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Bourke on the Southwest, VII

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BOURKE ON THE SOUTHWEST, VII

Edited by LANSING B. BLOOM

Chapter XII

RETURNING TO THE SOUTHWEST

DURING the six years from 1869 to 1875, Lieutenant Bourke's duties as an army officer and an aide-de-camp had given him unusual opportunities to become thoroughly acquainted with the country and the peoples of the Southwest. When he accompanied General Crook to Omaha, upon the latter's transfer to the Department of the Platte, he went as a tried and trusted member of Crook's staff, and for the next six years he continued to serve in the same confidential relationship.

The years from 1875 to 1881 were a very critical period in the history of the Northwest.[1] A perfect network of railroads was expanding rapidly westward; the buffalo which formerly had roamed in enormous herds were rapidly disappearing; prospectors, cattlemen, and settlers were swarming in by tens of thousands upon the vacant government lands — and they were becoming covetous and clamorous for the choice parts of the large Indian reservations which still remained.[2] It is not strange that proud and warlike tribes like the Sioux and the Cheyenne became alarmed as they saw their hunting grounds taken up and game becoming scarce, while it was all too common for conscienceless traders and profiteering Indian agents to defraud them of food, clothing, and other supplies which had been solemnly promised them when they gave up part of their holdings or were moved away entirely to less desirable locations.

Probably the most disgraceful period in our national history was the twelve years following the death of Pres-

1. The Bourke records for these years have been made a special subject of study by Mildred Stuart Adler, doing graduate work at the University of New Mexico.

2. See the map of "The Great West in 1876" at front of this volume.

ident Lincoln. Of this period it has been said: "Never have American public men in responsible positions, directing the destiny of the nation, been so brutal, hypocritical, and corrupt." This writer[3] was referring to conditions in the South during those years, but his statement applies in some measure to the West. The spring of 1875 was marked by the bursting of the Whiskey Ring scandal with the revelation of its speculations in St. Louis; the following winter came the Emma Mine scandal which also involved the good name of President Grant as he was nearing the end of his second term; and this was immediately followed by the breaking of the Belknap scandal. By congressional investigation in the spring of 1876, it developed that Secretary of War W. W. Belknap had been grafting for nearly six years in lucrative post-traderships on the frontier. Doubtless the scathing comments by Bourke and others on various post-traders and Indian agents both in the Southwest and in the Northwest during the years from 1869 to 1881, were well merited. Not all traders and agents were rascals, but those who were, made a connecting link between a corrupt federal administration, symbolized by Mrs. Belknap's extravagant gowns and jewels, and the reservation Indian who was the immediate but not final victim. Knowing that he was being cheated and often made desperate by hunger, the Indian was apt to go on the warpath; and then the army would be used to crush and drive him back on his reservation. The more acquainted one becomes with the policing work done by the army during these years, the more impressed he is by the fine way in which it was carried through.

Bourke saw plenty of hard campaigning from 1875 to 1881,[4] but he also found many opportunities to continue and broaden his ethnological studies. In 1873 he had prepared a sort of questionnaire for his own guidance in gathering information systematically among the Apaches, and he fol-

3. Claude G. Bowers, *The Tragic Era.*
4. See his chronological record, *New Mexico Historical Review*, viii, 6.

lowed the same method with the Sioux, Cheyennes, and other tribes of the plains and mountains of the Northwest. But his chief interest continued to be in the peoples of the Southwest and he believed that his studies there would be of recognized value if he could return and carry them through. His opportunity finally came.

The winter of 1880-1881 found him in Indian Territory, serving as recorder with a peace commission to the Ponca Indians, and afterwards it was necessary for him to go to Washington to write up the findings of the commission in the form of a report. From his notebooks a few scattered entries of earlier date will be found of interest, followed by his own account of developments in Washington.

New Year's Day, 1880, passed pleasantly . . . in Omaha . . . January 10th. The Edison Electric light *un fait accompli.* . . . The value of his enterprise is established by the depreciated quotations of gas stocks and the enhancement of the shares of the company formed to introduce his new light into New York and other great cities of the Atlantic Coast. . . . February 5th. Railroad consolidation the order of the day. The combination of the Union Pacific, Kansas Pacific and Denver Pacific (with lateral branches) under one management, marks the successful issue of plans long since matured in the keen, brilliant intellect of that wonderful genius, Jay Gould — one of the most extraordinary men the world has ever produced.[5]

February 5th. Commissioner Hayt, of the Indian Bureau, peremptorily removed for corrupt practices. In connection with Inspector Hammond, Indian Agent Hart, (San Carlos Agency, Arizona) and others, Hayt had quietly siezed upon a silver mine of immense prospective yield in Arizona. This matter getting into the public journals, an investigation was ordered. Hayt lied like Beelzebub and Hammond swore positively that a letter which he had sent Hayt, and which somehow fell into the hands of the investigating committee, was a forgery.

This testimony Hammond retracted the very next morning, saying he had been guilty of perjury in making

5. An anecdote about Jay Gould will be found below, under date of April 8, 1881.

it. It required but a few moments cross-examination to develop Hayt's villainy in the particular offense specified above as well as in many others. The mine had been purchased by a Mr. Edward Knapp (Hayt), Hayt's own son who suppressed his family name, at his father's instance, to avert attention; and paid for by a Mr. Hogencamp, of Jersey City, Hayt's own partner.

At this late day in the administration of President Hayes, it will be hard to find any gentleman to succeed Mr. Hayt and it will be impossible to find a more thorough rascal.

Mr. Barston, of the Board of Indian Commissioners, a whining, psalm-singing hypocrite—discovered in illicit connection with stove contracts for the Indian Bureau.

The distress in Ireland augmenting. Parnell, M. P., visits this country to excite American sympathy. . . .

January 21st, 1881. Received an invitation from Major Powell, of the Ethnological Bureau of the Smithsonian Institute, to pay him a visit with reference to a better acquaintance.[6] Busy all day with the Ponca Commission Record. After dinner, called upon Mrs. Johnson and accompanied her and her daughter to the Skating Rink where we remained several hours. The hall was well lighted, the music superb and the great throng present embraced many lovely young ladies and graceful gentlemen. I knew a number of the young ladies and for that reason I took more pleasure in the visit. I had never been in a skating rink before and couldn't compare the scene to anything so much as the movements of whirling dervishes, after the music had warmed the skaters to enthusiasm.

January 22, 1881. Dr. Armstrong, Chief Clerk of General Ruggles' Division of the Adjutant General's office, in whose room I have occupied a desk for the past two or three days, has made a comparison of the rapidity of my writing with that of several of the most expert penmen in his Division. It was found that Mr. McCoy and Mr. Dennathy, his two quickest writers, considered that they had done a good day's work when they had finished 20 pages of legal cap copying, each page of 28 lines and each line of 8½ words. My

6. Major J. W. Powell, a veteran of the Civil War in which he lost his right arm, had led his famous exploration through the Grand Cañon of the Colorado in the summer of 1869. During the '70's he did much exploring in the Rocky Mountain region, and at this time he was director of the U. S. Geological Survey and of the Bureau of Ethnology under the Smithsonian Institution.

work was not far from 25 pages per diem, working from 10 A. M. to 4 P. M., without lunch, altho' at great stress I am certain I could do 35 p. per diem, of 28 lines each, and an average of 17 words to the line. 30 pages of my work equalled 52½ pages of the best War Dep't work; the greatest number of words on one of my pages was 388, which will show how close and fine my writing was—I mention this fact merely to prelude my regret that my education has been so imperfect. If, instead of a lot of useless classical training, I had been carefully instructed in phonography, and telegraphy, I should have been a man of more consequence in my day and generation. Every boy should be taught such branches and also made to study a trade.

I went with Nickerson to the Smithsonian Institute to call upon Major Powell, by whom I was received with the greatest cordiality; he said that Capt. Dutton of the Ordnance Corps, and Professor Holden h[illegible]oken to him a number of times about my service amo[illegible] the Indians and of my note books which latter had also been spoken of by Reverend Mr. Dorsey. Major Powell asked me to join his expedition to the New Mexican Pueblos in the summer of the present year: I promised to take the matter under consideration, as it was a subject in which I was deeply interested. Our interview was most delightful and I gladly accepted Major Powell's invitation to repeat it. Dined with General, Mrs. & Miss Ruggles.

January 23rd, 1881. Attended mass at Saint Matthews. In the evening, dined with my old friend, Lieut. Green and his wife. They have a pleasant little home, filled with bric-a-brac, collected during his travels in different parts of the world. In running our National Boundary from Lake of the Woods to the foot of the Rocky Mountains;—of this, he gave an animated description, referring to the Red River half-breeds, and their carts, dogs and dog sledges, fur clothes, the "bull" and mackinaw boats of the Upper Missouri—the fabulous swarms of mosquitos, his experiences at a half-breed ball—his expedient for obtaining a "sight" across a lake—making one of his men swim to the other side and hold up a marked rod; his manner of placing monnuments in swamps along the Boundary; this he effected by driving 250 piles around each wooden monument:—of all the above, he had many well-executed pictures, the work of a German artist with his command. He also had numerous

articles of Chippeway workmanship, all displaying decided taste. On the walls, were hung the medals conferred upon him by the Czar of Russia and the Government of Roumania for gallant services in the Turco-Russian campaign. These medals are six in number and are all for work of a dangerous nature. Frank Green is justly proud of them and I couldn't help feeling proud of him for winning them. He has a considerable collection of photographs of the Russian Imperial family, of Skobeloff and other eminent Russian commanders, all or nearly all with the signatures of the originals attached. Lastly, he showed me pictures of places in Saint Petersburgh, and Constantinople and the renowned Monastery of Mount Athos which has played so stirring a part in early history of the Christian world.

January 24th, 1881. A bright, lovely morning. Worked very hard all day. The newspapers contain the names of persons appointed by President Hayes to various positions in the Army. Major D. G. Swain, to succeed Dunn as Judge Advocate Gen'l, and two civilians to be Paymaster. One of the civilians is the son of Bishop Whipple of the Episcopal Church—a Bishop who has been very much in fear of the demoralizing influences of Army officers upon the Indians under his charge. To me, Whipple has always appeared to be very much of a fanatic and something of a hypocrite. President Hayes made such an ado about reform in the administration of the government that some people four years ago were deluded into believing that he was honest in his expressions, but a uniform duplicity and treachery have convinced the nation that something besides Apollinaris water at a State Dinner or an unctious outpouring of sanctimonious gab at all times, is needed to make a man holy.

No president ever entered upon his office with brighter prospects of gaining popular esteem and affection than did Hayes; no one has left or will leave the White House more thoroughly despised and detested.

After supper went to Ford's Opera House, a miserable hole, very inconvenient, poorly ventilated and dangerous in case of fire. It was packed from floor to dome, every seat taken and standing room difficult to find. By extreme good luck, I secured a very good seat in the gallery and listened for three hours to the Opera of Sonnambula, in which Madame Etelka Gerster sang the part of Amina. The voice of this lady is phenomenal—it is of great compass and in

every note, high or low, sweet and clear and silvery. The vast audience remained in ecstasies during the whole performance in which Gerster was ably assisted by great artists like Ravelli and others whose names I cannot recall.

Evidently, the best society of Washington was fully represented; costly raiment and beautiful jewels worn by lovely women formed a grand feature which afforded one indescribable pleasure.

January 25th, 1881. Extremely busy all day; finished the transcript of evidence taken before the Ponca Commission. Dined with General Ruggles, meeting his wife, his niece, Miss Ruggles, and his bright, handsome children, and his cousins, Miss Brooks and Miss Coggswell, all refined and elegant ladies; the last named, an extremely beautiful girl, the daughter of General Milton Coggswell, under whom I formerly served (1870) in Arizona.[7] Mrs. Ruggles is said to be the handsomest lady in the National Capital at this time and I, for one, believe the statement to be true.

I accompanied General Ruggles and the ladies to the President's Reception. This can be outlined in a very few words. There was plenty of good music, by the Marine Band, and a great crowd of people, including many beautiful women and some not beautiful—all well dressed and not a few extravagantly dressed. Taking our places in the long line, we slowly advance step by step, running each moment the risk of tearing off the train of the lady in front and finally reach the presence of the President and Mrs. Hayes. Somebody asks you—"names please?" You answer, "Lieutenant Bourke and Miss Coggswell," whereupon he bawls out "Colonel Snogser and Mrs. Quirkswill." But it don't make any difference. The President greets you with a smile that is too truly good for this earth and Mrs. Hayes gives a gentle, pleasant glance of welcome which may not have any sincerity about it, but which is for all that, extremely pleasant. No one remains long at a White House reception; there is such a crush that after promenading once or twice around the rooms and through the conservatory, people order their carriages and drive off to other entertainments. The policeman is requested to "call General Ruggles' carriage," of course, he yells out at the top of his

7. Milton Cogswell graduated from West Point in 1849 and was assigned to the infantry branch of the army. After the Civil War he served as major of the 21st Infantry from March 26, 1869, until he retired September 5, 1871.

lungs for "Giniril Murdock's kerridge," but the coachmen seem to be marvelously gifted and intuitively know when their services are most needed.

