

(editor's note: This paper was transcribed from a handwritten cursive copy with various difficulties. For a perfect rendition, the reader might wish to consult the original, itself a copy, in the volume entitled *Literary Club Papers I*, 1885 – 1886 Oct 3, '85 to May 29, '86) The original is very badly faded.

A Visit To the Indian Pueblos Of New Mexico

The civilized world of Europe has never passed through a more interesting and exciting period than that which followed the discovery of America by Columbus. When Columbus sailed from Spain he knew not where he would land; he only knew that he was sailing west. When he landed on the shores of the New World, he knew not where he was, for the people were new to him, and the country had never been described by any Explorer. When he returned to Spain in reported result of his voyage to Ferdinand and Isabella, he knew not where he had been, and had not the faintest idea of the grand and comprehensive results which would follow his adventure. Could he have seen but a faint glimpse of the mighty results which would follow his bold adventure, it would have been some consolation to him in his later years when he returned from his third voyage, a prisoner and in chains.

The work of exploring, subjugating, and colonizing the New World could not have fallen to a people better fitted to accomplish it than the Spaniards. They were bold, adventuresome and reliant. The romance of the new world excited unbounded enthusiasm, and money and ships were furnished without stint. What a revelation this world must've been to the explorers. They found in Mexico a people who had probably lived there for hundreds of years. They had well-established governments, and lived in comfortable houses suited to the climate. They cultivated maize, tobacco, and cotton, and various vegetables. They may be useful as well as ornamental pottery and were skilled artificers in gold and silver.

While we can not but condemn the cruelty of Cortez, we must admire the pluck and dash exhibited in his advance on the City of Mexico. With his ships burned behind him opposed by thousands on the way, finally reached the Palace of Montezuma. The gold and precious stones which he acquired must have inflamed the desire for more among the Spaniards at home, and have caused many expeditions to be fitted out. These expeditions are extremely interesting, and read more like romance than reality. Their object was to take possession of the new territory in the name of the Crown, and then to obtain the fabulous amounts of gold which were said to be there. I cannot refer to them but I wish to speak of one remarkable individual in connection with the earliest knowledge we have of the Pueblos of New

Mexico, and I ask your indulgence while I give a hasty sketch of his life, adventures, privations, dangers, indomitable perseverance, and final rescue after nearly ten years of wandering in an unknown country, and among an unknown and savage people. He sailed with a private expedition commanded by Navarez, on the 17th of June, 1527. He belonged to a noble family and was the treasurer of the expedition, and have the title of High Sheriff.

His name was Alvar Nunez Cabeza de Vaca. He was instructed as to the collections of rents, duties, and fines, in the new territory they were to occupy, and directed how to transmit gold, pearls, and other valuables to the officials at Seville.

They started with five vessels, and at Santo Domingo they bought another one. When they arrived at Cuba, two other vessels were destroyed by a hurricane. The following spring they sailed from their winter quarters and often encountering many storms finally landed on the west coast of Florida probably near what is now Charlotte Harbor. Here there was a difference of opinion as to what should be done. They were anxious to get possession of the fabulous amounts of gold and pearls which were supposed to be near at hand. The commander of the expedition wanted to leave the ships and march overland, while Cabeza de Vaca wanted to sail along shore so as to secure a safe harbor for their ships. The judgment of the former prevailed, and the little army of about three hundred souls began their march. They went north through Florida, and probably penetrated as far as Georgia, when they turned south again and reached the Gulf of Mexico probably somewhere near Appalachee Bay. They had suffered greatly on the journey from attacks by the natives, want of food, great hardships and exposure as well as from disease. When they reached the Gulf again, they did not know where the ships were, and were not in a condition to search for them. It was determined to build boats or rafts sufficient to carry them along the coast in hopes that they would reach the desired land abounding in the coveted wealth. Four boats were constructed, and they embarked and sailed carefully along the coast. They passed the mouth of the Mississippi River, and coasted along the shores of Texas, all the while suffering from want of food, and at times from want of fresh water. Finally a storm overtook them, and all the boats were separated. Two of them were lost, and all on board drowned. The other two fared better. The boats were wrecked in some of the men drowned, but most reached the shore more dead than alive. In a short time disease attacked them and of the eighty survivors, only fifteen were alive. The fact that the

