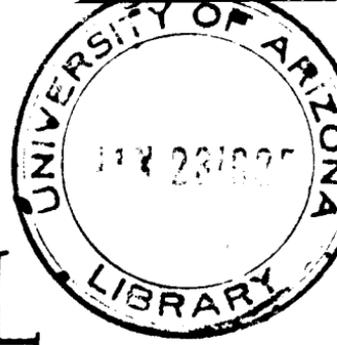


# ARIZONA HISTORICAL REVIEW



Vol. VI, No. 1

JANUARY 1935

A SPANISH EXPEDITION INTO THE  
ARIZONA APACHERIA

ARIZONA'S FRONTIER PRESS

THE SPANISH MISSIONS OF THE  
SOUTHWEST

THE CORRELATION OF STATE  
AND NATIONAL HISTORY

SOME UNPUBLISHED HISTORY OF  
THE SOUTHWEST



*One Dollar*

*Published Quarterly by*  
**University of Arizona**  
*with the cooperation of*  
**Arizona Pioneers Historical Society**

## Arizona Historical Review

Volume VI, No. 1

January, 1935

Published by the University of Arizona with the cooperation of the  
Arizona Pioneers Historical Society.

---

HOMER LEROY SHANTZ, Ph.D., Sc.D. .... President of the University

---

### UNIVERSITY PUBLICATIONS COMMITTEE

C. Z. LESHER, *Chairman*; G. M. BUTLER; P. S. BURGESS; R. J. LEONARD;  
M. P. VOSSKUHLER; R. H. GJELSNESS; H. A. PRAEGER, *Editor*.

---

### EDITORIAL STAFF

HOWARD ARCHIBALD HUBBARD ..... Editor  
EDITH O. KITT ..... Associate Editor

### COLLABORATORS

Will C. Barnes	Phoenix	Frank C. Lockwood	Tucson
George W. Chambers	Tucson	Fr. Bonaventure Oblasser	Topawa
Charles M. Clarke	Canyon Lake	Margaret Wheeler Ross	Phoenix
H. S. Colton	Flagstaff	Lotus Meyer Royalty	Tucson
Hon. Carl Hayden	Tempe	Elizabeth Toohey	Phoenix
Ida Reid Leonard	Tucson	Rufus Kay Wyllys	Tempe

---

### ARIZONA PIONEERS HISTORICAL SOCIETY

SAM J. MANSFELD, *President*; CHARLES F. VON PETERSDORF, *First Vice-President*; RUDOLPH ZEPEDA, *Treasurer*; EDITH O. KITT, *Secretary*.

---

### STATEMENT OF MAILING PRIVILEGE

#### APPLICATION

The *Arizona Historical Review* is published quarterly by the University of Arizona with the cooperation of the Arizona Pioneers Historical Society at Tucson, Arizona.

Application for a mailing privilege as second-class mail matter under the Act of August 24, 1912, has been made.

Subscription rates per year, postpaid in the United States, \$3; single copies, \$1.

ARIZONA HISTORICAL REVIEW INDEX FOR VOL. VI, 1935

Barnes, Will C.

Col. James Harvey McClintock  
Vol. VI, No. 1, Jan., 1935

Barnes, Will C.

The Black Canyon Stage  
Vol. VI, No. 2, April, 1935

Barnes, Will C.

Edward William Nelson  
Vol. VI, No. 4, October, 1935

Fraps, Clara Lee

Hopiland  
Vol. VI, No. 3, July, 1935

Gallego, Hilario

Reminiscences of an Arizona Pioneer  
Vol. VI, No. 1, Jan., 1935

Haskett, Bert

Early History of the Cattle Industry in Arizona  
Vol. VI, No. 4, October, 1935

Keyes, Charles

Quest of the Gran Quivira  
Vol. VI, No. 3, July, 1935

Kitt, Mrs. George

Reminiscences of William Fourn  
Vol. VI, No. 4, October, 1935

Lutrell, Estelle

Arizona's Frontier Press  
Vol. VI, No. 1, Jan., 1935

Martin, Asa E.

The Correlation of State and National History  
Vol. VI, No. 1, Jan., 1935

Oury, Mrs. Granville

Some Unpublished History of the Southwest  
Vol. VI, No. 1, Jan., 1935

Pattee, Samuel L.

Governor Hunt—A Personal Appreciation  
Vol. VI, No. 2, April, 1935

Reprints:

Historical Extract from the San Francisco Weekly Chronicle, Sept., 1855

Travel from Ft. Yuma to Tucson

Vol. VI, No. 1, Jan., 1935

Historical Extract from San Francisco Weekly Chronicle, Aug. 11, 1855

Calabasas

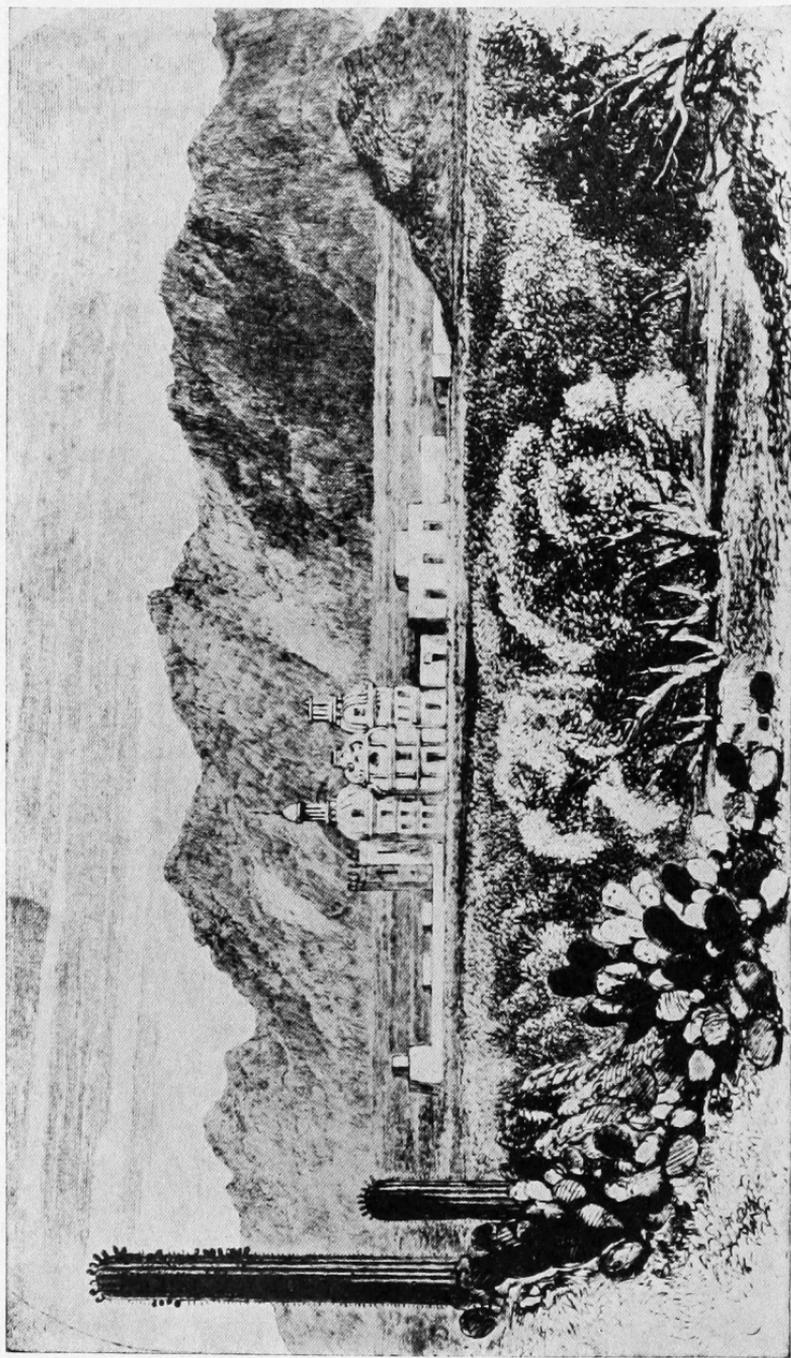
Vol. VI, No. 1, Jan., 1935

- Clifton Clarion, July 7 and 14, 1886  
With Crawford in Mexico, by Robert Hanna  
Vol. VI, No. 2, April, 1935
- Col. John Finkle Stone and the Apache Pass Mining Company  
Vol. VI, No. 3, July, 1935
- Sauer, Carl  
A Spanish Expedition into the Arizona Apacheria  
Vol. VI, No. 1, Jan., 1935
- Toulouse, J. H.  
Military Forts in 1869  
Vol. VI, No. 3, July, 1935
- Walker, Arthur L.  
Recollections of Early Day Mining in Arizona  
Vol. VI, No. 2, April, 1935
- Williams, Eugene E.  
The Territorial Governors of Arizona—Richard Cunningham  
McCormick  
Vol. VI, No. 4, October, 1935
- Willson, C. E.  
From Variety Theater to Coffee Shoppe  
Vol. VI, No. 2, April, 1935
- Wyllys, Rufus Kay  
The Spanish Missions of the Southwest  
Vol. VI, No. 1, Jan., 1935
- Wyllys, Rufus Kay  
William Walker's Invasion of Sonora, 1854  
Vol. VI, No. 4, October, 1935
- As Told by the Pioneers:
1. A. M. Franklin, Tucson
  2. Albert J. Straw, Glendale
  3. Emma Krentz, Douglas
  4. Frederick G. Brecht, Prescott
  5. L. H. Manning, Tucson
- Vol. VI, No. 1, January, 1935
1. Mrs. Samuel Hughes, Tucson
  2. Isaac Goldberg
  3. Charles M. Clark, Canyon Lake
- Vol. VI, No. 2, April, 1935
1. Oscar Francis Townsend, Yuma
  2. James Coyle, Gila Bend
  3. Mrs. Morris Goldwater, Prescott
- Vol. VI, No. 3, July, 1935
1. Santiago Ward
  2. D. E. Adams, Central
- Vol. VI, No. 4, October, 1935

## TABLE OF CONTENTS

	PAGE
A Spanish Expedition into the Arizona Apachería—by Carl Sauer..	3
Arizona's Frontier Press—by Estelle Lutrell.....	14
The Spanish Missions of the Southwest—by Rufus Kay Wyllys....	27
The Correlation of State and National History—by Asa E. Martin.....	38
Editorial Comment.....	44
Some Unpublished History of the Southwest—by Mrs. Granville Oury .....	45
Historical Extract from San Francisco Weekly Chronicle, September 1, 1855.....	65
Col. James Harvey McClintock—by Will C. Barnes.....	67
Reminiscences of an Arizona Pioneer—by Hilario Gallego.....	75
Historical Extract from San Francisco Weekly Chronicle, August 11, 1855.....	81
As Told by the Pioneers.....	83
Book Reviews .....	88
Among the Authors.....	91





Deserted Mission of San Xavier del Bac. Reproduced by permission of The Henry E. Huntington Library and Art Gallery from *Notes on an Overland Journey*—London, Richard Bentley, 1859—by Julius Froebel.

# A SPANISH EXPEDITION INTO THE ARIZONA APACHERIA

BY CARL SAUER

**NOMAD vs. SEDENTARY INDIANS.** The northward growth of New Spain was determined largely by the attitude of the natives. The sedentary Indians rarely opposed the white man's rule, fitted themselves readily into mission and colonial systems, and often provided the large part of the soldiers needed to hold and to advance the frontier. Beginning with Aztec Mexico one tribe of farming Indians after another was brought under Spanish rule until a continuous series of Spanish-governed, Indian-peopled provinces stretched northwestward to the Gila river. The Upper Pima were the last link in this chain. Like the tribes to the south of them, they received missionaries and military willingly or without serious opposition and became a strong prop to Spanish authority. North of the Pima, Indian farmers lived in small, discontinuous areas imbedded in a great stretch of country appropriated by nomad tribes stretching from coast to coast.

As the sedentary Indians were the principal aid to Spanish expansion, so the nomad tribes were the chief obstacle in the way. The movement north through the heart of the Mexican plateau lagged greatly as against the rate of growth along the eastern and western margins, the center being a land of desert and steppe, occupied by small roving tribes, whom the Spaniards were able to subdue only slowly and with great effort. Within the present limits of the United States Spanish forces for the first time met with really formidable nomad tribes, the Apache and Comanche. These were not only more numerous than the southern nomads but the bands had a sufficient capacity for concerted and sustained guerrilla warfare to stop the Spanish advance permanently. The American-Mexican boundary is due more largely to the barrier which the Apache formed from the Gila river to the Texas plains than to any other cause. No Spanish settlements were made in Apache territory, even the frontier

garrisons being placed well to the south of the Apachería in lands of sedentary Indians, such as Pima, Opata, and Concho.

Though Arizona was only a small and obscure part of the Spanish frontier, it epitomizes clearly this contrast between sedentary and nomad Indians, which conditioned the entire course of Spanish expansion.

**THE APACHE POLICY IN THE PROVINCIAS INTERNAS.** After the establishment of the Provincias Internas in 1776 Spain made a last effort to break down the Apache barrier by a series of military expeditions such as had proved effective in destroying the small tribes farther south. The attempt was to exterminate the warriors, in some cases all adults and adolescents, to remove the survivors into other parts of New Spain, and to destroy all habitations and crops. For a score of years such campaigns of extermination were continued, but without decisive results.

The presidio of Tucson, was of less importance in these expeditions of attrition than were the other military posts to the east. Part of the duty of Tucson was to guard the routes to the Lower Colorado and California. It was off-side with regard to the main Apache country, the westernmost Apache band, the Tonto, being less troublesome than the others. Tucson also was farther from the centers of Indian and Spanish population which, in such cases, supplied part of the necessary forces. Its most important disadvantage, however, was apparently its inferiority in pasturage. Not only was cavalry of prime importance in making such raids, but large numbers of animals were needed for the pack trains. Largely for this reason a presidio was maintained (part of the time at Terrenate) on or near the great grassy plain of Cananea, where horses and mules had excellent grazing in a wide, open basin that made it difficult for prowling Indians to approach undetected.

The mass of Spanish documents relating to the Apache is very large and these remain for the most part unutilized. A. B. Thomas in *Forgotten Frontiers* (Norman, Okla., 1932) has given a comprehensive statement of the Spanish policy toward the Apache after the forming of the Provincias Internas and has translated a series of documents, including diaries of expeditions into the Apachería. Two of these documents are of considerable interest for the historical geography of southeastern Arizona. The first, a journal of Captain Vildosola in 1780, details a march from Las Nutrias (below Terrenate, Son., in the Cananea plain), one party going by way of the Tombstone hills and Sulphur Springs valley to the Valley of San Simón at the Chenoweth ranch in New Mexico, the other

following approximately the route of the El Paso and Southwestern Railroad from Naco into New Mexico.<sup>1</sup> The second relates to a campaign initiated by Neve in 1784, in which one detachment, under Pedro de Allande, was ordered to proceed from Tucson through the Cañada del Oro and the pass of Molola (north end of Santa Catalina mountains) to the Cañada of San Simón (Camp Grant wash), thence to comb the sierras of Santa Teresa, La Florida, and San Marcial, and to join with the other troops at La Hermita (pre-historic ruin in the vicinity of Solomonsville?).<sup>2</sup>

A CAMPAIGN FROM TUCSON THROUGH THE ARIVAIPA CANYON. The archives of the State of Sonora, housed in the capitol at Hermosillo, contain a variety of late colonial material, as well as more numerous Mexican records, relating to Arizona. I found there a document of some interest regarding depredations committed by the Apache, to which was appended the journal of a campaign that has been unnoted.<sup>3</sup>

The journal lacks the first page, without other serious loss than the omission of the date, which may have been 1793. The document is of interest for the historical geography of the borders between Pimería and Apachería and is the earliest diary thus far recovered of a campaign in this part of the State. The campaign itself was quite inglorious. A translation, with comments on the route, follows:

SEPT. 2. At eight o'clock in the morning the party began its march, the advance guard being in close formation. We came to the valley of Sta. María Suance, near the Puerto at three in the afternoon, and in the said site made camp for the night.

The troop apparently had come from the presidio of Terrenate. The valley of Santa María Suanca is the alluvial plain in which the Mexican pueblo of Santa Cruz is situated. Rate of travel appears to have been about a league an hour throughout the expedition, except when difficult terrain was encountered. The following morning the party crossed the present boundary of Arizona.

SEPT. 3. At half past three in the morning we commenced to saddle and at five to march. At eleven we came to the ford of the Apache (bend of the Santa Cruz at the Hathaway ranch), at one to Guebabi, and at

<sup>1</sup> Thomas, A. B., *Forgotten Frontiers*, pp. 207-209. The interpretation of routes is the author's.

<sup>2</sup> *Idem*, pp. 247 and 254.

<sup>3</sup> The Apache documents are item twenty-one in the first volume of the archives.



three in the afternoon to the pueblo of Calabazas, camping for the night an eighth of a league beyond this pueblo.

SEPT. 4. At a quarter to five we took up the journey, coming at eight to Tumacacori, where we found the missionaries of Cocóspera and San Ignacio. We resumed the march after half an hour, saw the old presidio of Tubac, stopped for siesta at the ford of San Javier, whence we proceeded after three in the afternoon to camp at the spot called La Canoa, which we reached at half past six.

SEPT. 5. At three in the morning we began the march and came at a quarter to eleven to San Javier del Bac, where we stayed the night.

SEPT. 6. At seven-thirty in the morning we set out, and at quarter past ten reached the presidio of Tucson.

SEPT. 7. We remained in the presidio of Tucson, whence a body of horse left for San Javier to secure provisions for this place, returning at seven in the evening.

SEPT. 8. We remained in the said presidio.

SEPT. 9. At five in the afternoon the troops began their march, under command of Captain Don Pedro de Allande, and at one in the night reached the mesa of the Cañada del Oro without more disturbance than the straying of two pack animals. The commandant sent a corporal and five soldiers who did not find the animals. At dawn he despatched a sergeant and ten soldiers who returned with the animals and their packs. The commandant ordered the day guard to reconnoiter after dusk, but it returned at dawn of the 10th without having noted more than four old tracks of Indians.

SEPT. 10. At half past six in the morning we took up our march without incident and came at half past ten to the Agua de la Cañada del Carmen, whereupon the day guard went out to reconnoiter and found no track or sign of the enemy. At two in the afternoon we set out again, reaching the Agua de Alande at half past six, where we rested an hour, to arrive at half past twelve at night at the Río de Cequias Hondas.

The march north from Tucson was around the end of Pusch ridge to camp the first night in the lower port of the Cañada del Oro. The following day the party turned the northern end of the Santa Catalina mountains in the vicinity of Oracle, reaching the San Pedro river not far from Mammoth. The San Pedro, curiously, is here called the river of the deep irrigation ditches. Henceforth marching was done at night chiefly.

SEPT. 11. We remained at this place until six in the evening, when the commandant ordered that Lt. Don Pedro Marqués, with ninety-eight men belonging to the regular and auxiliary troops, should guard the train, and that the rest of the detachment proceed toward the pass of Nuestra Señora del Rosario. This we reached at one in the night, continuing thereupon in the direction of the box canyon (cajón) of Aribaypa, the

captain taking precaution to send out scouts in order to surprise the enemy. The guides having lost their way, we were forced to halt in a Cañada, very difficult to descend, until day.

This march east from the Mammoth vicinity, was along the line of the Copper Creek road through the gap in the Galiuro mountains, thence northward toward the canyon of the Arivaipa.

SEPT. 12. At half past five in the morning we crossed, in good order, some sharp ridges and high mesas north of the pass of Rosario, reaching at half past nine the floor of an arroyo whose small stream joins the Aribaypa. Shortly an Indian track was found, whereupon the commandant ordered Captain Don Manuel de Echeagaray to take half of the troops (which had been detailed previously as a precaution) and to occupy the heights, while the commanding officer with the rest of the soldiers followed the trail of the Indians which lost itself in the canyon of the Aribaypa. We scouted most carefully the caves and other places in which the enemy might have hidden, as we proceeded through the canyon. The name Tres Marías was given to three wall-like rock masses north of the Pass of Rosario. While we were going about reconnoitering the canyon on our way to rejoin the other captain there were discovered two very large caves and to one side and beyond to the north a pass or cañada by which the troops of Captain Azuela descended, and we gave it the name of the Pass of the Caves. We turned up the canyon of the Aribaypa and at a distance of half a league joined with the detachment of Captain Manuel de Echeagaray, resting until three in the afternoon by the side of the river of this canyon, which abounds in water and groves. Then, all the people united, we began our march to go up by way of the pass of the caves in search of the train. Halfway in this cañada we found another cave where the Apache had had mescal pits. We ascended toward the west by high, sharp ridges adjacent to the Aribaypa. On top two Indian trails were crossed, for which reason the commandant ordered a halt and sent out spies to observe where Apache might be hidden but they returned saying they had found nothing.

SEPT. 13. At four in the morning the expedition set out to descend again to the box canyon of the Aribaypa. Finding ourselves in a very broken terrain, impassable in all directions either afoot or on horse, six Apaches made an outcry against us from a sharp spur across from where we were. It being impossible to get at them because we were separated from them by an inaccessible stretch of barrancas (to which the name of Las Troges was given), our chief ordered us to descend to the valley floor by a dangerous route, in which it was necessary to dismount, and this we did, coming out at a cañada, joined to the river of the box-canyon of Aribaypa, at seven in the morning, having already reconnoitered the said cajón, its slopes, spurs, and other features as seemed desirable to our commander. Without delay we followed our way through this cañada

which was named La Ventana and through which the river flows from east to west and discharges into the river of San Pedro. At first it appeared readily passable, but by experience we found it otherwise, since in addition to rocks which obstruct the passage of the horses there are fallen masses of tree trunks which make it very difficult to get through. Nevertheless (and there is no knowledge that any one else has passed through here) the determination of the commandant overcame all difficulties and at one o'clock we attained the middle of the cañada where a rancheria of six or seven abandoned jacals was found. Continuing on our way at five in the afternoon we came out into the valley of San Pedro, the passage of the cañada under consideration having required ten hours. We rested on a plain in sight of the river of San Pedro until after six in the afternoon and resumed our march in search of the train. At ten at night we passed by three small, clustered hills, lying to the west and called La Pandorga, and at half past twelve at night came upon the train at the junction of the San Pedro and Gila rivers.

The march of the 12th and 13th was through the volcanic country in which the Arivaipa and its tributaries have fretted a series of box canyons, the description of the journal aptly characterizing this country. The reference to the cañada through which a Captain Azuela descended apparently refers to a previous expedition. After penetrating some distance north of the Arivaipa the troops returned to the main canyon and descended it to the San Pedro, the passage of the canyon supposedly having been the first undertaken by Spanish troops.

