New Mexico Historical Review

Volume 12 | Number 1 Article 3

1-1-1937

Bourke on the Southwest, XI

Lansing B. Bloom

BOURKE ON THE SOUTHWEST, XI

Edited by LANSING B. BLOOM

CHAPTER XX

AT TAOS IN 1881

[*July 19, 1881.*]—Across the valley to the Mexican-American town of San Fernan de Taos,[1] is not less than 5 miles, every inch of it finely adapted for growing fruits and cereals, and much of it under cultivation by a class of Mexicans who are considered to be much more energetic and enterprising than those in other parts of the Territory. The best hotel in the place is kept by a rubicund, pot-bellied old Boniface named Dibble who has been a fixture in this part of New Mexico for the past 30 years. When I made known that I wished to remain with him for several days until I had concluded an examination of the Indian pueblo near by, he expressed himself as being extremely glad to see me and any army officer as he had been acquainted with military people since 1848.

"But, sir," said I, "I have been travelling so much and buying so many things from Indians that I am afraid my money may not hold out and as a matter of business and from motives of prudence, I wish to ascertain your charges so I may determine what to do; remain or go away."

Mr. Dibble said quietly that if I had no money it would be all right; that I could send him the amount whenever I got ready. His rates were $1.50 per diem for each man; if I had run out of money, I needn't distress myself. The reasonableness of his charges astonished me. I had been anticipating something much more severe: my money was sufficient to pay all charges, even had Jack, the driver, not had his own rations.

Our mules, of course, were provided with hay, grain, water and stabling, for which we gave the necessary papers upon the Quartermaster at Santa Fé. "Now, Lieutenant," said Mr. Dibble, "if you take any interest in such things, there is a big procession up town and I think you'd better run up to see it while the cook is preparing your supper."

1. Properly the name is "San Fernandez de Taos," sometimes given as "San Fernando de Taos,"—here shortened by Bourke to San Fernan de Taos.

Guided by the noise of fire-arms, I pushed from street to street, for several blocks until I reached the plaza where a Sacred Procession was making the rounds of the town, bearing images of the Savior upon the Cross, the Blessed Mother, Saint Joseph and San Antonio. Following these came a long string of men, women and children, reciting the Lord's Prayer, the Angelical Salutation and the Apostle's Creed. Shot-guns and rifles were banging away without ceasing while the manner of those in line of march was eminently respectful and devout.

The object of the ceremony, I was informed, was to intercede for rain upon the crops, now ready for the harvester, but afflicted by a long-continued drouth. No rain had fallen for weeks, so that especial petitions to Almighty God were conceded to be essential. Most of the people in the procession were interested more or less intimately in the success of the crops, to which fact I attributed no small part of the fervor of their prayers.[2]

Mr. Dibble showed me to my apartment, where I saw two double and one single bed, or accommodations for four men besides myself. I demurred to this arrangement which would interfere not only with my privacy and comfort but with the work of copying my notes and memoranda now swollen to huge proportions. My generous host told me to calm my apprehensions—the room should be reserved for myself,—"travel was light" and no other arrivals were expected that day. After completing a very simple and hurried toilet, I made the best use of my spare time in examining the six lithographic daubs which defaced the walls. In all other points, the room was really neat and tidy and boasted a Mexican "jerga" carpet, a 6″ looking glass, a pine wash-stand and four pine chairs. The ventilation, as always in New Mexico, was poor and the crop of bedbugs abundant, but so far as Mr. Dibble knew, the room was nicely arranged and convenient.

A yell from the kitchen announced supper. Jack and I had eaten nothing since last night except two eggs, some apricots and a slice of raw bacon and bread. The "spread" was very appetizing and, as goes without saying, Jack and I did full justice to everything in sight.

Our march today was about forty miles; that of yesterday about the same. To escape from the heat of the close

2. The efficacy of this intercession may be found in the downpours of that night and the following days! See below, and the next chapter.

room of the hotel, not to allude to the bed-bugs, I spread down my blankets in the corral and had Jack roll the ambulance over me, a precaution which proved efficacious in protecting me from horses, mules, dogs, chickens and hogs—all roaming at large in the corral; and also sheltered me almost completely from the heavy shower which set in about midnight and lasted until dawn.

(Mem. Among all the Pueblo Indians, familiar with the Spanish language, the expressions—"cosas de cuanto hay," is used to denote articles of great antiquity. *Cuanto hay?* means How long since?—a phrase which from having it dinned into their ears by eager tourists and curiosity hunters, the Indians insensibly began to associate with the idea of great antiquity and as the equivalent of "muy antiguo," "muy vieja," or terms of that kind.)

The early part of the night was made hideous by the free concert given by a score or more of Apaches from Tierra Amarilla, who came in to Taos to visit their friends from that pueblo. In the exuberance of their joy at meeting, both parties became beastly drunk, upon liquor obtained from some worthless Americans or Mexicans, and then began a serenade, which set the dogs of the town, and they were legion, to mourning a dismal accompaniment.

July 20th 1881. Awakened at early dawn by a barnyard concert of cackling fowls, squabbling dogs, braying mules and lowing cows. Dressed and made my toilet in the room reserved for me in the hotel. Dibble runs his hostelry with the Arcadian simplicity the poets rave about: when a guest gets through with his ablutions, he throws the waste water out in the corral; and, if he finds the pitcher empty, he goes to the well and fills it himself.

There was in one corner of the room I occupied a box of blacking for the accommodation of those who wish to indulge in the luxury of bootpolishing; this made that particular apartment a place of resort for the whole house and altho in some respects this was inconvenient it had its compensation in the freedom with which your neighbors unbosomed themselves of all the gossip they knew while waiting their turn for a bout with the brush. Had it not been for this, I never should have known that the lady who sat at the head of our breakfast table where I soon had the pleasure of meeting her, was "a holy terror from Bitter Creek, bee God. Yes, sirree, I tell yeou, she's a ripper. Lived in South Afreeky, eight year—husband a minin' engineer—she makes him mind his

p's and q's, you hear me. Gad, Sir, she's the dead medicine 'n doan you forgit—you hear me. I'm a talking. She's got more tongue than a houn' pup and she give him a benefit—he dassent say his soul's his own. Mus'n let her git talking to you; she'll never let up; she'll salivate yer afore she'll quit." My informant, I took to be a crusty old bachelor whose insinuations were the effervescence of a nature soured by innumerable disappointments. For all that I know to the contrary, the lady in question was an ornament to her sex and solace and consolation to the sad-eyed man who trembled when he called himself her husband.

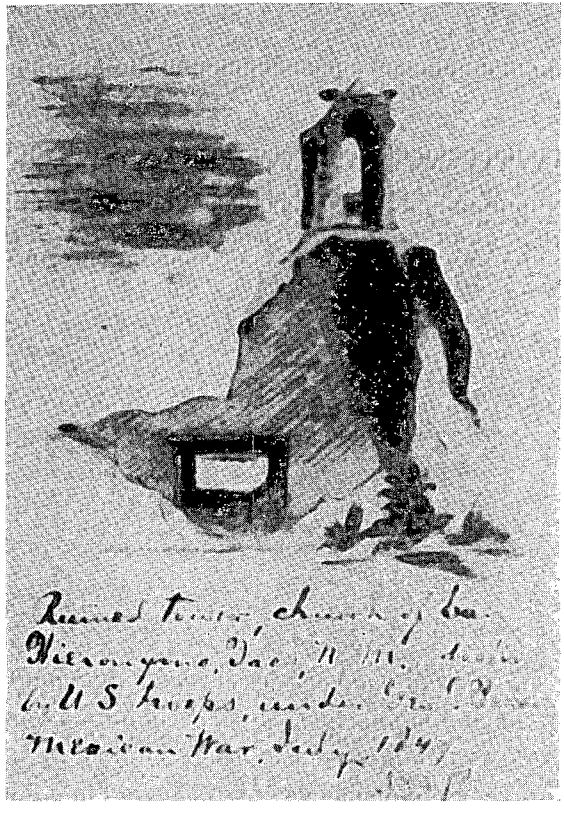
This pleasant little peculiarity of gossiping about each other, elevated Dibble's to the rank of a first-class watering-place. Breakfast was quite good, but did not claim my attention long as I was impatient to be off and make an examination of the many odd and historical places of interest in and around town. First, I visited the chapel of San Fernan, a not very old structure, built in the general style of the church edifices of New Mexico. A number of pews occupy places in the nave; this innovation, no doubt, is the result of the infiltration of American ideas among the congregation.

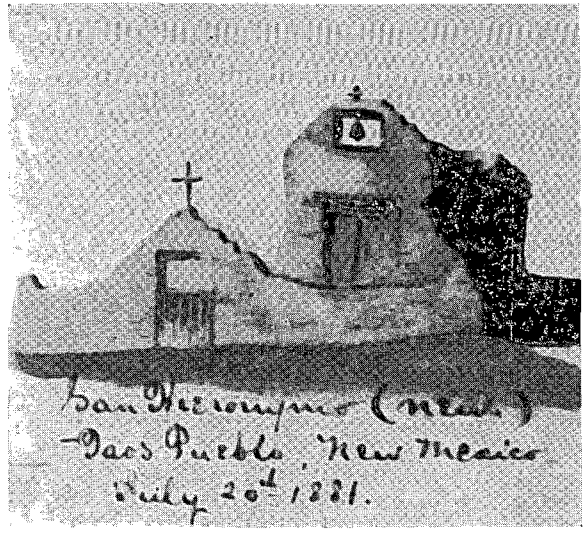
Strolling about the plaza, on foot or mounted, were a dozen or more Jicarilla Apaches. Drove four miles to the pueblo of Taos, called by the Mexicans, San Hierónimo de Taos, to distinguish it from the plaza itself, or Mexican town, which is known as San Fernan.

Taos is really two pueblos, built on opposite sides of a sparkling stream which sings down to a junction with the Rio Grande, sparkling visibly in the sunlight, five or six miles to the west. These two pueblos, each constructed in one solid castellated building, much in the style of Zuni of which they are forcible reminders, are among the most interesting of all the towns of the Sedentary Indians.

They are each five stories in height, the upper stories receding from those below in such a manner that the observer can almost fancy he is looking upon the broken down castles of old broken-down robber barons of the Rhine.

