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# *New Mexico*

# *Historical Review*



Palace of the Governors, Santa Fe

*January, 1955*

FRANK D. REEVE

*Editors*

PAUL A. F. WALTER

*Associates*

PERCY M. BALDWIN

GEORGE P. HAMMOND

FRANCE V. SCHOLES

ELEANOR B. ADAMS

ARTHUR J. O. ANDERSON

VOL. XXX

JANUARY, 1955

No. 1

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Business communications should be addressed to Mr. P. A. F. Walter, State Museum, Santa Fe, N. M.; manuscripts and editorial correspondence should be addressed to Prof. Frank D. Reeve, University of New Mexico, Albuquerque, N. M.



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# NEW MEXICO HISTORICAL REVIEW

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VOL. XXX

JANUARY, 1955

No. 1

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## NEW MEXICAN LAND GRANTS WITH SPECIAL REFERENCE TO THE TITLE PAPERS OF THE MAXWELL GRANT

*By* HAROLD H. DUNHAM \*

THE history of New Mexico during its territorial period necessarily includes mention of the Spanish and Mexican land grants that were placed under the jurisdiction of the United States government by the treaty of Guadalupe Hidalgo. The importance of these grants is evident by the fact that they covered tens of millions of acres, they were inexorably tied in with the political, economic and social life of the Territory, and they presented difficult problems to both Territorial and National officials during more than a half century. On the national level, the grants commanded more than their share of time in the General Land Office and the Interior Department, and they frequently required special congressional investigations, debate and legislation, in addition to difficult Supreme Court decisions. In view, then, of their national as well as their regional prominence, the grants warrant a place in any broad consideration of American public land policies.

The problems that arose from the grants are at least partially attributable to the vagueness or the irregularities found in their title papers. Even a casual study of land grant records will reveal the fact that some of the Mexican grants far exceeded the legal amount of 48,000 acres authorized for donation to any person;<sup>1</sup> some grants had mutually over-

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\* Professor of History, University of Denver, Denver 10, Colorado.

1. 36 Cong. 1 Sess., H. Rep. #321, *passim*; and *ibid*, Sen. Rep. #228.

lapping boundaries, even to the extent of several hundred thousand acres;<sup>2</sup> some grants have been proven to be completely, as well as at times, crudely, fraudulent;<sup>3</sup> and some grants required an unusual amount of litigation to determine their validity, extent, location or ownership.<sup>4</sup>

The reasons for these irregularities are not readily apparent. In part, they seem to have been obscured amidst the land schemes and manipulations of individuals prominently associated with New Mexican history from before the American occupation of the region, and also in the peculiarities of the legal provisions that were established for validating and confirming land grants subsequent to the occupation. It therefore is the purpose of this paper to reexamine briefly some of the developments and legislation surrounding the New Mexican land grant story of the middle of the 19th century, and then to analyze the title papers of one of the most prominent, important, controversial and fascinating of the grants, namely the Beaubien and Miranda grant, more commonly known as the Maxwell grant. Incidentally, such an analysis might contribute to meeting the challenge recently posted by Erna Fergusson, when she asserted that if it could be written, the "true story" of the Maxwell grant "would reveal the actual history of New Mexico."<sup>5</sup>

The reexamination will begin with a review of the circumstances surrounding the creation of the land grants in northeastern New Mexico during the latter period of Mexican control. One of the outstanding historians of that enchanting state, Ralph E. Twitchell, attributes their origin to the determination of New Mexican officials, having in mind the developments in Texas after 1821, to promote settlements that would protect the Department against possible ulterior designs of the American government.<sup>6</sup>

2. R. E. Twitchell—*Leading Facts of New Mexican History*. 5 vols. (1911-1917) IV, 211-213.

3. 49 Cong. 2 Sess., Sen. Ex. Doc. #37.

4. H. H. Dunham—*Government Handouts: A Study in the Administration of the Public Lands, 1876-1891*. (1941) pp. 212ff.

5. E. Fergusson—*New Mexico: A Pageant of Three Peoples*. (1951) p. 245.

6. Twitchell—*Leading Facts*, op. cit., II, 196-7. See also, H. M. Porter—*Pencilings of An Early Western Pioneer*. (1919) p. 17; and LeR. Hafen—*Colorado: The Story of a Western Commonwealth*. (1939) p. 94. These latter two sources mention the threat from Texas, too.

In support of this explanation, the title papers now extant show that after the establishment of Texan independence, Governor Manuel Armijo approved a number of land grants north and east of Taos, covering land that extended as far as the Arkansas River. For example, in 1841 Charles Beaubien, a naturalized Mexican citizen and a resident and merchant of Taos, and Guadalupe Miranda, Secretary of the New Mexican government received a grant covering the upper portions of the Colorado (present Canadian) River.<sup>7</sup> This grant was later patented by the United States government for approximately 1,700,000 acres. On December 9, 1843, Governor Armijo approved a grant to Cornelio Vigil, Alcalde of Taos, and Ceran St. Vrain, a Santa Fe trader and part owner of the famous Bent's Fort on the Arkansas River, for a tract lying north of the Beaubien and Miranda grant. The later claimed area of this grant was approximately 4,000,000 acres, although only a fraction of that amount was patented by the United States government.<sup>8</sup> A few weeks after the recorded approval of the Vigil and St. Vrain grant, Governor Armijo acted favorably on a petition from Stephen Louis Lee, American born distiller of Taos, and Narciso Beaubien, son of Charles Beaubien, for land that became known as the Sangre de Cristo grant. The land lay adjacent to and northwest of the Beaubien and Miranda grant, and southwest of the Vigil and St. Vrain grant. It was later patented by the United States government for approximately 1,000,000 acres.<sup>9</sup> There were other grants of considerable size south and west of the above mentioned grants that indicate an effort to carry out the purpose that Ralph Twitchell suggests, but these grants need not be detailed here.

Rather it is necessary to call attention to an additional factor that somewhat modifies Mr. Twitchell's explanation. That factor is the role which United States citizens played in intentionally promoting the grants. Specifically, the creation of at least several of these grants was an outcome of a sugges-

7. W. A. Keleher—*Maxwell Land Grant: A New Mexico Item.* (1942); and F. Stanley—*The Grant That Maxwell Bought.* (1952).

8. LeR. Hafen—"Mexican Land Grants in Colorado," *The Colorado Magazine*, Vol. IV, #3, May 1927, pp. 87-8.

9. H. O. Brayer—*William Blackmore.* 2 vols. (1949) Vol. I. *The Spanish and Mexican Land Grants*, pp. 125ff.

tion from members of John Charles Fremont's second western expedition, 1843-1844. The suggestion was made to certain New Mexican merchants, traders and officials, to obtain grants in their own name and then bring in as associate owners, other individuals whether they were Mexican citizens or not. This plan was carried out. The plan apparently was based on the assumption that sooner or later New Mexico would become a part of the United States, and thus claimants to large tracts of New Mexican land would benefit by the ensuing American development of the region.

Whether or not the above hypothesis as to purpose is correct, it is possible to document the role of Fremont's party in proposing the creation of the grants. One member of the expedition in particular, William Gilpin, claimed credit for originating the proposal.<sup>10</sup> Gilpin, later the first Territorial Governor of Colorado and a man closely associated with, as a part owner and promoter of, at least two Mexican grants,<sup>11</sup> made his boast in 1872, while testifying in a law suit concerning the ownership of the Vigil and St. Vrain grant. He was then supporting the point that Eugene Leitensdorfer, a Santa Fe trader, was one of the early owners, when he stated that the grant "was made, perhaps on his [Gilpin's] suggestion, to apply to the Mexican authorities for grants of land, and they did so; and that this, with other grants, were made accordingly; that he had and held relations of personal friendship with all the parties at the time and that by that means was made acquainted with nearly all circumstances attending this grant and others. . . ."

Before analyzing the significance of Gilpin's assertion, it might be well to cite some supporting evidence. In addition to the collateral information found in H. H. Bancroft's life of Gilpin,<sup>12</sup> there is evidence presented in a land prospectus privately printed in London in 1869.<sup>13</sup> This prospectus, issued by William Blackmore, an English barrister and pro-

10. *Craig vs Leitensdorfer*, Transcript of Record, Vol. IV. U. S. Supreme Court, October Term, 1887. pp. 291-2.

11. H. H. Bancroft—*History of the Life of William Gilpin*. (1889) passim.

12. *Ibid*, p. 48.

13. (No author)—*Colorado: Its Resources, Parks and Prospects as a New Field for Emigration, With an Account of the Trenchara and Costilla Estates, in the San Luis Park*. (Privately printed in London, 1869) Introduction, pp. 6-7.



moter seeking to encourage British investment in New Mexican land grants, explained that: "About 25 years ago the attention of Mr. Charles Beaubien, an intelligent Frenchman and naturalized citizen of Mexico, was directed by some scientific gentlemen and officers attached to one of the United States Exploring Expeditions, to the extreme fertility, salubrity and mineral wealth of the San Luis Park. . . . Mr. Beaubien proceeded to the spot and having verified their representations by personal examination, upon his return applied to the Governor General of [New] Mexico for a grant [the Sangre de Cristo grant] of the best portion of the Park. . . . The grant was made to him by the [New] Mexican Government in 1845. . . ."

There is no reason to question the basic accuracy of this statement. Of course it differs as to the date of the grant's origin and the name of the claimant given in the title papers and mentioned above. But it is possible to explain the difference in names in either one of two ways. First would be the fact that Charles Beaubien did acquire sole title to the grant under tragic circumstances, for in the Taos Revolt of January 1847, both Narciso Beaubien and Stephen L. Lee were killed.<sup>14</sup> So, by inheritance from his son and purchase from Lee's estate, Charles Beaubien obtained ownership of the grant. On the other hand, Charles may have been considered the principal original owner, for the grant papers are drawn up chiefly in his own handwriting, including his son's signature, and his son was only 13 years old when the grant reputedly was made (1843).<sup>15</sup> At that time, Charles was part owner of the Beaubien and Miranda grant, and so probably did not want to apply in his own name for a second grant.

Gilpin's assertions that not only the Vigil and St. Vrain grant but "other grants" were prompted by his suggestion, and his claim to have held relations of personal friendship with all the parties acquiring grants, indicates that numerous individuals benefited by his suggestion. That this was in fact true is shown by the considerable number of grantees,

14. Hafen—"Mexican Land Grants," *op. cit.*, p. 84.

15. The original title papers of the Sangre de Cristo Grant, The State Historical Society of Colorado, Denver, Colo.

as well as the other New Mexicans and Americans that came into the picture.

For example, Eugene Leitensdorfer drafted the petition requesting the Vigil and St. Vrain grant, and ostensibly in 1844 he also received a one-sixth share of the grant.<sup>16</sup> Charles Bent, one of the owners with Ceran St. Vrain of Bent's Fort on the Arkansas River, and later to become the first American civil governor of New Mexico, also received a one-sixth share of the grant. So likewise did Donaciano Vigil, later Secretary and then acting Governor of New Mexico in 1847. Furthermore, Charles Bent and Eugene Leitensdorfer used their influence with Governor Manuel Armijo to secure approval of the grant, an effort which may be related to the fact that, in 1844, Governor Armijo obtained a one-sixth share of the grant.<sup>17</sup> Two of these men, that is Bent and Armijo, also obtained, in 1843, one-fourth shares in the Beaubien and Miranda grant.<sup>18</sup> There are other instances in which American traders to New Mexico and New Mexican residents, including Governor Armijo, held claims to New Mexican land grants, but a sufficient number of examples have been cited to indicate the pattern.

A considerable body of evidence indicates that irrespective of earlier dates appearing in the title papers to many Mexican grants, the grants actually were drawn up in, or revised into, their present form during the period 1845-1846, when General Armijo had returned to power as Governor after a brief period of retirement. An example of this evidence will be considered later in the analysis of the Beaubien and Miranda title papers, but now it is appropriate to turn to a description of the character of the legal provisions established by the United States for validating and confirming Spanish and Mexican land grants after the American occupation of New Mexico.

The long standing dispute between the United States and Mexico reached a climax when, on May 13, 1846, the United

16. Craig vs Leitensdorfer, Case #79, U. S. Circuit Court, Denver, Colo. (Testimony of W. A. Bransford.)

17. Ibid; and the National Archives, Records of the Department of the Interior, General Land Office, New Mexico Private Land Claims, Docket #17. (Package marked "Armijo." Power of Attorney to John Gwynn, Jr., January 15, 1872.)

18. Dunham—*Government Handout*, op. cit., p. 215, fn. 16.

States Congress declared war on the latter country. Within a short time, Colonel (later General) Stephen W. Kearny's Army of the West began marching toward New Mexico. On August 18, 1846, the capital city of Santa Fe was occupied by General Kearny without a struggle, after Governor Armijo had fled precipitously southward under a cloud of suspicion because of secret negotiations with such American-Mexican traders as James Magoffin.<sup>19</sup> Whether or not the possibility of American ratification of Governor Armijo's land claims affected his decision not to fight the American Army remains an open question.

The peaceful conquest of New Mexico paved the way for carrying forward the ostensible purpose of the Gilpin proposals regarding the acquisition of Mexican land grants. The owners of these grants undoubtedly knew that they faced a potential difficulty in securing recognition of their land titles that violated the provisions of the Mexican land laws and that were based on documents not deposited in the office of the Secretary of the Territory. The solution to this difficulty seemed to lie in securing the appointment of officials and the enactment of legal provisions that would safeguard the steps already taken. There is presently available only circumstantial evidence, not direct proof, that planning for and fulfillment of such safeguards ensued, but this evidence needs to be considered.

Charles Bent and Ceran St. Vrain were well acquainted with Colonel Kearny. The latter had been entertained at Bent's Fort on the Arkansas during his 1845 tour of the West.<sup>20</sup> Moreover, he consulted with Bent and St. Vrain at Fort Leavenworth during the time he was preparing his forces for the invasion of New Mexico.<sup>21</sup> Bent had come to Fort Leavenworth fresh from a visit in Santa Fe where he had consulted with Governor Armijo and others, and so was

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19. The Magoffin Papers, General Accounting Office, Washington, D. C. (Photostats in the possession of the author); R. E. Twitchell—*The Military Occupation of New Mexico from 1846 to 1851*. (1909) pp. 378-9; and S. M. Drumm, ed.—*Down the Santa Fe Trail and Into Mexico: The Diary of Susan Shelby Magoffin, 1846-47*. (1926) pp. 96-7, fn.

20. H. Dunham—"Governor Charles Bent: Pioneer and Martyr," *Denver West-erners Brand Book*, 1951, p. 261.

21. *Ibid.*, pp. 257-261.

able to provide Colonel Kearny with an up-to-date analysis of New Mexican conditions and prospects.

Furthermore, Charles Bent was well acquainted with David Waldo, a man who played a key role in advising General Kearny, after he reached New Mexico, on the appointment of civil officials for the Territory in the preparation of its code of laws.<sup>22</sup> Waldo had proposed Bent as Captain of the 1829 Santa Fe caravan that was escorted by Major Bennett Riley. Waldo, himself, had engaged in the Santa Fe Trade at least since 1830, and had amassed a fortune in it. Ralph Twitchell notes that Waldo "knew all the people of New Mexico of consequence, socially and in a business way." When the Mexican War broke out he enlisted in the Missouri forces and became Captain of the First Missouri Mounted Volunteers. Incidentally, he was a good friend of William Gilpin, who became a Major in Colonel A. W. Doniphan's Regiment, and in 1843 Waldo had loaned Gilpin part of the money necessary for his trip to Oregon, prior to Gilpin's falling in with the Fremont expedition.<sup>23</sup>

Although the preparation of the Kearny Code for New Mexico had been assigned to Colonel Doniphan, most of the actual work on it was performed by Private W. P. Hall, with assistance from Captain Waldo.<sup>24</sup> The latter was an excellent Spanish scholar and he translated the Code into Spanish. He also translated into English all the Spanish papers and documents that fell into General Kearny's hands.

How much effect, if any, these connections and activities had in the matter, it is a fact that General Kearny included in his selection of civil officials such men as Charles Bent, Governor, Donaciano Vigil, Secretary, Eugene Leitensdorfer, Auditor of Public Accounts and Charles Beaubien, Judge.<sup>25</sup> In addition, the sections of the Kearny Code for protecting land titles reveal some astonishing features. They provided for the establishment of an office of Register of Lands, which office was to be filled by the Secretary of the Territory, then Donaciano Vigil. It became his duty

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22. S. M. Drumm, ed.—*Down the Santa Fe Trail*, op. cit., pp. 64-5 fn.

23. Twitchell—*Military Occupation*, op. cit., pp. 325.

24. *Ibid.*, p. 233.

25. 30 Cong. 1 Sess., H. Ex. Doc. #60, pp. 220-1.

to "record all papers and documents of and concerning lands . . . issued by the Spanish or Mexican government, *remaining*<sup>25a</sup> [!] in the archives of the secretary of the Territory. . . ." But in addition, every person in the Territory claiming a land grant "may deliver to the register . . . for the purpose of being recorded" his muniment of title. No time limit was set for this process. It appears strange that, since Mexican law had required the retention of original title papers in the Secretary's office and had provided the grant claimant only a duplicate copy,<sup>26</sup> the Register of Lands had to make a double recording. However, the *permissive* feature of the system left the door open to fraud.

The open door proved to be an irresistible invitation to immediate and subsequent fraudulent manufacture of land grant papers. Within less than a year after the termination of the Mexican War, official and unofficial reports revealed that this new industry was in full swing. For instance, in a letter from Santa Fe dated December 12, 1848, an American Army officer, using the initials J. H. D., reported the fabrication of grant titles. His letter was first printed in a Mississippi newspaper and reprinted in the *Daily National Intelligencer of Washington*, on March 31, 1849.<sup>27</sup> Among other items, the officer wrote:

"The Prefecto at El Paso del Norte has for the past few months been very active in disposing (for his own benefit) of all lands in that vicinity that are valuable, antedating the titles to suit purchasers. These lands will be made a source of profitable litigation when a few more enterprising lawyers get out here. . . . Many of the tracts have such indefinitely defined boundaries as the following: 'A piece of land bounded by the suburbs of Santa Fe;' 'A piece of land lying north of said irrigation ditch.' . . ."

This letter was officially corroborated by Indian Agent James S. Calhoun, who arrived in Santa Fe to take up his duties on July 22, 1849. On the following October 13, Agent Calhoun reported to the Commissioner of Indian Affairs in

25a. The author underlined the word.

26. 51 Cong. 2 Sess., Sen. Ex. Doc. #30 (G. Miranda's testimony). See also, Survey Office Archive #1325, wherein M. Armijo, on March 16, 1846, requests the original grant papers for the Sandia Grant. Bureau of Land Management, Santa Fe, N. M.

27. Report of the General Land Office, 1871. p. 68.

Washington that the residents of New Mexico held possession of the lands they occupied and tilled by special grants from the government of Mexico or Spain, but "the extent of these grants are not well understood. . . ." <sup>28</sup> Commenting on grants to villages, Calhoun declared: "The extent of the grants and privileges to the proprietors of these Villages is not yet known, and [but] the spurious claims will be in proper *form* in time to meet the legislation of the Congress of the United States."

A few days later, Calhoun reported again, and wrote that the extent of the Indian Pueblo grants was "unknown." Furthermore, he noted that some prominent men in New Mexico were intending to keep American settlers out of the country for as long as possible, for these settlers might "put an earlier end to their [the prominent men's] designs upon the land of the country, in covering the most desirable spots [of the Territory] with fictitious grants."

If the extent of the Pueblo grants was unknown in 1849, it later developed that eleven of them claimed a definite amount of land based on the title papers purportedly issued in 1689. Fraud became evident in these cases, however, when it was shown that on the title papers the signature of the Secretary of the Government was obviously spurious, because no such individual had then served as Secretary. <sup>29</sup> The carelessness with which the fraud had been attempted was evident from the fact that the grant to Laguna was "made" ten years before the Pueblo was founded.

The Supreme Court of New Mexico in 1855 commented revealingly on the traffic in Pueblo grants made possible by extracting Pueblo titles from the public archives, if not by reason of manufacture, in one of the most flowery, imaginative and gently sarcastic products of the judicial bench. <sup>30</sup> The famous Pueblo of Acoma was suing an individual by the name of Victor De La O to obtain its title papers without paying the \$600 that De La O demanded. The decision in the

28. A. H. Abel, ed.—*The Official Correspondence of James S. Calhoun.* (1915) pp. 44-52, *passim*.

29. H. O. Brayer—*Pueblo Indian Land Grants of the "Rio Abajo."* (1939) pp. 14-15

30. Victor De La O vs The Pueblo of Acoma. 1 N. M. 226. The order of the quotations in the text has been reversed from that in the original.

case was handed down by Justice Kirby Benedict in favor of Acoma. In the course of his analysis, the Justice commented: "We do not deem it irrelevant to remark, that the abstraction from the archives of this territory of pueblo titles at a period not very remote has become a matter of general notoriety from their nature and importance, and from their diffusion throughout the territory, and the frequent attempts at extorting money from pueblos by means of these documents. We feel authorized to allude to the fact as one that has assumed the dignity of an historical event. . . . De La O admits substantially that he did speculate in pueblo Indian documents. . . . he obtained the title to the pueblo of Laguna . . . , which he swears he sold to General Armijo for the sum of two hundred dollars. . . ."

Returning now to more direct and pertinent evidence on the manufacture of land grant papers in New Mexico, the instances of the reputed sale in 1846 of both the Vigil and St. Vrain grant and the Beaubien and the Miranda grant are cases in point.<sup>31</sup> Of course there is a distinction to be made between the outright fabrication of land titles and the attempted transfer of titles by means of spurious documents, but the methods are the same. The records show that during December, 1846, some of the claimants to each of the above mentioned grants ostensibly sold their interest in the grants to officers serving in Kearny's Army of the West. The details of the sale of the Vigil and St. Vrain grant only will be examined here, for the original title papers, not copies as in the case of the Beaubien and Miranda grant, are readily available.

The sale seemed to have taken place on December 12, 1846, at Taos by means of a deed attesting to the payment of \$12,000 for five-sixths of the grant by Major Benjamin Walker, Major Dunham Spalding, Lt. Colonel D. D. Mitchell, Captain Thomas B. Hudson, Charles Bent and Joab Houghton.<sup>32</sup> The owners of the grant at that time were Ceran St. Vrain, Cornelio Vigil, Donaciano Vigil, Charles Bent,

31. Henry Clark, et al. vs The Maxwell Land Grant Company. Case 768. Brief in the files of the Fourth Judicial District, District Court, Colfax County, Raton, N. M.

32. The National Archives, Records of the Department of the Interior, General Land Office, New Mexico Private Land Claims, Docket #17. (Photostat in the possession of the author.) See also, H. O. Brayer—*William Blackmore*, op. cit., I, 129, fn. 11.

Manuel Armijo and Eugene Leitensdorfer, but not all of them signed the deed. Manuel Armijo did not, possibly accounting for the sale of only five-sixths of the grant. And, while the name of Leitensdorfer was referred to in the body of the deed, he did not sign it. Ceran St. Vrain, Cornelio Vigil and Donaciano Vigil apparently did sign the deed, and Charles Bent's name is included over the signature of the administrator of his estate, for Bent was recorded as deceased.

This reference to Charles Bent provides a key to the true character of the document, for Bent was murdered during the Taos Revolt of January 17, 1847, more than a month after the deed reputedly was drawn up. The deed was drawn up some time after January 17, 1847, and dated back to December 12, 1846. Moreover, Cornelio Vigil also was killed during the Revolt, yet his name is subscribed to the deed as though he signed it himself. Such a crudely compiled spurious grant document was later recognized as such, but it was allowed to remain with the records of the grants as a legal conveyance of the interests of Cornelio Vigil, Ceran St. Vrain, and Donaciano Vigil!<sup>33</sup>

The manufacture of fraudulent private land claim documents was not confined alone to the period associated with the Mexican War, but continued well down toward the close of the 19th century. In the Ralph Twitchell Collection of the Historical Society of New Mexico there are blank samples of officially stamped Mexican paper that Mr. Twitchell obtained from a New Mexican resident who, according to a notation by Mr. Twitchell, was noted as an "expert in penmanship" during the first decade of American occupation when the fabrication of grant documents was a common industry.<sup>34</sup> Even after the Private Lands Claim Court had been established in 1891, skilled penmanship continued to be manifest, for William Keleher testifies that: "Forgery and the fabrication of documents proved a fine art in connection with claims before the Court of Private Land Claims."<sup>35</sup>

33. Brayer, loc. cit.

34. R. E. Twitchell Collection, Historical Society of New Mexico, Santa Fe, N. M. Document #154.

35. W. A. Keleher—"Law of the New Mexican Land Grant," NEW MEXICO HISTORICAL REVIEW, Vol. IV, #4, Oct. 1929, p. 356.



The government in New Mexico as well as in Washington early recognized the attempts at frauds, but took only half-hearted and insufficient measures to prevent their successful consummation. For instance, in 1851, after Congressional authorization of a Territorial Government for New Mexico, the Kearny Code provision for recording claimant submitted titles was officially rescinded by the Territorial Legislature.<sup>36</sup> And in 1853, when the Gadsden Purchase Treaty brought additional Mexican land under United States ownership, a section of the Treaty provided that land titles in the area so acquired would be considered valid only if confirming evidence were found in Mexican Archives.<sup>37</sup> Of course, this provision did not affect the land obtained under the Treaty of Guadalupe Hidalgo ending the Mexican War.

In 1854, Congress established a Surveyor General's Office for New Mexico, with an accompanying requirement that the Surveyor General investigate the validity of all New Mexican land grants and report them to Congress for consideration.<sup>38</sup> Under this system, the Surveyor General was able to secure, with the assistance of Donaciano Vigil, land grant titles and related documents from the New Mexican Archives. These archival documents were placed in the Surveyor General's office for reference in land grant cases. And yet the initiative for securing confirmation of titles rested with the grant claimants, by the requirement that they submit their title papers to the Surveyor General. Again, as in the case of the Kearny Code, no time limit was set within which claimants must attempt to prove up. Meanwhile, however, the right of a claimant to the use of his land was specifically protected under provisions of the Treaty of Guadalupe Hidalgo.

The inappropriateness of requiring the New Mexican Surveyor General to combine surveying duties with land grant duties became all too obvious after 1854. According to their own testimony, these officials lacked the time, skill and

36. Twitchell—*Military Occupation*, op. cit., p. 198.

37. U. S. Statutes at Large, 10 Stat. 1035; and *Congressional Globe*, 33 Cong. 1 Sess. Vol. 28, Part 1 and Part 2 (especially pp. 984-5). The Senate met in Executive Session, and so there is no report of its debate.

38. Twitchell—*Leading Facts*, op. cit., II, 457ff; and 34 Cong. 1 Sess., H. Ex. Doc. #1, Part I, pp. 158 and 301-3.

authority to conduct more than a superficial investigation, before forwarding the claims, with their recommendations, to the government at Washington.<sup>39</sup>

Furthermore, Congress and its committees lacked competence in the matter. The first set of New Mexican claims to reach Washington brought forth the admission of a Congressional Committee on Private Land Claims in 1860 that it was not possible for the Committee to conduct a satisfactory examination of the grant papers so as to do justice to the government and protect legitimate claimants' interests.<sup>40</sup> For this and other reasons, Congress later ceased to review the accumulating numbers of private land claims. Repeated efforts to provide a better system,<sup>41</sup> such as the establishment of a Private Land Claims Court similar to that for California, proved fruitless until 1891. Then, partly because of the bitter disputes and even bloodshed over the validity of the Maxwell Grant title to 1,700,000 acres, partly because of the long period of shameless Congressional neglect of the Territory's needs, and partly through the organized efforts sparked by the Maxwell Land Grant Company's able attorney, Frank Springer, Congress created a New Mexican Private Land Claims Court.<sup>42</sup> It took this Court thirteen years of laborious, conscientious work to complete the task of confirming valid titles, reducing bloated claims and rejecting invalid ones.

Prior to this time, that is from the close of the Civil War to 1891, the leaders of the dominant political party in New Mexico, comprising what was known as the Santa Fe Ring, had supported claimants' titles to and use of land grants, frequently to the detriment of the Territory's sound development.<sup>43</sup> In passing, it may be noted that George W. Julian, appointed Surveyor General of New Mexico by President Grover Cleveland in an attempt to straighten out public land

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39. 41 Cong. 2 Sess., H. Ex. Doc. #1. Report of the General Land Office, 1870, pp. 109-10; and 44 Cong. 1 Sess., H. Ex. Doc. #1. Report of the General Land Office, 1875, pp. 44-5.

40. 36 Cong. 1 Sess., H. Rep. #321.

41. cf. 47 Cong. 1 Sess., H. Rep. #173.

42. Twitchell—*Leading Facts*, op. cit., II, 463ff; and Report of the Attorney General, 1904, passim but especially pp. 97-8.

43. R. E. Twitchell—*Old Santa Fe*. (1925) p. 394; and W. A. Keleher—*The Fabulous Frontier: Twelve New Mexico Items*. (1945) p. 104.

matters as much as possible, blamed the Santa Fe Ring for the sorry state of private land claim affairs.<sup>44</sup> However, Mr. Julian erred in not taking into account the open door feature of the Kearny Code and the use earlier New Mexican residents made of it.

Turning now to an analysis of the Beaubien and Miranda, or Maxwell, land grant, it will be possible to illustrate more completely than was done above how the official machinery for handling private land claims facilitated land grant title confusion and manipulation. Perhaps the best way to begin the analysis is to summarize an account of a hitherto neglected feature of the Maxwell grant story. Behind the brief recital of the origin of the Beaubien and Miranda grant given above, lies the fact that in 1841 Charles Beaubien and Guadalupe Miranda each obtained a grant within the area later covered by their joint grant.<sup>45</sup> The grant to each man was approved by the Provincial Deputation, not Governor Armijo. Then later, it appears, Governor Armijo did make to the two men the joint grant as it is known today. Nevertheless, the title papers of the joint grant were so drawn up as to seem to involve some of the same action that occurred in connection with the two former grants. Thus, anachronisms, title paper inconsistencies with other contemporary documents, and confusion for contemporary as well as subsequent individuals were perhaps inevitable results. From the same fact of replacement stem many of the subsequent legal and armed conflicts associated with the Beaubien and Miranda grant.

In passing, it should be observed that although the present title papers superseded former grant papers under peculiar circumstances, no one can challenge the legality of the existing title. This title rests upon documents that were the basis for Congressional confirmation of the grant in 1860,<sup>46</sup> and that confirmation, with the patent issued pursuant to it, was upheld by the United States Supreme Court decisions of 1887 and 1888.<sup>47</sup> Nevertheless, unquestioned

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44. G. Myers—*History of Great American Fortunes*. (1936) pp. 657-8.

45. Report of the General Land Office, 1855-56. pp. 227-246 and 247-253.

46. U. S. Statutes at Large, 12 Stat. 71.

47. *U. S. vs The Maxwell Land Grant and Railway Company*, 121 U. S. 325 and 122 U. S. 365.

security of title is no bar to proof of elaborate and skillful manipulation of title papers. And if a material basis is needed to help explain the reasons for such manipulation, it may be found in the 1909 estimate of the value of the grant as amounting to \$50,000,000.<sup>48</sup>

The question might well be raised as to what is the proof of shuffling Beaubien and Miranda grant papers, and of including certain facts and dates connected with the two separate grants in the present title papers? First, there is the record found in the Surveyor General's report for 1855-56.<sup>49</sup> He there lists documents under the heading "Abstract to grants of land," that were obtained from the New Mexican Archives. For grant number 22 he records Charles Beaubien, et. al., under the name of the grantee; 1841 as the date of the grant (month and day not given); the Provincial Deputation of New Mexico as the grantor; and Taos County as the location of the grant. For grant number 116, the Surveyor General listed a grant to Guadalupe Miranda, et. al.; 1841 as the date of the grant (month and day not given); the Provincial Deputation of New Mexico as the grantor; and Taos County as the location of the grant. There is no doubt but that these comprise two separate grants, although a curious feature of the Surveyor General's handling of the documents is that he assigns both of them his own index or archival number of 150. This assigned number will be discussed later as no longer attached to grant title papers. Furthermore, additional evidence will be cited below in support of the statement that there were originally two separate grants.

A second step in proof of the juggling of the Beaubien and Miranda grant papers results from comparing three different sets of its title papers. These sets are: (1) the title papers submitted by the claimants to the Surveyor General of New Mexico in 1857;<sup>50</sup> (2) the title papers as recorded in 1847 in the Register of Land Titles maintained under the

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48. Twitchell—*Military Occupation*, op. cit., p. 268.

49. See Note 40 above; and J. J. Webb—*Adventures in the Santa Fe Trade*, (R. P. Bieber, ed., 1931) p. 68. Webb states that there were three original proprietors of the grant, viz: Beaubien, Miranda and Abreu.

50. Original title papers of the Beaubien and Miranda Grant, Office of the Bureau of Land Management, Santa Fe, N. M.

Kearny Code;<sup>51</sup> and (3) a printed copy of the title papers, with an accompanying translation, that was the basis for Congressional confirmation of the grant in 1860.<sup>52</sup> Though supposedly these all should be alike, each of the sets contains revealing differences from the others.

Among the differences that stand out, there is an original letter found among the papers submitted to the Surveyor General in 1857, which is not found duplicated in the printed copy sent to Congress. This letter was written by Manuel Armijo from Albuquerque to Charles Beaubien under the date of May 23, 1846. It gave the latter power of attorney to dispose of Armijo's share in the Beaubien and Miranda grant. Whether Beaubien exercised this power is not clear, but it is clear, in the light of the letter, and the later efforts of the Armijo family lawyers, that Manuel Armijo claimed a share in the grant. Incidentally, the Armijo letter is mounted upon a blank sheet of official Mexican paper bearing the date 1840-41.

Furthermore, the title papers copied in 1847 into what became Book A of the Register of Land Titles under the Kearny Code contain a record of a donation of one-fourth of the grant to Charles Bent, dated March 2, 1843, and this item does not appear in the other sets. This record serves as evidence of Bent's ownership of a share of the grant, despite Beaubien's seeming denial of such ownership in 1844. This denial is contained in a document that forms part of the title papers, and will be noted more fully below.

From such discrepancies, then, as well as others, it appears that the title to the Beaubien and Miranda grant was manipulated after the American occupation of New Mexico. Moreover, since the evidence of Armijo's part ownership and Bent's part ownership, as well as the record of the 1846 sale to the officers in Kearny's Army, was not forwarded to Congress by the Surveyor General's office, it is evident that Congress confirmed the grant without a full knowledge of its disposition to 1860.

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51. Book A, Register of Land Titles, 1847. Maintained under the Kearny Code. Bureau of Land Management, Santa Fe, N. M. pp. 19-23.

52. 36 Cong. 1 Sess., H. Rep. #321.

The final step in the analysis of the peculiarities of the Beaubien and Miranda grant title papers will entail a checking of the papers against other contemporary records. First of all the title papers submitted by the claimants to the Surveyor General in 1857 purport to show that Beaubien and Miranda petitioned for a grant on January 8, 1841. A minor variation from form results from the fact that the signature for Beaubien at the end of the petition is not in his own handwriting.

Though obtaining Armijo's approval of the grant on January 11, 1841, it was not until 1843 that Beaubien and Miranda applied to Cornelio Vigil, the Taos Alcalde, for the necessary investiture of title and laying out of the grant boundaries. Then Vigil testified that between the dates February 13 and February 22, 1843, in company with a party of witnesses, he had taken Beaubien and Miranda to the grant region, set up seven stones as boundary markers, and given the claimants evidence of possession.

Adopting the droll observation of Colorado Historian Le Roy Hafén for the Sangre de Cristo grant,<sup>53</sup> a skeptical observer might doubt that the Beaubien and Miranda survey party actually erected several of the stone markers on the tops of high mountains in the dead of winter. But it is not necessary to rely on conjecture in questioning the hardihood of these New Mexican residents, because a contemporary letter indicates that the expedition did not take place as reported. The letter is one written by Charles Bent in Taos and dated February 5, 1843, while the survey supposedly was in progress.<sup>54</sup> It was addressed to Manuel Alvarez, acting American Consul, in Santa Fe, and it contained a postscript written in French by Charles Beaubien. The latter requested Alvarez to tell Guadalupe Miranda in Santa Fe that he (Beaubien) could not come to Santa Fe during the following week, but that he would come as soon thereafter as he could.

This letter, unconnected as it was with any phase of land grant activities, could be taken as more reliable in its facts, than the Beaubien and Miranda title papers with their many

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53. Hafén—"Mexican Land Grants," op. cit., p. 84, fn. 8.

54. Charles Bent to Manuel Alvarez, Feb. 15, 1843. Letter #62, B. M. Read Collection of Bent Letters. Historical Society of New Mexico, Santa Fe, N. M.

discrepancies. Consequently, it would seem that neither Beaubien (who was in Taos) nor Miranda (who seemingly was in Santa Fe) was sojourning in the Colorado River area during the time that the title papers show that Alcalde Vigil was marking the grant boundaries and giving the claimants personally their evidence of title.

The title papers also show that during the latter part of 1843, the leading clerical figure of Taos, Padre Antonio Jose Martinez, and the chiefs of the Taos Pueblo, protested to the Mexican and the New Mexican governments the granting of illegally large tracts of land such as that to Beaubien and Miranda.<sup>55</sup> And they also charged that these latter claimants had illegally taken in Charles Bent as an associate in the grant. In response, the government suspended use of the grant on February 27, 1844. To meet this challenge, on April 13, 1844, Beaubien drew up a lengthy and enigmatic petition in his own name and that of his associate Miranda and sent it to the government. The petition protested the suspension of the grant, and maintained that the Padre and the Chiefs were mistaken both as to the size of the grant and the report that Bent was supposed to have any claim to it. In support of his contention that the grant was not illegally large, Beaubien's petition asserted that it contained only 17 or 18 square leagues, as shown by the title papers submitted with his petition. The grant title papers further indicate that the Departmental Assembly discussed Beaubien's petition, rejected the Martinez protest, and recommended that the Governor rescind the order suspending use of the grant. Ostensibly, an acting governor accepted the recommendation and removed the decree of suspension, April 18, 1844, so that shortly Beaubien and Miranda were reinstated to full rights of possession.

However, several questions have to be raised about the character of Beaubien's petition and the official action it supposedly induced. For instance, how could it be maintained truthfully that Bent had no connection with the grant, when the title papers copied into the register of titles under the Kearny Code show that Bent was given a one-fourth interest

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55. See also, W. A. Kelleher—*Turmoil in New Mexico, 1846-1863*. (1952) pp. 67ff; and P. Sanchez—*Memoirs of Father Antonio Jose Martinez*. ms. (1903) Translated by M. Campos (1942). Historical Society of New Mexico, Santa Fe, N. M.

in the grant on March 2, 1843? And how could the grant have contained only about 18 square leagues (roughly 80,000 acres) if its boundaries were the basis for the United States patent covering 1,700,000 acres? And finally, how can this petition be reconciled with another Beaubien petition that now resides in the archives of the former Surveyor General's office?

This second petition, not a part of the grant title papers, is dated June 8, 1844, nearly two months after the purported petition in the title papers.<sup>56</sup> It is written in Beaubien's handwriting, in his own behalf and in "the name of the settlers of the Ponil"—there is no mention of Miranda. It refers to the suspension of the grant on May 25, 1844 (not February 27, as in the title papers), and requests that the settlers be permitted to reap the harvest of crops they have sown on their land. According to Ralph Twitchell, no action was taken on this petition.<sup>57</sup> Whether it was or was not is immaterial to the present analysis, but it is material to observe that this petition appears to be bona fide, that it indicates a grant in Beaubien's name only at that date, and that it casts serious doubts on the validity not only of Beaubien's petition included in the grant title papers, but more significantly on the purported action of the Departmental Assembly in response to that petition.

In order to discuss this Assembly action more fully, it is necessary to recall the reputed character of the documents numbered 150 in the Surveyor General's archives. This number had been assigned to two different sets of documents, namely the grants made separately by the Provincial Deputation to Beaubien and Miranda and their respective followers. There seems to be no reason for questioning the accuracy of the Surveyor General's classification of these documents as grants. He had taken pains to classify the many types of documents he had received from the New Mexican Archives, such as wills, petitions, transfers of lands, etc., and a random sampling by the present author of the classification of many of the documents as they exist today supports the accuracy

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56. Public Survey Archive #153. Bureau of Land Management, Santa Fe, N. M.

57. R. E. Twitchell—*The Spanish Archives of New Mexico*, 2 vols. (1914) I,



of the Surveyor General's listings, with the exception of documents numbered 150.

At present, these documents consist of one sheet of folded paper (four pages), apparently extracted from the Departmental Assembly's legislative journal.<sup>58</sup> The main portions of this extract record action at two different sessions, but they certainly are not land grant title papers. However, the report of one day's session shows that the Assembly had considered the Padre Martinez's protest concerning the Beaubien and Miranda grant, and also Beaubien's petition of April 13, 1844. It also shows that the Assembly decided to accept Beaubien's assertions, and to recommend that the Governor remove the act of suspension from the grant. This reported record of action is reproduced in all essential parts in the grant title papers as noted above, under the date of April 18, 1844, and apparently in the same handwriting as that in the Assembly minutes.

It would seem, nevertheless, that Beaubien's petition of June 8, 1844, makes impossible any such Assembly action on the grant on April 18. Furthermore, a further question on the validity of the Assembly minutes, based on internal evidence, arises from the fact that at the top of the first sheet of the minutes, are the signatures of the Assembly members and officers, and that one of these shows a different President from that listed below the day's action on the Beaubien and Miranda grant. In the first instance, J. Manuel Gallegos signs as President of the Assembly, and in the second, Felipe Sena so signs. There was no day-to-day change of Assembly presidents, in New Mexico, and when one officer had to be absent from meetings another man took his place and signed in an "acting" capacity. It also might be noted that on the second set of documents comprising archive number 150, J. Manuel Gallegos twice signs as president. Consequently, only for the minutes recording action on the Beaubien and Miranda grant does Felipe Sena sign as president.

Another official document appears to contest the genuineness of Beaubien's petition of April 13, 1844, and the ensuing official removal of suspensory decree. A Mexican general by

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58. Public Survey Archive #150. Bureau of Land Management, Santa Fe, N. M. There is no date to be found in the document.

the name of Francisco Garcia Conde made an inspection tour of the northeast frontier of New Mexico late in the summer of 1845. After his return to Santa Fe, General Conde wrote the Governor a brief report on his findings under the date of September 20, 1845.<sup>59</sup> Among other items he asserted: "And beyond Taos in the settlement known as the Ponil, there is also a farm belonging to Don Carlos Hipolito Beaubien, where he has several foreigners employed and has as an associate Don Carlos Bent . . . I am assured that Senor Martinez ordered that this farm be destroyed while he occupied that office [the Governor's], but afterwards his decision was forgotten and it [the farm] is growing. . . ."

While this report does not prove directly that the reputed decree of suspension was never revoked, it does support the accuracy of Beaubien's petition of June 8, 1844, it attests to Beaubien's ownership of a farm, and it again demonstrates that Charles Bent was associated with Beaubien in the development of the farm.

There are other discrepancies and questions to be noted in connection with the Beaubien and Miranda grant title papers, but enough have been cited to show that they were not the papers originally issued to the two claimants and to indicate that though they were the basis for what has become a valid title, they were not drawn up in accordance with the dates they contain. The official acceptance of such papers was facilitated by the land registration provisions of the Kearny Code and the later system established in the office of the Surveyor General of New Mexico. The details of the subsequent official handling of the grant, through the time of the Supreme Court's decisions in 1887 and 1888, have been given elsewhere and need not be repeated here.

As a concluding thought, it may be remarked that if any purpose has been served by the foregoing discussion, it has been to show how and why many of the private land claims of New Mexico need restudying so that their stories can be properly fitted into both their own State's history and that of national land policies.

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59. Public Survey Archive #1128. Bureau of Land Management, Santa Fe, N. M.

## GENERAL JAMES HENRY CARLETON

By CLARENCE C. CLENDENEN\*

It often happens that men whose influence on the history of a region or era has had a decisive effect, are overshadowed by more glamorous figures, or by more spectacular events than those in which they played a part. It sometimes happens, too, that the decisiveness of their actions creates toward them a hostility that causes them to be overlooked in favor of more popular persons, in later years.

Very few historical writers have given any attention to the operations of the powerful force of volunteers from California that crossed the desert of Southern California in the spring of 1862, and joined forces with the New Mexico and Colorado volunteers, on the Rio Grande. Fewer still know or have said anything about the man who organized, trained and commanded the California force, and who succeeded General E. R. S. Canby in command of the Department of New Mexico, in the summer of 1862. And yet, whether an historian is favorably disposed or not toward General James Henry Carleton, it must be admitted that his role in the history of the Southwest was important.

In the summer of 1861, with the Union torn apart, Confederate forces from Texas seized and occupied the posts of western Texas, and in the Rio Grande Valley, in New Mexico. At the same time, Confederate sympathizers in California were openly parading their sympathies, and it was feared that there might even be an uprising in Southern California, where the greater part of the American population was of Southern origin.

To uphold the authority of the Federal government in Los Angeles, early in the summer of 1861, Brevet Major James Henry Carleton, commanding officer of the post of Fort Tejon, was ordered to Los Angeles with two small companies of the 1st Dragoons.<sup>1</sup> In Los Angeles it speedily be-

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\* Colonel C. C. Clendenen, Hq., Fifth Army, I. G. Section, 1660 East Hyde Park Boulevard, Chicago 15, Illinois.

1. *The War of the Rebellion: A Compilation of the Official Records of the Union and Confederate Armies.* Series I, Vol. 50, Part 1. Washington: The Government Printing Office. 1897. p. 476. Hereafter referred to as *Official Records*.

came known that Major Carleton would stand for no nonsense from Confederate sympathizers. Before the arrival of the dragoons Unionist sympathizers had found it expedient to speak softly, and to remain as inconspicuous as possible. Within a few days after Carleton's arrival, however, it was possible to stage a Fourth of July parade in honor of the Union. Following the parade, there were patriotic airs by the band of the 1st Dragoons, and speeches by Major Carleton and by Captain Winfield Scott Hancock, whose life had been threatened only a short time before.<sup>2</sup>

This was the first introduction of the citizens of California to the man who was destined, in the next few months, to organize and lead an expedition of Californians to the Rio Grande, and who would, following that, be the responsible commander in three bitter years of war against the Apaches and Navahos, and be the central figure in a scarcely less bitter controversy with various politicians and public men of the Territory of New Mexico.

Major General James Henry Carleton was born at Lubec, Maine, on December 27, 1814, during the second war with England. At the time of his birth, his parents were refugees from Moose Island, Eastport, Maine, which had been seized by the British. All of the inhabitants of the island who had refused to take the oath of allegiance to the British crown had been compelled to leave.

Practically nothing is known of his boyhood, his education or his early training. It is most probable that his parents were in comfortable circumstances, although that is purely a conjecture. His boyhood life was like that of other boys of the time in the semi-frontier State of Maine. In the summers he swam, fished, played Indian in the woods. In the winters he attended school, hunted, skated, helped with the chores and participated in snow fights with the other boys. Apparently he never attended college, but his correspondence and his published articles display an ease of expression and an erudition that prove thorough training. His correspondence with Colonel Joseph Rodman West, during the Civil War,

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2. Harris Newmark, *Sixty Years in Southern California*, p. 296. By kind permission of Mr. Marco Newmark.

proves that he possessed some familiarity with Greek—an accomplishment which was considered the hallmark of an educated man of the time.<sup>3</sup> Certain items of his published works would seem to indicate considerable knowledge of Spanish, but this language could, of course, have been acquired during his long service on the southwestern frontier.

The first definite glimpse of James Henry Carleton is found in the records of the Adjutant General of Maine, which show that he was commissioned as a lieutenant of the Maine Militia, on August 20, 1838.<sup>4</sup> Since the militia of those days met only once a year for training, and always made their training day somewhat of a convivial occasion, it is doubtful that the new lieutenant had much opportunity for improving his military knowledge before something serious was afoot. It is safe to assume, however, that he had devoted himself to the study of "tactics" (as drill was then called), and had made himself as competent a soldier as the limited military resources of Maine would permit.

Something serious was afoot very soon. In the following winter the ancient boundary dispute between Great Britain and the United States over ownership of the Aroostook Valley became acute when the authorities of Maine and New Brunswick began to apprehend and hold interlopers into their respective claims. A century later it is easy to smile at the "Aroostook War," in which the total casualty list is said to have been one horse, but at the time the situation was both critical and dangerous.

Governor Fairfield, of Maine, ordered the militia into the disputed area. At the time, Carleton was the lieutenant of the Stillwater company. For one reason or another, most of the senior officers of the battalion, to which the Stillwater company belonged, were unable to respond to the Governor's call. February is not the most clement month of the year in Maine, and as the militiamen struggled northward through the woods, the remaining officer who was senior to Carleton

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3. *Official Records*, p. 698. I am indebted to the National Archives for a photostatic copy of this letter.

4. From an official Certificate of Commission, kindly furnished by Brigadier General George Carter, The Adjutant General of Maine.

became ill, and the command of the entire battalion devolved upon him.<sup>5</sup>

No one really wanted a war. General Winfield Scott hurried northward from Washington, and he and Sir John Harvey, the Governor of New Brunswick speedily effected an agreement that eased the tension until the two governments could solve the dispute. Under this agreement, the forces of both sides withdrew from the disputed area, except for enough men to guard the stores which had to be left behind. Lieutenant Carleton's company was selected for this duty, and remained under arms until May, 1839, when as the last of the expeditionary force of the "Pork and Beans War," they marched on foot to Bangor, and were mustered out of the service.<sup>6</sup>

There is no direct evidence that young Lieutenant Carleton came to General Scott's attention, but it is not at all unlikely that he did. Within a short time he received an invitation from Joel Poinsett, the Secretary of War, to come to Washington for examination for a commission in the Regular Army. He passed the examination satisfactorily, and on the last day of November, 1839, he was honorably discharged from the Maine Militia, and departed for his first station and duty—the Cavalry School of Practice, at Carlisle, Pennsylvania.

The Commandant of the Cavalry School of Practice was Captain Edwin Vose Sumner, an officer of the 1st Dragoons, the regiment to which Carleton was assigned. There appears to have been no definitely prescribed curriculum, and no specific period of instruction. For a year and a half Carleton trained under the eye of Sumner, who was known as a thorough soldier and a strict disciplinarian.

By March, 1841, Sumner evidently decided that the new lieutenant was ready for duty with troops. Late in that

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5. From an unpublished report made by James Henry Carleton to The Adjutant General, Washington, D. C., some time in 1863. I am indebted to Colonel Thomas Spaulding, U. S. Army, Retired, for informing me of the existence of this report. A manuscript copy, which he prepared, is in the Stephen Spaulding Memorial Collection, in the Library of the University of Michigan, Ann Arbor, Michigan. Hereafter referred to as James Henry Carleton, *Report of 1863*.

6. *Ibid.*

month Carleton left Carlisle for Fort Gibson, Indian Territory, in command of a hundred recruits. From Carlisle the command marched overland to Baltimore, and there took ship for New Orleans. From New Orleans they went by steamboat as far as practicable, and marched the remainder of the long distance to Fort Gibson. There Carleton finally joined the regiment and the company to which he would belong for years to come. His company commander was Captain Burgwin, a noted frontier soldier, who was destined to die in battle at Taos, New Mexico.

Almost his first duty at Fort Gibson was to serve as Post Adjutant. This duty lasted for several months, and then, with his company, he marched northward. He was detailed as an Acting Assistant Quartermaster, and in this capacity he constructed Fort Croghan, where Council Bluffs, Iowa, now stands. On the abandonment of Fort Croghan, only a few months later, it fell to Lieutenant Carleton's lot, as Acting Assistant Quartermaster, to build "Mackinack Boats," and transport all of the government property and supplies down the river to Fort Leavenworth. A lieutenant of United States Dragoons, in the middle of the 19th Century, was necessarily a versatile person!

During the slow journey downstream he met and became friendly with Audubon, who has left a glimpse in his *Missouri River Journals*. Audubon's boat and Carleton's convoy moved close together throughout the voyage. Carleton and Audubon frequently ate together, and they were both addicted to whist. They traded knives (this seems to have been a frontier custom). Carleton presented Audubon with a bear skin and a set of elk horns, and Audubon, in return, gave him one of his drawings. Finally, on October 11, 1843, Audubon recorded that upon his departure from Fort Leavenworth, "Lieutenant Carleton came to see me off, and we parted reluctantly."<sup>7</sup>

Within a few weeks after his arrival at Fort Leavenworth from Fort Croghan, Carleton found himself in serious trouble. A full year before, at Fort Gibson, he had become

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7. From the "Missouri River Journals," in Maria R. Audubon, *Audubon and His Journals* (New York, 1897), II, 172-173.

quite friendly with Lieutenant Wickliffe of his own regiment, the 1st Dragoons. Early in December, 1842, Wickliffe shot and killed a squatter, living near the post. He was duly ordered into arrest by Lieutenant Colonel Richard Mason, the Post Commander, but shortly afterward he broke his arrest and disappeared. A year later Colonel Mason suddenly preferred charges against Carleton, who had been Post Adjutant at the time of Wickliffe's disappearance. Mason accused Carleton of having deliberately falsified the morning report so that Wickliffe's absence was not discovered until he was safely away. Mason piled on other charges, until it appeared that Carleton was a scoundrel who was unfit to associate with officers and gentlemen.

A General Court-martial, the highest form of military court, duly met at Fort Gibson, shortly before Christmas, 1843, and pondered the evidence for several weeks. Carleton's defense was a categorical denial of all of the specifications, and an accusation that Mason was motivated by spite and the necessity for finding a "goat." The charges were such that conviction made dismissal from the service mandatory—no other sentence was legally permissible. Nevertheless, the court, after finding Carleton guilty and sentencing him to be dismissed from the service, appended to the record of the trial a strong recommendation for clemency!<sup>8</sup>

It would seem that there was more to the case than appeared openly in the record of the trial, and evidently the President of the United States was of the same opinion, for John Tyler commuted the sentence to the purely nominal one of suspension from command for six months without pay. A slap on the wrist, by way of punishment!

The life of the Army on the frontier was far from sedentary or inactive. There was too much to do and too much territory to cover for the scanty forces ever to stagnate or grow stale. In the late summer of 1844 an expedition moved westward from Fort Leavenworth to explore the almost unknown country to the northwest. The expedition, composed of several companies of the 1st Dragoons, was commanded by

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8. From the official record of the court martial, furnished by the National Archives, by permission of The Judge Advocate General of the Army.



Major Clifton Wharton, of that regiment, and Carleton was designated as Commissary for the expedition.

Although the expedition was prepared for action at a minute's notice, its primary purposes were exploration, and to demonstrate to the Indian tribes the white man's power. Major Wharton, as commanding officer, kept a careful journal, and several other officers, including Carleton, did likewise. In fact, each camp must have been the scene of a great deal of literary activity, as the officers noted down the activities and observations of the day.<sup>9</sup>

The following spring, a second expedition moved out from Fort Leavenworth for the West. This time it comprised almost the entire regiment of the 1st Dragoons, and was commanded in person by Colonel Stephen Watts Kearny, the regimental commander, who had been relieved from command of a department to enable him to command the expedition. The mission was somewhat more ambitious than that of the first expedition, and was to cross the entire width of the Great Plains to the Rocky Mountains, which were almost as little known in 1845 as the mountains of central Asia are today. For three months the column marched across territory which had been seen before by very few white men, and across which a body of troops had never marched before. There were no battles (none were expected), but the troops marched ready for instant combat, and there were endless pow-wows with the Sioux, Cheyennes, Arapahoes and Comanches.

Again, Carleton, who had been promoted to first lieutenant in the meantime, kept a careful journal, recording all of the incidents of the march, and making notes on all the phenomena he observed. He made a collection of mineralogical and geological specimens, which he later forwarded to Harvard University, and for which he received a vote of thanks from the University.<sup>10</sup>

For several years the situation between the United States and Mexico had been growing tense, and in the early summer

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9. James Henry Carleton, *The Prairie Logbooks*, published by the Caxton Club, Chicago, in 1943, and cited by permission of the Club.

10. James Henry Carleton, *Report of 1863*.

of 1846 Carleton's company of the 1st Dragoons marched to San Antonio, Texas, where the "Central Column" was being formed under the command of Brigadier General Wool, for the impending war. Shortly after arrival at San Antonio, Carleton was detailed as an aide-de-camp to General Wool, and as a member of General Wool's staff he crossed the Rio Grande when war finally broke out.

In the early part of the 19th Century a general's aides-de-camp were his eyes and ears. They carried his messages over the battlefield, and frequently were sent to make observations at places where the general could not go himself. At the Battle of Buena Vista it was Carleton who was sent to reconnoiter a practicable route by which the cavalry could reach the Mexican position, and later in the day he commanded a company of his own regiment, the 1st Dragoons, in a desperate charge. His conspicuous conduct resulted, some time later, in his being brevetted to the grade of major for "gallant and meritorious services" in the battle.<sup>11</sup>

Immediately after the close of the campaign in northern Mexico Carleton was ordered to Scott's army, which was approaching the City of Mexico from Vera Cruz. While en route to join, however, he was taken seriously ill, so instead of being in the final campaign of the war, he was ordered to Washington, where he spent the next several months convalescing. This was not time wasted, however, for he spent his enforced leisure in writing a *History of the Battle of Buena Vista, with the Operations of the Army of Occupation for Thirty Days*. It was published by Harper Brothers in 1848, and still remains one of the best accounts of the battle, and is practically the only one written by an actual participant.<sup>12</sup>

During the war he had been promoted to the substantive rank of captain, and the autumn of 1848 found him fully recovered, and finally in command of his own company. (Before World War I a captain usually remained assigned to a single company, as long as he held the rank of captain.) His

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11. *Ibid.*

12. Miss Elizabeth Perkins, of Baltimore, Maryland, who is a grandniece of James Henry Carleton, kindly loaned me her personal copy of *The Battle of Buena Vista*. It was a present from Carleton to his sister, and bears his autograph.

new company was at Carlisle Barracks, and Carleton repeated his first long journey, going by sea to New Orleans, thence up the Mississippi and Missouri to Fort Leavenworth, where the 1st Dragoons were then stationed.

By the winter of 1850 the tide of migration to California had swelled to tremendous proportions, with migrants clamoring for information on the safest and easiest ways to reach the land of gold. Fort Leavenworth was the crossroad of the continent during this period, and Carleton carefully collected and collated all available information on routes to the west. On February 1, 1850, he addressed a lengthy letter to the editors of the *Intelligencer*, saying, "The importance of knowing each morning where the next halting place for the night is to be, is very great, even when one's journey lies through a settled country; it is greater still on the wide prairies, where seldom the traveler is met who can impart the necessary information in this respect."<sup>13</sup> Following this introductory sentence was information on all of the known routes to California, as complete as interrogation of scores of people could make it.

Carleton's stay at Fort Leavenworth was of relatively short duration. In 1851 the greater part of the 1st Dragoons, now commanded by Carleton's old mentor at the Cavalry School of Application, Edwin Vose Sumner, moved to the newly conquered territory of New Mexico.

New Mexico had been part of the Union for only four years. The Mexican war had seen the country invaded by the hated *gringo*, and there had been a frantic rebellion against the newcomers. The rebellion had been ruthlessly suppressed, and Carleton's old company commander, Captain Burgwin, had been killed in the storming of Taos. The people were still sullen, and a constant display of force was considered necessary to remind them of the danger of resisting the new regime. In addition, the bands of Apaches and Navahos raided settlements industriously, making life a hazard for people in outlying settlements and ranches. Continual movement was the order of the day for the Army, and in Carle-

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13. Reprinted in Stryker's *American Register and Magazine*, July, 1850 (Vol. 4), pp. 246-252. The Ayer Collection of Americana, The Newberry Library, Chicago.

ton's own words, he "engaged in many campaigns and scouts; among the *latter was one for the exploration of the ruins of Gran Quivira.*"

The expedition to Gran Quivira appears to have been primarily for scientific purposes, and was made just before Christmas, 1853. The weather was bitter, and the march was attended by discomfort that was little short of hardship. Carleton's report of the expedition, and his conclusions (logical, even though later proven erroneous) that the ruins were of Christian origin, were published in the *Ninth Annual Report of the Smithsonian Institution.*

Although he had been on the frontier for the greater part of thirteen years by this time, his New England mind was still unreconciled to the squalor of the Mexican villages and the unorthodox ways of the natives. Referring, in his report, to a village through which the expedition marched twice on its wintry march, he said, "From what we have observed during our second visit to this place, this Botany Bay of New Mexico, we have concluded that our former estimate of the inhabitants was premature and ill-judged; we now believe that there is not one single redeeming trait of disposition or habits to be found within its borders."<sup>14</sup>

Needless to say, there was neither parcel post nor railway express to New Mexico in the middle decade of the last century, nor were the few merchants able to satisfy the wants of the Americans in the territory. Carleton maintained a long correspondence with the Boston jewelry firm of Bigelow Brothers and Kennard, who evidently acted as his agents in "the States."<sup>15</sup> His chatty correspondence with the firm not only reveals something of his personal affairs, but gives a vivid picture of the life of an officer on the far frontier. The dragoons moved out from their posts on brief notice, and usually not knowing how long it would be before they would return. Mention was made of a fight with Apaches by one company of dragoons, in which twenty-three men were killed and twenty-three wounded, out of a total of sixty present in

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14. *Ninth Annual Report of the Smithsonian Institution*, pp. 296-316.

15. For a complete microfilm of this correspondence I am indebted to the Baker Library, Harvard University School of Business Administration.

the fight. Carleton's own company was in pursuit of Jicarilla Apaches for seventy-six consecutive days, finally surprising them on the fourth of June, on the summit of Fischer's Peak. Although Bigelow Brothers and Kennard were in the jewelry business, they accepted from Carleton a commission to obtain a fine, black beaver hat for Kit Carson, with whom Carleton had laid (and lost) a wager as to the time when the Indians would be overtaken.

Carleton's correspondence with the Boston firm continued until the summer of 1856, when he was suddenly ordered to Washington for duty. For almost a year he was engaged in the study of the reports which Captain George B. McClellan had made upon his observations in Europe. Carleton's duty was to analyze the reports to determine what European cavalry practices could be adapted to the American service.

This must have been a pleasant duty, after the severe service on the frontier, but it ended when General Scott sent him in command of some three or four hundred recruits, across the Great Plains to New Mexico. Carleton's service in New Mexico this time, however, was brief, and immediately afterward, he spent almost a year in Virginia, recruiting for his own regiment, the 1st Dragoons. And that, except for a brief visit or so, was destined to be his last service east of the Rocky Mountains.

During Carleton's tour of duty in the East, the 1st Dragoons had been transferred from New Mexico to the Pacific Coast, and he rejoined his company in the autumn of 1858, at Fort Tejon, California.

Pacific Coast service did not mean sitting quietly in garrison, any more than did service in New Mexico. Within a short time after his arrival at Fort Tejon, he was detailed to escort the funds for the payment of the Army in Utah, and was given the additional mission of burying the victims of the Mountain Meadows Massacre, and of conducting an investigation of the circumstances surrounding that tragedy. His investigation was painstaking and thorough. It was conducted with some difficulty, for two years had elapsed since the massacre, and the evidence was both stale and conflicting.

In his conclusions, however, he left no doubt that he believed that the massacre was perpetrated by the whites of Utah, aided by a few Indians. "I observed that nearly every skull I saw had been shot through with rifle or revolver bullets."

Under his direction the dragoons erected a monument over the bones they collected, and surmounted it with a rude cross, upon which was carved, "Vengeance is mine; I will repay, saith the Lord."<sup>16</sup>

The next two years must have been a restful interlude, after the almost continual movement and excitement of the preceding few years. The Indians of California were relatively docile, and were unwarlike in the extreme. Doubtless there were small scouting expeditions, but no record of such has been preserved. In the "States" people were increasingly preoccupied with the dispute between North and South, but there is no indication that Carleton took any particular interest in the controversy. He did not share the popular New England prejudice against slaveholders; in fact, he had owned at least one slave, and probably more, and his *Prairie Logbooks* included numerous casual references to slaves belonging to officers of the regiment—references indicating that he regarded slavery as something to be taken for granted.

But the breaking of the storm in the spring of 1861 soon affected even the placid backwater of Fort Tejon. As mentioned earlier in this paper, Carleton and the two pitifully small companies of dragoons from Fort Tejon were soon ordered to Los Angeles, to overawe the outspoken Southern sympathizers of that rather somnolent Southern and Mexican pueblo.

Carleton himself was not long in Los Angeles. Within a few days after the Fourth of July celebration in honor of the Union, he received secret orders from the Department Commander, who was his old instructor and regimental commander, Edwin Vose Sumner, now a brigadier general, to go to San Bernardino, in civilian clothes, and without reveal-

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16. Document No. 605, House of Representatives, 57th Congress, 1st Session, *Special Report of the Mountain Meadow Massacre*, by J. H. Carleton, Brevet Major, United States Army, Captain, First Dragoons.

ing his identity, to investigate and report upon disturbing information which had been received from that place.<sup>17</sup>

He spent several days conducting his investigation, and had barely settled himself again at his camp near Los Angeles, when abrupt orders required him to turn over his command to the next ranking officer, and hasten to San Francisco. The order informed him briefly that he was to command a force destined for service on the Plains.

During that exciting summer of 1861 the Regular Army garrisons were withdrawn from the posts of the Far West, and by the middle of the summer the problem of safeguarding the Overland Mail route had become acute. Consequently, in August of that year, the Governor of California was requested by the Secretary of War to enroll a regiment of volunteer infantry and a reduced regiment of cavalry, to be moved to Nevada and Utah at once, to guarantee the continued movement of the mail. The requisition specified that the command of the infantry regiment was to be given to Brevet Major James Henry Carleton, and stated positively that nobody else would be allowed to command it.

It is altogether beyond the scope of this paper to trace the various steps by which the force destined for service on the northern plains found itself scattered through Southern California at the close of 1861, reenforced by volunteer regiments raised subsequent to the first requisition for California troops. It happened, however, that Carleton's force was ideally located when the new Department Commander, Brigadier General George Wright, decided that the troops at his disposal could best be used to reopen the southern mail route, instead of waiting for the melting of the snows in the Sierras to make the movement onto the northern route practicable.

In this day of paved roads, air lines, radio communication and radar detection, it is difficult to visualize, even for the most imaginative, the difficulties that faced a military expedition in the Southwest ninety years ago. California furnished almost nothing in the way of manufactured goods.

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17. *Official Records*, p. 538.

The best roads were mere tracks. From the Coast to the Rio Grande the only water, except for the oasis around Tucson, was the scanty trickle in the widely spaced wells that had been dug for the Butterfield stage line. All food, all supplies and all equipment for a force moving into Arizona and New Mexico must be carried with the force. Before any move could be made in strength, it was necessary to accumulate enormous quantities of hay, barley, flour, clothing, ammunition and medicine. And the mere accumulation was only the beginning. These articles must be transported, and the transportation required wagons, mules, horses, harness, horse-shoes, horseshoe nails, blacksmith's equipment, and a thousand and one items that would scarcely occur to the layman.

It must be remembered that at the outbreak of the Civil War no commander had a trained technical staff, to which he could delegate working out the details of a plan. Every item of Carleton's plans for carrying out his mission had to be determined by himself for the simple reason that there was nobody else in his command who was qualified to do it. Nevertheless, his initial plan and his first requisition for the necessary supplies and equipment were submitted to the Department Commander within a few days after he first received his orders—and the plan and the requisition will still strike a military student as being complete down to the minutest of details. At his headquarters in Los Angeles he must have worked day and night, without rest or cessation.

Nor were planning and supply the only problems Carleton had to solve. The rigorous training he imposed upon the troops produced discontent, resulting shortly in open mutiny by one company, and rumblings in others. The situation was charged with serious danger, and had Carleton been an unfeeling martinet there would have been trouble. However, his long service and association with frontiersmen and soldiers enabled him to gauge the situation clearly, and a few quiet words of explanation, joined with an appeal to the men's patriotism, quickly calmed the trouble. There was constant friction with the pro-Secessionist population of Southern California, resulting in attempts to blacken Carleton's



reputation, even to the point of rumors insinuating that he was secretly a Confederate sympathizer! Unprecedented rains in the winter of 1861-62 turned Southern California into a quagmire, abruptly interrupting all preparations for several weeks.

Not the least difficult of the problems which he had to solve was that of obtaining information as to what was transpiring on the other side of the Arizona desert. Very little was known about the desert itself, and it interposed an effective screen between California and information about Confederate forces and activities to the eastward. How effectively Carleton solved this particular problem may be judged by the fact that his agents obtained information as to the Confederate force and activities at Tucson from the Confederate commander himself!

With preparations complete, and the country finally dry enough for the movement of troops and wagons, the expedition got under way in April, 1862. Carleton had hoped to surprise and capture the small Confederate force at Tucson, but one of his most trusted officers rode blindly into a trap and was captured. With all hope of surprise lost, the force moved across the Colorado, and plodded into the Arizona desert. Following an unprecedented rainy season, the spring and early summer of 1862 were the hottest on record up to that time. Men and animals suffered acutely from the heat and alkali dust, and their thirst reached such proportions that they were willing to drink water from a well from which the fragments of a murdered man had been fished!<sup>18</sup> There was a minor skirmish a few days after leaving Fort Yuma, and there was a savage little fight in Picacho Pass, but early in June, 1862, the Column from California entered and occupied Tucson without opposition.

The march across the desert had taken over a month. Supplies were exhausted and wagons had shrunk in the dry heat. A period of rest, reorganization and further accumulation of supplies was necessary before the long move to the Rio Grande could be undertaken.

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18. James Henry Carleton, *Report of 1863*.

The next few weeks in Tucson were busy ones. Almost the first act as the advance elements of the Column moved into Tucson was to round up and arrest the desperados and the known and suspected Confederate sympathizers, and deport them to Fort Yuma. Since the Confederates had been in occupation of Tucson for months, nearly all of the few Americans who had remained were suspected, probably with justification, of being pro-Confederate.

Among those arrested was former Lieutenant Sylvester Mowry, a northern-born graduate of West Point, who had resigned from the Army several years previously, to own and operate the Patagonia Mine. This arrest produced repercussions which finally reached the Senate (and died there), and for the remainder of his life Mowry fulminated against Carleton, charging him with all sorts of crimes. As a matter of fact the controversy over Mowry's arrest occasionally is heard to this day, but the fact remains that Mowry, in spite of his northern birth, had been active at the Charleston Convention, which had nominated Breckenridge as the candidate of the pro-slavery wing of the Democratic Party, and had been friendly with the Confederates when the latter occupied Arizona.

The vaguely defined area which was called Arizona had, before the Civil War, been included in the Territory of New Mexico. It was, however, so remote from the seat of the territorial government that for all practical purposes it was entirely without government of any kind. No civil officials had ever been appointed, nor had any courts ever sat at a point nearer than Mesilla. Within a few days after the occupation of Tucson, Carleton issued a brief proclamation, announcing the establishment of a military government for the territory. With himself as Military Governor, he named necessary territorial officials, prescribed the establishment of military courts, in lieu of the non-existent civil courts, and prescribed necessary rules and regulations for the government. Carleton's provisional military government, which was intended to exist only until such time as a legal civil government could be established, was the first organized gov-

ernment in what is now the State of Arizona. He introduced law and order in an area where law and order had never been known before.

Various bands of the Apaches had been sporadically at war with the whites for several years before the Civil War. However, during the march across Arizona there had been no hostile encounters with the Indians, and Carleton hoped earnestly that peace with the Apaches might be maintained. Consequently he issued, while at Tucson, strict orders that Indians should not be fired upon, except in self defense, and every effort was made to gain the confidence of the Indians. He reported to higher headquarters that he hoped to induce the principal chiefs of the Apaches to come to Fort Stanford (old Fort Breckenridge, which had been reoccupied, and renamed in honor of the Governor of California) for a conference, and to receive presents. Ironically enough, almost at the exact moment when he was writing this report, Apaches were killing two messengers whom he had despatched with messages for General Canby, in New Mexico. A few days later, the first detail of the Column from California was approached in the Apache Pass by a group of Indians bearing a white flag. When the powwow was finished, it was discovered that two soldiers were missing, and a little later, their mutilated bodies were found in a nearby ravine. The next detachment, escorting supplies, was suddenly attacked on the same spot by overwhelming numbers of Indians, and only the fortunate fact that they had two small mountain howitzers (a weapon with which the Apache was totally unfamiliar) prevented disaster.

Incidentally, the Apaches seem to have regarded it as extremely unfair that the soldiers "fired wagons at us!"

Carleton, who had received his promotion to the grade of brigadier general shortly before, did not know of these incidents until he reached Apache Pass himself, and saw the graves of his men. From that moment on, for the next twenty years, there was almost continuous war between the whites and Chiricahua Apaches. However, at the time it was impossible to divert any of the units of the Column from California from their main mission, and the troops were pushed

on toward the Rio Grande. The only diversion was to send wagon loads of supplies, with a strong escort, to the Pinos Altos Mines, where it was reported that the people were so closely invested by Apaches as to be in actual danger of starvation.

The leading echelon of the Column, under the immediate command of Major E. E. Eyre, 1st California Cavalry, reached the Rio Grande on the Fourth of July, and hoisted the national colors over the ruins of Fort Thorn. The remainder of the Column closed on the Rio Grande in the latter part of the month, with men and animals thin and tired, but unbelievably toughened by their long march. The Confederates, badly mauled several weeks before by Colorado and New Mexico forces, under the command of General Canby, had made haste to retreat to Texas, upon learning that a Federal force from California was about to cut them off from Texas. Consequently, after arriving at the Rio Grande, there was nothing for the Californians to do, in the way of fighting Confederates, except to gather in numbers of prisoners, and reoccupy the posts that had been lost to the Union a year before.

Within a few days after his arrival in New Mexico, Carleton received sudden orders, summoning him to Santa Fe, to relieve General E. R. S. Canby in command of the Department of New Mexico. Canby had received orders transferring him to the seat of war in the East, and lost no time in turning over his command of New Mexico as soon as Carleton became available to replace him.

With Carleton's assumption of the command in New Mexico, the Column from California was merged with the other troops in the Department of New Mexico, and ceased to exist as a separate military entity, although the returns of the California troops were still rendered to the commanding general of the Department of the Pacific.

The new commander of the Department of New Mexico found himself faced with serious problems. The war in the Valley of the Rio Grande had not been long, nor were large forces involved, but it had been fought with savagery and vindictiveness. The country had been ravaged by the Con-

federates in their retreat to Texas, and was in a condition close to anarchy.

Carleton bore down sharply upon known sympathizers with the Confederacy, required the Mexican population to clean up their towns and pueblos, and gave open encouragement to farmers and traders. In order to effect a measure of control over the movement of persons whose activities might be questionable, he instituted an iron-clad system of passes, from which he allowed no exceptions. The majority of the population took this latter measure as a matter of course, but it produced great indignation among officials who fancied that they should be exempt from and superior to orders of any military commander, even in time of war. There is no evidence, however, that even the direst threats of political officeholders caused the quiet Maine Yankee to vary in the slightest degree from his decided course of action.

The most serious problem which confronted the new Department Commander lay in the two Indian wars which were going on simultaneously. The Apaches made life a hazard for everyone, except in the larger towns, and the Navahos were scarcely less dangerous. Vigorous and continuous campaigns were started at once against both tribes. Against the Apaches the results were not spectacular, and the wars against the Apaches were destined to last for about twenty years more. Within a year, however, it was again possible for settlers to move into the valleys, and for prospectors to search through the mountains.

Against the Navahos, the results were decisive and permanent. A force under the immediate command of Carleton's old friend and guide, Kit Carson, penetrated into the Navaho country in the dead of winter, and pushed entirely through Cañon de Chelly, which the Navahos had believed was impregnable. The greater part of the tribe surrendered, and were transferred to a reservation established in the valley of the Pecos River, where it was planned and hoped that they would be enabled to support themselves by agriculture.

The transfer of an entire tribe to new lands, beyond the limits of their ancestral homes, may strike a modern as being unduly drastic, but it should be remembered that the trans-

fer of Indians to reservations where they could, it was hoped, be taught the arts of peace, and made self-supporting, was the recognized policy of the time. Efforts were made to provide irrigation water by building a dam across the Pecos, and the labor of the California volunteers was freely used in attempting to make Bosque Redondo habitable for the exiled Navahos. "Carleton made heroic efforts to meet the situation, and his disgruntled soldiers worked like Trojans."<sup>19</sup>

But work as they might, Bosque Redondo could not be made habitable for the number of people concentrated there, and in due course of time the Navahos were permitted to return to their own country. From that day to this, they have remained a peaceful people.

At the close of the Civil War, James Henry Carleton was brevetted to the grade of major general, and promoted to the substantive grade of colonel. He was assigned to command the 4th Cavalry, but it appears that during the few remaining years of his life, he actually spent little time in active command of his regiment. After a short visit to his old home in Maine, for the first time in many years, he contracted pneumonia, and died at San Antonio, Texas, in 1873.

During his lifetime James Henry Carleton was a controversial figure, and to this day he remains one. A strong and positive character always make enemies, especially when he is in a position of responsibility and authority, and Carleton was no exception to this rule. No strong character is ever deterred from his course by criticism, and Carleton never once gave the slightest heed to the chorus of recrimination that was raised against him. He followed the course of action that seemed to him to be the best, and without regard to what might be said by personal enemies or by those who thought that they knew the problems of the Civil and Indian wars in the Southwest better than he did.

Among the Union generals of the Civil War he is relatively unknown, because of the isolated theater in which he served and because he fought no major battles. If he had

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19. Charles Amsden, "The Navajo Exile at Bosque Redondo," *New Mexico Historical Review*, 8 (January, 1933), p. 44. By permission of the New Mexico Historical Society.

served in the better known campaigns in the East, there can be no doubt that he would have left a name far more famous than it is. His organization, planning and management of the movement of a large force from California prove military ability of the highest order. It is the considered opinion of the writer of this paper that James Henry Carleton was an outstanding soldier and a great commander.

EXCERPTS FROM THE MEXICAN DIARY OF  
CHARLES ALBERT JAMES, 1871-72

*Edited by* FLEMING H. JAMES \*

*Introduction*

JAMES'S account of his visit to the northern frontier of Mexico furnishes a glimpse into social, economic, and military conditions during a fermentative period when Mexico was approaching the threshold of significant change. Other sources are rare and obscure. The diary is also a literary document, revealing the observer along with the data observed.

Charles Albert James, son of Henry James and Eliza M. Wills James, was born July 10, 1841, on a plantation in Fluvanna County, Virginia. His father was a prosperous wholesale merchant. In 1859, Charles entered the University of Virginia, concentrating in language studies, but in 1861 he became a cavalry lieutenant in the state's "Laurel Brigade." During a brief captivity in 1863, he contracted lingering pulmonary tuberculosis at Point Lookout prison.

Seeking a warmer climate, Charles came to Texas in 1866, and at Bastrop in 1868, together with two younger brothers and another Virginian, organized the Texas Military Institute, a senior college, which moved to Austin in 1870. Charles served as professor of languages, literature, and history.<sup>1</sup> But his malady remained; hence in 1871, he

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\* The editor wishes to express gratitude to members of the author's family, especially to Henry James and W. S. James, of Abilene, Texas, for making material, including the diary itself, available in the Fleming W. James collection, archives of the Eugene C. Barker Texas History Center, at the University of Texas. The editor is grateful for kindnesses to archivist Winnie Allen, and is also indebted for suggestions and encouragement to Dean L. L. Click and Professor D. M. McKeithan. James's diary was written hastily and left unrevised; hence for the sake of clarity, the editor has taken numerous liberties with the author's punctuation, and has standardized a few other items of form like entry headings.

[Mr. Fleming H. James is a graduate student in history at The University of Texas]

1. See the *Austin Democratic Statesman*, Dec. 14, 1871, p. 4; the *Texas Almanac for 1873* (Galveston, 1873), pp. 106 ff.; [John G. James], *Decennial Register of the Texas Military Institute for 1868 to 1878* (Baltimore [1878]); also Daniel Morley McKeithan (ed.), *Selected Letters: John Garland James to Paul Hamilton Hayne and Mary Middleton Michel Hayne* (Austin, 1946).



sought a cure in Mexico, returning home a year later much improved.

Instead of returning to the T. M. I., Charles married Margaret E. Toole (d. 1885) and took a commercial job; yet on a business jaunt to Mexico soon afterward, his health again broke. Narrowly failing election to State Superintendent of Public Instruction in 1873, Charles and a brother opened a law office at Weatherford, Texas, but his health declined under courtroom strain. He purchased a ranch, intending semi-retirement, but died at Weatherford, September 25, 1875. He was an Episcopalian, also a Mason. An obituary declared:

In law, in science, in literary attainments, he possessed an enlarged understanding. As a scholar, we doubt whether he had a superior in the state. But especially was he remarkable and excellent in all the virtues. . . . He had an ability for making and retaining friends that we have never seen equaled; in this respect there was a magical attraction about him.<sup>2</sup>

While in Mexico in 1871, Charles viewed an impoverished and unstable nation. Although gaining independence in 1820, Mexico had been internally seared in a conflict between the liberal reformers and the wealthy vested interests, ostensibly a fight between the state and the decadent Mexican Church. The masses, the bewildered Indians, however, had lost all power of resistance, all hope and initiative; their conquerors were growing richer, while they could grow no poorer.

When in 1865 President Benito Juárez, supported by General Porfirio Díaz, led the liberal Reform party to victory, their theoretical rights of man lacked any economic bulwark. Industry and commerce were stifled by cumbersome restrictions. Some regions were virtually autonomous. After 1867, Generals Jeronimo Naranjo and Francisco Treviño "held the states of Nuevo Leon and Coahuila in absolute isolation;

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2. Unidentified clipping (presumably from the *Weatherford Times*) in the U. T. Barker Archives. See also the *Austin State Gazette*, Oct. 3, 1875, p. 2; and the *Bastrop Advertiser*, Oct. 9, 1875, p. 2.

