

\$5.00

NOTICIAS del PUERTO de MONTEREY

Quarterly Bulletin of the
Monterey History and Art Association

© 2003 by Monterey History and Art Association

Vol. LII No. 2

Summer 2003



Conversations Across Cultures: James Meadows and Isabel Meadows

**Book Review: *A Gathering of Voices: The
Native Peoples of the Central California Coast***

***Noticias del Puerto de Monterey**, a quarterly journal devoted to the history of Monterey and the Monterey region, has been published by the Monterey History and Art Association since 1957. **Noticias** welcomes submissions on any aspect of the history, art, and architecture of the greater Monterey area from prehistory to the recent past. Writers are invited to send manuscripts, books for review, or queries to:*

***Noticias** c/o Shelley McCabe
Monterey History and Art Association
5 Custom House Plaza
Monterey, CA 93940.*

shelley@montereyhistory.org [831] 372-2608 ext. 13.

Editorial Committee

Julianne Burton-Carvajal, *General Editor*

Professor, University of California, Santa Cruz

Dennis Copeland, *Book Review Editor*

Archivist, Monterey Public Library

Noble Stockton, *Book Review Editor*

Professor Emeritus, University of Wisconsin

Tim Thomas, Historian, Monterey History & Art Association

John Walton, Professor, University of California, Davis

Shelley McCabe, *Managing Editor*

Monterey History & Art Communications Manager



*Above: Photographed daguerreotype of a young Isabel Meadows.
Courtesy California History Room, Monterey Public Library.*

*Following page: Michael Harrington and Isabel Meadows, 1930s.
Courtesy of Linda Yamane.*

*Cover images: C.W.J. Johnson portrait of James Meadows, 1880s.
Courtesy of California History Room, Monterey Public Library.
Isabel Meadows, 1930s. Courtesy of Linda Yamane.*



Editor's Preface

Conversations Across Generations and Cultures: James Meadows with Thomas Savage in the 1870s, Isabel Meadows with John P. Harrington in the 1930s

Beginning in the last quarter of the nineteenth century, what is known today as oral history became a key mode for recording California's rapidly-vanishing past. In the late 1800s, Herbert Howe Bancroft, premiere historian of the West, collected 160 "dictations" in order to retrieve eye-witness perspectives on people, events, and practices of the past. Focusing on informants in or beyond their middle years, Bancroft's sampling was evenly divided between Spanish-speaking Californios and Americans who arrived in California prior to 1860. Native Americans were not a priority.

In order to compile this unprecedented collection of first-person accounts, Bancroft required a skilled team of assistants, including fluent Spanish-speakers to interview the Californios. Thomas Savage was a crucial member of Bancroft's team. Though of New England ancestry, he was born and raised in Havana when Cuba was still a Spanish colony. Savage worked at the U.S. Consulate for over twenty years before relocating to Central America and eventually to California.

Bancroft employed Savage to copy and make abstracts of his growing collection of Spanish-language documents. It was also Savage who recorded the "dictations" of such key figures as Mexican-born Agustín Janssens, who came to Alta California from Mexico City with the Hjar-Padrés colonizing expedition of the 1830s; Angustias de la Guerra, daughter of a prominent Santa Barbara family and one of the leading ladies of Monterey in the 1840s; and James Meadows, our featured interviewee, a British sailor born in Norfolk in 1817, who deserted the whaling ship *Indian* at Monterey in 1837 and married a Rumsien-Ohlone widow, Loreta Onésimo de Peralta, five years later.

Meadows worked as a lumberman in the Santa Cruz-San José region, a vaquero at Rancho El Sur and elsewhere, and served as rifleman in Isaac Graham's company. He became a naturalized citizen on December 28, 1858. In 1861, he and Loreta filed for a homestead on the Palo Escrito lands in Carmel Valley that they had purchased in 1848 from Thomas O. Larkin. In 1866, 4592 acres — "bounded northerly by Monterey Pueblo lands, easterly by Corral de Padilla Rancho, southerly

by the Carmel River, and westerly by the Cañada Segunda” — were patented to James Meadows. Sydney Temple’s history of the Carmel Mission suggests that Loreta and her then-husband Domingo Peralta had been granted this piece of Mission land upon secularization and also mentions that Loreta’s sister, Anselma Onésimo and her husband William Brainard Post received a large land grant at Big Sur. Temple also notes that James Meadows donated the land for the first school in Carmel Valley, which he also constructed and furnished.

The dictation that Savage took from James Meadows focuses on Governor Alvarado’s mass deportation, in 1840, of over one hundred Americans and Englishmen accused of illegal residence and plotting to overthrow the government. This extended incident, called “the Issac Graham affair” after the most notorious of the troublesome foreigners, was not the first deportation. Five years earlier, the leaders of the Híjar-Padrés expedition of colonists from Mexico were also suspected of plotting to overthrow the government and usurp the property of the resident Californios, who saw to it that many of the party, including the leaders, returned to Mexico.

Thirty years into the American era, Savage encouraged Meadows to recall his capture, imprisonment, transport by sea to San Blas and by land to Tepic, Mexican administrative center for the two Californias, as well as the circumstances under which he subsequently resumed his life in Alta California. This account of arrest, detention, and deportation has continuing currency in today’s conflicted world.

From our early 21st century perspective, there are other topics that would have been pertinent subjects for the testimony of this particular informant. In light of today’s prevailing historiographic concerns, the Onésimo-Meadows family is of particular interest because of the way it conjoins the multiple threads of Alta California’s mid-19th century demographics. The English-speaking, English-born Meadows was presumably raised Protestant. During his first few years in the Monterey region, he associated with fellow English-speakers, primarily American frontiersmen and adventurers whose religious disposition would have been dormant at best. Towards the end of that decade, he took a Roman Catholic Native Californian as his bride. Spanish would have been the couple’s common language, at least initially, and community expectation would have dictated that their children be brought up in the Roman Catholic faith.

The first of James’ and Loreta’s five offspring were Californios of Mexican nationality. They were born into a Spanish-speaking province that was by then actively, if erratically, seeking autonomy from distant

Mexico City. Their daughter Isabel Meadows — born on July 7, 1846, the day that Commodore Sloat raised the American flag at the Monterey Customs House — came into the world as the first child born in American California.

Irrespective of their race, place and date of birth, all family members would have immediately become subject to the abruptly-imposed language, laws, and priorities of an even more remote federal government, this one English-speaking and located on the other edge of the continent. During the next half-century they would witness a rapid-fire succession of historical transformations, including: the U.S. acquisition of California and the Southwest via the 1848 Treaty of Guadalupe-Hidalgo; the resistance and pacification of established Novohispano populations; the constitutional convention and eventual U.S. statehood; the gold rush with its multinational, multilingual flood tide of unattached males; the Civil War as well as sustained warfare, both declared and undeclared, against Native American populations across the Southwest; railroad expansion and the accompanying massive immigration of families from the eastern United States; and the brief war of 1898 in which American forces intervened to divest Spain of the last outposts of its once far-flung colonial empire — Cuba, Puerto Rico, Guam and the Philippines.

