

# THE ARIZONA HISTORICAL REVIEW

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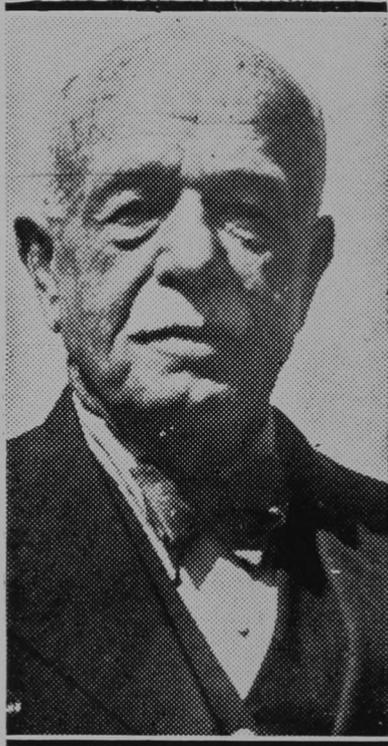
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*John P. Clum, 1851-1932*

# THE ARIZONA HISTORICAL REVIEW

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JOHN P. CLUM

By *LESLIE E. GREGORY*

Scattered through miscellaneous writings, official reports and histories of Arizona, there are at least three claims to the accomplishment of alleged peace in the Territory of Arizona in 1874, yet, on the legislative records of the previous decade and for several years following are inscribed the petitions of a tortured and tormented people to Congress for help in the delivery of struggling pioneers from the Apache scourge.

Writing in 1884, Hon. Patrick Hamilton said: "From 1864 to 1874 the history of Arizona is written in blood." Hamilton estimated the toll of settlers at the hands of fiends, and the unmarked graves of that period, at one thousand. Following the assertion that "slowly the red man yielded to his destiny," Hamilton paid rhetorical tribute to the army and left the inference that approximately two thousand troops deployed over an area as great as all New England and Pennsylvania combined, whipped the fierce Apache from his lair and established a pacific condition.

In 1871, Governor Safford laid aside his executive duties, headed a nondescript body of volunteers, marched on foot for twenty-seven days and covered nearly six hundred miles in an effort to drive the murderous Apaches back from the outposts of civilization. Governor Safford had no faith in the meagre protection afforded by the war department, notwithstanding the outstanding bravery of the insufficient number of available troops then in Arizona.

In the same year, William S. Oury headed a volunteer contingent against the Aravaipa tribe claiming justification for the Camp Grant Massacre in the alleged inability of General Stoneman to cope with requirements for frontier protection. The Oury party clubbed a colony of reservation Indians to death within sight and within range of the guns of Camp Grant.

A citizen who afterward became Arizona's delegate to Congress played a part in the preliminaries, by way-laying and holding as prisoners two soldiers who had been dispatched from Tucson to Camp Grant with warning to the commanding officer of the impending tragedy. The adjutant-general of the Territory furnished part of the equipment used in the expedition.

The incident provoked President Grant into a threat of martial law unless the participants were convicted of crime. Oury and about one hundred of his companions were arrested but no jury could be found to convict them. In 1885, fourteen years later, Oury reduced the details of the affair to writing, describing "the full measure of our triumph" on "the bright April morning of April 30th, 1871." In conclusion, Oury took credit for peace, prefacing the list of asserted subsequent peaceful conditions with: "Behold, now, the happy result immediately following that episode."

A third claim to peace was bound up in the Howard treaty with Cochise which, in 1874, was apparently being faithfully observed by the Chiricahuas.

War department records do not reflect a state of peace with the Apaches commensurate with conditions ascribed by writers. However, from 1874 to 1881 an only too brief diminution of hostilities marked a calm before the storm that broke in the Eighties and drenched Arizona with later annals "written in blood."

The first centralized effort of the War department toward handling the Apache situation came with the creation of a military department for Arizona in 1869, with headquarters at Fort Whipple and with General

George Stoneman in command of the forces allotted to the Territory. General Stoneman was succeeded by General George Crook in 1871. In 1875, General Crook was removed and General August V. Kautz took charge.

The rapid succession of commanding generals was brought about as the result of dissatisfaction. Each change meant a new effort to bring about peace and with each change settlers took heart again. In turn three Civil War heroes wrestled with the Indian problem—Stoneman, a national idol who as Brigadier-General of the Fourth Cavalry became the outstanding hero of the campaign of the Chickahominy; Crook, who held the day for Sheridan at Winchester; and Kautz, the daredevil commander whose forces destroyed the railroads of the Shenandoah and cut off Confederate supplies during the siege of Petersburg and Richmond.

Stoneman retired from the army and moved to California, where he was elected governor. General Crook continued as an Indian fighter in other fields. General Kautz had a stormy three years in Arizona with Governor Safford and others. An unremitting activity against him on the part of Governor Safford brought about a hearing and the general's removal. Kautz, who seemed to have a penchant for taking his trouble into print, was finally courtmartialled over his distribution of a pamphlet criticizing the Judge-Advocate who presided at the hearing.

In 1874 John P. Clum brought Arizona intellectual leadership and a magnetic personality that penetrated the hearts of savage and dominated the whites within the range of his influence.. He inaugurated the San Carlos Apache Police and Tribal Court system, the evolution of which is now represented in the National Indian Police system, with ramifications extending to all Indian reservation in America, the most potent influence for frontier peace in the history of the nation.

It is all the more remarkable that one of the strong arms of Uncle Sam's administration developed in fruition of the dream of a twenty-two year old youth whose ex-

periment was launched within a few days after his arrival at San Carlos. His first annual report, dated August 31, 1874, the eve of Young Clum's twenty-third birthday and twenty-three days after his induction into office as Indian Agent, contains the following: "I have appointed four Indians to act as police. They arrest the insubordinate and guard the prisoners and do general police duty. The result is very satisfactory and it is my intention to employ them permanently at \$15 per month." Four wild Apaches learned the rudiments of civil government from John P. Clum, essayed an application for self-determination and their preceptor lived to see his dream fulfilled.

He was born September 1, 1851, of Holland-Dutch stock, and was reared as a farmer boy in the valley of the Hudson.

The transformation of John P. Clum is an intriguing story. In 1870, he was a prematurely bald divinity student of eighteen years, at Rutgers' College. Ill health terminated the college career of one who might have been described as a "pale-browed student." Out of college but still in contact with associates in the Dutch Reformed Church, Young Clum entertained a hope of ultimately entering the mission field.

In the meantime, developments were in progress in Arizona. Aravaipa Apaches who had escaped the Camp Grant Massacre had been permitted to settle at the confluence of the Gila and San Carlos rivers, beyond a mountain range and beyond the reach of outraged settlers, against whom the Camp Grant military appeared to feel unable to properly protect its wards. Military supervision at San Carlos ensued for a time. In 1874, the reservation was turned over to the Department of the Interior and a civilian agent was sought. There were no applicants. Nobody had the temerity to seek the position. For once a government job sought the man.

An official of the Home Missionary board of the Dutch Reformed Church believed that Clum could assume the position and also do the Apaches some good

along spiritual lines. Following months of indecision and a study at Washington of the past history of San Carlos, Clum reached a worthy conclusion: "I cannot do worse than the others and, if I make good, I will be in a class by myself."

Upon his arrival at San Carlos he was confronted with depressing conditions that almost deterred him. A hideous incident turned the course of his life. Previous to his arrival, a band of army scouts had been sent to capture a renegade. One day they returned, opened a sack and rolled the head of the renegade at the feet of the new agent. From that horrible spectacle a master arose. A young civilian disarmed the scouts, rebuked the army and bade it stand aside. The Dutch Reformed Church lost an embryo clergyman, the southwest unfolded a virile manhood and Arizona gained a stalwart figure. The "pale browed student" was relegated to the past. Today, on the San Carlos Indian reservation, aged and once fierce Apache warriors delight in reminiscence concerning their beloved idol, and their descendants repeat traditional tales of "Nan-tan Be-toon-e-ki-ay," — "The boss with the white forehead."

The 1874 report offers the first glimpse of what developed enmity between Clum and the army and brought about an enduring bitterness. In the past year, however, two army men of that era have told the writer that their former estimates of Clum had disappeared and his late vindication prompted regret over unfortunate differences of the past which must be revealed inevitably in faithful presentation of history.

Two paragraphs of the report are as follows: "On taking charge of the agency, I found the same mixture of civil and military rule was still working detriment to the Indians. I therefore immediately assumed entire control of all affairs appertaining to the Indian Service, in order that the Indians might understand that there was but one administration and one administrator. The rule over the Indians previous to my arrival was intended to be severe, but being shared by many rulers, it became

weak, inefficient and dangerous to the proper discipline and progress of the Indians.

"Should the military desire to remain on the reservation, I shall not object. Yet I should strongly oppose a nearer residence than five miles from the Indian camp, as the effect of the association of the soldiers with the Indians is very demoralizing."

"Detriment" and "demoralizing" are mild terms in comparison with Oury's terse description of similar conditions at Camp Grant, in which he declared: "Hell was fully inaugurated." Clum's beginning of his administration and his announced intention of abolishing the military contingent were treated with ridicule. His ideas were deemed preposterous. He went forward with his plans, gained rapid success, established confidence with the Department of the Interior and succeeded in having the troops removed.

Four Apache policemen transmitted their understanding of Clum and their faith in his friendship to fellow Indians and to enemy tribes, inviting others to dwell at San Carlos. There were eight or nine tribes of Apaches scattered over more than six hundred miles of territory. They were savage, lawless and unfriendly toward each other. It is doubtful if they had a common purpose aside from waging incessant war upon the whites.

*(To be continued)*

## KINO OF PIMERIA ALTA

### *Apostle of the Southwest*

(Continued)

By RUFUS KAY WYLLYS

On this trying passage to New Spain from Cadiz, no doubt the humble padres accepted matters with resignation, and devoted themselves to pious works while their fellow-passengers suffered less uncomplainingly. The sole record which we have from Kino concerning the voyage is a letter which he wrote to the Duchess from "near the Canaries," in February, 1681. He merely remarks that the journey is all well thus far, and promises her more letters from New Spain.

The course of the *flotas* was normally directly from the Canaries to Guadeloupe, and thence northwest, past St. Croix and Porto Rico to the great island of Haiti, or Espanola as the Spaniards called it, where the vessels put in for wood and water. On past the palm-clad shores of Cape Tiburon and along the southern coast of Cuba to Cape San Antonio at its western extremity, sailed the *flota*, dropping sundry of its merchant vessels here and there to supply the various island ports and collect their products. From Yucatan the fleet crossed the Bay of Campeche and reached its destination at Vera Cruz.

Kino and his companions landed on the mole at Vera Cruz on May 9, 1681, under the heavy castle walls of San Juan de Ulloa. Just two years later this great *entrepot* of New Spain was taken and plundered by Dutch buccaneers under the leadership of Van Horn and Laurens, even as the Spanish *flota* lay outside the harbor offering no intervention. But when the padres landed they found the town just awakening from its slumber in the damp, breathless heat which prevails on that low, jungle-covered coast. Fever and cholera stalked the streets by night, and in the sultry noon the evil-eyed vultures, *los zopilotes*, drowsed on

the house-tops and on the shining dome of *La Parroquia*, the ancient church.

There still remained the long, toilsome climb up over the mountain escarpment to the Mexican plateau and the beautiful Valley of Mexico, which lies like a basin let into the backbone of the continent. Kino, for one, probably made it with a light heart, for he still clung to the hope that he might be allowed to accompany Padre Angelis to the Orient. It would seem that his hope of this transfer was heightened by news received at Vera Cruz. But of course a final decision on the matter would have to be deferred until he reached Mexico City.

Buoyed up with such hopes, Kino could face with resolution the difficulties of the ancient highway that wound up and up into the Cordillera from Vera Cruz, through Jalapa and Puebla and past the mighty snow-topped cone of Orizaba, on which a flush of rose-pink came and went at dawn and sunset. At last, after about a month's journey, the trail crept round the base of Popocatepetl and came out above the Valley of Mexico, with its blue lakes and white-walled cities swimming in the haze.

At Mexico City came the final scattering of the band of Jesuit fellow-voyagers. Eight had already left the *flota* in vessels bound for the Spanish kingdom of New Granada in South America. Kino and ten others had come to Mexico City; and here they parted company. Padres Boranga, Tilpe, Strobach, Cuculinus and De Angelis crossed the continent to Acapulco, whence they took ship for the Marianas, where four of them met martyrdom. Padres Mancker and Klein went to the Philippines, and Padre Gerstle left, at a somewhat later date, for China. Padre Neumann found work in the West Coast province of Nueva Vizcaya, and Padre Ratkay went to a distant frontier district of the same province, Sonora. Thus ended the good companionship which had cheered Kino in Spain and on his devious journey to the New World.

In Mexico City Kino found himself at the very heart and nerve-center of the Viceroyalty of New Spain, for

a hundred and fifty years one of the proudest possessions of the Castilian crown. From this great city, wealthiest and largest in all North America at the time, went forth the orders of the viceroys, personal representatives of the Spanish kings. From it were sent out the numberless missionaries for service on the remote borders. Here would be decided the ultimate destination of Kino, and here he resided for about four months, presumably at the Colegio Maximo de San Pedro y San Pablo, the Jesuits' headquarters in the city, or at the Casa Profesa, where Jesuit novitiates were trained for the mission field.

The viceregal capital as it was presents a convenient picture of one side of the life of New Spain. In its general appearance there might have been seen the blending of the ancient Tenochtitlan of the Aztecs with the unvarying Spanish ideas of city-building. Its well-paved streets were intersected by a network of canals, relics of the days of Montezuma and of the Aztec attempt to build a moated city upon low islands in the grey waters of Lake Tezcuco. Costly churches, convents and monasteries, dominated by the huge cathedral, appeared in all quarters. The houses were not unlike those of the modern Mexico, being of one or two stories, with heavily barred and shuttered windows and balconies of elaborate iron scroll-work. Everywhere were gardens and orchards, and the patios blazed with flowers; while on the outskirts were the extravagantly planned and decorated country estates, built largely with the proceeds from the bountiful riches of this new land.

Social life in the city of the Montezumas confined itself to two spheres. Rarely, outside of India, has there been more rigid stratification of society than existed in seventeenth-century Mexico City. Outside the capital and on their broad estates the ruling classes might mingle freely with their dependants and with the submissive Indians and *mestizos* who tilled the soil. But in the capital, where beggars (*leperos*) and cripples multiplied, there could be no lowering of the social bars. There nearly everyone was either a ruler and a white, or he was of the great mass of mixed bloods and Indians, whose status depended upon the

varying degrees of white, Indian and negro ancestry. Even among the whites there was considerable class distinction, between creole (American-born), and peninsular (European-born.) Sometimes the miseries of the half-caste and Indian underlings became unbearable, whereupon the slightest excuse might provoke a bloody riot, as in 1692, when a shortage of corn for the poor became the cause of a street war which for a time threatened the existence of the city. Yet on feast days and on the occasions of the entry of new viceroys and church officials, gorgeous processions of nobles, clergy and tradesmen marched through the streets, delighting the wretched populace.

Pomp and splendor on the one hand and hopeless poverty on the other—this summarizes the condition of Mexico City for more than two centuries after the beginning of Spanish rule. Nor are the traces of those days even yet wholly obliterated, for the modern *pelado*, "the plucked one," although better fed and clothed, is the lineal descendant of the abject Indian or *mestizo* of vice-regal times. Yet life was not intolerable, for the poorer people had few standards to meet, and if they lacked food they at least had much entertainment. Fiestas, bullfights, gambling, races, cockfights, were nearly all amusements which the *peon* could see if not share. And there were then, as now, *pulque* and stronger liquors in which to forget sorrows. The non-whites of Mexico were not the most unhappy people to be found in the seventeenth-century world.

Occupying a high place in the society of the capital was the Company of Jesus. In 1572 its members had entered the field in New Spain, and since then it had flourished until now it was perhaps the most powerful organization in the country and almost a rival of the government itself. From its great Colegio Maximo de San Pedro y San Pablo, which was immensely rich, and from the Casa Profesa, or training school for novitiates, the pseudo-military church society sent out its members to work not only on the mission frontier but also in political circles. Because it had done so much to pacify the Indians all along

the northern borders of New Spain, its activities in other lines were overlooked; and it had been able even to unseat viceroys who opposed it, besides often setting aside the requirements of Mother Church. Nearly a century later it was to become so wealthy and far-reaching as to bring down upon itself the envy and wrath of the crown, and to suffer expulsion from the dominions of Spain. But in Kino's time it was just entering upon the period of an eminence long retained although already cordially disliked and feared by many of the viceroys and lesser citizens of New Spain.

During Kino's sojourn in Mexico City he won considerable fame in one of his pursuits, astronomy. The German-Italian scholar had not resided in the capital long when he met and gained the friendship of Don Carlos de Sigüenza y Gongora, a professor of mathematics in the Royal University of Mexico, and a famous savant of the time. Kino's studies and record at Freiburg and Ingolstadt at first seem to have made Sigüenza respect his new acquaintance very highly. Being a creole, Sigüenza perhaps was impressed by the superior learning or at least the assumed superiority, of European scholars, and so gave Kino more deference than was necessary. On the other hand, it is possible that Kino had imbibed some of the peninsular scorn for things American. At all events, the two men, almost of the same age, became good friends. It was in connection with the sudden dissolution of this friendship that Kino won a transitory renown in Mexico.

While our padre was in Cadiz in the preceding December he had, as a mathematician and astronomer, become interested in the appearance of a large comet in the heavens. On December 28, 1680, he wrote to the Duchess that for four or five days he had been making careful observations of it. But his interest was by no means merely professional. In those days it was well known that comets might be and often were, portents of the severest calamities; and as far as possible every catastrophe was connected with some such warning. From the earliest days of Christianity, a comet was regarded as "a ball of fire flung from

the right hand of an angry God to warn the grovelling dwellers of earth." As late as 1673 a famous churchman gravely classified the evils foreshadowed (or produced) by comets in the following order: "drought, wind, earthquake, tempest, famine, pestilence and war."

