New Mexico Historical Review

Volume 12 | Number 4 Article 2

10-1-1937

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NEW MEXICO HISTORICAL REVIEW

VOL. XII OCTOBER, 1937 NO. 4

BOURKE ON THE SOUTHWEST, XII

Edited by LANSING B. BLOOM

CHAPTER XXII

TO FORT LEWIS, COLORADO

OUR EXCERPTS from the note-books of Lieutenant Bourke have now brought us to the point where he himself has used his notes in book form. In the fascinating volume, *The Snake Dance of the Moquis,* printed in London early in 1884, Bourke gives us, partly in diary form, the record of his journey from Santa Fé to the First Mesa in August, 1881, supplemented by data from his earlier visit to the Hopi towns in 1874 and from a third visit made in October, 1881. On this last occasion he was trying to reach the Coconino people in Cataract Cañon to the west,—where Frank Cushing had gone a few months before from Zuñi. Bourke got no further than Oraibi, but he did add considerably to his ethnological notes. Incorporated in this book, also, is his detailed account of the Green Corn ceremony (Dance of the Tablita, he calls it) at the pueblo of Santo Domingo on August 4, 1881, together with ethnological and historical data similar to those which he had gathered from the pueblos north of Santa Fé.

On his journey to witness and study the Snake Dance at Walpi, Bourke had hoped to be accompanied by General Edward Hatch, then commanding the District of New Mexico, and Capt. C. A. Woodruff of his staff. This was prevented by an Apache outbreak in the southern part of the territory, but the artist Peter Moran whom he met in Santa

Fé did go with him. At Fort Wingate they met Tom Keam, who was returning to his home at the Moqui Agency; and farther on, the party was joined by about a dozen others: resident officials, traders, missionaries.

The present-day visitor to Walpi enjoys the benefit of oiled or well graded roads all the way to Polacca at the foot of the First Mesa: and he may even drive to the top—with no greater inconvenience than refilling his radiator when he descends. Nevertheless, enough uncertainty remains to make it a venturesome journey since, as Bourke discovered, a Pueblo rain ceremony is often followed by a torrential downpour when, as Keam remarked, "the bottom drops out."

To those who have read Bourke's description of Walpi and its Snake Dance a half century of time will seem to have brought comparatively little change. The pueblo itself and its people, the wonderful vistas of the surrounding country, are much as they were in 1881—and, for that matter, as they were in 1540 when first seen by white men. The "Sacred Rock" still dominates the diminutive south plaza; leading through to the north plaza is still the "arcade" where Bourke and Moran found shade in which to work upon their notes and sketches.

Following his visit to the land of Tusayán, Bourke returned to Omaha and Fort Leavenworth and gave some weeks to working up his voluminous notes and to preparing to continue his work in the Southwest. Except at Santo Domingo, he had not yet extended his ethnological study to Jémez and the Keresan and Tiguan pueblos south and west of Santa Fé; and he wanted also to visit some of the more important archaeological ruins which had been reported by earlier travelers and army officers. Late in September he was again headed west.

September 27th 1881. Tuesday, (continued.) Left Omaha by the evening train on the Kansas City, St. Jo. and Council Bluffs R. R., for Kansas City, en route to Santa Fé, N. M. . . .

September 30th 1881. Friday. Crossed the Raton Mountains and passed through the Tunnel. Had our breakfast at Ratón station where we once more found ourselves under the immaculate canopy and breathing the pure air of New Mexico. (Raton Tunnel is exactly across the line between Colorado and New Mexico.) At Watrous, Colonel Lee, Captain Hunt and General Smith, T. M.,[1] came on board from Fort Union. Reached Santa Fé in time to dine with Colonel and Mrs. Lee and Lt. Glassford. Put up with Goodwin and Emmet; spent the evening with Capt. and Mrs. Woodruff.

October 1st 1881. Registered at District Hd. Qrs. Wrote to Keam and others. At breakfast met Colonel and Mrs. Purington, 9th Cavalry;[2] lunched also with the Bachelor's mess. At 2. P. M. started for Española, the terminus of the Denver & Rio Grande R. R., enroute to Fort Lewis, Colorado.[3]

A serene and lovely day, without any discomfort other than was traceable to the dust, the constant co-efficient of travel in New Mexico, not made during the season of rains. Drove without a hat to Pojuaque and there drew up in front of "Boquet's." I received a warm greeting from my quondam Senegambian friend "Rosey," and was presented by her with a handful of almost ripe apples from the orchard where the red blush of the luscious fruit almost eclipsed the dense green of the foliage. Darkness had closed about us and the pallid light of the crescent moon was throwing more of shadow than of illumination upon the earth as we came in sight of the twinkling lights of Española.

We were too late for supper: the people of the town partook of that at sun-down, an arrangement which affords a larger margin of time in the evening for playing cards and guzzling whiskey. At the Stage stable, hay was purchased for our ambulance mules and also some for a bed for the driver. He was formerly one of the soldiers of the company to which I belonged—"F" 3 Cavalry, with which

1. Gustavus A. Smith served from 1870 to 1882 as collector of U. S. Internal Revenue. Bourke was mistaken in identifying him with the "Territorial Militia." Smith was born in Pennsylvania but served in the Civil War from Illinois and was mustered out in 1865 as brevet brigadier general. He died Dec. 11, 1885.

2. George A. Purington was a native of Ohio, served in the Civil War, and continued in service as an officer of the 9th U. S. cavalry. Later (October 1883) he was to become Bourke's superior officer by transfer to the 3rd U. S. Cavalry.

3. Heitman, *Historical Register*, II, 517, incorrectly locates Fort Lewis at Pagosa Springs, on the San Juan river. As Bourke's notes will show, it was a newly created post in the La Plata valley about twelve miles west by south from Durango. It was strategically located with reference to the Ute Indians.

fine organization, when commanded by Lieut. Cushing,[4] he had made many rough scouts in Eastern and Central Arizona and, later on, had served as a packer under Crook at the Rosebud. He made himself known to me and chatted a great deal about past events in which we had both participated. By his kindness, I soon had my bundle of blankets unrolled in the ambulance and our next step was to hunt up something to eat. This we secured, after a little trouble, in the Rail Road eating room, altho' the lady in charge did not ordinarily look for guests before the arrival of the down train which brought with it the day's supply of beef. In the absence of this, we fared well enough on bacon, eggs, bread, butter and coffee.

October 2nd, 1881. The shrill warning of the locomotive tumbled us out of our thin blankets into the chilly air of dawning day, just as "Charlie" began to call us to breakfast. "Mine host" Charlie was a tall, broad-shouldered, powerful fellow with a good-natured but determined physiognomy and a game leg. His knowledge of the culinary art was not quite equal to his hospitable intentions and we might have found fault with our meal, had we felt an appetite for anything more than the cup of coffee which was piping hot, strong and fragrant. Then to the train, composed of half a dozen "flat" and as many "box" cars with a small passenger coach at the end of the line.

The scenery from the car windows was not beautiful but it was full of the exhilarating effects drawn from the gorgeous Autumn sky of this Rio Grande Valley. No verbal description could do justice to the turquoise, greenish-blue ether in which lazily floated the ground-work of cedar-matted ridges with their foot-hills of naked, grayish clay "mesas", merging imperceptibly into the sage-brush "bottom land". A few gnarly cottonwoods growing on the banks of acequias acquired prominence more from their isolation than their beauty. In their shadow were visible a handful of low, one-storied, adobe houses where the swarthy natives listlessly dreamed their lives away and a row of canvas tents, bearing the signs "D. and R-G Saloon", "O. K. Bar", "Head-Quarters Saloon", Española Saloon" &c. &c. &c., where the "highertoned" and more progressive *American* nightly shot to death his antagonist in the national game of

4. This reference goes back to the very beginning of Bourke's army life in the Southwest. Lieut. Howard B. Cushing was killed in an Apache fight in Arizona May 5, 1871. See *ante*, vol. IX, pp. 45-47.

"draw." Yet we have missionaries among the *Mexicans* to redeem them from their superstitions & vices!

Up the Rio Grande Valley, our little engine bravely puffed, passing fields of ripened corn where burros, & ponies capered free from every care and trouble, unmolested by their hereditary enemy, the small boy: and cows, quietly browsed upon the stalks. Little "plazas" and "ranchos" of adobe, or mud and boulder, each house embowered in its orchard and emblazoned upon its outer walls with a scarlet escutcheon of chile colorado.

The hills in places close in upon the lovely valley—the valley of San Juan—we see that they are great blocks of sharply angled basalt, tossed up into these huge piles by a Power in whose presence all agencies of man shrink into nothingness.

At Embudo, begins a cañon of great severity and much majesty. Here the train twists around the sharpest of curves, pushes up the steepest of grades where engineering skill of the highest order has been called into service to fight the obstacles interposed by Nature as a barrier between the restless, aggressive civilization of the conquering North-American and the apathetic indolence of the descendants of the Castilian and the Aztec. The summit of the mountains attained, the line of the road enters a broad stretch of piñon and cedar timber. All around us are peaks, pinnacles and mesas as rugged as that which we have climbed—the fervid sunlight bathes with a golden beauty the section houses, flat-cars and tank at the station. From being commonplace, they rise to the dignity of the picturesque and acquire a claim to our admiration, backed as they are by the spotless blue dome above and breathed upon by the balmy pure air which makes all Nature joyous and glad.

Continued on over grassy, elevated plateaus, destitute of timber & running water—soil covered with blocks of black basalt, with a whitish lime efflorescence. Dinner at "No Agua"—and quite a good dinner too: the water here is from a well 50' deep—very good, cold water. Passed a tall, pyramidal monument of basalt blocks, reaching 12′ or 15′ above surface alongside track; this marked the line of separation between Colorado and New Mexico. 3 m. beyond it, came to *Antonito,* a little town on the Rio Conejos, the terminus of the Division I had to continue my journey upon in order to reach Durango and Fort Lewis. This being Sunday, no train ran on the Division, probably in deference to the

religious scruples of the people of Durango, in which town the "Stockton gang" of outlaws have been raising Hell for the year past. Put up at the Raymond House, the best and only hotel in Antonito—kept by a cross Dutchwoman. Was glad enough to get a little rest even if it necessitated staying in this hole over night.