A vividly green line of large, shady cottonwood trees marks the course of the little stream separating the two pueblos: across this, tradition says there once ran a bridge to facilitate communication in time of peace and escape in the event of siege. No vestige of this now stands and its place is but feebly represented by a foot-path of three cottonwood logs which now spans the stream.





BOURKE SKETCHES AT TAOS PUEBLO, 1881

(a) TOWER OF CHURCH DESTROYED IN 1847

(b) THE NEW CHURCH

The situation of Taos is unusually beautiful. It occupies a commanding position in the lovely valley bearing its name and is itself shaded by one of the loftiest, grandest and most imposing peaks of the Rocky Range. Why this valley of beauty and extreme fertility has been ignored by the R. R. companies is a problem dependent, it is to be presumed, upon grave engineering difficulties. No grander amphitheatre can be found on this Continent than the mountain-rimmed Valley of San Fernan de Taos. The Mormons early had their attention called to its great area of arable soil and for a long time it is said hesitated between this site and that upon which they afterwards located in the valley of Salt Lake. Tourists, artists, miners, invalids, men of science, men of pleasure, would all gladly visit this lovely spot were it made a trifle more accessible.

At the pueblo is the ruined chapel of San Hierónimo, battered to pieces by the artillery of General Sterling Price, who commanded the U. S. forces in this country, in 1847. Here the Mexicans and Taos Indians took refuge, after murdering Governor Bent and other Americans. Relying upon fancied privileges of sanctuary which they thought the Americans would respect, they declined to surrender when summoned and thus left our forces no alternative but to destroy the church as above stated. In the slaughter which ensued, half of the garrison is said to have perished. The marks of cannon balls, seven in number, are still plain, and my guide showed me where an iron ball had still remained imbedded, two years ago: since that time, a party of mischievous Indian children dug it out from the wall and in the ordinary course of events, it fell into the hands of tourists. My guide, whose name I should give as Pedro Espinosa, or in his own tongue, Pel-on-jibsa—*Manta*—Cotton cloth, showed me where cannon and musket balls had torn through wood and brick-work. In the main body of the church, in front of the altar (now imbedded, so said my guide, under a mass of fallen earth) the desperate Taos and Mexicans at last took refuge, fighting to the last; their bodies were buried in a confused heap in the chapel under whose charred rafters I passed and almost at once perceived or fancied I perceived a dank, noisome smell such as seems inseparable from an overcrowded church-yard. Nothing now remains of the church, but portions of the walls and tower.[3]

3. Below his sketch, Bourke wrote that this church was "destroyed by U. S. troops, under General Price, in the Mexican War, July, 1847." It was not in July, but on February 4, 1847.

Entered the house of the governor of the pueblo who was absent; no one at home but an old woman and a young girl. This house was entered by a ladder, and consisted of one room only, being isolated from the rest of the pueblo.

It was built of adobe—12′ square, 8′ high, with roof of round peeled pine rafters, 5″ in d., covered with split timber, over which was another covering of earth and cement. The walls were plastered smooth with yellowish-brown lime and clay mixture. The usual style of fire place in corner. There was only one small window, one foot square, with three wooden bars—no glass. The bedstead was a raised divan of wood under which corn was kept. The bed itself of rawhide, covered with sheep-skins and Navajo blankets.

Windows and doors are very scarce in this pueblo which in this respect adheres more closely to archaic forms than any of the towns east of the Moqui Villages. Taos has few ponies but some horned cattle, many burros, no sheep—a few goats, plenty of dogs, a good many chickens.

In the governor's house, are two silver headed batons of office—one presented by the Mexican government many years ago and the other from our own executive, with the engraved legend: "A. Lincoln, á Taos, 1863." The Mexican baton has no device.

The houses in Taos are all built of adobe. There are many Apache baskets, showing intimate commercial relations with that tribe.

There are three caged eagles in this pueblo. I saw an Indian necklace of silver beads, jointly pendant from which were a cross and medicine bag. My guide said that the people of Taos understand the language of Isleta and Sandía and much of that of Picurís.

In Taos, to my surprise, the rooms of the houses are not well supplied with deer horns: In Zuni, on the contrary, nearly every house employs them as clothes' pegs, and for all purposes of that kind. This shows that in former times, game of certain kinds must have been plenty in the vicinity of Zuni, but the grand mountains frowning down upon Taos are reported to be full of elk, deer and other food animals, which would supply all the horns needed.

In the course of my rambles about the pueblo, I bought two old wooden crosses, a couple of stone axes and a pair of very nice Apache baskets. Trade was rather difficult. A pair of German noblemen had passed through the pueblo only a week previous to my arrival and had invested large sums of money in the purchase of any and everything the

Indians chose to sell. Consequently, there was very little from which I could make a selection and the market being what the financial reports would characterize as "strong, with an upward tendency," considerable haggling had to be resorted to before the old squaws would consent to make sales at all. "Ese muy viejo—cuanto hay—muncho vale, dos pesos." "This is very old, very ancient, worth a good deal of money, two dollars," they would whine out in their broken Castilian, as they offered for my inspection a piece of pottery ordinarily worth between 10 and 15 cents. I was inexorable; in place of two dollars, I put out 2 dimes and told them flatly that I knew the value of their earthen-ware—that I didn't care to buy any of it, as it looked as if it came from San Juan, which turned out to be the fact. Very little pottery is made in Taos and then only of inferior quality, San Juan furnishing nearly all that is used there.

In the dress of the Taos people, there is much resemblance to that of the other pueblos: the men wear breechclouts, leggings made of pantaloons' legs; calico shirts, confined at waist by a belt, and over shoulders, a blanket.

Moccasins are made in the fashion of our ankle shoes; the sole is of raw-hide, running up a little on the sides, there is a tongue in front and the sides are held in by a running string, fastened in front over the ankle.

Manuel Sarazo, or Concha, an old man living in a room in the 5th story, told me that the language of Picurís is about (poco mas o menos lo mismo) the same as that of Taos, (i. e. it is a dialect.) Isleta speaks the same and so does Sandía. Manuel Concha, Hierónymo and Pedro—the three men with whom I was speaking on this floor, all said that in former days, very far back, the buffalo roamed in this valley. I accepted this tradition without hesitancy, knowing from the appearance of the valley that it must have presented every attraction to the Bison which in our own days has been killed on the other side of the Range. While we were speaking, I was seated upon a buffalo robe which, Manuel told me, had come from the Llano. According to him, the position of Cacique is above that of governor; he selects the latter, also the war-chief. The position of Cacique, as nearly as I could make out, is hereditary, transmitted to the oldest, or rather to the most capable, male representative. Thus, if a woman be the ablest survivor, the position cannot be given to her, but it may be given to her son.

When I began to make inquiries about their gentile organization, these old friends, up to this moment quite communicative, suddenly became extremely taciturn and averse to further conversation. I saw that it was no use to try to overcome their reticence, but this of itself confirmed me in the belief that such a tribal division existed among them.

Their hair is worn banged in front, and clubbed in a single queue at back, or sometimes, dangling in two tresses at sides.

They celebrate all the festivals of the Roman Catholic church, but with especial attention those of San Juan, San Pedro and San Antonio (all in June), and San Hierónymo, in September; these festivals, it occurs to me, must be synchronous with ancient heathen galadays, whose observances they have by no means obliterated or superseded. I heard among them the Si-ya-na—song of the Apaches. They make a few coarse baskets and, as before remarked, only a small amount of pottery.

Their houses are of adobe; as soon as a portion falls down or become dilapidated, it is rebuilt, the old vigas and wood-work being used as far as possible and thus in edifices of comparatively recent date may often be found rafters of venerable antiquity, black with the smoke of generations. I could readily believe my guide's story that some of the rafters under my own observation had been cut with "hachas de piedra" (stone axes). They had been hacked with very blunt instruments, just as likely as not with those of stone which must have remained in use until long after the Spanish Conquest.

Whenever they eat, a small piece of bread is cast into the fire (see Zuni).

Make boomerangs and clubs for killing rabbits and other small game. These are not nearly so good as those to be seen in Zuni or among the Moquis. The explanation given for this was quite ingenious. "We have all the timber we need growing on our mountain sides, and whenever we want to make one of those clubs, there is no trouble; but with the Zunis and Moquis, it is different. They have to go a long distance to get suitable timber and when they make a boomerang *(palo)*, they want to keep it." The Taos eat elk, deer, black & white tailed, antelope, buffalo, rabbit, jack-rabbit *(liebre)*, bear—(the fat only), trout, beaver, beef, mutton and goat, but deny any appetite for horse, mule or burro. They consume all varieties of fruit, acorns *(bellotas,)* piñones, & mescal, when they can get it.

They plant corn, wheat, frijoles, tomatoes, chile, musk and watermelons, vetches, potatoes, beans and sweet potatoes. They have no sheep—but few goats,—some cows, a considerable number of burros and horses—some chickens and hogs.

It has been stated that the Taos manufacture a small amount of inferior pottery—a few rough saddles and bridles —baskets which serve their purpose but are far inferior to those made by the Apaches, as is tacitly conceded by the Taos themselves who purchase the latter whenever possible. They make for ordinary use, 3 different kinds of bread—tortilla, wyavi and a loaf not unlike our own, but their combinations of flour and corn meal are simply beyond enumeration. "My friend," remarked Manuel, "we may not seem to you to be as wealthy as other Pueblos, but we sow more than all the others put together; we raise, as you see, a great deal of wheat. Wheat is our money; with it, we buy everything—clothing, blankets, horses, coffee, sugar, apricots:—all that we eat." (The extensive fields around Taos, bending under the golden weight of the fast-ripening harvest more than confirmed the old man's statement.) They smoke bunchi —called To-je, a plant gathered on the top of the mountains. They are likewise very fond of tobacco. "The Utes, Navajoes, Apaches and Kiowas pray when they smoke: we don't." (This statement I don't regard as perfectly reliable.)

Hieronymo and Concha gave me today the "signs" for Sioux, Utes, Kiowas, Arapahoes, Comanches, Pawnees or Nipomani, and Crows or Soratiqui. These showed that they possessed a slight knowledge of the gesture-language, probably enough and not more than enough to aid them in their former annual traffic with the Plains' tribes.

I was fortunate enough to find an old war-club, of elk-horn, painted and marked with curious symbols on the handle.

