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Pablo Tac, *Conversion of the Saluseños of Alta California* (*Conversión de los Saluseños de la Alta California*) (Rome, c. 1840)

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Introduction

During the eight decades of Spanish and Mexican domination in California (1769-1848), thousands of Native Americans were incorporated into a chain of missions that stretched from San Diego in the south to Sonoma in the north. The goal of the mission enterprise in California was to convert native people into Catholic citizens of the Spanish empire who would help halt the spread of English and Russian influence along the Pacific coast. Although two generations of indigenous people passed through the mission system, there are very few first-person accounts of life there, and only one account actually written by an indigenous member of that system: *Conversión de los Saluseños¹ de la Alta California* by Pablo Tac.

Pablo Tac

Pablo Tac was born in 1820 at Mission San Luis Rey de Francia, north of San Diego, California. The mission was established in 1798 under Spanish rule, in the midst of the area known as *Quechla* by the indigenous people who lived there. In his description of the mission's founding, Tac estimates there were approximately 5,000 people living there at the time of the Spanish arrival. Although there was no mission in the area, many Native Americans were already affiliated with Mission San Diego de Alcalá to the south and with Mission San Juan Capistrano to the north.

As a member of the *Quechnajnichom* (also known as *Luseños* thanks to their association with Mission San Luis Rey), Pablo lived the life of acculturated indigenous people all over Alta California. Those who entered the missions occupied the space between the world of their ancestors and the dominant Spanish-Mexican culture of the territory. Pablo was part of the second generation to live that reality. His father, Pedro Alcántara Tac, was brought by his grandmother to be baptized at the mission on October 19, 1801. In 1818 Pedro met Ladislaya Molmolix, an indigenous woman who had moved to the mission in 1804. They married around 1818 and had at least six children, of whom Pablo was the second.

For the first decade of his life, Pablo's routine at the mission was likely very similar to that of other young indigenous men. He probably participated in the agricultural tasks he describes in his manuscript, in addition to the traditional ways of his people that survived the transition to the mission. As a young man considered to have a talent for learning, he would have been part of the church choir, where he would learn to read both Latin and Spanish, for performing the sung parts of the Catholic mass, as well as secular choral pieces.

On January 17, 1832, Antonio Peyrí, the Franciscan priest who founded Mission San Luis Rey, set sail from San Diego bound for Mexico City. Accompanying him were 12-year-old Pablo and another Luseño youth named Agapito Amamix. Their ultimate destination was Europe, Rome to be specific, in order to train for the Catholic priesthood. They were the first native Californians —indigenous or European—chosen to be priests.

¹ The indigenous communities associated with the Mission of San Luis Rey are referred to as *Saluseños* (as opposed to *Sanluseños*) in the Spanish manuscripts. We have respected this form in both the Spanish transcription as well as the English translation



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After leaving California, the three spent two years at the Colegio de San Fernando in Mexico City, where Franciscans such as Junípero Serra—the founder of the California missions—were trained as missionaries. There, Tac and Amamix were introduced to the clerical life, and presumably undertook studies to supplement the rudimentary education they had received at the mission.

In February of 1834, they sailed with Peyrí to Europe, arriving at Barcelona on June 21. Three months later, Tac and Amamix made their way to Rome, where they became students at the *Collegium Urbanum de Propaganda Fide*, the Vatican's premier training center for missionaries. They studied alongside 29 other men from places as diverse as Albania, Persia, Scotland and China, including three Native American men from the United States.

Their Roman sojourn would not last very long, however. In 1835 Amamix fell ill, and although he was sent to a monastery outside of Rome to recover, the illness dragged on for two years, ultimately claiming his life in September of 1837. Pablo instead continued his studies for another four years, eventually taking the first steps toward the priesthood. Nevertheless, in late 1841 he contracted a virus, and died in December of that year.

Pablo Tac's *Conversion of the Saluseños*

During his time Rome Tac made the acquaintance of Cardinal Giuseppe Mezzofanti, a linguist working at the Vatican library. Mezzofanti had a collection of files on the languages of the students at the *Propaganda Fide*, and encouraged Tac to produce a description of the history, customs and language of his people. The result was a manuscript of 142 folios, written in both Latin and Spanish, combining a grammar of the Luiseño language with a history of the Luiseño people. Tac titled the grammar *Linguae Californensis Rudimenta a P. Tac proposita* (First Rudiments of a Californian Language, proposed by P. Tac). To the history he gave the title *Conversión de los Saluseños dela alt. Calif.* (Conversion of the Saluseños of Alta California). Both documents are particularly unique in that they represent accounts of Indian life and customs in Spanish-Mexican California from the standpoint of a Native person.

