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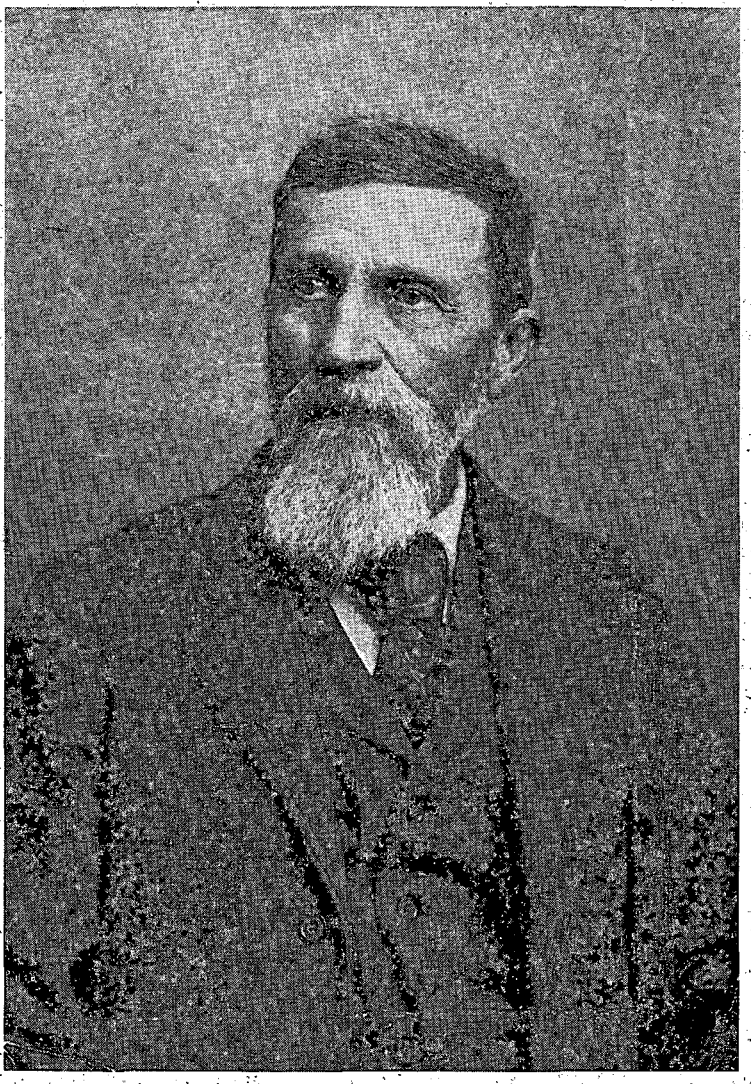

William Kronig (1827-1896), Pioneer at Watrous, N. M.

NEW MEXICO HISTORICAL REVIEW

VOL. XIX JULY, 1944 No. 3

WILLIAM KRONIG, NEW MEXICO PIONEER
from his memories of 1849-1860

By CHARLES IRVING JONES

EDITOR'S FOREWORD: The author informs us that he has written his account of William Krönig from notes which Krönig himself left. It is evident that these notes did not constitute a diary, nor were they otherwise contemporary; rather they were reminiscences which he wrote not earlier than 1861 and perhaps at a later date. This is shown, for example, by his references to John C. Frémont as "General." Frémont did not enjoy that title until his service during the Civil War; during his earlier military service he attained only the rank of lieutenant-colonel.

From data supplied by the author and also found elsewhere, we are informed that William Krönig was born in Pataborn, Westphalia, Germany, on February 3, 1827. He migrated to the United States in 1847, and within two years after landing in New York City he had roamed over a considerable part of this country: out to Wisconsin, then to St. Louis and south to New Orleans. There yellow fever was raging and he returned up the river to Williamsport. After a trip to Texas, he headed east: Louisville, Cincinnati, Philadelphia, and back to New York. There for a short time he worked in an "underground grocery" at $6.00 a *month*, but was fired because he would not pass counterfeit money. Again he headed for Milwaukee and from there he made his way to St. Paul on foot. Returning to Milwaukee, he learned of the discovery of gold in California and on July 4, 1849, he was at Independence, Mo., starting with others for the diggings.

All the notes have been supplied by the editor.—L.B.B.

CHAPTER I

CHOLERA! This word was on every lip. People were dying. It was a horrible plague; once contracted, it would bite into one's life with such viciousness that it would not let go until the poor unsuspecting victim had weakened to a mere shadow and then—watch death creep

up slowly until the end. This was Independence, Missouri, in 1849.

I had come, from the east, to this large outfitting Emporium for the purpose of meeting wagon trains and trappers, with the intention of later joining General Frémont's troops and going to Santa Fé, New Mexico, and California. My boat became bogged in the Missouri River mud and I missed a chance to join this military force, but was determined to see the vast country to the west.[1]

On July 4th of the year mentioned, in company with a young German doctor with whom I had become acquainted, I prepared to leave this disease-tortured community. We soon arranged to travel with a wagon train, and for a sum of money they agreed to carry our luggage and feed us over the entire trip to Santa Fé.

In due time the train was on its way west. We were riding our recently purchased horses alongside the moving vehicles. The train was composed of a number of canvas-covered wagons, drawn by oxen with bull whackers at their sides, lashing their blacksnake whips. It was surprising to see how cleverly these men manipulated their whips with such short handles. It seemed to me that some of them could pick a fly off an oxen's back.

The wagons rumbled along for days with the oxen yokes squeaking under the strain of the pulling animals. The wheel marks, deep in the earth, made pathways for future travelers and never-to-be-forgotten times of history.

The trip became monotonous as we rode over the rolling hills with clusters of trees along the stream beds. We finally reached Cow Creek[2] which, I would judge, was about 200 miles or more from Independence. Here we saw our first

1. Krönig's memory was at fault here. He can be referring only to Frémont's winter expedition of 1848-49, financed by his father-in-law, Benton, and others of St. Louis who wanted to find passes through the Rockies for a railroad from the upper waters of the Rio Grande westward to the Pacific. It was not a "military force" because Frémont had been court-martialed for his doings in California in 1846 and had resigned his commission in 1847. It is difficult to explain Krönig's reason for failing to find Frémont at Independence, Mo., because the latter had gone west some nine months before. Perhaps Krönig was misled by belated news items regarding Frémont.

2. A north tributary of the Arkansas River near modern Hutchinson, Kans.

buffalo grazing on the hillside in the distance. The Captain halted the wagon train and ordered several of the younger men to kill some fresh meat. The order was obeyed at once by several of the most energetic young men, who started out on their horses. In my position near the wagon train I was able to observe one of the young men ride along the side of a galloping buffalo and fire a ball into the beast. The animal was running full blast and when the lead struck him he toppled to the ground with his nose grinding into the dirt. The bullet must have pierced his heart for he did not kick. The rider was off his horse and with a long butcher knife cut the dead animal's throat. If the animal had been alive he would have plunged the knife into the jugular veins just the same. By the time this exhibit was over, the wagon train had formed in a circle and the oxen and horses were turned loose or staked in a grassy location so they could feed for the night. Before sun-down there was buffalo meat roasting on the fire.

Next day, not to be out-done, I went forth to prove that a tenderfoot could kill a buffalo; and before leaving I made a brag that I would return with meat for the wagon train. It was rather a sad lesson to me for I lost my way before night. I did not give a thought to the fact that our camp would be at another location before I returned, for they were steadily traveling westward. As I rode along, I saw a bear-looking animal of small stature moving casually. I rode up cautiously and shot him. He died before long and I tied him to the saddle and looked around. By this time it was getting toward afternoon and the sun was far toward the west. It was then that I began to think of camp. I rode in great haste trying to locate them and as dark came on I dismounted, letting my horse graze in the rich grass growing everywhere. I sat down nearly exhausted, and I was about to make my bed down for the night and stake my horse nearby, when I noticed some lights in the distance. I had been warned that we were nearing the Indian Country, and this roused me to move cautiously and not ride directly into camp without first investigating. It was about an hour later that I decided

to ride up. I did and to my amazement I was back in my own wagon train camp. I had carted the badger all the way with me and when I neared the camp I threw him away, staking my horse near the wagons and throwing my saddle and bedding near by. I went into camp and was pleased, for food was near the fire, and to tell the truth it was very tasteful.

Not knowing it, I had brought in something that was needed by the bull whackers. However, they found the badger in the morning and skinned it. The hide was used for crackers on their whips. I was told that in the future if I killed any more badger I was to skin it and save the hide. During the day I explained how I had been unable to find any buffalo and that I had become lost; and from then on, as long as I stayed with the train, nearly all of the men teased me for being a tenderfoot.

Each day we traveled, making a few miles. Nearing Pawnee Forks,[3] we overtook a wagon train owned by Mr. M. McGuffin.[4] It was an amusing sight to see his carriage drawn by oxen. He had had a number of fine horses that he intended to take to Chihuahua, Mexico, to sell, as there was a good market at that point. Two days before we overtook his train he was robbed by the Indians, who took all his horses leaving only the oxen.

The two wagon trains traveled together, and when we reached Fort Mann,[5] we were robbed of all our horses except mine; he was staked away from the other horses and so escaped. The Indians had crept into camp that night and stolen the horses without anybody knowing it.

The next night I was on guard duty until 12 midnight, when I went to bed. The night was one of those black nights. I unrolled my blankets on the ground as usual and staked my horse within ten feet of where my bed was located, using my saddle as a pillow. There was a heavy dew falling so I covered my head with the canvas. However,

3. Another north tributary of the Arkansas, between Larned and Kingsley, Kans.

4. Without doubt, this was one of the Magoffin brothers, perhaps Samuel. but more probably James W., who was already established at "Magoffinsville" within what is now El Paso, Texas.

5. Fort Mann was eight miles from Dodge City, Kans.

I was worried about my horse and every little while I would look around. About two hours later the night had somewhat cleared; a person could be seen for some distance and, as I looked this time, I saw an Indian leading my horse away. I roused the camp, but the Indian mounted the animal and was gone. I grabbed my gun and shot pouch and started after him. It was not long until I was within shooting distance but I found, that during the confusion, I had grabbed up the wrong shot pouch, so returned to camp. It was not until afterward that I found out I was nearly shot. A man in the McGuffin camp saw the horse being lead away and he returned to camp a short distance away for his gun. It was when he looked again that I came in view; he aimed and just as he was about to pull the trigger, he saw my hat and pulled the gun upwards as he fired it. I was curious, and when I returned to where my bed had been laid out on the ground, I found a pair of Moccasins. Some of the bull whackers said that they were made by the Pawnee Indians.

The trip across from the Arkansas River to Cimarron, which began near Cold Springs and ended near Sand Creek,[6] was a distance of about 60 miles and no water between the two points, so the traveling was done without much stopping. The day was very tiring, and the night more so. Part way across, our wagon Captain permitted us to stop for 20 minutes to eat some cold bread and beans; but nature was against us for as we sat down to eat, a storm came up driving us under the wagons. The hail was so large that the oxen would not stand still and the bull whackers had to unhitch them. However, we were so hungry that we completed the pot of beans before the hail storm quit. I have seen many hail stones but these were the largest I had ever witnessed. I presume being inexperienced with the west, this made a great impression on me. However, I can still remember the beans.

6. There is an unfortunate confusion here, for Krönig has Cold Spring at the wrong end of the "Cimarrón Cut-Off." Checking with the tabulation given us by Josiah Gregg, we find that, coming west (from the Arkansas to the Cimarrón), Sand Creek was 50 miles from the Arkansas Crossing, and Cold Spring was 93 miles farther west.

As we neared the Cimarron River, we encountered a friendly band of Comanche Indians. Here we had an opportunity to replace our animals, so I purchased an iron grey. He was a friendly animal and did my bidding with dispatch. Time went on and as I wearied of traveling so slowly, I set out ahead, following the trail for miles over grassy, rolling hills until I reached the water hole where the wagon train was to camp that night. I watered my horse, unsaddled him and then picketed him nearby. I was tired so lay down, using my saddle as a pillow, and went to sleep. If it had not been for the flies bothering my horse, I would probably have been murdered. The picket rope was set so close to me that the rope dangled across my body as the horse fought the flies that gathered on his back. It was when he swung his head around that the rope caught on my arm and awakened me. I looked around and not a very great distance away I saw several Indians riding towards me at a fast gallop. There was a chance that I could escape them. I saddled my horse rapidly, not stopping long enough to tighten up the cinch, and was on my way back towards the wagon train. The Indians gained on me but their yelling frightened my horse so that he out-distanced them and when the ride was over we were in sight of the wagon train. The bull whackers and others, seeing the predicament, ran out towards me with their guns. I must have been a funny sight for I was hanging to the horse's mane with one hand and with the other trying to hold the saddle from sliding off the horse.

As we neared the line of New Mexico, news of Indian atrocities reached us, and our wagon train Captain doubled precautions, and additional guards were placed to prevent surprise attacks.

The German Doctor, who had been my companion since we left Independence, became ill and the men growled when he asked to be excused from guard duty. Feeling sorry for him, as he was not the pioneer type, I volunteered to stand his watch as well as my own. However, I was tired also and along towards morning I feel asleep. Much as I was trying to do my duty, I had not performed it, and

when morning came I was awakened by a loud yell of "Indians." I found that my hands and feet were tied. I tried to stand up and did get to my feet but stumbled over on a Prickley Pear Cactus and was stuck from most every angle. It was days before I had pulled out all the thorns. Of course, I was at fault and was ready to take my punishment and told the Captain so. He laughed and said he believed I had had sufficient punishment for sometime to come.

We traveled for days over the rolling mountains until we reached Red River[7] and on to Santa Clara Springs,[8] or what is now known as Wagon Mound. In the distance, the four Mounds appeared to be the wheels of a giant wagon and on nearing them they became mountains with rugged sides and flat tops, no trees, but covered with grass which gave them a silky appearance. At the Santa Clara Springs the water was good and we welcomed the camp near this point.

Perhaps you do not believe in snakes, but at this point I had a bed fellow. A visitor in our camp asked if he could use my bed while I was on guard duty during the first part of the night and I gave him permission, but when I came in near midnight there was no one in my bed. Thinking nothing about it, I went to bed, which I had made on a level spot before dark, near the wagons. Being very tired I went to sleep as soon as I laid down. Along towards morning I slowly came to my senses, awakened by feeling like something was moving under me. When I did come to life, I jumped up and threw the blankets back and to my amazement and horror there was not one but two fairly large rattle snakes coiled under the bed clothes. I, of course, killed the snakes, but from then on I was very careful to inspect my bed before going to sleep.

It was now that I began to realize this vast country was unpopulated, perhaps with no human beings making a home except the Indians. Of course there were trappers

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7. He should have said the "Canadian River." It was a very common mistake (and is still often encountered) to confuse the Canadian with the Red, which lay farther south and was not touched by the Santa Fé Trail.

8. This was a stopping place halfway between Ocaté Creek and the Mora River.

and traders on the road but no people settling down to make homes. I now saw the west as it had been pictured to me. My home had been in a thickly populated country and before I left Westphalia, Germany, I could not conceive of such a vast unsettled place. I was born on February 3, 1827, and was about 19 years old before leavng Europe. I, like many young men, came to explore new fields and, of course, seek fame and fortune. Before coming so far west I traveled around in the United States, going to New Orleans, then back to New York by way of St. Louis, west to Minneapolis, and then to Independence, where this story begins.

We came in sight of Las Vegas and camped for the last time before going into the town. It was here that we were brought face to face with reality, witnessing the murder of one of our members;—a horrbile sight! One of the bull whackers had been tantalizing another bull whacker, a Chawnee [Shawnee] Indian. Smith had on this day been especially insulting to the Chawnee and along about noon, while we were eating our dinner, Smith cast further insults. The Chawnee lost control of himself and pulled his gun, shooting Smith in the heart. The impact of the bullet caused the bull whacker to shudder and then fall forward on his face. The Chawnee was so furious that he rushed at Smith with a long knife in his teeth, grabbed the hair on top of his head in an attempt to scalp him. Some of the other men stopped him. The Chawnee, with a sudden twitch of his body, tore loose from the men and started for the hills with his gun aimed at the lot of us. We were all glad that the Indian escaped as we felt that Smith got what was coming to him.

We buried Smith without any ceremony and prepared to move on. Las Vegas was an adobe-built town composed of about 100 small shacks or huts placed at random. A few were built along the main traveled road and around a square. The material was of mud, and out in the rear of the houses there was an oven, constructed in form much similar to the old bee hive and made of mud, used to bake bread. On the side of some of the houses we could see

corn in the air, hung from the extended rafters, and on others chili, coloring from green to red. To the east and south the fields were flourishing with growing corn, beans and grain. It appeared that they were well provided with food. We did not stop here, however, as the main campers' stop was located at Telecotte [Tecolote],[9] about 15 miles from there, to where we proceeded and camped for the night. To the south I could see a starvation peak, a very steep mountain, and at the top and extending downward probably 50 feet, a steep bluff. I was told that a party of trappers had stayed off an Indian attack for days, nearly starving to death. There was a small crevice through which they were able to crawl to the top; they protected themselves by dropping rocks down on their enemy. I was told that if it had not been for the stormy weather there, the trappers would have died of thirst.