... they ruled to suit their fancy, alternating power amicably."<sup>3</sup>

Júarez was re-elected in 1867, but his policies met hard resistance; the fruits of reform had begun to sour. Anxious to continue reconstruction, Júarez was again a candidate in 1871, his chief opponent being Porfirio Díaz. When the new Congress ratified for Júarez, October 12th, the Díaz partisans charged fraud. Blood flowed in the capital; and in the south, Governor Felix Díaz rallied Oaxaca to arms. On the northern frontier, Governor Treviño's army quickly overran Coahuila, moving toward Durango.<sup>4</sup> Eager to defeat centralization, Treviño even recalled from exile his old enemy General Quiroga. Then on November 8th, Díaz finally accepted leadership of the revolt, issuing his "Plan of La Noria," proposing a provisional government, reconstruction to be effected through state delegates. The frontier welcomed his appeal for "more liberty and less government," but staunch liberals remained wary.<sup>5</sup>

General Sostenes Rocha squelched a mutiny at the capital; yet Saltillo fell late in 1871. Revolutionist General Donato Guerra had meanwhile overrun Durango. So Treviño marched 8,000 rebels toward the capital.<sup>6</sup> In January, 1872, nevertheless, the revolt in Oaxaca was quelled, and Díaz himself arrived at Zacatecas in February. Rocha whirled back north, and on March 2, charging spectacularly up Bufa hill, he smashed Treviño, Naranjo, and Garcia de la Cadena.<sup>7</sup> Treviño and Naranjo, however, withdrew to Monterrey, forming another army and shattering a large government

3. José R. del Castillo, *Historia de la Revolución Social de México* (Mexico, D. F., 1915), p. 42 (transl.). See also Carleton Beals, *Porfirio Diaz, Dictator of Mexico* (Philadelphia, 1932), pp. 191 ff.

4. See Hubert Howe Bancroft, *Works* (San Francisco, 1888-89), XIV, 380n.; and Juan E. Guerra, *Lijera Reseña que hace El C. Juan E. Guerra de los Acontecimientos que Tuvieron Lugar en los Estados del Norte* (Mexico, D.F., 1873), pp. 4-15.

5. See Ciro B. Ceballos, *Aurora y Ocaso, 1867-1906: Gobierno de Lerdo* (Mexico, D.F., 1912), pp. 31 ff.

6. See Bancroft, *Works*, XIV, 381 ff., and XVI, 624; also Beals, *Porfirio Diaz*, p. 182.

7. *Ibid.*, p. 183; and Sebastian Lerdo de Tejada, *Memorias Inéditas* (Brownsville, 1912), p. 31 f; also text, note 24.

force in May. In Chihuahua, too, Díaz and Guerra scored several gains.<sup>8</sup>

On July 18, Juárez succumbed to a heart ailment, and Justice Sebastian Lerdo de Tejada succeeded. Rebel arms were rapidly traded for amnesty. Yet Lerdo too failed at controlling factional strife. So after another brief revolution, Díaz became president in 1877. The strong arm of Díaz furnished a transition period in which a strong central government was realized, opening the way for industrialization and the formation of a new economic bulwark. Long outlasting his time, Díaz himself was deposed by a young generation of liberals in 1910.

### *James's Diary*

*August 1, 1871. Hacienda of San Blas.*<sup>9</sup> The house or houses form a hollow square, one story high and built of stone and adobes. It does not present a very prepossessing appearance, but is like all other large houses I have seen so far in its general aspect. The Don is a very pleasant gentleman and is lord of all he surveys, owning a hundred thousand acres of land in one body, shut in on three sides by mountains and watered by a number of clear streams. He says that he has grazing land enough to keep continually, in wet and dry weather, 40,000 head of cattle, beside the broad acres he irrigates and cultivates, raising immense crops of corn and wheat. He estimates his corn crop this summer at 9,000 bushels, only half a crop owing to the dry season. He says that not one drop of water has fallen for nine months and very little for a year; yet the streams continue to run, the cattle look fat, and the crops are reduced only one-half. His wheat was almost a failure, owing to a severe storm of wind & hail; hence he only made 3,000 bushels, his usual crop being 15,000.

8. See Ramon Prida, *De la Dictadura a la Anarquía!*, p. 26; and text, note 30; also Bancroft, *Works*, XIV, 384 n.; and James Creelman, *Diaz, Master of Mexico* (New York, 1912), p. 324.

9. After reaching Muzquiz (or "Santa Rosa"), James and a new friend named Hibler traveled about fifty miles to the Hacienda (plantation) of San Blas, owned by Don Luis Cuna, to sample the renowned mineral waters there.

At *the House*, there are some 200 souls—men, women, & children— all his peons.<sup>10</sup> He seems to be greatly beloved by them and never uses harsh language towards them. His wife & children are absent on a visit. He gives me a fine horse to ride to the spring of San Lucas, about three miles distant in the mountains, where we spent the day to-day, . . . bathing twice and drinking often of the famous waters. . . .

*August 2, 1871. Hacienda of San Blas. . . .* I can scarcely realize than Don Luis commands the wealth he really does. His mode of life is such that a Va. negro would laugh to see it. The house is built of rough, soft rock, one story, & flat roof, with heavy gallery on the inside of the square; the floor is of dirt, which has to be kept moist or the dust is stifling, and some thirty or forty hogs amuse themselves by rooting into every corner, under the only bed-stead in the establishment, under your chairs, and occasionally running full tilt against you, to your great danger and disgust. Mex[ican] children of all ages, emotions, and of both sexes scamper about or wait upon you in the only dress Nature has given them. It is a fine country for students of the fine arts—Nature in all her naked charms calls upon her priests to worship. Horses are stabled in the court-yard, and one can scarce imagine the variety of *sweet* (?) sounds that welcome us home at evening and charm away all sense of weariness until we fall *willing* captives to the drowsy god. Our beds are spread upon coarse mats to keep them out of the dirt, and all manner of creeping things have a fine opportunity to cultivate our acquaintance. But the manner of eating is still more strange. If Don L[uis] possesses a knife and fork, I have not seen them. He allows us a spoon

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10. Peons were persons held for debt. See George W. Hughes, "Memoir Descriptive of the March of a Division of the United States Army, under the Command of Brigadier General John E. Wool, from San Antonio de Bexar, in Texas to Saltillo, in Mexico," *U. S. Executive Documents, 1850*, Vol. X, No. 32, pp. 5-67. He states, "The system of peonage . . . keeps in bondage at least *four-fifths* of northern Mexico. No system of slavery can be more harsh and degrading. . . . And yet Mexico calls herself a free Country!" A substantial reform came late in 1872, but aspects of the system lingered past the turn of the century. See Beals, *Porfirio Diaz*, pp. 305-308; and John De Kay, *Dictators of Mexico: The Land where Hope Marches with Despair* (London, 1914), pp. 103-109.

apiece to stir & sip our coffee with, but teeth and fingers have to tear his tender kid, fat venison, and fine beef. A tortilla is at hand to take up the frijoles and gravy. . . . I have been greatly disappointed in the fruit & vegetables in this country. They are greatly inferior to those in Texas, even—the figs, peaches, & melons are small and of the poorest varieties. . . . And yet Don L[uis] is a man of fine sense, a good farmer, kind to his guests, and exceedingly jolly & full of fun in every way. . . .

*August 6, 1871. Hacienda of San Blas.* Being the holy Sabbath, we conclude to remain at the house and do without our water. Instead of a day of rest, however, Don Luis makes it his day for settlements with his peons, issues rations, kills beeves, &c. All the morning was consumed in issuing rations of corn, soap, beans, and lard, while the after-noon was given to beef. The day was the most disagreeable one I have spent here. No rain and a great dust all the time.

*August 16, 1871. Santa Rosa.* Early this morning, started for the mine of Cedral with Messrs Harris, Kapp, Berraine. . . . After a pleasant ride of about two hours, we reached the mouth of the cañon, where the company are erecting houses, furnace &c, preparatory to working the mine, which is a half-mile or more up the cañon.<sup>11</sup> The surface rock is a blue-grey limestone, cropping out in huge layers. A few Mexicans are at work for the Co., and others washing the surface dirt out in the little branch. I visited the main shaft, but did not go far in, as it is out of repair and no miners are at work. The ore contains a great deal of silver mixed with lead. It is considered by the natives the richest mine near S[anta] R[osa], & it is also the oldest. Just below the company's settlement is a mine of fine bituminous coal which they use. . . .

*August 19, 1871. Santa Rosa.* . . . I walked up to the "Mills" of Messrs Kapp & Munsenburger, some half a mile

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11. J. H. Harris, of Harris & Randle, was president of the San Rafael Co., which owned the Cedral, and in which William Harris and Robert Harris were also associated. Don Florentino Berraine was James's host for a time at Santa Rosa. Kapp is identified in the following entry.

from the Plaza. Here I was astonished to see what I had never seen before: a flour & grist mill, saw-mill, stave-machine (invented by Mr Kapp), sugar-mill, boilers &c, and a distillery—all under one roof. The machinery is all driven by a breast-wheel; the water, taken from an irrigating creek. Mr. K[app], assisted by a younger brother, built every portion of the machinery at this point, importing his iron, &c, from the U. S. In another house, a few steps off, is his blacksmith shop and carpenter's shop. Everything is on a small scale, being experimental, but will be speedily increased with any demand that may arise. . . .

*August 26, 1871. Santa Rosa.* . . . The corn is now ripe, and the peons are gathering it, while other lots are only knee high and very green. The cane is looking fine. They plant two kinds here, the speckled cane (caña pinta) and the white (or caña Mexicana); both do well, so that it pays a very heavy profit upon the labor & money invested—good season, as much as \$100.00 clear profit [per acre?]. Cotton matures finely here, but the usual wet season from July to October breeds worms to such a degree that it is not planted. A few plant a little tobacco, which matures finely, but is never fit for use, because the poor ignorant people do not know how to cure or keep it.

On yesterday, I went with Mr Munsenburger to see an old Mex[ican] mill, which he had purchased with the intention of erecting an oil-mill.<sup>12</sup> It is of the simplest construction, one perpendicular shaft being all. . . . This mill is 2½ miles from town, near the foot of the mountains; just above it are the smelting furnaces of the San Juan mine; a mile or so further is the mouth of the mine, in the side of the mountain a few hundred feet above the smelting. . . . The company have not begun work yet in the San Juan.<sup>13</sup> There are 300 or 400 silver mines near here, all of which yield a

12. i.e., cotton-seed oil.

13. The San Juan was being renovated under new management. See Bancroft, *Works*, XIV, 514 f., and *Resources and Development of Mexico* (San Francisco, 1898), p. 126 f. Elsewhere in James's diary appears this notation: "The Miss., San Raphael, Cedral & Conejo Mining Co. — / San Juan mine. El Sacramento. / Santa Gertrudis el alto y el bajo. / El Pavillon."

rich lead-ore and more or less silver. Every citizen of any standing owns from one to half a dozen silver mines and just works enough to prevent the Gov't from giving his to some one else. The mountains are public property, and the mines are claimed & held by right of discovery. But if one does not work his mine for four consecutive months, another person may "*denounce*" him, as it is here called, and claim the privilege of working it himself. . . .

*September 18, 1871. Santa Rosa.* The 16, which was Saturday, corresponds to the 4 July in the U. S., and the citizens of this republic celebrate it with more enthusiasm than I had thought they would exhibit upon any occasion.<sup>14</sup> The Plaza was cleared of weeds & grass; all the old muskets about town were rubbed up; the only piece of ordnance, brought from its sacred shelter; and rockets and fireworks, prepared for this birth-day of Liberty. That cannon, though, . . . is stocked musket fashion, but unfortunately the stock is broken off at the breech. It rests on a pivot & would be fine for ducks. . . . The charge was rammed home with a rusty old crow-bar, when a slow match was lighted, and all "stood from under." Eleven guns of various makes and ages, in the hands of a like number of sportive lads, were then discharged, while the three bells of the church united their hoarse and discordant tones to the efforts of the military to announce to the citizens, slumbering and peacefully dreaming, that the hour of mid-night was passed, that the glorious 16th had arrived, and that the authorities, ever watchful and careful of the peoples' liberties and the peoples' holidays, had not forgotten the joyful occasion.

Around and around the plaza marched that devoted dozen, keeping *various* time to the music—a flute, guitar, and fiddle, playing all sorts of waltzes & polkas—while on each corner, some aspiring orator, full of glorious memories & mescal, congratulated the republic on her past achievements and launched his thunder at the diminished heads of tyrants, amid vivas and hic-hic-oughs, until the martial ardor of the

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14. On September 15, 1810, Father Miguel Hidalgo, at his Church in Dolores, raised the cry of revolt against Spanish tyranny, sparking the Mexican Revolution.

chivalry could no longer contain itself, and away went the charges of powder again. This fearful din disturbed my dreams for awhile, but finally I yielded to the sweet influence of the drowsy god and did not awake until the sun had risen.

I peeped out and saw those gay and festive youths load & fire again, & proudly floating from the city-hall, a tumble-down old house, the emblem of Mex[ican] independence: a tri-color of dingy red, faded green, and dirty white between, on which a fierce eagle stood with outstretched wings. I heard those horrid bells, only a hundred paces off, ringing as if the whole village was on fire and they were soon to go too. One enterprising citizen in the N.W. quarter of town got out a flag on his own account, and all of those whose houses fronted on the plaza dressed the outside of their iron-barred windows with white & red curtains; some had, however, speckled calico with deep yellow borders. In fact, there was considerable diversity of opinion as to the national colors, if one was to judge from these external decorations on the houses. There was no parade of citizens, no public dinner, no enthusiastic crowd, no inspired orator to awaken national recollections, but a quiet public washed its face and put on its holiday suit. The ladies spent the day peeping out of doors at that devoted band of heroes who were condemned to give expression to the concentrated patriotism of this enlightened community. I had often noticed their disposition to put off everything like labor upon another, but must confess that I was a little surprised to see them rejoice by proxy. There is nothing like the force of habit. . . .

The afternoon passed quietly, as the aforesaid band had rather weakened on the patriotic; and to use an old army phrase, the firing became slack. Towards night the heavens were overcast with angry-looking clouds, rain began to fall, and the baile was postponed. Several American gentlemen, residents here, were determined that we strangers should not be disappointed and hastily sent out invitations to many of the belles & beaux to meet at their house, "la casa pinta," and "trip the light fantastic toe" . . . .



October 15, 1871. *Santa Rosa*. . . A few rash youths, some dozen or more, have been to the wars—the capture of the little villages of San Fernando and Piedras Negras, where some fifty Gov't troops were stationed. It is said that one unlucky fellow was wounded in the heavy engagements which preceded the capture of those devoted villages & the custom-house. The two parties are about equally divided for Juarez and Diaz, the two leaders.<sup>15</sup> There is no enthusiasm here, no organization, and no chief. The people attend to their ordinary duties as usual. . . .

November 1, 1871. *Santa Rosa*. The revolution still drags its slow length along. So far the whole of eastern Coahuila has been overrun by the revolutionists. Saltillo still holds out, and the Juarez party seem strong enough there to keep it. No soldiers have come here yet. . . . The Indians here take no part in the war, but most of them are absent on the "big fall-campaign"—gone to the lower Rio Grande, and to the Texas side, I expect. Mexico, a Pottowattami chief, is here; the two most influential Kickapoo chiefs, Wappassi and Sappigua, are gone.<sup>16</sup> They will soon return laden with buck-skins and spoils of war. I think the Mexicans use them to steal horses and cattle from Texas, and then pay them in money.<sup>17</sup> They

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15. It was not until November 8th, however, that Díaz accepted leadership of the revolt.

16. The Potawatomis and Kickapoos, originally from the Great Lakes region, had been settled in Kansas during the 'forties. Around 1852, groups entered Mexico. See Frederick W. Hodge, *Bureau of Ethnology Bulletin No. 30* (Washington, D. C., 1906, 1910), II, 289-293, and I, 684. Some interpreters at Santa Rosa were friendly toward the Kickapoos, and were in turn shielded from other marauding bands. In 1871 the U. S. was arranging for the return of a group; see *U. S. Executive Documents, 1871-2*, Vol. I, Part 1, No. 1, pp. 648 ff.

17. Indian incursions from Mexico had become frequent. A U. S. grand jury, reported in the *Dallas Herald*, April 6, 1872, p. 2, declared that "at least 5000 cattle monthly have been . . . driven off into Mexico . . . since the close of the civil war." The *Austin State Gazette*, Feb. 19, 1872, p. 1, remarked that the Mexican insurrection had "augmented the number of Mexican cattle thieves. . . . Mexican authorities are generally associates of the robbers." Stern measures were advocated. It was during the period that Charles's brother, Fleming W. James, heading the Texas Militia, became a leader in a short-lived movement aiming at the conquest of Mexico. Mexican officials, nevertheless, argued that their own ranches were victimized, while the most troublesome Indians had come from the U. S. See *Reports of the Committee of Investigation Sent in 1873 by the Mexican Government to the Frontier of Texas* (New York, 1875). During 1879-80, at any rate, harmony was restored through co-operative agreements.

do not bring many horses here. The Govt gave the two tribes 400 beeves about a month ago.

*November 8, 1871. Castaños.* . . . We learned some particulars on the capture of Ceinegas by the Diestas. It appears that the inhabitants were generally Juaristas and were supported by about 40 regular soldiers. The commander of the Diestas, Nicavor Valdez, appeared before the place with some 600 troops and demanded the surrender of the town. This was refused, and the fight began. The regular troops deserted the citizens at the first fire, and most of the people became demoralized, but three families barricaded their houses and ascended to their roofs to fight. One of these men, Mr. Appolonio Garcia, an old gentleman of about 80, with his three sons succeeded in keeping off the enemy for a long time and until they had put *hors de combat* about 30, seven of whom were killed outright. After a long time, the enemy succeeded in getting into the ground floor of his house, & the old gentleman sent his son down to bring up all the cartridges. The boy got the ammunition and was nearly to the top of the ladder when he fell, pierced through the brain by a carbine ball—some say at the hands of his father who took him for one of the enemy, & others that he was slain by the Diestas. . . .

*November 18, 1871. Castaños.* In company with Messrs Robt. Harris & Fly, I left this place for the mine of Portorillos on Monday last, and spent the afternoon & night there. The mine has fallen in and has not been worked for some time, but the same Company that owns the Cedral & other mines at S. Rosa have purchased it and are preparing to work it. They have two fine engines and pumps, as well as a circular saw, ready for work, and are getting up timber, building necessary houses, and repairing the main shafts. The ore is said to be very rich, and from the records of the tithes paid to the church at Monclova, the mine has yielded a very large amount. The work was discontinued by the former owners on account of water, which rose in the different

shafts in such quantities that they were unable to pump it out with the poor contrivances in their possession. . . .<sup>18</sup>

*December 13, 1871. Hacienda of Sardinas.*<sup>19</sup> . . . Yesterday late in the afternoon, I returned from hunting and had just eaten dinner, when a Mexican, frantic with fear, rushed his horse at full speed from the Hacienda a quarter of a mile above, shouting "los soldados! vienen! [the soldiers! coming!] get your horses out of the way." Three soldiers were on his heels and reached the mill in the same breath. The Dr had two [horses]; Mess[rs] Harrison & Siebert one each, grazing in front of the house, and they pushed on after them. In five minutes, the soldiers had lassoed three, Mr. Siebert's alone getting off. The soldiers then returned to the Hacienda; and while they were gone, I took our two Mex[ican] servants, and with the assistance of Mr Fly caught Siebert's horse & tied him off in the chaparal, while the others hid our arms and valuables. Scarcely had this been done, when an officer with a squad rode up to the house and said that he had been told that we had some fine guns, rifles, pistols, &c, and that he had orders to get them. We told him that none were in the house, but that he could look for himself, for we had hid them. He said he expected as much, but got down & looked carelessly through the house. Of course he did not find any, and we refused to find them for him; so he returned without any.

The Dr and S[iebert] then went up to get back the three horses and found that the force consisted of some 175 or 200 under the command of Lt. Col. Bueno, being a portion of Col. Pedro Alvincula Valdez' command on its way from Cienega to Piedras Negras.<sup>20</sup> The other portion having gone through San Buena. The Lt. Col. Bueno is one of the greatest scoundrels in the country, and as all the rest is only a robber. He took all the horses belonging to the Hacienda, although a blood relation of the proprietor, feasted on the best in the

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18. Cf. Hughes, "Memoir Descriptive," p. 23, and Bancroft, *Resources*.

19. James was visiting two Virginians, Dr. Francis L. Bronaugh (b. 1837) and Calvin Siebert, joint owners of "El Molino del Norte," or the Northern Mill, on that plantation, some fifteen miles from San Buena Ventura.

20. Valdez's regiment was retreating after the fall of Saltillo; see note 21.

house, and had his milch cows killed for beef rather than wait an hour for beeves. We tried to get the horses back again this morning for an hour, but could not. He refused to give a receipt stating that he had taken them, and we had to be contented with his promise to return them as soon as he reached the next point where fresh horses could be obtained. He is a regular officer of the army of the Gov't or Juarez party, was drunk all the time, and took along with him in some gentleman's carriage two prostitutes. He even went so far as to threaten to press us into service if we did not go away, but we only invited him to "try it on" & see how it would fit. He found out that he could not frighten us and then became very polite.

He had a shattered, ragged, unclad, & bankrupt fragment of a company of infantry, two or three pieces of cavalry companies, and one of artillery, with a few carts. The artillery consisted of five pieces—two, inch and a half bore, smooth bores, made one in Mexico & the other the maker was ashamed to put his name on; one twelve pound howitzer, about three feet long and of excellent make, I think French; the fourth was a little mortar for twelve pound shells. Each piece was drawn by one mule, and the rude shafts were used for trails when in battery. The whole affair was unique—the harnesses of raw-hide, and the men seemed to be of the same material.

*December 24, 1871. Castaños. . . .* Saltillo has fallen, and the whole state is now in the hands of the Diez party.<sup>21</sup> Monclova has been made the capital, and El Sn. Don Anacleto Falcon made Governor. We found a company of cavalry here when we arrived, but all are gone now in pursuit of the last band of Juaristas under Pedro Winker & Bueno, who are now in Piedras Negras and I suppose will soon be in Texas. It is reported that the whole country has revolted. . . .

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21. Saltillo lay under siege from early October to December 4th. See Guerra, *Lijera Reseña*, pp. 7-15. The *Austin Democratic Statesman*, Dec. 14, 1871, p. 1, reported, "Saltillo is . . . surrendered. Revolutionists marching on San Luis Potosi from Saltillo & advancing from Monterrey on Mier." At Monterrey, the revolutionists had already levied a second forced loan.

*January 1, 1872. San Buena Ventura.* . . . Last night (Sunday), as usual in this strange land, the little band of musicians met on the public square in front of the city-hall and treated us to a fair assortment of Mex[ican] music. There being no moon, a few saucers filled with tallow were stuck around and a small piece of lighted rag put in each, which gave light for the venders of sweet cakes, sausage, tortillas, beans, and coffee to make change, and for the belles and beaux to promenade by. The square was filled with the beauty of the town, trotting around in squads of from two to twenty in the hope of seeing a sweetheart, while the chivalry occupied the main hall of justice, intently interested in the all-absorbing game of *Monte*. . . .

*January 20, 1872. San Buena Ventura.* Last night the "Fiestas," or yearly festivals were duly opened. . . .<sup>22</sup> I attended services at the church early this morning and found the house crowded with fair señoritas and their mamas, but none of the other sex. After service I impudently stood at the door and watched the dusky damsels pass by in laughing bevies, all decked out in holiday garb like so many birds of brilliant plumage. It is strange to note the great variety of shades and hues among them. Some are a very dark olive, and some fair and rosy with bright blue eyes and auburn hair. . . . About 11 O'clock the clown and toreros (bull-fighters) with the band paraded the principal streets, announcing . . . that the bull-fight would take place at 4 P.M. Accordingly I went to the square prepared for the sport. . . . The square is inclosed by a strong wall of adobes eight feet high; inside of which another pen, made by lashing stout poles to posts set deep in the earth, is surrounded by a thick screen of reeds, between which and the pen the people assemble, some on the ground peeping through and others on a platform above. The upper seats are for the aristocracy; and as I felt 25 cts worth of nobility, I took a seat among the upper ten. . . . Five toreros received the fierce animal with their brilliant cloths, and soon he was rushing at first one and then another. . . .

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22. The holiday season lasts almost continuously from Christmas to Lent.

The same thing was done to another after letting this one out, until three had been worried down. . . .<sup>23</sup>

At 8 P.M. the procession by the priest with lights and the patron saint of San Buena, followed by a motley crowd, marched around the plaza to the music of the band playing the dead march or something of the kind. . . . As we desired the prayers of the righteous, we illuminated our windows and received the benediction of the blessed saint and the prayers of the jolly cura. Old and young of both sexes and all conditions are now enjoying the most exciting of all passions, the passion for gambling; . . . all bet, all laugh, all lose and call it fun.

*February 7, 1872. San Buena Ventura.* . . . The principal attraction at present is la comedia, or theatre. A poor affair enough, but exceedingly palatable to the people of this little frontier town. A stranger can but be struck with the modest demeanor of the fair señoritas. . . . Between the acts of the theatre, they unroll, readjust the tobacco, light and smoke cigaros with all the grace imaginable, while boys with baskets of dulces, fruit and cake, offer them their dainties. . . .

*March 14, 1872. San Buena Ventura.* The fiestas are over, the plaza is clear of stalls and people, the spring has come, and the trees are all clothed in green, roses are in bloom, and the fruit-trees full of young fruit. The change from winter to spring has been so gradual that I can scarcely realize that it has taken place. The air is soft, balmy, and pure; the soil is dry as usual; no rain, no dark clouds, no fierce thunder have ushered in the smiling dame, but with quiet and modest grace like the daughters of the land she has stolen upon us, and now we acknowledge her presence.

Piedras Negras has been captured; the war has shifted, and now we hear vague rumors of battles and marches away down in the interior about Zacatecas and San Luis Potosi. By the last night's mail, news was brought that Genl Treviño had evacuated Zacatecas, and it is here supposed that he has

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23. The dramatic climax of a bullfight traditionally arrives with the slaying of the animal. Here is another indication of the poverty of the region.

been defeated by the Juarist genl.<sup>24</sup> The revolutionists are therefore much dispirited. . . .

This is decidedly the finest country in the world for stock and grain; I mean this immense plain, valley or table-land away up in the mountains. . . . Yet the cattle, horses, sheep, goats, & hogs are the poorest I ever saw. It is the result of breeding. If a Mexican has a crippled colt, or one so stunted and diseased that he will make a very unserviceable horse, he is sure to turn him out for a stallion, with the remark that he will do very well to get colts, and so natural defects are increased a hundred fold. . . . The people take advantage of the fertility of the soil and get along with just as little work as possible.

*March 28, 1872. San Buena Ventura.* . . . All of the "curas," or priests, with whom I am acquainted are inveterate gamblers, fond of a good glass, and wonderful pets with the women, who have given them numerous pledges of their love in the shape of a score or more of shaggy headed little urchins to each worthy expounder of the "Law and the Gospels." The curas are generally the jolliest of fellows, quick witted and better educated than any other class in this region. There are no lawyers and few M.D.'s, but I am told that these professions increase in proportion as you penetrate the most densely populated regions in the interior.

The people are the most quiet, quarrel and fight less than any in the world, I suppose. Even the boys at the most boisterous age seldom romp and play as with us, and then in the most listless don't-care way imaginable. They all prefer to sit in the shade and look—at what, I do not know, unless it be the future. The whole community with few exceptions is a

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24. On February 8th, Díaz and a small escort reached Zacatecas, joining Treviño's force of 8,000. Rocha repaired to the interior. Bancroft, *Works*, XIV, 282 n., relates: "Treviño started this force toward San Luis Potosí. Rocha was then coming against him from Mexico with 8,500 men, and Corella was moving with 1,500. . . . There was now a favorable opportunity for the pronunciados to defeat the enemy before he got his forces together. . . . These advantages were thrown away by Treviño's retreat." On March 2, Rocha with 8,000 men routed the rebels on Bufa hill. While Rocha pursued scattered remnants, Treviño retreated to Monterrey to form another army. Díaz sped toward the capitol, mistakenly expecting a popular uprising. Thus on April 13th, the Juaristas reoccupied Zacatecas. See also Guerra, *Lijera Reseña*, pp. 27 ff.

striking illustration of Mr Macauber, all "waiting for something to turn up" . . .

The poorer people seldom have a jacket or coat, but are always seen with a blanket, which is used for those articles during the day and constitutes bed & bedding by night. . . . The poor have little or no furniture—sit & sleep on the floor, eat without knives & forks, prefer pepper to meat, and seem to be wretchedly happy. If one happens to have a rickety old bed-stead, it is sure to be placed opposite to the door, so that every passerby may see the *rising* condition of the family. The houses are generally built of adobes, one story high, and the ground inside is levelled off a little for a floor. Here the happy family squat around, enjoying the delightful society of muddy pigs, fleay & half-starved dogs, cackling hens, crowing roosters, Mr and Mrs Jackass (if they are fortunate enough to possess them), lice and filth, with a rusty cat or two, while the frijoles simmer on the fire and the cook grinds away on the metate. Of course the rich are better off & live in better styles, but not as one would suppose, at least in this part of the country.

Every man is suspicious of his neighbor, and all the houses are constructed with a view to defense. . . . After nine O'clock, which is announced by the church bells, the streets are generally deserted, and everyone who may have occasion to go out does so with fear and trembling, for many are the stories of robbery & murder, while very few actually occur here on the frontier. Down in the interior, however, there are said to be numerous bands of robbers, whose actions are at times very daring and romantic. A friend tells me that even the boys are educated to the business & that their favorite sport is to play robbing the stage. . . . So it is, each people has its national sports, provident of future destiny. . . .

*April 17, 1872. San Buena Ventura.* . . . It is rumored that Juarez has been victorious in all parts and that the revolution is about over; yet there are not a dozen men from the town of San Buena in the army. They talk about the war in the most valliant manner, but take good care to keep out of



it. . . . The whole thing is regarded as a chronic disorder, whose present paroxysm will gradually pass off, to return again at intervals as has generally been the case. And so the war drags along, kept alive by a few chiefs, backed by a set of bad men whose only hope for a living is in war, because there they can rob with impunity and kill without fear. . . . There seems to be little unity of action among the leaders; they are always quarreling over the spoils, and each thinks he ought to be *the leader*.

*April 20, 1872. Monclova.* Night before last, Dr Bronaugh and I [came to Monclova and found] Mr Dwyer and Mr Duvall of San Antonio, who had just arrived from Texas.<sup>25</sup> They gave us the news from "the other side" . . . . Just out of town to the South and up the river is a fine cotton factory in operation. It is owned by Don Mano. Gonzales Berrera, who seems to be making it pay finely. There is not a single foreigner among the employees. All are Mex[ican] born and raised. There are forty looms, and a very good quality of domestics is made. The machinery is moved by water-power—an immense over-shot water-wheel 49 ft in diameter.<sup>26</sup> There are some very good people here, and one notices a little more attention to appearances. Occasionally the sound of a piano is heard, and the ladies dress in better style & with more taste than in any other frontier town I have seen. It supplies in some measure the smaller towns and large haciendas near the Northern frontier with groceries and dry goods. Its population is about 5,000. All seem made of the same material and are generally disposed to be idle. There are, however, some gentlemen here who have seen the capital and the large cities of the U. S. and Europe—men who were educated in Paris. . . . Monclova as well as all these frontier towns was first a mine garrison, established by the Sp[aniard]s to protect the miners and to cultivate cereals for their subsistence. . . . The

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25. Possibly Thomas A. Dwyer, of San Antonio, and Thomas H. Duval, of Austin, both lawyers and prominent in public affairs.

26. Hughes, "Memoir Descriptive," p. 23, lamented in 1846 that the region produced only a few coarse fabrics. But in 1893, Bancroft, *Resources*, p. 227, accredited Coahuila with nine mills, weaving 350,000 pieces worth \$1,500,000 a year. See also Bancroft, *Works*, XIV, 520-524.

mine of Portrillos some 25 miles S.W. of this is, I believe, the only one now being worked. It is owned by Messrs Harris & Randle of Texas.

*May 2, 1872. Monclova.* Several days ago, word was brought by a dusty courier that the noted Col. Pedro Guenca Valdez had again taken the war path and was approaching this place on the Candela road, having crossed from the U. S. at or near Laredo with some 400 men—white, black, and the color of tobacco—enlisted in the U. S. Of course the authorities pricked up their ears and showed signs of fear at this ugly news. The company of Monclova troopers, some 50 strong and then at San Buena, were ordered here, and Capt. Caranza's troop at Cienegas, then stationed at Villa Nueva, put in an appearance soon after. The martial ardor and patriotic fire of the citizens was then stirred to its depths, and finally a force of some 100 men, well mounted and tolerably armed, set out to meet the enemy under the leadership of an old army officer, Col. Ildefonso Fuentes, well and favorably known on this frontier. The enemy were reported to be near Villadama when the soldiers left here three or four days ago. The Col. pushed on, encountered and defeated the enemy at or near Agua Nueva, killing 12 & taking seven prisoners, two of whom are said to be white citizens of the U. S.

To day the news of this victory was received here, together with the cheerful intelligence that the party defeated had gotten between the brave Col. & this place and were actually nearer town than his forces, both coming but by different roads. The gallant Mayor summoned the fathers to defend their homes and announced that all good citizens must assemble at the city-hall at the ringing of the bell. . . . About 2 O'clock the bells rang furiously, and after waiting some half-hour, I went to the city-hall to see the patriotism of "our 'burg." At that time some half-dozen sickly looking youths were standing around the door, two or three well armed men on horseback, and a few dried up old crones. After asking the news and talking over the war probabilities, I returned home having discovered that the Alcalde [mayor]

had reason to believe that the enemy were only four or five leagues off & were advancing rapidly on the town. A panic immediately took possession of the town. Women poked their heads out of doors & anxiously asked the news. In many instances, families left home and went to a friend's house, believing that there is safety in numbers. The bells continued to ring for two hours, and finally some fifty citizens armed to the teeth took possession of the church on the main plaza, a huge massive old pile, rising high above the other houses in the vicinity and offering a fine place for defense, and there they are at this time, awaiting the advance of the dreaded enemy and apparently ready to lose their last drop of blood in defense of their hearthstones. It is near sun-down, no enemy has yet come, the Col. Ildefonso is looked for soon, & the fears of the people have in a measure been quieted.

*May 4, 1872. Monclova.* On the night of the 2 inst., Col. Ildefonso with some 200 troopers arrived here about 8 O'clock and immediately set out after the enemy. They had left taking the road for S. Buena. He pushed on after them and came up with them at Rancho Nuevo, some 15 miles N.W. of S[an] B[uena] on the Cienegas road. The enemy were dismounted, and their horses were eating corn when the Diaz men came upon the village. They mounted & hastened out of town in some confusion (says a "*reliable gentleman*"), where they dismounted and advanced on foot to fight. The battle lasted several hours, when Col. Ildefonso fell back towards Portsuelos, where he is said to be this morning. The other party took the road towards Cienegas. The gay and gallant boys of the Diaz party did not all keep company with their leader, for some dozen or so were here by dark last night, having made 30 miles after the combat. The town was in great terror all last night, but is somewhat quieter this morning. The killed in the combat yesterday are reported at 8 and the wounded at an unknown number.

It is really distressing that this raid should happen just at this juncture, for the planters are in the midst of wheat and barley harvest & can not get reapers, for they fly to the mountains at the call to arms. It seems that there were no

Americans captured in the combat at Agua Nueva and that Guenca had only some dozen or so with him. He was wounded in the arm and has gone to Laredo to get well. No news from the interior. No one ventures on the road to Saltillo now, as it is reported to be infested by bands of freebooters. . . .

*May 19, 1872. Monterrey.* . . . We found the town to be all excitement, owing to the failure of Quiroga & Treviño's expedition against Matamoras and the near approach of their army in their return.<sup>27</sup> In fact Quiroga is now in the city; and his troops on the road only a few miles off.

Monterey is a very fine city of some 25,000 inhabitants. Splendidly paved and with sidewalks of excellent concrete. The houses are well built and generally of good stone. The people dress after the American style and affect their manners to a greater or less extent. There are many large commercial firms here and much wealth. Being the capital of the state, it is the centre of refinement and education, and the ladies & gentlemen on the plaza in the evening remind one forcibly of a park in a city of the United States. Very few speak English. Trade is at a stand-still, as it is impossible to import through Matamoras, and no communication open with the interior, Saltillo being the last town held by the Revolution. I find all with whom I converse in favor of the Gov't and sanguine of the success of the Juarez party. . . .

*May 21, 1872. Saltillo.* . . . As we approach Saltillo, the face of the country improves, but the sad effects of the war are visible on all sides. Fields are neglected, the crops destroyed, the peons hide half their time in the mountains, and the owners are oppressed with forced loans. . . . We found the hotel occupied by Genl Laing of the revolutionary party. He is the son of an American now resident at Santa Rosa by a Mexican woman, is quite handsome, and . . . has a fine reputation as a soldier, but his force is too small to do anything—only a couple of hundred.<sup>28</sup>

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27. The Matamoras expedition was of small consequence; see Guerra, *Lijera Reseña*, pp. 38 ff.

28. Guerra, *Lijera Reseña*, p. 30, mentioned Laing's force earlier as 300 cavalry. Like Quiroga and Falson, Laing led an unattached brigade.

*May 24, 1872. Saltillo.* The revolutionists left Saltillo at 12 M on the 23, in the direction of Monterey, having discovered the approach of the Govt forces. A party returned at night and had a fight with the city police, having ambushed them in the Alameda, killing two and wounding seven, and having their leader wounded. There was great confusion all night, but a squadron of govt cavalry entered town today at 12 M, and now the town is very quiet & orderly. . . . The troops are excellently mounted and armed—having winchester carbines & sabres—tolerably well uniformed, and seem to be under excellent discipline. . . .

*May 27, 1872. Saltillo.* On the 25th, the army headed by Genl. Corrella and Don Victoriano Cepeda, Governor of Coahuila, entered this place. Notice had been given the day before that they would enter town at 12 M, & so rockets and squibs were prepared, holiday suits brought into requisition, and the whole population flocked to the main street and plaza to welcome the representatives of law and order. The bells rang, rockets popped, drums beat, bands played the national air, and the population shouted itself hoarse. After a small advance of cavalry came the carriage containing the Governor and the Genl, drawn by about fifty citizens (of the lower class), the horses having been taken-out in the suburbs; then followed the two other carriages with distinguished citizens & personal friends of the chief magistrate, flanked by a choice body of troopers, after which came four regiments of infantry, six pieces of artillery, and the cavalry, baggage and ammunition wagons, and the rear-guard of infantry. The windows, balconies, and streets were crowded; the enthusiasm, immense; and the bearing of the officers and men, very soldier-like. The troops were very well uniformed and armed—some in dark blue cloth like that of the U. S., trimmed with the colors of the different branches of the service, infantry red, cavalry blue, and artillery yellow, others in white linen or cotton, all the privates with sandals and a dress hat & pompoon. The infantry are armed with excellent rifles, en-fields; and the cavalry, with spencer and winchester carbines and sabres. The cavalry are very well mounted and made a

fine appearance. The artillery consists of two 24# & four 12# bronze guns, but old and apparently not very serviceable. There are about 3,000 men of all arms, and after resting yesterday they set out to-day for Monterey, where the last force of consequence of the enemy is expected to make a fight.

The citizens gave a ball to the Gov. and his military friends last night. I was present and had the honor of an introduction to the Gov., the General, Col. Rivera (of the cavalry & very much distinguished), and many other officers. The affair was very brilliant—an immense table with cakes, confectionaries, wines, champagne, brandies, &c, brilliant lamps, and nearly all the wit, beauty, & chivalry of the town, together with the officers of the army. All went merry as marriage bells. After the long march of some 400 miles, the officers seemed carried away with the pleasures of the hour—the popping of corks, the bursts of laughter, loud and patriotic toasts, sallies of wit and sparkling repartee, soft glances & melting looks, with the voluptuous dances were the order of the day. Everybody seemed to be on good terms with his neighbor & delighted with himself and his capacity for enjoyment. The officers are very polite and gentlemanly and were particularly kind to me. Very few speak English. There were some six or eight Americans present. I left about 1 O'clock A.M., and then the dance was at its best. I did not dance at all & so had no opportunity to cultivate the fair sex, as they either are dancing or ranged in long rows on either side of the room, and it is impossible to speak to them more than a word or two unless in the dance. Anxious Mamas and calculating fathers watched with eager eyes the attentions of the gentlemen. They were generally in handsome costumes tending to Americanism, with waterfalls but no grecians.<sup>29</sup> There was very little beauty in the room, but one lady, the wife of a physician here, had enough for a room-full. She was the Queen of the ball and surrounded by such a host of admirers that it was impossible to see her except in the dance.

The contrast between the frontier where I have been and

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29. The "waterfall" and "grecian" were fashionable coiffures.

this place or Monterey is just as great and striking as that between the Rio Grande frontier and San Antonio or Austin. The town is well built; the streets, well paved with cobble stones; and the sidewalks, of brick or a hard cement. The climate of Saltillo stands unrivalled, and its beautiful gardens, square, and pleasure grounds are delightful places for an evening's walk. . . .

*May 31, 1872. Saltillo.* The little army of Genl Corrella, which left here on the 27 inst. with banners flying, bands playing, and hopes full high, are said to be entirely routed near Monterey by Genl Quiroga. About 5 O'clock this evening, news was brought that they met with defeat on yesterday about 2 O'clock P.M., since with time innumerable rumors of the most startling character have been in circulation, and Panic Fear is again the ruling deity in this unlucky capital. It is hard for one who saw the troops pass here, after having seen those of the other side, to believe that such an army, so well equipped and disciplined as they appeared to be, has been so completely routed by those of the other side with such a poor means at command. . . .

*June 1, 1872. Saltillo.* Battle of San Barnabé. The rumors are not so many this morning, and it now appears that instead of a defeat there has been no battle of consequence. It is asserted, however, that three regiments of San Luis and Guanahuato troops, the same who turned from Treviño at Zacatecas last winter to the Govmt., have again turned over to Treviño, and that the revolutionists are now about as strong as the Govt party. . . .

Later in the day the wildest rumors came, and the town has been the scene of the greatest excitement. Stragglers have been coming in all day, both officers & men, who give the most disheartening account of the defeat & state positively that all is lost. But just before dark, and after every soldier had left for San Luis, after all the prominent Juaristas had gone the same route full of fear, a courier came from Col. Revueltas, stating that while the right wing met with defeat, the left had captured Monterey, fifteen pieces of artillery, im-

mense stores of ammunition, 500 prisoners, & stating that the enemy were three leagues from town, holding the same position that they (the Juaristas) did before the action, . . . and asking that all the troops in Saltillo be sent down as soon as possible.<sup>30</sup> Couriers were immediately dispatched in hot haste after the regiments that had left for S. Luis, and joy spread over the city once more. . . .

*June 2, 1872. Saltillo.* . . . We have no further news of the situation at or near Monterey, but it is said that Gral. Naranjo & Col. Stule (an American) were both killed.<sup>31</sup> There are many stragglers here, a sheepish-looking set. They are generally asleep and seem to take no farther interest in the war.

*June 5, 1872. Saltillo.* After several days of uncertainty, a courier brings the news that the Juarez party have evacuated Monterey and are falling back on this place. It is said that they are near 2,000 strong and left Monterey because the citizens refused provisions &c inside, and Quiroga prevented foraging without, that they have 17 pieces of artillery, and that their two Grals, Cepeda and Corrella, have not been heard from since the first day's action. . . .

About 10 O'clock to-day, the remnant of Corrella's forces arrived from Monterey; they are about 1,200—500 infantry and 700 horses, with five field pieces (one 12#, four 6#) & four Gatlin guns, so called; I did not see the latter. The enemy did not molest the march, but they have lost their train & all their money &c. . . .

*June 6, 1872. Saltillo.* Gral Gonzales Herera with some 150 cav[alry] & 50 inf[an]try arrived here from Parras about 4 O'clock P.M. No news.

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30. Corella had an army of 4,000 recently interned at the border. At San Bernabe, according to Guerra, *Lijera Reseña*, p. 48 f. (transl.): "The right wing and center of Corella's force were defeated by some of Treviño's generals. . . . Revueltas with 500 men . . . took refuge in Monterrey. . . . [Treviño] returned two days later; . . . with him came the stupidity, the vacillation, the negotiations. . . . Final result: Revueltas left the bishop's palace where he had become strong without even being conscious of Treviño! . . . a military disgrace!" The battle "moved the whole Republic and rocked Juarez in the president's chair." Yet Treviño lost the advantage of his victory, delaying too long to bargain.

31. Naranjo, at least, was certainly not dead.



*June 8, 1872. Saltillo.* It is reported that the troops of Quiroga are advancing and are already more than half way between here & Monterey. They were reported 800 strong (cavalry) at "La Riveconda" last evening. Col. Revueltas, in command here, has only some 1,400 men, mostly cav[alry], and can not possibly hold this place against his enemy if he [Quiroga] prove as strong as reports make him. . . .

*June 10, 1872. Saltillo.* A report came yesterday that the enemy were advancing; and the troops were got under arms, marched to the plaza, and put in a position for a move forward or in retreat. They remained under arms all night, while scouts were sent out to feel for the enemy. This morning word was brought that they were advancing and had attacked the outpost. The troops here were moved out of town in the direction of the enemy, and took position some half mile from the town, where they remained in line of battle all day. . . . The troops here claim that they are spoiling for a fight, but I do not think they will make much of a stand.

*June 15, 1872. Saltillo.* For the past four days, the troops here have been busily engaged barricading the streets, & now nearly all approaches from the N., E., & W. are very strongly defended by heavy earth-works thrown up across the streets. The enemy advanced to within some 8 or 10 miles of town, and from that position has skirmished continually, though with much caution; and the result has been that neither party has suffered loss. This morning all is quiet along the lines, & the report that the enemy has retired is gaining ground. The town has been highly excited for more than a week night & day, and all of us will be glad to get rid of the soldiers by day & the horrid howlings of the sentinels by night—as they yell every fifteen minutes "sentinela alerta" [sentry awake].

*June 19, 1872. Saltillo.* The disappearance of the enemy from the front has been found to be a flank movement by which he has thrown himself around this place and now keeps watch on the roads leading to the interior, so that it

will be impossible for the Govt to reinforce this place, from that direction at least, before driving him from his position. The centre of the town, including the commercial plaza and the markets, is strongly defended by heavy earthworks, but the high hills, upon which are the forts and from which the town can be shelled, are neglected. Should the enemy get possession of these forts & place his two 24# & four 12# there, the town would be at his mercy. There are no rumors afloat this morning, but the officers here are evidently confused and do not understand the object of the enemy's move. They look for an attack every night and expect the enemy on all sides. The weather is delightful for military movements. The farmers are suffering greatly because they can not keep their hands at work while the troops are at hand; and besides, both parties take and destroy grain & stock of all kinds, & rob them of money under the name of "prestamo," or loan.

*June 24, 1872. Saltillo.* . . . The jingling of spurs, clanking of sabres, and rattle of carbines are familiar sounds, while the presence of artillery and regiments of dirty soldiers in the main plaza are constant reminders of the existing conditions under which we all live. The enemy has made no demonstration upon the town, although his advanced posts are reported to be within ten leagues of here. Genl Rocha is reported to be at Parras, 40 leagues off, and we expect to hear of an engagement between him and Treviño in two or three days, more or less. He is said to have 4,000 men, 12 pieces of artillery. Treviño cannot have more than 2,500 (if so many) and 9 pieces. The battle will be desperate, for all the hopes of the frontier are staked upon the issue. . . . Dr Carothers and myself got a passport the other day & went some 10 miles into the country hunting rabbits. . . . I took dinner in company with Mr Webber of Monterey at Mr Juan O'Sullivan's and spent a delightful time with the family. After tea, a game of whist, and then home to my room at the hotel.

*June 28, 1872. Saltillo.* Yesterday a soldier in legion shot an officer of artillery, and the poor criminal was executed

to-day before the troops. . . . Could we get rid of the soldiers and the restrictions put upon our personal liberty by the commander, this would be a very pleasant summer. I am very much disappointed in the quality of the fruit raised here. . . . The best Parras wine is worth about 35¢ a bottle. The vegetable market is well supplied and improving, although the trouble with the soldiers keeps out much from the country. My health is better here than anywhere else, & it may be that God in his mercy intends to restore me to my former strength and vigor.<sup>32</sup>

I have made the acquaintance of all the foreigners here. They are very kind and pleasant to me and do much towards making my residence among them agreeable. There are now here—from Texas, Genl Bee & family,<sup>33</sup> Mr Willett & family, and Mr Montgomery—Dr Carothers, brother & family from Penn., Mr Buss (a German) & family, Mr Brainard from Vermont, & Mr Peterson—all of whom have been kind to me. There is also the family of Mr Juan O'Sullivan, who treat me as a relative. . . . I feel that I am among friends, & it cheers me up a great deal and helps to drive away the sad & lonely feelings that one is apt to have among strangers.<sup>34</sup>

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32. James inserted this notation:

"Comte. Batn. No. 23 ) Mex. Infantry at Saltillo  
"Tomás Robles Lonares ) During June 1872."

33. Hamilton P. Bee (1822-1897) had been the Confederate general in charge of the Brownsville port of entry. He resided in Mexico from 1865 to 1876. See the *D. A. B.*, II, 125. The *Dallas Herald*, Aug. 5, 1871, p. 1, reported that Bee operated a large cotton plantation at San Jose de los Alamos, where irrigation was utilized, labor was quite well paid, and profits were sizeable.

34. Here on the last page of James's notebook, the diary necessarily terminated, but with the promise, "I shall try a description of Saltillo in a short time."

## Book Reviews

*Arid Domain: The Santa Fe Railway and Its Western Land Grant.* By William S. Greever. Stanford: Stanford University Press, 1954. Pp. x, 184. Maps, notes, bibliography, appendix and index. \$4.00.

Any history of the average western railroad ought to include a considerable treatment of the policies and methods adopted for the disposition of the extensive lands it received in government grants. All lines were anxious to promote settlement along their respective routes to reap the benefits of additional traffic as well as to profit from the lands most of them had been given. Even such a road as the Great Northern, usually regarded as a non-subsidy road, went to great lengths in encouraging settlement along its right of way. With the familiar story of land sales and promotion in mind, Greever's study comes along as an interesting contrast to the normal pattern of development.

Unlike some of the other roads, the Santa Fe gained relatively little from its lands. This was due in part to a lack of promotional zeal as well as to the fact that its lands were far from valuable for the average small farmer. Back in 1866, Congress chartered the Atlantic and Pacific Railroad, which proposed to build from Springfield, Missouri, to the Pacific Ocean. Although it was given the right to earn land from the federal government, it received little in Missouri (already well populated), and none in Indian Territory where the government declined to extinguish Indian titles. After getting as far west as Vinita, I. T., the railroad, in 1876, went bankrupt. It was reorganized as the St. Louis and San Francisco Railroad (generally referred to as the Frisco) and in 1880 formed a partnership with the Atchison, which had already reached Albuquerque, to form a new Atlantic and Pacific. Thus reorganized and strengthened, the road plunged across New Mexico and Arizona. Beset with further difficulties the A. and P. again went bankrupt in 1894; so did the Atchison and Frisco. After another reorganization, the Frisco took the Oklahoma trackage and the Atchison the track from Isleta, N. M., to

Needles, California, whose management it turned over to one of its subsidiaries, the Santa Fe Pacific. It was in Arizona and New Mexico, with over ten million acres of land at its disposal, that the Santa Fe made a reasonable profit from land. Between 1897 and 1952 it netted close to \$16,000,000.

In the disposition of its lands the Santa Fe differed from other roads. For example, it made no attempt to interest stockmen outside the grant area to buy or to lease land, but instead urged those on the scene to participate in its use. Little profit was gained, considering the possibilities at hand. For example, the road—to its everlasting credit—refused to engage in, or sanction, the practice so common elsewhere of advertising its offerings as the garden spot of the West to innocents who might be, and elsewhere were, taken in. Instead, it did its best to dispose of an arid domain, as the title of the book calls it, as equitably as possible. No other railroad was confronted by the multiplicity of problems that faced the Santa Fe in its land policies and perhaps none comes off better than that road in the manner with which it mastered the complexities it faced.

*Arid Domain* is a detailed, tightly written account that was not designed for the pocket-book trade. But its orderly approach, and the introduction of the personalities involved, kept what was necessarily at times a statistical study from becoming dull. The book is certainly a contribution to the general history of railroad building and furnishes at least one refutation to the thesis that the roads gobbled up national resources with a rapacity that characterized the economic exploitation of the undeveloped West.

ROBERT G. ATHEARN

University of Colorado

*Yuma Crossing*. By Douglas D. Martin, with illustrations by Horace T. Pierce. Albuquerque, New Mexico: The University of New Mexico Press, 1954. Pp. ix, 243. \$4.00.

The head of the Department of Journalism at the University of Arizona, also author of *Tombstone's Epitaph*, now has

focused attention upon the historically significant crossing of the Colorado River at Yuma, Arizona. The site of the narrow steel bridge which today links California and Arizona has been the setting for an historical pageant which opened with the Alarcón expedition of 1540 and presented in increasing tempo the dramatic procession of Vasquez de Coronado, Padre Kino, Juan Bautista de Anza, Chief Palma, James O. Pattie, Stephen W. Kearny, the Mormon Battalion, "Don Diego" Jaeger, the Camel Corps, the Butterfield Overland Mail, the California Column, the river traffic, and the Southern Pacific Railway.

In his telling of this eventful story the author has made the reading easy and interesting by employing a journalistic style and choice quotations from documentary sources. He deals skilfully with local history when he relates the story of the struggle of whites and Indians for control of the ferry, the progress of navigation on the Colorado, and the contribution of Jaeger to the development of Arizona. He presents also the panorama of events to the east and west which lead to the crossing, in order to emphasize the significance of the site. In other words, he has streamlined much of the history of the Southwest and brought each episode finally to the crossing. In this venture farther afield the authenticity of interpretation is questionable in some instances, perhaps due to the tendency to place a higher value upon popular jargon than upon accuracy.

Several illustrations of the above could be cited, but one will suffice, from pages 92-93:

England was trying to close a deal with Mexico for California. This the young United States felt could not be tolerated so we decided to grab the territory and to seize New Mexico at the same time. Our excuse to ourselves and to the world was that New Mexico would not control her nationals, who were constantly raiding American soil on our border, and that she refused to pay for their murders and robberies.

The course of empire was swinging southwest at last, but here neither occupation nor purchase would serve. This must be conquest, so we declared war on Mexico, May 13, 1846.

Americans liked the idea . . . .

This by-passes the complex ramifications of negotiations for purchase, Mexican belligerency, annexation of Texas, and disputed boundary, and worse yet, Mexico declared war first and a host of Americans definitely did not "like the idea." The above quotation also illustrates a tendency which may be annoying to some, and that is the use of "so" as a conjunction several times on each page.

To the credit of the author, however, we may as well concede that that seems to be the way local history has to be written in order to get a book published, and if style will induce more Americans to acquire some acquaintance with the heritage of the Southwest, then a worthy cause has been served.

The publishers may well take pride in the attractive format. Moreover, the illustrations are appropriate and the bibliography is helpful. To the latter can be added now another title, *Yuma Crossing*, filling a gap in the history of Arizona, of which too little has been written to date.

LYNN I. PERRIGO

New Mexico Highlands University

*Music in Mexico.* By Robert Stevenson. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell Company, 1952. Pp. xv, 300. \$5.00.

In *Music in Mexico* Robert Stevenson for the first time gives us a comprehensive history of Mexican music. Following a chronological pattern the author first presents early aboriginal music. Going back to comments on and accounts of Aztec music by Spanish chroniclers, he notes the little interest of the modern Mexican in his musical heritage until about 1920. Then "Aztec music rather than being decried was being held up for the first time as the worthiest music for Mexican composers to imitate." (p. 6)

Characteristics of the ancient music such as minor quality, modal melodies and two or more rhythms with beats that never exactly correspond become virtues to be emulated. With the spread of the new enthusiasm for the past, Mexican scholars set out to study ancient Indian instruments, to gather

opinions and facts from Sixteenth Century chroniclers and to collect by recordings, melodies preserved by Indians in isolated areas, melodies which have basic elements found in pre-Cortesian systems.

Mr. Stevenson describes the ancient instruments, two-toned xylophones such as the Aztec *teponaztli* which he says was the same as the Maya *tunkul* and the Zapotec *tun*, drums, rasps, rattles; he brings together pertinent points in the accounts of the early Spanish historians, and sets forth in modern notation several melodies of the aborigines. He then summarizes the worth in ancient music which has stimulated the modern Mexican composer.

The discussion continues on the European music carried to Mexico by the Spanish conquerors. Music was used by churchmen to aid them in teaching religion to the conquered Indians and very aptly the Indians demonstrated their musicality. The Spanish padres trained Indian choirs for the church and taught the Indians to copy music thus creating "splendid libraries of church music." (p. 67) Also the Indians were instructed in making European instruments and in turn they adapted their native instruments to the European idiom.

In addition music was printed in Mexico in the Sixteenth Century, and in the 220 odd Mexican imprints of that period there were twelve liturgical books containing music. Mr. Stevenson included in this discussion a very able and painstaking "description of Sixteenth Century Mexican imprints containing music," with the present location of some of them. In the synopsis of polyphonic development the author lists in chronological order the important events of the Sixteenth Century (pp. 83-86). The narrative continues on the development of music for instruments and secular music for the dance.

In the Seventeenth and Eighteenth Centuries many documents for the study of Mexican music have perished. Yet an inventory of Neo-Hispanic polyphonic repertory of the first three centuries of the colonial period is compiled from the copies of compositions as they exist in the cathedrals of Mexico City and Puebla in 1950 (Note 4, p. 166). There follows a



discussion of some of the composers and compositions with reproduction of scores and analyses of the works.

Decline of European vigor as the colonial period closes shows in the music. No really effective schools for instruction made professional musical training most inadequate, and concentration of European population in city centers left the outlying areas to a weakening hybrid culture or to little, if any, European influence. Yet music continues, religious, secular, and folk.

The Nineteenth Century witnessed an intense interest in opera, with Italian opera "the consuming passion." At the end of the colonial period Mexican music was in a depressed state, composers devoted themselves to "journeyman work on theatrical farces" (p. 173), and foreign talent kept Mexican musicians from much recognition.

With political independence Mexico no longer imported instruments by way of Spain and English pianos and foreign organs, which were preferred, came in in greater numbers. Likewise some instruments were manufactured at home. Music such as dance forms became popular with composers and Mexican dances, before avoided, were now preferred to the European types. With the break from Spain, Mexicans adopted the *jarabe* as the dance and song of the revolution.

A large number of operas were written by Mexicans who relied heavily on Italian models. Italian opera seemed in complete dominance. Despite this and other handicaps Mexican performers gradually gained considerable recognition. During the Díaz period the government subsidized musical activities so that by the beginning of the new century Mexico realized the right to govern her own musical life.

With the Twentieth Century a number of outstanding Mexican composers such as Manuel M. Ponce and the best known Mexican contemporary, Carlos Chavez, brought Mexican music into international acclaim. Mr. Stevenson concludes with a discussion of the contributions made by Carlos Chavez, analyzing his musical style and indicating the basis for his essential greatness. Also other contemporaries are briefly presented. The author closes with the statement that "Mexico is a land with a dynamic, living music."

Based upon widely gathered sources and carefully documented, this synthesis of Mexican music integrated into the political and economic development of the country is the best survey written to date. It evidences careful study and exceedingly thoughtful analysis. Folk music, salon music, and popular music are given slight consideration, although the author is quite aware that they exist. He has brought into proper focus for the first time the Neo-Hispanic colonial contributions with enough extracts of compositions to tell something of the style of the composers. An excellent bibliography and complete index further make this volume a welcome addition not only to musical history but also to the entire historical picture of Mexico.

DOROTHY WOODWARD

University of New Mexico

*Petroleum in Venezuela: a History.* By Edwin Lieuwen. Berkeley and Los Angeles: University of California, 1954. Pp. 160 (University of California Publications in History, vol. 47) \$2.00.

This is a very scholarly book and should be read by all thinking people. The author has a splendid bibliography. The wealth of source materials which the writer had access to makes it authoritative. His conclusions and interpretations clearly show the author's originality and ability. This volume has great national and international significance for it is pertinent to the issues of this epoch.

The early history of petroleum has been given proper emphasis. The old Roman law and the laws of the Indies, along with the decrees of kings, indicate the evolution of policy as regards sub-surface minerals. The first leases were granted before a petroleum policy was formulated because the old Spanish policy only dealt with metals and lands.

As Dr. Lieuwen says: "It is difficult to compare Venezuelan contracts with those of other nations in 1907." The first leases were made before precedents were established. The Castro administration set a legal basis for the exploita-

tion of non-metallic materials. Even if the government of Venezuela was thinking of oil, which it was not, the terms of the contracts were more favorable than those in Mexico where the entire national domain was being alienated. No other country in Latin America produced much oil and in the United States where the surface owner owned the subsoil the government was not involved. Castro was dealing only with asphalt, because the strategic value of oil, prior to 1914, was not realized. He was fumbling for some kind of a policy but despite his liberal contracts he did not make Venezuela a very enticing place for investors, as domestic revolt and international monetary problems discouraged investments. However, a new atmosphere of political stability was created when Gomez came to power in Venezuela. He had a subservient congress, a spy system and an army. He was dictator for twenty-seven years.

Gomez needed revenue so he made liberal leases with the oil companies. The petroleum companies were to begin development of their leases at a specific date. The British and Dutch Shell took the initiative from the United States companies. The British companies acquired choice leases in the Maracaibo region. They exploited petroleum under the liberal laws of 1907 and 1912.

His major aim was to secure income from oil wells, so he disregarded the interests of the nation by making liberal grants to the companies. He permitted the refining of petroleum to go to the Dutch West Indies, and companies to practice their own paternalistic labor policy. He did provide for a fifty percent reduction for oil produced in Venezuela. Shell established a plant in Venezuela in order to take advantage of this proviso. Gomez alone could make contracts. The oil law enacted by Gomez in 1922 was so liberal that Gomez was criticized for giving the nation's resources away. President Wilson and the British statesmen realized the strategic value of oil. Rivalry began between Great Britain and the United States governments as well as the companies. Gomez was shrewd and took advantage of the rivalry.

Markets were found for oil in the United States and in Europe. The dictator Gomez was able to pay both domestic

and foreign debts because petroleum soon dominated Venezuelan economy. Dr. Lieuwen evaluated Gomez policy as follows: "The industry brought about a significant population shift, a foreign immigration and opening of new areas and a nation wide economic transformation. A public works program was initiated but as oil rose in importance agriculture declined. The ever increasing stream of petroleum dollars injected into Venezuelan income stream caused inflation and multiplied real estate values. Venezuela's short depression of 1927 and the prolonged depression of the 1930's were ripples from the disturbing pebbles falling into foreign waters." The companies at first assumed no responsibility for the shock of world events. Labor was kept docile and unorganized. West Indies labor was imported and Venezuela labor flocked to the oil fields. When depression came, prices rose faster than wages and worst of all oil contributed to the establishment of dictatorship, brutal and corrupt. Petroleum dollars went to increase the army. Education, industry and agriculture were ignored. The depression of 1930 stopped expansion and tariff menace loomed from the United States. **PETROLEUM DOMINATED VENEZUELAN ECONOMY.** The companies claimed that what was good for the companies was good for the nation. The author shows that the testimony of the company representatives clearly indicates that Gomez was friendly to the companies.

As long as Gomez lived opponents were silenced but as soon as he passed away critics asserted that an opulent state and an exhausted people was depressing. There was developing a nationalism which caused the companies to fear that Venezuela would follow the Latin American pattern in so far as natural resources were concerned.

Only a segment of the population enjoyed the income from oil. The author illustrates how the economy of the nation was affected by world currents. He also establishes the fact that Gomez and the army dictators who followed him failed to protect the interests of the nation. The amount of money stolen by Gomez and his friends was tremendous. The state became more and more opulent whereas the people lived in misery. The state developed a one sided economy—a single extractive

industry, very sensitive to world markets. The military dictators made policy but failed to develop a broad social program for human betterment.

The author shows very great ability as well as maturity in the last chapter wherein he interprets the preceding chapters and draws the conclusions. These interpretations and conclusions rest upon the best of evidence. He could not secure all of the government sources, as he stated, but this reviewer thinks that his work is lacking in few respects.

The author found that each year since exploitation of petroleum began oil made up an increasing share of the federal budget and national income. Between 1913 and 1935 Venezuelan exports excluding petroleum declined 40% in volume and 50% in value. Imports exclusive of petroleum doubled in volume and rose three-fifths in value. By 1935 oil constituted 99% of the volume and 80% of the value of Venezuelan exports. Dollars used in purchasing foreign goods came chiefly from oil. By 1935 Venezuela's imports were three times greater than her exports.

Lopez became the economic dictator upon Gomez's death. Political upheavals became non-existent. The new dictator answered only to the demands of the markets in the United States and Europe. If his decisions were harmful to Venezuela's economic life it was a matter of fate. He set up a system of labor inspection and took a direct interest in the protection of the rights of labor. The paternalistic relationships of employer-employee were destroyed. The powers of the company's superintendent were whittled away. His congress of 1936 gave labor the right to organize. This labor law was aimed for oil workers alone for industry and agriculture could not provide health, education, sanitation and housing for the laborers. A determined government forced the companies to give up their traditional labor policies. The companies opposed the union's right to organize. Syndicates were organized and Venezuela had its first strike. Lopez was angered because the strike interfered with his reorganization plans. Production dropped 40% and royalties dropped an equal amount. The paralysis of the nation's chief industry was felt in the entire economy. Lopez considered the strike

against the government so he invoked the labor law and intervened by force and thus ended the strike.

Lopez unlike Gomez felt that it was his duty to invest the income from oil wisely. He realized that his country was basically backward. A diversified economy was his aim. The companies were forced to change their policies and an era of reform started. The critics of Lopez assert that he was not the originator of reforms; that the press, congress and labor forced him to adopt reforms by putting pressure upon him. The companies were still operating under favorable terms. "Sembrar el Petroleo" had few results in reality for agriculture was still prostrate, transportation was lacking and sanitation, housing and education had not been improved. The nation was more dependent upon petroleum than ever. Yet the government had not expropriated petroleum properties.

The army dictators had secured a larger share of petroleum profits. They have invested the income from oil unwisely. The masses of the Venezuelans are still poor, illiterate, unhealthy and live in the most primitive conditions. The economy is still shockingly backward. While tremendous revenues have come from oil, too much goes to the army and bureaucracy. Venezuela has a budget equal to Mexico's with a population only one-fifth as large and she spends more on her foreign service than any Latin American nation. The ruling group have been guilty at times of speculation on a large scale. The nation has become dependent upon a single extractive industry, sensitive to foreign markets. Though the oil companies have become powerful, this does not excuse the army dictators from not investing the income wisely.

T. H. REYNOLDS

Oklahoma Agricultural and Mechanical College

*A Half Year In The New World. Miscellaneous Sketches of Travel in The United States (1888).* By Alexandra Gripenberg. Translated and edited by Ernest J. Moyné. Newark, Delaware: University of Delaware Press, 1954. Pp. xv, 216. Index.

This is the first English translation of some lively impressions of late 19th century America, written by a keen-witted and strenuous visitor from Finland. Baroness Gripenberg, of a prominent Swedish-Finnish family, was thirty-one years old at the time of her tour, but already she had established herself as a writer of travel sketches, as a novelist and short-story author, and had served as a newspaper correspondent. By temperament she was a reformer, and especially devoted to woman's rights. It was to attend an international woman's rights convention in Washington, D.C., that she came to the United States; afterward she stayed on to investigate various aspects of American life.

Baroness Gripenberg's itinerary was extensive, yet in some respects it was restricted. She arrived in New York on a frosty morning in March, 1888, then in due course visited Philadelphia, Washington, New England cities, Indianapolis, Chicago, and together with a group of American school teachers undertook a fourteen-day train ride over the Santa Fe route to San Francisco. About one-fourth of her book is on California. Returning from the Pacific Coast to the East, she made a brief stopover at Salt Lake City. Although she mentioned the South several times in her text she did not visit that section. During most of her tour she stayed with educated and well-to-do families. She did not examine closely the living conditions of the native American working class, or otherwise study economic problems in the rapidly growing industrial cities. Agricultural unrest in the West seemed to be of little interest to her.

Many of Baroness Gripenberg's observations, although interesting, were superficial and unreliable. She was, however, too forceful a woman to accept merely the genteel tradition of American watering-places. With a true reporter's bent she sought out what she considered to be the unusual and even the bizarre in American life. In Philadelphia she attended out of curiosity a spiritualist seance; in Chicago she questioned Christian Scientists and delved into the literature of their faith; she interviewed an old abolitionist, Robert Purvis, of antebellum underground railroad fame, and apparently agreed with his extreme opinions on racial equality;

together with Susan B. Anthony she attended the Republican National Convention of 1888; in California she was an interested guest at the sessions of the National Education Association, but also toured the opium dens of the Chinese quarter, witnessed the triumph of American concepts of progress in the sleepy California towns, and tramped many miles through Yosemite. In Salt Lake City she sat with the Mormons on a Sunday morning in the Tabernacle, and swam with them in the Great Salt Lake.

Some of the most fascinating passages are vignettes of prominent Americans with whom she visited: the widow of Ole Bull, then living in the Lowell family home in Cambridge; a social evening with Mark Twain and friends at Hartford; acquaintance with Robert Ingersoll, Harriet Beecher Stowe (then in her clouded years), Elizabeth Cady Stanton, Joaquin Miller, and many others. At times her descriptions of American middle class life are vivid—for example, her sketch of a typical Indianapolis neighborhood on a hot summer's night. Her analysis of the plight of impoverished and wretched Finnish immigrants is thought provoking.

At times Baroness Gripenberg presented opinions which were based upon uncritical reading. As illustrations, she accepted the judgments of Parker Pillsbury, expressed in his *Acts of the Anti-Slavery Apostles*, as an authentic account of the anti-slavery movement. Catherine V. Waite's *Life Among the Mormons* was cited to support her unfriendly bias against that faith. Baroness Gripenberg also revealed little understanding of American government and politics. She assumed that the Fourteenth Amendment was a part of the federal constitution before the Civil War, and that this amendment guaranteed the freedom of all Americans, including Negroes. She asserted that the Republican party in 1861 held that the "common legislature" had the rightful power to force the southern States to abolish slavery. She believed that differences over the Negro were, as late as 1888, the major issue dividing American political parties, and that "Abraham Lincoln, Junior" was being considered for the Republican nomination in that year. At times her knowledge of geography and railroad routes was equally hazy. She spoke of the Coast



Range as the Sierra Nevadas, confused the location of La Junta, Colorado, and Las Vegas, New Mexico, and concluded that the Santa Fe railroad joined the Chicago and Alton at Las Vegas, New Mexico. She atoned for this, however, by writing a number of colorful paragraphs on Las Vegas and Santa Fe.

A final chapter on "The Homes and the Customs of the New World" is interesting for its details on American food, home life, young people, marriage, and similar topics. In this, as all through her book she was perhaps overly generous in her evaluation of American culture. Here she expressed the dubious view that a lack of American art and art criticism was counterbalanced by Americans' good taste in dress. For her, American co-education, the superior position of women relative to other nations, the development of wholesome family life, and a general appearance of neatness, thrift, ambition and industry were fundamental to American greatness.

Professor Moyne has consulted both the published Finnish text (1889) and the Swedish text (1891) in making his readable translation. There are a few editorial annotations, some of which point to errors in the text. A more thorough editorial service of this kind would have added to the value of the work. In his editorial introduction Professor Moyne compares Baroness Gripenberg's account to those of Fredrika Bremer and Peter Kalm, but in this reviewer's opinion it falls somewhat short in such a comparison.

University of New Mexico

GEORGE WINSTON SMITH

*Commerce of the Prairies.* By Josiah Gregg. Edited by Max L. Moorhead. Norman: University of Oklahoma Press. Pp. xxxviii, 469. (American Exploration and Travel)

Gregg's classic of southwestern history retains its value as a prime source of information and never loses its appeal to the person who seeks pleasant and adventurous reading. This reprint will be useful in building private libraries and widening the circle of readers among the general public. It is a care-

ful reproduction of the first edition text with the illustrations and maps, and the addition of Gregg's notes and glossary of Spanish words from the second edition. The pictures, in a few instances, have lost the freshness of the original. Perhaps this is due to the printer's choice of method of production with an eye to cost of printing.

The editor has supplemented Gregg's footnotes with useful annotations of his own, in some instances drawing on knowledge derived from intensive research in Mexican archives. He presents, for instance, the specific information (p. 142) that Gregg brought the first printing press into New Mexico. In general, his notes assume a reader's acquaintance with the history and geography of the region traveled by Gregg, consequently they are not quite so useful for the general reader.

A few of the footnotes require some comment. According to Kendall, the "death march" ended at El Paso, not Chihuahua (p. 7, note 4). Note 5, p. 82, incorrectly implies that Coronado explored as far westward as the Gulf of California. The Pueblo of Zia is located on the Rio Jemes, not the Rio de las Vacas (p. 90, note 20). The characterization of Gertrudes Barcelo (p. 169, note 19) has been modified by Angelico Chavez in *El Palacio*, v. 57, no. 8. On the origin of the name New Mexico, the NEW MEXICO HISTORICAL REVIEW, 23:23, would have been useful. The date for the Parroquia (p. 180, note 5) needs revision; *ibid.*, 24:85. On the Navaho (p. 199, note 4) see *ibid.*, 26:101. And the distances in notes 5 and 7 (p. 193) need reconsideration.

The editor has compiled a bibliography of Gregg's sources, and has added a more lengthy one of his own, revealing significant additional material for students. A lengthy introduction includes a biographical sketch of Gregg and a critical essay on authorship of the book. Professor Moorhead overlooked, however, Howard Dimick's article on Gregg with a discussion of his death. The validity of Wood's article on this point is seriously challenged (*N. M. H. R.*, 22:274).

In the light of intensive checking on Gregg's story, the editor concludes that "*Gregg knew what he was talking about.*" That is a valid conclusion.

*Florentine Codex. General History of the Things of New Spain.* By Fray Bernardino de Sahagún. Book 8, Kings and Lords. Translated from the Aztec into English, with notes and illustrations by Arthur J. O. Anderson and Charles E. Dibble. Santa Fe, New Mexico: The School of American Research and the University of Utah, 1953. (Monographs of The School of American Research, No. 14)

Publication of the fifth of the twelve books of Fray Bernardino de Sahagún's account of the life of the Aztecs at the time of the Spanish Conquest is an event for many more than those who cannot read the Spanish language version. The intelligent and careful but very readable English translation of Sahagún's Nahuatl version is, as was pointed out in the review of the previous two Books, not the same as the parallel version which Sahagún made in Spanish; sometimes the Spanish text is fuller, sometimes the Nahuatl. And the Nahuatl version has never before had a complete translation; fragmentary versions have appeared in several languages, but nothing on the scale of the present project has ever been carried to completion.

While the present is the fifth of Sahagún's twelve to appear in English, it is not his Book Five. The order chosen has been One, Two, Three, Seven, Eight, apparently because these first issues are believed by the translators to be of the widest interest. Actually, it is almost impossible to choose between the sections on a basis of scientific value, and many will remain impatient until the appearance of the final Book. The issues to date cover, in Sahagún's imprecise titling, The Gods; Ceremonies; Origin of the Gods; Cosmology; and Kings and Lords. The remaining ones are Divination; Prognostication and Astrology; Moral Philosophy; Rights and Duties of Kin, Illness and Treatment, and Races of Anahuac; Flora, Fauna, and Habitat; and The Conquest. Last to appear will be the translators' introduction, with index.

To illustrate the value of having the Nahuatl version available in a European language, one may turn to the fifth chapter of Book Eight. In the Spanish version, speaking of Tula, is this statement: ". . . from the ruin of Tula, until the present year

of 1571, very few less than 1890 years have passed.”<sup>1</sup> The Anderson and Dibble translation of the corresponding Nahuatl passage reads: “This was in the year one thousand, one hundred and ten; and from there the count reacheth and endeth at this year, 1565.”<sup>2</sup> The Nahuatl version is probably the original one, and the Spanish one may be a translation from it, the section in question possibly dating from as much as six years later. The date given in the Nahuatl version for the fall of Tula has been confirmed by archaeology, which without assigning precise years to such events has come far enough in the study of Tula to place its fall around 1100 A.D. The date of around 300 B.C. in the Spanish version is entirely out of the question.

Book Eight gives us the names, conquests, and dates of rule of the Aztec kings; those of Tlatelolco, Texcoco, Huexotla, and the Chichimeca; an account of the omens which preceded the Spanish arrival in Mexico; and then enumerates at great length the articles of fine apparel which distinguished the great from the humble in Tenochtitlan. The ethnographic content is further enriched by accounts of noble amusements and feasts, of justice, of protocols of war, of choice of rulers and of the training of noble children for it. There is also an account of the market-place which should be of interest to many who are not Mesoamerican specialists nor historians.

JOHN PADDOCK

Mexico City College

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1. Fr. Bernardino de Sahagún. *Historia general de las cosas de Nueva España*. Notes, bibliography, index and guide by Miguel Acosta Saignes. Editorial Nueva España, S.A., México, 1946. Three volumes. See Vol. II, p. 48.

2. Anderson, Arthur J. O., and Dibble, Charles E. *Florentine Codex (General History of the Things of New Spain, by Fray Bernardino de Sahagún)*, Part IX (Book 8 of the *History*). Monographs of the School of American Research, No. 14, Santa Fe, New Mexico, 1954. See p. 15.

Ref

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*Editors*

FRANK D. REEVE

PAUL A. F. WALTER

*Associates*

PERCY M. BALDWIN

GEORGE P. HAMMOND

FRANCE V. SCHOLLES

ELEANOR B. ADAMS

ARTHUR J. O. ANDERSON

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Business communications should be addressed to Mr. P. A. F. Walter, State Museum, Santa Fe, N. M.; manuscripts and editorial correspondence should be addressed to Prof. Frank D. Reeve, University of New Mexico, Albuquerque, N. M.

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ROOSEVELT ROUGH RIDER REUNION, LAS VEGAS, N. M., AUGUST, 1953



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## THE ROUGH RIDERS

*By* CHRIS EMMETT \*

In your hey-day, some of you may have been accused of lacking a little in gentleness; but no one has ever said you were not 'men.'

Thinking in terms of your gentleness, I was intrigued by two statements from Stephen Bonsal, who quoted your one-time enemies, the Spaniards. These statements appeared in 1898:

Several officers in the Spanish army, whom I afterwards met in Santiago, never ceased to praise the "vaqueros of Texas," as they called them, for their staunch behavior at this critical moment.

Some days later (after your Capron and Hamilton Fish were killed) I had a conversation with a Spanish prisoner who had taken part in the Guasima fight. "When war was declared," he said with a sad smile, "we who knew the material wealth and prosperity of America, used to console ourselves by saying:

Los Americanos tienen canones pero no corozones  
(The Americans have great cannon but they have not  
stout hearts)

but after what we saw at Guasima we changed our tune to saying:

Los Americanos no tienen canones, pero, por Dios,  
tienen corozones.  
(The Americans have no cannon, but, before God,  
what a stomach they have for a fight)

---

\* As viewed by the newspapers during recruitment in 1898.

A talk delivered at the 55th Annual Dinner of the Rough Riders Association,  
Las Vegas, New Mexico, August 8, 1954.

Now, Gentlemen, because of your *corozones*, your services to your nation, your standing as American citizens, an invitation to speak to you is the compliment of all compliments. For this honor, I am grateful.

Fifty-six years ago yesterday, the survivors of the Cuban campaign, members of the First United States Volunteer Cavalry, forever afterwards to be known as the Rough Riders, sailed from Cuba on the transport Miami, leaving behind a history of American arms which has no parallel. You were returning to your homes to receive the awards (as you were told, and as you believed) which come to all defenders of their countries—the reward of being forgotten.

But such has not been the case. You wrought too well. Your endurance, your bravery—sometimes brash bravado, perhaps—etched a place for you in the galleries of history alongside Pickett's men at Gettysburg, Grant's men before Richmond, and the Charge of the Light Brigade at Bala-klava. You took your discharges and went to your homes expecting to be forgotten. Instead, you have been remembered by the people of this nation as no other group of men have ever been remembered and with a wholesomeness akin to idolatry.

I am not one of your number, although I recall those days with fair distinctiveness. Since I am not of your organization, I have given some thought to what would be appropriate for an "outsider" to say to you. I have concluded that a discussion of those things said and done in 1898, during the organization and training of the First United States Volunteer Cavalry, might be appropriate. These public references to the war and to you, as an organization and as individuals, might be listed as:

1. The underlying causes of the Spanish-American War
2. The Organization of the Rough Riders
3. The appraisal by the press of the nation of the Rough Rider personnel.

It is the popular conception that the Civil War was caused by slavery. Slavery, of course, was a cause; but now that we

are nearly a hundred years away from it, we can see there was a changing economic background, coupled to a shifting political transition, which had more to do with the inevitability of war than did slavery. Perhaps there is a parallel in the origin of the Spanish-American War. As the 19th century drew to a close, the American people forced the war upon Spain under the shibboleths that "inhumanity of Spaniards to Cubans must cease at our front door" and "Remember the Maine."

True it is, the Cuban desire for liberty was a cause; but since you men won that liberty for the Cubans, it has become more and more apparent that the United States was in the throes of a more comprehensive movement. We had absorbed our own continent; we were thinking in terms of more conquests, not necessarily of Cuba, but of far-flung Spanish possessions—notably the Philippines!

