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CHAPTER XVIII

SECOND VISIT TO THE NAVAHO

May 22nd, 1881. Remained at Fort Wingate.

May 23rd, 1881. Drove to Fort Defiance (Navajo Agency) 50 miles. Saw a dead burro on the road: and in cañon, not far from the "haystacks" noticed outcroppings of coal. Came up with a party of three young Mormons with whom I entered into conversation. They told me that they had come down from Salt Lake City to work upon the extension of the Atlantic and Pacific R. R., under contract of J. W. Young, son of the prophet.[1] They were now returning to Utah, and by slow marches expected to reach there within 3 weeks. They told me that their church was actively prosecuting its missionary work among the Indians of Arizona, especially the Navajoes.

At Defiance, met Mr. Packer of the Smithsonian Institute, a bright young gentleman engaged in the taking of the census of the Indian tribes.

My old friend Mr. Leonard presented me with two (2) solid silver pendants, made in the shape of the crescent moon, with the features of a man well delineated. These were obtained from (2) two different Indians and exemplified the worship of the Sun and Moon.

Mr. Packer showed me the gentile organization of the Navajoes, consisting of 42 different clans or bands, among which are the descendants of the Pueblos driven out of Jemez and other villages by the Spaniards under Espejo[2] in

1. Bourke is referring to Brigham Young who led the Mormon people to Utah. It was the first Joseph Smith who was the "prophet."

2. For Espejo read Vargas. Bourke has the name correctly later in his notes.

1692-1700. A fierce sand storm made the evening almost intolerable notwithstanding the kind attentions of my good friends, Bennett and Leonard.

May 24th, 1881. Mr. Packer left early this morning for Washington.

Lippi, a Navajo squaw living close to the Agency, died last night; and after breakfast, I went over with Colonel Bennett to obtain something of an insight into the mortuary customs of this people. Ordinarily, when a Navajo dies, his friends leave his body in the "hogan" which they pull down over it: on the present occasion, we were told that there was, for some reason to be a funeral which I now attempt to describe.

Near the "hogan" of the dead woman were (3) three naked Navajoes, whose only dress was moccasins and breech-clout. These, with some ceremony were lassoing a pony which they then proceeded to saddle and bridle. The corpse was next rolled up in a number of blankets, those nearest the person being fine and valuable. One of the Indians covered the animal with black and white sheep-skins, upon which the dead body was placed, not a word being spoken all this time, but all necessary communications being by sign.

One of the trio officiated as master of ceremonies and was promptly obeyed by his two subordinates. Fifty paces farther on and in front of another "hogan," were congregated (16) sixteen of the nearest relatives of the dead and around them were scattered all the articles taken from the hogan of the deceased, previous to her death and also the herd of sheep and goats of which she had been owner. I don't attempt to prove my proposition but I am strongly of the opinion that when a Navajo, particularly one who is at all well to do, is about to die, his relatives seize everything in the "hogan" and pile it up outside to be distributed among them upon a fatal termination of his illness. Thus, they evade, without appearing to do so, the old unwritten law of the tribe which prescribes that everything in the "hogan" at time of death, should be left with the dead.

The master of ceremonies moved out first, directing his two assistants by signs; one of these followers led the pony and the other held the corpse by the feet. In passing the little circle of relatives, these latter bowed their heads almost to the ground, a few stifled sobs escaping from the squaws and children to testify the depth of their affliction. The (3) three naked Navajoes, conducting the corpse-laden pony,

moved out toward the South, avoiding all roads and trails and keeping in among the cedar covered hills or winding down the sides of steep arroyos. Behind them followed the dogs belonging to the dead woman, and some distance farther back, Bennett and myself. We trudged along for more than a league over this rough country, but the Navajoes slipped away through one of the countless stony arroyos which cut the flanks of the hills everywhere and we lost their trail completely and had to return to the post without being able to see what ceremonies, if any, attended the final disposition of the remains. Our cook, Francisco, (a full-blooded Navajo) told me that the corpse would be left with all its trappings in a cleft in the rocks and covered with stones and brush; that the pony would be killed by knocking it down with a club and finishing with rocks. Many household utensils are broken in pieces in the "hogan," under the influence, apparently, of the idea governing the Shoshonees and Bannocks under similar circumstances; and at the place of sepulture, saddle blankets and skins are torn to pieces.

Mr. Leonard presented me with a handful of garnets, or pyropes, of rich blood color. They are very frequent in this neighborhood.

Had a little talk with Francisco upon the gentile divisions of his tribe, but failed to make him comprehend what I wanted.

At the store, in the evening, had a talk with Mr. Damon upon the customs of the Navajoes. He said that the corpse followed by us this morning would be laid upon a couch of boughs in a rift in the rocks, all the trappings placed alongside it and the whole covered with stones. The members of the cortège returning, would wend their way to a place designated by a fire and there wash themselves with water from a kettle which kettle would then be broken.

The Navajoes call themselves Tinnéh, (i.e. "men" or "people."). The accent is pretty strong on the last syllable. They have various names for the Apaches: Victoria's band, they call Chís-sé (meaning "wood people" or something of that kind) and the Camp Apache people, the Tzil-gan—"mountain top people." They style the Zunis Nâsh-teshi—"Black-stripe people," from the fact that the manner in which the Zunis "bang" their hair across the forehead make it look like a black band. The Utes are Ná-itzi—the "braided hair people," while the Utes call themselves, so say the Navajoes, Nóta—the "arrow people." The Jicarilla Apaches are

are Bé-jai—"winter people," probably in reference to the snowy peaks overlooking their former range. The Moquis are Ay-a-kinni—"house on top of a high rock" and all the other Pueblos are Kishánni—"big house," excepting those of Jémez who are Máy-dish-kísh-di—"mountain coyotes." The Comanches are the Ana-klánni "nearly at war or ready for war."

In the evening called upon Mr. Perkins and wife and Dr. Ebert, the two former teachers, and the last named Physician at the Agency.

May 25th, 1881. (Wednesday.) Met Colonel Bennett, Mr. Damon and "Chi," in accordance with an agreement made yesterday. "Chi" is a full blooded Navajo, of great intelligence, and having a good knowledge of English. Damon has lived among the Navajoes for (14) fourteen years, has a Navajo wife and is intelligently posted in all that relates to them.

They gave me the following as a list of the Navajo "clans" and mention many peculiarities partaking largely of the nature of clan laws as now known; but while these peculiarities fortify their statement that these bands *are* clans in the strictest sense of the term, I am not yet entirely convinced and insert the list here more as a wedge to be used in the future than from any confidence that as yet the obscurity invading this question has been cleared away.

Clans connected by brackets belong to the same phratry. There are no names for the phratries.

A.
1. Tut-soni—"Big Water"
2. Bi+tahni—"hands folded up in blanket"
3. Jaz-klizhni—"Muddy"
4. Tzan-diz-kish-ni—"Nick in the rocks"

B.
5. Jo-na-gá-ni—"Walk around a man"
6. Tzil-kla-ni—"Corner in mountains"
7. Tú-a-ha+ni—Close to water
8. Ta+nezani—Scattered about, but not far apart
9. Najo-párni—Hot air rising from ground

C.
10. Á-jinni—Salt
11. Tzen-gni-ki-ni—House in Rocks[3]
12. Máy-dish-kish-ni—Mountain cayotes[4]

3. So called because they, the Tzen-gni-ki-ni lived in the cañons where the cliff dwellings are and not because *they* ever built such houses.

4. This band is composed of fugitives from Jemez who fled from Spanish rule many years ago, probably 1692.

D.
13. Tu-pá-ni—Edge of water [5]
14. Jaltz-zó—Yellow people [6]
15. Tzá-yiz-kid-ni—Sage-brush hill
16. Tû-ba+az-ni-a+zi—Man & woman going with a basket after water [7]

E.
17. Tû-ditchí-ni—Bad Water
18. Tzin-tzi-ka+dni—Lone or standing tree
19. Pi-bi-to+dni—deer water or deer spring
20. At-ôts-ossuni—Ravine or narrow pass in mountains.

F.
21. Tû-do-ko+n-zi—Alkali water
22. Tzeza+indi-yay—Black rock standing up like a wall
23. Klo+qni—Outsiders [8]

G.
24. Na-néz-tezi—Black stripe [9]
25. Tá+p-chi-ni—Red clay around water

H.
26. Tzil-na-o-diltl-ni—Crooked mountains
27. Yo+ó—Beads
28. Tze-yi-ke-ji—Two rocks close together
29. Tzá-naha-pildt-ni—High steep crag or precipice

I.
30. Clas-chi-i—Redflat or red plain
31. Kin-klit-chi-ni—Red house [10]
32. Tzi-ná-zinni—Thick black timber on side of a mountain
33. Des-chi-ni—Short red stripe
34. Ka-na-ni—Living arrow
35. Lô-kad-ni—Canes

K.
36. Ná-cay-dinnéje—Mexican people [11]
37. Tô-a-ke-gli-ni—River, junction

L.
38. Kin-ya+ni—High houses [12]
39. Bi-ta+ni—Leaf people [13]
40. Tzil+tá+d-ni—Mountain edge

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5. The almost complete identity of 7 and 13 was remarked to Chi, but he stuck to it that there were two different clans.

6. Mr. Packer had this down as the Green Valley people, but Chi said that he had made a mistake and that he had given me the correct interpretation.

7. The Navajoes used basket-work canteens coated with pitch.

8. Pueblos, other than those from Jémez and Zuni, who took refuge from Spanish rule—see clans 12, 24, & 31.

9. Zunis who escaped from Spaniards in 1692. See also clans 12, 23, & 31.

10. These are probably another band of Pueblo Refugees.

11. Chi says that this clan is descended from Mexican or Spanish captives.

12. So called because they used to live near an old ruined Pueblo; they *may* have been fugitives from the Pueblos of Nambé or Pojuaque or Picuríes.

13. Note the resemblance in sound between 39 and 2.

41. Joz-kah-atzo-ni—Pile of fruit of the Spanish bayonet [14]
42. Jogan-sla+ni—Many "hogans" or *Navajo* houses
43. Kayd-ni—Willows [15]

GRAMMATICAL NOTES

A cedilla placed under a consonant, as k, g, b, or n, indicates that the consonant is "exploded" with a Zulu click, example, Kayd-ni—Willow people.[16]

A horizontal bar through the letter j, i.e. j, indicates that it had the sound of that letter in French as in déjeuner.[17]

The algebraic sign of addition, affixed to a vowel indicates that the sound of the vowel is prolonged.

Where j has no bar drawn through it, it must be given the Spanish sound of hota or h.

The rule of marriage is that a young man must seek a wife outside his own clan; violations of this rule are becoming very frequent, especially among the "Ganado Mucho" (heap of cattle) band, the Tut-soni, or "Much water" clan (no. 1) and the Josh-klish, or "Muddy" clan, (no. 3) where marriages within the clan are encouraged.

Mr. Leonard says he has known two instances of men marrying their own sisters; in this he is most certainly mistaken and fallen naturally into his error from the fact that the Navajoes call their *cousins* by the title *sister*.

Chi says they have "battle comradeships," but it is so long since they have been at war, that I don't attach much importance to any statements a young man may make about their customs during such periods. There are no old men at the Agency at this time; all are absent and cultivating their little farms.

Where a Navajo woman is about to be confined, a bed of sand is spread in the "hogan," and a rope is attached to one of the rafters. The squaw kneels and pulls upon this rope while at the same moment an assistant of her own sex seizes her around the waist and presses her tightly and downward until delivery. The placenta is generally buried, but sometimes is placed in the upper branches of a tree. If the baby be a girl, it is washed with warm water. *Boys* are most generally dashed with cold water under the belief that

14. 41 and 42 do not belong to any phratry.

15. This clan, "the Willows," is now extinct.

16. These phonetic marks are shown by Bourke in the names in the following clans: (k) nos. 3, 4, 6, 11, 12, 15, 18, 21, 23, 28, 31, 34, 35, 37, 38, 41, 43 (g) nos. 5, 11, 23, 37; (b) nos. 19, 39; (n) no. 34; (t) no. 19.

17. Shown in the names of clans nos. 10 and 28.

such treatment will harden them. In cases of difficult labor, the "medicine man" will be sent for to employ his incantations & rattle-music in the patient's behalf.

They are not addicted to the crime of infanticide; Chi says they never do such a thing; they are always kind to their children & punish them only when necessary. Boys are whipped more frequently than girls. Bastards are treated with as much kindness as other children. The names of children are simply "nick-names" and nearly always vulgar and obscene: these names are superseded by others as the youngsters draw near maturity. No more pleasure is manifested on the birth of boys than over that of girls.

Men are very often called from their occupation, as "black-smith," "saddle maker," "bow-maker," "arrow-maker," "silver-smith," "horse-herder," or something of that kind.

Chi says that their names frequently refer to the clan or tribal divisions, but his explanation was too obscure to be understood.

In case of death of parents, the mother's clan would have first to say about the care of the orphans; if *they* neglected this duty, the father's people would assume it.

In war, they wear bonnets of lion, wild-cat, buck, goat, or lamb skin decorated with the feathers of the eagle and wild turkey, and in rare cases, they use the skin of the head itself, as the head of the lion.

In their dances, they wear their best moccasins and leggings, plaster the legs with white wash, but use no breech-clout, wearing instead a waist and hip-band of black velvet or corduroy. The body is also whitewashed and the neck encircled with a collar of pine leaves. The head & face are completely covered with a buckskin mask, ornamented with two eagle feathers and a crest of horse hair. A sash of coral beads, running from shoulders to hip and bracelets and garlands of braided sweet grass complete the costume.

The breech-clout of the Navajoes is of white calico, reaching to mid thigh in front and about same distance in back. Their drawers are of colored calico made loose and split open from knee downward *(on outside.)*

Leggings of blue yarn sustained at knee by red worsted garters, the former knitted, the latter woven and both of home make. The shirt is of calico, of any color, and worn outside of drawers; at top is a hole large enough for the head to go through. There are no cuffs and there is no seam at

bottom. Some split the garment under the arms. Blankets are worn *a la Indienne*. The dress of women consists of moccasins, leggings, (held up by garters) ; a blanket robe, made of two blankets, sewed together at top of *both* shoulders and from waist to bottom hem. This robe reaches to the knees. When the woman is wealthy, she fastens large, beautiful silver clasps at the shoulder seams.[18] The moccasins of the men are of black, white or red buckskin, and made like our low quarter gaiters, and are fastened on the outside of the instep by buttons of silver, ranging in number from one to six. The sole of raw-hide is slightly concave, so as to give greater protection to the sides of the foot. This moccasin is separate from the legging which is fastened on the outside by a row of silver buttons, running from knee to ankle and held at the knee by garters, already described. The leggings and moccasins of the women are generally of one piece, reaching to the knees and here fastened by garters; a narrow strip of buckskin also winds about the legs to keep the legging tight.

Women and men wear hair alike; that is to say, the part on back of head is gathered in a knot & tied up with a string, while that in front and on sides is worn loose. The men generally, the women never, wind a bandanna band about forehead. This mode of wearing hair and the fashion in drawers are identical with those of the Zunis.

They make a basket of the twigs of the "chiltchin," a sort of willow; these are coated inside and out with the turpentine of the piñon. These baskets or "ollas," (they are used for carrying water) are slung by a band to the heads of the squaws, in the same way that their cradles are carried. These cradles are made precisely like those of the Zunis.

The necklaces of the Navajoes are of silver beads (made by themselves) ; of coral (obtained in former years from the Spaniards) ; of chalchuitl (which they drill with a flint, attached to the end of a stick, revolved between the hands;) and of seashells purchased from the Zunis who bring them from the sea coast in the vicinity of Los Angeles, Cal. (to which point they, the Zunis, formerly made frequent pilgrimages. They do not keep up the practice, altho' Chi says that a party passed through here, Navajo Agency, last year.)

Their bracelets are of silver, copper or brass, worn in any number on both wrists. Finger rings of silver are very

18. This description shows that the costume of Navaho women has changed in comparatively recent times.

much in esteem. Their ear-rings are the same as those of the Zunis. Mentioning the subject of ear-rings to Chi, he said "we don't make imitation ear-rings like the Zunis do. They used to make them of wood and I think they do yet. They will take a small piece of hard wood, cut it square, polish it fine and stain it blue so that you'll be sure to take it for stone." (I am certain that I saw just such earrings as here described while I was in Zuni.) The Navajoes make but one incision in the bottom of the lobe; when they have lost or gambled away their ear-rings, they will insert small round sticks in the holes; but these are simply to keep the holes from closing.

The mode of painting the face is governed entirely by individual fancy: they use red & white clay and vermillion. I have noticed one with a pair of vermillion spectacles cleverly painted around his eyes.[19]

Silver plaque of belt of Navajo warrior, dimensions 4 in. by 3 in. Five silver dollars required to make each plaque. When made into a *baldric,* as many as fifteen of these silver placques will be strung on a leather belt and worn from shoulder to hip.

