

DON JUAN DE OÑATE

ADELANTADO, CAPTAIN GENERAL, AND FIRST GOVERNOR OF NEW MEXICO

His faith: The Governor did order there be made, of mighty trunks of trees,- A goodly chapel, right well made –And all with canopies well hung,.. There was of penitents contrite- A discipline bloody and great, - asking of god with tears and prayers-That , as his power opened out a road- Amid the waters and with feet all dry- The race of Israel went free, -E’en so he would free us and show a path- Amid those deserts most exceeding sad- And freezing waste, unsheltered, plains,- So that the church might well be carried on- Into Mew Mexico, ... The General, in a secret place- That he wished only I should know,- Kneeling upon the ground did shed- Two fountains from his eyes and then,-Lashing his shoulders, he poured out – A sea of crimson blood while imploring- His Divine Majesty that he have mercy on- All that great camp that in his charge- Was placed and entrusted.... Villagra canto XI

His courage: in fording the Rio de las Conchas. The waters were so swift and the soundings showed such a depth that there were none who would dare attempt its passage. Many were for not attempting it, fearful lest they be engulfed in its turbulent waters and perish.

Our general then, like Julius Caesar who it is said rode and tamed the wildest steeds with neither bit nor rein, leaped upon a - fearless horse of terrible and fearful mettle- and knowing that no words can be as eloquent or effective as a personal example, rode before the men and cried: “ Come, noble soldiers, knights of Christ, here is presented the first opportunity for you to show your mettle and courage and to prove that you are deserving of the glories in store for you.”

So saying, he turned his horse toward the rushing waters and plunged into the roaring waves. Guiding his steed to the opposite bank, he turned rein and once more braved the angry waters, returning to his men. ...Espinosa p.100

Death comes to the colonists

...The Indians could scarcely restrain themselves, such was their joy at seeing the unfortunate Spaniards scattering about among the houses, little suspecting what was to be their fate. Impatiently the Indians awaited the signal to attack. The leaders, noting that only six soldiers remained with the *maese de campo*, and seeing that these did not leave him, fearful lest others should return, gave the signal for attack. The *Indians* raised a fearful war-cry and rushed upon the Spaniards from all sides.

Tempal, ... advanced with spear in hand and hurling it forward struck the unfortunate Pereira (Juan Pineiro) on the mouth, opening a terrible wound. And hardly did he see his broken teeth, before he sprang upon him and shattered the head to pieces with a club... and all seeing the skull fragments which, mingled with the brains, were scattered, bloody, on the ground, ...

Diego Nunez....as he were a miserable sheep, so too they took his life away.

Pilco rushed forth... With both hands he swung a mighty war-club. Blind with fury he rushed upon the unfortunate (Martin) Biberio. The Indian crushed his entire side leaving him lifeless. At this instant a huge boulder hurled from a roof-top ...struck Biberio on the head, smashing his skull to a pulp.

Popolco did attack one Costilla, a mulatto by race and so young yet he never had borne any arms, and, slashing him from side to side, his bowels poured out upon the ground.

Chontal lifted his club and brought it down on the helmet of the ensign (Rodrigo Zapata) who fell as if dead, he quickly recovered to kill his attacker.

Forced off the edge of Acoma ...The first was Juan Camacho, after him Hernando de Segura , then Martin Rameirez, did hurl themselves, They were dead from a hundred thousand blows upon the rocks.

Felipe de Escalante and Sabastian Rodriguez, surrounded on all sides, assailed with spears, arrows, and clubs, and pelted with stones, they fought to the very last, dying together in a final effort against the formidable odds.

The brave Luis de Araujo grappled in single combat with a tall, powerful warrior. They fought like two wolves. It was a terrible sight to see them, streaming with blood from many grievous wounds. Face to face they fought, neither giving nor taking a single foot. They fell together, perishing nobly, bathed in each other's blood.