Our hotel, the Raymond House, a clap-board concern, was found to be quite good when I began an examination of its merits. Making all allowances, and many had to be made, the rooms tho' quite small were neat and clean and not intended for more than one occupant, or at most, two. The table also was clean and the service good—a couple of pleasant voiced German girls acting as our Hebes. The accomodations were so much superior to what I had imagined they would be, that I couldn't crowd out of my mind the story which Goodwin[5] told at lunch yesterday of an English gentleman he had met last year. The Englishman belonged to that class of his countrymen who have poked about in all the odd nooks and crannies of this great globe and have learned to take philosophically everything just as it comes. He wandered out to one of the new points, Durango, I think, to which the iron horse had just made its way over the D. & R. G. road, and knowing that, in the "rush" the town was having, beds might be scarce, took the wise precaution of telegraphing ahead from Denver to the proprietor of the sole hotel there in Durango: "Will reach Durango tomorrow. Please reserve room. Answer. Plantagenet Snodgrass." The electric flash sped back the answer: "Platagenet Snodgrass, Esq., Denver. No. 8 reserved. Bridal chamber. Jefferson Dawkins, Propr." Arriving at Durango, our English friend hied him to the hotel which somewhat nonplussed him in its external appearance. It was half pine slab and half canvas. Inside was no better. The "office" was occupied on one side by the bar, at which a dozen or more rough-voiced, hairy tomato-nosed, watery-eyed old "toughies from Bitter Creek" were paying their evening devotions to Bacchus. A plain pine desk supported an ink-stand and a register. The walls were without decoration save such as was offered by a dozen bright colored hand-bills adjuring the way worn

5. Millard Fillmore Goodwin, one of the "bachelors' mess" in Santa Fé, was a native of New York state but entered West Point from Arizona. He was two years ahead of Bourke, was commissioned in the 9th U. S. Cavalry, and at this time was serving in Santa Fé as regimental quartermaster. Just a year before, he took part in the Buell expedition which went south into Chihuahua after the Apache chief, Victorio.

pilgrim to try "the Rock Island Route"——Go East by the Union Pacific—Remember the ever popular Burlington"—or assuring him that the "great Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fé was positively the only line in the country equipped with the Miller coupler buffer, Westinghouse air brakes and Pullman Palace Cars."

There was another ornament, I had almost forgotten to mention, but this narrative would be jejune and barren did I not speak of him—"the gentlemanly and genial" hotel clerk, as he was called by the "local" of the town paper who was getting his tooth-picks free at the "American." Beautiful and bright he stood, preserving all the supercilious arrogance and, in a somewhat faded way, much of the Oriental splendor of his Saratoga prototype. His hair was rather matted and his shirt no longer white; but on his bosom he wore a carbuncle pin which paled its ineffectual fires only before the lurid flame of the carbuncle on his nose.

This could hardly be the place in which to look for a reserved room, least of all a bridal chamber, but Snodgrass had the telegram in his pocket. "Ah-Ah! Cawn't I be shown to No. height, you know?" queried the Angelican. "Oh, you're the feller what wanted a room reserved for him—eh?" responded the hotel dignitary—"Certainly." "Gentlemen" (this to the squad of drinkers,) "here's the gentleman what has the bridal chamber—come along"—and taking Snodgrass's satchel in his hand, the clerk led the way, followed by an impromptu body guard of the old topers in double file. What were Snodgrass's horror and amazement when the giggling, drunken crowd half conducted, half pushed him into a long narrow room with canvas roof, in which by the flickering glare of a solitary coal-oil lamp he discerned 16 or 18 beds, all occupied save one in the corner. "Yar's yer bridal chamber," said the clerk with a leer, "hope ye'll like it." This cutting piece of pleasantry was not lost upon his drunken auditory; each and all exploded in a peal of laughter and joined in a chorus of remarks to the effect that it was the "high-tonedest" bridal chamber in Durango, it was bee Gawd and don' you for (hic)-git (hic)."

The Englishman, glad that affairs were no worse, disrobed and jumped into his cot. Sleep, however, was impossible on account of a war of words which had arisen between two gentlemen occupying couches on opposite sides of the apartment. The war did not last long, however, for

one called the other a liar and was almost at once shot dead by the party of the second part.

The proprietor and several servants rushed in to find out what the "difficulty" was about and seeing that the dead man's blood was spoiling the sheets, hauled the "stiff" out of the room and dumped it down in front of the house to await the arrival of the coroner with a verdict of justifiable homicide. Mr. Snodgrass's nerves were a trifle excited by this petty incident but his horror was intensified by the arrival of the "down coach", and by seeing one of its passengers coolly shown to the dead man's bed!

Then, during the night, another one of his fellow sleepers died of consumption and was promptly hauled out so as to have the cot ready for use by the time the "Denver Express" should get in, in the morning. Will it be credited that that bloated Saxon declined to remain in Durango another day? Not only that, he went back to London and reported in the clubs that the metropolis of the enterprise and culture of S. W. Colorado was a "blausted, bloody 'Ell, you know!"

This is a long digression to make from what I had intended for a brief and simple reference to the hotel of the town and the town itself; the story, I am compelled to say, lacks some of the elements of probability and the fact that Goodwin is the responsible author don't add to its trustworthiness one particle in my own estimation.

Antonito, I have said, is the terminus of a division of the Denver & Rio Grande Railway; it is more than that;—it is the point of divergence of two of the most important branches of that widely ramified system of roads.

At the present date, all the houses are of pine plank, unpainted, and the town has a raw and unfinished air hard to reconcile with the bustle and activity visible in its streets or at the depot upon the arrival of trains from the N. S. and W. Since today is Sunday, I have perhaps seen the town at a time when most people would be in its streets and I ought also to say that as the R. R. company has ceased much of the work upon its Western "extensions", the discharged laborers have flocked to this point to receive the pay due them. Gambling saloons, of course, are plentiful and painted, brazen-faced Cyprians leer from open doorways upon the fools whose hard earned money makes them so tempting a prey to the vicious. One of these painted hags, still young but seamed with the brand of an ill-spent life,

sat in a door-way, while a tender little babe played and prattled at her feet. The contrast was startling. Vice never appears so dreadful as when brought side by side with ingenuous, helpless innocence! Great flocks of sheep graze in this vicinity and along the course of the Conejos river which meanders by the town, numbers of happy-go-lucky Mexicans go through the pretence of cultivating a rich soil which "when tickled with the hoe, laughs with the harvest."

Potatoes, peas, beans, cabbage, beets, radishes, lettuce and turnips are all raised in abundance and melons in small quantities. Fruits have not been planted. Oats, corn, and wheat do excellently well and yield fine returns, but it remains for those shrewd, painstaking farmers, the Mormons, to demonstrate the capabilities of the soil; they have recently established one of their "stakes," or colonies, of 200 souls—at Manessa, 9 m. N. & W. of Antonito, and their efforts thus far have met with the most encouraging results.

October 3d, 1881. Monday. Sleep much broken last night. The partitions between the rooms being nothing more than pine shavings covered with wall paper, every sound made in any one room could be heard in all the others. Near by was a man suffering from night-mare and filling up the gaps between spells with a snore that waked me up with a start in the belief that it was my train moving off without me; and on the other side of the corridor reposed a mother and baby. The baby began work at a very early hour in the night by inaugurating a series of Thomas (cat) concerts, which the doting mother supplemented with a liberal invoice of "baby talk." "Dare now. Did dey 'buse mudder's itzy babens? Es ay did—dey 'bused muzzer's pooty baby" and a lot more of the same nauseating stuff, intended, I've no doubt, to soothe the young brat. So absorbed did the mother become in her monologue that she lost many valuable suggestions tendered free of charge by the crusty old bachelors in the adjoining apartments: "give that calf more rope"—"drown him": "stick a clothespin on his nose," "knock the stuffing out of him," and others of like import,—all of them valuable and I am certain that had the fond mother heard any of them she would have expressed her gratitude promptly and in the most vigorous language.

The train from Denver was at least an hour late. It had, attached to it, a Pullman in which I secured a seat, much to my delight. Leaving Antonito, our course was up grade, cutting first through a basalt formation and then

through one of drift, winding up a wonderful series of curves through and around ranges of hills of great height, but of gentle sloping contour. Their summits were bare but timber in great abundance covered the lower skirts and filled the ravines and side-cañons, growing, not in dense, compact masses but scattered so as to permit the fullest growth to each stem, and also to disclose the full beauty of each. There were straight, symmetrical, graceful pines with foliage of dark-green velvet; quaking asps with smooth white boles and shivering leaves, jaundiced with the frosts of the early autumn; the ever lovely and majestic balsam with branches tipped with silver; and lower down in the bottom of the cañon, already far beneath us, a sinuous line of yellow foliage, half concealed, half-disclosed the prattling current of the glistening "Los Pinos." Our train twisted and turned, dodged in and out amid huge crags; cut its way through the narrowest excavations or hugged the edges of precipices, until it had attained a large out-cropping of conglomerate, through which a short tunnel was pierced and then our route followed the dizzy edge of the main cañon to the back-bone of the range, a heaped-up mass of giant cliffs of grim, gaunt granite between which the pent up waters surged in greenish waves capped with white. Our exclamations of astonishment and delight were cut short by a tunnel whose farther extremity abutted upon a frail bridge, spanning a yawning chasm in tthe naked rock. Our breaths grew short and our pulses beat more quickly as we gazed out of the car-windows down into the abyss to its point of junction with the main cañon, a scene unequalled by anything in my experience for sublimity and majestic beauty. The road for the next ten miles was soon camparatively level—that is for the Denver and Rio Grande. We had many curves but no precipices and the grades—all down—were much easier than those surmounted on the other side. Timber grew scarcer and much of that in sight was burned or wind-wrecked. The hills were thickly tufted with grass already yellowed by age and frost and the general aspect of the landscape was strongly suggestive of approaching winter—a suggestion not weakened by the heavy pall of fleecy blue-gray clouds, hanging low in the sky. We here met the "up train" and almost immediately after, began to run down a very steep grade, leading by a marvellous maze of curves and zig-zags to the lovely cañon of Wolf Creek not so narrow

as that of Los Pinos, but sufficiently so to be unusually impressive.

The confining hills fell away in lofty terraces where Nature had made a lavish display of color in the bright russet, emerald green, gray, brown and drab of the pine balsam spruce and aspen foliage and the more subdued tints of the rocks and grasses. A pretty bridge boldly cleared the deep ravine of Wolf Creek choked with a solid and interlacing growth of spruce and balsam. The overhanging boughs formed a noble arch to shelter from the sun-light the silvery cascades which filled the ravine with a merry symphony as they danced from rock to rock in their downward course to pay tribute to the Chama. He must be an emotionless artist whose canvas wouldn't glow under the impulse of such landscapes.

Supped at Chama, a pleasant little hamlet, snugly sheltered in a heavy grove of pine at the confluence of Wolf creek and the Rio Chama, the channels of both streams being marked out by heavy yellow-russet fringe of cottonwood and quaking asp. Near here the Rail Road re-enters New Mexico and keeps to the S. of the Colorado Boundary for a considerable distance.

Night was closing in upon us and smoky masses of cloud, creeping stealthily down the slopes of the mountains, were bringing darkness and dampness in their train. Lights were flashing from all the windows in the town [Chama]; our porter was quietly lighting the lamps in the car, stopping only occasionally to respond to the pointless questions of some idle passenger like myself. The day was ended and with it the task of collecting notes and data of my journey. Rained all evening.

