

PUEBLOS OF LAGUNA, ACOMA, AND ZUÑI.

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The following report was prepared during September and October, 1890, and August and September, 1891:

I left Anadarko, Indian territory, on the morning of September 28, 1890, for Pauls Valley, about 80 miles distant. Owing to some irregularity of the stage line to that place, it was necessary to go by way of Purcell, a town some 40 miles north of Pauls Valley, on the railroad. Mr. John Craggs, one of the traders at Anadarko, took me there, bag and baggage, for which accommodation he would not accept any consideration whatever except my grateful thanks. The first 30 miles was through the valley of the Washita, which widens every mile after leaving the agency. A half an hour after starting we passed the Presbyterian mission, still in an embryonic state. Rev. Joshua Given, a Kiowa, has charge of it. The well was not dug until the buildings were well up, and then it was found they had been built over a ledge of gypsum; so the people continue to "pack water from way over about a mile". Farther down the road, and where the valley becomes perceptibly wider, we came to a herd of several thousand cattle, which are kept continually within a certain distance of the agency to meet the fortnightly "beef issue" to the Indians at Anadarko and Fort Sill. Beyond, and about 19 miles from Anadarko, Mr. Craggs pointed out the large house which Rev. Joshua Given was building for himself; "a long distance for a missionary to live from his field of labor", remarked a man we met in the road, "and they all think about here he ought to be above old Fort Cobb, or beyond, on Elk creek, where his Kiowa lambs are, who will paint and cling to their Indian toggery just so long as 'Washington' feeds them". We passed near "Jo" Weiderman's bone pile, and although a half a mile away, its enormous size dwarfed the buildings that were near it. This enterprising man has been buying the buffalo and cattle bones for a great many years from the Indians, who bring them from every part of the reservation. If, according to his reckoning and belief, the railroad ever passes near his place, so that he can transport the bones to a market, they will prove a fortune to himself or to his heirs.

Leaving the valley, we reached the highlands, and then began a long, wearisome ride over the great swells which characterize the prairie of that section. At noon we came to a ranch in one of the deep bottoms, where our horses as well as ourselves were well provided for. Purcell was not reached until late at night. The following morning, at 5 o'clock, I took the southern train for Pauls Valley. Before daybreak the morning after I was on my way to Santa Fe, New Mexico, reaching there October 2.

Before leaving Santa Fe I met, through Major Summerhays of the army, the distinguished ethnologist, Mr. A. F. Bandelier, and obtained from him much useful information concerning the country and the people I was soon to visit, including those of the pueblos of Laguna, Acoma, and Zuñi. My report on these pueblos will be brief, as they have been done to death in scores of volumes.

LAGUNA.

The night of October 17 found me a lodger in the railroad station at Laguna. (a)

After obtaining permanent quarters with the family of Mr. Robert Marmon, the day after my arrival I went to the pueblo, which is but a few minutes' walk west of the station, accompanied by Colonel W. G. Marmon, and was introduced to the principal men of Laguna, who, learning the nature of my visit, received me with every

a General W. H. Davis, of Doylestown, Pennsylvania, who was United States district attorney for New Mexico in 1854, in his work, "El Gringo", 1857, pages 302-306, thus notes a visit to Laguna:

"In a drive of 5 miles from the camp we came to the Indian pueblo of Laguna, where we unhitched and remained until the baggage wagon came up. As we entered the village, the inhabitants were getting in motion for the day; some of the young maidens were in the pens milking the cows and goats, while others, with earthen jars upon their heads, were carrying water from the stream. Being athirst, I followed the steps of the water carriers to the holes in the bank of the creek, but found the water a brackish, nauseous compound, hardly fit for man or beast; but, instead of drinking the stuff, I visited the goatpens, and purchased a cup of new milk fresh from the fountain head. On the opposite side of the town there is a clear and beautiful spring, which boils up from beneath a sand bank. Before Mr. Gorman's family came to live at the pueblo, the Indians would not touch the water, alleging as a reason that they knew the devil was in it, because it boiled up so. Seeing that Mr. Gorman's family used it with impunity, they concluded they might possibly be mistaken about Old Nick being in it, and commenced to use it themselves, which they have ever since continued to do.

"Mr. Gorman is a Baptist missionary, and has resided at the pueblo some 2.5 years. The Indians have elected him a member of their community, with all the rights and privileges of a full-born Indian. He sits with them in the estufa in council when affairs of state are discussed, and preaches to them on the Sabbath in the village church, and, upon the whole, he is exercising a good influence over this simple minded people.

"The pueblo of Laguna stands upon a rocky knoll on the west bank of the Gallo, and at the distance of a few hundred yards presents rather a picturesque appearance. The population is reckoned at about 1,000 souls. It is built without order, and the houses are generally small; none of them are more than 2 stories high, and the upper story recedes from the lower, so as to form an uncovered terrace. They are generally of mud, though a few are built of stone. The rooms are small, low, and badly ventilated, and a few small pieces of foliated gypsum set in the thick wall admits the light. The entrance is by means of ladders from the outside to the roof, when you descend into the interior through a small hole just large enough to admit an ordinary sized person. They pull the ladder from the outside on the roof or terrace, and thus render themselves secure from intruders. The rows of houses are separated by narrow lanes. In the center of the village is a small plaza, surrounded by 2-story houses, with 3 narrow places of entrance, within which they hold their dances and feasts. They dress pretty much the same as the other Pueblos; but, according to custom, a large number of the children were running about naked. This is a modern pueblo, and is said not to be more than 200 years old, and one of the headmen gave me the following account of its first settlement: That a long time ago, their ancestors were at

expression of respect. The town is built upon a sandstone ledge, the southern base of which is washed by the San José. The streets are narrow and winding and in some places very steep, requiring stone steps. The houses are constructed of stone and adobe, the walls projecting above their flat roofs from 12 to 15 inches. They are kept neat inside and out, and there is a general air of cleanliness throughout the pueblo, no doubt greatly owing to the natural drainage of the sloping sides of its rock foundation. Except the large court where the dances are held, but few of the buildings are more than 1 story high; about the court they are 2, and sometimes 3. The town, conforming with the irregular surface on which it is built, presents a pleasing picture from nearly every point of view outside its walls. The Catholic mission, erected in the earlier days of the Spanish rule, occupies the apex, commanding views of a large part of the town, far up and down the valley, and far to the south, beyond the sand hills, where are the mesas She-nat-sa and Tim-me-yah. Near the mission, in front and a little below, is the schoolhouse, the walls of which resemble the battlements of a mediæval castle. This old pueblo furnishes the quaintest and drollest of street scenes: there were children in scanty clothing, playing with good natured, gaunt looking mongrel dogs, and riding young burros, regardless of the dirt and fleas with which their canine companions were covered and heedless of the uncertain hind legs the otherwise patient and stupid asses possessed; the women glide (almost flit) about attending to their various duties, some bringing ollas of water, poised upon their heads, from the spring a mile away, and others occupied at the dome-shaped ovens, from which they draw forth large, rich looking loaves of bread; groups of old gossips, men and women, whose usefulness was limited to the caring for their very young grandchildren, who contentedly rested upon the backs of their gray-haired elders, securely held there in the folds of variously colored blankets; men going to the fields and coming in with loads of bright corn and dark melons, carried in brightly painted modern wagons, drawn by scrubby horses, and in primitive carts pulled along behind sleepy oxen, with yokes attached to their horns. Hens and chickens were scratching everywhere for stray kernels of corn, sometimes stealing upon the tempting piles of ears, husked and unhusked, that lay about the yards and housetops, only to be driven off by the watchful maidens engaged in husking and storing away. A great deal of the corn is red, and I asked Colonel Marmon if they ever had "husking bees". "No", he replied, "and therefore the New England game of forfeits when a red ear is found has never been introduced among the young people". The people of Laguna, as to customs, habits, dances, and ceremonies, are similar to the other New Mexico Pueblos. (a)

