

dicular, and about thirty feet above the stream; the men sprang in and hunted some distance up and down the bed of the "arroyo," but there was no water; we could go no further, and were forced to camp here. As the valley around seemed destitute of grass, we let our mules run free, and tried to make our supper, but you may be sure it was a very dry one. At last we heard the grateful sound of dogs barking, and some of the men came in and said that they had seen lights not far off, so we sent for some water; but the men were absent so long that we could not wait for their return. It was now 10 o'clock; we had been travelling since five this morning without food, without one drop of water, and had marched about twenty-five miles, so that we did not lack appetites. As there was no wood, we gathered some of the dry branches of the artemisia; and, having made a fire, roasted a fore quarter of mutton, which two of us despatched without much difficulty, and then sank down to rest, with the intention of drinking deep draughts in the morning.

October 19.—No sooner did the first rays of light dawn than we started off for the village; all the water the men had brought, they had drunk through the night; as our mules were still loose we could not wait for them to be caught and saddled, but started off on foot; and after a walk of a mile, we entered the village of Moquino. Here we were very well received by one of the inhabitants who gave us some delicious milk, and his wife sat down and made cigaritos for us.

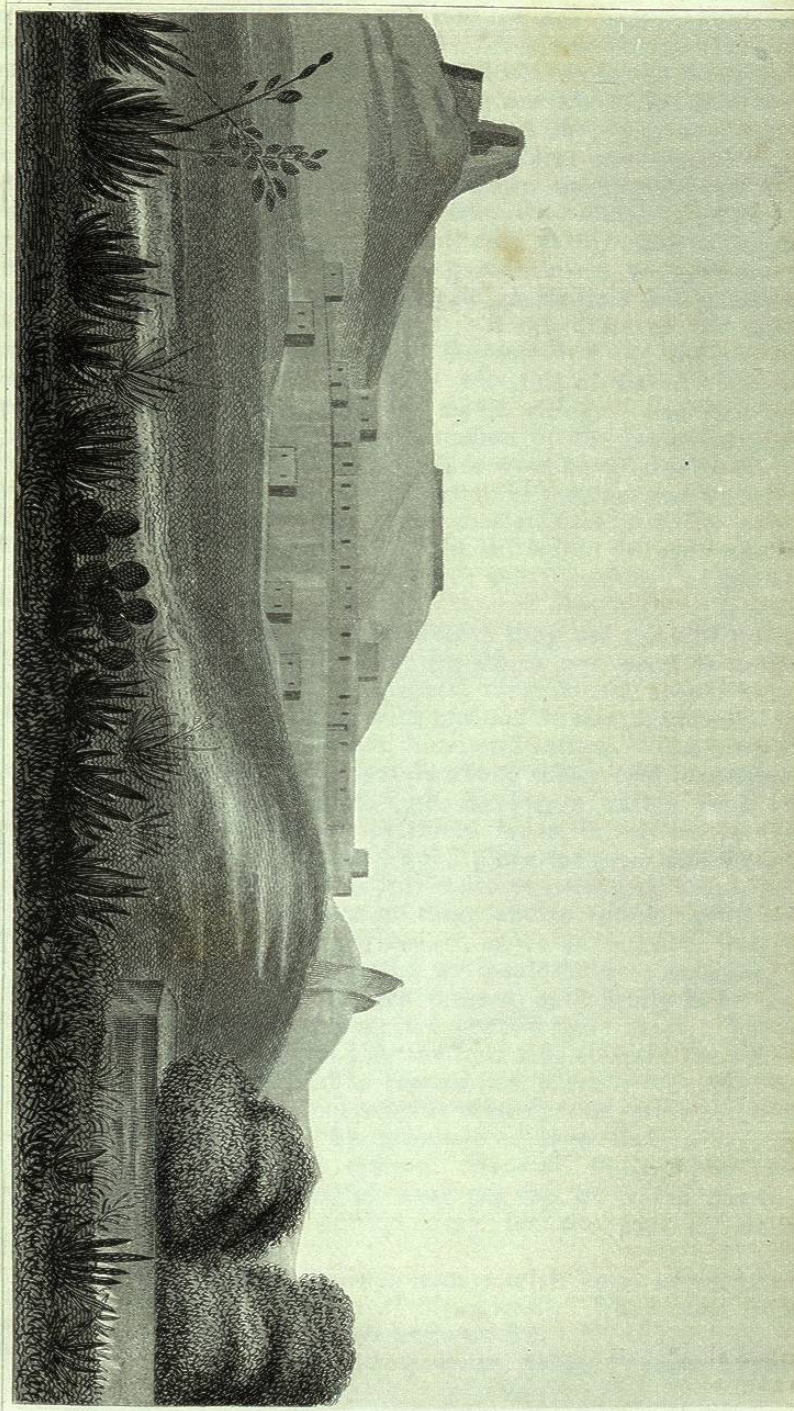
This town is situated on a rocky hill that on one side is perpendicular, and about twenty feet high; the place contains near three hundred and fifty inhabitants.