On February 15, 1898, while lying at anchor in Havana Harbor, the Battleship Maine, after a succession of explosions, sank, taking the lives of two officers and two hundred fifty-eight men. The shock to the dignity of the American people was tremendous. We felt ourselves inviolable. Not since the British burned our capitol had we suffered at the hands of any nation. As the spirit of the men of the Maine ascended on High, strong men, many of them lacking caution, followed the example of the then Assistant Secretary of the Navy, Theodore Roosevelt, to shout: "It is with great difficulty I restrain myself after the treacherous destruction of the Maine and the murder of our men."

There was, of course, but one path—war!

Immediately after the declaration of war, the nation came face to face with the fact that it did not have a sufficiently strong army to liberate the Cubans. A volunteer army was absolutely necessary. Furthermore, the department responsible for the conduct of the war had no plans. Roosevelt stated that his was "bitter wrath and humiliation at the absolute lack of plans. . . . As to the Navy, we have our plans. Beyond that, there is absolutely nothing."

It is generally thought that the idea of a Rough Rider regiment originated in the mind of Theodore Roosevelt. The

facts will not bear out this popular impression. Two months before war was declared the Governor of Arizona asked permission from the War Department to raise a regiment of mounted riflemen. The Department did not grant that authority. About the same time Theodore Roosevelt declared his intentions to "raise a company in Billings." That meant, of course, that he intended to go as a captain with a company of volunteers. Later, he said: "It will probably be a regiment of mounted riflemen." That meant, of course, that he was expanding his own ambitions, or that he had been apprised of the idea being pressed upon the War Department by the Governor of Arizona. Roosevelt, however, did nothing about either "the company from Billings" or the "regiment of mounted riflemen"; but Senator Warren of Wyoming seized upon the idea and placed a rider upon the appropriation bill requiring the "recruitment of three regiments to be composed exclusively of frontiersmen possessing special qualifications as horsemen and marksmen to be recruited from the Rocky Mountain Region."

At this point Roosevelt said, since he had been a sheriff in Montana, he would like to go as a Lieutenant Colonel, and that he would "like to put Wood in as a Major. We will have a Jim-dandy regiment if allowed to go." Roosevelt thought quite well of Captain Leonard Wood, saying of him: "He is an army surgeon, but wants to go in the fighting line. He is a tremendous athlete."

Now, let me say parenthetically, he was the personal physician of the wife of the President of the United States, and the personal physician of the Secretary of War, and these things did him no political harm!

Before the people of the United States knew anything about the three regiments to be recruited, President McKinley astounded Theodore Roosevelt by offering him the colonelcy of the First United States Volunteer Cavalry. He was shocked at his success; and he knew, too, that his lack of experience disqualified him. He therefore did the right thing. He declined but suggested Captain Leonard Wood, saying that if Wood were made colonel, he would take the minor position of Lieutenant Colonel, for "Wood is one of

the most promising, enterprising, intelligent, fearless officers of the army, thoroughly equipped to exercise command of a regiment, a man of great ability and courage."

Of himself he said: "I can learn but the thirty days spent in learning would be the very thirty days needed to get into the fight."

Roosevelt was right in both counts. Immediately after being informed by President McKinley that the colonelcy was to be his, Captain Leonard Wood, in typical soldier fashion, commandeered some experienced non-commissioned officers, set them to work on G Street, Washington, making requisitions for every piece of equipment he thought the men would need. Forty-eight hours after receiving notice that it was the President's intention to give him the colonelcy, Captain Wood walked into the office of the Secretary of War, took a seat and waited until the Secretary had affixed his signature to every requisition. Then he sent telegrams to the governors of the Territories asking for troops; and after announcing San Antonio, Texas, as the concentration site, left for Texas.

In response to the call upon the governors, twenty-three thousand men and boys tendered their services for enlistment in the First Regiment. Ultimately approximately one thousand were inducted. Before the recruiting was complete, one variation from the original bill was effected. The original authorization was for 780 men. When 23,000 offered to enlist, an amendment permitted enlistment up to 1000, not limiting the additional recruits to the Rocky Mountain Region and Territories.

It is interesting to see how Theodore Roosevelt was thinking regarding the personnel of the troopers. Actually Roosevelt was Eastern in family background. By personal choice, and because of his health, he had made himself a Westerner. He therefore had divided leaning, toward the West, toward the East. And carrying the same thought, let us see what he said at that time:

The men are to be raised in the Rocky Mountain States, but it may be I can get them to include a company from New York. We want nobody who has not had some experience with both the horse and the rifle, and who is not sound of heart and

body. Whether I can do anything for you, I do not know. If I can I will. But you must have everything ready so I can slash you in if there is a failure of recruits in the West, as there very well may be.

The increase of the strength of the regiment to a thousand resulted in Roosevelt "slashing in," immediately, some sixty-three men from New York and the East. Those troops were the subject of much derision and, at times, unsympathetic newspaper comment. I shall not quote these statements to you, but content to say they were referred to as The Swells, Roosevelt's Pets, Roosevelt's Terrors, The Millionaire's Sons, The New York 400, The Gentlemen Bankers, but finally became most generally known as The Fifth Avenue Boys.

So far as I have been able to determine, there was no rift between the boys from the East and the West. The newspapers, however, did much, and very unkindly, to promote such a schism. Your own George Roland has made a study of this.

Now, let us scan a few of the newspapers of 1898. Let us see what you fellows thought of some of the papers (I believe some of you held unexpressed opinions!) ; and let us see what the same papers wrote about you. (What I say hereafter has come from the columns of some newspapers published during 1898. Direct quotations are not always indicated. This omission is in the interest of time.)

San Antonio, Texas, was selected by Captain Leonard Wood (soon to be Colonel) as the point of concentration and training because "its climate is favorable, a gradation from the Rocky Mountain States, from whence most of the men will come, and Cuba, where all of the men, now, think they want to go."

The camp site was Riverside Park. The *San Antonio Express* described it as "on the outskirts of San Antonio, in the State Fair Grounds, beside a tortuous, slow-moving stream. The vast exhibition building is some architect's bad dream of Moorish splendor made manifest in huge inverted onions; but over the wide field, ringed with hackberry and pecan, cottonwood and sycamore, the clouds move with singular majesty."

Neither the *Express* nor *The Daily Light* credited the

Arizona men with being "the first arrivals." This honor was bestowed upon 189 mules and three horses which came from Missouri in a train of nine stockcars. They nosed out the Arizona boys from first place by nine hours. This intended pack-train was destined to be forgotten in the sands of Tampa, but many of the Western men—the first men to arrive—such as Alexander O. Brodie, William O. "Bucky" O'Neill, and J. H. McClintock were to go on to Cuba as flames in the torch which gave meaning to the then popular American song: There'll be a hot time in the old town tonight.

As the first troops arrived the *San Antonio Light* thought it quite a feat that "water has been turned through the pipes used at the recent interstate drill, and the boys will have plenty of water." At least one of the Arizona boys was not thinking about water, but he consoled himself when he found Mr. Quinn's Bar which had been set up outside the sallyport; and being inspired by Mr. Quinn's wares, which he seemed to have sampled to satiation, gave the first newspaper interview by a Rough Rider. His words shall go down in history:

I am surprised to get a beer for five cents at Mr. Quinn's Bar. Where I come from in Arizona, beer is fifteen cents a glass.

It appears there were other beer-samplers among the troops, and all of them did not come from Arizona. There is the classic case of the red-headed Irish lad, whom you fellows dubbed "Sheenie Solomon," who invaded a San Antonio chop-suey joint, clipped the Chinaman's pig tail, and left for Camp Wood, despite his "overload," at a record breaking pace for fear the Chink might recover his passport to Heaven and thus contaminate the coveted region with his celestial presence.

Also there is the *Daily Light* account of May 17, 1898, and this time I quote exactly:

L. W. Edwards, a member of the Rough Riders of New Mexico contingent was arrested last night . . . in Warnette's Saloon on Commerce Street and placed in the city jail. . . . This morning he is still in jail. Edwards hails from Cerillos, New Mexico, near Santa Fe, where he has well-to-do relatives. He was mustered in at Santa Fe, and since his arrival has been on a protracted spree. . . . He deserted camp and after a two day

search by the sergeant and several men, he was located in the city but gave his captors the slip yesterday and continued his spree. . . . He is 6 feet in height and is a fine specimen of manhood.

The *Light* also took notice of a three-part-concoction, a mixture of citizens, Rough Riders and whiskey, which resulted in "a party of Rough Riders and three citizens having a howling time of it, yesterday evening, in the saloon at the corner of Nueva and East Streets. A pistol was exploded twice while the saloon mirror was smashed with a beer glass. The boys were in a rubber-tired hack, and when the mounted police arrived and arrested them a dirk was found, but the pistol and the Rough Riders were gone. The three citizens were fined \$5 each today."

The bar incidents, of course, were diversory with the Rough Riders. This the *San Antonio Express* recognized when it commended the character of the men converging upon the city:

The First Volunteer Regiment will present the flower of western manhood. [The Easterners had not arrived when this was written.] It is composed of men picked from the thousands for their exceptional daring and endurance. They are called Rough Riders only with reference to their equestrian abilities, for there are no rowdies and desperadoes among them. They are full of the western spirit of hilarious buoyancy, but they have the western spirit of self-respect and chivalry. There are no outcasts and no desperadoes in the column. They are full of vim and vigor, and they find it hard to keep still.

Since the men were finding it so hard to keep still, Captain Stevens of the Quartermaster Department furnished them a diversion in line of duty, for, according to the *Express*, "he was busy at all hours of the day inspecting and buying horses, and when he had collected as many as 20 or 30 animals, the bunch is taken out to the camp by a squad of Rough Riders." When the Rough Riders showed up for the horses, "the breaking-in process became interesting. In the delivery of the horses the Rough Riders gave some exhibitions of their horsemanship equal to anything that can be seen in Buffalo Bill's Wild West Show for the official price of one dollar."



Such a free show, of course, attracted on-lookers, one of whom told an Express Reporter :

If horsemanship is to win the war, the boys show up well, and look as if they could repulse an Island full of Spaniards. They are no long haired roughs like some of us expected to see.

To this, the reporter appended his own observation: "Most of the men ride their horses bareback from the Post to the Fairgrounds with ropes slipped over the horse's nose in lieu of bridles. Several were unbroken mustangs which the West-erners controlled with grace and ease."

Now, who were those troopers who controlled their un-broken mustangs "with grace and ease?" One of them was *not* Private Martin L. Crimmins, late of the Medical Department of the University of Virginia. Trooper Crimmins would have enjoyed the fun of serving in the convoy but circumstances precluded him rendering Uncle Sam this character of service, although he was well qualified to perform it. In fact, he was doing valiant duty on KP until, he, through inadvertence, got himself into the guardhouse. He was, therefore, not one of the original horse-wranglers. In fact, he was not "at liberty" to be. He was in jail! He got out of jail—as you will see—and was later to serve with distinction, such distinction that we now address him as "Colonel."

Among those who early attracted the attention of both Colonel Wood and Lieutenant Colonel Roosevelt, as well as the newspapers was (and is) one William O. McGinty. Roosevelt affectionately named him "Little McGinty." You men now know him either as your life-time president or just plain "Uncle Billy." His service in the beginning was alongside Jesse Langdon in Troop K. Little McGinty hailed from Stillwater, Oklahoma, but he now lays claim to citizenship in Ripley. Judging from a look at Little McGinty he has not grown perpendicularly to any great degree since 1898. When Doctor Massie measured him in at Camp Wood, by stretching a little, he rose to the tremendous height of five feet two inches. Also, he complied with Colonel Wood's orders to Dr. Massie not to take any man whose belly was bigger than his chest. (I am afraid Mr. Denny could not pass that test, to-

night!) Roosevelt said that Little McGinty made himself a pledge never to walk if he could ride. It appears his preference in transportation was a horse. He did not care about the "temper" of the horse, for the meaner, the better he liked it. It was, therefore, but a natural consequence, when Captain Stevens delivered a bunch of "Old Smokeys," Mr. McGinty would look them over and pick one "just my size." Colonel Wood told of one such event. This incident might have found its way into the newspapers but the horse seemed disinclined to await the arrival of a news reporter, for, when Little McGinty stepped aboard, there was immediate activity. The horse first bolted for a tree; then into a picket line. The tree stood the assault, but Little McGinty, the horse and the picket-line ended up on the ground firmly bound together in the coils of the rope. Colonel Wood saw the destruction of government property taking place, and in conformity to army regulations, took charge. He went immediately to Little McGinty. He found him uninjured. Then he surveyed the tree. It had withstood the impact. Then he picked up the rope, remarking: "I'll see if you damaged this."

Among those whom Roosevelt mentioned as being capable of "taking 'em as they come" was William D. Wood of Bland, New Mexico, Roscoe E. Moore, commonly called "Smokey Moore," from Raton, New Mexico, Thomas Darnell, who could ride anything alive, and Little McGinty. The newspapers who had reporters stalking Camp Wood constantly for news, made reference to many others, some of whom were expert riders, some being proficient in other skills.

For example, there was Horatio C. Polock, an educated Pawnee Indian, who, in the language of the *Express*, was "an excellent soldier." But, as is the way in the army, he was put to work as regimental clerk. Then there was "Rocky Mountain Bill" Jenkins, who came from Montana "just to be with my old boss." When reporters cornered him for a story he told them of "many a bear-hunting fight with Mr. Roosevelt in times of so-called peace." As evidence of these bear-hunting fights, he let the reporters view his scarred body. "A piece of his ear is gone—'chawed off'—there is a long deep scar over his right eye—where a paw struck me.'" The *Light*

described Rocky Mountain Bill as having "the appearance of being constantly loaded for bear with hilts of knives and butts of revolvers sticking out of every pocket and from every angle of his anatomy, but Bill says he hasn't got his war-paint on yet."

The next man found by a *Light* Reporter was among the convoy of horses coming over from Fort Sam Houston to Camp Wood. That trooper, evidently, was a modest man, judging from the report he gave to the *Light*:

Then there is Bronco George Brown from Arizona, who lives in Skull Valley. He has a record of five men to his credit. This means that he has dropped that many in righteous causes,—for stealing cattle, cheating at cards, incivilities to women, etc. Bronco George's patriotism is undoubted. When the stage-driver brought him word a fortnight ago that Roosevelt had issued a call for troops, he got up from dinner, jumped on his wildest bronco, and set off bareback through Devil's Gate and Dead Man's gulch and over Parieta Mountain for the nearest recruiting station, Cripple Barracks, at Prescott. George is believed to be the wildest rider of the West.

Another trooper who had no objection to reading his name in the paper was "Dead Shot Jim." He would not say for sure, but he intimated to the reporter that his real name was Simpson. He hailed from Albuquerque, and was positive about his skill as a marksman. In fact, he could "out-shoot all the dead shots on the range." Besides that, according to his version, "I can bring down an Indian at every crack when they are so far away that most people can't see them." He left it to be inferred that he could focus his shootin' eye with equal precision on a Spaniard. He vowed that his primary reason for coming to San Antonio was "to find a fight,"—not necessarily to ride wild horses, but he was not averse to that diversion if there was no fight handy; but he did not like to be called "a long haired rough." He just "came to fight."

The troopers coming from east of the Mississippi were of two groups—12 young men fresh from the colleges, which newsmen called the "Collegiates," and about fifty who became known as "The Fifth Avenue Boys." The *New York Journal* was anything but kind toward these men. It chided them about their occupations, or the lack thereof, pointing

them out as "dancers, football player, steeplechaser, golfer, polo-player, gourmet, oarsman, fireman, policeman." It referred to them as "The Swells," labeling them as "duly accredited Rough Riders, although they have not done any rough riding yet." The *San Antonio Express* followed the unenviable example of the *Journal* and carried a headline about them:

#### MILLIONAIRES' SONS JOIN ROUGH RIDERS

The Society Swells are already in Town.

Emboldened by these attacks upon the personnel of the regiment, another newspaper also showed its fangs. It was the *Cincinnati (Ohio) Post*. That paper carried a banner-line with text following:

Army officer don't think they are so "warm." Teddy's Terrors, or Roosevelt's Roughs, are no more soldiers than these war-correspondents around here. The trouble is that these people have been puffed up so in the press that they think they are the whole thing. They have had enough of that to make any body of men conceited. I do not see why the administration should take any stock in those Rough Riders, and they would not if the regiment's officers did not have a pull at Washington. The regular army had all kinds of trouble getting its equipment. These people get uniforms, hats, horses, magazine rifles; in fact, anything they want, and they get it in abundance, without delay. Now, why should they be favored. They are composed of hard men, and can ride and shoot. Those accomplishments don't make them soldiers, and the regular cavalry probably have them in a higher degree. The best way to make soldiers of them would be to break up the regiment and use the fragments to fill the regular cavalry to war footing.

Despite criticism occasionally from the press, there was one man in San Antonio who remained steadfastly the Rough Rider's friend. He was Professor Carl Beck, Director of the San Antonio Band. And when the rumor got circulated that the Rough Riders were to head to Cuba, he announced a "last courtesy"; he would play a concert; it was to be "the last chance the citizens have of meeting the Rough Riders at any social function and give them a hearty farewell." The date was set for Tuesday, May 26, at 8 P.M. From this point let us follow the *San Antonio Light's* account of the event:

Professor Beck extended his invitation to Colonel Wood and Colonel Roosevelt, and they accepted. The program arranged was a patriotic one, including the Cavalry Charge, the Phantasia accompanied by cannon and anvil firing, especially arranged by Professor Beck for the Rough Riders, and the trip to Coney Island (which of course was for the Fifth Avenue Boys). No. 7 on the program was the chief musical feature: Hail to the Chief, closing into three cheers for Colonel Wood and Lieutenant Colonel Roosevelt. Dixie and Yankee Doodle followed, closing with three cheers for the officers and soldiers of the First United States Volunteer Cavalry: then the Star-Spangled Banner, and three cheers for President McKinley: Hail Columbia, and three cheers for the citizens of the United States.

Now, fifty-six years later with the echoes of cheers and farewells of Carl Beck's musicians coming back to your ears—as I am sure they do to some of you—let me, like Professor Carl Beck, thank you “for this last chance to meet the Rough Riders at a social function.” Despite the criticisms I have relayed to you, which originated during your period of training, and despite Theodore Roosevelt's prophecy spoken to you September 4, 1898, just before you received your discharges:

The world will be kind to you about ten days. Until then everything you do will be considered right. For just about ten days, you will be over-praised; over-petted; then you will find the “hero business” is over for good and all. . . .

I say to you that “the hero business is not over for good and all.” You earned the title of hero as Rough Riders; you have maintained that status since as citizens of America. The American people have erected a monument in their hearts to you. You have taken your place in history alongside Pickett's Men of Gettysburg, Washington's Men on the Potomac: and in the words of the Prophet Ezekiel, I say:

The American people hold you to be  
“the blood of the Princes of the Earth.”

## JOSÉ GONZALES, GENÍZARO GOVERNOR

By FRAY ANGELICO CHAVEZ

In 1837 there was a bloody native insurrection in New Mexico through which certain elements from the country north of Santa Fe took hold of the government, then a Department of the Mexican Republic, and installed their leader, José Gonzales, as Governor. This brief article does not concern itself with the gory details of the rebellion, or its causes, but seeks to establish the identity of Gonzales. Early writers down to Prince and Twitchell considered him an Indian, that is, one straight from pueblo life and customs, chiefly from contemporary accounts of his execution at the orders of General Manuel Armijo.<sup>1</sup> Since Gonzales came from the Taos area, the belief grew that he was a Taos Pueblo Indian, and since then writers of books and newspaper articles have painted him as a full-fledged Tigua, feathers and all, presiding at the Palace of the Governors.

My first doubt about such a picture was raised some years ago by a passage in the biographical section of Read's Spanish history of New Mexico, in which Don Rafael Chacón related his own father's description of Gonzales' execution; taking issue with Prince's statement that he was an Indian, Chacón stated that Gonzales came from a prominent New Mexican family, being a first cousin of Don Rafael Páez (Chacón's father-in-law) and grandfather of Don Rafael Romero of Mora. This passage was not carried over into the English edition.<sup>2</sup> As I well remembered the person of Mr. Romero from my boyhood days, and those of his already adult children, I could readily see that Gonzales could not have been an Indian, if this were true. At the same time I was mystified by Read's omission of this item in the English translation of his history.

To clarify the matter, unimportant but intriguing, I began collecting data on dozens of people named "José Gon-

1. Armijo supposedly said to Padre Martínez: "*Confiese a este genízaro para que le den cinco balazos.*" (Pedro Sánchez, *Memorias del Padre Antonio José Martínez*, Santa Fe, 1903, pp. 21-26.)

2. Benjamin M. Read, *Historia Ilustrada de Nuevo Mexico*, Santa Fe, 1911, p. 457. *Illustrated History of New Mexico*, Santa Fe, 1912.

zales" who lived in the north country around 1790-1837, and also on Chacón, Páez, and Romero contemporaries. Many such items were accumulated with the years, but none to solve the problem by the time my recent book on New Mexico families went to press, in which I included the following reserved comment: "According to the highly intelligent Chacón family of a generation ago, Gonzales was no Indian, but even if he had *genízaro* antecedents, he still was not the paint-and-feather Indian in the Governors' Palace which historical and fictional writers have described. Only a tedious and thorough exploration of the relationships mentioned could provide a clue to his true identity and ancestry."<sup>3</sup>

Very recently my attention was focused by accident on a nickname of Gonzales, which Pedro Sánchez mentioned in passing when describing his execution. After Padre Martínez heard his confession, "*El Angelito*" was shot five times according to Armijo's orders.<sup>4</sup> Sure that the nickname could not refer to any personal quality of his, I combed my notes for a "José Gonzales" with a middle name, and came upon plenty of material collected on a "José *Angel* Gonzales." After correlating all such items, I knew that I had hit upon the identity of the insurgent governor.

On June 10, 1817, *José Angel Gonzales*, the son of José Santos Gonzales and María Martín, both *genízaros* of Taos, married María Josefa Fernández, orphan daughter of Mariano Fernández and María Rosa Leyba of Santa Barbara (present Peñasco). The marriage is registered both at Taos and Picuris, but the wedding most likely took place at the bride's mission at Picuris, there being no church at Santa Barbara in those days. Two recorded children of this marriage were Juan Ramos, baptized at Taos, March 5, 1818, and Juan Domingo, also at Taos, November 22, 1823.

Widowed of María Josefa Fernández, José Angel Gonzales, *vecino* and *originally*<sup>5</sup> of the Pueblo of Taos, married

3. *Origins of New Mexico Families in the Spanish Colonial Period*, Santa Fe, 1954, p. 317.

4. *Loc. cit.*

5. *Vecino* (neighbor) was a general term used for "settlers," Spanish or otherwise, as distinguished from Indians living in a Pueblo. That Gonzales is here referred to as *originario* of Taos Pueblo is explained further on by the fact that his mother was a Taos Indian.

María Ignacia Martín, widow of Juan Domingo Romero, a native of Taos Pueblo, April 21, 1834. This second wife was from Picuris mission (Picuris Indian, Spanish settler, *mestiza*, or *genízara*?), as we learn from Gonzales' third marriage. For this second wife must have died soon, since *José de los Angeles* Gonzales, 39 years old, widowed of Ignacia Martín of *Picuris*, and the son of José Santos Gonzales and María Martín, married María Ramona Bernal of Santa Cruz, December 15, 1835. She was the daughter of Simón Bernal and María Guillén, and the widow of José María Gutiérrez, all of Santa Cruz. I have run across no children of the second and third marriage. But here we see Gonzales' connections, close ones by marriage, with the Taos, Picuris (Santa Barbara, Trampas, Truchas, Córdoba) and Santa Cruz (also Chimayó) districts, which were the stage for the 1837 insurrection. Two years after this third marriage, José Gonzales made himself Governor of New Mexico through bloodshed, and died in the same manner.

Some more research turned up José Gonzales' own birth as well as other pertinent data. His baptismal record, April 14, 1799, shows him as *José Angel*, *vecino*, the child of José Santos Gonzales and María Dominga Martín Listón. He was the fifth child among nine recorded children of José Santos Gonzales and his wife, who is variously written down as María Martín or María Listón, or both surnames combined. In some of these baptisms the parents are referred to as *vecinos* living at El Rancho (San Francisco del Rancho) in the valley of Taos. Their other children were: María Reyes de los Dolores (1790), José Francisco Maximo (1792), José Antonio (1794), a second José Antonio (1796), Francisca (1801), Tomás (1804), José Santiago (1806) and a third José Antonio (1808). The second last son married María Luján, an Indian of Taos Pueblo, on December 21, 1826.

Then I came upon the marriage of Gonzales' parents at Taos, June 18, 1788; José Santos Gonzales, son of José Antonio Gonzales, *coyote*, and Francisca -----, with María Listón, *india natural del pueblo* (Taos). Here we come upon the governor's complete racial background. His grandfather was a *coyote*. Whatever the meaning of this term in the rest



of Spanish Colonial America, in New Mexico at this time it meant the child of an Indian woman by a European-born father, or the child of a Spanish New Mexico woman by a European-born father. Every circumstance indicates that José Antonio Gonzales had been bought, rescued, or captured from the Plains Indians by some Spanish settler of Taos valley; being a *coyote* of this type, he most likely had a French father out on the plains. (Had his mother been a Plains Indian captive or a Taos Pueblo Indian, and his father a Spanish New Mexican, he would have been called a *mestizo* instead.) He then married a certain Francisca, whose identity we do not know, but who also was most likely a Plains Indian captive (Ute, Pawnee, Kiowa, etc.). Reared in Spanish homes as servants, the pair had not only taken Spanish names but had also adopted Spanish ways of living. Their children, in turn, would continue the same mode of life, speaking the Spanish language, since their parents had forgotten their native tongue, if captured young, or were of diverse tribes.

The term used for such folks was *genízaros*, not "janisaries" in the military use of the word, but a mixed non-Pueblo Indian people who followed Spanish ways. For this reason they often shared the term *vecinos* with the Spanish population, the latter being also recorded as *españoles*. Gonzales' father, José Santos, had married a Taos Indian, María Listón or Martín, but had taken her away from the Pueblo; hence she had entered the status of a *genízara* and was referred to as such with her husband when their later notorious son was first married in 1817.<sup>6</sup>

And so General Armijo was most correct in referring to José Gonzales, the "*Angelito*," as a *genízaro*. Earlier American writers who translated the word as "Indian" were also correct in the sense that Gonzales was seven-eighths Indian racially, though of different tribes; but they mislead others into picturing him as a Taos Pueblo Indian with long braids,

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6. All the foregoing birth and marriage data are taken from the mission registers in the Archives of the Archdiocese of Santa Fe. At present I am engaged in filing and codifying the archives with a complete catalogue and index in view for publication. This tedious project will take a year, perhaps much longer. In the meantime, *please do not write to me or the Chancery for any data, but kindly wait for the catalogue.*

war-paint, etc., whereas he actually belonged to a family living a Spanish way of life for three generations. From his close connections with Taos Pueblo, especially through his mother, we can assume that he was conversant with the North Tigua language. His arousing of various Pueblos to follow him in his bloody spree shows his influence, and also sympathies, with the indigenous inhabitants of New Mexico. Perhaps indicative of his Plains Indian background was the fact that he was chosen leader of the insurgents, as Sánchez mentions in the work cited, because he was a great bison hunter.

Those who translated *genízaro* as "half-breed" left an equally wrong impression, as the term was often used then and sometimes now for a "Mexican."

As for the mysterious passage in Read which started this inquiry of many years, Rafael Chacón was undoubtedly mistaken, and his statement was challenged and proven false before the English edition of Read's history went to press. Undoubtedly, he confused one of the many "José Gonzales" men of the Rio Arriba country, one related to his own folks, with the insurgent governor. For I found no connections at all between the family of José Angel Gonzales and the Páez or Romero relations of Rafael Chacón.

The upshot of the whole matter is that New Mexico did have an Indian Governor, even if by savage usurpation, in the same manner that Mexico had an Indian President in Benito Juárez. But neither of these two revolutionaries wore loin-clouts and war-bonnets.





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## TOMÉ AND FATHER J. B. R.

By FLORENCE HAWLEY ELLIS

(Concluded)

For over one hundred years the Tomé church stood without a bell. In 1863 (the year in which Arizona was marked off from New Mexico as a separate territory) Manuel A. Otero and his devout wife, Doña Dolores, were persuaded to invest some of the money accruing from their mill and farm in a bell for the south tower. Pooling funds with them in this expensive project was another family, even more wealthy in lands and reputed to have so much gold coin they kept it in large skin bags. Time passed and the bell arrived from St. Louis, the raised letters on one side giving place, date, and patron saint: "St. Louis, 1863. Nuestra Señora Immaculada de Tome." There were also the names of the two families, the donors or "*padrinos*" (godparents).

The marking should have read "*La Natividad de La Immaculada Conception*," the birthday of the Virgin Mary—which is honored on Sept. 8 by fiesta. Kearny and his men, moving south from Santa Fe to meet an attack purportedly threatened by Gov. Armijo (actually still in flight), camped near Tomé on the evening of Sept. 7, 1846, and Lt. Emory recorded what was—to the Americans—a novel occasion:<sup>25</sup>

It was the eve of the fete of Tomé in honor of the Virgin Mary, and people from all parts of the country were flocking in crowds to the town. The primitive wagons of the country were used by the women as coaches. These wagons were heavy boxes mounted on wheels cut from large cotton wood; over the top of the box was spread a blanket, and inside were huddled, in a dense crowd, the women, children, pigs, lambs, and "everything that is his." The man of the family usually seated himself on the tongue of the wagon. . . . In one of these wagons a violin was being played, and the women who were sitting on their feet, made the most of the music by brandishing their bare arms and moving their heads to the cadence. At night there was a theatrical representation in the public square. The piece dramatized was from the Old Testament.

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25. W. H. Emory, *Notes of a Military Reconnaissance from Fort Leavenworth in Missouri to San Diego, in California*, Sen. Ex. Doc. No. 7, 1848, O. 38-43.

During the day I had been puzzled by seeing at regular intervals on the wall surrounding the capilla, and on the turrets of the capilla itself, (which be it remembered is of mud,) piles of dry wood. The mystery was now to be cleared up. At a given signal all were lighted, and simultaneously a flight of rockets took place from every door and window of the chapel, fire-works of all kinds, from the blazing rocket to children's whirligigs, were now displayed in succession. The pyrotechny was the handicraft of the priests. I must say the whole affair did honor to the church, and displayed considerable chemical knowledge. Most of the spectators were on mules, each with his woman in front, and it was considered a great feat to explode a rocket under a mule's belly without previous intimation to the rider.

September 8.—Long shall I remember the fête of Tomé, a scene at once so novel and so striking. . . .

I had to examine guides in reference to the route to California, and engage such as I might think fit for the trip.

My last interview of this kind today was in a species of public building, or guard-house, where a number of Mexicans had collected with arms. Several written tablets hung around the walls, but they were perfectly illegible. Our business was cut short by the sound of passing music. A strange sight presented itself. In a sedan chair, borne by four men, was seated a wax figure nearly as large as life, extravagantly dressed; following immediately were three or four priests, with long tallow candles, a full yard in length. Some American officers followed, each holding a candle. . . .

It was thought proper that the officers should show every respect to the religious observances of the country, consequently they did not decline participation in these ceremonies.

The procession ended at the church. After the services there were concluded we repaired to the house of the padre, where we found a collation.

We had proposed attending a theatrical representation going on in the open air, but a heavy squall of wind and a few drops of rain put a stop to this amusement, and all retired to dress for the fandango, which is the name given to all collections of people where there is music and dancing.

A cotillion was attempted in honor of the American present, but this cold and formal dance soon gave way to the more joyous dances of the country, the Coona [*la cuna*], the Bolero, and the Italiana. Every variety of figure was introduced, but the waltz was the basis of all except the Bolero, which, as danced here resembles our negro jig.

The Tomé image of the Immaculate Conception, carried upright (not seated) in the religious procession around the plaza on this Saint's day, is known as "*Nana Virgin*"—Grandmother Virgin. For generations brides have presented their wedding clothes to her after their marriages. The figure was carved of wood about 1790 by Antonio Silva, local santero, who also did the four foot crucifix. The flowing waved hair of *Nana Virgin* is the personal gift of one of the village girls. The face is that of a young Spanish woman, appealing and touched with human compassion. The old admonition to santeros was that he who did not carve a saint to appear beautiful must be doomed to specific periods of perdition, the time being directly in relation to the degree of improper ugliness achieved in the work! Local seamstresses used to employ their spare time in making dresses for *Nana Virgin*.

Even though the Virgin of the Immaculate Conception represents Mary before she has born the Christ child, the people of Tomé carry one of their several *Santo Niños* with her in a procession through the village on June 2, to represent the visit of the pregnant Virgin to the home of St. Elizabeth, who was to become mother of John the Baptist. The observance of this occasion, originated by the Franciscans in 1263, was introduced wherever they worked. In the days of Father Ralliere the people came out from their houses to greet the holy visitors with incense, and the scene was rich.

These two santos both are claimed not only to be very old but also to have caused many cures and restoration of harmony in unhappy families for those who receive them well upon this visit. It is told that in the old days a man who for some years had never gone to confession, even at Easter-time, and had not bothered to receive *Nana Virgin* and the *Santo Niño* properly, one night was so beaten by a rival that his head was broken and no one believed he had any chance of survival. But when the holy pair stopped at his house a few days later, in repentance he received them ardently, and his recovery, dating from that hour, was so complete that not even a scar remained.

This *Santo Niño* never has been kept in the tiny north

chapel where most of the other old statues stand, but in the home of a village girl "who prays for the privilege." The girl who is given this trust is known as the "*Madrino*"—god-mother—of the Christ child and for the year keeps the figure upon a little shrine in her household. Today some of its clothes are handmade and some are commercial doll clothes; the carefully carved head and childishly curved body mark the figure itself as being from Old Mexico or from Europe. People coming into the house to visit the Babe are expected to kiss its body in devotion, but in the last fifteen years the custom of taking Child and Mother on their annual trip to visit village homes has died out.

Father Ralliere believed that the saints of the Tomé Church should be many. Some were there from long before his coming, such as the life-size *Santo Entierro* (Christ in the Coffin) brought up from Mexico and ferried across the Rio Grande by boat. Throughout the year the figure lay in an open topped white coffin in the chapel, but at Eastertime it was brought out to represent the Christ in the local presentation of the Passion Play, a hold-over of one of the mystery plays of the 16th century.

In Father Ralliere's notes we read "*El Santo Entierro tenia en la Planta de los pies la fecha del año 1722—probablemente el año que fue comprado. Y fue retocado el año de 1897—en Marzo—por Trinidad Mondragon—de Morelia M.*"<sup>26</sup> This Mondragon, an old bachelor, lived in Father Ralliere's household for only three years but he still is remembered distinctly as a "great magician" and colorful character. He once offered to make the santos walk by themselves in the church processions of the Easter pageant; even the embrace of Christ and his Mother was to be arranged. Some villagers say J.B.R. made hasty refusal and told the man to get away but others insist that he seriously considered the proposition and finally refused because it might get him in league with the devil. The grandfather of one of Tomé's

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26. "The Santo Entierro had on the bottom of its feet the date of the year 1722—probably the year when it was purchased. And it was retouched in the year of 1897—in March—by Trinidad Mondragon—of Morelia, Mexico." For description of the Passion Play in which this santo takes a main part, see Florence Hawley Ellis, "Passion Play in New Mexico," *New Mexico Quarterly*, Vol. XXII, 1952, pp. 200-212.



modern young men saw the magician raise a dead burro in a field—although the creature fell back dead again—and many recount that he could make his handkerchief into the form of a rabbit then actually send the rabbit running! But after Mondragon had been knocked down by the village strong man when he made a snake pop out of the hand he was extending in greeting, Father Ralliere began to gently hint at a return to the home he had left in Mexico.

Another figure prominent in the Easter Passion Play is that of Jesus Nazareno, locally carved, whose hands are bound with ropes before he is placed in the little wooden barred jail before the public trial scene in the churchyard on Good Friday. The Mary Magdalene was fashioned by two local men only a few years ago and that of John the Evangelist as late as 1953,—to be blessed by Rev. Manuel Alvarez, a visiting priest from Ecuador, just before it was carried in procession. The wooden candelabras used for the Tinieblas on Holy Wednesday were made by a local man trained in Father Ralliere's woodworking shop, but the pair of tall candle lanterns with colored glass windows set into dull red and green metal frames were among the early religious paraphernalia ordered from afar.

Lacking a *San Ysidro Labrador*, always popular in farming communities, Father Ralliere took up a collection to pay for what appears to be a bulto of New Mexican make, but which is known not to have been made in Tomé. The oxen which stand in front of him are the work of Teresita Z. Sedillo, now dead, wife of the mail carrier who so resembled San José. Her artistry consisted of modeling small animals in cement and in painting upon silk, after instruction in Father Ralliere's school. Cement was used by another villager, Donato Estrella, in the later figure of Joan of Arc, an object of devotion to the French priest but sometime wryly referred to as "the heavy lady" by his German successor! He also did a cement image of St. John the Baptist. Estrella was primarily a stone cutter; his experiments in cement were the result of lack of stone to work in the Tomé area. He was also a painter. His portrait, the *Divino Rostro*, the napkin showing Christ's face, commissioned by Father Ralliere, still

is carefully kept in the chapel and brought out to be carried by the impersonator of Veronica in the Passion Play.

Upon the arm of a commercial image of the young Christ, girls who had stepped from the path of virtue formerly left little shoes as an offering of their penance, probably a custom related to that of Chimayo where the Santo Niño is said to wear out his shoes in doing good deeds. Dolores, Mother of Sorrows, also received gifts but usually of clothing—including pink petticoats! The heads and hands of Dolores and of the parallel figure, *Nuestra Señora Soledad*, Our Lady of Loneliness representing the Virgin after the death of Christ, were ordered from Portugal and came into Tomé via Mexico. Local santeros carved the wooden torso and arranged a tepee-like frame over which the painted canvas skirts were spread. The silver halo was made by one of the workmen trained in Father Ralliere's blacksmith shop. At a time when certain new statues were put into the church, some old ones were returned to Teresito Sedillo (who had lent them years before) for her own private chapel, in which Estrella did a simple mural of clouds and angels for background. A second private chapel, in a home formerly belonging to Francisco Padilla, somewhat south of Tomé, contains an old santo and one from the late 19th century.

Men trained in woodworking made the church altars and the old carved and painted confessional booth. The latter, constructed with wooden wheels at two corners so that it could be wheeled about, now is to be seen in the east room of the Museum of New Mexico, in the Governor's Palace, Santa Fe.

In 1866 Bishop Lamy decided that even though there still was a dearth of priests in New Mexico and that travel between Arizona and New Mexico was beset with dangers from Indian attacks, he no longer could leave Tucson without church and clergy. Rev. J. B. Salpointe and three others were chosen for the duty and equipped with saddle horses. A wagon driven by a Mexican carried their baggage. Salpointe later recalled:<sup>27</sup>

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27. J. B. Salpointe, *Soldiers of the Cross*, 1898, p. 243.

January the 8th was really a beautiful day, which was employed in going to Tome, where the Rev. J. B. Ralliere gave us generous and cordial hospitality. It was at Pinos, in the parish of Tome, that we could procure the first escort, but on the advice of Father Ralliere, we determined not to take it as there were for a long distance along the river settlements enough to make it safe for us. The Rev. J. B. Ralliere, who had been notified of the coming party, had already made arrangements to join it, with Rev. Benedict Bernard, the parish priest of Socorro, and go with it as far as Fort Selden.

Socorro was made the station for the night of January 9th, and that night was found very short owing to joviality of the Revds. Ralliere and Bernard, who kept us pleasantly awake until nearly midnight. In those old days, when some priests met together, it was made the occasion of a fraternal festival.

On the next day the party moved on toward the difficult Jornada del Muerto, where they made a detour to Camp McRae in order to secure one camping spot with water. Leaving there next morning, the horsemen rode ahead of the wagon and the other men who had joined their company on the previous evening. No idea of danger occurred to the clerics until all at once they spied five Indians galloping toward them from an angle. Although the missionaries had two guns, they entirely forgot weapons in their precipitous flight down the trail with the best speed their horses could produce. The Indians turned back, the wagon and men before long caught up with the priests, and at Fort Seldon a military escort joined them to give safe escort into Tucson. But the fear of attacks by Indians, whose own situation was becoming increasingly difficult and hence aggravating warfare as large numbers of emigrants poured into the country in the post-Civil War period, was rarely forgotten.

While Father Ralliere was in Rome in 1869, his place was filled by Father P. Luis Benavidez, who complained, realistically enough, that Tomé should be called "the *charcos* city"—referring to the standing pools of water. These stagnant pools, a heritage of the great flood of 1828, and the malaria mosquitoes which bred in them were one of the problems to which Father Ralliere returned in 1870. Another was a controversy over irrigation and flood control which continued from 1869 to 1879, between the Church, the

Oteros, and other wealthy families. The problem was one of water rights in connection with water taken for irrigation of church lands and other farm lands, which Otero complained left his mill at the end of the large acequia without water and his orchards dry. It also involved technicalities concerning church use of the plaza—which belonged to the town as such,—as well as the proper extent of church farm lands. J.B.R. had purchased large tracts personally. He had 1700 vines in the farm area just south of Cerro Tomé, where the remnants of one of his orchards still is to be seen. Other scattered houses and tracts are pointed out as having once been his. The services of the priest and of the church to the town were well recognized, but competition in the field of economics by-passed spiritual considerations. Colonel Chavez offered to defend J.B.R. and the church in court should the problem go so far.

Finally, worn out with the arguing and quibbling, and irked by Otero's caustic comments regarding the church bells merely "ringing into the wind," Father Ralliere's temper broke. He ordered the names of the two families of "padrinos" of the Tomé bell struck from the surface so that they should be forgotten forever. Moreover, the task of removing the letter was to be done dramatically; each stroke of the chisel was to be so timed that the resulting sound of the bell should be the tolling customary for the dead. And thus the bell hangs today—showing date, patron saint, and then merely the titles "Don" and "Doña" twice apiece, for the two families, and with only an area defaced by chisel marks where the names should be.

The name of the more wealthy of the two families of padrinos actually has been forgotten, although the tale of the bell is a favorite. But the name of Otero is too thoroughly involved in the history of the area ever to be lost.

The Otero fortunes had been growing. In 1874 Manuel A., the father, decided to expand his ranches by purchasing land in the Estancia Valley<sup>28</sup> on which to graze his 35,000 sheep. And like his brother, Miguel A. (delegate to United States Congress from the territory of New Mexico in 1855,

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28. Miguel A. Otero, *My Life on the Frontier*, Vols. I, II, p. 193, 1939.

1857 and 1859), Manuel A. was interested in politics. In 1875—the year Lamy received the pallium which made him Archbishop of Santa Fe—a courthouse was constructed on the southwest corner of the Tomé plaza, and over the iron-barred door was placed the keystone carved by a local stone cutter in honor of the town's leading officer:

Manuel A. Otero	Manuel A. Otero
1875	1875
Juez de Pruebas	Probate Judge <sup>29</sup>

This courthouse, built to replace the first one, contained besides the official offices a jail (reported to have once held Billy the Kid) on the first floor and a family residence fronted by a sixty foot green-painted balcony on the second. The builder was one of three deserters from the Mexican army who arrived together in Tomé. They were taken into J.B.R.'s household and given new names, the happy-go-lucky builder, Collante—a carpenter and stone mason—thus becoming Chavira. He was, unfortunately, all too fond of drinking, and after almost freezing to death in a haystack one night, he developed pneumonia and died a few days later. The second man, Nacho, likewise was a good worker but so unusually efficient in giving orders that he was suspected of having been an officer in his previous career. Father Ralliere made him his mayordomo. The third man, less colorful, married a local Genisera (half breed) and settled as a solid citizen.

The courthouse served as center of civil justice for a little over three years, before the "*cortes*" was moved to Los Lunas late in 1878 or early in '79. The elaborate iron door made in St. Louis for the courthouse was taken down and re-hung in Los Lunas, where it served until a part of that courthouse burned. Vivien Cordoba purchased the remains for salvage and took the iron door to his ranch, the old Rancho del Carrizo y del Ojito, about fifteen miles northeast of Tomé, just off the border of the grant. It was built into one of the adobe walled rooms, now itself in ruins, although

29. The "S" is conspicuous, indicating—presumably—a poor command of English by the stonemason.

the door still stands within its metal frame, as solid as ever. The lengthy inscription to the left of the big keyhole is in English :

R. J. Pauly and Bro.  
Manufacturers  
No. 944 North Main St.  
St. Louis, Mo.

Manuel A. became influential in the Estancia area as well as in Tomé. In 1877 he was persuaded to donate a bell to the church in the little foothill village of Manzano, on the west edge of the valley, although it is said that he again used the same phrase of church bells ringing into the winds which had so annoyed Father Ralliere in Tomé.

And then, on March 1, 1881, he died and was buried in the marble-marked tomb in the Tomé churchyard, beside his devout first wife, Dolores, whose body years before had been brought back across the Plains by wagon train after her death following an operation performed in Philadelphia. His second wife, who was but eighteen and reputedly beautiful, bore a son, Manuel A., Jr., after the death of Manuel A., Sr., but the child died in infancy. His grave is that marked by a metal fence adorned with metal vases in front of the Tomé church. Manuel B. (son of Manuel A. and Dolores; father of Manuel B. Otero, Jr.) took over management of his father's estate, including the Estancia lands which were to become the cause of his death slightly more than a year later.

The land had been purchased by Manuel A. and Miguel A. together; it originally had been granted to Bartolome de la Baca of Valencia, under the Spanish regime in 1819, but in 1845 most of it was included in a grant made by the new government, under Mexico, to a soldier in recognition of his services. The soldier sold his rights to another, who in turn offered it for purchase to Joel P. Whitney, a Boston capitalist. The latter sent his brother James out to run 25,000 cattle upon it. When Whitney and Otero discovered that both families apparently owned the same land, the problem was taken to court. But the two groups met at Estancia Springs on Aug. 19, 1883, and at Otero's request that Whitney show

a court writ authorizing his taking temporary possession of the springs, Whitney opened fire. Manuel B. and a brother-in-law were killed. Miguel A. Otero, Manuel B.'s wife, and the man who later became her second husband and others of the family are reported to have spent half a million dollars and years of effort in trying to reclaim their Estancia property, a labor which resulted in almost no success, even after one of Bartolomé Baca's grandsons recognized his ancestor's name upon a piece of old paper in which his lunch had been wrapped, and upon examination found it to be part of the original—and presumably lost—grant document.

The event long to be remembered for 1884 was the flood, so much more damaging than any other flood remembered before or after that it always is known as *the* flood. The river broke from its banks near Isleta and inundated the entire valley down to La Constancia. The villagers from all the valley towns fled to the east mesa. Father Ralliere set up his altar beside a tamarisk tree and assembled his large household nearby. Then, on horseback, he traveled up and down to the various groups, bringing cheer and distributing provisions to the people.

The santos all had been removed from the chapel, at Father Ralliere's orders, except for the Santo Entierro which miraculously became so heavy that all the men together could not lift it. "Christ was stubborn; He did not want to move," explained the people, and so He was left in place. That section of the church did not fall although the walls of the nave were so damaged by the two feet of water covering the town that shortly after they required rebuilding. The courthouse of 1875 likewise was damaged but did not fall.

For use between the plaza, the church, and the "cerro" Father Ralliere built a big flat boat, to be pulled by a stallion which was carefully guided over a pathway deep enough to float the boat but not sufficient to founder the horse. The Catholic churches of Santa Fe, Las Vegas, and Bernalillo sent flour and lard for relief; flour and other foods were sent also by John Becker of Belen. A merchant of Peralta brought the supplies across the river from Belen and Isleta and, with others, aided Father Ralliere in handling the dis-

tribution. For his own use and that of his large household, Father Ralliere purchased 1000 pounds of flour and 25 fanegas (about 3200 pounds) of wheat from Alfonso Gíngras and from the priest of Belen. One of the disappointments of J.B.R.'s life was that in an account of the flood published in an eastern newspaper by one Thomas Harwood, he was accused of dishonesty in distribution of the relief foods. Some time later Father Ralliere, as he relates in his notes, met the son of Thomas Harwood on a train en route to Albuquerque and showed him the receipts for his personal purchases during the flood period. The Harwood explanation was merely that the unsavory tale had come directly from some of the residents of Tomé. The tale finally was traced to a man, part of whose wheat field necessarily was ruined by the current when J.B.R. advised a cut through the river dyke at a certain point to drain some of the water back into the mainstream. It is told that this man later went swimming in a pool twenty-eight feet deep, one of the many cut into the bottomlands by this flood, and drowned—presumably as punishment for his sin. A certain "Pablo" who is claimed to have composed some verses bringing forth the same accusations—though Father Ralliere never was able to see or to hear them—narrowly escaped a beating at the hands of irate neighbors.

The song still sung in the valley to recall this flood is the *Indita del '84*, composed by a man whose claim to local fame rests equally upon this lyric and the fact that he still could crack nuts with his baby teeth (he never acquired a second set) at the age of 97:

*Indita del '84*

I

Año de mil ochocientos—ochenta y cuatro allegado  
 Año de mil ochocientos—ochenta y cuatro allegado  
 Una creciente varaz—que no la hemos sopartado.  
 Una creciente varaz—que no la hemos sopartado.

*Cho:*

AY! Indita del Rio Grande<sup>30</sup>—Ay! Que ingrata te estas mostrando  
 Ay! Mira esas pobres mujeres—Ay! Con sus colchones rodando.

30. Translation of the chorus:

Ay! My love of the Rio Grande

Ay! How ungrateful—you show yourself—

Ay! Look at all the poor women—

Ay! With beds and everything pell-mell.

(Picuri, mentioned in the last paragraph, is the eastern offshoot of Tomé, in the edge of the hills.)



## II

El Rio se nos rompio—viniendo la luz del dia—  
 El Rio se nos rompio—viniendo la luz del dia—  
 Dios me lo perdonara—lo rompio Jesus Garcia  
 Dios me lo perdonara—lo rompio Jesus Garcia

## III

Salgan todos los correos—los de a'caballo y de a'pie  
 Salgan todos los correos—los de a'caballo y de a'pie  
 Lleven pronto la noticia—que el rio va pá Tomé.  
 Lleven pronto la noticia—que el rio va pá Tomé.

## IV

El señor don Jesus Baca—no ha dijado confuso—  
 El señor don Jesus Baca—no ha dijado confuso—  
 Si se quedan en Valencia—alli no se encuentra Refugio.  
 Si se quedan en Valencia—alli no se encuentra Refugio.

## V

Toda la gente se fue—de Valencia para el cerro—  
 Toda la gente se fue—de Valencia para el cerro—  
 No se han quedado en la casa—mas que el gatito y el perro  
 No se han quedado en la casa—mas que el gatito y el perro.

## VI

Sale el padre Ralliere—con toda su compatriota  
 Sale el padre Ralliere—con toda su compatriota  
 Todos los dias preguntan:—"No se ha caido la parroquia"?  
 Todos los dias preguntan:—"No se ha caido la parroquia"?"

## VII

A la gente de Peralta—arrisenle desde aquí—  
 A la gente de Peralta—arrisenle desde aquí—  
 Salgan todos de la casa—corriendo hasta Picuri.  
 Salgan todos de la casa—corriendo hasta Picuri.

The education of his young parishioners always had been of much concern to Father Ralliere. Villagers today smile as they remember his testing the Catechism classes in the "Our Father." J.B.R. began the prayer: "*Padre Nuestro que estas en los cerros*—" Sometimes the girl or boy could take it up at this point for a perfect recitation of the verses, but—if there were only silence—the priest was quietly scornful. "*Tu cuidas las vacas y yo los becerros.*"<sup>31</sup>

But his interests, like those of Lamy, went far beyond

31. The word *becerro* means both "a young calf" and books bound in calf skin, such as religious tomes. J. B. R. in his deft humor, was employing it in both senses at once.

the religious education of his people. In 1887 he was appointed Superintendent of Schools for Valencia County, an area much larger at that period than today. The task was one upon which he entered with great hopes and to which he put his best effort. With his *custas* he traveled throughout the county to inspect the schools in person. But the problem of funds for equipment and teachers, including at least one or more graduates from his own school, was insurmountable. Two of his letters addressed to the County Commission have survived. The first, written on blue-lined paper in a clear beautiful hand, presents an enthusiastic picture of the schools and their program but his last paragraph shows distress at unpaid salaries. A note of resignation appears in the appended sentences, obviously added later, concerning the previous school year.

SCHOOL REPORT OF THE VALENCIA COUNTY SCHOOLS

December 31—1887

Honorable County Commission:

At the present time there are 22 schools opened in this county and these same are very flourishing. According to the new law I have had the opportunity of examining the teachers, and I know their capacity. The best have been chosen in-as-much as the school funds permit.

The girls participate very little in the benefits of education because there are not sufficient funds to allow us to open separate schools for them. All the teachers are very much occupied with the boys. In some of the schools the teacher is able to give his attention to both sexes. Moreover in most of the villages the houses are so widely scattered that it is not possible to send the girls to school. There are actually according to the reports given me by the teachers 1165 school children in regular attendance at school.

The branches which are taught are Reading, Writing, in some schools Grammar, Geography, Arithmetic, History (Bible History). In some of the schools—even though very incompetently—the teachers do teach the English tongue.

The boys and girls of 5 to 20 years of age in this county at present number 3006.

The school of Ramah has not come forth to take the teacher's pay this year.

To those teachers who teach English I have distributed

the first and second readers on Hygiene and Health according to the law and wishes of Congress.

I plead before the commission that you will make the appropriation for school funds as soon as possible. In general, the schools have been opened since the 1st of Nov. and in some precincts there is no more money with which to pay the teachers.

Your servant  
John Baptist Ralliere  
Supt. of Schools.

The commission will please not ask for a school report for the year 1886-87. School could not be held because of lack of funds.

JBR

The distress became anguish and anger when the Commission did not even take the time to hear his report, let alone provide salary money for the teachers who had already worked for some time without pay. After what must have been a month of inner debate, Father Ralliere resigned his superintendency.

Tomé, N. Mex.  
January 25, 1888

Señor Don Felipe Chavez  
President of the County Commission, Valencia County  
Very honorable Sir:

There was not the interest to beg time to give my reports. My reports were before the commission. The important thing was to pay the teachers whom I have named. The commission has not been kind enough to give me money to pay them. I can not suffer the pain and the unhappiness which this perjury to the teachers gives me. For this reason I beg the honorable commission to accept my resignation as superintendent of schools and place another at their will, to whom I will give the archive.<sup>32</sup>

Your humble servant,  
John Baptist Ralliere

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32.

Sn. D. Felipe Chavez  
Presidente de la Comision del Condado de Valencia  
Muy Hon<sup>ble</sup> Señor

No era el interes de pedir tiempo para dar mis reportes; mis reportes estaban ante la comision. El interes era de pagar los maestros que yo he nominado. La comision no ha tenido a bien darme dinero para pagarlos. Ya no puedo sufrir la pena y la congaja que me causa ese perjuicio le los maestros. Por eso suplico a la Hon.<sup>ble</sup> comision que acepte mi resignacion de superintendente de escuelas y ponga otra de su gusto, a quien yo entregare el archivo.

Su humilde servidor  
J. B. Ralliere

Tomé, Enero 25, 1888

One man who followed Father Ralliere as County Superintendent of Schools was Jesus Concepcion de Maria Sanchez (Corporation Commissioner for the state at the time of his death) whose interests in religion and politics both were deep. He is remembered as being well-traveled, bursting with energy, and a blistering speaker who used English as ornately as Spanish. During his period of some twenty years as superintendent, money for teachers and buildings finally—though slowly—became available. The public school of Tomé was located on the west side of the plaza, with hardly enough ground around it for the children to play. So the open square became their playground. This building later was left to become a parish hall, rarely used, and a new school built on a plot donated by the church and of a size sufficient to provide one of the best baseball fields in the valley. One of the students of the older school, enthusiastically written up as an example of public education in Tomé, was the twelve year old Adelino, son of Superintendent Sanchez and eventually to follow him as County Superintendent, who delivered a lengthy address in English on "Yesterday, Today, and Tomorrow of New Mexico"<sup>33</sup> at the Irrigation Congress Convention in 1909.

Meanwhile, what effort J.B.R. might have put into the far-flung county schools he concentrated upon his own, which he had started soon after arriving in Tomé. This school, housed in the large buildings to the north of the church, was open the year around and teachers, paid by Ralliere himself, offered reading, writing, arithmetic, geography, history, hygiene and health, Bible, and music. In 1943 when the north wing of the church crumbled, an old Greek coin showing Tiberius Caesar was found beneath the floor. People thought it probably had been lost from some coin collection used by J.B.R. in connection with history lessons.

On his farm and orchard Father Ralliere taught agriculture and animal husbandry. He set up a loom for use of students or of any village adults who had none at home. The school also offered the best known facilities for carpentry and black-smithing, even the halos for the santos of the

33. "A Boy Orator," *The Earth*, January, 1909.

church coming from the metal workers. Whip, belt, and rope making from rawhide and from the hair taken from manes and tails of horses and mules were taught. The workers employed upon Ralliere's farm and whom he already had instructed in their specialized tasks aided as teachers, but in music it was Father Ralliere himself who handled most of the lessons. Besides the several organs which he had brought into the community, at one time Tomé boasted an entire brass band under his direction, and many parishioners were playing stringed instruments.

J.B.R. trained two church choirs for Tomé, one of men and one of women, who sang from choir lofts originally at the sides of the nave rather than at the back, as today. He composed some of the songs still used in local religious services and arranged others.<sup>34</sup> The text of the Spanish version of *America*, sung in his school, is thought to have been his own<sup>35</sup> although the subject receiving most emphasis in his school was facility in the English language.

There are not many dated events in the later history of the Tomé area. In 1892 a bell, given the name Jesus Maria Joseph, was purchased for the north belfry of the church; it bears the date, a notation that it was cast in St. Louis, and the name of Padre John Baptist Ralliere. In the same year a bell for the Valencia church was cast in St. Louis and marked with the name of the foundry (The H. Y. Stuckstede B. F. Co.), the name of the bell (Sangre de Cristo), the name of Father Ralliere, and the list of twelve sponsors or donors,

34. These songs, with others used in New Mexico, have been published (without music) in *Cánticos Espirituales, Recogidos por el Padre Juan B. Ralliere*, 1933. The Ralliere songs at present are being recorded on discs.

35. *America* as sung in J.B.R.'s school in Spanish:

Paiz mio y Libre—Tierra muy noble—Te canto A Ti.  
Patria de mia Padres—Paiz del peregrino—Que de lejos vino—  
Siempre a cantar.

## II

Reine la musica—Natura entonen—Dulce cancion.  
Dispierte todo—tambien la Briza—  
Con voz Placentera—Canten la Union.

## III

Dios de mis Padres—Autor de Libertad—  
Oid mi cancion :  
Viva la Patria! Viva La America!  
Tu Poder nos valga—  
Dios—Nuestro Rey.

men and wives: G. Chavez, Maria Luna, Gregorio Aragon, Leandra Vigil, Jesus Sanchez, Beatriz Chavez, Bernadino Cedillo, Amada Otero, Jesus Aragon, Catalina Chavez, E. L. Dubois, and Barbara Bustos.

Father Ralliere sent a small bell to the same company in St. Louis that year to be melted and re-cast into a very large bell for Peralta; it bears the usual data, with the name for the bell, Mercedes Guadalupe, the name of Father Ralliere as pastor, and the list of six sponsors: Mariano S. Otero, Filomena Perea, Salomon Luna, Adelaida Otero, Placido Romero, and Felicitas Salazar.

The son of this Romero achieved unfortunate local notoriety through an unhappy love affair with tragic ending. The girl to whom he had proposed without success was waiting for a train one night in the Los Lunas station, with her sister, when she was killed by a bullet which came through the window—leaving a hole still to be seen today. No one saw her assassin but suspicion fell upon the suitor, who had been attending a wedding feast in Valencia that evening and could have slipped away for a few moments without being missed. J.B.R. also had been at the feast and his horse, which had been in its customary beautiful condition when he arrived, was found sadly wearied and cut and bruised from branches when he went out to it late that evening. It was thought that the young man had borrowed the horse for a dash through the bosque to Los Lunas, only three miles away, fired the fatal shot from the darkness beyond the well lighted station, and returned with equal speed to Valencia. There was a trial and Father Ralliere, who was thought to have received the true account in the confessional, was asked to testify. Bound by the seal of the confessional, he could not speak. Later, however, when asked if he himself would consider the condition of his horse as testimony, he could admit in positive terms that the bruised and winded animal appeared to him to point to the guilt of someone. No one paid the penalty of this crime, however; some said that money and the politicians of the family were responsible for lack of conviction. Coolness between the family and Father Ralliere became immediately noticeable, but others who had been lackadaisical

in the past now were his firm supporters. A month later the boy's father disappeared and later was found drowned in the irrigation ditch; whether the girl's people were responsible no one ever knew.

A strange visitor in Tomé (1895-6) was a bearded man who called himself the *Sanador* (Healer). When asked who he was, his answer was merely "*El Dia Juicio sabreis quien soy.*" His life was one of penance and poverty; he walked barefoot or in sandals and never was known to accept a ride. He cured people in their homes or met them in front of the church, where he made the form of a cross with his arms. The healing was done with no more than a touch and the softly spoken words "We must thank God for this." At night he usually was a guest in the home of some family, but the word went around the village that his bed always was found miraculously unrumpled in the morning. He ate very little but yet retained a handsome physique and smooth skin; the few coins he ever could be persuaded to accept for his healing were given out to the poor. Some of the people had no faith in his abilities and some feared him, but most felt that he was a man of good will, traveling to help mankind so far as he could.

Noting that he did not attend church and that the people were beginning to pay more attention to him than to the sacred services, Father Ralliere—long silent—finally spoke vehemently against the man, although he later admitted that he was sorry for having done so. Shortly after this the Healer appeared—miraculously some said—at mass in the Valencia church. All through the mass he remained on his knees, praying; later he left the church, walking backward with his face to the altar. From this time onward he went to church off and on, but he said of himself merely that he believed in God and was affiliated with no specific sect. Father Ralliere, too, came to admit that perhaps The Healer was a holy man.

One family begged him to come to cure their young son, seriously ill. The Healer stayed in their home for forty days and the boy improved somewhat but finally died, at which some lost their faith in the stranger. But others remembered

that he had said at the beginning "The boy's name is already written in the book of the chosen," and were content.

Eventually—in metropolitan Albuquerque—he was accused of witchcraft and jailed. Some said he escaped from the jail mysteriously; others claimed that the jailer was afraid of him and opened the door. Whatever the case, a few days later, boys herding sheep in the Valencia area noticed a small tent on the hillside and went up to investigate. Inside sat the Healer, his arms folded, in deep contemplation. The boys took him home with them and the people gave him a shirt and blue jeans to wear in place of the robe with cord cincture, which he usually wore. This was the costume in which he appeared in a portrait printed upon men's big handkerchiefs, decorated about the edges with pink flower sprigs, and marked at the bottom "*Complimento de la Tienda de Leon y Salomon*"<sup>36</sup>—then the main department store of Albuquerque. The custom of using such portraits printed on cloth was widespread at the time; Emory's *Notes* tell of finding the house of the priest in Santo Domingo Pueblo draped with curtains patriotically depicting the heads of numerous presidents of the United States.

The name of the Healer—Francis Schlatter—also appeared upon the handkerchief but strangely enough this seems not even to have been realized by the villagers, who insist that they never knew his name. He finally disappeared—riding a white horse—into Mexico, as he had said he would. The people divided his little tent into small pieces and distributed them around, to be kept as carefully as religious relics. One family still has a photograph taken inside a house, showing two women and one man. Next to the latter is an empty chair, in which the Sanador was sitting at the time the picture was made—but since then his image has completely disappeared. It may be that when, later, one of the

36. School children of Tomé still sing the little verse originally heard from the clown of a puppet show—paid by the enterprising mercantile men—which stopped in the village:

El sombrero de un rico se perdió—  
y tres niñas que paseaban lo hallaron  
lo jugaron,—lo vendieron,—  
lo empeñaron—  
En la Tienda de Leon y Salomon.



women had paralysis and was given the photograph to hold against her breast, the body perspiration affected the chemicals of the print. We know, at least, that the patient recovered.

Even the "city people" of New Mexico and Colorado never were quite sure what to think about Francis Schlatter. There seems little doubt that he was sincere and that he was seeking neither money nor fame. At least one man of Tomé became convinced that the Healer was the Wandering Jew who—according to story—had taunted Christ on the road to Calvary with the mocking words, "I understand that you claim to be a King and that you think you can make people live forever." Christ quietly answered "I *am* a King—but *you* shall live forever," words which made little impression upon the man until that evening he saw his infant child stand in its cradle and heard his shameful conduct denounced and the added prophecy "You will live forever." Denied the consolation of death and salvation until Judgment Day, he is reported to have appeared in various parts of the world, the last time—before the appearance in Tomé and Valencia—being in England in the 16th century.

After the Healer had been gone for a year, several men who called themselves healers appeared in the Valencia area, with intent toward gain. One, who claimed he was receiving orders from the original "Healer" was rewarded with much in gifts of groceries—until it became obvious that his "cures" produced no observable results. Eventually, in northern Mexico, the skeleton of a man and the long copper staff Francis Schlatter always carried were found beneath a tree.<sup>37</sup> But the actual history of the man is no more known today than when he first appeared in the west.

Health was a serious matter in early New Mexico; privations in diet and in conveniences, lack of knowledge and equipment for food preservation, prevention of contagion, and poor sanitation led to high mortality. After a death (and this custom pertained in the mountain villages of New Mexico

37. The discovery was made by Dr. Edgar L. Hewett of the Museum of New Mexico; the staff remains in his private collection in Santa Fe. Mrs. Agnes Morley Cleveland tells of the remarkable performances of Francis Schlatter in *No Life for a Lady*. Also see Edgar L. Hewett, *Campfire and Trail*, pp. 69-75.

until recently) the mourners remained in a darkened room for a week. The bereaved husband or wife dressed in mourning for the period of an entire year. The man let his beard grow for that time, and upon his hat he wore a black horse-hair band with white tassels or a white band with black tassels. The women wore black dresses and heavy black *tapalos* (head coverings); deaths were so frequent that the garb became standard for almost any female who had passed her youth. No music could be played within the household during the year of sadness. Before any festivity was to be held within a village, a "*gallo*" went up and down playing a violin or an accordion as announcement. But when he reached a house of mourning the music was stopped and he prayed a *sudario* as he passed, the word being translated literally as "linen of the sweat of death; shroud." Old people consider that the prayers of today "lack spicing" and the shorter mourning period, sometimes no more than three months, seems shameful.

*Curanderos*, the native herb doctors who never have hesitated to employ an occasional "spell" for or against witchcraft have continued through the years in Tomé, as in other New Mexico villages.<sup>38</sup> Perhaps the most revered of these was a woman who had lived in Mexico before her marriage and whose own health carried her to the ripe age of 110. Her skills with herbs and potions were much appreciated in the community and her good will as an eloquent leader in *velorio* prayers still is remembered.<sup>39</sup> But another *curandero*, who had been accused of witchcraft more than once, is credited with having brought an end to the game of polo, once so

38. One of the greatly respected Tomé specialists was Doña Felipa, *curandera* and midwife, whose greatest boast was that she had presided at the birth of Dennis Chavez, now senator from New Mexico.

39. The effectiveness of certain simple cures is a subject which still impresses the villagers. For example, the famous buffalo hunter, Thomasito Martinez, who came from Taos to Tomé, had his legs frozen while encamped on the Plains. Both were cut off in camp but the stumps were healed by the application of two little bags of hot porridge at their ends.

Twins are believed to have the power of causing the muscles of their enemies to twist in pain—at will or even unconsciously. The cure is having another *cuate* (twin) massage the victim. The evil eye (*ojo* or *mal ojo*) may be given a baby by one who chances to have the power, whether he realizes it or not, and infants of a generation back wore bracelets of coral beads as protection. The cure—once the child was infected—consisted of the person responsible spitting upon the child's face or head. Many people, even today, spit upon a baby or touch a dampened finger to its forehead when fondling it to make sure they do not accidentally affect it with "evil eye."

popular in the area. The players, on their horses, had gathered on the field in Peralta (end goals were in Adelino and Peralta). The ball, as usual, had been buried beneath the sand and the leaders were trying to knock it out as the opening move of the game. One leader did knock out a ball, but the mallet of the other unearthed a little witch doll—and his side lost the game and all the money which had been bet upon it. The *curandero* was blamed, and Father Ralliere, weary of witchcraft problems and the hardships of gambling losses, discouraged polo as such, as well as its popular relative, hockey.

In May 1903, and on September 29 and October 8, 1904, minor floods struck the Tomé area, but although Chical and portions of Peralta and Valencia along the river bank were washed with water, Tomé itself was unharmed. The flood of 1903 was followed by a drought which caused more damage than the water. On May 23, 1905, a major flood struck. Twenty-five houses in Valencia were deep in water. The people of Tomé built "burros" or levees and thus saved the plaza from the full impact of the current, but many farms in the area suffered.

In 1908 Tomé celebrated Father Ralliere's fiftieth year as pastor. One item upon the gala program of music and orations was a song and dance entitled "Lady Hiawatha" presented by school girls who now are among the matrons of the community. In 1911 J.B.R. retired, ill and worn by his long period of service, which had covered almost fifty-five years. During the following three years he lived in his old house to the north of the church in poverty and sometimes bed-ridden. While suffering with malaria in those last years, say those who revere his memory, he grew a full beard and the townspeople, observing that he looked more and more like Moses, Abraham, and the patriarchs pictured in their religious books, called him *El Padre Eterno*. His last journey was to a sanatorium in Albuquerque, where he was taken by the Archbishop, but he stayed only a few days, returned and was confined to bed until his death. As noted in the memorandum book of one of the elderly townswomen: "*El día 18 de Julio murió el Padre Juan B. Ralliere—A las 9 de la noche—el año 1915—a la edad de 83.*" What lands had not

been given to members of his household were left by his will to the Archbishop. On the day of his funeral it rained and the coffin had to be ballasted down with rocks because of the wet soil, even though he was buried beneath the church floor. Rain continued for the entire week and cheered the farmers enough so that they forgot some of their sorrow at the passing of an old friend and teacher—although one housewife still laments that she found fifty of her young fryers drowned.

The people recall that the Church sent a fine orator to Tomé to deliver the funeral oration. Father Ralliere was likened to the birds who drink water from pools in the rocks after a rain and to the real men of God in Biblical times.

Much of the respect for education and the desire to fit into the pattern of American culture were built upon foundations laid a generation ago in the Tomé area by this priest. The Passion Play, so long combined with Penitente devotions,<sup>40</sup> was re-emphasized by the church and still is celebrated during Holy Week, although for a time in the '20's some of the young *sabios* attempted to undermine the "old fashioned performance" by ridicule. Father Ralliere's change of custom in giving the keys of the Tabernacle, where the Holy Sacrament is kept from Holy Thursday to Friday, to the church *Custos* rather than to the local Justice of the Peace, as in Spanish and Mexican days, marked a new understanding of separation between church and state in American thinking. Modernization has continued in the presentation of the Easter devotion. Pontius Pilate's proclamation condemning Christ to the cross now is read as signed by that dignitary in the position of "Presidente" rather than in the old form, "Roman Procurator of the Land of—." And the American flag, flying from a standard above the shell or stage in the church yard where the crucifixion scene, climax of the play, is enacted, is respectfully lowered to half mast when Christ dies upon the cross.

The Memorial Monument, of which this stage is one sec-

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40. Public flagellation, approved by priests in Tomé through the early 1800's, and especially prevalent in Adelino and Manzano, began to disappear with the coming of Father Ralliere. The one form of the old penances still followed by some is that of tossing a handful of kernels of wheat or corn into one's shoes and thus walking in pain throughout Holy Week.

tion, itself would have pleased Father Ralliere had he lived to see it built, for it is in his tradition of linking the old with the new. Constructed by a returned veteran of World War II as a monument to the soldier dead and also to be used in connection with the old Easter play, it consists of three parts. At the east end is a small open room representing Rebecca's well, and within has been buried the body of a small boy, son of one of the families prominent in carrying out the Holy Week devotion. At the opposite end is a robing room, where costumes are kept folded away in trunks and such props as spears and helmets, cut from war surplus items and welded into the shapes of Biblical times—as shown in pictures to be found in village Bibles—are arranged. In one end is buried two Tomé boys killed in Korea. The heavy slab above is inscribed with letters marked into the wet cement with a finger: "*Manso y Alegre*" (Meek and Cheerful), and "Not all the world—But indeed—Eternal life." Above the doorway, on the outside, is a niche holding a marble Lamb of Sacrifice and beneath it a little angel strewing flowers upon a marble tablet. A stone originally above the door of the old schoolhouse but now with its broken edges smoothed again and two designs cut into the center, the cross representing the law of God and the old-fashioned balance scales representing civil law is built into the wall. To the good people of Tomé, the two are inevitably tied together. Beneath in Spanish is written "Render unto the government that which is of the government and to God that which is Gods."

In the center is the open stage, the background painted to show the Holy land as seen from beyond the three crosses of Calvary. Upon these crosses, on Good Friday, are placed the old image of the *Santo Entierro* from the coffin in the chapel, and two young boys (their feet firmly upon small steps, their heads hooded) representing the thieves who hung with Christ upon the hill. As a prop to facilitate the disappearance of the boys when the three "bodies" are taken down and Christ in his coffin is carried in a devout and incense-perfumed procession around the plaza and back into the church, a narrow and unnoticed trench extends across the stage behind the crosses.

Rev. Albert Castanie followed Father Ralliere (after the

latter's retirement in 1911) with a service of twenty-seven years in Tomé. Then came Rev. Joseph Assenmacher, who as a young priest had hoped for missionary duties among natives—somewhere—but with good grace he devoted his energies to thirteen years of labor in this area and made himself well-liked. His most treasured possession was a reliquary of gold containing a tiny splinter said to have come from the true cross of Christ, given to him by the Holy See for outstanding work in archaeology in the Holy Land. This relic often was carried by Father Assenmacher to the top of Cerro de Tomé when he climbed the long path to meditate at the shrine marked by three crosses and an altar. Like the Memorial in the churchyard, this place for prayer was constructed by the young veteran; it is preserved for the pious people of all nations and creeds by being purposefully kept without a road. Mass is supposed to be celebrated there each year on May 3rd, the day on which the true cross is said to have been found by Helen, Mother of Constantine, first Christian Roman Emperor.

After Assenmacher's health failed he returned to Europe, where he now serves as Assistant Pastor in a church of Cologne, his original home. When he left a young Irishman took over the Tomé church for two months until the present priest, Rev. Joseph Mueller, a classmate of Rev. Assenmacher, was assigned to this area in 1953.

Of these all, John Baptist Ralliere stands out as *the* Father of the village; indeed, it is said by some of the good people that if his body were uncovered they are sure his right hand (he was buried holding the chalice he had brought from France) would be found incorrupt. And yet the tales of Tomé recount periods when he suffered the stings of malevolent criticism, as happens to any man who has life and daring enough to take active part in a community. There were persons and there were problems which stirred him into indignant action, and it is said that in the ill health of his old age he was less patient than before. Be that as it may, Father Ralliere is almost a saint to many of the families of Tomé and the surrounding area, and the stories of his life will long remain in village lore as an inspiration to those born too late to have known him.





AUTHOR ON "BOY," WITH CHERRY, COMANCHIE, COLT, SANDY



## ROCKING HORSE TO COW PONY

By JESSIE DE PRADO FARRINGTON

*(Continued)*

*Off For The West (1901-02)*

When I got to within speaking distance of my thirtieth birthday, I again began feeling out my way.

To the West, to the West  
To the land of the Free  
Where the mighty Missouri rolls down to the sea  
Where a man is a man if he chooses to toil  
And the children may gather the fruits of the soil.

Among the other "feelers," I wrote to some minor U. S. Consul in London to inquire about homestead land in the States, but he said there was none left,—well, that was all he knew!

Just at the right time for me, my brother unwittingly helped me out. He and his wife went to visit the latter's grandmother in Fifeshire, Scotland, and while they were there, the grandmother received a letter from a cousin in the United States, whom she had never seen, but who was a great letter writer and kept in touch with many of her old country relatives. This Miss M. told in her letter of how she and her widowed sister had just gone to the Sacramento Mountains in New Mexico, on account of Lila, the widow's granddaughter, who was far from strong, and doctors had advised a few years in New Mexico's dry climate for her. So while Lila was growing strong, her grandmother, a pioneer at heart, was taking up a homestead of 160 acres. When Betsy, my ever dear sister-in-law, read this letter, she said, "Why, Eben, this is just the very thing Jessie wants," and though Eben was still against my migration, he felt in honor bound to tell me.

I contacted Miss M. by letter and eventually set out for the Sacramento Mountains. I had a fine and interesting crossing on the Lucania, enjoyed my peep at Queenstown, and was keenly interested in watching an additional large batch of fellow emigrants coming on board. One of my many friends had done a bit of wire pulling for me so some of the Cunard officers

were on the look-out for me and introduced me to several seasoned travelers, who put me wise as to where to have my deck chair put, etc. I was placed next to a Mrs. Dyer, a Devonshire lady who was returning to the States with her son after a six months sojourn at home. She was a wretched sailor, the boy also; he stayed below much of the time, but she spent all day on deck, but never left her chair, the deck steward bringing her what little food she took. She was almost beyond speaking, but occasionally, I could do little things for her, pick up a magazine, tuck in a slipping rug, etc. As I was rather a quiet person myself, I did not join in the deck sports or regulation promonades much, but put in my time reading *John Halifax, Gentleman*, and just soaking in the realization that at last "I was on my way."

A girl a few years younger than I, and who was crossing for the third or fourth time with her mother (the latter spent most of her time below) made my deck chair her headquarters. She was soon hand and glove with all the unattached men on board and often brought them up to my chair. One bright specimen, doubtless learning from the ship's paper that I was traveling alone, was introduced by special request. He informed me that he had travelled up from Leeds, I think it was, with my uncle, and that the latter had asked him to look-out for me and "show me a good time." I did not like the looks of the would-be cavalier, but let him ramble on to hang himself with his own rope, and when he finally dried up, I told him I did not even have an uncle living, and that I was doing fine on my own, thank you! That effectually extinguished him, even with Beulah and her merry crowd. All during this and many other episodes, my Devonshire friend, Mrs. Dyer, just lay deathly sick in her chair, apparently dead to the world, but it seems she soaked it all in and sized me up greatly to my credit.

Her husband (also English) farmed in Kansas, and my future husband then unheard of by me, as a boy of eighteen had traveled out to Kansas with them on one of their return trips and ever after, she had mothered him to the best of her ability. At the time I am writing of, he was already supposed to be a confirmed old bachelor of long standing, but the eternal matchmaker in us females, jumped to the conclusion in my

fellow passenger's mind that I was the very mate for her protege, and it turned out that way, too.

When we moored at Ellis Island, she and her boy were soon up, and about back to normal, and we talked enough in what time we had left together to make up for our long days of almost complete silence. When she found out where I was headed and my aspirations, she urged me to travel with them and visit them in Kansas at their wheat farm, but I was too keen on the cow country to be sidetracked even for a few weeks, so we parted at New York (for the time being).

I had made arrangements for the Travelers' Aid to meet me at New York, and glad I am. While waiting for my baggage to be assembled, a man came up to me and asked if I were Miss MacMillan, I said yes, and he said he had been asked to meet me. While I was still soaking him and his information in, a very competent and comforting hand was laid on my arm and I turned to look into a face I could trust right off; it was Miss Gunderson of the Travelers' Aid. When I turned back to look at the man, who had been "asked" to meet me, he had disappeared in the crowd, and that was that. I wanted to stay in New York a few days at the Y. W. C. A. I had an introduction to a Mr. Provost there, a lawyer, and when he learned my plans, he was a most enthusiastic helper. It appeared he had sown his wild oats in Texas. I already had an introduction to Judge Hunter there, and it appeared that Mr. Hunter was also a friend of his and had steered him through some wild oat troubles in the days of his youth.

In a misguided moment, while still in Liverpool, I had bought, or paid for, a ticket right through to Alamogordo, New Mexico. When Mr. Provost saw this, he guessed I might have trouble, but said if you do, refer trouble maker to me and he gave me his business card. He went with me to help me choose my six shooter. I got a beautiful long barreled police colt and though I never had occasion to use it in self defense, later I enjoyed many a target practice with it. At the Y. W. C. A., I got a girl to take me around for fifty cents a day, board, and car-fare. First, we went to a rather doubtful looking neighborhood to get my ticket straightened out. I can't remember all details, but I had some papers from the Liverpool

agent to a New York agent, calling for my railroad ticket from New York to Alamogordo, New Mexico, via Niagra Falls. Well, we did not like the look of the man in the small grubby office we located, but he fussed around awhile and finally said he could only book me to El Paso, Texas, but I said "no," I'd paid for transportation to Alamogordo, New Mexico, and that he must furnish ticket for same. Already Mr. Provost had told me my booking my railroad ticket in England had cost me fifteen dollars more than if I'd waited and got it in New York. In the midst of his fencing, I finally told him if he did not come across with my full ticket, I must refer him to my lawyer and I planted Mr. Provost's card in front of him. That straightened him out and he said if I'd please wait awhile, he would see what he could do, and he went out, to return some time later with a ticket that seemed a mile and a half long. Up to that time, I'd been used to our British small solid oblong cardboard that covered all mileage on one wee ticket.

Well, I got my through transportation, but the villain had got me in another way, I was booked on a series of local and round-about trains and semi-freights, that nearly shook me to bits, tough as I thought myself.

I did not like New York at all, it seemed to me that every other road "was up for" or "under" repair, and traffic was appalling. The underground was not yet open for use and electric trams and horse trams were sometimes using the same tracks. It does not seem possible, but that is how I remember it. There were open railroad crossings and the awful noise of the overhead. I was also struck by the number of lame horses I saw, though I was told there was a Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals. While in a horse car some mishap to a cart blocked the line, so without waiting, our driver just pulled his horses to one side, got the car off the rails, bumped us over rough cobbles (which broke a window enroute) till he could resume the track and no one seemed surprised or took any notice of the falling glass.