Therefore the appearance of the "Great Comet of 1680" was an occasion of terror to the superstitious and of uneasiness to the more rational-minded. From New England to Persia, wise men and fools alike watched it with apprehension. The rationalists might scoff at the idea of danger from a comet, but they justly feared the religious frenzy of the ignorant classes, which were easily swayed by fanatics and might seek to avert divine wrath by the punishment of unbelievers. Princes and potentates bowed to ecclesiastical demands and advice on such occasions. In 1556 the coming of a comet had so alarmed the Holy Roman Emperor Charles V, leading monarch of his time, that it hastened his abdication of the throne. To the more enlightened of the clergy, including Kino, comets might not be truly signs of danger, but since the masses believed them to be such, the arrival of a comet furnished the church with a precious warning to humanity, to repent of its sins and seek salvation lest the end of the world be at hand. Hence Kino's interest in the comet of 1680, and hence his appointment by the Jesuits of the college of Cadiz to study the comet and report upon what dangers it might foretell.

The comet of 1680 was seen and recorded carefully in many widely separated parts of the world, in Switzerland, Spain and New England. In Mexico City, however, where it appeared on December 15, it was observed and studied by a man who was above the superstitions of his age, and who had the temerity to try to reassure his countrymen. This learned man was the ex-Jesuit, Don Carlos de Siguenza y Gongora. On January 13, 1681, he published a pamphlet, *Philosophical Manifesto against Comets stripped of their Dominion over the Timid*, in which, while carefully avoiding reference to religious doctrines, he scoffed at the astrologers who were using the comet to

play upon the fears of the people. But Siguenza's cautious effort at reasoning brought bitter printed attacks from amateur astrologers, as well as from one of his colleagues at the University.

Meanwhile, Kino in Cadiz had watched the comet daily, in an attempt to discover what its malign influence might be, for he dutifully accepted the doctrine of comets, and expected that the evil "exhalations" of this one might bring disasters to the world. "As to the distance of this comet from the earth," he wrote to the Duchess, "and its greatness and true location, and to what kingdoms of Europe especially it would seem to announce and threaten misfortune, I shall try to indicate at the next best time." As his observations continued, his fears increased, and he told his friends that dire events were foreshadowed by this comet, "the like of which I do not know whether the world has ever seen".

When Kino reached Mexico City he became, as we have seen, the friend of Siguenza, often visiting his home. Siguenza introduced the missionary to many of his friends. He praised the learning of the Tyrolese. He may have used his influence to bring our padre to the notice of the higher ecclesiastical and official circles. Perhaps it was even in part by Siguenza's influence that Kino came to make the acquaintance of the viceroy.

Siguenza had given Kino his own views on the subject of the comet. But the missionary apparently disregarded them, which seems to have wounded his creole friend, especially if, as Siguenza implies, it was done with European condescension. At the same time, Kino had been considering Siguenza's pamphlet on the comet, and was preparing a truly ecclesiastical answer to it in the light of his own knowledge and observations of comets, although he did not tell Siguenza his conclusions.

Presently Siguenza's friends brought him word that certain mathematical scholars in the city were preparing a reply to his *Manifesto*. One of these persons, they told him, was the much discussed savant who had just come from Germany. Siguenza was not perturbed, for he felt

that his pamphlet could well stand upon its own merits. But one evening, just as he was about to leave Mexico City, Kino came to say farewell to Siguenza at the latter's home. Upon learning, in the course of conversation, that Don Carlos was not conducting any particular study at the time, Kino suddenly produced a small book which he presented to the professor, with the somewhat sarcastic comment that after reading it Siguenza might not lack for a subject to write upon. The little volume was entitled the *Astronomical Exposition of the Comet which in the Months of November and December, 1680, and February of this year of 1681, was seen throughout the World, and was seen in the City of Cadiz*, by the Padre Eusebio Francisco Kino, of the Company of Jesus.

Siguenza was thunderstruck, not so much by the mere fact of Kino's having written a book on the comet, as by the remarks contained in the work which he construed as aimed at himself, whose friend he had supposed Kino to be. As for the book, it was of little consequence in itself, for its thirty-odd pages merely repeated the old doctrine of comets as dangerous signs, the truth of which, said Kino, was plain to all except perhaps "some dull wits who cannot perceive it." But the good professor was deeply hurt by this and similar remarks of a patronizing nature—remarks which he could not but think were directed against himself. Furthermore, the mere fact of its publication was something of a blow at him and his effort to dispel his countrymen's fear of comets. Again, Siguenza complained that Kino need not have written the book at all, since the professor's *Manifesto* had been in no sense an attack upon the doctrines of the church.

Still another phase of Kino's attack which disgusted Siguenza was the missionary's fulsome dedication of the *Exposition* to no less a person than His Highness the Marquis de la Laguna, Viceroy of New Spain. This step, said Siguenza, showed exceedingly poor taste; for he had himself dedicated his *Philosophical Manifesto* to the wife of the Viceroy, and Kino's dedication of a counter argument to the lady's husband was almost an insult. Probably the

professor was none too pleased, later, when it became clear that the Viceroy had given Kino good cause to be grateful and to show his gratitude by the dedication.

The controversy which occurred over this matter of the comet may seem trivial today. But in those times such a topic was as all-absorbing for learned men as Einstein's theory is for modern scholars. It was with gusto, we may suppose, that Don Carlos at once set to work upon a scathing reply to Kino's book, and brought forth as a result of his mental labors one of the earliest rational scientific books to be published in the Americas. This work was entitled an *Astronomical and Philosophical Book*, and consisted of a restatement of his earlier pamphlet, an introduction explaining the circumstances which led to another work on comets, and a refutation, step by step, of the arguments of Kino and other opponents of Siguenza's ideas, spiced with bitter and sarcastic comments on Kino's conduct.

In general, it must be conceded that Siguenza had rather the better of the controversy. But we do not know that Kino ever answered the professor's treatise. Nor, indeed, are we sure that he was aware of its publication. Our padre had left Mexico City long before Siguenza brought out his reply, and on the subsequent occasions when he visited the capital, there is no evidence that he renewed his acquaintance with the professor. In fact, in none of Kino's papers is there so much as a mention of Siguenza's name. By this we may assume that he had valued the savant's friendship lightly.

Yet Kino was proud of his little book, and well he might be, for while it was utterly worthless as a scientific work, it brought him considerable fame. Even the current gossip to the effect that he was engaged upon it, brought him into the limelight in the capital's society, as well as at the viceregal court. That keen-witted versatile poetess of the day, Sor Juana Ines de la Cruz, who from her nun's cell observed and recorded more of worldly things than her superiors would have approved, composed a neat sonnet "applauding the astronomical knowledge of

Father Eusebius Francisco Kino", to whom she referred as "sovereign Eusebio." If rumors concerning this German-Italian scholar penetrated to Sor Juana Ines, we may be sure that many other people heard of him, although the sonnet may have been merely a way of thanking Kino for a copy of his book. At all events, Kino for a time rose high in the society of the viceregal city.

It was probably at this time that Kino decided to change the spelling of his name permanently from Chino to Kino. This was done, no doubt, in order to keep the hard sound of the *ch*, and also to avoid unpleasant association. In the Mexico of those days the creole word "chino" was applied to the offspring of an Indian woman and a near-white man with a trace of negro blood. This change of Kino's name may indicate a certain amiable worldliness acquired by our padre in Mexican social circles.

Kino's pride in his *Exposition* is perhaps shown by his silence when Don Carlos refuted his arguments, a silence which, if it did not result from ignorance of the professor's reply, may have sprung from disdain. More probably, however, Kino never again had time to compose a treatise on comets, or else became too interested in more important matters. Several months after leaving Mexico City, however, he wrote to the Duchess saying that he was having about one hundred copies of the book sent to her, and asking her to see to having some of them distributed to various friends of his in Spain and Italy.

Aside from the passing fame which the episode of the comet brought to Kino, it is of some interest as an early example of a scientific passage-at-arms in America. Without weighing the value of Kino's arguments, they denote characteristics of the man. He showed considerable mental alertness and initiative in daring to cross intellectual swords with the greatest Mexican savant of the day, and in boldly taking a stand for what he believed to be the truth. Further, the episode shows his uncompromising faith in the dogma of his religion.

## CHAPTER V. THE ROYAL COSMOGRAPHER

The learned though brief friendship between Siguenza and Kino was to have important effects on the life of the latter. It was partly through the influence of the Mexican scholar that the Tyrolese missionary was brought to the notice of the viceroy, the Marques de la Laguna. Although Siguenza was deeply hurt by Kino's treatise on the comet, the booklet did not appear until the very eve of the missionary's departure for Sinaloa, on the West Coast of Mexico. By that time, Kino had already received the viceroy's appointment to an important royal office. Thus he passed out of Siguenza's circle, leaving the wise man of Mexico to ruminate on the faithfulness of friends.

Across the blue waters of the Gulf of California, or the Sea of Cortes as it was often called, lay Baja California, a bleak, forbidding, rocky land, invested by the early Spanish conquistadores with all the charm of fable. Here among the primitive natives was, from all reports, a fit field for both conquest and conversion, and here we find the Tyrolese padre making his first essay as a missionary, part of a splendid effort to tie the Spanish colonial world together.

In 1681, a century and a half had seen but failures on the part of the Spaniards to conquer and settle the wild, unattractive coastlands of the California peninsula. In the year 1533 Fortuno Ximenes, pilot of one of two ships sent out from the West Coast by the conqueror of New Spain, Hernando Cortes, led a mutiny against his immediate commander, Diego Becerra de Mendoza, and murdered him. The expedition was in search of the mythical Strait of Anian, supposed to lie far up the western coast and to be the equivalent of the Northwest Passage for which English, Dutch and French mariners were soon seeking. To placate Cortes, no doubt, Ximenes persevered in the task set for Becerra de Mendoza. His ship finally came to anchor in a small bay on an unknown coast. The bay he named Santa Cruz; but it proved an unlucky

discovery for him. The natives of this peninsula, now Baja California, fell upon him and unknowingly delivered justice by killing him and twenty of his men. This tragedy foreshadowed the fates of many subsequent landings at La Paz, for such is the present name of Santa Cruz Bay.

The survivors of Ximenes' crew went back to Cortes to report the finding of pearls in Santa Cruz Bay. Two years later the conqueror in person led an attempt to colonize La Paz. But although he secured many pearls, and he or his followers gave the country its mythic name of California, he found the Indians still hostile. He left the project for more ambitious schemes. His interest in the land did not die. In 1539, as a result of the wild tales told by that superb wanderer, Alvar Nunez Cabeza de Vaca, the viceroy sent forth a new expedition under Francisco de Ulloa. This navigator conscientiously sailed his three small vessels up the West Coast to the mouth of the Colorado, and then came down the west shore of the Gulf and around Cape San Lucas and as far north as Cedros Island on the west coast of the peninsula. He proved what was to be forgotten for many a year, that the great six-hundred-mile "island" of California was really a peninsula.

Cortes passes from the scene. His successor and enemy, Antonio de Mendoza, first of the viceroys of New Spain, dispatched a land and sea expedition to pierce the "Northern Mystery." By land went Francisco Vasquez de Coronado, governor of the province of Nueva Galicia, to find mud-walled Indian pueblos at the end of the Cibola rainbow. By sea, Hernando de Alarcon in 1541 followed in the track of Ulloa. He sailed up to the Colorado mouth. Bolder than his predecessor, he explored the lower reaches of the great river in a small boat, to the distance of some eighty leagues, then turned back and voyaged home to Acapulco. Mendoza, a resourceful planner of empires, was not discouraged by the failure of his captains, but turned to a possible new project, the development of transpacific trade route. Already two expedi-

tions sent out by Cortes in 1525 and 1527 had found the way to the Philippines.

Two hindrances had thus far faced Mendoza. One was his agreement with Pedro de Alvarado, the "golden-haired" lieutenant of Cortes, to share the fruits of exploration and conquest in the Pacific. This handicap was suddenly removed by the death of Alvarado in the Mixton War in 1541. The other was the fear lest the fabled Strait of Anian be found by possible European competitors. Therefore in 1542 Mendoza, freed of his partner, sent Juan Rodriguez Cabrillo, a Portuguese pilot, up the coast in search of the Strait. Cabrillo explored the west side of the peninsula and went on northward to beyond Cape Mendocino. But the companion voyage of Lopez de Villalobos across the Pacific to the Philippines had no important result, for, like other transpacific voyages of discovery in the sixteenth century, it failed to find a return route to Mexico. A few years later the promotion of Mendoza to become viceroy of Peru dimmed his interest in California and the Strait of Anian.

It was the conquest of the Philippines by Miguel Lopez de Legazpi, 1565-1571, that led to a new interest in Baja California. The Philippines, once conceded to Spain by the Portuguese, proved to be a source of wealth to balance that of New Spain, for they gave Spain a share in the trade of the Orient. The followers of Legazpi discovered a practicable route back to Mexico across the Pacific. By this route the ships ran north up the Chinese coast to about the latitude of Japan, thence across the ocean by favoring winds and a shorter route, to Alta California, usually making land somewhere north of San Francisco Bay, and running down the coast south to Acapulco. This became the route of the famous Manila galleon, traversed for centuries by the ships of Spain bringing the products and wealth of the Orient to swell the coffers of Castile.

Toward the close of the sixteenth century it became clear that the route of the galleons had certain disadvantages. The north Pacific course was shorter than a direct

route from Manila to Acapulco, but it was none the less long enough to make an exhausting voyage, attended by all the difficulties of those days, especially the dreaded scurvy resulting from long-stored food. To add to the dangers, the enemies of Spain penetrated to her western ocean by way of the Straits of Magellan. The knightly pirate, Francis Drake, who discovered what he called New Albion in Alta California in 1579 while on his round-the-world voyage, was followed a few years later by his more bloodthirsty emulator, Thomas Cavendish, who in 1586 took and burned the *Santa Ana*, that year's Manila galleon. Before the turn of the century the Dutch buccaneers arrived to lie in wait for Spanish plunder in the Gulf of California. It was obvious that a port of call was needed for the annual Manila galleon on the coast of California—a port where her stores might be replenished and freshened, and where she could be warned of the presence of pirates, and perhaps get convoys to take her safely to the Mexican port of Acapulco.

These dangers to Spain's exclusive control of the Pacific trade caused the viceregal authorities of New Spain to consider anew the occupation of the long peninsula which guarded the West Coast. In 1595 Sebastian Rodriguez Cermeno, Portuguese commander of the Manila galleon, was ordered to stop on the California coast and establish a port there. Cermeno's vessel was wrecked in Drake's Bay, and he and his men were barely able to make their way on to Mexico in a rude craft constructed from the remains of the galleon.

For a number of years there had been residing in Manila a merchant, Sebastian Vizcaino, one-time passenger in the ill-fated *Santa Ana*. He appears about this time to have become interested in the pearl fisheries of Baja California, for in 1595 he was awarded a royal patent by which he was allowed to gather pearls off the shores of the peninsula in return for conquering and settling the country. Next year he sailed from Acapulco in the late autumn, with three ships, and at La Paz established a short-lived colony, which had to be removed

to Mexico. But Vizcaino was game for a second attempt, and when in 1599 the king ordered the exploration of the west coast of California, the bold merchant was put in command of an expedition for this purpose. In May of 1602 his three vessels left Acapulco, and made a most thorough examination of the chief bays and islands along the west coast of the continent as far north as Monterey Bay, which was selected as the site of a future port of call for the Manila galleon. Vizcaino's reports were neglected for a long time, however, for a new viceroy preferred to seek a better port of call on some mid-pacific island. Active interest in the peninsula then lapsed for about seventy years.

Meanwhile, settlers and missionaries were coming up the coast of Sinaloa, and the pearl fisheries of the Gulf were becoming better known. The thought occurred to the authorities of New Spain, why not make the licensing of pearl-hunters pay the costs of settlement and protection? During the seventeenth century a long series of patents and licenses were issued to a number of adventurers of varying quality. Most of them all too readily agreed to plant colonists on the peninsula in return for pearl-fishing privileges, usually at La Paz. Missionaries who by viceregal requirement accompanied most of these expeditions have left accounts of abuses practiced upon the enslaved Indian pearl-divers by their hard-fisted white masters, many of whom came to La Paz without licenses. It was not long before the natives of La Paz looked upon padre and pearl-hunter alike as foes, while the dangers of pearl fishing became grave enough to deter adventurers from making the attempt at their own expense. So the rulers of New Spain had almost despaired of conquering the barren peninsula. Along with this condition went a diminished knowledge of the geography of the land, for men began to assume once more that it was an island, partly because Drake had advertised it as such. This was the situation in 1681—a record of brave deeds and pathetic failures—when Kino was chosen as a missionary to accompany, in his

own words, "a magnificent expedition . . . to discover whether this be indeed an island or a peninsula, so large and vast." So early had our padre become interested in the problem of California's attachment to the continent.

An agreement made in December of 1678 and confirmed by a royal *cedula* (decree), of December 29, 1679, gave to the Navarrese, Don Isidro Atondo y Antillon, then governor of the province of Sinaloa, the title of Admiral of the kingdom of the Californias, with the right to hunt pearls therein provided a colony was established partially at government expense. As usual, provision was also made for the spiritual conquest of the new land, which was entrusted to the Jesuits. Hence it came about that in May, 1681, soon after reaching Vera Cruz, Kino found himself, together with the Navarrese, Padre Matias Goni, chosen missionary to California by the Padre Provincial of the Jesuits in New Spain, Bernardo Pardo.

It appears that Kino was at first not altogether willing to be sent to California, for in a letter from Mexico, July 4, 1681, he wrote to his friend the Duchess that he was being considered, doubtless at his own wish, as a possible missionary to the Orient. Apparently the final decision lay with the Padre Provincial. But that Kino was cheerfully submissive to his superior's judgment is shown in another letter to the Duchess, nearly a year later (June 3, 1682), from the camp at Nuestra Senora del Rosario in Sinaloa, in which he says: "I am convinced that it is God's decree that I should go to California . . . I confess that I set forth with the greatest consolation . . . to the new Conquest and the new Missions of the great Kingdom of the Californias, which, to my mind, is the fairest Isle on the face of the Globe."