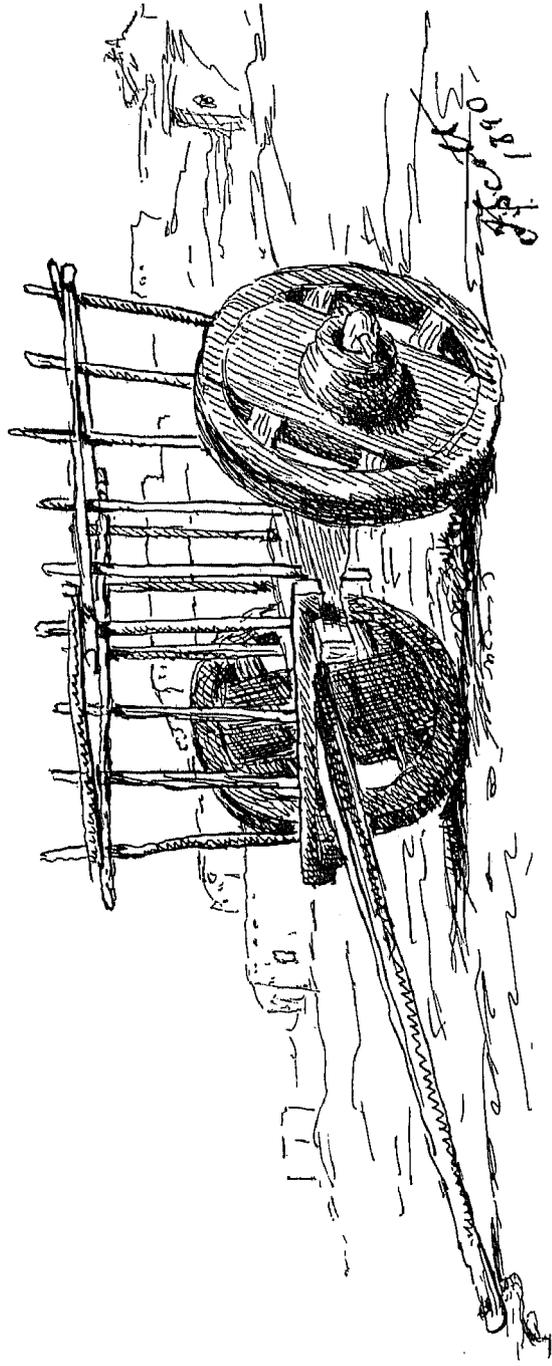
the point of starvation where they then lived, and that 4 men were sent out to seek a place for a new home. In their search they arrived at the place where Laguna now stands, where they found good water and fertile land. They returned and gave the information to their people, and in a short time they changed their residence, and the whole of them removed to this point. It is also said that at the time of the rebellion of 1680, the inhabitants fled to Zuni to escape the fury of the Spaniards.

"The children of Mr. Gorman have acquired the Indian dialect so as to speak it with almost the same fluency as their mother tongue. Taking Master James, about 12 years of age, with me as interpreter and guide, I wended my way to the pueblo on a tour of sightseeing. We first went to the house of the cacique, which we entered by ascending an outside ladder to the terrace, across which we passed into the building. In the room were seated several Indians upon the floor, all employed in some useful occupation. The cacique himself was painting a new tinaja (earthen pot), which he was covering with numerous rude figures in black and red. None of them rose from the floor to welcome us, but gave the usual guttural salutation and continued at their work. Young Gorman chatted with them a few minutes, when we bade them good-by, and climbed down the ladder into the street again. Having expressed a desire to see their god, Montezuma, my young guide led the way to the house where the famous deity is kept. This is the most cherished, and probably the only one still retained of all their ancient heathen gods. It is greatly in vogue in a dry time, when it is brought forth from the sanctuary, and, with dancing and other rites, they invoke it in favor of rain, but whether it has ever been able to bring refreshing showers to the parched earth is a question open to discussion. We picked up one of the headmen on the way, who accompanied us. We ascended a ladder as before, and entered a small and badly lighted room, where we found a shriveled up old Indian, entirely naked, except a small cloth about his loins and moccasins upon the feet. Master James made known the object of our visit, and told him we were not Mexicans, and would neither injure nor carry away the god, which assurance was necessary, as none of that race are permitted to look upon it. A conference was now held between the man that accompanied us, the old keeper, and an old hag of a woman, who had come in in the meantime, and in a few minutes we were informed that we could see Montezuma. The old woman was dispatched to bring it in, who returned after a short absence, carrying something in her arms, wrapped up in an old cloth, which she placed carefully upon the floor. The cloth was then removed, and their favorite god stood before our eyes. I was much disappointed in its appearance, it being a much ruder affair than I was prepared to see. I had expected to see something in imitation of man or beast, but there was presented to our sight an object that neither resembled anything upon the earth, in the heaven above, nor in the sea beneath, and I felt that it could hardly be sinful in the poor, ignorant Indians to fall down and worship it.

"The god Montezuma is made of tanned skin of some sort, and the form is circular, being about 9 inches in height, and the same in diameter. The top is covered with the same material, but the lower end is open, and one-half is painted red and the other green. Upon the green side is fashioned the rude representation of a man's face. 2 oblong apertures in the skin, in the shape of right angled triangles, with the bases inward, are the eyes; there is no nose, and a circular piece of leather, fastened about 2 inches below the eyes, represents the mouth; and 2 similar pieces, 1 on each side, opposite the outer corners of the eyes, are intended for the ears. This completes the personnel of the god, with the addition of a small tuft of leather upon the top, which is dressed with feathers when it is brought out to be worshiped upon public days. The 8 Indians present looked upon it with the greatest apparent veneration, who knelt around it in the most devout manner, and went through a form of prayer, while one of the number sprinkled upon it a white powder. Mateo, the Indian who accompanied us, spoke in praise of Montezuma, and told us that it was god, and the brother of god. After contemplating this singular spectacle for a few minutes, we withdrew, quite astonished at what we had seen. Who would have believed that within the limits of our Union, in the middle of the nineteenth century, there was to be found such a debased form of heathen worship?"

a Of the dance at the pueblo of Laguna in 1884, Mr. Lummis, in "A Tramp Across the Continent", writes:

"Laguna is the most picturesque of the pueblos that are easily accessible; and as the railroad runs at the very base of the great dome of rock upon which the quaint, terraced houses are huddled, there is no difficulty in reaching it. On the summit of the rock is the plaza, or large public square, surrounded on all sides by the tall housewalls and entered only by 3 narrow alleys. We hastened up the sloping hill by one of the strange footpaths which the patient feet of 2 centuries have worn 8 inches deep in the solid rock, and entered the plaza. It was a remarkable sight. The housetops were brilliant with a gorgeously appareled throng of Indian spectators, watching with breathless interest the strange scene at their feet. Up and down the plaza's smooth floor of solid rock the 80 dancers were leaping, marching, wheeling, in perfect rhythm to the wild chant of the chorus, and to the pom, pom of a huge drum. Their faces were weirdly besmeared with vermilion, and upon their heads were war bonnets of eagle feathers. Some carried bows and arrows, some elaborate tomahawks (though that was never a characteristic weapon of the Pueblo Indians), some lances and shields, and a few revolvers and Winchesters. They were stripped to the waist and wore curious skirts of buckskin reaching to the knee, ponderous silver belts, of which some dancers had 2 or 3 apiece, and endless profusion of silver bracelets and rings, silver, turquoise, and coral necklaces and earrings, and sometimes beautifully beaded buckskin leggings. The captain or leader had a massive necklace of the terrible claws of the grizzly bear. He was a superb Apollo in bronze, fully 6 feet 8 inches tall, and straight as an arrow. His long, raven hair was done up in a curious wad on the top of his head and stuck full of eagle feathers. His leggings were the most elaborate I ever saw, one solid mass behind of elegant



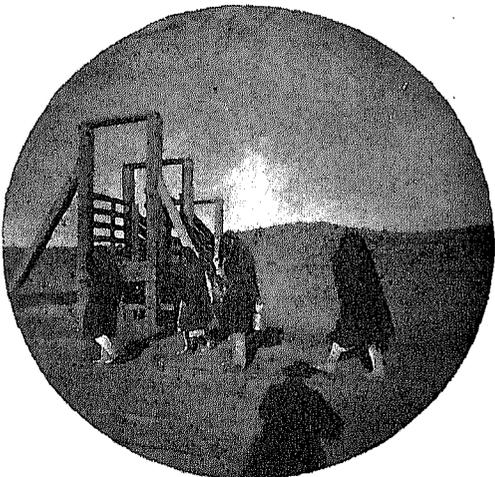
A CART AT PUEBLO OF LAGUNA, New Mexico, 1890.



At Laguna, New Mexico.



A Laguna Indian, Laguna, New Mexico.



Laguna Women passing the cattle chute near the station.
New Mexico.



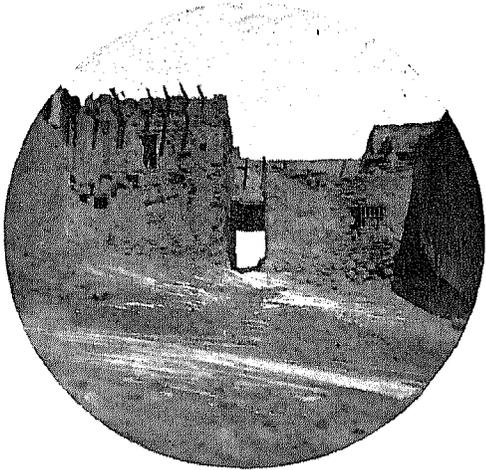
At Laguna, New Mexico. A boy just from the school at
Albuquerque, New Mexico.



