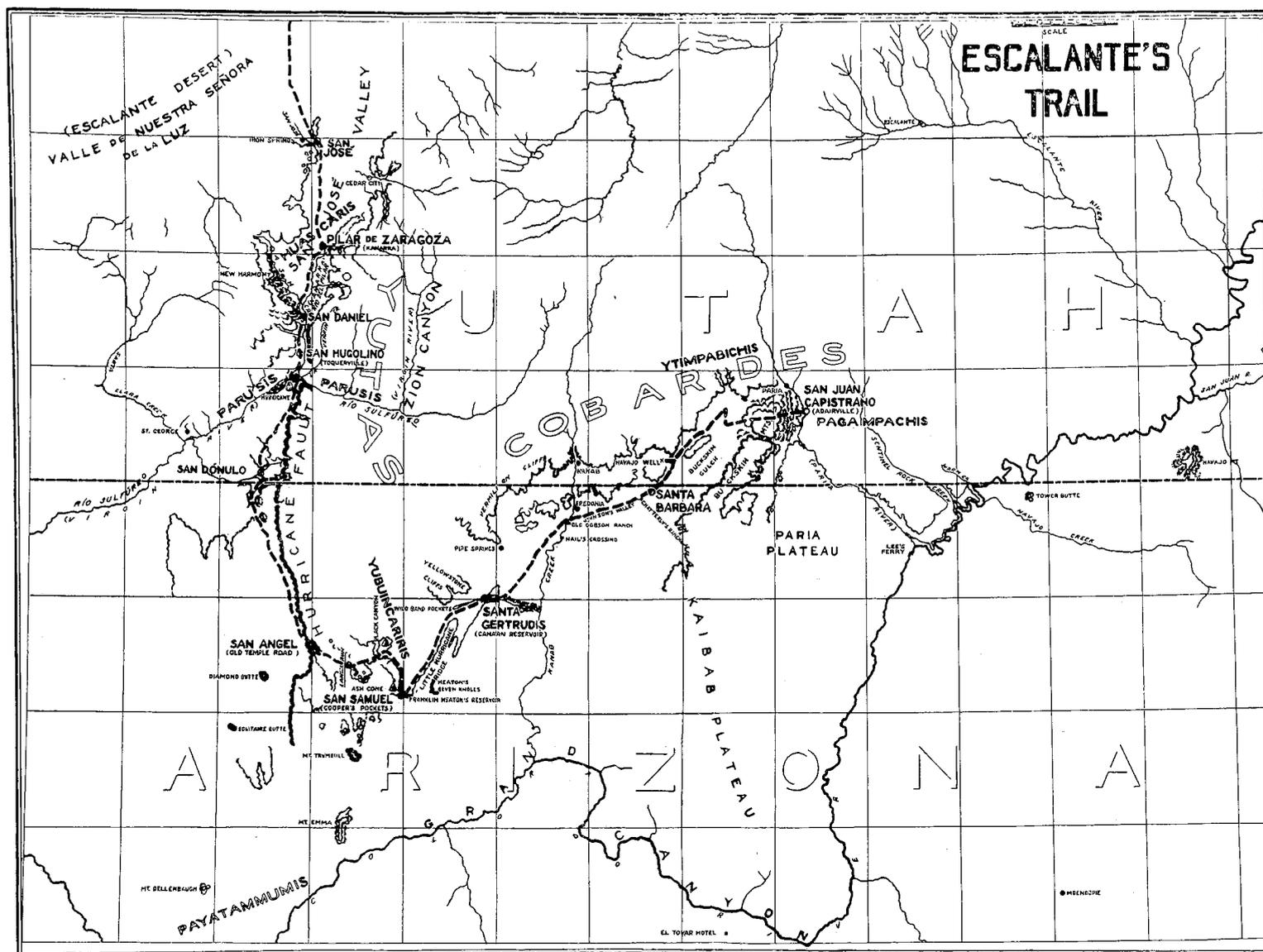


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Escalante in Dixie AND THE Arizona Strip

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ESCALANTE IN "DIXIE" AND THE ARIZONA STRIP
 MAP COMPILED BY H. E. BOLTON

ESCALANTE IN DIXIE AND THE
ARIZONA STRIP

HERBERT EUGENE BOLTON

INTRODUCTORY

Remarkable among explorations in North America in the later eighteenth century — that time of remarkable explorations in the Southwest and on the Pacific Slope — was the expedition made by Father Escalante in 1776. The friar's aim was two-fold. The government in Mexico desired to open direct communication between old Santa Fé and newly founded Monterey, in Upper California. Escalante had a vision of Indian missions in the West, beyond the Colorado River. Objectives coincided and forces were joined. The governor of New Mexico contributed provisions for the journey. Escalante furnished ideas and driving power. Nine men besides himself made up his little party. Father Domínguez, the other friar, was officially Escalante's superior, and he provided riding horses and pack mules, but actually he was a faithful follower. Don Pedro de Miera went as map maker. Two others in the party, Pedro Cisneros and Joaquín Laín, merited the title of "don"; the rest were of lesser castes — half breeds or Indians. One who knew the Yuta tongue went as interpreter. This proved to be highly important, for all the way through Colorado, Utah, and Arizona, till they crossed the Colorado River on the homeward journey, all the natives encountered were of Yuta stock. Miera made astronomical observations, and drafted a map of curious interest. Escalante himself kept the superb diary which gave the heroic odyssey its place in history. The expedition was made, as Escalante requested, "without noise of arms," and

barter with the Indians for gain was forbidden. To the right and left as they marched along, the eyes of the wayfarers beheld much of the most impressive scenery of the Great West. The journey covered some 2,000 miles, and lasted five months in almost continuous horseback travel. Its memory is one of the historical treasures of four states — New Mexico, Colorado, Utah, and Arizona.

The start was made at Santa Fé, then a city already as old as Pittsburgh is now. Mounts were fresh and riders exuberant with the prospect of adventure. Northwest the travellers rode across the Rio Grande and up the Chama; over the San Juan to the Dolores; down that stream through southwestern Colorado, skirting the Mesa Verde wonderland. Doubt arose as to a choice of routes and lots were cast. Chance voted for a wide detour to visit the Sabuaganas, so east they turned over Uncompahgre Plateau and north down Uncompahgre River to the Gunnison.

To here they were in known country; henceforward they were pathbreakers. On they rode, east and north over majestic Grand Mesa. Here among the Sabuaganas they picked up two young Laguna Indians, so-called because they lived on the Laguna de los Timpanogos (now Utah Lake). Homeward bound, these new guides led the explorers on another long detour. West they turned down Buzzard Creek; northwest by a dizzy path over Battlement Plateau and across the Colorado River at Una; up Roan Creek and its canyon-bound affluent, Carr Creek; by a fear-inspiring trail up the steep sides of Roan Mountain; north forty miles down the narrow gorge of Douglas Creek past picture-decorated cliffs, to White River at Rangeley; still north over a desert plateau to the ford of Green River above Jensen, Utah. The crossing was made only a few hundred yards from the now famous Dinosaur Quarry, but of these mammoth relics of the remote past Escalante seems to have caught no inkling.

West they turned again, up Duchesne River and over Wasatch Mountains to Lake Utah at Provo, where the

Laguna guides lived. There, under the shadow of imposing, snow-covered Timpanogos Mountain they spent three days, the longest stop of the entire journey. Autumn was advancing, and with new guides the Spaniards continued southwest two hundred miles or more to Black Rock Springs. They were now near the supposed latitude of Monterey, and the plan was to strike west. But here, on October 5, snow fell, and hopes of crossing the great Sierras to California vanished.