SEPT. 14. This day the commandant, seeing that the auxiliary Indian troops had run out of food, ordered that they be given supplies so that the campaign could be continued, but as soon as they were given rations they ran away into the brush and the Papago and Gileno fled for their own country. Thereupon the detachment began its march at three in the afternoon in search of the district of Pinal north of the junction of the rivers. The march was continued until nine at night through broken country and by a very inconvenient cañada full of rock masses. Seeing that the guides had lost the way and that the going was very hard for the train we stopped for the night on some rugged knife-like ridges adjacent to the arroyo cited.

SEPT. 15. The party set out (after having reconnoitered the terrain and sought out a road) at seven in the morning across slopes and sharp ridges until we came out at a range called Nuestra Señora de Africa, of more practicable ground. Leaving to our right two hills called the Tetas de Juana, the commandant ordered that Lieutenant Marqués proceed with thirty men to reconnoiter the passes through which we should go so as to avoid obstacles that might embarrass the train. At eleven we came to a

place in the same cañada where two old Indian tracks were crossed and a little farther on we halted so that the horses could graze, since there was pasture and water present. At three in the afternoon we proceeded by the same cañada of the Sierra de Africa until six, when we halted in a place of much pasturage and water to camp for the night. We found here an abundance of piñons of very good quality. The cañada of the Sierra de Africa runs from west (from which direction we entered) to east and is parallel to the canyon of Aribaypa, to the north of the latter, and ends about two leagues below the upper end of the latter, that is where the latter adjoins La Florida.

SEPT. 16. At eight in the morning the expedition took up its march by way of the cañada of the same Sierra de Africa, until about ten o'clock when, as we were going over ridges, slopes, and very broken country we discovered to the south of our route the box canyon (*cajón y troges*) of the Aribaypa. Continuing our march we halted at six in the afternoon in a valley which opened into the Aribaypa toward the west and there made camp overnight with the necessary precautions ordered by the commandant, who having heard a dog barking omitted no precaution.

On the 14th the party started up the Gila from the site of Winkelman. As they neared the Gila canyon the party swung eastward and southeastward, apparently getting into the Deer creek drainage. The Tetas de Juana may have been Saddle mountain, seen from a distance, the Sierra de Africa apparently was the southern part of the Mescal mountains. The cañada parallel to this sierra then would have been the valley of Deer creek, though Hawk canyon is also a possibility.

SEPT. 17. The commander ordered us to saddle at day-break and we commenced marching upstream at six. Indian tracks having been found, the train was halted under strong guard and we went in search of the enemy. Having entered a cañada it was seen that the Indians had returned from there, whereupon we rejoined the train and pursued our journey. Shortly, still following the Indian trail, we saw it entered another cañada, and that they had horses. The commander then ordered the train to remain where the terrain was good and sufficiently guarded, the rest of the party following the track and encountering a jacal, and farther on in a bend a permanent spring to which the name Agua Escondida de las Llagas de S. Francisco was given. On a hill immediately adjacent was an abandoned ranchería. Seeing at the spring signs that the Apache had been there, the commandant ordered their trail to be followed boldly. Thus we crossed to another cañada where the day guard saw three Indians whom it was impossible to reach because of the broken ground. On giving the alarm we went on a run as two adult Indians, a

woman, and a boy, were crossing the valley in order to hide in the ridge opposite the one in which we were (which is at the foot of the sierra of San Florentino, north of Aribaypa). These were made captives and the boy was baptized by Capt. Don Manuel de Echeagaray. Their heads were ordered cut off, and assembling the people, we went in search of the train which we met at one o'clock. The commander immediately ordered that we march to the said valley to the east, until we came out into the valley of La Florida, where in a very good spot we camped for the night.

SEPT. 18. At day-break we broke camp, and at half past six began our march toward the Sierra of Santa Teresa, leaving that of La Florida to the north of the former. In an arroyo that was carrying a good deal of water, and was at the base of Santa Teresa we halted at ten in the morning. Having unloaded the pack-train the commander ordered Lt. Marqués with thirty men on horseback to go scouting. He returned at three in the afternoon, after having reconnoitered the Aguaje of St. Joseph at the base of the Sierra of Santa Teresa, without news.

SEPT. 19. At eight in the morning an Opata sentinel, stationed in a tree, saw some shapes which appeared to be enemies, but is thought to have been a lone Apache who let himself be seen from afar. At the same time the commandant took all precautions to find out what might turn up. At half past twelve we began the march, reconnoitering slowly the locality where Capt. Don Pedro Allande had killed eleven Apaches, called Las Lomas de la Victoria. This is the most difficult country which has been seen during our march to date, because it is a malpais of rock masses difficult to pass on horse. Following our march, we came at seven in the evening to the springs of Santissima Trinidad between Santa Teresa and La Florida, at which watering place is a cottonwood and here we camped.

SEPT. 20. At seven in the morning the march commenced, skirting the sierra of Santa Teresa, leaving to the north that of La Florida and that of Las Cabezas. At three we got to the watering place of Los Pilares (only for persons) and following a route by the cañada of the Sierra de Nuestra Señora de los Dolores, we halted in the same about a league before coming out from it at six in the evening, where we camped for the night. We had water for the men but not for the horses.

The events of the Seventeenth took place in the vicinity of the hill-side village of Arivaipa, the valley of La Florida being the broad Arivaipa valley above the canyon. The Sierra La Florida was the main Graham or Pinaleño range. The Sierra of Santa Teresa on the other hand cannot have been the range which bears that name today. Repeatedly the Santa Teresa sierra was noted as lying to the north of La Florida. For three days the party, headed south, marched along the base of the Santa Teresa range. It is clear that

the Santa Teresa sierra of this expedition is the Galiuro range of the present, together with its extension, the Winchester mountains.<sup>4</sup> The ruggedness ascribed to the range in this account also agrees with the cliffs and frettings developed in the bedded volcanic materials which characterize this range and contrast it with the predominantly granitic Pinaleño range. The sierra of Dolores reached on their southward march after leaving the Galiuro range behind was then the Little Dragoon mountains and camp was made, it seems, in the pass now utilized by the railroad.

SEPT. 21. At seven in the morning the detachment set out and reached the San Pedro river at half past eleven. After watering the animals we continued to the former presidio of Santa Cruz which we reached at three in the afternoon with many people ill.

SEPT. 22. The commandant ordered muster of the troops before deciding on a reconnaissance of the Peñascosa range, but was confronted by the fact that not only had fifty-three men taken ill so as to be incapacitated but that the rest, ninety-seven including officers, who had remained well were also in the process of falling ill. The proper consideration of the diminished forces, at least fifty men having to remain with the train, and also the exhaustion of supplies of Fronteras troops obliged the commanding officer to set out for Tucson, giving up the reconnaissance of La Peñascosa for sufficient causes. At five in the afternoon the march was taken up, the greater part of the sick, from San Ignacio and the Opata, being placed on horses and mules. At eleven at night we halted at the terminus of the Sierra of Vavocomari on the west side.

SEPT. 23. At seven in the morning we set out from the place mentioned and got to the Ciénega of the Pimas at one, where the Opata and the Pima of San Ignacio were paid off. Six of the former and one of the latter had newly taken sick, as had also an Indian of Santa Cruz, and five of San Xavier and Tumacacori. Thus there were counted sixty-six men sick in camp. At six in the afternoon the march was begun and at half past eleven at night we reached a very extensive mesa south of the sierras de los Muertos and Santa Catalina.

SEPT. 24. At six in the morning we set out and got to the presidio of Tucson at ten, the troops firing off their pistols, and crying vivas for the most holy Mary, the King our Lord, and Commandant General, to which the presidio responded by hoisting the flag and firing off six salutes by cannon. The whole detachment proceeded to the church and in thanksgiving sang a salve to the Virgin Mary.

---

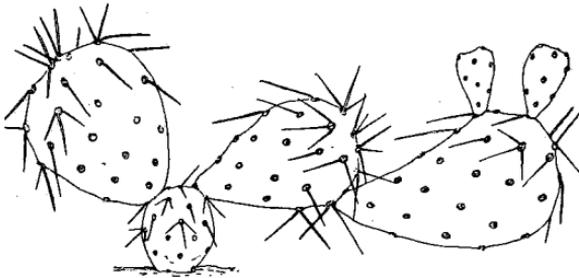
<sup>4</sup> The Zuniga Journal of 1795 applies the term Santa Teresa in the same sense. Hammond, who has published a translation of this journal (*New Mexico Historical Review*, 1931, pp. 52-65), thought, erroneously, that the Santa Teresa was the Pinaleño range.

## NOTICES

The route of the 11th, involving large ascents and descents until getting to the floor of the arroyo which discharges into the cajón of Aribaipa, is not recorded as having ever been made by troops beforehand.

The march executed along the difficult river of the Ventana on the 13th of September also is not recorded as having previously been followed by any troops.

Nor is there notice that the crossing of the 15th has been made by any living person, from the place where we entered the cañada de Nuestra Señora de Africa until we left it on the 16th and followed over ridges and slopes that were almost impassable until getting to the beginning of the valley of La Florida. There is no notice that any troops of his majesty passed through this terrain.



# ARIZONA'S FRONTIER PRESS

BY ESTELLE LUTRELL

TUBAC and Tucson, both Mexican Presidios before the Gadsden Purchase, were all there was of Arizona in 1859. Tubac was the focusing point of much Mexican military history in the days of Anza; the setting of the fabulous story of Planchas de Plata, or slabs of silver; the pioneer camp in the first days of American occupation and the starting point of Arizona's newspaper history.

With Mexico on her back and the Apaches at her heels Arizona roughed it along towards civilization without adequate government aid or even sympathetic interest from any quarter. It is this struggle which the frontier editor embodies and reflects.

"Hail Columbia," sang the soldiers, as Captain Stone and his guard passed over the line from Sonora into the "Purchase." Out of his pocket the Captain took a small and beautifully worked American flag, which he placed on the pile of stones that marked the line; the soldiers forming a circle around the monument sent up hearty cheers for the Stars and Stripes; off they galloped at the word of command; again it was "Hail Columbia."<sup>1</sup>

These were gallant gestures. The hardships that were later experienced by the military detachments and by the early settlers when the military appeared to fail them are the subjects of many a chronicle. Suffice to say that military protection against the relentless Apaches was absolutely indispensable.

For over a year before the arrival of troops about thirty Americans living with some four hundred Mexicans had been marooned in Tucson. When help arrived horses and mules were plentiful, as the Americans had been amusing themselves re-capturing "Cavallados" from the Apaches who had previously stolen them from the Mexicans.<sup>2</sup>

---

<sup>1</sup> "Arizona Correspondence": *San Francisco Herald*, July 15, 1859.

<sup>2</sup> Report Sonora Exploring and Mining Company, Cincinnati, Railroad Record, 1856.

After the arrival of the military there pushed ahead the two great adventurers in Arizona, the mining engineer and the editor. It is easy to see what the former was digging after and why he was digging in a particular spot, but the reason for the editor's efforts is at times hard to discern.

What is a newspaper without readers and without news?

In the motley crowd milling around the capacious barracks left over from Mexican military days in Tubac, there were a goodly number of mining engineers, a few men with jingling gold at command, and a rabble of adventurers without even a name,—all drawn to the spot by alluring tales of mineral wealth. Here also was set up the little Washington hand-press, still to be seen in Tucson, which had been dragged out to Tubac from Cincinnati by promoters of mines in the vicinity.

*The Weekly Arizonian* first published on March 3, 1859,<sup>3</sup> was a little four-page paper full of advertisements of merchandise purchasable in Cincinnati and of whiskey to be bought right at hand, but scant in its description of what was going on in Tubac. Careful culling reveals news items of Indian depredations, prospecting parties and horse-stealing. One soldier caught in such thievery, probably with desertion in mind, was sentenced in court-martial at Fort Buchanan to receive fifty lashes with a cowhide well laid on the bare back, to be confined at hard labor, heavily ironed, to forfeit all pay due him, to have his head shaved and to be branded with a red hot iron with the letter D, to be drummed out of the service and receive a dishonorable discharge. In the same issue of the paper is seen a report of a prospecting party. There are many details of their disappointing search for gold and some description is given of the physical features of the country through which they passed. Casual mention is made of an "unfortunate occurrence" on the trip. Two men died from eating what was called "wild parsnip." Both were buried at the camp where they died. One man was from New York and the other was believed to be from Texas. The article closes with the statement "next week we will give some interesting details of the expedition and the country explored."<sup>4</sup>

Soon however, long editorials began to appear adverse to Territorial recognition for Arizona. Editor Cross, a veteran of the Mexican war, was violently insistent that such recognition was not feasible.

<sup>3</sup> The publication date given in *San Francisco Bulletin*, Mar. 22, 1859; paper described in *Railroad Record* (Cincinnati) Mar. 30, 1859.

<sup>4</sup> *Weekly Arizonian*, June 30, 1859.

There is some reason for thinking that he was jealous of Lieutenant Mowry, then living at Tucson, and making a strong effort not only for territorial organization but for his own election as delegate to Congress. To that end, it seems that he gave population figures which were prophetic rather than actual. These figures Cross attacked and also the character of the man who made them, declaring that Mowry could have satisfaction if he wanted it.

A report of the circumstances leading up to the duel is given by a correspondent from Tucson to the *San Francisco Herald*<sup>5</sup> as follows:

Lieut. Mowry left on Sunday evening, for Tubac, a distance of sixty miles, for the purpose of settling a personal difficulty with Mr. E. Cross, the editor of the *Arizonian*, published in that place. The cause of the difficulty originated from a card published by Cross in the *Washington States*, the day after Mr. Mowry left for the Pacific side, which card Cross sent enclosed in a letter to Col. Robertson, of this place, asking him to read it to the Americans at Tucson, and also to post it on the door of his store. The letter of Cross also stated that if Mowry wanted any satisfaction, that he (Cross) would give it to him. Hence the challenge from Mowry. It is understood they are to fight with rifles. The *onus* should have been upon Cross, if he had determined to seek personal satisfaction, as Mowry had previously replied to some anonymous attacks of that person, in various Atlantic presses. Mowry, however, feels himself bound to vindicate his statements made in relation to the population of Arizona. The whole affair has originated out of Lt. Mowry's efforts to get territorial organization for the Purchase. When the affair is over I shall probably have something more to say about it. It is understood that it will come off on Tuesday, the 5th.

As a matter of fact this duel over Arizona's population figures finally came off on July 8.

Its story, which is well known locally, was reported with much gusto by the California press of the day. The account in the *Arizonian* is as follows:

"The parties met near Tubac, weapons, Burnside rifles, distance, forty paces. Four shots were exchanged without effect; at the last fire Mr. Mowry's rifle did not discharge. It was decided that he was entitled to his shot and Mr. Cross stood without arms to receive it. Mr. Mowry, refusing to fire at an unarmed man discharged his rifle in the air and declared himself satisfied." In another part of the paper the editor comments that a high wind, almost amounting to a gale, was blowing across the line of fire thus preventing accurate aim and then he adds something about an "ill wind."<sup>6</sup>

<sup>5</sup> "Arizona Correspondence"; *San Francisco Herald*, July 15, 1859.

<sup>6</sup> *Weekly Arizonian*, July 14, 1859.



Following this episode Lt. Mowry purchased the press and brought it to Tucson. *The Arizonian* became the organ of his policies and was published there by various editors until the crash of the Civil War.

Sylvester Mowry of Rhode Island,<sup>7</sup> who was twenty-six at the time of his duel with Cross, and who died at Hotel Fenton in London before he was forty, was the most spectacular figure in Arizona's early history. Upon his graduation from West Point he was sent out to Fort Yuma. The wild, rugged and undeveloped country in which he found himself appealed to his imagination. With old Jesuit maps spread out before him, he threw himself into a study of the region and with uncanny penetration perceived values which to men of slower imagination seemed ridiculous. Arizona became at once to Mowry a political entity, not merely a series of rocky hills to be gutted of their mineral wealth and left to yawn upon empty desert wastes.

Mowry consequently resigned his commission and entered the hazardous fields of mining and politics. Though apparently more successful in the former, it was his political efforts which added the greatest variety and importance to his career. Twice elected from Arizona to the House of Representatives, Congress blocked his aspirations by refusing territorial organization.

Unfortunately for his further political advancement and that of southern Arizona, he allied himself with a group of men from the South who became "rebel" sympathizers when the war broke out. Accusations of conspiracy against the federal forces were brought against him, his silver mines then producing \$700 per day<sup>8</sup> were confiscated and he was imprisoned for a time in Fort Yuma, a fort which he had helped to establish. When his property and freedom were restored<sup>9</sup> because of lack of proof against him he left Arizona for New York where he remained "during the four years of frenzied strife."

His return for a short time after the war was over, when he waged a bitter political fight for a Democratic delegate to Congress, added nothing to his credit. After the election which resulted in the defeat of his candidate he put up the plant of the *Weekly Arizonian* for sale<sup>9</sup> and left Arizona never to return. Broken in health,

---

<sup>7</sup> Cullum's Biographical Register of the Officers and Graduates of the U. S. Military Academy; Descendants of Nathaniel Mowry of Rhode Island (Providence, 1878) pp. 292-296.

<sup>8</sup> Mowry: *Mines of the West*, (N. Y. 1864) p. 14.

<sup>9</sup> *Arizona Citizen*, Oct. 22, 1870.

he went to London for treatment where he died a few months later. However, the Mowry tradition remains strong in the land of his heart's desire. His mines were again worked in the period of the European War, and as a museum relic the Mowry press still exists.

With the hoisting of the Confederate flag real trouble began for these pioneer settlers from the "Old South." The disastrous consequences of this act upon them are set forth in a pitiful S.O.S. which was printed in the *Arizonian* of August 10, 1861. The article tells of the wide-spread desolation in Tucson and vicinity. The mail was withdrawn; soldiers gone and garrisons burned to the ground; miners murdered and mines abandoned; the murderous Apache and the naturally inimical Mexican element threatening "to wipe us out to a man"; the nearest friendly settlement over three hundred miles away through a barren waste, infested by Indians. In this bitter complaint the editor states at the close:

"The only reason under Heaven that can be assigned for the injustice and bad treatment we have undergone is that the people of Arizona are southern in feeling and have dared to own it. The eleven starred banner that floats over Tucson shows that her citizens acknowledge no allegiance to abolition rule."<sup>10</sup>

"The Pirate Flag," as the California papers referred to it, was not allowed to wave for long. In May, 1862, a little army known as the California Column marched into the Old Pueblo from the west about noon of the twenty-second. The army consisted of the First and Fifth Infantry regiments, five troops of the First California Cavalry, Captain Shinn's battery, and Lt. Thompson's jackass battery, so named because the howitzers were mounted on the backs of burros. No blood was shed. Captain Hunter in charge of the Confederate forces marched eastward and made for Texas.<sup>11</sup> The Stars and Stripes took the place of the Stars and Bars.

After this break the scene shifts. Congress having decided upon organization for Arizona, President Lincoln appointed Territorial officials in March, 1863. There were delays and indecisions. The very destination of the governmental party was undetermined. It was finally decided to avoid Tucson because of its unsavory Confederate record and its strong Mexican influence, even though it was the only point at which there were traces of an American settlement.

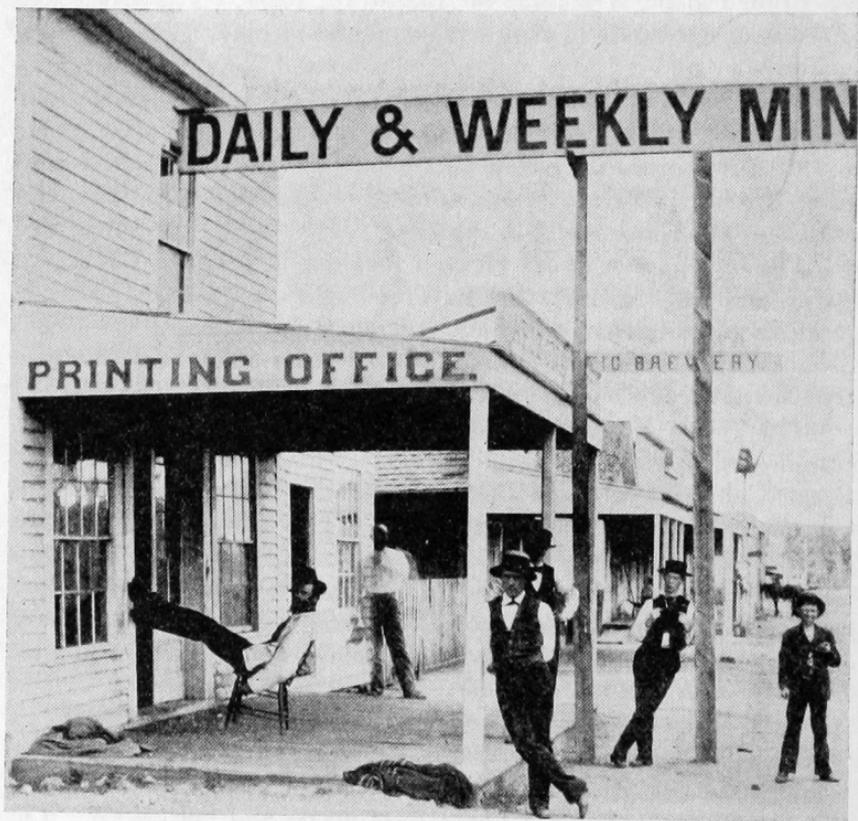
The party finally established itself on Granite creek which still

---

<sup>10</sup> Quoted in *Daily Alta Californian*, Sept. 2, 1861, under the caption "Pirate Flag."

<sup>11</sup> *Arizona Daily Star*, May 23, 1891.

winds its way through what was soon known as the town of Prescott. Here amid tall pines, with robins, linnets and finches making merry above, as they still do, and with Apaches skulking beneath, as they do no longer, they pitched their tents. On this site the old log house of the first Governor still stands, having been restored and opened as a museum through the efforts of Sharlot Hall, Arizona's beloved poet of pioneer days and the first appointee as Arizona Historian.



The entrance to the editorial office of the *Arizona Miner*, 1874-1884.