pale faces were not able to cure their own sick caused the Indians to lose confidence in them, for they had considered them supernatural creatures, with power over life and death. The Indians at the same time suffered from disease, and attributed their ills to the malignant influences of the strangers. Shortly after this Cabeza de Vaca was taken seriously ill, and all the parties thinking he would die, left him to his fate, and started off to seek relief. He was treated as a slave, and after his recovery was compelled to do the most arduous and difficult work. He remained as a slave for nearly six years, when he made his escape. Later in his journeyings he met three of his former companions, the only survivors of the party which had deserted him. It was several months before they could escape, but finally they did so, and then they started out to play a new role. they announced themselves as medicine-men and the natives brought their sick to have been cured. Fortunately they were phenomenally successful, and their reputation spread far and near. This gave them food and protection which they so much needed. Their course was north and west, and in time they reached the San Sota mountains of Texas and finally the river Pecos and the Rio Grande.

In this vicinity they came upon the first “fixed dwellings” of the natives which were doubtless the “pueblos” with which we are familiar. Westward they pushed as fast as practicable, and soon came upon evidences of the proximity of Europeans. One Indian had a buckle of a sword-belt and the nail of a horse shoe attached to the band around his neck. Farther on they learned that the Spaniards had treated them badly; had killed and enslaved the natives. In a short time rumors of a marauding party of Spaniards were heard. The natives were alarmed and fled in terror. This led Cabeza de Vaca to change his course, and with a party of Indians, he started on their trail. The Spaniards were soon overtaken, and the meeting between them can be better imagined than described. After years of wandering, hardships, and privations almost unprecedented, after escaping innumerable dangers to their lives, this party of four was finally within reach of Christian settlements. They were tenderly cared for, provided with clothing, and food, and assisted on their journey to the City of Mexico. Thence they sailed for Spain which they reached after more than ten years' absence. Thus ended the expedition which set out in the high hopes of conquering a new & rich country, and adding to the wealth of its projectors as well as to the glory of the Spanish Crown.

Numerous expeditions to explore the unknown country north of the City of

Mexico were undertaken, stimulated by reports of valuable mines of gold, silver, and turquoise. The first was conducted by Friar Marcos who penetrated very far to the north, and visited many of the Pueblos. He returned and made a report which was highly rose-colored, full of inaccuracies, and calculated to mislead any who should read it. Among the noted expeditions was that of Coronado in 1541. He spent two years in exploring this country, and is supposed to have traveled over what is now New Mexico, the Indian Territory, and Kansas, and to have stopped on the borders of the Missouri somewhere between Kansas City and Council Bluffs. The description which his historian gives of the Pueblos is of interest, written as it was nearly 350 years ago. He says: "the houses are built in common. The women mix the mortar and build the walls: the men bring the wood and construct the frames. They have no lime, but they make a mixture of ashes, earth, and charcoal, which takes its place very well for, although they build houses four stories high, the walls are not more than three feet thick. The young men live in the estufas which are under-ground in the plazas of the village, and of which some are square, and some are round. In the center is a fire place with a fire burning therein on which they throw, from time to time, a handful of Sage h which suffices to keep up the heat; so that one is kept as though in a bath. The women are forbidden to sleep in them or even to enter, except to bring food to their husbands or sons. The men spin and weave; the women take care of the children, and cook the food. The villages are very neat, the house is well distributed, and kept in good order. One room is devoted to cooking and another to grinding grain. The latter is apart and contains a fire-place and three stones set in the masonry; three women sit down before the stones; the first breaks the grain, the second crushes it, and third grinds it entirely to powder. In all the province, like glazed pottery abounded, and the vases were of really curious form and workmanship. The houses have no doors below, but were entered by movable ladders which reached to the balconies on the inside of the square."

