AMERICAN JOURNEYS COLLECTION

Duhaut-Cilly's Account of California in the Years, 1827-28

DOCUMENT NO. AJ-098

WISCONSIN HISTORICAL SOCIETY
DIGITAL LIBRARY AND ARCHIVES

|| www.americanjourneys.org || www.wisconsinhistory.org ||

DUHAUT-CILLY'S ACCOUNT OF CALIFORNIA IN THE YEARS 1827-28

*Translated from the French by Charles Franklin Carter**

Translator's Introduction

The long period of maritime discovery, extending from Columbus's day down to the eighteenth century, was followed by a period of exploration and settlement which had its greatest activity — on the Pacific Coast north of Mexico, at least — from about the middle of the eighteenth to the middle of the nineteenth century, a loosely defined period of about one hundred years. During this epoch we are, of course, indebted mostly to the maritime nations, England, France, Spain; and of these the first two, particularly, have given us a long list of interesting and instructive narratives of voyages to various countries of the new world, that world which long remained, and which has not yet entirely ceased to be, the world of romance and mystery. To these three nations we owe the accounts, among others, of the voyages of Beechey, Costansó, Duhaut-Cilly, Kotzebue, de Mofras, du Petit-Thouars, and Vancouver, to mention only a few of those who visited, and wrote of, California and the Pacific Coast. The English and French travelers were the most prominent, and their results were the most far reaching; but of these voyagers visiting, and writing of, Mexico and California, the French easily surpass the English. This may be accounted for when we remember that the French nation, at this time, was on most friendly and, indeed, intimate relations with Spain, the royal houses of the two kingdoms being closely related, and this cordial feeling being naturally extended to the Spanish dependencies in the new world. On the other hand, England was ever more or less at odds with Spain and Mexico on the Pacific Coast, so that we owe the larger part of our knowledge of those days, particularly of the first half of the nineteenth century, to the French voyagers, Duhaut-Cilly, de Mofras, and du Petit-Thouars. Although the last named, du Petit-Thouars, is quite the most valuable of these from the historical point of view, Duhaut-Cilly is the most interesting, even entertaining, in his lively narrative[1] of the life and customs

---

* Editor's Note: Lack of space unfortunately forbids the publication of the entire Duhaut-Cilly narrative, the chapters here reproduced in Mr. Carter's admirable translation including only those which concern themselves with the author's California experiences. The first seven chapters deal with the voyage to and around South America, and are therefore omitted, the opening of Chapter VIII bringing the voyagers to the California coast.

Charles Franklin Carter, translatór of the narrative, is not unknown to California readers. He is the author of *The Missions of Nueva California,* San Francisco, Whitaker & Ray, 1900; *Some By-ways of California,* New York, The Grafton Press, n.d.; *Stories of the Old Missions of California,* San Francisco, Paul Elder, 1917; and *Rafael, A Story of Nueva California,* Los Angeles, The Grafton Publishing Corporation, 1923. It is to be hoped that his complete translation of the Duhaut-Cilly voyage may one day be published.

[1] Duhaut-Cilly, Capitaine A.: *Voyage autour du Monde, principalement à la Californie et aux Iles Sandwich, pendant les années 1826, 1827, 1828 et 1829.* 2 vols. Paris, 1834-1835.

in California at the time of his visit, from January, 1827, to September, 1828. H. H. Bancroft, the historian of the Pacific Coast, says:

> His opportunities for observation were more extensive than those of any foreign visitor who had preceded him. No other navigator had visited so many of the Californian establishments. His narrative fills about three hundred pages devoted to California, and is one of the most interesting ever written on the subject. Duhaut-Cilly was an educated man, a close observer, and a good writer. Few things respecting the country or its people or its institutions escaped his notice. His relations with the Californians, and especially with the friars, were always friendly, and he has nothing but kind words for all. The treachery of his supercargo caused his commercial venture to be less profitable than the prospects had seemed to warrant.[2]

In all subjects, civil, ecclesiastical, domestic, relating to Mexico and California of which he treats, Duhaut-Cilly seems to be eminently fair and trustworthy in his observations and comments. It is surprising that his narrative has never been accessible in translation to English readers;[3] and it is with some confidence the translator offers this to those, small perhaps in number, who find any interest in the early voyages and, still more, in life in early California days.

The first cause of, and reason for, this voyage grew out of certain offers of business and financial profit made by a Frenchman, M. R....., who had accompanied King Liholiho of the Sandwich Islands to England. Rather strangely, Duhaut-Cilly never once in the whole course of his narrative mentions this man, who acted as his supercargo, by his full surname, and he remains to the end merely M. R..... In Manley Hopkins's *Hawaii,* however, we read:

> When Liholiho and his suite sailed on their expedition to Great Britain, a Frenchman of very indifferent character, named Rives, had attached himself to the party by concealing himself in the vessel till she was out at sea. The king, with his easy temper, allowed the volunteer *attaché* to continue with him in London in the character of his interpreter. He was, however, after a time dismissed and he went to France, and occupied himself in schemes the base of which was the Hawaiian Islands. He projected an agricultural concern for which he required artisans; he also demanded priests for the Christianisation of the kingdom. The result was that Pope Leo XII appointed Mr. J. C. Bachelot Apostolic Prefect of the Sandwich Islands, and he sailed thence in the ship Comet [la Comète], accompanied by two priests and four mechanics. Rives, who had done thus much in the cause of religion, would not venture himself in the vessel with such a body of divinity, but proceeded in another, landed on the west coast of South America, and there disappears from history finally.
>
> The *Comet* arrived at Honolulu in July, 1822, and its captain succeeded in landing the bishop, one priest,—the other having been lost over board during the voyage,—and the mechanics, without the permit necessary by Hawaiian law. Their landing was entirely opposed by the government. Kaaumanu ordered the captain to take his living freight again; whilst Boki, with a moderation which does honor to his enlightenment, entered into an explanation with the priests, showing them the serious disadvantage to a small and unprepared community of having within itself the exhibition of different doctrines. He pointed out that such a diversity might exist with impunity amongst large and enlightened nations, whilst it was unfit and dangerous for the Hawaiians, mere neophytes of the Christian faith. He stated the universal wish of the chiefs that the French should not remain on the islands.
>
> However, there they were; and possession is nine points in ecclesiastical as well as other

---

[2] Bancroft: *Hist. of California,* Vol. III, p. 130. And in a footnote Bancroft adds: "Morineau, *Notice sur la Californie,* 151-2, says that both the Héros and the Comète brought cargoes which, besides being too large, were ill-assorted and did not sell well."

[3] An Italian translation of this work was published some years after the original French edition; *Viaggio intorno al Globo, principalmente alla California et alle isole Sandwich, negli anni 1826, 1827, 1828, e 1829, di A. Duhaut-Cilly,* 2 vols., Torino, 1841. This contains also the scientific notes on the inhabitants of the Sandwich Islands and California of Dr. Paolo Emilio Botta, who accompanied the expedition and whose father Carlo Botta, translated the book into Italian.

law. No persecution was used, and the authorities at last gave the settlers permission to remain till opportunity could be found for their returning to Europe.[4]

This Rives, assuredly is the gentleman referred to by our author, "the mysterious and treacherous Signor R.....," as Bancroft calls him,[5] that historian never having been able to learn the name of this man. Duhaut-Cilly drops the subject of his unworthy fellow-countryman on leaving California, with one exception, when he feels compelled at Honolulu to exonerate himself from blame in the matter, and treats it with the silent contempt it deserves. Yet we owe to this M. R..... our sincerest thanks for one thing; had not it been for him and his underhanded proceedings, this fascinating account of life in California in earlier days would not, in all likelihood, have been given to us. For this reason we can afford to be lenient.

It is with regret the translator is obliged to confess that he is unable to give any details, other than the very few this narrative provides, of the author's life. Duhaut-Cilly appears to have lived in comparative obscurity, so far as the world is concerned, with the sole exception of this valuable picture of early days.[6] On the title page of his book he is described as: "Capitaine au Long-Cours, Chevalier de la Légion d'Honneur, Membre de l'Académie d'Industrie Manufacturière, Agricole et Commerciale de Paris."

It has been the translator's purpose to give a literal version of the author's text, and he has therefore adhered somewhat rigidly to the close meaning of the original, preferring to expose Duhaut-Cilly's exact thought rather than to obscure the French text in the slightest degree for the sake of any English embellishment. Duhaut-Cilly's quaint, old-fashioned spelling of proper names has been adhered to where no ambiguity would follow; in all other cases the spelling has been modified to conform to a more modern orthography. All additions by the translator, whether as footnotes or embodied in the text, are enclosed in brackets. Duhaut-Cilly's Introduction follows:

INTRODUCTION

In 1824, Rio-Rio,[1] king of the Sandwich Islands, moved by an impulse of curiosity, and also, perhaps, by some thought of interest, went to England in a whaling vessel which had put into a harbor of one of his islands. He was accompanied by his wife, his ministers Karimakou and Boki, and a Frenchman named R....., who served him as interpreter and

---

[4] Hopkins, Manley: *Hawaii,* second edition, Appleton, N. Y., 1869, pp. 220-21. They remained on the island till 1831, when they were sent to California, whither they had been invited by the prefect of the missions. They landed at San Pedro. In 1837 the two priests returned to Hawaii.

[5] Bancroft had access only to the Italian translation of Duhaut-Cilly's work.

[6] A brochure in the Bibliothèque Nationale, Duhaut-Cilly: *Retour de la Corvette l'Ariane de la Mer du Sud dans l'Océan Atlantique,* Paris, October, 1839, furnishes us with the sole information that our author was captain of the sloop Ariane in 1838-39, and took part in the blockade of Buenos Aires, under Rear-Admiral le Blanc. Du Petit-Thouars, in his *Voyage,* says he found Duhaut-Cilly commanding the *Ariane* at Valparaiso, Chile, in April, 1837. On the catalogue cards of the Library of Congress Duhaut-Cilly's name appears as Auguste Bernard du Hautcilly and is catalogued under B.

[1] [Rio-Rio = Liho-Liho, Kamehameha II. In the Hawaiian language k and t, l and r are generally interchangeaers.]

secretary. Arrived at London, he became an object of curiosity and ridicule. The great invited him in order to amuse themselves at his expense, and to show him off like a rare animal; reviewers took cognizance of his presence to fill their sheets with smart and laughable articles; capitalists rested on his ignorance hopes which were not realised; and the government paid, to a great extent, his expenses, with the object of profiting by the circumstance, and obtaining from him privileges and advantages for English commerce, to which the fertility of the archipelago of the Sandwich Islands might offer a fine prospect. But before any negotiations were entered upon Rio-Rio and his wife were taken ill with the small-pox and died of the malady.[2]

The retinue of the king, with his embalmed body and that of the queen, were sent back to the Sandwich Islands, on H. B. M. frigate, *Blonde,* and a consul was accredited there with the title of consul general of all the islands of the Pacific Ocean. M. R....., having remained in London, sought to profit by his position to his personal advantage, and spread the report that, before dying, King Rio-Rio had bestowed upon him the power to contract, in his name or in that of his successor, an exclusive treaty of commerce with any government or company which might wish to undertake this business; but although the moment was the most favorable possible, since at that time a great number of enterprises of this kind were being formed in London, and upon foundations much more foolish, he was unsuccessful in his intrigues. Thwarted in his hopes, he came to Paris where were his family, and there began anew to speak of his powers, and of the splendid profits which were to be obtained from an expedition to the Sandwich Islands, to the coast of California and that of the northwest of America. The owner of a privateer, without credit and business standing, was the first to take up this project, but as he would have been obliged to apply to others, in order to obtain the necessary funds, and as they did not wish his name to appear among their own more worthy ones, he grew disgusted on account of this hard condition, and was removed definitely and took no part in it.

The expedition which I shall relate was undertaken by the Messrs. Javal, bankers, Martin Lafitte, of Le Hâvre, and Jacques Lafitte,[3] whose love for the general good, rather than the desire to increase his own great wealth, led him to furnish the capital, in the expectation of establishing a new branch of industry and a new opening to French commerce.

A treaty in which M. R..... granted, in the name of the government of the Sandwich Islands, immense advantages to those interested, was signed at Paris, near the close of 1825. He promised, among other things, a share in the profits on the merchandise which should be exported; the improving of vast reaches of land which he said he owned in the islands; the monopoly of sandalwood which was the main source of wealth of those lands; and many other dazzling proffers. Without lending entire faith to these brilliant prospects, these gentlemen believed, nevertheless, they saw a possibility of being able to establish relations with this archipelago which might become of great importance to our commerce in general; but scarcely had they begun to put this project into execution, when a deeper knowledge of M. R.....'s character led them to fear they had too easily given themselves to a man whose conversation indicated more and more each day an imprudence and a want of capacity which was only too well proved by the sequel. Not wishing, however, to fail in engagements already made, the managers of the expedition continued their negotiations; but they decided to withdraw from him the entire administration of the project, and then it was they proposed that I take charge of it, as well as of the command of the vessel destined for it. Flattered by this mark of confidence, with a natural bent, besides, for enterprises of adventure, and heedless of the difficulties so long an absence might have, I did not hesitate to bind myself by irrevocable engagements. My instructions appointed me endowed with full power by all interested: I was to exact from M. R..... the prompt fulfillment of every clause of his treaty; I was to be watchful over his actions, and, in a word, he was to render account to me of all matters, as I held the right to take from him, at need, all coöperation.

I repaired to Bordeaux where I purchased a fine ship of 370 tons, which received the name of the *Hèros,* and which I brought to Le Hâvre to complete her armament and to receive her cargo. The minister of marine, who seemed to take a certain interest in this expedition, had promised to furnish me with suitable instruments in order to make it serve an useful purpose in the progress of navigation; but vainly did I demand the fulfillment of this promise, and I left without obtaining anything but a special passport and a set of marine charts which I gave back on my return. Honored by so flattering a mission, I would, however, have been ready to fill it, employing zealously my little stock of knowledge; but

---

[2] [The Hawaiian queen's illness was measles which, degenerating into inflammation of the lungs, caused her death; the king died from the measles, aggravated by grief after his wife's death. Hopkins, Manley: *Hawaii.*]

[3] The same who, si...

stripped of these means, I am bounded to the observation and description of those places I visited. I must not, however, pass over in silence the privilege given us by the government: the abatement of half the import duty on the natural products of the soil of China which the *Hèros* might bring back.

VIII

Fish called coffre. — Illusion. — Tribulations. — Imminent danger. — Mirage. — Entrance to San Francisco. — The salvo. — The commandant's daughters. — We change our anchorage. — Visit to Mission San Francisco. — Fray Tomás. — Resolve to work in California.

The year 1827 began under happy auspices; we were having very fine weather, and we scudded along toward San Francisco with a favorable wind. I had no difficulty in believing in the sincerity of the good wishes made to me on the morning of the first of January: for it is truly on board a ship that all are united by the same interest, at least in what concerns the dangers or the success of navigation. Each one feels that his fate is bound up in that of his companions; that he runs the same chances, the same risks, and while wishing for others a happy end, he is perhaps, animated less by philanthropic sentiments than moved by personal considerations. He seeks to read his own fate in the fate of others; who return it to him as would the surface of a lake, now smoothed by the calm of hope, more often disordered by the sudden storms of uneasiness and fear.

The 2d of January we passed in sight of Guadalupe Island, situated in 29° north latitude, and eighty leagues from the coast of California. It is five leagues long in the direction south-southwest to north-northeast, and about two leagues wide. It is very high land, particularly in the northern part where we noticed some large trees. There are no inhabitants on it; but Russians and Americans frequently establish themselves here for seal fishing. The Sandwich Islands brig we had met at San Lucas had passed several months here, collecting three thousand seal-skins.[1]

The 15th, during the afternoon, the sky was covered with dense clouds, and the sea swelled extraordinarily. It was almost calm, and everything proclaimed a change of wind; and indeed it tarried not in passing from north-northeast to southeast; and as we were then on the parallel of San Francisco, we steered directly for that port.

That afternoon there appeared upon the water, a short distance from the ship, which at the moment was making little headway, a whitish object resembling a big fish whose form could not be made out. We lowered a boat, and the officer in command of it, having carefully neared the animal (for it was one), struck it with a harpoon and brought it on board.

It was a coffer-fish of great size, four feet in length and about five from the extremity of the dorsal fin to that of the ventral fin. This fish, which has no tail, ends in its hind part by a flattened and fleshy continuation of the body taking the place of the tail. The skin is very hard, shagreened, and of a silver

[1] The seal-skin of fine qu

grey. Its flesh is white and as if formed of a firm and cartilaginous substance. Parasitic worms, with a long, thin, yet strong neck, are found on its body, buried in the flesh in spite of its hardness, penetrating into it; the head of these *lernaeae* was armed with several tiny tubes assisting them, undoubtedly, in their feeding upon the substance to which they were so strongly attached.

I am going to enter into some details upon our entrance to San Francisco. I am not ignorant of the fact that this nautical account will be of very slight interest to the majority of readers; but I have already said that I was writing mainly for mariners who might find themselves some day in the same places and in the same circumstances. If Vancouver[2] and Roquefeuille[3] had had the opportunity to observe the deceptive phenomenon which caused me eight days of tribulations, I would have shunned the veritable dangers to which a mere error of vision exposed me.

At noon of the 18th we were in sight of land, and with a light breeze from the northwest, we steered so as to pass between Point Reyes and the Farallones, a group of dangerous rocks about eight miles south-southwest from this point, and which had been in sight for an hour. According to the surveys of these different points, and the observed latitude 38° 3′, our position was exactly determined, and we made our way quietly toward our goal, when, at two o'clock, a thick fog hid everything from our sight.

We continued, nevertheless, on our way, in hopes that it would lift; but at five in the afternoon it still remained in all its density, and night was coming on; we went close to the wind, and sounded frequently. At sunset we were in thirty fathoms, with a clay bottom, when the fog lifted and allowed us to see the coast which we found three miles from us. We had passed by Point Reyes, and we found it to the northwest ¼ west, a position making us not more than eight leagues from the entrance to San Francisco. The night's darkness forced us, notwithstanding, to give up looking for it, and we tacked frequently the whole night to keep our position between the coast and the Farallones.

The morning of the 19th Point Reyes was located to the northwest, two leagues distant, and one of the Farallones southwest, ¼ west; we were steering to the east with a very light north wind which permitted us little progress.

In spite of this slowness, we had arrived, at noon, opposite the bay of Sir Francis Drake, and were five miles from land, when we discovered suddenly, in front of us, an enormous chain of breakers, stretching from the east ¼ southeast, to the south ¼ southwest. Astonished at the sight of a shoal so little expected, I ordered the ship brought into the wind to draw near the land, supposing

---

[2] [George Vancouver, born about 1758; served as midshipman in the second and third voyages of Captain Cook, 1772-75 and 1776-80. In 1791 he sailed to the Pacific to settle the trouble at Nootka, and to make a survey of the northwest coast of America from 30° latitude north, then visiting South America, returning in 1795. He wrote an account of his expedition, published in London, 1798, 2 vols. 4to; died 1798.]

[3] [Roquefeuil (or Roquefeuille, as Duhaut-Cilly spells it), Camille de, French naval officer; commanded the *Bordelais* in a voyage around the world, visiting California 1817-18, returned to France

these reefs might be a prolongation of the Farallones; and as Vancouver and Roquefeuille indicated that, from Point Reyes both had continued along the coast for two miles to get to San Francisco, I thought we could do the same; and having approached to within the same distance, aided by the light north wind and towed by our boats, we followed the coast, parallel to it, in twelve fathoms.

The observed latitude was 37° 57′; and being two miles from land, we ought, according to the navigators I have just cited, to locate the entrance to San Francisco about five leagues in the east 13° south. Indeed, we obtained this bearing exactly. In this position the nearest group of the Farallones should be more than three leagues in the southwest ¼ south. What, then, were these breakers found so near us, stretching out over so great a reach, and appearing to leave only a very narrow passage between them and the coast? My reason rebelled against the testimony of my eyes. I lost myself in conjecture soon given the lie to by so incontestable authorities and predecessors. In fine, the existence of this danger was so difficult to understand, that I could explain it only in one way. It is not impossible that a great catastrophe, as an earthquake, might have, within some years, raised the bottom of this sea and formed this shoal. Folly! Inadmissible.

But seeking to avoid a danger appearing so evident, we fell insensibly into another, probably much more real. The wind had died away altogether, and a surge of formidable height was bearing us to a steep and shoreless coast, where we saw it dash itself with a frightful roar. Our four boats, well-manned, would have been inadequate to take us out again to open water against such powerful billows. So we were forced to anchor, in ten fathoms, much less than a mile from the land.

During an hour we passed in this frightful anchorage, we had time to examine the objects with which we were surrounded, and their appearance had nothing uncanny. The coast was formed of vertical rocks whose base, fortified by scattered rocks, seemed only with an effort to resist the violence of the waves lashed into torrents of foam. Above the wall of rock began the very steep slope of lofty mountains crowned with fir trees. In the narrow valleys left among them were seen, in addition, thick woods of these trees, mixed with live oaks; but all the rest was covered only with a yellowish and hardly living grass. Nothing around us told us we were only five leagues from the homes of men.

At two in the afternoon, a light breeze from the east-southeast having been felt, we were promptly under sail; but we had not gone a mile when a calm again forced us to anchor. From this second anchorage we located the lowest lands of Point Reyes, to the north 50° west, and the entrance to San Francisco, in the east 22° south. The sea had quieted down a little and the breakers were less noticeable. It is true the tide was high, and if this bar were an effect of the surge of little depth, as I had to suppose, it ought to have felt this change; but once more again, I could not conceive how none of the navigators preceding me

had spoken of these shallows which the larger number of them must have found in their passage. It would have been necessary to admit that these celebrated voyagers, forgetting their ordinary prudence, had run over eight leagues of a coast where everything tells of little depth of water, without throwing the lead.

In this condition of uncertainty, we decided to retrace our course, double the Farallones in the north, turn by them to the west, and to return at last by the south to seek for the entrance to San Francisco. This plan was not carried out, however, without great difficulty. We had to tack between a chain of shoals and the coast, in a space of three leagues, what would not, besides, merit any attention had the weather been clear and cloudless; but it was not so. During four days we remained in this passage, we were constantly wrapped in so dense a fog that we could not see a ship's length.

The day was like the night for obscurity; we saw neither sun nor stars, and we had only the lead for a guide; yet that was of use to us only on the side of the mainland; for, on nearing the Farallones, we quickly lost bottom at eighty fathoms. Several times our ears warned us of danger before our eyes were of any assistance to us to see it.

Particularly on the evening of the 21st, this dangerous condition of the atmosphere came near causing our destruction. We had had sight of land for a few minutes during the afternoon, and we had made a tack toward the Farallones, while carefully measuring the way. We were returning once more to the coast, calculating that we could safely run six miles under this way. The fog was again become so extraordinarily thick that we could scarcely distinguish the stern from the prow. We watched carefully, keeping utter silence in order that the slightest sound beyond could reach our ears. This precaution saved us from the greatest danger; for hardly had we gone four miles, when we heard and saw at the same time a kind of reef in front of the ship.

The terrible cry, "Breakers ahead!," repeated by several voices, preceded by only some seconds the order to tack; and this evolution being performed with coolness and precision, we were saved from a frightful catastrophe. But after keeping all our necessary presence of mind in this dreadful moment, nature had to reassert her rights, and each one of us was confounded on seeing the shoal almost under the stern, and hearing the noise of the waves rushing from it, three times higher than the ship.

The lead, as we tacked, found only three and a half fathoms, and it was by exceeding good fortune that the ship did not graze the bottom; had it touched a single time, even after the tacking, we should have infallibly been lost, life and property.

Although the fog had prevented our seeing anything but this bar, I supposed it was the breakers on the coast; but an effect of the current could alone have brought us so promptly to Point Reyes; and I could as well think that the same cause had made us drift upon the shoal, the object of our uncertainties. In this condition of things, I preferred to anchor than to pass the entire night exposed

to their influence; and as the lead had just given us seventeen fathoms, the anchor was let fall. We passed, notwithstanding, a cruel night in this exposed anchorage. A fresh wind was blowing from the northwest, and all remained on the bridge ready to sail away, should the anchor-chain break. It held, in spite of wind and sea, and the next morning we got under way once more.

At last we succeeded in escaping from this perilous situation, and having sailed past the Farallones, we returned to make the much more open passage, formed by the southernmost group of these rocks and the coast, to the south of San Francisco. Arrived within four leagues of this port, the fog gathered anew and shut it from us for yet two days. We were, however, out of danger, and we had at least a stretch of six leagues in every direction where soundings at regular intervals guided us well enough; besides, we could anchor if it became calm. However, we waited impatiently for the moment when the sky should become clear.

While we were lost in this fashion in a labyrinth of fog, we found ourselves for an instant very near a brig likewise seeking to enter at San Francisco. This ship was Russian, coming from Monterey, another settlement of California. The captain, who made these trips regularly and was perfectly familiar with the coast, assured me no danger existed in the spot where we believed we had seen the breakers on the 19th. But none of us had any doubt of it; and I have still difficulty in freeing myself from so perfect an illusion, notwithstanding the deep conviction I now hold of our error.

Later observations proved to me that we had been dupes of an effect of mirage. It is not within my province to give a theoretical explanation of it; I can only refer the reader to the first volume of the *Décade Égyptienne,* where M. Monge has discussed learnedly this phenomenon, and to the *Astronomie Élémentaire* of M. Biot. I shall try merely to apply the principles of these learned men to the incident with which I am concerned.

The mirage comes, it appears, because, by a momentary arrangement of the atmosphere, and contrary to the ordinary laws of gravitation, the strata of air nearest the surface of the earth are less dense than those above them. It can then be demonstrated that objects placed at a certain height may present two images, one upright by direct vision, the other reversed by reflection; and while these objects appear double, those which are lower, with regard to the horizon, cease to be visible; so that the first seem detached from the surface and as if suspended in the air.

Now it occurs sometimes that some beds or sheets of foam are dragged by the currents far from the coast, where the sea shapes them as it breaks them upon the rocks. If, in calm weather, this foam comes to be seen, at a certain distance, upon the top of the waves of a surging sea, the effect of the mirage will be, first, to double the volume of these foamy undulations, raising them in some manner above the horizon; and then lending them a swinging motion, an agitation which will give them the most perfect semblance of a sea rolling upon the reefs.

There, positively, was the cause of the terrors and the illusions which we believed would be so fatal for us. It has happened to me since, on the coast of California, to see again the same phenomenon; but, that time, it occurred in a spot we had just passed over.

The morning of the 26th we had, at last, clear weather; and as soon as it was light, we made out the entrance to San Francisco, distant about three leagues. The view agreed perfectly with Vancouver's description: the northern coast presented steep walls of rock of a violet color; and the southern coast, lower, was composed of sand-dunes mixed with large scattered rocks, some of which projected a few hundred metres into the sea, at the entrance to the channel.

We had a good breeze, and we delayed not in passing through the narrow channel leading to the great harbor of San Francisco. After passing the first point where are the rocks I have just mentioned, we reached another, more elevated, on which is built an old Spanish fort; and almost at once we found ourselves opposite a cluster of houses which all of us took for a farm; but on examining them more closely, and consulting the accounts of the navigators I have lately cited, Vancouver and Roquefeuille, I recognized the presidio. As everything was ready for anchoring, we had only to change our course, steering the ship toward the gentle curve taken by the southern shore, just beyond the fort; and at the end of a few minutes, the lead giving seventeen fathoms and a mud bottom, we let go the anchor, two hundred fathoms from the beach.

Some men on horseback rushed at once to the shore. I landed with M. R....., and we found some soldiers who offered us horses, inviting us to go to the presidio. We set out, therefore, making a long detour in order to avoid some marshes we had not noticed from the ship, and after a quarter of an hour we reached the house of the commandant, named Don Ignacio Martinez, lieutenant of infantry, who welcomed us very courteously, congratulated us on our arrival, and placed himself and all he possessed at our service; a Spanish expression absolutely of no importance.

Don Ignacio Martinez had a large family, in particular many young girls of very pleasing appearance, several of whom were already married. The husband of one of these young persons was an Englishman, named Richardson,[4] who appeared to me to be very well acquainted with the harbor and the outside coast. He corroborated the Russian captain's opinion upon the passage between the Farallones and Point Reyes, and assured me no danger existed at the spot. He told me also we had chosen a poor anchorage, and he offered to pilot the ship to that of Yerba Buena, situated in a bay farther inland, behind a large point which was seen a league away in the east.

During this conversation, which took place in Don Ignacio's reception room,

[4] [William Antonio Richardson, English, mate on the whaler *Orion*, who left his ship at San Francisco. Governor Sola permitted him to remain on condition of teaching navigation and carpentry. In 1825 he married María, daughter of Commandant Ignacio Martinez. He had a boat, and acted as pilot on the bay; died 1856. *Vide*, Bancroft, H. H., *Hist. of California*, vol. V, p. 694.]

we heard a volley of seven guns, coming from the *Héros,* which I had directed to be given only when it should be calculated I had reached the presidio; for I wished to see what effect this courtesy would have upon the commandant of San Francisco.

As soon as I had told him this was intended for him, he seemed to grow a foot taller; and I noticed that several soldiers and individuals, who until that moment had remained covered, respectfully took off their hats. He gave orders at once to his daughters, to some to fetch cheese, to others *tortillas* and cakes; to these some sweet wine from Mission San Luis Rey, to those brandy from San Luis Obispo. All obeyed with an eagerness which could be translated thus: "Papa must be a very great man since they fire seven guns in his honor." Everything within was in confusion, while he sent a corporal to the fort to attempt to return at least a part of the salute; but of the seven pieces which were loaded, only three could be heard. This, none the less, cost the Mexican government two gun carriages which the commotion reduced to powder, plus Don Ignacio's excuses.

The loss of two old engines of war did not prevent us from profiting from the attentions of our pretty Californians. Their bloom, their liveliness hardly restrained by the presence of strangers, pleased us, and this frame of mind contributed not a little to make us find everything they offered us delicious. The account we had just given them of the peril we had run into so near the port, had filled them with fright; one of them, in particular, seated in front of me, had suddenly grown pale in a remarkable manner. "Do you think," I said to her, "it is buying too dearly the pleasure of eating *tortillas* made by your pretty hands?" She cast down her eyes, and her pallor withdrew before a more pronounced shade.

At last we returned to the ship with Richardson, and we found at the anchorage the Russian brig which had just arrived.

We veered at once on our anchor chain; but before we were directly over the anchor, we saw floating on the water the anchor-stock which the force of the ebb-tide, against a stiff breeze from the west-northwest, keeping the ship crosswise, had broken. This accident, which could have been easily repaired, did not, unhappily, stop here, for, on raising the anchor, we found it with one fluke broken off. We had lost the third anchor in one of the outside moorings, so that this new misfortune left us henceforth with only two anchors, without knowing when or how we could procure others.

We got under way, nevertheless, and proceeded slowly against a rushing current which a strong breeze could scarcely overcome. At first we went two miles to the east, going along quite near the coast; then a mile east 15° south, at the end of which we reached the creek of Yerba Buena, where we anchored, in five fathoms, bottom of soft mud, the northern point of the creek entirely covering the entrance to the haven.

The next day, while the crew were busied in raising a tent in the most con-

venient spot on the shore, and in unloading the materials for building a whaling canoe[5] I had taken on board at Mazatlan, we went to pay a visit to the superior of Mission San Francisco, situated two miles from Yerba Buena.

I wanted to gain some information as to what success we could promise ourselves in this part of California, in order to decide upon our further plans. Fray Tomás[6] was expecting us; and he came to receive us with great demonstrations of friendship: a welcome which the behaviour of this religious never, furthermore, belied in the numerous relations I had later with him.

Hardly were we seated around an oaken table, where we had *las once*,[7] than Fray Tomás asked me for news of Spain, in a tone betraying to me how greatly he regretted that California was no longer under the rule of that power. He was charmed, he told me, to find at last a Christian stranger with whom to converse; for all those heretics (meaning the English and Americans) open their mouths only to lie and to vomit blasphemy.

Notwithstanding this distinction, and the desire I had to tell him something satisfactory on the subject he had in mind, I could not hide from him the hardly prosperous condition his country was in when we left Europe. "But did not the French go to Spain to save Ferdinand and restore him to absolute power?" How, after that, make him understand that this claim to absolute power was actually the origin of all Spain's misery? I should have lost my time, and I was not come to California to reform the political education of this worthy missionary.

I found Mission San Francisco very different from what it was when Vancouver visited it in 1794.

At that time it consisted of a chapel and a house forming two sides of a square. Not only has this square been completed since, but a large church and a row of fairly large buildings, serving as store-houses and dependencies, have been added to it.

Beyond this solid wall of buildings, separated from it by a large court where flows a current of fine water, are the dwellings of the Indians attached to the mission. They are laid out in regular order, and cut by straight streets, made at equal distances. This establishment became, some years ago, one of the most important in California, as much from the wealth of its products as from the number of its Indians. In 1827 there remained of this wealth only the numerous houses necessitated by it, and of which the larger number were already falling into ruin.

When, in 1816, Roquefeuille visited this mission there were still seven hundred Indians; and when I arrived here there were not more than two hundred and sixty. This diminution of hands had proportionately reduced all the pro-

---

[5] The ordinary canoes are not suitable for unloading purposes on the greater number of coasts where we were going to be found.