So they set their faces toward home. Continuing south they discovered and described the sulphur Hot Springs at Thermo. Inclining slightly eastward they passed Iron Springs and entered Cedar Valley, naming it the Valley of Señor de San José. South they traversed the valley along its western side. Descending Kanarra Creek to Ash Creek and climbing Black Ridge, they dropped down to Virgin River, and entered the summerland now affectionately called "Dixie." But they could not stop to bask in its autumn sunshine, so onward they urged their sorefooted mounts.

Skirting the base of Hurricane Ridge they continued south forty-five miles, across the Arizona boundary, into Lower Hurricane Valley. Now they climbed the cliffs at Old Temple Road. On the arid plateau, burning with thirst, they swung east twelve miles and southeast six, finding a welcome draught at some tanks on the edge of a cedar covered ridge. They were at Cooper's Pockets. Here the Indians warned them of a great chasm ahead — the Grand Canyon of the Colorado. So they swung sharply north and northeast, to find the crossing of which the Indians had told them. A hard march of forty miles carried them over Kanab Creek near Fredonia. Forty more miles east and northeast took them once more across the Utah line and to the head of Buckskin Gulch.

Before them now for a hundred miles lay the hard-

1. This is a local designation for southwestern Utah, given in allusion to its semitropical climate.

est part of the journey. Buckskin Mountains, the low ridge to the east, looked innocent enough, but to cross their rugged hogbacks almost over-taxed both horses and men. To find a ford across the Colorado cost a week of anguish and of transcendent toil. The gorge of Navajo Creek was scarcely easier. And in the weakened condition of men and horses, the long, dry desert thence to Oraibe seemed to stretch out interminably.

But it is always darkest just before dawn. Supplies obtained from the Hopis renewed waning strength. From Oraibe home the way was well known. Zúñi, Escalante's own mission, was the next station on the road, and thence, after a brief rest, the familiar trail was followed past Ácoma and Isleta, and up the fertile, pueblo-dotted valley of the Rio Grande, to home and friends. The start had been made on July 29. The day before the journey ended the church bells at Santa Fé rang in the New Year.

The purpose of this paper is to set forth the itinerary of the Escalante party through southern Utah and the "Arizona Strip," that part of Arizona lying northwest of the Colorado River.² Trail following in the Southwest has been to me a pastime. In the course of several years I have devoted considerable time to studying Escalante's route as a whole. With his diary in my hand I have followed the greater portion of the historic two thousand mile journey. The results are contained in a forthcoming English edition of the diary and related documents. One outcome of my study is an exalted opinion of Escalante's qualities as observer and diary keeper. With one eye on his record and the other on the topography, it has been possible to identify his precise route almost throughout. His directions are nearly always accurate. His estimates of distance are uncanny — I could easily believe that he had a Dodge speedometer. And his genius at picking out and describing the characteristic natural features along his

2. This name is used especially in southern Utah, to which the portion of Arizona north of the Colorado River is more accessible than to the rest of Arizona.

route is unsurpassed.³ As a consequence, in all the many hundreds of miles over which I have followed him I have scarcely missed a waterhole where he drank or a camp-site where he rested over night.

This is not the place to tell of each of these trail following expeditions, but I can not refrain from alluding to the numerous cherished friendships which I have formed with the members of my various parties, and with residents along Escalante's trail who with me have thrilled with the romance hovering round the old journal as we have read it together, here and there, in the presence of the very mountains, the groves, and the streams which he embalmed in his record. For the part of the trail dealt with in this paper I may mention personalities. In the summer of 1926 I followed the Escalante route through southern Utah to the Arizona line. My companions then were Mr. Tennyson Atkin, Mr. William Mc Swain, and Mr. Gustive O. Larson. Last summer I took up the trail again and followed it through the Arizona Strip to the head of Buckskin Mountains. With me on this trip were Mr. Joseph Atkin and Professor L. H. Reid of Dixie College, St. George. My tracking of Escalante through these regions will always be associated in memory with these five rare spirits.⁴

In setting forth his itinerary through Dixie and the Arizona Strip I shall let Escalante tell his own story, confining myself to a few general considerations, to editorial comments and to notes devoted to identifying the route. The accompanying map was compiled by me on the basis of actual exploration, combined with data on the United States topographic sheets and other maps. The extract from the diary which I here reproduce begins with a sketch

3. Escalante's latitudes are generally inaccurate, and of little value, except for comparative purposes, in determining the route. This is true of most Spanish diaries of land expeditions in the west before the end of the eighteenth century.

4. The personnel of my other parties will be found recorded in my book in connection with the respective portions of the trail.

of Cedar Valley (the Valley of Señor San José) made after Escalante had passed through it.⁵

THE JOURNEY THROUGH DIXIE AND THE ARIZONA STRIP

That portion of Southern Utah traversed by Escalante is one of peculiar charm. As he approached Cedar Valley he skirted on his right the vast, windswept plain of gorgeous sunsets, by him called Nuestra Señora de la Luz and now known as Escalante Desert. His entry into Cedar Valley was over the cedar covered ridge that forms its western wall. Iron Springs, where he camped, then poured forth a stream which he dignified by the name of "river." In the floor of the valley, northwest of the site of Cedar City, he found troublesome marshes. Northward stretched its grass covered plain, widening toward its head in the hill-bound distance. Eastward, across the valley, towered Wasatch Mountains, hiding from the weary travellers the now world-famous gorges at Cedar Brakes. Southward the valley narrowed, walled between the Wasatch on the east and Iron Mountain on the west, with lofty Pine Mountain in the southwest. Below New Harmony his San José Valley came abruptly to an end at Black Ridge, where its waters find an outlet through Ash Creek gorge to Virgin River.

From Black Ridge Escalante dropped rapidly down to the Dixie lowlands and camped at Toquerville. Just a few miles to the east of his route lay Zion Canyon, of whose exquisite beauties he was oblivious. Here, near Toquerville, begins the sheer, high cliff called Hurricane Fault, or

5. I present here my own translation of the diary. One of my former students, Miss Hazel Power, made an excellent translation, but has never brought it to fruition by publication. Her version has been useful to me in revising my own. But Miss Power had never been over the route, and, as was to be expected, I find that there are numerous passages whose meaning is clear only to one who has been on the ground. Harris published a pseudo translation some years ago. It served a useful purpose, but it is so inaccurate that it is not a reliable guide to the identification of the route. My version is based on the text published in 1854 in the *Documentos para la historia de Mexico* (Segunda Serie, Tomo I Mexico, 1856), supplemented by the MS. version in the Archivo General de Indias.

Hurricane Ridge, which Escalante now kept on his left for more than fifty miles. At Hurricane, near an imposing volcanic ash cone, he crossed Virgin River, where it is joined by Ash and La Verkin creeks. Southward before him stretched Hurricane Valley, sharply marked by Hurricane Ridge on the east and reaching out to the red sand hills and toward Beaver Mountains on the west. Near the state line he found the valley divided by a low transverse ridge that skirts Fort Pierce Creek. Black Canyon afforded him a way through this obstacle, and Lower Hurricane Valley opened out before him into a broad expanse, now an excellent sheep range, rising into uplands on the west but still walled in on the east by Hurricane Ridge.

At Old Temple Road Escalante climbed the forbidding height. There he found himself on a vast dry plateau, broken by symmetrical black ash cones, round topped hills, cedar covered ridges, and black cliffed mesas. South of his route towered rugged Mount Trumbull, beyond which the earth was cut in two by the Grand Canyon of the Colorado. To avoid this yawning chasm and to find a crossing Escalante swung northeast, leaving Little Hurricane Ridge and Kanab Gulch on his right and Yellowstone Cliffs on his left. Now skirting Vermillion Cliffs, he entered Buckskin Gulch, with Kaibab Plateau at his back and Buckskin Mountains on his right. This range was crossed near its head, a few miles south of Paria. From here Escalante swung southeast again to find the crossing of the Colorado. He had now left the Arizona Strip behind, and for the present we shall follow him no further.

