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KINO OF PIMERIA ALTA

Apostle of the Southwest

By RUFUS KAY WYLLYS, Ph. D.

PREFACE

Padre Eusebio Francisco Kino has been called the greatest missionary in Spanish North America. Some there may be who will question this statement, but to the people of the Southwest his fame is enduring. The fact that his name has lingered so long and so prominently in the annals of their pioneers, both Latin and Anglo-Saxon, is proof sufficient of the legend that has grown up about him, and of the place he holds in history.

This great missionary who was far more than a missionary, was one of those pioneers of civilization of whom perhaps two or three may appear in the course of a generation. Nor was the civilization which he brought merely for the white men who followed him. "He labored with apostolic zeal," says the old historian Venegas, "in converting and civilizing the heathen Indians. He made constant excursions into their territory with intrepid valor and unattended. He assembled many in towns, forming them to agriculture and the keeping of herds; because this was a step towards maintaining missionaries for their conversion and spiritual good, and for their civilization. . . He built houses and chapels; formed missions and towns; conciliated hostile nations; and attracted the Indians by his wonderful gentleness and affability, till they all con-

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fided in him, as though he were the father of each one individually." In addition, his explorations, discoveries and maps blazed the trails of civilization in the far Southwest; his energy and foresight provided the beginnings of agriculture, and of the great herds of cattle which still thrive in the midst of deserts and mountains; and his writings give us our best picture of that dim border world of Pimeria Alta, at the merging of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries.

Yet there has never been a biography, as such, of this remarkable frontiersman, who mingled in his own person the characteristics of three nations—who was an Italian by inheritance, a German by education, and a Spaniard by adoption and experience; but who submerged all three geniuses in his zeal as missionary and explorer. Fray Junipero Serra has been given his due meed of praise; Fray Francisco Garces and Padre Juan Maria de Salvatierra have likewise been chronicled. But thus far there has been no attempt at an adequate short interpretation of Padre Kino.

We have, to be sure, the most important of his writings, his *Favores Celestiales*, splendidly edited by Dr. Herbert E. Bolton, of the University of California, as *Kino's Historical Memoir of Pimeria Alta*. But this fine two-volume work was issued in a limited edition, and is now very rare. It was in the hope of rendering Kino interesting to a wider circle that the following study was undertaken.

This study is, then, an effort to put into convenient form a summary of what is known about Padre Kino, together with some description of his times and the country in which he labored. Those who wish to make an exhaustive study of the great missionary-explorer may consult Dr. Bolton's edition of the *Favores Celestiales*, which must always be one of the chief standard reference works on Kino. But since the *Historical Memoir* was published, sundry bits of evidence have come to light concerning Kino's life before his coming to Pimeria Alta, and this material has been utilized herein. If this short study can render

Kino more appreciated and more familiar for the general reader, it will have served its purpose.

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RUFUS KAY WYLLYS.

Arizona State Teachers College,
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CHAPTER I.

EUSEBIO CHINI

The Val di Non stretches northwestward from the basin of the Adige, extending for several miles into the fastnesses of the Italian Alps, until, making a sharp bend to the west, it merges with the Val di Sole. A pleasant upland valley warmed by the winds of Italy, it is studded with villages and vined castles old beyond discovery. In a deep cleft down the Val flows the Noce, fed by the snows of the Ortler Spitze. It joins the Adige at San Michele. From the mountain slopes where the Val debouches into the Adige plain, visible in the hazy distance to the southward arise the embattled towers and turrets of the ancient city of Trent, heart of the Italian Tyrol, dominated by the great jutting rock of the Doss Trent on the right bank of the Adige.

From these feudal scenes emerged the Apostle of the Southwest. On the green slopes, at half-mark of the seventeenth century, he passed his youth. His ingenious and learned mind could not have conceived the thorned desert of which he would become saint. He had no prophet's eye to see a giant cactus, a terraced Indian village or a Manila galleon plunging through Pacific swells down the tawny

coast of the Californias. To these remote things, however, his destiny was to lead him.

Records are not plentiful of the birthplace and childhood of Eusebio Chini. The date of his birth is uncertain. He was baptized on August 10, either in 1645 or 1643—the chirography of the old manuscripts failing to make plain the final figure. More definite is the information concerning his birthplace and parentage. He was born in the quaint old village of Segno, in the Val di Non, and his parents were Francisco and Margarita Chini. In Segno a tablet commemorating his birth reads thus:

“Among these walls of the ancient boundary was born on the 10th of August, 1645, Father Eusebius Chini, who, missionary of the Company of Jesus, carried, with the light of the Gospel, Latin civilization to the awesome lands of California; and, untiring explorer, committed, in learned volumes, precious documents of these unexplored lands to future generations.” Thus the local record; yet in 1680 Chini informed a friend that he was then thirty-seven years old, which would place his birth date in 1643, a difference of two years. Even the original form of his name is uncertain, for it is variously rendered as the German Kuhn or Kuehn, or the Italian Chini or Chino, Latinized as Chinus. Not until he entered the lands of soft Spanish speech did he alter it to the familiar forms of Quino or Kino.

Equally diverse are the speculations as to his nationality. On this point, Kino himself wrote: “I am from Trente in the Tyrol, but I hesitate to say whether I am Italian or German, for the city of Trente uses the language, customs and laws of Italy almost entirely, and although it is really located on the very edge of Tyrol, nevertheless, Tyrol is under the rule of Germany.” Certain it is, that although his name indicates Italian ancestry—the Chini family still lives in the Val di Non—his native language, his education and all the influences of his early life were largely German.

From the fragmentary evidence available, it is learned that he received his early education in the town of Hala in the Innsbruck, and at the Jesuit college there and in the Jesuit college at Trent. Few records are obtainable concerning this period of his life, but it is probable that he was emulating a certain noted kinsman of his family, Padre Martino Martini, a renowned geographer and, next to San Francisco Xavier, the most eminent of Jesuit missionaries to the Orient. Padre Martini appears to have been the ideal upon which Chini planned to model his own life; for Martini had been a mathematician of some repute, as well as a geographer; and we find Chini displaying from childhood a keen interest in these studies.

According to his own account, Kino—to adopt his classic name—left the sunny Tyrol about the year 1662, when he is found in the city of Freiburg, in the Breisgau in Germany, attending the old university of that city. A youth of eighteen, with a fine scholastic record, he may have been attracted to this city on the edge of the Schwarzwald by the fame of Adam Aysentler, who had recently won a wide reputation by his map of the world. Apparently Kino remained in Freiburg for at least three years, since he says that in 1665 two events took place, one of them in that city, which affected his whole life.

The first of these two events occurred, it would seem, while Kino was in his old school town of Hala. There he fell into a most serious illness. The nature of this sickness is not divulged, but he relates that his recovery was by a narrow margin; indeed, only by the intercession of the saint to whom he had committed his soul in expectation of death. Says the good man himself: "To the most glorious and most pious thaumaturgus and apostle of the Indies, San Francisco Xavier, we all owe very much. I owe him . . . my life, which I was caused to despair of by the physicians in the city of Hala, in Tyrol." Here, then, was another incentive to follow in the footsteps of a great missionary to the Orient. Kino doubtless returned to Freiburg filled with new zeal for a life of service, although it

is by no means certain that he definitely contemplated becoming a missionary at this time. On this occasion, too, in recognition of his newly adopted patron saint, he began to write his name Eusebio Francisco Chini.

The second event which profoundly affected Kino's career took place in the same year, but in Freiburg. In the university city, presumably as a result of his rescue by San Francisco Xavier, he took the preliminary steps toward entering the Company of Jesus, "in the Novitiate of Landsberg, of the Province of Upper Germany," on November 20, 1665. It was not until many years later that he completed his novitiate.

The next ten years of Kino's life are not clearly recorded. At some time after 1665 he must have gone forth from Freiburg to attend the University of Ingolstadt, which was then much more famous and more closely connected with the Jesuits. The ancient town of Ingolstadt overlooked the Danube in central Bavaria, and chief among its assets in those days was the venerable university. Generously endowed and long prosperous under the control of the Jesuit fathers, the university founded by Duke Louis the Rich of Bavaria in 1472 could count more than five thousand students in the days when Kino entered its walls; this despite the frequent crises in its existence during the Thirty Years' War. It had long been a stronghold of Catholicism in Germany—indeed, the southern counterpart of Protestant Wittenberg in the north. Here had held sway for more than thirty years in the preceding century, occupying the chair of religion, that scandalously drunken, unchaste and avaricious theologian, Dr. Johann Maier Eck, doughty opponent of Martin Luther.

Although he probably had due reverence for the memory of Father Eck, Kino's interests lay more in geography and the mathematical sciences than in abstruse theology. At Ingolstadt, as at Freiburg, he distinguished himself along these lines, and was the most promising and brilliant of the students under the famous Jesuit geographer, Father Heinrich Scherer. So close were the relations be-

tween master and pupil in the years Kino spent at Ingolstadt, that the younger man was later inspired to contribute sundry geographical essays and maps to the *Hierarchical Geography* which was published by Scherer at Munich in 1703, just before his death. It is reasonable to suppose, also, that Kino occupied some minor office at the university at this time.

Kino's talents were not recognized merely by Scherer. In 1676, after some ten years at Ingolstadt, we hear of him in connection with the reigning Duke of Bavaria, Ferdinand, who in that year came with his father, the Elector, from the latter's court at Munich fifty miles away. They seem to have been on a tour of inspection, and to have included the university in their schedule. However this may be, an interview took place between the Duke and Kino, concerning the mathematical sciences. Perhaps Father Scherer had whispered in the ducal ear that this young mathematician was likely to make a mark for himself in the world, and might perchance bring added fame to the halls of Ingolstadt. At all events, Duke Ferdinand and his father, probably without too deep an understanding of mathematics themselves, were duly impressed with the profundity of Kino's knowledge. The result was their offer to him of a professorial chair in their favored institution, a high honor for so young a scholar.

The point of Kino's acceptance of this offer is disputed. Perhaps he was rather unwilling to take the proffered office, still cherishing the hope which he had fostered, he says, since he was twenty-five years old, of becoming a missionary. But he seems to have remained at Ingolstadt two years longer, and it may be inferred that he accepted the position. The offers of princes were not to be lightly rejected, and it is doubtful if the young mathematician would have continued to find favor among the teachers at Ingolstadt if he had declined such a benevolent gift from their noble patrons. The records, too, indicate that for the ensuing two or three years he held a professorship of mathematics within the time-mellowed walls of

Ingolstadt. He may have done so, however, with the mental reservation that at the first opportunity he would break away from old associations and go forth to mold his own life.

Young Eusebio Chini, then, at his duties in Ingolstadt, gazed out of a study window and dreamed of the remote lands which needed missionary zeal. Research has failed to unearth an authentic portrait of the great pioneer, either in his youth or in his later days; but judging from his life then and later, it may be supposed that he was a short, slender youth, of dark complexion, with the tense eyes of a dreamer and an ascetic, but without the manner and bearing of a fanatic, for such Kino never was. Such a description, not very different from that of Fray Junipero Serra, would doubtless fit Kino as well in later life, with the addition of a skin bronzed by the hammering sun of Arizona and California.

Kino was now at a turning-point in his career. He had, in fact, his choice to make between two possible courses of life. He might rise to fame as a mathematician and map-maker under the kindly guidance of Father Scherer, to whose teachings he always, then and later, awarded praise. Or he might by diligence and shrewdness advance in the zealous ranks of the Company of Jesus. Perhaps he pondered this matter of a choice on many an occasion as from his study window he watched the sun go down into the flaming west.

But there must have been a leaven of restlessness working in the staunch soul of Eusebio Chini. Remote lands and the urge of a roving border ancestry combined with missionary zeal to exert a pull upon him. Somewhere to the east and south beyond the seas was that Cathay which down through the centuries had drawn the uneasy spirits of Italy from their homeland, to trade and fight and convert. Before him, moreover, were the examples of his kinsman Martini, and his new-found patron saint, Francisco Xavier.

Was it strange, then, that he should answer the call of his blood and of adventure, when they came to him, as they did, in the guise of religious fervor? Nor was it by any desire or intention of his that opportunity took him westward instead of to the Orient.

CHAPTER II.

THE MISSIONARIES OF NEW SPAIN

Long before the time when the young Jesuit teacher delved among old tomes in a dimly lighted library beside the Danube, while he dreamed of the holy work of converting the heathen in the Far East, great deeds had been done on the frontiers of civilization to prepare a field for his life mission. Destined to be a pioneer himself, he was to profit by the experience of a host of earnest workers, both of his own society and others, who for more than a century had been part and parcel of the expansion of European peoples into remote parts of the earth. The missionary orders were by no means the least important factors in the spread of Europe into the Orient and Africa and the New World.

Three of the expanding European nations were more deeply convinced than others of the missionary's value in extending their colonial borders. To the Orient, Africa and Brazil went bold missionaries such as San Francisco Xavier, under the protection of Portugal. That nation's far-reaching influence had opened the ancient sea-ports of the East to trade at the cannon's mouth, setting the example of economic imperialism for the nations of today. The wintry spaces of Canada were penetrated by padres who helped to plant the lily-banner of France in the heart of a continent which she made little effort to hold. But the best example of the cooperation of empire and church, of the welding of spiritual and temporal interests, was to be seen on the borders of the Spanish dominions in the New World. The seventeenth-century colonial empires of France and Portugal have all but vanished long since, and Spain's has been lost to her politically. Yet Spanish insti-

tutions have been permanently planted in the Americas; and from middle North America to Cape Horn lie scattered the traces of the empire that was Spain's, refuting those who point out the weakness of the Spanish nation. To her missionaries, whether of Spanish or other blood, goes half the credit of Spain's achievements.

Hand in hand with the conquistador in the advance of Spain's frontier in the New World went the missionary. The Spanish rulers desired the aid of the mission for a number of reasons. Ostensibly, it was a humanitarian means of converting and civilizing the Indian. More practically, it served three other purposes: it reduced the natives to a state of submission, in which they might be exploited more easily and put to work for the profit of the white man; it was an important means of exploring new lands; and it tended to keep quiet and peaceful such Indians as were out beyond the control of the frontier authorities. The fact that on the whole Spain succeeded in these uses of the mission, speaks volumes concerning the unsung labors of thousands of humble missionaries, who perhaps did more good for the American Indian than any other white men ever attempted to do.

The white conquerors from Spain adopted, early in the sixteenth century, the practice of dividing the subject Indians and their lands among themselves, and of establishing plantations worked by native labor. The Indians were not particularly fitted for the labor, it is true—but there they were, on the land occupied by their ancestors, and something had to be done with them. The Spanish rulers were of no mind to exterminate the red man. Rather, they conceived the pious plan of civilizing him and converting him to Christianity. Therefore, supposedly loyal Spanish settlers were entrusted with the care and instruction of the Indians. The latter were divided into groups, or *encomiendas*, and assigned to the white trustees, who were called *encomenderos*. It was the theory in Spain that in return for the labor of the natives the *encomenderos* should give them Christian training and edu-

cate them. Each *encomendero* was expected to provide a teacher and a priest for the Indians in his charge. To supply the *encomiendas* with trained priests for this purpose, monasteries and colleges were created in the colonies by the different religious orders.

But this elaborate system broke down about the end of the sixteenth century, because it was based upon the belief that the Indian *wished* to be civilized and converted and was willing to work for these privileges. It soon developed that the natives had their own simple ideas about work and conversion, and the *encomenderos* were not always faithful to the trust put in them. Before long, laws and force had to be applied to keep the Indians on the plantations, or settled in pueblos like the towns of Spain. The *encomienda* system had failed in so far as benevolent intentions were concerned, and had become only disguised slavery. Yet it continued to exist for a long time in the interior of the Spanish colonial domains.

Out on the frontiers, however, another means of Indian control was needed. Spain had made most of her conquests and settlements in regions occupied by civilized and extremely docile Indians, but as her colonial empire expanded, a new type of native had to be confronted and subdued. These savages—*Indios barbaros*, the Spaniards called them—were sometimes nomads, and at best were often very warlike and unwilling either to accept Spanish rule or live in pueblos. Nor were white settlers as eager to go out and make homes in lands threatened by such Indians, for it would be equally hard to make them work or to convert and civilize them.

The Spanish crown, however, still insisted that the natives of these outlands be civilized and converted, whether or not they were to be exploited; and it was important that they be at least pacified, if not put to work, in order that the existing white settlements be protected. What Spain needed, in short, was a body of Indian agents, better trained for the work of civilizing the Indians than had been the *encomenderos*.

For such agents the crown turned to the church, and found among the brotherhoods of the clergy the instruments it required. Herein were men inspired by ideals of service, and others with less lofty aims; some sought to exalt Holy Church above all else, others were probably drawn to the mission field more by a love of adventure and a desire to see the world. Many were learned men of high accomplishments; some were tawdry politicians and sycophants. In fact, they represented a fair cross-section of the European civilization of their day. But as a rule, those members of the church orders who chose to go on missions to the weaker peoples of the world were men who formed the cream of the brotherhood; for the life of a missionary in those times was by no means attractive, and the clergy who loved their ease or were ambitious stayed at home.