I had given orders for the wagons to start early, but they did not reach the town until near noon. The mules had run off some distance in search of water and grass; and, in addition, some rascally Mexicans had stolen the ropes from their necks.

As our animals were much jaded by the toilsome marches we had made in the last three days, through the deep sands of the valleys, we concluded it would be best to remain here all day and let them rest.

We had encamped by the side of the Rio Pojuate, close to the town of Moquino, and four miles south of the village of Cibolleta, which is also upon the same river. The country around consists of high masses of sandstone, overspread by a bed of volcanic rock. Near Moquino several huge masses of this rock jut into the sky, and from the valley narrowing up to the foot of these peaks there is a blackish mass of detritus of dark purple rock.

The people of the town pressed around our camp, bringing eggs, milk, and cheese made of goats milk. They seemed scarcely to believe us, when we told them of the road by which we had come; and said it was "un camino diablo." They asked us if we had not noticed a fresh trail that crossed our route. This recalled to our minds that we had seen such a trail, and our having stopped to examine it. When we told them of it, they said that it was the trace of a war party of fifty Navajoe Indians, who could not,



MOQUINO

according to their accounts, have preceded us more than a few hours. We congratulated ourselves that we had not encountered those Indians. I asked them why the Navajoes did not trouble them. They replied, that they were good friends to the Navajoes.

October 20.—Again we started, leaving our kind friends at Moquino, intending to camp at Laguna. After a short march of three miles, we halted at the town of Pojuate; here we saw several large flocks of sheep and goats. Continuing down the Rio Pojuate, we passed through fields of corn and pumpkins, over which large flocks of cranes were whooping, so that hill and valley rang with the echoes of their cries. After proceeding nine miles, we got upon a fine road that led off in a southwest direction, and six miles farther brought us to the Pueblo of Laguna. We had heard the most romantic accounts of the village of Laguna and the lake in its vicinity; we had heard that this lake was full of water, clear as crystal, that it was surrounded by small villages, and that the neighboring country smiled in the profusion of the luxuriant productions of this region; that the hill sides were covered with fruitful vines, and the plains loaded with delicious melons: and we were most sadly disappointed. The lake consisted of a little pool, scarce worthy of notice, and the highest cultivated grounds was at the distance of six miles. The houses of this "Pueblo," or Indian village, are built of stone and are plastered over with mud, (the number of inhabitants is seven hundred,) they are generally two stories in height, and have ladders by which one ascends to the second floor in order to gain admittance. There is a chapel here, which has the interior painted with curious Indian ornaments, in which they have used the pure red, blue, and yellow. The town is situated on a limestone bluff, that is about thirty feet in height; the country around consists of high masses; a valley runs off towards the north to a distance of thirty miles, in this valley the town of Covero is situated; pretty good place for grass and water; Colonel Jackson's command is at this moment encamped there, but as it would require two days to go there and to return again, we concluded to proceed without any escort, as we had already passed over the most dangerous country that we would have to examine.

On the road we saw many wooden crosses, held firmly in an upright position by heaps of stones piled around their bases. These sacred symbols were not erected by the road side to mark the place of graves or bloody deeds, but to remind the traveller to pray for the soul of the person by whose friends these symbols were erected. The road sides, throughout the province of New Mexico are, in many places, lined with these crosses. Near St. Phillippe, we saw one with a piece of board nailed near the top, on which was the following inscription: "Passer-by, pray for the soul of Doña Maria."

In the evening we were gratified with a visit from some Americans, amongst whom were several old friends. They came from "Covero," and were on their way to Santa Fé.

To-day I killed a beautiful snow-white goose, ("anser hyper-

boreas;?) large flocks of them are found feeding on the bed of the "Rio St. Juan," which river runs close by "Laguna."

