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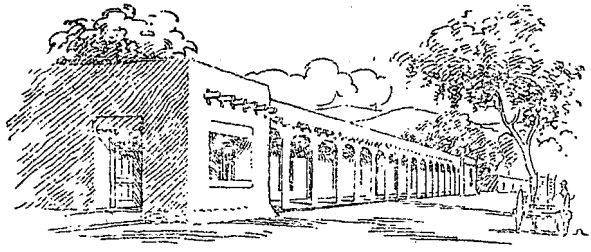

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PUBLISHED QUARTERLY BY
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AND
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REVIEW

Managing Editor
PAUL A. F. WALTER

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E. DANA JOHNSON
AM THEODOSIUS MEYER, O. F. M.

JANUARY, 1933 No. 1

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# The Historical Society of New Mexico

(INCORPORATED)

*Organized December 26, 1859*

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1859 — COL. JOHN B. GRAYSON, U. S. A.

1861 — MAJ. JAMES L. DONALDSON, U. S. A.

1863 — HON. KIRBY BENEDICT

*adjourned sine die, Sept. 23, 1863*

*re-established Dec. 27, 1880*

1881 — HON. WILLIAM G. RITCH

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# CONSTITUTION

OF THE

## HISTORICAL SOCIETY OF NEW MEXICO

(As amended Nov. 19, 1929)

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Article 4. *Officers.* The elective officers of the Society shall be a president, 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.* Dues shall be $3.00 for each calendar year, and shall entitle members to receive bulletins as published and also the *Historical Review.*

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

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

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

Article 10. *Amendments.* Amendments to this constitution shall become operative after being recommended by the Executive Council and approved by two-thirds of the members present and voting at any regular monthly meeting; provided, that notice of the proposed 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.

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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.

CAPT. JOHN G. BOURKE IN 1875

# NEW MEXICO HISTORICAL REVIEW

VOL. VIII JANUARY, 1933 No. 1

## BOURKE ON THE SOUTHWEST

*By* LANSING B. BLOOM

### INTRODUCTION

THE span of life of Capt. John Gregory Bourke, U. S. A., (1846-1896) belongs in the history of the United States to that half century which was "to drive the frontier off the map."[1] While he was a babe in arms the Mexican War was fought. During his boyhood, emigrants by the hundreds and thousands were making their arduous way by ocean route or overland trail to California, to Oregon, to "Deseret," to Texas, to New Mexico. As a youth of sixteen[2] he enlisted in the Civil War; and after his discharge he was appointed to West Point.[3]

In the full vigor of young manhood, Bourke graduated from the Military Academy at West Point in June of 1869, just five weeks after a spectacular event which will always make that year significant in United States history. Far out in the Rocky Mountain region near Ogden, Utah, the Union Pacific Railway, building from Omaha, and the Central Pacific, building eastward from Sacramento, had met on May 10 and the first iron trail then joined the Mississippi

1. F. L. Paxson, *History of the American Frontier*, 423.

2. In an obituary notice (*Journal of American Folk-Lore*, ix, 139) his birth year was given as 1843, due to the fact that, after the fashion of many youngsters in the civil war, he enlisted by giving his age as nineteen. Cullum's *Register* has the dates correctly, but the Heitman register also is wrong.

3. Discharged from the 15th Pennsylvania cavalry on July 5, 1865, he was recommended by General George H. Thomas of Illinois and entered the Military Academy October 17, following.

valley with the Pacific coast. This event marked "the definite beginning of the last stage of the frontier. An iron arrow had been shot through the heart of the Indian country —soon to result in the death and disintegration of that region as a home for the reds alone."[4]

When Captain Bourke died in June of 1896, his span of life was just a few days short of fifty years, and again it is interesting to note the coincidence of his death with the disappearance of the last American frontier. For the year 1896 has been pointed out as that in which the frontier, as such, ceased to be a factor in national affairs. In less than thirty years the process of disintegration had been completed. Here and there, in scattered sections, conditions might still be spoken of as "frontier," but by 1896 any actual frontier, either in a physical sense or in the consciousness of the people, had passed definitely into history.[5]

Between these two dates, 1869 and 1896, which mark off the span of Bourke's manhood years, momentous changes were to take place in the West. From time immemorial the buffalo had ranged the open plains in enormous herds. To the civilization of the white man the buffalo was incidental; it was only one of the game animals which he hunted. But to the nomadic red man of the plains the buffalo was essential; on it he depended for "life, food, rainment, and shelter."[6] And until the period in question, the supply seemed inexhaustable. Dodge, writing in 1877, described a herd which covered about fifty square miles, with about 500,000 head in sight.[7] Another herd was described as covering an area of seventy by thirty miles.[8] Hornaday estimated that herds might include from 4,000,000 to 12,000,000 head.[9]

4. R. E. Riegel, *America Moves West*, 450.

5. Paxson, *When the West Is Gone*, 91-93. F. J. Turner, who in 1893 first pointed out the significance of the American frontier in United States history, began from the fact that in the *Census Report* of 1890 the frontier had become so broken up as no longer to be accorded recognition. (*The Frontier in American History*, 1.)

6. W. P. Webb, *The Great Plains*, 44.

7. R. I. Dodge, *Hunting Grounds of the Great West*.

8. G. R. Hebard, *Pathbreakers from River to Ocean*, 210.

9. Cited by Webb, *op. cit.*

Inman says that in 1868 he rode with General Phil Sheridan, Custer, and other officers for three days through one continuous herd, and that in 1869 a Kansas Pacific train was delayed from nine o'clock in the morning until five o'clock in the evening in order to allow buffalo to cross the track. During the years between 1868 and 1881, in Kansas alone $2,500,000 was paid for buffalo bones that had been gathered from the prairies, bones that were computed to represent at least 31,000,000 buffalo.[10]

The passing of the buffalo was due principally to the reckless waste of the white man who killed for the market value of the hides; and when he used any of the meat, he took only the choice cuts—often only the tongue. But this wanton destruction also was viewed with complaisance by our federal government, which recognized that the exterminating of the buffalo was helping to solve the Indian problem.[11] "The buffalo and the Plains Indian lived together, and together passed away." The year 1896 marked practically the end of both.