They provide their children with tops, (made much as our own) bows and arrows, slings and dolls. They don't have stilts. Little girls are fond of making their own dolls of adobe mud baked in the sun and provided with dressed and bark cradles.

Boys and men have a game of arrows: No 1 throws and No. 2 follows suit. If No. 2's arrow touches head to head or feather to feather with No. 1's, No. 2 wins. They also make bets to determine who can shoot farthest or straightest and are very fond of shooting at the tall slim stalk of the soap-weed or amole (a species of Yucca common in their country). They have the "odd and even" game of the Shoshones, Bannocks & Zunis, played thus: One side with much ceremony and a great deal of singing and gesticulation will bury four moccasins in the ground, concealing themselves meantime behind a blanket. In one of the moccasins is hidden a small white stone to obtain which is the question at issue. The game with them has one hundred points. They have *no* "fox and geese" game.

Boys and girls both play "shinny." The ball is of buckskin, stuffed with wool. They are incorrigible gamblers;

19. Bourke here inserted a sketch in water-colors of a silver plaque.

play both varieties of monté, and kan-kan, but do not make cards of horse-hide as the Apaches do. They have dice made of round or square blocks of wood, seven in number, six black and one red: these are shuffled in a basket and thrown out on ground. They have the "Apache billiards" with hoops & staves or lances.

They have the Apache game played with three pieces of wood, shaped like a "half round" file of cottonwood, 5" to 8" long, painted black on the flat side. A flat stone is placed upon the ground and surrounding it and a few inches from it is a ring of forty pebbles. The sticks are thrown vertically against the flat stone and allowed to rebound against a blanket or skin held above. The "count" depends upon whether or not the black or uncoloured side of the sticks turn up; the pebbles serve merely as "counters."

The grand prize of the dandy Navajo buck is his belt; this is of leather completely covered by immense elliptical silve placques, 4"x3" in the transverse diameter horizontal; each of these contains from $5 to $6 silver dollars and the workmanship is very striking.

Of these Chi's belt had seven, besides a little one. He told me he had given the silversmith *$15* for making it, besides the silver. Frequently, a dandy will enter the Agency wearing large silver hoops in his ears, a neck-lace of silver balls the size of small cherries, a baldric and belt as above described, silver buttons down the outside seam of his leggings from knee to ankle and a corresponding amount of barbaric decoration upon his pony's bridle and saddle.

They have rattles of gourds, of deer's toes and sheep's toes; drums made of baskets covered with skin, or of earthen "ollas" covered with goat-skin *shrunk-on.* These drums are beaten with a stick, rounded into a hoop at the end. They have flageolets of cane, whistles of the same; also flageolets of sun-flower stalks and, when obtainable, of old gun barrels. Unlike the Apaches they do *not* make fiddles of the stalk of the century plant or mescal. Their medicine men make "music!" at their festivals, by rubbing two notched sticks violently together.

There are some grounds for believing that they employ *pounded glass* as a poison.

The Navajoes never tattoo, flatten the head or disfigure or deface the body or countenance in any way.

A young man in love with a girl whom he is anxious to marry, mentions the fact to his family, one of whom calls

upon the girl's people and ascertains the value at which they hold her. Poor parents are content with from ten to fifteen sheep or goats or one pony; rich people often demand as many as ten to twelve ponies. Chi expressed with regret the opinion that "gals has riz" lately.

If the presents are agreed upon and satisfactory to both parties, the family of the suitor bring them to that of the bride and return to inform the groom-elect that he can now go claim his wife. Accompanied by members of his own family and attired in his best raiment, he presents himself at the "hogan" of his father-in-law, who points out the spot where a new "hogan" has been constructed for the happy pair. The groom and his retinue enter the new hogan, sit down and await the family of the bride who bring in a feast of boiled or roast mutton and mush and, occasionally, peaches, coffee, and other good things. Good advice is given to bride & groom touching their future relations and behavior toward each other and the two are then seated side by side, to eat out of the same *basket*. The bride pours water upon the hands of the groom and he upon hers; then the feast is eaten and the guests depart, leaving the newly made husband and wife to themselves.

When two men are in love with the same girl, her mother has the deciding voice and in cases of seduction the man must pay for the girl the same as if he had asked for her in marriage.

Girls marry at the age of from 10-14. Families number from 3 to 7 children; Damon has eight. There are a few families in the tribe having from 10-12 children, by *one* wife.

Young girls assist their mothers in all home duties; women cook, clean "hogan," weave blankets and "tilmas," make their own clothes, (the men make *their* own clothes just as the Apache braves do). The men do most of the knitting, but the accomplishment is also shared by the gentler sex. Boys and girls herd the flocks of sheep and goats, the care of which is almost wholly under control of the old women. Shearing is done by all hands and the same rule obtains in gathering the peach crop which duty calls out every man, woman and child able to lend a hand. Women and children dry the fruit after it has been gathered. Such little farming as is possible in the arid country of the Navajoes is performed by the men, that is the hard work of plowing is their special business, but in this, as in everything else,

the women assist. In one word, the Navajoes are mutually helpful in the whole routine of daily labor—and the same rule applies without qualification to the men and women of the Zunis.

The Navajoes are *polygamists* and a man can have as many wives as he pleases, or rather as many as he can purchase and maintain. Each wife lives with her family; this is the rule, and like most rules, is honored just as much in the breach as in the observance. They marry a brother's widow; this privilege may be waived, in which case the woman may marry any man who will pay the necessary presents to her family. If the widow were to elope with another suitor, both he and she can be held for damages by the offended brother-in-law, unless the offender belong to his clan in which case no punishment is awarded, his right to the hand of the widow being regarded as equal to that of the brother-in-law proper.

They do not cut off the nose of a wife suspected of infidelity; the woman is punished by beating. The horrible punishment of nose-cutting is, I am happy to believe, peculiar to the Apaches of Arizona.

Divorces are obtainable at option of either party, children going with the mother unless she waive her rights to their custody. If, at any time, the mother wish to regain her children all the sympathy and influence of the tribe would be enlisted on her side. The mother seems at all times to be allowed to exercise great control over her offspring, especially the girls, whose purchase money, at time of their marriage, is paid to *her*. I am speaking now of the laws and customs of the Navajoes and not of the infractions of those laws which men of wealth and power may commit.

"Chi," throughout the whole conference, showed himself to be a man of far more than ordinary intelligence and knowledge and to him, as well as to Colonel Bennett, Mr. Leonard, and Mr. Ramon my thanks are certainly due for the success attending my labors. Chi made a complaint which strikes me as a very just and well-grounded one. He said: all the Americans tell me I speak their language well; all are glad to have me get along. Here I am trying to make a *libbin'*. I help the Great Father all I can. I was a scout once for General Hatch when he was fighting the Apaches. But the Great Father don't send me any wagon or harness. I've often sent him word that if I could get them I'd soon get rich

hauling freight, farming or carrying my own wool to the store. I wish I could get a wagon."

This afternoon, I had the blankets which I purchased washed by a squaw with water in which was immersed the pounded roots of the "amole" or soap-weed. It took out all the dirt, brightened the colors and preserved the softness and flexibility of the texture which soap would have caused to harden and shrink.

The Navajoes when unable to procure American tobacco, smoke the dried leaves of a small weed, made into cigarettes in a wrapping of corn-husks or the soft silky inner bark of the cedar. This "Navajo tobacco" I am almost sure is the same as the Bú+n-chi of the Zunis and the Pueblos of the Rio Grande.

Thursday, May 26th, 1881. The routine of our life at the Agency was broken by two events this morning. One, the presentation of a dozen fresh eggs by Mr. Damon, which eggs were soon disposed of to our great satisfaction; and the other, the startling announcement by Francisco, our Navajo cook, that he was going to leave us this morning to pay a visit to his brother who he had just learned was quite sick and he was afraid some witch "must have been shooting beads into him." (the orthodox Navajo diagnosis of any ailment at all obscure.) This announcement threw us into a great consternation but Francisco was immovable and left at once not even waiting to clean up and put away the dishes. His departure was a source of keen regret, naturally somewhat selfish in its nature but still not entirely devoid of honest regard for Francisco whom we all liked extremely well for his pleasant obliging ways. Francisco said at one of our meals that he remembered me since "way back," in 1870, when he was one of Gen'l Crook's Indian scouts operating against the hostile Apaches.

After leaving Gen'l Crook's command, he returned for a short time to his own people and was then taken as a servant by a Catholic priest with whom he remained a long while. The "padre" taught him how to cook and also imparted a considerable knowledge of Spanish and some little English.

Thus it will be understood very readily how truly sincere was our sorrow at parting with Francisco, because now, as Mr. Leonard pathetically remarked, "we should have to wrastle for our hash, sure enough."

While we are breakfasting, José, the Navajo valet de chambre, makes up our bedrooms, and if we have any soiled

clothing, bundles it off to a Navajo squaw who washes it with "amole."

A visit to the "garden" is next in order: here center the hopes of Col. Bennett and Mr. Leonard for the coming summer and each morning before commencing the business of the day, they walk around to examine the "tender leaves of hope" peeping timidly above the soil and which with no drawbacks will become under the fervent rays of a June sun, prolific vines of cucumber and tomato.

The soil is excellent and the temperature of the day genial enough, but the high altitude makes the nights chilly and retards, if it does not destroy, all vegetation not indigenous to the country. To be sure of raising something, Sheridan, the farmer, has all these young vegetables under glass.

"Chi" and Damon came in again this a. m., with Colonel Bennett, to resume our conversation upon the manners and customs of the Navajoes.

When a young girl announces to her mother that she has arrived at maturity, her mother, assisted by old female relatives, arranges the girl's back hair in a knot, allowing the hair that is on front & sides of head to hang free. Word is sent to the friends of the family who bring in all their beads and silver ornaments with which to deck the young woman and sheep-skins, or *if they can possibly be had,* buffalo robes upon which she is to recline.

A robe is spread upon the floor of the hogan and upon this the girl places herself at full length, face to the floor, while a woman tramps upon her spine and also slaps her shoulders, head, breast and soles of feet. At the same time, the women of the family are busy grinding corn and making other preparations for a feast, to be given on the night of the 4th day.

The young girl all this while is wearing the ornaments loaned her and keeping her hair done up in the manner spoken of. For four days, she is allowed no meat, but on the evening of that day, the "medicine man" enters the "hogan," followed by squads of the family friends and acquaintances. The feast is spread and attacked without delay and singing commences and kept up throughout the night. The next morning, the girl is made to run a race of 300 to 400 yards from the "hogan" and back the same distance. In this exercise, she is followed by some of her own family, generally a younger brother.

This terminates the performance, except that the girl who was not allowed to sleep during the previous night must remain awake until after sun-down.

They have no particular place of honor for visitors to their "hogans," but receive with courtesy all who enter and spread for them couches of sheep-skins. They make great use of "sweat lodges," but have no menstrual lodges and do not compel their women to seclude themselves at any time.

Councils are most frequently held in open air, the climate of their country being exceptionally serene. On special occasions, a large-sized "hogan" is built for the purpose.

They have not been at war since 1864. Have no war-clubs or anything of that kind. Their arrows are inferior and mostly of patterns dating back to the time of Noah's ark, but it must not be lost sight of that in the event of a disturbance with us this powerful band of from 15,000 to 20,000 souls would in a twinkling secure arms from the horde of American and Mexican cut-throats only too glad to sell them weapons of precision in exchange for ponies, fine blankets and silver-ware.

Chi tells me the "old men say" that in former days they used to make hatchets for war and other purposes of a hard, black stone like flint (evidently obsidian). None of these can now be found in the tribe. Neither can one any longer see shields among them, altho' they were in use up to the year 1868. War bonnets also are out of use. These, from descriptions given me, must have been something like those of the Apaches.

Their bows are of white-cedar, covered with a backing of sinew, and are — ft. long, with arrows tipped with iron or flint barbs, generally the former. The bow string is of deer, cow or horse sinew; the quiver of lion, goat, calf, or beaver skin. Wrist guards are of leather and very often of *silver*. Chi says that "long ago," to poison their arrows they dipped their tips in the juice of a little wood, resembling the sun flower; the practice has long been out of use. (They still use powdered glass as a poison). Their only stone implements, at this date, are "metates," berry mashers and stones for pounding "green" skins.

They do not make nets, but catch rabbits with forked sticks. When the rabbit runs into a hole, they thrust it in after him and twist it about until it catches in his fur and then they drag him forth. They make a baited trap for field rats; this is simply a heavy stone resting upon a slender stick

to which is attached the bait. The whole thing is placed in the trail made by the rat in going and returning from his hole and the moment he nibbles he is crushed under the weight of the rock.

They make reatas of twisted goat and buck-skin and, rarely, of hair; those of goat-skin are most highly esteemed.

They very seldom smoke pipes, preferring cigarettes of corn-husks: but pipes can occasionally be found among them, made of baked clay shaped like our cigar-holders and about the same size. Chi said he had one somewhere which he would try to hunt up for me; his wife found it while rummaging around an old ruin. (cliff-dwelling).

Their tobacco bags are of buckskin and muslin, made plain; I have also seen a number of very gorgeous affairs of silver, one of which I tried in vain to purchase.

Their spoons and dippers are made of cottonwood "knots" and also of gourds. Their pottery is crude and consists simply of a few water jugs and flat plates. They make canteens and pitchers of basketware, coated inside & out with piñon resin, and a flat basket of black and white osier or willow twigs almost identical in form and design with the same article manufactured by their brothers, the Apaches.

They know how to obtain fire by rubbing sticks together; they sit on one, which has a round hold bored in its extremity into which they insert another and smaller stick which is held vertical and rolled between the hands. In the hole between the two sticks, they put a pinch of fine sand and over the hole, a little punk, dried grass or horse manure.

They eat peaches, josk-ká+n (the fruit of the Spanish bayonet), prickly pear, piñon nuts, acorns, grass seeds, pumpkin and watermelon (seeds as well as fruit), sunflower seeds, (parched and ground) a variety of wild parsnip, the wild potato, mescal (obtained in trade from the Apaches and called No+tá), choke cherries, wild plums and the inner bark of the pine. Don't eat grass-hoppers, crickets, or red ants. They plant corn, wheat, beans, potatoes (a few), chile, melons, squashes, peaches (their principal orchards are in the Cañon de Chelle, 30 m. N. W. of Defiance), and sun-flowers (tho' not nearly to same extent as do the Moquis.) Both Damon and Chi say they eat a white clay, found in numerous places on the Reservation. This they sprinkle freely over the wild potato, the acridity of which it corrects and perhaps it would be safer to say that this earth is taken more as a *condiment* than as an article of diet.

They eat deer and antelope; don't eat bear, have eaten it in time of war and great scarcity, but don't touch it when other food can be had. Don't eat dogs, fish of any kind, lizards or snakes. Are very fond of the flesh of the porcupine. Eat wild turkeys, mules, horses, donkeys, sheep, goats and horned cattle. They have large herds of ponies, flocks of sheep, herds of goats, some 500 horned cattle, and a number of mules and donkeys. They don't seem to care much for chickens or hogs. The wilder Navajoes don't eat eggs; those who have been near the Agency do. They use the milk of sheep & goats which is very rich. Their bread is of three varieties, as among Zunis; their meat is boiled or roasted. Among the Navajoes, Zunis and all Pueblo Indians, the traveller can count with certainty upon finding a great deal of mutton tallow in every dish offered for his acceptance; this to many palates is a disagreeable addition especially in bread.

The buckskin of the Navajoes is stained black or red. Men often wear knee-breeches of buckskin. They don't make use of porcupine quills or elk teeth, and use only a small amount of bead-work in their decorations; this, for the simple reason, that these articles are very hard to get. They do use, as stated elsewhere, coral and chalchuitl beads for necklaces and also some of the large varied blue & white beads of the traders. Silver is the great ornamentation and their skill in making it is worthy of high praise.

Their blankets and woolen goods are firmly woven, generally elegant in design and, when we regard the meager means at their disposal, marvels of industrial achievements. Their looms are the rudest mechanical appliances, nearly always out of doors and yet the Navajo blanket will at any time compare with the finished productions of the mills of San Francisco, Minneapolis or Philadelphia. The very best of the Navajo blankets sell readily at $75 and $80; the second grades command $30-$40 and a third class may be had at from $10-$15 each.

Our silver coin is their money, but to their chalchuitl necklaces and beads and silver ornaments a negociable value is always attached. They dislike to part with these unless under great pecuniary distress and even then prefer to place them in *pawn* with the trader. Mr. Leonard tells me that the pledges are always redeemed.

Their form of Government is an ochlochracy; all the tribe assists at their general councils, women being allowed

to speak as well as the men. Each clan selects its own leaders.

Damon and Chi say that they have secret societies in charge of their various dances notably of the Josh-ká+n dance, but nothing definite or satisfactory could be obtained concerning them as might be expected.

