

protect him from the shot, the British general was removed to the cellar, exclaiming, "Won't they let me die in peace?" soon after which he expired.

With the month of May came Lord Cornwallis from the Carolinas, confident of his ability to capture Lafayette, of whom he said, "The boy can not escape me." The boy, however, steadily retired toward the Rappahannock; Lord Cornwallis advanced into the interior of the State, and Colonel Tarleton, his chief of cavalry, swept like a hurricane in front of him, burning houses, cutting the throats of such horses as he did not need, among others those on one of Jefferson's estates, and having dispersed the Legislature at Charlottesville, made a swoop at "Monticello," the residence of Jefferson, who just managed to escape into the neighboring mountains.

Cornwallis soon fell back toward the Chesapeake, pursued by "the boy" Lafayette, who struck a heavy blow at him in the neighborhood of Williamsburg; and then appeared a courier at the American headquarters, bringing great news. Washington had determined to transfer the war to Virginia. He secretly evacuated his lines in front of New York, marched through Philadelphia in the midst of shouts and acclamations, made a brief pause at Mount Vernon while the forces continued their way, and on the evening of the 14th of September, 1781, made his appearance at Williamsburg.

All things now hastened forward to the great catastrophe upon which the curtain was about to fall. Lord Cornwallis had shut himself up in Yorktown, awaiting succor from Sir Henry Clinton. The English fleet had been attacked outside the capes and driven off by the French fleet under Count de Grasse. The British commander was closely invested in Yorktown, and a thundering salute from the American cannon announced that the attack upon him had begun; and at length a decisive assault took place, which resulted in the capture of two of the strongest of the English redoubts, one toward the banks of the York, the other toward the bay. Washington, who had witnessed the contest, when the English works had been carried, said to Knox, in his grave, deliberate voice,

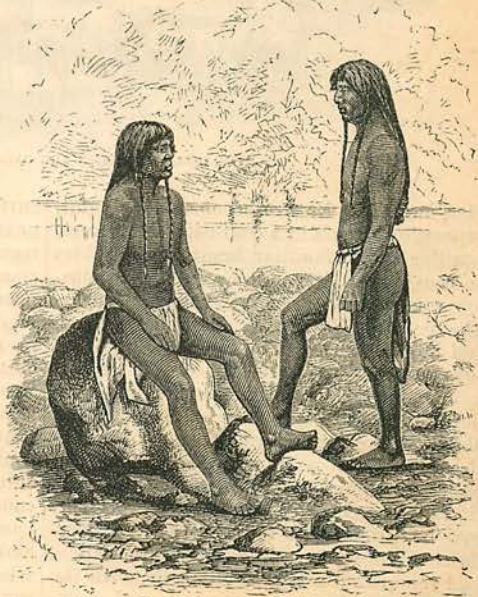
"The work is done, and well done."

The long work was indeed over, the event was decided. Lord Cornwallis, in despair, conceived the desperate design of crossing his army secretly, under cover of darkness, to Gloucester Point, on the north bank of the York, and of thence pushing his way by a forced march to New York. But the elements fought against him. A great storm arose and wrecked his barges, and he wrote to General Washington announcing his readiness to surrender. This great final scene of the long and bloody tragedy took place on the 19th of October, and terminated the Revolutionary war.

