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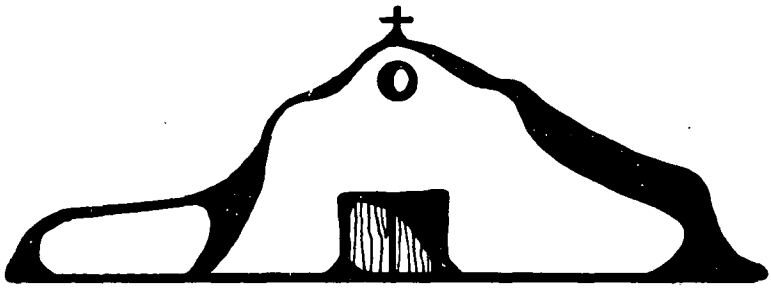


NEW MEXICO HISTORICAL REVIEW

REPRINT

JANUARY 1928

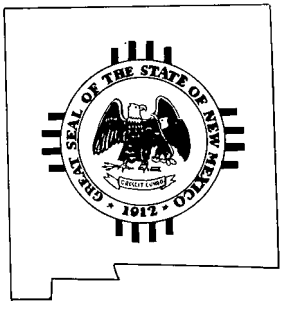
IN APPRECIATION

One of New Mexico's prime attractions, both to its own residents as well as to outsiders, is its rich and deep history. Nowhere did Indian society have greater historical impact, nor was there any area of the United States to which imperial Spain bequeathed such an indelible legacy. The pioneer period completes the trilogy and vies for historical attention.

With this historical background, today's society in the Land of Enchantment has need for substantial information concerning New Mexico. Chief vehicle for periodical publication concerning the state is the *New Mexico Historical Review,* which was born in 1926. In it, articles of maximum value have appeared quarterly for over a half century, representing a great treasury of authoritative information. However, with the passage of time some of the most important issues of the *Review* have become unavailable, with these out-of-print issues accessible at high prices at rare book shops, or sometimes unobtainable at any price. With a growing population desirous of becoming better informed concerning New Mexico, the need to provide availability to such important material became apparent.

The present reprint program was only a scholar's dream until farsighted citizens became likewise convinced of the utility of making available a storehouse of knowledge, particularly focusing their concern on educational need for republication. Max Roybal, Bennie Aragon, Robert Aragon, Mike Alarid and Adele Cinelli-Hunley provided effective leadership. Legislators Don L. King and Alex Martinez presented Senate Bill #8 to the 1980 session of the New Mexico State Legislature and used their influence and that of Governor and Mrs. Bruce King to insure favorable consideration. The Board of the NMHR, speaking for followers of New Mexico's important history, warmly thanks these friends for such support.

Donald C. Cutter
Chairman, Editorial Board, NMHR



Cover design by Jan Carley, graphic artist, College of Education, University of New Mexico, Albuquerque.

CONSTITUTION

OF THE

HISTORICAL SOCIETY OF NEW MEXICO

(as amended Dec. 15, 1925)

Article I. *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 twenty-five dollars, or shall present to the Society an equivalent in books, manuscripts, portraits, or other acceptable material of an historical 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, two vice-presidents, a corresponding secretary and 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.* Each Member, upon election, shall pay a fee of two dollars, which shall include the dues for the current calendar year and annually thereafter a fee of $1.00 payable in January of each calendar year. Members may be dropped from the rolls of the Society at the discretion of the Executive Council for non-payment of dues.

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

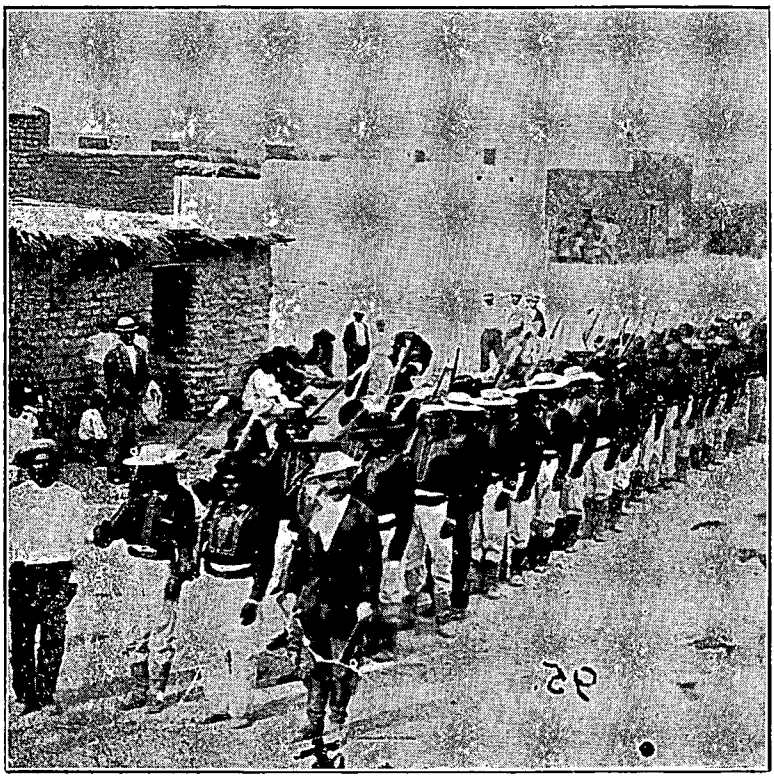
Article 8. *Meetings.* Monthly meetings of the Society shall be held at the rooms of the Society on the third Tuesday of each month at Eight P. M. The Executive Council shall meet at any time upon call of the President or of three of its members.

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 amendment 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.

Bulletins, as published, are mailed to members; subscription to the *Review* is additional.

Students and friends of Southwestern History are cordially invited to become members. Applications should be addressed to the corresponding secretary, Mr. Lansing B. Bloom, Santa Fe, N. Mex.



U. S. Indian Agent John P. Clum and company of fifty-four Apache Indian Police. Taken at Tucson, Arizona, the latter part of May, 1876. The company is attired in the uniforms purchased by popular subscription. Agent Clum is in center foreground with "cork" hat, Mexican riding whip (quirt) and fringed buckskin pants. Sergeant Tau-el-cly-ee is in the first set of "twos" at Clum's right, and Marijildo Grijalba, the interpreter, stands — a bit bow-legged — in the left foreground. This fine body of police accompanied Agent Clum to Apache Pass for duty in connection with the removal of the Chiricahua Apaches to San Carlos in June, 1876. SergeantTau-el-cly-ee is the sport who, with twenty selected police, effected the arrest of "Pi-on-se-nay," and who, with Agent Clum, conveyed that dangerous prisoner from the agency at Apache Pass to the stage station at Point-of-Mountain where he was delivered

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GERONIMO*

APACHE PASS will ever be intimately associated with Apache Indian history, and especially with the life stories of Cochise and Geronimo. There, for two or three decades, the former was a dominant figure as chief of the Chiricahuas, and there, a little later, the latter made his debut as a notorious renegade.

Many of our readers may not at once recall the exact location of Apache Pass, but if, a little more than a half century ago, they had been travelers along the old southern overland stage road between El Paso and San Diego they would distinctly remember this pass as the most dangerous section of that route because of frequent and savage attacks by hands of marauding Apaches.

The pass is a picturesque depression or divide in southeastern Arizona, separating the Chiricahua mountains on the south from the Dos Cabezas range on the north, and affording reasonably easy grades for the famous overland highway which for so many years threaded a sinuous course through its scenic defiles.

Away back yonder in those "early days"—about 1860 — a small detachment of United States troops arrived in Apache Pass from New Mexico and established a military post in the midst of the canyon recesses, which later became well known as Fort Bowie, and 1872, by special order of General O. O. Howard, the Chiricahua Indian Agency was located about a mile west of the fort. And there I found these two important government outposts when I first visited that historic section in June, 1876.

Glancing backward about three quarters of a century, we find that the Apaches who then roamed in American territory contiguous to the international line were under the leadership of two capable and daring chiefs — Mangus Colorado and Cochise. The former held sway in south-

western New Mexico and the latter in southeastern Arizzona, and General O. O. Howard states that these two chiefs were brothers. It is alleged that few, if any, depredations were then committed in American territory by the Indians under Cochise.

But a new and bloody chapter in Apache history was entered upon with the establishment of the military post in Apache Pass in 1860. Lieut. G. W. Bascom was the officer in command. Soon after his arrival he induced Cochise, with a brother and another relative, to come to the military camp for a talk. Having these Indians in his power he made them prisoners. Cochise cut a hole in the back of the tent in which he was confined and escaped with only a slight gun-shot wound in one leg. The other two Indians were hanged by Bascom. Cochise vowed that he would avenge the treachery practiced toward himself and the killing of his relatives. Thus began a bloody strife with this band of Apaches which was destined to continue nearly thirteen years.

Early in 1863 Mangus Colorado was made a prisoner through a treacherous plot similar to that adopted by Bascom at Apache Pass. Mangus was being guarded at night in an adobe structure within the little hamlet of Apache Tejo, near Silver City, N. M., and while he was sleeping a guard prodded him with a hot bayonet. Mangus leaped up with a yell and was promptly shot. The guards alleged that he was attempting to escape. This occurred in February, 1863. I passed through Apache Tejo early in May, 1877, with Geronimo as a prisoner, and the story of the killing of Chief Mangus was reported to me then by Indians who were familiar with the circumstances.

Although the powerful Mangus was dead, he left many daring and willing friends who were neither slow nor ineffective in their bloody deeds of retaliation. Most prominent among these avengers was the young chief Ponce, who, nine years later — 1872 — was one of the two Apaches who conducted General O. O. Howard into Cochise's strong-

hold, and whom, five years still later, I held as a prisoner with Geronimo and other renegades when we passed through Apache Tejo in 1877.

It was about 1870 that President Grant promulgated what was popularly termed his "Peace Policy" in connection with the management of the Indians. Ever since the hanging of the two Indians at Apache Pass by Lieut. Bascom in 1860, Cochise had persistently indulged his bloody thirst for savage revenge — which seemed insatiable, and the heavy toll in lives of Americans and Mexicans taken by this desperate and exceedingly dangerous Apache chief was appalling.

Mr. Vincent Colyer of New York was a member of the Board of Indian Commissioners appointed by President Grant to assist in the administration of the Peace Policy. Mr. Colyer at once (1871) made an extended tour of the west and talked with as many of the various tribes of Indians as practicable. The president had urged Mr. Colyer to make the utmost endeavor to secure an interview with the notorious Chiricahua Indian chief, but his efforts to meet Cochise resulted in utter failure.

But President Grant persisted — as was his habit — and in February of the following year he assigned to General O. O. Howard the difficult and hazardous task of meeting and treating with Cochise. General Howard left Washington for Arizona March 7, 1872, going by way of California. While his special mission was to interview Cochise, he was instructed to visit all the Indian tribes of the territory.

Although General Howard had the decided advantage of being able to command whatever military co-operation he might deem desirable, he met with no better success on his first trip in his efforts to interview Cochise than had Mr. Colyer. Thereupon he selected a party of ten Arizona Indians, mostly the older chiefs, to accompany him to Washington. These Indians represented the Papagos, Pimas, Mojaves and the Arivaipa Apaches. This party

left Camp Apache, Arizona, June 1st, going by way of Santa Fe, New Mexico (where I was then stationed), and arriving at Pueblo, Colorado, June 17th, from which point they took train for Washington.

Undaunted by the ill success of his first trip, General Howard left Washington on July 10, 1872, for a second and more determined effort to meet Cochise, returning to Arizona by way of Santa Fe, N. M., where I again met him.

In his book, "My Life Among our Hostile Indians," published in 1907, General Howard has given the details of his meeting with Cochise in an exceedingly interesting manner. A few of the most important features of his narrative—reduced to their lowest terms — will suffice for the purposes of this story.

Some perplexing delays were experienced in arranging for the visit to the Chiricahua country, but a definite plan was finally decided upon and General Howard left Cañada Alamosa, New Mexico, on Sept. 20th accompanied by Capt. Sladen, his aide, Tom Jeffords, Jake May, a young Apache chief named "Chie" and two packers. He soon picked up another young Apache chief named "Ponce."

Regarding the "social status" of these two Indians, General Howard says: "With those Tulerosa Indians was a young chief called Chie, the son of Mangus Colorado — Cochise's brother, a notorious Indian killed in 1863. . . . . Ponce, another young chief, who, with a roving band, had recently fled from Fort Stanton (N. M.), was somewhere near Cañada Alamosa depredating on the country, and our soldiers from different posts were out scouting and hunting for this very band of renegades."

It is not probable that, under ordinary circumstances, General Howard would have selected these two young Apache renegades for his traveling companions, but his was a desperate mission which justified desperate methods, and, if necessary, desperate associates.

General Howard does not qualify his statement that Mangus Colorado and Cochise were brothers. Chie was

the son of Mangus, and Ponce and his father were sub-chiefs under Mangus — and both were staunch friends of Cochise.

At first Chie objected to going because he had no horse, but General Howard overcame this objection by presenting him with two horses, — one for himself and one for his wife. Ponce also objected for two reasons — he had no horse and there would be no one to care for his people. General Howard says he gave Ponce a horse and "furnished their gypsy band with 30-days' supplies (at a Mexican hamlet) on conditions that they remain there and did not depredate."

When General Howard left this bunch of renegades and resumed his journey toward Arizona he was astonished to see Ponce following on foot, and upon inquiry he learned that the young chief had gallantly given the horse to his wife. And so it happened that sometimes Ponce rode behind with the general, and sometimes the general walked while Ponce rode his horse. General Howard says this arrangement greatly pleased the young chief. Tom Jeffords was selected to accompany the general because he had traded with the Cochise band and held their confidence — and also had a fair knowledge of their language.

General Howard's rank in the regular army, together with the special authority vested in him by the President, placed the military and civil authorities of New Mexico and Arizona subject to his command in matters pertaining to the very important mission he had undertaken, but this plenary power did not in the least assuage the bitter enmity of the settlers toward the Apaches — two of whom were now members of the general's official party.

Because of this extreme hostility on the part of citizens, General Howard found himself in imminent danger on at least two occasions before he arrived in the camp of the notorious Chiricahua chieftain. At Silver City, N. M., the citizens were most determined and the situation was desperate, but, the general tells us, "fortunately there were

present several sensible men who helped us to remain through the night without suffering violence." And it may be added, the next morning these same "sensible men" helped the general to get safely on his way with the first glow of the dawn.

However, they had not proceeded more than ten miles when they met a small party of prospectors, one of whom had lost a brother at the hands of the Apaches. At sight of Chie and Ponce this avenging brother leveled his rifle at the Indians, but General Howard deliberately threw himself in front of the ready weapon and told the infuriated prospector he would have to kill him first. The prospector was finally persuaded to postpone the killing, but his remarks were not complimentary either to the Indians or to the general.

Entering Arizona the trail led through the San Simon valley to Apache Pass and thence across the Sulphur Springs Valley to the Dragoon mountains, where, early in October, General Howard found the camp of the renegade chief concealed in a rocky fastness which is still known as "Cochise's Stronghold." The party had been reduced to five; General Howard, Capt. Sladen, Tom Jeffords, Chie and Ponce.

There were days of "peace talks" and palavers. Cochise declared that the trouble really began with the hanging of the two Indians at Apache Pass in 1860. General Howard further quotes him as saying; "You Americans began the fight and now Americans and Mexicans kill an Apache on sight. I have retaliated with all my might. I have killed ten white men for every Indian slain."

Nevertheless, Cochise was now ready to make peace, and it is not unlikely that the wily old chief boasted to General Howard of his prowess, and at the same time boosted his achievements to the limit, with the hope of obtaining the best terms possible in the proposed treaty. Finally, on October 13, 1872, the terms of the treaty were agreed upon, the boundaries of a reservation were fixed,

Tom Jeffords was designated as agent and sixty days' rations arranged for.

Thus General Howard had the extreme satisfaction of seeing his important and hazardous mission terminate in complete success. With a sense of deep gratitude for what had been accomplished in behalf of peace and prosperity, the general shook hands with Cochise for the last time and started on his return trip to Washington.

The reservation did not include "Cochise's Stronghold." It was situated east of the Sulphur Springs valley and embraced the greater part of the Dos Cabezas, Chiricahua and Swisshelm ranges. *The Mexican line was the southern boundary* and the agency was established in Apache Pass near Fort Bowie. Tom Jeffords continued to serve as agent for the Chiricahua Apaches until relieved by me nearly four years later — in June, 1876.

This brief historical review has been entered here in order to impress the fact that as late as 1872 southeastern Arizona was a remote and isolated frontier; that definite information relative to the Indians of that region was difficult to obtain, as well as to suggest the general conditions prevailing in and about Apache Pass for a decade or two prior to the appearance of Geronimo as a conspicuous figure in Apache history.

In February, 1874, President Grant commissioned me agent for the Apaches at the San Carlos agency, which is located on the Gila river at its confluence with the Rio San Carlos and about 150 miles northwest from Apache Pass. Nearly all of the Indians then at the San Carlos agency were known as Arivaipa Apaches. In that same year, and prior to my arrival in Arizona, Cochise died, so that I never had the opportunity of meeting the noted chief — a fact I deeply regretted.

On my arrival at San Carlos in August, 1874, I found about 800 Indians assembled on that reservation. Soon after several small bands were brought in from the ad-

jacent mountains which increased the number under my direction to about 1000.

In March, 1875, the Indians from the Rio Verde reservation, situated near Prescott, were removed to San Carlos and placed in my charge. There were about 1400 of these Indians, comprising nearly equal numbers of Tontos and Mojaves — with a few Yumas.

In July, 1875, under orders from the Interior Department, I removed 1800 Coyotero Apaches from the Camp Apache agency, locating about half of these adjacent to the main agency at San Carlos and the remainder at a subagency on the Gila about twenty miles east of San Carlos. Thus it will appear that within a year the number of Apaches under my charge and direction increased from 800 to approximately 4200.

And now the scene of our narrative returns again to Apache Pass. Cochise left two sons, Tah-zay and Nahchee. After his death a bitter rivalry developed between Tah-zay, the elder son, and Skin-yea, who had served as head war-chief under Cochise, as to who should succeed to the leadership of the tribe. The government officials recognized Tah-zay, but this action, instead of settling the controversy, only widened the breach between these stalwart aspirants and established an enmity which was destined to culminate in mortal combat.

Peace was maintained for about two years after the death of Cochise, but on April 6, 1876, a raiding party led by Pi-on-se-nay, a brother of Skin-yea, attacked the overland stage station at Sulphur Springs, twenty-six miles west of Fort Bowie, killed two men named Rogers and Spence, and committed other depredations in the San Pedro valley.

Lieutenant Henley, with a troop of cavalry from Fort Bowie, followed the trail of these renegades for some days and finally overtook them near the Mexican border, but did not succeed in inflicting any punishment upon them.

Nearly a month after this outbreak I received the fol-

lowing telegraphic orders from the Commissioner of Indian Affairs:

Washington, D. C., May 3, 1876.

Agent Clum,
San Carlos, Arizona.

Appropriation made by Congress. Will arrange for additional supplies. Proceed to Chiricahua; take charge of Indians and agency property there, suspending Agent Jeffords, for which this dispatch shall be your full authority. If practicable remove Chiricahua Indians to San Carlos. For that purpose use not exceeding three thousand dollars. Governor Safford has been advised.

(Signed) J. Q. Smith,
Commissioner.

Before entering actively upon the execution of these orders I insisted that a sufficient military force should be ordered into the field to afford ample protection to settlers in any emergency. General August V. Kautz, commanding the Department of Arizona, hesitated, but upon receipt of orders from the War Department he sent the entire sixth cavalry into southern Arizona. This unwarranted hesitation on the part of the local military authorities caused a delay of about three weeks in the active prosecution of my orders.

I chanced to be in Tucson when the above telegram from Washington was received there. Having made my request to General Kautz for military support *in the field,* I proceeded at once over the trail (125 miles) to San Carlos for the purpose of organizing a special police force to accompany me to Apache Pass. About a week later I was back in Tucson with an escort of fifty-four Arivaipa and Coyotero braves who constituted my *personal body-guard and free-lance army.*

While waiting for the cavalry to *arrive in the field* the citizens of Tucson had an excellent opportunity to observe the character and conduct of my Apache police *at close quarters.* Since the organization of this police force at

San Carlos in August, 1874, its members had rendered most valuable service on the reservation, and reports of their efficiency and dependability had spread throughout the territory, but the average citizens of Arizona had visualized this force *only at long range*. Hence when this company of fifty-four stalwart Apache police — fully armed and equipped for action — marched into the ancient and honorable pueblo of Tucson they presented a unique and impressive spectacle, and the onlookers were fully persuaded that the reports of their efficiency and prowess had not been exaggerated.

During this period of "watchful waiting" for the sixth cavalry to arrive *in the field* a committee of Tucson's "leading citizens" came to me with a request for AN APACHE WAR-DANCE — they were eager to witness *a genuine spectacle of this character*. Would the visiting police oblige them? I consulted the police and found them not only willing but enthusiastic. Accordingly the date for the "outbreak" was set. On the day appointed a load of wood was hauled to the center of the old Military Plaza, and as soon as it was dark the "camp-fire" was kindled. Forthwith the spectators began filing into the plaza by scores and hundreds — until we had an expectant audience estimated at fully 3000. The stage was set — ON WITH THE DANCE!

And now appeared the grotesque actors — thirty-five robust Apache braves stripped to the waist; their bodies and faces hideous with streaks and smears of "war-paint"; some wearing fantastic head-gear, and each bearing a lance and shield, a bow and arrow, or a rifle — according to the act assigned. Accompanying these were the "chanters and musicians" with their tom-toms. The instruments all being "in tune" the "first act" was precipitated without hesitation or delay. This was the "instigation scene" in which a lithe dancer performed gracefully with lance and shield. Gradually the number of active participants increased until the camp-fire was circled by a score or more

of wildly gesticulating figures of ferocious aspect and the night air was vibrant with a discordant chorus of blood-curdling "war-whoops."

The committee had expressed their eager desire for a "genuine spectacle," and when I observed the audience gradually retreating from the circle of lunging and howling performers I suspected that the play was becoming a bit too realistic to suit the fancy of the average "pale-face." Presently Chief Justice French edged his way to my side and with an expression of unfeigned alarm and the tone of a veteran pleader he said: "Clum, hadn't you better stop this before the Indians get beyond your control?" I replied (with apologies to John Paul Jones) "Why judge, we have *just begun* to dance."

And now the climax was approaching — for which our "infatuated" audience was wholly unprepared. None knew that I had supplied a half-dozen blank cartridges for each rifle in the custody of this apparently frantic bunch of athleic savages. Suddenly the sharp crack of a rifle echoed keen and clear above the din of the frenzied dance. This was the signal for a chorous of SUPER-YELLS, and then — BANG! BANG! BANG! BANG! came the nerve-racking explosions from some twenty additional rifles, fired in volleys or in rapid succession. Meanwhile the vocal exercises and athletic contortions of our unrestrained entertainers approached the peak of noise and confusion. To the average spectator it looked as if these unleashed representatives of the famed San Carlos Apache police were running amuck.

Fortunately, the old Military Plaza afforded ample "exits" for our (now) near-terror-stricken audience. That was "no place for a minister's son." No benediction or recessional was necessary, and, although the retreat was orderly, we very soon realized that our "enthusiastic" audience had quite spontaneously and almost unanimously deserted the "auditorium" without according to our "perfect performance" the usual complimentary "prolonged applause."

The following excerpts are from the *Arizona Citizen* of May 27, 1876 .

"The war-dance last night by the detachments of San Carlos Apaches at present in Tucson was a sight long to be remembered. The lateness of the hour and the pressure of matter compel us to pass it at present with a mere reference. Previous announcement that the dance would take place drew several thousand spectators to the Military Plaza early in the evening. * * * "The Indians seemed particularly delighted with the occasion, * * * and danced their Devil's quick steps and Virginia reels around the great fire blazing in the center with as much gusto and fierce delight as was ever delineated in the wildest Indian fiction. The dance continued for several hours and consisted of sorties by small squads of Indians at a time; then larger parties; then all hands around together, the whole interspersed by the frequent discharge of blank cartridges from the arms in their hands..

If the interest manifested by the people in these orgies of the Indians pleased the latter and showed them that we are satisfied and feel friendly to them so long as they behave themselves, the main object of the dance was accomplished.

Marijildo Grijalba (the interpreter) was the master of ceremonies and seemed to be in perfect and friendly accord with the Indians.

The citizens of Tucson were so well pleased with the general deportment of the police during their entire visit there that a purse was raised by popular subscription and the company presented wih uniforms — white pants, red shirts and an obsolete style of army hat. Not an expensive outfit, but highly valued as expressing friendliness and good will.

It is apropos to recall here that only five years previously some of the leading citizens of Tucson had secretly organized and stealthily led a party of Americans, Mexicans and Papagos to the Arivaipa Canyon — sixty miles north from Tucson, and there at dawn on April 30, 1871, attacked a camp of sleeping Apaches and brutally shot and

clubbed to death 118 Indians — women, children and old men. Now (1876) the Apaches were, practically, the guests and entertainers of the residents of this same remote frontier community. Strange things happen in strange ways. Neither the Apache Indians nor the citizens of Tucson had materially changed in character during the five years that had intervened, but, fortunately, they had come to a better understanding of, and with, each other.