January 27th. After breakfast at the Riggs', visited Major Powell—at the National Gallery, the new building of the Smithsonian Institute. This is a magnificent structure, one of the finest I have ever seen. Being a little bit too early, I whiled away the moments, preceding Major Powell's arrival, in making a hurried examination of a number of the apartments and cases. I succeeded in walking through those devoted to the "seal family," the "rattlesnakes" and "skunks" and was delighted beyond description by the order and system or arrangement.

Major Powell coming in, received me very warmly and presented me to his assistants, Captain Garrick Mallery of the Army and another gentleman, Mr————, whose name I did not catch, but who impressed me as a young man of decided ability. (Mr. I. Pilling). Our conversation naturally turned upon Ethnology and in reply to Maj. Powell's queries, I gave a succinct statement of my own efforts in that direction in Arizona, in 1873. At that time, as I told Major Powell, I was still quite young in years and totally without knowledge of this most important branch of science, but I was impelled by a very sincere desire to learn and that is half the battle always. I prepared a long list of questions embracing a wide range of topics but based upon the idea of an Indian's life, commencing with his birth, taking him through all the principal events of his history and ending with his death and mortuary services. Major Powell renewed his invitation for me to join his expedition in May, and I again assured him that I would give the matter very earnest deliberation.

I then passed over to the old building of the Smithsonian, and after glancing at the lordly proportions of the Irish Elk and the German Aurochs, I entered the division of Anthropology, which I was most anxious to see. There is certainly a fair collection of Indian property, but it is only fair and is not well arranged. If the United States Government so desired, the Bureau of Ethnology could get specimens enough to fill one-half the Smithsonian Institute. The cases containing stone axes, hammers, "celts," spears and daggers, make a good display and are so labelled as to

give a good idea of the purposes for which their contents were intended.

Returning to Nickerson's office, I stopped on the way at the Washington Monument, which I desired to ascend, but the elevator was under repair, and the wooden stairway too slippery with ice and snow—so I gave up the idea and entered the small frame building, where are stored the stones presented by the various state, territories, cities, towns and associations.

At the Signal Office, Nickerson presented me to Captain Saldanha da Gama, of the Brazilian Navy, now on an official visit to this country. This officer is a direct descendant of Vasco da Gama, the great navigator of Portugal. Captain S. da Gama is a gentleman of unusually courteous manners, extended acquaintaince with all quarters of the globe, keen powers of observation and, apparently, great range of reading. Professor Abbie invited me to visit the Instrument room of the Signal Service, which I did, and was shown through by Lt. Birkhimer, an esteemed friend of many years' standing, whom I had not seen since 1869.

I was astonished at the advances made in this department of science and gave as close an inspection to the self-registering anemometers, barometers and thermometers, which were tracing out the direction, force and temperature of wind at every moment of the day.

I ended the extremely active work of the morning by a visit to the Corcoran Art Gallery, which has plaster casts of notable statues. It is much patronized by Washingtonians and by strangers coming to the city, and is the nucleus of a grand National Gallery of Art in the future, when our people shall be more wealthy and more refined.

Later in the afternoon, Nickerson drove me to the Taylor Mansion to meet some of the Committee of the Art Loan Exhibition in aid of the School for Nurses. This committee, of which Major Powell and Nickerson are members, was desirous of securing some Indian trinkets from Gen. Crook's Hd. Qrs. and these I of course, promised to send, altho' our stock of such things is just now sadly depleted.

General Crook & Major Roberts, A. D. C., left for Omaha. In the evening, I made calls at General McCook's, Attorney General Williams', General Sherman's, and Congressman Loring's, at which last named place, there was to have been a musical entertainment but owing to the

sudden indisposition of one of the young ladies who was to sing, we were deprived of the pleasure promised but had the recompense of an animated conversation with the family—a very cultured one from Boston, Mass.

We wound up the night at the weekly reception of the wife of Justice Hunt, a preceding one of which I attended some days since. At this house, one meets all the distinguished people in Washington — there were certainly, if anything, too many of them here this evening. Judges of the Supreme Court, members of the Cabinet, officers of the Army and Navy, diplomats, literary people, ladies and gentlemen of wealth, and leisure. The English embassador, Sir Edward Thornton, with his wife and daughters, was there and also the Japanese minister, Mr. Yoshida and his wife. The latter are extremely diminutive people but very bright and amiable. They wear the American costume. Here I met Mrs. Dahlgren and Miss Welsh, both of whom asked me to come to see them. Miss Welsh is a beautiful young lady, the niece of the wife of Lieut. Sternbel, of the Army. She paid a long visit to Fort Omaha two or three years ago, and made hosts of friends by her beauty, intelligence, and animated, gentle nature. Mrs. Dahlgren, widow of Admiral Dahlgren of the U. S. Navy, was the mother of Lieutenant Goddard of the Army, with whom, when cadets, I was on terms of the closest intimacy. Naturally, her unexpected meeting with me, recalled many sad associations. I also met Sec. Carl Schurz, who asked me to be sure to come to his office (Department of the Interior) before leaving town, as he was particularly desirous of having a talk with me. I felt almost sure that the Report of the Ponca Commission had been a severe blow to him and that the conversation would be upon that topic. . .

January 28. Called upon Secretary Schurz, but learned that he had just left for a cabinet meeting. Mr. Hanna, his private secretary, told me that Mr. Schurz was very anxious to have me wait until his return. My time was very much crowded, but I promised to wait as long as possible and in the meantime, Mr. Hanna brought me to Mr. Lockwood, chief clerk of the Indian Bureau, with whom I had a slight previous acquaintance and by whom I was received in a very kindly manner. . . .

March 7, 1881. Received a very complimentary letter from Reverend Edward Everett Hale, in acknowledgment of

mine to him, which letter he said he would read at the next meeting of the Massachusetts Antiquarian Society in April. Mr. Hale's letter will be found preserved in my book of personal orders. I also received another letter from Major Powell, of the Smithsonian Institute, repeating his invitation to me to join his proposed expedition to the Pueblo Indians.

March 8, 1881. Wrote a personal letter to Lieut. General P. H. Sheridan, Commanding Military Division of the Missouri, requesting to be detailed in the work of ascertaining points in the ethnology of the North American Indians, and especially of the Pueblos;—if I can get such a detail, it will enable me to do more promptly the same amount of work which would require, with Major Powell, six or eight months. I feel that I ought to devote some time to this important work and thus save the accumulations of notes and memoranda of more or less account, taken during my nearly twelve years of service among the Indians of the great Plains of the Missouri & Columbia Basins and in the remote South-West in the valleys of the Gila, Colorado and Rio Grande.

The following list of questions, prepared for my own use, will serve to make clear the object and scope of my proposed investigation.[8]

In the preparation of these memoranda, I have not depended alone upon such personal experience as I have had with Indians, but have carefully consulted the valuable works of *Hubert H. Bancroft, Tylor, Trumbull, Hayden, Yarrow, J. W. Powell, Gibbs, Dall, Lubbock, Maine, Morgan, Parkman, Evans, Short, Baldwin, Simpson, Stephens, Squires,* &c., &c., from all of whose writings I have obtained important suggestions; and after preparation, have submitted the memoranda to the criticism of Army Officers of extended experience on the frontier. To these officers— Generals *Sheridan, Crook, Robert Williams, G. A. Forsyth,* Colonels *Royall, Ludington* and *T. H. Stanton,* and Captains *W. P. Clark* and *W. L. Carpenter*—I am deeply indebted for correction, sympathy and encouragement.

H'D. QRS. DEPT. PLATTE,
Fort Omaha, Neb., March 28, 1881.

J. G. B.

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8. See title no. 9 of the Bourke Bibliography (*New Mexico Historical Review,* viii, pp. 11-15). As printed in Omaha about three weeks later, it consisted of ten pages, copies of which are here inserted in the notebooks. The complete text of this prepared list may be seen most easily in his *On the Border with Crook* (1891), pp. 262-275. Only the opening paragraph is here given.

The following is the complete list of works studied upon this subject, from most of which much valuable information has been derived.

Tyler's *Early History of Mankind and Primitive Man.*
Bancroft's (Hubert Howe) *Native Races of the Pacific Slope.*
Lubbock's *Pre Historic Times.*
Yarrow's *Mortuary Customs.*
Short's *North Americans in Antiquity.* (an excellent work)
Morgan's *Ancient Society.*
Sir Henry Maine's *Early Institutions.*

March 15, 1881. The newspapers this morning contain the information that the Czar of Russia was (March 13th) assassinated in the streets of Saint Petersburgh. This is a good thing. Alexander began life as a just and moderate ruler, anxious to alleviate the sufferings of his wretched subjects; he freed the serfs and during our civil war remained the firm friend of our Government — for both of which acts, the world owes him a debt of gratitude. But his later years have been years of tyrannical severity toward his subjects, of licentious disregard of his vows to his wife (who died last year of a broken heart,) and of religious and political intolerance toward the unhappy people of Poland. The full account of his assassination will be found in the extracts from today's *Omaha Herald.* . . .

I hope before many months to be able to chronicle the assassination of Bismark, one of the coldest-blooded and most unprincipled tyrants who have ever sprung into power.

We, Americans, have the satisfaction of knowing that political trouble in Europe means increased financial prosperity and power to our own country. . . .

March 18, 1881. The newspapers this morning chronicle, without comment, the fact that yesterday the first train started out from Kansas City, Mo., for San Francisco, Cal., by way of the newly completed Southern Transcontinental Route. Within five years, it is my belief that we shall have at least five lines running across the American Continent, including in this number any that may be built in Canada or Mexico.

March 20th, 1881. Received the following telegram from Lieutenant-General Sheridan:

Chicago, Ills., March 19th, 1881.

Lieut. John G. Bourke,
A. D. C., Omaha, Neb.,

I have just read your letter.[9] If Gen. Crook will make no objection to your absence, I will furnish you with all the reasonable means necessary for the accomplishment of the purpose you have in view, but shall want to see before you start.

(signed) P. H. Sheridan,
Lieutenant-General.

Thereupon, General Crook telegraphed as follows:

Fort Omaha, Neb., March 20th, 1881.

Lieutenant-General P. H. Sheridan,
Chicago, Illinois.

Bourke read his letter to me before sending it to you. It had my fullest approval and I consider the work he proposes very important. If you have no objection, I'll send him to Chicago tomorrow.

(signed) George Crook,
Brigadier General.

March 23, 1881. Left Omaha, Neb., in obedience to the above telegram from Lieut.-General P. H. Sheridan. . . .

March 24, 1881. Thursday. While passing through Eastern Iowa and Illinois, noticed a still greater amount of snow than in E. Nebraska. This is owing to the heavy storm of last week, from which Omaha and vicinity escaped. The Mississippi and Missouri are still solid with ice and along the banks of both mighty streams the gravest apprehensions prevail as to the consequences of a sudden ice-gorge. . .

Sidney Dillon, President of the great Union Pacific R. W. System, was a fellow traveller with me and early this morning came over to my seat and opened a conversation which lasted a long time. I have always been anxious to meet this gentleman and was delighted when chance threw us together. In appearance, Mr. Dillon is majestic, not less than 6′ 2″, sinewy, muscular and finely proportioned, he bears his seventy years as if they were but 40. His head is finely shaped, showing keenness, penetration and strength in every feature; his eyes are good, but rather too piercing and there is an expression of dogged self-will about him

9. See above under date of March 8.

which may be regarded as a good or bad sign according to the humor under which he may be acting. Our conversation was principally upon the resources and progress of the Territories, especially of Idaho, Montana, Utah, Colorado, New Mexico, and Arizona, and finally some little concerning N. E. Nebraska and S. Dakota, in all of which sections Mr. Dillon knew that I had travelled. My impression of him was that he possessed great financial intuitions, combined with remarkable common sense, altho', as he himself admitted, he has had no educational advantages.

Reached Chicago in the evening, 5 hours behind time, our detention occasioned by a freight-train off the track, in some part of Western Illinois.

Put up at the Grand Pacific. In the evening, visited Haverly's Minstrels, which consisted of 100 negro performers: The singing was good and the acting fair, but by no means equal to that of the average white "burnt-cork artist."