The Indians here have numbers of turkeys and chickens. I also saw some tame macaws, that must have come far from the south. The "Pueblos" have a great fancy for taming birds, and in this respect resemble the ancient Aztecas. But they have lost the art of making the beautiful feather embroidery, spoken of by Clavigero, De Solis, and others.

October 21.—Having risen early, and bade adieu to our friends, we set out in a southwestern direction for the town of "Acoma." We were very glad to get away from Laguna, for being encamped near the town, we were surrounded by crowds of children, who, impelled by curiosity, flooded the camp. They did not attempt to steal anything, but they impeded the men in the performance of their duties.

For the first six or seven miles, until we reached some corn-fields, we had a broad road before us. The rest of the route was marked by sheep paths. When near "Acoma," we met some Mexicans, with several "burros," laden with peaches, water melons, and dried fruit, which they were conveying to Colonel Jackson's command at "Covero." They had purchased the fruit of the Pueblos of Acoma, for a mere trifle, and sold the peaches to us for a real the dozen.

We noticed to-day a variety of a yucca, whose leaves are convex on the under side, and concave on the upper, and much broader than the leaves of the *Y. angustifolia*. On the cedar trees we found a species of mistletoe; it was leafless, and had pink berries that tasted like cedar berries.

We travelled through a level valley, in which we saw many flocks of sheep grazing, attended by Indian pastores and their ever watchful dogs. I tried to purchase some sheep from the people, who were guarding them, but I could not induce them to make any bargain until a chief, attended by some eight or ten Indians, rode up. He appeared to be a wealthy man, and we soon agreed about the purchase. He said that his party were going to Santa Fé; they were armed with bows and arrows, and guns. They reminded me very much of the Comanchees, except that these Indians wear long woollen stockings, of their own manufacture.

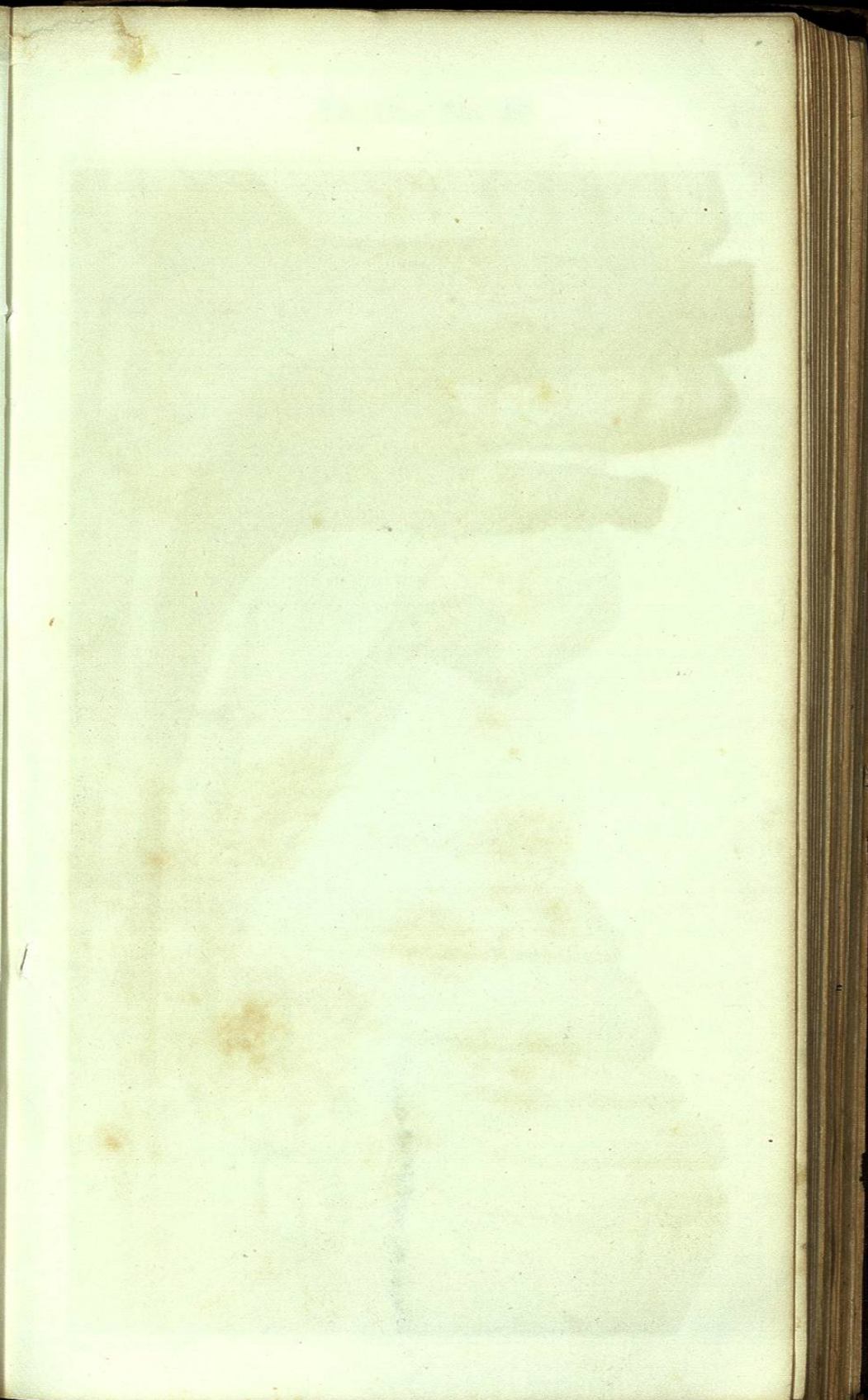
We were now quite close to our goal, the ultimathule of our advance towards "el sol poniente." On our right hand, stretching away to the south, is a magnificent "sierra," that raises its summits several thousand feet, where they mingle with the clouds. From the valley in which we journey huge blocks of sandstone rise, the tops of which are horizontal, and the sides of which reach perpendicularly to the height of 300 or 400 feet above the plain. This sandstone is very hard, it breaks in long prisms, whose angles seemed to resist the rounding influence of the weather. This rock exhibits tints of yellow and of light red.