Just as the *encomendero* was in charge of an *encomienda*, so on the frontiers of Spain's empire a missionary's first task was to organize and put in operation a mission. Out of a keen sense of the practical, the Spanish crown gave financial and other assistance in this work, knowing that if the mission could maintain itself for a time, settlers or at least soldiers could find a living in its neighborhood. In this manner the edge of settlement would be protected from Indian raids and perhaps pushed out a little farther into the wilderness. Thus the mission became an essential institution in Spanish America. To be sure, it was effective only against the Indians whom it kept peaceful. When the missionaries encountered the white colonists of other nations the system broke down. But in such cases there was usually another institution close at hand to give protection, the presidio, or frontier military post.

The missionaries were not mere religious agents nor peacemakers, from the viewpoint of the crown. They helped to extend the frontier, and often to bring back knowledge of what lay out beyond it. A part of the task of every energetic missionary was to explore the territory in which he proposed to establish a mission. His first en-

trance into the region was called an *entrada*. From this journey, often made through trackless wilderness, he brought back reports of what he had seen—reports that were made officially not only to his clerical superiors but to the government's officers as well. The government showed its appreciation of this service by furnishing missionaries with money and supplies, part of which they had to use in establishing permanent missions. Therefore, the missionary was in a sense a government-paid emissary of good will to the natives—a combination of explorer, Indian agent, preacher and empire-builder. He made the land and its inhabitants known. He won the respect and often the admiration of the Indians, taught them Christian doctrines, collected them in permanent communities which in many cases became the nuclei of white settlements and, even if they did not, served as a protection for the older settlements from the Indian peril.

The ideal of each missionary was to create his own mission, and to make it so attractive that the natives would voluntarily give up their primitive habits and come to live at the mission under his guidance. For this purpose he saw first to the building of a chapel and a house for himself, which should be enlarged as rapidly as needs demanded. A well-built mission consisted of several buildings of stone or adobe if possible which were collected around a courtyard or patio and connected usually by walls if they did not touch each other. Near by was the pueblo of the converted Indians, or neophytes; and beyond it the fields maintained and cultivated by them, and the corrals for the cattle. Sometimes outer walls were added, surrounding all of the mission buildings proper.

As a rule, two friars or padres were allotted to each mission, but in many cases one had to do the work alone. Often families of converted Indians were brought from older missions to help start a new one, for their presence reassured the new converts. To protect the missionaries and help them in their work, two or more soldiers might be stationed at the mission; and it was certain that as soon

as possible a military garrison would be placed at no great distance. Sometimes the presidio would not be far enough away, as the missionaries complained when the soldiers made off with Indian women or sold too much liquor to the natives. Yet the missionaries were almost helpless against barbarous Indians, and dependent wholly upon the government for defense in case of outbreaks so that soldier and padre generally were on fairly good terms, for while martyrdom was an honor for a missionary it was not usually sought.

The duties of the missionary at his post were to give the neophytes instruction in the principles of Christianity, to teach the more intelligent ones to read and perhaps to write, and especially to repeat prayers and sing or chant the services of the church; to supervise them in the planting of food crops, the tending of flocks and herds, and the building of better homes; to give them some knowledge of useful trades, such as carpentry, tanning, wine-making, weaving and pottery-making; to act as their priest, performing marriage services, baptizing and christening them and administering the last rites; and most of all to keep them at work and at peace. It will be seen, then, that conversion was but a small part of the work of the Spanish missionary.

By the close of the seventeenth century, on nearly all of the far-flung borders of Spanish America, were to be found these self-sufficient, peaceful little communities, where white men and red lived on the whole in amity and tolerance. The particular mission might be small in itself, but often it was one of a cluster which taken collectively made up a considerable population. In Paraguay some 150,000 Guarani Indians lived an idyllic life under the Jesuit padres for a century and a half. This "Jesuit Republic" was the outstanding Spanish missionary effort in South America. North of Panama were scattered the innumerable missions of New Spain, reaching, toward the end of the sixteenth century, into upper New Mexico, and spreading fanwise across the continent as the Spanish pio-

neers pushed up into "the Northern Mystery" outside the lands of the Nahua nations of Mexico. Hundreds of rudesandaled, plodding missionaries, toiling over the scorching deserts and cruel mountains, formed in these regions a long thin line of missions, from the sunny shores of California to the island-studded coast of Texas, to help protect the advance of the power of Spain and the influence of Mother Church.

The work of conversion and civilization in Spanish America was placed chiefly in the hands of the three great missionary orders of the church, the Franciscans, Dominicans and Jesuits. The kindly Franciscans and the grey-robed Dominicans were first in the field, as was but natural in view of their greater age as organized friars. As missionaries in America they were destined to survive and supplant their more famous competitors the Jesuits, who were finally expelled from all the Spanish dominions in 1767. In the late seventeenth century, however, the Company of Jesus held its own with the Guarani Indians in the La Plata valley, while in New Spain in North America the frontier was divided between them and the Franciscans; the Dominicans for the most part remaining in the more settled portion of the viceroyalty. The Franciscans occupied themselves mainly with the regions to the east of their New Mexico missions—Texas, Nuevo Leon and Florida. But they were alive to the opportunities west of the Rio Grande as well, and early in the eighteenth century there was warm rivalry between them and the Jesuits, who controlled the frontiers in Chihuahua, Sonora, Sinaloa, Arizona and Baja California.

Most famous of all missionary orders in those days was the Company of Jesus, then (at the close of the seventeenth century) barely a century and a half old, but already a considerable power in the world. Not to the New World alone did they confine their untiringly pious efforts. Their insistent representatives were to be found in Central Asia, Africa, India, China and the outlying lands beyond. Since the time when that hardy soldier,

Ignacio Loyola, convalescing from wounds suffered at the siege of Pamplona, read Ludolph of Saxony's *Life of Christ* and sat him down in a cave to write his own *Spiritual Exercises*, the Jesuit order had grown and flourished to an unparalleled degree. Founded at Paris in 1534, the order had spread throughout Europe; and from the beggary of St. Ignatius and his immediate associates, had come to be exceedingly wealthy. In every country were to be found the Company's colleges and schools, in which was applied the most thorough system of drill-education the world has ever seen. They had a rigid discipline, organized as they were on a military plan, and obedience was their cardinal virtue. Already, too, they were beginning to feel the dislike of their rival orders and the active opposition of their enemies. It is unnecessary to enter upon a discussion of the activities and failings of the Company of Jesus, some of which undoubtedly led to the loss of its great power in the late eighteenth century. Due in part to arrogant conduct they were cordially hated by their rivals in the days when Eusebio Kino entered their ranks. The fact that he did join, however, shows that by no means all Jesuits could be accused of arrogance and intrigue.

Kino, probably led to enter the Company of Jesus by reason of the example of his relative, Padre Martini, could not well follow the footsteps of his patron saint, San Francisco Xavier, without joining the Company of which the great missionary to the Orient had been co-founder with Loyola. Since the Jesuit order was all-powerful in the Orient and likewise very strong in America, Kino may have thought to take advantage of any opportunity which offered itself in either quarter of the globe. At all events, he had already made his first vows as a novice in the novitiate of Landsberg in Upper Germany in 1665. His final profession of membership was destined to be made nearly twenty years later, and in a far-off land. Now he was a Jesuit professor at the University of Ingolstadt, awaiting the opportunity to leave for his chosen service in the Far East.

In the spring of 1678 came a request from the Father Provincial, the head of the Company's province of Upper Germany, for volunteer missionaries. Kino related the incident in 1680.

"Two years ago," he says, "two of us were sent from the province of Upper Germany, Father Antonius Kirschbaumer and myself, both from Tyrol. . . . Moreover, the letters of our Reverend Father Provincial of the province of Upper Germany had been written in this manner in reference to sending us to the Indies: 'Your Reverence shall send Father Antonius Kirschbaumer and Father Eusebius Chinus; one should be sent for service in Mexico, and the other in the Philippines, just as your Reverence deems best or as it shall please them and as they shall choose for themselves'. And so the Reverend Father Provincial left it entirely to Father Antonius and myself, whether we should choose the mission in Mexico, or in the Philippines and Marianas. So, although I, through hope of crossing from the Philippines into China, now and as I had felt for many years before, had a great desire of seeking that I should be chosen for the Philippines and that Father Antonius should be sent to serve in Mexico; nevertheless, I said to Father Antonius that he should first select from the two missions; he, in truth, begged me to choose first. So while we were engaged in this pious controversy, it occurred to us to resort to the religious rite of choosing by lots. Therefore, two slips of paper were prepared; on one was written 'Mexico', on the second, 'Philippines'. When we tried the lots, the Philippines were drawn by Father Antonius and Mexico was left to me. At first, the result seemed harsh to me, and my hopes were dashed of perfecting my mathematics in China; but shortly, prayers were made to God, and the affair was placed in the keeping of my most beloved San Francisco Xavier, saintly Father Ignatius, and Mary, the thrice Blessed Mother of our most Pious Lord; and these brought peace to my mind. So, from the casting of the lots, or from this selection by the most beloved right hand of Him by Whose nod true lots

are chosen, it now appears that Father Antonius rather than I will go to the Orient."

Kino did not quite despair of reaching the Orient ultimately, even though it might have to be by way of Mexico. There was the possibility, he remarks, that Father Antonius might become ill or indisposed on the voyage westward. In that case Kino might be able to secure a transfer from New Spain to the Philippines or China. Apparently for several years he still cherished the hope of following the examples of Padre Martini and San Francisco Xavier. But for the time being the pious die was cast. Instead of pagodas, Kino was to work among *jacales*; instead of preaching to people of the most ancient civilization his sermons were to fall upon the ears of savages in the American desert.

CHAPTER III.

NEW WORLDS TO CONQUER

Early in the spring of 1678 Kino set forth upon his journey to the distant land of New Spain. Little is known of his travels overland through Europe; but since the first point of embarkation for his sea voyage was to be Genoa, he certainly travelled by way of the Alpine passes down into Italy; and after a six weeks' journey he was, on April 12, in his old school town of Hala to the north of Trent. Perhaps he paused there to say farewell to friends and kinsfolk. But he seems to have found the town and its vicinity little to his liking, for he speaks most unfavorably of the people and complains of the dangers of travel.

"In this place," he wrote to a friend in Germany, "Beelzebub is worshipped! A fierce race, and powerful marauders, they have already killed three of our brethren, and are justly to be called brigands." He notes also the prevalence of wines and drunkenness among the people. Since he remarks, however, that more than one hundred other people are gathering at Genoa for the western voyage, it is probable that he and his companions found better protection along the way thence to Genoa.

Kino's diary and that of Padre Gerstle, another Jesuit missionary bound for the Philippines, cover the period from June 12 to July 27, 1678. They relate the manner of seventeenth-century ocean travel and of Kino's journey from Genoa to Spain, whence he was to embark for the New World. On June 12, 1678, there congregated in the port of Genoa a goodly company, consisting of Kino and eighteen other missionaries of the Company of Jesus. Their names and nationalities are of some interest, showing the diverse origins of members of the Jesuit order. Bound for the Philippines were Padres Carolus Boranga, Adam Gerstle, Andreas Mancker and Mathias Fischer, all from Austria; August Strobach, Joannes Tilpe, Mathias Cuculinus, Paulus Klein and Wenceslaus Christman, of Bohemia; Antonius Kirshbaumer of Germany; and Carolus Cali and Theophilus de Angelis, of Italy. Those padres destined for the New World were: Josephus Neumann and Simon Pohruradski, from Bohemia; Joannes Ratkay of Hungary; Thomas Revell (or Riedl), of the Netherlands; Josephus Giovanni and Maestro Carolus Calvanese (head of the party), from Italy; and "Eusebius Franciscus Chinus," of the Tyrol. An hour before noon that day they went down to take boats for their ships, accompanied to the landing place by many of the Genoese clergy. Two boats bore them off to their vessels, a pair of small Genoese merchantmen which lay four miles out to sea. That day the ships made scarcely a mile from their anchorage because of contrary winds.

Life on shipboard crossing the Mediterranean soon settled down to a routine carefully recorded by Kino. The missionaries were well treated, says he, and had at least four courses to each meal. Every evening after sunset the prayers of the litany were recited, and nearly every day a few of the missionaries managed to assemble to say mass, although for the first few days most of them were prostrated by seasickness when the vessels ran into heavy storms. On June 14 they sighted the high purple peaks of Corsica. Next day came a dead calm for many hours, in

the course of which, according to Kino, they saw a whale. On this day, too, Kino confessed one of the sailors. June 17 was noteworthy to Kino because due to more stormy weather the padres were unable to say mass. "The manner in which we ate, both at dinner and supper today, was very peculiar, for we had to eat our food on the floor, since the dishes could not be kept securely enough in their places at the table."

They sighted the shores of Minorca, in the distance to the right, on June 18. Here they experienced the first of several alarms. Two strange ships appeared in the offing, and the crew prepared for battle, fearing an attack by pirates. The bedding of the padres was taken from them to be used in the erection of breastworks, while the missionaries themselves took refuge in the captain's quarters, to leave the decks free for action. But presently all were relieved when it was discovered that the strange vessels were English ships patrolling the seas against pirates and Turks. The episode evidently made a deep impression upon the crew, however, for the next day, says Kino, many soldiers and sailors came to be confessed of their sins.

They suffered another alarm from strange ships on June 20, and that evening passed the island of Formentera, southernmost of the Balearics and in those days a penal colony. Next day at sunset they beheld the heights of San Martin in Valencia, their first sight of the shores of Spain. Below these heights, they knew, lay the famous wine-port of Alicante, which was to be the first destination of the ships. But winds and weather held them out at sea for three days, in the course of which they were again disturbed by the approach of unknown vessels, causing more preparations for defense and more confessions of mariners. On June 25, says Kino, "in the morning we were able to see sufficiently clearly with the naked eye the citadel situated on the top of the mountain, the lighthouse, and even the city (of Alicante) itself, for we were not more than two German miles from it." Toward evening the Genoese ships were able to make the port, where the padres were

welcomed and given lodging in the Jesuit college of Alicante.

Now arose the question of going by sea or land to Cadiz, the great port of Spain, whence the annual protected fleets sailed for the Indies, on board which, as was customary, the Spanish crown permitted its favored missionaries to sail. The Jesuits of Alicante told the travelers that while the fleet that year was scheduled to leave on July 2, it was probable that its departure would be delayed. But Padre Calvanese and his party decided to take no chances, and to take the presumably shorter route by sea to Cadiz, thus also avoiding the many inconveniences of land travel through Spain. Yet, even so, they were detained in Alicante until July 2, perhaps in part because of their ships' requirements. These days they spent in a continual round of masses and of religious pilgrimages to nearby shrines.

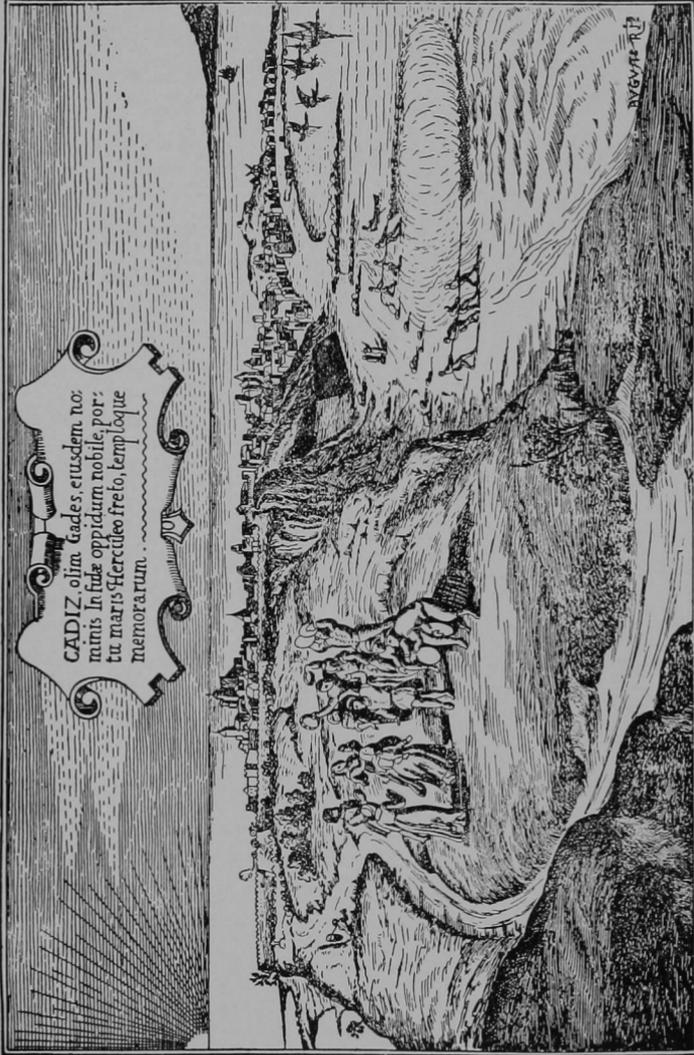
Finally, on July 3, they embarked again and made way southwestward along the Spanish coast with sundry mishaps such as storms and a pursuit by Turkish vessels. Occasionally the supercargoes of God sighted the snowy summits of the mountains of Granada. On the eighth they beheld the African coast near Ceuta, and the padres were astounded to see the shape of a dragon on one of the mountains—an apparition which some of them attributed to Turkish magic. Contrary winds drove the ships for shelter into a cove on the Spanish coast near Malaga, where calms further delayed them. But they were assured that the Spanish fleet had not yet left Cadiz. During the delay here the padres and sailors amused themselves by fishing, and the missionaries carefully measured their ship. Kino records that the vessel was 168 feet long, thirty-eight wide and fifty-two high, with a mast 150 feet tall and ten feet thick at the base.