And what of the Indians of the great West? Simply to name over some of the most powerful and warlike tribes indicates how serious was this factor on the western frontier: in the north, the Dakota and the Sioux, the Blackfoot and Nez Percé, the Crow and Cheyenne; farther south, the Shoshone, Ute, Arapaho, Pawnee and Omaha, Kansas and Osage; and in the Southwest, the Kiowa and Wichita, the Comanche, Navaho, and Apache,—this last people a wide-ranging scourge not only of the whole Southwest but also of all northern Mexico from Coahuila to Sonora, and a people not finally "reduced" (as the early Spaniards termed it) until 1886.

From earliest colonial times, the authorities of the United States had dealt with the red man by treaties. "For ninety years the Indians had been treated as independent

10. H. Inman, *The Old Santa Fe Trail*, 203.

11. Roy Willoughby, "The coming of range cattle to New Mexico" (unpublished thesis, Univ. of N. Mex., 1933).

nations. Three hundred and seventy treaties had been concluded with various tribes,"[12] but after the treaties of 1868 the federal policy was definitely changed. Thenceforth, "agreements" would be negotiated when necessary in forcing the various tribes upon "reservations," but no longer was any Indian tribe, however powerful, regarded as an independent people. Between 1868 and the death of Sitting Bull in 1890, the problem of the western Indian as a trouble maker and obstacle was systematically and definitely solved.

The United States army played a prominent part in the affairs of the West after the civil war. Popularly the work of the army is best known because of the many bloody campaigns which were waged in enforcing the reservation policy of the government; and in fact, a mere tabulation of all the engagements which were fought between 1869 and 1896 fills many pages of the official records. But too little recognition has been accorded to the less conspicuous side of army service; to the maintaining of law and order on the frontier, not by fighting but by its salutary presence as the police arm of the federal government. In the decade before the civil war, and for some years after, in the territory of New Mexico alone the government maintained about 1,700 federal troops at an annual cost of over $3,000,000.00. In 1865, the total force of the Ninth Military department was 1,794 men, distributed in twelve army posts.

While young Bourke was studying at West Point, another phase of the western frontier suddenly developed into national importance. The opening of the Union Stock Yards in Chicago at Christmas, 1865, was an index of the increasing demand for meat in the eastern markets. In the West itself, the overland freighting business was then at its height and large numbers of oxen were required for the prairie schooners. Mining camps needed fresh meat. "The army on the plains was a heavy consumer of supplies. The stage companies had stations to be provided. The Indian agencies received annual caravans of goods for the

12. Paxson, *The Last American Frontier*, 350.

use of their wards."[13] And as the railroads built out upon the plains in the late '60's, their construction camps were large consumers.

There was no cattle industry of importance in the West until after the civil war. It may be said to have begun when, in the fall of 1866, it was discovered that beef cattle could be fattened on the plains and marketed more cheaply than cattle produced upon eastern farms. "It was common knowledge that the buffalo herd lived on the open plains, drifting north each spring with the fresh pasturage, and south each fall before the winter frosts. . . The advent of the railroad coincided with the discovery that beeves could winter in the open on the plains, and brought significance to what had always been known about the plentiful crop of spring grass. There arose at once a cattle industry through which the cow country became a reality.[14] The rise and rapid development of the range and ranch cattle industry during the next twenty years was to be one of the most colorful features of the last American frontier. It was to rank "with Indian fighting and mining as one of the most important western pursuits in the period immediately after the Civil War."[15]

It was, therefore, to a West which was undergoing profound changes that young Bourke came, commissioned a second lieutenant and assigned to the 3rd U. S. cavalry. From then until the year of his death, a chronological outline of his activities will suggest the wide range of his service and the multitudinous opportunities which were afforded him.

His service record briefly is as follows:[16]

September 29, 1869-January 27, 1870: frontier duty at Fort Craig.
To August 26, 1870: stationed at Camp Grant, Arizona.
To August, 1871: scouting in Arizona, being engaged in several skirmishes.

13. Paxson, *History of the American Frontier*, 535.
14. Paxson, "The Cow Country," *American Historical Review*, xxii, 66.
15. Riegel, *America Moves West*, 495.
16. Based on Cullum's *Biographical Register*, the obituary article by F. W. Hodge (*Journal of American Folk-Lore*, ix, 139-142), and data supplied by his oldest daughter, Mrs. Sara Bourke James.

To August, 1872: aide-de-camp to the commanding officer, Department of Arizona.

In September, 1872: en route to San Francisco, California.

September 28, 1872-March 3, 1883: on frontier duty as aide-de-camp to Bvt. Major General George Crook.

During this period he was in various engagements from December, 1872, to February, 1873.

July 1, 1873-March, 1875: acting engineer officer, Department of Arizona.

May-June, 1875: with the exploring expedition to the Black Hills, Dakota.

May 17, 1876: promoted to first lieutenant.

To May, 1877: acting assistant adjutant-general of troops in the field on the Big Horn, Yellowstone, and Powder River expeditions, being engaged in the capture of Crazy Horse village, and in the fights on Tongue river and the Rosebud, Montana; at Slim Buttes, Dakota; and Willow Creek, Wyoming.

September-November, 1877: campaign against the Nez Percé Indians.

September, 1878: with Thornburg's command, pursuing Cheyennes across the sand hills of Nebraska and Dakota.

September-October, 1879: on General Merritt's march to rescue survivors of Thornburg's command.

August-October, 1880: on exploration of the Yellowstone region.

December, 1880-February, 1881: recorder of the Poncas Indian commission.

April, 1881-June, 1882: on special assignment, investigating the manner and customs of the Pueblos, Navajoes, and Apaches.

June 26, 1882: commissioned as captain, 3rd U. S. cavalry.

April 6-June 26, 1883: acting assistant adjutant-general of Crook's expedition into the Sierra Madre, Mexico, in pursuit of Apaches.

July 9, 1883-January 9, 1884: on leave of absence, during which time he was married and traveled in Europe.

March 24, 1884-June 25, 1885: acting aide-de-camp and assistant adjutant-general to commander of the Department of Arizona.

To September 18, 1885: on frontier duty at Fort Rice, Texas.

October 6, 1885-March 31, 1886: on special duty in connection with Indians of Arizona and New Mexico, and was present at surrender of Gerónimo to General Crook in Sonora, Mexico.