Conversión de los Saluseños is Tac's attempt to present the history and customs of his people, the *Quechnajuichom*, to a European readership. His description of the arrival of a Spanish missionary accompanied by soldiers provides a glimpse into the delicate nature of the early years of the Spanish incursion into California. Tac is a Christian Indian, studying for the Catholic priesthood, and his gratitude at the conversion of his people is explicit, and perhaps to be expected, given the context in which he wrote it. Yet far from depicting the Native people as passive objects of conversion, the young man shows them to be proud, strong and dangerous. Tac's account of the chief of the Luiseños, curious yet wary, negotiating the presence of the intruders to their land, is particularly telling. He is by no means intimidated by the Spanish, their weapons or technology, and the moment of their meeting is fraught with tension. Unexpectedly, however, the chief strikes up a friendship with the priest. "It was a great grace that the Indians did not kill the Spaniards when they arrived," notes Tac in his commentary.

The bulk of *Conversión de los Saluseños* deals with life at the mission through the eyes of an indigenous person. The mission is a farm that grows an abundance of produce, some of which is sold to Anglo-American merchants, foreshadowing the future fate of the region. The mission priest is depicted as a monarch who oversees a vast agricultural empire managed by a team of native *alcaldes* and protected by Spanish soldiers.

In the section "What is done each day", not only do we learn of the tasks that each person is expected to perform, but we have an intimate description of a day in the life of a multi-generational indigenous family. Instead of a colonial outpost, Tac paints a portrait of the mission as a native community with its traditional foods, dances and games. Spanish hegemony may be a fact of life, but it is the backdrop rather than the essential nature of life for the Indians of San Luis Rey. In the section "The ball game," for example, a sporting event becomes the stage for acting out traditional inter-tribal rivalries. When Spanish soldiers arrive to put down the rioting, Tac's Luiseños are anything but cowed: "The leader of the thirty Saluseños was an Indian and spoke like the Spaniards. The Indian told him "Raise your sword and I will eat you."

Thanks to his grammar and history, we have a precious glimpse into native life in Spanish-Mexican California. For that reason, Pablo Tac is perhaps the final representative of that select group of Indigenous American authors writing in Spanish, which includes personalities such as Inca Garcilaso de la Vega, Huaman Poma de Ayala and Fernando de Alva Ixtlilxochitl, and which demonstrates the complexity of the colonial society.

The Conversion of the *Saluseños*

...Los padres franciscanos de los que yo aquí hablo en México se llaman padres fernandinos, porque el colegio o convento en que se hallan se llama el Convento de San Fernando Rey de España . Llegaron estos padres en la Alta California y uno de ellos llegó en nuestro país que lo llamamos Quechla, y nosotros por eso nos llamamos *quechnajuichom*, es decir “habitadores de Quechla”, cuando estábamos en paz. Porque siempre hubo guerra, siempre pleito día y noche con los que en otra lengua hablaban.

Parece que nuestros enemigos fueron los que ahora se llaman dieguinos por los españoles, y *quichamcauichom* por nosotros, que quiere decir “los del sur”. Antes de ir a guerra se pintaban para ser terribles a los enemigos, y se cogía al enemigo o cuando estaba durmiendo, o cuando los hombres salían de casa, quedando sólo las mujeres, y mataban a mujeres, viejos, y niños. Hecho esto se quemaban los aduares, huyéndose ellos a sus casas. Las armas eran arcos, flechas y ciertas espadas de leño, lanzas de leño por nuestra lengua llamados *uacatom*. ... Con estas armas iban a guerra, que también ahora las tenemos. Era muy miserable la vida de entonces, porque siempre había pleitos.

El dios a que entonces se adoraba era el sol y el fuego. Así se vivía entre los bosques, hasta que Dios misericordioso nos sacó de estas miserias, por el Padre Antonio Peyrí, catalán que llegó en nuestro país a la tarde con siete soldados españoles.

...The Franciscan fathers of whom I speak are called Fernandino fathers in Mexico, because the school or convent in which they are located is called the Convent of San Fernando Rey de España.² These fathers arrived in Upper California and one of them came to our country, which we call Quechla, and that is why we call ourselves *Quechnajuichom*, that is to say “inhabitants of Quechla,” when we were at peace. Because there was always war, always fighting day and night with those who spoke another language.

It seems that our enemies were those who are now called *Dieguinos*³ by the Spanish, and *quichamcauichom* by us, which means “those of the south.” Before going to war, they painted themselves to be terrible to the enemy, and caught the enemy either when he was sleeping, or when the men left the house, leaving only the women, and killed women, old men, and children. Once this was done, they would burn the huts, and they would flee to their homes. The weapons were bows, arrows and certain wooden swords, spears of wood called *uacatom* in our language. ... With these weapons they went to war, which we still have. Life was very miserable back then, because there were always wars.

The god that was then worshipped was the sun and the fire. This is how we lived in the woods, until the merciful God took us out of these miserias, through Fr. Antonio Peyrí,⁴ a Catalan who arrived in our country in the afternoon with seven Spanish

² This was the main training center for missionaries to California, and the place where Tac would spend two years of his life. It was located in Mexico City.

³ The Kumeyaay people of the region near San Diego. They were known as *Dieguinos* due to their association with Mission San Diego de Alcalá.

