

## CONDITION OF 16 NEW MEXICO INDIAN PUEBLOS, 1890.

BY HENRY R. POORE, SPECIAL AGENT.

The accompanying report covers 15 pueblos of New Mexico, visited in July, August, and September, 1890, namely: Taos, San Juan, Santa Clara, Nambe, San Ildefonso, Pojoaque, Tesuque, San Domingo, Cochiti, Jemez, Zia, Sandia, Santa Ana, San Felipe, and Isleta, with a report on the pueblo of Picuris, by Mr. Frederick P. Müller, February 26, 1891.

A comparison of the population of the Pueblo villages of New Mexico, with the extent of their land tenure, leads naturally to the conclusion that they have an abundant opportunity for subsistence from the ground. With but 2 or 3 exceptions, grants of at least 25 square miles of territory to each pueblo as a community were confirmed by Congress in 1858. Maps of these grants are to be seen at the office of the surveyor general at Santa Fe and at the several pueblos, but the impression from the same statement differs as the point of view differs.

The surveyor general remarked as he scanned the charts, through which the Rio Grande was traced like a winding thread: "Certainly these Indians are well able to take care of themselves; in some cases a square mile to every family". At the pueblo, where, guarded with scrupulous care, these maps are produced, laden with the dust of disuse, they mean little or nothing to the holder, because in many cases the Indians are not able to apply the drawing on paper to the natural landscape, being ignorant of the points of the compass, etc., but also because, even with ability, they find the paper statement does not declare an available fact. A map of 25 square miles of land, through the center of which passes a stream of water, gives a misleading impression of available agricultural possession in New Mexico, because without irrigation land can not be made to produce, there being no rainfall of moment. In all the pueblos, therefore, the upper acequias, or irrigating ditches, lying parallel with the river and bringing water to land from it, mark the width of practical possession. This strip is found to be from a third of a mile to 2.5 miles wide, including the river. The length is always 5 miles. When more than 5 miles square is owned by a pueblo the extension is at right angles with and not along the water courses. The only exception to this is at San Felipe. A map of the pueblo possessions could be made by using the old charts and inscribing thereon 2 lines on either side of the river (in some instances a line on but one side would be sufficient) and applying to this strip a little green paint. With but 5 exceptions, Taos, Zia, Jemez, Tesuque, and Nambe, the pueblos of the north and south line lie upon the Rio Grande. Although in the cañon above Embodo the water during the rainy season flows between banks from 20 to 35 feet apart, with a depth of 4.5 feet, when leaving this funnel the stream broadens into shallow channels, embracing many islands, and generally covers a width of from three-quarters of a mile to 1.5 miles. Owing to the changes in its bed much rich land remains untouched, which, by the protection of dikes, might be saved.

In visiting the pueblos it was one of my chief duties to ascertain the amount of land going to waste in the river bed and the amount which might be rendered available either by raising the grade of the present acequias or by the construction of new ones from more distant sources. As it will be seen further on that the average amount of land farmed by each Indian of the pueblos is about 4 or 4.5 acres, the question of the reclamation of land becomes for him the most important to which the government can address itself.

The soil of the valleys of New Mexico is a reddish gray sandy loam, a mixture of sand and clay, extremely fertile, and though seldom enriched by anything save the sediment resulting from irrigation it preserves marvelous vitality. Worked with a little straw, it is easily converted into brick.

In compiling the report I have sought to verify all statements from various sources, and by conversation and correspondence I have had recourse to the thoughts of men and women in different ways interested in the truth concerning Indians, as traders, priests, military men, home missionaries, ethnologists, ranchmen, teachers, innkeepers, or farmers. Besides this, I have smoked it out with the governors and principals of each tribe. This report is therefore a consensus of many opinions.

From the most northern of the pueblos, Taos, south toward Santa Fe, the ancient center of civilization of the territory, the villages of the pueblo chain exhibit a marked deterioration.

This we must either treat as a mere incident or seek to discover by closer observation its causes. I notice that a gradual deterioration in the general appointment of dwellings, in crops, in spirit and assertion of rights, in possessions, is apparent southward and northward toward Santa Fe. The most important and best sustained villages of the Pueblos are Taos and San Juan, the most northern; Isleta and Sandia, the most southern; Laguna, Acoma, and Zuni to the extreme west, while those of least importance are those lying contiguous to Santa Fe.

With this as a center, we may start with its single Indian dwelling as the only relic of the extensive pueblo, which, on the advent of Coronado, stood upon this site, and which is now occupied by a Mexican family. From the little town of Tesuque, a neighbor at 8 miles, we pass to Pojoaque, 2 leagues farther, to find a mere shell, its heart eaten out by encroaching Mexican and French settlers. Pecos to the east is extinct; San Ildefonso by sales and thefts of lands maintains a precarious existence.

That the influence emanating from Santa Fe should be withering to neighboring settlements and prevent their advance, I would not have the hardihood to assert were it not to couple it with the truism that little knowledge works more danger as a disorganizing leaven than a lack of this pseudo elevation, leaving as the result a pure or original article, and though flat, yet homogeneous, and enjoyed with the bliss unknown to better things. As an instance, I would ask, should one feel that any great advance had been made in a show of broken chairs picked up as gifts in Santa Fe, taking the place of the usual long, neatly folded set of blankets, neat and comfortable, a divan, generally found on 2 sides of Pueblo houses? Can any broom of American manufacture possibly give greater cleanliness to the clay floors than the rude stub brush in the hand of the Indian housewife; or is a wooden bucket and an ironstone china mug, a quarter of an inch thick, preferable to the light and shapely gourd, lifting its draught of cool water from the olla of graceful lines and chaste decoration? But not to press an argument in space devoted to the statement of facts, let me say, without the slightest chance of contradiction, that proximity to centers of white settlement has invariably resulted in the overrunning and cramping of the land tenure of the Indian. The location of the pueblos has in most cases been selected with great judgment by the Indians, and as every foot of land in the territory available for agriculture has long since been taken, all immigration hangs upon the borders of these pueblo reservations. The fact that persistent pressing has worked contraction is not surprising, except in the face of statements to be found in the reports and in newspaper articles to the effect that it is one of the lofty principles of the Pueblo Indian never to part with any portion of that inheritance which, as a member of a completely organized and well regulated commune, he has received as a birthright. It is strange that this notion has such wide currency when it requires but little probing to discover ample testimony of its universal falsity. On several occasions I was assured in conversation with the chiefs that no land in their pueblo had been sold, but without exception, on my tour of inspection, which was generally taken with the governor of the pueblo and a few of his men, after our conference, I was able to pick out the houses of Mexican squatters who were either owners or lessees and whose presence among them (they were there without rights) was variously explained, and in the face of many appeals to the Indian agent or others having a show of authority in government. There is therefore not a single pueblo in the claim from Taos to Isleta that has preserved its grant as confirmed by the Congress of 1858 and with patent signed by the hand of Abraham Lincoln in 1863.

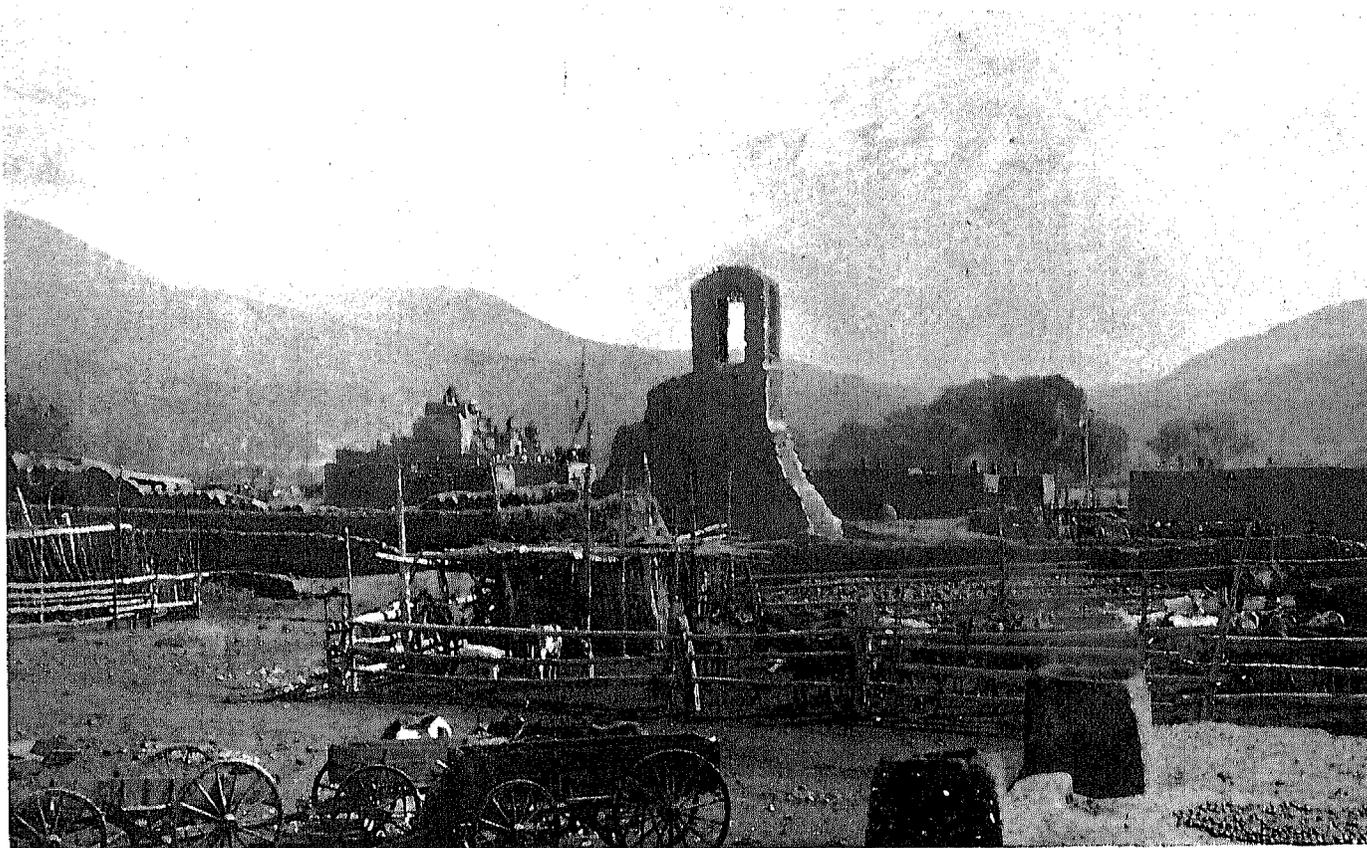
#### TAOS.

Taos, the most northern of the New Mexican pueblos, lies between the Rio Lucero and Rio Taos. Both streams furnish never failing supplies of water. As a consequence, the crops raised by the Indians are remarkably fine. Corn and wheat are produced in about equal quantities. Fruit and vegetables are rarely seen. The farms range in extent from 9 to 13 acres, though some members of the community having large families manage as many as 35 acres, and others variously 30, 24, 18, 16, 10, 8, 6, and 3. Corn and wheat bring 50 cents a bushel. These farms yield, when well managed, 30 bushels to the acre. At the Ranchos de Taos, a Mexican village 8 miles distant, a large mill affords ready sale for all they can produce. Many Indians are able to store and hold their grain until prices have advanced, sometimes to 85 cents per bushel. This is the most independent of the Pueblo tribes both in material condition and in its attitude toward strangers. It would be difficult to find in the west, where farming is dependent upon irrigation, a more desirable tract of land than that owned by these Indians. The water, carried in subwaterways, or acequias, commands a large portion of the reservation. Cottonwood trees line the main water courses and larger streams of artificial construction. The fields behind the town toward the mountain are divided by scrub willow, wild plum, and blackberry bushes, and seldom contain more than 3 or 4 acres. One member of the pueblo often does own several plots of ground. If he finds that he can care for more land, he makes application to the authorities of the commune for another section either adjoining or in a different part of the tract. After holding these portions for a period long enough to have him regarded as the owner, he is privileged to sell or rent to a fellow townsman, or to have a part of all his land worked on shares. On the southern border, touched by the Mexican town of Fernandez de Taos, I found several farms worked in this way by Mexicans. Their owners loaf or hunt. After the revolution of 1847, when money was necessary in the pueblo, one-eighth of their land, a strip on the southern border, was sold. This, however, was included in the grant confirmed in 1858, though never properly claimed by the pueblo. On the north three-eighths of the grant covers mountain land. It is supposed that this has deposits of mineral, but the Indian keeps jealous guard upon it and challenges every intruder. He makes no attempt at developing this himself, for since the days when, under Spanish rule, he mined as a slave the Indian has never shown the slightest inclination to penetrate more than the depth of a plowshare below the surface.

Taos, like several other pueblos, has purchased land outside of its grant. At present a litigation in which the pueblo is the defendant, suit being brought by 6 Mexican settlers, is in progress. A bloodless war over irrigating

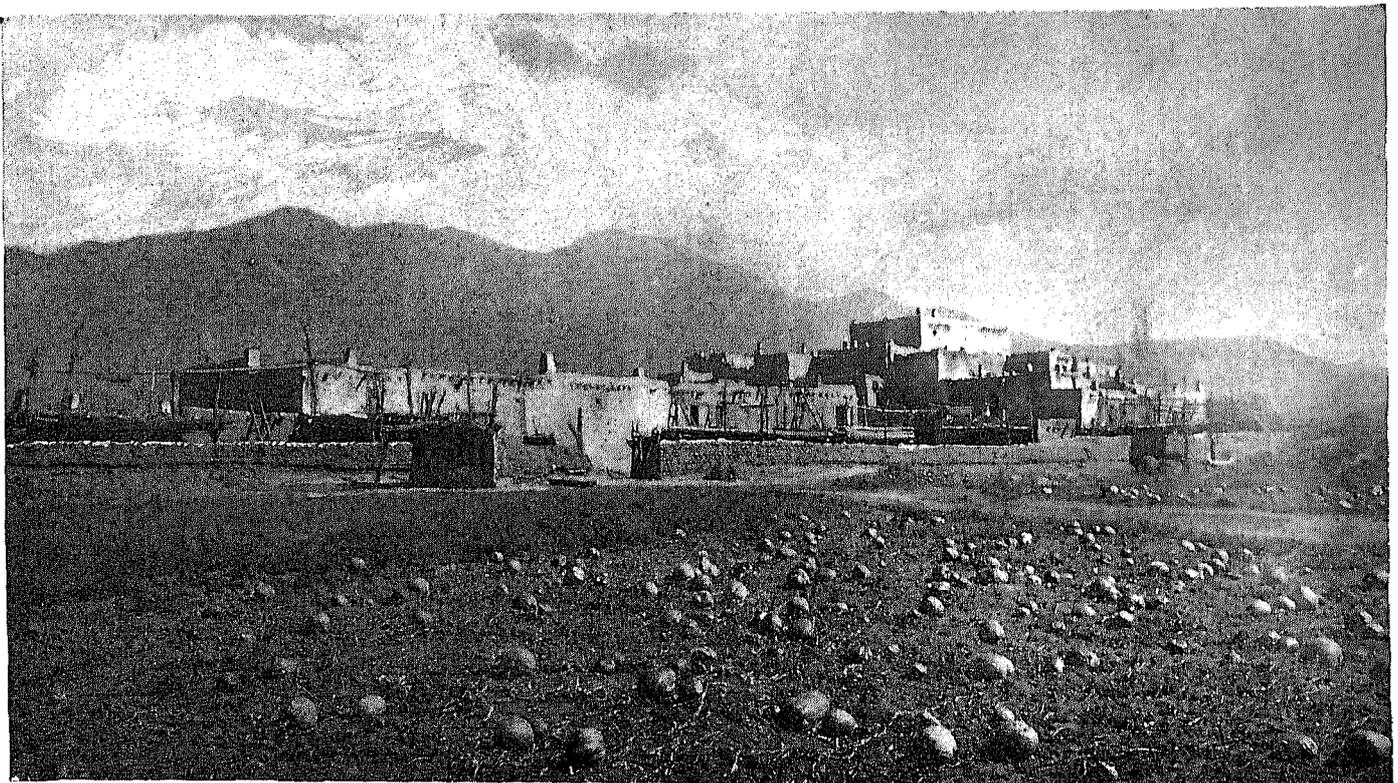


Corn Dance.—Pueblo of Cochite, 1890.