Thus in 1864 another little paper, the *Arizona Miner*, was published, first at old Fort Whipple, and then at Prescott. The press was purchased in Santa Fe, placed in government wagons with the personal effects of Richard McCormick, Secretary of the new Territory, and hauled out to its final destination.<sup>12</sup> Under military protec-

<sup>12</sup> *Weekly Arizona Miner*, Dec. 24, 1870.

tion from the Apaches the paper was printed and Governor Goodwin's official acts struck off. "Father" Fleury acted as "chef" for the Governor and did the "devil act" on the *Miner*. With rifles strapped to their backs the pioneers plowed and prospected; with rifles strapped to their backs they printed their little weekly paper. In spite of these precautions, in the second year of its publication the editor, F. A. Bentley, a young man of twenty-seven, was shot by the Apaches, and died shortly afterwards in his office.<sup>13</sup>

Later the paper was known affectionately as "*Marion's*" *Miner*.<sup>13a</sup> Of all the frontier editors John Marion was the most forthright, had the greatest exuberance of expression and was the most fearless champion of causes lost or lagging that Arizona of the Sixties and Seventies produced. His columns swing the reader with a bang right into a live personality. Born in New Orleans, Marion came to Prescott in his twenties, with a prospecting party, and there remained, not only as a promoter of mining interests, but as an advocate of Arizona's political rights. Surveying the first ten years of his life in Arizona, Marion himself said: "During these ten years we have prospected, mined, risked our life among the Indians, sewed on many a button, flopped many a flapjack, and gone to bed many a night on Mother Earth tired and sleepy and a little alarmed about the permanency of our scalp."<sup>14</sup>

His incisive articles on the Indian question were notable. Clear in his convictions and bold in his expression of them he was a man suited to the dangerous times in which he lived. With a "Brick Pomeroy type of humor" he denounced the Indian policy of the government and the sentimentality of eastern philanthropists. In one of these protests he said: "The *Miner* will continue to protest against the foolish, imbecile, wicked conduct of these Indian fanatics, even if such protests have no other effect than that of keeping the record straight."

This statement of Marion's calls to mind that a paper printed in an isolated region and claiming less than seven hundred subscribers would not ordinarily represent important influences, still the humorous local items in the *Miner* and its trenchant articles on Indian matters were widely quoted by exchanges. The editors of the *San Ber-*

<sup>13</sup> Fish Ms., p. 364; Obituary: *Weekly Arizona Miner*, Feb. 28, 1867.

The two accounts are not in exact agreement.

<sup>13a</sup> " 'Marion's Miner,' a name which many of my friends have called it." Marion's Valedictory: *Weekly Arizona Miner*, Jan. 29, 1875.

<sup>14</sup> *Weekly Arizona Miner*, Sept. 6, 1873.

*nardino Guardian* in 1869, making complaint of the non-receipt of their copies said:<sup>15</sup>

"Will the *Miner* inform us by which route the mail from Prescott to this place goes? whether by sailing vessel, down the Colorado, and the Gulf of California, up the coast to San Francisco, and thence down by stage to San Bernardino, or by the Overland route through New Mexico and Texas, via New York and the Pacific Railroad. If the latter route, please get your postmaster to forward by the former in preference." To this Marion replied: "We'll ask a Philadelphia Lawyer."

Marion when writing of the growth of the *Miner* under his editorship said, "We purchased the paper and issued our first number September 21, 1867. At this time the *Miner's* entire circulation, including paid subscribers, 'dead heads' and exchanges did not exceed seventy-five, and although it contained about sixteen columns of advertising, but one-half column of this was paid advertising, the remainder having been put in to fill up space. It has now a circulation of 672 and several columns of paid advertising."<sup>16</sup>

When Marion's prayer, "O Congress, give us a railroad," was finally answered, and the telegraph thrown in, when General Crook's wise policies of Indian settlement prevailed in northern Arizona, when General Miles in the south arranged for the deportation of Geronimo and his band, this chapter of Arizona's struggle was closed and Marion's fight was won, but that, be it remembered, was not until 1886.

It was not long after the settlement of the Apache wars that the whole Hassayampa country was saddened by the news of Marion's death. Pioneers, prospectors, and mountain men generally came forward to acclaim his worth. He was a man they said who always did his duty in camp, and always stood ready to divide his prospect and his rations with those who had neither,—language which to men of that class described a prince.<sup>17</sup>

Hard upon these two early journalistic beginnings other papers followed, owing their organization to the usual run of local, economic, and political demands.

The Spanish newspaper came early and continued to stay. *Las Dos Repúblicas* of Tucson, the earliest of these papers in Arizona, was regarded by many eastern business men as their best advertising

<sup>15</sup> *Guardian*, May 22, quoted in *Weekly Arizona Miner*, June 5, 1869.

<sup>16</sup> *Arizona Weekly Miner*, Dec. 24, 1870.

<sup>17</sup> Obituary: *Prescott Morning Courier*, July 28 and 29, 1891.

medium, not only in the newly acquired American possessions, but also for the Mexican states of Sonora, Chihuahua and Sinaloa.<sup>18</sup> As for the local slant of these early papers, it was at times like that of Ah Sin, a little "peculiar." Now that the agency of the public schools has in a large measure unified the population, it seems difficult to accredit the fact that as late as the Eighties the editor of a Spanish paper in Tucson warned its Mexican readers not to become American citizens, threatening to publish the name and hold up to ridicule any who became naturalized,—a threat which was actually carried out. The attitude of the editor brought forth some local newspaper comment but aroused no very deep concern.<sup>19</sup>

#### A NEW MINING PROJECT WISHES AN ORGAN—

"Come out (to Quijotoa) and set up a paper 'mucho pronto' before some one gets in ahead of you," was the word sent to Harry Brock, an adventurous young editor.

"I accordingly set out," he said, "in a stage drawn by half wild Mexican cayuses that went in a gallop most of the way. At a half-way station we slept at a corral on a pile of hay.

"In two hours I raised in subscriptions two hundred and fifty dollars minus twenty-five dollars for treats." *The Quijotoa Prospector*, a little four-page, six-column weekly, printed on all kinds of 'bum' job type was soon issued. It was short-lived.

"Did you know," wrote one of the young editor's friends to him after he had established himself in newspaper work elsewhere, "that I bought the whole Quijotoa outfit for \$3,000, including mines, mill, well, pumping plant, climate and scenery. The 'boom' was not included, as it had been disposed of."<sup>20</sup>

#### CAMPAIGN SHEETS SPRANG UP AND DIED DOWN—

"In the early Eighties when I was in Florence," said Judge Hinson Thomas, "I was called upon to come over to Globe and start *The Times* in support of the Democratic candidate for Congress. After I arrived I saw that the owner of the paper favored the Republican candidate. The Democratic committeeman threw down on the owner's desk a shot bag full of twenty-dollar gold pieces as an argu-

<sup>18</sup> Pettingill's Newspaper Directory. New York, 1878.

<sup>19</sup> *Arizona Daily Star* (Editorial), Oct. 2, 1886.

<sup>20</sup> Harry E. Brook, "My Reminiscences," *Los Angeles Mining Review*, Dec. 3, 1910.

ment for his candidate." Later weightier influence on the other side being used, Thomas was instructed to line up for the Republican party. To the surprise of all concerned the young editor stuck to his guns, displaying in his first issue brave headlines in support of the Democratic congressman. Possibly not much to his surprise the Judge was immediately dismissed by the owner, an incident which closed his newspaper career, while the paper itself did not outlast the campaign.<sup>21</sup>

#### A TOWN SITE WAS ESTABLISHED AND CRIED FOR PROMOTION—

In one case the post office was pulled astride an *arroyo* while a little paper sprang up on each side waging war to the knife over the question of the permanent site.

The tendency was to overcrowd the field. One editor, growing caustic over the appearance of a new paper, remarked that there were still a few "waterholes" left without a paper to represent them.

The early editor on the whole was of the editor-printer type. He was a practical printer, a good Indian fighter, a rampant politician, a hard drinker, frequently a jolly good fellow, rarely a writer, sometimes an adventurer, always a trail maker. Though an adept at dodging money troubles he was almost sure to be caught at last and either submerged himself or his paper utterly wiped out. Occasionally he reversed his decision to follow the uncertainties of newspaper life and chose a career with more promise. We read in these early years that "The Hon. C. A. F. has abandoned his purpose of starting a newspaper in Phoenix and in lieu of that last Saturday started a Faro bank."<sup>22</sup>

One eulogistic description of a pioneer, J. T. Marling,<sup>23</sup> who closed his full career as editor and publisher, tells of him that he was at one and the same time postmaster of his town, Justice of the Peace, Notary Public, Commissioner of Deeds; that he taught in a school house built by himself, was storekeeper, district roadmaster, saloonist, agent for the sale of land, and Indian fighter.

The legend further runs that he had his school back of his saloon, recessing his classes upon the call of thirsty patrons. His own account

<sup>21</sup> This incident was related to the writer in a personal interview. No copy of a *Times* (Globe) of this early date seen.

<sup>22</sup> *Arizona Daily Star*, June 3, 1883.

<sup>23</sup> Since the following account is somewhat legendary, a fictitious name has been used.

of his prowess during Indian raids was proverbial. A local paper, discounting one of his stories, said that Marling's condition at the time was such that he could not have told a Chiricahua Indian from a New York Alderman. In fact as seen through the comments of contemporaries, his personality was one of strong lights and dark shadows. Rambling, senescent memories of a little school teacher who knew him well, help fill out the picture.

"O yes, Mr. Marling was a born gentleman. When I first taught school in Tubac, he was Justice of the Peace. He wrote a beautiful hand. They all had to make their records in good writing in those days."

She gave a reminiscent chuckle. "When he would get a case, he would do more writing than they did in the Beecher case.

"Still he never succeeded in business. He tried the cattle business in Mexico several times but did not get any return.

"His family was English and he wrote for his brother to come over; so Matthew came.

"He had two children, a boy and a girl; had trouble with his wife. Then he stole Matthew's wife.

"I adopted the little girl.

"Everybody had something to say against Marling. Still I can't see but that he was about as good as anybody, and had about as many friends. He was certainly well born. Think the family had royal blood. Guess he could have been a duke."

It is perhaps unfair to toss a frontiersman of such obvious ability into the crucible of a woman's heart and watch him dissolve. When the prop of civilization is removed it seems to be the man of parts who makes the biggest slump.

Contradictory qualities of character such as these and a confusion of activities also marked the long career of A. F. Banta, or Charlie Franklin, as he was sometimes known. Starting as a tramp printer in Prescott, with the *Miner* in 1864, he boasted of having held more official positions by election and appointment than any other man in Arizona. He established two papers which are still running, and was connected with several others; the Wheeler Expedition used him as a guide, and he acted as Indian scout under General Crook. Of his scouting days he was especially proud.<sup>24</sup>

When his career was closed and a group of pioneers gathered at the Point of Rocks in Prescott to "shove him off" they stood on the

---

<sup>24</sup> "Half century at the pie counter." Official record of A. F. Banta, *Tucson Citizen* (Magazine section), Mar. 4, 1923.

slopes amid the gnarled juniper trees while the venerable Judge Wells breaking the silence,—made even more solemn by the sighing of the pines, called the roll of the scouts of whom Charlie Franklin had been the last survivor.

“Powell Weaver,” a pause; “Willard Rice,” silence; “Ed Peck,” still no sound; “Dan O’Leary,” an empty echo, and at last “Charlie Franklin,” a final pause. “No answer comes from the camp of the scouts,” gravely pronounced the Judge.

As the crowd was turning away a young reporter said, “The old scout did not know anything about news, but he could write that Indian stuff.”



# THE SPANISH MISSIONS OF THE SOUTHWEST

BY RUFUS KAY WYLLYS

ONE of the unique features of colonial North America was the frontier mission which was developed on this continent by the rulers and clergy of imperial Spain. No other mission system elsewhere in the world has been quite like it, although the Spanish mission was by no means confined, in scope, to North America. On the contrary, this peculiar frontier institution has left its mark on nearly all borderlands of Spain in the New World, north or south of the equator.

Suppose one glances briefly at the background of this instrument of Spain and the Church in North America. In the early and middle Sixteenth century, nothing is found exactly resembling the frontier mission in New Spain. The reason for its absence is obvious—for Spain was then following the semi-feudal policy of dividing her new Indian subjects among their conquerors, by a process known as the *repartimiento* in which particular villages or tribes of Indians were assigned to *encomiendas*, each *encomienda* under an *encomendero*. The *encomendero* was expected to look out for the civilization and spiritual welfare of his charges, while receiving the profits of their labor in return. Thus it was expected that the purposes of establishing government, and society and religion would be served; and although the *encomenderos* were not always conscientious in caring for their wards, on the whole the *encomienda* system served fairly well for the Indians of tropical America.<sup>1</sup>

But the *encomienda* system was best applicable to Indians who lived in close communities and large numbers. When the Spanish conquerors came in contact with what they called "wild" Indians (*Indios bravos* or *bárbaros*), who lived semi-nomadic lives in scattered groups, it was found difficult if not impossible to collect them

<sup>1</sup> Simpson, Lesley B., *The Encomienda in New Spain: Forced Labor in the Spanish Colonies, 1492-1550* (Berkeley, 1929).

and keep them subdued and industrious on the plantations and in the mines of would-be encomenderos. Therefore, some new agency had to be developed to deal with this less tractable type of native, and at least keep him peaceful and well disposed toward the Spanish settlers. Such an agency was found in the mission as it is known in our history. It should be noted, too, that the development of the mission was not a sudden, spontaneous affair—that the technique of mission-building and management took many years to perfect; in fact, its full development required centuries. It is in the latter part of the Sixteenth century, however, that one sees the problem of contact with the Indians on the frontiers of New Spain being turned over to the orders of friars who were willing to assume such responsibility. They responded with zeal and enthusiasm.<sup>2</sup>

In discussing the Spanish mission it should be remembered that it was a three-fold institution—political, religious and economic or social. As a religious institution, its purpose is fairly obvious, for the friars and the members of the Company of Jesus regarded their conversion of the Indians as heaven-sent opportunities for the advancement of the Church. It sometimes mattered rather little to them how much the Indian understood of the religious doctrines served up before him, provided he went through the necessary forms of becoming a Christian. Yet this statement should not be taken as applying to a majority of the missionaries, most of whom were perfectly sincere in their religious motives and thoroughly conscientious in performing their duties. As a political and imperial instrument of Spain, the mission served the purpose of peace-maker and spreader of Spanish civilization and authority. As such, it received substantial aid from the Crown. In addition, the mission took care of all those wild and half-wild tribes whom the encomenderos did not consider it worthwhile to exploit. As time went on, too, the encomienda system was gradually abolished; and then the missions took charge of the economic life of the collected frontier Indians. Thus missionaries became actually Indian agents of the Spanish government, keeping peace on the frontier, serving God and civilizing the savages.<sup>3</sup> Of course, from the viewpoint of the Spanish rulers, the mission was always a temporary phase in making the Indian into a Spanish citizen, just as the work of our Indian agent was so re-

---

<sup>2</sup> Bolton, Herbert E., "The Mission as a Frontier Institution in the Spanish American Colonies." *American Historical Review*, Vol. XXIII, No. 2, October 1917, pp. 42-61.

<sup>3</sup> *Ibid.*

garded. When the white settlement increased sufficiently in the neighborhood of a mission, it was expected that the missionary would be replaced by the priest, and his lands divided among the whites and the Indian converts. Then the missionary might advance to another new frontier. As an economic and social institution, the mission began the clearing of agricultural lands, brought in cattle for the Indians, and prepared the way for the white settlers who followed the trail. At the same time, Spanish civilization, or the rudiments of it, was imparted to the red men, and they were taught better and more efficient methods of gaining a livelihood.<sup>4</sup>

One might distinguish three main institutions of the Spanish-American frontier: the mission, the presidio, and the pueblo. The order in which they have been mentioned indicates the manner in which they were used when it was feasible to do so. First, the mission, and after it had pacified the Indians, the presidios were established to keep order and guard against the wilder Indians out beyond the area of mission influence. Then, in course of time, came the pueblo, with its civilian colonists, rancheros, miners, merchants, as the country became more safe for individual economic enterprise. Of course, we are most concerned here with the mission; but it is well to remember that behind the padre there was always the military arm of Spain reaching out to take in territory or merely to protect the religious worker; and that back of the missionary and the soldier there came, in course of time, the settler.<sup>5</sup>

The methods of the mission are reasonably familiar to most Americans, and need not be dwelt upon at length in this general survey. Of course, there was first the *entrada*, or exploration of any possible mission field by individual padres or small groups of them, bringing word of the teaching of Christ, introducing the natives to the Cross and if possible baptizing them. Depending upon the reception given them in these *entradas* (literally "entrances") the padres could decide the question of establishing missions in the territory explored. Possibly after one or two *entradas* a few bold padres would come to make their homes permanently in the new country. Then would come the building of the mission proper, which at first was likely to be nothing more than the habitation of the missionaries. Two padres were ordinarily considered enough for each mission, although there might be more if the number of Indians served seemed to

---

<sup>4</sup> Blackmar, Frank W., *Spanish Institutions of the Southwest* (Baltimore, 1891).

<sup>5</sup> Bolton, *op. cit.*

justify a greater number. One padre was supposed to devote his time to managing the mission and its chapel, and conducting the religious services, while the other made regular journeys to neighboring Indian villages. Both devoted a good part of their time to instructing the Indians in agriculture and such trades as they could learn, and to building more structures for the mission establishment. Each mission extended its influence, if possible, by planting branch missions or *visitas* among the neighboring Indian tribes. A *visita*, usually only a small chapel to begin with, might be regarded as a mission in the process of growth; for if the labors of the padres there and the numbers of the natives justified it, the *visita* might be made into a full-fledged mission, with resident instead of merely visiting missionaries. The task of making the rounds among the *visitas* was a dangerous one at times, for even if the surrounding tribes always remained friendly, there was ever the fear of raiding parties of hostile Indians, such as Comanches or Apaches. Many a padre met martyrdom in such service. For this reason it was usually the chief aim and endeavor of the padres at a given mission, to collect the Indians at the mission itself, or as near as possible; an additional reason for this being the greater ease with which they could be instructed and influenced. So in the most successful mission establishments, such as those of California, the Indians were collected in close communities and kept at work, the neophytes going through a regular routine of labor each day, labor interspersed, of course, with the religious services. What the Indians thought of this system is uncertain but we may infer that to many of them it was satisfactory, because they were at least ensured food and shelter. In fact, a large part of the initial influence of the padres in almost any frontier mission was undoubtedly due to the dispensing of food and gifts among the Indians.<sup>6</sup>

So much for the technique, in general, among the mission padres. Let us glance now at the general division of the mission fields. Far over in the eastern part of North America the mission as a frontier institution seems to have been tried out first in Florida. Here were to be seen the Christian soldiers of the Company of Jesus (Jesuits) taking charge of missions soon after the founding of St. Augustine in 1565; and that the Jesuits were at least ambitious if not successful in this region, can be seen in the fact that nearly forty years before the founding of English Jamestown, Padre Segura of the Jesuit Order had established a mission of the Rappahannock River in Vir-

---

<sup>6</sup> Blackmar, *op. cit.*

ginia, where he and his companion suffered martyrdom, in 1570. It was not long afterward that the Jesuits gave up the Florida frontier to the Franciscans, who were not much more successful, although they maintained themselves there until the Eighteenth century.<sup>7</sup> Turning westward the Order of Friars Minor (Franciscans) were to be found taking over the mission work in what are now New Mexico and Texas. Franciscan missions were planted in New Mexico with the coming of the Oñate expedition of 1596;<sup>8</sup> but it was not until 1665 that the Franciscans began to make entradas into Texas, and not until much later that the Texas missions were established. Farther to the west the Jesuits took charge of the mission work in Sinaloa, Sonora and Lower California, being succeeded there in 1768 by the Franciscans.<sup>9</sup> And last of all, the Franciscans, after taking over the Jesuit field, pushed their famous line of missions northward into Alta or Upper California, beginning in 1769.<sup>10</sup> Thus the Franciscans survived the Jesuits as missionaries although they soon gave up their exhausted field in Lower California to the friars of the Dominican Order.

Now let us examine this advance of the missionary frontier in more detail. One point to be noticed is the point of view of New Spain. She regarded these missions as institutions for the spreading of Hispanic civilization and control. We of the Southwest today have to reverse our viewpoint, and imagine ourselves looking northward, from Mexico toward the wilderness, just as our Anglo-Saxon ancestors looked westward beyond the limit of white settlements in the United States. Consider what it meant to these Spanish pioneers to be pushing out into the unknown—without most of the weapons and resources of Anglo-American pioneers, and depending chiefly upon moral suasion for their success if not for their personal safety.

First one sees the Jesuits creeping up the Pacific slope of North America. They had first crossed the Cordillera of Mexico and

---

<sup>7</sup> Bolton, Herbert E., and Ross, Mary, *The Debatable Land* (Berkeley, 1925), pp. 10-23.

<sup>8</sup> Hammond, George P., *Don Juan de Oñate and the Founding of New Mexico* (Santa Fe, 1927).

<sup>9</sup> Bolton, Herbert E., *Spanish Exploration in the Southwest, 1542-1706* (New York, 1916), pp. 427-463; Chapman, Charles E., *The Founding of Spanish California* (New York, 1916).

<sup>10</sup> Bolton, Herbert E. (ed.), *Historical Memoirs of New California, by Fray Francisco Palou, O. F. M.* (4 v., Berkeley, 1926); *Fray Juan Crespi, Missionary Explorer on the Pacific Coast, 1769-1774* (Berkeley, 1927); Chapman, *op cit.*

come down to establish their missions in Sinaloa in 1591. From that point may be traced their slow but steady progress northward, from one short, fertile river valley to another, along the narrow western coastal plain of Mexico. Step by step they advanced, establishing schools, setting up the authority of Spain, suppressing the native medicine men, suffering martyrdom on various occasions and often facing starvation, but always advancing; the places of the fallen being taken by new workers. In the Fuerte River valley, the bold Yaqui nation was for a long time a difficult obstacle; but in 1610 the Yaquis were subdued and given missionaries, although they often broke loose in the years that followed, carrying on the 300-year war that ended only about thirty years ago with the submission of the Yaquis to Mexico. The Jesuits also made futile efforts during the middle Seventeenth century to bring missions to Lower California.<sup>11</sup> But by 1636 Jesuit missionaries were established at Ures, in the Sonora River valley. Fourteen years later they were functioning in Cucurpe and Arizpe in northern Sonora, where there were thirty of them in 1679, serving, it was estimated, some 50,000 neophytes, in what the Jesuits called the Pimerías—Baja and Alta—Sonora and southern Arizona.

At this point, eight years later, the now famous Padre Eusebio Francisco Kino was entering the mission field of the Pimerías. In 1687 he founded Mission Dolores, a few miles east of Magdalena. This was his headquarters for twenty-four years thereafter, and from it as a base, he founded his famous chain of missions, in the Altar valley and in the valley of the Santa Cruz. After his death in 1711 the missions of the Pimería country languished for a time. San Xavier del Bac (founded by Kino in 1700) was occupied by a series of padres, as were San Gabriel de Guevavi and San Cayetano del Tumacacori, the other two Jesuit missions of Arizona. The discovery of the Bolas de Plata mines at Arizonac in 1736 caused a temporary revival of interest in this borderland, and after the Pima revolt of 1750, presidios were established to protect the missionaries—Tubac, Terrenate, Altar and Fronteras, although by that time several of the missions had been abandoned.<sup>12</sup>

---

<sup>11</sup> Chapman, Charles E., "The Jesuits in Baja California, 1647-1768," *Catholic Historical Review*, Volume VI, No. 1, April 1920, pp. 46-48.

