

Murphy. He has been put there, from its being considered a place of emolument, through his interest with the governor, and in order to pick up the crumbs that are still left. I understood, however, that Murphy had been disappointed in his expectations, and that it was his intention to establish himself elsewhere. Padre Kihias resides at this mission for six months of the year, and performs the duties of priest to those around it.

On the 24th of October, a fête was given at this place, in honour of the patron saint; and it was rumoured that there was to be a grand bull-fight. This spectacle came off accordingly, but was so miserably conducted as to prevent all kind of sport. The bulls had greatly the advantage, and the men and horses were tumbled about in a ridiculous manner, until they both became quite shy. They had cut off the tips of the bulls' horns, which was a fortunate circumstance for both horses and riders, who received no material injury. There was no bull and bear fight; in consequence, it was understood, of their not being able to procure one of the latter animals. In the fights between the bull and bear, it is said that however strong and savage the bull may be, the bear is always the conqueror: the only part of the bull he endeavours to attack is the tongue, by seizing which he invariably proves the victor.

When the fights were over, dancing was resorted to, and continued during the evening and all night. It was accompanied with hard drinking and uproarious conduct. Mr. Murphy's entertainment was considered fully equal to any that had been given for some time, and particularly the latter part of it, which may be better imagined than described.

Our duties at this port being completed, I felt desirous of knowing something of the missions at the south end of the bay of San Francisco, and, with Captain Hudson, determined to make a visit to them.

We left the Vincennes on the morning of the 29th, at an early hour, intending to reach the mission of Santa Clara by water. We stopped a short time at Yerba Buena to see Captain Hinckley and Mr. Spears, who kindly furnished us with a guide to point out the passages through the shoals, and the entrance to the creek that leads up to the Embarcadero, the landing whence the people of the mission usually ship their hides. We had a fine wind, and went briskly on until we reached the upper part of the bay, where we found our guide useless as a pilot. The consequence of his incapacity was, that we got on shore, and were detained so long that night overtook us before we entered the river Caravallio, that runs in a tortuous direction to the Embarcadero. Its course more resembled the turns of a corkscrew