To April, 1891: on special duty at the war department, Washington.
September 28, 1889-April, 1891: under orders of the secretary of state, with the Pan-American congress.
To May, 1891: at Fort McIntosh, Texas.
To March, 1893: in command at Fort Ringgold, Texas, and quelling disorders on the Rio Grande frontier during the Garza disturbances.
March-November, 1893: on duty with the World's Columbian Exposition in the department of foreign affairs, Chicago.
To July, 1894: commanding his troop at the cavalry and light artillery school, Fort Riley, Kansas.
To September, 1894: on duty at Chicago, during the railroad strike.
To March, 1896: stationed at Fort Ethan Allen, Vermont.

Between this last date and the date of his death at Philadelphia, June 8, 1896, Captain Bourke was on sick leave and during these last short three months he made another visit to Mexico City.

The above outline is suggestive of the wide range of Bourke's activities and the intimate personal knowledge which he acquired of the West, from Mexico to Canada and from the Mississippi valley to the Pacific. It indicates not only that he was an army officer, sitting in council with his superiors in rank, but also that he early won recognition as a scientist and was afforded special opportunities to pursue his research in the field and at Washington. In fact, Captain Bourke was a distinguished member of the past generation of scientists which included a choice group of army officers, all but one or two of whom are now gone. As will appear later—and to name only a few at random—Bourke counted among his scientific friends and correspondents men like Frank Cushing, Powell, Matthews, Mallery, Stevenson, Francis Parkman, Dorsey, Fewkes, the Rev. E. E. Hale, Walter Hough, William H. Holmes, Frederick W. Hodge. The fact that at the time of his death he was president of the American Folk-Lore Society shows that he was recognized by his colleagues as an outstanding ethnologist.

From his arrival in the Southwest when he reported for duty at Fort Craig, New Mexico, Bourke felt a keen interest in the Spanish culture with which he came in con-

tact, and an ever deeper interest in the culture of the Pueblo Indians and of the Navaho and the Apache. Apparently soon after his transfer to Camp Grant, Arizona, in 1870, he began a systematic recording of field-notes, and this became a fixed habit which he followed almost to the day of his death. A few of the notebooks are now missing, but 128 of them fill a little over eight feet of shelf-space. The five earliest are heterogeneous in style, but all the others (except three of stenographic type which hold records of the Ponca commission) are of uniform pocket-size, bound in leather, and with Bourke's name and record-classification on the cover.

Of the contents of these notebooks, about seventy per-cent are manuscript entries in Bourke's very fine but legible handwriting. The total volume of these entries can be appreciated from the fact that they are equivalent, page for page, to a printed book. They do not form purely a diary, although as a rule they are carefully dated—especially in the case of campaign records. But in large part also they consist of ethnological data from Bourke's observation of the native peoples and their customs.

Approximately twenty per cent of the entries are "scrap-book" in character: general orders of the army; newspaper clippings—many of which originated from Bourke himself; travel data of train and steamer and hotel; programs and occasionally a menu, all pasted in to accompany the manuscript notes.

The remainder of the space has been utilized by Bourke for pen-sketches or water colors of topographical maps and details, Indians in costume, artifacts, pictographs, Apache vocabularies, New Mexico missions and architectural details. These records also accompany and supplement the written entries.

It is interesting to know that General Crook, in making out his reports, leaned heavily on the field-notes of his aide-de-camp. The chief use which was made of them, however, was as the basis for the books, monographs, and magazine

articles which Bourke himself published, a list of which is given below.

It is known that before his death Bourke was planning to make further use of his field-notes for a book on the Southwest. Certainly there is in them abundant unused material for such a book—or for several of them, and it is through the courtesy of his oldest daughter, Mrs. Sara Bourke James, that these rich historical and ethnological records have been made available.

The pages which follow will be almost wholly in Bourke's own words, excerpts which will unfold a panorama of the changing frontier and of the times in which he lived. As the scenes pass before us, editorial script will be necessary at times, but, it is hoped, not to the extent of altering any contemporary impression or lessening the original "Bourke" flavor. Irish by double heritage, Bourke had a keen sense of humor, together with the gift of keeping a long face. He was a delightful raconteur—and better, he was a most satisfactory auditor. He was a close observer of what went on around him, and he was also cosmopolitan. Clippings and comments on world events and on national affairs are freely interspersed even in campaign diaries. Punctilious always in the observance of social amenities, his notes afford an intimate picture of army life, whether in a frontier town or in official circles at Washington.

In large measure the historical and scientific value of Bourke's notes lies in the fact that they are not autobiographical. He was essentially an ethnologist in his view of life and frequently we look in vain for any personal explanation, even of what was certainly a major event to the man himself. When he was given sick leave, there is no comment on his physical condition. A comparison of his picture taken as a West Point cadet with that taken only six years later reveals the startling change which campaigning on the frontier could make in a man. At the time of the latter picture he was only twenty-nine years of age, but he looks like a man in his fifties. Where vigorous comment on the dis-

comforts and weariness of field-service might be expected, the notes are apt to contain ethnological observations or sketches, or an amusing account of some incident of the day. In short, John G. Bourke was a happy blend of soldier and scientist.

Although Bourke keeps himself so much in the background in these notebooks, yet on two occasions in his life he reveals himself as very human in his reactions. While he was in Washington in 1888, on assignment with the war department and deep in his ethnological research, the post of assistant inspector-general of the U. S. army became vacant. Bourke frankly wanted the appointment, for not only did he feel that it was a promotion to which his services since 1862 justly entitled him but also it would greatly have enlarged the possibilities for his scientific work. Grover Cleveland was president and the appointment went to a man who had greater political influence but who, in the opinion of many, merited it neither by his army record nor by personal qualifications. That Bourke felt very deeply this failure of well earned recognition is evident from his notes. Perhaps it is idle to speculate upon the loss to science by this event, but he was then at the height of his powers and even ten more years of his intensive studies should have resulted in writings of great value.

On top of this blow came another which took him to the depths of sorrow. He received word from Philadelphia that his mother was dying. Parts of the record are too intimate for publication, but we may be grateful that the habit of writing down his thoughts was strong upon him even at such a time. In the dark watches of the night he found surcease for his emotions in writing of his boyhood days, of family friends, of his parents and their ancestry in old Ireland, back to the times of Queen Elizabeth and the Spanish Armada. So we come to an understanding of his own sterling manhood.