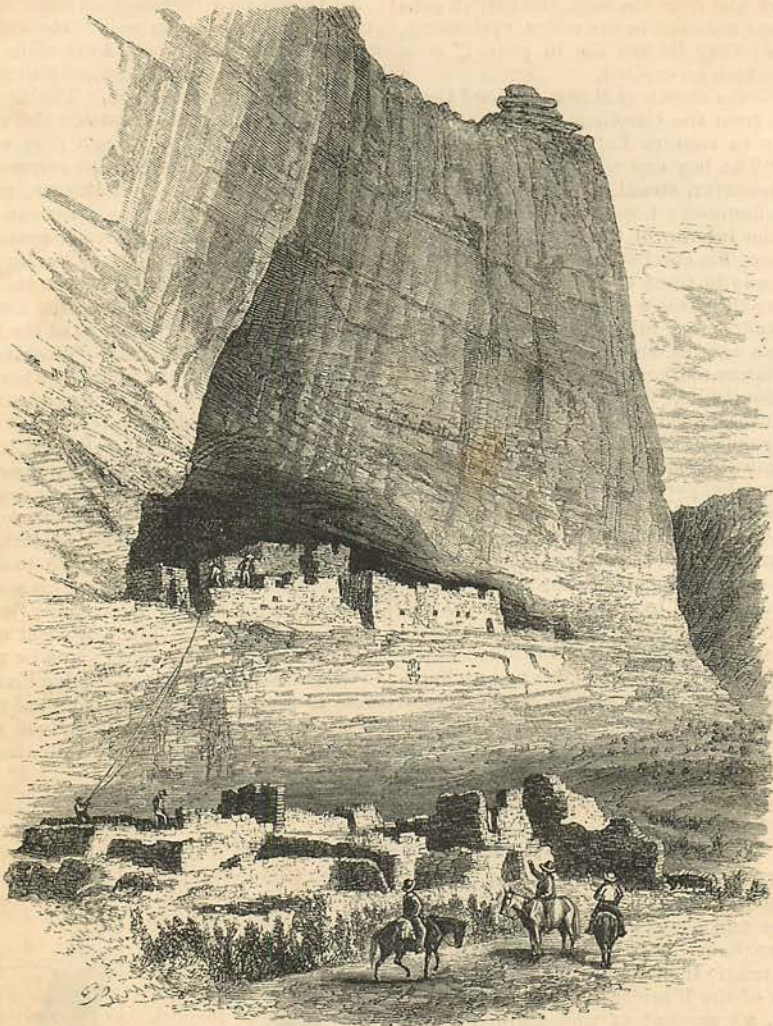
## A TRAIL IN THE FAR SOUTHWEST.

**F**ROM the high mountain country of Southern Colorado, in which the Chama and Navajo rivers are fed by the inexhaustible snows of the San Juan range, Lieutenant Morrison's division of the Wheeler exploring expedition, an account of whose progress to this point has already appeared in these pages, crossed the boundary line of New Mexico and entered a section which would have proved to us, had we needed proof, the impossibility of generalizing on the elements of Western scenery. The mature and mellow prettiness of the English rural landscape may be comprehensively grasped in some happy figure of a poet. But it is as vain to attempt to describe the territory beyond the 100th meridian by one or half a dozen adjectives as it would be to attempt to epitomize in a single sentence the changing glories of the western sky.

To say that it is all rugged, weird, and depressing is as incorrect as to say that it is invariably beautiful, luxuriant, and inspiring. It contradicts itself in the possession of all these qual-



NAVAJOS.



INDIAN RUINS IN THE CAÑON DE CHELLE.

ities, and in it Nature becomes a polyglot, expressing herself in a confusion of tongues, familiar and unfamiliar, breathing lullabies in the tranquillity of clover-loaded pastures, muttering threats where the spear-like peaks glitter with frosty brilliancy, and mocking herself in the witch-like images and exuberant colors of the eroded sandstones. To-day the traveler labors in the troughs and over the hillocks of the plains, where the deformed sage bush mantles the sterile earth with its leaden-hued pall, and where life is merely an illustration of its consequence, death. To-morrow he pitches his tent among the overflowing vegetation of a mountain valley, and reposes on a bed of bluebells, with the melody of sighing cotton-woods and snow-fed brooks rippling in his ears, all his senses

surfeited in a paradise of sweetness. The next day he may be in a region of monumental fantasies that set at naught the common laws of heaven and earth and all possibilities of description—a lost mortal in a goblin land where the grotesque and the preternatural are blended in the oddest architecture that wind, rain, and sand ever wrought upon.

At the forks of the Rio Chama, near the southern limit of Colorado, we were in a country crystalline with peaks and glacier tracks, furrowed far and wide with deep cañons locked between chromatic walls of basalt and undulating hills of pine, as silent and sequestered to all appearance as it was when the world began. Ten miles farther south, across the New Mexican boundary line, we reached an extensive low-lying

Education is making slow headway. Until 1871 there were no public schools in the Territory, but there are now no less than 133, with 5625 pupils. In twelve schools both English and Spanish are taught, in ten English only, and in 111 Spanish only. When the last census was made, the population included 48,836 persons over ten years of age who could not read, and 52,220 persons who could not write. The wealthier classes sometimes send their children to school in the States, but when a young man has tasted the pleasures of Eastern society he does not willingly submit himself again to the primitive surroundings of his father's house, and hence there is a decided prejudice against this custom.

