Vicente Santa María
1775

Portolá and his men limped back into San Diego on January 24, 1770. In their six month absence, not much had improved: Serra had built some crude stick-and-mud huts (which he grandly christened Mission San Diego de Alcalá), but the *San Antonio* and *San José* were nowhere in sight, and the surviving men were sick, starving, and wounded from Indian attacks. Portolá announced they would wait until March 20; if no help arrived, they would abandon the plan and march back to Mexico. Rather than leave the newly founded mission, Serra and Crespí arranged to have themselves left behind in the *San Carlos*, still deserted on the beach, should the ship not arrive in time. On the afternoon of March 19, one day before they were set to return, the *San Antonio* appeared on the horizon, laden with food and other supplies.

Now rested and well-fed, Portolá grimly turned his attention back toward Monterey. Leaving eight soldiers to continue working at San Diego, Portolá marched north once again, sending half the expedition with Serra on the *San Antonio*. They converged on the latitude where Monterey should have been and this time took a closer look, determining that the barren beach was Vizcaíno's "best port that could be desired" after all. They began construction on Mission San Carlos Borromeo and a nearby *presidio*, formally founding both on

June 3, 1770. Exhausted, Portolá ceded command to Lieutenant Pedro Fages and sailed back to Mexico a few weeks later.

Pedro Fages, born in Catalonia in eastern Spain in 1730, had come to Mexico as an infantry lieutenant at the age of thirty-seven. He had served under Colonel Domingo Elizondo on the Sonora frontier before he was sent along on the "sacred expedition." An adept soldier, Fages—at first not accustomed to riding in a saddle—had quickly become one of Portolá's surest horsemen. Now appointed *gobernador* of Alta California, Fages scrambled to establish a permanent settlement at Monterey before the onset of winter rains. He and his soldiers planted fields of corn, grain, and vegetables and erected a compound of barracks and warehouses protected by a palisade. A harsh disciplinarian, Fages was hated by his men for making them work when sick, beating them with a cudgel, and reducing their rations, then offering to sell them raisins and figs at hugely inflated prices.

Fages had been present when Portolá and Crespí first sighted the splendid San Francisco Bay, and by November 1770, he was eager to explore the area again. He and a few soldiers trekked northwestward through Santa Clara Valley, past the point where the "sacred expedition" had turned around, and up San Francisco's east bay. On November 28, they climbed a hill near present-day El Cerrito and glimpsed the "large mouth of the estuary"—the Golden Gate.

News of the newfound bay excited and confused the administration of New Spain. Spanish sea captains had long been aware of Point Reyes and the cove presently known as Drake's Bay, but Portolá's and Fages's descriptions did not match what they knew of the region's geography. If their accounts were to be believed, a potentially invaluable port—secluded, lined with trees, fed by plenty of freshwater streams—existed just eighty miles north of Monterey. Perhaps this "great estuary" was in fact the fabled Straight of Anián linking the Pacific and Atlantic oceans. On behalf of the viceroy of New Spain, Fages and Crespí (personifying the sword and cross of Spain) made a second exploration of San Francisco Bay in the spring of 1772. The pair again returned with a report praising the Bay's

numerous creeks, "very good grass-covered soil," and "great many antelope, deer, geese, cranes, and no few tracks of the buffalo [sic] or mule-deer."

In the years Fages was busy supervising the building of Monterey's *presidio* and exploring San Francisco Bay, Junípero Serra oversaw the creation of three new missions along the coast between San Diego and Monterey (missions San Antonio de Padua, San Gabriel Arcángel, and San Luis Obispo de Tolosa). He also relocated Mission San Carlos Borromeo to the bank of the Carmel River, away from the *presidio* and Fages, with whom he had developed a feud. Fages, a lifelong soldier, viewed the Spanish settlements in California as military institutions first and religious second. Proud and inflexible, he refused to finance any more missions until he had the soldiers to protect them—after all, Spanish residents of Alta California still numbered fewer than 100 as late as 1773. Serra, on the other hand, was an insatiable proselytizer, baptizing Indians by the dozen and struggling to learn their languages. Fages's delays and excuses infuriated him.

The growing rift between Serra and Fages marked the beginning of a power struggle between church and state that would grow increasingly heated in ensuing decades. Dependent on each other for survival, mission *padres* and military leaders nevertheless disputed over the allocation of supplies from San Blas, rights to desirous land, protection of the missions, and especially control over Indian neophytes. The missions needed Indian labor to support themselves and, later, to produce food, clothing, and tallow for trade with nearby settlements and Yankee ships. They tried to shield their neophytes from soldiers and civilians, who exposed them to alcohol, gambling, venereal diseases, and notions of private property. But the *padres* also relied on soldiers to buy the missions' wares, round up deserted neophytes, and quash occasional uprisings. This uneasy relationship persisted for more than sixty years.

