

young; it was embarrassed by many women; it was undisciplined; it was much worn by traveling on foot and marching from Nauvoo; their clothing was very scant; there was no money to pay them or clothing to issue; their mules were utterly broken down; the quartermaster department was without funds and its credit bad, and mules were scarce. Those procured were very inferior and were deteriorating every hour for lack of forage or grazing. So every preparation must be pushed—hurried."

But Cooke, though, unlike the Athenian Xenophon and the Mormons themselves, he had no oracle to consult, was possessed of the determination to go to California; and go he did. Before the Rio Grande was left behind, some 150 of the weaker men were sent back to Pueblo; the others doggedly pushed ahead. Presently it was seen that the guides were unacquainted with the country, and a long detour through Sonora, on the south, appeared inevitable. But here the colonel fortunately lost his temper. He would "be—if he would go round the world to reach California," and so they turned sharp to the west. This was November 21st. The middle of the following month found them at Tucson—the Mexican garrison considerably evacuating the town and permitting the battalion to pass through in peace. At Christmas they reached the Gila; two weeks later its junction with the Colorado was attained; on January 21st, they pitched camp at Warner's ranch, and in another eight days were safe at San Diego.

Do you want the details of that dreary march? Some of them you will find in the colonel's own book. "The Conquest of New Mexico and California," in entries like these:

"We had marched forty miles in thirty-six hours, without water.

"The battalion had then marched twenty-six of the last thirty-six; they were almost barefooted, carried their muskets and knapsacks; the mules had worked forty-seven miles without water. "I am writing with effort to suppress feeling. This well failing, what have I to expect of the next, which I knew to be dry now and not, like this, deriving its supply from a great river, and to be only reached by going without water for a night and two days in addition to this hard day; and the next hope of water almost three of our average marches still further on; and behind—starvation and failure.

"Besides being starved, our mules have had no water since yesterday morning; the men, too, are without it; it is necessary to go on in the cold night, speedily to end this terrible state of things; the ten miles of much dreaded sand is before us.

"Thus without water for near three days (for the working animals) and camping two nights in succession without water, the battalion made in forty-eight hours four marches of eighteen, eight, eleven and nineteen miles, suffering from frost and from summer heat.

"The loss of mules appears to be sixteen in the two days; our great help has been twenty-two of the general's old mules, which were watered yesterday 'to clean out the well, before my arrival (there was a wolf's carcass in it) but little more water rose after that. A great many of my men are wholly without shoes, and use every expedient, such

as rawhide moccasins and sandals, even wrapping their feet in pieces of woolen and cotton cloth.

"Some of the men did not find strength to reach camp before daylight this morning. \* \* They were eating their last four ounces of flour; of sugar and coffee there has been none for several weeks.

"The men, who this morning were prostrate, worn out, hungry, heartless, have recovered their spirits tonight, and are singing and playing the fiddle."

For the rest you would better turn to the diaries and journals of the expedition—if you can find them. The official documents which make up the commander's report are filed away in Washington. The colonel's published volume, from which I have just quoted, was designated as "a permanent and connected record" of the march; but circumstances seem to have made it merely a formal register of daily progress. The most valuable story of the battalion was published in a Mormon book long ago out of print, and jealously treasured by a few of the Saints who possess copies.

One historian of repute testifies that "For infantry with wagons for which they must find or make road, with worn-out animals and short rations, the journey was much more difficult than that of Kearney's company, or any that had previously crossed the continent in these latitudes."

Yet you see there is little left us by the records which may be termed picturesque material.

There was nothing spectacular about the tramp across the continent; nothing pompous to lift it before the popular eye. Some of the Mormons wrote verses (they called them "poems") about it, but their business was not that of bards. So while the memory of Cooke is still green and beforetime doubts of Tucson as well as Troy, let us do what we may to rescue the plain record of this infantry march from the dusty pages where it now rests forgotten.

WILLIAM TROWBRIDGE LARNED.

### MOST WONDERFUL CITY.

The most wonderful city in the world is in New Mexico, only a few miles from Cuero, or Laguna, on the Atlantic and Pacific railroad. It had been in existence hundreds of years when Columbus discovered America. Acoma, for such is its name, is perched upon the level summit of a great rock, whose perpendicular sides are nearly 400 feet above the surrounding country, and reached by some of the most difficult paths ever trodden by man. The feet of generations have worn these paths six inches into the solid sandstone.

The Acomas now number 600 souls. Upon their seventy acres of rock they have six communal houses, each three stories high, besides a church of enormous dimensions. The inhabitants have carried up the toilsome trails every particle of the material from which the buildings were constructed; and besides this, the graveyard consumed forty years in being completed, by reason of the necessity for bringing earth from the plain below. All supplies at the present day, even to drinking water, are brought in the same way.

The architecture of Acoma is as strange as its location. The houses are all terraced, so that they resemble flights of stone steps or Egyptian pyramids on

a small scale. In each house the second story stands ten or a dozen feet back on the flat roof of the first, thus leaving a broad, uncovered walk the whole length. The third story is similarly placed upon the second. There are no doors on the lower walls of the houses, nor stairs inside. To get into the first story one must go up a ladder to the first roof, enter the second-story rooms, lift a trap door in its floor, and back down another ladder.

All these houses are of stone masonry, in spite of the fact that the builders had no metal tools for dressing the material. Instead they chose rock which broke naturally into the shape desired, and laid it in a very durable mortar made from mud. So neatly was their work done that the outer faces of the buildings are as smooth as a board.

The rafters are straight pine sticks, stripped of their bark, and above them is a roof of smaller sticks, straw and clay. The combination is perfectly water tight. The windows are very small, and until glass was introduced the panes were made of translucent gypsum. The finishing touch is to plaster the walls, inside and out, with adobe clay, and then whitewash them with a preparation of gypsum. This whitewash gives a Pueblo town at a distance the appearance of being built of marble.

Acoma is simply a type of twenty six inhabited Pueblo towns now existing in New Mexico and Arizona and containing a population of 10,000 souls. The nineteen pueblos of New Mexico are scattered up and down the Rio Grande Valley from Taos, the most northern, to Isleta, which is just south of Albuquerque. Thence they extend westward, along the line of the Atlantic and Pacific railroad, to near the Arizona border, the last one in this direction being the far-famed Zuni. The seven pueblos in Arizona are close together in the northern part, the inhabitants being collectively called Moqui.

The origin of the Pueblos has never been unveiled. A profound interest centres in them. But one thing has been settled—they and the cave or cliff dwellers are one and the same people. The latter have not vanished, as was once supposed. Their descendants are with us today.

The ancestors of the Pueblos were probably the earliest inhabitants of this continent. The remains of their forts, towns and stupendous irrigating canals are thickly scattered over New Mexico and Arizona, and indicate that the population was teeming.

One of these forts was discovered by Lieut. Ward of the United States army, about twenty years ago. It is some seventy miles east of Maricopa, in Arizona. The fortification, a parallelogram 1,600 feet long by 600 feet wide, is built of stone brought from the mountains twelve miles away. Its average height is twelve feet, and there are portions of the walls still standing as perfect as when built. Within the enclosure are the moldering evidences of a structure of roughly hewn stones, 275 by 200 feet, one of the interior walls of which has a perfectly distinct tracing of the sun and its rays. The Pueblos have ever been sun-worshippers.

At the southeast corner of the wall, is a tower which must have been of considerable height, while on the southwest corner is a tower about thirty feet high. Plate, pottery and carved stone