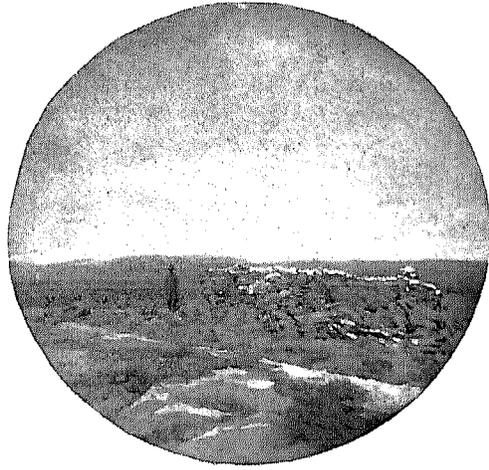
Ex-Governor of Laguna, New Mexico.



Baking Bread, at Laguna, New Mexico.



A GATE-WAY IN LAGUNA, New Mexico.



The ruins (ancient) on the Mesa Sho-nat-sa about 2 1/2 miles south of Laguna, New Mexico.



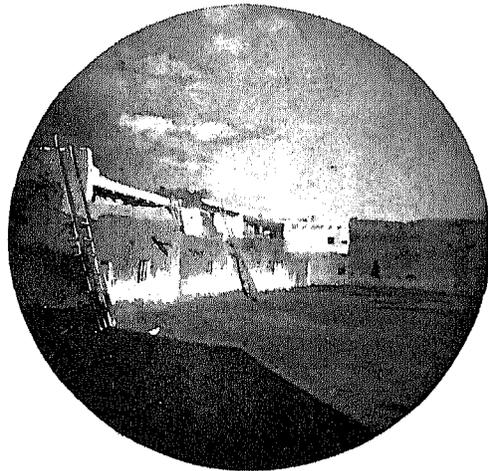
AT LAGUNA, New Mexico.



AT LA'SUNA, New Mexico.



AT LAGUNA, New Mexico.



DANCING COURT IN THE PUEBLO OF LAGUNA, New Mexico.

From the town we walked to the spring, a little more than a mile away. Following the path along and around the foot of a high hill of lava and volcanic rock, beneath which crops out a sandstone ledge, we came to the fountain, which I was told had never failed in its supply during the most severe droughts. Colonel Marmon told me it had always been the favorite trysting place of the young. The pretty group we found there did not regard our presence as intrusive in the least. Down the smooth sides of the sand rock are deep grooves worn by the children, who use it on pleasant days for the innocent pastime of sliding. We climbed up over this spot to the lava and volcanic rock and onto the top of the hill. From the summit I was shown the ancient shores and now fertile bed of the lake that was once there, and from which the pueblo takes its name, Laguna. Here I saw for the first time a live horned toad. Colonel Marmon called my attention to it, and certainly there was never a more invulnerable looking little batrachian; it was almost repulsive, 3 inches long, a small head, large elliptically shaped body, 4 legs of nearly equal length, and a short, pointed tail, wide at the base, all covered with a suit of armor of bony or shell-like substance; there was the casque, or helmet, with horns for plumes, the gorget, arm pieces, gauntlets, backpiece, and jambes, each in place, and most exquisitely jointed. One morning, with Robert Marmon, I rode over to the mesa She-nat-sa. It is nearly 3 miles south, between a billowy sea of sand hills and the mesa Tim-me-yah. It was accessible only on the east side. Leaving our horses, we walked up the rather narrow and difficult path, and spent a great part of the forenoon examining and poking about in its ancient ruins. They cover an area of about 10 acres, the entire surface of the mesa. Mr. Marmon found a copper bracelet, which he gave me, and I was further fortunate in finding a stone ax of considerable size and weight and many pretty pieces of broken pottery. The place was undoubtedly selected as an abode on account of its position and natural defensive strength. The country for many miles about can be seen from any part of the silent mesa. In the days when it was peopled, and the lookout sat in the old watchtower, the marauding Indians of the plains could not approach without being discovered in time to signal the herders to come in with their flocks and the husbandman to leave the fields. That part of the plain north to the San Jose river was used in those early days for agricultural purposes; the canals and ditches, dug and graded for irrigation, are mostly buried under the sand hills. The sand hills are literally moving from the southwest to the northeast, the changes being noticeable after the high winds that prevail at different times of the year. Remains of the old canals and ditches are constantly coming to light, which must have been buried during centuries. To the south and west the plain gradually rises up to the Tineh and Coyote mesas; on the south, looking far over Laguna, are the beautiful peaks of the San Mateo mountains, which rise over 11,000 feet above the sea, and away to the northeast down the San Jose valley stand the glistening walls of the mesas of the Cañon Cajoe, all affording pleasing views. We descended to where our horses were, mounted, and reached home just in time to escape a severe sand storm, which began about noon and continued for 2 days.

Several small villages belonging to the Laguna government are Mesita Negra, about 5 miles east; Paguato, 10 miles north; Encinal, 9 miles northwest; Paraje, 6 miles a little north of west; Santa Ana, 4 miles west; Casa Blanco, 6 miles west, and Seama, 8 miles west. The people of these smaller towns, aside from the corn they cultivate, raise abundance of fruit, such as grapes, peaches, plums, melons, etc. The San Jose valley might all be under cultivation; but, considering the great difficulties the natives have to overcome in the way of irrigation, it is astonishing that they accomplish as much as they do. Mr. Marmon accompanied me to Acoma, and on our way he pointed out the fields which the Lagunians cultivate, and where they expended much patient toil in building a large dam for the storage of water to use in times of drought. Under the direction of a competent engineer these very worthy and industrious people could easily accomplish this work, which would be of everlasting benefit to them. Kind nature has provided the means. There is stone of every size and already fashioned, cement, clay, gravel, etc., and willing hands ready to begin the undertaking for no other consideration than the common good

beadwork. He carried in his hand a long, steel-pointed lance, decorated with many gay-colored ribbons, and he used this much after the fashion of a drum major.

"When we first arrived upon the scene, and for half an hour thereafter, the dancers were formed in a rectangle, standing 5 abreast and 6 deep, jumping up and down in a sort of rudimentary clogstep, keeping faultless time and ceaselessly chanting to the 'music' of 2 small bass drums. The words were not particularly thrilling, consisting chiefly, it seemed to my untutored ear, of 'Ho! o-o-o-h! Ho! Ho! Ah! Ho!' but the chant was a genuine melody, though different in all ways from any tune you will hear elsewhere. Then the leader gave a yelp like a dog, and started off over the smooth rock floor, the whole chorus following in single file, leaping high into the air and coming down, first on one foot and then on the other, one knee stiff and the other bent, and still singing at the top of their lungs. No matter how high they jumped, they all came down in unison with each other, and with the tap of the rude drums. No clog dancer could keep more perfect time to music than do these queer leapers. The evolutions of their 'grand march' are too intricate for description, and would completely bewilder a fashionable leader of the german. They wound around in snake-like figures, now and then falling into strange but regular groups, never getting confused, never missing a step of their laborious leaping. And such endurance of lung and muscle! They keep up their jumping and shouting all day and all night. During the whole of this serpentine dance the drums and the chorus kept up their clamor, while the leader punctuated the chant by a series of wild whoops at regular intervals. All the time, too, while their legs were busy, their arms were not less so. They kept brandishing aloft their various weapons in a significant style that 'would make a man hunt tall grass if he saw them out on the plains,' as Phillips declared. And as for attentive audiences, no American star ever had such a one as that which watched the Christmas dance at Laguna. Those 800 men, women, and children all stood looking on in decorous silence, never moving a muscle nor uttering a sound. Only once did they relax their gravity, and that was at our coming.