## BOURKE BIBLIOGRAPHY

1. *The Snake-Dance of the Moquis of Arizona,* being a narrative of a journey from Santa Fe, N. M., to the villages of the Moqui Indians of Arizona, with a description of the revolting religious rite, the snake-dance; to which is added a brief dissertation upon serpent-worship in general, with an account of the tablet dance of the Pueblo of Santo Domingo, New Mexico, etc. 8vo, xvii-371 pp., 32 pl. Scribners, N. Y., 1884.

   Walter Hough, *Dictionary of American Biography,* calls this "the pioneer publication on the subject, containing much of interest to ethnologists."

   This book was actually published in London, 1884, by Sampson, Low, Marston, Searl, and Rivington, Fleet Street. Bourke made his arrangements with them while on his wedding journey. The explanation of the two imprints (as Bourke records at a later date) is that Scribners bought up three-fourths of the London edition and issued it with the New York imprint.

2. *An Apache Campaign in the Sierra Madre.* An account of the Expedition in Pursuit of Hostile Chiricahua Apaches in the Spring of 1883.

   iv-112 pp., in 3 parts; 12 ill. New York: Chas. Scribner's Sons, 1886. (press of J. J. Little & Co., 10-20 Astor Place, N. Y.)

   Except for the title and preface, this publication is the same in text as title no. 11 below.

3. Compilation of Notes and Memoranda upon the use of Human Ordure and Human Urine in Rites of a Religious or Semi-religious Character among Various Nations. 56 pp. Washington, D. C., 1888.

   As Mr. F. W. Hodge says: "This was the beginning of Bourke's extended studies which led to his *Scatalogical Rites.*" See next title.

4. *Scatalogic Rites of all Nations.* A dissertation upon the employment of excrementitious remedial agents in religion, therapeutics, divination, witchcraft, love-philters, etc., in all parts of the globe. Based upon original notes and personal observation, and upon compilation from over one thousand authorities. 8vo. x-496 pp., ill. Washington, W. H. Lowdermilk & Co., 1891.

   Bourke's notes (Jan. 23, 26, 1891) show that this book was printed by Wilson & Son, Cambridge, Mass., for the "University Press." Yet the imprint shows the above publishers of Washington. As he states in his preface, Bourke used "not only English authorities, but also the writings of the best French,

Spanish, German, Latin, Greek, Arabic, and Celtic authors." After his death, a German edition appeared (1913) by two professors of the University of Berlin, Krauss and Ihm, with a foreword by Prof. Dr. Sigmund Freud.

5. *On the Border with Crook.* 8vo, xiii-491 pp., ill. New York: Chas. Scribner's Sons, 1891. (press of J. J. Little & Co., Astor Place, N. Y.)

Under date of Omaha, Nebraska, August 12, 1891, Bourke dedicated "to Francis Parkman whose learned and graceful pen has illustrated the History, Traditions, Wonders and Resources of the Great West, this volume,—descriptive of the trials and tribulations, hopes and fears of brave officers and enlisted men of the regular Army, who did so much to conquer and develop the empire beyond Missouri."

There was a London edition of 1892, put out by Sampson, Low, Marston, Searle & Rivington. Probably this was not a reprint but simply a reversal of what had happened in the case of title no. 1.

6. *The Medicine Men of the Apache.* In Bureau of American Ethnology, *Ninth Annual Report;* profusely illustrated in colors. Washington, 1892.

Dr. Walter Hough of the Smithsonian Institution who knew Captain Bourke personally and well considered this as "his most valuable contribution to the literature of the Southwest" and "a major work." It has never been given a separate popular edition, but is readily available in the above series.

## MONOGRAPHS AND ARTICLES

7. [Monograph on the Moqui Pueblo Indians, 1874.]

This is the earliest known published study of Bourke, based on his campaign notes of September-October, 1874. The notebook of that year, page 2, states: "At end of this book will be found a printed copy of the monograph published in the *Daily Alta California* of Dec. 14th, 1874. Also photographs of the Moqui villages." The monograph and photographs have been removed, but an index of the latter reads: "Photographs of the Moqui Villages and Indians. No. 1, Distant view of villages; No. 2, Near view of villages; No. 3, View of 'Moqui'; No. 4, Group; No.5, Moqui Interior; No. 6, Baptism of Indians by Mormons."

8. Extract from a letter from Lieut. John G. Bourke, aide-de-camp of General Crook (dated Fort Omaha, Nebraska, February 25, 1881.) *Proceedings of the American Antiquarian Society* (1881), pp. 242-245, fig.; Worcester, Mass.

9. Memoranda for use in Obtaining Information concerning Indian Tribes. Fort Omaha, Nebr., March 28, 1881. (10 pp.) n. p. This title is known only from a copy pasted in notebooks x-xi.

10. Notes upon the Pottery of the Pueblo Indians of New Mexico and Arizona. Prepared with Special Reference to the Small Private Cabinet of Lieutenant-General P. H. Sheridan, U. S. Army, by John G. Bourke, Capt. 3d Cavalry, A. D. C. to Bvt. Maj. Gen. George Crook. (8 pp.?) n. p., n. d.

    Pasted in with entries of June-July, 1882, is a small cover-page with the above legend. Apparently it belongs to the period immediately following his first assignment for scientific study in the Southwest. Unfortunately Bourke seems to have removed the other pages and no other copy of the little publication is known.

11. With General Crook in the Sierra Madre. An Account of the Expedition in Pursuit of the Hostile Chiricahua Apaches in the Spring of 1883. *Outing Magazine*, Aug., Sept., Oct., 1885.

    Identical in text with title no. 2 except as indicated above. A complete copy is pasted in the notebook of Aug. 19-Oct. 22, 1885.

12. The Urine Dance of the Zuni Indians of New Mexico. From the Ethnological Notes Collected by him under the direction of Lieutenant General P. H. Sheridan, U. S. Army, in 1881. Read by title at the annual meeting of the American Association for the Advancement of Science, Ann Arbor, Michigan, 1885. Above title: "Not for general perusal." At foot of page: "With the author's compliments." 8vo., title-4 pp. n. p.

