

JUAN CRESPI

1769



After neglecting California for nearly 170 years, Spain was finally compelled in 1765 to turn its attention once again to the region, as it suddenly had two foreign competitors with which to contend. Great Britain, victorious two years earlier in the Seven Years' War, had seized Florida from Spain and now controlled the entire east coast of North America. Rumors began circulating that Britain—expanding everywhere—was exploring as widely as the North Pole. And word spread through Europe that Russia, already hunting sea otters in Alaska, was looking to extend its fur-trading business down the Pacific coast toward Monterey Bay. Alta California, claimed by Spain but never colonized, seemed ripe for the taking by one of these foreign powers.

The job of “defensively expanding” into Alta California fell to José de Gálvez, an accomplished but mentally unstable Spanish-born diplomat. Under the title *visitador-general*,* Gálvez established a new port at San Blas, Mexico, specifically to serve as a supply depot for his proposed California settlements. He then arranged to send a “sacred expedition” (three ships and two overland parties) up the Pacific coast to construct missions and *presidios* at California's two

* See glossary, p. 337, for definition and translation of Spanish terms.

known harbors, San Diego and Monterey. This daunting task, considered hopeless by many in New Spain, might never have been attempted without Gálvez's brilliance, zeal, and near-obsession. Convinced he could speak directly to God and from time to time overtaken by bouts of temporary insanity, Gálvez once toyed with the idea of training 600 Guatemalan apes as soldiers against rebellious Indians. Some thought the idea of colonizing remote Alta California was equally outlandish.

Gálvez's plan for the "sacred expedition" was five-pronged. Three hastily constructed ships (the *San Carlos*, the *San Antonio*, and the *San José*), carrying supplies and more than 100 experienced sailors, would sail independently from the Baja Peninsula in early 1769. Meanwhile, two more parties, outfitted with priests, furniture, vestments, and livestock from the Baja missions, would make their way overland. If all went according to plan, all five parts of the expedition—including more than 300 soldiers, sailors, carpenters, cooks, Christianized Indians, and priests, along with a huge herd of horses, cattle, and mules—were to converge on San Diego Bay by early summer.

The "sacred expedition" was led by Captain Gaspar de Portolá and Franciscan Father Junípero Serra. Portolá, the fifty-year-old governor of Baja, was loyal and aristocratic; unfortunately, he was not an experienced explorer nor particularly comfortable in the wilderness. Serra, himself age fifty-five, possessed a remarkable intelligence (he was once a professor of philosophy in his native Majorca) and a fiery religious fervor (he longed to one day die a martyr), but also a swollen and ulcerated foot that required a slow pace and frequent rides in a stretcher. Portolá brought along a group of Baja mission Indians in the misguided hope that they would act as interpreters or even fledgling missionaries.

As an omen of things to come, the *San Carlos*, the *San Antonio*, and the *San José* all reached Baja from San Blas in wretched condition and had to be repaired before the longer journey could begin. The three ships sailed separately for San Diego in early 1769, and the two

overland parties followed. The first land party, led by Captain Fernando Rivera, was immediately reminded why earlier administrations had hesitated at expanding north. In their fifty-one-day journey, they struggled through inhospitable desert terrain and weathered several Indian attacks. Portolá's contingent, following Rivera's path, arrived in San Diego on July 1 only to find that the *San José* had never arrived and the crews of the other two ships were decimated from scurvy and dysentery. All told, in this first, supposedly easy leg of the journey, the "sacred expedition" had already lost half of its members (including most of the Christianized Indians, who died or deserted because the soldiers refused to share food with them).

Behind schedule and low on supplies, Portolá sent a few surviving sailors back on the *San Antonio* to San Blas for provisions. The remaining men buried their dead and foraged for food as Portolá planned his next move. He decided to lead a party north to find Monterey, leaving Serra behind to begin building Mission San Diego de Alcalá. He took along the sixty heartiest men, including Rivera, military engineer Miguel Costansó, and Father Juan Crespi.

Portolá undoubtedly had fixed in his mind explorer Sebastián Vizcaíno's exaggerated, glowing 1602 description of Monterey Bay as "the best port that could be desired, for besides being sheltered from all the winds, it has many pines for masts and yards, and live oaks and white oaks, and water in great quantity, all near the shore." So when Portolá and his men arrived at Monterey on October 1 after four months of rigorous hiking along California's rugged coast, they looked at the sparse, rocky, windy beach, decided there had been a mistake in the latitude calculations, and pressed on. These confused, half-starved conquistadors had no idea, of course, that they were a few days from the sheltered, abundant bay now known as San Francisco. Buoyed by their faith in God and occasional trade with "affable" Indians, they persevered.