March 25th, 1881. Visited General Sheridan's Hd. Qrs., where I met Gen. G. A. Forsyth, A. D. C., Colonel Grant, A. D. C., Colonel Jordan, 9th Infantry, Colonel M. V. Sheridan, A. D. C., Capt. W. P. Clark, 2nd Cavalry, and Capt. Gregory, Engineer Corps, with all of whom I had pleasant converse. Brigadier General John Pope, now commanding the Department of the Missouri and his A. D. C., Captain Volkmar, 5th Cav., entered the room and talked with us for a little while and then left to confer with the Lieutenant General. Upon their departure, I was sent for by General Sheridan who received me with his usual gentle and cordial manner and had a long talk with me upon the subject of my ethnological researches among the Indian tribes living within the limits of his Mil'y Division. The purport of his remarks was summed up in the closing sentences: "I want you to devote your time to the Indians, South of the Union Pacific Road and let Clark[10] take those north of it, but of course I don't mean that either of you shall be tied down to mathematical lines,—there is plenty of work for you both. Don't be in a hurry. Take your time. I want you to make a success of this and I'll back

10. William Philo Clark entered West Point from New York, graduated in 1864. After graduating he was assigned to the 2nd Cavalry, and he had now just received his captaincy (Jan. 25, 1881). The task here indicated for him was to be interrupted by his death on Sept. 22, 1884.

you up in every possible way. I am giving you this work because I regard you as the man for the place and that it's just the thing for you."

Thanking the General for his courtesy and his high opinion of me, I bowed and withdrew.

Captain W. P. Clark, 2nd Cavalry, then invited me to run over to his apartments at the Palmer House and examine the manuscript of his new work on the "sign language of the North American Indians." Of course, I made no examination, not deeming myself fit to criticize the labors of Clark who has made this subject a profound study for years. He is eminently fitted for the field now opening before him; of strong mental powers, powerful physique, indefatigable, persistant, ambitious and *magnetic,* he gets into the confidence of the Indians more quickly than any man I know, excepting Gen'l. Crook. . . .

. . . . Passed the greater part of the evening in the pleasant, comfortable rooms of the "Chicago Club," where in our party were General Sheridan, General G. A. Forsyth, Captain Clark, Mr. Norton, Mr. Lyon, Mr. Fisher, Mr. Pope and others.

March 26, 1881. Saturday. Enjoyed a cosey breakfast with General Forsyth, at the Chicago Club. The cooking and the service were simply perfect.

Again to Hd. Qrs. where I had another conversation with the Lieutenant-General, from whom I received my final instructions, which read as follows:

Hd. Qts. Mil'y Division of the Missouri,
Chicago, Ills., March 26th, 1881.

Special Orders,
No. 33

First Lieutenant John G. Bourke, 3rd Cavalry, Aide de Camp, under instructions from the Division, will proceed to Fort Hall, I. T., and thence to Santa Fe, New Mexico, and from that place to such other points as will enable him to comply with said instructions. Post Commanders, on his written application, will furnish Lieut. Bourke such transportation and scouts as he may require.

By Command of Lieut.-Gen'l. Sheridan,
(signed) Gen. A. Forsyth,
Lieut.-Colonel I. A. D. C.

I bade good bye to General Sheridan and other friends at Hd. Qrs., and then took the "Rock Island" train for Omaha. . . .

March 27, 1881. (Sunday). Reached Omaha. While crossing the iron bridge over the Missouri, we saw that the fetters of the ice-king were slowly yielding and that the noble river would soon again be free.

Chapter XIII

A Visit to the Shoshonees

From Omaha Lieutenant Bourke proceeded first to Fort Hall, Idaho Territory, to carry out a preliminary investigation among the Shoshonees and Bannocks living near that post. The reason for this lay in the fact that these tribes belonged to the same linguistic stock as the Hopi Pueblo Indians in Arizona among whom he was planning to continue his earlier study. Evidently he wished to acquaint himself with any cultural relations between these two branches of the Shoshonean people.[1]

March 31st, 1881. Thursday. Gen'l. Crook returned from an unsuccessful bear hunt in the mountains north of Rock Creek, Wyoming; he did not reach the depot in town (Omaha) until after one A. M., as his train had been obliged to make a detour by way of Kearney Junction, Neb., and Saint Joseph, Mo., a sudden spell of warm weather having thawed the ice and snow in the valley of the Platte causing the river to overflow its banks, carry away several miles of the Union Pacific track and flood the towns of Frémont and Columbus. After bidding adieu to General Crook and other officers at Hd. Qrs. I left for Fort Hall, Idaho, and Santa Fé, New Mexico. My bright young friend, Paul Horbach, came down to the depot to say good bye.

Owing to break in the U. P. R. R. near Frémont, our train had to cross the Missouri river east to the little station known as Council Bluffs, thence along the Kansas City Saint Jo. & C. B. R. R., to Plattsmouth Junction, crossing

1. See Hodge, *Handbook of American Indians*, II, under "Shoshonean people."

the river again at that point and re-entering the state of Nebraska, and then following the Burlington road West to Kearney Junction. While no serious damage had as yet occurred, it was evident at a glance that both the Platte and Missouri rivers were on the eve of open rebellion from which direst results were to be apprehended. We had to submit to many vexatious delays while the B. and M. line which, it must be remembered, was clogged with its own accumulated traffic and with that of the Union Pacific. In place of reaching Lincoln, the state capital, at 3 p. m., we did not pass there until almost 11 at night and upon awakening at 7:30 a. m.,

April 1st, 1881, found we had proceeded no farther than Kearney Junction, 200 miles West of Omaha. This slow mode of progress would have been very disheartening, had I not found good travelling companions in Major Blaine, Paymaster, U. S. A., Mr. Saulsbury of the stage and mining firm of Gilmor, Saulsbury & Co., and Mr. Wm. B. Loring, the latter an old friend. . . .

From Kearney, we made pretty good time to North Platte where we were provided with two fresh engines and increased our speed to such a degree that the long vista of telegraph poles closing the horizon to our front seemed to open like a door struck by some magic wand and to close the horizon behind us as in obedience to the same spell. Great numbers of dead cattle were strewn alongside the track, from Ogallalla to Sidney, as well as for a considerable distance East of Ogallalla, or say for a total distance of 75 miles, they were so numerous that if arranged in a regular series they would not have been more than ten yards apart. As this would give us 150 carcasses to the mile, some idea may be formed of the havoc caused by the fearful winter just closing or by the Rail Road trains running into small herds which had sought shelter in ravines and cuts and been unable to get off the track when the whistle blew. Gangs of men and boys were at work skinning the carcasses to save the hides.

Attached to one train were a couple of car-loads of "tender-feet," going West; they were rough, good-natured plowboys and clerks from country stores, starting out to make their fortunes in the new territories. Each one was armed with a small toy revolver, conspicuously displayed and lavishly used at shooting at anything and everything in

the shape of a mark along the line of travel. At every stopping-place, they made the air resound with the barking of their little pop-guns, and with much profanity. They will, undobutedly, with time, develop into good citizens and prominent men in our new communities, but a sound clubbing will first be required to take some of the conceit out of them. . . .

During the night with the help of our double engines, we made up much of our lost time and reached Green River, Wyoming, almost at the usual hour for breakfast on the morning of

April 2nd, 1881. (Saturday) A warm, lovely, bright day. Major Bisbee and Captain Young, 4th Infantry, were at Carter station and, much to my pleasure, rode with us until we met the Eastward-bound train at Evanston. Got to Ogden, Utah, in time to connect with the Utah and Northern train for Fort Hall. At depot, I met Mrs. Bainbridge, wife of Major Bainbridge, commanding the post of Fort Hall, and Lieut. Kimball and party of ladies, including his lovely young sister, all of whom had come to see Mrs. Bainbridge off. The weather in Salt Lake Valley was balmy as summer, the roads were thick with dust and fruit trees beginning to bloom.

April 3rd, 1881 . . . . Arrived at Blackfoot, Idaho, a town which has grown from nothing within the past two years. It contains a number of very neat cottages and maintains a valuable trade with the rich mining districts now opening up in the mountain ranges between this point and Salmon River. An iron bridge, 600 feet long, has been thrown across Snake river to meet the demands of this trade, a sure indication of its value and permanency.

Daily, immigrants are pouring into this part of Idaho and Montana, by the car and train loads, attracted mainly by valuable mines. Consequently, the Utah and Northern promises soon to become one of the best paying roads in the country. Work will soon commence on a new line of R. R. to run from near Fort Bridger, Wyo., cross the Utah and Northern near Fort Hall and continue on until it reaches Portland, Oregon. It will be built by the Union Pacific R. R. Co., and will play an important part in opening up Western Wyoming and all of Idaho.

The Keeny House, Blackfoot, boasts of a parlor with dadoed wall-paper, piano, melodeon, hanging lamps and easy chairs. A very good concern so far as it goes, but unfortunately, the genius of improvement lost his enthusiasm on the threshhold of the dining room, where the spirit of the Past still holds sway and the grub, as of yore, is simply damnable.

Major Bainbridge came over with an ambulance and drove Mrs. Bainbridge and myself to the post—8 miles, along a very dusty, but otherwise agreeable road. . . .

April 4th, 1881. Monday. After breakfast, Major Bainbridge and I rode over to the Shoshonee and Bannock Agency, at Ross Fork, 14½ miles distant, taking the road across the nose of Mt. Putnam, which still had considerable snow close to its summit. At the agency we were kindly received by Agent Wright who escorted us about his Department, taking us to the saw-mill where we had the pleasure of meeting Dr. DuBois a very bright young gentleman, and Charlie and Joe Rainey, two intelligent Bannock half-breeds.

At the post-trader's Mr. Schillings, the clerk, Mr. Holt, very kindly invited us to take lunch at his mess, which we did gladly, finding plenty of good food, well cooked. After lunch, we began to examine the Indians, whom Agent Wright had kindly sent for that purpose. The questions were based upon the categories contained in pp 1119-1127,[2] and unless otherwise explained apply to both Bannocks and Shoshonees, the tribes believed to be originally of a common origin, altho' now speaking widely different languages. They call themselves and each other by the same names employed by the Whites—Bannocks and Shoshonees. . . .[3]

These Bannocks and Shoshonees were largely represented in the hostilities against the whites in *'66* and *'67* and suffered a terrible castigation at the hands of General Crook, for whom they cherish an admiration based upon wholesome fear.

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2. The reference is to his "Memoranda." See chapter xii, note 8.

3. The notes omitted here are Bourke's records of his own observations, on this and the following day, and of the data gathered from his "informants, Charlie and Joe Rayney,' two well-informed French and Bannock halfbreeds who, when at all in doubt, asked assistance from Captain Jim, Captain John, and Ti-hi, old Shoshonee and Bannock chiefs."

"How is Clook?" asked Captain Jim, when he met me. "Clook down in Omaha? Clook all light? You tell Clook me know him."

"All right, Jim, I'll do it."

Major Bainbridge & I did not get back to Ft. Hall, and finish our dinner, until long after dark and then my kind host mixed me a stiff toddy and we retired to rest. Slept soundly and awakened much refreshed,

April 6th, 1881. Wednesday. Rained quite heavily last night. Strong wind blowing all day. Paid short visit to Lt. and Mrs. Yeatman & Dr. Grimes and devoted rest of the day to writing up my journal. Bade farewell to my kind hostess, Mrs. Bainbridge and the Major and took the conveyance awaiting me at the door to drive me to Blackfoot station.*

*(In Mrs. Bainbridge's parlor is one of Moran's paintings—camp on Snake River—presented to her by the artist, and valued at $1,500. It is a gem of drawing and coloring.)[4]

The road to Blackfoot station was very sandy; only enough soil on top to give a scraggy growth of sage-brush an excuse for existence. A fierce wind blowing the sand into ridges and ruts complicated the difficulties of crossing one or two of the larger "dunes," in our way, but we had no serious obstacle and reached the station in good time for me to check my baggage to Denver and engage a berth in the sleeper to Ogden. . . .

April 7th, 1881. The Utah & Northern is one of the easiest roads to ride upon that I have ever travelled over; the change, in this road, since I first knew it, in 1875, is almost incredible. (For a description of it as it then was, consult notebook Nov. & Dec. 1875.)

This morning has been quite cloudy. At Ogden, I was met by Lieut. Kimball, 14th Infantry, whom I very much wanted to see, on account of his service among the Fort Hall Indians.[5] He said these Indians didn't seem to have any idea of God, except as they learned of him from the

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4. A marginal note was here inserted later by Bourke, perhaps after becoming acquainted with the artist, Peter Moran, in Santa Fe. See *The Snake-Dance of the Moquis*, p. 5.

5. William Augustus Kimball, born in Indiana, was admitted to West Point from Utah but was a cadet only from July 1872 to January 1873 He was commissioned 2nd lieutenant, 14th Infantry, on August 31, 186; 1st lieutenant in 1890; and was retired with rank of captain on August 13, 1894.

whites; they have a vague belief in spirits and claim to be descended from the cayote. Their languages are identical, in most respects, except that the pronunciation of the Bannock is much the more guttural of the two. A great number of the Bannocks are able to talk in both dialects and many of the Shoshonees now realize the advantage of being able to do the same thing. Lieut. Kimball speakes Shoshonee to a slight extent and from his great intelligence may be relied on as an excellent authority. He says the *male* Bannocks and Shoshonees exhibit the same facility I have noticed among other Indian tribes, in drawing animals; the women are very faithful in their delineations of the human body. "Captain Mary" cuts out from paper figures of women which are anatomically correct. (Kimball promised to get some of these for me, and Mr. Schilling promised to send me a soapstone pipe and a war-whistle made of the bone of an eagle's wing.) They have one set of names for males and one for females; the former are as a rule suggestive of majesty, strength or ferocity or recall animals in which these attributes are noticeable; the latter are drawn from the lists of plants, flowers or gentle animals. "Buffalo Horn," "Hairy Bear" or "Spotted Eagle" would be typical male names: "Corn Tassel," "Pine Tree" or "Fawn," typical female.