They have women who make prostitution a business; "alt-chilt-ni," i. e., "reckless women." They are despised by the mothers of the tribe, but no open ill treatment is visited upon them;—they visit in the different "hogans" just the same as if they were virtuous women. After leading immoral lives for a number of years, they often settle down to married life, without any reference to their former degradation being made. (The Apaches have the same class of abandoned women called in their language Pa-jáni.) Seduction and adultery have already been spoken of, and from all that I have stated, it may be seen that the marriage relation is, at best, a loose one.

Murder may be compounded by payment of ponies and goods *to the clan* of the murdered man, the clan of the murderer assisting him with contributions. Accidental homicide must be expiated in same manner as a premeditated crime. This offering will appease the *resentment of the clan,* as it frequently, tho' not always, does that of the family of the victim.

The great trouble to the average Navajo mind, is the fear of maleficent witches who shoot beads, stones, peach-pits and horse-hairs into the bodies of people they don't like. A witch, upon being discovered, is put to death as speedily and as unceremoniously as possible.

I couldn't ascertain much about their war customs, as they have not been at war with any people or tribe during present generation, that is to say not since 1864. Chi says that they sometimes scalp and sometimes don't, but always return to their villages to have a scalp dance. This is much the same as the behavior of the Apaches under the same circumstances.

The medicine men use gourd-rattles and chant around couch of patient and also suck out the beads, horsehair and little worms which the witch fired into him. Syphilis formerly prevailed among them to a great extent; now there is very little. The treatment consists of fasting for ten days, using no meat of any kind and no food except a little corn-bread. The patient remains in a sweat-lodge nearly all

day, drinking copiously of a hot infusion of certain herbs, the names of which I could not discover. The treatment is said to be highly successful. There is a good deal of syphilitic rheumatism among them, more particularly among the older people. Rheumatism they attribute to the presence of a rock shot into them by witches. Their other diseases are sore eyes, piles, consumption, chills & fever, and small pox (which is much dreaded). They understand making splints. Women often die in child birth and puerperal troubles, tho' rare, are not unknown among them.

Chi says that they pray to the Sun and to the "Woman in the West," (or the "Woman in the Ocean.") The Sun gives them rain. When there is no sign of rain, they sing and pray to the Sun to give them some. When a woman is grinding corn, or cooking, and frequently, when any of the Navajoes, male or female, are eating, a handful of corn-meal is put in the fire as an offering (to *the Sun,* I suppose, J. G. B.). They used to think it was bad medicine to put a knife in the fire, but many will do it now. They will mention the name of their mother-in-law, but won't go into same "hogan" with her and don't look at her. Among themselves, they speak freely of their dead, but will not enter a "hogan" in which any one has died. These "hogans" are, in nearly all cases, destroyed or at least abandoned.

They say that they first obtained horses from the *Utes:* before having horses, they had to carry all their traps on their backs.

At this point in the conference, I obtained from Chi a long account of the origin of the Navajoes, and the relation to the "Woman who lives in the West—in the Ocean"—also their Sun myth. Not to break the continuity of my recital, I have postponed the insertion of these myths for the present.

It is "bad medicine," according to my informant, to tell any of these myths while the lightning is playing around.

I thought this an opportune moment to ask if the Navajoes knew that there were people living away up north, in the cold country, who call themselves "Tin-neh," and who spoke the same language as they did. He replied that he always knew they had one time been the same people with the Apaches and that they still understood the Apaches when they spoke slowly and he also had heard some of the old men tell the story that a long, long time ago a party of Navajoes had gone up N. to trade with other tribes and that they ran across two men who spoke about the same as they

did, only a little bit different; that these men told the Navajoes that they had always heard from *their* old men that they had relatives who had wandered to the South. The Navajoes couldn't account for this at all, but supposed that in the dim past, their Northern relatives had been separated from them by *the fire in the ground.* I questioned Chi about this and learned that once all the rocks in this country were on fire. Whether this refers to some volcanic eruption, such as has thrown up San Francisco Mtn. and the great hardened streams of lava which cross this country in so many places, is something more than I dare say.

The Navajoes *do not* use the bow drill. They make very fair saddles and bridles, the archaic form of the saddle being a couple of leather pads stuffed with wool, and connected by a girth, to which is attached, at suitable points, two leather straps terminating in flat, wooden, Turkish stirrups. They are blacksmiths in a small way, and make rough chains, bits and bridles. A short visit to the school of the half-breed children showed eight to be in attendance, one of these, a full blooded Navajo, blind from birth.

I obtained from Mr. Saint Clair two very fine Navajo rugs for $9.00.

Entered one of the Navajo "hogans" of which I made careful observations. It had been made by first scooping out earth to a depth of from 2½ to 3 ft. Then half a dozen *forked* pieces of pine or piñon, 12 to 15 ft. long, and 5 in. in diameter were so placed that the forked ends interlaced at top: upon these other branches of piñon & cedars, of nearly all the same dimensions were laid so as to form an enclosure, the whole being rendered wind and rain-proof by a liberal covering of earth. Very often their "hogans" are made of rough stone work. An opening is left at top for the escape of smoke and a smaller one at the side to serve as an entrance. The interior dimensions are a diameter of 18 to 20 ft. and height of 7½ ft. A small banquette of earth runs around the circle. A humbledy-jumbledy pile of sheep-skins, blankets, saddles and bridles also covered the floor of the "hogan," the centre of which was occupied by a very small fire and close to that were a few very crude blacksmith's tools, the "anvil" being an old axe imbedded in a piñon stump.

Close to this house was the "hogan," already dismantled, of the squaw Libby, whose funeral was described in journal of May 24th, 1881.

In front of the hogan which I had entered, an old squaw was intently engaged in making a baby's cradle, of flat cedar slabs, lined with soft, tissue-like bark. Alongside of her, a rude loom with a pretty blanket, not yet more than half finished.

When we entered the hogan, a nice blanket was spread out for us (Mr. St. Clair and myself) to sit down upon and we were invited to partake of the boiled corn and other food the Navajoes were eating; before we could make any motion of acceptance, a stifling cloud of dust and stones tumbling down upon us through the aperture in the roof and a fearful din of snarls and barks and groans and snaps acquainted us with the fact that "Buster" was actively engaged in battle. This gives me an excuse for introducing "Buster," a noble mastive dog of mixed Newfoundland & Saint Bernard blood which, thanks to Mr. Leonard's kindness, had been my comrade & friend in my strolls among the "hogans." A brave and affectionate animal whose society was at all times a great comfort to me when obliged to pass through the packs of miserable curs that answer for dogs among the Navajoes. These curs are noticeably conscientious; as a matter of duty, they attack everything human or canine, black, white, red, yellow or spotted coming within hailing distance of the "hogans." This time, they made a mistake. "Buster," intelligent, affectionate, and conscious of his own powers, paid no heed to the snarls which greeted him, as I passed into the hogan. For a brief moment, the Navajo curs contented themselves with snarls and it would have been well for them had they remained so contented. One of them, younger and rasher than his associates, made a vicious "nab" for one of "Buster's" hind legs. Buster suddenly wakes up! He seems to take the liveliest interest in the proceedings. Rushing among his antagonists, he grabs them with the celerity of lightning, it matters little whether by neck or leg or back—it's all one to a dog of Buster's immense strength, and after a moment's vigorous shaking, throws them through the air as a terrier would a rat.

A swish! and the first cur is landed upon a pile of rocks; a swosh! and a heart-rending ki-yi-yi. and a second cur was sailing like a comet over the head of his predecessor. Thus far, from my place in the "hogan" facing the open entrance, I had noted all of Buster's doings and was greatly tickled at his success but after he had made up his mind to charge upon the enemy and drive them down upon us, through the roof of

the "hogan," I felt compelled to rush out, seize him by the collar and hold him back.

"Bravo! Buster old boy, you have done well, you've spoiled our meal and interfered with the taking of any more ethnological notes for to-day, but you've cleaned out seven of the meanest curs in the whole Navajo nation,— *Time,* three (3) minutes."

Buster trotted home in a very dignified manner, stopping now & then to be petted and evidently much gratified when I told him that if I only had the money, I'd take him over to Constantinople and let him have an inning with the mangy dogs of the followers of the Prophet.

Before returning to the Fort, we strolled into the mouth of the Cañon Bonito, a pretty rock-walled ravine, with tiny stream trickling down its center.

Our dinner this evening was decidedly meagre and we greatly missed "Francisco," whose place has been taken, but by no means filled by another Navajo. We selected a young Navajo buck, who appeared to be the average size, weight &c. His age was apparently 22-24 years. Height 5′9″. Weight 140 lbs. Build, slender and sinewy. In expression of countenance, the Navajoes are intelligent, bold, good-natured and shrewd.

Their arrows are of *reed,* tipped with iron, feathered with 3 plumes; plumes and barb fastened to the shaft by sinew: shaft is 15″ long and has 3 longitudinal grooves for the escape of blood.

Their dyes are as follows: scarlet from threads unravelled from scarlet cloth; blue, from indigo, bought of the traders. Green, black & yellow from roots found in their own range.

The Navajo bridle has no throat-latch, but is often gorgeous with silver decorations.

Our dinner this evening, was, I need scarcely say, a very melancholy affair; lovely woman's gentle influence, sweet smile, affectionate care and so forth are never so highly appreciated or so sincerely missed as when a mess of bachelors are thrown upon their own resources in the culinary department. We got together a can of currant jelly, a box of sardines, a bottle of tomato catsup, a lot of crackers and a pot of boiled tea and each said in an encouraging tone that affairs weren't so bad after all and that this dinner was good enough for anybody. But we didn't believe our own words

and not a man there but would have been glad to sit down to a good square meal in the Brevoort House.

Friday, May 27th, 1881. Our breakfast is a little bit better than we expected; our new Navajo cook has settled down to business. He makes excellent coffee for which we have an abundance of goat's and sheep's milk, and he also understands how to "raise" bread with salt and water and bakes a very fair specimen of breakfast biscuit, in which, heaven be praised! there is none of that abomination, baking powder.

This is an extremely lovely morning; no dust and not a single fleck in the sky.

Had another conference with "Chi" (Red) and Damon, who gave me some further items concerning the Navajoes. They trade with the Utes on the North, calling all Indians living to the North of them Utes; on the west they go as far as Salt Lake, Utah, and San Bernardino, Cal., while on the East they visit the Rio Grande Pueblos. When at war, they used to run down to the borders of Chihuahua, to steal horses and cattle. (I myself know of them going as far North as Snake creek, Wyoming, and West to Camp Hualpai, Arizona —in the first named place to sell blankets; in the last to steal horses.)

Chi brought me some of the earth eaten by the Navajoes to take away the rank taste of the wild potato. It is a whitish clay, and is not disagreeable either in smell or taste.

Mr. Damon lent me his saddle pony for a ride through Bonito Cañon, which after I had fairly entered, showed itself to be a wonderful cleft in a beetling crag of sandstone, walling in the cañon on both sides. In length it can't be over a mile, in width it is not quite 75 yards, while its measured height is said to be 600 feet. In those places can still plainly be traced the lines of breastworks, laid out by the troops under Canby and Carson during the war with this tribe (Navajoes.)

At noon, I questioned Chi very closely about the "sign language." I explained to him with great care what the "Sign language" was, what tribes used it &c., but he insisted that his people never employed it. Then I asked him what he would do if he were to meet a strange Indian whose language he didn't understand, and from whom he wished to obtain a drink of water. Chi promptly made the sign for a drink, exactly as a plains Indian would have done; so, too, when I asked how he would invite the stranger to trade with him,

he very promptly moved his forefingers past each other in the form of an *X*. So far, so good; he broke down completely when I inquired the signs for "horse," "road," "tired," "sleep," and "tomorrow." These were incomprehensible to Chi, who admitted that he was making up the signs I asked for, and that he was trying to see how he should get along if he were to run upon such as stranger as I had described.

He was very much astonished when I told him of our campaign against the Sioux and Cheyennes, (1876-1877) of the Custer Massacre, and especially of the little band of Crow Indians sent out by General Terry to open up communication with Gen'l Crook. How they reached our camp and delivered their dispatches; how they were unable to comprehend a word of our language or of that of the Shoshonee allies who were with us, but how, by means of the "sign language" they were enabled to hold a three hours conversation with General Crook, in which they described every circumstance of Terry's part of the campaign—the massacre of Custer—the arrival of Gibbon & Terry with reinforcements, the rescue of Reno, the march back to the steam-boats on the Yellowstone—everything great or small that Gen'l Crook was anxious to learn.

My opinion of the "sign language" is that it grew up from the necessities and surroundings of the Plains Indians, all of whom depended upon the roving herds of buffalo as a means of subsistence. In following the buffalo, tribal limits would be obliterated and people of different tongues brought into a contact, more or less intimate, and generally amicable, altho' often hostile. Under these circumstances, the "sign language" grew up—because it was a *necessity*. To people living as the Navajoes and Zunis, in well defined territories and deriving their support from the soil or from flocks and herds, the need of commerce with adjoining tribes would be so slight that the necessary language would naturally be left to a chosen class of interpreters—either captives or traders making it an object to speak a number of dialects.

Chi gave a rambling account of the origin of the Utes. A Navajo maiden had a son by her own father; to conceal her disgrace, she abandoned the infant in a prairie-dog hole where a compassionate owl arranged a nest for the little castaway and supplied it with food. Coming to man's estate, the child hunted up his tribe and made himself known. He was received by everybody with kindness, including his

unnatural mother, but in a few days he became involved in a quarrel with a young man whom he killed. A party from the tribe pursued him all day toward the N. but at night-fall discovered that the tracks on the trail had been increased by those of two other persons—a man and a woman, or as Chi expresses it, "he had made a man and a woman." The next night 5 tracks were found or "he had made two more." The 3rd night, 2 more and the 4th night, the tracks numbered 9 and the pursuers, fearing to encounter so large a party, returned home. The Utes, after a while, becoming bold, attacked the Navajoes and maintained a predatory warfare with them. Shortly before the Americans came into the country, the two tribes were at peace and intermarriages had taken place between them.

If this tale means anything, it might be taken to indicate that this child of incest, abandoned by his parents, had been taken care of by an Indian named the "Owl"—and that as he grew to manhood, he became the leader of a band of outlaws and refugees, which in course of time, assumed a distinct tribal government. But I don't think it worthy of any credence at all.

While I was taking down the above, the little blind Navajo boy seen at school yesterday, passed the door singing at top of his voice in excellent English: "Hallelujah! Hallelujah! For Jesus has come."

Devoted the afternoon to copying and correcting my notes and to taking a very refreshing bath; was interrupted in the latter by an Indian boy's pounding upon the door and shouting "Chiniago, Chiniago" (Dinner, Dinner), at which meal we were all delighted by a present of excellent fresh bread sent to us with the compliments of Mrs. Perkins, the wife of the schoolmaster.

May 28th, 1881. Saturday. Colonel Bennett and I started for Wingate. On the road, we met a half dozen Navajoes bringing salt from the Salt Springs, 60 m. South of the Agency, a place of resort for Apaches, Navajoes, and Zunis.

We followed the "old" Wingate road for nearly 15 miles and then turning to the S. E., struck across country by an almost unbroken trail to Sheridan, the nearest station, on the A. & P. R. R.

Reached Wingate at 3 P. M.; read my mail and called upon General Bradley and family. Had the great pleasure of meeting Mr. Frank Cushing, at the house of Doctor Mat-

thews; had a long and delightful conversation with him concerning our S. W. Indians and their customs. Showed him my list of the Zuni clans which he pronounced correct except that two, now extinct or nearly so, were not properly given; these were the "Rattlesnake," of which only one man is now living. (The existence of such a clan Palfrey and I had agreed upon from seeing the snake in high relief upon pottery); and the Agua or Water clan, which Cushing claims is now extinct.

Saturday, May 29th, 1881. Had another conversation with Mr. Cushing after breakfast. I found him to be the most intelligent ethnologist I had ever encountered. Dr. Matthews is also wonderfully well up in his knowledge of Indian manners, customs and languages, his book on the "Hidatosa or Gros Ventres" having been published by the Smithsonian Institute. In the society and conversation of two such men, I could not fail to improve each moment. Passed the rest of the day very pleasantly, writing up my notes; also sent letters to Gen'l Sheridan & to Colonel Ludington.

In the evening, called upon Mr. Hopkins, the post trader and his charming wife; thence to General Bradley's where I met, besides his family, Mr. Cushing, with Patricio, the "governador" of Zuni, Dr. and Mrs. Matthews and Lieut. Chance. Mr. Cushing read us some poetry in the Zuni language, an invocation to the spirit of the antelope, showing rhyme, rhythm and melody. Patricio said that it was a song they sang to the spirit of the Antelope, before starting out on a hunt and as we seemed to be pleased with the words, he would sing the song itself, if we so wished. Need I say that we jumped at the chance and begged Patricio to gratify us. He sang in a sweet voice, a little bit tremulous from nervousness, the invocation or chant, beginning: "May-a-wee-May-a-wee!" (Spirit of the Antelope! Spirit of the Antelope!)