Loreta Onésimo de Meadows died in 1892. Her husband James outlived her by a decade. Isabel, their only daughter, might well have been present when Thomas Savage interviewed her father. As an old woman of eighty-five, she was approached by an interviewer of another sort. Ethnographer and linguist John Peabody Harrington's agenda was very different from that of Bancroft's emissary. What led Harrington to approach Isabel Meadows was not an interest in Anglo California, or Novohispano California, or *mestizo* California — though Isabel would have been well-qualified to provide information on all of these. Harrington's mission was recovery of the language, lore and lifeways of California's pre-European inhabitants.

Isabel turned out to be such a valuable informant that Harrington eventually arranged to transport her to that remote English-speaking capital on the Potomac where he was employed at the Smithsonian Institution's Bureau of American Ethnology. Their intensive collaboration, begun in Carmel in 1929, benefited from four more years at the end of her life. Isabel was in her 94th year in 1939 when she died in her sleep at Washington, D.C.

In a recent essay detailing Harrington's field work on California's Central Coast, Linda Agren notes that he was born in

Waltham, Massachusetts in 1884, raised in Santa Barbara from the age of two, studied classical and modern languages at Stanford University, and that his post-graduate study in Germany emphasized linguistics and ethnographic fieldwork. His first field studies were among the Chumash Indians of the Santa Barbara region. By 1921, he had become convinced that a complete understanding of native languages was the essential prerequisite for reliable information-gathering about native peoples and their ways of life. Though he retired from the Bureau of American Ethnology in 1954 at the age of seventy, he continued his work with the last survivors of various California tribes until his death in 1961. Harrington's ethno-linguistic fieldwork spanned a full half-century and, according to Agren, generated an estimated two million pages of notes.

Information prepared for this issue by Linda Yamane, artist-performer, authority on and descendant of the Native peoples of the Central Coast, derives from her ongoing research and emphasizes Isabel Meadows's indigenous heritage through the maternal line:

Isabel Meadows was the daughter of Carmel Valley Indian Loreta Onésimo, who had both Rumsien (Ohlone) and Esselen ancestry. Loreta was born at Mission San Carlos in 1817. Her mother, María Ignacia, had been born at the same mission in 1800. María Ignacia's mother, Lupecina, had been brought to Mission San Carlos in 1792 at about 20 years of age, from the Native village of Ensen, near present-day Spreckels.

Isabel said she always went around with the old women when she was little, hearing them talk, even though most of them did not like the young people to listen to them speaking the Carmel (Rumsien) Indian language. In this way she heard stories of their lives before, during, and after the mission era. She remembered her great-grandmother saying that when the Indians were first brought to the mission, they wept in confusion and despair: "Later they found out that [the padres] had brought them to teach them to pray and to plant and to work." Lupecina lived long enough to know her great-granddaughter as a grown woman. Through the recollections of her family members, as well as other elders within her community, Isabel's knowledge spanned a remarkable breadth of time and events.

Agren adds another facet to this “genealogy” of woman-to-woman knowledge:

When Isabel was about ten years old, her parents engaged an elderly Wacharon woman, Maria Omesia, to help at their ranch. The two adult women [Loreta and Maria] conversed in Rumsen. Since she spent a great deal of time with Omesia, Isabel learned Rumsen words, gradually building up a comprehensive understanding of the language.

Through Harrington, Isabel Meadows was able to become a spokesperson for displaced Native peoples, as in the following selections translated from the Spanish by Yamane:

The government never helped the Carmel people, not with anything were they helped. The land they were given by the signatures of the padres didn't hold, and they had to disperse to wherever they could go. Thrown out, they stayed among other peoples, only to find their life as the most poor. And they were exposed to all kinds of vices and drinking. The American government, instead of caring for them like they cared for the Indians in other parts, seemed like it didn't know that these Carmeleños existed. Some died of sadness and others went away from there, dispersed and scattered everywhere.

They were the first ones to bring the first padres to the Carmelo. They were the first people to be put there in the Carmel Valley. And now there are almost no Indian people of pure Carmel race nor speaking the language. So much have they suffered, forced to mix in with the Mexicans and then with the gringos.

I hope that one of the wealthy people of the Carmelo will be able to buy them a good piece of land, at least, to live on, to put their ranchería like before, to revive their language, and to be counted again in the world.

It must have been immensely gratifying for Isabel Meadows, as for her father before her, to retell life stories for the generations that would follow. In intensive sessions over a span of several years, Isabel's expert interviewer encouraged her to plumb the depths of her memory and heritage for the sake of history and science. Isabel's testimony is extensive and multi-faceted; her father's is focused and compact enough to comprise this single issue of *Noticias*.

Both testimonies retrieve a unique experiential perspective. They offer nuggets of information that, confirmed and combined with other sources, help to construct a more reliable as well as more nuanced understanding of the past. Both recollections denounce injustices imposed by one national/ethnic group upon another, and both yearn for redress, however belated. Both occupy an important place in an ongoing sequence of interrelated life testimonies pertaining to Monterey, to California, to the West, to America and the Americas. Both shed new light along intricate pathways of history, pathways that will continue to require illumination from myriad angles and sources.

Isabel would have been 46 years old when her mother passed away, 56 at the time of her father's death. Linda Agren notes that she never married but instead remained on the family ranch, looking after her aging parents. She also notes that the walls of Isabel's subsequent home in Carmel displayed photographs of her father and his English relations, as well as pictures of her Indian relatives. These details suggest that Isabel Meadows Onésimo embraced both sides of her dual heritage, the Anglo-European and the Native American.

They also remind us that professionally-initiated conversations across cultures, which comprise such an intriguing window onto the California past, are inevitably colored, shaped, and delimited by the particular filters that their recorders impose, consciously or unconsciously. Savage subscribed to an agenda that sought to justify the American takeover of California, Harrington to another that sought to separate indigenous knowledge from the accretions of colonizing cultures, Yamane to yet another that emphasizes the displacement, dispersal and destruction of Native peoples by overlapping colonizations — Spanish, Mexican, Californio, and American. As readers and interpreters of these sources, we have to adjust our understanding in light of these multiple filters, even as we intentionally and unintentionally impose other filters that are the product of our own particular era, interests, and vantage point.

* * *

James Meadows' dictation first appeared in *Noticias* IV:4 (1960) and V:1 and V.3 (1961) under the editorship of Donald M. Craig, with permission from the Bancroft Library and Meadows descendant Walter Collision. That original publication of the Bancroft transcript included idiosyncratic punctuation and abundant abbreviations. The

present version was prepared from a photocopy, supplied by the California History Room of the Monterey Public Library, of a typescript transcription in the Bancroft Library collection. This version spells out abbreviations, standardizes punctuation, corrects typographical errors, italicizes original Spanish terms, clarifies ambiguous language, and resequences inverted chronologies where appropriate. Parentheses, presumably clarifications made by Savage, appear in the original. Square brackets indicate information supplied by this editor, who has also added section titles and compiled the attached lists of key names mentioned by Meadows. Readers should note that Meadows used the term "Californian" to refer to the Californios, residents of Spanish and Novohispano heritage whose presence in California pre-dated the arrival of the Anglo-Americans, whose tribulations comprise the core of his narrative.

