



A Record of Travels  
in  
Arizona and California

1775 ~ 1776

Fr. Francisco Garcés

*A New Translation Edited by*

JOHN GALVIN

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DESIGNED AND PRINTED BY LAWTON AND ALFRED KENNEDY  
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June 28 118th day

11½

After traveling three and a half leagues southeast, south, and east, I came to the Jaquesila River [the Little Colorado], which I called the Río de San Pedro. It had an abundant flow, but the water was so turbid and red that it could not be drunk. In the pools along its banks there was good water. This river runs west-northwest; its bed, until it joins the Colorado (not far above the Puerto de Bucareli), is a very deep trough in the living rock, about a stone's throw in width, which even an unmounted traveler cannot possibly cross before reaching this place where I was, at which point with much trouble I was able to get down to it. The gorge continues upstream east-northeast, although not so deep. After crossing the river, I travelled eight leagues north in the afternoon through another canyon like the river channel. I had to branch off to reach a ranchería of about thirty Yavipais, who received me most warmly because there was among them the Indian who sang the Alabado as I have related above.

The captain of this ranchería, a noticeably long-bearded man, was the brother of the Jabesua Indian who accompanied me. Two Indians from Moqui had come to trade with these Yavipais. I found them dressed almost like Spaniards; they were wearing leather jackets. One of them kissed my hand. When I gave him a little tobacco and some shells he returned them to me. I called to the other, but he would not come near, nor kiss my crucifix, which the Yavipais offered to him. These Hopi Indians went away early the next morning, but I did not leave until the first of July.

July 1 119th day

7½

I went one and a half leagues east-southeast and came to a river that seemed to me to be the San Pedro Jaquesila. Near it was a pueblo in ruins. I was told that the pueblo had belonged to the Hopi Indians, and that the signs of crop-raising yet to be seen were their work since notwithstanding the distance from their homes they still come here to cultivate their fields. The river was low, with yellow water. After I crossed the river and some hills, I reached some very wide treeless plains. I travelled over them six leagues in the same direction and came to some of the Hopis' horse corrals, which were gorges or

ravines not easy to enter or to leave, with not much water. From here the only mountain ranges that can be seen are to the south and southwest; they lead to the Apache country.

July 2 *120th day*

6

I travelled three leagues east-southeast and three more east and south, and came to the pueblo called Muca by the Yavipais, which is Oraibe, the first settlement in Moqui. Meeting a young man, I offered him tobacco but he refused it. Two leagues further on, when I approached, as if to shake hands with them, two Indians who were well mounted and well clad, they drew away making signs to me to go back. The Yavipais with me spoke in my favour, but met with rebuffs and turned to me to ask what I wished to do. I gave the Hopis to understand that if they would not receive me I would go on to the Gualpes or to the Spaniards; and then, without waiting further, I continued forward since the pueblo was near. Of the eight Yavipais who were my companions only an old man and a boy caught up with me, and with them I entered the pueblo. The path up to the mesa is very narrow. Beside it was a sheep corral where they were guarding three flocks. Theirs are bigger than the Sonora sheep, and the black ones have the best colour.

I ascended the slope and went across the mesa, passing some heaps of sand, to a spring that is in front of the pueblo. Although the soil is poor and there is no pasturage on the mesa, I saw many peach trees in the ravines, and at the edge of the spring I saw some beds of onions, beans, and other garden truck which they have cultivated only with much labor.

I came to the pueblo. At the entrance there are two or three tumbledown houses, and in the others neither door nor window is to be seen from this side. I entered through a rather wide street running from east to west as far as the pueblo exit, I think the only one. There come in at the sides of this street others of the same width, which in different blocks open into two small squares. The ground is not even, but it is firm, and the north-to-south streets are level because the slope of the place is toward the east.

The houses are built in storeys, some with more, some with fewer. Their arrangement is as follows. From the street level a wall rises to

to the south. On both sides of my path I saw many fields of maize and beans, and many Indians working them. I went up another mesa and came upon two little shepherds guarding sheep and a woman with her hatchet getting kindling-wood. They ran off at my approach, which made me sensible of the antipathy of all these people. Reflecting that "Better the known evil of the present than the uncertain good of the future;" and, in fine, that my friends the Yavipais were in Oraibe, I decided to go back there. After retracing the three leagues I had covered, I entered Oraibe at nightfall, astonished that so many were on the roofs watching me as I passed by on my mule seeking the secluded place where I had spent the preceding night, which I found after several turns.

In this pueblo the people are of two kinds and two languages: the first can be distinguished by the colour and stature of both men and women; the second, by the difference in the mode of singing. Some are lighter and clearer in colour, and well set up; others are small, dark, and ugly. When they go out from the pueblo they look like Spaniards in their dress, with leather jackets, tight sleeves, trousers, and boots or shoes. Their weapons are arrows and spears. In the pueblo they go about in shoes, and in sleeves of a spotted cloth and a dark-grey blanket such as they themselves make. The women wear a long, sleeveless smock and a grey or white blanket like a square mantilla. The smock is tied round the waist with a sash that is commonly of many colours. They neither daub nor paint themselves, nor did I see beads or earrings. The old women wear their hair in two braids and the younger ones in a whorl over each ear or all tied at one side. They take very good care of their hair.

Although they showed me no favour, I got the impression that among the Hopis there were many good people and that only their rulers were prejudiced. There may have been other reasons for the way I was received, apart from their not wishing to be baptized or to have Spaniards in their lands; for example, hearing that I came from the Jamajabs and the Yumas, friends of their enemies, they may have thought me a spy of the Tejua Yavipais and Chemeguavas. They may also have heard that I came from the land of the Pimas and was minister to them, with whom they are at war, as the Indians of my mission had told me; from which, and having in mind the