Just before he began his song Mr. Baxter, the correspondent of the Boston Herald and Mr. Metcalfe, an artist of the Staff of Harper's Weekly, entered the little circle and took down notes of all that occurred. They impressed me as very bright young gentlemen. Mr. Baxter's letter to the Boston Herald will be found inserted . . ., and as it contains Patricio's song in full, I deem it unnecessary to copy the words at this point. Mr. Cushing told us that some of the prayers of the Zunis are so old that the words have dropped out of the language of everyday life, or to express it in

another way, I may say that the Zunis are on the verge of having, like the Ancient Egyptians, two languages, the hieratic and the demotic. They have prayers for every occasion, some of their invocations requiring hours for their delivery. He then explained a number of their pictographs to be found in such numbers on the rocks in this region and gave an account of their "scalp dance," which appears to consist of a "song of invitation" from the man who organizes the dance and who holds aloft the scalp and a "song and dance of acquiesence," by those who intend following him upon the war path. In war, they take *no* prisoners, and their warriors are bound by oath to kill their best friend if an enemy to the Zunis.

They do not count "coup," but for each man killed in war, they are allowed to wear on wrist four small sea shells. Patricio had on his arm *twenty* of these, corroborating his statement that in years gone by he had made 5 Navajoes bite the dust.

Cushing says that the Zunis have societies for every thing—dances, festivals &c. He told me that he was having made for me one of the sacred blankets of the Zunis and we have arranged to go together to the Moqui villages, to witness the "rattlesnake dance" which comes off in August;[20] thence, to the Grand Cañon of the Colorado and perhaps to the country of the Ava-Supais. Mr. Cushing thinks that the See-vitch of the Grand Cañon have a common origin with the Zunis or Ah-see-vitch. The Zunis themselves admit as much. They called the people of Taos their "older brothers," and say that four hundred years ago the buffalo roamed around Taos. The Zunis still have a sacred "Buffalo" Dance, in which figures a cap, ornamented with buffalo horns, which by long rubbing against sides of cap have been worn so thin that light can be seen through them.

Sunday, May 30th, 1881. Colonel De Courcey overwhelmed me with a present of two fine Navajo rugs, of rare beauty; also some odd looking Zuni pottery.

Packed my baggage and my accumulations of pottery, blankets &c., called upon General Bradley and family, Dr. Matthews and others to say adieu. At the moment of my departure, Colonel Bennett presented to me two Moqui baskets and a Moqui boomerang. One of the baskets had woven

20. Cushing did not make this trip in August with Bourke, but in November, 1881, he helped Bourke in getting data from a Moqui Indian who was living in Zuni. See *Snake-Dance of the Moquis* (1884), pp. 150, 180-195 *passim*.

in it in colors the "thunderbird" and the "boomerang" was finely made and ornamented with cabalistic characters.[21]

All three of these gifts were very beautiful and striking. Bennett also sent a beautiful and rare Navajo rug to Gen'l Crook, as a mark of his esteem and appreciation.

In the possession of Patricio, the present "gobernador" of Zuni, and of his father, old Pedro Pino, the former governor is a box of very old papers, mostly certificates and testimonials from old Army officers, many of whose names have not been heard in this generation. Of all these officers of remote years before the war, the Zuni chiefs still cherish a vivid recollection and speak in terms of affection. But most especially do they speak of Kendrick, then a Major of Artillery, stationed at old Fort Wingate and since a Professor of Chemistry and Mineralogy at the Mil'ty Academy. When *his* name was mentioned they cried out "At-chí-, At-chí—our dear friend who used to live in the little log house! At-chí At-chí!" I may explain here that At-chí, in Zuni, means alas! but it means more than our word—it means Alas!—Goodbye or Farewell to that which I held dear and never shall see again! The Zunis have two words corresponding to our alas!, but at-chí! has the meaning I have here given.

Colonel DeCourcey and Lieut. Emmet drove to the R. R. station with me. There I met a party of Atlantic & Pacific R. R. gentlemen, who kindly invited me to occupy a seat in their special car, and later in the evening made me share in a very acceptable lunch.

May 31st, 1881. Tuesday. Reached Albuquerque at 2:30 in the morning. Every bed in the hotels occupied and, accordingly, I had to walk the platform of the R. R. depot, until 6 a. m., the hour for the arrival of the passenger train from California.

At Lamy Junction, going in to breakfast, I met Rev'd Dr. MacNamara and Bishop Dunlop of the Episcopal Church. At Santa Fé, saw Goodwin, 9th Cav., Woodruff, A. C. S., Cornish, 15th Inf'y, and Ed. Miller, Chief Clerk for Col. Lee, A. Q. M.

Remained two hours in Santa Fé, and then took an ambulance for Española, the terminus of the D. & Rio Grande R. R., 27 m. from Santa Fé and 343 m. from Denver.

21. Bourke's note: *July 30th, 1881.* All the Pueblos N. of Santa Fé, use the "boomerang" the same as the people of Moqui & Zuni do; but they do not *ornament* it. An old Pueblo from San Juan told me "that is because timber is so plenty with us, we can make those *rabbit-clubs* whenever we need them, while at Moqui, there is no wood, so when a man makes a boomerang, it is something valuable to him; something he wants to keep & to have nicely painted.

CHAPTER XIX

THE NORTHERN PUEBLOS

DURING the years of his service in the Northwest (1875 to 1881), Lieutenant Bourke had become very desirous of witnessing the famous Sun Dance of the Sioux Indians. He had received word that the ceremony was to be held during the full moon of June at the Pine Ridge agency in southern Dakota, and he therefore suspended his work in New Mexico in order to attend.

He found, however, that the Indians had changed the date from June 11 to June 20, in order that he might be sure to see the ceremony. This enabled him to run down to Omaha and spend several days working on his Zuñi and Navaho notes, and also to report to General Sheridan at headquarters in Chicago.

After attending the Sun Dance, he returned to his task in New Mexico. His principal objective was to witness and study the Snake Dance of the Moquis late in August, and he decided to use the intervening weeks in visiting the Indian pueblos and Spanish plazas north of Santa Fé.

[*July 8, 1881.*] Took the Union Pacific Express for Santa Fé, New Mexico, via Cheyenne, Wyo., Denver, Colo., and Española, first saying goodbye to all friends at Hd. Qrs., and to several of those in the city of Omaha . . .

July 10th, 1881. Left Denver for Santa Fé by the picturesque line of the Denver and Rio Grande R. R., crossing the Rocky Mountains at the Veta Pass. Arrived at the terminus, Española, N. M. at the convenient hour of eight A. M.; had a very poor breakfast and then started by stage for Santa Fé. Encountered a violent rain and hail storm in the mountains near Pojuaque and was thoroughly drenched before reaching end of my journey. Met Lond, Mix, Goodwin, Emmet, Cornish, Stedman, O'Brien, Taylor and Valois. (O'Brien, 4th Artillery, Inspector General of the District of New Mexico, formerly served with me in Arizona, in 1872-3.)

July 12th, 1881. Met Messers Baxter and Metcalf with whom, and Mr. Murdoch and others, I had first the pleasure of becoming acquainted at the quarters of General Bradley,

at Fort Wingate in May last. These gentlemen are a set of very bright and ambitious young journalists, engaged in writing up the Southwestern part of our country. Mr. Baxter's letters to the *Boston Herald* are especially good. . . .[1] Mr. Metcalf, an artist for *Scribner's* and *Harper's Weekly*, has filled his portfolio with very successful sketches, in oil, water and crayon of the people and places seen on his tour. Called on the Right Reverend ArchBishop Lamy, a venerable gentleman, whose finely-shaped head, clean-cut features, clear, bright eyes, discover [him] to be a man of acute intellect and whose gentle smile and modest, courteous manners conceal the great scholar and man of wonderful executive ability he is known to be. Called in the evening at the house of Colonel Lee where I was pleased exceedingly to meet not alone his wife and daughter and niece, Miss Drury, but also General and Mrs. Coggswell and their charming daughter, Miss Susie, and her cousin, Miss Brooks, all of the ladies, bright genial and refined.[2] The Lees and the Coggswells being, I may say, very old friends of mine, the evening slipped away in their pleasant society, so that Lieut. Cornish and myself did not withdraw until a late hour.

July 14th, 1881. At work since early morning upon my notes as I had been all yesterday. Lunched with Lieut. O'Brien and dined with the Lees. Mrs. Coggswell showed us some of her jewelry, which was much above the average. One of her seal rings, representing the heads of Caesar and his wife, surrounded by diamonds, was an exquisite specimen of the highest Ancient Art. It had formerly been the property of the 1st Napoleon, from whom it passed through various heirs to Napoleon the 3rd. When the latter was an exile in New York, he was sorely pressed for money and sold this ring and a companion gem to Mrs. Coggswell's father, a banker of wealth and famous for his taste in gems and jewels. Napoleon III, in course of time, ascended the throne of France and opened negociations with his former patron for a re-purchase of these rings. Mr. Ruggles declined to consider any such propostion, but requested the Emperor to make his choice of either of the rings and accept it as a present with his best wishes. This was done and the ring

1. From the *Santa Fé New Mexican* of June 23, Bourke filled thirteen pages of his notes from an article by Baxter on Cushing and his work at Zuñi which had first appeared in the *Boston Herald.*

2. General Coggsweli had retired from active service about ten years before this. See Vol. X, p. 277.

I had the pleasure of examining this evening was the one returned, although Napoleon pleaded hard to be allowed to retain it also, offering a generous equivalent in money or jewels. Mrs. Coggswell's sets of jacinth with diamonds and Arizona rubies with diamonds were exquisitely beautiful and spoke well for the taste and skill of Tiffany's workmen.

July 15th, 1881. Friday. Started for Taos and intermediate Pueblos: weather very warm. Road vacant except an occasional drove of burros, laden with firewood. Above Tesuque, went to a field where a number of Mexicans were threshing wheat by driving a flock of sheep over it: after going through this process, it is winnowed by tossing the mingled chaff and wheat upon wooden forks, called "horquillas," made of "sabina," a species of cedar. The ranchero's wife told me they were raising a small crop of wheat, corn, chile, pumpkins, and melons (trigo, maiz, chile, calabazas, and sandías.)

At Pojuaque, bought an old oil painting, taken from the church in the ruined Pueblo of Pojuaque or Nambé, I couldn't learn which, but have some reason to think the latter. It is a representation upon raw Buffalo hide and in crude style of Santiago, mounted upon a prancing white charger, and carrying in his right hand a lance, from which floats a pennant inscribed with a cross, the same emblem being displayed upon the shield he bears in his left hand. The saint is emerging from the clouds above the heads of the chivalry of Spain who, with renewed courage, are pressing upon the foe, whose bodies strew the ground in heaps.

The design, so far as may be discerned through the ravages of Time, is crude and unfinished with, however, a few faint traces of artistic skill and power. The account the Indians give of it is that it was formerly the altar-piece of one of their churches, Nambé, I think, and that about a century ago, one of their Arch Bishops directed that all pictures of that class (i. e. painted upon Buffalo hide,) should be replaced by more pretentious works upon muslin or canvas. This decree banished to the retirement of a private house, the effort upon which some pious priest had probably concentrated all his artistic skill for weeks, or perhaps months.[3]

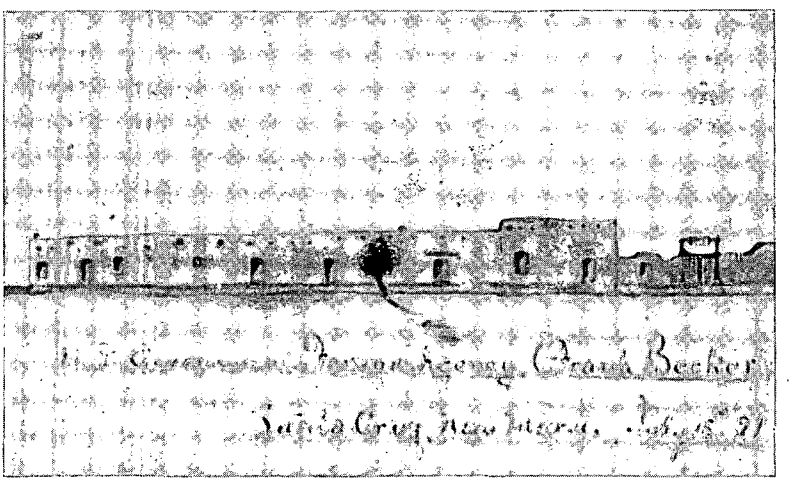
By five in the evening, I was at the old town of Santa Cruz, 25 miles north of Santa Fé, on creek of same name

3. A painting of this type is reproduced from the collections of the Historical Society in Santa Fé.

close to its confluence with the Rio Grande. The house in which I found accommodations for myself, driver and mules —the last, of course, in the stable, was one of those Establishments called in the Rio Grande country, a "Government Station" or "Forage Agency." The owner was a German, named Becker, married to a Mexican woman and the house and all its belongings showed the blending of two different trains of thought and breeding. My room was quite cozy, 12 to 14 feet cube, with ceiling of large round peeled pine "vigas" covered with boards of same lumber, lain in juxtaposition.

A gaudy Ingrain carpet concealed the floor of mother Earth and added greatly to the "tone" of the chamber which for other embellishment had several not unusually atrocious chromos; a set of cottage furniture, comfortable if not elegant, the bed crammed full of bugs as I afterwards found to my sorrow; a tidy or two; some monstrosities in "fancy work"; and a half dozen pieces of plated ware—a caster, pickle-dish and sugar-bowl being most prominent. What purpose these were intended to serve I couldn't ascertain. I surmise that with a woman's instinct for a "bargain," Mrs. Becker had invested a portion of her husband's savings in these, to her, useless articles impelled by the laudable motive of spiting some of her neighbors. There was also a very cheap Yankee clock—one of the kind which does wonders so long as it remains in the hands of the glib-tongued vendor, but the moment some unfortunate dupe buys it, costs a small fortune to keep in repair. This occupied a conspicuous place on one of the walls and kept Time too; that is to say it kept its own Time, which, with a sturdy and praiseworthy independence, it preserved distinct from the Sun's time. The Sun was already sinking in the West, his last fierce rays glinting upon the solitary casement windows, wherein three or four scrawny plants, played a ghastly parody upon vitality in vases of Indian pottery. The flies are making their last effort as nuisances—everything proclaims the close of day, but still the dial of the cheap Connecticut Time-keeper insists upon pointing simply to 5 o'clock. This peculiarity of the clock the oily-tongued bronzed cheeked agent had forgotten to expatiate upon while rattling off the list of its virtues; very likely, at the same time he foisted upon Mrs. Becker the crazy little sewing machine standing in her own room, which is constantly clamoring for repairs.

CHURCH AT SANTA CRUZ, 1881
"283 years old"—Bourke later added: "This is not so. J. G. B."



THE FORAGE AGENCY IN 1881

The mantel-piece and chimney in the corner are curiosities in *their* way, put in more to show what the Mexican mason could do if called upon than from any real necessity for their existence. The chimney is only a foot wide; the fireplace being only 18″ high with a backward flare which reduces its width at the wall to about 3 inches. To consume fuel, the little sticks must be placed vertical; that is if any are ever to be burned, which I am inclined strongly to doubt.[4]

Next to my room is the "living" apartment, much larger than mine but without any window; its floor is carpeted with black and white striped "gerga," the coarse woolen tapestry of the country. For furniture it boasts a half dozen clumsy, unpainted pine chairs, a table to match and the sewing-machine, upon the good and bads points of which I have previously dilated. In its exterior aspect, the "Agency" is a long, low, one-storied mass of dark-red clay, broken at regular intervals by five doors and three windows.

A corral flanks one extremity, and in all its surroundings, if not architecturally striking, a suggestion of comfort and cleanliness, a little bit beyond what one has a right to look for on the Rio Grande attaches to the whole place. Fleas? Well, yes there are fleas; and bed-bugs? And bed-bugs too, both these dear little insects in liberal numbers, but Mr. Becker and his dark-eyed Mexican better half didn't plan their premises for the accommodation of Sybarites. If you don't like what they have provided for you, the train leaves Española every morning to whirl you back to Boston and your couch of crumpled rose-leaves. The rough sketch, on the next page may give you a faint idea of the appearance of one of these "stations," at which many an officer of the Army, now bent and gray, has in the past thirty years, rested his weary limbs and found what, in his youthful imagination passed for home comfort.

When my hostess, Mrs. Becker, summoned me to the supper she had prepared of broiled kid, bread, coffee, fried eggs and green lettuce, I found already seated at the table two priests, Padres Francolon and Medina, the former a Frenchman, the latter a Mexican, both very courteous, pleasant gentlemen and the first named quite intelligent.