    Talking with a friend after Bourke had published his *Scatalogic Rites* and other studies "not for general perusal," Prof. Otis T. Mason said that Mrs. Bourke had asked him if he could not induce her husband to write something that she *might* read! Captain Bourke never felt it necessary to apologize for his writings which were intended for the scientific world.

13. Notes on the Theogony and Cosmogony of the Mojaves.
    *Journal of American Folk-Lore* (1889), II, 170-197.

14. Sacred Hunts of the American Indians.
    *Compte-rendu Congrès International des Américanistes*, pp. 357-368, Paris, 1890.

    Under date of January 24, 1891, Bourke noted: "Received a communication from M. Desiré Protor, secretary of the Congrès des Américanistes, Paris, France, saying that . . . he had read an abstract of my paper on Sacred Hunts to the Society—the subject had never before been treated—he would advise me when it was to appear in the Report."

15. Vesper Hours of the Stone Age.
*American Anthropologist*, iii, no. 1, pp. 55-63. (Washington, Jan., 1890.)

16. Notes upon the Gentile Organization of the Apaches of Arizona. Originally delivered as a lecture before the Anthropological Society of Washington, D. C.
*Journal of American Folk-Lore*, iii, no. 9, pp. 111-126. (April-June, 1890.)

17. Notes on Apache Mythology. Extract from his journal, under date of October 17, 1884.
*Journal of American Folk-Lore*, iii, no. 10, pp. 209-212, July-September, 1890.

18. Mackenzie's Last Fight with the Cheyennes: A Winter Campaign in Wyoming and Montana.
*Army & Navy Register* (Washington), Feb. 2, 1889; also *Journal of the Military Service Institution* (1890), pp. 343-385; and later issued as a separate.
The campaign started from Fort Fetterman, November 14, 1876.

19. Arrows and Arrow-Makers; by Otis T. Mason, W. H. Holmes, Thomas Wilson, Walter Hough, Weston Flint, W. J. Hoffman, John G. Bourke, U. S. A.
Reprint from *American Anthropologist*, iv, 47-74 (January, 1891).
The part contributed by Bourke is "Remarks", pp. 71-74.

20. General Crook in the Indian Country.
*Century Magazine*, xli, no. 5, pp. 643-660; 12 figures. New York, March, 1891.
This was the first of a series announced by the Century Company on "The Great Indian Fighters", written by officers who had served under them, illustrated from life by Remington.

21. Primitive Distillation among the Tarascoes.
*American Anthropologist*, vi, 65-69 (January, 1893).
In September, 1891, Bourke visited the beautiful region of Lake Patzcuaro, in western Mexico, of which this short paper was a result.

22. The Miracle Play of the Rio Grande.
reprint from *Journal of American Folk-Lore*, vi, 89-95 (January-March, 1893).

The play *Los Pastores*, as observed on the lower Rio Grande in Texas.

23. The Laws of Spain in their Application to the American Indians. *American Anthropologist*, vii, no. 2, 193-201 (April, 1894).

24. Popular Medicine, Customs, and Superstitions of the Rio Grande. *Journal of American Folk-Lore*, vii, 119-146 (April-June, 1894).

25. The American Congo. *Scribner's Magazine*, xv, 590-610 (May, 1894).
The paper has reference to *La Virgen Sudanda*, the "sweating Madonna" of Agualeguas, Mexico.

26. Distillation by Early American Indians. *American Anthropologist*, vii, no. 3, 297-299 (July, 1894).

27. The Folk-Foods of the Rio Grande Valley and of Northern Mexico. *Journal of American Folk-Lore*, viii, 41-71 (January-April, 1895).

28. The Snake Ceremonials at Walpi. *American Anthropologist*, viii, 192-196 (April, 1895).

29. The Early Navajo and Apache. *American Anthropologist*, viii, 287-294 (July, 1895).

30. Notes on the Language and Folk-Usage of the Rio Grande Valley (with especial regard to survivals of Arabic custom.) reprint from *Journal of American Folk-Lore*, ix, 81-116 (April-June, 1896).
Captain Bourke was elected president of the American Folk-Lore Society at its seventh annual meeting in Philadelphia, before which body he presented this paper on December 28, 1895. He died the following June and never saw this paper in printed form.

## BIOGRAPHICAL

*In memoriam—John Gregory Bourke.* By F. W. Hodge. *Journal of American Folk-Lore*, ix, 139-142 (1896).

*In memoriam: John Gregory Bourke.* By Washington Matthews. *Science*, new series, 4:820 (1896).

*Bourke, John Gregory.* By Walter Hough. *Dictionary of American Biography* (1928).

## CHAPTER I

### FAMILY MEMORIES

[Washington] December 11, 1888.[1] Tuesday . . . A telegram was handed me from sister Anna—"Mother is very ill. Come at once." I . . . caught the 11:40 A. M. train on the Pennsylvania, and was by my poor dear mother's dying bedside by 4 o'clock. . .

We were much to each other, she and I. Years had gone by, space had intervened; but across mountains and rivers, in dark cañons and fever-ridden swamps, day by day, year by year, her gentle voice sounded clearly the pious warning to her son that she wished him to strive to be good, —that son who aspired only to be great. When I was a Cadet at West Point frequently her letters would bear the heading: "Seek first the Kingdom of God and His Righteousness and all things else shall be added unto you." Long before I was born, as she often told me, I was dear to her. When I came into the world, as it was on the 23d of June (1846) and almost on Saint John's Day, I had conferred upon me the name John, borne by my paternal grandfather and so many of my people; a few years after, when scarlet fever had almost carried me off to the Farther Shore, my mother, a convert to the Roman Catholic Church and a devout believer in all its tenets, made a vow to "dedicate" me to Saint Gregory, the patron of learning, and that I should assume his name at Confirmation, which was done.