This description corresponds very well with present customs and habits of these interesting members of the great aboriginal family, and the house now as they did then to the original explorers. It is more than probable that Coronado visited the Pueblos, known as Santa Anna Cia Luni Laguna and others. One cannot read the accounts of these various exploring parties without a feeling of admiration for the bravery and devotion of the Roman Catholic missionaries who accompanied each one. They were full of zeal for the church, and wanted to establish their religion among the Indians. Knowing full well that they would certainly have to lay down their lives for

the cause. But this thought did not deter them. The very first expedition was conducted by Friar Marcos, a Franciscan. Two missionaries accompanied Coronado and concluded to remain, but one was murdered even before entering the town he had dreaded to live in, and the other one was never heard of afterward. The third expedition was led by three friars who, with a squad of soldiers penetrated about as far as the present site of Albuquerque. Here the soldiers became alarmed at their great distance (about 500 miles) from any support or assistance if needed and deserted the priests and started back for Mexico. The Franciscans however concluded to remain, but it was not long before they all died the martyr's death. Here the blood of the martyrs proved to be the seed of the church for an expedition to avenge them was organized, and in time, missionary stations were established all over this country.

The Spanish rule gradually gained the ascendancy, and in the course of a century, the natives were completely in the power of the state and church officials. The religious persecution here was as intolerant as that in any part of Europe where the Romanists were in power. The poor, defenseless natives were subjected to severe physical punishments, & were condemned to a life of absolute slavery in the mines which had been opened. "In 1640 a special increase of religious persecution in the whipping, imprisonment, and hanging of forty natives because they would not be converted from their old faith aroused the Indians to revolt; but only to be reduced to more complete subjection." The feeling of unrest continued, and a quiet determination to rise and drive the Spaniards out, culminated in 1680 in a general revolt. The Spanish government was at Santa Fe', and here the revolting Indians collected. The city was surrounded, and some severe fighting between the Governor and his little army and the hordes of blood thirsty Indians, took place. Finally the capital was inactivated and the Indians took possession. This was a grand victory for the natives, and a general slaughter of the Mexicans, and the much hated priests, took place.

In all the pueblos, but notably at Tuni, Moqui, Acoma, and Jemez, the priests were subjected to the most barbarous treatment. The Indians indulged in every refinement of cruelty until at last there was not a single priest or christian in all their borders. Such was the just retribution meted out to these ardent servants of the church who had misdirected their efforts, and had sought, by force of their superior power, to compel the unoffending natives to believe tenets which were contrary to all their preconceived opinions of religion.

But in time the tide rolled back, and more powerful Spaniards again took possession of the country. Again was the Spanish Crown and the Papal power in the ascendancy. Internal dissensions among the tribes occurred, and they no longer presented an unbroken front to their enemies, and thus, the way was prepared for an easy subjection. The Romish Church now has a missionary and a church in almost every Pueblo, and the natives, while still nourishing and transmitting the religion of their fathers, give tacit and semi-respectful obedience to the priests who are placed over them. In the time of Coronado's expedition is supposed that there were seventy pueblos. The population of many of them is placed at very high figures. We may accept them with several grains of allowance as there was a disposition to exaggerate the number of unknown inhabitants of the towns especially where they happened to be unfriendly. In this they only followed the rule they adopted with regard to the gold and silver possessed by the natives, and the inexhaustible wealth of their mines. At the present time there are only nineteen pueblos besides the five moqui towns. They are all in the valley of the Rio Grande and its tributaries. Their population in 1880 was 10,469, and statistics show that for the past forty years at least they have held their own. The number in different pueblos varies from less than half a hundred to a little over 2000 at Tuni, the largest of all.