—Julianne Burton-Carvajal

Sources and Related Readings

Linda Agren, "Walking on the Clouds of Heaven: John Peabody Harrington's Fieldwork on California's Central Coast," in Linda Yamane, ed., *A Gathering of Voices: The Native Peoples of the Central California Coast*. Santa Cruz: Museum of Art and History, 2002, pages 5-13. (Reviewed in this issue.)

For a novelistic reconstruction centered on the Onésimo and Meadows families, see **Anne B. Fisher's** *Cathedral in the Sun* (1940). This ethnographic fiction is the product of extended research; Isabel Meadows served as the author's key informant.

For a literary-theoretical analysis of the Bancroft dictations from a writer who interprets them as a further act of dispossession visited on the Californios by the Americans, see **Rosaura Sanchez**, *Telling Identities: The Californio Testimonios*. University of Minnesota, 1995.

Sydney Temple, *The Carmel Mission*. Santa Cruz: Western Tanager Press, 1980.

Linda Yamane's translation of Isabel Meadows' 1934 declaration regarding the displacement and dispersal of the Native peoples appears in *A Gathering of Voices* (cited above) page 15.



This Native Californian, a contemporary of Isabel Meadows' grandmother Lupecina, has cropped her hair as a sign of mourning. Photograph with studio backdrop by C.W.J. Johnson, 1880s. Courtesy Pat Hathaway, California Views.

Recollections of the Issac Graham Affair of 1840

*According to an 1877 Statement by James Meadows
Recorded by Thomas Savage for Hubert Howe Bancroft*

During my visit to Monterey in May of 1877 to collect data on California history for Mr. H. H. Bancroft, I learned of James Meadows being in that district, and that he had been one of the prisoners sent to Mexico in 1840 by the California authorities on charge of having plotted against the government. An Englishman by birth and a naturalized American citizen, he was then living on his ranch, the Palo Escrito, 7½ miles south of the town of Monterey. I visited him there and he cheerfully complied with my request, giving the accompanying information on the arrest of foreigners that year, their treatment while detained in Monterey, on the voyage south, and while in Mexico, as well as on other events in which he took some part. Respectable persons in Monterey spoke well of Meadows' character. He certainly treated me well and obligingly, and expressed much interest in the success of Mr. Bancroft's labors. The whole was narrated by him and written down by me on the 14th day of May, 1877.

— Thomas Savage

First Years in Monterey

I came to Monterey from London in a London whaling ship in September, 1837. I left [deserted] the ship at Monterey and lived here all that winter. In the spring of 1838, the country was in a state of revolution. Juan Bautista Alvarado was then governor, but Carlos Antonio Carrillo, supported by the people of the South, also claimed that office.

A company of foreigners went as Alvarado's body-guard (he could not trust his own people) to the place called Las Flores. I was one of the privates. The company was commanded by Lieutenant John Coppinger, at one time a lieutenant in the British Navy, a fact I

ascertained from himself. I know that once there was a British man-of-war at San Francisco whose purser had served in the same ship with Coppinger and who wanted me to go home [to England] with him. The reason Coppinger left his ship was a breach of discipline in insulting his captain. He ran away rather than be tried by court-martial and disgraced.

The army commanded by Alvarado and José Castro has been pursuing the enemy [the troops from Southern California], who all along had kept one day ahead of us, until they made a stand at Las Flores, on the seacoast, this side of San Luis Rey. There had been no fighting except a few shots at Mission San Buenaventura, where one man was killed on the Carrillo side by a rifle shot fired by a New Mexican. This New Mexican ran a great risk of being shot by his own side because the man he had killed was a *compadre* [close associate] of Commander Castro's. Castro had given a general order for all of us to shoot the largest man we could see in the enemy's crowd, understood to be Carlos Antonio Carrillo, but the New Mexican shot another man, believing him to be the biggest of the enemy's party. Finally, after a long consultation in Santa Barbara, the New Mexican was released.

At Las Flores we surrounded the enemy during two or three days, cutting off his supplies. Without firing a shot, they surrendered. Carrillo and his partisans and head men were taken prisoner. After that, we all came to Santa Barbara, had a big dance, and that ended the war.

The foreign company were told at Santa Barbara that our services were no longer required, and that we should be paid at Monterey up to the time we were mustered out. The military authorities gave us our arrears in scrip, which Thomas O. Larkin cashed, taking a big share — I don't remember what the percentage was. The pay rate for members of this company was as follows, as well as I can remember: Lieutenant Coppinger, the only officer, \$5 per day; Sergeant Luis Pomber, a French-Canadian, \$3 per day; privates, \$2 per day. I don't recollect what the corporal was paid.

The company consisted of twenty-five men, as far as I can remember. The few names I can recollect besides the above-mentioned were Bill Anderson, Thomas Cole, Bob King, McFarland, "Mountain Bill," a Negro called "Black Jack," Bill Warren, "Hopping Jack," and myself. I can't remember the names of the others.

Arrest and Entrapment

After that campaign, I went to live with Coppinger in Las Pulgas Redwoods, in the San José district. The ranch we lived on belonged to

Máximo Martínez. I remained there until the spring of 1839, and then came to Monterey, where I was engaged with William Anderson in sawing lumber in a little *cañón* here by the Carmel River.

We were thus engaged one evening in the spring of 1840 when some five or six horsemen came and told me that I was wanted by the authorities in Monterey. They made me go with them. One of those men let his pistol go off, and the ball passed so close to me that it deafened me for some time. He said it was accidental, but I believe he did it purposely.

Anderson had gone to town on the previous Sunday, two or three days before I was taken, to ascertain the news. We had heard from the only two Mexican or Californian families living near us — [those of] Antonio and Mariano Romero — that the authorities had information about a plot by foreigners to seize the country and were arresting all foreigners. Such as proved to be innocent were released, the others kept in confinement.

Anderson had gone to town by the back way, with Mariano Romero, but when Romero reported his arrival, Anderson was put in the calaboose [from the Spanish *calabozo*, dungeon or cell]. This same Romero also sold me out, as well as another man by the name of John Higgins, for the sake of getting a rifle from each of us.

This Higgins was an old Rocky Mountain hunter, one of the first that came through the mountains into this country. The Californians were afraid to arrest him and resorted to treachery to accomplish their object. He was a quiet and inoffensive man, but very cool and brave. They never could have taken him alive had he not been suffering from a very sore hand at the time, owing to his having fallen down in the *chamisal* [low brush] while pursuing a deer that he had shot. A stick got into his hand between two bones and broke there, making a running sore and crippling the hand completely. He had been some time living with us, and could not use that hand.

We were not taken together. The way my arrest was effected was by sending me a message to come to Romero's house because he wanted to see me. When I was about half way down the canyon, the soldiers posted there surrounded me. As soon as I found myself thus captured, I set word to Higgins to get away or the soldiers would have him. He left and went to stay at San Francisquito Ranch, being acquainted with the people who lived there.

After a few days, Mariano Romero went there and coaxed Higgins to come to his house, assuring him that nothing would be done to him, as he was known to be a crippled and harmless man, and promising that his (Romero's) wife would attend to curing his hand. After hesitating

some time, Higgins allowed himself to accompany Romero, whom he had known intimately before. Once in the house, Romero borrowed Higgins' gun to go and kill a deer since, as he said, they had no meat on the premises at that time, and there were deer all around the spot. Romero went down to the brush where he had some soldiers stationed, and told them to go and seize Higgins, for he was entirely unarmed.