⁴ Fray Antonio Peyrí was born in Porrera, Spain, on January 8, 1769. Like many of the Franciscans who came to California, he was from Catalonia. He arrived in Mexico City in 1795, and in California in 1796.

Llegando el misionero con poca gente en nuestro país, el capitán nuestro, viéndoles de lejos, y también los otros se espantan, mas no huyen ni cogen armas para matarles, mas sentados los estaban viendo, mas cuando aquellos se acercaron entonces el capitán se levanta (porque estaba sentado con los otros) y los encuentra; aquellos se paran, y el misionero. Entonces empieza a hablar el capitán diciendo quizá en su lengua “*Hichsom iva baluon, pulúchajam cham quínai*.” “¿Qué es lo que aquí buscáis? Salid de nuestro país”. Mas aquellos no le entendían, y también ellos en español le respondían, y el capitán empezó por señales, y el fernandino entendiéndole, le dio regalos, y en esta manera le hizo su amigo. El capitán, volviéndose a su gente (como creo), habrá hallado bien a los blancos y por eso los dejaron aquí dormir. No había entonces casa de piedra, mas todos eran aduares (como se dice). Éste fue aquel feliz día en que vimos gente blanca, por nosotros llamada *sosabitom*. O Dios misericordioso ¿por qué nos dejaste por muchos siglos, años, meses y días en las tinieblas, después que viniste al mundo? Bendito seas desde este día hasta los siglos futuros.

El padre fernandino se queda en nuestro país; con su poca gente que llevaba se hace un aduar y aquí vivió por muchos días... Fue gran gracia ésta, que no mataron a los españoles los indios cuando llegaron, y muy admirable, porque nunca han querido que otra gente con ellos habitase, por lo que hasta aquellos días estaban guerreando... No sé si les bautizó antes de hacer la iglesia o después de haberla hecho; mas creo que les bautizase antes de hacerla. Ya era muy amigo del capitán, y también querido por los neófitos. Algo le podían entender, cuando él, como padre de ellos, les mandó que llevaran piedra desde el mar para los cimientos (que no es lejos), hiciesen ladrillos, tejas, cortasen vigas, carrizos y lo necesario. Lo hicieron, con los maestros que les ayudaban, y entre pocos años acabaron de trabajar. Hicieron una iglesia para todos los neófitos, con tres altares... Después de esto sigue el almacén de vino: adentro hay doscientos

soldiers. When the missionary arrived with few people in our country, our chief and also the others who saw them from afar, were frightened, but they did not flee nor take weapons to kill them, but were watching them sitting down; but when [the Spaniards] came closer, then the chief gets up (because he was sitting with the others) and meets them; they stand up, as well as the missionary. Then the chief begins to speak, perhaps in his own language, “*Hichsom iva baluon, pulúchajam cham quínai*.” “What is it that you seek here? Get out of our country.” But they did not understand him, and they also answered him in Spanish, and the chief began by signs, and the Fernandino, understanding him, gave him gifts, and in this way made him his friend. The chief, turning to his people (as I believe), must have found the whites to be good and so they were left here to sleep. There were no stone houses then, but all were huts (as they say). This was that happy day when we saw white people, called *sosabitom* by us. O merciful God, why did You leave us for many centuries, years, months and days in darkness, after You came into the world? Blessed are you from this day forward to the centuries to come.

The Fernandino father stayed in our country; with his few people he had a hut and lived here for many days... It was a great grace that the Indians did not kill the Spaniards when they arrived, and very admirable, because they never wanted other people to live with them, so until those days they were always fighting... I don't know if he baptized them before or after making the church, but I think he baptized them before making the church. He was already very close to the chief, and also loved by the neophytes.⁵ They could understand something of his speech, when he, as their father, ordered them to bring stone from the sea (which is not far away) for the foundations, to make bricks, tiles, cut beams, reeds and what was necessary. They did so, with the master craftsmen who helped them, and within a few years they were done with their work. They made a church for all the neophytes, with three altars... After this comes the wine storehouse:

⁵ The Spanish divided indigenous people in California into two groups: “neophytes” and “gentiles,” borrowing categories from primitive Christianity. Neophytes were those Indians who had been baptized and were considered to be still at the rudimentary stage of conversion. Gentiles were non-Christian Indians.

pipas de vino, aguardiente, y vino blanco, cuatrocientos barriles, para la misa, para vender a los españoles y pasajeros ingleses que muchas veces vienen a la misión para vender ropa, lienzo, manta y lo que ellos traen de Boston; y no para los neófitos, lo que es prohibido a ellos porque fácilmente se ven emborrachados.

Hacia sud hay un huerto muy grande con su potrero al lado ... el huerto es espacioso, lleno de arboles de frutos de peras, manzanas o pirones (como dicen los mexicanos) duraznos, membrillos, peras dulces, granadas, higos, sandías, melones, legumbres, coles, lechugas, chiles, rábanos, yerbas buenas, perejiles y otros de los que no me acuerdo. Las peras, manzanas, duraznos, membrillos, granadas, sandías, melones para los neófitos, los demás que quedan para el misionero. Algo cada día debe llevar el hortelano. Ninguno de los neófitos puede ir al huerto o entrar para cortarse los frutos...