Father Juan Crespi, who faithfully kept a diary of the harrowing trip, was born in Majorca in 1721. He followed his teacher Junípero Serra to Mexico in 1749, and like his teacher, he was driven

to be a missionary not from any knowledge of real Indians but from an idealized vision of a missionary's life of adventure, significance, and perhaps eventual martyrdom. His diary reveals him to be perceptive, level-headed, and devout. Although the party was lost and weary, he insisted on saying Mass and giving the sacraments. He was much impressed by the abundance and diversity of California's forests, wildlife, and human inhabitants. Even in October, well into the region's dry season, Crespí found the San Francisco Bay Area to be well-watered with streams and lakes, wooded with redwoods and oaks, and inhabited by a people who were "friendly," "well-featured," and "stout." His diary provides a unique mile-by-mile view of the clearly prosperous Bay Area and its peoples just prior to Spanish colonization.

After surviving the Portolá expedition, Crespí accompanied two more exploration campaigns (another to the San Francisco Bay Area in 1772 and one to Alaska in 1774) before returning to serve with Serra at Mission San Carlos in Monterey Bay. He died there in 1782. This excerpt from his journal of the "sacred expedition" begins Sunday, October 8, 1769, near the Pajaro River (near present-day Watsonville), the confused party doggedly heading north.

JUAN CRESPI

Account of the "Sacred Expedition"

O

ctober 8 [1769]. After both of us¹ saying Mass and administering the viaticum [Eucharist given to a dying person] and holy oils to two buffcoat soldiers who had turned dangerously ill from scurvy, we set out about eight o'clock in the morning on a northerly course from here at the Santa Brígida pool, going through higher hills lying out from the mountains and through hollows, in order to be able to get around a throng of lakes that they said lay close to the shore and were very miry. At times we went in view of the shore, though very far away from it. We went five hours and must have made four leagues, upon which we came to the edge of a fine little river with a fair-sized bed and a great many willow trees, sycamores, and other timber. This river was not carrying much flow of water, but it has a very large bed with a great many sandbanks, which show how much it must rise at flood. The bed is not very deep, and to one side and the other of the river is a great deal of flat land of half-whitish sod, but all of it well overgrown with a great deal of tall grasses and other very lush plants, so that the soil is plainly very good despite its color, since it is clothed so. I named this place the River of Santa Ana [present-day Pajaro River, near Watsonville], a very fine place for a very large mission, with a great deal of soil and water for irrigating it, and a great amount of timber. For besides the many good-sized cottonwoods on the river, there begins here a large mountain range covered with a tree very like the pine in its leaf,

¹ Crespí was accompanied on the "sacred expedition" by Franciscan Father Francisco Gómez.



Spaniards on horseback at a Chumash Indian rock art site near present-day Santa Barbara. Photograph from *Rock Paintings of the Chumash* (University of California Press, 1965) by Campbell Grant.

save that this is not over two fingers long. The heartwood is red, very handsome wood, handsomer than cedar. No one knew what kind of wood it might be; it may be spruce, we cannot tell. Many said savin, and savin 'twas called, though I have never seen them red. There are great numbers of this tree here, of all sizes of thickness, most of them exceedingly high and straight like so many candles. What a pleasure to see this blessing of timber.²

Here at the Santa Ana River is where the scouts, when they came to explore here, found a very large heathen village at the same place where we stopped. They said there must have been over 500 souls, all of them so ill-mannered that it took them a great deal of trouble to pacify them and give them to understand that we came in peace and not to harm them. They made peace, throwing down all their weapons, but now that we have come here, the village where they were is found burned and abandoned, not a heathen in sight anywhere. The thing is a great surprise and wonder to us, for

²This is the first known European description of a redwood.