In the spring of 1773, Serra paid a visit to Mexico City and obtained an audience with Antonio de Bucareli, New Spain's newest

viceroy. Serra submitted a thirty-two-point legal brief outlining his problems with Fages and the miserable conditions his missionaries endured. Bucareli recalled later, "Father Fray Junípero Serra, almost in a dying condition, [came] into this capital to present his requests and to inform me personally, a thing which rarely can be presented with such persuasion in writing. On his arrival I listened to him with the greatest pleasure, and I realized the apostolic zeal that animated him, while I accepted from his ideas those measures which appeared proper to me to carry out." In fact, Bucareli accepted most of Serra's thirty-two points, which included demoting Fages (replaced by Fernando Rivera) and promising doctors, blacksmiths, and carpenters for the new missions, along with bells, vestments, and other goods.

In addition, the mission president's personal appearance refocused Bucareli's attention on strategic San Francisco Bay—Serra had been packing supplies and even branding cattle for a proposed mission there since 1771. Bucareli ordered Rivera, California's new *gobernador*, to re-explore the area "for the purpose of establishing a mission there." He also adopted a proposal from Captain Juan Bautista de Anza, who wanted to open a land route from Sonora to Monterey. These two decisions underscore the extent to which Spain, once possessors of a world-famous sailing armada, had become almost exclusively a land-based power by the 1770s (unlike Great Britain, whose Captain James Cook was exploring the Pacific Northwest during those same years).

The few ships Bucareli did have at his disposal were lightweight vessels like the *San Carlos* and the *San Antonio*, commanded by *prácticos* with crews of destitute Mexican fishermen and petty criminals. But a royal order in 1773 provided New Spain with six regular naval officers trained in navigation, chart making, and coastal surveying. In early 1775, Bucareli sent one of these officers, Captain Juan de Ayala, along with Ship-Lieutenant Miguel Manrique on a mission to sail the packet-boat *San Carlos* and larger frigate *Santiago* into San Francisco Bay to survey its waters.

On March 18, the ships lay at anchor a few miles north of San Blas when Manrique, suffering violent delusions of persecution, carried ten loaded pistols onto the afterdeck of the *San Carlos* and ordered his pilots at gunpoint to turn the ship around. He then got into a longboat, pistols in hand, and rowed to shore without explanation. Captain Ayala took command of the *San Carlos* but accidentally shot himself in the foot with a loaded pistol Manrique had left behind. The voyage continued, but Ayala could not climb out of his bunk until the middle of May.

They reached the entrance to San Francisco Bay on the morning of August 5, but swirling eddies and a strong current pushed them back out to sea. Using a tailwind, they managed to make slow, excruciating progress against the tide, but night fell before they could reach the safety of the sheltered bay. Despite the dangers of sailing into uncharted waters and with only a half moon to light the way, Ayala decided to press on, and the *San Carlos* slipped through the Golden Gate at 10:30 p.m.

The *San Carlos* dropped anchor behind Angel Island, and over the next forty-four days, its pilots used the longboat to chart the various arms of the bay. Unfortunately, Ayala's injury prevented him from directly supervising the survey and the resulting map was crude and distorted. Still, it remained the best guide for subsequent navigators until the arrival of Captain Frederick William Beechey in 1826. Ayala, impressed by the bay, later reported: "It is true that this port is good, not only for the beautiful harmony that offers to the view, but because it does not lack very good fresh water, wood, and ballast in abundance. Its climate, though cold, is healthful and free from those troublesome fogs which we had daily in Monterey...."

While the pilots charted the bay as best they could, the chaplain of the *San Carlos*, Father Vicente Santa María, kept a journal of his fascinating encounters with local Huimen and Huchiun Indians. Inquisitive and cordial, the Indians he encountered clearly considered themselves the Spaniards' equals. Echoing Crespí, Santa María could

not help but be impressed by their "good presence and fine stature," "beauty," and "comely elegance of figure and quite faultless countenance." Sympathetic as he was, Santa María still paternalistically labeled them "heathens" and "unfortunates."

Born in the tiny Spanish village of Haras in 1742, Vicente Santa María joined the Franciscans at age seventeen and attended seminary at the Colegio de San Fernando in Mexico City in 1769. He represented a second, younger generation of Franciscans sent to labor in the mission fields of Alta California. Unlike level-headed Crespí and fervent Serra, Santa María was youthful and impetuous. When later serving at Mission San Francisco de Asís, his independent spirit rankled Serra, who wrote of him, "Up here, the only supernumerary is Father Santa María, who is in San Francisco, and I find him superfluous for a fact, because he is not exactly one for being kept in hand." When Mission San Buenaventura was founded in 1782, Santa María was transferred there, where he lived until his death in 1806. His journal of his time among the amicable Indians of San Francisco Bay begins August 6, 1775.

VICENTE SANTA MARÍA

Journal of the first Spanish ship to enter San Francisco Bay

The longboat returned to the ship, and the captain and the first sailing master set out in it to make the first excursion in the reconnoitering of this new harbor. In a short time they came to a very large bay [San Francisco Bay proper] to which they gave the name of San Carlos.