As soon as General Kautz arrived in Tucson he sent his aide, Colonel Martin, to me with a request that I indicate how the troops should be assigned in the field. When I demurred Colonel Martin insisted that the commanding general was very desirous that I should express my judgment in the matter. This I finally did, and within an hour Colonel Martin returned to my quarters with a copy of an order just issued by General Kautz assigning the troops exactly as I had suggested. I never have been able to decide whether this action was a bit of fine courtesy on the part of General Kautz, or a clever plan to bridge to me full responsibility for whatever might eventuate. In view of the fact that General Kautz had hesitated until the War Department had ordered him to give me "all military assistance necessary," I suspected that his scheme was to shift the command to me — to the extent of deciding what military aid was "necessary" and how that aid should be employed. Whatever motive may have lurked in the mind of General Kautz, his orders to the troops in the field — based upon my suggestions — operated in complete harmony with the purposes of the campaign.

The capture of the murderers of Rogers and Spence and the contemplated removal of the Chiricahua Indians to San Carlos was regarded as an enterprise of more or less formidable proportions, and the campaign was not undertaken without serious misgivings. The very name of the Chiricahua Apaches had been a terror to the citizens of Arizona, New Mexico and Sonora for many, many years.

Scores of graves in this southwestern region marked the final resting places of their victims. It was variously estimated that this tribe could muster from three hundred to five hundred able warriors — all well armed, brave and experienced. For more than a decade under Cochise they had successfully defied the troops — both American and Mexican, and had been victorious in almost every engagement with these troops. Skin-yea, the old war-chief under Cochise, was still living — and still influential. Would he seize upon the present situation as his opportunity to rally his dusky braves under the old standard and lead them back along those free, familiar trails which ever led to scenes of plunder and bloodshed? These and similar considerations had determined me not to go upon their reservation until *I* was prepared to dictate terms to *them* — and not they to me; to have the settlers protected in case of open hostilities, and be prepared to quell an outbreak without a protracted Indian war.

That General Kautz and his staff were apprehensive of danger was evidenced by the general's action in tendering me a company of cavalry to serve as my personal escort from Tucson to the Chiricahua agency, which was located in the heart of Apache Pass. As I felt secure with my body-guard of Apache police I thanked the general for his consideration and declined the cavalry escort.

It was the afternoon of June 4, 1876, when I arrived with my Indian police at Sulphur Springs, the scene of Pi-on-se-nay's recent murders. At the same time several companies of cavalry were moving down the Sulphur Springs and San Simon valleys to convenient positions where they might be ready for prompt action in case the renegades attempted further depredations. These two valleys were broad and open so that the approach of the invading forces (each separate column trailed by a dense cloud of alkali dust) could be readily observed by the Chiricahuas, who, from adjacent peaks, had been watching our movements with the deepest interest.

The crisis for the Chiricahuas had arrived. The next morning the San Carlos police would be at their agency in the very heart of the pass, with all the supporting troops in position for immediate and effective action. The fighting spirit of Skin-yea, the old war-chief, was thoroughly aroused, and he exerted himself to the utmost in an effort to induce the entire tribe to take the warpath and resist to the bitter end. In this course he was ably supported by his brother, Pi-on-se-nay.

Tah-zay and Nah-chee stoutly opposed the plans of the old war-chief. These two young sons of Cochise declared that they had sworn to their father on his deathbed to keep the treaty he had made — and that they would be faithful to their oath.

That night the Indians gathered for council in a deep canyon illuminated by a great campfire. That bitter enmity which for two years had been smouldering in the breasts of these two families of savages was here to seek and find its ultimate and extreme satisfaction in blood and death. The council began and the hot blood of the Indian was soon beyond control. Suddenly the sharp crack of a rifle rang down the mountain side and the fierce Apache yell proclaimed the deadly strife begun. This fearful test was finally to determine who was fittest to succeed the dead chieftain — his sons or his war chiefs.

The deep and rocky canyon, wrapped in the sable veil of night, peopled with weird shadows flung from the flickering embers of the smouldering council fire, the keen reports of the rifles resounding from cliff to cliff, the demoniacal yells of the savage participants in this mortal combat — each lent a feature to make the picture wild, fierce and terrifying in the extreme. The bullets sped through the air as if impatient to main or kill the fighting fiends. Presently a well directed shot from Nah-chee's gun struck Skin-yea square in the forehead, piercing his brain. The towering frame of the brave, bad warrior swayed a

moment in the darkness and then fell prone upon the mountain side. Skin-yea had fought his last fight.

Scarcely had Pi-on-se-nay realized his brother's death when he was himself completely disabled by a bullet fired by Tah-zay which crashed through his right shoulder. The die was cast. The fortunes of war no longer favored these veteran fighters. Wounded, defeated and disheartened Pi-on-se-nay fled into the shelter of the darkness assisted by a few of his followers. Thus did the young sons of Cochise defend with their lives the oath they gave their dying father.

Two companies of the sixth cavalry en route to Fort Bowie made their camp near mine at Sulphur Springs on the night of June 4th.. Included among the officers with these troops was Colonel Oakes, commander of the regiment. Sulphur Springs was located on the old southern overland stage route and the distance to Fort Bowie (in Apache Pass) was twenty-six miles. For about twelve miles the highway led through the open country to the mountains at the mouth of the pass. Inasmuch as my police were marching on foot and the weather was exceedingly warm I directed them to leave camp at daybreak in order that they might escape from the valley before the heat became too oppressive — and to wait for me at the mouth of the pass.

Colonel Oakes was traveling in an ambulance with four mules, while I had a light wagon and was driving four light horses. Tht colonel and I rolled out of camp just as the buglers sounded "boots and saddles" for the troops. Having the lighter and speedier outfit, I reached the mouth of the pass a mile or two in advance of the colonel. My police had arrived an hour before and were well rested. A great cloud of alkali dust down the valley indicated that the troops were plodding along some three or four miles behind their colonel. When the military ambulance drew up at the mouth of the pass I asked Colonel Oakes if he intended to await the arrival of his cavalry

escort before entering the pass. His response was; "Do you intend to wait for the troops?" I am sure he knew I had no such intention. Anyhow, Colonel Oakes was a "regular fellow" and we were good friends, and so I told him that my escort was only awaiting my orders to resume the march. The colonel smiled and said: "Well Clum, if these police can escort you through the pass they can escort me also, and I'll go right along with you." I assured Colonel Oakes that I would esteem it both a pleasure and an honor to share my escort with him. Thereupon the order was given to proceed. A dozen alert scouts were detailed as the advance guard and these scattered out along the slopes on either side of the pass to watch for "Indian signs" and to forestall a possible ambush, while the main body of the police were divided into front and rear guards for the two conveyances which were transporting the grizzled colonel and myself. Our progress was cautious but genuinely interesting, tinged with a wierd fascination which was not marred by any overt act on the part of the Chiricahuas, and we arrived at Fort Bowie safely an hour in advance of the colonel's cavalry.

Thus it transpired that instead of accepting a company of the sixth cavalry to serve as my personal escort on this trip, I escorted the colonel of that regiment over the most dangerous section of the march with my "personal body-guard and free-lance army" of Apache police — and I know that our stealthy advance through Apache Pass registered a page in Colonel Oakes' memory that was unique among his varied military experiences.

The Chiricahua agency was located about a mile west from Fort Bowie and when I arrived there at noon on June 5, 1876, I found both Tah-zay and Nah-chee, the young sons of Cochise — heroes now after their successful fight with the old war-chiefs — were there to greet me, and as soon as I had explained to them fully the purpose of my visit they readily consented to the proposed removal of their band to the San Carlos reservation.

At this time Agent Jeffords informed me that there was another band of Indians on the reservation known as "Southern Chiricahuas;" that these Indians really belonged in Mexico, but when Cochise made the treaty with General Howard *the Southern Chiricahuas elected to include themselves in that treaty,* and ever since had been reporting quite regularly at the agency for their rations; that the recognized chiefs of this band were Eronemo, (Geronimo), Hoo and Nol-gee, and that these chiefs desired to have an interview with me.[1]

Although I had been actively associated with the affairs of the Arizona Apaches for two years I had never before heard of Geronimo, and my first meeting with the Indian occurred on the afternoon of June 8, 1876. Accompanied by Hoo and Nol-gee, he related to me how he and his people had joined in the Howard treaty, and now that the young were going to San Carlos the Southern Chiricahuas desired to go there also. His families, however, were some twenty miles distant down near the Mexican line, and he only desired permission to go and bring them in. Although this permission was finally granted, the general demeanor of the wily savage did not inspire complete confidence, and accordingly some of my scouts were dispatched to shadow his movements.

Geronimo hastened to rejoin his followers, who, in fact, were then located only about ten miles distant from Apache Pass. A few brief orders were quickly given and at once the quiet camp was transformed into a scene of active but cautious preparations for a rapid march. Every bit of superfluous equipage was cast aside. The feeble and disabled horses were killed, as well as the dogs — lest their bark should betray the secret camp of the fleeing savages. As soon as these preparations had been completed the Southern Chiricahuas, with Geronimo in command, moved

1. Agent Jeffords informed me that the name of this Indian was "Eronemo," and it is so spelled in my official annual report for 1876. In my annual report for 1877 the name is spelled "Heronemo," which is the English pronunciation of the Spanish name "Geronimo."

rapidly to the Mexican line and thence to the Sierra Madre mountains, their former home, and which for years after became the stronghold of the renegades.

As soon as my scouts discovered the abandoned camp of the renegades with its many evidences of a hasty flight they lost no time in reporting the same to me. Immediately I conveyed this information to General Kautz, commanding the Department of Arizona and who was then at Fort Bowie, and requested him to send some troops to bring back or punish the fleeing Indians. Major Morrow, who, with three companies of cavalry and a company of Indian scouts was stationed in the San Simon valley just east of Apache Pass, was ordered in pursuit, and although he took up the trail immediately and followed rapidly into Mexico, Geronimo succeeded in making good his escape with all his families and effects.[2]

Thse events introduced Geronimo to the country as a renegade. Prior to this time he was positively unknown either as "Eronemo," "Heronemo" or "Geronimo" outside the limits of the Chiricahua reservation and his native haunts in Sonora. He was a full-blooded Apache, and Agent Jeffords is authority for the assertion that he was born near Janos, Mexico.

During the evening of June 8th a very dark, mean looking Indian came into the agency and announced that he was a member of Pi-on-se-nay's party; that his chief was badly wounded and desired to know upon what terms he might surrender to me. I told him that Pi-on-se-nay was a murderer and would be treated as such, whereupon the messenger expressed the opinion that his chief would not surrender. At once I summoned Tau-el-cly-ee, my sergeant of police, and instructed him to select twenty of his best men and bring in Pi-on-se-nay — *alive if convenient.* At the same time I cautioned him to march with

2. My official communication to General Kautz under date of June 9, 1876, advising him of Geronimo's flight and requesting pursuit by the troops, was published in full in the *Arizona Citizen* on July 29, 1876. See copy on file in the Congressional Library.

loaded rifles in order that if there was to be any shooting his men would be able to join in the fray with disconcerting alacrity and deadly effect. Then, pointing to the messenger I said: "This man has just come from Pi-on-se-nay's camp. He will go with you. If he proves a good guide bring him back, but if not — well, then I don't care to see him again." The sergeant simply grinned and said: "She bu-ken-see" (I understand). I then took a Winchester rifle and a six-shooter from the messenger and told him that *if* he came back I would return his arms to him. He did and I did.

Late the next afternoon Tau-el-cly-ee returned bringing with him Pi-on-se-nay and thirty-eight other prisoners — mostly women and children. Inasmuch as Pi-on-se-nay had been at large over two months since the killing of Rodgers and Spence the citizens of the territory were extremely anxious to know what might be transpiring at Apache Pass. Therefore I wired Governor Safford brief details of the murderer's arrest, and also informed him that it was my purpose to brong Pi-on-se-nay to Tucson for confinement and speedy trail in the federal courts. Within a few days I had good reason for regretting that I had advised the governor of my plan to bring the prisoner to Tucson.

Tah-zay's bullet had made an ugly wound in Pi-on-se-nay's right shoulder. This wound was carefully dressed daily by the post surgeon at Fort Bowie, and in the meantime my police mounted a double guard over the dangerous prisoner.

Arrangements for the removal were speedily completed; a freight train of "prairie schooners" operated by the firm of "Barnett & Block" was in readiness for the transportation of "baggage" and invalids, and on June 12th the sons of Cochise — with their followers, families and effects left Apache Pass and started for the San Carlos reservation without protest. The company totaled 325 men, women and children — escorted by my Indian police.

As soon as I had seen this picturesque caravan well

on its way out of Apache Pass I returned to the agency for the prisoner, who had been left in the sole custody of that most dependable aide — Sergeant Tau-el-cly-ee. For my personal transportation I was using a single seated rig and four horses. Placing Pi-on-se-nay on the seat beside me I directed Tau-el-cly-ee to follow close behind, mounted on his faithful steed. Within a couple of hours we had rejoined the caravan, which had struck camp for the night at Ewell Springs, in the foothills of the Dos Cabezas range.

As a striking type of the genuine Apache war-chief Pi-on-se-nay towered as if created for the part. He was a trifle over six feet tall, straight as an arrow, lithe as a panther. His form was that of an ideal athlete; a frame of iron compactly bound with sinews of steel — indicating strength, speed and endurance; clean-cut features as if chiselled by a sculptor; an eye as keen but less friendly than that of Geronimo, and a complexion almost black. Although he was nursing a serious wound during the time he was in my custody, he impressed me as being an Indian who could give a splendid account of himself in any combat, and one whom I would rather not meet alone on the trail if he were in an unfriendly mood.

Because of the apparent painful nature of his wound no shackles had been placed on Pi-on-se-nay. Nevertheless Tau-el-cly-ee and I were inclined to take every reasonable precaution against the possible escape of our wily and dangerous prisoner during the night. Accordingly we spread a pair of blankets on the ground, and having allowed Pi-on-se-nay to make himself as comfortable as possible in the center of these, we spread a single blanket over the wounded Indian — weighting down the overlapping ends of this blanket with our own precious bodies as we stretched out for the night on opposite sides of the prisoner. If we slept at all it was with one eye open — as the saying goes.

June 13th proved to be a very hot day as well as an unlucky day so far as my plans for Pi-on-se-nay were concerned. The main caravan was in motion at daybreak,

for the next camping grounds with water was at Point-of-Mountain stage station — thirty miles distant across the Sulpher Springs valley with its long stretches of alkali shimmering under the blaze of the June sun. Having seen the last of the Chiricahuas on their way, I harnessed up my four-in-hand, adjusted Pi-on-se-nay on the seat beside me and headed westward with Tau-el-cly-ee and his sturdy charger bringing up the rear.

The duties and responsibilities of the last week had proved a test of endurance and after a dozen or more miles in the June heat and alkali dust I became a bit drowsy and, for an instant, my eyes closed. When I opened them my dark-visaged companion was glaring at me. Without appearing to heed his gaze I purposely allowed my head to nod a couple of times and closed my eyes again. When I suddenly roused myself an instant later "my friend the Indian" had straightened up his stately form, turned in his seat until he was facing me, and his flashing eyes bespoke the intense excitement he strove to control. He had no weapons. Was he hoping for a chance to snatch one from my belt — my knife, — my six shooter? I dunno. Anyhow, these considerations served to keep me wide awake until we drew rein in front of Tom Williams' road-house at Point-of-Mountain.

Among the first to greet me at this station was Deputy Sheriff Charlie Shibell and his assistant, Ad Linn, armed with a warrant for Pi-on-se-nay. I had planned to convey the prisoner to Tucson personally, with a guard of Indian police, but the deputy sheriffs with the warrant held the right of way. So I delivered Pi-on-se-nay into their custody about two o'clock p. m. on that thirteenth day of June, and at nine o'clock that same evening the old war-chief escaped. This, of course was a great misfortune, as the trial and punishment of this murderer under the direction of the federal courts would have had a most beneficial and far-reaching influence among the Apaches of Arizona. And what grieved me more was the firm conviction that

if Pi-on-se-nay had remained in my custody the Indian police would have landed him in the jail at Tucson not later than June 15, 1876. Pi-on-se-nay was killed in Mexico about two years later.

The following is quoted from my annual report for 1876 to the Commissioner of Indian Affairs:

On June 18th the Chiricahua Indians were located on the San Carlos reservation without trouble or accident. The terrible shade of that tribe's dreaded name had passed away, and the imaginary army of four or five hundred formidable warriors had dwindled to the modest number of sixty half-armed and less clothed savages.

In the fall of 1876 I took a score of Apaches, including Tah-zay, on a trip to the east. While visiting at Washington Tah-zay was stricken with pneumonia and died. He is buried in the Congressional Cemetery — where his ashes rest amid the graves of many other distinguished Americans. General O. O. Howard, who made the treaty with Tah-zay's father four years prior, attended the funeral.

With the removal of the Cochise Indians to San Carlos the Chiricahua reservation was abandoned, hence it was no longer convenient for Geronimo and his band to step from Mexico onto the reservation and again from the reservation back into Mexico. While this was a decided handicap to the renegades it did not deter them from making frequent raids through southeastern Arizona and across into southwestern New Mexico, where they had friends among the former followers of old Mangus Colorado — one of whom was Ponce, who accompanied General Howard into Cochise's stronghold. Troops were frequently sent out for the purpose of intercepting and punishing these marauding bands, but Geronimo succeeded in evading pursuit until the San Carlos police were again ordered on his trail.

The dissatisfaction of the people of Arizona with the inadequate protection afforded settlers in the southeastern

part of the territory by the military, and the ineffectual efforts of the troops to apprehend and punish the bands of renegade Apaches who were making too frequent raids between Sonora and New Mexico, was expressed in no uncertain terms by the territorial legislature. On February 8, 1877, that body passed an appropriation of $10,000, and authorized the governor to enroll sixty militia for the protection of citizens against hostile Indians.

Immediately Governor Safford wired me a request for sixty of my San Carlos police to serve as territorial militia against the renegades. I advised the governor that I would be happy to comply with his request provided Captain Beauford, my chief of police, could be placed in charge of this militia company, as I did not deem it wise to send these Apache police out under the command of a stranger. Governor Safford promptly gave his hearty approval to my suggestion. On February 20th I arrived in Tucson with this company of police and turned them over to the governor. Without delay Captain Beauford and the Indians were enrolled as territorial militia, equipped and rationed and, on February 23rd, were despatched for active scouting in southeastern Arizona.

My "school days" included a three years' course at a military academy, and during the last two years at that institution I held the rank of captain. This, of course, made me familiar with the manual of arms and company drill, and as we had four companies we frequently indulged in skirmish and battalion drills.. Because of my fondness for military maneuvers I had amused myself sometimes by drilling my Indian police. A pleasing result of this "pastime" is shown in a photograph of my body-guard taken at Tucson in May, 1876, in which the company is formed in "a column of twos."

The transfer of a body of Apache police to the governor of Arizona for service as territorial militia in a campaign against hostile Indians was a unique event in frontier history. Such a momentous occasion seemed to de-

mand some elaborate and spectacular ceremony, and nothing could be more appropriate than a military gesture with the firing of a salute by the entire company as a climax. The Apache police had never heard of "blank cartridges" and therefore it seemed to them entirely proper that ball cartridges should be used in firing the salute, in which opinion I heartily concurred — inasmuch as no "blanks" were obtainable. The trail from San Carlos to Tucson measuerd about 125 miles, and short drills were held each morning and evening while en route. As the Indians entered heartily into the spirit of the game we were able to make a very creditable showing when the fateful moment arrived for our grand act.

On reaching Tucson I marched the company in a column of twos to the "Governor's Palace." Here the company was halted and stood at "parade rest," facing the "palace," while I rapped at the door. As soon as the governor appeared the company was brought to "attention." Orders were then given for the following evolutions; "Carry arms;" "Rear open order;" "About face;" "Load;" "Aim;" "Fire;" "Recover arms;" "About face;" "Close order;" "Present arms." These orders were given in English and the evolutions followed the old Upton tactics. Having fired the salute and with the company standing at "present," I made my most graceful personal salutation to the governor — AND DELIVERED THE GOODS.

The following local item appeared in the *Arizona Citizen* (Tucson), Saturday, February 24, 1877.[3]

Indian Agent John P. Clum arrived here on Tuesday with sixty stalwart armed Apaches from San Carlos reservation, with a view to their enlistment under the call of the governor in pursuance of an act of the late legislature. Mr. Clum marched them in front of the governor's office where they fired a salute and were inspected by the governor. Afterward they were assigned Tully, Ochoa & Co's large corral as a camping ground where they remained until leaving for the field Friday. Their conduct was order-

3. On file in the Congressional Library.

ly and highly creditable in every way. Captain Beauford informed us that he did not even have to speak to any of them in a corrective tone. Agent Clum in this instance has done the public a very valuable service and given another of many proofs of his desire to promote the welfare of the people generally.

Meanwhile there were reports of frequent raids in which stock was stolen and traded off at the small towns along the Rio Grande, thus adding much to the prosperity of the renegades. It so happened that Lieutenant Henley, who led the troops from Bowie on the trail of Pi-on-se-nay in April, 1876, was passing through the Rio Grande valley in the latter part of February, 1877. There he saw Geronimo, whither he had come on one of his *trading tours*. Lieut. Henley at once telegraphed to General Kautz that he had seen Geronimo in the vicinity of Las Palomas, and that the renegade undoubtedly was making his headquarters at the Southern Apache Agency, at Ojo Caliente, New Mexico. General Kautz telegraphed this information to the War Department and that department transmitted the facts to the Commissioner of Indian Affairs. The result was the following telegram to me:

Washington, D. C., March 20, 1877.

Agent Clum, San Carlos:

If practicable take Indian Police and arrest renegade Indians at Southern Apache Agency; sieze stolen horses in their possession, restore property to rightful owners, remove renegades to San Carlos and hold them in confinement for murder and robbery. Call on military for aid if needed.

(Signed) Smith, Commissioner.

These orders imposed upon me one of the most important and exciting campaigns I have ever undertaken. With the approval of Governor Safford, I sent a courier to Captain Beauford directing him to proceed at once to Silver City, N. M., with his company, and having enrolled

about forty additional police at San Carlos I hastened to join Beauford at Silver City. At that point the "Arizona Apache Territorial Militia" were taken over by me, their names once more entered upon the agency pay roll — Captain Beauford included. Having thus been reinstated as members of the San Carlos Indian Police Force they were merged with the company I had brought with me from San Carlos, and the entire body proceeded thenceforth under my direction. The distance by trail from San Carlos to Ojo Caliente is something like 350 or 400 miles, and the greater part of my little army of Indians measured the entire distance of the round trip on foot.

General Hatch was in command of the Department of New Mexico with headquarters at Santa Fe. Just before leaving San Carlos I sent a despatch to General Hatch advising him of the nature of my orders and requesting him to assign sufficient troops at convenient stations in the field to co-operate in the protection of the citizens of southwestern New Mexico should serious trouble occur. At Fort Bayard I received a reply from General Hatch informing me that in compliance with my request he had ordered eight companies of the ninth cavalry into the field. Having completed all preliminary details I left Silver City with my police and started on the long trek over the mountains to Ojo Caliente. All along the route we were warned that the main body of the renegades was gathered in the vicinity of the Southern Apache Agency; that this aggregation totaled from 250 to 400 well armed, desperate Indians, and that these rude and ruthless redskins were impatiently waiting for an opportunity to greet us in the most enthusiastic fashion. These rumors served to sustain the interest in our march into New Mexico.

At Fort Bayard it had been arranged that Major Wade, commanding the troops in the field, and who was then at Fort Union, should meet me at Ojo Caliente with three companies of cavalry on the morning of April 21st, but when I arrived at that point on the evening of April 20th

I found there a telegram from Major Wade advising me that he would not be able to reach Ojo Caliente until April 22nd.

Doubtless this delay was unavoidable, but it placed the full responsibility of a most serious situation squarely up to me. It was obvious that if I remained two days at Ojo Caliente with my San Carlos police there would not be a renegade within fifty miles of that point. But troops were now co-operating *at my request.* If I took any action against the renegades without consulting the officer commanding the troops in the field I must be SOLELY responsible for the results.

I had sent a dependable scout to Ojo Caliente several days in advance of my arrival and he informed me that Geronimo with between 80 and 100 followers was then camped about three miles from the agency, and that he had come in to the agency that very day for rations. We had been on the trail nearly a month and had marched all the way from San Carlos for the special purpose of ARRESTING GERONIMO. Our only chance for success was through prompt and resolute action. In these circumstances I determined that we would undertake to make the arrest without delay — relying entirely upon the loyalty and efficiency of the Apache police.

As before stated, most of my police were on foot. We had marched cautiously to within twenty miles of the agency — where we had camped at noon on April 20th. There I selected twenty-two Apache scouts who had horses as a special body-guard to accompany me to the agency, where we arrived shortly before sundown. Captain Beauford was instructed to bring the main body of the police to a spring about ten miles from the agency that evening, and to complete the march to the agency leisurely the following morning.

This proved a most fortunate maneuver. The renegades knew that some Indian police were on the trail from Arizona, but they did not know how many, and their gen-

eral attitude after my arrival at the agency convinced me that they were of the opinion that the twenty-two police who escorted me in constituted my entire force. Upon this hypothesis I based my plan of action.

The main agency building faced the east, fronting on a large parade ground. About fifty yards to the south stood a large commissary building which, happily, was vacant. From this commissary building a row of employee quarters extended eastward along the south line of the parade ground, while the east and north limits of the parade ground were marked by a deep ravine. Such was the general plan of the field on which I hoped the renegades might speedily be lured to their Waterloo.

As soon as it was dark I despatched a courier to Captain Beauford with orders to bring his reserves in before daylight — and to observe the utmost caution and quiet in approaching the agency. At about 4 a. m. the reserves, numbering about eighty, arrived and were at once quartered in the convenient commissary building, each man with thirty rounds of fixed ammunition AND HIS GUN LOADED. This bit of strategem, in which the innocent commissary building was destined to duplicate the trick of the famous TROJAN HORSE, operated so effectively that it has been a matter of self-congratulation ever since.