"My nondescript appearance, as I climbed up a house and sat down on the roof, was too much for them, as well it might be. The sombrero, with its snakeskin band; the knife and 2 six-shooters in my belt; the bulging duck coat; long fringed, snowy leggings; the skunkskin dangling from my blanket roll, and last, but not least, the stuffed coyote over my shoulders, looking natural as life, made up a picture I feel sure they never saw before, and probably never will see again. They must have thought me Pa-puk-ke-wis, the wild man of the plains. A lot of the children crowded around me, and when I caught the coyote by the neck and shook it, at the same time growling at them savagely, they jumped away and the whole assembly was convulsed with laughter. For hours we watched the strange, wild spectacle, until the sinking sun warned us to be moving, and we reluctantly turned our faces westward."

it would be. Mr. Marmon told me that a great deal of bad feeling existed between Laguna and Acoma on account of a storage reservoir which they had built together for mutual benefit. Many Laguna families own and hold fields in the valley of Acoma up to a line separating their territory from that of their neighbors, which had been agreed upon in years long gone by, and their rights recognized down to the present time; but last summer the people of Acoma denied them water from the reservoir, in consequence of which their corn crops were very poor. Laguna sent a delegation of their principal men to confer with a similar body at Acoma and demand their rights. Acoma claimed that there was not sufficient water for their own use, which statement Laguna denied, charging that Acoma was carelessly or intentionally wasting the water. They came to no settlement. The governor of Laguna then appealed to the Indian agent at Santa Fe, who paid no attention to his grievances. Finally, through another source, word was sent impressing upon the agent the urgency of the matter and the necessity of its immediate attention and settlement. He came down, went over to Acoma, asked what the trouble was, and was told to "go to hell"; he disobeyed the order and went back to Santa Fe, and the cornfields of the Lagunians, in the valley of Acoma, went dry.

Acoma is but 16 miles from Laguna, and the road by way of Casa Blanco is very good, from which point it leads up a gentle ascent to the upper valley or plain. Reaching the top the first object of interest that attracts the eye is the mesa Encantado, standing in the middle of the plain, its perpendicular walls of red sandstone rising 1,000 feet. Our way lay to the right of this enchanted table rock and through a considerable growth of stunted timber, pine and cedar, beyond which, to the right and left, the mountains rise to great heights and take every form imaginable; gothic spires, towers, domes, and eastern mosques are distributed, one after another, in grand array. Among the most curious to me were Roca Ventana and Olla (pronounced Ole-ya). All have Spanish names, which the natives use in designating them.

ACOMA.

Reaching the open plain, we came within view of the rock of Acoma, and were in a little while watering our horses at the reservoir, over which the 2 pueblos are quarreling. The water was very low and there were evidences of recent neglect. The rock of Acoma bears the pueblo of that name. It seems unreasonable that such a site should have been selected by its founders for a habitation except for protection against the more warlike tribes that infested the great plains, roaming at will, preying upon their fields, and later their herds. The distance to wood and water, the enormous daily labor required to provide for the necessaries of life, could not have been endured through all the centuries the Indians have lived there but for the absolute security the natural fortress gave them. Its walls of sandstone rise 200 feet out of the plain and are studded with deep recesses and grottoes that look more and more gloomy and forbidding as they are approached. Arriving at the southwest side of the rock, we left our team in the shadow of one of the towering monoliths that have been separated by erosion from the parent mesa and took a short cut along the ridge of an immense sand hill, the upper end of which banks against the rock about halfway up. Originally there was but one path that led to the top, the larger one of two now used; the other has been made practicable by the sand drift which has formed in recent years. The climb from where the sand stops is steep and difficult, and in some places steps have been cut out of the solid rock. We, however, reached the summit in safety, and after a few minutes' walk over its rough surface, entered the pueblo. (a)

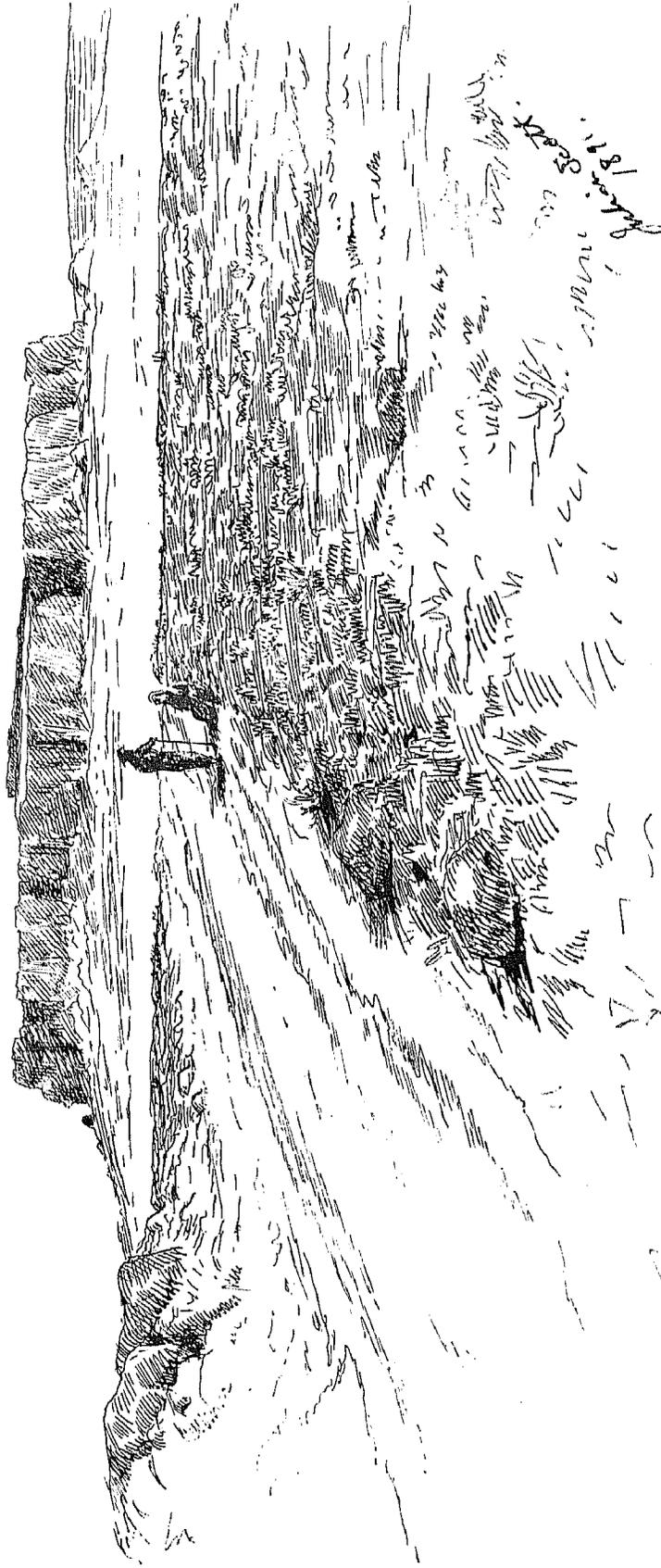
a Mr. C. F. Lummis thus writes of the pueblo of Acoma:

"Cubero is the nearest station to the most wonderful aboriginal city on earth, cliff built, cloud swept, matchless Acoma. Indeed, it is probably the most remarkable city in the world. Perched upon the level summit of a great 'box' of rock, whose perpendicular sides are nearly 400 feet high, and reached by some of the dizziest paths ever trodden by human feet, the prehistoric town looks across the wilderness. Its quaint terraced houses of gray adobe, its huge church (hardly less wonderful than the pyramids of Egypt as a monument of patient toil), its great reservoir in the solid rock, its superb scenery, its romantic history, and the strange customs of its 100 people, all are rife with interest to the few Americans who visit the isolated city. Neither history nor tradition tells us when Acoma was founded. The pueblo was once situated on top of the mesa Encantada (enchanted table-land), which rises 700 feet in air near the mesa now occupied. 400 years ago or so, a frightful storm swept away the enormous leaning rock, which served as a ladder, and the patient people, who were away at the time, had to build a new city. The present Acoma was an old town when the first European, Coronado, the famous Spanish explorer, saw it in 1540. With that its authentic history begins, a strange, weird history, in scattered fragments, for which we must delve among the curious 'memorials' of the Spanish conquerors and the scant records of the heroic priests. 13 miles south, up a valley of growing beauty, we came to the home of these strange sky-dwellers, a butte of rock nearly 400 feet tall and 70 acres in area.