From Provo to Hurricane the tourist in his automobile for much of the way is on or near Escalante's route. As far as Juab he is practically on the trail. At Scipio he touches it again for a league or two. At Scipio Pass he leaves it at his right for a hundred miles, and approaches it again at Cedar City. From here to Kanarraville the highway descends the east side of the Valley while Escalante went down the west side. From Kanarraville to Toquer-

ville the highway and the trail coincide, and at Hurricane they touch again. But from Hurricane south and east for more than a hundred miles the Escalante trail is entirely off the highway, and he who would follow it must be content with the dim track of a sheep wagon or make his own way over the uncharted sage brush plains. From Pipe Springs to Fredonia the highway again parallels the trail at close range, but at Fredonia the tourist gets his last look, where the trail is crossed by the highway from Zion Canyon to Kaibab Forest and the North Rim of Grand Canyon.

All this Arizona Strip is desert country. In a hundred miles from Hurricane to Fredonia there is not a permanent resident on or near Escalante's trail, except at Pipe Springs, where live a family or two. Beyond Fredonia there is scarcely a permanent dweller on the route for another hundred and fifty miles, when Oraibe is reached. But the Arizona Strip is good sheep country, and here and there in the arid plains one sees a temporary sheep camp and great flocks of well fed merinos. Reminiscent of the old days, at intervals one may still behold a majestic stallion, galloping at the head of his drove of graceful wild mares.

In Dixie and the Arizona Strip Escalante saw many things of interest besides scenery. The plan to reach Monterey having been given up, Indians and opportunities for missions were now his chief concern. Only a few spots in this desert land were promising. One of these was Cedar Valley (the Valley of San José). Escalante commented on its manifest advantages for a settlement — its abundant pasturage, its moist lands, and the supply of timber in the adjacent ridges. But he saw no signs of native agriculture and this was a serious drawback. The Indians here were the Huascaris. Because of their excessive timidity Escalante called them Yutas Cobardes or Coward Yutas.

To the missionary eye the Hurricane country was much more promising. The Indians here were the Parusis, a name by which they still call themselves. On Ash Creek and La Verkin Creek near the forks Escalante found

native agriculture. Maize and calabashes were raised, and Escalante saw several good irrigation ditches. He was told, moreover, that agriculture was practised by the Indians all down the Virgin River below this point. "By this we were greatly rejoiced," he writes, "because of the hope it gave us of being able to take advantage of certain supplies in the future."

Other Parussis were met at Fort Pierce Creek, under the shadow of the Hurricane cliffs. The most notable thing about this band was that they wore strings of small stones (chalchihuites), probably turquoises, that reminded the friars of rosaries. But they were better remembered for a very different reason. They led the Spaniards up a blind canyon — a trick, Escalante thought — and caused the loss of a day. The bad impression thus made by these Indians was enhanced by now threatening starvation and the illness of Miera the map maker.

Native settlements were far apart in this desert land. The next Indians encountered were the Yubuincariris, nearly fifty miles farther on, near Cooper's Pockets (San Samuel). These people raised no crops, but lived on grass seeds, pine nuts, prickly pears, small game, and some wild sheep, obtained evidently from Mount Trumbull. For another seventy-five miles to the northeast no natives were met till Paria River was crossed near Paria. Here lived the Pagampaches, Yutas like all the rest. In mode of living they were similar to the Yubuincariris. Miera the map maker being still under the weather, an old medicine man here tried his hand at curing him by "chants and ceremonies . . . totally superstitious." For the men this was a mirthful diversion, but the friars were duly scandalized, and they piously reprimanded the sinners. Father Domínguez was also ill at this place, but he did not call on the medicine man. Before going forward Escalante preached a sermon to the Indians here, and obtained their permission to return to establish missions for them. One of the purposes of his long peregrination was thus fulfilled.

TEN STRENUOUS DAYS

EXTRACT FROM ESCALANTE'S DIARY

The Valley of Señor San Josef,¹ which we have just left, in its most northern part is in latitude 37° 33'. Its length from north to south is about twelve leagues; its width from east to west in some places is more than three leagues, in others more than two, and in others less. It has very abundant pasturage, large meadows, and good-sized marshes.² It has enough excellent land to raise seasonal crops for a considerable settlement, for, although it does not have water for irrigation, except for some lands along the two small streams of Señor San Josef and Pilar,³ the great moisture of the land can supply this lack without the irrigation being missed. Indeed, such is the humidity of most of the valley that not only the meadows and flats, but also the highlands, at this time had pasturage as green and fresh as the most fertile meadows of the rivers in the months of June and July. Round about there is a large supply of spruce timber and wood, and good sites for raising large and small stock. The Indians who dwell in the valley and in its vicinity toward the west, north, and east, are called in their language Huascari.⁴ They dress very poorly and eat grass seeds, hares, and dates in season. They plant no maize and, according to our observations, they acquire very little of it. They are extremely cowardly,⁵

1. The Valley of Señor San José or San Josef was Cedar Valley. In it are situated Cedar City, Kanarraville, and New Harmony.

2. Escalante emphasizes the marches in Cedar Valley. Cultivation has changed conditions somewhat, but in many places marshes are still to be seen.

3. These streams were Iron Springs and Kanarra Creek.

4. The Huascari, like all the other bands in this vicinity, were branches of the Ute or Yuta stock. There are still numerous survivors of the tribe in the same general vicinity. They travel now in their own automobiles.

5. Escalante called Yutas Cobardes (Coward Utes) these and the other Indians encountered by him between Cedar Valley and the crossing of the Colorado. The Lagunas and Barbones (Bearded Yutas) to whom he here alludes lived farther north, along his trail.

differing from the Lagunas and the Barbones. They adjoin these latter toward the northwest and north and they speak their language, although with some differences. In this place of San Daniel⁶ ends the Sierra de Los Lagunas, which runs directly south from the valley of the Salinas⁷ to here. Henceforward to the Rio Grande⁸ all the country is very barren, but gives indications of having much mineral.⁹

October 14.—We set out from San Daniel south by southwest along the west side of the river, withdrawing from it somewhat, and, having travelled two leagues over hills of very brilliant white sand, with many rocks in places, we crossed two copious brooks of good water which enter the river. We turned toward the south, now through stony but not very troublesome *malpais*, which is like slag, but not so heavy or so porous, now amongst sand rocks, now over sand banks. Having travelled two more leagues we descended for a third time to the river and halted on its bank, where there was very good pasturage, naming the place San Hugolino.¹⁰ Here the country is very warm, for not only did we experience great heat yesterday, last night and today, but the cottonwoods of the river were so green

6. San Daniel was on Ash Creek, some four miles below Ash Creek bridge on the highway, and about two miles above Pintura.

7. The Valley of Utah Lake. Escalante visited this lake and spent several days near the site of the city of Provo.

8. By Rio Grande he means the Colorado River.

9. The last sentence of this paragraph, and probably the last two, must have been inserted reminiscently after Escalante had reached the Colorado. He is not strictly correct in saying that the Sierra de los Lagunas (the main ridge of the Wasatch) ends at San Daniel. More precisely, it ends a little farther south, at his next camp, San Hugolino (near Toquerville.)