At daylight I sent a messenger to the renegade camp to inform Geronimo and the other chiefs that I desired to have a "talk" with them. They came quickly — a motley clan, painted and equipped for a fight. Supported by a half-dozen of my police I took my position on the porch of the main agency building over-looking the parade ground. The remainder of my special escort of twenty-two were deployed in an irregular skirmish line — half of them northward toward the ravine, and the other half southward to the commissary building. Captain Beauford had his station half-way between me and the commissary, and, let me repeat, every man had thirty rounds of fixed ammunition AND HIS GUN LOADED.

The police were instructed to be constantly on the alert and ready for instant combat, but not to shoot: (1) unless ordered to do so by either Captain Beauford or myself; (2) unless Captain Beauford or I began shooting; (3) unless the renegades began shooting. The reserves were instructed that at a signal from Captain Beauford their sergeant would swing wide the great commissary doors and then race eastward along the south line of the parade ground, and they were to follow hot on his trail at intervals of about two paces — every man with his thumb on the hammer of his gun.

Because the renegades believed they held a decided advantage in the matter of numbers I did not think they would hesitate to assemble on the parade ground in front of my position — and this proved true. They came trailing in just as the sun rose gloriously above the New Mexican ranges. Was this to be the final sunrise for some, or many, of us who were watching it — and each other — so anxiously?

Sullen and defiant, the renegades were finally gathered in a fairly compact group in front of me, and, as is their custom on such occasions, their most daring men (and just the men I wanted — such as Geronimo, Gordo, Ponce, Francisco, etc.) were pressed forward as a menace to my personal safety. They fully appreciate that the immediate presence of such desperate characters, fully armed and smeared with paint, is anything but reassuring to a "pale-face."

Promptly I addressed my exceedingly picturesque audience, telling them that I had come a long distance on a very important mission, but if they would listen to my words "with good ears" no serious harm would be done to them. With equal promptness Geronimo replied that if I spoke with discretion no serious harm would be done to us — or words to that effect. This defiant attitude convinced me that it would be useless to continue the parley. The crisis had arrived. The hour had struck which

was to determine the success or failure of our expedition. The excitement, though suppressed, was keen. Would they, upon discovering our superior force and arms, submit without a struggle, or would the next moment precipitate a hand-to-hand fight to the death between these desperate renegades and and the bravest and best fighters the Apache tribes of Arizona could produce? On either side were the most determined of men. The slightest cause might change the history of the day.

The situation demanded action — *prompt action*, and very promptly the signal was given. Instantly the commissary portals swung open and Sergeant Rip started his sprint along the south line of the parade grounds. As if by magic the reserves came swarming out from the commissary, and, in single file, leaped after their sergeant at top speed with intervals that left room for the free use of their weapons. We had started the "action" — most impressive and spectacular action, with those lithe Apache police bounding along, each with his thumb on the hammer of his loaded rifle, - alert, - ready and, thus far, in comparative silence.

However, the release of the reserves had not failed to startle the renegades. At the same time there was enacted a little side-play which, in my judgment, was potent in deciding the issues of the day. At the first sight of the reserves emerging from the old commissary building a half-dozen of the straggling followers of the hostiles started to move away from the parade ground. When these failed to obey our orders to return, Captain Beauford raised his rifle and leveled it at one of the would-be fugitives. There are always a few belligerent squaws who insist upon intruding whenever a "war-talk" is in progress and one of these athletic ladies had stationed herself, doubtless designedly, close by our stalwart chief of police. With a wild yell she sprang upon Beauford and clung to his neck and arms in such a manner as to draw down his rifle — making a superb "tackle" and "interference." I had been

keeping my two eyes on Geronimo, but with the echo of that genuine Apache yell I turned just in time to appreciate Beauford's expression of profound disgust when he discovered that he had been captured by a squaw. Then he swung that great right arm to which the lady was clinging and she landed ingloriously on the parade ground — and at a respectful distance. Really, a bit of comedy injected into a most serious situation.

This episode consumed less than a minute, but it held the attention of the entire audience and enabled us to get fifteen or twenty additional police in that galloping skirmish line. Also, when Captain Beauford raised his gun the second time the police indicated that they were ready to follow his lead — if shooting was to become general. All of which produced a most wholesome effect on the minds of the renegades. In the meantime the maneuver of the reserves was such a complete surprise and had been executed with such dash and daring that before the renegades fully realized what was happening they found themselves at the mercy of a threatened cross-fire from our two skirmish lines which were now deployed on the west and south sides of the parade grounds, with the angle at the old commissary building. Geronimo was quick to comprehend the hopelessness of his position. Thereupon he recalled the stragglers and readily agreed to a "conference."

Immediately I directed Geronimo and three or four of his lieutenants to come to the porch where I was standing. Their compliance was stoical. Feeling assured that the crucial moment had passed, I handed my rifle to one of my police and told Geronimo that as we were to have a "peace talk" we would both lay aside our arms. Geronimo frowned his objection, but we had the advantage. I took his gun from him — a bit rudely perhaps — and the same is still in my possession, a much prized trophy of that expedition.

Having taken the guns from half-a-dozen other "bad men" we settled down for the "peace talk." Geronimo

adjusted himself in a squatting position on the porch immediately in front of me. I began by reminding him that we had met nearly a year before at Apache Pass when he had agreed to accompany the Chiricahua Indian to San Carlos. To this he replied: "Yes, and you gave me a pass to go out and bring in my people, but I could not get back within the time you allowed, so I did not return — I was afraid." In a most serious manner I told him the story of the killing of his dogs and old horses; his deserted camp; his hasty march into Sonora; the pursuit of the troops, etc., and suggested that if he had really desired to go to San Carlos he would not have hot-footed it in the opposite direction. He gave me a fierce glance but made no reply. "Well," I continued, "I must be your good friend because I have traveled so far to see you again. Now I want to keep you with me and to know where you are, and so I will provide you with a special escort and then you will not stray away and be afraid to return." Geronimo glared in sullen silence.

Thereupon I ordered him to go with the police to the guardhouse. He did not move. Then I added: "You must go now." Like a flash he leaped to his feet. There was a picture I shall never forget. He stood erect as a mountain pine, while every outline of his symmetrical form indicated strength and endurance. His abundant ebon locks draped his ample shoulders, his stern features, his keen piercing eye, and his proud and graceful posture combined to create in him the model of an Apache war-chief. There he stood — GERONIMO THE RENEGADE, a form commanding admiration, a name and character dreaded by all. His eyes blazed fiercely under the excitement of the moment and his form quivered with a supressed rage. From his demeanor it was evident to all that he was hesitating between two purposes, whether to draw his knife, his only remaining weapon, cut right and left and die fighting — or to surrender?

My police were not slow in discerning the thoughts of

the renegade. Instantly Sergeant Rip sprang forward and snatched the knife from Geronimo's belt, while the muzzles of a half-dozen needle-guns in the hands of Beauford and the police were pressed toward him — their locks clicking almost in unison as the hammers were drawn back. With flashing eyes he permitted himself to indulge in a single swift, defiant glance at his captors. Then his features relaxed and he said calmy; "In-gew" (All right) — and thus was accomplished the first and only *bona fide capture* of GERONIMO THE RENEGADE.

The prisoner was forthwith escorted to the blacksmith shop, and thence to the guard-house. At the blacksmith shop shackles were riveted on the prisoner's ankles. These were never removed while he remained in my custody, and never should have been removed except to allow him to walk untrammeled to the scaffold.

Immediately following the arrest of Geronimo six other renegades were taken into custody, disarmed and shackled — one of whom was "Ponce." But, at that time, I had no idea I was arresting an Indian who had been a trusted and useful member of General Howard's official party on his important mission to Cochise's Stronghold. While en route over the mountains from Silver City to Ojo Caliente we had cut the "hot" trail of a raiding band which my scouts found led back to the Warm Springs reservation. After my arrival at the agency I learned that this band had preceeded us there only a couple of days; that they had brought in some stolen stock; that Ponce was the leader of this band, and that he exerted a great influence among the renegades. This was all I knew of Ponce, and it was on this record that I caused his arrest.

And thus it transpired that when Major Wade finally arrived at Ojo Caliente with his escort of cavalry on April 22nd, Geronimo and the other principal renegades had been arrested and shackled and were under guard by the San Carlos police.

My orders from Washington under date of March 20th

having been successfully executed, it was decided that Captain Beauford with the main body of police should start on their return march to Arizona without delay with the hope of intercepting some small bands of renegades who were believed to be raiding between Ojo Caliente and the Dos Cabezas mountains. Accordingly I selected twenty-five of the police to serve as my personal escort and guard for the prisoners, and furnished the remainder with thirty days' rations and 3000 rounds of ammunition. Thus equipped and in high spirits Captain Beauford and his command took the homeward-bound trail on the morning of April 23rd.

About this time I received a telegram from the Commissioner of Indian Affairs directing me to take all of the Indians at the Warm Springs Agency to San Carlos "if, upon consultation with the military authorities, such action was demand desirable." General Hatch and his staff heartily favored the proposed removal and arrangements were at once made to that effect.

Victorio, who later became notorious as a desperate renegade, was the recognized chief of the Warm Springs Indians at that time, and neither he nor any of his followers made serious objection to the removal after they had learned from me and my police force the manner in which all Indians were cared for at San Carlos.

As these Indians had very few "household effects," and a majority of them had been living under conditions which made it necessary for them to be "ready to move at a moment's notice," all preparations for the march to San Carlos were quickly concluded.

General Hatch had not only been cordial in his co-operation but had been most generous in his commendations of the splendid results accomplished by the San Carlos Apache police. In these circumstances I felt it would be courteous to request him to detail a small escort of cavalry to accompany the main body of the War Springs Indians over the trail to San Carlos. I even argued that such

an escort was desirable owing to the fact that Captain Beauford and his command were well on their way to Silver City before the order for this removal was received, therefor no police were available to serve as an escort. General Hatch was both cheerful and prompt in complying with my request. Lieutenant Hugo and a few troopers were detailed for this duty.

May 1, 1877, was the date set for our departure from Ojo Caliente and all seemed in readiness for the start to Arizona. But on that morning while hurrying about to assure myself that all were actually on the move I saw an Indian sitting on a step in front of one of the employe quarters, his elbows on his knees, his face in his hands and his loose hair covering both face and hands. When I spoke to him he simply moaned. Very soon I discovered that this Indian had smallpox. The situation was desperate. We must start on the return trip. This Indian could not travel with the others, and I could not leave him alone to die. Fortunately one of my police men had had the disease and was immune. He consented to drive the team assigned to convey the sick Indian in a hastily improvised ambulance. In less than an hour after I first saw the sick Indian his transportation had been provided and he had joined our caravan — however, always maintaining a respectful distance in the rear of the wagon conveying the prisoners.

Mr. M. A. Sweeney, chief clerk at the San Carlos agency, who had preceeded me to Ojo Caliente on scout duty, was given full charge of the main body of the Indians on this march over the mountains to Silver City. An actual count showed 453 men, women and children. This company presented a very long and very thin line as they stretched out along the trail — and at the end of this line followed Lieutenant Hugo and his guard of honor. I have mentioned this "very long and very thin line" and the "guard of honor" for the purpose of correcting the

statement that these Indians were "transported forcibly" from Ojo Caliente to San Carlos.

Lieutenant Hugo was a capable officer and a good fellow — and he led willing troopers, but it was obviously impossible for him to patrol effectively that "very long and very thin line" with thirty or forty soldiers, and if any of those Indians had determined to scatter into the mountains he could not have prevented their going, nor could he have effected their capture with his limited command. The difficulty experienced by troops in their efforts to apprehend and punish fleeing or marauding bands of Indians has been demonstrated too frequently. Moreover, Mr. Sweeney informed me that during this march a majority of the Indians were from ten to twenty mile in advance of this "guard." Even if Captain Beauford and his San Carlos police had been patrolling the trail these could hardly have prevented the escape of small parties had any of the Warm Springs Indians entertained determined opposition to removal to San Carlos.

Having seen the main body of the Indians started on the westward trail, and having arranged for the transportation of the sick Indian by means of the"improvised portable isolation hospital," I could now give my undivided attention to the prisoners. The shackles which the prisoners were wearing were "home-made" and were riveted to the ankles. This made it impracticable to convey them over the trail as they could neither walk nor ride on horseback. Therefore a large transport wagon was provided for their accommodation, into which they were loaded as comfortably as circumstances would permit. Our provisions and camp outfit were carried in another wagon, and at a safe distance behind these two vehicles trailed our "peripatetic pest-house." The special escort of police, all well mounted, were divided into two squads — advance and rear guards, and with my last duty at Ojo Caliente accomplished I mounted my horse, waved a signal which

meant "let's go" — and the tedious trek to San Carlos was begun.

Although homeward bound, the first stage of our journey led us further away from Arizona. In order to pass a spur of the mountains which extended southeasterly from Ojo Caliente it was necessary to follow the wagon road back to Las Palomas on the Rio Grande; thence southwesterly to old Fort Cummings; and thence northwesterly to Silver City where we joined the main body of the Indians who had come over the trail. From Silver City we proceeded westerly over the Burro Mountains and thence to the Gila valley which was followed to the San Carlos reservation.

The smallpox developed a really serious situation as the disease was then prevalent in both New Mexico and Arizona. After we left Silver City our ambulatory hospital was taxed to the limit and several died on the trail. Even after the Indians had been located at their new home on the Gila the malady continued to manifest itself with more or less fatal results.

Barring the ravages of this disease the removal of the Warm Springs Indians was accomplished without serious difficulty or mishap. The prisoners gave us no trouble en route, and on May 20, were safely delivered into the agency guard-house at San Carlos.

The efficiency of the San Carlos Indian Police force once more had been demonstrated in a conspicuous manner. During the round trip the police had traveled approximately 800 miles. A majority of them had covered the entire distance on foot. Unaided by the troops they had accomplished the arrest of Geronimo and sixteen other outlaw Indians. Twenty-five members of this force were detailed as the sole escort and guard to accompany the renegade prisoners while en route in wagons from Ojo Caliente to San Carlos — a distance by the wagon road of fully 500 miles. The anticipated danger of an organized attack and attempt to rescue the prisoners by some of their

renegade friends who were still at large had not materialized, but the police had been constantly alert — prepared for any emergency. For twenty days and twenty nights they had kept faithful watch and vigil, and when the journey ended they delivered their prisoners safely and in irons to the agency police on duty at the guard-house at San Carlos. Sure! They finished the job.

In this narrative of the arrest of Geronimo and the removal of the Warm Springs Indians I have endeavored to present conditions as they existed and events as they occurred with the utmost accuracy, but the facts as I have given them are in conflict with an official statement published on page 61 of the annual report of the Secretary of War for 1877. This conflicting statement is contained in the annual report of Brigadier General John Pope, dated at Fort Leavenworth, Kansas, September 15, 1877, as follows: "The Warm Springs Apaches whom, at the request of the Interior Department, I had transported forcibly to the San Carlos Agency in Arizona, ... etc." This brief and concise pronouncement by General Pope would contribute an interesting item to military history if it were not faulty in several important particulars. First, the Interior Department did not request the military authorities to remove the Warm Springs Indians to Arizona. Second, General Hatch and his staff made no pretense of assuming the responsibilities and directing the details involved in the removal of these Indians. Third, the only Indians "transported forcibly" at that time from Ojo Caliente to San Carlos were the prisoners, and these shackled renegades were arrested and transported by the San Carlos Apache police absolutely unaided by the troops. Fourth, is a fault of omission in that the statement completely ignores the splendid services rendered by the San Carlos Apache police at Ojo Caliente on that eventful day when the troops failed to arrive at the time agreed upon. Outside of the inaccuracies and inequalities as above set forth,

General Pope's report may be accepted as entirely fair and dependable.

My original orders from Washington were to arrest Geronimo and hold him in confinement "for murder and robbery," and I felt that the next step in his career should be a trial in the federal courts, in fact this seemed the only intelligent and just course to pursue. It was obvious that the trial and conviction of this renegade in the regular courts of the "pale-face" would produce a tremendously beneficial moral effect upon the Indians generally, and inasmuch as Pi-on-se-nay had cheated us out of such an example less than a year previous, I was especially desirous of bringing Geronimo to trial.

Accordingly I advised the sheriff of Pima county, at Tucson, that Geronimo was held in the guard-house at San Carlos, in irons, subject to his orders, or the orders of the court he represented; that he was charged with murder and robbery, and that I was anxious to assist in supplying the evidence necessary to secure a conviction. No action was taken by the sheriff and Geronimo was never brought to trial.

ESCALANTE IN DIXIE AND THE ARIZONA STRIP

HERBERT EUGENE BOLTON

INTRODUCTORY

Remarkable among explorations in North America in the later eighteenth century — that time of remarkable explorations in the Southwest and on the Pacific Slope — was the expedition made by Father Escalante in 1776. The friar's aim was two-fold. The government in Mexico desired to open direct communication between old Santa Fé and newly founded Monterey, in Upper California. Escalante had a vision of Indian missions in the West, beyond the Colorado River. Objectives coincided and forces were joined. The governor of New Mexico contributed provisions for the journey. Escalante furnished ideas and driving power. Nine men besides himself made up his little party. Father Domínguez, the other friar, was officially Escalante's superior, and he provided riding horses and pack mules, but actually he was a faithful follower. Don Pedro de Miera went as map maker. Two others in the party, Pedro Cisneros and Joaquín Laín, merited the title of "don"; the rest were of lesser castes — half breeds or Indians. One who knew the Yuta tongue went as interpreter. This proved to be highly important, for all the way through Colorado, Utah, and Arizona, till they crossed the Colorado River on the homeward journey, all the natives encountered were of Yuta stock. Miera made astronomical observations, and drafted a map of curious interest. Escalante himself kept the superb diary which gave the heroic odyssey its place in history. The expedition was made, as Escalante requested, "without noise of arms," and

barter with the Indians for gain was forbidden. To the right and left as they marched along, the eyes of the wayfarers beheld much of the most impressive scenery of the Great West. The journey covered some 2,000 miles, and lasted five months of almost continuous horseback travel. Its memory is one of the historical treasures of four states — New Mexico, Colorado, Utah, and Arizona.

The start was made at Santa Fé, then a city already as old as Pittsburgh is now. Mounts were fresh and riders exuberant with the prospect of adventure. Northwest the travellers rode across the Rio Grande and up the Chama; over the San Juan to the Dolores; down that stream through southwestern Colorado, skirting the Mesa Verde wonderland. Doubt arose as to a choice of routes and lots were cast. Chance voted for a wide detour to visit the Sabuaganas, so east they turned over Uncompahgre Plateau and north down Uncompahgre River to the Gunnison.

To here they were in known country; henceforward they were pathbreakers. On they rode, east and north over majestic Grand Mesa. Here among the Sabuaganas they picked up two young Laguna Indians, so-called because they lived on the Laguna de los Timpanogos (now Utah Lake). Homeward bound, these new guides led the explorers on another long detour. West they turned down Buzzard Creek; northwest by a dizzy path over Battlement Plateau and across the Colorado River at Una; up Roan Creek and its canyon-bound affluent, Carr Creek; by a fear-inspiring trail up the steep sides of Roan Mountain; north forty miles down the narrow gorge of Douglas Creek past picture-decorated cliffs, to White River at Rangeley; still north over a desert plateau to the ford of Green River above Jensen, Utah. The crossing was made only a few hundred yards from the now famous Dinosaur Quarry, but of these mammoth relics of the remote past Escalante seems to have caught no inkling.

West they turned again, up Duchesne River and over Wasatch Mountains to Lake Utah at Provo, where the

Laguna guides lived. There, under the shadow of imposing, snow-covered Timpanogos Mountain they spent three days, the longest stop of the entire journey. Autumn was advancing, and with new guides the Spaniards continued southwest two hundred miles or more to Black Rock Springs. They were now near the supposed latitude of Monterey, and the plan was to strike west. But here, on October 5, snow fell, and hopes of crossing the great Sierras to California vanished.

So they set their faces toward home. Continuing south they discovered and described the sulphur Hot Springs at Thermo. Inclining slightly eastward they passed Iron Springs and entered Cedar Valley, naming it the Valley of Señor de San José. South they traversed the valley along its western side. Descending Kanarra Creek to Ash Creek and climbing Black Ridge, they dropped down to Virgin River, and entered the summerland now affectionately called "Dixie."[1] But they could not stop to bask in its autumn sunshine, so onward they urged their sorefooted mounts.

Skirting the base of Hurricane Ridge they continued south forty-five miles, across the Arizona boundary, into Lower Hurricane Valley. Now they climbed the cliffs at Old Temple Road. On the arid plateau, burning with thirst, they swung east twelve miles and southeast six, finding a welcome draught at some tanks on the edge of a cedar covered ridge. They were at Cooper's Pockets. Here the Indians warned them of a great chasm ahead — the Grand Canyon of the Colorado. So they swung sharply north and northeast, to find the crossing of which the Indians had told them. A hard march of forty miles carried them over Kanab Creek near Fredonia. Forty more miles east and northeast took them once more across the Utah line and to the head of Buckskin Gulch.

Before them now for a hundred miles lay the hard-

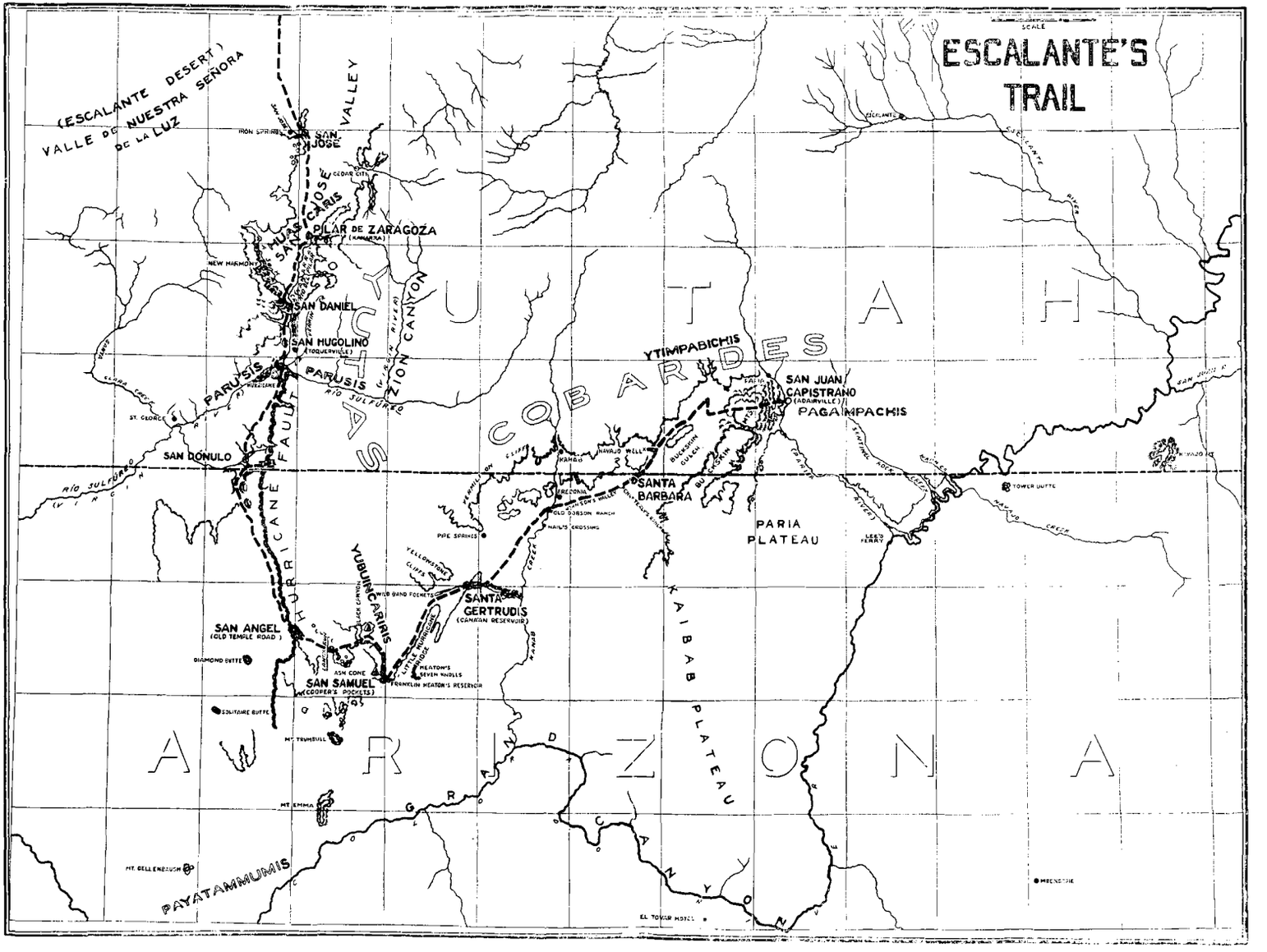
1. This is a local designation for southwestern Utah, given in allusion to its semitropical climate.

est part of the journey. Buckskin Mountains, the low ridge to the east, looked innocent enough, but to cross their rugged hogbacks almost over-taxed both horses and men. To find a ford across the Colorado cost a week of anguish and of transcendant toil. The gorge of Navajo Creek was scarcely easier. And in the weakened condition of men and horses, the long, dry desert thence to Oraibe seemed to stretch out interminably.

But it is always darkest just before dawn. Supplies obtained from the Hopis renewed waning strength. From Oraibe home the way was well known. Zúñi, Escalante's own mission, was the next station on the road, and thence, after a brief rest, the familiar trail was followed past Ácoma and Isleta, and up the fertile, pueblo-dotted valley of the Rio Grande, to home and friends. The start had been made on July 29. The day before the journey ended the church bells at Santa Fé rang in the New Year.