In the Calaboose at Monterey

Higgins was captured and brought to Monterey and put in the same calaboose where I and 110 others were being held at the time. The room was about 18x20 or 18x24. We were so crowded that no more prisoners could be shoved in without the soldiers first putting in their bayonets and pricking us to drive us back. There was no room for any man to lie or sit, or even to fall down. If anyone complained, the soldiers said it made no difference, as we were going to die anyhow.

In each corner was a barrel to answer for a privy, but those standing at a distance could not get to it. When a barrel was full, two prisoners were made to take it out to be emptied. We were two or three days in that condition after I was put in, and then a portion were transferred to another small room. Isaac Graham and several others — Shard, Majors, Daly, Morris, fourteen men in all — were kept in another room, in the old Malarin house opposite the *cuartel* [military barracks].

While we were in the calaboose, the soldiers came and took Morris out, carried him to the square, and sat him on a chair in front of the Governor's house. The priest was there and performed all the rites of religion outdoors, as if they were on the point of shooting Morris. At this moment Mr. [Thomas Jefferson] Farnham, who had arrived on a ship with Captain Paty, learned of the state of things in Monterey, sent the ship's boat back, and made his way to where Morris was sitting, asking Rafael Pinto, the officer of the day, what he was going to do with Morris. The reply was, "None of your business." Pinto then asked Farnham who he was and where he had come from, but Farnham refused to answer his questions, telling Pinto that if they shot Morris, it would be the worst job they had ever done. He said that he would wrap Morris in the American flag, and if they wanted to shoot him, they would have to do so through the flag, or shoot Farnham himself.

The conversation between Farnham and Pinto had been carried on through an interpreter, George Allen. Pinto sent a message to the Governor detailing what had happened. The prisoner was not shot but

sent back to the calaboose. Farnham — who visited us daily until one or two days before we were ready to sail, when he boarded a ship for Santa Barbara — was not allowed to speak to us except through Mr. David Spence. He always told us to keep up our courage and make no resistance, and said that we should be paid [compensated] for all our sufferings and that he would follow us to the end of our journey.

The last day that he came to see us, we had removed the hinges from the calaboose door and were about to run away that night, but owing to his persuasion, about half or more would not allow the other portion to run away. And so we all remained, and finally were shipped on the Mexican bark *Guipuzcoana*, at one time the American ship of John Rogers [Cooper] of Boston.

Previous to this, we went through a mock trial at the Governor's house, with Pablo de la Guerra acting as interpreter for those who did not understand Spanish. They called us in one at a time. The questions asked me were: How long had I been in the country? How came I here? What was my occupation? Did I know anything about the intended revolution? I answered everything and assured them that I had no information about the supposed plot. The next day they put all of us on board ship.

Quarrels and Accusations

What had first given rise to the difficulty between Isaac Graham and José Castro was a horse race. Graham, with his American horse, had been winning the money of the Californians, who were very fond of horse racing, as well as other forms of gambling, and would bet everything they had in the world. This gave rise to quarrels, which were often patched up but left a rancor in the breasts of these Californian head men. One of the principals was José Castro.

I don't know now, nor did I ever know, whether there was any foundation for the charge proffered by the Government here against Graham and other foreigners. I had nothing to do with any plotting against the Government, and knew no one that had. Before I was arrested, I had heard nothing about such business except from the Romeros, and afterwards, only from conversations in the calaboose. Graham and other prisoners assured me when we were in Mexico, and subsequently on our return to California, that they had entered into no conspiracies to upset the Government, and that the story had been manufactured out of whole cloth. The story gotten up to bring about the arrest of foreigners in this country was that a man named Thomas,

married to Jesusa Bernal, had confessed to Father Real that Graham, Garner and other foreigners, himself included, had prepared a plot to seize the country, call for an American protectorate and, if this was not granted, pillage all they could find and get themselves away.

What I have to say about this is that the whole story is false. The only men named Thomas among the foreigners were Tom Bowen and a Welshman who went to Mexico with us. There was another called "Tom the Boatswain" who cut his leg badly in the redwoods while working for Coppinger; this Tom went to Oregon in 1838 with a party of trappers of the Northwest Company. [Savage adds in a footnote: "Meadows some days later sent me word that he had thought over the matter and remembered that there was also a man called 'Tom the Napper.' I believe this man's surname was Tomlinson, [and that] he was the husband of Jesusa Bernal."]

The only foreigners in San José from 1838 to 1840 were Captain Burton, William Gulnac; Weeks; George Ferguson; Tom Bowen; Jim, an Irishman; James Pease; William Daly; Frazier; Matthews, an old carpenter; Robert Livermore; Alexander Forbes; Welch, brother-in-law to Forbes; and Travis. There were also a Dutchman named Pete and a Portuguese Negro called Manuel. Pete is still living somewhere in Sonoma. Pease lives in Spanishtown (Pescadero). I cannot trace any foundation for the story of the confession to Padre Real, and I believe to this day that the whole thing was gotten up for effect in Mexico.

William Garner came one day at about 11:00am to Graham's still house. Graham asked him, "What is all this traveling backwards and forwards for?" Garner replied that he dare not tell him, could not tell him, and added these words: "If you hear tell of my falling from my horse between here and San Juan, then look out for yourselves." That afternoon, a man came along and said that Garner had fallen off his horse and hurt himself very badly. Graham paid no regard to it.

Sometime that night, government troops with José Castro at their head came to Graham's house, demanded to be let in and, on being refused entrance, burst open the door and began shouting. Graham, who was in bed with nothing on but his underclothes, seized his cloak and ran out of the house. The cloak was riddled with balls, and one went through the handkerchief that he had around his neck. Graham fell into a hole near the brush where they had been burning charcoal.

Eusebio Boronda lassoed him and gave one turn to the other end of the rope around the horn of the saddle. Then several other men pulled Graham's arms apart, trying to drag his limbs from his body. I forgot to state that when Graham was in the hole, Joaquín de la Torre thrust

his sword between Graham's arm and his body, slightly cutting either the arm or the body — I don't remember which. At the same time that Graham ran out from the house, Henry Neil did the same, and one of the Californians hamstrung him, cutting his leg clean to the bone. Morris and Jack Smith also lived in the still house.

Two or three days previous to all this, two Californians had come to Fling, the blacksmith, to get some irons fixed up. After this had been done, they came to the still house, stated that they had to go somewhere, and left the irons there. On the night of the arrest, one of those two Californians came in the early part of the evening, asked permission to sleep in the stillhouse, and was asleep there when the soldiers came. A party of soldiers came to the still house, demanded admittance and, upon being refused, made such a noise that it frightened the Californian inside, who jumped out of the house. Smith shot at him and Morris shot at the other fellows through the door. He and Smith jumped out of the other end of the house, where the Californian had got out, and went over to Santa Cruz.

The above was communicated to me by Graham and others who were captured at Graham's place in Natividad. I don't know where Smith finally fetched up and don't believe that he was taken at all. Morris went to David Littlejohn's house that night. Next night a Californian took him over to Majors' ranch where a still house was kept. Due to some foul play on the part of a Frenchman, Morris was delivered to the authorities and brought into Monterey.