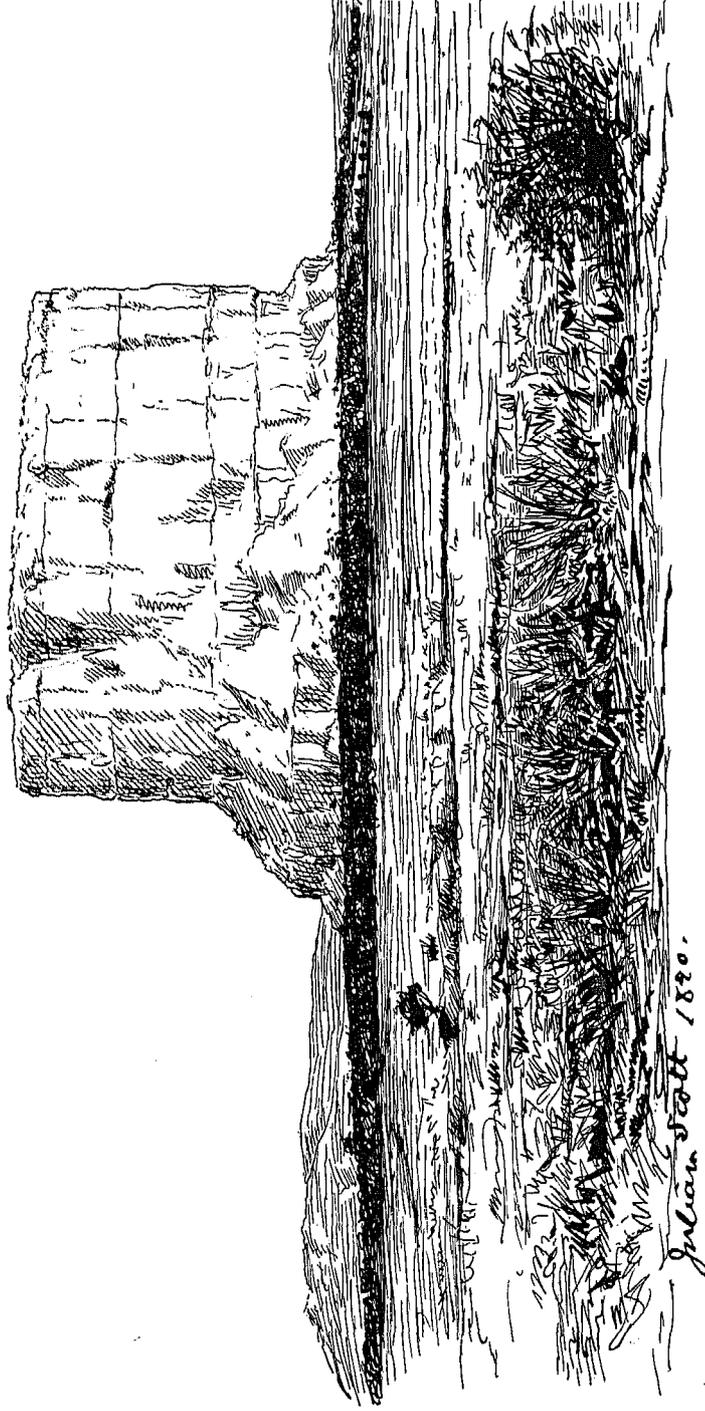
"We were handsomely entertained in the comfortable and roomy house of Martin Valle, the 7-times governor of the pueblo, a fine-faced, kindly, still active man of 90, who rides his plunging bronco to-day as firmly as the best of them, and who in the years since our first meeting has become a valued friend. With him that day was his herculean war captain, Faustino. I doubt if there was ever carved a manlier frame than Faustino's, and certain it is that there never was a face nearer the ideal Mars. A grand, massive head, outlined in strength rather than delicacy; great, rugged features, yet superbly moulded withal; an eye like a lion's, nose and forehead full of character, and a jaw which was massive but not brutal, calm but inexorable as fate. I have never seen a finer face, that is, for a man whose trade is war. Of course, it would hardly fit a professor's shoulders. But it will always stand out in my memory, with but 2 or 3 others, the most remarkable types I have ever encountered. One of the council accompanied us, too, a kindly, intelligent old man named José Miguel Chino, since gone to sleep in the indeterminate jumble of the gray graveyard.

"In a 'street' paved with the eternal rock of the mesa were a hundred children playing jubilantly. It was a pleasant sight, and they were pleasant children. I have never seen any of them fighting, and they are as bright, clean-faced, sharp-eyed, and active as you find in an American schoolyard at recess. The boys were playing some sort of Acoma tag, and the girls mostly looked on. I don't know that they had the scruples of the sex about boisterous play. But nearly every one of them carried a fat baby brother or sister on her back, in the sight of her shawl. These uncomplaining little nurses were from 12 years old down to 5. Truly, the Acoma maiden begins to be a useful member of the household at an early age!

"Coming back from an exploration of the great church, with its historic paintings and the dizzy 'stone ladder' where the patient mecenases of untold generations have worn their imprint 6 inches deep in the rock, I found the old governor sitting at his door, indulging in the characteristic 'shave' of his people. He was impassively pecking away at his bronze cheeks and thinking about some matter of state. The aborigine does not put a razor to his face, but goes to the root of the matter, plucking out each hirsute newcomer bodily by pinch of finger nails, or with knife blade against his thumb, or with tweezers.



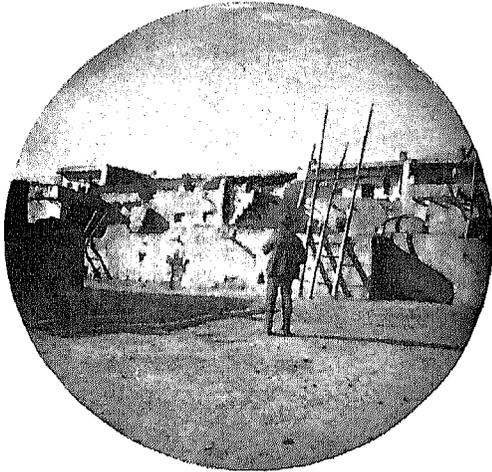
The Rock and Pueblo of Acoma, New Mexico, 1891.
The Elevation on the top of the rock is the Pueblo.



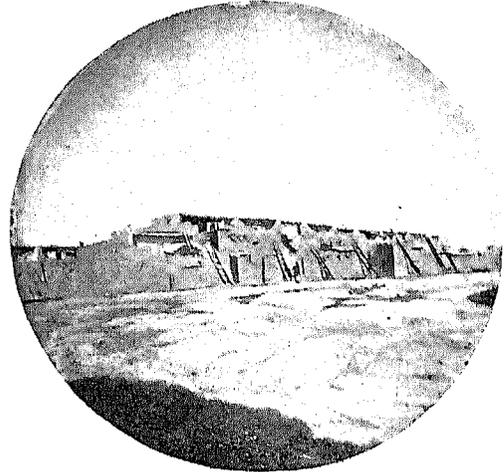
Julian Scott 1890.

MESA ENCANTADO, New Mexico, 1890.





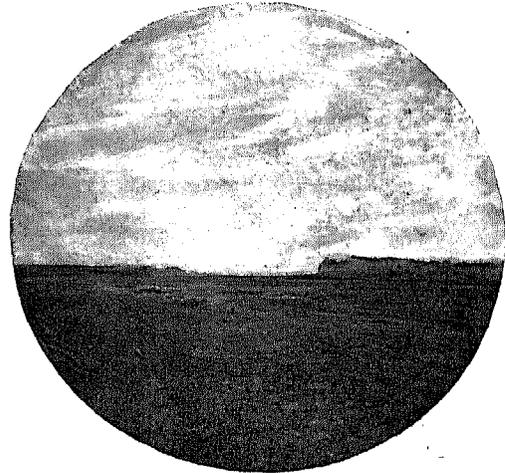
Acoma.



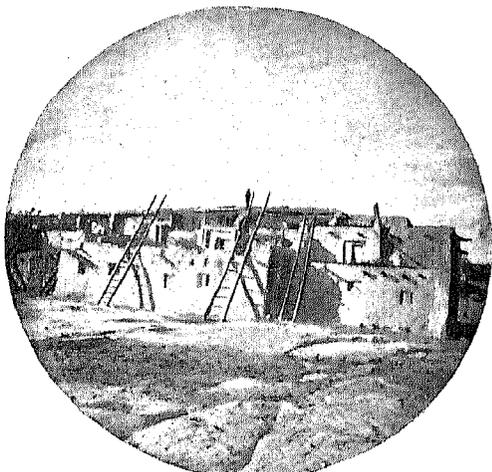
In the Pueblo of Acoma, New Mexico.



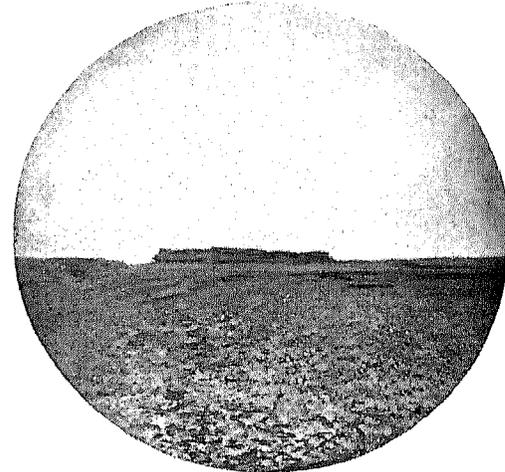
At Acoma, New Mexico.



The Valley of Acoma, New Mexico.



At Acoma, New Mexico.



The Rock of Acoma, New Mexico. Looking South.