In the two pueblos of Taos, there are no less than nine different estufas, or underground work-shops and places of religious assemblage: four of these are in one pueblo and five in the other, but not all are now in common use.

The first one I descended may be taken as a representative of all the others: it was circular, almost entirely underground, 20′ in D, 9′ in height; and altho it looked new, was quite black on the inside with smoke. Close to the fire-place, was a wooden shovel and a bundle of small dry sticks to be

used in cleaning and lighting the pipes of the old men who assembled here. For musical instruments, there was a drum made of a hollow cottonwood log, 2′ long, 1′ in D, covered with buffalo or elk-hide, painted on the sides and also a rawhide, as among the Sioux, at their Sun Dance.

The people of Taos make mats of palmilla or soap-weed (yucca). There is an almost total absence of glass and no selenite and, indeed, for the matter of that, very few windows.

Taos pays some attention to the laws of hygiene; there is a dump-pile, 20′ or 30′ high, of ashes and refuse swept from houses and streets. The women arrange their hair on the sides, somewhat after the style of Moqui. In one of the houses, I came across an old man, stretched naked on the floor; a young girl, about 10 or 12 years old was making "tamales" at the fire in the corner. This old man must have been fully one hundred years old, if not more; his skin hung in great flabby wrinkles over his body, his limbs were shrunken to nothing while his face was so heavily seamed and lined that the features apparently ran into each other. My guide, in speaking of this old man, said that *his* recollection extended back to the days when his people used to hunt buffalo on the Cimarrón. The people of Taos call their pueblo, Ptay-nino. I made a call upon the old cacique —Antonio Concha. He was blind, feeble and not very good-humored. I again tried, as ineffectually as before, to pump out something concerning their gentile organization.

Returned to San Fernan de Taos, in time for a rather late supper and to have a couple of our mules shod.

The people of Taos, both in the Indian and the Mexican town, are strictly of an agricultural bent and are not much given to pastoral pursuits or to mechanical endustries.

Mr. Dibble, after eating his supper, fulfilled his promise to take me to see the grave of General Kit Carson, the famous old frontiersman, whose home was formerly in this plaza. We found it alongside the tomb of his wife, but which was which could not be told, neither being marked by stone or slab or having any protection except that given by a neat but cheap paling of black and white slabs. We took a round-about way home in order to pay a visit of respect to the widow of Governor Bent, murdered at this place by Mexicans and Indians in 1847. Bent was well known to the Mexicans

over whom he exercised an almost unbounded influence, largely through his family relations, his wife being an attractive Mexican from the plaza of Santa Cruz on the Rio Grande.[4]

War between the two countries had been brought to a close, a fact which in those days of slow communication had not been fully brought to the knowledge of the population of this Valley.[5] Hearing that Bent (who had just been appointed governor by the U. S.) was approachnig Taos, where his family resided, the Mexicans rose en masse, drawing with them the Indians of the neighboring pueblo.

In a most graphic manner and in very pure Spanish, Mrs. Bent narrated the whole story of the murder. How the Mexicans and Indians first surrounded the house on all sides and filled up the "placita" or court-yard; how they knocked at the main door with hatchets and called out to the Ute Indian girl, Mrs. Bent's slave, to open it and show them where Bent was to be found: how, the house being very dark, Bent managed to escape their notice for a while but when detected at last how desperately he fought his assailants who poured in bullets and arrows through windows, doors and roof, which last they had set on fire. Finding that the enemy was gaining possession of that part of the house where he was, Bent made an attempt to escape to the wing where his wife and children had taken refuge and which was still secure. His wife, devoted woman, had meantime taken a huge iron spit and a great Mexican Indian ladle and with these, working quietly in the darkness, had broken a hole through the

4. The statement that Mrs. Charles Bent was "from the plaza of Santa Cruz" is found nowhere else—but rightly understood, it is correct. Mrs. Bent was Mary Ignacia Jaramillo, daughter of Francisco Jaramillo of Taos and Apolonia Vigil who was native of Santa Cruz de la Canada. She died at Taos on April 13, 1883, less than two years after this interview of Bourke.

Lieutenant Bourke seems not to have been informed that Charles Bent and Kit Carson were brothers by marriage, the latter having married (Feb. 6, 1843) another daughter of the same family, Maria Josefa. She had died (April 27, 1867) in Colorado, about a year before Carson's own death, and her remains had been brought home to Taos.

5. The data as given by Bourke will be recognized as confused and contradictory in various details. His notes are simply a record of the tragedy as it was told him; in other words, it was the version then current and as told by the widow. At some points, however, as will be explained below, he seems to have misunderstood his informants.

At this point we notice the Mexican people rising *en masse* against a man who had "an almost unbounded influence" over them. Bent had been appointed governor in September, 1846; and the Mexican War was not by any means over in January, 1847. What happened in Taos was part and parcel of the general conspiracy in New Mexico against the American invaders.

adobe wall almost perfectly secure against attack. But, almost at the last moment, Bent received an arrow through the temples and one through the breast and, while the women were exerting themselves to extract these, a volley laid him dead in his wife's arms. The assailants also killed her brother, her aunt, several children, and the faithful Ute slave girl, scalping and mutilating all in the most horrible manner.[6]

Mrs. Bent was wounded severely both by arrows and bullets, but her life was spared as the Mexicans said she was one of their own people, and now that the Americans had been driven out of the country, she could do them no harm. A Mr. St. Vrain [7] had quietly mounted his pony and ridden at full speed to where General Sterling Price (afterwards governor of Missouri and later on of the Rebel Army) was encamped with a considerable force of Infantry and Cavalry, with a Battery of Artillery.[8] In fifteen days, Price's Command filed into the Valley of Taos, and marched straight to the pueblo.

First, a reconnaisance in force was made to develop the enemy's position; as this reconnoitering party fell back upon the main body, the Mexicans and Indians thinking the Americans were in retreat could not restrain their joy but flocked to the old church, there to testify their exultation by clanging the bells and shouting. Price, having made ready, advanced in full strength, and as the Mexicans in their blind confidence rejected all overtures, he opened with cannon and ball upon the church which soon became untenable and was stormed with great slaughter. The American soldiers killed

6. Bent was not shot by "an arrow through the temples," but he was scalped alive. Of the five others recorded as killed in Taos, Pablo Jaramillo was a brother of Mrs. Bent; Cornelio Vigil, prefect of the northern district, may have been her uncle—Bourke has "aunt" but he may have misunderstood *tia* for *tio* (uncle). The Ute slave girl was not listed as killed, nor were any "children" killed—unless we so regard the youth Carlos Beaubien. Nor do the records show that Mrs. Bent was "wounded severely."

7. The messenger who slipped away in the dark for Santa Fe, from the house of Padre Martinez, is not elsewhere named. If Ceran St. Vrain is here meant, the records show that he was in Santa Fe at the time of the Taos outbreak.

8. General Price himself was at Santa Fe, and his troops were considerably reduced and scattered. The outbreak was on January 19; Price had the news the next day, and within three days a force of dragoons and artillery were on hand from Albuquerque—which was fast work. Including a company of Santa Fe volunteers under Capt. St. Vrain, General Price could muster only 353 men when he started north (January 23) against the rebels—whom he first encountered, about 1,500 strong, near Santa Cruz.

in the fight, are buried in the grave-yard where Kit Carson's body lies; the Indians and Mexicans, as mentioned in the notes of this morning, in the ruins of the old church.

Mrs. Bent took the greatest interest in showing me where the bullets and arrows of the enemy had struck doors, windows and walls of her house, where the "vigas" had been burnt and where the assailants, having effected entrance, had pillaged and destroyed all that came in their way. She is a finely preserved Mexican lady, comely and refined; now much past the meridian of life, but still retaining many traces of former great beauty. Her house, built in the orthodox Mexican style, a series of single roofed rooms enclosing a courtyard, contains a unique reception-apartment, three sides of which are filled by little settees, cushioned with the woolen "colchones" of the country and ornamented with work done by Mrs. Bent and her daughter, Mrs. Kit Carson.[9] Mrs. Bent showed me a paragraph in the *Boston Herald* (Sunday, July 10th, 1881) which said that her son-in-law,[10] Kit Carson, was a reckless gambler; this statement seemed greatly to annoy the old lady who said that was not only untrue but unjust. Kit Carson, as was the general habit of his day in New Mexico, indulged in cards occasionally; but he never played except with gentlemen and then only to pass away the time; his losses always equalled his gains and neither deserved mention. The old lady spoke with enthusiasm of the Valley of Taos, the garden of New Mexico, capable of supporting thousands of people and producing all our fruits, vegetables and cereals in unlimited abundance, besides supplying pasturage for thousands of head of stock of all kinds.

Water was needed, but that was readily procurable from wells and it was likewise possible to bring it in from the Rio Grande. A Rail Road would make this a great and thriving community and she hoped and prayed that one might soon come; this prayer, I fervently re-echoed. The long line of amphitheatral valleys, strung from Fort Garland on the north to the pueblo of San Juan on the south, is one of the most beautiful and most fertile stretches of country in America.

9. This is a curious slip in Bourke's notes, for he had just been standing by the grave of Mrs. Kit Carson. The second lady with whom he talked, "daughter" of Mrs. Bent and therefore a niece of Kit Carson, was probably Teresina. In the 1860's she was living in Colorado with the Carsons, and later married Aloys Scheurich. In 1881, she was 39 years of age.

10. Carson was Mrs. Bent's *cuñado*, not her *yerno*.

Mrs. Carson, the widow of General Kit Carson and the daughter of Mrs. Bent, is very bright and speaks our language perfectly, an acquisition obtained, as I learned, while she was a pupil at the Convent of Loretto in Santa Fé, where she remained seven years.[11]

"Goodnight! ladies," "Buenas noches, caballero!" and thus ended my visit to the widows of two of the most prominent characters in the history of our S. W. border.