As a recognition of his mathematical skill, and perhaps due somewhat to the influence of Siguenza y Gongora, Kino was given an important office in the expedition. The viceroy appointed him royal cosmographer to the Atondo expedition—by which it was meant that he should be map-maker, surveyor and astronomer extraordinary to His Excellency, Governor Atondo. It may

be that this appointment was delicately appreciated by Kino when he dedicated his *Exposition* to the Marques de la Laguna.

While awaiting the completion of Atondo's plans, Kino remained in Mexico City, making elaborate and diligent preparation for his work. He studied what was known of California geography, and borrowed maps from his friend Siguenza as well as from the viceroy's palace to take to the Colegio Maximo de San Pedro y San Pablo where he might copy them. In the cold, clammy stone-walled room of the old college, he pored over ancient charts, Ulloa's or Vizcaino's and others by candlelight.

The plans were for the Atondo expedition to sail in the autumn of 1681, and before the end of that year Kino had left Mexico City to cross the continent and join the expedition. He need not have been in haste, for the building and equipping of Atondo's vessels was attended by innumerable delays, chief of which was the slowness of transportation from Vera Cruz. By easy stages, probably on mule or horse, and over rude trails, the good padre made his way through the ancient kingdom of Michoacan, and on past Lake Chapala to Guadalajara, "Pearl-city of the Occident." Here he was made vicar, or representative, of the Bishop of Nueva Galicia for California, with Padre Goni as his assistant.

Governor Atondo was building his vessels at Pueblo de Nio, not far from Villa de Sinaloa, and there Kino presented himself in March of 1682. A quarrel between the bishops of Guadalajara and Durango, as to ecclesiastical rights in California here involved Kino, who had zealously obtained vicar's commissions from both prelates. He was compelled to give up his Durango commission. Yet, although temporarily supplanted by another superior missionary on account of this episode, Kino eventually sailed as superior of the missionaries who might accompany Atondo.

Atondo's fleet was assembled finally at the port of Chacala on December 5, 1682. It consisted of two ships,

the *Limpia Concepcion* and the *San Jose y San Francisco Xavier*, and a small sloop bearing supplies. One hundred Spanish soldiers comprised the expedition proper. At Chacala, Kino and Goni embarked, and at length the expedition set sail, on January 17, 1683. At once the vessels met difficulties, in the shape of storms, currents which ran strongly in the Gulf, and undisciplined crews. Atondo was forced to put into port at Mazatlan and again at the mouth of the Rio Sinaloa, on March 18. From the latter place they eventually sailed out into the Gulf and made their way across it to their objective point, La Paz, losing the sloop on the way.

On April 1, weary passengers and crew gazed out upon the bare, sun-washed shores of what Kino called "the Great Bay of Nuestra Senora de la Paz." The worthy governor, with due observance of the conventionalities, promptly issued a proclamation ordering the whites to treat the Indians kindly, and containing rules for the gathering and sharing of pearls, precious metals and provisions. Next day a site was selected for the future town, and a great wooden cross was set up, close to a grove of palms and a spring of excellent water. On the fifth, all hands went ashore, and assembled at the cross. The royal banner was unfurled, and saluted by musket-volleys in the time-honored fashion of the conquistadores. The soldiers raised a shout of "Viva Don Carlos, Monarch of the Spains, our King and natural Lord!" Atondo took formal possession of the new province and gave it the name of Santisima Trinidad de la California, of which it quickly shed the greater part; and Kino and Goni followed the governor's example and took possession of the new land in the name of Holy Church.

Their first actual contact with the natives is best described in Kino's own words: "On Tuesday morning, (April 6) whilst some of our people were descending a hill, and others were chopping wood for our buildings, we suddenly heard shrieks from the Indians, whom we observed advancing towards us with terrific yells, armed

with bows and arrows; making a great show of bravado as befitted belligerents engaged in defensive warfare; and indicating by gestures that we should betake ourselves from their lands. We endeavored to make them understand that our attitude was pacific, and bade them lay their weapons upon the ground, assuring them that we would do likewise; but they refused. We went up to them, Padre Goni and I, and gave them maize and biscuits, which at first they refused to take from our hands, asking us to place them on the ground. But subsequently they began to accept gifts from our hands, and we became very friendly and familiar; and they gave us very well made headdresses, and birds' plumage, which they wore on their heads. We showed them a holy crucifix and, another day, an image of the Virgin, but they showed no sign of recognition, or of having seen any symbol of the Catholic faith. In the afternoon, they went away, apparently very happy, but, as some of our people suspected, they were not to be trusted."

Work at once began on a small fort, and a log chapel and huts were also built. Atondo despatched the *Concepcion* to the Rio Yaqui across the Gulf for supplies, while he and his followers and the missionaries examined the vicinity of their little colony. Although the Indians in the neighborhood were at first timid, as has been seen, and even hostile at times, when the padres reassured them with gifts of food they became friendly enough to come into the settlement and gaze in wonder upon the ways of the strange white beings from the east—and to pilfer whatever struck their fancy. Kino and Goni took advantage of this opportunity to study the native tongue, and were presently absorbed in their work of conversion.

"These Indians," wrote Kino, "are very lively and good-natured. They are of fine physique, very happy in disposition, always ready with a smile and very sociable. The men wear no clothes whatever beyond a feather headdress; the women are clad in skins from chest to foot. Their complexion is slightly lighter than that of the Indians of New Spain, though a little boy who called upon

us recently was distinctly red of skin. For food they live mainly upon shellfish and fruits, venison and rabbits, and birds, of which there is a great variety . . . The weapons employed by the Indians are bows and arrows, with flints unpoisoned (which they know not of). When we use a leather shield at which they aim, their arrows invariably snap in pieces; and they are full of awed admiration when we show how, with one gun shot, the missile passes through two or three shields. The chiefs wear reed pipes suspended from their necks, which, however, are never used until they are actually in the thick of a fight; they therefore dislike the sound of our flutes and guitars and harps. Knives and any iron ware appeal to them much, and every sort of bead, ribbon and decorative trifle."

But troubles developed for the Atondo colonists. To the southwest of the bay were the *rancherías* or villages of the Guaycurus, who did not welcome the whites as had the La Paz Indians. On the contrary, says an old Jesuit chronicler, they hid their children from the Spaniards and refused them water from their springs. Perhaps these Indians had had unpleasant contact with the pearl-fishers of previous expeditions. To the northeast of the settlement were a tribe of the Cora nation, "meek and harmless," whose friendship was later of great value to the whites.

Now it so happened that one day a ship's-boy disappeared from the settlement, whereupon the Admiral Atondo immediately suspected the Guaycurus of having killed him; a suspicion which seemed to be grounded in fact inasmuch as already, on June 6, these Indians had appeared in armed force at the settlement and had been dispersed only by threats from the Spaniards. Atondo had the Guaycuru chieftain seized and imprisoned in punishment for the death of the cabin-boy. "This resolution cost him very dearly," says the old chronicler. The Indians, being unable to secure their *cacique's* liberation by entreaties, resorted to arms and persuaded the Coras to join them in expelling the whites from the land.

All was in readiness among the Indians for an attack upon the colony on July 1, when the Coras suffered a change of heart and betrayed the plan to the Spaniards. The colonists were soon prepared for resistance, and when the attacking party, "with apparent friendliness," appeared before the fort on the chosen day, a discharge from a Spanish mortar killed ten, wounded others, and scattered the rest. This incident ended the Indian danger, but doubtless brought grief to the gentle padres, who saw their work thus undone. Kino, in particular, seems to have disapproved of Atondo's conduct in this affair, although he and the admiral were usually on the best of terms.

The menace of the savages, however, might have been easily borne if other troubles had not arisen, chiefly from the despair and cowardice of many of Atondo's men, who now showed themselves, says the old chronicler, not of the blood of the old conquistadores. After all, they were less trained soldiers than pearl-seeking adventurers, and despite their victory over the Guaycurus they now demanded that the colony be abandoned, and presented their case forcibly to Atondo.

To the argument of native hostility they could add the facts that the *Concepcion* was long overdue, and supplies were running low; and says the chronicler, "it appeared that all would die of hunger and misery in an unknown land." Rather, said they, land them on a desert island than leave them at La Paz at the mercy of the savages. This discontent, according to Kino, was why Atondo dared not send away more than one of the ships at a time; for the soldiers made it clear that they "were disinclined to remain without a ship in sight." The padres endeavored to pacify the half-mutinous colonists, even while as missionaries they themselves disapproved of Atondo's conduct. But the soldiers were no more ready to listen to their words than to Atondo's.

Atondo, the merchant, was probably not of the type of Cortes, and was perhaps tired of playing at the game

of admiral for the time being, over such an unruly "kingdom." He therefore yielded to the entreaties of his men, and on July 14 the entire colony embarked upon the *San Jose* and set sail. Off Cape San Lucas they met the returning *Concepción*, and accompanied her to Sinaloa, where until the end of September Atondo refitted his vessels for another attempt, for he was no weakling.

It is supposed that Kino and Goni remained in Sinaloa while the new expedition was preparing. Kino had now a taste of the life of a frontier missionary in the seventeenth century—facing the perils of hunger, thirst, Indian attacks and navigation in little known waters. What were his personal reactions to events at the ill-starred La Paz colony, are unrecorded, but it is fair to assume that they were not unlike those which he felt on his subsequent visit to the great peninsula.

## CHAPTER VI.

### SAN BRUNO

In Sinaloa the work of preparing another Baja California colony went on apace, and by September the expedition was ready to sail. Up the coast several leagues north of La Paz Bay, and sheltered from the southeast gales by the Dazante and other islands, was a large bay into which a small river debouched. In this region, it was reported, were friendly Indians of a better type than most of the peninsular tribes, and good lands and water. Thither Atondo decided to sail for his second attempt, and on September 29, 1683, the squadron left the coast of Sinaloa, bearing with it the two faithful Jesuit padres.

On San Bruno's day, October 6, the expedition reached the bay selected for a new colony, and as was customary among Spanish voyagers of the time, the saint's name was bestowed upon the bay and later upon the settlement. Here Atondo landed with all his following, and established himself near a good spring of water, a blessing in an otherwise sterile country.

"In a little more than two hours," writes the Jesuit historian, Padre Alegre, "there began to come many Indians, all as mild and friendly, as if they had been born among Spaniards." A convenient hill was chosen as the site of a fortified town, in the building of which the Indians innocently and enthusiastically assisted with materials brought from the surrounding country. The town was completed by October 28, and the colonists moved into their new quarters. Meanwhile, on the sixteenth of the same month, the *San Jose*, under Captain Pereda y Arce, left for the Sinaloan coast, bearing letters to the viceroy. The captain was to ask for money and soldiers in Sinaloa and from Mexico. It may be assumed from this sending of one of his vessels to the mainland, that Admiral Atondo had consumed a goodly share of his capital in the refitting of his ships. Four days later, on October 20, the *Concepcion* was dispatched to the Rio Yaqui in search of provisions. From this errand she returned a month later, bringing "all kinds of food," and many goats, mules and horses for which the admiral had asked.

No Indian troubles of any consequence disturbed this settlement, partly because of the peaceful nature of the nearby natives, and partly, no doubt, because Atondo had learned a few lessons at La Paz. The tribes in the region of San Bruno were the Edues and the Didius, and says our historian, Alegre: "Each day there came to the post new Indians, and many who remained there to sleep, by the greatest kindness and to the great comfort of the padres. They [Kino and Goni] were thus able to study their tongue." The savages were induced either to work or to listen to Christian doctrines at the very reasonable cost of a daily portion of *pozole* (boiled beans and barley).

Our diligent padre was not content to settle down to a life of simple devotion in the colony at San Bruno. His mind was set upon the discovery of new lands and new subjects for conversion. His diary details fully the

months he spent in the province of San Andres, as Atondo formally named the vicinity of San Bruno on November 30.

Early in December Kino and Atondo began seeking ways and means of crossing the tall Sierra Giganta, which rose above the settlement, barring the westward route to the interior. Lack of transport animals had delayed exploration in that quarter until the return of the *Concepcion*. On December 1, Kino and the admiral, with some thirty soldiers and Indians as companions, made a trip into the interior for a distance of some twenty leagues, about fifty miles.

Again, on the twenty-first of the month, Kino led a little cavalcade out from San Bruno in search of a road across the sierra. He was accompanied by the *Alferez* (ensign) Nicolas de Contreras, eight mounted soldiers and four Indians—Vicente, Somon, Francisco and a little boy named Eusebio—and they bore with them supplies for four days, "two going and two returning." At the spring of San Isidro—springs of good water were so rare and valuable in that arid region, as in Sonora and Arizona, as to deserve particular names—the explorers were joined by fifteen more Indians, "little and big."

The supplies borne by Kino's company were evidently the chief attraction which white society held for these natives, for when the expedition reached the foot of the sierra most of the Indians declined to follow the Spaniards up the steep and rocky paths. Keeping the sierra to the west of them, the explorers pushed northward, discovering one of the typical features of the country, a half-buried river, which Kino named the Rio Santo Tomas, on the dry course of which they camped for the night. They followed the river for a time next day, then mounted up along the side of the sierra until they came to a "most beautiful marshy plain, with great willows" growing on it, and a splendid spring of very good water. This was the source of the Rio Santo Tomas. From it they pushed on westward around the northern flank of



the sierra, coming to a waterless and repellent land in the heart of the peninsula. Beyond, to the west, they saw flames and clouds of smoke, and on the following day the thirsty travelers came to one of the many large and populous Indian *rancherías* of Baja California. Their arrival here caused great excitement among the natives, who had never before seen horsemen. Soon the whites in turn were uneasy at seeing "more than forty Indians armed with bow and arrow," who were finally pacified only by the intervention of the native companions of Kino and one of the Indians of the *ranchería*. This latter individual became their friend and was persuaded to intercede for them with his fellows by making gifts to the natives of *pinole* (corn-meal dough), and other foods rare and delectable to the Indian palate. Thus, in a manner as old as the discovery of America, the whites won the confidence of the red men.

This scene, with variations, must have been repeated hundreds of times during the busy life of Padre Kino. When peace was assured, friendship was cemented by the distribution of trivial gifts, and the *ranchería* was named San Nicolas, "as much because it was the day of the saintly Nicolas Fator, as because the *alferez* and commander of the squad [of soldiers] was named Nicolas," to use Kino's words. Here they found water in plenty, and refreshed themselves and their mounts. These "affable Indians" crowded about Kino, some asking for his rosary, his crucifix, his *capote*; others content merely to know what these articles were called. They were pleased, says Kino, when he told them that his *capote* was to shield him against the cold and to sleep in at night.

From this *ranchería* the whites wandered on by devious trails to which the savages guided them, in search of a good route back through the sierra. On December 24, rising early in the morning, as the sun came up over the sierra and filtered its rays through the *mesquite* and chaparral, they made their way down through the mountains and out upon the plains of San Pablo, north of the Spanish colony. San Bruno was reached in time to say

mass at noon. The explorers were accompanied to the walls of the town by a great concourse of all the Indians of the neighborhood, while the Spanish soldiers fired their arquebuses in celebration of the fortunate return of the good padre and his expedition. Before and after mass, pinole and maize and "other little things" were given freely to the Indians; and "all the afternoon and nearly all the night, there was feasting and music, and lighted candles and dances in the church, and a little after midnight, three masses."

Thus ended a typical small *entrada*, one of thousands of expeditions made out into the wilderness from the frontier posts and missions of the Spanish empire in the New World. These *entradas* were as much temporal as spiritual in motive, and illustrate the close association of church and state, each dependent upon the other, which made Spain's dominion in the Americas. This, too, was only his first *entrada* of which we have Kino's detailed record, and he was destined to make many another one. It indicates, also, the usual methods by which the Spanish padres won the confidence of the natives whom they encountered, and how economic motives, mainly hunger, played a considerable part in making the savages receptive to Christian doctrines.

During the days after his return from the Sierra Giganta *entrada*, Kino and his associate missionary were by no means idle. Daily they labored to educate and convert the Indians who came to the town. Kino records each day's labor faithfully: how "many women came with their little ones," and how by degrees their timidity was dispelled.

"On the first day of January of the year 1684," says our padre, "I confessed and held communion with the *senor almirante*, enlivening these so pious works with the sermon of the preceding day." In the afternoon the padres and the admiral, with five soldiers, rode south along the coast in search of springs, and presently reached what Kino named the Puerto de los Danzantes, where they found the *cacique* of the Edues, and other Indians known

to them, and collected the usual following of admiring and hungry natives.

On down the shore they went, seeing the strange sights of that lonely land, today almost as wild and desolate for long stretches of coast as in the days of Kino. The awkward flight of the pelicans, many shells, and an arch of stone—such things were noted by our padre on this "beautiful shore." He comments upon the number of clean-picked bones of mules, horses and goats which had been put ashore here to shift for themselves by the sailors of the Concepcion in the preceding June and July, when by reason of contrary winds the vessel was unable to return to La Paz with supplies from the Rio Yaqui. These animals, according to Kino, must have been set ashore on this occasion through Divine Providence, to predispose the Eudes and Didius to conversion to Christianity.

Atondo's little party made camp at nightfall, "to our content," says Kino, "and that of the native boys, who afterward came to sleep with us, as ten or twelve did each night." Pushing on next day, they found themselves sorely in need of water, and on the verge of a ravine which the horses could not cross. Kino, Goni and a soldier mounted a height near by, whence they could look out over a broad panorama of desolation—placid Gulf, rocky shoreline and tawny, bare mountains—while out at sea were the bold outlines of Carmen Island, since famous for its prolific saltbeds. At this point they ended their journey and returned to San Bruno.

On January 5 occurred an event of such rarity in Baja California that Kino carefully noted it—the first rainfall he had encountered on the peninsula. A few days later, Atondo and a party of soldiers rode into the interior to visit the *rancheria* at the excellent springs of San Isidro, and there made friends of the Indians by distributing gifts and food among them. Here later was established a new post and mission.

