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Saturday 31st

I have visited this morning the ruins of an ancient pueblo, or village, now overgrown and a home for the wild beast, and here of the forest.

It created sad thoughts when I found myself riding almost heedlessly over the works of their once mighty people. Their perhaps was pride, power and wealth, came to its uttermost limit. For here to raise the great Montezuma once lived, though he probably a false tradition, as the most learned and ancient Spanish historians report that great monarch to have reigned much farther south than any portion of New Mexico.

At any rate these pueblos behind in and long-looked for the coming of their king to redeem them from the Spanish yoke. And I am told by persons who saw it, that he only within some two or three years since it was inhabited by one family only, the last of a once numerous population. They continued to help along Montezuma's fall, till it was accidentally extinguished, and they abandoned the place, believing that fate had turned her hand against them. This fire, which was kept in vaults under ground, and now almost entirely filled in by the falling ruins, was believed to have been kindled by the king himself, and that an entreaty was told to keep it burning till he returned, which he certainly would, to redeem them, and if he had been returned down to this time, or within a few years.

But now something of what my own eyes witnessed. The only part standing is the church, we got off our horses at the door and went in, and I was truly amazed. I should think it was eighty feet by thirty. The ceiling is very high and elegant in appearance; the shapes are carved in hieroglyphic figures, as is also the great door altar and indeed all the little wood-work about it, showing that if they were uncivilized or half-civilized as we generally believe them, they had at least a degree of grandeur.

Some parts of it, too, have the appearance of hewn work, though it is difficult to decide, it is so much battered to pieces. From the church leads several doors, into apartments of the priests, confession screen, penance chamber

One of them only has a fireplace in it, and this is exceedingly small. All across the church at different distances are stairs: the sides of our house remain perfect still, and the plain to see a three storied building once was there. The upper rooms were entered by ladders from the outside. And in case of an enemy coming these ladders were drawn up, and no communication being afforded below they were perfectly secure to eat, store or any other mischief at their not so well protected enemy.

Mr. Alva pointed out to me the door of a room in which he had once slept all night in some of his trips across the plains, and while some of the inhabitants still remained

P.S. As is the custom among the present inhabitants of Mexico, this pueblo is built of unburnt bricks and stones.