I first visited the Pueblo of San Juan de las Cabazas which is reached via the D&RGRR. You leave the road at the station chamata which is at the confluence of the River Chama and the Rio Grande. Opposite the station on the east side of the river only a mile distant is the Pueblo with its low and unattractive walls. From its midst rises the ever present Romish Church. Conspicuous among the low dwellings which surrounds it, like a gloomy sentinel watching lest these poor people should return to the faith of their fathers. The villages prettily located on rising ground, and contains about four hundred souls. Between the rows of buildings are broad streets and plazita, probably two hundred feet wide. You enter the houses through a door which opens out on a level with the ground. In the two story buildings it is different. The second story is not flush with the first, but is twelve or fifteen feet further back. Through the kindness of the Protestant school teacher there, I was taken into one of the houses; and I consider it as a sample of the rest. The old squaw had been to the store to sell a little wheat, and was returning as we overtook her. After the customary salutations my friend asked permission to take me into her house, to which she readily consented. We climbed the ladder to the roof of the first story. Then up

another letter to the second story. She now opened the door on the roof, and on descending the ladder we found ourselves in the best room of the house. It presented a very neat and clean appearance. The walls had been whitewashed, and looked fresh and bright. The earth used in whitewashing is called terra blanca, and contains minute scales of mica which shone with very pretty effect. The lower portion of the wall to the height of about three feet was of a yellow ocher color, and formed a very ornamental dado. It is made with a yellow earth which also contains scales of mica and so that the effect of the two colors was pleasing to the eye, as well as somewhat artistic. In one corner was the fire-place with a few simple cooking utensils in it. In the room were two piles of wheat which had been recently deposited there for safety. These were also blankets and skins rolled up for the day. We went down the ladder to the first floor. It was dimly lighted by a small sash, and I think was used as a store-room for the winter's supplies, or for a sleeping compartment. On the roof of the first story my attention was called to a pile of dried cow-dung. This is gathered by these women to be used as fuel in cooking food, and also in making pottery. I also saw large quantities of the same at the Pueblo of Santa Clara with finger-marks of the gatherers on them, showing that these dried plaques have been shaped by their hands before the material was yet hard.

If you expect to see Indians with fears and warlike faces you will be disappointed in those you see in the pueblos. They have the true type of Indian physiognomy, but the expression is different from what you will see among Navajos or Apaches. The Pueblo Indians have been occupying the same buildings for more than three hundred years for Cabeza de Vaca and Coronado and the other explorers in the sixteenth century found them as they are now, an agricultural people and not warlike and nomadic as the Apaches and Comanches. In fact, these buildings were constructed to protect them from the incursions of the other tribes. As originally built, there was no door, and the only place of entrance was through the small opening on the roof. The windows were smaller than now, and would not admit of the entrance of a man through them. In case of attack, the letters were withdrawn, and they were safe from the effects of the implements of war used in those days. They were of course at times engaged in war with the tribes, but it was primarily on the defensive they acted. They have preserved their characteristics ever since the first record made of them, and their quiet, pastoral life is left its imprint on their faces and their customs. I even thought that some of the young folks looked effeminate, as if they had degenerated

somewhat from their forefathers. They were good-natured in appearance, and gaze on the stranger with an intense and child-like interest. The bucks all wear long hair which is parted in the middle, and the part is stained with red or yellow paint, which gives them a strange appearance. The hair is brought down on each shoulder, and to each tuft is attached a skein of bright colored worsted or zephyr. Red, yellow, and green seemed to be the favorite colors. They wear leather leggings ornamented on the sides, and a cotton shirt which hangs loose outside their undershirt. Some wear no leggings at all, but only a breeched clout as the weather was warm, and these extra garments were superfluous.

Here, as at Taos I found the Pueblo almost deserted of its inhabitants. This was explained by the fact that it was then the time of the wheat harvest, and many of the bucks and squaws were out in the harvest field. They watch their crops and really live in their fields until the crops are secure. They have a rude summer house of adobe which consists of a single room. The opening rises a little above the roof and here with the broad canopy of the blue sky above them, they sleep at night. This elevated position enables them to see any marauders who may attempt to steal their grain or fruit. It seemed strange to see the noble red man, sickle in hand, bending over the golden grain side-by-side with his Mexican neighbor. It was a peaceful site. Would that the much vexed Indian question could be settled by the sickle rather than by the rifle.