Thus daily events in San Bruno and its vicinity were recorded by Kino. Few noteworthy incidents escaped his

eye. But he was most of all moved by the childish sorrows and vices of the San Bruno Indians, and especially by those of their children. "Padre Eusebio, Padre Eusebio," cried the Indian children when they or their parents were ill-treated by the Spanish soldiers; and they seldom failed to interest the good padre in their behalf. Yet in general he seems to have noted the conduct of his fellow-whites toward the natives quite tolerantly; for with utter impartiality he notes, for the same day, the whipping and confinement in the stocks of a runaway Indian woman, and the birth of a child to the Indian slave woman owned by Atondo.

The chief activities at San Bruno were the gathering of food, chiefly from the Indians, the providing of shelter and protection, and the converting of the Indians. Of course, the latter task was the first interest to Kino. But he was not blind to the fact that the Indian's appreciation of Christianity could be greatly increased by a judicious distribution of food and gifts. When, at regular intervals, the padres regaled the Spanish officers with chocolate and other luxuries, the Indians were also liberally fed. Frequently Kino accompanied Atondo and his men on journeys to neighboring *rancherías*, to visit and seek the friendship of the natives, to find the ever valuable springs of water, or to fish along the shores, with Indian assistance.

What pleased Kino most was any sign of a desire on the part of an Indian to be converted, and he was particularly moved when one small Indian girl knelt before the Virgin's picture and begged to be allowed to hold the Holy Infant in her arms. He also devotes much space to the description of how his neophytes learned to say Christian prayers and sing, and how they delighted to aid him in decorating his little chapel for feast days. They were encouraged to plant beans, melons and corn. Our padre records with evident relish how, on April 13, 1684, he ate some of the first melons produced in California.

The good man had much difficulty for some time

in learning enough of the crude Indian language to explain to them in their own tongue the mysteries of the Christian faith. At length, however, he made a long step forward in this respect. He was endeavoring to show them how Christ had risen from the tomb and come to life, when he was enabled greatly to enlarge his vocabulary, so Alegre tells. His method of demonstrating the process of resurrection was to place half-drowned flies in the hot sunlight and then sprinkle them with supposedly magical dust. When the insects showed signs of life in the warmth, the Indian audience in wonder cried out: "Ibimu huegite! Ibimu huegite!" Thus Kino learned the desired native words for resurrection.

On the whole, life at San Bruno was barren of events but filled with trivial incidents. Kino noted even the most unimportant episodes and recorded them in his diary or in his letters, from how one day the town cross fell, or the supply of *tortillas* ran short when the *tortillera* was intoxicated, to the occasion when one of the *padres* was forced to take medicine, or there was an earthquake or frost; how one of the native women could not be taught to kneel properly in praying until her child showed her how; how once the natives demanded a larger food ration; again, how he had allowed small Indian boys to ride on his horse behind him; and almost every day, how new savages came to see the strange white beings at the colony. His letters, too, tell us that he was not delinquent in his office of cosmographer. He sent many maps of the California coast to his friends in Europe and Mexico, particularly to his old mentor, Padre Heinrich Scherer, at Ingolstadt.

In general, Kino's relations with Atondo were most friendly, as might be expected. The *padres* were often offended at what they considered the unnecessary severity of the Spanish governor. But he, like many before and after him, found it almost impossible to please both the missionaries and the rough adventurers who followed him. Kino and his associate appear not unlike some other

spiritual leaders of their time, in expecting and demanding not only protection but subservience from temporal authorities. Yet little sign of open friction exists, due probably to Kino's innate kindness and tact.

The frequent occasions on which Kino accompanied Atondo's exploring and foraging expeditions would also indicate general good feeling between padre and admiral. Most noteworthy of these journeys, and probably the last of any consequence undertaken from San Bruno, was an expedition prepared in December of 1684. The expedition was delayed from time to time, and Kino merely records that in 1685 he and Atondo led a party of Spaniards up over the Sierra Giganta and down across the sterile western plain of the peninsula, until they reached the shores of the Pacific. The padre calculated they were then in latitude  $26^{\circ}$ , which, judging from Kino's map of 1683, may mean that they were in the vicinity of Punta San Juanico. What gives the journey significance in Kino's life, however, is the fact that there he noted sundry beautiful blue shells on the wide beach washed by the long Pacific swell. These shells had an important bearing on certain episodes in Kino's later career, and the expedition itself was the most ambitious undertaken from Atondo's settlement.

But the colony fell upon evil days, despite the tireless energy of Atondo. The long deferred return of the *San Jose* discouraged the Spaniards, and when she finally sailed into San Bruno harbor on August 10, 1684, the twenty soldiers and the supplies which she brought seemed poor recompense for nearly a year's waiting. Nor did the arrival of eleven months' back pay for Atondo's men make them more willing to remain in this dreary land; for where could they spend their money? Atondo had expected to defray his expenses by pearl-hunting, but this proved a dismal failure at San Bruno, so that he too was disgruntled. Moreover, there seemed to be no likelihood of further government aid from Mexico, probably

due in part to the fact that no pearls were forthcoming from the peninsula.

For the toiling padres of San Bruno the *San Jose* bore an assistant who was to be with them for a short time—Padre Juan Bautista Copart, a Belgian Jesuit. A few days after his arrival, Kino made his final profession as a Jesuit in Copart's hands. Encouraged by the coming of his best ship, Atondo now made extensive plans for the expedition to the Pacific, which has already been mentioned. Throughout the remainder of 1684 the *San Jose* made repeated voyages to and from the Rio Yaqui, transporting supplies and equipment for the overland journey westward. On her first voyage of this sort, Kino took passage, and obtained much aid from the missionaries of Sonora, particularly in the shape of grain for distribution among the California Indians. Padre Cervantes at the mission of Torin on the lower Yaqui was especially interested and helpful. On a later voyage of the *San Jose*, December 14, Padre Copart left San Bruno, sent to Mexico by Kino to ask viceregal help for the colony and mission.

Although the missionaries were on the whole well pleased with the results of their endeavors in Baja California, and could record with pride that they had converted many Indians and had four hundred natives ready for baptism, Atondo could see no profit and much loss in his venture. His explorations had revealed only a rough and barren land, with no mines, poor and scanty water, apparently unhealthy climate, and fickle, incompetent, though gentle people. If he was disgusted, his men were infinitely more so, for many of them were sick, and now an unusually dry season made the desert land seem intolerable, so that again bitter complaints arose.

The colony was not destined to last much longer. In the spring of 1685 the admiral sent the *Concepcion* up the coast in futile search of a better colony site; while the *San Jose* conducted the many sick men of the colony to Sinaloa. Just before she sailed, a council of the Spaniards

took place to decide the future of San Bruno. Opinion seemed about equally divided. But Atondo was in favor of abandonment, and Kino's arguments were useless. The end of San Bruno came by degrees, however, and some of the settlers seem to have been there as late as the autumn of 1685.

Atondo and Goni left San Bruno on May 8, 1685, in a small vessel, bound for San Ignacio in Sinaloa, where the admiral planned to organize a new pearl-hunting voyage back to the peninsula. He seems to have been inspired to this project by the arrival at San Bruno of four small pearl-fishing boats from Sinaloa. Kino and Captain Guzman in the *Concepcion* followed them shortly afterward. The *Concepcion* was bound for the Rio Yaqui to outfit for the exploration of the California coast north of San Bruno.

The admiral, accompanied by Padre Goni, spent most of August and September of that year in a fruitless search for pearls, and then went back to San Ignacio. Meanwhile Kino and Guzman rested for a short time at Torin mission, and on May 19, our padre visited Padre Marquina at Raun mission. In the pleasant Yaqui valley they refitted their vessel, and in June went northward along the Sonora coast. In this voyage, Kino seems to have made his first acquaintance with natives of the land later to be known as Pimeria. Returning by way of the California coast, they found that the long period of drought had been broken, and that the Indians eagerly desired the revival of San Bruno mission. They met Atondo pearl-fishing along the coast, and then recrossed the Gulf to the port of Matanchel. Thence Kino journeyed to Guadalajara to report to the bishop and ask aid for California. But most of Atondo's men had by this time been transferred from San Bruno, and the colony was practically abandoned.

However, on his return to San Ignacio in September, Atondo found orders from the viceroy to maintain San Bruno at all costs. These orders seem to have been addressed to him as the only commander of a naval squad-

ron on the West Coast. The admiral accordingly hastened to Matanchel and thence made his way toward Mexico City. Meeting Kino at the old city of Compostela, he informed him of the change in plans. But apparently in the meantime word had reached the viceroy that San Bruno had been given up. When Kino came to Matanchel in November he discovered that the viceroy, supposing the California colony abandoned and Atondo's ship idle, had sent word for the admiral to go out with his vessels and protect the coming Manila galleon against the Dutch buccaneers who were known to be lying in wait for it off Cape San Lucas. On November 29, then, Kino and Atondo sailed forth, the former's heart heavy with the foreboding that all his missionary effort was to be undone again.

It proved to be an easy matter to protect the Manila galleon against the *pichilingues* (bass-voiced ones), as the Spaniards called the Dutch freebooters. The galleon reached Acapulco in safety, while the Dutch left those waters in disgust. From Acapulco Atondo and Kino made their way over the mountains to Mexico City, and in February of 1686 made their respective reports to the viceroy's council.

A difficulty now arose to hamper further the colonization of California. It appeared to the council that the peninsula could best be left in the charge of the Company of Jesus, aided financially by the Spanish government. But the Jesuit authorities in Mexico City declined to assume temporal control of the country at the time. Again Atondo was offered a royal subsidy of 30,000 dollars annually if he would undertake this colonization project once more. In spite of having previously been deceived by viceregal promises of assistance, he accepted the offer.

Kino and Atondo laid their plans for the resumption of the enterprise, and were making some progress, when there fell the final crushing blow to their hopes. The Spanish crown was in desperate need of half a million

dollars, and the settlement of the Californias must also be deferred until the rebellion of the Tarahumara Indians in central Mexico should be crushed. The padre and the admiral gave up in despair. It was to be twelve years before the Jesuits were finally to undertake the work of converting the peninsular tribes, and before any serious attempt was to be made to colonize the desolate land where they lived. Kino left it for a more promising field, and never returned to the scene of his labors in Baja California.

## CHAPTER VII.

### THE LAND OF THE PIMAS

Beyond the northern limits of settlement in the old province of Nueva Vizcaya, on the West Coast of New Spain, lay a vaguely defined region known to the Spaniards as Sonora. It was roughly equivalent to the modern Mexican state of the same name, plus the southern part of the state of Arizona. To the south of Sonora, beyond the Rio Yaqui, lay the now vanished coast district of Ostimuri, and beyond Ostimuri was Sinaloa, also a part of the great, unwieldly province of Nueva Vizcaya, which sprawled across the Sierra Madre ranges from its center in the present-day Chihuahua, Durango and southern Coahuila. To the north, in so far as there was any border of Sonora, its limit was the Rio Gila, beyond which lay Apacheria, home of the fiercest of North American tribes. On the east, another Apache country and the Sierra Madres divided it from the rest of Nueva Vizcaya.

Step by step can be traced across this vast Sonora the advance of the Spanish conquistadores, who made each of its many valleys the center of a scattering but sturdy colonization. From south to north, each great river system in its turn—Mayo, Yaqui, Sonora, Altar and Gila—served as a frontier of white civilization. Between river valleys the land was traversed by half-sunken mountain ranges, spurs of the Sierra Madre, each of which had to be

crossed painfully by the mule-trains and the burros of the settlers coming into new cattle-raising and mining districts, and by the patient missionaries bearing the faith.

Sonora was subdivided, largely for missionary purposes, into two ill-defined areas known as Pimeria Alta and Pimeria Baja. The latter lay between the Rio Yaqui on the south and the Rio Altar or San Ignacio on the north. North of the Altar as far as white men had explored the region was called Pimeria Alta, the land of the "upper Pimas." In these two frontier lands, and particularly in Pimeria Alta, was to be spent nearly all of the remainder of Kino's life.

Pimeria Baja, land of the "lower Pimas," comprised the lower valleys of the Rio Sonora, its tributary the Rio San Miguel and the Rio Matape. Nearly all of this district was occupied by branches of the Pima nation. But in the low, barren coastlands, where the Rio Sonora, like its neighbor the Altar to the north, loses itself in the sands except in seasons of heavy rainfall, and on the forbidding shores of Tiburon Islands, were the less gentle and tractable Seris, with their cousins the Tepocas and Guaymas, in later years trouble-makers for the Spanish settlers. The country of the Lower Pimas was dry and rough, although more attractive for white settlers than that of their cousins, the Pimas of the North. Only in the valleys of the Sonora and the San Miguel, and to some extent in those of the Altar and Montezuma, were the Low Pimas able to thrive and multiply. In the valley of the Matape to the south, they came in contact with a more vigorous race, the Yaquis, who sometimes made forays out from the broad, fertile plains of the Rio Yaqui delta.

Low sierras crossed this territory of Pimeria Baja, worn-down rocky remnants of a once mighty mountain chain, while for many miles inland from the sea-coast were shifting sand-dunes. The most habitable portion of the country was the relatively fertile valley of the San Miguel (or, as it was often called, the San Miguel de Horcasitas), which joins the Sonora a few miles above what

is the present city of Hermosillo. In this valley and in that of the upper Rio Sonora, lived the peaceful Opatas, whose land extended eastward beyond the upper Sonora. To the east, these peaceable Indians were harassed by the wild Apaches, who made their living largely by the robbing of their sedentary neighbors. In the San Miguel valley the missionaries were destined to reap a rich harvest of souls saved, despite the occasional Indian uprisings caused by the conduct of more greedy whites. The Sobas, the other important branch of the Low Pimas, lived along the lower reaches of the Rio Altar, and were more closely connected, if not identical, with their High Pima brethren across the river.

Pimeria Alta, the land of the High Pimas, was of considerably greater extent than Pimeria Baja. All the way northward from the Altar to the Gila it extended, and eastward some 250 miles from the delta of the muddy Colorado to the arid valley of the Rio San Pedro, or as it was then known, the Rio San Jose de Terrenate. On the east Pimeria Alta vanished into the deserts of what is today southeastern Arizona, but what the Spaniards knew as *Apacheria*, the land of the wild, savage Jocomes and Apaches. In this region, where the Sierra Madre ranges sink into the sandy deserts, was the home of all those incorrigible tribes who menaced the outposts of Spanish civilization as well as the *rancherias* and meager fields of the Opatas.

The easternmost of the High Pima tribes, occupying the San Pedro and Santa Cruz valleys, were Sobaipuris, doughty frontiersmen and among the most vigorous tribes of the Pima nation. The center of Pimeria Alta was known to the Spaniards as Papaguera; for here, in the dry valley of the nearly extinct Rio Sonoita or Papago, and in a considerable area near by, dwelt the Papagos, an intelligent and peaceful race. North of them, at various points along the Gila from the Sacaton country westward, and also in the valley of the Rio Azul (the present Salt River) were the Pimas proper. But where the Gila emp-

ties into the yellow Colorado, another nation impinged upon the land of the Pimas. These intruders were some of the tribes which composed the Yuma nation, or the Cuchans, and one of them, the Cocomaricopas (also known as the Opas and the Maricopas), extended a considerable distance up the south bank of the Gila.

Territory of the High Pimas was far less attractive for white occupation than that of Pimeria Baja. In the latter, river valleys of some consequence, and a slightly heavier rainfall, furnished more abundant water, so that irrigation was not always necessary. But in Pimeria Alta only the Gila and the Altar could be depended upon for a water supply to fertile lands. The San Pedro, the Santa Cruz and the Sonoita were normally dry for a good portion of the year. North of the Gila in those days roved the dreaded Apaches Gilenos, making life and freedom insecure for the Pimas in the valley of the Rio Azul. Most of the land, then, was unredeemed desert, the floor, perhaps, of a one-time extension of the Gulf of California, with here and the rocky islands of bare, cruel mountains thrusting above the alkaline sands.

Toward the southwest, a mute black witness of some age-old upheaval of the earth's crust—perhaps the very upheaval which transformed this Pimeria Alta into dry land—rose to a height of some four thousand feet the Sierra del Pinacate, known to the Spanish missionaries as the Sierra de Santa Clara, surrounded by a multitude of volcanic cones and lava fields. The coast region was even more bare and uninviting than the interior. For about one hundred miles southeast from the mouth of the Colorado the shore was of unvarying sandy desert. Inland a short distance was a more elevated region, across which the ever-present sand dunes shifted and changed. Adair Bay (Puerto de Santa Clara to the Spaniards), at the foot of the Sierra del Pinacate, and Bahia de San Jorge, were the only appreciable harbors on the coast of Pimeria Alta. Here and there on the coast were dazzling deposits of soda and salt, of almost inexhaustible quantities.

Yet the interior of this land was not without a strange beauty of its own. Across the wide, arid plains one might see the flitting mirage, backed by mauve and purple mountains with wrinkled, folded flanks. Age-worn rocks and buttes, sculptured by wind and water into wierd shapes, thrust themselves up out of the encroaching sands, refusing to be buried by the soil as they had refused to remain on the ocean bed. Slowly the land rose from the Gulf shores northward until, far beyond the confines of Pimeria Alta, it culminated in the white-capped San Francisco Peaks. Innumerable dry arroyos traced endlessly intricate patterns on the brown plains which swelled, fold on fold through the haze, up to the sharp-toothed sierras.

The strangest feature of this, however, was its variety of vegetation. Although the dry, scorching heat, reflected from the bare mountainsides and the hard, firm sand of the river valleys and plains, made it seem almost impossible for plant life to exist — nevertheless there bloomed everywhere a multitude of desert plants, all adapting themselves to existence in an inferno. Like the country itself, they were cruel and yet often beautiful; and they strove for life in a fierce competition, seeking defense rather than procreation. The great and handsome *sagurao*, or giant cactus, wherever it raised its majestic form, dominated the scene, while its cousin, the organ-pipe cactus, was at times scarcely less impressive.