During the night, I waked up several times and saw that the country through which we were travelling was well timbered. The rain continued until the morning of

October 4th, 1881, Tuesday. We reached Durango at 1:30 A. M., but were not disturbed in our slumbers until nearly 7 o'clock. Altho' the streets were muddy, and the heavens overcast, I could see that Durango was very prettily situated in a nest of noble mountains. It has all the exterior signs of being one of those mushroom mining towns we read of, springing up like the gourd in the night. It contains 3000 inhabitants sheltered in comfortable houses, not a few of which are brick. Substantial brick blocks line the busi-

ness streets, there are 3 hotels in full blast and all kinds of business represented and represented well.
The *Daily Record* contains a very full telegraphic synopsis of the news of the day; the issue of this morning informed its readers of the reception accorded to Mr. Parnell at Cork, the arrival of President Arthur in N. Y., the death in Washington, D. C., of Mrs. Hatch, wife of General Hatch, Comdg. this Dist.—the destruction of the town of Madison (Neb.?) by a cyclone, the loss of the Steamship *City of Merida* off Cape Hatteras, the outbreak of the Chiricahua Ind'ns from their Reservation in Arizona—and other items without number—a very creditable exhibition of enterprise and business intelligence. Durango has fine drug stores, hardware, dry-goods, grocery and liquor establishments, barber shops, bath rooms, a mattress factory! an undertaker who had established himself "to fill a long felt want," and other forms of industry. Smelting works are in course of construction, the R. R. Co. has built good depot accommodations and contemplates the immediate extension of its branch to Rice, a new mining camp to the North West. There are, as might be expected, many quack doctors, jack lawyers, blacklegs, prostitutes and other parasites who prey upon their fellow men. And in this really wonderful little town, less than a year ago not a single house was standing!

While waiting for an ambulance to arrive from Fort Lewis, I strolled around Durango and out beyond the town some distance down the course of the charming Las Animas. The rugged peaks, guarding the lovely, narrow valley, had attired themselves in a hundred gay hues—an affectation of youth very unbecoming their age and prominence in this part of the world. The ravages of Time, the wrinkles and seams of the centuries, were concealed or softened by the bright russet and orange flush of the scrub-oak. The leaves of the pine and balsam and the silvery sprigs of the spruce had been cleaned and brightened by gentle showers; under the friendly shadow of passing clouds were hidden many of the rugged and angular prominences and cavities, while the fugitive rays of a mellow October sun were attracted to the more voluptuous contours of the lower hills. "Truly!" I said to myself, "these old belles have done good work at their morning toilette! After being admired for centuries, listening no doubt to the rapturous praises of the forgotten race we call the Cliff-Dwellers, and extorting the trembling adoration of fierce Ute and Navajo, they are not yet willing to

admit that they have become at all *passé* but have reëntered the field bent upon new conquests." and, while soliloquizing thus, I doffed my hat as one of the first new American men privileged to pay respectful homage to these beauties so ancient and yet so young.

Returning to the hotel, I noticed with pleasurable surprise, rows of dainty little Queen Anne cottages, of wood, and others of brick, with bay windows and other modern improvements. The emblems of mourning for Presd. Garfield were still in place—a gratifying proof that in the search for the new Pactolus, our Argonauts of the S. W. hadn't forgotten the respect due the memory of our fallen Chief Magistrate.

The class of people now pouring into Durango and the San Juan embodies intelligence, mental and physical activity, and good character. Law and order are driving out anarchy & misrule. The Stockton gang of "rustlers," which only two months since seemed to hold full sway, has been entirely crushed, six of its members biting the dust in as many weeks and Stockton, the leader, receiving his death wound a week ago. This was a bullet in the thigh, necessitating a hip amputation. Under the skilful butchery of the town esculapii, the noted brigand bled to death and the spirit of an outlaw, who so lately had held all this region in terror, took its flight to the realm of the Great Hereafter.

My writing was interrupted by the entrance of a corporal from Fort Lewis, to announce that an ambulance was in waiting to drive me to the Post.

A drizzling, but not unpleasant, rain fell during the later hours of the morning, filling the valley with a soft mist behind which the loftier peaks hid themselves from our view.

A squad of Utes, men and women, with vermillion faces, ebony hair and wrapped in bright Navajo blankets in Durango, with their ponies to contest the races advertised for to-day. Left Durango, crossed the bridge over the Animas, a gentle mountain stream of crystal water 75′ wide, placidly rippling over its bed of boulders, passed the new brick-yard, where men were burning the materials for constructing new business blocks of this lively town, and turned into the valley of "Lightning" Creek, an affluent of the Animas—a pretty streamlet whose course and dimensions are almost hidden in the shady branches of a thick fringe of cottonwood, quaking asp & scrub-oak—all yellowing rapidly

under the action of frost. Met Capt. & Mrs. Rogers, 13th Infantry. Road, altho rocky and firm underneath was muddy on the surface. An irrigating ditch taken out by a family of Mexicans, watered a small vegetable patch. Two wagons, loaded with coal of a very fine quality stopped the way for a moment. They were from the mines up the cañon. Another brick-yard, a toll-gate, more lovely scenery—the music of running water and the mournful lowing of a cow in the shrubbery answering the bleat of her calf in a neighboring "corral", distracted my attention a little from the conversation of the driver who was giving me the details of the killing of Stockton, the desperado, in Durango, last week of which he was an eye-witness.

Stockton, the leader of the gang, was believed to have been influenced partly by his wife's fears & partly by love of gain to "give the gang away." His ostensible reason was his disapproval of the murder of the Sheriff of Silverton, which crime lay heavy on the outlaw's conscience.

Being promised immunity from punishment for past offenses, and the full amount of the reward offered, i. e. $2500, he was secretly appointed Deputy Sheriff and, in that capacity, arrested "Burt" Wilkinson, the murderer and delivered him to the "Sheriff of San Jewan." The people of Silverton did not let Wilkinson weary of the "law's delay." They hanged him at once, in company with a "nigger" who was "a tough one, you bet." This base treachery of Stockton to his own men aroused against him a strong under-current of disgust—and his gang of course swore vengeance. They had members and connections among the officials of Durango and other places: one of them, a fellow named Sullivan, had something to do in the sheriff's office.

He sought a quarrel with Stockton, and an excuse was not long wanting with a desperado who carried a small arsenal upon his person.

Sullivan "got the drop"—fired and Stockton, in the elegant language of my informant, "squealed like a pig."

He begged his audience not to hang him and in many ways behaved in a manner unbecoming the desperado of the story books. The driver was evidently disgusted with him and said, in a tone of contempt, "he didn't die game no how." The subsequent scientific butchery of the wounded outlaw has been appropriately referred to in preceding pages.

"I reckon the gang'll break up now—the Eskridge boys'll be apt to git. Did yer notice that-a feller I was a'

talkin' to at the Day-po? Wa-al, his name's Noot: he's a hard un, too—He'll go pooty soon. He's wanted now down in New Mexico. They say he massacreed a hull family—a mother and two kids—ya'as, he'll go pooty soon. He used to be a p'leeceman (God save the mark. J. G. B.) in Durango, but they fired him out last week."

With such interesting conversation, the driver good-naturedly enlivened our trip through "Wild Cat Cañon"—a lovely glen, walled in by steep ledges of shapely pine trees. In length, the cañon was not over two miles—at further extremity are the coal mines of the D. & R. G. Co. from which came the wagons of black diamonds already noted. Two very good springs flow by the road: one at the coal banks, and the other at the "Ranch," several miles beyond.

At the latter point was the camp of a small detachment of the 13th Inf'y, engaged in putting up telegraph poles for the line to connect the Fort with the R. R. terminus. The country, from this on, was of easier contour and a succession of pretty parks; the timber, pine; and the grass "bunch", very good for cattle of which there are many in the vicinity altho', to my mind, sheep would be better.

An occasional party of miners and prospectors jogged by on their patient long-eared little "burros" going to Durango with bullion, or returning with supplies for "Parrot" and other "camps". Trains of wagons also brightened the road, the bells of the leaders jingling musically and the sharp cries of the drivers or the sharper cracks of their whips, exploding in the forest like the report of rifles.

The cawing of crows, perched on the topmost limbs of high pines, & the twittering of pretty blue birds were the only signs of animal life other than those spoken of above.

From the summit of a small wooded knoll an excellent view of the adjacent territory was obtained; a continuation of lofty terraces, abrupt ridges, and deep cañons plentifully watered and abundantly treed, seamed with coal measures and rifted with valuable ledges of silver. Building material of all kinds—granite, sandstone, and brick clay accessible—and fertile "truck" and farm patches in all the ravines and valleys. I couldn't find fault with the Utes for their reluctance to abandon such a noble estate. This pine-timbered mesa was two miles across; on the W. side of it was the valley of the La Plata, which, like all the streams in this part of Colorado, was a picturesque mountain river, with fertile valley, well fringed with timber. The Post saw-mill

was on the road at foot of this mesa: it was well supplied with saw logs of good dimensions, some ranging as high as 3′ in diameter.

To the Post, 1½ m. further down the valley, the total distance from Durango being 12 miles, nearly all of it up grade along a sidling, muddy road. Direction nearly due West, time 4 hours.

Colonel Crofton,[6] 13th Infy and wife rec[d] me with great kindness, the Colonel compounded an appetizing toddy which overcame the effects of the damp, chilly air and Mrs. Crofton gave directions for the preparation of a good warm lunch—attentions which I appreciated highly, and I may say that I never in my life have tasted jucier or more tender beef steak than that which was served up for me at their table. A good deal of this kindness, I fancied, was on account of Roberts, my associate on Gen[l] Crook's staff, who seemed to hold a high place in the esteem of my host and hostess, and of whom and his charming family, the Croftons made many inquiries. I also met Lt. Mumford[7] whom I had not seen since our cadet days in 1869, and also Lieuts. Davies, Kavanaugh & Gow. I explained to Col. Crofton that I had come out to his post to see what arrangements could be made for an examination of the cliff-buildings in the cañons of the McElmo, Hovinweep, Mancos, Chaco, and other streams close to his post. Col. Crofton entered warmly into my projects and said that when I returned in the spring, he would gladly let me have his company of mounted Infantry as an escort.[8]

The rain was so heavy and my stay so short that I made no attempt to examine the post. A casual glance showed me that it was well-situated and well-built: the garrison consists of five companies of the 13th Infantry, one of them mounted. The quarters and buildings are not yet completed and may not be for several months to come—All the lumber needed is furnished by the mill, from the timber on the reservation. Coal of the very best quality is also extracted from mines on the Reservation. A great pile of it is in the

6. Robert E. A. Crofton, native of Ireland, enlisted in the Civil War from Delaware, beginning as a captain of the 16th U. S. infantry. He remained in service and since April 27, 1879, had been lieut-col. of the 13th regiment.