[6] [Fray Tomás Eleuterio Esténega; came to Mission San Francisco, October, 1821.]

[7] A light repast of [illegible], in order to sharpen the appetites of the guests.

ducts, and this establishment was again become one of the poorest on the whole coast. That it should be made to come to this state of decay, it wanted merely the management of two successive missionaries without talent and energy. Fray Tomás governed it after them, and under his administration it gave no promise of recovering; he was an excellent man, whose poor health made him indifferent to the handling of his business, and he willingly gave up the care of it to administrators, that he might enjoy the quietness he needed.

This worthy man gave me all the information that I asked of him concerning trade in Upper California. After a few days of calculation, I determined to profit by the advantageous prices the market offered.

But there was in this plan one quite serious inconvenience, which could be overcome only by taking a trip to Peru in the ship. The scarcity of ready money left no other means of exchange than cattle hides and tallow; and this latter article could be realized upon only at Lima, where I had known for a long time it sold well. As for the hides, it was easy to get rid of them by selling them again to the American captains who were in California in search of this commodity.

There was, even then, in the harbor a schooner belonging to that nation, engaged in this business; and we made an agreement with the supercargo of this ship, for all the hides we should gather, for which he agreed to pay us in piastres or in tallow.

This ship had sold her cargo on the west coast of Mexico, and had nothing aboard save money. But the *padres*[8] wished to exchange their products only for the things they needed, so that the supercargo could only with difficulty obtain the hides he was seeking. The missionaries lived in constant fear that the government might extort from them contributions in silver, as that had occurred several times, and this was for them a powerful reason for preferring merchandise to coin.

I learned also from Fray Tomás that the favorable season for buying hides and tallow did not commence until the month of May, the time when the cattle are killed to extract from them the most profit; and that while waiting, we could bargain with all the missions.

This state of things suited us all the better, as we should have had no room on board at this time to load, and as we were obliged to return to Mazatlan after a short while, to carry out the engagement made with Don Ignacio Fletes, to deliver to him the merchandise we had sold him. It was, therefore, decided that, after having treated with the missions situated on the harbor of San Francisco, we should go down the coast, visiting all the other establishments, to the port of San Diego.

The immense port of San Francisco is divided into two branches, one of which goes toward the north, the other toward the east-southeast. Each of these two inner bays measures nearly fifteen leagues in length, with a varying width of

[8] This is the name generars).

three to twelve miles; upon all this great extent, there are several islands, the largest of which is Los Angeles [Angel Island], north of the presidio.

Missions San Rafael and San Francisco Solano are on the borders of the northern branch; they are new and of slight importance.

On the shores of the eastern branch, beside Mission San Francisco with which the reader is already acquainted, are seen those of San José and of Santa Clara, the finest and richest in this part of California. Near Santa Clara is found also the pueblo of San José, which is only a big village.

During our proceeding at San Francisco M. R..... went by land from one to the other of these missions, sold by sample the things suitable for the padres, and I sent them to him with the long boat which sometimes brought back produce. For my part, I attended to the presidio and the nearest establishments.

IX

The carpenters believe they are attacked by bears. — Alarm. — Soldier surprised by one of these animals. — Hunting excursion. — Earthquake. — Departure from San Francisco. — Description of the coast. — Description of Santa Cruz. — Arrival at Monterey. — The padre prefecto. — Fight between a bear and a bull. — The noose of the Californians. — Bear hunt. — Description of Monterey.

Man easily becomes accustomed to dangers, especially if they be permanent.

Let a native of Holland arrive suddenly upon the shores of Naples at the moment when Vesuvius, suffering from one of its paroxysms, throws out its rivers of fire and pours forth its floods of ashes: he says to a Neapolitan: "How can you live in a city threatened by so near destruction? Have you forgotten the cruel fate of Pompeii and Herculaneum? Is experience, then, lost upon you? Let us flee together; I will take you to a coast where volcanoes are unknown."

The Italian, until that moment careless, replies: "I was living in ignorance of, or rather accustomedness to, the danger; you open my eyes; let us go and leave my fellow-countrymen to tread, in the dance, the fields which will be swallowed up beneath their feet."

Their ship approaches the flat shores of the Zuyder Zee. "What are those men doing, plaiting willow branches as if they were weaving a basket? They fill the meshes with clay. It is too much care and labor for supporting the earth. Let it roll down to its natural angle."

"Heavens! What are you saying?" replies the Dutchman. "Those are our dykes. It is the only defense against the entire ocean which rules us. The slightest negligence in maintaining this feeble rampart, and millions of men and these fine cities are engulfed by the waters."

"And you can sleep exposed to such a catastrophe? Adieu! I return to Naples. The lava of Vesuvius seems to me less formidable than the seas hanging above your fields; and if my native land is soon to undergo the fate of Catania,[1]

[1] [Catania, Sicily, has been ... earthquakes and eruptions of Ætna — in B. C. 121, A. D. 110, 1669 and 1693 — but each time has been rebuilt.]

the few days I shall have lived will, at least, have been passed under the most beautiful sky in the world."

If I be permitted to compare small things with great, it is in this way we grew accustomed in California to living, so to speak, among bears and rattlesnakes. But before having acquired a certain degree of confidence, we were long subject to terror, most often wanting a cause for it.

I have said that a tent had been raised on land in the place where we were building a whaling canoe. The master carpenter, with a boy who helped him in the work, slept on a swing board, hanging from the roof ten feet from the ground; and they were furnished with rifles, as much to daunt those who would have been tempted to steal some of the tools or the material, as to secure themselves against attacks from the wild animals which, we were told, were in great numbers in the near-by forests of this deserted spot.

One night, toward one in the morning, the men composing the fourth watch on board the *Héros,* heard loud growlings in the tent's neighborhood; and soon after a rifle-shot fired from that region completed their alarm. Informed of what was occurring, I quickly despatched a boat with an officer and four men well armed.

The carpenters, much frightened, related to them that three enormous bears had prowled around them for a long time, and that by the moonlight they had very easily distinguished them; that they had, however, made no movement until the instant one of those animals had put its two paws on the canvas of the tent, as if to take it by assault; that then only had they fired one shot at it; but having missed the animal, it had merely withdrawn a bit without taking to flight. The officer with his four men scoured the neighborhood about the tent, and saw nothing. But following the order I had given him, he brought on board the two carpenters who would no longer sleep on land, and preferred to bring their tools every evening.

The next day, having related this incident at the presidio, the soldiers made up a party to pass the following night in the tent to attack the bears and take them alive; and actually they gathered four of the best and most daring riders, and prepared for this hunt to which they are much accustomed; but whether our carpenters had taken for bears some of the bulls of the herds pasturing on the hills, or the fire the soldiers lighted in the tent had kept these animals at a distance, although they claimed, on the contrary, that bears are not frightened by it, they waited for them in vain, and not one appeared.

For myself, I am quite inclined to believe that the fear so dreadful an animal inspires could very easily, in the eyes of the carpenters, metamorphose a bull or a fox into another beast; and if I form an opinion of it, from the nature of the growlings which reached my ears, when I had climbed to the deck, I must think that a sudden illusion was the cause of this adventure.

Be that as it may, bears are very common in the environs; and without going farther than five or six leagues from San Francisco, they are often seen in herds,

in the forests and even in the fields. The Californians claim they seldom attack passers-by, and that, only when one happens to be near them, or arouses their savageness by teasing them, do they make use of their terrible claws and their extraordinary strength.

> "But without waiting to see whether, near the dark den,
> The men fear the bears, or the bears fear the men,"

I saw at this time a soldier bearing recent and indisputable proofs that they are not always of a very peaceful disposition. Fray Tomás told me he himself had saved the man's life, when the bear had already buried its claws in his right side and in his face. By the merest chance, this religious, walking in a very solitary road, in company with several men, had heard the cries of this unfortunate man, whom his horse, motionless with fear, had not been able to save; and having quickened his step and made a good deal of noise, the savage beast had left its prey and taken to flight.

This man related that, reaching this narrow spot in the road, he had suddenly found himself face to face with the bear, two steps away; that not prepared for a fight, he had tried to escape the danger by turning back; but the animal had immediately thrown itself upon the crupper of his horse and had stopped him short.

During our sojourn at Yerba Buena, we used ordinarily for hunting the many moments of leisure left us by our business which was somewhat desultory and without consequence. The country supplied a large number of hares, of rabbits, of those tufted partridge, and particularly an astonishing variety of ducks and sea-birds. All this for our table.

As for the collection I was engaged in with Dr. Botta, our quests were not less fruitful: on the seashore a swarm of beautiful shore-birds; in the woods and on the hills, several fine species of hawk and other birds of prey; in the thickets, magpies, blackbirds, sparrows and several frugivorous birds all different from ours; finally, in the heath, a pretty species of humming-bird, perhaps the smallest existing, with a head and throat of glowing fire.

When this bewitching little creature lights upon a dry branch, for some short seconds, one would say it was a ruby spheroid, or rather a little ball of red-hot iron giving out rays of sparks. If several were found together on the same plant, the Arabian, lover of marvels, could have taken it for a branch loaded with precious stones which he dreams about, as he reads the *Thousand and One Nights*.[2]

One Sunday, with two officers from the ship and a guide, I went early to the mission, intending to make a hunting excursion toward a place called Rancho de San Bruno, where we should find much game. But before going farther, we attended mass and heard a sermon from Fray Tomás on God's sixth commandment.

---

[2] [Probably *Selasphorus rufus*; perhaps *Calypte costae*, all common in California: the true ruby-throat, *Trochilus colubris*, is not found west of the Rockies.]

He handled his subject with talent; but I will confess that his discourse would have appeared very extraordinary to European ears accustomed to comprehend the periphrases usual in such matters; and though the good father had warned us, in his exordium, that one must not be afraid to paint without circumlocution the offences shamelessly committed, he had to remind us he was speaking to half-savage Indians, and to people almost as ignorant as they, to reconcile us to the *naïveté* of his imagery.

At last we mounted our horses and, for about three leagues, followed one side of a long valley, leaving, on the right hand and on the left, high verdant hills where the mission herds were grazing. At every moment we saw those animals I have already described under the name of coyotes: their pelt is far from being as beautiful as that of the coyotes of Lower California; their color here tends much more to a dull grey; the tail is less covered with hair, and the fur is usually thinner.

Reaching the southern end of the valley, we passed a ravine, and soon were in the plain, in the middle of which flows a brook, forming here and there little lakes. We dismounted on the edge of one of these ponds, and having tethered our horses, we went, each one by himself, to shoot the ducks of divers species, and the wild geese which we found in large numbers everywhere. Some of us killed, also, a species of heron, called in the country *grulla* [crane], considered by the people a delicate food.

After using three hours in spreading terror and death among the hardly wild hosts of the air and the water, all of us returned, with more or less success, to the spot where we had left our steeds, supplied above all with a great appetite which we satisfied by means of the food with which we had been careful to provide ourselves.

In coming back we did not follow the route we had taken in the morning: we turned to the east and went round the hills we had passed on our left. The slope of these hills is much greater on this side, which toward the harbor is almost vertical. One must have horses sure footed and well used to venturing, in this manner, into these *laderas* or narrow paths, hardly traced upon the mountain slope, and which leave frightful precipices below the rider, where the least slip would send him rolling with his horse to the edge of the steep wall of rock, and thence with one bound into the sea.

I do not know what was the nature of the feelings ruling my companions at the time; but I admit that I heartily cursed our guide, while listening to his singing of the *petenera*,[3] and seeing him strike the steel to light his cigarita, as if he had been in the very middle of one of our royal roads. I dared not even let my eyes wander over the immense, magnificent basin beginning at my feet; but I calculated, I believe, that the little circular waves my body would raise in falling in, would cause no more agitation on its banks than the fall of a fly into the great basin of the Tuileries.

[3] A Californian air.

The 4th, as we were making preparations to leave San Francisco, to go down the coast, I learned of the arrival at the mission of Padre Ramon Abila, of whom Roquefeuille speaks in his narrative. I went at once to pay a visit to this religious who, knowing I was to go to Monterey, asked passage of me which I granted with much pleasure.

All our business at San Francisco was ended, and we were quite well satisfied with the transactions we had carried out there. It was agreed with the padres that we should return in June to receive the value of the goods they had bought from us. We had now to continue the same operations with the other missions; but Santa Cruz, situated between San Francisco Bay and Monterey, was one of those where foreigners were not admitted. But by a happy circumstance, I received permission to go there. The president of that establishment had informed me that he had quite a large quantity of grain to furnish to the commandant of Monterey, who had no way of sending to fetch it by water. I wrote him that if he would permit me to anchor, on our way past Santa Cruz, I would carry it to him. Necessity pleaded my cause, and it was decided I should load on the grain.

I was only waiting, therefore, for a favorable wind to leave; but the last part of our stop at Yerba Buena was marked by continual squalls.

This bad weather had been preceded by a heavy earthquake. One night, toward four in the morning all of us were awakened by a remarkable noise, and particularly by a shaking which made us believe, at first, that the ship had just been cast upon the rocks. The vessel shivered and cracked in every part, and the chain anchoring us made a frightful noise. When we were satisfied that we had not moved it was not difficult to recognize the cause of this alarm. The duration of the sound and the shock was about eight seconds.

The next day the people at the presidio, still much frightened, told us they had passed a part of the night out of doors; that the shocks had been several times repeated and that all the houses were more or less shaken and damaged.

Fray Tomás also wrote me that the mission buildings had suffered in some parts, adding merrily: "In the church the statue of San Emilio[4] fell from his niche and broke an arm; but as for San Isidro el Labrador (Saint Isidore the Ploughman[5]), he remained firm, leaning on his spade."

The eve of our departure, I had from Don Ignacio Martinez an official letter in which he begged me, in the name of the Mexican government, to convey to San Diego three bad Indian subjects whom he was compelled to keep constantly in irons, to prevent their escaping and robbing the people at the presidio and at the missions.

It was to my advantage to maintain relations of good understanding with the agents of the government; and in spite of my dislike to assist slavery, I consented to the commandant's request. I thought, moreover, that a stay on board

[4] It is Saint Æ[illegible] earthquakes.
[5] [Patron saint of Madrid, where his festival, May 15, is kept.]

would be for those wretches a momentary alleviation of their situation, and I hoped that, in changing their abode and masters, they might return to milder habits.

The 7th, we set sail, and left the harbor with the help of the ebb; then a nice northwest breeze greeted us, and we went swiftly along the coast and only a little distance from it.

There are eighteen leagues from the entrance to San Francisco Bay to the roadstead at Santa Cruz, and the way is south-southeast, without turns and dangers. All day we had the spy-glasses in our hands to examine the coast, whose aspect the swift progress of the ship altered every minute. In general it is very high in the interior, and everywhere covered with forests of fir trees; it then grows lower by a gentle slope toward the shore; but before reaching it, it rises again to form a long ride of hills, whence it descends finally to the sea, now bathing the foot of vertical rocky cliffs, now gliding in sheets of foam over sandy or pebbly beaches. Beautiful verdure clothed the plains and the hills, where we constantly saw immense herds of cows, sheep, and horses. Those belonging to Santa Cruz meet those, less numerous, of San Francisco; so that this long strip of eighteen leagues is but one continual pasture.

The morning of the 8th, after some hours of calm, we anchored in eight fathoms, in Santa Cruz roads.[6]

I went immediately to the mission with Padre Ramon Abila, and I was cordially received by Fray Luis Taboada, its president. I informed him I was ready to receive the grain he was to deliver to me for the commandant at Monterey; and at once he gave order to his Indian *mayordomos* to get ready the carts to carry it to the shore, where they were busied in taking it on board. During this proceeding I trafficked with Fray Luis and the people in the vicinity. That was the real end of my stop, the freight of the grain being merely the pretext.

At every mission I visited I made a new friend. Hardly was I arrived at one than there grew up, between the missionary and myself, a trust, manifested at first by complaints against the government which had taken the place of the royal authority. This barrier overcome, I was made acquainted with all the harassments that this want of harmony necessarily produced. I was then told about the persons with whom I was to trade, to the minutest particular: it was in this way, above all, that I learned of the degree of solvency of each one: proofs which were of the utmost use to me, and which I have never been sorry to have listened to: thus, during the whole course of my operations in California, I had only eight hundred piastres of bad credit.

Nearly all of these religious were men of distinguished merit and great discretion: the counsels they gave me came from no motive of hatred, and they had no other aim than to serve me, like a friend, like a brother; they knew well I would not make bad use of it, and that I received it from them only as busi-

[6] Survey of the anch[illegible] Point Año Nuevo south 45° west.

ness information. This was the result of the happiness they found in treating with a captain of their communion. Never would they have approached a like subject with an American or an Englishman. Their fine soul and their tolerance made them, truly, hospitable to all; but from simple duties of courtesy to complete indulgence of confidence, there was a world.

No situation is prettier than that of this mission. From the shore the ground rises so regularly by steps, that they might be said to be the symmetrical terraces of a fortification. I know not even if the grassy covering of an artificial work could ever equal the beauty of green sward clothing them like the carpet of green velvet spread out over the steps of a throne. The buildings are placed upon the third sward fronting the sea, and backed against a thick forest of large fir trees, which lend a new brilliance to the whiteness of their walls.

To the right of the settlement, the natural steps supporting the mass of earth are abruptly broken by a deep valley, at the bottom of which flows quietly a river of clear water, bordered with trees whose dense foliage protects its ripples from the burning heat of the sun. One would be willing to exchange his lot for that of the pretty sky-blue kingfisher which, intent upon a dry branch, spies, beneath the delightful shade, the fish which a ray of light has just betrayed, shining upon its scales of gold. One would envy the sweet life of the beautiful red-duck ambling peacefully under these balustrades of verdure, or of the white heron which here finds easy and abundant food.

There would be, truly, some offset if Dr. Botta were to renew frequently his collection of skins of Californian birds; for during the two days he passed at Santa Cruz, he threw a little confusion into the habits of these poor creatures; and I even believe I should, in justice, blame myself for a part of this cruel invasion.

The mooring-ground being protected only from the north, we were compelled, on the 9th, to set sail in great haste, at the approach of a storm from the south which threatened us. We had again to congratulate ourselves, at this time, for the energy and good will of our crew. Indeed, when the danger was seen, all our boats were on the beach, loading on grain and hides. I ordered a gun fired at once to recall them, and Dr. Botta as well, he being gone to the village to visit a sick man; the loading was taken aboard; the boats hoisted up; the two anchors raised; and in less than a half-hour we were under sail, at the moment the wind blew violently into the bay.

However good be a crew, they would not display this valuable activity were they not roused by the energy of skillful officers. The coolness and talent shown by M. Tréhouart, my mate and friend, on these occasions, established order and commanded promptness.

The storm was not, however, of long duration, and the wind quickly returned to the northwest; but none the less we kept on our way to Monterey, only seven leagues from Santa Cruz, and we anchored there at ten in the evening.

The next day, at sunrise, I saluted the [illegible] with seven guns, which were

returned by one sole shot. I went immediately after to see the commandant, Don Miguel Gonzalez, captain of artillery; and before any other business, I begged him to explain why the salute had not been returned in full. He opened a book, where he showed me that only a warship could claim to have the salute repeated shot for shot.

I made a call also upon the deputy of the customs, Don José María Herrera, that one of the administrators with whom I was to have constant relations, not only during my stop at Monterey, but also for the entire time I should be in California. He was, as it were, administrator of all the accounts and finances of the province.

He told me the Mexican laws were observed in California, and that I must, strictly speaking, unload all my freight; but that, seeing the few resources of this single port for selling an entire cargo, I might unload only what I believed I could sell, and take back afterward, without paying duty, what should remain at my departure; adding that I might follow this method at all the other ports under his jurisdiction.

Some days after, I went to Mission San Carlos, situated about five miles south from the presidio at Monterey. The road leading to it is winding, and it twists around among the hills carpeted by very verdant grass, and shaded by great fir trees and beautiful oaks. These trees are sometimes grouped so attractively they seem to have been planted by the hand of a skillful decorator: now they form avenues, rows or solid masses; now they are dense forests opening here and there, as if to allow the eye to wander over the plains of verdure, set in the midst of the woods in the most picturesque manner. In truth, the beautiful lianas of the tropics do not interlace here from one tree to another, like garlands; but the species are mingled, separated, reunited in so many ways; the soil is so clean, so fresh, so free from bushes, that nothing could add to the beauty of these hills. The forests of the torrid zone produce a more romantic effect; these here a more severe appearance.

Mission San Carlos is built upon a little bay, open to the southwest and offering neither shelter nor anchorage. It is poor and almost depopulated of Indians. Padre Ramon Abila (the sudden bad weather having prevented him from reembarking at Santa Cruz) had arrived by land. I found here also Padre Altimira, a young missionary, and Padre Sería, prefect and head of all the Franciscans of California, a man of distinguished merit and great virtue.[7]

At this time he was in utter disgrace among the Mexicans, for having refused to take the oath to the constitution, and prevented his subordinates from consenting to it: he was also, in a manner, held as prisoner and kept in sight at San Carlos. The agents of the Mexican government considering him, therefore, as the main obstacle to the submission of all the other missionaries, would have liked to

[7] [Vicente Francisco Sarría, born 1767, near Bilbao; came to California 1809, at San Carlos, 1809-29, and at Soledad 1820-25; *comisario prefecto* 1813-19, and 1823-30, president also 1823-25; died 1835, and buried in the [illegible]nio.]

send him back to Mexico. Commandant Gonzalez had already sought to sound my intentions, to learn if, on returning to Mazatlan, I would consent to take him; but I made that officer understand that, however disposed I was to do anything agreeable to his government, I would never make myself the instrument for any act of violence toward whomever it might be; and that I would not take the *padre prefecto* aboard unless he himself asked me to do so. This good missionary had feared that I might comply with the commandant's designs: and he showed me the liveliest gratitude when I disclosed to him my sentiments in this regard.

The 24th, having sold everything asked for, and having no hope of making more trade for the time, I had sent on board again everything remaining on land; but as the next day was Sunday, I put off the departure till the day following.

That day we had a spectacle new to us. The soldiers of the presidio having caught a bear alive, came to offer it to me; and I acquired it for some piastres, in order to see a fight to the finish between this animal and a bull I had also procured. Both were brought into the enclosure of the presidio, where they were tied together with a long leathern cord which, without allowing them to withdraw from each other, left them, nevertheless, all the freedom of their movements; after which they were abandoned to all their savagery.

This show took place at the conclusion of mass, and the spectators were many. When the two combatants were in the centre of the court, the bull, not paying, at first, any attention to the bear, began to run upon those surrounding him; but soon feeling himself held back by the leg, he turned quickly toward his most formidable enemy, and with the first blow from his horns, he threw him down. Unluckily the bear had had a paw broken in his first fight with the soldiers, and could not make use of his prodigious strength; but he bit the bull in the neck and made him utter loud bellowings. This attack having increased the bull's rage, he took the field anew and fell like lightning upon the wild beast which, after a few minutes, was horribly gored, and lay dead on the spot; so that the victory remained entirely with the bull; but the combat would have been doubtful, at least, had the bear been less maltreated beforehand.

Since then I have seen other fights between these animals, where luck always turned out differently. The beginning of this mortal struggle was always in the bull's favor; but when some deep bite or the fatigue from the combat forced him to thrust out his tongue, the bear never failed to seize him by this sensitive part, and to bury his terrible claws into it; not letting go his hold, whatever struggles his adversary made. The bull, conquered, reduced to bellowing frightfully, torn in every part, fell exhausted, and bled to death. In this way this savage brute becomes the terror of the herds of Upper California.

It is by means of the noose [*reata*] that the horsemen of the country succeed in overmastering the bear. This noose, used in all the Spanish possessions, of both Americas, is a leathern rope, of the thickness of the little finger, and from fifteen to twenty fathoms long. One end is tied to the saddle-bow, the other is tied in a running knot.

For all others than these clever riders, a weapon of this kind would be entirely useless: in their hands it is a powerful and formidable means. They have been seen, in several encounters, brave the spear and bayonet of regular troops. Those of the country about Buenos Ayres made themselves feared so much by the English army invading that city for a moment in 1809, that not a soldier dared to leave the entrenchments, knowing well that if he were surprised by a *gaucho*,[8] and took bad aim in firing, his other arms would not be able to save him from a frightful death.

When one of these men desires to use his rope against a man or an animal, he holds it coiled in his hand; he goes at a gallop to within fifteen paces of his enemy, while making the fatal cord turn above his head like a sling; and at the favorable moment, he unrolls it in throwing it with so much skill, that he never fails to bind by the neck, body or legs, the individual he threatens, dragging him instantly with great cruelty over the ground, at his horse's utmost speed.

In California, three or four horsemen, armed with their ropes, look upon going to attack a bear as a pleasure party: they bait it with a dead animal and wait silently. If the bear defend itself, and wish to rush upon one of them, the instant is favorable for the others to snare it from behind. If it flee, as happens most frequently, the best mounted rider attempts to cut off its way and force it to fight. The first *lazo* catching it leaves it only enough freedom to run upon the one who snared it; but the rest come and easily throw their own over it: they stretch them in every direction, and hold it fast, while one dismounts and ties its four paws. It is placed upon a hide and dragged where it is wanted.

These animals are also destroyed in a more expeditious and less dangerous manner. Between the branches of a tree is constructed a *trapiste* (scaffolding), ten or fifteen feet above the ground, and several men are kept there armed with rifles, each one loaded with two bullets. Twenty paces from the tree is a horse, dead several days, the decay of which begins to make itself manifest. The bears, which, they say, have a very acute sense of smell, are drawn thither from a long way; and as they come, they are shot with great ease by the hunters. Padre Viader, president of Mission Santa Clara, a modest and truthful man, assured me he himself had killed a hundred in this way.

Others dig a deep pit, covered over with a strong hurdle of boughs, on which they put some flesh of the kind to allure bears; and keeping themselves below, they kill them with thrusts or rifle shots.

Thus the Californians make use of the rope for a weapon of attack; but they use it more frequently to guide herds of mules, horses and neat cattle. It is in this way they throw them down, either to kill, brand or geld them. Without the aid of this means, it would be impossible to overpower these animals, which, living in freedom in immense fields, are almost as wild as if they had no masters. It would be even very imprudent, sometimes, for us, Europeans, and poor riders, to pass on horseback through these numberless herds, without being ac-

[8] Name given to those inhabiting the country of La Plata.

companied by some of these men of the country, who can recognize from afar the most savage bulls, and who, at need, can save you from their fury by snaring and teasing them.

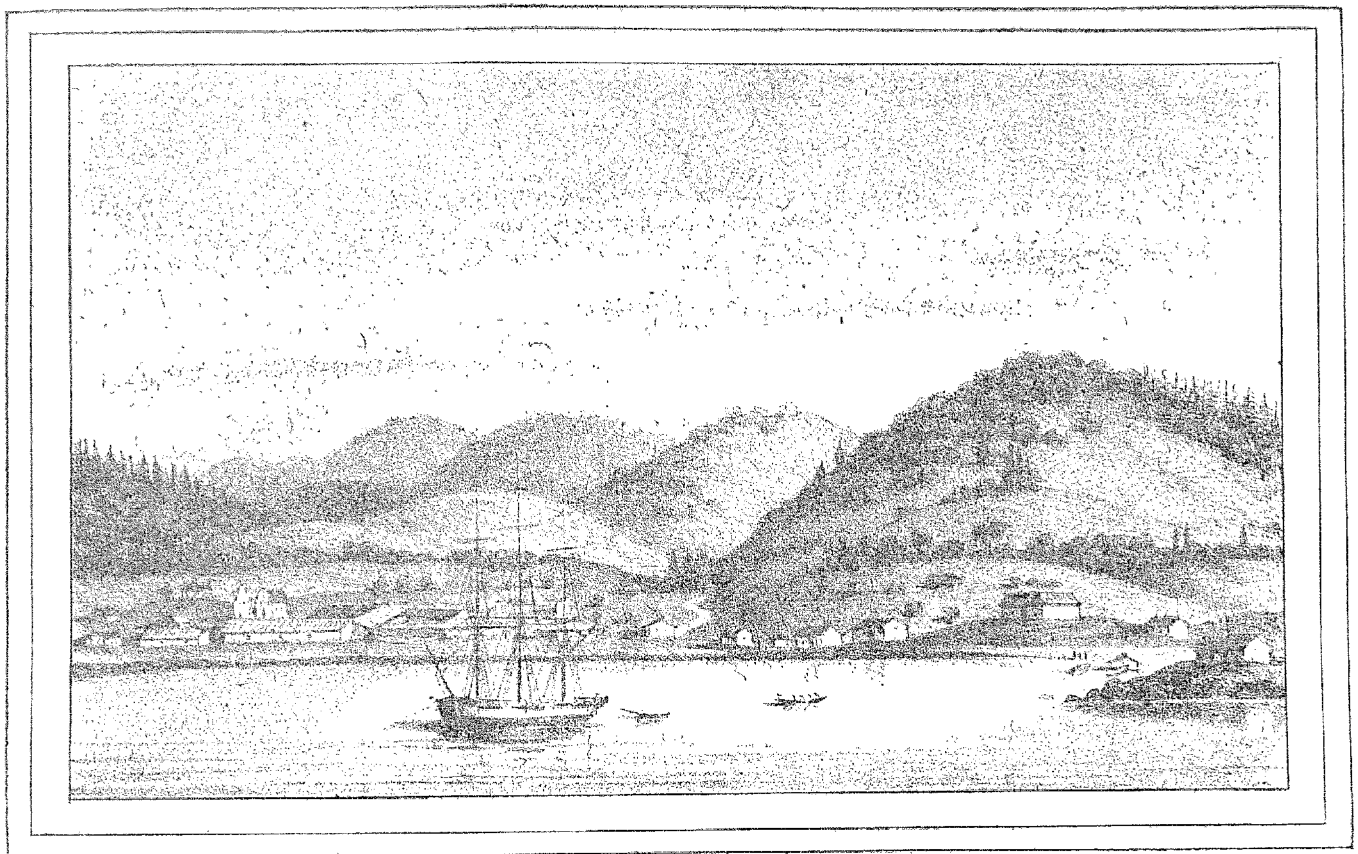
From the roadstead at Santa Cruz the coast descends in a curve to Monterey, where Point Pinos, jutting out for some miles toward the north-northwest, forms a small bay whose mean opening is turned to the north; so that from the ordinary anchorage at Monterey, the rocks projecting farthest from Point Pinos protect, in part, Point Año Nuevo and the mountains dominating Mission Santa Cruz, appearing in the distance seven or eight leagues away. It is this little bay which constitutes the harbor of Monterey; for a harbor is a space shut off from every wind.

But local accidents give to this spot a part of the advantages of a real harbor. The winds most to be feared on this coast are those from the south-southeast to the south-southwest, as I shall explain later; now the anchorage is fully sheltered on this side. It is almost as well protected from the most usual wind, which, almost constantly blowing from the west to the northwest, necessarily passes over Point Pinos. Thus there would be only those from the north ¼ northwest to the north-northeast which might be hurtful, and they are very rare; so that it is enough to be passably well moored to have nothing to fear: there is no instance of a ship having been lost at Monterey since its settlement by the Spanish.

The point most easily recognized for entering at Monterey is Point Pinos, which, from afar and from all directions, appears like a hill of moderate elevation, and which, growing lower almost as rapidly toward the interior as toward the sea, assumes, at first sight, the appearance of an island. It is entirely covered with large fir trees, growing nearly to the edge of the water. Some rocks, always visible, are scattered about a mile from the west-northwest part of the point.

To enter at Monterey and to find the best anchorage most easily, this point must be made for and, after passing at a good distance the scattered rocks I have just mentioned, be gone about hard by in steering parallel to it toward the innermost point of the bay. The seaweed growing around the rocks, the farthest away of which is not less than eight fathoms, is a sure mark for keeping at the proper distance from the land: going by it at a distance of a cable's length, the best direction is followed. When arrived opposite a little hill on which are seen the remains of a fort, eleven fathoms, with a bottom of miry sand, will be found, and one can then anchor within hailing distance from the shore.

One should not expect to see a considerable city on arriving here: such an idea might deceive anyone who thought so, as to the true anchorage. The first buildings perceived on rounding Point Pinos are those of the presidio, forming a square of two hundred metres on each side, and which, having only a ground floor, look like mere long warehouses, roofed with tiles. To the right of the presidio, on a little green field, are then seen, scattered here and there, about forty



Duhaut-Cilly, del.t   Rennes, lit. de Landais & Morteville

Vue de Monterey, dans la haute Californie, prise de la rade

quite agreeably appearing houses, also roofed with tiles and painted white on the outside. These, with as many thatched huts, compose the whole of the capital of Upper California.

Monterey has, however, increased greatly since 1794, when Vancouver anchored here on his return from the northwest coast of America: then there was only the presidio; all of the houses existing today, the larger number of which belong to foreigners, have been built only since the independence of Mexico.

Beyond these dwellings rises a line of rounded hills, of charming appearance, where one may admire a picturesque medley of various kinds of trees, among which the firs and oaks always dominate the rest.

Landing is easily accomplished near a small guard-house, in the innermost part of the creek. A stream, with but little water, flows through a small glen, to the left of the old fort. This spot is quite useful for replenishing water vessels: it would be an excellent watering-place were the spring a little more abundant; but it nearly always suffices for the needs of one or two ships.