There was another grateful shower of rain this evening. Some of my fellow-boarders at the Hotel suggested that we attend a "baile," which was to be given this evening at the house of a Mexican named Martinez; two of the gentlemen had all day occupied the same room with myself and we had already struck up a sort of an acquaintance, based upon the Freemasonry of a common towel, common soap and a common hair-brush. The discussion of the preliminaries occupied but a moment; "gentlemen, I timidly suggested, we haven't any invitations and—" "Damn the odds, rejoined the impetuous Mr. McCarty, who ever heard of invitations in New Mexico—"

So it was settled that we should honor the occasion with our presence, altho for the sake of formality, Mr. Hoyt and Mr. Campbell thought it would be only prudent and proper to send a small boy ahead with a notification of our coming. We wasted no time in getting to the ball-room(!), which was not over 15′ square at the outside but communicated with 2 or 3 others, making an apartment conveniently large for the small gathering assembled. The "orchestra," composed of a fiddler and an accordeon player did energetic work; the fiddler's performance reminded one of the story of a celebrated Italian musician who, wandering through the Green Isle, found himself at Dorkingbrook Fair. From one of the tents he was passing came sounds of violin music, so sweet, so tender and so pathetic, that our great musician paused entranced. The music ends. He enters the canvas and is astonished to find that the discourser of these sweet strains is an illiterate, ragged peasant.

"Do you play by note, my friend?" he asks.

"Divil a note."

"Ah—you play by ear?"

"Divil an ear."

11. The Sisters of Loretto began their work in Santa Fe in 1852. Teresina was then about twelve years of age, whereas Doña Josefa Carson had been married for nearly ten years.

"How then do you play?"

"Oi play bee main strength, bee Jaysus."

In everything except the sympathetic, tender musical part, this story applies with great force to our Mexican fiddler; it might be bent and stretched to include the accordeon player as well, did not my conscience bar the way. The guests including the orchestra, numbered a round dozen, evenly divided between the sexes. Señor Martinez received us with great cordiality and at once placed his house at our disposal; keen speculation shone from his eyes, because he knew that our purses would soon contribute to his coffers. It is, to my way of thinking, a ludicrous feature of the parties given by the lower order of Mexicans that the host always has the privilege which he never fails to exercise freely, of displaying for sale in one corner of the room wine, cakes, raisins, and the most atrocious confectionery. The money coming in from the sale of these refreshments is supposed to recompense him for the trouble and expenditure in his preparing for the festivity. After each dance, cavaliers escort their ladies to the booth and there provide them with sweets (dulces) as they desire. It doesn't follow that, because you ask a lady to accept candy or raisins, she must eat them; by no means; it is perfectly proper, according to Mexican etiquette to enwrap them in her handkerchief and carry them home for future consumption.

Well, to get back to our Baile. The dirt floor had been freshly sprinkled to lay the dust; the lone tallow-candle, in tin sconce, in the corner had been freshly snuffed, permitting its rays to reach the opposite walls whereon hung cheap, very cheap pictures, of the Sacred Heart and the Crucified Savior. An air of constraint marked the company; the ladies kept by themselves in a bunch and the gentlemen herded together like sheep in their front. Introductions are never made at one of these gatherings; any gentleman who can enter the room is supposed by that act to be entitled to the privilege of asking a lady to dance with him. There is not much, if any talk; Mexican women, altho' wonderfully garrulous when by themselves are painfully reserved in the presence of strangers, with whom ever without this diffidence, their topics of conversation would necessarily be limited. They prefer to converse among themselves in half-audible tones, smoking at the same time, little cigarettes of very indifferent tobacco.

"Well, I can't dance," said McCarty, who was a very handsome, bright-complexioned young Irishman. "—I can't dance boys, but d— me if I can stand this thing any longer, so here goes." With that he led out a young lady to her place on the floor, others followed his example, making a quadrille set; the fiddle squeaked and moaned like the soul of some condemned wretch in Hell and Mr. McCarty and his dusky partner to such lascivious pleasings, tramped on each others' toes and bumped and hauled in every way. "V. no puede bailar," (you can't dance) said the young lady with great indignation and left poor McCarty in the midst of tittering dancers.

"Well, miss, I did the best I cud" said McCarty, with great good nature, "now let some one else try *his* hand."

This was the signal for Colonel Hoyt to step to the front. Hoyt was a 49er, and, according to his own statement, had "hoofed it in the merry mazes from Chihuahua to 'Frisco." The world had been making many revolutions since Mr. Hoyt had last been in practice; or perhaps, the style of dancing had changed somewhat, or, perhaps, it was the wine in his head which made him talk—and perhaps, he never knew how to dance. At least, so it looks to me; in any case, his failure was worse than McCarty's. Mr. Campbell and I didn't venture upon the floor, but remained glued to our benches, observing with some interest the operations of our comrades. Other señoritas had been quietly dropping in, making their way like shadows to their places with the rest of their sex. The fun was now at its height, that is if there was any fun at all; but whatever might be the impulse, our worthy host had yielded to it to the extent of placing two or three extra candles against the wall and of dealing out to the musicians an extra glass of aguardiente. The whole scene was so lacking in animation, the entire evening was so stupid—and the señoritas present with one or two exceptions so destitute of the first elements of beauty,—perhaps I was so fagged out with my day's work climbing up and down the stories of the pueblo that I wasn't in a proper frame of mind to judge;— the whole evening I say was so irretrievably stupid that I didn't care to remain another moment. At the earliest opportunity, I stole off to the nearest pile of stones there to fill my pockets and arms with missiles of all sizes; a precaution not to be smiled at in a Mexican or Indian town where the dogs are almost as thick as the fleas and as vicious as so many alligators.

On my way back to Dibble's, I had use for all my ammunition. Some grim satisfaction, some slight pleasure lit up the gloom of my feelings as I heard a five ounce rock strike kerchunk! against the ribs of some unusually cantankerous pup and listened to the nocturne with which my canine assailant would then favor me. To think that I had damaged the spinal vertabrae or bruised the legs of one or two of these miserable beasts was I repeat a mild but seraphic joy to me, altho I must admit that when several misdirected shots broke Mexican window panes a feeling of sadness was aroused—in the bosoms of the Mexicans. In such cases, the proud Castilians rushed to their doors, calling on all the saints and demons in the calendar; but as I did not wish to obtrude myself upon their grief, I stole off in the darkness without waiting to make myself known.

Such is a crude outline of the evening's entertainment. The "baile" was most certainly a tame, spiritless affair, much unlike the best of the kind we used to have in Arizona in the first years of my service. There were no "cascarones" at the Taos party:—the eggshell filled with cologne water or finely-clipped gilt paper which vivacious señoritas in Tucson were wont to break upon the crowns of young gallants as they entered the ballroom;—a compliment which etiquette demanded should be immediately reciprocated in kind; and in the matter of dress as in the matter of appearance generally the women seen at Taos could not be compared with their sisters farther to the south.

This inferiority was largely due to the difference in social conditions represented; in Taos, it was evident that Mr. Martinez, while a decent enough man in his way, didn't have his friends in the most refined circles of the "plaza."

This night, I slept again in the corral, but this time under the dazzling light of myriads of stars: did not awake until broad daylight when I found my blankets cold and wet with a heavy dew.

CHAPTER XXI

RETURNING TO SANTA FE

[*July 21, 1881.*]—After breakfast, started for San Juan by the "river" road, 45 miles. We couldn't have selected a finer day; it was lovely, cool and bright—and as for our mules, two days' rest and plenty of forage had freshened them up wonderfully.

Trotted across the Taos valley, 5 mi. passing clusters of "ranchos" at short distances; then the road took across a mountain the lower skirts covered with thick matting of large "chamisa," or sage-brush, and the higher elevations with piñon, some pine, and a great deal of "Savina," or cedar, and some evergreen oak. We kept on this timbered plateau for ten miles and then commenced the descent into the Cañon of the Rio Grande, the road getting steep and tortuous, but displaying excellent engineering in its construction except that the curves were unnecessarily sharp for the great teams of this country. This defect, I am satisfied was not from any ignorance on the part of Captain Ruffner, under whose supervision the road was completed; but was a necessary consequence of the limited appropriation, ($25,000) allotted for the purpose.[1] We entered the cañon at a point not far from a little hamlet, called "La Cieneguilla." The Rio Grande is here not over one hundred & twenty feet wide and several times shrivels to the puny dimensions of a brook. This has been an unusually dry year and the amount of water in the channel faithfully reflects the scarcity of rain in the mountain region up to this time. The water is dark-green except where the swift current rushing against the granite and lava boulders, blocking its paths, foams in riffles and swirls, the favorite hiding places of toothsome trout. On one side, the wall of the cañon is of granite, on the other of black lava, the proportions attained by the two ridges being imposing and majestic. In this cañon, gold-washing is carried on vigorously, and, as an old Mexican whom we picked up on the road told me, with considerable profit.

1. Ernest Howard Ruffner, native of Kentucky, entered West Point from Virginia and graduated (1863) first in his class. He was assigned to the U. S. Engineers and reached a captaincy on Oct. 31, 1879. When the military road between Taos and Santa Fe was built in 1873, he was a 1st lieutenant. General Edward Hatch was in command at the time in Santa Fe.

The cañon of the Rio Grande suddenly narrowed at and near Embudo, a little "plaza," situated in a nook fully deserving its Spanish name which means the Funnel; the river here cuts through the lava which from this on was the constituent rock on both sides. Passed through Rincon, Bolsa, and other "placetas," each the centre of an area of well-tilled fields and surrounded by orchards of apples, pears, peaches and apricots, loading the branches down to the ground. At Rinconada, bought a small quantity of fruit to determine the quality: none of it was fully ripe but all had a delicious flavor and demonstrated how finely shoots brought from "the states" will do in this grand valley. The fruit proper of the Rio Grande, excepting most of the grapes and a few of the peaches, is worn out and not worth eating, but that raised from American slips, such as I was now testing cannot be improved upon in flavor, size, meat, form or color. In each of these plazas, a horde of half-starved, gaunt, sore-eyed pups, assailed our mules, tooth and nail.

Jack, the driver, was wonderfully skillful with his whip and many a yellow Mexican cur will carry to his grave a vivid, but sorrowful remembrance of that day. Below La Joya, the road was almost perfectly level and as fine a piece of workmanship as any one could desire; we bowled along in excellent time, running by the side of the "acequia madre," an immense irrigating canal upon whose banks grew great cottonwood trees, affording a refreshing shade.

At a stone's throw, across the river, run the tracks of the Denver & Rio Grande R. R., every turn and every grade calling for the highest engineering skill. A locomotive lazily dragged itself over the rails, keeping pace with our ambulance.