They finished their meal in great haste, excusing themselves upon the plea that they had to put on their robes for Divine Service. While I was leisurely finishing my coffee,

4. If it had been January instead of July, Bourke would have been very grateful for this little fireplace,—as he doubtless well knew.

a harsh clanging of bells apprized the faithful that Vespers were about to commence. I hurried over to the church, which is said to be the oldest or to rank among the very oldest in the Territory, being no less than 283 years old.[5] It is built in much the same style as San Francisco, San Miguel and Guadalupe in Santa Fé: that is to say, the material is adobe, the plan cruciform and the façade flanked by two Bell-towers. Within, there is a choir in a very rickety condition, and a long, narrow nave with a flat roof of peeled pine "vigas" covered with riven planks and dirt; on one side, there is a niche containing life-size statues of our Savior, Blessed Virgin, and one or two Saints; all of them, as might be expected, barbarous in execution.

Facing this niche, is a large wall painting, divided into panels, each devoted to some conventional Roman Catholic picture, which, in spite of the ignorance of the artist, could be recognized. Tallow candles in tin scones, affixed to the white-washed walls lit up the nave and transept with a flicker that in the language of poetry might be styled a "dim religious light," but in the plain, matter of fact language of every day life would be called dim only. Full atonement for the comparative obscurity of the parts of the sacred edifice occupied by the Congregation was made in the illumination of the chancel which blazed in the golden glory of a hundred tallow candles. A dozen or more of cedar branches, souvenirs of last Christmas held to their positions of prominence with a sere and yellow persistence much like that of maidenly wall-flowers in their tenth season.

Upon the floor of flagging and bare earth, a small congregation was devoutly kneeling; the women and children closely shrouded in "tápalos," the men, in most cases, in their shirt-sleeves. Father Francolon, noticing my approach placed a chair for me near the altar; a courtesy to be fully appreciated only by those who have ever assisted at a Mexican mass or Vespers, without a seat or bench upon which to rest at any moment during the long service.

The whole congregation, as I have elsewhere stated, kneels or squats during the mass or Vespers, rising or genuflexioning at appropriate points in the Holy Office. The

5. The first colonists were located in 1598 at the pueblo of San Juan, about seven miles north of Santa Cruz, and soon afterwards they moved to San Gabriel, west across the Rio Grande. Just when the first Spanish settlers located at "Santa Cruz de la Cañada" is not known; but in 1695 (after the reconquest) it was re-established as the "second oldest villa" of New Mexico. It is doubtful if the church described by Bourke was older than the latter date.

influx of Americans into the large towns has brought about the introduction of pews; such an innovation would drive the good people of Santa Cruz wild wtih superstitious fear that it might be a suggestion from the Evil One himself.

Two guitars and a violin, each of domestic make and each in the last stages of decrepitude furnished the music for a choir of voices, also of domestic manufacture and also in the last stages of decrepitude. To somewhat complicate matters, the "musicians" (I use the term for want of a better,) played different tunes and the singers pitched their voices on different keys. Outside the church-door, a squad of zealous devotees wakened the echoes with a salute fired from old muskets, almost coeval with the Building. I apprehended the reason for this noisy volley-firing, when told that to-night was the Eve of the Feast of Carmel, in former days *the* "fiesta" of this plaza.

Nothing now survives of the solemnity with which it was formerly ushered in, but the simple Vespers here decribed and the Mass of to-morrow. I drew near the musicians—near enough to get a close look at the guitar, a wonderful achievement in pine wood, held together with big patches of calico. The service over, the sexton rapidly put out the lights by slapping them with his hat. Ridiculous as some of the proceedings were, it was impossible not to be deeply impressed by the fervent and unaffected piety of all the congregation.

Before going to bed, I called upon the priests who showed me a number of religious pictures, all of great age, but of no artistic merit, except one—a copy of some famous Spanish master—which was really beautiful. It was the subject that has drawn forth the power and genius of the greatest painters of the world—The Madonna and Child. Mary, in whose face beamed the purity, tenderness and affection which remain only with those of her sex who remain true to their God; and Jesus, the Infant Saviour, still the gentle, prattling babe, upon whose suffering brow the sins of men, in after years, would place the thorny crown. For this picture, I was told, General Palmer, President of the Denver and Rio Grande R. R., has made a standing offer of $500. Father Francolon refuses to sell at any figure.

He has also a number of beautiful specimens of pottery from the Pueblo of San Ildefonso and a collection of old musty records of Births, Marriages and Deaths in Santa Cruz, running back to 1726 and even earlier; these he showed

me, to my unrestrained delight. Father Francolon and Father Medina, returned my visit very promptly, and over a jug of lemonade—all I had to offer in the way of hospitality —we ended the evening in agreeable conversation. A very brief nap in the afternoon had prejudiced me bitterly against the bed-bugs in the room I had had reserved for me. My own bundle of blankets was unrolled in the plaza of the village and as I made ready to retire, with the blue canopy of Heaven above me, the grand old towers of the church of Santa Cruz loomed up against a bank of stars.

July 15th, 1881. My idea of sleeping in the public plaza proved to be an excellent one. A refreshing and invigorating sleep rewarded me for the labors of yesterday, and I was saved also from the assaults of bed-bugs, fleas and other vermin upon which I might have counted had I remained in the house. The rising sun threw against the sapphire sky the angles and outlines of the old church, bringing out with fine effect its quaint construction and excellent proportions. The waning moon, in mid sky, shed a pale, wan light that grew fainter and fainter as the orb of day climbed above the horizon:—back of all rose the massive, deep-blue spurs of the Sierra de Chama.

This was the poetry of the situation; but there was also a prosy side. The town butcher had commenced his labors for the day not very far from my bed. A bleating sheep had been tied up by his hind legs to a small post and ere I had more than half-opened my eyes, a convulsive quiver in all its muscles, signalized the fatal stroke dealt by the "carnicero." He proceeded rapidly and methodically to strip and divide the carcass, a labor prosecuted under difficulties. All the chickens and dogs of the village had hurried to the scene, intent upon securing their share of the offal. The contest for the spoils, commenced in a friendly spirit, soon degenerating into a bitter, vicious row. One of the bolder dogs darted between the stumpy legs of the butcher and almost threw him on his head. Then followed oaths and a fierce pursuit. The butcher followed one detachment of the army; a mistake which cost him most of the offal and entrails, carried off by cunning dogs and chickens which had crept around in his rear.

It is not at all unlikely that just the same scene has been repeated on this plaza every morning for the past two centuries: The custom of his forefathers is good enough for the Mexican butcher of today and will be good enough for his

children unless the cursed Gringos now over-running the country introduce their new-fangled methods and machinery. The head and spine the butcher reserved for himself; the meat, which he cut up in great "gobs," entirely at variance with our ideas of animal dissection, was carried off by old women who sallied out from the different houses, while the scraps of offal and little pools of blood left upon the ground furnished the mangy curs a pretext for another general fight that threw their previous performances completely into the shade.

I couldn't stay long enough to tell which dog "licked." My sympathies were all on the side of an oblique-eyed, brindle bull-pup, the hero of many wars, and I should gladly have remained to chronicle his success had not Mrs. Becker and the cook become importunate in their demands that I should take my place at the breakfast table. They said that today was a very great Festival and that they were anxious to deck themselves in proper attire for mass. My hostess further recommended me to go over to the church right after breakfast and examine the "Chapel of Carmel."

This is a decidedly old part of the building, which, according to papers in the possession of Arch Bishop Lamy, it antedates by some 14 years. Its position is in the Right Hand side of the transept, where it escapes the attention of those who are not advised to be on the lookout for it. It has such an odd and quaint air of antiquity that it is difficult to dispel the illusion you have all of a sudden grown to be 200 years older than you were when you entered. The statue of our Lady of Carmel, once loaded down with jewels of price, is today very poorly equipped, the only ornaments of value being a pair of Mexican gold ear-rings, and a crown of silver,—this last upon the head of the Child.

A former curé of his parish, a depraved French priest, stripped the church of its riches and disposed of them for personal gain. An idea may be formed of the wealth of this chapel in by-gone days, when I repeat what Father Francolon told me, that it was the H. Qrs. of the cofradía or confraternity of Carmel, an association of religious persons whose membership aggregated never less than 5000. Each of these upon joining the cofradía was pledged to the insignificant yearly subscription of "dos reales," or 25 cents, towards the chapel's maintenance. This petty, but constant, stream of revenue flowed towards the church for gen-

erations; its dimensions swollen by freshets of bequests, which gained in value as the chapel gained in fashion.

Not alone money, but jewels were thus donated. Opulent wretches sought to condone upon their death-beds the short-comings of wicked lives by munificent bequests to so powerful an intercessor as our Lady of Carmel; nor were there lacking others who testified gratitude for recovery from dangerous illness by equal generosity. Among the pious devotees, women, as usual, were most conspicuous; they came in droves to intercede or to praise, and tawdry brooches and breast-pins dangling from the statue's robe of faded gold brocade commemorate their pious fears and pious gratitude.

It cannot be denied that with woman, Religion is the grand, underlying emotion of Life, equalling her Love and conquering her Vanity. Her Religion may be defined as her Love, and her Love as her Religion. At any and all times she will cheerfully surrender her choicest jewels that some favorite shrine may not go unadorned. Man, on the contrary, in *his* religion, never loses sight of *himself*. Where can an instance be found of a man's sacrifice of a gold-watch or seal-ring for any purpose connected with his devotions? When the gorgeous Saratoga Hotel Clerk parts with his diamond solitaire that another temple may be raised to the clouds in God's honor, then the Millenium shall have arrived. A repetition of the musketry firing and bell-hammering of last evening announced the commencement of Divine Service.

There was a much longer concourse than I had seen last evening and the ceremonies were on a grander and more imposing scale.

The singing was just as atrocious and the squeaking fiddles and guitars sounded just as much like a night-mare as they did last night, but the throng of worshippers—Indians and Mexicans—lessened the vibration and at a small distance the strain on the nerves could be borne without great agony.

Our Lady of Carmel was displayed on the altar-steps,—a fearful parody on womanly loveliness, an atrocity in statuary which could only have been perpetrated in *Mexico* in the darkest period of the arts. Her hair hangs, dishevelled, upon her shoulders: a crown of silver, dark with age, is fastened to her head by a soiled silk ribbon tied under the chin; her brocade gown is faded and color-worn, not so much from exposure to Time and the elements as from the kisses of adoring thousands, because call it by what name the

Church may, it *is* adoration which these poor, ignorant *Indians* pay to the Mother of God . . .

Drove through Española to the Pueblo of Santa Clara, six miles below. This is on the bank of the Rio Grande, on a low promontory of no elevation jutting out into the stream. The population numbers only [blank], and is not deserving of any elaborate description, having in mind that already given of the people of Zuni, whom they resemble closely in everything save language. I saw rafters that had beyond a doubt been cut with stone axes, although such an assumption does not carry with it a belief in the antiquity of the present pueblo. It is a well ascertained fact that in repairing or reconstructing their dwellings and villages the Sedentary Indians have incorporated in new structures all the serviceable material saved from the old. There are a few windows glazed with selenite, feather plumes of sacrifice to be buried in their harvest fields, an abundance of down and plumage of eagle and parrot in all the houses and a gentile organization, as in Zuni, while there is also the sacrifice of bread or meal at the hours of eating. The Pueblo has an untidy, slouchy appearance, the streets being dirty and the houses themselves much worn at the corners.

I succeeded in hiring Francisco Naranjo—Ah-co an-ye, and Pablo Tafoya, or Tso-bocu—Nublina—Foy, Indians of this Pueblo as interpreters: afterwards, I joined to these Rafael Vigil or Mahue-huevi—the Kicker, (i. e. in the Kicking game of the Two Little Gods, played with the sticks). It must be borne in mind that the Pueblos on the Rio Grande have been so long under Spanish domination that each and every one of them has received a Castilian name to which he responds and by which he is known in all the ordinary business of life, but each has jealously guarded the tribal name given by his own people, in his own language.

I questioned these men during the day, on matters concerning their people. Their first reluctance to talk upon these subjects was gradually overcome as we became better acquainted and I began to gain their confidence. They told me that they were the one people and spoke the same language with those of San Ildefonso, Tesuque, Nambi, Pojuaque, Santa Clara, San Juan and Tegua, (the last the easternmost pueblo of the Moquis.)[6]

6. All of these pueblos were of the Tewa (Tegua) language. Taos (mentioned below) was of the northern Tiwa (Tigua).

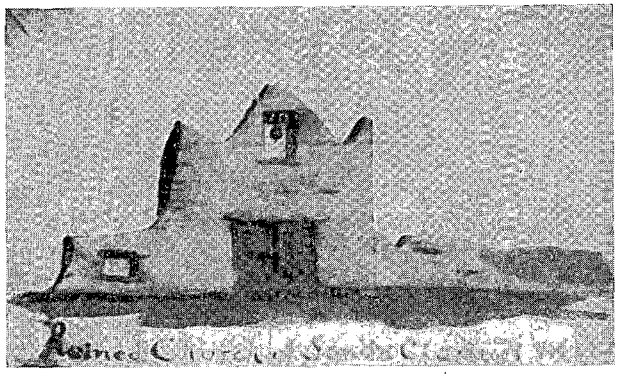
They call their own pueblo, Ca-po. The C being an "exploded consonant."

San Juan is Otque
San Ildefonso is Patwo-que
Tesuque is Tesuque
Nambi is Nambi
Po-jua-que is Po-suna-cue

The people of Taos call those of Santa Clara, Tar-weo. The great similarity between the pronunciation of the names given by them to San Ildefonso and Pojuaque led me to believe that there must be a mistake somewhere; repeated questioning, however, failed to shake their statements in the least. To put them in good humor, I not only hired these men as guides, but purchased freely of pottery, baskets and apricots, a fruit that is raised extensively by all the villages south of, and including San Juan. Santa Clara, as a pueblo, presents little in the way of beauty, to attract the eye; it is in a very tumble-down condition, is not at all clean and the houses are nearly all in one story, none of the exceptions being over two. The main part of the village faces upon a "plaza," in the center of which is an "estufa," in poor condition, but from the fresh ashes on the floor I conjecture that it must have recently been in use for purposes of religion or business.

Two or three other buildings, all small, also infringe upon the plan of the plaza. My guides were anxious to show me the ruined church of "Santa Clara" and under their care, I made a brief examination. It is 41 paces from main entrance to chancel, 5 paces wide, 18 ft. high, and lighted by two square, unglazed windows, 8′ by 5′. The ceiling is formed of pine "vigas" with a "flooring" of roughly split pine slabs, upon which is laid the earthen roof. In one arm of the transept, were a collection of sacred statues, dolls, crosses and other appurtenances of the church. The altar-piece, although much decayed, is greatly above the average of the church paintings to be found in New Mexico. It is a panel picture, with an ordinary daub of Santiago in the top compartment and a very excellent drawing of Santa Clara in the principal place. The drawing, coloring and expression of countenance are usually good and I don't blame the Indians for being so proud of their Patroness. A confessional and pulpit occupy opposite sides of the nave.

The following list of clans or gentes, given me by the interpreters above named, I give just for what it is worth,



CHURCH AT SANTA CLARA, 1881

without believing it to be exact. The Rio Grande Pueblos have become so shy and so timorous that duplicity and dissimulation are integral features of their character and in all conversations with strangers, especially such as bear upon their religion or their prehistoric customs and their gentile divisions, they maintain either an absolute reserve, or, if that be broken down, take a malicious pleasure in imparting information for no other object than to mislead and confuse. I had prepared myself for such an experience and determined that nothing should cause me to lose patience in the performance of my task; feeling that if at one pueblo I might be completely baffled, at another better fortune might await me and feeling also that after making a commencement, progress would each day become more and more easy. Accordingly I wrote down the list which follows, annexing to each name in Spanish, its Indian and English equivalents:

1	Sol	Pau-towa	Sun
2	Luna	Oxtowa	Moon
3	Estrella	Agoya-towa	Star
4	Maiz Azul	Iunt-owa	Blue Corn
5	Calabaza	Poxtowa	Pumpkin
6	Maiz Blanco	Iuntzi-towa	White Corn
7	Tortuga		Tortoise
7	Agua	Box-towa	Water
8	Nube	Ojua-towa	Cloud
9	Pino	Tze-et-towa	Pine
10	Tierra	Non-towa	Earth
11	Aguila	Ize-towa	Eagle
12	Tejon	Que-a-towa	Badger
13	Oso	Que-towa	Bear
14	Lobo	Iuni-towa	Wolf
15	Venado (Venuda)	Pen-towa	Antelope
16	Palo Amarillo	I-can-towa	Yellow Stick
17	Alamo	Textowa	Cottonwood
18	Bunchi		

Towa is "people," or "clan"

Concerning No. 16, I was unable to find out what plant was meant. The Indians say that this plant is "un palo duro para teñir," "a hard wood to be used in dyeing," a definition corresponding with that given by the Zunis who have the same gens, a fact of which the Santa Clara Indians seemed to be fully aware. They denied having the Guakamayo, Turtle, Buffalo, or Snake gentes, but admitted after some conversation that there were representatives of the "Bunchi-towa," or Tobacco gens among them. Gentes rise up and disappear with comparative rapidity among the savage tribes; casualties destroy them or over population induces a

segmentation of the parent gens into new gentes bearing names not to be found in other tribes and Pueblos of same language and blood; consequently, I was less anxious to obtain an exact nomenclature than I was to demonstrate, at least to my own satisfaction, that the gentile organization still existed in all its pristine vigor among these Pueblos on the Rio Grande.