X

Point Concepcion.— Santa Bárbara Channel.— Floating asphaltum.— Arrival at Santa Bárbara.— Description of the presidio.—Washerwomen.—The old padre.—Fray Antonio Ripoll.—Description of the mission.—The commandant general, Echeandía.— Difficulties of his government.— Departure.—The messenger gunshot. — The mustard and snakes. — Anniversary Island. — Sea eagles.

Happy is the mariner having sufficient acquaintance with the places at which he disembarks, that a single glance, cast into the opening between two banks of fog, is enough for him to recognize his position, and who, thereby, reaches a safe shelter before night, instead of passing it, disquieting, frightful, at the entrance to the haven, unable to take refuge in it! Still more happy he who, in the midst of a storm, can profit by the instantaneous flash of lightning, to make out a rounded hill-top, the pale face of a well-known bluff, or the steep profile of a cape! In less than a half-second his trained eye has seized the form of these objects; he orders the helmsman to turn the tiller to the wind: immediately a sudden breeze fills the large trapezia of his topsails; the ship flies forward, and the waves which were breaking on her sides no longer permit anything but a loud murmur to be heard in the wake. A headland is left to starboard; to port, a small island; the sea still roars in the distance; but gradually it grows smooth, and very soon the lights showing in the windows of the buildings become so many beacons guiding the ship to the mooring ground.

One should, therefore, study the appearance of the coasts as an essential part of the knowledge a sailor must strive to acquire wherever he find himself; this sort of observations has, accordingly, always been the object of diligent attention on the part of navigators who have done the most for the safety of navigation. I know how jejune is this science for the majority of readers; but it is too intimately boo neglect to insert in it, on every occasion, the result of my observations.

The place we were to visit immediately after Monterey was Santa Bárbara, distant about sixty-five leagues to the southeast. Between these two points are several missions; among others, that very rich one, San Luis Obispo, having quite a good anchorage in its proximity: it would have been very profitable for us to stop there; but this establishment was not in the list of ports open to foreigners. It was, therefore, for Santa Bárbara that we set sail on the morning of the 27th.

The 28th, we saw at the same time the islands forming the channel, called Santa Bárbara, and Point Concepcion. This point, beyond which the coast takes an easterly direction, is very remarkable from its form. Appearing like a wedge, it rises from the sea; then falling toward the interior, after describing a long trail, it ascends again gently to the tops of the mountains.

As soon as we had passed this cape, the sea, before very much disquieted, became fair and smooth; but the breeze was light, and we advanced but slowly, having on our right the islands of San Miguel, Santa Rosa and Santa Cruz.

The coast, along which we continued at a distance of two miles, is dominated by a chain of mountains parallel to the shore, and from six to seven hundred metres in elevation. At their base stretches a plain ending in vertical walls of rock, leaving between them and the sea a narrow beach of sand and pebbles. This flat country, where graze large herds of horses and cattle, is agreeably cut, at almost equal distances, by narrow valleys. In these ravines grow thick clusters of beautiful oaks, whose crowded bushy tops seem to bring to the same level all this ground: streams run through these valleys and serve to furnish water to the cattle feeding all about here.

From the sea, at certain hours of the day, these animals may be seen to leave the pasture land, meander in long files to betake themselves whither thirst leads them, and to go back again in the same order, walking slowly, to the fields where plenty and rest await them. But some horsemen come from time to time to disturb this happy idleness. Then all flee to avoid the unlucky *lazo*. Vain efforts! Woe to that one which the Californian has destined for the bridle or the knife; he cannot escape slavery or death.

In freedom the horse does not know how to make use of his swiftness; he rushes away blindly; and when he believes he is far from the danger, he often only makes a circuit which brings him back to it: while, guided by an intelligent rider, his side bleeding from the large spur, the charger, conquered, profits by all the advantages of the land, and gains it by a shortened route.

The bull also, better armed, but less swift, in vain turns back toward the one pursuing him: at the instant when, rushing upon one of his enemies, he thinks to pierce him with his horns, another snares him from behind and he is bound fast without pity.

The naked mountain sides, burned and of a violet color, lend a new charm of contrast to these beautiful places, to which are wanting only some pretty villas to make a magnificent picture: but California is still far from the time when a

larger and wealthier population shall adorn it with those fine buildings. However that be, all this slope, of fields and groves mingled, is one of the most smiling on the entire coast.

While we went along by this shore, we found the sea almost everywhere covered with asphaltum, now in the form of round flat slabs of some thickness, now in that of large sheets of oil and tar, spread over the water and displaying yellow or blue reflections. The odor exhaled by this stuff was powerful enough to be annoying, and make breathing troublesome and difficult. I knew not for some time whether this natural pitch, spread over the entire channel in such great quantity, flowed from some point on the coast, or its source gushed up from the bottom of the sea: it was only on another stop at Santa Bárbara that I learned that half-way from this presidio to Point Concepcion, between the rancho de Los Ortegas and that of Los Dos Pueblos, there is a large pond of asphaltum boiling unceasingly, and whose excess overflows into the sea from which this spring is not far distant.

The evening of the 29th, we anchored in the roadstead of Santa Bárbara, in the midst of a fog which had granted us but a very imperfect examination of the neighborhood of the mooring ground; but the morning of the 30th we had a complete view of the place where we had cast anchor. The same appearance of the land continued toward the east as far as the eye could reach; only the wall of rocks was broken to form the very little reentering bay of Santa Bárbara; and the mountain chain, a little lower here, was cut by a deep gorge. The roadstead, exposed to half of the horizon, is sheltered only from the west to the east by the north. Opposite this place, four leagues away, appears the lofty and quite large island of Santa Cruz, and to the left of this, the Anacapa (Indian name) group, composed of four small islands.

I landed with M. R....., and we went to see the commandant, Don José Noriega.[1] He dwelt in the presidio, while waiting for the completion of quite a fine house he was having built without, and for which I was bringing him some beams I had taken on board at Monterey. In Don José we found a well-informed and estimable man, surrounded by a large and charming family, from whom we had a gracious and hearty reception. His large fortune and fine character were the cause of his enjoying a great influence in the country; and although he was a Spaniard, he had just been nominated delegate to the Mexican congress.

The Santa Bárbara presidio, like that at Monterey, is a square enclosure surrounded with one-storied houses and dependencies; near the northwest corner is a building, distinguished somewhat from the others, and surmounted by a balcony: this is the commandant's dwelling. At the opposite corner, turned toward the shore road, appears what the Californian engineers intended to be a bastion; but one would have to be gifted with great good nature to say they have succeeded. The presidio is built upon a plain lying between two small glens where flow two little streams. Around the fortress are grouped, without order,

[1] [José de la Guerra y

sixty to eighty houses, inhabited by the *gente de razon* and the Indians working as servants to these rational people. Each one of these dwellings has a little garden surrounded with palisades.

We went finally on foot to the mission, situated at the upper end of the plain a half-league from the presidio. The road leading to it ascends very slightly as it crosses a beautiful grassy meadow, where graze the horses used at the presidio and the cows supplying it with the daily milk. As we went on, the mission buildings presented a finer appearance. From the roadstead, we could have taken it for a mediæval castle, with its lofty openings and belfry; approaching nearer, the building grows, and while losing none of its beauty, assumes little by little a religious aspect; the turret becomes a bell-tower; the bell, instead of announcing the arrival of a knight, rings for service or the angelus; the first illusion is destroyed, and the castle becomes a convent.

In front of the building, in the middle of a large square, is a playing fountain, whose workmanship, quite imperfect as it was, surprised us the more, the less we expected to find in this country, so far from European refinement, that kind of luxury reserved with us for the dwellings of the wealthiest. After rising to a height of more than eight feet above the ground, the clear and sparkling water of this fountain fell again in broad sheets upon a descending series of stone basins forming altogether an octagonal pyramid; it filled a reservoir of the same shape to the brim, whence, issuing from the jaws of a bear, also in stone, it fell into a fine laver in stucco, around which some Indian women and Californian girls were busy washing. The latter looked at us from below through the beautiful tresses of their chestnut hair, and I presume the examination they made of two strangers was as perfect as it was swift.

In all countries the fair sex alone possess this gift of estimating an individual, and particularly of seizing upon his oddities in a trice with a stealthy look. I saw one of these young girls smile almost imperceptibly; perhaps I myself was the cause of her mischievous mirth; but the rather grotesque appearance of my companion, his teeth calcined by the immoderate use of tobacco, and his simian head, on a slender body of four feet eight inches: all this should have quieted my self-love a little.

We went up a flight of several steps leading us to a long peristyle or cloister, supported by fifteen square pillars forming fourteen arches which, from a distance, give the mission that noble appearance which surprised us at the first sight of it. A feeble old padre was sitting here, his age and condition making him so insensible to all taking place about him, that scarcely did he see we were strangers, when we bowed to him, and asked after his health. I saw easily that, to arouse his attention, it was necessary to take strong measures: I leaned toward him, and spoke loudly enough to overcome his deafness: "I am a Frenchman; I come from Paris, and I can give you quite recent news from Spain."

Never did a talisman produce a more magical effect than these few words, whose virtue I had already proved for drawing to myself the kindness and inter-

est of these good fathers. The Spanish, in general, are extremely attached to their country: they love the ground, the customs, everything, even the errors of their government. I had no sooner pronounced these words than the old man, emerging from his lethargy, loaded me with compliments and such urgent questions, that I could not find an instant to reply to him. He recovered part of his past vigor, while speaking of his native land which he was to see no more.

The events, opening the way to the invasion of Spain by a French army, were known to him: he considered Fernando VII as a quasi-martyr, and the French as his liberators. Opinion and education often cause the same things to be looked at under very different aspects: while this poor religious rejoiced to learn that our troops were still in the peninsula, I could not prevent a painful remembrance from seizing upon my mind; and I recollected how impatiently we lately bore the presence of foreigners, and with what ill humor we counted the days still to pass before their departure, whatever might be the indebtedness certain persons believed we owed them. Very seldom, most seldom, is the aim or result of an invasion the welfare of the country occupied.

This old man was not the head of the mission; he filled no office, and was only supported here until God should bring his semi-existence to an end. It was entrusted to the direction of Fray Antonio Ripoll: the latter was engaged at the moment, and we took advantage of his absence to visit his garden which we found large, well planted and kept up. The paths, laid out methodically, were shaded by fine olive trees, and we saw there at the same time the fruits of temperate climes and of the torrid zone. Banana trees spread their broad leaves between apple and pear trees; and with the ruby of the cherries were mingled the golden apples of the orange trees.

With more discretion and discernment Fray Antonio Ripoll, a man of good countenance and distinguished mind, put to me some of the questions already asked of me by his aged companion; and when I had satisfied his curiosity, or rather his anxiety, he proposed to us an inspection of the mission buildings and the church.

The façade of this chapel is ornamented with six half-columns supporting a triangular front, bearing several statues of saints. The body of the church consists only of a nave with low arched roof, without side aisles. The construction of this edifice would have been nothing to excite surprise, had it been built by Europeans; but if one consider that it is the work of poor Indians, guided by an ecclesiastic; that it is erected in a country which, though it contain all the materials required, at least supplies them to the hand using them only in the rough state in which nature produces them; one cannot tire in admiration of the patience of this religious, the talent he has shown, and the care he must have taken for such a building.

With us, does one wish to undertake the erection of a building of this kind? Ten architects, with their plans and estimates, present themselves for it. One has merely to select the one most suitable: purchases are made from the furnish-

ers; all the materials, ready to be put in place, are brought to the designated spot, without any one having to be concerned about a single thing other than to prove their quality and give them the finishing touch; lastly, the best workmen contend for the choice over their rivals.

Here, on the contrary, everything is in the rough, even to the men, and the first care of the builder has been to form his workmen. Out of the mere earth he has had to make bricks and tiles; to cut immense trees far away, and to bring them, by physical strength, over roads marked out expressly across ravines and precipices; to gather, at great expense, on the seashore, shells to make into lime; finally, everything, to the most trifling, connected with this edifice has cost preliminary labors, which must have increased the difficulty very much. One is, at the same time, astonished at the boldness of the plan and the perseverance in its execution: only a boundless zeal for the spread of religion can have made Padre Ripoll conqueror over so many obstacles. He has not, however, employed much more time for completing the building than would have been necessary in Spain: this church was begun in 1820, and finished in 1824.[2]

The nave, the altar, and the vestry are decorated with paintings the best ones of which came from Mexico; the rest are from the hand of the Indians themselves. The pillars, frieze, framings and bases are marbled with a good deal of taste and decorated with arabesques passably executed. What heightens still more all this mass, and inclines one to be indulgent with regard to defects of architecture, is an excessive neatness, not found in our churches of the third, and even of the second, order.

Fray Antonio's talent and solicitude have not been concentrated exclusively upon the building of his church: at the same time that he gave himself to this beautiful work, he was thinking also of feeding and clothing his Indians. We went to visit his woolen shops. There, in the buildings given up to this employment, two hundred Indians of both sexes were busy at various kinds of labor: the women and children carded and spun the wool; the men planned and wove blankets, linsey-woolsey and, in particular, a coarse flannel resembling cloth before fulling. The establishing of various trades and machines had also been directed by the padre and executed by his Indians, out of whom he had made carpenters, masons, blacksmiths, workmen, in fine, of all kinds essential for an establishment as large as this.

The project completely engrossing him at this time was a water-mill he was having built at the foot of a hill to the right of the mission. The water, brought for more than two leagues by a canal following the side of the mountains, was to fall from a height of about twenty feet upon the buckets of a wheel. The fall of this motive power was not vertical: it worked at an angle of about 35 degrees; the wheel also, instead of being vertical, was horizontal; it was a full circle, upon whose plane were arranged, like spokes, a sort of large, slightly

[2] [Duhaut-Cilly errs here. This church, the one now standing and in use at Mission Santa Bárbara, was [illegible] replaced the church too badly damaged by the great earthquake of 1812 to be restored.]

concave spoons, which were to receive, one after another, the impulse and transmit the movement.

At first glance I was surprised that the padre, a man of judgment, should have preferred to have the fall inclined, when it was so easy for him, in cutting a hill to a steeper slope, to make it much more powerful; for without being a hydrostatician, I readily perceived that his motive power lost the more of its force, the farther was it inclined from the vertical. But before expressing my opinion, reflection brought me back to the inventor's idea; and I believed I saw that whatever motive power he lost at first, he gained it from another side, in avoiding the friction from two sets of cog-wheels, since the turning grindstone would be fixed upon the axle of the wheel.

Another objection also can be made, in regard to the speed of rotation; for in this plan it is the same for both wheel and grindstone, while in our ordinary combination, the speed of the grindstone increases in the relation of the radius of the wheel to the radius of the axle-hub. Besides, Fray Antonio's workmen being little skilled in mechanics, he avoided many imperfections by simplifying the machinery, and I had no doubt of the complete success of his undertaking. I brought to his attention, however, the fact that the quality of the stone he used for his grindstones, being made from the same stone, was not suitable; because being entirely composed of almost homogeneous parts, and of equal hardness, it would grow smooth too quickly. After dinner the president went to take his siesta, and we returned to the ship.[3]

While we were transacting our business with the padres of the missions of Santa Bárbara, Purìsima and Santa Inés, it was learned that the general had just arrived at Mission San Buenaventura, distant seven to eight leagues from Santa Bárbara. At once all was in an uproar at the presidio, and a cavalry escort was sent to meet him.

Don Jose María Echeandía was simply colonel of artillery; but as he had the title and authority of commandant general, civil and military chief of the two Californias *(comandante general, jefe político y militar de ambas Californias)*, he was given that of general in the country; and in addressing him, that of Your Lordship *(Usía)*. He enjoyed the most extensive power, and he frequently made ill use of it. The frame of mind in which he had found the Californians was well adapted to give him ideas of despotism which he had not, perhaps, brought from Mexico. Again, every one reared in Spanish habits and forms, they loved the powers of the time, and to justify their regards, they

[3] Carrying out the command I had given, the latitude of the roads had been carefully taken, and the mean of the observations had given 34° 24′ 10″ latitude north. A series of azimuths had furnished 13° 3′ of variation east. The anchorage, in nine fathoms, sandy and muddy bottom, gave the following surveys:

The presidio by the mission	north 45° west.
Anacapa Island	north 40° east.
The western point of the bay	north 62° west.
The eastern end of the land	south 85° east.

The ship, in this position, was a mile from land, and very near the line of seaweed growing in this roadstead, for seve

willingly granted to them exaggerated qualifications: like the sculptor in the fable, they adored the work of their hands.

We can understand that, with such people, it would have been difficult not to yield to the sweet attraction of power. Of what use could be the assemblies held every year, under the denomination of provincial assemblies *(ayuntamientos de provincia)*? Every member, to the number of twenty, was elected under the influence of authority; and they assembled only to applaud every opinion of the civil and military chief, of which the larger number were against the interest of California. I have sometimes been present, in making claims, at these sessions, and I knew the manner of action. The general made a proposition which he frequently supported with the most specious motive. If some one tried to take the floor, he cut him short by taking it again himself, and he was verbose. If, at the moment of voting, he saw the slightest hesitation in any member of the council, a threatening look fixed this irresolution; and the vote in the negative, metamorphosed at the instant, became a vote of adherence. For prestige only, one or two of his confidants provided the comedy of an opposition agreed upon which, after some arguments very easy to destroy, always left him the honor of the victory.

We must admit also, that the position of this officer was vexatious enough. On one side, the Mexican government held strictly to the execution of the articles of the constitution, and to the laws of its severe customs tariff; on the other, it gave no assistance, in money or equipment, to the commandant general. The latter, in order to provide for the expenses of his soldiers and of his administration, saw himself compelled to violate a part of the orders he received relating to trade with foreign ships. The duties they paid being almost his sole resource, he mitigated, so far as he could, the rigor of the Mexican laws; in fact, the result would have been to make them withdraw without hope of their return, had he subjected them to a system which, already so difficult in Mexico, would have been impracticable in California. To the censures constantly addressed to him by his government, he replied with very true remarks upon the difficulty of his position: the slowness of the correspondence rendered these questions of administration interminable, and during this time things remained *in statu quo*.

The second resource of the commandant general consisted in the contributions of food furnished him by the missions for the support of his soldiers. At all times, these establishments had provided in this way for the maintenance of the garrisons; but under the Spanish government, the missionaries regarded this aid in another way than under the Mexican constitution. The padres could reckon little, truly, upon the reimbursement of these advances made to Spain: however, they made of it a duty, and, in addition, their interest was joined to it. At that time no one disputed their claim to the property of the missions; and they were aware that, in refusing these subsidies, they would be exposed to abandonment to the mercy of the Indians. Today it was no longer so: they knew that the government, considering the missions as the property of the

republic, regarded the missionaries only as farmers; and that, were they still kept at the head of these establishments, it is because they alone could administer and maintain them; for they were told that some Mexican monks, of their order, but devoted to the cause of the independence, were gradually to replace them, as age and infirmity should make them unable to perform their duties.

This knowledge of the government's designs, in regard to the Spanish religious, was beginning to create in them a great indifference to the prosperity of the missions; they showed their aversion by their unwillingness to furnish to the troops the food which they needed.

The commandant general, nevertheless, preferred to act with mildness in the matter, and he succeeded better in this way than with measures of severity, which would have infallibly broken the bonds still existing between him and the padres. A violent rupture would have produced the most calamitous results in California. Indeed, the missionaries, forced to extremities, had merely to grant liberty to the Indians, and in an instant the missions would have been deserted and given up to the flames; these people would have returned to their savage life, and Mexico would have lost this province; for the creole population, too lazy and too proud to devote themselves to agriculture, would have become utterly wretched. They live only by means of the Indians who work for them.

But these difficulties were not the only ones encountered by the administration of Commandante Echeandía. I have grounds for believing that his powers were very broad, and that, in certain cases even, discretionary: but one personage aspired to withdraw from his control; this was the deputy at Monterey of whom I have already spoken. The sensitive rivalry we frequently see existing with us between different administrations and the military authorities, ruled here in all its power, and with the more inconvenience that no supreme jurisdiction could bring them into harmony upon the spot.

The government clerk, by whose hands are collected the duties and taxes, never supplied all the funds demanded: the Pactolus of his strong box flowed only drop by drop; and if the man of the sword wished to cast an indiscreet eye upon the accounts of the man of the pen, the latter, redder and more puffed up than an angry turkey, refused, saying he owed his accounts only to the government at Mexico. I shall not act as judge between these two rivals; but, I repeat it, I presume the commandant general was, in this particular, within his power; were it not so, he would not have suspended the deputy from his office, as he did later.

Admirably situated to see all these intrigues, I had early taken neutrality for my rule of conduct. I saw and received all parties alike: that was the rôle suitable for a foreign trader. My relations were, however, more frequent with the missionaries and the deputy than with the commandant general and his adherents: each one told me his secrets to which I listened most frequently without giving my own opinion, unless it was with the padres; and in this way I lost nothing of the few means for trade I was able to find in the country.

Early on the 5th, we learned that the commandant general was on the way; and at noon, we began to make out, far off on the beach which the road from San Buenaventura follows, the large cavalcade accompanying him. An hour later, he entered the presidio to the sound of a salute of seven shots from a field gun, and the same number I had fired from the ship, in conformity to Don José Noriega's invitation. I went immediately to pay him my customary visit, and I easily gained permission to unload at San Diego the merchandise I wished to leave there before returning to Mazatlan.

The 8th, Palm Sunday, I settled my accounts with the deputy's substitute, and payed him the import duties upon what I had sold at Santa Bárbara. I then went to the mission to take leave of Fray Antonio, of the commandant general and of Don José Noriega. I attended the ceremony for the day, which took place with extraordinary pomp. Branches of palm leaves, elegantly decorated with flowers and braids from the leaf itself, were distributed among all the *gente de razon;* the Indians had simple olive branches. The severity of Lent did not permit the padre to let us hear his music in the church. His Indians executed merely some chants with much taste and sweet melody: they made us hear Spanish and Latin words to the prettiest Italian airs.

After mass we returned to the padre's reception-room, and the musicians gave a serenade to the commandant general. There were a large number of musicians, and all in uniform: although they executed tolerably some French and Italian *morceaux,* I noticed they had succeeded better in the chants. At last I returned to the ship, and we set sail immediately.

We set our course for the bay at San Pedro, which does duty for Mission San Fernando, the pueblo of Los Angeles, and Mission San Gabriel, one of the richest in California. This roadstead is twenty-six leagues southeast from that we were leaving.

We steered our way so as to pass between Anacapa Islands and Point Conversion, which forms the eastern end of the Santa Bárbara Channel. Before reaching this point, we passed in front of Mission San Buenaventura. This establishment is a poor one, and the anchorage there is bad; so we did not stop. Before Point Conversion the mountains retire toward the interior, and all the land bordering the coast is low: the water's edge is sown with rocks, making dangerous a near approach to it; it is well to give it a wide berth, especially during the night.

The bay at San Pedro, whose opening is turned toward the south, forms three sides of a square, and is sheltered, to the west, by Point San Vicente. About six leagues opposite is Santa Catalina Island. On the morning of the 9th we caught sight of Point San Vicente which, coming from the west, may be taken for an island of moderate elevation, until, on nearing it, the low lands

joining it to the mountains of the interior are revealed: we coasted along it a half-mile away, and we cast anchor in seven fathoms, sandy bottom.[4]

The cove at San Pedro is entirely deserted. The nearest dwelling is a rancho one sees four leagues away on the road to the pueblo of Los Angeles. Several days might pass before any information of a ship coming to this roadstead would be had at the pueblo: a man may be sent to walk to the rancho to ask for horses; but more usually a gun is fired in order to have it heard there. In the evening calm, in particular, the sound reverberates easily as far as there, and even to the pueblo. We used this means with success, at sunset; and as we did not yet know the reach of our eight-inch guns, we loaded two of them with a ball, with the double intention of ascertaining their power and making the report louder. The detonation was first heard upon the rocky walls of the bay; it then crossed the plain stretching toward the north, while rolling like distant thunder; and at the instant this murmur ceased to be distinct, the echo from the mountains sent back to us, from a distance of nearly ten leagues, a gun shot, feeble, but clear and distinct, as if this salute had been returned to us by the inhabitants of Los Angeles. We calculated that the ball had traveled four hundred and fifty fathoms: it did not reach the land.

The morning of the following day, some men appeared upon the point with a number of horses which they had brought. I was little inclined to leave the ship on a roadstead made dangerous by the season we were still in; consequently it was agreed that M. R..... should go alone to Mission San Gabriel; and that, on his advice, I would send him the things he would sell there. Everything arranged in this way, we landed, and he set out accompanied by a guide.

One of my officers and I had brought our rifles, intending to hunt; but we were deprived of this relaxation, the only one we could expect in this desert, by unlooked-for obstacles. What, at a certain distance, had appeared to us like a beautiful carpet of grass, mixed with heath, was found to be a thick vegetation of mustard, already reaching above a man's head. We wished, however, to go on, that we might at least gain a rise of ground where it appeared less thick; we plunged into this veritable forest, and soon repented having done so. At every step we heard among the dried stalks of the past year, covering those of the present, the noise of the rattle-snakes crawling about in so great numbers that a novice, accompanying us, killed two in a quarter of an hour.

Vainly we walked carefully and in silence: the noise we made in crushing these old plants was mingled, in our imagination, with that we feared to hear. The thickness of this natural plantation did not allow us to see the ground,

---

[4] Survey of the anchorage at San Pedro:

The western point of the bay	south 49° west.
The eastern point of Santa Catalina	south 9° east.
Anniversary Island	north 13° west.
An old store-house on the steep wall of rock	north 69° west.

covered with several layers of this detritus, which cracked and yielded under our feet. We feared at each instant we should step upon the tail of one of those dangerous reptiles; and an involuntary shudder shook us, as we thought that its head, on rising, would be at least on a level with ours.

Oh! Lemaout![5] alone among apothecaries, you who have known how to compound something appetizing! We should never, perhaps, have tasted of your German mustard, had you been obliged to harvest the precious seeds in the plains of San Pedro, and had California been at your door.

At last we reached a higher hill, where we found nothing more than a rare plant and some bushes. Here we shot some rabbits and a species of owl which makes its nest upon the ground and lives in families. After passing some moments on these heights, whence is seen a vast horizon, we prepared to return to the shore, and we followed, in order to reach it, the way our tracks had already traced in the mustard.

Before regaining the ship, we went to visit a small island, to which we had allowed ourselves to give, on our arrival, the name of Anniversary Island. When upon coming to the bay at San Pedro, we had noticed this rock which had no name, it was just a year since we had left France. We found upon its topmost point a sea-eagle's eyrie, with two eaglets lying in the midst of some disgusting remains of fish. The parent birds came hovering about us, as if to defend them. We had no intention of bereaving them of their repulsive family: but a few rifle shots, of which the load, of small shot, rained upon their thick plumage, without doing them great harm, freed us from their scoldings. These powerful birds were black; the under part of the tail and the top of the head were a yellowish white.

[TO BE CONTINUED]

[5] [Jean Emmanuel Marie le Maout, or Lemaout, French botanist, born 1799; published various works on botany; died 1871.]

DUHAUT-CILLY'S ACCOUNT OF CALIFORNIA IN THE YEARS 1827-28

Translated from the French by Charles Franklin Carter

(CONTINUED)

XI

Desertion of three Indians. — Pomponio's act. — Valerio's tragic history. — Departure from San Pedro. — Arrival at San Diego. — Description of that port. — Dirtiness of the mission. — Abundance of game. — The great hare hunt by the Indians. — Trip to Mazatlan. — Difficulties with the customs duties. — Political situation in Mexico. — Los Yorkinos and los Escoceses. — Return to San Diego.

Liberty! Liberty! For a half-century we do nothing but repeat this word, and one might say that the mouths pronouncing it belong to heads which are ignorant of its meaning, or rather that it has no meaning; for if one say: "We are free!" ten others cry at once: "We, we are oppressed!" The one who found too much freedom some years ago, now demands much more; because undoubtedly every one imagines a liberty of his own, and it is impossible to create a liberty for each one. Liberty to take freely from the state's coffers. Liberty to be paid large annuities for fancied services. Liberty to calumniate, to revile, to vilify the worthiest things. Is this to enjoy liberty? No, it is to abuse it, to profane it.

It is, then, demonstrated that no one understands what is political freedom; but it is not of that I wished to speak. It is a liberty understood, I will not say by all men, but by all beings existing; it is that which nature imperiously demands; it is, indeed, that which crime compels society to take away from the guilty; but it is also that which injustice and force snatch from the unhappy slave; and it was this which the poor Indians, whom Don Ignacio Martinez delivered to me to convey to San Diego, had lost.

For six weeks they had been on board a French ship and, consequently, on French soil where there is no slavery; thus they enjoyed the same freedom as all those manning the *Héros,* and furthermore they had at no time failed to conduct themselves most exemplarily; but they knew that, in a few days, they should again find their fetters and their tyrants, and they would avoid so sad a future. During the night of the 15th [of April, 1827] they had the address to carry off the single canoe remaining aboard; and having at first let themselves fall to leeward without a sound, they disappeared, without the two sailors of the watch noticing it. As soon as I was informed of the matter, I sent two boats in search of the one they had taken, and it was found, abandoned on the rocks of Point San Vicente, but without any damage.

Since I had consented to take charge of these unfortunate ones, I would certainly have prevented their deserting, if I had known of their escape in time to hinder it; but I waig, regained a liberty

which had been, maybe, most unjustly taken from them; so I made no motion to have them captured, and was content, at the first opportunity, to inform the *alcalde* of the pueblo of their flight, while making vows which were not carried out in order that they might escape pursuit.

I learned later that, after wandering among those deserted hills for several months, they were finally recaptured by a ranchero of the neighborhood, famous for these kinds of expeditions: he made them pay dearly for some cows these poor Indians had lived upon; for surprising them one day, he succeeded in binding two, and unable to catch the third who fled, he lodged a bullet between the two shoulders.

Among the Indians, of whom the larger part seem to be so submissive, there are some who know the prize of liberty, and who seek to gain it by flight. They easily succeed in escaping, but they are often retaken by emissaries sent in their pursuit by the missionaries and the commandants of the soldiers; and without considering that these men have done nothing but make use of the most natural right, they are generally treated as criminals, and pitilessly put in irons.

One of these unfortunate creatures, after several attempts to flee from his oppressors, had at last been condemned to die in irons by the commandant of San Francisco. It is true Pomponio, so he was called, had added to the offense of his numerous desertions, thefts and even murders of some of those appointed to bring him back to his prison. He bore upon each leg an enormous iron ring, riveted on in such a way as to leave him no hope of freeing himself from it; but this man, gifted with an energy and a courage proof against the most frightful tortures, conceives yet once more the plan of freeing himself, and he carries it out. When all of his watchers are plunged in sleep, he sharpens a knife, cuts off his heel and slips off one of his fetters; thus, without uttering the least sigh, he multilates himself in a nervous and sensitive part. But imagine what strength of mind he needs to begin again this cruel operation; for he has as yet gained only half of his freedom! He hesitates not; he takes off the other heel and flees, without fearing the acute pain which each step adds to his sufferings: it is by his blood tracks that his escape is discovered the next day.

Far from being touched by an act the ancients would have extolled, his tyrants were but the more enraged against their victim, and they pursued him unremittingly. Pomponio lived in the woods, among the bears he feared less than he did men, and for three years he ravaged mission and presidio at San Francisco. At last a mounted picket surprised him sleeping, and, to put an end to the matter, he was shot to death.[1]

Two months before our coming to Santa Bárbara, a scene of this kind took place there, which would seem to prove that republicans of all times and countries, without even speaking of Rome and Sparta, have needed helots, that is to say, wretches they could reduce to the condition of the brute and kill for pastime.

---

[1] [He was captured by four soldiers, tried by court martial at Monterey in February, and shot about September, [illegible]] II, pp. 537-38.]

For some time an Indian, named Valerio, endowed with great courage and prodigious strength, driven to extremities by the bad treatment inflicted upon him (for many times the rod had furrowed his shoulders), had deserted the mission. His retreat was unknown; but every day his depredations revealed his existence in the vicinity. When he felt need of anything, he appeared at night in the huts of his old companions, and took what was necessary to support life: they let him do it: woe to him who would prevent it! He crushed on his knee the head of a woman who quarreled with him about a common utensil.

Valerio should have been content with what the huts of the Indians supplied him: not one of his countrymen would have betrayed him; but he wished to have his revenge upon the *mayordomo* (steward, a kind of administrator) of the mission, a base and cruel man, author of all his wrongs. One night the Indian appeared, like a shadow, in the middle of his room; his glittering eyes froze with fright the *mayordomo* at the remembrance of things which made him shiver. But Valerio wanted not his life; he merely seized a pasteboard box full of papers of value to his enemy, and withdrew.

The danger was past: the *mayordomo's* blood, whose circulation had been suspended from terror, began once more to flow; it filled anew his heart, but with it entered rage. He himself dared not, however, follow Valerio; he entrusted it to a vile creature, who discovered the refuge of the savage. It was a half-league from Santa Bárbara, in the depths of a roomy cave, defended, on one side, by an inaccessible mountain ravine, and on the other, by a dense wood whose outlets he alone knew. His prudence went so far as never to walk upon the sand or the bare ground neighboring his dwelling, in order not to betray himself by the imprint of his steps: before entering the sheltering wood, he leaped over the brush, bounding like a deer, that he might not bruise its tops.