All foreigners living in the country were summoned to come in on a given day to get their passports. The men in the redwoods all came on the Sunday morning. All were taken into the church under pretense of its being a large room, but then the door was shut, soldiers surrounded the building, and the foreigners were made to come out one by one. All were tied up, put on horses, and sent into Monterey as prisoners. All the foreigners at the Pulgas Redwoods were captured with the same tale, and nearly all the arrests were made at the same time. What few men were not taken by the first haul were gradually picked up one by one as they could be found, most of them by treachery.

The first two or three days we were in the prison at Monterey, we were furnished with no food, and no outsider was allowed to bring us any. Finally Thomas O. Larkin furnished us two meals a day of boiled beans and boiled jerked beef — no bread and nothing else. Sometimes we were allowed a small drink of water, while at other times not one drop. We suffered more from thirst than from hunger.

At Sea

I will now proceed to describe how we were conveyed from the prison to the ship: we were marched in heaps guarded on all sides with all the armed men they could muster or raise in the surrounding countryside. They placed us in an old house, where the Custom House now stands. (It was the same building.)

They had only one boat to carry us on board the ship. The boat would come to the rocks [along the shore], and as many as it could carry (about eight or ten) were sent at each trip, the boat also carrying two or three soldiers with muskets. On arriving on board, they put us down in the hold in irons.

I am sorry to say that one of my countrymen, John Chamberlain, put us in irons after another blacksmith, an American named Freeman Fling, had refused to do it, saying that he would rather go with us. He was drunk, lay down, and was rode over. There was another man drunk with him at the time, a Welchman named Jim Rogers.

We were all on board and that evening put to sea. Two men were ironed together with the single irons that they had. When these gave out, they put us in long bars, six to each bar. Those at long bars were placed all along the side of the ship and across the fore end, those in single irons at the center.

That night, after we got out of the harbor, the sea was very rough and a heavy gale blew from the northwest. A quantity of cord wood that was piled up at the fore end of the ship fell upon the prisoners and buried them. They cried out for the wood to be removed, but their cries went unheeded. They were told it made no difference, as they were to die anyhow. Next day the captain of the ship had the wood removed, though the soldiers would not do it.

There was a sentry in the middle of the hold, one on each side of the hatchway, and a corporal's guard on the deck all the time. The guard of soldiers on the ship consisted of about twenty-four men besides Captain José Castro and the other officers — Rafael Pinto, Joaquín de la Torre, Ignacio Soto, and one or two more.

The day after we were shipped off, we got some boiled beans or rice — I don't remember which — and some boiled jerked beef. It was handed round in a cook's slush tub with a strap to it. We sat in rows with a sufficient distance between them to enable one of the prisoners to drag the tub while two or three soldiers accompanied it with their musket and

bayonets. The tub was dragged rapidly and each prisoner dipped both his hands or only one, according to circumstances, and pulled out as much of the grub as he could, and then laid it on the timber deck that had been laid in the hold. This was the same place where the prisoners sat, spat, etc. It is very likely that the same tub was passed around to be used for a privy, because it was of the same shape and description as the one used for the food.

Held at Santa Barbara

From Monterey we went to Santa Barbara, where we were put ashore and confined in the old mission of that name, in one of the old granaries. We were kept there about ten or twelve days, during which time Castro kept up a correspondence with the Governor at Monterey. This arose from a conversation he had with José Antonio Aguirre, Captain José de la Guerra y Noriega, and other Spaniards who asked Castro what he was going to do with us. It seems that their first calculation was to land us at the Sandwich Islands, but the old Spaniards told Castro that he would not be allowed to land us there, and that if he succeeded, our Consuls would take charge of us, and there would be trouble. Castro then asked what a Consul was and what he had to do in the matter. He was finally made to understand that he could not land us in a foreign country, that he had better let us go free. Otherwise he would have to land us somewhere in Mexico. Governor Alvarado would not consent to release us for fear that we would make a revolution, after the harsh treatment that we had received, and kill them all. Since Castro had undertaken to carry us away, he must do it.

At Santa Barbara they fed us on boiled beans and jerked beef, brought into the granary in a large copper kettle which was set in the middle of the room. Each man dipped his hands in and got out his ration. We were allowed no knives, forks, spoons, sticks or anything.

One day, as if for enjoyment, Castro and all the high-toned folks of all nations (no females) came to see us. Farnham was among them. They happened to come as we were being served our grub in the copper kettle. As a good joke in his estimation, Joaquín de la Torre had put one Indian breech-clout, taken off the Indian cook's body, into the kettle to boil with the beans.

The thing was overdone, for the beans were brought in so hot that we could not get our hands in without burning them. Someone took a stick and began to stir the beans, as if to cool them. He struck upon the

breech-clout, pulled it out, and held it up just as the "nobility and gentry" of Santa Barbara came in to look at us being fed.

Farnham asked Castro what he meant by treating us in such a manner. Castro called the Indian cook who, upon being threatened with a flogging, declared that a soldier had pulled off the clout and put it into the beans. The soldier was summoned, and he declared that De la Torre had made him do it.

After all this was over, Castro, having been admonished by Farnham to treat us well, asked a number of us if we were sick. Such as said they were turned loose and released. There was only one man that was really sick, but about a dozen said they were, and in this way they got their liberty. The others, unaware of Castro's intention, said nothing and were kept as prisoners. In Santa Barbara they added to our number five white men and two Negroes brought from Los Angeles.

To San Diego and San Blas

We were put on board ship and taken to San Diego, where the Captain, Snooks, lived. He had refused to come when they sent for him from Santa Barbara. The owner and captain, Aguirre, was not much of a navigator, and Snooks was employed as sailing master. The mate took the vessel to San Diego, and there Snooks was compelled to take charge of her under threat of his ranch being taken away.

He wanted to see us all the same day he came on board. There was an old sea-captain [who was being held] prisoner on board with us, an Englishman named Lumbsden. Snooks remarked that he had known him as a good man, and wanted to know how he came to be there as a prisoner. Lumbsden answered that he did not know. Then Snooks went to Aguirre and spoke to him on behalf of Lumbsden who, it seems, had at one time been in the employ of this same Aguirre on the coast of Peru.

Aguirre told Castro to put Lumbsden ashore, but Castro refused. Aguirre then told him that he would not go in the ship if Lumbsden went, that he had known this man a long time as a good man and first-rate navigator, and that if the prisoners rose and took the ship, Lumbsden could carry her to any port in the world. The old sea captain was then put on shore at San Diego, right on the beach near the hide houses. We were again placed in the hold, and the next day we put to sea.

Nothing particular occurred on the voyage to San Blas, which lasted about ten or twelve days, except that one afternoon we were all allowed to come on deck to air ourselves, on which occasion the ship's owner [Aguirre] gave us two cigars apiece and allowed us to smoke them

there. We had not been permitted to smoke from the day we had been taken prisoner till that afternoon, and never again after that till we landed at the old castle of San Blas.