I will now recapitulate the information obtained concerning the Shoshonees and Bannocks, and not otherwise distinctly specified.

The Bannocks, Shoshonees and Comanches and, with scarcely any doubt, the Utes belong to one family. They have never, according to their own statement, woven any fabrics, but they were approaching that stage of improvement at the time of the coming of the white man, as they made, and still occasionally make, garments of interlaced strips of fur of the cayote[6] and jack-rabbit. They have never made pottery, but they display some skill in the fabrication of baskets and mats of reeds and willows.

They have never mutilated or disfigured the human countenance, in any way that I have been able to ascertain, either by compression of the forehead, tattooing or cutting the nose or lips. They make a free use of paint and, espe-

6. Here, as elsewhere, Bourke spells this name as then pronounced by Anglos. In origin it is from the Nahuatl word "coyotl," softened in Spanish into three syllables "co-yo-te"—and so pronounced in New Mexico today, "koh-yoh'tay."

cially among the Bannocks, apply a dazzling band of vermillion to the forehead at roots of hair. From their former intimacy with the Flatheads, I am inclined to ascribe this coloring of the foreheads to their association with a people who flattened it, altho' the Bannocks say that the Flatheads have now abandoned the practice.

For music, they make use of drums, tambourines, gourds filled with shot, flageolets and war whistles, the last made of a bone from the wing of an eagle. They deny that their songs have any words to them and say that they are not arranged with words—"only music, that's all."

The women are expected to perform all work consistent with their strength; thus, all that relates to the cuisine, comes within woman's province, & in hunting or fishing she cuts up and preserves the catch of each day. Berry, nut and insect collecting belongs to her, as well as all tanning of furs and making of garments.

They employ "sweet" (i. e. aromatic) grasses as disinfectants for their Council & sweat lodges; the latter are made of willow withes, having the two ends stuck in the ground & bent over to form a dome-like structure, upon which are placed blankets and skins to make them airtight. The occupant strips off his clothing and sits over a pile of hot stones, upon which is thrown cold water to cause an escape of steam.

The introduction of fire-arms has effected such a change in their mode of warfare, even in the past decade, that nothing is so fraught with difficulty as the task of getting arrows and lances. They say they don't use them any more. hence don't make them.

Their pipes are either of the indurated ochreous clay in use among the Sioux & Crows & obtained from the latter in trade, or else of steatite (sope-stone) found in their own country.

They do not admit that their women use any different terms for the same object—different from those the men employ; nor have I been able to learn from any sources that such is the case.

Mr. Lewis Morgan, in his "Ancient Society" has advanced with much ingenuity and skill the theory that all our wild tribes have been governed by clan or gentile systems, similar to those of the Iriquois. Until its existence among the Shoshonees and Bannocks be better defined, the burden of proof will rest with Mr. Morgan and his school.

Certainly, my efforts to determine the existence of such a system have been honest and well-meant, but entirely wanting in success.

The Bannocks and Shoshonees use the sign language. . .

April 8th. The U. S. Railway Mail Agent invited me to enter his car and examine its workings. I was much interested. The Railway Mail system has been methodized almost to perfection since 1870 and has done wonders in expediting the transmission of letters and postal packages across the country.

We reached Cheyenne on time to catch the Denver Pacific train. We pulled out in a snow gust, but this did not last long and did us no damage. The Denver Pacific runs along a much more level line of country than that followed by the parallel line—the Colorado Central. It is of the Denver Pacific that the story is told in R. R. circles that Jay Gould, having first quietly gobbled up the Kansas Pacific, the Colorado Central and the Union Pacific, thus cutting it off from all except local traffic, telegraphed the Dutch share-holders in Amsterdam to know whether or not they would sell. An affirmative reply was cabled and Gould started for Europe. He reached Amsterdam on time and met the share-holders as agreed upon. The price for which they were willing to sell was $1,350,000; "All right," said Gould, "sign the transfer papers." "But," rejoined the phlegmatic Mynheer who acted as spokesman for the Hollanders, "we want you to agree to pay us 5 p. c. on the indebtedness until cancelled." "All right," said the American. Whereupon, the legal documents were formally signed and delivered, and Gould, without giving the Dutchmen time to light a pipe of tobacco, drew his check-book, made out a draft for the entire amount on the Baring's Bank, in London, handed it to the chairman and started on his return trip to America, having been in Holland about 6 hours. . . .

Denver itself is full of bustle and "has a boom," to use the Western phrase. Its people have a go-ahead spirit and numbers of fine brick blocks, new or reconstructed hotels, and a magnificent Union R. R. depot, attest their faith in the permanency of their city's prosperity. They have gas and water works, the latter supplying a very filthy liquid which is used by the inhabitants in their ablutions; strangers recoil from it, being content, as a general thing, with the dust and grime already upon them. There is some talk of introducing the electric lights and take it in any aspect

of the case, Denver is a "live town and no mistake." It already has the Denver Pacific, Colorado Central, Denver and South Park, and the Denver & Rio Grande: the Union Pacific is pushing to completion a new branch from Julesburgh, Colo., and its rival the Burlington, is making ground fly on the extension of its Trans-Missouri system through Denver to Ogden, Utah, perhaps to the Pacific Coast—who knows? Lastly, the Topeka and Santa Fé, contemplates running its track in from Pueblo, thus giving Denver an eminent position as a Rail Road center. . . .

By the Denver & Rio Grande, the distance to Santa Fé is just 400 miles; for this distance, the fare is $32.50, and has only recently been reduced from $39.25! And yet at such atrocious rates, it is well patronized. Leaving Denver, we ran close by the machine and repair shops of the company which are very extensive and complete. The road, like the Utah and Northern, is a narrow gauge, but cannot compare with its northern comrade in solidity of track-bed, or elegance of equipment. Still the Rio Grande is a grand line and one of ambition, as well. It has at present writing about 800 miles of rail under its management and has made arrangements to extend one branch to Galveston, Texas, another to Chihuahua, Mexico and a third to Salt Lake, Utah. We ran along the E. slope of the Rocky Mountains and, 50 or 60 m. South or S. east of Denver, crossed the "divide," between the waters of the South Platte and those of the Arkansas; on the summit of this "divide" is a small lakelet or pond, said to be 15′ deep, 200 yds. in diameter, and having no visible inlet or outlet. I was riding in the day car, the better to observe the country, passengers &c. Most of those in our train were bound for Leadville and the mining region in its vicinity and beyond it. One of our passengers told me that the Denver and Rio Grande now has 5,000 men at work grading its line of extension from Leadville to Gunnison and on toward Salt Lake.

As we receded from Denver, the country became rougher; our direction converged more closely with the trend of the mountains and pine timber appeared in greater plenty. The view of the more elevated peaks was not very good, the day being gloomy and clouds hanging low down on the skirts of the range. (The newspapers of this morning announce a heart-sickening earth-quake at the great island of Chios, in the Mediterranean—one of the birthplaces of Homer. 8000 lives reported lost. Also a great

flood at Omaha, Neb. threatening serious injury to that young city.)

At Husted in the "pine region," we saw a large quantity of lumber from the mills 14 miles up the mtn's.

75 miles below Denver, is "Colorado Springs," a well known summer resort, well patronized even in this season. The little village is solidly built, with an eye to comfort and taste. Near this station, we saw five villainous tramps, seated by a little fire, in a ravine at side of track. They ought to be hanged.

Below Colorado Springs, the country became flat and tame again, but looked like good farming and grazing land. The farms and cattle ranges in vicinity of the road are nearly all enclosed with good, stout fences, either of poling or barbed wire.

Approaching the valley of the Arkansas, the characteristics of the inhabitants began to change; their dwellings, at least the older ones, were of adobe and "jacal"; (posts placed *upright* in the ground and chinked with mud); ditches for irrigation were cut across the level plains in all directions.

We crossed the Arkansas at Pueblo, the point of junction of several branches of the D. & R. G. and the Topeka and Santa Fé. I was amazed at the transformation effected by these roads in what, 10 or 12 years ago, had been one of the drowsiest of drowsy Mexican villages. Pueblo, or rather South Pueblo, is a thorough-going American town; the streets are regularly laid out; it has steel-works, smelting works, boiler works, and machine repair shops—all in full blast, for all of which the proximity of beds of coal and iron is perhaps as much to be thanked as the Railroads are.

The dinner at this point was exceptionally good. All the eating stations on the Topeka and Santa Fé line, and Pueblo is one, are under the supervision of a caterer who devotes close attention to his duties, much to the gratification of the traveling public. The "South Pueblo Land Improvement Company" advertises for sale building lots; farms and other real estate and the great throng of people with sharp Yankee or gawky Missouri visages would lead one to infer that the company has many clients for whom provision must be made.

Having become tired of the restricted accommodations of the day, I here entered the dainty little sleeping car, as much of a gem in its way as those on the Utah Northern

line. Here our train divided; one portion went N. W. to Leadsville, and the other kept on South toward Santa Fé. Once across the Arkansas, you are in a foreign country, so far as the *permanent* population is concerned; the American, it is true, is present in strong force and holds in his hands the key of power and wealth; he controls the Rail Roads, manages the telegraph and works the steel foundries and coal mines, but, nevertheless, it takes but a glance to assure you that he is present, as yet, merely as an intrusive element, alien to the population, to the institutions, manners and customs of the Territory. The houses proclaim this; they are all of adobe, except here and there a lonely one built by the R. R. co. for its employees; the children and women proclaim it—their swarthy faces and liquid black eyes have drawn their tint and glow from warmer suns than ours—their fathers and husbands are the trackmen of the road, but receive their instructions in a tongue strange to the people who projected and built it; the names of the stations and localities proclaim it—we have: Pueblo, Cucharas, San Carlos, San Luís, Alamosa, Sangre de Cristo, Trinidad, Las Animas, Ratón, Rayado, Embudo, Los Luceros. Even the animals in the fields and the viands on the table proclaim the change. We see plodding patiently along the country by-ways little trains of little "burros," each bearing on his diminutive back a load much bigger than himself, but suffering his trials with so much patience and uncomplaining good humor that the conviction flashes upon my mind that each burro is now the place of transmigration of the soul of some ancient stoic philosopher; a conviction which impels me to touch my hat to a burro every time I meet one and when speaking of him to employ the masculine pronoun instead of the neuter which applies to animals. Then there are herds of goats with long beards—they look like old time patriarchs, but they forfeit by their levity the respect excited by their dignified appearance. Goats are too much addicted to chewing tin cans or picking their teeth with fragments of old hoop skirts to ever gain the position in the social scale that the prim and well-behaved burro attains at once and without effort.

Even the Railroad itself, intruder tho' it be, has had to succumb to the pressure of Mexican ideas and has dubbed its sleeping and chair cars with such (to us) strange names as "La Señorita," "Aztec," "San Ildefonso," "Tierra Amarilla," &c. Chile, frijoles, and the fine large Mexican onion

appear in various forms upon the tables at the refreshment stations and one by one from out of the gloom somewhere, there glide figures wrapped in toga-like serapes and instead of announcing themselves as Thomas Jefferson Dawkins or George Washington Podger, whisper in a voice half dulcet, half husky, the names Jesús María Salazar or Guadalupe Francisca Gallegos.

At Cucharas (spoons) our route turned West, giving us a fine view of the snow mantled Spanish Peaks to the South and bringing us soon to the foot of the steep grade ascending "Veta Pass." The "Sangre de Cristo" (Blood of Christ) range, in which is the "Veta" (mineral vein) pass, is the dividing line between the drainage of the Arkansas & that of the Rio Grande: aside from this, it is the locality of one of the grandest feats of Rail Road Engineering of the present generation, so prolific in grand achievements. The ascent of the Pass overcomes some of the steepest grades ever surmounted and introduces curves of the greatest severity, one of them, "The Mule Shoe," being aptly described by its name. Going around this, we could see our two little engines climbing like cats higher & higher up the mountain, and below us, deep down in the bosom of the cañon, glistened the head light of another locomotive, toiling and puffing in our wake. The scenery in the Pass is impressive and majestic, but decidedly naked & void of much claim to the picturesque; it appeals to one's fears instead of to his love of the beautiful. There is not enough of snow, or timber or verdure to conceal its severe outlines; snow in huge patches, and timber in great clumps can be seen in many places, but the general impression left on the mind is that of solemn desolation. The summit is 9997 ft. above the sea level; here in a sheltered recess is a side track with a water-tank and engine house—a slight trace of civilization in an otherwise unbroken solitude of savage Nature.