Hardly had day appeared when the *mayordomo* went to denounce Valerio, first to the padre, then to the commandant of the presidio. He poured out upon the miserable man all sorts of calumnies: he represented him as a wild man; and ended by showing a long knife which he had, he said, taken from the savage's hands at the moment the latter was going to plunge it into his heart. By these infamous means, he made all his passion pass into the minds of the chiefs and soldiers. The Mexicans gathered together agreed that the Indian must be shot like a dog. But who would undertake to carry out this barbarous sentence? It was Rodrigo Pliego, a young officer, who had continually in his mouth the words liberty and justice, and whose scarlet coat but imperfectly covered the rags of a coward, like a brilliant costume over a soiled shirt.

He needed four soldiers armed with rifles, and four archers, to bring to an end this perilous enterprise.

At the head of this band went the martial republican, brandishing his sword, cautiously toward Valerio's hospitable cave. Crouched near a small fire, he was quietly making his cheeses, when, at a gesture from Pliego, one of the archers shot an arrow which went whistling to bury itself under the wretch's shoulder. Then the cheeses w[illegible] to his full height, cast

upon his executioners a dreadful look, tore the arrow from his breast to hurl it back to them; but they did not leave him time for it: three other arrows and two bullets reached him and made him reel to the ground.

The guard returned; and upon a horse lay a red and brown mass — Valerio's body. In the front rank of the curious onlookers was the *mayordomo,* triumphant and relieved. He cried: "Hurrah for Don Rodrigo!" "See," said the latter, *"cuan gordo era el indigno, y cuan amarilla le sale la manteca!"* (See how plump was the dog, and how yellow is the fat [*manteca*] sticking out of his wounds!)[2] Later, in speaking of the executioner of the Sandwich Islands, I shall tell to what nation belonged the *mayordomo.*

The 17th, we left the bay at San Pedro to go to San Diego. The distance between these two points is some twenty-eight leagues, and the direction, south-east 9° south, corrected.

The next morning, at three, we were in sight of a land which, from its small expanse and its form, we took at once to be the Coronados, a group of small islands, lying five leagues south-southwest from the entrance to San Diego. But we wished to make sure that it was not an island Vancouver places seven leagues west-northwest from the same entrance;[3] and having obtained 32° 34′ north latitude from the meridian altitude of the moon, we were confirmed in our first opinion; thus we were in the best position to enter the harbor at daybreak.

I had procured such good information concerning this place, that we experienced no trouble in entering without the assistance of a pilot.

San Diego Bay is certainly the finest in all California, and much preferable, for the safety of vessels, to the immense harbor at San Francisco, whose great extent leaves it too much exposed to winds and waves. This one at San Diego has not this drawback; it is a passage, from one to two miles wide, running at first in a north-northeast direction, then turning toward the east and southeast, forming an arc five leagues in length. It is sheltered, to the west, by a long, narrow and steep hill, extending from the south-southwest, under the name of Point Loma. Two miles within from this point, juts out, perpendicularly to it, a tongue of sand and pebbles like an artificial mole, ending in a perfectly rounded bank. A deep passage, about two hundred fathoms wide, divides this natural causeway from a sandy peninsula which, following the curve of the channel, protects it on the side toward the sea for its entire length.

The depth is not everywhere the same; and as one advances farther within, the channel in the middle of the bay is narrowed by the shallows from both banks. The most comfortable anchorage is a mile within the passage, opposite a nice beach of yellow sand; the anchor falls in twelve fathoms, within hailing distance from the western shore.

From the extreme end of Loma begins a long sheet of seaweed, stretching for

---

[2] This anecdote was related to M. A. Bourdas, my brother-in-law, by Pliego himself, who boasted of having led the expedition.

[3] It has not been dif this supposed San Juan Island does not exist.

more than a league to the south-southwest; it is so thick on the surface of the water that, if one undertook to pass it with a light breeze, he might find himself stopped by this obstacle which, however, offers no other danger, for there is everywhere a depth of fifteen to twenty fathoms: they are long cords of the species of fucus which grow from the bottom to spread their broad, brown leaves upon the water. Some of these slender stems bear spheres of the shape and size of a ball of twenty-four, hollowed like a grenade, or rather like a bomb; and undoubtedly intended by nature to support, on the surface, the branches of algae when they become too heavy.

To avoid passing through this floating field, we brought to the north-north-east of Point Loma, then, steering for this point of the compass, with a good wind from the west-northwest, we entered quickly, skirting, a half-mile away, first the seaweed, then the point itself. Following this direction, one avoids a bank, on which are only a few feet of water, yet where the waves do not always break. This shoal begins at the sandy point forming the right side of the entrance to the bay, and stretches for about one and a half miles toward the south.

The soundings, which had gradually lessened, gave no more than three fathoms on arriving athwart the end of Loma; but on coming a half-point to starboard, they gave five fathoms. Arrived opposite the shoal I have just spoken of, and which was then breaking at several points, we steered toward the end of the natural mole, which we went around, at a distance of two ship's lengths, in a depth of ten fathoms.

A rasant fort of twelve guns is built upon the point where this tongue of land joins Loma. On our approach, the Mexican flag was raised and enforced by a shot: at once we hoisted our own, paying it the same respect. Every time we saw displayed the Mexican colors, they produced upon us a feeling of joy, and for a moment made our hearts beat. Some of us who had served under the empire took them always, at first glance, for those which had guided our steps to victory: the Mexican flag differs from the tricolor only in the part which is green instead of blue; the other parts are the same and similarly arranged.

From the point of the fort there is nothing more to do than to steer for the sandy beach appearing toward the north, and to anchor opposite, in eleven to twelve fathoms.[4]

Of all the places we had visited since our coming to California, excepting San Pedro, which is entirely deserted, the presidio at San Diego was the saddest. It is built upon the slope of a barren hill, and has no regular form: it is a collection of houses whose appearance is made still more gloomy by the dark color of the bricks, roughly made, of which they are built.

It was, however, at one time, the seat of the government: a very mild climate,

[4] Survey of the anchorage:

The sandy point forming the eastern side of the entrance	south 34° east.
The point of the fort making the other side	south 22° east.
A remarkable mountain in the form of a table	south 45° east.
The easternmost [illegible] Point Loma	south 12° east.
The presidio, distant about seven miles	north 22° east.

more favorable than that of Monterey to the disordered health of the commandant general, had perhaps induced him to prefer this place: some little charitable persons claimed that the society of a lady at San Diego embellished, in his eyes, a spot so little attractive from its local features.

Below the presidio, on a sandy plain, are scattered thirty to forty houses of poor appearance, and some badly cultivated gardens. A stream, dry in summer, flows at the foot of the hill, and rushes to the sea, to the west of Point Loma.

Mission San Diego is two leagues north from the presidio. I betook myself thither the day after our arrival. The road leading to it follows the edge of the stream for nearly the whole distance; and when it leaves it, it crosses a long field of mustard whose flowers, of a beautiful yellow, then in full bloom, dazzled the eye, and appeared like the most splendid gold.

In the distance are seen some very high mountains, whose tops are sometimes covered with snow. It is at the base of one of these that, eighteen leagues from San Diego, is found Mission San Luis Rey, one of the most considerable in the country.

This one at San Diego, directed at this period by the Padres Vicente and Fernando, is not, by a great deal, as rich as it, although it numbers a thousand Indians, and owns twelve thousand neat-cattle, nineteen thousand sheep, two thousand pigs, and a proportionate number of horses and mules.

The quite fine appearance of this establishment loses much on nearing it; because the buildings, though well arranged, are low and badly kept up. A disgusting slovenliness prevails in the padres' dwelling. Fray Vicente and Fray Fernando seemed so identified with this condition of things, that they did not even notice it existed in their house. Nevertheless, their welcome was as kind as their house was dirty.

The good fathers were about to dine, and they invited me to sit down with them. All they offered me was not presented in a manner to excite one's appetite; and as Fray Vicente vainly urged me to eat, Fray Fernando exclaimed: "It is singular; it must be that the air at the mission is not kind to strangers: I never see one of them do honor to our table." And while saying these words, he was arranging a salad of cold mutton, with onions, pimento and oil from the mission, the odor of which was nauseating *(prenait à la gorge)*; and having no knife, he tore this meat with his fingers and even with his teeth, mixing the whole by handfuls in a nicked plate, where were still seen some remnants of the supper of the evening before.

Disgust alone could successfully resist a desire to laugh, which can be easily imagined; while my travelling companion, a young Californian, devoured, in a manner to please, everything placed before him. *"Eso si, es gana"* (There is appetite for you), said Fray Fernando.

At the end of some days we prepared to leave San Diego, in order to go to Mazatlan to deliver the merchandise we had sold in the preceding December, hoping that Don Ignacio Fletes would this time be successful in obtaining permission for us to unload it. Our intention had been to retain on board, for this

trip, only that particular part of the cargo; but San Diego had not offered us a suitable storehouse for all the rest, particularly for three hundred barrels of powder which they did not wish to receive in the fort. We decided, therefore, to land only what we supposed might be sold during our absence, and it was agreed that M. R..... should remain in California during this little trip to the Mexican coast.

While these things were unloading, and our carpenters were preparing a small storehouse, we frequently had the pleasure of a hunt on Point Loma. The abundance of game is such that I have some reluctance to speak of it, in the fear that, judging by comparisons, I may be accused of exaggeration.

"The true may, sometimes, not be probable."

But I will not draw back before the truth. Scarcely did we set foot upon the shore than, from all sides, on the right, on the left, rushed numberless flocks of *codornices* [quail], a species of crested partridge, of which I have spoken before, of excellent flavor. Hares and rabbits were going in bands over the flowery and fragrant fields carpeting the slope of the hill. The assistance of a hunting dog became useless in the midst of this immense population. A hare which, in France, costs the hunter and the pack of hounds pursuing it some hours of toil and fatigue, demands here only silence and a little precaution. While walking slowly among the heaths and bushes, we did not go fifteen fathoms without finding an opportunity to kill one of these animals, and it sometimes happened we killed two with the same shot. Only the perplexity of choosing one's victim might be considered a trouble. So great facility became at last fastidious, and some of us invented difficulties in firing.

The hare of California is as swift as ours; but from the great number it resulted that, if one fled, another was taken unawares. The shape, the size, and the taste of this quadruped are the same as in that of Europe: only there is, in the fur of this one of California, less black and more yellow. Besides, Point Loma is much more favored, in this respect, than the neighboring country, which is not so stocked with them.

The Californian creoles are little addicted to the hunt; but Loma is occasionally the theatre of bloody inroads on the part of the Indians. Two or three times a year, those of Mission San Diego gain the padres' permission to make expeditions thither.

The hunters, to the number of two or three hundred, then form a line of battle, from the steep mountain bluff to the shore of the bay, and thus they walk abreast, driving before them the long-eared band. They are armed with *macanas:* this is a curved and polished lath which they throw with great skill. As they advance, the number of fugitives, recruited at each step, increase, and excite the activity and the cries of the hunters. The lively object of these manœuvres appears at first to attach little importance to it; always believing some ground remains for flight, if need be.

" . . . . He eats, he takes his ease.

But there must soon be an end to this drama: arrived at a very restricted spot, where the hill-slope ends abruptly in a wall of rock, the hares which the Indians have gradually driven thither, seeing themselves stopped, to the left, by this precipice, to the right, by the impassable steep wall of Loma, and ahead, by the impenetrable thickets, begin to recognize the imminence of the danger: they are disturbed; and in their terror they dart this way and that to find a way of escape. Some seek vainly to climb the wall on the right, others hurl themselves into the bay; there are some, and these are the only ones to have any chance of safety, which attempt to run through the adverse front; it is a general massacre, a veritable Saint Bartholomew, in which many always perish before the remainder can pierce through the line, broken finally, of the Indians.

In the neighborhood of the anchorage is found also that running bird I have described under the name of *churay,* to which is attributed the power of killing snakes for food. The churay is slightly larger than a magpie; and as to form, it much resembles that bird of our country. Like it, it has a long tail which it often raises until it has a vertical position. Its color is tawny with some green feathers and reflections. It seldom flies and only for very short distances; but it runs almost as swiftly as a horse. It is said that when it finds a snake asleep, it builds a high wall about it with the spiny branches of the cactus, and that, its work done, it wakes the reptile suddenly with its cries; the latter, thinking to escape, wounds itself with the long points ornamenting its prison, and the bird finishes it with stabs from its bill.[5]

Early on the 30th we made our preparations to set sail, while waiting for the wind to rise; and at nine in the morning we got under way and left the port.

We passed between the Coronados and the coast. These isles, the larger two of which lie southeast and northwest, form a small group. They are quite high, and all have the shape of the roof of a house; so that, when they are seen lengthwise, they take a pyramidal appearance. They are lacking in trees: only moss and a thick low growth, now bearing yellow flowers, are found there.

The 5th of May we reached San José del Cabo Bay, where I wished to stop to arrange some business and leave a passenger. We anchored at five in the evening. I went at once on land, and finding on the beach a horse which had been brought for me, I went to the mission. I felt a lively satisfaction in again seeing the good Fray Tomás and Pedrin. At so great a distance from our native land, cut off for so long from all communication with our families, these excellent people were for us relatives rather than friends.

My affairs were soon finished; and at the end of two hours we had raised the anchor and were again under sail.

We crossed the Gulf of Cortez quite slowly, because of the little wind; it was only the 8th, at two in the afternoon, that we anchored near Venado Island. A boat from the ship *Rose* came out to us. We learned that this vessel was still

[5] [Belief in the above, relating to the *churay* or *paisano,* the roadrunner or chaparral cock, *Geococcyx Californianus,* in todays name as large ground in California; although, so far as the translator can learn, it is not endorsed by any reputable naturalist.]

anchored at Creston. Captain Thérèse was waiting there not only for the money coming from the sale of his cargo, but for other money belonging to some Spaniards who, appreciating the gravity of the events occurring in Mexico, were taking measures beforehand to protect their fortunes. I landed immediately, that I might profit by the remainder of the day and the coolness of the evening to reach the presidio before night. I left with M. Tréhouart, my mate, written instructions, in which I laid down rules for the line of conduct he was to maintain with the authorities of the country during my absence; for our position was delicate enough; and I was taking with me Dr. Botta, who wished to see the presidio.

At five in the evening we set out: it was the finest possible weather; and the moon, soon taking the place the sun had just left, illumined with her greyish light the vast forests bordering the road for nearly the whole way. Not a sound was heard in these solitudes save the cicadas' singing and the cries of the night birds. Only our horses' steps resounded in the midst of these deserted woods, and everything around us took on only formless and fantastic shapes. We were silent that we might the better enjoy the charm of this condition, and we were brought back from this species of revery only when a firefly passed, shining before our eyes, or when our guide, some paces ahead, stopped to strike a light for his cigarita.

Don Ignacio Fletes was not at the presidio of Mazatlan, where he stayed but seldom: he was at this moment at Rosario with his family. As soon as it was morning, I prepared to set out to find him; but when I presented myself to get a passport, the director of the customs declared to me in the most concise terms that, not only should he decline to let me make this trip, but in addition, that I should start at once for the port, and set sail without unloading anything.

Although I had expected to encounter some obstacles in delivering the goods I was bringing to Don Ignacio, I had hoped this merchant, enjoying a certain influence in the country, would succeed in smoothing them away.

I asked the director the reasons for so great severity: he replied that the too long stay we had made the first time in the port of Mazatlan had embarrassed the whole administration; and, indeed, he showed me several letters where the liveliest reproaches were made to him on the subject, and in which he was threatened with the loss of his office, in disputing with me. "It was inconceivable," they said, "that a ship to which, from the nature of its cargo and its declarations, permission to unload could not be granted, should remain so long in a port where it could have nothing to do; that it had had more than the time necessary for a new supply of food and water; that all these delays had been merely pretexts; and that, finally, the government suspected this ship of having done contraband business, and the employees of the custom house of having favored it."

I refuted these complaints, showing conclusively that I had not remained without authorization; and that, consequently, I could not be accused with having infringed upon the laws. However that be, I had no hope in the measures

which, on such suspicions, might be taken upon my account, and I very soon perceived that the most prudent thing to do was to give up the plan which had brought me. During my stay at the presidio, I was fearful every instant of hearing that some attempt had been made at the port to arrest the ship; and though the commands I had left on board were of such a nature as to quiet me, the consequences of anything of this kind would have been fatal to the continuation of our operations. I had before my eyes several instances which showed me the little justice the Mexican administrations often used in their proceedings, and the difficulty one had then to regain his rights.[6] Nevertheless I obtained a delay sufficient to write to Don Ignacio, that he should give orders to his house at Mazatlan to settle our account.

While awaiting my messenger's return, I saw again some acquaintances I had left in the country. I learned without surprise of the agitation everyone felt upon every subject concerning this immense republic. The entire nation was divided into two parties, los Escoceses and los Yorkinos.[7] The latter formed a terrorist faction which supported or fomented pretended conspiracies, in order to obtain harsh and bloody measures against the Spanish, and even against all Europeans. Unfortunately, some members of the government, seeing in them at first only men animated by an excess of patriotism, had shared their views and subscribed in part to their principles. They had not, however, delayed in raising the veil covering the hideous designs of those ardent patriots; and they then thought to arrest the progress of the storm. It was not very difficult to see that in violently casting out of Mexico the wealthy Spaniards, or in having their heads fall, they had no other aim than to seize upon their fortunes. Have proscriptions en masse ever had other motives? Modern consuls and tribunes banish beggars only from their tables and houses! The wealthy — cross the seas or die.

But those who, like us, are born in the heart of revolutions, alone know how little easy it is to oppose dams strong enough against torrents like these. Besides, in the ebullition of a new liberty, the people are very easily alarmed; and fearing always it will be taken away from them, they abandon themselves, on the least suspicion, to the cruelest fits of anger: nothing is easier than to make them regard as traitors and enemies those whom they plan to ruin: thus the leaders in power succeeded in retarding, but not in stemming, the course of events. At Guadalajara, the treasure in the cathedral had been pillaged: a friar, named Arena, had just been executed for having, it was said, participated in a

[6] Not long before this, a foreign ship experienced at Acapulco one of these great infringements of people's rights. The captain had written in his manifest some goods he did not know were prohibited. After some days of consultation, the custom house made a decision by which he should be allowed to discharge all his cargo into the government's storehouses, on condition of his reloading the forbidden objects at his departure. The cargo was no sooner landed than the whole was seized, under pretext of contraband. It was only at the end of a year that the captain was acquitted, but without reimbursement. It was the fable of the wolf and the stork.

[7] [These two parties were political clubs which had sprung into being a little while before the time of Duhaut-Cilly's visit. They emanated from Masonic lodges, the Escoceses from lodges of the Scottirite. *Vide*. Bancroft: *Hist. of Mexico*, Vol. V, Chap. II, p. 32 *et seq.*]

conspiracy against the republic;[8] finally, everywhere were discontent, fear, and irritation.

The government had no confidence in its officers, above all in its responsible clerks. The latter, always on the point of being denounced by men who sought but a pretext to ruin them, and to put themselves in their place, justified the distrust they inspired, by pilfering *(en faisant leur main)* while they still were able. I have seen in Mexico almost incredible examples of corruptibility.

A happier event for the country had just taken place in the state of Sonora. The Yaqui Indians, in revolt for nearly two years, had just made peace with the republic. I was not able to become acquainted with the conditions of the treaty; but I have reason for thinking that the expression *indultados* (pardoned), which the Mexicans used in designating the pacified Yaquis, but little fitted men, who, after having beaten a part of the republican army, had held the remainder besieged in the city of Pitique for a year, and who had terrified Guaymas to the point of causing all its inhabitants to forsake that commercial city.

On the evening of the 10th, I received from Don Ignacio Fletes a letter in which he advised me not to make any further attempts. At the same time, he authorized his house at Mazatlan to close our account; in consequence of which, I settled this business at once, and the next morning we returned to port.

On leaving Mazatlan to return to San Diego, we went to examine Cape San Lucas, which we passed at two leagues distance. When this end of the peninsula of California was eight miles northwest from us, we took two series of lunar distances from the sun, which gave us, one 112° 23′, and the other 112° 21′ longitude west, brought back to the meridian of the cape: an observation furnishing 3′ less than the single one we had been able to make at the time of our first stop at San Lucas. The mean of these three operations would place the cape at 112° 21′.

XII

Return to San Diego. — Trip to San Luis Rey. — Unconcern of an Indian. — Description of the mission. — Bull-fights. — Importunity of the young Indian women. — Cock racing. — The four corners. — Games and dances of the Indians. — Return to the harbor. — A bull on a church. — Departure. — Arrival at Santa Bárbara. — Departure for San Francisco. — San Nicolás Island. — Arrival at San Francisco.

The passage from Mazatlan to San Diego was not made with the same ease in returning as in going. We had to struggle against light and contrary winds which forced us to tack slowly for twenty-eight days, and it was not until the 10th of June that we reached this port.

On arriving at San Diego, I learned that M. R..... was at San Luis Rey; and in view of making some trade with the president of that mission, I prepared to go thither. I went, therefore, to the presidio where I found a dozen persons making ready to leave for the same place, that they might be present at the

[8] [Narrated by Bancroft: *Hist. of Mexico,* Vol. V, Chap. III, pp. 57-59.]

double festival which was to be celebrated there, on the occasion of the consecration and of the patronal day of Padre Antonio Peyri.

To avoid the heat and to take advantage of a beautiful moonlight, we set out on the way, at ten in the evening, at the moment when that luminary, in her third quarter, was rising behind the hills in the east. At the end of an hour, the road disappeared winding between two mountain chains. The moonlight was still cut off by the heights we had on our right, and darkness reigned in the depths of the valley. The trip was far from being as quiet as the one I had made lately, in quite similar circumstances, when I went by night to the presidio of Mazatlan.

The hope of the pleasure my companions of the road were promising themselves to enjoy at the feasts of San Luis had incited in them a liveliness which they fed still more by some glasses of brandy, every time they stopped to light a cigarita. The songs of the land were followed by quite scandalous little stories which each one related in turn; and if these anecdotes kept up the hilarity of the audience, the reputation of one's neighbor suffered cruel attacks from them. An unbounded carelessness was soon set up in the midst of this company; it was the moment for confidences; it was also that for jests which each one uttered without reserve.

One person, in particular, was long the mark at which all these darts were aimed: I will not say to what class he belonged. He defended himself by well-sustained repartee: an impediment of the speech gave the most sardonic expression to his bantering; but this fact did not allow any one to become angry; and he, less than all the others, could not take in bad part the rather free jokes the others permitted themselves on his account: his behavior, too manifest, condemned him to all these consequences: thus, he ended by going farther than his opponents, surpassing the boldest in freedom of conversation. Perhaps I, also, laughed at all his sarcasms; but the last feeling remaining in my mind was an ever unconquerable disgust for this individual. I was, besides, the only neutral in this war of tongues, from which I profited in becoming acquainted with the customs of the country.

After going three leagues through this narrow passage, we reached the water's edge which was low enough to give us a much more agreeable road, during the night, than that farther inland. We went then at full speed upon the hard, smooth sandy beach, shut in between the water and the vertical wall of rock. This strip of ground was, however, so narrow, sometimes, that the waves rolling up there bathed, foaming, our horses' feet, and then retired for forty or fifty paces.

It happened that, in a spot where the waves washed the base of the coast, an Indian from whom liquor had taken part of his senses and equilibrium, wishing to go through this passage at a gallop, fell with his horse into the deepest place, one leg held fast under his steed. I was the first to reach him, and I started to descend to help him up, when by the light of the moon I saw him quietly smoking his *cigarita de papel,* in that position, in which he stayed until a wave

came to extinguish it in his mouth; then, as if he had nothing better to do, he struck upon the animal's head with the end of the bridle; the horse at once got up with his rider and started off again, without a word having been uttered by the Indian.

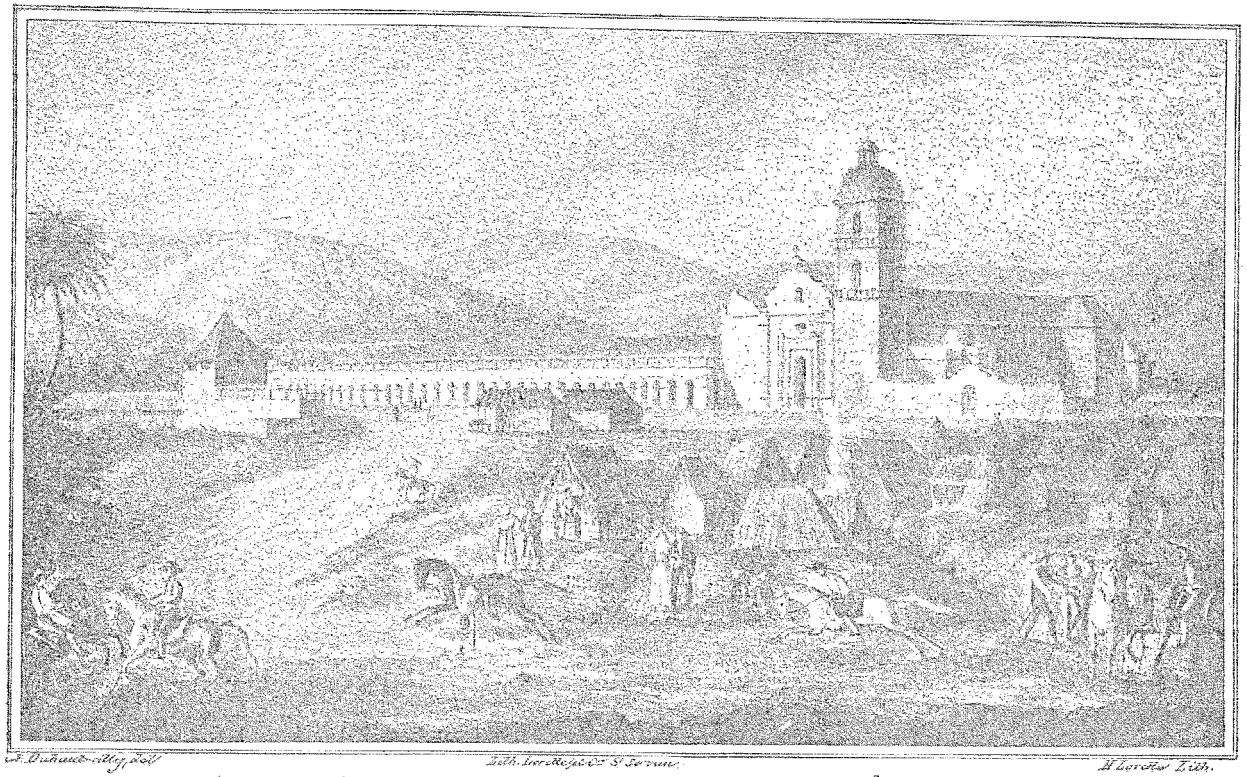
I did not know whether the sea was rising or falling; and this reminded me of a situation full of interest in *The Antiquary* of Walter Scott. It is certain that if this narrow strip of sand, on which we were traveling, has been suddenly invaded by the action of the tide, there would have been no way for us to climb this vertical wall; and, on this deserted coast, no peddler would have come to our help; but, happily, the sea does not rise so rapidly upon the Californian, as upon the Scottish coast; and there would be time, I think, to reach some one of the cuts to be met with here and there.

Seven leagues from San Diego we came to a large stream, called Estero de San Dieguito [San Dieguito Creek], which rushed, foaming, into the sea, its encounter with the waves making a wild, rough bar. The Californians entered boldly and unhesitatingly into this torrent; and under pain of remaining alone, I was constrained to follow them: it was not, however, without difficulty that we reached the other bank; and, though we were careful to turn our horses' heads almost into the course of the current, we drifted all the time, and landed far below our starting point, and very near the bar, roaring two fathoms from us, as it made, almost over our heads, a threatening vault. When everyone had passed over without mishap, we again took up our course on the beach, with great speed, for seven leagues farther.

Once more we turned inland; and after one and a half hours of travel, we descried before us, from the top of a slight eminence, the superb buildings of Mission San Luis Rey, whose brilliant whiteness was sent to us by the first light of day. At the distance we were from it, and by the uncertain light of dawn, this edifice, of a very beautiful pattern, supported upon many pillars, had the look of a palace; the architectural defects not being grasped at this distance, the eye seized only upon the elegant mass of this fine building. The verdant valley in which this mission is placed, already enlivened by great herds which could as yet be seen only as white and red spots, stretched to the north as far as the eye could reach, where the landscape was bounded by a group of high mountains, whose outlines and summits were but softly made out through the light morning mists. Unconsciously I stopped my horse to examine alone, for a few minutes, the beauty of this sight; while my friends, the Californians, slight observers by nature, descended the hill; and I rejoined them at the end of a quarter of an hour, only at the moment I entered the mission.

The padre was in the church, and we waited for him in the cloistered walk, where he soon came to receive us with the affability and politeness he possessed in so great measure. He had us served at once with chocolate, and ordered beds prepared for us, that we might lie down until the dinner hour.

At noon we welccellent man's pleasant and lively conversation. The entire mission was in commotion preparing for the



Vue de la mission de San-Luis-Rey en Californie

two festivals, the first of which — that of San Antonio — was to be celebrated the next day, the 13th of June. These were religious solemnities; but in order to attract the largest possible number of attendants, the president of the mission was accustomed, at such a time, to keep open house, and to produce all the amusements, shows, and games dear to Californians; hence few persons in the boundary were missing at so attractive an assembly, and the vast buildings of San Luis were hardly sufficient to lodge the number of men and women gathered there.

By a quite remarkable chance, the patronal feast of the padre fell, this year, upon the same day as the twenty-ninth anniversary of the foundation of the mission. He related to me how he had reached this open stretch of country, at that time deserted, at four in the afternoon, on the 13th of June, 1798, with the commandant of San Diego, a detachment of soldiers and some workmen. "Our first care," he said to me, "was to build some huts, in the fashion of the savages of this country, to serve us as a shelter while waiting for the mission to be built; but before marking out the foundations, the next morning, an altar of green sward was erected upon the grass; and under the arch of the sky I celebrated the first sacrifice ever offered to the Eternal in this valley which He has filled since with so many blessings."

The buildings were traced upon a large and ample plan wholly the idea of the padre: he directed the carrying out of it, in which he was assisted by a very inventive man, who had also contributed to the building of those at Santa Bárbara; hence, though these are much more sumptuous, one recognizes there the same hand.

This construction forms an immense square of five hundred feet on each side. The main front is a long peristyle borne upon thirty-two square pillars supporting their full semi-circular arches. The building is, indeed, merely a ground floor; but its height, of fine proportion, gives it as much charm as dignity. It is covered with a flat tiled roof, around which, outside as well as within the square, is a terrace with a fine balustrade, which feigns still more height. Within is found a vast court, clean and well-leveled, around which pillars and arches, like those of the peristyle, make a long cloister, by which communication is had with all of the dependencies of the mission.

To the right of the exterior façade is found the church with its bell tower surrounded by two rows of balconies. The front of this building is simple and without pillars, but the interior is rich and well decorated; a faucet gives a flow of water in the sacristy.

The dwellings of the main façade are occupied by the padre and by strangers visiting the mission. Those of the court are used by the young girls who, till their marriage, do not live with the other Indians; there, also, are the storehouses for food, utensils, the workshops where are made the woolen and cotton stuffs for the Indians' clothes, and, lastly, the infirmary with its private chapel; for everything has been contrived for the convenience of the sick who could go to the church through the cloisters without failing to be under shelter; but this is

a refinement. There is nothing more elegant than the pretty dome crowning this little temple, in which Fray Antonio has been pleased to make all his talent for decoration shine.

In addition to the immense main building I have just described, there are two others much smaller, one of which is given up to the *mayordomos,* the other to the mission guard composed of a sergeant and eleven soldiers. This latter building has a flat roof and a dungeon with barbicans and loopholes.

Two well-planted gardens furnish abundance of vegetables and fruits of all kinds. The large, comfortable stairway by which one descends into the one to the southeast, reminded me of those of the orangery at Versailles: not that their material was as valuable, or the architecture as splendid; but there was some relation in the arrangement, number, and dimensions of the steps. At the bottom of the stairs are two fine lavers in stucco; one of them is a pond where the Indian women bathe every morning; the other is used every Saturday for washing clothes. Some of this water is afterward distributed into the garden, where many channels maintain a permanent moisture and coolness. The second garden, situated in a higher place, can be watered only by artificial aid: a chain-pump, worked by two men, is used twice a day to accomplish this object. These gardens produce the best olives and the best wine in all California.[1]

To the north, two hundred paces from the mission, beings the *rancheria,* or village of the Indians. It is composed of thatched huts, merely, of various shapes, the larger number conical, scattered or grouped without plan over a great extent of ground. Each one of these hovels holds a family, and all together contained at this time a population of more than two thousand persons. In the beginning, stone houses, distributed with regularity, were built for the Indians, and this method is still in use at several missions. It is believed to have been observed since that that kind of dwelling did not suit the health of the Indians, accustomed to their cabins; so that many of the padres have decided to let them build themselves huts to their taste. But why seek, in the shape of the houses, the cause of the mortality of the Indians? It is altogether in the slavery which withers the faculties and impoverishes the body. I cannot believe that, in more comfortable dwellings, the savages, free, would live less long.