The gnarled *mesquite* and the graceful, softly tinted *palo verde* supplied the rest of the larger vegetation, although here and there the tree cholla thrust forth its gleaming masses of needles, and along the streams the friendly cottonwood was to be found, a mild intruder in this region of hostile plant forms. Lesser desert plants, forming mats of vegetation on the plains, were the creosote bush, the ironwood and the smaller cacti, such as the merciless *cholla* and the barrel cactus. The *ocotillo* and the exquisite *yucca*, raised long, slender stalks with scarlet and white blossoms above their neighbors. In the river-

bottoms coarse grass abounded at favorable seasons of the year, furnishing food for cattle and horses, which in those days were unknown to the country.

Of animal life the forms were fewer, but their struggle for existence was quite as fierce. The antelope and buck-deer were fairly plentiful on the plains, and in the mountains was to be seen, occasionally, a species of big-horn sheep. Coyotes and wolves abounded. All day long, high in the quivering heat of a brazen sky, the vulture and the eagle swung gracefully, on the lookout, for carrion or for the elusive jack-rabbit and the busy pack-rat who lived obscurely with the rattlesnake and the owl amid the chaparral below. These forms of plant and animal life matched the surface of the country, and added their touch to the general impression of barren grandeur in the desert and sierras of Pimeria Alta.

The gentle Pimas have been described as "the friendly brown-skinned farmers" of the Gila and Altar valleys. As in the case of many another Indian nation, the name which they bore and still bear was a Spanish version of a word commonly used by the natives, for as old Padre Luis de Velarde, one-time rector of the missions of Pimeria, tells us, the word "pima" was merely the Indians' term of negation, or their expression of doubt. They called themselves, in the simple egotism of the Amerindians, "A'-a' tam," that is, "the men" or "the people." To distinguish themselves from the Sobaipuris and the Papagos, the Pimas of the Gila valley called themselves the river people, while the Spaniards referred to them as the Pimas Gilenos. The Sobaipuris to the east and the Papagos to the south were on good terms with their Pima cousins of the Gila country, and the Yuman Cocomaricopas in the west were the allies of the Pimas Gilenos against their common foes the Apaches and Yumas proper. But none of the Pima tribes was aggressively warlike. Essentially they sought peace in which to till their skilfully irrigated lands.

The Papagos and Sobaipuris showed few traces of a higher culture in the remote past. But their brethren of

the Gila valley still have traditions of a mysterious people, the Hohokam ("the vanished ones"), who long ago lived in the valley and were of a much higher civilization. To be sure, the Pimas admit ignorance as to their own relationship with the Hohokam. But it is possible if not probable that the legend here is the one fairly common in the Americas, of an intelligent race of antiquity, finally ruined by the constant attacks of fiercer neighbors, or perhaps by intertribal warfare. The Pimas Gilenos claim to have resided always in the Gila valley, and to have once been the occupants of the famous Casa Grande, until they fell to fighting among themselves and were in addition raided again and again by the Apaches or other enemies. Eventually their adobe-walled pueblos were abandoned, one by one, and most of the elaborate irrigation works fell into disuse, as wars and pestilences decimated their builders. The remnants seem to have broken up into small tribes, according to the legends, some of them wandering southward into Sonora (where they reappear, doubtless, as the Opatas), and others accustoming themselves to a non-nomadic life along the Gila and its branches. They were too few in numbers to build more adobe pueblos. "But the construction of their winter houses—a regular pueblo roof bent to the ground over a central scaffold—their organization and arts, all bear testimony," says a famous archaeologist, "to the truth of their sad tale, that of a powerful sedentary tribe reduced to distress and decadence in architecture long before the advent of the Spaniards."

*(To be continued)*

## ARIZONA PIONEERS: 1854 TO 1864

### *Three Famous Hunters and Trappers*

By FRANK C. LOCKWOOD

(Continued)

Even before the Gadsden Purchase, there were stalwart Americans coming and going along the streams and through the mountains of Arizona—namely the hunters and trappers. At least five of these far-wanderers impressed their names indelibly upon the soil of Arizona—"Old" Bill Williams, Pauline Weaver, Antoine Leroux, Francois Aubrey, and Chevelon. A sixth, Kit Carson, while distinctively a New Mexican, hunted and trapped in Arizona, fought Apaches and Navajos, and crossed back and forth as army guide and government messenger, and can not be ignored in any complete Arizona history.

#### PAULINE WEAVER

The earliest and most authentic among Arizona's pioneer men of power is Pauline Weaver. He was in Arizona as early as 1830, and he remained active as hunter, trapper, scout and guide until 1867, when he died quietly in his lonely tent on the Verde. His father was a frontiersman who came to Tennessee before the Revolutionary War and married a Cherokee beauty, a daughter of one of the prosperous members of that tribe. Pauline, born in 1800, was a child of this marriage. It is plain to see that he came honestly by his fondness for adventure and the wilderness. Early in life he entered the service of the Hudson Bay Company as hunter and trapper and soon made his mark for courage, coolness in time of danger, acuteness of observation, and skill with rifle and traps. But he loved the sun and, weary of the northern ice and snow, late in the autumn of 1830, came to Arizona by way of the Green river, the Grand, and the Colorado. As early as 1832 he carved his name upon the Casa Grande ruin. Here, no doubt, he had many a time found shelter from sand-storm, rain, and blazing heat

on his way to or from the ancient garrisons of Tubac and Tucson, which he visited on rare occasions to replenish his failing stock of tobacco and ammunition.

Lieutenant Colonel Cooke employed Weaver as guide when as Commander of the Mormon Battalion he broke the first wagon road across Arizona in 1846, and all along the southern border he was known as a pathfinder, a guide and hunter. It was he who discovered the placers at La Paz in 1861, and later the Weaver Diggings. A man of sound judgment, he was often an interpreter and adjuster of affairs between the red man and the white. Respecting his sagacity and courage, as well as his friendliness, the Indians permitted him to come and go unharmed. He knew many of the Apache chiefs, had an eye and ear as quick and sure as theirs, and was master of their code and smoke signs. Gradually he came to be looked upon as a peace-maker by Indians and white men alike.

But suddenly Weaver lost the confidence of the Indians. In 1864, he was living in a cabin on the bank of the Hassayampa tiling a little plot of ground. Judge Edmund Wells, then a youth of twenty, knew the old trapper at that time. He describes him as a robust, erect, broad-shouldered man, with black eyes, straight nose, and large mouth. He wore his beard long, and his grizzled locks, in orthodox trapper style, straggled down to his shoulders. His deep bass voice issuing from the cavernous chest was like "the blast of a fog horn." Some boys from a camp of the Apache-Mohaves in the mountains not far away ravaged his plot of cultivated ground while he was off hunting and trapping. He went to their wicki-ups and complained to the chief men, but they only laughed at him. Realizing that his prestige would be lost unless he could impress upon them the fact that he was not to be trifled with, he reported the matter to the commanding officer at Fort Whipple and himself led the soldiers to the camp of the Indians. But, intending merely to loosen the wind, he found that he had unchained the whirlwind. The soldiers attacked, and the Indians

resisted with desperation, refusing either to give or receive quarter. The result was that the band was wiped out and Weaver's prestige along with it. From this time until his death the old trapper attached himself to the troops at Fort Whipple as scout and guide.

Out of this tragic occurrence grew a very romantic incident for which Judge Wells vouches. Toward midnight the day after the battle, as Weaver, weary and hungry, was preparing his venison and coffee over the embers in the fireplace of his cabin, an Indian girl, Aha-sa-ya-mo, suddenly appeared at his side and warned him that her tribesmen were approaching to kill him. Taking only enough time to drink his coffee and devour his deer meat, Pauline set out hoping to reach the Fort. But he rode straight into an Indian ambushade, and, though he finally escaped, it was only after he had been deeply wounded by several arrows. One flint arrow-head remained in his body to torture him the rest of his life. Not long after this Weaver saved Aha-sa-ya-mo's life from a soldier who was trying to thrust her through with a bayonet after a fierce encounter between the troops and a band of Tonto Apaches. Many Indians had been killed, and Aha-sa-ya-mo, together with several other Indian women and many children, were being taken to the Fort as prisoners. Pauline assured the girl that she need have no fear. After four days in the guard house, one morning the women and children were all missing. The old scout had found some secret means of helping them to make good their escape.

About 1866, Weaver was assigned as scout and guide to Camp Lincoln on the Verde river. He pitched his tent on the river bottom near a thick shelter of willows some distance from the soldiers' quarters. Age and the constant pain from the flint arrow-head under his shoulder blade were making inroads on his strength. For days at a time he would disappear to scout or hunt, and his absence would scarcely be noted. However, early in October his wound caused him so much suffering that he was of little use for scout duty and kept close to his

tent. At the post no one thought about his physical condition, for, reticent from habit and innured to pain, he said nothing.

However, one night the sentinel on duty at the Fort above Pauline's camping place noticed that a light was shining in his tent far into the night. Next day he was not seen by anyone nor was there any activity about his tent. Rice, his fellow scout, went down to visit him late in the afternoon. He noticed moccasin tracks made by a single Indian leading from the clump of willows to the cabin and then back again. When he approached the tent, Rice found the door-flaps tied securely to the stakes. Untying the fastenings, he opened the tent-flaps and went in. Everything about the tent was in order, but there upon his bunk the old scout lay dead, a blanket tucked neatly and closely about the body, a towel laid over the face, and on the table a candlestick containing the drippings of the burnt-out candle. There was no sign of a struggle or of violence, and Rice, having heard from the lips of his comrade the story of Aha-sa-ya-mo, was able to draw the conclusion that the Indian girl, true to her friend in death as in life had been with him at the end.

### "OLD" BILL WILLIAMS

Most massive and celebrated, yet most elusive and mysterious of all the pioneer mountain men of Arizona is 'Old' Bill Williams. There must have been a time when he was young, but always the designation "Old" is attached to his name. Securely as his name is rooted in Arizona, it seems impossible to get accurate data about his doings here. He was very eccentric. The Indians of the Northwest called him "the lone Elk." Bands of trappers would meet him everywhere from British Columbia to the Colorado and the Gila. But he did not remain long in any company. He would up and away on short notice, and for months at a time no one would have knowledge of his whereabouts. Hunters and trappers, to be sure, were not men given to keeping diaries or writing events down with pen and ink. Like "Old" Bill Williams, himself, they

left their record on the face of Nature in deeds, not words. Each one had as his sign manual a river, a canyon, or a mountain peak. Yet some meager accounts have come to us from these men of the wild, and almost invariably in the stories that have survived we find mention of "Old" Bill Williams.

The tradition is that Bill Williams was a Methodist preacher at one time, that he came from Missouri as a missionary to the Osage Indians, that he learned the Osage language and the languages of other Indian tribes, and that he translated the Bible into various Indian tongues, and so was of great assistance to the missionaries who came after him. Indeed, he seems to have had a marked linguistic gift. He seems to have found his closest alliance with the Ute nation. He lived among them, adopted their manner of life, and took one or more squaws from that tribe. What seems beyond dispute is that during his life in the wild west he fell immeasurably from grace. He has left three place names on the map of Arizona—Bill Williams Mountain, Bill Williams Fork (a stream that flows into the Colorado below Needles), and the town Williams on the Santa Fe Railway.

In the fall of 1832, Albert Pike met him on the plains of New Mexico and was in his company for some time. He leaves this picture of him in his *Prose Sketches*:

"As a specimen of the genuine trapper, Bill Williams certainly stands foremost. He is a man about six feet, one inch in height, gaunt and red-headed, with a hard, weather-beaten face, marked deeply with small-pox. He is all muscle and sinew, and the most indefatigable hunter and trapper in the world. He has no glory except in the woods, and his whole ambition is to kill more deer and catch more beaver than any other man about him. Nothing tires him, not even running all day with six traps on his back. His horse fell once, as he was galloping along the edge of a steep hill, and rolled down the hill with him, while his feet were entangled in the stirrups, and his traps dashing against him at every turn. He was picked up half dead by his companion, and set

upon his horse, and after all he outwitted him, and obtained the best set for his traps. Neither is he a fool. He is a shrewd, acute, original man, and far from illiterate. He was once a preacher, and afterwards an interpreter in the Osage nation."

Pike saw him in his prime and says he was then red-headed but in old age no one could determine the color of his matted and faded mane. His eyes were gray before Arizona sunight and Rocky Mountain snows dimmed their fires. About one-quarter civilized and half-savage, he was as the very type of the wild West in its really wild days. He was a dead shot with a rifle, but he shot with a curious "double-wobble." He walked with a "double-wobble," too. His long, sinewy limbs were tireless; but he rambled continually back and forth across the trail instead of tramping straight ahead. He was not surpassed as a hunter and trapper, and it was the passion of his life to kill more deer and trap more beaver than any other man. He spent almost his entire life among the Indians. No one knew their ways so well as he. In cunning and the reading of "sign" he was more than a match for them. He would pitch his camp within the limits of a hostile tribe and come and go among them with impunity, baffling their shrewdest strategy. Single-handed, he was a terror to them. He bore the scars of many fights, but he was hard to kill, and he came and went throughout the West for nearly half a century.

*(To Be Continued)*

## REMINISCENCES

By JOE T. MCKINNEY

*(Continued)*

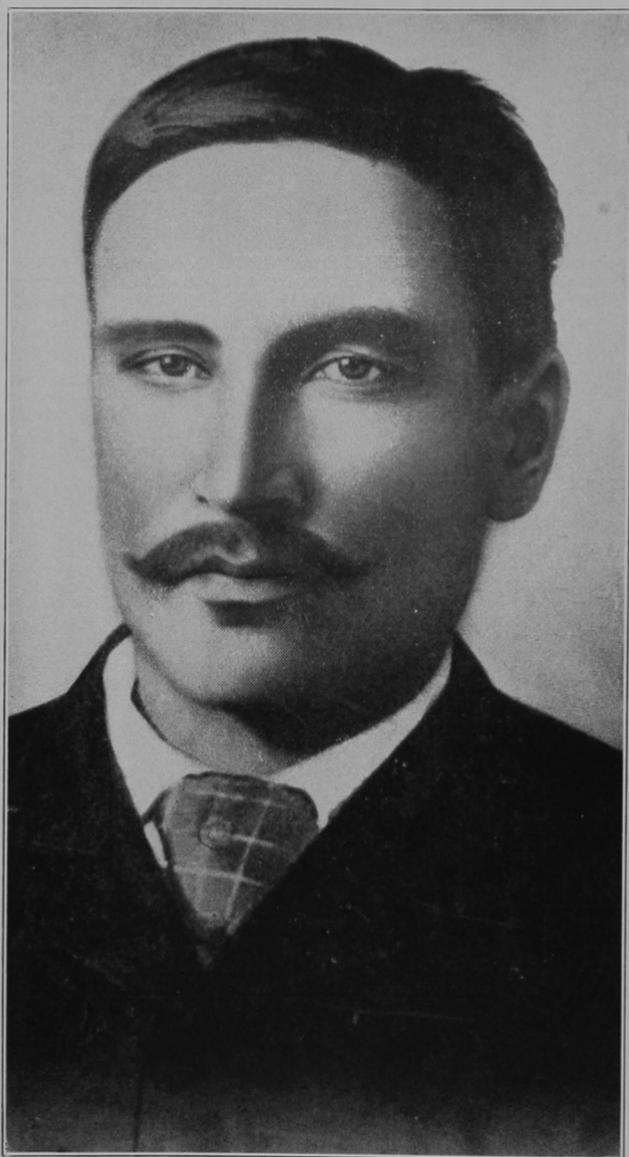
He replied "It's all right, Joe, if you want me you can get me, I've done nothing and I am not going to make any resistance." We had breakfast with them and went on back to Winslow. Shortly after that I ran onto Bob Glasspie at one of the Hash Knife camps and the poor fellow thought I was after him. I assured him I was not and quieted his fears. He showed me his wound which was not yet healed. Brown was never heard of. He and Gorton were both bad ones and the country was better off by losing both of them. Jacoby was finally tried for the killing of Gorton and acquitted at St. Johns. While we were at the camp at Sunset Pass all was pleasant enough but after we went away and the boys got to talking matters over John Allred got on the warpath strictly at me for surprising his camp looking for Louie Brown. I was called away again right away about some outlawry and was not in Winslow when Allred came in with the avowed purpose of killing me. He told Skaggs that he intended to kill me.

After my return Skaggs told me about it and told me to be careful. It was not many days until the Hash Knife wagon and round-up came near Winslow and "Old Dad" the Cook came in for a supply of grub. I told "Old Dad" to tell John Allred that I heard he wanted to see me on very important business and as I was liable to be called away any time he had better come in at once if he wanted to see me. When he reached camp he sang it out in his usual tone of voice: "Joe McKinney said to tell John Allred that he heard he wanted to see him on important business and if he did he had better come in right away as he didn't want him to be disappointed about seeing him any more." The boys all knew what that meant. Allred took the boss (Jim Salters) to one

side and asked him if he would ride to town with him to see that he got a square deal.

That evening I had been out to supper at Skagg's and came in just about dark and approached the back end of the saloon that adjoined Breed's store and looking through I could see two horses with saddles on tied in front. I approached the bar and the bartender said, "He is here and Jim Salters is with him," I told him to hand me my shotgun. I took it and walked out and met them in front of Breed's Store. We met and spoke our usual salutations. I then said, "Well, John I heard you wanted to see me on very important business and if so let your business be known." He said, "Who told you that I wanted to see you." I replied, "You don't deny being here looking for me do you?" He then said, "Why were you at my camp looking for Louie Brown?" I replied, "I was there, I have no explanations to make; If you mean to do anything get busy." He made no move to do anything so I had him unbuckle his pistol belt and hand his pistol to me and as he did so I said, "You are a dangerous man to have around with a pistol. You won't fight but you are liable to shoot some one in the back and murder them." At this Jim commenced to whine. "Now, Joe this ain't right," and commenced to draw his pistol. I stood with my shotgun cocked and in my right hand so that I could have torn him to pieces in a second. I told him that I would hate to kill him and that he had better stop. He was about half shot with red-eye, which was his condition usually when in town.