Sun Dance.—Pueblo of Cochite, 1890.



ditches, which were destroyed, provoked the suit. This is the only community in the range possessed of confidence and pluck enough to take the aggressive for maintaining its rights. All other cases that have come under my notice have proved the Indian to be a prodigy of long-suffering patience. A ramble through the groves and fields of this pueblo discloses many little structures, houses of a single room, the summer abode of families engaged in tilling the soil. After harvest these families return to the pueblo. A portion only of the inhabitants leave the town in summer, those owning land near at hand remaining. If, as at Laguna, these summer houses could be made places of permanent abode, the health of the community would be greatly improved. As it is, an epidemic, fastening itself upon the community, finds fertile soil in the crowded tenements. The best thing that could happen to Taos would be the destruction of its 2 great piles of buildings, 5 and 7 stories in height, and the building of separate houses, as at Isleta, of but 1 story. The day before I reached Taos 7 children died of diphtheria. Smallpox was also raging. A glance was sufficient to discover the cause. Urine is allowed to stand in large ollas for 3 days. Silly superstitions result in the poisoning of the air, which is breathed, as it rises, by the inmates of the upper stories of the buildings. The town of Taos was formerly encompassed by a wall, the remains of which are still seen skirting an irregular space of less than a dozen acres. Within this, and on either side of the stream which intersects it, 2 piles of buildings have been reared, besides other smaller lodges, which lie about these centers. The schoolhouse, under the management of a Catholic Indian mission, is a comfortable adobe structure. It is the only building in the village having square and painted window and door jams. It has a seating capacity for 40, though the average attendance has been but 28 for the past year. There were originally no doors or means of ingress on the ground floor of the 2 great structures, but instead entrance was had through trapdoors in the roof reached by ladders from without, which in time of danger might be pulled up and so allow no opportunity to the invader. In front of both pyramidal structures stands a row of huge bake ovens, conical in shape, each provided with a large door and hole for draught, which are seldom used save by the dogs, and which find them snug kennels at night. After a fire has been made and allowed to burn for some time, the oven is cleared, heat sufficient remaining for a number of bakings. I give a close description of an Indian dwelling, as, with the exception of the height to which the structures rise at Taos, one is typical of all others throughout the pueblos. Mounting one of the many ladders, we gain the first platform. The door confronting us is about two-thirds the height of a man. The room probably measures 15 by 20 feet, with a height of 7.5 feet. In one corner is the open fireplace, about which lie pots, large and small, used in cooking, also a pile of piñon branches and mesquite roots for fuel, and a large olla with open mouth, serving as a depository for ashes. Along one side is the bed, with its cushions of skins and blankets, under which are concealed the few valuables of the occupant. From the rafters hangs the cradle, a stout wicker basket, furnished with soft skins, and near it are strung festoons of many-colored ears of corn, red peppers, jerked meat, bear grass, feathers, etc. The floor is of hard cement, sometimes blackened and polished by application of beef blood, and the walls at their junction meet in a curve. At the height of 2 feet is a broad band of yellow ocher encircling the room; from this to the top the walls are either whitened with washes of ground gypsum or allowed to remain the original color of the clay. The ponderous cottonwood timbers overlying the walls are barked and left clean, and suffered to protrude several feet, more or less, on the outside. A multiplicity of ladders of all sizes, charred and cracked pots capping the chimneys, a bake oven large enough for a night's lodging, trapdoors, poles of odd and unnecessary lengths, which serve as occasion requires for jerking meat and drying clothes, are what confront one on each exit from the dim interiors into the intense sunlight. Mounting higher, the walls are found to be more delicate and the ceilings lower, the highest story of the north pueblo barely accommodating a person in a sitting posture. Here and there on a balcony by itself may be seen a large wooden cage, which indicates ownership in an eagle, though usually the bird, with wings clipped, is espied enjoying his probatory freedom on a clothespole or on the lofty summit of a tree in the sacred grove, which extends along the stream for 2 miles behind the town, a sort of park for the villagers, and back of all, though near enough for the eastern sun to cast therefrom long shadows over the pueblo, rise the magnificent summits of the Taos mountains, attaining a height of more than 14,000 feet. Linguistically, Taos belongs to the Tigua (Tequas) group, of Tewan or Tanoan stock. The Taosams braid 2 side locks of hair with fur or worsted, parting it back and front in the center of the head. Like their northern neighbors, the Utes and Apaches, they dress largely in skins, though calico serves them for working garments. In respect to communal organization and religious ceremonials, they conform to other pueblos, and strange to say, their Indian language is identical with that of Isleta, the pueblo farthest to the south. This pueblo has a range of almost 500 acres of fine pasture land inclosed by a wire fence. Here all the flocks and herds of the community graze, horses, cattle, and goats. All save the horses are driven back to the pueblo and corralled at night. Taos has a grant of 17,360 acres. One-half is inaccessible and about one-third of the remainder is unavailable either for grazing or agriculture.

#### SAN JUAN.

San Juan lies upon the sand dunes, 20 feet above the left bank of the Rio Grande. From this slight elevation the fields stretching to the north, west, and south show by their different colors that a variety of crops is produced. Compared to Taos, the character of San Juan is more that of a great garden, and in some respects the

industry expended upon the smaller plots yields results which remind one of the thrift met with in Holland. Crossing the broad acequia, one leaves the arid sands to enter rankest verdure. Trim fences of cedar limbs driven into the ground in close line or dry brush fastened upon posts with thongs of leather inclose little holdings of half an acre or more, growing cabbages, melons, beans, squashes, oats, peppers, and corn. Dense and diminutive orchards of apple and plum trees alternate with these garden plots. Branches overhang and trail upon the hard clay floors beneath. Children play here, and old people on couches enjoy the coolness of the shade. The acequia close at hand makes its noiseless way, spreading its waters, by a labyrinth of subchannels and lesser courses through the verdure, losing itself among tall grasses and reappearing to inclose in its sinuous lines hillocks of peas and beans. Little houses of adobe or of wicker, often adorned by a booth of boughs on top, where the family partakes of its meals, surprise one at almost every exit from the dense shrubbery: compendiums of coziness, ideal summer cottages. Life under these conditions is Arcadian, nay, Utopian, and the impressions made are hardly compatible with the opinions which stimulate the zeal of philanthropists toward effecting a change, a zeal which begins by cropping close the hair of both girls and boys, disrobing them of one of the most serviceable and picturesque costumes in the world, and thus robbing them of the 2 distinguishing marks of the Indian, his hair and clothes. When in the generations following the Indian has to perform the duties of citizenship, will he look any more like a man, or need his intelligence be called in question, if he be found in line at the polls wearing the loose garments and flowing hair which now so becomes his personality. Let us hope that renovation may not invade the home except, perhaps, to supply ventilation.

At San Juan, out of a population of 375, there are 80 Indians owning land. While some are found to have 20 and 25 acres others have none, but make their living by working for neighbors. The official schedule for this pueblo states that 342 acres are under cultivation. This is too low a calculation by at least 300 acres. The instructions upon the enumerators' blanks are in part responsible for misstatements of this kind. They call for entries of farms of more than 3 acres only. Very many farms contain less than this. The schedule asserts that no one owns more than 5 acres. This is not so. The nominal régime of a commune has not produced equality of condition; rich and poor live at San Juan. This disparity has resulted in the willingness of the slothful to sell their allotments and the readiness of the industrious to buy.

I questioned the council here individually on the subject of meat. They have no flocks of sheep and but a few goats and cattle. Their meat is purchased or received in lieu of work on cattle ranches, and eaten by the well-to-do on an average of once a month. As vegetarians, however, they maintain a vigorous degree of health. The land lying above the large acequias, especially south of the town, is level and well adapted for farms. Almost 1,000 acres could be saved by ditch construction at a higher level. Operations were commenced at Laholla, 6 miles north of the pueblo, where Mexican landholders south of the pueblo wished to gain a high source for their water. This enterprise would have gained much land to the whole valley and would have been a benefit to both Santa Clara and San Ildefonso below, each of these pueblos sadly needing an extension of available territory. The management of this enterprise was in the hands of Mexicans, but former experience, coupled with natural suspicion of strangers, caused the Indians of San Juan to refuse the right of way. The government could not undertake a better work for the Indians than to aid in this scheme. It is estimated that \$100,000 would be required if work upon this ditch were paid for. By proper overtures from responsible parties to the town governments of these pueblos work could be had, out of farming season, without cost, and would be gladly given by the Indians. The reclamation of large tracts at San Juan and other pueblos would help a redistribution of land, thus supplying those families owning no land with the means of a livelihood. The necessary expense of surveys, overseeing, and material might be met by a tax on the products of the land reclaimed, the first payments being made by a loan from the government.

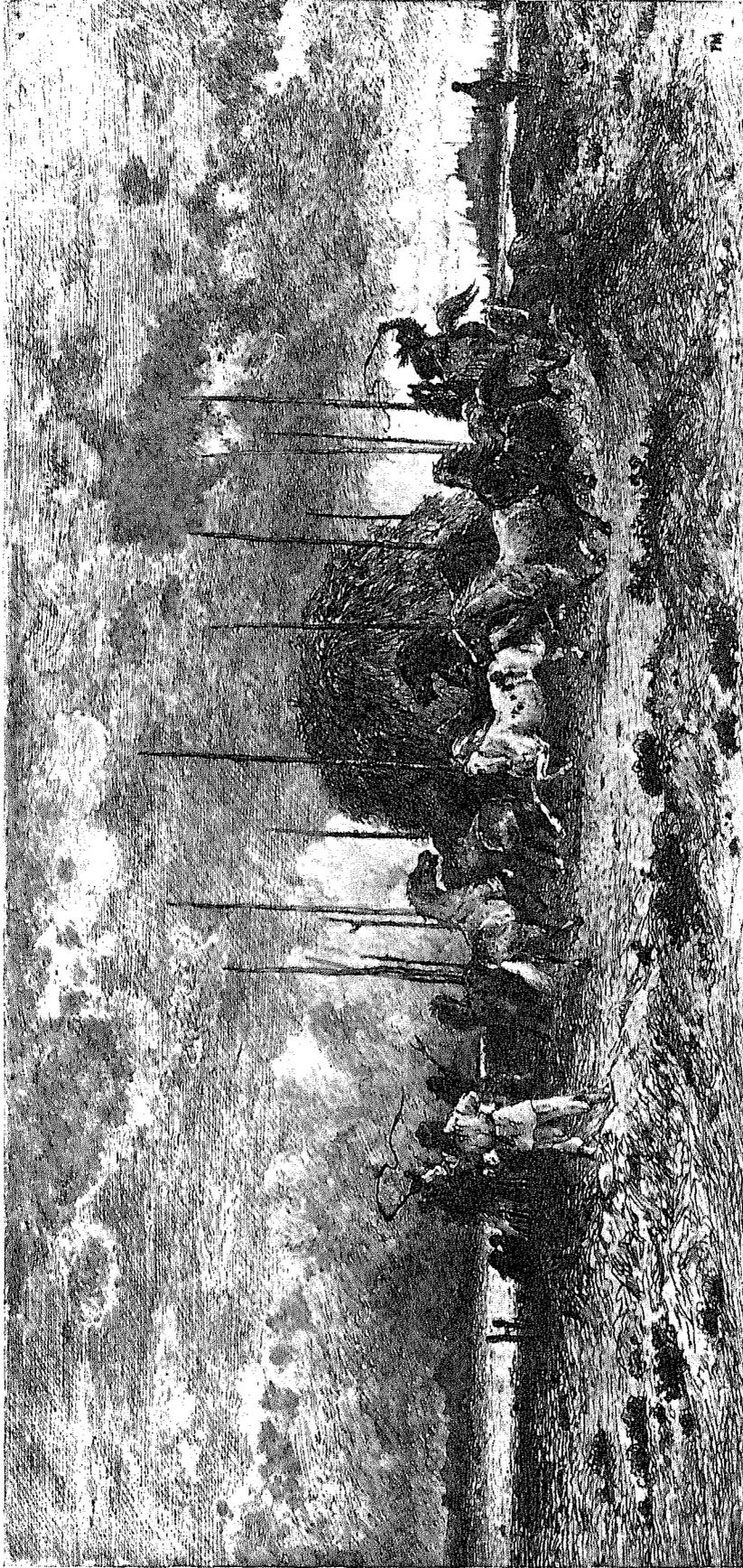
The land here yields 15 bushels of wheat and 20 bushels of corn to the acre. The method of thrashing wheat is the ancient one of treading by animals, either horses or goats. An inclosure, the size of a circus ring, is formed by long poles driven into the ground. Connecting these are ropes of rawhide, which support blankets, giving the slight framework an appearance of strength. A band of horses or a flock of goats tramping all day will thrash 20 or 25 bushels. The grain of each farm is thrashed separately, animals sufficient being had by uniting the resources of a number. There are 6 thrashing floors at San Juan. At the thrashing season a man and wife may be seen entering the store of a trader, she carrying in her dress and he in a blanket the little results of half a day's thrashing, sifting, and cleansing. Taking a box holding 10 pounds they scrupulously fill it time and again, turning the contents into the trader's bin. 12.5 cents is paid for this 10 pound measure. The equivalent is at once taken in trade at the counter, where husband and wife discuss calico patterns or the purchase of a new hoe from every point of view to which they appeal to the Indian mind.

The town is built of adobe houses, 1 and 2 stories high. The plaza is long and irregular, the streets running at right angles and parallel to it. Fewer ladders are seen than at Taos, entrance being had on the ground floor.

A large Catholic church stands beyond the western end of the plaza, and in front of it has recently been placed a gilded statue of the Virgin, heroic size. This is erected upon a pedestal and inclosed by an iron railing, a gift to

Eleventh Census : 1890.

Moquis and Pueblos.



New York Engraving & Printing Co.

Pueblo Indians at Taos Threshing Grain.

From an Etching by PETER MORAN.

the pueblo by the residing priest. 20 yards from this, and in the plaza, a neat chapel of stone has recently been built at a cost of \$10,000, also a gift of the priest. The priest, who is a Frenchman, speaking no English, is 1 of the 9 now among the pueblos, recently installed in the places of Mexican padres. In conversation he said:

The Indians care absolutely nothing for any religion save the Catholic. Although not half of them attend mass, or care to hear me preach, they are very particular to send for me when they are to die, and would not think of being buried save by me. I baptize and marry all Indians. It is foolish to teach English at the schools. It is no better than Latin to a boar; a thing for which they have no use, and soon forget for that reason.

The following is the opinion of a Protestant missionary laboring in the same field:

Some men at San Juan have bought Testaments and Presbyterian catechisms, knowing fully what it was they were getting and paying for; and to this day they seem fully satisfied with the bargain. Others have Bibles from sources not known to me, and some read them, as I personally know.

At Santa Clara there was a movement to turn over the whole pueblo and the church to the Protestants. Why it fell through I never fully learned, as I had no part in the matter from beginning to end. The Catholics established a school for the Indians without government aid, and made some other concessions that had been before denied, possibly in order to prevent their disaffection.

At San Ildefonso but little attention has been given to the matter by any one on either side. At one time there was some serious and favorable attention given to me and my work there, but I could not follow it up, nor do I know what it resulted in.

At Pojoaque there is one Presbyterian communicant, who is an intelligent, faithful, but a rabid Protestant; others there have applied for membership with us, but for certain prudential reasons have not been received. Others are firm Protestants, in many things at least, who manage their affairs in open disobedience to both priests and bishop, but who do not wish to formally unite with the Presbyterian church, though they go miles to get to our services and open their houses for our preaching in them. They are entirely convinced that there is something better about Presbyterianism than there is to be found in or about Romanism.

At Nambe we have friends, houses open, and most of the people ready for our preaching at times, and at times not. 2 or 3 persons (maybe more) applied for membership with us; they were left to wait awhile. What their condition is now I do not know, as I have been unable to go there for more than a year.

These Taywals [Tewans] have a great deal of manhood, more indeed than the average American, but it is gross and low. They are susceptible of being made the most refined and enlightened christian citizens, which is more than can be said of some of their neighbors.

They are mechanical, and learn to write in half the time an American does. They are the most peaceable people I ever dwelt among. They would be religious, I think, if they were taught religion instead of superstitious idolatry. As it is, many of the more intelligent ones repudiate the mockeries of the 2 systems which they have alone learned. When they have learned something that is solid, pure, worthy, and true, they will, I believe, stand forth in the might of their conscious manhood followers of Christ Jesus.

The school, under the management of a Mexican, numbers 35 to 40. For several years a Mexican who could barely talk, much less read, English was employed. According to the testimony of various persons, he was drunk more than a third of the time, the schoolhouse remaining locked 3 and 4 days together. He drew regular pay and sent in full averages (on the basis of which teachers are paid) for 3 years. He was finally discharged by the influence of the priest. The school is Catholic. One of the most potent influences for education in the pueblo is the counsel and example of Mr. Samuel Eldodt, a resident for 22 years, trading in the community. Mr. Eldodt has a flower, fruit, and vegetable garden of 2.5 acres, kept by an experienced German, whose experiments and results are at once a surprise and an incentive to the Indians. In the failure of practical aid from the agent, Mr. Eldodt has been called upon for many years for advice in matters of personal grievance and neighboring encroachment. Although frequent opportunities were here offered for acquiring land in the pueblo, he owns only what his house stands upon.

San Juan holds 17,545 acres, little of which, outside of the bottom lands of the river, is available for pasture. But few flocks and herds therefore are maintained. Every man in the pueblo owns at least 1 horse and 1 burro, and some have several of each kind. Small reserves are left among the bottom lands for grazing purposes.