in all the way up to here we have met great numbers of heathens, all of whom were very friendly and tractable, as will appear from this, my journal. After burning and abandoning the village, they left the whole place surrounded with upright poles, which we found surrounded with arrows, and great quantities of their seeds scattered on the ground at the foot of them. Hanging on one of these poles we found half the body of a black bird with the two wings fastened together—spread out these measured thirteen *cuartas* [nine feet] from tip to tip—and because of this bird, this place of Santa Ana is known among the soldiers as the Río del Pájaro, Bird River. What I spoke of above concerning the poles, arrows, and seeds was not observed by the scouts when they came here exploring; instead, it must all have been left when the place was abandoned, a thing that has caused no small wonder among the soldiers. A soldier left behind, at a lake here, a lame, starving mule which could go no further; on our return at the end of November, he found it whole and well, and very fat from the good grass and better water it had had. Not one heathen has appeared of the many the scouts saw here. The latitude has been impossible to observe ever since we crossed the mountains because of the heavy fog overcast, with a chilliness by day and night of which there is no call to speak. It is only what is to be expected when living in the open.

October 9. We lay by at this place while they went out to explore for the following days' marches. We had been in the belief this second river must be the Carmelo, as there was a range of hills with many pine trees on it in sight nearby, which seems to run out to sea. The scouts went off to explore down the river toward the shore to see whether there were any signs of a harbor; the report they brought back was that this river empties into a large inlet, and none of the trees are to be seen down there that are spoken of in the history. They returned to explore toward the point of pine trees and

still had no report of a harbor to bring back. It may be that we still have not passed the Santa Lucia Mountains and that none of the ranges behind us are they.

October 10. At about eight o'clock in the morning, we set out from here at the Santa Ana River, flat lands and savins, course northwest. The day was very overcast; the sun has hardly been seen at all for days past. We set out over flats of very good soil all covered with grass, and beyond went through very low hill ranges lying out from the mountains. The mountains are not very high or steep. We have passed a great many of the trees I spoke of—like the pine in its leaf—named savins. There are trees so extremely thick, tall, and very straight that they are a pleasure to see. We were not able to make the whole march intended because of the sick men, some six or seven of whom are turning very ill so that they cannot stay on horseback. On going about two leagues we had to stop within a hollow with a great deal of grass and good water, and much tall, thick growth of the savin trees aforesaid. We set up camp upon a little tableland next to a very good-sized spring-fed lake, and there were two good-sized springs of fine, fresh, delicious water running down from a hill.

October 11. The two of us said Mass, with special intention to St. Joseph as patron of this expedition, for the alleviation of these poor, sick men and the well-being of everyone. In my Mass I gave the sacrament to two more buffcoat soldiers, and Father Gómez, in his, gave the sacrament to another. Along the way on the last day's march they showed me various tracks that looked like cattle, and we suppose they are buffalo. I did not see any of the beasts myself, but the scouts reported that along the shore hereabouts they saw as many as twenty-one beasts together, of all colors, with calves at their feet like cows; also, that they had seen deer or stags, very big-bodied

and with very large spreading antlers, like two such which I saw lying cast-off in the open beside the way on this march, and the soldiers brought along. Tracks and droppings of a mule-like creature have been seen, and at the place where we made camp here, there was a dried-up pile which I looked at a great while; the droppings are less than a horse's. The soldiers say they have seen bands of these beasts, that they are long-eared like mules, with a short, wide tail. I myself saw none of these beasts [undoubtedly elk], only the droppings mentioned.

At this place there are six quite large lakes, one after another, some amount of soil, a great deal of good grass, and many trees of the sort aforesaid, with the very handsome red heartwood, very tall and straight. Some of them are extremely thick; the soldiers measured one that was three musket-lengths in diameter. While here at this place, they have reported that there are many hills covered with hazelnut thickets throughout this vicinity, some of which they have found bearing nuts. They say it had been burned off by the heathens, and plainly when the trees were in flower. All the signs are that the harbor of Monte Rey cannot be very far; may Divine Providence grant we come upon it quickly. A soldier gave me six hazelnuts; three of the six had meat that we shared among four of us, tasted, and found good. They grow on thickets, the highest of which are a yard-and-a-half or a yard-and-three-fourths tall. As we could see, the heathens burn them [probably for basketry materials], for it was plainly not long since they had been burnt. The hazelnuts are the same as in Spain. I named this fine place the lakes and hazelnuts of Nuestra Señora del Pilar.