At Telecotte we found a Mr. Moore,[10] who was running a store. Here we were allowed to sleep, as this gentleman provided us with guards and herders. All the men from the wagon train congregated in or about the store and all during the night news was passed from one to the other, and religious singing took place. It was a pleasant night.

From Telecotte to Santa Fé the trip was short and a few days later we reached that point.

Within sight of the town, the wagon train stopped and we all prepared for a grand entrance into the plaza. Nearly all of the men cleaned up, putting on their best clothes; some shaved their faces; some of which had not been touched with a razor from the time we left Independence; and some of the faces seemed never to have been shaved. At any rate, a general cleaning-up was in progress before our entrance was made.

In due time the wagons rumbled into the square. Each of the wagon traders pulled his wagons up to the doors of a commercial house and in no time they were engaged in meeting old and new friends.

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9. If this is not a misreading of the notes, it is a case of transliteration. The correct placename is Tecolote (Spanish for "owl").

10. This Mr. Moore has not been identified.

The houses were of adobe, situated in a square that appeared to me to be to the north. Among them I noticed a long, rambling building with an equally long porch extending the full length, which was the Palace of Governors. Doors were located at intervals and people congregated there. Just as we entered town, a stage drove up; it had come from Independence. The people, nearly all Mexicans, were sociable. I was rather disappointed in this place. I had expected to see some large buildings. However, it was here that I witnessed a sight I had never seen before—a burro loaded with stove wood.

CHAPTER II

Santa Fé was a town where many Mexican and American people were in the trading business, bringing goods from Independence to this town to trade and sell, and on the eastward trip, to carry fur, hides, and other things that were of value to the people in Missouri and further east.

This business was flourishing. In looking over the names of the Commission houses, I found that there were a number of the natives of the *Rico* (rich) class in the business.

On every corner and many places between the corners were saloons and gambling houses. Women could be had for hire at most of the places and, from all appearances, they were being used extensively, especially when the wagon trains reached the town. Into this place I came as a young man, with very little experience. It was rather embarrassing to me when I was invited in by a painted female.

The town was full of young men; many were without work.

It was the intention of the Doctor and myself to continue to California, going by the way of Albuquerque, as soon as we could secure a means of travel, but a circumstance came up that forced me to stay in Santa Fé. Upon the advice of a friend in Independence, I had purchased a mercantile check for one hundred dollars, to be cashed in Santa Fé. Mr. Cartwright, owner of the brokerage house in In-

dependence, had died of cholera. During the time I had left Independence, and at the time of my arrival in Santa Fé, his business was in the hands of the Administrator. During the investigation of Mr Cartwright's affairs, he came across the record of this check and stopped payment, sending the notice by mail-stage which, of course, reached Santa Fé far in advance of my arrival.

To eat, it was then necessary for me to locate some employment; but the town of Santa Fé was filled with young men and employment was very hard to find. To go on to California would cost money and I did not have it. So I decided to make the best of it and try to exist here. While in New Orleans I had found work with a cigar maker, who taught me the trade. I had foresight enough to purchase a few hundred pounds of tobacco before leaving Independence, thinking that I could sell at a profit somewhere along the line; but, upon arriving, to my disappointment, I had no money to pay for the transportation. Finally, after considerable argument, the wagon train owner left the tobacco with a merchant in Santa Fé, with the provision that I could draw it out in small quantities as I needed it and pay for the freight.

The cigar making and the selling of the tobacco went along very well for a while, but before long my supply was exhausted. At this point I found that I was unable to pay the hotel bill, so I rented a room together with two young Germans named Viereck and Schlesinger and after that, kept house.

I was still to encounter another difficulty. I placed my horse with a Mexican herder; not having the presence of mind and thinking that he would not over charge me, I let him take the horse; but at the end of the month he presented me with a bill at the rate of a dollar a day. I could see that the only way out of this difficulty was to sell the horse, so I told my new acquaintance, Viereck, to make the sale. The horse brought thirteen dollars and the bill for pasture was eight dollars, so I was just five dollars ahead.

This German, Viereck, from Berlin, was a brother of

the celebrated actress of the same name. He was a happy-go-lucky fellow. Never had a dollar ahead but was rich in resources and always in the best of humor, and was delighted whenever he could play a joke or prank on anyone, principally his friends and acquaintances, disarming us on all occasions by his ingenious maneuvers. He was a professional painter of theatrical scenery.

After the supply of money he had accumulated in traveling across the country gave out, he decided to become a barber, and so he started a shop. An American carpenter was engaged to build a chair. This man was a tall, serious-minded, assumptive person. Next, to establish the shop, he rented a room from an old Mexican woman. He was treated by a German Medical Doctor and I presume, at the same time, borrowed a little money from him. Viereck did not have any money with which to pay any one of the three, but to my surprise he did a very satisfactory business; however, the gamblers, principally the Monte game, got all the money he made, and some of my cigar money, which he borrowed and distributed among the saloons during the evenings. His life was not very pleasant, for every morning he would have visitors—the American carpenter, the Mexican woman, and the German doctor, each trying to collect their money. Also, he had other callers trying to make collections.

My business did not promise a very brilliant future. Schlesinger had not found employment and was willing to try other adventures. About this time there was a territorial call for volunteers from Taos and this was an opportunity for additional adventure. During my business of selling cigars, I became acquainted with Colonel Beal,[11] who was at that time on a visit at Santa Fé. Asking him for advice as to how to gain some kind of adventure, and still pay my way as I went along, he advised me to join this territorial volunteer troop. After conferring with Viereck and Schlesinger, we all decided to go at once.

11. Benjamin Lloyd Beall was, at this time, major with the First Dragoons, but had a brevet as lieutenant colonel (Mar. 16, 1848) for meritorious conduct in the Mexican War. For a few weeks, Beall was acting civil-military governor of New Mexico (while Col. J. M. Washington was out in the Navaho country).

Viereck sold his barber chair and in turn bought a large cartoon and went to work with his crayons. The picture represented himself in the background, with his hands spread out and stuck to the end of his nose, and in front, his three principal creditors, who could be easily recognized by anyone. We had completed all arrangements and were intending to walk to Taos in the morning, or if possible obtain some kind of a ride along the road. Morning came, and before Viereck left he wanted to know what effect his picture had on the three people interested. He had me stand near the house opposite so that I could be the observer. The wait was short, for the carpenter was first to show up. He nervously knocked at the door several times and when no answer came, he looked in the window where the picture had been posted. His anger was beyond description and his language, in English, was unprintable. Next came the German doctor, a man of middle age, who with a firm step and sober face approached the door with a look of determination to collect his money or know the reason why. His loud knocks resounded into the empty house and after he had repeated the rapping three times, he went to the window. He, likewise, stood in amazement for an instant and then began to curse in German. He went back to the door and tried the lock, but it was secure so he left. I was having my fun. Soon the old Mexican woman appeared with a black shawl over her head, dress just about dragging the ground and bare-footed. She knocked timidly and no reply, then repeated it several times. She then went to the window; her language was in a high pitched voice which I did not understand. She shook her hand at the picture and then broke down crying. Viereck had commissioned me to give her the key, which I did. She got down on her knees and spoke pleadingly and pointed to the picture, then at me. I was unable to understand so I walked away, probably with a curse on my soul.

My friends were waiting for me a short distance from town, under a pinion tree. I sat down with them and described the scenes; after my description Viereck was nearly overcome with laughter.

We soon started out again on foot, walking down the road and talking as we went, wishing someone would come along and give us a ride. Our wish soon came true; before an hour's time we were overtaken by Colonel Beall, with twelve dragoons. The Colonel stopped and chatted a minute, during which he inquired where we were going. He then invited us to mount behind his men, which we very happily accepted.

We were quite pleased with ourselves until the continual galloping of the horses began to tell on us. The horses did not quit galloping until we reached Santa Cruz de la Cañada, a distance of about sixteen miles. Riding behind was no easy task and before we had traveled a mile we all asked to be let off, but the dragoons would not stop. We even begged, but to no avail. When we reached the first stop we dismounted and decided to try and get along without riding behind the dragoons. At La Cañada, we met two very good Mexican merchants, who offered hospitality and we were more than glad to accept. After resting through the night we were again able to continue our travel. We went to Rio Arriba,[12] where we were fortunate enough to meet Mr. Pantaleon Archuleta, a friend of my old teacher, Mr. Mink.[13] A brother of Mr. Mink lived in Santa Fé and before leaving there he had given me a letter to Mr. Archuleta. We were invited by this gentleman to stay and the description of the food served us is well worth recording here. The supper consisted of Chili con Carne (meat with peppers) and Atoli (mush made out of blue cornmeal that had been parched). At first I was not impressed with the meal but after I had eaten I was well satisfied.

Our ride behind the dragoons made us quite sore and

12. "Rio Arriba" (Up River) was a regional term, distinguishing settlements of the Rio Grande valley *above* Santa Fé from those which were *below* (Rio Abajo). Sometimes (as here) it seems to have been used for the settlement otherwise known as Plaza Alcalde, which was the home of Juan Andrés Archuleta (prominent in the Mexican period of our history) and his famous son Diego Archuleta. This Pantaleón was perhaps a brother.

13. From a later mention of this man, it would appear that Krönig's "old teacher" (perhaps from his boyhood in Germany) had come to New Mexico and settled at Alcalde. Perhaps he or his brother in Santa Fé was the "J. H. Mink, interpreter" whose name as a witness is found on a facsimile copy of an Indian treaty of July 1850. (Abel, ed., *The Official Correspondence of James S. Calhoun*, 242)

on the second day I was much worse than the first. My partners decided that we should each have a mule or horse. However, as I was the only one that had any money, but not enough to purchase three mules, it was decided that we would hire two mules and that one of us would walk part of the time. I was the first to walk and, according to our agreement, they were to ride to a hill in the near distance and wait for me. The point was marked by two trees. We had made arrangements to turn the mules over to a man in Taos, who would return them. Well, we started and I trailed behind, walking as rapidly as I could but was far behind them when they reached the hill. I was, again, to experience an unpleasant situation, for when I reached the hill they had gone on and I never did catch up with them. Of course I was sadly disappointed in them but traveled on; that night I reached Embudo,[14] located on the bank of the Rio Bravo, or Rio Grande. Here I met a Canadian-Frenchman named Chalifount,[15] who had a trading post. This man was very kind and gave me my supper and bed. After breakfast, when I tried to pay him, he refused it. I was glad for I was down to my last twenty-five dollars. The next day I walked on to Taos.

My two companions were guests of the only hotel in the town, which was run by Judge Beaubien.[16] They seemed to have the confidence needed, for I, with twenty-five dollars in my pocket, did not have the cheek to stay at the hotel, feeling that if I did I was not protecting myself for future events. So I bought myself a loaf of bread and then searched for a convenient straw stack. During my fretful sleep I wondered how those two were going to pay their bills.

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14. Embudo ("funnel"), about twelve miles up the river from Alcalde.

15. Chalifount, not identified, but probably the same as Jean Baptiste Charlefour (also found as Charleyfoe).

16. The famous Carlos Beaubien, one of the three judges appointed by General Kearny in September 1846. That he ran a hotel in Taos is not so well known, but it is said not to have been unusual for one who married in Taos to start a hotel there to look after his "in-laws."

CHAPTER III

Morning came and having rested, although not very comfortably, I crawled out of the straw stack; the mountain air was chilly but I was young and warmly dressed. My breakfast consisted of the bread left over from the night before and some cold water; however, this did not dampen my spirits, for I was determined to enlist and make the most of it.

The enlistment was for two months. Being the only one who had any amount of education, I was made an Orderly Sergeant of the Company. There was no other man in the Company that could either read or write Spanish or English. The Spanish was new to me but in a few days I began to learn. I had to perform the duties of Commissary Sergeant as well, which duties were to receive and distribute the rations. This company was being re-enlisted, having just completed a six months period. After getting everything in running condition I drew the first month's rations for the Company. I was informed by the Captain and Lieutenants that they were to claim three rations each and the Sergeants were to claim two rations each. This placed me in a predicament; I went at once and consulted Doctor Wirts, Military Surgeon,[17] who had assisted me in making my muster-rolls. Through his advice I performed my duty to the men and refused to issue any rations to the Captain and his Lieutenants, confining the proper amount of rations to the Sergeants. They were much disgusted with this rule and became a little hostile in their attitude towards me.

A small detachment under a Lieutenant was sent to Rayado,[18] and the bulk of the Company was sent to Rio Colorado[19] to protect that settlement from the Utes and

17. Horace Raquet Wirtz, native of Pennsylvania, was appointed an assistant surgeon Dec. 5, 1846. Later he distinguished himself in the Civil War, and died in January 1874.

18. Rayado, 40 miles east of Taos, and Rio Colorado (Red River), 30 miles north of Taos, were two points of the military frontier which was being established in 1850 for protection of the settlements and policing of the Territory. See *New Mexico Historical Review*, ix, 262-263.

19. Not to be confused, of course, with the great Colorado of the west; nor with the Red River of Natchitoches, already mentioned as sometimes confused with the Canadian River. This "Rio Colorado" today goes by the English name "Red River."

Apaches. While conferring with Doctor Wirts as to how to issue the supplies to the soldiers, he suggested that they be issued on the basis of every ten days. This was not satisfactory because on the seventh day the men were out of food. If I had not retained the rations for a non-existing laundress and two men in the guard house I would have been in difficulties; however, with this extra supply I managed to have sufficient food for the two days.

After this experience I issued only five days' rations and with-held the candles, which I exchanged with the people in the settlement for vegetables. However, the soldiers were up all times of the night gambling and, as necessity is the Mother-of-Invention developed thru need, the men substituted pine-knots, which served the purpose just as well.

We were stationed at a little Mexican town on the banks of the river. The natives had small farms to supply their needs. Their flocks of sheep and goats grazed on the hillsides under the care of a herder. The cattle and horses roamed nearby the settlement, grazing. It was in Rio Colorado that I met La Port,[20] a Canadian-Frenchman, who had settled here. He had discovered this place after traveling over the greater part of North America. His first visit to me was in the form of a complaint. The Company Horse Guard had gone to sleep and allowed the animals to break into a corn field, and then refused to pay the damages done. I advised Mr. La Port that I would look into the matter at once and that night, near midnight, I called on the guards and found them all asleep with their muskets stacked. I returned to La Port's house and requested his two sons to help me. We carried all the muskets to La Port's house; the next morning the men came in with the horses, and, as the Captains and Lieutenants were still in bed, I took charge. The men were dreadfully embarrassed without their guns. It was here that I ordered them to follow me. At La Port's house I informed them that their guns would be returned to them as soon as they settled for the damage done by the

20. La Port, another Frenchman, not known outside of these notes. If there has been a misreading, he may be the same as Francis, Choteau, or Antonio "Laforet." all of Taos County in 1850.

Company's horses. They each gave an order to settle for their portion of the damage. This had the desired effect, and from that time on the horses were properly cared for.

Before leaving Taos I had drawn a month's rations for the Company, but I was short some sheep. I had tried to get the balance of the order but to no avail. Fresh meat was one of the essentials I wanted to issue to the men. One day I complained to our Captain and as he was going to Taos he invited me to go with him and invited me to stay at his house. The next day I went to the Commissary Officer and made my complaint. I told him that I had received mutton at full weight and he advised me that according to regulations mutton was inferior to beef and that I should make a reduction of 20 to 25 per cent in receiving fresh meat. He gave me a letter to the Contractor to furnish 20 per cent additional mutton as beef, when supplying the Company with provisions. My Captain was a friend of the Contractor who furnished the fresh meat. On my way to carry this letter given me by the Commissary Officer, I chanced to meet the Captain, who had already been informed of my having complained regarding the supply of animals furnished for fresh meat. He was provoked and advised me that if I pressed the Contractor I would find myself in the guard house. After this intimidation I went to see Doctor Wirts, who advised me to carry out my original plan and keep the men supplied with the food they were entitled to, and referred me to Colonel Beall, stating that if my Captain put me in the guard house the Colonel would have me released at once. So I continued on to the Contractor and had it out with him. He offered to give me a percentage of all I could save for him, but I felt the men were entitled to all they could get and was going to do my utmost to see that they did.

I returned to Rio Colorado and continued my duty until the end of the month when I again had to return to Taos for more rations for my Company. At this time news of the murder of a party of travelers reached us. The outstanding feature was that Mr. White had been murdered, together with several other men, and Mrs. White, her child and negro

nurse had been stolen by the Apache Indians in a raid they made on a portion of the wagon train.[21]

My Company was ordered to be ready for a campaign against the depraving [depredating] Utes and Apache Indians, who had been responsible for many a murder. Before I left Taos, a rider was sent post-haste with a dispatch to have the Company move.

