

long lain undisturbed, or have merely had their surface scratched over by private enthusiasts, are now being properly excavated, and everything of value that is turned out is labelled and classified, and taken into safe keeping. The identity of the seven cities, said to have been discovered by the first Spanish invaders, and named by them "the Cibola," has been now clearly established, and Zuni (that is old Zuni, the ruins of which are near to the present town) is one of them. It has been proved also that an elaborate system of irrigation was in operation in Arizona and New Mexico long before the advent of the Spaniards. It has been said in a careless manner by unthinking people, that the Indians could have known nothing before the Spaniards came, that all the so-called relics of a past civilization are in fact simply of Spanish origin; but these explorations which are now going on are tending to prove, and in due time will probably prove conclusively, that there did exist on this continent a comparatively advanced condition of civilization, long before Christopher Columbus set foot on these shores. There have been found the remains of irrigating canals, hidden up under the soil, of far more perfect construction than anything at present used; and it can be proved incontrovertibly that they are far more than four hundred years old. Cities of greater size than any hitherto conceived of have been discovered, and all kinds of interesting relics of a past age are being one by one unearthed. But the work is at present only in its infancy, and it will be some years probably before any great results can be expected.

I had one more thing to do, that in fact I must do, before leaving New Mexico, and that was to visit at least one of these old buried cities, and poke a little among the ruins.

I had hoped to visit Fort Defiance, and see more of the Navajo Indians. I had hoped to visit the Moki Indians, in Arizona. I had hoped also to find my way to Cañon de Chaco, where some of the principal ruins were said to be located. But all these plans seemed doomed to be disappointed. The weather was against it. Wheels, in such weather as this, were almost, if not entirely, useless; and riding on horseback such long long miles in this cold dreary weather was not tempting. It seemed better, under the circumstances, to give up these long journeys and keep to the railway track. There were other Pueblo villages, such as Laguna, Acoma, and Isleta, which I could take on my way back eastward, almost without leaving the track. Mr. G. also told me that there was a very good ruin only five miles from Manuelito, which had not yet been explored—also some ancient cliff dwellings near to it.

This latter piece of information decided me. I would go back to Manuelito. I would visit these ruins of which Mr. G. had spoken. I would take Acoma and Laguna on my way back to Denver; and I would give up Fort Bonito and the Mokis.