#### SANTA CLARA.

Santa Clara is poor. The valley which widens toward San Juan closes again on its approach to Santa Clara. The pueblo occupies a site on the right bank of the river at its junction with the cañon. The stream running from this is apt to dry up before the end of the summer. A system of acequias has been constructed here, and corn was planted this year. But little water was flowing during my visit in the middle of August, and most of the acequias were dry and dusty. The corn was not mature. A reservoir in the cañon would relieve much anxiety and prevent frequent loss of crops to the Indian. From the northern boundary of the grant, toward the town (the town invariably occupies the center of all pueblo grants) little or no farming is done, the mesa here running close to the river. Below the village on the right bank lies most of the tilled land. 350 acres are here devoted to corn, wheat, alfalfa, and a variety of vegetables. There are but few orchards. The largest plot owned by one man is 30 acres. From this the holdings decrease in size to 3 and 2 acres. There are 22 horses, 4 oxen, and 30 burros in the pueblo. The governor said that "had they had more animals at plowing time they could have put more land under cultivation". Some who have horses have no harness, and no money to purchase. The agency granted 2 plows for the village, which are used by lot. The only revenue outside of their farms comes from work on the railroad, where they receive from 50 to 75 cents per day and board. The women manufacture fine pottery, and some families are quite constantly employed by orders for the eastern market. On the left bank of the river their land, 3 miles

long by 1 mile wide, is at present in litigation. There are 2 cases now pending in the courts against the pueblo. The inhabitants of the town are divided by party controversies, the cacique, or high priest, leading one faction and the governor and municipal authorities the other. This has involved them in intricate troubles over their land. Indians of one faction have come into the courts of Santa Fe and sworn that they did not own or care for certain portions of land. It is the opinion of the neighborhood that before long there will be desperate killing among them. Some years ago the governor chastised the cacique, who, it is claimed, is a false cacique, and not appointed by legitimate methods. The pueblo has a grievance against 8 Mexicans and 1 American who have fenced in portions of their second grant in the cañon several miles from the village, and have seized the water supplies. A title to the grant dated 1763 from the Spanish authorities has been placed in evidence. This case has now hung for 9 years in the courts. As possession for 10 years is the best title to be had in the territory, immediate action is necessary. The present agent has never visited them. From an intelligent, sympathetic woman at Espanola I heard the following:

No one about here cares anything at all for the welfare of these people. Their condition is wretched and largely the result of their own ignorance concerning proper methods of cultivation and the proper use of the water at their command. Their simplicity is pitiable. Squashes are generally picked when a third grown. No selection of seeds is made. I sent east for white beans, péas, and sweet corn seed, and gave directions for planting. I was told by a number into whose hands the seed and information came that this was the first interest of the sort shown them.

In the pueblito, or little village of the cañon, live 5 families. Their houses are constructed of cedar posts and mud, and are small. They farm small patches here and there, in all about 40 acres. The water supply is limited. Santa Clara has a grant of 17,369 acres.

#### SAN ILDEFONSO.

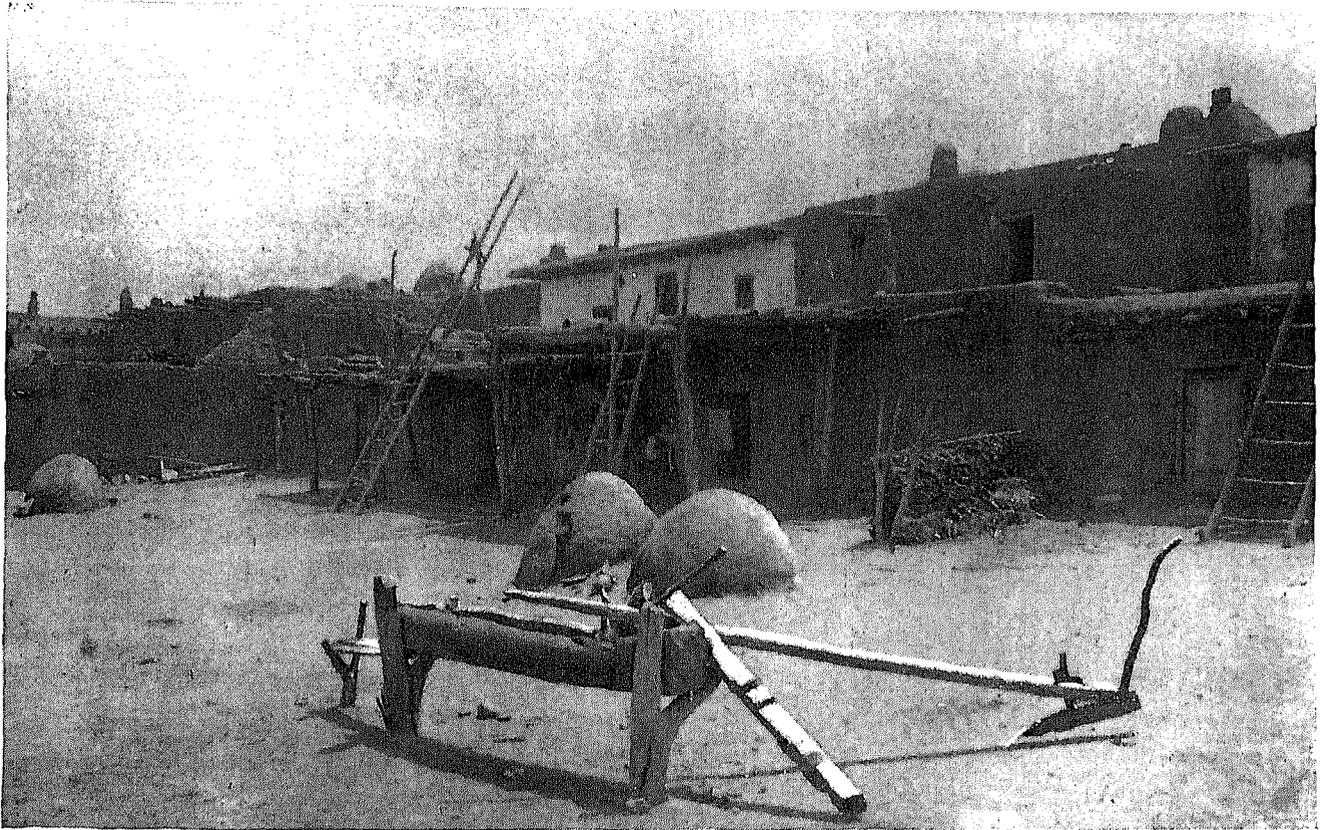
Santa Clara's neighbor on the south is San Ildefonso. The village lies on the opposite side of the river, 5 miles below, and at the intersection of Pojoaque river, which meets the Rio Grande at right angles from the east. The dwellings are built upon a large, well-kept plaza of rectangular shape, and the only plaza in the pueblos having shade trees. From this center the buildings are found variously placed. Close to it on the acacia are several Mexican houses and in the fields at a distance several others. Inquiries developed the fact that years ago these families were allowed to enter the pueblo, and land was sold to them. By degrees they have enlarged their boundaries. No land, however, has been sold them for a number of years. It is now acquired by force, as is evident from the following facts: In April of the present year Mexicans entered the pueblo lines across the river opposite the town and commenced plowing. The governor and 12 men ordered them off. They retired only to return when the authority was removed. This was repeated several times. The nearest bridge being 7 miles distant, at Espanola, this guarding of territory across the river required time and patience, and at this important season the former was soon exhausted; the latter with these Indians never is. The result, as I saw it in August, is a fine field of corn soon to be harvested by the thieves. The agent at Santa Fe was duly called upon for assistance. This is a courtesy to the authority of the United States government which the Indian never omits. The agent promised aid. This is a return of the courtesy which proprietors always demand. The presence of the agent on the ground, with a threat of prosecution, would have been sufficient. This would have cost him 1 day and horse hire. To my suggestion of crossing the river and being a law unto themselves, the chief replied with ingenuous candor, "We would be very pleased to cut their throats if Governor Prince would give us permission". All acts of violence are tried by the justice of the peace, the Mexican alcalde court.

The available land for cultivation remaining to this pueblo is a strip on the east bank, and between one-third and one-sixth of a mile wide. The largest plot, 7 acres, under cultivation is owned by a widow, growing corn and wheat and a few fruit trees, the only fruit trees in the village. This land is tilled for her by the community, and her gratuities in return have won for her the name of the "Mother of the Pueblo". The size of other farms is from 2 to 3 acres. This pueblo had originally 17,293 acres. The contracted range of the bottom lands to which water is accessible would not measure a section and a half, or 960 acres. Above the line of irrigating ditches the land is useless even for pasture. The high mesas closing upon the river a mile south of the town leave no land below this point for cultivation.

#### POJOAQUE.

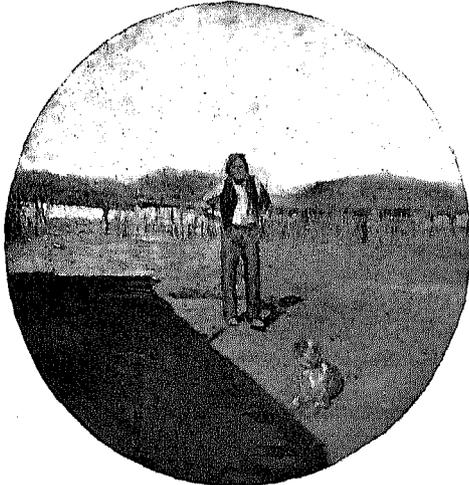
The grant to this pueblo originally contained 13,520 acres. Owing to shrinkage in population the inhabitants have parted with most of their land. At present they have but 25 acres.

The pueblo, situated a mile east of the junction of the Pojoaque and Tesuque rivers, contains 5 men, 7 women, and 20 children. They have been in litigation for 4 years with 2 Mexicans who have settled on the river a mile below the village. This land was not farmed by the Pueblos. The Mexicans therefore appropriated it. No payment has been made. The governor says he has wasted much time at court during harvest season over this case. He has attended sessions for 4 years. The sum total of property in Pojoaque is 8 cows, 12 burros, 2 wagons, 7 pigs, 1 set of harness, 1 ox cart, 1 small wagon, and 4 plows.

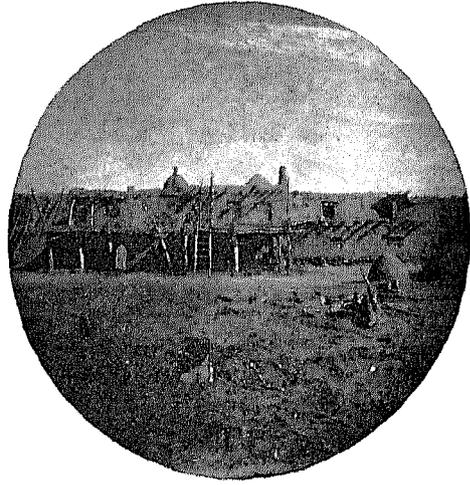


Tesuque Pueblo (Indian Village) near Santa Fe, New Mexico.





The Governor. Tesuque, New Mexico.



Pueblo of Tesuque, New Mexico.



Pueblo of Tesuque, New Mexico.  
Woman burning Pottery.



The Arroya back of Santa Fe, on the road to Tesuque.



Pueblo Indian, Tesuque, New Mexico.



The Arroya back of Santa Fe, on the road to Tesuque.

## TESUQUE.

One approaches Tesuque, situated on the left bank of the river by that name, over a road winding through small orchards fenced by an abatis of cedar boughs driven into the ground, while apple and peach trees tangle their branches overhead. Small patches of wheat and corn lie on either side of the road. The village is reached shortly after passing the river, and is built in about a quadrangle 240 feet long by 150 feet broad. The houses are mostly of 2 stories. The Catholic church is small and in a neglected condition. Methods of farming are still crude here. Both wooden and steel plows are used. Corn is planted too closely, seldom in rows. The result is fair. There is more uniformity in the size of the farms than at any other pueblo. The greatest amount of land owned by one person is 18 acres, the lowest 6 acres, an average of 9.3 acres. Orchards of an acre contain about 20 trees, yielding liberally. The fruit, however, is small and of little flavor. That found in the pueblos farther south is invariably fine. From 14 acres the owner has realized \$110; from 10 acres, \$65. Out of a population of 91, 25 maintain farms, cultivating 230 acres. Pottery is an industry in this village. Proximity to Santa Fe supplies their kilns with orders. The products are usually fanciful and not characteristic of the Indian design. They still grind corn by stone rubbing (as do the Moquis of Arizona). 4 bins, each supplied with a stone fitted into it like a washboard, are found in many houses. The grain thrown first into the bin having the stone of roughest surface, is there broken by bearing down upon it with a stone similar in shape to a "twist" loaf of bread, using the motion of washing clothes. In the next bin, over a smoother surface of stone, the grain is ground a degree finer. After passing over 4 stones of graded surface the product is ready for sifting. Passable flour and corn meal are thus produced. Much of the raw material is exchanged for necessaries at Santa Fe. The rooms of the houses, usually of small size, contain an occasional chair or table. A painted door is observed here and there. The walls are decorated with broad bands of yellow ocher or red clay to a height of 3 feet, and above this to the rafters are whitened with gypsum. Occasionally the wash has been applied to the exteriors of the houses. Large porticoes, or atria, the pillars decorated by flat, wooden capitals, engraved in shallow design, are found upon the ground floor or second story. Glass is used in most of the windows, unfortunately preventing ventilation. The men wear overalls and vests, but hats never. Isleta is the only hat wearing pueblo in the north and south line.

Tesuque has a grant of 17,471 acres.

## NAMBE.

Nambe is found by following the bed of the Pojoaque river for 3 miles after leaving the government road. Its difficulty of access causes it to be rarely visited. The hills surrounding it to the north and east are fast crumbling by disintegration, showing some of the best sculptured forms of geological structure to be seen among the pueblos. The town is situated at the intersection of a small stream, with the Pojoaque river affording an unfailing supply of water and abundant crops. The population numbers 79, with farms covering about 300 acres. There are 20 landholders, the largest having 40, and the smallest 6 acres. The average size of farms is 15 acres, larger than in most of the pueblos. Save a few beans and vegetables, their crops are entirely of wheat and corn. Alfalfa, harvested 3 times a year, is grown by all those owning stock. The wealthiest Indian in the pueblo has realized \$360 from his 40 acres, and few Indians in this section do better than this. This man, of course, has assistance on his farm, and selecting him as an extreme example of Indian industry, I state his crop for the present year, as follows: wheat, 38 bushels; corn, 160 bushels; alfalfa, 30 tons. He owns 2 horses, 2 burros, and 20 cows, which bore 8 calves last year. From this herd he was able to sell 6,000 gallons of milk and make 200 pounds of cheese.

Nambe has no orchards. One Indian has made a beginning and shows a young grove of apple and plum trees not yet in bearing. Others will soon follow this example. The original grant to this pueblo contained 13,586 acres. Some of the land has been rented to Mexicans, several of whom live at the pueblo, 1 being married to an Indian woman. A member of the tribe marrying at San Juan sold out to Mexicans. The Indians own a few goats, but no sheep. They seldom eat meat, having to buy it, or receiving it occasionally in payment for labor. The pasture here is very scant, and the Indians complain that what they have is overrun by the stock of their neighbors and no attention is paid to their remonstrances. The governor confessed that he could not point to any 1 of the 4 corners of the pueblo grant. Marauding herds of cattle and sheep approach close to the village and often overrun the crops. For the past 3 years these depredations have increased and the owners have no redress. In my opinion, before these grievances kindle into acts of violence, their agent should get an appropriation sufficient for rediscovering the corner mounds of their survey, and have painted and erected at these points signs bearing a warning in Spanish to the effect that all stray stock found ranging within the bounds of the pueblo would be driven to the pound and released only on payment of a fine by the owners, and that all encroachments for purposes of agriculture would meet with prompt prosecution in the courts; after the posting of this manifesto there should be an energetic exercise of authority for its enforcement. The town has been built about the sides of a rectangular plaza, in the center of which stand 3 houses, which, like many of the structures, are falling into decay. The interiors of the dwellings are uniformly neat and often decorated with pictures. A rude image of Christ, of old design, with a calico gee-string of modern pattern thrown around it, indicates the modesty of the proprietor. White sheets and

pillowcases are occasionally seen. The church is large, and together with other evidences, proves that at one period Nambe had many times the population of the present census, but the pulpit is tottering and ready to fall, and the walls need repairs. The priest visits the town every 3 or 4 months.

Nambe contains much of archaeological interest. Pottery of ancient make and design, some of which is glazed, is to be found here, and relics of the stone age are occasionally discovered.

Nambe has a grant of 13,586 acres.

#### COCHITI.

Cochiti has an extremely favorable site. It faces the river at a height of 25 feet and is surrounded on 3 sides by tillable plains. The buildings in the town, 50 in number, are generally separated, not more than 3 dwellings being contiguous. The larger portion are of 1 story. 8 Mexican families dwell here and fraternize with the Indians. I noticed 2 Indian women and 1 Mexican woman together spreading their grain upon the circular roof of the estufa. As long ago as 1820 and 1830 the Mexicans acquired land here. They are regarded as under the jurisdiction of the pueblo, and perform communal work upon irrigating ditches, roads, etc., by command of the governor of the tribe. This community has made several removes since the beginning of the seventeenth century. The town was abandoned in 1681 on the approach of Don de Otermin with a small force, the tribe returning to the mesa of Portero Viejo, there constructing a new pueblo. 13 years after Don Diego de Vargas took this new pueblo by surprise and compelled the Cochitinos to resettle on their old site. In June of 1696, after participating in the uprising of the Jemez, Tehaas, Taos, and other tribes, they fled to the highest mountains; but through negotiations with the Spaniards, they again occupied the town of Rio Grande. Here they remained under the surveillance of Spanish and Mexican regiments until 1846, and where they continue to the present time.

The arroyo De la Peralta joins the river just above the town, its breadth giving evidence of large volumes of water during the spring freshets. It can not, however, be counted upon for irrigation. If water could be had from this source much land to the west might be saved. Cochiti has no orchards, and no trees are to be seen here save the cottonwoods and willows on the sandy island of the river. South of the town the island is clear, and affords fine pasture, which is held in common for all animals. Upon this island small patches of 1.5 to 2 acres are planted in corn. Adobe houses of a single room are found where land is farmed at a distance from the pueblo. A number of incidents were cited by the governor showing the various ways in which these houses had been gotten by Mexican neighbors. The intricacies of these cases will not bear unwinding in this report. The impressions made by them is that Cochiti is sadly in need of legal advice. Work on a new irrigating ditch in process of construction at a higher level was stopped by a Mexican resident of a neighboring town who lays claim to a plot of ground through which it was to pass. The houses of the town are better built and more healthful than in many pueblos. Certain things are learned from the resident Mexicans, and more from the well-known archaeologist, A. F. Bandelier, of Santa Fe, a member and former resident of this tribe, and now a frequent visitor in Cochiti. Paneled doors, window sashes, and glass are generally used. Open antechambers for sleeping are noted. This is the most northern pueblo in which are to be seen inclosures, or yards, in front of houses. These are called corrals, and are used as such for horses in waiting for 1 or 2 hours. The fences are formed of cedar trunks driven in the earth at close intervals and bound together with telegraph wire, thongs of leather, and horsehair. The plaza is unusually large, and the streets wide. The Catholic church is in good repair, the Mexican contingent taking a greater interest than the Indians in its ceremonials. The grant of Cochiti is 24,256 acres.