Major Greer,[22] in command of a Company of regular dragoons, was placed in charge of the expedition. Our Company was in charge of Captain José María Valdez.[23] Before leaving Taos I requested Major Greer to furnish me with a gun, as my private rifle had been left at Rio Colorado. He told me that a saber was enough for me, at the time, and as soon as we started action he would furnish me with a gun used by one of the artillery men. In the command we had two six-pounders. The volunteers left Taos on the first of November.

We encamped six or seven miles from Taos. The Captain and Lieutenants stayed in town that night, so the command of the Company was put in my care, and I was instructed to camp at the first good suitable place, which I did.

That night, as our camp was in the mountains, our horse guards had to shoot several times to keep a pack of wolves away, as they were plentiful and dangerous to our stock. The third night we arrived at a small settlement named Reyado, where L. B. Maxwell,[24] who was owner of most all the village, resided. Here we remained until we

21. This tragedy of the Santa Fé Trail occurred at Point of Rocks in October 1849. First word of it to reach Santa Fé was during the night of October 29. See Annie H. Abel (ed.), *The Official Correspondence of James S. Calhoun*, 63 and *passim*. Calhoun, as superintendent of Indian Affairs in New Mexico, was responsible to the Department of the Interior; Col. John Munroe (who had just succeeded Col. J. M. Washington as civil-military governor) was responsible to the War Department. One value of the Krönig notes is that they take us behind the scenes and we see the military wheels go around.

22. William Nicholson Grier, native of Pennsylvania, graduated from West Point in 1831 and was assigned to the U. S. Dragoons. By August 1846 he had been promoted to a captaincy; he was made a major in April 1861. But he had been brevetted major in March 1848 for gallantry in the battle of Santa Cruz de Rosales,—and this probably explains Krönig's use of the title here. That fact is hardly consonant with the part he plays in the ensuing campaign.

23. Probably a native of the Taos valley. We have his name as a grand juror there in 1847; and as an officer during the Civil War.

24. Lucien B. Maxwell, son-in-law of Judge Carlos Beaubien (note 16).

were joined later by the detachment Company. At this point we were met by our guides, Kit Carson, Juaquin Lerout,[25] Robert Fisher and Jesús Silva. From here we started pursuing the band of Indians who had murdered the White party.

It took us several days before we reached the point where, on a small creek, the murder took place. We followed the trail of the Indians by small bits of cloth and clothing found on the tree branches and underbrush. It was a hard trail to follow as they scattered in every direction. The trail would not be plain for miles, but towards evening would become plainer, as quite evidently the Indians seemed to join in making camp. However, the next morning, after following their trail but a short distance, the same moves were repeated, but we were able to keep on their trail. In a few days the trail became very plain and the Commanding Officer ordered that we provide ourselves with bread for 8 days, as no fires would be built during that time.

The regulars were provided with cooking utensils, but we poor volunteers had only a few pans in which our men fried their tortillas in brown grease; so after working faithfully all night, we only had a limited amount of bread on hand.

The third day found us volunteers without bread. We appealed to our Captain for permission to make bread in the day time by a fire made of dry twigs, which would make no smoke, but our request was sternly refused. Flour, stirred in water, was our only substitute.

On the 16th of the month, a full two hours before sundown, we found the abandoned Indian camp with some of the cottonwood sticks still smoldering in the ashes of their fire. Captain Valdez sent me at once to Major Greer with a request that he give us two fast horses on which to mount a couple of our best men, familiar with the country, to scout

25. This scout was of French origin, and his name correctly was Antoine Leroux, but he was often called "Antonio" and, for some reason (as here), "Joaquín." The definite statement that these four men as guides joined them here differs from the usual account.

ahead. But Major Greer, seeing, at the moment, no advantage to be gained, refused.

CHAPTER IV

It was about ten minutes before sundown; the Major changed his mind and sent two good horses to our camp. The Captain ordered two of our most experienced volunteers to mount at once and sent them ahead, but it was too late in the afternoon for them to accomplish anything. The darkness came suddenly. The Company camped in a grove of tall, cottonwood trees with many of the dead leaves still hanging to the branches, which made a very good screen; the Major, feeling that the Indians could not see us, gave his permission to have fires built. However, the light reflected high into the sky and we were very fortunate that the Indians did not see us.

When day came we were rested and eager to get started. Our first order was to mount, and followed the broad trail left by the Indians. All former precautions had been eliminated. The Company started on a trot and kept up this pace until we were in site of some Indian horses, grazing on the hills above their camp. This, of course, was a give-away as to the location of their camp, which we found near the bank of Red River.[26]

The Regulars, being better mounted than my Company, were ahead of us. They charged the village but halted on the decline of a hill leading to the camp when a bullet, fired by an Indian, struck the chest of our Commander, leaving a red mark without rupturing the skin. Major Greer claimed that his life was saved by a pair of buckskin gauntlet gloves being stuck under his shirt while not being worn. The bullet force had been lessened by the impact on the gloves.

At this time and during the confusion in which the Regulars were stopped, the Orderly Sergeant of the Company rode up to the Major, throwing down his carbine and saber, saying that he had no use for the tools of war if he was not allowed to use them while in sight of one of his country women who had been murdered by the Indians.

26. The Canadian River is meant.

The story is told that the Major pacified this soldier and did not reprimand him. The Major felt that he was to blame for allowing a slight scratch to stop his Company.

The volunteers followed as fast as their tired animals would permit. As we reached the top of the hill we were ordered to dismount, march down the hill and get between the Indians and the bulk of the horses. Being an Orderly Sergeant, I did not wish to be the last one, so I had to go into the skirmish on foot with nothing more than a Toledo blade. It was a very good one but not sufficient to fight a mounted Indian. Our Captain, seeing my predicament, gave me his gun. He had a brace of pistols as well. This inspired a new confidence, and it was my first time under fire.

The Indians retreated slowly but kept up the skirmishing in order that their families would have time to escape. All at once we were ordered to return to our horses, to get out of range of two cannons that had just arrived and were being set up to shoot. A few shots of grape and canister were fired without doing the Indians any harm except probably frightening them.

The Indians, knowing their families were a safe distance ahead, broke into a run. The Regulars and Volunteers pursued them, but were soon outdistanced and the Indians escaped.

We passed near the dead body of Mrs. White, leaning forward against some bushes. She was running toward us when shot and the arrow that took her life, struck at her back, seemed to have passed through her heart. It was a pitiful sight to see an American woman so ruthlessly killed by these heartless savages. They still had her baby and the negro nurse.

While in pursuit, I saw Bob Fisher, one of the scouts, shoot an Indian, seeing him fall, but when he returned after the battle, this Indian had disappeared. Doctor Reed[27] killed an Indian that had shot one of the servants in the hip with an arrow. Besides the two young Indian children, no other captives were taken. However, we were fortunate in capturing about 200 Indian horses and the large part of their

27. Doctor Reed is not identified.

camp equipment. This was the end of our brilliant campaign.

We buried Mrs. White near the spot where she was killed, leveling the ground and then building a big fire over the freshly disturbed earth.

We camped in a small grove with a rivulet running through it. The date was November 22nd, 1849. The Company rested through the day and that night, about eight o'clock, we were ordered to break camp and start toward Taos. It was a very dark and cloudy night; to the human eye the trails were not distinguishable and, to cap the climax, it began to snow about two hours after we started on the trail. We continued our march until after midnight, and having lost our direction, the Captain ordered us to make camp out on the open prairie. Twelve men were detailed to guard the horses. The storm was heavy and the horses began to drift with it. The guards were more fortunate than we, for the animals drifted into a canyon in which the men found fire wood and protection from the wind, which had began to blow. They also killed a fat colt and were well provided for during the storm.

The pilfering of the Indian camp fell to the Volunteers, which was very fortunate indeed, for without the extra robes found, three-fourths of the Company would have perished from cold and exposure. The Regular soldiers were well equipped for such weather.

The storm became more severe as time went on. I made myself as comfortable as possible, pulling off my boots, placing them on the ground under my head with my coat to make a pillow; I then spread two large buffalo robes on the ground, laping them over, so that I would be completely covered, head and all. It was just a short while until I was disturbed. One of the Lieutenants had staked a horse too close to me and the storm became more severe he broke loose to drift with it, and as he did he ran over my legs, bruising me considerably. I covered back up after this to escape the storm and did not show my face again until after noon. I had become tired from laying in such a position and as I raised the cover to get a look at the

outside world, a whiff of wind caught the robes and stripped me, and in no time my warm nest was covered with snow. I got up and looked around. The wind was so strong that I could hardly stand, much less walk against it. I had to put my hand over my mouth in order to breath. Through the snow I saw a tent dimly outlined. Here I felt I could find covering from the elements. I asked permission to enter, but the owner said there were already 23 persons inside and no room for anyone else. I squatted down near the tent, out of the wind. My feet were cold and I was beginning to feel that I did not care if I was ever warm or cold again; I was beginning to freeze to death; I wanted to sleep—that was all. Doctor Reed, thanks to him, gave me room and sat on my feet in an effort to warm them. He also gave me a blanket to put over my back, as the fine snow driven by the wind was coming through the heavy canvas of the tent.

It was twelve hours after I had come out from under my covers before the storm let up, and when it did, a light fog settled down over everything. During all this time I had not eaten anything except a dozen piñon nuts, but I was no worse off than the rest of the Company. We could see just a few hundred feet around us on account of the fog; so we set to work building fires with bark saddles and other wood material near at hand. It was a sure thing that now we would have to have something to eat before long. The fog lifted and as our fires had just began to burn we could see a fine strip of timber about a half-mile away. I dug around for my boots and coat, and with the rest of the men, ran for the timber. In just a short time we had our fires blazing and a hot meal ready. The horse guards returned, but they were not hungry; they had cooked steaks cut from the colt they killed.

My friend, Viereck, had for some cause left his bed and when the wind blew his cover away, seeing a large snow drift, seemed to think he could find shelter there; he dug down into the snow and found a robe and blanket and proceeded to get under them, but to his great surprise he was lying on top of a human being, who cursed and ordered him off. Our Captain used some very abusive language but

Viereck was not to be moved, once he found comfort and protection from the storm. A good many years later, when I met the Captain, this incident afforded us quite a laugh.

We were not very fortunate, for out of the 260 horses and 40 pack mules that we started with from our last camp, we had only sufficient animals to mount the Company, and probably six or eight in reserve. We felt lucky, indeed, that we, ourselves, came out alive.

During the day we moved on and that night camped near the junction of the Mora and Sapelló Rivers. On the following day we reached La Junta, a small settlement,[28] at which point we were able to replenish our food supply. From this point we followed the Mora River up to La Cueva where we made camp in a large cave; by noon the next day we reached the town of Mora, one of the largest Mexican settlements in northern New Mexico. At this point we drew additional fresh meats and other foods and settled down for a couple of days rest, which we were badly in need of, as we had been battling the driving snow and drifts for three days. Our trip over the mountains required all the skill we had to march through the deep snow, but we finally reached Taos.

The next day, December 3, 1849, a cold, cloudy, bleak winter-day, we were mustered out. However, before we were dismissed for the last time, I advised the Captain that I would like to talk to the Company. I had still three days' rations for each and everyone. I made my little speech and was greeted by a remark from a soldier in the front line, as follows: "You have been fair with us so I will give you my share of the rations." Before I had a chance to say anything, the whole Company followed suit. My efforts were of no avail to trying to make them take their rations. They each came to me and thanked me again, which, in itself, was sufficient reward for my efforts to see that they were treated fairly. Through the companionship of these few months many a friendship developed and lasted through the long years of my life.

28. La Junta was evidently in the Mora valley, as was also La Cueva, below. They were heading westward to cross the mountains and drop down into the Taos valley.

The Regulars left during the snow storm and became lost; they suffered terribly; a negro, serving one of the officers, became lost and was never seen again. However, they finally reached Las Vegas, where they stayed until the storm was over.

While loafing around Taos, a Mr. Casey, clerk in one of the military offices, requested that I copy the report of the expedition, as he was anxious to go to a dance or ball (fandango). I copied it and to my surprise I read of the wonders that we had performed. The report went on to say that there were fifty-two Indians killed, and the balance of two tribes frozen to death in the snow storm.[29] While at work on the report, Colonel Beall stepped into the office and asked what I thought of it. I replied that according to the report, our success had been a very brilliant one; to this he remarked "that it was paper talk."

CHAPTER V

It was beginning to get colder and I felt that I needed a place to stay through the cold months of the year. As I had an invitation to visit La Port, at Rio Colorado, I saddled my horse, packing all the rations on a pack animal, and headed for this point. The distance seemed short compared to what it did when I first made the trip. I was greeted with all the courtesy that anyone could expect. Here I was entertained by his family. La Port's two sons and son-in-law were eager to go on a hunt. They were not particular as to the kind of game, just to return by Christmas with some meat, to celebrate. So the hunt was planned. The heavy snow had frozen over with the cold weather and the crust made walking easy, but the crunching noise frightened all the animals away. Christmas morning found us five miles from the settlement with but one onion and some bread crusts, that felt like they were frozen. We were indeed hungry, but having made our brags about bringing home some game, we did not want to return without something to show.

29. Krönig's estimate of this military "report" and Colonel Beall's comment suggest that such official records may often be of dubious value.

Our fire was burning brightly and we kept it bright so that we would not freeze. I happened to look toward the east and to my surprise there stood a large grey timber wolf not a hundred yards away from us. There were three guns aimed and fired simultaneously at the animal without a word from any one of us. The wolf was dead and before the animal heat was out of him we were roasting him on the fire; the fat oozed out of the meat into the flame while roasting. I was rather timid about eating it, but noticing that my two companions seemed to be enjoying their portion, I layed into it, and after tasting it ate as ravenously as they did. It seemed to me that the taste was similar to a fat mutton.

This encouraged us and we strolled off again through the hard and frozen snow and toward evening we found a turkey roost. It was no time at all until we had a half dozen large turkeys; so we headed back toward town, arriving there just in time to celebrate the evening of Christmas Day. However, the turkeys were cooked the next day and I can truthfully say I never enjoyed a dinner more than that one.

This incident gave me an idea; perhaps I could sell the game I killed in Taos. My first kill was a large, blacktail doe; after properly bleeding and cleaning her I securely tied her on my pack saddle, going into Taos, where I sold the animal for four dollars. This kind of employment was going to be very nice except for the fact I was forced to go thirty miles to my hunting grounds. While in the store making some small purchases and thinking of this venture I was embarked upon, I again met Colonel Beall, who, greeting me in a friendly manner, inquired as to what I was doing for a living. I informed him that I had just made $4.00 from the sale of a deer that I had brought in and I was just getting ready to start out again. It would probably take me three days to kill another deer and return to Taos. The Colonel asked me how much I expected to make a month and I replied that I thought I could make about $30.00. He looked at me and thought a minute, then said: "You're just the man I want." He looked at me again and said: "Yes, you are. I can offer you more money than you

are making, if you will agree to perform a mission for me." Before I could reply, he said: "Would you like to earn the $5.00 a day I mentioned, even though the mission is a very dangerous one?" I replied, "For $5.00 a day I will go anywhere." Then he came out with the story.

The Colonel had been ordered to make every possible effort to recover the baby stolen from the White family. He had heard many rumors that the child was still in the hands of the Indians and was being well cared for, and was taking this way of tracing down the stories. He realized, of course, that many times rumors were just false hopes, but to save the baby's life a chance could be taken.

My instructions from the Colonel were to go to the tribe of Indians he designated and tell them that the Great White Father wanted them to come into Taos and make peace, and at the same time find out all I could about the baby and negro nurse. I was also to impress upon them that they would be properly treated.

My former friend and room-mate, Schlesinger, had not been able to obtain any employment since he was mustered out of the Volunteers, so I was able to make an agreement with him to go with me. I was to pay him One Dollar a day for his services. I borrowed two good horses from my former teacher.[30] One of the animals, a fine Kentucky mare, well acclimated, was claimed by Schlesinger for his mount on the trip; the other, a chestnut sorrel, was a rather vicious animal from California. Schlesinger's horse was gentle, but mine was of such a disposition that I was thrown three times before I was able to stick to the saddle. The snow was deep and so the falls caused no ill effects. Before long we were off on our trip.

CHAPTER VI

Our first day was over a trodden snow pathway and we managed to reach Rio Colorado that evening. The snow covered hills and valleys and delayed our travel somewhat, but we were able to make the trip in fair time.

30. Evidently the Mr. Mink, earlier mentioned as located at Plaza Alcalde. See note 13.

At Rio Colorado, the first man that I saw was La Port, and after a cordial invitation we went to his house for the night. I explained to him regarding my new job. He was amazed that the Commanding Officer, Colonel Beall, would send two green-horns out on such a mission, and he tried to persuade me not to go, saying that if I went it would be the last he would see of me. However, no amount of argument would turn me from the commission that I had accepted and principally for the $5.00 a day. La Port's argument was that the Utes or Apaches would finally get me and that would be the end.