I never saw more beautiful fields of wheat than those in the Taos Valley. The ground was thickly covered, and the heads were full and large, and the green well-developed. The process of threshing the wheat is carried on just as it was years and years ago. The Mexicans have no desire to progress, neither have the Indians. They have no use for patent reapers. The work would be done too quickly. I had an opportunity to see the preparations for threshing, as well as to see the process for threshing itself. The preparation consists in hardening the ground where the threshing is to be done. This is accomplished by driving a herd of goats or sheep around the enclosure which has been selected as the threshing ground. Poles a foot or two apart are erected, to prevent the animals from escaping. I saw a herd of goats being thus driven around at the top of their speed by a Mexican who seemed to enjoy the sport. After the ground had been made sufficiently solid by their hard little hoofs, the sheaves of wheat are thrown into the center of the circle just as they come from the field. The goats, sheep, or horses, for they use all of them, are then driven into the inclosure. The animals are kept on a run by

a boy, who urges them forward by violent gesticulations, loud cries, and whoops, and sometimes by the additional incentive of a sharp stick. The photographer with our party took the sheep on the run as you will see by this photograph. The man on the stack pitches the week into the circle as fast as it is required. This crude method is, of course, very wasteful, but it suits the ideas of these people, and it will be long before they adopt anything better. When the week is gathered, it is very dirty, and unfit for market. It must first be washed and dried, and even then is sometimes refused by the buyers. The corn raised here looks stunted, and does not compare with what we see in the Miami Valley.

The weird sounds which greet one's ears at night in the impressive stillness of the Pueblo are startling to the tenderfoot who hears them for the first time. The mingling of many voices in a monotonous chant is heard throughout the Pueblo. It has a semi-religious tone, and yet it must be enjoyed by those engaging in it, for every now and then we heard bursts of laughter, which indicates the pleasure it gives them. The chant sounds as if they were repeating a few monosyllables over and over again. It sounds like he, yi, he, – he, yo, ho, or something similar. As I listened, I was surprised at the volume of sound, considering how few were singing. I approached the party of three who were singing at the top of their voices. It seemed to be a contest as to who would hold out longest. At last, exhausted, they stopped, and then a hearty laugh from all ensued. These groups were scattered over the broad plazeta between the pueblos.

Upon my return to San Juan, after visiting Santa Fe, I was fortunate to reach there the day of one of the annual dances. It was called the harvest dance, and the dance of the clowns. The bucks were naked except their breech clout, and their bodies were painted with white stripes about two inches broad, which encircled their body and limbs. On their heads was white cap with two horns which were ornamented with black stripes. Their faces were painted in hideous manner so as to make their mouths appear. Large by means of a white stripe which extended around the upper and lower lips. The first part was a formal dance and somewhat regular order. During it, the Indians through on the ground in front of them apples, peaches, melons, and wheat. The dancers would tread on these various things, and thus gradually mingle them with the ground once more. The underlying idea was to return tribute to the Earth for what it had rendered to them. It might appropriately be called a thanksgiving dance.

After the dance came the funny part. Fruits of various kinds were thrown to them as they sat on the ground, but this time they ate them; and would scramble for them like a lot of boys for sugar plums. During this time there was a spokesman who was talking in a loud tone. He seemed to be a humorous fellow, judging from the peals of laughter which ever and anon greeted him. He was evidently hitting various persons and things in and around the pueblo, and his appreciative audience enjoyed the hits. I was standing on the roof of the pueblo by the side of Prof. Bandelier who has spent five years with these Indians, and who is an adopted member of the Pueblo of Acoma. Soon all eyes were turned on us, and then came a burst of laughter; but what they hit was, they only knew. During the time that this group sat on the ground, others of the performers were running around. They would pretend to drink fire-water from empty bottles, and then reel and fall. One fellow showed them how a drunken man would climb a ladder. His legs would invariably go between the rounds, and he would come out on the other side. This excited much merriment. Another one fell into a puddle of water which was still standing from the heavy rain which had fallen the night before. He rose from it, dripping with the muddy water, much to the amusement of all.