Saturday evening, I went with Miss Gunderson to see two other girls off for somewhere. We crossed to Jersey City, I think. We went into the most palatial ferry boat I had ever

seen, and one of the girls got quite a fright when it started as she thought she was in just another waiting room.

I hated New York. I saw lame horses, horses fall down, horses run away, an electric tram on fire, and all in one day. The sky-scrapers, even in those days, depressed me.

Well, I must get on. In due time, I left New York, headed for Niagra. The American chaircars were new to me, but I liked them better than those at home. For a time, the train kept alongside the Hudson and I enjoyed the scenery, but it was soon dark. Next morning, I enjoyed the run by Lake Ontario. I got out at "Suspension Bridge," I think, and at first, I had a horrid time. I had too much baggage, gladstone, hold-all, steamer rugs, and what-have-you, and no porter available in those days, at least Scotland beat the United States at local stations or depots on the porter question. There was not even a left luggage office or a station master visible. I found three different odd men and asked what time my connection went on, they each told me a different time, but finally, I found a fourth, who turned out to be a livery stable man, and he advised me to go to a nearby hotel, and they would keep my baggage and tell me about trains. This I did, and had some breakfast. The helpful man wanted to hire me a carriage to take me out to the Falls, price \$4.00 (16 shillings) and that seemed too stiff to me, and as I had all day and liked walking, told him so, but in the end, he let me have a full fledged landeau and pair for \$2.00 and I had a splendid time. He told his driver I was to "see everything," and I think I did. I had the turn out for several hours, and the man in charge happened to be a Shropshire youth (the part of England where I spent nine happy years). I saw the upper and lower Falls and had the affrontery to be disappointed, can you believe it? I was taken across to the Canadian side and at all the toll and custom gates and side shows, I went free, passed by the kindness of my driver. I wanted to pay him something for himself, but he would take nothing. I had been told the carriage people were fearful robbers, but that was far from my experience.

In the afternoon, not long after my return to the Hotel, a Glasgow, and, above all, a Crosshill, man arrived off some train and the hotel keeper introduced him to me. He, too, was

driving around the Falls and invited me to go along, but I declined as I'd just been, but the Scotch in me wondered why I'd not had a hunch to wait and to save even the \$2.00 I'd paid!

I had to leave from a different depot, so the Shropshire youth with his carriage and pair came to the hotel for me and my baggage, and not a cent would he take, said his boss wished it that way, so we shook hands and with his good wishes and a happy memory, I was once more on my way to the "Far Places." At this depot, I thought I'd actually discovered a station master on the old country order and accosted an old man in blue and gold uniform and asked if I'd have to change before I got to Detroit, but he turned out to be an ancient mariner traveling on a pass, and he finally asked me if I'd go up the road a bit to a saloon and have a drink, which civility I declined.

We got to Detroit some time in the night, and I had to wait hours, and after that, things kept getting worse and worse, my swindling round-about ticket getting me into no end of muddles and causing me endless waits and delays. If I remember right, I went from Saturday to Saturday without even my shoes off and not even always in a so-called chaircar. For financial reasons, I had planned to carry what we Americans call a "light lunch" with me, and have just one good meal a day. When my many more or less "locals" would stay for half an hour at some depot that sported a lunchroom, I loaded up to my full capacity, you may be sure. The style of service was entirely new to my old country ways, and the many wee dishes semi-circled around my plate always intrigued me, particularly what I took to be one with a wee slice of more or less interesting rich yellow sponge cake, as the latter was a weakness of mine, I always reserved it with my old childhood custom of keeping the best till the last, but when I did sample it, I found it disappointing, but each day I'd think, well, surely it will be better than that I had yesterday, and so on, but it was not till some time later that I learned my imagined apology for sponge cake was corn bread, which I have never learned to like, and I put it down to my unfortunate introduction to an American staple.

At McAlister, Oklahoma, I nearly got side-tracked. In

those days, whatever it may be now, it appeared to me just a few planks in front of a shed and by courtesy called a "depot" and housing a restaurant. We had twenty minutes to wait and there was some rush to get to the "eats." As soon as possible, I dashed out again onto the planks, with train still drawn up there, but I failed to find my car. Finding an engineer, I asked if it was the San Antonio train and he said "no," but could not, or would not, tell me anything else. No station official seemed to exist and the planks were crammed with passengers off this strange train. At last, I ran against a man I had seen on my coach and spoke to him and he said he was sure that this was our train, but on boarding, he, too, found it was not. In the end, we found our train. It had been shunted to a siding, hidden from view by the one that had supplanted it by the "planks," and we were told it would be shunted back to the platform when the other pulled out, but once we located it, we crossed the intruder and made for our own outfit. It was lucky we did, for before we reached our seats, it pulled out and never went near the platform again. How many we may have left behind I can't say.

One night, we seemed to spend hours just being shunted about, it seemed to me as though two engines were just practicing football with our coach, until I was almost jerked to pieces. This was near Waco, Texas. We were two hours late, even on our slow schedule, and I was afraid I'd miss my connection at San Antonio. There was then only one train a day on to El Paso, but the conductor told me he had wired ahead that he had a "lady for El Paso," and that they always had a good margin and when necessary could make up quite a lot of lost time, which they did. We reached San Antonio only thirty minutes late and found the El Paso train waiting and I and my baggage were hustled aboard. As for my trunks, I'd long lost track of them. My wretched baggage was no minor item in this land of scarce porters. There was a fat "hold-all" containing pillow and steamer rugs, etc, a well packed gladstone and a canvas bag full of books, but in this case, the conductor himself helped me over to the El Paso train.

It is beyond me to describe the thrills I got passing through the land of my dreams from the cradle up. Prairie

and desert. I seemed to respond to it all, every fiber of me. When, now and then, I'd see a cowboy moseying along, with no houses in sight for hours and hours, or a bunch of cattle being rounded up, I felt, well, I just felt and felt. Whatever it was I felt, I just felt it all over, and under like circumstances, I still respond to the old thrill, though maybe in a slightly minor degree, but I have never gone "blase," no, not one atom. I must admit, though, that the country between San Antonio and El Paso at first struck me as rather a desolate waste, even while it thrilled me, and as I guess I was still on a more or less "local," or the only daily train, it seemed to stop every now and then, in the middle of nowhere, with little in sight, but a water tank and a few miserable looking Mexican hovels and adobes and sometimes a gang of Mexicans would come on board to go farther up the line. After the Old Country trains, I was struck by the lack of the second and third class coaches on the American ones. Well, towards evening on this El Paso train, I became conscious of some commotion at the far end of the coach. Two huge yankees (at that time all Americans were Yankees to me) had hold of a poor, undesired, dirty wee Mexican. He had nothing in his appearance to recommend him, but once I was assured that neither he nor his companions were trying to knife anyone, my sympathies were with him. Someone went along the train for the conductor and when he arrived, the poor wee Mexican was searched with all his buddies trying to crowd around, more appearing from other coaches. I got all fussed up when I thought one intentionally maneuvered himself directly behind the conductor. My brilliant imagination jumping to the conclusion that he meant to stab the latter (remember I now believed myself to be in the Wild and Wooly West, that I'd read and heard of for so very many years). I believe that if he had inadvertently moved one of his hands, I would have rushed at him. However, I'm glad to say I was spared from making that exhibition of myself. Finally, the Mexican was released and his fellows melted away and the two big Americans returned to their seats without any pistol shots being fired. My ever ready imagination had been confidently expecting that, too. As the conductor came past my seat, I asked what the trouble was. I guess I



must have looked about as frightened as I felt, for he remarked on my "scared" and white appearance and hastened to reassure me that during the fifteen years he had traveled as conductor he had not once had to use his gun. The real cause of the commotion was one of two giddy girls. They had been fiddling about, up and down the coach, from the time they came aboard, changing seats, hanging out of windows, and making what racket they could. Then one claimed she had lost her purse, a satchel affair, hanging from her waist. She made her loss public and told the two big Americans that she believed the Mexican had stolen it. After the conductor had searched the latter and cross-questioned the girl herself, she admitted that she might have lost it "overboard" as she remembered something catching outside the window when leaning out. Word was sent along the line from the next water tank stop and the conductor said it would be found, if there. A lady sitting near me said she was sure it was only a ruse to get easy money, and later she assured me that when the girls got off, she saw the two big Westerners give one some dollar bills.

At one place, a sheriff came on board with a man in "irons," his feet chained together. They sat just in front of me, keeper and prisoner chatting in a most friendly way all the time, but it took all the starch out of me to see a poor beggar bound for the lockup somewhere.

### *The Far and Wooley West*

I got to El Paso Saturday morning, went to the Sheldon Hotel and got a bath, my first decent wash in a week, and during that time, I'd not even had my shoes off. After breakfast and a rest, I hunted Judge Hunter up, to whom I had two separate letters of introduction (from England and New York); queer to get two to the same man from such widely different points. One can't keep a really good man under a bushel. I found him most kind. He introduced me at the bank where I had a letter of credit. It happened that he had an interest in a saddler's store, that he had taken over on a debt, and an old English man ran it for him. So he took me there to get my outfit, and was I proud!—but the upshot of it was that between

them, they presented me with everything I needed in that line, for Mr. Quincy was really the Judge's silent partner in the store. I am proud to say I still have that particular outfit: saddle, bridle, and quirt, all but the saddle blanket, tie rope, and stake rope. Thirty-four years and they are still a joy to me, though perhaps no longer things of beauty to the unseeing eye.

Not the least of my never ending thrills was to see my saddle, etc., done up in a "gunny" sack and heaved into the baggage car that night as I left El Paso, Texas, for Alamogordo, New Mexico. I asked the conductor if he could give me the name of an inexpensive hotel or boarding house at Alamogordo, where I was due to arrive at eleven p.m., and experience showed me that he sent me to the best and most expensive in town! Not that the hotel in itself was much to boast of. I'd arranged through Miss M. to be met here by a wagon from the mountains. At this time, Alamogordo was a wee "railroad" town (that implied that about its only excuse for existence was the Round House or railroad shops), only three years old, on the desert, about four or six miles from the foot of the Sacramentos, which on this, the western side, rise abruptly to about nine thousand feet and are bare, arid, rocky, with next to no vegetation, and no trees on this side, but after one crosses the first divide, it is quite different, being heavily timbered, with endless beautiful canyons. It is the homesteaders' paradise, not too much land to cultivate, but lots of springs, pastures for stock, timber for building and fuel, etc. When I went there, all free, think of it! Later, while I was still homesteading, it was put into a Forest Reserve by Mr. Theodore Roosevelt, or his administration, but those who had already filed on the land owned it when they "proved up."

Well, Alamogordo lies near the foot of the western side of the Sacramentos, and then west of the wee town stretched the desert for maybe a hundred miles and then the San Andreas Mts., with their wonderful strip of "White Sands," and further to the north, the Mal Pais. In my time, there was talk of starting a factory to, in some way, commercialize the famous white sand, but so far as I know, it did not materialize.

In my day, the now well known summer resort of Cloud-

croft was just in its infancy. It was reached by what was originally meant for a logging railroad only, but someone with enterprise sensed the possible value of Cloudcroft, the beautifully wooded summit, as a pleasure resort where El Pasoians and others could come to cool off in summer; and so, the resort developed.

On the train from Alamogordo, one gains an added altitude of nearly a mile in twenty-five miles of gradual climbing. Well, I stayed at the Alamogordo Hotel until Monday, and then moved to a rooming house, and had meals at a restaurant. I found this less expensive, and I did not know how long I might have to wait for the wagon, for it was not easy to arrange a set time to meet when one started from a point several thousand miles away. I put in most of my waiting time at the restaurant, run by a Mrs. Odom. Her business was a rush at meal times and her patrons mostly railroad men from the Round House, I cleared out at those times. She looked far from strong, and one day after the busy noon hour, in spite of her apparent exhaustion, she started to wash the floor; that was too much for me. I pinned up my dress and planted her in a chair while I got down on my knees and did the job. Every day thereafter till the wagon came, that was my "chore," and she never forgot it, and unconsciously, I was making an investment that repaid me in many kinds of dividends later on. Her husband worked in the R. R. Shops and helped in the restaurant at night, he was O. K. It was here that I got my first introduction to iced tea, with lemon, and served me ad lib after my first floor washing demonstration. I loved to sit by the big window and watch the comings and goings of odd cattle men drifting past, or wagons from the mountains. No one on foot, always horse back or wagon. Yes, I had arrived at last!

Finally, the wagon from the "Agua Chiquita" (name of the canyon where I eventually homesteaded) drifted in and with it was Miss M. herself and her grand-niece, Lila, and the driver, a native son. I sent my trunks and boxes to Cloudcroft by rail, as it was all the wagon could do to hold us and my local purchases. I got a small wire mattress and combined cot, with folding legs, and a canvas ditto, then a skillet (heavy fry

pan), lantern, wash tub, bucket, kettle, some enamel tableware, etc., just essentials to start out with. I had brought bedding from Scotland. We had a wagonload, for they too got a lot of things, mostly provisions; the team was composed of two horses and a pair of mules.

I had my first experience of camping out on the desert, for we left town late in the day, but got nearly to the foot of the mountains, and so, ready for a good start up next morning. We three women slept "somehow" in the wagon, unloading most of the freight; and Will, the driver, slept on the ground. We were off bright and early next morning, going through the interesting Mexican village of La Luz, here fruit and vegetables are raised by irrigation. After that, we turned up the great barren mountains, stones, dust, dust, and stones. Hour after hour, and ever and again crossing the winding and writhing logging railroad. As the afternoon wore on, the aspect of the mountains gradually changed. They began to look green, more and more trees clothed them and at last, we entered Toboggan Cañon, and I began to feel assured as I got among the greenness and the trees. About half way up Toboggan, we made camp, and in just the kind of place I had imagined. Our night on the desert camp, we had been nearly stifled with the heat, so this night Lila determined we should have plenty of air and so hitched the canvas wagon cover wall open at both ends, forgetting the difference of the altitude. So that night we nearly froze. I heard something prowling about (I knew they had bears and panthers, and lobo wolves up there), but for quite awhile, I would not give into my "funk," but at last, I did and got up and went and roused Will. It was well I did for the mules had got loose, and if we had not rounded them up, the chances are they would have gone off home and left us.

Next day, I felt "down and out" with a very bad cold, and if I escaped sea sickness, I seemed to have developed wagon sickness. Will and Lila managed to fix up one of my cots for me in the wagon, so all that day I "lay down," and such a day "in bed" I've never had, before or since. Roads as we know them now, were non-existent on that trail which often wound more or less up and down dry creek beds, rocks, boulders and

ruts. Towards evening, I recovered a bit, and that night, we camped in Bear Cañon, the most dangerous place of the lot, I was told (or maybe "loaded"), but nothing disturbed us. On the next evening, we arrived at Eagle, Mrs. Westlake's log cabin on the Agua Chiquita, up on the mountain side with a good sized clearing fenced in and a well wooded mountain behind; in front and below runs the Agua Chiquita ("Little Water"), and then rise the mountains on the other side of the canyon.

*"The Agua Chiquita"*

The Agua Chiquita is a long cañon running and winding for miles from part of the summit down to Weed; the mountains gradually tapering down to almost smooth rolling uplands, below timber lines, and these in turn gradually running down to prairieland and the Pecos Valley, a beautiful stock country, but held back perhaps for lack of water—in my time, at least. Between the summit and Weed, many other beautiful canyons run down from the upper ridges and open into this main cañon. Weed was our nearest "town," first described to me as—"a little old wide place in the road," at that time composed of two general stores (one of which housed the Post Office), a saloon, "The Legal Tender," and a few smaller shanties. They have a High School now and one or two churches.

Mrs. Westlake was having a new shingle roof put on Eagle, and when we arrived, the two men hired to do it had just stripped half the old roof off and only got covered in about half of what they had taken off that day. For nights, we had to sleep with no roof, and I seemed to add to my cold daily and I guess the altitude also got me, so I was "some sick" for a spell. There were two Swedish brothers, friends of Mrs. Westlakes, also staying there; they had bought a "claim" from an outgoing "squatter" and were getting the cabin, etc., in shape, preparatory to moving in.

For years, I guess old timers had been drifting through this country, some staying long enough to put up a log cabin and a few fences, but they had never filed on many of the places, so later comers, and semi-"tenderfoots," like

myself, would buy them out. They had, of course, no title to the land, just claimed the so-called improvements, though as often as not, they had not even put them up, just found them abandoned and squatted there, until they could sell out, or just felt like moving on themselves, many of them being a shiftless lot drifted in from Texas and South-Eastern States. There was always a conjecture among the bona fide homesteaders and cattle men when a new outfit arrived, almost invariably by wagon trek, as to whether they had "come on account of their *health* or their *reputation*." Many were credited with having pulled out from their former habitat on account of some law infringement, anything from cattle rustling to murder!

The brothers mentioned, owned a book store in El Paso and planned to take turn-about at running their business and developing their homestead, at the same time. They named the latter "Pantherford," but just at that time, they were both together up there. On Sundays, they took us on picnics, in the wagon, long peaceful trips up the many beautiful green and well-timbered side canyons, no rush or hurry as of today, and no crowded resorts, we were "monarchs" of all we surveyed, and when we made summit trips, we certainly surveyed enough. Away to the south-west over the Rincon and lower "flats" toward the desert, El Paso and Old Mexico, and westward over the desert towards the Organ Mountains and the San Andreas Mountains.

While still staying at Eagle (I boarded there till I moved to my own homestead), I enjoyed my first roof-raising. A settler had got all his logs hewn and hauled, and so proclaimed a picnic. If I remember rightly, the usual procedure was for him (the one "raising" the cabin) to go out and kill a deer and have it prepared, and the neighboring wives, whose husbands and sons would help with the work, would come with pies and cakes galore (they were all past masters in the layer cake business) and biscuits as we Americans know them, coffee, etc., and what a noon meal they would put up, and what quantities we'd all put away, and feel none the worse for it, with a long ride, Fox trot, and "lope" home to shake it down. The Liver Brigade of Rotten Row had nothing on us mountain-

eers, on our nimble cow ponies, bless them! and they were all nearer to us individually than the sleek well-cared for beauties of the "Row," whose owners I'd used to envy in the past, but, now, no more. No Sir! Well, the goodly picnic would mean that the owner would get all his heavy logs raised and placed, and maybe his rafters put up in one day, many willing hands make light labor, and thereafter, even if he did not have any more help, he could carry on by himself, even to the making and laying of the roof shingles, and shingles made by hand out of choice trees were shingles.

Well, to get on towards my own homestead, I finally heard from a Mr. White about two miles lower down the creek (Agua Chiquita), who wanted to sell out for three hundred dollars. After writing land office to assure myself I could file on it. I bought him out; one of the bookshop men engineered much of it for me. The improvements were not much, White had just squatted on an abandoned claim, but he had repaired fences, and got some crops in, oats, wheat, potatoes, cabbage, etc. In all, about twenty acres, I think. The old cabin was very poor, but he had the walls up for a new one. As I wanted to file on the land before turning over cash, it was necessary for me to go to Alamogordo. By wagon, the usual mode of travel, the trip took the best part of three days. "P. J.," one of the brothers was due to return to El Paso, and offered to take me with him over horse "trail" which took only one day, and I was glad to accept the offer.

He had a wee Mexican pony (only about 13.2 hands high), a hardy wee speciman. So, early on July 3rd, we set out, with just the one wee pony between us, and we "rode and tied," that is, one of us rode a mile or so, then tied the pony to some tree and walked on, then the next, when he or she got up to the pony mounted and rode on another imaginary mile, passing rider no. one and again getting off to walk and leave pony tied to wait next passenger and so on. The first half of the journey was up and down through beautifully wooded canyons, firs, aspens, pines, with cabins here and there, but getting fewer as we neared the summit, and the more west we went, the more scrubby, rocky and bare it got and the last half of the journey there were no cabins at all, no springs, just getting

wilder and more dreary. P. J. was a greater walker, by choice, and had made the trip several times entirely on foot, but he was more or less a newcomer, and not a mountaineer, and we lost the trail, hard for green-horns to pick out on the rocky and barren Western slopes of the mountains. We came out on a great precipice, and after wandering to and fro to find a way down, we had to go back and work along another mountain ridge where we finally found some sort of a goat track. P. J. pulled the pony and I had to whack him behind to get him down, it was an anxious time, and I was greatly relieved when we struck the trail again.

We went down one mountain that is only passable just at one place, I think, down a very steep and rocky gully, dry in dry weather and a rushing torrent in wet weather, but so steep that after a rain, it will soon be empty again of water, but muddy and dangerously slippery. The last part of the trail before reaching the desert is down two narrow canyons, rock-walled and dry during the dry season, but a raging torrent in wet weather, just the bed of a dry river—all rocks and gravel and hard traveling for man and beast. Of course, P. J. and I both walked the last half of the journey, the poor wee Mexican pony was not shod and on the rocks soon became quite tender-footed and lame. When we got out of Alamo Cañon, we had about three miles to walk over the desert to Alamogordo, but though it was dark by now, the electric lights of the town were there as a beacon to head for.

### *Alamogordo*

When P. J. and I and the wee pony, who I will now call "Boy" (I bought him soon after this, naming him "Honey Boy," and he became *the* horse of my life, as Ike Evans was the dog) finally stumbled into Alamogordo, through unfenced backyards, tin cans, and rubbish heaps in general, for we had long since lost whatever trail there was, we were all dog tired, at least Boy and I were, though I'm not sure about P. J. We were faced with another problem: he, P. J., wanted to go right on to El Paso that night, and it was already nearly train time, and he had no money, and it was almost nine p.m., the banks closed, even for over the "Fourth." I had a five dollar



bill, so I gave that to him, and he boarded his train and was off, and here were Boy and I. I was in the land of my dreams and (for the time being) "plumb broke," and in the night with a horse and self to be housed and fed.

Well, Boy was my first concern, he had my new saddle on him, so I asked my way to a "Feed Yard." I had already learned the unwritten law that differentiated between a "Feed Yard," and a "Livery Stable," in the latter one resigned one's animals to the livery men to care for as they felt like, which might be good, bad, or indifferent; in the former, one bought so much "feed" at the "office" and was allotted a stall, usually an apology for a shed, forming three sides of a lot, or corral, and open at the corral end. One unsaddled one's horse, let him roll in ankle deep corral dust, and generally cared for one's horse oneself, piling purchase of hay, oats (in sack) and saddle at one end of the stall. Well, I found a feed yard, and told the owner I was broke, but expected to be in funds again in a few days, (I was expecting an already overdue draft from England) and in the meantime, would he advance me feed, etc., for pony, with animal and saddle as security for same till I could pay up, and that is how Boy was provided for.

Next came myself, I went to the rooming house where I'd put up the latter part of my stay when I first struck Alamo-gordo. Here, they were all full up, but when the landlady found out who I was, she said I could share her bed, and her husband could lie on a "pallet" on the porch floor. A "pallet" consisted of what is called out here a "Comforter" on the order of a very heavily padded quilt. This was the night of July 3rd, and the wee town was full up for July 4th celebrations. I forgot to say that before P. J. left for El Paso, we broke into the five dollar bill enough to get a hurried "snack," so I did not go to bed hungry.

Next morning, I set out to find my old friends, the Odoms, at the restaurant, only to find they had sold out that business, but I hunted them up, and they rustled me up a breakfast. They were getting ready to go to the picnic grounds where they had a concession to run the ice cream stall. They needed a dish washer, so I bagged that job, and though it was a very long, hot, hectic day, for once in my life, I had *all* the ice

cream I wanted and many thrills, too; sampled my first barbecue, and was it *good!* (on a later occasion, I was initiated into some of the preliminaries that go into the production of this delectable treat, a real Western Barbecue). The cattle men sent to the picnic grounds the night before whatever dressed beefs, hogs, or sheep they think may be needed; as I remember, more or less long pits are dug, and across these are laid green rails that won't burn easily, but first wood is burned in these pits until a deep bed of hot ashes are formed, then the rails are laid across, and on these are laid quartered pieces of meat and slowly baked all night, the appointed "chefs" standing by till noon next day. In this case, the seasoned preparation for "basting" was contained in a lard bucket, and the acting cook had a long stick with a bunch of villinous looking rags tied to one end. This he dipped in his bucket and then mopped over the meat at intervals. Long impromptu tables of "wooden horses" and rough lumber (Alamogordo had a saw-mill as well as a Round House, the latter is gone now I understand) were provided, and joints put on platters, I guess, but no other dishes provided, but bread, pickles, and coffee, and stacks of tin cups were piled up, so one cut off their own carving of meat with their own jack knives, used slices of bread for plates and helped themselves to coffee out of huge iron wash boilers or caldrons on rock bases with fires underneath; sugar was also provided, but no milk.

I was anxious to meet the land office man, and, as he and Mr. Odom were both on the days committee, I soon got an introduction to him, though we could do no business that day.

The Odoms insisted on my having my meals with them for the duration of my stay in Alamogordo. One day during the noon meal, one of Otero County's erstwhile outlaws rode by; the thought of outlaws as I'd read of them had always fascinated me, and, as Mrs. Odom had come to realize how keen I was on all Wild West topics and gossip, she had told me of some of the local stars along these lines, so on seeing the rider go by, she suddenly exclaimed, "Here comes—Oliver now!" I made a sudden dash for the door, caught a foot in a mat, and came a violent cropper on the floor, picking myself up just in

time to see the back of the rider as his horse gently foxtrotted through the dust.

P. J. mailed me back my five dollars from El Paso by return mail. Mr. Stalcup did his best to fix it, so I might get my filing business done in Alamogordo (through the Las Cruces Land Office, but the latter was so slow in answering even wires, that I could not wait). So, finally we decided it was best for me to go to El Paso, and as my cash had not yet come, good Mr. Stalcup put up the needful, and off I went, passing P. J. on the way. Mrs. Odom had put up a "lunch" for me, so on arriving at El Paso about 8 a.m., I went to my old saddler friend, and sat in his work shop and watched him at his trade while I ate, and waited for a more seasonable hour to go see Judge Hunter, who took me around to the land office and got me straightened out. If I remember right, I had to take out "Papers of Intention" for one thing, to show I aimed to become a bona fide citizen, which enabled me to file on the land. Then the Judge went with me to the bank to find out about delay over cash. The draft had fortunately just come in. It had meandered round through some Los Angeles bank instead of coming direct to El Paso from New York, hence delay, but now I was fixed up.

Mr. Quincy had already arranged for me to meet him for lunch, and here he gave me a written out itinerary of where and how to go to various places of interest, of which, of course, the outstanding point was Juarez, the border town over in Old Mexico. In the envelope was also a supply of dollar bills to finance the various expeditions and leave a balance at that. Then I was to meet him for dinner in the evening, which we spent together till train time when he saw me off for Alamogordo, where I arrived at 11 p.m., and I found P. J. waiting for me, also, Mr. Williams, my landlord. Next morning, I had to do some more business at the Alamogordo land office and pay off my debt to kind Mr. Stalcup, so I was not free until 10 a.m.

I forgot to say that I went to the local church three times while in Alamogordo. They had a special preacher while I was there, and I enjoyed the services very much, save for a few

distractions quite foreign to our straight laced behaviour in the Old Country of those days. The usual "preacher," "Brother A." sat by an open door on the officiating Brother's left, and kept tilting his chair to such an alarming angle every now and then so that he might expectorate to the outdoors, that I could not keep my undivided attention on the discourse, lest I should miss the spectacle of Brother A. going over backwards. By the door at the other end of the Church, some small children and a dog or two put in most of the service time gamboling about to their hearts desire, with no one taking any notice.

Also, while there I had a sad experience. Alamogordo is reckoned a fine climate for tuberculosis, and many so-called "lungers" go there, but some too late to be helped. Well, one poor woman passed on while I was there, and she had no friends, beyond those she made contact with just before her death. A Mrs. Reynolds went around to ask neighbors to go to the funeral; Mrs. Odom could not go, so asked me to take her place, which I did. The coffin was only of rough lumber and carried on a wagon. Mrs. Reynolds had rounded up twelve other ladies who rode in a bus, I with her, in her buggy, out to a lonely wee graveyard on the desert.

### *Over the Mountains Again*

Well, about 10 a.m., P. J., Boy and I started out on our return trip to the Agua Chiquita. We decided we could make the summit while it was still daylight, and once safely over the divide (to us, the highest ridge between the arid side of the mountains and the lovely green, cool, wooded hill sides and cañons of the Eastern slopes), we knew we could count on a nights lodging for man and beast at some homesteader's cabin. Mrs. Odom had put us up a generous parcel of "eats" and these we put in the "moral" (feed bag) with the pony's oats, and tied it, one side of saddle, with my "bundle" on the other side, and P. J.'s at the back. For the benefit of my homeland folk, I may say a Western saddle is equipped at four or more points, fore and aft, with long serviceable leather "tie strings." Well, we set off, up the forbidding, bare, cruel looking mountains, leading Boy.

It is hard for "green horns" to keep to the trail in a rocky country, so again it panned out so far as we were concerned, and again we lost some hours before we hit it once more, and when at last we got to one of the few springs on that side, we prepared for lunch. P. J. took Boy's saddle off and hitched him to a bush while I located the most inviting looking rocks to sit on. As he was coming away from Boy I said, "You've forgotten to give him his oats, and bring our lunch along." He turned back to get it, then stood still. I looked to see why, and lo, that side of the saddle was empty. Boy's feed and our feed was gone. I was so tired from the endless climb and worry over having been lost from the trail for so long, that I guess I must have had a touch of hysteria, for I just sat down and laughed and laughed. I guess the bag insecurely tied by one of us "green horns," had been pulled off among the dwarf oak and scrub which developed as we got into the higher altitudes. Well, we had a wee rest and a good drink, tightened our belts and chinchies (Boy's saddle girths) and resumed our climb, but again to our inexperienced eyes the rocky trail faded out, and once more we lost valuable time (lest darkness overtake us in this dangerous, rocky and desolate region) before we hit the one and only gully that led up to the summit of this otherwise inaccessible mountain top. At last we were over, and once again on a well defined dirt trail, and by dusk we hit the first log cabin. The folks, as always in those parts, made us hospitably welcome, lit their stove (their own meal was over) and cooked us coffee and fried eggs, and flap jacks, my first personal introduction to the latter, and were they good to such hungry and worn travelers! Poor, wee Boy did not fare so well, they had no horse feed at all, only a small bare pasture lot. I slept with a sister of the lady of the house in a wee room formed by just boarding in one end of the veranda or porch in a most airy fashion. A cat came and sharpened his claws on a board just by my head, and my already high strung mind magnified the sound till I began to wonder if it might be a panther, the usual name there for the local mountain lions, but at last came sleep.

Next morning, we left about 8 a.m., not taking any lunch as we expected to reach home by about noon, but again we

went "hay wire," followed a wrong trail; we were trying to go as the crow flies, not keeping to canyon wagon roads, but cutting across country, huge heavily timbered mountains at that, but finally we hit a canyon with a well-defined wagon road and stuck to it this time, and thought our troubles were now surely over—not so, however. Although we had both walked all the previous day, and also this morning up to now, when we hit the wagon road, P. J. persuaded me to mount Boy, and not ten minutes after, without any warning, the poor wee unshod, unfed, wee beggar subsided in the middle of the track. He was foot sore and hungry and just petered out. However, we finally got him up, about 3 p.m. and about 5 p.m. we reached P. J.'s homestead where there was feed and water, and left Boy there, and got ourselves on up the creek to Eagle about 6 p.m., tired and hungry, for we'd not eaten since breakfast.

### *Glen-Eben*

Well, at last I moved down to my own homestead, which with my usual weakness for naming things, I promptly christened Glen-Eben, for to me, the Canyon was still a "glen" and my brother, well, he was my brother, and I wanted to keep at least his name close to me. I had about 25 acres, I think, in cultivation, and fairly well fenced; a tumble down ancient log cabin, and ditto barn; close to a fine spring. The fields sloped up from the creek towards the well wooded mountains behind, and beyond the creek wound the Agua Chiquita wagon road; it began at Weed, about 11 miles below Glen-Eben, and meandered up the canyon till it petered out towards the summit. Our own particular summit was a beautiful open space, as I remember it, with a wonderful view over lesser well wooded mountains and canyons, to which one could descend over an apology for a wagon road down the Scott Able Canyon and eventually out onto what we called in those days, Prather's Flats, and on to the wagon road from Weed to El Paso.

The old cabin was one fairly long room, with the door facing towards the creek, the door was made of boards, and as no one told me the correct way to fasten it, and I was too

“dense” to “catch on,” I had a bar made of a heavy 2 by 4 to drop into two cleats on either side. I’m ashamed to confess that I had left my beloved mountains before I learned that the buckskin thong attached on the inside to a wooden latch and passed through a wee hole to hang on the outside of the door was the “key” to the situation; when hanging outside, all one had to do was pull it, it raised the latch and one was free to enter, and all one had to do to “lock it,” when on the inside was to pull the thong back through the hole to the inside, and presto, there was nothing outside to raise the inside latch—what could be simpler? For windows, I had two smallish square openings on each side of the door, with wooden push shutters to slide along on runways; to close when open, push them back. There was no glass or screen, flies and all kinds of creatures, generally classed up there as “bugs,” were free to come and go all day. At night, I closed shutters, but what odds, so far as bugs were concerned, for many evidently flew in to stay. For furniture, I had a big barrel with some boards over it for a table, and some wee kegs and sections cut out of tree trunks for seats; then I had my wire cot and canvas ditto, not to mention my fry pan and few enamel dishes, as I only had a very limited number of these, it gave me a never ending feeling of satisfaction to pick them up intact, when careless enough to drop one. I soon acquired a dog, “Sandy” I named him, he was big, though still a gangling long-legged pup. He was a mongrel shepherd, but a beauty at that. He always lay under my cot at night and if prompted to move, used to heave me up like a young elephant rising. The place was overrun with rats, but when I tried to sic Sandy on to them, he’d just retire that much farther under the cot. I was always out and about and so busy during the daytime that the rats never troubled me until I was in bed. Then I decided to keep the wagon lantern lit, and a club by my side, so I could have a whack at them if they became too troublesome, but I found this more of a drawback than a help, the light attracted all the “bugs” that had been shut in when door and shutters were closed, and many of them would get up into the globe of the lantern from underneath, and the sound of them, some huge

moths, sizzling as they burned to death was worse to me than the lively rats, so I gave up, and "doused my glim," and so good night.

I remember being awakened very early one morning; I heard the sound of something crashing its way through the brush on the opposite mountain; I got up and opened one of my patent windows. Across the creek the land sloped sharply up, at first just grassy, then timber, then still higher scrub oak and brush; below in the open a few range cows, were peacefully grazing, but high up, I could hear the progress of some down-coming, but unseen animal. I was too green, not to say frightened, to realize that a bear, wolf, or panther would not make such a racket, so I just watched and waited with bated breath, and my 30.30 Winchester (which I hardly knew how to handle yet) ready, for I thought if I ever let a bear get right up to my door, he could lay it flat with a pat of his paw, it was so rickety (it was after this scare, I think, that I got the husky bar put up). Well, it was only a few calves that had been bedded down by their mothers for the night on the mountain top, coming down in a hurry for their breakfasts and what a feast, as they joined their parents and began butting and bunting and wiggling their tails as I watched them through my field glasses.

To add to my kitchen equipment, a kindly neighbor gave me a molasses bucket to boil potatoes in, for the uninitiated I would say a molasses or syrup bucket has a tight fitting lid, and no fooling when pressed down. Well, at the time I am writing of, I had acquired a second-hand cook stove from some "out-going" squatter; heretofore, my cooking such as it was, was done at the open fireplace with fry pan and coffee pot. Now I had a wood stove, plus a molasses bucket, so this day, I had it on to boil, lid firmly pressed down to hurry it up, and as I was standing squarely over it, it blew off its lid, and I got my face badly scalded.

I must have developed some degree of tan by this time, (though I never really could tan to my own satisfaction), for by the time I was well enough to ride out and about again, I set out for Weed to get my mail; this was always a weekly thrill to me, a ride of 11 miles there, a flour sack more or less



full of mail, paper, magazines, on one side of my saddle, and some small supplies in one on the other side, and if more than these would hold, a long canvas sack, with both ends closed and a lengthwise slit in the middle was put into use. The purchases were put into each end of this container and slung across the horse at the back of saddle to which it was securely tied, so as not to flop when lopping along. On this particular trip, I met a young woman who used to come up there for the summer from El Paso, she was very dark-complexioned, which was a great trial to her, and on this day she was evidently struck anew with the extra whiteness of my complexion (as I'd just grown a new coat of skin over my lately peeled face) and said, "Oh! Miss Mac, how lovely and white you are." When I realized what she meant, I told her of my scald, and the new skin, and the poor dear said, "Oh, do you think I would come white if I scalded myself?" She yearned to be lily white, and I for a deep tan, and so it goes.

Among the "crops" I'd bought from Mr. White, the outgoing "squatter," was a large patch of fine potatoes, but though I had good fences for those parts, a bunch of hogs got in, and just about ruined it. By this time, I had bought Boy from his former owner, and though there was no horse feed to be bought locally, I'd managed to build my dear wee Honey Boy up, partly by rest, partly with package table oats, "rolled oats," etc., from the general store at Weed and a judicious portion of my green growing oats. When I first discovered the marauders in my valued potato field, I went gaily hooping and whooping on foot, expecting them to run for their lives, but not they, and when I annoyed them too much the old boar made for me, and I, for the snake fence. I wonder if I can explain what a snake fence is; in this case, it was made with aspen rails or poles, laid in a continuous shallow zig-zag shape, at the corners of each V, each rail overlaps another, stakes being driven in the ground, if I remember rightly, to keep firm the lower layers at each V-like corner; then two long poles are planted at every V and crossed so the top rail has a V-like crotch to rest on. In this way, no nails or wire are needed, and nature and toil produce the needed rails. For "gateways" we had bars, an opening in the fence was closed

with movable bars, laid across and rested in slots. Well, when Mr. Boar sent me flying over the snake fence, I went and let down the bars at both ends of the field and then got Boy saddled up and got my Old Country hunting crop, thinking it longer than my quirt and never doubting it had adequate strength. I also never doubted that if I charged the hogs at a full gallop on Boy that I'd easily round them up and drive them through the lower gateway, but not so, they stood their ground, and I had to wheel Boy for another charge, this time the old boar met us, also in full charge, he did not swerve, no sir, but Boy and I did, and in passing, I brought my crop, handle end, full force on the warrior's snout. I don't know if I even made a dent in it, but the blow broke off the horn handle of the crop and split the malacca apart, and Boy and I rode on, Mr. Boar in full cry after us till we passed through the upper gate in full and final rout. As far as law went, I had the right to shoot the intruders, but to me that was out of the question, so I had to let the wretches hold possession for a day or two. A cowboy happened down the creek and I hailed him; he knew whose hogs they were, they belonged to one of the big cattlemen down on the flats or foothills. In the summer, these ranchers threw their cattle up into the mountains, in those days it was all free range, and took them down to the foothills and prairies in the winter. However, it was not usual for their hogs to range so far from home.

Well, my cowboy friend soon routed my enemy, but even so, I could not rejoice. He roped the boar, and dragged the poor helpless beggar out of the field, over the creek and up the road a bit, till I feared his hide would be scraped off. Boy and I following behind with the more docile ladies of the bunch, and when the puncher released the boar, he and his families hit out up the creek and for home, and never came back. My puncher friend told me how to find the owner, which I finally did and he agreed to haul my winter wood and give me a pack horse for the damage done.

#### *Glen-Eben*

My next advance was to have a new cabin built, and this was engineered by Mr. Bunting who ran one of the general stores at Weed. Some men that owed him quite a bit of money

were roped in to do the work, they in this way paid off their indebtedness to Mr. Bunting, and I paid him, on the instalment plan. He paid me one of the most valued compliments I've ever had. I asked him how he felt he could trust me without any references, and he said my face was as good as my bond. Some of my female neighbors did not feel that way; at first, they were more than dubious about me, but when they heard that I made it a ruling that all the men working for me had to leave my cabin for their own camp or wagons at 8 p.m., and after the buildings were all done (I had a new barn put up and a fine root house; the latter was dug several feet deep in the ground, then walled up several feet, but not high, with double walls of logs, and I think a two foot space between, filled with dirt and then a floor on top of that, and a large spreading good shingle roof, the upper part making a good store room for non-perishables), and the men went home and reassured their "women folk" that I was O.K., their friendship came freely and generously, and I was well supplied with layer cakes, home canned fruits, etc. In the winter, the men kept me more or less supplied with venison, a haunch hung in a flour sack on a tree limb would keep frozen till all "sawed up" and eaten. Then I had a wild turkey now and then in season, so as time went on, I kept well fed, though at first, it was rather lean pickings. Cooking has never been one of my long suits. At first at Glen-Eben, I tried to concoct something on the order of Scotch scones, with due apologies to same, but as I lacked some of the essential ingredients as well as skill, the product was indescribable.

In a way, it was surprising how many callers materialized considering we were all in the back of beyond, but my fame or whatever it was, soon spread far and wide, and every now and then riders from I knew not where would drop in. The first from the far places (that is, not adjacent homesteads, there were no big ranches in the mountains) that I remember, was Mr. Jim Lewis, a cattleman from the Flats. He struck Glen-Eben as I was in the throes of fixing my noon meal, trying to cook my would-be scone mixture in the frying pan. My ignorance was too much for him, so he initiated me into the mystery of making the so-called "starter" for sour dough biscuits, and for the life of me, I can no longer recall how he did it. I'm

told he could not start the "starter" without yeast, yet I am convinced there was no yeast in my limited supplies; my imagination and memory runs to vinegar, flour, and water. Anyhow, he started "it" for me in a glass jar I happened to be blessed with, and told me how to use it when it had fermented, and how to keep it renewed, and so I learned another lesson, but since forgotten. While I had still only an open fireplace, I invested in a skillet to bake my sour doughs in. Again, for Old Country home folk, I'll say a skillet is a deep cast-iron pot, which might be likened to a very deep fry pan, plus three wee legs, and a deep sunken lid. To bake the biscuits, the skillet is set on a bed of red hot wood coals, and the lid is filled with same, and the biscuits are left in the skillet to bake.

P.S. Since writing the above, I've made contact with an old friend, P. J. and wife, the daughter of one of the first settlers on the Agua Chiquita Canyon, away back in the days of Billy the Kid. Mrs. Andrews gave me the original sour dough recipe as follows: To luke warm water, add flour enough to make a batter a little stiffer than pancake batter, put in jar and tie a cloth over it, and set in a warm place to "rise" or ferment. This starter can be kept for a considerable time, a portion of it to be used as leavening for each baking, and to keep up original supply, one returns a piece of fresh dough or adds a little fresh flour and water to starter in a glass jar. If starter gets too sour, some soda may be added to biscuit dough.

### *My First Resident Guest*

Soon after my new cabin was up. It was eighteen feet by twenty-four feet, main room, with a lean-to for kitchen and spare bedroom on one side (later I added another lean-to on another side). I had a visit from a Shropshire friend, Marie W. I planned to meet her at Cloudcroft and arranged with a freighter to bring her to Glen-Eben. I went over to Cloudcroft by trail, horseback. I have a good bump of locality, and soon learned my way about, even as the crow might fly over mountains and canyons; in fine weather, these were mostly dirt trails and easy to follow. The only trouble was when several trails met at one point, one might choose the wrong offshoot,

or if a heavy snow had fallen, the tenderfoot might get lost as on the rocky trails. Well, Marie and I met O.K., and she had her first sample of travel by wagon.

I was not prepared for the terrific cold of the winter up there, and it was late in the season when Marie arrived and for a time we nearly froze. The cabin floor was raised about two feet off the ground and as it was laid with green lumber, the latter soon shrank and the draft up between the cracks just about got us every morning till we banked the cabin all round outside with rocks higher than the inside floor, and then covered the rocks with dirt; this made a tremendous difference. I had a fireplace to take three foot logs, and later added a heater (to take stove wood) to the other end of the room. Also, I had the inside of the cabin lined with lumber and covered this with newspapers and later with pictures cut from the piles of magazines received from home, but the "piece de resistance" was a huge bill poster of Buffalo Bill and his charger, that a cowboy brought me on his saddle all the way from El Paso (I think I have it even yet), where he gave a bill poster a quarter for it (about one shilling). One could never get seasoned lumber up there, and, as the boards that lined the cabin shrank, the papers cracked and one night at supper Marie said, "Oh, look Mac, there is a mouse up there." I went to investigate and through one of the cracks about on a level with my head, I found the "mouse" to be a snake's tail. Every good homesteader (in my day) had a horse shoeing outfit, so I got out the shoeing pinchers and laid hold of the invader's tail, expecting to pull him out and kill him, but instead of this, the snake darted his head at me out of the crack higher up, so I dropped the pinchers and fled, and when his tail was released, he withdrew himself completely from our ken. We were afraid to go to sleep that night lest he should come out again. We had at this time two wire cots, and both slept and ate in the main room; so one of us kept guard by turns all night, but we never saw a snake in the house again. We were told that there were no venomous reptiles up there, and that we were lucky to have a snake around to keep the mice down!

On my trip to Cloudfcroft to meet Marie, the first part was

over a horse trail, the last part up one of the main wagon roads and here I fell in with a very kindly couple who, on learning my errand, invited me to camp with them for the night. They had a friend who owned several summer cottages at Cloudcroft that he rented in the season to visitors, but in the fall and winter, they were usually vacant. Well, they camped in one of these and also put up the meals, would not hear of my going to the hotel. They were only there one night, but the owner kindly told me to stay as long as I liked, so I had a nice place to take Marie when she got off the train. The place was furnished and I'd got in eats, and we had a grand reunion. Here, a Dr. L. called on us, it appeared I'd met a brother of his during my first stay at Alamogordo. The Dr. we did not like, but he asked us to call on his wife; we like her ever so, she was English, much younger than her husband and far from well. We stayed in the "loaned" house two nights. Mrs. L. let us have a Rhode Island rooster and five hens on credit to start our proposed poultry flock and how we yearned to see an egg arrive! Cloudcroft with its medley of ornate log houses, lodges, down to shanties and shacks was always full up with visitors in mid-summer and almost empty by the end of September; as it is 9000 feet elevation, it gets lots of winter snow, and beats any Christmas card for looks.

I asked King, the freighter, for our trip home, if he would put his grub box at our disposal and he did, gladly. A grub box fixed on the end of wagon has a door that opens down and forms a table. Beside the "chuck" (food), it contains pots and pans, mugs and platters (mostly can lids!). So King laid in provisions and cooked for us, too; and right well did we enjoy the savory "messes" he concocted, including his sour dough biscuits made in the skillet. King was rather a tough looker to us "foreigners" and as I'd had a row with him earlier in my history over a dog, I was not very sure of him. I'd had a second dog promised to me, an even more "double-distilled" mongrel than Sandy, but as a wee pup, he looked as though he might have some hound in him, and King saw him before he was delivered to me, and wanted him, but the owners would not give him up. After I got him, King came to me and tried to talk me out of him, but I, too, had a weakness for a hound-

like dog, but King said such was not suitable for a lady and that he'd get me instead a spaniel pup, but I would not weaken and we nearly came to hard words and ill feelings for a time, but, as I got to know him better on this trip, and I had the coveted dog, I could afford to bury my grievance. I'd named the dog Black Peter, and he turned out more like a dachshund than a blood hound, after all!

I think King first won our interest by his kindness to his animals, and later he became a continual source of joy to Marie and me. We had a very leisurely trip home, first, the brake broke, and that hindered us ever so, and it was dark before we made our first camping ground at an old abandoned cabin. Marie and I slept or rather lay on the floor on "pallets." We did not get much sleep on account of a host of rats; they'd scamper right over us every now and then. After an early breakfast, we started off again, but in Bear Canyon, the coupling tongue of the wagon broke. Roads, one must remember, were in places unbelievably rough, rocks and ruts, ruts and rocks, but though it seemed to us an almost dire calamity, King only drawled his ever recurring expression, "Oh, my, oh, my!" Then, with a few strokes of his axe, he felled a young pine tree and quickly found an old stump that seemed made for a "jack" and hoisted the wagon body off the broken part and then Marie and I hung on to the lever while he joined the broken part and managed to hitch it together with bailing wire and if anything went wrong, he'd just say, "Oh my," or "My! Oh, my!," according to the degree of vexation. When we were nearly home, the first link on the near trace broke and we were left stuck in a deep gutter, but he only said, "My! Oh, my!"

We asked him to have supper with us that night. He sat on a wee keg at the back of the cook stove rubbing his hands with camphor ice and spinning yarns; yes, he was a great joy to us.

*(To be continued)*

## Notes and Documents

### THE CHARLES BENT PAPERS

(Continued)

Mr Alvaras

Rio Arriba January 17th [1845]

Sir Beauben and myself are still detained the justice has in a maner done nothing as yet, except proving that Montano is a *falsidore* [*falseador*—falsifier] he has had him in detention for three dayes and I supose will put him in prison to day. but light is so scarce with him I doubt wether he ever will be able to see through the mist that envelops him, I send you a pettion for your amusement[?]

Paper is scarce with me or I would wright you more, I have had letters of Interest from the fort, which I have turned over to the perfect to be forwarded to the Govenor you will heare of thare contentes

Youres Resp

C Bent

Marginal notation in Spanish reads: received on the 18 of January, 1845.

Rio ariba 24th January [1845]

Mr Alvaras

Sir

I am in possession of your two letters of the 18th and 21st. I am much obliged to you for the the nuse you communicate, all except the ellection of Polk. I am truly sorry you could not insert with propriaty that of Clay, I am fearfull that this election will cause difficulty between this and our country.

I had letters from S Vrain dated the 5th ins in which he says that a war party of Chyeans report a large boddy of men on the Arkansas near the crossing he says thare is no doubt of the truth of this, from other sorses I have heard that the indians are leaving the Arkansas for the Caumanchie country for the purpus of avoiding theas people; a party of Kiawares on thare returne a fue days sinse from the arkansas met three men on the Vermejo,<sup>61</sup> who stated they ware from Santafe. The Youtaws have bean killing some of the inhabitence of Ojo Calienta.<sup>62</sup> Beaubean and myself leave in the morning for Taos as we can doe nothing untill the Criminal Trial of Montano is concluded, which will last some time, he has bean proved gilty of the charges, he [is] in formal prison.

61. The Vermejo creek flows southeast into the Canadian river just south of present-day Maxwell, New Mexico.

62. A small eighteenth-century settlement a few miles west of the Rio Grande about opposite Cieneguilla. See note 71. The Utes caused considerable trouble to the inhabitants of Rio Arriba in the "winter or early spring of 1844," according to Bloom in *Old Santa Fe*, p. 225. Governor Martínez campaigned against them. Twitchell, *Old Santa Fe*, p. 232.



I think that our goodes must bring a good price thare are but fue of them in the country, and the hopes of a spring company are blasted, it is beyond a doubt in my mind that thare are people of the single Star<sup>63</sup> on the lookout for game on the plains, be of good spirits we must have our prices for our goodes. Beaubeen says he dare not wright as he expects to be in Santafe in a fue days.

Youres Respectfully  
Chas Bent

Mr. M. Alvaraz  
Sir

Taos, February 23rd 1845

I received letters from the fort last eavening, in which St. Vrain states that a war party of Indians report a party of whites encamped on a creak between the Arkansas and Simerone that emtys into the former below the crossing.<sup>64</sup>

He also wrightes to me respecting some twenty six animels stolen from the Chyeans by some Mexicans, this letter I have given to the justice who I presume will forward it to the Govenor, I wish you would doe me the favor to se the Govenor on the subject of theas stolen animels, and make him understand that if thare is not a stop put to this eavle theas Indians will revenge themselves on all Mexicans they meete with, the Caravans will be the greatest sufferers, I am fearfull some of the Mexicans that we have in our service will be killed, you are also aware that if the indians comit any depredations, on the Mexicans they will say that we are the cause of this outrage. I left with you the laws of the U. States respecting intercourse with our Indians which may be of assistence to you in explaning to the Govenor the respo[n]sibility of theas people trafficking with our Indians. Your attention to the above will confer a greate favor on me, the Govenor will show you St. Vrains letter I presume if you will ask him for it, this is more ixplicit than I wright you.

We have no nuse heare. Pleas wright me by the first opportunity. Jose Manuel Vigil<sup>65</sup> has not delivered our letters, he says he lost them in Sant juan,<sup>66</sup> this I believe to be a ly, he no doubt delivered them to Montano, and he has run off god knowes whare, but J. M. Vigil says he has gon to joine the Texians.

Youres Respectfully  
Chas. Bent

P. S. My respects to all friends, pleas tell the Govenor the horse I expected to get for him of St Vrain is dead.

CB

63. The single Star: referring to Texas, the Lone Star state.

64. Probably Mulberry Creek according to Riddle's map, *op. cit.*, note 45.

65. José Manuel Vigil: I have no information on this person.

66. Presumably the Pueblo of San Juan, about twenty-five miles north from Santa Fe on the road to Taos.

I doubt whether the Gr [Governor?] will get any money from this place, they appear not to be disposed to pay.

[B. M. Read's endorsement] Article referred in Bent's letter No. 66

On the — of February the news reached Santafe by express that Parrades<sup>67</sup> party was victorious, or had taken possession of the capital of Mexico on the — of the same month all the authorities took the oath to support him and his government. About nine months previous these same authorities took an oath to support Herrero, on the 17th of February Armijo issued his protest against Parrades plan, but as soon as he heard that he was in power he and the other authorities were ready to succumb to that power there is no stability in these people, they have no opinion of their own, they are entirely governed by the powers that be, they are without exception the most servile people that can be imagined. They are completely at the will of those in power let these be as ignorant as may be they dare not express an opinion contrary to that of their rulers, they are not fit to be free, they should be ruled by others than themselves, Mexico has tried long enough to prove to the world that she is not able to govern herself, where there is no morality, honesty, or patriotism of character that people are not fit for self-government. On the contrary every species of vice in this country is a recommendation to public office; and such officers as they are corrupt, destitute of all principle, lazy indolent ignorant and base to the last degree, there is no confidence to be placed in them, with gold, anything let it be unjust and unreasonable—can be accomplished, through these vile riches. An oath amongst them, its import is very little known vanity, is their predominant trait of character, they think themselves superior to all the world besides in point, of religion, honesty, valor, and tallence, their religion consists entirely in [?] show, they have no idea of sincere devotion they are taught to believe that their priests are the only mediator between the supreme being and themselves, and even in this, you can achieve great benefits (nominally) by a lavish present of gold, their valor consists of Boasting, and show where there is no danger, their tallence is superstitious, and consists, of what is called in this country *diligentia*, that is to cheat steal lye and defraud all that are susceptible of being envailed by them in any way.

Officers, and justices particularly equally ignorant, insolent & avaricious are easily bribed justice is badly administered, and is rendered with extreme delay, caused as much by the wrangling and subtlety of advocates as the insufficiency of the laws and the innumerable ignorant pleaders who from their indolence and incapacity, and the extortion of the justices are always calculated to create delay Fees are a grievous item they are always exacted according to the caprice of the justice. The Mexican character is made up of stupidity, obstinacy, ignorance duplicity and vanity.

<sup>67</sup> General Mariano Paredes overthrew the Mexican government of General José Joaquín de Herrera in the winter of 1845-1846.

## Book Reviews

*Origins of New Mexico Families in the Spanish Colonial Period.* By Fray Angélico Chávez. Santa Fe: Historical Society of New Mexico, 1954. Pp. xvii, 339.

Father Chavez, who has so often delighted us with his exquisite religious poems of war and peace and his sensitive and tenderly humorous sketches of New Mexico villagers, has now given us a scholarly study of New Mexico's oldest families.

The complete title fully defines the scope of the work. *Origins of New Mexico Families* does not propose to present people who are prominent now, but only those whose ancestors settled in New Mexico during the Spanish period, which began in 1598 when Don Juan de Oñate made the first enduring settlements. Many of these people fled at the time of the Indian Revolt in 1680, but some of them returned with Don Diego de Vargas in 1693. With the addition of a few sporadic arrivals during the eighteenth century these people formed the closeknit frontier society which occupied only one town—Santa Fe—and several lesser settlements from Taos to Socorro. Otherwise they lived in scattered ranches, holding their own as well as they could against the marauding Plains Indians. This homogeneous society ended in the nineteenth century when New Mexico was overrun by commercial, military, and ideological occupations from the United States.

Father Chavez, a trained historian, adheres closely to written records. These show, for instance, that few titled gentlemen came into New Mexico, though all were permitted to use the title of *hidalgo*. They were, Father Chavez writes, "now ordinary military and pastoral people, good folks in the main, who are neither peons nor convicts." His introduction, interesting for any reader, thus explodes a few myths and is replete with hints of family histories and of what life was really like in Spain's New Mexico.

The author calls this book a sort of by-product of his studies of the Franciscan Missions of New Mexico and for his book *La Conquistadora*, published in 1954. He found so much

information about New Mexico families that this book became practically inevitable. Naturally he had most data on his own family, but he was not prepared to discover quite such an involved pattern of interrelatedness. All these people, he found, are practically one family. He writes: "An adult living today would have to find over 500 contemporary grandparents in Vargas' time."

The bulk of the book consists of genealogical studies of the original families from Abedaño to Zamora with charts of several families, including his own, and several pages reproduced from original sources. The volume is attractively illustrated by José Cisneros and beautifully made by the designer and printer, Louis Schifani of Santa Fe. Altogether this is an informative and revealing book for the general reader and a source of incalculable value for students.

ERNA FERGUSSON

Albuquerque

*The Battle Cry of Freedom: The New England Emigrant Aid Company in the Kansas Crusade.* By Samuel A. Johnson. Lawrence: University of Kansas Press, 1954. Pp. vii, 357. Illustrations, maps, bibliography, and index. \$5.00.

Ever since the passage of the Kansas-Nebraska Act more than a century ago, historians and others have been busy examining and writing about phases of Kansas history. An almost constant stream of publications relating to political, economic, and social aspects of Kansas has been rolling off the presses. Professor Johnson in *The Battle Cry of Freedom* re-examines the significant role played by the New England Emigrant Aid Company in the crusade for freedom. In fifteen well-organized chapters he graphically and meticulously shows how the crusade was conceived and promoted; the trials, tribulations, and accomplishments of the Society; above all, its historical significance—the chain reaction of events that led to the Civil War.

The dramatic narrative begins when Eli Thayer and kindred spirits—Yankee idealists and shrewd business men—hurl a challenge at the South by launching the New Eng-

land Emigrant Aid Company. "Armed only with propaganda, a small capital investment and a scheme for aiding and encouraging immigration . . . and with Freedom for its battle cry the company sets forth on its crusade to rescue Kansas from the 'minions of the slave power.' "

The newly-chartered organization moves swiftly. It sends agents into the territory to "spy out the land"; a barrage of propaganda in the form of lectures, pamphlets, correspondence, and songs spreads rapidly over New England, the South, and West. In Kansas the agents of freedom are busy "Driving Down the Stakes"—founding settlements, establishing churches, schools, libraries, mills, and newspapers. When freedom in the territory is assured its champions attempt to aid emigrants from Europe, assist migration to Oregon, and extend operations into a number of Southern states.

Throughout the narrative Dr. Johnson emphasizes the moral purpose of the venture, although he does not overlook the profit motive, which he contends was only minor in comparison with the moral aim. The treatment of Company difficulties is excellent. The problem of finance, dangers from "border ruffians," troubles with forwarding agents, and complaints of emigrants, were constantly plaguing the promoters. Despite these and other discouragements, the Company achieved its objective—freedom for Kansas. In launching its campaign for freedom, it influenced the formation of the Republican party and hastened the coming of the Civil War.

This book is a substantial, scholarly work. The documentation is excellent and the bibliography is extensive; manuscripts and published works cover a wide range. The multiplicity of forces and the numerous currents and cross currents in the Kansas struggle, the author handles with a sure hand. Moreover, the treatment is objective and very fair. Dr. Johnson is neither "whitewasher" nor "debunker." He does not eulogize nor castigate indiscriminately. He administers praise and censure where praise and censure are deserving. Scholars will welcome this book. The attractive chapter headings and the direct, lively style make this a dra-

matic, human interest story which should please the general reader as well as the scholar. Two maps, a number of illustrations, and an excellent index enhance the value of the volume. *The Battle Cry of Freedom* is a contribution to the history of slavery and the West.

A. B. BENDER

Harris Teachers College

*Early Colonial Trade and Navigation between Mexico and Peru.* By Woodrow Borah. Berkeley and Los Angeles: University of California Press, 1954. Pp. 170. (Ibero-Americana: 38). \$2.50.

Four hundred years ago commerce began along the Pacific Coast of the Americas between the Spanish colonies of New Spain and Peru. Haltingly at first, then slowly picking up momentum, the trade became a substantial movement in the century that followed. Suddenly by royal decree all shipment was halted in 1631.

Mr. Borah's study of this development, which is published as No. 38 of the Ibero-Americana series, opens and closes on two famous episodes of Spanish colonial history: the West Coast explorations of Cortes, and the Manila Galleon. It was Cortes, partly to satisfy his urge for further lands to conquer, and incidentally to find an outlet for the produce of his extensive estates, who first began ship building on the Pacific Coast of present Mexico. His discoveries came to little and the detailed records of his heirs reveal that trading with Peru, carried on after his lifetime, resulted in small profit. His is the credit, however, for pioneering an enterprise which eventually yielded riches and returns to many who sailed and traded in the Mexican-Peruvian traffic. When the Manila Galleons arrived at Acapulco after 1573, their goods, under the mercantile system, were to be sent directly to Spain, but leakage into southern traffic was so persistent that the Hapsburgs were forced to stop coastwise trade entirely to prevent smuggling.

Under seven headings the author discusses his subject: the early beginning of ship building and navigation; the es-

establishment of communication and trade; ports, roads and routes; trading ventures of the Cortes estate; trade and maturity from 1550 to 1585; regulations and taxation; and the end of intercolonial commerce following opening of Philippine trade. The whole is a painstaking result of investigation into Spanish and Mexican materials. Surprisingly readable and written with a free and informal style, the publication reflects the scholarly results of a careful and conscientious adherence to source materials and verifiable information.

Throughout the story there appear small items reflecting the color and romance of the period and successfully glamorizing what would initially appear an uninteresting subject. Preserved quince and peaches shipped by Cortes to Peru were so damaged in transit that they had to be recooked with sugar before being offered for sale. Even then the spoilage was not sufficiently disguised, so the lot was converted into packages of fruit confit which sold for a price determined after individual bargaining with each customer. New Spain had early become a center for "refugees from matrimony" who overstayed permits of separation originally signed by their wives, and special efforts were made to prevent their coastwise migration to Peru, where unhappy husbands could even more successfully evade return to their domestic state. In 1590, despite restrictions against transshipment of Philippine trade goods, Indian caciques and commoners in Peru dressed in Chinese silks, much to the concern of Spanish merchants whose cloth sold for nine times the price of Eastern merchandise in South American markets.

From the early ship building at Tehuantepec and Hualco with hand hewn timbers and irons carried by Indians from the Atlantic Coast, to a flourishing trade at the turn of the seventeenth century, the author has traced a little known episode of colonial navigation and commerce. This paper bound publication will not achieve the distribution of popular editions or texts, but it contains the materials of which historical novels are formed and from which Hollywood scenarios are written.

JOE W. NEAL

The University of Texas

*Don Juan de Oñate: Colonizer of New Mexico, 1595-1628.*

Edited by George P. Hammond and Agapito Rey. 2 parts.

[Coronado Cuarto Centennial Publications, Vols. V, VI]

Albuquerque: University of New Mexico Press, 1953. Pt.

I: xvi, 584 pp. Pt. II: xv, pp. 585-1187. \$20.00.

The publication of this monumental work establishes a landmark in New Mexican historiography. It makes available at long last almost all the essential sources for the initial Spanish occupation and, as the editors assert, gives the state of New Mexico "a record of its early years that is far richer and more complete than the story of any other state in the American union."

For the editors this must have been a labor of love. Dr. Hammond (director of the Bancroft Library, professor of history at the University of California, and general editor of the Coronado Historical Series and of the Quivira Society Publications) has devoted more than thirty years to the study of the Oñate *entrada*. Dr. Rey (his collaborator on numerous books and articles on Spanish exploration in the Southwest and professor of Spanish at Indiana University) exhibits an accuracy in his translations that is born of long experience and great care. The present work of this team is the result of almost fifteen years of combing the archives and assembling, transcribing, and annotating the records selected. Most of the raw material was discovered by Hammond in the Archives of the Indies at Seville.

In addition to the documents themselves, the set embodies an illuminating foreword by Hammond; a table of contents for each volume (the materials are arranged chronologically); a 38-page introduction, which admirably summarizes the history of the period; photographs of Acoma as symbolic frontispieces; a handsome folded map (17" x 22") charting the pueblos, Spanish towns, mountains, rivers, and routes; and a 26-page index, which is really useful. A bibliography is purposefully omitted to allow more space for documents and is excused by the presence of adequate lists of sources in other works of the same series. There are 172 documents in all, each translated into good English and supplemented with



notes. The latter explain most points which might arise regarding either translation or fact. Finally, the volumes are beautifully bound and printed on costly paper. The whole is a tribute not only to the editors and publisher but also to the public spirit of the Coronado Historical Fund.

There are, of course, some shortcomings. After all this research there are still missing a few pieces of importance which may or may not exist. These would enlarge our knowledge of Oñate's early life, fix the exact date of the founding of Santa Fe, and provide exact distances for the march to Quivira. Furthermore, since the documentation is by no means biographical, the title of the work is perhaps misleading. Neither Oñate himself nor New Mexico as we now know it is the actual focus of attention. Approximately one third of the material relates to the minutely-detailed inspections of the colonizing expedition, which were held far south of the Rio Grande. Several other lengthy documents record the adventures of explorations to the Pacific Coast and to the land of Quivira on the Arkansas River. Such, however, was the range of the Oñate *entrada*.

In point of pure bulk, the major documents presented are as follows: Oñate's original contract of September 21, 1595 (15 pp.); the Ulloa inspection, June to February, 1597 (75 pp.); the Salazar inspection, September to February, 1599 (110 pp.); the diary of the march to New Mexico, 1596-1598 (20 pp.); the trial of the Acoma Indians, December, 1598, to February, 1599 (52 pp.); the Gordejuela inspection of reinforcement, August, 1600 (66 pp.); the Valverde investigation, July, 1601 (47 pp.); the report on desertions from the colony, September 7, 1601 (18 pp.); the report of the loyal colonists, October 2, 1601 (39 pp.); the report on the march to Quivira, June to November, 1601 (15 pp.); the Zaldivar testimony, April, 1602 (54 pp.); the Valverde inquiry on the Quivira expedition, April, 1602 (46 pp.); a memorial on the discovery of New Mexico, 1595-1602 (29 pp.); the Escobar diary of the California expedition, 1605 (20 pp.); and the instructions to Governor Peralta, March 30, 1609 (14 pp.).

The value of the individual documents, however, is not necessarily indicated by their length. Among the shorter but

equally important records are: the instructions to Oñate of October 21, 1595; his act taking possession of New Mexico, April 30, 1598; Hodge's list of pueblo names which appear in the Oñate documents, reprinted from this *Review* [Vol. X (1935), pp. 36-47]; a record of the South Sea expedition, October to December, 1598; a report of the discovery of the buffalo, 1598; another on the discovery of the mines, 1598; an Indian account of the flight of Humaña and Leyba, February, 1599; Velasco's report of atrocities under Oñate, March 22, 1601; the "Discussion and Proposals Concerning the Various Discoveries of New Mexico"; and the writ of Oñate's conviction, May 16, 1614.

With the care of an archivist Hammond has identified each record reproduced, specifying not only where it is found but also whether it is the original or a copy. In most instances he also notes which is now published for the first time and where those previously published appear in print. Rey's painstakingly accurate translations render obsolete practically all previous publications of Oñate documents, whether in English or Spanish, for even in the original language some have been found to be badly garbled.

Perhaps the most important remark that can be made of this work is that it sets a new and higher standard for the editing and publishing of historical documents.

University of Oklahoma

MAX L. MOORHEAD

*Alias Billy The Kid.* By C. L. Sonnichsen and William V. Morrison. Albuquerque: University of New Mexico Press, 1955. Pp. 136. \$4.00.

This is almost sure to be the most talked about Western book of 1955. The debate on whether or not Pat Garrett killed Billy the Kid the night of July 14, 1881, has raged intermittently for nearly three-quarters of a century in the rural areas of New Mexico. This book is due to light the word fires anew.

The authors have done a masterful job of putting together Brushy Bill Roberts' story. In 1950, Brushy Bill, then 90, con-

fessed to co-author Morrison that he was Billy the Kid and with Morrison's help petitioned Governor Mabry of New Mexico for a pardon. The Governor refused to act. The case was a newspaper headliner for a few days but the press dropped Brushy Bill after his death, December 27, 1950.

The rumors of a living Billy have persisted through the years and have been duly noted in the press from time to time. Yet Brushy Bill almost persuadeth this reviewer. But only "almost"—the story he told Morrison follows rather closely the most widely accepted version of the events in the life of the Kid, with one notable exception.

The way Brushy Bill tells it, there was a *gun fight* at Pete Maxwell's that fatal night in July, 1881. Brushy Bill claims that he was wounded three times in that fight and that his partner, Billy Barlow, was killed. Barlow's body was passed off as being that of Billy the Kid.

The authors, in a footnote, admit that this is "the weakest link in his narrative" and emphasize the lack of any reference to Barlow in the records. The weak link, in the opinion of this reviewer, is that there was no gun fight at Maxwell's!

Discount for the moment the testimony of Pat Garrett on the events at Maxwell but recognize that there was another eye witness, whose truthfulness has never been challenged, John W. Poe. Garrett and Poe were on friendly terms back in 1881 but later they fell out over money matters and they became political enemies. Yet their accounts of the happenings at Maxwell's are in agreement on all major points. Poe's account, written at the request of Charles Goodnight and without thought of publication, appeared long after he had split with Garrett.

If you want to argue that Brushy Bill's memory slipped a little on the happenings at Maxwell's, just remember that he showed Morrison the scars from three bullets that cut him down during the fight!

It would seem that Brushy Bill knew many of the notorious characters of the post-Civil War period, or so he says. For example, he runs away from his Texas home in 1874, joins a trail drive headed for Kansas, quits the drive near Briartown, Indian Territory, and ends up as guest of, and

handy man for, Belle Starr, the Bandit Queen! Belle offers to make the 15-year-old Brushy Bill her "right-hand man" but he tells her he does not like the outlaw trail. Maybe so, but Burton Rascoe, after much research, fixes the date of Belle's arrival at Briartown as "in or about 1880" in his great book, *Belle Starr* (New York, 1941).

At various times in Brushy Bill's career he was associated with Buffalo Bill and his Wild West Show; the Oklahoma Anti-Horse Thief Association; the Pinkerton Detective Agency; Judge Isaac Parker, the Hanging Judge; the Cattle-men's Association; and, of course, he joined the Rough Riders to fight in the Spanish American War. All this seems to come under the heading of "running and hiding" as Brushy Bill told it.

Even if he wasn't Billy the Kid, he had his fun from the Black Hills to the Argentine and from the Pendleton Rodeo to the Shetland Islands. And he knew New Mexico and the events of the Lincoln County War and its aftermath well enough to enlist the assistance of co-author Morrison in seeking a pardon. The authors and the publisher are justified in raising the questions—"Was he Billy the Kid? If not, who was he?" This skeptic reduces the number of questions to one—who was he?

This book is a very worthwhile contribution to the Billy the Kid legend. There is a lengthy appendix with transcripts of many of the legal documents concerning the Kid, an adequate index, and some good illustrations. Dr. Sonnichsen, careful historian that he is, has wisely let Brushy Bill tell his story; let his co-author, Bill Morrison, present the evidence he gathered; and judged them not. This is a book that you will want to read.

THE LEGEND GROWS! and GROWS! and GROWS!

J. C. DYKES

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*Editors*

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PAUL A. F. WALTER

*Associates*

PERCY M. BALDWIN

GEORGE P. HAMMOND

FRANCE V. SCHOLLES

ELEANOR B. ADAMS

ARTHUR J. O. ANDERSON

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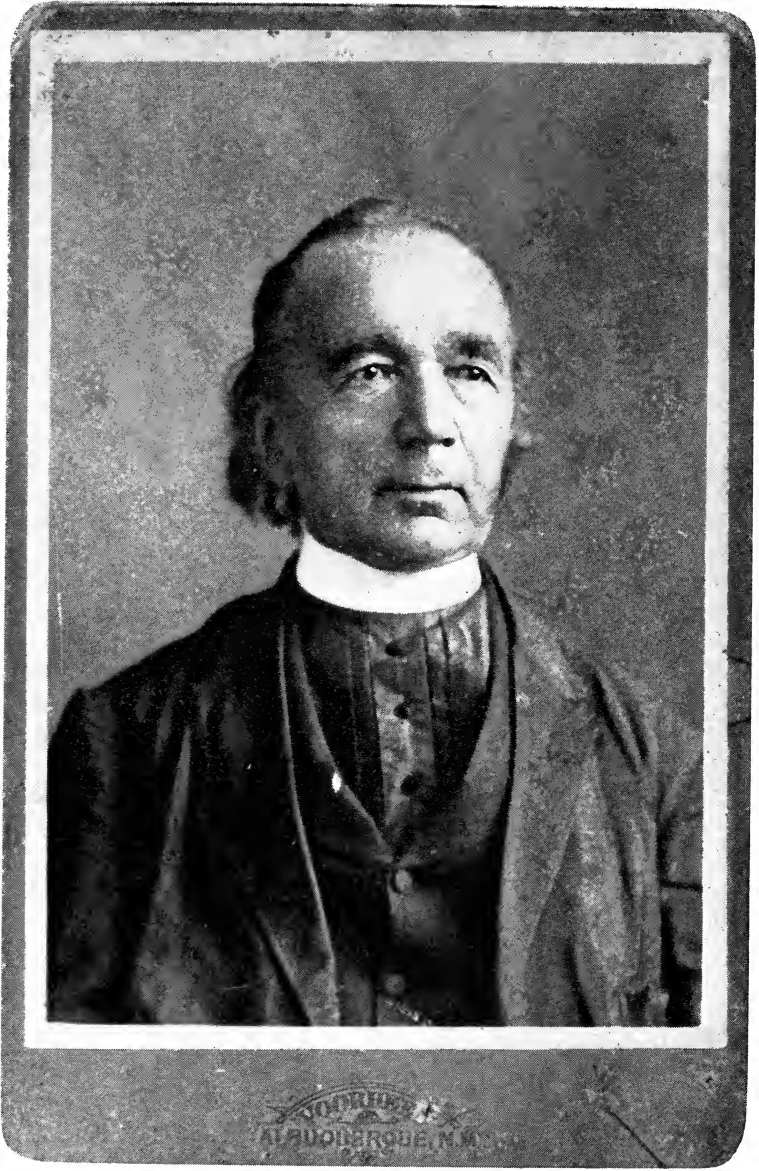
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Business communications should be addressed to Mr. P. A. F. Walter, State Museum, Santa Fe, N. M.; manuscripts and editorial correspondence should be addressed to Prof. Frank D. Reeve, University of New Mexico, Albuquerque, N. M.

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FATHER RALLIERE



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TOMÉ AND FATHER J. B. R.

By FLORENCE HAWLEY ELLIS\*

TOMÉ, twenty-five miles south of Albuquerque, is a small town and today many, hearing its name but rarely, cannot remember its location. To the newcomer, it appears so uncentralized that the lines separating it from its northern neighbors, Valencia and San Fernando (where the little schoolhouse jokingly used to be known as "the University of San Fernando"), are difficult to see. Boundaries marking it from its southern neighbors, Adelino and La Constancia, are equally indistinct. But it is one of the oldest towns of New Mexico and was formerly a seat of control and influence.

The seed of Tomé was the rancho of Thomé Domínguez de Mendoza (the form of whose first name leads one to suspect Portuguese ancestry), "a prominent rancher in the Isleta district . . . who had been Manso's lieutenant-governor and captain-general" in the middle of the 17th century.<sup>1</sup> He served as *alcalde mayor* of the Isleta area until dismissed by Governor Lopez because of his sympathies with the ecclesiastical faction. Throughout his life he was prominent in politics of church and state, testified before the Inquisition concerning Isleta's kivas and katchinas, and served as interim governor between the departure of Peñalosa and the arrival

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\* Associate Professor of Anthropology, University of New Mexico.

1. France Scholes, *Troublous Times in New Mexico* p. 40; Testimony of Tomé Domínguez de Mendoza, May 21, 1661, Tomo 593, exp. 1, *El Fiscal de Santo Oficio contra Bernardo López de Mendisabal, Governador de Nuevo Mexico en el delecto de Judaismo, 1659-1662*; R. E. Twitchell, *Spanish Archives of New Mexico*, I, p. 1, Archive 1; Jessie B. Bailey, *Diego de Vargas and the Reconquest of New Mexico, 1692-1704*, p. 32 and Footnote 56. J. Manuel Espinosa, *First Expedition of Vargas Into New Mexico, 1692, 1940*, pp. 66-67.

of Juan de Miranda. In the *junta* (1680) which debated the advisability of an effort at quick re-conquest of New Mexico after the general exodus forced by the Pueblo Rebellion, Capt. Domínguez spoke to advise immediate return but Gov. Otermín and his staff cautiously chose to delay.

Apparently neither Thomé Dominguez nor his two grown sons (mentioned in the formerly existent notebook of Jesus C. Sanchez who took the land grant claim of the Tomé people to the U. S. Court) ever returned to New Mexico. But relatives of some of the present families of Tomé and vicinity were among the 17th century settlers who made the forced march to El Paso with Otermín and his lieutenant, Alonso García of the Rio Abajo, and the re-entrance with De Vargas over a decade later. One family still carefully cherishes a small bulto of *Nuestra Señora de los Dolores*, said to have been carried south by fleeing ancestors and brought back upon their return.

When Diego de Vargas came up the valley in 1692 he complained that the road in the area of the Thomé Dominguez ranch—which had been ruined by Indian depredation or by mere abandonment—was so heavy with sand that he had to send pack animals back to take enough load off the wagons so that they could be brought through. This ranch seems to have been that later built upon by members of the Madarriaga household, relatives of the Bishop of Durango (one of the men served as priest in the Tomé area), about one-third mile toward the river from the base of Cerro de Tomé. The site, known by people of the area as the oldest there, was many times inundated by river floods and only ruins remain today. From here it is about six and a half miles to Valencia. De Vargas mentions progressing two leagues from the rancho and stopping within sight of the abandoned rancho of Valencia where “the sacrament of penitence,” which some interpret as flagellation, was administered to the soldiers.

The date of the founding of Tomé as a town is variously given. Local church records go back only to 1809 but villagers say that priests lived or visited in the village before this. Some say the church of today was built in 1701, but the alter-

nate date of 1746 seems the more probable. Father Ralliere's notes state that it was blessed in 1750. The grant to the Town of Tomé is dated 1739. It seems that a previous grant of the area had been made but not accepted. The text of the original application offers something of a picture of the period and suggests the beginning of congestion in Albuquerque!

Sir<sup>a</sup> Senior Justice:—All the undersigned appear before you, and all and jointly, and each one for himself, state, that in order that his excellency the governor may be pleased to donate to them the land called Thomé Dominguez, granted to those who first solicited the same, and who declined settling thereon, we therefore ask that the land be granted to us; we therefore pray you to be pleased [eaten by mice] at that time [eaten by mice] said settlers, we being disposed to settle upon the same within the time prescribed by law; we pray you to be pleased to give us the grant which you have caused to be returned, as you are aware that our petition is founded upon necessity and justice, our present condition being very limited, with scarcity of wood, pasture for our stock, and unable to extend our cultivation and raising of stock in this Town of Alburquerque on account of the many foot-paths encroaching upon us, and not permitted to reap the benefits of what we raise, and, in a measure, not even our crops on account of a scarcity of water, and with most of us our lands are of little extent and much confined, etc.

The men who signed the application were Juan Barela, José Salas, Juan Ballejos, Manuel Carillo, Juan Montaña, Domingo Sedillo, Mitias Romero, Bernardo Ballejo, Gregorio Jaramillo, Francisco Sanches, Pedro Romero, Felipe Barela, Lugardo Ballejos, Agustin Gallegos, Alonzo Perea, Tomas Samorra, Nicolas Garcia, Ignacio Baca, Salvador Manuel, Francisco Silva, Francisco Rivera, Juan Antonio Zamora, Miguel Lucero, Joachim Sedillo, Simon Samorra, Xptobal Gallehos, Juan Ballejos, *grande*, Jacinto Barela, and Diego Gonzales. The surnames we recognize in those of Tomé residents today.

The petition was presented to Juan Gonzales Bas, chief alcalde of Albuquerque, and referred by him to the Governor and Captain General, Don Gaspar Domingo de Mendoza, who

2. Twitchell, *The Spanish Archives*, I, p. 285, Archive No. 956; *New Mexico Reports*, No. 16, 1911 (from Jan. 1, 1911, to Jan. 15, 1912) Paul A. F. Walter, reporter.

made the grant. Possession was given on July 30, 1739, by Don Juan Gonzales Bas, "the boundaries being:<sup>3</sup> on the west the Rio del Norte; on the south the place commonly called 'Los Tres Alamos'; on the east the main ridge of the Sandia Mountains, and on the north the point of the Cienega at the hill called *Thomé Dominguez*." The formality of the settlers' taking possession was seen to by the alcalde in person:

In the new settlement of Nuestra Señora de la Concepción de Thomé Dominguez . . . on the thirtieth day of the month of July, in the year one thousand seven hundred and thirty-nine. I, Captain Juan Gonzales Baz, Senior Justice and War Captain of the town of San Felipe de Albuquerque, and the districts within its jurisdiction, by virtue of the decree issued and above provided by said Governor, the Royal possession ordered to be given being published and promulgated, and the parties concerned being together, I proceeded to the above mentioned place, and all being present, I notified them of the decree, I took them by the hand, walked with them over the land, they cried out, pulled up weeds, threw stones as required by law; and having placed the new settlers in possession of said lands, I gave them the title and vocation they should have in the settlement, which bears the name aforementioned of 'Nuestra Señora de la Concepción de Thomé Dominguez' whose titular feast they promised to observe and celebrate every year; and the first proceedings having been noted, I proceeded to establish the boundaries, as contained in the first petition . . . at which principal boundaries I ordered them to perpetuate their existence with permanent landmarks, pointing out to them also as a means of good economy their common pastures, water, and watering places, and uses and customs for all, to be used without any dispute, with the condition that each one is to use the same, without dispute, in equal portions, the richest as well as the poorest; and by virtue of what has been ordered, I pronounce this Royal possession as sufficient title for themselves, their children, heirs, and successors, to hold their lands, now and forever, at their will, directing them, as I do direct them to settle the same within the time prescribed by the Royal Ordinances, and for their greater quieter peace, tranquility, and harmony, I proceeded to point out the land each family should cultivate, each one receiving, in length, a sufficient quantity to plant one fanega of corn, two of wheat, garden and house plot . . . .