Arrived at San Juan, at 6 in the evening, in time to escape a heavy storm of rain which will prove a blessing to this sun-parched valley; numerous showers have fallen here during the past week, but all of such brief duration as to be more annoying than profitable. At Mr. Eldodt's table, met besides Padre Seux, Padre Francolon and another priest from Taos whose name has escaped me. The native claret on the table was as good wine as a man ever put in his mouth; Father Seux told me that it was made by the Jesuits in Albuquerque. The rain of this evening, so promising for the crops, has been a great disaster for Mr. Eldodt's roof, which began "all at once and all over" to leak in a perfect stream.

The Mexican and Indian servants were kept busy running about overhead, tramping and calking each fresh hole as fast as discovered. Rained violently in the early part of the night; slept comfortably in Mr. Eldodt's house and awakened greatly refreshed on the morning of

July 21st [22nd], 1881. Bathed in the cool waters of the "acequia madre" flowing at the foot of the house and then entered Padre Seux's garden to feast upon ripe cherries, red currants and luscious apricots wet with the dew and rain-drops of the night.

Santiago Torre—or Agoya in the Indian language, a name which he interpreted as Estrella or star, agreed to accompany me to the different pueblos of his, the Tegua, nation. His salary to be 75c per diem, so long as he remained with me, but if he did good work he was to be paid one dollar and get his food besides. I thought it best to make such an arrangement to stimulate him to his best efforts. After bidding goodbye to Father Seux and my kind host, Mr. Eldodt, entered the ambulance and started for the South. Santiago began a conversation about the clans of Picurís; he said he had always understood that they had in that pueblo the clans of

Ratón	Mouse	Maiz Colorado	Blue Corn
Tejón	Badger	Lobo	Wolf
Aquila	Eagle	León	Lion
Venado	Deer	Oso	Bear
Cíbola	Buffalo	Sol	Sun
Luna Estrella	These I cannot but regard as one and the same clan—that of the sun.		

This list is decidedly different from that given me by Nepomeceno, and I cannot refrain from believing that my estimable friend Santiago lied, a trait noticeable among all the Rio Grande Pueblos who will stand up and lie by the hour rather than impart the least information concerning their religion or interior administration. Their experience with the Spaniards has taught them to be cautious and dissimutative and at no time are they so little to be trusted as when conversing with freedom and apparent ingenuousness upon these forbidden topics. But in many of his statements, I must concede that I have found strong corroboration of Santiago's general truthfulness. He impressed me as a man too inert to contemplate harm and who would not lie when he could be persuaded that he would gain something by telling

the truth. When in the ambulance together he gave an account of the "boomerang," used by his ancestors in past generations. This was armed on the convex side with sharp flakes of obsidian and when dextrously thrown would cut off a man's head. The people of San Juan in the olden time seem, from Santiago's statement, to have been involved in interminable wars with the Comanches and with the people of Picurís and Taos. At time of the Spanish Conquest, many of the Pueblo Indians ran off and joined the Navajoes, and other tribes to the West. They had been bitter enemies of the "Apache-Navajo," slaying them or being slain without mercy whenever they met. Under the pressure of new exigencies, former tribe-hatreds were obliterated and the Pueblos sent emissaries (two young men) to the La Plata country, where the Apache-Navajo then lived, with overtures for peace, alliance & inter-marriage. The overtures were received with so much favor that the Pueblos, in San Juan and vicinity, concerted a general uprising and a massacre of the small Spanish garrisons before leaving. The date fixed for the revolt was a Sunday afternoon at the hour of Vespers, when a gathering of the young men would not arouse suspicion and when a general massacre of the hated Spaniards would be possible in the churches.

"Dos Mujeres" (two women) spoiled the whole plot. They had, like everybody else among the Indians, known of the contemplated uprising, but being unable to restrain their garrulity, the Spaniards learned of their danger in time to frustrate the full force of the blow impending over them, altho' not soon enough to prevent the Indians from escaping across the country to join their newly-made friends. Negotiations were afterwards opened up by the Spanish "Comandate" which resulted in the return of some of the Pueblos, but the great bulk of the fugitives remained with the Navajoes, with whom, in course of time, they became perfectly amalgamated. The ruins now so thickly strewn along the river were all occupied before the coming of the white man. This recital of Santiago's confirmed much that I learned among the Navajoes, which may be found in notes upon that tribe, in their proper place.

The "sacred fire," according to Santiago, is made at Christmas time by the Cacique. Some estufas are underground and circular: some above and round and some square and above ground. Pojuaque has no estufa. The people of Pecos were the same as those of Picurís; if not allied in blood, they were always in relations of strictest intimacy

with them.[2] Both resembled the Apaches greatly and, so my informant contended, understood much of their language. The people of Picurís closely resemble the Apaches in their dress. The people of Galisteo were the same as those of San Juan;[3] both Pecos and Galisteo are now abandoned, most of the survivors going to the pueblo of Jemez, but a few from Galisteo making their way to Santo Domingo pueblo. The people of Nambé and Pojuaque are half-breed Mexicans. At Santa Cruz, a pueblo formerly existed, the ruins of which can still be seen on top of hill to the south. Early in the morning, we reached the pueblo of Santa Clara, where I purchased 3 or 4 stone axes and hammers, two of the axes with fine edges.

Entered a house where a woman was making a chimney; she belonged, she told me through Santiago, to the Raton (Mouse) clan. Next, I visited the Cacique in his house and after being presented by Santiago, had a long conversation with him in the course of which he spoke about the clans of the pueblos on the Rio Grande. He said they had clans and that among them would be found the

Sol (Luna & Estrella)	Sun (Moon & Star)	Palmilla	Yucca (Soapweed)
Maiz Blanco	Corn, white	Pino Verde	Pine, green
Maiz Azul	Corn, blue	Pino Real	Pine, royal
Maiz Colorado	Corn, red	Aguila	Eagle
Maiz Amarillo	Corn, yellow	Tejón	Badger
Sandia	Watermelon	Alamo	Cottonwood
Melón	Musk-melon	Cibola	Buffalo
Calabaza	Pumpkin	Culebra	Snake
Venado	Deer	Huacamayo	Parrot
Alazan	Antelope	Agua	Water

2. This statement might be misleading. Taos and Picuries are survivors of the northern Tigua (Tiwa) linguistic group; Pecos did not belong to that group but was one in language with the Jemez people. Santiago's remark on the close relations of Pecos and Picuries is, therefore, all the more interesting.

3. This also is misleading. San Juan has always belonged to the Tegua (Tewa) pueblos north of Santa Fe; Galisteo belonged to the Tano pueblos south of Santa Fe. Santiago may have been voicing an idea of unity out of the dim and remote past before there were such linguistic distinctions; more probably his remark was due to what happened in 1680 and later. After the Spaniards were killed or driven out in the Rebellion, the Tano Indians abandoned their pueblos and moved into Santa Fe itself and the Tewa country to the north—as at Santa Cruz. When Vargas ousted them in 1693 and 1695, many of them doubtless merged with the Tewa people. Governor Cuervo refounded Galisteo pueblo in 1706 with Tano refugees, but they were gradually decimated by disease and Comanche attacks until, in 1794, the few survivors abandoned the town and moved to the Keres pueblo of Santo Domingo.

Oso	Bear	Tierra	Earth
Lobo	Wolf	Nube	Cloud
Coyote	Coyote	Bunchi	Tobacco
Leon	Lion (Mountain)	Sacate	Grass
Tortuga	Tortoise	Piedra Colorado	Red Stone (Coral?)
Raton	Mouse		

This cacique, who gave his name as Antonio Trujillo, seemed to be quite intelligent and candid. He said: clans are to be found in all the pueblos. But not all these clans in each pueblo. A long time ago, perhaps they might all have been so found but now the pueblos are becoming very small. Some of these clans are now extinct, but I am giving you the list as closely as I can remember it and where there are so many, it is not always easy to get them straight." This old man seemed to have a very well defined idea of a phratry, especially when speaking of the different Maiz or Corn gentes, and those under heads of Sol, Luna and Estrella.

Half-way between Santa Clara and San Ildefonso, is the pueblocito of Mesilla, a farming or outlying pueblo, tenanted by two families who claimed to belong to the Aguila "gente" of Santa Clara. Crossed the Rio Grande, 6 to 8 m. from Santa Clara. (We had previously crossed it from the E. to W. bank over the bridge at Santa Cruz, near San Juan and were now going back to the East side. I have purposely avoided minute topographical details, at all times tedious and, in the present finely mapped state of the Rio Grande Valley, unnecessary.

Entered the little pueblo of San Ildefonso, going first to the house of Santiago's cousin, which was wonderfully clean. A young Pueblo woman of strikingly Jewish cast of features saluted us kindly and then left the room to return in a few moments with a collation of tortillas, made with mutton tallow and a broth, sticky with the same delectable condiment. Mutton tallow enters so much into the cuisine of the Pueblos, that one cannot fail to recall the Abbe Hun's narrative of his travels among the people of Tartary and Thibet.

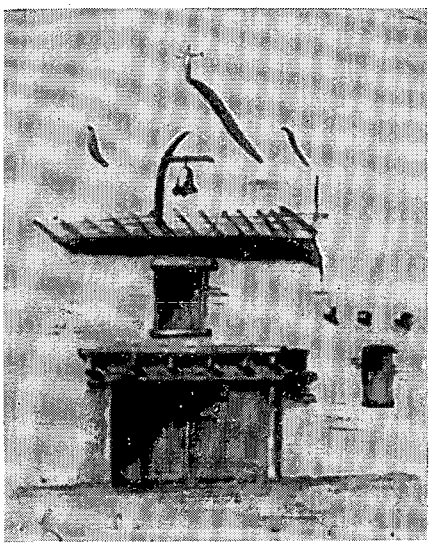
This food was placed before us and we were invited to eat; Santiago acquitted himself with great credit, but my performance was strictly limited by the demands of aboriginal politeness.