In faith the people are simple, obedient, miracle-loving believers in the most authoritative and absolute Roman Catholicism—blind slaves of crude superstitions, taxed beyond their means to support a tyrant Church. Previous to the acquisition of the Territory by the United States, their nearest bishop lived over a thousand miles away in old Mexico, and seldom if ever visited so remote a diocese as this. The priests exercised unlimited temporal and spiritual powers in the several parishes, and were indescribably corrupt in the use of those powers for their personal benefit and the shameless satisfaction of their lusts. Never before was religion further perverted. It became the mere mask of license, and its ministers the priests, not of Christ, but of lechery and greed. At the time when the present archbishop was appointed, he could not close his eyes to the condition of affairs, and summarily dismissed a large number of priests for open immorality; but despite his efforts, which have been sincere and zealous, the Church is still represented in many distant settlements by men who are a disgrace and danger not only to Christianity, but to manhood and freedom. The bishop is a native of France, and most of those under him are French Jesuits, who, while they are not guilty of downright corruption, have not proved themselves in the history of their order the safest guardians of an ignorant people.

The New Mexican is not extravagant in matters of architecture. He is not the man by temperament or inclination to quarry stone and shape it for a shelter, when lighter material can be found, and his chief aim in constructing his dwelling has apparently been to succeed with as little labor as possible. His feeble indolence was not likely to express itself in such robust edifices of rock as some of the hardier Indians have left on the cliffs to commemorate their former greatness. Had the sun always shone and the winds blown steadily from the south, he would not have built at all; but favorable as the climate is, an occasional

tornado in summer and the snows of winter made the erection of a house a painfully unavoidable necessity. Nature accommodated him, however, and whichever site he chose, he had to go no farther than the spot on which he stood for building materials. The earth only needed mixing with a little water and straw to make it adobe. Adobe, in point of fact, is mud, and by spreading it while it is moist over a rude inclosure of logs, or shaping it into bricks, it can be fashioned without much labor or design into a passably comfortable habitation. This was all that was necessary, and this was all that was done.

If any thing is calculated to make a traveler feel more homesick than a dinner in a railway restaurant, it is a collection of these adobe houses. The prairie-dog throws up a mound around his dwelling; shapeliness and purpose are visible in the nomadic Indian's wigwam; the bamboo house of the South Sea Islander has its overlapping roof of palms; but the home of the New Mexican is a cheerless one-storied rectangle, as unpicturesque as an empty soap box, without chimneys, gables, or eaves—four flat, expressionless walls covered in by a flat, unmeaning lid, without a curve or projection of any kind to relieve the dead-weight of monotony. Neither mould nor creeper touches it; age leaves no mark of its caresses upon it, except, perhaps, an unseemly gap here and there where a portion of the adobe has fallen away. The door has no panels, the window no frame. Barren surfaces meet the eye every where, not one sign of beauty or strength. The crevices are infested by swarms of lizards, beetles, and hornets, to say nothing of roving tarantulas, scorpions, and rattlesnakes. And the interior matches the exterior in its prison-like, angular appearance. The two or three square apartments into which it is divided consist of adobe walls, floors, and ceilings, furnished with a small table, a few kitchen utensils, and a roll of bedding. They have the one merit of being warm in winter and cool in summer; and it would be unfair to overlook their extreme cleanliness, for however filthy a Mexican woman may be personally, she invariably keeps a clean house, and is never done scrubbing and whitewashing.

Yet poverty-stricken and destitute of other decorations as these rude houses are, the poorest of them can usually boast of a bit of religious finery, and though a chair or a table is not included in the furniture, a crucifix dangles over the hearth, and a gaudy Nassau Street print of the Last Supper, the manger of Bethlehem, or the Madonna and Child may be found hanging against the wall.