Seeing that I was determined to go on, he gave me the advice much as a father would give his son. Proposing peace to the Utes, he felt, was just a matter of getting some men into a trap and being killed. Any news of this kind generally came to him first before going to the Colonel at Taos. Having lived in this country for many years he knew conditions and knew where the Utes could be found, also knew their customs as well as the rest of the plains and mountains Indians. He led me to the roof of his house and pointed out the Sierra Blanca, telling me to keep to the right of it and follow up the Saint Louis Valley,[31] where I could no doubt find the tribes of Indians I was looking for.

We provided ourselves with provisions for ten days, a little corn for the horses, and started out on our expedition. The snow was knee deep on the horses and the going was tough. After traveling all day, we reached a small curve in the river known as El Cervo de los Utahs, which was about fifteen miles from our starting point.

Then came the problem of the night's rest. We managed to find a place to camp. On the south side was a bare piece of wind-swept ground, which was covered with a fine growth of grass, suitable for grazing our horses for the night. The problem of water for ourselves and the horses was solved by heating rocks and putting them in a hole filled with snow; after which we put out the fire, as we did

31. This was, of course, the well-known San Luis valley. All of it north of 37° north latitude and also Sierra Blanca lay in the strip which was taken from New Mexico when Colorado was created a Territory in 1861.

not want the Indians to know that we were on our way to see them, preferring to take them by surprise. The country was so located that a light could be seen for about 20 miles under the right conditions. The night was cold and I was miserable and could hardly sleep. However, at daybreak I again kindled the fire and we cooked our breakfast and continued on our way.

The next day we traveled until evening, finally stopping at a small stream flowing west toward the Rio Bravo or Rio Grande. The weather was so cold that we could find no place where the water was flowing and as we tried to break the ice found that it was frozen solid. So we again had to repeat melting the snow to make water for our horses to drink. We again slept or tried to sleep through the night without a fire. I was not bothered so much, as I seemed to be getting used to the severe weather; however, I was very cold. The night passed and we continued northward on our journey.

It was the third. About noon, traveling slowly through the snow, my companion sighted what we assumed to be a band of men riding toward us; there seemed to be at least 20 in number and they appeared to be coming fast. About this time we came upon an abandoned corral, probably used by the Indians or Mexicans to hold their sheep for a few days, while they camped in this locality. It was located near some high rocks at the base of the hills and built fairly high, presumably to protect their animals from wolves. The horses kept coming toward us and we made ready to protect ourselves. Dismounting we tied our horses behind some small cedar trees on the hill-side of this covering. We then stationed ourselves behind the wall with our guns, ready to sell our lives at a cost, if necessary. We were blinded to a certain extent by the snow, and our vision was not too good; however, we watched the animals come nearer and nearer, getting ready to fire the moment the supposed enemy came close enough. We felt sure that in this country no band of men would be running around except Indians. The closer they came, the surer I was that they were Indians; all at once they turned to the left, about a quarter of a mile,

and a profile view was broadside to us; we could see that they were only a band of wild horses. We both drew a big sigh of relief.

That night we made our camp near Fort Garland.[32] The weather had moderated some and we were more comfortable. At this point our camp afforded us with a little more comfort, but we continued to put out our fires at night. The succeeding nights of camping were uneventful. We traveled on through the snow, passing over the mountains at Mosio Pass.[33] After a dreary seven day's travel we found a fresh trail in the snow. It was the first sign of a human being since we left Rio Colorado. After traveling for about a mile, we could see the Indian village along a small stream. We could see their horses along the water's edge among the willows a good mile away from the village.

Among the Indian tribes of the plains and mountains there is a mutual agreement that once the enemy gets into camp, the Indians will feed and shelter them, but when they leave the camp their obligation is over, and they will kill them.

Some of the Indians on foot around their camp saw us and ran for their horses; but we whipped our tired animals to make them run faster and reached camp first, diving into the first lodge we came to, the Indians right behind us. However, we were now safe. We carried our guns and ammunition with us for protection; in case we were attacked we could fight our way out or sell ourselves at a dear price.

Our reception was rather cold and not even gifts of tobacco were accepted. Now that we were in the camp, the Indians seemed to follow their rule not to molest us. I went out to see if I could find their Chief (Chico Belasquez). I had heard it said that when he was a boy he had lived with the Mexicans and herded sheep for them and could speak very well. He had probably been a captive. The first

32. This is one of the anachronisms which show that Krönig was writing from memory rather than from contemporary notes. Fort Garland was on Ute Creek in Costilla County, Colorado, but it was not established until 1858, replacing the earlier Fort Massachusetts (1852) on the same creek but six miles further north.

33. Possibly Mosca Pass is meant, which was to the north of Sierra Blanca.

Indian I asked refused to answer me and I had some difficulty in finding him, but after visiting all the lodges I finally succeeded. The message Colonel Beall had given me was delivered to him, but the Chief would give me no answer. I noticed that he ordered twenty or thirty of the younger men out on the trail in all directions. Long after dark they returned and it was then that the Chief spoke his first word to me. He told me he thought we were just spies and had lost our way; that he wanted to assure himself we were just conveying a message to him. Receiving word from his scouts that they found only two tracks for a long distance, he felt we told him the truth.

Food was ordered by him at once and the squaws brought forth boiled buffalo meat, with the hair still sticking to it, but if a hungry man was going to let something like this stop his eating in a place like this, he would starve to death. So I ate the meat, and with relish. The hair sticking on the meat went down just as the rest of it did. The separating of the hair would have taken time and my stomach would not stand the wait.

After we had consumed the food, the Chief called all his sub-chiefs and influential men into the lodge where we were and we all squatted around the fire, built in the center of the room. There was a large opening through the roof in which the smoke escaped. After we were all seated the Chief asked me for some tobacco. I produced a supply which was composed of fine-cut, mixed with dry bark of the red willow. During my last run for the lodge I had lost my pipe and to complete the smoke of peace it was necessary to have a pipe. I told the Council that I had lost my pipe. Well, the Indians were not to be out-done by anyone, so one of them manufactured a pipe out of reed or cane and we were ready to proceed with our meeting. The pipe was passed to me but I declined to smoke it as I knew the tobacco was of a poor kind, having purchased it as an article to trade with, and having lost my personal tobacco at the time I lost my pipe. The Chief was rather indignant, pointing out to me that my intentions were not good. I apologized to him, telling the Council that I did not under-

stand their custom, that I would be glad to smoke the Pipe of Peace with them, and after that, as many times as the pipe was passed, I took the necessary whiffs and acted as though I liked it. I had to admit the tobacco was vile and felt that I was being justly punished for trying to pass such stuff off on the unsuspecting Indians. After the pipe was passed around several times, the Chief asked me for my credentials. The Colonel had not given me any papers and for the moment I was lost; then the happy thought, to show my Quartermaster Department order, came to me; this stated that I was to receive five dollars a day for the time I was absent from Taos on the trip to the Ute Indian camp. I handed it to the Chief and he to the Indian next to him and so it went around the Council, finally returning to me; it seemed to be a satisfactory answer. The Chief conversed in Ute language, which I did not understand. The Council kept up the conversation for a long time and out of the clear sky the Chief said, "Tell your Chief that we will come to Taos as soon as the grass is long enough so that it will keep the horses strong; also, that we will kill no more Americans and Mexicans." From all I have been able to learn, that promise was kept. The Chief then told me that the White baby had died, also that the negro nurse was dead.

After the pact was made, my companion and myself had the freedom of the camp and the Chief asked me to stay in his lodge as his special guest. I did not quite see the reason for this, but later caught on, for the Chief asked me to play a game of "Cammita," a Mexican and Indian game. The method of playing was using four hollow canes about six inches long. A piece of copper is placed in one of the canes and the game consisted of guessing which cane the copper was in. It was something like the shell game, except they were not sufficiently advanced to trick the person guessing. It was rather easy for me to guess where the Chief placed the copper, and I was rather reluctant in allowing him to win. But I purposely made blunder after blunder especially to please him, and to say the least, it delighted my host.

CHAPTER VII

We had a fair supply of ammunition and I was asked to give it to the Indians but I refused, explaining to the Chiefs that I had to account and render a statement for everything used on the trip when I returned to Taos. This must have made a good impression on these savages as I was frequently away from my equipment and nothing was disturbed. My best saddle and other supplies were left in the lodge untouched.

Each night I remained with the Chief and others playing "Cammita." I was becoming weary of the game, but it pleased them and I felt I was making friends. One night while playing, I asked the Chief regarding certain ornaments he was wearing on his leggins. He pointed to a cluster hanging to one leggin, saying, "These are Mexican fingernails," then pointing to another cluster, "These are American fingernails, and these," the last cluster, "are Negro fingernails." It was here that I said a silent prayer of thankfulness for myself and companion for reaching the lodge ahead of these fierce people. Our fingernails might have been added to those leggins.

Chief Belasquez was a very inquisitive devil; seeing that my language was not expressed like the Americans he had been used to, and neither was it like the Mexicans, he asked me where I came from. To explain, I drew a map of the world on the sand in his lodge, going into as much detail as I possibly could, and trying to answer his questions as comprehensively as possible. He had heard of the ocean and was interested in knowing how long it took me to cross the big water. After a long session of describing my trip across the country he suddenly asked me how gun powder was made. Not having a ready reply, I answered that it grew like wheat. He put his hand to his mouth giving me to understand that he was surprised. For a little while he remained silent and then said: "Did you notice three mountains in the distance when you were running to the village?" I responded in the affirmative that I had clearly noticed these three mountains. "Then it's a pity you did not get here a few hours sooner because God was in camp and

he took the mountain on the left side, placing it on top of the mountain in the center and then he took the mountain on the right side and placed it on top of the other two, and they reached up into heaven." I was never able to figure out just why he told me this story unless it was to let me know that I was lying to him about the making of gun powder.

A war party came in from somewhere, bringing three scalps of some hunters they had surprised. These Arapaghoe Indians[34] had been asleep when this Ute party came upon them, killing and scalping them as they slept. Becoming interested as to how the murder happened, I again talked to the Chief, who very graciously gave me the details. The Utes were hunting over the mountains near the present Canyon City,[35] when they noticed a small fire burning under some trees. The three Arapaghoes slept nearby with part of a carcass of a deer. They apparently had been hungry a long time and when the deer was killed they proceeded to gorge themselves until their bellies were tight as drums and, like an animal, they could not keep their eyes opened. It was too bad for them, as they never opened their eyes again. The Utes killed them on the spot, scalping them and leaving their puffed bodies for the wolves and cayotes to devour. However, they took the remains of the deer carcass. They were successful themselves in the hunt, and after killing all the game they could carry, returned to camp.

By evening the scalp dance was in progress. A large section of ground had been cleared of snow. Piles of wood were brought in and as soon as the skies darkened, the dance began. This was the Squaws' chance, as only women participated in the dance of death. The fires caused wierd shadows over the snow but the squaws danced on; they would spit on the scalps and their facial expressions were

34. This spelling of Arapaho is not listed by Hodge, *Handbook of American Indians*, I, 72-74. From 1840 the Arapaho were at peace "with the Sioux, Kiowa, and Comanche but were always at war with the Shoshoni, Ute, and Pawnee until they were confined upon reservations."

35. Another indication of when Krönig was writing. Cañon City had its origin not before 1859 or early 1860.

of hate for their enemy. The scalps were then thrown on the ground and the squaws trampled them with their moccasined feet. Gruesome as it was, we spent a thrilling evening but were very depressed to think that the whole program was brought about by the hunters bringing in the scalps of the unsuspecting and unfortunate Red men. I was mighty thankful that I was not a source for their expression of vengeance.

Our horses had been turned loose so that they could recuperate from the strenuous riding and travel we had given them. Our invitation to stay with this tribe was genuine and we did stay, but the food was very poor; they had lost nearly all their belongings in the fights on the Canadian or Red River, followed by the severe snow storms earlier described. It was amusing for me to think that recently I had been with an armed force fighting these poor savages, and now I was practically breaking bread with them.

Our visit was concluded and we made ready to return to Taos. Chief Belasquez expressed sorrow that I was to leave, that he could not play Cammita with me any more, and that he had enjoyed our visit. Our horses were brought in, saddled for us and a good supply of meat was given us for our return trip; and to my surprise, we were given an escort of eight mounted Indians to protect us from the Apaches. The return trip was uneventful and when our party reached a point about 35 miles from Rio Colorado the escort left us, telling us to ride to the settlement without a stop, as it was very dangerous with the Apaches loose. About noon the next day we reached Rio Colorado. My companion and I rode into the village to La Port's house, where the astonished family gave us our usual welcome. La Port said that he never expected to see us alive again, as we had been most daring. We rested that afternoon and night, and the next day were on our way to Taos.

Soon after our arrival, I called on Colonel Beall to give him Chief Belasquez's answer. He invited me in and poured a glass of wine for me. He was very kind and inquired into the condition of the trail and after I had

recited the whole adventure he said, "I haven't slept a night since you left. I do not know what I was thinking about to have sent you on such a mission. The job was done better than I could have done it myself and I thank God that you are back and unharmed." When I claimed my pay for the trip he put me off from day to day; after a while he did give me a Quartermaster Order for the pay for the entire time, even the time I had been waiting in Táos to collect it. When I got the money, I felt like a millionaire; however I did not waste it as I had had enough of gambling and loaning money.

A short time later, the Colonel came to me telling me that he had another job that I could do for him. I was to be what he called an "undercover man." In the town of Rio Colorado there was a Mexican woman married to an Apache Indian. He had been shot in the knee and was of very little use on a horse and could no longer fight; but the Colonel thought that he was giving the tribes information regarding the movement of the troops. I obtained a little cabin in the vicinity of the Indian's home and proceeded to sit and watch to see if he had any night visitors from his people. I sat up a month while this Indian slept. Finally I made a trip to Taos and informed Colonel Beall that the Indian was not receiving visitors and that he did not seem to be in contact with the tribes at all. I was paid off and collected at the rate of twenty-five dollars a month, which was big wages in those times.

At the Quatermaster's office I met Mr. Quinn,[36] a beef contractor, and the gentleman with whom I had words regarding the furnishing of the proper amount of meat to the Volunteers; I was about to pass him by when he spoke. I was under the impression that he would not be friendly

36: Without doubt, this was James H. Quinn of Taos (and Santa Fé) who is better known from his participation in Territorial affairs. From October 1846 to August 1849 he was attorney for the southern district; he was one of the thirteen signers of the memorial to congress, (dated Santa Fé, Oct. 14, 1848) against the Texan boundary claims and against the introduction of slavery in New Mexico; in 1853 he was president of the Territorial council. Krönig adds to our knowledge as to his business activities, supplementing the fact that in 1850 he was operating a mill and distillery near Arroyo Hondo. Blanche Grant (*When Old Trails Were New*, 156, 303) tells us that Quinn was an Irishman and a cousin of Stephen A. Douglas.

as I had refused to accept his bribe. He asked me if I wished to establish myself in business at Rio Colorado. I told him I did, but hardly expected to receive a proposition from him, inasmuch as I had previously turned down his offer and could not understand why he should now consider me. This he explained; my former dealings with him were honest and he wanted to deal with a man he could trust. He then outlined his proposition. He was to furnish all the salable goods and I was to provide myself with a store and collect a certain percentage of the goods I sold. This sounded good to me so I went immediately to Rio Colorado, located a store building, prepared shelves and counters and then returned to Taos for the merchandise. I was soon installed as a storekeeper. I had some competition but was satisfied with a fair profit, and in a short time had most of the business.

This village was very quiet as there was yet no mail route established between Rio Colorado and Taos, or any newspapers. The distance between these two towns was only 30 miles but there were few people in this community who could read or write, so we had to go to Taos for our mail and reading material.

Owing to the great depth of snow in the mountains, the Indians had been quiet; no crime had been committed in the vicinity. They had operated on the east side of the mountains, stealing and killing where-ever the opportunity presented itself.

The stage coach carrying United States mail was attacked near Santa Clara Springs.[37] The driver and passengers were killed in a running fight. If they had not been killed, they would no doubt have been tortured to death, to amuse these savages. The mail sacks were scattered over the prairie and many letters and papers were blown over a large area. It was months before the papers were all picked up; and it is probable that some of this mail never was found. There was one letter for me from Germany. The envelope was torn but it reached me safely. It was from my family, written by different members, who

37. Santa Clara Springs was on the Santa Fé Trail, near Wagon Mound, 134 miles from Santa Fé.

gave me the interesting news of my home. However, I was a little homesick for the time being, in this vast unsettled country.

Shortly after this episode, at Rio Colorado, a little Mexican mill, its large hoppers filled with grain, was robbed. The mill was generally left alone at night. Horses and cattle were now being stolen. The Indians had become so bold as to enter right into the village.