My mother was no ordinary woman; one look at her features would show that. She had been in her youth a woman of considerable beauty. Her wealth of long, silken tresses fell in golden ripples almost to her feet. Her eyes, shaded by long lashes and arched by well-rounded brows, were deep-blue-gray, in which mirth, gentle sympathy and keen, analytical discernment struggled for mastery. The crown of her head rose in a well-rounded, but not too high, dome above her ears; her brow was full, finely shaped and broad; her nose of a pronounced Roman, clean-cut and prominent, chiming in well with the firm chin, whose tenacity of purpose was softened by pretty dimple and a smile which won all who came within its range. Her mouth was rather large, but well shaped, the lips full, ruddy; the teeth

1. From the notebook of December 1-16, 1888.

regular, white, well-shaped; the bearing of the head confident and determined, but ever modest and reserved.

She was born near Strokestown, a pretty little place in the West of Ireland. Her maiden name was Anna Morton and in her blood were mingled some of the best strains of the English and Irish races, (her mother being a McLaughlin). Not many weeks before her last illness, she told my sister Anna that she was closely related to the Fitzgeralds, the Frenchs and other prominent families of that part of her native land; that her aunt was Susan Fitzgerald, of the Geraldines. Educated in the Established Church, she embraced Catholicism in her 16th year, at the time of her marriage to my father. Questions of pedigree and family were never discussed in our home, my parents being possessed of peculiar ideas on that point and believing that a boy should grow up saturated with the strongest belief in himself and none to speak of in his ancestors.

Of my father, I may as well say a word here. He represented the broken down family of the de Burghs, or as they were called in the west of Ireland, the de Burgos, of Norman derivation, of whom Irish history has enough to say. He rarely attended to such matters, but my Uncle Ulick (Ulysses) was very fond of dilating upon such topics, and being my father's senior by some seventeen years had a certain latitude of expression accorded him. As well as I can brush away the cobwebs from my memory, I recall that he often told me not to forget that we were "Clauricarde," whatever that might be; and also that "the Bourkes" were nearly always named John, Richard, Edward, Ulysses and Walter. (My father bore the name Edward Joseph, my grand-father was John, my great-grandfather, Richard, my uncle,—Ulick, etc).

We were also, so he said, closely related to "Grace O'Malley," known in Celtic as "Granuaille." I used to be very proud of this, believing that she must have been a personage of some consequence; this fond fancy was rather rudely shattered when, in after years, I stumbled upon the fact that "Granuaille" was known to the English of the Elizabethan era as the "She Tiger" and the "She Pirate"; that she was wont to attack the Sassenoch tooth and toenail, by sea and land, from her fastnesses in the rocky cliffs somewhere on the Sligo or Galway Coast. She was a Bourke, which means that she inherited as a birth-right all the feroc-

ity of Norman pirates, Irish freebooters and, perhaps, Saxon cannibals. Besieged in her castle by the English troops, the commander of the investing forces erected a gallows, sounded a parley and announced to the gentle gazelle that her husband was a prisoner in his hands and, unless she yielded up the fortress within twenty-four hours, should swing from the gibbet before her eyes. "Hang him if you want to," replied the dauntless virago,—"a woman such as I can get another husband as good as he anytime, but I can never get another castle." How the surrender was finally brought about, I don't remember; but she afterwards appeared at the Court of Queen Elizabeth, at the time when that astute, red-headed old mass of vanity was trying her blandishments and cajolery upon the O'Neil and other Irish leaders,—and created something of a sensation among the ladies of honor by coolly helping herself to the Queen's handkerchief. When she left the Court, Elizabeth is said to have parted from her very graciously and to have asked her to be her friend.

Only upon one point would my father ever open his mouth. He was assured in his own mind that we were closely akin to Edmund Burke, whose father spelled his name "Bourke."[2] An examination of any good Life of Edmund Burke will show that his people originated in the very same section of Ireland as mine, had the very same Christian names, etc. Some of my father's people left Ireland early in the present century, coming to America and settling near Seneca Falls, N. Y., as he informed me. Of these people I have never heard anything, but believe that they are the same as those who at a somewhat later period lived in Cleveland, Ohio.

In personal appearance, my father was a noticeably handsome man: over six feet in height, strong-limbed, broad, square-shouldered, full chested, and straight as a rush, he was an excellent match for my mother's grace and ease. His face was indicative of character; a firm, but tender sympathetic mouth was nearly always hidden by a heavy brown moustache, of the same hue almost as the somewhat redder beard which clustered about cheeks, chin and throat. His nose was finely shaped, like mother's, Roman, and overlooked by deep-brown eyes flashing with intelligence and sparkling with genial good humor. His

2. Captain Bourke himself always pronounced the name "Bur-r-k", not "Boork".

eyebrows were heavy, well defined and rounded, a characteristic derived from his ancestors and transmitted, along with nose, mouth and chin, to his descendants.

Both father and mother were fortunate in an education not common to the usual run of Irish emigrants. Neither made pretensions to the so-called "accomplishments," but in the solid essentials of mental training they were most respectably endowed. Father had an especially good English rudimentary discipline; his grammar was exact, his spelling faultless, his hand-writing, clear, rapid, perfectly legible. He was thoroughly grounded in the Higher Arithmetic, in Algebra, Trigonometry and Plane Surveying. One of my earliest recollections is of a trip made with him to Red Bank, N. J., where he showed me the small monument commemorating the Hessian General, Count Donop, killed in the battle with the Colonial troops at that place, and then his explanation, which I couldn't grasp at the moment, of the method of determining the height of a tree by its shadow and that of a stick, and how to measure the width of a stream in the same manner. He had a good knowledge of Latin, a meagre one of Greek, some slight acquaintance with French, but a very thorough familiarity with the old Gaelic, and was fond of reading the poems of Ossian and other works in that language.

His soul was touched by music and many an hour was whiled away to the inspiriting notes of his violin, while mother, in unwonted excesses of domestic pleasure, would often delight us with the graceful dances of Ireland. He was something of a painter too, but nearly everything from his brush was given away to friends; all that now remains is one of his first efforts, the scarcely more than outlined and never finished "Flight into Egypt" now hanging in our parlor.

My mother was equally well instructed according to a similar ground-plan. She was educated in an academy for girls, in Sligo, which must have been well managed, for a more carefully trained woman in English studies, history, and the Belles Lettres of half a century ago I have never met than my own mother. She could quote Hemans (Felicia), Moore, Scott and Byron by the hour, and was well read in much of the prose now forgotten and out of date, such works as Tristam Shandy, Goldsmith's Letters of a Citizen of the World, Paul & Virginia, Studies from Nature (Bernardin de Saint Pierre), Montaigne's Essays (translated), Picciola,

The Exiles of Siberia, the blood-curdling novels of Ann Radcliffe, and many others of that same type were perfectly familiar to her.

