THE DOMÍNGUEZ-ESCALANTE JOURNAL

THEIR EXPEDITION THROUGH COLORADO, UTAH, ARIZONA, AND NEW MEXICO IN 1776

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the horse herd drank after the ice was broken. According to what the vestiges show, it is a stopping place for the Cosninas when they travel to the Payuchis. We continued south along the same course, feeling extremely cold, and after traveling four leagues of very good country we left the direct route to Moqui, as it had been indicated by the Payuchis, and followed the one more traveled by the Cosninas toward the south-southwest; then, after going one league, we found several small dwellings or deserted camps and indications that many herds of cattle and horses had been pastured hereabouts for some time. We kept on along the same course, and after we had gone a league and a half southwest, night came and we halted without water, naming the site San Jacinto.[419] Today nine leagues and a half.[420]

Because of the persisting great cold, we held back for a spell while the rest of the companions went on ahead in order to build a fire and warm up Don Bernardo Miera, who was ready to freeze on us and who we feared could not survive so much cold. That is why the rest of the companions arrived ahead of us at the spring mentioned and, before we could overtake them, kept on going without filling up the vessels which we brought along for this purpose. Because of their carelessness we suffered great thirst tonight.

November 13 On the 13th we started out from San Jacinto toward the south-southwest along the course mentioned, and over good terrain of woods and abundant pasturages, and after going two leagues we swung south a league and a half, and among some big rocks we found sufficient water for the men and almost enough for all the horses. We continued south over a sandy plain for two leagues, and half of one to the southeast, and halted about a league beyond another water-hole[421] with bad water which we found on the same route. We named the place El Espino[422] because we caught a porcupine today, and here we tasted flesh of the richest flavor.

We were all so much in need of nourishment now, since we had not eaten anything but a piece of toasted hide the night before, and so the porcupine shared among so many only served to whet the appetite. Hence we ordered another horse deprived of its life. It was something we had not done sooner because we had expected to find

419. On the north edge of a small butte near the center of a valley about four miles east of Preston Mesa.

420. Very close to 25 miles.

421. Standing Rock Well, which is located in a weirdly eroded cluster of sandstone rocks.

422. This campsite was not located near any distinctive topographic feature, but was merely out in a large field of bedrock sandstone and sand dunes. It was on the present road about five miles directly north of Tuba City, Arizona.

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provisions in some Cosnina camp, but not even a recent vestige of them had we seen. Today six leagues.[423]

November 14

On the 14th we left El Espín and headed south-southeast, and after going a little less than a league we found en route a big waterhole of good water,[424] where the entire horse herd drank to satisfaction. We kept going southeast, and at three-quarters of a league we entered a canyon[425] where four springs of good water emerge.[426] We traveled southeast through it for half a league and arrived at a small farm and camp of the Cosninas, all of it pretty and well arranged — the farmland is irrigated by means of the four springs mentioned and by two other copious ones which rise next to it;[427] here this year the Cosninas planted maize, squash, watermelon, and muskmelon. By the time we arrived they had gathered their harvest and, judging from the refuse or scraps of everything we found, it had been an abundant one, and especially that of beans. For if we had made camp here, we could have gleaned half a bushel of it. The farmland is surrounded by peach trees.[428]

Besides the several huts made of boughs, there was a very well constructed little house of stone and mud. In it were the baskets, jars, and other utensils of these Indians. These, judging from the tracks, had gone away some days before, perhaps to look for piñon nuts in the adjacent high sierra toward the south-southwest. Trails went off from the camp in different directions, and we did not know which one to take to go to Moqui, for we could no longer go farther afield looking for the Cosninas, as much from the lack of supplies as from the extreme severity with which winter was plaguing us.

We took a trail which went southeast, traveled for two leagues over

423. About 14¾ miles.

424. Not identified.

425. Pasture Canyon.

426. Today four conspicuous large springs burst from aquifers at ground level or slightly above in alcoves on the east canyon wall.

427. Other springs in addition to the four already mentioned occur in the vicinity. The combined waters of all these springs irrigate fields which are to be seen at intermittent intervals throughout the canyon from its head to Pasture Canyon Reservoir, a distance of about 2.75 miles. A constant flow of water reaches the reservoir, which stores water for the irrigated fields of the Hopi village of Moenkopi, two miles farther downstream and overlooking Moenkopi Wash.

428. With its cornfields and cottonwood trees and hundred-foot-high red sandstone walls, Pasture Canyon is as delightful today as it must have been in 1776. The canyon, a five-mile-long oasis in the desert, is the only watercourse of its kind in the area, and it nicely fits the journal description. Although Indian farmers are the main tillers of the canyon fields today, Lot Smith, early Mormon pioneer settler in the Moenkopi–Tuba City area in the 1870s, operated a farm just south of the middle section of the canyon.