The pueblo of Acoma consists of several long rows of 3-storied buildings, all facing the south, built of flat stone and rubble. The upper stories are used for dwellings, the lower for storage. From the sides they present the appearance of 3 giant steps, the lowest reached by a forest of ladders. There are narrow partition stone stairs that lead to the upper stories. These landings are the private front yards and balconies. We found the silversmith of Acoma, in an almost nude state, taking a sun bath on one of them, his aged wife and children about him, occupied with some little work of a domestic nature. He sat upon the earth floor and leaned against the wall of the house. Tied about his head was a red scarf, around the neck a common string, from which was suspended a beautiful arrowpoint of white quartz, which looked still whiter by contrast with the dark, roddish brown breast upon which it lay. A small blanket, one end of which he sat upon, was thrown carelessly across the lap, and his ankles were covered with a sort of knit leggings, intended to reach the knees, but which had fallen down in wrinkles, and looked all the more picturesque. Emaciated and weak, he did not look up until spoken to, when his long, gray locks fell back, exposing a pair of large turquoise earrings that would have delighted any lady to possess. I bought from one of his daughters a silver ring set with a pretty piece of turquoise and was obliged to pay her an additional price for putting it on my finger. She would make a good worker in any church fair. Near the silversmith's, in one of the upper dwellings, we got dinner, my first in an Indian pueblo. We sat on the floor. The first course was watermelon, then came a kind of mutton stew, with vegetables, mostly chili, and piping hot, served in large bowls, and a kind of hard graham bread, served in one of the curious Apache willow baskets. The coffee (?), made of parched peas, over which boiling water was poured and allowed to stand for a time, was very pleasant. The meal altogether we thoroughly enjoyed. North of the town is a great natural reservoir, where the people obtain the water ordinarily used. That part of the mesa is slightly lower than the town and receives the rainfall of a considerable area, through which source and melting snow the reservoir is supplied. Their drinking water is obtained from springs far away from the rock, though I was told many of the families used that of the reservoir, which must be very unhealthy. On the southern side of the pueblo, commanding an extended view of the country below and beyond, stands the old Spanish mission, facing the east. It is built of adobe, and its thick south wall is wasting away, as are also its huge towers, once square, which rise just high enough above the roof to admit of belfries. Attached to the north side of the church is a structure of considerable dimension, inclosing an open court. Except the northern end, where it is 2 stories, it is 1 story high. A corridor runs entirely around the inner side, with large oblong openings that look out upon the court and give light to the passageway, through and out of which entrance is made to the many dismal cells, sleeping places, no doubt, of the Franciscan friars in the early times. The second story is reached by a winding, stone stairway, leading up from the junction of the north and east corridors to a small hall connecting with a suite of cheery rooms that look to the south upon the court and a pavilion, flanking the northeast corner of the building.

The rooms had been frescoed, but it must have been long ago, for much of the decoration has disappeared, though enough is left to show the simple and neat Indian design of line and color. The pavilion is a pleasant retreat; its floor is of cement, and the balustrade, columns, and ceiling are of curiously carved wood, much cracked and decayed by age. It overlooks the pueblo, the plain below, and far mountains. This apartment, so suggestive of superiority, was probably occupied by the head of the religious order.

The walled yard in front of the church has been, since the edifice was raised, the burial place of Acoma's dead, and many thousand bodies are said to be interred there. There would be a rich find, should the place ever be dug up, of old pueblo pottery, ornaments of silver and beads of shell and turquoise, and other kinds, which the natives, in earlier times invariably buried with their dead. The church was locked, but we found a door within the annexed building, which admitted us to the gallery by climbing some much worn adobe stairs. The hour was getting late, and the diminishing light would not permit of our seeing distinctly the altar and decorations at the other end of the long auditory. We met a young, intelligent looking Indian as we left the churchyard, who, speaking in good English, asked to talk with us. He said he was educated at Carlisle and had returned to Acoma, his former home, to live, but was forced to go away and had taken up a temporary abode at the small station 14 miles north on the railroad, called McCarty. He desired to live and dress as white people did, but had been publicly whipped

The governor's 'razor' was a unique and ingenious affair. He had taken the brass shell of a 45-60 rifle cartridge, split it nearly to the base, flattened the 2 sides, filed their edges true, and given them a slight spread at the fork. Thus he got a pair of tweezers better adapted to his work than the American style. With this he was coolly assaulting his kindly old face, mechanically and methodically, never wincing at the operation.

"As we talked in disjointed Spanish, I saw a very wonderful thing, such a thing as is probably not to be seen again in a lifetime. An old erone came in carrying a 6-months' babe. She was 100 years old, toothless (for a wonder, for Acoma teeth are long-lived), snow-haired, and bony, but not bent. She and the infant were the extremes of 6 generations, for it was her great-great-great-great-grandchild that dangled in her shawl. I saw the grandmother, great-grandmother, and great-great-grandmother of the child afterward, the mother being absent at Acomita. Poor old woman! Think of her having cared for 5 generations of measles, eroup, colic, and cholera infantum!

"There was a wonderful foot race that day, too, between half a dozen young men of Acoma and an equal number from Laguna. There were several hundred dollars' worth of ponies and blankets upon the race, and much loud talking accompanied the preliminaries. Then the runners and the judges went down to the plain, while every one else gathered on the edge of the cliff. At the signal, the 12 Hthe, clean-faced athletes started off like deer. Their running costume consisted of the dark-blue patarabo, or breechclout, and their sinewy trunks and limbs were bare. Each side had a stick about the size of a lead pencil, and as they ran they had to kick this along in front of them, never touching it with the fingers. The course was around a wide circuit, which included the mesa of Acoma and several other big hills. I was told afterward that the distance was a good 25 miles. The Acoma boys, who won the race, did it in 2 hours and 31 minutes, which would be good running, even without the stick kicking arrangement."

by order of the governor of Acoma for continuing to wear his hair short and refusing to comply with some other trivial orders that were intended to make him give up his new ideas. He had long been convinced that education was the only salvation of his people, and sadly regretted that a large majority were opposing the government's efforts to enlighten them. His brother and he, he said, owned a herd of sheep and goats; that his brother believed in the new road, but would remain at home and look after their joint interests while he went out into the world to further improve himself; that it was his intention to take his young wife to Albuquerque and put her in the government school there; that he would find work at his trade, slating, and devote his leisure time to mathematics. He hoped his people would open their eyes to the new condition and throw off their sleepy old ways. At this moment a pretty little Indian woman rode up astride a burro with gay trappings. He told us she was his wife, which she understood, and gave in acknowledgment a graceful nod of the head and one of the sweetest of smiles.

Continuing, he said, "If you can say a good word for us do so, please; we ask no other assistance, for we both are young and can look after ourselves, but before saying good-by let me give you my address", and he wrote in my notebook his "white name" thus: "Jas. H. Miller, Pueblo of Acoma, P. O. McCarty, Valencia Co., N. M." Shaking hands, he jumped on the burro behind his wife, and they soon disappeared down the trail. All the while we were there the governor could not be found, though his house was visited several times. We descended by the old trail and met numerous herds of horses, burros, sheep, and goats coming up, followed by their attendants, who made the rock walls ring with occasional song and merry laughter. Marmon's horses neighed as we approached, and all were soon ready for the return, which was made easily and in quick time, owing to our good team, the long, brilliant twilight, and a quartering moon. The next morning I met Captain Pradt, and we spent several days together.

Mr. Marmon enumerated the Zufis for the Eleventh Census and encountered considerable opposition at the beginning of his work, but was successful. He gave me a paper containing some complaints and requests which the Zufis desired he should make known to the proper authorities in Washington, which I afterward gave to the Commissioner of Indian Affairs while journeying from Fort Wingate to Keams Cañon.

When I got back to Fort Wingate in December it was to find the post almost deserted and much uneasiness among many of those who remained because of their rather unprotected situation. The Navajos were quarreling among themselves over a recent killing, committed by one Pinto, who had collected his followers to resist the extraordinary demand for horses, sheep, goats, and beads made by the relatives of the dead Indians as an offset to their loss. All sorts of rumors were whispered about. It was impossible to get any conveyance to Zufi, and the situation necessitated my going to Gallup for transportation; so, after a day's rest under the hospitable roof of Dr. Washington Matthews, the post surgeon, I went there and made arrangements, and had the good luck to again meet Captain Pradt, of Laguna, who willingly consented to accompany me.