<sup>12</sup> Bolton, Herbert E., *Kino's Historical Memoir of Pimería Alta* (2 v., Cleveland, 1919); *Spanish Exploration in the Southwest*, loc. cit.; Hammond, George P., "Pimería Alta after Kino's Time," *New Mexico Historical Review*, Volume IV, No. 3, July 1929, pp. 220-238.

Such was the mission situation in the far Southwest when in 1767 the Jesuits were expelled from all the dominions of Spain. Franciscans came into Pimería next year to take the place of the Jesuits; the explorer, Fray Francisco Garcés, becoming the missionary at San Xavier for ten years.<sup>13</sup> Likewise, Franciscans took over the Jesuit missions of the peninsula of Lower California, which had been founded there, beginning in 1697 with the efforts of Padre Juan María de Salvatierra, and which were prospering after a fashion.<sup>14</sup> The Franciscans soon turned the Lower California missions over to the Dominican Order, and instead took up the work of extending mission control into Alta California, in 1769.<sup>15</sup> Thus from Alta California to the borders of Texas, Franciscans were in charge of the Spanish frontier missions by 1770.

It will be necessary to turn back here a moment and note the progress of the Franciscan missions. The Franciscans, as has been said, came into New Mexico with Juan de Oñate in 1598, and they took an important part in the founding of that wedge of Spanish colonization along the ranges of the eastern Rockies and up the Rio Grande valley; they went out among the Indians of the pueblos and set up missions in strategic places, and by 1630 there were some twenty-five missions serving 60,000 Indians under Franciscan control in New Mexico. But quarrels with the military authorities hampered mission development here, although the enterprising Franciscans did push westward into the Painted Desert of northern Arizona by the middle of the Seventeenth century. Then came the great Popé Indian rebellion of 1680 which resulted from the mismanagement of the government and missions, and which caused a general exodus of Spaniards from New Mexico.<sup>16</sup> The province was not recovered until 1693, when the Franciscans were restored to their missions; but they had suffered too great a blow, the missions as establishments no longer prospered, and finally priests came in to take the place of the missionaries. Meanwhile, the Franciscans had been pushing into Texas, but not getting much encouragement there, in 1693 they withdrew from the country for a long time. In 1718, however, they came back with military support, and

<sup>13</sup> Engelhardt, Padre Zephyrin (Charles Anthony), *The Franciscans in Arizona* (Harbor Springs, Michigan, 1897).

<sup>14</sup> Chapman, *op. cit.*

<sup>15</sup> Bolton, *Palou*; Chapman, *Founding of Spanish California*; Denis, A. J., *Spanish Alta California* (New York, 1927).

<sup>16</sup> Hackett, Charles W., "The Pueblo Revolt of 1680," Texas State Historical Association, *Quarterly*, Volume XV, pp. 93-143.

founded San Antonio de Bejar, dean of the Texas missions. The Texas missions were never very prosperous, being exposed too much to the raids of the Plains Indians, who had now secured horses, and not having the geographic advantages of the missions of the Pacific slope. The experience of San Saba Mission is an example of how little the Christian teachings appealed to the Plains Indians, for it had no sooner been founded (1758) for the purpose of serving the Apaches, when the Comanches swept down upon it and destroyed it completely.<sup>17</sup>

Finally, one might glance at the Franciscan missions of Alta California. The political reason behind them is well known—the fear of Russia and England. They resulted largely from the recommendations of José de Gálvez, visitor-general of New Spain, in 1768.<sup>18</sup> In accordance therewith, came the advance of the missionaries under Fray Junípero Serra, escorted by Gasparde Portolá, in 1769. The founding of San Diego, 1769, opened the first of a long line of twenty-one missions, ending with the establishment of San Francisco Solano (Sonoma) Mission, in 1824.<sup>19</sup> The great prosperity of the California missions was due largely to their isolation from dangerous enemies, and to the wealth of cattle which they owned. They were connected with New Spain by Juan Bautista de Anza's tracing of an overland route from the Pimería to San Francisco Bay, 1774, and his colonial venture thereto in 1776.<sup>20</sup> The excellent management of the California missions was due partly to the lack of interference from the military authorities, and partly to the lack of fear of any strong foes, as well, perhaps, as to the relatively pure-blooded stock of the Spanish colonists who settled near these missions.

Now to sum up the discussion of the Spanish mission frontier of the Southwest. The missions were most successful in California, for some of the reasons already shown. The type of Indian of California was easily controlled; there was a source of wealth as well as food in the cattle which roamed the California hills by countless thousands; and the soil was very fertile in many places; but most of

<sup>17</sup> Bolton, Herbert E., *The Spanish Borderlands* (New Haven, 1921); *Texas in the Middle Eighteenth Century* (Berkeley, 1915).

<sup>18</sup> Priestley, Herbert I., *José de Gálvez, Visitor-General of New Spain, 1765-1771* (Berkeley, 1916).

<sup>19</sup> Chapman, *Founding of Spanish California*, 97-101.

<sup>20</sup> Bolton, Herbert E., *Anza's California Expeditions* (5 v., Berkeley, 1930), Volume I, *An Outpost of Empire*.

TABULA CALIFORNIAE Anno 1702.  
Ex autoptica observatione delineata a R.P. Chino & S.I.



Jesuit map of Arizona and Lower California.

all the remoteness of California missions from foreign or savage dangers preserved them in relative safety, by comparison with many other frontier missions.

In the Pimeria and in Lower California, the missionaries held their own, and did little more. They were able to do so chiefly because the Pimas and similar tribes were strong enough to resist the attacks of Apaches, and not so much because of fertility of soil. In Baja California, the Indians were a dying race, hence the missions there were gradually abandoned as their services were less needed. As for the New Mexico missions, there has already been noted their slow recovery after the Popé rebellion, and their final secularization. In Texas, there is mainly failure to record concerning the missionary endeavors. Several reasons help to account for this. There were the predatory Indians of the plains, who had acquired horses from the Spaniards and turned them into a means of making continued and successful raids into Spanish settlements. The Comanches, Jicarillas, and Lipans and other Apache tribes proved too much for Spain to control, on this exposed frontier where no geographical barriers aided the soldiers or missionaries. Besides, the land of the Great Plains was not attractive to the Spanish settlers, who preferred, for the most part, the mountainous country of Mexico, so much more like their native Spain.<sup>21</sup> Then, to make matters worse, there were the occasional disturbing visits of the French in Texas. We might summarize the Texan missionary failure by saying that the missions were altogether too much exposed to a variety of enemies, and that the Indians whom they tried to serve were either weak or indifferent and even hostile to missionary influence.

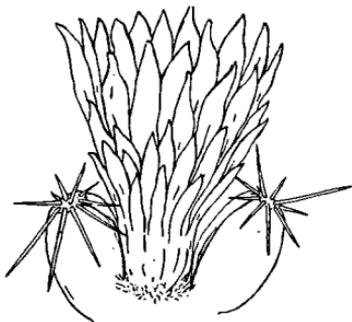
Here might be drawn up, then, some generalizations from the history of the southwestern missions. In general, it may be said that they succeeded among sedentary or weak or peaceful Indians, such as those encountered in New Mexico, Sonora, Arizona, Lower California and Alta California. But in some of those same regions, and in Texas, they met the nomadic Indians of the Great Plains and of the Arizona-New Mexico mountains. Especially after the horse had been acquired by these nomads, did the Spaniards and missionaries have a difficult problem to solve in controlling them; and of course the missions were the chief sufferers from the raids of the nomads, because they were the most isolated, and often suffered from the treachery of their own neophytes. Another point to be considered, is the relative weakness of political support for the mis-

---

<sup>21</sup> Webb, Walter P., *The Great Plains* (New York; 1931), pp. 114-126.

sions in the Seventeenth and Eighteenth centuries, for then Spain was increasingly unable to raise money and men for the protection of the missions. So the missions might languish in New Mexico, Texas, Arizona and Lower California, while deserts and mountains protected the slender line of Alta California missions from the fierce Apaches and Comanches.

It is not necessary to dwell upon the services of the Spanish missions to the Southwest. Much of the romance of its history is due to them. A glance at our architecture is enough to show the influence of the Spanish mission buildings. And finally, the trails of commerce and empire are those which were originally traced for the white race by the missionaries. If no other service had been performed by the padres, their contributions to geography would be enough to make them immortal.



# THE CORRELATION OF STATE AND NATIONAL HISTORY

BY ASA E. MARTIN

THE effort to make the people of Arizona more historical minded through the publication of historical documents and monographic studies, the organization of historical societies, and the teaching of state history in the schools is the spontaneous result of an increasing interest in national history throughout the country. The task of bringing people to a proper appreciation of their traditions and their early history has always been difficult. This is especially true in the United States, where a dominant characteristic has been a tendency to look into the future rather than into the past and to be interested primarily in achievement rather than in admiring the attainments of ancestors. Another factor in the problem has been the migratory habits of the American people. Even today, when the frontier has ceased to exist and the population has become fairly well stabilized, a considerable portion of the people in most communities were born in localities other than their present residences. Indeed, the census of 1930 places in this category a majority of the persons in ten states of the Union, one of them Arizona. Regardless of these conditions in our country, the great mass of our citizens are becoming more and more interested in the history of the communities in which they live. And this interest, thoughtful persons recognize, needs stimulation and direction.

The furtherance of historical mindedness in Arizona should be an easy matter because of the rich background of the Southwest. Few states, if any, can boast of a more interesting, a more dramatic, or a more significant sequence of events than Arizona has had. The changes that have taken place since Coronado and the Conquistadores contested the sovereignty of the savages in the primitive wilderness are so momentous that they are almost beyond comprehension. They challenge the imagination of all normal individuals. In the short period of less than four centuries the territory now em-

braced within the boundaries of the state of Arizona has been transformed from a barren semi-desert country inhabited by Indians into a prosperous commonwealth, whose citizens today enjoy the blessings of an intricately developed civilization. The men and women who wrought these notable changes in the face of the most difficult obstacles created a history that is not only interesting but unique in its character and in its substance.

Unfortunately, many of the details of the struggle to establish the social, economic, and political institutions under the successive sovereignties of Spain, Mexico, and the United States have been irrevocably lost through the carelessness and the lack of foresight on the part of this and preceding generations. Although a great deal has been accomplished during the past two or three decades in particular in collecting, classifying, and assembling in fireproof buildings historical documents, many have been destroyed; and unless the interest of the public in general can be aroused to the value of these materials, much of what remains will suffer a similar fate. Unfortunately, no inconsiderable portion of the existing data concerning the early history of Arizona has been taken out of the State and is now diffused in private and public libraries throughout the nation. And a number of these outside collectors are bending every effort to assemble what remains of the published and manuscript materials relating to Arizona history. Although attempts to preserve these priceless documents should be commended, the logical depository for them is the Arizona libraries. At present it is necessary for the student of Arizona history to visit libraries in California and even on the Atlantic seaboard in order to pursue his work in a scholarly manner. Consequently, research in Arizona history has become so expensive that it has become prohibitive to most scholars. This explains in part the woeful neglect of Arizona history. Furthermore, unless the public can be aroused to the importance of preserving in Arizona those materials relating to its own history, productive scholarship will continue to be fragmentary in the future as in the past. This is indeed an unfortunate state of affairs both for the history scholar and for the general public as well. When this fact is fully appreciated along with the recognition of the importance of Arizona history to the people of the State, a belated attempt will be made to preserve all those records that will contribute toward its unfolding and to make them available to the general public, especially through the agency of public libraries and the educational institutions of the State. Although much has been accomplished recently in these respects, the State lags far behind many states in the comparative num-

ber of historical societies, the reenactment of historical events through pageants, the building up of research libraries supported by public funds and endowments by private gifts, and the research publications of scholars. This condition is due in part to the richness of archaeological material within the State and the presence of large groups of Indians, whose life and institutions attract much attention. Consequently, archaeology in Arizona has been exploited in a most commendable degree by a group of highly trained specialists, the character of whose work has attracted national and even international recognition. To a considerable extent, however, this interest created in the archaeological remains of the State has helped to create an erroneous belief on the part of many that Arizona has no history worth recording. The admirable work of the archaeologists should be in no wise minimized or discouraged, but rather should be supplemented by a comparable interest in the recorded achievements of those who have developed the social, economic, and political institutions which are the heritage of the present generation of Arizonians. The *Arizona Historical Review* and the social science publications of the University of Arizona are excellent agencies through which the attainment of this objective may be accomplished in part; and it is hoped that they may secure the popular support which they need and deserve. Furthermore, the trained historian must not continue as in the past to be handicapped by the inaccessibility of source materials, in which the story of the State is related. These must be not only discovered and preserved but adequately housed in fireproof libraries. To these ends every county in the State should have its historical society, which will stimulate the interest of the average citizen in the history of his own community as well as in the State at large; and these in turn should be federated in a statewide organization.\*

Moreover, for the benefit of those scholars who are pursuing research in State history or on questions that have a bearing on it, it is highly desirable to have available in printed form a thorough classification of the contents of each historical collection within the State. While of special use to the individual who is interested in the broader phases of State history, this compilation will serve also the needs of those in the local communities who are interested in the more limited fields of historical material.

---

\*The Arizona Pioneers Historical Society, established April 16, 1897, functions as a State-wide organization. The museum and executive office maintained by the Society is located on the Campus of the University.—Ed.

One person particularly benefitted by these means will be the teacher in the high school, who will find the collection of the local historical society beneficial not only as a means of instructing his students in methods of historical research but as an important factor in vitalizing the subject. If any way can be found of presenting high school history in a less boresome manner than has too often been customary in the past, a long step will have been taken in making the people of the country historical minded.

The significance of local history in the life of the nation can not be too strongly emphasized in our schools, regardless of the fact that there is a growing tendency to minimize it. To the pupil in the public school, history begins in his immediate environment. Therefore, it is logical and proper that his instruction should commence with those incidents of immediate concern to him, about which he has some knowledge. As his fund of information broadens and with it his perspective, the historical data given to him can likewise broaden to include the country, the state, the nation, and ultimately the universe.

Indeed, it is with the local communities and with local interests that most of us are primarily concerned. The great bulk of the laws under which we live and labor are made by the state, the county, and the municipality. The church and the school, those dominant influences in shaping the character of the people in every community, are of local origin; and the economic well-being of any section of the country is inextricably involved in its roads and other means of communication, in the markets for surplus produce, and in the facilities for purchasing the necessities of life. Indeed, it is the still small voice of the people back home, which often increases in intensity and volume to such proportions that all who listen may hear, that shapes and determines the attitude of the individual members of Congress as well as that of the administration towards practically all public questions.

Therefore, if it is true that the history and the well-being of each individual community is interwoven with those of the state and the nation at large, the history of the country as taught in the elementary and high schools should take cognizance of that fact. Even a superficial examination of the high school text books most commonly used in the United States indicates the scant attention given to local conditions. As a matter of fact, the publishing houses often determine by their texts the courses of study in our high schools instead of the courses of study determining the nature of the books to be printed. Since these companies are interested primarily in ob-

taining books that will have a uniform sale in every state in the Union, they can not feature the history of the states and local communities. The problem of bringing about a more equitable adjustment of the true relationship between state and national history in our high school courses in history is complicated further by the already overcrowded curriculum. Indeed, there is no room for separate courses. Consequently, in those states where the teaching of state history is a legal requirement United States history is frequently relegated to the small list of elective subjects, with the result that large numbers of students are graduated with their knowledge of American history woefully deficient. There is, nevertheless, a strong feeling, and one that is well founded, that both state and national history in some form or other should be required of all graduates of high schools regardless of the close interrelation of the subjects. The problem of how to make this possible is complicated not only by the question of introducing an additional required course but also by the difficulty of dividing state and national history into separate subjects. Where this alternative is resorted to, there is bound to be considerable duplication and overemphasis; and too often both subjects are presented in a fragmentary and incomplete manner. Furthermore, only a small percentage of the high schools of this or any other state have creditable text books in state history and have available library facilities to enable the teacher and the pupil to do satisfactory work in the subject. In many places this situation is remedied in part by the preparation of pamphlets dealing with the history of the town or city and the county in which the school is located. Among other things such subjects as the geography of the region, the pre-white or Indian population, the early white settlements, and the economic, social, political, religious, and educational development of the region are treated. This material may then be presented to the student as a regular part of the course either in a definite period of time allotted for that purpose or as supplementary to the usual work in the general American history course. Too often, however, these pamphlets pay only scant attention to the history of the state as a whole.

Although I do not feel competent to recommend a definite method by which a proper correlation of state and national history can be attained in the teaching of the subject in our high schools, I wish to describe briefly one attempted solution of the question which has met with a commendable degree of success. In the first place a source book is written designed as a supplementary text to be used in connection with any standard high school history of the United States

for the definite purpose of coordinating the history of that particular state with that of the country as a whole. This supplementary work, usually a single volume, consists of a considerable number of carefully selected sources showing the relation of the state to all the important national events, social, economic, and political. The sources are so selected that they not only illustrate the part the state has played in all outstanding national events but also emphasize the deeds and the opinions of men of prominence in the state. Preceding each selection is an introductory paragraph explaining the significance of the material quoted. This book can be purchased by each member of the class and used in connection with his general text in the preparation of each lesson, or a sufficient number of copies may be placed in the school library for reference use there. As a concrete example of how a state's relationship to any important event in national history can be brought out interestingly by assignments in the source book, take for instance the study of the conquest of the Southwest by the United States in the Mexican War as presented in any standard history of the United States in which the event is treated merely as a phase of the war as a whole. By reference to such documents as Polk's Messages to Congress relative to the acquisition of the Southwest and extracts from the Treaty of Guadalupe Hidalgo the pupil can be brought to see the direct association of the very region in which he lives with the broader and more general policy of the Federal government.

Source books of this kind can be compiled easily for any state in the Union. Although I do not claim that the use of such a book in connection with the high school course will prove a final solution of the problem, I believe that it offers distinct advantages over the systems now in use in most of our states. Not only will it result in a better coordination of state and United States history, but it will stimulate interest in the study of history on the part of the pupil, provoke class discussion, and furnish many topics for problem study.

The present crisis through which the nation is passing has demonstrated as never before the need for a thorough knowledge of the historical background of our political, industrial, and social problems. Indeed, all our human institutions are the result of a slow evolutionary growth, accompanied by constant experimentation and readjustment. Surely, a knowledge of these processes will prove an aid to intelligent citizenship. Therefore, every effort should be made through the organization and activities of historical societies, the furtherance of historical research, and the encouragement of the teaching of local and national history in the schools to raise the standards of both our electorate and our leadership.

## Editorial Comment

WITH the present issue the *Arizona Historical Review* is again making its appearance after nearly two years of retirement. It is now published by the University of Arizona, and edited by the department of history and political science of that institution in cooperation with the Arizona Pioneers Historical Society. The periodical, founded by George H. Kelly, State Historian, first appeared in 1928 and for five years was edited by the State Historian.

The pressing need for resuming the publication was strongly felt by many eager to preserve those phases of Arizona history that might disappear with the passing of the present generation. In reference to that phase of its work the magazine already had one definite policy clearly outlined. There is also in mind the attempt to keep alive an already widespread interest in Arizona history. At the present time there is a large collection of diaries, memoirs, letters, and other valuable source material in the archives of the Arizona Pioneers Historical Society. This is always available to research students and any others interested in State history. There must be much more material that should be collected and preserved. It is hoped that the many readers of the magazine will become ardent co-operators in adding to this collection.

It is also hoped that trained historians who have access to material on Arizona may be induced to gather and evaluate data and thus add to the too meager amount of accurate and scientific history of this commonwealth. It is planned that through this publication opportunity will be offered for many such articles. It is further proposed that much valuable information concerning early social, economic, and political conditions now in manuscript form may be disseminated and permanently preserved. Most earnestly we invite the cooperation and patronage of all Arizonans interested in the State and its history.

HOWARD A. HUBBARD.

# SOME UNPUBLISHED HISTORY OF THE SOUTHWEST

## AN OLD DIARY FOUND IN MEXICO

### CHAPTER IX (CONTINUED)

BY MRS. GRANVILLE OURY

ANNOTATED BY COL. C. C. SMITH, *U. S. Army, Retired.*

NOTE: This diary was begun in the *Arizona Historical Review* of October, 1931, as part of a continued article under the caption *Some Unpublished History of the Southwest* by Col. Cornelius C. Smith and ran until January, 1933. With Colonel Smith's permission we continue it from that point but after so long a lapse of time that we feel it necessary to requote some of Colonel Smith's introduction.—THE EDITORS.

"WHILE I was sojourning in Durango, Mexico, in 1922, the diary of Mrs. Granville H. Oury, wife of the Honorable Granville H. Oury (lately delegate to the Confederate Congress from Arizona, an officer in the Confederate army, and in the early Eighties delegate to Congress from Arizona Territory), came to my hands. Mrs. Oury's diary, of which I secured a copy from the original, was in the possession of her adopted daughter, Mrs. Harry V. Jackson. It is given here just as it was arranged by chapters.

"At the close of the Civil War there were many who had lately fought in the army of the South who declined to take the oath of allegiance to the United States Government, betaking themselves to foreign lands, principally Mexico and South America. Among those who went to Mexico was Granville H. Oury, late of Florence, Arizona, and with him his bride, the writer of the interesting diary following.

"From San Antonio the Ourys started for Mexico, in which country they travelled for some months, then settled in Arizona. To the diary I have added some notes from my own knowledge of Mexico to clear up, in places, anything that might appear ambiguous and to round out the narrative.

"C. C. SMITH,  
*Colonel, U. S. Army, Retired.*"

OCTOBER 19TH (1865). At nine yesterday morning we bade adieu to our dear, kind host and hostess and their family and left

Mesilla with hearts full of gratitude for their unremitting kindness; there was but one cloud in my horizon, and I began to grow impatient to be moving towards my husband, indeed became oppressed with the "blues." We had awaited for Mr. Aguirre and his family, who declining to start, I feared we would be detained indefinitely, so determined to take the most desperate chances and we have ventured out with a very small force, Mr. Brown<sup>1</sup> being the only one of the party who has any knowledge of the road. He is a friend of Mr. Oury's, is said to be the best traveler in the country and understands the Indian nature perfectly. The others are strangers.

After starting, we followed a man who said he had forded the river the day previous and undertook to pilot us, but his memory was certainly very treacherous, for he took us far below the ford and we had a most disagreeable jolting over boulders in the bottom for some time. Last spring the river (Río Grande) rose very high and deluged the country, deserted its old channel entirely and now runs six miles west of Mesilla instead of one mile east. The river is very swift and the bed is of quicksand, making it dangerous to ford.