At La Port's home one morning I was finishing breakfast when Beaubien, nephew of the Judge,[38] asked for help to follow some Indians that had stolen twelve head of cattle he owned. La Port's sons and myself made ready as soon as possible and were joined by others of the village to pursue the Indians. We expected to overtake them shortly, as the cattle had been taken within sight of the town, and did not consider it necessary to take any provisions with us. This was a sad mistake, as what follows will show. We fully expected the Indians to take the broad trail of Red River Canyon; but to our dismay we found that they had taken a seldom-used trail to the mountains, over which our horses could not travel and were useless to us. It became necessary that we follow them on foot. The Indians had a start of about one and one-half miles, and we were well on the trail when we found a cow, killed and partly skinned; the Indians had only taken a part of the tenderloin. It is probable that the cow became obstinate and so was killed.

One of our men decided to stay behind, but later changed his mind and caught up with us before we had traveled far. Over his shoulder he had a piece of rawhide, used in making Moccasin soles. The Indians were kept in sight all day and occasionally gave us a verbal abuse from a safe distance. Night overtook us at the Costilla River. Here the Indians outdistanced us, and we ended our pursuit. When darkness came we kindled a fire as the weather was quite chilly. We made up our minds we would have to do without supper. We bedded down for the night. I was too tired to sleep, but found a comfortable place against a rock

38. No such nephew is known from other sources.

where I could lay my tired body and rest. I dozed off for a short time and came to life when the smell of burning hair penetrated the air, which was soon followed by the odor of fresh meat roasting. This brought me to my feet and looking around I saw one of my companions eating some of the rawhide. I asked for some and they cut it up in small pieces for me and I swallowed it. This relieved my aching stomach. Mr. Beaubien, a man of advancing years, was completely broken by next morning and was unable to walk back. We sent one of the men, best able to travel, to town for a horse. We then made a litter and moved the tired man down the mountains to await return of the messenger on the wagon road. Here we left him comfortable, except for hunger. We traveled six miles to a sheep ranch, where the family had a number of goats. With their permission, we filled ourselves with milk, which gave us strength to return home.

(To be concluded)

THE SPREAD OF SPANISH HORSES IN THE SOUTHWEST

By D. E. WORCESTER

WHERE did the Plains Indians get their horses? This question has been the basis of much speculation and research.[1] The accounts of the early explorers and settlers of the Southwest make the answer clear indeed. The Plains Indians did not acquire horses through strays being lost by Spanish expeditions, as has been suggested by some writers. Spanish ranches—of New Mexico, Sonora, Chihuahua, Nueva Vizcaya, and Coahuila—supplied both the horses and the horsemanship of the Indians of the Southwest. The use of horses spread rapidly to the north and east, though few tribes possessed large numbers until the 18th century. The purpose of this paper is to trace briefly the diffusion of Spanish horses in the Southwest during the 17th century.

Ranches were begun in New Mexico around 1600. Apache raiding on Spanish herds ensued. By 1608 the settlers were so discouraged that they requested permission to return to New Spain.[2] It became increasingly difficult for the missionaries to keep their Pueblo converts satisfied. As a reward for their faith, Fray Francisco de Velasco recommended, in 1609, succoring them with gifts of cattle, goats, ewes, and mares.[3]

In 1621, the *encomenderos* of New Mexico were authorized to use Indians as herders and teamsters.[4] Thus, at an early stage of the settling of New Mexico, converts were allowed to use horses, in contrast to the usual Spanish custom of prohibiting Indians from riding.

Spanish livestock became very abundant in New Mexico, according to the report of Fray Alonso de Benavides, in 1630. He mentioned especially the horses, which were said

1. See Wissler, Haines, Aiton, and Denhardt.

2. Fray Lázaro de Ximénez, *Mandamiento para que el gobernador de la nueva mexico* . . . 6 marzo, 1608, Archivo General de Indias, 58-3-16.

3. Fray Francisco de Velasco, *Memorial de nueva mexico*, 9 abril, 1609 Archivo General de Indias, 59-1-5.

4. Marqués del Guadalcázar, Archivo General de Indias, 58-3-18.

to be excellent for military purposes. Benavides estimated that the *encomenderos* of Santa Fé had in their service 700 Indians; so that, including Spaniards, *mestizos*, and Indians, there were 1,000 persons in the villa. These people, he stated, were very punctual in obedience to the governor, and came forth with their own arms and horses whenever required.[5]

A number of documents verify the abundance of livestock in New Mexico, while others refer to Indians possessing cattle and horses. In 1638, Fray Juan de Prada wrote that without cattle-raising it would be difficult for the missions to survive. He also reported a tendency on the part of disgruntled converts to apostatize and join the heathen tribes.[6] It is impossible to determine exactly when the Apaches began using horses otherwise than for food, though very likely it was between 1620 and 1630; possibly earlier, but certainly not later.

In 1639, the governor of New Mexico wrote:

> In some *doctrinas* I saw they had some sheep and cattle, but I always heard it said they were the property of the natives themselves, and I cannot with certainty say a thing to the contrary.[7]

At the same time, the *cabildo* of Santa Fé wrote the viceroy deploring the fact that the missions had so much livestock. It was suggested, inasmuch as the king contributed to the support of the missionaries, that their cattle be divided among the settlers.

> The same should be done with the horses that all of them have—as many as twenty, thirty, forty apiece—for there are many soldiers so poor that through inability to buy horses and arms they are incapable of serving his Majesty. In this way a great deal of trouble would be saved the Indians, for they are occupied in guarding the cattle and horses . . . and the stables where they keep three or four saddle horses very daintily, for they are

5. Alonso de Benavides, *Memorial*, 1630, (E. Ayer translation, Chicago, 1916), 23.
6. C. W. Hackett, ed., *Historical documents relating to New Mexico, Nueva Vizcaya, and approaches thereto.* (Wash., D. C. 1926-37), iii, 111.
7. *Ibid.*, 117.

> quite valuable, and are taken to be sold in New Spain . . . The worst thing . . . is that the religious hold most of the armor for the horses, leather jackets, swords, arquebuses, and pistols . . .[8]

By 1650, there are reports of horses being used by Indians in conflicts with Spaniards. Apaches and Teguas joined in an attempt to overcome the colonists, and horses were stolen to be used in the revolt. The attempt failed, and the horses were recovered. The Spaniards learned that they had been delivered by the Christian Indians of Sandía and Alameda.[9]

The desire of many tribes to possess horses eventually resulted in the disappearance of livestock from around the Spanish settlements. Though these forays were attributed mainly to the Apaches, tribes from Texas and the Plains participated in them. In 1672, Fray Francisco de Ayeta declared that the province of New Mexico was totally sacked. With the supplies which he procured for New Mexico a few years later, Ayeta brought 1,000 horses.[10] He returned to the city of Mexico to petition for more men and arms, and for an additional 1,000 horses.[11]

During the Pueblo uprising of 1680, the Spaniards of New Mexico were deprived of most of the livestock remaining in their possession. Thus, in giving his reasons for abandoning Isleta, Alonso García wrote of the 120 persons who had been killed, and of the loss of their arms, and enough horses and cattle to sustain the Apaches for more than four months.[12] Some *maestres de campo* urged that a report be made to the king so he could

> make provision for a return to the reconquest, which today is more dangerous owing to the cunning and audacity of the many treacherous and capable enemies, alike as horsemen and in the handling of firearms, lances, and other weapons . . .[13]

8. Hackett, *op. cit.*, iii, 71.
9. W. W. H. Davis, *The Spanish conquest of New Mexico,* (Doylestown, Pa., 1869), 282.
10. Hackett, *op. cit.*, iii, 291.
11. *Ibid.*, 296.
12. R. E. Twitchell, ed., *Spanish archives of New Mexico,* (Cedar Rapids, 1904), ii, 15.
13. *Ibid.*, 37.

Raiding continued after the Pueblo Revolt. Apache thievery was, in fact, taken for granted in New Mexico. In 1682, Fray Nicolas de Hurtado wrote from El Paso:

> Everything here is in good condition, where it has been quiet. Only the Apaches have done what is their custom. For, during the present month of January, there have been stolen two hundred animals . . .[14]

In the same year, the Jumanos sent two delegations to El Paso to request aid against the Apaches, who, they said, continually stole their horses.

A description of the state of affairs of Nueva Vizcaya in the 1680s gives an idea of the forays of Cibolos, Apaches, and other nomadic tribes of that region:

> At the same time they are voracious when they steal some cattle or horses (which is what they most eagerly desire, since they secure in this way two ends, first their maintenance, for their greatest treat is this kind of food, and second, as a result of the [Spanish] inhabitants being forced to go on foot, they are able without resistance to obtain possession of the province).[15]

During the same period, Fray Alonso de Posadas reported that he had seen Apaches trading captive Indian women of the Quivira nation for horses with the Indians of the Pecos pueblos. He also mentioned the usual raids on the herds of the Spaniards.[16]

The accounts of the French explorers offer evidence of the spread of horses eastward and northward from New Mexico. In 1682 La Salle saw horses among the Kiowa Apaches. Meanwhile Henri de Tonty was visiting the Missouris, of whom he said:

> There are even villages which use horses to go to war and to carry the carcasses of the cattle which they kill.[17]

14. Hurtado to Xavier, in Autos Pertenecientes, 99, quoted in C. W. Hackett, "Otermín's attempt to reconquer New Mexico, 1681-1682," *Old Santa Fé*, iii, 128.

15. Hackett, *op. cit.*, ii, 221.

16. Posadas, *Report*, 1686; Archivo Gen. y Pub. Hist. 3 (Bancroft Library transcript).

17. P. Margry, *Memoires et documents pour servir a l'histoire des origenes francaises des pays d'outre-mer* (Paris, 1879), i, 595.

In 1687, La Salle was among the Hasinai and their allies in eastern Texas. Joutel, chronicler of the expedition, wrote:

> Those we were with then were called Teao [Texas] whom we had not before heard named. They talked of a great nation called Ayona and Canohatino who were at war with the Spaniards, from whom they stole horses, and told us that one hundred Spaniards were to have come to join the Cenis to carry on that war, but having heard of our march, they went back . . . He (La Salle) proposed to them to barter for horses; but they caused them to be conveyed out of the way, for fear we should take them away, excepting one bay, which Monsieur de La Salle agreed for and returned to us.[18]

Three years later Tonty journeyed to eastern Texas in search of La Salle. He reached a Caddo village on the Red River, and remarked in his memoir:

> The Cadodaquis possess about thirty horses, which they call *cavalis*.[19]

Tonty continued until he reached the Hasinai village of Naouadiche, where La Salle had been in 1687.

> I told their chief I wanted four horses for my return, and having given him seven hatchets and a string of large glass beads, they gave me the next day four Spanish horses, two of which were marked on the haunch with an 'R' and a crown above it, and another with an 'N.' Horses are very common among them. There is not a cabin which has not four or five. As this nation is sometimes at war with the Spaniards, they take advantage of a war to carry off their horses.[20]

Later on, Tonty added:

> I forgot to say that the savages who have horses use them both for war and hunting. They make pointed saddles, wooden stirrups, and body

18. H. R. Stiles, ed., *Joutel's journal of La Salle's last voyage 1684-87* (New York, 1906) pp. 126-127.

19. L. P. Kellogg, ed., *Early Narratives of the Northwest 1688-1699* (New York, 1917), 316.

20. L. P. Kellogg, *op. cit.*, 317.

> covering of several skins, one over the other, as a protection from arrows. They arm the breasts of their horses with the same materials, a proof that they are not very far from the Spaniards.[21]

The effect of the use of horses in inter-tribal warfare can be seen first in the success of the Apaches against neighboring tribes. In 1689, Father Massanet wrote of them:

> The Apaches form a chain running from east to west, and wage war with all; with the Salineros alone do they maintain peace. They have always had wars with the Spaniards of New Mexico, for although truces have been made, they have endured little. In the end they conquer all the tribes; yet it is said they are not brave because they fight with armoured horses. They have offensive and defensive weapons, and are very skilful and warlike Indians.[22]

Methods of Indian warfare and horse-stealing in Parral were described by José Francisco Marín, 1693.

> Their first care is to strike down the horses. This, with the great skill that attends them in the use of such arms, they easily accomplish, and being dismounted, the travelers are left defenseless and become victims of their customary cruelties. If they perceive they cannot make the attack without danger to themselves, they keep quiet—all of them, as is their custom, being painted and varnished the same color as the earth and generally covered with *sacatón* [grass]—and permit the travelers to pass . . .
>
> In their robberies of horses they use the same methods. They keep watch on ranches and pastures, and upon the slightest carelessness they drive off the animals, not more than three or four being employed in such robberies. No matter how quickly some citizens and soldiers assemble to follow them, they always have a start of twenty or thirty leagues, so that it is . . . a piece of good fortune if they overtake them, and if this does

21. *Ibid.*, 320.

22. *Diarios de los padres misioneros, 1691*, in *Memorias de Nueva España*, XXVII, f 100, quoted in W. E. Dunn, "Apache relations in Texas, 1718-1750," *Texas State Historical Association Quarterly*, XIV, 203.

> happen, and they perceive it, they shoot with arrows some of the cattle, in order afterward to come and eat them. Their principal food consists of horses and mules . . .[23]

Sonora experienced ravages similar to those of the neighboring provinces. The Relation of Padre Kino told of the depredations there during the 17th century.

> For many years this province of Sonora has suffered very much from its avowed enemies, the Hocomes, Janos, and Apaches, through continual thefts of cattle and horses, and murders of Christian Indians and Spaniards . . . injuries which in many years not even the two expensive presidios, that of Janos (northern Chihuahua) and that of the province of Sonora have been able to remedy completely, for still these enemies continue to infest . . . all this province of Sonora . . .
> They have already reached and they now go as far as Acenoquipe in the Valley of Sonora itself; and as far as Taupe in the Valley of Opedepe (San Miguel) and as far as San Ygnacio and Santa María Magdalena in Pimeria.[24]

As more and more tribes sought horses, raiding parties traveled greater distances. Livestock, instead of being plentiful in the northern provinces, became scarce. An indication of the increase of horse-stealing during the latter half of the century can be seen in a letter of the *sargento mayor* Juan Bautista de Escorza, written in Cerro Gordo, 13 July, 1693.

> The truth is, that in these parts affairs are in a worse state and the consequences are worse than they have ever been, and I give as a reason two evident causes. One is, that the ancient enemies, who under the name of Tobosos have invaded these kingdoms for many years, are now driven by necessity itself and their own bad disposition to increase the ravages, for, having consumed the thousands of cattle and horses that roamed through these lands, they now have no recourse except to seize

23. Hackett, *op. cit.*, ii, 283.
24. H. E. Bolton, ed., *Spanish Exploration in the Southwest, 1542-1706* (New York, 1916), 451.

> those raised by the Spaniards on their estates, committing frequent outrages that they did not formerly commit so often. The other cause is that formerly they (the local Indians) were so numerous that they not only had no need to make use of other Indians from the country farther in the interior, but on the contrary they could prevent them from coming in. But now . . . not only do they not prevent the strange Indians from coming in, but rather they solicit them and invite them, subordinating themselves to them, as we have just seen . . .[25]

All of the available evidence indicates that the horses, the style of riding, the saddles, the armor and some of the weapons used by the mounted Indians of the Southwest, were of Spanish origin or design. There is nothing to suggest that there were mounted Indians in the Southwest before the 17th century, nor any reason to believe that the natives of that region learned to use horses except from the Spaniards.[26]

25. Hackett, *op. cit.*, ii, 325.

26. The opinions contained herein are the private ones of the writer, and are not to be construed as official or reflecting the views of the Navy Department or the naval service at large. (signed) D. E. WORCESTER, Lieut. SC, USNR, Treasure Island, Calif.

A LYNCHING AT TUCSON IN 1873

As written up by JOHN G. BOURKE

Edited by LANSING B. BLOOM

WHILE he was gathering ethnological data at Zuñi in the spring of 1881, Lieutenant John G. Bourke became acquainted with Sylvester Baxter, a young newspaper correspondent from Boston.[1] Evidently the latter, in subsequent years, urged Bourke to put some of his rich source materials into popular form; at least in 1886, while pursuing his ethnological research in Washington, Bourke did write up the "Tucson Tragedy" which we are here reproducing and sent it to Baxter who placed it with the *Boston Commercial Bulletin*. Clippings from their issues of May 21 and May 28, 1887, were pasted by Bourke into his notebook of that year.[2]

The style essayed by Bourke may seem to the reader suspiciously like that of the "Nick Carter" and "Deadwood Dick" dime novels of the 1880's, yet he would find that it is very much in the journalistic style of that period. Also it differed from dime novel literature in that Bourke was recounting an actual episode—and he had gone through Tucson at, or very near, the time of its occurrence.[3]

An historical account of this murder and the lynching which followed is given by Dean Frank C. Lockwood in his *Pioneer Days in Arizona*. Comparison shows some factual discrepancies, which may be explained in part by the fact that some of Bourke's early notebooks were lost or stolen. When he wrote in 1886 about this affair of 1873, he was probably relying on his memory. For example, he dates the affair in September instead of August of that year;[4] and all names used by him are fictitious except that of Willis.