On the thirteenth a favorable wind again filled the sails. Twelve strange vessels approached, causing a flurry of excitement allayed only when the strangers turned out to be Dutch merchantmen. Mists arose, obscuring the

coasts and causing such confusion on the part of the navigators that they lost their reckonings. Says Kino: "When we were almost at the entrance of the Straits of Hercules itself amid the deepening shades of night overhead, since the pilots of the ship mistook an African mountain for one in Spain, they kept it to the right when they should have kept it to the left, and we entered a certain bay of Africa in the vicinity of Ceuta to the south." Next morning they discovered their mistake, and sought to leave the dangerous Barbary Coast, being frightened by an approaching ship of unknown character. At length they were able to navigate the Straits of Gibraltar and pass along the western coast of Spain toward their destined port.

Not far in the distance was the immediate goal of the voyage. But as there came into view the noble rock fortress of San Sebastian, guarding the spacious harbor of Cadiz, they also beheld the magnificent spectacle of forty-four Spanish galleons and caravels, the *flota* of that year, standing out to sea with billowing sails. A beautiful sight at any time, it was yet on this occasion a sad one for Kino and his companions, who realized they had missed their opportunity of sailing for the Indies that year. The missionaries were now forced to put into Cadiz; but even this step proved a difficult one; for opposing winds and the strictness of Spanish port officials and regulations concerning foreigners kept them waiting four days longer. At last, on the nineteenth, the king's officials came aboard the ships, and after being well entertained by the captain, graciously gave the vessels permission to enter the port.

It must have been with mixed feelings of regret and interest that the missionaries gazed upon their surroundings as the ships passed under the frowning battlements of San Sebastian, negotiated the rocks of Los Cochinos and Las Puercas, and entered the harbor of the proud, wealthy city of Cadiz, portal of the Spanish Indies. Since 1529 the great port had shared with imperial Sevilla, up the Guadalquivir to the northeast, the trade of the Indies; and even greater affluence was to be hers some thirty years after



CADIZ. olim Gades, eiusdem no:
minis In fide oppidum nobile, por:
tu maris Herculeo fredo, temp loque
memoratum.

Seventeenth Century Cadiz

Kino's visit, when her merchant princes were to gain a practical monopoly of Spain's colonial commerce, lasting nearly half a century. The plundering of the shipping in the Bay of Cadiz by Drake in 1587, and the viciously cruel sacking and burning of the city itself by Essex and Howard in 1596, were evidence of the bitter envy which other maritime nations bore toward Spain and Cadiz. But she had endured these losses and sundry others since, and her snowy spires and turrets still rose grandly from the sea, symbols of the might of the Spanish nation.

Twice a year, normally, the heavily convoyed treasure and merchant fleets sailed forth from Cadiz for New Spain and Peru; and twice a year they returned, bringing the wealth that had been concentrated for them at Porto Bello and Vera Cruz—gold and silver bullion, spices, hides, precious stones and Oriental goods transshipped across Mexico from the Spanish merchant fleets of the Pacific. In addition, unguarded vessels occasionally plied between Cadiz and a restricted number of colonial ports. Kino and his friends, although they had missed the *flota*, or treasure fleet of 1678, could have believed themselves close to the Indies of both hemispheres when they landed and passed through the opulent streets of Cadiz.

To them came in great distress at the Jesuit college of San Hermenegildo in Cadiz no less a personage than the procurator of the missions of the Indies, Padre Pedro Espinar, with a sorrowful tale of how he had eagerly but vainly awaited their coming and in fulfilment of his official duties had three weeks previously paid the commander of one of the vessels of the *flota* the sum of 22,000 *florins* for their passage to Mexico—money with which the commander had sailed, minus his passengers. Now a suit would have to be brought for the recovery of the money. In the meantime there was nothing to be done save await what chances might develop for a passage to the New World. There would be no regular *flota* for a year. But the missionaries might be able to make the voyage in private vessels.

Our Jesuits now resigned themselves to a sojourn of at least a year in Spain. The hope of a passage in private ships proved vain for the owners of such vessels demanded far too high a price, in the opinion of the padre procurator. Kino accompanied Padre Gerstle and others to Sevilla, there expecting to receive orders for such service as might be performed in the interests of the Company of Jesus. In the great city which dominated Spain's colonial empire, they seem to have stayed in another of the universal Jesuit colleges which were in reality homes for traveling and unemployed members of the order.

Padre Gerstle and several others of the party were presently sent to work in the hospitals maintained by the Company. There is no definite record of Kino's activities during the ensuing two years, but it is reasonable to suppose that he was at work in the Jesuit college in Sevilla for at least a part of the period. In 1679 a number of royal vessels sailed for the Indies, but since they were scheduled to touch first on the African coast and gather negro slaves for the colonies, the Jesuits declined to take passage in them. Their departure for the New World was therefore postponed another year.

From Padre Gerstle's correspondence, vivid pictures of life in Sevilla, as the good missionary saw it, may be extracted. Although the splendid city had long been the commercial center for Spain's trade with her colonies, most of its business had by 1679 come to be controlled by French and Dutch merchants. Gerstle tells that some forty thousand Frenchmen lived in the city; perhaps a foreshadowing of the French domination of Spain in the following century. The city was filled with crowds of the clergy, who occupied a great number of monastic buildings; while the streets swarmed with beggars, representing the many classes of Spain who derived small profit from the national wealth furnished by the Indies. That the clergy were not without profit, however, may be inferred from Gerstle's statement that the archbishop of Sevilla supported 22,000 beggars from his own income. Whenever news came of

the arrival of one of the treasure fleets, remarks Gerstle, silver went far down in value, for the bulk of Spain's colonial mineral riches came in the form of silver. One of Gerstle's companions, Padre Mathias Fischer, died as a result of the bungling of the leeches, or blood-letters, in the medical profession of Sevilla, which would indicate that the famous Dr. Sangrado of Gil Blas' narrative was not without prototypes. Equally crude were the forms of public execution for criminals, sometimes resulting in the burial of living persons. The spirit of the time was illustrated by the eagerness of the nobles to share in the bull fights in spite of the church's disapproval of the national sport. Thus was Spain in the heyday of her prosperity and just before her century of disaster.

It was doubtless while in Sevilla that Kino either made a personal acquaintance with a famous lady of the day, or at least began sending her reports on his work as a member of the Company. She was the Duchess de Aveiro de Arcos y Maqueda, of Portuguese descent, and she was living in Madrid at the time. Her wealth, it seems, went largely to the promotion of Christian missions throughout the world, and for this reason she was sometimes called "the mother of the missions." Because of her generosity in the matter of mission support, she regularly received letters from the missionaries of the Catholic Church, detailing their struggles and hopes. Kino seems to have begun writing to her in August of 1680, after he had returned to Cadiz, and from that time on for several years he made more or less regular reports to her on his activities and travels. From these letters we learn much of his life in the New World.

In March of 1680, Gerstle, Kino and their companions came back to Cadiz, intending to take passage in the *flota* of that year, which was expected to sail in June. This time they were in Cadiz fully two months before the sailing date; and they made reasonably sure of getting passage by completing all arrangements at once. On July 11 a part of the great *flota* put out to sea, under the protec-

tion of two armed galleons. Among the first ships to sail was the one which bore the little band of Jesuits, including Kino and Gerstle. Kino wrote his own story of what occurred to his friend the Duchess.

“While we were going out of the harbor our vessel grounded on the cliffs near the ‘Diamond’, in the most evident danger of foundering with all on board. But by the favor of His Divine Majesty and the intercession of San Francisco Xavier, the sea became calm again, and we returned safe and sound to the city and to our college at about eight o’clock in the evening. Our Reverend Padre Procurator of the Indies hurried back and forth for many hours seeking information as to what hope there might be of our embarking again; but when he learned that the vessel could not be used, at least not for some weeks, he returned to the college. At two in the night he made us get up to go and embark on some of the other vessels of the *Flota*, which we reached about six in the morning. We were almost all without cloaks, caps and Breviaries, since we had left the wrecked vessel (in haste) But despite many prayers and appeals they would not receive more than eleven missionary Fathers on the vessels of the *Flota*. The other twelve of us were forced to return to Cadiz and to the college, which we reached at noon. . . .” Among those deserted were Kino, Gerstle, Kirschbaumer, Cuculinus, Revell, Christman and Klein.

Again thrown upon their own resources for occupying time during the seven months before another sailing, Gerstle and several others went back to Sevilla, where they could be of service in an epidemic then raging in the city. Kino on this occasion seems to have remained in San Hermenegildo in Cadiz, for we find him writing to the Duchess from that city in December, 1680 and January, 1681. He spent at least a part of the time in the pursuit of his astronomical and mathematical studies, and he manifested much interest in the appearance of the famous comet of 1680, on which he made lengthy comments to the Duchess, and of which more will be recorded later.

The first *flota* of 1681 was scheduled to sail late in January, wrote Kino on the eleventh of that month. But he did not expect it to get under way before March. He had taken passage in it on board the despatch ship *Aviso*, to Vera Cruz. On the eighteenth came Padre Gerstle and his friends from Sevilla to join their comrades. Kino's hopes ran high again, after nearly three years of disappointments. He would get a transfer of his mission, he told the Duchess, and go from New Spain to join Padre Angelis, who had left in the 1680 *flota* and who expected to go to the Mariana Islands (the Ladrões), and perhaps farther, to explore the little known land of Australia. Fortunately for Kino, perhaps, destiny interfered with this plan; for in 1684 Padre Angelis met a martyr's death in the Marianas.

On the twenty-sixth Kino wrote to the Duchess that at last the new viceroy of New Spain, the Marques de la Laguna, who was to sail in the *flota*, had embarked, and the galleons seemed to be hurrying their departure. Finally, on January 29, the great *flota* put out to sea, amid a cannonade of salutes, trailing the crimson and gold banners of Castile into the sunset. On the *Aviso* was Padre Eusebio Francisco Kino.

CHAPTER IV.

A COMET AND A CONTROVERSY

The treasure fleets of the Spanish Indies were slow-moving, ordinarily requiring from three to five months for their voyage to the New World. Their slowness was in part due to their heavy construction, for they were designed not only to carry huge quantities of merchandise from Spain to her colonies, but to bring back much of the revenues and products of Spanish America. They were heavily laden on both their outward and return passages, and since the voyages were made in large companies, for protection, the more rapid vessels were compelled to adapt their speed to the speed of the slowest. Often in danger of attack from the buccaneers of France, Holland and Eng-

land, the towering, high-pooped galleons and the clumsy caravels kept close together as they slowly wallowed through the rough waters of the stormy Atlantic, broad sails billowing to the trade winds.

Transatlantic travel in those days had its inconveniences. The cabins for even the wealthier and more aristocratic passengers were small, and sometimes a whole family was crowded into one room five feet square for several months. Missionaries, being in a sense passengers through the king's charity, were doubtless no better accommodated. Rats and other vermin abounded on the ships, but had to be endured; and in case of need were not to be scorned as food. Passengers and officers prepared food together, while the miserable sailors, the mixed spawn of a dozen nations, ate from the half-spoiled ship's stores. In the waist of the ship, between the high *castilla* at the bow and the corresponding *alcazar* or poop at the stern, ranged the ship's artillery. Here, too, the garrison of soldiers had their quarters, and here were the pumps from which the drinking water was drawn, although it was not the most attractive of refreshments, for according to a sixteenth-century passenger, "it foamed like hell and stank like the devil."

But over the heads of passengers and crew, and disdaining the befouled decks, stretched an intricate system of sails and rigging, to which all the ship's company might look hopefully. There was the force which was bearing them steadily onward past these miseries, to the half-fabulous lands beneath the westering sun. Each morning, also, to speed the voyage and hearten the passengers, the ship's page loudly prayed for divine assistance in navigation: "Amen, God give us a good day and a fortunate voyage; may our ship make a good voyage, Sir Captain, Master, and goodly company; amen. May we have a good passage, in sooth. God give your highnesses good day, my lords, from stern to prow."

(*To be continued.*)

REMINISCENCES

By *JOE T. McKINNEY*

In the Summer of 1885 I resolved to follow the advice of Horace Greeley and go west. So I wrote my friend Jeff Milton who was then at Grants, N. M., to know if there was any thing that I could get into to earn a livelihood in his country. He wired me to "come at once good job." I reached Grants in April or May of that year and found a job awaiting me on the ranch of the Acoma Land and Cattle Co., of which Mr. J. E. Saint was manager.

He explained to me that I was to be camped at a place about 15 miles south of the headquarters ranch called Bantana. My camp was seven miles north of Cibollita. At the latter place a man by the name Sam Thompson lived. He had a wife who was Spanish. It was a fine ranch. A spring of clear cold water burst out at the head of a canyon and below the spring was the home of the Thompson family. They had a farm of 30 or 40 acres and a nice orchard of all kinds of nice fruit. They were old settlers of that country and had been living there many years. They had cattle also and were happily situated. My boss explained to me that my duty would be to catch Thompson stealing cattle from his company. He said he was stealing cattle from him he was sure and he wanted him caught.

He moved me and my camp outfit to Bantana and after I got my camp cleaned up and straightened around I rode over to Cibollita to get acquainted. I rode up to the house and asked in English if the man was about the place. The lady pointed down to the farm and told me in Spanish that the man was down there. I then said to her in English, "Don't you talk English"? I told her then in Spanish, "No podemos hablar; no habla yo Espanol." (We can't talk then; I can't talk Spanish.) She laughed heartily and said, "Asi estan todos; todos pueden hablar cuando quieren." (That is the way of all; you can all

talk when you want to.) She had two lovely daughters by a former marriage to an Irishman by the name of McBride. They were pretty, too. One was named Susana, the younger one was named Anna. We went to talking Spanish and we had a pleasant time. I made a great hit with the family on our first meeting. I started in to catch the man, if possible, but as time went on they were so good to me and had such confidence in me that I got to thinking very seriously over the matter. I got to thinking how terrible it would be, and how awful I would feel, to have that man sent to the Pen and break up that old happy home when they had such unbounded confidence in me. Saint wanted me to throw in with Thompson and butcher some of his cattle and then notify him when we were to butcher and where and he and the officers would rush in on us and take us in, and I was to be set free and poor Thompson would be sent up. Well I just bucked out and refused to act. I left without telling the Thompson family my business there. They probably have never suspected me. I was offered the job of chief detective of the Live Stock Association of New Mexico if I would go thru with the job. I found out that I was no good as a traitor and was a failure as a detective.

I went from that ranch to Albuquerque and tried to get a job on some ranch but failed. By that time I had spent all my money and was about broke and had to get away from there as there was nothing in sight for me.

I resolved to come to Arizona and try my luck. I had come in there with an old conductor by the name of Horner, and had talked with him enroute. We had got slightly acquainted. The train was leaving Albuquerque that morning very early—before daylight. I passed Mr. Horner on my way to the train and as I did I said to him, "I am broke and I must get out of here this morning." I didn't give him time to reply, but went on and got into the train. I sat there dreading his coming along for tickets, but he finally came along and I handed him a letter written in Spanish. He took it, looked at it, put it in his



JOE T. McKINNEY

This picture was taken in 1888 at Prescott, while the Tewksburys and Grahams were on trial for their part in the Pleasant Valley War. The Tewksburys had their pictures made and persuaded Joe McKinney to do likewise, but the photographs of the Tewksburys cannot be located at this time.

REMINISCENCES

pocket and went on as though it were legal tender. He finally came along back and sat down beside me and handed me my letter and talked with me as though I had paid my fare. I appreciated his kindness more than I can tell. If I had ever met that old man down and out there is nothing in my power that I wouldn't have done for him. I went with him as far as Navajo Springs and got off. I went to a store owned by Lynch Bros. I asked them if there were any cow ranches about there. They showed me in the distance a ranch owned by Zeiger and run by Commodore Owens. It was at the Navajo Spring three miles from the Station by that name. I hiked it over there, where I met Commodore Owens. I stayed over night with him and we passed the time pleasantly talking. The next morning as soon as breakfast was over I struck out south across the sand hills for a ranch of the Wabash Cattle Co. It was said to be 35 miles from Navajo Springs. It was late when I reached there. The sun was down and it was just twilight.