The purpose of this paper is to set forth the itinerary of the Escalante party through southern Utah and the "Arizona Strip," that part of Arizona lying northwest of the Colorado River.[2] Trail following in the Southwest has been to me a pastime. In the course of several years I have devoted considerable time to studying Escalante's route as a whole. With his diary in my hand I have followed the greater portion of the historic two thousand mile journey. The results are contained in a forthcoming English edition of the diary and related documents. One outcome of my study is an exalted opinion of Escalante's qualities as observer and diary keeper. With one eye on his record and the other on the topography, it has been possible to identify his precise route almost throughout. His directions are nearly always accurate. His estimates of distance are uncanny — I could easily believe that he had a Dodge speedometer. And his genius at picking out and describing the characteristic natural features along his

2. This name is used especially in southern Utah, to which the portion of Arizona north of the Colorado River is more accessible than to the rest of Arizona.



ESCALANTE IN "DIXIE" AND THE ARIZONA STRIP

MAP COMPILED BY H. E. BOLTON

route is unsurpassed.[3] As a consequence, in all the many hundreds of miles over which I have followed him I have scarcely missed a waterhole where he drank or a campsite where he rested over night.

This is not the place to tell of each of these trail following expeditions, but I can not refrain from alluding to the numerous cherished friendships which I have formed with the members of my various parties, and with residents along Escalante's trail who with me have thrilled with the romance hovering round the old journal as we have read it together, here and there, in the presence of the very mountains, the groves, and the streams which he embalmed in his record. For the part of the trail dealt with in this paper I may mention personalities. In the summer of 1926 I followed the Escalante route through southern Utah to the Arizona line. My companions then were Mr. Tennyson Atkin, Mr. William Mc Swain, and Mr. Gustive O. Larson. Last summer I took up the trail again and followed it through the Arizona Strip to the head of Buckskin Mountains. With me on this trip were Mr. Joseph Atkin and Professor L. H. Reid of Dixie College, St. George. My tracking of Escalante through these regions will always be associated in memory with these five rare spirits.[4]

In setting forth his itinerary through Dixie and the Arizona Strip I shall let Escalante tell his own story, confining myself to a few general considerations, to editorial comments and to notes devoted to identifying the route. The accompanying map was compiled by me on the basis of actual exploration, combined with data on the United States topographic sheets and other maps. The extract from the diary which I here reproduce begins with a sketch

3. Escalante's latitudes are generally inaccurate, and of little value, except for comparative purposes, in determining the route. This is true of most Spanish diaries of land expeditions in the west before the end of the eighteenth century.

4. The personnel of my other parties will be found recorded in my book in connection with the respective portions of the trail.

of Cedar Valley (the Valley of Señor San José) made after Escalante had passed through it.[5]

THE JOURNEY THROUGH DIXIE AND THE ARIZONA STRIP

That portion of Southern Utah traversed by Escalante is one of peculiar charm. As he approached Cedar Valley he skirted on his right the vast, windswept plain of gorgeous sunsets, by him called Nuestra Señora de la Luz and now known as Escalante Desert. His entry into Cedar Valley was over the cedar covered ridge that forms its western wall. Iron Springs, where he camped, then poured forth a stream which he dignified by the name of "river." In the floor of the valley, northwest of the site of Cedar City, he found troublesome marshes. Northward stretched its grass covered plain, widening toward its head in the hill-bound distance. Eastward, across the valley, towered Wasatch Mountains, hiding from the weary travellers the now world-famous gorges at Cedar Brakes. Southward the valley narrowed, walled between the Wasatch on the east and Iron Mountain on the west, with lofty Pine Mountain in the southwest. Below New Harmony his San José Valley came abruptly to an end at Black Ridge, where its waters find an outlet through Ash Creek gorge to Virgin River.

From Black Ridge Escalante dropped rapidly down to the Dixie lowlands and camped at Toquerville. Just a few miles to the east of his route lay Zion Canyon, of whose exquisite beauties he was oblivious. Here, near Toquerville, begins the sheer, high cliff called Hurricane Fault, or

5. I present here my own translation of the diary. One of my former students, Miss Hazel Power, made an excellent translation, but has never brought it to fruition by publication. Her version has been useful to me in revising my own. But Miss Power had never been over the route, and, as was to be expected, I find that there are numerous passages whose meaning is clear only to one who has been on the ground. Harris published a pseudo translation some years ago. It served a useful purpose, but it is so inaccurate that it is not a reliable guide to the identification of the route. My version is based on the text published in 1854 in the *Documentos para la historia de Mexico* (Segunda Série, Tomo I Mexico, 1856), supplemented by the MS. version in the Archivo General de Indias.

Hurricane Ridge, which Escalante now kept on his left for more than fifty miles. At Hurricane, near an imposing volcanic ash cone, he crossed Virgin River, where it is joined by Ash and La Verkin creeks. Southward before him stretched Hurricane Valley, sharply marked by Hurricane Ridge on the east and reaching out to the red sand hills and toward Beaver Mountains on the west. Near the state line he found the valley divided by a low transverse ridge that skirts Fort Pierce Creek. Black Canyon afforded him a way through this obstacle, and Lower Hurricane Valley opened out before him into a broad expanse, now an excellent sheep range, rising into uplands on the west but still walled in on the east by Hurricane Ridge.

At Old Temple Road Escalante climbed the forbidding height. There he found himself on a vast dry plateau, broken by symmetrical black ash cones, round topped hills, cedar covered ridges, and black cliffed mesas. South of his route towered rugged Mount Trumbull, beyond which the earth was cut in two by the Grand Canyon of the Colorado. To avoid this yawning chasm and to find a crossing Escalante swung northeast, leaving Little Hurricane Ridge and Kanab Gulch on his right and Yellowstone Cliffs on his left. Now skirting Vermillion Cliffs, he entered Buckskin Gulch, with Kaibab Plateau at his back and Buckskin Mountains on his right. This range was crossed near its head, a few miles south of Paria. From here Escalante swung southeast again to find the crossing of the Colorado. He had now left the Arizona Strip behind, and for the present we shall follow him no further.

From Provo to Hurricane the tourist in his automobile for much of the way is on or near Escalante's route. As far as Juab he is practically on the trail. At Scipio he touches it again for a league or two. At Scipio Pass he leaves it at his right for a hundred miles, and approaches it again at Cedar City. From here to Kanarraville the highway descends the east side of the Valley while Escalante went down the west side. From Kanarraville to Toquer-

ville the highway and the trail coincide, and at Hurricane they touch again. But from Hurricane south and east for more than a hundred miles the Escalante trail is entirely off the highway, and he who would follow it must be content with the dim track of a sheep wagon or make his own way over the uncharted sage brush plains. From Pipe Springs to Fredonia the highway again parallels the trail at close range, but at Fredonia the tourist gets his last look, where the trail is crossed by the highway from Zion Canyon to Kaibab Forest and the North Rim of Grand Canyon.

All this Arizona Strip is desert country. In a hundred miles from Hurricane to Fredonia there is not a permanent resident on or near Escalante's trail, except at Pipe Springs, where live a family or two. Beyond Fredonia there is scarcely a permanent dweller on the route for another hundred and fifty miles, when Oraibe is reached. But the Arizona Strip is good sheep country, and here and there in the arid plains one sees a temporary sheep camp and great flocks of well fed merinos. Reminiscent of the old days, at intervals one may still behold a majestic stallion, galloping at the head of his drove of graceful wild mares.

In Dixie and the Arizona Strip Escalante saw many things of interest besides scenery. The plan to reach Monterey having been given up, Indians and opportunities for missions were now his chief concern. Only a few spots in this desert land were promising. One of these was Cedar Valley (the Valley of San José). Escalante commented on its manifest advantages for a settlement — its abundant pasturage, its moist lands, and the supply of timber in the adjacent ridges. But he saw no signs of native agriculture and this was a serious drawback. The Indians here were the Huascaris. Because of their excessive timidity Escalante called them Yutas Cobardes or Coward Yutas.

To the missionary eye the Hurricane country was much more promising. The Indians here were the Parussis, a name by which they still call themselves. On Ash Creek and La Verkin Creek near the forks Escalante found

native agriculture. Maize and calabashes were raised, and Escalante saw several good irrigation ditches. He was told, moreover, that agriculture was practised by the Indians all down the Virgin River below this point. "By this we were greatly rejoiced," he writes, "because of the hope it gave us of being able to take advantage of certain supplies in the future."

Other Parussis were met at Fort Pierce Creek, under the shadow of the Hurricane cliffs. The most notable thing about this band was that they wore strings of small stones (chalchihuites), probably turquoises, that reminded the friars of rosaries. But they were better remembered for a very different reason. They led the Spaniards up a blind canyon — a trick, Escalante thought — and caused the loss of a day. The bad impression thus made by these Indians was enhanced by now threatening starvation and the illness of Miera the map maker.

Native settlements were far apart in this desert land. The next Indians encountered were the Yubuincariris, nearly fifty miles farther on, near Cooper's Pockets (San Samuel). These people raised no crops, but lived on grass seeds, pine nuts, pricky pears, small game, and some wild sheep, obtained evidently from Mount Trumbull. For another seventy-five miles to the northeast no natives were met till Paria River was crossed near Paria. Here lived the Pagampaches, Yutas like all the rest. In mode of living they were similar to the Yubuincariris. Miera the map maker being still under the weather, an old medicine man here tried his hand at curing him by "chants and ceremonies . . . totally superstitious." For the men this was a mirthful diversion, but the friars were duly scandalized, and they piously reprimanded the sinners. Father Domínguez was also ill at this place, but he did not call on the medicine man. Before going forward Escalante preached a sermon to the Indians here, and obtained their permission to return to establish missions for them. One of the purposes of his long peregrination was thus fulfilled.

TEN STRENUOUS DAYS

EXTRACT FROM ESCALANTE'S DIARY

The Valley of Señor San Josef,[1] which we have just left, in its most northern part is in latitude 37° 33′. Its length from north to south is about twelve leagues; its width from east to west in some places is more than three leagues, in others more than two, and in others less. It has very abundant pasturage, large meadows, and good-sized marshes.[2] It has enough excellent land to raise seasonal crops for a considerable settlement, for, although it does not have water for irrigation, except for some lands along the two small streams of Señor San Josef and Pilar,[3] the great moisture of the land can supply this lack without the irrigation being missed. Indeed, such is the humidity of most of the valley that not only the meadows and flats, but also the highlands, at this time had pasturage as green and fresh as the most fertile meadows of the rivers in the months of June and July. Round about there is a large supply of spruce timber and wood, and good sites for raising large and small stock. The Indians who dwell in the valley and in its vicinity toward the west, north, and east, are called in their language Huascari.[4] They dress very poorly and eat grass seeds, hares, and dates in season. They plant no maize and, according to our observations, they acquire very little of it. They are extremely cowardly,[5]

1. The Valley of Señor San José or San Josef was Cedar Valley. In it are situated Cedar City, Kanarraville, and New Harmony.

2. Escalante emphasizes the marches in Cedar Valley. Cultivation has changed conditions somewhat, but in many places marshes are still to be seen.

3. These streams were Iron Springs and Kanarra Creek.

4. The Huascari, like all the other bands in this vicinity, were branches of the Ute or Yuta stock. There are still numerous survivors of the tribe in the same general vicinity. They travel now in their own automobiles.

5. Escalante called Yutas Cobardes (Coward Utes) these and the other Indians encountered by him between Cedar Valley and the crossing of the Colorado. The Lagunas and Barbones (Bearded Yutas) to whom he here alludes lived farther north, along his trail.

differing from the Lagunas and the Barbones. They adjoin these latter toward the northwest and north and they speak their language, although with some differences. In this place of San Daniel[6] ends the Sierra de Los Lagunas, which runs directly south from the valley of the Salinas[7] to here. Henceforward to the Rio Grande[8] all the country is very barren, but gives indications of having much mineral.[9]

October 14.—We set out from San Daniel south by southwest along the west side of the river, withdrawing from it somewhat, and, having travelled two leagues over hills of very brilliant white sand, with many rocks in places, we crossed two copious brooks of good water which enter the river. We turned toward the south, now through stony but not very troublesome *malpais*, which is like slag, but not so heavy or so porous, now amongst sand rocks, now over sand banks. Having travelled two more leagues we descended for a third time to the river and halted on its bank, where there was very good pasturage, naming the place San Hugolino.[10] Here the country is very warm, for not only did we experience great heat yesterday, last night and today, but the cottonwoods of the river were so green

6. San Daniel was on Ash Creek, some four miles below Ash Creek bridge on the highway, and about two miles above Pintura.

7. The Valley of Utah Lake. Escalante visited this lake and spent several days near the site of the city of Provo.

8. By Río Grande he means the Colorado River.

9. The last sentence of this paragraph, and probably the last two, must have been inserted reminiscently after Escalante had reached the Colorado. He is not strictly correct in saying that the Sierra de los Lagunas (the main ridge of the Wasatch) ends at San Daniel. More precisely, it ends a little farther south, at his next camp, San Hugolino (near Toquerville.)

10. San Hugolino was abouted at the site of Toquerville. By automobile the distance from San Daniel to San Hugolino is some ten miles. Escalante gives it as four leagues. The country is rough here and he no doubt wound about somewhat. Camp was on the west side of Ash Creek, probably near Toquerville bridge. The day's march was close to the present highway, where all the features noted by Escalante can be recognized — the sandy hills, the creeks, the slag-like rocks. Escalante had dropped down from the high table lands and was now in the warm region today called Dixie. He was near to superb scenery of which he was not aware. A few miles to the east of the camp-site is Zion Canyon, one of the beauty spots of the West. The present day highway to Zion Canyon turns east near Toquerville.

and leafy, and the flowers and roses which the country produces were so brilliant and perfect, that they indicated that there had not yet been any ice or frost in this region. We also saw mesquite trees, which do not grow in very cold countries. Today four leagues to the south.

October 15.—We set out from San Hugolino, down the west side of the river and along the skirts of some adjacent hills, and having gone two and a half leagues to the south-southwest we returned to the banks and the cottonwood grove of the river.[11] Here we found a well-made platform with a large supply of ears of corn and corn husks which had been stored upon it. Near it, in the small flat and on the river bank, were three small cornfields with very well made irrigation ditches. The stalks of the maize which they had raised this year were still intact. By this we were greatly rejoiced, now because of the hope it gave us of being able to take advantage of certain supplies in the future; and especially because it was an indication of the application of these people to the cultivation of the soil; and because we found this much done toward reducing them to civilized life and to the Faith when the Most High may so dispose, for it is well known how much it costs to bring other Indians to this point, and how difficult it is to convert[12] them to this labor which is so necessary to enable them to live for the most part in civilized life and in towns.[13] From here down the stream, and on the mesas on both sides for a long distance, according to what we learned,

11. Escalante continued along the west side of Ash Creek and on the adjacent slopes. The cottonwood grove where he found maize fields was a short distance above the forks of Ash Creek and La Verkin Creek. There are cottonwood groves and alluvial bottom lands at this point on both streams. La Verkin Creek joins Ash Creek just a short distance above the junction of the latter with Virgin River. "La Verkin" is of course but the Spanish rendering of "the Virgin." This means that one fork of Virgin River bears the English form and another fork the Spanish form of the same name.

12. The Seville transcript reads "su conversión." The 1854 edition reads "su conversión su aversión," the second phrase appearing to be intended as a correction of the former. But the construction fits "su conversión."

13. Escalante here gives a clear statement of the Spanish view that missionary work could not be successful unless the Indians lived a settled life and had ample economic means. This explains why in California and other regions roving tribes were put into fixed settlements and made to stay there.

these Indians live and apply themselves to the cultivation of maize and calabashes. In their own language they are called Parrusi.[14]

We continued down stream toward the south, and having gone half a league we inclined toward the southwest, leaving the river, but a deep gorge without descent obliged us to turn back more than a quarter of a league, until we again reached the river. Here it runs toward the southwest, and here two other small rivers join it, one coming from the north-northeast and the other from the east. The latter, for the greater part, is composed of hot and sulphurous water, and we therefore named it Sulphur River.[15] Here there is a beautiful grove of large black cotton-woods and some willows, besides vines of wild grapes. In the distance which we retraced there are ash cones,[16] veins and other indications of minerals, and many stones with reddish mica.

We crossed the Pilar River and the Sulphur near the place where they join, and going south we ascended a low mesa between cliffs of black and shiny rock.[17] Having reached the top we entered good open country and crossed a small plain which has toward the east a chain of very

14. Along the Virgin for some distance and on Santa Clara Creek, in the vicinity of St. George, there are good bottom lands, where there were Indian settlements when the Mormon immigrants arrived. These river Indians still call themselves Parusis, as one of them told me in June, 1927. This may be just a form of the name Paiutes, but my informant insisted that Parusis was a special name for the Virgin River people. The Paiutes are still numerous in this vicinity in southern Utah, living on different reservations. On June 23, we met numerous automobile loads of them driving eastward to attend the "Big Time" (ceremonials) at Moccasin Reservation.

15. Rio Sulfúreo. In this march they passed the forks, reached Virgin River at the deep gorge, and returned a quarter of a league to the forks of Ash Creek and the Virgin. A mile or so above the junction, near the town of La Verkin, are the famous hot springs which boil out of the rocks with great volume and strong odor, giving a sulphurous taste to the river for a long distance down stream.

16. Just across the river from the place where Escalante turned back and just north of Hurricane, there is a large volcanic ash cone, and near the same spot a mine has been opened.

17. The very trail up which they climbed, right at the junction, is easily identified from his description. They proceeded south over the ground now occupied by the city of Hurricane.

high mesas,[18] and to the west hills of red sand[19] covered with chamise, or what is called heather in Spain. We might have continued in the plain along the edge of the mesa and finished our journey over good level country, but those who went ahead turned aside to follow some fresh tracks of Indians, leading us over the sand hills and flats already mentioned, in which the horses became tired out. Having previously gone south two leagues along the mesa and the plain,[20] we travelled over these hills three leagues to the southwest. We now turned south for a little more than two leagues, when we beheld a small valley surrounded by mesas, on one of which we were perched, not being able to go down to the valley. On the mesa there was neither water nor pasture for the horses and they were now unable to travel, so we were forced to descend along a high and very stony escarpment.[21] Having gone three-fourths of a league to the south we halted, the sun having already set, at an arroyo where we found large pools of good water, with pasturage sufficient for the horses. We named the place San Dónulo or Arroyo del Taray, because here there were some of these tamarack trees. We made an observation by the polar star and found ourselves in 36° 52′ 30″ latitude.

18. The "chain of very high mesas" is the famous Hurricane Ridge which begins just north of here and extends south to Colorado River. During most of this distance it presents a steep western front, several hundred feet high and most difficult of ascent. Escalante travelled near the foot of it now for nearly fifty miles.

19. These bright red hills are a conspicuous feature of the landscape off to the southwest of Hurricane.

20. Through the site of Hurricane to a point six miles south of the forks of the Virgin.

21. They slid down the south end of the red ridge on which they had been travelling, and continued a short distance south to Fort Pierce Creek. In the neighborhood is Fort Spring, but from Escalante's description there seems to have been rain water in several places. Escalante correctly tells us that if he had not been led off to the southwest by the scouts he might have travelled from the river-crossing straight south along the foot of Hurricane Ridge. This is the route which we followed in 1926. By our speedometer it was nearly twenty miles from Hurricane to the Arizona line, although by airline it is considerably less. Camp San Dónulo was on Fort Pierce Creek, not far from the Arizona boundary line. I am told that tamaracks are still found in places along the wash, but I did not see any.

Today ten leagues, which by a direct route would be seven leagues to the south-southwest.[22]

In this plain or little valley, besides the tamarack, there is a great deal of hediondilla,[23] which is a shrub with great medicinal virtues, as has been found in New Mexico. Tonight our provisions were completely exhausted, except for two small cakes of chocolate left for tomorrow morning.

October 16.—We set out from San Dónulo with the intention of continuing south as far as the Colorado River,[24] but after we had gone a short distance we heard people shouting behind us. Turning to see where the echo came from we saw eight[25] Indians on the hills near the camp whence we had just set out. These hills are in the middle of the plain and stretch almost completely across it, and they abound in transparent gypsum and mica. We went back to them, giving orders that the interpreter who was ahead should come also. Reaching the foot of the hills, we gave them to understand that they might come down without fear, since we all came in peace and were friends. Thereupon they took courage and descended to barter some strings or strands of chalchihuites,[26] each one having a colored shell. This gave us something to think about, for from below the strings of chalchihuites looked to us like rosaries and the shells like medallions of saints. We remained with them here a short time, but they spoke the Yuta tongue so differently from all the rest that neither the interpreter nor the Laguna Joachín could make them understand clearly, nor could they understand much of what the Indians were saying. However, now by signs and now because in some cases they spoke Yuta more like the Lagunas, they made us understand that they were all called

22. By airline the distance is about as Escalante estimated it; the direction would be south by southwest, rather than southwest.

23. It is a shrub of some beauty, bearing a yellow flower.

24. By airline they were only about forty miles from the Colorado River, and could have reached it in two days of rapid marching. But, as the Indians said, by going to the river at its nearest point they would have encountered the Grand Canyon.

25. The Seville text reads "dichos," where the 1854 edition reads "ocho."

26. "Emerald colored stones." They might have been turquoises.

Parussis (except one who spoke more in Arabic than in Yuta, and whom we judged to be a Jamajaba[27]) and that they were the ones who planted crops on the banks of Pilar River,[28] and lived down stream a long distance. We took them to be Cosninas, but afterward we learned that such was not the case.

They offered these chalchihuites for barter. We told them that we had nothing whatever with us, but that if they wished to go with us till we overtook the rest of our companions we would then give them what they wanted and would talk with them at length. They all came very gladly, but those who appeared to be the most cautious came with great fear and misgivings.

We stopped and talked more than two and a half or three hours. They told us that in two days we would reach the Rio Grande,[29] but that we could not go where we wished because there were no waterholes, nor could we cross the river there because it had a deep canyon, was very deep and had on both side extremely high cliffs and boulders, and finally that from here to the river the country was very bad. We gave them two large knives and presented to each one a string of glass beads. Then we proposed to them that if anyone of them wished to guide us to the river we would pay him. They replied that they would show us the way to the plain through a canyon leading into the eastern mesa, and that from there we would be able to go alone, explaining that they were barefoot and not able to travel very far.

Notwithstanding this account, we did not wish to depart from our southern course until we reached the river, for we suspected that the Moquis might have become offended with the Cosninas for having brought Father Garcés to them[30] and, fearful that they might bring to them

27. Mojave.

28. He means Virgin River below the Sulphur Fork.

29. The Colorado River.

30. Just before Escalante started from Santa Fé, Garcés had reached Oraibe, going from the Mojave country.

other fathers or Spaniards, they had tried to restrain them by threats; and that these Indians having heard the news were now trying to turn us aside in order that we might not reach the Cosninas or the Jamajabas, their neighbors. But because of the insistence of the companions, to whom it was not desirable now to make known our suspicions, we consented to go by way of the canyon. In order that these Indians might guide us we offered them soles made from leather bags, for sandals, and they said that two of them would go with us until they should put us on a direct and good road.

With them we entered the canyon[31] mentioned and travelled along it for a league and a half with much difficulty and hindrance for the animals, because of the great amount of cobblestones and flint and of the frequent difficult and dangerous passages. We came to one narrow place so bad that in more than a half hour we were able to make only three saddle-horses enter it. Then followed a rocky cliff so steep that even to ascend it on foot would be very difficult. Seeing that we were unable to follow them the Indians fled, impelled no doubt by their excessive cowardice. Hereupon it was necessary for us to turn back and travel south once more. Before doing so we halted for a time[32] in order that the animals might take a breath[33] and drink some water which was there, but it was so bad that many of the animals would not drink it. In the afternoon we retraced the full length of the canyon, and having travelled half a league south[34] in the plain, we halted near the southern pass from the valley, without water for either ourselves or the animals. This night we suffered great

31. The canyon which they entered leads into the sheer face of Hurricane Ridge, almost on the state line. It is locally called Rock Canyon or Horse Canyon. Sometimes ranchmen run horses into it as a corral for branding, because it is "blind" at the head, making escape difficult or impossible. From the plain where Camp San Dónulo was made, the mouth of the canyon is plainly visible to the east, and there is no mistaking its identity.

32. This stop was in the canyon, before returning to the plain.

33. "Aliento" in the Seville transcript; "alimento" in the 1854 edition.

34. During this march of half a league south they crossed the Arizona line and halted at the north end of Black Rock Canyon.

need, having no kind of food, and so we decided to kill a horse, in order not to lose our own lives, but because there was no water we deferred the execution until we should have some. Today, after so difficult a journey, we advanced only a league and a half toward the south. One and one-half leagues.

October 17.—Continuing our march toward the south we threaded the pass[35] from the little valley, along the bed of an arroyo in which we found a pool of good water, and all the animals drank. We continued south two leagues and then, inclining to the southeast two more, we found in another arroyo a plentiful supply of good water, not only in one place but in many, and although it is rain water which remains after the floods it apparently does not dry up throughout the year. Here we found some of the plants which they call "quelites." We thought that by means of them we might relieve our great necessity, but we were able to gather only a very few and these very small. We continued southeast and having gone four leagues and a half through good and level land, although somewhat spongy, we halted,[36] partly to see if in the slopes of the mesa there was water, and partly in order, by means of the mentioned herbs, with seasoning, to provide some aliment for Don Bernardo Miera, who, because since yesterday morning he had not eaten a single thing, was now so weak that he was scarcely able to speak. We ordered the hampers and other baggage in which we had brought the provisions ransacked in order

35. They marched through Black Rock Canyon for some two or three miles, and emerged into Lower Hurricane Valley.

36. This day's march of eight and one-half leagues was made along the foot of Hurricane Ridge. In some places they must have been well out in the valley, a mile or more, for here is where the wash, or arroyo, is found. The halt was made at the dry arroyo which runs down west from the mesa just north of Old Temple Road. This road is so-called from an interesting circumstance. In the 70's the Mormons obtained timber for building the St. George Temple from Mt. Trumbull, to the southeast. In order to get it down Hurricane Ridge, a wagon road was opened up a natural ridge or ramp which is at that place. Old Temple Road is no longer used, but the marks of it are still plain, by the parallel ridges of stones that were removed to open the road bed.

to see if there might be some left-overs, but we could only find some pieces of calabash which the servants had acquired yesterday from the Parussis Indians and which they had hidden in order not to be obliged to invite the rest to share them.