The last of the hits, and it was the only one we understood, was on the priest. One tall fellow was first covered with a long, black, waterproof coat, in imitation of the priest's vesture. He held his hands up in front of him as if he was reading; all the bucks fell in line behind him, and then began a chant, an excellent imitation of the sing song manner in which the services are read, and in which all joined. Thus they marched to their Estufa, and thus ended the entertainment. I wish I could give you an idea of this lovely scene. The roof of the Pueblo on either side of the street where the performance was going on was covered with the natives in their best attire. The squaws with their bright-colored wraps, and the bucks with their showy Navajo blankets over their shoulders, and the nude and painted performers below formed as picturesque a scene as could be imagined.

From San Juan I went to Taos. This is reached from the station Embudo by a thirty mile ride overland. The mail-carrier goes over three times a week, and can accommodate three or four persons in his wagon. The road to Taos until you reach the top of the ridge, is cut in the side of the mountain. It is a good road as roads go in that country. After leaving the bank of the Rio Grande you begin a gradual ascent until you reach an elevation of probably 1800 feet. From the highest point, where you leave the River and strike off to the

east, the view is at once grand and impressive. The river lies below you like a silver thread winding its torturous way to the north. East of it is the San Luis Valley which stretches out for probably a hundred miles like a rolling Prairie. The sharply cut walls of the cañon, formed by the gradual erosions of the river, looks as if they had been done with a knife. On the east is the Calebra Range with its lofty peaks; on the west the foot hills of the main body of the Rockies which are seen in the distance. Words cannot describe the magnificence of the vista which opens up from this point. In front of you the horizon and the blue sky seemed to blend. On either side are the mountains, thin, ragged outlines softened by distance and by "the purplish haze which rests on their summits. In the pure, clear air of that locality and elevation, such a panorama is beautiful beyond expression; and one would feign linger and feast on it.

We now began the descent, and were soon within sight of our destination. The village of Fernando de Taos is about two or three miles from the ancient Pueblo of Taos. It is a Mexican town of a few hundred inhabitants, built of adobe, and is a distributing point for a considerable territory. It has several stores, two hotels, and the ever present Romish Church. The Taos Valley is beautifully located at the foot of the Taos mountains, and is watered by mountain springs which supply sufficient water for irrigation. Wheat, corn, melons, peaches, apples, plums, are cultivated here in abundance. The village has some historic associations. Here lived for many years the famous Kit Carson, and his remains are buried in the little cemetery near by. I visited his grave out of respect for the memory of one who possessed many excellent qualities as a man and a pioneer, and as a gallant officer in the late war of the rebellion. It was news to me to learn that he commanded a regiment raised in that country to fight the rebel army, which had marched from Texas into New Mexico to take possession of the territory. I was surprised to hear of several bloody engagements in the Valley of the Rio Grande between rebel and Union troops. A monument in the Plaza of Santa Fe commemorates the death of those who fell there fighting for their country. We have among our number a gallant ex-officer who knew Kit Carson well, and who also took an active part in those engagements.

The Pueblo of Taos is probably one of the best preserved of all the ancient pueblos. It is not as large as Pecuris, Laguna, or Luni, but I believe it is higher. It has four stories, and its walls rise probably fifty feet high. As you approach the Pueblo, it seems to be composed of two immense buildings,

one on the north and the other on the south side of the Taos Creek, which runs between them. This creek is a mountain stream of pure, clear, cold water, which closed down the valley. As you come nearer, and examine them, you find that the building on the north side dissolves itself into one large, five storied structure with eight smaller ones separated from it by narrow alleys; and that on the south side into one large and nine small ones that at a short distance they present an appearance of being solidly built houses. Leaning against the walls in many places are ladders rudely constructed, but strong. Up these the natives ascend with comparative ease. It must have required no small amount of skill for squaw to make the ascent to her house with a jar of water on her head and a papoose on one arm but she did it safely without spilling either water or papoose.