I had skinned my heel walking in my boots and as the country was sandy I took off my boots and tripped down those sandy slaunts in my socks a good portion of the way and had my boots tied together and across my shoulder when I came in sight of the house. I did like the Arkansas girls do before they reach the dance hall, I sat down and put on my boots and walked up. There were on the porch two men and a woman. One man was Dave Logan, the lady was his wife. The other man was Ed Boyle of the Boyle family of Pima, Arizona. I asked if I could stay all night. They called Mr. C. O. Howe, the manager. I told him that I was a cowpuncher and was looking for a job. He said he did not need a man right then but asked me in and treated me nicely. The next morning he told me that he had no work for me then, but if I wanted to take a couple of horses and go down to the Little Colorado and stop at one of his ranches and knock around there and pull any cattle out that might get in the mire he would give me a job when his work started in the spring. I accepted

his proposition and went down there and began my duties of looking for cattle in the bog and I had plenty to do. I never could see why he could afford not to have a man there saving those cattle. I found many already dead in the mire and seldom it was that I did not find from one to two every day to be pulled out. My camp was a short distance above where the Zuni empties into the Little Colorado, and nearly all the cattle I found in the mire were in the Zuni. It was full of quicksand and a cow would go down in it, and, her foot being larger than her leg below the knee, the quicksand would fill in and form almost a sandstone around her leg and make it impossible for her to extricate her foot. I would have to dig to the bottom of her feet to get her out and then if she was able to run after I got her out I would have to outrun her to make my escape from her.

While there at my camp at Stinking Spring I met and became acquainted with the Greer family and would often ride with them. In our conversation I told them that I was not getting any wages at that time for my work but was promised a job as soon as work commenced in the spring. It was then the winter of '85 and '86. It was, I think, in January of '86.

There were four of the Greer boys, viz: Nat, Dick, Harris and Lay. They told me that a job was open right then with them. I had then been working about two weeks. The first time I had occasion to visit the home ranch I told Mr. Howe that I would very soon have to go to making some money and if he did not think that his work would start soon I would have to accept a job with the Greers. They had offered me a job. Mr. Howe was a Maine Yankee and had the reputation of being very close financially, but he proved very liberal and kind to me. He looked straight at me and said, "Go on back to your camp. Your wages have been going on ever since you went down there." I was very grateful and thanked him.

I worked on until the spring came and went with the general round up down the Little Colorado, taking in all

its tributaries as far as Holbrook, back to the ranch, then up the river as far as Springerville and the Nutriosa and around the Escudilla mountain.

I was working along thinking that I was doing well to hold my job as a private in the rear ranks when, to my great surprise, I was called into the manager's office and asked to accept the foremanship of the ranch. I was not prepared for such a proposition and at once refused, telling him that I was not capable of running that ranch. He replied, "Yes you are, I will help you." All of the stockholders of the company were in the room, including Judge Baldwin of Logansport, Indiana, and S. E. Howe, a brother of the manager (C. O. Howe). They virtually forced the job on me. There were others in the employ of the company who thought they were entitled to the foremanship and were hurt and disappointed that they did not get it. One was a nephew of Judge Baldwin. Things were unpleasant for a while but with the assistance of my boss I got by all right. I worked there until January 1, 1887. My friend Commodore Owens had been elected Sheriff during the preceding election in November and had asked me to take the job of Chief deputy or Under Sheriff. I went to Mr. Howe and asked to be relieved from my job as foreman and found that it was not at all agreeable to him. I told him that I wanted to accept the Under Sheriff job under Commodore. It was not at all agreeable to him, but knowing that I was going anyway, he finally gave his consent, saying, "You will probably be a great help to us in your new position."

I went to St. Johns about the last of the year 1886 to assume my new duties with the entrance of the new year. A grand ball was given in honor of the new officers-elect. The ball was a grand affair. Commodore did not dance. I did the dancing for the Sheriff's office. There were many handsome ladies at that ball, and as I was young and jolly I enjoyed it.

We took office on the first of the new year and assumed our new duties. There was a great deal of lawless-

ness in those days and many outlaws throughout the country, and our paths of duty were by no means strewn with roses. We boarded at the McCormack house in St. Johns and it wasn't long until two notorious outlaws dropped in town. One was a man by the name of Porter who wore long hair braided and put up under his hat. I never saw him remove his hat at the table or any where else. He was called "The Long Haired Man." I think the other man's name was Carver. We thought they were outlaws but could find out nothing about them. They would keep their eyes on us when we were near them. They were armed as we could see, but it was not against the law to carry pistols or any other weapon in those days. We would talk about them when alone, but could find out nothing about them. They finally disappeared. The long haired man was killed in American Valley in Socorro County, N. M., by some officers later.

It was not long until the Greers and their neighbors brought to the jail the Brown brothers (Bill and John) and Red Murphy. They had wrecked or ditched an engine, thinking it was the passenger train. They then turned west. They wrecked the engine not far east of Coolidge, N. M.

They came to the camp of the Greers on "Milky Hollow" while they were sleeping and stole spurs and a lot of stuff from where their saddles were lying. The whole roundup outfit struck their trail very early the next morning and overtook them near the Meadows, below St. Johns, and a running fight ensued. The robbers got to a ranch at the Meadows belonging to Smith and Tee and finally came out and surrendered. They were brought to the St. Johns jail for the petty theft at the cow camp, but we soon learned of the charge against them for wrecking the engine. In the running fight Red Murphy's horse was shot and died at the house where they surrendered. A bay horse that Bill Brown was riding was shot through the ear. After their incarceration, I bought the bay horse from Bill

Brown for \$40. I kept him until he died with old age near Bowie.

Comodore Owens had a great reputation as a brave man and wonderful things were promised and expected after he was in the Sheriff's office. Lawlessness was everywhere. It was nothing unusual for the wild ones to come in and shoot up the towns and hold the inhabitants in terror until they got ready to leave. In those days we collected license tax from the saloons and merchants of the towns. I was sent to Springerville to collect license tax from the business men of that little mountain burg. It is a beautiful little town on the head of the Little Colorado, surrounded by mountains. It is 35 miles south of St. Johns. I had not been in the place long when I heard some gun shots and soon a man came into Becker's store where I was and said a man was shooting up his blacksmith shop. I told him that if he would swear out a warrant for the man I would arrest him. He replied, "I don't want to swear out a warrant for him." While we were talking the man came toward the store and fired his pistol in the air about 50 yards from Becker's store. I walked out and met him and shook hands with him. He said, "You look like a pretty good fellow." I replied, "I am one of the boys," and as I did so I put my right arm across over his shoulders and turned and went walking toward the store talking with him. When we reached the door I dropped my hand down on his pistol and drew it from its scabbard and told him that he was a prisoner, and to walk in. He stood and looked at me awfully hard for a few moments, and said, "If I had known *that*, you wouldn't a got my pistol."

Luther Martin was then Justice of the Peace in Springerville and was in the store. I marched my prisoner into a back room of the store where His Honor was and as we sat there awaiting for the law in the case, my prisoner talked a little mean to me and once jumped around and said "That is not all the pistols I have." I told him to sit down and be good, and did not allow him to disturb me in the least. After the Justice had looked for the law on

shooting up the town until he gave up finding any law that could be applied to that particular offense he said, "Mac, I can't find any law that fits this case, and as this is Mr. B.'s first offense, what do you say that we let him go home?" I replied, "I have no personal feelings against Mr. B., and if it suits you I am satisfied." He told the prisoner to get ready and when he was ready to start home I would hand him his pistol. I extracted two cartridges from his pistol so that if he went to shoot, his pistol would snap twice, which would give me the best of it, and when he called on me for his pistol I handed it to him. He mounted his horse and went out of town at full speed, his slicker, which was tied to his saddle, standing straight out behind him. I met him in St. Johns after that and found him to be a very affable fellow. I understand he is living in that vicinity and is a highly respected citizen. If I had not taken him by surprise as I did, it is very probable that there would have been a tragedy in the town of Springerville that day. I understand he had been a Texas Ranger and was used to war alarms, and with his blood heated up on whiskey he doubtless would have tried to make a fight.

He was the first man that I ever arrested. When I started to him I was not decided as to how I would approach him. I did not want to kill him if I could avoid doing so. When we were meeting I saw that he looked kindly at me. So I shook hands with him and just threw in with him and got his pistol before he suspected who I was. Had I decided on going at him the rough way, he, in all probability, would have surrendered or got the worst of it.

I met several men of note in Springerville that day. Among the number were Phineas (Phin) Clanton and Ike Clanton of Tombstone fame. I also met J. V. Brighton who afterward figured in the Sontag and Evans episode in California. He, I have understood, got his wife to go and proffer her friendship to Mrs. Evans in her time of grief in order to find out the whereabouts of her husband. Such an act is repugnant to me; that is why, I suppose, I

was a failure as a detective. It is useless for me to try to mention the names of the hard men that were about the country in those days. I must say in justice to the Clantons that they were affable men, and if I was hunting for hard men I would never pick them.

After finishing my duties in that country as license tax collector I returned to St. Johns. I will not attempt to remember dates but while I was with Owens as his chief deputy there came word from Navajo Springs that the Navajo Indians had killed the Constable and two men of Navajo Springs. Owens was out of town. So I pulled out for the scene of the tragedy. It had occurred about 12 miles east and a few miles south of Navajo Springs. So I took the nearest course, following no road. My experience while working for the Wabash Cattle Co. had given me a good knowledge of the country. It was cold weather, some snow on the ground. I reached the place where the fight occurred. Found a dead Indian in a wigwam covered over with some blankets. The constable (Mr. Lockhart) had been killed there also, but his body had been taken away by men from Navajo Springs. The other two men who were with Lockhart had not been accounted for. I rode up in front of that teepee and looked in but did not get off my horse. I turned away, riding slowly, looking backward, and rode upon two puppies gnawing on a horse that had been killed in the fray. The puppies were very much frightened and opened up a yelling and whining and I thought at once I was surrounded by all the Navajos in the tribe. The chills ran up my back and my hair and scalp just wallowed over my head in a way that I could not control. When I saw what it was all about I burst out in a hearty laugh, but my scalp had gained such momentum that it kept up its activities in spite of me. From the teepee I went east and about one mile from there I met the men who had come from Navajo Springs to meet me to look for the two missing men, King and Palmer. We agreed that the signal would be two shots in rapid succession when any one found the men. We sepa-

rated and went to searching the country for the missing men. I had not gone more than a half mile from my companions when I saw foot tracks in a trail. I followed the trail probably a quarter of a mile when I saw a man lying dead in the trail ahead of me. I pulled my Winchester and fired twice. Presently the men commenced coming in until they all got to me. Before they got there, however, I had found the other missing man a short distance ahead of the first one. The first one to fall was Palmer. He had been shot in the back as he ran and had fallen on his face. King had taken refuge in a small clump of small oak saplings. We could see the mark of bullets on the saplings. Thinking possibly he could play dead on his pursuers he fell over on his face. They put a gun so close to his head that the hair was burned away from around the bullet hole. They then shot Palmer in the same place and just the same way.

The bodies were loaded in a wagon and started for Navajo Springs. We stopped that night at Tolpai Springs. That was where Palmer had lived. He had been a cowboy in the employ of the Defiance Cattle Co. The cause of the trouble was that Palmer had sworn out a warrant for an Indian for riding horses belonging to his company. Lockhart (the Constable) had taken King, a laborer, and Palmer with him to make the arrest. No one knows how the fight started as they were all killed. The Indian they went to arrest was killed, but a whole bunch of Indians took a hand in killing the officers. We went on to Navajo Springs the following day. We met there General Grierson, commander of that department. He made us a talk asking us to leave the whole matter with him and the federal authorities. He assured us that justice would be meted out to the guilty parties. The men were buried and I rode on back to St. Johns, 50 miles distant, on my pony, riding over the same ground that I had walked a little more than a year before looking for a job. I thought nothing about it then, but looking backward must say that I had done very well in the short space of time.

REMINISCENCES

Nothing was ever done with the Indians. It will not do to fail to mention the fact that O. B. Little and John Scarlett and I went around by Houck's Tank, a station on the A. P. R. R., to see if we could get any trace of the Indians who killed these men. Jim Bennett kept an Indian trader's store there. We rode up to the store and found about a dozen Indians there, all with rifles. We dismounted and walked in and along in front of the counter stood seven or eight Indians with their guns in hand. My men and I were in the end of the building while the Indians backed to the wall, leaving a space between them and the counter, behind which stood Br. Bennett and an Indian clerk. I spoke to Mr. Bennett, and then said, "Mr. Bennett, did any of those men have anything to do with that killing upon the mountain?" He replied promptly, "No, Mr. Mac. Those men are far back on the reservation. Let me see you, Mac. Come in." I went with him to his cozy den, laden with Navajo blankets, top, sides and floor. He began. "Those men that did that killing are away back on the reservation, and Mac, if they were here you could not take them. The Indians are all riled up and will fight." I replied, "I have nothing to say if they are not here, but if they are here I want them." He was very much frightened and was greatly relieved when we mounted our horses and rode away. As we rode away we could see the Indians coming full speed bare-back with their rifles in front of them. We came near meeting a lot of them as we took a road leading west and going to Navajo Springs. I told my companions to ride slowly and pay no attention to them. If we had appeared to be in a hurry or running from them they, in all probability, would have given us battle. We rode along leisurely, but as I have often said when telling of this affair, I did think my horse walked awfully slow. If any trouble had started before we left the store, it was my intention to hold the store on them, and as the store was in sight of the railroad the commotion could have been seen from passing trains and help would doubtless have come to us in time to save us.

The building was a long one, built of stone or adobe.

On my return to St. Johns I found all quiet. It was not long until a young man about 20 years old was brought in from Springerville country wounded and placed in jail. His wound was not serious. He had been skulking around, playing outlaw, dodging people and acting in such a way that they were sure he was an outlaw. A posse went to arrest him and he tried to make his escape, and they shot him and brought him to the jail for safe keeping. We tried to find out something about him but failed to do so, and when he was well enough to leave he was released from custody. We still had in our jail the New Mexico outlaws, the Brown boys and Red Murphy, and they were keeping us busy to hold them as the jail was of the ancient type and was very insecure. We had their saddles stowed away in one cell of the jail. They had told us that their saddles were for sale. A man came in one day wanting to buy a saddle. We brought him to the jail to show him their saddles. When we mentioned the matter to them, they had concluded not to sell the saddles. We went in to look at the saddles anyway, as their action had aroused suspicion. When they saw that their efforts to escape were to be exposed they burst into a real jubilee, laughing and merry-making. The door was locked, but they had made a key to unlock it and had dug through the stone wall to the outside layer of rock and all they would have had to do to be free would have been to dig and push the outside layer of stone. Owens became very angry and went to the blacksmith shop to get some shackles and when he came with them and the blacksmith to brad them on, the prisoners went against the door and kept him from opening it. He went out again more angry than ever, promising to show them they were bucking against the wrong man. While he was gone I called them to the window in the iron door and told them they were acting very foolish, that they must submit, that they were only bringing trouble on themselves. They finally consented and told me to tell Owens to bring in his shackles and blacksmith. When

Owens came again I told him that they had "quit" and to go in, it would be all right. Things then quieted down and all went smoothly for a while. Owens was not in St. Johns much of the time and I was in charge of the jail and the Sheriff's office nearly all the time. I had to watch the jail very carefully to keep those men from making their escape. They were smart and game. I had told the jailor never to open the jail door unless I was there behind him. They had told me they would escape if they were given any chance, and said, "Old boy, if we ever get the drop on you, you stand and we won't hurt a hair of your head, but if we ever get the drop on that red head, down comes his meat house." I replied, "All right, boys. If you get the drop on me I'll stand, but my duty is to keep you and I am going to do my duty if I can. I am not angry with you for trying to escape."

One day in March Commodore came in from one of his trips (horse back). I told him that the jailor was a nervous old wreck and that those prisoners were bad ones and that I thought the jailor a very unsafe man to have there in charge of the jail. He replied, "I'll fire him and I'll be jailor awhile myself." I told him that the prisoners were going to go if they are given any show at all. That I never allowed the office of the jail to be without some one in it to watch the movements of those men. Owens was left in charge of the jail. I went to my room at Sol Barth's, and about 12 o'clock that night Commodore came into my room out of breath, saying, "Joe, Joe, get up, the prisoners are out." I jumped up saying, "The hell they are, where were you?" He did not answer me except to say, "Get up and see if we can't catch 'em." I went toward American Valley in New Mexico and was hot on their trail when one of the Brown boys was killed and the other captured one day's ride ahead of me. They had stolen some horses at the SU ranch at the Datile and a posse of cowboys had taken their trail the next morning and had overtaken them and killed Bill Brown and captured John. I had met two deputies from Socorro at Bill Slaughter's

ranch. Their names were Cook and Christello, and we got trace of our escaped prisoners and were making good time on their trail when the news came to us that they were captured. They went toward their homes at Socorro and I turned back toward St. Johns. It was a long ride and when within about forty miles of St. Johns I met a Mexican who told me that I was no longer Under Sheriff, that I was fired. I was very much surprised as I had figured that I had done well and that I would be proclaimed a hero and possibly be met by a brass band. I could not imagine what the trouble was. As I moved along on my tired horse many conjectures came through my mind. I could not figure out what the trouble could be. The next day I reached St. Johns. I was tired and worn out and so was my horse. I was told by a lawyer friend of mine, Barry Matthews, the first time that I met him, that Commodore Owens was accusing me of turning the prisoners out.

