

Robert Taft correspondence related to frontier artists, Miller - Mollhausen

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A series of research correspondence from the Robert Taft collection relating to frontier artists. Robert Taft (1894-1955) was a professor of chemistry and author on the subjects of photography and art. The artists included here are Alfred J. Miller, John Harrison Mills, Alfred Mitchell, and Heinrich Balduin Mollhausen.

Date: 1930-1955

Callnumber: Robert Taft Coll. #172, Box 26

KSHS Identifier: DaRT ID: 308637

Item Identifier: 308637

www.kansasmemory.org/item/308637



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The nearest surroundings of our enclosure were two rocky walls, about twenty-five feet from one another, running parallel to each other for a short distance; the walls were not high, but they formed the basis of treed hills which were connected with the adjacent rocky mountain range. One hundred paces distant the gorge opened into a charming valley which was enclosed by steep slopes in part, and partly by solid walls. The west end of the small area again opened into a rocky gorge which became narrower and narrower and extended high into the mountains. What made this place outstanding

223 was a natural bridge which joined the two (P. ~~223~~) cliffs right behind the entrance into the hidden valley. It consisted of a single huge slap of ^{Conglomerata} ~~Conglomerata~~, twenty-five paces long, twelve feet wide and one-half foot thick which rested horizontally on the two side walls at a height of ten feet. A crystal clear spring rushed down from the mountains and boisterously bubbled through the little valley, splashed along under the bridge, sought a way out around polished rocks and, after a short course, disappeared into the porous ground.

High firs and cedars, their bark split, grew on the slopes nearby, and in the canyon and the valley itself; since the spring had already arrived in this sheltered spot, the light green foliage of scrub oaks, cottonwood and willow saplings in the most pleasant shadings was added to the dark color of resinous pine, and wild gooseberry bushes and fresh hop vines crept up the loose rocks and walls. Where bare rock did not form the surface of the ground, small grassy plots gleamed as if they had been laid out with an artistic hand and had been carefully tended.



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224 All this could be found on this limited space; but it would be beyond me if I were to describe in what inimitable beautiful harmony and yet picturesque wild confusion the grey rocks, the bubbling brook and the varied vegetation were thrown together as if by accident. I can only say that the sight of this tiny place overwhelmed me, and that I believed I was stepping into one of the hidden gardens on which, nature, in her quiet inexplicable way, has lavished care in order to prepare an unexpected joy for the lonely wanderer. Our camp was located at the entrance to the gorge, bright sunshine warmed the air, the wind sang in its peculiar way high up in the tops of the firs and the dusty, bearded members of our expedition stretched in the shade of the trees and overhanging ledges.

Since no business called me to the Fort like Peacock and Tipton, who both had to get provisions, I preferred to stay in the camp. ^{and to investigate the vicinity.} Just as on the plains beyond the canyon, the gay activities of the prairie dog and ground owls whose densely populated communities extended for miles, had amused me, I now enjoyed the little feathered world in the canyon itself, especially in the little valley which seemed to have attracted them to the surroundings as if it had attracted me. Song birds ¹⁾ of many varieties enlivened the low bushes; the delicate hedge ²⁾ slipper ³⁾ crawled and hopped around the rocky walls, the little common creeper ⁴⁾ jumped around the old trunks. The jays ⁵⁾ and woodpeckers ⁶⁾ cried hoarsely from the wooded slopes. From the tops of the tall trees the melancholy voices of the turtle doves ⁷⁾ could be heard while swallows ⁸⁾ crisscrossed, the air all day twittering ⁹⁾ merrily and the goatsucker, fond of dusk, circled around the camp fires inaudibly flapping its wings or calling mournfully to us from its dark hide-out.

0 - 9) see back of page

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- 1) *Spermophilus ludovicianus*
- 2) *Athene hypugaea*
- 3) Among these *Jeteria viridis*, *Turdus solitarius*, *Tyrannula acadica*,
Mimus montanus, *Sylvicola Audubonii*, *Vireo flavifrons*, *Sylvicola coronata*,
Sylvicola Pinus; furthermore *Parus montanus*, *Lophophanes inornatus*, *Sitta*
pygmaea, *Sitta Carolinensis*, *Ptilogenys Townsendii*.
- 4) *Troglodytes obsoletus*
- 5) *Certhia familiaris*
- 6) *Cyanocorax Stellerii*, *Cyanocorax Californicus*, *Cyanocitta macrolopha*.
- 7) *Picus pubescens*, *Picus scalaris*, *Dryocopus piliatus*, *Melanerpes torquatus*
- 8) *Hirundo thalassina* and *Hirundo bicolor*
- 9) *Caprimulgus Nuttallii*



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(P. 225) Thus I found something to see every minute of the day and in every direction; even the brook which babbled past my tent fascinated me by its strange nature for, as if fatigued by the labors of the day, it stopped running toward evening and left only small puddles in the rocky niches. It rushed on with renewed vigor on the following morning and the decrease in water became noticeable only toward noon.

Since the spring ran over adjoining layers of rock on the greater part of its course through the canyon and since they were heated considerably by the rays of the sun, an extremely fast evaporation occurred during the second half of the day, which was only counteracted by the coolness of the night.

The days of waiting in this camp passed in peaceful tranquility and varied from each other only through little incidents of which some are worth mentioning, but make the keeping of a diary superfluous. I sketched, hunted and enlarged my collections during the forenoon and devoted the rest of the day to visiting with the officers of the fort. They felt so happy to be able to exchange their four walls with a place in front of our pleasant camp fire just as we enjoyed sitting on comfortable chairs under a roof from time to time, drinking from crystal glasses instead of tin cups, reading old newspapers, inquiring about the region and its people, talking, singing, and playing music.

The Indians visited us very rarely and then only in groups of two or three, but as early as the second day we were warned very painfully to be on guard against the predatory horde.

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Among the luggage there were four light leather suitcases in which Lieutenant ^{Tee}~~Lee~~ kept his Journals and notes. (P. 226)
226 When we parted on the Colorado Chiquito he turned them over to Peacock's specialtrust who every evening, for safety's sake, spared no trouble to have the suitcases placed, one on top of the other under the rocky wall beside our tent, and gave the sentries strict orders to walk around constantly during the night and to divide their attention between the herd, the luggage, the tents and the objects loosely lying around.

Everything was done as had been ordered but when we stepped outside on the morning of the second day Peacock immediately noticed that one suitcase was missing. After a short search we discovered that an insolent Indian thief, under the protection of darkness, had climbed down the rocky wall and used the periodic absence of the wandering sentries to pull the suitcase a few feet up the slope each time, and then had gone across the mountains with his ^{load.}~~lot.~~ Peacock immediately set out with three Mexicans to track the robber down; he managed to follow the footsteps of the Indian for four miles despite the unfavorable stony terrain, but there the cunning thief had turned into a widely traveled path where some natives had completely erased his rather light tracks.