3. *Ibid.*, and unpublished translation of remainder of Archive 956, filed in Library of the Museum of New Mexico; Walter, *op. cit.*

The alcalde proceeds to list the boundaries for each family's land, in terms of the plots of neighbors. In a note appended to the text of the grant he comments that the place is very damp and in danger of being inundated again, a true prophecy of floods to come in terms of others already known. He mentions a square of thirty varas on which houses are to be built, and on the east side, where the square is not whole, a church and a dwelling for the Father Minister is to be erected. Thus is defined for the first time the plaza of Tomé.

Bishop Tamarón, visiting in 1760, mentions the Tomé church as 33 varas long by 8 wide, with a transept and three altars. There was a priest's house, although Tomé had been a visita of Albuquerque to that date. Tamarón ordered a friar assigned to Tomé, thus separating it from Albuquerque.<sup>4</sup>

In the 18th century Tomé grew and became important—a dispersed settlement of ranchers and farmers but tied to the little plaza with its new church and courthouse. The patron saint, *Nuestra Señora de la Concepcion Immaculada*, was subject of one of the concepts most emphasized by the Franciscans. The lives and doctrines of churchmen and politicians became the themes of adventure as well as of leadership in the ever-growing community.

The populations of the area included not only Spanish people and *castos* (half breeds) but also *Genizeros de diversos Naciones*—non-Pueblo Indians who had been captured by other tribes and subsequently liberated by the Spaniards. Fray Bernal,<sup>5</sup> stationed in Belen, across the river, counted 1403 persons under his religious supervision, 36 families (including the Genizeros) residing in Belen and 416 Spanish and half breed families in fourteen other “plazas” or towns, one of which was Tomé. The term “Genizero” or “Genizaro” is recognized in the Tomé area today but rarely is used because of unpleasant connotations. Its local defini-

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4. “Bishop Tamarón's Visitation of New Mexico, 1760,” edited by Eleanor B. Adams, *NEW MEXICO HISTORICAL REVIEW*, Vol. XXVIII, No. 3, 1953, p. 201.

5. *Manuscritos para la Historia de Nuevo Mexico, Legajo 10, no. 70*. Estado actual de las misiones de esta Provincia del Nuevo Mexico perteneciente a la custodia de la conversion de San Pablo, que al cargo de la Provincia del Santo Evangelico de la Ciudad de Mexico. Año de 1794.

tion referring to "one born into the household from an Indian mother, usually called a *criada*, indicates confusion with the old term "casto" probably as a result of some intermingling of Genizeros, *castos*, Pueblos and Spaniards. A *criada* was any servant brought up within the family (often the illegitimate child of an Indian woman slave) or living with the family. In many cases they were treated with unusual consideration because of long association and even possible family ties. Some of the *criadas* and some of the Spanish worker's wives served as *chichivas*, a combination of the modern "baby sitter" and the old style wet nurse. Such a woman had to be healthy and devoted to the family, which loved her in turn and fed her very well on meat and *atole*.

Many of the early Spanish families in the Tomé area had Indian slaves. It was the custom for members of wealthy families to put their funds together to purchase an Indian girl to be given as a maid servant to a new bride. If the Indian woman was of middle age, the gift was less than that of a young woman because of her strength. But if the slave was of twenty to twenty-five years, considered to be best, often by the time a young wife's first child was two or three months old the slave girl herself was discovered to be pregnant—and by the same man. The child of the slave was free and raised in an atmosphere which usually was healthy and happy. The child always was baptized<sup>6</sup> and frequently with the name of the actual father, although sometimes arrangements were made to marry the mother to one of the workers on the estate. Such couples usually settled to a happy life, but some stigma attached to the children. The phrase "You were born under a basket" was common. The term *Genizero* was associated with this idea, although not always justly, and with the idea of a person being a semi-slave, low in class and without ability. Today some of the young people best in athletics and best in making an impression upon the girls (it is said!) are those with some portion of Indian blood—but they are not publicly referred to as *Genizeros*.

6. One must beware the term "illegitimate" in some of the old church records. In Tomé, where the number recorded is astonishing, Bishop Lamy appended a marginal note stating that for some period the records were written by someone who did not have a good command of the Spanish language and in many cases set down the word "Illegitimate" to mean "Legitimate"!

Some of the Indian *criadas* were from the Pueblos but in Tomé and Valencia there were no less than five and possibly as many as eight Navajo girls who had been captured or kidnaped in planned raids on Navajo camps. In retaliation for these thefts, the Navajos ventured into the valley to drive off flocks of sheep and goats and numerous milk cows. At least in one specific case they took captive a Spanish boy from Valencia, but the escape of the youth was arranged by another Navajo who took him back to town upon his own horse.

In the Dominguez report ("The Missions of New Mexico, 1776" Eleanor Adams and Fray Angelico Chavez, ms. in preparation for publication by University of New Mexico Press) is recorded a flood in which (1769) the Rio Grande changed its course and wrought terrific destruction upon the houses and lands of Tomé. There are vague local accounts of 18th century floods and of Comanche raids, including that (1777) said to have been brought about by the failure of a Spanish family to marry its daughter to the son of a Comanche chief, as promised.<sup>7</sup> When the Indians discovered that she was married to a young Spaniard, they opened battle and fired the church. Survivors said a few thankful prayers for deliverance and set themselves to repair the walls, as was to be the case so many times subsequently when floods weakened or broke them. At present only the area around the entrance and that of the altar and north chapel represent the original structure.

In 1780 the first government "Palacio" or courthouse was badly damaged by a flood but repaired by villagers. It was located west of the church, across the plaza; the remnants of the mound of adobe which represented its final fall were cleared away by tractors making a field but a few years ago.

Tomé's best preserved relics of this century are a five foot Sangre de Cristo, a Virgin of the Immaculate Conception, and the fine oil paintings showing the apostles and doctors

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7. This is a surprising parallel to the Taos legend of a broken promise when an infant daughter promised as wife to a Comanche chief grew up and refused the marriage, only to bring about her own capture and annihilation of all her people. In *Albuquerque*, 1947, Erna Fergusson quotes old records of the church of San Felipe de Neri in Old Albuquerque as recording twenty one burials of Tomé residents after this raid. (p. 61).

of the Church, hung high on the walls of the nave of the church. The crucifix and virgin were carved about 1790 by Antonio Silva, a young man trained in painting and wood carving in Portugal, before he came to settle in Tomé. The crucifix still is carried in the arms of the leader of the procession which moves from the church around the plaza on the evening of Holy Wednesday after the Tinieblas service which opens Holy Week devotions, and the Virgin, favorite in the village, appears in many ceremonies. A similar crucifix by Silva formerly hung in the Valencia church but was so admired by Archbishop Gerken that he took it to Santa Fe to adorn the altar of his favorite project, the church of Cristo Rey, in which the reredos is the famous stone piece originally made for the Military Chapel on the Santa Fe plaza. Silva's descendants still live near Tomé, where members of the young generation, turning their interests toward music, have a popular dance orchestra.

In 1827, five years after the two and a quarter centuries of rule by Spanish monarchy had come to an end, the census of New Mexico showed a population of 43,433.<sup>8</sup> Scattered small private schools existed in Santa Fe, Taos, and elsewhere, but few other than the wealthy who sent their sons to universities in Europe, Mexico, or the United States, had opportunity for education. Reading matter was almost as rare as the ability to read. Tomé, with a total population of 2043, including 397 farmers, 56 craftsmen, seven miners, 101 day laborers and one priest, had a single schoolteacher, who presided over a school for boys and girls. This population was above that of any neighboring towns and not far below that of Albuquerque.

In 1823 Tomé handled the technicalities of making the Casa Colorado Land Grant, just to the south of its own area. "The Town of Tomé was a regularly organized Villa, had its ayuntamiento and other officers prior to the change from Spanish to Mexican sovereignty and later it had a 'Sala Capitular.'"<sup>9</sup>

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8. *Three New Mexico Chronicles*, Translated with Introduction and Notes by H. Bailey Carrol, J. Villasana Haggard, 1942, p. 89. (Quivira Society Publications).

9. Twitchell, *op. cit.*, p. 343, 344, Archive 1148.



In 1826 some families which had settled in the Manzano area, across the mountains, addressed a petition to "The Corporation of the Jurisdiction of Tomé" for an acreage of land, agricultural and wooded, to be held in common as a grant. In 1823<sup>10</sup> a decree had ordered inhabitants of outlying mountains and valleys liable to Indian attacks to gather into settlements. This referred particularly to the people of the Manzano mountains, who were subject to troubles from both Apaches and Comanches. By 1847 a fort had been built by the settlers at Manzano but some were seeking safer territory. Since the village and the grant of Manzano were in the jurisdiction of Tomé, officers of the latter were ordered to prevent utter abandonment of the area by insisting that families who moved off the grant, leaving no representative, should thereby forfeit their rights and the land be divided among those remaining.

By 1846 Valencia county, of which Tomé was the seat, was by far the largest in New Mexico; its southern limit was quite without definition!<sup>11</sup>

One who has been credited with giving aid to the Americans in this period is Doña Tules, who warned the officers—among whom she was a great favorite—of the conspiracy planned for December, 1846.<sup>13</sup> She first appears as a young woman in Valencia, Gertrudes Barceló, who apparently came from Spain or from Mexico with a brother, a sister, and a widowed mother. Gertrudes was married in the Tomé church to Manuel Antonio Sisneros on June 20, 1823. That both bride and groom were of upper class families is intimated by the use of "Don" and "Doña" before their names in the

10. *Ibid.*

11. Old Government map of 1846 drawn by order of Gen. Kearny, illustrated by John S. Vaughn, *History and Government of New Mexico*, 1931.

13. R. E. Twitchell, *Old Santa Fe*, 1925, p. 338; Josiah Gregg, *Commerce of the Prairies*, Reprint Edition, 1933, p. 157; Susan S. Magoffin, *Down the Santa Fe Trail and Into Mexico, The Diary of Susan Shelby Magoffin, 1846-1847*, edited by Stella M. Drumm, 1926, pp. 119-121; Fray Angelico Chavez, "Doña Tules, Her Fame and Her Funeral," *El Palacio*, Vol. 57, No. 8, 1950, pp. 227-234. Reports that Doña Tules was from Taos are in error; church records conclusively locate her in Tomé in the early years and the family name still is remembered there. The name, Barceló, is rare in New Mexico. It is thought that Manuel Sanchez y Barceló, who recently died in Manzano, came from the Tomé area; he may be the descendant of Doña Tules' brother. The private chapel which preceded the church in Valencia belonged to the Sanchez family, united by marriage to that of Barceló.

church register. She bore two sons who were baptised in the Tomé church (1823 and 1825) and moved to Santa Fe where her mother then was living. There, later and apparently as a widow, she became the famed Doña Tules (diminutive of Gertrudes), successful proprietor of the elegant gambling establishment which figured in Gregg's and Susan Magoffin's accounts of early Santa Fe. That her personal reputation was grossly exaggerated by these "Puritanical" observers of different cultural background has been pointed out by Fray Chavez. When Col. D. D. Mitchell found himself without the \$1000 necessary to purchase supplies for his men so that they might make the communications ordered with Gen. J. E. Wool in Chihuahua, she advanced the money. Certainly she wielded influence in the social and political sphere of native Santa Fe. In an area where most women were expected to confine their associations and interests largely to home and family, Doña Tules must have been one of the most outstanding figures of her sex, and we can regret lack of more detail concerning her life and activities.

During the Mexican period Tomé had been one of the two post offices in New Mexico, but service was irregular.<sup>12</sup> Under the new government, Tomé once again had a regular mail service. The first mail carrier was a Don Juan José Sedillo, whose venerable head led to his frequently being compared to San José. He is said to have experienced a visit to Heaven once himself, when he died temporarily. He said that he saw St. Joseph and Mary, the Virgin. He spoke to St. Peter, but did not see Jesus. St. Peter told him "I do not want you here yet, but later." After this the man returned to consciousness and lived for several years, though always quietly. The villagers say that immediately after death, a person's heart may be dead but his soul lingers for a while. He still retains the will to live, and may return to life two or three hours later, as several in Tomé have done. It is a crime, say they, when a person is pronounced dead and is removed by the undertaker before twenty-four hours have passed. One man who had suffered several heart attacks but recovered each time, finally so frightened his wife by giving her his

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12. J. A. De Escudero, *Noticias Estadísticas del Estado de Chihuahua*, 1884, p. 177.

bunch of keys in such an attack that she became convinced the end had come. She dashed to the house of a neighbor in fright, and the neighbor promptly called the undertaker. The wife, on second thought, tried to send that functionary away but found herself powerless to prevent his removing her husband's body. The people still suspect that his death was due not to the heart attack but to the undertaker, and all semblance of hurry in such circumstances now is avoided with utmost care.

In the 19th century, one of New Mexico's paramount problems was scarcity of churchmen. The Bishop of Durango,<sup>14</sup> as Pedro Bautista Pino lamented in 1811 before his trip to Spain to beg a separate diocese, had in his charge twenty-six Indian settlements and 102 plazas (towns) in New Mexico as well as the greater population within his nearer territory.

Thinking to make the villa churches of New Mexico self supporting parishes, the Bishop had pushed secularization.<sup>15</sup> But one man could not well handle the burden of supervision over all the territory for which he was responsible. When secular priests were put into the Spanish settlements in 1801, the Bishop created the office of vicar *foraneo* and ecclesiastical governor, to be filled by a personal representative in Santa Fe.<sup>16</sup> The scheme of attenuated authority, never successful, was further strained when the Indian missions also were secularized in 1825. By 1831 many parishes were vacant, with but six ecclesiastical priests and three Franciscans in the area. The position of Bishop of Durango itself was unfilled for some time, but when in 1832 Bishop Zubiría was installed, he at once appointed a new vicar for New Mexico, Juan Felipe Ortiz. The latter in turn gave powers of confirmation to the priests of Taos and Tomé. For the seventy years following the visit of Tamarón in 1760, no Bishop set foot in New Mexico, but in 1833, 1845, and 1850 Bishop Zubiría made visits to the territory (stopping in

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14. *Three New Mexico Chronicles*, pp. 50-55; Louis H. Warner, *Archbishop Lamy*, 1936, pp. 43-67.

15. Reginald Fisher, "Notes on the Relation of the Franciscans to the Penitentes," *El Palacio*, Vol. XLVIII, No. 12, 1941, pp. 263-271.

16. Warner, *op. cit.*

Tomé, as the villagers still recount), and Ortiz remained in office until after Bishop Lamy had been installed in Santa Fe in 1851.

The present inhabitants of Tomé can name seven priests who served their parish for several years apiece before the American period: Padres Sanchez, Madarriaga, Lucero, Ortiz, Cabeza de Vaca, Montañó, and Carlos Brun. Father Antonio José Martínez, later to become the famed figure of Bishop Lamy's disapproval and excommunication (after defying the Bishop's edicts and, with two others of the clergy, leading an opposition to him) as well as one of the most ardent protagonists for books and education in early New Mexico,<sup>17</sup> signed the baptismal record of a child in Tomé in 1823. This was his first pastorate in New Mexico<sup>18</sup> following ten months of service in Durango, Mexico, after his ordination there. Before a year had passed he was in Abiquiú, his boyhood home, whence he moved on to Taos.

During the "secular interlude" (1790-1850) the religious society of *Nuestros Hermanos Penitentes* became very important in the religious expression of New Mexico.<sup>19</sup> The classical explanation of the origin of the Penitente cult here has referred back to personal flagellation by Oñate and to Benavides' mention of processions of persons flagellating themselves in Santa Fe. Fray Chavez recently has presented the theory that the society as such was brought into New Mexico from Spain, perhaps via old Mexico, but slightly before Bishop Zubiría discovered it in Santa Cruz in 1833.<sup>20</sup>

Although condemned by the Pope as fanatical in 1349, flagellation movements had flared up periodically in Europe, especially in times of stress. The practice reached Spain at the end of the 14th century and was encouraged by the Jesuits wherever they evangelized in the 17th and 18th centuries. Havelock Ellis speaks of the admiration of the girls for men in Spain who took part in this Good Friday observ-

17. *Three New Mexico Chronicles*, p. 50.

18. Warner, *op. cit.*, p. 70.

19. Fisher, *op. cit.*

20. *Fray Alonso Benavides Revised Memorial of 1634*, Frederick Webb Hodge, Geo. P. Hammond, Agapito Rey, Coronado Quartocentennial Publications, Vol. IV, 1945, p. 66; Fray Angelico Chavez, "The Penitentes of New Mexico," *NEW MEXICO HISTORICAL REVIEW*, April, 1954.

ance and quotes a description of earlier references to the young men scourging themselves in the streets during Holy Week with intent to impress their sweethearts with pity and admiration. We note with interest that flagellation also took place among the Islamites during the great Moorish festival in June.<sup>21</sup>

In New Mexico, while churchmen were few, the Penitentes did their best to carry on celebration of saints' days and holy days with *velorios*, meetings of prayer and song. They buried the dead, gave aid to the bereaved family, acted as a strong influence toward propriety of behavior as prescribed by the church (miscreants were purged from the society) and eased their consciences of sin by personal flagellation, usually as a part of Easter processions, in which Christ's march to Calvary was being represented as a part of the old mystery play, *La Pasión*.

Gregg wrote in 1844:

*La Semana Santa*, or Passion Week, is perhaps the period when the religious feeling . . . is most fully excited: *Viernes Santo* (Good Friday), especially, is observed with great pomp and splendor. An image of Christ, large as life, nailed to a wooden cross, is paraded through the streets, in the midst of an immense procession, accompanied by a glittering array of carved images, representing the Virgin Mary, Mary Magdalene, and several others; while the most notorious personages of antiquity, who figured at that great era of the World's history,—the centurion with a band of guards, armed with lances, and appalled in the costume supposed to have been worn in those days,—may be seen bestriding splendidly caparisoned horses, in the breathing reality of flesh and blood . . . I once chanced to be in the town of Tomé on Good Friday, when my attention was arrested by a man almost naked, bearing, in imitation of Simon, a huge cross upon his shoulders, which, though constructed of the lightest wood, must have weighed over a hundred pounds. The long end dragged upon the ground, as we have seen it represented in sacred pictures, and about the middle swung a stone of immense dimensions, appended there for the purpose of making the task more laborious. Not far behind followed another equally destitute of clothing, while his whole body wrapped in chains and cords, which seemed buried in the muscles, and which so cramped

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21. Havelock Ellis, *The Soul of Spain*, 1924.

and confined him that he was scarcely able to keep pace with the procession. The person who brought up the rear . . . walked along with a patient and composed step, while another followed close behind belaboring him lustily with a whip . . . but as the lash was pointed only with a tuft of untwisted sea-grass, its application merely served to keep open the wounds upon the penitent's back, which had been scarified, as I was informed, with the keen edge of a flint, and was bleeding most profusely. The blood was kept in perpetual flow by the stimulating juice of certain herbs, carried by a third person, into which the scourger frequently dipped his lash.<sup>22</sup>

Apparently unaware of Zubiría's explicit edict against New Mexican Penitentes and recognizing that the few clergymen of the territory could not manage to extend their services into all the towns and hamlets, in spite of their custom of living here and there with relatives and spending much of their time in travel, Spanish and Mexican priests—like Father Martínez—were supporters of the Penitentes. Bishop Lamy, product of a different school of thought and following the edicts of Pope Leo XIII in the later 19th century, was not.

Bishop Lamy admitted that he was taken aback by the condition of the church and the people when he arrived in New Mexico; neither he nor the French priests and seminarians whom he later brought into the territory had experienced Spanish frontier life and culture and perhaps did not see its virtues quite as soon as they discovered the sorry parts. And it is hardly surprising that the Mexican clergy—and some of the other patriots—resented the imposition of new authority and the direct criticisms, as well as those implied by Bishop Lamy's importations of French religious for their churches. France and the United States, both, had been looked upon as competitors and enemies by Mexico and Spain. The French priests started at a disadvantage in New Mexico. Among conditions so personally trying and parishioners more inclined by the times to quick suspicion than to trusting acceptance, the success of one of these men in a Spanish-American town points to integrity and long perseverance which went beyond frustrations and the occasional

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22. Gregg, *op. cit.*, pp. 169-171.

flare of irritation. Padre John Baptist Ralliere was such a man. Brought from France as a deacon and ordained in Santa Fe about a month later, he served Tomé and the adjoining area for fifty-three years and remained in the little town in illness and retirement for the last four years of his life. From 1858 to 1911, his years of activity, the story of Tomé almost can be said to be the story of Father Ralliere, and his influence never has been lost.

When Father Ralliere, thirty years old and filled with energy, drove his buckboard into Tomé on June 13, 1858, he saw a plaza grown up with old cottonwoods, the church with its yard full of white wooden crosses marking the northeast corner, and the other sides outlined with walled adobe houses and their equally walled corrals, vineyards, and gardens. The Tomé Grant extended from the volcanic cone, Cerro de Tomé, to "Los Tres Alamos," the latter marker later being changed to the more easily located Cerro Turututu, twenty miles south. East and west—as was the custom of the day—the grant ran from the crest of the Manzanos to the middle of the Rio Grande, a distance of about twenty miles. The settlers farmed the lowland area and used the higher ground as land for cattle and sheep and a source of firewood. Springs—Ojoelos (the largest), Ojo de Alamita, and Ojo de los Barrendos, running from north to south—brought water out along a fault line at the edge of the foothills. Cattle and sheep drank at the springs and the *acequiacita* (little acequia) carried water from the foothills to drinking "tanks" for the animals far out on the plain. Shepherders, camping near the springs, often buried in a high-growing patch of sunflowers a few seeds of the watermelons they enjoyed so that when they returned the next season melons would be awaiting them, almost as if by a miracle. In the 19th century the farm lands used by individual families were officially put into their specific ownership and some, when the Anglos began to come in after American occupation in 1846, promptly were sold to the newcomers.

Other persons merely settled where they wished without rights from purchase or even from permission. Some of these were Anglos and some Spanish Americans, the best known

being J. F. Chavez of Peralta (Colonel in the American Army and affectionately known as Don Francisco, *el Coronel*), whose house and big cattle corrals were just to the south of the waterhole at Las Ojoelas. All squatters eventually were dispossessed and the lands fenced from lawless marauders who for years delighted in killing cattle and in shooting holes into the metal water tank set up at the site of a deep well originally drilled by a "wildcatter" for oil but purchased by the grantees for water. To obtain funds to settle these long-troublesome problems, the east section of the grant, to the base of the mountains, was sold. Some of the money remaining after the lawsuits were concluded purchased fencing and gates; the rest was carefully invested in bonds to be available for future need. The desire of the people still is to keep the old communal land intact for benefit of descendants of the original settlers; a case in court to this effect has been rested recently, at advice of the attorney representing Tomé, with the judge favorable to the cause of the people.

Much of the land close to the river was *vega*, sod grown bottomlands which could be cut into *terrones*, the favorite building block of this area even today. The best cutter of *terrones*, according to local tradition, lived at La Constancia, southernmost settlement of the Grant; he is said to have marked out with a taut string and cut with a spade 1000 *terrones* per day, about 400 more than any now claims. Volcanic boulders were hauled from Cerro de Tomé to form the low foundation used on all houses to protect the sod and clay walls from ground dampness and floods, but the water which periodically overflowed the banks of the Rio Grande made re-building and repairing frequently necessary all through the low farm area.

La Constancia consisted of a group of farms located close to the old ferry across the Rio Grande; later a bridge was built but the river banks were so low that it soon washed out. Eventually it was replaced by that which now carries Highway 60 across the river just beyond the southern boundary of the Grant. In the jovial joking customary to the early days, amusing nicknames frequently were applied to families



and to areas: this near the river long was known as *La Bolsa* (Place of the Pocket-sized People) or *Las Terenates* (Place of the Tadpoles) in honor of a family whose stature averaged shorter than that of their neighbors. The Tadpoles themselves were known for health, hard work, and old-fashioned customs. Before childbirth, they explained, a woman should eat only *atole* and steer meat, and her lying-in period should be of as many days as that of the Mother of Christ. One farmer, shaking his head over the frequent trips his friends in other villages made to the doctor, insisted that his own secret for a robust life was summed up in "*El noche es por dormir, y el dia pa' descansar*"—but his farm was among the finest of the area.

The more dignified name of La Constancia is said to have referred to the constant turning of the wheel of the Otero mill, which ground flour for all the area. This mill was supplied with water from an extension of the fifteen mile irrigation ditch, constructed by all the east river communities working together; the water after falling twenty feet onto a bed of volcanic boulders spread out over the fields and an orchard below.

All irrigation ditches were under supervision of an annually selected *mayordomo*, chosen at a public meeting for his worth to the community but deriving no pay for his labors. Each plot of land was considered to be due the amount of water required for its irrigation, by the system known as *primer riego*, but in compensation the family using the water was expected to contribute its fee of proportionate labor in annual cleaning and upkeep of the ditches. The work of a child was assessed at half the value of that of an adult, and families who chose to donate lumber, nails, etc., in place of labor had that prerogative. Lunch for the working man was provided at the house nearest the activities of the day; the women got together to handle cooking and cleaning. Any individualist who chose to bring his own lunch was considered to be without a proper spirit of fellowship and his lunch usually was surreptitiously filched by his neighbors and emptied out, to the amusement of all.

The Otero orchard, planted in 1815, contained purple

plums and the old species of apples, Manzanas de San Juan, supposed to be ripe San Juan's day, June 24. This was a day of devotion and fiesta important throughout Old and New Mexico, and a ritual bath in memory of John the Baptist's baptism of Christ was supposed to be taken by each person at dawn. It was the most important day of the year for the village of San Juan, south of Casa Colorado and near the Cerro de Turututu, in an area once known chiefly as a rendezvous of cattle rustlers. One of these, presumably, shot and killed the famed and fearless Col. Francisco Chavez while he was at dinner in front of a lighted window Nov. 26, 1904, in Pinos Wells. Chavez long had fought the outlaws; no one ever knew who answered with a bullet from the dark. Domingo Valles, accused of the crime, was exonerated by the courts and lived to build his own carefully carpentered black coffin so that he might depart this world in dignity, as he did at the age of 103, Oct. 16, 1953.

Los Chavez, across the river to the west, likewise gave San Juan's day a special celebration, and in Adelino, next village to the north of La Constancia, the wooden figure of San Juan was taken down to the river so that his sight of the dry sand might persuade him to bring rain. The statue was in the custody of a devout family there, the oldest man of which was the prayer leader of *velorios* for the community. That the representation actually was not of San Juan Bautisto but of San Juan Nepomuceno, the Bavarian priest who suffered martyrdom through having his tongue cut out and being tossed into the Moldau when he refused to repeat the confessions of King Wencelaus' unjustly suspected wife, was a minor point which disturbed no one.

Father Ralliere said mass in the big hall, otherwise used for dances, across from the saloon in La Constancia. He also said mass in the chapel of Adelino, and in the churches of Tomé and Valencia, and, after 1872, in Peralta. At least twice a month he went to Casa Colorado (across the river from Belen and formerly of many inhabitants, although shrunken to some twenty families today) for services and once a year or more often he traveled as far as Carrizozo, Puerto Luna, and Ft. Sumner. His jurisdiction ran all the

way to Rio Bonito in Lincoln County. When he was old he used a buggy but before that he made most trips on horseback. In the early days those roads which led him across the mountains were open to danger from Indians and he rode the worst sections with a military escort. On one such occasion, when he presumably had passed the most difficult terrain and was alone, gathering wood for his evening fire, he caught a glimpse of Indians peering at him from the bushes. With quick presence of mind, he continued farther and farther from his fire, while still picking up sticks, until finally he was able to slip into the darkness and escape. His advice to other villagers after this episode still is smilingly quoted around Tomé: "When you see Indians coming, don't just stand still and pray to the Santo Niño. Beat it!"

Adelino recognized San Lorenzo as patron saint and on his day, August 10, the people carried his image from the church and around their fields so that he might inspect their condition. It was considered most disrespectful to work upon his day, and for generations the people celebrated with mass in the morning and merrymaking in the afternoon. But the time came when one man decided that this old fashioned custom made for a needless waste of time. He would thrash his wheat and winnow and store it—he boasted to his neighbors—and see whether old San Lorenzo would do anything to him! The day came and he did his work. By five in the afternoon it was finished and to the questioning neighbors coming homeward from their prayers and their pastimes he showed his storehouse full of grain. "And where was San Lorenzo all this time?" he gloated. "He never knew the difference. Now my work is finished; your's isn't!" But soon a small cloud began to grow in the blue sky; it increased in size moment by moment. Soon it stormed; there was a flood, and all the wheat was washed out of that farmer's storeroom and scattered over his yard and field. Try as he might to gather it up afterward, he never could recover more than half. After that lesson, the people did not lapse again in their devotion to San Lorenzo until some time in the twentieth century, when Father Assenmacher found it only necessary to remind them of this old tale and of that of the other

Adelino farmer whose new threshing machine broke down three times to stop the work which should not have been in process on San Lorenzo's day. Truly the saints require their fiestas!

Valencia, like the villages south of Tomé, has its story. The church was built about 1800 under leadership of two brothers, who for years had waged a bitter fight with each other and had involved many families in their feud. Much blood had been shed. Finally the older, who is said to have been the less guilty, went to the younger on his knees, begging forgiveness and suggesting that in atonement for their aggressions they should build a church. This was the first church in Valencia (formerly there had been but a private chapel) and was significantly dedicated to peace within families. When it eventually required re-building, in the modern period, the new structure was made upon the same plan as the old but the dedication was enlarged to include peace between the nations of the world.

A second disruption to the peace of this village—and of all the surrounding area—arose in the first years of the American period through the advent of a "priest" named Cardenas. He made his headquarters in the chapel of Valencia. The descriptions "*hermano carnal de Baco*" (blood brother of Bacchus) and "*primer hermano de Cupido*" (first cousin of Cupid) give some indication of his character, but the problems in which he involved the communities went beyond his personal life. The *Revista Catolica* of July 3, 1880, asserts that a suspended and excommunicated priest, who was a friend of Cardenas, in 1849 persuaded one of the leading families of Peralta that he should perform the marriage of their daughter to one of the young men of the area. A legal delegation was sent to Tomé to obtain from the sacristan, Esteban Zamora y Benavides, the necessary church equipment, to be used in the private chapel of the girl's parents. The sacristan and "forty men of Tomé who were defending truth and justice" refused the loan to this apostate and were beaten and kept in jail during the time that the mass was carried on.

The sacristan's son (organist for Tomé) asserts that the

priest who performed this marriage was Benavides himself. Certainly he performed other marriages and baptisms—all of which became improper in the eyes of the church when Bishop Zubiría, during his visit in 1850, exposed the man as a scandalous imposter. At this, the larger number of his friends at once abandoned him (previous warnings from Santa Fe already had cut into his congregation), but the “priest” promptly claimed Protestantism and “. . . in the courtroom of Tomé stated that it was not necessary to confess to priests but only one to another.” With the few families who remained with him, he constructed a small chapel on top of the mound marking the ruins of an old Catholic church destroyed by floods, next door to the existent Catholic church of Peralta. For some time the group, knowing very little of Protestantism as such, actually were merely schismatic Catholics, but by 1854 they had learned more of their professed faith and called themselves Methodists. Somewhat later the congregation disseminated into several small Protestant sects and the church fell into ruins. According to the notes of Father Ralliere, Cardenas quit the area by joining the Confederate forces when they came through the valley—after aiding them at the expense of his neighbors during their stop in the area. The point which has remained uppermost in the minds of the families of Peralta, however, was the carefully-timed ringing of the bell of the Protestant chapel during the Cardenas period—just long and loud enough to drown out the opening portions of the mass being said next door!

Villagers state that Cardenas returned in 1869 while Father Ralliere was in Rome. He claimed to have visited Europe in the interim and to have collected money from Protestants for Protestant missions and from Catholics for Catholic missions. He also spread word that he was a friend of the Empress Josephine. In spite of his blandishments, few of the people this time showed any interest in him.

Soon he fell ill in the house of the custodian of a small Protestant chapel which he had built directly across from the village of Casa Colorado. He lay, a very sick man, upon the common bed of that period, a mattress upon the floor of

the "reception parlor." One warm day he saw a great sow with a big litter of piglets come toward the house, linger a few moments, and then all walk through the open doorway. They encircled the sick man and, lifting his mattress in their mouths, slowly carried him, screaming, toward the door. On the threshold, seeing himself in the power of demons, he hysterically shrieked an invocation to "*los dulcissimos nombres de Jesus, Maria, y San José,*" at which sow and pigs dropped him and fled in terror. The sick man and the family equally went pallid. But soon the ex-priest regained his composure; within a few days his appetite improved and he felt well enough to make a hasty trip to Santa Fe to beg *perdon* and to implore that the excommunication be lifted from him.

Bishop Lamy chanced to be in Albuquerque, so the ex-priest hurried southward again. He found the Bishop, with a number of other priests, in the church of San Felipe in Old Town. Entering the church upon his knees, he fell prostrate at the communion rail. While the *Miserere Mei Deus, Saecundum Magnum Misericordium Tuam* was being sung, Bishop Lamy wielded the whip in flagellation—so say the old-timers of Tomé. After this the penitent ex-priest was sent to a monastery in the "United States" and there he settled to live in obedience and useful labor. The ruins of the house of his illness and the old tamarisk hedge which shaded its dooryard still are to be seen, though most of the newcomers to the area do not know its story.

The people of all this area were devout, combining the basic beliefs of their religion with many little folk ways. Prayer was an important matter of daily life, and sometimes it took the form of almsgiving. Alms might be offered as a tribute to someone, in memory of someone, or in thanksgiving for a favor received. Alms might be given, also, as something of a suggestion to God that He, in turn, grant the favor desired by the supplicant. To be effective in this line, the gift-giving was supposed to be accompanied by some embarrassment to the donor. For instance, a woman might promise to give a quarter to the first person who entered her house next morning. If someone like Manuel B. Otero,

the millionaire, chanced to be the first visitor of the day, the poor woman who had just slipped the small coin into his hand was mortified—as well as surprised at the unexpected situation. But he (on the occasion when this once happened), although equally astonished, managed to retrieve his habitual composure in time to make the proper response, "*Dios le pague,*" as is customary among the few old people who continue in the old ways today.

Father Ralliere's early years in Tomé were marked more by the push of daily duties than by notable events. There were the church duties of baptisms and burials and between them the marriages in which he used his own heavy plain gold ring, set with a jewel, to slip over the bride's finger in symbolism of her new estate, very few husbands being wealthy enough to provide a wedding ring.

And there were other matters he must attend to for the good of his household and of the community. With aid of a *mayordomo* he planted an orchard, a vineyard, and a farm. Stone buildings housed a winepress where the juice was held for a time before being poured into vats. In 1872 Father Ralliere's school was built and granaries and stables were constructed in the *tapia*, or front wall composed of rooms, through which three heavy gates led to a courtyard garden and house. In this garden among the flowers were the thorn trees planted from seeds he had brought from France. The long thorns still are plucked to make Christ's crucifixion crown and to distribute to parishioners on Good Friday. And for those whose faith is strong, the touch of these thorns sometimes cures headaches and other ills.

Part of the support of the church came from the tithes of the farmers, contributed as produce, steers, hogs, and lambs. Other lambs which came to J.B.R.'s corrals were the motherless creatures which he, as well as other villagers who followed the old customs, asked of the shepherders. The pay was bread or sweet *biscochitos*, left with the herder after a picnic at his camp. The lambs were suckled to nanny goats in the home corral. The fleece of some of these was spun into yarn by members of his household—as elsewhere in the vil-

lage—to be colored and twisted together and worn to church for “the blessing of the throats.” This old service, now almost forgotten, came on February 3, San Blas’ day, in memory of this saint’s having been martyred by means of a pair of shears thrust into his throat.

Father Ralliere maintained a large household composed of several families; the *convento* is said to have used 10,000 pounds of flour per year. He spent heavily of his funds as well as of his energies for the welfare of his congregations. Metal and woodworking shops were equipped and opened for the training and use of local men. (Two of the hafted wedges or railsplitters now are at the University of New Mexico.)

Being much interested in music himself, he ordered an organ (1858) to be brought across the plains from St. Louis for the church in Tomé. But when it arrived, no one but he himself could use it, so he began the training of a young man in music. This man, Don Julian Zamora, frequently accompanied Father Ralliere on his trips from town to town, using a small portable organ brought from Santa Fe when J.B.R. first arrived. He is alive today, after having completed the remarkable record of playing for all the masses of Sundays and holy days, and for the extra masses of special occasions, paid for by parishioners,—without ever missing one and thus totalling about 8000 performances—over a period of fifty-three years. The old organ, the first in Tomé, was moved to the old organist’s house when another recently was purchased to replace it in the church, and there his grandchildren now practise their music lessons.

Father Ralliere later ordered five more organs, one each for the churches of Valencia, Peralta, and Casa Colorado (all in 1890), one for the girls who were taking organ lessons, and one to be loaned from house to house. Moreover, under his influence and because the young people had the chance to learn music, three private families ordered organs, all of which still remain in Tomé homes.

One of the men who taught music—violin, tuba, and French horn—in J.B.R.’s school was a boy who grew up in his household. His ancestors had lived in Tomé in the pre-rebellion period but had remained in San Lorenzo, near El



Paso, since the exodus. The boy, thirteen years old, left his family and worked his way northward to Tomé—a trip of several months made on the back of a tame ram of great size! The creature long was a favorite playfellow to the Tomé younger generation. The boy, grown, was married twice and his descendants still live in the area. His skill in carpentry is seen in the white and gold Tabernacle, still kept in the side chapel with the old santos. It is marked: *Año 1906—El día 24 de Abril—Por Luis Padilla, Tomé, N. M.*

Another of J.B.R.'s proteges was a colored lad, whom he adopted and gave his own name. Where the boy came from is unknown; he may have been related to or descended from one of the soldiers of the negro regiment, the last quartered in Santa Fe before Ft. Marcy was abandoned, or—more likely—from the negro soldiers stationed at Dusty to help with Indian troubles shortly after the Civil War. When he was grown he married one of the Tomé women and settled on a small plot given him by J.B.R. just north of Cerro Tomé.

New Mexico suffered less directly than many other areas from the impact of the Civil War, although the Indian problem increased when troops were withdrawn from frontiers to protect the more settled areas. The Confederates were known locally as *Tejanos*, since those who reached New Mexico had come out of Texas. The natives had not forgotten the Texas claims to New Mexico, and local business men made what they could in provisioning the troops. Legend still laughs over the price of \$40 per carreta-load for corn fodder, comparable to something like \$200 per load today. On April 14, 1862, a group of the *Tejanos*, retreating from their conclusive defeat in Glorieta Pass, east of Santa Fe, stopped to rest in Peralta. They established a "Fortaleza" on the home ranch of Governor Henry Connelly (then in Las Vegas), a wealthy relative of the Otero family of La Constancia and of the equally wealthy family of Col. J. Francisco Chavez, his brother-in-law. With their horses pastured in the heavily wooded bottomlands, the men settled to an evening of music and revelry. Meanwhile, General Richard S. Canby, who, unsuspected, had pursued them from Albu-

querque, quietly moved his forces into a position to permit bombardment at dawn<sup>23</sup> from the east mesa. The battle lasted through the day.

Father Ralliere, who periodically said mass in a private chapel<sup>24</sup> in the establishment which had become the "Fortaleza," and a group of choir and altar boys who wanted to watch—and to help rout the Texans—climbed the Cerro de Tomé. On the peak they spent the entire day singing the litanies—the Rosary, hymns, and chants. It is said that Father Ralliere looked like Moses and that the devotions of his little group swung the victory for the Union. A certain young man who some say was very brave and patriotic but whom others credit merely with the desire for a few dollars and liquor, crept up in the night, set fire to the wagons of the *Tejanos*, and blew up much of their ammunition. This ended the last battle of the Civil War in New Mexico. One of the cannon balls, presumably from this skirmish, years later was found in a field near the Cerro.

*(To be continued)*

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23. Wm. A. Keleher, *Turmoil in New Mexico, 1846-1868*, 1952, pp. 186-7.

24. After this chapel fell into disrepair the vigas were purchased by Father Ralliere to roof one of his barns. In 1938 Archbishop Gerken took them to be used in roofing the Chapel at Lourdes Village, the School and orphanage on South Second St., Albuquerque.

## ROCKING HORSE TO COW PONY

By JESSIE DE PRADO FARRINGTON

### *The Rocking Horse*

WHILE I was yet convalescing from a serious operation, my beloved husband passed away suddenly in his arm chair. Among the many new friends, new and old, who tried in all ways to help me carry on was our rector, Rev. Dr. Hunt Balcom, and I guess for psychological reasons, he talked me into writing a resume of my life and even introduced a friend to do the stenographic part; all, I feel sure, just to try and take my mind off my grief and many worrying problems, and so help me over the first mile of my new lonely and difficult road. I think Dr. Balcom was struck with the great influence that the love of horses has had on the "woof and warp" of my life and would have me work it out in this way.

I was born at Crosshill, Glasgow. My mother died when I was so young, I do not remember her at all. The first memories are of my father (who also passed on while I was quite young). I have a brother Eben, who is six years older than I. From the cradle up, it seemed that I showed a pronounced love for horses. I had a huge dapple gray rocking horse, and one day my brother inadvertently pulled his tail out (he was never an unkind brother). This caused great weeping and wailing until the damage was repaired; but a little while later on, at play, he wanted to enact some historical scene he had been studying at school and it required the beheading of a queen. A friend of the family had presented me with a very magnificent over-sized doll, so it was designated to fill the part of the unfortunate queen. In one of the hallways was a large wooden bin for soiled linen, so when the time came for the execution, I cheerfully held the handsome doll over the edge of the bin while Eben chopped her head off,—quite a contrast to when he pulled the horse's tail out!

One of the first characters I remember caring for was a man who drove a wagon delivering cases of ginger ale, etc. I do not recall his name, but I know I used to get up on his seat with him and drive the horses as far as he would let me go. I

always wanted to be just like my brother, and, among many other more or less hopeless wishes, I yearned to have my hair cut short like a boy. One day when the nurse was out and we were left in peace, we went to the kitchen and got the cook to make us a large soup plate full of toffee. We retired with this upstairs and while it cooled on a nearby chair, my brother planted me on a newspaper on the floor and began to whack my hair off. He had got half way around when the nurse returned. When my father came home, I was presented to him, half shorn and half long-haired!

My brother was banished in disgrace, and I was bundled into a cab and taken to a hair dresser to have the vandalism completed. However, my rejoicing did not last long, because I was required to let it grow again and suffered more than ever. I think this episode must have made a greater impression on my brother than it did on me, because, when years afterwards I was starting for the (then to me) far west, he did his best to make me promise that I would not have my hair cut off when I got to New Mexico. Though I never gave the promise, I refrained for his sake. I have an idea that his five daughters are now more or less shorn. "Time Marches On!"

I am afraid I was what my cowboy friends would call an "ornery little cuss." One Sunday afternoon, my brother and I had the kitchen to ourselves and he was melting lead to run bullets for some gun he had. I happened to want him to do something for me, but he could not or would not; I had a swanky toy carriage whip and began to whip his beststockinged legs (he wore knickerbockers) till I had him prancing around the table unable to protect himself, the vessel with the hot lead in one hand and bullet-mold in the other. In the midst of this uproar, the maid came to the door, but instead of pouncing on me, she went and got my father, so that he might see for himself how hateful I could be—because he was inclined to think I could do no wrong—but he seized my precious whip, and broke it in several pieces (it was a nice long one with a beautiful curved lash), and put it into the fire. I rushed to salvage at least the lash, but before I could put my hand in the grate, he grabbed me and marched me off to the sitting room and planted me in a corner: this on top of the destruc-

tion of my precious whip, was about the greatest affront of my life. In time, he told me to come out and say I was sorry, but I guess I had become attached to my corner, for I refused to budge, till finally he capitulated and took me on his knee and as good as said he was sorry for what he had done. This is the only occasion I remember his trying to punish me.

In time, we left Crosshill and moved to the other side of town, now Kelvinside, but as the Heads of the Collegiate School—where my brother was a pupil—were close friends of my father, he wanted Eben to continue there, even though it meant a long daily journey in two street cars. At first, I was sent to a nearby "Lady's School," but as I persisted in refusing to arrive in gloves and also in throwing my succession of wee thimbles out of the window at every chance, the good ladies finally asked my father to take me out of their school. In their lady-like way, they expelled me, little as I was.

My brother's school was run in two sections, one for boys under Mr. Christie, and the other for girls under Mr. Cairns; so in despair, in spite of the long car journey, my father decided to send me with Eben, who daily turned me over to one of the governesses, before he went to his class. The last part of the drive, on the way to school was through a quiet section of the city, from Eglinton Toll to Crosshill, and here, we used to descend from the outside upper deck to the driver's platform and my brother would tip the driver a sixpence every now and then, and I was allowed to drive the horses the rest of the way. After my father's death, I was boarded with the governess already mentioned, and attended the school long after my brother had left.

While I was still too small to read myself, my father used to read to me every week day evening and introduced me to Scott, Fennimore, Cooper, and Dickens, but on Sundays he required my brother to read to me for at least two hours. One hour I could choose what I wanted, and for the other, my brother could choose what he wanted. As he showed a decided leaning for boats and the sea (he became a sailor) as I did for horses, he filled me up mainly on Capt. Marryat's books; while my hour had to be devoted to cowboy tales, though no one ever knew how I learned of such. I remember the night of the Tay

Bridge disaster: it was a terrible storm, and on a Sunday, I think—anyhow, my brother and I went downtown to see an uncle who was due to arrive from the South. We were to meet him at St. Enche's Hotel, I think it was. I was much impressed by the flying chimney pots, and umbrellas being blown inside out on the way down. When we arrived at the hotel, we went into what I thought was a very wee waiting room with crimson velvet or plush seats on three sides, but when it suddenly shot up, I was greatly frightened. It was my first experience in an elevator, and my brother had not thought to warn me. To this day, I have always disliked elevators.

While still at Crosshill School, for my summer holidays, I always asked to be sent to a farm on the Island of Bute: the farmer was a boyhood friend of my father's and his sister kept house for him, she was certainly a "corker," one of the two terrors of the Female Species that I have had real personal contact with in my checkered career. Well, he was a dear, and I was devoted to him and his strain of rather mongrel bob-tailed dogs, the most outstanding of which was named: "Sking the Goat." He was served his meal in state, by himself, in the best front parlor. I don't remember just where, or how, I had my meals, probably standing up by the kitchen table. I was supposed to have lots of milk and cream, etc., to build me up, but the housekeeper was terribly stingy, and unless I took a tin cup and went out to the byre (cowbarn) I never got much sweet milk and no cream. Here I learned to milk, which was a great help to me many years later in my New Mexico homestead days. I used to "strip" the cows, that is after the regular milkers had finished each cow, I'd pump away for what might be left. Of course, they would have filled my cup as they milked, if I had wanted it: no one was stingy but the housekeeper. I had all the milk I wanted, but there still remained the cream, for which I was a regular "greedy grub."

One day, by some chance, she sent me to the dairy for something. It was a large cool room with stone or slate shelves all around the walls, on which the milk stood in large shallow pans, until cream would rise and make a solid mat over the top. It looked good and tempting, and in my case, beyond resistance to the "greedy grub," so I put my head down in the

richest looking pan and began to suck the luscious thick mat in. I don't know how much I sucked in, but I do know that sometime after I had to retire, out of sight, behind the barn and be violently sick.

I stood ace-high with the plowman, though I've long since forgotten his name; he used to put me on the horses to ride to and from the fields. The farm hands, who were fed mostly on porridge, potatoes, scones, oatcakes, and buttermilk, were supposed to have tea once a week as a treat. The housekeeper provided this by saving the tea leaves from the "Master's table" and then they were boiled up for the help's tea.

My brother used to come down sometimes for rabbit shooting. I remember once when he had a new double-barreled shotgun that he was immensely proud of; I begged him to let me have a shot, and kept tagging along after him anywhere and everywhere. Well, he finally consented and I actually shot my first (and last) rabbit, but with the "kick" of the gun, I think I pulled both triggers at once, and seeing the poor rabbit topple over, just where he had been sitting, I dropped the precious gun in the wet bracken and grass and ran to the rabbit. When I realized I'd killed it, I sat down with it in my lap and wept and wept. Eben went off without me in high dudgeon, partly because of my tears and maybe mostly because I had dropped his new treasure in the damp grass. When I reached home, there was great excitement over my tears and blood-stained pinafore (yes, I was still in "pinnies") until they found it was only the poor bunny's blood and that I was unhurt.

### *Ambleside*

After a time, the powers that were decided that I ought to go to a boarding school; and, I was allowed to make the final choice out of three; one was in Liverpool, where my favorite aunt lived. She was only aunt by marriage, but had been a school friend of my mother's, and was always closer to me than my own aunts and uncles. She urged that I go to Liverpool, but I never liked towns, so I chose Ambleside. The name, and the setting, among the Westmoreland Hills, and by Lake Windermere, all appealed to me, and it seemed the lesser of the various evils, if I had to go to a boarding school at all.

Here, I guess they did their best to try and make a silk purse out of a sow's ear. They even tried to coach me in algebra, which was one of the worst of my troubles at that time, and in piano and violin. They could not acknowledge that my hands, those of a worker, not an artist, were too short and stubby for a violin; but required me to go around for hours at a time with corks between my fingers to extend them, and the ache thereof was most wearing. But with all my many failings, I was usually conscientious, even to enduring those corks the required time; but I guess I must have unburdened myself to the music master, for I have never forgotten, that during one of his explosions, he informed me that I had not even the "essence" of a lady in me! I was very unhappy at this school, and developed anæmia there. The housekeeper, Miss L., was the sister of the head of the school, and we understood that she had a fixed allowance on which to run the house, and the less she could run it on, the more she could pocket. On Sunday, we always had a huge roast of beef (and buckets full of cabbage) and the remainder of the roast was made over in several ways, and with unusually generous helpings of vegetables, generally unpalatably served, carried us on towards the middle of the week, when we'd have huge legs of mutton that might possibly be stretched with other fillers to carry us over Saturday, and this went on all term with maybe a fish dinner now and then, but always loads of watery cabbage, and we were not allowed to leave our table until we had cleaned our plate. Cabbage became tabu to me for half a lifetime.

Immediately after noonday dinner, we each had to retire alone to a room for half an hour's meditation and bible reading. By using our rooms, and the governesses' rooms and in fact, all available rooms, we could be kept apart for this half hour. I usually felt so nauseated, I had to lie flat on my back on the floor.

What I liked best about this school was the coaching drive from Windermere to Ambleside the opening day of each term. Our other great treat of the term was the first morning in school, when we each had one egg for breakfast, and no more eggs till the same time next term. Another treat during the term was when we had *ONE* sardine each at breakfast, other-





COW-PONY AGE

ROCKING-HORSE AGE



wise, we "filled up" on bread, on which some butter seemed to have been spread and then carefully scraped off; and cereal with syrup, and, if Miss L. could ferret out that we had failed in any of our studies the previous day, she forfeited our right to syrup for that meal. She always presided at our meals. The head had hers with a chosen governess in her small dining room. After prayers at night, we had to file past a string of governesses and kiss them good-night; one I just could not endure, and, as I have always had an innate objection to promiscuous kissing, I just froze up when I came to her, and even had the "hebee jeebes" when she pecked me on the cheek or ear, so she finally reported me to the Head and I was sent to the study. Here, we, the Head and I, threshed it out, and I told her, maybe in other words, that kissing really meant something to me and I did not care to cheapen it by indiscriminate use; so the edict went out that I was to be allowed to just shake hands at the goodnight ceremony, and that was ordeal enough when I came to the governess I could not like, and Miss L., the chiseling housekeeper.

During my second last term here, I got so run down that I could hardly keep up with the "crocodile," our daily procession of school girls, going for a walk in strict formation, two by two, with one or two governesses at the tail end. We had so much rain, or rather frequent showers, up there, that we were fined a penny if it was found that we had sneaked into the crocodile without an umbrella. When my guardian realized how far from well I had become, he put me in a doctor's hands, but if a pupil was withdrawn from the school without a full term's notice, the term was charged for, anyhow, so I was sent back. But, the doctor wrote the Head, with the result that for my last term there, I had my meals with her, but I did not like being fed on fine chops, steaks and poultry while my friends were still pegging away at the original and everlasting roasts and rehashes.

### *Switzerland*

After I left the Ambleside School, the powers that still were, decided to send me to Switzerland. So, in due time, I arrived at "Riant Rive"; again, I landed in lovely surroundings, there was a large garden going right down to the beau-

tiful Lake of Geneva. We were a short walk by the lake-side from Ouchy, where we got the "Funic" up the steep hillside to Lausanne.

On Thursday afternoons, those who liked could go up to town, in charge of a governess. The usual first place of call was our favourite "Confiz." As what little French I did acquire has nearly all gone from me, I have just put down the old nicknames which have stayed "Put," e.g., Funic, (hydraulic railway from lakeside up the mountain to Lausanne), and Confiz (tuck shop). Lausanne is in the French Canton of Vaud. At first, I rather scorned some of my school mates for spending so much of their often scant pocket money at the Confiz. I thought, "not for me, I'd rather keep it for wee Swiss carvings, paintings, etc.," but once I got introduced to a special creation called "pomme de terre," I was lost. It was built to resemble a potato, but more a cake than a pastry, and filled inside with a very generous portion of luscious mocha cream.

The doctor whom I had been under on account of my anaemia in England wrote to Madame Mennerich of Riant-Rive about my condition, and she promptly put me in hands of her doctor, with the result that I was allowed to pretty much arrange my own curriculum, and skip even that if it became too arduous, and as all our classes were given in French, they were often "too arduous." How I really got by as seemingly well as I did was owing to two special friends, Daisy Close, and Win Durrant. They were both good French scholars, and they would write me out an English translation of our various studies, and this would give me the meaning of each subject, and though I'd fall down in my French rendition of it, the teachers felt I at least knew the subject I was trying to talk about, and let it go at that, otherwise, if I got too badly cornered, all I had to say was "please, I had a headache," (although I've nearly forgotten how to write that in French, I certainly had it off pat in those days!, and then I could go out to loaf in the garden.

Madame was a dear, and certainly did her best to build up my red corpuscles, and succeeded, bless her! I can't just remember in what order the following things were taken, but

each morning while still in bed, I had a raw egg, and a cup of chocolate with whipped cream, and before leaving the bedroom, a glass of red Swiss wine, and then I was ready for the regular dining room breakfast! Madame had me placed at her table, on her left hand. She had all meals with the girls, and tried so to crowd my eating that I was finally reduced to providing myself with some paper, so that I might slip some of the food into my lap and get it into a pocket. All my life long I have wanted pockets and lots of them!

During holidays, there were always some girls who stayed on at Riant-Rive. As I liked it, and had no home, anyhow, I stayed there for two years, and did not want to leave even then. Madame used to take those of us who wished to go, on trips during the various holidays. I forget what was the first trip to come off after I was there, but, anyhow, Madame said she thought it would be too strenuous for me; we usually traveled by Voiture, a wagonette or maybe a double rig-like affair, drawn by two horses, or saddle horse or mule in those days. I am talking of nearly fifty years ago. Well, Madame said she felt I was not equal to this trip, I think it was to the St. Bernard Monastery, but finally said, if I could raise some roses in my cheeks by the time she was planning to go, maybe she would consent. The day before we were to start, I was to go to her study for final verdict. In those days, we girls did not powder or rouge, as is done nowadays, but Win got out her water-colors, and with the help of Daisy's advice, got a nice faint bloom on my rather pallid cheeks, and in I marched to Madame, with the result I was allowed to go!

There was a percentage of German girls in the school who were described as "in the Menage." These girls had reduced scholastic rates because they "set" and cleared off the tables, etc. When we went out for our daily walk, again "a la crocodile," we English girls were paired off, so many days a week, with these German girls, and supposed to talk German for the duration of the walk, but as the German girls were usually much more keen at improving their English than we were to learn German, it generally ended in our speaking English to our heart's content; so what with that, and my standing permit to leave a class-room for the garden whenever I felt like

it, it is not surprising that my French and German were rather sketchy, even at best.

We had a good tennis lawn, and I was very keen on that, but except on the half-holiday, if we were heard using any English words we were fined, and my long suite was "Oh! I say" every few strokes, so that cut into the money I wanted to spend on the "Pommes de terres." They had a system of passing an imaginary "mark" at that school. If a governess heard one talking anything but French, she would say to the offender, "Prenez la Mare," take the mark. The Germans did not often transgress, but if by mishap they did, they soon got rid of it, for anyone could pass it on to another offender, but at night, Madame would say, "Who has the mark?" and those who had had to turn them in (there were usually quite a number for there was no limit as to how many might be passed out by the governesses and sometimes most of them got piled on to one unfortunate victim) had them recorded against their name, and at the end of the week, the amount, a cent a mark, was deducted from the offender's pocket money.

One of our trips was to Zernatt. We were strung out in a long row of carriages, Madame, and an English friend and the latter's son (an undesirable of about twenty-five or thirty years of age, inclined to be spoony, and if snubbed, of a tale-telling, sneaky disposition, but Madame and his mother thought him a great acquisition), bringing up the rear. Madame laid down the law, that no matter how thirsty we got, we must not, at any price, drink any water at the villages we passed through. She said the water was conducive to goiters, but in one of the carriages about midway of the caravan, was a supply of native wine, Vin Bougeau (spelling doubtful), and we could drop back and get some of that; much of the way up was mountainous roads, etc., and the horses walked, so we got off and passed up and down as we felt like. Well, I guess I must have literally had too many drinks, for when we unloaded at Zermatt, I was very wavy on my feet, so Daisy and Win armed me off from under Madame's usually eagle eye, and got me to bed with usual plea of one of my ever handy "male la tete" attacks.

That night I was fully myself again, and the other two (we

three shared one room) teased me into dancing the Highland fling; we were all more or less in a state of undress, and in the middle of my gyrations, a Frenchman opened the door, and instead of hastily retiring, he stood there apologizing at length, so we all dived for cover; someone upset the "ewer" of water, which had been left standing on the floor (in those days, there was no individual plumbing or bathrooms to each bedroom in this hotel, just hand basins with large jugs of water); well, one of these upset. Daisy had presence of mind to put the light out before she ducked for cover, I fled under a bed. When the wretch finally got through his fake apology, and we got the light on and door locked, we were horrified to find that Daisy or Win's underwear had been on floor and got soaked, and after mopping up most of the water with our towels, we hung everything out of the windows to dry. None of us had a change available, all our extra clothing on these trips was "pooled" into one large trunk, and went more or less by rail, to designated places to be on tap. Well, it was a beautiful moonlight night, such as the Alpine country can specialize in, and we three had not been long in bed when we heard great guffaws of laughter under our windows. We all got up to investigate, and there below was our apologizing horror, with someone else, loudly amused at our display of underwear trying to dry by moonlight. In those days such things were not taken lightly, so we whisked in the offending undies, to dry as best they might indoors. I think it was on this trip that I slipped on a polished floor just as we were sitting down to breakfast, as per usual I was to be on Madame's left, as I went, I clutched wildly at the table, caught only the cloth, and landed the cups of hot "cafe au lait," and what have you, in the laps of Madame and Mrs. Marshall; and myself under the table, with an avalanche of things on top of me. For my clumsiness, Madame, in her excusable irritation sentenced me to a half-day in my room!

On another trip, this time to Chamonix in France, we made several side trips, and for once we were all mounted on mules. I was able to choose what I thought was the spiciest of the lot, and I was right, for on the return journey, much to my delight, it ran away with me, never stopping till it clat-

tered through the wee town, and landed me at its stable door, from where I found my way on foot to the hotel, weary, but happy; though again in momentary disgrace, for Madame, though frightened and angry, was too thankful to find me at the hotel safe and sound to mete out any punishment.

I loved Switzerland, Madame included, but even so, I was always counting the years till I would be twenty-one and free to start for the far and woolly west, and Ranch life; although my great love is for horses, I never yearned for a horse ranch, always for the cow country, and when "I arrived," I never enjoyed helping to round-up a bunch of range horses, as I did cattle.

Somewhere in this narrative, I've referred to myself as being of the conscientious order, and to some extent maybe was justified in so doing, but I recall one flagrant instance of a serious lapse. During my stay at Riant-Rive, I had a siege of boils, seven at a dose, three being under one arm and four under the other. Madame had a smaller adjoining house for those indisposed, but it was not a regular sick ward as hardly anyone was ever seriously ill. Well, I was planted over there and much of the day had the house to myself, and lay comfortably reading in bed by a window, my arms resting on two pillows. I had various medicines prescribed by the school doctor, but over and above that, as Madame had decided ideas of her own, she had a huge pitcher of camomile tea posted by my bedside, with instructions that I take a cup of it regularly every so often. Well, I found it about the vilest concoction I'd ever met, so, Scotch conscience regardless, I methodically threw a cupful of it out of the window at the prescribed time for taking it!

When Madame had visitors for afternoon tea, she always had some of us girls in to help entertain her guests, or to break us in along those lines, and, for sometime after my recovery from the boil siege, she publicly held me up as a fine example of the efficacy of camomile tea!!

Have I mentioned about Lausanne as a university town? There were no end of Student Societies, the most outstanding one of which, and my favorite, was the "Sofingia." The societies were distinguished by different caps, the latter by a



white yachting shaped one, with a band of beautiful heavy ribbon, narrow thread-like edge of gold, then red, white, red and gold edge. These students used to make a point of serenading their favorite schools and I guess we got our share, and always a great thrill. As our garden went down to the lake, they usually came by boat, landed and came up under our windows, and with guitars and voices, began to serenade us, but the thrill they gave Madame was that of an old war horse when he hears the bugle. She had a very diminutive gardener who had a room over an adjoining out-house and she used to wildly try to rouse him to go and run the serenaders off, but as he was small, not keen on the job, and one to many, it did not do much good. Madame's harangue was only drowned in a louder serenade, so finally she hit on a new desperate scheme. She got an old blunderbuss and had the gardener load it with all kinds of rubbish and fire it point blank at the students from an upper window. After that drastic measure, they did cool off for a time, many being visible on the streets thereafter decorated with patches of "court plaster" (Victorian type of adhesive tape) here and there.

It was quite usual to have midnight supper parties in our rooms, but once when Madame was away for a few days some of us decided to go one better and have a dance. So half of us dressed as boys. Madame had a son and though younger than any of the girls, he was a big boy, and he and I were special pals, he lent me togs for the occasion. An hour or two after all lights were officially out, we all assembled in the dining room and cleared the floor and got a piano in. "Melone," the head governess, and a hopeless "blue stocking," never heard the uproar until everything was in full swing, and though the British were at the root of the trouble, I think all the girls joined in, French, German and Italians, so poor "Melone" was helpless with such open rebellion and finally left us with dire threats, but the poor dear was so scandalized and outraged at our temerity and her helplessness that I guess she decided discretion was the better part of valour and, so far as we know, she never even reported our insurrection, for everybody, including the maids, were more or less involved in the escapade—"least said, soonest mended."

*Germany*

Sometime after I left school, and just before I was twenty-one, I went over to Germany to spend sometime near my old school friend Winnie, who was governessing in Hamburg. The day after my arrival, I essayed forth to call on her; she was living on the other side of the Alster (a large lake dividing the city) to where my hotel was, so I had to take the ferry. I asked a deck hand, in what I thought was quite decent German, what street car I should take to get to my destination, but after several tries to get my query across, he smilingly said, and in excellent English, "If Fraulein would speak English, I could understand her." Alas! if I had only tried to improve the shining hour in my crocodile walks with the German side partners in my Riant-Rive days, I would not have been thus humiliated.

Another boomerang from my lost, or neglected opportunities came in connection with a riding school master. After I had been in Hamburg some little time, my English trustee (I had two, one English and one Scotch) wrote to me that he thought it a mistake for me not to go on and see Berlin, while over there, so was enclosing extra cash for the trip. Now this Englishman had long been a thorn in the flesh to me as he strongly objected to women riding or having anything else to do with horses, accounting it inclined to "fastness," as we used to put it in those days. Well, when I got this extra cash, I decided to throw my Scotch conscience over board *pro tem*, especially as I did not expect to be back in England till a few days before my twenty-first birthday, so instead of going on to Berlin, I used the cash to put my time in at a riding school. I had long ago added a riding habit to my wardrobe, even aided thereto by my pet aunt in Liverpool, and managed to wangle a few rides now and then when on visits to friends in the country, and no matter where I went my "portmanteau" went and the habit, too, so I was adequately prepared for any and all chances. Well, one day, during indoor instruction, in a large oval arena, I thought the master told me to go faster, and, as he kept on telling me, in a louder voice, I was more than glad to urge my horse on and on, when suddenly, to my huge surprise, he dashed across the arena (he, too, was

mounted), seized my horse by the bridle and threw it on its haunches, nearly dumping me over its tail onto the tan; he, the master, raved at me in fast and heated German, and I not understanding a word of the torrent being poured over me, at last turned loose myself in English, which fortunately he did not understand, but finally a visitor in the gallery came to the rescue as interpreter and the Herr Master and I calmed down. It appeared he was telling me to go slower, and keep closer to the wall and said something like "an die Wand," to keep to the wall, and I translated it as for the French "en avant," go ahead, so again I lost out for lack of having "made hay" while my educational sun was shining.

### *Colonial Training College*

On coming of age, I was conscious of a dual personality, one half of me felt I ought to take training as a nurse, with a view to aligning myself later with the Salvation Army, and going to work in the London slums; the other half wanted to be off to the wild and wooly West and my yearned-for cow country. But, I was still not so very strong, though my sojourn in Switzerland had helped me a lot. My English trustee got two doctors to give me a thorough going over, and they were decidedly against the nursing training, so then I felt I could start out for the United States with a free conscience. Here, however, my friends ceased to help, as no one approved of my Wild West aspirations, so I had to dig around by myself for a starting point. I wrote to various places in London for information and finally decided I would try to get a position as companion or "mother's helper" on some western ranch until I learned the ropes. Following this lead, I found that I would not get far unless I were useful along domestic lines, and, as I had never had a home of my own, I knew I'd have to get broken in before I started.

I finally contacted just the place I needed, Leighton Colonial Training College, in Shropshire, just for girls of my type. So I finally got started there aiming to put in a year at it, but after three months, I gave myself a bad internal strain that laid me up more or less for many months. The doctor here, when he learned that it was not absolutely essential for me to

earn my own living, but sensing what kind of a make-up I was, advised me to try and get on an English farm for a year until I got stronger. The matron at the college thought she knew of the very place for me and she proved right. So I made arrangements to go to Mr. and Mrs. Broughall (he was what was known as a Gentleman Farmer), who lived at Oldington, a beautiful old rambling red brick farm-house near Bridgnorth, fifteen or twenty miles from the training college.

Before going there, I paid a long visit to my old school friend, Daisy Close, whose father was a Vicar up in the Peak district of Derbyshire. It was very quiet and I loved being there, and as Daisy thought it too quiet for most of her other friends, I had become quite an institution there and turned up almost as regularly as she and her two brothers for the holidays. One boy was studying law and the other for the Church. They were both great fishermen and used to walk miles up the streams, and the usual plan was for Daisy and me to meet them at a given place for a late lunch; but while I was convalescing, I was not up to these hikes, so Mr. Close unearthed a donkey to carry me around. We named him "Doodles" and Daisy and I usually had a hard time getting him to the rendezvous, but on the home stretch the other three had a hard time of it to keep up with Doodles and me.

I had planned to stay at the Colonial College one year, and I stayed three months. I aimed to stay at Oldington one year and stayed nine. A very happy nine years it was. Mrs. Broughall and I soon became deeply attached to each other. She was not at all strong and never went out unless her husband or one of the farm boys drove her. So I fitted in to a "T." I soon gave her a name of my own—"My Dear," and so she is to this day.

### *Oldington*

At Oldington, I soon became as the daughter of the house, and here I learned much that was to prove of value to me in later years. The Broughalls did not want me to pay anything at all, but though I soon got to like Mr. Broughall, or the "Pater," as I later learned to call him, he and I used to have decided scraps. For, though I have always made many pla-

tonic friends on my way through life, I was always keener on women than on men. I felt I could not tell him just what I thought, if we disagreed over something, if I was eating his bread and butter. So, they finally consented to a minimum charge for my own and my horse's board, for I eventually started a saddler of my own, or the Pater did it for me. I really fitted in so well there, that they did not want me to go West at the end of a year, and they soon learned that my people felt the same. They even missed me greatly when I occasionally went away to visit friends.

My first mount of my own came as a great surprise to me, for having planned to stay there only a year, I'd not thought of trying to get a horse in England. This is how it happened. I went to visit another old school friend, Lou Curtis, who lived at Twickenham, and I always had a royal time there. Her father was a retired Navy Captain, and both his girls (who had been at school with me in Switzerland) were keen on boating. I, too, had been well coached along these lines by my brother, so those of you who know the Thames may guess I had a good time there. Over and above that, Lou planned my visits so we could take in the Richmond Horse Show and the annual Military Tournament in London, and I was perennially surprised to find that the Italians could ride just as well as the British officers. Well, this time, I guess the Pater and "My Dear" felt I was staying away too long, and he thought up a scheme to fetch me home, and it did, on the "double quick." I got a wire, "Have picked up a young saddler for you."

I found on my return a useful looking blue roan three years old filly, installed in a loose box of her own. He had picked her up at a ridiculously low figure at some country auction when he was out buying young steers to feed. She seemed gentle and tractable enough to handle, but it did not take me long to find out the "nigger in the woodpile." She was "balky" and as obstinate as any double distilled long-eared Missouri mule could ever be. I named her "Hoop La" on account of her penchant for spending much of her time on her hind legs. For no matter how I happened to want her to turn, she always decided she preferred the opposite direction and

would spend much time gyrating around on her hind legs at every crossroad we came to. Then again, she always wanted to turn and bolt when she met an oncoming vehicle. When she could not get away, she'd put on her usual exhibition, gyrating around on her sturdy hind legs till the carriage or wagon was well on its way past us. A neighboring horseman undertook to cure her of this weakness. One of his experiments was to take a thin glass bottle filled with water in his pocket, and when she put on her rearing stunt, he broke it over her head, but to no avail. After some weeks, he returned her, her sides all scarred with too much spurring, but still convinced that no matter what turn her rider chose, she preferred the other. So, finally poor spoiled "Hoop La" was disposed of "without a character" at another public auction.

For a time, I contented myself with riding "Dr. Gray," "My Dear's" little driving cob. She herself never handled the lines, so if I was not driving her around, I often rode him. During my nine years at Oldington, I had quite a string of successive mounts, "Starlight," "The Ugly Duckling," "Pet Plum," "John Peel," and best of all, "Spicy," a beautiful bay with black points. I passed most of them on for financial reasons, getting more for them than I gave. I often rode mounts belonging to other people, too. Neighboring farmers having young stock to sell found it advantageous to be able to say "ridden by a lady." In those days, I rode side saddle. One day, the Pater and I were riding along a bridle path at a walk across country and came to a gate, he said "Pop over, Mac," but being a canny Scot, I was not keen on such a stiff standing jump, so I said, "Your pop." He put Robin at it, but the horse failed to clear it, and they both came a cropper, the Pater unfortunately breaking a wrist.

Early every year, I used to get what "My Dear" called "Mac's Spring Fever," the longing to go West. Finally, my pet aunt got a promise from me to stay in England until I was thirty, thinking that if I did that I'd be safely married or, at least, over the desire to go off to parts unknown. Though I had several "chances" to "settle down," I was not tempted, even though one offered to sell out and go West, too!

On one of my frequent visits to my Liverpool aunt, I ran across a forlorn, emaciated, raggedy, wee wire haired terrier, exhibited in a bird cage, of all things, in a pet shop window. I've always hated to see birds in cages, but a dog was more than I could endure, so I went in and asked to see the wee beggar. He was so weak and cramped that when taken from the cage, he just wavered around until my heart ached more than ever, and though he was too woolly for my type and they wanted far too much for him (he was not even eligible to register), I bought him and took him home to Oldington and named him "Rags."

He could not be induced to even look at a mouse, let alone a rat, so I passed him on to where he belonged, which included a drawing-room rug, and a ribbon on his collar, and he was happy ever after. My other outcast was "Tramp," probably a cross between an airdale and a black retriever. One of my Liverpool cousins rescued him from a man who was abusing him beyond endurance, gave half a crown to get him and then wondered what on earth to do with him. Then, being struck with a brainstorm, shipped him down to me at Oldington. "Tramp" was a joyous person and quite regardless of any idea of control and social rules and regulations, in contradistinction to "Rags," his idea was to chase anything from a mouse up. So, when I used to go riding, with him and "Rags" tagging along, I soon got into trouble as "Tramp" thought chasing sheep extra good sport, so he had to be passed on. We gave him to a mail driver who made a nightly trip between Bridgenorth and Wellington (Shropshire) and in this roll, he was a great success, becoming devotedly attached to both man and team, and always on the job.

Then we got a supply of thoroughbreds. The Pater won a beautiful Collie pup at a raffle and gave it to "My Dear." Then he got two wellbred fox terriers, "Tartar" for himself and "Darkie" for me. On top of all this, a Mr. Evans brought me a registered smooth-haired Welsh terrier puppie. He became the dog of my life, and I named him "Iky Evans." Part of the time, all of these were to the fore simultaneously, so on my daily rides, I nearly had a pack of my own.

As I used to go with the Pater to all available Agricultural Shows, I got quite a smattering of general farm stock, implements, dairy work, etc. I even took over the Oldington butter-making and learned poultry dressing, all of which was very useful to me later when I became the wife of a Kansas farmer. I loved to work in the fields with a team and often did a lot of harrowing, and as it was quite an innovation at that time (and in that neighborhood) to see a woman in short skirt and leggings, handling a field team, I stirred up quite a bit of curiosity. One socialite, when calling on "My Dear" one day, could not contain herself, for she had seen me at work in the farm field, and heard of me in the hunting field, two widely separated social points, so in desperation she said to "My Dear," point blank, "In what capacity is that young 'person'?" To be called a "person" in those days was to be socially damned, indeed. "My Dear" replied, "As a daughter." So that was that.

Among the many animals at Oldington, was an old warrior of a gander; he had all the "women folk" bluffed to a "fare you well," whenever he saw one of us around his part of the yards, he'd go for us, and we would run for safety. He was particularly obnoxious to Mrs. Morris, the cowman's wife who came once a week to wash, she often asked me to stand guard while she hung out the clothes, but if Mr. Gander hove in sight, and started for us, we'd both run for the gate. Some one told me that if I would take two or three bottles of port wine, and add six pennyworth of quinine to each bottle, I'd get grit enough to stand my ground; well, I did, for one day when I was in full cry, I suddenly screwed up my courage, stopped, whirled around and caught the warrior by his long stretched-out neck, just behind his head. My courage flowed back all over me, no room for fear left, and I pulled the unwilling pest round to the back door and called for all and sundry to come and see my conquest. When I loosed him, he nearly flew in his hurry to get back to his own parts, and ever after, he made himself scarce if I made for him, so I was always in demand on wash day.

While still at Oldington, I decided to take to riding cross-saddle, for having only one horse, I rode him daily and a side-



saddle every day, especially during the hunting season is apt to bring grief to the horse's back. Once in particular, I hurt "Spicy" ever so, and had to keep off him for some time, and when the hair grew again and came white, I had him photographed, so I'd never forget. Well, cross-saddle for a woman was a scandalous proceeding in those days, but I evolved a voluminous homemade skirt, and used the Pater's saddle, *he* would not be seen with me cross-saddle, and "My Dear" was greatly distressed and always urged that I keep to the fields and unfrequented bridle paths. About this time, I read a book by Mrs. Seaton Thompson, I think, and she recounted her trials in regard to a trip through the Rockies with her husband and the cross-saddle riding outfit she contrived, giving illustration and details of same. So I took the book to our local tailor and between us, quite a nobby outfit was evolved, regular breeches and all. That is what I wore through my homesteading days.

I forgot to say that early in my sojourn at Oldington I thought I would take up horticulture, so wrote to Swanley, which I think was the only college of its kind, at that time, for women in England. I asked if the girls were allowed to handle the teams. They said *NO*, they had a man for that, so I turned thumbs down on Swanley. I have regretted it ever since. If I'd only had sense enough to acquire that training, the horses could have come later.

*(To be continued)*

## A CHECK LIST OF WESTERN NEWSPAPERS IN THE MILLS COLLECTION

By WILLIAM SWILLING WALLACE

**M**ANY of the newspapers cited in the following check list will be of interest to librarians who work with early papers and to historians of the West. Newspapers never listed in any published check list will be found here.

When the late Byron T. Mills gave his collection to Rodgers Library, New Mexico Highlands University, in 1946, the library was inadequately staffed at that time to permit examination of the collection. For seven years the one hundred and thirty-nine bound volumes remained in storage. Since most of Mr. Mills' life was spent in New Mexico the collection is strongest in that area. More than eighty separate titles are represented from New Mexico. The present list also covers California, Arizona, Colorado, Texas, Kansas, and Mexico.

It has not been possible to present in a single check list the entire collection. Mr. Mills was primarily a land promoter and speculator, and many real estate journals are to be found in the collection. These journals represent a unique separate part of the collection.

Every paper in the collection has been listed. The task was not easy because there was rarely any volume that had its contents arranged in any sort of discernible order, and in some cases volumes had been exposed to the ravages of weather and the destructive work of pests. Due to the technical limitations of office equipment and lack of personnel, it has not always been possible to follow the form used in the Library of Congress Union List of Newspapers.

When possible, this list was checked against Winifred Gregory's *American Newspapers: 1821-1936: A Union List of Files Available in the United States and Canada* (New York, 1937) and the University of New Mexico Library's *A Check List of New Mexico Newspapers* (Albuquerque, 1935).

In all cases the original masthead title was used. The

check list is arranged by state and subdivided by cities. The initial entry gives the name of the paper, frequency of publication, and dates of publication (if known). Following the initial entry is the notation of issues in the Mills Collection.

The Compiler would appreciate hearing from those who can offer additional information on entries that remain obscure.

The Compiler wishes to gratefully acknowledge the assistance of Miss J. Vivian Hedgcock, Librarian, Rodgers Library, who helped to clarify matters of place and date of publication of some of the newspapers in the present list.

## ARIZONA

*Pinal City*

- The Pinal Drill, w. May 15, 1880-1884 (?)  
 v2 n20 (10/1/81)  
 v4 n37 (1/26/84)—n44 (3/15/84)  
 Missing: n41-42

*Tucson*

- Arizona Mining Index (Tucson), w. 1884-(?)  
 v1 n37 (2/16/84)  
 v2 n5 (7/5/84)—n28 (12/13/84)  
 Missing: 6-8, 10-25, 29-36.
- Arizona Mining Journal, w. 1881-(?)  
 v1 n20 (5/28/81)  
 v1 n37 (9/24/81)
- Beef and Bullion, w. 1885-(?)  
 v1 n38 (5/30/85)—n47 (8/1/85)  
 Missing: n40, 42-43.
- Sunshine and Silver, w. Sept. 14, 1884-May 9, 1885(?)  
 v1 n1 (9/14/84)—n35 (5/9/85)  
 Missing: n2-10, 20-23, 25-26, 28.

*Wilcox*

- Sulphur Valley News, w. 1884-1896  
 v1 n2 (5/10/84)

## CALIFORNIA

*Bridgeport*

- Bridgeport Chronicle-Union, w. July 3, 1880-to date  
 v2-20 n73-769 (10/1/81)

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ABBREVIATIONS USED: d—daily, sw—semi-weekly, w—weekly, sm—semi-monthly, m—monthly, q—quarterly, v—volume, n—issue number, Eng.—English, Span.—Spanish, tw—twice weekly.