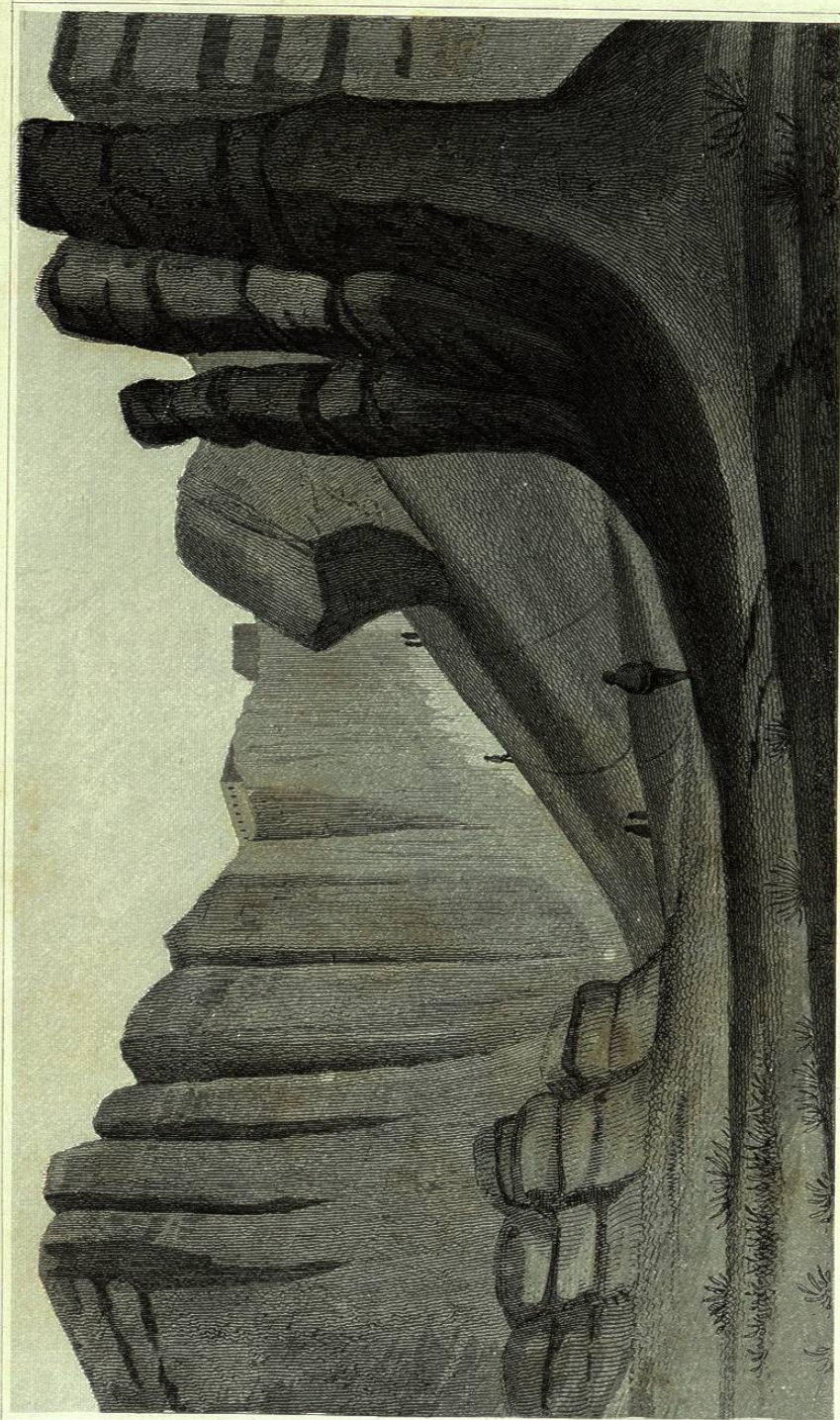
After a journey of 15 miles we arrived at "Acoma." High on a lofty rock of sandstone, such as I have described, sits the city of "Acoma." On the northern side of the rock, the rude boreal