Another indication of the homage paid by these people to their religion is the presence of a church in the smallest settlements;

and whenever the Mexican has risen from the architectural squalor of his squat adobes, his efforts to attain a higher standard have been spent on the edifice that proclaims itself in the cross. In the most distant and impoverished villages a little sanctuary is found, raising its head a few feet above the huts around it, and presenting in its belfry and cornice the only attempt at ornamentation visible. The poverty within is almost pathetic. The bare mud walls are not more than twelve or fifteen feet high, and two small windows admit a drowsy yellow light into the dusty interior. The altar is adorned with cheap engravings, cheap paper flowers, cheap plaster images, cheap tallow candles, and cheap paper lace. It looks like a toy-shop window in fire-work times. The beams in the ceiling are as rough as the woodman's axe left them. No chairs or seats are provided, and the congregation crouch, Indian fashion, on the hard mud floor. In the larger towns, which are supplied with a resident priest, the church bell is never done ringing for services, but in the far-off districts a wandering padre trots into town some Sunday morning and out of town on Monday morning, not to appear again for three weeks or a month.

The extraordinary credulity and fanaticism of the people are seen in the strongest light, however, during Holy-Week, when large numbers throughout the Territory participate in the exercises of the Society of Penitentes, which is discountenanced by the priests, though it originally sprang from the Church. The head-quarters of this organization are at Mora, and its branches extend in every direction, including among its members a considerable part of the population, both male and female. It meets in the Morada, or assembly hall, and its transactions are secret, but its avowed object is the expiation of sin by the infliction of violent bodily punishment. Toward Good-Friday there is an unusual activity in the society, and the town-hall is occupied nearly every evening by meetings, which are signalized to the outsiders by dismal cries, groans, and the mysterious rattling of chains—preparations which result on Holy-Thursday in the public scourging of those members who desire to chasten themselves and make atonement for their offenses. The day is regarded as a festival, and a crowd of eager spectators gather about the hall. After many preliminary ceremonies, the door is thrown open, and the *penitentes* file into the April twilight of the snow-covered street to the doleful music of a shrill reed instrument played by an attendant. They are destitute of other clothing than a thin pair of under-drawers, and their heads and faces are hidden in white cotton wraps, so that their neighbors may not, by recognizing them, have cause to wonder what crime

they expiate. The leader staggers under the weight of a heavy cross about twenty feet high, and his companions, shivering with cold as the wind beats their naked bodies, carry thick bunches of the thorny cactus in their hands. The attendants place them in position, and at a given signal the procession moves, chanting a plaintive hymn to the time of the musician's pipe. At every second step the men strike themselves over the shoulders with the cactus, leaving a deeper scar with each blow, until the skin is broken and the lacerated flesh pours its blood in a carmine trail on the snow. Several are bound at the ankles by rawhide thongs, a dagger, pointed at both ends, being secured between the two feet in such a way that when they stumble, it stabs them in a most sensitive part. The sight becomes sickening with horror, and repressed moans of anguish fill the air as the cactus brushes afresh the streaming, quivering wounds. No one is allowed to retire, and when the cross-bearer sinks to the ground from exhaustion, the attendants quickly raise him and urge him on again with his heavy burden. The route is traced along the white road in crimson footsteps, and after parading the alleys of the town, the procession turns off toward a steep hill, in ascending which their bare feet are cut to the bone by the sharp projecting rocks. The eminence gained, preparations are made for a new and surpassing torture. The cross is laid upon the ground, and the bearer is so firmly bound to it by lengths of rawhide that the circulation of the blood is retarded, and a gradual discoloration of the body follows. His arms are outstretched along the transverse beam, to which a sword, pointed at both ends like the dagger before mentioned, is attached, and if he allows them to drop a single inch from their original position, the weapon penetrates the flesh. Amidst the unearthly groans of the bystanders and the shrill piping of the musician the cross is raised, and the crucified turns his agonized face to heaven, while the blood slowly trickles from his wounds and a livid hue overspreads his skin. How long he remains is merely a question of endurance, for eventually he loses consciousness, and not until then is he released. At the conclusion of this barbarous performance, which occasionally results in death, the *penitentes* return to the Morada, and the celebration is brought to a close.

The nineteenth century has brought very few improvements to the Territory. The terminus of the nearest railroad is 300 miles distant from Santa Fé. The few fields under cultivation are plowed with a forked wooden stick. The grain is trampled from the chaff by sheep and cattle. But curious as the people and their ways are, still more curious is the country itself.