*Los Angeles*

- Los Angeles Daily Herald, d. 1873-March 22, 1890  
 v23 n126 (7/23/85)  
 v23 n127 (7/24/85)

*Oceanside*

- The San Diego County Star, d. (?) 1880(?)-(?)  
 v4 n208 (9/19/85)  
 v5 n220 (12/12/85)

*San Francisco*

- The California Cackler, m. 1884(?)-(?)  
 v3 n5 (May, 1887)  
 Daily Alta California, w, tw, d. Jan. 4, 1849-June 18, 1891  
 v33 n11 475 (9/20/81)  
 v33 n12 476 (9/21/81)  
 San Francisco Chronicle, d. Jan. 16, 1865-to date  
 v34 n68 (9/21/81)—n71 (9/24/81)  
 v42 n9 (7/24/85)  
 The Morning Call, d. 1856-March 4, 1895  
 v50 n112 (9/20/81)—n116 (9/24/81)  
 The Idiographic, w. (?) 1884(?)-(?)  
 v1 n10 (4/15/84)  
 The Daily Examiner, d. Jan. 16, 1856-to date  
 v33 n82 (9/20/81)  
 v33 n83 (9/21/81)  
 Daily Evening Bulletin, d. 1885-May 18, 1895  
 v52 n139 (9/20/81)—n142 (9/23/81)  
 The Weekly Chronicle, w. Jan. 1, 1874-to date  
 v8 n40 (9/29/81)

## COLORADO

*Colorado Springs*

- Daily Gazette, d. May 1, 1878-to date  
 n1043 (9/20/81)  
 Weekly Gazette, w. March 23, 1872-to date  
 v11 n42 (9/24/81)  
 v11 n43 (10/1/81)  
 v12 n25 (6/10/82)  
 v12 n48 (11/25/82)  
 v13 n4 (8/4/83)  
 v14 n3 (1/19/84)—n41 (10/11/84)  
 Missing: n8-13, 16-18, 21-22, 32, 36.  
 Weekly Republic and Colorado Mountaineer, w. 1873-1882  
 v1 n45 (v9 n55 of Mountaineer series) (10/5/82)  
 v1 n46 (v9 n56 of Mountaineer series) (10/12/82)

*Denver*

- Daily Denver Times, d. 1872-1926  
 v14 n165 (7/23/85)  
 v14 n166 (7/24/85)
- Denver Tribune-Republican, d. 1884-1886  
 (Tribune v18 n263; Republican v6 n263) (9/19/84)
- Denver Republican, d. 1876-1913  
 v3 n95 (9/20/81)—n102 (9/28/81)  
 Missing: n98, 100
- Great West, w. 1880-1884(?)  
 v1 n52 (7/2/81)  
 v2 n13 (9/24/81)  
 v5 n3 (7/12/84)  
 v5 n9 (8/23/84)
- Home Journal, w. 1883(?) -1887  
 v1 n3 (10/20/83)  
 v1 n4 (11/3/83)
- New West, m. 1878(?) - (?)  
 v5 n2 (May, 1883)
- Pomeroy's Democrat, w. 1881-1883  
 v3 n42 (4/14/83)  
 v4 n11 (9/8/83)  
 v4 n14 (9/29/83)
- Pomeroy's Great West, w. 1881(?) - (?)  
 v3 n11 (9/9/82)  
 v3 n14 (9/30/82)
- Rocky Mountain Celt, w. 1879(?) - (?)  
 v6 n26 (7/4/85)
- Weekly Republican, w. 1876(?) -1913  
 v4 n9 (3/2/82)

*Durango*

- Durango Record, d. 1880-1882  
 v1 n38 (9/24/81)  
 v1 n39 (10/1/81)
- Weekly South-West, w. 1882-1884  
 v2 n28 (9/26/81)  
 v2 n29 (10/3/81)

*Georgetown*

- The Colorado Miner, w. 1867-1888  
 v16 n25 (11/4/82)  
 v17 n23 (10/20/83)  
 v17 n38 (2/2/84)  
 v18 n3 (5/31/84)—n50 (4/26/84)  
 Missing: n8-9, 13

v19 n1 (6/6/85)—n13 (8/29/85)

Missing: n4-8, 11

*Gunnison*

Gunnison Review-Press, d., tw. Oct. 11, 1881-1890

v4 n39 (2/2/84)

v4 n45 (3/15/84)

*Lake City*

Lake City Mining Register, w. May 21, 1880-1885

v2 n20 (10/7/81)

*Pueblo*

Colorado Methodist, sm. (?)-(?)

v3 n2 (1/15/84) (Whole no. 50)

v3 n24 (12/15/84) (Whole no. 71)

v4 n1 (1/1/85) (Whole no. 72)

v4 n2 (1/15/85) (Whole no. 73)

v4 n5 (3/1/85) (Whole no. 77)

Pueblo Chieftain, d. 1872-to date

no v no n (7/25/85)

*Trinidad*

Trinidad Daily Advertiser, d. 1882-1917(?)

v3 n173 (7/24/85)

Trinidad Daily News, d. 1881-1899

v3 n265 (9/29/83)

Trinidad Review, w. 1883-(?)

v1 n7 (1/12/84)—n48 (10/25/84)

Missing: n8, 12-18, 20-26, 28-29, 33-40, 42-45.

Trinidad Weekly Advertiser, (Eng. & Span.?)

w. 1882(?) -1900(?)

v1 n44 (10/22/83)

v2 n7 (2/4/84) (Spanish section)

Trinidad Weekly News, w. 1878-1899

v4 n8 (9/29/81)

## KANSAS

*Arkansas City*

The Oklahoma Chief, w. 1883(?) -1886(?)

v3 n15 (4/23/85)

*Caldwell*

The Caldwell Post, w. 1879-1883

v3 n38 (9/22/81)

v3 n39 (9/29/81)

*Garden City*

- Daily Sentinel, d. 1886-1888(?)  
 v3 n1 (1/1/88) (Whole no. 623)  
 v3 n50 (2/28/88) (Whole no. 671)

*Lawrence*

- Lawrence Daily Journal, d. 1879-1911  
 v16 n173 (7/24/85)  
 v16 n211 (9/8/85)  
 Western Home Journal, w. 1869-1885  
 v15 whole no. 380 (1/24/84)  
 v15 whole no. 798 (7/3/84)

*Leavenworth*

- Democratic Standard, w. 1880-1900(?)  
 v11 n571 (9/28/81)  
 v12 n572 (10/5/81)  
 Leavenworth Times, d. 1857-to date  
 no. 9096 (8/21/81)

*Lindsburg*

- Lindsburg Localist, w. 1879-1883(?)  
 v3 n26 (10/6/81)

*Newton*

- Golden Gate, w. 1879-1882(?)  
 v3 n8 (9/28/81)

*Sterling*

- Sterling Gazette, w. 1876-1891  
 v10 n16 (4/23/85)

*Topeka*

- Daily Commonwealth, d. 1869-1888  
 n3644 (9/29/81); n3845 (12/27/81); n3861 (9/20/81);  
 n3862 (9/21/81); n3863 (9/22/81); n3864 (9/23/81);  
 n3866 (9/25/81); n3867 (9/27/81); n3946 (12/28/81);  
 n4428 (7/12/83); n4449 (8/5/83); n4641 (3/5/84);  
 n4672 (4/10/84); n4674 (4/12/84); n4753 (7/13/84);  
 n4773 (8/17/84); n5018 (5/31/85); n6052 (11/5/85);  
 n6130 (1/28/86);  
 Topeka Daily Capital, d. 1879-to date  
 v4 n137 (5/17/82)—n254 (9/26/82)  
 Missing: n138-232, 234-239, 241, 245-250, 252-253.

*Wakeeney*

- Western Kansas World, w. 1879-to date  
 Seventh Year n52 (2/20/86)

*Wayne*

- Wayne Register, w. 1885-1887(?)  
 v1 n8 (7/25/85)—n14 (9/5/85)  
 Missing: n12-13.

## NEW MEXICO

*Albuquerque*

- Albuquerque Opinion, w. July, 17 (?) -1886(?)  
 v1 n1 (7/17/86)—n60 (11/3/86)  
 Missing: n2-6, 8-12, 14-16, 26-57.
- Bernalillo County Democrat (Span. & Eng.)  
 no v no n (10/28/86)
- College Advocate  
 v1 n2 (12/89)
- Daily Citizen d. 1886-1933  
 [Note: Title varies]  
 v1 n38 (10/8/86)—n64 (4/8/86)  
 Missing: n54, 58-60, 62-63  
 v2 n177 (4/10/88)  
 v2 n152 (3/12/88)  
 v2 n185 (4/19/88)
- Albuquerque Daily Democrat, d. 1880-1905  
 v1 n174 (9/21/82)—n228 (11/22/82)  
 Missing: n175-176, 178-183, 185-187, 189, 192,  
 194-209, 211-215, 218, 221-227.  
 v2 n90 (6/16/83)  
 v2 n305 (3/26/84)  
 v3 n21 (3/27/84)—n202 (10/25/84)  
 [Note: Becomes Albuquerque Evening Democrat.]  
 Missing: n22, 24-25, 27-201.
- Albuquerque Daily Journal  
 see Albuquerque Morning Journal
- La Estrella Mejicana (Span.)  
 v1 n3 (10/11/90)
- Evening Citizen, d. ex. Sun. 1886-1907  
 v1 n38 (10/8/86) O n64 (4/8/86)  
 Missing: n58-60, 62-63.  
 v2 n177 (4/10/88)—n185 (4/19/88)  
 Missing: 178-151, 153-184.
- Albuquerque Morning Democrat, d. 1883-1890  
 v5 n179 (10/6/86)—Whole n5184 (12/31/91)  
 Missing: numerous numbers
- Albuquerque Morning Journal, d. 1880-to date  
 [Note: Title varies.]  
 v1 n53 (12/27/80)



- v2 n261 (9/1/82)—n299 (10/15/82)  
 Missing: 262-276, 280-283, 286, 290-292, 294-296.
- v3 n8 (11/9/82)—n131 (4/5/83)  
 Missing: 10, 15-16, 18-30, 33-130.
- v4 n53 (1/4/84)—n254 (8/31/84)  
 Missing: numerous numbers
- v5 n45 (1/1/85)
- v6 n94 (2/28/85)
- v6 n207 (7/23/85)
- v7 n134 (4/25/86)
- v7 n140 (5/2/86)
- v8 n27 (11/20/87)
- 27th yr (10/1/05)—(12/31/05)
- 28th yr (1/3/06)—(3/31/06)
- 28th yr (7/1/06)—(9/29/06)
- 29th yr (1/3/07)—(3/31/07)
- 29th yr (7/1/07)—(9/30/07)
- 30th yr (7/2/08)—(9/30/08)
- The News, (Eng. & Span.), w. (?), (?)-(?)  
 v1 n37 (10/2/86)  
 v(?) n(?) (10/9/86)
- Revista de Albuquerque, (Span.), w. 1881(?)-(?)  
 v1 n3 (10/1/81)
- Rio Grande Valley Irrigator, w. 1887-1888.  
 v1 n1 (9/17/87)  
 v1 n2 [sic] (11/12/87)
- Albuquerque Review, w. 1870-1882  
 v13 n49 (9/29/81)

*Cerrillos*

- Beacon, w. 1891-1892  
 v1 n1 (6/20/91)
- Los Cerrillos Rustler, w. 1888-1892  
 v1 n19 (11/30/88)—n21 (12/14/88)  
 v3 n8 (9/5/90)—n52 (7/3/91)  
 Missing: n12, 16, 20-25, 27-39.
- v4 n1 (7/10/91)—n34 (12/25/91) [With n3 became  
 "The Rustler."]  
 Missing: n12, 23.

*Clayton*

- Enterprise, w. 1888-1892  
 v1 n1 (5/17/88)—n25 (11/1/88)  
 Missing: n7, 9, 14, 18-23
- v2 n23 (10/18/89)

*Chama*

Northwest New Mexican, w. 1884(?) - 1898

v4 n42 (4/28/88)

v4 n46 (5/26/88)

*Deming*

Headlight, w. 1882-to date

v2 n254 (7/23/85)

v9 n21 (9/7/89)—n38 (1/4/90)

v10 n2 (1/11/90)—n48 (11/29/90)

v11 n15 (4/11/91)—n52 (12/26/91)

Missing: n27, 42.

Tribune, w. 1883-1885(?)

v1 n24 (3/6/84)—n49 (8/28/84)

[Became "The Deming Tribune and Lake Valley Herald" during 1884.]

Missing: n28-48.

v2 n13 (12/18/84)—n43 (7/16/85)

Missing: n35-36.

*Gallup*

Gallup Gleaner, sw. 1888-1905

v1 n1 (8/4/88)—n16 (11/17/88)

Missing: n7, 9, 11, 13-14.

*Lake Valley*

Lake Valley Herald, w. 1889(?) - (?)

v1 n1 (10/5/89)

*Las Cruces*

Rio Grande Republican, w. 1881-1914

v1 n19 (9/24/81)

v2 n13 (8/19/82)

v2 n25 (11/11/82)

v3 n23 (10/27/83)—n49 (4/26/84)

Missing: n25, 28-29, 31-37, 39, 45-47.

v4 n1 (5/24/84)—n49 (4/25/85)

Missing: n2-3, 6, 9, 13-20, 23-26, 32, 38, 46.

*Las Vegas*

Chihuahua Enterprise see Mills' Mexico

Chronicle (Eng. & Span.) w. 1884-1886

v1 n1 (10/3/84)—n52 (5/2/85)

[Note: became "The Chronicle" with n28 and changed from daily to weekly and to v4, probably by error.]

v5 n1 (5/9/85)—n52 (5/6/86)

v6 n1 (5/13/86)—n7 (6/24/86)

- Clarín Mexicano (Span.) w. [?] 1890-(?)  
 ["Publicado bajo los auspicios de la Comisión Central del Partido del Pueblo Unido."]  
 [(10/23/90)]
- Cachiporrita (Span. & Eng.) bi-w. 1890-(?)  
 ["Del Condado de San Miguel"]  
 v1 n2 (10/8/90)—n9 (10/28/90)
- Las Vegas Daily Gazette, d. exc. Sun. 1880-1887  
 v1 n223 (4/13/80)—n224 (4/14/80)  
 v1 no n given (7/7/80)  
 v2 n3 (7/27/80)—n307 (6/30/81)  
 Missing: n4-25, 27, 45, 222, 223.  
 v3 n65 (9/20/81)—n352 (8/29/82)  
 Missing: n66-73, 149-268, 270, 300.  
 v4 n41 [1?] (8/31/82)—n304 (3/31/83)  
 Missing: n67-230  
 v5 n222 (1/3/84)—n296 (3/30/84)  
 v13 n155 (1/9/86)—n288 (6/6/86)  
 [Note: became "The Las Vegas Gazette" with n 258]
- Daily Optic, d. exc. Sun., 1879-to date  
 1879-1891  
 1944-to date  
 [Note: for a number of undetermined years the Optic also issued a "Weekly Optic." The Weekly Optics in the Mills' Collection range from 1879 thru 1890.]
- Democrat w. 1890-(?)  
 v1 n1 (5/10/90)—n23 (10/25/90)  
 Missing: n3-5, 7.
- Eureka, m. 1879-1880  
 v1 n1 (Nov., 1879)—n5 (March, 1880)
- Fisk's Great Southwest, m. 1881-(?)  
 v1 n1 (Aug., 1881)  
 v2 n10 (Nov., 1882)  
 v3 n4 (April, 1886)—n5 (May, 1886)
- Fitzgerrell's Guide to New Mexico [not dated].  
 v8 n46 (1884?)  
 v8 n49 (1885?)
- La Gaceta see Las Vegas Gazette
- Las Vegas Gazette (Eng. & Span.), w. 1872-1887  
 [Note: Title varies, "Sunday Gazette"]  
 v7 n19 whole n331 (7/26/79)  
 v8 n17, whole n384 (7/10/80)
- El Independiente, w. (Span.) 1894-to date  
 [Note: Published in Albuquerque since 1932.]

v12 n1 (3/16/05)—n51 (3/2/06)

v13 n1 (3/15/06)—n43 (11/29/06)

v14 n1 (2/7/97)—n51 (1/23/08)

Las Vegan w. Sept. 1935-(?) See also Morning Las Vegan  
v4 n38 (1/24/36)

Mills Investors Review, m 1887-(?)

v1 n1 (Oct., 1887)—n10 (July, 1888)

Mills Mexico m. 1882(?)—1884(?)

v1 n1 (12/15/82)

v2 n3 (6/1/84)

[Note: masthead gives Chihuahua as place of publication but editorial page gives Las Vegas as publisher's office, place of publication, and mailing address during part of existence.]

[Note: title varies, known as Chihuahua Enterprise until v2 n2.]

Morning Las Vegan, bi-w. 1932-Sept. 1935.

see also: Las Vegan

v1 n72 (8/18/33)

News, w. 1886-(?)

v1 n1 (4/15/87)—n52 (4/7/88)

v2 n1 (4/14/88)—n37 (12/22/88)

Mining World, m. 1880(?)—1885(?)

v1 n1 (Sept., 1880)—n12 (Aug., 1881)

v2 n2 (9/15/81)—n21 (8/18/82)

v3 n1 (9/1/82)—v5 n4 (2/85)

[Note: frequency varied from bi-w. to m.]

Pilgrims Progress, q. 1887-1888

v1 n1 (Winter, 1887)—n5 (Fall, 1888)

[Note: two "Spring" issues were published.]

San Miguel County Republican (Eng. & Span.) bi-w., 1886-(?)

v1 n1 (10/16/86)—n7 (10/30/86)

Missing: n5

San Miguel County Star (Eng. & Span.), w. 1925-(?)

v2 n24 (1/3/29)—n52 (7/18/29)

v3 n1 (7/25/29)—n19 (11/28/29)

v4 n25 (1/1/31)—n52 (7/16/31)

v5 n1 (7/23/31)—n25 (12/31/31)

v6 n25 (1/12/33)—n52(?) (7/27/33)

v7 n2 (8/17/33)—n30 (12/28/33)

Missing: n4, 12-13, 19, 22, 25, 26.

[Note: misnumbering is extreme.]

Weekly Optic See Daily Optic

La Voz del Pueblo (Span.), w. 1889-1925

[Published in Santa Fe previous to June 14, 1890]

v1 n1 (2/2/89)—v30 n52 (1/18/19)

Missing: v8, 18, 25.

Las Vegas Sunday Courier (Eng. & Span.) w.

v1 n1 (7/8/88)—n25 (12/23/88)

### *Lincoln*

The Golden Era, w. 1880-1885

v5 n44 (10/8/85)

The Lincoln Independent, w. 1880-1895

v6 n43 (9/30/86)—n49 (11/11/86)

Missing: n44

### *Mesilla*

News (Eng. & Span.), w. 1873-1884

v8 n5 (9/24/81)

v8 n46 (10/1/81)

v9 n40 (8/19/82)—n47 (10/7/82)

Missing: n41-42, 44.

v10 n50 (10/6/83)

### *Mora*

La Cronica d Mora, (Eng. and Span.), w. (?)-(?)

Tomo 17 No. 49 (English section: v2 n13) (9/5/89)—n52  
(English section: n16) (9/28/89)

Tomo 18 No. 1 (English section: v2 n17) (10/5/89)—  
n9 (English section; n25) (11/30/89)

El Eco de Mora (Span.), w. 1890-(?)

Tomo 1 no 1 (6/10/90)—n24 (11/22/90)

The Mora Echo, w. 1890-(?)

v1 n1 (6/10/90)—n24 (11/22/90)

La Gaceta de Mora (Eng. and Span.), w. 1890-(?)

Tomo 1 no 1 (3/27/90)—n32 (11/6/90)

Missing: n2-12, 14, 17-18, 23, 25-28, 30-31.

Mora County Star (Eng. and Span.), w. 1930-(?)

v4 n2 (6/19/30)—n29 (12/25/30)

v4 n30 (1/1/31)—n52 (6/4/31)

v5 n1 (6/11/31)—n30 (12/31/31)

### *Nogal*

The Nogal Nugget, w. 1887-1891

v1 n42 (5/25/88)—n52 (8/2/88)

Missing: n48

v2 n1 (8/9/88)—n14 (11/8/88)

Missing: n4

### *Raton*

Comet, w. 1881-1886

v5 n49 (7/23/86)

v5 n52 (8/13/86)

v6 n2 (8/27/86)

v6 n12 (11/5/86)

v6 n13 (11/12/86)

v6 n16 (12/3/86)

Daily Independent, d. ex. Mon. 1883-1898

v2 n60 (7/4/84)

v3 n76 (7/24/85)

v4 n128 (10/11/86)—n146 (11/3/86)

Missing: n129-130, 141-142.

Weekly Independent, w. (?)-(?)

v3 n44 (10/9/86)—n47 (10/30/86)

v5 n5 (12/3/87)—n53 (11/3/88)

v6 n1 (11/10/88)—n29 (5/25/89)

Missing: n11-12, 17, 26.

### *Roswell*

Pecos Valley Register, w. 1888-1890

v2 n10 (1/30/90)

### *San Marcial*

Reporter, w. 1886-1893

v2 n9 (1/7/88)—n52 (11/3/88)

Missing: numerous numbers

v3 n1 (11/10/88)—n25 (4/27/89)

Missing: numerous numbers

### *San Pedro*

Golden 9, w. 1889-(?)

v1 n8 (9/5/89)—n22 (12/12/89)

Missing: n9, 12-13, 15-17, 19, 21.

v2 n6 (2/6/90)

v2 n42 (10/19/90)

### *Santa Fe*

Daily Democrat, d. ex. Sun. 1880-1892

v1 n73 (3/27/82)

v1 n105 (5/3/82)

v1 n111 (5/11/82)

El Boletín Popular (Span.), w. 1885-1910

v2 n1 (10/21/86)

v2 n2 (10/28/86)

v3 n14 (1/19/88)—n50 (9/27/88)

Missing: n20, 26-40.

The Daily Herald, d. ex. Sun. 1888-1890

v1 n4 (7/28/88)—n93 (11/10/88)

Missing: 2-29, 44, 88.

Santa Fe Daily New Mexican, d. ex. Sun. 1849-1883; 1885-to date

- v22 n198 (10/10/85)  
 v22 n199 (10/12/85)  
 v27 n241 (12/3/90)—n340 (3/31/91)  
     Missing: 246, 252-254, 258, 260, 296, 313-314  
 v31 n192 (10/2/94)  
 Santa Fe Daily Sun, d. 1890-(?)  
     v1 n1 (12/30/90)—n44 (2/25/91)  
 The Free Lance, w. 1887-1890  
     v1 n1 (6/28/89)—v1 n3 (7/16/89)  
 The Santa Fe Herald, w. 1888-(?)  
     v1 n1 (1/21/88)—n50 (12/29/88)  
     Missing: 18, 46, 48.  
 The Military Review, w. 1881-(?)  
     v1 n14 (10/1/81)  
 Santa Fe New Mexican Review, d. 1881(?)-(?)  
     v2 n108 (7/3/83)—n344 (4/5/84)  
     Missing: numerous numbers  
     v3 n41 (4/7/84)—n221 (12/9/84)  
     Missing: numerous numbers  
 Santa Fe Sun, w. 1890-1895  
     v1 n5 (2/1/90)—n47  
     Missing: 6-7, 11, 16  
     v2 n10 (3/7/91)—n51 /52/ (12/26/91)  
     Missing: 28, 38, 43.  
     v1 n48 (11/29/90)—n52 (12/27/90)  
 Weekly New Mexican, w. Oct. 1868-1883  
     19th yr. no. 40 (10/3/81)

*Silver City*

- Mining Chronicle, w. 1880-1883  
     v2 n10 (9/29/81)

*Socorro*

- The Black Range, w. 1882-(?)  
     v1 n26 (10/6/82)  
     v2 n30 (11/2/83)—n51 (3/28/84)  
     Missing: 31, 34, 40-41, 45-46  
     v3 n2 (4/18/84)—n41 (1/16/85)  
     Missing: 16-17, 22, 30-40.  
     v5 n13 (7/2/86)—n52 (4/1/87)  
     Missing: n14, 17-19, 22-23, 26, 36, 38-50.  
     v6 n1 (4/8/87)—n55 (4/20/88)  
     Missing: n2-28, 32, 35-38, 40, 42-50, 52-54.  
     v7 n4 (1) (4/27/88)—n47 (2/22/89)  
     Missing: n5-7, 12-16, 21-37, 40-41.  
     v8 n17 (7/26/89)

- Bullion, w. 1883-1888  
 v1 n14 (7/25/85)  
 v3 n27 (10/24/85)—n40 (1/23/86)  
 Missing: 28, 32, 36, 37, 39.  
 v3 n42 (2/6/86)—n52 (4/17/86)  
 v4 n1 (4/28/86)—n52 (4/16/87)  
 Missing: numerous numbers  
 v5 n1 (4/23/87)—n51 (4/7/88)  
 Missing: 20, 24, 47
- Bullion Bulletin (1p) Wed. evening (9/8/86)
- The Socorro Chieftain, w. 1882-to date (part time)  
 v1 n4 (5/29/84)—n18 (9/4/84)  
 Missing: 11-15, 17.  
 v2 n137 (3/25/86)  
 v3 n52 (7/1/86)—n240 (2/11/87)  
 Missing: numerous numbers  
 v4 n372 (7/27/87)—n630 (5/23/88)  
 Missing: Numerous numbers  
 v5 n62 (8/14/88)—n86 (9/11/88)  
 Missing: numerous numbers
- Socorro Star, w. 1884-(?)  
 v1 n39 (11/25/84)
- Socorro Sun. w. 1880-(?)  
 v1 n19 (11/27/80)—n39 (4/16/81)  
 Missing: 20-22, 25, 28-29, 32-38.  
 v2 n10 (9/24/81)  
 v2 n11 (10/1/81)
- The Daily Sun. 1880-(?)  
 v3 n91 (4/16/84)
- The Socorro Times, w. 1888-(?)  
 v1 n4 (1/21/88)—n51 (12/15/88)  
 Missing: 5, 8, 20, 22, 25, 29-30, 38, 50.  
 v2 n2 (1/12/89)  
 v1 n4 (10/18/88)—n19 (11/5/88)
- The Socorro Union (Span. & Eng.), w. 1887-(?)  
 v1 n9 (3/3/87)—n11 (3/17/87)
- Weekly Miner, w. 1881-(?)  
 v1 n23 (9/22/81)
- Metodista Neo Mexicano, (Span.), m. (?) 1885(?)-(?)  
 v2 n2 (Nov., 1886)

*Springer*

- Colfax County Stockman, w. 1882-1929  
 v4 n15 (7/24/85)  
 v5 n7 (5/20/86)—n44 (2/19/87)  
 Missing: n8-13, 16-26, 30-43.



v7 n1 (4/21/87)  
v7 n27 (10/20/88)

*Taos*

El Heraldo de Taos (Span.), w. 1884-1889  
v4 n33 (3/10/88)—n49 (6/30/88)  
v5 n1 (7/7/88)—n23 (12/15/88)  
Missing: n2-3.  
The Taos Valley Herald, w. 1884-1890  
v5 n2 (9/30/89)—n20 (2/8/90)  
Missing: n9, 14, 16.

*Wagon Mound*

El Combate (Eng. and Span.) w. (?)-(?)  
v? n? (7/7/11)—v? n? (12/22/11)  
v? n? (1/19/12)—v? n? (12/28/12)  
[Note: irregularly numbered]

*Watrous*

Mora County Pioneer, w. 1881-1885  
v5 n9 (8/8/85)

*White Oaks*

Lincoln County Leader, w. 1882-1894  
v2 n47 (9/6/84)  
v3 n52 (10/10/85)  
v3 n41 (7/25/85)  
v4 n37 (6/26/85)  
v5 n3 (10/23/86)  
v5 n4 (10/30/86)  
v6 n4 (10/29/87)—n45 (8/11/88)  
Missing: numerous numbers  
v8 n20 (2/22/90)  
v9 n7 (11/15/90)  
Golden Era, w. 1880-1884  
v1 n42 (9/29/81)  
v2 n36 (8/17/82)—n47 (11/2/82)  
v4 n10 (2/14/84)—n22 (5/8/84)  
Missing: n11.

## TEXAS

*Brownsville*

Daily Cosmopolitan, d. 1876-(?)  
v5 n164 (3/4/84)

*Galveston*

The Opera Glass, w. 1879-1915 (?)  
v6 n46 (3/15/85)

*Rockport*

Arkansas Pass Beacon, w. 1888- (?)  
v1 n2 (7/17/88)—n28 (12/31/88)  
Missing: n24-27

*San Angelo*

San Angelo Standard, w. 1884-to date  
v4 n 211 (5/12/88)

## MEXICO

*Durango*

Durango Tribune (Eng.)  
v1 n1 (12/27/83)  
La Tribuna de Durango (Span.)  
v1 n1 (12/27/83)

## Notes and Documents

"SAN ANTONIO, Tex. (INS)—Col. Martin L. Crimmins, a retired army officer who soldiered with Teddy Roosevelt's rough riders of the Spanish-American war fame, died Saturday at San Antonio. He was 77 years old.

Col. Crimmins also was recognized for his work in developing a serum for rattle snake bite. During experiments he submitted repeatedly to inoculations of venom.

Death came to the old soldier at Brooke army hospital where he was taken Wednesday after he suffered a heart attack."

—*Albuquerque Tribune*, February 6, 1955

Col. Crimmins was an early contributor to the **NEW MEXICO HISTORICAL REVIEW**.

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The photograph of the Herald Publishing Company letter was supplied by the Federal Abstract Co., Santa Fe, New Mexico. The original is filed in the papers of the Piedra Lumbre land grant, General Land Office, Santa Fe.

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The first installment of the Bent Papers was published in the July, 1954, number of the **NEW MEXICO HISTORICAL REVIEW**. The introduction carried a misstatement. Charles Bent was not a student in the Military Academy of the United States at West Point.

28 September 1954

Dear Mr. Reeve:

The *Register of Graduates and Former Cadets* does not list Charles Bent as having been admitted or enrolled at the United States Military Academy before 1846.

Sincerely yours,

SIDNEY FORMAN

Archivist

United States Military Academy

## THE CHARLES BENT PAPERS

*(Continued)*

Taos February 26th 1841

Mr Alvaras

Sir

I send you by Beaubeans man 7 vollums of the French Voiges they are not suxsesive vollums, but that makes but little difference as each contains the history of one or more countrys, Beaubean and Le Roux selected such at the fort as the[y] wished

I send you by this conveyence 1 Keg Powder and 10lb Coffee for General Armijo, which you will have th goodness to deliver him for me.

I also send to Scolly<sup>24</sup> one Vial Elexer of Love tell the old gentlemen not to interfear with the arangements of your self and other young men, for no doubt he will be able by the use of a little of this, to raise himself verry high in the estimation of the lady's, altho he has always enjoyed a large sheare of faim with the fair. I wish you would send me by the barrer I Almou<sup>25</sup> of Dryed Grapes

Since I wrote you last Workman has presented himself to the Justice, he was ordered to confine himself to his house, since when I have not heard from him.

Yours Respectffully  
Chas Bent

P. S. I have requested Beaubean to wright to Nolan<sup>26</sup> to call on Campbell to get the Traps and should he have not bean able to procure them for the price I limited him at, I have directed to take 10 of them at \$5 pr [per] which you will have the goodness to pay for me. Mr Beaubean men have gon to the plasair.<sup>27</sup> he himself will be in Santafe the first of weak after next, at which time I will send you the money for the Traps.

CB

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24. John Scolly was a leading merchant in Santa Fe. He became a Mexican citizen despite trouble with the authorities over tax matters. For sketch and bibliography see Webb, *Adventures . . .*, p. 93, 97 note. Also documents printed in Read, *Illustrated History . . .*, p. 412ff.

25. Almud—"a dry measure, about 0.8 of a liter."

26. Probably the proprietor of the Noland House, a well known tavern in Independence, Mo. The first name varies in the accounts. It is Southwood Noland in *Travels in Search of the Elephant: the Wanderings of Alfred S. Waugh . . .*, edited by John Francis McDermott, p. 96 note, quoting the *Missouri Republic*, July 3, 1846. But Smallwood in Webb, *Adventures . . .*, p. 131 note, with bibliography. St. Louis: Missouri Historical Society, 1951.

27. Plasair: Bent is referring to the *placer* gold mines northeast of Albuquerque, New Mexico.

Taos March 15th 1841

Mr M Alvaras

Sir

I received youres of the 9th inclosing a note for collection on Le Roux. I presented it yesterday, he sayes he has not the mony at this time, but so soone as the traders from Sonora and Chihuahua get in he will settle it.

Long John told me he was to pack your Barly to Santafe, it shall be redy for him whenever he calls for it, and should an opportunity offer before he goes I shall send it.

I received letters from the fort yesterday. the Aripihoes ar determined to make war on theas people, if thare people are not returned to them, If they should carry this thret into effect, they will play the devle with the frontear settlements. Thare will be collected on the Arkansas River this sumer not less than one thousand Lodges of Indians. the mexicans may think them a contemptable enime, but they will find to thare sorrow when too late that those Indians are more formadable than any they have had to compeate with for a long time, they are numerias, and will armed. The Chyans will joine them thare is no doubt, and you know that theas have always had the reputation of being the most formadable warriors of the North, they are the Terrior of all surrounding nations, and will be verry apt to make theas people repent of having made enimies of them. Thare was thirty one Cumanchies arived at the fort on the 4th of this month, they have made peas with uss and, the Aripihoes, thare Lodges will be on the Arkansas about the 10 or 15th of Aprill. If theas people doe not consiliate the Aripihoes the company that are on the eave of leaving Santafe for Missouri had better be verry cautious for they will no doubt fall in with the Cumanchies on or near the Simerone<sup>28</sup> and should they not be thare, they will verry likely fall in with partys on thare way from one village to the other. Mr Dryden<sup>29</sup> does not know when he will be able to visit Santafe.

Since Wrighting this I have sean Le Roux he has requested me to pay you the mony. Mr Beaubean will pay you \$77.50 the principal with 13 months Interest.

If you know what that mighty man Juan Vigil is about pleas let uss know, we are geting somewhat anctious to have the light of his countenance amongst uss again, he sayed before he left heare that he would not be satisfied untill he had me publicly whiped. I am told (how true I doe not say) that before he left heare he armed himself

28. The Dry Cimarron creek in northeastern New Mexico where the Santa Fe trail lay.

29. Probably William G. Dryden, A Texan commissioner in Santa Fe who tried to do the ground work for the Texan-Santa Fe expedition. *NEW MEXICO HISTORICAL REVIEW*, 14:251. He is mentioned in official records as attorney for the widow Branch, January 27, 1841. Bloom in *Old Santa Fe*, 2:136 note.

with a Bauie Knife and a pair of Hasemans<sup>30</sup> Pistoles Intending as he sayed, of sending me, one heritic to the devle. I met him twice but he was as meake as a lamb, I had not then heard of his threat. but as I am now clear of the first scrape with him, I am now redy for an other If he feales so disposed, and I assure him if he makes any more fals representations against me, and I can find it out, he will get [word unreadable] again, notwithstanding his Bauie Knife, and Pistoles. He had I am told endeavored before leaving heare to get sum Publo Indians to take up his cause, and doe what he dare not attempt to kill uss.

If he is not satisfied with what he had of Workman. I think that W. would be right glad to setle the affair, in the maner, there was a similer affair setled in Sonoro, onse, (I am told), posibly you may have heard of the circumstance, and can refer it to this case. At all events If Juan Vigil is not satisfied I am redy to give him any satisfaction one Gentleman can ask of an other. I doe not mean by this to insult him by calling him a gentleman, he is not entitled to the apalation, and posibly he may have to answer again for his miss-deades, without seaking for satisfaction in the way I allude to, his conduct heare after will be my guide, all men are entitled to thare pay, for thare labor

Give my best respects to your Unkle. Scolly, & Al<sup>31</sup> and accept my best wishes for youre self & *madam*.

Youres Respectfully  
Chas Bent

Taos March 22nd 1841

Mr Alvaras  
Sir

Lee and Vigil have reported heare, that there was to be a change in the officers of the Custom House. You will pleas enquire of the governor if this be the fact, my object in making this enquirery is to aprise any friendes I may meate this spring on thare way out with goodes you know that verry perticular enquire will be made on this subject by those destined for this province with goodes, I believe that a change will not be agreable, and more perticularly if the new officers are to be sent from Mexico as the reporters state; my one oppinion is thez traders generally had rather that, that office should remane under the controle of Armijo and those that now manage it. It canot be expected that there will be the same frankness on the part of the new officers (that has bean manifested by the present ones) neather will there be the same confidence on the part of the trade[r]s that has hertefore existed.

30. Hasemans Pistols: I have no knowledge of such a trade name. Maybe Bent was intending to write "horsemen's" pistols.

31. The manuscript is torn at this spot.

Lee and the Ayres [heirs] of Branch have come to the conclusion to appoint two persons to settle thare bussiness. I have been named by Lee & Roland<sup>32</sup> by the Ayres of Branch, but I believe that this arrangement does not please Vigil. I am told he has threatened Lee with the power L, has given him. but I believe that Lee need not be the least uneasy on that subject. Lee can say to him, sir you have served me until this time with my consent, but from this forward I do not need your service. I think it more than likely that Vigil will scare Lee out of this mode of settlement, as it is not at all to the interest of Vigil to have it done in that way, it immeadiably debares him from getting any more fees,

I purchased Lees Beaver at <sup>33</sup> pr lb It fell far short in weight as he had weighed it he made it 382 lbs I had it well beat, and dried it only weighed after cleaning 365 lbs. There are several person from hear called to Santafe I presume (as you state in your last) for the purpos of consulting, respecting the policy of making war on the Cumanchies. Theas people by all means should not be drawn into war with any indians of the planes, they are too numerias and well armed, they will be found a verry different enime from the Apachies and Nabijos.

On the night of the 20 thare ware four men armed (so says report) went to Manuel Andress, that lives between this place an cordova Town, in serch of Juan Vigil, but he made his escape before they got to the house as the dogs gave notice of thare coming, theas men it is said ware disguised. I have heard that Vigil left nearly naked and crosed the prairie to the Del Norte, and laid thare all day a Sunday and that night he went to cordova Town and from thare he was brought to the Alcaldi, he is heare now and has asked the Alcaldi for an escorte to take him out of the vally. but sir you must know that thare is an order heare from the Perfect to remit Juan Vigil imiadiately to the reo arriba and posibly this escort, is to take him safe to that place.

I think that Juan Vigil will be heartely tired of the vally of Taos if he is scarte onse or twice more, I think if he gets fairly away this time, he will be verry apt to ceape away.

I wish you would have the goodness to hand the package that accompanies this, to Mr Rider it is directed to the Circuit Court of St Louis Co, it contanes depositions which I was comitioned to take in this country You will request him to be verry perticular, and deliver it to the Clerk of said Court. Give me all the nuse in your next.

Youres Respectfully  
Chas Bent

32. John R. Rowland emigrated to California with William Workman in 1841 for similar reasons. He had been a long established resident in New Mexico. *The Life and Adventures of George Nidever*, p. 116, note 142.

33. I cannot read this price figure.

Taos March 29th 1841

Mr Alvaras

Sir

You will have the goodness to forward the enclosed letter to the U. States if not too late and if there is no opportunity of sending it you will please send it back to me.

I have heard that you had some doubts about the draft Lee sent down, from the manner in which it was drawn. They are duplicates and one being paid renders the other null and void. Lee has handed me the second draft to be retained by me for you in case you pay the first.

I have heard that the Governor is under the impression that I am more interested in having the Aripaho prisoners returned than the Indians themselves. If this be his impression he is much mistaken. It will be more to my advantage, if the Mexicans cannot go and trade with the Indians, they always bring more or less robes when they go, all of which I shall now trade and the more animals they steal the more they will have to sell and at lower prices, so you see that war between the Mexicans and them would be to my advantage. I gave the information respecting the disposition of the Indians because I felt it my duty so to do and I can assure him I had not the most distant idea of deriving any benefit from their being returned. From this forward I shall be very careful how I intrude myself by giving information if it should come to my knowledge of any disaster that may befall the Indians. Since they attribute my conduct in so doing to so low a purpose. If the Indians should defeat the present company on their way in which they are well able to do, and should rob them of some 80,000 or 100,000 Dollars, I have no doubt but that I could get the whole amount for 15 or 20 Thousand Dollars worth of goods, this would be much to my interest, and if I was so much interested for myself, I should be exerting myself to detain the prisoners where they are, well knowing that this will be the cause of war between them and the Indians.

Yours Respectfully  
C Bent

P. S. Lee request me to say to you that should Robadoux not attend to his business with Robertson that you would have the goodness to examine the papers of his that you have in your possession, and show Mr Robertson his letter to Mr Lee in which he [sic] claims a much smaller amount than that he compelled Lee to pay him, and he wishes you to try and secure the surplus he paid him

CB



Fort William Aprile 30th 1841

Mr M Alvaras  
Sir

I reached here on the 26th without any difficulty. we have made a fine trade last winter. I found our people ready to start for Missouri; Our Wagons 18 in number left this morning. I think I shall be in St Louis with our pelts by the 10th June unless some unforeseen accident befalls us. The Aripihoes are incamped on the *Animas*<sup>34</sup> there was a war party of them returned to the village a few days since with 8 Spanish scelpes, 10 Horses. 2 Guns & they were Killed some where east of the mountains, the war party was out about 15 days, from this I judge the war has commenced, and no doubt they will kill all Mexicans they can, The nation was much disappointed in not receiving their prisoners by me, they I have no doubt will, so soon as their animals get in order make an attack on some part of the frontier of New Mexico. From what I can learn I think they intend attacking on the river Pacas [Pecos], or possibly in the vicinity of St Magill [St. Miguel]. The Aripihoes will listen to us no longer, when we solicit them to cease peace, with the Mexicans they say we have deceived them, that we have prevented them from Killi[n]g Spaniards, under the pretext that their peoples would be sent out to them. Montaro takes your Rifle to Taos, I have had it put in order.

Yours Respectfully  
Chas Bent

Taos October 22nd 1841

Mr Alvaras

Sir, I reached here last evening. I have nothing strange to communicate, all is well here. I have enquired of the Pueblo Indians where the Eutaws were they tell me they are at the Hecorico,<sup>35</sup> or at the Cerea Grandi<sup>36</sup> Mr Beaubien will hand you this please find enclosed the Draft on Messers P Chateau jr<sup>37</sup> Its for \$1050 the amount I am indebted to you for. You will receive a letter for John Bent who may be of assistance to you in the way of introducing you to some persons who can give you letters to the heads of the departments at Washington. You will please take charge of the letters I send for the U States

34. The Rio de las Animas Perdidas—The River of Lost Souls—rises in the hills west of Trinidad, Colorado, and flows eastward into the Arkansas river. In French, it is called the Purgatoire which was corrupted to Picketwire by Americans.

35. I suppose Bent is trying to write Jicarilla (Apache Indian tribe).

36. There is a Sierra Grande (Big Mountain) just southwest of present-day Des Moines, New Mexico, a settlement in northeastern New Mexico. This is near the Santa Fe trail by way of the Dry Cimarron.

37. Pierre Chouteau, Jr., a younger brother of Auguste Chouteau, early traders to the plains Indians.

You will pleas present this Draft for acceptance on youre arivall in St Louis.

Since comencing this I have made further enquires, I find that the Eutaws are near the wagon Road,<sup>38</sup> and should you go that way be on your gard, they are great rascals.

Yours friend  
C Bent

Taos 4th September 1842

Mr M Alvaras  
Sir

Pleas let me know by the first opportunity wether I could procure one or two Thousand Dollars on a draft on St Louis, of any of you Gentlemen of Santafe.

Thare is an American Gentlemen heare, a native of Pennsylvania, about thirty yeares of age, by the name of Thomas Biggs,<sup>39</sup> who wishes to procure a pasport for California, so far as I have acquaintance with hime, he is a worthy man, and one I have no hesitation in vouching for his good behavior You will pleas doe me the favor to procure him a pasport if posible, and forward it to me, let me know the cost and I will refund you the mony. I shall visit Santafe so soone as I setle with Robadaux,<sup>40</sup> he goes dawn I expect, to try and get some person to lone him mony payable in St Louis, he owes a greadeal of mony in the U States I know.

Yours Respectfully  
C Bent

[Endorsement on back of letter]: al Señor D. Manuel Alvarez en Sta fée favor de D. Antº. Robidoux.

38. Referring to the Santa Fe trail via the Dry Cimarron.

39. "Thomas Biggs, not to be confused with Thomas Boggs, was a trader at Fort Laramie in 1837.—Osborne Russell, *Journal of a Trapper*, p. 81-82. "Doc" Newell, in his "Memorandum of Robert Newell's Travels in the Territory of Missouri, 1829-1840" (typed copy of manuscript in Oregon Historical Society library), says that Biggs, trading for Vasquez, arrived at Brown's Hole on September 25, 1839. E. W. Smith (*Colorado Magazine*, XXVII, 179, 181) states that Biggs was a trader for Sublette and Vasquez and that he set out from Brown's Hole in January, 1840, upon his return to the South Platte."

This descriptive note from LeRoy R. Hafen, "Fort Davy Crockett, Its Fur Men and Visitors, *The Colorado Magazine*, XXIX, No. 1, January 1952, p. 19.

40. There were six Roubidoux brothers, sons of Joseph Robidoux of St. Louis. The one mentioned here was probably Antoine. For the story of his life in the southwest see Joseph W. Hill, "Antoine Robidoux, Kingpin in the Colorado River Fur Trade, 1824-1844." *The Colorado Magazine*, 7:125-132 (July, 1930). Charles resided in Taos. Read, *Illustrated History* . . . , p. 366. He was listed as a member of the Taos Grand Jury in 1847. NEW MEXICO HISTORICAL REVIEW, 1:25. Isidore was in Santa Fe, at least in 1837. Read, *op. cit.*, p. 393.

For a recent study of Antoine see William Swing Wallace, *Antoine Robidoux 1794-1860: a biography of a western venturer* (Los Angeles: Glen Dawson, 1953).

Taos Dec 7th 1842

Mr M Alvarase  
Sir

I received a letter from Mr Watrous<sup>41</sup> dated Nov 24th in which he says he will in a few days pay you some money for me. I made a small error in the bill I sent him, which you will please have the goodness to point out to him. It is in the article of Brown Domestic. thus 14 ps [pieces?] Brown domestic 438½ yds @ 22¢ carried out \$86.47 it should be \$96.47. Correcting this error his bill will be \$10 more than his bill shoes [shows]. The whole amount Mr Watrous owes me is \$320.06 which you will please receive and receipt to him for, and place to my credit, on your Books. Mr Watrous complains of the Bleached Domestic I sent him being coarse, they were the finest I had, they are good heavy goods, I judge from his letter that he wants no more at the price I sold them to him at therefore I shall sell to others I am offered a fraction more by others for the same goods, but as he told me he should want more than I sent him I had retained them, but it is no injury to me as the goods are in demand,

Yours Respectfully  
Chas Bent

P. S. I sent you on the 30th of November by Jose Marie Valdes<sup>42</sup> \$2100 which I presume you received in due time.

CB

Taos September 19th 1842

Mr Alvarass  
Sir

I have commenced my letter to Dr Linn, the following is a part of the communication

Honorable L F Linn<sup>43</sup>  
Sir

Mr Manuel Alvaras U. S. Consule at Santafe has informed me that it was your wish that I should designate, what point in my opinion, would be the most suitable place, to establish a military post, that would combine and afford protection, to emigrants on their passage to the Oregon territory; and to our traders to New Mexico; and at the same time hold in awe the different Indian tribes in the

41. Samuel B. Watrous. The present-day settlement of Watrous was named for this early New Mexico rancher.

42. José Marie Valdes, a resident of Taos, listed as a trial juror in 1847. *NEW MEXICO HISTORICAL REVIEW*, 1:29.

43. Lewis F. Linn, United State Senator from Missouri, proponent of western development.

vanity of theas two pointes, and teach them to respect the persons and property of American citizens. In my humble Opinion some point on the Arkansas river, between what is knone as the big Timbr<sup>44</sup> on said river, and the foot of the Rocky Mountain, would be most sutable, the distance following the corse of the river, is about one hundred and twenty miles between theas two pointes. The junction of the Fontan Que Biau<sup>45</sup> with the Arkansas is an elijable situation for such a post, and about equidistant from the north Platt, (the rout to the Origan) and the Santafe trace; and at the same time in the hart of the Indian range, in this vasinity; it also is directly on the line between the U. S. and Mexico, this of its self, will be of greate advantage in preventing the mexicans, in case of a war, from exiting the indians to comit depredations on our fronteaes. At presant the Mexicans pass over the boundary in large partys, from one to two and sometimes as high as three hundred men, at a time, for the purpus of trading with the indians, and hunting; and many of them doe not scruple to exite the indians to commit depredations on uss; this as yet, since my residence in the country, has bean done by individuals only, I have no Knolledge of the Authorities of New Mexico having sent emesarys amongst the indians for this purpus; but many of the Cheafs have had sent to them by the authorities, Collars and Staffs, a subsitute for medles.<sup>46</sup> The distance from Taos (the most northern setlment of New Mexico) to the nearest point of the Arkansa River is about one hundred and seventy miles, and from Santafe the Capital not exceeding two hundred and fifty miles.

The rout up the Arkansas is not surpassed by any other natural road that I have ever travled, for the same distance; from Indipendence in Missouri to the foot of the mountain following the presant road, I doe not think exceedes Eight hundred miles; the trip can be performed with loded Waggons in thirty five or forty days (Ox teams). The country between the North fork of Platt, and Santafe trace is inhabited by the Chyans, and Eripihose Indians, and a part of the Sioux, Kiaways, Cumanchies, and Apachies of the prairies; on the Mexican side of the Arkansas we have a part of the Eutaws & Apachies of the mountain theas last frequently pass north of the Arkansas river, and almost invariably commit depredations on uss; I have had Ocation to com-

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44. Big Timbers: located near present-day Lamar, Colorado, or the junction of Willow creek and the Arkansas river. See map in Kenyon Riddle, *Records and Maps of the Old Santa Fe Trail* (Raton, New Mexico, 1949). A contemporary account of trading with the Cheyenne Indians at the Big Timbers can be read in Garrard, *Wah-To-Yah*, p. 47ff.

45 The Fontaine que bouilli, or Fountain creek, flows into the Arkansas from the north near Pueblo, Colorado.

46. Giving Indian chiefs of the southwest some symbol of authority as a means of promoting peaceful relations with those people was practised by the Spanish government as early as the 1780's when a medal was given to a leading Comanche chief and a Navaho chief.

plane to the authorities of New Mexico for depredations committed by theas indians, within thare boundaries; but have never had redress.

Mr M. A.

This is a part of my intended communication to be amended and corrected; pleas let me know how it sutes youre views, nothing neuve heare.

Youres Respectfully  
C Bent

Taos Sept. 29th 1842

Mr M Alvarass  
Sir

You will pleas doe me the favor to have the inclosed representation to the Govenor presented imeadiately, and have the same decreed as soone as posible, and send Blass<sup>47</sup> back imeadiately. You will pleas have his mule fed whilest thare. Robadaux is disposed to act the rascal with me but I shall have my pay eather by fair or foul meanes, if the lawes of this country will not give me justice.

This decree that the Govenor gave Robadaux is the cause of all the difficulty, and I am surprised that he should have given such a decree as he has. You will pleas to say to the Govenor for me that Robadaux may have left before his decree to my representation may get back heare and if that be the case, and he should decree that he shall pay before he leaves the republic, pleas get him to give an order to the justice to bring him back that he may satesfy the debt.

Youres Respectfully  
C. Bent

P. S. The justice has tryed every meanes to consilliate uss but Robadaux will agree to nothing that is fair he wishes that I should abide by the Govenors decree he contendes that he has ordered that I should take a mortgage on his beaver and leave it intirely at his disposal I contend, that this is not the mening of the decree. I am satisfyed that the Govenor intendes that he should pay or secure me satisfactorly before he leaves, you will pleas tell him what I have written you on the subject. You will find this a strange letter a part written in ink and a part in pensyl you must excuse me as I have written it in three several places, I had not time to confine myself since comencing it.

C. B.

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47. "Our expert Mexican, Blas, . . ." broke mules for the St. Vrain wagon train which Garrard accompanied to New Mexico as described in *Wah-To-Yah*, p. 5.

Taos October 11th 1842

Mr M. Alvarase

Sir

On the seventh Mr A Robadaux gave me Six hundred and fifty lbs of Beans to secure his debt to uss, which he has the privilage of redeaming, next July in St Louis by paying uss \$1788.00 in eather Gold or Silver, he left heare on the 9th for Missouri.

Before he left he returned me a letter you had given him for Waldo,<sup>48</sup> he sayd he would not oblige you so much as to carry a letter for you. I sent the letter by Teales.<sup>49</sup> I presume it will go safe. I am told that St Vrain<sup>50</sup> will be heare in a fue days. haw true I canot say.

We have no nuse heare give my Respects to Scolly.

Youres Respectfully

C Bent

Taos December 25th 1842

Mr M. Alvarase

Sir

I wish you a Merry Christmas. I have not heard from the United States, as I expected to have when I last wrote you. I atribute the delay to the quantity of snow, but it canot be long now untill I receive inteligense Your letters left on the 22nd for Missouri, whare I expect they will reach without delay, the barrer Dr Whitman<sup>51</sup> left heare well prepared; and I think I am not mistaken when I tell you I believe him to be a man, not to be stoped by trifles.

Mr Beauben has bean appointed justice of this place, our good priest apeares to take the credit to himself for the appointment, he has as much as said he recomended him for appointment, all of which I doe not believ, I doubt verry much if he had bean consulted wether he would not have recomended a man that he would have bean more shure of controling than he is of Beauben, but this was his only alternitive when he found the selection was made, to try and gane this litle favor with Beauben, he has alrely volentarily offered his services in the way of advisor and director, and at the same time he has said

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48. Lawrence L. Waldo was a prominent American trader in New Mexico. He was killed in the uprising at Mora, New Mexico, in 1847. Twitchell dedicated *The Military Occupation of the Territory of New Mexico* . . . to him.

49. J. W. Leal ?, district attorney, was killed in the Taos Rebellion. Twitchell, *Leading Facts* . . . , 2:234.

50. Cerán St. Vrain, partner of Charles and William Bent, and well-known figure in the Southwest. He is mentioned in the standard histories of the region. A detailed account can be found in the *Dictionary of American Biography*. Sketch and bibliography in Webb, *Adventures* . . . , p. 61.

51. Probably Marcus Whitman, the pioneer builder of Oregon Territory.

he would expound the laws to him, as there was no other jurist in demarcation<sup>51a</sup> and probable but few [few] equal in the department.

Beauben & myself have written to the Governor requesting him to permit Beauben to resigne, I hope if a good opportunity offers you will use your influence also, as it will be a great injury to him to hold the appointment, it will prevent him from attending to his bussiness, and he has a greadeal of it outstanding.

I think I told you in my last that the band of robbers on the other side of the Mountain were entirely broken up and dispersed St Vrain & George Bent I understand gave them some advise, to be followed by actes. in case the first was not attended to,

We have had a dull Christmas here, I believe the Priest was the only merry person in town to day, he was quite loving at Beaubens store to day, to great big he Canadien who nothing would doe but he must kiss, and a good many more such tricks, I think he is more sinsearly devoted to Baccus than any of the other Godes. You will give a Merry Christmas to all friendes.

And wright me all the nuse.

Youres Respectfully  
Chas Bent

Taos January 7th 1843

Mr M Alvarase  
Sir

I send you some nuse papers from the U States which my brother brought in a few days since, I expect to visit Santafe in the corse of next week at which time I will give you all the nuse I have altho there is nothing verry important except what you will find in theas papers. You will se that there is a prospect of war. You may let the big man have the pickune<sup>52</sup> if you pleas it may be gratifying to him to se what is said of him excuse this short letter as Mr Horrin [Jorrin?] is in a hurry.

Youres Respectfully  
Chas Bent

Taos February 15th 1843

Mr Alvarase  
Sir

I send you by Mr T. Roland a Sword for Capt Antonio Sena,<sup>53</sup> you will pleas hand it to him if it sutes him it is the best I have the price is \$22.00.

51a. The word *demarcation* probably means the judicial district.

52. This may be a reference to the New Orleans newspaper *Picayune*.

53. Antonio Sena: Prefect of the First District at Santa Fe, accompanied Governor Manuel Armijo on the flight to Mexico in 1846. Armijo, *Report*, Chihuahua, September 8, 1846. *NEW MEXICO HISTORICAL REVIEW*, 26:77.

My sute will comence tomorrow at the Rancho. L Robadaux<sup>54</sup> I am told is his Montanos, Atorny. Beauben will not be able to go to Santafe untill next week. I have nothing nue heare I presume you have received your letters sent from the fort by our express, Beauben forwarded them on Sunday morning. our people are making a greate many Robes.

Youres Respectfully  
C Bent

Se vous prie davoit la bonté de dire á Mr. Miranda<sup>55</sup> que je ne crois pas pouvoir aller á Sta fée au temps marqué par Mr. Bent, mais ce sera le plus Tôt possible en attendant, recevez vous et lui les saluts de votre ame

Charles Beaubien

[I pray you have the kindness to tell Mr. Miranda that I don't believe I shall be able to go to Santa Fe at the time set by Mr. Bent, but it will be as soon as possible[,] while waiting Receive for yourself and for him the salutations of your soul.]<sup>56</sup>

Rio Ariba February 28th 1843

Mr Alvarase  
Sir

I have paid the mone I was centenced to pay. I found that If I did not doe so, I should get into more dificulty, the thing was prepared I am satisfied. from Taos I will give you farther notice on this subject.

I have let Ramerize have my Riding mule which he is to deliver to you, you will ceape her for youre untill I se you I have drawn on you for \$100 Dollars. I could have paid him heare but to secure the delivery of the mule I have drawn on you. When Lee reached heare I found myself with \$1800 mony sent from Taos and Santafe.

Youres Respectfully  
C Bent  
Taos Nov 12th 1844

Mr M Alvaras  
Sir

I received a letter from George Bent dated the 5th ins he was then at the foot of the mountain at the crossing of las Animas with our

54. Louis Robidoux moved to California in 1844 after many years residence in New Mexico. Hill in *Colorado Magazine*, 7:126. See note 41.

55. No doubt Guadalupe Miranda, secretary of the Department of New Mexico. Alvarez, *Papers, passim*, and see standard histories.

56. Translation by Professor Hubert G. Alexander, Chairman, Department of Philosophy, University of New Mexico.



Waggons I think he is by this time on the Ryalle.<sup>57</sup> I have sent him provisions and fresh Oxen. I did not go myself as I was quite unwell at the time. he had eight Waggons but intended to leave two or three before he got to the mora.

You had better not mention that you have heard from the waggons for feare that an escort might be sent out before he leaves theas waggons.<sup>58</sup> You will pleas tell Mr Owins<sup>59</sup> I have not suxceeded as yet in getting his mules. I am offered one verry good riding mule about the sise of your one at \$75. but I have hopes of getting a larger one for less money, the other mules I will be able to get in a fue days, which I shall take conditionally. If he is not allredy suplyed when they reach Santafe. We have no nuse heare, except that the Priest has bean to visit Beauben, and has told him he was deceived when he made representations against youre donation and Beaubeans, and it was only nessary for him to give a declaration to that effect, to have the order of suspension resindid.

Youres Respectfully  
C Bent

P S I have written to Eugen<sup>60</sup> to get Juan Vigil, to send an order heare for Montano, to be called to Santafe, for the purpos of having his trial. I am informed he is preparing to leave, and it is absolutely nessary, that this sute should comence. You will pleas attend to this for me if Eugen dare not the barrer will wate for the order.

CB

*(To be continued)*

57. The Rayado? A southern branch of the Cimarron creek which the trail from Bent's fort crossed enroute to Santa Fe.

58. The Mexican government sometimes sent a military escort to meet an incoming Santa Fe caravan in order to prevent smuggling.

59. Probably Samuel Combs Owens, merchant of Independence, Missouri. For sketch and bibliography see Webb, *Adventures . . .*, p. 42 note. See also W. M. Boggs, *Manuscript*, edited by Leroy Hafen, *The Colorado Magazine*, 7:57 (March, 1930) for Owens' negotiation with the custom officials.

60. Eugene Leitensdorfer: For brief sketch and bibliography see Webb, *Adventures . . .*, p. 41 note. "Mr. E. Leitensdorfer and party from the United States arrived here the 17th inst., and left here yesterday morning for the Spanish country. They report having left Mr. S. C. Owings, of Independence, Mo., and party, with twelve waggons, and Wethered, Gentry and others, with their wagons, at the crossing of the Arkansas, on the Santa Fe trail, on their way to Santa Fe and Chihuahua, the 13th inst." "Letters and Notes . . .," *The Colorado Magazine*, 11:226 (November, 1934). See note 78.

## Book Reviews

*Pajarito Plateau and Its Ancient People.* By Edgar L. Hewett. Revised by Bertha P. Dutton, with the section, "The Cave Pictographs of the Rito de los Frijoles," by Kenneth M. Chapman. Albuquerque, New Mexico: The University of New Mexico Press and The School of American Research, 1953. Pp. xii, 174; 15 plates, 84 figures in the text. \$4.50.

*Pajarito Plateau and Its Ancient People* is one of a series of handbooks covering, primarily for the layman, the anthropology of those areas of New Mexico where Dr. Hewett and his students have worked.

Following a preface, the book is divided into four parts of unequal size and value. Each part is further subdivided into numbered sections or chapters. The preface is designed to orient the reader to archeology in general, as Hewett envisioned it, and to the archeology of the Pajarito Plateau, in particular. It outlines the background which led Hewett to his pioneer explorations of the area and describes the still earlier work of Adolph F. Bandelier and Charles F. Lummis.

Part One is entitled, "History in Storage." In Chapter I, "The Friendly Soil," Hewett describes the process of destruction of a village, a process that carries with it the seeds of preservation. As a village falls into ruin it is covered by its own debris and by natural processes of aggradation, and is thus preserved for the archeologist. That material left for salvage has the advantage of being inherently unbiased by the frailties of human historians. But Hewett does not point out that in the selective preservation of the earth inheres another bias limiting the archeologist primarily to the imperishable fraction of culture, not to mention the bias of the archeologist who uncovers it.

In Chapter II, "The Lore of the Living," Hewett discusses the archeology buried in what he terms "the racial mind"—that is, the combined verbal histories which pass into legend and then into myth. Recognizing the quality of the human

mind, he does not propose that this body of folklore be uncritically accepted or literally interpreted. He does suggest that much can be gained by research in this field. This is an old-fashioned idea which, it is interesting to note, is gaining currency again after an abatement of a generation.

Part Two, "Mesas, Canyons, and Ruins," deals with the environmental background of the Pajarito Plateau and its influence on the peoples who settled there. Geology, physiography, climate, flora, and fauna are all covered in relation to man's use of the area. In Chapter III, "Grouping of the Ancient Population," Dr. Dutton's inclusion of modern archeological systematics, tree-ring dates, and pottery terminology in her revision has considerably increased the value of this section for the archeologist as well as for the layman. The archeological survey of the Plateau from the Tewa ruins of the north to those of the Keres at the south serves as a useful summary of the kinds and numbers of ruins of the region and for the pottery associated with most of them. This part is one of the most successful of the book. The writing is clear and lucid, and the ideas of interaction of man and his environment are admirably stated.

"Pick, Trowel, and Spade," Part Three of the book, opens with a general discussion of terminology and classification of types of house structure as used in the present work. There follows a useful discussion of the architectural features common in the ruins of the Pajarito Plateau. The remainder deals with excavations carried on there by, or under the direction of, Hewett. The first of these (Chapter II) is a description of the Puyé area and excavation of parts of this "ancient Tewa pueblo." While not technical, it gives a good idea of the general nature of the architecture and the archeology. Pottery is also given, although in insufficient detail to be used in specific cultural comparisons. (This is not the purpose of the book, but since this remains the only generally available modern information on the site, it would have been useful to the professional to have such data included, perhaps in an appendix.)

Excavations in El Rito de los Frijoles, in Keresan terri-

tory, are next described. While not so detailed as those of Puyé, there is conveyed a good idea of the nature of the area and its ruins. Reference to Fig. 27 (p. 96), regarding the roofing of the two-story structure in the great ceremonial cave is not clear. Some minor research discloses that the actual reference is to a figure (No. 118) in an article, "Excavations at El Rito de los Frijoles," published in *The American Anthropologist*, Vol. 11, No. 4, 1909, from which this section is taken with only minor revisions. There is a brief summary statement on the pottery found in the various sites of the Rito.

Minor excavations at Otowi, Sankewi'i, and Tsirege comprise the concluding chapter of Part Three. Most of the excavation in these sites was in the cemeteries and other burial areas, producing a good general picture of the burial customs of the late prehistoric Pueblo inhabitants (late Pueblo III and Pueblo IV) and early historic peoples (Pueblo V). The excavations at Sankewi'i and Tsirege also provide information about the transition from small pueblos with Chaco-culture-derived black-on-white wares to the later large pueblos with glaze-decorated and other kinds of pottery.

Part Four is entitled, "The Continuity of Pajaritan Culture." Chapter I discusses the relationships of the prehistoric peoples to the modern Tewa and Keres who claim the area today. Traditions, architecture, pottery, and physical type are all brought to bear on the problem, to the conclusion that the prehistoric peoples are only partly ancestral to the modern ones.

"The Book of Their Arts," Chapter II, is subdivided into three sections. Section A briefly summarizes some of the raw materials furnished by the Pajaritan environment and the uses to which these were put.

Section B deals first with a non-technical discussion of Pajaritan pottery, together with a discussion of the symbolism used in its decoration. Then it passes to a consideration of religious and ceremonial observances and beliefs of the living Pueblos around the fringe of the whole Jemez Plateau (of which the Pajarito Plateau is the eastern side), concen-

trating, however, on the Tewa. This section is considered by Hewett as the "Imperishable Record" (p. 129). Here an attempt is made to link the present to the past in spirit if not in actuality. The development of modern Pueblo painting is linked to the study of Pueblo religious life carried on by Hewett and his associates.

Section C, labeled, "The Imperishable Record" (p. 136), presents first a brief background to the pictographs of the general region and then passes on to a chapter on the cave pictographs of the Rito de los Frijoles, written by Kenneth M. Chapman. This is a good discussion of variation in presentation of figures for various purposes and at different time levels.

Chapter III, "The Contemporary Pajaritans," tells of the development of the Los Alamos Scientific Laboratory and of the city that has grown amid the ruined towns of the prehistoric Pajaritans. This is a wholly new chapter written by Dr. Dutton.

An appendix on the preservation of American Antiquities makes the text of the "Lacey Act," or "Antiquities Act," for which Dr. Hewett is largely responsible, easily available to layman and professional alike, thus serving a useful function. The New Mexico statutes covering the preservation of the scientific resources of New Mexico are also mentioned.

Mechanically, the book is good. Binding, layout, and typography are very good. The use of coated paper throughout has facilitated placement of figures and plates near to the text to which they pertain. A list of figures and plates would have been useful. While there is no bibliography, as such, the well made index carries much bibliographic information.

*Pajarito Plateau and Its Ancient People* was written for the interested layman and amateur, but its interest is wider than this, because it remains the only available over-all coverage of the area for the professional. Much of the writing is in a dreamy, philosophical mood, but even here there are sharp insights into the nature of culture and of the data usable in studying its manifestations. Other sections of the book are clear and lucid presentations of archeological find-

ings. The fact that large sections of this book were taken, with very little revision, from reports published by Hewett in the first decade of the present century largely explains the philosophic rather than scientific outlook of much of the book. The archeology of that day was not that of the modern technical specialist.

Dr. Dutton's revising hand has been deft. She has left much of the atmosphere and the philosophy of Dr. Hewett; but by careful excision, she has relieved the book of many of the more questionable interpretations of the earlier edition. Her skillful introduction of modern terminology and ideas has made it a better book for both interested layman and amateur, and an adequate book for the professional.

JOE BEN WHEAT

Curator of Anthropology  
University of Colorado Museum

*Apache Vengeance: The True Story of the Apache Kid.* By Jess G. Hayes. Albuquerque: University of New Mexico Press. 1954. Pp. xx, 185. \$3.50.

Mr. Jess Hayes was born in Globe, Arizona, and has lived in the Apache country all his life. He knows the Apaches and their country at first hand, and he has also taken the opportunity to become well acquainted with the survivors of the early days, both Indians and whites. That section of his book given to *acknowledgments* explains well his sources of information and the extent of his research. It is obvious that he has made a "grass roots" approach.

The story of the Apache Kid begins at Bowie Station, Arizona, on September 8, 1886, the day the irreconcilable Chiricahua Apaches were being banished from their wild homeland to military incarceration at Fort Marion, Florida. General Nelson A. Miles, the instrument of the United States Government at the moment, took this decisive step as a solution to the chronic outbreaks of these desperate Indians, and sped them away to exile while the Fourth Cavalry Band brought to a climax the spirit of the occasion with the tune

of "Auld Lang Syne." The Apache Kid, then in military service as a sergeant of Indian scouts at the San Carlos Apache Reservation, watched this dramatic exit of the West's "worst" Indians, and immediately afterward, accompanied by his superior, the famous Al Sieber, chief of scouts at San Carlos, rode back to his duties at the explosive agency. The administration of Apache affairs was unusually successful at San Carlos until May, 1888, when Sieber during an absence from the agency left the Kid in charge of the Indian scouts. Forgetting their usual decorum, the Kid and his subordinates engaged in a drunken orgy, which disgraceful conduct led soon afterward to a surprise arrest of the several offenders. Unfortunately, in a sharp melee at the time of arrest someone shot Sieber in the ankle, and with ill-advised rashness the chief of scouts charged the Kid with the crime. This questionable act apparently caused the sensitive Indian to turn at once from a proud scout to a desperate Apache renegade.

The resultant trial in the Federal District Court at Globe, in June, culminated in a sentence of ten years in the Ohio state prison, but a habeas corpus proceeding challenged the jurisdiction of the court and sent the Kid back to Arizona in late May, 1889, a free man. However, in October, again he was arrested, this time by the territorial sheriff, Glenn Reynolds, and indicted in the territorial court at Globe for assault to commit murder. And again he was found guilty and sentenced on October 30 for a term of seven years at the Yuma territorial prison. Sheriff Reynolds started for the prison with the Kid and other Apache prisoners on November 1. Some forty miles south of Globe, at Riverside, in a desperate fight the prisoners killed Reynolds and his deputy, W. A. Holmes, and escaped into some of the most rugged country in the Southwest. An all-out manhunt followed, and in May, 1890, four of the escapees were run down and wiped out, but not without the assistance of a former Indian scout "pressured" into assisting the white authorities. To the chagrin of these officials the Apache Kid was not one of the victims. A few months later one of the remaining fugitives was killed, another sent to the Yuma prison, and a third one liberated because of his use as a material witness. But again the Apache Kid still continued to

elude the tentacles of the white man's law. In fact, no one knows for certain what finally became of the Apache Kid. He probably spent the rest of his life in the wilds of Mexico; it is possible that he was killed near the border in May, 1890, by a contingent of the Mexican Rurales. ¿*Quien sabe?* But we do know for certain that the Kid's true name, Haskay-bay-nayntayl, means in Apache, "he is brave—he is tall—he will come to a mysterious end." Was any person ever more correctly named?

Mr. Hayes' book is an intensely interesting piece of work, and in addition to the story of the Apache Kid, a vast amount of valuable information about the Indian and mining frontier of Arizona is set forth. Over and over again all the cruelty, rapaciousness, misunderstanding, disingenuousness and revenge engendered where the red and white races met on the frontier stand out in his pages a stark reality. Moreover, Mr. Hayes has done a meticulous job of research and writing, and keen zest has been added to the story by his several illuminating appendices. An index, however, would have added a great deal to the value of this splendid volume.

R. H. OGLE

Phoenix Union High School and  
Phoenix College

*The Authentic Life of Billy, The Kid.* By Pat F. Garrett. Introduction by J. C. Dykes. Norman: University of Oklahoma Press, 1954. Pp. xxviii, 156. (The Western Frontier Library) \$2.00.

The story of the New Mexican bad boy, Billy the Kid, still carries on as an interesting titbit of frontier times in the Southwest. Considered as an historical character, the importance of the Kid has been grossly exaggerated. But as a person for providing vicarious experience, he is as durable as Jesse James. This is testified to by the variety of literary treatment accorded him, and by the frequency of the reprinting of Pat Garrett's biography of the Kid.

This is the fourth reprint according to J. C. Dykes, who has added to its value with a lengthy introduction. A brief



sketch of Garrett's life, a critical essay on his book, and a "printing history" of it, constitute the introduction. A picture from the original publication, reproduced opposite p. 29, is still a delightful illustration of historical fiction.

F.D.R.

*The Basket Weavers of Arizona.* By Bert Robinson. Pp. 164, illus. Albuquerque: The University of New Mexico Press, 1954. \$7.50.

This book is the product of a deep appreciation of a native Indian craft which the author, as Superintendent of the Pima Indian Agency, did much to encourage during his thirty years of service. He praised the workers, purchased their wares, suggested adaptations of old shapes and designs for modern sale, and improved their marketing outlets. Keenly aware of the patience, skill, and artistry which even the simplest basket represents, Mr. Robinson has written this book for the general public to advance their understanding of the Indians and their craft.

The basket-making tribes of Arizona today are the Pima, Papago, Apache, Yavapai, Walapai, Havasupai, Chemehuevi and Hopi. Each group is treated separately, with an explanatory sketch of their geographic setting, history, and cultural habits, before their basketry is introduced to the reader. Then in non-technical terms the author describes all aspects of the craft: the gathering and processing of the materials, the methods of construction, the varieties of shapes and designs, and their ultimate uses. The author carefully distinguishes between styles which are older or aboriginal and those now made for public sale. Photographs illustrate various steps in the processes, the characteristic basket styles, and the more famous Arizona basket-makers.

The book should attract the audience to which it is addressed. Unfortunately it is priced too high for the average, casually-interested, Southwestern tourist. Better editorial judgment could have produced a more attractive book in a less expensive format. A redundancy of photographs, many colored, and pointless typographical tricks have added to pro-

duction cost but not proportionately to elucidation of the basketry techniques. One can but wish success to the book in spite of this because of the sincere intent of the author and his wife, who served as his amanuensis.

A. H. GAYTON

University of California

*The First Century of Baptists in New Mexico 1849-1950.* By David H. Stratton. Albuquerque: The Woman's Missionary Union of New Mexico, 1954. Pp. vii, 121.

This publication, based on a master's thesis of the University of Colorado, is an informative and useful contribution to the historical literature of the Southwest. It will serve for a long time as a reference book for Baptist history in New Mexico until a more definitive study can be made based on sources not available to the author. The bibliography is good otherwise, although the diary of Bloom, "The Rev. Hiram Walter Read, Baptist Missionary to New Mexico," in the *NEW MEXICO HISTORICAL REVIEW* was overlooked.

The author has written his story with attention to the best canons of historical scholarship and has related it to the national church history without losing sight of or failing to concentrate on his prime objective as indicated in the title.

An appendix includes statistical tables and a map relating to the growth of the church in membership, housing, and location of congregations.

The editor should have eliminated a few comma faults.

The story of the Baptist Church in New Mexico reveals the difficulties of missionary work on the frontier, the problems that arise from a three-way cultural heritage of the people, and the intra-church conflict stemming from the pre-Civil War period.

F. D. R.

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# *New Mexico Historical Review*



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*Associates*

PERCY M. BALDWIN

GEORGE P. HAMMOND

FRANCE V. SCHOLES

ELEANOR B. ADAMS

ARTHUR J. O. ANDERSON

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Business communications should be addressed to Mr. P. A. F. Walter, State Museum, Santa Fe, N. M.; manuscripts and editorial correspondence should be addressed to Prof. Frank D. Reeve, University of New Mexico, Albuquerque, N. M.

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# NEW MEXICO HISTORICAL REVIEW

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## FRAY MARCOS DE NIZA, CORONADO AND THE YAVAPAI

By ALBERT H. SCHROEDER\*

Historians in the past have suggested that Coronado went down the San Pedro River, in southeastern Arizona, and on the basis of Jaramillo's statement that the expedition turned right, they routed Fray Marcos and Coronado either up Aravaipa Creek or east from the Tres Alamos region.<sup>1</sup> If the latter route is accepted it automatically would place the four-day *despoblado* (uninhabited area) somewhere between northern Mexico and the middle San Pedro River. This would mean that the irrigating and cotton clothed Sobaipuri of the San Pedro River would have been on the north side of the four-day *despoblado* and they would have to be considered as the "barbarous" people, described by Castañeda, who lived by the hunt in pine and oak country and in impermanent settlements—an impossible comparison. If the former route is accepted it would imply that that portion of the middle San Pedro River, more than two days travel south of the junction with the Aravaipa, would not have been occupied, since it would then be the four-day *despoblado*. This is the very area in which DiPeso has suggested, on the basis of archeological evidence, that occupation may have been unbroken from late prehistoric into historic (1690's) times.<sup>2</sup> Thus, the old routes appear to be in error.

Undreiner's detailed restudy of Fray Marcos de Niza's *Relacion* led him to change not only the location of several

\* National Park Service, Globe, Arizona.

1. Bandelier, 1881, p. 10 ff; 1892, pt. II, pp. 407 ff; Winship, 1896, p. 387 fn; Bolton, 1949, p. 105; Sauer, 1932, p. 36.

2. DiPeso, 1951, p. 259; 1958, p. 273 and fig. 1 (map).

formerly accepted stopping places of Fray Marcos' trip through Arizona, but a portion of the route as well.<sup>3</sup> Whether or not the new route Undreiner proposes becomes generally accepted in its entirety remains to be seen. Basically I agree with Undreiner's route, though I take slight exception to minor points. This discussion is concerned mainly with that portion of his suggested route that passes through the territory known definitely to have been occupied in later historic times by the Southeastern Yavapai in Arizona. In addition, it presents ethnological evidence which tends to substantiate the new route through this particular region. Rather than attempting to recheck the entire route from Culiacán, Mexico, to Zuñi, as outlined by Undreiner, I am assuming his suggested distances and localities to be at least approximately correct since they are fairly close to former opinions. Moreover, the portion of the route with which this paper is primarily concerned, from the San Pedro River to the edge of the extensive *despoblado* below Zuñi, lies so close to the end of the trail that any slight errors in distance and in dates below the international border would be of little consequence. The internal evidence of the narratives referred to herein appears to restrict the route of travel in this area to a definite locale at the south end of the last *despoblado*.

I am cognizant of the fact that historians have long been at odds over Fray Marcos and his *Relacion*. It seems this plight stems from Coronado's disappointment resulting from his own interpretation of Fray Marcos' description of the people and country through which he traveled. Some historians have pointed to Coronado's reaction as an indication of the Friar's powers of exaggeration. Some state that he was a liar and never reached Arizona, much less the Zuñi country, and have ignored the fact that he *guided* Coronado to Cibola. Just before reaching Cibola, Coronado had an encounter with some Zuñis who retired to the pueblo, and it was then re-

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3. Undreiner, 1947. Undreiner, in his discussions of the route he proposes, made comparisons with the routes previously suggested by others, especially when there was a major point of disagreement. In his study I believe he has successfully refuted Sauer's statement that Fray Marcos only reached the vicinity of the Arizona border. Since Undreiner made these comparisons, this paper will be concerned with other similar cross-checking only where it applies to the subject at hand.

ported that, "While this was taking place, Fray Marcos de Niza, a Franciscan friar, who was guiding the Spanish army, arrived."<sup>4</sup> In short, many historians have failed to come to an agreement on the route of Fray Marcos.

The evidence presented herein not only indicates the good father was telling the truth, *but that Coronado and his chroniclers knowingly supported much of his relation pertaining to the trip through this area.* Surprisingly enough, if the historians had taken the narrative of Fray Marcos, and particularly those of Coronado's chroniclers, at face value, and traced the route accordingly, they would not have had Coronado turn east from the San Pedro River (when Jaramillo said they turned to the right, for example),<sup>5</sup> since other sources also said Coronado went north up to 34½ degrees, or reached the Sierra where it turned west (points which are discussed below). All journals agree on details, so for this reason I believe Fray Marcos traveled as indicated in this paper.

The following is a *summary of Undreiner's proposed route* and of pertinent data recorded by the Friar along this portion of the journey. Fray Marcos entered Arizona on April 13, 1539, traveling north along the Pima road about 15 miles east of Lochiel. The following day he reached what has been identified as the Sobaipuri village of Quiburi on the San Pedro River. On the 16th, Fray Marcos reached what has been identified as the village of Baicatcan, also on the San Pedro, which DiPeso dated pre-1698.<sup>6</sup> Here messengers, residents of this village, returned from Estévan's advance party to report back to Fray Marcos, and here he also learned that two more days of travel would bring him to a *despoblado* which would take four days to cross. Two days later, April 18, he was near the edge of the *despoblado* at the northern-

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4. Hammond and Rey, 1940, p. 845.

5. Oblasser, 1939, map p. 18. Oblasser was the first to route Fray Marcos and Coronado all the way down the San Pedro River. Bolton, 1949, p. 105, has Coronado turn east near Tres Alamos.

6. DiPeso, 1953, pp. 59-62, 136. DiPeso has dated Quiburi between 1692-1698 on the basis of his recent excavations, though he points out that there was an earlier occupation from 1100 to 1200 (?) A.D. on the same site. If his dating is correct Quiburi did not exist when Fray Marcos passed through. Perhaps the stopping place was the Boquillas Ruin across the river from Quiburi, or some other nearby site.

most Sobaipuri village on the San Pedro, according to Undreiner (probably near Aravaipa Creek).

Fray Marcos described this rancheria as being located in a green irrigated land and stated the people wore cotton garments, some wearing skins of cattle (buffalo). They were bedecked in turquoise, and brought him deer, rabbits, quail, maize and pinole and offered turquoise, skins of cattle, very fine vases and other things. At this rancheria he obtained specific information regarding Totontec (Hopi area) west of Zuñi.<sup>7</sup>

The next day, April 19, he entered the four-day *despoblado* and on the first day crossed an arroyo which Undreiner considers to be the Gila River. At the end of four days he came to a valley well settled with people. Undreiner charts this portion of the journey through present Feldman, Winkleman, and Christmas around the Mescal Mountains, then between the Pinal and Hays Mountains to Globe and Claypool reaching the Salt River in the vicinity of Tonto National Monument. Thus, in four days Fray Marcos covered almost 80 miles, reaching the Salt River April 22. Undreiner identifies the Tonto Cliff Dwellings as Chichilticalli.

Fray Marcos tells us that the natives of the first town in this valley exhibited a greater amount of turquoise than had any previous groups, and also had good blankets and skins of cattle. The women wore similar turquoise and fine skirts and shirts. These people were well informed about Cibola (Zuñi) and Totontec (Hopi).

It was here, on the Salt River, according to Undreiner, that he learned that the coast turned west, it having trended, Fray Marcos said, to the north up to the time of entering the four-day *despoblado* (at the Gila River). He said he went in search of it, as he was instructed by the Viceroy.

Undreiner then routes him down the Salt River to the Salt River Mountains near Phoenix. He suggests that from this point Fray Marcos deduced, by the general northwestern trend of the mountain ranges, that the coast turned west at

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7. Hakluyt, 1928, p. 158 translates "Totantec lyeth toward the West." Those authorities who based their translations on the original documents state "west" rather than "east" of Cibola (Zuni).