Captain Paty's brig, on which Farnham was sailing, had followed us from Monterey to Santa Barbara, and from there to San Diego, but did not come in there. As soon as they learned that we were to be landed at some port in Mexico, the brig started for Mazatlán and gave the news to three foreign men-of-war that were lying there — French, English, and American. These vessels came to look for us, but missed us, probably because they came in the night. The French and American men-of-war went as far as Monterey, but Governor Alvarado had disappeared.

José Castro wanted to scuttle the ship close to the shore and drown all the prisoners while he and his officers and soldiers, and the ship's officers and men, took the boats to go ashore, but Captain Snooks and his mate refused to enter into any such scheme. The mate told us of this on the afternoon that we were on deck. That mate was a friend of mine, and as I and the others were sitting around the head smoking our cigars, he turned to the Kanaka [Hawaiian] sailor and told him this loud enough so that we could hear it. He intended us to know what was going on, and to apprise us that he and the captain would not permit it. Castro had also promised to pay Aguirre for the value of the ship if he would agree to her being sunk, but Aguirre would not listen to anything of the kind. I understand that Captain Snooks testified this before Mr. Barron, the British Consul in Tepic.

We were not allowed to wash ourselves from the time we were put in the prison to the day we arrived in San Blas — something like three weeks. On arrival in San Blas, José Castro ordered us all to be washed and shaved. We all washed ourselves but could not shave. We were kept in the castle of San Blas three nights and two days without anything to eat or drink except what we could buy by selling our shirts from our backs. When I got to Tepic, I had no shirt, but my coat was tightly buttoned.

Mexican Justice

While we were in the castle, we could at any time have gone down to the beach, since the Californian soldiers were all suffering the effects of seasickness. In fact, they did not even pretend to be guarding us. One afternoon, an American ship-master came to see us, telling us to go to the beach and he would carry us all off to Mazatlán or anywhere

else that we wanted to go and turn us over to a man-of-war. He gave us a doubloon worth \$16 to be divided among us. Captain Isaac Graham took his share of that money, although he had \$1000 lying on the table in sight of everybody. We did not accept the American captain's offer to run away, as we had determined to pursue Farnham's advice.

Farnham had left Paty at Mazatlán and hired a schooner on which he followed us to San Blas. The day he left Mazatlán he saw us, but our ship sailed much faster than his schooner. When we came to anchor, he came right under our stern. Waving his hat, he again advised us to keep a stiff upper lip, and assured us that he would see us to the end of our journey.

Castro then wanted to know who that fellow was and was told that it was the man who had landed in Monterey and opposed the shooting of Morris. Castro then said, "*Por qué tiene ese hijo de puta que seguimos?*" [Why does that son of a bitch have to follow us?] and ordered the boat to be lowered so as to get ashore before Farnham, but the latter beat him to it.

Then Castro ordered Farnham to consider himself under arrest and not to leave town before eight o'clock the next morning. Farnham said he had nothing to do with him. Some other angry words passed between them. Castro drew his two-edged sword and threatened to run Farnham through, but he did not do it. Farnham turned around, hired a horse and guide, and was in Tepic the next morning, where he informed the British Consul, Mr. Barron, of all the transactions. Then they went together to the Governor of Tepic and told him all the circumstances of our case.

That afternoon, Castro and his officers arrived in Tepic and presented themselves at the Governor's house. In going into the Governor's presence, Captain Castro formed at the foot of the line and Sergeant Manuel Rudecindo Castro appeared at the head, so that the Governor took the latter to be the senior officer, until José Castro apprised him that he was in command. These things as well as others were told afterwards by Mr. Alexander Forbes, who used to come to see us every day.

Captain Castro asked for lodgings for himself and his men. The Governor went inside, wrote a note, and handed it to his orderly, telling Castro and the officers to follow the orderly. On arriving at the cuartel, the orderly delivered the note to the officer of the day, and Captain Castro and his crowd were all put under arrest. This information we obtained from the sergeant who was on duty at the cuartel that day. I don't remember his name now, but I saw him afterwards in California when he

came with General Micheltorena [who succeeded Alvarado as Governor].

We had to walk from San Blas to Tepic, which occupied us three days. We got nothing to eat when we started. The first day we got nothing, but had plenty of water. That night they drove us all into a corral that had no back to it, and put a sentry over us at the front. The next day, we traveled on. The Consul had requested the Alcalde to give us all necessary supplies. We got all we wanted and that afternoon started on again. That night we camped in a sugar mill. Joaquín de la Torre bought a crate of *panocha* [brown sugar cake] and gave us two apiece. That night the soldiers did not stand guard over us; they all went to sleep when we did. From the time we were taken prisoner, we had no blankets, but slept with no other covering than our wearing apparel.

The next morning we continued on our journey and arrived in Tepic that afternoon. All the people came out to meet us, bringing fruits, provisions, water, drinks, etc., which they distributed among us prisoners. Vicente Gómez was in the crowd. They refused to give anything to the officers or soldiers; whatever they got, they had to pay for. The people had already learned of the outrageous manner in which we had been treated and were manifesting their sympathy for us.

When we got to the Alcalde, who was assisting us for Mr. Barron, he took charge of all the prisoners and allowed De la Torre to have nothing to say to us while we were in his town. Then William Anderson and myself, being sick and footsore, wanted to stop, but De la Torre would not let us. The Alcalde refused to deliver us up to him unless he furnished us donkeys to convey us, as we could not walk any more. De la Torre gave us donkeys, and when we arrived in Tepic, the people surrounded the prisoners and left me with the outside crowd on the donkey.

As we approached, we waited for two or three hours at one corner of town for an escort. None coming, Vicente Gómez took De la Torre's arm and escorted him to the old house that was used as a cuartel for us. I followed on my donkey, and when all had walked into the cuartel, I got off and was about to go in when the sentry refused to let me enter, calling me a fool for not having gone off with the crowd. He never allowed me inside until he had called the officer of the day and informed him that I said I belonged to the crowd of prisoners. While we were there, Consul Barron took charge of us and provided for our needs. He allowed us each $1\frac{1}{2}$ *reales* a day for provisions and hired a man to cook for us.

We were summoned to give our testimony about the case. The soldiers were examined separately and allowed no communication with

one another until all had been examined. Sergeant Manuel Rudecindo Castro and two of the soldiers (one of whom was the man who had thrown the breech-clout into the bean pot) testified on our behalf and corroborated all we said about the treatment that had been extended to us, and about the revolution we had been accused of plotting. That soldier told us what he had testified, and we would not believe him, but Mr. Forbes assured us that he had spoken the truth.

Reparations and Return

We were prisoners nine or ten months in Tepic. Then the Consul advanced \$250 apiece to all that wanted to leave. Those that stayed longer got \$300 from him, and he hired a vessel and sent them back to California. Forty-six men went down together, and twenty came back to California.

We gave Mr. Barron a paper for the money he paid us. He promised to send us the money recovered from the Mexican Government for us, but I never got my share of such money, outside of the \$250. I know that six of the prisoners went to New York. They got \$12,000 apiece and paid their lawyers half of that sum. One of them, named Joseph Bolles or Bowls, since came back to California and told me all about it. Others at Santa Cruz sold their rights to lawyers who collected the money; I don't know how much they recovered. I was told that Isaac Graham got \$35,000 or \$40,000.