After they were ready to go home I gave Allred his pistol and advised him to behave himself. The next day a lot of cowboys were in town and as they were drinking and milling about in the saloon I saw my man Allred standing beside the front door with his pistol drawn almost around in front of him, and his eye watching me. Presently I slipped out the back door and had my pistol against him from behind. He was very much frightened and did not deny my charge that he was standing there



*Ed Teuksbury, leader of the Teuksbury family in the Pleasant Valley War, from a photograph by Miller taken in Globe during 1891. Ed Teuksbury had become a deputy sberiff of Gila County following the war, and died in Globe of tuberculosis on April 21, 1904.*

to shoot me, but promised me that if I would spare him he would never hurt me. I told him that to spare him might cost me my life but I couldn't murder him. I kept my eye on him when he was near me after that and he told parties that I watched him closely, but to tell me that he would never harm me. He left that country soon after that and I heard he died with fever in the Salt River valley. He did not belong to the Allred family of Pima.

I could have killed Jim Salters and been justified in doing so but I felt that he was so slow that I was taking no chances in begging him to lay off that pistol. He was ever my friend afterwards and often said that I spared his life. The whole side of his face was shot off of him after that in Winslow by Mike Roach and he was finally killed up in the N. W. corner of Arizona, near the Utah and Colorado line, and the man was exonerated who killed him. I look on him as being a man who would give a man every opportunity to kill him and be acquitted for doing so, but was absolutely harmless himself. When he got shot in the face he had had the bartender out dancing and would occasionally drop a shot about his feet. Mike was a real Irishman and witty too. He kept insisting on Jim that it was about time to take another drink and finally Jim let him go behind the bar to set up the drinks when Mike raised a shotgun and then it was too bad for poor Jim. Mike helped to nurse him back to life again. They were a rough bunch. Mike would walk in to see Jim and say, "How are you feeling today? Do you feel like making some body dance?" They were good hearted fellows. Mike helped to pay his bills while he was shot and waited on him as tho they were the best of friends.

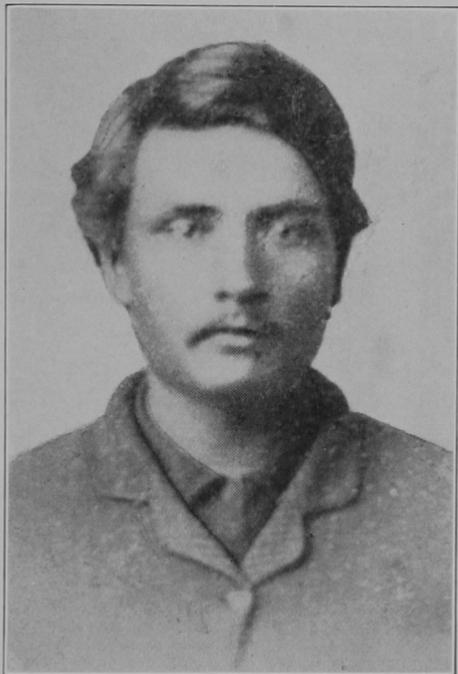
I rode and scouted with Jim Houck and Hook Larson a great deal and as they were both associated with the Tewksburys they familiarized me with the doings constantly in Pleasant Valley. Jim Houck told me that he himself killed Billy Graham as he was crossing a lit-

tle creek north of where the Grahams lived. He said he lived to reach home and stayed with his horse 'till he got there. He said, "Of course I had a warrant for his arrest."

Houck carried a commission as deputy sheriff under Owens. On one trip through that country I had Jim Houck and Ed Tewksbury with me. One thing was noticeable about Ed Tewksbury. When we would be approaching a ranch or cabin where we would be expecting to find trouble, and I would be keeping my eye on every corner of the place, I would lose Ed Tewksbury and would not see him until we were satisfied there was no danger. Then Ed would emerge from behind a tree. He would always be in a place where he could do execution but where he would not be noticed.

Ed Tewksbury told me that Al Rose was killed by Glen Reynolds. He said that they were at the Houdon place looking for some parties that they thought might be stopping around there, and were lying down behind a brush fence when Al Rose came out of the house early one morning and Glen Reynolds arose and beckoned Rose to come to him. He said Rose was undecided what to do for a time and would start to come and then stop and finally broke for the house when Reynolds killed him with a shotgun.

In my trips in the Valley I saw the spot where the Grahams killed John Tewksbury and Bill Jacobs. I also **went over the battle field** where Middleton was killed, and I think that Joe Ellenwood was wounded in the same battle. Jim Roberts showed me where each man was and their position. The Tewksburys laid flat on the ground and would get a rock about the size of their heads or larger and place it in front of them which would protect their bodies from the bullets of their enemy as the bullets would hit the rock in front of their heads. "After the battle was over," he said, "we moved to the top of that little sharp knoll that stands just north of where the shooting ocured and let them come and get



*John Tewksbury, killed with Bill Jacobs as they rode their horses to the Tewksbury ranch-house on September 3, 1887. They were shot from ambush by the Graham faction.*

their wounded." He said, "We sat right above them on that little sugar loaf hill and saw them, every move they made, and didn't fire a shot at them."

Much has been written about the killing of John Tewksbury and Jacobs and the Grahams standing guard over them and letting the hogs eat them. The facts are they were killed while out after their horses one morning. The rest of the Tewksbury party could plainly hear the shooting that was taking the lives of their companions. They fled like wild cattle. I have often thought it strange that they did not go to their rescue. The Grahams stayed there after they had killed them. Mrs. John Tewksbury went to the scene of killing and asked for the bodies of her husband and Jacobs. Tom Graham acted as spokesman and promptly replied to her, "No, the hogs have got to eat them." The fact is the hogs did not eat them nor did they touch the bodies of those men. John Meadows who was Justice of the Peace there at that time came and told the Grahams to get away from there or he would have men come and put them away. I am no writer and not writing a wild, weird story, as I have heard so many times about this Pleasant Valley unpleasantness. People have written who know nothing about it.

*(To be continued)*

# SOME UNPUBLISHED HISTORY OF THE SOUTHWEST

## CHAPTER VII.

### AN OLD DIARY FOUND IN MEXICO

*(Continued)*

*Written by MRS. GRANVILLE OURY  
and anoted by*

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

This morning Mr. Neville took charge of the wagon, and Mr. Oury is riding his mule. We took the wrong road leaving Mapimi. Mr. Oury rode back, ascertained the desired information, overtook us and started us across brush, briers, holes, etc., he piloting Capt. Dodson, Mr. Wilson, and the wagon, so at the end of an hour we found the right road, and in a half hour's drive, came to good grass and plenty of water. The knowledge of which fact would have spared us fourteen dollars' expense last night, but, it is a deplorable fact that the Mexicans will not tell the truth.

Stopped to graze, cooked "frijoles," fried corn and had a real "square" dinner. At three o'clock hitched up and in three miles found abundance of good grass and water and wood. So we camped here to wait for the Gilletts. It being Sunday, I cannot sew. Since leaving Parras, I have made two nice pairs of linen drawers for Capt. Dodson, finished one calico shirt for Mr. Wilson and have another cut out. I have read Stern's "Sermons," "Letters" and "Sentimental Journey" 'till my poor, weak eyes ache.

"Our Mess" get along swimmingly, all old travelers, campers and the best of friends, all pretty good cooks, and since John came into the mess, we always have clean dishes and the others are rid of a job they detested. "John" is an old sailor who has been all over the Eastern continent and into nearly every seaport except those on the Pacific. No rain last night.

July 31st—Monday: Real fall weather this morning, cold enough for a fire. For breakfast we had a very nice rabbit stew, but like the "rock soup," it required a good many additional ingredients to make it nice. There are thousands of hares\* here, but none of our mess think them eatable. No other game save an occasional partridge. About ten o'clock the Gilletts came up, bringing some fresh beef, bought six miles back at "Mapimi," so for dinner had beef stew, frijoles and splendid biscuit. I ate three, and they were huge.

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Note: \*Certainly here Mrs. Oury is speaking of the jack rabbit so common in our southwest and northwestern Mexico.

For the sake of employment, I punished my aching eyes in making two shirt sleeves.

About twelve a hard shower fell, making our camp very muddy. Started at two, the whole country carpeted with the finest grass I have ever beheld. Mountains covered with it. After coming through the gap and down the slope it gave out and we feared we would be compelled to stop at a ranch in sight, but good fortune favored us and we now camped a short distance off the road, by an old field. Grass knee high, "charcos" of water close by. Mosquitos plentiful and a storm threatening.

August 1st—Tuesday: Very cool, slight rain during the night. The "Cardenas" ranch was untenanted. The main building was of stone, two stories with a small portico above. Our course now turns almost due north. The whole country is covered with the finest grass imaginable, and owing to the daily heavy rains, we find water everywhere. Today we have passed several fine herds of cattle, with herders.

About ten we passed a copper mine,\* which is being worked—a league further, another—making five, where we nooned. Here a little "donkey" paid us a visit and completely demoralized two of our mules, which he inveigled off, and it required considerable racing to catch them.

Started at three, came seven miles and camped a mile beyond a ranch "Pelallo." I noticed large herds of sheep and goats and several corn fields, but the tenants at the ranch were a poverty-stricken looking set. Their corn is always full of weeds and as thick as wheat.

Near the house were some beautiful springs. Addy went to a large one where the water was bubbling out of a rock, clear and sparkling, and was not a little surprised and disappointed to find it boiling.

August 2nd—Wednesday: I was quite sick last night from eating imprudently, I presume. Am still so unwell that I am writing in bed. Came down a very steep mountain this afternoon, crossed the "Puente Piedras" (stone bridge), camped six miles beyond, hard rain during the night. We can see it raining somewhere all the time, and frequently have showers two or three times in twenty-four hours.

August 3rd—Thursday: We much dreaded the day's journey of twelve leagues, as stated on our way bill, and were agreeably surprised to find ourselves at the "Arroyo Salitre" at eleven, twelve miles instead of thirty-six. Their measurements are very inaccurate. The French Army had camped here a few days previous and the flies almost devoured us. In the afternoon we reached the "Cerro Gordo," which was high and very swift. Crossed and camped a mile distant.

August 4th—Friday: Rain prevented an early start. Nooned at a charming place. Capt. Dodson cooked some purslane, which the others relished. I did not. Three hours hard labor and all kinds of ma-

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Note: \*Probably one of the mines near Descubridora, in the northwestern part of the state of Durango.

noeuvering to shoe an unruly mule. The poor brute was well nigh exhausted when they finished. Crossed "La Parida" and passed a nice ranch of same name, some distance from the road. Camped near the ranch "Noria Rufo."

August 5th—Saturday: At the "Noria Rufo" we bought a sheep, some onions, green pepper, young pumpkins, cheese and "peloncillos." We are nooning about one mile beyond a very large "hacienda." I have been too unwell for several days to take note of anything. Suffice that the country for the past hundred miles is beautiful beyond description, rolling and covered with the finest grass in the world, two varieties of "Gramma" (peculiar to Mexico) and mesquite. We have all been fascinated with the view and marvelled at finding this by far the most desirable part of Mexico we have seen, almost uninhabited. Not an animal save a few hares derives the least benefit from this vast area of pasturage. Our mules revel in it and travel briskly now. We are nearing the "Rio Florida" and two haciendas are already in sight, one, the "Guadalupe." There is a large acequia here bordered thickly with immense cottonwoods, large fields of corn, and immense fields of beans, upon which they mostly subsist when dried, taking the place of potatoes with the Irish. Everything begins to wear the semblance of civilization except the people. No improvement in them. Crossed the Florida in the afternoon, the largest stream we have seen in Mexico. On this side is a small town, "Refugio,"\* which was only a small hacienda fifteen years ago, when Mr. Oury was here enroute to California. Eight hundred French troops were there. We came up three miles and camped on a bare hill, to the disgust of the mules. Grass scarce and inferior now, since leaving the Florida.

August 6th—Sunday: A company of French Infantry passed us early. We passed them at ten, breakfasting. The commanding officers carry many conveniences on pack mules, little tables, chairs, etc. About nine we passed "Concepcion,"\* a large hacienda on a pretty little stream. While nooning, the infantry passed us again. I have strained my eyes gazing at the lovely country and am suffering with them.

In the afternoon we passed through just one corner of "El Valle San Bartolo"\*\*\* (The Valley of St. Bartholomew) to my disappointment, for I had been hearing for days of this wonderful vale and had promised myself the pleasure of seeing it. I saw here the finest trees that grow. Pecans and English Walnuts that would almost cover an acre of ground, and of immense height. As far the eye can reach, it is greeted with verdure, flourishing fields and trees of every descrip-

Note: \*In northern Durango or southern Chihuahua.

\*\*\*This is in southern Chihuahua, and noted as a place from which many old Spanish expeditions made their final start when going into New Mexico. Don Antonio de Espejo started from here in 1582, as did Onate, in 1598, when he came up from Zacatecas.

tion. Over the high walls, surrounding the yards and gardens, the branches of the fruit trees are hanging, loaded with fruit. I had a hurried glimpse of a handsome church. We crossed a small stream and camped four miles from town.

August 7th—Monday: Came twelve miles and nooned near "Santa Cruz," a ranch. Bought peaches, corn, onions, green pepper and water melons. Mr. Wilson killed a rabbit, so we had a "square dinner." Afternoon: passed several ranches, crossed a little river, traveled down it several miles, finding no water we camped some time after dark and retired supperless.

August 8th—Tuesday: Daylight start. Ten miles, camped on the river. Fried apples and milk for breakfast. The river, which was perfectly clear, rose while we were eating which, however, did not prevent the boys from indulging in a swim, later passed a large hacienda (still traveling down the same river), where a negro, black as Erebus, is employed as cook for a wealthy Mexican, who drinks champagne and enjoys many luxuries. Large cotton fields on the roadside. Camped near by, I finished Mr. Wilson's second shirt.

August 9th—Wednesday: Still clinging to our river. At ten we reached "Santa Rosalia," a place of considerable importance, but as usual, we double quicked through and I had no opportunity of seeing anything. Every street, corner and door was full of French troops, wagons, horses and mules everywhere. We came through and crossed "our river" (I felt lonely, and as though we were losing a friend), and in a few yards another "La Florida," three miles and camped in an old field.

Mr. Oury and others returned and brought beef, sugar and mescal. No shade and the sun beaming on us unmercifully. The two rivers here unite and flow into the "Concho" in a few miles, which is very high. Yesterday five Frenchmen and seven mules were drowned, trying to cross. The Generals and a thousand infantry have crossed, but the Cavalry are water bound here. We came on and camped near the river in order to make an early start crossing. Met many soldiers and their wagons returning to Santa Rosalia to await the falling of the river.

August 10th—Thursday: Rose at daylight, breakfasted and drove to the river, which we found very high and swift. Surely none but Mexicans would undertake to ferry\* over in such a stream our two wagons, three ambulances, mules, etc., with such appliances as they use. Two huge canoes, dug out of large trees, then lashed together with thongs so as to admit the wheels of one side of a wagon in one, the other side in the other. Each wagon and ambulance required a separate trip, and as they could not approach the shore with their great clumsy raft, we were carried to it in the arms of these amphibious bi-

Note: \*I have often seen this method of crossing rivers resorted to in the Philippines.

peders, who, ten in number, hauled the "canoes" some distance up the river before starting, which the current took far below the landing on the opposite shore, then out they jumped and hauled it to the landing, unloaded and pulled it high up the river again, to land on the opposite shore as much below, and repeat the same routine with each trip, on each side. It required all their strength and the most vigorous paddling to prevent being carried down in the middle of the turbulent stream. To our great relief they got us all "bag and baggage" safely over in four hours, at a cost to us of \$11.00.

Passed ranches and fields of cotton and corn going down the "Concho," drove through "Cruz," a small town on the river and camped seven hundred yards below. Poor grass, but splendid water, which the boys found by digging holes in the gravelly bed of a creek. Here we were the victims of a practical *sell*. A Mexican who came to our camp having informed us that we could readily obtain green corn, tomatoes, a goat, etc., in Cruz, Capt. Dodson scoured the town and came back with some *cheese*\*, resembling pan cakes. The old deceiver waddled off with a generous supply of spoiled beef, for his pains, and we ate heartily of our fried bacon, coffee, cheese and splendid biscuit, in spite of our disappointment. Mrs. Gillock has just sent me a piece of "Peach Cobbler" and there goes Billy to pay his respects to her. Intense heat preceded a severe hail storm and copious rain. Finding good grass, we camped early, as the mules had fared poorly the previous night.

Strong indications of a storm, which induced Messrs. Wilson and Dodson to construct a tent which they trenched around, and with the others are regretting their unnecessary labor, as the impending deluge exhausted itself in wind.

August 11th—Friday: Met a company of French escorting a train back to Santa Rosalia. They are orderly, quiet and well disciplined. At ten we got to "Saucillo," a miserable ranch where we could get nothing except corn. Very few of the thirty-two ears cooked at dinner were left. We all (eight) have good appetites, Mr. Oury being the only moderate eater in the mess. All asleep, and I have nothing to sew. What an oversight, not bringing a plentiful supply of light reading. Still in sight of the Concho, which is skirted with beautiful trees, the only timber in sight.

August 12th—Saturday. Hard rain last night, making the road very heavy. Arriving at the "Rio Santa Cruz," we found it so swollen, that it could not be forded. Retraced our steps through a muddy bottom, took another road leading to a ford some distance above, where the river was very wide and swift. Messrs. Dodson and Wilson ventured across and procured a guide, who crossed immediately in

Note: \*This particular kind of cheese, which resembles pan cakes, is called *quesadilla* by the Mexicans. It is rather palatable but quite tough and leathery. In Nicaragua the same cheese is called *quesillo*.

front of our ambulance mules, four in number and strong. Mr. Oury driving and "Ben" using the whip vigorously. Our wagon came right behind us, Mr. Neville driving and Addy leading the lead mule by a strong rope, so we crossed safely and with little trouble and expense. Made a complete semi-circle and dared not permit the mules to step slowly, for fear of their being lifted off their feet and carried along with the current. Old Mr. Gillock and his wife were in an ambulance drawn by two mules, in the rear of our wagon. By some mismanagement he let his ambulance wash below the ford into a deep hole, his mules went under, breaking the harness and axle trees, and it required all the strength of Capt. Dodson, Addy, John Gillett and four Mexicans to drag them ashore. They were greatly frightened but unhurt. However, they had a narrow escape.