10. San Hugolino was abouted at the site of Toquerville. By automobile the distance from San Daniel to San Hugolino is some ten miles. Escalante gives it as four leagues. The country is rough here and he no doubt wound about somewhat. Camp was on the west side of Ash Creek, probably near Toquerville bridge. The day's march was close to the present highway, where all the features noted by Escalante can be recognized — the sandy hills, the creeks, the slag-like rocks. Escalante had dropped down from the high table lands and was now in the warm region today called Dixie. He was near to superb scenery of which he was not aware. A few miles to the east of the camp-site is Zion Canyon, one of the beauty spots of the West. The present day highway to Zion Canyon turns east near Toquerville.

and leafy, and the flowers and roses which the country produces were so brilliant and perfect, that they indicated that there had not yet been any ice or frost in this region. We also saw mesquite trees, which do not grow in very cold countries. Today four leagues to the south.

October 15.—We set out from San Hugolino, down the west side of the river and along the skirts of some adjacent hills, and having gone two and a half leagues to the south-southwest we returned to the banks and the cottonwood grove of the river.¹¹ Here we found a well-made platform with a large supply of ears of corn and corn husks which had been stored upon it. Near it, in the small flat and on the river bank, were three small cornfields with very well made irrigation ditches. The stalks of the maize which they had raised this year were still intact. By this we were greatly rejoiced, now because of the hope it gave us of being able to take advantage of certain supplies in the future; and especially because it was an indication of the application of these people to the cultivation of the soil; and because we found this much done toward reducing them to civilized life and to the Faith when the Most High may so dispose, for it is well known how much it costs to bring other Indians to this point, and how difficult it is to convert¹² them to this labor which is so necessary to enable them to live for the most part in civilized life and in towns.¹³ From here down the stream, and on the mesas on both sides for a long distance, according to what we learned,

11. Escalante continued along the west side of Ash Creek and on the adjacent slopes. The cottonwood grove where he found maize fields was a short distance above the forks of Ash Creek and La Verkin Creek. There are cottonwood groves and alluvial bottom lands at this point on both streams. La Verkin Creek joins Ash Creek just a short distance above the junction of the latter with Virgin River. "La Verkin" is of course but the Spanish rendering of "the Virgin." This means that one fork of Virgin River bears the English form and another fork the Spanish form of the same name.

12. The Seville transcript reads "su conversión." The 1854 edition reads "su conversión su aversión," the second phrase appearing to be intended as a correction of the former. But the construction fits "su conversión."

13. Escalante here gives a clear statement of the Spanish view that missionary work could not be successful unless the Indians lived a settled life and had ample economic means. This explains why in California and other regions roving tribes were put into fixed settlements and made to stay there.

these Indians live and apply themselves to the cultivation of maize and calabashes. In their own language they are called Parrusi.¹⁴

We continued down stream toward the south, and having gone half a league we inclined toward the south-west, leaving the river, but a deep gorge without descent obliged us to turn back more than a quarter of a league, until we again reached the river. Here it runs toward the southwest, and here two other small rivers join it, one coming from the north-northeast and the other from the east. The latter, for the greater part, is composed of hot and sulphurous water, and we therefore named it Sulphur River.¹⁵ Here there is a beautiful grove of large black cotton-woods and some willows, besides vines of wild grapes. In the distance which we retraced there are ash cones,¹⁶ veins and other indications of minerals, and many stones with reddish mica.

We crossed the Pilar River and the Sulphur near the place where they join, and going south we ascended a low mesa between cliffs of black and shiny rock.¹⁷ Having reached the top we entered good open country and crossed a small plain which has toward the east a chain of very

14. Along the Virgin for some distance and on Santa Clara Creek, in the vicinity of St. George, there are good bottom lands, where there were Indian settlements when the Mormon immigrants arrived. These river Indians still call themselves Parusis, as one of them told me in June, 1927. This may be just a form of the name Paiutes, but my informant insisted that Parusis was a special name for the Virgin River people. The Paiutes are still numerous in this vicinity in southern Utah, living on different reservations. On June 23, we met numerous automobile loads of them driving eastward to attend the "Big Time" (ceremonials) at Moccasin Reservation.

15. Rio Sulfúreo. In this march they passed the forks, reached Virgin River at the deep gorge, and returned a quarter of a league to the forks of Ash Creek and the Virgin. A mile or so above the junction, near the town of La Verkin, are the famous hot springs which boil out of the rocks with great volume and strong odor, giving a sulphurous taste to the river for a long distance down stream.

16. Just across the river from the place where Escalante turned back and just north of Hurricane, there is a large volcanic ash cone, and near the same spot a mine has been opened.

17. The very trail up which they climbed, right at the junction, is easily identified from his description. They proceeded south over the ground now occupied by the city of Hurricane.

high mesas,¹⁸ and to the west hills of red sand¹⁹ covered with chamise, or what is called heather in Spain. We might have continued in the plain along the edge of the mesa and finished our journey over good level country, but those who went ahead turned aside to follow some fresh tracks of Indians, leading us over the sand hills and flats already mentioned, in which the horses became tired out. Having previously gone south two leagues along the mesa and the plain,²⁰ we travelled over these hills three leagues to the southwest. We now turned south for a little more than two leagues, when we beheld a small valley surrounded by mesas, on one of which we were perched, not being able to go down to the valley. On the mesa there was neither water nor pasture for the horses and they were now unable to travel, so we were forced to descend along a high and very stony escarpment.²¹ Having gone three-fourths of a league to the south we halted, the sun having already set, at an arroyo where we found large pools of good water, with pasturage sufficient for the horses. We named the place San Dónulo or Arroyo del Taray, because here there were some of these tamarack trees. We made an observation by the polar star and found ourselves in 36° 52' 30" latitude.

18. The "chain of very high mesas" is the famous Hurricane Ridge which begins just north of here and extends south to Colorado River. During most of this distance it presents a steep western front, several hundred feet high and most difficult of ascent. Escalante travelled near the foot of it now for nearly fifty miles.

19. These bright red hills are a conspicuous feature of the landscape off to the southwest of Hurricane.

20. Through the site of Hurricane to a point six miles south of the forks of the Virgin.

21. They slid down the south end of the red ridge on which they had been travelling, and continued a short distance south to Fort Pierce Creek. In the neighborhood is Fort Spring, but from Escalante's description there seems to have been rain water in several places. Escalante correctly tells us that if he had not been led off to the southwest by the scouts he might have travelled from the river-crossing straight south along the foot of Hurricane Ridge. This is the route which we followed in 1926. By our speedometer it was nearly twenty miles from Hurricane to the Arizona line, although by airline it is considerably less. Camp San Dónulo was on Fort Pierce Creek, not far from the Arizona boundary line. I am told that tamaracks are still found in places along the wash, but I did not see any.

Today ten leagues, which by a direct route would be seven leagues to the south-southwest.²²

In this plain or little valley, besides the tamarack, there is a great deal of hediondilla,²³ which is a shrub with great medicinal virtues, as has been found in New Mexico. Tonight our provisions were completely exhausted, except for two small cakes of chocolate left for tomorrow morning.

October 16.—We set out from San Dónulo with the intention of continuing south as far as the Colorado River,²⁴ but after we had gone a short distance we heard people shouting behind us. Turning to see where the echo came from we saw eight²⁵ Indians on the hills near the camp whence we had just set out. These hills are in the middle of the plain and stretch almost completely across it, and they abound in transparent gypsum and mica. We went back to them, giving orders that the interpreter who was ahead should come also. Reaching the foot of the hills, we gave them to understand that they might come down without fear, since we all came in peace and were friends. Thereupon they took courage and descended to barter some strings or strands of chalchihuites,²⁶ each one having a colored shell. This gave us something to think about, for from below the strings of chalchihuites looked to us like rosaries and the shells like medallions of saints. We remained with them here a short time, but they spoke the Yuta tongue so differently from all the rest that neither the interpreter nor the Laguna Joaquín could make them understand clearly, nor could they understand much of what the Indians were saying. However, now by signs and now because in some cases they spoke Yuta more like the Lagunas, they made us understand that they were all called

22. By airline the distance is about as Escalante estimated it; the direction would be south by southwest, rather than southwest.