October 14. October 11, 12, 13, and 14 we spent lying by here while the scouts were out exploring; and since Monte Rey had not been found, theories passed freely around that the Santa Lucia Mountains would be found ahead of us. And so they came back in

the evening of the 14th, reporting that...they had come across two rivers and seventeen running creeks with good-sized flows, and that a high white mountain range had been seen. With this, we again took up our way.

October 23. Monday, at a half past eight o'clock in the morning, we set out from here at the San Luís Beltrán—or La Salud—Creek [Waddell Creek]; following the shore, where there was a way through; going along the shore at the foot of a white mountain range, pretty high and all standing very, very precipitous above the sea. Along all of these mountains, between the creek we set out from and Point Año Nuevo about half a league distant, there is very good fresh water springing from their cliffs and skirts; in two or three places we saw good-sized streams of water dropping from the heights through these same mountains and flowing over the sands of the shore into the sea. On traveling about half an hour on a northwesterly course, going about half a league, we reached a cliff close to a point of low land going far out to sea, close to which a creek with a good flow of running water empties into the sea and has a great deal of live-oak wood in its bed....

Three hours' march and we must have made two leagues, at which we came to a little valley in among very grassy hills and all surrounded by them. Here we stopped close to a large village of very well-behaved good heathens, who greeted us with loud cheers and rejoiced greatly at our coming. At this village there was a very large grass-roofed house, round like a half-orange, which, by what we saw of it inside, could hold everyone in the whole village. Around the big house they had many little houses of split sticks set upright. The village lay within the little valley, all surrounded by grassy hills (nothing but soil and tall grass), a place well-sheltered from all quarters, and near the shore. There is good soil in the valley, though there is not much of it, which could support some crops irrigated

from a good-sized creek with a good flow of fine delicious water, running through this valley. They have a very dense little grove of nut-bearing pine trees dropping down some hills from the mountains running in back, which are grown over with these pines. These heathens presented us with a great many large black- and white-colored *tamales*; the white *tamales* were made of acorns, and they said the black-colored ones were very good, too. They brought two or three bags of the wild tobacco they use, and our people took all they wanted of it. One old heathen man came up smoking upon a very large and well-carved Indian pipe made of hard stone. The Indians almost all carry tall, red-colored staffs, some with many feathers; they presented four of these staffs to Sergeant Don Francisco Ortega, who was the one they knew best because he had been the one who had explored this place with other soldiers. They made us a long address, and by their signs we could tell they were offering us their lands so that we would stay here. The officers distributed beads to them all, and they were well pleased. After we had reached here, eight or ten heathens came from another village they say is not far off, all of them carrying their tall, red staffs and wearing a sort of wreath made of green leaves on their heads. They all go naked and bare-headed, and all of them are well-featured, stout, and bearded. We have gathered from these heathens that in three days' journey, between sunrise and sunset, one comes to two harbors where there are many pine trees, and that the ship is there.³ May Divine Providence grant it may be so, and that we reach there as soon as may be. I named this place the little valley of San Juan Nepomuceno.

³The Indians were probably referring to the *San Carlos*, anchored at Monterey; Crespí and the Spaniards mistakenly thought they meant the *San José*, which in reality capsized at sea on its way to San Diego.

October 24 to October 26. At a quarter before nine o'clock in the morning, we set out from here at the little San Juan de Nepomuceno Valley on a due north course in company with four heathens of this place, who came with us to show us the watering places and villages beyond. We went in view of the shore, over high, big hills all covered with good soil and grass—though almost all the grasses had been burned—and all very bare of trees. It was only through gaps between the hills that we caught sight of the white mountains in back, still grown over with pine woods. On going something near half a league from the place, we crossed two creeks with a good flow in each. On going about two leagues we crossed two hollows with very good, dark, friable soil in no small amount, and all of it very lush, as much as was not burnt. The two hollows adjoin, and there is a large stream of water running in each; the one creek must carry a *buey* of water [about 2,600 gallons per minute], and the other, it seemed, more. A grand place for a very large mission, with plenty of water and soil, which in passing I named San Pedro Regalado. We came across empty villages, and the heathens with us said the people were living farther up. We saw some hazelnut trees upon the creeks here—in their beds. In one of the hollows is a good-sized lake. The day's march was seven hours-and-a-quarter, all through the mountains and the hills here I spoke of. We must have made five long leagues, on which we came to a small valley having a great deal of good soil and, in its midst, a good-sized creek [San Gregorio Creek] with a large flow of very fine, delicious running water; it must carry as much water as the one at La Purísima [Mission in Baja California]. A good deal of land could be put under irrigation with this water; outside the valley all the hills are good dry-farming land. There are many willows in the creek bed, and here at this place there is a large village with many grass-roofed houses, where they are living on the very edge of the creek near the shore where the creek empties out. They have a village near the shore—