7. Lieut. Thos. S. Mumford, like Goodwin, was in the 1867 class at West Point.

8. This hope was not to be realized. Bourke's primary aim was to make his ethnological survey of the Southwest as complete as possible, his archaeological interest was secondary.

Q. M. Corral, and equals in quality the best I've seen in the S. W. The Company gardens yield exuberantly all sorts of vegetables.

I made known to Col. Crofton that I was anxious to reach Moqui Agency as soon as possible, in order to make the trip to the Cohonino cañon without trouble from snow and also explained how I had been four days in making the trip to his post where I had been under the impression that it could be made in 24 hrs.

As Surgeon Brown of the post was about starting for Durango to catch the night Express, I concluded that it would be a good idea for me to accompany him and thus save a delay of a day or even longer should the storm continue.

Col. and Mrs. Crofton were very courteous in their invitation to me to remain and accept such hospitality as they could extend, but my mind was made up and after bidding them adieu, I returned in the ambulance with the Doctor. The town was reached in just two hours, the grade being all in our favor, going from the post. It rained heavily all the way, but we reached the depot without accident. Not having much to do and the train not starting until midnight, we made a round of the town which impressed me even more favorably by night than it did in the morning. The grocery stores carry large and well-assorted stocks of the finest goods; every conceivable thing in the shape of canned stuffs can be had in quantity in Durango. One of the stores had on exhibition a pumpkin, 183 lbs. in weight and over 6 ft. in girth! This vegetable monster was raised on a ranch near Farmington, 50 m. S. W. of Durango. Next to it was a white turnip, weighing 9 pounds. The hardware, dry goods and drug stores were equally well stocked and had all the appearance of doing a "rushing" business.

After getting through with the stores, we went to a little den, called Ehlich's Chop House. This was crowded with hungry guests, waiting their turn to get a "square meal" for which the place is noted in Durango. Doctor Brown and I at last found seats and gave our orders. We had no reason to complain of our meal; it was excellent in every respect.

The patrons of the place were nearly all miners and prospectors—a good natured set who listened with quiet, pleasant humor to the assertions of a gentleman who was very drunk: "Boys, I'm a (hic) Dem-crat (thumping table) yash—thash wash I am—I'm Dem-crat, I am—I was born

Dem-crat,—I've lived a Dem'crat—and I'll die a Dem'crat. Thash kine man I am, boys—I'm a Dem'crat 'n doan you (hic) forgit".

The remaining feature of Durango is the "hurdy-gurdy" —an institution found only in a mining community or a town which deals in miner' supplies. In these hurdy-gurdies, all the vile passions of man are stimulated and gratified.

On the L. hand side of the door, as you enter, is a faro-bank surrounded by its votaries. One look at the dealer's face was enough to satisfy me that it was the worst kind of a "skin game," something which the players, I am sure, would have seen as soon as I, had they not been more or less under the influence of bad whiskey.

All brands of soul-destroying liquors found ready sale over the bar on the Right, while the center of the hall was reserved for the accommodation of the dancers who went through the merry mazes to the "lascivious pleasings of the lute"—that is to say to the music of a German band, the principal or at least most effective instruments in which were a wheezy cornet and a bass-drum—The bass-drummer must have been paid by the thump; upon no other theory could I account for his energy in putting in 2 thumps to every note.

The "ladies" and "gents"—to desecrate these noble names in speaking of such cattle, were the "hardest" specimens imaginable—veterans in vice—graduates in depravity and debauchery. One of the females was a mere girl, of good figure, from whose face all trace of gentleness and refinement had not yet been blotted; her companions were bold "catty"-looking hags, none too good for their business. The dance was in full blast when we entered; high above the tooting of squeaky cornet and the thumping of drum, above the clink of glasses or the rattle of "chips" the husky voice of the red-faced "caller" rang out his directions to the dancers "Leddies to the R en gents to the Left. Bal'nce to yer podners. All hands round. Ally man left—All Sashay" —and so it went, I suppose all night. but the Dr. and I had seen all we cared to see and trudged down through the mud to the depot and tumbled into our berths in the sleeper.

October 5th, 1881. Wednesday. When we awakened this morning, rain was still falling briskly. We were close upon Chama where we breakfasted and took on a "double header," to haul us over the steep grade of the mountains. The scenery was as beautiful to my eye as it was the first time I saw

it, lovelier in fact. Many of the "bits" of landscape on this road would make the fame and fortune of the artist who could reproduce them. Besides the grander incidents alluded to already, I noticed dozens of cosey little glens, adown which trickled adamantine springs—with no trace of human proximity save the occasional deserted and dismantled "dug-outs", once occupied by the graders while constructing the road. The peerless beauty of the country, traversed by the D. & R. G. R. R. cannot be over-estimated, neither can too much be said of the engineering ability which has made this line a living reality. At one point we were shown the precipice over which a train dashed, killing eight passengers.

The rain ceased about noon; day remained cloudy and cold, until we reached Antonito, when a spiteful, driving storm flooded the country for an hour and chilled us to the marrow.

At Antonito I learned the exasperating news that our train did not "connect" for Santa Fé; passengers had no choice but to remain over in Antonito one day. I had seen all of Antonito I wanted and sooner than spend one unnecessary hour there, I thought I might as well go on to Fort Garland, 53 miles to the East. Our train reached there by 5:30 in the P. M. I remained with my friends Lt. and Mrs. Mulhall, Mulhall[9] being the only officer at the post excepting Dr. Corcoran, who also had his wife with him.

Of Fort Garland I cannot say much. It is on Cucharas Ck, in the San Luís Valley and is fast falling to ruins, the garrison being a small detachment of the 14th Infantry, guarding supplies for the troops in the Uncompahgre Ute country. The situation is delightful, climate excellent, and the surrounding mountains are full of game of all kinds, while every stream in the vicinity yields good sport to the trout fisherman.

October 6th, 1881. Thursday. Left Garland at 9 o'clock of a damp, cloudy, dispiriting morning. Reached Antonito (53) m. on time: during the interval of taking dinner and changing cars, a controversy sprang up between two Milesian gentlemen as to whether "Cassidy sthole the darg or no." Mr. Murphy in the affirmative, Mr. Cinny Costigan in

9. Stephen J. Mulhall was native to New York and had served in the army as a private and musician from 1862 to 1867. He was commissioned a 2nd lieutenant on Feb. 29, 1876, and assigned to the 14th U. S. infantry. He did not become a 1st lieutenant until 1888; he retired from service three years later.

the negative. The argument became animated, and fervent, if not brilliant.

The original topic of discussion was soon made subsidiary to questions of pedigree, in which the bystanders learned much to the disparagement of the maternal ancestors of the Costigans and Murphies alike and also that Mr. Costigan was a "dirty Tar Down". Mr. Costigan hereupon informed Mr. Murphy that he was prepared to "mop the flur" with him.

The interference of officious bystanders deprived my journal of the interesting notes of the affray I so fondly hoped I might be able to insert. The dog, the cause of the quarrel I learned, was a bull-pup worth two for a quarter or something like that.

It seems to me that the D. & R. G. Co. made a woful mistake in following down the R. bank of the Rio Grande. Had the line turned S. from Fort Garland and pushed through the fertile valleys between that point and Taos, the Co. would have opened up thousands of acres of the most fertile farming land in the S-W. and to achieve this result no greater obstacles would have to be overcome than have been so triumphantly met on the route actually pursued. A very heavy storm of rain—something we have no right to look for at this late season of the year, descended upon us between 4 and 5 in the afternoon; it was also remarkable for another fact—the beautiful and perfect double rainbow making a complete half circle in the storm clouds and impressing upon the observer's mind the tender Biblical myth that God had set this as his bow of promise in the sky.

The inferior arc was brilliant, the superior, of inverted colors not quite so luminous but perfectly well defined—a broad band of purplest cloud intervened while the outer boundaries were masses of silvery-gray. Altogether, it was the most striking exhibition of refraction that I've ever been called upon to note.

The heavy rains of yesterday and this afternoon washed the track out some and made it necessary to have a repair party on a hand-car precede our locomotive. Found an ambulance awaiting me at Española, slept in the open air—night very damp. Heavy dew fell towards morning.

October 7th, 1881. Friday. Got to Santa Fé without anything to note: no communication open to S. Rainstorm had destroyed Santa Fé track near Wallace.

CHAPTER XXIII

ACOMA AND LAGUNA

MOST OF the month of October 1881 was spent by Bourke in his last journey to the Hopi towns and his unsuccessful effort to reach the "Cohonino settlements." October 26th found him, and his companion Strout of Santa Fé back at Wingate station with their army ambulance waiting for a belated eastbound train. Bourke proposed now to make his first visit to the pueblos of Acoma and Laguna.

October 27th, Thursday. In the early hours of the morning, snow was falling rapidly, the atmosphere was chilly and the sky, overcast with sullen gray clouds, gloomy and forbidding. Hall[1] jumped up briskly and in a moment or two, a blazing fire alongside our car told that he was engaged in the (to us) pleasing business of preparing breakfast. This was dispatched very promptly and then, of course, we hurried over to the Telegraph Office to learn the whereabouts of our train; the operator informed us that it had left Saunders at 7 A. M. The intervening distance of 63 m. from there here ought to be covered by noon, at the latest.

Mem. The "Bow-drill" of the Moquis, Santo Domingo, and Zuni Indians is the same as the "spindle drill" of the natives of New Guinea, described by Stone, (Franklin Square Library.) (Footnote: A book which I read, along with a re-perusal of Thackeray's "Dennis Duval".)

The train did not arrive until 3 P. M., almost a day behind time. The afternoon became cloudy and disagreeable.

Reached Crane's at 8:30 P. M.—Here we learned that the freight train would proceed no farther until 9:30 the next morning. Made down our blankets in the lee of a pile of iron rails—the shelter from the night wind was a most valuable addition to our comfort. Before morning, the cold became very severe. The sky was perfectly clear and brilliant with the twinkling of countless stars and the gentle light of the new moon—a thick, white frost covered the ground as with the snows of winter.

1. Private Hall, 10th U. S. cavalry, had reported to Bourke at Fort Wingate for duty as orderly, on October 26. "He is a very good-looking colored soldier, and as he killed two Santa Fé gamblers, in one night, in a 'dead-fall' in the city of the Holy Faith, I am decidedly prejudiced in his favor."

Strout was a nephew of Capt. C. A. Woodruff.

October 28th, 1881. Friday. The air this A. M. was very sharp but in the warm sunlight, we did not heed its keenness. Ate breakfast by 7 o'clock: packed our traps and awaited the departure of the train; there was a great deal of backing and filling in making up the train, so we were able to see much of the fine new freight engines of this road. They have four driving wheels and are colossal in all their proportions, as they should be, being the largest in the world, weighing 60 Tons apiece.