I give to descriptions of this Pueblo, written in 1846. The first is by Mr. Albert and early writer on the Pueblos of Taos who says: "On each side of the little mountain stream is one of those immense adobe structures which rises by successive steps until an irregular pyramidal building seven stories high presents an almost impregnable tower. These with the church and some few scattering houses, make up the village. The whole is surrounded by an adobe wall strengthened in some places by rough palisades, the different parts so arranged for mutual defense as to have elicited much admiration for the skill of the untaught engineers."

Davis, another writer, says of Taos: "It is the best sample of the ancient mode of building. Here are two large houses 200 or 300 feet in length, and about 150 feet wide, at the base. They are situated on opposite sides of a small creek, and in ancient times are said to have been connected by a bridge. They are five or six stories high, each story receding from the one below it, and thus forming a structure terraced from top to bottom. Each story is divided into numerous little compartments, the outer tiers of rooms being blighted by small windows in the sides while those in the interior of the building are dark, and are used primarily as store-rooms. The only means of entrance is through a trap-door in the roof, and you ascend from story to story by means of ladders, upon the outside, which are drawn up at night."

These descriptions were written before New Mexico was ceded to the United States, and while hostile and unfriendly tribes of roving Indians were likely at any time to make depredations on them. Since then, feeling themselves secure from their enemies, many of them have made doors into their apartments. But some still adhere to the old plan of using the trap-door on

the roof.

Upon entering the Pueblo, you pass the ruins of the old church which was destroyed by the U. S. Troops in 1847 during the revolt of the Mexicans and Pueblo Indians. In August 1846 General Kearny with his army took possession of Santa Fe; and erected a provisional government, appointing a governor and other necessary officers. The New Mexicans generally accepted the change very willingly and without hesitation gave allegiance to the new government. There was, however a feeling of loyalty for the Republic of Mexico as might naturally be expected, and a revolt began at once. It had its origin among the Mexicans and Indians north of Santa Fe. Our little army under Col. Sterling Price of the late Confederate Army marched up the Rio Grande, and forced the revolted into the Pueblo of Taos. Most of them took refuge in the church then quite a large building. Its adobe walls being from three to seven feet in thickness, afforded perfect protection against any thing but artillery. It seems strange to one who has seen the effects of artillery in the late rebellion to read Col. Price's report of the difficulty they had in battering down the mud walls of the church. He says the six pounder was first placed 300 yards from the North wall, later on at 200 yards, and finally was run up within sixty yards of the church, where, after ten rounds one of the holes which had been cut with the axes was widened into a practicable breach. The battle was bloody, one hundred and fifty Mexicans and Indians being killed; but it was final, and no revolt was afterwards attempted by either party. All that now remains of the church is the entrance, with its tower and belfry, and a part of one of the walls. A portly old squaw was pointed out to me as a heroine of that engagement. She was in the gallery of the church and assisted her husband by loading his guns.

I visited the Pueblo with mine host Mr. Henry Dibble who has been in that country for twenty years. He knows all the Indians, and seems to be on good terms with them. We went provided with plenty of smoking tobacco, cigarette paper, and cigarettes. After introductions we all sat down on the floor, as there were no chairs, and smoked the cigarette of peace. I don't think any man in the world gets as much good out of a cigarette as an Indian. He first looks at it with satisfaction, then lights it, and takes in deep inspirations of smoke until the air-cells of his lungs are full, holds it a while, then blows it out through his nose with a grunt of genuine satisfaction.