Una vez un neófito entró en el huerto sin que lo supiese el hortelano, y como tenía mucha hambre, se subió a un higo. Aquí empezó a comer a toda priesa un higo más duro y grande, no a pedazos, mas entero se lo dejó caer por la garganta, y el higo se atoró por ella. Él entonces empezó a torcerse hasta que gritó como un cuervo y se lo tragó. El hortelano, oyendo la voz del cuervo y con indios ojos, luego halló cuervo que de miedo no comía, mas lo estaban viendo. El le dijo “Ya te veo cuervo sin alas, ahora te heriré con mis flechas.” Entonces el neófito a toda priesa se huye lejos del huerto.

Hacia este del huerto hay el potrero para los caballos del padre fernandino y para [los] de los pasajeros angloamericanos; es espacioso como el huerto, por debajo lleno de agua y por eso verdes yerbas tiene. Hay muchos árboles, muchos pájaros, muchísimos cuervos llegan a la tarde para dormir y se dejan caer desde el alto haciendo maromas hasta llegar sobre los árboles. Aquí también los trabajadores hallaron un león californés,⁷ que es

inside there are two hundred barrels of [red] wine, brandy, and white wine, four hundred barrels for the Mass and to sell to the Spanish and English travelers⁶ who often come to the mission to sell clothes, canvas, blankets, and what they bring from Boston; and not for the neophytes, which is forbidden to them because they easily get drunk.

Towards the south there is a very large orchard with its paddock next to it ... the orchard is spacious, full of trees with fruits of pears, apples or *pirones* (as the Mexicans say) peaches, quinces, sweet pears, pomegranates, figs, watermelons, melons, legumes, cabbage, lettuce, chilies, radishes, herbs, parsley and others that I do not remember. The pears, apples, peaches, quinces, pomegranates, watermelons, melons for the neophytes, the rest that are left for the missionary. Something must be brought by the gardener every day. None of the neophytes can go into the orchard or come in and cut fruit for himself...

Once a neophyte entered the garden without the gardener knowing it, and since he was very hungry, he climbed a fig tree. Here he began to eat one of the harder, bigger figs at full speed, not piece by piece, but dropped the whole thing down his throat, and the fig got stuck in it. Then he began to twist until he screamed like a crow and swallowed it. The gardener, hearing the crow's voice and with Indian eyes then found a crow that was not eating out of fear, but was seen. He said, “I see you, wingless crow. Now I will hurt you with my arrows.” Then the neophyte quickly fled from the garden.

To the east of the garden is the paddock for the horses of the Fernandino father and for [those] of the Anglo-American travelers. It is spacious like the garden, beneath it is full of water and therefore has green grass. There are many trees, many birds, many crows come in the afternoon to sleep and drop from the heights to the trees. Here too the workers found a California lion, which is equal to the cat of Europe but braver than a tiger, not because of its

⁶ Tac seems to conflate English with Anglo-Americans. After Mexican independence, Yankee ships from the eastern seaboard of the U.S. began to make frequent trade visits to the California coast. Richard Henry Dana describes one such voyage in his 1835 memoir *Two Years Before the Mast*.

⁷ A puma or mountain lion.

igual al gato de Europa pero más valiente de un tigre, no por sus fuerzas, mas por su agilidad, que es muy difícil a matarse; él mata a los caballos con un brinco agarrándolos, luego los degüella, y por eso él es temido. Los trabajadores lo hallaron, y porque eran ellos muchos el león de ellos tenía miedo y también por los gritos que echaban siguiéndole, corría brincando allende o aquende al rededor del potrero, los indios escondidos detrás de los árboles lo tiraban con piedras hasta que uno le tiró en medio de la frente y pronto desmayado cayendo luego murió...

La misión de San Luis Rey de Francia, así nombrola el padre fernandino después de haber cumplido toda la casa, porque el patrón nuestro es el Rey San Luis. Mas nosotros en nuestra lengua la llamamos *Quechla*. Así nuestros abuelos la llamaron porque en este país había una calidad de piedras que se llamaban *quechlam* en plural, y en singular, *quechla*, y nosotros habitadores de Quechla nos nombramos *quechnajuichom* en plural, *quechnajuis* en singular: quiere decir "habitadores de Quechla". En Quechla no mucho ha, había cinco mil almas, con todos sus países cercanos, ya por un mal que vino a California dos mil almas murieron, y tres mil se quedaron.