23. It is a shrub of some beauty, bearing a yellow flower.

24. By airline they were only about forty miles from the Colorado River, and could have reached it in two days of rapid marching. But, as the Indians said, by going to the river at its nearest point they would have encountered the Grand Canyon.

25. The Seville text reads "dichos," where the 1854 edition reads "ocho."

26. "Emerald colored stones." They might have been turquoises.

Parussis (except one who spoke more in Arabic than in Yuta, and whom we judged to be a Jamajaba²⁷) and that they were the ones who planted crops on the banks of Pilar River,²⁸ and lived down stream a long distance. We took them to be Cosninas, but afterward we learned that such was not the case.

They offered these chalchihuites for barter. We told them that we had nothing whatever with us, but that if they wished to go with us till we overtook the rest of our companions we would then give them what they wanted and would talk with them at length. They all came very gladly, but those who appeared to be the most cautious came with great fear and misgivings.

We stopped and talked more than two and a half or three hours. They told us that in two days we would reach the Rio Grande,²⁹ but that we could not go where we wished because there were no waterholes, nor could we cross the river there because it had a deep canyon, was very deep and had on both side extremely high cliffs and boulders, and finally that from here to the river the country was very bad. We gave them two large knives and presented to each one a string of glass beads. Then we proposed to them that if anyone of them wished to guide us to the river we would pay him. They replied that they would show us the way to the plain through a canyon leading into the eastern mesa, and that from there we would be able to go alone, explaining that they were barefoot and not able to travel very far.

Notwithstanding this account, we did not wish to depart from our southern course until we reached the river, for we suspected that the Moquis might have become offended with the Cosninas for having brought Father Garcés to them³⁰ and, fearful that they might bring to them

27. Mojave.

28. He means Virgin River below the Sulphur Fork.

29. The Colorado River.

30. Just before Escalante started from Santa Fé, Garcés had reached Oraibe, going from the Mojave country.

other fathers or Spaniards, they had tried to restrain them by threats; and that these Indians having heard the news were now trying to turn us aside in order that we might not reach the Cosninas or the Jamajabas, their neighbors. But because of the insistence of the companions, to whom it was not desirable now to make known our suspicions, we consented to go by way of the canyon. In order that these Indians might guide us we offered them soles made from leather bags, for sandals, and they said that two of them would go with us until they should put us on a direct and good road.

With them we entered the canyon³¹ mentioned and travelled along it for a league and a half with much difficulty and hindrance for the animals, because of the great amount of cobblestones and flint and of the frequent difficult and dangerous passages. We came to one narrow place so bad that in more than a half hour we were able to make only three saddle-horses enter it. Then followed a rocky cliff so steep that even to ascend it on foot would be very difficult. Seeing that we were unable to follow them the Indians fled, impelled no doubt by their excessive cowardice. Hereupon it was necessary for us to turn back and travel south once more. Before doing so we halted for a time³² in order that the animals might take a breath³³ and drink some water which was there, but it was so bad that many of the animals would not drink it. In the afternoon we retraced the full length of the canyon, and having travelled half a league south³⁴ in the plain, we halted near the southern pass from the valley, without water for either ourselves or the animals. This night we suffered great

31. The canyon which they entered leads into the sheer face of Hurricane Ridge, almost on the state line. It is locally called Rock Canyon or Horse Canyon. Sometimes ranchmen run horses into it as a corral for branding, because it is "blind" at the head, making escape difficult or impossible. From the plain where Camp San Dónulo was made, the mouth of the canyon is plainly visible to the east, and there is no mistaking its identity.

32. This stop was in the canyon, before returning to the plain.

33. "Aliento" in the Seville transcript; "alimento" in the 1854 edition.

34. During this march of half a league south they crossed the Arizona line and halted at the north end of Black Rock Canyon.

need, having no kind of food, and so we decided to kill a horse, in order not to lose our own lives, but because there was no water we deferred the execution until we should have some. Today, after so difficult a journey, we advanced only a league and a half toward the south. One and one-half leagues.

October 17.—Continuing our march toward the south we threaded the pass³⁵ from the little valley, along the bed of an arroyo in which we found a pool of good water, and all the animals drank. We continued south two leagues and then, inclining to the southeast two more, we found in another arroyo a plentiful supply of good water; not only in one place but in many, and although it is rain water which remains after the floods it apparently does not dry up throughout the year. Here we found some of the plants which they call "quelites." We thought that by means of them we might relieve our great necessity, but we were able to gather only a very few and these very small. We continued southeast and having gone four leagues and a half through good and level land, although somewhat spongy, we halted,³⁶ partly to see if in the slopes of the mesa there was water, and partly in order, by means of the mentioned herbs, with seasoning, to provide some aliment for Don Bernardo Miera, who, because since yesterday morning he had not eaten a single thing, was now so weak that he was scarcely able to speak. We ordered the hampers and other baggage in which we had brought the provisions ransacked in order

35. They marched through Black Rock Canyon for some two or three miles, and emerged into Lower Hurricane Valley.

36. This day's march of eight and one-half leagues was made along the foot of Hurricane Ridge. In some places they must have been well out in the valley, a mile or more, for here is where the wash, or arroyo, is found. The halt was made at the dry arroyo which runs down west from the mesa just north of Old Temple Road. This road is so-called from an interesting circumstance. In the 70's the Mormons obtained timber for building the St. George Temple from Mt. Trumbull, to the southeast. In order to get it down Hurricane Ridge, a wagon road was opened up a natural ridge or ramp which is at that place. Old Temple Road is no longer used, but the marks of it are still plain, by the parallel ridges of stones that were removed to open the road bed.

to see if there might be some left-overs, but we could only find some pieces of calabash which the servants had acquired yesterday from the Parussis Indians and which they had hidden in order not to be obliged to invite the rest to share them.

With this and a piece of sugar loaf which we also found we made a sauce for everybody and took a little nourishment. We did not find water to enable us to pass the night here, so we decided to continue the journey to the south. The companions, without telling us, went to reconnoiter the mesa to the east and the country from here forward.³⁷ Those who went on this exploration returned saying that the ascent of the mesa was very good, and that afterward there followed level country, with many arroyos in which there could not fail to be water. To them the river seemed to be at the end of the plain which was beyond the mesa.

In view of all this all were inclined to a change of direction. We well knew how, on other occasions, they had been mistaken, and that in so short a time they could not have seen so much, and we held a contrary opinion, because toward the south we had much good level land in sight, and because we had found today so much water, contrary to the story told by the Indians, and had travelled all day through good country. For these reasons our suspicions were increased, but since we were now without food and because water might be distant, in order not to make more intolerable to them the hunger and thirst which, for our own good, might be our lot by either route, merely to have our way, we told them they might go in the direction which to them seemed best.

37. One can easily understand the temptation to climb the mesa at this point. It is the first inviting, natural ascent visible from the valley as one travels south from the Utah line. Moreover, just to the south Hurricane Ridge swings sharply to the west and threatens to cut off passage southward. To the southwest the travellers saw Diamond Butte, Solitaire Butte, and Mt. Dellenbaugh, rising above what appeared to be rough country, and the Indians had told of Grand Canyon straight ahead. No wonder the scouts desired to reconnoiter the plateau to the east of them.

So they led us southeast to the mesa, ascending it by a rocky run or arroyo with much stone in which there is very good gypsum such as is used for whitewashing.³⁸ We finished the ascent of the mesa by a very steep slope having much black rock. Night came and we halted on the mesa in a small plain with good pasturage, but without water. We named this place San Angel. Today nine leagues.