about half a league from where we stopped, where they have many grass houses at the place this valley opens onto the beach—but are now living in the valley. It is perfectly astonishing to see the quantity of brambles all through these places; they are a great hindrance to travel. There is no wood in the valley, but the mountains close by have a good stand of savins. A good place for a good-sized mission, I named it Santo Domingo.

As soon as we had reached this place named for our father St. Dominic, the whole of the big village here came over, all of them very well-behaved, fair, and well-bearded heathens, who received us with much kindness and pleasure. The men all wore from neck to waist a kind of white tippet made of carded plants, from a distance looking like nothing so much as white tippets open at the sides, with a hole for putting the head through. This was the whole of the clothes they wore, for the rest of their body was bare; indeed, all the men hereabouts go wholly naked, with whatever nature endowed them with in plain view. Many of them carried staffs painted in all colors with a great many feathers. They brought us large shares of big, dark-colored *tamales* they make from their grass-seeds, and the soldiers said they were very good and rich when used in *atole* mush. They were with us during almost all the time we spent here, very happy and friendly, bringing a new lot of *tamales* again at every mealtime.

November 3. About eight o'clock at night, the scouts who had been sent out came back from their exploring, firing off their guns as they arrived; and on reaching camp reported that they had come upon a great estuary or very broad arm of the sea [San Francisco Bay] extending many leagues inland, and had arrived near one end of its length, and at it had found some seven villages within a short distance; that there are great plains, many lakes with countless geese, ducks, cranes and other fowl, and large groves of tall live-oaks there;

and that the heathens say there are two harbors very close together, and a ship is at the second one.⁴ They were willing to bring them to it, but they did not go as their term for exploring was nearly over. We are all very joyful, though in the midst of this we all feel considerable misgiving and apprehension that Monte Rey may lie behind us; the more so since we have seen the six or seven *farallones* that the histories place nowhere but at the harbor of San Francisco;⁵ and are here in the latitude I spoke of, which Don Miguel Constanzó with his instruments made out to be $37^{\circ}24'$. May Providence grant us full comfort as soon as may be, for they say the provisions are now running out.

November 4. About one o'clock in the afternoon, we set out from the two creeks here at the gorge at the side of this bight, went down to the shore of the bight because of the two small creeks and inlet being miry, traveled for a while along the shore on a northwest course, and went over some pretty high hills with nothing but soil and grass, but the grass all burnt off by the heathens. Beyond, through hollows between hills, we once more came to climb an extremely high hill [Sweeney Ridge] and shortly descried from the height a large arm of the sea or an extremely large estuary, which they assert may be four or five leagues in width in some places, in others two, and at narrowest it may be a league wide or more. We stopped a while to look at it, although pretty far away and unable to see it plainly. About a league-and-a-half or two leagues from where we were, some mountains [Mount Tamalpais and the San Bruno Mountains] were made out that seemed to make an opening, and it seemed to us the estuary must go in by there, and as if there

⁴ Again, the Indians probably meant the *San Carlos* at Monterey.

⁵ Crespi refers here to present-day Drake's Bay, which was confusingly sometimes called San Francisco Bay.

were a sort of harbor there within the mountains. We could not see clearly, as the mountains, which were high, stood in the way. The estuary, or arm of the sea, runs far along into the land, eight or ten leagues it may easily be; its course seemed to me to lie northeast and southwest. We traveled three hours and must have gone two leagues, and had changed course to the south on descending, from the hill we were on, into a hollow running among high, grassy hills on this side of the estuary, while alongside us to the right ran mountains, very green with low woods. At two leagues we set up camp at the foot of these mountains, close to a lake [San Andreas Reservoir] where there were countless ducks, cranes, geese, and others.