When we reached the proper ford, a discouraging spectacle greeted us, in the shape of a "carreta" and six yoke of oxen deeply imbedded in the middle of the stream. By dint of much hallowing, yelling, cutting and slashing, they eventually extricated the outfit. I shuddered at the undertaking, for we were heavily loaded, having the baggage and provisions of the men in our ambulance, the more so when I saw their horses bogging and floundering, but our mules (bless the dear old fellows, they never fail us in any emergency and deserve their freedom and a pension for life) pulled us straight through without once balking. The water came to the very edge of the wagon. We passed through "Picacho," a small town on the bank, where Mr. Maston lives. He is absent but I had one glimpse of dear little "Fanny."

We had a steady pull of several miles up a long, steep and very sandy hill, in the scorching sun, which fatigued the mules greatly, but there was no rest for them 'til eight that night, the first water. It was cold, dark and dreary. However, a bright fire and an excellent supper of good coffee, biscuit, splendid bread, chicken, butter, pie, cake, and "tamales" soon cheered our tired, hungry bodies, but

---

<sup>1</sup> Probably Charley Brown who was the owner and proprietor of Congress Hall, in Tucson, a famous saloon and gambling house, well known to all old timers in Tucson and the Southwest.

to our amazement, the train we expected to travel with and that had started thirty-six hours in advance of us, was not there, and we were poorly prepared for an Indian encounter—four men (two of whom did not look to be very reassuring), only one gun, three six shooters with loads, two empty five shooters. A more uncomfortable night I never passed. I could not sleep and shook with constant dread and terror of an attack by Indians. The night seemed interminable. It is very cold during the night now and in the morning, but grows intensely hot by midday.

The gentlemen gathered brush and weeds sufficient to make coffee, boil and fry eggs, warm a chicken and some tamales. We have a supply of bread and crackers. We have no fear of fasting as we have an abundant supply of dried beef, onions, cabbage, eggs, butter, dried pears, preserves, syrup, sausages, etc. While breakfasting, the wagons came up. We will remain here 'til the afternoon, as there is no water for some distance. We have corn for the mules. Mr. Brown has arranged to have my large trunks put into one of the wagons, which will materially lighten the load. We take his messchest instead, which will grow lighter daily.

OCTOBER 21ST. Just as we were leaving camp yesterday, an incident occurred which harrowed my feelings and gave me such a shock that I have not been able to forget it yet. With the train was a large, handsome dog, well known all through this country, as he had made constant trips with the wagons and was invaluable to them. He spent several hours with us, shared our breakfast and dinner as well as our unlimited caresses. How I coveted the noble, grand brute, and then to be an eye witness to his shocking fate. He was lying under one of the huge wagons loaded with four thousand pounds of freight, and the careless, inhuman driver crushed his leg to atoms under a wheel. The heartless, ungrateful wretch drove off and left him in this condition. We stayed to bind up his leg, leave him food and water, as we could not haul him, but finding that he could never survive the terrible mangling, Mr. Brown rode back, after I was beyond hearing and humanely ended his agony with a shot.

I walked up a very steep and rocky cañon in Magdalena. We hitched up and started at twelve o'clock in the night, very dark and intensely cold. I coiled up in a space about six inches square and tried to sleep. I have scarcely comfortable sitting room now, the ambulance is so crowded with plunder. Addy tied the reins and got out to walk to get warm and keep awake, declares that he went to sleep walking and fell against the mules several times, once came

near falling under the wheel. All the equestrians voluntarily turned pedestrians in an effort to keep awake and warm.

I aroused myself once and drove down a long, rocky hill. We reached Ft. Cummings about eight, Cook's Cañon and found a large splendid spring of water, fed our mules and sent them with the herd to graze on the hills. We are detained here waiting for Mr. Aguirre's trains. We expected to apply to the Captain here for an escort (he is absent) but, heard that the Aguirres had started and would be here tomorrow. It is doubtful about our securing an escort. The soldiers are anxious and each desirous of being detailed to go. The Fort<sup>2</sup> is large and systematically conducted, building going on and the soldiers are kept busy, hauling wood, hay, water, etc., to the quarters. They come to our camp and it amuses me to hear them talk. All veritable "Yankees" (Vermontites, I imagine) and such streams of questions as they propound. One seemed quite satisfied with Addy's reply of "To Company 'Z'" when asked to what Company he had belonged in the War. They all express a great desire "to git out of this here darned country" and I can't blame them.

Addy is quite sick and suffered through the night from eating too heartily a supper of eggs, sausages, preserves, etc. I gave him some burned brandy and he seems better.

We have a real "Irish Pat" in our mess, who affords us constant diversions at the expense of "me blissid cuntry," is witty, amiable and a good fighter.

OCTOBER 22ND, SUNDAY. Nothing to read, no one to talk to, and I feel unspeakably lonesome. I have been indulging in a series of "day dreams," trying to leap over the coming week or two and imagine myself safe and happy in the strong embrace of my dear husband, but the discouraging reality breaks rudely upon my pleasant reveries, and my courage almost sinks into despair. Here we are still in the same spot. A man has just returned to inform us that he could see nor hear nothing of them (Aguirre's train), supposes they will not arrive before two days. We cannot leave until we have a stronger force. The Captain has not returned and our patience and endurance is undergoing a severe trial. I keep within the crowded and uncomfortable ambulance, for privacy, as the

---

<sup>2</sup> Fort Cummings. I remember passing through there in 1876 as a small boy when my father was changing station from Fort Union in northeastern New Mexico to Tucson, Arizona. It was then garrisoned by the 8th Cavalry.

rough, uneducated soldiers are continually around us. Our own boys are not sociable or talkative, so I feel isolated and alone. Oh, for something to read. If I ever travel again my first precaution will be a supply of books and papers. What a strange part has fallen to me in the great Theatre of Life. For more than a month I have been drifting and tossing about in a strange country, with only one familiar face near me, that of my young and inexperienced brother, each day encountering new faces and forming new friendships, and notwithstanding the changing and often trying vicissitudes, the harassing "ups and downs," so far, my strength and courage have sustained me. Often the prospect appears gloomy and appalling, I feel myself upon the verge of despondency, when an unseen hand kindly rends the thickening clouds and lets through glimpses of sunshine and hope. The responsibility resting upon me is wearing. My judgment and advice is called daily in question. So far I have been able to meet every emergency and I opine that my friends of yore would think me almost a heroine.

OCTOBER 28TH, SATURDAY. We are now stopping within twenty-five miles of Apache Pass,<sup>3</sup> everybody worn out and the men all lying down. I am very, very tired and not at all well. We will rest only a few hours and then drive about ten miles tonight, in order to lessen the distance for tomorrow, the road being very bad.

We left Cook's Cañon on Wednesday at ten, had heard nothing of Aguirre's train. Tully's<sup>4</sup> train is still waiting for it. On Sunday night a sutler came into the fort with an escort of eight soldiers and we concluded to avail ourselves of their protection on their return. Captain Burket<sup>5</sup> returned Sunday evening and Mr. Brown applied to him for an escort, which he would cheerfully have furnished us, but that most of the soldiers were absent and there were no horses at the Fort. Captain Burket, who is a gentleman, called Monday morning and insisted upon my moving up to the fort, offered a room and all the comforts, conveniences, etc., at his command, but I de-

<sup>3</sup> Apache Pass, not far from Fort Bowie, Arizona, a bad place, as the Apaches often attacked travelers at this point.

<sup>4</sup> This is Mr. Tully, a government contractor of Tucson. He was senior partner of the firm of Tully and Ochoa, well known in the days of the Southwest.

<sup>5</sup> It would be of interest to know what regiment Captain Burket belonged to. I am inclined to think he was of the California Volunteers not yet mustered out.

clined. Mr. Staples,<sup>6</sup> who came in with the sutler (or paymaster) brought me a letter from Mr. Oury, which contained the gratifying news that my husband had arrived safely at Santa Cruz, Sonora. I trust no ill has befallen him since. My patience is becoming threadbare. We travel at the rate of thirty miles per day, but it seems an age to me since we started and so much to go over yet. We are very heavily loaded, having to carry the provisions and bedding of the whole party, besides corn for the four mules and Mr. Brown's horse. I was compelled to leave one trunk with the train, also some corn. The trunk, I fear I will never see again, as I have been extremely unfortunate in losing clothes.

The nights are cold, we breakfast before daylight, travel 'til three, I sleep little through fear of the Indians. We are traveling through country which has always been infested with Indians, and very recently they have committed depredations and horrible atrocities on this very road. Our party is very small and there would be no escape for us if a party of Apaches were to attack us. We all realize this and are trusting to some good fortune or fate to get through safely. The road is fearfully rough and rocky and not being well, the jolting almost unbearable. So far, we have been able to feed our mules night and morning and but for the delay, would have had ample corn to last us through.

OCTOBER 31ST, TUESDAY, Apache Pass. We left the "Ciénega" Saturday at five, drove twelve miles. Started at sunrise Sunday and came over the roughest road to be found in the wide world. For ten miles the ambulance was jerked from one sharp rock on to another and I expected momentarily to see it fly to pieces, besides we crossed a hundred or more deep little ravines, straight up and down, slipping, sliding, jolting over the sharp, ragged rocks. It is a new road that runs around the base of the mountains, which we were obliged to travel, there being no water on the old road for fifty miles.

At last we came to the pass, which I should call a peak. The road runs up the side of a mountain and finally over one peak in the center of "the pass," which is called the "divide." In places it is very steep and rugged. The mules had been without water for more than twenty-four hours and became almost uncontrollable at sight of the beautiful, clear springs in the ravine far below us. Addy got out to whip them while I drove up the last steep hill. The des-

<sup>6</sup> Frank Staples, later associated with the firm of Lord and Williams of Tucson, remembered by me as a boy in Tucson.

cent was so abrupt, that I walked down. We camped at twelve, and are here in the same spot, with no prospect of getting away. Mr. Brown has twice applied to the major for an escort, even of four men, which he has refused. The road from here to Tucson is considered the most unsafe one in the territory, and at present, more so than usual, as the Apaches are greatly exasperated on account of the captivity of one of their chiefs, old Francisco. He was inveigled into Fort Goodwin,<sup>7</sup> about 120 miles above here, and they refuse to release him until the Apaches deliver two children captured about three months since on the road. The father and mother were killed. The officers have allowed them only a few days in which to decide and if they do not bring in the children, the old chief is to be shot and then travelers will pay dearly for his death. At daylight Monday, the whole fort was in a state of intense excitement. A party of Indians appeared on one of the adjacent mountains, walking to and fro with their peace flag and had their signal smokes. Just then some soldiers passed our camp with the herds of cattle and horses going out to graze, and reported Indians, 150 strong, at the foot of the hill and 500 nearby. Strange to say, I did not feel at all frightened. Immediately after, runners were sent to bring back the herd, to call in the coal burners, and sentinels were placed on every hill. The Indian leader jabbered and howled industriously, but Major Gorman<sup>8</sup> said he had no authority to make a treaty with them and was in favor of firing on them. Mr. Brown suggested that he and one of the Lieutenants should go out and talk to them, which they did, telling them to return in twelve days and by that time the Major would receive instructions regarding the matter.

The Indians would not come nearer than one hundred yards, but later a young "squaw" spent several hours in the fort. They gave her dinner and a dress. She told them that they were camped near by (which Mr. B. does not believe) and tonight the Major will start out forty soldiers to slaughter them. Yesterday evening he sent fourteen to Fort Goodwin to confer with authorities there. These Indians are old "Cochise's" band and he and "Francisco" are

<sup>7</sup> This post was established by the California Volunteers in 1863 and named for the first governor of Arizona, John N. Goodwin. I passed by its ruins in 1902 on a journey from Fort Wingate, New Mexico, to Fort Grant, Arizona.

<sup>8</sup> It would be of interest to know this officer's regiment. I am inclined to think it was one of Carleton's California Volunteer regiments, probably the 1st California Infantry.

sworn friends. During the morning the expressman arrived and informed me that Mr. Oury and the boys are all safe in Tucson. I can get no word to him of our situation, as the expressman is detained here awaiting news from Fort Goodwin, it will be at least six days before I can communicate to him, and then four more, before they can come to our relief. Our provisions are nearly exhausted and no hope of replenishing here, the situation seems desperate indeed, these are dark days and not a ray of hope. If I could only get word to Mr. Oury, he and the boys would come quickly to our aid. But he is expecting us in daily and knows nothing of our troubles. We can hear nothing from the train. The Major says he can probably furnish us with four men, when they get through with his present undertaking, which may be a month or more, and they have created such a stir among the Indians now, that four soldiers would be far too small an escort. We number four men, but have only two guns. Addy has to drive, would have little opportunity of using a gun. It would be madness for us to venture out in this condition. They are watching our movements, know exactly our strength, and are anxiously anticipating our annihilation and a grand feast upon mule meat.

NOVEMBER 1ST, WEDNESDAY. It seems to me that this day will never end. I have tried to occupy myself in a hundred ways in order to kill the time and it is now only half past one and I am so tired. This morning I picked, washed, and put on the "frijoles" to cook, watched them and kept hot water ready to add, toasted an oven full of coffee and have just finished frying the "frijoles" (beans) and, contrary to my usual mode of doing jobs, I did not call on a soul for any assistance, not even to make the fire! Mr. Brown was greatly surprised, when he returned from the fort, at finding me at work. Began scolding the boys roundly, until I succeeded in convincing him that my tasks were voluntary and self imposed as a means of diversion.

I thought for a while this morning that a ray of light was about to dawn upon our long, dark night. A Mexican came in last night and this morning reported to Mr. Brown that he had passed the train twenty-five miles back and that it would arrive in the forenoon. Mr. Brown rode out to a point three miles distant commanding an extensive view and could see nothing of them. However, I still hope that they may come in tonight and possibly we may get started tomorrow or the day after. I bear the trouble and delay more complacently than any of the party. Mr. Brown says I have

more patience and fortitude than any woman he ever saw. My experiences for the past four months have prepared me for almost any exigency. Nothing surprises me and I am schooling myself to endure every imaginable disappointment and vexation, but although I endeavor to appear cheerful, exert myself to seem hopeful, yet I am suffering intensely. My anxiety to see my husband is beyond expressing. Just to think of all we have both gone through with during the past six weeks and now that we are within 120 miles of each other, that I cannot even communicate with him by letter. Today we could have been in Tucson, had the heartless old Major here furnished us the necessary escort and but for the delay at Cook's Canyon, would have reached there five days since.

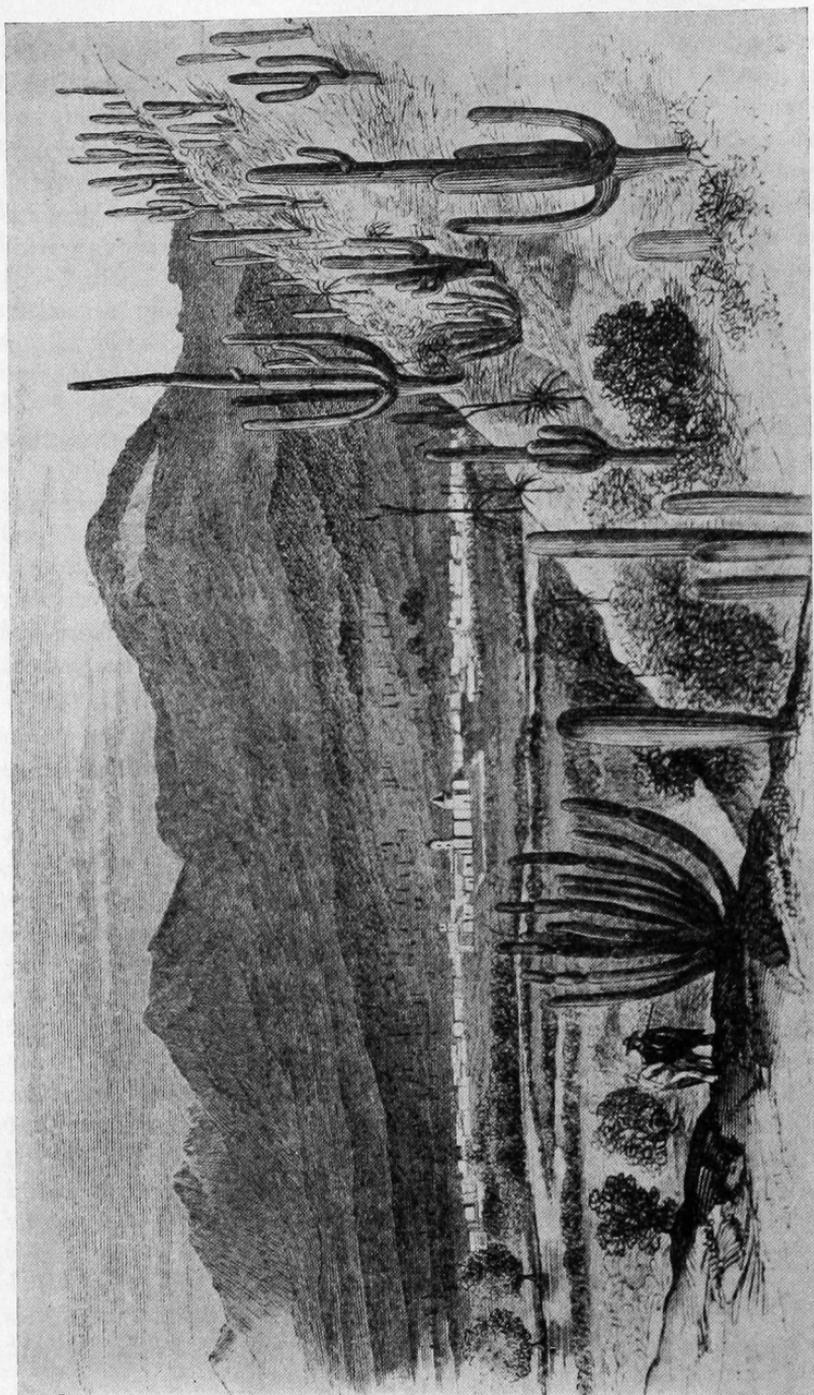
Ah me, I must possess my soul in patience. Perhaps the silver lining to this cloud will appear eventually.

This afternoon a party of soldiers started out to make a strategical movement upon the Indian camp designated by the squaw. They filled two large wagons with soldiers, and are going to the Pinery, ostensibly for lumber, taking an escort as usual of ten or more men. Also fifteen Mexican Infantry.<sup>9</sup> It is supposed that the Indians, believing that they have come for lumber, and seeing only the escort, will make no attempt to escape, and fall an easy prey, but I doubt it. They are suspicious and wily.

NOVEMBER 2ND, THURSDAY. Two o'clock. Two of the mules are harnessed and all things being made ready for another start. The train got in this morning and Mr. Brown exhausted all his eloquence in convincing Mr. Aguirre<sup>10</sup> of the propriety of leaving immediately, in view of the trouble and excitement likely to ensue from an attack by the expedition sent out yesterday. Mr. Brown has been remarkably kind and attentive to me, and I regret having caused him such delay and trouble. He has been in this country for about twenty years (though scarcely looks to be twenty-five) and has been entirely excluded from the society of ladies, indeed, having left home at thirteen, he has never known anything of American women. He professes the warmest friendship for Mr. Oury and my husband, and is particularly kind to me on this account. Well, Mr. Brown has brought "Tobe" (one of the mules he took to the fort to be shod) and we will start.

<sup>9</sup> At this time, the American and Mexican military cooperated in warring on the Apaches.

<sup>10</sup> Mr. Aguirre was a merchant of Tucson, well and favorably known to old timers there.



Magdalena, 1851—*from John Bartlett's Personal Narrative.*

NOVEMBER 3RD, FRIDAY. We made but little progress yesterday. However, as Captain Hill used to say, "There is a great deal in a start." So, I feel gratified that we have even made a start. The road is fearful, a succession of very long, steep hills (young mountains). We intended going ten miles and we could have made it easily, also the Aguirre<sup>11</sup> train, for they have large fine mules, but the Tully<sup>12</sup> train could hardly climb up the last hill, besides it became so extremely cold that we decided to stop and build fires.

We are camping in a beautiful spot, in a little opening in the mountains, entirely surrounded by thickly timbered hills. When the wind cannot reach us it is comparatively warm, notwithstanding the altitude. Wood and grass abundant and our mules are revelling after being tied up five nights in the Pass. There is a little spring about a mile back—the boys have all gone to it, some with mules, the others to bring the keg full, as there is no more water for twenty-two miles. We will start this evening, make a dry camp tonight and get to water early tomorrow.

Mrs. Aguirre and I had a nice tramp over the mountains yesterday, the hills were very steep and all the gentlemen dismounted and walked up. She is quite young, very fleshy and rather pretty, remarkably polite, but cannot speak a word of English. Her husband speaks a little and his younger brother, who spent four years at college in "the States" speaks very fluently. She is on her way to her home in Magdalena, Sonora. Mr. Aguirre, I think will open a store in Tucson.

Every foot of ground for hundreds of yards around our camp has been the scene of the most heart-rending murders and butcheries, the stage has been attacked twice very recently at this very spot, the passengers and driver killed, the horses either killed or carried off and the stage burned.

A train of four wagons and nine men were attacked, five of the men were shot, the other four each tied to a wagon wheel and left to burn to death. Their charred remains were seen long after. In thirty steps of us, the mutilated bodies of five Mexicans were found and buried, and nearby is a tree where the skeletons of six Indians swung for two years. During that time, the Apaches, being very superstitious, made a wide circuit around them.

They have held complete sway in this Pass. It is their stronghold and nature seems to have favored all their demoniacal and

---

<sup>11</sup> <sup>12</sup> These trains were bringing supplies from the Río Grande (which came from the East, via the Santa Fe trail) to Tucson.

fiendish purposes by affording them every conceivable advantage and these wild and inaccessible (to other than Indians) fastnesses. Twenty or thirty tribes make their homes in these mountains.

NOVEMBER 4TH, SATURDAY. We are camping at the Sulphur Springs, twenty-four miles from the Pass, one day's travel, and we have occupied three in making it. So much for having to creep along with a Mexican train, a sore trial to my already threadbare patience, but there is no remedy.

Mr. Brown left us last night, to the regret of the whole party. He is equal in a time of danger to ten of the others. The expressman came along about ten, with an escort of three soldiers and Mr. Brown saddled his horse and went with them. He will get in tomorrow morning if nothing prevents. He thought we would be safe with the train and his business is urgent. He has to make another trip to Mesilla and return with his family and it is getting too cold to travel comfortably over these mountains. He will give Mr. Oury information regarding our welfare, the first since we parted at "Corralitos" nearly seven weeks ago. Not expecting the expressman to pass, I had no letter ready, which was a disappointment.