We were very sorry to have changed our course because, according to our latitude, by continuing to the south we could have reached the river very quickly.³⁹ As soon as we halted those who had previously been on the mesa said that a short distance from here they thought they had seen water.⁴⁰ Two of them went to bring some for the men, but they did not return during the whole night, and next day dawned without our learning anything of them, although we concluded that they had continued seeking Indian ranchos in which to relieve their need as soon as possible. For this reason and because there was no water here we decided to proceed on our way without awaiting them.

38. The route up the ridge is easily identified and unmistakable. They had halted near the arroyo just north of Old Temple Road. This arroyo, which extends only a short distance into the plain, has plentiful lime rocks, as Escalante says. Instead of ascending the lateral ridge or ramp up which Temple Road winds, they followed the arroyo bed. Near the head they swung to the south up one of the branches, and made a stiff climb of three or four hundred feet over sharp, black rocks, to the first landing on the mesa. If they had followed the ramp, the march over these sharp rocks would have been much longer, and their horses' feet were no doubt sore. At the first landing their route joined Temple Road. They continued up the slope, now easier, to the second landing, where they camped in a small grass covered valley at San Angel. The very top of the great plateau was still above them, but accessible by a gradual ascent. On the night of June 20, 1927, with my party I camped in the plain below, at the dry arroyo where Escalante had halted. Next morning, in light order of marching, I followed Escalante's trail up the ridge on foot, while Mr. Reid and Mr. Atkin retraced our route north some ten miles by automobile, ascended the Ridge by Navajo Trail, and rejoined me on the plateau above, after a circuit of some twenty-five miles.

39. By airline they were only about twenty miles from the Colorado River.

40. Evidently the scouts had been to the very top of the mesa and obtained a general view of the country. Toward the southeast it presented a rugged appearance, and gave promise of water.

October 18.—We set out from San Angel to the south-southeast and having travelled half a league we turned east-southeast⁴¹ for two leagues, over hills and wide valleys, with good pasturage but very rocky. Not finding water we swung to the east-northeast for two more leagues, ascending and descending stony hills that were hard on the horses.⁴² Five Indians were spying on us from a small but high mesa.⁴³ As we two fathers, who were travelling behind the companions, passed by the foot of it they hailed us. When we turned toward them four of them hid, only one remaining in sight, and we saw that he was greatly frightened. We could not persuade him to come down, so we two alone climbed up on foot with great difficulty. At each step which we took toward him he wished to flee, but we gave him to understand that he should not be afraid, because we loved him like a son and wished to talk with him. With this he waited for us, making a thousand gestures, showing that he was much afraid of us. As

41. One text reads east-southeast, and the other reads southeast, each being clearly a mistake for south-southeast. The natural trail from Camp San Angel leads by an easy grade south-southeast for a mile or more, and then swings south-east to the very top of the mesa. To go east from San Angel one would immediately have another stiff climb, which is easily avoided by following the valley. Along this little valley ran the old Mormon Road.

42. In four lines Escalante here summarizes twelve miles of interesting and difficult travel. The writing was vastly casier than the journey. Two leagues east-southeast took him over rolling country, very rocky in places, and across Lang's Run. Here evidently they were disappointed to find no water, which the run had promised. They now swung east-northeast over the saddle between two of the seven conspicuous, symmetrical hills that lay in front of them. (We swung southeast around these hills and rejoined Escalante's trail near the forks of Mt. Trumbull Road.) Passing near the south end of Black Canyon they continued east over cedar covered ridges to the little mesa where the Indians were spying on them. Black Canyon runs north through a deep gorge, having high, steep, black walled mesas on either side. On the top of the eastern mesa there is a large, truncated ash cone, north of Escalante's trail.

43. The "small but high mesa" where the Indians were spying and where the romantic conference occurred is small indeed, perhaps not more than a hundred yards long. From a distance it looks like a goodsized hayrick. It stands in the plain, near a cedar ridge, and a mile or two south of the truncated ash cone mentioned above. There is no mistaking it, for it answers exactly to the data given by Escalante of the route from Camp San Angel to this point, and of the route from the little mesa to the next waterhole. It is just where Escalante puts it by both distance and direction. My companions honored me by jocosely dubbing it Bolton Mesa, or as an alternative, Mesa de la Shalona.

soon as we got up to where he was we embraced him and, sitting down beside him, we had the Indian interpreter and the Laguna come up. Having now recovered from his fright he told us that four others were hidden there, and that if we wished he would call them so that we might see them. When we answered in the affirmative he laid his bow and arrows on the ground, took the interpreter by the hand, and went with him to bring them.

They came and we spent about an hour in talking. They told us that we now had water nearby. We begged them to guide us to it, promising them a piece of shalloon,⁴⁴ and after much urging three of them agreed to go with us. Greatly fatigued from thirst and hunger, we continued with them a league to the southeast, and then going another to the south over a bad and very stony road, we came to a small cedar covered ridge and an arroyo which had two large pools of good water in the holes in the rocks.⁴⁵ We took enough for ourselves and then brought the horses and as they were so thirsty they drank both pools dry. Here we decided to pass the night, naming the place San Samuel. Today six leagues.

As they came along with us the three Indians mentioned were so fearful that they did not wish to go ahead nor let us get near them until they had talked with the Laguna Joaquín,⁴⁶ but with what he told them about us they quieted down. Among other things they asked him, marvelling at

44. A kind of cloth.

45. By following the directions given here we found the route just as Escalante describes it, rocks and all. Without any previous knowledge of such a water hole, our directions took us to Cooper's Pockets, in a draw on the slope of a cedar covered ridge. These pockets are unmistakably the place where Escalante's party got their water. On the edge of the plain, near the foot of the cedar covered ridge is Cooper's old sheep corral. To the west of the cedar covered ridge is Hat Cone, a steep volcanic ash cone, crowned with a very sharp peak, like a monument, and visible at a long distance. The camp of San Samuel was doubtless on the edge of the grass covered plain, below the water pockets, which are in a stony arroyo in a rough draw. Here, near the old corral, was enacted the interesting trading scene on the 19th. A mile or more to the eastward of Cooper's Pocket is Franklin Heaton's Reservoir, named for Mr. Franklin Heaton, of Pipe Springs, who gave us valuable information when we reached his residence.

46. A guide brought from Utah Lake.

his bravery, how he had dared to come with us. Desiring to quiet their fears, and in order to relieve the need which to our great sorrow he was suffering, he answered them as best he could. In this way he greatly dispelled the fear and suspicion which they had felt, and it was for this reason doubtless that they did not desert us before we reached the waterhole.

As soon as we halted we gave them the promised shalloon, with which they were greatly delighted. Knowing that we were without provisions, they said that we must send one of our men with one of them to go to their little houses, which were somewhat distant, and bring provisions, the others remaining with us meanwhile. We sent one of the Janissaries⁴⁷ with the Laguna Joaquín, giving him the wherewithal to buy food, and a pack mule on which to carry it. They departed with the other Indian, and after midnight returned bringing a small piece of wild sheep, dried tuna made into cakes, and some grass seeds. They also brought news of one of the two men who the previous night had gone for water, saying that he had been at this rancho. The other had reached camp this night about ten o'clock.

October 19.—Twenty of these Indians came to camp with some tunas made into a round cake or loaf, and several bags of seeds of different plants, to sell to us.⁴⁸ We paid them for what they brought and told them that if they had meat, pine nuts, and more tunas they should bring them and we would buy them all, especially the meat. They said they would, but that we would have to wait for them until

47. *Genizaros*, captive Indians ransomed by the Spaniards and reared by them from childhood. See Bolton, H. E., *The Spanish Borderlands*, p. 184, for a comment on this custom in New Mexico.