When I came back to California, I never had anything to do with the politics of the country either before or after the annexation, except that, being an American citizen, I poll my vote at elections.

James Meadows
(signed)

Rancho Palo Escrito, Monterey County,
May 14, 1877

Upper right: Carmel Valley home of Roy Meadows, grandson of James Meadows, 1882. Courtesy of Pat Hathaway, California Views.

Lower Right: Dedication of Indian Carriers' plaque, Carmel Valley, 1953. Left to right: Joe Hitchcock, two members of the Onésimo family, and a descendent of James Meadows. Courtesy of Pat Hathaway, California Views.



Key Anglo-Euro-American Names

George (Jorge) Allen English-born Quaker; naturalized citizen and Monterey civic leader; husband of Petra Boronda, youngest daughter of Manuel Boronda and Gertrudis Higuera de Boronda

Eustace Barron British merchant and consul, based at Tepic; in partnership with Alexander Forbes

John (Juan Bautista) Rogers Cooper Ship's captain from Boston; early and prominent American settler in Monterey; elder step-brother to Thomas O. Larkin; naturalized citizen and major property-holder; husband of Encarnación Vallejo

Thomas Jefferson Farnham Grandiloquent lawyer from Maine; author of *Travels in the Californias* (1844), widely dismissed as unreliable by H.H. Bancroft and others

Alexander Forbes British merchant based in Tepic, Mexico with partner Eustace Barron; respected author of an early descriptive history (*California*, London, 1839) based on second-hand sources

William Garner Secretary to *Alcade* Walter Colton during the early years of American rule; author of a book on the Graham affair

Thomas O. Larkin Influential Massachusetts-born Monterey merchant, younger step-brother of John Rogers Cooper; Monterey's first and only U.S. Consul to Mexico; married an American and never changed his citizenship

Captain Paty One of two Boston-born brothers, William and John, who traded between Hawaii, the Californias, and their home port

Luis Pomber(t) French-Canadian trapper who came to California with Jedediah Smith

David Spence Scots business associate of Monterey-based shipping agent William P. Hartnell; like Hartnell, became a naturalized Mexican citizen and married into a prominent Californio family

Key Californio Names

José Antonio Aguirre Merchant from a leading Santa Barbara family, originally from Guaymas, Baja California, of Basque ancestry

Juan Bautista Alvarado Montereyan, first California-born Governor (1836-1842)

(José) Eusebio Boronda Son of Manuel Boronda; builder of the Boronda Adobe in Salinas

Carlos Antonio Carrillo Alvarado's Southern California rival for the governorship, from a prominent Santa Barbara family related by marriage to the De la Guerras

José Castro Monterey-born military commander (*Comandante General*); acting Governor but never General; relocated to Mexican California after the American takeover

José de la Guerra y Noriega Spanish-born (from Santander) Captain and Comandante of the Santa Barbara Presidio; leading civic leader and founder of an important Californio dynasty through his marriage to a sister of Carlos Antonio Carrillo

Pablo de la Guerra Active and influential politician, son of José de la Guerra y Noreiga

Joaquín de la Torre Second-generation Montereyan of Spanish parentage (from Santander), military and civic leader



Linda Yamane, ed. *A Gathering of Voices: The Native Peoples of the Central California Coast. Santa Cruz County Historical Journal*, number five, 2002, 230 pp.

Reviewed by David G. Sweet

Emeritus Professor of History, University of California, Santa Cruz

In a little park next to the Sports Arena in downtown San Jose, near the confluence of Los Gatos Creek with the Guadalupe River, there is a remarkable and hauntingly beautiful work of public art. The wistful reflections of long-dead Ohlone elders swirl, as it were, around representations in monumental granite of a finely wrought Ohlone basket and of a broken Ohlone mortar such as was used to grind acorns into flour. "The Weavers' Gifts," conceived and executed by the Irish sculptor Alan Counihan, commemorates the all-but-vanished lifeways and the continuing presence among us of pre-European inhabitants of the San Francisco and Monterey Bay regions. These speakers of a number of closely related Native American languages are known today as the Ohlone.

When Spanish soldiers and missionaries established themselves here over two centuries ago, the Ohlone were exposed to infectious diseases against which their bodies had no defenses, and subjected to cramped and regimented conditions in the mission settlements where many took refuge or were confined. These conditions exacerbated the threat of contagion, and further undermined the viability of their traditional way of life. But a good many Ohlone survived into the late 19th century, as working people in the Anglo-dominated successor settlements. Since then, massive immigration and a statewide population explosion have all but overwhelmed the descendants of Ohlone, Spanish/Mexican "Californio," and early Anglo settler alike. Yet still today, several hundred people in our region identify themselves as Ohlone, and carry on as best they can what can be remembered or recovered of the traditions of their ancestors.

During the past century, recovering the Ohlone heritage has also been the concern of several anthropologists and historians. Early records have been raked through; archeological sites have been sifted; elders have been asked to tell their stories and sing their songs for avid note-takers — even, years ago, for a pioneering wax-cylinder sound recorder. Counihan's extensive recent researches, and his interviews with native people of differing heritage, enabled him to gather into his work a rich

harvest of tribal names as well as words for plants, animals and other features of our natural environment.

Sadly, though the work of art was completed only last year and is featured on the web site for the city's Guadalupe River Park, it is already looking neglected. No plaque names the piece or identifies the sculptor, vandals have had their way with its carefully polished stone surfaces, and a major highway project raises dust and ruckus a few yards away across the Guadalupe.

Artist, performer and scholar Linda Yamane, a descendant of the Rumsien Ohlone, has been a leader in the recovery and interpretation of Ohlone traditions — including basket-weaving, song, dance, and story-telling. She is the author of *Weaving a California Tradition: A Native American Basket Maker* (Minneapolis: Lerner, 1997), and the compiler and illustrator of two books of Ohlone stories culled from earlier oral history. She has now collaborated with the Santa Cruz County Historical Society and a host of contributors to perform a great service for those who would understand the full range of human experience in our beautiful corner of the world, as well as for those who are determined not to forget. *A Gathering of Voices: The Native Peoples of the Central California Coast* compiles a diverse and accessible collection of writings on Ohlone experience from ancient times to the present, complete with an index and annotated bibliography, in over two hundred handsomely designed and richly illustrated pages.

Especially notable are the contributions by and about a considerable number of living or only recently deceased Native Central Coast women and men, whose photographs are also included. Their brief stories, poems, memoirs, profiles, cultural notes and collective statements, scattered throughout the collection, are perhaps more abundant here than in any other work published to date. Yamane herself penned the lovely "Reburial Verses," as well as a note on early Ohlone baskets. Stephen Meadows, of Ohlone and pioneer descent, offers profiles in verse of three Ohlone elders. Well-known Ohlone spokesman Patrick Orozco tells the stories of his own family, and of the Pajaro Valley Ohlone Council, through the pen of Lois Robin. Elder Alex Ramírez, with Beverly Ortiz, offers vivid and moving accounts of the lessons learned in his Ohlone childhood. Anne Marie Sayers, Lydia Bojorquez and some two dozen others, including several contemporary Ohlone basket weavers, speak briefly but eloquently about the importance of native traditions in their lives, and the current struggles of their people. "The Challenges of Interpretation" are explored in Yamane's transcribed conversation with local historian Sandy Lydon.