I knew that I had done my duty and that I had held those prisoners, that I had turned the keys over to him, and had given him every warning to be careful, that he had gone off to visit his lady-love and neglected his duty and had allowed those prisoners to escape, that he posed as a hard man and was trying to throw the blame on me and make me stand for it. I went to my room and stuck my 40 some odd in the waistband of my pants and proceeded to the office of Commodore Owens. I walked in and said: "I understand I am accused of turning those prisoners out." He replied: "That is the suspicion." I called him every name that I could think of and told him that I had done my duty and that he had neglected his duty and had let those men get away, and "now on your reputation as a hard man you are trying to make me assume a blame that justly belongs to you. You are not hard enough to make me stand for it." I had my 45 front of me in the waistband of my pants. He had his in scabbard and the end of the scabbard was tied to his leg. He replied, "Joe, I believe I am mistaken. I am sorry I have done as I have, but it is too late now. Let the matter drop and you will never hear

it mentioned again by me." He was alone in his office and after we had an understanding that he would never again put such a charge against me, I walked out.

In a short time the Supervisors appointed me Constable at Winslow and I moved to that place to take up my duties. The cowboys had been doing a lot of peace-disturbance over there, such as shooting up the town and roping dogs and dragging them through the street, etc.

I had for a Justice of the Peace an old, tall, crippled fellow by the name of Cate. There is no use in going into details with all the little cases that we had to deal with, but as the Pleasant Valley War was soon to break out, and I happened to be mixed up with it to some extent, I will relate what I know about it from actual experience and what I was told by participants from both sides.

It was not long after I went to Winslow when a man by the name of Gorton came to me and told me that a man was working for him who had stolen a horse from Joe Woods and was wanted for that offense. I told him to swear out a warrant for him and I would go and get him. So a warrant was handed me for the man and a man went with me to show me where this man was. We went the first night to Cole Campbell's sheep camp. The man was in one of Gorton's cow camps about three miles from where we stayed that night. Very early the next morning we started to where our man was to be. We came in sight of the house and could see the smoke coming out of the chimney and we supposed he was preparing his breakfast. I told my companion that we would get up to the house as easily and quickly as possible and walk in on him, giving him no chance to make a fight. So I made the distance as quickly as possible and was in the house and all through it and found no man, but my side kicker did not accompany me, and after I was convinced that the man we were after was not about the house I went back and met my side kicker and told him that the man wasn't at the house and was probably out getting his horse. We looked for some time out near the house where he would be likely to

keep his horses and finally struck a fresh horse track leading to a road that ran south.

We followed the tracks to where they entered the road and I then spoke to my companion and told him if he would lend me his spurs I would catch that fellow. He said, "I hate to let you have my spurs." I said, "Let me have one of them then." He begrudgingly handed me one of his spurs and I struck out after the man. I traveled fast for some time. His horse tracks were very fresh in the road ahead of me, but he doubtless had started very early as I traveled a long ways without overtaking him. I finally came to a sign board which had on it "Pleasant Valley 25 miles." I had traveled so far that if I caught my man I could not get to any ranch that I knew of with him before night. So I just concluded to take it slow and catch him in Pleasant Valley that night and take a new start with him the next morning. I thought that Pleasant Valley was probably a peaceable Mormon settlement, and if necessary I could get all the help and accommodations that I might need. So I went along slowly, taking my time until dark came on me and I was at the rim of the basin. Looking ahead of me I could see a light from a house which afterward proved to be the place where John Tewksbury lived.

When I reached the place the light had gone out. I stopped out probably a hundred or more yards under a small tree. The hound dogs gave me a grand musicale for a while and then all was quiet until the early morn. There was a shower of rain came during the night that caused me to put my saddle over my head and sit at the root of the tree until it was over. I then laid down with my head on my saddle and dozed lightly until daybreak, when I saw a young fellow come out of the house to the wood pile to get some wood to make a fire. I took my Winchester in hand and went up to him, and asked him if a man had stopped there the evening before riding a brown horse. He replied, "He passed here at sun down; you will find him up at Al Rose's." I asked him if I could get some

breakfast. He replied, "You'll have to ask the woman". I had had nothing since the morning before and as my breakfasts are generally a cup of coffee I felt that I needed a bite to eat.

I followed the man around to the back of the house where I met the lady and asked her if I could get breakfast. She gave me a hard look and said "We don't know who people are here." I replied, "I have papers to show you who I am. I am an officer of Apache County and have followed the man in here who passed here just at sun down last evening." She replied, "I guess you can get something to eat." While we were eating she said, "I guess you'll hear a whole lot when you get up to Al Rose's."

I went on up Cherry creek until I reached Al Rose's where I found him walking the yard. He had a pistol belted around him. I rode up and asked if a man had stopped there the night before riding a brown horse. He replied, "Yes, there he sits." I told him that I was an officer of Apache County and had a warrant for that man's arrest. He then said, "Let's see your warrant." I showed it to him. He handed it back to me and said, "There he is." The man was sitting under his porch about 50 yards distant looking at us. He was sitting on a puncheon that ran from one gallery post to another. I could see that he had a pistol buckled around him and a belt of cartridges. I drew my Winchester and started for the man and I had been detained so much that I was a little provoked and went along flirting the warrant in my left hand. When I reached my man I just handed it to him and said, "This is a warrant for your arrest." He took it and then handed it back to me. I had him unbuckle his pistol from around him and hand it to me and then searched him to be sure that he did not have another about him.

All this time Mrs. Rose was standing in the hallway between the two log houses near us looking down on the proceedings as cool and unconscious as if there was nothing going on unusual. After the man and I had our business settled Al Rose came up and said, "Look here, part-

ner, if you are an officer you had better come and do something with them damn Tewksburys; if you don't we are going to kill every damn one of them." He said that two men were lying dead and several more were wounded. That Daggs had staked the Tewksburys to the best guns made, and that they had killed John Paine and Hamp Blevins the day before and had wounded Tom Tucker and Tom Carrington, and Bob Glasspie, and that Bob Glasspie was still missing.

That was all news to me. I told him that I was an officer and if I had any warrants to serve I would try to do my duty but could not afford to take any stock in any private scrap. I then told my man, "If this is the kind of country we have got into we had better get out of here." I went out with my man to where he had his horse staked and we returned to the house where his saddle was. He saddled his horse and we pulled out for Winslow. Before we had gone far after leaving the house of Mr. Rose, we met about seven men coming to the house and intending to go and bury the dead. Among the number I remember seeing McFadden, Bill Voris, and Dick Williams. I cannot recall any more.

We stopped and talked a few minutes and we bade them good-bye and I and my man proceeded on our way. After we had gone a few miles we saw two men coming horseback at about full speed. We stopped to see what they wanted and they rode up to us and said, "We thought probable you were some of that Tewksbury outfit and if you were, it would be as good place to leave you as any." I told them that I did not belong to any outfit and was in there on business and was on my way home. Those two men were Louie Parker and a man by the name of Bonner. They went back the way they came and we started on again and looking ahead of us on the brow of the hill above us we saw two men standing with rifles in their hands. I never knew who they were. We passed unmo-
lest. We reached a camp of the Hash Knife Co. that night on top of the mountain, where we stayed. I gave

my guns to the cowboy and handcuffed myself to my prisoner. The next day I rode into Winslow.

I was given great credit, I understood, by the Tewksburys for going into the midst of their enemies and taking that man away with me. They said, "That fellow is a good one; we would like to have him with us". They didn't know how ignorant I was of the danger I was going into. If either the Tewksburys or the Grahams had come up on me out under that tree near the Tewksbury house they would have riddled me with bullets and I would not have known what it was all about. Up to that time there had been killed Tewksburys' sheep herder and old man Blevins and, the day of my arrival into the valley, John Paine and Hamp Blevins. They were killed at George Newton's ranch. There were seven of the Tewksbury party in the house when Hamp Blevins and Paine were killed.

The incidents of this affair were told me by Bob Glasspie, who was with the Blevins party and also by Ed Tewksbury. Bob Glasspie told me that the Blevins boys came up "among the Hash Knife boys telling about their father being missing and asked us to go with them and help them hunt for him, dead or alive." He said, "We didn't think of running up against anything like we went up against." He continued, "When we rode up to the house Hamp Blevins asked if we could get something to eat. Ed Tewksbury answered by telling us we could get nothing to eat there and that we had better get away from there.

"I felt right then that we would be very lucky if we got away from there alive. When we turned to ride away the guns began firing and a general commotion ensued. John and Hamp fell from their horses, Tom Tucker's horse fell, I got a bullet through my leg above the knee, the bullet went into my horse. I managed to get away from there on him but he quit on me and I had a time getting in with my wounded leg afoot."

Ed Tewksbury told me of the affair and his and

Glasspie's versions were identically the same except that he told me, "There never was as much lead missed one man as missed Tom Tucker." He said, "Tom Tucker's horse fell on his gun," and that Tucker turned his horse over and got his gun out of the scabbard and got into the brush while seven of us were shooting at him with Winchesters. Tucker was hit through one ear and a bullet gave him a flesh wound under one arm, and I think his clothes were pierced with one or two bullets. Bob Glasspie was shot through the flesh of his leg. The bone was not broken. Carrington had some minor scratches. He was not confined to his bed on account of them. There were seven of the Tewksbury faction in the house.

It was not long after this affair that I had to do some prowling in search of a man by the name of Louie Brown, who was accused of killing the man Gorton, who had sworn out the warrant for the man I was after in Pleasant Valley. This killing was done while I was out on some chase I can not now remember. They, Gorton and Brown, had proceeded to come into Winslow and bowl up and take the town. I was told by some of my friends that they were keeping a close watch for my arrival in the town, intending to get the drop on me before I knew of their doings. While the milk man, Pete Jacoby, was innocently walking along the side walk, Gorton invited him into a saloon to have a drink with him. Pete was a big husky fellow and was considered much of a man physically.

Gorton said to him, "Pete, I have a negro that can whip you." Peter replied, "I am not fighting people's negroes." Gorton then replied, "I can whip you myself," and proceeded to pound him over the head with his pistol while Louie Brown held others off with his pistol. A man by the name of Scaggs undertook to ask for mercy for Pete and his front teeth were punched out by the muzzle of Brown's pistol. Pete backed to a row of chairs that sat against the wall and sat down while Gorton continued to strike him. Pete tried to keep his hat on to protect his head as much as possible from the blows. Gorton finally

turned around toward the bar while poor Pete sat there with the blood pouring from his head. While they were not looking Pete scooted out the door and went to his home. Gorton procured a shotgun and was carrying it about with him in anticipation of Pete's return. Dark came on and Louie Brown was on his horse, begging Gorton to go home with him. Gorton had his shot gun by the muzzle standing by the neck of Brown's horse. Presently a stream of fire and the report of a gun came from the top of Breed's store. Brown put spurs to his horse and Gorton fell. The stream of fire from the top of the Breed building was then directed at Brown, and Gorton thinking that Brown had shot him, emptied his shotgun at him as he ran. Gorton made a dying statement that Brown had killed him.

After my return I made a search throughout the country for Louie Brown. I got Pete Jacoby to accompany me. We started late one day in order to reach Sunset Pass, where the Hash Knife outfit had a man by the name of Allred camped. We camped, or rather we slept on top of a mountain overlooking the camp and east of it. The next morning we went to the rim of the mountain and watched until we could see three men moving about the cabin. We then went south and struck the creek that ran by the cabin and followed it until within, I guess, one hundred yards of the cabin and dismounted. I told Pete we would get to the cabin as quickly as possible while they were all in the house and be so close on them that they would have no chance to make a fight. When I started I moved as fast as I could but my friend Jacoby came very slowly and if there had been anything doing it would have all been over and he would not have been known in it. I stepped up in the door and greeted the three men with, "Hello, fellows, any chance to get some breakfast with you this morning?" They were very much disconcerted. My man was not there. The three men were John Allred, Tom Tucker and Sid Dunwoody. I did not want any of them, but there was so much excitement among them

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that I was leary of them. Tom Tucker was white and very nervous, and I thought it safer to try to quiet his fears. So as he went outside to get some chips, I followed him and said to him, "Here Tom, I am not after you. There have been no charges lodged against you fellows for that Pleasant Valley affair. You rest easy now as far as I am concerned. I am looking for Louie Brown."

(To be Continued)

PIONEERS: 1854 TO 1864

An Announcement

By FRANK C. LOCKWOOD

For a long time I have had a deep conviction that an exact and well-written biographical sketch of every American who became identified with the life of Arizona previous to the organization of the Territory should be prepared and published as a basic contribution to the history of the state. There were, perhaps, considerably more than two hundred such men. The character and deeds of very many of these pioneers have been fairly well preserved, but the great majority of these men have been neglected in our annals; and sad to say, the accounts of many of those who are best known to us are so scrappy and inadequate that our children's children, and future students trying to lay hold of the facts about early Arizona, must grope in darkness unless we very soon find and fix in attractive and permanent form all that can still be recovered.

The formal organization of the Territorial Government took place at Navajo Springs, December 27, 1863. I fix this date as an arbitrary but very important point from which to work forward and backward. Nearly all of the characters that are now "unwept, unhonored, and unsung" are buried in the abyss of years that lies between December 30, 1853, when the Gadsden Purchase was effected, and December 27, 1863, when the Territorial Government was set up. This decade of Arizona history has been strangely neglected, so far as full and serious research work is concerned. This period decidedly piques my curiosity, and I only regret that I lack time and facilities to deal with it exhaustively. After 1864 we have newspapers, legislative records, and other official documents by which to trace the names and deeds of our most important men. Before that date there are few written and almost no printed records. We should not forget that these men who came before Territorial days were the *very pioneers* and as such their claim to at least an inch of space

in history is distinctive. Not only are their voices stilled in death, but the obscurity of the past in which they lie buried is now so deep as to be almost beyond our reach. The duty of rescuing the names of these bold pathfinders should, therefore, have a double appeal to all true lovers of Arizona.

During the next two or three years it is my purpose, first to prepare as complete a list as possible of all the men and women who came into Arizona between the dates indicated above and remained here long enough to identify their names with the life of the state; and, second, to write a biographical sketch of each one—very brief in the case of little known and obscure individuals, of increasing length and fullness in proportion as their character and achievements deserve more extensive treatment. Before entering upon this undertaking, I wrote to Governor Hunt, President Shantz of the University of Arizona, Mrs. Keen, State Historian, and Mrs. Kitt, Secretary of The Arizona Pioneers Historical Society for approval of the plan, including the publication of the sketches, first in successive numbers of *The Arizona Historical Review*, and second in a permanent volume or volumes.

All the officials just mentioned assured me of their hearty support in this enterprise, so I feel certain that as the articles are prepared they will see the light of day, and eventually, be printed attractively in book form by the State Historian's Office, or the University, or the Legislature, or the Pioneers Historical Society, or by all of these combined. I am sure that such volumes, when attractively published and offered for sale at a moderate price would pay for themselves. My first thought was that a single volume of about five hundred pages would suffice; for the most lengthy sketches could be kept to ten pages of print, and scores of the shorter ones would, necessarily, for lack of facts, likely be limited to few sentences. However, as I have seriously set my face to the task, I have been somewhat staggered to find that multitudes of soldiers, adventurers, and home-seekers came and went across

the soil of Arizona in that dim, hectic decade—1854-1864. How many of those who came and saw remained to conquer—or to be conquered—is a question that almost causes my pen to stagger and pause. How shall we decide—out of the multitude who came and went within our borders during those years—just what names won a right to a place in Arizona's Hall of Fame?

In this paragraph I shall attempt to answer the above question and at the same time to mark out my plan of action. First, then, I think that we must claim and give due honor to everyone who planted his name here in connection with a town, a mountain, a camp or a stream. These men have left their landmarks and memorials, so that it remains for us simply to explain these place names and in so doing tell as well as we can the life story of the hero or adventurer who boldly set his seal here. In this group, therefore, we shall of necessity give place to Bill Williams, Chevelon, Whipple, Pauline Weaver, Le Roux and Aubrey.

Some men did nothing more glorious than to die here, from heat, or cold, or hunger, or thirst, or Indian arrow, or white man's revolver. Such an one has planted his bones, if not his fame in Arizona soil. For better, for worse, we must claim him and explain him. Two names out of many will suffice to illustrate this group—Royce Oatman and Lieut. James Bartlett, who was killed and buried near Picacho during the Civil War. Army men who served long enough in Arizona to identify themselves in some way with her fortunes, or who later settled here have won a right to permanent fellowship with us. Many names will fall in this class—particularly men who coming through in 1846-7 as members of the Mormon Battalion broke the wagon road across the state, and then later returned to make their homes here. Similarly we must include many of the able and daring men who came in with the California Column and remained ever afterward. The last and no doubt the largest group to claim our attention is constituted of the numerous pioneers, who

for one reason or another, chose deliberately to cast their fortunes with Arizona, for better, for worse. The names already well known, and honored in song and story, are to be placed in this group—along with many others lost in obscurity.