I made a pretence of swallowing a portion of the food, but, hungry as I was, could not bear the taste of the rancid tallow. A little kitten stole into the room and seated by my

side gladly welcomed the little tit-bits of tortilla, from time to time handed to her. A squad of naked and half-naked children gazed at us during our meal, while we were further entertained by the conversation of an old gentleman, whose hair and side-whiskers were white as the driven snow and whose naked body was only partially covered by a greasy old coat which did not button close in front. He welcomed me with much effusiveness and told me in the purest Castillian that it was plain to be seen the Great Father had made a careful selection when he had picked me out to go among his Indian children. After such a eulogy, which impressed me by its appropriateness, I could do no less than invite the old man to help me dispose of the refection before me. Seating himself upon my four-pronged stool, hollowed out of cottonwood, and said by my hosts to be "from cuanto hay," my newly made guest informed me with a great flourish of trumpets that his name was Juan Bautista González—that he had been taken prisoner by the Comanches when he was a little boy, but that after remaining among them for some years, he had escaped more than a quarter of a century ago to the pueblo where I now found him. He concluded his conversation by asserting that he was "muy Castellano y su servidor de U." Santiago whispered in my ear that the poor old man was "loco" (crazy) but confirmed Juan's statement that he beat the drum for all "bailes" and "fiestas" in the pueblo.

The pueblo of San Ildefonso is built around a square; the houses, mostly of two stories, and in all respects clean and neat, except from the chaff of recently thrashed wheat. Half a dozen cottonwood trees are growing in the square. Ovens are to be seen on the roofs, as well as on the ground. Entered the house of Juan Estévan Martín, or Sehuer—Pino Real, or the Pino clan. This man told me that in former days, the name of a man or woman was generally indicative of the clans, but at present, the rule is not observed with such strictness.

Juan Andrés Martín, the nephew of the first named entered the room during our conversation. He said that his Indian name was Pose-bin—Dew—Rocio—and that he was of the Agua or Water gens. With him came Jesús María Campo, or Kan-yo—León, of the León gens. They admit having the gentile law of marriage, (i. e. a prohibition against marrying within the clan) and say that the children all belong to the mother's clan. Juan showed me huacamayo or



THE OLD CHURCH IN SAN ILDEFONSO
(Sketch by Bourke in 1881)

parrot feathers, (blue on outside, yellow on inside.) While we were talking, a heavy storm set in, cooling the air, to our great delight.

Entered house of Donaciano Martín—Tze-po—Pluma de Aguila—Eagle feather, of Eagle gens.

Entered house of a woman, Ligonio Martín—Ah-va-yet-soma—Culebra de Agua, of Culebra gens. With her were 2 young women and one child. The first woman bore the name of Charmotzi—Tortuga pintada—speckled tortoise, of Tortuga clan. The second answered to name of Lucianita Martin—Tzoacio—Nube—Cloud, of Nube gens, and the baby was said to be named Jun-poque—Flor de Chamisa—"flower of the Sage-Brush," but to belong to Tortuga gens.

Entered the house of an old gray-haired deaf man, about 75 years old. Some little children in the room with him said his name was Ha-muts-si—"Dawn of Day" and that he belonged to Sol gens. The first little girl was Rachilla—"Pajarito amarillo." The second was Tu-yu—Ramo—Branch, (but of what kind of a tree I couldn't make out.) The clans of San Ildefonso are said to be the same as those of Santa Clara, except two additional gentes in the former pueblo,—the Piedra Colorado and the Jana, (the meaning of the last word I do not know.) Passed a house with one window of selenite. Entered house of a woman Martina Vigil—Powitzongwi—"flor pintita," of the Piedra Colorado gens. In front of her house was a caged eagle and there is another one on the opposite side of the pueblo.

Entered the house of Cipriana García—Chipi—a word meaning a bird of some kind, what I could not find out. The Indians said it was the Buffalo bird, but from their saying that it sang at dawn, I apprehend that it must be some kind of a lark. This woman said that she belonged to the Buffalo gens—and was the custodian of (2) two buffalo heads, elaborately trimmed with feathers of the eagle, turkey and parrot. In her house were also many buffalo robes, well worn and apparently very aged and one of the long barrel-shaped drums of cottonwood, headed with skin. All of these articles were used in their "bailes" and "fiestas." Besides these, she also had the care of an eagle, which glared at us from within the bars of his cage. When she told me the gens to which she belonged, she asked pertly, but what "gente" are you? "Oh, I also am Cíbolo," I replied; "then you are my relative (pariente)." Upon my departure, she called out gayly: "good-bye, tocallo." (namesake)

The estufa seen and entered in San Ildefonso is round, 15′ in D. and almost exactly the same as those described as examined in other pueblos. The church is very dilapidated and the rain runs through the roof in a perfect stream.

Purchased a number of specimens of stone axes and hammers and pottery. Suitable accommodations for ourselves and our mules were not to be had in San Ildefonso; —there were none nearer than Boquet's Ranch, 6 miles distant. The clouds hung so low and looked so threatening that we had nothing left to do but hurry to shelter. Our road followed up Pojuaque creek, a broad, dry bed of sand, affording a very fair road. We had hardly gotten half way to Boquet's before the storm burst upon us in all its fury; the clouds reached down to the ground, the air became moist and cold and clammy as a soaked sponge: the sun had set and absolute darkness reigned. Then the water poured down, the road became heavy, our progress being almost imperceptible on this account and also by reason of the timidity of our mules which refused to heed either our driver's whip or voice and pushed reluctantly onward, their limbs trembling violently at each step. We could still discern our "wheelers," but the "leaders" by this time, had resolved themselves into vague spectres, beyond which was the gloom of Erebus. The frequent flashes of lightning disclosed our path, which in any case we knew lay in the dry bed of the stream; but this weird light also discovered what our ears had already betrayed to us. An ominous sound was, with gathering power, moving down upon us from the mountains. A cloud-burst had assailed the higher peaks near the sources of the stream and the noise we had heard was the murmur and roar of the pent-up waters pouring down in mad frenzy to join the Rio Grande. The width of the Pojuaque valley at this point re-assured us against any fear of being swept away, a catastrophe which in narrower defiles would surely have overtaken us.

The dry, sandy road had been overspread by an angry lake whose waves hungrily lapped against our wheels—a more powerful body of water by far than the Rio del Norte itself. As closely as darkness would permit, we had hugged the southern rim of this narrow valley, thus escaping the full force of the torrent.

Two or three hours had passed, the rain had in a measure abated and the waters though still powerful did not look quite so swollen or angry, when we arrived opposite the feeble lights which flickered from the windows of Boquet's.

"It's on the other side, Leftenant," said Jack gruffly; there was no use growling. We were free to remain where we were all night or make the attempt to gain the farther bank. Jack turned over the reins to me, while he descended from his seat and carefully scanned the ground. In a few moments, he returned saying that he did not know for certain but he thought he was in the stage road which was a very important discovery, because it not only assured us of a good ford, but of being in a line to strike the little bridge crossing the deep ditch which followed down the valley directly alongside of Boquet's house and out-buildings. We urged and whipped our trembling mules and finally got them started across the torrent. The current bore with great force against our vehicle and the mules with great difficulty kept their footing. For a little while, we had about concluded that we were to be upset and had made ready to jump from the ambulance when by a great piece of luck, we struck the ford, crossed it, reached the opposite bank, heard the sharp, quick thud of our leaders' hoofs upon the road-work of the little bridge and in half a minute more had halted, chilled, soaked, weary, nervous and cross in front of Boquet's door. We had made the crossing by the merest scratch and next morning, if I may carry forward my story a few hours, saw that our wheels had missed the edge of the rickety little bridge by not over half an inch.

I rapped upon the door and, entering with my rap, came upon two women;—one, a Mexican, the wife of "ole man Boquet,"—who understood English quite well—and the other, a stout, greasy, good-natured but self assertive negro-wench who officiated in the somewhat complicated character of cook companion and counsellor for the first named.

"Madame," said I, "I regret that I have been obliged to come so late, but the storm has overtaken us and we could not reach here earlier. My driver and I are nearly dead with cold and hunger and must have something to eat and also feed and stabling for our (4) four mules." The negress spoke up hotly: "I ain't gwine to do no mo' cookin' to-night: —no mo' for nobody, you bet." Disregarding the black, I said firmly to the tan-colored woman: "This is a Government Forage Agency and if you don't get me something to eat, I will see about it." Mrs. Boquet, who had seen me several times during the Spring, recognized me and said in Spanish, in an undertone: "cállese, este hombre es del Gobierno, le conozco"—("Hush up. This man is of the government. I

am acquainted with him") The negress no doubt, in the confusion of the moment, understood her mistress to say "el govierno," the government, because in no other way can I explain the ludicrous consequences of the remark. She followed me into the next room, the whites of her eyes rolling with excitement.

"See heah, boss, you mus'n' git mad wid a woman's foolish jaws. Boss, is you de Gub-ment? Fo' Gaw, boss, if I'd knowed you was de Gubment, boss, I'd a done fetched dat grub widout no trouble, boss, Go' Gaw, I would, boss I'se allus fur de Gubm'ent, boss, I is." I succeeded in concealing my astonishment, under the oppressive weight of the compliment the language implied. In my time, I have been called "Cap.," "Maje," "Kun-nel," "Ginneril," in the line of military preferment: "Jedge" and 'Gov," in the channels of political distinction, "Doc" and "Purfessor" in the course of scientific attainments and once (but only once and then by a drunken man in Dakota,) I was mistaken for a Church dignitary and accosted as "deacon" and invited to "take su' thing":—all these honors I had borne with proper meekness and humility; but to be taken for the whole Government of 50,000,000 of people was a compliment which made me blush to the ears at such an unexpected recognition of my merits.

"Rosie," the name my Senegambrian admirer bore, made full amends for her brief insubordination. The supper was excellent. Our appetites were like razors. Jack reported that the mules were safely stabled and eating heartily of the grain and hay provided for them. Consequently when Rosie called us to the smoking table, we made a desperate onslaught upon frijoles, eggs, & mutton-chops—each dish fragrant with chile colorado—and upon the hot biscuits and tea which accompanied them.

On our way here, Santiago discoursed upon the religion of his people. They worship the Sun, Moon & Stars; Lucero, the morning star, being held in honor almost equal that paid to the Sun. The Moon is more especially adored by the women. They, the men and women both, worship "the woman in the Ocean,"—she sent corn to her pueblos. "She is the same as "Nuestra Señora de Soledad"—Our Lady of Soledad. (This would seem to show that the early missionaries had quietly adopted "The woman in the ocean.") The Sacred Fire is made on or about our Christmas; it is not kept. The feast of the Sun (but which feast, I could not

learn) occurs about the time of Corpus Christi—that is about the middle of June. The Buffalo Dance, on San Ildefonso's day, in January.