Eugene Aguirre has just notified me that five Indians were here last night, they have been tracking them and think they are concealed in the bushes nearby. A company of twenty-five well armed and mounted soldiers passed us yesterday to join the ten in search of their camp. A band of Indians were at the fort<sup>13</sup> all day suing for peace. Five squaws entered the fort and remained all night. The "bucks" refused to enter. Yesterday Mr. Brown took us over the mountains and pointed out the two trees upon which the six Indians were hung, now six years ago. Fragments of the ropes are still clinging to the limbs and remnants of their scanty garments are scattered about over the ground. They swung there plainly visible from the road until two years since. General Carleton<sup>14</sup> ordered them to be cut down and buried. A questionable policy.

A few yards off are the graves of three Americans they had lassoed and dragged to death. Every foot of this ground could tell its history of blood curdling deeds of murder. I picked up several

<sup>13</sup> Fort Bowie, no doubt.

<sup>14</sup> General Carleton, of the famous "California Column," of which my father was a lieutenant, made it hot for all Confederates, and the Indians too. Mrs. Oury, like the rest of the Southerners in the Southwest, had little sympathy with his policies.

Indian bones that had bleached on the mountains and they were tinged through and through.

We left camp at one. Traveled three hours over good road. Mr. Brown maneuvered skillfully in an effort to kill an antelope but did not succeed. They are very wild and one is rarely killed. Started this morning at three, very cold. Addy tied the reins and walked most of the way, so as to keep warm, while I coiled up and slept soundly. On account of a severe headache I had been unable to sleep in the fore part of the night. We had two false alarms. Addy heard them calling and supposed they were preparing to start. Hurried up, tied up his bed, brought up his mules. I dressed and had my bedding all folded up and put away, before we ascertained that they were only awakening the guard relief. This night traveling is terrific! I am constantly on the alert and never sleep soundly.

NOVEMBER 5TH, SUNDAY. Yesterday afternoon we travelled about fourteen miles, camped in sight of the canyon, which contains the "Dragoon Springs," a place where Indians are always found. None of our party ventured to the springs. We started at twelve, beautiful moonlight. I felt quite comfortable but the others all complained loudly of the bitter cold. After an unsuccessful attempt to coax myself to sleep, I surrendered my cozy nest to Addy, muffled myself up in a blanket and a shawl and drove 'til daylight, then cuddled up and slept soundly 'til half past nine. While coming through a long, deep ravine, the foremost wagon got a wheel completely smashed, which detained us for some time. It was one of Tully's. Mr. Aguirre came to the rescue, as the wheel could not be replaced here and we must proceed, he transferred three thousand pounds of the load to his three wagons, they then tied a long pole in the place of the missing wheel and proceeded.

This delay made it late when we got to camp and we were so hungry that we concluded to substitute "flapjacks" for biscuit, as the quicker process, which we ate with molasses. After breakfast Addy baked a nice lot of bread and then indulged in a bath in the "Río San Pedro."

I almost felt tempted to do likewise, as it is intensely hot today, but they tell me the water is very cold. There is a station here and ten men are posted to watch for the Indians. Well, unless we meet with some misfortune, two more nights will conclude this tedious and trying journey, and tomorrow we reach the much dreaded Ciénega, where about three months since a whole family were murdered, save two little children who were taken captive

and for whom the officers proposed to give old "Francisco" in exchange.

This morning Mrs. Aguirre called and brought me a present of a can of turkey and one of green peas. The boys insisted upon opening them for breakfast, but I was hard-hearted for you see I am expecting company at tea tomorrow evening and all our luxuries are about exhausted. One of my expected guests is not at all fond of fried bacon, and like a prudent housewife, I must look ahead and be prepared.

NOVEMBER 11TH, TUCSON. I must run back now for nearly a week and finish up this imperfect record of my long, long, tedious journey, which is at last ended.

Sunday afternoon we made little progress, climbing a very sandy hill. The Tully train gave out and we stopped to rest them 'til the moon rose. The night was unusually dark and sitting round the camp fire I was in constant dread of an arrow whizzing through my body. There is really less danger from Indians during the dark nights, but I never feel half so nervous or apprehensive if I can see all around me.

Eugene Aguirre (the younger brother) spent the evening at our fire and entertained us recounting the most horrible<sup>15</sup> deeds perpetrated by the Federal troops in Missouri during the war 'til I became almost convinced that the Apaches were less savage, brutal, inhuman and fiendish than many of the pale faces who lay claim to civilization and Christianity. Mr. Aguirre resided several years at Westport, Mo., and became familiar with the horrors of our late war.

We were all still awake when the order to "hitch up" was given and we were soon under way again. Sleep soon overcame me and for a while I became oblivious to all danger. After a drive of sixteen miles they halted and allowed the poor boys to take a short nap. Started again two hours before daylight and about nine arrived safely at the "Ciénega." We dispatched breakfast hurriedly in order to give time for a little sleep, but poor Addy found that the tire on one wheel was loose and must be wedged, the ambulance must be greased, so by the time all these jobs were concluded it was twelve,

<sup>15</sup> The first time I ever heard of Federal soldiers in Missouri perpetrating "horrible deeds." I have never seen this in history. We know that Quantrell and his gang of guerrillas did perpetrate such deeds in Kansas—he was a Confederate. Mr. Aguirre must have been talking for effect.

the hour for starting, and the long dreaded "Ciénega" to pass. We took the precaution to send five men ahead to reconnoitre, the wagons kept in close file, our ambulance in the center. Eugene had a very fine field glass which he used frequently. "Conrado" the elder brother and husband of the lady, was ubiquitous, here, there, everywhere, constantly on the lookout. He and his wife were both very much frightened, but strange to say, notwithstanding the fact that it is certainly the most "Indiary" looking place on the globe and death and danger seem to be lurking behind every pile of rocks, yet I never once felt the least afraid, but kept the curtains up and my head out, gazing at all the strange sights, perhaps because I have never seen or felt the real danger, as many of them have. Frequently the road ran through a narrow pass, when huge rocks on each side rose to an immense height, completely walling us in. Behind these walls, whole bands of Apaches could secrete themselves, and by firing down upon travelers from above, else rushing suddenly out in front or behind a train, they could annihilate at the first fire almost the entire party. But, thanks to some good fortune or fate, we were spared throughout the whole journey, even the sight of a hostile Indian.

Coming through the "Ciénega" I saw for the first time the far famed giant cactus or "Saguarro," and they really look like giant sentinels posted in every quarter throughout these awe-inspiring wilds. They grow very tall and straight, with arms branching out on every side about half way up, and their favorite locality is on the top or side of a bare rock, where there is no soil to nourish them, and having very short, slender roots, it will always be a mystery to me how they manage to retain their hold, particularly in high winds, as they are much smaller at the base than elsewhere. Yet they never lose this balance, but stand there erect for ages, defying wind and sun, the most vigorous and flourishing growths to be found in the land, entirely independent of rain or soil.

We were just emerging from the "Ciénega" when Eugene Aguirre, who was riding by the side of the ambulance described the approach of a buggy containing two gentlemen and without waiting for further information, guided solely by intuition, I impulsively disengaged myself and before I well knew what I really meant to do, found myself in the road, running toward the coming vehicle, with a feeling of perfect certainty that I was rushing into the arms of my husband, and my intuition was correct.

The other occupant was a Mr. Veramendi, an old friend of Mr. Oury's, formerly from San Antonio, Texas, a cousin of the Navarros

and Rodríguez, and whose father was once Governor of "Nuevo Leon."<sup>16</sup> Of course I exchanged seats with Mr. Veramendi and rode with my husband.

Just here we passed the spot where the family before alluded to were murdered and for some distance around, the ground was strewn with fragments of their equipage. The family were in a wagon. The gentleman, on horseback, had gone about 200 yards ahead. It was raining very hard and all the guns had been put in the wagon. The Indians were crouching behind the bushes and the men passed without discovering them; when the wagon came up, they rushed out, cutting loose the mules, while others leaped in behind and murdered the mother and children; the father killed one Indian before he fell. As the others were without guns they could do nothing, but tried to save themselves by flight.

Well, as soon as Addy could pass the wagons in front of him, which required some time as we were on the side of a steep hill, we drove ahead about eight miles and camped, the Irishman and the Jew coming with us. Mr. Oury had brought out a bag of nice fresh biscuits and some mutton, and Addy, with Mr. Veramendi's assistance soon spread out an inviting supper.

Our program was to start about two hours before daylight, but Mr. V. rather overdid the matter by rousing a little past midnight. Mr. Oury was driving a handsome pair of grays belonging to Wm. Oury (indeed, one of them is the swiftest horse in Texas) and he was compelled to check their speed continually, else we would have disturbed Wm. Oury's household at a very unreasonable hour; as it was, it was hardly daylight when we arrived (twenty miles) but we found a cheerful fire burning and the family soon arrayed themselves and came out to give us a warm welcome.

Addy stopped to breakfast on the road and did not get in 'til eleven. The ambulance is unloaded, the mules sent to pasture, and for the present the journey is ended.

For nearly five months we have been wanderers, have endured hardships, privations, dangers and trials of every description. At last we have drifted into port, but alas! I look around me with a sinking heart and wonder if this can be the goal we have been striving so hard to reach. Excepting the wretched, squalid town of "Janos" in Mexico, where we were forced to sojourn for a week, I do not remember of ever having seen a less inviting, less promising

---

<sup>16</sup> The state of Nuevo Leon (of which Monterey is the capital) in north-eastern Mexico.

prospect for a home. Tucson<sup>17</sup> is certainly the most forlorn, dreary, desolate, God forsaken spot of earth ever trodden by the foot of a white man. The low, mud hovels are constructed regardless of comfort or convenience, there are but one or two glass windows in the town and not a single board floor. Narrow, crooked, filthy streets, very few white washed walls. Mr. Oury<sup>18</sup> lives more comfortably than any other person here. He keeps a splendid Durham cow that gives an abundance of richest milk, and from his ranch they get delicious butter, an unknown luxury outside their establishment.

His wife is an excellent manager, stirring, and possessed of much executive ability. They keep five or six servants, have a large garden, a large corral, fat mules, horses and fat hogs and entertain a great deal. They are very kind to me and try to make us as comfortable as possible. I scarcely ever leave my room except at meals. There is not an American woman in the town and but one or two American men whom I would be willing to know. Mrs. Oury speaks and understands very little English. Louise,<sup>19</sup> her daughter of ten, not a word and is shy and timid. Frank,<sup>20</sup> is a promising boy of ten months. My eyes are in such condition I cannot avail myself of this splendid opportunity to read, provided I had anything to read. A few of Mr. Oury's books were saved from the wreck, also a few pictures and articles of furniture. The bulk of all his Possessions, the Federal officers and soldiers appropriated and ruthlessly destroyed. His horses were confiscated and are now serving at hospital, barracks, etc. for the troops. If we remain here, we must pay rent for a house, although he rightfully owns several. So far, nothing offers in the way of business, and the prices of all necessaries are absolutely appalling. Lard \$1 per pound. Sugar \$1 per

---

<sup>17</sup> Mrs. Oury is certainly correct in this description of Tucson in 1865, for I remember it as a boy in the late Seventies and early Eighties, and it certainly was a jumping off place—no trees, no lawns, no flowers—a dry, sun-parched, miserable mud town. Today, because of the development of water, and from other causes it is a beautiful little city.

<sup>18</sup> Her brother-in-law, William S. Oury.

<sup>19</sup> Later married Lieut. J. B. Girard, Acting Asst. Surgeon, U. S. Army. She died at Jefferson Barracks, Mo., in 1899.

<sup>20</sup> Later graduated from University of California as mining engineer. He was killed by Mexican bandits at Arivaca, Arizona, in Sept., 1893, aged twenty-nine. My mother, the eldest of these children, was at that time (1865) away at school—Sacred Heart Convent, St. Louis, Mo.

pound. Coffee \$1 per pound. Soap \$1. Eggs \$1.25 per dozen. Plates \$1 each. Cup and saucer, second hand and not mates \$1.50 and so on. I fear we have made a fatal mistake in settling in such a place. The prospect is discouraging in the extreme, and even Mr. Oury with his sanguine, hopeful nature, cannot wholly disguise his disappointment. We are all blue.

FLORENCE, ARIZONA, OCTOBER 9TH, 1881.<sup>21</sup> We so far managed to overcome the innumerable difficulties and trials that beset our pathway, as to be alive and in the enjoyment of tolerable good health and spirits at this date, tho have struggled through some trying vicissitudes.

We are now on the eve of visiting the home of my childhood for the first time since we left in June, 1865. Addy has married and has lived all of the time in Tucson. "Billy" went back immediately to Texas and died in the insane asylum a few years since. Mr. Neville spent a few months in Tucson, became discouraged, went to Texas and soon after died on the Río Grande "en route" to Tucson again. Mr. Dodson left Tucson after a month's sojourn, wandered all over Mexico, spent a few years in Texas, lost his health entirely, learning which fact Mr. Oury sent for him and for the past two years he has been a much esteemed and honored member of our household.

Captain Swope was murdered in this town in 1871 or 1872. Colonel Showalter settled in Guaymas or Mazatlan and was killed by young Mr. Kavanaugh soon after, in self defense. The Colonel had many noble qualities, but fell a victim of his passion for whiskey. Judge Terry and Captain Strobe located in Guadalajara but were not successful in farming and made short stays. Judge Terry lives in California. Was defeated last year for Congress on the Workingmen's ticket. (This is the same Judge Terry, who as Chief Justice of the State of California, just prior to the Civil War, killed Senator David C. Broderick in an alleged duel, and later himself came to a violent death in California.)

---

<sup>21</sup> Note that this entry is sixteen years after the first entry of this diary.

## REMARKS

The route followed by the Oury party to reach Guaymas from San Antonio was a very roundabout one and what Mrs. Oury states in her entry of July 29 is essentially true: "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." Had they gone direct to Chihuahua they would have cut off a great bend or bow. Of course the chief reason for taking this roundabout way was that it was the usually traveled route and the Comanches and other Indians were bad on a direct route from San Antonio to Chihuahua, from whence they could go straight to Guaymas. It is interesting to note that their road was what in after years became railroad routes, showing that "once a trail always a trail" is a maxim. The real reason for the roundabout route followed by the Oury party is given in the next paragraph.

Mrs. Oury states in her entry of July 27 that General Joe Shelby at Piedras Negras declared his intention of joining the "Liberal" party in Mexico. This party's principal exponent was the famous Benito Juárez who took a prominent part in the events leading up to the execution of Maximilian. At the time Shelby and Mr. Oury were in Piedras Negras there were a number of Confederate officers there who had in view offering their services to either the French (Maximilian), or to the Liberals (Juárez). Mr. Oury himself (though it is not stated in his wife's diary) along with Colonel Terry, and Colonel Showalter, I believe, contemplated joining Maximilian, but of this, for some reason, they opportunely thought better. It may be that Sheridan's "corps of observation" which was ordered to the Río Grande soon after the Civil War had something to do with the change of plans of Mr. Oury, and the others just mentioned.

From San Antonio to Eagle Pass the party went over what later became the route of the Southern Pacific Railroad; and from Piedras Negras (on the opposite side of the Río Grande from Eagle Pass) to Torreón and Mapimi—through Parras—they went over what years afterwards became the National Railroad of Mexico.

In her entry of June 20 (the day they left San Antonio) she says, "camped nine miles from town (San Antonio), two miles west of the León." To those who know this part of Texas, this is of course the León creek which is the outlet of León springs. In her June 21

entry she speaks of Colonel Showalter as a member of the party. This is the same man who was known to the "California Column" as "Dan Showalter," and neither the officers nor men of this command gave him a very good name. But that is all in the point of view, the "California Column" being Federals and the Oury party, Confederates. The Colonel Showalter who was killed at Guaymas, Mexico, in a drunken quarrel with a man named Kavanaugh, is the same mentioned in the diary as having been along with the Ourys and Terrys on their journey in Mexico; and who was the owner of race horses which he had with him on this trip.



## FROM THE OLD NEWSPAPER FILES

### EXTRACTS FROM NOTES OF TRAVEL FROM FORT YUMA TO TUCSON

From the *San Francisco Weekly Chronicle*—September 1, 1855.

(Translated from the *German Journal* for the *Chronicle*.)

The Gila is a stream with sufficient water to support on its banks a vegetation in many places luxuriant, and the traveler finds there generally good feed for his horses and shade for himself. Beyond the bottom land the vegetation soon dies away altogether, or appears only in thin grass or stunted "mesquite" bushes. The Gila can never be made a navigable stream, even for the smallest steamers, and the Gila valley can hardly ever be the seat of a dense population though there are many little districts very well suited for agriculture and stock raising. We know that it is the intention of various parties to take possession of spots for the establishment of trading posts and small farms to accommodate travellers. The Arizona Mining and Trading Company, whose famous copper mine of El Ajo lies about forty miles south of the Gila, intend to erect a post on that stream and thence to carry their ore on rafts down to Fort Yuma and the mouth of the Colorado. This may be done at high water, but probably at no other time.

After a march of two hundred miles from Fort Yuma, upon a trail which leaves the Gila in some places at a considerable distance, on account of the crookedness of that stream, the traveller bound for Tucson arrives at the territory of the Maricopas, and then the Pima Indians, who there live on a very fruitful tract of bottom land, which is peculiarly fitted for irrigation. The two tribes live in huts, have about 800 warriors, and have one chief, a Pima. He rejoices in a large bundle of certificates of his good character for morality, hospitality, and justice, collected from travelers who have passed through his territory since 1848—certificates which he has deserved by the kindness shown by him to every stranger. Soon

after arriving in the village, the traveler notices the difference between the physiognomies of the Pimas and Maricopas. The latter are evidently far inferior to the former; meanness, low cunning, and stupidity is stamped upon the faces of the Maricopas, while the open countenances of the Pimas show good humor, honor, and intelligence. These characteristics are seen also in the conduct of the two tribes. A traveler seldom goes through a Maricopa village without having had some of his property stolen, particularly if compelled to remain over night among them; but the Pimas offer watermelons, maize, and other necessities and refreshments to the stranger, probably not without the hope of reward, but yet in the most friendly and agreeable manner. The huts and persons of the Pimas are cleanly and their fields well tilled, while among the Maricopas dirt and idleness appear to be considered the highest duty in everything except stealing. It is singular that two tribes so different in all things should have continued to live together peaceably. We understand that it is the intention of the U. S. Government to establish a military post near the tract occupied by these Indians.

Ten miles up the river, after leaving the Pimas, we turned off from the river upon a waterless stretch of fifteen miles which leads to Tucson. This desert in the dry season tries the traveler's toil-worn animals severely. The road is dry and hard the greater portion of the distance, and grass is in many places abundant but the entire want of water, except during and immediately after the rainy season, is severely felt. On approaching Tucson, the hills disappear, the high cacti plants, which are always numerous in the most barren districts of Sonora, are no longer visible, the mesquite bushes become higher and bushier, the grass is more luxuriant, the poplar, sycamore and willow are seen and when the traveler arrives in sight of a ruined tower he is near Tucson.



# COL. JAMES HARVEY McCLINTOCK

## PIONEER, HISTORIAN, SOLDIER, AND CITIZEN

BY WILL C. BARNES

TO COLONEL McCLINTOCK

For half a century you gave the best  
a man can give; yourself to build a state  
whose record you preserved.

The mark of your endeavor will remain  
indelibly upon it, far and wide.  
For such accomplishments as yours, not change  
nor time, nor slothful pen of man can hide.

—*Elma Roberts Wilson.*

ON June 12, 1879, a youth of fifteen arrived on a Southern Pacific train at the early-day railroad station of Maricopa on his way to the then comparatively unknown village of Phoenix, Arizona. On a side track were several carloads of circus wagons, tents, animals, passenger cars and other impedimenta of a road show of those early days. They too, were enroute to Phoenix.

The circus establishment intrigued the youngster. One of the men told him they were going to unload the outfit and move to Phoenix under their own power (horses). The boy, as he later admitted was "dead broke; I didn't even have the usual thin dime." It was a typical southern Arizona summer. The usual railroad hobo didn't care to get far away from the steel rails. To start out in such weather was more than most of them cared to do. Not so with the youngster. He was seeking adventure. The sunbaked desert had no terrors for him. Rather it beckoned him on. The very name of Phoenix spoke to him of romance and mystery. He would see what lay to the north across the muddy Gila river just outside the little railroad town. "Did the circus have any work that a husky lad of fifteen could do to pay for his bed and board enroute to the little farming village some thirty-five miles to the north?"

Five minutes later James McClintock was hard at work for the

"Jones Variety Shows; the greatest aggregation of histrionic and musical talent ever before gathered together." That's what the colored posters they stuck up on the blank walls said.

"I was a roustabout and general all round circus hand," he said. "I hitched up teams, fed and curried horses, chopped wood for the cook and was bossed by everybody in the outfit." Arrived at Phoenix the tents were set up on a vacant lot on West Washington street. When ready for business the boy was installed as a ticket seller, and again was a "barker" or "speiler" who inveigled the local residents to enter the tents where he assured them various persons, both male and female, would entertain them with what was known in those days as a "variety show."