#### JEMEZ.

The village of Jemez is situated at the mouth of one of the most romantic cañons of New Mexico. Just above the northern boundary of the pueblo grant the walls of the mesa on either side rise suddenly to a height of 1,900 feet. 13 miles above the remains of the ancient pueblo of Jemez are still seen, and upon the mesas between that and Jemez appear the ruins of more recent pueblos, built by insurrectionary communities. Approaching from the terminus of the valley, which penetrates the mountains for many miles, we cross the Viaceta creek, a small and dry stream at present, and enter the rapidly widening valley of the pueblo. 2.5 miles below this line the pueblo, inclosed on the northwest by numerous little orchards of apple, plum, and apricot trees, emerges from beneath this deep tangle of green. On entering from this direction, the Presbyterian mission schoolhouse, corral, and dwelling, built of adobe, are passed, and shortly after a line of cedar corrals extending entirely along the east and south sides of the town. At the extreme end of these is a Catholic church, and near it a 2-story frame building of the Catholic mission, its schoolroom below and dwelling apartments above. The plaza of Jemez is irregular and unusually narrow. The houses, built closely about this, are mostly of 2 stories. On either side, north and south, are 2 other streets, upon which the houses have been less closely placed. There are 85 houses in the town, and surrounding it on both sides of the river are many little summer lodges. Southeast of the town are 9 thrashing floors, where, for almost 2 months, since the 9th of July, the slow processes of thrashing grain by horses, and winnowing it by means of wooden shovels and the aid of the never failing southern breeze, have

been in progress. At the traders' store 75 cents a bushel is paid for wheat, which is more than at any other pueblo. About 1,400 acres are farmed, mostly on the west side of the river. The marks of an ancient irrigating ditch are seen on the east side, and an old Indian, who recently died, declared that it was used when he was a child. The Viaceta creek was then a small stream. By the increased size of its bed the acequia which crossed it, bearing water from the cañon at a higher level, was endangered and frequently broken. The ditch, and the land below which it commanded, were therefore abandoned. Mr. Miller, the trader, together with Mr. Beaumont, a civil engineer, proposed making a flume to transport the water from reconstructed ditches over this arroyo, the cost of which was estimated at \$2,500. The matter was laid before Dr. Thomas, the agent, and through him \$1,500 was promised by the government. On the appointment of Pedro Sanchez as agent nothing further was heard of the project. About 800 acres could be saved by this means. The Jemez Indians have a wide reputation for industry. They are faithful and hardy. With the exception of about 70 acres in scattered plots, all land to be reached by water is cultivated. The old story of unequal acquirement of land is heard at Jemez. There are 15 heads of families who own none and obtain subsistence by working on shares for their neighbors. The fields between river and town are surrounded by high mud walls. A door, with padlock and key, protects little plots of vegetables, fruit, and grapes. 40 barrels of wine are made per year. Their dried peaches are excellent and command higher prices at Santa Fe than eastern fruit. This year Jemez will have 10,000 bushels of wheat and nearly as much corn. They are just beginning to fertilize their fields. An immense bank of manure, 9 feet deep and covering an acre, has been discovered, the site of former corrals. This the storekeeper has prevailed upon some of them to use. The same supplies are to be had at all pueblos, but little appreciation of the effects of fertilization is apparent. 10 years ago their plowing was done by wooden plows and oxen. Since that time they have broken many horses to harness and are discarding oxen. According to some authorities they own 3,000 head of horses, according to others only 750. These are kept on an immense range of unconfined pasture land 50 miles long by 12 wide, claimed jointly by Zia, Santa Ana, and Jemez. It is impossible to get at the correct number of either horses or cattle. The Indians do not know how many they own. The possession of horses is doubtful wealth, the Navajos having broken the market. The Indians are as willing to take a journey on foot as on horseback, and are able to cover as much ground by one means as the other. The above-mentioned grant was given under Spanish authority for pasture purposes, that government reserving the right of pasture for cavalry in the valley of Spirito Santo. Lately valuable mineral deposits have been discovered upon the grant, especially on the Rio Perco and near Salisaro. A 15-foot vein of lignite coal and copper, also gold and silver, have been discovered by prospectors. The Indians threaten all comers to this valley who carry picks and shovels, though they show no inclination to mine themselves. A confirmation by government of the original grant for the purposes just mentioned (pasture), and its opening for mining would be advisable. Complaints are made that immense herds of sheep range on the land. Stock from the adjoining Mexican village of San Ysidro frequently invades their corn and grain fields. The agency supplied them with wire for fencing, which was used for protection on this side. The fence has been broken, and there is much irritation in consequence. Some years ago the Mexicans obtained a foothold on the pueblo territory, and formed a settlement of 6 houses. Negotiations were entered into whereby exchange was made for an equivalent portion of land on the southern side of the grant. The Mexicans still held on to their houses and certain portions of land about them. A writ of ejection was served, but the Indians seemed timid about using the land until Dr. Thomas, their agent, had the vacated houses destroyed, which is a sample of the caution observed by these Pueblos in all acts amenable to law. In 1830 the pueblo of the Pecos, linguistically allied to Jemez, abandoned its land and joined this community. 10 years ago a Presbyterian school was started by Dr. Shields, who, assisted by his wife and niece, placed it on a staunch basis and secured for it a large attendance from the pueblo. Opposition from the resident priest, and later from the Indian agent, was brought to influence the parents against it. The agent, Romero, writing from Zia, ordered, in the name of the government, the fathers of Jemez to remove their children from the school, and threatened that in event of disobedience the church would spew them out of her mouth. The letter was carried by the chief to a party for translation, by whom a copy was made of it, and a translation appended containing the agent's innumerable mistakes in spelling and grammar, and the same was forwarded to the President, resulting in a prompt dismissal of the agent. The present priest, a French gentleman of liberal ideas, offers no opposition whatever to the school. 3 years ago the Catholic mission established a school at Jemez, which also receives aid from the government. The result of having 2 schools in the community is that the children rotate between both, and regularity of attendance at either is broken. At the Catholic school an incompetent teacher was stationed, whose returns for average attendance, on the basis of which aid from the government is rendered, was found to be extravagant. He was recalled last year and a very competent and accomplished lady, Mrs. Thayer, of Baltimore, was sent to fill his place. She is preparing to introduce the kindergarten system and has promise of a large attendance. The grant of Jemez contains 17,510 acres, 3,500 of which can be made available for agriculture.

## ZIA.

Approached from any direction the little town of Zia stands forth boldly against the sky, a low line of gray and white buildings capping the stony promontory, which rises abruptly from the river to the height of 250 feet, and finds its connection with the mesa beyond in a narrow ridge to the north. The church of the Jesuits, occupying the highest site, is not large, but built for a much larger population than is to be found here. Evidences of shrinkage are everywhere apparent in the ruined foundations of houses long since deserted, as well as in the dilapidation of vacant tenements. From the church to the plaza at the other end of the town, a distance of 200 yards, stand the houses that now remain. Little regularity in construction is observable, save that the buildings have been placed in parallel lines and face the 4 cardinal points. They are constructed of cobblestones and volcanic scoria, great care being observed in the selection of stones of one size. These are joined in rows of adobe mud. Occasionally the surface is plastered and the whole whitened. To the west of the town is a series of stone corrals. Every Saturday night the stock is driven into these and the herders are changed. Up the rocky sides come lines of horses, burros, mules, and cattle in headlong precipitation, hurrying to escape the pistol-like shots falling fast from long whips carried by the herders, and by the awaiting members of the community. Zia owns 300 horses, 40 mules, 100 burros, and 650 cows and oxen. The herders appear in the village with the necks of their horses garlanded with wood rats and other game which arrows and clubs have secured. Sunday, therefore, is a day of feasting. Toward the town from the west the river winds slowly through its wide bed for 3 miles. Above this its course lies northward. On the north and south are vast tracts of sandy and unproductive territory, and to the east following the river, thence until it joins the Rio Grande, the soil produces nothing. There are 26 spademen in this community, and they cultivate, in isolated patches, less than 100 acres of wheat and corn. The farming is performed in a shiftless and half-hearted manner. Neighboring Indians call them lazy, and this bad opinion of them was manifested by their Santa Ana brethren 2 years ago. When sending to them for aid in time of starvation, offering ready money obtained by selling their trinkets, the Santa Ana Indians refused them supplies, saying it was time they perished from the earth. Their neighbors at Jemez are more considerate. In 1876, out of good fellowship, they aided them for 3 days with a force of over 100 men in the construction of an acequia. This was allowed to fall into decay, and is now overgrown. They complain that much of their property was damaged by marauding bands of cattle, especially from Santa Ana. On application to the agent a paper of warning was given them, but as no one could read its contents it became a matter of derision, and the authority it was said to contain was held in abeyance for proof. The women are able to supplement by their skill in the art of pottery the modicum of support provided by their husbands. The kilns of this village have a just reputation for the shape of their models and for refinement of decoration. The olla is first sun baked, the painting is then applied, and the whole fired. Powdered gypsum is used for a white ground. Colored powder, obtained from red sandstone and trachyte, is mixed with water and applied by short stub brushes of grass. The sharpness of the edge and cleanness of the line thus effected is surprising when compared with the clumsiness of the implements. The design upon pottery is never a matter of fancy, but has significance, historic or mythological. The shapes frequently assume the form of animals and birds. The art is practiced entirely by the women, who show considerable steadiness of hand in applying their colors without the aid of a maul-stick.

Besides their scanty crop of wheat and corn, red peppers are grown. A string 4 feet long is sold for 50 cents. These do well in this soil and are produced in most of the pueblos. The chili verde is used as food. Only 2 small orchards are maintained in Zia, most of the inhabitants preferring to live upon their rocky site to descending and maintaining a home upon the plain.

Zia has a grant of 17,515 acres.

## SANTA ANA.

One leaves Zia to follow the Jemez river directly east toward the Sandia range of mountains. The soil from this point rapidly becomes sandy and untillable, and at Santa Ana, 9 miles below, it is entirely unproductive. The inhabitants of this town have long since abandoned it as a place of summer abode, and use it only for autumn and winter residence. The town is built upon 2 streets running parallel with the river and on its bank a single cottonwood tree is noted as the only one seen in a range of many miles. Half a mile back of the town, to the north, the mesa rises to a height of 1,200 feet. On the top of this the cattle find scant pasture. They roam without herders, returning by a trail down its precipitous side every 2 days for water. They remain in the river for several hours, and then return to other dry table-lands. To the south, beyond the river, as far as the eye can reach, lies undulating plains of wind-swept sand, dotted by stunted cedars growing at intervals, and often forming the nucleus of new mounds during wind storms. This tract is given over to coyotes and rattlesnakes. The trail through it to Bernalillo is almost obliterated by the shifting of the surface. While the tribe is farming its ranches on the Rio Grande below, 1 man, together with a messenger, is deputed by the governor to guard the pueblo. They occupy their time in making thread and moccasins; the thread from cow tendon is made by splitting the tendon carefully with the thumb nail and rolling it in a little spittle on the knee. The town is built on 2 streets running parallel

with the river. On the outskirts are numerous cedar corrals, and near these a guest house, the most comfortable lodge in the village. Here strangers are entertained and, on the occasion of private feasts or dances, imprisoned. The church is a sizable structure with some pretense to architecture, and the bell on it bears the date of 1710. The dwellings are well built, generally of 2 stories, but at this time are deserted. The 2 I entered had fireplaces running the width of the house and having a draught from 2 chimneys. A complete removal is made in March. Furniture, cooking utensils, mural ornaments, as well as the eagles, dogs, and live stock necessary to farming, are taken to summer quarters 8 miles below. The cats alone remain, prowling like gaunt specters over the roofs and through the deserted streets.

At the ranches of Santa Ana are 2 small villages half a mile apart. Each is surrounded by orchards of peach, apple, and plum trees, and small vineyards. The corn crop is one of the finest to be seen on the Rio Grande. It is grown in several sections, located apart, the boundaries of individual owners being indicated along one side. My guide pointed out his own portion, 80 feet in width by 400 yards long. Others had sown more. About 750 acres have been cultivated. More land than is necessary is used for pasture. This is irrigated. The river divides above Santa Ana and meagerly occupies the 2 broad bottoms. By a boom construction in the river one bed could be made to accommodate all of its water, allowing the land lying in and contiguous to the other to be reclaimed. The grant of the ranches touches the town of Bernalillo on the south. 9 years ago the first Mexican house was built upon this land. There are now 11, inclosing 85 acres. The Indians made application to agent Sanchez for aid and have done so regularly since. Dr. Thomas, agent before Mr. Sanchez, came upon the ground and personally superintended the pulling down of the fences. During the incumbency of less positive agents the squatters became emboldened and are now increasing. I found these people proving the reputation given them by their neighbors at Zia, as independent of and superior to any authority. They simply want to be let alone, and feel abundantly able to care for their own interests. They crave assistance only against the encroachments upon their land. They are well supplied with stock, most of which is herded on the large grant, used also by Zia and Jemez. They count about 600 horses and 2,000 cattle, besides 30 yoke of work oxen and 150 burros. On the way from this pueblo to the river I passed 8 wagons, drawn by 4 and 6 oxen, carrying half a ton of grain each. Most of the crop is stored and ground by hand during the winter.

Santa Ana has a grant of 17,361 acres.

#### SAN DOMINGO.

This pueblo, its grant containing originally 74,743 acres, touches Cochiti on the north and San Felipe on the south, where its line runs at an angle of 50 degrees with the river, and invades the square northern corners of the latter. Its population of nearly 1,000 is industrious and utilizes nearly all available land. Hundreds of acres, however, are wasted in the river bed, as they are unwilling to risk crops upon it. An island, the dimensions of which it is impossible to estimate except by survey, so overgrown is it by cottonwood trees, serves no other purpose than that of a great park for the pueblo. Including this and the river bed, which varies from 1.5 to 1 mile wide, there are about 10 sections within the reach of water. I calculated that less than one-fifth of this is under cultivation. At the village notable changes have been wrought since my first visit to it, 10 years ago. The church, which then stood some distance from the river, has since dropped into it, showing the rapidity with which the water invades the clay banks. Many houses have disappeared, their owners removing to higher levels at the other end of the village. On the left bank of the river, surrounding the pueblo, are numerous little orchards, lately planted, but already bearing plums, peaches, apples, and apricots, a sale for which is found at the railroad station of Wallace, 3 miles below. Small plots only of fruit, vegetables, and corn are found on this side of the river. Opposite the town are the great fields of grain, with divisions marking ownership hardly perceptible. The grain is cut in common, a force of 6 or 8 working together. There seems to be no other reason for this custom than love of company. The plowing exhibits the same thing; often as many as 10 yoke of oxen awkwardly coupled by the horns are seen following the footsteps of a child, which insures a straight line across the field, and the boisterous hilarity which follows the slow company and sends back its bedlam of voices from the bottom lands is significant of the delights of all yeomen.

This tribe has made 3 moves. During the Spanish occupation of the territory it was situated at Galisteo and was then a band of marauders. The Spanish troops demolished its pueblo and subjugated the inhabitants. Their village was located within 3 miles of the present town of Wallace, and after a short residence at this site it was abandoned for the greater advantages found on the Rio Grande. There are evidences that all the pueblos, from San Juan to Sandia, came from higher sites, and often from distant mountain locations, sometimes by 2 or more stages, toward the river.

The village of San Domingo has now no regular plaza. There was once a plaza west of the church, whose site was some time ago claimed by the river. The streets, 4 at right angles and 1 parallel with the river, are very broad. The houses are of 1 and 2 stories, and show less care than any dwellings in the pueblo range. The air is usually foul and the personal habits of the inmates make occupancy by a stranger well nigh impossible. The windows,

formerly fitted with 3 slats as a barricade to thieves, have recently been filled out with gypsum or glass, lessening ventilation. The grant of San Domingo contains 74,743 acres, extending from the river equally east and west. The grant has but 5.5 miles lying upon the river. All available land is farmed, and more is needed. Pasture is found east of the pueblo, where large herds range. The people own about 1,200 horses, 1,200 cattle, besides burros and work oxen; also a few goats, but no sheep. These are herded in common, both private and pueblo brands being used. When a destitute member of the community wants a horse or an ox to aid in his labor he applies to the governor of the pueblo and is supplied. No sales are made without the consent of the governor and of the man's family. The objection on the part of a child, if it persists, is sufficient to prevent a sale. The Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fe Railroad Company offered \$500 for the land occupied by their tracks, which were to pass through the pueblo, but the amount was refused, it being feared that the signatures necessary would be appended to a deed of their whole territory. The governor complained of a herder, John Solomon, who had pastures on the land for some time, and who has recently fenced in a large spring near the end of the reserve. The governor had applied to the agent for help, which, though promised, had not arrived, and he was in ignorance as to how to proceed. My opinion being asked, I gave it thus: "If you are perfectly sure that this spring lies within the line of your mile mounds (as it did), I would select 40 or 50 of your bravest warriors, and while half could keep watch lest Mr. Solomon should approach, the others could pull down the fence. It should then be carried and laid outside of your grant. The next time it is pulled down I should burn it." The sarcasm was sufficiently apparent. It touched that long forgotten chord of pluck, the last to be reached in the gamut of Pueblo character. The above is given as a sample of the scrupulous care these Indians maintain to keep out of the courts. A tribe of 671 people, lacking sufficient assertion to maintain their rights against a single man!