The dependencies of the mission are not limited to the various buildings composing it. Fray Antonio has had established, within a radius of ten leagues, four ranchos, each one made up of an Indian village, a house for the *mayordomo* directing it, storehouses suitable for the harvests, and a very fine chapel. Every Sunday these administrators come to the mission to give account to the padre of the week's work and the condition of the rancho. Fray Antonio knew how to arouse among them a rivalry from which he reaped a great advantage for the general well-being of the mission. It is principally upon the lands of these ranchos that the great herds belonging to San Luis Rey are distributed. The number of horned cattle this establishment owns amounts to about thirty thou-

[1] I carried away some of this wine, and I have some of it still. After seven years, it has the taste of Paxaret, a

sand, and of the sheep to more than twenty thousand; the remainder of the products will be found in the general table of the missions, accompanying this narrative.

On the evening of the 12th, volleys of small shot, and fires lighted on the place, announced the festival of the following day. It began with a high mass, sung by the Indian musicians. As many as those at Santa Bárbara, they were far from equalling them; it must also be said that most of the instruments which they used, made in the mission, were of a very inferior quality. Immediately after mass came the bull-fights, lasting a part of the day.

This exercise offered nothing very remarkable: it took place in the inner court. Each rider proceeded to tease the bull, which rushed, with lowered head, now upon one, now upon another; but such is the agility of men and horses that they are almost never overtaken, though the bull's horn appears to touch them every instant.

I was given a place at first with some persons on the terrace of the padre's house, overlooking the whole arena; but soon I, as also my companions in curiosity, were pursued by the Indian girls relegated to this spot from fear of accident. They were more than two hundred in number, aged from eight to seventeen; their dress was alike, composed of a red flannel petticoat and a white shirt. Their black hair, cut off to a length equal to half their height, floated over their shoulders. They came in a crowd to beg of us copper rings or pieces of money; and we amused ourselves at first by tossing them some reals, that we might see them throw themselves one upon another and tumble in the most laughable manner; but gradually they grew bolder and so familiar that they ended by rushing upon us, and prepared to rummage in our pockets. Their bursts of laughter and their scoldings, which drowned the bull's bellowing, recalled to me the critical situation I found myself in one day in the island of Java, attacked, unarmed, by a troop of monkeys. I will admit that these mischievous Indians did not bite; but they tore, scratched, and were inclined to leave us no more money in our pockets than was owned by the monkeys of Pulo Marack.[2]

We felt then that the moment was come to effect an honorable retreat; and to accomplish it we used strategy: we took all the small change remaining to us, and hurled it as far as we could; the swarm of girls left us instantly to run after the booty, and we profited by this short truce to escape. We went down to the padre's room, and sought protection behind a barricade built in front of his door.

The bull was not killed as in Spain. After it had been provoked, tired, teased for a half-hour, a small gate giving onto the plain was opened; no sooner had the animal seen this way of escape, than it made for it with all speed; the horsemen flew like arrows in its pursuit; the swiftest, upon reaching it, seized it by the tail; and, at the same instant, giving spurs to his horse, he overthrew the bull, sending it rolling in the dust: only after this humiliating outrage was it

[2] Peacock Island: a small island off the coast of Java.

permitted to regain the pasture in freedom. This exercise, demanding as much agility as firmness from the rider, is what is called in the country *colear el toro.*

Toward evening the *jinetes* [horsemén], having changed their horses, began, in front of the mission, the *carrera del gallo* (cock racing), less dangerous and more interesting than the bull-fight. A cock is buried up to the neck in the ground; the riders place themselves two hundred paces from it; and darting like an arrow, one hand on the saddle-bow, they lean over and carry it off by the head, as they pass. Their speed is so great that each one of them frequently races more than once before succeeding. But this is not all: if one of them seize the cock, all the rest rush upon him, to tear it from him; he tries to escape them by running away or turning this way or that; they intercept his course, press upon him; the horses mix together, crowd each other, rear upon their hind legs; the cock is torn in pieces, and some of the riders infallibly thrown down, becoming the butt for the laughter and jeers of their comrades and the fair spectators of this strife.

These races ended with the game of the four corners, on horseback. The players were armed with long willow poles, with which they lashed each other unmercifully every time they met; and, to finish the game, the branches had to be broken up to the stump, which did not happen without some good whacks upon the head or face. The Californian girls seemed to take as much interest in these various races as the *hautes dames* of the fifteenth century were agitated in the brilliant tournaments, where their knights broke lances in their honor.

While the *gente de razon* amused themselves thus variously, the Indians, on their part, betook themselves to their favorite games: the one seeming to please them the most consists in rolling an osier ring, three inches in diameter, and casting upon this ring, while rolling, two sticks, four feet long, in order to stop it in its course. If one of the two sticks, or both together, go through the ring, or if the ring rest upon the two sticks, or upon only one of them, a certain number of points is counted, according to the amount of hazard. When a pair have played their game, two opponents begin again, and so alternately, until the match is finished. According to M. la Pérouse, this game is called, in the Indian language, *tekersie.*

Other Indians, like the Bas Bretons, gathered into two large bands; each, provided with a stick in the shape of a bat, tried to push to a goal a wooden ball, while those of the opposing band strove to drag it in a contrary direction. This game appeared to attract both sexes alike. It happened, indeed, that the married women having challenged the single women, the latter lost the game. They came, crying, to complain to the padre, that the women, making an ill use of their strength, had taken unfair means to stop their arms as they were going to strike the ball. Fray Antonio, with a gravity worthy of the judgment of Solomon, made them give an exact account of the affair.

During the explanation, the good missionary, his eyes half-closed, solemnly seated under the arched cloister, laid the index finger of his right hand upon his eyebrow, while [American Journeys - www.americanjourneys.org]assing under his nose:

an attitude lending him an air of deep meditation. When the Indian girl had ended pleading her cause, he raised his head and declared the game void; but he could not help laughing in his sleeve, and he said to me in a low voice: *"Las pobrecitas! Es menester de hacer algo para ellas."* (Poor young creatures! Something must be done for them.) "It is by such means, and others like them, that I have succeeded in gaining the trust of these Indians."

Truly, his mission was that, of all California, where these poor people were the best treated. Not only were they well fed and clothed; but still more, he gave them some money on feast days. Every Saturday he distributed soap among the women. On this occasion, all passed before him, and while two men took out of enormous baskets and gave to each one her share, the padre spoke to each in turn. He knew them all: he praised one, mildly reproached another; to this one a joke befitting the occasion, to that a fatherly reproof: all went away satisfied or touched.

When night was come, I went with Fray Antonio to see the Indian dances, which appeared to me as interesting as they were strange. They were lighted by torches whose effect was to seem, by contrast, to spread a sad veil over the starry vault of the sky. A dozen men, having no other clothing than a cincture, the head adorned with tall feather plumes, danced with admirable rhythm. This pantomime always represented some scene, and was performed chiefly by striking the feet in time, and making, with eyes and arms, gestures of love, anger, fright, etc. The dancers held the head erect, the body arched, and the knees a little bent. Sweat, rolling down the entire body, reflected, as in a burnished mirror, the fire of the torches; and when it annoyed them, they scraped it off with a flat piece of wood which they held in their hand.

The orchestra, arranged like a semi-circular amphitheatre, was composed of women, children and old men, behind whom one or two rows of amateurs could at least taste of this spectacle. The harmony of the songs governing the time was at once plaintive and wild: it seemed rather to act upon the nerves than upon the mind, like the varied notes from an Æolian harp during a hurricane. From time to time the actors rested, and at the moment the song stopped, every one breathed at the same time into the air with a loud noise, either as a mark of applause or, as I was assured, to drive away the Evil Spirit; for, though all are Christians, they still keep many of their old beliefs, which the padres, from policy, pretend not to know.

The next day, after the ceremonies and the procession of the consecration, the games began again in the same manner as the day before; but this time the bull-fights were disturbed by an accident. One of the Indian girls, sporting upon the mission terrace, fell over the railing onto the pavement of the court, from a height of twenty feet, and broke her head.

I did not find M. R..... at San Luis Rey. He wrote me from San Juan Capistrano, another mission farther west, that if I deemed it advisable, he would continue his journey by land to Santa Bárbara, whither he begged me to go with the ship to rejoin hirbe favorable to our

trade, suited me; and after settling my accounts with Fray Antonio, I started for San Diego with only two or three persons, and reached there the evening of the 15th.

During the bull-fights at the mission, those who were at the presidio were also given this recreation, which came near costing the life of a young man belonging to my ship, whom I had left at the storehouse. He was near-sighted; and instead of keeping a respectful distance from the bull, he had imprudently neared it at the moment when the ropes holding it were being removed; he had been cruelly thrown down by the animal, and had been raised unconscious, but happily without a wound.

This scene, begun in a tragic manner, was later enlivened by an odd incident. The church at the presidio, forming one of the sides of the interior court, is built upon the very steep slope of the hill, in such a way that one end of the roof rests upon the ground, while the other is raised nearly forty feet above the soil. The bull, more ready for flight than combat, frightened by the cries of the spectators, and threatened by the noose, finding no outlet for escape, was driven into a corner near the spot where the roof of the church seems to join the mountain. There was no other retreat for it, and a spring of two feet in height put it upon the flattened roof of the chapel whence, continuing to go on, it might be predicted that it would have an abrupt introduction into the sanctuary, through the tiles where it thrust through now one leg, now the other. At last it reached, stumbling along in this fashion, the highest part of the roof, before recognizing the imminence of a danger which it then seemed to comprehend with a new terror. It tried, however, to turn about, in order to retrace its steps; but in this movement it slipped and fell into the court, with a heap of débris and in the middle of a cloud of dust. Can one conceive of the boisterous delight among the descendants of the Spanish roused by the cruel death of this poor animal?

The morning of the 22d we set sail, and left the bay at the moment the northwest wind was beginning to blow. We were compelled to tack that we might get to Santa Bárbara, which we reached only on the 29th. There I found M. R....., and after mutually giving account of our operations, we agreed that he should go by land to San Francisco, visiting the missions found on his way, while I would go by water to the same port where I was to begin to load the ship with the tallow for Peru.

Leaving the roadstead at Santa Bárbara, we sailed by the group of islands forming the southern side of the channel, and we had the opportunity to become acquainted with one of them not put down on any map, although it is well known to sailors frequenting these waters; this is San Nicolás. It lies seven leagues west from Santa Bárbara Island, and ten leagues south from Santa Cruz Island: its northern point is in 33° 25′ latitude north, and in 121° 33′ longitude west from the meridian of Paris; it may be five or six leagues in circumference. It is lower than those near it; the highest part is the northern. Four leagues to the northwest is a dangerous rock, which we passed at a distance of less than a league; from there it resembled a launch with sails set. While within

sight of this island, we saw, at the same time, all the others. We made surveys which did not square well with the positions given by Vancouver, whence one would be the more justified in inferring their incorrectness from the fact that the omission of San Nicolás Island would seem to prove he did not examine carefully the Californian coast.

The afternoon of the 17th we arrived at the entrance to San Francisco, and we inspected the southernmost of the Farallones, which we passed at a distance of two miles, while we recalled the trials their neighborhood had caused us six months before. It was foggy; but we made out the rude buildings of a hundred Kodiaks, maintained by the Russians from Bodega for seal fishing, in spite of the displeasure of the Mexican government. We noticed a man standing before his hut, and we saw the boyedarques[3] stranded upon the rocks.

If these fishermen limited themselves to killing the seals frequenting the Farallones, the Mexicans would not have so much reason for complaining, since they themselves do not carry on this line of fishing; but the Kodiaks, with their light canoes, enter at night into San Francisco Bay, skirting the shore opposite the fort, and once in this vast body of water, they settle for a time upon some of the small inner islands, and in perfect safety there, fish for the sea otter. In this manner have they nearly taken away this small source of wealth from California, which has no means to stop it, the government keeping no boats adapted to prevent this species of robbery. Besides, it has happened only too often that the commandants of San Francisco have agreed with the Russians to allow them to carry on this contraband for a part of the product, always very moderate and at the entire discretion of the fishermen.

The sea, or saricovian, otter was formerly very common on the coast, from San Francisco to San Diego; but to-day very few are found there. During the whole time we passed in this country we bought about all that were caught, and this collection amounted to not more than one hundred and fifty; furthermore, this fur, which is so fine in the higher latitudes of the northwest coast of America, is here of inferior quality.

From the southernmost Farallon we steered, in quite a heavy fog, toward the northeast ¼ east, a direction bringing us a little too far to the right of the entrance to the bay. On the supposition that this slight deviation was not the effect of an oblique current which, in this passage of six leagues, would have carried us to the south, it would be necessary to infer that, in making for the northeast ½ east, we should have come directly into the channel. The breeze was light when we arrived in front of the presidio; and fearing we should not be able, before night, to reach Yerba Buena, our station on our first trip, we were about to let go the anchor, when the wind passed suddenly to the southwest and

---

[3] Kodiak boats. I shall have occasion later to speak again of them.

Roquefeuille calls them	boyedarques.
Kotzebue	baydares.
Corney	bodaries and bodarkis.
Californians	
[Anglicé	bidarkas.]

blew strongly. Profiting by this change, we again spread the topsails, which were already clewed up, and we quickly reached our anchorage, where we moored near a Spanish vessel under the English flag, named the *Solitude*.

XIII

Discussions with the commandant of San Francisco. — Departure for Santa Clara. — Description of the country. — Various atmospheric effects. — Harvest at Santa Clara. — Pueblo of San José. — Padre Narciso. — Return to the ship.

Military men of all countries and of all times have ever most unjustly esteemed commerce; and on every occasion when these proud defenders of the land and the national honor have had to exercise some power which, for the time, makes commercial industry dependent upon them, they have appeared to take every means to obstruct and discourage all activity. One does not have to be very discerning to perceive the origin of these bad feelings: they are the daughters of jealousy; as if the hornet and the fire-fly had the right to upbraid the bee for the honey it collects from the flowers they disdain and scorn. Ah! gentlemen, enjoy your honors; strut about under your gold epaulets, and let us, free from fetters, imitate the foresight of the ant.[1] It is to Don Ignacio Martinez, commandant at San Francisco, that I particularly address these words; and would to God they were applicable only to him!

Scarcely were we at anchor when I received a letter from this officer who, in conformity with a new decision of the general, warned me to leave Yerba Buena immediately, and to go to the anchorage at the presidio; adding that, until I had yielded to this order, I could not do any business.

I replied to him at once that, however ready I was to submit to the laws of the country, I would do it only in so far as they were not of a nature to compromise the safety of my ship; that he ought to know the anchorage appointed for me was not safe; that I had already lost an anchor there, he himself being present at the time, on my former trip; that were a like misfortune to occur again, I should not be able to make it good; that it was, in addition, most unjust to force a captain to stay in a poor roadstead while making him pay the excessive duty of twenty reals a ton;[2] that, consequently, I refused to change my place until the general had replied to a letter I was going to write him on the subject.

While waiting for the result of this demand, I decided to go to the Missions Santa Clara[3] and San José to make sure whether the goods the padres were to deliver us were collected, and to try, at the same time, to increase the quantity by new sales. I wished, also, to wait there for M. R..... and to know the result of his trip.

---

[1] It is not against the officers of our brave navy that I make these reproaches: I have received from them, in my maritime career, only good and loyal conduct.

[2] The tonnage duty for the *Héros* amounted to 925 piastres, about 4625 francs. A piastre is about the same [illegible]

[3] Mission Santa Clara is about twenty leagues from Yerba Buena.

On the evening of the 19th, I set out, accompanied by Mr. Richardson and a servant. We passed, first, by Mission San Francisco, where we did not find Fray Tomás, as he was gone some leagues away to visit his harvests of corn. We next followed the road we had taken before, when we went hunting in San Bruno Valley, and at nightfall we reached a rancho where we found at that time a son-in-law of Don Ignacio with his wife and children, busied in bringing into bearing a garden which provided the entire family with vegetables and fruits.

Under the favor of Mr. Richardson, their brother-in-law, I was very graciously received by the man and his wife, who offered me one of the best meals I had had for a long time. It consisted, in truth, only of vegetables; but we so seldom had them on the ship, that the excellent green peas and French beans were not for me a poor feast, particularly as I saw added to it a fine basket of strawberries which the Indians had gathered in the mountains, the taste and odor of which yielded in nothing to our finest European strawberries. The sleeping arrangements corresponded but little with the excellence of the supper, for we were compelled to stow ourselves away, guests, husband, wife and children, all together upon a great leather bed where, devoured by fleas and badly protected from the evening coolness, we passed quite an uncomfortable night.

The morning of the 20th we took early leave of our friends and continued on our way; it was that Vancouver had followed in 1793. I did not pass through, without a sort of respect, the charming grove where that celebrated mariner had dined with the officers accompanying him, and which I recognized from the description he has given of it in his narrative. The brook where he quenched his thirst, as well as the grassy sward, were dried up by the summer's heat. "The water and the verdure," I said to myself, "will be renewed every year, at the same time; but they will not bring back that famous navigator: only remembrance of him will remain with us."

From the rancho where we had slept we had experienced a notable change in the temperature. In the vicinity of the anchorage at Yerba Buena the air was always cold and penetrating; but hardly had we made some leagues into the interior than the heat, increasing steadily, delayed not in becoming uncomfortable. In looking back toward San Francisco, we could see, as it were, a wall of fog which seemed to be, and actually was, stayed upon that part of the horizon, while the rest of the sky was cloudless. This double phenomenon, of so abrupt a difference in the heat and in the clearness of the atmosphere, though singular, did not appear to me to be inexplicable.

San Francisco Bay is situated in a reëntering angle of the coast, where the northwest wind blows directly and acquires more violence as it is forced into this species of funnel. It introduces with it a dense fog and a mass of cold air which it brings from the sea and the northern lands. The mountains on the coast arrest a part of this column of air; but that which passes above, or enters by the channel, all at once finding a large space, spreads over it and loses its strength: the heat then increasing in inverse ratio to the diminution of the wind, rarefies the moisture, which dissipates as it rises into the upper regions of the

atmosphere, and leaves the earth to the action of the sun and in an almost perpetual calm.

As we went on, the mountains we had on our right, and which, beginning at the entrance to San Francisco, are at first barren and sandy, were covered with forests and fir trees up to their summits. Soon we reached an immense grove of beautiful oaks, mixed with some other full grown trees, into which we penetrated by an even and comfortable path. These magnificent woods, planted by nature, are not tangled with lianas or shrubs; they are arranged in thick, dense clusters, or scattered here and there, without, however, leaving between any considerable clearings. A grass of tender green is everywhere spread out like a carpet, and the traveller regrets that such beautiful spots have no other inhabitants than coyotes and bears. But we saw no animal of this latter species. They seldom attack passers-by; but the sight of them, and their odor, being enough to frighten horses and render them unmanageable, I felt, on examining myself, all that a rider of moderate skill could, in like case, in being exposed to danger.

I noticed that the larger number of the oaks of this forest were covered with mistletoe. If this parasitic plant had been as common in Gaul, our ancestors would not, perhaps, have taken it for a symbol of their religion. The trunks and branches of the trees, enwrapped with this strange vegetation, proved sufficiently, at least, that the beautiful priestesses of Teutates[4] had never walked here armed with their golden sickles.

But to return to more modern ideas, I saw with a feeling of pain that such fine material was destined to decay uselessly on the margin of one of the most magnificent harbors in the world: each knee *(courbe)*, that piece of wood so difficult to find with us, that I saw as I passed, made me suffer the punishment of Tantalus. I should have liked to transform the forest into an immense fleet, whose masts I saw, still bearing their foliage, wave upon the nearby mountains.

Leaving this great wood, we came out upon a plain stretching from the foot of the heights to the edge of the bay, with a width of about five leagues, and a much greater length. No more shade protected us from the rays of a burning sun; and not a breath of air cooled the scorching atmosphere. We soon saw Mission Santa Clara; but by an effect of mirage, it appeared to us at first resting in the middle of a great lake, and the trees with which it is surrounded seemed to rise out of the water as in a flood. But this imaginary water fled before us while keeping the same distance, and the objects, one after another, becoming free, we saw the establishment in its true position, in the center of the plain. It was a similar illusion which, in the campaign of Egypt, deceived our soldiers dying of thirst, with the treacherous hope of refreshing themselves in the calm, clear waters of those fantastic and delusive lakes.

I was cordially welcomed by Padre José Viader, president of this mission: he was finishing his dinner and making ready to take his siesta; but he remained until we had been served with dinner, and beds prepared. The buildings at

[4] [Teutates, the god of commerce and inventor of the arts.] The feast of Teutates was celebrated on the first night of the new year, by the light of torches.]

Santa Clara are not constructed with as much splendor as those of San Luis Rey; but this mission is, notwithstanding, no less rich and productive than the other. I remained here five days, awaiting M. R....., and had some trade.

It was the time of the corn harvest, a time of joy and mirth in the fields of France; but no sentiment of this nature was shown upon the features of the Indians busied in this labor; it was quite simple: let them harvest little or much, they could claim only their daily pittance, and little it mattered to them that there might be anything left over. This interesting sight brought back to me, none the less, pleasant remembrances; so I did not fail to be there, especially at the moment they were collecting the grain.

The threshing-floor the padres use is round; it is sixty feet in diameter, and entirely enclosed in a palisade. When it is filled to a certain height with ears of corn without husks, a herd of mares are let in and made to run round and round for two hours: these are relieved by another band, and so on, until there remains no more grain in the ears. Horses are never used for this work, as it ruins the animals; and because mares, which are not ridden, are fully as fit for bearing foals, though they may have bad legs in consequence of this exercise.

The amount for each threshing furnished three hundred *fanegas*[5] of corn; and from a very approximate calculation, Padre Viader counted upon four thousand *fanegas*, of one hundred and twenty-five Spanish pounds, or about fifty-six kilogrammes: thus, his entire harvest should produce two hundred and twenty-four thousand kilogrammes.

This quantity, which at first appears enormous, was, however, only sufficient for the nourishment of the twelve hundred Indians at the mission, and of the strangers received there during the year. To obtain these four thousand *fanegas* of corn, the padre had sown two hundred: thus the land had given only twenty for one, which is much below one hundred for one that M. de la Perouse attributed to the soil of this country; yet the harvest had been good. It is, nevertheless, beyond a doubt that it would return more if it were fertilized; for until now the missionaries have sown with no other preparation than a very imperfect plowing.

Barley, French beans, peas, and kidney beans give about the same result. Beyond these means of existence, Mission Santa Clara possesses at least twelve thousand neat cattle and fifteen thousand sheep. At the time of my visit there the padre was having killed each week one hundred and fifty cows and oxen, for the hides and tallow. Part of the meat was dried and reduced to *tasajo* [jerked beef]; but the larger portion was lost, though the Indians consumed every day a great amount.

About a half-league southeast from Santa Clara is situated the village of San José, inhabited by free Californians and some foreigners. This hamlet, dignified by the title of *pueblo* (town), was established some years after the mission, and grew at first to some extent. Fine gardens are seen here; the inhabitants own

[5] [A *fanega* is about an English bushel.]

herds and harvest grain; but the natural laziness of these creoles, and other things, of which I shall soon speak, have arrested the development of, and brought decay to, this establishment, consisting now of eighty houses and eight hundred people, one-sixth included therein being Indian servants. The road leading from the mission to the pueblo is shaded by two rows of fine trees, planted by man's hand; it is the only walk of its kind which California possesses.

During my stay at Santa Clara I went also to Mission San José, lying four leagues to the north, and I spent twenty-four hours with Padre Narciso, who managed it. Together we took measures for the delivery of the hides and tallow he owed me, in consequence of his purchases on my former trip to San Francisco, and of those he even then added to them.

This missionary was a well-educated man, and he read much; but whether he chose the most melancholy works, or had eyes only for the most lugubrious passages, he seemed no longer to perceive things except through a funereal veil: never has a soul held less cheerfulness than Fray Narciso's. At this time he was entering into the lucubrations of Abbé Baruel;[6] and without pretending, he said to me, to maintain his hypotheses, he believed he had discovered in the Masonic societies the fulfillment of the revelations of the Apocalypse: the spirit of agitation and revolution which was troubling almost every government was, according to him, nothing else than Antichrist. The conversations we had upon the political situation of Mexico were not suited to give rise in him to more cheerful ideas. What I learned from him of the plans of the Yorkinos had too much analogy with his habitual thoughts not to renew the attacks of a sadness I sought in vain to oppose: the more efforts I made to reach this end, the more reasons he found for groaning over the evils ready to fall upon the universe, and he concluded by announcing to me the very near end of the world. But his talk, without convincing me, had enveloped my imagination in deep perplexity. When I no more saw his sad abode, I was like a man awakening from a painful nightmare.

During this little excursion, M. R..... had arrived at Santa Clara where we joined each other once more. We imparted one to the other the result of our operations, and agreed that he should remain at this mission to load the tallow and hides upon the boats I should send him from San Francisco.

On my return aboard the *Héros* I found a favorable reply from the general, empowering me to stay at the anchorage at Yerba Buena; and I entered at once into trade with the inhabitants; but Don Ignacio, vexed, no doubt, at the success of my attempt, having made some difficulty in regard to embarking of the goods various individuals brought for sale or barter, I found myself obliged to write him a very forcible letter, in which I declared that he could have no mission for meddling, either in the customs receipts, or in my business affairs, the deputy of the custom-house being the only person with whom I was to deal in this

[6] [Augustin Barruel, the usual spelling, Jesuit and abbé, born 1741; when the Jesuits were expelled from France, he went to Bohemia and Vienna where he taught; returned to Paris, 1774; wrote much on ecclesiastical subjects; visited England where he prepared his *Mémoires sur le Jacobinisme,* 1797-1813, 5 vols.; named by Bonaparte *chanoine* of the cathedral of Paris; died 1820.]

respect, and that henceforth I should obey no order issued by the military commandants, in what should concern the deputy's functions: from that moment I experienced no more trouble.

I despatched to Santa Clara a large sloop belonging to Mr. Richardson, which was very useful to me for the remainder of my operations in this port. The ship's long boat did jointly the same service; but it was very small for these trips, which could not be made in less than three days. In this small sea, where the wind blows from a direction opposed to the current, the waves become very big; and there is some danger for boats heavily loaded.

XIV

Trip to San Francisco Solano. — Deer hunting. — Expedition of Second Lieutenant Sanchez. — Wild Indians. — Their filthiness. — Visit to San Pedro Rancho. — Attack by a bear. — Watering place.

While the transfer of the goods from Santa Clara and San José was continued, I undertook an expedition to San Francisco Solano, the last one established of the five bordering the bay. I was informed that a certain amount of deer tallow was to be found there, and I did not like to leave it for others to buy. The 4th, at four in the morning, I set out in the ship's long boat, well armed, having with me eight sailors, the second lieutenant, Dr. Botta, and Mr. Richardson, who took upon himself to be our pilot. We profited by what remained of the ebb tide and by a light breeze from the northwest to cross the bay, going by Alcatraz Island (Pelican Island). We recognized this name had been given to it with good reason, for it was covered with a numberless quantity of these birds: a rifle shot we fired across these feathered legions made them rise in a dense cloud with a noise like that of a hurricane.

We then passed between the right bank of the bay and Los Angeles Island (Island of the Angels) [Angel Island] where the flood began to favor us. The coast we were passing is formed of mountains of moderate height, covered with grass, at that time somewhat parched; in the ravines we saw clumps of oaks. From time to time we descried large deer herds. They were wandering in bands over these sloping pasture grounds, and we saw them run, browse, rush over the sides of these hills, so steep sometimes, that we could hardly imagine how they were able to hold themselves there without falling.

There are also many bears in these wooded places; but as these animals seldom appear except at night, we saw none. But a man named Cipriano, who was with us in the long boat, related to me that, passing some months before in this channel, one of these ferocious beasts, which was swimming to Los Angeles Island, approached the boat, intending to climb into it, when some soldiers who were in it, with their arms, fired four balls at it at close range, just as the bear was getting its claws upon the boat, and killed it stone dead.

We had made about five leagues when we found ourselves in front of Mission San Rafael, placed at the farther end of a bay, on the north side of the harbor. This mission is very poorot stop there.

The east side of this little gulf makes, with a peninsula from the opposite coast, a strait a league wide, and contracted by four small islands, of which the principal two bear the names of San Pedro and San Pablo: the name San Pedro is also given to a rancho occupying the isthmus joining the peninsula to the mainland.

Coming out from this strait we saw opening before us a new sea, whose bounds we could hardly discern, and soon our attention was called to another passage serving at once as a mouth to the large river called the Sacramento coming from the north, and to another, not so considerable, which flows from the southeast.

With the assistance of oars and of the current we steered north-northwest, toward a group of mountains at the foot of which is built Mission San Francisco Solano. I reckoned we had made thirteen leagues from Yerba Buena when we reached the opening of a small channel meandering in the middle of a marsh covered with reeds, and into which we entered. This stream makes a thousand turns as it advances into the interior; and although from its mouth to the spot where we landed there are not more than three leagues in a straight line, we made fully double that many in following its windings.

This passage, however, could not be shortened by making it by land; for, up to the landing place, there is no solid ground: the banks of the channel are indicated only by rushes or reeds growing in the water, or at most in a kind of mud. Having arrived at solid ground, there still remained a league to make before reaching the mission; but Padre Ventura Fortuni (this was the name of the president), apprised of our landing, having sent us some horses, we were not long in repairing thither.

From my reckoning we had made about seventeen leagues, in a direction very close to north, since leaving the ship, a calculation agreeing well with the difference in latitude between the two points, Yerba Buena being on parallel 37° 48′, and San Francisco Solano on 38° 39′.

This establishment is the northernmost of those the Spanish possess on this coast. It was founded the 25th of August, 1823, by Padre Altimira, who placed it in the middle of a plain of great extent, bounded on the north by mountains and hills, on the south by the bay, and everywhere watered and crossed by streams of fresh water. There are few happier sites, and this mission might become a very important one in a little time; but it was yet of small account at the period of my visit: therefore poor Padre Ventura Fortuni, in spite of his desire to treat us well, could offer us only cakes of Indian meal and dried beef. This want did not incline us to prolong our stay with him, and having hurried to buy all the tallow to be found at this mission, I fixed our departure for the next day.

I have said before that this tallow was deer tallow; and as this name may appear extraordinary, it is right that I explain the manner in which it is procured. The hills of this part of California, and the plains they leave between them, support an is strength and size. The

animals find such plentiful pasture ground here, that, in the month of July, they become so fat that their agility is much lessened therefrom; this is the time the Californians choose to take them.

Mounted upon the swiftest horses, armed with a hunting knife and with the fatal rope, they betake themselves to the places where the deer are numerous, and pursue them to the utmost. Although these swift guests of the plains have lost a part of their speed, enough still remains to them that they do not fear an ordinary horseman; but these men, born, so to say, upon their horses, seldom fail to reach them and to throw the lasso at them with inconceivable skill. As soon as the deer is snared, it is overthrown, and it is frequently pierced with its own weapons, rolling upon the sharp points of its antlers. This accident is not a rare one; but if it does not occur, the rider gets down from his horse, and, aided by his companions, he severs the hamstring, leaving it in this condition in order to follow the others. They do not always use the rope; when they succeed in nearing one within arm's length, it is the hunting knife they employ to cut the tendons of the leg.

This hunting is not done without a sort of tactics: one must know how to withdraw the animal from the woods and mountains, and to act so as to hunt it with the wind, in order that the deer, which runs away with open mouth to breathe and to be cooled, may want air sooner and be more quickly hunted down. But if this exercise demand much skill, it offers no less danger. Sometimes the rider, carried away by his eagerness, cannot avoid being thrown down with his horse into the clefts and fissures of the ground; sometimes darted ahead with too much speed, he cannot turn aside his steed soon enough, causing him to strike cruelly against the branches or trunks of the trees often met on his way. Even when the deer is snared and thrown down, great precautions are necessary in approaching and killing it: one has equally to fear the points with which its forehead bristles, and the toes of the hoofs arming its feet. I saw a horse which appeared to have reecived a thrust from a sword upon the thigh, but which had been wounded only by the cutting foot of a deer.

The flesh of these dead animals, from which the fat had been removed, remaining abandoned on the hunting ground, bears, attracted by this prey, come from all sides to feed upon it; and the hunters must often contend for the ground with these dangerous animals, which occasionally desert the battle-field only in losing their life.

I was pointed out a child of sixteen who had captured twenty-three deer in one day. Assuming that each one had yielded three *arrobas*[1] of tallow, this young man had earned, in his day's work, one hundred and thirty-eight piastres (about seven hundred francs). I bought from the soldiers of the guard at this mission, for four thousand francs, a supply of this product, the result of their hunting.

Before leaving, I accompanied the padre into his garden which I found in

[1] [An *arroba* is equal to twenty-five pounds.]

the most deplorable condition: thick grass and marshes had invaded a portion of it, and the rest was as badly planted as it was badly cared for. He showed me the place where, a few days before, some wild Indians of the neighborhood had killed two men of the mission, shooting them with their arrows while asleep. This murder was attributed to the hatred that *los gentiles* bear toward all the Christian Indians; but this time it appeared to be the result of revenge and reprisals.

The Spanish government of California has always followed the atrocious system of ordering, from time to time, excursions to the settlements of the interior, either for retaking the Indians escaped from the missions, or driving away *los gentiles* by exciting terror among them; expeditions which, while costing the life of some soldiers and many natives, have served but to nourish hatred. The last and most ridiculous one of these little campaigns was made in 1826, under the command of Alferez (second lieutenant [ensign] Sanchez. This is the cause of it.