1. *New Mexico Historical Review*, xi, 242.

2. Under date of September 5, 1887, with the comment: "I wrote it while in Rockville, Maryland last fall" (1886).

3. *New Mexico Historical Review*, x, 2.

4. Richardson and Rister, *The Greater Southwest*, 407-408, quote the report of the coroner's jury as of August 8, 1873. These authors, and probably Dean Lockwood also, found their data in part at least in *Bancroft's Works*, xxxvi (Popular Tribunals, vol. 1), 730-731.

The Lockwood account may be described as objective, photographic; the Bourke account as subjective, artistic. Each has its own distinctive value.

A TUCSON TRAGEDY

A True Tale of Terror

Knights of the Green Cloth
and
The Pawnbroker's Last Pledge

Written for the Boston Commercial Bulletin

It was early morn in Tucson; the eastern peaks of the Santa Catarina were already peering through the darkness of night and standing out bold and majestic in the rosy glow creeping slowly from horizon to zenith.

Off in the west the glittering stars still looked kindly down upon the tiny current of the Santa Cruz and the rugged, grass-clad hills which crowded close upon it. The sun grew bolder; his brightest rays now glinted upon the timbered pinnacles of the Santa Rita, lit up the dome and towers of the sacred fane of San Xavier del Bac and gilded into gladness the melancholy dusty streets of the quaint old presidio on the banks of the Holy Cross.

Outside of town the last coyote was skulking to his hole, irresponsive to the yelps of distant kindred which announced a treasure trove of dead burro in the mesquite jungle; an energetic old mother quail was calling to her brood; a pink-eared jack-rabbit, almost large enough to be taken for the twin brother of the burro upon which the coyotes were banqueting, scurried homeward to his summer residence under the roots of the sage brush.

Within the borough nature was awakening to the daily round of toil or what passed for such among a people with whom decorous idleness has long been refined into philosophy. Game cocks, hens and pullets were scratching for the hapless early worm or crowing and clucking welcome to the coming day.

One of Doña Guadalupe Montoya's razor-backed pigs was sedately trudging down the street, hunting for his daily provender. In the "good old days" piles of garbage were always conveniently handy at every corner; but, since the coming of the accursed *Gringos*, it was a red-letter day in any pig's calendar when he could find so much as a mess of corn-husks within a distance of less than six blocks.

WAKING UP

Before long the lords of creation began to stir. First those outside the houses and then those within, for by the indulgence of a simple and Arcadian community it was the privilege of the wayfarer, destitute of money, entering the town after nightfall to camp on the main "plaza" and make down his blankets with the earth for a pillow and the stars for a canopy.

Don Manuel Martínez and his companion belonged to this favored class and, in the absence of hotel or lodging house, had nightly made free with the earth and sky of Arizona. The air was cool and fresh, a degree or so too crisp for comfort, but as Don Manuel arose from the ground and adjusted his rainbow serape to his shivering shoulders, he consoled himself with the reflection: "Ahorita viene la frisada del pobre."*

Mechanically he rolled himself a cigarette, mechanically he kicked the dog which had kept warm by fighting fleas all night, and mechanically he growled to his companion to get up.

There was work in store for Don Manuel Martinez and his friend; not dull, coarse, plodding, every-day work, but work of a more elevated type such as gentlemen could safely put their hands to. For, be it understood, both our *dramatis personae* were gentlemen in the loftiest sense of the term and would scorn any such degradation as manual labor.

Don Manuel indeed could write his name double. He was not simply a Martínez, but by right of his mother a Salazar, as well as a close relation of the Salazar who had led the revolution in Sonora in favor of liberty and the constitution.

"Which revolution?"

"Why the revolution when Gándara was governor."

"But I thought that Pesquiera led that?"

"Caramba! Amigo! That was the *third* revolution that Pesquiera conducted. This was after the second revolution of Gándara and the first of Ortiz. You should know, my friend, that in Sonora we have had 47 revolutions in the past nineteen years, and all of them for liberty and the constitution."

INDOLENT AND INDIFFERENT

And Don Manuel Martínez y Salazar puffed contemptuously at his cigarette, wondering what manner of man

* A Mexican proverb: "Presently comes the poor man's blanket, the sun."

his Gringo interlocutor[1] could be who knew so little of history.

He rather despised the slowness of the American element about him—slow in manner, quiet in dress, and glorying in the absence of revolutions.

He knew that since the unsuccessful *pronunciamiento* of Señor Davis, of which he had a hazy and distorted recollection,[2] nothing to change the form of their government had been attempted by the well-meaning and slow-moving "Americanos" of the North, and that farmers, blacksmiths, bankers, priests and merchants pursued the even tenor of their respective ways, indifferent to such soul-stirring appeals, as were then constantly appearing in Sonora, of "Gándara and the Constitution!" "Pesquiera and Liberty!" "Ortiz and the People!"

Our friends were what are known to the initiated as Knights of the Green Cloth,—gamblers, in blunt language. Not that there was anything strange about that. They were not the only gamblers in Arizona by a good deal. There were so many of the noble fraternity clustered about the different little mining communities in the Southwest, at the period whereof we write that the "Quartz Rock," the "Palace," the "Gem," the "Senate," and all the other scores upon scores of "sample-rooms" and "club-rooms" found comfort and profit in keeping open, night and day, week in and week out, the clicking of "chips," the dropping of cards upon the tables, and the stolid calls of the dealers being in striking but agreeable contrast to the squeaking of tuneless harps and violins which ground out the music of the respective orchestras.

A Run of Luck

The blind goddess had dealt generously with Martínez and his friend Valenzuela on this visit to Tucson. During the whole week of the *fiesta* of San Agostinas, their "run of luck" had neither turned nor slackened, and whether at the purely Mexican games of Monte, "Chusas" and "Loteria," or the more strictly American ones of Faro, Keno and Diana, their stock of silver dollars had grown by degrees until they were now able to return to the delightful land of Sonora, in time for a repetition of the same career in the grander *función* of San Francisco, soon to be celebrated in the border pueblo of Magdalena. They had only to redeem the few articles upon which the obliging pawnbroker had advanced the money with which they had begun their contest with the

1. Implying that Bourke himself had just quizzed him.—L.B.B.
2. An allusion to Jeff. Davis and the Civil war.—L. B. B.

"tiger" and then all would be in readiness for them to join the first train of heavily-laden wagons rolling out of town.

This was why they had arisen so early and why they now made their way down dusty streets, not altogether free from garbage, past flat-roofed adobe houses, of simple structure and single story, to the broader avenue in which stood the montepio of Muñoz.

The bells of the church were clanging their harsh summons to early mass; pious matrons, wrapped in black "tápalos," were wending their way to divine service, anxious to begin the day well.

The door of the bakery was open and the sleepy-eyed baker's boy gaped while awaiting customers. So too was the door of the shop of Pedro Ramírez, who was placing in best position for display his assorted wares of onions, broad in diameter, silvery in lustre, exquisite in flavor; chile colorado, redder than the ruddiest glow of the setting sun; cigarettos for smoking; *panoche,* in dense, compact, black, conical frustà, sweeter than the juice of the sugar-cane lying in bundles alongside; amole root, so good for washing clothing, hair or person; earthen pots and matting—most of this last the work of Pápago Indians; *carne seca,* or native jerked beef; bacon of American manufacture; mescal, clear as water, hotter than breath of Tophet; and all the varied list of articles which make up the stock in trade of these Mexican magazines.

QUIÉN SABE?

Over the line, in their own country, they attain respectable dimensions and assume titles as elaborate as their pretensions. There, they style themselves the "Emporium of the Two Hemispheres," the "New World," or the "Incomparable," etc.; while, on the American side, either through humility or lack of cash, they shrink from competition with their proud American rivals and venture only upon such shallows of commerce as are disdained by the Anglo-Saxon.

The creaking of ungreased wheels, disappearing in a side-alley, might have proceeded from the wagon of some "contrabandista," evading the customs officials; or it might have been from the vehicle of the honest old water carrier on his way to the spring near the Bishop's farm. Quién sabe?

Such were a few of the things, however, which our Mexicans might have noticed that fresh, glorious morning, had not their minds been absorbed in the discussion of a question to which Martínez, at least, addressed himself with vehemence and energy. "No, comrade, I am not mistaken. Last

night, near the chusas table, I saw those three men, and look you, my friend, they pleased me not. In the year when my mother's uncle pronounced for liberty and the Constitution, there were many outlaws in Sonora, as you may have heard, —men lost to shame,—who robbed and plundered, broke into houses, and when forced to do so, never shrunk from murder. But they never used knife or pistol. Always, their victim was killed with a heavy wooden club. You being in the States at the time, can know but little of the terror this excommunicated gang inspired, but, gracias á Dios! nearly all were captured and shot. But, Caramba! some of them managed, by artful stories, to raise a doubt of their guilt and saved their lives on condition of leaving Ures at once and forever.

"And those three men I saw with the wagon were of that gang, and I know it. We must be careful of ourselves and money going down, my friend."

By this time their cigarettes were smoked out and turning a corner sharply, they stood in front of the *montepio* (pawnbroker's).

An air of stillness shrouded the building, the doors were closed, the windows barred; no smoke wreathing upward from the narrow-throated chimney evinced the industrious cares of cheerful housewife.

"'Tis strange!" muttered Valenzuela, "Señor Muñoz is always the first man to arise in Tucson."

"Truly," replied Martínez, "and Doña Louisa has never failed to hear the early Mass. There's something wrong. Look! Here's the dog and blood is upon his feet."

A Doleful Dog

The dog was one of those wretched mongrels whose appearance belies every suggestion of pedigree, and yet his very homeliness seemed to attract and to accent the affectionate nature which appealed for sympathy and tenderness.

It was not whining or howling, but giving voice in a tone which might be called a subdued form of either, and in which abject terror and impotent rage struggled for expression.

"The doors are firmly bolted," said Valenzuela, "and the windows are closed from the inside. What better can we do than follow the poor little dog and see what he has to show us? There has been some terrible crime committed—"

"Said and done," replied Martínez, pushing aside the shoots of iron cactus which formed the fence to the house; "here we are, and we shall soon see."

"First, I see blood here in the sand," called out Valenzuela, "and here is a plain foot-track and here another, and look! a third."

The dog was scratching and pushing with all his might against the back-door, which yielded enough to the pressure to admit half his body.

Martínez and Valenzuela were men of quick perceptions. They hesitated not a moment in concluding that this door had been forced during the night, if, indeed, it had not been left open by the family. And the murderers—if murderers they were—in leaving the premises had nothing to do but pull the door to after them, letting fall loosely against it the heavy cottonwood log, so generally used in that region in place of lock or key.

"We must be careful, José María," said Martínez; "there has surely been murder within. This silence, these bloody foot-tracks, this mourning dog, this line of buzzing flies streaming into the house, means a masacre; no doubt the family has been martyrized."

All this colloquy took but a minute. The Mexican of the border shows his Indian lineage in nothing more plainly than in the quickness with which he seizes upon every little indication in the tracks left by man or beast.

"Well, here goes,'" said Valenzuela, and in a trice he had forced an entrance and stood within the kitchen.

On the hearth, no fire,—a proof that no cooking had been done since the evening previous. A mocking-bird hopped about nervously in his little cage of willow twigs, fastened to the wall. A bloody track led into the next room. Here an appalling spectacle froze the blood in the veins of the two Mexicans.

Were this little sketch a romance, space and time could well be given to a description of what they saw. In a simple narrative of an incident which is still remembered with horror by the old settlers, and in which names alone were slightly changed, it is hardly worth while to wound the feelings of such relatives as may still be in existence.

Briefly, then, Muñoz, his wife and babe lay dead, brutally murdered. The mother had, apparently, been killed first, and in awakening to her defence, the father had grappled desperately with his assailants and fought his last struggle upon the earthen floor, pooled with his blood.

In the last gasp of life, the poor mother had instinctively clasped in her arms the innocent babe which also had received a deadly blow,—all with some heavy, blunt instrument,—crushing in the skull.

The two now shouted to those within, but received no reply. The dog whined more piteously, the buzzing of the flies grew louder and more clamorous, almost drowning the ghastly tick, tick, ticking of a cheap wooden clock which sounded from within.

"Have a care, compadre, the murderers may still be within." Quién sabe?"

"Never fear," replied Valenzuela, stoutly; "let's cock our pistols and go in boldly. This is a terrible tragedy surely."

Was It a Murder?

"Cool villains they must be. Look! Here by the olla they stood, drinking water, while, no doubt, their victims were not yet cold."

"Not drinking water so much as washing their feet," said Martínez, correcting him. "Do you not notice these barefoot prints, all going into the house? The villains crept up to the door in their bare feet, which must have tramped in blood;—here we have the bloody footprints and here moccasined tracks, as they made their way through the fence. There were two of them, maybe more."

Who Did the Bloody Deed?

Martínez and Valenzuela were both brave men. No ordinary foe would have made either of them "take water." Here, in the presence of an awful, mysterious death, fear seized upon their limbs. Their tongues refused to speak. They dared not look at their own reflections in the mirrors which adorned the walls, and trembled whenever they touched against a rawhide bottomed chair or other furniture scattered about the room.

"They have broken open every drawer, trunk and box in the house" was all that Valenzuela could manage to say to his friend. "Yes, let us get away from here and give the alarm. Who knows? We may catch the murderers yet." Like magic, the direful news spread through the town. The distance to the Post-Office was very short. The morning was well-advanced and numbers were in the streets. Ere another hour has passed, hundreds had gathered about the enclosure in which stood the house of the pawnbroker. A half dozen cool-headed Americans had assumed charge of matters and stationed sentinels who kept the crowd at a distance. "No man must go within the fence to tread in the foot tracks"—was the terse order given to the sentinel who quietly took post by the cactus paling. None of the leaders had the faintest hope of catching the mysterious murderers, but

their resolution was that no reasonable precaution looking to that end, should be omitted,—"and at least we can say, boys," said Tom Evans, who was prominent in this small circle of leaders, "at least we can say that we've done all that can be done."

Kind hands, prompted by gentle hearts, had in the meanwhile been busy. The bodies of the victims had been placed in more presentable postures and the various rooms put in order, and then the population surged in, men, women, toddling children, babes at the breast,—some impelled by curiosity, others by affection, but all manifesting the tenderest respect.

The Americans said little, did little, apparently, but their faces spoke volumes. The Mexicans, more demonstrative, bewailed the loss of friends whom they had known for years.

The sobs of women were unrestrained. Grief was confined to no particular class. It pervaded the whole community and extended its infliction to strangers as well as residents.

A Discovery

Martínez alone seemed displeased, annoyed or worried by this general outburst. He had been in conference with Evans and the rest of the small party of Americans for an hour or more; and again he sought the leader.

"Señor, I have something to say for your ear alone. A few words only. *I have found the murderers!*"

"Nonsense! the news is too good to be true. Our mounted pickets are out on every trail and not one of them has reported a track." "Soft and easy, Don Tomás, the robbers are in this very house."

Evans who was usually cool as ice, was so astounded at this unexpected information that he shook from head to foot. "Make no mistake," he managed to gasp out, "tell me for the Good Lord's sake, who and where they are."

"Don't be excited, Don Tomás, we have our birds, but we must be careful lest they fly. Do you see that swarthy Mexican yonder—him of the new serape? Yes!—and that other in the plush jacket and him beyond, wearing the sombrero, with the silver snake about it? Those three who are so loudly lamenting this foul murder? Those are they and that one in serape rolling himself a cigarette, did the deed. I did not see him do it, but Señor Evans, *his feet are washed,* have *been washed this morning.* I dropped my sombrero to the ground, as if by accident, and in stooping to recover it, I raised his loose cotton trousers without being detected and

I saw that his feet had just been washed to the ankles. Señor, I know those men. They are members of the most desperate gang that ever held fair Sonora in terror," and here. Martínez rapidly poured in to Evans' ear all that he had mentioned to Valenzuela on his way down from the plaza.

(*To be concluded*)

CORRECTION

By FRANCE V. SCHOLES

IN THE January number of the *Review* for 1929 I published a report listing the Franciscan convents in New Mexico and the *visitas* and number of Indians administered by each convent. This report, found in Archivo General de Indias, Audiencia de México, legajo 306 (60-3-6), forms part of a series of papers relating to a petition of Fray Antonio de Aristoi, *procurador* of the Franciscan Province of the Holy Gospel of Mexico, that forty friars be sent to New Spain for service in the said province and its two *custodias* of New Mexico and Tampico.