My guides next took me to see an old eagle which they have had for 30 yrs. There are others in the Pueblo, just as good to the ordinary eye but not so worthy of attention as this one. These eagles are kept for their feathers which, as elsewhere stated, are made into sacrificial plumes to be burid in the harvest fields. Stone implements can still be found in quantity. The Indians will soon have sold the last of those in their possession, together with all that remains among them of prehistoric lance and arrow heads of obsidian.

I have said that in my opinion, some of the old rafters in this village must have been cut with stone axes. I was strengthened in this conviction by the remark of an old man who seeing me examine one critically said that it had been cut by a "hacha de piedra," in the time of "Cuanto hay." Which in intelligible language means that it was cut with a hatchet of stone in the time of "how long since?"—an expression used by the natives to denote a period anterior to anything of which they have record or tradition.

The sun was blazing fiercely down upon the Rio Grande sand which threw it back in our fevered faces, as we slowly jogged along, (going back through Santa Cruz,) to the pueblo of San Juan, 14 or 16 miles from Santa Clara. At this Pueblo, I had the pleasure of meeting Mr. Sam'l Eldodt, the store-keeper, who has been with these Indians for more than 13 years, knows their habits well and something of their language. As a certificate of his general intelligence, I will merely say that he speaks fluently English, French, Spanish and German.

I also had the pleasure of meeting Father Geus, the priest stationed at this pueblo for more than 14 years. He, with real courtesy, showed me half a dozen old Spanish registers, containing instructions for the government of priests of the mission.

Supper over, Mr. Eldodt and I entered Padre Geus's garden and wandered at will among the trees and bushes

laden with red ripe currants, black cherries, and luscious apricots.

The situation of San Juan is very much more picturesque than that of Santa Clara. It is built upon a bluff, overlooking a broad expanse of fertile land in a bend of the Rio Grande. A cheery view of smiling harvests, plenteous orchards and glittering streams of water meandering like serpents of silver in broad and deep acequias across the level, green fields, chains the gaze of the observer. The main ditch is a small river in itself, no unworthy competitor of the Rio Grande in the general make up of the landscape. Across the river, puffing a dense cloud of smoke, slowly moved the train of the Denver and Rio Grande R. R., dragging along a Pullman car! So far as the actual contrast went, I might just as well have been seated upon the apex of the Pyramid of Cheops as upon the shaft of the Indian "carreta" of wood, where Eldodt and I were quietly conversing. Wooden shafts wooden axles, wooden wheels, wooden linch-pins, wooden hounds and wooden tongue and braces; from the condition of civilization or barbarism indicated by this creaky old wagon to the swift-moving train of beauty, power and comfort, climbing the grade on the farther bank of the stream, how wonderful a contrast—how broad the chasm of separation. Without heeding the flight of the hours, we remained in our place until one by one the resplendent gems of the Heavens had shone forth in full beauty and the Milky Way had defined its presence as a broad band of dazzling nebulous light.

Mr. Eldodt conducted me to a very neat, bright-looking bedroom in which I was to pass the night, sharing the accommodations with the fleas and bed-bugs, hereditary lords of the soil. All the Pueblos are full of these pests, to meet which the traveller must be resigned. There is another and worse parasite—the "coroque," or chicken-louse, smaller than the bed-bug, but biting with virulence.[7] The Indians make houses for their hens—half underground and half above—of adobe, and thus, by keeping the chickens at a distance from human habitations, escape to a considerable extent the ravages of this insect. I avoid a more detailed description to prevent the proprietors of New Jersey watering places from securing bed-bugs of more zeal and courage than those indigenous to their own state. The only point in which New Jersey watering places compete one with another is in the size, number and ferocity of their respective fleas,

7. In New Mexico Spanish, the *coruco*.

mosquitoes and bed-bugs; for the last little animal, New Mexico will for generations to come be able to hold her own with any section of our country.

The antiquity of blue-blooded, high-toned, "gente fina," New Mexican families can always be discovered from the comparative plenty or scarcity of bed-bugs and coroquis in their residences; in some of the "Sangre azul" houses, a traveller can lose a pint of blood in a night.

July 17th, 1881. The day opened with a blazing sky and intense warmth. Apricots, red currants and cherries, plucked by myself from the trees in the Padre's garden, made, with eggs, milk, bread and coffee, a breakfast as acceptable as it was unexpected.

This being Sunday, the bells clanged from an early hour, summoning the faithful to their devotions. As in Santa Clara yesterday, many of the Indians of San Juan are absent working in their distant fields and orchards, which are scattered up and down in the valley for 3 or 4 miles each way from the Pueblo.

I assisted at mass in the church, a much better structure than that at Santa Clara: it has, to all appearances, been restored quite recently, whitewashed and provided with a new altar-piece. The congregation was mainly of Mexicans, the Indians—as said above—being mostly absent attending to their crops. Yet there was a liberal sprinkling of them also and several snowy-haired old men went through their devotions in an extremely fervent manner. Padre Geux told me last night that many of the Indians were still addicted in a greater or less degree to the superstitions of their ancestors, but that when sick or on their death-beds they never failed to send for him.

Padre Geux made me a present of a page from an old manuscript, which gives an insight into the careful methods of the Spanish missionaries in their administration of the Pueblos.

Often, he suspected, his own ministrations were energetically seconded by the medicine men. Many concessions and privileges had been granted these Indians by successive Popes in the early days of their subjection to the influence of the Church, as without such compromise their conversion would have been impossible. The old people conciliated, the whole force of influence and education was centered upon the proper training of the minds of the children, upon whom the lessons of idolatry had, as yet, made no impression. The

arduous labors of the early Catholic missionaries and the self-negation, pains-taking systematic, tread-mill work it involved can never be appreciated save by those who have gone among the Indians whose conversion they sought to effect. What we see today are the dilapidated ruins of the edifice after years of Mexican anarchy and more than a generation of American neglect have done their worst. Taking their present situation as a starting point, we can, with the aid of historical data, work our way back to a knowledge of what they must have been when their orchards were bending under the weight of fruit, their sheep gambolling upon the adjacent hillsides, and their fields tickled by the hoe, laughing with the harvest. Their churches filled with worshippers, some of their children taught the rudimentary branches, (not many I'll admit but more than at present)—such was the state of the Pueblos of the Rio Grande in the zenith of Spanish dominion in America.

Mass, this morning, was served by a full-blooded Indian, in all the savage regalia of his race. Black, shining hair, combed down in two tresses, tied with red yarn, are on each side of head; a gorgeous, scarlet blanket enveloping his body and shoulders, a necklace of white glass beads, and a pair of slashed yellow leggings and buckskin mocassins covered his lower extremities. At first, I must confess that a sense of the ludicrous appearance of the young man provoked a smile but I soon remembered that our Savior's injunction was: "Go, teach all nations" and I admitted that I now saw that injunction carried out.

The people of San Juan still have an "estufa," in which in summer and winter they teach their young people to dance; this is what Mr. Eldodt says. The time chosen for this instruction corresponds so closely with that of the sacred feasts of their kindred people at Moqui and elsewhere, their "estufa" is as secluded not having a single window of any size—their habit of placing a sentinel on the outside during these times of instruction to warn those within of the approach of strangers—are considerations which combine to arouse suspicions that much of a religious character transpires within these walls with which they don't wish the outside world to become acquainted. When the Pueblos united in revolt against the Spaniards in 1680, the leader of the insurrection was Popé, a San Juan Indian who claimed to be acting under the guidance of three powerful spirits and to be fighting for the restoration of the old religion and espe-

cially of the dance of the Coya-mashe, called by the Spaniards the dance of the Cochino (or pig.)[8] It is the most plausible supposition in the world that, after the reconquest in 1692-4, the Spaniards should have interdicted all public celebration of heathen festivals in all the Pueblos which acknowledged their sway and have insisted upon an outward observance, at least, of the religious forms of the Catholic Church.

One thing is certain that Vargas compelled all those living on the Rio Grande to wear around their necks the rosaries and crosses to be found among them to this day.

An outward compliance with the requirements of law is never a difficult matter to effect. The eradication of ideas rooted in the traditions of centuries and entwined with all that a nation holds lovable and sacred is beyond the decree of a Council or the order of a military Commander. Unable to practice their ancient rites in public, the Pueblos cling to them in secret, and cling to them all the more tenaciously because the double halo of danger and mystery now surrounded them. The Pueblos became hypocrites, they never became Catholics. Instances without number could possibly be adduced to those among them who sloughed off the exuviae of Paganism; or of others again who modified early teachings by ingrafting upon them the doctrines of the missionaries; but the great bulk of the population remained and today remain, Pagan and Ani-Christian.

There are no eagles to be seen in San Juan; they used to have them, but the last one died three years since.

The old church in the Pueblo of San Juan, depicted on the previous page has a square squatty front of 20 to 25 ft.: is of adobe, and in places of stone, with a brown stucco facing.

Except in the matter of dress, the Spanish customs have been liberally adopted and there has been some intermarriage between the people of this tribe and the Mexicans living near them. They make a coarse article of blanket, good enough for rough everyday work, although not comparable to the fine productions of Navajo looms. Navajo blankets command a ready sale among all the Pueblos on the river who should it seems to me be able to acquire the art for themselves. The "kicking game of the sticks," described under the head of notes upon the Zunis, is known and understood by the Indians of San Juan but never played. Both sexes

8. Apparently Bourke misunderstood the name for the *Kachina* ceremony.

play "shinny." Cards are not much in vogue. I bought an eagle plume just ready to be buried in the harvest field; a question or two quietly put elicited all the information I desired upon this head and demonstrated that heathenism has by no means lost its grip in this Pueblo. The man who sold it said that he had made it to put in his field "to bring rain and good crops."

Parrot feathers are likewise abundant among them, a pretty strong proof that they have now or have had the Parrot clan among them, notwithstanding their vehement denial of the existence either of that or the "Rattlesnake."

San Juan has been so fortunate in its crops and markets that more wealth per capita has flowed into this Pueblo than into almost any other in the Territory: several families, as alluded to previously, have married Mexicans and the result has been an improved style of living more closely resembling that of the best class of Mexican villages than one would imagine. Doors and windows are nearly all new and the latter all glass.

In the afternoon, I purchased a few pieces of pottery of San Juan manufacture, and a wooden "santo," or holy figure, painted in archaic fashion. Visited the Estufa which, like the church, is in much better condition than that of "Santa Clara." I measured it as 24 paces long, 12 paces wide, 9 feet high, rectangular. Floor of hardpacked earth; walls of mud with smooth finish, ceiling of smooth pine "vigas," covered with riven slabs (in juxtaposition) and clay. The entrance is by ladder to the roof and down another to the interior. Ventilation is mainly afforded by the ladderhole; there is another hole at the Western end in the ceiling and a small square aperture of 10″ or12″ on a side near the level of floor in East wall for scouts to call through in case of approach of strangers during performance of sacred dances. The ceiling is supported by nine upright posts. In these, as in the wall itself, tin sconces are stuck to hold candles. In the North wall are two chimneys. The altar or hearth for the sacred fire is so built that, facing the fire, you face East. An olla full of water, was imbedded in the floor in the S. E. corner of the Estufa. Not a great interval of time had elapsed since the last big dance; the floor was still strewn with green boughs not wholly withered and with freshly plucked eagle-tail feathers. The West wall was studded with a number of pegs upon which to hang clothes.

Mr. Eldodt assured me that, so far as his information extended, he was not aware of any such tribal segmentation as the gentile organization, whose peculiarities, I dilated upon with great care. This confident denial of so important a fact, coming from a gentleman of Mr. Eldodt's general intelligence and especial acquaintance with this Pueblo staggered me greatly and should have kept me from pursuing investigations to this end were it not partly from a fortuitous circumstance and partly from the familiarity I had with the peculiar secretiveness of the native character which induces both sexes to conceal everything not of every-day routine in its nature. In my promenades around the Pueblo, I made the acquaintance of some five or six old fellows, none of whom answered my purpose until I ran across one, who gave his Mexican name as Santiago Torre; who exhibited a conversational disposition, much to my liking. He was perfectly willing to respond to any questions addressed to him, a willingness not approved by his wife and the other women in the house who checked his garrulity by some phrases in their own language, the purport of which I could not divine. There was nothing now remaining but to win over the women, with whom I began a conversation upon any and every topic, hoping that, once engaged in conversation, something might interest them to the extent of saying more than they first contemplated.

The shrewdness of my judgment proved itself. The conversation at first was commonplace and reserved enough. A question was asked me—where do you come from? What is your business? An officer of the army? Do you wear gold on your clothes like the Captains in Santa Fe?

I answered in the affirmative and that my uniform was at that very moment in my trunk in the ambulance. The sun was broiling hot, its rays pouring down with great fierceness: I patiently endured the intense heat and glare and marched the whole lot,—men, women and children—to the corral, where they gathered about me in silence until the trunk had been opened and its gaudy contents of a Cavalry Aide de Camp's uniform, with its profusion of metallic buttons, gold and yellow facings and aiguilettes—exposed to view.

Two languages were needed to express the admiration and delight of the weaker sex: "mira! Bonito—ha! qué linda! Válgame Diós!—and other exclamations in Spanish were mingled freely with others just as flattering to the

uniform no doubt in their own idiom. The men contented themselves with a simple grunt or two and the ejaculation, "bueno" or "bonito"! but their admiration, tho' not so frankly avowed, was fully as earnest.

One of the women turning to me asked if I wasn't one of the biggest "soldier captains (soldado capitán) of the Americanos?" I modestly admitted that I was, altho' I told her that there were several others as great as myself.

In going back to his house, I questioned my guide, Santiago Torre, who said his Indian name was Agoya—Estrella or Star, and that he belonged to the Star clan.

After a great deal of manoeuvring and diplomatic palaver to overcome the old woman's scruples and after promising to pay for all information obtained Santiago said "Veo que V. es hombre de esperiencia." "I see that you are a man of experience and I will tell you of our families as they are in Indian. Many of our people have adopted the Mexican cutoms, dress and manners; others have not.

"The Mexicans marry their own cousins, but we don't marry anybody in the same family; we have a good many "families" in San Juan and among our people; we have

1	Estrella	Star
2	Sol	Sun
3	Palo amarillo	Yellow wood
4	Luna	Moon
5	Maiz azul	Blue Corn
6	Sandía	Watermelon
7	Melón	Muskmelon
8	Maiz amarillo	Yellow Corn
9	Maiz blanco	White Corn
10	Calabaza	Squash
11	Aqua	Water
12	Nube	Cloud
13	Pino	Pine
14	Tierra	Earth
15	Alamo	Cottonwoods
16	Aquila	Eagle
17	Lobo	Wolf
18	Cíbola	Buffalo
19	León	Mountain Lion
20	Tejón	Badger
21	Oso	Bear
22	Venado Alazán	Gray Deer, Antelope
24	Culebra	Snake
25	Tortuga	Tortoise
26	Lobo marino	Sea Wolf (?)
27	Bunchi	Tobacco
28	Sierra Alta —Ping-towa	High Ridge

I confess that the long list above given staggered me and aroused suspicions of my informant's good faith. Closer questioning, however, convinced me that if he erred at all it was on the side of trying to tell too much. Santiago was trying to recapitulate all the clans of which he had any knowledge among his people on the Rio Grande. It was almost at the conclusion of my season's labors that I learned of the actual existence of many different corn gentes, the Blue, the White, the Black I'd—formerly organized as a corn phratry—Many of the names given me could, I think, be referred to one stem; thus Sun, Moon and Star, would very likely be found to belong to the Sun genus, and, perhaps, the same identity could be fastened upon others. The Lobo Marino, I could not determine. Santiago, it is fair to remark, was a "willing" witness—a man somewhat past his prime and therefore to be credited with some knowledge of his own people, but deplorably stupid.

He had, according to his own account, been a great traveller in his youthful days and had traded with the "Corta Cabezas" (i. e. "Cut heads") the Goratique (Absarka—Crows?); Cheyennes, Arapahoes, Utes, Shoshones, Nipananos (Lipans), Apaches, Comanches, Kiowas, Moqui, Zuni, Oraybes, (the westernmost Moquis), Pah-Utes, and Paenpais, (the last, I doubt most emphatically). He described the Utes with great minuteness, mentioned their tribal divisions,—Cupotes, Tabuaches, etc.; spoke of Ouray, said that when alive he had been "very rich": spoke also of the Navajoes and Apaches, whom he knew to be one people; said that the Teguas of Moqui were of the same blood and spoke the same language as his own people, from whom they separated generations ago, going from the Rio Grande.