The fiery Qualpo siezed his heavy war bow, the arrow flew with terrific force, and striking Juan de Zaldivar on the right thigh, pierced him through and through, mail and all. Now Pilco and his warriors, aided by Zutacapan, Amulco, Esmicaio, Cotumbo, Tempal, and many others, renewed the attack. Three times Juan de Zaldivar fell to the ground, only to rise again to battle. Finally, Zutacapan himself struck the brave Zaldivar a terrible blow on the forehead. Zaldivar fell, delivered unto that eternal sleep to which we are all doomed some day. When the Indians saw their valiant foe fall upon the ground. Again and again they struck their fallen foe, like blacksmiths who smite the hot iron, vying with one another in the force of their blows. They left Juan de Zaldivar a shapeless mass, like the noble Anaxarco, who was ground to death by his enemies in a mighty mortar.

The brave Zapata, Juan de Olague, the powerful Juan de Leòn, the strong Juan Velàsquez de Cavanillas, and Pedro Robledo, fought their way to the edge of the rock. Here they leaped to either life or death. Robledo, who, striking against the side of the cliffs, dashed out his brains and fell, a lifeless, shapeless mass.

1. Juan de Zaldivar
2. Diego Nunez
3. Martin Biberio
4. Costilla
5. Juan Pineiro
6. Juan Camacho
7. Hernando de Segura
8. Martin Rameirez
9. Felipe de Escalante
10. Sabastian Rodriguez
11. Luis de Araujo
12. Pedro Robledo
13. Indian servant

CHRISTMAS

1598 San Juan de los Caballeros

News of the ambush and murder of 14 Spaniards including Juan de Zaldivar at Acoma, comes to Vicente de Zaldivar at the capital of New Mexico:
... His arms crossed tight across his breast-And, holding his breathing for a goodly time,-He poured out, amid deepest groans,-A mighty rain of tears that extinguished- The coals that burned within his soul,- Lighted by such a heavy loss.-And after his exhausted eyes- Had now shed forth a sea of tears,- He then bore all as best he might- So as not to discourage the women,-Who all burst forth into screaming- And, like to lionesses who, roaring, Restore to life their little cubs who die,--They tried no less by loud screaming- To give Life to their men, ultimately dead.-And each one feeling her own misfortune,- Some crying out for their husbands-And others for a sweet son or loved brother,-Others for benefactor and for loved kin folk,-With such sorrow that all the town- Was sunk in sorrowful weeping- Of the poor women, who did tear- The hair of finest gold as thy did ware,- And with their white hands they did beat their rosy cheeks and their faces- With many blows they gave themselves,-Making as much confusion and uproar- As when with fury...-The powerful sea beats ..- Upon the hollow rocks and cliffs- That do oppose its mighty force...

Historia De La Nueva Mèxico Gaspar Pèrez De Villagrà 1610

Don Juian de Oñate His Sarrow

His sorrow... When after hunting and feasting with the Zuni people he returns to camp and learns of the brutal murder of his men.

He went into his tent alone,-Kneeling upon the ground and in his hands- A poor cross made out of two sticks,-...where he did pass the long, sad night- Groaning bitterly and praying,-To God our Lord to give him strength-That he might bear so great a task.-...

And, all being gathered together-And shedding tears, disconsolate,He left his tent, completely sunk-In funereal sorrow, weeping quietly,-His eyes much Bleared and much bloodshot,-Swollen, sad, tender, hardly dried,-Discolored, showing signs of sleepless nights. -Clasping his hands, absorbed in grief,... Trying three times in an effort-To say his say, he still said naught,-With all his words entirely choked-In his sad throat and grieving breast ...He thus spoke... "My gentlemen companions, Heaven knows it pains my very soul to see you all-Disconsolate, orphaned, and sad-At seeing the great pillar we do lack-in

him, the Army Master, who is dead, And in the rest of our brave friends-Whose lives, unequalled and without measure,-We know ended and were finished-Serving the two great Majesties.- The poor flesh has now done its work,-And thus 'tis right that the soul also-Should keep on with its own, for it is just-That it in all things should go first.- I know there's no man that is not prized-As a soldier of the true Christ,-And so His blood and cross and death-Do come with such effort to be made known Through all these *foreign* nations....Let each cast off his vile sadness-And lift his soul to God, nor yet despair.- In Him, beyond all doubt, I trust and hope, for if we all do follow Him truly,-Then truly, and by His own hand,-We all shall yet be comforted."

Gaspar Perez de Villagra *HISTORIA DE LA NUEVA MEXICO*, canto XXIV

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