There was only one thing left to do, to inform the Commander of the post of the incident, as he would perhaps be able to move the thief to give up his loot by threats or by arresting some chiefs, loot which had so little value for an Indian anyhow, as it consisted of full and empty books and papers and could therefore be used for cigar shells at the most. Against all our expectation, the Commander offered a large sum of money and complete immunity to the person who

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would (p. 227) bring back the papers even without the suitcase, but
 227 as could be expected, nothing was seen or heard of the thief who
 suspected a trap behind such an offer. One day before our departure
 an Indian brought part of the objects which he probably had stolen
 from the first thief, in order to receive the promised reward, but
 I am afraid that many astronomical observations which Lieutenant Ives
 had made at the mouth of the Colorado are lost. The mild policy of
 the Commandant was not likely to frighten the natives away from
 similar thefts, there was only one thing for us to do, to increase the
 watchfulness of the men and to make it known that anyone who approached
 the camp secretly at night would be shot by the sentries. This
 threat seemed to have bore fruit because the thieves kept away from
 us and nothing more was lost during our entire stay at Fort Defiance.
 Port Defiance ^{is} situated 35° ^{40' N.L. and 109° 14' 30"} west of Greenwich and 8300 feet
 above sea level in an irregularly bounded valley. It is surrounded
 by mountains and remainders of plateaus in which the sandstone form-
 ation ^x (new red ~~sandstone~~) predominates. A long series of phantas-
 tically shaped volcanic rocks rise on a barren plain only eight miles
 east of the Fort. The black color of the rock, its shape, as well as
 the circum^{stance}ference that the whole chain seems to emerge suddenly from
 the plain, leaves hardly a doubt about its origin. The mere sight
 of it convinces one that it is a product of the old volcano Mount Taylor,
 whose lava streams often not only cover the eastern slopes of the
 Rocky Mountains but also have made their way down the west side beyond
 Zuni.

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228 The contrast between the red sandstone whose outcrops can be seen on the slopes (~~E-226~~) of the grassy cedar-covered mountains or which appear as huge walls, one behind the other, and the isolated black towers, over 300 feet high, this contrast is vivid beyond all description and the entire scenery presents a peculiarly wildly romantic character, even at a distance, through the clarity of ~~the~~ the atmosphere.

The location of the Fort with its numerous buildings can hardly be called beautiful as nothing else can be seen from the distance of a mile but the flagpole. But if you climb any nearby mountain and look down, you cannot help enjoy the way the gray barracks stables and rows of houses complete the picture spread before you like a carpet. A brook which flows all year was the reason for selecting that place; it carries beautiful clear water from a nearby canyon, the Canon ^{Bonito} ~~Bonito~~, to the Fort, its people, animals, gardens and fields. It is to be regretted that for strategic reasons the military post could not be founded nearer the above mentioned gorge, as a more pleasant location would hardly have been possible. I can truly say that on my trip in the Navahoe territories, I found no place where more impressive and more picturesque rock formations were crowded together on a comparatively small space than in the Canon Bonito.

The canyon forms, as it were, a huge stone gate leading through a mountain range ~~so~~ that on a level road one can get from the Fort past fields, gardens and abundantly irrigated meadows, to a charmingly enclosed by wooded hills, prairie/on the other side of the mountain yoke. The canyon is hardly a mile long, 400-500 feet wide; and no unevenness distorts its ground, divided into fields and meadows just as the dark red perpendicular



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walls (P. 229) rise more than a thousand feet without being split
229 by crevices or projecting rocks. Some cacti and dwarfed cedars
have taken root in little niches or gravel piles at the foot of
the walls, but nothing else enlivens these threatening rocky walls.

The Fort, or the military post, as it is more accurately
called for the lack of fortifications, is built in the usual Mexican
style, that is the individual buildings are cubic-shaped and a
flat roof rests on thick adobe or clay walls. The barracks and offi-
cers' residences form a big elongated square in whose center there
is a fountain. The buildings are marked by military order and clean-
liness and even the fresh green lawn crossed by regular paths seemed
to have received a military cut at the time of my presence. The
stables, shops, stores and houses of the officials are located less
nicely around the barracks, adjoining them are the corrals for the
herds during the night, and the gardens. The whole establishment gives
the impression of a flourishing young town whose outer appearance
lacks nothing but fruit and ornamental trees which we are accustomed
to find in the smallest settlement of more civilized regions. But
these too will not be long in coming; only eight or nine years have
elapsed since the Fort was founded, and one can already see numerous
strong shoots in the gardens which promise to develop into healthy
trees. The garrison of Fort Defiance usually consists of two squadrons
of dragoons, one squadron of mounted chasseurs, two companies of
infantry and a battery of four / six pounders(cannons). The strength
of the garrison by the way depends on the mood of the Navahoes. The
attacks of these savages who can easily put up a fighting force of



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3000 warriors, caused a reinforcement of the garrison several times, and in such cases new troops were brought in from Albuquerque and Santa Fé. The Indians who still consider themselves masters of their native land are content by the way to provoke the Americans through thefts or mere threats, but are obedient again the moment when the Americans are about to take reprisals. (~~P. 230~~)

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The Navahoes have been a real scourge to all neighboring countries and tribes; knowing their strength and feared as they were, they extended their robberies to the walls of Santa Fe, where they captured the herds of the inhabitants with an unbelievable impudence and then hastily removed them to their gorges and mountains. Since they usually appeared unexpectedly, the force gathered for their pursuit always came too late, and from the mountains they laughed at their enemies, while the loot was brought to safety in the maze of canyons. But just as they molested the Spanish population of New Mexico, they exercised and still exert a pressure on the peaceful tribes of the neighboring Zunis and Moquis which never permits the cattle breeding, especially ^{the} horsebreeding of these city builders, to flourish. The founding of a military post in the heart of their country where reprisals can be swiftly taken on their numerous herds, has somewhat stopped the great looting system of the Navahoes against the white people, but the Moquis and Zunis still sigh under the yoke of their neighbors so superior to them in number and against whom they find no justice even from the Americans who are supposed to grant them protection. It is a fact which cannot be denied that the Navahoes daily complain to the officers of Fort Defiance about the robberies of the Zunis and of the Moquis (~~P. 231~~) and never more bitterly than

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when they themselves have just successfully robbed these tribes; it is also a fact that their complaints are given credence while it is evident that the herds of the Pueblo Indians never increase and those of the Navahoes, on the other hand, increase to an unbelievable extent. I do not know to what reason I shall ascribe such an unjust procedure on the part of the American officers representing their government. Is it that the Moquis and Zinis found no willing ears at the Fort when they complained and on their return trip through the Navahoe territory, only reaped mockery and rillery from them and now tried to get even by stealing themselves, or is it the desire of the commanding officers to avoid bloodshed, to live in peace with the mighty tribe and to leave it to the natives to take care of their own quarrels? Whatever it may be, I must declare such a procedure unjust because in my opinion the Pueblo Indian whose moral standards are so much higher than those of the greater part of the rest of the population of New Mexico, deserves the same considerations as any other human being, may a skin as white as ivory or as black as ebony cover his soul.

We see again how the prejudice against a darker skin causes injustice and ruin. But unfortunately there is only one white and one colored race in the eyes of a large part of ^{the} American population and while sexual unions are formed between the defamers of the colored people and their victims, while the off-spring of the criminal passions of the whites and the suppressed crippled education of colored people flood the big continent, slave-breeders and enemies of the Indians decry everyone who does not share the color of their skin and in these cases unfortunately only too often their own flesh and blood.