From Tierra Amarilla (Yellow Earth) our little party, including Lieutenant Morrison, of the Sixth Cavalry, in command, and Mr. Frederick A. Clark, topographer,\* explored an area to the west and southwest, presenting many difficulties, not a few perils, and innumerable novel geographical features, most interesting of which are the extensive *mesas* or table-lands that give some parts the appearance of a vast archipelago. Few whites had ever gone before us into this mysterious country. Hundreds of years ago it was inhabited by a race, possibly the Aztecs, that has left no tradition or record behind, except its ruined dwellings, which prove an intelligent knowledge of architecture and the art of fortification, such as no living Indian tribes possess: how many hundred years ago no historian has ever ventured to say. Some of the ruins show traces of 400 rooms under one roof; and so large a population as

this indicates could not have existed in the country as it now is—an arid desert without permanent water, and consequently without vegetation, in a circle of ninety miles. It must have been moderately fertile certainly; in all likelihood it was well stocked with game; and the mind is dazed in thinking of the ages that have probably gone by while Nature has been canceling the old features, and clothing herself in the garments that she wears to-day.

The pastures are wiped out. For three weeks we traveled twenty-five miles a day on an average without encountering a human being outside our own party, or a sign (except the ruins, and the fragments of quaintly figured pottery that are thickly strewn around them) to show that we were not trespassing on a domain hitherto unknown to man. Our voices awoke no response in bird or beast. The swift lizard winding in and out among the prickly-pears, the cactus, and the sage bushes; the horned toad in its brightly colored armor creeping among the rocks; the yellow-brown rattlesnakes spitting their venom at us as they basked in the broiling mid-day sunshine; the prowling coyote stealing away from us, its weazen little body ill concealed by its bushy hair; a stray rabbit, so tough and

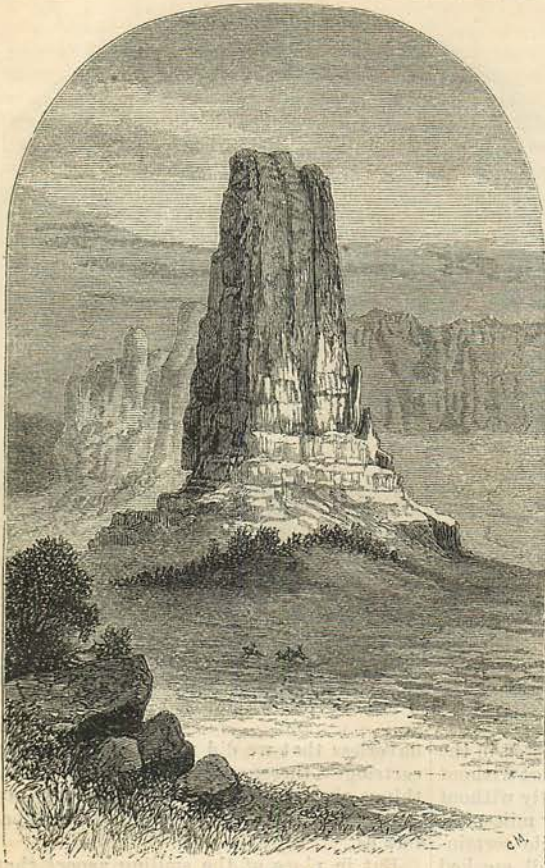


NEW MEXICAN FIELD WITH ADOBE WALLS.

flavorless that we did not deem it worth a cartridge—these, and these only, were the things that reminded us that life was not wholly extinct in the lonely wilderness before us.

But in place of the smiling aspect that the country once presented, the traveler is brought into the presence of the primitive forces of nature, into a laboratory where not merely the effect, but the action itself is perceptible. The parched earth is mapped with open seams, that gape wider and wider with successive rains, until a deep channel is formed between abrupt, vertical walls. These *arroyos*, as they are called in Spanish, lying in every direction, and making travel by night extremely dangerous, represent, on a small scale, the gorgeous sandstone *mesas* and the box cañons that divide them. The *mesas* are, technically speaking, plateaus, but their formation is such that they are better described as flat-topped mountains, or islands in the ocean of the plains, rising with defiant bluffs of miraculous color to heights of from 8000 to 11,000 feet above the level of the sea, and 1000 feet above the immediate level. Looking from the summits, the eye follows their long smooth ridges, unbroken by pinnacle or crag, into the uncertain gray of a hundred miles. Viewed from the flat-bottomed troughs that separate them, they present in the lower half a slanting bed of detritus, specked by the dull green of stunted pines, and support-

\* The writer's thanks are due to Mr. Clark and Mr. W. H. Holmes for the valuable assistance he received from them in illustrating the article.