#### SAN FELIPE.

At my first visit to San Felipe I was denied entrance to the pueblo, owing to a secret dance which was in progress. The next day, coming on invitation, I found the council of principals already assembled and anxious to make amends for the inhospitable treatment of the day before. We discussed 2 large tracts of land, each available for cultivation, one needing an extension of the acequia and the other a boom in the river. Upon leaving the line of San Domingo, along which every foot was cultivated, one enters a tract of the same sort of land, 2,500 acres, covered with sagebrush, where a large band of San Domingo horses ranged. The land cultivated by the San Felipeans lies on the left bank above and on both sides below the town. A mile south of this the river divides, leaving an island of the richest loam 1.5 miles long and a third of a mile wide.

The construction of a boom and dike from the town south would not only save this land but much more along its side. The grant of San Felipe extends for 9 miles on the west and 8 on the east along the river. An irrigating ditch lines the east side for about 7 miles, passing the little Mexican village of Corero, whose inhabitants use the water. This settlement has been here for a long time. I was unable to find out if it had been found before the confirmation of their grant in 1858 or not. In proportion to the population (554), San Felipe has more land available for agriculture than any other pueblo. It has, therefore, become wasteful of its privileges. The town, of recent construction, is laid out with the precision of a military camp, surrounding a plaza 250 by 175 feet. The houses facing this have been whitened for the first story, the second, when there is one, being left in its original color. The effect is striking and unusual. At the corners of the plaza are openings wide enough for a horse to pass through and on the north and south sides are gates for wagons. To the south stands the church, a large building of greater architectural pretensions than any among the pueblos. The many images found in their houses, pertaining both to their own and the Catholic religion, attest the religious tendencies of the people. Opposite the center of the north side is the great circular estufa and on the center of the east side a lesser estufa. Between this and the river, which flows about 100 yards from the plaza, runs a line of cedar corrals, and directly opposite these, on the west side, another series parallel with the line of houses. Outside the fort-like inclosure a few houses have been reared without regard to regularity. All the land of the town is drained toward the plaza, and the result during the rainy season is a rectangular pond to be circumvented or forded by the inhabitants. 200 feet of pipe, which would drain this into the river, is sadly needed. The whole town is shadowed on the west by a high volcanic mesa, which rises abruptly to a height of 650 feet. On the top of this, half a mile above, are the ruins of the old pueblo from which the inhabitants moved. Pasture for burros and cattle is found on the mesa, but the 400 horses range on the bottom lands. But few orchards, very small, are found at this pueblo, all lying directly opposite the town on the east bank of the river. A bridge was built a few years ago, but it is now partially destroyed. San Felipe raises only cereals. Owing to press of time, caused by losing a day here, I was not able to go over the whole tract and estimate the crops. The land lying idle and easily utilized is about 3,000 acres. San Felipe has food and to spare. The land grant of the pueblo is 34,767 acres.

## SANDIA.

Like San Felipe, this community holds more land than it can improve. The large Mexican town of Bernalillo presses upon the north side of its tract of 24,187 acres. In 1824 the Indians of the pueblo gave the land on which the town stands, but no patent of this transaction is in existence. Sales are consummated in the town and await confirmation, which will be effected when the territory attains statehood. 1,200 acres of open land, here and there developing weak traces of alkali, have been left as a pasture, open to the use of the town. Passing this, cultivation begins half a mile from the pueblo. The acequia, at a high level, is supplied from a source 2 miles above. Bernalillo lies just south of the line of the ranches of Santa Ana. The water flows for 6 miles before it is utilized, most of the farming being done south of the pueblo. I found the governor alone setting a worthy example to his people, working in the mud to his knees at the point where the Rio Grande forms a junction with his ditch. The office of governor, he informed me, after he had gained solid ground and had reduced the weight of his legs by kicking off the chunks of clay, was an honorary one, yet so exacting in its demands as to compel a neglect of one's own interest by any who accepted the preferment. The pueblo is prettily situated on a gentle rise from the bottom lands of the river. Most of the course of the acequia is sheltered by large cottonwood trees. Grape culture becomes here an industry, though corn and wheat are the staple crops. The land upon the left side of the river only is cultivated. The sand hills rise abruptly from the right bank. On this side, some distance below where the land assumes a lower level, a few Mexicans have established themselves, and cultivate small plots of vegetables. The efforts to raise water to the height necessary to command this land were so commendable that the Indians approved its occupancy by them. A boom was made upon a small arm of the river, which forced the water upon an undershot wheel fitted with buckets. Water was raised and started in the acequia at a height of 10 feet.

Between the junction and the pueblo several large tracts of island land, now covered by groves of cottonwood and willows, could be made available for tillage. The level of these islands is 6 feet above the water, and no evidence of inundation is observable. There are 700 acres in the upper island and as much below, but less wooded.

## ISLETA. (a)

On arriving in Isleta one immediately marks numerous points of difference between this community and the more northern pueblos in matters of dress, building, and customs. The town is composed entirely of 1 story

a Of the pueblo of Isleta, Mr. Charles F. Lummis, in "A Tramp Across the Continent", 1892, writes:

"There was little dream in me, as we rambled through the strange little city of adobe and interviewed its swarthy people, that this was some true to be my home; that the quiet, kindly, dark faces were to shine with neighborliness, and to look sad when the tiny blood vessel in my brain had broken anew and left me speechless and helpless for months, or when I fell bored with bullets by the midnight assassin, nor of all the other strange happenings a few years were to bring. But though there was no seeing ahead to that which would have given a deeper interest, the historic old town, which was the asylum of the surviving Spaniards in that bloody summer of 1680, had already a strong attraction for me. There were more fine looking Indians and more spacious and admirable houses than I had yet seen; and, indeed, Isleta, which is the next largest of the 19 pueblos, numbering over 1,100 people, has the largest and best rooms, the largest and best farms, and most extensive orchards and herds, and other wealth, though it is one of the least picturesque, since its buildings are nearly all of but 1 story, while in some pueblos the houses are 6 stories high.

"The pueblo of Isleta is one of the strange little city republics of that strange Indian race which had achieved this quaint civilization of their own before Columbus was born. Its people own over 115,000 acres of land under United States patent, and their little kingdom along the Rio Grande is one of the prettiest places in New Mexico. They have well tended farms, orchards, and vineyards, herds of cattle, sheep, and horses, and are indeed very different in every way from the average eastern conception of an Indian. It is a perennial wonder to me that American travelers care so little to see the wonders of their own land. They find abroad nothing more picturesque, nothing more marvelous, in scenery or in man, than they could easier see within the wonderland of the southwest, with its strange landscapes, its noble ruins of a prehistoric past, and the astounding customs of its present aborigines. A pueblo ceremonial dance is one of the most remarkable sights to be witnessed anywhere, and there are many other customs no less worth seeing.

"I have lived now in Isleta for 4 years, with its Indians for my only neighbors, and better neighbors I never had and never want. They are unmeddlesome but kindly, thoughtful, and loyal, and wonderfully interesting. Their endless and beautiful folklore, their quaint and often astonishing customs, and their startling ceremonials have made a fascinating study. To relate even the small part of these things which I have learned would take volumes; but one of the first and least secret customs I witnessed may be described here. The Chinese feed their dead, beginning with a grand banquet, which precedes the hearse, and is spread upon the newly covered grave. The Pueblos do not thus. The funeral is decked forth with no baked meats, and the banquet for all the dead together is given once a year in a ceremonial by itself. The burials take place from their christian church, and the only remarkable ceremonies are those performed in the room where the soul left its clay tenement. All that is a secret ceremony, however, and may be seen by no stranger, but all are free to witness the strange rites of the Day of the Dead."

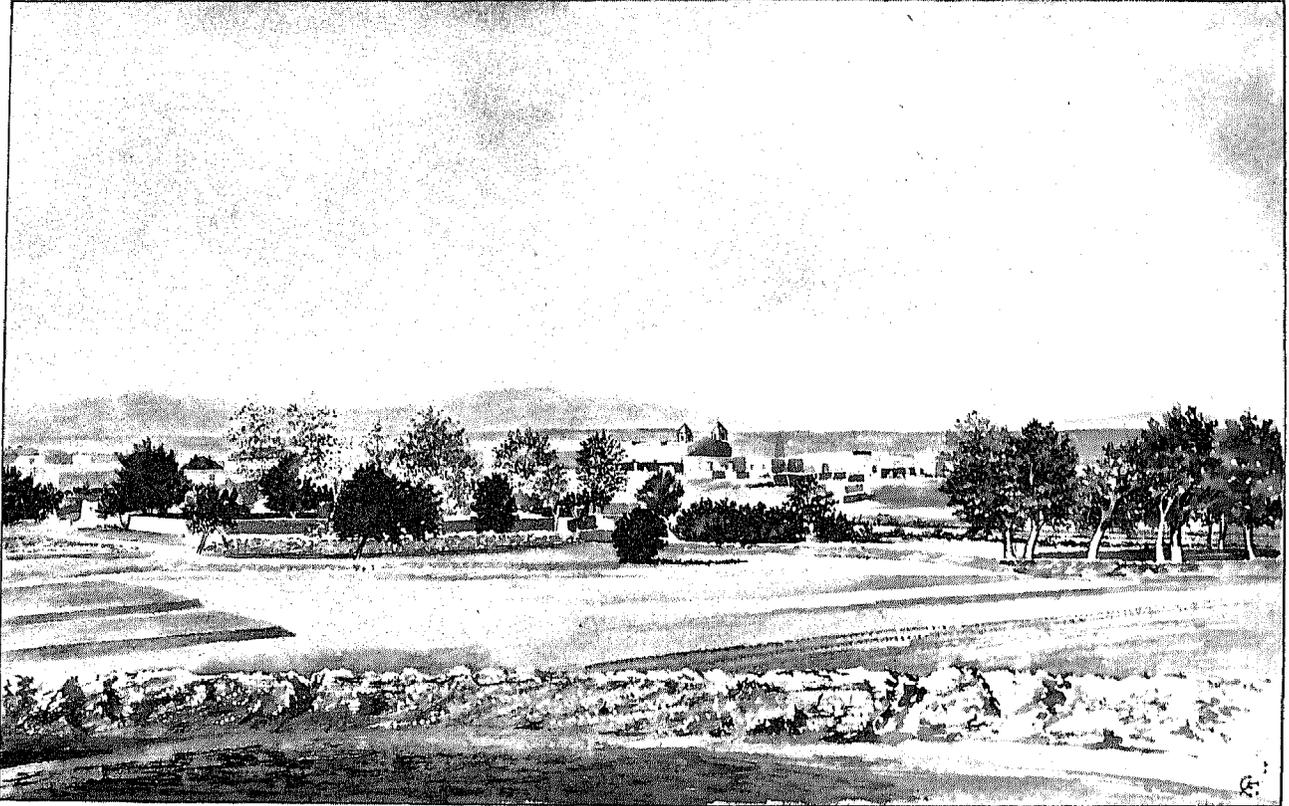
Mr. Lummis then, in the same work, writes of the Fiesta de los Muertos as follows:

"To-day the aborigines who sleep 9 feet deep in the bosom of the bare gravel graveyard in front of the quaint church of the pueblo of Isleta have the first square meal they have enjoyed in a twelve-month, for to-day the Day of the Dead is celebrated with considerable pomp and ceremony. It is to be hoped that death somewhat dulls the edge of an Indian's naturally robust appetite, else so protracted a fast would surely cause him inconvenience; but the rations are generous when they do come.

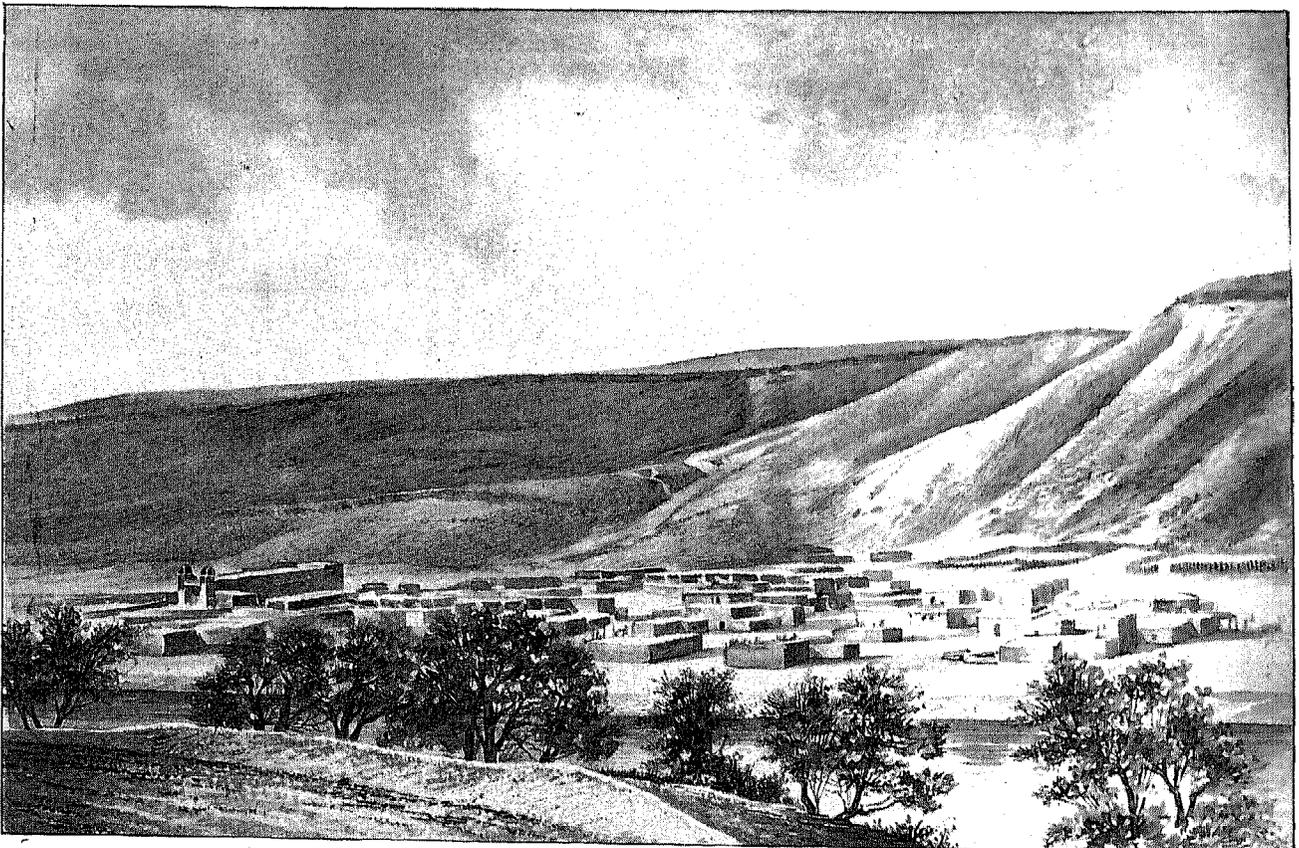
"The bustle of preparation for the Fiesta de los Muertos has been upon the pueblo for several days, in a sort of domestic crescendo. While the men have been, as usual in the fall, looking rather devotedly upon the new wine when it is a sallow red, and lording themselves by day to go off in vocal pyrotechnics at night, when they meander arm in arm about the village singing an aboriginal 'won't go home until morning', the women have been industriously employed at home. They never seem to yearn for the flowing bowl, and keep steadfastly sober throughout the temptations of wine making, always ready to go out and collar a too obstreperous spouse and persuade him home. It is well for the family purse that this is so. We have a governor this year who is my brave, and woe to the convivialist who lifts his ululation where Don Vicente can hear him, or who starts in to smash things where the old man's eagle eye will light upon him. In a brief space of time 2 stalwart alguazils will loom up on the scene, armed with a peculiar adjustable wooden yoke, a mammoth handcuff in design, which is fitted around the culprit's neck, and off he is dragged by the bundles to the little adobe jail, there to repent of his folly until he has added a dollar or two to Don Vicente's treasury.

"For the last 3 days the dark little store of the trader has been besieged by a crowd of women, bearing fat brown babes in the shawls upon their backs and upon their erect heads sacks of corn or wheat, or under their arms the commonest fractional currency of the pueblo, the sheepskin, worth 10 or 15 cents, according to weight. Some bring coin of the realm, for this is one of the wealthiest pueblos as well as the largest. Their purchases were sugar, flour, lard, candles, calicoes, and occasionally chocolate, all with festal intent.

"For 3 days, too, the queer mud beehives of ovens outside the houses have been 'running to the fullest capacity' all over town. Betimes in the morning the prudent housewife would be seen instigating a generous and persistent fire in her horno. Then, when the thick adobe walls were hot enough, she would rake out the coals and ashes and swab the interior with a wet rag tied to a pole. Next, a brief disappearance into the house, and a prompt emergence with a broad,



Pueblo of Isleta.