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ACOMA No. 2.

blasts have heaped up the sand, so as to form a practical ascent for some distance; the rest of the way is through solid rock. At one place a singular opening, or narrow way, is formed between a huge square tower of rock and the perpendicular face of the cliff. Then the road winds round like a spiral stair way, and the Indians have, in some way, fixed logs of wood in the rock, radiating from a vertical axis, like steps: these afford foothold to man and beast in clambering up.

We were constantly meeting and passing Indians, who had their "burros" laden with peaches. At last we reached the top of the rock, which was nearly level, and contains about 60 acres. Here we saw a large church, and several continuous blocks of buildings, containing 60 or 70 houses in each block, (the wall at the side that faced outwards was unbroken, and had no windows until near the top: the houses were three stories high). In front each story retreated back as it ascended, so as to leave a platform along the whole front of the story: these platforms are guarded by parapet walls about three feet high. In order to gain admittance, you ascend to the second story by means of ladders; the next story is gained by the same means, but to reach the "azotea," or roof, the partition walls on the platform that separates the quarters of different families, have been formed into steps. This makes quite a narrow stair-case, as the walls are not more than one foot in width. Lieutenant Peck and myself ascended to the azoteas, and saw there great quantities of peaches, that had been cut in half and spread out to dry in the sun.

We entered some of the houses, and the people received us with great gladness. They brought out circular baskets, nearly flat, these were filled with a kind of corn bread, or "guayave." It bears a striking resemblance to a hornet's nest; it is of the same color, and is as thin as a wafer. The "guayave" they crumbled up between their fingers, and put into a second basket, from which we ate. Each family occupies those rooms that are situated vertically over each other; the lowest story is used as a store room, in which they put their corn, pumpkins, melons, and other eatables. The fronts of their houses are covered with festoons of bright red peppers, and strings of pumpkins and musk melons, that have been cut into ropes, and twisted into bunches to dry for winter use.

These people appeared to be well provided with all the necessaries and luxuries that New Mexico affords. They are quiet, and seem to be happy and generous. As we walked through the town, we saw them unloading their "burro." Quantities of fine large clingstone peaches were spread out on the ground, as the owners were dividing the loads, so as to carry them up the ladders. And whenever we approached, they would cry out to us, "coma! coma!"—"eat! eat!" and point to the peaches. They generally wear the Navajoe blanket, marked with broad stripes, alternately black and white. Their pantaloons are very wide and bag-like, but are confined at the knee by long woollen stockings, and sometimes buckskin leggins and moccasins. The women stuff their leggins with wool, which makes their ankles look like the legs of an elephant.

These people cannot have associated much with the Mexicans, for they scarce know a word of the language. This may be owing to an old Spanish law, referred to by Mr. Murray, the geographer; which law, confined the Indians to their villages, not allowing the whites to visit them, nor were they admitted into any place inhabited by whites. They however seem to possess a smattering of the Roman Catholic religion, their dwellings are often crowned with the symbol of the cross; and, as I have already mentioned, one of the first objects that strikes the eye is a large chapel with its towers and bells.