MESA OF CHASCA MOUNTAINS.

ed by abutments of solid or tessellated rock, and in the upper half a belt of stratified sandstone fringed with hemlock or fir. Some of them are precipitous on all sides. Others incline by an easy slope from a high bluff to the level. No words can describe the resplendent colors that illuminate them, nor the wonderful effects they produce in the effulgent western atmosphere. Sometimes the sandstone forms a broad band of golden yellow, and its gritty particles glitter like burnished metal in the sunshine that pours down upon them from the undimmed sky; sometimes it is a vivid crimson that seems steeped in the inextinguishable fires of sunset; sometimes it is a mossy green, or bronze, or purple; but oftener it is ribbed by a score of different hues, each strong in its own beauty, and drawn across the wall of the *mesa* in a distinct line as by a painter's brush.

Wind and rain have written the story of their work on these sandstones in unmistakable signs. We see the silver thread of a pool slowly wearing a channel for itself in a fissure less than an inch wide. A little farther on, a similar channel widens into a

great crevasse. One day we traveled several miles along a great oblong *mesa*, a mass of crimson, which ended suddenly in a rough escarpment of loose and overhanging rock, as though it had been violently torn asunder. After an interval of a quarter of a mile, we came upon the missing fragment, which, without doubt, had been separated from the main rock not in the convulsive throes of an earthquake, but by the gradual, gentle, silent toil of the rain-drops.

Nor are the evidences of the same power seen in such giant-like work as this only. The bluffs and cliffs are often supported by fluted columns and ornamented by delicate pilastered erosions that resemble the rich carvings of an old Gothic church in their infinite variety and harmonious design. And the wind, working with the sand, has not been less industrious than the water in lavish fancies on these pliant rocks. The weird pillars that attract hundreds of tourists to Monument Park, in Central Colorado, are multitudinously repeated here, and nature confronts the astonished intruder with the grimace of a jester in the wildest and quaintest of vagaries.

The yet more pliant sandstone clay which surrounds the *mesas* exhibits greater marvels. Cities with clustering spires, minarets, colonnades, towers, and monuments seem to rise out of the plain, bathed in deep, mellow, and brilliant tints—fair cities full of beautiful forms and colors. You can probably recall pictures of Italy in which all kinds of tints are pervaded by a haze that softens all the outlines in its misty gold. Think, then, of such a picture realized with all its subtilty of color; think of an amphitheatre of buildings, fanciful in form and fresh-looking as polished granite, composed of well-defined belts of mauve, violet, yellow, pink, gray, blue, and a score of other hues, and from that you may gather an idea of the views that were constantly unfolded to us. First we saw a pyramid 200 feet high, at its base a shade of violet blending with an earthy brown that is next in the ribs of color surrounding it; above these a line of carmine extends, melting into a soft rose-color, which by almost imperceptible degrees changes to a carmine again, and the apex is only reached by an infinite variety of the most astonishing chromatic transfor-

mations. Next we saw a larger and more complicated structure—two towers connected by a wall in front, with an arrow-like spire midway between them; and for miles farther we wound among similar and not less picturesque rocks, some like crescent-shaped fortresses, others pointed and slim like needles, and others with a ludicrous likeness to the human figure. In some places the stones have been eroded into thousands of little cells, like a worm-eaten piece of wood from the tropics, and occasionally a great split opens into a darksome cavern hundreds of feet deep.

We crossed the Chasca Mountains by the Washington Pass, the suitability of which as a wagon road to the West was confirmed, and for a week we worked in luxuriant valleys, amidst a tropical superabundance of vegetation and the music of cool, refreshing brooks. The Navajo reservation includes these mountains, and we were visited by many Indians of that nation, broad-shouldered, swift-footed, handsome men, and pretty, pensive-looking squaws, with the merriest of silvery laughs and the most winning of faces. Thence we entered Arizona by the way of Fort Defiance, traveling for three days under the shadow of a line of red sandstone bluffs about 800 feet high, which are split in many places into detached needles and pyramids like those in the Cañon de Chelle. Here and there a volcanic mass rises alone from the plain, its black and porous substance covered with a yellowish-green moss; and among others of this kind we found one which Mr. Clark aptly named the Giant's Arm-Chair. From Fort Defiance we re-entered New Mexico, passing through



THE GIANT'S ARM-CHAIR.

the Zuni Mountains, striking across country to the Rio Grande, ascending the valley to Albuquerque, working our way through the Zandia, Manzana, and Placer mountains to Santa Fé, and giving a distinct name and place on the map to every peak, trail, and creek on our route.