Shortly before the longboat, returning from this venture, reached the ship, we saw on the slope of a hill that was in front of us a number of Indians coming down unhurriedly and in a quiet manner, making their way gradually to the edge of the shore. From aboard the ship we made signs to them to wait, and though they did not stop calling us over to where they were, all of them obeyed our signs immediately and sat down.

The captain came aboard and with his permission I went in the longboat with the two sailing masters and the surgeon to communicate at close quarters with those poor unfortunates who so persistently desired us to do so, and by easy steps to bring them into close terms with us and make them the readier when the time should come for attracting them to our holy faith.

As we came near the shore, we wondered much to see Indians, lords of these coasts, quite weaponless and obedient to our least sign to them to sit down, doing just as they were bid. There remained standing only one of the eldest, who mutely made clear to us with what entire confidence we should come ashore to receive a new offering, which they had prepared for us at the shore's edge.

"Indian Woman and Men of Monterey," 1791, by José Cardero. The Ohlone woman in the foreground wears a buckskin apron, tule skirt, and otter-skin robe. *Courtesy of The Bancroft Library.*

Keeping watch all 'round to see if among the hills any treachery were afoot, we came in slowly, and when we thought ourselves safe we went ashore, the first sailing master in the lead. There came forward to greet him the oldest Indian, offering him at the end of a stick a string of beads like a rosary, made up of white shells interspersed with black knots in the thread on which they were strung.[1] Then the rest of us who went in the longboat landed, and at once the Indian mentioned above (who came as leader among them) showed us the way to the place where they had made ready for us a number of baskets, some filled with *pinole* and others with loaves made with a distinctly sulfurous material that seemed to have been kneaded with some sort of oil, though its odor was so slight that we could not decide what it might be. The sailing master accepted everything and at once returned the favor with earrings, glass beads, and other trinkets. The Indians who came on this occasion were nine in number, three being old men, two of them with sight impaired by cataracts of some sort. The six others were young men of good presence and fine stature. Their coloring was not so weak as we have seen in Indians at Carmel. They were by no means filthy, and the best favored were models of perfection; among them was a boy whose exceeding beauty stole my heart. One alone of the young men had several dark blue lines painted from the lower lip to the waist and from the left shoulder to the right, in such a way as to form a perfect cross. God grant that we may see them worshipping so sovereign an emblem.

Besides comely elegance of figure and quite faultless countenance there was also—as their chief adornment—the way they did up their long hair: after smoothing it well, they stuck in it a four-toothed wooden comb and bound up the end in a net of cord and very small feathers that were dyed a deep red; and in the middle of

[1] The knots in the string may have indicated the number of days until the beginning of an upcoming festival.

the coiffure was tied a sort of ribbon, sometimes black, sometimes blue. Those Indians who did not arrange their hair in this fashion did it up in a club so as to keep it in a closely-woven, small net that seemed to be of hemp-like fibers dyed a dark blue.

It would have seemed natural that these Indians, in their astonishment at our clothes, should have expressed a particular surprise and no less curiosity—but they gave no sign of it. Only one of the older Indians showed himself a little unmannerly toward me; seeing that I was a thick-bearded man, he began touching the whiskers as if in surprise that I had not shaved long since. We noticed an unusual thing about the young men: none of them ventured to speak and only their elders replied to us. They were so obedient that, notwithstanding we pressed them to do so, they dared not stir a step unless one of the old men told them to; so meek that, even though curiosity prompted them, they did not raise their eyes from the ground; so docile that when my companions did me reverence by touching their lips to my sleeve and then by signs told them to do the same thing, they at once and with good grace did as they were bid.

The time we were with them seemed to us short, but it was enjoyable, all the more when, upon my pronouncing the most sweet names of Jesus and Mary Most Holy, they repeated them clearly, a great satisfaction and pleasure to me and to my companions. We observed a singular thing about the gift of glass trinkets that we had presented to them: not knowing what to do with them, or what not to do, they had put them aside until we should demonstrate how they should be used; so they brought in their hands the earrings and glass beads we had given them and, reaching them out to us, made gestures with them as if asking us what they were for and how to use them. Then all of us began putting the earrings in their ears, at which they were much pleased, as they showed with faces full of joy. We urged them to come on board the ship, but with long speeches they avoided doing so, and by signs they invited us to come with

them, pointing out the way to their *rancherías*. We took leave of them, however, setting out in the longboat for the ship, and they went home.

Rash, seemingly, was what I did with five sailors and the surgeon on the afternoon of the 9th of August: we decided to go as far as an Indian *ranchería* that was about a league from the shore and with a poor approach. We were sustained only by our Catholic faith and were impelled by godly zeal lest our gains be lost. It so happened that the Indians had assembled with their usual daily present, but we could not go over to get it because the dugout, inadequate though it was as a conveyance, was not available, being in immediate need of repair. About midday, twelve Indians appeared with the new supply. Though they called repeatedly to us, it was not feasible for us to respond to them; we lacked the means, since the longboat had not yet returned from its first expedition. Tired, at last, of pressing us and seeing that we did not comply with their requests, they all began putting on a dance. When they were done, they returned to calling us over to where they were waiting for us; and then, as we could not give them that pleasure for want of a boat, they went away as if with hurt feelings, showing by the speed of their departure that they had begun to feel worried at so decided a change in our behavior.