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The Navahoes-- Lieutenant Ives' arrival--The Moqui Indians-- Their poor reception in Fort Defiance-- Departure from Fort Defiance-- Communities of Prairie Dogs-- The lake near the water-shed-- Visit of the Navahoes in the camp-- Mount Taylor-- Camp at Blue Water-- Camp near the Camino del Obispo Meeting a military command-- The lava Springs streams-- Rio San José -- Covero-- Laguna-- Visiting a Baptist missionary--Camp on the Puerco--Arrival at the Rio Grande-- Crossing the river.

The Navahoes, Navajos or Apache deNabajoa,as they ~~are~~ were called by the ancient Spanish travelers,originally belong to the wide-spread tribe of the Apaches. In respect to their desire to rob ,there is certainly no difference to be discovered between the Navahoes and the present Apaches, their arch-enemies,but the former distinguish themselves through a greater inclination for cattle-breeding and greater skill in handicrafts. Both tribes belong to natives who did not interest me especially,to be sure ,less for their desire to rob,to which almost all Indian tribes are ~~devoted~~ more or less devoted, than on account of their deep-rooted deceitfulness and treachery which they display not only against their enemies but also towards their apparent friends,indeed even towards their own tribesmen. I do not ^{dare} describe the outer appearance of the Navahoes as a national phenomenon because I noticed so many different figures and faces among them,pointing to a mixture of the tribe with the slaves kidnapped from other tribes,that I considered it almost impossible to find out the original type. Those,who were pointed out to me as full-blooded Navahoes,were tall,well-built figures with unusually high protruding cheekbones, ~~forwards~~sloping foreheads and straight noses.

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The entire tribe is ruled by several chiefs but their influence seems to become important only in certain cases and ordinarily every owner rules his own family and his herd according to his ^{own} discretion without allowing any interference in his affairs. As a matter of fact even the wives maintain

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a sort of independence and keep their own flocks strictly separated from those of their husbands.

I gave a description of their huts above, but many families also live in spacious rocky caves in which the territory abounds. If someone dies, the living quarters ~~with~~ of the dead are deserted at once, never to be lived in again, and the numerous remains of old huts have originated in this way and seem to point to a decrease in population. The size of the 'nation', living rather scattered on account of their herds, is given variously between 7000 and 9000 members, and I am inclined to believe that the latter number is certainly not exceeded. A decrease in population, as we can frequently observe in other tribes, is hardly feasible with the Navahoes because even though they were exposed to ~~the~~ the fortunes of war, and the losses connected with it, on their raids, they are safe from ruinous attacks in the heart of their inaccessible country; contagious diseases also cannot ravage among them as their families live separated from one another and it is not difficult for that reason to avoid districts where cases of disease have occurred.

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As with all primitive peoples of the American continent ~~these/tribes/~~ the custom of ~~polygamy~~ polygamy prevails and the man usually buys his wives from their fathers for the price of horses whose number depends upon the charm of the young bride and on the parental affection for her.. By the way, the wife is not forced to live with her husband if the care of their herds, grazing at different places, do not make it advisable. It is very peculiar that the father's property does not go to his son, but that his nephews and nieces are considered the lawful heirs unless the father has not given his property to his children during his life-time.

They treat their prisoners in a friendly manner and the result is that the latter feel at home very soon and are assimilated very easily into the tribe. Cruelty, according to all my information, is not one of their character traits, although they murder in a cold-blooded fashion and their treachery is endless. Hospitality is one of their great virtues, and the custom prevails that visitors consider all the food in the hut of their host their property



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and may enjoy it as much, and as long as they please. Their clothing is very different, and depends on the materials which each one ~~gets~~ accidentally gets into his hands and also depends upon the taste with which he uses them to cover his body. I saw some Navahoes who were hardly distinguishable from a Pueblo Indian. They were dressed in leather breeches, richly decorated with buttons, and in leather leggings as well as a colored hunting shirt. On the ~~other~~ other hand I noticed some who reminded me of the oriental nomadic peoples in their wide white cotton clothes. I might almost consider the beautiful blankets as a national dress, as both sexes usually wear them ~~around their~~ around their shoulders. These are woven most carefully by the women who try to exceed one another in the selection of the colors and the composition of the gay-colored stripes and phantastic figures in the textile. The original blankets were woven in broad stripes only in the different colors of the sheep, but since the Navahoes can procure colored woollen materials from New Mexico they get these, ravel them into threads and use them for their own weaving. I noticed especially tasteful saddle-blankets and I ^{MAN} managed to buy some, but they charged such high prices for their beautiful large blankets, which serve as clothing, that I could just as easily have bought a horse.

As I remarked above the entire wealth of these people consists of their flocks and they only work for them. From childhood on they try to increase their herds and shun no means to come into the possession of horses, sheep and goats as by their number their respect and influence is determined in manhood. With such a constant desire, it is not surprising that some persons own far more than 1000 horses and perhaps 6000 sheep and goats; on the other hand it must seem strange that they, just as the most miserable Apache, beg from every traveler when they would be able to surround themselves with ~~every kind of~~ all kinds of conveniences by selling one or more horses or a number of sheep. By the way, there is a certain aversion in New Mexico to buying a good horse from a Navahoe because the Navahoe gives up a good animal only, when he has a prospect of being able to steal it back again.

The principal weapon of this Indian is a spear, twelve feet long, with a sword-like point which they know how to use very skillfully on horseback



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236 but the bow in their hands, is also a weapon not to be disregarded. It cannot be denied that a warrior armed in this way, seated on the high saddle with its short stirrups, half-concealed in a folded blanket, his long hair flying in the wind, makes no ^{un}favorable impression and it can easily be explained that a horde of these wild riders was once able to spread terror in the valley of the Rio Grande.

The only Indian tribe which the Navahoes fear and for which they have a certain amount of respect are the Delawares, a vanishing tribe. ¹⁾ At one time they had seized the property of ~~these~~ some of these bold roaming hunters, and the result was that ~~a few days later~~, the Navahoes found several of their families scalped. A few days later the Delawares returned to their homes with a rich loot of horses.

I did not succeed in learning anything about the religion of the Navahoes but I believe that they care very little about life after death, because they know for certain that they have to leave their horses and the rest of the herd ~~head~~ behind. They also know nothing of their origin; some pretend that their forefathers at one time came out of the earth, others are closer to the truth by maintaining that they are unfamiliar with the history of their tribe. Thus the tribe offers nothing that could give a clue for possible research unless it be the language, according to which they must be considered related to the Apaches with whom they now live in enmity.