He also claimed to know about the Pacific Ocean, having learned of it from the Zunis, but had never been to it. His people obtained sea-shells from the Zunis and parrot-feathers from them and the people of Isleta who in turn procured them in Sonora, "a long way off." I did not deem it advisable to question him at that moment upon any religious significance attached by his people to sea-shells or parrot-feathers, altho satisfied in my own mind that such religious importance was attached. I preferred to let him talk on in his own way and upon his own topics, believing that what he said under such circumstances would be more trustworthy and more valuable than his responses to direct questions.

He had traded on the Ilano Estacado with Comanches and Kiowas, on the Cimarrón and Napeshte (Arkansas river) with Sioux, Cheyennes, Arapahoes, Goratique, Utes and Shoshonees. At Tierra Amarilla, with Utes and Apaches; at Rio San Juan, with the Navajoes. His people made a few coarse blankets, but nothing so good as those of the Navajoes. They did not use the bow-drill, but knew what it was. The Zunis used it for boring holes in Chalchihuite.

Bought two doll-babies, which I saw made by an old woman and baked in a fire of sheep manure.

Called upon Padre Geux and was invited to try a glass of native brandy and one of native claret; both of strong body, good flavor and delicate bouquet.

The valley of the Rio Grande cannot fail to become, in the next decade or two, one of the finest wine-growing regions of the world. Everything favors such an idea; soil, sun, climate, exposure, etc. The remarks already written about Zuni apply in every detail to San Juan, except that where the women are dressed *a l'Indienne*, they wear an under shirt of calico. The houses are, as a rule, of a single story, of adobe, and there is not one of more than two. Eagles being plentiful in the adjacent ranges, they don't think it necessary to keep any in cages; their last one, I think I said a few pages back, died three years ago. They rank among the first of the Pueblos in cleanliness, good order, industriousness and progressive qualities and fully equal, if they don't surpass the lower order of Mexicans. Swinging cradles, suspended from the rafters, are to be seen in every house.

Late this afternoon a squad of merry-voiced, prattling little boys took their places in the "acequia madre" and had a grand time splashing in the mud and water. A few nickels thrown among them caused a general scramble and diving, ineffective except to stir up mud and sand in the bottom. Slept in the open air tonight, avoiding the heat and discomfort of the stuffy rooms of the Pueblo.

July 18, 1881. Awaked by the first rays of the Sun; paid another visit of rapine to Padre Geux's "huerta" and filled myself with luscious ripe cherries, currants and apricots. Our breakfast, as usual, was simple; boiled fresh eggs, bacon, bread and coffee, reinforced by my plunder from the orchard.

In speaking of the Indians, Padre Geux gave me a remarkable and curious instance of the tenacity with which

they adhered to their native superstitions; he related that Father Gasparri, now in Albuquerque, but formerly of Bernalillo, and attending priest for the Pueblo of Sandía, had suspected for a long time that something was going on which the Indians were anxious to conceal from his knowledge.[9]

After a great deal of quiet observation, he satisfied himself that some of the children knew of the mystery which he determined to clear up by direct inquiry. Their ingenuous answers discovered, to his amazement, that for a period, the exact length of which he never could determine, the Indians had maintained, for purposes of worship, a live rattle-snake, secreted under the altar. "Pero ya se murió, Padre," but he's dead now, Father, said the children.

The Indians of San Juan don't tattoo or disfigure the figure and upon ordinary occasions make but little, if any, use of paint. The women cover the face with corn-meal or flour, in hot weather, just as the Mexicans do. They cut their hair square at level of eyes and again at the level of mouth and tie the back locks in one solid queue, with red yarn.

Their children are taught, at a very early age, to be useful; it is hard to find a little girl so young that she will not have a still younger child strapped to her back or wrapped up in her blanket and perched upon her shoulders. During my present visit, the Indians are very busy making pottery, not for household use alone, but for sale in Santa Fé, as well.

From my present acquaintance with the various Pueblos, I have no hesitancy in expressing the opinion that the pottery of each Pueblo is peculiar to that Pueblo, or, to express the idea with more exactness, each Pueblo has pottery peculiar to itself. A strong family resemblance runs through it all, yet an Indian can in most cases detect at a glance the source from which each piece has been derived, but it would not always be safe to trust the judgment of a white man in this respect because the different Pueblos trade so much with each other that models of any given style are likely to be encountered in almost every one of the villages. These remarks do not strictly apply to the black lustrous pottery which is made by a number of the Pueblos, but after conventional patterns, almost if not absolutely, identical.

9. Father Donato M. Gasparri was one of five Jesuits secured by Archbishop Lamy in Italy in 1867. In New Mexico he served as superior of the Jesuit mission from 1869 to 1876. He died in Albuquerque on December 18, 1882.

The rear wall of the massive old church of San Juan was very badly washed out by the heavy rain-storms of last summer; the Indians, to prevent a recurrence of the damage, built it up with ox-horns. Santiago Torre gave me the benefit of half an hour's "gab," upon the subject of Moctezuma; he called him the father of all the Indians who was now dead but would return after a while to look after all his children. This story can be found among the Pueblos who have had most to do with Americans and Mexicans and among no others.

We left San Juan for the Pueblo of Picurís, ascending the lovely valley with maturing harvests—half a mile in width—many miles in length. Through Plaza Alcalde, Capillita, Villita, and Luceros, small Mexican towns of no importance. Asked the road from a batch of native laborers, mending a ditch; all stopped work to answer our questions and gave us minute directions. This is a charming trait in the character of the Mexican field-hand, one which I admire greatly. No matter how important the work upon which he is engaged he will at any and all times drop it to enter into a conversation with a passerby.

How much his employers may admire this trait, I am not yet in a position to say, but infer that as it is the well-established custom of the country, they must, by this time, have become used to it. Passed through La Joya and on to a reservoir for irrigating a small acreage at a hamlet called "El Ojito." While our team was drinking, I entered one of the squalid little houses. Floor and walls were both of adobe and, excepting the "vigas" and branches, the roof also. There was no furniture, but a feebly blanketed bed. The man of the house very politely offered to show us the shortest road to Picurís which is so seldom travelled now-a-days that it is very easy to go astray. His gracious courtesy was highly appreciated, as it saved us from much annoyance and useless delay. Saw this morning, the usual wooden plows, yoked to the horns of cattle. Kept on in a direction nearly North, for a few miles, the road getting rough and steep. But little travel has come this way for a long time and the road had not yet been repaired where washed out by the storms and freshets of last winter and spring. So difficult was it to trace, that we lost our way and had gone nearly to Embudo (Funnel) when a Mexican driving an ox-team met us and pointed out where we should turn off. These directions were given in a kindly way and

yet the Mexican in his topographical descriptions is so full of "poco mas allá," "poquito retirado," "a la izquierda de vuelta," "cuesta arriba," "la cañada adelante," and other ambiguous terms, that it is no wonder we soon became snarled in the wrong "cañada" and could neither advance nor retreat. The driver unhitched the mules, unshipped the lead bars, fastened them to hind axles with leather straps and then hitching in the "wheelers," gave them to me to lead down the "arroyo" while he guided the wagon-pole. With some little difficulty, we extricated ourselves from our embarrassment and started afresh only to become again and again involved in a net-work of water-worn, timber-choked and "blind arroyos," leading no one knows where. At last we struck a well-defined "carreta" road, with fresh tracks: rapid driving for a few minutes enabled us to overtake the cart whose driver we recognized as the man from whom we had an hour or two ago received such careful directions. He consented to go back with us and point out the road; this, to our intense disgust and amazement, ran right alongside the "arroyo" where we had stalled, but was so water-worn that no one but an inhabitant of the country could have hit upon it. I gave our Mexican friend a small sum of money for his goodness and thanked him most heartily. We had to cross a rather steep ridge (cuchillo); which passed, we entered the little Mexican village of "Ojo Zarco," or Blue Spring. Darkness had come on. There was nothing to be done, but to remain here all night. Anticipating some such trouble, I had ordered the driver to put on an extra sack of grain, and a small bundle of compressed hay for our mules, so that they did not suffer. For ourselves, the driver had his rations of bacon, bread and coffee and in the house where we obtained permission to stay, I found nine fresh eggs,—a feast good enough for a Nabob. The ranchero's wife, with that delicate sympathy with distress which is woman's trait the world over, offered her services to cook our food, remarking in a modest, gentle tone that she thought she could do it better than people who were so tired.

We had our eggs fried with chile, our bacon cut into thin slices and broiled on the embers; aromatic coffee filled the room with the most intoxicating perfume, and one or two other little things were added to the meal which soon had to sustain a combined assault from two voracious appetites.

Our welcome was a cordial one from all the inmates of this house, unless I except a vicious cur which fancied itself to be in some sense a proprietor.

As I was approaching the supper table, a snap at my legs nearly took a piece from one of my knees; the subsequent exercise with rocks and stones added to my appetite and improved the dog's knowledge of music. The owner of this ranch was a man of more than ordinary intelligence. He claimed to know something about the Indians of Picurís, (which Pueblo is less than 12 miles from his house.) He contended stoutly that the Picurís had always been the best friends of the Apaches; had in former generations extensively intermarried with them and still spoke a language with many words of Apache origin.

July 19th, 1881. Tuesday. Slept cold all night, altho under two coarse blankets. The altitude here must be considerable. All day yesterday we were climbing steep hills, upon which the growth of piñon and cedar was evidence of height (elevation.) The formation too was largely granite, altho the "mesas" in the early morning, bounding the valley of the Rio Grande, near San Juan, were of black lava. In the cañon of the Rio Grande, at the mouth of the cañon of Ojo Zarco, is a gold mine. Upon our awakening this morning, the first rays of the sun were gilding with splendor the walls of the humble tenement by which we had been sleeping; the very air was filled with life and glory. Above us the sky of purest hue; at our feet the fields, and bounding the narrow horizon, the long ranges of hills, black with masses of the dark green cedar.

Chickens were walking over and around me; in their eyes I was no doubt only another incumbrance added to the barnyard. While "Jack" was harnessing and hitching the four mules, I rolled up blankets and made my toilet. The latter duty, especially the brushing of my teeth, was witnessed by the whole family,—father, mother and children, including the chickens and the surly dog of last night. I improved the opportunity for becoming better acquainted with my kind-hearted host, who gave his name as José Eulogio Medina. By day-light, Ojo Zarco is a "placita" of respectable dimensions; many houses not visible in the darkness of our arrival at 9 last night, were now peeping out from their seclusion in all sorts of little "rincones" and glades. At its lower extremity, the valley is hemmed in by a cañon of extreme narrowness and steepness, which practically cuts it off from communication with the exterior world. D. José Eulogio courteously piloted us across his fields to the Picurís road, where he bade us goodbye and

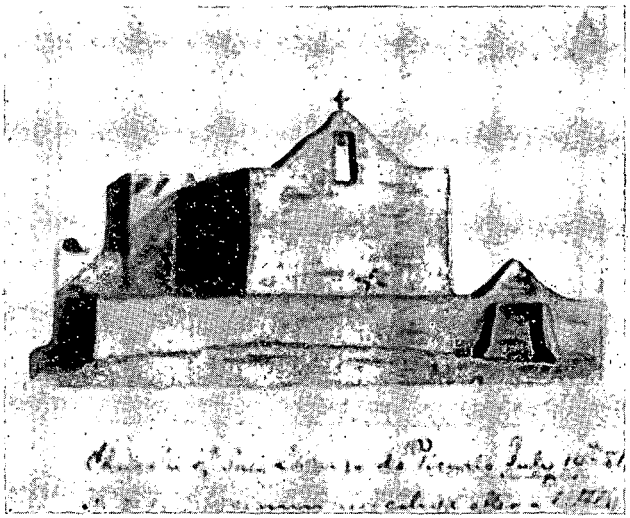
good fortune. Crossing a steep and rough little "cuchillo," we descended into a lovely valley, shining like an emerald, a little brook of crystal trickling down the middle. Heaps of loosely piled stones, surmounted by crosses, marking the "Descansos" or places where funeral processions had halted to rest and repeat prayers for the dead; large crosses crowning the knoll-crests for the use of the "Penitentes," would have suggested our proximity to a Mexican settlement, even had there been no chained and picketed hogs or loose-running curs to confirm the impression. The "acequia madre" was soon reached and crossed and we were within the "placeta"—a hamlet of some consequence, containing over 30 houses.

A venerable, white-haired man astride of a diminutive "burro" almost as old as himself greeted me urbanely and inquired "a donde vas, amigo?" (Whither goest, thou, Friend?) "Picuris. What do you raise here?" The Nestor of the place, for such I took him to be, drawled out in the exasperatingly slow nasal twang of the Rio Grande, "Maiz, Trigo, Alberjanas, Habas, frijoles, garbanzas, lenteja, Bunchi, Cebollas, Coriandro, Melones, Calabazas, Ciruelas,—and fair crops of them all (i. e. Corn, Wheat, peas, beans, frijoles,—vetches, lentils, Native Tobacco, Onions, Coriander, Melons, Squash, Plums.)

He (the old gentleman, not the burro,) gave me a leaf of the Bunchi, which I carefully preserved in my note-book for future examination by Dr Forwood (?) or some other friend equally competent. This proceeding he, (the Burro this time, not the old gentleman,) seemed to consider eccentric, not to say idiotic.

The old man being in a communicative vein informed me that I was now in the "placeta" of Las Trampas (the Traps) an old established community, where in former days quite a good deal of business was done in trapping wild animals and selling their furs. The town was now in its decadence, but still "muy bonito" and boasted a church, which few Americans had ever seen. Wih my permission. he would act as guide to the sacred edifice. My hasty and imperfect sketch will, I am afraid, give a very imperfect idea of the little church which certainly was not lacking in the elements of simple beauty. In a room, to the right of the door, which corresponded to our church vestry, there was a hideous statue, dressed in black, with pallid face and monkish cowl, which held in its hands a bow and arrow drawn in position.

THE BOURKE SKETCH, 1881



SAN LORENZO DE PICURÍS, 1881
(see page 275)

"Es la Muerte" (Death,) whispered my guide in awe-struck tones.[10] I recognized the fact that I had stumbled upon paraphernalia of some little band of Penitentes, those curious religious zealots who, not satisfied with the exactions of Mother Church, seek solace for sorrowing consciences in acts which emulate, if they do not imitate, the conduct of the Flagellantes of the Middle Ages. The Church authorities, to their credit be it said, have exerted themselves to the utmost to repress and eradicate this abnormal development of religious fervor; the Penitentes have either been driven from the larger towns or compelled to organize into little villages, like that in which I now found myself, where ecclesiastical administration was lax or inspection only possible at long and irregular intervals, the Penitentes dominate in the control of their own village church. To go back to Death; the artist had carefully eliminated every trace of beauty from feature or figure, with a result that must have been a gratification to his pride in his own abilities. The statue, thus hooded, armed and painted was seated upon a wooden wagon, something similar to an artillery limber, but made in the crudest way of wood, fastened with pins of the same material. The wheels were sections of a pine trunk; ungreased axles, and ungreased pole made unearthly music and to add to the difficulty of hauling such a vehicle, the box seat upon which Death sat as grim charioteer was filled with smooth-worn and heavy boulders. On Ash Wednesday, Good Friday and other days in Lent, this ghastly reminder of life's brevity and uncertainty, is hauled through the village by two of the most devout Penitentes who, to secure this important place in the procession, have to whip half the remaining repentant sinners in the valley.

Their virtuous labors are not without reward; no man so depraved that he does not gnash his teeth in impotent envy of their luck; no matron or maiden so chaste that soft glances of affectionate approval will not follow them. The church, my guide said, was built 130 years ago; his statement was fully sustained by its appearance. The interior was neat and in good order, but thoroughly Mexican. Upon one wall hung a small drum to summon the faithful to their devotions. The paintings were on wood and were I disposed to be sarcastic, I would remark that they ought to be burned up with the hideous dolls of Saints to be seen in one of the

10. It may still be seen in the same place—unless it has been removed very recently.

niches in the transept. This criticism, in all justice, would be apt and appropriate in our own day; but we should not forget that this little chapel dates back to a period and condition of affairs when the Arts were in their infancy, so far as these people were concerned; when the difficulties of transportation compelled the priests to rely upon native talent alone. This talent supplied the fearful artistic abortions we laugh at today; yet these pictures and dolls served their purpose in object-lessons to a people unable or unwilling to comprehend abstract theology—and altho' a newer and more progressive day has dawned, one which can readily replace these productions with the works of artistic merit, the halo of antiquity has endeared these smoke blackened daubs to the simple-minded youths and maidens who gather here to recite the Rosary or chant the Creed. To the traveller, the greatest charm of New Mexico will be lost when these relics of a by-gone day shall be superseded by brighter and better pictures framed in the cheap gilding of our own time. Because New Mexico is so archaic, because in language, manners and customs it differs so completely from our own people, and because its religious observances are so crusted over with a picturesque mediaevalism, or savagery, if you will,—the traveller endures uncomplainingly bedbugs, fleas, curoquis,—sand, grease and chile colorado. The name of the church, I forgot to mention, was "San José de Gracia."