Once across the Blood of Christ mountains, we ran down a narrow ravine which gradually widens into the beautiful San Luís Valley in which is the military garrison of Ft. Garland.

When last I knew of the valley of San Luís, its inhabitants had no other means of transportation than their home-made "carreta," a shocking burlesque upon its hightoned distant relatives, the Brewster Buggy and the Studebaker Wagon; made altogether of wood and raw-hide, without a single nail or piece of iron in its composition, its wheels

were solid sections of great pine trees, perforated in the center by a hot iron to make a hole to admit the ungreased axle. As they rolled over the dusty roads, they squeaked a siren song which wakened the dead for five miles or more.

In our car, were Captain and Mrs. Guthrie, 13th Inf'y, with their children who left us at Fort Garland, where I met Captain Shindley (?), 6th Infantry, last seen at Fort Buford, at the mouth of the Yellowstone, Montana, in 1877. It was so late that the Fort could not be seen; that is nothing more than the lights which flashed from the windows of the quarters. I turned in to bed at this point and did not waken until we had reached the terminus at Española.

April 10th. Palm Sunday. At early dawn we took our seats in the stage bound for Santa Fé, 28 mi. distant. No fault could be found either with coach or teams; the former was a new Concord, of approved make, the latter *(6)* six strong, well-formed, active American horses.

I took my seat by the driver, wishing to see and learn all I could of the country. We first turned E. crossed the Rio Grande by a new but very frail and shaky bridge and then kept a general S. course until we had reached the city of the Holy Faith. The Rio Grande at Española, hasn't a single element of beauty; the water is turbid, the banks low and sandy, and there is an almost absence of foliage. In front of us, as we crossed the river, the Sangre de Cristo uplifted its snow-capped summit to form a back-ground in relieving contrast with the front of the picture which was a monotonous succession of red sand and clay mesas, covered with a ragged growth of greasewood and soap-weed.

Our driver was out of humor with his team and swore at them all for laziness, emphasizing his remarks by a liberal application of the whip to "Tim" and "Keno" whose performance he considered below his standard of excellence.

The road was very sandy and without the stimulus of the whip our animals might perhaps have lagged, but with its continuous cracking sounding in their ears, they had no incentive to delay, so we were not many minutes in reaching Santa Cruz, on the creek of the same name; a pretty Indian "pueblo" or hamlet, built in the form of a square, all the houses of adobe facing inward.[7] One side of the square

7. It is somewhat surprising that Bourke should mistake Santa Cruz for an Indian pueblo. Perhaps in appearance it was not then very dissimilar from a pueblo, and early on Palm Sunday in passing through on the stage he may have noticed visitors from San Juan, Santa Clara, or even from San Ildefonso or Nambé. As a

was occupied by a church, said to be 250 years old. We had no time to examine it, but its dilapidated looks corroborate any assertions as to its venerable age. Its walls are of adobe, flanked at the cornices by square towers of the same material and these surmounted by low belfries of old-fashioned pale brick, which in their turn are topped by crosses. The main door of the sacred edifice opens upon an enclosure surounded by a high, thick wall of adobe and pebbles. From seeing a tall wooden cross in this enclosure, I inferred that it must be the Campo Santo. (The Holy Field or burying ground.) In the center of the plaza itself, (the town plaza) is another cross, erected upon a truncated pyramid of adobe; the total height is about 12 ft. At the foot of the little pyramidal mound is an "aguada" or little reservoir, with a bottom of puddled clay, into which flows water from the acequia coursing diagonally across the square. This is the refreshment place for all the dogs, goats sheep, chickens and "burros" of the pueblo.

All around the town extend broad acres of land, cut up by acequias and having the peculiar flat look of fields cultivated by irrigation. I learned that the annual yield of fruit, grain and vegetables is considerable, but we had no time to obtain figures.

Two of the main acequias, (ditches,) crossed the road and near the bridges we saw Mexican flour mills; these were cottonwood log edifices, about 12 ft. square and 7 ft. high, built over the ditch to allow the water to turn a small turbine wheel. I should conjecture that in an emergency, under the stimulus of a Gov't. contract, with a full complement of hands (that is to say a man smoking a cigarrito, a small boy scratching his nose, and a big dog scratching his ribs.) and running full time, one of these mills could grind a bushel of wheat in a week; the ordinary output can't be over half that quantity.[8]

The Rio Grande valley was dotted with the "plazas" of Mexicans and the "pueblos" of the Indians. The description given of Santa Cruz will do for them all, except that

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Spanish plaza it dates from the 17th century, but after the Indian Rebellion (1680) it was occupied by Tewa and Tano Indians until in 1695 they were forced to vacate by Gov. Diego de Vargas. The Spanish colonists of "Santa Cruz de la Cañada" at that time asked, and received, recognition as the second oldest villa in New Mexico.

8. A number of these old under-shot mills are still to be seen near Truchas, on this same stream but eastward from Santa Cruz and near the mountains. Bourke's mention of two in Santa Cruz in 1881 is of interest.

the more pretentious residences in some cases were coated with lime and stucco; that the gardens and fields were enclosed by walls either of plain adobe, or of adobe clay mixed with pebbles, or of "Cajon" laid in huge blocks 4 feet long by 3 in length [height?] and breadth; or else in place of walls, they had a boundary of fencing made by sticking thorny cactus branches in the ground or ordinary stout cottonwood branches placed in the same manner.

Each house had at one of its exterior corners, a bake-oven, which was nothing more or less than a hemi-spherical tumulus of hardened mud . . . The agricultural implements —the plows and harrows—were of the most ridiculously primitive description and the simple fact that they were in use spoke volumes for the fertility of the soil.[9]

We did not adhere very closely to the Rio Grande, but followed along parallel to it and at some distance to the East, crossing a number of its tributaries, one of the principal being the Pojuaque, upon whose banks is the "pueblo" of the same name.[10] This is much neater in appearance than Santa Cruz and has a look of greater prosperity. Several Pueblo Indians were at the stage station. A Mexican boy told me in a sleepy tone of voice that they raised trigo (wheat), maiz (corn), duraznoes (peaches), manzanas (apples), ciruelas (plums), cerezas (cherries), peras (pears), sandias (watermelons), melones (mush-melons), calabazas (pumpkins), chili verde (green chile), and muchas otras cosas (many other things.)

An old Frenchman lives here upon whom I thought I would perpetrate some of my French. The old man's native language seemed to double him up as if a nitro-glycerine bomb[11] had exploded nearby. I had started without any breakfast and was ravenous for lunch. I couldn't remember what the French for lunch was, neither could I get to my tongue's end the precise question I wanted which was to ask him if he could let us have some bread and butter. However, I asked him one just as good which I had memorized from Ollendorff, which was: "Have you the bread of my uncle or the butter of my sister?" The look the old fellow gave me was one of dumbfounded perplexity,

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9. Such implements may be seen in the Historical Society rooms of the old "Palace of the Governors," Santa Fe.

10. By inter-marriage, this old Tewa pueblo has since become wholly a Spanish plaza.

11. Evidently bombs are not of recent origin in warfare!

occasioned, I imagine, by his amazement at hearing the language of his native land spoken with such purity in such a strange country. The old man gasped out: "Ah, monsieur, vous parlez tres bien mais! mais!"—Well, we didn't get any lunch, and the driver who was an unfeeling, coarse-minded fellow without any aesthetic culture, remarked in a sneering tone: "If yer wanted hash, why the h— didn't yer ask fur it? Ole man Bukay talks American!" The memory of old man Bouquet's appearance during my first interview with him shall ever be one of the most fragrant reminiscences of my experience on the border.

CHAPTER XIV

HOLY WEEK IN SANTA FE

(April 10, 1881. Palm Sunday.) Getting nearer to Santa Fé, the road became firmer and better but much more hilly. Pine and piñon trees crowded in clusters down to the road. Droves of little burros passed us, each bearing a load, weighing from 150 to 300 lbs.

Heaps of boulders, surmounted by rude crosses, marked where Mexican funeral processions had halted on their way to the last resting place of the dead.

At Tesuque, an Indian pueblo, we obtained a little lunch at the house of a Dutchman while the driver was changing teams. We had beer and raw onions, jerked meat and very good bread—and enjoyed the meal very much.

At Santa Fé, I registered at the Exchange Hotel [1] and had hardly done so when Lieutenant Millard Goodwin,[2] R. Q. M. 9th Cavalry, an old friend, tapped me on the shoulder and insisted on taking me over to his Quarters, a proposition to which I assented the more gladly when I learned

1. This was the famous old hotel at the end of the Santa Fé Trail. It stood on the corner now occupied by La Fonda Hotel. The "new hotel" mentioned below was the former De Vargas Hotel, then being built on Washington Avenue, destroyed by fire in 1918.

2. Millard Fillmore Goodwin graduated from West Point two years after Bourke did. Born in New York, he had entered the Military Academy from Arizona, where his father was the first territorial governor. He was assigned to the 9th Cavalry in 1872, promoted to 1st lieutenant in 1879, and served as regimental quartermaster from January 1881 to May 1883. He resigned his commission the following August.

that he and my old mate Clare Stedman,[3] were messing together.

At same time, I met Mr. Rumsey of Omaha, who is going to keep the new Hotel (not yet completed) in Santa Fé, and Mr. Samuel Abbey, the Express Agent, who had servel in the same regiment with me as a private soldier during the war of the Rebellion.

At Goodwin's house, I had a most refreshing bath and then at dinner had the pleasure of meeting Goodwin's messmates—Lieuts. Glassford, Cornish & Emmet, the last a collateral descendant of the grand Irish patriot, Robert Emmet.[4]

After lunch, Major McKibbin, 15th Infantry, called upon me: I had known him when I first came to New Mexico in 1869 and we had much to say to each other in the way of old and half-forgotten friends.

With a party of gentlemen, I dropped in for a few moments at the gambling rooms of Mr. Shelby, one of the old timers of this country, who may have much information of value to me in my work. Despite the character of his profession, Mr. Shelby is regarded with much esteem by all who know him; he is believed to be of sterling integrity and is known as a man of high character and great public spirit. He is one of the social incongruities to be met with in a place like Santa Fé, where public opinion, under the influence of Mexican ideas, does not regard gaming as dishonorable. There was nothing going on during our visit which lasted merely for a moment, but I may say that the rooms were quietly but elegantly furnished and that Mr. Shelby is a gentleman of unusually urbane & polished manners.

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3. Clarence Augustus Stedman, born in Massachusetts, entered the Academy from Pennsylvania in 1865. He also served with the 9th Cavalry, as 2nd lieutenant, 1st lieutenant, and quartermaster. From March 1880 to January 1885 he was regimental adjutant.

4. Wm. Alex. Glassford was a cadet at West Point from 1871 to 1873, then entered the Signal Corps and from Nov. 1, 1879 to December 1890 was a 2nd lieutenant. Geo. Anthony Cornish was in Bourke's class at West Point; from January 1876 to September 1890, he was 1st lieutenant in the 15th Infantry. Robt. Temple Emmet left West Point in 1873 and was a 2nd lieutenant of the 9th Cavalry from June 1877 and until advanced in rank in January 1883. Later he served (from New York) in the Spanish-American War; and on Aug. 9, 1899, was awarded a congressional medal of honor "for distinguished gallantry in a fight with hostile Indians in action at Las Animas Canyon, New Mexico, 18 Sept, 1879."

Thence, Emmet and I went to the Cathedral of San Francisco, a grand edifice of cut stone, not more than half completed and enclosing within its walls the old church of adobe. As I purpose, at a later date, giving a more detailed account of this old building and others equally venerable in Santa Fé, as well as a sketch of the town itself, I will content myself now with saying that the town has been transformed by the trick of some magic wand during the past 12 yrs.

It has gas works, is putting in water works, building a new hotel, has a fine new college under the Christian Brothers, a convent school for girls,—and Metropolitan uniformed policemen! These innovations jostle against and contrast strangely with the medieval rookeries of adobe, the narrow streets, still lit at night with camphine torches or filled by day with a motley crew of hook-nosed Jews, blue-coated soldiers, curious tourists, señoritas wrapped to the eyes in rebosas, muchachos enfolded in bright colored serapes, Pueblo Indians stolidly marching alongside their patient burros, upon whose backs are tied great bundles of wood or hay.

We finished our stroll by entering the old church of San Miguel, on the other side of the Rio Chiquito, hoping to be in time for vespers, but, probably because it was Palm Sunday, there were no services.