When we had about given up hope of satisfying our Indians, the longboat returned to the ship with the sailing master, José Cañizares. Day and night he had gone exploring what parts of the harbor he could....This would have been about a quarter past six o'clock in the evening, and the captain, as a mark of kindness, asked if I should like to take a walk along the shore. The surgeon and I accepted the favor, and setting out in the longboat, we went ashore without delay. We were mindful that the Indians might have gone away offended; so, like the hunter fearless of dangers, who leaps

over the rough places and forces his way through obstacles until he meets his quarry, we went up the slopes, taking chances, hunting for our Indians until we should find them. In pursuing this venture we did not share our intentions with the captain because, if we had, from that moment he would have had nothing to do with it in view of the risks involved in our desire to visit the *ranchería* at so unseasonable a time and in so remote a place. Notwithstanding all this, and even though we had no notion of how soon we might reach the Indians, we were nevertheless making our way by their very path. As night was now approaching, we were considering a return to the ship, and were of two minds about it, when we caught sight of the Indians. At the same time seeing us, they began inviting us with repeated gestures and loud cries to their *ranchería*, which was at the shore of a rather large, round cove.[2]

Although we might on that occasion have succumbed to dread, we summoned our courage because we had to, lest fear make cowards of us. We thought that if we turned back and for a second time did not heed the call of the Indians, this might confirm them in their resentment or make them believe that we were very timid—not an agreeable idea, for many reasons. As none of those who came along declined to follow me, ignoring our weariness we went on toward the *ranchería*. As soon as the Indians saw that we were near their huts, all the men stood forward as if in defense of their women and children, whom undoubtedly they regard as their treasure and their heart's core. They may have thought, though not expressing this openly to us, that we might do their dear ones harm; if so, their action was most praiseworthy.

We were now almost at the *ranchería*. As we were going to be there a while, an Indian hustled up some clean herbage for us to sit

[2] This village was located somewhere on the northern coast of the San Francisco Peninsula, opposite Angel Island.

on, made with it a modest carpet, and had us sit on it. The Indians sat on the bare ground, thus giving us to understand in some degree how guests should be received. They then made quite clear to us how astonished they had been that we had not joined them at the shore, but we succeeded in giving them some reassurances. When I saw there was so large a gathering, I began to speak to them for a short time, though I knew they could not understand me unless God should work a miracle. All the time that I was speaking, these Indians, silent and attentive, were as if actually comprehending, showing by their faces much satisfaction and joy. When I had finished speaking, I said to those who had come with me that we should sing the "Alabado."[3] When we had got as far as the words *"Pura Concepción,"* there was a great hubbub among the Indians, for some of them had come with two kinds of hot *atole* and some *pinoles*, and they gave all their attention to urging our participation in the feast. So our chorus stopped singing, and we gave the Indians the pleasure they wished, which was that we should eat. After the sailors had finished with the supper that our hosts had brought, I called to the Indian who seemed to me the head man of the *ranchería* and, taking his hand, began to move it in the sign of the cross, and he, without resisting, began repeating my words with so great clearness that I stood amazed and so did those who were with me.

One of the sailors had brought a piece of chocolate. He gave some of it to an Indian who, finding it sweet, made signs that he would go get something of similar flavor. He did so, bringing back to him a small *tamale* that has a fairly sweet taste and is made from a seed resembling *polilla*. We gave the Indians, as usual, some glass beads and received their thanks; and as they saw that the moon was rising they made signs to us to withdraw, which we then did.

[3] A Catholic hymn praising the Blessed Sacrament.

Because there was not much daylight when we got to the *ranchería*, we couldn't take note of the appearance and the features of the Indian women, who were at some distance from us, but it was clear that they wore the pelts of otters and deer, which are plentiful in this region. There were a number of small children about. Many of the Indian men we had seen at other times, including some of the leaders, were not present. We headed back for the ship, and as we reached the shore, we came upon the usual present, which the disquieted Indians had left in the morning. After having made them this visit, we were without sight of the Indians for four days, that is, until the 13th of August.

On that day the captain, the second sailing master, the surgeon, and I, with some sailors, went ashore. Three Indians who had been sitting for some time at the top of a slope that came down to the shore, as soon as they saw us landed, fled from our presence to the crest of the ridge without pausing in their flight to heed our friendly and repeated calls.