237 Any attempt to link ~~the~~ the whole family of the Apaches, led by the Navahoes as their most enlightened members, with the nomadic tribes, which at one time flooded New Mexico, would fail completely, apart from the differences in language. I only point out that there have been no essential changes among the Navahoes, although they were surrounded by semi-civilized peoples for a century just as the city-building Indians have remained faithful for centuries to their inherited customs, habits and inclinations. We find a great many things in the Pueblos and ⁱⁿ with their inhabitants which point to a former close association with the tribes that have migrated south, but such traces are completely

¹⁾ Mollhausen's Diary, p. 57



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absent among the Navahoes. They not only lack the tendency to establish regular cities, they even show an aversion to it. They do not make pottery, nor do they plant cotton, tame birds or collect feathers for their ceremonial dress. They are now what they were centuries ago, a wild unruly horde. Having become arrogant through the power gained gradually over their neighbors, they enslaved them and conscious of their immunity they ^{exercised} ~~exercised~~ treachery and falsehood until they became a national trait and made them what they are. The nation of the Navahoes would be a fertile ground for the pious zeal of missionaries and I cannot understand why the Gospel now is carried back and forth only on trails, broken long ago, instead of being applied against deep-rooted evil passions in a noble struggle.

When we sat in a wide circle in front of the fire ~~place~~ in Weber's simple saloon on the forenoon of May 22, once again busy with the carefree present, and discussing the immediate past in lively tales, the door suddenly opened and wrapped up in their overcoats and blankets Lieutenant Ives, Egloffstein and Dr. Newberry entered. A group of Moqui Indians who had accompanied them, gathered on the road at the same time, in order to launch their complaints

238 in Fort Defiance about the robberies of the Navahoes. While the Indians chose an empty shed for their ~~stall~~ quarters and the packtrain moved to the camp near the natural bridge, we invited our companions into our midst. After they had been sufficiently refreshed with food and drink, we began to question them about their experiences and the success of their trip. Above all they informed us that their efforts had failed in as much as they had not succeeded in finding the Rio Colorado again. The experiences on the trip itself were limited to a troublesome hike through ^{the} gorges of the high rocky plateau; only the description of their meeting with the Moqui Indians and their high-lying cities deserved special attention. Unfortunately, however, only oral reports about this isolated tribe had been obtained and collected, and they had also failed to bring back vocabularies of the still-unknown language, ~~of the~~ as well ~~as~~ as drawings of their cities. The Moquis, according to the descriptions I owe to Dr. Newberry, hardly differ in their customs and manners from the Zuni



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Indians and the living habits of the two tribes are also identical. The Moquis, about 6750 people (according to Whipple), inhabit seven cities founded on the almost inaccessible remnants of the frequently mentioned high plateaus. The largest of these is called Oriabe, the four cities of equal size in regard to population are known as Schummuthpa, Muschai-i-nah, Aleh-la, Gualpi, and the two smallest ones Schiwina and Tequa. There are numerous ruins in that region pointing to a much greater population in former times. The cities are a short distance from one another, are quite regularly built and surrounded by stone walls. The rows of houses form a public square or yard and as in the case of other pueblos in New Mexico, the entrance to the dwellings ^{is} on the flat roofs which can be reached by ladders. Springs which gush from the solid rocks on the heights as well as natural cisterns supply the Moquis with water and enable them also to withstand a long siege; for since ^{the} ascent to some of these lofty heights consists of stair-like terraces, it would ~~be~~ certainly require a greatly superior ~~fighting~~ power to take them by force.

On the slopes wherever nature permitted it, the gardens lie in terraces one above the other, and well-tended peach trees are to be seen there, besides the vines of melons and pumpkins. The fields spread out in the spacious valley in which the rocky towers, crowned by the cities, rise. Despite the unfavorable terrain and the lack of water these industrious people grow more cotton, corn, melons and pumpkins than necessary for their own needs. Men and women share the work and that eliminates among these semi-civilized people the gross distinction between the sexes which is so evident among most Indian tribes. They own a certain wealth in sheep, but have a comparatively small number of horses and donkeys; the dangerous proximity of the Navahoes may be taken as the reason for this fact. The dress of the Moquis is very simple. It consists mainly of hand-woven materials; the women wear a long black woollen skirt or a loose gown, the men usually a light hunting shirt and over it a thick ~~black~~ woollen, white blanket decorated with blue and ^{black} ~~white~~ stripes. I was

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Mollhausen wrote the names of the cities in German phonetic spelling. E.



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informed that not all the Moquis were supposed to have the same language so that an understanding among them could be accomplished only by interpreters. In how far these statements are accurate, I cannot determine and it is to be highly regretted that no authentic information has been obtained about them.

240 As to the outward appearance of the Moquis Indians, I found them less sturdy ~~than~~ on an average than the Zunis but I would call their facial expressions even gentler and inspiring more confidence. They are known near and far as a peaceful and industrious tribe. Their timidity towards strangers borders on faint-heartedness and their complaints therefore carry much less weight than the defamations of the audacious, arrogant Navahoes.

The treatment which the Moqui ~~deputation~~ deputation of twenty-five members received in Fort Defiance filled me with a great deal of bitterness. Dr. Newberry who displayed the greatest humaneness and sympathy for his fellow-man on every occasion, without regard to color, was filled with indignation when he observed the sad faces of the Moquis, so bitterly disappointed in their hopes. In this mood we promised one another to do everything in our power, not only to give loud verbal expression to our criticisms but to expound them in our works destined for publication.

When Lieutenant Ives had realized the futility of his project to get down to the Colorado, he wanted to engage a Moqui guide who was to lead him to the Canon de Chelly or to Fort Defiance via the shortest route. Instead of one, more than 20 of them reported to him, all ready to accompany him to the Military Post, in order to guide the expedition on the shortest way possible and also to be able to ~~travel~~ travel through the Navahoe territories under American protection and to be able to lodge their complaints about the raids of the Navahoes to the Commander as a deputation. Lieutenant Ives, always intent on saving government funds, placed at his disposal, declared however, that he needed only one or two guides and that he was not inclined to reward the entire group for services which he had not required of them, that

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he, however, would not keep them from joining his part. The Moquis equipped themselves with food, and were the friendly and obliging leaders and companions of the expedition on the entire route. 179

Soon after their arrival the poor Indians learned, however, how much of their innate hospitality was reciprocated by the white civilized people and what they could expect of a nation which not only considers itself the propagator of civilization on this great continent but also as its supreme lord and master.

The Moquis were not noticed at all, to be sure they went to the shed, set aside ~~for them~~ to receive strange Indians but I did not see that they were given provisions, and when they stood around Weber's dwelling with sad faces, and Lieutenant Ives saw them, he declared that he had not hired them as guides and that he, therefore, had no intention of misusing the generosity of his government by giving presents to natives who did not deserve them. Lieutenant Ives acted prudently, but in this ~~case~~ callousness which is not recommended by the liberal government of the United States, prejudices ~~were manifested~~ against a darker-skinned people were manifested, in such a way that even the Indians could not fail to notice it. After all they were only natives, ~~whether peaceful~~ it did not matter whether they were a peaceful, harmless and highly moral people or treacherous robbers. Their skin was brown and how could brown or black people count on the benevolence and the friendliness of the white race?

What emotions must fill the Moquis after such treatment and with what ideas about the white intruders they would return to their peaceful cities, can easily be guessed. The white people had visited them, and the so-called savages had met them with friendliness. The savages had then approached the white people, looking for justice, but had only reaped mockery from the Navahoes, but I am convinced that if white people again stray into the cities of the Moquis, they will nevertheless find the door of each house opened by hospitable people.