El padre fernandino, como él era solo y muy solito con sus españoles soldados, viendo que sería muy difícil que él solo pudiese mandar a aquella gente, y más, gente que pocos años antes dejado había los bosques, puso alcaldes. Puso por eso alcaldes de la misma gente, que sabían más que los otros hablar español y que por costumbres mejores eran de los otros. Estos alcaldes fueron siete, con sus bastones por señal que ellos podían juzgar a los demás. El capitán se vistió como los españoles, quedando siempre capitán pero no mandando a su gente como en antigua, cuando eran todavía gentiles. El mayor de los alcaldes se llamaba El General; sabía nombre de cada uno, y cuando tomaba algo en general él entonces nombraba cada sujeto por su nombre. Los alcaldes por la tarde se juntan a la casa del misionero; llevan las novedades de aquel día y si el misionero les dice algo que toda la gente del país

strength, but because of its agility which makes it very difficult to kill. He kills the horses with a leap by grabbing them, then slits their throats, and that is why he is feared. The workers found him, and because there were many of them, the lion was afraid and also because of the shouts that followed him, he ran jumping over or around the paddock. The Indians, hiding behind the trees, threw stones at him until one of them hit him in the middle of his forehead and soon he fainted and then died...

Mission San Luis Rey de Francia was so named by the Fernandino father after he completed the whole house, because our patron is King St. Louis. But we call it *Quechla* in our language. That's what our grandparents called it because in this country there was a quality of stone called *quechlam* in the plural, and in the singular *quechla*, and we Quechla inhabitants called ourselves *Quechnajuichom* in the plural, *Quechnajuis* in the singular: it means "inhabitants of Quechla." In Quechla not long ago there were five thousand souls, including all the nearby lands, and because of an illness⁸ that came to California two thousand souls died, and three thousand remained.

The Fernandino Father, since he was by himself and very much alone with his Spanish soldiers, seeing that it would be very difficult for him to command those people alone, and what is more, people who a few years earlier had left the forests, put in place alcaldes. That's why he appointed *alcaldes*⁹ of that same people, who knew how to speak Spanish better than the others and who, because of their manners, were better than the others. These *alcaldes* were seven, with their staves as a sign that they could judge others. The chief dressed like the Spaniards, remaining always chief but not ruling his people as in ancient times, when they were still gentiles. The leader of the alcaldes was called the General; he knew the name of each one, at common meals he then named each person by name. In the afternoon, the alcaldes gather at the missionary's house; they bring the news of that day

⁸ Most likely one of the epidemics that killed numerous indigenous people in the 19th century.

⁹ The *alcaldes* Tac mentions were magistrates chosen from among the native population.

debe saberla, ellos, volviéndose a los aduare, van gritando. . . Los alcaldes, volviéndose a los aduare, cada uno de ellos por donde pasa va gritando lo que el misionero les había dicho en su idioma y todo el país está oyendo. “Mañana se empieza a sembrar y por eso los gañanes vayan al gallinero y allí se junten.” Y de nuevo estas mismas palabras va diciendo hasta llegar a su mismo aduar para tomar algo, y después acostarse. Y mañana usted verá a los gañanes irse para el gallinero y aquí juntarse según ayer noche habían oído. Con los gañanes va un mayordomo español y otros alcaldes neófitos, para ver como se trabaja; si son flojos para apurarlos que pronto acaben lo mandado y castigar al culpable, o flojo que, dejando su arado, se deja por el campo quedándose con su flojedad. Trabajan todo el día, pero no siempre: a las doce se deja el trabajo, y entonces les traen posole (“posole” dicen los españoles de California el maíz cocido en agua caliente) y comen con gusto y se quedan artos hasta la tarde cuando se vuelven a sus aduare. Los zapateros trabajan haciendo sillas, mochilas, riendas, zapatos para los vaqueros neófitos y mayordomos y soldados españoles. Y cuando han acabado llevan y entregan al misionero, para dar a los vaqueros. Los herreros haciendo frenos, llaves, chapas, clavos para la iglesia, y todos trabajan para todos.

...En la misión de San Luis Rey de Francia está el padre fernandino como un rey: tiene sus pajes, alcaldes, mayordomos, músicos, soldados, huertos, ranchos, ganados, caballos, a millares, vacas, toros a millares, bueyes, mulos, asnos, corderos doce mil, cabras doscientos, etc. Pajes para sí y para los pasajeros españoles y mexicanos, ingleses y angloamericanos; alcaldes para que le ayuden a gobernar toda la gente de la misión de San Luis Rey de Francia, mayordomos se hallan en los países lejanos casi todos españoles, músicos de la misión para los días de fiesta y todos los domingos y festividades del año, con ellos los cantores, todos indios neófitos, soldados para que ninguno haga daño ni a español ni a indio, que por todos son diez y van a caballo; huertos que son por todos cinco y muy grandes. El padre fernandino poco toma, y como casi todos los huertos sacan vino, el que bien conoce las costumbres de los neófitos nada de vino quiere dar a ninguno de ellos, mas lo vende a los ingleses o angloamericanos, no por dinero, mas por

and if the missionary tells them something that all the people of the country should know, they return to their homes to call out the news. The *alcaldes*, returning home, each one of them as he passes by is shouting what the missionary had told them in their language and the whole country is listening.