Accompanied by a sailor, I tried to follow them in order to pacify them with the usual gifts and to find out what it was that troubled them. With some effort we got to the top of the ridge and found there three other Indians, making six in all. Three of them were armed with bows and very sharp-tipped flint arrows. Although at first they refused to join us, nevertheless, when we had called to them and made signs of good will and friendly regard, they gradually came near. I desired them to sit down, that I might have the brief pleasure of handing out to them the glass beads and other little gifts I had had the foresight to carry in my sleeves. Throughout this interval they were in a happy frame of mind and made me hang in their ears, which they had pierced, the strings of glass beads that I had divided among them. When I had given them this pleasure, I took it into my head to pull out my snuffbox and take a pinch; but the moment the eldest of the Indians saw me open the box, he took

fright and showed that he was upset. In spite of all my efforts, I couldn't calm him.[4] He fled along the trail and so did all his companions, leaving us alone on the ridge; for which reason we went back to the shore. As the place where we were anchored would not in any case be a good one for the ship, on account of the strong currents, today the captain decided to go to an island that we called Santa María de los Angeles. This was done, and when the ship was anchored again, we went ashore to reconnoiter the island terrain.

With one sailor along, I was foremost in making a diversion of this duty, in hopes of coming upon Indians. All afternoon of the 14th I wore myself out at it. On the pitch of a hill slope I discovered two huts, certainly Indian lodgings, though deserted. I went near them, and seeing them unoccupied, I was minded to take the path to a spring of fresh water to quench a burning thirst brought on as much by the great seasonal heat as by the hard work of climbing up and down such rugged high hills. In a short while I came to a large rock with a cleft in the middle of it, in which rested three remarkable, amusing objects, and I was led to wonder if they were likenesses of some idol that the Indians reverenced.

These were slim round shafts about a yard-and-a-half high, ornamented at the top with bunches of white feathers, and ending, to finish them off, in an arrangement of black- and red-dyed feathers imitating the appearance of a sun. They even had, as their drollest adornment, pieces of the little nets with which we had seen the Indians cover their hair.

At the foot of this niche were many arrows with their tips stuck in the ground as if symbolizing abasement. This last exhibit gave me the unhappy suspicion that those bunches of feathers representing the image of the sun (which in their language they call *gismen)* must be objects of the Indians' heathenish veneration; and if this was

[4] Anthropologist Randall Milliken has suggested that the Indians probably believed the snuffbox contained poisons such as those stored by shamans in bone tubes.

true—as was a not unreasonable conjecture—these objects suffered a merited penalty in being thrown on the fire. After spending several days in going over other parts of this island, I came upon two *rancherías* with no one in them. I inferred that they served as shelters to Indians when they came there to hunt deer, which are the most numerous animals on the island.

On the 15th of August the longboat set out on a reconnaissance of the northern arm [of the Bay] with provisions for eight days. On returning from this expedition, which went to have a look at the rivers, José Cañizares said that in the entranceway by which the arm connects with them [Carquinez Strait] there showed themselves fifty-seven Indians of fine stature who as soon as they saw the longboat began making signs for it to come to the shore, offering with friendly gestures assurances of good will and safety. There was in authority over all these Indians one whose kingly presence marked his eminence above the rest. Our men made a landing, and when they had done so the Indian chief addressed a long speech to them. He would not permit them to sit on the bare earth; some Indians were at once sent by the *themi* (which in our language means "head man") to bring some mats—cleanly and carefully woven—from rushes, simple ground coverings on which the Spaniards might lie at ease. Meanwhile, a supper was brought them; right away came *atoles*, *pinoles*, and cooked fishes, refreshment that quieted their pangs of hunger and tickled their palates too. The *pinoles* were made from a seed that left me with a taste like that of toasted hazelnuts. Two kinds of *atole* were supplied at this meal, one lead-colored and the other very white, which one might think to have been made from acorns. Both were well flavored and in no way disagreeable to a palate little accustomed to *atoles*. The fishes were of a kind so special that besides having not one bone they were most deliciously tasty; of very considerable size, and ornamented all the

way round them by six strips of little shells [likely sturgeon]. The Indians did not content themselves with feasting our men, on that day when they met together, but, when the longboat left, gave more of those fishes, and we had the enjoyment of them for several days.

After the feast, and while they were having a pleasant time with the Indians, our men saw a large number of heathen approaching, all armed with bows and arrows. It was a frightening sight to those of the longboat, the Indian's advantage for an attack was so great and the resistance so slight that could be made by no more than ten men, which was all there were in the longboat's party, with barely weapons enough for defending themselves if there should be a fight. This fear obliged the sailing master to make known by signs to the Indian chieftain the misgivings they had in the presence of so many armed tribesmen. The *themi,* understanding what was meant, at once directed the Indians to loosen their bows and put up all their arrows, and they were prompt to obey. The number of Indians who had gathered together was itself alarming enough. There were more than 400 of them, and all, or most of them, were of good height and well built. All were naked. Their hair was well done up; some wore it on top of the head, and others confined it in a small woven net such as I have already mentioned.