Now, after witnessing all the danger and struggle, Henry Gillett deliberately drove in with his ambulance (and two mules) in which was his wife, three small children, a nurse and "plunder," followed by his large wagon (six mules) heavily loaded, Mexican driver, without a guide or even a horseman to lead his mules, as we had had, and to our unspeakable dismay drove ambulance and wagon right into the identical hole in which he had seen the Gillocks so nearly drowned. I was on the bank and witnessed the whole harrowing scene and trust that another such is not in store for me. The single tree broke and down stream they started. Addy plunged in on "Dick" to aid them, and my heart stopped beating, when I saw the horse rear up and fall on his back, with Addy under him, in a second or two, however, they both came to the surface, nothing the worse for the dive, except the loss of a hat.

Addy worked faithfully for two hours carrying out the children, helping to pull out the ambulance, extricating the drowning mules, assisting to unload the wagon and carry ashore the plunder, 'til poor Dick was well nigh exhausted, bearing up against the current so long, and part of the time having to swim.

Mrs. G. was carried out on a mule. "Silvario," the driver we discharged and who is driving their wagon, made a narrow escape, being for some time in the water between two of the mules that had fallen and were strangling, entangled in the harness. By means of Herculean efforts, and the assistance of eight or ten Mexicans, they succeeded in saving everything.

After seeing them all safe, we drove into town, "Santa Cruz Rosales." The French Commandante examined our passports, found it satisfactory, invited Mr. Oury, Capt. Dodson and myself into his parlor, had "toddy" made, and was exceedingly courteous. Wrote an order for us to get beef at the Commissary (impossible to buy from the Mexicans here) but we could not wait 'til four for them to butcher. The officers seemed anxious to oblige us in every way. They wore (indoors) white pants and elaborately braided white merino saques. The General with a thousand troops had left previous day for Chihuahua,

and he gave us a bundle of dispatches to deliver and insisted upon Mr. Oury calling upon the General. Came nine miles through a succession of fields, engaged a sheep at a ranch, which was never delivered. We were all hungry, having fasted since morning. Billy hunted faithfully, but failed to find even a rabbit. So we supped on fried bacon, bread, coffee and pickles, which we shared with a Mexican pedestrian. The boys stretched blanket tents and sheltered themselves from the rain. We left in disgust at daylight, both man and beast having been preyed upon by the largest and greediest mosquitos imaginable.

August 13th—Sunday: Drove six miles. Rain water standing in holes, and oceans of fine grass. Fat cattle all around us and cannot buy any. Waiting here for the Gilletts. Everything out drying, boys asleep, intensely hot and threatening rain. Just bought some peaches from a Mexican. In sight of "Agua Chimba." I have just overhauled my trunks, got out some fresh supplies of clothing and packed one trunk with soiled clothes. Three wearers, and no washing, accumulates rapidly. Ventured to read a little in Postdeluvian History (Swedenborg). A vender came by with a donkey load of peaches, large and if ripe would be fine, but the Mexicans never allow fruit or melons to ripen; you never see a ripe peach and I am told they prefer green fruit. Thirty-two for a bit;\* we invested a dollar and the boys have eaten heartily and made a huge, genuine, cobbler for supper. Gilletts came up during the evening.

August 14th—Monday: No rain last night!!! Fresh beef and pork for breakfast, brought out by the Gilletts. Passed "Agua Chimba" early; large, nice building, orchard and plenty of cattle. Have been traveling in a "Canon" (narrow pass between the mountains) road very rocky and I am jolted into a jelly. Crossed a lovely little mountain stream seven times and will still cross it. Passed a ranch romantically situated on the side of the mountain, river running in front, and skirted with beautiful trees. Bought six chickens and stopped near by to noon.

I stole off to the river and actually washed out (stooping on the edge of the cold running water, noonday sun and no shade, neither washboard, tub or pan) three towels, two handkerchiefs and a blue linen shirt for Mr. Oury, and was so pleased with my success, that but for the scorching sun, would have undertaken quite a formidable washing. Mr. Oury obstinately refuses to don a "boiled shirt" tomorrow, when he calls upon the General, and the one he is wearing, besides being muchly soiled, is out at the elbow (thus appalled, he made his appearance in "Santa Cruz Rosales" among those daintily arrayed officers) so, in a fit of desperation I washed one.

The river branches here into two perfectly transparent streams, flowing swiftly over clean gravel and rock.

Whew! chicken and dumplings for dinner, to which we all did ample justice, and here come the boys from their ablutions, looking

Note: \*Ten cents.

completely metamorphosed. Mr. Oury's clean blue linen shirt is decidedly improving to his appearance. O, dear, if we could only stay 'til evening, how I would enjoy a plunge in that cool, limpid water.

Crossed our river four times more and camped where we found abundant grass but no wood. Hard rain during the night.

August 15th—Tuesday: As we were fuelless, left early. About eight stopped near a rapid stream, where some thoughtful campers had left wood for us. Breakfasted, crossed a valley, ascended a slope and the City of Chihuahua burst upon our vision. Camped. Mr. Oury and several of the boys went in, the dispatches for the French General, who had just taken formal possession\* of the City, were delivered, passports examined, etc. The French were celebrating Napoleon's birthday. Our boys returned late, with wood, eggs, tomatoes, fresh meat, etc., and we had dinner.

August 16th—Wednesday: Capt. Dodson and Billy went to market at daylight. After breakfast they all went in and I spent a lonely morning. Cut out and nearly made a nice muslin underskirt. At eleven Addy and Ben came up newly "shod," hitched up and started. I could see very little of the city, riding through in the ambulance, as I cannot roll the curtains high. The streets are generally wide and nicely paved. I noticed five churches, (the main one is a splendid stone edifice) some nice houses and a large fountain in the center of the plaza. There is a mint\*\* here, which I regret not being able to visit. Indeed I feel greatly disappointed and not a little vexed at seeing nothing of the only city of any note or importance lying on our route. I had looked forward anxiously to our arrival here, anticipating much pleasure in a change from the wearing monotony of the road, but so much for being a woman.

The gentlemen "did the City,"\*\*\* made purchases, etc., we drove through, crossed the river and camped. Had a real vegetable dinner. Messrs. Dodson and Wilson donned their good clothes and returned to spend the night in the City, attend the theatre, etc. Two American gentlemen drove to our camp, expressly to advise us to put out a double guard, as the Mexicans here are most notorious and dexterous thieves\*\*\*\* known on the globe. But the Gillett's, to whom they gave this desirable information (they stopped at their camp, it being the us, and we, supposing our property more safe than usual, in consequence they came to) did not deem it necessary to communicate it to quence of the rigidity of French discipline, were less vigilant than

Note: \*Chihuahua—the French entered this place Aug. 15, 1865, anniversary of the birth of Napoleon Bonaparte, born at Ajacio, island of Corsica, Aug. 15, 1769.

\*\*When New Mexico pertained to Mexico, the famous copper mine (discovered 1804) at Santa Rita del Cobre, near Silver City, furnished such a fine grade of copper that much of it was used for minting the copper coins of Mexico, at the mint of Chihuahua.

\*\*\*It is surprising to see this phrase "did the City" used in 1865.

\*\*\*\*Thieves of Mexican cities and towns still have this reputation.

ever before. Two of the Gillett party were in town drunk (one in the guard house) and two others in camp drunk. Unluckily, the two whose turn it was to stand guard were absent, and from midnight til daylight, there was not a single soul on guard or awake, the man from our mess having awakened the one who was to succeed him, supposed of course that he got up and went on duty. So we all slept in fancied security, while all our animals and camp outfit were entirely at the disposal of the most daring and expert thieves in existence.

Well, we lost no animals fortunately, but we were far from escaping their thieving proclivities unscathed—which we might have, if I had only been told of the danger, for I lie awake, with ears strained to catch every conceivable sound, whenever I fancy there is the slightest need, and would have been on the alert with both eyes and ears if I had had the remotest intimation from the Gilletts.

August 17th, Thursday: During the night I heard a noise at the front of the ambulance and called out "Who's there?" Felt certain that I saw a man's head and saw him stoop when I spoke, but Mr. Oury, who was sleeping in the ambulance, ridiculed the idea, insisted upon my lying down and being quiet, said it was a mule stepping over the harness, or, if I saw a man, which he seemed inclined to doubt, it was the man who had been on guard coming in, etc., etc. So I permitted my fears to be quieted and went soundly to sleep, without even raising the curtains (as I desired to do) to ascertain if the man could be seen or not. This morning, however, Mr. Oury credits my story of seeing a man, when he finds his fine beaver hat gone, a very large satchel, in which I carried all our road clothes and such conveniences as we need daily, and which I had replenished the previous day with dresses, collars, handsome boots, gloves, handkerchiefs, etc., for my anticipated visit of a whole day in the city, besides a fresh supply of fine linen underwear (we left so unexpectedly that we had no time to lay in road clothes and are using articles altogether unsuitable for such a trip) for each us, four elegant towels, corset, "neck-gear," two fine undershirts, my Bible, my Postdeluvian History, given by my dear Aunt Moore when starting, and which I had just taken out of my trunk, and determined to read while camping, and many other articles too tedious to mention. But most of all \$40.00, which poor "Ben" had put in my care. The satchel had been placed on the front seat, and the noise that awoke me was made in jerking it suddenly off. Our loss, tho somewhat serious to us in our situation, paled into insignificance, when we discovered that Mr. Wilson's trunks and two pairs of fine blankets had been taken from under the ambulance, and that too, with Addy sleeping on the ground partly under and almost touching the trunks. The trunks contained, in addition to quantities of very handsome clothing, linen shirts, etc. (bought at Matamoras from the French) several valuables and curiosities and \$940.00 in gold. Mr. Wilson bears his loss calmly and seems to regret his "fine clothes" more than the money. We all immediately suspected "Sil-

vario," he being thoroughly familiar with all the details of our camp, knew exactly where we kept money, etc., the contents of each trunk, as he saw them frequently opened. His actions also aroused suspicion. So Messrs. Dodson, Wilson and Oury went over and brought the Chief of Police and some French soldiers, arrested him, searched a house nearby, took a note of missing articles (Mr. W. offering \$100.00 for delivery), put "Silvario" in prison and several times examined him, but having no proof, released him. Doubtless, if we had been where summary measures could have been resorted to, he could have been made to disgorge. Suspicion pointed also to the Mexican who spent a night in our camp, and who told us he was on an errand to "Agua Chimba," and would return immediately to Santa Cruz, when we found he was in the city and remembered how closely he had observed all our arrangements, etc. An accomplice he was at least. But, as there exists not a shadow of hope of recovering anything, it imports little to know who the lucky thief is.

As usual our camp has been besieged with beggars, notwithstanding all the excitement and annoyance. We all ate heartily as we had a "square dinner" of fresh meat, vegetables, etc.

August 18th, Friday: After breakfast they all went to the city to make some purchases, and ascertain if any clue had been found, and leaving me in charge of the camp where the ladies spent most of the morning. I wrote a letter to my father to be taken to El Paso and mailed, and then assisted John in preparing all the vegetables for soup, cut off green corn to fry, cut up squash, onions, green pepper, tomatoes, etc. The boys returned, not having succeeded in finding any clue. We "gathered up" and bade Chihuahua a not unwilling adieu. Camped near a little stream, fine grass.

August 19th, Saturday: Capt. Sharp and Judge Holt joined our mess. We crossed several pretty streams, saw thousands of cattle; camped in a sea of grass, but the boys gathered weeds, roots and grass to cook with. Two Mexicans joined us, enroute to "Carmel." They report the country full of Apaches, traveling dangerous, alike from Apaches and the disbanded "Liberals"\* who are committing atrocious outrages.

August 20th, Sunday: Two months on the road. Daylight start. I escaped the headache by drinking some cold coffee. Traveled 'til ten through an extensive swamp, water deep in some places, clear and running everywhere. More rain this season than for twelve years.

Country flooded, plains covered with water flowing from mountain springs. Grass knee high. At last we reached a large ranch (in sight when we started and appeared to be a short distance) the property of a wealthy

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Note: \*On the approach of the French—whom we have seen had reached Chihuahua on August 15th—the Liberals took to the woods, as the saying is.

man\* who owns the whole valley, many ranches, cattle, horses, sheep, etc.

We bought a fat sheep, eggs, corn, etc. Capt. Dodson killed two ducks. Mrs. Gillock gave me a saucer of butter (the first we have seen since I started) and we sat down to an inviting breakfast, or dinner. We nooned near the ranch, under large cottonwood trees, close to a fine spring of water. Soon our camp was literally overrun with a horde of Mexican men, women and children, begging bread, etc., gathering up scraps, going off in raptures, with the skin and head of the sheep, which will feed them a week. Such a naked, starved, abject set, I have never beheld.

At the ranch, there lives a family of half Americans, the mother is a sister of the owner, the father (a Mr. Miller, well known to several of our party) is now in California. The children are beautiful, skin transparently white, hair light and auburn. A boy of twelve, who came to camp, has fine dark blue eyes, light hair, fine features, and is intelligent. The American blood proclaims itself in form, feature and carriage. He wore handsome clothes, bosom of shirt elaborately embroidered. Mr. Douglas, a Scotchman, who lives in "Hermosillo" and is acquainted with several of our party, overtook us here. He had promised in Chihuahua to accompany the Gilletts to "El Paso" whither he is going on business and hopes to overtake us. With him is a pleasant young Englishman and two piones in charge of pack mules. They met Mr. W. Oury in Hermosillo very recently. Started at three. The little Englishman was taken sick and rode in the ambulance while Addy rode his mule. He slept on my mattress.

Immediately after starting, we came in sight of the "Laguna," now over twenty miles long. The whole plain is inundated with water running into it from the mountains. At night, in addition to our tenacious friends, the mosquitos, we had myriads of gnats. I made my patient a nice cup of tea and gave him some cookies sent me by Mrs. Gillock.

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Note: \*This wealthy man was undoubtedly Don Luis Terrazas, the cattle king of Mexico. I used to see him in El Paso when stationed there with my regiment in 1918. He was then 90 years old, but chipper as could be.

*(To be continued)*

## BOOK REVIEWS

FORTY-NINERS. *The Chronicle of the California Trail*. By Archer Butler Hulbert. Boston, Little, Brown and Company, 1932. Pp. xvii, 340. \$3.50.

Professor Hulbert has boldly attempted a compilation of the experiences of the overland emigrants of 1849 on the trail to the California gold fields. His work is unusual in conception and organization, and as has been the case with his previous contributions to the history of the West, is the result of very careful investigation, including personal retracing of the routes of the forty-niners.

It is said that more than two hundred original diaries and journals were consulted in the making of this summary of the overland migration. Many of these were found in the Bancroft Library of the University of California, and in the Huntington Library at San Marino, California. From this collection has been drawn a most interesting group of pictures, in the form of a supposed diary. The daily incidents of the trail are shown vividly, although it is obvious from the style and diction that such a diary could not readily have been written by an overlander of that day.

The California Trail, for convenience and clearness of description, has been divided into a series of nine sections, extending from Independence, Missouri, to Sacramento, California. Each section is introduced by a brief list of points passed along the trail, with the distance made each day of the journey of the "Golden Army." Each section also contains a detailed map of the region traversed. Occasional footnotes refer the reader to the sources of doubtful statements. One cannot fail to be impressed by the care and labor devoted to making this a graphic and authentic portrayal of the experiences of those who chose the "covered wagon" route to the Pacific Coast in those early days.

Here are tragedy and song, humor and pathos, chronicled in detail. Dust, heat, rocky roads, sand, dying oxen, ruined wagons, thirst, stampedes, Indian raiders, raging rivers, dangerous quagmires, odd characters along the trail—all contribute to drive home the struggles of the overlanders. Here, too, are elaborate descriptions of such historic points as Chimney Rock, Fort Laramie, Ash Hollow, Independence Rock, South Pass, Fort Hall, the Great Salt Desert, the Humboldt Sink, the Forty-Mile Desert and Carson Pass—not to mention such trail's-end places as Hangtown and Sutter's Fort. Due credit is given to the Mormons of Salt Lake, and many of the false legends concerning their treatment of the forty-niners are exploded.

The work is charmingly and profusely illustrated by reproductions of old prints from early works on the California gold-rush. An excellent short bibliography and an adequate index form a useful supplement.

For its brilliant revival of the trail days of '49, Professor Hulbert's work well deserves the \$5000 prize which it won in competition

with more than five hundred other manuscripts. The chief fault that might be pointed out is that the work tends to give a false impression of many supposed thrills experienced by the overlanders. Much of the daily emigrant life was humdrum and doubtless much less sensational than one is led to believe. But such a criticism need not lessen the fascination with which one reads this fine composite picture of a great American epic.

RUFUS KAY WYLLYS.

TUCSON—THE OLD PUEBLO. By Frank C. Lockwood and Captain Donald W. Page. Phoenix, Arizona. The Manufacturing Stationers, 1931. Pp. 94.

The history and local traditions of one of the most picturesque old towns of the Southwest are discussed in this small, neat volume, the collaborative work of two residents of Tucson.

Most of the work was originally published in the ARIZONA HISTORICAL REVIEW as a series of articles. In its present book form certain interesting additions have been made, making a most attractive book.

Of the seven chapters, the first is entitled "Tucson, Pre-Traditional Times to the Founding of the Presidio," and was written by Captain Page. Herein a successful attempt has been made to summarize what is known of the history of the Santa Cruz valley down to the founding of Tucson in 1776. Naturally, much of Captain Page's narrative centers around the careers of Padres Kino and Garcés, and Captain Juan Bautista de Anza. The chief errors noted are concerned with geographical locations.