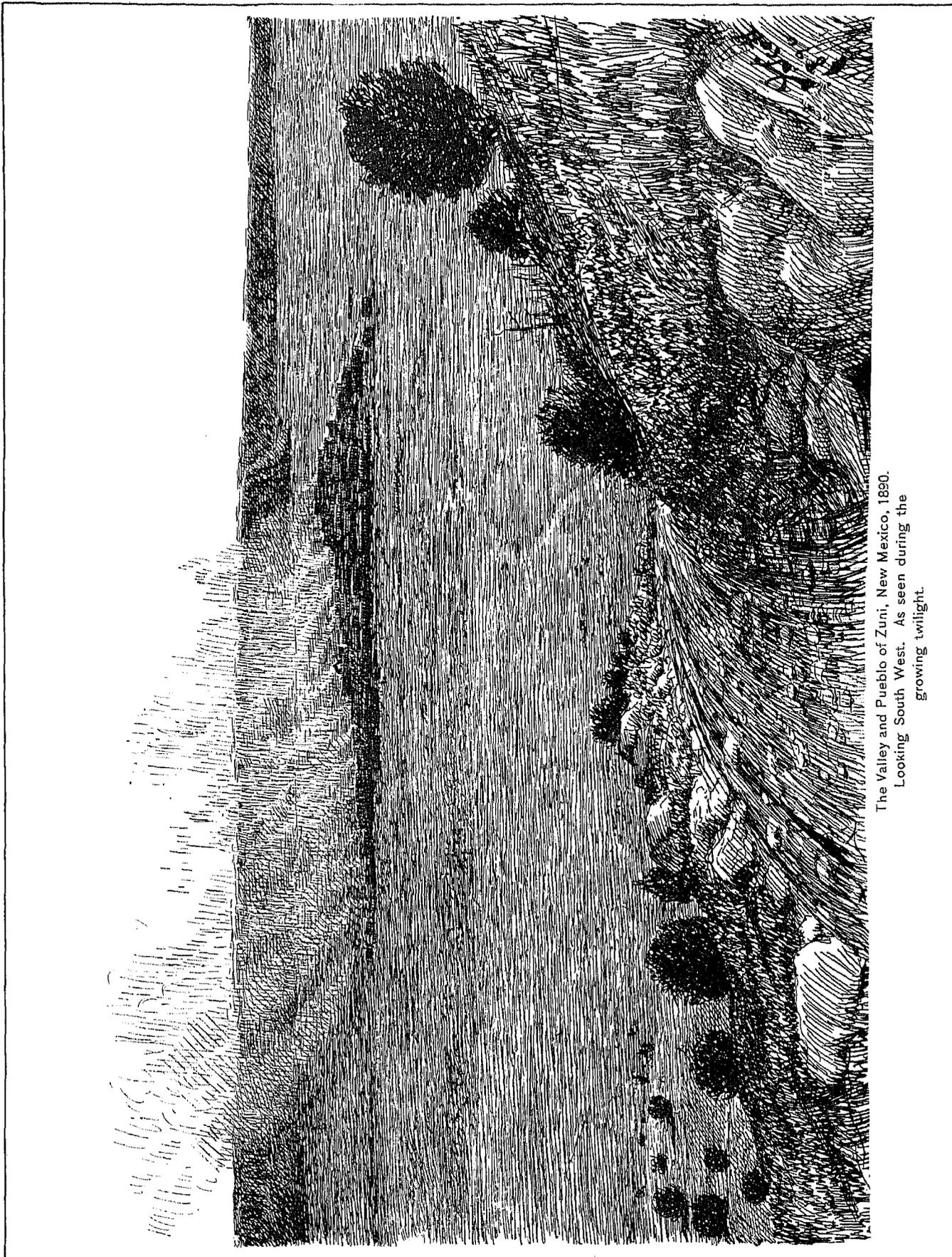
The morning of our departure was not encouraging. We reached Monsheimer's ranch, which is adjacent to that of Pinto's, in the Zufi mountains, a little before noon, a distance of 12 miles. It rained and snowed. On the upper ridges and levels a great deal of snow had fallen. The gathering darkness found us at the camp of a small number of Navajos, among the piñons, at the upper end of a large valley, where they had taken their herds of sheep and goats for grazing. We passed them, and about 9 o'clock made our camp in an abandoned Navajo hogan (hut). The roads were so heavy from melting snow and rain that we only reached Dan Dubois' the next day, 18 miles farther on. The roof of his ranch leaked. A great part of the night was "put in" with Indian gossip and stories. Dubois married the daughter of the great Navajo chief, Manulito, and has a great deal of influence among the Navajos, and is called by them "the old man".

ZUÑI.

The next day, just at sunset, we came in sight of Zufi. It lies in a great plain, or valley, through which the Zufi river runs, and the view was most welcome and beautiful. The great expanse of landscape before us, under the glowing twilight, bathed in reflected gold and purple, in the center of which picture, far off in the plain in indistinct outline and somber aspect, rested the pueblo, with a curtain of smoke lazily rising upward and toward the east, made certainly an entrancing scene.

We drove to Mr. Graham's, the post trader, who, anticipating our arrival, made it a pleasant one by providing an excellent, warm supper and inviting to meet us many of the principal men, among whom I shall remember the thoughtful and finely cut face of Patricio Pinor, the ex-governor, and the staunch friend of Mr. Cushing.

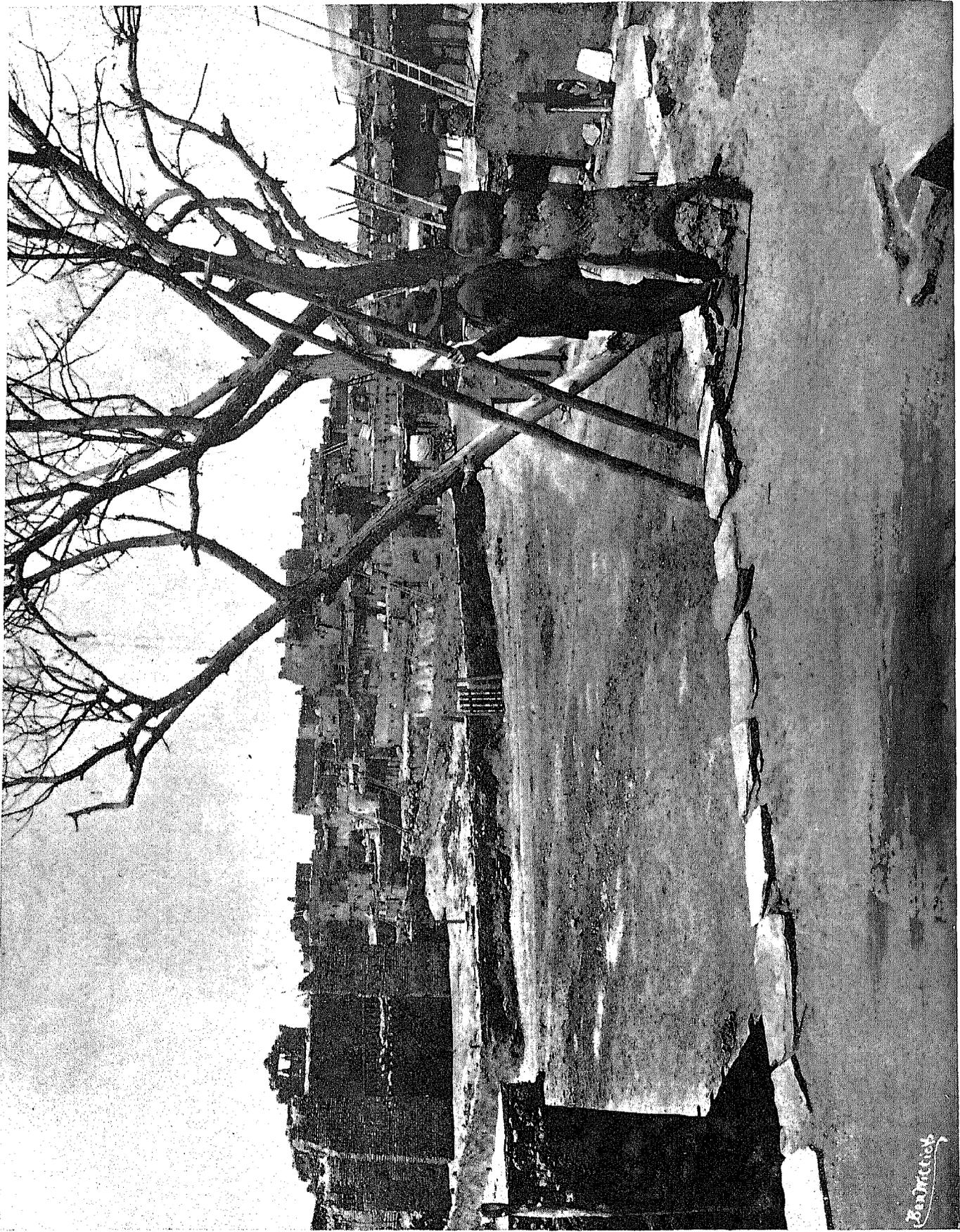
On account of the severe storm that had prevailed for a number of days the streets of the town were in a horrible condition, and looked as if they were never cleaned. They are now higher than the ground floors of the houses, though they were evidently once on the same level. Some of the terraced buildings are 5 stories high, reached by clumsy ladders and narrow partition steps of adobe or stone. All those visited were very clean inside, but as a general rule cheerless and sadly lacking in comforts. "Doby" (adobe) or stone benches, 12 or 14 inches high, are built along the sides of the rooms, sometimes on one side only, affording about the only seats. Sheepskins and small blankets are provided to make these seats more comfortable. In a corner is always to be found a large and



The Valley and Pueblo of Zuni, New Mexico, 1890.
Looking South West. As seen during the
growing twilight.