(Mem. I forgot to insert in the proper place a remark made to me by Dr Matthews, in regard to the superiority of construction of the old pueblos over those of to-day. "Patricio" said to the Dr: "In those days, we caciques commanded our people and when we told them that a new pueblo was to be built and that the stones must be of a certain size and laid in a certain manner, they obeyed. But, when the Spaniards overran the country, they undermined our authority and the consequence is that the people now don't obey anybody."

No plumb lines were used to lay the walls. "Patricio" says they took a board, cut its edge as straight and smooth as they could, covered the edge with charcoal. This charcoal edge was applied to the wall and wherever the stones were blackened, the builders recognized an inequality to be chipped off.

The day became murky and chilly, with every indication of an approaching storm of snow. Mount Taylor has already put on its winter mantle of virgin white and other inferior promontories near by have as best they can, imitated its example.

Read this morning a monograph, upon the Ancient & Modern Pueblos of Arizona and New Mexico by Doctor Hoffman, (formerly U. S. A.) before the Davenport Academy of Natural Sciences.

Mullen, our driver, has been stupidly drunk all morning.

We waited at Agua Azul for the Westward-bound passenger train. From this, we obtained the latest papers; the "New Mexican" (Santa Fé) had a telegram briefly announcing the death by suicide at Kansas City, Mo. Oct. 26th of Major John Mix 9th Cavalry. Mix was a soldier of extended and honorable experience,—who had worked his way up from the ranks to the grade he held at the time of his death. He had seen much hard service during the war of the Rebellion and both before and since against hostile Indians. Mix was companionable in a marked degree, and, altho' not a

hard drinker, of convivial habits. He was brave, keen-witted and practical, proud of his profession, and careful of his soldiers who loved him dearly. His two great faults, extravagance coupled with carelessness in his money affairs and an over-indulgence in hyperbole, occasioned, perhaps, more amusement than criticism. Some of Mix's stories have had a wide circulation in the Army and several will bear repetition. The $21,000,000 responsibility; the wedding tour and many of his fishing yarns, which ere-while excited our incredulity and amazement. Poor fellow has gone now and may the earth rest light upon him. For some months, he had been suffering from chancrous tumor, to the irritation from which, acting upon an enfeebled brain, may be attributed the rash hastening of his last moments.

At El Rito,[2] the train stopped to uncouple our two cars. This consumed some little time. A road seven miles long separates El Rito from Laguna; the first two miles are extremely sandy and the crossings of the Rio Puerco (of the East) numerous and only indifferently good. The last part of the road is over a standstone and is quite good. The sun was just going down behind the Western hills when our ambulance drew up in front of the store of Mr Mormon,[3] who received us with great kindness. Our mules were led to a warm stable, where an abundance of hay, grain & water made them oblivious to the discomforts of the past forty-eight hours. For ourselves, a warm room was provided in whose narrow corner chimney a fire was roaring in a few moments and Hall up to his ears in the duties of the cuisine. Mr Marmon also let us have some fresh, ground chile and promised, if possible to obtain fresh mutton chops for our breakfast. This will give a rightful idea that we were in the best of luck to get here.

Mr Marmon visited our room during the evening and had a long talk with us about the Laguna Indians: they have among them the gentile organization. His wife is of the "Sun" gens. The clans are, altho' he did not claim that the list was exact:

2. Laguna was on the railroad, but evidently the ambulance and mules had to be unloaded at El Rito.

3. Bourke means Walter G. Marmon, whose name he misunderstood. Mr. Marmon came to Laguna in 1868 and married into the tribe. He had a Civil War record, and for many years was engaged in surveying—part of the time in government employ. In 1870 or '71, Wm. F. M. Arny (Territorial secretary 1862-67 and 1872-73; Pueblo Indian agent 1868-72 and Navajo Indian agent 1873-75) appointed Marmon as government teacher at Laguna. Marmon served as teacher until 1875 when the school was taken over by the Presbyterian Church.

Eagle	Chami-jano (people)	Acoma
Corn	Yocca-jano	"
Sun	U-satch people	Acoma
Fire	Not in Acoma	
Water	Tsits-Jano	Acoma
Mountain Lion	Not in Acoma	
Badger	Not in Acoma	
Crane (?)	Not in either	
Sage-Brush (?)		
Bear	Cohaja-jano	
Wolf	Not in Acoma	
Deer	Cu-ato-juno	
Snake	Jo-o-Jano	
Road-Runner (?)	Ch-apcu-jano	
Tobacco or Bunche	Not in Laguna or Acoma	
Encina (?)	In Acoma	
Huacamayo	Yes, in both	
Grulla	Not in either	
Sapo	" " "	
Coyote	" " "	
Tejon	" " "	
Turkey	In both	
Deer	In both	

Some of these gentes are almost extinct. The Eagle is the most numerous. Among the Lagunas, the men assist the women in building & repairing the houses.

October 29th 1881, Saturday. We had a good, comfortable sleep last night, undisturbed save by the moaning of the wind outside which subsided upon the appearance of the sun. Our mules are in good condition having had like ourselves a good breakfast. We first hired a young boy for a quarter to put us on the trail which he did with alacrity. He said that he belonged to the Chowitz or Badger clan: that Laguna was known as Coyx and Acoma as Acu. After we got in the road, we had the usual trouble with heavy sand and with climbing up and down a mesa of sandstone and sand covered sparsely with scrub cedar. The sun shone brightly but his rays had no heat to warm our limbs chilled by the searching wind blowing from the frozen crests of Mount Taylor.

The mesa passed, we saw before us a broad, flat valley, of sandy soil, well-grassed, through which wound a small

brook; on the other side of this valley, upon the apex of a bold rocky bluff could be discerned the outlines of the pueblo of Acoma. In the valley itself, cattle grazed in "bunches", running up into a total of several hundreds. As we drew nearer the mesa, a small boy, wrapped in a red blanket, approached, shook hands in a friendly manner and was rewarded with a small present of tobacco. The "mesa" of Acoma is an impregnable, natural fortress of vertical ramparts of sandstone at whose feet are great dunes of white sand from 30 to 60 ft. high, shaped into all kinds of fantastic contours at the caprice of the breeze.

Here, in as sheltered a nook as it was possible to find, we unharnessed and sent the mules to water, while I, with as much expedition as the benumbed state of my fingers would permit, wrote the notes of the morning. When I looked up, a pleasant-faced Acoma boy was standing alongside of me: I shook hands with him and gave him tobacco. Presently, along came another who was made the recipient of similar attentions. While Hall went after water, we arranged for the purchase of half a burro-load of wood for four bits. There was not over 3 handfuls in our bargain and had it been good, dry cedar, I should have felt that we had been cheated, but Hall said he "could make out", so we did not complain.

The first two young men then offered to conduct us to the village; we followed them first over a lofty sand dune and then up the face of the precipice, planting our feet in little notches cut in the sandstone to the number, as nearly as I could count them, of 146. Breathless, we gained the first street, in no essential different from those of Moqui, only maybe a trifle cleaner.

The houses are of stone and mud; windows, mostly of selenite. Use wooden carts. Climbing up the ladder of one of the houses, we purchased 18 eggs for 60 cents. Floor of earth; walls, white-washed. Room, 20'x12'x7 feet high. The approach is one of the most romantic imaginable and brings to the mind of the climber all that he has ever heard or read of ascent in the Andes, Alps or Himalayas; to myself, it brought back half-forgotten recollections of one of Gerald Griffin's Irish stories read in boyhood.[4] In the face of the solid sandstone are cut foot-holds and hand-holds as

4. Bourke has a footnote reading: "One called, if I remember, the 'Hidden Hand' and delineating life among the bird and egg-gatherers in the precipitous, wave-washed cliffs of the coast of Gliggs."

well, except where the trail mounts under an arch of overhanging rocks and passes into the mouth of a cave. Here, the trail mounts by a cottonwood ladder whose steps have apparently been cut with stone axes. Generations of pigeon-toed, moccasined Indians have ascended & descended by these narrow steps until now the imprint of the human foot is as plain as if stamped in wax. There are not less than 200 steps in all, but the "rise" in many is not over 5 inches, suitable for squaws carrying burdens and likely to be passed over by a man in a hurry.

This "climb" has nothing to compare to it except perhaps that of Mushangnewy which it surpasses in all the elements of difficulty. I don't see how this village could be taken by direct assault to-day, even with improved arms. Horatius at the bridge said "in yon strait pass a thousand may well be stopped by three"—but, were he to defend Acoma, he could well withstand 10,000 of the enemy.

This pass is not used by animals; they have a road of their own, bad enough of itself, but of easy grade compared wtih the one we used, leading to the rear of the town. Wherever rain could attack this road, branches of trees and rocks had been worked into it, according to very good engineering principles. A traveller would be impressed upon first entering this village with the great number of burros, chickens, turkeys, pigs and dogs owned by the Acomas. In one flock, I counted eleven turkeys, in another thirteen; chickens and dogs were beyond count and to the pigs the same remark might apply. They are also well off for horses and, if my cursory inspection did not grossly deceive me, they have more horned cattle than any other pueblo I have yet entered. Their herds of sheep and goats are of good size and, except in the matter of fruit, of which they do not seem to raise much, the Acomas may be counted very well off indeed.[5] The bulk of the fruit they raise comes from their main orchard to the South, 5 miles, & from the outlying farm pueblos of Acomita, Santanita, and Paraje; small villages scattered along the line of the A. & P. R. R.

I have already stated that we saw one "carreta", of the orthodox middle-age pattern, with wheels and frame-work of cottonwood & pine. This, I afterwards learned, was the only vehicle they owned.

5. Bourke adds the footnote: "I meant in the immediate vicinity of their pueblo; they have fine orchards at a distance."

Another point of interest will be found in the great number of reservoirs of water of all sizes from holes in the sandstone holding a couple of bucketfulls to still larger excavations of a cubical capacity of from 3000 to 5000 gallons. The last place in the world in which to suspect the presence of human beings would be these rugged crags, fitter for the eyrie of the lordly eagle; the last place in which to look for water would be these vast dunes of Arabian sand and yet both human beings and water are to be found in the greatest abundance. To the existence of the latter in such plenty is due, no doubt, the fine condition of the cattle owned by the Acomas.

The pueblo having been reached shows itself to be composed of three parallel streets, each 220 @ 225 yards long and from 25′ @ 30 ft. wide. These all face to the S. the wall on the N. side being 3 stories high, unbroken by any apertures to speak of, and receding from story to story in an amphitheatrical manner.