Santiago admitted that he had a religion of his own just as he had a name of his own—he always designated his religion as "oficio" or "costumbre de los antiguos" (custom of the ancients) ; yet he evinced at all times the greatest respect for the Catholic religion: several times, I observed him when passing in front of a church,—his hat always came off —more than that he took his stand in front of the old church of San Ildefonso and bowed his head in prayer. His people are called "Tegua": they have always lived on the Rio Grande, except that the Tegua band, now among the Moquis, made its way over to the villages of those people about the time of the Spanish Conquest, just as many of those from Jemez had fled to the hospitality of the Navajoes.[4]

Mrs. Boquet, while I was eating supper, described with much vivacity the behavior of the American tourists who in shoals and swarms are now invading the Rio Grande Valley: why, said she, do you believe me: they will buy everything from these Indians and an old Indian woman said to me yesterday—"what curious people these Americans are, one has just bought the stone which covered my chimney (i. e. to regulate the draught.) What could he want with it?"

Last Friday, we marched	24	miles
Last Saturday, we marched	18	"
Sunday rested		
Monday	30	"
Tuesday	34	"
Wednesday	8	"
Thursday	45	"
Friday	24	"
Saturday (at Boquet's)	8	"

July 23rd, 1881 (Saturday.) Drove across the creek to the pueblo of Pojuaque. The water in the stream-bed was greatly shrivelled compared with the torrent we had crossed last evening. The pueblo of Pojuaque, lies about half a mile off the stage road and can hardly be called a pueblo at all, as only four families now reside there. President Lincoln included this village among those to whose "governors" he

4. These two migrations occurred at the time of the Rebellion and Reconquest, 1680-1696,—not in the time of the "Conquest" which came a century earlier.

presented silver-headed canes in 1863: this baton of office remained in Pojuaque until a few months since when a bold and bad "Americano" walked off with it during the "governor's" temporary absence from his house. Almost as soon as I entered this little pueblo, I found in one of the houses, two very old stone pipes and ten or a dozen axes and hammers of stone, more or less mutilated.

After a little chaffering, I purchased the whole lot at reasonable figures. The Alcalde gave me his name as Juan Pablo Tapia—Ojuo-poanya—Nube (cloud) of the Sacate gens (Grass people.) "My wife is dead; her name was Lorenzo Chirina." I read him the list of gentes obtained in San Ildefonso and San Juan; he commented upon it by saying "we have the same clans here represented, but not so many of course as there are so few of us. But we are all one people with those of the pueblos you name."

There are no Guacamayo (Macaw or Parrot) feathers in this pueblo. They used to have them—they were brought from Sonora. In San Felipe and Santa Domingo there are now huacamayos in cages.

He told me of the flight of the people of this pueblo from the Spaniards who tried to impose grievous work upon them; they fled to the "San Juan Country" where they lived for many years:—(I should conjecture from his manner of expressing himself, that they must have remained up there nearly a whole generation, until their little children became big men.) From the San Juan, they returned under promises made by the Spaniards that they should not be molested or made to work—a promise which the Spaniards soon broke. Meantime, those Pueblos who had gone over to the Moquis, remained with them. The Navajoes had long been at war with the people of this pueblo, as they wished to carry off the women as slaves. Through some of these women and their children communication was opened with the Navajoes, to whom two (2) young men were sent to arrange for a shelter among them.

After talking for four days and nights, one of these young men returned and it was planned that after vespers one Sunday the whole pueblo should sally out and make their escape by way of Tierra Amarilla (i. e. to the North-West.) But a woman, through indiscretion or treachery, revealed the whole plot which was rendered abortive, a number of the people giving up the idea of escaping and contenting themselves to remain as they were.

There is no estufa in Pojuaque.

A man entered the room—José Marcelino Quintana—Tze-tania—Pino Alta—Tall Pine Tree.—of the Pino Real clan. In his company, I visited the house of Francisco Martín—Yet-ta—Sprig or bunch (of Grass) of the Sacate (grass) clan. His wife answered to the name of María Salonia Abeytia—Tze-oyequi—Dew on the Pine tree, of the Pine clan. The 4th house in the pueblo was occupied by a Mexican family. The 5th house by a woman and a young girl; the woman told me that her name was Rosa Seguro and that she and her child, altho partly Indian, were mainly of Mexican blood. The 6th house was occupied by a woman, María de la Soledad Martín—Juan poyne—Flor del huaco, or flower of the huaco, a purplish flower eaten by these Indians. She did not know what clan she belonged to and claimed to be a full blooded Mexican, brought up from childhood among these Indians. Her husband was an Indian, José Montoya, of whom she wouldn't tell us anything at all.

This pueblo, so to call it, of Pojuaque is very dilapidated. It is built of adobe as Santa Clara and San Ildefonso are. The few Indians and half-breeds still living in Pojuaque raise very good crops of corn and vegetables. They own one horse, two burros, ten cows, no sheep, no goats, a few chickens, numbers of dogs and a good fair sprinkling of cats, mostly wall-eyed and of the Thomas persuasion. A couple of hundred yards to the west are the ruins of the old pueblo, covering a great deal of ground and once, evidently, thickly populated. Visited the old church, alongside of which are the ruins of the convent, formerly standing here. Within bow-shot, is the orchard and vineyard of the pueblo and here growing in full luxuriance were apples, pears, peaches, apricots, plums, grapes and different kinds of vegetables. The inhabitants of Pojuaque differ in no essential from the Mexicans surrounding them. The church in its interior, is one of the most thoroughly archaic in all New Mexico. Upon the walls are numerous paintings of saints, some of which manifest an improvement in artistic taste and skill over those I've seen elsewhere. There are several which, if properly cleaned, would be, I think, very beautiful, notably that of Our Lady of Guadalupe, over the main altar.

A human skull, typical of Life's destiny, surmounts the old Confessional. These very good pictures bore every sign of having come from Spain; others, I've no doubt, came from

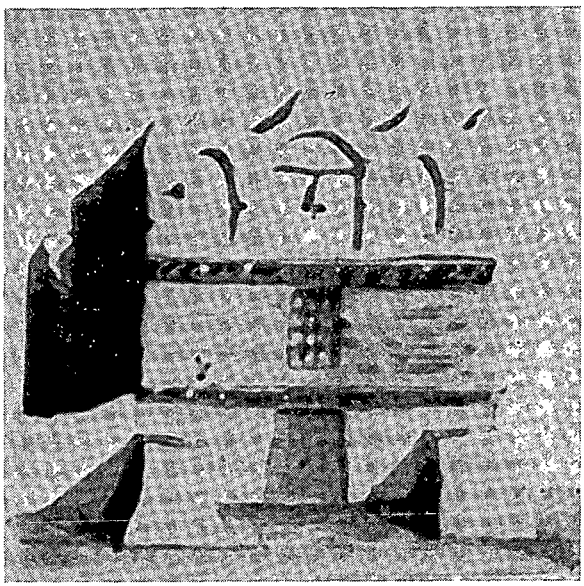
Mexico, and the ruder sketches in the panels of the altar-piece, in all probability were the work of the Indians themselves.

One of the pictures is so blackened by age and a deposit of soot that its subject cannot be distinguished. Near the altar, is a crucifix, whereon hangs our Savior, his body raw with crimson wounds and in attendance upon him a decidedly dumpy little angel.

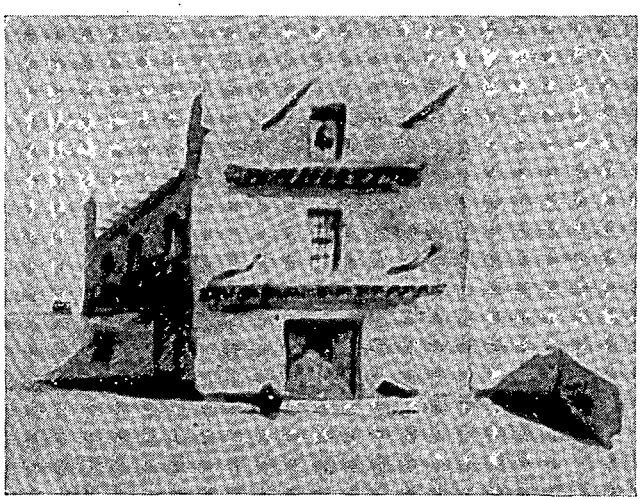
A heavy rain-storm came up and drove me from my work. It has been very murky and raw since last night and inky, heavy clouds have filled the air, reaching down from the zenith to the ground.

Nambé is an inconsiderable pueblo of six or seven families. The houses, which once were mostly of two stories are now much decayed. Like those of Pojuaque, they are all of adobe. At time of our arrival, the son of the governor was dying of cramp. I was asked to prescribe for him. The young man had been eating freely of green fruit and exposing himself in a hot sun. Add to these two inciting causes, bad water and the sudden change in the weather and his critical condition can well be imagined. There was nothing at all in the way of medicine in the pueblo. I asked for ginget, pepper, whiskey, wine—hot water—there was nothing, absolutely nothing. I then told the attendants to put hot stones to the sick man's feet, to wrap his body in warm clothes and to keep him well covered and as soon as possible to send a mounted messenger down to Mr. Boquet, to whom I wrote a note asking for a bottle of essence of ginger, or of plain whiskey, if nothing better was obtainable. The storm outside had become so outrageous, that to get a horse and ride down to Pojuaque and back would take not much less than four or five hours; the distance was only four miles, but the road would be so miry and heavy that travel would be next to impossible.

The houses of Nambé still preserve a few windows of selenite, a piece of which I took. I also saw eagle, turkey and sparrow-hawk feathers in their houses. Apache and Navajo baskets in some abundance. These baskets are woven so well and are so strong that they last for generations; I shouldn't be at all surprised to learn some day that among those on the Rio Grande are to be found specimens from 100 to 200 years old. A small quantity of pottery is made here; there was scarcely any to be seen at Pojuaque. Came across a basket filled with limita berries; the wood of this tree is used for making arrows and sometimes bows.