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A wandering padre preached in Fort Defiance on the following day. Many people were in church and prayed very devoutly, maybe they also thanked God that their skins were so white and that their hearts were so pious but at the same time twenty-five starving Moqui Indians were on the way to their homes.

A few hours after the arrival of Lieutenant Ives' command, I rode towards the camp accompanied by Dr. Newberry; we had not seen one another for a long time and had a great deal to discuss. We talked especially about the Moquis, and boasting loudly I remembered my valued friend, Captain Whipple who had the faculty not only to do successful research among the natives but also to win the heart of the wildest ~~Indian~~ Indian with wisely distributed gifts ~~but~~ and even more so, by a friendly accommodating spirit which inspired confidence.

When we arrived at the camp, a group of Moquis was already there. The poor people sat around silently, and the expression of their eyes about the inconsiderateness with which they were treated was so sad and reproachful

that I was ashamed to leave my tent, because after all, I was a white man too, whose callousness, whose injustice and whose conceit will long be remembered in the cities of the Moquis. Dr. Newberry, almost the only one of us who ~~still had~~ still had some underwear and clothing left, looked for everything that he could possibly spare, gave it to a slender Indian, shook his hand, and took a friendly leave from everyone, but I noticed from the behavior of the honest doctor how painful it was for him that the people who had been his traveling companions for several days were not given food although we could have gotten enough provisions from the store rooms of the Fort. But I repeat that they were only Indians who left our camp slowly, bitterly disappointed and hungry. The government had been saved a few dollars, certainly against its desires and intentions.

On May 24 our expedition finally left the camp near Fort Defiance and we

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turned east~~ward~~ toward Campbell Pass across which the road leads between Fort Defiance and Albuquerque. We were all together again, even the handcuffed ~~prisoner~~ murderer was with us. As he was to be turned over to a civil court, Lieutenant Ives was forced to take the man along to Albuquerque much to our regret. The ground formation was not very favorable for our trip; crossing the wide plain we came to the highway in an hour and were soon surrounded by rocks, formed by the top layers of the sandstone deposits, they showed extremely picturesque imposing formations. Huge walls, adorned with dark-green cedars and firs reached down into the valley-like pass from both sides, some hills of limestone towered up, long artificial-looking walls with delicate columns and seemingly swaying towers extended far into the side canyons. I also observed wide gates which the mountain water had gradually eroded and through which the clear blue sky shone behind pleasant groups of trees. The landscape and the scenery changed at each turn in the road, at every movement forward, so that we had the best topic for conversation in the natural surroundings. The road was even and level but by the load wagon track tracks which were baked solid by the dry wind, we could see that it was impassable in the wet seasons.

Although Spring had scarcely announced its arrival in those ~~high~~ less protected regions and one could have expected to find some dampness left from the winter, we looked in vain for water in the beds of older torrents and the basin-like depressions. We had covered 16 miles when we pitched camp on a hilly rise of the ground due to the approaching evening. A cold west-wind blew through the canyons, and sang melancholy tunes between the cedars which sheltered us and our herd and whipped the flames of the pyre around which we gathered chatting and smoking until late at night.

May 25. The stormy evening and the raw night was followed by a morning so beautiful and lovely as only the awakening spring can offer. To be sure it was cold in the early morning hours but in the quiet sunny air we could almost feel the reviving strength which man and beast breathed in voluptuously and which disguised in millions of dew drops found the hidden roots of grasses

~~and trees.~~

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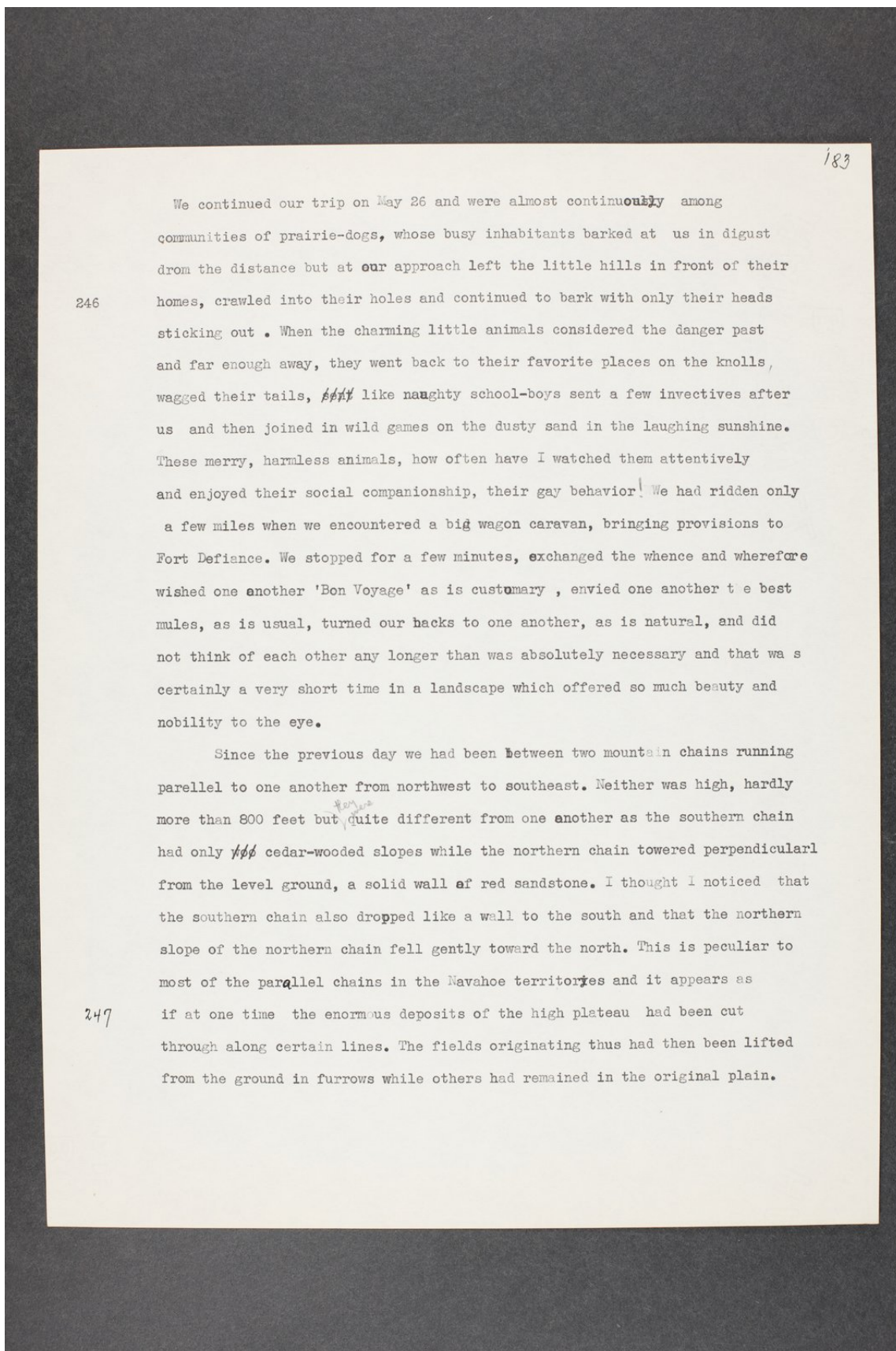
and herbs. Yes, it was a magnificent morning, Some Navahoes families were in our camp, they crouched around low fires or stood about in picturesque groups watching attentively as the Mexicans tied the luggage on the backs of the patient animals. We ourselves examined the blankets that hung from the shoulders of wrinkled warriors and slender young men or covered the upper half of the bodies of dirty women and bright-eyed girls, and attempted to barter for some with especially beautiful colors. But unfortunately we had not been able to obtain money at Fort Defiance and were so impoverished that we could attract the Indians only with our pen-knives and we actually managed to trade small two-bladed knives for beautiful saddle blankets.