On this occasion, also, the Indians gave the visitors a feather rope, some bunches of feathers such as they use in headdresses, a large quantity of *pinoles*, and some loaves made from the same substance. Our side made a return of favors, not only giving them many glass beads, but also handing over some handkerchiefs they were wearing.

The Indians of this *ranchería,* unlike those of the one earlier visited, did not keep their women out of view. No sooner were signs made to the women to approach than many of them ran up, and a large number of their small children, conducting themselves toward all with the diffidence the occasion demanded. Our men stayed longer with the little Indians than with the women, feeling great

commiseration for these innocents whom they could not readily help under the many difficulties that would come with the carrying out of a new and far-reaching extension of Spanish authority.

It seems that to this *ranchería* the sight of Spaniards was no marvel, for they explained by signs that on another occasion they had seen similar men, even on horseback, and a not unjustified inference was that it was the expedition of Pedro Fages, which Father Crespí, who was with him, gave much information about.[5] The Indians didn't want our party to go away, but rather, staying with them, to become dwellers in their *rancherías*. That was a fine idea for a better occasion, and some way might have been found to satisfy their wishes if the longboat had not been needed for as long as the exploring of this harbor should require. As it was, allowing them some hopes, our party left without delay to get on with the purposes of the expedition.

Once our ship had been removed from neighborly contact with the Indians we had first dealt with, we thought our absence might lose us that new friendship. And so it seemed, for several days passed without our seeing them again, hardly even on the hills, where on other occasions they usually appeared. We didn't think their non-appearance very important, for we supposed that the distance to the ship and the Indians' apprehensions about coming on board explained why they did not care to waste time on visits that would not gain them the object of their desires; and furthermore, this was in any case an advantage to us because, the longboat being engaged in its explorations, we were spared the distress of not being able to make visits in return for theirs.

However, their great liking for us from the time of the first visit made them forego their fears and come to see us on board at a time

[5] Fages and Crespí explored the East Bay as far north as the Carquinez Strait in 1772.

when we were least expecting them. It would be about ten o'clock in the forenoon of the 23rd of August when, towards the point of the Isla de Santa María de los Angeles near which we stayed, two reed boats were seen approaching, in which were five Indians. As soon as the captain was informed of this, he directed that signs be made inviting them aboard, to which they promptly responded by coming, which was what they wanted to do. Leaving their boats, they climbed aboard quite fearlessly. They were in great delight, marveling at the structure of the ship, their eyes fixed most of all on the rigging. They wondered no less at the lambs, hens, and pigeons that were providently kept to meet our needs if someone on board should fall sick. But what most captivated and pleased them was the sound of the ship's bell, which was purposely ordered to be struck so we could see what effect it had on ears that had never heard it. It pleased the Indians so much that while they were on board they went up to it from time to time to sound it themselves. They brought us, as on other occasions, gifts of *pinoles*, and they even remembered men's names that we had made known to them earlier. They brought among their party an Indian we had not seen before. Soon after receiving our greetings, he went away alone in his boat, leaving in another direction than the one they had taken. We thought he had been sent by the others to bring us back a present; but when he did not return even after the others had gone away we dismissed this unworthy thought from our minds.

Throughout the time the Indians were on board, we tried to attract them to Christian practices, now having them cross themselves or getting them to repeat the "Pater Noster" and "Ave Maria," now chanting the "Alabado," which they followed so distinctly that it was astonishing with what facility they pronounced the Spanish.

The Indian chieftain, less reserved than the others, showed how much pleased he was at our warmth of feeling; more than once

he took to dancing and singing on the roundhouse. I paid close attention to their utterances that corresponded with their actions, and found that their language went like this: *piré* means, in our language, "Sit down"; *intomene,* "What is your name?"; *sumite,* "Give me"; and this last is used with respect to various things, as, a man on the ship having given an Indian a cigar, the Indian said, *sumite sot sintonau,* which means, "Give me a light to start it with." They call the sun *gismen,* the sky, *carac.* And so on. Close on midday they took to their boats again, bidding farewell to us all and promising to be back on the morrow, and they made good their promise so effectually that at seven o'clock the next morning they were already aboard. They had no sooner arrived than I went to meet and welcome these guests, although I did not stay with them as long as they wanted me to because I was about to say Matins and to prepare myself for celebrating the holy sacrament of the Mass. I made signs to them to wait for me until I should be through and those who occupied the cabin should get up; but they couldn't hold their expectations in suspense so long. For while I was at my prayers in the roundhouse, the Indian chieftain, seeing that I was putting them off, began calling the surgeon by his name and saying to me, "Santa María, Vicente, Father, *ilac,*" which means "Come here." Seeing that the surgeon did not leave his bunk and that I did not come down, he came up to where I was reciting my prayers and, placing himself at my side on his kneecaps, began to imitate me in my manner of praying, so that I could not keep from laughing; and seeing that if the Indian should continue I would not be getting on with my duty, I made signs to him to go back down and wait for me there. He obeyed at once, but it was to set out in his boat with a chieftain, not known to us before, whom he had brought to the ship, and as if offended, he left behind the daily offering of *pinoles*.