“Tomorrow the sowing begins, so the farmhands must go to the henhouse and gather there.” And again these same words he says until he gets to his own hut to have a meal, and then go to bed. And tomorrow you’ll see the farmhands leave for the henhouse and gather here as they heard last night. A Spanish foreman and other neophyte alcaldes go with the farmhands to see how the work is done; if they are lazy, they hurry them, so they will soon finish what they have been ordered to do and punish the guilty or lazy one who, leaving his plow, lies about in the field in his laziness. They work all day, but not always: at twelve o’clock they leave work, and then they bring them pozole (“pozole” is what the Spanish from California call corn cooked in hot water) and they eat with pleasure and stay full until the afternoon when they return to their homes. The cobblers work making saddles, backpacks, reins, shoes for the neophyte cowboys and Spanish foremen and soldiers. And when they’re done, they take them to the missionary to give to the cowboys. The blacksmiths make bits, locks, metal plates and nails for the church, and everyone works for everyone else.

In mission of San Luis Rey de Francia, the the Fernandino father is like a king: he has his pages, *alcaldes*, foremen, musicians, soldiers, orchards, ranches, livestock, horses, by the thousands, cows, bulls by the thousands, oxen, mules, donkeys, twelve thousand lambs, two hundred goats, etc. Pages for himself and for the Spanish and Mexican, English and Anglo-American travelers; *alcaldes* to help him govern all the people of the mission of San Luis Rey de Francia, foremen are in the distant areas, almost all Spanish, musicians from the mission for the holidays and every Sunday and festival of the year, with them the singers, all neophyte Indians, soldiers so that no one hurts either Spanish or Indian, who are ten in all and go on horseback; orchards that are five in all and very large. The Fernandino father drinks very little, and as almost all the orchards produce wine, he who knows well the customs of the neophytes does not want to give any wine to any of them, but sells it to the English or Anglo-Americans, not for money,

ropa para los neófitos, lienzo para la iglesia, sombreros, fusiles, platos, café, te, azúcar y otras cosas. La cosecha de la misión es: manteca de vaca, cebo, cueros, gamuzas, pieles de osos, vino, vino blanco, aguardiente, aceite, maíz, trigo, frijol, y también cuernos de toros que los ingleses se llevan a millares a Boston.

Lo que se hace cada día

Cuando el sol sale y las estrellas y la luna caen, entonces el viejo de casa despierta a todos y empieza por el almuerzo, que es, tomar el juiuis calentado, y carne y tortillas, que pan no tenemos; hecho esto, toma su arco y flechas y sale de casa con sus pasos valientes y ligeros (eso es si va a la caza) y se lleva a los lejanos bosques llenos de osos y liebres, venados y millares de pájaros. Aquí está todo el día matando cuantos puede, siguiéndoles, escondiéndose de tras los árboles, subiéndose por los mismos y después, cargado de liebres, se vuelve a casa alegre; pero cuando falta madera, él luego por la mañana sale de casa con su lazo a los hombros y su hacha con compañeros, que se puedan ayudar; cuando es muy cargado el cargo y por la tarde se vuelve a casa; su vieja, quedándose en casa, hace la comida; el hijo, si es hombre hecho, trabaja con los hombres, su hija con las mujeres se queda haciendo camisas. Y si estos también tienen hijos y hijas, se quedan en la misión, los hijos a la escuela a aprender el abecedario, y si ya saben, aprender el catecismo, y si eso también, al coro de los cantores, y si fue cantor, al trabajo, que ya todos los cantores músicos, el día de trabajo trabajan y el domingo al coro a cantar; pero sin libro, porque ya antes el maestro los enseña a memoria teniendo él el libro. La hija se junta con los solteras que todas hilan para frazadas de los saluiseños, y para la túnica del padre fernandino.

A las doce comen juntos, y dejan su porción al viejo, sus tazas de barro, sus vasos de yerba bien tejida que el agua no puede salir, sino cuando es tenida ante la cara del sol, sus sartenes de barro, sus parrillas de palo echas para aquel día, y sus cántaros para el agua, también de barro; sentados al rededor del fuego están hablando y comiendo, pobres de ellos si en aquel tiempo cierran la puerta, entonces el humo levantándose, siendo mucho, y siendo el agujero pequeño, que sirve de ventana, se vuelve abajo queriendo salir por la puerta, queda en medio de la casa, y entonces se come hablando, riendo y

but for clothes for the neophytes, canvas for the church, hats, guns, plates, coffee, tea, sugar and other things. The mission harvest is tallow, feed, hides, chamois, bear skins, wine, white wine, brandy, oil, corn, wheat, beans, and also bull horns that the English take by the thousands to Boston.