With this and a piece of sugar loaf which we also found we made a sauce for everybody and took a little nourishment. We did not find water to enable us to pass the night here, so we decided to continue the journey to the south. The companions, without telling us, went to reconnoiter the mesa to the east and the country from here forward.[37] Those who went on this exploration returned saying that the ascent of the mesa was very good, and that afterward there followed level country, with many arroyos in which there could not fail to be water. To them the river seemed to be at the end of the plain which was beyond the mesa.

In view of all this all were inclined to a change of direction. We well knew how, on other occasions, they had been mistaken, and that in so short a time they could not have seen so much, and we held a contrary opinion, because toward the south we had much good level land in sight, and because we had found today so much water, contrary to the story told by the Indians, and had travelled all day through good country. For these reasons our suspicions were increased, but since we were now without food and because water might be distant, in order not to make more intolerable to them the hunger and thirst which, for our own good, might be our lot by either route, merely to have our way, we told them they might go in the direction which to them seemed best.

37. One can easily understand the temptation to climb the mesa at this point. It is the first inviting, natural ascent visible from the valley as one travels south from the Utah line. Moreover, just to the south Hurricane Ridge swings sharply to the west and threatens to cut off passage southward. To the southwest the travellers saw Diamond Butte, Solitaire Butte, and Mt. Dellenbaugh, rising above what appeared to be rough country, and the Indians had told of Grand Canyon straight ahead. No wonder the scouts desired to reconnoiter the plateau to the east of them.

So they led us southeast to the mesa, ascending it by a rocky run or arroyo with much stone in which there is very good gypsum such as is used for whitewashing.[38] We finished the ascent of the mesa by a very steep slope having much black rock. Night came and we halted on the mesa in a small plain with good pasturage, but without water. We named this place San Angel. Today nine leagues.

We were very sorry to have changed our course because, according to our latitude, by continuing to the south we could have reached the river very quickly.[39] As soon as we halted those who had previously been on the mesa said that a short distance from here they thought they had seen water.[40] Two of them went to bring some for the men, but they did not return during the whole night, and next day dawned without our learning anything of them, although we concluded that they had continued seeking Indian ranchos in which to relieve their need as soon as possible. For this reason and because there was no water here we decided to proceed on our way without awaiting them.

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38. The route up the ridge is easily identified and unmistakeable. They had halted near the arroyo just north of Old Temple Road. This arroyo, which extends only a short distance into the plain, has plentiful lime rocks, as Escalante says. Instead of ascending the lateral ridge or ramp up which Temple Road winds, they followed the arroyo bed. Near the head they swung to the south up one of the branches, and made a stiff climb of three or four hundred feet over sharp, black rocks, to the first landing on the mesa. If they had followed the ramp, the march over these sharp rocks would have been much longer, and their horses' feet were no doubt sore. At the first landing their route joined Temple Road. They continued up the slope, now easier, to the second landing, where they camped in a small grass covered valley at San Angel. The very top of the great plateau was still above them, but accessible by a gradual ascent. On the night of June 20, 1927, with my party I camped in the plain below, at the dry arroyo where Escalante had halted. Next morning, in light order of marching, I followed Escalante's trail up the ridge on foot, while Mr. Reid and Mr. Atkin retraced our route north some ten miles by automobile, ascended the Ridge by Navajo Trail, and rejoined me on the plateau above, after a circuit of some twenty-five miles.

39. By airline they were only about twenty miles from the Colorado River.

40. Evidently the scouts had been to the very top of the mesa and obtained a general view of the country. Toward the southeast it presented a rugged appearance, and gave promise of water.

October 18.—We set out from San Angel to the south-southeast and having travelled half a league we turned east-southeast[41] for two leagues, over hills and wide valleys, with good pasturage but very rocky. Not finding water we swung to the east-northeast for two more leagues, ascending and descending stony hills that were hard on the horses.[42] Five Indians were spying on us from a small but high mesa.[43] As we two fathers, who were travelling behind the companions, passed by the foot of it they hailed us. When we turned toward them four of them hid, only one remaining in sight, and we saw that he was greatly frightened. We could not persuade him to come down, so we two alone climbed up on foot with great difficulty. At each step which we took toward him he wished to flee, but we gave him to understand that he should not be afraid, because we loved him like a son and wished to talk with him. With this he waited for us, making a thousand gestures, showing that he was much afraid of us. As

41. One text reads east-southeast, and the other reads southeast, each being clearly a mistake for south-southeast. The natural trail from Camp San Angel leads by an easy grade south-southeast for a mile or more, and then swings southeast to the very top of the mesa. To go east from San Angel one would immediately have another stiff climb, which is easily avoided by following the valley. Along this little valley ran the old Mormon Road.

42. In four lines Escalante here summarizes twelve miles of interesting and difficult travel. The writing was vastly easier than the journey. Two leagues east-southeast took him over rolling country, very rocky in places, and across Lang's Run. Here evidently they were disappointed to find no water, which the run had promised. They now swung east-northeast over the saddle between two of the seven conspicuous, symmetrical hills that lay in front of them. (We swung southeast around these hills and rejoined Escalante's trail near the forks of Mt. Trumbull Road.) Passing near the south end of Black Canyon they continued east over cedar covered ridges to the little mesa where the Indians were spying on them. Black Canyon runs north through a deep gorge, having high, steep, black walled mesas on either side. On the top of the eastern mesa there is a large, truncated ash cone, north of Escalante's trail.

43. The "small but high mesa" where the Indians were spying and where the romantic conference occurred is small indeed, perhaps not more than a hundred yards long. From a distance it looks like a goodsized hayrick. It stands in the plain, near a cedar ridge, and a mile or two south of the truncated ash cone mentioned above. There is no mistaking it, for it answers exactly to the data given by Escalante of the route from Camp San Angel to this point, and of the route from the little mesa to the next waterhole. It is just where Escalante puts it by both distance and direction. My companions honored me by jocosely dubbing it Bolton Mesa, or as an alternative, Mesa de la Shalona.

soon as we got up to where he was we embraced him and, sitting down beside him, we had the Indian interpreter and the Laguna come up. Having now recovered from his fright he told us that four others were hidden there, and that if we wished he would call them so that we might see them. When we answered in the affirmative he laid his bow and arrows on the ground, took the interpreter by the hand, and went with him to bring them.

They came and we spent about an hour in talking. They told us that we now had water nearby. We begged them to guide us to it, promising them a piece of shalloon,[44] and after much urging three of them agreed to go with us. Greatly fatigued from thirst and hunger, we continued with them a league to the southeast, and then going another to the south over a bad and very stony road, we came to a small cedar covered ridge and an arroyo which had two large pools of good water in the holes in the rocks.[45] We took enough for ourselves and then brought the horses and as they were so thirsty they drank both pools dry. Here we decided to pass the night, naming the place San Samuel. Today six leagues.

As they came along with us the three Indians mentioned were so fearful that they did not wish to go ahead nor let us get near them until they had talked with the Laguna Joachín,[46] but with what he told them about us they quieted down. Among other things they asked him, marvelling at

44. A kind of cloth.

45. By following the directions given here we found the route just as Escalante describes it, rocks and all. Without any previous knowledge of such a water hole, our directions took us to Cooper's Pockets, in a draw on the slope of a cedar covered ridge. These pockets are unmistakably the place where Escalante's party got their water. On the edge of the plain, near the foot of the cedar covered ridge is Cooper's old sheep corral. To the west of the cedar covered ridge is Hat Cone, a steep volcanic ash cone, crowned with a very sharp peak, like a monument, and visible at a long distance. The camp of San Samuel was doubtless on the edge of the grass covered plain, below the water pockets, which are in a stony arroyo in a rough draw. Here, near the old corral, was enacted the interesting trading scene on the 19th. A mile or more to the eastward of Cooper's Pocket is Franklin Heaton's Reservoir, named for Mr. Franklin Heaton, of Pipe Springs, who gave us valuable information when we reached his residence.

46. A guide brought from Utah Lake.

his bravery, how he had dared to come with us. Desiring to quiet their fears, and in order to relieve the need which to our great sorrow he was suffering, he answered them as best he could. In this way he greatly dispelled the fear and suspicion which they had felt, and it was for this reason doubtless that they did not desert us before we reached the waterhole.

As soon as we halted we gave them the promised shalloon, with which they were greatly delighted. Knowing that we were without provisions, they said that we must send one of our men with one of them to go to their little houses, which were somewhat distant, and bring provisions, the others remaining with us meanwhile. We sent one of the Janissaries[47] with the Laguna Joachín, giving him the wherewithal to buy food, and a pack mule on which to carry it. They departed with the other Indian, and after midnight returned bringing a small piece of wild sheep, dried tuna made into cakes, and some grass seeds. They also brought news of one of the two men who the previous night had gone for water, saying that he had been at this rancho. The other had reached camp this night about ten o'clock.

October 19.—Twenty of these Indians came to camp with some tunas made into a round cake or loaf, and several bags of seeds of different plants, to sell to us.[48] We paid them for what they brought and told them that if they had meat, pine nuts, and more tunas they should bring them and we would buy them all, especially the meat. They said they would, but that we would have to wait for them until

47. *Genizaros*, captive Indians ransomed by the Spaniards and raised by them from childhood. See Bolton, H. E., *The Spanish Borderlands*, p. 184, for a comment on this custom in New Mexico.

48. The Indians of this region Escalante called Yubuincariris. The supplies perhaps came from dwellers farther south, in the vicinity of Mt. Trumbull, where piñon trees and mountain sheep are found. Miera's map shows a village in this direction from San Samuel.

noon.[49] We accepted the conditions and they departed. One of them promised to accompany us as far as the river if we would wait until afternoon and we agreed to this also.

After midday many more of the same people who formerly had been with us came, among them being one who, they said, was a Mescalero Apache, and who had come with two others from his country to this, crossing the river a few days before. In physiognomy he was by no means agreeable, and he distinguished himself from these Indians by the disgust with which he looked upon us for being here, and by the greater animosity which he purposely displayed, as it seemed to us. They told us that these Apaches were their friends. They brought us no meat at all, but they did bring many bags of seeds and some fresh tunas already sun-dried, some of them being in the form of dry round cakes. We bought about a bushel of the seeds and all the tuna. We talked for a long time concerning the distance to the river, the road to it, the number of these Indians and their mode of living, the neighboring peoples, and the guide whom we were seeking.

They showed us the road we had to take to the river,[50] giving some confused directions about the ford and saying that we could reach it in two or three days. They told us that they were called Yubuincariri; that they did not plant maize; that their foods were those seeds, tuna, pine nuts, which are scarce judging from the few they gave us, and such hares, rabbits, and wild sheep as they could get by hunting. They added that on this side of the river only the Parussis planted maize and calabashes, but that on the other side, as soon as the river was passed, there were the Ancamuches (whom we understood to be the Cosninas), who planted much maize. Besides these they told us of

49. The Seville transcript reads "media noche," but the context bears out the 1854 text, which reads "media dia."

50. They evidently advised Escalante to turn sharply northeast, and told him of the gap through Buckskin Mountains in the vicinity of Paria.

other people, their neighbors to the south-southwest, on this western side of the river;[51] these were the Payatammumis. They also told us of the Huascaris, whom we had already seen in the Valley of Señor San Josef. As to the soldiers of Monterey, they gave us not the slightest indication that they had ever heard of them, but one of those who had spent the previous night with us gave us to understand that he had heard of the journey of the Reverend Father Garcés.[52] This, taken together with the fact that all of these people denied knowing the Cosninas (unless they knew them by the above-mentioned name of Ancamuche), would seem to justify the suspicions which we have just expressed. The conference having ended, they began to leave, and we were unable to induce any one of them to make up his mind to guide us to the river.

Today Don Bernardo Miera was very sick in his stomach and we were unable to leave here this afternoon. A short distance away we found other pools of water for the night.

October 20.—We set out from San Samuel toward the north-northeast, directing our course to the ford of the Colorado River, and avoiding a low, wooded, and very stony range which comes first.[53] After going a little more than two leagues we swung to the north, entering level country without stones. Having travelled four leagues we found in an arroyo several pools[54] of good water, and then going a league east-northeast, we halted on its bank between two small hills which are in the plain near the arroyo,[55] where there was a plentiful supply of water and good pasturage. We named this place Santa Gertrudis.[56]

51. Of Colorado River.

52. To Oraibe.

53. This is Little Hurricane Ridge, a low but sharply marked mesa which runs nearby north and south. Travelling from Heaton's Reservoir, the words "wooded, rocky" exactly describe it, for it is wooded for two or three miles, then bare and distinctly rocky for a distance.

54. Wild Band Pockets.

55. Toward the end of the four leagues Escalante's route must have swung northeastward round the end of Little Hurricane Ridge, otherwise he would not have reached Camp Santa Gertrudis. The Arroyo of Santa Gertrudis was a branch

We observed its latitude by the polar star and it is in 36 degrees and 30 minutes. Today seven leagues.

October 21.—We set forth from Santa Gertrudis toward the east. After going half a league[57] we swung to the northeast, having several times crossed the Arroyo of Santa Gertrudis, which in most places had large pools of water. Having travelled five and a half leagues to the northeast over country not very good, and making several turns, we passed through chamise thickets[58] not very difficult and over good country; and then going a little more than four leagues to the east-northeast[59] we halted after nightfall near a small valley with good pasturage but without water even for the men. Lorenzo de Olivares, impelled by thirst caused by eating too many of the seeds, pine nuts, and tunas which we had bought, separated from us as soon

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of Bullrush Wash, or Creek. Wild Band Pockets, where they found water, had copious water when we were there in June, 1927. They are so-named from the bands of wild horses which still frequent them and live on the adjacent plains. In the stretch from Heaton's Reservoir to Pipe Springs we saw several wild bands, feeding in the distance or galloping majestically away at sight or scent of us. On the night of June 21 we camped in the plain a short distance from Wild Band Pockets.

56. Camp was made just where the Wash breaks through the point of a mesa to the east. The "two small hills" were the two corners of the mesa overlooking the arroyo from either side. At this very point the remains of Old Canaan Dam, built long ago by the Mormons, are still to be seen. Camp Santa Gertrudis must have been about where the dam is. It is about twelve miles almost due south (a little west) from Pipe Springs. The distance from Cooper's Pockets to Old Canaan Dam by the route Escalante took is about twenty-one miles.

57. This half league of travel toward the east was through the canyon made by the cutting of the arroyo through the mesa point. The canyon is narrow, rocky, and crooked, and one would naturally cross the arroyo bed frequently. Having emerged from the canyon, Escalante turned sharply northeast. To have continued east would have taken him to the deep gorge of Kanab Gulch, whose steep cliffs are plainly visible to the east of the mesa at Canaan Dam.

58. At the willow thickets Escalante crossed Kanab Creek near Fredonia. Kanab means willow in the Paiute tongue, I am told. Evidently, when Escalante crossed the creek it was dry and there was no considerable gorge. Old settlers of Fredonia tell me that when the Mormons arrived there were heavy willow thickets there and no gorge. Today there is a deep, wide wash, made by erosion within recent years. The crossing was evidently two or three miles south of Fredonia, near Dobson's Ranch. Nail's crossing is too far south to answer the description.

59. These twelve or thirteen miles took Escalante up Johnson's Valley. Camp Santa Bárbara was above Chatterly's ranch some two miles, near the edge of Buckskin Gulch, and near the cedar grove at the angle of the range of Vermillion Cliffs that bordered Escalante's march from Kanab Creek.

as we halted, seeking water in the neighboring arroyos.[60] He did not reappear during the entire night, which caused us great anxiety. We named this camp Santa Bárbara. Today ten leagues.

October 22.—We set out from Santa Bárbara to the north-northeast,[61] looking for Olivares. About two leagues away we found him near a well with a scant supply of water, for it had only enough for the men to drink and to fill a little barrel which we carried lest we might not find any water for tonight. We continued along the plain four leagues to the northeast,[62] when we saw a trail leading to the south. The interpreter told us that the Yubuincariris had told him that we must take this trail to go to the river, and so we took it;[63] but after travelling along it a league to the south, we found that the interpreter had made a mistake in the signs, for a short distance from here the trail turned back. And so, going eastward, we climbed the low range which runs nearly north and south

60. Two forks of a dry arroyo unite in Johnson's Valley.

61. Escalante now turned up Buckskin Gulch, along a branch of Johnson's Run, a dry wash. On his left were beautiful, high, red cliffs; far ahead a symmetrical one, which we dubbed "The Hat." A few miles to the east, across Buckskin Gulch (really not a gulch but a pleasant valley), ran the low range now called Buckskin Mountains, parallel with Escalante's trail. On the south this range merges into the famous forest-clad Kaibab Plateau. The place where Olivares obtained water was evidently Navajo Well. It is about six miles north-northeast of the Camp of Santa Bárbara, and off the road half a mile to the west, between high red mesas. Olivares evidently had returned to the trail to meet the wayfarers.

62. Escalante now continued up Buckskin Gulch, evidently keeping to the western side. For a few miles his view of the main valley was cut off by a small cedar grown ridge. At the end of the four leagues beyond Navajo Well he had nearly reached the head of Buckskin Mountains. If he had kept along the trail to the northeast he would have had a nearly level route to the Paria River.

63. His sharp southward turn of a league took him across Telegraph Flat a level, open area near the head of the valley. Here Buckskin Mountains have the appearance of a low cedar covered ridge, innocent looking enough. So Escalante plunged into them, but before reaching Paria River he paid a heavy price, for as he proceeded he found the country exceedingly rough, and in places almost impassable. Camp San Juan Capistrano was on Paria River, near old Adairville, an abandoned town.

Our journey in 1927 ended at Jepson's Ranch in Buckskin Mountains. At this point I hope to take up the trail again and follow it across the Colorado River and to Oraibe, from which point I have followed it eastward.

on the east side of this plain all the way, and which we had intended to avoid. We crossed it with great difficulty and fatigue to the horses, for besides being much broken it is very stony. Night overtook us as we descended to the other side from a very high, rough, hogback with many boulders. From it we saw several fires below us and beyond a small plain. We thought the interpreter Andrés and the Laguna Joachín, who had gone ahead hunting water for tonight, had made the fires in order that we might know where they were. But having completed the descent, and having travelled, since we left the trail mentioned, four leagues to the east-northeast, making some turns in the valleys of the range, we reached the fires, where there were three small ranchos of Indians, and with them our interpreter and Joachín. We decided to pass the night here because at short distances to the east and west we had water and pasturage for the animals who were now almost completely worn out. We named the camp San Juan Capistrano. Today twelve leagues.

Since it was night when we reached these ranchos, and the Indians were unable to see how many people were coming, they were frightened, and in spite of the persuasions of the interpreter and the Laguna Joachín, when we arrived most of them fled, only three men and two women remaining. Very much grieved, they said to our Laguna, "Little Brother, you are of the same race as ourselves. Do not let these people you are with kill us." We embraced them and tried by every possible means we could think of to dispel their suspicions and fear. They became somewhat reassured, and wishing to please us they gave us two roasted hares and some pine nuts. Moreover, two of them went, although very fearfully, to show the watering place to the servants, in order that the animals might drink. This place is to the east of the north point of the small range mentioned, near a number of hills of red earth. To the south of these hills, very close by, on some rocky knolls having some piñon and cedar trees, are two good tanks

of rainwater. Beyond them[64] in a little arroyo there are also some pools of water, but it is small in amount and not so good. To the west-southwest of the same hills, at the foot of the range, there is also a small spring of permanent water. These Indians call themselves in their language Paganpache, and their near neighbors to the north and north-northwest they call Ytimpabichi.

After we had retired to rest some of the companions, among them being Don Bernardo Miera, went to one of the huts to talk with the Indians. They told them that Don Bernardo was ill, and an old Indian among those present, either because our men requested it or because he wished to do so, set about curing him with chants and ceremonies, which if not openly idolatrous must have been totally superstitious. All of our men, including the patient, permitted them willingly, and they applauded them as harmless pleasantries, when they ought to have prevented them as contrary to the evangelical and divine law which they profess, or at least they ought to have withdrawn. Although we heard the chants of the Indians, we did not know to what they were directed. But in the morning, as soon as they told us the seriousness of the occasion, we were deeply grieved at such harmful carelessness, and we reprimanded them, instructing them never again, by their voluntary presence or in any other way, to countenance such errors.

This is one of the principal reasons why the heathen who deal most with the Spaniards and Christians of these parts most stubbornly resist the evangelical truth, their conversion becoming daily more difficult. When we were preaching the necessity of holy baptism to the first Sabuaganas whom we saw,[65] the interpreter, in order not to offend them, or in order not to lose the ancient friendship which they maintain for the sake of vile trade in skins (for they often visit them, even in violation of the just edicts of the goveronrs of this realm, by which repeatedly it has

64. *Mas hacia.*

65. This was at the east end of Grand Mesa, in Colorado.

been ordered that no Indian, Janissary or citizen, shall enter the lands of the heathen without first obtaining a license for it from his Lordship), translated to them these exact words: "The fathers say that if the Apaches, Navajos and Comanches are not baptized they can not go to Heaven, but will go to hell, where God punishes them, and they will burn like wood in the fire." The Sabuaganas were greatly delighted to hear themselves excluded and their enemies included in the indispensible necessity of being baptized lest they be lost and suffer eternally. The interpreter was reprimanded, and seeing that his stupid falsification was found out he reformed.

We might add to these other instances, learned from their own lips, when among the Yutas they have attended and perhaps approved and even taken part in many idolatrous ceremonies. But let these two which we know on evidence suffice. For if, after having heard these idolatries and superstitions refuted and condemned many times, they still attend them, give occasion for them, and approve them, what will they not do when travelling for three or four months among the heathen Yutas and Navajos, there being no one present to correct or restrain them? Aside from this, some of them have given us sufficient reason during this journey to suspect that if some go to the Yutas and remain so long a time among them out of greed for skins, others go and remain there for carnal purposes which they can indulge there to their brutal satisfaction. And thus in all sorts of ways they blaspheme the name of Christ and impede or, more exactly said, oppose, the spread of the Faith. Oh, with what severity such evils should be met! May God in His infinite goodness inspire the best and most effective means!

October 23.—We did not march today, in order to give time for the people here to quiet down and to permit those of the vicinity to assemble. The grass seeds and other things which we had purchased and eaten did us

notable injury and weakened instead of strengthening us.[66] We were unable to get these people to sell us any ordinary meat, and so they ordered a horse killed and the flesh cured so that we might carry it. Today Father Fray Francisco Atanacio was ill with a severe pain . . . such that he was not able even to move.

All day the Indians from the nearby ranchos kept coming, and we embraced them all and gave them such presents as we could. These people now gave clearer notices of the Cosninas and Moquinos, speaking of them by these very names. They also told us the way we must go to the river, which is twelve leagues from here at most, giving us directions for the ford. We purchased from them about a bushel of pine nuts and we made them a present of more than a half bushel of grass seeds.

Very early next day twenty-six Indians assembled, among them being some of those who were with us the previous afternoon, and others whom we have never seen before. We told them of the Holy Evangel, reprenhending and explaining the evil and the uselessness of their superstitions, especially the supersitious cure of the sick. We admonished them that they ought to go only to the true and one God in their troubles, because only His Majesty has at His disposal health and sickness, life and death, and is able to help us all. And although our interpreter could not explain this to them clearly, one of them, who doubtless had dealt with the Yutas Payuchis, understood him well and explained to the rest what he heard. When he saw that they listened gladly we proposed to them that if they wished to be Christianized, fathers and Spaniards would come to instruct them and live with them. They replied that they desired this. And when we asked where we should find them when we came, they replied that they would be in this small range and on the nearby mesas. Then, to attach them to us, we distributed thirteen yards of

66. More likely it was "gyp" water that did the damage.

red ribbon, giving each one half a yard, with which they were pleased and grateful. One of them had already agreed to go with us as far as the river to direct us to the ford, but when all the rest had said goodbye and he had accompanied us half a league, he was seized with such fear that we could not persuade him to continue. The companions, with little reflection, wished that we should forcibly make him keep his word but we, knowing his reluctance, let him go at will. [The diary continues until Santa Fé is reached]

BARREIRO'S OJEADA SOBRE NUEVO-MEXICO

LANSING B. BLOOM

Early in the year 1828 the federal authorities in Mexico arranged to supply the Territory of New Mexico with a district court. Salaries were provided, of 1,000 p^{s}. for the district judge, 500 p^{s}. for an attorney general, 500 p^{s}. for a clerk of the district judge, and 300 p^{s}. for a constable of the district judge. The plan for such a court failed, however, because there was not a single qualified lawyer then resident in New Mexico.[1]

The authorities then decided to send to Santa Fe an *asseor*, or legal adviser to the territorial authorities, and Lic. Don Eleuterio María de Lagarza was named; but in November, 1830, he informed the deputation at Santa Fe that he had resigned the office. By the spring of 1831, however, a lawyer had been secured and had arrived in Santa Fe.[2] This was Lic. Antonio Barreiro.

