1. By obvious copyist's slips the Figueroa MS. reads 31° 37′ for June 26; 34° 35′ for July 5; 44° 12′ for August 9. These slips have been corrected in the translation. The Sevilla MS. gives a latitude for July 8, which is omitted by the Figueroa text.

153 The Sevilla MS reads 43° 35′.

154 All four texts differ slightly as to latitude here.

155 M. and D. read "nordoeste" instead of "nordeste."

156 M. and D. read "nordoeste" instead of "nordeste" in this line and the one preceding.

157 M. and D. read "nordoeste" instead of "nordeste," and the Sevilla MS agrees with them.

158 D. omits "bien largas."

159 M. and D. read "sudoeste" instead of "sudeste"; the Sevilla MS agrees with them.

160 M. and D. read "sudeste" for "sudueste."

161 M. and D. read "este" for "sueste"; the Sevilla MS agrees with them.

162 D. omits "la costa" from "la costa de tierra."

163 D. omits "María."

164 See Peña's description of this scene. Historical Society of Southern California *Publications*, I, 122–123.

165 D. adds "del mismo tamaño venian como."

166 In the next ten lines M. and D. depart from the MS in nearly every phrase.

167 M. and D. read "y no lo lleve" instead of "para que no lo lleve."

168 M. and D. omit "chicas."

169 M. and D. omit "Poco despues cambio al sudueste, y se puso la proa al sur!sudueste."

170 M. and D. add "completemente."

171 D. adds "de ninguna manera."

172 M. and D. read "referido" for "que haviamos hoy."

173 M. and D. read "sudoeste" for "sueste."

174 Peña reads "al E. ¼ al S. E."

175 M. and D. read "nordoeste."

176 M. and D. read "nordoeste."

177 M. and D. read "cuarenta y seis."

178 M. and D. read "nordoeste."

179 M. and D. read "nordoeste quarta al norte."

180 M. and D. here add six lines and the chapter heading. It is clear from the context that the lines and the heading were not in the diary.

[181] In this paragraph the Sevilla MS mentions no mountains, but consistently reads "tierra" where the other texts read "sierra." It says that San Estevan was named in honor of "the second pilot," instead of "the two pilots," as the others put it. I have adopted "the second pilot" as the correct reading.

[182] M. and D. add "que en breve rato estuvieron cerca de nosotros." The Sevilla MS agrees with them.

[183] M. and D. read "nordoeste y este-sudoeste."

[184] M. and D. omit "nevado"; the Sevilla MS contains it.

[185] M. and D. omit "nevado."

[186] M. and D. insert here a chapter heading, about ten lines in the entry for the 13th, and about five lines in that for the 14th, which are in neither the Sevilla nor the Figueroa MS.

[187] M. and D. substitute "el reposo" for "desir misa."

[188] M. and D. omit "con la proa."

[189] M. and D. read "sudeste."

[190] M. and D. read "sursudeste."

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