CHURCH OF OUR LADY OF GUADALUPE, IN POJUAQUE
(Sketch by Bourke in 1881)



CHURCH OF SAN FRANCISCO IN NAMBÉ PUEBLO
(Sketch by Bourke in 1881)

The owner, or proprietor of the 2nd house we visited was Martilla Montoya, a relative, or as I should put it, a clan-connection of Santiago's. I know that he told me he was an "Agoya" or Estrella (Star) which would seem to carry out my idea.

The governor's name is Juan Pablo, or Pon-caw—Nieve or Snow, of the Water or Agua gens. In his house were a number of holy pictures in tin frames; one of the newest bearing the inscription "James Frederick, Bishop of Philadelphia, 1873": on the same wall hung a Crucifixion, in which our Savior appeared with at least fifty wounds.

In Nambé I saw the first lance I had yet seen among the Pueblos; the shaft, of wood; the barb, an old bayonet. The old man told me that this summer, at the feast of San Juan, all the Tegua pueblos were strongly represented. The Kiowa chief, "Arco Largo" ("Long Bow"), came there from Indian Teritory to see them, accompanied by a Mexican captive and a Kiowa boy. This old man and Santiago both told me that they had been to the country of the Comanches and Kiowas (probably some point in the Staked Plain or else north of the Arkansas) to talk with them. In former days, the Kiowas and Comanches had intimate relations with the forefathers of the Pueblos, but since the extinction of the buffalo in the S. W., they had seen but little of each other.

In the smaller pueblos, the clan system and a knowledge of the clan rules seem to be breaking down, and, as might be expected this is most apparent in the pueblos where Spanish or Mexican influence has become strongest. It is probable that policy rather than ignorance may be behind this taciturnity, yet it would naturally occur that generations of subjection to Spanish regulation, combined with some little marrying between the two races would impair, even if only in a slight degree, the religious zeal and race pride of the conquered.

In Taos my conversation with the old governor and the head men convinced me that in that pueblo the clan system still flourished in full vigor. The more earnestly they denied its existence, the more did I become convinced that they were lying. "We know of such things," said the crafty old liar, "but we only know of them through hearing people talk of them. Over in the Pecos pueblo, they used to have such things; they were very foolish people, they used to have a snake for a God, and now they are all dead and gone. We are a very different kind of people—We have nothing of that sort." Santiago told me, what I might have known

without his assistance, that the pueblo of Taos, had clans the same as the other pueblos; but he said "capitán, the Pecos pueblo did have a big rattlesnake and they used to give it little children to eat and that's why that pueblo has all gone. I didn't see this myself, but this is what people say—so they tell me." (Asina me dicen, asina me cuentan.)

Bought a child's top today; had purchased another one yesterday in Pojuaque. The women of Nambé adhere to the ugly fashion, prevalent among all their sex in the Rio Grande Valley, of putting corn-meal on their faces. Found huacamayo feathers in Nambé; have seen them in all the pueblos except Pojuaque. They are kept with great care in little, long boxes, made of cedar or cottonwood. There are no albinos in Nambé or Pojuaque, but there are several each in San Juan, Santa Clara and San Ildefonso. Santiago says that Nambé andl Picurís are very old pueblos—but that they lost almost all their population at the time of the Conquest; the fugitives, as stated elsewhere, finding an asylum among the Moquis and Navajoes. Bought a wooden picture of San Antonio and 2 pitchers and bowls.

Returning to Boquet's: on our way back, found the Pojuaque very high from the heavy rains of yesterday, last night and this afternoon. Leaving Nambé bought a goodly collection of old stone hammers & axes for 5c each. At Nambé, there is an estufa, badly ruined, above ground.

Returning by sun-down to Boquet's, a miserable hole, filthy beyond conception in the interior, which is never swept or washed; the exterior however is attractive and kept neatly whitewashed. Boquet always puts a sufficiency of good food on his table; his wife and the Senegambian Rosey, are fair to middling cooks, and if the traveller be only hungry enough to become oblivious to the dirt about him, he will enjoy himself. Mrs. Boquet's sister was another adjunct to the place—She was a very good-looking and very slatternly young widow, whose husband—an engineer on the Denver and Rio Grande R. R., had lately been killed in an accident on one of its Western branches. For his death she had received a handsome insurance and several thousands of dollars as damages from the company. With this money she could, if so disposed, have bought herself soap and clean linen; her dirty neck, frowsy hair and crumpled raiment, I ascribe to grief, alloyed with untidiness, and not to penury.

Mrs. ("H. H.") Jackson happened to run across this young widow, attended by Rosey, at San Juan, and gave the

world the benefit of her impressions in a very lively article which I have read with much pleasure in a late number of the *Atlantic*.

Our trip today was quite a hard one, considering that the total distance to and from Nambé is only (8) eight miles.

The road follows the bed of Pojuaque creek, and what with high water surging against our wheels, heavy sands and great boulders, our poor animals have had a hard time of it. The valley of the Pojuaque, between Boquet's and Nambé, is an almost unbroken line of Mexican farms, dotted with adobe huts of small size.

When I started to go to bed, I encountered the same trouble as last evening, on account of a pleasing freak of old man Boquet, who had built his extra sleeping apartments several hundred yards from his house proper—to trudge thither through mud and over boulders in the Stygian darkness of a stormy night not altogether free from danger of accident and certainly not free from mud. Boquet had laid out an orchard of fine American apple, pear, peach and apricot and plum trees, all heavily loaded with excellent fruit. I regret that in importing the fruit trees, he didn't inadvertently import one or two of our small American boys, who might have kept him busy and given him good exercise in chasing them about the time the fruit became half-ripe.

During this trip, I have seen and noted in the different pueblos what may be styled in all propriety the Evolution of the Window. To commence with the old pueblos, as Picurís and partially so in Taos, the most ancient buildings have few, if any openings on the outside, but received the greater portion of their light and ventilation through the inner walls. After a little while, openings of a circular, rarely of a square or rectangular shape, were made in the outer masonry, which, we may conjecture, were of service during periods of hostility, as loopholes; next followed small rectangular apertures, provided with slat framework; these were in time covered with selenite and in further time replaced first by small and then by larger windows of American glass.

July 24th, 1881. Had a refreshing sleep last night. This morning opened damp, cloudy and disagreeable. Moved to Santa Fé. 15 miles.

July 25th, 1881—July 27th, 1881 (inclusive.) Weatherbound at Santa Fé. For more than a week, as may be gathered from my notes above, the storms have been extremely

severe and almost continuous, flooding the cañons and carrying away rails and even bridges upon the Denver and Rio Grande, Topeka & Santa Fé, and Atlantic and Pacific Rail Roads. These wash-outs have caused serious interruptions to mail and travel and have been the reason why I have remained so long in this place, much to my annoyance and disgust, as I am anxious to get off to the Moqui Villages in Arizona to be on hand for the Rattlesnake Dance.

President Garfield's condition has become worse and no doubt he will soon die; notwithstanding the bold front maintained by the physicians in attendance who assert that the relapse is not serious and that there are no indications of blood-poisoning, as so many fear.

By July 27th, his health had again improved, in consequence of a surgical operation, performed by Drs. Hamilton and Agnew, which enlarged the aperture of the wound, permitting the escape of imprisoned pus which carried out a few irritating particles of broken bone and shreds of clothing, whose presence within the body, many believe, would have induced pyaemia.

August 1st, 1881. Monday. Still a prisoner in Santa Fé, unable to get away on account of broken roads and unwilling to commence any course of work which might be suddenly interrupted by telegraphic notification of the resumption of travel.

Had to-day the pleasure of meeting Mr. Peter Moran the artist, who wishes to go to Moqui with me. Colonel H. C. Hodge, Q. M. D. and Lt. M. F. Jamar, 13th Infantry, arrived in Santa Fé, July 28th and left July 31st, 1881. Colonel Frank L. Bennett, 9th Cavalry, arrived from Navajo Agency, where the Indians are sullen in consequence of the reinstatement as their agent, of the Rev. Galen Eastman, a sanctimonious hypocrite whom they made flee for his life last year. Obtained by wire to-day, authority for the employment as interpreter of Santiago, who has been with me since July 21st at a salary of one dollar per diem and a ration. The streets of Santa Fé were all lit up by gas this evening.[5]

August 2nd, 1881. Tuesday. The rain-storm last night, altho' spasmodic in its nature, was phenomenal in the amount of water falling during the time it lasted. It seemed as if the bottom had fallen out of an immense tank and the

5. Thus casually does Bourke note an historic event—the introduction of gas lights on the streets of old Santa Fe.

noise of falling water was so great as almost to drown the sullen growls of the thunder which added a terrible majesty to the grandeur of the tempest.

August 3rd, 1881. Wednesday. The tour just completed to the pueblos lying north of Santa Fé was not intended to supply exact data regarding the inhabitants. It was supposed from what the Indians themselves said, and investigations proved the correctness of their statement, that the sedentary Indians of the Rio Grande Valley would be found to possess many attributes in common or, to express the idea with even greater force, that their lives were moulded in a common pattern, the few divergences from which would be clearly ascribable to Spanish intervention.

Taking the present condition of Zuni and its people as a datum-line, the advancement beyond or deterioration below this is very small, the different pueblos adhering tenaciously to old time customs, except in cases of such almost extinct communities as Nambé and Pojuaque where foreign influence has made an appreciable impression upon the aborigines. In religion, the Pueblos on the Rio Grande are suspected, with very good reason, of practicing in secret that which the Zunis and Moquis openly scorn. In government, they retain the same usages and in such matters as food, dress, manners and customs, differ less from the Zuni standard than the same number of little villages, separated by the same distances, would, among ourselves, diverge from any one we might assume as a standard. In the manner of garments, the women make a more general use of underclothing than do those of Zuni, who go about with the left arm and left breast entirely exposed and the right arm nearly so. This innovation, a step in the direction of modesty as we understand it, is due to the Spanish missionaries.

The women frequently wear a bottine, or legging, like a Wellington boot, which is at least more graceful than the unwieldy and cumbrous foot-gear of the Zunians, which is also to be seen very generally on the Rio Grande. The light drop-over boot I now speak of can be found more frequently in San Juan than in any other pueblo.

(To be continued)