It is with a sense of regret that I cannot from the first, as I go forward with my task, set down my sketches in strictly chronological sequence, for I love order; but as my studies are printed from time to time in *The Arizona Historical Review* the lives will not appear one after another in due chronological succession. It is comparatively easy to gather the necessary material for certain sketches, whereas, many months of inquiry and research may be necessary to secure even meagre facts concerning some obscure but very interesting person. We all know much about some of these characters now; and what we do not know can be easily found. There is, too, another consideration that embarrasses my plan somewhat. I have already in *Arizona Characters* and in my much larger book, *Pioneer Days in Arizona* that is now in the hands of the publisher to be issued next fall, treated somewhat fully such men as Pete Kitchen, Charles Poston, Sylvester Mowry, King Wolsey, etc.; and I am already gathering material for a volume to be called *More Arizona Characters*, in which I shall deal at length with such men as Herman Ehrenberg, Jacob Hamlin and Bill Oury, among others. It is my intention, in treating the names of men who have been somewhat adequately delineated by others or by me to draw up in a single paragraph the bare facts about such a pioneer, and then refer the reader to the fuller and more rounded account to be found elsewhere. As to the lack of chronological continuity in the articles as they appear in the *Historical Review*, I trust that this defect may be remedied later when the completed series shall appear in book form.

There is one more aspect of the plan that I must set forth in this preliminary article. I shall need the co-operation of all pioneers who know personally any resident of

Arizona who settled here previous to 1864, or who had in any way identified himself with the history of Arizona previous to that time. The co-operation promised by Governor Hunt, President Shantz, Mrs. Keen, Mrs. Kitt, and such intimate personal friends among old-timers as John A. Rockfellow, Ignacio Bonillas, Ed Vail, James Hancock, John P. Clum, etc., is not sufficient. There are many still living who know intimately some of the pioneers who came here before 1864. Any date, incident, anecdote, or other information that will help to throw even a ray of light upon the deeds and personality of men before 1864, is eagerly sought. It is particularly desirable to secure facts concerning such pre-Territorial settlers as never gained a sure foot-hold in any book or permanent state record. Mrs. George F. Kitt, Secretary of the Pioneers Historical Society, whose office is in Tucson, is indefatigable in collecting and skillfully cataloguing historical material. We have talked over the plan that I have outlined above, and she is eager to help realize it. All such material as I have described above may be sent to her. She will keep everything in systematic order in her files and will not only give me, but other students free access to them. As I have no secretary, and as my correspondence is already burdensome, you will be helping me very much and will be adding matter of permanent historical interest to Mrs. Kitt's collection if you will send the suggested items to her.

In conclusion, and as an indication of how immense the belated project is, I am publishing here a list of about two hundred names of individuals known to have been in Arizona previous to Territorial organization. I have made use of five sources in securing these names as a beginning roster to go to work on: First, soldiers in the Mormon Battalion, who passed through Arizona during the fall and winter of 1846-7, and who later returned to make their home in this Territory. Second, individuals living in Arizona between 1859-1861, whose names I find in issues of *The Arizonian*. Third, names of the members of the con-

vention that met in Tucson, in April, 1860, for the purpose of establishing a provisional government for Arizona. Fourth, a Roster of the Members of the Walker Expedition, who came to the present site of Prescott in 1862, prepared by D. E. Conner, a member of the party, and fifth, names drawn from the list of original members of the Pioneers Historical Society. It is hoped that as old-timers read these lists they will find among the names, men whom they knew, and will send to Mrs. Kitt such facts about them as they can vouch for. The five lists are as follows:

Members of the Mormon Battalion who made their homes in Arizona, as listed in Col. James H. McClintock's *Mormon Settlement in Arizona*: Wesley Adair, Reuben W. Allred, Henry G. Boyle, James S. Brown, George P. Dykes, Schuyler Hulett, Marshall Hunt, Nathaniel V. Jones, Zadok Judd, Samuel Lewis, Wm. C. McClellan, James Pace, Sanford Porter, David Pulsipher, Henry Standage, John Steele, Rufus C. Allen, Mrs. Elzada Ford Allred, Henry W. Brizzee, Edward Bunker, Wm. A. Follett, John Hunt, Wm. J. Johnston, Hyrum Judd, Christopher Layton, Wm. B. Maxwell, Philemon C. Merrill, Wilson D. Pace, Wm. C. Prous, Samuel H. Rogers, George E. Steele, Lot Smith, Samuel Thompson.

The following were residents of Arizona previous to 1861 as is shown from the fact that their names appear in *The Arizonian*, 1859-1861: Edward Hall, Capt. J. W. Swilling, Frank Higgins, E. B. Tompkins, B. G. Weld, _____ Mercer, P. T. Herbert, _____ White, L. J. F. Yaeger, Solomon Warner, G. M. Jones, Fred Hulseman, Wm. M. Rowlett, _____ Montgomery, F. A. Neville, Lieut. John Cooke, Maj. Gen. Wordsworth, J. B. Dow, Col. Walker—Indian Agent, G. F. Walter, H. S. Washburn, M. G. Gay, Samuel Hughes, G. F. Hooper, _____ Granger, Hiram S. Stevens, _____ Bonner, L. W. Hastings, James Graydon, Alfred M. Rowlett, _____ Smith, C. C. Dobson, Dr. B. J. D. Irwin, Thomas Smith, Capt. James Tevis.

Members of the Convention that met in Tucson April

2, 1860: Wm. S. Oury, John Capron, J. Howard Wells, J. Dean Alden, W. C. Wordsworth, Colonel Palatine Robinson, Capt. R. S. Ewell, Rees Smith, R. M. Doss, B. F. Neal, Thos. J. Mastin, S. W. Cozzens, L. S. Owens, T. J. Bull, Frank De Ruyther, T. J. Miller, Capt. John Donaldson, Dr. L. S. Owings, N. King, Jerry Robinson, James A. Lucas, Edward McGowan, S. G. Bean, T. J. Thibault, Samuel B. Ford, G. W. Putnam, J. M. Turner, F. G. Ake, Wm. H. Burke, Granville H. Oury.

The Walker Expedition in 1862. List by D. E. Conner. Capt. Joseph R. Walker, Joseph R. Walker, Martin Lewis, Jacob Lynn, George Blosser, Alford Shupp, John J. Miller, Jacob L. Miller, Samuel C. Miller, Solomon Shoup, Hiram Cummings, Hiram Mealman, Wm. Wheelhouse, Johnny Bull (Nick-name), Rhoderic McKinney, Mr. Benedict, John Dixon, Frank Finney, Mr. Young, Jackson McCracken, John W. Swilling, Mr. Chase, Charles Noble, Thomas Johnson, Felix Burton, Charles Taylor, Francis G. Gilliland, Daniel E. Conner, George Coulter, George Lount, Bill Williams, A. French, Jacob Schneider.

Pioneers who came to Arizona before 1864 who are in the membership book of The Arizona Pioneers Historical Society: Alsop, John T.; Appel, Horace H.; Appel, Nathan B.; Brady, Peter R.; Brichta, Augustus; Brunner, Eugene; De Armit, Berry H.; Drachman, Philip; Edwards, Ed. L.; Elliott, James M.; Francis, Ferdinand; Gibson, Henry; Goldberg, Isaac; Hand, George; Harshaw, David T.; Hart, John B.; Holland, Patrick; Hughes, Fred G.; Smith, Philip W.; Stevens, Hiram S.; Val Alstine, Nelson; Witfeld, Gustavus; Hughes, Samuel; Jeffords, Thomas J.; Keen, Andrew J.; Kitchen, Pete; Lazard, Alphonse; Lee, James; Levin, Alexander; Madden, Daniel; Martin, Fritz W.; Martin, George; Martin, George T.; McGowan, Edward; McKenna, Michael; Meyer, Charley H.; Osborn, William J.; Oury, Granville; Oury, William; Sanford, Danton G.; Scott, William F.; Toole, James H.; Warner, Solomon; Yerkes, Thomas M.

SOME UNPUBLISHED HISTORY OF THE SOUTHWEST

CHAPTER VI.

AN OLD DIARY FOUND IN MEXICO

(Continued)

Written by MRS. GRANVILLE H. OURY

and annotated by

COLONEL C. C. SMITH, U. S. Army Retired

The streets of Parras were lined with men, women and children peddling every imaginable article, mostly fruit and vegetables. They refuse our five and ten cent pieces, use bits (reales), picayunes (medios) half and quarter picayunes, (quartillos) and (Clacos).

July 23rd, Sunday: There is a diversity of opinion as to the day of the week and month, I claim that it is Sunday. I regret not having noted daily all that has transpired. To make a brief story will state that most of our boys have remained in town during the week. We moved camp a few miles, where we found good water, excellent grass and quantities of mesquite beans. So our animals have rested and recuperated. On Tuesday, the French Colonel, Staff, and Escort of twenty-eight soldiers, accompanied Mr. Oury out to visit us, mounted on their splendid Arabian horses, fully armed with guns and sabres and with their flashing uniforms, they made a magnificent display.

We have reveled in fruit, vegetables, etc. I have feasted upon large, ripe tomatoes (my weakness), peach cobbler have graced our board daily and the quantities of empty bottles (each bottle costs 25c and some enterprising peddler will realize a neat little sum from our reckless extravagance) strewn around our camp attests the fact that Parras wine and brandy have not been sparingly supplied. The Terry party arrived in town Thursday evening.

Col. S. accompanied me to town in the ambulance Friday morning and I spent a very pleasant day. Capt. Dave and Mr. Wallace escorted Mrs. Terry and myself to the stores shopping, where we found poor assortments and high prices. Mrs. Terry needed shoes and couldn't find a No. 5 in town. The Mexicans have very small feet and the merchants told us that they rarely sold a shoe for ladies as large as No. 3. I made no purchases. We rode in our ambulance to visit the Cotton Factory, a place of considerable importance and interest to me. I had become initiated into all the mysteries of cloth making by the primitive process resorted to by the poor blockaded Southerners during the war, but had never seen it manufactured by machinery.

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What a contrast to the slow cards and wheels and clumsy looms of those trying times! Here, 250 looms, run by water power, turn out daily forty-five yards of cloth, unbleached muslin. Many of the operatives are women. The carding and spinning is an interesting sight. The proprietor, an American, was very courteous and obliging, conducted us through every part of the establishment and gave us excellent old wine to drink.

The factory is the property of a widow "over old to marry" and who has no daughters. Capt. Dave is inconsolable over this information. The grounds are handsomely laid out and abound with shrubbery and flowers, the oleanders as tall as trees. In many respects these people have not advanced one step since the time of Moses. They carry water on their heads, in earthen vessels of the same shape and make of those early days, and we saw them threshing wheat in the most primitive manner. The wheat is piled on a hard spot of ground in the center of the field, cleared for the purpose, collected from all parts, being cut with sickles, thrown on raw hides and dragged by ropes attached to the pommel of the saddle. There is a post in the center of the pile or stack and to this are attached two rows of horses, eight each, necked together. A man provided with a long whip drives the horses round and round, the outside ones in a gallop, the ones nearer the center having leisure to snatch sundry mouthfuls and thus the grain is tramped out; it is afterwards tossed up in the air on windy days, by basketfuls and winnowed, a slow and tedious process.

Large and small ditches course through every part of the town, and there is no lack of verdure, of trees, shrubs and flowers. I remained with Mrs. Terry (who has a room rented) 'til the afternoon, when we started again to visit a peak which commands a fine view of the surrounding country. Judge Porter, a California friend of theirs, who has overtaken them, and Mr. Wallace, who came to my sister's with Mr. Oury to assist him in carrying his baggage once, and who is intelligent, refined and agreeable, were our escorts.

Arriving at the suburbs, we alighted and wound round and round through narrow streets (impassable with a vehicle), over ditches and up hills 'til we reached the base of the peak, which we ascended rapidly, notwithstanding it is very steep and rugged. The summit is crowned with an immense rock, the top of which is reached by stone steps leading through a cavern in the rock. It is perfectly level on top and here has been erected a huge cross, visible for miles, and an altar, both said to have been constructed in a single night by a priest and two little boys. All the diseased and infirm of the adjacent country make pilgrimages to this shrine and here find a miraculous cure for all the ills and ailments to which flesh is heir. A stream of Mexican women, many with children in their arms, and all bearing long tallow candles, were struggling up the steep hill and we found several devotees already on their knees, seeking absolution from sin and

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bodily pain. Poor, ignorant wretches, doubtless the exercise may benefit many, but I feel convinced that no human afflicted with any serious ailment is equal to that climb.

The view from the peak is grand and exciting, you look down upon a charming valley, extending for miles in every direction, dotted with countless fields and ranches, hemmed in by towering mountains. The city is distinctly visible. What an exquisite picture for an artist—nothing is lacking, here is grandeur, sublimity, gorgeous coloring, romance, beauty, etc.

The impending thunder shower forced us, however reluctant, to turn our backs upon this entrancing spectacle and hie us homeward with precipitate haste. At this season, they have genuine thunder storms twice in every 24 hours, leaving the atmosphere cool and delightful. All nature is full of extremes and we were brought back all too abruptly into the midst of practical, every day life.

In the city, the first sight to greet our return, was a funeral procession, as novel and strange to me, as are all the other sights, customs, etc. A brass band led, playing anything but a funeral dirge, then came men, bearing on their shoulders an open coffin, exposing the corpse of a very dark, much wrinkled old man. The lid of the coffin was carried by a man in the rear, accompanied by mourners of each sex, bearing lighted candles. I had scarcely recovered from the effects of this repulsive sight, when another, even more revolting, succeeded it. A gang of criminals, chained together in couples and wearing heavy chains round their ankles, were coming in from the fields, where they are taken daily and forced to labor, in charge of a heartless overseer.

But the most trying of all my "experiences" was the beggars,* the countless hordes of beggars besetting you at every corner, the most abject, degraded, wretched, decrepit, infirm, miserable specimens of humanity it was ever my misfortune to look upon. I began by giving a silver dollar, but found that my means would soon become exhausted if I gave a cent, or even a half or quarter cent, as is the custom here. Remember I had never seen a beggar, during my eighteen years of life in Texas.

Several of the Terry party succeeded in disposing of extra horses and pistols to advantage, receiving \$150 and \$250 for some of the horses. Unfortunately, we had nothing to spare except that hand-

Note: *Even in this civilized age one sees many beggars in Latin-American countries. I recall the beggars of Bogota, Colombia, when I was there, in 1915 and 16, as military attache at the American Legation. Many of these unfortunates were deformed and hideous to look upon—"Perdoname por Dios!"—"Pardon (or excuse) me for God's sake!" will in nearly every instance relieve one from the importunities of these mendicants, who are called "Por Dioseros" meaning, literally, "For Goders" or "For God Sakers," since they always preface a request for alms by the expression, "Por Dios"—"For God's Sake!"

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some pistol, presented to Mr. Oury at Matamoros, which cost \$125. This he sold to one of the party for \$80.

Our party is becoming much reduced. Col. Showalter and mess, and another party have taken leave of us and propose going to Durango, thence to Mazatlan, from there the Col. will join us at Guaymas. We will miss him greatly, he is very sociable, spent most of his time with us, is a constant talker and very entertaining. He still has no use of his leg, and I learn that after starting he sold his wagon to Capt. Dave and is going to undertake the trip mule back. The men of his mess are good men.

Last night the Terrys came out and were extremely anxious to continue with us, which would necessitate our remaining here (Paras) another week, while they have their wagons repaired and recuperate their broken down animals. We have come 12 miles and camped near a ranch where I learned that it was Sunday.

Our party now numbers, in our mess seven effective men; five in the Gillett mess. My better judgment rebelled at taking such a rash step. I would have preferred a week's delay and the certainty of ample and agreeable company, to risking our lives and property, as we must, as we are now approaching the dangerous part of the route, besides the Gilletts will leave us at Chihuahua, and, well, the leap is taken and I must not look at the dark side. I said good-bye to Mrs. Terry with deep regret. She is a noble woman and there are several estimable men with them from whom I have received many kindnesses.

At this ranch, there is not even a hedge and the boys have to herd the mules off the corn fields. They are now slaughtering a sheep and Addy is commencing his bread making for supper. A strong wind has blown off the mosquitos.

July 24th, Monday: Came twelve miles over a very rough road. Nooned at a ranch where there was neither wheat nor corn to be had and not a blade of grass in the vicinity. The ruins of an old Mission were there and two beautiful springs. One in the orchard or vineyard flowed into a large basin enclosed with a low stone wall, surrounded with fig trees perhaps a century old, and carved with hundreds of names.

During the few minutes I spent there, my eye fell upon two quite familiar ones, W. Oury,* and J. R. Park—1861. Possibly there were others but I did not know of this writing 'til we were starting, else, I had spent the noon hour there, instead of that dreary, sun-baked corral.

Again we have been deceived about the grass. We are now camped in the suburbs of Alamo de Parras, and our hungry mules are eat-

Note: *This was undoubtedly Wm. Sanders Oury, brother-in-law of Mrs. Oury, writer of this diary, and my grandfather—my mother's father who was in Mexico in 1861.

ing greedily of a coarse, salt, swamp grass, while Mr. Oury has gone to buy corn for them, also water and wood. We have just laid in a supply of bread, tomatoes, eggs (very dear).

July 25th, Tuesday: Eggs for breakfast, boiled, fried and scrambled, in which a pedestrian participated, who has walked from Guaymas and is going to Matamoras, to sail from thence to New England.