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We finally set out and followed our road in an easterly direction over hills, through gorges, meadows and forests. The character of the environs remained the same but the eye enjoyed a constant change in the distribution of rock, tree and plain and numerous herds indicated a comparatively dense population. The evening approached, we had watered our animals at a puddle on the roadside at noon and when we had covered 20 miles we stopped where we were, that is to say, at the edge of a wide grassy plain where we found fodder for the animals but no water. Some Navahoes who joined us informed us that we would come upon a ^{large} ~~big~~ lake ten miles farther on, and therefore there was no need for alarm since we could count on ~~the~~ having the animals drink to their hearts' content in the early morning hours of the following day for the first time since we had left Fort Defiance.

The Navahoes were very depressed and complained bitterly about their related tribe, the Apaches. They had ⁺ attacked the outlying settlements of the Navahoes the previous night, had killed nine men and had captured and led away 20 women and children besides a considerable number of horses.. I must not deny that I felt some malicious joy about the loss of the horses and thought of the Moquis and Zunis. But I could only deeply regret that the government of the United States tolerates and does not punish when the natives annihilate one another in wild revenge, and may even undertake their massacres in the vicinity of military posts.

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We continued our trip on May 26 and were almost continuously among communities of prairie-dogs, whose busy inhabitants barked at us in disgust from the distance but at our approach left the little hills in front of their homes, crawled into their holes and continued to bark with only their heads sticking out. When the charming little animals considered the danger past and far enough away, they went back to their favorite places on the knolls, wagged their tails, ~~like~~ like naughty school-boys sent a few invectives after us and then joined in wild games on the dusty sand in the laughing sunshine. These merry, harmless animals, how often have I watched them attentively and enjoyed their social companionship, their gay behavior! We had ridden only a few miles when we encountered a big wagon caravan, bringing provisions to Fort Defiance. We stopped for a few minutes, exchanged the whence and wherefore wished one another 'Bon Voyage' as is customary, envied one another the best mules, as is usual, turned our backs to one another, as is natural, and did not think of each other any longer than was absolutely necessary and that was certainly a very short time in a landscape which offered so much beauty and nobility to the eye.

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Since the previous day we had been between two mountain chains running parallel to one another from northwest to southeast. Neither was high, hardly more than 800 feet but quite different from one another as the southern chain had only ~~the~~ cedar-wooded slopes while the northern chain towered perpendicularly from the level ground, a solid wall of red sandstone. I thought I noticed that the southern chain also dropped like a wall to the south and that the northern slope of the northern chain fell gently toward the north. This is peculiar to most of the parallel chains in the Navahoe territories and it appears as if at one time the enormous deposits of the high plateau had been cut through along certain lines. The fields originating thus had then been lifted from the ground in furrows while others had remained in the original plain.



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At a superficial investigation these upheavals are often ascribed to the earliest effects of the San Francisco mountains and Mount Taylor nearby, but upon a more thorough investigation, one is inclined to consider the upheavals of the Rocky Mountain chain as the reason for their development.

The northern slope did not form a continuous rocky wall, but as the water had run down the transverse crevices of the lifted yoke, the crevices gradually widened into gorges and the mountains were partly separated from one another and rose as mighty walls. The road led about four miles from the rocks so that we could see them behind us and in front of us for a great distance. I enjoyed the imposing formations, just as much as the gorgeous play of colors caused by the various distances. The sandstone walls, lying closest, appeared deep-red, step by step they took on a violet tinge in which blue, produced by the atmosphere, became more and more dominant until it finally merged with the hazy shadows of distant mountain ranges especially with Mount Taylor, on its broad base.

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We caught sight of the lake after a three hour ride and immediately turned toward it. It still seemed to have a high water level although the animals could wade far into it on solid ground before their hoofs were covered by water. It is to be assumed that in dry seasons only a little puddle remains. remains of the lake which covered an area of at least 50 acres when I was there, and the size of which is largely determined directly by the quantity of precipitation. Our stay at the lake was only a short one, we watered our animals, filled our canteens and jugs, and started out again on the dusty road which led directly toward Mount Taylor. After a stretch of 21 miles we stopped in a thinly-grown cedar wood. There was no water nearby, but we found fairly good grass and therefore decided to stay overnight. The cold wind which had come up toward evening, blew until the following morning. Soon after midnight its melancholy song was joined by the bleating of many sheep and goats which were being driven in herds deeper into the mountains past our camp by Navahoes who had been frightened by Apaches. This dis-

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turbance lasted for several hours because the bleating of one herd had ~~scarcely~~ scarcely died away in the howling wind, when the noise of a new one approached from the other side, again demanding the attention of everyone, since we were not willing to have a few mules disappear with the Navahoes during the confusion. Day finally broke and with the first ~~light~~ rays of the sun, a number of natives of every age and sex arrived in the camp, offering sheep and goat milk for sale in ~~clay~~ vessels. The vessels and the milk did not appear to be exceedingly clean, but the black coffee on the table and the white milk in front of us made us overcome any ^{of the} feeling, and we looked for the last small coins in our group for which we obtained more milk from the natives than we needed for breakfast so that we were able to fill a few bottles and take it along to the next camp. The dry wind still blew intensely, the air was icy, when we left camp, and moved in a southeasterly direction toward the western foot of Mount Taylor. The ground dropped gently toward the east and since low sparse bushes repalced the high cedar groves, we soon had a full view of the ~~exhaust~~ ⁽³⁹⁾ ~~inactive~~ volcano that lay in front of us as if in majestic peace. This mountain offered a peculiar sight; its wide regular form bordered almost the entire southwestern horizon, its height stood out less boldly because the slopes on both sides dropped gently in all directions and therefore moved the base many miles from the center. I estimate the height of the peak above the base at 4000 feet and the distance of the base from the old crater at an average of not less than 25 miles. We were close enough to be able to distinguish the forms and lines on the slopes and I easily recognized the unbelievably large masses ~~of lava which had~~ of lava which had, in flowing down at one time, pushed the liquid stone many miles into the plains. In some ~~places~~ places they had formed hills of cold lava, in others ~~canyon-like~~ canyon-like depressions, as if the hot stream had melted the hardened matter again and taken it along with a powerful, irresistible force. Mountains and hills of solid lava rose in the plains right at the base of the mountain and rivers of hardened lava ran like rays from the mountain

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in all directions through the land,. We crossed numerous of these black winding walls, in places over which traffic had moved for years but the crust had remained unchanged under the pressure of the iron-clad hoofs and the wagon-wheels and such crossings were only noticeable by the sand in the cracks and the iron particles remaining at the crossing points.