In this church, are oil paintings, hundreds of years old, black with the dust and decay of Time, which were brought from Spain by the early missionaries. The present edifice stands upon the site of an older one, destroyed in the general revolt of the Pueblo Indians in 1680: the gallery and other parts of the old church are preserved in the new and upon the beams holding the walls together may be deciphered in quaint characters the inscription: "The Lord Marquis de la Peñuela made this building. The Royal Ensign, Don Agustín Flores Vergara, his servant, in the year *(obliterated)*."[5] With a feeling of awe we left a chapel whose walls had re-echoed the prayers of men who perhaps had looked into the faces of Cortés and Montezuma or listened to the gentle teachings of Las Casas; and then, after walking a few blocks, we took our stand in front of the old palace of the Spanish governors (said to be built upon and in part to include the ruins of the building used for the same purposes by the caciques of the Indians, inhabiting this country when

5. The date can be read, and doubtless correctly, as 1710.

the Spaniards came), and there heard the afternoon concert of selections from the Little Duke, Pinafore & Carmen played by the colored band of the 9th Cavalry.

It was certainly an odd jumble of ideas of the past and present suggested by a glance around. Here was the band of Africans to redeem whom from slavery had died the brave men to whose memory yonder cenotaph has been erected;[6] here is the palace of the old Castilian governors, across the street is the Hd. Qrs. of the Mil'y district,[7] not a musket shot distant, are the hoary old temples of San Miguel and Guadalupe—these have all passed away or with time shall pass away and the land which once honored them shall wonder who built them, but here in the streets, cavorting on prancing plugs from the livery stable, are a dozen hook-nosed descendants of the babies that Herod unfortunately failed to kill. Will *they* ever pass away? Back from the walls of Guadalupe and San Miguel, back from the walls of the Palace, echoing high in the blare of brazen trumpets, comes the answer "Never! The progress of Moses is ineradicable." When the Pyramids were young, the ancestors of these accipitrine-beaked youngsters were selling ready made clothes to the subjects of Rameses. I don't know the Egyptian for the phrase, but whatever it was, some benevolent looking old Israelite must often have bawled out in those days—"Isaac! Isaac! hont me town dot blum gulurd su-it mit der schvaller dails," and in the far distant Future when *we* shall have mouldered into dust, the same cry, the shibboleth of the all-conquering Hebrew, will resound in the land which has seen the Aztec, the Castilian and the American pass away.

At dinner to-night, we had Mr. Irwin, the Chief Engineer of the Denver & Rio Grande R. R.—a very companionable cultivated gentleman.

April 18th, 1881. Monday. Shortly after I had arisen and dressed, a Pueblo Indian and squaw knocked at the door; they wanted to sell pottery, of which I bought a half dozen pieces for very low prices. They speak Spanish very well and told me the Apaches and the Navajoes are the same people, but that the Apaches are "malos" (bad) and the Navajoes buenos (good.) The Pueblos were "buenos" be-

6. Referring to the monument in the center of the plaza, erected in 1867 by the Territorial legislature to the memory of those who had died in the Mexican War, the Civil War, and in the Indian wars. See further mention of it below.

7. Across Lincoln Avenue, on the site now occupied by the Art Museum.

cause they were "Católicos." In paying for the articles I purchased, I noticed that the woman kept the money.[8]

Worked hard at my journal all day, with an intermission of half an hour at noon, devoted to going in company with Goodwin to a jewelry store filled with most artistic gold and silver-ware of Mexican make; one brooch especially being a dazzling but barbaric incrustation of all the various kinds of precious stones found in this S.W. country. We also visited an unique establishment devoted to the sale of Indian pottery, basket-ware, stone-hammers, Navajo blankets and other articles of their manufacture. A great deal of the pottery was obscene but kept concealed from ladies visiting the place.

I took occasion to register my name in the book for that purpose at the Hd. Qrs. of the District. This book has been in use since 1854 and contains the signatures of the greater number of the officers who became famous during the war of the Rebellion; on the 1st page, I observed the names of A. D. McCook, J. W. Davidson, Gen. Sykes and several others, then subalterns but since Generals. Under date of Sept. 25th, 1869, appears my own autograph, "on leave of absence, en route to join regiment."[9]

Santa Fé possesses the only monument in the country to commemorate officers and soldiers killed in battles with hostile Indians. The Dode monument at West Point, N. Y. is not a monument in the sense in which I am here using the term; it has no *national* or *state* significance, but was paid for by private contributions from personal friends of the victims. So, the Custer monstrosity at the same place, is happily, not a national work. I can't recall an instance in which the General Government has seen fit to recognize the services of men who gave up their lives to extend her frontiers; there has been a little talk about having stones erected on the Big Horn and Rosebud fields, but I am not in a position to state whether or not this talk has been allowed to subside or has taken practical shape.

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8. To the ordinary observer this would seem merely an individual peculiarity, but Bourke recognized its ethnological significance—and so jotted it down. It may still be seen among Pueblo Indians, and it roots back to times before there was any money and when the man brought home food-supplies and turned them over to his woman.

9. This old register was removed from Santa Fé many years ago. If it can be located, it should be returned to Santa Fé and placed in the Historical Society Museum. Bourke added a clipping from the *New Mexican Review* which probably appeared that same week, so he may have called public attention to the old record.

April 12th, 1881. Tuesday. Lieutenant C. A. Stedman returned from El Paso, Texas, in company with General Hatch and Captain Woodruff. Stedman and I had not met since the day of my graduation and were mutually delighted to meet in his quarters and review old recollections and keep alive the warm friendship always existing between us. I paid my respects to General Hatch who received me most courteously; he is a very handsome and soldierly man and has done an immense amount of hard work.

About noon there was a very violent storm of thunder and hail, lasting, however, only a few minutes.

Toward dusk, I walked about the Mexican part of the city and entered a number of grocery stores where I inquired the prices of all sorts of commodities merely to keep me in practice in the language.

Captain Woodruff called in the evening and remained with us several hours, talking over old times.

April 13th, 1881. Wednesday. Had another interview with General Hatch this morning & explained the scope of the investigations I had been ordered to make. The General seemed to be greatly interested and promised to extend me every assistance in his power. He also asked me to go with him on a visit to the Navajoes in the N.W. corner of the Territory, and upon our return to go to the Northern Pueblos, as far as Taos. He gave me a most exact and interesting description of the evolutions of the Mexican troops he had reviewed at El Paso last week and praised them in high terms for discipline, cleanliness and high soldierly qualities.

April 14th, 1881. This being Holy Thursday, I went to the Cathedral of San Miguel [10] to hear mass, arriving, however, somewhat too late. As the crowd of worshippers was leaving the church, one of them, a lady beckoned to me. Approaching her, I recognized the wife of my friend, Captain Woodruff, who presented me to the lady in her company. This latter proved to be Mrs. Synnington, a Mexican young lady of the Armijo family, and a very beautiful woman. I went with the ladies as far as Mrs. Synnington's house, where I met her husband, who showed me a number of very beautiful Navajo and Mexican blankets. Their little

10. This was a slip, as Bourke meant the Cathedral of San Francisco. San Miguel was the old chapel south of the river, already mentioned. See below, the notes on Easter Sunday.

boy is one of the loveliest children I've ever seen. I was delighted with the family which showed in a marked degree all the traits of Castilian good breeding, dignified but extremely cordial manners and very frank gentle behavior.

I accompanied Mrs. Woodruff to her house and early in the afternoon returned to the church to be in time for vespers. I arrived as the bells were tolling and was fully rewarded for my trouble. The old church in itself is a study of great interest; it is cruciform in shape, with walls of adobe, bent slightly out of the perpendicular. Along these walls, at regular intervals, are arranged rows of candles in tin sconces with tin reflectors. The roof is sustained by bare beams, resting upon quaint corbels. The stuccoing and plaster work of the interior evince a barbaric taste, but have much in them worthy of admiration. The ceilings are blocked out in square panels tinted in green, while two of the walls are laid off in pink and two in light brown. The pictures are, with scarcely an exception, tawdry in execution, loud colors predominating, no doubt with good effect upon the minds of the Indians.

The stucco and fresco work back of the main altar includes a number of figures of life size, of saints I could not identify and of Our Lady. In one place, a picture of the Madonna and Child, represents them both with gaudy crowns of gold and red velvet. The vestments of Archbishop Lamy and the attendant priests were gorgeous fabrics of golden damask.

The congregation, largely composed of women and children were almost entirely of Mexican or Indian blood, swarthy countenances, coal black manes and flashing eyes being the rule, altho' three was by no means a total absence of beautiful faces. Fashion had made some innovations upon the ancient style of dress; cheap straw bonnets and the last Chatham street outrage in the shape of cheap hats were ranged alongside of the traditional black tapalo and rebosa.

One of the priests preached a very excellent sermon in Spanish from the text: "This is my body." I did all I could to listen to and understand it, but such an epedemic of coughing, hawking, spitting and sniffling seized upon the congregation that it was impossible for me, a foreigner, to make out one third of what was said. I was perplexed, annoyed and amused at the constant interruption of the sermon, a very able one, so far as I could make out, but

utterly ruined in its effect by the continuous barking of the women and children.

The sermon over, the Archbishop washed the feet of twelve of the altar boys, a custom which I have never before seen in this country.

Lieutenant Emmet and I visited one of the Campo Santos, (graveyards) hoping to come upon some antique headstones; we failed to find anything of the age we sought. The head-boards were all modern, dating back only to the incoming of the American element: the older graves either had lost their head-boards, or what is much more likely, never had any, and had been marked only by a mound of water-worn cobble-stones and a diminutive wooden cross.

The inscriptions ran in much the same terms as those to be found in our own cemeteries: "En memoria [cross] de Rosario Duran, Esposa de Juan Sisneros. Falleció Junio 13 de 1877, de edad, 26 años. Rogad por ella."

En Memoria x de Guadalupe Real, Falleció el 3 de Junio, de 1877. Edad tres meces y tres dias."

"En memoria de Manuela Casado, falleció el dia 18 de Abril de 1877, y nasió el dia 1, de Enero, Año de 1806. Gose en Paz."

"Aqui yase Nasario Ortiz, fallecido á la edad de 49 años, el dia 8 de Abril de 1878. En Paz Gose."[11]

Lieutenant John Conline, 9th Cavalry, came into Santa Fé this evening. He was at the Mil't. Academy with Woodruff, Stedman, Goodwin and myself and is a splendid fellow in every particular.[12]

At same hour almost, arrived Captain Edward Pollock, 9th Infantry, Inspector General of the District, returning from an official tour to Fort Lewis, Colorado. He is an old friend of mine in the Department of the Platte, to whom I make references in my note-book of the campaign against the Sioux & Cheyennes, in November 1876. General Hatch also called upon us and remained nearly the whole evening, the conversation being very animated and agreeable.

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11. Bourke underscored letters which were incorrect in spelling on the head-boards.

12. Conline entered West Point in 1863, so he was two years ahead of Bourke. Assigned to the 9th Cavalry in 1870, he was made a 1st lieutenant in November 1875. In 1890, he was made a brevet captain "for gallant service in action against Indians in the San Andreas mountains, N. Mex., 7 April 1880"—which relates to the outbreak of the Mescalero and Hot Springs Apaches in 1879-1880.

April 15th, 1881. Good Friday. Swallowed a cup of coffee for an early breakfast and started at 8 a. m. for the old "chalcahuitl" (turquoise) mine, 23 m. S. from Santa Fé in the foot-hills of the Sandía Mountains, called the Cerrillos. Our party consisted of the Messers. Smith, father and son, guests and old friends of Gen'l. Hatch, and myself. We were provided with a comfortable ambulance, a good driver and four excellent mules and rapidly traversed an uninteresting and dusty country, dotted at sparse intervals with houses of reddish adobe, scarcely distinguishable from the ground upon which they stood.

Eighteen miles out from Santa Fé, passed through Bonanza City, a mining town springing up over a deposit of silver and lead carbonates. Twenty (20) miles from town is Carbonateville, another mining "city," with houses and "saloons," of adobe frame work, or canvas. In this neighborhood, we entered the foot-hills (cerrillos)—which are thinly covered with a growth of scrub cedar and piñon. The "chalcahuitl" hill was distinguished by a large wooden cross upon its summit: it is conical in form and at its very apex commences the series of excavations and tunnels from which the Indians obtained the (to them) invaluable gem. The "country rock" I take to be a siliceous limestone, readily splitting into fragments under the action of fire. This seemed to have been the method employed by the savages and the walls and ceilings of several of the excavations were heavily encrusted with soot, from fires made years ago. The "chalcahuitl," occurs in narrow seams not more than ⅛ to ½ in. thick and is not, strictly speaking, turquoise, but rather an anhydrous carbonate of copper (azulite) very beautiful in color and susceptible to high polish.[13]

Turquoise is Phosphate of Alumina, colored by Oxide of Copper. (The Apaches in Arizona—in fact all the tribes over there, think highly of this stone, use it as an armlet, pendant from the neck or else inlay it in the stocks of their guns.) In the very center of the Indian excavations, a deep shaft penetrates the ground to the depth of several hundred feet and a notice tacked to one of the timbers informs the reader that—Hyde has duly complied with all the require-

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13. Later, apparently, Bourke here inserted a long clipping from the Santa Fé *New Mexican* of July 13, 1881, which is an article by Prof. B. Stillman, copied from the *American Journal of Science*, July, 1881. Sillman credited Prof. Wm. P. Blake with "our first detailed notice of this ancient mine" which had appeared in the same Journal in 1857.

ments of the mining laws in the location of the "Chalcahuitl Lode" to mine for carbonates &c.[14]

Not knowing anything about carbonate ores, I am not ready to give an opinion upon the prospects of the "Cerrillos" district, but I noticed that the "formation" was almost identical with what I've read concerning that near Leadville. There is the same iron-stained "cap rock" and the same friable siliceous lime stone which in Leadville are always found in close proximity to the silver and lead bonanzas. Upon every hill in the Cerrillos, shafts and prospect holes have been sunk, but the amount of development upon any one mine is very meagre. Many of the houses are dug-outs, having only a door and front-wall of man's workmanship, the rest of the edifice being Nature's handiwork.