The preamble to the New Mexico report reads as follows:

> Certificacion de las noticias que hay de la Custodia del nuebo Mex.co perteneciente a la Prou.a del S.to Euang.o de Mex.co; el estado que tienen las conversiones, Yglesias, Conv.tos y culto diuino, que abajo iran señalados por relacion y noticia q dio de aquella Custodia el P.e Predicador fr. Geronimo de Zarate Salmeron, Ministro exemplar en aquella Custodia. Remitida al muy R.do P.e fr. Fran.co de Apodaca, P.e de la Prou.a de Cantabria y Comiss.o gen.l de las de nueba España, desde el año de 1538 hasta el año de 1626 años.

On the basis of the foreging statement, I expressed the opinion, in my brief introduction, that the report "seems to have been part of or supplementary to the *Relation* of Fray Gerónimo de Zárate Salmerón." I also stated that inasmuch as the printed text of Salmerón's *Relation* does not contain such a list of convents, "the Relation as we have had it is not complete."

Despite the express reference to Salmerón in the preamble as quoted above, I was obviously in error in regarding the report as a hitherto missing part of Salmerón's well-known treatise. This is clear from the internal evidence of the report itself. In the first place, the report mentions the killing of one of the friars of the "province of Zuñi," un-

doubtedly a reference to the murder of Fray Francisco de Letrado in 1632. Second, it records the fact that the Indians of Taos had revolted, killed their minister, and destroyed a handsome church. This would appear to be a reference to events of 1639, when Fray Pedro de Miranda was killed at Taos.[1] Inasmuch as Salmerón wrote his report, or at least presented the completed draft to the Commissary General of New Spain, in 1629, it is evident that the convent list recording events of 1632 and 1639 could not have formed part of his work.

When was the report actually written? The document as we have it is in the form of a copy dated at Madrid, May 24, 1664, and signed by Fray Bartolomé Márquez, "Secretary General of the Indies," and based on "the original which is in the Archive of the Secretariat of the Indies." That is, the original was apparently on file in the central archive of the Franciscan Order for the Indies. This means that it must have antedated 1664. Evidence of this is also found in the fact that the report records the pueblo of the Jumanos (the pueblo of "Gran Quivira," now usually called Las Humanas) and Tabirá as *visitas* of Abó. Since we know that as early as 1659-1660 a separate convent for Las Humanas had been established, with Tabirá as a *visita*,[2] the report was obviously written prior to 1659. On the other hand, it could not have been earlier than 1639, since it mentions the killing of the friar at Taos.

The Taos entry of the report also states that six hundred souls of this "province" had been "reduced," implying that action had already been taken to restore authority in that area. In a decree of Governor Juan Flores de Sierra y Valdez, dated July 16, 1641, we learn that soon after his arrival in New Mexico in the spring of 1641 he had "subjected" the Indians of Taos.[3] Consequently the statement about the reduction of six hundred souls may be a reference

1. Cf. Scholes, *Church and State in New Mexico, 1610-1650* (Albuquerque, 1937), 137.

2. Scholes and Mera, *Some Aspects of the Jumano Problem* (Washington, 1940), 281; Scholes, *Troublous Times in New Mexico, 1659-1670*, (Albuquerque, 1942), 54-55.

3. Decree of Flores, Santa Fé, July 16, 1641. Archivo General de Indias, Patronato 244, exp. 7.

to Flores' campaign. It should be noted, however, that the report does not indicate that the Taos convent had been reëstablished.

The entry for the "province of Zuñi" records that the Indians there had been severely punished for killing their friar. This may refer to the military expedition sent to Zuñi in 1632 after the death of Letrado.[4] The entry also adds that "in this province there are 1200 Indians who have asked for ministers once more," but as in the case of Taos there is no mention that missionary work at Zuñi had actually been resumed. Although the exact date when the Zuñi missoins were reëstablished is not known, it was probably between 1642 and 1644.[5]

All this seems to indicate that the convent list was written in 1641. Other evidence that it was compiled in that year is found in a letter of the Franciscan Commissary General of New Spain to the Commissary General of the Indies, dated at Mexico, March 12, 1642. The letter states that the mission supply caravan had now returned to Mexico. This is clearly a reference to the caravan that arrived in New Mexico in the spring of 1641 and set out again for New Spain in the following autumn. The Commissary General goes on to say: "that the custodia has the convents which Your Reverence will see in the *memoria* which is enclosed with this [letter]."[6] This suggests that he had just received a report from New Mexico brought in the recently arrived caravan.

Finally, we have testimony given in New Mexico in 1644 to the effect that there were then twenty-eight doctrinas, with their churches and convents, in the province, besides other churches and visitas.[7] The report under discussion lists twenty-four convents, not including Senecú,

4. Cf. Hodge, *History of Hawikúh* (Los Angeles, 1937), 92.

5. A document in the *Servicios Personales* of Juan Domínguez de Mendoza (Biblioteca Nacional, Madrid, MS. 192588) refers to an expedition to Zuñi sent out after the arrival of Governor Alonso Pacheco de Herredia in 1642. Although this document, as it stands, is apparently a forgery, I am also of the opinion that the reference to Zuñi records an event that actually occurred in the time of Pacheco (1642-1644), although the circumstances as related in the document may not be entirely trustworthy.

6. Prada to Maldonado, Mexico, March 12, 1642. A. G. I., Patronato 244, exp. 7.

7. Testimony of Alférez Alonso Varela, Santo Domingo, August 11, 1644. *Ibid.*

Taos, and the Zuñi area. Senecú undoubtedly had a convent at this time, so that the number of convents actually must have been twenty-five. If the Taos convent and two more at Zuñi (Hawikúh and Hálona) were reëstablished between 1641 and 1644, as seems likely, then we should have twenty-eight in 1644, as the testimony of that year indicates.

Everything considered, I believe that the report I published in 1929 was compiled in 1641 and describes the state of affairs in that year. In any case its date probably is not later than 1644. Why the preamble mentions Salmerón's treatise is a question for which I have no answer.

A re-translation of the report will be included in my forthcoming volume on Don Juan Domínguez de Mendoza in the Coronado Historical Series. I wish to take advantage of the present occasion, however, to make corrections in the population figures in the translation as published in the *Review*. At that time I misread the figures for the population served by the convent of Santa Clara, giving 993 instead of 553, which is the correct figure. Consequently the total should be 19,741, instead of 20,181. The manuscript gives the total as 19,951, but this is due to mistakes of addition in the original.

It may be noted that in 1643 Governor Alonso Pacheco de Heredia reported that in forty-three pueblos he had counted 19,870 Indians.[8] The mission report mentions forty-three towns not counting those at the "province of Zuñi," credited with 1200 Indians.

8. Pacheco to the viceroy, August 6, 1643. *Ibid.*

BOOK REVIEWS

New Viewpoints in Georgia History. By Albert B. Saye, assistant professor of political science at the University of Georgia. (The University of Georgia Press, Athens, Ga. 1943. 256 pp. $2.50.)

A scholarly study of the colonial history of Georgia from the date of the colony's founding in 1732 to 1789, this well documented and annotated volume, incidentally, dispels the legend that Georgia was founded for the relief of debtors languishing in British prisons. "The evidence is persuasive," writes the author, "that only a handful of debtors ever came to Georgia—a dozen would be a fair estimate." Philanthropic, military and economic factors were primary considerations of the British government in supporting the colonizing project of James Edward Oglethorpe. Nevertheless, 2122 persons were sent to Georgia on charity from 1732 to 1750, of whom 1096 were British and 1026 foreign Protestants. In the first report upon the method used in selecting the Georgia colonists, the *Political State of Great Britain* said: "As soon as it began to be rumored about, that the said Trustees were to send out some People to take Possession of the said Colony, there were vast Numbers of poor miserable Wretches made Application to them; and when the Gentlemen declared, that upon casting up their Cash, they found it was not sufficient to send over immediately but a few, and that therefore they had chosen those that were the greatest Objects of Compassion, the rest found themselves disappointed." Further: "The early settlers of Georgia were in the main persecuted Protestants from Germany and English of the 'middle poor.' " . . . "There were Jews and Gentiles, English, Germans, Scotch, Irish, French, Italians, Portuguese and perhaps other nationalities represented; there were men and women of every trade and profession: viticulturists, doctors, silk workers, sawyers, pindars, Indian traders, bakers, ministers, carpenters, surveyors, shopkeepers, bricklayers, midwives, pilots, shoemakers, wheelwrights and numerous other occupational groups; there were masters with indentured servants and poor

settlers entirely dependent upon the charity of the Trust; there were Anglicans, Baptists, Presbyterians, Lutherans, Moravians and other religious groups; there were graduates of Oxford, persons with only a few years of academic training, and hundreds of illiterates, the latter not excluding some officials in high positions."

Of great interest is the story of the development of the colonial government from a model royal colony into a state government, democratic in form with a constitution which provided for a separation of executive, judicial and legislative powers. "The similarity of the Constitutions of Georgia, Pennsylvania and Vermont in respect to a unicameral legislature has sometimes led to an erroneous classification of other features as common to the three. The executive council in Georgia was elected by the legislature from its own membership, not by a direct vote of the people as in Pennsylvania and Vermont." Thus the author follows step by step the controversies, debates, which preceded and followed the Revolution of the Thirteen Colonies. It is significant that Georgia was one of the first states to ratify the United States constitution. It was thereafter that crude constitutions of earlier dates began to be replaced by state constitutions modeled largely after that of Massachusetts. The 1789 Georgia constitution, "the briefest of Georgia's seven constitutions, contained no separate bill of rights; but freedom of the press, the most necessary of all civil liberties for the preservation of a democracy, together with trial by jury, habeas corpus, and the free exercise of religion were guaranteed by the Fourth Article."

Professor Saye's contribution to colonial and constitutional history is of more than local interest as it helps to explain general trends whose influence is felt even at the present day. It is curious to note that the domain of the colony of Georgia was deemed to extend as far west as the Mississippi with even the suggestion that the Pacific was the western boundary and that therefore New Mexico was included. A bibliography of manuscript, printed and secondary sources of local as well as general works is of value to students who are interested in colonial annals.—

P. A. F. W.

Land Tenure Problems in the Santa Fé Railroad Grant Area. By Sanford A. Mosk. Publications of the Bureau of Business and Economic Research, University of California. (University of California Press, Berkeley and Los Angeles, 1944; 66 pp. $1.00.)

Sanford A. Mosk, assistant professor of economics in the University of California, has written a useful summary of the land problem involved in the conflict of interests between the railroad, stockmen, Indians, and the state and federal governments, in the area covered by the land grant to the Atlantic & Pacific Railroad Company in 1866, extending from Albuquerque, New Mexico, to the California border. The land holdings of these several interests are intermingled in a confused checkerboard pattern due to the granting of alternate sections along the railroad right of way to that company, sectional grants to the states for institutions, individual homesteading, and the allotment of land to the Navaho in severalty.

An especially difficult part of the land problem in the area studied is the long-time conflict between the Navaho and the white man for the grazing land east of the reservation boundary. For a solution of the problem as a whole which, in its broadest aspects, is one of land conservation, the Taylor Act of 1934 provides a working basis, but the process of working it out will be long and difficult. The stockman is interested in his profit, the Navaho is struggling for a livelihood, the Government seeks a better policy of land usage, and too many government agencies have a voice in the matter.

The study is based on an adequate bibliography, supplemented by the author's interviews with people acquainted with the problem, and has a good index.

FRANK D. REEVE

El Federalista. By Gustavo R. Velasco. (Mexico: Fondo de Cultura Económica, 1943. xxvi+446 pp., appendices, index.)

Through the courtesy of Mr. J. A. C. Grant of the University of California at Los Angeles, we have a review copy of the new Spanish edition of the famous articles by Alexander Hamilton, John Jay, and James Madison, admirably translated from the English and annotated by the Lic. Gustavo R. Velasco.

In his *prólogo,* Professor Velasco gives an excellent historical evaluation of the book and its authors, quoting the words of De Tocqueville, for example, who called it a book "with which the statesmen of all countries ought to familiarize themselves." Yet when he asks (p. xvi) what influence *The Federalist* had in Latin American countries, he shows that even in English it was hardly known there before the end of the nineteenth century. There were two contemporary French editions (1792 and 1795), but there was none in Portuguese until 1840, nor in Spanish until the editions of 1868 and 1887. Of these, not a copy has been located in Mexico today, nor does our own Library of Congress have either of them. While we know, therefore, that our constitution was used as a model by our Latin American neighbors in the writing of one and another of their constitutions, there is little chance that the authors of those documents had any acquaintance with the commentary and exposition of principles which they might have found in *The Federalist.* In Mexico, for example, this would be true of their constitutions of 1812, 1824, 1836, 1843, and 1857.

Professor Velasco has enhanced the value of his work by including in the appendices a Spanish translation of our Articles of Confederation and of our Constitution,—including the twenty-one amendments, none of which had been rectified prior to the appearance of these articles in *The Federalist.*—L.B.B.

NEWS AND COMMENTS

ANNUAL MEETING

THE HISTORICAL SOCIETY of New Mexico held its annual meeting on January 26, 1944, in St. Francis Auditorium, with the president, Paul A. F. Walter presiding. A technicolor motion picture of Williamsburg, Virginia, showing a documentary reenacting of life in the Colonial period of the eighteenth century, was shown jointly by the historical and archaeological societies. About 100 people attended.

At the business meeting preceding the showing of the film, the reports of the secretary and treasurer were read and accepted. The treasurer reported that the Society had purchased a $500 War Bond and recommended the purchase of another $500 bond; and a motion was made and carried to do so. Accessions were announced, and new members accepted. Mr. Walter spoke of the research project of five years of research in the economic development of the Rocky Mountain region, obtained by Herbert Brayer from the Rockefeller foundation. He also told of Hulda Hobbs having joined the WAVES, of Dr. Hewett's plans concerning a Hall of Records, of the state finance committee continuing the war records work conducted by Albert Ely. Joseph Toulouse reported on the new commission which he will head, with a $2600 budget, for archaeological work in the Saline region, sponsored by Washington and Jefferson College.

The nominating committee, Mr. Rupert Asplund, chairman, and Mrs. R. E. Twitchell and Miss Jennie Avery, presented their nominations of the following officers: Mr. Paul A. F. Walter, president; Mr. Pearce C. Rodey of Albuquerque, vice-president; Mr. Lansing B. Bloom of Albuquerque, corresponding secretary; Mr. Wayne L. Mauzy, treasurer; and Miss Hester Jones, recording secretary. The above were unanimously elected—there being no further nomination.

H. J.

The following are the accessions reported:

Mrs. J. Davidson, Albuquerque, New Mexico, gave several pieces of china belonging to the late Colonel W. M. Berger of Belen and Santa Fé.

Mr. Frank White, Palo Alto, California, gave an old flint-lock rifle found in the hills near Santa Fé.

From the Spanish Chest, Bruce Cooper Collection, was purchased a group of thirty-five Santos and Bultos.

A blacksmith's wheel pattern used up to seventy-five years ago in a blacksmith shop in Española was purchased from Lupe Martinez.

Dr. Hewett presented the Society with the following items: an old copper dipper, an old griddle, fireplace tongs, and a collection of Confederate coins and currency.

Four retablos were purchased from Elmer Shupe.

Mrs. R. E. Twitchell gave the Society the Ralph Emerson Twitchell portrait done by Gerald Cassidy.

An old leather snuff bottle was purchased from Eusebio Montoya of Gálisteo.

An old tortilla griddle from Chililí was purchased from F. Gallegos.

The old Pojoaque Church keys were purchased from Angeline Montoya, whose grandfather was the custodian of the edifice at one time.

Eleanor Bedell of this city, loaned for an indefinite period, an old wooden Spanish Colonial type plough from the Las Vegas district.

A gift of thirty bultos and thirty-six retablos to supplement the Historical Society collection, received from the Federal Arts project for New Mexico.

M. E. Murphy of Trinidad, Colo., gave the Society the watch and original armistice message relayed to this state from the last world war.

Mrs. Jack Lowe of this city, loaned indefinitely to the Society, five pieces of china of historical value to the Southwest.

Mr. John Gaw Meem of Santa Fé gave an old Spanish Colonial vinegar barrel which formerly was used at Córdova.

Mrs. C. M. Jaramillo of this city loaned indefinitely the priestly vestments and church paraphernalia from her family chapel at Arroyo Hondo in the Taos Valley.

Roy Kozlowski of this city loaned an old wooden plough.

The Society purchased an excellent old wooden buggy and wagon jack and a carpenter's plane for its Spanish and Mexican tool collection (probably the best in existence) from the Spanish and Indian Trading Post.

Mrs. Gerald Cassidy gave a San Ildefonso wedding jar containing Confederate currency, which was found in 1920-21 by a goat herder in the arroyo back of the Santa Fé Inn.