After 18 miles we reached an extensive grassy plain, with several deep pools called 'Blue Water', a camp-site for all passers-by. What has given rise to such a name I could not guess, because the water reflected the cloudless sky no bluer than any other water, and had the same color that is peculiar to such stagnant waters and is anything else but blue. We came across 8 Mexicans there who were on the way to the Navahoes with pack-animals and goods in order to barter with them. The traveling priest who had held the service in Fort Defiance, arrived at Blue Water soon after us, where he also intended to spend the night. The priest himself drove a light wagon, drawn by two strong mules, his two servants accompanied him on horseback, together with a few soldiers who had to care for the safety of the pious man through the Navahoes territory.

Lieutenant Ives had made friends with the priest in Fort Defiance and as the latter traveled so much faster (than we did) with his better mules, the acquaintance proved very advantageous to Lieutenant Ives since he was able to join the padre and reach Albuquerque two days ahead of us. This was the more desirable, as the expedition was to be ^{disbanded} ~~disbanded~~ there, and the necessary amount for paying the men might possibly have to be fetched from Santa Fe.

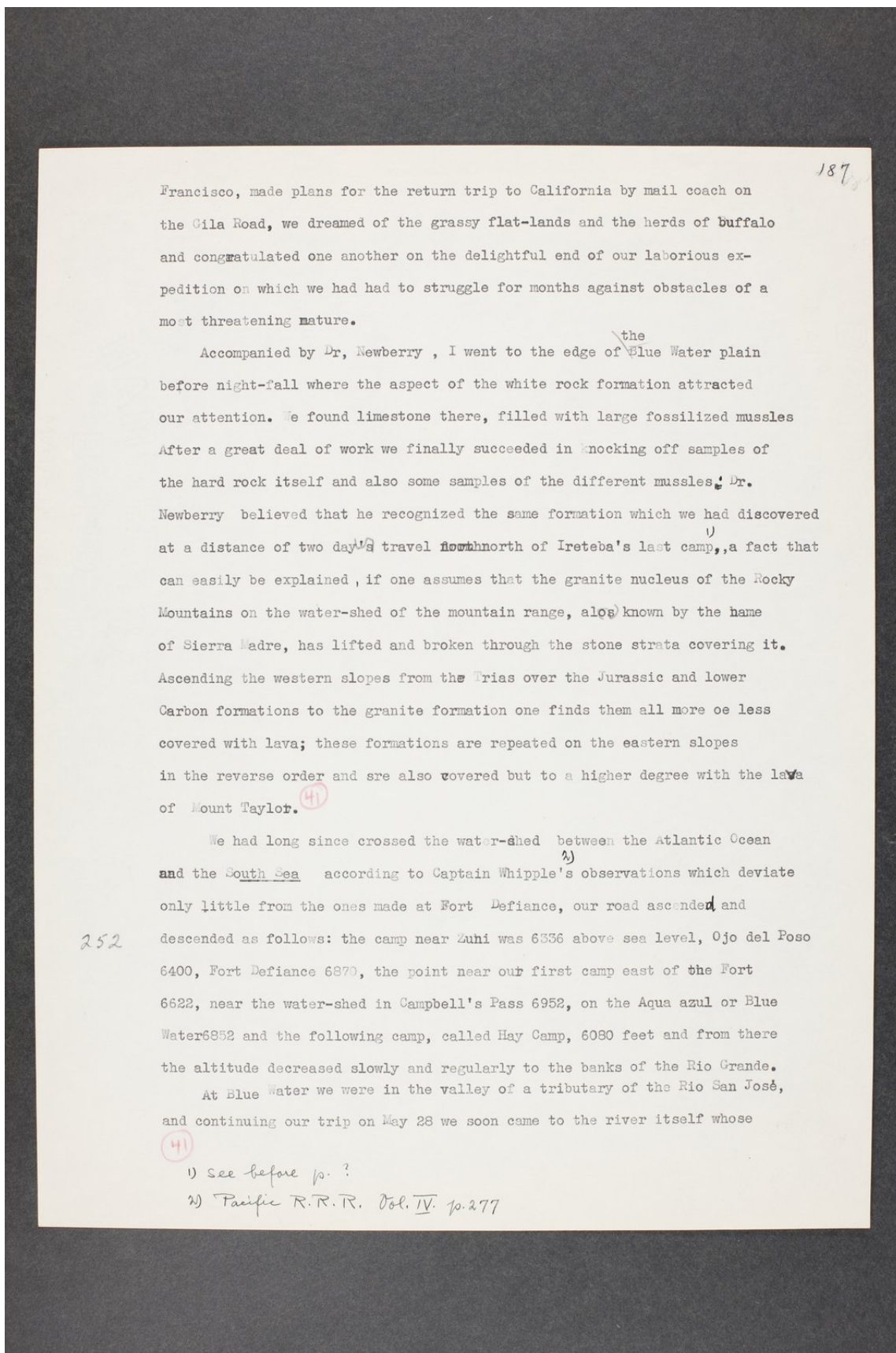
Lieutenant Ives closed the accounts in the camp at Blue Water. We also arranged our return trip with him. As he found us firmly determined to take the route across the prairies, he promised to provide us with a wagon and the necessary team, ^{with} mounts for us and besides with three servants. This brought our party consisting of Peacock, Dr. Newberry, Egloffstein and myself to seven men.

We completed our arrangements as follows; Albuquerque was fixed as the place of departure, we were to receive our equipment and funds there, and while Lieut. Ives whom very urgent business called back to Fort Yuma and San

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Francisco, made plans for the return trip to California by mail coach on the Gila Road, we dreamed of the grassy flat-lands and the herds of buffalo and congratulated one another on the delightful end of our laborious expedition on which we had had to struggle for months against obstacles of a most threatening nature.

Accompanied by Dr. Newberry, I went to the edge of ^{the} Blue Water plain before night-fall where the aspect of the white rock formation attracted our attention. We found limestone there, filled with large fossilized mussels. After a great deal of work we finally succeeded in knocking off samples of the hard rock itself and also some samples of the different mussels. Dr. Newberry believed that he recognized the same formation which we had discovered at a distance of two day¹⁾ travel ~~from~~¹⁾ north of Iretaba's last camp, a fact that can easily be explained, if one assumes that the granite nucleus of the Rocky Mountains on the water-shed of the mountain range, also known by the name of Sierra Madre, has lifted and broken through the stone strata covering it. Ascending the western slopes from the Trias over the Jurassic and lower Carbon formations to the granite formation one finds them all more or less covered with lava; these formations are repeated on the eastern slopes in the reverse order and are also covered but to a higher degree with the lava of Mount Taylor. (41)

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We had long since crossed the water-shed between the Atlantic Ocean and the South Sea ²⁾ according to Captain Whipple's observations which deviate only little from the ones made at Fort Defiance, our road ascended and descended as follows: the camp near Zuhí was 6336 above sea level, Ojo del Pozo 6400, Fort Defiance 6870, the point near our first camp east of the Fort 6622, near the water-shed in Campbell's Pass 6952, on the Agua azul or Blue Water 6852 and the following camp, called Hay Camp, 6080 feet and from there the altitude decreased slowly and regularly to the banks of the Rio Grande.