At this point, we investigated the contents of a lunch-basket, packed for us by Mrs. Hatch; it formed, by far, the most interesting episode of the day.

Coming back, when within 16 miles of the city, we discerned a small procession of women and children climbing like ants up the abrupt flank of a high conical hill of basaltic blocks, upon the crest of which a large cross was visible for a great distance. Thinking they might be "penitentes," my companions and myself jumped from our ambulance and clambored up the stony trail in pursuit of the procession. I reached the cross first and found 3 young women and as many as a dozen boys and girls in the attitude of prayer. I interrogated them and learned that they were not "penitentes" but "buenos Catolicos"; that this was "Viernes Santo" (Good Friday) and that not having any church they had erected this cross in this elevated position to let all their "projimos" see it and gather together for devotional exercises.

One of the women was named McLain, one Espinosa, and one Padilla. They asked if I was a Catholic and upon receiving my answer that I was a very bad one, invited me to join them in the Rosary which I consented to do: and then la señora Espinosa began to intone in a very clear, sweet voice the *Angelic Salutation.*

I had to listen very carefully to catch the words, but as the prayer was repeated over and over again, I soon learned it and was able to join in the responses. I think it ran this way:

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14. This Hyde was doubtless the "D. C. Hyde," who, according to the Sillman article, had recently explored the old workings.

"Santo Maria, Dios te salve; tu eres llena de gracia, y entre mujeres tu eres bendita y bendito el fruto de tu vientre, Jesus.

"Santa Maria, madre de Dios, rezad por nosotros, pecadores, ahora y en la hora de nuestra muerte, Amen."

It looked to me as if they never would get through. Influenced by the example of these poor women, I had dropped on one knee and the sharp fragments of rock were beginning to make my joints ache. At last they finished their prayers with a very earnest one for the prosperity of our country, for the enlightment of our rulers and for the safety of all at sea. I arose, shook hands with the ladies, bade them Adios! and clambered down the mountain; my companions were neither of them very strong nor used to mountain climbing and did not gain the summit until I was about ready to descend. Odd as the whole thing was to me, it had a touch of simple, childlike piety which was very pathetic.

In the evening called upon Captain and Mrs. Loud.[15]

April 16th, 1881. From my rambles around Santa Fé, I have seen much to impress me with the great changes wrought within the past decade. The newspapers are no longer issued in Spanish, and with the advertisements, store signs &c. are printed entirely in English. Numbers of private houses are finished with tin roofs, & painted, plastered and decorated in such a beautiful manner that they would be an addition to any young city. The streets are still filled with droves of burros tottering under immense loads of leña (fire-wood) and driven along by stealthy-footed Indians, robed in the old-time serape. It is a city of the past, awakening to a newer and more vigorous life, but yet one in which the remains of forgotten generations shall long present lessons of instruction and interest to the student and traveller.

Lieut. Emmet and I drove in an ambulance to Tesuque, 10 m. from Santa Fé. This pueblo, of which I shall at another time, make a more careful examination and more detailed description, is composed of adobe houses all of two stories and facing upon a common "plaza" or square. This plaza is faultlessly clean, and the same praise rightfully

15. John Sylvanus Loud enlisted in 1862 as a private in the New York National Guard, and rose to the rank of captain. After the Civil War he was given a commission in the 9th Cavalry as a 2nd lieutenant. He was made a captain in January 1880.

pertains to everything visible in the village. The Indians themselves are short and squatty, but powerful in build and present a remarkable similarity to the Apaches. We saw a couple of old squaws sitting in what little sunlight struggled through the lowering clouds, and near them were two half-grown boys bearing on their backs huge bundles of firewood. We asked one of the women to point out to us the house of the "gobernador." She understood Spanish and directed one of the party of little boys and girls to show us the way; the little girl not alone but the whole gang with her obeyed the order. We were marched over to the other side of the plaza and observed on our way that the chimneys of the houses were made of earthenware pots, placed one upon another and coated with mud, that upon the roofs in nearly all cases were bake-ovens, and that to enter any house it was necessary first to ascend a ladder to the roof of the first story and then descend to the living rooms. Because we did not attend to this last peculiarity, we walked quite around the residence of the gobernador, followed by the whole swarm of boys and girls laughing and screaming at our ignorance. At last, we found the proper ladder and climbed to the second story. This was built upon the first, but the walls were not, as with us, flush with the front walls of the edifice. They receded in such a manner as to leave a platform in front; this was the roof of the first story and was formed of round pine logs, covered with small branches and afterwards plastered smoothly with mud.

Almost immediately behind us, bearing a baby upon his back, came the "gobernador" himself. He invited us to *descend* again *into* the house which altho' a trifle close was clean and in good order, warmed by a bright fire of cedar knots blazing on the hearth in one corner. We were first presented to his wife and little daughters; the former making moccasins with soles of rawhide, the latter grinding corn upon metates.

First, the "gobernador" or "cacique" (he acknowledged both titles [16]) showed us two silver headed batons of office; one, marked in plain script—"President Lincoln á Tesuque, 1863," and the other, unmarked, received from the Mexican

16. This must have been an error, due to the fact that up to this time Bourke had had little opportunity to study the social organization of the Pueblo Indians. The cacique was the spiritual head of the tribe—a life office; the governor and other officers of an Indian town were elected annually and had charge of its material affairs. The former should be the best informed man in any pueblo—which this man clearly was not.

Government before the coming of the "Americanos." Hanging on the wall alongside of these was a doll-figure of San Antonio and several crude and time-blackened holy pictures from Mexico. A very small window of nine lights opened upon the plaza. I asked the Gobernador what material was employed before they had glass; he answered promptly "yeso," (selenite) but added that now there was not a single pueblo employing that material "en ninguna parte." [17]

A couple of Apache baskets lay in one corner; I inquired whence they came; "de los Apaches"—he replied—"Nosotros cambiamos nuestros géneros por los de los Apaches cada año." Then he showed us a gourd rattle (filled with stones) and another made of a tortoise shell and antelope hoof; also a drumstick, with knob of buck-skin stuffed with hair; all these were "por la música de las fiestas, de los bailes." The bedding in the corner was of colchones and Mexican black, white and blue striped blankets; no Navajo blankets were to be seen, altho' he said they traded with the Navajoes and with all the tribes around. Finding him in a communicative mood, I asked him to name the tribes with which they had commercial relations. He promptly told off on his fingers—Apaches, Navajoes, Utes, Shoshonees, Comanches, Kiowas, Arapahoes, Napanannoes (Lipans) Tissúroquis (Absórokas=Crows?) and two other tribes whose names I cannot recall but from the direction given by his finger, I am certain they were the Cheyennes and the Pawnees or Sioux. I made him go over the list three times and did all I could to shake him in his assertion, but he stuck to this statement and said further that the Súsonee, (Shoshonees) were the same as the Utes, but lived a little beyond them. Furthermore, he said the Súsonnee, the Ute, the Comanches, the Kiowas, the Tissúroquis, and the Arapahoes were one and the same people, even if they didn't speak the same language. The Napannannos (the Lipans) were "la misma sangre" with the Apaches and Navajoes. In communicating with people who didn't understand their language or Spanish, they (Tesuques) spoke with their fingers (i. e. used the sign language).

The only fire-arm visible in the house was an old flintlock. I asked him if the Tesuques were good Catholics—he responded in the affirmative. "But, continued I, have you not another religion, that of your antepasados (fore-

17. The governor was mistaken, for a few such windows may still be seen in a number of the pueblos.

fathers)? Haven't you an estufa here? (Estufa-stove, is the name applied to the room in which was habitually kept the sacred fire of all these building Indians.) I will pay you if you will show me the estufa." "Sta bueno," said the gobernador and leading us out of the house by the same means by which we had entered, he moved forward almost to the S. E. corner of the Pueblo. In the upper story of one of the houses on our way we saw what looked like strips of cork piled one upon the other; it was dried cow manure kept "para quemar loza" (to burn crockery.)

"Este es la iglesia" (this is the church) said our guide, pointing to a sadly dilapidated one story flat roofed adobe structure, surmounted by a very small bell: we did not care much to examine the church just then, as the "estufa" was immediately behind it, but isolated from the rest of the village. The rumbling thunder warned us that we had not many minutes to spare and must economize as much as possible if we wished to escape a drenching. Like every other building (except, I think, the church) the estufa was entered by a ladder, in this case wide enough for two persons at once. The roof was shaky and the ladder running down into the "estufa" half-rotten and very rickety. The room was about 20′ square and 8′ high, without any opening save that of the entrance through the roof and a small hole on the level of the floor which looked as if it has been worn through. On one side, occupying a space between the wall and the center of the room, were the remains of a council fire and against one of the walls, was a small framework upon which, we were told, they placed a quantity of blazing wood, "lo mismo como una lámpara"—in the manner of a lamp. I asked is this lamp "por el sol? (for the sun) He answered briskly, Sí (yes.) but I have my suspicions as to the sincerity of his statement. Upon further interrogation, the cacique said:—"I myself know nothing, or but little of these things, but the viejos (old men) say that our ancestors came from over there, from the rising of the sun, (pointing to the *North-East)*. They first lived in caves before they came here to build houses and then they moved down the river (Rio Grande) toward Chihuahua. All these caves you see in the cañons are the old dwellings of our forefathers.

When we want to transact business, we light that fire and meet here. (Council Fire.) but, en el mes de Octubre (in the month of October) we light the fire here and the

lamp over against the wall: and when we have those lit, no other Indians can come in and no white men.

The other pueblos have fires the same as we have in this estufa and so used the Comanches and the other tribes I told you of. They didn't have estufas, because they were not "techados." (i.e. didn't live under roofs.)

When our forefathers took up this ground and began to build houses, it was just like this, (drawing a circle on the ground.) Now in this place, (in the circle) all the "vivientes" were. (by the term "vivientes" or living people, I conjectured that he referred to the Pueblo Indians.) But the others did not build houses like us; *they* made their living by hunting venado and cibola. The Apaches and Navajoes and the Napannanoes passed around us. They came from the same place we did, but we were here first. We are all of the same blood and why not? Tenemos la misma cara, pero diferentes lenguas—no mas. (We have the same countenances, but different languages and that's all.) Now, it's the same with you; you are all one people and have the same faces; but you are divided into Americanos, Irlandeses, Franceses, Alemanes y Italianos. The people of Santa Clara San Juan, Moqui, Nambé, Tesuque and Taos, speak one language; those of Tegua (one of the Moqui towns), Ysleta, Jémez, Pecos, Cochití, Laguna, Acoma and Zuñi (?) are all one people."[18]

He then named the different pueblos: I think that, altogether, he mentioned 23, but, since I shall visit each of them this summer, I don't think it worth while to recapitulate them at this point.

We considered that the cacique's conversation had been worth a little silver, which we gave him much to his gratification, and saying Adios, we started back for Santa Fé, in a brisk rain storm which lasted nearly through the night.

April 17th, 1881. (Easter Sunday.) Attended mass at the Cathedral of San Francisco: the church, of course, was jammed, the altar a mass of light reflected back in the sheen of the gold embroidered vestment of the Archbishop and his assistants. The singing was execrable, but this unpleasant feature was in a great measure redeemed by the sermon delivered by Archbishop Lamy. His voice is weak, but his enunciation clear and distinct and his knowledge of Span-

18. Bourke's informant made a sorry mess of the facts here. He has jumbled together pueblos which speak six distinct languages.

ish precise and scholarly. To my great delight, I understood every word. His remarks bore upon the events commemorated during Holy Week and the triumphant resurrection typified and celebrated in the joy of Easter; of our Savior's reappearance among his Disciples and his reproof to the doubting Thomas for his want of Faith; how we resembled Thomas in this respect as we remained blind to the miracles of His power and continually offended Him by indifference to the Grace He wished to confer; that the present was the only time left us; the Past was gone and the Future uncertain. As man sowed so should he reap and unless we planted the seed of good works, we could not hope to share in the Harvest of Eternal joys with Christ.

In the afternoon Emmet and I went to a Mexican funeral; only a hearse, followed by a long column of mourning friends—two by two—no ostentatious display at all and a very sensible affair in all its bearings.