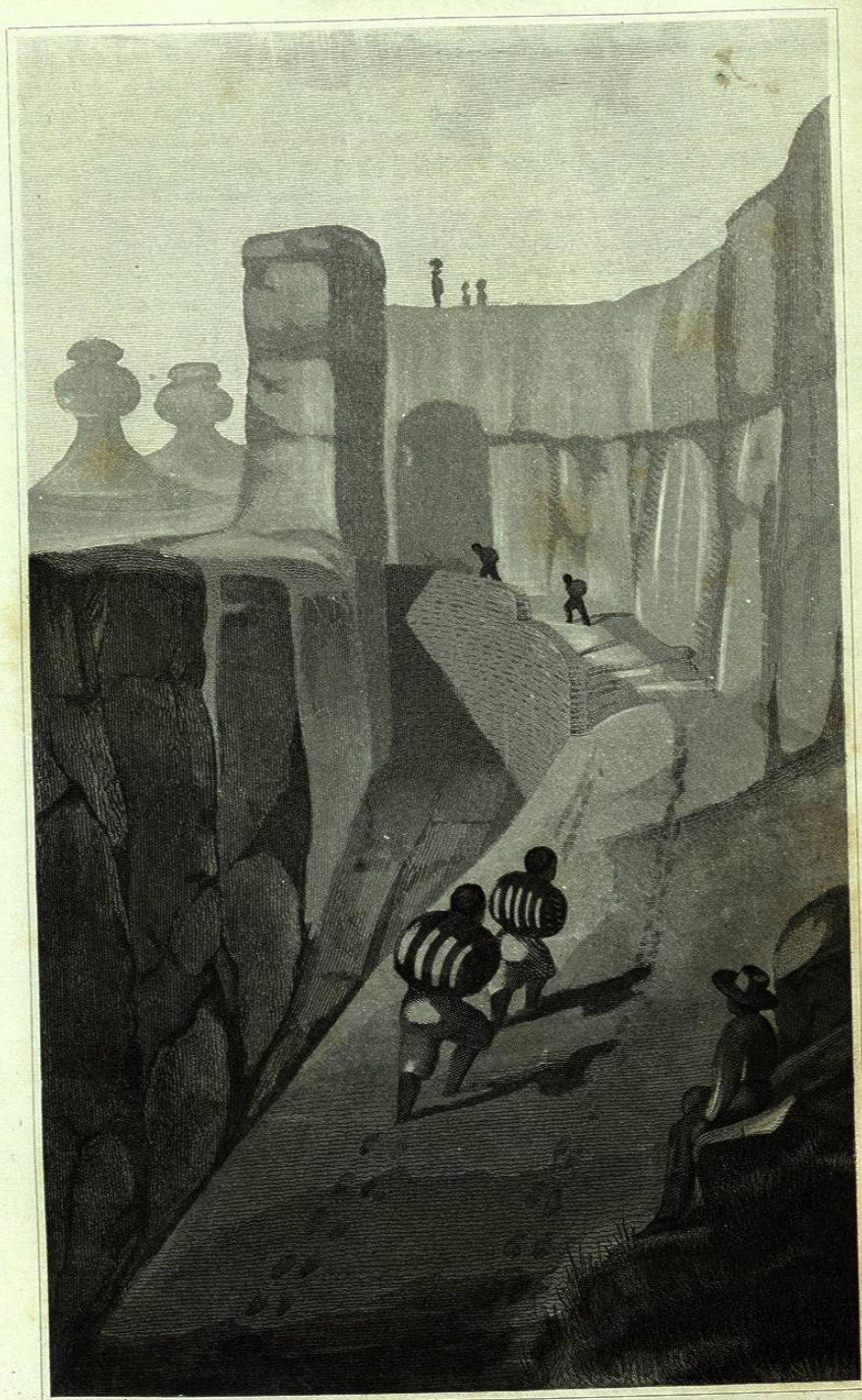
We now returned to our camp in the valley below; although we had ridden up, yet we did not feel inclined to run the risk of descending the spiral stairway, on other feet than those of our propria persona.

At one place, just after passing the narrow defile, near the tower rock, a wall has been raised by the Indians to prevent accidents from persons falling over the precipice. I took a sketch of this portion of the ascent.