For the past twenty years, she had found no time for indulgence in the quaint forms of embroidery in which she once excelled, but I shall never forget the gold bullion decoration, the different forms of appliqué work and stitching, for which a man can find no names, but which are ever dear to the heart of the true woman.

The accomplishments which have appealed to the animal man and will ever appeal to him,—from the Expulsion from the Garden of Eden until the End of Time,—were conceded to be hers in a superlative degree; her cakes, preserves and pickles bore the palm and were the one besetting source of Vanity for which I am afraid the poor, dear soul must be responsible on the Day of Judgment. If they hadn't been so good, she wouldn't have been so vain about them; neither should I have been tempted to steal them so frequently and then perjure myself out of the scrape by maligning the character of our cat.

Mother's people on one side were Protestants,—unequivocal, unyielding, unadulterated Protestants, ready to toast the king and damn the Pope, and laying claim to a higher culture than their poor, ground-into-the-dust, Irish Papist neighbors, who, with no souvenir of the Past but their Pride, scornfully derided the pedigrees, despised the cultivation, defied the government and damned the religion of their invaders.

So, while she had had the instruction of well-planned schools, my father's youth, less fortunate, had imbibed the "principiae" of learning in a Pierian spring presided over by an Irish Hedge-School Master. Up to the early years of my father's boyhood, but more emphatically still during the youth of my Uncle Ulick (who, as I have shown, was older than my father by some seventeen years, having been born in the closing hours of the last century) the policy of the English Government towards the Catholic Irish had been one of repression, coercion and cruel tyranny.

The Penal Laws, fallen into desuetude in the more populous districts, were still executed at the caprice of domineering magistrates in the wild and unsettled mountain districts. According to these laws, it was a capital offense to harbor a priest for more than twenty-four hours, death for him to say mass or remain in the country a day, death for

a school-master to open an institution of learning:—almost a capital offense for a Roman Catholic to keep arms and ammunition in his house, or to resist the search which was arbitrarily made at the most unseasonable hours. A Roman Catholic could not inherit in the presence of a Protestant claimant, no matter how distant might be the relationship of the latter. A Roman Catholic's evidence could be impurged and invalidated on the most shadowy pretext, in open court. A Roman Catholic mounted on horseback, could be approached by a Protestant and tendered by the latter before a witness the sum of five pounds for his beast and trappings: if he declined to accept this sum, the Protestant could compel him to surrender the animal without any compensation whatever.

These were the "penal laws," famous in story, ferociously formulated and administered in the reigns of Elizabeth, of William and the first of the Georges. Self-interest and a growing sense of danger were gradually having their effect. The principles leading up to and culminating in the French Revolution were softening the savage intolerance of England in two different ways: the growing generation was less bigoted and intolerant in its religious views, and, under some points of consideration, a Roman Catholic, loyal to the throne, was a more desirable subject than one who, fleeing to France, might there become saturated with the damnable heresy" that one man was as good as another, and returning to his native bogs would inspire the peasantry to dreams of conjunction with Gallic Atheists, and to fresh conspiracies against law and order, as the English gentleman interpreted these terms.

So, it came to pass that, altho' the Penal Laws remained on the Statute Books, (if I am not grievously in error, their repeal was first agitated in the reign of George II, but not fully consummated until the early years of Victoria)—their enforcement had become a thing of the past. Schoolmasters, some educated in France as of old, some educated the Lord only knows how and where,—began to gather about them the "gossoons" of the rural districts, who, to the eternal credit of the Irish race be it spoken, were, as ever, eager to acquire "a taste of larnin' ". These masters established their "hedge-schools" almost where they pleased, but, even down to the times whereof I am trying to write, the favorite locations were in isolated bogs, on wild moors, or under the shelter of some lovely hill-side. Scholars who could afford

to pay for the privilege were expected to bring a fee, but Celtic generosity never yet has sent the poor away empty: the poorest could and did receive tuition, alongside of those richer in the goods of this world. Only one exception, or seeming exception, was made to this liberal rule; all scholars were expected to bring a daily donation of one or more bricks of "turf," for the school-fire; those unable to make such a contribution were debarred the privilege of sitting in the row nearest the genial flames which warmed the shins of the opulent.

Among these school-masters were included all kinds of men,—good, bad and indifferent, but, certainly, whoever laid the basis of my father's education was a person of capacity and ability.

The home-life of my parents was singularly placid, genial and tinctured with a strong flavor of religion, without the slightest suggestion of cant. Family prayers were habitual as both father and mother were of the type known as "practical Catholics." Each was thoroughly instructed in dogma and ritual. When my mother first came to Philadelphia, she asked for the privilege of teaching a class of youngsters in the Sunday-school of Saint Phillip's Church, then in Queen St., I think.

Their manifold questions and her own ambition and intelligence united to ground her absolutely in every point of minor theology. I never saw a cross look pass from one to the other, never heard a cross word, and never heard my father swear,—only once when, under some excessive provocation from one of my boyish freaks of mischief, he said "Damn it," and I must admit, didn't say it a moment too soon.

My mother and grandmother sailed for America in the cabin of the good ship, "Virginia," Captain George Barstow of Maine, owner, commanding, arriving in Philadelphia sometime in 1839, or 1838, I think. They brought with them, as so many of the better class of people arriving in this country did, in those days, several large iron-bound chests, filled with sheets, towels, pillow-cases, table-cloths, etc., made of the linen for which that part of their country was then noted; the last one of these towels was used up and thrown away by me on the last day of my stay in West Point as a Cadet— 1869. Captain Barstow became deeply attached to the two young passengers, and was loth to be-

lieve that the younger was a bride on her way to America to join her husband.

