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REVIEWS AND EXCHANGES

The Frontier Times for January publishes a biographical sketch of Kit Carson, which in view of the centenary of Carson's first trip to Santa Fe, is of special interest. Among other contributions in the current issue is one by George S. Roper of Two Harbors, Minnesota, who tells of "Soldiering on the Frontier" fifty five years ago. Roper was a trooper in the Eighth Cavalry commanded by General J. Orvin Gregg. He says among other things:

"We got to Kit Carson, Colorado, and the first thing we saw the next morning were two fellows strung up under a railroad bridge where they had been hung the night before by a vigilance committee At Kit Carson we were given guns, and we picked up a bunch of 'doughboys' headed for the 15th Infantry There we started on our long march of nearly 1,200 miles to New Mexico. Any one now passing over the A. T. & S. F. from Los Animas, Colorado, to San Marcial, New Mexico, probably would not appreciate what a God-forsaken country that hike took us through back in the fall of 1870 Trinidad was just one street, with a few scattering adobe shanties down near the river. We crossed the Raton Mountains at Dick Wooten's ranch, and found the Red River of the South, west of the foot of the mountains, only about 10 feet wide. One place where we camped for a night there was a rancher living. It was said that at this house they had soda biscuits three times a day, 365 days in the year. I had a good many meals there and I never found any other kind of bread; so it must be so. At this place we saw our first Indians.. They were Utes, and one of them had on a Major General's dress uniform, coat, epaulets, and all, which had been given him by General Sherman. The old chief also had a letter from the General which he prized very highly. The letter advised the reader to watch the old fellow very close, that he would carry away anything he could get his hands on. Cimarron was about the only place we found that would lead one to believe that there had ever been anything but a Mexican in that country. Fort Union was the headquarters of the 8th Cavalry. I was fortunate enough to be assigned to troop

B, with Captain Wm. McCleave in command. He is long since dead, but I want to go on record as believing that there were very few officers that were his equal. At Fort Union we lost the men who were assigned to troops at that station, and also those at Fort Garland. After a few days' rest we again took up the weary march, and two days after we camped at Las Vegas, an old Mexican town. What is now East Las Vegas was not at that time even a hole in the ground. At Albuquerque we first saw the Rio Grande, and lost our comrades that were enroute for Fort Wingate. At Fort Craig the fellows for Fort Selden and Fort Bayard kept on down the river; and we that were going to Fort Stanton crossed the river and hiked east through the sandy desert. The first of November we reached our long looked for 'happy home.' We were not long in taking up the duties of soldiers, with foot and mounted drill nearly every day. We had a splendid drillmaster in Sergeant Patrick Golden, an old soldier of several years' service. A short time before we reached the post the Apaches killed one of our troop, and also a member of Co. I of the 15th Infantry within a few miles of the post. A scout was at once started after the murderers who were followed so closely that in order to let the bucks get away the squaws got in the way of the charge going up a narrow canyon, knowing, as they did, that in order to get around them it would delay the charge. Several prisoners were taken and we found them still in confinement at the post with a guard over them. That post was not very desirable. We enlisted at \$16 a month, but Congress got funny and reduced our pay to \$13. Of course, that did not set very good, and the result was the army lost many men by refusal to re-enlist and by desertion. One of the latter was my bunkey. It would be hard for one who has not passed through the experience to realize the irksome sameness, or want of variety of a soldier's life in New Mexico, and especially at Fort Stanton in the early 70's. The nearest point of anything that might be called civilization being Las Vegas, more than 150 miles away. Not a book or anything to read. Mail once a week and taking from four to five weeks for a letter from as far East as Ohio. Where one was fortunate enough to have a friend who sent them the home paper it was read by every man in the troop until entirely worn out. There was nothing to attract one's attention except the same old round of soldier duty, an unending sequence of guard, stable police,