After the harvest, the padre at San Francisco Solano had given permission to eighty of his Christian Indians to visit their old native settlements; and they were on the way in a large boat, going up the Sacramento River, when the savages, attacking them unawares in a confined spot where they could neither flee nor defend themselves, killed more than forty of them. As a result of this, an incursion was ordered and entrusted to the passionate ardor of Sanchez, who advanced into the country at the head of twenty or thirty mounted soldiers. At their approach, all the Indians able to defend themselves lay in ambush in the woods, when they shot their arrows at the troop, while it was impossible for the horsemen to reach them or even to see them; but they, enraged, revenged themselves upon the women and children who had not been able to flee; they massacred thirty of them, and returned, in shameful triumph, with two young girls and a child whom they brought prisoners, as a token of their victory.

Were one to ask these imitators and descendants of the Spanish if there be no other way of gaining peace with these people; imbued with the ideas of their ancestors, they give the Indians so inhuman a character that, to hear them, it is impossible to treat them otherwise. "They live," they say, "in separate villages; and if peace be made with one of these hamlets, it is a motive for attack by the neighboring villages, who regard its inhabitants as traitors, and who join together to destroy it." But if one considers that the missions are peopled only by these same men, and that the padres, using in turn mildness and severity, have been able to acquire over them the immense influence which keeps up these establishments, one cannot help thinking that the commandants at the presidios have taken the reverse of good policy as well as of humanity.

I noticed one thing which would seem to prove that the resentment against so lamentable a system has not gone so far as to render the natives unruly. At the time of the harvest, the missionaries at San Rafael and San Francisco Solano obtain as many *gentiles* as they want for helping them gather the grain. They come to these missions with their wives and children, construct their temporary

huts, and work in the harvesting for a small quantity of corn or maize which the padres give them. We found two to three hundred of them who had been at San Francisco Solano for several weeks.

Nothing is more miserable than the people at the little camp they had pitched in front of the padre's dwelling. The men are nearly naked, and the women have only a cloak made of narrow strips of rabbit skin twisted into strings and sewed together. This garment is very warm; but being thick it serves as a retreat for an immense number of those parasitic insects so disgusting to us; for them, on the contrary, it is a kind of portable poultry-yard, where, in leisure moments, each one selects his choicest dish. While the young men are letting fly their arrows at the beaver or the goat, their gentle friends are busy with another hunt; and on their return they are offered the succulent product in a mussel-shell; as the dandy offers a lady his bon-bon box of mint lozenges.

I could carry away in the long boat only part of the tallow I had purchased; and notwithstanding that, it was heavily enough loaded for the long trip we had to make. We set out at two in the afternoon and we rejoined our ship at two in the morning.

Some days later we went to visit San Pedro Rancho, situated, as I have said, on the isthmus of the peninsula projecting into the channel of that name. I had already had the opportunity of becoming acquainted with the worthy man occupying it: Francisco Castro was descended from a Frenchman who has left in California a large and estimable family. At eleven we arrived at the beach nearest to the farm where two of Castro's sons awaited us with horses. The friendliest reception was prepared for us in this truly patriarchal dwelling. Francisco Castro was a man of sixty years, of noble face and figure, and perfectly preserved. His entire family, comprising ten children and two daughters-in-law, lived under the same roof in perfect harmony: among her brothers and sisters one young girl of fifteen excited notice from her interesting face and charming deportment.

After an excellent dinner we mounted our horses for a visit to the property, covering four square leagues. There were some fields where grain had been harvested recently; but all the rest was pasturage supporting fifteen hundred to two thousand cattle and some hundreds of horses.

Returning to the house we found two of the young men preparing to go to attack a bear they had seen that morning some distance from the farm. They had the courtesy to propose to us to accompany them; but however attractive was this invitation, we did not feel we were good enough horsemen to take part in this fight, and we let them go alone. At the end of three-quarters of an hour we saw them returning, each one with a young cub fastened to his rope.

They had betaken themselves to the spot where they had seen the bear. It was a thicket of hazelnut trees interspersed with oaks. Finding nothing at first, they were gathering some nuts above their horses' heads when the two cubs appeared near them. Without reflecting that these young animals would not be alone, they threw their *lazos* at once at them; but with the first cry from her

little ones the mother, eating acorns in a nearby oak tree, dropped suddenly from her tree and ran up to defend them, with all of the rage inspired by her affection. The two young men realized the imprudence they had committed in using their weapons against weak enemies, and they had recourse to flight. But one of them was exposed to a real danger, for the furious mother-bear had thrown herself upon him and had seized his horse's tail, which he could not get loose from her except by turning his steed quickly to one side, the utmost speed of which hardly sufficed to save him from this ferocious beast.

These men are so accustomed to expose themselves in this way that they merely joked about the fruitless efforts of the bear; and Castro, who loved his children to distraction, hardly seemed to notice they had almost been torn by the claws of this terrible adversary: he told them simply that he expected them to be provided with a fire-arm, another time, to use at the last extremity.

The little bears they had not let go could have been three months old, and they were already the size of a large dog. They, as well as their mother, were a dirty white, mixed with grey and brown. All the bears in this country are of this color: there are very few black ones. I had them skinned, while keeping the bones of the head and the paws, and I carried away the spoils to the ship.

By the 19th everything we had to take at San Francisco was loaded, and we prepared to leave this port to continue the lading at other points on the coast.

At our first stay at Yerba Buena we had found water plentiful enough to be able to fill our casks; but then it was winter, and this time we could get only enough for our daily consumption; it was, further, not very good. Hence we had to seek another place for this supply, and we were shown a watering place on the other side of the bay, whither I determined to go with the ship in order to avoid loss of time that transportation by means of boats would have brought about. The right shore of the entrance to the bay, after having made the channel, turns abruptly to the north and offers at once a good shelter; it is here where is found an abundant and convenient spring, opposite which we anchored, a rifle-shot from the shore; and we took from the place our whole supply of water with the greatest ease in a few hours' time.

XV

Departure from San Francisco. — The ship Comète. — We continue to travel along the coast. — Hiring of the ship Waverley. — Trip to the pueblo of Los Angeles and to San Gabriel. — Earthquake. — Dress. — Peril the Héros is exposed to. — Departure for San Diego. — Agreements with M. R..... — Departure for Lima.

The 20th we set sail from San Francisco, and the next day we anchored in the roads at Santa Cruz: there we took on board what was owed to us and, the 26th, we again got under way for Monterey, which we reached in a few hours.

Coming to this latter roadstead, we were a little surprised to see the French flag flying on a ship there at anchor. This ship was the *Comète,* from Bordeaux,

coming lastly from the Sandwich Islands. I shall enter into no particulars regarding this strange expedition; I shall merely say that M. R..... had been the promoter of it, and that it had been fitted out by a chief of the office of the ministry of the interior, who had had all our secrets and had made an ill use of them in this way.[1] This work made manifest M. R.....'s inconsistency and bad faith, and had it succeeded, it would have utterly ruined the business of the *Héros*. But although a hurtful competition was, henceforth, impossible from this side, I found myself, nevertheless, necessitated to forbid all relations of interests between the captain of the *Comète* and M. R....., who had only shame for reward for his deceit. So no more will be said about this ship, which we left some days later in the roads in the utmost difficulty; the captain absolutely not knowing what to do with a part of the cargo remaining with him.

During our stop at Monterey we were busy in depositing in a storehouse all the merchandise which was not necessary in my coming voyage to Peru, and which, uselessly filling part of the ship's room, would have been exposed to insects feeding upon the leather bags of tallow.[2] M. R..... and two trusted persons were to be commissioned with the guard and sale of these things.

Besides the articles which might be sold in California during my impending absence, I agreed with M. R..... that, if we could charter a suitable ship, he should go to the northwest coast of America with all which was intended for that trade, and should sell them at the Russian establishment of Sitka. In this manner we avoided the necessity of going there with the *Héros,* whose voyage was already only too greatly lengthened.

We acted according to this decision, and having finished our affairs at Monterey, we turned toward Santa Bárbara, where we arrived the 15th, after anchoring, as we passed, at a place named Cojo, one league east from Point Concepcion, that we might receive some tallow owed us by Mission Purísima.

We remained at Santa Bárbara only for the time needed to receive the supplies from that mission and from those neighboring it. Here we found a schooner, under the Sandwich Islands' flag, commanded by an American [T. Robbins]. We proposed to the supercargo of this ship to rent it to us for the projected voyage to the northwest coast of America, and after some days this business was concluded; it was decided that the *Waverley* (this was the name of the schooner) should come to rejoin us at San Diego, in order that M. R..... might sail from that place.

We once more put out to sea to continue to go down the coast, and we moored, the 21st, in San Pedro Bay. The first news I received from Mission San Gabriel making me fear a delay in despatching the tallow we were come to seek, I desired to go myself to hasten the sending, and I set out immediately, accompanied by Dr. Botta and a guide.

For four leagues the way goes toward the north, across a rather barren plain; but after passing the rancho I have already mentioned, it enters great pasture

[1] This officer died befor

[2] Packings in cattle hides.

grounds stocked with large herds belonging to the inhabitants of the pueblo of Los Angeles. We were compelled to make a passage in the midst of this multitude of animals; frequently, however, the unfriendly designs on the part of the bulls advising prudence, we described around them a circle of judicious radius.

Leaving these fields, we encountered more than one forest of mustard, whose tall stalks were above the riders' heads, and made, as it were, two thick walls on the two sides of the way. This plant is become, for some years, a terrible scourge for part of California. It invades the finest pasture lands and threatens to spread over the entire country. The people could have fought this enemy in the beginning, by totally extirpating the first plants of this species becoming troublesome; but their neglect has permitted the evil to increase to an extent almost irremediable with so small a population. Fire, even, is an insufficient means, which has been employed unsuccessfully. When the stalk is dry enough to burn, it has already sown a large part of its seed, and fire serves but to make the ground the more suitable for the reproduction of the plant one wished to destroy.

The pueblo of Los Angeles is built at the base of a chain of hills of moderate elevation, and upon the bank of a small river which does not run dry in summer. This little city is twenty-six miles north from San Pedro Bay. We stayed at the home of an inhabitant whom I had known before at San Diego. Before sunset we climbed a height of ground whence we discovered, like a dot, the *Héros* at anchor, to the right of the little Anniversary Island. "See," we said to ourselves, "the atom carrying all our hopes, and of which each of us takes up but about the four-thousandth part. How small is man! And how small also is one of his finest works!"

From the same spot I counted eighty-two houses comprising the pueblo, from which I inferred it might have one thousand inhabitants, including in this number two hundred Indians, servants or laborers. The environs of the village and the low lands dividing the two channels which form the river, appeared to me cultivated with some care. The principal produce consists of maize and grapes. The vine succeeds very well; but wine and brandy extracted from it are very inferior to the exquisite taste of the grape used for it, and I think this inferiority is to be attributed to the making rather than to the growth.

What struck me chiefly on entering this village was the air of cheerfulness, ease, and neatness which, it seemed to me, characterized the inhabitants, and which I had not observed at any of the presidios: so true is it that agriculture is, for free men, an abundant source of happiness; and that, on the other hand, everything is distress and uneasiness in a military establishment. There is wanting to this rising city, that it might offer the advantages of civilization, only an upright and independent tribunal to decide and regulate the disputes arising among individuals. The authority of an *alcalde,* uniting the functions of mayor and justice of the peace, is insufficient to assure the sacredness of property, the claims to which are, besides, so doubtful that they give occasion, at every instant, to disputes and hall relate before long.

As it is at the pueblo of Los Angeles I have observed the most order in the fashion of the people, this is the place to say something about their dress; and as this is, furthermore, closely related to that of Lower California, it might lead me into repetitions, which I ought to avoid in treating of this subject only once.

Only the men have a dress which can be called national, and perfectly adapted to their mode of life, which is to be almost always on horseback. They wear short trousers of wool or velvet, dark in color, ornamented at the knee with gold or silver lace; but they never button it at the knee, though it seems made for that. Below the open short trousers are large white drawers, descending half way down the leg, and covering a part of the white stockings always worn loose: the Californian who had on stockings well drawn up would excite a burst of sarcastic remarks. Their outside waistcoat is usually of the same stuff as the trousers; it is without a collar, and is trimmed with piping and with red ornaments. The numerous metal buttons on it are not used to close it; the two sides are not wide enough to join over the breast. As they do not use suspenders, the white shirt always shows between the vest and the trousers; to obviate this difficulty they wear a red sash, wound several times around the waist, and which they call *faja*.

Their shoes are a kind of buskins of skin which they fasten on by lacing on the outside of the foot; the vamp is divided lengthwise into two parts, one yellow, the other brown, and the whole shoe is adorned with embroidery with quite good effect: at the heel of the shoe is a little edging of fringed leather, serving to bear the weight of the monster spur which they use. When they are on horseback they wrap their legs in *gamuzas*,[3] as in Lower California: this is the portion of their dress in which they display the most vanity; the manner of rolling it about the calf of the leg is the touchstone of good Californian style. Woe to him whose *bota* would permit the shape of the leg to be made out! The young man the best dressed must appear to be supported upon two thick sausages, and as if to add to the illusion, the *bota* is made tight in the middle of the calf by a cord braided of gold and silk, the work of their lady-love.

The hats they prefer are of felt, flat in shape and with wide brim. To protect themselves from the cold, they have a cloak which is nothing else than a piece of stuff with a hole for allowing the head to pass through, used in all the Spanish colonies of America, and which is called, now *poncho* now *manga*. The ensemble of this costume is far from wanting in beauty and splendor, but its greatest advantage is in permitting perfect freedom to all the movements of the body.

The women are ludicrously dressed: their costume is a bizarre mixture of foreign and Californian fashions; it is, particularly, when they borrow something from the Mexican women, that they become extravagant; for these Mexicans (those at least who were in California) are so laughably dressed, that one should have a large portion of gravity to preserve any seriousness in the presence of their toilet.

---

[3] [*Gamuza* — chamois leather.]

I still recall the merriment seizing us at sight of the headdress beautifying, one holy day, the two daughters of Miguel Gonzalez, commandant at Monterey. I do not know which one of us had made them believe that two of those pasteboard melons which our ladies made use of for some time to carry about their work, were the latest style of hats in Paris, and that they had only to add some ribbons and feathers to give them the finishing touch. They bought them eagerly, and having trimmed them according to the instructions which had been given to them, they believed they would make a lively sensation, and cause all the Californian women to burst with vexation; but we had charitably taken the whole community into the secret, so that they were greeted with a general explosion of loud bursts of laughter, and the name of *cabezas de melones* (melon-heads) remained with them.

One sees, then, very few Californian women keeping strictly to the extremely simple costume of the country, which is composed of a petticoat, the upper part white and the rest red; this is the *enaguas* which I have spoken of in another place: it hangs from the hips where it forms a much puffed-out pad. A white shirt of the same form as the man's, a *rebozo* [muffler] of blue and white cotton, white stockings and black shoes — there is their complete attire. In general they have very beautiful hair which they allow to fall behind in a thick braid, as do the men. Those whom coquetry obliges to have something more formal, wish to become elegant, and are only grotesque. We should prefer still more the completely indigenous dress to the hodge-podge of their stolen toilet.

The day after our arrival at the pueblo we went to Mission San Gabriel, distant three leagues to the east-northeast. It lies at the foot of very high mountains, in a fertile plain abundantly provided with running water. Although this mission is, undeniably, the wealthiest in California, its buildings are far from equalling in beauty those of San Luis Rey. The church had been thrown down, two years before, by an earthquake, and they were busy in building another.[4] San Gabriel's wealth consists of immense herds and fine vines producing very good wine: they were at this time loaded with ripe grapes, the purple and juicy clusters hanging down to the ground.

The kind welcome I received from Padre [José] Sanchez, president of the mission, would have made me consent to prolong my stay there; but being able to obtain from him only as much as my lading exceeded that of the ship *Solitude*, which had preceded us by some days at San Pedro, I was so vexed with this delay, that I would not remain longer at San Gabriel; and despite the padre's entreaties, I went back to sleep at the pueblo, to return to the port the next day.

About eight in the evening we were having tea with Don José Carillo (this was the name of my host) and his family, when a severe earthquake shock was felt. Their first motion was to rush into the yard, where I followed them at once; but almost immediately I recollected that Carillo's son, a young child of

[4] ["Very strangely there is no other record" than the above "either of the earthquake of 1825, or of a new church at this mission . . . but some damage had been done to the building in 1812." Bancroft: *Hist. of California,* Vol. II, p. 568.]

eight years, who was confined to his bed by a burn on the foot, was left sleeping in the reception-room, and I ran to find him. I had brought him in my arms into the midst of his relatives while they had not yet noticed their forgetfulness; and it was only after a new shock that the mother came weeping to thank me for what I had just done. Her fright had been such, that all other feeling than that of her safety had disappeared.

An earthquake is so awful a phenomenon that I was not surprised at the negligence of this tender mother, who passionately loved her only child. This terrible scourge shows itself under so dreadful an aspect, and gives so unexpected and instantaneous effects, that it sometimes suspends all our faculties, and takes away from some persons even the wish to flee: they have been seen to remain as if petrified, exposed to the fall of a building, without being able to take a step to avoid the danger of being buried under the ruins. If, at Lima, an earthquake be felt at night, which occurs very frequently, the streets and squares are seen to fill in an instant with naked men and women. I know well that Thisbes are very scarce in Peru; but it must be admitted that it is only an insurmountable terror which can thus make women forget all thought for their modesty. It is not, then, astonishing, if vital motion be in some sort arrested, that the duties of the heart, even a mother's heart, may be momentarily suspended.

The 1st of October there still remained something to take on board; it was quite against my wish that I saw myself kept in this poor roadstead, when the advanced season made me fear being surprised by some sudden storm. My fears were justified only too soon; for the morning of the 4th I came near losing the ship.

During the night of the 3d to the 4th, the weather became threatening, and the wind blowing for some instants from the southeast, I had the small anchor raised at once, and made ready to set sail; but the threatening symptoms having diminished, I awaited the day to judge better of the weather. At sunrise everything foretold a squall from the sea, and although it was almost calm, I sent to the beach to get some leather bags of tallow, and some other things still there, in order to be ready to set sail on the return of the boat. During this time the breeze strengthened, and there was not an instant to lose. The boat having returned, we veered at once on our chain. We were moored very near the rocks of the coast, in five fathoms; and the wind coming directly from the sea, the anchorage was one of the most ticklish. But one circumstance made it still more difficult. We had, as I have just said, raised the small anchor during the night, and the ship remaining thus on a single anchor for several hours, it had moved around and had fouled it with the anchor stock;[5] so that we still had more than twenty fathoms of the chain out when the ship began to drive. But the promptness with which all sail was set, while, on the other hand, the working of the capstan did not slacken, saved us. The ship began to run, dragging her anchor while we finished raising it, and we succeeded in doubling Anniversary Island

[5] I shall not attempt to explain these various terms; every definition would be insufficient to make persons unfamiliar with nautical matters understand the situation.

at the distance of a pistol shot, grazing the bottom in three and a half fathoms. Once this danger overcome, we tacked to the side and left the bay. On this occasion we again owed the safety of the ship to the number and activity of the crew. Had we remained at anchor, the fouled anchor would not have held, and being too near the rocks to have time to cast another to advantage, we should probably have driven onto the coast.

Scarcely were we out of the roads when the wind became violent; but we were no longer uneasy, and we passed through this little hurricane quietly between San Pedro and Santa Catalina Island. The next day the weather was again calm, and the wind had retaken its ordinary direction from the northwest: we returned to the roads in the bay, and without casting anchor, we sent the long boat to the land to take what tallow was come for us during our little absence, and as soon as it had returned, we made ready to go to San Diego, where the lading was to end, sheltered from like sudden alarms.

In this port we found the *Waverley* which had preceded us thither by some days. We busied ourselves in taking on supplies of wood and water. The first is easy enough and costs nothing; it is procured on the barren peninsula making the southern side of the harbor, where shrubs and bushes growing there are cut. As for the water, it is very scarce in summer: we were forced to buy it at the presidio and have it brought in a cart.

The evening of the 12th, on returning to the port, my horse fell, and dragged down in its fall, I felt a sharp pain in my right shoulder. I remounted, however, and still made more than a league before reaching the ship, which I boarded without assistance; but at the first examination, Dr. Botta told me I had broken the clavicle. This accident could not have happened to me more unseasonably. I had on all sides many matters of business without, and on board I had to settle all my accounts; to give instructions to the persons I was leaving to guard the storehouse at Monterey; finally, to draw up in writing my agreements with M. R....., relative to the voyage he was going to undertake to the northwest coast.

It was agreed with this latter that, during my absence, which would be from five to six months, he should return to Monterey with the *Waverley;* that he should load on board this schooner the merchandise he should judge suitable; that he should first go to the American establishment of Columbia River, and that, if he did not succeed in bartering there all of his cargo, he should thence go to the Russian colony of Sitka, in Norfolk Sound, where we hoped he would negotiate the remainder to advantage, in exchange for the skins of the seal and the sea otter. He was then to return to Monterey, where we would rejoin each other on my return from Peru. Everything being thus arranged, I set sail for Lima on the 20th, leaving the *Waverley* ready to depart the following day for Monterey.

[TO BE CONTINUED]

DUHAUT-CILLY'S ACCOUNT OF CALIFORNIA IN THE YEARS 1827-1828*

Translated from the French by Charles Franklin Carter

(CONTINUED)

XVI

General glance at the two Californias. — Pearl fishing. — Customs of the people of Upper California. — Property. — California soldiers. — Indians of Upper California. — Their features. — The rancherias. — Poisoned arrows. — Manner of making sure of the strength of the poison. — Sorceresses. — Religion. — Indian preachers. — Fruitless efforts.

The depicting of the manners of a people can excite a true curiosity only in two cases: first, when the people, the object of the description, are almost unknown, and their customs, compared to ours, are strange, bizarre, extraordinary. The attraction of the narrative arises then from the contrast presented to the imagination: here, art is useless; the simple observation of the facts is enough to make the account of interest; this is, furthermore, the part of voyages which has always met with the most attention.

There is another circumstance when this subject becomes an inexhaustible source of interest; this is when it deals with a civilized nation, a rival, particularly, in power, wealth and manners. But in that case it is no longer the swift navigator who ought to undertake this task; it belongs to the historian. The voyager can easily be wise as a Humboldt, interesting as a Cook, light and amusing as an Arago; he cannot easily be an historian like a Rollin, a well informed

---

*Duhaut-Cilly's works are catalogued under *Bernard* by the Library of Congress, and information from that institution, as well as from the Bibliothèque Nationale in Paris, discloses that the author's patronimic was indeed originally "Bernard Duhaut-Cilly" (*Revue des Provinces de l'ouest,* Nantes, 1853) or, perhaps more correctly, "Bernard du Haut Cilly" (*Repertoire générale de bio-bibliographie bretonne,* Rennes, 1889). It became the custom, however, to call the members of the family Duhaut-Cilly only, as we see our author wrote it on his title page, while keeping Bernard as a middle name.

From the first of the two French articles in the works noted above, a photostat copy of which was sent to the translator, it appears that our traveler, Auguste Bernard Duhaut-Cilly was born at St. Malo, March 26, 1790. When only seventeen he began his career at sea, took part in the battle of Grand Port in 1810, and in 1813 against the English frigate *Amelia.* (An elder brother, Malo Bernard Duhaut-Cilly, two years his senior, was with him on the same ship in this battle.) When peace was declared, Duhaut-Cilly left the navy to become a captain in the merchant marine, and after various expeditions to the French colonies, to Brazil, Havana, and Buenos Aires, he took command of the *Héros* in which he made his memorable *Voyage.* This long trip deeply affected his health, so much so that on his return to France he was forced to give up his sea explorations. He settled at St. Servan, and filled the position of mayor for some years, where he is remembered for the improvements he introduced. He died there, of the cholera, October 26, 1849.

The translator, in a foot-note to his introduction, states that Duhaut-Cilly was the author of a brochure—*Retour de la Corvette l'Ariane de la Mer du Sud dans l'Océan Atlantique,* which states that he was the captain and took part in the blockade of Buenos Aires. This information was given by the Bibliothèque Nationale, but from the account in the *Revue des Provinces de l'ouest* it now appears that this pamphlet was the work of Malo Duhaut-Cilly.

critic like an Addison or a de Jouy,[1] nor can he describe poetically like a de Chateaubriand.

What please and amuse us in a savage people are their habits, customs, even the most familiar details of their life. For a civilized nation it is otherwise; one wishes to know less about its separate customs than its laws, its government, and the tendencies of its policy, because this is what interests us in our relations with it; and if the author wish to return to its private habits, he can do it successfully only by means of a critical examination and great talent.

But if highly civilized nations and purely savage peoples are equally interesting to study, it is not the same with those populations whose debased customs have nothing national about them. This is the case with California, loaded with Spanish, English, Mexican, Indian and other customs, a dull mosaic picture without life and character. This lack of originality would have made me give up the idea of entertaining the reader, had this country's natives not been there to throw some color upon this pale canvas.

I have been speaking for a long while of California, of the presidios and the missions, without, until now, giving myself to explanations necessary for the understanding of what has been said and what remains for me to say about these things. Now I am going to take up the subject of this country in a more general way; afterward, I shall give some particulars about the natives.

This part of America, at the present time subject to the rule of Mexico, is divided into Upper and Lower California. The latter is the part which I know the less. It is, properly speaking, the long and narrow peninsula, bounded on one side by the great ocean, on the other by the Gulf of Cortez, also called the Red Sea, and is included between the twenty-second and thirty-second degree of north latitude.

The settlement of Lower California, going back about one hundred and twenty years, is owed to the order of Dominicans, who still are the heads of the missions in this province; but though it has been civilized for a longer time than Upper California, and possesses gold and silver mines, and other products of great value, it is far from having attained the degree of prosperity of the other; and the reason for this must be attributed to the nature of the soil, which is much less fertile and less susceptible to cultivation. It is separated from the coast of Sonora by the Gulf of Cortez and the Rio Colorado (Red River), which empties exactly into the northern end of this little sea. The principal presidios of Lower California are Real San Antonio, of which I have already spoken, La Paz, and Loreto, the most northerly. On the coast bathed by the Red Sea they hunt the tortoise yielding the tortoise shell, and the oyster producing pearls. The pearls are abundant and often very big, frequently taking the form of a pear.

[1] [Victor Joseph Étienne de Jouy, born at Jouy, near Versailles, about 1764. He enlisted in the army, visited South America and India; wrote several light comedies, and a lyric poem, *La Vestale*, which gained for him much reputation; composed the libretti for several operas, among others Rossini's *Moïse* and *Guillaume Tell* and Cherubini's *Les Amazones;* wrote the tragedy *Sylla*, in which Talma acted. A series of sketches published under the title of *L'Hermite de la Chaussée d'Antin* had been compared with Addison's *Spectator*. He was a member of the French Academy in 1815; died 1846.]

I have seen some which would have been of an inestimable value, if they had been of a little better color, what the people of the country call *buen oriente;* but nearly all are spotted or shaded a deep olive in some parts. The shells, themselves, are usually edged with a rim of this color, making the mother-of-pearl of inferior quality.

At the time I visited this country, an English company had despatched thither a ship for carrying on the pearl fishing. This expedition, for which the shares of stock were, perhaps, sold very high in London, failed. The diving apparatus they used was good; but it required too much time to let it down and raise it again proportionately to the space of ground it took in; so that, were it cast in a spot where the oysters were few, the day was passed in vain efforts, costing much and bringing in nothing.

There are no more free Indians in Lower California, and the number of those in subjection to the missionaries or to the government, and even to individuals, is small and diminishes every day. The Dominicans governing the missions of Lower California are very inferior in talent and learning to the Franciscans. I have known but one of them, the one at San José del Cabo, who was exemplary in his life; all the others caused more or less scandal among the people.

Upper California is the prolongation of the peninsula, and makes part of the mainland of America. It extends lengthwise, from the port of San Diego, in 32½° latitude north, to San Francisco, in 37¾°. It is the southern part of the strip of coast which is called New Albion by the English.

The first mission, established in 1769, was that of San Diego, and since, twenty others have been founded between these two points, comprising a stretch of one hundred and fifty leagues in length; for beyond this, there are no establishments, and that part of the country is inhabited by savages alone.

The foundation of all these missions took place in agreement with the Spanish government; and though persuasion was the first means employed by the Franciscans, it was deemed necessary to support them by some military force, not with the avowed intention of attacking the natives and conquering the land, but for protecting the rising establishments from the encroachments of the savages. It was for this purpose that the four presidios of San Diego, Santa Bárbara, Monterey and San Francisco were established, at the same time. These are a kind of fortress, in which are distributed the soldiers furnishing the detachments appointed to guard each mission.

Here is the condition of the missions of Upper California in 1827, with their geographical position, the number of their Indians, and their respective distances.

It is seen by this table that the number of Christian Indians distributed among the missions of Upper California amounted, in 1827, to twenty thousand one hundred and fifty-three.[2] According to Roquefeuille, there were twenty-two

[2] [Duhaut-Cilly makes an error in the table, and repeats it in the text, in the number of Indians at the missions. After adding several times the column of figures given, the translator makes the total 21,052: the decrease, therefore, in the ten years was, instead of two thousand, only one thousand. Still the decrease was great, and continued, in about the same ratio, for many years after the author's visit.]

thousand in 1817; thus this class must have suffered a decrease of two thousand in ten years.

[LOCATION AND POPULATION OF THE MISSIONS OF UPPER CALIFORNIA IN 1827]

Names of the missions.	Foundation.	Latitude north.	Indians living	Distance from the preceding
San Diego	16 June 1769	32° 48′	1,829	
San Luis Rey	13 June 1798	33° 3′	2,767	13½ leagues
San Juan Capistrano	1 Nov. 1776	33° 26′	1,060	12½ "
San Gabriel	8 Sept. 1771	34° 10′	1,644	18 "
San Fernando	8 Sept. 1797	34° 16′	957	9 "
San Buenaventura	31 March 1782	34° 26′	908	22 "
Santa Bárbara	4 Dec. 1786	34° 30′	923	10 "
Santa Inés	12 Sept. 1804	34° 52′	516	12 "
Purísima Concepcion	8 Dec. 1782	35°	662	8 "
San Luis Obispo	1 Sept. 1772	35° 36′	424	18 "
San Miguel	25 July 1797	35° 48′	904	13 "
San Antonio	14 July 1771	36° 30′	806	13 "
Soledad	9 Oct. 1791	36° 38′	512	11 "
San Carlos	3 June 1770	36° 44′	306	15 "
San Juan Bautista	24 June 1797	36° 48′	1,221	12 "
Santa Cruz	28 Aug. 1791	37°	461	13 "
Santa Clara	18 Jan. 1777	37° 20′	1,450	11 "
San José	11 June 1797	37° 30′	1,806	5 "
San Francisco	9 Oct. 1776	37° 46′	265	20 "
San Rafael	18 Dec. 1817	38° 1′	939	8 "
San Francisco Solano	25 Aug. 1823	38° 39′	692	9 "
			20,153	

But if this part of the population has diminished, on the other hand, the number of creoles, which is the name I give the Californians, because some day they will be the only inhabitants of this country, has increased in the same proportion during these ten years. The traveller I have just cited estimated it at the same period, 1817, at thirteen hundred, and in 1827 it had risen to three thousand five hundred. As in Lower California, this class owes its origin to the first Spaniards who married Indian women. It has gradually increased sufficiently to obviate the need of the men any longer uniting themselves to these women; with the result that their color, which, at first was olive, has lightened more and more. These people have to-day the complexion of the Spanish; a large number of marriages, contracted since the independence of Mexico, between the Californian women and foreigners, have powerfully contributed to make this population fully white.

Nearly all of the men are large and well formed; their features are fine and strong; a thick black beard discloses their Spanish origin. But they do not reap all the advantage from their figure: the custom of being always on horseback causes them to acquire an awkward shape. They are so little accustomed to make use of their legs that, in walking, they carry the entire weight of their body from one side to the other, as if they were lame. The Californians are lazy: the only work to which they give themselves with any inclination is that which consists in taking care of the herds, because, for this employment, one must be on horseback; they excel, also, in everything having to do with equi-

tation: after the talent of the rider, they possess little of any other except that of the butcher and of the ostler.

Agriculture is entirely neglected by the Californians. The labor of some among them, in this particular, consists in cultivating some vines and small gardens where are planted, without judgment, various species of fruit trees and vegetables which they do not know how to graft or to improve. It is true that the lack of laws in the country does not fit for the encouragement of husbandry. To feel the desire to improve, one must be an owner; now, not one estate is supported by a lawful title. Never has the government, nor have the missionaries, given up to the people the smallest piece of land, either by grant or by full sale. They alone possess, and can transmit the right of possession. I have spoken of the ranchos or great farms where private people live; I have mentioned the gardens of the pueblos of San José and of Los Angeles: the people can be stripped of them without regard; even the ground on which are built their dwellings does not belong to them. All grants made till now to Californians are revocable. After an occupation of more than a half-century by one family, there is still no legal prescription. We saw law suits between the heirs of an estate of this kind, ended by its seizure in the name of the government which, to bring the pleaders into harmony, granted it temporarily to a private person who had no right to it. They are, then, merely a kind of fiefs which can be withdrawn at the caprice or the good pleasure of the lord.