It is tantalizing to know so little as we do about a man who played an important part in the early affairs of New Mexico. Perhaps it is a safe inference that he was comparatively young and recently married; he speaks of "his son" being born in this country which he had come to love with devoted ardor.[3] On June 1, 1832, he dispatched to his superior the descriptive sketch which he had been asked to prepare, and which is here edited. In August of the same year he was president of a "grand commission" in Santa Fe which arranged the observance that year of the national festivity on September 16th.[4] In February, 1833,

1. *Old Santa Fe*, I, p. 271.
2. *Ibid.*
3. See the last paragraph of the *Ojeada*.
4. *Old Santa Fe*, I, p. 364.

Barreiro was elected the deputy from New Mexico to the national congress in Mexico City.[5]

It is reasonably certain that it was Antonio Barreiro who purchased and introduced into New Mexico the first and only printing-press of Mexican times.[6] It is beyond question that, after returning in the summer of 1834 from his first term in congress, he started on this press the first periodical which was ever published in New Mexico.[7] No copy has survived, nor is even the name known, but on October 8, 1834, when preparing to leave for another two-year term in congress to which he had been re-elected, the minutes of the deputation for that day record the fact that he had presented them with "a file of the periodical which he published in this capital."[8]

With this departure from Santa Fe we lose sight of Barreiro. How much of his second biennium as deputy to congress he served, we do not know — possibly he continued until the change, a year later, from the federal to the departmental system of government which affected the whole nation.[9]

Barreiro wrote his *Ojeada sobre Nuevo Mexico* nearly a hundred years ago, and it is interesting to note the meager and imperfect knowledge which contemporary New Mexicans of that time had regarding the earlier history of their territory. The chief value of the work, however, lies in the discriminating yet sympathetic picture which it gives of New Mexico as it then was, presented not by one who had grown up within the territory but by one of cultured mind and legal training who had come to New Mexico from *la tierra afuera,* the outer world, and who wrote therefore with a cosmopolitan point of view. This is thought sufficient reason for republishing the little work in the city where it was first written.

5. *Ibid.*, I, 354.
6. *Ibid.*, I, 365.
7. *Ibid.*
8. *Ibid.*, note.
9. *Old Santa Fe*, II, 5.

A GLANCE OVER NEW MEXICO

DISCOVERY OF NEW MEXICO

It is said that Alvarez Nuñez and certain other Spaniards, saved from the shipwreck of Pánfilo Narvaez in Florida, came overland even to Mexico by way of this territory, and that it was they who gave to these natives some notion of the Catholic religion, and who reported to their government so that the conquest of this country might be undertaken.

Others, without mentioning this improbable wandering, relate how the lay "religious," Fr. Marcos de Niza, son of the Province of the Holy Gospel, discovered this country in the year 1581,[1] having reached the pueblos which are now named Zuñi but which in those times were called the Province of Cíbola. However that may be, it is certain that Juan de Oñate, bearing letters patent from Philip II addressed to the viceroy of Mexico Zuñiga y Acevedo, Count of Monterey, entered New Mexico in the year 1595 with the first Spaniards who populated it, bringing with him sixty-five Franciscan religious.[2]

As soon as the Indians had recovered from the first surprise occasioned by the arrival of men whom they took to be gods; when also the charm had passed from the baubles with which it was sought to bedazzle them; and the instant that they were persuaded that their conquerors sought only the idol of gold and were ambitious to have slaves, the pueblos of New Mexico break out in a truly heroic struggle

1. The discovery occurred in 1539. The date given is of the later *entrada* by Fray Agustín Ruiz and Chamuscado.

2. The author again depended on unreliable information. The correct number of Franciscans was ten, and Oñate's actual entrance was not until 1598. *Vide* Hammond, G. P., *Oñate and the Founding of New Mexico* (*N. Mex. Historical Review*, I-II).

against their fierce oppressors, and slew the governor and the religious,[3] the only Spaniards who escaped being those who fled for refuge to the pueblos of El Paso del Norte. This took place about the year 1644.[4]

In the reign of Philip III the Province was entered for reconquest by Don Diego Vargas Zapata, marquis of Nava, and the conquerors advanced up the Rio Bravo del Norte to the 46° (north latitude).[5] The French assert that they made entry here, but this is a very crass misrepresentation, because in later years or at the time of the discovery of Louisiana they visited an arm of the Mississippi which is to the west of the true mouth or that river, about fifty leagues from its legitimate entrance to the sea; and they put it down as the Rio Bravo del Norte, confounding it with the river which is so in fact and which is far distant from that river on the same coast.

Founded upon such an erroneous opinion perhaps the United States will base a pretence to the regions which extend to the left bank of our Rio del Norte, claiming that river as the boundary of Louisiana; but in proof that such a pretension is ridiculous and unfounded one must bear carefully in mind the treaty of friendship and settlement of differences and boundaries which was drawn up in the year 1821 by Don Luis de Oniz and Mr. John Quincy Adams as plenipotentiaries, the former for the king of Spain and the latter for the government of the United States, since in it the boundary is designated which separates this Republic and that of the north. If the United States had had any possible title to throw over any lands which they covet,

3. Author's note no. 1 at this point reads: "The pueblos of San Juan and Pecos were the only ones which saved their missionaries in this revolution. Another missionary escaped death by flight to Mexico and carried with him an image of the Virgin, called Our Lady of the War Club, which is venerated in the great convent of San Francisco in Mexico."

4. Very little is yet known regarding the outbreak of 1644. It is here confused with the successful uprising of 1680. Notice in this paragraph the Mexican point of view towards the Spanish *conquistadores*.

5. Either a printer's mistake for 36°, or an intentional exaggeration by the author. The Rio Bravo, of course, was the present Rio Grande.

it is incredible that they would not have demanded them at that time from the king of Spain. But turning from this digression into which the subject has naturally led me, I will resume the consideration of New Mexico.

With the development and consolidation of the conquered countries many settlements were being formed, and to this Territory was given the name of New Granada. The first mission was located in Teguayó,[6] and it is asserted that by the year 1608 more than eight thousand souls had already been baptized.[7]

In the year 1611[8] the captain already mentioned, Juan de Oñate, set out from this country towards the east and discovered the Canibaros Lakes (but which they are is not known,) and also a red river which seems to be that of the Cadaudachos, or of the Palisade; and from this occupation issues the indubitable right which our nation has to all the lands which are found east of this Territory.

GEOGRAPHICAL EXTENT AND POSITION OF NEW MEXICO

The Territory of New Mexico is one of the most re-

6. Rather curiously stated but correct. Teguayó was that part of the Pueblo Indian world occupied by the Tegua (Tewa) linguistic stock, extending from the present Santa Fe northwards to the region of the pueblo of San Juan, where the first colony under Don Juan de Oñate was established. And here also, naturally, was the center of the first work by the Franciscan missionaries. But the name "Teguayó" very early became dissociated from the country of the then Tewas and shrouded with a veil of mystery and legend. About the year 1668 Governor Peñalosa represented it to the viceroy in Mexico as a field for further discovery lying north of the "kingdom of New Mexico." And a century later, in a letter written to his superior, Fr. Morfi, Fr. Escalante gave as his opinion (based on the diary of Oñate and other ancient writers) that "Teguayó should be considered at the most two hundred leagues to the northwest of Santa Fe; and it is nothing but the land by way of which the Tihuas, Tehuas, and the other Indians transmigrated to this kingdom; which is clearly shown by the ruins of the pueblos which I have seen in it, the form of which was the same that they afterwards gave to theirs in New Mexico. . . To which is added the tradition prevailing with them, which proves the same." (Twitchell, *Spanish Archives of N. M.*, II, pp. 3, 279) These views found expression in maps of the 17th and 18th centuries, whether by French, Spanish, Dutch, or English cosmographers. All which show Teguayó, place it northwest of Santa Fe beyond the occupied regions of New Mexico — in one case as far away as the shores of Great Salt Lake. See *N. M. Hist. Rev.*, II, Oct., map by Coronelli (168—); also N. Mex. Hist. Society, map collection: N. de Fer (1700), Bellin (1704), Schenck (1710?), Alzate y Ramirez (1768), Clouet (1782) Juan Lopez (1786), Moithey (1789).

mote divisions of our Republic which lies to the north. Geographically it extends from the 33° to the 45° of latitude,[8] reaching some three hundred leagues from south to north, and almost the same number from east to west.[9] Its northern boundary is with the State of Missouri pertaining to the United States and with other regions absolutely unknown. On the south it is contiguous with the State of Chihuahua; on the east with the State of Coahuila and Texas, and with the Territory of Arkansas pertaining to the United States of America; and on the west with Sonora. Nothing can be said exactly as to its elevation above sea-level, or as to other circumstances of its location, because the data for this are lacking.

The surface of the country is cut from south to north by the great cordillera, so that the land might well be mountainous, but the greater part consists of immense plains and delightful valleys, clothed with very abundant pasturage.

It has rivers of abundant water and completely separated: such are the Pecos, the Colorado,[11] the Napeste,[12] and various others, but the principal one is the Rio Bravo or Del Norte which I will now describe.

The Rio Bravo or Del Norte is the principal river of New Mexico and, according to reports, has its source in the Mount of the Cranes.[13] Its general course is from west to east, to its mouth in the Gulf of Mexico, and its tributaries are the rivers of Taos, Don Fernando, Tesuque,

7. The date given is significant. Shortly after 1608, the seat of government was moved from San Gabriel to the new settlement at Santa Fe.

8. Possibly another press error. Oñate's expedition to the plains was in 1601.

9. Which would be the northern line of the present state of Wyoming.

10. Author's note no. 2 at this point reads: "All these geographical notes are full of a thousand errors, as nothing is known exactly and we speak only from ill-formed conjectures and worse information."

11. He means the Red River, south of the Canadian.

12. The Arkansas River.

13. *Cerro de las grullas.*— Three different maps by Don Bernardo de Miera y Pacheco (all of 1779) show the "Sierra de las Grullas" along the upper course of the Chama River, northwest of Santa Fe. Probably Barreiro had no information as to the source of the main stream of the Rio Grande.

Mora, Tecolote, Gallinas, Pecos, Santa Ana,[14] Puerco, Santa Barbara, Ojo Caliente, Chama, Picuries, and Santa Fe.[15] This voluminous Nile is, so to speak, the soul of the Territory, for her richest settlements are upon its truly picturesque margins. The variety of its shady groves, the charming woods which adorn it, the diverse prospects afforded by its meadows cultivated by a multitude of laboring men, the countless herds which quench their thirst in its floods, and that unnumbered myriad of exquisite birds which enliven it, as also the abundant savory fish which it nourishes in its waters, make New Mexico seem to the sight of the observer a place of veritable delights.

The waters of the Rio Bravo themselves are clear and pure, but they are muddied by the turgid Abiquiú which empties into it through the Chama River.

According to Humboldt, this river has a length of five hundred and twelve maritime leagues. Melting snows occasion its extraordinary freshets, these beginning in April, reaching their height in May, and diminishing in June.

It is related that in 1752 the main channel suddenly went dry for some thirty leagues above El Paso and for some twenty more below. The waters precipitated themselves into a newly formed channel and reappeared near San Elceario; but three weeks later the waters returned to their ancient course.

The river is fordable when there is no freshet, but at such a time it is passible only by canoe. There is scarcely a year that some lamentable mishap does not occur, which would be avoided with suitable bridges, even though temporary ones, as there have been in times past. Certain private individuals have desired to provide this benefit in return for the tolls that would be allowed them, though I know not on what terms; but the real remedy would be to construct a good bridge of stone-work at a proper loca-

14. The Jemez River.

15. Author's note no. 3 reads: "Some other rivers are tributary to it, but outside of the Territory."

tion, as there is abundant material for it, and although the government should expend a considerable sum to carry out this project, yet it would soon be returned with interest, since all the world would gladly pay the tolls which would be imposed.[16]

LAKES

Of the various lakes in the Territory there are two principal ones. The first is that which is found thirty-four leagues southwest from the capital and which gives the name to the nearby pueblo. It is some two thousand varas[17] in circumference, and its sweet waters, coming from a great spring some eight leagues distant and from other smaller ones, form a fairly deep reservoir of which the people avail themselves to irrigate a large part of their fields.

The second lake is that found in the heights of the Santa Fe Range, but I shall speak of it in the corresponding place.

MOUNTAIN AND RANGES

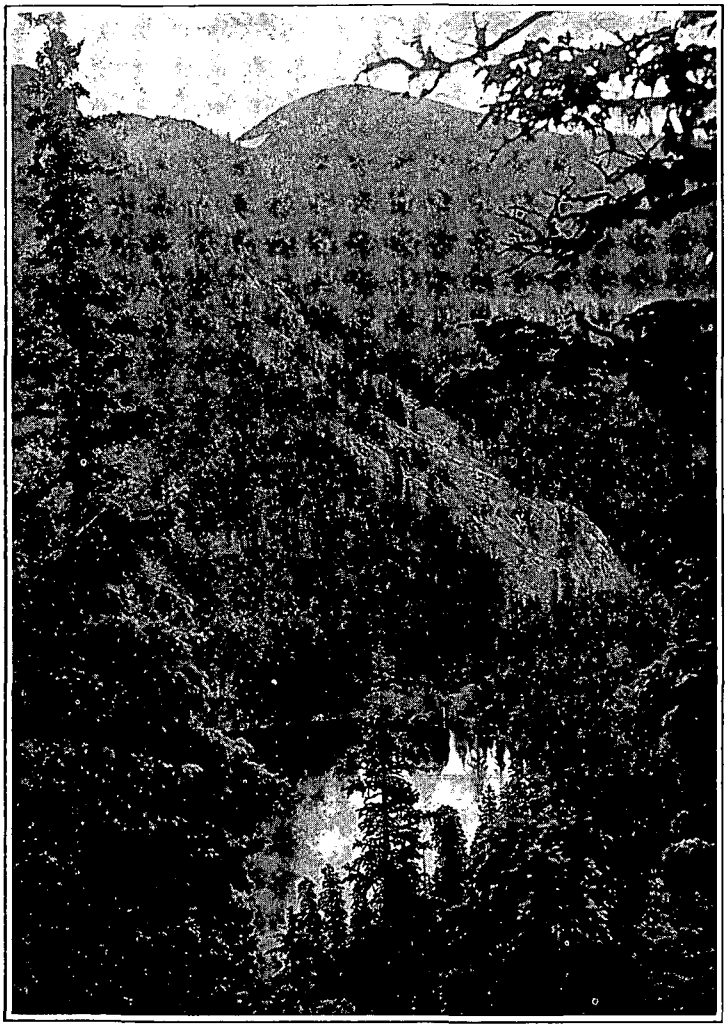
I have said that the Cordillera crosses this Territory from south to north. There are other ranges and mountains also, well supplied with all kinds of choice timber, the foliage of which affords charming scenery. Many ranges are found which have lofty peaks always crowned with snow, among them the Nambé range being the most notable, since the slopes of one side are in view from this capital.

THE SANTA FE RANGE

The sierra of Santa Fe which lies to the east rises to

16. For some account of earlier efforts in the matter of bridges, see Bloom, L. B., *Early Bridges in New Mexico* (School of American Research, *Papers.*)

17. A little over a mile.



SOURCE OF THE SANTA FE RIVER

a very considerable elevation,[18] and on its summit is found a beautiful lake, the mother of the fair-sized stream which bathes this capital. The river dashes down from that great height through a cañon which is alluring to mechanical projects, so that many men of enterprise should enrich themselves by the establishment of mills and other machinery moved by water.

An Anglo-American company, recognizing this fact, has set up a private plant for the making of whiskey and very shortly we shall appreciate how valuable and lucrative such establishments are going to be. How long shall we be strangers on our own soil? How long will it be before we shall recognize the veritable fountains of wealth which we possess? In this sierra are timbers of great value and trees of enormous girth which seemingly intend to hide their tops in the sky. Of these the most famous is the spruce, more than forty *varas* tall and from five to seven *varas* thick.[19] There are also the royal pine, the *ayacahuite,*[20] cedar, juniper, oak, and others well adapted by their grain and beauty for all uses to which lumber is put.

The wise Author of Nature has placed within the folds of this Cordillera a wonderful store of water which gives source to that multitude of copious streams which enrich and irrigate with their waters widely scattered lands both in this Republic and also in that of North America.[21]

ROADS

The interior roads of this Territory are on the whole

18. Lake Peak rising to 12,380 ft., is exceeded by eight other peaks, farther north in the same range. The four Truchas Peaks, all over 13,000 ft. according to the U. S. Geological Survey, are the highest in New Mexico.

19. The *vara* is a short yard, 33 inches.

20. The significance of *ayacahuite* has not been discovered. Like *ahuehuete* (a species of big tree in Mexico, of which some of the largest specimens are to be found in the Chapultapec Gardens, Mexico City), this word has the appearance of Nahuatl origin, but to what kind of timber in the Santa Fe Range it was applied by Barreiro is not apparent.

21. Barreiro is thinking of the Rocky Mountains as a whole. Few realize, for example, that the Missouri River is much longer than the Mississippi.

convenient, for most of them follow the rivers and pass through settlements where there is much hospitality. They are all used by vehicles except that which leads to Taos by way of La Cañada,[22] for on that road a very high range scarcely permits horses to pass through its defiles. All roads are secure and the traveller journeys without fear that a highwayman may relieve him of his effects or murder him.

The road to the United States by the route to Missouri is very beautiful, for it traverses immense plains and for most of the way follows the banks of rivers which present views of the greatest variety. In the distance of more than two hundred and fifty leagues, no settlement is encountered and only numerous Gentile[23] nations are seen until one arrives at the first settlements of North America in the county of Jefferson. Caravans of Anglo-Americans travel this road annually; but in a separate section this matter will be discussed.

CLIMATE

As a general observation, it is said to be colder in New Mexico than in Europe in the same latitudes, and the difference is usually considered to be equivalent to nine or ten degrees of latitude.

Many days in winter the mercury drops to zero Remaur,[24] and prevailingly there are north winds which are very cold and penetrating. In the next section I am going to give a more detailed idea of the winted season.

WINTER

As the New Mexican winter so particularly impresses

22. Santa Cruz.

23. A term commonly applied to Indian tribes which had not been brought under Mother Church.

24. By the Remaur thermometer, 0° is equivalent to 32° Farenheit, or freezing temperature.

all those who know that cold is experienced here, I wish to present some notes relative to it. As a rule winter begins in September and is most severe in December and January. By February it modifies and as early as April or May the temperature is highly agreeable.

Many years, the snows are very abundant, especially in the heights where they always remain. When the winter is extreme the cold becomes insupportable, the largest streams are congealed to their very beds and the ice takes on such solidity and thickness that well-loaded wagons, pack trains and people on horseback may cross on it, and it serves as a solid and well constructed bridge for every manner of traffic.

In the cow-houses, often times, the milk congeals almost on issuing from the cow's udder and one can carry it in a napkin to melt it in his house and to use it as desired. In short, the cold produces after this manner rare and astonishing phenomena.

Some will believe that, the fact being as stated, men cannot live in this country. But such an idea is a fantasy by which various persons are terrified, for the climate of New Mexico is truly healthful. Here people live to prolonged days and there are numerous aged persons of ninety, a hundred, and even more years of age. On the other hand, the climate is mollified by the abundant and rich pelts which this country affords for protection, and the houses have winter apartments with comfortable and warm chambers where the hearths are always glowing.

The men out in the field are those who generally suffer from the rigors of the season, for many have their extremities frozen by the cold and others lose their lives, considerable losses in the flocks being sustained from the same cause.

POPULATION

According to statistics, New Mexico has a population

of 41,458 inhabitants. The greater part of her population is extended along the borders of the Rio del Norte within a distance of sixty or seventy leagues, but this immense country is found almost unpeopled.

The places which have the greatest number are: Santa Fe, the capital of the Territory, Alburquerque, Taos, and Santa Cruz de la Cañada.

Santa Fe.— It is in 36° 30″ north latitude and 24° 15″ longitude,[25] watered by a river of the same name, and according to data, it lies some three hundred and forty leagues to the northwest of New Orleans. By a census taken in 1831 its population amounts to 5,275 persons.

A quarter of a league distant is found a sierra covered with various kinds of timber which furnish the people with an abundance of fuel (this is the Santa Fe range lying to the east which I have already mentioned). The principal plaza is quadrilateral in shape and is fairly large. Its north side is occupied by the edifice known by the name of Palace, and by a small part of the city-wall. Although the edifice mentioned is very spacious, it is partly in ruins and is in general disrepair. In it lives the governor,[26] and it has the hall where the Deputation holds its sessions, and various suites which serve as offices for the company pay-master, the commissary, the barracks, the guard-house — all in the worst state imaginable. In the center of the same square and upon an adobe base some three *varas* in height is found a sundial which is the only public clock which the authorities and employees have to guide them. It was erected by Governor Don Antonio Narbona and upon it is enscribed this apothegm from the Scripture: *vita fugit sicut umbra.*[27] Various private houses take up

25. West from Washington. Possiby by another printer's error, seconds are indicated instead of minutes.

26. Then known by the title *gefe político.*

27. Life fleeth like a shadow." *Vide* Job 14:2.

the south side, and in the center of it is the church known by the name of Castrense.[28]

The east and west sides are occupied by private houses, on the east being found also a commodious but dirty hall in which the *ayuntamiento*[29] holds its sessions, and on the west side is a neat and charming oratory dedicated to the Most Holy Trinity.

From the corners of this plaza branch off the streets which form the city. Their course is very crooked and the chief of them is, like the plaza, adorned with wooden portals.[30] In the outskirts are found many houses placed at random and at rather troublesome distances for frequent and daily intercourse. Santa Fe has five churches and two public oratories, but as these are of adobe and some of them are almost abandoned they present an exceedingly unpleasant appearance. With the plaza towards the north as its center we find the city-wall which in former times was famous for its length and good construction.

Although the private residences are low and built of adobe, many of them are roomy and quite attractive. There are a number of clothing stores and a regular commerce.

Santa Fe has locations well suited for public promenades and the abundance of cottonwood trees close by them would make the task very easy for any beneficent man who might wish to do this service.

The Villa of Alburquerque.— This town is situated on the east bank of the Rio Bravo del Norte, westwards from this capital and distant some thirty-three leagues.

Taos.— This is a pueblo located at the foot of the range of that name, and watered by a river which divides it in

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28. The military chapel, built by General Valverde y Cosio between the years 1717 and 1722. It had two towers and was dedicated to Our Lady of Lights. *Vide* Davis, El *Gringo*, 175; Twitchell, *Story of Old Santa Fe*, 50, 154, 334.

29. The town-council.

30. This would be the street now known as San Francisco St., east to the Cathedral, and west and across the river to the Guadalupe Church. Originally the plaza extended clear to the cathedral, but long before Barreiro's time, buildings had encroached on the eastern half of the plaza. *Vide* Urritia map of Santa Fe (1768).

two. Its population is scattered in three plazas or sections, one of which is the pueblo of Indians whose dwellings are the most distinctive in the Territory, presenting an astonishing sight because of their height, for each house consists of four, five and six stories. Their occupants are reputed to be the most valiant in New Mexico and they have given repeated proofs of this in the continuous campaigns which they wage with the barbarous nations to the north.

The plaza or settlement of San Fernando.— Situated in the beautiful valley of Taos, it is about two leagues distant from the pueblo, and it is here that the curate has his abode since it is central to the whole population.

The plaza[31] *of El Rancho.*— It lies to the south of San Fernando and about half a league away. It has a moderate population and is celebrated for the famous mill established there by the stranger from North America, Don Juan Rolliens,[32] for the manufacture of whiskey.

The Valley of Taos.— This is certainly one of the most beautiful and fruitful parts of the Territory. The foliage on the mountains which surround it, the different streams which water it, and other scenic beauties present to one's view charms which are truly delightful. In years of sterility or lack of seed it is the valley of Taos which has sufficient for all New Mexico and the people there always have enough remaining for their own maintenance.

Taos is celebrated moreover for its commerce and because it is, as it were, the point of contact at which the great companies of beaver trappers regularly touch when they leave the United States, and it serves as a center for other companies. Taos is the most northern town to be

31. Author's note no. 4 reads: "It should be understood that in New Mexico the word *plaza* is a term used to signify or to indicate that there is a group of houses in some place."

32. According to local tradition, supplied by Mr. L. Pascual Martinez of Taos, a "John Rawlins" lived at Taos in the early '30s. He and a brother were engaged in the fur trade and later established a distillery, or *vinatero*, about three miles up the little Rio Grande cañon, in charge of one Pedro Antonio Gallegos. Later, according to Taos tradition, the Rawlins brothers left for California.

found in the Republic, and it is distant from Santa Fe about forty leagues.

The villa of Santa Cruz de la Cañada.— Situated in the angle formed by the Chimayó river and the Bravo del Norte, it is found some ten leagues from Santa Fe towards the northwest.

INDIAN PUEBLOS

The pueblos of Indians are: Taos, Xemes, Santa Clara, Pecuris, San Ildefonso, Pojoaque, Nambé, Tezuque, Pecos, Cochité, Sía, Santo Domingo, San Felipe, Sandia, la Isleta, la Laguna, Zuñi, Acoma and Santa Ana. The spiritual care of these pueblos is entrusted to the religious of the Province of the Holy Evangel of Mexico, but unfortunately they are in the most doleful neglect, since only five of them have missionary fathers, so that, if the zeal of the government does not speedily take the most active measures to remedy such an evil, the vacant missions never will be occupied and the cure of souls of the unhappy natives will continue to suffer from the enormous lacks which it has long endured.

The pueblos named are certainly of an original construction, since they are built like well defended ramparts. They have two or more stories and the lower apartments, generally called *cois,* are completely enclosed, and overhead (in the rafters) are located small doors with ladders which lead to their floors. The upper stories are found to have corridors and wooden balconies, but always towards the interior or plaza of the pueblo, thus affording a system well suited for defense in case of attack by the barbarians who are on all sides of New Mexico.

