

bound ones, so we really escaped at last, leaving by this time some 450 poor creatures to their uncertain fate.

A change at Lamy to the local Santa Fé line and a midnight crawl of something over an hour brought us to the curious old New Mexico capital.

Santa Fé, as every one knows, is the oldest town in the United States, having been a stronghold even before the days of the Spanish Conquest.

We woke up next morning to a glorious day of brilliant sunshine that no Good Friday influence could dim.

Such a sky! Such mountains all round us! Such billows of cloud of every conceivable shape and shade of pearl and opal!

The air is deliciously bracing, but a little difficult to breathe, owing to the altitude (over 7,000 feet), and many complain that it is impossible to walk far with any comfort.

I had no wish to walk; *looking* seemed quite pleasure enough with such a glorious landscape before me.

Santa Fé itself is a quaint straggling town, full of low, square "doby" houses and sandhills covered with sparse tufts of grass.

All round you are the snow-clad peaks of the Spanish mountains. On this gorgeous Good Friday morning