The remaining six chapters come from the able and prolific pen of Dean Frank C. Lockwood of the University of Arizona faculty. Dean Lockwood skillfully traces the history of Tucson during the closing days of Spanish rule and down through the Mexican regime to 1854. A full discussion of local scenes in 19th-century Tucson lends much color and vividness to these chapters, in which are preserved the life of an active town of the Old West and the Mexican border in the days of Anglo-American settlement. In general, Dean Lockwood and Captain Page have in this work presented a useful commentary on the state's most important early center of population. One feels that a table of contents and perhaps a short index would have added somewhat to the value of the book for convenient reference.

RUFUS KAY WYLLYS.

MEXICO AND TEXAS, 1821-1835. *University of Texas Research Lectures on the Causes of the Texas Revolution.* By Eugene C. Barker. Dallas, The Southwest Press, 1928. Pp. vii, 167. \$2.00.

For an unbiased, painstaking and lucid explanation of the course

of events leading to the Texan war of independence, one can find few more compact and readable treatises than this volume.

Dr. Barker scans the beginnings of Anglo-American settlement in Texas in a lecture entitled "The Racial and Political Background." The two following lectures form an effort to balance and evaluate both the Mexican and Anglo-American viewpoints in the controversies that led to the revolt of 1835. The following and last lecture of the series, "The Development of the Revolution," brings one to the momentous year 1835. The last chapter consists of a paper on "Public Opinion in Texas Preceding the Revolution."

Throughout, the lecturer's aim has been to show the justice of both viewpoints, Mexican and Texan. To Dr. Barker the two outstanding men in Texan history before 1835 are Manuel Mier y Teran, the high-minded and sincere Mexican military *comandante*, and Stephen F. Austin, the pioneer hero of Texas. Both of these men, it seems, did their utmost, and from the most disinterested motives, to avert the outbreak of rebellion. Strangely enough, both died before the new Texan Republic was well under way. It is refreshing to find a work on Texan history which is so appreciative of both the Latin and Anglo-Saxon attitudes.

Of this volume, then, it may be said that careful research has triumphed in the production of a fair-minded estimate of the causes of one of the most significant events in Southwestern history. To quote the author's preface as an expression of what he has so fully demonstrated: "The Texan Revolution was neither the culmination of a deep-laid program of chicanery and greed, nor the glorious response of outraged freedom to calculated oppression of tyrants."

RUFUS KAY WYLLYS.

**ALKALI TRAILS:** *or Social and Economic Movements of the Texas Frontier, 1846-1900.* By William Curry Holden. Dallas, The Southwest Press, 1930. Pp. ix, 253. \$3.00.

West Texas is a geographical area with a distinctive character all its own. Here the Llano Estacado borders upon the eastern ranges of the Rockies and begins to merge, in the Pecos valley, with the mountain desert lands of New Mexico and Arizona. Naturally, this wild and arid region presented to the settlers of Texas new and different problems of livelihood and survival.

Professor Holden's book—of which the title is somewhat misleading—is an attempt to appreciate and recount the steps by which the the frontier of population moved westward in Texas. It is an interesting, although rather ill-proportioned and rambling work, covering in a general way the everyday life of the West Texas rancher-pioneer. Relatively slight attention is given to chronological history, and the treatment of the subject is largely pictorial.

Having eliminated the Indian menace, "the most serious obstacle to the settlement of West Texas," the pioneers turned their attention,

says Professor Holden, to the removal of a lesser obstacle, the buffalo. This removal is covered in a chapter entitled, "The Buffalo Slaughter," in which is demonstrated the corporate business of kiling and skinning the herds of these wide plains. Then follow chapters on such diverse subjects as "The Cattle Kingdom," "Frontier Journalism," "Mirages," and "Amusements," most of them interesting enough, if not particularly original or startling in their conclusions.

One feels that the real story of West Texas is yet to be told. Professor Holden has made an approach to the subject, but his style and method smack too much of the old-time prosy, gossipy county history so common in the Middle West. It is hoped that some later attempt by the same author will be more successful, but until that effort is made, ALKALI TRAILS may serve the purpose of those who prefer light reading along this line.

RUFUS KAY WYLLYS.

A HISTORY OF TEXAS. Edited by Eugene C. Barker. Dallas, The Southwest Press, 1929. Pp. xi, 653. \$2.00.

Herein is a most interesting and enlightening collection of reprinted documents and articles dealing with one of the Southwest's greatest commonwealths. Forty-seven selections or groups of selections are taken from the vast literature concerning Texan history, to illustrate fully the development of the state.

Part One of the collection opens with discussions of Spanish Texas and of French and Spanish territorial claims and rivalries along the coast. From this point Spanish mission and frontier life are taken up, and then come the beginnings of American settlement and discontent with Mexican rule. Considerable space is then devoted to reproduced documents dealing with the Texas Revolution.

Part Two, entitled, "Republic and State, 1836-1918," covers the history of Texas from the winning of independence down to our own times. Much of this section is given over to the history of the Texan Republic and to the condition of Texas during the Civil War. The volume closes with a series of documents and articles on the economic development of the state, including such topics as "Life on a Typical Texas Ranch," and "Managing a Trail Herd."

To all who are interested in the history of a great Western state as told by participants and close students of that history, this fine book is particularly recommended. It is not the detailed work of any one author; rather, it is a symposium. But it loses none of its interest by reason of this method of approach.

RUFUS KAY WYLLYS.

THE RANGE CATTLE INDUSTRY. By Edward Everett Dale. Norman, Oklahoma, University of Oklahoma Press, 1930. Pp. xvii, 216. \$4.00.

There are two styles of approach to the study of the western cat-

tleman and his ways of life. One might be called the popular approach, and is characterized by the use of much so-called "local color" and much cowboy dialect, as well as by the subordination of realities to "interpretations." The second approach is from the strictly scientific and coldly factual point of view.

Professor Dale's carefully documented volume seems to be based upon the latter viewpoint, although it is written in a style which redeems its imposing array of facts and gives them considerable appeal to the western reader. Coupled with a graphically simple style is a notable collection of maps, photographs and diagrams which bring home in a most vivid manner the "day of the cattleman."

It is evident that extensive research has produced this work. Manuscripts, federal and state documents, newspapers and periodicals and secondary works have all been utilized apparently with care and diligence. No doubt the final word has still to be written on the western cattleman, but it is clear that Professor Dale has gone far toward pointing the way for his successors.

One of the best features of the work is that it endeavors to cover the whole area of the range cattle industry, from Texas northward over the Great Plains. Too many writers on the subject have been bound by conditions in their own environment or by their own experience. Clearly, Professor Dale has not been subject to these limitations.

All in all, *THE RANGE CATTLE INDUSTRY* is distinctly a rational, common-sense discussion of the cattlemen of the Old West. It should be widely read by those who prefer their economic history stripped of sentimentality and sensational thrills.

RUFUS KAY WYLLYS.

*DEATH VALLEY.* By Bourke Lee. New York, The Macmillan Company, 1930. Pp. x, 210. \$4.00.

Excellent photographs add greatly to the interest of this specimen of journalistic geography. In fact, the illustrations as a whole are worth fully as much as a large portion of the text.

One feels that the author would have produced a more readable and worthwhile book if he had confined himself to the folklore concerning Death Valley, and had spent less space upon efforts to popularize the scientific accounts of the valley's Indians and its flora and geological traits. As a rule, the journalist finds himself outside his proper element in the popularizing of scientific knowledge, and this work is no exception.

But *DEATH VALLEY* has numerous merits. One who is fond of the legends of the West and of its scenic fantasies can forgive the dry discussions of stale anthropology and geology and the "wise-cracks" in return for a few interesting passages. Chapter One, "Sun and Scenery," is a most entertaining approach to the subject of one of North America's geographical wonders, although marred by a cheap

journalistic style. The chapter on the early emigrants through Death Valley is vivid and thrilling, but the discriminating reader will prefer to turn to William Lewis Manly's own more vivid account of his adventures. A chapter on "Mines and Miners" well repays a reading for its pictures of Rhyolite, Bullfrog and other ghost towns of the valley.

RUFUS KAY WYLLYS.

THE FANTASTIC CLAN, *The Cactus Family*, by John James Thornber and Frances Bonker. The Macmillan Company, New York, 1932. Pp. xiv, 194, \$3.50.

Mr. Thornber, being professor of botany in the University of Arizona, and Frances Bonker a resident of California, both have the first requisite of acquaintance with western flora. They have lived in the presence of the tall masts of cacti which march over the flanks of stone mountains, growing out of the very rock without foothold or water. They have never accepted as growth that which hardly seems growth at all, for, in the language of Major J. W. Powell, who first explored the Grand Canyon in 1869 and visited the lower deserts in the Valley of the Colorado, "There are no forests, no meadows, no green hills, no foliage, but club-like stems of plants armed with stillets and bearing gorgeous flowers."

In THE FANTASTIC CLAN, the descriptions are climaxed by that of the Night Blooming Cereus, of which there is a handsomely colored frontispiece. The blossoms of this plant, which the Mexicans call *Reina de Noche*, and which excel the South American orchid, bloom but one night in the year, arising from a stem which resembles a dead stick or a snake. The authors have their book conveniently catalogued as to habitat, how to grow, how to identify, etc. The entire field is covered, from the tiny pincushion cactus to the Giant *Bisnaga* or barrel cactus of San Luis Potosi, Mexico, "six to nine feet tall, three to four feet in diameter, weighing four thousand pounds and estimated by scientists to attain the age of a thousand years." The book is profusely illustrated with pen and ink sketches, photographs, paintings and colored plates of the cacti listed.

SIDNEY KARTUS.

# ARIZONA PIONEERS' HISTORICAL SOCIETY

PRESIDENT	UNIVERSITY STADIUM	BOARD OF DIRECTORS
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VICE-PRESIDENT	Incorporated March 4, 1884	E. T. JONES
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TREASURER		CLARA F. ROBERTS
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Mr. and Mrs. Ed Riggs of Faraway Ranch in the Chiricahua Mountains, with Mrs. Riggs' father, Mr. Neil Erickson, were in the office last week, and Mr. Erickson presented the organization with a large framed picture of Gen. George Crook.

Mrs. George Barber spent some time in the office, searching for facts about the life of her uncle, John T. Smith. Mr. Smith came to Arizona with the 5th California Infantry in 1862, and after being discharged settled on a cattle ranch near Tubac. He was a member of the Legislature in 1873, and a student of farming conditions in southern Arizona. Mrs. Barber presented the Pioneers with several of his letters describing the country and conditions as he found them when first coming to Arizona.

Mr. and Mrs. Joe Schafer of Bowie donated a U. S. branding iron and a 44 rim fire rifle which Mrs. Schafer's father brought to the territory in 1880.

Among the interesting things procured by the secretary on a recent trip to Prescott, perhaps the most outstanding were the pictures of Jacob Miller, who came to Prescott in 1862; that of Tom Saunders who came two years later, and a photostat copy of the marriage certificate of John Dickson and Mary Jane Ehle, which reads:

## TERRITORY OF ARIZONA Office of the Governor

Prescott, 17 November, 1864.

This may certify that on this day, Mr. John Dickson and Miss Mary J. Ehle, both of Prescott, were joined together in matrimony by me.

JOHN N. GOODWIN,  
Governor of Arizona.

Among new members are: Mrs. Netta P. MacDonald (Mrs. Rodney MacDonald), Phoenix, who came to Arizona in 1902; the four Moreno brothers, Gilbert, Federico, Arturo, and Elias, all born in Tucson and owners of the Spanish paper, Tucsonense; Mrs. Edith Lamport Croxen of Fairbanks, who was born in Arizona; W. T. Webb, Bonita, one time legislator, cattleman, and owner of the 76 guest ranch; Mrs. John Bogan, widow of John Bogan, cattleman of Aravaci.

## EDITORIAL NOTES

On the morning of May 1 John P. Clum walked from his flower garden into the home where he lived in Los Angeles, was seized with a heart attack and died instantly. Mr. Clum, 81 at his death, was one of the few living survivors of the strenuous early days of Arizona. His spectacular service as Indian agent at the Apache reservation of San Carlos is sometimes allowed to overbear his solid achievements as an office-holder and newspaper publisher and editor when Arizona was beginning to emerge from desert wilderness. It took conviction and courage to be mayor of Tombstone and editor of the *Tombstone Epitaph* when the Earps and the Clantons waged their deadly feud. The gamut of Mr. Clum's experience took him through all the typical dangers of the frontier, through which he bore a constant part in the ways of peace. His literary and historical propensities stayed with him to the last. He was an associate editor of *The Arizona Historical Review* and contributed far more to its pages than any other author. He was also a contributor to the *New Mexico Historical Review* and other publications. His writings constitute a valuable source for Arizona history of the Apache war days. His life is another milestone in the long struggle of man for his improvement.

EFFIE R. KEEN.

Con P. Cronin, another frequent contributor to *The Arizona Historical Review*, died March 14, 1932, in Phoenix. Mr. Cronin had been state librarian for the last seventeen years, which post he occupied at the time of his death, and had been in public life in Arizona for thirty-six years, his first office that of county recorder of Yuma county in 1896. As a result of his years of experience and long service as head of the state legislative and reference library, Mr. Cronin became an authority on the form and style of legislation. It has been estimated that two-thirds of the legislation passed since Arizona became a state was shaped by him from the notes of new legislators unfamiliar with the vernacular of the statutes. His contributions to *The Arizona Historical Review* dealt mainly with figures and events in the southern part of the state, where he lived many years.

Dr. Rufus Kay Wyllys of the Arizona State Teachers College at Tempe, and heretofore a contributing editor of *The Arizona Historical Review*, has been appointed associate editor of the magazine, filling the vacancy caused by the death of John P. Clum.

## ARIZONA MUSEUM NOTES

By ELIZABETH S. OLDAKER

A reception for pioneer women of Arizona was held at the museum the afternoon of April 7. Mrs. Effie Keen, State Historian, was general chairman, assisted by many able helpers, all of whom were dressed in colonial costume, in celebration of the George Washington Bi-centennial. About one hundred and fifty women attended. It was decided to hold open house for pioneer women at the museum the last Thursday of each month.

On the morning of the second day of the Annual Pioneer Re-union, April 20, the pioneers were entertained, as usual, with a reception and entertainment at the museum. Several hundred guests were served with coffee and rolls during the morning. Mr. J. W. Walker, president of the museum, and Mrs. Fanny Marlar had charge of the program which included talks by Gov. Geo. W. P. Hunt, Mayor Paddock, and remarks from many of the pioneers.

April 10 Lula Howard, one of the best pottery makers of the Maricopa Indian Tribe, brought her materials from the reservation and gave an excellent demonstration of the way in which pottery is made by that tribe. She left some pottery of which the museum easily disposed. The museum has succeeded in helping the Indians to market their wares in several instances.

April 25 Prof. J. W. Hoover, head of the geography department of the Tempe Teachers College, gave an illustrated lecture on the Navajo Indians and the section of Arizona in which they live. The lecture, entitled "Navajo Nomadisms," was accompanied by numerous beautifully colored slides.

### RECENT ADDITIONS TO THE MUSEUM COLLECTION

A Philippine Head Basket has been presented by Mrs. Wm. A. Glassford in the name of her husband, Col. Wm. A. Glassford, who served in the United States army in the Philippines many years ago.

A Mortar and pestle used in Tombstone in 1880 has been presented by Mr. P. E. Davis.

Large picture of Matt Caveness, Arizona pioneer who came in 1864, donated by his daughter, Mattie Caveness Hann.

Plaque taken from the bar of the historic old Virginia Hotel at Benson, presented by Mrs. A. G. Smith, Benson, Arizona.

Relics picked up in 1926 by Geo. H. Kelly (at the time state historian), from Old Fort Mason, established in 1861, presented by Mrs. Effie R. Keen, present state historian.

A collection of objects from the Verde Ruins, about sixty miles from Phoenix, has been loaned by P. T. Schneider. It consists of:

1 prehistoric human skull with accompanying jaw bone;

1 large red bowl and 1 smaller red bowl with handle.

**STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., REQUIRED BY  
THE ACT OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912.**

Of Arizona Historical Review, published quarterly at Phoenix, Arizona, for April 1, 1932.

State of Arizona            )  
                                  )ss.  
County of Maricopa        )

Before me, a notary public in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared Effie R. Keen, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that she is the Publisher of the ARIZONA HISTORICAL REVIEW and that the following is, to the best of her knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily paper, the circulation), etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 411, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are:

Publisher, Effie R. Keen, Phoenix, Arizona;  
Editor, Effie R. Keen, Phoenix, Arizona;  
Managing Editor, Sidney Kartus, Cave Creek, Arizona;  
Business Manager, Sidney Kartus, Cave Creek, Arizona.

2. That the owner is: (If owned by a corporation, its name and address must be stated and also immediately thereunder the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding one per cent or more of total amount of stock. If not owned by a corporation, the names and addresses of the individual owners must be given. If owned by a firm, company, or other unincorporated concern, its name and address, as well as those of each individual member, must be given.)

The State of Arizona, State House, Phoenix, Arizona.

3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: (If there are none, so state.) There are none.

4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders as they appear upon the books of the company but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and condition under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by him.

SIDNEY KARTUS  
Business Manager.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 18th day of March, 1932.

EFFIE R. KEEN

(My Commission expires July 8, 1934.)



#### OLIVE OATMAN

*From a photograph presented on July 16, 1932 to the Arizona Historian by Warren J. Harris of Klamath Falls, Oregon, in whose family the photograph had previously been for over sixty years. Olive Oatman was a survivor of the Oatman family massacred by Indians, possibly Tonto Apaches, near the present town of Oatman, Arizona, which so derived its name. She was not killed but made a captive slave by this tribe, being later sold in servitude by them to the Mo-haves. When finally recovered by the whites, a tribal chin-mark, plainly visible in the picture, had been tattooed on her face.*