35 degrees (actually completes curve to the west at  $34\frac{1}{2}$  degrees). His five-day march through "that" valley Undreiner considers to be Fray Marcos' account of his trip down the Salt and not a leg of his approach to Cibola, and the following three-day trip he considers to be his return up the valley from his check on the turning of the coast. Hakluyt's translation regarding that portion of Fray Marcos' trip to search for the coast is slightly more specific—"Through the *foresayd* valley I travailed five days journey."<sup>8</sup>

This valley was described by Fray Marcos as being thickly settled with villages  $\frac{1}{4}$  to  $\frac{1}{2}$  league apart and so bountiful in food that it could provision 300 horses or horses and men.<sup>9</sup> He said the valley was like a flower garden. Undreiner, who interprets this latter statement as probably meaning agriculture, refers to the closely situated extinct villages in the lower Salt River Valley around Phoenix as possible collaborating evidence, since these sites exhibit irrigation ditches of considerable extent. These sites, however, are prehistoric with an end date of 1400 A.D. or perhaps slightly later.<sup>10</sup>

Our first evidence of native occupation in this region, the lower Salt, during historic times is in 1873. Stout, in his letter of August 31, 1873, to the Commissioner of Indian Affairs stated, "The reservation [Pima] does not afford a sufficient quantity of water for the support of all the Indians belonging to it, and some of them in consequence have left it in order to get a living . . . some three hundred have moved to the Salt River Valley."<sup>11</sup>

According to the Pima calendar stick, Mormon settlers asked the Pima to come on the Salt, and their first year's crop of 1872-1873 was good.<sup>12</sup>

In 1878, Stout again wrote, "The Indians [Gila Pima] were therefore driven to the necessity of seeking other lands to cultivate, or to obtain employment elsewhere to save themselves. . . . Large numbers of them were compelled to cultivate

8. *Idem.*, p. 152. Italics are mine.

9. The word "de caballo" is translated as "horsemen" in some texts and "horses" in others, a point that is discussed farther on.

10. Schroeder, 1952b, p. 137; 1953a, pp. 189, 192.

11. Report of the Secretary of Interior for 1873-1874, Vol. I, p. 649.

12. Russell, 1908, p. 54.

lands on the Salt River and in other portions of the Territory,"<sup>13</sup> (because of a shortage of water).

According to a newspaper article in 1878, "Nearly a year ago" it had been called to the attention of the Indian Department that a large number of Pima under old Chief Chin-chira-cum abandoned the reservation on the Gila and settled on land north of the Salt River running parallel with and opposite Tempe.<sup>14</sup>

As a result of the above move over to the Salt, the President issued an Executive Order, June 14, 1879, setting aside the land occupied by the Pima on the Salt River as the Salt River Reservation.<sup>15</sup>

Between 1540 and 1873, there is no mention of occupation on the lower Salt River below its junction with the Verde River. In 1699, Kino and Mange traveled east from the Gila-Salt junction and stated they saw the Rio Azul (Verde River), but they mentioned no observation of any Indians on the Salt.<sup>16</sup> In 1746, Sedelmayr reported on Keler's trip from the mouth of the Verde River down to the Gila-Salt junction and beyond, as well as his own trip down the Asuncion (Salt). In neither case did he mention any Indians along this stretch, until the Cocomicopa were encountered *below* the Gila-Salt junction.<sup>17</sup>

In view of the evidence above, it is doubtful that Fray Marcos went as far west as the Phoenix area to encounter any Pima on the Salt River as Undreiner proposes. Moreover, one cannot use the "De Niza" inscription near Phoenix as evidence of his having been in the area, as Bartlett and Colton already have indicated the fraudulent nature of the "inscription."<sup>18</sup> If we reconsider the evidence pertaining to this route, it still remains valid, but the natives Fray Marcos met on the Salt River near the mouth of Tonto Creek apparently were Southeastern Yavapai rather than Pima.

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13. Stout in Report of the Commissioner of Indian Affairs, 1878, p. 3 and Indian Commissioner to the Secretary, p. xxxiv.

14. *Weekly Arizona Miner*, September 6, 1878, p. 2, col. 1.

15. Russell, 1908, p. 54 fn.

16. Kino in Bolton, 1948, Vol. I, pp. 93, 97, 199.

17. Sedelmayr in Ives, 1939, p. 104.

18. Bartlett and Colton, 1940.

All sources indicate that Chichilticalli was on the north side of the four-day *despoblado*, and that an extensive *despoblado* was situated between Chichilticalli and Zuñi. Mendoza wrote to the King that he had sent Melchior Díaz to check on Fray Marcos' story, and referred to a letter received from Díaz on March 20, 1540, in which it was stated "and since it is impossible for me to cross the despoblado extending between here and Cibola on account of the snow and intense cold. . . ." <sup>19</sup> According to this statement, Díaz was at the edge of the extensive *despoblado* below Cibola. In other words he was at or near what was later called Chichilticalli (a general area along the Salt River from Pinal Creek west to the Four Peaks, which extended northeast to about the north end of the Sierra Anchas, as will be shown below). Castañeda was more explicit regarding this journey of Díaz, stating he "went as far as Chichilticale." <sup>20</sup> When we refer to Coronado's journey through this region in 1540 we find, in a letter he wrote to the Viceroy, that he was informed by the natives that the sea was 10 days distant from this place, *Chichilticalli, the point from where (Coronado said) Fray Marcos turned in search of the coast.* <sup>21</sup>

Regarding agriculture, it will be noted that nowhere, according to Undreiner's account, does Fray Marcos specifically mention agriculture or irrigation from the time he reaches the river on the north end of the four-day *despoblado* to the time he leaves it to go to Zuñi; *only before*. Undreiner does not translate or use the word "irrigation" in regard to activities on this river, but interpolates agriculture. <sup>22</sup> Hakluyt's and Baldwin's translations (like Undreiner's) state "it is all well watered and [is] like a garden." However, Hammond and Rey state "all is irrigated; it is like a garden." Bandelier said (not a translation) "the soil was fertile and well irrigated." Oblasser said "It is all under irrigation and presents the appearance of one immense garden." <sup>23</sup>

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19. Hammond and Rey, 1940, p. 157.

20. *Idem.* p. 205.

21. *Idem.*, p. 165.

22. Undreiner, 1947, p. 460.

23. Hakluyt, 1928, p. 152; Baldwin, 1926, p. 21; Hammond and Rey, 1940, p. 72; Bandelier, 1890a, p. 144; Oblasser, 1939, p. 16.

The Spanish version reads "riégase todo y es como un vergel."<sup>24</sup> "Regar" means to water, to irrigate or to wash or water (as rivers and clouds). Since the verb is reflexive, "riégase," it seems to me that the implication is that the valley was well watered *by the river*, not irrigated by man.

In addition, Fray Marcos said "tan abastado de comida que basta para dar de comer en él a mas de trescientos de caballo." Baldwin, like Undreiner, translates this to mean there was enough food for over "three hundred horse." Hakluyt said "three thousand [sic] horsemen." Hammond and Rey say "three hundred men and horses," and Oblasser said "three hundred horsemen."<sup>25</sup> Bandelier doesn't make reference to this sentence. If "horses" is correct, then no irrigation is implied. If mounted men is correct, then, if irrigation was practiced, it must have been on a small scale because Coronado and his 75 horsemen and 25 foot soldiers (according to Hammond and Rey)<sup>26</sup> could not find sufficient to eat after two days rest there. Coronado said, "I rested for two days at Chichilticalle, and there was good reason for staying longer, considering how tired the horses were; but there was no chance to rest further, because the food was giving out."<sup>27</sup>

The above does not seem to be the kind of statement one would expect in late spring or early summer, if this were an agricultural area. It bears out Undreiner's, Baldwin's and Hakluyt's translations indicating that little or no irrigation was practiced on this (the Salt) river and that Fray Marcos' reference to food in the valley, as discussed above, probably referred to horses more than men. If irrigation was practiced and crops were not yet mature when Coronado was here, it would seem he would have referred to the green crops, since he again made such a point referring to his plight after leaving here.

To the above implication, that little or no irrigation was

24. The above partial quotation in Spanish, as well as others referred to below, were kindly supplied by Dr. George P. Hammond who states it is exactly the same in both the manuscript copy of Fray Marcos' *Relacion* and in the version given in Pacheco y Cardenas, Vol. III, pp. 339-340.

25. Hakluyt, 1923, p. 152; Baldwin, 1926, p. 21; Hammond and Rey, 1940, p. 71; Oblasser, 1939, p. 16.

26. Hammond and Rey, 1940, pp. 162, 179, 206 (50 mounted men and a few footmen according to Castañeda and 75 horsemen and 30 footmen according to *Traslado de Las Nuevas*).

27. *Idem*, p. 166.

practiced, can be added Castañeda's statement pertaining to his observations in 1540 that the natives of Chichilticalli were the most barbarous thus far encountered on their journey. He said *they lived by hunting and in rancherías without permanent settlements*, most of the region being covered with pine forests and oaks with a sweet acorn.<sup>28</sup> This description, in addition to ruling out irrigation at Chichilticalli, automatically rules out any possibility of the Casa Grande region (area proposed by Oblasser) and the lower Salt near Phoenix (included in Undreiner's area) as being Chichilticalli. Pines and hunting people are not known to have existed in these regions where irrigation was practiced at one time or another.

In trying to resolve this problem of whether "horses" or "horses and men" were intended in the above statement of Fray Marcos, I consulted Miss Eleanor B. Adams, Research Associate in History at the University of New Mexico library. She pointed out that in later periods each man on an expedition had several remounts, not just one horse. This would imply that there would be more than 300 horses for 300 men. Thus, one couldn't correctly translate the above by saying 300 horses and men, if the practice of having several remounts was common in Fray Marcos' day, 1539. In other words, one could cite separately the number of horses or men on an expedition, but not give one figure to apply to both horses and men, since each man had a varying number of remounts.

In checking the muster roll of Coronado's expedition of 1540, it is quite evident that many of the men had several horses, Coronado having 22 or 23.<sup>29</sup> Since the practice of having a number of remounts was current in 1540, it seems then that Fray Marcos meant either "more than 300 horses" *de caballo* being employed in the sense of *stock* or *mounts* on an expedition, or "300 horse," as in old English. One cannot infer on the basis of this translation alone that "de caballo" implied irrigated crops were available for men, especially when Castañeda's statement on the people of this area, living by the hunt and in impermanent settlements, is considered.

28. Hammond and Rey, 1940, p. 252; Winship, 1896, pp. 516-517.

29. Hammond and Rey, 1940, pp. 87-104.

Jaramillo's narrative, relating to his observations of 1540, bears out the above interpretation of the lack of irrigation on the north side of the four-day *despoblado*. He stated that after crossing this *despoblado* they reached another arroyo which they understood was called Nexpa (Undreiner's Salt River). Some poor Indians came out to meet them bringing presents of little value such as maguey leaves and pitahayas.<sup>30</sup> On the south side of this *despoblado*, irrigation and crops are specifically referred to (among the inhabitants along the San Pedro) by all sources as discussed above.

However, Jaramillo's account, regarding the approach on the south side of the four-day *despoblado*, is somewhat garbled. He said that from Corazones "passing a sort of small gateway [near Ures, if the Sonora valley of today] very close to this arroyo, we went to another valley made by this same arroyo" called Señora. It also was irrigated and had similar settlements and food, being 6 or 7 leagues in length. From here he says they went to Ispa, crossing meanderings of the arroyo (as does the present road), one day's journey from the previous settlement, and then proceeded over the four-day *despoblado* to the Nexpa.<sup>31</sup> Obviously he overlooked at least 3 days travel if we compare his account with that of Fray Marcos as outlined below:

<i>Fray Marcos</i>	<i>Jaramillo</i>
Left Petatlán	Left Petatlán
Went 25 or 30 lgs. (3 days)	3 days to Cinaloa R.
Crossed 4-day <i>despoblado</i> (valley east of here)	5 days to Cedros Arroyo (valley east of here)
3 days to Vacapa traveled 3 days	3 days to Yaquemí traveled 3 days and crossed 2 arroyos
	(discrepancies begin)
traveled 5 days	2 days to Corazones
traveled 2 days	1 day to Señora Valley
	1 day to Ispa
crossed 4-day <i>despoblado</i>	crossed 4-day <i>despoblado</i> to Nexpa River

30. Hammond and Rey, 1940, p. 297.

31. Idem., pp. 297.

From the point where the discrepancies begin, Fray Marcos took 7 days to reach the *despoblado* while Jaramillo records only 4 days to cover the same stretch. The latter's reference to Ispa could be the same as Castañeda's "Arispa" east of Señora, probably modern Arispe. If so, Jaramillo's four-day *despoblado* above Ispa would include what was occupied territory (across from the headwaters of the Sonora River to those of the San Pedro and down that stream) during Kino's day and into prehistoric times according to Di-Peso's findings.

Other accounts, moreover, indicate that the region north of Señora was occupied in 1540. Tovar, according to Castañeda, in the spring of 1541, returned to Señora at which time the Spaniards had an encounter with a nearby pueblo. As a result of this fight, Tovar ordered the town of Señora moved to the Valley of Suya, 40 leagues to the north. The people of this valley were described as being like those of Señora in dress, customs, etc.<sup>32</sup> Castañeda also reported that on Coronado's return from Cibola, he passed through Chichilticale, and before reaching the natives of Corazones, there were outbreaks by the Indians and some horses were killed.<sup>32a</sup> Thus, we can only assume that Jaramillo left a portion of the journey out.

It appears that the travel from the upper Sonora river to Chichilticale had been overlooked by Jaramillo, yet he *may*, instead, have omitted mention of about 3 days travel just prior to reaching Corazones. If so, his Ispa may have been "Jiaspi" on the lower San Pedro River, referred to by Kino in the early 1700's, where crops were raised and cotton was woven.<sup>32b</sup> As already stated, Jaramillo described their passing through an irrigated valley before reaching a narrows, and after passing the narrows, they continued along the same arroyo to Ispa, just before reaching the four-day *despoblado*. The stretch along the San Pedro Valley, to which Jaramillo *might* be referring, is described almost in the same manner by Manje in 1697.<sup>32c</sup>

32. Idem., pp. 233-234, 250.

32a. Idem., p. 273.

32b. Bolton, 1948, p. 170.

32c. Manje, 1954, pp. 78-81.

He and Kino left Quiburi, just above the mouth of Babacomori Creek on November 11, 1697. By the night of November 12, they had proceeded 23 leagues down the river to the north. On the morning of November 13, Captain Francisco Ramírez went with an advance party and returned to inform Manje that there were many places of possible ambush from Apaches between two cliffs, where the river narrows its course about one-half a league. This is between the present Rincon and Dragoon Mountains.

"After passing through this narrow gorge, the river widens again into a large valley," said Manje. Another 4 leagues north of the narrows, they reach Jiaspi.

Castañeda referred to this as the valley of Suya in which the town of San Hierónimo was established, and described the traits of the Pima living here.<sup>33</sup> Jaramillo called it the Señora Valley,<sup>34</sup> which name Castañeda applied to the Sonora Valley.<sup>35</sup> Castañeda said they went from the Suya Valley to the beginning of the 15 day *despoblado*<sup>36</sup> and Jaramillo said the same regarding the trip from the Señora Valley. Obviously, Jaramillo left out a portion of the itinerary in his narrative and perhaps confused the Señora with the Suya Valley.

Fray Marcos also implies hide clothing was worn by the natives on the north side of the four-day *despoblado*, not cloth clothing like that encountered among the previous groups below it, such as also was described for the Sobaipuri on the San Pedro by Kino and Velarde in the early 1700's.<sup>37</sup> Fray Marcos said "y muy buenas mantas y cueros de vaca." Hakluyt's translation of the above, pertaining to the clothing seen on the north side of the four-day *despoblado* reads "and [they] goe in good apparell, and skinnes of Oxen." Hammond and Rey translated this "they had very good blankets and skins of cattle." Baldwin's translation reads "they were dressed in very good cloaks of ox leather." Bandelier said

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33. Hammond and Rey, 1940, pp. 250-251.

34. Idem., p. 297.

35. Idem., p. 250.

36. Idem., p. 251.

37. Wyllys, 1931, pp. 129, 132; Bolton, 1916, p. 459.



(not a translation) "The women were dressed in good skirts and chemises."<sup>38</sup>

These two distinctions, pertaining to agriculture and clothing, immediately set the people above the four-day *despoblado*, who wore buckskin clothing and lacked agriculture (Yavapai), apart from those below on the San Pedro who wore cotton apparel and practiced irrigation agriculture (Sobaipuri). In addition, the latter, who decorated their pottery in historic times, were stated to have fine vases (decorated ?), a trait not mentioned among the former, who lacked decorated ware.

In a previous article I referred to Castañeda's "barbarous" group, mentioned above, and stated "these may well have been Jocomes or even northern Sobaipuri," but not Apache or Sobaipuri proper.<sup>39</sup> Had I been acquainted with Undreiner's proposed route of Fray Marcos de Niza from the Gila to the Salt, at the time of writing the above, which in turn affects a new route through this area for Coronado, a re-examination of the narratives of the expeditions would have indicated the Yavapai probably were the "barbarous" group considered throughout this paper. This is supported by Fray Marcos' "barrios" (small camps), Castañeda's "barbarous" Indians who lived by the hunt and in "impermanent settlements" and Jaramillo's "poor Indians," all of which were referred to as being on the north side of the four-day *despoblado*. These terms are more descriptive of the Yavapai and their camps than the Sobaipuri and their villages. There is no doubt that two different ethnic groups lived on either side of the *despoblado*. The only locality in southeastern Arizona where a nomadic and sedentary peoples were separated by a four-day *despoblado*, as far as present evidence is concerned, would have been the region bordering between the Sobaipuri and Yavapai.

Regarding the villages noted by Fray Marcos on his trip to check on the coast (five-day trip down the Salt according to Undreiner), Bandelier adds an interesting point which

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38. Hakluyt, 1928, p. 151; Hammond and Rey, 1940, p. 71; Baldwin, 1926, p. 20; Bandelier, 1890a, p. 142.

39. Schroeder, 1952b, p. 147.

indicates these settlements were small as Castañeda describes them, not large as Undreiner implies by referring to the pre-historic sites exhibiting irrigation ditches on the Salt River. The word used by Fray Marcos de Niza to refer to these settlements was "barrios" ("están los barrios a media legua y a cada cuarto de legua"). Bandelier devoted almost one-half page to a footnote dealing with the definition and derivation of the word "barrio" to indicate that a small settlement was implied. Of pertinent interest here is one phrase contained in the definition, which might well describe a Yavapai camp—"y assi vale tanto barrio como casa de campo."<sup>40</sup>

Coincidentally, the Southeastern Yavapai had a practice of congregating at a camp called Amanyika (quail's roost), about two miles south of the Salt River, where the Fish Creek and Salt River cliffs made it difficult for approach by the Maricopa or Gila Pima. In some seasons a *hundred houses* would be seen there. In the spring the Yavapai came here to gather seed, and in the summer to obtain prickly pear fruit, rabbits and woodrats. The caves just north of here were occupied in the winter.<sup>41</sup> This practice of congregating in one small area is also known among the other Yavapai divisions. Corbusier stated that in time of plenty as many as 100 souls would be in one village, *each family group having their huts together*.<sup>42</sup> Mike Burns, a Western Yavapai wrote that in the late 1800's "They camped on the rim of a row of ranges between the Superstition Mountains and what is called Fish Creek. The camps were in four distinct parts, a few miles from each other, but the middle one contained the most in numbers."<sup>43</sup> Thus, Fray Marcos' description of a number of closely situated "barrios" in this very area along the Salt River apparently was most fitting and accurate, each of his *barrios* probably representing a family or extended family group.

We have another trait mentioned which further implies these people on the north side of the *despoblado* were Yava-

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40. Bandelier, 1890b, p. 144.

41. Gifford, 1932, p. 181.

42. Corbusier, 1886, p. 283.

43. Burns in Farish, 1915, Vol. 3, p. 304.

pai. Obregon, in writing about Espejo's expedition which approached the middle Verde Valley from the northeast in 1583, remarked that the practice of the natives of the middle Verde Valley (considered to be Northeastern Yavapai by all sources) of wearing crosses was due to instructions by others further back<sup>44</sup> (toward Mexico). I had previously stated "The exact meaning of this latter statement is not clear, but it is quite possible that the Yavapai, who had contacts with the Yuman speaking people on the Colorado River, picked up the use of the cross from their western neighbors after Alarcon, who sailed a short distance up the Colorado River, had introduced the cross to the lower Colorado groups in 1540."<sup>45</sup> Since Fray Marcos specifically stated that he erected crosses in this valley (Salt River according to Undreiner) through which he passed in search of the turning of the coast, it now becomes apparent that perhaps the Northeastern Yavapai of the middle Verde Valley may have obtained the idea and use of the cross from another group further back, as Obregon put it, the Southeastern Yavapai, a much closer source.

Zárate, in describing Oñate's expedition to the sea in 1604, explained the presence of the cross among the natives of the middle Verde Valley by stating that some Franciscans (plural) had passed through this area a long time before and had instructed the Indians to wear the cross when the Spanish came.<sup>46</sup> Escobar stated most of the crosses were of reed and worn on the forehead.<sup>47</sup> Yavapai medicine men are known to have used small crosses formed of two pieces of cane about 2 inches long, wrapped in red and blue yarn, and tied together. These were secured to a lock of hair to prevent or cure a pain in the head.<sup>48</sup> This seems to be similar to the description given by Escobar. If any Franciscans passed through or near the Verde Valley, they could only have been those accompanying Coronado or his army in 1540, since Fray Marcos, in 1539, was traveling without any religious companions.

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44. Hammond and Rey, 1928, p. 330.

45. Schroeder, 1952a, p. 112.

46. Bolton, 1916, p. 270.

47. Escobar in Hammond and Rey, 1953, p. 1015.

48. Corbusier, 1886, pp. 334, 336.

As late as 1716 Velarde stated that the Pima fought with a Yuman-speaking group (Nifora) to the north of them and that they knew of another more distant group to the north of the Nifora whom they referred to as Cruciferos because the cross was sacred to them.<sup>49</sup>

Though there is no evidence to favor the introduction of the cross from the lower Colorado River groups or from the Southeastern Yavapai, the circumstances were such that either could have introduced this feature to the Northeastern Yavapai. The above remarks are based on the assumption that the cross was introduced by the Spanish. The possibility remains that the cross among the Yavapai may have been a survival of the prehistoric wood or yucca cross.

Coronado stated that the Indians of Chichilticalli told him that the sea was 15 days distant and that when they went to the sea (probably meaning the Gulf of California) for fish, or anything they need, they traveled across country and it took them 10 days.<sup>50</sup> The five day discrepancy may indicate the sea was 15 days away, but they only went ten days to the west where they obtained what they needed through trade. In 1598, in the middle Verde Valley, Farfan was told by the natives, who had shell ornaments, that it was a 30 day journey to the sea (probably via the Mohave Indian country to the Gulf). Oñate, in 1604, said it was 20 days.<sup>51</sup> Thus, in both cases these people were acquainted with the sea, indicating they ranged over a considerable area. In 1776, Padre Garces recorded a meeting with some Yavapai (Tejua), near present day Yuma, who were acquainted with the Yavapai of the east who were being pressed by the Spanish,<sup>52</sup> apparently in the upper Salt or Gila region.<sup>53</sup> These instances indicating movements and contacts over a large area from the upper Salt to the lower Colorado River by one group of people can refer only to the Yavapai on the north side of the *despoblado*,

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49. Wyllys, 1931, p. 117.

50. Hammond and Rey, 1940, p. 165. Gifford, 1932, p. 249 states the Southeastern Yavapai did not eat fish. However, Corbusier, p. 326, said, "A few A[pache]-Yumas who came from near the Colorado river ate fish caught in that river." His Apache-Yumas are Western Yavapai.

51. Hammond and Rey, 1953, p. 413; Zárate in Bolton, 1916, p. 270.

52. Coues, 1900, pp. 209-210.

53. Schroeder, 1952b, p. 149.

not the Gila Pima or Sobaipuri who were restricted to a smaller area to the south, and *definitely not the Apache*, even if they were near this region as early as 1540, *because the Apache never claimed to have gone to or to have known about the Gulf.*

Fray Marcos stated he took some 30 "chiefs" from the area (Chichilticalli on the Salt River) as well as other men along with him on his trip across the extensive *despoblado* to Zuñi. By "chief" it appears he probably was referring to heads of different small nomadic bands such as are found among the Yavapai. Some 300 people had accompanied Estevan. (Castañeda said about 60 accompanied him.)<sup>54</sup> Thus, the natives who were killed with Estevan at Zuñi apparently were Yavapai, unless some Indians from the San Pedro River had also accompanied him that far. Those with Fray Marcos, when they received the news of the death of their relatives at Zuñi, lamented that they would no longer be able to go to Zuñi as they had in the past. Whether this enmity continued is a moot point.

Further evidence suggesting those who accompanied Fray Marcos to Zuñi were Yavapai is found in Díaz' letter to Mendoza in which he stated that the people of Cibola, after their encounter with Estevan in 1539, had told these people he had reached, at the beginning of the *despoblado* to Zuñi, not to allow the Spanish to come through again.<sup>55</sup> Since Coronado did march through the following year, and these people (Yavapai on the Salt River) did not stop him, the Zuñi may have afterwards cut off all relations with these people to the southwest. Interestingly enough, Gifford found the Northeastern Yavapai, even though they lived closer to Zuñi than the Southeastern Yavapai, had no name for the Zuñi.<sup>56</sup> On the other hand Bandelier stated the Yuman stock, from the Colorado River to the Tonto Basin, had commercial relations with the Zuñi.<sup>57</sup>

Evidence pertaining to the location of Chichilticalli and

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54. Hammond and Rey, 1940, pp. 74, 199.

55. *Idem.*, p. 160.

56. Gifford, 1936, p. 252.

57. Bandelier, 1890a, pt. 1, p. 196.

the point where the expedition turned northeast to cross the extensive *despoblado* to Zuñi is contained in the various narratives. Coronado, in his letter of August 3, 1540, to Mendoza, was the first to use the word "Chichilticalli" which Undreiner suggests was the Tonto Cliff Dwellings. Castañeda, who was the only one to refer to a ruined pueblo at this location, described this place as a large roofless ruined house built of red mud that may have been a fortress, formerly occupied by a people who broke away from Cibola.<sup>58</sup> This would describe most any fair-sized pueblo but not a structure in a cave such as the Tonto Cliff Dwellings.

Jaramillo, however, as well as all others, employs the name Chichilticalli as a place name only. After crossing the four-day *despoblado* he stated they reached a stream which they understood was called Nexpa (Undreiner's Salt River). From here, he said they continued *down* this stream for two days. Then they left the stream by going to the right (northeast, he later said) and an additional two days' travel brought them to the foot of the cordillera where they learned it was called Chichilticalli. In another portion of his narratives Jaramillo stated this name of Chichilticalli was applied to this pass in this range because they had heard from some Indians further back (probably on the Salt River) that it was called by this name.<sup>59</sup>

Castañeda said that many rams and goats were seen between the Valley of Suyá (a portion of the San Pedro River Valley)<sup>60</sup> and Chichilticalli, and that the land changes and thorny trees disappear at Chichilticalli (as actually occurs after crossing the Salt River). This, he reasoned, was because the ridge of the sierra turns as does the coast. The sierra (either the Sierra Ancha or the Mogollon Rim) and the point where it actually turns west is some distance northeast of the Nexpa (Salt) River, over two days travel as Jaramillo described it. Thus the topography and biology fit the area

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58. Hammond and Rey, 1940, pp. 207, 251-252.

59. *Idem.*, pp. 296-297.

60. *Idem.*, p. 251. Regarding the location of Suyá, in which the town of San Heronimo was situated on a little river, Hodge, 1907, p. 371 says "The San Pedro River, in Sonora near the Arizona boundary." Undreiner's routing and dating, then, would place Suyá on the Arizona side of the U.S.-Mexico boundary.

between the Yavapai and Sobaipuri. It is also interesting to note that Castañeda employs the same reasoning in the above, in regard to the turning of the coast *without actually going to see the coast*, as Undreiner suggests Fray Marcos de Niza did when he surmised the coast turned west. Fray Marcos has been lambasted for his statement, but historians have been strangely silent in regard to this similar statement made by Castañeda.

Perhaps one criticism that may be leveled at the route beyond the San Pedro is the identification of the Gila River. Some may question its identification since it is referred to by Fray Marcos as an "arroyo" rather than a "rio." Perhaps the following observations concerning the flow of the Gila River will help to show that the Gila is truly insignificant at times.

Pumpelly, in writing of his experience in Arizona in the fall of 1860, referred to the Gila River saying "the bed of which above its junction with the Salina [Salt] river is often, and below that point sometimes, dry."<sup>61</sup>

Bandelier, in discussing Alarcon's voyage up the Colorado River, in the month of August, 1540, stated that during August, September and early October "The Gila is so low that it scarcely would attract attention from anyone who, like Alarcon, was ascending the main stream [Colorado] in boats."<sup>62</sup>

Font, on November 1, 1775, while at Uturituc near Casa Grande Ruins, stated the Gila was not high enough to enter the Indian ditches, reaching only halfway up their legs. He remarked the stream was only large during times of flood.<sup>63</sup>

Pima farmers told Russell that they often had to resort to gathering and hunting every five years or so as the Gila River would dry up.<sup>64</sup>

Emory, coming west on the Gila River, stated on November 7, 1846, "*The river bed* at the junction of the San Pedro [the exact spot where Fray Marcos and Coronado crossed, according to Undreiner] was seamed with tracks of deer and turkey; some "signs" of beaver and one trail of wild hogs."<sup>65</sup>

61. Pumpelly, 1870, p. 9.

62. Bandelier, 1890a, pt. I, p. 108.

63. Bolton, 1931, pp. 43-44.

64. Russell, 1908, p. 66.

65. Emory, 1848, p. 78. Italics are mine.

Fray Marcos passed through here in mid-April 1539 and Coronado in late June of 1540. Since Fray Marcos only referred to what is herein thought to be the Gila, and then only as an arroyo, the Gila may have failed as the Pima relate, or at least it was so insignificant that Coronado and his chroniclers did not refer to it. In fact, Fray Marcos, Coronado and the Viceroy all referred to drought conditions. The former reported after proceeding north from Petatlán "everywhere they received me with receptions, gladness, and triumphal arches, giving me of whatever food they had, although it was but little, *because they said it had not rained for three years.*"<sup>65a</sup> The Viceroy referred to Díaz's trip north to check on Fray Marcos' route and stated "It is said that since it was a poor year, Díaz had to endure hunger in many places."<sup>65b</sup> Coronado remarked "the hardships have been so very great and the lack of food such that I do not believe this enterprise could have been completed before the end of this year."<sup>65c</sup> In addition, Terah L. Smiley of the Tree Ring Laboratory, University of Arizona, has indicated that the mid-1500's experienced a period of severe drought, possibly of greater magnitude than the "great drought" of 1276 to 1299 A.D. Thus, several possibilities are present that may explain the reference to the Gila as an arroyo. Moreover, since Jaramillo refers to many of the streams as arroyos, including those along which he observed irrigation being practiced,<sup>66</sup> there seems to be no reason to doubt the identification of the Gila merely because it was referred to as an arroyo.

I find it difficult to accept a portion of the route Undreiner proposes between the Gila and Salt and to accept his identification of Chichilticalli. Anyone familiar with the country around Globe would scarcely attempt to reach the Salt River by going northwest across the mountains toward Tonto Creek as Undreiner proposes. The easiest and most logical route would have been to follow Pinal Creek as did the early ranchers, wagon trains and settlers. Water and pasture would have

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65a. Hammond and Rey, 1940, p. 64. Italics are mine.

65b. Idem., p. 157.

65c. Idem., p. 167.

66. Idem., p. 296.



been available and travel would not have been difficult. Moreover, the Salt River Valley, below Pinal Creek, meets the descriptions of Fray Marcos and Castañeda. It is open and in spring presents a green appearance, and, moreover, the vegetation changes in the adjacent highlands on the north side of the Salt River. Prior to the development of Roosevelt Dam and the creation of the reservoir behind it, the Salt River to the west of Pinal Creek meandered through and flooded over this rather flat lying portion of the area and undoubtedly presented the appearance of a "well-watered garden" in spring.

The most simple route from Globe to the Salt River would have been to go down Pinal Creek to Wheatfields, which is located just above the point where the canyon boxes up. From here a traveler only would have to go over a low pass to the east and then follow a north-eastern flowing arroyo to the Salt River, opposite the mouth of Cherry Creek. At this point, except when the river is high during the spring thaws, one can easily ford the Salt River. From here, to reach Tonto Creek, one would have to turn northwest and proceed down the Salt across the low ridges between Coon Creek, Chalk Creek, Parker Creek and Salome Creek to reach Tonto Creek, at least one and a half day's travel on foot.

Another factor favoring the route down the Salt is the occurrence of several large mounds on the north side, the crumbled remains of prehistoric mud or mud and rock walled structures, most of which are now under the waters of Roosevelt Lake. Castañeda's description of Chichilticalli (house built of mud) appears to have been an open site, not a cave site (such as the upper or lower ruins at Tonto National Monument which Undreiner suggests may have been Chichilticalli), and would have fitted any of these sites abandoned about 1400 or 1450 A.D., if they were standing in 1539 and 1540. Some may argue these are not impressive sites. Apparently they weren't as Castañeda is the only one to have mentioned one.

Further evidence favoring the Pinal Creek route is encountered in several narratives. Fray Marcos, after he reached the people on the north side of the *despoblado* (Salt),

stated he went through that valley for five days in search of the coast. This means he had to go west. If on the Salt, it took him to the mouth of Tonto Creek in two days, and from there, down the Salt River another three days. He undoubtedly skirted the narrow canyons of the Salt River below Tonto Creek by following a trail on the south side of the river up over the mountains and down Fish Creek back to the Salt River, a route used by the Yavapai and Apache in more recent times. I doubt, however, that he went as far west as the Salt River Mountains as Undreiner proposes, since he passed through very rough country below Tonto Creek and apparently visited a number of the Indians (on Fish Creek or near the historic site of Amanyika) and gathered information as he went. Moreover, the view from the nearby west slopes of the Mazatzals or from Four Peaks would have presented him with a vista similar to that in the lower mountains further west. It is to be noted that his return trip consumed only three days, which would imply he went back upstream only as far as the mouth of Tonto Creek. He rested here for a few days before proceeding to the beginning of the extensive *despoblado*, which from here, near the mouth of Tonto Creek, he stated was four days distant.<sup>67</sup>

Jaramillo stated that on arriving at the Rio Nexpa (Salt) on the north side of the *despoblado*, they went *down* this arroyo two days. If they had taken Fray Marcos' route as outlined above to the mouth of Pinal Creek, two days down the Salt River would have brought them close to the mouth of Tonto Creek. Jaramillo then states they left this arroyo, *down* which they had been traveling, and went to the right (northeast, as he indicates later). Thus he and Fray Marcos agree on two days travel down this river before turning off to take the trail over the extensive *despoblado* to Zuñi.

The *Relacion del Suceso* approximates this same route stating they went north from Culiacan to  $34\frac{1}{2}$  degrees and then turned northeast.<sup>68</sup> The junction of Tonto Creek and the Salt River is located just under 34 degrees. Bolton's and

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67. Hammond and Rey, 1940, p. 74.

68. *Idem.*, p. 286.

Sauer's route would have Coronado turning at 32 degrees.<sup>69</sup>

Ordinarily, a trip from the mouth of Pinal Creek to the mouth of Tonto Creek might not consume more than a day and a half. However, since Fray Marcos' five day trip downstream and three day return leaves a two day difference, and Jaramillo stated that they traveled down the arroyo for two days, perhaps travel was slowed by the gap in the Salt River Canyon just below Pinal Creek, by visiting with Indians along the way or some other circumstance such as making the trip in one and one-half days and deciding to camp where the trail left the river and rest for two days, before leaving permanent water.

Since Undreiner did not attempt to go into any detail on the journey from the Salt River to Zuñi, the following is an attempt to fill the gap. In tracing the route from the vicinity of the mouth of Tonto Creek to Zuñi, I am depending primarily on Jaramillo's account,<sup>70</sup> as other narratives only briefly touch on this portion of the trip.

Jaramillo said "We continued down this arroyo [Nexpa] for two days [down the Salt River from Pinal Creek to Salome Creek just above Tonto Creek]; leaving the arroyo we went to the right in two days' travel to the foot of the cordillera, where we learned it was called Chichilticalli [from near the mouth of Tonto Creek, probably up Salome Creek, to the northwest slopes of the Sierra Anchas]. Crossing the cordillera [through Board Tree Saddle Pass (which Dale King has suggested to me as a likely pass) and over the north end of the Sierra Ancha], we went to a deep arroyo and ravine where we found water and grass for the horses [Cherry Creek, probably some distance below the Asbestos Mine]."

Jaramillo then repeats himself and said, "From this last arroyo Nexpa that I have mentioned we turned almost to the northeast, it seems to me. Following this same route [in the sense of direction] we went from here [Nexpa], in three days, I believe, to a river which we named San Juan [Cherry Creek], as we reached it on St. John's Day [June 24]." A

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69. Bolton, 1949, p. 105, Sauer, 1932, p. 36.

70. Hammond and Rey, 1940, pp. 297-298. The quotations which follow referring to Jaramillo are taken from these two pages.

statement by Coronado also indicates that Jaramillo was repeating himself, as he said the San Juan River was the beginning of the *despoblado*, "I entered the borders of the uninhabited region on Saint John's Eve."<sup>71</sup>

Fray Marcos, while located near the mouth of Tonto Creek, said of his trip in 1539, "The natives of this village begged me to rest here for three or four days, because the *despoblado* began four days travel from here."<sup>72</sup> Thus, both he and Coronado are in agreement that the *despoblado* was three or four days travel beyond their camping spot in Chichilticalli (on the Salt River near the mouth of Tonto Creek). This agreement again indicates that Jaramillo was repeating himself and was not referring to an additional three days travel beyond the San Juan.

By way of summary and comparison to this point, Jaramillo said they turned northeast from the Nexpa and took three days to reach the San Juan. This route entailed two days travel from the Nexpa to the foot of the cordillera, from which point they crossed the mountain and reached a deep arroyo and ravine where they found water and grass, this last apparently taking another day's travel. Sauer's proposed route would have them follow an "old Hopi Trail" which went northeast from the Nexpa (from Cascabel on the San Pedro River) and then almost north to the San Juan River (which he identifies as the Gila) even though Jaramillo did not mention any change in direction. Sauer would also have them cross a creek (Aravaipa) midway between the Nexpa (his San Pedro) and the San Juan, a stream which Jaramillo doesn't mention. He also would have them pass through fairly good country "well supplied with grass and water"<sup>73</sup> rather than a fairly mountainous region such as Coronado implies when he describes the next leg of the journey. Coronado said of his route from the San Juan, "I entered the borders of the uninhabited region on St. John's Eve, and for a change from our past labors, *we found* no grass during the first days, but *a worse way through the mountains and more dangerous*

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71. *Idem.*, p. 166.

72. *Idem.*, p. 74.

73. Sauer, 1932, p. 36.

*passes than we had experienced previously.*"<sup>74</sup> This implies that they had been traveling in mountains before reaching the San Juan River, such as occur between the mouth of Salome Creek and upper Cherry Creek, namely the Sierra Anchas. Neither the Aravaipa Creek or Tres Alamos routes proposed by historians would take the Spanish through country such as Coronado implies above. Sauer describes the route from Cascabel to the Gila as very direct and well supplied with grass and water.

Coronado also said of this portion of the trip from Chichilticalli, "the way is very bad for at least thirty leagues and more, through impassable mountains. But when we traversed these thirty leagues, we found cool rivers and grass like that of Castile."<sup>75</sup> Thirty leagues amount to about 80 miles. The route I have projected from the Salt River to the "cool rivers and grass" country (Rio Frio), in the plateau country above the Mogollon Rim, is just about 85 miles. Coronado's 30 leagues of rough country would have to include the stretch before the San Juan, if he passed through the country herein proposed, since thirty leagues travel from the San Juan through rough country would put him too far east of the course as outlined by Jaramillo.

From the San Juan River (Cherry Creek) Jaramillo said, "On leaving this place we went over somewhat hilly country to another river [upper waters of Canyon Creek, June 26], and from there more to the north to the river we named Las Balsas [the rafts, Carrizo Creek, June 28] since we used some rafts for crossing it because it was swollen. It seems to me that it took us two days to go from one river to the other."

"From here [Carrizo Creek] we went to another arroyo which we called La Barranca [June 30]. The distance between them is two short days travel, and the direction is almost northeast." La Barranca (the ravine or precipice) would fit quite nicely here since they were now at the Mogollon Rim, deeply cut by streams above and below. This perhaps was Mortensen Creek, near Pinedale, or any other of the deep streams encountered in this region.

74. Hammond and Rey, 1940, p. 166. Italics are mine.

75. Idem., p. 166.

Jaramillo continues, "From here we went to another river which we named Rio Frio [cold river], because it was cold, reaching it in a day's travel [July 1]." This may have been either Showlow or Silver Creek, both of which drain high country and carry cold water.

"Then from here we continued through a pine forest, almost at the end of which we found a spring and a cool little arroyo. This took another day's travel [July 2]." If by "pine" he was including pinyon, then, they were near Mesa Redondo, almost due west of Concho. If pinyon was not intended to be included, then the route I've projected is a bit too far to the north.

"From here, in two days and in the same direction, but not so much to the northeast, we went to another arroyo which we named Bermejo [bright reddish color]. Here we saw [July 4] one or two Indians whom we later thought belonged to the first settlement of Cibola." The reddish color of the river would certainly apply to the Little Colorado River below the Zuñi junction. However, Castañeda said this river was reached 8 leagues from Cibola.<sup>76</sup> If he was correct this may have been the Zuñi River instead and this would mean they traveled only 6 leagues the following day and 2 leagues the last day, as both he and Jaramillo state it was another 2 days to Cibola from this river. I am inclined to think that Castañeda, who wrote some 20 years after the expedition started, was in error. Certainly it would not have taken them two days to travel from the Little Colorado River (which would then become the Rio Frio) to the Zuñi River (which would then become the Rio Bermejo).

Coronado, as noted above, told of coming to cool rivers and grass, and then said "There was a considerable amount of flax near the banks of one river which was called Rio de Lino on this account." He immediately follows by saying "No Indians were seen during the first day's march, after which [on the second day] four Indians came out with signs of peace, saying they had been sent to that *desert* place to say that we were welcome."<sup>77</sup> This is the first time he mentions

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76. *Idem.*, p. 208.

77. *Idem.*, p. 166. *Italics are mine.*

meeting Indians. This encounter must have occurred on July 4, because Jaramillo and Castañeda both mentioned seeing Indians for the first time two days before reaching Cibola.<sup>78</sup> Further agreement is noted in that Coronado said they met the Indians in the desert and Jaramillo and Castañeda referred to the reddish river as the locale, which herein is identified as the Little Colorado River almost two days northeast of pinyon country.

The Rio de Lino may have been the cool arroyo encountered on July 2. Not only does flax grow in this region but also two poisonous plants, either of which may have been the plant referred to by Jaramillo when he said, "At this place on this arroyo a Spaniard named Espinosa and two other persons died as a result of some plants they ate because of their great privation."<sup>79</sup> Coronado said of this incident they lost "several Indian allies and a Spaniard named Espinosa besides two negroes who died of eating some herbs because they were out of food."<sup>80</sup>

Plants in this general region that are known to be dangerously poisonous are Waterhemlock (*Cicuta douglasi*) and Death Camas (*Zigadenus* sp.). The former, though larger in size, bears a familial resemblance to parsley and the latter resembles a small onion. Either of these could well have been mistaken by the Spanish as plants that might be edible because of their resemblance to vegetables of Spain. Of course there also is the possibility that they mistook one of the poisonous mushrooms, *Amanita* spp. for an edible variety.<sup>81</sup>

Jaramillo terminates the journey stating "In a march of two days we went from here [Little Colorado River] to the said pueblo, the first one of Cibola [July 6]."

If I have interpreted correctly Jaramillo's one statement as being a repetition, then this 15 day journey includes three which were in inhabited country—the first three days to Rio

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78. *Idem.*, pp. 208, 298.

79. *Idem.*, p. 298.

80. *Idem.*, p. 166.

81. I am indebted to Naturalists Natt M. Dodge and Leslie P. Arnberger of the National Park Service for bringing these plants to my attention. Kearney and Peebles, 1942, p. 646, say of Waterhemlock "Plants violently toxic to warm-blooded animals, especially the roots and young growth. No antidote is known."

San Juan which Coronado said bordered on the *despoblado*. Thus the uninhabited zone took 12 days to cross.

Castañeda said of this journey "From here [where the house built of red mud was located] they proceeded over the *despoblado* and after 15 days, at a distance eight leagues from Cibola, arrived [July 4] at a river which, because its water was muddy and red, they called Red River. Here it was that they saw the first Indians in that land—two of them—who fled and went to warn the others. On the night of the following day [July 5], two leagues from the pueblo, the Indians began shouting from a safe place. . . . On the following day [July 6], in good formation, the soldiers entered the inhabited land."<sup>82</sup> His version contains two additional days. This is because he starts from the mouth of Pinal Creek, where they first encountered Chichilticalli, or his red house. From this point it was two days downstream [on the Nexpa] to the place where Coronado began his journey, which Jaramillo describes. Deducting the three days of occupied country from here to the San Juan River, which Jaramillo's and Coronado's accounts together describe, Castañeda's *despoblado* totals 12 days, as does that of Jaramillo. Neither narrative counts the two days rest Coronado took at Chichilticalli<sup>83</sup> in their itinerary.

Fray Marcos said "I entered the *despoblado* on May 9. . . . In this manner I traveled twelve days." Then he met two of the wounded Indians who had accompanied Esteban and remarked he was "one day's journey from Cibola." His narrative thus gives 13 days travel for the *despoblado*.<sup>84</sup> It appears again that all chroniclers were in close agreement as to the time it took to cross the *despoblado*.

There are certain linguistic data that could be considered along with the evidence already discussed. The sudden appearance in documents in 1598 of the word "Apache" may have stemmed from the Zuñi word "Apachu"<sup>85</sup> meaning enemy or from these early above discussed encounters with

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82. Hammond and Rey, 1940, pp. 207-208.

83. *Idem.*, p. 166.

84. *Idem.*, pp. 74-76.

85. Hodge, et al., 1945, p. 302, Note 11.



the Yavapai in 1539 and 1540, who, like the Walapai, are said to have referred to themselves as Apatieh (*apa*, man, plus the plural suffix *tieh*, people),<sup>86</sup> or Apache.<sup>87</sup>

The word "Nexpa," used by Jaramillo to designate the Salt River, appears to have affinities with the Yavapai tongue, particularly the ending "pa" (from *apa*) which occurs at the end of all Yavapai band names. Whether this word represents a corruption of the Yavapai name for the Pima, "Hutpa," or is merely the corruption of the end of the name for the Southeastern Yavapai band, "Wikedjasapa," which frequented this area, or some other word, is questionable.

The word Chichilticale, as it is spelled for the first time in Coronado's letter of 1540,<sup>88</sup> has an interesting history. Only one of Coronado's contemporary chroniclers repeats the use of this name, Jaramillo, who spelled it "Chichiltic Calli."<sup>89</sup> The remaining contemporary narratives do not refer to this place name in any way—*Traslado de la Nuevas, Relación Postrera de Sivola or Relación del Suceso*.<sup>90</sup>

In 1555, Molina published a dictionary of Mexican words in which he listed the word Chichiltic-calli, spelled exactly like Jaramillo's rendition, and gave its meaning as "a red object or house."<sup>91</sup> In the 1560's Castañeda wrote his narrative, and for the first time a reddish walled structure is mentioned as having been present at "Chichilticalli," as he spelled it.<sup>92</sup> The only map to show this place is that of "The Interior of New Spain," after Mercator, dated 1569, on which the name is spelled "Chichilticale"<sup>93</sup> as originally rendered by Coronado.

Several questions arise. Did Molina in 1555 borrow the word from Jaramillo, whose account may have been more readily available than Coronado's letter of 1540 which contained a map or sketch of the route that has never been found? Did Castañeda, who wrote in the 1560's, conjure up

86. Curtis, 1907, p. 5.

87. Gifford, 1936, p. 249.

88. Coronado in Winship, 1896, p. 554.

89. Jaramillo in Idem., p. 585.

90. See Winship, 1896, for translations.

91. Molina, 1555.

92. Castañeda in Winship, 1896, p. 471.

93. Map in Idem., between pp. 376-377.

the red-walled structure at Chichilticalli out of the definition applied by Molina? Was the map of "The Interior of New Spain" based on the sketch Coronado sent to Mendoza, since the spelling is the same? Since Chichilticalli is specifically treated only by Coronado, referred to as a pass by Jaramillo, not mentioned by any other contemporaries, and stated to be the spot where a red-walled structure was located only by Castañeda, who wrote much later and after Molina had assigned a meaning to the word, it appears that Chichilticalli has been vastly over-rated by modern historians. This name appears to represent a general region or province rather than a specific locale, particularly when one notes that Coronado, while at Chichilticalli, said that the Indians took ten days to reach the sea, and that the sea turned west opposite Corazones "where I learned that the ships of your Lordship which had gone in search of the *Port of Chichilticale* . . . had been seen."<sup>94</sup>

Just where Castañeda's ruin of Chichilticalli should be placed on the route of travel, on the Nexpa River or beyond it, has been debated variously. An article<sup>95</sup> relating to the possible location of Chichilticalli concludes (on the basis of research and field investigation in 1868) that it was located on the Salt River below the mouth of Pinal Creek. In addition, the author points out that he was not the first to suggest the Salt River as the locale since Squier,<sup>96</sup> in 1848, placed Chichilticalli north of the Gila and Morgan,<sup>97</sup> in 1869, located it either on the Gila or directly north on the Salt River. Though Potter's approach to the problem of the location of Chichilticalli differs from that herein presented, it is of more than common interest that the same conclusions were reached. Of particular interest is his finding of an apparently early Spanish burial<sup>98</sup> on the east side of Salome Creek near its mouth, the place where I suggest Coronado spent his two days of rest at Chichilticalli. This burial, however, probably represents a

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94. Hammond and Rey, 1940, p. 165. Italics are mine.

95. Potter, 1908.

96. Squier, 1848.

97. Morgan, 1869.

98. Potter, 1908, p. 274.

post-1780 interment, at which period the Spanish were making scouts into this country.

In his account, Castañeda refers to the ruin when the General reaches Chichilticalli. From here (the ruin) he said it was 15 days' travel to the Red River.<sup>99</sup> Jaramillo's account states that, from the time they reached the Nexpa River, 15 days' of travel were necessary to reach the Bermejo River.<sup>100</sup> Thus, since both narratives agree on the time element, Castañeda's ruin would have had to be located on the Nexpa River, *not four days travel beyond at the Pass of Chichilticalli* described by Jaramillo, where Bolton and Sauer attempted to place it.<sup>101</sup> Since the ruin was described as having been built of red mud, its location on the Salt (following the route proposed herein) where mud walled sites do occur, is much more acceptable than a locale near the north end of the Sierra Anchas, where masonry walled sites occur.

Below is a list of some words which resemble "Chichilticalli" that occur among the Yavapai and Apache,<sup>102</sup> the latter included to indicate that near cognates can be found in other languages:

Spanish use	—Chi	Chil	ti	calli	
Apache	—Tli	chi		kowa	—"red house"
Apache	—Chi	chil		kain	—"Oak People" (clan)
Yavapai	—Chi	chi	itch	kwali	—"mother plants"

On the face of it there is some similarity between the Spanish rendition and both the Apache and Yavapai examples. I believe this word could well have been derived from the Yavapai since there is nothing to indicate that the Apache were in the area under discussion in the 16th century as will be discussed below.

It might be well to state here that I previously expressed the belief that the Apache de Gila, first encountered some

99. Hammond and Rey, 1940, pp. 207-208.

100. Idem., pp. 297-298.

101. Bolton, 1949, pp. 105-106; Sauer, 1932, p. 37.

102. Terms taken from Gifford, 1932, p. 198 and 1936, pp. 252, 262; Gatschet in Putnam, 1879, pp. 414, 434, 450; Curtis, 1908, pp. 132, 140, 143, and Schroeder, 1954, field notes on Yavapai.

distance west of Socorro, New Mexico, by Benavides in 1628, may have been Yavapai or an Apache group that had picked up farming from the Yavapai.<sup>103</sup> In light of the route and data discussed herein, it now appears that the Apache de Gila were true Athapascan Apache. In re-examining the evidence pertaining to the latter I found an additional item that further suggests that the Gila Apache were Athapascan. Benavides described a painted deerskin, presented to him by the Apache, bearing the sun and moon above their gods and creators.<sup>104</sup> Curtis describes and illustrates such a skin, once owned by an Apache medicine man in the late 1800's, which is remarkably similar to that described by Benavides.<sup>105</sup> Painted deerskins are not listed among early Yavapai traits, and thus it appears that my former belief that the Apache de Gila may have been Yavapai was unduly influenced by the presence of small scale agriculture among the Gila Apache, a trait which they may have obtained from the Yavapai (a possibility I previously considered), or perhaps from another group in New Mexico. These Gila Apache, though some distance east of the Yavapai, were the Apache closest to the Yavapai at this date, 1628.

It is evident, according to Velarde's remarks, that the Yavapai in 1716 were still north of the Pima,<sup>106</sup> and that the Apache had not yet entered into Arizona north of the Gila River to any great extent, though at that date they were raiding the Sobaipuri from the east, but south of the Gila River. DiPeso erroneously indicated, on the basis of my statements in this respect in the above cited reference (1952b, p. 150), that I suggested the Apache inhabitants east of the San Pedro may have been Yavapai.<sup>107</sup> No such statement was made or intended.

*(To be continued)*

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103. Schroeder, 1952b, p. 150.

104. Hodge, Hammond and Rey, 1945, pp. 82-83.

105. Curtis, 1907, pp. 30-35. See also Twitchell, 1911, Vol. I, p. 42, for an illustration of an Apache medicine shirt decorated in a somewhat similar fashion. Other Apache painted shirts, though not decorated in the same vein, are illustrated by Bourke, 1892, plates VI-VIII: mentioned by Thomas F. M. McLean in a letter to Sylvester Mowry, December 25, 1859, in the Records of the Bureau of Indian Affairs, Record Group 75, The National Archives; and described as being worn by wounded Tonto Apaches by Corbusier, 1886, p. 335. After the introduction of the Ghost Dance Cult Southeastern Yavapai shamans painted people, birds and mammals on buckskin (Gifford, 1932, p. 239).

106. Wyllys, 1931, p. 117.

107. DiPeso, 1953, p. 265.

## MARIE SELLAR BULLARD—MEMOIRS\*

My children have long importuned me to leave some record of my memories, so here I begin jottings from a long life, unimportant in itself but which has lain in an eventful period of modern history, stretching through the Civil War and Franco-Prussian War, precursor and part cause of the Great War of which we are now suffering the aftermath, in an anxious and uncertain condition. Much that I write must necessarily be based upon hearsay evidence, but even that may be of interest and value as I seem to be the last of my generation and have no one to give me lacking information. Oliver Wendell Holmes said that a "Child's education began a hundred years before it was born," so I must commence by some account of what my Scotch ancestors would call "my forbears."

In 1881, when I was in Elgin, Scotland, near the exterior base of the south tower of its beautiful ruined cathedral, "The Lantern of Scotland," I saw the monument of my great-grandfather John Sellar and his wife Helen Donaldson. The stones adjoining were flat and defaced by passing of many feet. One only remained legible, "Patrick Sellar, sometime Musician, Burgess of Elgin, d. 1642" (I quote from memory). This is the earliest ancestor of whom I know. Another branch of the family kept and handed down the name Patrick. One of that name, and his father before him, was "factor" (Superintendent of the Estates) of the Duke of Sutherland, in the 1880's. William Sellar, Professor of Humanities at the University of Edinburgh, belonged to that line. Also his sister, mother of Andrew Lang, well-known author and man of letters. Another son was named Patrick and a third John, whose wife I accidentally met in Paris in 1923. Their burial ground is at the base of North Tower of Elgin Cathedral.

My grandfather, William Sellar, went to Peterhead, at that time an important whaling and fishing port. It is still a great center for the herring fleet of Scotland and Holland, or

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\* Daughter of John Perry Sellar and Cornelia Marie Wheatley.

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was when I was there. There my grandfather married Elizabeth Annand, daughter of James Annand and Charlotte Hays Simpson.

James Annand was engaged in whaling and, in the Napoleonic Wars, in privateering. My mother insisted on calling him "The Pirate" which, she said, was more romantic and fully justified by the family tradition of his ungovernable and furious temper. James and Charlotte had three children. Charlotte who married Dr. John Perry and emigrated to America settling in Jerseyville, Illinois, and being thereby the indirect cause of my being an American. Peter, only son, quarrelled with his father, was disowned and forbidden to return home but, dying, was smuggled in by his mother to die under his father's roof. I shall always believe the old gentleman knew he was there but was too stubborn to openly go back on his word. I fancy there was ostrich stock on the old lady's side too. My father said she held it derogatory to anyone's dignity to ask forgiveness, or beg pardon. Her daguerreotype shows her a woman of strong character, but she was well loved.

Elizabeth, my grandmother, eloped at 16 with William Sellar but was apparently forgiven and restored to favor. I know nothing of my grandparents except a daguerreotype taken from a painting of my grandmother which shows her to have been beautiful. She was the mother of fourteen children by William Sellar and after his death married again, Francis Annand (no relation), and had two more children, dying at the birth of the second.

Of this enormous family few grew to maturity. I can only name Peter, William, James, Helen, d. young, Charlotte, Alexander, John George and Francis Annand, and of these only James and John left descendants so far as I know. Peter, Alexander, George and Frank like many sea-coast lads took to the sea and I remember my father saying the two had helped drag the guns to the siege of Sebastapol in the Crimean War. Peter married but left no children. William also. He was a member of Lloyd's in Glasgow, which caused my father to reside there in the 1850's. Charlotte never married but died in the early 1860's. James was a clergyman of the

Scotch Episcopalian Church, Rector of St. Peter's Edinburgh and Canon of St. Mary's Cathedral there. That was the only branch of the family that I ever personally knew. He and my Aunt Madge had several children. James, "Writer of the Signet" at Perth, where Sellar was the last to see him in 1908, had one daughter, Margaret; Charles, artist, unmarried; John, at one time Chaplain in India (believe he left family); Annie and Helen, unmarried, the latter a talented musician; Arthur, last heard of in Canadian Mounted Police—rather a black sheep.

When I was in Peterhead in 1881 with my father we found still alive his old nurse "Kirstie" Clark, who with the grandmother seems to have done most of the bringing up of Elizabeth's large family. "Kirstie" was well along in the eighties and feeble in body but keen of mind. When my father went into the room and said, "Do you know me Kirstie?," she responded in true Scotch fashion, "It's no John Sellar!" (meaning that it was).

There must have been a strong family type, for on Sunday a former friend, going home, said to her sister, "There was a stranger at church, I don't know who he was but he had the Sellar beard." It was my father. He and my Uncle James both had very dark hair and auburn moustache and beard, not at all like the Lowland Scotch sandy type.

As regards the family name I have never found any but the one derivation, Norman-French "Sellier," English version "Seller," Scotch "Sellar" (like Shepherd and Shephard). In medieval days, most important adjuncts and officials of troops and companies of knights were the armorers who made their armor and the selliers who made the "Seller" or saddles which bore the knight's tournaments of war.

My great-grandfather Wheatley had two sons. My eldest aunt remembered seeing a safe-conduct through France for Mrs. Wheatley and two children signed by Robespierre, so they must have been people of some means and position. After her husband's death, Mrs. Wheatley married Captain Shanley and had one daughter, Fanny. One son, Henry, seems to have left home and disappeared from family knowledge. The other Edward, my grandfather, received a commission in the army

(bought in those days) and was gazetted as Ensign in the K.G.L. or King's German Legion. Hanover then was under the same King as Great Britain, and a seasoned well-disciplined body of troops from there were in Wellington's Army, partly officered by Englishmen. My grandfather's diary begins with his arrival in Spain (or Portugal) and continues during the Peninsular War, illustrated by pen and ink sketches of his surroundings. Unfortunately it ceases before the Waterloo Campaign, in which he also served.

He took part in the battle of the Hergomart, a farm on the Waterloo plain which was fiercely contested, being taken and re-taken more than once. During that engagement he was wounded through the lungs and taken prisoner by the French, so severely wounded that they left him behind when finally evacuating. He bound up his wound with his officer's scarf which, stiff with blood, was in my Uncle Edward's possession, and regaining his regiment was taken to Brussels to a hospital. There his sister Fanny Shanley came to nurse him, thus meeting Col. Edmond Linuard, a Belgian officer whom she later married. I knew her in Brussels in 1871 and she was a wizened, worldly malevolent old lady who might have walked out of Thackeray's pages.

My grandfather recovered enough to join his army when the Allies marched into Paris. He was by this time Captain but, never recovering his health entirely, retired on half pay at the close of the campaign. He then married Elizabeth Brookes, my grandmother. Her people must have been Londoners, at least her father had large holdings of property there. One comprised most of "Shepherd's Bush" and would have been extremely valuable but, being out on 99 yr. lease, the heirs preferred to realize rather than wait for termination of lease toward close of 19th century.

Great-grandfather Brookes had two wives and large families. Among the children of the first was Joshua, most eminent surgeon and anatomist of his day, having a private lecture amphitheatre and founding the anatomical collection of the British Museum. His sister Octavia (so called because 8th—there was also a Decimes), when dying of a disease which puzzled doctors, left instructions for a guard to be



placed at her grave lest her brother Joshua's lust for scientific research cause him to have her body exhumed.

The second family, whose mother was "The beautiful Miss Warsaeu," was less numerous. I only recall four by name—Benjamin, also a surgeon, whom I saw in London in 1871, Samuel, who after suffering financial losses, went to America, settling near Chicago. I remember him in 1865, a very handsome, courtly old gentleman with snow-white hair. I can see him roaring with laughter as he read *Don Quijote*. The daughters were Mary, "my Aunt Hanson" after whom my mother was named, and Elizabeth, my grandmother, who married Edmund Wheatley. They had six children, Lucy, Jessie, Mary, Cornelia, Malvina, Edmund and Albert.

My grandfather's lungs being weak after his wound, they left England and lived abroad. For a long time at Gouruai in Belgium because the Linuards were stationed there; therefore, French was their nursery tongue and my mother's name to her family became Marie Cornelié. She always loved French and my father said when he first knew her in the 1850's she had a decided French accent. As they later moved to Gresis (or Greir) she was almost equally familiar with German but never liked it.

At Gresis my grandfather died and was given a full military funeral by the Prussian Army there, as Allies in the Napoleonic Wars. My mother says she saw her father's casket on a gun carriage with the Prussian General walking behind and holding the hands of her young brothers. Women never attended obsequies in those days.

Later the family moved to Bonn on the Rhine because of school advantages for the sons. There my eldest aunt, May, met Alexander Finlay whom she married. He was Professor of Modern Languages at the University of Glasgow so they resided there, and eventually my grandmother and her other children also settled there.

The Finlays had two daughters, Adeline (never married), Edith, who married Andrew McCulloch of Dunnfreis, Scotland, and three sons, one son, Bertram Douglas, Major in army. Reginald was with my father in America 1865 to 1869, then went to Sydney, Australia, and married; then the

family returned to Great Britain, but I have lost track of them. Arthur married Gussies in Cape Town, Africa, no children (I knew them well in London). Alexander died early.

My Aunt Malvina married William Davis, son of an old friend in London. She died early, leaving one daughter, Alice, whom I have seen in England at long intervals. She married Alfred Goslett and had several sons, Raymond, youngest about Sellar's age, Jessie never married but died in London late in life. I knew her in 1870, 1881, and also 1891 as Sellar and Marie may remember. I never knew either of my Uncles. The elder Edmund reverted to the medical strain in his mother's family and saw long service as Surgeon General of Bengal after passing through the Sepoy Rebellion. He married a Scotch woman, Cecilia, and had three sons, all younger than I. I heard that the elder settled in Chattanooga, Tennessee, after his father's death which took place on the Riviera. The younger uncle died unmarried in Natal, South Africa.

My father always said that his mother-in-law, Elizabeth Brookes Wheatley, had the brightest mind of any woman he ever met, and was inherited by her daughter, his wife. She was evidently a woman of pronounced opinions. On one occasion, finding her husband reading a book of which she disapproved, she took it from his hands with the tongs and threw it in the fire, much to his amusement.

I never saw my grandmother but her pictures show an unusual intellectual type of face, and I have a mental vision of her, as described to me, either reading from one of several books at her side, or writing to some of her far-flung family on their foreign post paper, re-erased as they did then to save postage and so making the letters the despair of the recipients. She died when I was three and I wore heavy black for her at that early age. That I distinctly remember. Also, that I was playing outside when news came of her death; and when my father took me in to comfort my mother in her grief, I remember I did not want to go although perfectly aware that I ought. Conscience wakes early, but is not very stalwart then—or ever.

My father went to Glasgow early in life because his elder brother William was established there in the Marine Insur-

ance business. My father was associated in that and always said it was the "prettiest business in the world." Many years later he told me he thought he would have done better in every way had he been content to remain in Scotland and "go slowly." Why they decided to go to America I do not know, but having been married at St. Mary's on February 1, 1859, they started at once for Dublin on their honeymoon, then shipped from Queenstown near Cork on the "Prince Albert" for New York.

Meeting storms, they were driven out of their course and caught in the ice which crushed the bow of the vessel so that five weeks later, having been given up as lost, they reached St. John's, Newfoundland, with a sail drawn over the hole in the bow to keep out the waves. Eventually landing in New York, they went to the Stevens House on Bowling Green. This building, owing to estate difficulties, was still standing in the 90's. It was on the site where the Cunard Building now stands. My parents mentioned going to see Jefferson, Sothern and Laura Kiene in "Our American Cousin," but probably soon left for the west where they were expected by Dr. John Perry and his wife, Charlotte, my grandmother's sister at Jerseyville, Illinois.

My father's first employment was teaching school at Grafton, Illinois, where his pupils took delight in exploding firecrackers in a barrel under his window on July 4th to decide his nationality.

I have no doubt that in many ways their British idiosyncrasies were an offense to their neighbors and they, coming from a staid conventional land, found the exaggerated and obtrusive democracy of a rural Illinois district most distasteful. I know my mother did not think Martin Chuzzlewit's "Eden" overdrawn. They did find a resident who would do this work provided they "brought and fetched" it. One woman said to her, "You *can't* be English for my mother was English and *she* always dropped her "h's."

At any rate, my mother's dislike for Illinois was so intense that she did not want me to be born there and they moved to St. Louis, where I was born January 28th, 1860, on Seventh Street in a brick cottage, rent \$12.00 as per receipt

and the doctor's bill was \$10.00 as per receipt also. The doctor was much interested to know my mother was a niece of Joshua Brookes whose portrait was in his office and whom he greatly admired.

There was still a slave market in St. Louis at that time, and Conley, so long with our family later, must have been a slave at Lexington Mission not far away.

My father was in the employ of "Russell and Samuels" and from that fact came his removal to Leavenworth, Kansas, in 1861, where in the service of the well-known contractors and freighting firm "Russell, Majors and Waddell" he made up the mailbags for the Pony Express which they founded, and at tremendous loss upheld, from the Missouri River to the Pacific. Many years later I knew in Las Vegas a burley cattle man named Mike Slattery, and my father told me he had been an express rider in those days when a light slim lad.

Leavenworth was much more important then than later, quite looking down on Kansas City and many well-known people at one period lived there. At Fort Leavenworth General and Mrs. Custer were stationed while Susan B. Anthony's brother was Mayor of the town and Charles Kearny, brother of the General, was our next door neighbor. We were there during the Civil War and my mother, missing her baby from its crib and the nearby window open, ran distractedly to an adjoining camp and found her child being petted by the boys-in-blue who were homesick for their children.

At one time there was a rumor that "Price's Guerrillas" were coming to sack and burn the town and I remember standing in the moonlight watching my father bury the firm's books and papers in his garden. They never came but I always peopled the opposite shore of the river, across which our house looked, with mysterious bush-whackers and guerrillas.

My father was not subject to draft, being a British subject to his death, for he maintained that naturalization was only done for financial gain and that "he would not sell his birth-right for a mess of pottage." My parents remained strongly British until they revisited their old haunts in 1871 and found old surroundings changed and friends vanished.

Before that they always spoke of "home" and I naturally grew up with a great love and tenderness for the Old Country, which has tinged my life and feelings. *Punch* and *London News* were my picture books and the Royal Family was well known in all its branches. My children are real Americans, I hope and believe, but I—well it cannot be done in one generation, though no one is prouder than I of the Puritan heritage of my descendants.

So far as I can remember I had a great number of childish illnesses and it was probably to recover from one of these that my mother took me to the Atlantic Coast for the summer of '65[?]. On the way we stopped to visit her Uncle Samuel Brookes and his family in Eleeserville (now I believe Hyde Park) near Chicago. We arrived at night and, asking why the city was illuminated, was told it was for the Fall of Richmond. Shortly afterwards [?] Lincoln was assassinated and I remember my mother going to see his body lying in state on its way to burial at Springfield, Illinois.

Before we left for the eastern coast a large "Sanitary Fair" was held in Chicago for the benefit of the wounded soldiers and many notables were present. On one occasion there, I was caught up and passed over the heads of the crowd, at the request of the tall reddish bearded man at the centre, who asked "to kiss the pretty little girl." It was General Sherman.

From Chicago we went to Cape May, well loved by me in later years. In 1876 we went to look at the hotel where we had stayed in '65 and had never been since. As soon as I saw the centre pedestal table I dropped on my knees (to the proprietor's astonishment) and pulled open a hidden compartment where I remembered keeping my toys years before.

My father joined us later in the season and we came back by way of New York where we stayed at the St. Nicholas on lower Broadway. Union Square was then far up town, and I went to hear Patti in Faust, my first opera (and hid my eyes during the duel so as not to see the swords). We also went to Washington where I recollect seeing the Army of the Potomac marching up the Avenue. It was probably returning from this trip that the favorite family incident took place.

We were staying at the Southern Hotel in St. Louis and I asked permission to go down and order the dinner. When my parents arrived a few minutes later, the darky waiter, grinning behind my chair, said, "Should I bring what the young lady ordered?"

"Yes," said my father, "What did she order?"

The menus of those days were very elaborate and profuse, leaving literally "nothing to be desired." The lower third of the bill of fare was headed "Dessert." This the negro swept with his hand, saying, "She ordered all this—and a bottle of champagne."

A large Kansas City firm, Chick, Browne and Company (later Brown, Manzanares and Company) placed a warehouse at Hays City, about two hundred miles west of Leavenworth, and my father and Miguel A. Otero left C. R. Morehead and Company at Leavenworth and founded a business of their own at Hays City on the Kansas Pacific Railway. Here Otero & Sellar built a warehouse and leased a store building for use as "Wholesale Grocers, Forwarding and Commission Merchants." Later Don Mañuel Otero, an elder brother, was interested for several years but took no active part, and the firm name became Otero, Sellar and Company, so remaining until its dissolution in 1881 at Las Vegas, New Mexico. The business was always "at the end of the road," moving on as the railroad pushed forward a few hundred miles. Its successive points were:

Hays City	1868	Kansas	}	Kansas Pacific Railroad
Sheridan	1869	Kansas		
Kit Carson	1870	Colorado	}	A. T. & S. F.
Granada	1873	Colorado		
La Junta	1876	Colorado	}	Denver & Rio Grande
El Moro	1877	Colorado		
Otero	1879	Colorado	}	A. T. & S. F.
Las Vegas	1880	New Mexico		

The plant consisted of long low warehouses at the side of the track where high platforms permitted loading on one side into freight cars, on the other into freight wagons. My memory shows me high piles of sacks, coffee, flour, etc., and of case goods, soap, candles and canned food, and at the rear

end sacks of wool and piles of hides being bailed before shipment east, mainly to Boston and Philadelphia.

The front of the building was devoted to outfitting these trains and their men were able to obtain what was needed for the long return trip to New Mexico—a regular frontier store, hardware, saddles, shoes, clothing, etc., and package groceries.

The winter was of course quiet but with the spring came rolling in long trains of ox-drawn wagons, also some faster mule trains, and the owners sometimes accompanied the trains in mule drawn ambulances, often on their way to "The States" for a visit. Their principal shipments were wool and hides, but sometimes the wagons held bars of copper from Arizona or silver from Northern Mexico.

These towns were all alike, a station and the warehouses at the side of the track and a struggling street across the road of frame buildings, generally square front housing saloons, dance halls, small shops and a hotel of sorts. There were few respectable women as not many men brought their families, but the dance halls had plenty of "fancies" as they were then called, fluttering about in "Mother Hubbard's," a kind of calico wrapper of the period.

My first knowledge of Hays City was arriving at night and having to pull out a little way from the station to get out because a shooting party was taking place across the track. My mother and I were not there very long and my most vivid impression was seeing the heavy low-swing straphung Concord Coaches come in from New Mexico.

I think the Hays venture was greatly tentative and being successful the Sheridan warehouses were much longer, and my father built a cottage nearby where we lived and which was moved to Kit Carson when the warehouse went. That moving left a lasting impression. The office safes and furniture were moved into a freight car, and all the stock loaded in cars. Then one morning a swarm of men climbed the roof of the warehouse and sawed it into strips the size of a flat car, and also the sides of the building, and they loaded in piles like a pack of cards. In a short time Sheridan, a busy bustling frontier town, had little left but piles of empty cans

and excavated cellars and all the inhabitants were denizens of Kit Carson in their rehabilitated houses. The cemetery, however, remained with nearly 100 graves, mostly by violent death and some by Indian massacres, to tell the tale of frontier days. At one time the estimated population of Sheridan was 2,000 and of wagons encamped around 1,000.

Not only did the Mexican ranchers have their own trains of wagons but many large firms were employed freighting supplies to the scattered western and southwestern settlements and to the forts maintained by the Government to control the Indians. In the earlier days this had been the beginning of Russell, Majors and Waddell before their disastrous Pony Express venture.

Once at Sheridan we accompanied in an ambulance a Buffalo Hunt and saw the riders shooting as they galloped beside the herd. One wounded buffalo fell behind and our driver finished him and cut out the tongue and some steaks. No wonder the Indians resented the wasteful slaughter of these herds, on which they depended for food.

On my first trip to Hays, when of course there were no Pullmans, I remember lying at night on the seat and seeing by the dim oil lamps the men in the car sitting rifle in hand, watching the windows lest the Indians tear up the track and attack the derailed train.

One day, at Hays, a band of Indians came into town brought by a doctor who wished to make them friendly. They wandered about picking up iron hoops to make arrows and bartering with the shop keepers. One old squaw held in front on her horse a little fair-haired child about 2 or 3 years old, evidently taken in some raid on murdered settlers. They were kind to the child and gave the best of the gifts to him but they resolutely refused to part with him although the townspeople tried hard to buy him. It was impossible to take him forcibly so they rode away to bring him up as that most dangerous thing, "a white Indian."

Shortly afterwards there was an outbreak of that tribe and the doctor who brought them was the first man to fall in the fight. During that outbreak an attack on Hays was expected and I remember my mother and myself with some



other women being shut in O. S. & Co.'s store warehouse and the doors barricaded with sacks of coffee, etc. It was a fake alarm.

There were often depredations by small Indian bands while we were at Sheridan, mainly directed towards running off mules and horses grazing near town. Once they must have passed close by our house for they shot a Mexican boy nearby and from our windows we saw them, dressed in army overcoats, round up and drive off a large bunch of mules in an adjacent hollow.

My most exciting and dramatic Indian experience was some years later at Granada, Colorado. On the 4th of July, 1874, while my father, mother and I were eating our midday meal, men came running by calling "the Indians, the Indians are coming!" Instantly all was excitement, men buckling on their pistols and saddling their horses to go scouting, women and children being hustled into our warehouse, which being frame was poor protection but more easily defended than scattered buildings, lookouts climbing the roof to scan the horizon with spy glasses. From the tops of low hills behind the town could be seen curling columns of smoke, the signal fires of the Indians around us. The bodies of thirteen men were brought in, surprised and killed while herding and wood-chopping near the town. We expected attack at any moment but the signal fires died down and nothing more happened. Long afterwards we found out what prevented the fully prepared raid.

Being the 4th of July, the young men had run up a large army flag on a telegraph pole in town. The Indians saw it, thought we were garrisoned and gave up the attempt to attack us.

A petition was sent to the commanding officer at Fort Leavenworth asking for a detachment of troops and signed by everybody, resident and transient. The General replied that if we were so numerous, we could protect ourselves. Then a request was sent for enough men to keep watch and give warning of danger so that the residents could attend to their duties. A few soldiers arrived and a tent was pitched on the hill near town for them to act as sentries. One evening

we walked up to see them. The tent was there but our brave defenders were disporting themselves in the town. Fortunately no Indians came to call.

I think that the reckless spirit and lawlessness of the frontier town reached its acme in Sheridan. There was a large floating population of absolute reprobates, gamblers, horse thieves, murderers and disreputable women and comparatively few respectable citizens to keep them in check. There was no religion of any kind. I remember once attending the service held by an itinerant preacher in a saloon. There was no law nor officers of the law. Finally the better element formed a Vigilantes Committee and served notice on the principal desperadoes to leave town in 48 hours. Three did not accept the suggestion and were hung and things improved. The rule of the Vigilantes was severe but, I fancy, just and their decisions were carried out promptly with none of the law's delay. For instance, in a dance hall quarrel the barkeeper was shot. While his wound was being dressed, the Vigilantes met and the two men were brought before them to testify. The wounded man walked up to his assailant and shot him dead. He was immediately taken out and hung and the two men were buried in one grave the next day.

These "end of the road" towns contained also a sprinkling of the frontiersmen. Many had been Pony Express riders in youth, then became skillful scouts in Indian wars and buffalo hunters at other times, for the hides brought good prices to be tanned as robes. Such men, when the settlements became more law-abiding were often appointed Marshal or Sheriff to hold in check the more vicious and turbulent element.

I remember seeing "Wild Bill" Hickok and "Buffalo Bill" Cody riding about the town on their highly ornamented Mexican saddles, long hair flowing on their shoulders beneath their low-crowned broad brimmed hats. Buffalo Bill had dark hair and aquiline nose. Wild Bill had straight features and medium auburn hair, very much the Christ-like type of old pictures. Conley knew them personally and had a high opinion of them. She washed their shirts which were of fine dark blue flannel and needed special care.

Once a party of big-game hunters, Eastern and European

(I think a Russian Grand Duke was one), were up at our house and with them was Cyrus Field who had promoted the Atlantic Cable. He showed me a crystal charm on his watch chain, one side containing a slice of the first cable which broke in mid-Atlantic while being laid by the S. S. *Great Eastern* and the other a slice of the successful one which was the first to connect the American and European Continents.

Not far from Sheridan was a military post, Fort Wallace. I attended an officers ball there and felt very proud of myself dancing with the subalterns. Later one of them gave me my dog Puck which was my companion and pet for many years. The giver told me he had received it from an Indian chief and that it was a sacred dog of a breed used at their dog-feasts. That may have been true or not but I never saw another like it. Rather small, tail-less, with long muzzle and silky ears, the head and legs were fawn-colored, the breast white and the back and sides covered with long silky hair shading from fawn to dark brown. It was very intelligent and affectionate. Puck certainly complicated the travel question for dogs were not allowed in Pullmans and he had to be smuggled in a wicker suitcase which looked like a lunch-box. Once when Puck must have moved in transit the porter who was carrying the basket grinned and said, "Mighty live lunch that, Miss."

Kit Carson, named after the famous Scout, was the next stopping point of the railroad to which the business moved in 1870. It was just like Sheridan in appearance and wanness but larger and more permanent. In fact, I think there is still some town there. O. S. & Company were there until '73 because it was the nearest rail point to southern Colorado and New Mexico as the K.P. had turned northward toward Denver and eventually became part of the U.P. System.

I certainly wish I could remember more events and details of these early days for it was a unique and evanescent period of the country's development, but its characteristics were not such as to appeal to a child and I fear I was frankly bored by "the great open spaces." Once we had occasion to stay a night at the hotel, and as the party consisted of my father and mother, myself and our cook, my father objected to being

assigned only one room. As the partitions were of unbleached muslin I can not see that it made much difference, but the proprietor replied, "You must not expect all the amenities of civilization."

I suppose that is what I wanted, not so much "Nature in the Rough!"