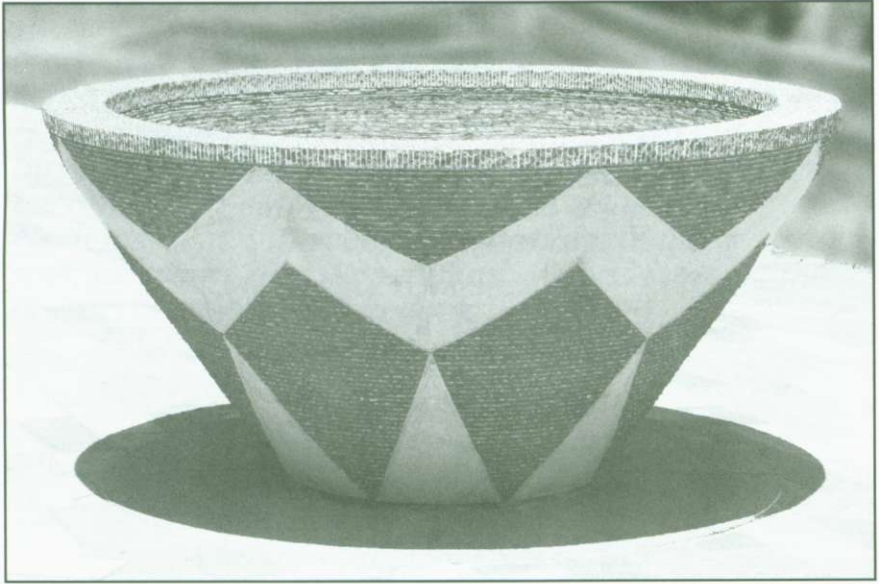
Academic scholarship, especially that of anthropologists, is amply if somewhat miscellaneously represented. Linda Agren and David W. Heron introduce the pioneering ethnographic fieldwork of John Peabody Harrington and C. Hart Merriam. Charles R. Smith and Douglas J. Peterson provide detailed studies, of practical interest to local residents, on "Ohlone Medicinal Uses of Plants" and "How to Cook Acorns and Work with Tules." Linguist William Shipley reconstructs a vocabulary of the Awáswas language, once spoken from Davenport to Rio del Mar. Richard S. Levy mines the Santa Cruz Mission records to name several hundred individual inhabitants of eighteen Awáswas villages in the late 18th century. The fascinating rock art at the Chitactac-Adams Heritage Park near Gilroy is examined in detail by Donna L. Gillette. Robert Cartier and Victoria Bobo offer a careful review of prehispanic archeological findings in Scotts Valley.

Gary S. Breschini and Trudy Haversat reconstruct the shadowy ethnohistory of the Essalen people of the Big Sur Coast. Randall Milliken contributes a comprehensive review of Monterey Bay Ohlone history in the Spanish contact and mission periods, though without reference to the work Robert Jackson and others who have examined the same early Spanish and Mexican records. Edward Castillo, Luiseño/Cahuilla historian from Southern California, assembles the three extended, overlapping narratives by Lorenzo Asisara, long-time native resident of 19th-century Santa Cruz, here published in one place for the first time.

Writing with Linda Yamane, Jacquelin Jensen Kehl provides a useful account of the effects of statehood on California's Indians, including texts of the 1850 "Indian Protection" Act and the amendments of 1860, the culmination of a long and mostly unsuccessful effort by European-heritage intruders to transform the free Native peoples of coastal California into docile laborers for a private land-holding elite. Santa Cruz historian Geoff Dunn provides a searing epilogue to these early historical accounts in his recounting of the tragic misadventures and early demise of two appealing young Ohlone men, sacrificed in the 1880s to the ethnocentrism of the town's predominantly Yankee settlers.

In an engaging and eloquent manner, *A Gathering of Voices*, like "The Weavers' Gifts," reminds today's sojourners along the Central California Coast that human life has long been lived richly and in harmony with nature in these parts, and that it can be so lived forever, if only we will continue to insist that it must.

* * *



Photograph by John Castagna, 2003

The Weavers' Gifts

Located at Confluence Point in San Jose's Guadalupe River Park, "The Weavers' Gifts" commemorates and celebrates the Costanoan-Ohlone Peoples, especially the Tamien Ohlone Indians who inhabited the land along the Guadalupe River where the sculpture is located. The creation of Irish artist Alan Counihan, it is a site-specific artwork composed of four elements: the names of the 54 Ohlone tribal groups who inhabited California in the late eighteenth century, inscribed on pre-existing granite seat walls; a four-foot high carved-granite basket (photographed above) representing a functional and creative part of the Ohlone culture; a five-foot high carved granite mortar, broken to represent broken tradition; and a stone representation of an unfinished coiled basket inlaid into the paving, with inscribed text that speaks to the history and future of the Ohlone people.

*For more about this public art installation:
<http://www.grpg.org/PublicArt.html#Basket>*

***OFFICERS AND DIRECTORS OF THE
MONTEREY HISTORY & ART ASSOCIATION, LTD.***

OFFICERS

President: Ed Bradford
Vice-President: Faye Messinger
Secretary: Diane Kajikuri
Treasurer: Roy Robbins
Member at Large: Jack Holt

DIRECTORS

| | |
|-------------------|------------------|
| Wendy Brickman | D. Dale Howard |
| Rich Briscoe | Susan Freeland |
| Shelley Claudel | Bill McCrone |
| Gloria Costa | Eric Sand |
| Wayne Cruzan | John Sewald |
| William D. Curtis | Bill Stone |
| Tina Del Piero | Carol Todd |
| Jane Holmes | Kathi Wojtkowski |

HONORARY LIFETIME DIRECTORS

| | |
|-------------------|--------------|
| Edwin Bliss | Ramona Smith |
| Jack Holt | Carol Todd |
| Gordon Paul Smith | |

MHAA Membership benefits...

Noticias is made possible by the generous support of the members of Monterey History & Art Association. If you would like to receive this quarterly publication by mail (and many other benefits) please consider becoming a member of MHAA. In addition to *Noticias*, you will receive invitations to many special events and your donations will support the preservation of local history.

Annual Membership Rates

| | |
|------------------------------|------|
| Individual | \$45 |
| Family | \$60 |
| Education/Nonprofit Partners | \$15 |

Name _____
Address _____
City _____ State _____ Zip _____
Phone _____

~~~~~  
Please remove and mail with check to:

*Noticias* c/o Shelley McCabe  
5 Custom House Plaza,  
Monterey, 93940  
(831) 372-2608, Ext. 13

**Member: National Trust for Historic Preservation  
California Historical Society  
Conference of California Historical Societies  
American Association of Museums**



*NOTICIAS*  
**MONTEREY HISTORY & ART**  
**5 CUSTOM HOUSE PLAZA**  
**MONTEREY, CA 93940**

*Non-Profit Organization*  
**US POSTAGE PAID**  
*Monterey, California*  
*Permit No. 88*

Mr. and Mrs. Everett Messinger  
7600 Carmel Valley Road  
Carmel, CA 93923