When we reached the plain we saw large flocks of sheep, herds of cattle, and droves of horses. We had encamped by the side of some holes that the Indians had dug; these, they said, yielded a constant supply of water; and between our camp and the city, there was some water that ran along over the bed of a stream for a few yards, when it disappeared beneath the sand. This furnished the inhabitants with drinking water; I was obliged to scoop a hollow in the sand before I could get my tin cup full. This running water is three-fourths of a mile from the foot of the rock.

To look from our camp upon this town, as it sits on the flat top of the rock, which rises so abruptly from the plain, and catch sight of the little windows, surrounded with white washed squares, one is struck with the resemblance of the buildings to a fort. The mind recalls the images it has formed of those fortresses that were observed by the army of Cortez; such as the village of "Capistlan," in the mountains of Guastepeque, described by Solis, as "a town strong by nature, seated on the top of a great rock, difficult of access, the way so steep that the Spaniards could not use their hands for fear of their feet slipping." In a second place, he describes the attack of another fortress: "a considerable fortress, on the highest eminence," in the same mountain, thus: "the Indians feigned to be in some disorder, that they might entice the Spaniards to the most dangerous part of the precipice; which they had no sooner effected, than they returned with most horrible cries, letting fall from the top such a shower of stones, and entire rocks, as barred up the way, after having borne down every thing it met with." Bernal Diaz, the doughty captain, is obliged to retire to a hollow rock, and advise the rest to halt and leave the paths, it being impossible to go on without falling into danger.*

* And Cortez himself, the great general, seeing that there was no continuing the attack that way, and fearing all would have perished, sent them orders immediately to retire, which they did with the same danger.



ACOMA No. 3.

In the evening, at a quarter past ten o'clock, a meteor of dazzling splendor dashed across the sky; its path was perpendicular to the horizon, and passed through the head of the constellation draco; the brightness was such as to eclipse the light of the candle by which I was writing; five minutes afterwards I heard a report like that of a distant cannon.

October 22.—We now turned our faces eastward, as Acoma is the most western of the New Mexican towns. Zuñi, which, in a direct line, is said to be but 80 miles to the west, is situated on the tributary waters of the "Rio Gila."

Our mules had wandered off a great distance, and, owing to the difficulty of catching them, we did not leave Acoma until 10 o'clock. We then started for "Rito," a Spanish town. I remained behind some time, in order to sketch one of the passes to the town of Acoma. This one only is practical for foot passengers. There are, besides, two others, one of which can be passed on horseback, but the principal one is that by which we went up yesterday.

Our course, for the first two miles, led us off in a southeastern direction. In this short distance we descended rapidly, and having gotten safely over a dangerous road, we found ourselves much lower than we were yesterday. We had reached a second level, below that of the light red sandstone of Acoma. The high escarpments between which we passed, presented fine views of the superposition of the different strata. Uppermost is the hard and compact sandstone, such as forms the rock of Acoma; then comes a hard whitish clay; then a dark sandstone, of a red color; and finally, a reddish brown, ferruginous, and sandy clay.

We now travelled northeast, and parallel to our route from Laguna to Acoma; and although not more than four or five miles distant from our course of the preceding day, yet the country presents a new aspect. Having reached this second mesa, and being forced by our route to travel close to the foot of a high escarpment, we could not see over it, and therefore could not discover any of the points we had already noticed. Several times the trail we were following gave out; at last, quite late, we struck a fresh trace of a carreta. We followed this trace until night closed upon us. There was no moon, and dark clouds dimmed the stars; we all dismounted, and in silence endeavored to keep upon the path. Aided by frequent flashes of lightning, we kept the track, and urged on our jaded animals, hoping soon to reach a stream. At length our wagon arrived at a slight sandy acclivity, where the mules, worn out by the difficulties of the road, completely broke down. Here we encamped; on a sand knoll we pitched our tent, and then sent out one of the men in search of water, for we had not seen one drop since we left our morning's camp. We now lit a cheerful fire of artemisias, and then sat down to a supper of delicious ribs of roasted mutton, such as is only found in the mountain region of New Mexico. We were hardly comfortably seated, when a terrible squall of wind arose, accompanied by a slight rain. In the midst of the squall our tent blew over, and we were obliged to re-fix it several times. We luckily had some extra mule pickets that