November 6. From here we went up over a hill and down upon a large plain, five or six leagues in extent, all grown over with white-oaks—large and small—and some live-oaks. From the hill we once again saw the arm of the sea about a league away from us, still drawing down to the foot of some mountains in the south. We saw three or four smokes within these woods from heathen villages, of which the scouts say there are many. It was all flat land to appearance for many leagues, the whole plain being good, black, very grassy soil, though most of the tall grasses had been burned and the whole plain grown over with a great many white- and live-oaks. Four-and-a-quarter hours' march, in which we must have made three leagues, and camped in this same plain of white-oaks, about a league away from the estuary and two or three leagues from where it ended to the southeast. We stopped at the edge of a good-sized creek [San Francisquito Creek, east of El Camino Real] with a good flow of very fine, delicious running water (almost as much it may be as the one at La Purissima), which runs through this plain and they say goes to empty into the estuary. The soldiers report that down next to the large estuary there are many lakes and little inlets with countless fowl, ducks, geese, cranes, and others, and that these

lakes and little inlets being miry are very hard to get through. So that seemingly there is now beginning to be some show of Monte Rey's being not far off, though the fact is that we have been encountering the same sort of thing for many days past. On our reaching here, the governor ordered Sergeant Ortega with some soldiers to explore four days; wherefore during November 7, 8, 9, and 10, we lay by here until they returned from scouting to see what report they were bringing back.

November 7 to November 9. This is the furthest point reached by this expedition in search of the harbor of Monte Rey, having got almost to the end of the large estuary here, which all, or most of us, hold to be that of the San Francisco harbor. A grand place this for a very large plenteous mission, with great amounts of good soil and trees of the sorts mentioned, and great numbers of heathens, the finest and best-mannered that have been met in the whole journey; and this, one of the most excellent places for a large mission. At once upon our reaching here, several very well-behaved heathens, most of them well-bearded, came to the camp, giving us to understand they were from three different villages, and I do not doubt there must be many of these, from the many smokes seen in different directions. Very large bears have been seen, and here where the camp was set up I saw two fresh droppings of these beasts, full of acorns; they must eat plentifully of the great quantities of large ones yielded by the white-oak trees here. Under some of these oaks there were so many large, ripe acorns lying fallen as to hide the ground; our soldiers and Indians gathered large amounts, as we are now in considerable want of provisions, and the soldiers have been getting by on only one *tortilla* for days past. After reaching this place, we noted the weather to be always very clear, with none of the fogs we had had most days on the coast. Here we had sunshine so hot it could not be borne; yet as soon as the sun went down, one commenced to

shiver with cold. To the south, the sea arm or estuary turns into great numbers of other inlets, and I suppose lakes as well. I had a clear view of it from the height, and it looks like a maze.

November 10. At night the scouts returned from their exploration, bringing back no report of any harbors; what exploring they did was done with immense toil, they reported, because of the many inlets, lakes, and mires they were faced with, and the country all rough and burnt besides. At about five leagues from where we had stopped, at the end of the estuary, they had come upon a full-flowing river [Guadalupe River], having a great many trees in its bed: very tall, thick cottonwoods, sycamores, willows, and other trees they could not recognize. The river's course lay through a very large plain with very good soil, emptying its waters into the estuary. It cost them a great deal of trouble to cross the river, as it ran very swift and deep; indeed, the only way they could cross was atop a fallen tree lying across it which served them for a bridge. Their mules, where the water was not calm, went in up to their bellies; where it was calm, they had to swim. About some five or six leagues past the river, on the other side of the estuary, they had come across another large creek with a large flow of running water and a great many trees on its bed; its course was through another large plain with very good soil. The lakes and little inlets surrounding the big estuary were many and very hard going because [they were] very miry. They had met many heathens, but they seemed wild and rude upon the other side of the estuary and would pay no attention to anything. They had spent about an hour stopping with one heathen in order to pacify him, and if they gave any of them anything either they would not take it, or if they did, it was only to throw it away at once. They had not reached even halfway down the estuary's length. Having gone up to the height of a hill [site of present-day San Leandro], they had seen the country very far along, and there was

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no mountain range at all to be seen in that immediate vicinity. The remaining part of the estuary extended so far along to the north that it seemed to them it would take them a whole week to be able to get around it from where they then were. There were no indications of any harbor, save what was formed by the estuary in among some high mountain ranges, which was still very far off, and it could not be told whether there might indeed be a harbor there; they had descried no pine woods anywhere. The grass on the other side was all burnt, and it was hard going for their mounts. At the last, it is seen that this shows no signs of being anything but the harbor of San Francisco, as I explained above.