The houses of Acoma are very much like those of the Moquis, only much cleaner. They are three stories in height, the upper receding from the lower like a set of steps.[6] The material used is sandstone set in mud, the sandstone being generally in flat pieces, 10″ long, 1″ @ 2″ thick, and 5″ or 6″ broad, altho' there is no such thing as uniformity in size. The chimneys are of stone in small pieces. The walls are covered with strings of chile, or drying melons and pumpkins and upon the roofs of the different stories, firewood is arranged in piles convenient for immediate use. Corn, freshly garnered from the harvest lies in great heaps before the doors of rooms on the upper stories waiting until the women can shuck it; other piles, still in husks, are hung to the rafters or to horizontal poles inside the houses. We saw scarcely any peaches or apples, for the reason that the crops of these fruits were not yet fully matured; those which had already ripened, had been taken to the line of the R. R. to be sold to passengers in the train; for the Acoma and Laguna Indians, like those of all the other Pueblos are as thrifty and "canny" as the Scotch.

The pottery made in Acoma is decorated with unusually good taste, and is frequently framed in graceful patterns. One of the pieces purchased, was banded by sunflowers, painted with a skill that would have been no discredit to

6. Another footnote by Bourke: "Each terrace has a parapet of sandstone, and also has gutters of cottonwood for carrying off rain."

civilized artists. To my great disappointment, this fine specimen could not bear the jolting of the journey, with the poor mode of packing, and was shaken to pieces before we got back with it to Laguna.

Here, I found evidences of a germinal knowledge of the art of glazing: many of the pieces of pottery made in Acoma, are spotted and flecked with a green pigment, fused in the fire. They, and to a very small extent the Lagunas, are the only Indians among whom I have detected any manifestations of an acquaintance with this art.

Their animal forms in pottery are lifelike and represent "action", vividly. I bought a specimen representing a lowing bull: the pose of the head, the manner of placing the feet and tail, and the heavy, pendulous brisket are as faithfully represented as if the original had been petrified or changed into clay.

All the houses are supplied with old-fashioned rifles, powder-horns and implements. One of the first objects to attract the attention of visitors, is the ever-present baby's cradle, hanging from the rafters of the "living room." There is an old church, of massive proportions, but without symmetry or beauty, in which Catholic priests still hold Divine Service once a month. Ruined church of San José de Acoma: 80′ broad, 55′ high, Towers, 70′x13′ broad.

We met the Governor, Apoleon or Napoleon Pancho, called Coyote in his own language, to whom I introduced myself as an officer of the Army, well acquainted with his grand-uncle, Pedro Pino. He expressed pleasure at meeting Strout and myself and invited us into his house where he showed us a cane, with silver head, presented to the Pueblo, as the inscription showed, by President Lincoln, in 1863. The house was very comfortable, well kept, unusually neat, and well supplied with Navajoes rugs and blankets of the finest texture and most beautiful patterns, which Apoleon took pride in showing us.

After I had shown him the genealogical tree prepared for me by Pedro Pino, in which Apoleon's own name occurred, together with his clan, he became more communicative and I soon led the conversation to the subject of clans in the Pueblo. He said that he belonged to the Aguila or Eagle, his wife to the Sol or Sun, his mother to the Aguila or Eagle and his father to the Gallina (de la tierra) or Turkey. The list of clans in Acoma is identical with that of the clans in Laguna, with such exceptions as have resulted from segmentation, absorption or destruction.

I bought a fine Navajo rug and two silver bangles, the latter made in this pueblo from coin silver. Back of the main door in this house, set in the wall, I noticed a little china cup, filled with sacred corn-meal, which Apoleon told me was to be thrown to the Sun. He followed up this remark by another to the effect that nearly all the houses had just such receptacles and that they could be found not only in Acoma but in every other pueblo: only, in the pueblos on the Rio Grande, the Indians, through fear of the Mexicans, generally kept the *cunque* (as the Zunis called it) concealed. Squaws had brought in food while we were talking and Strout and I were invited to break our hunger, which we did sparingly, knowing that Hall was expecting us to return to our place of bivouac for supper.

After eating, our friend the Governor took us to look at the church, which altho' much dilapidated exteriorly is in good repair on the inside; the walls of the nave are whitewashed and almost bare of ornament. There are two bells in the Northern belfry; of modern, Mexican manufacture. The graveyard in front of the church, in which all burials are made, is about 80′ square, the church itself being 80′ front by 160′ in depth and 40′in height. It was getting too dark to make further observations and I willingly accepted the Governor's suggestion to wait until morning when he would have every part of the edifice thrown open for my inspection.

I made no other notes except upon the dress of the women: this differs in some unimportant particulars from the ordinary raiment of the women of Moqui and Zuni. In Acoma and in Laguna too, there is considerable use of silver upon the dresses themselves, the seams from knee to ankle being held together by rows of silver quarter dollars fastened to pins; the effect is very pretty. There is also a free display of bangles of silver and copper, but none of mixed metals. The women wear their hair cut short at mouth, but not banged: it is parted at right or left side and clubbed at back. They wear petticoats and leggings of blue woolen yarn. The men wear the same style of leggings, bang their hair and use a brow-band, around forehead, much like that of the Navajoes and Zunis. The women wear necklaces of silver beads, with pendants in the form of an archiepiscopal cross, terminating in a heart.

I could not find any idols of wood or stone, but am certain that they have them: in several of the houses, I came

upon wooden images, much worn, of the same class as have so frequently been mentioned under the heads—Zuni and Moqui, but not painted as those were. Apoleon freely admitted that they planted turkey feathers in the ground "to bring good crops", and in many other ways I saw enough to assure me of the correctness of Pedro Pino's statement that their religion was one and the same with that of the Zunis and Moquis. They are plentifully supplied with "boomerangs".

Their pottery much resembles that of Zuni; like the people of that pueblo, they make many specimens in animal forms, but the forms themselves have an individuality all their own: no owls could be seen in Acoma, whereas there was scarcely a house in Zuni that didn't have from one to half a dozen during the season for making and burning earthenware. The food of the Acomas is excellent: they are the possessors of fine flocks and herds: have some milk, a sufficiency of eggs and an abundance of fresh beef and mutton, besides fruits and cereals. They eat melons and pumpkins—all but the thin green rind, the seeds being dried and saved for future consumption. They employ deerhead masks in hunting.

We took the governor back with us to supper; he led us past a number of reservoirs in the solid rock, some of which were natural crevices utilized for the purpose and others the work of man. It made me dizzy to see him skip serenely from foot-hole to foot-hole down that fearful descent while Strout and I crawled from hand-hole, to foot-hole, foothole to hand-hole, fearful of breaking our precious necks. Apoleon made signs that we must walk "pigeon-toed"; a change in the manner of holding our feet which gave us a firmer purchase upon the impressions made in the rock. We got down at last and found Hall waiting for us with an omelette, which we attacked and speedily demolished, Apoleon playing his part manfully. A throng of Acomas surrounded us,—men, women & children—of all sizes and all ages. I made our guest give me the gens of each one: he did this with great readiness, showing that the Eagle, Sun, Water, Corn, Deer and Parrot clans were represented.

A shrill cry rang out upon the air—the voice of the "muezzin", if I may so term it, summoning the people to retire to their houses. The Governor said that now the Indians would have to remain in the town for the rest of the night. All left us and we saw no other Indians during the

night, save only two or three belated boys driving in a herd of goats which I suppose had stampeded to a distance during the day. There was some singing on top of the rock for a few moments, but what the object was I did not ascertain.

Apoleon told us before he left that the Pueblo kept sentinels on duty during the night: another point in his conversation caused us to feel ill at ease. The Apaches, he told us, had asserted that they would return to Acoma by the full of the present moon, which would be in another night. He seemed to attach a great deal of importance to the story and advised us to get back to the Rail Road as soon as we could. This I was not averse to doing, on my mules' account, pasturage being very scarce in the sand dunes in which we had bivouacked and our force not strong enough to let our animals wander away to graze. We had carried with us a small supply of hay and grain, but not enough to fill them for more than two days.

Distance to-day, 15 m. to 18 miles.

October 30th, 1881. We had a fearful time last night: Strout who is a victim of night-mare, fell asleep after his hearty supper, dreaming of the stories told us by the Governor. About midnight, or later, we were scared out of the soundest of slumbers by the yell: "Apaches! Apaches!" and at the same moment, Strout made a desperate effort to jump from the bed which he shared with me in the ambulance. I saw at once what was the matter and grasped him by the neck: this only made matters worse and convinced the frantic dreamer that he was truly in the hands of the savages and must fight desperately to effect his release. He struggled and tore himself from my grasp, yelling all the while Apaches! Apaches! at the top of his voice. I kept up the counter cry: "Don't mind, he's got the night-mare,"—a piece of foresight to which Strout owes his life, because when he darted from the vehicle, Hall, the colored soldier with us, confronted him with a knife & a revolver and would surely have killed him had not my yells disclosed what was the matter. With Mullen, our new driver, the case was different: he couldn't hear very well, being a trifle deaf and having his bed on the side of the ambulance where it was almost impossible to distinguish my voice through the thick leather curtains. Mullen sprang from his coach, rifle in hand, cocked it, aimed full at the head of Strout and pulled the trigger. By a miracle, one might say, the cartridge failed to explode. Hall and I shook and pounded and

punched Strout until he had been thoroughly awakened. This episode, which had so nearly been a tragedy, sobered and alarmed us all and though we turned in once more, none of us slept again and each expressed himself glad when, *October 30th, 1881,* the morning call of the muezzin cleft the chilly air. This was followed by a plaintive chant, much like those of the Apaches, snatches of which reached us, borne on the breezes of dawn. Mullen accepted this as a summons to begin the preparation of breakfast, to do which he had to commence by driving away a band of coyotes that had sneaked up close to our ambulance, attracted by the smell of meat & other food. Smoke began to curl upward from the chimneys of Acoma and to rest as a pall over the high peak upon which it stood.

The Acomas were evidently early risers: more than that they were very early visitors and long before Hall had announced that coffee was ready, a stream of men, women and children poured in upon us and squatted in a large double circle all about us, eying with keen glances the progress of our breakfast and all that we did. Many of these visitors were young girls who carried slung over their backs their little baby brothers and sisters. How they ever managed to get down the steps in the face of the cliff without loss of life or limb is foreign to the purpose of these notes, but not the less a source of wonder and astonishment to Strout and myself. These bright, beady eyed babies had a weird expression, perched in their sisters' blankets. In all cases, the occipital bones were flattened, from, as I believe, having been strapped upon board cradles. There was no mistake possible in this matter, all the back hair having been cut very close to free the children from lice,—a method noticed also in Zuni and among the Moquis.