In turning away to leave the cemetery, I was shocked to find that I had been standing upon the graves of my old friends, Lt. and Mrs. W. J. Sartle, with whom I had passed many pleasant hours of service at Fort Craig, on the Rio Abajo, in 1869.

Stedman and I had a very pleasant dinner this evening with our friends Captain and Mrs. Woodruff.

April 18th, 1881. Monday. A glorious morning. A sky of sapphire, birds warbling merrily in the branches of trees fast turning green in a vesture of tender foliage. I began my rounds this morning by inspecting the lovely silver-ware at Lucas' and yielding to the temptation of purchasing some of the exquisite filagree work spread out for my inspection. Then I called upon his Excellency, Governor Lew Wallace, at the Palace and was received most courteously. Governor Wallace told me two things: 1st that the East wall of the palace was the wall of the Indian building stormed by the Spaniards when they recaptured Santa Fé, in 1692, and that it was believed to antedate the coming of the Spaniards to this country; and 2nd that the Indians of Mexico and New Mexico, meaning the Aztecs and Pueblos, did not worship the Sun, but the Rattlesnake.

The Governor introduced me to Mr. Ellison, the custodian of the Archives, who showed me about the Palace, which is the Administration building of the Territorial

Government.[19] Here the U. S. Court holds its sessions, the Governor has his office and the other officials their bureaux. Mr. Ellison took me into the room which he said was the oldest in the building. It certainly looks to be several centuries old, but as the beams are of *sawed* lumber, its construction must have been posterior to the advent of the "Conquistadores." On the E. side, the old foundations are still perceptible, cropping out above the pavement. They resemble the foundations of old buildings in Arizona. Next, we went into the archives' room and saw bundles upon bundles of paper, piled high above each other, in an inextricable confusion. There is no shelving, no glass-casing—nothing to retard the destroying influences of time and weather. Dust lies thick upon the leaves; mildew and decay have obliterated much of the writing and worst of all it is said that a former Governor—a drunken, political dead-beat, named Pyle, used many of these valuable documents for kindling the fires in his Office and sold cart-loads of others for waste-paper! Mr. Ellison is laboring occasionally to bring order out of Chaos, and as he is not only a patient student, but has a fluent knowledge of Spanish, I look for much good from his exertions.

Perceiving my great interest in the old Spanish pamphlets, Mr. Ellison gave me one or two to translate; with the printed ones there was no difficulty except in technical law terms; but the manuscripts were very difficult to decipher, the hand-writing being not only almost illegible, but peculiar in its way of forming letters &c. The printed matter on the other side is a copy of a treaty made with the Apaches who revolted in 1810. Having seen considerable hard service against the very bands mentioned in the Treaty, I asked Mr. Ellison to give me a copy of it which he kindly did and the following translation must do until someone comes along knowing Spanish better than I do and make a better. "Fundamental terms of the Peace granted to the Apaches in rebellion in the State of Chihuahua. Whereas, in the year 1810, the Gileña and Mescalero Apaches, having craved peace unconditionally and without

19. Governor Wallace held office from 1878 to 1881; Samuel Ellison was Territorial librarian from 1880 to 1889. The latter was "a Kentuckian who went to Texas as a lieutenant in 1837, served in the Mexican War as quartermaster, and came to this territory from Mexico in 1848 with Col. Washington. Later he was secretary, interpreter, translator, legislator, and held various other positions before being made librarian and keeper of the archives in 1881." (Bancroft, *Ariz. & N. Mex.*, 791, note)

rations, the following Reservations were assigned for their occupancy and maintenance, to wit;

To the Mescaleros, from San Elceario North to the North (or opposite) bank of the River (Grande) thence to the Sacramento Mountains, including intermediate ranges which they shall continue to enjoy (possession of.)

To the Gileña. From the Copper Range, to the Little Black Mountain, including the Bummer and Osier ranges, which they shall continue to enjoy (possession of) also.

To those who have revolted from San Buenaventura, Carrizal [Reeds], and Janos, may be assigned lands from the Little mouth of Janos or the Corral of Quintero, Acha, near Saranpion, Burras to the little house,[19a] with all the intermediate lands up to Santa Lucia, all of them to recognize the jurisdiction of Janos.

Let it be generally understood; 1st, that they must not pass from their Reservations to the interior of the State, without the express permission of Hd. Qrs. and in the numbers permitted; 2nd, they pledge themselves to return all stolen property now in their possession. Encinillas (The Little Oaks.) July 28th, 1832. José Joaquin Calvo. Copied at Chihuahua, August 30th, 1832. Cayetano Justiniani. Secretary." (Translated by Lt. John G. Bourke, U. S. Army.)

Mr. Ellison promised to hunt up and present me with one of the old Spanish orders organizing a military expedition against the Indians.

Mrs. Woodruff took me with her to see the Convent and chapel of Loretto. We first passed into a large orchard of fruit trees of many varieties, all in full blossom, then across a broad vegetable garden and at last entered the interior corridor of the convent. Faultless neatness was the rule everywhere, not a speck of dirt or dust visible.

No one answered our repeated pull upon the bell, so we assumed the right to enter the Chapel, the loveliest piece of church architecture in the S.W. country. The nave is an original arch of great beauty, leading to the steps of the main altar in front of which hangs a very large lamp of solid silver. A very well built geometrical stairway leads to the choir where the sisters sing during the celebration of the Holy Offices. It afforded me much pleasure to see this

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19a. The Spanish phrase here, *á la casita*, uses a vulgarism with which Bourke was unfamiliar. The verb *casar* means to marry or unite; and *casita*, therefore may mean (as here) little marriage or union.

lovely little temple, so sweet, so pure and bright, attesting the constant presence and attention of refined and gentle womanhood—far different from the damp dark mouldy recesses of San Francisco, San Miguel or Guadalupe.

The funeral of a tiny Mexican baby stopped our progress on the way home; we looked for a moment at the tiny coffin, decked with pink gauze and artificial flowers, bearing its little burden of puny babyhood to the grim threshold of the Great Hereafter. The child pall-bearers gazed at us with mute curiosity, but the mother acknowledged our looks of sympathy with a kindly glance and courtesy as the procession resumed its way.

At lunch, our mess behaved most outrageously today. Our friend, Conline, is a fanatical admirer of the 1st Napoleon and has read attentively nearly all the literature touching upon his achievements. It was preconcerted among us that a systematic and vehement assault upon the memory of the great soldier should be commenced the moment we sat down to the table. Cornish led off and I replied with a very feeble defence of the Corsican; we fanned the flame with skill and before our cups of tea were finished had the satisfaction of seeing poor Conline almost beside himself with rage.

After lunch, visited the establishment of Mr. Fisher where I saw a very good assortment of bear and other skins, Navajo blankets, Pueblo pottery, old stone axes and hammers.

From Fisher's "tienda," I went to the old house, said to have been in existence before the Spaniards came to Santa Fé. I examined it carefully, found it to be an extremely antiquated two story edifice, with *round* rafters thickly encrusted with grime and soot; the second story was reached by a ladder. Upstairs, were a number of very old crucifixes, one, of especial sanctity and efficacy no doubt, being tenderly wrapped up in dust-stained gauze, cheap artificial flowers, *wheels* of watches, glass beads and other decorations.

Lt. Cook, 15th Inf't., arrived in the evening, dined at the mess and entertained us for an hour with music on the guitar and singing.[20]

Stedman, Emmet, Cornish and self called upon Gen'l. Hatch and wife. I was shown the General's fine collection

20. This seems to have been George Frederick Cooke, native of Ohio, who at this time was a 1st lieutenant with the 15th Infantry.

of pottery, stone implements, Navajo and Mexican blankets, and listened to his narrative of what he had seen in this Territory. Among other things of which I was told, was the ruined city or series of cities, some miles North of here, running for a total distance of 20 to 30 miles.[21] The General inclines to the opinion that the cave-dwellings have only recently been abandoned and cities in proof the discovery by himself and others of corn cobs still firm and compact. Emmet spoke of an ossuary or charnel-house in a cave dwelling opened near the source of the Gila; pottery, stone axes, corn-cobs, human bones, cremated, were all found in abundance, covered by a stratum of bat-manure, 3 ft. in thickness. Allusion was also made to the fact that dig where you will, in and about Santa Fé human remains will be exhumed, showing the antiquity of the population residing here.

April 19th 1881. Tuesday. Stedman and I visited the old church of our Lady of Guadalupe. It shows great age in its present condition quite as much as in the archaic style of its construction. The exterior is dilapidated and time-worn; but the interior is kept clean and in good order and in very much the condition it must have shown generations ago. The pictures are nearly all venerable daubs, with few pretensions to artistic merit. At present, I am not informed upon this point and cannot speak with assurance, but I strongly suspect that most of them were the work of priests connected with the early missions of Mexico. Many of the frames are of tin. The arrangement for lighting this chapel are the old time tapers in tin sconces referred to in the description of San Francisco and San Miguel. The beams and timber exposed to sight have been chopped out with axes or adzes, which would seem to indicate that this sacred edifice was completed or at least commenced before the work of colonization had made much progress.

In the evening, I attended the session of the U. S. Supreme Court, which was engaged in the trial of a man for murder. The proceedings were in English, but as all the jurors were Spanish, the employment of an interpreter became necessary, and he was an extraordinarily fine one

21. Edward Hatch, born in Maine, was an officer from Iowa during the Civil War and served with distinction. In 1866 he was commissioned colonel of the 9th Cavalry and in 1876-81 he was in command of the military district of New Mexico. It was he who drove the Apache chief Victorio south into Mexico, where the latter was killed in 1880. The ruins here mentioned were probably the cliff-dwellings of the Pajarito Plateau.

too; the Prosecuting Attorney was delivering his speech against the prisoner; he spoke loudly and rapidly, but scarcely had the words escaped his lips before the interpreter had echoed them in Spanish, and in excellent Spanish, too, choosing the exact word to represent the nicest shades of meaning or to translate the technical terms of the law. Practice, certainly, had much to do with this; yet practice could never have supplied the want of a keen intellect had not Mr. Sena possessed it.[22]

Major Bennett, 9th Cavalry, on duty as Agent of the Navajo Indians, arrived from his Reservation this evening.[23] He has had remarkable success in his management of the powerful tribe under his charge and is noted for his intelligent square-dealing, good-natured firmness and unflinching courage.

April 20th, 1881. The telegrams announce the death of the Earl of Beaconsfield.

Rain has drizzled down all day, interfering greatly with my plans for examining points of interest in Santa Fé. Captain Woodruff came to see me this evening and we had a very pleasant couple of hours together, chatting over old times.

April 21st, 1881. Morning, damp and showery.

April 22nd, 1881. I devoted some few moments this morning to making another visit to the jewelry establishment of Lucas and Co., where I purchased a couple of exquisite articles of silver and gold filagree; thence, to the pottery establishment of Mr. Gold to secure one or two of the earthenware bowls of the Pueblo Indians, and lastly, purchased

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22. José D. Sena was born in Santa Fé in 1837, son of Don Juan Sena who had come from Old Mexico, a trader. In the Civil War, Don José was a captain of the 2nd regiment, New Mexico volunteers, and for distinguished service in the battle of Valverde he was promoted to major. At the close of the war, he was in charge of the rebuilding of Fort Marcy in Santa Fé. "Resigning his commission, Major Sena became sheriff of Santa Fé county, which office he held for twelve years. He occupied many offices of honor and trust and for many years was an interpreter in the courts of New Mexico, in which profession he had few if any superiors." (Twitchell, *Leading Facts of New Mexican History*, ii, 388, note) A son of the same name, Col. José D. Sena, vice-president of the Historical Society for the last ten years, has also distinguished himself by many years of public service and enjoys a well-merited reputation as an interpreter.

23. Frank Tracy Bennett, native of Ohio, served during the Civil War. In 1867 he was commissioned a captain in the 39th Infantry, but in December 1870 he was assigned to the 9th Cavalry, and in June 1885 was made major of the 2nd Cavalry.

from a Tesuque Pueblo Indian, a willow basket, of the peculiar form made by that people.

I bade a hurried good-bye to the Woodruffs, to Mrs. Hatch and Mrs. Lee and had the great pleasure of an interview with my old friend, Colonel Lee, who returned from Chicago this morning.[24] Colonel Lee brought me the sad news of the sudden death of my friend Mr. H. W. Farrar, who made the trip to the Big Horn & Yellowstone with our party in 1877. The Colonel was, in 1870, depot Quartermaster at Tucson, A. T. and we there saw much of each other. I could fill pages with reminiscences of the town of Tucson as it then was, but have no leisure at this moment for so doing and will simply refer back to passages in my note-books.[25]

24. James G. C. Lee, native of Canada, served during the Civil War from Ohio. He was commissioned major in the quartermaster department in July 1879, although Bourke here speaks of him as colonel.

25. Unfortunately any notebooks of that date are missing, but see N. MEX. HIST. REV., ix, pp. 70-77.

(To be continued)