Word of the kindliness with which those on the ship dealt with these heathen was spread so quickly from *ranchería* to *ranchería*

that it served to dispel the fears of a number of Indians not hitherto seen by us, so that they hastened to come aboard. They came, at the same time, to offer us (perhaps depriving themselves) the food of their daily sustenance. This event, which set before our eyes a new spectacle, took place that same day, the 24th of August, two-and-a-half hours after those Indians I have just told about had gone away. These others came in two *balsas* [lightweight reed canoes] and numbered about eight in all. When they were in sight close by, and we made signs to them to come to the ship, one of them, who doubtless came to the bow of his boat for the purpose, began to make a long speech, giving us to understand that it was the head man of the *ranchería* who came, and that he was at our service. This visit was not a casual one, for all of them appeared to have got themselves up, each as best he could, for a festive occasion. Some had adorned their heads with a tuft of red-dyed feathers, and others with a garland of them mixed with black ones. Their chests were covered with a sort of woven jacket made with ash-colored feathers; and the rest of their bodies, though bare, was all worked over with various designs in charcoal and red ochre, presenting a peculiar sight.

As soon as they left their boats, it was made clear to them who it was that commanded the ship, and they endeavored to point out their leader to us. The chieftain of the *ranchería* had all his men, one after another, in the order of their importance, salute our captain; and when this ceremony was completed he begged us all to sit down, as the Indians also did, for distribution among us of their offering, which they brought to us in all tidiness. All being in their places in due order, the second chieftain, who was among the company, asked of another Indian a container made of reeds that he carried with him, in which were many pats or small cakes of *pinole*. It was given him, and having placed it beside him, he indicated that he was to be listened to. With no lack of self composure he spoke for quite a while, and then, opening the container, handed the *pinole* cakes

to the first chieftain, who as soon as he received them handed them to our captain, making signs to him to distribute them among all the men of the ship, insisting moreover, that he be the first to taste the *pinole*. The second chieftain was now very watchful to see if by chance anyone of the ship's company had missed partaking of the bread of hospitality. He went up to the roundhouse and several times stuck his head in the after hold; there was no limit to his painstaking inspection. After this our captain directed the steward to bring some pieces of pilot bread and gave them to the Indian head man, who distributed them with all formality among his party.

We gave them glass beads and other little gifts, which they put in their reed container. This done, I brought out a representation of our holy father St. Francis, most edifying, and upon my presenting it to the Indians to kiss they did so with so much veneration, to all appearances, and willingness, that they stole my heart and the hearts of all others who observed them. Then I had them make the sign of the cross and repeat the "Pater Noster," which they did very clearly and showing in their faces that they took pleasure in such things, although lacking comprehension because the Spanish language was beyond them.

They left us about one o'clock in the afternoon, taking to their boats and heading toward the island contiguous to us. On it were some casks with which our supply of water aboard was in part replenished, and a board and some tools that had been taken off the ship for making certain repairs to the dugout. The Indians went ashore, and our captain, on seeing them do so, prudently entertained doubts of their trustworthiness, thinking that, if not through self-interest—at any rate from greed—they might take some of the things we had on the island. The Indians, however, were of quite another mind: as soon as they saw the dugout approach land, they all headed for it, bent on catching up with it and helping our men to run it ashore. Next, after seeing that it was intended to take

aboard ship the things that were on shore, the Indians, supposing that the sailors were going after wood, went to a tree that was lying at the waterside and exerted their strength prodigiously to put it aboard the dugout. Then our men came loaded down with the water casks on their shoulders, and going to meet them two of the Indians took the casks on their own backs, carried them to the dugout, and stowed them in it. They all helped to get the dugout afloat again to return to the ship.

I watched all this from the ship, and as the Indians remained seated on the shore, I could not bear to lose the rest of the afternoon when I might be communicating with them; so, setting out in the dugout, I landed and remained alone with the eight Indians, so that I might communicate with them in greater peace. The dugout went back to the ship and at the same time they all crowded around me and, sitting by me, began to sing, with an accompaniment of two rattles that they had brought with them. As they finished the song all of them were shedding tears, which I wondered at for not knowing the reason. When they were through singing they handed me the rattles and by signs asked me also to sing. I took the rattles and, to please them, began to sing to them the "Alabado" (although they would not understand it), to which they were most attentive and indicated that it pleased them. I gave them some glass beads that I had had the forethought to bring with me, and they made me with my own hands hang them in their ears, which most of them had pierced. Thus I had a very pleasant afternoon until, as nightfall neared, our captain sent the dugout for my return to the ship.