At Blue Water we were in the valley of a tributary of the Rio San José, and continuing our trip on May 28 we soon came to the river itself whose

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1) See before p. ?

2) Pacific R.R.R. Vol. IV. p. 277



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dry bed and valley marked our road for the rest of the day. Moving along at times on sandy, barren ground, at times across ~~vast meadows~~ grazed pastures, often crossing wide lava walls, we gradually approached the point where ^{the} Camino del Obispo, the road I had taken with Captain Whipple years ago, merged with ours. Vast meadows alternated with mighty lava piles and because the garrison of ~~the~~ Fort Defiance had harvested hay there several times the place had been given the name 'Hay Camp'.

Our journey amounted to 20 miles and since we perceived the tents of another caravan at some distance ahead of us, we stopped at the first water we found, and camped there, although the water, standing in pools, had a strong taste of magnesium while good drinking water gushed forth from the black rock farther down.

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They were all beautiful, big horses, but in my opinion too heavy for the service for which they had been selected and the dragoons or chasseurs riding these horses certainly never can claim the name of light cavalry for themselves. Experience has taught a thousand times how much inferior heavy cavalry is to light cavalry in mountainous regions with respect to their mobility, and the trouble it takes to keep ~~them~~ the horses. I understand still less, why the cavalry chosen for the western regions is not given the flexible Indian ~~pony~~ pony which is used to ~~the~~ privations and temperature changes instead of the elegant cuirassier horses.

As I had done years ago, I climbed about the lava masses, which all looked as if they had just cooled off and had been pressed into the oddest shapes in a semi-liquid state. With great interest I watched the squirrels which had

U Mollhausen's Diary, p. 262



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selected the cleft and burst rocks as their abode, since time immemorial, and which now, as I passed over the metallic-sounding mass, curiously rushed to the surface, watched me with their beautiful black eyes for a moment and then disappeared like a flash. I also enjoyed the glorious blossoms of the cacti~~///~~ and these fleshy, juicy plants truly formed the crassest contrast to the plain stone in whose clefts they had taken root.

On May 24 we traveled only a short distance on the east bank of the San José between lava deposits and a precipitous schain of hills. We crossed the creek at the place where Captain Hatch had camped and then passed a few successive lava walls. The road continued four more miles in the valley of the San José river which ~~///~~ flowed through grassy meadows, then roared between lava boulders until it finally turned into a wide valley and wound along its western edge. We crossed the creek again, and were now in the valley of Covero. Our road led through this city in a south-easterly direction. We stopped in Covero¹⁾ only long enough to enjoy the hospitality of a red-headed American who treated us to a glass of diluted brandy. We removed the taste of the obnoxious but warming stuff with a drink from ^{hearty} the ~~///~~ spring ~~///~~ which gushes from the solid rock in the center of the city and supplies it with water. We also filled our canteens at the generous spring and then traveled through the wide gorge toward the valley of Laguna in whose center we pitched camp on a flowing brook after a journey of 17 miles.

How entirely different the valley seemed to me from when I had seen it before in the cloak of autumn and adorned with several wide bodies of water. The winter had taken the last green color along and the entire district looked monotonous and desolate. The lakes were mostly dried up, the water in the channels and brooks, the fields and the pastures, the scattered settlements and the limestone plateaus, ⁴² everything, everything had a yellow-grey color and the wearisome monotony was only somewhat relieved by the

¹⁾ Covero described in Mollhausen's Diary, p. 261

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distant mountain ranges and the gloomy slopes of Mount Taylor. Bright and early on May 30 we reached the Pueblo de la Laguna situated on the left bank of the San José. Indian dwellings and Mexican houses are gaily mixed and although the Indians form the majority there, one sees a great deal in the streets and the vicinity of the city which betrays the Mexican element. I mean the obnoxious filth of which the carcasses of dogs and animals of all kinds, dried by the air, are a part, an evil which I noticed in Indian Pueblos to a lesser degree.

Since the train had stayed behind, Dr. Newberry and I decided to go into some house; in our selection we were guided by the pleasant outward appearance of a farmstead which lay somewhat separated from the other dwellings. We were fortunate in our choice for as we entered we were welcomed by an American and his wife, and it certainly affected us most pleasantly when we noticed that the house-wife got ready to prepare a frugal breakfast after she had dressed her 2 children in their Sunday clothes.

The man was a Baptist missionary, and both he and his wife seemed to be a very respectable couple. It is true, we did not find the extensive knowledge and the education which normally is demanded of the clergy and without which the office of a Christian Shepherd is no longer conceivable amidst a civilization progressing in every respect. The unctious words and the devout languishing looks were also absent according to which the dignity and the talent of the higher clergy is only too often determened. We were moved by the child-like simplicity and the simple but true piety which were expressed in the words and ideas of the missionary. We talked mainly about the country itself and I would not have smiled at any price, when the missionary talked about his experiences gained during a period of four years, which he had carefully written down and intended to publish after his return to the United States next year. One of his most important discoveries, which in the opinion



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of this honest man, would call forth general amazement, was that the rock on the slopes of Mount Taylor had at one time been liquid. "It seems incredible" the missionary said, "that really masses of rock flowed through the country like rivers and brooks, but I have explored those slopes for days; I have tested the rock very carefully, and finally arrived at the point that I can advance the assertion with a clear conscience that the mountain whose foundation reaches into our valley was at one time in a red-hot liquid state. It will be questioned but I am armed against all doubt with experience laboriously gathered and the conviction gained from them." Thus spoke the missionary about the geology of the region, but neither the doctor nor I smiled at his simplicity, we also did not attempt to destroy the illusions of ~~the~~ the man with a lecture. I was ^{glad} to notice the tolerance of the missionary in religious matters because he informed us with a great deal of zeal that he shared the only church in Laguna with a Catholic priest, that they alternated their services, that he had mostly Indians in his congregation and that he instructed their children. Our train had long since left the city and crossed the river when we shook hands with the missionary and his little family in a cordial farewell. All of them accompanied us to the door and when we sat in the saddle the obliging man showed us a ford in the San José, a short-cut, by which we reached the highway on which our companions had gone ahead.

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In a gradual climb we arrived at the plateau with the ruins of an old Indian city. Our ¹⁾ ~~road~~ road was of solid, continuous rock and it took some precaution to descend into the valley of the winding San José on the west side of the plateau when the hoofs of our mules could not get a foothold on the steep stony slope.

We caught up with the last stragglers near the place where I had camped with Lieutenant Ives and a small detachment on Nov. 11 and 12, 1853, in order to await the arrival of Captain Whipple with the main expedition. Joining the expedition we followed the road leading along the foot of the southern plateau. After a journey of six miles we reached the end of the heights picturesquely adorned with natural towers and walls and were on one of the

1) Mollhausen's Diary, p. 257