Occasionally, the Acoma men allow a few hairs to drag out a sickly existence on their upper lips. One of them assured me this morning that they never ate dog: they use wooden plows. Their blankets are bought from the Navajoes, altho' they also make some of the coarser varieties in their own pueblo. I was able to purchase one of these: a small mantle, rather than a blanket, of black and white wool, natural colors, woven in four large checkers. I have already commented upon their free use of Navajo and home-made bangles, neck-laces and other jewelry.

I saw no Estufa in this pueblo; nor did I see any Eagles. Strout called my attention to a curious "survival" from the

Stone Age—a dust pan of flat sand-stone or slate, the only thing of the kind I've ever seen in use anywhere. Strout and I this morning ascended to the Pueblo by the burro trail referred to in yesterday's notes. In romantic nooks, stuck away in all kinds of impossible places in the front of the cliffs were corrals and places of shelter for cattle. In most of these, the protection from the elements was complete; the overhanging rocks supplying a roof and the dunes of sand keeping out the chilly air of night.

Before we had gained the summit, a loud clanging of church bells startled me, as I had been assured by Apoleon the previous evening that services were held only at rare intervals. We made our way to the church and, entering, saw a light upon the altar. An old Acoma man, the only one in the sacred edifice advanced to the steps of the altar, knelt, bowed his head, crossed himself and prayed inaudibly.

The Governor perceiving us approach the building hastened to join us. He saluted in a kindly way & remarked in a whisper: "ésta es la casa de San José—aqui vive San José". I don't think that my imagination very often gets the better of my judgment in such matters, for which reason after careful study, I allowed myself to believe that the resemblance detected, between the decorations ón the walls of this church and those of the sacred blankets, banners and sashes and in the estufas of Moquis and Zunis, was not merely fanciful. Apoleon seeing me draw these designs, said that they were "por agua", (for water) which is precisely the object of the others. Three or four other Indians entered, all of them grand-fathers, bearing tiny babies on their backs. They all prayed as the first had done.

Such is all that I saw fit to jot down concerning my visit to Acoma, the most peculiar of all the Pueblos in its situation, and the only one which with absolutely historical certainty we know occupies to-day the very same position it did at the time of Coronado's march through this country. In manners and customs, the inhabitants are so much like those of Zuni, that it would hardly pay to begin *de novo* a description of Acoma: it is only necessary to peruse carefully the notes taken at various times upon Zuni and its people, and to supplement these, if desired, with the meagre information gathered about Laguna, to possess a satisfactory insight into the appearance of Acoma and the mode of life of its people.

Drove back to Marmon's store at Laguna, 15 miles (due North of Acoma), reaching there before dusk. In Laguna, we saw any number of chickens, dogs, burros, horses, pigs, turkeys, sheep, goats, oxen and mules. The houses are of rock laid in mud—and of adobe: some are plastered with lime or mud on the exterior. The windows in all the old buildings are of selenite. In no respect do the dwellings differ from those at Acoma. The houses attain the height of (3) stories and many of them face to the South: many of the new houses are furnished with glass windows and open from the ground floors upon the little plazas or upon the streets: or have steps of stone, leading to the front doors in place of the traditional ladders.

There are many old-fashioned plows and carretas—each entirely of wood, to be seen in the outskirts. We entered one of the houses newly constructed. The "vigas" were of pine, squared with a saw and covered with a ceiling of pine boards laid in juxtaposition. Outside of this house, an Indian boy had scrawled on a flat piece of sandstone a picture of a locomotive, dragging a flatcar and chasing a dog or a colt. I took a careful copy to show with what boldness and freedom the sketch was made.

All the new houses which we entered had ceilings made on the same improved principles as that of the one just entered. The floors were of packed clay, and the walls were white-washed, with a band of red ochre running around at the bottom. These new buildings were in each case provided with glass windows & American doors of pine, were well lighted and ventilated and of larger size than those built according to ancient models. One of the living rooms which I measured and which may answer as a fair sample of them all (in the new domiciles.) was 22′x16′x9′ in height. Here I bought a rattle of tortoise shell and goat's toes. The old man from whom I made the purchase told me that he was of the Yocca-jano, or Corn-people, his wife of the Meyo or frog-jano and that there were many janos in the Pueblo: according to him, they were:

1	Aguila	Chami-jano		Eagle
2	Sol	Oshatch	x	Sun
3	Agua	Teits jano	x	Water
4	Culebra or Vibra	Sho-e jano		Snake
5	Encina	Japani jano	x	Oak
6	Verenda	Tanne jano	x	Deer or Antelope
7	Tejon	Teope jano		Badger

8	Maiz	Yocca jano		Corn
9	Oso	Cohaya jano		Bear
10	Huacamayo	Si-shawati jano		Parrot
11	Sapo	Meyo jano	x	Frog
12	Gallina (de la tiera)	Tsima jano		Turkey

There used to be a "Seed-grass" and a "Sand" people, but they are now extinct; while the Coyote gens or people is reduced to 2 or 3 representatives. There are no Cíbola, Chamisa or Bunchi gentes.

Those clans in the above list, marked with an x are also to be found, so he said, in Acoma or its small, outlying dependencies. He also said that in Laguna each gens had its own quarter, the largest quarter, at the time of my visit, being that of the Gallina de la Tierra, (Tsima jano) or Turkey.

The gentile rules do not vary in any respect from those of Zuni. To put the old man in the humor for conversation, in case I should find it necessary to return to him for further information, I purchased an extremely beautiful pitcher, ornamented with life-like flowers, drawn in red and black, and two smaller ewers of simpler designs. It was my hope to have gotten the artistic one to General Sheridan, but to my great annoyance, it smashed like an egg-shell, after the manner of so many others, bought this summer and fall.

Animal forms are wrought in the pottery of Laguna with as much skill as in that of Acoma, the figures most frequently seen being fish, frogs, bears, duck, deer &c. One of the fish I purchased was as nearly perfect as anything in baked clay could well be.

Many of the houses of Laguna are unoccupied and locked, the owners with their families being absent in the outlying farm-pueblos, of which they possess no less than twelve, scattered up and down the valley of the Puerco. The houses which I entered were well supplied with pottery, mutton, squashes, pumpkins, melons, chile & corn. Old saints' pictures on wood appear in this Pueblo, the most western of the series of which this fact can be noted. Antelope and deer horns are set in the old walls for pegs upon which to hang clothing. The ovens are on the ground. The chimneys of the houses are of stone. The children enjoy themselves greatly in our good old-fashioned amusement of "sliding down hill". They choose a smooth rock, inclined at

a suitable angle, place a sheepskin under them and away they go.

There are no estufas in Laguna.

The oxen are yoked by their horns, as among the Mexicans.

The living rooms in the "old" houses are 16'x30'x6'6" in height. One door was measured: it was found to be 4½ ft. high x 20" in width. There were two windows opening to South, each 3 ft. square and one of same dimensions to the West—all at the line of the ceiling. The ground plan of the house, comprehended three rooms, one behind the other. As our visit occurred during the harvest season, the rooms were all full of corn: piles of it on the floor freshly husked, and much more, in shucks, hanging to horizontal poles, swinging from the rafters. The outer room is devoted to the general purposes of a "living room"; the one next behind that, contains subsistence stores, pottery and kitchen apparatus and the last, which is generally dark, contains agricultural implements. Most of the houses are paned with selenite slabs which admit a great deal more light than I dreamed of before having practical experience.

Leaving this family who lived on the ground floor we continued our stroll: we had not gone half a dozen steps before, upon turning a corner, we saw a woman repairing her house. Thus far, the rule applies to all the Pueblos. Going up stairs, or up ladders, we saw old rifles—also old buffalo robes, Navajo blankets in various conditions and of various qualities—and feather pillows.

The house of the Governor which we next entered, without finding him at home, was full of the finest Navajo rugs and blankets: I have never seen so beautiful a collection. In most of the houses, were heaps of fresh onions, lately gathered from the fields. Some of the selenite slabs in this pueblo were the largest I have ever seen, one pane measuring over (2) two ft. square and all of them of unusual dimensions.

The church (San José de Laguna), once the seat of a convent and surrounded by monastic buildings now in the last stages of ruin, is itself in fair preservation. To the observer just from Acoma, it appears small and petty in contrast with the noble edifice dedicated to San José at that point: but its actual dimensions are respectable. Its façade (100' long) is 30 ft. Wide by 45' high to the foot of the cross . . . Seen from the windows of the cars of the Atlantic and

Pacific Rail Road whose track runs within 50 yards of the noble old wreck, the white-washed walls suggest the idea of a beacon planted in the midst of a restless ocean of strife and angry passion. The interior walls are whitewashed with a band of pattern running around the nave, in red and yellow with black border. The scarcely concealed symbolism of this ornamentation will be apparent to any one who will take the trouble to compare it with examples obtained from Zuni and other avowedly heathen pueblos. We can discern clouds, snakes and the walls of Troy, all peculiar to the hieratic symbolism of the Estufas or of the Sacred ceremonies of any kind.

The Laguna women, as we have noticed of those of Acoma, are very fond of looping their skirts together with silver quarters, and also of wearing bracelets of silver and copper which, they told me, were mostly all made in Acoma. Returning to the Governor's house, I met him and began my usual tactics of making purchases, in order to have a footing upon which to open conversation. I bought one of their frozen watermelons for half a dollar and two dozen of eggs for 70 cents, but was unsuccessful in my efforts to obtain some of the beautiful Navajo blankets, of which so many were to be seen in the main room. The Governor said that his name was Juan Anaya; in his own language, which is called Querez, he bears the name Cawship. He belongs to the Agua or Water gens, his wife to the Maiz or Corn. He explained that all the Laguna men do not now bang their hair: such was the custom of their fore-fathers and many, but not all, of the tribe still observe it. But few, if any, naked children to be seen in Laguna; nearly all are provided with American clothing. The people are also beginning to use coal oil lamps, while candles are the constant source of illumination. The same remark, as we shall have occasion to see further on, applies to the people of Isleta.

Bought a tortoise shell rattle and 10 or 12 pieces of pottery.

Hall exerted himself this evening and spread before us a royal supper of mutton-chops with chile, tea, fresh biscuits and preserves. Mr. Pratt[7] and Mr. Marmon came in to see me after supper. They said that the Pueblo of Laguna was much reduced in population by the absence of so many upon their farms outside: these farms were gentile farms. The

7. This was George H. Pratt ("Pradt" in the Territorial militia records) who, like Marmon, was a Civil War veteran and had worked as a government surveyor.

pueblo itself was divided up into gentile quarters or wards. Children bore names referring to the clan of mother or to that of the father. The women owned the houses. Women possessed, even if they did not always exercise the right of proposing to the young men of their choice. There are no caciques in Laguna: the governor is elected yearly by the vote of the male members of the tribe. The power of the wife over property is apparent to every purchaser: upon her consent depends the closing of bargains, which she cements or breaks arbitrarily. The young men of Acoma often go west to California and remain at work there for 2 or 3 years, returning with their pay in horses. They also bring back with them for gift or sale to their friends in Laguna or in their own pueblo, seashells, for which they have the same veneration as do the other Sedentary Indians. The people of Acoma raise a great many fine peaches in orchards to the south of their pueblo; while those of Laguna raise peaches, apples, cherries, plums, pears & some grapes. There is no black pottery made in Laguna, Acoma or Isleta: the kind generally called black glazed, but which is properly described by Schliemann, *(Mycenae)* as the "monochromatic, black lustrous" variety.