From Santa Fé the party explored the country to the southwest, calling at Galisteo, Anton Chico, Las Vegas, and Fort Lyons, where the field season of five months was brought to a close on November 20, and the three divisions of the Colorado section of the expedition met to disband. Lieutenant Morrison's division traveled over 4200 road miles and surveyed 12,000 square miles—an achievement which, considering the difficulties encountered in mountain regions

from forest fires and swollen streams, the loss of mules from exhaustion, evinces the patient industry and zeal of the members. Lieutenant Marshall's party traveled about 3800 miles and surveyed about 10,000 square miles, and Lieutenant Carpenter's party about 3600 road miles and 9000 square miles. Besides the purely topographical data obtained, the geologists, botanists, and ornithologists of the parties gathered a large

quantity of important materials, which will be incorporated in the reports of the survey, and many valuable specimens, which are deposited with the Smithsonian Institution. The three other parties, working in Western Arizona and Southern California, under the personal direction of Lieutenant Wheeler, were also successful, and, with the exception of the death of one man by thirst, they met with no mishaps.

### OLD ABEL'S EXPERIENCE.

So you're thinking of marriage, Joseph—well, well, I've naught to say; Most young folks (and some of the old ones) seem to incline that way. But I've always liked you, Joseph; you've been very kind to me, And to know you're coming to trouble, why, it makes me sorry, you see. There now, Joseph, you're angry; 'twas foolish in me, no doubt: I didn't mean to say it, but somehow the words slipped out. You'll have to forgive me, Joseph; you know I'm silly and old. Shake hands; and I'll tell you a story that has never yet been told; And perhaps when my story's ended, you'll be ready, my friend, to say, "Old Abel had very good reason for his doubts and fears to-day." I was sixty-five last birthday—I'm gray and wrinkled, 'tis true; But forty years ago, Joseph, I was young and as spry as you, And Amy said I was handsome—how proud it made me then! Not the praise, but the thought that Amy preferred me to other men. *She* was a little beauty, sweet and dimpled and fair; You never saw such a mouth, Joseph, nor such brown eyes and hair. And she had such a coaxing way, too, that— I was a fool, I know, And I'm hardly cured of my folly, though it's forty years ago. Amy and I were playmates; we went to school together; I carried her books and her basket through summer or winter weather. Later, at husking frolics, at quilting or apple bee, I was always her chosen sweetheart, and that was bliss for me. Time and thoughts and service gladly to her I gave; She was my queen, my idol—I was her willing slave. And so, when she was twenty, and I was twenty-five, We were married: I thought that I was the happiest man alive. I fairly cried when the parson pronounced us man and wife, For hadn't I won the angel I'd been worshiping all my life? Well, the wedding was fairly over, and I thought to settle down; I'd built and furnished a cottage as pretty as any in town. Whatever I knew she fancied, I couldn't rest till I bought, So in trying to please my darling I spent far more than I ought. But when she smiled, and called me "*dear* Abel," and praised my taste, What did I care if the neighbors talked of folly and waste? For a little while I was happy: too soon I was forced to see That Amy could be neglectful, and even cruel to me. When sometimes I hinted gently that the house wasn't very neat, Or left the food untasted that was scarcely fit to eat, She'd answer me so harshly, and say such cutting things, They gave me many a heartache: ah! *words* have terrible stings! At last I saw it plainly—her life too dull had grown; She was tired of her homely duties—tired of seeing me alone. I was always content and happy just at her side to be, But she—and that was bitter—found something wanting in *me*. It's too long a story, Joseph, to tell you how I strove To please and interest Amy, and to keep her fading love: My farm was left untended, my stock to ruin went, While we journeyed about and idled, till my little fortune was spent; Then back we went to our cottage—it never had been a *home*; It could only grow more cheerless in the weary years to come. Weary and dreary I found them, till I grew to hate my life, And to think hard thoughts of all women, because I was grieved in my wife.