This visit was soon followed by one from one of the most abject, wretched, hideous looking creatures I ever beheld,—a superannuated, wrinkled old woman in tatters, who came trudging along mumbling mechanically a studied prayer or petition in which she reiterated continually the sad fact that "she had neither father nor mother, brother nor sister, nor rich relations."

We all contributed to alleviate her wants and I gave her besides, a hearty breakfast. She then went into the road, where Addy had fed his horse and picked up the corn, grain by grain, still going over her prayer. These beggars are growing so numerous that it taxes us heavily. I never dreamed that, in the whole world, there existed as much destitution and want as I have already seen in Mexico.

We were detained some time in Alamo de Parras, having our mules shod. The blacksmith, a very genteel looking man, wore a fine linen shirt with a beautifully embroidered bosom, and to our surprise and satisfaction, he worked fast, well and cheap.

The females of the family were airily attired in chemise of finest linen, exquisitely embroidered all over the deep yokes and sleeves, some in bright colored silk and a shirt of bright red felt or flannel flowered elaborately with white, low cloth slippers without stockings.

As we drove through, I observed a few two-story stores, handsomely finished, the usual number of ditches and the street was bordered on each side with gardens and fields, hedged with thickly matted rose bushes. They have no system or order about planting, and their gardens are heterogeneous masses of fruit trees, flowers, grape vines, corn and vegetables crowded together in a jumble. We noticed several patches of cotton of good quality.

The abodes of the poorer classes are constructed of corn stalks, set upright and tied together with ropes or leather thongs, roof thatched with grass. All of the pens and some of the houses are made of twigs or switches tied in the same way. Their yards are usually clean.

About one o'clock we camped at the base of a mountain near the loveliest stream I ever saw except the "Comal" in Texas. It breaks out from the mountain at three points, these unite to form a small, swift stream whose waters are perfectly transparent and having a bluish tinge, cause the myriads of little fishes, the rocks and moss in the water to throw off every color in the rainbow, in the sunshine. How earnestly I wish I could transfer this charming riverlet to the arid "Post Oaks" for the convenience and pleasure of my father and

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sisters and their families. In the evening, all our boys luxuriated in its limpid bosom and gave vent to noisy demonstrations of enjoyment. I afterwards, in company with Mrs. Gillock, Mrs. Gillett and nurse, indulged in a delightful bath. We jumped off a bridge, where the water was deep and very swift, and with some difficulty got out again. During the night we were a prey to millions of ravenous mosquitos.

July 26th—Wednesday: Passed a large ranch where a feast was in progress. All the day and night previous pedestrians and donkeys loaded with women, children and fruit had been passing us enroute to this celebration. Before passing the ranch, we crossed two little streams of the same clear, pretty water and beyond it another, and a large flat almost covered with water. Then we came to a dry mesquite country, with not a drop of water or a blade of grass for twenty-eight miles instead of eighteen as represented to us. A great part of the road was deep sand and tired the mules greatly. We camped at last about half a mile from the bed of a large river where we succeeded, in finding a few holes of clear water and the poor boys groaned with the weight of the kegs before reaching camp. Plenty of wood and some scattering bunches of fine grass.

Our dinner at three consisted of raw onions, fried onions, pickled onions, "picadillo," tomatoes, coffee and bread, with a liberal supply of green pepper in everything. Later Capt. Dodson and Mr. Oury went back to a ranch and succeeded in buying wheat for the mules, also some eggs.

July 27th—Thursday: Another big egg breakfast and I am the worse for it. A long drive before us and we were anxious to make an early start, when lo! two horses and a mule were missing. "Ben" has just returned with the truants, found three miles distant luxuriating in a field of green corn. Addy is still hunting them. We bought eleven watermelons of a Mexican, all different. Addy has come in and we are starting with our own mess of seven men. The Gilletts will not be able to drive their animals before evening.

During the day we passed some patches of good grass and later one "charco," but continued in the hope of finding fine pasturage and good fishing, at the river.

On the river "Nassus"* is a large "Hacienda" called the "Torion,"** where we could buy nothing, as the French have preceded us and bought all they could spare. A large flourishing field of corn was not even in tassel. They cultivate extensively here, judging from the amount of water used. We crossed three or four ditches as deep and wide as ordinary creeks. Finding no grass, we pushed on to "Santa

Note: *Mrs. Oury here intends to say Nazas.

**This hacienda is Torreon, not "Torion." It is now a good-sized city, and a very important railroad center of Mexico. The meaning of the word Torreon is a great tower in a fortress for defense.

Rosa," another "hacienda" which I mistook for a town. The "Nasus" was high and we crossed with difficulty. Santa Rosa is the property of a wealthy Spaniard who is absent enjoying his fortune. He owns several large "haciendas." These wealthy land owners seldom live upon their plantations, but leave them in charge of reliable friends or relatives (in this case a brother-in-law), who live highly and assume all the grandeur and greatness of a born lord. We arrived at two o'clock and waited in the broiling sun, with millions of flies swarming around and on us 'til at last a young, very genteelly dressed man, much fairer than most Americans, condescended to give us a hearing. (They are much too dignified ever to exhibit the least promptness or haste about anything.) This youth, who seemed to be a head clerk or deputy, promised to sell us grass, so we drove out and camped, but our poor mules went dinnerless 'til near night because this young aristocrat was taking his "siesta" and nobody dared disturb him.

At last by repeated efforts, we obtained a cart load of "Alfalfa,"* a kind of clover raised all through Mexico for animals. Much esteemed and which they relish when green, but having a lot of dry on hand, they refused to cut fresh and our mules ate the dry under protest. We bought plenty of wheat and green corn for the mules, wood, and cooked supper.

July 28—Friday: Started at daylight in a cold, drizzling rain. Carried water with us and finding good grass a mile or two from Santa Rosa, stopped and cooked breakfast. Grazed two hours and started on expecting to find a "Laguna" (lake) and lay over till the Gilletts came up. Passed plenty of nice grass but found no water 'til the grass gave entirely out. Met a lot of Mexicans who told us a ranch near by had just been robbed** by sixteen Mexicans, so we kept close together. Arrived at the ranch "El Renoval" about three. Could buy nothing but a kid and some water. They had a tremendous well forty feet deep in a corral, but like everything else on the premises, it was decidedly unclean. Scores of the filthiest men, women and children, perfectly unoccupied and upon what they subsist is a problem I can not solve.

Unluckily for us, the French army is just two days in advance of us, and they clean the country as they go of everything in the edible line. We watered, filled the kegs and drove three miles to fine grass.

We had three hard thunder showers after camping, but by dint of indefatigable perserverance, managed to get an excellent supper. Kid, stewed with dumplings, onions, green peppers, etc. Fear some of our cookery would shock the fastidious tastes of civilized life, but we

Note: *It would appear that alfalfa at this time (July, 1865) from the way Mrs. Oury writes above, was not known in the United States.

Notes: **Banditry is an old trade in Mexico.

SOME UNPUBLISHED HISTORY OF THE SOUTHWEST

are none of us Epicures and the open air, hard travel, etc., makes us both relish and digest what might prove exceedingly unpalatable and indigestible under different circumstances. Some real good musk melon and some real poor watermelons furnished our dessert. Hearing that five Indians had been seen in the neighborhood, we kept on the alert.

There were strong indications of a storm, so Capt. Dodson and "Billy" exerted themselves unusually in constructing a shelter, with blankets stretched on Dagger Stalks and this morning are lamenting audibly, their waste of labor.

July 29th—Saturday: Another kid stew for breakfast. Grazed the animals awhile and came on in search of water. Country perfectly barren. Traveled eighteen miles to a little settlement and watered at a miserable little tank. A league further brought us to "Mapimi," a mining town, where they work gold, silver and iron, though at present but two of the several reduction works are in operation. There is considerable wealth here I understand. No grass within two days travel from here, so we have camped in the suburbs of town near three beautiful springs. The boys have gone to buy wood and other necessities. We find it expensive to stay in these towns, where we are compelled to buy feed for sixteen animals, and corn is very high here.

The caterers came back with a plentiful supply of wood, wheat and wheat straw and green fodder, also green corn, for all of which they had to pay exorbitantly. It grows quite chilly here in the evening and morning, indeed the Mexicans never fail to carry their blanket* and usually wear them around them.

A large herd of fine, fat cattle was driven in and out, mostly milch cows. I cannot imagine what benefit they derive from them, as they make no butter, use very little milk and only eat a beef when it dies or gets crippled and must be killed. Bacon is unknown to them. They raise a few hogs which they convert into lard and soap and each hog yields them nearly \$100.00. They have a good many sheep and goats, but the poorer classes exist upon "tortillas" and "atole" (flour starch). If required to furnish themselves, they can live upon less than any human beings I ever saw, but, if fed by an American, can consume more than wolves. We have a daily exemplification of this fact in the person of our Mexican driver, who scrupulously cleans our board of everything left on it, often disposing of immense plates of fried bacon (they fry this in order to get the grease for cooking other things) while he is wearing the most forlorn aspect imaginable, head bandaged with a handkerchief and groaning with headache! Ugh! but I am heartily disgusted with Mexico and the Mexicans.

Note: *A peon or Mexican of lower class is poor indeed who does not own a serape or blanket—sometimes it may be a very tattered one. If he does not own this he is happy to make use of what he calls, "la capa de los pobres"—"the poor man's cloak," that is, the sun.

ARIZONA HISTORICAL REVIEW

Could appreciate the sight of a nice, clean American village now as I never did before. I enjoy the journey, having nothing to do but eat and sleep. However, when we leave here, we enter upon a region infested with Indians and I'll be in hourly dread.

In "Mapimi" we met a Dr. Richardson of Kentucky, who was disposed to be very courteous and hospitable, invited Mr. Oury and some of the boys to dine with him, which they declined. He then insisted upon their calling in the evening, which they promised, but were prevented by the rain—said he was real "bacon hungry."

I neglected to mention the fact that when we arrived at Parras we had traveled five hundred miles and been one month on the road, with all the wear, tear and expense, and found ourselves precisely at the same distance from Guaymas as we were at San Antonio. Now we have come (from Parras) fifty-eight leagues (distance is reckoned altogether by leagues here) and still is a long, long dangerous road before us.

July 30th—Sunday: Yesterday "Silvario," our Mexican teamster, began to assume too much importance and authority, giving peremptory orders to John Peterson, a Swede, (one of the three soldiers who came to us at San Antonio bringing a note from Aunt Moore, recommending them to Mr. Oury's attention, who furnished them with provisions and arms, and occasionally with transportation. The other two Judge Terry employed as drivers, after his Negroes left—Coffman and Geary—when we left the Terrys they came and offered to continue with us, but Mr. Oury advised them to remain as they were getting wages), which roused the ire of Mr. Neville to such a degree that he administered a sound scolding, whereupon his dignified self-respect being unable to brook such a rebuke, he handed in his resignation, to the gratification of all. Another instance of Mexican ingratitude. Mr. Oury picked him up in San Antonio, penniless and destitute, paid his board bill and offered to take him with us to Chihuahua, if he would drive the wagon. His wife, whom he has not seen for four years, lives in Santa Fe. At Parras, he traded an old pistol to one of the party, for an old, broken down, crippled horse, which two of our mess have kindly driven for him and Mr. Oury bought feed and water for. This horse he sold at Santa Rosa for twenty dollars, which prosperity, added to being so well fed and kindly treated, has elevated him out of his proper sphere, and he was growing independent and insolent.

(To be continued)

BOOK REVIEWS

FORGOTTEN FRONTIERS. *A Study of the Spanish Indian Policy of Don Juan Bautista de Anza, Governor of New Mexico, 1777-1787. From the Original Documents in the Archives of Spain, Mexico and New Mexico.* Translated into English, edited and annotated by Alfred Barnaby Thomas. Norman, Oklahoma, The University of Oklahoma Press, 1932. Pp. xvii, 420. Maps. \$5.00.

This well-edited collection of old Spanish documents illustrates the frontier administration of the Spanish provincial authorities in New Mexico over a period of ten years in the late eighteenth century. It is the first of a series of studies to be issued by the University of Oklahoma Press, under the title of *The Civilization of the American Indian*, a portion of which will be devoted, as is this volume, to description of early contacts between whites and Indians.

Followers of the history of the Southwest will be especially interested in Dr. Thomas' work, for it deals in a most able fashion with the last years of that redoubtable warrior of the old Spanish frontier, Don Juan Bautista de Anza (1735-1788), worthy contemporary of Daniel Boone and a dozen other Anglo-American bordermen. Just as the founding of San Francisco by Anza in 1776 ties together the annals of Arizona and California, so his career as governor of New Mexico, 1777-1787, connects the Spanish frontier history of Arizona and New Mexico. The life-story of this one bold frontiersman, rounded out by this volume, brings home to modern readers the essential unity of Southwestern history. In addition, the volume contains many interesting side-lights on the character and aspirations of another Spanish border leader, El Cavallero de Croix, Comandante-General of the Provincias Internas of New Spain, and later viceroy of Peru.

An excellent historical introduction by the editor prepares the reader to comprehend the significance to New Spain of this province of New Mexico. Supplementing this modern interpretation of eighteenth-century New Mexico is Fray Juan Agustin de Morfi's "Geographical Description of New Mexico," an account of the region written in 1782 in the midst of Anza's administration as governor.

A glance at some of the topics covered by the documents which follow Morfi's description may serve to indicate the general character of the body of the collection. A few of these topics are: "Governor Anza's Comanche Campaign, 1779;" "Spanish Proposals to Conquer the Moqui, 1775-1780;" "Governor Anza's Expedition from New Mexico to Sonora, 1780;" and "Governor Anza's Record of Services, 1752-1786." In all, there are seventy-four documents.

The translating and editing have evidently been done with great care. Extensive editorial foot notes and a well-chosen bibliography add to the usefulness of the volume. Several reproductions of

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eighteenth-century maps and documents, including one of Anza's own maps, form graphic illustrations for the work, and the editor has compiled data for a very serviceable modern map of the region involved. The index is adequate, and the format of the volume is very attractive.

The Southwest as a whole owes a debt of gratitude to Dr. Thomas and to the various learned societies which made his work possible, for preserving more of the valuable records of one of its greatest pioneers, and for emphasizing again the importance of Spain's influence upon her northern borderlands.

RUFUS KAY WYLLYS.

CABALLEROS. *The Romance of Santa Fe and the Southwest*. By Ruth Laughlin Barker. New York and London, D. Appleton and Company, 1931. Pp. 380. \$3.00.

An attempt to depict and appreciate the romantic background of old Santa Fe may be found in this readable little volume. Neither history nor fiction, it partakes of the nature of both to some degree, but is most of all a popular account of the old Spanish folkways of New Mexico.

"Since written history began on this continent," says the author, writing of Santa Fe, "this has been Spanish domain. Those first Spaniards were heroic men of a heroic time. The stock was so virile that it still characterizes half the population of the state as vital, living element, not yet diluted to romantic memories and bygone glories. The quick changes taking place before our eyes now are not as remarkable as the fact that Indians and Spaniards have remained intact through so many centuries. . . . For Santa Fe is the Villa Real where old and new trails meet, the ancient capital of history and romance."

The subjects discussed range from "Pueblo-Spanish Architecture" to "Trails to Santa Fe." Much space is devoted to the Spanish folklore of New Mexico and to the "Customs of the Country." One chapter, "Lost Treasures," is reminiscent of J. Frank Dobie's *Coronado's Children*.

The style of the author is pleasant and easily familiar. Her book is well illustrated by a series of quaint sketches of Santa Fe and its vicinity. For those who enjoy a light interpretation of the Hispanic features of New Mexico, the book should have considerable appeal.

RUFUS KAY WYLLYS.

THE INDIAN UPRISING IN LOWER CALIFORNIA, 1734-1737; as Described by Father Sigismundo Taraval. Translated, with Introduction and Notes, by Marguerite Eyer Wilbur. Volume II of The Quivira Society Publications. Los Angeles, The Quivira Society, 1931. Pp. xii, 298. \$5.50.

This handsomely printed work forms Volume II of a series of re-

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prints of rare Americana dealing with the Spanish Southwest, now being published by The Quivira Society, a group of scholars engaged in editing such works. Each of the annual volumes is issued in a limited edition. Volume I contained the narrative of Antonio de Espejo, an early Spanish visitor to northwestern Arizona and New Mexico in 1582-1583. Volume II now takes the reader to the little-known Jesuit mission field of Lower California at a period nearly two centuries later.

Father Taraval's journal relates the course of events during an insurrection among the Indian tribes of Lower California. He had arrived in the peninsular missions in 1733, and remained there for several years. His description of native life and cultures is colored somewhat by his missionary prejudices, but is none the less graphic, and he illumines for modern readers the trials, successes and tragic failures of the Company of Jesus in that barren land.

"Such are the nations, provinces, and islands of the Californias," he says, concluding a geographical summary of the peninsula, "the islands for whose conquest were opened the royal coffers of the Catholic monarchs, although they failed to found in them a single colony. These are the islands that have defied the efforts of the bravest captains who have tried their skill from the days of the invincible Hernan Cortes. These are the islands that have failed to be conquered by hundreds of expeditions, hundreds of millions of pesos, and innumerable attempts at conquest, given with valor and power, with temerity and greed in the search for pearls. And finally, these are the lands that came in for such repeated and vigorous orders on the part of their Excellencies, the viceroys, in whose interests were issued so many cedulae, and for which no pains were spared, until it was finally believed they could not be conquered." And the Jesuits undertook the task with far more slender resources than those of New Spain's viceroys.