What Is Done Each Day

When the sun rises and the stars and the moon set, then the old man of the house wakes everyone up and starts for lunch, which is, to take the warmed up *juiuis*, and meat since we do not have tortillas. Having done this, he takes his bow and arrows and leaves the house with his valiant and light steps (that is if he goes hunting) and goes to the distant forests full of bears and rabbits, deer and thousands of birds. Here he is killing as many as he can all day, following them, hiding from behind the trees, climbing up them, and then, laden with rabbits, he goes home happy. But when there is no wood, then in the morning he leaves the house with his bow on his shoulders and his axe with companions, who can help each other. When he has a full load, in the afternoon he goes home. His wife, staying at home, makes the food; the son, if he is a man, works with the men, his daughter stays with the women making shirts. And if these also have sons and daughters, they stay in the mission. The sons go to school to learn the alphabet, and if they already know it, to learn the catechism, and if that too, to the choir, and if he was already a singer, to work, since all the singer-musicians, on work days labor and on Sunday sing in the choir, but without a book, because the teacher who has the book teaches them by heart. The daughter joins the single women who all weave the blankets of the Saluiseños, and the tunic of the Fernandino father.

At twelve everyone eats together, and they leave the old man his portion, with their clay cups, their well-woven grass baskets that let no water leak out unless it is held up to the face of the sun, their clay pans, their wood grills made for that day, and their water buckets, also made of clay. Seated around the fire they speak and eat — but too bad if they shut the door at that moment. If that happens, the smoke rises up, and since there is a lot of it, and the window opening is also small, the smoke comes down, trying to escape through the door, and settles in the middle of the house. Then they eat as they

llorando sin quererlo. Acabada la comida se vuelven a sus trabajos, el padre deja al hijo, el hijo deja a la hermana, la hermana al hermano, el hermano a la madre, la madre a su marido, con consuelo, hasta a la tarde. Antes de acostarse de nuevo comen lo que la vieja y el viejo han hecho en aquel tiempo y después duermen.

Del baile de los indios

Cada gente de indios tiene sus bailes, diferentes de los otros bailes. En Europa se baila por alegría, por festín, por alguna novedad fausta. Pero los indios de California, no solo por festín bailan, mas también antes de empezar la guerra, por llanto, porque han perdido la victoria, y por recuerdo de los abuelos, tíos, padres ya muertos. Ahora que somos nosotros cristianos bailamos per ceremonia. El baile de los yumas es casi siempre triste, y así el canto, lo mismos es de los dieguinos: pero nosotros saluseños tenemos tres maneras principales sólo de los hombres, porque las mujeres tienen otros, y que jamás pueden bailar con los hombres...

Juego de la pelota

El lugar en donde se juega es todo llano, largo un cuarto y medio de hora, ancho lo mismo, los jugadores todos hombres de treinta hasta sesenta años; en todos pueden ser setenta u ochenta, treinta o cuarenta hombres de un lado, treinta o cuarenta de el otro, dos caudillos se ponen, de este y de aquel lado. Cada uno de los hombres tiene su garrote, alto cuatro palmas, grueso cinco dedos juntos, debajo arqueado. La pelota del juego es de madera, gruesa más de que un huevo de guajolote. Hay dos señales donde ellos deben tirar la pelota, y cuando el enemigo pasa este señal, él ha ganado. La ley es que no puedan llevar en mano por mucho rato, mas en tierra con el garrote. En medio del juego entierran la pelota, y la deben sacar los dos caudillos con sus garrotes, cada uno quedándose hacia su señal, y detrás sus compañeros con los garrotes levantados esperando la pelota; y cuando sale cada uno quiere llevarla a su señal.

Y aquí alboroto, empujones, fuerzas de Hércules; es

speak, and laugh and cry without wanting to. After the meal is over, they return to their jobs. The father leaves his son, the son leaves his sister, the sister leaves her brother, the brother leaves his mother, the mother leaves her husband, cheerfully, until the afternoon. Before going to bed, they eat what the old man and the old woman have made during that time, and then go to sleep.

The Dance of the Indians

Each Indian people has its own dance, different from the other dances. In Europe people dance for joy, for celebration, for some happy occasion. But the Indians of California, not only for celebrations, but also before war, for crying, because they have lost the victory, and for the memory of grandparents, uncles, parents who are dead. Now that we are Christians we dance for ceremony. The dance of the Yumas¹⁰ is almost always sad, and so is the singing, the same is true of the Dieguinos: but we Saluseños have three main ways only of men, because women have others, and they can never dance with men...

The Ball Game

The place where the game is played is all flat, a quarter and a half [league] long, the width the same, the players all men from thirty to sixty years old; in total maybe seventy or eighty, thirty or forty men on one side, thirty or forty on the other, two captains are stationed, on this side and on that side. Each of the men has his club, four palms high, five fingers together thick, curved below. The game ball is made of wood, thicker than a turkey egg. There are two goals where they must throw the ball, and when the enemy passes this goal, he has won. The rule is that they can't carry it in their hands for long, but on the ground with a stick. In the middle of the game they bury the ball, and the two captains must get it out with their clubs, each one staying towards his goal, and behind them their teammates with the clubs raised waiting for the ball; and when it comes out each one wants to take it to his goal.