I came back well-pleased, reflecting on how quick-witted the Indians were and how easy the acquisition of their language—as we all put to the test when, early next morning, the Indians came back to the ship. We designedly put before them several objects, asking what these were called in their language, to which they answered with great care; seeing that what they said was put down on paper,

they came near and repeated the word as if anxious not to give occasion for any blunders in the writing. With this good opportunity we improved the occasion to acquaint ourselves with some words that tallied with what was presented to their attention. Thus, their manner of counting is as follows: *imen,* one; *utin,* two; *capan,* three; *catauas,* four; *misur,* five; *saquen,* six; *quenetis,* seven; *osatis*, eight; *tulau,* nine; *iguesizu,* ten; *imeniluen,* eleven; *capanuya,* twelve; *imenaye*, thirteen; *catsuya,* fourteen; etc. We learned other words, but, lest I grow tiresome I do not put them down. I shall record only some names that, like baptismal names, distinguish them one from another. Thus, the eight Indians who came to us on this occasion were named as follows: their chieftain was called *Sumu;* the second chieftain, *Jausos;* the others, *Supitacse* (1); *Tilacse* (2); *Mutuc* (3); *Logeacse* (4); *Guecpostole* (5); *Xacacse* (6).[6] To give an example of Jausos' liveliness: on being taught to say "*piloto Cañizares,*" he made signs that Sumu be taught to say the same thing. When Sumu mistakenly said "pinoto" instead of "piloto," Jausos corrected him, laughing so hard as to astonish all of us. They are very fond of trading. All of them hanker for our clothes, our cloaks most of all, and so as to move us to make them warm they show us with sad gestures how they suffer from the cold and even say the words *coroec cata*, "I am cold," and the like.

Soon after these Indians came to the ship there came eight others of our new friends, and at first it appeared that those of the one and the other *ranchería* did not look on each other with much friendliness, but our treating them all as equals made them friends and on speaking terms with one another.

We taught all of them how to cross themselves; and although those who came under Sumu's command were better disposed toward these pious observances, the Indians who came under the com-

[6] Mission records indicate that at least six of these men were later baptized at Bay Area missions.

mand of the other *ranchería*'s head man became compliant, and all of them came to me to be instructed. Among all these Indians, Mutuc is noticeably clever, so perceptive that he not only grasped at once what we said to him in Spanish and repeated it exactly, but also, as if well versed in our language, he showed how the Spanish terms we asked about were expressed in his. On this day it came off colder than usual, and of the poor unfortunates on board, those who could do so took refuge under my cloak, showing with piteous looks how keenly—being stark naked—they felt the chill. Luck, it seems, offered a sailor's long coat to Supitacse, the oldest and least forward of them all, as soon as he came on board, and he took it at once and kept himself warm in it, huddling in corners. When it was time to leave, he most considerately put the garment back where he had taken possession of it. True, the first day that Sumu's party came aboard, most of his Indians, especially Jausos and one other, were somewhat troublesome because they had a fancy for everything. Everything looked good to them, and they all wanted to barter with their feathers and little nets. But once we had given them to understand that this was doing wrong, they behaved quite differently thereafter, so that two who had been wandering all over the ship did not now leave my side unless they were called. This was a striking example of how tractable they were.

On the 7th of September we hoisted sail to leave this harbor, but were unable to succeed because, when we were near the mouth, a very strong head wind supervened so that we had to put into a cove that was very near the outlet. Our rudder hit some rocks near the cove's entrance, and this kept us in a state of anxiety because the rudder and two of its pivots were damaged. Consequently, we had to stay in harbor until repairs were completed, which took until the feast of the Stigmata of St. Francis [September 17th].

In these days Indians came from another *ranchería*, to which on the 11th I went, accompanied by a number of heathen and a

sailor and the surgeon. Our reception was such that on our approach all the Indian men and women living there came out and the *themi*, or head man, putting his arms over my shoulders, steered me to a councilhouse in the middle of the *ranchería*. As soon as we reached the entrance, he made signs for me to go in first, then the surgeon and the sailor who had come with me. On going in by the small entranceway, I said, "Ave Maria," whereupon five old Indians who were there said *"Piré, piré,"* which means "Sit down, sit down." We sat down, and then all the Indians came in. After making the customary speech, I began handing out glass beads to all of them, which they received with much pleasure. While I was making this distribution there came in three old women (who among them would sum up 350 years),[7] each with her little basket of *pinole* for us to eat; later they brought us water, which we drank. After this social affair, I set to inquiring their names and writing them down on paper. This gave them great amusement; for when I had finished, a number of them kept coming up and asking me how the names were spoken, and as I answered according to the paper they gave way to bursts of laughter. Thus we enjoyed ourselves that afternoon until we took our leave. The head man of this *ranchería* comported himself so politely that he came out with one arm around me and the other around the surgeon and went with us a part of the way until, taking leave of us, he went back to his *ranchería*, and we returned to the ship, which was more than half a league distant. This is the manner in which these unfortunates have behaved toward us. What is certain is that they themselves seem to be asking a start at entering within the fold of our Catholic religion. Not to avail of this opportunity would be a lamentable misfortune. To succeed as planned would be the best fortune for all.

[7] 250 years is more creditable; regardless, it is noteworthy that the village was home to both the very old and very young.