48. The Indians of this region Escalante called Yubuincariris. The supplies perhaps came from dwellers farther south, in the vicinity of Mt. Trumbull, where piñon trees and mountain sheep are found. Miera's map shows a village in this direction from San Samuel.

noon.⁴⁹ We accepted the conditions and they departed. One of them promised to accompany us as far as the river if we would wait until afternoon and we agreed to this also.

After midday many more of the same people who formerly had been with us came, among them being one who, they said, was a Mescalero Apache, and who had come with two others from his country to this, crossing the river a few days before. In physiognomy he was by no means agreeable, and he distinguished himself from these Indians by the disgust with which he looked upon us for being here, and by the greater animosity which he purposely displayed, as it seemed to us. They told us that these Apaches were their friends. They brought us no meat at all, but they did bring many bags of seeds and some fresh tunas already sun-dried, some of them being in the form of dry round cakes. We bought about a bushel of the seeds and all the tuna. We talked for a long time concerning the distance to the river, the road to it, the number of these Indians and their mode of living, the neighboring peoples, and the guide whom we were seeking.

They showed us the road we had to take to the river,⁵⁰ giving some confused directions about the ford and saying that we could reach it in two or three days. They told us that they were called Yubuincariri; that they did not plant maize; that their foods were those seeds, tuna, pine nuts, which are scarce judging from the few they gave us, and such hares, rabbits, and wild sheep as they could get by hunting. They added that on this side of the river only the Parussis planted maize and calabashes, but that on the other side, as soon as the river was passed, there were the Ancamuches (whom we understood to be the Cosninas), who planted much maize. Besides these they told us of

49. The Seville transcript reads "media noche," but the context bears out the 1854 text, which reads "media dia."

50. They evidently advised Escalante to turn sharply northeast, and told him of the gap through Buckskin Mountains in the vicinity of Paria.

other people, their neighbors to the south-southwest, on this western side of the river;⁵¹ these were the Payatammumis. They also told us of the Huascaris, whom we had already seen in the Valley of Señor San Josef. As to the soldiers of Monterey, they gave us not the slightest indication that they had ever heard of them, but one of those who had spent the previous night with us gave us to understand that he had heard of the journey of the Reverend Father Garcés.⁵² This, taken together with the fact that all of these people denied knowing the Cosninas (unless they knew them by the above-mentioned name of Ancamucho), would seem to justify the suspicions which we have just expressed. The conference having ended, they began to leave, and we were unable to induce any one of them to make up his mind to guide us to the river.

Today Don Bernardo Miera was very sick in his stomach and we were unable to leave here this afternoon. A short distance away we found other pools of water for the night.

October 20.—We set out from San Samuel toward the north-northeast, directing our course to the ford of the Colorado River, and avoiding a low, wooded, and very stony range which comes first.⁵³ After going a little more than two leagues we swung to the north, entering level country without stones. Having travelled four leagues we found in an arroyo several pools⁵⁴ of good water, and then going a league east-northeast, we halted on its bank between two small hills which are in the plain near the arroyo,⁵⁵ where there was a plentiful supply of water and good pasturage. We named this place Santa Gertrudis.⁵⁶

51. Of Colorado River.

52. To Oraibe.

53. This is Little Hurricane Ridge, a low but sharply marked mesa which runs nearby north and south. Travelling from Heaton's Reservoir, the words "wooded, rocky" exactly describe it, for it is wooded for two or three miles, then bare and distinctly rocky for a distance.

54. Wild Band Pockets.

55. Toward the end of the four leagues Escalante's route must have swung northeastward round the end of Little Hurricane Ridge, otherwise he would not have reached Camp Santa Gertrudis. The Arroyo of Santa Gertrudis was a branch

We observed its latitude by the polar star and it is in 36 degrees and 30 minutes. Today seven leagues.

October 21.—We set forth from Santa Gertrudis toward the east. After going half a league^o we swung to the northeast, having several times crossed the Arroyo of Santa Gertrudis, which in most places had large pools of water. Having travelled five and a half leagues to the northeast over country not very good, and making several turns, we passed through chamisethickets^o not very difficult and over good country; and then going a little more than four leagues to the east-northeast^o we halted after night-fall near a small valley with good pasturage but without water even for the men. Lorenzo de Olivares, impelled by thirst caused by eating too many of the seeds, pine nuts, and tunas which we had bought, separated from us as soon

of Bullrush Wash, or Creek. Wild Band Pockets, where they found water, had copious water when we were there in June, 1927. They are so-named from the bands of wild horses which still frequent them and live on the adjacent plains. In the stretch from Heaton's Reservoir to Pipe Springs we saw several wild bands, feeding in the distance or galloping majestically away at sight or scent of us. On the night of June 21 we camped in the plain a short distance from Wild Band Pockets.

56. Camp was made just where the Wash breaks through the point of a mesa to the east. The "two small hills" were the two corners of the mesa overlooking the arroyo from either side. At this very point the remains of Old Canaan Dam, built long ago by the Mormons, are still to be seen. Camp Santa Gertrudis must have been about where the dam is. It is about twelve miles almost due south (a little west) from Pipe Springs. The distance from Cooper's Pockets to Old Canaan Dam by the route Escalante took is about twenty-one miles.

57. This half league of travel toward the east was through the canyon made by the cutting of the arroyo through the mesa point. The canyon is narrow, rocky, and crooked, and one would naturally cross the arroyo bed frequently. Having emerged from the canyon, Escalante turned sharply northeast. To have continued east would have taken him to the deep gorge of Kanab Gulch, whose steep cliffs are plainly visible to the east of the mesa at Canaan Dam.

58. At the willow thickets Escalante crossed Kanab Creek near Fredonia. Kanab means willow in the Paiute tongue, I am told. Evidently, when Escalante crossed the creek it was dry and there was no considerable gorge. Old settlers of Fredonia tell me that when the Mormons arrived there were heavy willow thickets there and no gorge. Today there is a deep, wide wash, made by erosion within recent years. The crossing was evidently two or three miles south of Fredonia, near Dobson's Ranch. Nail's crossing is too far south to answer the description.

59. These twelve or thirteen miles took Escalante up Johnson's Valley. Camp Santa Barbara was above Chatterly's ranch some two miles, near the edge of Buckskin Gulch, and near the cedar grove at the angle of the range of Vermillion Cliffs that bordered Escalante's march from Kanab Creek.

as we halted, seeking water in the neighboring arroyos."⁶⁰ He did not reappear during the entire night, which caused us great anxiety. We named this camp Santa Bárbara. Today ten leagues.

October 22.—We set out from Santa Bárbara to the north-northeast,⁶¹ looking for Olivares. About two leagues away we found him near a well with a scant supply of water, for it had only enough for the men to drink and to fill a little barrel which we carried lest we might not find any water for tonight. We continued along the plain four leagues to the northeast,⁶² when we saw a trail leading to the south. The interpreter told us that the Yubuincariris had told him that we must take this trail to go to the river, and so we took it,⁶³ but after travelling along it a league to the south, we found that the interpreter had made a mistake in the signs, for a short distance from here the trail turned back. And so, going eastward, we climbed the low range which runs nearly north and south

60. Two forks of a dry arroyo unite in Johnson's Valley.

61. Escalante now turned up Buckskin Gulch, along a branch of Johnson's Run, a dry wash. On his left were beautiful, high, red cliffs; far ahead a symmetrical one, which we dubbed "The Hat." A few miles to the east, across Buckskin Gulch (really not a gulch but a pleasant valley), ran the low range now called Buckskin Mountains, parallel with Escalante's trail. On the south this range merges into the famous forest-clad Kaibab Plateau. The place where Olivares obtained water was evidently Navajo Well. It is about six miles north-northeast of the Camp of Santa Bárbara, and off the road half a mile to the west, between high red mesas. Olivares evidently had returned to the trail to meet the wayfarers.