All the pueblos have their *estufas,* for so the natives term certain underground rooms built with only one door, where they gather to rehearse their dances, to celebrate their feasts, and to hold their councils. These are like

impenetrable temples where they congregate to consider in secret their misfortunes or successes, their pleasures or sorrows, and the doors are always closed to the Spaniards, for so they call us.

All these pueblos, notwithstanding the sway which Religion has over them, cannot forget certain teachings which have been handed down to them by tradition and which they are careful scrupulously to teach to their descendants; whence arises the adoration which they pay to the sun, to the moon and to the other heavenly bodies, the regard which they have for fire, &c. &c.

In many of the pueblos named they work every kind of jars or pots for house use, and these Indians in general are given to husbandry, to hunting and fishing; they make saddle-trees, tan hides, mill flour, and make other products; some of them can read and write, and they all have a ready speech, quick judgment, and an uncultivated but persuasive eloquence. In their decisions they are dilatory, in everything they act by common agreement, and in their dealings they are exceedingly virtuous and truthful. The said pueblos have different idioms but they speak Spanish. Rarely does hunger assail them because their foresight leads them to work with prudence. They put an extreme value on eagles; there is scarcely a pueblo but has one or more of them, which they catch alive at the cost of great effort. With the feathers of these birds they construct their best arrows which they use in war and sell at high price to the Gentiles for horses and other valuable effects. It is said that the feather of the eagle possesses a wonderful virtue for cleaving and cutting the air and many almost incredible illustrations are related in proof of this assertion, but the only evidence of this property which has to be cited is the diligence which all the warlike and barbarous nations of these regions show to buy pottery adorned with the eagle feather design.[33]

33. Possibly Barreiro means the diminutive ceremonial jars adorned with the actual "breath feather" of the eagle, but in either case the author seems unaware

In concluding the section in which I have discussed the Indians of New Mexico, I will say that their customs, ceremonies and dances arouse in the one who considers them a thousand pathetic reflections. Yes, they recall generations now gone forever, times buried in oblivion, and days of calamity, of oppression and of shame when a ferocious nation dared to conquer great Mexico and, with criminal intent tried to exterminate her indigenous races. Ancient Mexicans! Now do ye pertain only to history, and your survivors will perish very shortly![34]

A GENERAL IDEA OF THE POPULATION

I have already stated at the beginning that the estimated population of New Mexico exceeded 40,000 souls, but as the data on which this calculation is based are incomplete, because the reports are still lacking as to the number of souls in many places, it ought to be set at 50,000. We cannot state the relation of births to deaths even in one year, and as there are not sufficient statistical reports it is clear that the proportion in births and deaths to the number of inhabitants can be of still less value for determining approximately the advance in population; but it can be stated pretty affirmatively that the ratio is favorable to humanity.

I have already said that the pueblos of Indians are diminishing considerably, and this loss of population can be attributed to no other cause than to a deep seated abuse which obtains among the Indian women, for they do not wish to bear more than four children and they attain their object by means of beverages which they take to that end.

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of the ceremonial significance of the eagle. Of piercing eye and soaring high above all other birds, the eagle was to the Pueblo Indian symbolic of the "Father Sky" and was the great "rain bringer." An eagle feather design in pottery decoration was, therefore, in effect a prayer for rain — so essential to all life in the semi-arid southwest.

34. Author's note no. 5 reads: "It is noticed that the Indian race is becoming extinct, for the pueblos mentioned are diminishing considerably from day to day."

prejudicial, so that it would be desirable for the proper It will be seen that this abuse is very transcendant and authorities to be on the watch and to avail themselves of all possible means to eradicate it.

ITS NATURAL PRODUCTS IN THE ANIMAL KINGDOM

The Buffalo.— The buffalo is a species of ox found in these parts in incredible abundance. This class of animals goes in herds. Their meat is of the most delicious taste, as it is very succulent and tender, and their tongues, better than those of the cow, make a delicious food. The buffalo are swift runners and do not lack for strength, courage and ferocity. When tamed they show great docility and learn many things, becoming attached to their owner. In desiring the female they become furious, bellow with grief, and rush against some post with such violence as to blunt their horns. They are nine feet in length, little more or less, and will measure some five or six feet in height. In their other details they resemble the common ox, but between the head and the withers they have a hump. Their horns are small considering the size of the animal, gray-colored for half their length and black from there to the tip.

This colossal quadruped, while seeming to manifest only deformities, is nevertheless of wonderful beauty. His head, which is of normal size with respect to his body, appears to have extraordinary bulk because of the long thick hair which covers it and which it has underneath the lower jaw, on the jowls, the dewlap, and between the forelegs. The hair is more silky and lustrous than wool. On the shoulders and on the hump or crook the hair grows thick, long and as if crimped, yet is exceedingly fine to the touch. This kind of crest gives the buffalo the noble and majestic presence of the lion. The long hair of the head covers his ears which are not very large. He has beautiful eyes, round and with blue pupils, and by them one knows instantly whether he is enraged or tranquil. His mouth has eight

incisors, very white in the lower jaw, while his tongue is long and dark. The buffalo change their hair yearly, that which covered them in winter dropping from them in summer. Their tail is about sixteen inches long and ends in a tassel of long soft hair.

Buffalo hunting.— The inhabitants of this country hunt the buffalo in the months of June and October. Accordingly in the latter month, after gathering their harvest, they assemble in caravans and set out in different directions. In October they aim to hunt buffalo cows, since that is the season when they are found to be very fat and the bulls are thin; and in June they hunt the bulls, for the same reason applies inversely. The weapons suitable in this chase are lances, arrows and the musket, but this last is used to little advantage.

Some hunters are extremely dexterous and kill twelve, fifteen and more head in a single chase. At the place where they make their *real* (for so they term the place where they dismount) care is taken not to make any smoke, since that frightens the herd; and a like caution must be observed not to burn buffalo bones.

The hides of the buffalo killed in June are not made use of, because that is the time of shedding, but those taken in October and in winter are well furred and very fine.

The hunt is made on swift horses, trained for the purpose. At the very lowest estimate ten or twelve thousand head are killed annually, and if to this slaughter be added that made by the numberless swarms of natives who subsist off the buffalo herd, one can appreciate how prolific that herd is, in that it suffers no lessening, for at any time it is to be seen over the plains in vast droves, forming a horizon which the vision fails to comprehend.

If places for salting meat and for tanning hides should be established in this Territory, the chase would be very much more profitable, and especially so since the meat,

tongues and hides of the buffalo are highly esteemed generally.

Advantages which might be taken from the buffalo herd.— Since the buffalo is so docile that he loves the company of man and as he is so easily domesticated, it is clear that the buffalo might constitute a great part of our wealth, if care were taken in breeding and multiplying them after their decimation. The animal is one to which, because of his structure and the dimensions of all his bones, many naturalists attribute a strength double that of the ox; wherefore agriculture should anticipate immense advantages if buffalo were to be employed in place of our oxen in tilling the soil, as moreover it is known through certain experiments that they are more active than oxen in the work of plowing.

On the other hand, what part of the buffalo is wasted? His meat is very healthful and savory, his lard is good and his suet excellent; his wool is well suited for weaving and the hides are useful and valuable. His horns are so jet black that they admit of a beautiful polish and can be made into many useful and ornamental articles which would be exceedingly becoming if embellished with mother-of-pearl or with silver. In these ways, behold how New Mexico might find in the buffalo herd a source of wealth from which to inprove her agriculture and to embellish her arts.

The sorrel deer or "bura."— The figure of this animal is certainly gallant. Its body is like that of a mule, and its antlers astonish one's eyes by their grandeur, their branches rising from six to seven feet from base to tip. The flesh is said to be bad but the skins are very valuable. The Gentiles tan them very well and from them they get fine leather, larger than a cowhide.

Wild horses or mustangs.— There are an abundance of them and they are very useful when domesticated.

Sheep and rams which they call cimarron.— They say that the cimarron sheep and rams flee to the highest cliffs

and that from enormous heights they let themselves fall headlong, the tremendous shock of which they receive on their thick horns and thus they sustain no injury, beginning to run the instant after they alight. The use which might be made of the skins of the cimarron would be many, as they are exceedingly soft. The Gentiles get a very fine chamois skin from them, of which they make their best shirts, which they value more highly than we do our shirts of cambric.

Small stock.— The many thousands of sheep which are produced in the Territory are without comparison in all the Republic. This stock increases from day to day in an almost incredible manner and it may be said that, if New Mexico establishes peace with the barbarous nations upon a permanent footing and attains that degree of enlightenment which would teach her how advantageously to conduct her commerce in sheep, she will flourish in this industry alone as much as Chihuahua has through her mines. Happy will that time be when the government shall extend a protecting hand to this land, for then will these fields, now wild and desert, be converted into rich and happy pastures!

The herding of goats.— This branch cannot be said to amount to much, and the herding of swine has no attention whatever.[35]

"Hens of the earth."— So they call turkeys in this country. There is a myriad of them in the woods and as is already known their flesh is very delicate. Few make a

35. It is significant that Barreiro does not even mention any industry in *ganado mayor*, cattle. Cattle had been introduced before the end of the 16th century, yet even for domestic purposes their place was largely taken by the buffalo and other game animals which, as already shown, supplied meat, lard, tallow, furs and leather. At this time cattle seem to have been too insignificant to mention as an industry but, twenty years before, they made a small showing in the statistics given at the cortes in Spain by Deputy Pedro Bautista Pino. *Vide* Bloom, L. B., *New Mexico under Mexican Administration*, 1821-46 (*Old Santa Fe*, I, 37).

business of hunting them, and none tame and domesticate them so as to have them in flocks.[36]

Hunting and fishing in general.— Parti-colored deer, gray, and long-tail abound; also bear of all colors, rabbits and hares, partridge, quail, crane, duck, geese and other fine game.

In the streams trout are taken, eel, catfish, stickleback, Shoal-fish, mud-turtle and tortoise, all savory and the last named as heavy as two pounds.

VEGETABLE PRODUCTS

The vegetable products found in New Mexico are those usual to countries of her temperature. Besides those most essential for the maintenance of her inhabitants, garden-produce is raised in abundance and excellent fruits. Her sierras are heavily timbered with many and beautiful woods such as the fir, the *ayacahuite*, cedar, juniper, oak and other kinds of large girth and extremely tall; for firs may be seen more than forty *varas* tall and from five to seven thick. Many fine resins are met with also, and some so aromatic that they can vie with the incense termed "Castilian."

Fruits.— These are few in number but of especial flavor. There are very good apples, apricots, wild strawberries and mulberries, plums, grapes, peaches, cherries, excellent canteloupes[37] and watermelons.

Medicinal herbs.— There are herbs of extraordinary virtue for the curing of all kinds of sickness. The Pueblo Indians and the Gentiles understand them perfectly and apply them with great skill. To a man equipped with botanical knowledge the plants referred to would afford sufficient material for long study and perhaps for very useful discoveries.

36. And yet, except for a few dogs, this was the one domesticated animal in the Southwest in prehistoric times.

37. Not the "Rocky Ford" but evidently the kind still raised by Pueblo Indians.

MINERAL PRODUCTS

The products of this species which New Mexico has are numerous, but those accounted to be the most important are lead in abundance, copper, iron, hard coal, jasper, sulphur, crystallized gypsum, alum, and talc.

Moreover there are some ordinary clays and others worthy of attention for their quality and fineness. In the pueblo of Acoma is found a black-colored clay called *barro-piedra* (stone clay) from which the potter's wheel can turn out any sort of vessel commonly used in the house.[38]

Earths of different colors.— There are many, such as blue, green, yellow, white, red, and in the pueblo of Zuñi there is a smalt or Prussian blue which is exceedingly exquisite.

Quarry stones.— Many are found, among them some of a very white jasper and others of beautiful quality. Considerable jet is found also, &c. &c., but nothing of this sort is utilized, nor is any use apparent which might be possible.

Gold and silver mines.— It would soon be known how many there are in this country if there were men who would undertake to develope them or those skilled to work them. There are some placer mines where virgin gold is found in small grains and of extreme fineness.[39]

AGRICULTURE

Agriculture is utterly neglected, for the inhabitants of this country do not sow any amount, as they might do to great profit without any doubt. They sow barely what they consider necessary for their maintenance a part of the year, and for the rest of the year they are exposed to a thousand miseries. So that the total value of the crops undergoes great fluctuations.

38. Except that no potter in Acoma or any other pueblo has ever used the wheel!
39. The "New Placers" south of Santa Fe were discovered in 1828.

Already in the section on *vegatable products* I have given an idea of the garden-produce and fruits, so it is not necessary to repeat that corn, wheat, beans &c. are raised. Very good cotton also is grown, and very good tobacco.

A vast expanse of lands favored by Nature, with climate propitious and adequate for the raising of agricultural products which ought to be the lot of the New Mexicans, is found abandoned because of the barbarians who occupy them or invade them frequently. But the peace with these enemies which New Mexico hopes to secure will allow her to occupy those fine areas and from them agriculture will receive an extraordinary advancement.

THE ARTS

The arts are in the worst state imaginable, even those which are indispensable for the primary necessities of life.

Woven fabrics.— These are very rough, since in wool only coarse work is done, and the cotton weaving is absolutely without merit because of the abundance of foreign goods, better in quality and cheaper in price.[40]

There are some Anglo-American artisans established here, and doubtless we must look to them to improve the arts in New Mexico, for it is to be believed that the sons of the country will become instructed in the foreign shops, or at least that they will be incited by seeing the fine products of these artisans. Among the foreigners there are tailors, carpenters, excellent gunsmiths, blacksmiths, hatters, tinsmiths, shoemakers, &c. &c.

(to be concluded)

40. This hardly does credit to the Navajo blanket. It would indicate, however, that the Spanish effort to foster the art of weaving had been a complete failure, except as it survived in the famous Chimayó blanket. *Vide* Bloom L. B., *Early Weaving in New Mexico* (*N. Mex. Hist. Review*, II, 228-238).

THE PRESIDENT'S ANNUAL REPORT

Fellow Members of the New Mexico Historical Society:

It is not a mere accident that the largest enrollment in any class at the State University is that in New Mexico history under Dr. C. F. Coan, one of the Fellows of the New Mexico Historical Society. Nor is it just a coincidence that the New Mexico press is editorializing at present on the value of historical landmarks to the Commonwealth as an attraction which brings people, money and the best kind of publicity to the Southwest. It is certainly significant that the chief executive of the State, our Senators in Congress and Representative in Congress whenever opportunity offers emphasize as among the main attractions of New Mexico its archaeology, history and historic traditions. It is proof that the work and influence of the New Mexico Historical Society and its publications are bearing abundant fruit and are returning to the State a hundred and a thousand-fold the money, time and effort expended upon them. The officers and members of the Society are therefore justified in taking their duties and privileges most seriously. Only a few days ago, a great Protestant denomination distributed in all of its churches, a folder entitled: "The Logic of History. History doesn't just happen: It is made!" The New Mexico Historical Society has been making history for New Mexico and is also recording it as well as preserving it for future generations. Other agencies are coming to its aid and we should be deeply grateful, even if these other agencies do not always recognize the pioneer work of the New Mexico Historical Society and the effectiveness of its publication and educational efforts. In this connection let me call attention to an editorial printed last Sunday, December 18, one of a series which has appeared in the *Albuquerque Morning Journal*. It says:

NEW WORK FOR UNIVERSITY

The University of New Mexico has undertaken an important work in attempting to preserve a number of places of historical interest in the state. A committee has been named to make an investigation of the scientific resources of the state and to report on ways and means for acquiring these resources for future scientific purposes.

The preliminary announcement points to the fact that the recent report of the state highway department estimated the tourist travel in the state now brings us sixteen million dollars annually. While the announcement does not say, it can readily be seen, that, with our historical places fully developed, the attractions for tourists will be materially enhanced, not only increasing the number of visitors, but lengthening the stay of those who pass through the state.

There are a number of places within a short distance of Albuquerque that can be developed by the university, such as the San Pedro ruins, and going a little further, important exploration and research work can be made in the Jemez country; in fact in all parts of the state as the scope of this work can be increased by the university.

Outside agencies to date have been chiefly interested in scientific researches in the state. It is important that some state agency take a hand in preserving these places of scientific, prehistoric and scenic interests. It will fit in with the work other agencies are doing to attract more tourists to New Mexico.

It is quite proper that the State University and the State Museum take the lead in all research work in the Southwest. It is their manifest duty to co-ordinate the efforts of all other research agencies and to watch jealously over the priceless heritage that the past has bestowed upon New Mexico. They should prevent the indiscriminate scattering of the objects obtained by the excavation and exploitation of archaeological and historical sites. Every effort must be made to conserve to the State, its people and future generations, the historical heirlooms which grow more valuable with each generation. Not only should

there be strict supervision by the State's official agencies of the distribution of duplicate specimens but also of the field work by outside institutions and associations. Italy, for instance, will not permit any outside agency to excavate any of its archaeological and historical sites. Mexico and Guatemala forbid the exportation of archaeological specimens and Egypt retains for its Museum the first choice of all archaeological and historical objects. Other sovereignties have adopted and enforce this wise policy. Of course, every encouragement should be given to all true scientific workers and agencies in the field, no matter whence come the means to pay for the work. It is widely recognized that in its history and historic remains, New Mexico has an asset which neither drouth nor panic can diminish. Crops may fail, industry may sag, but the interest in places hallowed by great deeds and the march of mighty events, always will attract worshippers from far and near. The pilgrimages to the holy places of the Orient have never ceased even though cataclysms were tumbling thrones and destroying entire nations. So materialistic and prosaic a publication as the *Wall Street Journal* recently called upon New England to make more of its historic and scenic attractions. It says among other things words applicable to New Mexico:

> New England has herself come to a livelier appreciation lately of that fine heritage; now she is seeking to spread properly—for all around benefit—that new appreciation. . . . . Some 200 civic and business representatives, including particularly the automobile men, have just laid plans for a nation-wide presentation of New England's "vacation land" claims. . . . The most comprehensive auto tour of this section ever attempted will be undertaken by the motor clubs next spring. Next autumn when the New England landscape wears yet another glory some 3000 touring clerks from the American Automobile Association will be invited to tour New England. An "all New England" pamphlet will be given distribution through some 900 American Automobile Clubs in the country. By voice and

picture the charms of New England will be set forth. . . . . It is not solely a pocketbook proposition on the part of New England interests thus aiming to tell their story more broadly. The cold fact may well be that New England in all that she has to offer is entitled to a larger share of the $2,500,000,000 yearly motor tourist business of the country—a total sure to grow yet greater. But the case is bigger than the pecuniary angle of promotion or exploitation. It is largely reciprocal—letting the rest of the world know, and be glad of the knowledge. New England has been too reticent. . . . The question is asked me, "How should we capitalize these advantages?" I respond, "You should not capitalize them or issue shares upon them. We should make them serve not only the New England States, but the whole country, and I am sure they will in the future. We can't issue shares on what nature gave us; but we well can let the rest of the country know, and let it come and have its share."

It is gratifying to note in this connection that the Santa Fe Transportation Company is spending hundreds of thousands of dollars annually in publicity to make our historic and scenic attractions known, and that there are plans under way for the organization of a state-wide automobile association that will do for New Mexico what the Association referred to above is doing for New England. However, we must first sell our state, its history, scenery and climate to ourselves before we can convince others that no other state in the Union is as richly endowed as we are by Nature and History.

As I view it, the duties of the New Mexico Historical Society are four-fold: Research, Exhibition, Publication and Education. Let us briefly discuss each in turn:

RESEARCH

It is only in recent years that the New Mexico Historical Society has had the satisfaction of engaging in research work. True, this has been somewhat by proxy,

for it is only through the co-operation of the School of American Research and the Museum of New Mexico, that the Historical Society has been enabled to command practically all of the time and all of the results of the research work of its secretary, Lansing Bloom. His work in the Spanish Archives, in the records of the Mexican period of the Southwest and in the military muster rolls, to mention only a few of his lines of endeavor, have been noteworthy, and have resulted not only in bringing to light historical facts but also in such material results as pensions to New Mexico veterans of the Indian wars as well as preserving for posterity New Mexico's record in the Great War. He has through his zeal and scholarship interested other historical research workers in the Southwestern field, and the results have been spread before you each three months in the *New Mexico Historical Review*. In fact, there is no other agency in the State thus far, which has done or is doing as much research work in history as this Society, its Fellows and members, for we must remember that among its Fellows are men like Bolton, Hackett, Hewett, Lummis, Hodge, Hammond, Kidder, Bieber, Espinosa, Mecham, Coan, and others who are giving themselves to Southwestern research such as the University is now recognizing as the most important for the State which it can undertake. We should be grateful to Dr. J. F. Zimmerman, the presirent, for his vision and his practical views which are placing New Mexico's University in line with the State Universities of the other western States in service to commonwealths to which they owe their existence and maintenance.

The Historical Society will not stand still. Important tasks beckon it. Such fundamental historical facts as the founding of Santa Fe less than 320 years ago, are still shrouded in mist, although it seems certain that somewhere, in some musty alcove, or in some dust-covered pigeon hole in Seville or in Rome or perhaps, in Guadalajara, Durango or Mexico City, there are the very documents which will dispel the fog and disclose clearly the

facts. It seems highly improbable that so important a historic event or episode as the founding of a villa to be the capital of a province, should not have been reported in greatest detail to the authorities, as so many other minor events were reported, and the records preserved. It is only within the past few years, that many of these archives bearing on Southwestern history, have been rescued from oblivion by such research workers as Bolton, and have made certain, among other things, that it was not Oñate who actually founded Santa Fe but his successor Peralta. Necessarily, no one is more interested in laying bare the real facts than we ourselves and we should contribute something toward establishing the record of the founding of this Ancient City. Such an opportunity has come to us, to assist in sending to Spain our secretary, who is especially well fitted to continue in the archives of Seville the depository of the original and official records appretaining to Spanish America, the research work he has begun here. The School of American Research and the Museum of New Mexico, possibly with the co-operation of the University, plan to be represented at the American Exposition at Seville, Spain, in 1928. An American building is under construction on the Exposition grounds, in accordance with the plans by William Templeton Johnson of San Diego, well known in Santa Fe and for years affiliated with our work here and in California. It is to be a splendid and worthy building and we have been invited to send an exhibit and a representative. The sum to be allowed Mr. Bloom is meager and he consents to great material sacrifice in going. I would recommend earnestly our participation in sending him to Seville and suggest a grant of $600 toward his expenses and $300 additional on research expenses in Europe. In fact, I would urge an annual scholarship for research students in New Mexico history willing to go to the archives and great libraries in which are buried historical data of so great interest to us. It is our duty not

only to record history but to recover it where lost and to keep the facts straight.

EXHIBITION

The Society is true ot its original objective, that of maintaining a historical museum. We are making progress toward a more scientific and orderly arrangement of our exhibits which are the admiration of every other historical society. With the aid of Secretary Bloom, Curator Woodruff and the staff of the School of American Research, the classification chronologically in the various rooms has progressed. Mr. K. M. Chapman of the Museum staff is assisting in the labeling, and Mrs. Van Stone, also of the School and Museum, in the library cataloguing. They are both members of our Society also. You will notice in the Pioneer room that the Santos have been displayed to greater advantage. We should use every available scientific method to prevent their going to pieces through age, and to restore as far as possible their fading colors. Expert advice is at hand of which we will avail ourselves during the coming year. Odd S. Halseth, until recently of the Museum and School staff, has compiled a guide and catalog of New Mexico Santos that is to be in print during the coming year. Through the fine spirit of co-operation of the director of the School of American Research and the Museum, Dr. Edgar L. Hewett, the memorials of the Great War have been transferred to the Historical rooms, where they have been placed with the other collections of weapons, the most important of which, the Borrowdale Collection, is also a loan of the School of American Research. The historic old *Sala* or Reception Room, has been restored to something of a semblance it bore centuries ago if the archives can be taken as a guide. These contain detailed descriptions bearing witness to the simplicity, and at times, to the dilapidation of this room, the most historic in all the land, barring none. It has been the scene of so many thrilling episodes,

of such far-reaching events, that its very austereness should stir the imagination of every intelligent visitor and the patriotism of every New Mexican. This room, too, has been added to the domain of the Historical Society, so that through the generosity of the Museum authorities in whose keeping the Palace has been placed by statute, the Historical Society now commands more space for strictly historical exhibits than ever before. Yet, much precious material cannot be exhibited because of lack of space.

The faithful and loyal services of our Curator, Mr. Henry Woodruff and Mrs. Woodruff, who are giving all of their time and effort for the small salary of $75 a month, to the care of the exhibits and their display to the hosts of visitors, are deserving of more than mere passing mention. We read with something like astonishment that almost 30,000 visitors sought the Carlsbad Cave, one of the world's great natural wonders, during the current year, bringing new prosperity and wealth not only to Carlsbad but to the country round about so that only last week, two counties in Texas authorized the expenditure of huge sums to build and maintain a road that has no other objective than the Cave. Yet, if you will examine the register of the Historical Society for 1928, you will discover that making allowance for those who did not register, almost 50,000 people visited the Historical rooms, and that these people hailed not mainly from Texas but from all over the world. It is proposed that Congress appropriate $200,000 for the improvement and exploitation of the Carlsbad Cavern, and public money can not be spent to better purpose—but it must be remembered also that the Historical Society manages on an annual appropriation of $2000, making available to the world not only Southwestern history and historical objects, but also performing manifold other functions for the good of the commonwealth and humanity. Where the Carlsbad Cave has a staff of well-paid superintendents, guides and workmen for whom the Government

is building substantial modern homes, the Historical Society must do with one paid employe and his pay only $900 a year.