And here there is a commotion, pushing, and

¹⁰ The Yuma or Quechan people of the area along the Colorado river between California and Arizona.

menester si uno por ventura saca la pelota tirándola con toda fuerza a su señal, la echa en medio del señal los enemigos lo siguen, otros detienen a otros, otros se tumban, quien cae corriendo resbalado, quien con igual carrera llega hasta la pelota, y de allí la lleva por otra parte corriendo, de miedo de que no se la quiten, y viendo de lejos a sus compañeros, les echa por el aire la pelota. Aquellos se la llevan corriendo a toda priesa a su señal, los enemigos los atajan, y aquí alboroto, carrera de venado para huir, para que los alcancen o lleguen, y dura tres o cuatro horas este juego. También las mujeres juegan, y eso cada domingo con permisión. Los saluiseños saben bien jugar, hombres fuertes.

Una vez salieron treinta saluiseños y se fueron para San Juan, otra misión cercana a la misión de San Luis Rey de Francia nuestra misión. Allí llegaron y fueron convidados a jugar a pelota. Ellos dijeron “Queremos, pero hagamos ley, que no se pueda la pelota llevarse en mano.” Aquellos sí dijeron “Así haremos, con toda justicia jugaremos.” Al domingo por la tarde, los saluiseños toman sus garrotes y se van al lugar del juego. Aquellos los reciben y los llevaron al lugar del juego. Empezaron a jugar con la misma ley como los saluiseños y como ya hemos dicho adelante. Toda la gente de este país estaba viendo el juego, y el capitán también de aquel país a caballo estaba viendo. Todos treinta saluiseños bien jugaban, y a carrera vencían a los sanjuaneños, cuando un sanjuaneño toma la pelota y en mano la lleva; llega entonces un saluiseño, y agarrándolo por las cinturas, lo echa en alto, y lo hace caer. Vino otro sanjuaneño para defender a su paisano, van otros saluiseños a ayudar al primero, detrás de estos vino el capitán, azotó a un saluiseño. Entonces uno de los saluiseños, más fuerte y de cuerpo gigante, dio un brinco, tumbolo, el caballo lo pisó y arrastrado debajo los pies levantarse no podía. Vino el pueblo por el alboroto con garrotes en mano, las mujeres siguieron a un saluiseño que no tenía garrote, mas se podía bien defender con brincos, aunque fuere torneado, y por doquiera las mujeres piedras le echasen, pero no lo dañaron. Los sanjuaneños huyen con sus rajadas cabezas, se quedan los solos saluiseños; uno quería dar golpe a otro creyendo que fuese sanjuaneño: por tanto furor no conocíanse, y de nada miedo tenían. Llegan los soldados españoles ya que era acabado el alboroto porque ellos también temblaban, y por palabras

herculean strength. It is necessary that if one by chance gets the ball out, throwing it with all his might at his goal, and he throws it in the middle of the goal post, the enemies follow him, others stop others, others fall down, someone slips and falls down on the ground, someone just as fast reaches the ball, and from there takes it to the other side running, afraid that they take it away, and seeing his companions from afar, he throws the ball in the air. They take it away at full speed to their goal. The enemies attack them, and there is a riot, a race to flee like deer, to catch up or to arrive, and this game lasts three or four hours. The women also play, and that is every Sunday with permission. The Saluiseños know how to play — they are strong men.

Once thirty Saluiseños left and went to San Juan, another mission close to the mission of San Luis Rey de Francia, our mission. They arrived there and were invited to play ball. They said, “We want to, but let’s make a rule that the ball can’t be carried by hand.” They agreed, “That’s the way we’ll do it, we’ll play fair.” On Sunday afternoon, the Saluiseños take their clubs and go to the place of the game. The others welcome them and take them to the place of the game. They began to play with the same rule as the Saluiseños and as we have already said. All the people of this area were watching the game, and the chief of that area was on horseback watching too. All thirty Saluiseños were playing well, and by their running were beating the Sanjuaneños, when a Sanjuaneño took the ball and carried it in his hand. Then a Saluiseño arrived, and grabbing him by the waist, threw him up in the air, and made him fall. Another Sanjuaneño came to defend his countryman, other Saluiseños go to help the first, behind these came the chief, and whipped a Saluiseño. Then one of the Saluiseños, stronger and with the body of a giant, jumped up and knocked the chief down; the horse trampled him and dragged him under his feet, unable to get up. The people came because of the uproar with clubs in hand, the women followed a Saluiseño who had no club, but he was able to defend himself by leaping, even if had to twist around, and everywhere he went the women threw stones at him, but they did not harm him. The Sanjuaneños fled with their shaved heads, the Saluiseños are left alone; one wanted to hit another thinking he was a Sanjuaneño. They were so furious that they could not recognize each other, and they had no fear. The Spanish

querían acabar el tumulto. El caudillo de los treinta saluseños era indio y hablaba como los españoles. El indio le decía “Levanta tu sable y entonces yo te comeré,” pero en su lengua, y después no hubo novedad.

soldiers arrived as the riot was ending because they too were afraid, and they wanted to end the tumult with words. The leader of the thirty Saluseños was an Indian and spoke like the Spaniards. The Indian told him “Raise your sword and I will eat you,” but in his own language. After that nothing more happened.

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