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altogether flat country,[429] passing by some springs of good water, and crossed a small river which flows from northeast to southwest and carries as much water as an adequate irrigation ditch.[430] It has its small poplar grove and small meadows with very poor pasturage where we crossed it. Beyond the river we climbed a mesa[431] where there was a small lake and several banked pools of rainwater, and they serve as ponds and watering places for the Moqui cattle which we were already beginning to see in numerous herds. We traveled over the mesa for two and a half leagues to the east-southeast, went up a high hill, and because night was approaching and there was good pasturage for the horse herds, we halted — naming the place Cuesta de los Llanos[432] because from here begin the spreading plains and countryside having no mesas, woods, or sierras, but very good pasturages which extend southeastward far beyond Moqui. Today six leagues and a quarter.[433]

November 15 On the 15th we left La Cuesta de los Llanos, headed east-southeast, and traveled over the plains for nine leagues without finding water during the whole day's march, so as not to go astray looking for it. We found it in a narrow valley where there was a great deal of sagebrush of the kind they call *chico*. We halted in it, naming it La Cañada de los Chicos.[434] Today nine leagues[435] to the southwest.

We no longer had a thing for eating supper tonight because the horsemeat on hand was not enough for all. There were large cattle-herds hereabouts, and all the companions wanted to kill a cow or a heifer. They kept impatiently insisting that we should let them relieve the need from which we all were suffering by this means. Realizing that we were already near El Pueblo de Oraibi, that this would cause some trouble between us and the Moqui people and defeat our purpose — which was to exert anew our efforts in behalf of the Light, and meekness of the Gospel, as against their willful blindness and

429. They left Pasture Canyon and headed southeast across open desert. They may have continued to the vicinity of the present reservoir before leaving the canyon, but it seems clear that they did not reach the present site of Moenkopi. The present village, an offshoot of the Hopi town of Oraibi, was not established until the mid-1870s.

430. Moenkopi Wash.

431. Coal Mesa, on the Moenkopi Plateau.

432. This camp was near the head of the spectacular Coal Mine Canyon and very close to Arizona State Highway 264.

433. That is, 16.44 miles.

434. Located at or near the right bank of Dinnebito Wash.

435. The distance covered this date was under 7 leagues, about 18 miles, not 9 leagues, a difference of about 6 miles.

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inveterate obstinacy[436] — we ordered another horse to be killed, and that no one was to approach those herds even if, as they assured us, they were runaways or public property.

November 16

On the 16th we set out from La Cañada de los Chicos toward the east-southeast, went three leagues, and near a high mesa turned east-northeast for a quarter of a league. Here we found a well-beaten trail and concluded that it went to one of the Moqui pueblos. We followed it and, after going three leagues northeast over good and altogether flat country, and a little less than two north, we arrived at the mesa of El Pueblo de Oraibi. We ordered the companions to halt at the mesa's foot, that none except those going up with us should approach the pueblo until we gave the word.[437]

We went up without incident. As we started to enter the pueblo a large number of Indians, big and small, surrounded us. We kept asking for the ritual headman and war captains in a language they did not know, and as we tried to go over to the ritual headman's house they stopped us, and one of them told us in Navajo not to enter the pueblo.[438] Don Juan Pedro Cisneros then asked him spiritedly in the same language whether or not they were friends of ours. This quieted them down, and a very old man led us to his home and lodged us in it, offering us a room in which to spend the night, and their customary victuals. Today seven leagues.[439]

Tonight the ritual headman with two very old men came to visit us, and, after having let us know that they were our friends, offered to sell us the provisions we might need. We let them know that we much appreciated it.

November 17

On the 17th, quite early, they brought us at our lodging some baskets or trays of flour, beef tallow, maize paperbread,[440] and other kinds of

436. Throughout the Spanish colonial period the Hopi were referred to as the "obstinate Hopi" for their steadfast refusal to accept Christianity.

437. At Old Oraibi, Father Vélez de Escalante was on familiar ground. During June and July 1775 he had traveled to the Hopi villages from Zuñi to obtain geographical information and to learn about the Hopi and their customs as a means of propagating the faith. His diary of that trip, which contains many more details about the Hopi than in this 1776 account, has been translated and edited by Eleanor Adams in "Fray Silvestre and the Obstinate Hopi," *New Mexico Historical Review* 38 (April 1963):97–138.

438. For the past several years the pueblo of Old Oraibi has been closed to white visitors. A handpainted sign, posted at the entrance of the village, reads: "WARNING: No outside white visitors allowed. Because of your failure to obey the laws of our tribe as well as the laws of your own, this village is hereby closed."

439. The total mileage for the day is given as seven leagues (almost 18.5 miles), although the several distances listed in the journal for that day add up to about eight leagues. Seven leagues is the more accurate figure, however.

440. A paper-thin bread made from fine cornflour; it tastes like cornflakes and is really the forerunner of cornflakes. It is delicious. To learn how it is made see *Me and Mine: The life Story of Helen Sekaquaptewa* (Tucson: University of Arizona Press, 1969), 112–15.

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