62. Escalante now continued up Buckskin Gulch, evidently keeping to the western side. For a few miles his view of the main valley was cut off by a small cedar grown ridge. At the end of the four leagues beyond Navajo Well he had nearly reached the head of Buckskin Mountains. If he had kept along the trail to the northeast he would have had a nearly level route to the Paria River.

63. His sharp southward turn of a league took him across Telegraph Flat, a level, open area near the head of the valley. Here Buckskin Mountains have the appearance of a low cedar covered ridge, innocent looking enough. So Escalante plunged into them, but before reaching Paria River he paid a heavy price, for as he proceeded he found the country exceedingly rough, and in places almost impassable. Camp San Juan Capistrano was on Paria River, near old Adairville, an abandoned town.

Our journey in 1927 ended at Jepson's Ranch in Buckskin Mountains. At this point I hope to take up the trail again and follow it across the Colorado River and to Oraibe, from which point I have followed it eastward.

on the east side of this plain all the way, and which we had intended to avoid. We crossed it with great difficulty and fatigue to the horses, for besides being much broken it is very stony. Night overtook us as we descended to the other side from a very high, rough, hogback with many boulders. From it we saw several fires below us and beyond a small plain. We thought the interpreter Andrés and the Laguna Joaquín, who had gone ahead hunting water for tonight, had made the fires in order that we might know where they were. But having completed the descent, and having travelled, since we left the trail mentioned, four leagues to the east-northeast, making some turns in the valleys of the range, we reached the fires, where there were three small ranchos of Indians, and with them our interpreter and Joaquín. We decided to pass the night here because at short distances to the east and west we had water and pasturage for the animals who were now almost completely worn out. We named the camp San Juan Capistrano. Today twelve leagues.

Since it was night when we reached these ranchos, and the Indians were unable to see how many people were coming, they were frightened, and in spite of the persuasions of the interpreter and the Laguna Joaquín, when we arrived most of them fled, only three men and two women remaining. Very much grieved, they said to our Laguna, "Little Brother, you are of the same race as ourselves. Do not let these people you are with kill us." We embraced them and tried by every possible means we could think of to dispel their suspicions and fear. They became somewhat reassured, and wishing to please us they gave us two roasted hares and some pine nuts. Moreover, two of them went, although very fearfully, to show the watering place to the servants, in order that the animals might drink. This place is to the east of the north point of the small range mentioned, near a number of hills of red earth. To the south of these hills, very close by, on some rocky knolls having some piñon and cedar trees, are two good tanks

of rainwater. Beyond them⁶⁴ in a little arroyo there are also some pools of water, but it is small in amount and not so good. To the west-southwest of the same hills, at the foot of the range, there is also a small spring of permanent water. These Indians call themselves in their language Paganpache, and their near neighbors to the north and north-northwest they call Ytimpabichi.

After we had retired to rest some of the companions, among them being Don Bernardo Miera, went to one of the huts to talk with the Indians. They told them that Don Bernardo was ill, and an old Indian among those present, either because our men requested it or because he wished to do so, set about curing him with chants and ceremonies, which if not openly idolatrous must have been totally superstitious. All of our men, including the patient, permitted them willingly, and they applauded them as harmless pleasantries, when they ought to have prevented them as contrary to the evangelical and divine law which they profess, or at least they ought to have withdrawn. Although we heard the chants of the Indians, we did not know to what they were directed. But in the morning, as soon as they told us the seriousness of the occasion, we were deeply grieved at such harmful carelessness, and we reprimanded them, instructing them never again, by their voluntary presence or in any other way, to countenance such errors.

This is one of the principal reasons why the heathen who deal most with the Spaniards and Christians of these parts most stubbornly resist the evangelical truth, their conversion becoming daily more difficult. When we were preaching the necessity of holy baptism to the first Sabuaganas whom we saw,⁶⁵ the interpreter, in order not to offend them, or in order not to lose the ancient friendship which they maintain for the sake of vile trade in skins (for they often visit them, even in violation of the just edicts of the goveronrs of this realm, by which repeatedly it has

64. *Mas hacia.*

65. This was at the east end of Grand Mesa, in Colorado.

been ordered that no Indian, Janissary or citizen, shall enter the lands of the heathen without first obtaining a license for it from his Lordship), translated to them these exact words: "The fathers say that if the Apaches, Navajos and Comanches are not baptized they can not go to Heaven, but will go to hell, where God punishes them, and they will burn like wood in the fire." The Sabuaganas were greatly delighted to hear themselves excluded and their enemies included in the indispensable necessity of being baptized lest they be lost and suffer eternally. The interpreter was reprimanded, and seeing that his stupid falsification was found out he reformed.

We might add to these other instances, learned from their own lips, when among the Yutas they have attended and perhaps approved and even taken part in many idolatrous ceremonies. But let these two which we know on evidence suffice. For if, after having heard these idolatries and superstitions refuted and condemned many times, they still attend them, give occasion for them, and approve them, what will they not do when travelling for three or four months among the heathen Yutas and Navajos, there being no one present to correct or restrain them? Aside from this, some of them have given us sufficient reason during this journey to suspect that if some go to the Yutas and remain so long a time among them out of greed for skins, others go and remain there for carnal purposes which they can indulge there to their brutal satisfaction. And thus in all sorts of ways they blaspheme the name of Christ and impede or, more exactly said, oppose, the spread of the Faith. Oh, with what severity such evils should be met! May God in His infinite goodness inspire the best and most effective means!

October 23.—We did not march today, in order to give time for the people here to quiet down and to permit those of the vicinity to assemble. The grass seeds and other things which we had purchased and eaten did us

notable injury and weakened instead of strengthening us." We were unable to get these people to sell us any ordinary meat, and so they ordered a horse killed and the flesh cured so that we might carry it. Today Father Fray Francisco Atanacio was ill with a severe pain . . . such that he was not able even to move.

All day the Indians from the nearby ranchos kept coming, and we embraced them all and gave them such presents as we could. These people now gave clearer notices of the Cosninas and Moquinos, speaking of them by these very names. They also told us the way we must go to the river, which is twelve leagues from here at most, giving us directions for the ford. We purchased from them about a bushel of pine nuts and we made them a present of more than a half bushel of grass seeds.

Very early next day twenty-six Indians assembled, among them being some of those who were with us the previous afternoon, and others whom we have never seen before. We told them of the Holy Evangel, reprehending and explaining the evil and the uselessness of their superstitions, especially the supersitious cure of the sick. We admonished them that they ought to go only to the true and one God in their troubles, because only His Majesty has at His disposal health and sickness, life and death, and is able to help us all. And although our interpreter could not explain this to them clearly, one of them, who doubtless had dealt with the Yutas Payuchis, understood him well and explained to the rest what he heard. When he saw that they listened gladly we proposed to them that if they wished to be Christianized, fathers and Spaniards would come to instruct them and live with them. They replied that they desired this. And when we asked where we should find them when we came, they replied that they would be in this small range and on the nearby mesas. Then, to attach them to us, we distributed thirteen yards of

66. More likely it was "gyp" water that did the damage.

red ribbon, giving each one half a yard, with which they were pleased and grateful. One of them had already agreed to go with us as far as the river to direct us to the ford, but when all the rest had said goodbye and he had accompanied us half a league, he was seized with such fear that we could not persuade him to continue. The companions, with little reflection, wished that we should forcibly make him keep his word but we, knowing his reluctance, let him go at will. [The diary continues until Santa Fé is reached]