This system cannot last long: if Mexico establish herself definitely, the lands not belonging to the missions will have to be divided among Californians; but while awaiting this happy revolution, nothing can restore confidence in the husbandman, and agriculture remains in discredit.

One may retort that the present resources of California are sufficient for her inhabitants; I admit it; but it is with her future prosperity with which I am concerned: what is wanting are people. Everyone knows that populations increase rapidly only as the means for existence grow. The kings of Spain had an interest in holding the creoles in subjection; and without being ashamed of the vast field they opened to injustice and favor, they regarded this paramount power over the lands as a *governmental* means. The republican government of Mexico must consider things under quite another aspect: they must desire everything which can lead to the growth of the population; for the multitude, the masses, are the power.

There are very few Californians in the missions; they are distributed among the two pueblos I have spoken of, and in the four presidios. One hardly knows how live those dwelling in these latter. Many of them become soldiers, and thereby find a kind of existence. Military life among the Californian soldiers, active enough because they are employed as express messengers and stewards, in no wise resembles that of the European soldier. They never drill: they are merely considered as mounting guard in the presidios and missions: their most frequent and regular duty is to serve as customs guards. Those entrusted with this care know how to take advantage of their position by favoring smuggling.

These troops, although divided into artillery, cavalry, and infantry, are alike mounted. Each soldier must have several horses which feed upon the government lands. These regiments have, correctly speaking, no uniform; the national costume I have spoken of takes the place of it. These men occupy in society quite another rank than our European soldiers, and in this respect much more resemble the Turkish janissaries than any other body of troops. They have been seen to aspire to the hand of their commandant's daughter, and gain it. They are present at all the festivals given by their officers, return them courtesy for courtesy, and are their equal everywhere. They would receive a very large salary if they were paid what is owed them; but that has never happened to them, no more under the Spanish government than under the Mexican, and there are some who are owed more than twenty years of their wages. They receive only their rations with tolerable regularity, and they are furnished clothing, from time to time, from the woolens, linen and shoes which are supplied by foreign ships for the amount of their customs duties.

The people of the pueblos and ranchos have at least more assured means of existence. Their herds, their vineyards, their gardens provide abundantly enough for their tables. Those lacking these resources work when hunger urges them, branding and tending their neighbors' herds, being paid in cattle. In the months of May and June they hunt the deer and wild cattle abounding in the woods where they have increased considerably.

It is not the Californians who till their lands; for this work they obtain Indians, whose wages they pay to the missionaries. It is to be regretted that this duty should be entrusted to a kind of slaves, whilst men and vigorous youths pass their life in horse racing or in squandering in gambling the little they have.

Californians are, in general, hospitable, but vain and easily offended. Fathers exact from their children great submission, and this dependence is frequently maintained after marriage. Seldom does one see a child of either sex sitting at the table of his father who, more often, eats alone, served by his wife, sons and daughters. Although the habit of smoking is so strong with them that they are rarely seen without a cigar in the mouth, a son would not dare to do it in the presence of his parents. The young Californian cannot shave, for the first time, without his father's consent, which is not often given before his twenty-second year, the usual time for his marriage.

The women are of a size proportional to that of the men, that is, they are large and strong. Some are seen with pretty faces, and which would pass for beautiful were they less careless of their complexion, their hands and feet; they are usually sedate and modest; the fault of Californian men, also, is not licentiousness: gambling occupies first place; they ruin themselves at it, and lose the inclination for work in this fatal occupation for nearly all their time. The most skillful player is he who cheats the most. When it is said of some one: *sabe barajar* (he knows how to shuffle the cards), that does not mean he handles his cards greatly and elegantly, but that he knows how to arrange them cleverly in order to win.

If gambling ruins them, drunkenness degrades them still more: these two vices, here as with us, usually go hand in hand. They devote themselves to it, unbridled, unrestrained; thus, at their feasts one sees almost nothing but brandy for all refreshment; and to arrange for a dance, what they call a *fandango,* though they are not acquainted with that dance, it needs but some gallons of this beverage and a few candles.

The Catholic religion is observed by Californians with many outward demonstrations; and one sees only too well that, after the example of their Spanish ancestors, they make it consist of ceremonies of worship mingled with many superstitions. The importance which the missionaries, in order to speak to the eyes of the Indians, have always placed in the visible things of religion, is one of the causes of this error. A Californian believes he is a very good Catholic if he appears with the outward marks of piety, though he do or avoid nothing which the religion commands or forbids. He has not even the notion that faith is a virtue necessary to one attending mass, feasts and Sunday services in a proper spirit. Fast days are distinguished from others only because one must eat either fish or flesh, without a mixture of the two; in these days one sees even the table of the padres set, as usual, with meat, fish and vegetables; and every one, according to his taste, devotes himself to one or the other of these dishes. The missionaries' fast is limited to not eating ragouts at evening and morning; but with a cup of chocolate and a tart, they wait patiently for dinner.

There are few, except the missionaries, who eat bread; the Californians make, from flour, cakes taking the place of it, and which they call, as I have already said, tortillas. They make them also of corn meal, which are not so good. Their table is, in general, very simple, and the meat of the ox, or rather of the cow, for they prefer this, is the entire expense of their cuisine. They do not like game: they might easily provide themselves with hare and deer. They claim the flesh of the deer is not healthful; it is, they say, a cold meat(*carne fria*); they never eat it. Cheese is much to their taste; they manufacture several kinds; but their cows give little milk.

In some of the missions fairly well served tables are found, and if they still leave much to be desired by the lover of good eating, he must blame the good will of the missionaries less than the slight development the culinary art has been able to receive in this country. I have, however, the mild satisfaction of believing that the Luculluses of California will boast of the sojourn of the *Héros* on their shores: perhaps, some day they will erect to the good and erudite Dorrey[3] an altar, where his bust, crowned with thyme and laurel, shall receive homage forever and ever, in memory of the two Indian disciples whom he initiated into the secrets of his art.

The Indians of Upper California are divided into two classes: the Christians and the heathen (*los gentiles*), as they are called in this country. The

---

[3] Dorrey was the c[illegible] San Luis had begged me to have him give lessons in cooking to two of his Indians who remained several months on board. To-day he keeps a very good hotel at Le Hâvre.

first are, as we have seen, not numerous, since only twenty thousand are counted on this long stretch of coast; but the number of the others, whose territory is bounded only by the possessions of the United States and by the northwest coast of America, cannot be reckoned.

This immense extent of ground undoubtedly contains a large number of nations, or rather of different tribes, still unknown: we shall take up only those neighboring the coast and which have peopled the missions.

The Indians have never formed a national body: even their language undergoes great variations in very short distances; often those at one mission do not understand those of the nearest mission. They are divided into separate villages or rancherías. Two or three of these rancherías form a tribe. Sometimes, even, a single one of these hamlets recognizes a chief independent of his neighbors, and speaks a separate language.

One can conceive that war must often break out between these little populations. The possession of a spring, of a grove, of a hill, becomes a subject of dispute; for the skin of a rabbit or a beaver, the bow is strung, and the murderous arrow does not pass through the air with impunity.

To avoid danger of incursions often unjustly made to their settlements, they usually select for sites for their villages, solid pieces of ground surrounded by marshes which the Spanish call *tulares,* from the great quantity of reeds [*tules*] growing there. Thither the Californian riders cannot come with their horses. The boats they use for crossing the water or for fishing are quite the worst in the world; they are two bundles of reeds, eight feet long, joined together by cross-pieces of wood. This species of rafts, called *balsas* in the country, is steered by means of a double-bladed paddle which is plunged into the water alternately on one side and the other.

These natives of Upper California present an exterior which prepossesses little in their favor. Some of the men are tall in stature, but the greater number are of a size below the average; without being overloaded with flesh, they have robust limbs and a full chest. Although their forms are athletically drawn, they are without grace and beauty. Their color is a dark brown-red; their face is less black than the rest of the body, and the women are more yellowish than the men. Supported upon a very short neck, their head is big, and covered with a thick, bushy mane of straight hair of the deepest black; a cord bound above the forehead keeps back this forest, in such a way as to leave the sight free. With the exception of a slight beard on the chin, they are little hairy; their skin is supple and smooth. It appears that smallpox does not make havoc among them. Their forehead is low and contracted above; the eyes are open, very black, and harmonize well with the wild character of the rest of their features. Wide nostrils accompany a slightly protruding nose. Two rows of large teeth of striking whiteness adorn a very wide mouth. Their lips are not very thick; the upper, larger than the other, is short and very near to the nose. The cheek-bone is prominent. Finally, the assemblage of their roughly fashioned features proclaims stupidity: this is the most general character of their physiognomy. Some excep-

tions must, however, be granted; without being pretty, there are young people of both sexes to whom a look full of fire and flourishing health lend a pleasing exterior.

The women are small, ugly, and thick-set; they have pronounced, but badly formed, hips, and lean, lank legs.

In both sexes, the broad, square foot is adorned with a thick, hard hoof, a result of their custom of running barefooted over rocks and in the brush.

This race of Indians is one of the filthiest in the world. Their cone-shaped hovels are disgusting dens, where they pass their precarious life in uncleanliness and brutishness. Instead of making beds of straw or moss, they lie down around the fire in the dust and ashes. But they make themselves cloaks of rabbit skins or bird feathers, skilfully worked and decorated with bands of various colors. They make also pretty baskets of reed, ornamented with small pieces of mother-of-pearl and the aigrette of the partridge. As the country does not furnish, like other lands, fruits suitable for vessels, and as they are not acquainted with so easy an art as fashioning them from baked earth, they substitute for these reed baskets, woven tightly enough to make them impervious to water. As these vessels cannot go on the fire, they cook their food in them by throwing in hot stones which, in a moment, make boil the water put in them.[4]

The bows and arrows they make are so perfect that one would attempt vainly to improve on them. The flattened wood of the bow is covered, on the convex side, with a deer or bull sinew, and united with it in such a way as to be indivisible from it, and whose two ends, passing a little beyond the wood, are turned back in a volute to be used for attaching the catgut. If the bow be relaxed, the sinew contracts, and the convex side then becomes concave; from this, one must imagine whether, to stretch it, some strength and skill be necessary. To avoid the sound of the cord giving warning to the game, they wrap a part of it in a muff of beaver skin which neutralizes the vibration; so that only the whistling of the arrow is heard by the animal missed; for the one which is shot has not time to notice it. It would not, perhaps, be an improvement to replace the flint point, arming their arrows, with one of iron. As for the elegance of the shaft, as well as the manner in which it is feathered, nothing could be added to it. When they go to war or to the hunt, they put some dozens into a pretty fox or beaver skin, stripped from the animal by the rump; the shafts of the arrows coming out of the mouth, while the ends, adorned with feathers, reach beyond the back, lend to this quiver at the same time a wild and graceful character .

To poison their arrows of war, these Indians, it is said, make one or several rattle snakes bite a piece of flesh cut from a deer or an ox which has just died, and they thrust into it, several times, the point they wish to render mortal. Others say they dry this flesh by the fire, and after having ground it and mixed it with blood, they make use of this composition for the same purpose.

[4] [Duhaut-Cilly speaks somewhat slightingly of these baskets which are accounted unsurpassed by those made anywhere in the world, either for use or beauty. What need had the Californian Indians for earthenware vessels when such splendid examples of basket weaving were produced by them? Duhaut-Cilly's expression, *jolies corbeilles,* is far from descriptive.]

They use various means, afterward, to test the subtilty of the poison. The first consists in touching, with the arrow, a piece of fresh meat. If it become livid and greenish, the poison is sufficiently active. The second expedient they employ is to make a small cut in their arm with a knife or some sharp instrument, and to touch the blood flowing from the wound with the arrow: immediately, they claim, the poison goes up toward the wound, coagulating or decomposing the blood which they wipe away quickly before reaching it. But there is still another test much more certain: it costs the life of a woman whom they wound with the point of the infected dart. The Indian supplying me with this note spoke quite good Spanish; and as I appeared indignant at the barbarity of the proceeding, he said to me with stupid indifference: "We choose in this case an old woman who is no longer good for anything" (*una vieja que no sirve*). This unfortunate creature is, however, sometimes their mother; for, among these natives, family ties are broken at the age when the child can care for himself. These customs differ essentially, on this point, from those of their neighbors of the northwest coast, where the women, of whatever age they may be, retain the greatest privileges.

The Indians impute to some old women the art of sorcery, and then they become objects of veneration and fear. They cast spells over women with child, making them take decoctions of magic plants: those who have incurred their anger delay not in becoming victims of their witchcraft, without being able to fix the true cause of it; undoubtedly they mix imperceptible poisons in their food, while they seem to do nothing but pass a mysterious wand through the hair of the object of their hatred, which throws them into a kind of frenzy, and causes them to lose their mind. At other times they make them meet, they say, a snake which charms their eyes and causes their death. These old enchantresses stubbornly refuse to converse with strangers about their occult science; without doubt for the very simple reason that the greatest merit of their secrets is to have none other than that of working upon the credulity of their savage compatriots.

As soon as an Indian feels himself indisposed, he makes use of a rather strange remedy: each village possesses a house or rather a cave of health; it is an oven hollowed in the ground, and covered with a thatched roof; a fire is lighted inside near the entrance, and all the sick cower, naked, in the bottom of this cavern, which has hardly any air and is full of smoke. One can understand how these poor patients soon enter into an abundant perspiration; the sweat rolls from all parts of their bodies; but at the moment they are bathed in it, and all the pores are open and expanded, they go to throw themselves into cold water, where they remain for some time.

Nothing positive can be said about the religion of these indigenes. They reply in a vague way to questions addressed them on this subject, and their accounts almost never agree. They believe the sun is the master of the world, and they regard it as a man whose wife is the moon. They explain, coarsely, what makes them believe the moon is a woman. They say also that the sun, having had a son, he drove him from heaven in a fit of anger: the latter, in the

shape of a marten, went to hide in the mountains; storms are the anger of the father; thunder, the son's voice; and earthquakes are produced by the struggles he makes to get free from the prison in which he is confined. The old mission Indians are the only ones from whom any particulars on this subject may be gained; every day tradition vanishes and is lost.[5]

The Indians who, gathered together at the missions, have embraced Christianity, understand this religion the less, as it is expounded to them by other Indians converted before them: the purity of the dogma can be only much altered, continued in this way by means of ignorant men, and in a language having no expressions for rendering our metaphysical ideas; in this way they preserve a large part of their native superstitions. In each mission there is an Indian preacher: his duties are to repeat in the tongue of the country, phrase by phrase, the instructions the padres utter in Spanish. All these neophytes end, after some years, in understanding and speaking this language with more or less clearness. They succeed quite well in whatever is taught them. In the missions one sees workmen who have gained a good deal of experience in the arts they have been taught; and I have given proof of this in the description of some buildings I have spoken of before. They imitate the Californians in all their exercises of equitation, and are as good horsemen as they.

The same system which governed the establishment of the missions of Lower California by the Dominicans has been followed also by the Franciscans in Upper California; but, like the first, these have not kept to their agreements; that is, that at the end of ten years, they have not deemed it fitting to distribute the lands among the neophytes, in giving them their freedom. One must not, however, charge these religious with the whole weight of this oppression: they have made attempts which did not succeed. In several missions some of the most intelligent of the Indians were selected, and were settled, with their wives and children, upon lands more than sufficient for each family. They were supplied with herds, agricultural instruments, and food for the first year; nothing, in short, was wanting to their needs, and even to their fortune which they could have increased rapidly: but the contrary has occurred. They have let themselves drift into sloth, indolence, and vice; they have let their herds perish, or have sold them in order to dissipate the revenue in gambling; grass has choked the plants in their gardens; their houses are fallen into ruins; and, at the end of some years, they have been forced to return to the mission that they might not die from hunger and misery. There at least they are sure of wanting nothing. They are compelled to work; but they are fed and given shelter. What must one conclude from this? That these people are not born for an agricultural life. Living as savages, they lead a precarious life, it is true, but which suits their disposition; as husbandmen, they pine away and die in indigence.

---

[5] The accounts just read above on the Indians of California, and on the Californians themselves, are not alone the result of my researches: I owe a part of them to M. A. Bourdas, my brother-in-law, wherving mind was of great assistance to me in this work.

XVII

Independent tendencies of the Indians. — Insurrection of the Indians at several missions. — Products and commerce of California. — What could be added to it. — Seasons of the two Californias and of the coast of Mexico. — Manner of steering to go up the coast. . . . . .

Slavery vainly disguises itself under the appearance of humanity and of an amelioration in man's lot: it is always slavery; that is to say, a state incompatible with the intellectual nature animating us. The wish to live in freedom can be stifled, but never extinguished, in a people. Were a chain to prevent a man from falling into an abyss, he would regard it none the less as a fetter which he would try to break, even at the risk of perishing.

What do the padres demand from the Indians of Upper California? A little labor in exchange for abundant nourishment, good clothing and the benefits of civilization. In spite of these evident advantages, the instinct of liberty is there crying to them to prefer to this quiet, though monotonous, state, the poor and uncertain life of their woods and their marshes.

From time to time these ideas ferment in the Indians' heads, and many escape to return to their solitudes. Some, also, reduced to the most frightful misery by their partial wars, are seen to come of their own accord, to seek at the missions a support which is never refused them; but the major part of the neophytes are held only by the respect they feel for the padres, and by the fear they have of being recaptured. Could they concert together, they would certainly destroy the missions, and return to their old life: the Franciscans are the only bonds holding them. It is this conviction also which has, till now, prevented the Mexican government from seizing these fine properties, by driving away the religious who founded them.

In 1820[1] the Indians at the missions of Santa Bárbara, Santa Inés and Purísima rose in insurrection. The conspiracy was general in these three places and broke out at the same time. The aim of the instigators was to burn the missions, and to flee to the tulares with whatever they could carry away. They did not wish to do any harm to the missionaries. But as two of the latter joined the soldiers who were opposed to the projects of the Indians, they ran the risk of being killed. The one at Santa Inés, particularly, a man of great courage, at the head of four soldiers, sustained for a whole day the siege of his house against all the assailants to the number of more than two hundred.

This conspiracy could not be so secretly plotted but that some indications of it had been remarked: the Indians were seen to be making a great stock of bows and arrows; so that warning of it had been given at the presidio of Santa Bárbara, the nearest to these missions, and help came in time to prevent any excesses.

At the approach of these reënforcements the insurgents took to flight and withdrew to the tulares. Three Californians and a larger number of Indians lost

[1] [It was in 1824 that the revolt described here by the author took place.]

their lives on this occasion. At Santa Bárbara the seditious movement took place with much order; they did not even attempt to burn the mission: it is true it was certain to have immediate help from the presidio, which is only two miles from it. The revolters had chosen a chief who, placing himself at their head, began by ordering Fray Antonio Ripoll to retire into the church with all the sacred vessels; and after having seized everything which fell under their hand, this band, loaded with booty, took without disorder the way to the tulares. This revolt had had for beginning the bad treatment inflicted by the soldiers upon some Indians, whose resentment had awakened among them the notion of liberty.

A like example might be dangerous for the other missions, and yet they would not use severity against so large a number of offenders. The padres preferred to employ persuasion and mildness to bring them back. They went, therefore, to find them in their retreat, and throwing all the blame upon the soldiers, while making a great show of pardon, they induced them to return. All the injuries were forgotten on both sides, and everything retook its usual course; but this event gave the measure of the inner tendencies of the Indians.

The limited population of Upper California causes trade itself to be of little importance here; for it must be in relation to the needs of the consumption. The main, and almost the sole, objects of exchange are tallow and hides. These two articles are less important in Lower California; but as, on the other hand, that province supplies pearls, silver and gold, there is nearly equality in the means for purchases. The missionaries of Upper California sell only for the maintenance of their establishments, and few among them lay up anything. Whence it results that their wealth in herds constantly increases, the destruction not being in proportion to the multiplication. The number of neat cattle distributed in 1827 among all these properties amounted to two hundred and two thousand; individuals owned twenty-eight to thirty thousand; it was, then, two hundred and thirty thousand for the province. The exportation at the same time was not more than forty thousand hides, and it could have been almost doubled without impairing the capital.

Each animal, if it be killed at a favorable time, ought to furnish two to three *arrobas* of tallow (the *arroba* weighs twenty-five Spanish pounds); but all not being killed in a fit time, and a part of this supply being consumed in the country, there is exported of it only a quantity of arrobas about equal to the number of hides of oxen and cows.

After these two main objects, the remainder of the articles of exchange hardly deserve mentioning. I have already said that the skins of the saricovian otter are very scarce here, and of inferior quality. Grain finding but little or no market, the missionaries sow it only for their own consumption. The Russian settlements on the northwest coast were the only places supplied with grain from California; but the establishment at Ross having succeeded in obtaining good harvests of corn, this branch of trade has nearly died out.

Navigators from the United States who, for a long while, have exploited the commercial resources of this country, have given their attention only to the

two most important articles. Were the French to send ships here, they could add to them the hides and manes of the horses. These animals, whose number can hardly be reckoned, are sometimes become so much of a care, that it is necessary to kill them by thousands without receiving any profit from them. One could, at very little cost, during the ship's stay on the coast, make gelatin, bouillon tablets and bone black; but would not the introduction of these articles into France be prohibited?

If deer and bear skins had some value in Europe, it would not be difficult to procure them in California.

An inhabitant of the pueblo of Los Angeles brought me one day several specimens of fossil alum *(alum fossile)*, assuring me he had gathered them in a nearby mountain almost entirely composed of it: the pieces he gave me were very transparent and of a very caustic quality.

The product from wool animals does not enter into trade; it is used in the missions to manufacture coarse stuffs for the Indians. Each one of these establishments has its spinning mills and looms, where the young people of both sexes are especially put to use.

I think it will be interesting to present, in a table, the annual productions of all the missions of California, followed by a summary of its export trade.

TABLE OF THE PRODUCTS OF THE MISSIONS OF UPPER CALIFORNIA IN 1827

Missions	Annual harvest				Neat Cattle Living	Wool Animals Living
	Fanegas Corn	Fanegas Barley	Fanegas Maize	Fanegas Beans		
San Diego	5,400	2,740	640	111	11,760	19,000
San Luis Rey	4,000	3,600	7,000	360	24,950	21,507
San Juan Capistrano	1,600	56	1,280	76	1,700	4,500
San Gabriel	4,070	210	1,200	00	22,807	7,100
San Fernando	4,000	00	1,400	220	6,850	3,500
San Buenaventura	1,600	1,000	1,800	100	6,850	5,600
Santa Bárbara	1,740	400	206	60	2,050	2,500
Santa Inés	1,200	600	800	24	9,940	2,400
Purísima Concepcion	2,200	00	240	00	17,140	6,000
San Luis Obispo	2,120	00	00	60	12,000	5,000
San Miguel	2,400	24	24	12	7,000	11,024
San Antonio	2,710	420	180	88	10,420	9,000
Soledad	2,040	486	00	78	7,200	57,007
San Carlos	428	1,600	50	288	3,420	5,400
San Juan Bautista	4,740	1,134	760	10	10,830	9,300
Santa Cruz	2,636	742	1,950	1,044	5,140	6,000
Santa Clara	4,000	500	1,000	216	12,000	13,500
San José	5,000	300	80	80	15,420	15,000
San Francisco	1,008	206	90	22	4,290	4,366
San Rafael	2,600	1,400	385	80	1,540	3,000
San Francisco Solano	1,000	00	400	12	1,880	4,000
Fanegas	56,492	15,418	19,485	2,941	195,187	214,704
½ kilogrammes	7,051,400	1,927,250	2,414,000	367,625		

EXPORT TRADE OF CALIFORNIA IN GENERAL IN 1827

	Upper California		
Cattle hides	40,000 at 2 piastres	80,000	
Arrobas of tallow	45,000 at 2 "	90,000	
Otter skins	200 at 20 "	4,000	
Corn, fanegas	3,500 at 1½ "	5,250	
Coin in circulation		22,000	
			201,250
	Lower California		
Hides	25,000 at 1¾ piastres	43,750	
Pure silver		43,000	
Gold in dust and bars		50,000	
Fine pearls		25,000	
Tortoise shell		5,200	
Cheese and soap		10,000	
			176,950
Total exportation in francs 1,891,000		piastres	378,200[2]

From the latter table it may be computed that the exportations from Upper California amount to about twelve hundred tons: this is the landing of four ships of three hundred tons. In other words, it is a value of a million to divide among four cargoes of imports, which gives for each one a sum of 250,000 francs; and as a profit from imports of at least 40% is presumed, it follows that, in any case, the value of a cargo destined for this country need not amount to more than 180,000 francs.

It is seen also that, if more than four cargoes a year are brought in, the business necessarily becomes bad for all competitors. One hundred and eighty thousand francs is a very small capital to bear the expenses of an expedition demanding considerable time; thus, I should not advise anyone to limit himself to the trade of Upper California; it would be necessary to extend the business over the entire peninsula, as well as to the ports of Mexico situated on the Red Sea, which are Guaymas, Mazatlan and San Blas.

The soil of Upper California is highly fertile; but the long drought in the summer is a great obstacle to tillage. From March until October no rain falls. The streams cease to flow, the land becomes dry, the pastures grow yellow, the herds suffer and become thin. During all this season, comprising at least eight months of the year, the wind blows regularly from the northwest. The breeze is very fresh from ten in the morning until eight in the evening; it then dies down, and frequently a light land breeze follows it. In San Francisco Bay the northwest wind often lasts during the night, in squalls; and in the daytime it is sometimes so strong that boats have difficulty in communicating with the land, even in the bay at Yerba Buena, where one is moored quite near the shore. As one goes toward the south the northwest wind becomes lighter, except, however, at Point Concepcion, where it always blows stiffly.

If, on leaving one of these harbors, one go perpendicularly to the coast it is noticed that the wind, at first northwest or west-northwest, inclines gradually

[2] [The translator has corrected the author's figures in the totals in this table and in the one preceding, Duhaut [illegible] errors here as well as in the table and text of Chapter XVI.]

toward the north, and as soon as one is gone forty or fifty leagues from land, it settles itself fixedly in the northeast. This being so, the ship which, tacking from one port to another, seeks to go up to the north, must not tack far to sea, because it would run the risk of drawing away considerably from its destination while persisting in going up into the wind. It is always the land tack which profits it the most, and it ought to be chary of the route taking it out to sea.

During winter the weather is often rainy, particularly with the winds from the south to the east, which almost never blow from this side without bringing a species of hurricane, the more dangerous as all the open roads of the coast are unprotected from this direction, and have no defense against their fury. It was these which made us abandon so precipitately the anchorage at Santa Cruz; it was these also which came near causing our loss at San Pedro; it was these again which, in a circumstance I have not mentioned, made us pass a very disquieting night in the road of Santa Bárbara.

When, in winter, it does not rain, the whole country is enveloped in a dense, almost permanent, fog. The temperature is then cold and damp; but it does not freeze, even at San Francisco. The Réaumur thermometer seldom goes below 7° [44.75° Fahrenheit]. The high mountains are sometimes white with snow; but it does not fall in the plain. The people suffer from cold the more as their houses are very poorly closed and have no chimneys; they are reduced to wrapping themselves in cloaks and woolen coverings.

Hardly is winter half way through its course than everything takes on new life: the rivers swell and run over their banks; springs gush up everywhere; the streams again show themselves; the earth is soaked; the hills and pasture lands are covered with a thick and lusty grassy growth, and, not later than March, nature breathes freshness and displays plenty.

The seasons of Lower California are nearly the opposite of those I have just described. Forty leagues south from San Diego they are in a sort of equilibrium. The fine season in the peninsula begins in November and lasts until June. During this interval of about eight months the weather is magnificent. When it is calm the heat is overpowering; but nearly always an even and moderate breeze from the north cools the air and clears it, taking from it all its humidity.

The poorest roads suffice then for the safety of navigation: the sky, of the utmost clearness, never collects clouds or storms. This condition of things stretches over the entire western coast of Mexico, and brings to it a general healthfulness; but the seasons advance as the places are farther south. For instance, on the coast of Sonora, towards the ports of Mazatlan and Guaymas, one is still safe at the beginning of June; while in the waters at Acapulco, and south of that port, everything is changed from the beginning of May.

About this formidable time the sky is covered with thick and stormy clouds; the wind becomes variable, and frequently turns toward the south. Soon deluges of rain are poured upon all this coast, ruined by frightful hurricanes. Night and day the atmosphere is kindled by fires and continual lightings, and the air resounds on all sides with the rarely broken noise of the thunder. If, perchance,

the sun happens to show itself, its damp, stifling heat makes one regret the darkness. Mortal diseases, putrid and inflammatory fevers, are spread over all this littoral of Mexico which, truly, ceases to be habitable: in many places, therefore, the people retire into the interior where higher and drier lands protect them at least from inundations: those at San Blas go to Tepic to spend this frightful season.

Without speaking of the dangers seamen would run in persisting in remaining in this chaos of the elements, the stop they would make here would be useless for their business: trade ceases at almost every point. It is, then, of great importance, for anyone contemplating an operation on this coast, to calculate his time so as to arrive here, at the earliest, in November for the southern ports, and in December for those of San Blas, Mazatlan, Guaymas, and for Lower California. One must be two hundred leagues from the land out to sea in order to cease feeling the influence of this winter season; inside this line one is exposed to struggle against all sorts of difficulties, as we experienced in going from Salango to San José del Cabo, in October, 1826.

. . . . . .

[Duhaut-Cilly arrived in Lima on the 26th of December after a passage of sixty-seven days "free from remarkable events." He stayed two months in the port of Callao while awaiting the sale of his cargo of tallow, which did not sell as well as he had expected; moreover, the heat had caused some of it to melt and leak through the seams of the leather bags and the holes insects had made in them. Lima was in a greatly disturbed political state, which spread uneasiness and fear everywhere and paralyzed commerce. On the 28th of February Duhaut-Cilly went to Callao, and the same afternoon set sail to return to Monterey, arriving there on the 3d of May after a passage of sixty-four days.]

XVIII

M. R..... is not at Monterey. — Trip to Bodega. — The pilot of Hades. — Description of the settlement of Ross. — Incomplete society. — Clearing of wood. — Observations on the chains. — Return to California. — Arrival at Santa Bárbara. — Feast of San Juan. — Indian exercises. — Trip to San Gabriel. — Decree of expulsion of the Spanish. — Departure for San Diego.

On my arrival at Monterey I was hoping to find M. R..... returned from the northwest coast. Not only was I cheated in this hope, but I learned, on the contrary, that, instead of undertaking this trip, as he had promised me, he had changed his destination and was gone to the coast of Mexico with the *Waverley* and its cargo. I shall not enter into any particulars about this miserable business, which could have no interest for the reader. I will say, merely, once for all, that after vainly awaiting his return beyond the time he fixed in a letter from him I found at Monterey, the conduct of this individual forced me to abandon him, while making him responsible for the goods he had in his hands. I retook on board the men whom I had left to guard the storehouse, and the little mer-

chandise it held. I then decided, while awaiting the time fixed by M. R....., to visit once more the entire coast, in order to sell the whole of the cargo. I still desired to add to these chances for a mart the Russian settlement of Bodega, situated on the same coast, some distance northwest from San Francisco; and on the 30th we set sail from Monterey to go thither, very poorly informed of the geographical position of this settlement.

The 2d of June, we found ourselves, toward evening, some leagues from the land, near the point on the coast where I supposed this Russian colony ought to be; and truly, we saw with the glass something resembling a group of houses. At sunset we were nearer it, and from that moment, assured we had not been deceived, I had the flag hoisted while a gun was fired. Almost immediately a little ball of white smoke told us that they were replying to us in the same manner, and we discerned the Russian flag. It was, nevertheless, too late to think of landing before night: we put the ship under small sail, and kept our position till the following day.

The morning of the 3d we appeared before the settlement, and as we brought to, some miles away, examining the coast without discovering any cut or recess which might indicate a harbor, we saw suddenly three bidarkas approaching, each one bearing three persons. After some instants these boats arrived alongside, and we received the visit of the Russian commandant himself, Paul Shelikof, to whom I imparted the motives bringing me. At the same time I asked from him permission to moor in his port, in order to offer him the goods of the cargo which might suit him. Although he was not much in need, and was somewhat low in goods of exchange, he kindly received my proposal, and giving orders to one of the men he had brought to serve as pilot to me, he said he would accompany me to the port of Bodega, the only anchorage used by the colony. He sent back to land two of the boats, and begged me to have the other taken on board; after which, we went on our way parallel to the shore.

From the spot where we had brought to, the settlement appeared very different from the presidios of California, pictures of the rudeness of the arts and carelessness in the execution. Well-made roofs, houses of elegant form, fields well sown and surrounded with palisades, lent to this place a wholly European air.

We made fifteen miles to reach a small peninsula sheltering the road at Bodega. Three hundred fathoms east from this point lies a small low island on which is seen a little green growth. The sea was breaking with violence upon this rock and upon a reef united to the side toward the east southeast. Our Russian pilot made us pass in mid-channel the isle and the peninsula, in a depth of four to five fathoms; and soon after we anchored within, in the middle of a sort of bay sheltered by the land, from the south to the east by the north, that is, on three quarters of the horizon.

Toward evening Commandant Shelikof returned to land, whither horses had been brought for him, him the next day.