kitchen police, and fatigue; and then back over the same thing. We cavalrymen had a little the best of the infantrymen. We got all the escort duty, scouting and other things of that kind. For a few days we had a chance to lose sight of the old stone buildings of the post. We looked forward with delight to the afternoon that we were the old guard, as we then had the splendid duty of herding the horses for grazing. It certainly was fun to get the horses all excited in the corral (when there were no commissioned officers around), and then turn them loose and run them until they got their play out. We all felt as though we had lost our best friend when mounted drill was taken off. All of the officers of the regiment above Second Lieutenant had seen service during the Civil War. Several of them had reached the rank of Brigadier General. With us as we were making our tramp was four Second Lieutenants that had graduated with the class of 1870. I think only one of them is now living, Brig. Gen. Samuel W. Fountain, retired. Lieut. R. A. Williams only lived long enough to get his Captain's commission. I have understood that Lieut. F. E. Phelps lost a leg at Wounded Knee, and was retired; Lieut. Godwin became a Brigadier General, retired. S. B. M. Young was one of our original captains, appointed in 1866. He was, I think the last one to die. Capt. J. F. Randlett was transferred to the regiment in 1870 and was a captain for 16 years. This letter starts by saying '55 years ago I put on the blue.' Now I close it by saying that 50 years ago Major J. H. Mahnked, Regimental Adjutant, handed me my discharge at Santa Fe, New Mexico, for expiration of term of service, signed by General Gregg, and the Major was kind enough to write the word 'excellent' under the black line."

The Frontier Times also publishes in this issue a list of Confederates who were stationed at different points in New Mexico during the Civil War. The list included a number of documents pertaining to these troops furnished by Henry J. Brown of Santa Rita. A copy of the pay-roll is also attached.

SANTA FE'S FIRST AMERICAN PORTRAIT PAINTER

The latest annual report of the Smithsonian Institution prints a portrait and biographical sketch of John Mix Stanley, by David I. Bushnell, Jr., whose portraits painted from life among forty-three different tribes of Indians

during ten years that he spent in New Mexico and other western states, were entrusted to the Smithsonian Institution. Unfortunately, all of these except five were destroyed in the fire of January 24, 1865, which damaged the main building. The following are excerpts from the biography:

"In 1842, accompanied by Sumner Dickerman, of Troy, he visited the Indian country in Arkansas and New Mexico and made sketches and pictures of the Indians and Indian scenes The opportunities afforded by his constant contact with the Indians were improved by almost daily paintings and sketching. In attempting to paint the portrait of the Cherokee chiefs Mr. Stanley found a difficulty in their caprice and superstition. They insisted that portraits should first be painted of Jim Shaw, a Delaware, and of Jess Chisholm, a Cherokee, under whose protection Mr. Stanley had been conducted; if these men should consent to sit and should receive no harm from the operation, then the Cherokee chiefs would sit. It was done in this way. They came forward in the order of their rank and were delighted with the idea of being painted, considering it a great honor. Mr. Stanley spent part of the year 1845 in New Mexico. By the year 1846 he had painted 83 canvases, and in January of that year he and Mr. Dickerman exhibited them in Cincinnati and Louisville In October, 1846, he visited Santa Fe to paint still more pictures. Here he joined the expedition of Gen S. W. Kearny, who led the dangerous march overland to San Diego, Calif. He was placed under the immediate command of Captain Emory, of the Topographical Corps, United States Army. At the mouth of the Gila River they had a battle with some California irregulars. This was during the time when General Flores, the counter revolutionist, held Los Angeles and Commodore Stockton, in opposition, held San Diego. In this march Mr. Stanley was also in the actions at San Pasquale, Calif. In 1853 Mr. Stanley was appointed to be the artist of the expedition sent by the Government of the United States to explore a 'Route for the Pacific Railroad near the forty-seventh and forty-ninth parallels of latitude from St. Paul to Puget Sound. The Indians were impressed by Mr. Stanley's ability to make pictures of them with his brush. Also the daguerreotype process which he sometimes used was to them a thing inspired because produced by the light of the sun As a member

of the expedition he made a large number of sketches of the various points of interest, and as a novel experiment he carried a daguerreotype apparatus, probably the first taken up the Missouri. In the report of the expedition is this note: 'August 7, 1853. Mr. Stanley, the artist, was busily occupied during our stay at Fort Union with his daguerreotype apparatus, and the Indians were greatly pleased with their daguerreotypes.,'

Of the five paintings still on exhibition in the Smithsonian, three bear evidence of having been painted in New Mexico. One is that of a Towoccono Warrior.

"This man distinguished himself among his people by a daring attempt at stealing horses, in the night, from Fort Milan, on the western frontier of Texas. He succeeded in passing the sentries, and had secured some eight or ten horses to a lariat, and was making his way to the gates of the fort, when he was discovered and fired upon. The night being dark, the shots were at random; he was, however, severely wounded by two balls, received two sabre wounds upon his arms, and narrowly escaped with his life. He is about twenty-three years of age, and by this daring feat has won the name and standing of a warrior among his people."

The second painting is entitled "A Buffalo Hunt on the Southwestern Prairies," while the third is a portrait of Black Knife, an Apache chief who accompanied Kearny on his march from Santa Fe to California.



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