If a man dies in Laguna or Acoma, his children are cared for by his wife's clan. Divorces are obtainable for cause, generally decided upon by the council, composed of the governor and his assistants; the man, in such cases, generally leaves home, taking with him only his blankets. The Lagunas, as the Acomas, make coarse blankets, belts and garters: and do a little rude silversmithing.

Mr. Pratt says that, among the Navajoes, almost all progressive knowledge seems confined to one clan who used to live in houses and have a great deal to do with the Zunis. (This must be the Zuni clan. J. G. B.) This clan has the best blankets, saddle and bridle makers and silversmiths: knows the difference between the planets and fixed stars; knows that the North star is slightly movable; knows the equinoxes; has a star for every tribe of Indians &c. Mr. Pratt's wife is a Laguna of the Bear gens, and her father is of the Turkey; Mr Marmon's wife is Corn and her father is Sun. Mr Robert Marmon's wife is of the Water gens. The Lagunas call themselves "Janos", i. e. "people" and say that the name Querez was given them by the Spaniards. Mr Pratt, who has had good opportunities for learning, having been the father of a number of children by his Indian

wife, says that the treatment of Indian women of this pueblo during child-birth answers in all essentials to that of the other tribes which I had learned and which I had explained to him. The Lagunas treat bastards with great kindness, calling them "God's children."

None of the Sedentary Indians seem to care much for our glass beads, altho they attach priceless value to those bored out of sea-shells, chalchihuitl and coral. In Laguna, nearly every family has strings of these beads, displayed only upon great festivals.

The children are fairly well supplied with toys. The Lagunas have idols. Some years ago, Mr Pratt obtained from his wife two small jasper figures with inlaid eyes of chalchihuitl. He has also seen the clan idols, kept at present with jealous care. These are of painted wood & carved stone. The house from which the jasper images came belonged to his wife and was very old, the beams showing very plainly the marks of stone axes. The people of Laguna don't have any fear of their mother-in-law: this follows as a logical consequence of their mode of marriage which requires the groom to take up his residence with his wife's people. Constant association would do much to diminish and obliterate the feeling of antagonism noticeable in the Plains' Tribes between warriors and their wives' mothers.

They never tattoo; they apply vermillion to the face and paint bodies when engaged in dances. They plant and eat apples, peaches, pears, apricots, plums, cherries and grapes. They are very fond of piñon nuts and formerly ate the seeds of wild grasses. They eat pumpkin seeds, wild potatoes and tule bulbs. They plant corn, wheat, pumpkins, melons & squashes.

They used to hunt buffalo on the Llano Estacado, using the robes for bedding and "jerking" the meat. They eat deer, antelope and prairie dogs, drink milk and eat eggs, but don't eat bear, dogs, turtle or fish—lizards, snakes or crickets. The last named are a favorite article of diet with the Zunis. They plant feathers in their fields. They prefer silver money in all pecuniary transactions.

They have secret Societies, like the Moquis and Zunis. Mr Pratt told me of a Secret Society into which he had been initiated,—The Chock-Win—which, according to him, is an importation from Zuni. The candidates were "baptized" by being sprinkled with "holy water", corn-meal (Cunque?) and salt, and, afterwards, made to drink the "holy water",

out of an earthen bowl painted with two snakes, running heads to tails. The Society is organized first to reform some of the customs of the Pueblos—to better ventilate the houses, build water-closets, regulate intercourse of sexes &c: and secondly, for mutual assistance. Pratt says that this Society is traceable to a white man who lived among the Zunis 60 years ago, and instituted this Society among them to improve their morals. When upon his death bed, he told his half-breed son that he ought to establish the same society among the Lagunas (and this son's son is to-day one of the principal men in the Laguna branch of the Chock-Win.

Mr Pratt is a most delightful talker; a man of excellent education and extensive travel. His parents intended him for the Episcopal ministry, but his inclinations were not ecclesiastical. He preferred a roving life and his business of land surveying has given full scope to his desires. He is extremely well acquainted with the whole South West and with the Indians of this region. The Lagunas induce vomiting by copious draughts of tepid water and by tickling the throat with feathers. A faint idea of a few of the peculiarities of their language may be obtained from a study of the subjoined list of numerals, given me by Mr Pratt. . . .[8]

October 31st, 1881. Monday. Busy all the early hours of the morning, packing our pottery. Mr. Pratt promised to get me a jasper idol. Mr. Marmon presented me with a stone axe.

At Laguna, there is a missionary—one Manuald[9]—of whom strange stories are told: he applied for permission to employ an assistant teacher: assigned his own niece to that duty: made her do all the cooking serving and general house-

8. The numerical table here omitted gives the Keresan names from 1 to 20; then of tens and hundreds up to 1,000.

9. This vituperative paragraph refers to the Rev. John Menaul, whom Bourke seems not to have met. It was a case of "snap judgment" unfortunately common among army officers of that period,—here based on gossip given him by Marmon (who had been superseded by Menaul as government teacher) and based also on his own prejudices.

Of the Rev. Mr. Menaul, John M. Gunn, in *Schat-Chen* (Albuquerque, 1917) says: "Dr. Menaul established a printing press at Laguna, devoted to missionary work, principally. He translated and published in the Queres language McGuffey's first reader. In 1884 a bell was placed on the school building by Pueblo subscription. Dr. John Menaul spent ten years of earnest work among the Lagunas. He left in 1887, loved and respected by all." Earlier (1870-75) Mr. Menaul had served as a missionary among the Navahos, and he was especially selected for the Laguna work by Dr. Sheldon Jackson. (R. L. Stewart, *Sheldon Jackson*, 228-232).

Bourke's account has historical value—as a side-light on Laguna at that time.

work of his family & in place of allowing her wages, deducted the sum of $20 per mo. from her salary for board. The poor young lady, a stranger in a strange land, had no power to resist and had to submit: but Pratt and Marmon sent written complaints to Agent Thomas, who knowing the facts to be as stated, ordered the school-teacher to open a separate school in one of the outlying pueblos, where she would receive her salary in person. There is no use in filling a journal with criticisms upon such men as Manauld: they are sent out to New Mexico, simply because the churches are anxious to get rid of them. They are, almost invariably, bigoted, mendacious, unscrupulous and illiterate tricksters who do the cause of Christianity more harm than can be corrected by the efforts of a score of honest, sincere and hard-working servants of God.

We entered the house of an Indian, named Antonio: he was of the "meyo" or Frog "jano" or gens; his wife of the Turkey. In this house I came upon a vase full of cunque, imbedded in the wall, behind the main door. Upon being questioned, Antonio stated that it was to be thrown each morning to the Sun, "muy madrugada" (at early dawn.) Entered another where were squatted on floor, two women —Eagles—and an old man—a Badger. In giving the name of his gens, he made a sign for Badger at same time, by drawing the 1st and second fingers of his right hand down his face from eyes to chin. In this room was a large olla full of milk: the Lagunas make a free use of milk and eggs.

Started in the afternoon for Albuquerque. Stopped at El Rito for dinner. Passed the little farming settlement at La Mesita, inhabited by Lagunas. Saw a couple of Eagles perched on telegraph poles, but not near enough to be struck by our bullets. The day was exceptionally lovely & our travel should have been rapid had not the many little miry rain-brooks given us much amusing as well as troublesome perplexity to determine the best means for crossing them: the trouble preponderated over the diversion when we ran into an arroyo without bottom or rather with a bottom that gave way as fast as the hoofs of our mules touched it.

The poor animals became frantic with terror and kicked and plunged in insane efforts to free themselves from the harness. Thank God! we got them loose at last and pulled them, one by one, from the mire, scrutinizing each with anxiety, sure that limb or joint must be broken or wrenched.

The ambulance was broken clear off, but the mules were more scared than hurt. We hunted around for stones from the R. R. track, cut brush, gathered up several arm loads of bridge-timber fragments and finished a passage-way across the quagmire. Then we unloaded, carried our baggage and traps by hand to the other side, fastened a lariat to the front axle, hitched to it two mules and with their and our combined pulling, hauling and pushing got the ambulance over the place of danger. (18 miles) We devoted another ¾ of an hour, to splicing the pole. The injury to this was of the most serious nature, being a clean break across the grain, leaving only a small splinter for connection. We unravelled a rope, wetted the 3 strands very thoroughly in the water of the quagmire and then wound them as tightly as possible about the pole. Mules and harness were alike crusted with tenacious mud. Mullens washed the harness, but our delay had already been too great to admit of cleaning the mules, so they had to get along as best they might, until we could strike camp at sun-down. A few moments after dark, a long deep-cut line of embankment on our Left rose above the horizon. This, as we expected, was the embankment of the Rail Road. A "boarding" train was on a switch. The cook, a colored man named Skinner, was an old friend of Hall's. He gave all the information in his power concerning the ranches we desired to reach and went out with us a few yards on the road. By the moon's wan light, we advanced with all possible rapidity, over a road which, during the late muddy spell had been badly tramped by the hoofs of oxen, or cut into deep ruts by the sharp wheels of the Mexican "carretas". Our ambulance jolted and pounded over the rough surface for the space of a league and then, presto! with the quickness of the magical change we were floundering in a bottomless marsh of alkali mud. In all directions, to the front and R. & left of us, the swamp or "alkali flat" extended. I determined to retrace my steps for a short distance, strike the R. R. grade and camp by the track. This turned out to be the best thing I could have done: we not only had higher and firmer ground, but there was enough water for ourselves and mules in the hollows scooped out in making the embankment. A little grass gave our animals some excuse for nibbling until we were ready for bed. Not knowing what might happen, I had ordered Mullens to carry with him enough grain to last one day and Hall to carry an arm-full or two of dry fire-wood.

Hall, in less than no time, had a collation ready of fried eggs, tea, and crackers. The half-moon, shining down from a clear sky, gave us all the light we needed, both for our supper and to perceive the approach of two Mexicans whom we challenged as they rode within the blaze of our fire. They said they were teamsters whose oxen had strayed and they were in search of the missing cattle. We were not half a mile from Puerco station but the camp we had made was as well selected as any we could find in the neighborhood. "Buenas noches, caballeros." "Adios, Señor"—and off into the dim half-light of the moon rode the knights of the jingling spurs.
Distance to-day ---------- 40 miles
Did not reach camp until 11 P. M.

(To be continued)