Lower California was at length subdued by Spain and the Spanish missionary orders, but not until there had occurred more than one such bloody upheaval as that which Father Taraval experienced, and not until the natives of the peninsula were nearly exterminated. This fact enhances the interest of the deeds of heroism and martyrdom so vividly described by Father Taraval. His brief and simple narrative is typical of many which relate similar episodes in the annals of the Jesuit missionaries of the Southwest. Mrs. Wilbur's translation is sympathetic and apparently faithful, and her introduction helps to place the subject of the book in its proper historical setting. The Quivira edition of Taraval is a valuable preservation of such a fine old record.

RUFUS KAY WYLLYS.

THE EARLY FAR WEST; *A Narrative Outline, 1540-1850*. By W. J. Ghent. New York, Longmans, Green and Company, 1931. Pp. xi, 411. \$3.50.

Mr. Ghent proposes to discuss the history of the Trans-Missis-

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issippi West in the light of what he terms recent discoveries made by research workers in that field of history. As the sub-title indicates, his book is an attempt at an outline, but he has fallen far short of one of his avowed aims, the providing of a suitable class-room text. Yet the work has some value for the general reader who desires a survey of the subject.

Considerable space is devoted to a chronicling of the rise and fall of the chief fur companies of the West, and to the explorations made by leading fur men, who, as the author says, were "true explorers who opened to the knowledge of the world a vast region." A careful study is also made of the Lewis and Clark expedition, although little that is new has been contributed on this subject by Mr. Ghent.

The work differs from most studies of its kind on the Far West, by attempting a complete survey of the history of that region from the middle of the sixteenth century, although one may question many of Mr. Ghent's conclusions concerning the course of events in the earlier period.

Furthermore, it is obvious that the author has to some degree failed to carry out his design of utilizing all the new results of studies in his field. Apparently the new contributions to knowledge which he offers are chiefly along lines which especially interest him. For example, in his treatment of the Mexican War, he relies almost wholly upon J. H. Smith's *The War with Mexico*, which splendid work has been supplemented by many researches since its publication. The discussion of the conquest of California, too, depends upon such unreliable biographies as Lyman's *John Marsb, Pioneer*.

In general, the book shows no improvement upon such works as Goodwin's *Trans-Mississippi West*, of which it seems at times to be merely a paraphrase. The tacking on of two preliminary chapters on Spain and France in the Far West, is of no great importance, since both chapters are sketchy and inadequate. Otherwise the work might as well begin with the Louisiana Purchase of 1803, as does Goodwin's. Mr. Ghent's treatment of his fascinating subject is strictly factual, with little appreciation of colorful incidents, and very little interpretation of the events of Far Western history. Part II, which is known as "The American Period," is arranged somewhat arbitrarily into a chronicle by decades, for the sake of convenience.

The work includes a number of good illustrations and rather useful maps, and it has a good index. Its general format is similar to that of the author's *The Road to Oregon*, a much superior work. Those who appreciate and study western history may find it a helpful summary of facts, but for interpretation and color, they must look elsewhere.

RUFUS KAY WYLLYS.

BOOK REVIEWS

AMERICA MOVES WEST. By Robert E. Riegel, Professor of History, Dartmouth College. New York, Henry Holt and Company, 1931. Pp. x, 595. \$3.00.

It would be difficult to find a technical study of the history of the American frontier at once more comprehensive and more interesting than Riegel's *America Moves West*. Contrary to most works of this nature, the volume is not packed with statistical data, but is rather a social history, discussing folk-ways and habits of the American pioneers in much detail and with much interpretation.

A tendency to be more condensed can be seen in the closing chapters of the book. This tendency causes a neglect of the effects of the Civil War upon the advance of the frontier. The great conflict is scarcely mentioned in connection with the West. One cannot but feel that this is an undeserved neglect of the sectional strife which so much affected the frontier.

Another fault of the book is its unevenness in treatment. Besides nearly ignoring the Civil War, it gives but one chapter to a discussion of the cattle country and its ways, while four chapters are devoted to the western railways. This difference is due in part to the particular personal interest of Prof. Riegel in western railways, on which subject he has written an authoritative work. But one is inclined to doubt the value of putting so much stress upon the railways, to the neglect of other and equally important factors which have impressed Western life.

Like some other writers before him, Prof. Riegel has repeated the fiction that the frontier and its conditions somehow completely disappeared by federal fiat and the panic of 1893. A brief examination of western political and economic ideas, plus the statistics on homesteading since 1890, would no doubt make Riegel alter his dogmatic statement that for the West, "the frontier factor has disappeared finally and absolutely." The frontier itself may have disappeared in a statistical sense; but its way of life has not vanished. It is merely changing; and the author need not have speculated so long upon possible substitutes for the frontier as an outlet for American energies.

The book is in general free from errors. A ridiculous mistake appears on page 302: "By 1816 trappers and traders of the Russian-American Fur Company had pushed as far south as California, and in 1820 they established Fort Ross on what is now known as San Francisco Bay." But for the most part the book is reliable. In discussing the Mormons, some remarks are included which might offend some members of that sect.

A noticeable defect is the lack of serviceable maps. The few included are almost useless, and are not even listed. One feels that some of the time and space devoted to quoting poetry might well have been applied to the insertion of good maps.

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After all these failings have been indicated, however, it must be admitted that Riegel's book is interesting both for the class-room student and the general reader. For one who wishes to read a broad, liberal interpretation of the American frontier and its place in American history, this book can well be recommended, especially for its stress upon cultural and social factors in our history.

RUFUS KAY WYLLYS.

OLD MOTHER MEXICO. By Harry Carr. Houghton-Mifflin Company, New York, 1931. Pp. 270. \$3.00.

This is a light travelogue, the story of a good-will automobile trip down the west coast of Mexico by a group of Southern California business men, engineers and Mr. Carr, whose chief business is that of columnist for the Los Angeles Times. The author takes his title from the fact that Spanish soldiery and monkish orders from Mexico were the pioneers of European civilization in the southwest, in fact, "young Coronado didn't find the seven golden cities of Cibola—but he discovered the West." Old Mother Mexico thus acquires a new and resplendent fame as a parent of that Pearl of the Pacific, *El Pueblo of Nuestra Señora La Reina de los Angeles*. It was a very amiable trip, for all the girls in all the towns were pretty, and Mr. Carr had entrance to the grand *haciendas*. Mr. Carr does a great service in pointing out that not only Hollywood bobs but Hollywood architecture has invaded the west coast, that fabulous retreat of filibusterers, priests and revolutionists. Even in Guadalajara, which the Mexicans themselves call the glory of the world, and the second capital of Mexico, Hollywood lawns retreat to monstrous new Hollywood walls in fashionable suburbs. Now turf looks very well in England, is somewhat out of place in desert California, and impossible in the arid west of Mexico. Where is a Mexican would water grass, when his fathers have built houses with walls on the street, where the populace passes and swains stop at the grated windows, while the family enjoys the patio secluded except for the constant sun?

EFFIE R. KEEN.

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The Arizona Pioneers' Historical Society is holding a social meeting in its quarters April 1. It is proposed to hold another such meeting early in the fall, as well as the annual meeting always held on December 29, the day Arizona was admitted as a territory.

Among interesting visitors to use our files during the past month was Mr. Vincent Kerens, son of Richard C. Kerens of Kerens & Mitchell, proprietors of the Southern Pacific Mail Stage Line, operating through Arizona in the 70's. Mr. Kerens is interested in his father's part in the development of Arizona.

We have been asked to locate station 34, supposed to have been a station for government scouts somewhere east of Yuma. So far we have found no record.

Miss Alice B. Windes has presented the organization with a long manuscript containing the life and reminiscences of her father, Reverend R. A. Windes, pioneer Baptist missionary of Arizona.

Mrs. Effie Keen, State historian, has presented a manuscript of interest, a copy of the report of Supt. of the Territorial penitentiary for the year 1900.

The Arizona Daily Star has turned their valuable old newspaper files over to the Society as an indefinite loan.

EXCERPT FROM THE SAN DIEGO HERALD, Nov. 21st, 1857: Stage fares from San Diego are as follows: To Yuma, \$35.00. To Tucson, \$75.00. To El Paso, \$120.00. To San Antonio, \$150.00, including meals. Each man proposing to go through should provide himself with a Sharps rifle (not a carbine), and 100 cartridges; a Colts revolver and two pounds of balls; knife and sheath; a pair of thick boots and woolen pants; half a dozen pairs of thick cotton socks; 3 under-shirts; 3 brown linen do; 3 woolen shirts; a wide-awake hat; a cheap sack coat; a soldier's overcoat; one pair of blankets in Summer and two in Winter; a piece of India-rubber cloth for blankets; a pair of gauntlets; a small bag with needles, thread, etc.; a sponge, hair-brush, comb, soap, etc., in an oil-silk bag; 2 pairs of thick draws and three or four towels. Such money as he takes should be in silver and small gold.

(Part of manuscript copied for this organization by Godfrey Sykes.)

At a meeting of the Directors the following Vice-Presidents were elected from the counties named: John Rockfellow, Cochise; T. M. Riordan, Coconino; Kean St. Charles, Mohave; Hinson Thomas, Gila; Wm. B. Kelly, Graham; Frank Pool, Pinal; Joseph Wise, Santa Cruz; Con P. Cronin, Maricopa; Mrs. Attie T. Hapson, Navajo.

ARIZONA MUSEUM NOTES

By ELIZABETH S. OLDAKER

At a program presented at the Museum recently by the Washington Woman's Club, Lula Howard, known as the best pottery maker of the Maricopa tribe, gave a demonstration of her process of making pottery, which is that followed by the tribe generally. She brought with her numerous pieces in various stages of completion, and thus was able in a limited time to show the whole process. She first exhibited caliche and clay in its original form, as found in the mountains south of the Maricopa reservation, and the red paint which is bought from the Papagoes, who find it in the mountains south and east of them. Next she showed a large ball of clay which had been washed and kneaded and mixed with the proper amount of caliche and ground fragments of broken pottery. This, with her hands and the assistance of a shaped paddle, she spread over a mold and pressed into the form of a low bowl. She showed how with coils of clay this shape might be altered and built up and given a better finish. She then set the bowl aside to dry and taking up another already dry, she demonstrated the method of applying paint. She next polished the bowl by rubbing its surface with a small stone of the proper smoothness and shape. She explained that after the bowl is polished (which, by the way, is a tedious job) it is given another coat of paint and then baked over hot coals. After the first baking a design, if desired, is put on and the pottery in this case is baked again. The paint used for making the black design is made from the juice of the mesquite tree.

A permanent exhibit of pottery in the various stages of completion was left by Lula Howard for the museum collection.

The United Daughters of the Confederacy, at a recent meeting at the museum, contributed an interesting group of civil war letters to be placed in their case devoted to relics of that period. The most interesting was a message to the senate and house of representatives, signed by Jefferson Davis. These have been loaned by J. S. Poyen.

Several articles from the estate of Mrs. Myron H. McCord, wife of the thirteenth governor of the Territory of Arizona have been given to the museum by members of her family. Among them is a rocking chair used by Mrs. McCord; a picture of Col. Myron H. McCord at his desk inside a tent in camp (Col. McCord organized, in 1898, the First Regiment of Territorial Volunteers which served in the Spanish American War); a commission signed by William McKinley, June 15, 1901, making Myron H. McCord U. S. Marshall for the Territory of Arizona; also a paper signed by twenty-two Phoenix men who presented Col. McCord with a sword when he resigned his post as Territorial Governor and organized the First Regiment of Territorial Vol-

ARIZONA MUSEUM NOTES

unteers for the Spanish American War in 1898. Among the names are: C. M. Frazier, J. P. Kraber, Richard H. Barker, Harvey Lee, C. W. Johnstone, Edwin S. Gill, Epes Randolph, George W. Vickers, Lloyd Johnston, J. W. Kurtz, J. Baedwin, Charles H. Akers, W. N. Tiffany, Horace Harrison, Chas. C. Randolph, William Christy, H. B. St. Claire, L. LaChance, J. C. Adams, Win Wylie, I. B. Hamblin.

Other articles given recently to the museum are:

A prehistoric hide scraper by Mr. Don LeBaron.

A Natural History specimen by Mrs. W. E. Meason.

Picture by Jacob Hamblin, Jr.

Three pictures by Mrs. M. M. C. B. Knox:

Old Territorial Road to Florence

Old Stage Station on the Gila River

Mesquite Tree, monument to Reynolds & Holmes.

Four pictures by John C. Clum:

Miss Nellie Cashman standing in front of her store at Dawson,
Alaska

Photo of Nellie Cashman

Photo of Apache Kid.

Judge Fleury's residence at Prescott, built by Gov. Goodwin,
1864.

Two metates and black, red and yellow pottery, given by J. L. R. Dickson.

Block matches, given by Mr. Con P. Cronin, State Librarian.

Smoky Topaz and Miniature Sculpture Specimen, given by William Rhodes.

Several ethnological specimens, loaned by Weldon Greene.

LAST FRONTIER

HENRY LOVIN

Henry Lovin, 66, died at Kingman, December 30, 1931. From North Carolina, Lovin came to the desert Salt River Valley in 1887, where, with W. W. Ward he set out the first orange grove. Cattle rancher, mine owner, he also held numerous political offices, being a member of the constitutional convention and chairman of the Mohave County Board of Supervisors at his death.

E. A. TOVREA

E. A. Tovrea, at Phoenix, Feb. 7, 1932, at the age of 71. Born in Illinois, he came to Yavapai County in 1883. He made his living by freighting, became interested in early irrigation projects, finally entered the meat business, wherein he made a fortune and established the largest inland packing company of the southwest, of which he was president at the time of death.

MRS. HARRIET S. WRIGHT

Mrs. Harriet S. Wright, 92, in Los Angeles, in March, 1932. She danced at Lincoln's inaugural, married at the close of the Civil war and rode with her husband in a covered wagon to Denver, and in the same manner to Cheyenne, and in 1888 to Tucson. Her first wagon train trip was under the command of Col. Bridger.

HANS PETER NEILSON

Hans Peter Neilson, 56, Danish immigrant, Mormon, range fighter, in 1876 rode his own pony into Arizona at 7, running away from a guardian in Utah. Crossing the Colorado at Lee's Ferry, he grew up around the ferry community, roamed the reservations of the Navajo and Apache and learned both languages. He was a famous horseman and cowman, taking part in the sheep and cattle wars.

JAMES STINSON

James Stinson, 93, at Kline, Colorado, January 8, 1932. One of the three white men living in the region of Snowflake in 1873, Stinson had one of the early contracts for supplying beef cattle to military posts. He later took his cattle to Pleasant Valley, where they were the cause of trouble with the Tewksburys, who exterminated the Graham family in the Pleasant Valley War.

LAST FRONTIER

JOHN B. WYLIE

John B. Wylie, 76, at Douglas, Feb. 1, 1932. Enlisting in the U. S. Army in 1871, he was a member of the relief expedition which arrived too late to save Custer, a campaigner against Geronimo and a Rough Rider. Settling to private life in Cochise County in 1900, he served three terms as representative and two as senator in the state legislature.

COL. FRED S. BREEN

Col. Fred S. Breen, at Loma Linda, Calif., Feb. 24, 1932, at 62. Coming to Arizona in 1898 as U. S. supervisor of all national forests of importance in the state and located at Flagstaff, Col. Breen made that city and county his home, taking over the publication of the *Coconino Sun* in 1908 and continuing it until the time of his death.

Other pioneers to go: A. J. Bellas, R. R. Hedgpeth, George Doty, James Rhodes, Guadalupe Tellez, Mrs. Alsie A. Pascoe, I. W. Wallace, Mrs. Louise (Jacob) Hamblin), Mrs. E. E. Ellinwood, Mrs. Minnie M. Dyer, John J. Sanders, Will E. Hazeltine, Mrs. Addie S. Pace, Steven Bailey, William Wakefield, C. D. Dorris, Mrs. James M. East, Thomas King, Andrew V. Gibbons, Courtland H. Young, Robert Heckle, C. H. Barkley, Warner Hoops Allen, Nemiah Holyoak, Mary E. McCord, John Noble, J. F. Nugent.

ARIZONA HISTORY FOR SALE

HISTORY OF ARIZONA, by *Thomas Edwin Farish*, in eight volumes. Vols. VII and VIII are out of print. Vols. I and II, \$1.50 each; V and VI, \$5.00 each; and a few unbound copies of III and IV, reading matter intact, \$3.00 each. III, index.

MORMON SETTLEMENT IN ARIZONA, by *James H. McClintock*, 277 pp, ill., index. \$2.50

LEGISLATIVE HISTORY OF ARIZONA—1864-1912, by *George H. Kelly*, pp 379, ill., index. \$2.50

PREHISTORIC IRRIGATION IN ARIZONA, by *Omar A. Turney*, Ph. D., pp 163, ill. \$2.00

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