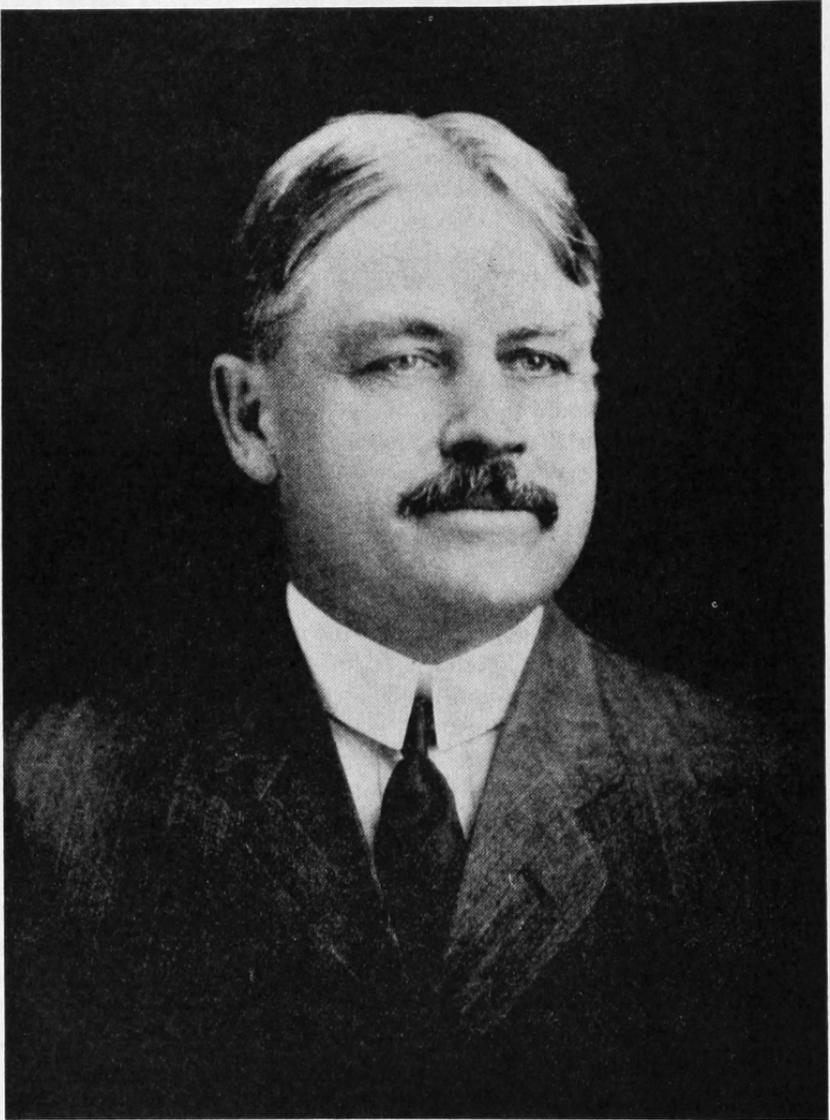
For several weeks McClintock followed the fortunes of the Jones show, making the circuit of the villages of the valley. When that was accomplished the show moved on to new fields. But the young Californian had by that time decided to cast his lot and fortunes with the new Territory where a mother, sister and brother had already preceded him by a year or two. During the following fifty-four years Colonel James McClintock devoted himself whole heartedly to the development and upbuilding of Arizona. Pioneer, school teacher, printer, editor, all round newspaper correspondent, historian, author, soldier, and citizen, he left behind him a wonderful record of achievement that will live long in the annals of the State of Arizona. Born in Sacramento, California, February 23, 1864, his father and mother were pioneers of that State. Thus it is not surprising that the pioneering instinct sent him out into the world to seek his fortune very early in life. Of early schooling he had but little. The children of his family all had to do their share in helping out the family exchequer. When about twelve years of age he attracted the attention of a fine old Chinese merchant of Sacramento who would have adopted the boy if that had been possible. As it was he overwhelmed him with presents and attention. About the year 1877 his mother, brother Charles, and sister Georgie, left Sacramento for Arizona. For some reason James was left behind to make his own way in the world.

Arriving with the variety show two years later, James found his sister employed by the government as a telegraph operator in Army headquarters at Whipple Barracks near Prescott. His brother Charles, who had learned the printer's trade in Sacramento, had established the *Phoenix Herald* as a semi-weekly paper. Phoenix was then a village of not over 1,500 people of whom fully fifty per cent were Mexicans. The young man naturally turned to the printer's

trade, learned to set type, run a hand press and do all the usual "printer's devil" work around a print shop. When Charles died about 1883 the *Herald* was sold and the future Arizona historian and rough rider went to Prescott where with the help of his sister he secured a job, 1885-86, as civilian clerk in the Adjutant General's office at Whipple Barracks.

Eventually he came back to the Salt River valley and realizing his educational limitations, entered the newly created Tempe Normal School, graduating with the first class of that institution in 1887. While a student at the "Normal," he worked at odd times as printer and reporter on the old *Tempe News*. Later he bought the paper from Mr. Fitch, the owner, paying for the entire outfit, including what he once spoke of as the "good will," the sum of \$280 cash money. This amount he had earned while in college through writing for coast papers and in doing other literary work. At different times he did reportorial work on Tucson, Globe, and Prescott papers. Thus he began his career as a journalist and newsman rather early in life. He sold the *Tempe News* after a few months of lively and interesting ownership. In 1886 Colonel McClintock, then but twenty-two years of age, was appointed Justice of the Peace for the Tempe precinct. His office was always the headquarters for politicians as well as the story-telling center of the region.

The writer first met Colonel McClintock in the fall of 1888 on top of what is known commonly as "Screw Tail Hill" in the Tonto Basin. Here, with a herd of cattle destined for the alfalfa fields of the valley below, a lone horseman rode into the camp about midnight. He was tired and hungry. The writer was on guard around the herd. The newcomer introduced himself by saying his name was McClintock from Tempe, and that he was on the way to the little hamlet of Payson, at the head of the basin, where he had been employed to teach the local school during the coming winter. He had not eaten since morning, he said. The camp fire was soon stirred up, the coffee pot set on the coals and over a hasty midnight meal an acquaintance was begun which ripened into a lasting friendship. Colonel McClintock was one of the earliest advocates for the creation of what later became the Roosevelt Dam and Reservoir. In the fall of 1889, a year after the first meeting, the writer again ran across the Colonel up in the Tonto Basin where he was camped with County Surveyor Breakenridge and County Commissioner John H. Norton of Maricopa county, who had been sent out by the county officials to make a preliminary survey and reconnaissance of the area of the present dam site. They were camped in a huge cottonwood



Col. James Harvey McClintock.

bosque a short distance below the junction of Salt river and Tonto creek, where the stream enters the box canyon. Here again Colonel McClintock proved himself a man of broad vision and understanding. He lived to see the dreams of himself and other pioneers come to pass. The present water system of the valley was due to the everlasting determination of such men as McClintock to bring about the proper development of the agricultural resources of central Arizona.

They were tired of yearly floods that washed away millions of tons of valuable soil, and damaged farms and settlements along the river to the extent of many thousands of dollars. They saw the need of some plan to impound these floods and allow the water to find its way, under strict control, onto the lands below as the farmers needed it. In the year 1890 McClintock located in Phoenix where he opened a regular news bureau and began his career as a newspaper correspondent and also a writer of special articles for magazines.

For over twenty-five years he was editorial correspondent for the *Los Angeles Times*, during which period he never for a moment forgot to boost for Arizona and especially the Salt River valley.

Very naturally he drifted into politics. With one exception, when he ran for Congress on the Republican ticket and was defeated, Colonel McClintock never sought any elective office. He was content to sit on the side lines and watch the politicians do their stunts. He was Chairman of the Maricopa County Republican Committee for several years as well as of the Territorial Republican Central Committee.

In April, 1898, on the outbreak of the Spanish-American War, he helped organize the Arizona troops and was appointed a captain of B troop of the First United States Volunteer Cavalry which soon became known to fame and history as the "Roosevelt Rough Riders."

Wounded severely at Las Gausimas he returned to Arizona with a limp in one leg and the brevet of Major "for gallantry in action." In 1899 he became a member of the Board of Management for the Tempe Normal School during which period he again had the foresight and vision to see the need for better facilities at the school. In spite of considerable opposition from parties who felt they were friends of the institution but could not see the need for the new buildings, Colonel McClintock secured an appropriation of \$15,000 with which were erected the first dormitory and dining hall buildings on the campus. They were soon outgrown, justifying to the full his foresight and good judgment.

In 1902 he resigned from the Tempe Normal School Board due

to his appointment by President Theodore Roosevelt as Postmaster at Phoenix. This position he held with credit to himself and the position until 1914, when political changes naturally retired him. During his postmastership Colonel Jim saw the office receipts rise from about \$30,000 to more than \$150,000 annually, and witnessed the establishment of rural free delivery and several branch post offices in Phoenix.

In June, 1928, President Coolidge appointed him Postmaster again. He held the appointment until December, 1933, when another political upheaval automatically retired him. Colonel Jim, as he was affectionately called by his friends, was appointed Colonel of the First Arizona Infantry, which command he held from 1902 to 1910. He was the first Department Commander of the Spanish-American War Veterans; President, Phoenix Chamber of Commerce for a term; President, Arizona Folk Lore Society; Secretary of the National Irrigation Congress for two years; President, Arizona Archaeological Society for several years; State Historian of Arizona from November, 1919 to December 30, 1922. Up to a month or two before his death he was the regular Phoenix Correspondent of the *Los Angeles Times*, in which his writings, political, historical and general, were noted for their accuracy, independence of thought, and historical value. The most impressive part of this was that in all these years his articles never left any sting or bitterness behind them. His greatest and most lasting contribution to the literature of the State, his monument for all time, will doubtless be his three volume *History of Arizona* together with his volume of *Mormon Settlement in Arizona*. He was always proud of the fact that the Mormon Church Historian bought one thousand copies of this latter volume for distribution among the Church libraries.

On June 15, 1900, at Palo Alto, Colonel McClintock married Dorothy G. Bacon of that city. She was a graduate of Stanford University, being especially proficient in botany. She made a special study of the botany of Arizona and the Southwest generally. Mrs. McClintock was one of the original founders of the Woman's Club of Phoenix, and in addition was a prominent member of the Arizona Federation of Women's Clubs.

In the early part of 1934 Colonel McClintock suffered a slight stroke which confined him to his home. In March, feeling that a change in climate might help him, he and his wife went to the coast where he entered the hospital of the United States Soldiers' Home at Sawtelle, in Los Angeles. Here he died May 10, 1934. He was buried in the Military Cemetery at that post with full military cere-

monies. Above him will always float the flag which he saw raised above the Spanish block house in Cuba.

Never before in the history of the State of Arizona was there such a general expression of sorrow and deep regret at the passing of an Arizona citizen as the death of Colonel Jim brought forth. All over Arizona and in adjacent states the papers gave columns to his record of achievement as well as recounting his place in the public esteem. They fairly vied with each other in their praise of his virtues as a citizen, his valor as a soldier, his kindness of character, his broad vision and loyalty to his adopted State.

A public meeting was arranged by Dean Edwin Lane of Trinity Cathedral in Phoenix at which friends could meet and show their love and admiration for Colonel Jim. This took place on the afternoon of May 17, 1934, under the auspices of Phoenix Camp No. 1 United Spanish-American War Veterans; the Mary Brodie Auxiliary, and the 158th Infantry National Guard of Arizona. The following program, arranged by Dean Lane, was presented to an audience that filled the Cathedral. In addition to the military organizations the employees of the Phoenix Post Office were all present, the letter carriers making a fine appearance in service uniforms.

PROGRAM

Organ Prelude	- - - - -	Arthur J. Smith
Reveille	- - - - -	Bugler F. J. Crochunis 158th Infantry Colors
Procession	- -	United Spanish-American War Veterans Colors Mary Brodie Auxiliary Colors
America		
Invocation and Introductory Address	- -	Dean Edwin S. Lane Colonel James H. McClintock
As a Pioneer	- - - - -	Will C. Barnes
As a Public Servant	- - - - -	J. R. Murdoch Dean of Arizona State Teachers College, Tempe
Anthem, Battle Hymn of the Republic	-	Trinity Cathedral Choir
As a Comrade	- - - - -	R. C. Stanford Spanish-American War Veteran
As a Soldier	- - - - -	A. M. Tuthill Major General, N. G. A.
Anthem	- - - - -	Trinity Cathedral Choir

As a Rough-Rider	- - - - -	Oscar F. Temple Adjutant General N. G. A.
As a Man	- - - - -	E. S. Clark
Anthem, Crossing the Bar	- - - - -	Trinity Cathedral Choir
Benediction	- - - - -	Dean Edwin S. Lane
Taps	- - - - -	Bugler F. J. Crochunis
Organ Postlude	- - - - -	Arthur J. Smith

During the eighteen years he was postmaster at Phoenix Colonel Jim was forced by his official position to make many difficult decisions affecting the personnel of the office. No one thing proves more conclusively the regard in which these fellow workers held him than the following article printed in their personal bulletin, "Sack and Pouch," issued monthly at the expense of the postal employees of the Phoenix office.

#### COLONEL JAMES McCLINTOCK

In the passing of Colonel McClintock the employees of the postal service suffer the loss of a loyal, true friend. In his years of service he always gave his highest, his noblest, his best.

He held the respect and confidence of all those with whom he came in contact. He fulfilled the duties of postmaster regardless of creed or party affiliation. His loyalty to the post office department, his fellow postmasters, and his patrons was unquestioned. His years as postmaster bring memories of battles waged in behalf of postal employees and for the betterment of the service.

His character and personality inspired regard and affection in all his dealings with his fellow men. His memory as postmaster, citizen, statesman, soldier, and friend will be an inspiration to every person in the wide range of his acquaintance as well as in the postal service.

# REMINISCENCES OF AN ARIZONA PIONEER

BY HILARIO GALLEGO

\*Hilario Gallego came to the office of the Arizona Pioneers Historical Society, located in 1926 at the corner of Main and Congress, Tucson, asking assistance in getting a pension for Indian War Service. So interesting was he that we made an appointment with him and, through the courtesy of Charles Morgan Wood, were able to get a stenographer to take down his story. What he said was interpreted by his friend C. J. Powers and taken down in shorthand by Mrs. Effie L. Scott. In transcribing Mrs. Scott's notes we found it necessary to re-group some of Mr. Gallego's statements and, for the sake of smoothness, to add or omit certain words. We also, in most cases, expanded into sentences his short answers. But as a whole the story stands as he told it and would lose its quaintness by being further edited.—THE EDITORS.

I WAS born inside the walled city of Tucson, January 14, 1850. Our house was a little one and stood about where the new city hall now stands.<sup>1</sup> My father was Isidoro Gallego. He had some land straight to the west of here. He was a farmer and had a few cows. Two little Apache Indian boys worked for him. There was a kind of a peaceful tribe of Apaches that had a camp right out here a little way. Then there were the others, the wild Apaches, who were always on the war path; and they killed the little boys who worked for my father, and they stole a lot of his cattle, too. They tell me that before my time the Indians used to circle around the wall and kill cattle and the Mexicans would use these cannons. The Indians never got inside the wall.

There was always a sentinel on the pointed hill<sup>2</sup> looking for the

---

\*Interviewed by MRS. GEORGE F. KITT and CHARLES MORGAN WOOD, Tucson, April 22, 1926.

<sup>1</sup> Meyer street, between Ott and Alameda. Map of Tucson, 1893.

<sup>2</sup> Sentinel Peak (A Mountain) in the Tucson mountains.

dust of the Indians. They were using that hill for a lookout place after I can remember.

The wild Apaches called the peaceful Apaches, "Tontos" or "Fools." Any Apache who wanted to be peaceful would come and stay with these Indians near town; then the wild Apaches would follow them up and try to kill them. The wild Apaches at that time were all around in the mountains, especially around Aravaipa. Years ago there were lots of Indians here. They lived on mescal, penole, deer, wild sheep, goats, etc. There was lots of game in those days and over in the Santa Ritas we had a good many wild turkeys. The little Indians who worked for my father used to trap small game, such as squirrel, rabbits and quail.

The adobe wall about the city was about six feet high and two feet thick. There was an entrance facing west, somewhat back of the present city hall. It was just an open space and formed the entrance through which teams passed, and there was always a guard of soldiers stationed there. On the east side, back of where the old city hall stands<sup>3</sup> but toward the north from the center of the wall, was a small gate for the people called the "Gate of the Camp." It was a small opening and marked by a big heavy wooden door that had been chopped out with axes. At each of the entrances, that is the open gateway and the "Gate of the Camp" there was a cannon which was used when the Indians got too near the city. In the northeast corner of the wall there was a round tower with portholes. I do not remember any port holes in the main wall. Inside the east entrance but toward the north of it was an old ruined church. In the very early times there was a cemetery inside the wall near this church, but as far back as I can remember they were burying people outside the wall near what is now Alameda and Stone Avenue.

Just inside the west gate-way and to the south of it was a new church built by Don Cerilo Leon.

There was a connected chain of little one-room houses all around the inside of the wall that had been built for the soldiers and their families and a few other people. There were no Americans here then. The houses had openings or doorways and some of them had doors. A few had window openings. But most of them didn't even have holes for light; they were built just like a storehouse. Oh no, none of those windows had glass; we didn't know anything

<sup>3</sup> Northeast corner of Court and Ott. Map of Tucson, 1893.

about glass in those days. We didn't even have what you call looking-glasses.

Some of the doors were made of brush and sahuaro sticks tied together with twigs or, when the people could afford it, with rawhide. Sometimes the whole door was of rawhide and the windows were made of strings of rawhide.

As far back as I can remember, Teodoro Ramírez had a store inside of the wall and there was also a saloon kept by Juan Burrel inside. He sold mescal only. Some of the people lived outside of the wall, and there were a few stores on the outside. Cirilo León and Juan Elías and Ramón Pacheco each had stores. There were no stables or special places for hiring horses as we did not travel much.

When we needed provisions we made a lot of rag dolls and took them over to the Gila river where there were Pima and Maricopa Indian settlements and traded them off for tapery beans, corn, wheat and black-eyed peas. From around home we gathered mesquite beans and dried them and then ground them into penole. We ate the nopal (prickly pear) and sahuaro fruit. Then we had tortiomo—a fruit off of the tasejo, a cactus similar to the cholla. The fruit was tart and resembled a large berry or a small apple. These were picked when the fruit was in blossom, then dried, and were used with penole. They tasted like a pickle.

You see we had to learn to use things as they came. We had plenty of meat, game, cattle, etc. And we made our own candles out of the tallow (we had no electric lights in those days, they only came yesterday).

The first time we heard of coffee was when the Oury brothers came in and gave some of the green coffee to the women to cook, saying: "Cook us some coffee." They took it for granted that the women knew how to fix it. The women boiled it first but the kernels did not get soft; so they tried frying it and cooked it and cooked it. And they were still cooking it when Oury, the lawyer, came in and asked if the coffee was ready. One of the women looked at the frying grains and said: "Well, it's been cooking a long time but it seems awful tough yet."

For clothing most of the men wore nothing but "gee-strings" just like the Indians. Every six months or so the government would send to Hermosillo and bring back manta or unbleached cotton cloth from which men's trousers and women's skirts were made. The women wore long skirts and shawls or scarfs. Our shoes were mostly taguas, or rough shoes made of buck-skin, and guaraches,

which were flat pieces of leather tied to the foot with buck-skin strings which ran up between the big toe and the next. Many of the smaller children went naked, though a few wore "gee-strings."

The women washed what clothes they had out in a ditch that ran along near the west wall. Whenever they went out to do their washing the guards always went with them. For washboards they used big rocks. Inside the wall there was a well and folks had plenty of water to use.

We had no doctors nor medicine-men; the people just doctored themselves with herbs and roots.

We had church service once in four or five years—just when the priest would come this way. There was no padre in the church; people used to go to Hermosillo once in a while, and occasionally a priest would come to us. Then when they would come there would be services and marriages, and the children would be baptised. No one ever got married without the priest. If young people wanted to get married they just had to wait. The nearest church was at Magdalena. The San Xavier Mission was in charge of altar-boys or caretakers, but there were no services held in it nor in the church across the valley.

There were not many women and we did not have much entertainment. Once in a great while there would come a "romeromaras" or traveling circus. These were composed mostly of clowns and acrobats. There would also come "titiris" or "Punch and Judy" shows. They would parade around the streets with these little dolls and at the show would make them dance and do funny things. When they had evening shows they made light by setting chollas on fire. Sometimes we had dances; our music would be a harp, a violin, a banjo, and a drum, or sometimes just one or the other of these. We knew nothing about square dances. A dance something like a waltz was what we danced.

At the time of the Gadsden Purchase when Mexican soldiers were withdrawn, General Hilario García was in command. The Mexicans had confidence in the Americans and most of those who were not soldiers stayed. The Adjutant Inspector, Ignacio Pesquiera, who later became General Pesquiera—and later still governor of Sonora, came up with wagons and took the soldiers and their families and all who wanted to go back to Imuris, Sonora. This was the nearest large town. The soldiers who had been stationed at Tubac were taken to Santa Cruz, just across the line.

Part of the agreement between Mexico and the United States was that if any Indian who belonged in the Gadsden Purchase went

across the line and killed a Mexican the United States was to pay the Mexican Government \$5,000 (for a cow \$50). But they have never kept their promise.

In 1862 the California Column of the Union soldiers came into Tucson. They were under the leadership of Col. Fritz,<sup>4</sup> a German. The Colonel had some fine race horses; I remember one named Dandy, and he made me his jockey. After the war he took me East with him. I traveled with the horses for five years and went as far east as St. Louis. Then I came back to Santa Fe and later to Tucson.

From Tucson I went to a little town near the San Xavier Mission called Los Reales and did farming. Los Reales is a dead town. Mose Drachman says you can still see a few of the walls if you know where to look. It was while in Los Reales that I went on a campaign after Indians.

After leaving Tucson I went to Yuma and worked for James Barney as a teamster and also in his store. Was there about five years. Mr. Barney was our sponsor when I married my wife. She came from Ures, Sonora. Father Juan,<sup>5</sup> who later was in Tucson, married us. He asked Mr. Barney for a present in honor of our marriage, and Mr. Barney gave him a bell for the Catholic church in Yuma.

About twenty years ago I went to Phoenix, where I have farmed ever since up to a year ago when I went to Los Angeles.

I am a widower and have seven sons. I am in Tucson now trying to get my papers fixed up so that I can get my pension for helping to fight the Apaches.

The following is the story of my life as it pertains to my period of service with the Citizen Volunteers or Tucson Rangers who enlisted under General Miles to fight Geronimo at the time of his last raid:

In the spring of 1886, about the last of May, M. G. Sameniago sent me word asking me if I did not want to go to fight the Indians. I do not know who started the campaign but Bob Leatherwood was our Captain. Juan Elías acted as our guide. Other members of the

---

<sup>4</sup> Capt. Emil Fritz, First California Volunteer Cavalry. Captain Fritz may have been in charge of a detachment of the California Column but Gen. James H. Carleton was in command of the Column. *Record of the California Men in the War of the Rebellion* by Orton.

<sup>5</sup> Father Juan Choucot. He is buried in Holy Hope Cemetery, Tucson. Father Victor Stoner.

company whom I remember were Pedro Van Alstine, Ignacio Vadillo, Leonardo Castro, Rafael Ochoa, and a half-breed. Vadillo had a ranch not far from my ranch at Los Reales near San Xavier. Van Alstine ran a lot of cattle on this side of the Rincon mountains. Castro still lives in Tucson. Rafael Ochoa was made Corporal. But when we got to Fairbank he got drunk and sold a blanket belonging to the government, so they took his position away and made me Corporal in his place. There were twenty-five Americans and twenty-five Mexicans in our company.

We were taken out to Fort Lowell in herdics or busses. At Fort Lowell the government furnished us with pack-animals, horses, clothing, arms, and other equipment. I wore a government uniform and kept it until I wore it out.

We came back to Tucson and at midnight were put on board a train, equipment and all, and shipped to Benson. Here we detrained and were joined by other soldiers. After breakfast we started for the Mustang mountains. We did not overtake the Indians as they had gone through to Calabasas. At Agua Fría they had an engagement with the troops; and at El Bosque, opposite Agua Fría and about a mile distant, they killed Mrs. Al Peck and her small child and carried away her niece. They then went up into the Pajarito mountains.

