

Snow, and myself, at the request of their chief, visited their encampment, which was about three miles off the road—we found there a large number of lodges, and was informed by a Frenchman, that they numbered six hundred warriors—they appeared to be wealthy, and I should think had about three thousand horses seen by us. We visited many of their lodges—they appeared very friendly, but a little chagrined at the occurrence of the morning.

The same evening, the Crows made a break upon two of their outposts, and stole twelve horses from one, and nine from the other.—One of the places where the Crows stole from, was within a quarter of a mile of our encampment, and nothing saved us from a like fate, but the strictness and faithfulness of our guard. These Crows stole a number of horses from a trader in our neighborhood, the same night. Mr. Shadrach Roundy, our captain, kept up a guard of four men at a time, with scarce an exception all the way through.

On our arrival at Fort Laramie, we obtained supplies for ourselves and horses. Those of our number, who had passed this Fort the present summer, were astonished at the great improvements, which have been made here in a few months' time. There was an air of quietness and contentment, of neatness and taste, which, in connection with the kind reception given by the polite and gentlemanly commander, Major Sanderson, made us feel as if we had found an oasis in the Desert. This same feeling of kindness and gentlemanly deportment, seemed to pervade all ranks at the Fort.

The route from Laramie to New Kearney, was performed without snow, until within 50 miles of the last named Fort, and that snow had fallen before our arrival. Here we again obtained fresh supplies.—The Major in command, and the Quartermaster cheerfully accommodated us with such things as we needed. I mention these acts

of kindness, because of our peculiar situation. No one can appreciate fully such acts, unless they, like us, shall have traversed these desert regions in this inclement season of the year.

On our arrival at Kaneshville, we were very much pleased to strike hands again with our brethren and friends, from whom we had been separated by the western wilds, and if we may judge from appearances, these feelings were reciprocal. We were hailed upon our arrival, with songs of rejoicing, firing of guns, and other tokens of joy.

We feel to tender to them our warmest thanks for their kindness, hospitality and benevolence. We here meet a kindred spirit, and find that the presiding genius of this place drinks from the same fountain, breathes the same air, and revels in the same intelligence, as do the master spirits of the Great Salt Lake Valley.

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The following extracts are from a letter of Mr. E. G. Squier, Charge des Affaires, for our Government, to Central America, read before the American Ethnological Society, Oct. 17, 1849.

TRIBUNE, Nov. 3.

Mr. Squier says "I have been able to pay some attention to the antiquities of the country.

"I have succeeded to an eminent degree in obtaining the confidence of the Indians, and have secured some of their vocabularies. In fact, the Indian Pueblo of Subtiava has presented me a formal address, written in the aboriginal tongue, and would rise in arms tomorrow at my call. In presenting it, the spokesman exclaimed, with startling emphasis, 'the Spaniards have had their feet on our necks very long; we hope the sons of Washington will overwhelm them as they have us; we hate them!'

"The Indians of Subtiava have dug up for me a number of their buried idols, and are now exhuming more. They impose but one condition, that I shall have no Spaniard with me when I go to see them, and shall keep the localities secret. These idols, though much smaller, closely resemble those of Copan in workmanship, and were no doubt dedicated to the same or very similar purposes. I have

eight in my possession, ranging from five and a half to eight feet in height, and from four to five in circumference.

"Some of the statues, to which I have referred, have the same elaborate headdresses with others of Copan; one bears a shield upon his arm; another has a girdle to which is suspended a head; and still another has rising above its head the sculptured jaws of an alligator.

"All are very ancient, and the places of their deposit have been handed down from one generation to another. Many of these have been removed, and are scattered over the country; and some, I believe, have been sent abroad.

"A number still remain; but the largest of all I brought away with me, at the cost of a day's hard labor, and at great risk in passing fifteen miles upon the Lake, in a gusty night and a boat scarce able to sustain the great weight. This had resisted the exertions of twelve men on one occasion: after moving it a few rods, they had abandoned it in despair. The boatmen thought me mad, and crossed themselves devoutly, when I proceeded to, carry it away.

"The Indians of Honduras," says Herrera, worshipped two images, male and female, which they called 'the great father and the great mother,' and of which he says, a little farther on, the sun and the moon were also representatives. I have heard of other localities, similar to this, which I propose to visit, and shall therefore not repeat what is told me concerning them. I must not, however, forget to mention that there has lately been discovered, in the Province of Vera Paz, 150 miles N. E. of Guatemala, buried in a dense forest, and far from any settlements, a ruined city, surpassing Copan or Palenque in extent and magnificence, and displaying a degree of art to which none of the structures of Yucatan can lay claim.

Through the politeness of President Taylor, the following letters, addressed to himself, were read. Mr. Arnold has been travelling in South America, and visited Cuzco, the ancient Capital of the Incas of Peru.

PROVIDENCE, May 7, 1849.

To the President of the United States.

SIR: In the course of an extensive tour through the interior of South America during the past year, I visited the City of Cuzco. That city, renowned as the Capital of the Inca Empire and the limit of the conquests of Pizarro, is among the most interesting places I have seen in any part of the world. The extreme difficulty of reaching it, owing to its distance from the coast,