Eleventh Census : 1890.

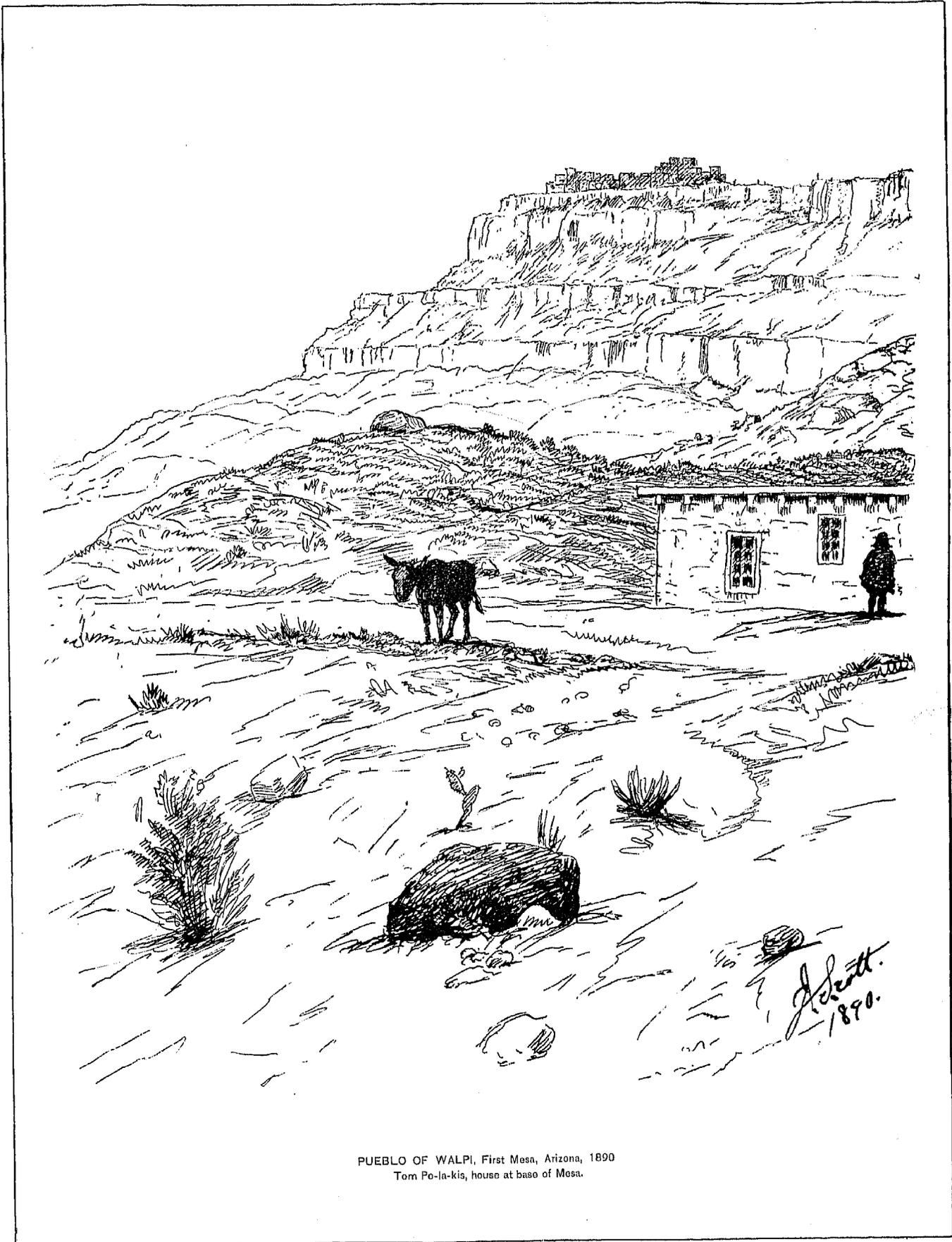
Moquis and Pueblos.



Reinhold

New York Engineering & Printing Co.

PUEBLO OF ZUNI, 1890.



PUEBLO OF WALPI, First Mesa, Arizona, 1890
Tom Po-la-kis, house at base of Mesa.



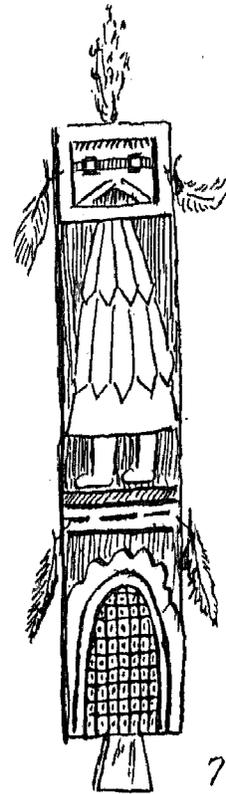
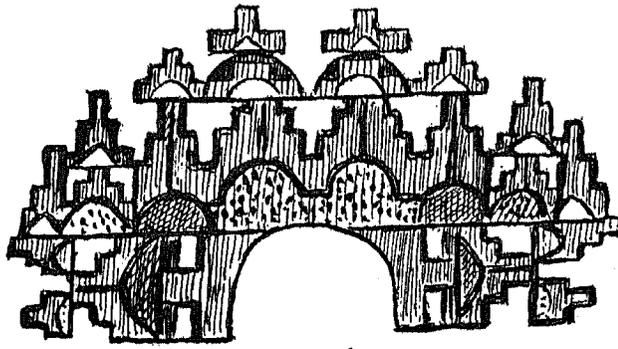
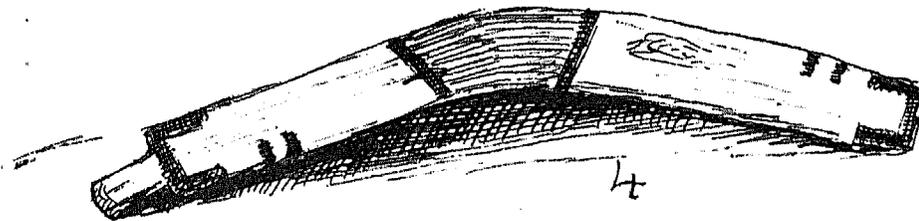
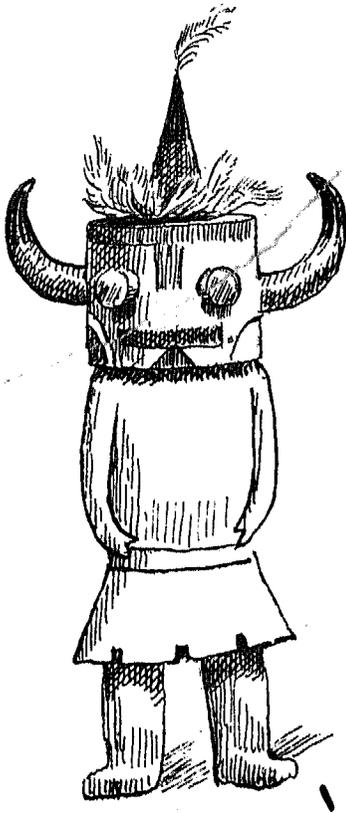
TOM POLAKI, of Walpi, Arizona, 1890.



PE-TSCI, Native of Si-churn-na-vi. First Mesa, Arizona, 1890.

MOQUI IDOLS.

Moquis and Pueblos.



New York Engraving and Printing Co.

Drawn by JULIAN SCOTT, 1890.

No. 1. A Male Cacha, 10 inches high.

No. 2. A Female Cacha, 14 inches high.

No. 3. A Clay God, 4 inches high.

No. 4. Moqui Boomerang.

No. 5. A Clay God; 4½ inches high.

No. 6. Head Dress of a Goddess, 9 inches high.

No. 7. A Board Representing a Female Cacha, 30 inches high.