Pueblo of San Felipe.

dwellings, for the most part detached, though not isolated from neighboring habitations. These are always commodious and built frequently after the Spanish custom, about a court, or plaza. Tables are generally found within, though not always dined upon, and chairs of American manufacture are usually to be had to offer a stranger; but the ease of a roll of blankets on the floor is not forgotten by the Indian. Couches on the hard cement have not been superseded by beds, though some of the aristocracy have introduced this comfort into their dwellings. Trousers and overalls are common, but the white zouave breeches, with the red trimmed leather leggings, are still more generally worn. The leggings are not tied by garters, as in all other pueblos, but fastened by silver buttons, buttons being used wherever available upon their costume. This is also a hat wearing community. Broad brimmed, light felt hats have taken the place of the red handkerchief tied in a band about the head, though a nod toward the old pueblo custom is observed in its being carried about the crown of the hat. The hair is cropped at the junction of the neck with the shoulders, and its frequent cutting has been productive of most luxuriant shocks. It is often parted on the side. The women, however, still cling to their truly picturesque and highly sensible

clean board, covered with the most astounding freaks of ingenuity in dough. In most things the pueblo appears unimaginative enough, though this is a deceptive appearance, but when it comes to sculpturing feast day bread and cakes the inventive talent displayed outdoes the wildest delirium of a French pastry cook. These culinary monstrosities could be safely worshipped without infringing the Decalogue, for they 'are like unto nothing that is in the earth, nor in the heavens above the earth, nor in the waters under the earth'. Their shapes always remind me of ex-Treasurer Spinner's signature, and they are quite as unapproachable. Having been placed in the oven, the door of which was then closed with a big, flat stone and sealed with mud, the baking remained there its allotted time, and then, crisp and delicious (for there are few better bread makers than these Pueblos), it was stowed away in the inner room to await its ceremonial use.

"Yesterday began more personal preparations for the important event. Go into whatever dooryard you would you found anywhere from one to half a dozen dusky but comely matrons and maids bending over brightly painted tinajas, and giving careful abluition to their soft, black hair.

"Inside the house, mayhap, gay, red calzones were being deftly stitched into simple garments, and soft, white buckskins were being cut into long strips to be wound into the characteristic female 'boot'. The men were doing little, save to lend their moral support. But late last night little bands of them wandered joyfully over the pueblo, pausing at the door of every house wherein they found a light and singing a pious appeal to all the saints to protect the inmates, who were expected to reward this intercession by gifts of bread, meat, coffee, tobacco, or something else, to the prayerful serenaders.

"Thus anticipated, the Day of the Dead dawned clear and warm. As the sun crawled above the ragged crest of the Sandias the gray old sacristan, in shirt and calzonillos of spotless white, climbed the crazy staircase to the roof of the church and assaulted the bell, which has had comparatively few breathing spells the rest of the day. The ringing of the church bell of Isleta is an experience that is worth a long journey to enjoy. The bells hang in 2 incongruous wooden towers, perched upon the front corners of the huge adobe church. There are no ropes, and tongues would be a work of supererogation. The ringer, stepping into the belfry through a broken blind, grasps a hammer in his hand and hits the bell a tentative rap, as if to see whether it is going to strike back. Encouraged by finding that it does not, he gives it another thump after a couple of seconds, then another, then, growing interested, he whales it 3 times in half as many seconds, then, after a wee pause, he yields to his enthusiasm upon the bell, drubs it in a wild tattoo, carries it down from crown to rim with a multiplicative scrub, and thenceforth devotes himself to making the greatest possible number of sound waves to the second. As a bell persecutor he has no superior.

"All this feverish eloquence of the bell had no visible effect for awhile. The people evidently knew its excitable temperament, and were in no hurry to answer its clatter. But by 9 o'clock there was a general awakening. Along the aimless 'street', across the big, flat plaza, long lines of women began to come churchward in single file. Each bore upon her head a big, flaring basket, the rush chiquiluite of home make or the elegantly woven Apache *fierra*, heaped high with enough toothsome vlands to make the soundest sleeper in the campo santo forget his fear of fasting. Each woman was dressed in her best. Her mocassins and queer aldermanic 'boots' shone bright and spotless; her dark skirt of heavy, home-woven stuff was new, and showed at its ending by the knee a faint suggestion of snowy white; her costliest corals and turquoise and silver beads hung from her neck; the tapalo, which covered all her head except the face, was of the gayest pattern. One young girl had a turkey-red table cloth for a head shawl, and another an American piano cover of crimson, with old gold embroidery.

"Marching through the opening in the high adobe wall which surrounds the graveyard, each woman went to the spot whose gravel covered beloved bones, set her basket down there, planted a lot of candles around it, lighted them, and remained kneeling patiently behind her offering. It was a quaint and impressive sight there under the bright New Mexico sun, the great square, shut in by the low adobe houses (for Isleta has none of the terraced houses of the more remote pueblos), the huge adobe church filling the space on the north, with its inadequate steeples, its 2 dark arches, and its long dwindle into the quarters of the priest; the indiscriminate graveyard, whose flat slope showed only the 3 latest of its unnumbered hundreds of graves; the hundred kneeling women weeping quietly under their shawls and tending the candles around their offerings while the dead ate to their heart's content, according to the belief of these simple folk.

"The big clumsy doors of the church were open, and presently some of the newcomers entered with their basket offerings, crossing themselves at the door, and disposed their baskets, their candles, and their knees at certain points along the rude floor of loose boards laid flat on smooth adobe. It was not at random that they took these scattered positions. These were they whose relatives had enjoyed the felicity of being buried under the church floor; and each knelt over the indistinguishable resting place of her loved and lost. The impressive mass was prefaced by a short, business-like talk from the new priest. It had always been the custom for the women to wail loudly and incessantly over the graves all through mass; but the new padre intended to inaugurate a reform right here. He had told them the Sunday before that their must be no 'keening' during divine service, and now he gave them another word of warning on the same subject. If they did not maintain proper quiet during mass he would not bless the graves.

"The warning was effective, and the mass went on amid respectful silence. A group of Mexican women kneeling near the altar rail sang timidly in pursuit of the little organ, with which they never quite caught up. The altar flared with innumerable candles, which twinkled on ancient saints and modern chromos, on mirrors and tinsel and paper flowers. Through the 3 square, high, dirty windows in the 5 foot adobe wall the sunlight strained, lighting up vaguely the smooth round vigas and strange brackets overhead; the kneeling figures, the heaped up baskets, and the flickering candles on the floor below. Near the door, under the low gallery, stood a respectful knot of men, Indians and Mexicans. The gray-headed sacristan and his assistant shuffled hither and thither, with eagle eyes, watching the candles of the women lest they burn too low and kindle the floor, and now and then stopping to snuff out some threatening wick with their bare fingers and an air of satisfaction. Sometimes they were a little too zealous, and put out candles which might safely have burned 3 or 4 minutes longer. But no sooner were their backs turned than the watchful proprietress of that candle would reach over and relight it. There should be no tallow wasted.

"At last the mass was over and the padre went into the retiring room to change his vestments, the women and baskets retaining their positions. Directly he reappeared, and the sacristan tottered beside him with a silver bowl of holy water. Stopping in front of the woman and basket nearest the altar, the priest read a long prayer for the repose of the soul over whose long deserted tenement she knelt, and then sprinkled holy water thitherward, at once moving on to the next.

"The woman thus satisfied rose, put the basket on her head, and disappeared in the long side passage leading to the priest's quarters, while the ayudante thumbed out her candles and tossed them into a wooden soap box which he carried. So went the slow round throughout the church and then through the 100 patient, kneeling waiters on the gravel of the campo santo outside. As soon as a grave was blessed, the woman, the candles, and the basket of goodies vanished elsewhere and the padre's storeroom began to swell with fatness. The baskets were as notable for neat arrangements as for lavish heaping. A row of ears of corn standing upright within the rim of the basket formed a sort of palisade, which doubled its capacity. Within this cereal stockade were artistically deployed those indescribable contortions in bread and cake, funny little 'turnovers' with a filling of stewed dried peaches; half dried bunches of grapes whose little withered sacks of condensed sunlight and sweetness were like raisins, and still displaying the knots of grass by which they had dangled from the rafters; watermelons, whole or sliced; apples, quinces and peaches, onions, and occasionally candy and chocolate. The beauty of it all was that after the dew departed had gorged their fill there was just as much left for the padre, whose perquisite the remainder invariably is. He treated me to a peep into his storeroom in the evening, and it was a remarkable sight. Fully 2 tons of these edible offerings, assorted as to their kinds, filled the floor with enormous heaps, and outside, in the long portal, was enough blue, and red, and white corn to fill an army of horses. Bread led the list, and as the liberal proportion of lard in this bread keeps it good for months, the padre's housekeepers will not need to bake for a long time to come.

"With the blessings of the last grave the services of the Fiesta de los Muertos were over, and the population settled down to the enjoyment of a rare repose, for they are a very industrious people and always busy, save on holidays, with their farms, their orchards, their houses, and other matters."

costume; sensible in all respects save the binding of the legs below the knee with heavy bandages of doeskin, intended as a protection against snake bites. The superstitious regard of these Indians for snakes, inasmuch as they hold a prominent place in religious rites, protects them and renders them abundant among the villages. A snake on being found in the pueblo is merely disabled, and is then carried off upon sticks and laid outside of man's immediate range. It is to be hoped, however, that even a fear of snakes may be found too shallow a reason for continuing the deforming practice of leg binding by the women.

On the north of the plaza, 100 by 130 yards in extent, is the Catholic church, a commodious and well-kept structure, and to the right of it the padre's garden and house and the Catholic school. At the southeast corner of the plaza is the Presbyterian mission school, maintaining its membership against the opposition of both priest and present governor. Along the center of the east side is the trader's store, opposite which are dwellings. All buildings in Isleta are of adobe. Occasionally houses have small front yard attachments reaching into the streets. The thoroughfares are crooked and wind their way without system through the town. A second store, kept by an enterprising Indian, does a good business. The town lies upon the right bank of the Rio Grande. North of it the river clings to the left side of the valley, leaving the entire space west of it open to cultivation through the whole breadth of the valley, 1.5 miles. This, for 2.5 miles toward the town, is solidly cultivated, bearing a luxuriant crop of wheat and corn. As the valley approaches the town a slight rise in its level renders further irrigation below its site, with the exception of a narrow strip on the right bank, impossible. Below the town, on the left side, other tracts are cultivated, although, owing to high floods 4 years ago, much of this has been abandoned. This pueblo, in common with the inhabitants of Valencia, a small Mexican town below, attempted to boom and dike the river, but the piling not being thoroughly done, the results of their labors were destroyed by the freshets of the following spring. With proper engineering ability to direct 500 acres could be saved here. The Mexicans, by purchase or theft, I could not learn which, have a scant footing on the southeast line. Isleta has about 60 acres of fruit trees, bearing peaches, plums, and apricots of a high order. Its vineyards are well kept and highly productive, though not extensive. Although wine is made, it can not be regarded as an industry, the inhabitants consuming nearly all they make, and it lasts rarely more than 4 months. Their women send fruit to Albuquerque and along the line of the railroad. The men make long journeys with burro trains and wagons, carrying peaches and grapes as far as Gallup and to intermediate points. 20 years ago this pueblo had a mill, at which most of its grain was ground. Afterward a larger one was built, but both of these have been abandoned, and their flour and meal are now either ground by a German at Los Lunas from their own grain or obtained in trade for raw material at Albuquerque. Their practice of medicine is still crude, Indian remedies, some of which indeed are potent, being used. 10 years ago a bottle of wizard oil was brought from Albuquerque, and having worked wonders in a few cases is now regarded as a cure-all. It is used for diphtheria, headache, toothache, bowel complaint, etc. The Isleta Indian seldom works for Mexicans, though some seek employment on the railroad in winter. They frequently work for each other, and some are obliged to do so for a livelihood. An aristocracy as oppressive as that found in Russia is here encountered. Whole families are bound as serfs to proprietors, who hold and have continued to hold them for many years in the bondage of debt. It is said a portion of the soil, 50 by 100 yards, is given to any one on application, but unless he is in the ring this is likely to fall in unproductive tracts. The cacique has the power of nominating the governor and council in all pueblos, and although the community has the right to set this aside it is rarely done. The easy continuance of a ring can, under these conditions, be appreciated.

Isleta farms from 2,400 to 2,600 acres, and uses all the available land. The grant, extending on either side of the river, is estimated at 110,080 acres. On the west of this lies the Rio Puerco, unavailable for irrigation. The remainder of the grant, 107,480 acres, offers meager pasture. In reply to my inquiry, "What, in your opinion, is the reason for the advanced condition of Isleta?" the governor said, after several moments reflection, "Because we expend all our energy on one thing". The farms absorb their attention; herding interests are secondary.

#### OBSERVATIONS ON THE CENSUS OF THE PUEBLO INDIANS, 1890.

For various reasons statistics compiled from schedules of enumerators as applied to the area under cultivation would be misleading. Upon the ordinary blanks used for agricultural statistics the instructions were that no entry was to be made of farms under 3 acres. Very many farms among these villages do not contain that amount, and were therefore not included. Again, in a number of cases enumerators were not faithful either in inquiries or entries. On the schedules of Jemez, Cochiti, and San Domingo the number of farms and not their area was given. The enumerators of San Felipe, Sandia, Santa Ana, and Zia put down 5,000 acres as the amount cultivated by each. Even as the amount available for cultivation this estimate is highly exaggerated. In the foregoing comments on these pueblos I have noted the area actually cultivated and that available for cultivation. At Zia for instance, less than 100 acres are tilled, and more than 900 could be irrigated and utilized. At San Juan most of the holdings were placed at 5 acres, giving the impression that great equality existed. In fact, it is a community of rich and poor, and there is a great disparity in actual possession. The schedules from Nambu, Pojoaque, Tesuque, San Ildefonso,

and Santa Clara I believe to be as correct as faithful endeavor and long experience in dealing with Indians could make them. Mr. Becker, however, adhered to the instructions and omitted all plots of less than 3 acres.

Taos and Picuris, reported by Mr. Miller, show faithful work; but owing to a lack of blanks the farms and their products belonging to several owners were entered as one item. A failure to differentiate the schedules of Taos and Picuris renders it impossible to get from them the number of acres cultivated by each pueblo. The schedules of Isleta were late, and did not come under my observation.

In compliance with instructions to special agents, bidding them to obtain assistance from any and every reliable source, I went to the Indian agency with the schedule marked "General schedule for the entry of totals in the various departments" of which the agent is overseer. I asked if there was any record of the amount of land cultivated in the pueblos and learned there was not. The clerk kindly offered to make a guess for me and fill the blank. Having now completed a tour through 15 of the 19 pueblos I am able to compare facts with these approximations from the agency. Instead of 5,500 acres cultivated by the entire pueblo community, I find 8,750 under cultivation by three-fourths of the whole number of villages. The average worth of a cultivated acre is between \$7 and \$8 to an Indian. From their land, therefore, the proceeds of these Indians of the 15 pueblos is about \$70,000. Their population is 5,250; an average, therefore, of \$13.50 to the individual per year.

The question of taxation for the Pueblo Indian, though legitimately resting upon his right of citizenship, is naturally influenced by a knowledge of the opportunities which his environments present for obtaining from taxable property the means of subsistence. Out of nearly 1,000,000 acres owned by the Pueblos of the 19 villages, including Zuffi, Acoma, and Laguna, less than 13,000 are tilled. By proper engineering much land could be saved in river bottoms and much reclaimed at higher levels; but in a number of pueblos land easily commanded by water is lying idle. In a territory where agricultural advantages are so limited this waste is unpardonable. A speedy, direct, and just method of rectifying this disparity between privilege and practice, ownership and occupation of territory, would be by taxation: taxation based on all cultivatable tenure. The Indian already knows what taxation means. He learns it from the priests, who tax him one-tenth of his income for the support of the church, and this obligation, though not met to the letter, is recognized, and has been for centuries; but the question of taxation leads directly to that of full citizenship, because "taxation without representation is tyranny". Several reasons may be mentioned why they do not vote: 1, because they do not care for the privilege; 2, because they might vote in mass without individual judgment; 3, because their members might hold the balance of power in this territory for many years.

Taxation might force this argument on the Indian mind, however: "I am paying for the privilege of owning cultivatable land; I will use what I pay for; but I can not, after making every effort, cultivate all the taxable land; I will therefore rent it, and have it cultivated for me on shares". It might thus force him to be a business man.

In the course of time, when education has made the franchise desirable for these people, and when they have been stimulated to industry by enlarged opportunities in irrigable land, and by the whip of taxation, applied with discretion, the population of the pueblos will be more ready to pass from a school of good training, and by an easy step enter upon the higher privileges of American citizenship.

Their present need is legal protection. Before the law they are American citizens, and are supposed to avail themselves of the privilege of courts, hiring their own counsel. The office of agent is merely advisory, in which no real power exists, but to which, even in its insufficiency, the Indian clings, knowing no other source of help. So many of the encroachments upon the Indian domain on the part of land thieves are at first only experimental that prompt measures and energizing advice from an agent, upon the ground, would suffice to protect them and dishearten interlopers. My inquiries have developed the fact that, with one or two notable and worthy exceptions, most agents prefer a quiet residence at Santa Fe to active life among the villages under their charge. Traveling expenses, at present given at a meager rate by the government, should not only be supplied, but their use forced upon the agency, requiring a part of every month to be devoted to the inspection in the villages. Although the legal authority of the agent is nil, if he is to be continued his influence as the advisory exponent of the will of the government is, or might be, great among the Pueblos. For this influence to be fully effective the agent should become acquainted with the governor and council of every community. He should know the land and what effort is required to make it available for or more productive in cultivation. He should make recommendations for its reclamation and equal distribution, and be ready to listen to complaints of injustice, with a threat of reporting to higher authority. He should call for results from his suggestions on his next visit, and expect to find them. He should insist on the Indians maintaining schools in the pueblos and on sending their children to those of Carlisle, Albuquerque, and Santa Fe. He should, in fine, be a strong character, commanding respect through acts, not promises; by personal contact rather than by the mystery of seclusion; by a spontaneous exhibition of the missionary spirit, which would prompt him to go out after rather than be sought by those over whose interests he is supposed to preside.