From the Mustangs we went down the Sonoita and up to Oro Blanco, where Mr. Shanahan had been killed and John Bartlett wounded. I was sent with four soldiers under my command to guard the ranch while they took Bartlett to Oro Blanco. Other duties I had while they were gone were to hunt for Indian tracks and to watch out for the mail. Eight or ten colored troops carried the mail from Calabasas to the ranch. Then I took it on to Oro Blanco.

Later Mr. Leatherwood took twenty-five men, of whom I was one, and we followed the Indians down into Mexico. We stopped at the Arizona ranch on the Mexican side and, while some of the troops killed a beef, Mr. Leatherwood sent me after the Indians. We were gone about three hours when we got word that the Indians had taken another direction. So we went back to the ranch.

Then we came to Calabasas and the government paid us one month's wages, which was \$30. We were paid off by a military officer who came to pay all of the soldiers. Out of each company five men were chosen to carry the money. I was one of the men chosen from the Volunteers. There were five from the regular sol-

diers and five from the Volunteers. The money was in \$5 and \$20 gold pieces.

From Calabasas we went to Oro Blanco and I was again placed over four men to guard the Bartlett ranch. John Bartlett, a boy of twelve, was at the ranch at that time and is now living in Tucson and remembers us well.

When Geronimo surrendered we came back to Tucson, reaching here sometime in August, I think. We delivered our equipment at Fort Lowell, got two months' pay from the government and were disbanded. The man who paid us was a regular government officer. Yes, I know it was a government officer. We all passed by a window of a house somewhere near San Augustine church. I think the house belonged to Charaleau and I think it was a dwelling house. I have never been in the house before—nor since. As we passed by this window we were paid. I do not remember who paid us nor his title and I know nothing about the muster-roll nor the pay-roll.



## FROM THE OLD NEWSPAPER FILES

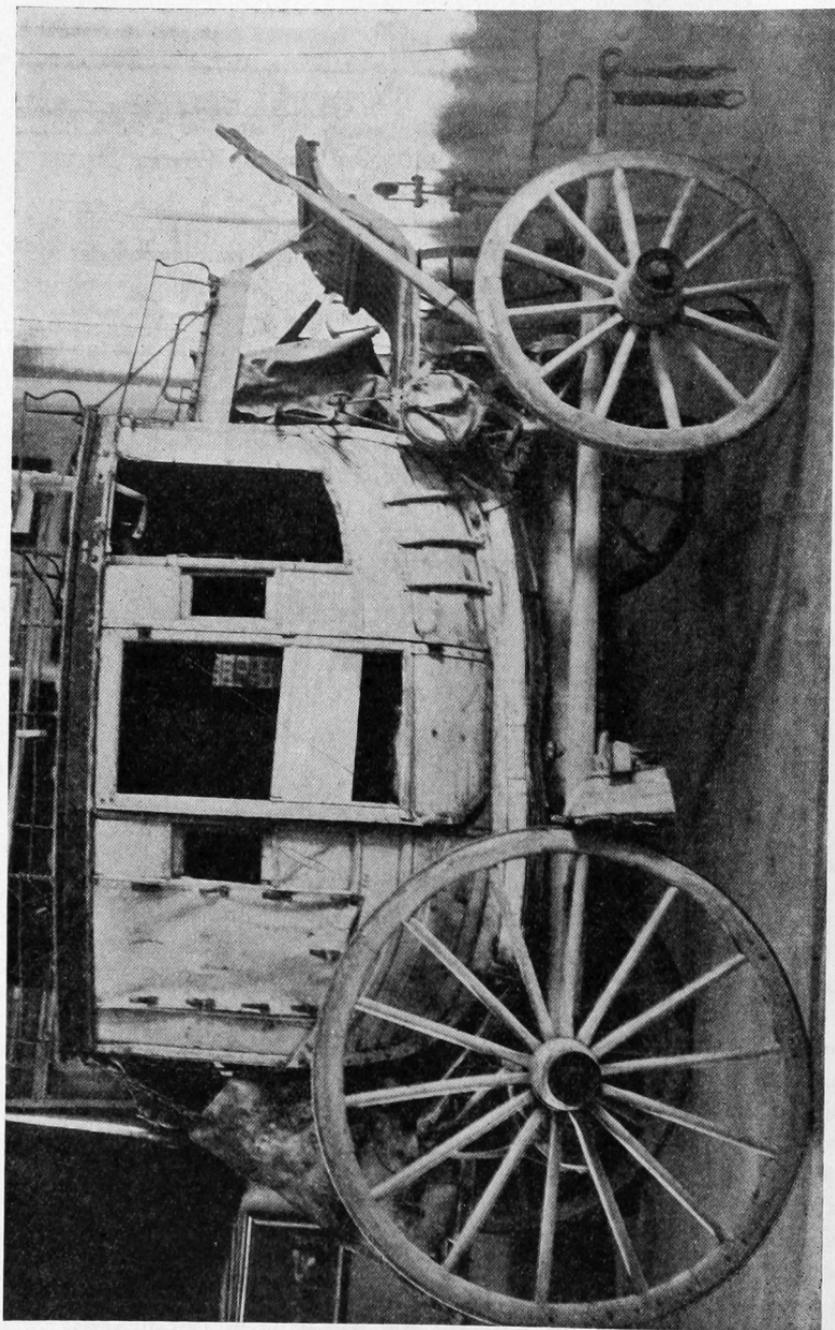
### CALABASAS IN THE GADSDEN PURCHASE

From *San Francisco Weekly Chronicle*—August 11, 1855.

We translate the following description of Calabasas and the valley in the Gadsden Purchase from the *German Democrat*.

The valley is about thirty-six miles long, and like all the valleys in that vicinity, is rich in soil and timber. It contains a number of ruins of deserted ranches. Herds of sheep, horses, mules, and horned cattle are to be seen grazing in the open timber, and amidst the dense brush wood.

The chief building at Calabasas is a citadel with walls about twenty feet high, unbroken except by a solitary doorway, provided with very heavy doors. A bell is placed near it for the purpose of giving the alarm when hostile Indians are seen approaching. The place is now occupied by a couple of Germans, with some Mexicans and tame Apaches in the neighborhood. These settlers have to be continually on the lookout for the wild Apaches who frequently attempt to drive off the stock. If the valley were protected by the presence of a detachment of American soldiers the land near Calabasas would soon be well tilled. Besides there are rich copper and silver mines in the vicinity which ought to be wrought and will be at no distant time.



Built in 1870 by the Concord Company, this stagecoach was a familiar vehicle of transportation in Arizona from 1878 to 1884. Its regular run was between Yuma and Tombstone via Tucson.

## As Told by the Pioneers

A. M. FRANKLIN, TUCSON

(Reminiscences, 1926.)

In 1876, I got on one of those big rockaway Concord stages at Colton with a headache and a blanket. We were five days and four nights coming to Tucson and the stage was packed. I managed to sleep pretty well after I got rid of my headache by wrapping my head up in the blanket so that it would not get bruised as I bounced and knocked around. The stage rocked both ways. At a station somewhere below sea level we encountered a terrible sand storm; the wind blew and the sand was choking. I had to wrap my head in the blanket. How those four horses reached the next station only two hours late is more than I have ever been able to figure out. But both they and the driver seemed to be comparatively indifferent to the storm.

There was no change in those days smaller than a fifty cent piece. The grub on the route was poor, rusty bacon, sour beans, alkali water. There was a German with us who had had the forethought to provide himself with several loaves of rye bread and a bundle of Limburger cheese and he saved our lives even if we did make him tie his cheese on the axle back of the stage.

One of the chief occupations around Tucson was fleecing the government. One certain man of my acquaintance had two hollow logs fastened to the wagon in which he hauled hay for the government. The wagons were weighed when first brought into use and numbered and the weight recorded so as to save weighing after each load. Well, after his wagon was weighed and numbered, Mr. man proceeded to fill the hollow spaces with scrap iron and anything heavy he could get hold of, thereby, making the hay weigh quite to his satisfaction. One day he brought in a complaint which had been served on him and threw it down on C. C. Stevens' desk. After looking it over Mr. Stevens asked, "Well, where are your witnesses, and where is your evidence?"

"Evidence be hanged. You answer this complaint and I will produce evidence to suit."

ALBERT J. STRAW, GLENDALE

(Reminiscences, 1930.)

A colony of us came from Peoria, Illinois, and settled what we called Peoria, here in the Salt River valley. There were four families of us: Mr. and Mrs. James McMillen and family of three; Capt. Jake Copes, wife and daughter (we called him captain because he walked so straight, but he wasn't); W. T. Hanna with no family; and my wife and myself. Other people in Peoria owned land but did not come out—Green, De Loss, S. Brown, and another man.

We were persuaded to come out by W. J. Murphy and William Christy. Some people had settled on the land around Peoria and put in a little dam but the dam went out and the people left. Then Murphy and Christy bought their rights and went back to Illinois to sell the land.

I was sick, had consumption, and three doctors had given me up. But I had not given up. So I went down to the hotel to talk to these men from Arizona and wound up by buying 180 acres of land.

Four families from Peoria came together starting in October, 1886. We traveled by train to Maricopa and from there by stage to Phoenix. Most of us brought our furniture and household goods with us and at Maricopa we hired Jim Hammel to haul the stuff to Phoenix. Two of our members had worked in a distillery in Peoria and among other things they brought a fine keg of whiskey for medicinal purposes.

Well somehow the driver of the team got wind of the whiskey, got drunk and turned over in the Gila. I guess some of our table-  
leaves are in the river yet.

We settled on our ranch, lived in tents, and tried to farm. We got a little water from the Arizona canal but had to use it when it came down which was not very often. I raised a bunch of dogs to hunt jackrabbits and my picture is taken with them. We stuck it out for a year and a half, then I went to superintend S. C. Bartlett's Rancho del Higo (Fig Ranch). He had 150 acres of figs, 100 of grapes, 20 of assorted fruits, and 20 of almonds. After I got there he put in 20 acres more figs and 2,000 orange trees. He had 4,000 trees for most of which he paid \$1 a tree.

At Bartlett's we lived in the same tent we had had on the ranch until a big wind came and took it away. Then we slept on the "lean-to" porch. After four years we went back to our ranch which

I later sold. Then we moved to Glendale. Murphy had great faith in the Salt River valley. Whenever he would get a little money he would buy up land with its water right, sell the land but bring the water down here to Glendale. He was an ex-minister and a strong prohibitionist. Every deed he gave to land in Glendale said, "No saloons." Finally a man started a drug store and sold whiskey but Murphy fought him and won. Since that time there never has been a saloon in Glendale, that is to stay.

---

## EMMA KRENTZ, DOUGLAS

(Original manuscript, 1930.)

Some time in the summer in 1888 or 1889 we lived in the Mogollon mountains raising cattle at an altitude of 7,000 feet. As many of you have been to northern Arizona you know what the tall pine timber is. One evening Charlie came home after riding cattle all day. He said, "Mrs. Krentz would you like to see a sight?" Seven miles from our ranch three men were hung on a pine tree, by the Vigilantes. They were stealing horses in Tonto Basin. They owned a horse ranch and were stocking it with stolen horses. One was a man well-connected in Boston. It was pitiful, one had a red bandana stuffed in the noose, as a party rode unexpected on them, he fell on his knees. They were then taken to Holbrook for burial. I said, "Lord spare me such a sight." I would never stay in these mountains any longer, where occasionally you heard the timber wolves howl at night.

Late in the evening a horseman came along seeking shelter with two cartridge belts on him, carrying a Winchester and a revolver. They had written on his cabin "go" by the Vigilantes, and he must sleep in the mountains at a different place every night. We had not any fear as we were not connected with such parties.

---

## FREDERIC G. BRECHT, PRESCOTT

(Reminiscences, 1923.)

Yuma was a hell of a place when I first went there in 1870. If there was not a man or two killed every morning we called it a dull day. Yuma politics were rotten also. I can remember the election when R. C. McCormick ran for Delegate to Congress. The voting booth was out in the middle of the street. The politicians

would bring a string of Yuma Indians up to vote. They wore nothing but a breech-cloth and perhaps a stovepipe hat, and they held their already marked tickets in their hand. When a clerk would ask an Indian his name he would say "Sullivan" or "Malony" or any other good Irish name he had been drilled in saying.

(Mr. Brecht was a blacksmith by trade and after working in Yuma for some time he went to Nevada, 1871.)

I like to have frozen to death in Nevada and when a man by the name of Newton came along that fall and said, "I understand you came from Arizona, would you like to go back?" I said, "You bet." He said, "Come along." But I answered, "I can't, I have only about enough money to take me to San Francisco." "Oh that does not make any difference, I have a plenty," he said. So we started.

At San Francisco he bought our boat tickets to San Pedro and then bought horses for our trip across the country to Prescott. We crossed the Colorado river at Hardyville—named after W. H. Hardy, a tall, slim, bony man who looked like a Texan—and then traveled the Hardyville toll road to Prescott. We were under an escort of soldiers and they were very nice to us, especially instructing us how to travel.

Prescott was still a small place. On the west side of the present plaza were about six stores, and on the east side was the office of Frank Cordis. George Roskruge was working for Cordis at the time and we became fast friends. Roskruge was tall and thin and wore great long whiskers which flew out on either side as he walked.

At Prescott I hired out as blacksmith helper and later worked for Sam and Jake Miller in Miller valley. They were in the freighting business. I got \$100 a month and board. When the teams were out there was little to do.

Then I went into business for myself in Prescott. When the mines were running or we had such excitements as the San Juan oil boom or the diamond hoax, business was good. Between times I made a "go" of it because I had been well-trained in the old country, could make any old piece of iron answer my purpose—instead of paying 30 or 40 cents a pound—and I turned out satisfactory work.

In 1905 I quit work—had to—was worn out; and my wife and I have been living in Prescott ever since.

L. H. MANNING, TUCSON  
(Reminiscences, 1926.)

I landed in Arizona in 1884. An incident in the court room at a criminal trial of that year comes to my mind. C. C. Stevens was attorney for the defense and the complaining witness was on the stand:

Mr. S.: What is your name? Ans.: Smith.

Mr. S.: How long have you lived here? Ans.: Fifteen years, I'm a pioneer.

Mr. S.: Where have you lived? Ans.: Oh, all over the territory.

Mr. S.: What is your business? Ans.: For awhile cattle raising, for awhile mining, and other things.

Mr. S.: Where did you come from? Ans.: Texas.

Mr. S.: What was your name in Texas? (Objection by the attorney; objection over-ruled.) Ans.: My name was Brown.

Mr. S.: Yes, a fine pioneer you were. With the sheriff behind you and the Indians in front you had to keep going.



## Book Reviews

SOUTHWEST ON THE TURQUOISE TRAIL. The First Diaries on the Road to Santa Fe. (*Overland to the Pacific*, Volume II.) Edited by Archer Butler Hulbert. Denver, Colorado: The Stewart Commission of Colorado College and of the Denver Public Library. 1933. \$5.

One of the last works of a famous historian of the West, the late A. B. Hulbert, this handsome volume continues the story of the penetration of the Far Southwest, begun not long ago with Pike's diaries. A representative group of diaries from early travelers on the Santa Fe Trail is reproduced herein, ranging from Pedro Vial's Santa Fe-St. Louis diary of 1792, down to Wetmore's diary of 1828. In addition, a few diaries are included to illustrate the fact that the Santa Fe markets were the center of a number of radiating trails: Pike's diary of 1806 from Santa Fe to Chihuahua, and Armijo's diary of a Santa Fe-California journey in 1830.

As is so often the case with edited works, and as perhaps it should be, the editorial notes are far inferior in interest and in value to the diaries themselves. In fact, much of the space devoted to editorial comments could well have been spared, since a number of errors are to be seen therein.

Like the preceding volume of the series, this number is beautifully bound, and well supplied with illustrations, a map (rather faulty), and a complete index. Considering the work as a whole, however, it falls rather short of the standards set up in the volume of Pike's diaries. But it should prove most interesting to all who have found the Santa Fe Trail an enthralling subject—and no topic of Western history could be much more absorbing.

RUFUS KAY WYLLYS.

HISTORY OF NEW MEXICO. By Gaspar Pérez de Villagrà, Alcalá, 1610. Translated by Gilberto Espinosa with an introduction and notes by Frederick W. Hodge. (Quivira Society Publications, Volume IV.) Los Angeles: The Quivira Society. 1933. \$5.

Villagrà's gallant, rollicking, romantic history of the conquest of New Mexico, has long been a classic of Southwestern history. In this handsome volume issued by the Quivira Society, the work appears in a new and beautiful format. It contains, besides the scholarly introduction by Frederick W. Hodge, Villagrà's own Prologue, a sample of the verse in which the book was originally written, a number of verses in honor of Villagrà himself (written in 1610 also), and the entire thirty-four cantos of the heroic poem, supplemented by an illuminating appendix and a complete index.

For anyone who believes that the "Wild West stories" of twenty and thirty years ago were peculiar to American literature, this volume is heartily recommended as a revelation of what Seventeenth-century Spain could produce in the way of Indian-fighting "thrillers," with the additional reminder that most of Villagrà's statements, though couched in sentimental language, are substantially true. No incident in the history of the Southwest is more thrilling, for example, than the Spanish storming of the sky-city of Ácoma, as Villagrà recounts it: "The sergeant major, seeing a savage impudently arrayed in the garments of his murdered brother, stood for a moment stunned. Recovering from his surprise, his eyes ablaze with just wrath, he fearlessly rushed to where the savage stood, striking blows right and left, and clearing his way through the midst of the savage host . . ." (p. 235). Such incidents abound in the volume, reflecting and preserving for us the high courage and spirits of the Spanish conquistador as no modern imagination could.

Villagrà's history is most heartily commended and called to the notice of all who are interested in the days of the conquistadores.

RUFUS KAY WYLLYS.

---

THE EXPLORATION OF WESTERN AMERICA, 1800-1850. By E. W. Gilbert. Cambridge, England: Cambridge University Press. 1933. \$3.75.

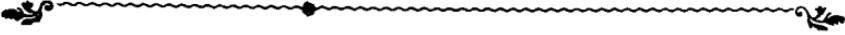
Intended perhaps as a textbook for English university students as well as a popular summary for the general English public, this small volume shows the fallacies inevitable in works on geography written

at a distance or with little knowledge of the subjects treated. It seems to the reviewer that Mr. Gilbert's work, with its smug title and its rather hazy descriptions, is far surpassed by an American author on the subject, Prof. J. B. Brebner, whose scholarly and yet interesting work, *The Explorers of North America, 1492-1806*, appeared about the same time.

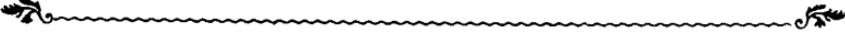
If, however, one wishes a brief, condensed account of explorations in a skeleton form, with little new or original material, Mr. Gilbert's volume might serve. Probably, for the cost involved, either the Brebner work mentioned above, or Baker's *A History of Geographical Discovery and Exploration*, would prove more worthwhile, and about as recent, for both of them cover the exploration of "Western America" quite as fully and as accurately as the Gilbert volume.

The author approaches his subject from the logical standpoint of geography, and devotes Part I of the book to a discussion of the geography of western North America. Part II hastily runs through the bare bones of diaries, journals and notes, summarizing them rather drily. There are many footnote references (although often to questionable authorities), and there is a lengthy bibliography and an index. A number of fairly good maps redeem some other features of the volume, which might be summarily dismissed as a manual on the subject.

RUFUS KAY WYLLYS.



## Among the Authors



CARL ORTWIN SAUER, Ph.D., is a professor of geography and chairman of the department at the University of California, Berkeley. He is the author of a number of studies in history and physical geography based on field work in Mexico, the American Southwest, etc.

ESTELLE LUTRELL, consulting librarian and professor of Bibliography at the University of Arizona, is an authority not only on the bibliography of Arizona material, but also on the early newspapers of the State.

RUFUS KAY WYLLYS, Ph.D., is a professor of history and head of the social science department at Arizona State Teachers College, Tempe. He is a collaborator on the staff of the Arizona Historical Review.

ASA E. MARTIN is professor of history in Pennsylvania State College at State College, Pennsylvania. Author of a two volume history of the United States and co-author with Hiram H. Shenk of *Pennsylvania History Told by Contemporaries*, his work has attracted much favorable attention and comment.

COL. CORNELIUS C. SMITH is a grandson of William Sanders Oury, of the Oury family which made the trip into Mexico described in Mrs. Granville H. Oury's diary. Mrs. Oury was the wife of the brother of William Sanders Oury. Colonel Smith is now on the retired list of the army after a service record which includes the Congressional Medal of Honor gained in a fight with Sioux Indians. He resides in Riverside, California.

WILL C. BARNES came to Arizona as a boy, served in the army during the Apache war, entered the cattle business at the end of his military career, and in 1888 was appointed a member of the Arizona Livestock Sanitary board. He was in the Forest Service for twenty-one years, later assuming the position of Secretary of the United States Geographic board.

## UNIVERSITY OF ARIZONA BULLETINS

The following University of Arizona Bulletins on historical subjects are available for sale at the prices indicated.

### CUMMINGS, BYRON

*Cuicuilco and the Archaic Culture of Mexico.* 1933. 55 pp. 35 illus. plan. (University of Arizona Social Science Bulletin No. 4).....25 cents

A scientifically accurate picture of a flourishing culture which antedated the Aztecs is reconstructed from the architecture and artifacts of the temple of Cuicuilco.

### HUBBARD, HOWARD A.

*A Chapter in Early Arizona Transportation History; the Arizona Narrow Gauge Railroad Company.* 1934. 64 pp. front., 3 illus., map. (University of Arizona Social Science Bulletin No. 6)..... 25 cents

A history of a road projected to run from Tucson to Globe in the Eighties, with a detailed account of its intricate financial aftermath.

### LOCKETT, HATTIE GREENE

*The Unwritten Literature of the Hopi.* 1933. 102 pp. 15 illus. (University of Arizona Social Science Bulletin No. 2).....15 cents

A brief survey of present day Hopi culture in Arizona and an examination into the myths and traditions constituting the unwritten literature of the Hopi. Includes a translation of seven legends as told the author by living Hopi story tellers.

### LOCKWOOD, FRANK C.

*With Padre Kino on the Trail.* 1934. 142 pp. 23 illus., map. (University of Arizona Social Science Bulletin No. 5).....50 cents

Kino the familiar friend and comrade in a vigorous account of the work of the Seventeenth Jesuit priest who established the famous Kino chain of missions in Sonora and southern Arizona.

Address orders to the Librarian, University of Arizona, Tucson, Arizona.