Outside of Trampas, the road for a short distance is rocky and once more climbs in among cedar-clad hills. We came upon a party of boys driving "burros." "No quiere albaricoques," they shouted. ("Don't you wish any apricots?") The small sum of five cents bought us a hat-full, which served "Jack" and myself for breakfast. The pangs of hunger were beginning to make us long for Picurís, where we intended to cook a little bacon and to boil a pot of coffee. Our appetite was forgotten in the exquisite loveliness of the day: the weather during most of the year in New Mexico is so fine that I wonder the dead don't come to life under its invigorating influences.

A haggard old crone, clad in rags which had become worthless for any use except to scare crows, stood by the road-side. "Padrecitos mios!" she piped in trembling notes, "limosna por el amor de Diós." "My dear little fathers, alms for the love of God." Neither Jack nor myself felt any special pride in being charged with the paternity of such a for-

lorn old woman, but we handed out to her the balance of our apricots and a small sum of money;—an act of charity which, if the old woman's prayers be granted has secured for us an exalted place in Heaven after the burden of this world's cares shall have been laid down. I didn't ask who the old woman was or how she came there. I make it a point when in New Mexico to take everything as a matter of course and were I to learn tomorrow that this old woman has been begging in the same spot for the past 150 years, I shouldn't betray the slightest surprise.

A high hill was crossed after we parted from the beggar and as we were going down the other side, we met an Albino blind old man, in company with three women. The polite old Mexican who had shown me around Las Trampas, had it seemed while I was sketching the church, mounted his burro and left town. We now caught up with him, restlessly plying his heels into the ribs of his patient little jack and driving before him another which dragged two very large pine slabs. At the foot of the mountain, we had our first glimpse of the vale of Chamisal, a lovely nook shut in by a broad mass of high hills—an outspur from the Sierra Madre.

Here also were smiling fields, heavy with ripening harvests and pretty, babbling brooks flowing over beds of glistening pebbles, but the town itelf is neither so large, so pretty, nor, perhaps, so rich as Trampas. Two miles further, a sharp knife-backed ridge intervening, was the valley of Peñasco—the counterpart in situation, fertility and beauty of the others described this morning.

Another half mile over a very rocky hill, very steep but not of any great height, our ambulance jumping from boulder to boulder, brought us to the Valley and Pueblo of Picuris. The first building I entered was the church, where I found the "governor" of the Pueblo, Nepomuceno, who with others of his tribe, was engaged in carpentry work, making a new altar and other much needed repairs. Until they were ready to talk to me, I devoted a few moments to looking at the building and its decorations. I also bought a stone hammer, which the Governor afterwards told me had been used for many years to strike the bell before and during service.

When he finished, Nepomuceno, (whose Indian name is Tol-wa-chi-sinni—Aguila del Sol—Eagle of the sun,) led me to his house much like those in other Pueblos. He gave

his full Spanish name as "Nepomuceno Martín, governor of this Pueblo." He said in the commencement that his people were of one stock and spoke the same language as those of Sandía, Taos and Isleta.[11]

He became communicative after a little and indeed seemed to be, what he claimed to be, a man of intelligence. Indians, he said, did not like to talk about their clan divisions or gentes,[12] especially with strangers and of all strangers, Mexicans. Clans existed among all the tribes, those of the Pueblos, and all others—all were alike ("todos los mismos.") In Picurís, there were the following:

1	Aqua or Water	"Yo soy de este."	"I am of this."
2	Aquila or Eagle		
3	Arco en cielo	Rainbow	
4	Coyote	Coyote	
5	Tierra	Earth	
6	Sacate, con flor blanca,	Grass—that which has the white flower	
7	Dia	Day	
8	Sol	Sun	

The clan rules are the same as obtain among the other Pueblos. (See Zuni and Jemez.)

In former days, the buffalo ranged near here; at a place called Mora.[13] The Picurís call themselves by that name; they call Zuni, Zona: Taos, Toa-willini; San Juan, Tavpenni; Santa Clara, Caypata; Pojuaque, Pojuaque; San Ildefonso, Pajua-tina; Navajoes, Cu-lu-uime; Apaches, Tur-hueiume; Utes and Shoshones, Yotanne; Comanches, Jajaanne; Kiowas, Kayawanni; Crows, Soratiqui; Sioux, Corta Cabeza; Cheyennes, Cheyenni; Araphoes, Nipomanni, or Sarapaho; Lipans (?) Nipannano.

While in all accounts of the Nipannano, the country occupied by them is described as identical with that formerly roamed over by the Lipans, that is the Llano Estacado of Texas—and they themselves have been styled Apache, it is only just to add that some of the Indians of the Rio Grande speak of having met them in their trading excursions to the Nepestle or Arkansas, near Pueblo, where a great trading

11. Picuries and Taos are the survivors of the northern Tiwa group; Sandia and Isleta (north and south of Albuquerque) are survivors of the southern Tiwa group.

12. It will be noticed, here and below, that Bourke regarded the terms *clan* and *gens* as synonymous.

13. The Mora valley, from Picuries, is across the mountains to the east.

ground once seems to have existed;[14] neither do I know whether any connection is claimed between them and the Lipans. If they had originally been the one people, the name Nipannano would of course apply to both. The Apaches have told me that the Lipans were their people and that the word Lipunin meant Buckskin, or the people who dressed in that material or had much of it. Dwelling in a good game country, it is not at all unlikely that, at least as compared with the Apaches, the Lipans had provided themselves abundantly with the pelts of elk, deer and antelope: on old maps I have noticed the name printed as ranging together, "Lipans and Apaches."

The people of Picurís claim to have always lived in their present location and also say that the people of Moqui, to the West, went from the Rio Grande country, to escape trouble from the Utes, Comanches and others who came in great numbers to make war upon them. (This may refer to an exodus either antecedent to or consequent upon the Spanish Invasion, and, if the latter, may have been incited by that cause alone or by that and the difficulties with contiguous tribes.) The Picurís impress me as an extremely poor people. They dress much as the other Pueblos but don any and every cast off rag they can pick up. Their appearance is much wilder than that of the usually meek and docile Pueblos and by many who have been among them, their personal attributes are considered identical with those of the Apaches whom they most certainly resemble very strongly. In their village are some Navajo blankets, which among all the Pueblos are made to do duty from generation to generation. They are very fond of hunting and find great inducements in the amount of game in the mountains behind their village. There elk and deer still roam in numbers and frequent encounters with savage bears and panthers add a little spice to the work of food-getting. Nepomuceno gave me a set of claws cut from a bear he had killed after a desperate encounter.

The Picurís employ the bow and arrow more than most of the Pueblos; their bow is made of the *sabina* (a species of mountain cedar,) backed with sinew; their arrows are all tipped with sheet iron and plumed with three owl feathers. These weapons, in size and finish cannot be distinguished from those made and used by the Apaches of N. E. Arizona.

14. This refers to El Cuartelejo, in eastern Colorado, to which place many of the Taos and Picuríes Indians fled in 1704. Governor Cuervo persuaded them to return home two years later.

In agriculture, they still employ the rude wooden plow and transport their crops to market in creaking wooden "carretas." They make no baskets or blankets and but little pottery, of a very inferior quality. Much of what I saw among them had been brought from San Juan, but Nepomuceno insisted that they too knew how to make it and to color it, red, black, and white. They were not making any while I was there, so I had no means of determining positively whether or not my informant was giving me exact information: I see but small reason to doubt his statement, as there have been intermarriages between the people of this Pueblo and those of San Juan, which could not fail to introduce the ceramic art, even if we suppose that they haven't the sense or ambition to learn it from observation of their neighbors.

They are not well provided with animals: Nepomuceno declared that they had, all told, only five horses, twenty burros and about 50 head of cows, bulls etc. Before the coming of the Spaniards, had no means of transportation. At that time, depended much upon buffalo meat as a means of subsistence and had hunted the buffalo on the Llano Estacado down to within the past decade. Nepomuceno had often hunted them there; he had been to Nepeshte or Rio Nipanno or Arkansas River, where "there used to be a fuerte" (—i. e. Bent's Fort.) There he and his people had traded with the various bands of Indians mentioned in the beginning of our conversation.

But—he suddenly said in a tone of warning and disgust —"ese hombre que viene es muy chucho; no hablaremos." (This man coming up is very much of a pup—don't let us talk any more.")

The individual indicated was one of those idle, shiftless Mexicans, always hanging around where least wanted. In the presence of one of these mongrels, a Pueblo can never be induced to speak of his people or their religion. When the Mexican came up, I asked him coldly what he wanted and bade him be off about his business. His mere presence seemed to have made Nepomuceno averse to further conversation: I regretted this very bitterly because my hope and intention had been to cross-examine him more fully upon the subject of the "gentes" or clans and the regulative system of the Pueblo. However, the main point was gained—the admission that they had such gentile organization and that in all relating to it or dependent upon it, the Pueblo followed the same rules as the Pueblo of Zuni and all other

Pueblos. In one word, Nepomuceno confirms what other Indians in Zuni, Santa Clara and San Juan, have intimated or boldly asserted—that the Sendentary Indians of New Mexico and Arizona, altho' split up into different languages are practically the one people, so far as religion and law can make them. Divergences in custom exist of course; but these divergences are the result of the more or less intimate contact with Spanish civilization brought about by the more or less thorough subjugation of each Pueblo and its greater or less proximity to the seat of power which kept the pressure of Spanish civilization in place. Along the line of the Rio Grande, the Pueblo Indian has been compelled to defend his ancient customs by duplicity and hypocrisy; most of them he still adheres to in secret, many of them have been temporarily suspended and it is even possible that under the influence of an aggressive and superior ethnical development the absurdity or inutility of many of the practices of his Forefathers may have been demonstrated and the greater excellence of those of the Invaders discovered and accepted.

Coercion never yet made a convert; the bulk of the native population is today just as intensely pagan as it was when Vargas in 1692-4 effected its resubjection to the crown and religion of Spain.

The Picuris wear no head-gear, contenting themselves with a band tightly wound around the forehead after the fashion of the Apaches and Navajoes. They use the breech-clout and when they first don a pair of pantaloons have the ridiculous custom, I formerly noticed among the Jicarilla Apaches and Utes, of cutting out the seat. Turkey, eagle and owl feathers are worn in the hair and planted in their fields to bring rain. In this there is a slight discrepancy from the ideas of the Zuni who will never use the owl feather, because it is a feather of bad luck and certain to bring destructive winds and hail.

Children's cradles swing from the rafters of every house. Toys of various kinds are made for their children, and "shinny," played by both sexes, is a favorite out-door game. Cards are rarely played. For musical instruments, they employ drums, gourds, rattles, eagle-pipes &c. much as have been and will be described in writing of other Pueblos. In ordinary costume, they are seldom painted: occasionally, a man may be seen marked on the face with red or black: this last more as a protection against sun and bit-

ing wind than from any association with the idea of personal adornment.

Their houses are all of adobe, but the stables for burros and ponies are of log and the pens for the pigs of "jacal." The necessity of pig pens is not immediately apparent. Their hogs are first carefully chained and then fastened to a stake which enables them to enjoy the gratification of lying all day in the mud and basking in the sunlight, while it deprives them of the sweeter joy—dear to every hog's heart,—of rooting up and destroying the fields his master has so carefully planted. They have no menstrual lodges and no puberty dance. Arms are very scarce; rifles and revolvers are rarely to be seen, while bows and arrows are still plenty. Lassoes of hair are made with great skill. The governor of the Pueblo is called "Ta-poni;" each gens has its own cacique, but the cacique of the Dia gens is, if I rightly comprehended Nepomuceno, superior to the others. The Picuris smoke both Tobacco and Bunchi. They throw bread in fire, as a sacrifice, after the manner of the Zunis. They maintain an old tame eagle which occupies in solitary grandeur the "old pueblo." Nepomuceno told me of his existence and also pointed out his cage and perch, under which was a great amount of guano; but I insisted upon seeing the eagle in person. This I was successful in doing with the help of my guide who went into the building on one side while I remained without on the other.

The eagle soon made himself visible—a noble old bird, showing age in every movement. Nepomuceno said that he was "muy viejo," which I readily admitted.

The old pueblo itself is a veritable relic of antiquity; built of "cajón,"[15] it must at one time have been of large dimensions, but at this date only three stories remain and these are rapidly going to pieces. The workmanship was extremely crude, the wood used being split with axes and put together in a clumsy way. There were no windows opening on the outside; presumably, there must have been openings upon an interior court of small size, but this I could not determine exactly, there being no ladder and the edifice being in such a tumble down condition that my guide said it would not be prudent to attempt to climb about it. I abided by his views, as he had only a few moments previously

15. Literally, "box," but here meaning large blocks of adobe instead of the better known adobe bricks. *Cajón* wall-structure may be seen, for example, in the prehistoric Pueblo foundations of the old Governor's Palace in Santa Fé.

been in some of the outer rooms on the lower floor to hunt up and chase out the old eagle.

The "estufa" of Picurís is a circular tower, 9 paces in diameter, about 8 or 10 ft. high, ¾ of which is above ground; it is built of adobe and is now much dilapidated. It is entered by ascending to the roof by a crazy ladder of cottonwood and thence by another equally crazy to the damp, dark and musty interior.

There is one carpenter in Picurís. Having heard the statement that the language of his Pueblo is essentially like that of the Apaches, I thought I would make use of a trifling acquaintance with the latter, gained during General Crook's campaign against them in Arizona in 1872-1875, to verify or disprove this opinion.

I asked Nepomuceno to give the cardinal numbers, up to and including ten; and the names for fire, water, horse, cow &c, all of which he did cheerfully and carefully—but in not a single instance was there the smallest traceable resemblance. I do not wish it to be inferred that I consider my feeble knowledge of Apache sufficient to determine this question. I am as much in doubt now as I was before making the experiment and shall promptly submit to the decision of any reputable linguist even should it be adverse; yet I cannot refrain from remarking that the names for the first series of cardinal numbers and those of such unchanging elements as fire and water, are not only, as a rule, permanent fixtures in each language, but in languages coming from the common stems, they are the surest means of determining identity of origin. Hence, a radical difference in these terms would be almost always, prima facie evidence against the theory of a common origin of two or three given languages.

The number of houses in Picurís cannot be much, if any, over thirty; they are about equally divided between one-storied and two-storied, but there are none higher than the latter. The Pueblo has a slouchy, down in the heel look, greatly at variance with the neat, trim and cleancut look of the Mexican settlements in the neighboring valleys. There are no accommodations for man or beast. My breakfast had been a handfull of apricots, bought from some boys on the road; for dinner and supper I had only a slice of raw bacon from Jack's mess-chest, a piece of stale bread and a couple of hard-boiled eggs luckily saved from those bought last night and now shared with the driver. Altho' I didn't feel

hungry, I was getting very anxious to reach some good ranch before night, more on our mules' account than our own.

Leaving Picurís, the road ascends for a short distance the narrow cañon of the Peñasco, here framed in by great boulders of granite and dotted with clumps of piñon and cedar. An abundance of water flows in the stream and is utilized at every convenient bend, where soil has been deposited, to irrigate petty patches of corn and beans. The road at one point runs down into the main ditch and follows, along its thread for not less than thirty yards.

Dozens of frail crosses capping heaps of stone, tell man that he is only mortal and recall to mind the dead whose corpses have in years gone by been carried past.

The road became very steep, rocky, water-washed and bad in every way, climbing a mountain Range, of considerable height, thickly timbered with pine of fine size, well suited for all milling purposes. On the North side of this Range (our road ran nearly North,) we descended into a lovely cañon closely hemmed in by the elevated ranges we had just crossed. Here two or three crystal streams came together, their point of junction being the former site of the old military post of Camp Burgwin, now a heap of undistinguishable ruins.[16] Below the old post, the valley widened somewhat and showed several small areas well adapted for tillage, but unoccupied by inhabitants.

A brisk shower descended upon us as evening approached. When the rain ceased, a lovely bow spanned the sky with colors of dazzling brilliancy. The proximity of population was, however, attested by droves of "burros," young and old, grazing on the hill-sides; and, a few miles farther down the cañon, by herds of goats, attended by three or four boys.

We kept on down this creek which yielded enough water for two large acequias and a saw-mill, until we entered the Valley of Taos, a beautiful circle of mountain girt meadow land, containing a very extended acreage of fertile soil, dotted with comfortable looking houses and villages.

16. Capt. J. H. K. Burgwin, 1st U. S. Dragoons, a native of North Carolina and a graduate of West Point, was mortally wounded on February 4, 1847, in the battle at Taos Pueblo. This military post, named in his honor and now in ruins, was located near the southern confines of the beautiful Taos Valley. *Heitman's Register*, II, 484, wrongly locates it "about nine miles north of Taos."

(To be continued)