Nothing short of such an occupant of the office of agent can avail in any degree for the assistance of a people who, having attained a degree of knowledge available for subsistence from the soil, are content to consider themselves, by comparison with their migratory neighbors, incapable of further advances; a people sedentary in



FEMALE DANCER.  
Tablita (Tablet) or Corn Dance. Pueblo of San Domingo, New Mexico.  
August, 1890.

habits and fixed in an intricate system of religious and civil laws. Open to educational influence only up to a given point, the barriers behind which the deep rooted religious superstitions hide and entrench themselves can only be broken by the pressure of varied forces working simultaneously and in harmony. It is the opinion of several with whom I conversed, who speak after years of experience in both ethnological and missionary work, that the nomadic tribes of the north, because less bound by great systems of mythological belief and observances, will come under the influence of modern progress and christian enlightenment long before the Indians of the pueblos. Faithful teachers have found that children of brightest promise, whom their parents have allowed to adopt the dress and ideas of our own, are suddenly recalled by a power from within; whence or what it is, they are at a loss to know, but it is understood to the few close students of the customs of these people. The child, happy for a number of years in American clothes and with fair knowledge of English, is suddenly seen to come out in full Indian outfit, and through lack of association rapidly forget the language acquired after many months of patient labor. Young fellows returning from the schools at Carlisle, Santa Fe, and Albuquerque for a time maintain themselves against heavy odds in their higher grade of civilization, but in 9 cases out of 10 relapse sooner or later; and frequently, like the soul out of which the unclean spirit was cast, having acquired added capacity by education, not only invite back the old but also find room for new and more dangerous occupants. It is the testimony of both soldiers and missionaries that when a real devil among Indians is found it is an educated one.

A graduate of Carlisle in a council of elders at which a missionary was present declared with eloquence and force, which the missionary could not but admire, that his influence should be against any change and so-called advance. He had tried both civilizations and knew that what the Indian had maintained and preferred for centuries was still best suited to him. Fortunately, to the encouragement of philanthropic endeavor, it may be said that this opinion is not openly shared by all beneficiaries of special privileges among the Pueblos.

#### FOOD OF THE PUEBLOS.

With proper instruction the opportunities which vast droves of cattle present for the manufacture of cheese and butter might in a short time be converted into a lucrative industry among the Pueblos. As it is, cows are seldom milked, and are made available only for meat and hides.

The diet of these Indians is largely vegetarian, fresh meat being regarded as a great luxury, and eaten, as far as I could learn, on an average of but once in 3 weeks. Strips of dried flesh, however, appear more frequently in stews of beans and red peppers. Goat flesh, beef, and mutton are easily cured, and after slight drying in the sun may be kept for an indefinite period. Peaches and apples are dried and stored for winter use. Muskmelons are peeled, cleaned, and hung upon the branches of young cottonwood trees with which the owners of all melon patches surround their summer lodges. These are cut in groves and replanted, all branches unable to support the weight of a melon being removed, and on the dry racks thus formed the surplus of this much prized fruit is preserved. Corn is converted into meal or roasted green and eaten as a vegetable. Tortillas are made of flour partially leavened with sour dough, a heavy flapjack cooked upon copper plates. Beans and stews are eaten with scoops resembling brown paper (but spoon and frijoles disappear together). The scoop is an article of food called guayave, made of thin corn meal, cooked upon hot rocks, and plastic enough to be rolled up and used as a spoon: an advance upon fingers, but a degree below pewter. Coffee is universally used and seldom without sugar. Wine is made at Jemez, Santa Ana, Sandia, and Isleta. No exact statistics of quantity could be obtained. With fruit in its season, the above is the bill of fare to be found in the pueblos. American stoves are used in Sandia, Isleta, Laguna, and Acoma, but are rarities in all other pueblos.

#### THE TABLITA DANCE.

The question of physical condition is one less dependent upon diet than the mode of life which renders general development a result. No better test of a high grade of physique could be found than the prolonged and fatiguing dances, lasting for the greater part of a day, indulged in at all of the pueblos. I have witnessed 3 of these great dances and several minor ones. At San Domingo August 12, 1890, 200 dancers, male and female, participated, led by 2 choruses, each of 40 male voices. This display being regarded the finest to be seen among pueblos, with the exception of that at Zuni, I confine my description to the dance as I saw it there, with occasional allusions to that of Santa Clara and Laguna.

The tablita (or corn) dance has for its purpose supplication for rain. Most of the choruses chanted by the attendant musicians are invocations to the clouds. The tablet worn by the women upon their heads is figured with the scalloped lines of cumulous clouds, and on either side and between them a bolt of lightning. In common with many of the old Indian rites among the Pueblos, this also has been utilized by the Catholic church and made to serve for the support of a church ritual. Early in the day mass is said in the church and a sermon preached. The body of the congregation at these services is usually composed of visiting Mexicans, the Indians maintaining an indifferent and fluctuating attendance. Throughout the village meanwhile active preparations are in progress for the dance. Feasting and bartering are at their height. Every door is open and food spread, and a welcome ready for any comer. The religious services being ended, unrestrained freedom is proclaimed by the irregular

discharge of a dozen muzzle-loading army rifles, and immediately after the statue of the patron saint, a relic of early Spanish art, is hurried at quickstep, to the notes of a violin, from the temporary booth (which in San Domingo serves in place of the church) to a shrine formed of green boughs and lined with blankets, set up in a plaza. Here it is deposited amid another volley from the muzzle loaders, and the assembly disperses.

In the 2 great estufas of the village most active preparations have been in progress. A descent into one of these greenrooms was permitted me at Santa Clara, a former acquaintance with the governor and the presence of the vice governor securing this privilege. Ascending a ladder to the flat roof of the estufa, we approached the open skylight in the center, whence issued from below a chorus of voices accompanied by a drum. With uncovered head I followed my guide down the almost perpendicular rungs of a huge ladder, and in a moment stood upon the hard, clay floor of the Indian council chamber. The apartment is 40 feet square, unfurnished save by the adobe fireplace of ancient shape, placed beneath the skylight, and a few poles horizontally suspended from the rafters, upon which hang the garments of the dancers. In the cool shadows of the tenement, dimly lighted, the athletes move to and fro, perfecting their ensemble with grave deliberation. Neither haste nor confusion is noted; conversation is indulged in sparingly and in low tones. Young lads, for whom such an introduction to terpsichorean rites is bewildering, are given assistance now and then, though this is never asked.

The naked body is first covered with a thin glaze of clay mud, slickly applied and rubbed smoothly over the body many times more than is necessary to effect an evenly laid ground. This massage lubrication being indulged to the full sensuous delight of the subject, he finally stands forth a red, yellow, or blue man of clay. These under colors are important as designating the line which one is to occupy in the dance; the superdecoration is largely a matter of fancy. From the knee to the instep may be repainted another color, but the body and arms are never touched, save by bands of ocher, which are here admissible. The face from the outer corner of the eyes and over the cheek bones is dashed with vermilion.

Upon the body thus decorated the details of the scanty costume are applied. Small bunches of red, blue, and yellow feathers are tied to the forelock and fall like a bang over the eyes. The hair, glossy from its recent washing with soapweed, is freed from its queue bindings and falls at full length. Around each biceps is bound a bracelet of woven green worsted, 3 inches wide. The waist is covered with a light, white cloth, often a flour sack, the brand rendered available as decoration. Over this, falling from the hips, hangs a narrow woven pouch supporting long strings, each ending in a small ball and reaching to the ankle. From the buttock to the ground trails the skin and tail of a silver-gray fox. Below the knee a band of goathide is tied, with goat and pig hoofs or tiny sleigh bells attached. The feet are moccasined, the heels fringed with wide tufts of deerhide. Necklaces of coral, turquoise, mother-of-pearl, and silver beads, and sprigs of cedar introduced in the belt and armlets complete the costume.

While the principal actors are thus being made up, the leader of the chorus, squatted upon the ground and surrounded by his 40 singers, is leading a final rehearsal. Again and again is the intonation criticised and the gestures practiced. The magic influence of deep toned harmony makes rapid impress upon susceptible natures. In rapt gaze the coal-black eyes flash with lustrous fire, nostrils dilate, the gleam of handsome rows of teeth breaks out now and then with an expression of ecstasy which captures the entire figure, heads are swaying from side to side and lips drool in the happy frenzy which has overtaken the group. But the master, like the typical leader of music the world round, is unmoved, displeased, despotic. To the singers, led by the rapid and changeless bass drum beat, the chants they are practicing seem to possess almost electrifying power.

Now come rain ! Now come rain !  
Fall upon the mountain ; sink into the ground.  
By and by the springs are made  
Deep beneath the hills.  
There they hide and thence they come,  
Out into the light ; down into the stream.

The arm gestures accompanying this performance are much like those of the premiere danseuse of a ballet. Arms are extended above the head, the fingers are given a fluttering motion, and the hands slowly lowered. This is frequently repeated. A violent storm and slanting rain, the rush of a tornado and lightning flashes are occasionally indicated, but the gentle rain with its sweeping motion seems to be the favorite.

Another chorus is thus translated:

Look to the hills ! Look to the hills !  
The clouds are hanging there,  
They will not come away ;  
But look, look again. In time they will come to us  
And spread over all the pueblo.

Another chorus, which is the main one during the entire day, is as follows :

Look at us ! Look at us !  
Notice our endurance !  
Watch our steps and time and grace,  
Look at us ! Look at us !

The women, who have been arraying themselves at their own homes, are now descending the broad ladder in groups of 2 and 3. The tablita, or headdress, worn by them is put on in the estufa. It is a light board, 9 by 14 inches, set upright and cut at the bottom to fit the head. It is painted malachite green, and notched on either side like stairs toward an apex at the top. Little posts tufted with feathers are left on either side of the acute angle thus made. The center of the tablet is cut out in the shape of a short mallet and its surface decorated with figures of clouds on either side, lightning between these, and below the serpent, which is an object of worship throughout the pueblos. The young men assist in tying on these unwieldy appendages, for which much care is necessary to render it possible for them to be carried in an upright position. They are similar to Moqui or Zuni manufacture. They then select for them sprigs of pine and cedar stems, a bunch for each hand. These attentions of husbands to wives and the young lover for the idol of his affections form one of the most charming pictures to be seen among the Pueblos, a subject for either painter or poet. This is the day for marriages, which are performed early in the morning at the church. These Indians always receive the rite of baptism, marriage, and burial from the Catholic church. At San Domingo 10 happy brides and grooms, all under 20 years, took part in the dance. The women mature early, are uniformly pretty, and are blessed with remarkable chest and waist development. Fatigue under physical effort is unknown to them.

I selected for my point of observation at the above village a broad, second story platform.

From the end of the main street the rapid approach of 6 figures, fantastically decked, is the announcement that the sights of the day have begun. These figures are buffoons, or, as the translation of the Indian word signifies, grandfathers, having all the punitive privileges of the patriarchial head of a family. Free lances they are, piercing with the broad point of their practical jokes any victim from the ranks of the spectators. Even the governor is not exempt. Their mirth, however, is harmless, seldom pressed further than the incarceration of some hapless innocent, led off amidst loud fulminations against his reputation, or the unbending of some absorbed onlooker whose superdignity renders him a target of too large a circumference to be missed.

The disguise of these clowns renders them unrecognizable. Mouths are expanded by broad lines of paint, imparting a grinning expression like the mask of the Greek comedy. Their eyes flash flames of vermilion. Straws and corn husks are crammed promiscuously through their hair, which, being arranged a la pompadour, forms a heavy mass on the head. This, together with the whole body, is "grayed" as a sign of age by a wash of ground gypsum. Over the arms and legs bands of light purple clay, followed by the horizontal lines of the body decoration, give a zebra appearance, which adds to the grotesqueness of the figure.

A bustle of cloths, bestuck with turkey buzzard feathers and upheld by a girdle about the waist, is so heavy and large that it only gets into motion a full second after the body starts in the morning and fails to catch up during the entire day. A tortoise shell, with a string of pigtoes hanging either from the belt or about the leg, provides the wearer with an uncanny accompaniment to his never ceasing activities. The tour by these 6 clowns, singing as they move in close line through the center of each street in the village, is watched with great interest by the spectators, who walk in crowds by their side or arrange themselves thickly along the housetops, and so keep them in view until they disband. This disbanding is done like a flash, the 6 scattering in as many directions, disappearing through doors, up ladders, down skylights, to reappear behind fleeing women and screaming infants. But in what contrast with such reckless confusion is the measured advance of 2 solid lines of figures slowly pouring out of the crater of the estufa like an army of ants aroused from their citadel! No shout welcomes their oncoming, though the bearer of the lofty pole, crowned with sacred eagle plumes and hung with flying regalia, lowers it now and again to the awaiting crowds. Awe and reverence are expressed in the slight contemplation of the scene, for is not this the culmination of a devout effort to approach worthily in supplication for the aid of the Deity, who giveth or withholdeth the wellsprings of their subsistence! The beauty and the strength, the flower and the hope of the tribe, are here; what the Olympic festa was to the Greek is here the terminal of long preparation, costly and exacting, slighted not in the minutest particular, but complete, superb, bewildering. Crowded about their leader the chorus attends the head of the column, and when the end of the long line has cleared the estufa the drummer, covering with his eye the completed display, commences with a sudden staccato rap from his single stick a quickstep beat, which does not cease for the rest of the day. At this signal, like a company of marionettes under the direction of one hand, every left foot in the procession is instantly raised and every right arm extended, to fall again as spontaneously. The feet are planted squarely on the ground, heel and toe striking together, and, tufted as they are with a broad fringe of deerskin, the action calls to mind the stamping of a heavy dray horse with shaggy fetlocks. Dry gourds, containing parched corn, are carried by the men in the right hand, so that every extended motion with that arm is accompanied by a rattle. The women follow implicitly the lead of the men, and besides this, their only occupation is to beat time in swaying motion from side to side with the sprigs of piñon. While the men elevate their feet from 6 to 8 inches, the women barely raise theirs from the ground, but proceed with a shuffling movement. This rapid treadmill exercise has continued for 5 minutes, and hardly as many feet of ground have been covered from the spot where the dance commenced. The impression of what at first was



CLOWN DANCER.

Tablita (Tablet) or Corn Dance, Pueblo of San Domingo, New Mexico.  
August, 1890.

fascinating by its great precision is getting monotonous, when suddenly the drumhead is struck close to the edge, a slightly higher tone is produced, and the dancers dwell for an instant on one foot and then proceed. The relief to both spectator and participant thus introduced is of wonderful effect. It is, in fact, the salvation of the dance. The chorus, meanwhile led by a high falsetto voice, boils its caldron in a monotone of weird incantations. This group brings to mind a college cane rush, each member crowding toward the center, stamping hard as he does so, and giving tongue with all the fervor of a pack of hounds in sight of the quarry. The neck veins have become whipcords, eyes are strained and protruding, and above heads stretch hands and arms tossed in loose and sweeping gestures, and, like hot corn in a popper, bob madly and merrily.

At the end of 40 minutes the front of the second column of 96 dancers, led by a chorus of 40 voices, makes its slow approach from the other estufa. As the standard bearers meet the staves are lowered, and when the 2 columns are parallel the drum of the second gives the signal for its singers and dancers to commence. The first chorus thereupon stops, its column of dancers retiring slowly to the music of the second. It returns to the shelter of its own estufa to reappear from a side alley near the dancing ground after an interval of 40 minutes. Upon each return new figures are introduced in the dance, some very intricate and decorative, calling to mind parts of the Virginia reel and the lancers. Material is here for a new quadrille, a purely American product, open to any carpet knight with head enough to grasp and retain the elements of this kaleidoscopic fantasy. For 2.5 hours the writer sat in the shallow gutter of a second story roof, tightly wedged between a woman with a nursing infant and a half grown youth to whom water was known as an article useful only for irrigation, yet so absorbed by the ardor and circumstances of the display as to be unconscious of aught save what continued by its show of deep sincerity and wonderful discipline to enforce the most curious and critical attention.

As the day wears on the throngs of spectators in the plaza are thinned by attractions outside the village. With so much leisure at his disposal the Indian is strangely lacking in means of amusement, though the games he has are always entered into with ardor. A favorite gambling game is played with stones representing horses of a corral with as many gates as players, into which the horses are taken according to the throw made with sticks serving for dice. The great event of the day, and second in importance to the dance itself, is the chicken race. A cock is buried in the sand with his head and neck protruding. At this the horsemen ride at full gallop from a distance of 75 yards, striving to lay hold of the agile prize en passant. When, after many attempts, the cock is unearthed the whole cavalcade starts in pursuit of the hero and his screeching victim, who when caught must pass the prize to the one outriding him. Thus the race continues until miles of country have been covered usually in a circuit and in sight of the spectators and until nothing remains of the dismembered fowl. One returns to the plaza with a feeling that by this time the lines will show change, that some must have dropped out of the ranks exhausted, at least some of the women; but no, the faces and forms are all in the position as noted at the beginning.