On June 30, 1943 the Museum purchased the following from the James McMillan collection to supplement Spanish Colonial and Mexican exhibits of the Historical Society: A fine old trastero (cupboard), a carved wooden settee, a painted chest, a carved wooden chest, and four metal holy wafer moulds from the old church at Cieneguilla.

Of special note at this time it is announced that all colchas, sabanillas and blankets belonging to the society have been permanently mothproofed and Siberized so that further deterioration has been greatly impeded.

MARJORIE TICHY

TIPS FOR THE PLAINS TRAVELER

"The best seat inside a stage is the one next to the driver. Even if you have a tendency to seasickness when riding backwards—you'll get over it and will get less bumps and jostling. Don't let any 'sly Elph' trade you his mid-seat.

"In cold weather don't ride with tight fitting boots, shoes or gloves. When the driver asks you to get off and walk do so without grumbling. He won't request it unless absolutely necessary. If the team runs away—sit still and take your chances. If you jump, nine out of ten times you will get hurt.

"In very cold weather abstain entirely from liquor when on the road; because you will freeze twice as quickly when under its influence.

"Don't growl at the food received at the station; stage companies generally provide the best they can get. Don't

keep the stage waiting. Don't smoke a strong pipe inside the coach—spit on the leeward side. If you have anything to drink in a bottle pass it around. Procure your stimulants before starting as 'ranch (stage depot) whiskey is not always "nectar." '

"Don't swear nor lop over neighbors when sleeping. Take small change to pay expenses. Never shoot on the road as the noise may frighten the horses. Don't discuss politics or religion. Don't point out where murders have been committed, especially if there are any women passengers. Don't lag at the wash basin. Don't grease your hair, because travel is dusty. Don't imagine for a moment that you are going on a picnic. Expect annoyance, discomfort and some hardship."—*Wells Fargo Messenger.*

List of Postmasters of Santa Fé, Santa Fé County, New Mexico

Postmaster	*Date Appointed*
William S. McKnight	October 1, 1849 (Established)
William E. Love	February 12, 1851
William Andrew Miller	April 7, 1852
David Whiting	March 4, 1854
William A. Miller	August 14, 1854
Lewis D. Sheets	March 10, 1855
David V. Whiting	June 4, 1855
Samuel K. Hodges	August 1, 1861
Augustine M. Hunt	October 15, 1861
Martin L. Byers	October 17, 1865
George T. Martin	March 12, 1868
Richard M. Stephens	April 8, 1869
George W. Howland	June 8, 1869
Alexander P. Sullivan	May 23, 1871
Eben Everett	May 28, 1872
Marshall A. Breeden	February 13, 1873
Charles B. Hayward	April 18, 1884
Adolph Seligman	April 6, 1886
Jacob Weltmer	March 24, 1890
Thomas P. Gable	May 15, 1894
Simon Nusbaum	May 19, 1898
Paul A. F. Walter	June 27, 1902
Frank W. Shearon	January 26, 1909
S. B. Grimshaw (Acting)	September 11, 1909
Edward C. Burke	March 2, 1910

John Pflueger	June 7, 1912
J. Howard Vaughn (Acting)	May 29, 1914
James L. Seligman	October 1, 1914
Marie J. O'Bryan (Acting)	August 1, 1923
Frederick R. Stevenson (Acting)	October 5, 1928
Hilario A. Delgado (Acting)	December 31, 1928
Hilario A. Delgado	February 9, 1929
Antonio F. Martinez (Acting)	November 13, 1934
Antonio F. Martinez	May 31, 1935

Census Supervisors of New Mexico

1900 Pedro Sanchez, Taos
1910 S. D. 1—Paul A. F. Walter, Santa Fé
1920 S. D. 1—Juan J. Duran, Clayton
S. D. 2—Byron O. Beall, Santa Fé
1920 S. D. 1—Jesús M. Baca, Santa Fé
S. D. 2—Henry E. Blattman, Las Vegas
S. D. 3—Felipe M. Garcia, Albuquerque
S. D. 4—George D. Robinson, Deming
S. D. 5—Henry A. Ingalls, Roswell
1940 S. D. 1—Louis C. de Baca, Santa Fé
S. D. 2—Carl F. Whittaker, Albuquerque
S. D. 3—John Bingham, Roswell
S. D. 4—Robert G. Franey, Deming

Prior to 1900, from 1850 to 1890, inclusive, the census of New Mexico was taken by the U. S. Marshall for New Mexico.

NECROLOGY

Fred S. Donnell.—Death came to Fred S. Donnell, an occasional contributor to the *New Mexico Historical Review*, at the home of his half-sister, Mrs. Walter S. Trowbridge, at Fayetteville, Ark.

Although of limited school education, Donnell had a remarkable memory for facts and figures. He was an omnivorous reader and delved with avidity into the records of the Civil War, making himself an authority on the phases of that conflict in the Southwest and of the diplomacy of the Confederacy with the republic of Mexico. He left unpublished at the time of his death a book on "Civil War Times in the Southwest" but his illness which resulted in his death took him to Fayetteville in 1940, and hampered negotiations for the publication of the volume.

Donnell, after years in business in Santa Fé, took up his residence in El Paso. He had become an expert on oil development in New Mexico and was an abstractor whose plats of oil lands in the State were detailed and authoritative.

P. A. F. W.

Myron B. Keator.—For more than 35 years a practicing attorney at Tucumcari, Myron B. Keator died in that city on April 3, 1944. He was born September 25, 1876, in Roxbury, N. Y. He was a graduate of the New York University School of Law, and when still in his twenties accepted the position of professor of law in the college at Cordell, Okla. He came to New Mexico in June, 1908, and on January 8, 1909, was admitted to the New Mexico Bar and associated himself with Attorney Charles C. Davidson in the practice of law. In 1913, Keator married Miss Lena Corn, who survives him, as do a brother at Port Arthur, Texas, and three sisters who live in New York.

The deceased was an elder of the First Presbyterian Church at Tucumcari. Past-president of Kiwanis and member of the Masonic bodies, he was civic-minded and quietly but consistently worked for the upbuilding of his community. Keator, an enthusiastic gardener and flower lover,

maintained a greenhouse in his garden and was generous in bestowing upon friends the flowers which had blossomed under his care. He loved to fish and hunt and it was some two years ago while on a hunting trip that he was caught in a blizzard and contracted the illness which led to his death.

Rev. Millard Murphey, pastor of the Presbyterian church, officiated at the funeral, interment being in the Tucumcari Memorial Park. Pall bearers were fellow members of the Presbyterian session: R. B. Read, O. B. Erskine, William Troup, Webb Warner, Jack Stone, James A. Creighton, J. A. Gafford and Walden Stith.

P. A. F. W.

Mrs. Napoleon B. Laughlin.—In the passing of Mrs. Napoleon (Kate) Laughlin, at Santa Fé on May 12, 1944, New Mexico lost one of its pioneer women, well known to many. She was born in 1857, at Rockwood, Tennessee, daughter of William Caleb and Rebecca Ellis Kimbrough, whose ancestors were early settlers in Virginia. While Mrs. Laughlin was still a young child, the family in a covered wagon trekked to Texas, but returned to Tennessee after two years. There she attended school, and later matriculated and graduated from Martha Washington College, Virginia. By that time, the family had again moved to Texas. Their farm is now Oak Cliff, a suburb of Dallas. There she met the late Napoleón B. Laughlin whom she married in 1883. Laughlin came to New Mexico as a healthseeker sixty years ago, interested himself in mining in southern Santa Fé county and opened a law office in Santa Fé, being later appointed a judge of the territorial supreme court. Mrs. Laughlin was one of the founders of the Santa Fé Women's Club and Library Association and interested herself actively in the State Museum, the School of American Research and the Archaeological Society of New Mexico. She was also a member of the guild of the Church of the Holy Faith, Episcopal. Two daughters survive her: Ruth, wife of Dr. H. S. A. Alexander of Santa Fé, and Helen, wife of Emory M. Marshall of Walnut Creek, Calif. There are seven

grandchildren, Mrs. William H. Hale, New York; Mrs. Ransom Van Brunt Lynch, Boston; Mrs. Fred E. Wilkins, Walnut Creek, California; Lieut. Laughlin Barker, 2d Lieut. Randolph L. Marshall, Emory L. Marshall and John L. Marshall. There are also two great-grandchildren: James R. Wilkins, N. Y.; and Katherine Laughlin Hale, Walnut Creek, California.

Funeral services were held in the Church of the Holy Faith by the rector, the Rev. C. K. Kinsolving III, and interment was in Fairview Cemetery. The active pall bearers were: Carl A. Bishop, George M. Bloom, Alfred C. Wiley, William J. Barker, Richard Day, J. O. Seth, Fred G. Healy, Dr. Frank E. Mera. Honorary pallbearers: Governor John J. Dempsey, Chief Justice Daniel K. Sadler, Judge Howard L. Bickley, Judge Charles R. Brice, Judge A. H. Hudspeth, U. S. Solicitor General Charles Fahy, Judge Colin Neblett, Dr. Edgar L. Hewett, John E. Miles, Paul A. F. Walter, Rupert F. Asplund, Francis C. Wilson, Daniel T. Kelly, John Pflueger, Dr. William C. Barton, Dr. Victor E. Berchtold, Judge R. H. Hanna, Judge Henry A. Kiker, Frank Chase, Robert Nordhaus, Haniel Long and Leslie A. Gillett.—P.A.F.W.

Bernhardt Robert Britton, who died at Albuquerque on May 13, 1944, was born in San José, California, on April 25, 1877. After completing grammar school he attended Teachers' Normal School at San José, University of the Pacific at College Park, and the College of Physicians and Surgeons at San Francisco, taking general and scientific courses in preparation for a medical degree. However, on May 31, 1898, during the Spanish-American War, he enlisted in the United States Hospital Corps at Presidio, Calif., from which he was honorably discharged in January, 1899. In August, 1901, he took up his residence at Arlington, Washington, where for a number of years he taught school, farmed and managed a hotel. In 1906, he attended Acme Business College in Seattle. His love of travel and adventure took him to Yukon Territory, where as a "sour-dough" he roughed it for three years. In 1920, came his appointment

by the United States Department of Agriculture as game protector for the State of New Mexico but duties assigned to him took him into Texas, Oklahoma and Louisiana on wild game investigations. He took up his residence in Socorro in 1923 but on August 22, 1933, he became an employe of the U. S. Forest Service and moved to Albuquerque. On January 9, 1935, he was admitted to practice in the New Mexico and United States courts, but he remained with the Forest Service until his death.

Mr. Britton was a Mason, a Knights of Pythias and a member of Max Luna Chapter of Spanish-American War Veterans. He was married in Mount Vernon, Washington, December 5, 1903, to Ethel J. Stevens, who survives him. —P.A.F.W.

John Walz Catron, eldest of the four sons of the late U. S. Senator Thomas B. Catron and Julia Walz Catron, died at St. Vincent's Sanitarium in Santa Fé May 14, after a brief illness.

John Catron was born in Santa Fé, February 4, 1878. He attended school abroad and later Phillips Andover Academy, St. John's Military Academy and the U. S. Naval Academy at Annapolis, Md., resigning from the last named after two years attendance. From Columbia University he received the degree of mining engineer.

At the outbreak of the Spanish-American war he returned from Berlin, Germany, where his mother and children were sojourning, and was commissioned first lieutenant of the First New Mexico Territorial regiment, having organized his own company. Upon conclusion of the war he was presented by his men with a saber.

Catron then became associated with the Phelps Dodge mining interests in Chihuahua, Mexico, but prior to 1910 moved to Los Angeles, where he established the Catron-Fiske Airplane Company making biplanes with ply-wood cabins, a pioneer concern in that branch of industry. He established the first commercial air line on the Pacific Coast between Los Angeles and Santa Bárbara. In 1923 he established the Orchard Camp with seventy cabins in Santa Fé.

Catron married Virginia Foltz on November 23, 1919, in Los Angeles, who survives him, as do his three brothers, Judge Charles C. Catron, Col. Thomas B. Catron and Attorney Fletcher Catron, all of Santa Fé.

Funeral services were held May 16, and the remains were taken to the Albuquerque Crematory. Pallbearers were Chief Justice Daniel K. Sadler of the State Supreme Court, Federal Judge Colin Neblett, Judge Edward R. Wright, Judge John C. Watson, Col. S. W. Anding, Bernard S. Spitz, R. V. Boyle and LeRoy Manuel.—P.A.F.W.

The Historical Society of New Mexico

(INCORPORATED)

Organized December 26, 1859

PAST PRESIDENTS

1859 — COL. JOHN B. GRAYSON, U. S. A.
1861 — MAJ. JAMES L. DONALDSON, U. S. A.
1863 — HON. KIRBY BENEDICT
adjourned sine die, Sept. 23, 1863

re-established Dec. 27, 1880
1881 — HON. WILLIAM G. RITCH
1883 — HON. L. BRADFORD PRINCE
1923 — HON. FRANK W. CLANCY
1925 — COL. RALPH E. TWITCHELL
1926 — PAUL A. F. WALTER

OFFICERS FOR 1944-1945

PAUL A. F. WALTER, *President*
PEARCE C. RODEY, *Vice-President*
LANSING B. BLOOM, *Corresponding Secretary*
WAYNE L. MAUZY, *Treasurer*
MISS HESTER JONES, *Recording Secretary*

FELLOWS

PERCY M. BALDWIN
RALPH P. BIEBER
LANSING B. BLOOM
HERBERT E. BOLTON
MARION DARGAN
AURELIO M. ESPINOSA
CHARLES W. HACKETT
GEORGE P. HAMMOND
EDGAR L. HEWETT
FREDERICK W. HODGE
J. LLOYD MECHAM
THEODOSIUS MEYER, O. F. M.
FRANK D. REEVE
FRANCE V. SCHOLES
ALFRED B. THOMAS
PAUL A. F. WALTER

CONSTITUTION

OF THE

HISTORICAL SOCIETY OF NEW MEXICO

(As amended Nov. 25, 1941)

Article 1. *Name.* This Society shall be called the Historical Society of New Mexico.

Article 2. *Objects and Operation.* The objects of the Society shall be, in general, the promotion of historical studies; and in particular, the discovery, collection, preservation, and publication of historical material especially such as relates to New Mexico.

Article 3. *Membership.* The Society shall consist of Members, Fellows, Life Members and Honorary Life Members.

(a) *Members.* Persons recommended by the Executive Council and elected by the Society may become members.

(b) *Fellows.* Members who show, by published work, special aptitude for historical investigation may become Fellows. Immediately following the adoption of this Constitution, the Executive Council shall elect five Fellows, and the body thus created may thereafter elect additional Fellows on the nomination of the Executive Council. The number of Fellows shall never exceed twenty-five.

(c) *Life Members.* In addition to life members of the Historical Society of New Mexico at the date of the adoption hereof, such other benefactors of the Society as shall pay into its treasury at one time the sum of fifty dollars, or shall present to the Society an equivalent in books, manuscripts, portraits, or other acceptable material of an historic nature, may upon recommendation by the Executive Council and election by the Society, be classed as Life Members.

(d) *Honorary Life Members.* Persons who have rendered eminent service to New Mexico and others who have, by published work, contributed to the historical literature of New Mexico or the Southwest, may become Honorary Life Members upon being recommended by the Executive Council and elected by the Society.

Article 4. *Officers.* The elective officers of the Society shall be a president, a vice-president, a corresponding secretary, a treasurer, and a recording secretary; and these five officers shall constitute the *Executive Council* with full administrative powers.

Officers shall qualify on January 1st following their election, and shall hold office for the term of two years and until their successors shall have been elected and qualified.

Article 5. *Elections.* At the October meeting of each odd-numbered year, a nominating committee shall be named by the president of the Society and such committee shall make its report to the Society at the November meeting. Nominations may be made from the floor and the Society shall, in open meeting, proceed to elect its officers by ballot, those nominees receiving a majority of the votes cast for the respective offices to be declared elected.

Article 6. *Dues.* Dues shall be $3.00 for each calendar year, and shall entitle members to receive bulletins as published and also the *Historical Review.*

Article 7. *Publications.* All publications of the Society and the selection and editing of matter for publication shall be under the direction and control of the Executive Council.

Article 8. *Meetings.* Monthly meetings of the Society shall be held at the rooms of the Society on the third Tuesday of each month at eight P. M. The Executive Council shall meet at any time upon call of the President or of three of its members.

Article 9. *Quorums.* Seven members of the Society and three members of the Executive Council, shall constitute quorums.

Article 10. *Amendments.* Amendments to this constitution shall become operative after being recommended by the Executive Council and approved by two-thirds of the members present and voting at any regular monthly meeting; provided, that notice of the proposed amendments shall have been given at a regular meeting of the Society, at least four weeks prior to the meeting when such proposed amendment is passed upon by the Society.

Students and friends of Southwestern History are cordially invited to become members. Applications should be addressed to the corresponding secretary, Lansing B. Bloom, University of New Mexico, Albuquerque, New Mexico.