I found the rooms occupied by these people very much like those in San

Juan, only they were larger. In one end of the room was a raised platform, as it were. On this were the blankets and skins used for bedding purposes, carefully rolled up. In the kitchen, which adjoined, were the cooking utensils and also the stones for grinding the grain just as they were described by the historian of Coronado's expedition.

It seemed to me unaccountable that a building so ancient should look so fresh, and show so few evidences of decay. But as I wandered around, I saw the practical explanation. Leaning over the roof of one house was a squaw who now and then would slop handfuls of soft mud mixed with straw on the surface which had become rough and crooked, and then smoothed it over with her hands. The repair of the buildings is the work of the female portion of the community, among the Indians and I think also, to some extent at least, among the Mexicans, as I have seen them doing similar work.

I was allowed to visit one of their Estufas, or council chambers. These are underground rooms where the male portion of the community meet to discuss local affairs or to prepare for a dance, or take a quiet smoke. The room was circular about twenty feet in diameter, and its floor the hard earth. Here and there was a skin lying on the hard floor. In the center, and near the ladder which you descend is a mud altar, in front of which were ashes. There were seven of the Estufas in this pueblo. Some tribes build them above ground, as at San Juan.

I stopped for a few minutes to watch a carpenter who was making some seives. He was in the act of coming off a piece of board preparatory to bending it. The board was held on the ground by his foot, and with an adz he was cutting away at the (apparently) imminent risk of his toes. In passing, one can not help but notice the ovens which are seen everywhere, some of them even on the second story of the Pueblos. They are said to serve two purposes: one for baking by day; and the other as dog kennels at night. Outside of the Pueblo are three or four dust heaps. They are several feet high, and covered a considerable area. Here the sweepings of the various rooms have been deposited ever since the founding of these buildings. This custom I believe obtains in all of the pueblos.

the pueblos are ruled by a governor who is elected each year. As the communities are small and disposed to be peaceable, he probably does not have much occasion for the development of administrative ability. There are now five distinct languages among the people. It seemed remarkable that the

inhabitants of these two pueblos San Juan and Taos only fifty miles apart, could not understand each other. The language spoken at Taos is spoken in only four of the pueblos. Two of these are in the northern, and two in the southern portion of the Rio Grande. The Indians of Taos are citizens of the United States in the full sense of the word: entitled to vote, to serve on juries, and that other inestimable right, to hold office. This I have on the authority of an attorney at Santa Fe. It seems that they acquired this right from the fact that the reservation they hold of five leagues in all directions from a fixed point was ceded to them by the Spanish Crown, and that they were full citizens of Mexico when New Mexico was ceded to the United States.

The most interesting time to visit this problem is on the 30th day of September when the feast of St. Jeromino is celebrated. There is then a gathering from the country for many miles around. They come on foot, on horses, mules and barrows, and in vehicles of all kinds. There is first a celebration of mass by the priest in the church. Then the foot-races by the naked and gaudily painted Indians. This over, the clowns appear, and entertain the spectators by various antics, mimic fights, claiming a greased pole, etc. etc. This day is looked forward to as the greatest day of the year and preparations for it are made weeks in advance.

How soon will this type of Indian life be a thing of the past? How long can they withstand the slow but steady encroachments of civilization, which are bearing down upon them? It may be many years, but imperatively they will be influenced by their surroundings. Our missionaries are among them to teach them the English language, and as generations come and go, knowledge of the world and of books will be diffused, and a change in their thoughts and ideas will take place.

Mr. Ernest Ingersoll, in "The Crest of the Continent," says of these people: "They are the happiest men and women on the Continent. Well sheltered, well fed, well caparisoned, peaceful, guileless, what else do they wish? Not theirs to know carking care, and the fluctuating markets which imperil hard-earned gains; not to suffer the hurt unsatisfied ambition feels, or know the terrors of a crime-haunted, or doubt-stricken conscience. The broad, bright sunshine of their solitude suffuses their whole lives, and dispositions, turning their rock-bound low-lands into a Vale of Tempe."

S. C. Ayers