It is now late in the afternoon. The sun has burned its slow course almost to the dim, blue limit of the distant hills. The dance has continued since 10.30; but the last hour was entered upon with greater courage and gusto than the first. Countless lines of perspiration, marking their way from shoulders to ankles, have effaced most of the decorations of the body. The dust arising from the trampled arena has sifted its powder over the surface and into every crevice of the brilliant adornments of the morning, but though the splendor of the ritual has departed none of its exacting requirements are neglected. The dancers are still oblivious of all surroundings; backs are rigid, gestures calm, eyes abased, and the heavy hair of men and women, wind-blown by the ever freshening currents from the south, rises and falls to the movement of their bodies in instant time with the resolute tones of the chorus.

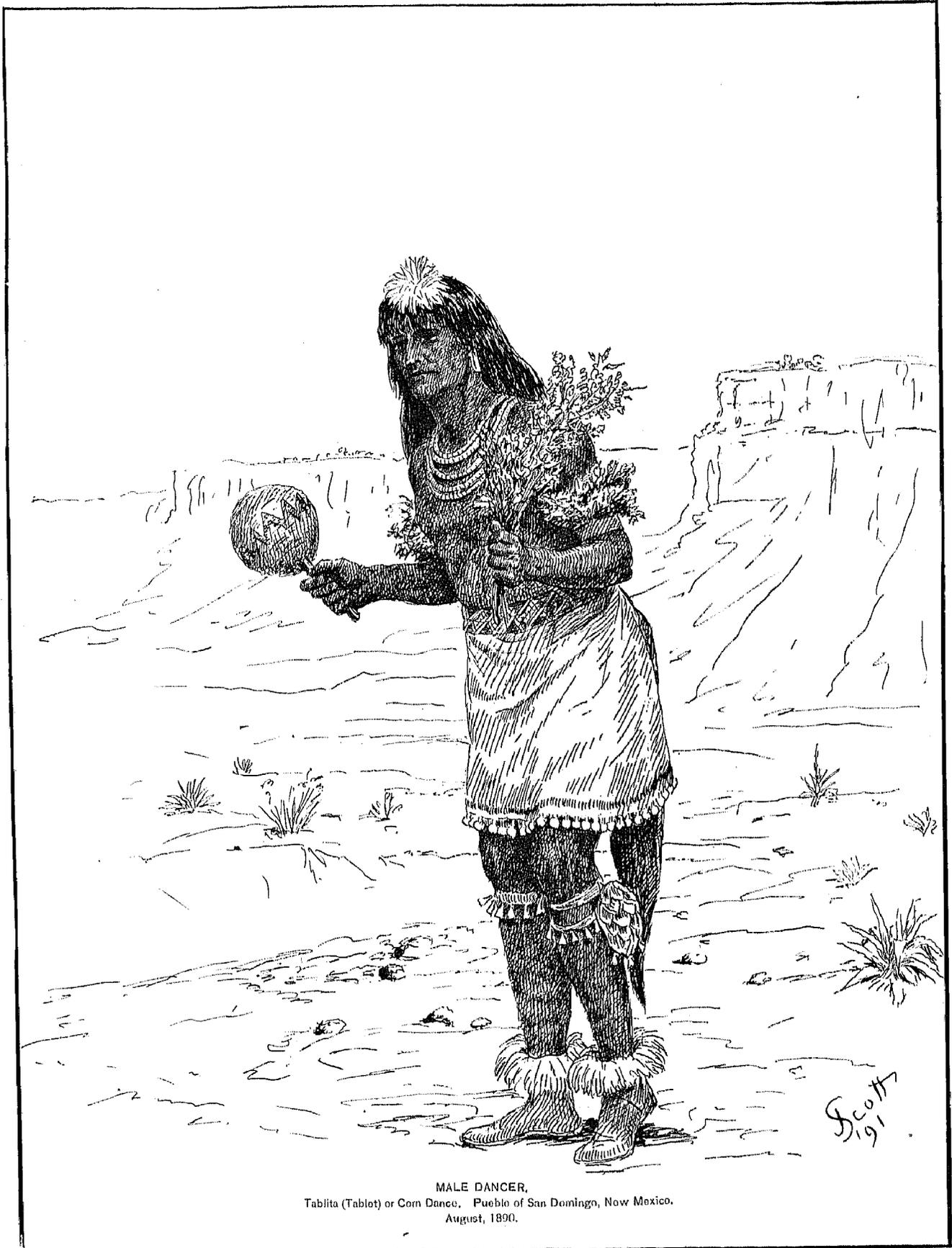
"Could any body of the United States troops maintain such an exhibition of endurance as this?" The question was addressed to a captain of the regular army of 31 years service.

"None that I have ever handled, sir"; was the prompt reply.

#### PICURIS.

The following report was furnished by Mr. Frederick P. Müller, of Taos, New Mexico, February 26, 1891:

I have just returned from the pueblo of Picuris. On the journey I and my horse came near freezing. The snow on the mountains and on the trail is 4.5 feet deep. No human being has passed through there this winter. The Indian land under cultivation at Picuris amounts to 555 acres. Out of this every family owns an average of about 15 acres. The sanitary condition can not be called good, as the statistics of the pueblo show that they are every year decreasing. They have never had any school at the pueblo, nor do they send their children to school unless they are compelled to by the government. The main occupations of these Indians are farming in the summer and deer hunting in the winter. The pueblo is situated at the foot of the Picuris mountain, about 1 mile west of the little town of Penasso, whence they get all their groceries and provisions from the sale of their grain. This grain they dispose of at the following average prices: corn, three-fourths of a cent per pound; wheat, 1 cent per pound; barley, three-fourths of a cent per pound; peas, three-fourths of a cent per pound; oats, seven-eighths of a cent per pound; beans, 3 cents per pound.

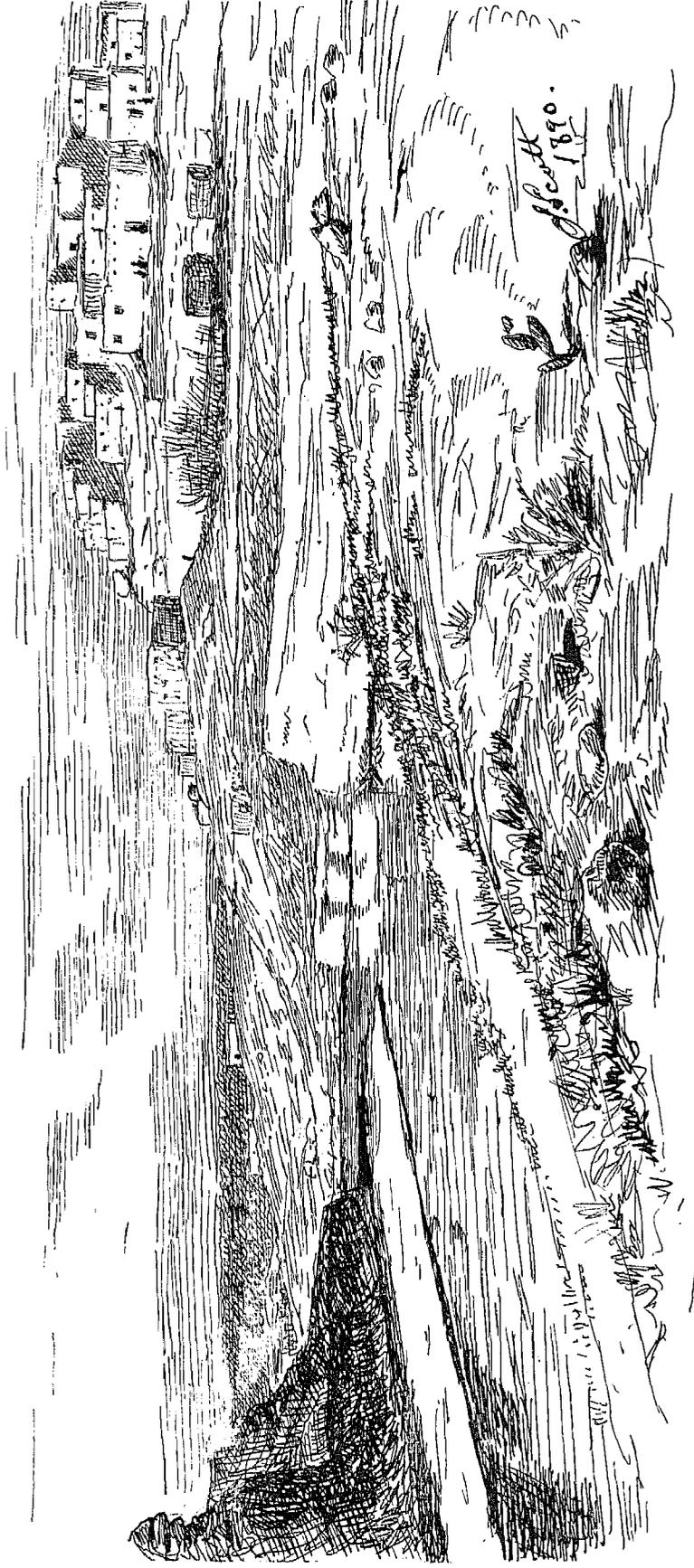


MALE DANCER,  
Tablita (Tablet) or Corn Dance. Pueblo of San Domingo, New Mexico.  
August, 1890.

The amount of land that could be cultivated by the Indians is 2,055 acres. They can also get a sufficient supply of water to irrigate all this land, but not being at all industrious, they are satisfied with cultivating only the acreage necessary to produce grain or crops to sustain them; besides, they have not the tools or machinery necessary for cultivating more. The average of grain raised is about 30 bushels to the acre.

The Picuris people are about the same in all respects as those of Taos, only they are poorer in worldly goods. They greatly resemble the Taosans in form, features, habits, and customs. In a very few years, at the present rate of decrease, this pueblo will die out, as its population is now 108 and the deaths much exceed the births. The pueblo is small and poorly built of adobe, and not at all clean. With a little care the physical condition of these people could be much improved. While good and patient people, they have but little thrift.

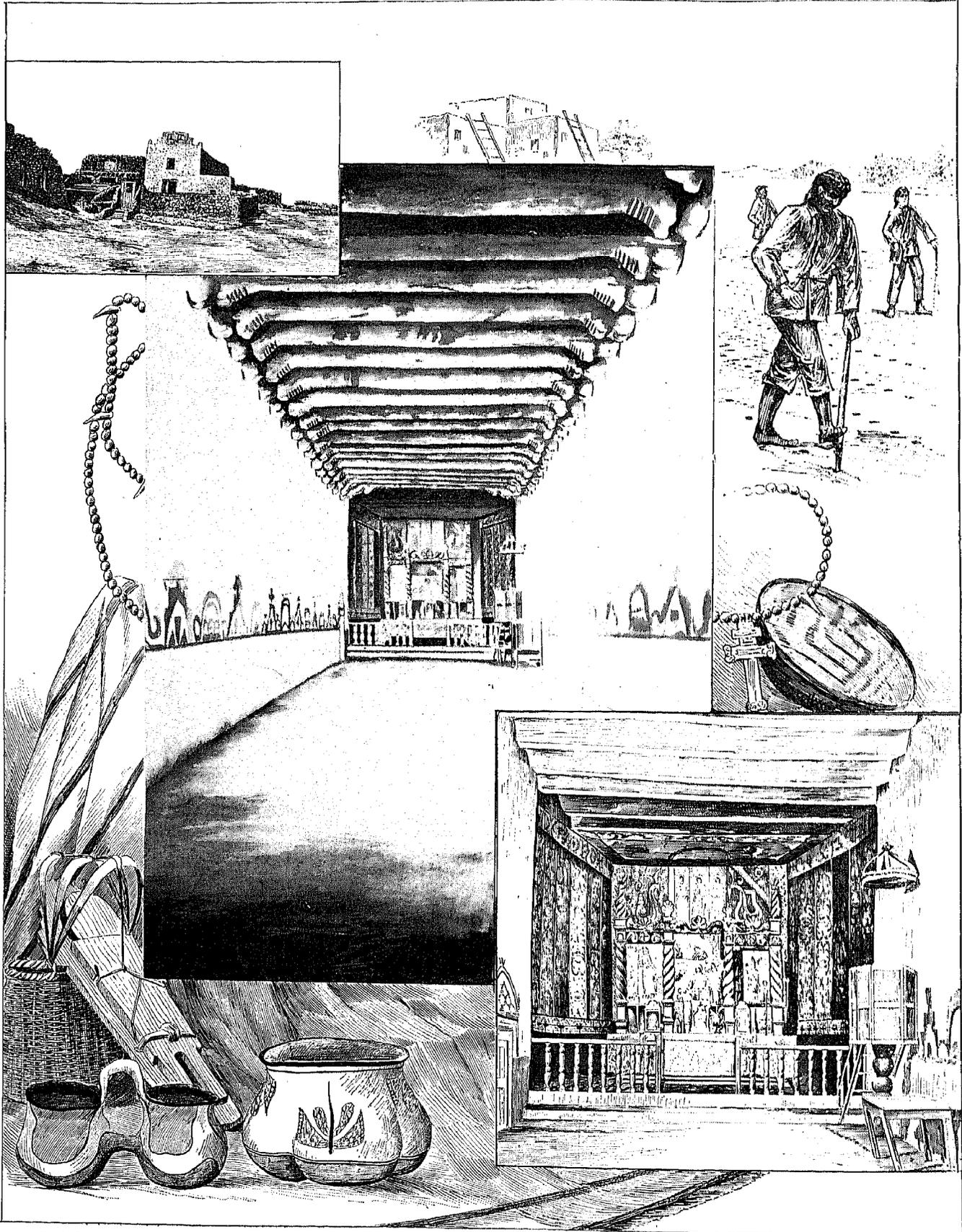
The Picuris land grant was 17,461 acres.



The Pueblo of Laguna, New Mexico, from the banks of the San Jose, 1890.



Old Catholic Church at Pueblo of Laguna, New Mexico, 1891.



New York Engraving & Printing Co.

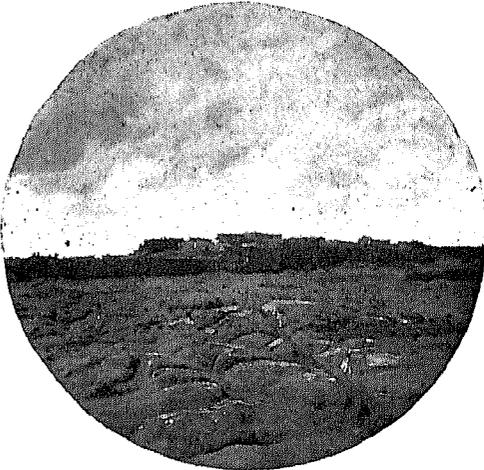
Exterior and Interior of old Catholic Church at Pueblo of Laguna, N. M., and Moquis Planting Corn.



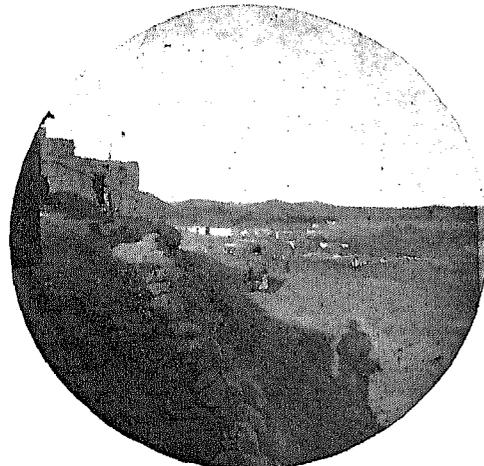
VIEW OF LAGUNA, N. M., from across the San Jose River,  
New Mexico.



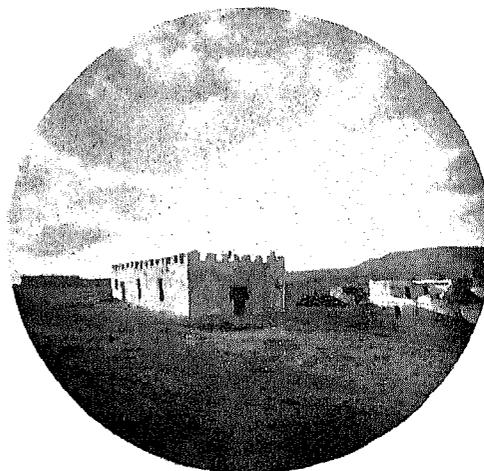
One of the principal Houses of Laguna,  
New Mexico.



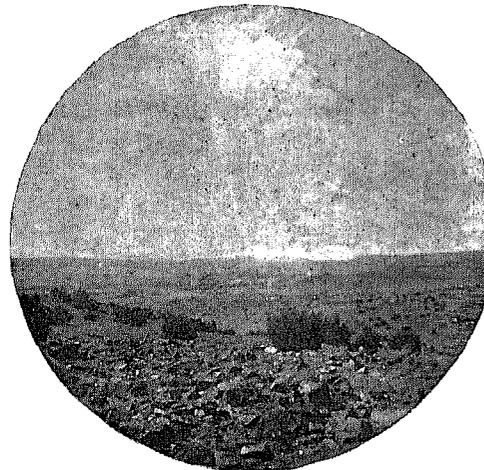
Laguna showing trail worn into solid rock. The trail is to the  
Spring two miles away.  
New Mexico.



A VIEW OF LAGUNA,  
New Mexico.



SCHOOL HOUSE AT LAGUNA,  
New Mexico.



Distant view of Laguna from the hills north. The sand dunes can  
be seen in the middle ground and the Mesa Shin-at-pa way  
in the distance. New Mexico.