But it is not only in the rooms of the Old Palace that historical exhibits appertaining to New Mexico are to be found. The entire State is such an exhibit and its many historic spots need but to be preserved and properly marked to arouse wide-spread interest. It was to be expected that the suggestion made by one of our members, E. Dana Johnson, that the landmarks associated with the "Lincoln County War" be given proper markers, should be taken up and commended by the press throughout the State. Placards are in preparation and will be printed and simply framed as time and means permit, to be placed in Lincoln county. The Daughters of the American Revolution have placed markers along the Santa Fe Trail beginning in the Plaza in Santa Fe and all the way to Raton Pass by way of the battlefields of Apache Pass and Glorieta. We should not delay the placing of the bronze tablets on the Cross of the Martyrs in order to proclaim the names of the fifty-one Franciscan martyrs who gave their lives so that the Indians of the Southwest might have the Gospel. This matter is in the capable hands of Vice-President José D. Sena. The time is coming when we must be more energetic in helping to organize county and city historical societies to preserve local traditions and relics, to commemorate the deeds of pioneers, veterans and leaders. New Mexico is so rich in historical mementoes and memories that even New England cannot vie with it. Yet in most, if not all of the other states, there are local historical societies while the state societies are richly endowed. Such states as Wisconsin, Iowa, Michigan, Minnesota, are young as compared with New Mexico, and their history is comparatively meager, yet, their legislatures appropriate from $20,000 to $40,000 and upward annually for the work of their historical societies, and such states as Wisconsin have erected magnificent buildings at the Capital to house historical mementoes. Such local societies as that of the Northwest Reserve at

Cleveland, Ohio, have not only spacious buildings but also sums aggregating more than $30,000 annually at their disposal and yet, find these inadequate to do all that might be accomplished but for lack of means and room. However, no structure, no matter how splendid or commodious, can compare with the Palace of the Governors, which in itself, in its present museum activities. is worth more to New Mexico and its people than would be the most ornate structure that money could provide. The Exposition at Seville, next year, offers an opportunity to proclaim to the world the riches of New Mexico especially in its Spanish American traditions.

PUBLICATION

The Historical Society is doing its full duty in the way of publication. What merit lies there in historical research and study if the results are not communicated to the people? The *New Mexico Historical Review* has set a standard which other societies and institutions are seeking to emulate, judging from the inquiries and comment received. The little folder distributed tonight gives a synopsis of the character of its contents and also of the other publications of the Society. It is due to the tirelessness and scholarship of our secretary that the *Historical Review* is so worth while. That the editorial work is done at no expense to the Society is our good fortune. We know of no instance in which a state historical magazine pays expenses and the *New Mexico Historical Review* has come nearer to it than most publications of that class. The more important papers in the Review have been issued as separates, taking the place formerly held by the Bulletins of the Society although the publication of these has not been discontinued entirely. The biography of the late Colonel José Francisco Chaves, for instance, has been published in Spanish, in Bulletin form, thanks to Hon. Frank W. Clancy and Hon. Amado Chaves. The live interest that the New Mexico press, and

even the Associated Press, are taking in our historical work is gratifying, and is due primarily to the sympathetic attitude of the *Santa Fe New Mexican* which has generously served as a clearing house for the news emanating from the Society and its workers.

EDUCATION

Historical writers of recent days, in Europe as well as in this country, take a gloomy view of the future of civilization. There is an impression created by them that another Dark Age is coming upon humanity. Harry Carr, a student of history and of military science, predicted seriously only a few days ago that the end is not far off and wrote:

> Civilization comes and goes like the tides of the sea. The Cro-Magnons gave way to a people little better than animals. The Egyptians were replaced by wild marauding Arabs. The Mayan civilization sank before an ignorant Indian population. The high civilization of Greece and Rome went to sleep for a thousand years, years during which the light was kept burning by a few cloistered monks.

While we do not share such pessimism, yet, if anything can avert such catastrophe if it is on the way, it is an intelligent study by all people of the records of the past. It is a duty of the Historical Society to make easy of access these records not only through its own publications but also through its Library. The death recently of Dr. J. A. Munk in Los Angeles, a member of our Society and subscriber to the *Historical Review*, recalls that he gathered 20,000 volumes of Arizoniana and moved them to California because Arizona was too penurious and shortsighted to place at his disposal a suitable library building. The Munk library is now the much-prized possession of the Southwest Museum and the student of Arizona history must now perforce go to Los Angeles, in another State, to study the his-

tory of his own State. To the University of Arizona in Tucson or to the State Capital in Phoenix, that Library would prove a heritage increasing in intrinsic value with each passing year. New Mexico may be almost as shortsighted. Its Historical Society is crowded for room. Potential gifts to it are withheld because of the lack of space for displaying such manuscripts and maps as it possesses, and because the present rooms are not fire-proof. In our budget submitted to the last legislative assembly, a modest appropriation of $10,000 was asked to build a wing to the east end of the Palace to complete the quadrangle enclosing the Patio but no appropriation was made. An appropriation of $30,000 voted to the Museum for the purchase of the National Guard Armory would have given the needed building for library purposes but the exigencies of the situation led to a veto of the item, although the Museum is the only state institution that has not had a building appropriation during the past ten years, and no other building appropriation was vetoed. However, we are in hopes that the Governor, whose warm friendship for the Society and the Museum are manifested in many ways, will prepare the way so that the much needed new building or buildings will become a reality during the next two years. The School of American Research and Museum have turned over to us all of the historical volumes in their libraries and are ready to add their lingusitic, art, archaeological and poetry libraries to our treasures as soon as proper facilities are provided. Together with the archives, files of magazines and newspapers, New Mexico would then have at least the beginnings for a library of New Mexicana comparable with that of the Munk Library. The Historical Society has been adding constantly, by gift and purchase, to its Library It has had bound the files of daily newspapers as far as resources permitted and is preparing additional files for the binder. This too has been done by Secretary Bloom so that the old files are now available and are being used by students and authors. I need but mention one instance, that

of Miss Blanche Grant of Taos, who is writing a volume for early publication, "Santa Fe Today," which promises to be even more fascinating than her "Taos Today," and who is finding in the old files much material of interest for her book. We hope that during the coming year some progress will be made toward indexing the contents of the newspaper files. We have some offers of volunteer help and it may be as enjoyable as it would be profitable to have meetings in addition to the regular monthy sessions, at which all of those present, under proper guidance, would take a hand at indexing the periodicals. With a suitable library building, it would prove practicable to transfer the Museum Librarian to take charge of the consolidated libraies and make them much more valuable to students than at present.

Our Vice-President F. T. Cheetham succeeded in placing on the statute books by the last legislature, of which he was a member, a statute naming the Historical Society as the official custodian of the official documents and records of the State and of the counties. But, for the fulfillment of that purpose, a library building is also necessary. Much official material which cannot be replaced has been lost in the past because there was no official custodian of archives. Such invaluable records as those of military muster rolls were dug out of miscellaneous debris in the basement of the Capitol. The story of the scattering and burning of Spanish archives not so many years ago is but another instance of this kind.

The Society for the Preservation of Spanish Antiquities (a successor of the Society founded more than twenty years ago by earnest men and women affiliated with the Historical Society, under the leadership of the late Dr. L. Bradford Prince, ex-governor of the State) has offered to furnish several period rooms for the Museum and the Historical Society. Here again the lack of room compels us to wait in accepting the fine and generous offer until the

legislature, or some public-spirited philanthropist, enables us to build the proposed eastern wing to the Palace or to acquire the National Guard Armory. Perhaps if the room in which the valuable and valued exhibits of pottery are now to be found could be assigned to the library, then a beginning could be made toward furnishing one of the proposed period rooms in addition to the Sala, already restored to its ancient appearance. Dr. Edgar L. Hewett, director of the Museum, is at present considering a plan to transform the Library in the Art Museum into an Indian art room in which the choicest specimens of the Indian Pottery Fund could be exhibited and rotated so that during the year there would be a succession of new exhibits each month, if the riches of the Indian Pottery Fund and other ethnological collections, together with those gathered by the Museum and its staff, are made available. This would mean the consolidation of the Museum libraries in the Old Palace in very crowded quarters for the time being until additional buildings are acquired.

Other data regarding the activities of the Society and what I conceive should be its plans and methods in the future, may be found in my report to Governor Dillon at the beginning of this year, in which I said that the Society "has prospered in its endeavors for the preservation of historical records and objects, in enlisting the interest of the public far and wide, in publishing the results of its historical research, in teaching history and inculcating patriotism. Its work has reached out to every portion of the State and at the same time it is building up a treasure house of inestimable value for the present and future generations. Every commonwealth deems it a public duty and takes justifiable pride in preserving its historical records, some of them expending many times as much as New Mexico can afford, in order to maintain historical museums and societies. Yet no other commonwealth has such a wealth of historical material, so splendid and continuous a history, or so glorious a record of achievement. In its historical

landmarks, in its history, New Mexico has an asset that is being capitalized to a greater extent with each year, and today brings into the State thousands of visitors, untold treasure, and has centered the attention of the world on this commonwealth, its people and its resources."

I am cognizant of the high honor conferred upon me and the responsibilities it involves, when you re-elected me to preside for another biennium. May I have your help in making the Society of the greatest service possible to the people of the Commonwealth and to Humanity in general?

PAUL A. F. WALTER, president

Santa Fe, N. M.,
December 20, 1927.

NECROLOGY

ANDRIEUS ARISTIEUS JONES

Death came to Andrieus Aristieus Jones, senior United States senator from New Mexico, in the evening hours of December 20, 1927, in his apartments at Washington, D. C. Athough he had been in failing health for years, and had been suffering from a heavy cold for two weeks or more, the end was unexpectedly sudden, and was the result of a recurrent attack of heart weakness.

Prominent in national affairs for twenty years and more, the death of Senator Jones changed the political complexion of the senate. A Southerner by birth, he was a stalwart democrat. Born in Union City, Tennessee, the son of a Presbyterian minister, to which faith he clung until late in life, he received a common school education in his native town. His father was the Rev. James W. Jones and his mother Hester A. A. (May) Jones. After college training at Bethel College, Mc Kenzie, Tennessee, Senator Jones matriculated in the University of Valparaiso, Indiana, and there obtained the B. S. degree and, a year later, the degree of B. A. He taught school for two years in Tennessee and read law before coming to New Mexico in 1885. He accepted the principalship of the public schools in East Las Vegas in 1885 and served until 1887. The following year he was admitted to the New Mexico bar and in 1894 to the bar of the United States Supreme Court. As a member of the law firm of Jones & Rogers, he soon won recognition as an able pleader and was elected president of the New Mexico Bar Association in 1893. As a member of the firm of Hicks and Jones, he was engaged in the cattle business and acquired the extensive land holdings in Guadalupe and San Miguel counties which included the Preston

ANDRIEUS ARISTIEUS JONES

Beck grant. He was president of the Douglas Avenue Building Company, the Cuervo Town Company, vice-president of the Investment and Agency Corporation, director of the First National Bank of East Las Vegas, and was interested in other business enterprises, in time accumulating a financial competency.

The first important political office held by Senator Jones was that of mayor of East Las Vegas in 1893. He was special United States district attorney from 1894 to 1896: delegate to the Democratic National Convention at Chicago in 1896 which nominated William Jennings Bryan to the presidency; chairman of the New Mexico Democratic Committee 1906 and 1908 and also chairman during the first statehood election, when the democrats elected William C. McDonald as the first governor of the State. This victory gave him a strategic position politically which eventually led to the United States Senate. The first State legislature was republican, and the democrats cast their minority vote for him, the majority electing Thomas B. Catron and Albert B. Fall to the Senate. In 1912, Senator Jones became a member of the Democratic National Committee and served to 1920 when he was succeeded by Arthur Seligman, a close personal friend for decades. In 1924, he was chairman of the Democratic Senatorial campaign committee and director of organization of the National Democratic Committee. Appointed First Assistant Secretary of the Interior in 1913, he served until 1916, when he resigned to make the race for United States senator from New Mexico. He was elected by more than 3000 plurality over Frank A. Hubbell, republican, and re-elected by more than 12,000 majority in 1922, over Stephen B. Davis republican, who later attained prominence in national affairs. It seemed quite certain that Senator Jones, had he lived, would have been tendered a third nomination by his party in 1928, and such was the esteem to which he had grown in New Mexico, that his re-election seemed a foregone conclusion.

While an able lawyer and a successful businessman, Senator Jones won his chief distinction in the field of politics and statesmanship. As Assistant Secretary of the Interior, he gave special attention to public land and irrigation matters. He practically reorganized the business methods of the General Land Office and did much to further the construction of federal irrigation projects. A staunch supporter of President Woodrow Wilson, he was one of the inner council during the Great War. However, as his party was always in the minority in the Senate during his service, his name is not attached to much important legislation although the result of his research and study, in the fields of finance, abroad as well as at home, made his counsel much sought by leaders of both parties. Always a scholarly student, an omnivorous reader, he expressed belief in ideas of finance, taxation and government, that seemed almost revolutionary to the conservative element. He was known to be an ardent advocate of a general sales tax as a means of raising national revenues, and had formulated plans for a national guaranty of bank deposits act. Senator Jones was an agreeable campaign speaker who won his auditors by persuasion rather than by dramatic flights of oratory. His last public speech in Santa Fe was that at the unveiling at the Art Museum of the bust of the late Frank Springer, with whom he maintained a close bond of friendship for forty years.

Senator Jones was a sociable man. His many gentle, lovable qualities made him a host of friends wherever he went, friends who in private intercourse with him learned to admire and esteem him. He enjoyed sitting up into the late hours of the night discussing foreign and national financial affairs with those interested. His voice and manner were sympathetic and convincing, and he had always at his command a mass of official statitics and other data with which to fortify his viewpoints. He had been a most useful member of the Senate Committees on Finance, Appropriations, Education and Labor, and Public Lands and

Surveys. Bitterly attacked during his campaigns he did not resort to personal villification although deeply hurt and met attacks on his private character with dignified silence. Senator Jones was a 32d degree Mason, an Elk, a member of the New Mexico Historical Society, and of the Cosmos and Chevy Chase Clubs at Washington, D. C.

Senator Jones was preceded to his grave by his first wife, and one son. His second wife, *nee* Natalie Stoneroad, whom he married at Las Vegas on August 7, 1902, survives him. She too took deep interest in politics and national affairs and held positions of responsibility in the Democratic national organization. Two sons survive, one by his first marriage, Vincent K. Jones, a civil engineer of Denver, and the other by the surviving widow, Andrieus A. Jones, Jr., a student at Princeton.

The funeral gave opportunity to nation and state to express the high esteem in which Senator Jones was held, irrespective of party lines and past feuds. A congressional delegation accompanied the remains from the national capital to East Las Vegas. The delegation occupied a special car as did the relatives of the deceased. At East Las Vegas, officials and former officials of the State in large numbers had gathered. Flags were at half mast and the populace of the city in general turned out for the obsequies. After lying in state, services were held by Bishop F. B. Howden in the Episcopal church which was much too small, however, to hold the throngs which had come to pay their last respects to their neighbor and friend. At the Masonic Cemetery, Grand Master John S. Mactavish of Magdalena conducted the Masonic services. A uniformed military guard of honor accompanied the casket from the time of its arrival early Wednesday morning, December 28, until interment in the cemetery, toward evening.

The congressional committee included: Senators: Sam G. Bratton, New Mexico; G. B. Walsh, Montana; Joe T. Robinson, Arkansas; John B. Kendrick, Wyoming; Kay Pittman, Nevada; Wesley L. Jones, Washington and W. B.

Pine, Oklahoma. Congressmen: John Morrow, New Mexico; Allen T. Treadway, Massachusetts; E. B. Howard, Oklahoma; Quinn Williams, Texas; U. S. Geyer, Kansas; Charles E. Winter, Wyoming; Edgar Howard and Wollis G. Sears, Nebraska.

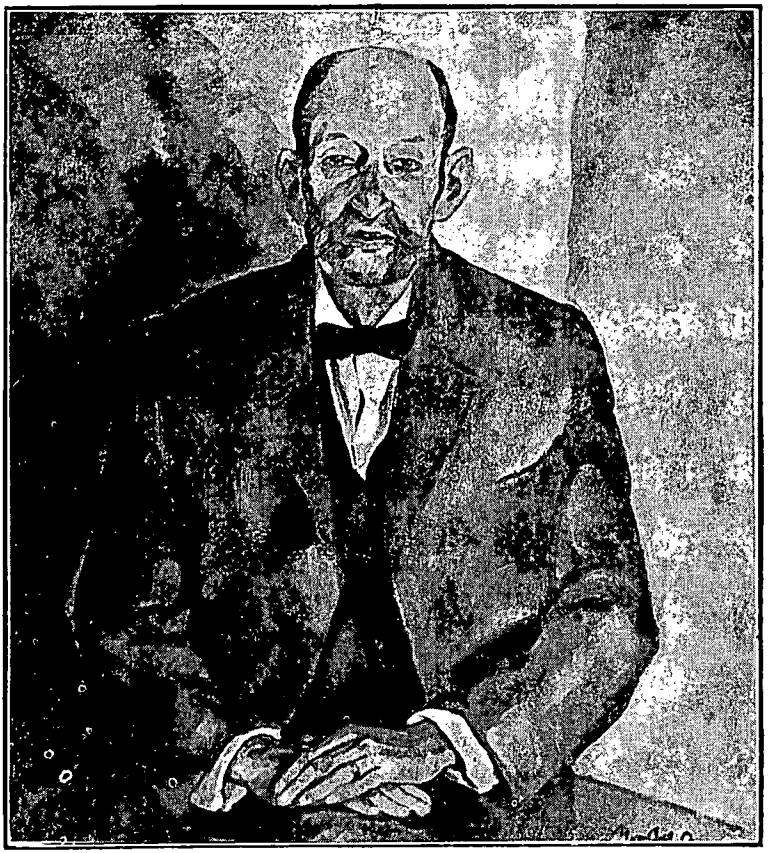
More than 100 honorary pall-bearers were named. The active pall-bearers were Senator Sam G. Bratton, Neil B. Field, Summers Burkhart and R. H. Hanna, Albuquerque; Congressman John Morrow, Raton; Arthur Seligman, former Gov. M. A. Otero, Santa Fe; former Gov. James F. Hinkle, Roswell, A. T. Rogers, Jr., Harry W.Kelly, William G. Hayden and George H. Hunker, Las Vegas.

Memorial meetings in Washington, D. C., as well as in New Mexico, resolutions and eulogies, sought to express something of the feeling of esteem in which the deceased was held.

On the day after the funeral, Governor R. C. Dillon, appointed as successor to Senator Jones, Colonel Bronson M. Cutting, a Roosevelt Republican, publisher of the *Santa Fe Daily New Mexican*, a director of the First National bank in that city, a life member of the New Mexico Historical Society, a member of the New York Society of the Archaeological Institute of America, a veteran of the Great War, and deeply interested in political movements in New Mexico during the past fifteen years and more.—P. A. F. W.

ABE SPIEGELBERG

Almost three-quarters of a century a resident of Santa Fe, Abraham Fillmore Spiegelberg, believed to have been one of the oldest of the pioneer merchants of New Mexico, died at his rooms on Palace avenue in Santa Fe about 5:30 P.M. on the twenty-third of December, 1927. Funeral services were held at the Scottish Rite Cathedral in Santa Fe on December twenty-seven and the remains were taken east for burial in New York. He is survived by a younger brother, Willi Spiegelberg of New York, and three



Painting by B. J. O. Nordfeldt

ABE F. SPIEGELBERG

nieces, Mrs. Harry Smith of Las Vegas, N. M., Mrs. I. Bacharach, of Jerome, Ariz., and Mrs. Simon Bacharach of Phoenix, Ariz.

Born in New York in 1848, son of the late Solomon Spiegelberg, one of the early Santa Fe traders and merchandisers, Abe Spiegelberg, came to Santa Fe with his father when only nine or ten years old; later he was sent back east to be educated, and returned to become a traveling salesman for Spiegelberg Brothers, general merchants. He remained a merchant and trader all of his life until his retirement from active business in his later years. He assembled one of the finest collections of Navajo and other Indian and native blankets and rugs in the Southwest, which was sold to the Fred Harvey company and is kept intact at Albuquerque. He became recognized as the premier expert authority on such fabrics in New Mexico. He was well known for his strict honesty in handling curios, and those now in the business testify that he put it on a sound and stable basis by insisting that neither the origin, age nor workmanship of any specimen of curios or handicraft should ever be misrepresented to a customer.

"Abe" as he was familiarly known to hundreds of friends both old and young in Santa Fe, had many picturesque and thrilling experiences in the fifties, sixties and seventies in New Mexico. He frequently would relate the story of how, when he first arrived in Santa Fe as a small boy, he was terrified by the grisly sight of three or four corpses hanging from a tree about where the Old Federal Building now stands; they were alleged horsethieves who had been hanged by "Judge Lynch."

One of his most diverting reminiscences was regarding a gorgeous gilded circus wagon, left in Santa Fe by a traveling circus, which Spiegelberg Brothers purchased and placed in charge of Abe as their field representative. Its interior remodeled to transport a full stock of dry-goods, clothing, hats, caps, bacon, ham, jewelry, watches, shoes, rifles, pistols, powder and bullets, this "golden chariot" of

merchandise, which heliographed word of its coming for miles across the mesas when the sun was reflected from its mirrors and gilding, drew great crowds of Indians and natives everywhere it went, and gave a big boost to business.

Abe also told of a certain occasion when he was traveling in his gilded commercial palace on wheels over the Chihuahua Trail from Santa Fe into Mexico, accompanied by the late Albert Grunsfeld, father of the Grunsfeld brothers of Albuquerque, and their road took them through a lonely canyon in the Apache country where they came upon a heap of human skulls, whose deceased owners were victims of a massacre. Abe's story was that his companion fell upon his knees and prayed God to spare his life, vowing that if he escaped he would never undertake another trip through such a savage and perilous region. However the massive, rumbling "golden chariot" carried them safely to Chihuahua and back and it is quite possible the vehicle was regarded with superstitious awe by the Indians, as one fit to bring back Montezuma.

One of Abe's most treasured possessions, in the little suite of rooms in the old adobe building where he spent his last years, was an Indian bow and arrows for which he traded a can of coffee on his first trip across the plains to Santa Fe. He also kept and valued most highly a Navajo blanket which he acquired in the year 1874. One of his rooms was lined with paintings given him by various artists of the Santa Fe Group, with several portraits of himself, including an especially fine half-length canvas done by B. J. O. Nordfeldt. Abe was always a prime favorite not only with the artists, but with students of history, archaeology and especially those interested in Indian, Mexican and Spanish-Colonial handicraft. Despite his advancing years, he remained active, genial and cordial, and in full possession of his faculties with the exception of his deafness, until, the very day of his death.

One of Abe's most distinct memories was that of the

time, during the period of mobilization by the government of the Navajo Indians for settlement on the Bosque Redondo reservation, when he accompanied his father to Fort Wingate, where thousands of the Indians were assembled, spending most of their time in gambling with the rations given them by Uncle Sam. Abe often referred humorously to his own gambling days, admitting that he earned the reputation of being one of the most accomplished poker players in Santa Fe, at that period when gambling was the universal diversion.

Spiegelberg occasionally varied his business as a merchant by a flyer in mining promotion.

The tribute of Julius Gans of Santa Fe to Mr. Spiegelberg is one that expresses the sentiments of large numbers of people who mourn his passing: "He was a square shooter and one of the few really good friends that one sometimes finds in a lifetime."

Abe Spiegelberg was never married. He was a past master of Montezuma Lodge No. 1. A. F. and A. M., and a 32° K. C. C. H. of the Scottish Rite bodies in Santa Fe.

E. D. J.

Edward C. Wade

Edward C. Wade, for almost half a century a resident of the Southwest, died at his home in Las Cruces, on Thursday, October 13, 1927, at the age of 72 years. At work until the day of his departure, he had just finished two hours of dictation, when the fatal heart seizure came and removed from his sphere of activity an able attorney and good citizen.

Edward C. Wade was born at Ervington, South Carolina, January 8, 1855, being named after his father. Soon after his family moved to Georgia, where he attended school. At the age of 12, he was sent to England, where he spent five years in a private school on the Isle of Man. There he acquired the habits of a student and a thinker, laying

the foundations for that broad culture which marked his career and made him an inveterate reader and seeker after knowledge even outside of his profession. Upon his return to the United States he attended the National Law University of Washington, D. C., receiving his sheepskin from the hands of President U. S. Grant, honorary chancellor of the University.

Mr. Wade went west soon after graduation, locating at El Paso, but went to Las Cruces shortly afterward, arriving in 1881 with the first Santa Fe train into that town becoming the Nestor of the Bar in Doña Ana county. Twice he served as district attorney conducting some notable trials, but it was as counsellor to most of the families in the Mesilla Valley that he won the high regard in which he was held. He was elected mayor of Las Cruces and held other positions of trust and honor. Mr. Wade was an occasional visitor to Santa Fe and was attorney in important cases before the territorial and state supreme as well as the federal courts. A gentleman of culture, correct in his habits, kindly and quiet in his demeanor, he was esteemed by bar and bench.

Mr. Wade was married to Hattie B. Wilson, at Washington, D, C., who survives him, together with three children, Edward C. Wade, a wellknown successful attorney of El Paso but also a member of the New Mexico Bar, a legal writer and former resident of Santa Fe, Wilson R Wade of Santa Monica, Calif., and Mrs. L. R. Stablein of El Paso.

Rev. Floyd Poe of the First Presbyterian Church of El Paso pronounced an eloquent eulogy at the funeral, which took place at Las Cruces on October 15. Interment was in the Masonic Cemetery, the pall bearers being Numa C. Frenger, Judge Edwin C. Mecham, Mayor A. I. Kelso, J. H. Paxton, R. P. Porter and Col. M. C. O'Hara. Mrs. Alice Branigan sang Mr. Wade's favorite hymn: "Face to Face."

P. A. F. W.