The morning of the 4th, seeing several horses he had sent for us, I landed

with Dr. Botta and our pilot. The landing place is in a small harbor at the mouth of a salt-water lake, and sheltered from every wind. Even ships drawing little water could find refuge there; fine wooden storehouses have been built there for the needs of Russian ships.

We mounted our horses and set out, accompanied by several Russians and by our pilot, who after having performed his nautical duties with talent the day before, directed us just as well on another element, while bearing no more than the modest name of guide. Having crossed the isthmus of the peninsula, we went a league upon a fine sandy beach, and then climbed a rocky wall of moderate height. We then went over an open space of ground carpeted with grass mixed with strawberry plants loaded with their fruit, and enamelled with a multitude of flowers of all colors. The sea was breaking at the foot of the rocky cliff, where it opposed its snowy foam to the dark color of the rocks, and to the rich verdure of the fields which our horses were treading, without making more sound than if they had walked upon eider-down. Two leagues passed over in this field led us to the bank of a fair-sized river, called by the Indians Sacabaye, by the Russians Slavonka [and now known as the Russian River]. It is too deep, even in summer, to be forded; and in winter it becomes terrible, and carries swiftly away the immense trunks of fir trees uprooted by the storms: the water, in retiring, had left enormous ones upon the two banks.

This passage has been fatal to many travelers, and two years before, an American captain was drowned here. As for us, we passed over safely enough in a bidarka M. Shelikof had purposely sent hither. This boat, made of sealskin, carried only two persons; so that it had to make a trip for each one of us. Guided skilfully by a Kodiak Islander, it had more than one point of resemblance to old Charon's craft. Its lightness and little steadiness could make it be supposed that it was, indeed, appointed to transport only shades; and the sort of gutteral grumbling heard from the Kodiak, when he designated the person who was to enter with him into his bidarka, must have much resembled the hoarse voice of the pitiless boatman of Hades, chiding the souls on the banks of the Styx.

Great precautions were necessary to creep half-way into a round hole, and the slightest movement to right or left was enough to make the light vehicle take on a disquieting slant. I did not, however, wish to remain idle during the passage; and in my quality as sailor, I seized a paddle, and I dabbled with it in a way to satisfy the old pilot of the Slavonka. But it is in these little skin boats that the natives of the Aleutian Islands face the high seas, hunting the saricovian otter, and struggling with the most monstrous whales, whose flesh and oil are their favorite food and drink.

Besides, in this dangerous fishing, they use more skill than strength. When they have agreed to attack a whale, they gather together as many as several hundred of bidarkas to pursue the monster. They act in such a way as always to keep near it, and [illegible] the water to breathe, they hurl at it all at once a plentiful rain of small harpoons to which bladders

are attached. This attack continues until the whale, bristling with harpoons, can no longer overcome the resistance of all these bladders together. It remains, struggling, upon the surface of the water, without power to dive, and they finish it then with longer and stronger darts. They make use of these harpoons also for the otter; but a single one is sufficient to arrest the animal.

Horses accustomed to crossing the river, swim over it by themselves as soon as they have been relieved of their harness. Again setting out on the way, we climbed a road so steep that we could hardly understand how our horses were able to hold themselves on it without falling over backward upon their riders.

The mountain, whose top we reached not without difficulty and even some danger, was covered with enormous firs, mixed with sycamores, bay trees, and various species of oaks. At a height of three hundred fathoms, we commanded a view of the sea which came beating its base, and whose waves, for us silent, appeared only as little whitish spots, scattered on an azure cloth.

We descended the other side by as cruel an incline as the first, and at each vista, we saw through the trees, or above their tops, and more and more distinctly, the Russian settlement below us, northwest from the mountain. Fearing the same horses, after a course of four leagues, could not travel these two dangerous passages, M. Shelikof had been considerate enough to have fresh ones ready at the highest point.

At eleven in the morning, we arrived at the colony the Russians have called Ross. It is a large square enclosure, surrounded by a palisade of thick planks twenty feet high, firmly built, and finished with a cheval-de-frise of proportionate weight and size. At the northeast and southwest corners are two turrets, hexagonal in shape, pierced with port-holes, loopholes and barbicans. On the four sides corresponding to the four cardinal points are four doors, each one defended by a mortar with fixed breeching, showing at a port-hole, as in a ship: inside also were two field pieces of bronze, with their gun-carriages. A fine house for the commandant or director, pretty lodgings for the subordinate chiefs, large storehouses and workshops take up the square. A chapel newly built serves as a bastion at the southeast corner. This citadel is constructed upon the edge of the wall of rock, on a high flat piece of ground about two hundred feet above the level of the sea; to right and left are gorges protecting it from Indian attacks from the north and south, while the rocky wall and the sea defend it on the side to the west. The two gorges open out into two little creeks serving as a shelter and landing place to the boats belonging to the colony.

All the buildings of Ross are of wood, but well built and well taken care of. In the apartments of the director are found all the conveniences which Europeans value, and which are still unknown in California. Outside the square are disposed or scattered the pretty little houses of sixty Russian colonists, the flattened cabins of eighty Kodiaks, and the cone-shaped huts of as many indigenous Indians.

To the east of the establishment the land rises gradually, and gains great heights covered with thick forests which shelter it from the winds, from the

north to the southeast. All of these slopes are divided into fields of corn, French beans, oats, potatoes, etc., surrounded with palisades, not to put the harvests beyond the reach of thieves, but to protect them from the cattle and the wild beasts.

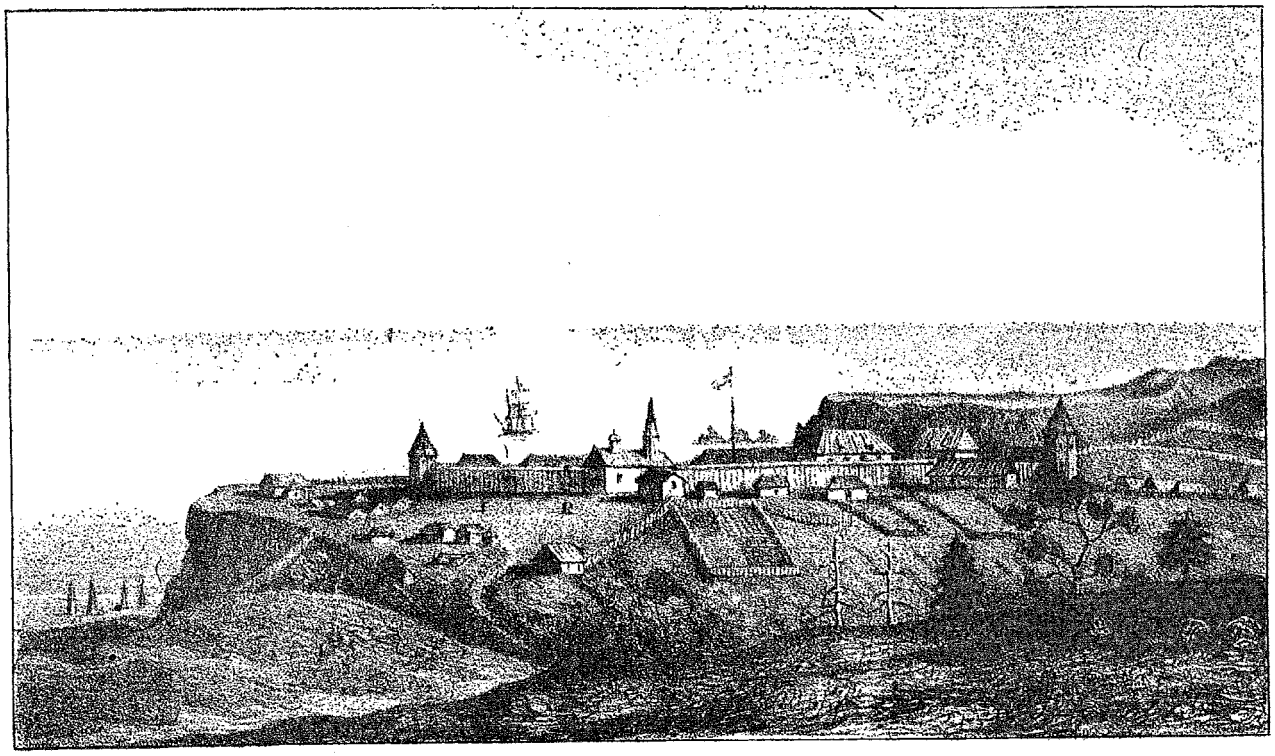
In spite of its military aspect, this colony is a commercial establishment belonging, with that of Sitka and the one on Kodiak Island, to a company of merchants; but it appears that the emperor has granted it immense privileges, and that a large part of the Russian court are more or less interested in it. The directors have a military rank, and the company's ships carry the national pennant, and are commanded by officers of the imperial navy.

Much order and discipline appear to exist at Ross; and though the director is the only chief who is an officer, everywhere is noticed the effects of a minute care. The colonists, at once workmen and soldiers, after being busied all day with the labors of their various occupations, mount guard during the night. Holidays they pass in reviews and in gun and rifle practice.

Although this colony, established fifteen years ago, appears to lack nothing, it cannot be of great account to the company which founded it. The principal revenue upon which they had reckoned was based upon the sea otter and seal fishing. The first is about exhausted, and no longer supplies anything. As for the other, the director maintains the whole year a hundred Kodiaks upon the Farrallones, as I have said elsewhere. This fishing, which was at first very productive, becomes less plentiful from day to day, and within some years will be entirely null; but the director, counting no more except secondarily upon these products, has been for several years busied chiefly with husbandry. Not only does he produce corn and vegetables which heretofore he obtained from California, but also he supplies the larger colony of Sitka. With only six hundred cows, he procured more butter and cheese than entire Upper California with her numberless herds.

All these advantages do not prevent the colony of Ross from arousing in the traveler only sombre and melancholy thoughts; and I attribute the cause of it to the fact that society here is incomplete. The director is a bachelor, and has no woman in his house: all the Russian colonists are in the same situation. There are then only the women of the Kodiaks and of the Indians in the settlement; but whatever be the relations which may be formed between these women and the Russians, the stranger, to whom they are objects of disgust, considers this little population as no less deprived of a sex whose mere presence makes life bearable. The labors usually reserved for women are here the portion of the men; and this, shocking to the eye, weighs upon the heart and gives rise to a pain which one feels in spite of one's self, even before having discovered the true cause for it.

We went with M. Shelikof to see his felling of wood. Independently of the needs of the establishment, he cuts a great quantity of boards, small beams, thick planks, etc., which he sells in California, the Sandwich Islands and elsewhere: he has even entire houses built which may then be transported taken



Renou, Lit. de Landais et Barlanlle

Vue de l'établissement russe de la Bodega,
a la Cote de la Nouvelle Albion, en 1828.

[Duhaut-Cilly's caption is erroneous. This is a drawing of Fort Ross.]

apart. The trees he cuts are almost all firs of various species, and in particular the one called *palo colorado* (redwood). This fir has no other quality than that of being very regular, and to be split with the greatest ease; besides, it is but slightly resinous and quite brittle. It is the largest tree I have ever seen. M. Shelikof made me observe the cut trunk of a fir of this species recently felled: it was twenty feet in diameter, taking this measurement two feet from the ground, and from one edge or relief to the other; the whole trunk was more than thirteen feet wide: I measured two hundred and thirty feet from the stump to the beginning of the top, remaining where it had been parted from the trunk. Think of the enormous quantity of boards that a tree of this size should produce! The piles of them made from it covered a considerable extent of ground. All the *palos colorados* are not so immense; but it is very common to see those which three men would have difficulty in clasping, and which would make, of one single piece, the lower masts of our largest warships.

We were treated with most distinguished hospitality by M. Shelikof, and we passed a very pleasant night at his house. Unfortunately neither Dr. Botta nor I understood Russian, and the director spoke neither French nor English nor Spanish. This inconvenience made us lose a large part of the charm his company would have afforded us. It was, however, in Spanish we succeeded the best to make ourselves understood. I did but little business with him: an American ship had preceded me hither, and had gathered almost all the furs this settlement had. I sold him only to the value of some hundreds of sealskins. The next day I arose early, and went to a hill to the east to make a drawing of the citadel, as may be seen in the plate accompanying this volume. After breakfast we mounted our horses to return to the port, whence we set sail the next morning.

During the three days we remained in Bodega Bay, it blew freshly from the northwest, and though the ship was sheltered, and the sea was smooth, we broke our second chain there. It was the second time that a similar accident had occurred to this cable: on arriving at Monterey from Peru it had also broken in a strong northwest breeze. We found there a skilful blacksmith who had repaired it, and had changed seven links which were unsafe. This iron cable was, however, very good on our leaving Le Hâvre, and during two years' use we had had numerous opportunities to know its strength. After having withstood in squalls and high seas, it failed us now in very ordinary circumstances. It must not, then, be believed that chains are everlasting; they wear out like everything else.

This accident made me note two main causes of deterioration in this kind of cable. The first comes from rust which, to a certain degree, cannot be avoided, and which acts incessantly upon iron; the thought occurring to me to measure the thickness of this one, I found that, in two years, its diameter had diminished a line and a half, without the links having changed their form. This examination led me to the discovery of the other cause of shortening the duration of chains. I noticed that a part of the links which had been in the water were riddled with small holes, often a line deep, like worm-holes. The end always remaining on board, and the other end resting customarily on the bottom, were free from this

alteration which appeared to have attacked only the middle part. After long reflection upon this singularity, I remained persuaded that it was due, either to the action of copper upon iron, an action well proved, which has made it necessary to nail and bolt with copper the ships sheathed with this metal, or to a galvanic effect resulting from the contact of these two materials. When a ship is moored with chains, there is nearly always one touching the sheathing, or coming very near to it; even this is not the only case when this contact occurs. It is in those moments that the iron of the chain is exposed to the corrosive influence of the oxide of copper, acting the more quickly as the combination takes place in the water.

I leave to persons better versed than myself in chemical science to estimate the value of these observations. If the truth of this were recognized, the means for avoiding the evil, in part, would be always to leave very relaxed the chain not working; so that, falling vertically to the bottom, it would be as far as possible from the keel of the ship. Another way, used till now for another end, can fulfill this object still better; this is to have the two anchors clinched upon the two ends of the same chain alongside each other upon the bottom; a second very short chain catches the first at the spot judged suitable, and is joined to it by a swivel-ring; so that the ship, truly moored, seems to be on only one anchor. It can be understood that, in this manner, the chains will never come near the sheathing.

The day after our departure from Bodega, we cast anchor at Monterey. We remained there only for the time necessary to take in some money owed the trade; and we left, the 14th, for Santa Bárbara. As it was summer, and sea winds were not to be feared, we anchored in six fathoms, inside the algae, three cable's lengths from the beach. My aim, in coming to this presidio, was to take again some powder and rifles M. R..... had left there, and to continue to get rid of the articles still with me.

I learned, on arriving here, that the president of the mission, Antonio Ripoll, perhaps foreseeing calamitous events, and disgusted with his situation, very different from what it had been originally, had escaped with Padre Altimira. They had contrived their plan with much secrecy, and had embarked on board the American brig the *Harbinger*, which was returning to the United States.

This circumstance made clear to me why, at my former stop here, Fray Antonio, knowing I was the bearer of a draft for seven thousand francs on the English government, begged me earnestly to give it to him for piastres, an offer which I accepted. He had undoubtedly already conceived the plan of leaving California. On buying from me this bill of exchange, he had declared to me that this money belonged to him, and that it came from the stipends of four hundred piastres a year granted to each missionary by the Spanish government. I had too high an opinion of this religious to believe it otherwise; and when some persons told me that, on leaving, he had carried away large sums, I did not give credit to these injurious assertions. Padre Ripoll had been replaced by a young Mexican, educated under less rigid principles, politically speaking, than the

The 24th, the feast of Saint John was celebrated with much pomp. All the people at the presidio, and strangers, were invited to dine at the mission. After the repast, amusements were begun by the indispensable bull-fights. At the end of two hours of this cruel and barbarous exercise, the Indians resorted to much more agreeable and less dangerous games.

A greased pole loaded with clothes and pieces of stuff was planted in the middle of the square. We amused ourselves for a long time with the futile efforts the first ones made who tried to climb it; finally, by dint of scraping the grease covered pole, and spreading ashes and dust over it, the prizes were reached by an Indian from Lower California, gifted with an agility of which he gave several proofs during the afternoon. A number of times he contended for, and won, the prize for various races, and it was in vain that the best runners at the mission confederated against him. He was a youth twenty-two years of age, perfectly formed; although he did not appear of a robust constitution, in every part of his body there was nothing to be desired for symmetry of proportion and beauty of form. A light piece of stuff was about his loins; and when he was running nothing concealed from sight the vigor and grace of his movements.

The padre taking advantage of the circumstance to distribute gifts among his Indians, all competed for the prizes; women and children, old men and young girls, all showed their nimbleness, each one according to his strength and age.

Those whose faculties had been enfeebled by the years showed what still remained to them; and those whose vigor was still far from full development gave the measure of that which time should one day grant them.

Dancing followed the racing, and we were much diverted by it. As I have said before, this exercise is merely a kind of pantomime, accompanied by monotonous and melancholy songs in perfect time. The grotesque costume of the dancers, adorned with feathers and painted in all sorts of colors, lends to their features so wild an appearance and so strange a character that one would be tempted to believe they were arousing themselves to battle rather than to pleasure.

The next day, having nothing more to do at Santa Bárbara, we weighed anchor and, twenty-four hours later, we moored in San Pedro Bay. The 27th, some men and horses appeared upon the cliff; I landed and went to the pueblo of Los Angeles and to San Gabriel Mission.

At Padre Sanchez's home I found the president of the Dominican missions of Lower California, named Luna, who was here on a visit, accompanied by Fray Feliz Caballero, one of his fellow-members: two other Franciscan missionaries were found here also: it seemed that this gathering of religious had been convoked expressly to hear read the famous decree of expulsion of the Spanish, which had just arrived from Mexico.

This decree, expressed in a great number of articles, compelled, with very few exceptions, all the Spaniards, of whatever rank and condition they might

be, to leave the territory of the republic in the short time of a month. I leave it to all to imagine the effect it was to produce upon the personages I have just spoken of; nevertheless, it was different between the Franciscans and the Dominicans. The former uttered loud cries against the law, called the Mexican government tyrannical and infamous; and in the first moment of their just discontent, they asked me to convey them to Manila, on the *Héros;* but the latter, educated and nourished in other principles, sought rather if they could not discover, in the decree's clauses, some expression which might save them from the general proscription. Padre Luna, born in Mexico, was protected from the law; and while weakly uniting with the Franciscans in their indignation, he was not, perhaps, sorry for the misfortune overwhelming those whose conduct condemned his own. He tried to comfort Fray Feliz, and to persuade him that, by a frank submission to the republican principles, he could find favor with the government.

I myself deplored the sad situation the Spaniards were going to be in, in Mexico; for it was easy to recognize, in the contemptuous expressions of the decree, the animosity dictating it and the interested views of the patriots. The general congress, in putting forth this law, had left to the executive power the right to extend for six months the limit of time for departure; but the president of the republic, acting with unheard of severity, had, by his ordinance, set it at only one month. Now how can it be imagined that, in so little time, these unfortunate people could realize on their wealth and go to sea? There could not be enough ships, even, for so large a number of passengers. Not only was their ruin certain; but it was also much to be feared that, gathering together in the ports in too great numbers, and not finding immediate means for transport, they would become the victims of some popular uprising, excited by the Yorkinos, their mortal enemies.

From this moment I thought seriously of transporting to Manila those of the missionaries who would like to go, and the few Spanish individuals settled in California and affected by the proscription. But though the decree was as precise for the friars as for the others, it was to be presumed that the commandant general would not let them leave before others should come to replace them, convinced as he ought to be that, if the missions remained at the mercy of the Indians, they would be at once robbed and destroyed.

The Indians, certainly, are not susceptible to great reasoning; but they are not ignorant of the fact that, according to the conditions under which they are made Christians, the missions belong to them: neither is great sagacity necessary to them in order to see that the government regard these properties as belonging to the domain of the state; and if from attachment to, and respect for, the padres, they remain in submission, it would be so no longer had they to work for the Mexicans whom they hate. At all events, I wrote to the *padre prefecto* at Monterey, to acquaint him with my designs, and the stipulations for the passage, if his wish and circumstances favored my plan.

After some trading with the padres and the people at the pueblo, I returned

to the harbor. The next day, the 3d, as we began to veer upon our chain that we might raise the anchor, we saw, steering for the anchorage, an American ship which I recognized as the *Courier*, Captain Cunningham; I ordered the cable run out anew, designing to sell him some hundreds of hides I had received in exchange. As soon as this ship was anchored, I went on board, and finished the trade: the skins were promptly trans-shipped, and we finally set sail for San Diego where we arrived the next day.

XIX

The affair of the American ship Franklin. — It leaves the harbor in spite of the fort's guns. — The padre prefecto's letter. — We take on a load of horses. — Return of the Waverley. — M. R..... is not on board. — Shipwreck of the Teignemouth. — We leave California. . . . .

The further is a man from his native country, the more he feels he needs support. At such a time, to a Parisian, every Parisian is a relative; to a Frenchman, every Frenchman is a friend; to an European, every European is a compatriot, a fellow-citizen. The sailor stretches much farther still this community of sentiments. It is enough for him that a man's name be inscribed upon the list of the crew of any ship whatever, to consider him as a child belonging to the great family, as a brother; he will welcome him, defend him, sacrifice himself for him; but, above all, he will look at it as disgraceful to serve as an instrument in every measure having for an object the molestation of a man of his profession. In this chapter will be found an incident in which was displayed this sympathetic alliance uniting the entire crew of the *Héros*.

Entering the port of San Diego, we anchored in the position we had always occupied; but immediately I received the order to go up farther, without being given any reason for this change; I had merely noticed that three American ships, which were in the harbor, were drawn up in echelons over the whole length of the channel: the one farthest within was the three-master *Franklin*, anchored five miles from us; the schooner-brig *Clio* was in an intermediate position, and the brig *Andes* was near us.

It was only some instants after we had anchored, when an officer, named Ramirez, appeared upon the beach and hailed us for a boat, which was sent to him, manned by four men, and which returned without him. The sailors I had sent reporting to me that he demanded an officer of the ship, I suspected some misunderstanding, and went myself on shore. Reaching the land, I asked him why he was not come in the boat. "I did not consider it fitting," he said to me; "you should have sent an officer to receive me." This unusual and unseasonable claim angered me greatly. "The boat I sent you and which I have just been using ought to be sufficient," I answered him, "for the envoy of a government which have not even a canoe at their disposal. Such a vanity cannot be agreeable to me; and if you have received orders to take my declarations, you can embark with me; but no officer will accompany you on your return to land: now you are the master to decide as suits you."

Seeing I took him in this way, he made awkward excuses, giving as a reason for his behavior that he had been badly received by other captains. At last he decided to come on board, and after having completed his mission, I sent him ashore, with no other retinue than the boatmen. I had been the more stubborn with this republican as he enjoyed a bad reputation, and had been very recently accused of murder. Hence I was not sorry to find the opportunity to show my little consideration for him.

When, the next day, I went to the presidio, the commandant general, after some moments' conversation, asked me if I could sell him a boat; seeing that, he said, the harbor had none and could not do without one. I fancied the censure I had spoken the day before to Ramirez was the chief reason for causing this request, and it came the more conveniently as I had aboard all the materials necessary for building a boat of twenty-four feet, which I was intending to have made during my stay at San Diego. I agreed, therefore, to his request, and at once we settled on the price of the boat, in the condition it was in. If I mention a fact of so little importance at first sight, it is because it occasioned me, some days later, a real regret.

When at San Pedro, I had been informed that the American ship, the *Franklin,* Captain [John] Bradshaw, suspected of having carried on smuggling in the Gulf of Cortez, found herself at San Diego under a kind of arrest; that is, the commandant general had given him permission to pursue his course of trade in California only under very troublesome restrictions: among other duties laid upon Captain Bradshaw, he saw himself compelled to unload into the store-houses of the government a portion of his merchandise valued at thirteen thousand piastres (65,000 fr.), to answer for the duties he might have to pay at a future time.

Everything, nevertheless, appeared to be arranged, when a vagrant, named William Sinson [Simpson] (I am sorry to say he belonged to the same nation as the cruel *mayordomo* of Santa Bárbara), whom Captain Bradshaw had had the humanity to shelter on board his ship, where he had fed and clothed him, appeared before the general and declared under oath that the *Franklin* had defrauded the duties at Loreto and at San José del Cabo, introducing into his accusation many true or false statements which greatly compromised the captain.

Things were in this way when we reached San Diego; but I was still ignorant of this latter incident when the general bought from me the boat in question. I had no sooner learned that they intended to place a garrison aboard the *Franklin,* and were taking precautions to prevent her leaving the harbor, than I felt how unfortunate I was to have concluded a bargain which could hurt Captain Bradshaw, in giving the general the means of transporting troops to his ship. The self-same night I boarded the *Franklin*; I imparted to the captain my position, and I promised him to use every means to delay the delivery of the boat.

This affair went from bad to worse, and the discussion grew warm to the point that they tri[illegible]tened to fire upon him, when he withdrew in his boat. At last, on the general intending to force him to

unload all his cargo, he determined to leave the port whatever might happen. The night of the 10th, the *Franklin* changed her anchorage, and came to moor herself near us; which put the entire presidio into an uproar.

The morning of the 11th, a troop of horsemen appeared opposite the *Héros*, and came to a stop near the tent where our carpenters were working. Immediately my men hoisted the signal agreed upon, asking for me; and landing, I found the general himself, surrounded by his staff of officers. He told me he would like to have me deliver to him the boat I had sold him, and for which he had the most pressing need, without telling me what use he wished to make of it. Well prepared for this request, I replied that I judged this boat useless for his service, because I did not think I should be able to furnish it with oars. "Try to find some for it," he said to me. "You will render me an eminent service." Not to awaken his suspicions, I promised him to search for them; but in the bottom of my heart I was firmly resolved not to find any before the departure of the *Franklin*.

At the moment I was going to return to the ship, an aide-de-camp drew me aside and tried to obtain from me one of my manned boats, in order to carry he said, a letter on board the *Franklin*; this attempt, whose real end I guessed, was again useless. "Tell the general," I replied to him, "that seeing the situation that ship is in, I cannot, without compromising myself with my government, and with that of the United States, grant him his request. If the general wishes to use violence, he can, on his own responsibility, seize my boats when they land, but I shall not lend them to him in that case." But to spare him the temptation of this, I reembarked and returned to the ship.

After some hours, I wrote him that my efforts had been in vain; that I had not been able to find oars for the boat, without stripping my other boats; and that, consequently, this one being of no possible use to him without oars, I begged him to consider the sale as not having taken place. In this way I gained a part of the day, hoping, from moment to moment, to see the *Franklin* set sail; but she did not do so.

Early the next morning, I received a letter from the general, who begged me earnestly to deliver to him the boat in the condition it was in, recalling to me my given word. There was no longer any expedient for delay without compromising myself. I had it conveyed, therefore, to the shore, but *as it leaked*,[1] and needed caulking, I had it hauled up on the beach while the tide was high, so that it remained dry at a pretty considerable distance from the water.

But they had discovered in the fort four galley oars thirty feet long, which had been there since the coming of the Spanish. The carpenters at the presidio set about diminishing and reducing them to a suitable proportion; but while they were still uncertain whether they should trim them by the blade or by the handle, Captain Bradshaw, who was ready, paid out his cable, and, spreading all sail, started for the way out of the bay, leaving officers and soldiers amazed,

[1] The ship's caulker, entering into my views, had been careful to make certain of this.

and unable to understand how a ship which, a minute before, seemed so firmly fixed on her anchors, had in a trice so completely altered the situation.

Here I might have told by what ingenious manoeuvres Captain Bradshaw had known how to hide his plan from the still intent eyes of the Mexican officers; how his sails, which appeared as closely furled on their yards as on parade day, were suddenly displayed without a man appearing to put hand to them, and by what means the ship, which presented her prow toward the inner part of the bay, turned, like a man, to the opposite side; but I leave to the ingenious Fenimore Cooper to render, with so engaging truth, these nautical scenes, the painting of which belongs only to him, if not, however, also to the author of *Le Négrier*.[2]

The *Franklin* could not go out except by passing within less than two hundred fathoms from the fort, a distance from which good gunners would have been able to do her much harm. As soon as the garrison had cognizance of his manoeuvre, they began a fire which lasted during the twenty minutes the ship needed, first to come to the most critical point, and then to withdraw beyond reach of the guns. Thirty-six or forty balls fired at her during this interval caused no other apparent damage than the fall of the flying-jib, whose halyard was cut.[3] Captain Bradshaw was in the wrong on this occasion in one respect; it was in replying with two balls as he passed. Thus was ended a discussion which had spread apprehension in all California.

Toward the end of July, I received the padre prefecto's answer, who thanked me for my offers. "I am resolved," he said, "to forsake the flock Heaven has entrusted to me only when violence shall be used to separate me from them. I have made to God the sacrifice of myself, of my freedom and of my life, for my soul's salvation: I would not take a step which was not directed toward that end. I have written to all of my subordinates to make known to them my opinion and to pledge them to follow the same line of conduct. It would be another thing if, instead of hunting me from this place, they should force me to do something against the testimony of my conscience: let come, then, what Jesus Christ said to his disciples: 'When they shall persecute you in this city, flee ye into another'."

This letter took from me all hope of having the padres for passengers; for I knew well they would not act against the principles of their bishop, or of him who filled the duties of one. I altered my plan, therefore, and to make use of the ship, I resolved to take on board for the Sandwich Islands as many horses as the number of water vessels I could procure would permit me. I was told these animals had always sold well here, and I had to spend but little for their food. I employed the crew at once in cutting hay in the neighborhood, and I commissioned a trustworthy person to buy horses for me, while the casks were

---

[2] M. E. Corbière, editor of *Le Journal du Hâvre*. [Born 1793; naval officer in his youth; published various stories; died 1875.]

[3] We found this ship later at the Sandwich Islands. The Mexican artillerymen had been more skillful than we had [illegible]. She received two large balls in the hull and two others in the rigging, which had necessitated changing the main and mizzen yards.

being prepared, and the carpenters were putting the finishing touches to the new boat.

The 23d, all was ready for departure; the hay and water were aboard, the horses bought and ready to ship: I had settled my accounts with the general and with the custom-house. We were preparing to say an eternal farewell to California, when an incident, which compells me to return once more to M. R....., brought some days' delay to our departure. It was costing me a good deal to leave behind me the large sum he had in his power, and though I was not responsible for this loss, it was not without regret and hesitation that I saw myself forced to leave California without having recovered it. But I had no news of this inexplicable person, who had long ago allowed to pass the time set by himself for his return. I might believe him lost; but I ascribed his delay rather to the heedlessness and levity of his character, which could again have led him to change his plans. Only a few goods, the remains of the cargo, were left with me. The provisions I had renewed at Lima were being consumed every day; having no more than a very little biscuit, I was obliged to buy flour in the missions at a very high price, in order to reach the Sandwich Islands, where I was sure of procuring biscuit on board the whaling ships putting in there. I could not, therefore, remain longer waiting for M. R....., and still less go in search of him in the season we were in. So I had, as has been seen, rejected all hesitation, when the *Waverley* appeared. Contrary to my hope, M. R..... was not on board. I learned from the captain's report and from letters he himself addressed to me, all that had occurred to him since his leaving Monterey. My conjectures were verified. All the values he had taken were squandered, as a sequel to his indiscreet conduct and his incapability. I congratulated myself for having decided, and nothing more remained to me than to follow my plan, the only one suiting the condition of affairs, and which was in the interest of the owners of the vessel.

The *Waverley* brought back the captain, the supercargo and the crew of the English ship *Teignemouth* from Calcutta. The total loss of this ship in San José del Cabo Bay, from a desire to take on a cargo of horses in July, is a confirmation of what I have said of the seasons of Lower California: a southeast hurricane had surprised them at anchor, and the crew were only saved by a miracle from this frightful catastrophe.

The supercargo and the captain came to my ship and asked me for passage, for them and their men, to the Sandwich Islands. I had no other objection to make to them than the difficulty of procuring an additional supply of water; but the supercargo, having obtained some casks from the other ships, we agreed on the very moderate price of passage; and the 27th, we finally left California where we had spent nearly two years.

. . . . . .

[Continuing his voyage around the world, Duhaut-Cilly arrived at Honolulu early in October, where he remained until the middle of November. Here he had

an interview with Boki, the regent for the young king, Kamehameha III, regarding M. R..... He says:

> At the beginning of November the ship was loaded, and we were ready to sail for Canton. I did not wish to leave Anaroura [Honolulu] without having settled about the claimed powers M. R..... had arrogated to himself; and, on account of my responsibility, I begged the English and American consuls to be present at the explanation I wished to have with the regent Boki, of whom I asked a conference on this matter. A Spaniard, named Marini, settled in this country for a number of years, was there also, as the government's interpreter. It is useless to relate all I learned in this meeting: it will suffice to know that M. R....., while acting in the name of this government, had played the rôle of a sharper and intriguer. I had delivered to me the written proofs of his bad faith, signed by the regent, the consuls from England and from the United States, and the interpreter.

The 15th of November, Duhaut-Cilly left the Sandwich Islands for Canton; after visiting various places in China he went to Macao, and left there, the 26th of March, 1829, for home, where he arrived, the 19th day of July, at Le Hâvre.]