\* \* \* \* \*

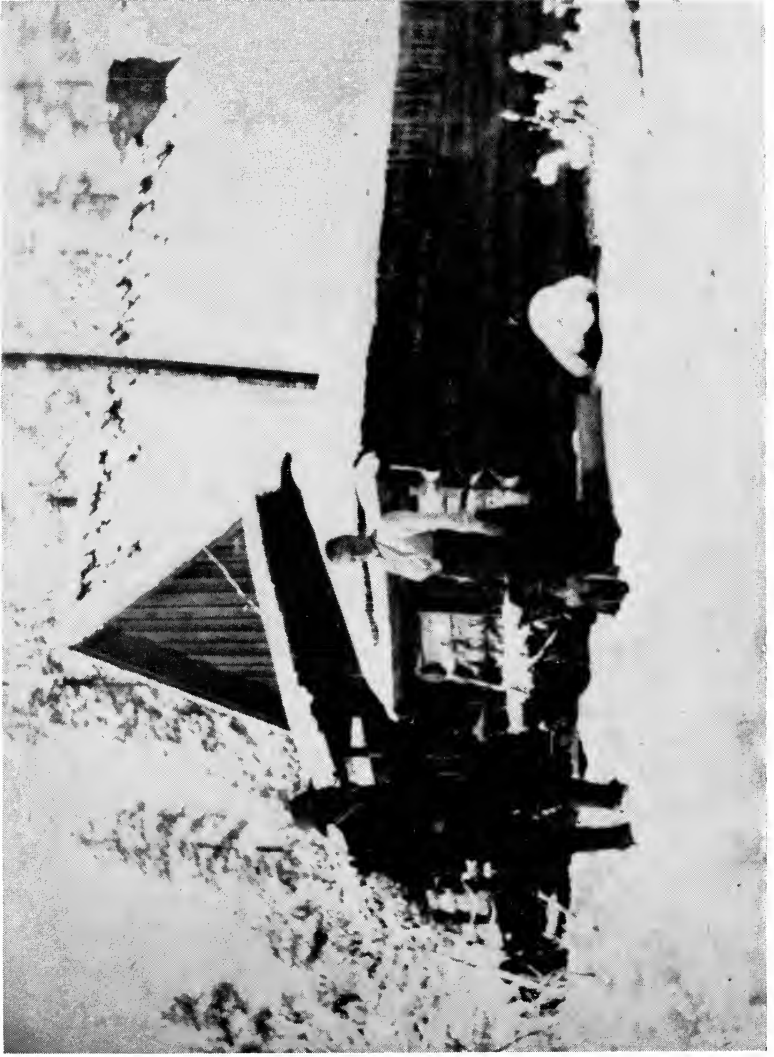
Marie Sellar married Edward D. Bullard Jan. 6, 1885, in Philadelphia, Pa. Edward D. Bullard was a cattleman at Liberty, New Mexico (about 12 miles from Tucumcari, New Mexico, which at that time did not exist).

After their marriage Marie Sellar Bullard and her husband Edward D. Bullard went to the ranch at Liberty and lived there for over two years. I was born on the ranch. The brand on this letterhead was my Father's brand in New Mexico. John Perry Sellar died in Las Vegas, New Mexico, where he was living.

I don't think later history could have any interest. She had three children—Sellar Bullard, Marie Bullard Towne and Edward W. Bullard, all born in New Mexico. In 1894 the Bullards went to California for a short visit, and as a family never returned. Edward W. Bullard carries on the business of E. D. Bullard in San Francisco and Marie Bullard Towne is the wife of James W. Towne of Blake, Moffit & Towne of San Francisco. I, Sellar Bullard, after twenty-five years in Chicago in the Investment business, am living near Santa Barbara.

Sellar Bullard to Frank D. Reeve, Goleta, California, June 19, 1954.





PATER, MY DEAR AND "TEAR'M"

## ROCKING HORSE TO COW PONY

By JESSIE DE PRADO FARRINGTON

(Continued)

### *Our First Christmas*

I'd had to do so much building, etc., that I was just about faced with a pennyless Christmas, but I'd hired a mower to get my oats cut for hay, got it safe in the barn, and what was left of my fine potato crop was in the root house, along with a winter supply of cabbage and turnips, etc. I'd had a woodshed built and wood split and hauled there, too, and felt I could get what credit might be absolutely needed at the Bunting Store until I should be in funds again. Neighbors often gave us butter, goat meat, and venison and a pie or cake now and then. Mrs. Odom sent up by Marie a fine new "comfort" and a sack of rice, several cans or wee buckets (what one buys lard in out here) useful as cooking utensils, etc. To crown it all, a neighbor resoled my boots for me and I could always find someone glad to shoe our horses for us. I kept a supply of horseshoes and nails.

Marie liked her new surroundings and Mr. Buckner lent us an extra pony as I had still only one. Marie and I usually rode once a week to Weed for our mail, twenty-two miles there and back; on one of these trips, just before Christmas, as we jogged along, we planned our Christmas dinner. We had some almonds and raisins and a cake of plain chocolate, the remains of a supply Marie had been provided with on her trip from the Old Country; also, about two ounces of tea (coffee and water were our staple drinks); the rest of our larder consisted of flour, lard, coffee, sugar and bacon. When we got to Weed, we found a letter from little Mrs. L., the doctor's wife at Cloudcroft. She wanted one of us to go and stay with her. She was far from well, and a baby due soon. It began to snow on our way home and we were in for one of the worst spells of the winter. However, this did not unsettle us enthusiasts much, we each had saddle slickers, Sou'westers, and felt boots with gum shoes for just such times. We made it a rule when going

off on long rides to first lay in a supply of wood and with always a big back log smouldering in the fireplace, and a pile of kindling and rich pine "knots" handy. It was no trick to get a fire on the double-quick and we also left the pony feed racks full and all ready for them. We might be "green," but we were not slouchy pioneers. After talking things over, we decided that Marie should go to Mrs. L. as I was more used to carrying on at home alone and used to the trails, so after several days of rain and snow, and more snow, it finally cleared up a bit, and we set out over the mountain trail. That way, with luck and good guidance, we could make the trip in a day; if we kept all the way to wagon road, it would take us two days.

At this time of year, daylight did not last long and no one traveled at night in those parts. We had meant to start at 4 a.m., but did not wake till 6 a.m. by our watches. As I was very anxious to reach Cloudcroft in daylight, we did not wait for breakfast, but Marie made some coffee, while I got the horses ready, so we had a cup of hot coffee and ate dry bread as we rode along. I was very anxious about the trail, as we had been advised against it by all our friends who knew of the trip—that is, all but one old man, and he said he'd bet we could make it, and we did.

We got to Cloudcroft at 4:30 p.m. by our watches, but found they were an hour slow. As we rode into the settlement on our weary ponies (it had been "mean" going through deep snow in shaded draws and slush and mud in sunny places), we met Mr. Owens the kindly man who had lent us the use of one of his summer rental cabins for a night or two when Marie first arrived. He came up to speak to us, but just as he got near to, great Sandy, our biggest dog, who had suddenly chummed up with another hobble-de-hoy and was already enjoying a wild game of chase, in spite of his long days trek, blindly charged up against poor Mr. Owens' long legs, just behind the knees, and bowled him over like a nine pin in the snow. Oh, hateful, stupid, Sandy!—but how funny it was!

I stayed that night with Marie at the L.'s, and set out for home early the next morning, riding Beauty, the borrowed mare and leading my pony Boy. I had a big pack on him, two new saddles in a sack and some groceries. One saddle was for



us, and one for a neighbor. On our way to Cloudcroft, Marie and I saw several batches of men near a logging camp in Cox Canyon, skidding logs down the mountain side. This was after we had left the trail, and hit the main wagon road to Cloudcroft. This log skidding was something I had long wanted to see. One outfit we stopped to watch had a log stuck fast at some stumps and had to do quite a bit of maneuvering with their team to get it clear and on the skids. When the log finally flew down the mountain in its head-long flight, clear and free, I let out a good mountain yell of triumph, before I realized what I was doing, for after all, I was supposed to be an almost mid-Victorian lady and not a Wild West tomboy. The men away high up above us, not much more than blurs on the snow, answered back, and I went on feeling abashed, but consoled with the thought that they did not know me, and I would never meet any of them, anyhow. I lived in that fool's paradise less than twenty-four hours.

Next day on my return trip, I'd been asked to leave a message at one of the sawmills, and as it happened, it was the mill nearest the logging episode. Here, Mr. Bonnel, the manager, and his daughter insisted on my waiting for the noonday dinner. They boarded some of their men, and among them, were two of the men I'd cheered, or yelled at. I did not recognize them, but they, of course, spotted me and my two ponies at once, and quite "kidded me some," and I guess the more I blushed the more they enjoyed it. I could only silently resort to my motto, "Bear it, Father, bear it; it'll be the making of the pup!"

The weather so far had been fine overhead, but after I left the logging camp, it began to break again, and by then, I turned off the wagon road and headed up "greasy trail." Yes, that sure enough was its name and that afternoon it certainly did live up to it. The horses could hardly keep their feet, it was so very slippery, and Beauty, confound her, absolutely would not lead, a very stupid failing of hers, and after many trials to get her along other ways, I just had to ride her and risk her legs and my neck. Boy, bless his stout heart, would do anything; our usual procedure up steep trails was for me to put my lines over the saddle horn, start him up the trail and I

follow, hanging on to his tail, so he'd help me up. I always counted him rather small for my weight, so I used to save him all I could by walking up or down very steep places, and he came to look for it, as I may tell later on. The main trouble with him on this trip was that in parts the trail was very narrow, very steep and heavily wooded, and I was anxious lest his great bulbous pack might get torn off. Of course, I got off the trail and arrived at top, at the head of an unknown canyon, near to was a higher ridge, so I decided to get up there and see if I could spot the canyon I wanted. As it was so slippery for the ponies, rain on ice and hard snow, I tied them to trees till I could find my bearing which I did, when I got on the upper ridge, but when I was ready to go back to the horses, I could not locate them, and on the frozen snow and in already fast fading daylight, I'd not left any clear tracks. This made my second plight worse than the first, to be lost was bad enough, but to lose my ponies was many times worse. Then, I suddenly had a brilliant inspiration; I was training Sandy to stay where I told him (which was usually with my horse) and also to bark when I told him to "speak up," so, as I had left him with the ponies, I called to him to "speak up," and he did, and thus enabled me to regain my outfit. I found I had returned to the lower ridge several hundred yards lower down than where I had left it. I certainly was glad to get back to the ponies, and be able to head for the right canyon, in this case, Hay Canyon, where I was again in my own well-known country. It was dark when I got home, wet through, and once more alone; how I did miss Marie after having had her for six weeks or so.

### *Christmas—And?*

On the Sunday after my return from Cloudercroft, when I got home from "Sunday School," yes, I went to the so-called Sunday School, and while I was unsaddling Boy, usually done outside as the stable had no windows, I noticed a man a wee bit higher up the road across the creek. I thought he was doing something to his horse's foot. When I had put Boy right for the night and tended to all my other chores, I saw he was still there, so I went over the field to the fence and shouted across

the creek to ask if he needed any help. He said his horse had got a stake in his foot and was dead lame, he said a hammer might help (how, I couldn't guess), but that his hands were so cold, he doubted if he could do much. I called to him to come over, and that I'd soon have a fire going. He came in and got thawed out. He was a stranger in those parts, his father and mother had just lately arrived from Texas and taken a place about six or eight miles down the creek and he had been out all day trying to find a wild turkey for their Christmas dinner. He never struck any turkies at all, got lost, and his horse trod on a piece of wood that had penetrated the hoof by the frog, and he could hardly walk; also, he and the horse had fallen off a bluff at the top of a mountain opposite my cabin, and he had hurt his hand that I bandaged for him. I had a fine emergency case that my old friend, Dr. Stubbs, of my Shropshire days, had fitted up for me.

By this time, I was getting rather frightened, for when I saw my visitor by the light of the lamp and big blaze from the fireplace, he appeared to me a typical Bret Harte desperado, even to being minus one eye. I knew he expected to be asked to stay the night for it was already dusk, and I did not want him to know that I was alone. One half of me wanted to feed him and rest him up, and the other half wanted desperately to get rid of him. When he got thawed out, I suggested we go and look at the horse tied down by the old cabin. I lit the lantern and got hammer and pincers and out we went. He got the stake out, and then I got bold and said I was sorry I could not put him up, but there was a place just a little way down the creek where they'd lots of room and would be glad to put him up; this was P. J.'s place. So off he went leading his horse, still lame enough.

It turned out he was a wild member of a decent family, and that he and a pal had been tried for murdering a sheep herder in Texas. He got off, but public opinion was strong against him, so his poor old father and mother came out to New Mexico to "live it down," a hard matter.

As Marie was still in Cloudercroft, I had postponed my Christmas celebration and on the thirtieth of the month, I again went to Cloudercroft with a borrowed horse, and we came

home again the following day. We were dead tired, and decided to stay in bed on New Year's day, just as long as we felt like it. We had just turned out of our cots at eleven a.m. when Albert Farrell, the man who had been put in charge by Mr. Bunting, earlier in the year, of the raising of my cabin, etc., turned up. He had brought us a leg of venison and some preserves his mother sent. He had to wait in the cold till we were ready. I did feel ashamed, but we'd both been so tired and Marie, in particular, had lost so much sleep while taking care of Mrs. L., the new baby, and her big "little family," I forget how many wee steps and stairs there were, but there were "a plenty" plus the rather unhelpful husband, who neither Marie nor I could endure. Then P. J. and brother arrived and when they had all gone, a Mr. Ebart and High-Low-Jack (so named by Marie and me) came, then Hurricane Joe with his four head team, including his pet horse "Unser Fritze," a beautiful, if rather small, blue roan Morgan stallion.

Hurricane Joe, or Uncle Joe, as Marie and I called him, made camp for the night and the three of them had supper with us. Uncle Joe held the platform, as always, and his tales were mostly about "Unser Fritz" (his Kaiser, not his horse) with whom, according to the varied tales, he had been on a very friendly and personal footing. Sometimes, he was an officer in a crack regiment, sometimes something else, but always he and the Kaiser were close pals. If only I'd had presence of mind to write down all the tales I heard in those days, I'd be rich in spicy yarns, but they were too many and too high flown to keep tab of in my brief diary notes, and that was all I kept then. About 8:30 p.m., the men went down to the old cabin, or bachelor's hall, as Marie and I named it, and so we passed our first New Year's Day and went to bed happy and tired, as per our usual.

#### *More Horses and A Dance*

I got word from Mr. Bonnell that he had a gentle team he'd let me have "on time." He was the owner or boss of the sawmill outfit where I'd had dinner once on my way home from Cloudcroft. I went to have a look at them. They were both mares and broken to saddle and work. One had a suckling

colt, she was a very weedy light sorrell and did not appeal to me. We finally agreed I would buy the bay and take the sorrell for her keep till the colt was old enough to wean. I stayed there overnight and next morning set out, riding my beloved wee Boy and leading the bay, with the sorrell tied to the Bay's tail and the colt trailing along behind. Every now and then, the sorrell would hang back and try to jerk free, pulling the long suffering bay's tail ever so, and in turn, me, too. At last, the sorrell's halter rope broke, but luckily for me, near a cabin and a man, and the latter caught her almost before she knew she was free and tied her up again, and fixed an additional rope around her hind-quarters, a sort of loop affair, and passed the single end through a loop he knotted in her mane, and gave the end to me. So, after that, when she held back, it caught her like a "breechen" and that seemed to affect her at once and make her come along, so, eventually, I got home about dusk.

We named the bay, Cherokee, Cherry for short, and the sorrell, Comanche, and the colt, Dick. Cherry became Marie's saddler, as Boy was mine.

One day on our weekly trip to Weed for mail and supplies, we were persuaded by a Mrs. Patterson, who lived between Glen-Eben and Weed, to stop off at her place on our way home and go with her to a dance. Usually, the dances lasted from dark to dawn and as neither Marie nor I were keen on dancing the long hours did not appeal to us, but on the other hand, we did want to see what a real wooly Western dance was like and so we were persuaded. In the end, Mrs. Patterson renigged and only her young daughter, and a Miss Shaker, who was visiting there, and their attendant swain and we two went. This trio said they'd come home early. Marie and I left at the first streak of day, about 4 a.m., and we left them still at it as hard and fast as ever.

When the Boys (all unmarried men, regardless of age were classed as "Boys") decided they must have a dance, they'd choose the location and chip in to buy a sack of flour, in those days a sack meant fifty pounds, some shortening, coffee and sugar and deliver it all to the selected home, and here the mother and daughters or near neighbors would get busy

and make lots of fine layer cakes, etc., for the occasion, though sometimes they'd do without any refreshments save a bucket of spring water and a "dipper."

No special invitations were given and none needed. Marie and I wondered how the grapevine system worked, for young folk from the farthest and most isolated canyons turned up just as regularly as those close by, and usually there were quite twice as many men as girls. One man was appointed to make a list of all the boys and each one that wanted to dance had to pay fifty cents (about two shillings) and then he might dance, but only in his "turn," for there was only room for so many couples on the floor at one time. This money went to pay the fiddler. As the girls were so much in the minority, they usually danced almost every dance with the men "setting out" half the time. Then there was the "caller," a great joy to Marie and me with his droll sing-song doggerel keeping up with the music and guiding the figures (to the initiated). About all I remember is—"Waterbury watch, winding key. You'll never get to heaven if you don't bend the knee!" I imagine that it had something to do with the grand chain and bowing to partners.

Marie and I enjoyed it hugely and laughed till we ached and were worn out, and finally, she retired to an attic and had a sleep, and I went and sat in a wee back room and listened to an enthusiast on the Angora goat business. He, too, seemed able to keep on all night with an occasional change of audience.

Apart from going to the occasional dances, the women mostly stayed at home, and the men went to Weed to sit on boxes in or by the stores and "whittle" anything they could lay hands on.

For sometime, I had been trying to get the surveyor to come and show me my cornerstone, and at last he turned up and stayed the night. Next morning, bright and early, we set out, the land all covered with snow and ice, and what a day we had! Mr. Strang had a spiked stick to help him—how I longed for my long lost Alpine stock. Up on the sides of the mountain, it was very steep and very slippery; where the trees and brush were thick, we could pull ourselves up. Sometimes, in

trying to reach a bush just beyond our grasp, we would slip and descend yards at a time or until we struck a tree; above was a glorious blue sky and the sun. It was great fun! In going down, Mr. Strang could go as far as he wanted in a kind of standing up slide, and to some extent, I think Marie emulated him, but I had not nerve enough, so resorted to my favorite plan: sat down, drew my corduroy riding skirt tight around my knees and tobogganed down after them.

About this time, we lent the old cabin to Mr. Ehart, his son-in-law, and our old Texan friend, High-Low-Jack to camp in, as they had a contract to build some fences for P. J. and his brother, whose cabin was next to ours, lower down the creek. One day, when they were not at work, High-Low-Jack offered to take Marie and me right over the huge mountain behind Glen-Eben to see a Mr. Land, who had lately come there to take up a claim in the canyon beyond. There was no trail, but High-Low-Jack said it would be easy enough, and so it would, had it not been so slippery and steep. In many places, the snow had melted and then frozen over and was a sheet of ice and so steep. Several times we got in such tight places that even High-Low-Jack hardly knew what to do for the best and we would stop to discuss the matter; by this time, we were all afoot leading our horses. I was sitting down, the only way in which I can feel any degree of comfort while on slippery ice sheets. I was holding Boy's reins; he was standing as best he could on the slope below me. Somehow, High-Low-Jack had got his reins across mine, between me and Boy, and suddenly I noticed them tighten and his horse move, and I thought his horse would either trip over Boy's lines or step on me, where I squatted, so I called to High-Low-Jack to wait a moment, and hurriedly threw Boy's reins from me to remove at least one obstacle from High-Low-Jack's horse, but he answered, "I can't wait, Miss Mac." I turned to see why the wretch could not wait, and was just in time to see him skidding down the mountainside till a friendly tree arrested his unwilling descent. Fortunately, when he felt himself going beyond recall, he had loosed his reins, so his horse had stayed put, as did Boy below me. Oh! how Marie and I did laugh, and he did, too, once he got over his surprise at his sudden downward trip.

Another time, when the difficulties of the descent had called for another halt, he finally said, "I guess we had better go *this-a-way*," and with that, as he essayed to move, his foot flew from under him and down he went, such a thud! He was a big man in all ways and stood about six feet two. Needless to say, Marie and I decided not to go "that-a-way" if we could help it, but we both had plenty ups and downs on our own. Near the bottom of the mountain there were no trees, but it was still steep and slippery, so I unloosed one end of Boy's reins, so as to afford me a longer lead line, sat me down as per usual, knees clasped tight to my chest and tobogganed down, and arrived amid shouts of laughter from the Land children grouped below (they'd all been out wondering what the commotion was on the mountain, long before they could see us). I could not see, but it appeared that Boy, too, sat down on his haunches and putting his forelegs well out in front of him tobogganed down after me. Needless to say, we returned home round by the road, such as it was.

#### *Winter—Spring*

Old man Reynolds lived up almost on our summit, and this winter, he was alone as wife and boy had gone down to the plains for her health and his schooling. They had the wagon and team, so the old man had no way of getting about, and no near neighbors, so when we could, Marie and I used to go up to see him and take up his mail, if any for him. He was ten or eleven miles higher up the creek than Glen-Eben, and the road was very bad with snow and ice all winter. One day on our way to see him, we got off the actual road, as there was nothing to indicate to our inexperienced eyes just where the road wound along the bottom of the snow-covered canyon. Suddenly I felt uneasy, I don't know why, and turned in my saddle and called back to Marie, "Adios, if I disappear," and just as I said it, Boy sank into a deep gully full of snow, in up to the level of his back. I was off like a flash, to lighten him and give him a chance to get us both out, which the dear wee fellow did, as I hung onto the saddle horn.

I wish I knew how to describe the beauty of my beloved mountains in winter; the pines and firs glistened as though



clad in myriads of diamonds and glorious white drapes; the ground, a wonderful white carpet over seldom-trodden canyon floors and hillsides; the glorious blue sky overhead—but I give up—one must live it to realize it.

In the early spring, Marie and I and P. J. made a trip to Alamogordo over the trail. The Odoms had invited us, and he had to go to El Paso on business and said if we would take care of his horse at Alamogordo while he was gone, he would pay for the feed for all three horses. We counted it a good deal; the Odoms feed "we'uns," and P. J. feed the horses. We had a great time getting there on account of still so much snow in the deep canyons, but it was glorious weather, and we had a fine trip.

About this time, I made a trade with High-Low-Jack to run a barbed wire fence around part of my land (I had 160 acres) to give me a good horse pasture. He had a team, but no feed, so I agreed to board him and the horses for the work. He wanted to get some spools of wire up the mountain for the topside of the fence. I wanted to pack two at a time on my pack saddle on Boy, but he would do it his way, and packed them across his riding saddle on his black mare, Daisy, a badly half-broken, foolish, and scary animal. We went up with him, and where he stopped preparatory to unloading, something startled Daisy, she jerked away, dragging Jack off his feet. He was left lying on the hillside, and she galloped off down the mountain, and out of sight among the timber. We found her near the bottom, her hind legs bound together with twists of barbed wire. It was dreadful. Marie and I sat on her head until he succeeded in freeing her legs. She was useless for months, and also left with an enlarged hock for the remainder of her life, I imagine.

When it came time to plow, I borrowed two mules for a few day, Balaam and Balak, but they were so slow and Oh! so hard-mouthed! I had to loose the plow and haul and tug at one rein with both hands to turn them at the end of each furrow. In the end, we broke my dear wee Boy to harness, and I did my plowing with him and Cherry (Comanche I had sent home, we did not care for her). In time, I bought a second-hand, very light wagon and Boy and Cherry made a dandy

wee team when we needed a wagon for light hauling, but riding was our long suite. From my nine years on the English farm, I knew how to prepare the soil to a fare-you-well, and even had an adequate roller evolved from part of a big tree trunk and an old buggy axle, I think quite an innovation, the roller, I mean, for those parts, but I could not rise to a drill, so I had to learn to sow my grain broadcast, by hand. Then Marie and I planted a big patch of potatoes, but what with an amateur team and teamster, I won't say my rows could compete at a Scotch plowing match. I hired a man to cut fence posts and rails and to make pickets for a garden fence. Marie and I, Boy and Cherry hauled the pickets from where he split them, with our light wagon, and the rails and posts we hauled down the mountainsides; we'd each wrap a light logging chain round so many posts or rails and hitch our pony's single tree to the other end of the chain, and just skid them down the mountain and deposit them along the fence line.

We set out about a thousand cabbage plants we had raised. We had a seed bed raised breast high, boards set on posts with rich soil about 8 or 10 inches deep, I think, and we kept the seed bed covered with gunny sacking till the plants were well up. I don't remember just why we were told to use a raised seed bed, but it worked O. K. We used cabbage, some to trade for fruit grown at lower altitudes, and some as cow feed. What we did not put in roothouse, we stored heads down in long pits, and covered with straw and a heavy layer of earth. Potatoes were also in demand in the lower country, and could always be disposed of in trade if not for cash. I still have an old camp "comfort" so obtained and much valued for old sake's sake. "Gran-ma Dorrity" made it for me in trade for "spuds." We irrigated our garden patch and that and the cultivation of same and the potato field kept us busy.

#### *Camping for Pleasure*

Sometime in May, we set out on a camping trip. The party consisted of Mrs. Harry Tod (who was Mrs. Westlake's daughter and Lila's aunt; she had come from New York for a long visit to her mother and also for her health), Lila, High-Low-Jack (hired jointly by Mrs. Tod and me as guide),

Marie and yours truly. Jack had a pack horse for his own and Mrs. Tod's outfit, and I had a pack horse for ours. I had a huge canvas sheet called a "tarp," it covered our bedding top and bottom. We laid it on the ground, then "made our bed," and folded over the tarp; we could hook it down both sides if so wanted, but we did not. If one has plenty of "comforts," one can lie on some and put the rest on top, but if not, one just lies on the top and hard ground as we did, and use all available comforts as covers. Nights are some cool up there, and no fooling. I used my saddle for a pillow, but after the first night, Marie contrived some other arrangement. As well as our bedding, we had to take grub for three or four days, and grain for the horses, so it all made some "pack," five people and seven horses. There was not much grass about so early in the year. We were booked for an uninhabited part of the range called the Rincon, a huge basin like place surrounded on three sides by mountains, on the fourth, by a long, continuous precipice that abruptly drops down to the desert. It is, or was, a great grazing bench and there were any amount of mavericks (unbranded cattle) and horses. It is a very rough country in parts, and hard to gather cattle in, and except in rainy season, water is scarce, though there were a few springs known to the initiated.

In my day, there was no known way to get a wagon into the Rincon. I was told there were one or two goat ranches, but we did not come across them; those who did live there had to pack their truck in and out on pack animals. It was all extra rough going, and "strange as it seems" Marie and I packed our own horse much better than High-Low-Jack did his, his pack would keep slipping round, and as a climax, it really slid right round, and on a very steep hillside, and he had to hurry up and get a tree limb to prop the pack and Old Clicker up, for the old horse could not keep his balance on the steep hillside, with the pack all over on the downside. It took some time to untie knots, etc., so the pack could be got off to be readjusted.

I'd often read of pack horses being belled, but Clicker's decoration was a huge frying pan and coffee pot hung by a rope or strap round his neck. The first night out, we camped

at "Wild Boy Spring"; tradition has it that once a wild boy was found there and captured. We just had to camp here for there was no other water within reach, and we had been without for many hours, but even in our parched condition, that water was too much for us. To begin with, it was potent with some objectionable tasting mineral and to be second with, it was rendered unfit for use by the number of cattle daily wallowing in and around it. We cheered each other with the thought of coffee, but even with boiling and the addition of coffee and sugar, we could not camouflage it to its advantage, and the only way to let off steam was to growl at High-Low-Jack for bringing us to such a hole. All he could do was scratch his head, look down at us from his great height with a woefully worried expression and say, "Well, girls, I just cain't help it"; however, he promised us better water for the next night.

Next day, we rode around a bit, we did not see any wild animals, but came across two traps probably set by some goat herder to catch lobo wolves. The goats there were mostly angoras, kept for the clip. We also came across a piece of poisoned goat meat; after that, I had no peace of mind on account of Peter, who was with us. I had already lost Sandy that way.

That night, we camped at Cherry Springs, up on the side of a mountain, and nearby was a wee plateau just about big enough for us to make camp on. The water here was fine. Where we camped used to be a goat pen, and High-Low-Jack said that one night "seventeen panthers killed a goat," we supposed he meant *one* panther killed seventeen goats, but he always stayed with what he's once said and that is what he did say, so take it or leave it. It was rather a scary story to send us to sleep with, but I guess we got around it.

There was no grazing up there, and though the horses were hobbled, next morning two were gone, but High-Low-Jack eventually tracked them down and brought them back to camp, much to our relief. Then Cherry, Marie's mare, was taken ill, with the colic (the only wonder to me is that we were not all ill after the awful messed up water we had used at Wild Boy Spring). Jack said he'd soon cure Cherry and he made a fearful concoction in the frying pan of cut up plug

tobacco boiled in water. He chewed tobacco as did most of the men up there. Many of the women (particularly from Texas) "dipped" snuff. Marie and I never quite fathomed the technique of the latter art, but, as far as we could tell, they dipped a small straw like affair, frayed at one end, into the snuff, the "fray" was dampened in the mouth first, then when it had acquired its load of snuff, it was returned to the mouth. A confirmed "dipper" works at it by the day, and wherever she went, you'd see the snuff bottle clasped in one hand, and after greeting you, she would generously offer you a "dip." To return to Cherry and her pains, the ever resourceful Jack found a bottle and drenched the pony with that abominable mixture. I thought it would surely be kill or cure, and cure it was.

Next day, we noticed High-Low-Jack every now and then ride up by a tree and pick at it, and sometimes even climb up a bit, and we discovered that the poor fellow had used up all his precious plug of tobacco on Cherry, and was reduced to chewing the piñon gum which oozes out of a small species of pine tree. Up to my advent in New Mexico, I'd never seen people chew gum, I guess it was before Wrigleys became universal as it may be now. Anyhow, in my homestead days, most of my neighbors, mothers and daughters, who did not "dip," chewed gum, and to Marie and me, it was a fascinating thing to watch all the jaws at Sunday School continuously chew-chew-chewing. In cartoons in the Old Country, Uncle Sam was usually portrayed as an unusually long lantern-jawed individual, and I finally came to the brilliant deduction that this was why; the men and women were such confirmed chewers that they were developing an extra strong and long-jawed race. You see, I could only judge them by what I found, and at that period, I'd not had much time to find anything outside my beloved New Mexico Sacramentos.

The day we came across the wolf traps, we heard some firing, but saw no one. Afterwards, we learned that a neighbor, Ol Man Masterson, had shot a bear. If only we had given way to our curiosity and followed up the sound of the shots, we would have seen a "real live, wild bear" "dead" (is that an Irish bull?).

*Glen-Eben Again*

As time went on, I had more sheds, etc., put up, also corals and fences to keep both poultry and stock out of patches where I was experimenting with Timothy, Blue Grass, fruit trees, etc. During the rainy season, we often had visitors, sometimes even camping overnight in Bachelor's Hall (the old cabin).

One great pastime was rifle and revolver practice in which Marie and I joined, hitting nails on the head, driving bullets down an old cartridge hull at a given distance, and so on (or trying to).

Our next real event was a visit from Mr. and Mrs. Odom of Alamogordo. Marie and I went over the trail, and did not lose it, either, to act as guide on the way up. The Odoms traveled in a buggy round by the road; that way, the trip could be made in two days, whereas a wagon took nearly three. We stayed overnight at Cloudcroft, our growing summer resort, 9,000 feet high, and at this time, headed for a real boom, because there was much talk of a sanitarium planned for Alamogordo, and it was said the company had already bought land around Cloudcroft and aimed to put up a settlement of Swiss cottages to be run in conjunction with the sanitarium on the desert. Cloudcroft has gone ahead, but I do not know about the sanitarium. We all put up at the hotel, which, as the season had not yet begun, was almost empty.

In the course of conversation with "Mine Host," Mr. Odom happened to say that Marie and I had only lately arrived from Scotland, to which he replied, "They sure have learned to speak English quick." If one asked a man up there what country he came from, he'd tell you which state.

We enjoyed the Odom visit immensely, but he had to return to work, so the visit was soon over. They said we were A. 1. pioneers, which pleased us.

*Cows and Milking*

In the Spring and Summer, the cattlemen whose ranches were down on the Flats, threw their herds up into the mountains for summer grazing. It was customary for we homesteaders to round-up and cut out some of the range cows to

milk. We'd ride around till we saw a likely looking cow with a young calf, or maybe we would find several in the one bunch, drive the lot back to our corrals, cut out the selected ones and turn the others loose. Next morning, we'd turn the cows out onto the range, but keep back the calves in the corral. After a day or two, the cows would go off contentedly to graze, come back night and morning when we'd let them into the cow corral, and then one at a time, let the calves come to their mothers, and while the calf went after his milk, I'd get on my side of the cow and pressing my head in its cowboy hat, firmly into the cow's flank I'd go to milking with one hand and a tin cup in the other. It was often very touchy work, sometimes one got a cow that someone else had milked the same way a year before, and was more or less gentle, sometimes not; but in any case, if she did not tone down in a few days, one could just turn her loose again with her calf and get another one.

I kept a lard bucket hung nearby on the fence and emptied my cup when full into that. I reckoned to milk the two teats on my side, leaving the other half to the calf. We kept a supply of rock salt in the corral for the cows and I had a wee calf pasture fenced in, so when the calves were old enough, they could graze some.

Cowboys rode through the mountains every now and then and would look at the calves penned up; if they looked sleek and well-fed, the men would ride on, if not, they'd conclude the homesteader was taking more milk from the calves than was fair, and they'd let down the corral bars and the calves would go off bellowing, and the mothers hearing them, would come lumbering down the mountains to them, and they'd go off together. So, if we homesteaders wanted to milk range cows, we had to keep them supplied with salt, and not rob the calves. I may say that many homesteaders and squatters milked so many range cows that they were able to salt down enough butter to carry their families through the winter till the next "milking season." Some of them made salted butter up into huge cannonball-like spheres and tied these in muslin cloths and hung them up in some outhouse, where they kept cold and fresh till needed months later.

In course of time, I felt I'd got to where I might make a start with a few cows of my own, but though the country was

overrun with cattle, it was a hard matter to buy a cow or two. The cattlemen did not like to sell, except to be butchered, as they did not want their brands, even though effaced, to be scattered over the country among small stock owners. However, I finally heard of Jim Gould, who was a trader as well as a cattle rancher. By this time, I had fenced in more land, higher up the creek, and counted on having plenty of winter feed for stock, oats, hay, and quite a field of turnips—the latter, I cut up with a hand power-cutter for cow feed.

I hired Burr Meeker, a half-breed to go with Marie and me on our cow buying quest. None of us knew the way, for Meeker, too, was new to those parts. To the Gould ranch, it was a two day trip by wagon road, but by the trail over the mountains, we were told we could do it in a day. We took grub for three meals for selves and horses, and trusted to Providence for beds, and at least, two meals per day. We had to go five or six miles up our own creek, and then strike a trail almost due north, right across the mountains. I knew the way for six or seven hours ride and then we struck an unknown country, but we had our directions, and came out all right. This side, the mountains were well clad with trees and soil, one did not strike the stony, barren trails of the western slopes, but dirt trails, easy to follow, just so one chose the *right* trail. About noon, we struck the Sacramento canyon; we had passed one cabin on the way, and there they told us we were on the right way, and also, that we would probably hear of Jim Gould on the Sacramento as he had to bring his cattle and horses up from the plains on account of water shortage.

Well, just as we got to the mouth of the Carrisa Canyon, where it runs into the Sacramento, we came upon a picture such as my soul delighted in: on rounding a bend, we came upon an old tumble-down cabin, grouped around were a bunch of men, some squatting, some holding up the door posts and some lying on the ground, all were booted and spurred, their saddle horses scattered around, and there were two huge black dogs that might have claimed kinship with the great Dane, Mastiff, Bull Terrier, and I don't know what else. They were smooth-coated, enormous, handsome, and fearful look-



ing fellows, and we were told later, would at a word of command, "throw any cow critter in them there mountains."

We rode up to this picturesque group, and asked if they could tell us anything of the whereabouts of Mr. Jim Gould. One man straightened himself from the door post and said "this is him," whereupon, another arose from the squatting posture and came forward. He might have been fifty or thereabouts, tall, broad, and massive, with a wee goatee beard, heavy top boots, and spurs, velvet cord trousers (most men wore overall pants), shirt, and open cord waistcoat, cartridge belt, and big felt hat. He was *the* picture of the whole outfit, and to me, another Bret Harte type in the flesh. I told him our errand and hopes. He said all his stock was now scattered all over the mountains and he was camping up there with his "boys," but if we would ride on eight miles down the Sacramento to Dougherty's goat ranch, his wife was there, and they would put us up for the night, and if he could run across any suitable milk cows, he'd drive them down that evening for us to look at.

Where we struck the Sacramento, it lay at a much lower altitude than our part of the Agua Chiquita, and this year they'd had a drought there and on the plains, and it looked to us bare and desolate—no grass and creek almost dry, though it was called a river.

#### *Dougherty's Goat Ranch and Western Hospitality*

Towards evening, we hit the goat ranch and were made really welcome, despite the fact that they were already more than full up. We swelled the house party to fifteen, and, on top of that, Mr. Gould and two of his punchers turned up, but without any cows. The house boasted an organ, but no musician, so Marie played for us and some of us sang, then one of the "boys" played the guitar and another entertained us with selections on the mouth organ. I'd heard kiddies making a noise on it at home, but I had no idea of what the wee instrument was capable of till I heard it that night. All the aspiring musicians "packed 'em around" in an inside vest pocket.

For the night, I know eight men were packed into one

room, all around on the floor. We women folk shared the bedrooms with no space to spare. Next morning at daybreak, we were awakened by a small voice in the next room saying again and again, "Wake up, Jason, wake up, Jason, it is daylight." This was young Buster Gould, aged eight and as tough a tough as we had met, trying to get a move on Mrs. Daugherty's youngest boy, one of the sleepy headed order. Soon, everyone was moving and we were all miraculously fed.

It was a sight to see the goat herders coming past the house with the great herd of Angoras, about 2,000 head. When Meeker had saddled up for Marie and me, we went off with Mr. Gould, the small Buster, and bigger Daugherty boy. We went over a trail, right across the last ridge of mountains and down onto the plains; then we swung around and came back up the Sacramento in the hope of dropping on some likely cattle. In the end, I bought two cows with heifer calves.

Buster was a great joy to us, he was so small that to mount he had a leather loop fastened to the horn of his saddle and by this he hoisted himself up, in a squirming semi-seaman like fashion, but he got there all right, and in quick time, too.

Buster and one of the men had a race to an outstanding cow, and we could see his wee legs working violently all the time, imagining he was spurring his flying steed, but fortunately for the latter's comfort, the small heels did not reach below the saddle blanket!

After the deal was closed, we three set off for home with our "cattle." Towards sundown, we reached the last cabin on that side, and I rode up to ask if we could stay the night which we did, and were able to put the "cow beasts" in a corral. Next day, we made it home in good season.

As soon as I could, I had High-Low-Jack, he was an erst-while Texas cowboy, brand my cattle for me. I had already acquired a registered brand of my own, a horse shoe with the letter P in it, on the cow's left side, and horse's left shoulder.

#### *A Wee Bit About Mountain Church Meetings*

We had no actual church out there, but there were plenty of neighbors of a more or less religious turn of mind and though representing many denominations, they all banded

together and reckoned to meet at the school house every Sunday. We had a form of Sunday School for a time composed of all ages from infants to grandparents. The speaker of the day would arise and begin his discourse, which according to the individual might last from one to three or four hours with a noon lunch in between. Those blessed with the most pronounced "gift of the gab" were rather a scourge, and finally, the all-day session got too much for Marie and me, so we used to cut service after Sunday School. The congregation arrived by wagon or horseback.

One Sunday, Marie and I saw our first baptism by immersion. The members of that particular "branch," shall I say, had dug out the banks of the creek about two miles below the school house to make a suitable pond or tank. Someone from another community came to officiate. He was dressed in cord trousers, brilliant pink striped shirt with a white collar, which rather got we two orthodox Episcopalians; however, he got down into the muddy hole while we sang a hymn. Wagon teams and saddle horses were hitched all around us to trees. He stood there almost waist deep for over twenty minutes while he gave an address on the derivation of the word, baptism. It was two young men who were baptised and they certainly got immersed effectively and then stood there in their dripping shirts and pants while another hymn was sung and next, everyone went up to shake hands with them.

#### *Neighbors and Some Excitement*

Up one of the side canyons, lived Old Man Masterson; he came to try to sell me a team of horses, but we did not make a deal. He told us about his daughter Nora—she was a character. At this time, she was about thirty years old, claimed she had married an English Lord when sixteen, and that he had deserted her. I don't remember all I heard, but she was credited with having killed one man and holding up two others; she got the drop on them by being the quickest on the draw, and made them put their hands up and do her bidding. At this time, she had just married again, a man much older than herself and known as Baldy Lane. He worked some at one of the logging camps, but they spent most of their time

at the Masterson homestead. Another neighbor, old man Hammond, was out looking for his goats on the mountain opposite Masterson's place one day when he heard a shot. For some time, he had had a suspicion that the Masterson outfit helped themselves to his or anybody else's goats or other livestock when they wanted meat; so he hurried down the mountain and out of the timber just in time to see old Masterson cutting the throat of a fine stock range bull, of the "R U N" brand which belonged to Jim Jeffries, a cattle man. If it had been a young steer, it would not have been so bad, but one of his registered range bulls was the limit.

Hammond turned his horse and made off for the nearest cattlemen he knew of, Jack and Lee Green. They, in turn, went to Mr. Buckner, our local Justice of Peace (later my friend Lila's father-in-law) and got out warrants for Masterson and Lane and rode off with some other "Boys" to arrest them. Lane had skipped, but they got Masterson. On reaching the cabin, they found the beef already salted down. To prove their case, they needed the branded hide, but that they failed to find that trip. When they started off with the old man, they noticed that he kept looking towards his artichoke (Jerusalem, used as cattle feed, stalks included) patch. Next day, some of the "Boys" went back to hunt again for the missing hide and finally found it; under one of the shocks of artichokes they saw the ground had recently been disturbed and on digging down about two feet, they found the hide.

They eventually tracked down Baldy Lane, too, and took both of them to Alamogordo, our county town. Where the celebrated Nora was all this time, I do not know, but she arrived from somewhere, when Mr. Buckner committed her father and husband for trial by the grand jury at Alamogordo. Report had it that she jumped on her horse and rode off at top speed, some thought to round up some of her pals at the logging camp to rescue her men folk on the way over the trail to the Alamogordo jail. A more charitable neighbor told me later that Nora had only ridden off in haste to try and get someone in Alamogordo to go bail for the men; this she did, and they were let out under five hundred dollars each, a week later. The deputy officers who took the two prisoners to

Alamogordo played safe, anyhow, and did not keep to the trails anymore than they could help.

Before Nora really left for Alamogordo, she took her adopted child, a baby of eleven months to Mrs. Hammond, her nearest neighbor. Both these families were held in rather bad repute, and not visited by the "elite" of the mountains; that is, Hammond's wife and step-children were avoided, but everyone liked the old man, and maybe even the rest of the family had their redeeming features. Well, the arrests brought the two families to logger heads, yet, to no one else could Nora take the baby, so Mrs. Hammond promised to care for it, but it was grievously ill, dying as it proved, and no one would go and help Mrs. Hammond. We did not know this until later, and on Monday, the poor wee thing died.

Early on Tuesday before we were up, a Mr. Plain who lived next but one below us, three or four miles down the creek, and who openly professed very strong disapproval of Marie and me (we did not like him and always felt sorry for his wife) came to ask us if we'd go and help Mrs. Hammond. As he was credited with always getting up at 4 a. m., I guess it was another black mark against Marie and me not to be up at 6 a. m. when he turned up. He, too, like the rest of us had his redeeming features, he had been up with the Hammonds all night and then ridden up to ask us to go down there, about six or seven miles ride, for Mrs. Hammond, he said, had become quite helpless and hysterical, and no one else would go. We promised we would go as soon as we could get the ponies up, milk, and have some breakfast. We were utterly inexperienced, but willing and anxious to help, and that was enough. We only wished we had known sooner, but had not even heard of the baby's existence.

Marie and I were terribly shocked at the sight of the poor wee dead body; we had no idea what it died of or from, but it looked as though it had been starved, it was just a wee skeleton. Mr. Plain's wee boy was sick, he said, so his wife could not come to help Mrs. Hammond. Mr. Plain and Mr. Hammond got some boards somewhere, and some white muslin appeared from I know not where, they made a small box and buried the wee body nearby.

Poor old man Hammond had to disappear after Masterson and pal got out on bail, as the former vowed "to get" him for informing on him. I forgot to say that Mr. Buckner, the J. P., divided the beef among his friends, so Marie and I had some!

### *Threshing on the Agua Chiquita*

In due course, threshing time arrived. The Andrews and Mr. Plain owned a "horse tread power" thresher. The power was produced by a team walking on a running platform as near as I can explain; the team was led up a small inclined gangway like affair, just about long enough and wide enough for them to stand in. It had strong high rails on each side and in front. When the team was "in" heavy bars were put across behind, the animals were tied to the front rails, a clutch was released, and the platform began to revolve and this made the horses walk and hurry some, too, and this, in turn, made the thresher "thresh." As per usual, I was short of cash to hire the two men I needed for our threshing of oats and bearded wheat, and some barley, so the Andrews said if Marie and I would cook for their outfit they would provide men to help on my place and to this we were glad to agree. The Andrews had much more grain than we; we had eleven men to cook for down there; and, as Meeker would have expressed it, "It tick-el-d" us to have to cook for and wait on table for such a motly crowd.

Our pet aversion, Mr. Plain, called us at 4 a. m., and we had breakfast on by 5 a. m. By this time, I had another team, Rancher, a fine upstanding bay, and old Dan, also a bay. They would both saddle, but I got them so we need not work our two well-beloved, Cherry and Boy.

### *Roswell*

Mrs. Tod, Mrs. Westlake's daughter, who came from New York for a long visit at Eagle, Marie and I planned a wagon trip to Roswell in the Pecos Valley for supplies. We hired High-Low-Jack and his wagon and he took Mrs. Tod in it, and Marie and I traveled in mine, Jack of course leading the way. I think the high lights of this trip were the drenching

we got and the mud we had to struggle through, and the very "sideling" slippery roads till we got clear of the mountains. Over and around the worst of these, Jack would maneuver his team and then come back and take mine. My wagon was very light for that country and to keep it from tipping over on extra sideling sections, he would stand on some projecting part of the wagon on the upper side or hang on to it while I drove and the limit was when we met another wagon and we had to go off the road on the hill side at a still more acute and slippery angle to get around it; sometimes, he would have to put both teams on one wagon.

We camped out two nights on our way to Roswell, and it just poured and poured more, night and day, till everything was soaked, even the contents of our suitcases. My diary in my gladstone was ruined. When we reached the prairie, the going was just about as bad. We had to stop the teams every so many yards and push the solid mud out from between the wheel spokes with our hands. Marie and I saw our first artesian well on this trip, and I remember we left the team and went over with a cup expecting to get a drink of cold clear water, and we were so disappointed to get a mouthful of tepid fluid, no better, if as good as what we had in the barrel on the wagon. When we went on these trips, we always had a barrel of water on the side of the wagon. Usually, on this Roswell trip, there was no water to be had between Hope, at the foot of the foothills, and Roswell, which had its water brought down from the Hondo, I think, in the White Mountains. On this trip, however, both going and coming, we watered teams at mud-holes.

When we got near Roswell, we held a committee meeting as to what we should do; we felt too utterly wet and muddy to present ourselves at a hotel, so Jack scouted ahead and came back with word that he had located a big old building or maybe better described as a shack save for its unusual size. He did not go into details as I remember, beyond that it was so big that even the horses could share it, and it was *dry*, and we could also have a fine fire with plenty of wood, where the latter came from I do not remember, maybe it was already there or maybe High-Low-Jack commandeered packing cases

from the general store; anyhow, I remember the glorious blaze that gave heat and light.

We found it to be a huge old abandoned blacksmith shop, at least that must have been its last business, but as to its architect's original ideas for it, I don't know, but there was a big raised blacksmith hearth, and on this Jack built his jolly fire. In the surrounding gloom, we found endless projections on which to hang our soaked belongings. As Mrs. Tod shared our "wagon bed" at night, and we had not counted on such a deluge, I had not taken our big "tarp," counting on the canvas cover of the wagon to keep us dry, but the steady downpour had continued so long that the latter had ceased to function anything approaching 100% and our bedding, etc., had become just about as waterlogged as everything else, so we hung what we could behind us and around the big blaze for an hour or two to dry out before we attempted to lie down on the dirt floor.

Next day, we awoke to bright sunlight, and with it came a realization of what our night in the old "smithy" had done to us and our belongings; everything was coated with heavy blacksmith shop dust and grime. We all enjoyed the joke on ourselves hugely and concluded we'd be glad to do the same thing again under similar conditions.

At this time, I guess Roswell was just being "born," there were already fine alfalfa fields and fruit orchards close to the wee town, but no paved streets and few boardwalks. The main street only about three blocks long, and mostly saloons at that; all one story frame buildings, but already the surrounding country showed promise of becoming the fruit raising country I believe it now is, apples, pears, peaches, plums, also alfalfa, celery, etc. The neighboring town of Artesia is now where Marie and I had the drink from one of the first pioneer wells before the town was started. In addition to the great cattle ranges surrounding these towns, I believe they have now added oil fields.

We were made welcome at the stores in spite of our tough looks and I've no doubt all of the possibly 300 inhabitants knew before we did what to expect from a bunch of water soaked campers after spending a night in an abandoned



smithy. We laid in a six months supply of groceries, etc., loading Jack's wagon; keeping mine free for us three to sleep in, Jack could dispose of himself on top of his load if the ground were too wet on the home trip.

It was fine overhead on the way home, but still heavy pulling for the teams. I remember Jack coming back to our wagon to borrow my field glasses. He'd spotted something far ahead on trail that he could not figure out, even with the glasses; we had to breathe the horses now and then, so did not travel fast even for wagons. At last, we came to the poor object on the road, it was a mongrel sheep dog—some fiend had staked it down to the prairie with bailing wire fore and aft, so it could not stand up, or in any way free its self. It made us all feel "sick at the stomach" as Jack put it. He soon had the poor beggar free and we fed and watered it; he and Mrs. Tod took it up on their wagon for a time. The only mitigating thing in the horrible affair was, that the brute who did the deed, staked the poor animal on the trail; if he had done it some way off the beaten track, it would not have been found likely. High-Low-Jack who would not willingly hurt anything needlessly, voiced all our feelings when he said, "I'd shore like to shoot the darned cuss that did that, even if I had to go to the pen for it." He kept the dog.

I forgot to record in one of the earlier chapters a visit that the wife of a cattleman paid me. She took a long ride on her missionary errand from the flats. She had heard of my riding cross-saddle and felt I ought to be, if possible, rescued from such sinful ways. I forget most of her argument, but the clinching point was that "God would never have made side saddles, if he had meant women to ride astride." I showed her a photo of my old time hunter Spicy, with the white hair mark on his back from a side saddle sore, but it had no more effect on her than her argument did on me.

Roswell is now a beautifully laid out and highly improved, prospering town of 12,000 or 14,000 population. It has a fine climate, fine location and good roads from many points East and West, within easy motoring distance of Lincoln National Forest (El Capitan and Sacramento Mts.).

*(To be continued)*

## Notes and Documents

### THE CHARLES BENT PAPERS

(Continued)

Mr M Alvaras

Taos March 30th 1845

Sir

I have seane your letter to Mr Beaubean, In which you tell him our Priest has consented to leave his press in Santafe,<sup>68</sup> on the condition that there is nothing printed against him, this is poor subterfuge, aftr he having maid the declaration heare (when he loned it in the first place) that he had done it for the purpus of exposing through this meadium the acts and doings of public men, in hopes as he said of preventing them for the future of doing rong, but it seames he never expected that any one would have the temerity of atacking him. I wish you to correct the article I left with you, and if it cannot be inserted at presant, you will doe me the favor, to try and get it in imeadiately, on the chainge of Authoritys if posible, before the Prest can have time to renew his condittions with regard to his press.

The General aftr having made all nessary exertions to procure that the forced lone<sup>69</sup> should be paid, without effect, he has at last I se from Sarafans [Serafin Ramirez?] letter shiped it off on to his sholders, to exact the payment, this lookes bad for a superier after he has failed to carry his views out, to make use of an inferier to have, what he could not doe, done, I think that there will be little or no notice taken of Mr Ramires orders heare, I believe they are determined not to pay. but if the former Govenor<sup>70</sup> returnes, some say they will pay willingly as they have confidence in him. Our Priest sometime passed requested through his brother of the General to take away the *destacamento* [*destacamento*—military detachment] from *Ojo Calienta* and *Reto*,<sup>71</sup> and place one on Red River above Turlys this was not granted: today Aprile 7th [?] he haad a meeting of the three justices, and two Captains, at Santago Martines,<sup>72</sup> for the purpus of getting theas to call for, or place a gard on Red river, in which he again failed, the object of this gard is not for any fealling he has for those residing

68. Reference to Fr. Antonio Martínez of Taos who owned the printing press that had been brought to New Mexico in the 1830's. The story can be read in Douglas C. McMurtrie, "The History of Early Printing in New Mexico," *NEW MEXICO HISTORICAL REVIEW*, 4:372-409.

69. The forced loan was levied against Mexican citizens by act of the Assembly, February 14, 1845. Read, *Illustrated History . . .*, pp. 412-14. General Mariano Martínez de Lejanza served as governor, from April 29, 1844 to May 1, 1845.

70. Mañuel Armijo.

71. El Rito: a settlement about ten miles west of Ojo Caliente. See note 62.

72. Santiago Martínez is mentioned as a conspirator against the United States in December, 1846. Twitchell, *Old Santa Fe*, p. 276. But is listed as a grand juror at Taos in the trials of 1847. *NEW MEXICO HISTORICAL REVIEW*, 1:28.

at Red River, but by having a gard there, his people and property at San Cristobal,<sup>73</sup> between Aroyio Hondo and Red River would be garded, he and his brothers have a greadeal of good land at this place which they are afraid to plant, unless they can get the gard at Red River. But our priest is the pink of humanity when his one interest is in the way. The Cumancharus from the Reo ariba have brought in 5 negros theas no doubt are runaways from the U States Olivarille<sup>74</sup> of St Magill has an other brought in last sumer, I think we should demand theas negros and send them to the U S there is an article in our treaty with this country in which prisoners taken by the allyes of eather nation are to be sent to thare respective nations, the U States have sent several mexican prisoners home I myself have brought two, one of them was from St Magill or neare thare his name I doe not recolect; the other from this place his name Gerreatia Mondragon; Filip Enerio, is an other, and thare has bean others sent home, all of which ware taken by the Pawnies. Branum<sup>75</sup> and Leitensdorfer left the fort about the 20th of last month, they had met with nothing serious up to that time, the Indians ware below the big timber on the Arkansas. Our Priest the night of C Tawns<sup>76</sup> weding got quite merry, he said publicly I am told that the presand govenor was good for nothing and it would be good to drive him away tell Houghton<sup>77</sup> & Eugen that Tom<sup>78</sup> left the fort between the 20 & 24th my respects to all.

Yours Obt Svt

C Bent

Taos Aprile 7th 1845

Mr Alvaraz

Sir

Taos Dembr 17th 1845

If it is not too late urge on Beaubean the nessaty of his making it manifest to his minister, that the justice Pasqual Martinise<sup>79</sup> did not visit his house for the purpos to *dar fay* (as it is called heare) of its having been robed in 1843 neather did he take any steps to

73. San Cristóbal was located on the north bank of Rio San Cristóbal which flows westward into the Rio Grande between Rio Arroyo Hondo and Rio Colorado, north of Taos.

74. I have no information on this person.

75. Christopher C. Branham is mentioned in Webb, *Adventures* . . . , p. 46 and note.

76. Charles Town, well-known trapper; listed as juror in the Taos trial of 1847. *NEW MEXICO HISTORICAL REVIEW*, 1:24, 28.

77. Joab Houghton enjoyed a long career in business and politics in New Mexico. His activities are dealt with in standard histories of New Mexico.

78. Probably Thomas Leitensdorfer who "was a brother of Eugene Leitensdorfer." Webb, *Adventures* . . . , p. 41 note. See note 60.

79. Pasqual Martínez is listed as a captain of militia in April 23, 1839. Bloom in *Old Santa Fe*, 2:134 note. He was a brother of Fr. Antonio Martínez and participated in the Taos uprising of 1847. Twitchell, *Military Occupation* . . . , p. 133; *Old Santa Fe*, p. 276.

secure the property stollen, untill he was ordered so to doe by Govenor Armijo after Beaubean had made his complaint to the Govenor this happened some weeks after the outrage had bean comitted, this will be proof in my oppinion, that the alcaldy winked at, and encouraged the act on the part of the Indians. It is the duty of the Alcaldy,<sup>80</sup> in all cases whare violence has bean comitted, to visit the premises with two or more witnesses and thare take cognisence of the extent of damage or auterage comitted, this should be entered on his book of administration (as it is called) thare is nothing of the kind heare. We have nothing nue heare, pleas wright by the barrer and let uss know what is passing in Santafe tell Mr Haughton to wright also My best respects to him and all other frends

Youres Respectfully

C Bent

PS. Pleas send by the barrer 2 Candlesticks, Tin ones would be preferable

Blair is on the mend and making arangements for the P x——

Mr M Alvaraz

Taos Decr 29th 1845

Sir

At the request of Dr Blass Trangille,<sup>81</sup> an Lee I adress you theas fue lines the[y] wish you to make a representation to the Govenor respecting the injustice of the Tax levyed on thare Still Houses, they have bean called on by the judge of the 1st Instance for a Tax of of \$1 pr month, they have no objections to pay this Tax provided they are exemted from other contributions, neather doe they object to paying a Tax provided the tax is general, they are willing to pay in propotion provided others pay on thare property, but they doe not think it is just that three or four individuals should be Taxed and all others that have much more property than they have should be exempt from all maner of Tax, Whenever thare is any public service to be done they have invariably furnished animels and provisions for this service. You make the representation setting forth all thare greaviences and have it presented and whatever it may cost they are redy to pay back to you so soone as you forward your act. Beaubean has not yet reached heare.

Yours

C Bent

Mr Alvaraze

Jany. 18, 1846

Sir

If you can sell my goodes at 60 pr deliverable at the fort doe so. You had better not sell over \$2500 first cash, as some may have bean

80. Alcalde: a local administrative and judicial official.

81. A resident of Taos named Blass Trujillo is listed as a juror in 1847. *NEW MEXICO HISTORICAL REVIEW*, 1:36.

desposed of, before they are delivered. On about 25000 yds which I will take 16 cts pr yard for, and on unmeasurable goodes 60 pr ct advance. I doe not think we can afford to pay more than \$300 pr waggon load if we are required to advance the money three months before the goodes can possibly reach this market. If they will admit uss for 5 cts pr lb on the amt of the weight you had better close withe them. If the garintee is suffittient.

If I could get the Cash for my goodes on deliverry I would take 50 pr ct advance on the bill, deliverable at the fort.

Santafe January 18th 1846

Youres Respectfully  
C Bent

Taos February 4th 1846

Mr Alvaraze

Sir

I received your letter a fue days passed dated 26th January, I am glad to heare that orders have been received to despach the Dragoones, I think this will be quite a relief to you folkes residing in Santafe; altho I think thare is an effort making heare by Mattao<sup>82</sup> to retain them, this is only surmise on my part. The report has bean raised heare within a fue days, that thare was at the fort five hundred Troopes, a nother report is that a large force from the single Storr [Star] is near at hand, theas two reportes combined I think have bean started to induce the authorities to retain the Dragoones.

Sabauren and an other man reached heare a fue days passed from hard scrable they ware imeadiately denaunched by one of Mattaos perticular creatures, but nothing further took place, the express sent me from the forte was called and questioned very closely by the grand functionary.

Tell Scally [John Scolly] that his land has bean granted in small parcells to sundary Individuals by the justice of lo de Morra,<sup>83</sup> Thomas Sallanda, he says he had the right and authority so to doe, probably he got his order from this place. I shall be in Santafe in a fue dayes

Youres Respectfully

Wright to D Juan Otaro.

C Bent

[Note pinned to inside sheet of this letter]

Since I closed this letter I have heard that it was reported from the Priestes, that the forigners in Santafe ware rejoicing a greadeal, and telling the Mexicans to joine them that they ware now the same people, it is said this nuse has cast quite a gloom over the *good* man. I expect that some mischevious fellow has done this to freighten him, if so he has suxceeded.

82. Maybe Mateo Sandoval, mentioned in a petition for compensation due to the uprising of 1837. Alvarez, *Papers*, November 9, 1839.

83. The settlement of Mora north of Las Vegas, New Mexico.

Sir

Taos February 16th 1846

The Proclimation of Armijo, appears to have created, a verry different feeling, from the one intended; they say if the Proclimation was brought forth in consiquence of the Single Starr, having determined to seake revenge, for the outrages comitted herterfore, by the authaities of this country, they will take no part in it, they say let them pay that reaped the benifit. The truth is the majority of the people doe not understand the perport of the Proclimation. The people complain bitterly of Mattao, they say he is harder on them, than ever before, he will receive nothing but money, for his fees, and he charges about one third more now than formerly.

Our Justice gave Manuel Charviao,<sup>84</sup> a written licence, to gamble, for the price of \$1.50. his charge is low, for permission to violate the law.

We had the nuse last night that the Youtaws had drivin off about 8000 head of Sheap and some 400 head of catle from some place neare the *cearo de la gillinia*,<sup>85</sup> The Prieste and Brothers have lost all of thare stock in this theft. Men ware ordered about midnight to prepair to follow, I am told that the Priest this maning, had chainged his his tune, yesterday he was lawding the Mexican Government and people to the skyes in consiquence of the Proclimation, he to day sayes the Government is fit for nothing, and hopes thare may soon be a chainge. This chainge of oppinion is caused by his having lost all of his stock, sucess to the wether cock.

Since wrighting this Cornelio<sup>86</sup> who was at the Priestes at the time the people left in percute of the Youtawes, sayes that Matteao sayes that his stocks ware stolen by the Indians with the Knolledge of the Americans.

Our priest and justice are so much troubled at the loss, that they doe not know what they are about, thare has about 50 men left this place, and some thirty or forty from the Rancho,<sup>87</sup> but they go out by the Canion of fernandeze; If they had went up the del Norte, to the Sangre de cristo, thare might have bean hopes of thare interrupting the Indians, it is now three dayes since the theft was committed, so thare is litle hopes of overtaking the Indians. Tom has not yet reached heare, he is expected to night all redy for him.

We have no nuse heare except the above, I wish you would give

84. According to Bloom in *Old Santa Fe*, 2:240, the Assembly had fixed the fees for gambling, April 11, 1844. Maybe the law had been changed.

85. Cerro de la Gallina, or Turkey Mt., just east of Fort Union, or northeast from Las Vegas, New Mexico.

86. Probably Cornelio Vigil; Prefect and Probate Judge at Taos; uncle of Mrs. Charles Bent; killed in the uprising of 1847. *NEW MEXICO HISTORICAL REVIEW*, 8:119ff. Brayer, *William Blackmore* . . . , 1:128, 209.

87. There is Taos Pueblo, the town of Taos about two miles to the south of the Pueblo, and Ranchos de Taos that adjoins the village of Taos on the south. The canyon runs eastward from Taos through the Sangre de Cristo Mountains.

uss some if you have any, my object in wrighting is to induce you or Houghton to doe so, I Know the above nuse is of very litle importance to you, but I give you the best, and all we have.

Youres Respectfully  
C Bent

Mr Alvaraze

PS There has bean a better turne out for theas flocks, than there ever was to oppose the Texians. No mans animels have bean repected, they have bean orders issued to take animels, wharever they ware to be found Haw different the Priestes conduct in this affair, to what it was at the time Armijo gave orders for men from this place in 1843 to join him, Matteao at that time told the people not to go unless they was well paid, as they ware then ordered out to escort the traders, and perticularly the Caravan of Armijo and others from the Reabajo,<sup>88</sup> at that time there was not exceeding twenty men frem this place sent out and theas the poorest devils that could be selected with Bows and Arrowes, now the picked men of the vally go to save the sacred flocks, they are going a bad route they have forgotten that there is a place on that road called *onde Pasqual no pudo*,<sup>89</sup> he is again out, he may find the asses Bridge again.

Propietarios

D<sup>n</sup>. Jose Chaves  
P. " Jose Manl. Gallsco  
" " Ant<sup>o</sup>. José Martinez  
" Tomas Ortiz  
" Juan Perea  
" Juan Cristoval Armijo  
" Felipe Sena

Suplentas

Capt D<sup>n</sup>. Donaciano Vigil  
P. D<sup>n</sup>. Francisco Leyva  
Cap<sup>n</sup> " Antonio Sena  
" Pedro Otero  
" Sarafin Ramires  
" Santiago Armijo  
" Vicento Martinez

[on back of p. 4 of this letter there is statement—Send some late nues papers].

Taos February 24th 1846

Mr Alvaraz

Sir

Sinse I closed my letter to you this morning, I have thought that it would be prudent, to make the following propesition, if it meates your and Haughtons aprobation.

Would it not be well to have from Armijo & Juan Andress<sup>90</sup> in wrighting, wether they will protect Americans according to the treaty

88. Rio Abajo: down the river from Santa Fe, or the settled area north and south from Albuquerque.

89. *Onde Pasqual no pudo*: "where Pasqual can not go." It may refer to Pasqual Martinez. See note 79.

90. Juan Andres Archuleta? See note 8.

ixisting. In case of warr between this country and the U States, I think it more than likely thare may be an autebreake, sinse Parrades, has come into power, he has plainly showne his views and disposition towards the U States, and thare may be verry shortely orders heare to expell uss, or doe worse, we should be prepared and on aur gard. If Martineze<sup>91</sup> is in power in Mexico Armijo must fall, as he is no friend of the latter. Think of this and act accordingly, should you get any garintee from theas functionarys, you will pleas get them to send orders, to the same effect to this place, and elsewhere, whare thare are Americans

Yours Respectfully  
C Bent

I will join you and Haughton in anything you may think proper to doe in this affair, you can use my name if you pleas.

Mr Alvaraze

Taos February 26th 1846

Sir

I think that I mentioned in my last that the expedition, sent out by the Calf,<sup>92</sup> had returned, they had two hard fights, one at Lees still house in which the vallient justice, and his staff, ware more injured than the others, he fell some five or six times the first day, but, he was as often seated again in his sadle, you se that he fell oftener than other great men have.

The next difficulty they had to incounter, was to furnish, the justice, Pasqual, Valdess, Romaro, & Montallio (all participaters in the comand) each with an *ordinance* this they determined should be done from the regular soldiers, that accompanied them, the comandr of the soldiers objected to this, and told them he could not think of doing so, at the same time he detaild but one man to serve the justice, Capt Pasqual was furious, he told the Corporal the comander of the regular Soldiers, that he was a regular appointed Captain, and ordered a man to be detailed to serve him, the Corporal told hime he might be a *Grande Capitan*, but *Carajo* he had not a *Carra* to comand him,<sup>93</sup> so it was droped heare. On thare returne they had an other hard fight, with Capt Whisky at Turlys, but as before Capt W gained the batle, but not the field, as the most of them slept on it that night. The Calf is a persevering man, he has determined to send again, his plan is now to send on the other side of the mountain, and find the place the Youtaws entered it, and then to take the back trail, which they are to follow it back to whare the rancho was, at the time it was attacked, for the purpos of gethering up what may have bean left by the Indians,

91. Perhaps a reference to the political influence of former Governor Martinez in the regime of President Paredes.

92. The Calf: possibly a nickname for cowardly or stupid.

93. *Grande Capitan*: Spanish for a great captain. *Carajo*: a mild swear word. *Carna* or *carra* are meaningless. Maybe Bent meant *carta*, meaning a commission.



for this service Capt Martine has agreed to let the Calf have soldiers, and the alcaldí of the rancho has been ordered to furnish his quota of men for this duty, which I am told he is going to comply with altho he furnished thirty men on the former expedition; bouth the Capt and alcaldí should be broken for aquiesing to this order or request, have theas people nothing to doe but to serve the Calf as herders, and finde themselves. The Calf sayes since his misfortune, that he had a warning of this disaster, he sayes on the night, on which his flocks ware stollen the four windes of heven blew at the same time and it appeared to him that his house was the center on which they spent thare fury, he had other wa[r]nings, his eares appeared to be on fire, his nose itched, and many other signs, but he sayes he had no idea that this was a warning to him allone, he expected, he sayes a different eavle, he expected to heare that his country had disposed of this province, and that the heritics, ware on its confines, to overrun the unfortunante land, Since the eavle is not as greate as he expected, he consoles himself for his loss, by saying that he can get more in the way he got those last.

28th To day we have had an ellection for electors who are to elect a *juas de primer instancia*,<sup>94</sup> and a *sindico*, The following persons, have been elected Electors, in fernandese, L Lee, Priest Martinis, Pablo Trangille, Jose Granel [?] Montano,<sup>95</sup> & Mateas Vigil, and one from the Publo, Thare are six elected in the rancho, and five in the Aroyio Sake, I have not heard who they are; The priest, is exerting himself for his brother Santago,<sup>96</sup> he sayes he is the only compitent person for Judge in the vally (he shoes himself to be a man of greate discernment) none before him have been able to discover theas hidden, leagal qualities. I think that Beaubean will hold him a strong pole. The Priest got quite rathy, at the ellection, he said he was vexed that the people should vote for him, but I believe it was on the contrary, because he did not get as large a vote as he expected, he polled but 22 Votes, only 9 majority over Dn Blass Tranjille, Lee had the largest number of votes.

Taos 3 March 1846

Youres Respectfully  
C Bent

Manuel Alvaraze U.S. Consule Santafe  
Sir

Taos March 2nd 1846

To day about 3 oclock in the aftrnoon, the justice of this place, notified me that thare had bean an american, murdered this morning, in the mountain between el emboutha<sup>97</sup> and the senige by the Apach

94. *El Juez de la primera instancia*: court of the first instance.

95. Jose Gabriel Montano signed a note in favor of David Waldo, August 9, 1838. Alvarez, *Papers*.

96. Santiago Martines: see note 72.

97. Embudo: a small settlement at the mouth of the Rio Grande canyon on the road from Santa Fe to Taos. Cieneguilla, another small settlement, was located upstream. The latter is now known as Pilar. NEW MEXICO HISTORICAL REVIEW, 15:1-11.

Indians. Louis Bacca,<sup>98</sup> and an other person, had told him that they had arrived at the place whare the murder, had but just bean committed, thare ware nine Appachies thare, and one other ded one, the Indians no doubt had attempted to rob him, (for it appears that he had some bales of goodes and he killed one of the Indians, with his Knife, the Indians then despached him, Bacca sayes the Indians had raped [wrapped] the man up in a Robe, no doubt to conseal the body, but theas two men came on them so sudenly they ware prevented. I give you this notice, that you may take such steps with the authorities as you deam prudent, the justice left this afternoon fer the place whare the murder was committed, I expect the body will be brought heare tommorrow, they say he is a light complexion man, he had a double barrele gun,

Youres Respectfully  
C Bent

PS by the barrer you and Mr Houghton give uss the nuse, I have heard that you have recently had a male in Santafe. CB

Mr M Alvaraze  
Sir

Rancho March 4th 1846

Last eavening the Justice Lovato,<sup>99</sup> with his possy, arrived heare with, the body of the deseased Crombeck, who was killed by the Apachies on sunday or monday last, in the mountain, the Indians Six of whom the justice brought with him, says that thare were three of them together in the senige, but one went a head from thare, this one they say killed Crombeck or wounded him so that he died, and he killed the indian, this I doe not believe, I think the three attempted to rob him and he killed one with his knife, and the other two killed him, he was shot through with an arrow, and Lanced in the pit of the stomach he is horribly mangled his scull is mashed, his face is at least one third broughder than when living. We have requested the perfect and justice to retaine five of theas indians as hostigages, untill the other Indian goes and bringes the other two murderers, and the ballence of the goodes, as it apears that all the goodes are not heare altho we have no datta to go by, except what Louis Bacca sayes, he told on his arrivle that he saw two ordinary sise bales, thare is hardely one heare. He will be Burried in the Burring ground of this place today, we shall have the affair done as deacently as posible.

I hope you may be able to get an order for the murderers to be taken to Santafe for trial, I am fearfull that they will be released without punishment, if suffered to remain heare, theas people are so timid.

Youres Respectfully  
C Bent

98. Luis Maria Baca: one of the first settlers of Las Vegas, New Mexico, and a claimant to the Baca Land Grant. See Verna Laumbach, "Las Vegas Before 1850," *NEW MEXICO HISTORICAL REVIEW*, 8:241-264. Twitchell, *Leading Facts . . .*, 2:460 note.

99. See note 7.

Mr. Alvaraze

Taos March 4th 1846

Sir

I think we shall be able if nessary, to prove that the Calf, said that his flocks ware stolen by americans, as well as that he has now, sent his two brouthers over to the Paunile<sup>100</sup> to assertrain, from those thare wether the youtaws ware not thare, to receive amunition before they attacked his rancho, and if they fail in this they are to examin to assertrain by tracks and otherwise wether they had bean thare. He is determined to fix this theft on uss if he can find the least pretext for so doing.

Last eavening two men from the Publo of Almagra,<sup>101</sup> reached here they met C Town, and two other americans, who told them whilst they ware encamped, on the Caulievere,<sup>102</sup> that the youtaws, that had the flocks of the Priest, stole thare animels, theas three men followed them, and got thare animels back, the youtaws told them that they should stay at thare village three days, afr thare arrivle to dance the scalps, they had taken, then they should returne for more scalpes and stock. if so the youtaws are at this time in the vasinity of the ranchoes, and we may expect to heare of thare having taken stock and scalps. The justice Lovato told me this morning that the runers from the Cumanchie tradrs, had arrived last night. They told him that they had bean to some Indians beyond the *cero senisa*<sup>103</sup> that they had met thare three Texian tradrs, theas and the indians had told them that thare was a large body men marching to this country, and would be heare by the 1st of Aprile next, theas runers told the justice, they had not went to our forte on red River for fear, as they ware told by the Indians that thare ware a great number of troops thare. I give you this as I have heard it. Last Sunday or Monday the Calf passed an officio to the justice Valdess<sup>104</sup> stating that he had heard thare was a *partido* forming to suporte a certain person for justice of 1st Instance, he afrwardes told the justice verbally that Beauben, Lee, and myself ware the pursons, that wished to form this *partedo*, at the

100. The French word pannelle means poplar leaf. This was corrupted in use and this creek came to be named the Ponil. On maps of today, it is named Pond creek. It is a source branch of the Cimarron creek, crossed by traders following the alternate Santa Fe trail through the town of Cimarron.

101. Pueblo Almagra: probably the initial settlement of present-day Pueblo, Colorado. Fountain creek (see note 46) was called Rio Almagre or Red Earth by the Spanish and Bolling river by the Cheyenne Indians which in French is Fontaine que bouilli. Riddle, *Records and Maps* . . . , p. 37, citing George Bird Grinnell in Kansas Historical Society publications, 15:89-92.

Frank Hall, *History of the State of Colorado*, I:167ff (Chicago, 1889).

102. Probably the Culebra creek which flows westward into the Rio Grande just north of the New Mexico-Colorado boundary. The name is Spanish for snake; the French word is *couleuvre*. The ms. is difficult to read.

103. *Cenisa* means ashes. This place name may refer to a volcanic hill in north-eastern New Mexico; perhaps Capulin Mt.

104. Jean Bennette Valdez is listed as a grand juror at Taos in 1847. *NEW MEXICO HISTORICAL REVIEW*, 1:28.

same time he ordered as ellector, the justice to permit no unlawful meetings, has he forgotten the unlawful meeting that were held in his house at the dead hours of night in June and July 1843 when they were meditating the overthrow of Armijo

He is getting alarmed, he begins to doubt, whether he will succeed, in getting one of his brothers elected justice, day after tomorrow[?] this affair of justice will be decided; he is wearing a web that possibly he may be caught in himself, he had better be on the lookout, his power is one the wain here, I think.

Yours  
C Bent

Mr. M. Alvaraze

Taos March 6th 1846

Sir

I received this morning your two letters, and one from Mr. Haughton. On Tuesday the 3rd Crombecks remains were brought to the rancho by the justice, as I have already informed you in mine of the 4th. I requested the justice before he left for the body, to procure all the papers he could, of the deceased, on his return I enquired of him if he had succeeded in getting any papers, he informed that he could find none. I then enquired of the Apaches that were brought, they told me that they had seen none; The papers he had with him were no doubt destroyed by the Indians, to prevent detection, of any property they may have taken, from the best information we have been able to procure, about two thirds of the goods he had with him, have been taken by the Indians. The principal chief Chacon<sup>105</sup> and one other Indian have been detained by the justice Lovato as hostages, until the, other two murderers, are brought in, I doubt very much whether they will ever be presented, I think the two we now have will make their escape altho, I this morning requested the justice Lovato to send them to this place, for the purpose of having them more secure under the guard of the Soldiers, he said he would do so, I am fearful these rascals will be permitted to escape, altho we will use all diligence to prevent it. These justices are so dilatory, and lenient, that I fear, that these murders will pass unpunished.

So far we have had no grounds for complaint against the authorities, but from their want of energy, I am fearful of the consequences above, mentioned,

Mr. Crombecks remains were buried, in the burying ground of the rancho, by the Priest Valdés,<sup>106</sup> on the 4th March. The justice is here taking all the proofes, he can find relative to the murder, How the murder was committed we shall never be able to ascertain, as there

105. A chief of the Jicarilla Apaches. *The Official Correspondence of James S. Calhoun*, edited by Annie H. Abel, pp. 308, 314. John Ward, *Journal*, edited by Annie H. Abel, *NEW MEXICO HISTORICAL REVIEW*, 16:333.

106. This person might be Eulogio Valdez, ordained a priest in 1836 and assigned to the parish of Santo Tomás de Abiquiú. *NEW MEXICO HISTORICAL REVIEW*, 8:342.

ware none presant except indians. he no doubt from apperinces was wounded on horseback, as his saddle was veray bloody and still on the mule when the justice found it, it literally stuck to the animels back, by blood, I think it more than likely the Indians came up to him in a frendly maner, and rested his gun from him, afterwarde wounded him, he then dismounted, and got hold of one of them who he dispatched before the others could rescue him, the Indian was cut the whole way across the belly, in such away, that his entrels imeadiately fell out, and the Indian it appeares made some four or five stepes before he fell, as his body was about that far from the entrels. The ballence of the Indians, ware no doubt, making preperations, at the time Louis Bacea came uppon them, to conseal the two bodys, but his appearence was so suden after the affair took place, they had not yet had time to doe so, otherwise I doubt wether we should ever have knone what became of Crombeck. I will ceape you informed, of the progress of this affair.

Youres Respectfully  
C Bent

March 9th

The ellection was a verry unfair one I should not be surprised if the attempt ware made to annull it. This morning Capt. Martinez received an order from Comander Archuleta<sup>107</sup> to take into custody the Apachie indians (the hostages) and the property of Crombeck, he has passed an order to the justice of the rancho, to remit them and property imeadiately, with the documentes in his possession relative to the murder. So soone as they arrive I will get a list of the goodes received and sent with this if posible. I neglected to mention to you above that I received youre letter date 8th by Black, last eavening. This eavening I saw the Captain, he shew me an offitio<sup>108</sup> of the justice Lovato, in which he sayes that he cannot give up Crombecks goodes untill he receives an order, from his superiors so to do. he also sayes there is but one indian in his possession, it has turned out as I expected. We, the Perfect, and two justices had an understanding with the Six Indians that Lovato brought, that five of them ware to remain as hostages, whilst the other went and brought in the two murderes, but the justice has taken it on himself to let all go but old Chacon. This letter will be difficult to undestand, it is written on so many different peaces of papr,<sup>109</sup> I have endeavored to give you all the nuse we have heare.

Yours Respectfully  
C Bent

107. Juan Andres Archuleta. See note 3. As a Lieutenant Colonel he participated in the capture of the Texans in 1841. Twitchell, *Old Santa Fe*, p. 206. Bloom in *Old Santa Fe*, 2:152ff. Or "his famous son Diego Archuleta." Bloom in *NEW MEXICO HISTORICAL REVIEW*, 19:198 note. Diego, *Comandante de Escuadron*, was elected deputy to Congress, October 22, 1843. Bloom in *Old Santa Fe*, 2:158.

108. Properly spelled *oficio*: an official document.

109. It is a folded four-sided sheet of paper.

One of our men ranaway from the fort on Red River<sup>110</sup> and came in heare saterday last bringing with him a spanish woman that was prisoner amongst the Kiaways, he says that St. Vrain is trading verry well, and prospets good, the vilages are begining to neare the fort for trade.

Taos March 19th 1846

Mr. Alvaraze

Sir

As Juan Aragon<sup>111</sup> is going to Santafe to se Armijo, for the purpas of asseraining, wether a prisoner and two horses he has brought, from the Kiaways, will be taken from him, this man runaway from St. Vrain, he imeadiately on his arrivle reported to me what he had done, I have forgiven him his disertion, in consiquence of his having brought, a *christian* woman, out of captivity, but some of the authoritys wish to deprive him, of his spoil.

George and Blair<sup>112</sup> arrived heare on the 14th ins, in six dayes from the forte all well, trade good, youre Oxen and those I brought up are quite poore, the wintir has bean verry cold on the Arkansas, Blair had the Luck, to have George, the man that came in with uss to Ducheanes<sup>113</sup> frosen to death, he fell from his mule dead, about half a mile this side of whare the road strikes the Arkansas in crossing from the timpa<sup>114</sup> to that river. No nuse as yet from below, We shall visit Santafe in a fue dayes. The Priest is quite bussy particularly at night wrighting what he will produce we have no idea.

Youres Truly  
C Bent

*(To be continued)*

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110. The Canadian river has been referred to in New Mexico as the Red river. Lieutenant W. H. Emory mentions "Bent's camp" on the Canadian under date of August 7, 1846. *Notes of a Military Reconnoissance*, edited by Ross Calvin, p. 40. (The University of New Mexico Press, Albuquerque, 1951).

111. The "Mayor of Taos, Don Juan Antonio Aragon. . . ." Mentioned as of 1837 in *NEW MEXICO HISTORICAL REVIEW*, 3:341.

112. Probably Francis P. Blair, Jr. His name appears in the standard histories of New Mexico as District Attorney by appointment of General Kearny. The Editors of Garrard describe him as a "close friend of Charles Bent." *Wah-To-Yah . . .*, p. 177 note.

113. Ducheanes: the ms. is difficult to read and the reference is obscure.

114. The Santa Fe trail southward from Bent's Fort on the Arkansas followed the Timpas creek for a stretch. It flows northeastward into the Arkansas just west of present-day La Junta, Colorado.

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