He remained their devoted and attached friend for all the days of his life. He made them acquainted with the Justice family in Philadelphia, an acquaintance which ripened into friendship subsisting to the present hour, handed down to the grandchildren of the original Justices. He spoke to all his kin in Maine about them, so that among her strongest admirers mother numbered the Barstows, Borlands, Gliddens, Metcalfs, Kennedys and Mooneys of Damariscotta and Newcastle, visiting whom, some years ago, she and my sister Anna were received with every demonstration of affection. Upon my graduation, I passed the summer of 1869 in Damariscotta with my sister Anna, and never had a better time in my life. The people in that neighborhood were refined to a high degree, had traveled, studied, thought over and debated upon many of the great problems of life; were devoted to music, both vocal and instrumental, and devoted likewise to all rational pleasures. Great incomes were unknown, but each family had a sufficiency and there was no poverty. Moonlight drives, picnics, clambakes, yachting parties and teas succeeded each other without intermission, the summer passing rapidly without a cloud upon its horizon of good feeling. There were brawny, muscular young men; amiable, cultivated, high-minded, beautiful maidens; matrons who knew how to care for their households, to train up their children, and yet retain some interest in the topics and literature of the hour.

I wish to indicate especially one yachting party of which I was a member. Night approaching, we ran along the coast, heading for a light-house, (the "Seguin" Light I believe it was called) where we hoped to find shelter. This was on an islet of granite jutting out from the breakers. We ran in on the coast, or sheltered side, entering a little cove, and anchoring beside a boat, belonging to Mr. Williams, the light-house keeper. My previous ideas of a fisherman's home had been the traditional ones of a humble cottage, in which grimy hands were constantly repairing nets, and hands still grimier were cleaning and drying fish in the fire-place. Nothing of the kind could I see. The Williams were evidently people qualified to ornament any circle. Their parlor was handsomely furnished and the young ladies kindly favored us with singing (very good singing it was), and selections upon the piano. There were books, news-

papers, magazines,—but scattered all about were treasures from the vasty deep and souvenirs of travel from India and far Cathay. This whale's tooth was brought home by "Uncle Bob"; he was lost years ago on a voyage to Hong Kong; this carving from China was sent us by "Malinda's husband," and so on through the list. Everything spoke of the sea,—of the great, cruel, salty monster, the terror for ages of the human race, but despised, conquered, whipped into submission by these clipper-building Yankee mermen and mermaids who talked slightly through their noses. "Yankee thrift" was demonstrated everywhere. Viewed as an agricultural proposition simply, all of the state of Maine that I saw,—the coast strip from the S. E. corner to the mouth of the Penobscot,—would be worth, to an extravagant man who didn't care how he lavished his money,—about one dollar and seventy-five cents; no farmer in Kansas or Nebraska could be induced to accept it as a gift. Yet the hardy sons of the Granite State have never complained; they have only worked the harder to compel reluctant Nature to yield her bounties. They built their own clippers and then manned them with their own sons; they built their own fishing fleets and sailed them to the "Banks" to load up with mackerel and cod. Salting, drying and packing these, they ran down to Boston, discharged cargo and loading up with furniture, sugar and other groceries and dry-goods, returned to Maine to exchange for ice, with which they made a trip to the Spanish Main, generally realizing handsomely and investing the money in sugar, tropical fruits or, maybe, dye-woods.

Thus, every edge was made to cut. Every sail was spread to catch a favorable breeze. Some change, however, was becoming perceptible in 1869. The fishing fleet was hanging closer to our own littoral, seining vast catches of "porgies" and reducing them to oil, to be used in the manufacture of leather. Every spit and headland for leagues along the Atlantic was disfigured by a long, low building wherein, by day and by night was kept up the noisome, stinking boiling of "porgie" oil.

I am wandering somewhat from my topic which was to allude to the lovely people living in this Arcadia of sturdy manhood whose shepherds played no ear-pleasing Pan's pipe, but sounded the shrill whistle of the boatswain on the crest of foaming billow; whose maidens were gentle, high-bred women fit to be the mothers of America's best man-

hood. Of these men one of the best exponents was Captain George Barstow; and of these women, none nobler or more radiant could be found than the duchess-like Miss Glidden, (the niece of Captain Barstow) who married Mr. Thomas Belcher, a prominent dry-goods merchant of Philadelphia. It is proper that mention should be made of the Belchers and the Justices because I was to find representatives of both these families at my poor mother's side when the final summons had come.

But in Philadelphia, my father and mother met another person, who has since made a figure in the history of our country,—the Hon. Lewis C. Levin, a most eloquent orator, a man of considerable ability, great talents and noble character. Between him and my father, as between his wife and my mother, there sprang up a very close intimacy, which lasted so long as life lasted and has been passed along from generation to generation in the two houses. Levin was one of the most radical members of the Native American party, opposed to all foreign immigration and a bitter enemy of Popery. My father, as already shown, was a determined Roman Catholic, and when the party to which Levin belonged had resorted to burning and destroying churches (Saint Philip's, Saint Augustine's, etc., in 1844) my father shouldered his musket and was one of the first to take station behind the tombstones in the graveyard of Saint Mary's, on 4th St., to defend that church so dear to the Catholic population. Lewis C. Levin naturally found his way into the National Congress and was a conspicuous figure at a time when Webster, Clay and others were at the zenith of their fame. His elevation never blinded him or lessened his intimacy with my father whom he consulted upon many questions. To his influence may be attributed my father's strong Americanism, his love for and knowledge of our constitution, of which so few foreigners nowadays know any fundamental principle, his belief that the rights of citizenship should not be conferred until after an immigrant had lived in this country at least ten, not five, consecutive years, etc. As in the case of the Justices and Belchers (Barstows), so in that of the Levins, I found one of their family, their daughter Louisa, since Mrs. L. C. DuBarros, in attendance at my mother's bed-side. Friendships of this duration, of this intensity, resisting the mutations of war and peace, and those incident to the hurly-burly of our busy American life are worthy of note; they show that, on

each side, there have been elements of nobility, mutually attractive and mutually deserving of the highest respect. . .

Thackeray has somewhere said that there never yet has been an Irish gentleman so poor that there wasn't another Irish gentleman still poorer waiting around the corner to borrow five shillings from him. This was strictly true in our family. Truly, did my parents believe—"The greatest of these is Charity." They were never tired of giving and never waited for the pleading hand of poverty to be thrust in their faces; they hunted up the needy and unfortunate, giving counsel, gentle sympathy, food, clothing, money,—anything they could possibly spare. If there ever was a maxim of Life-Conduct ground into me it was this: that a gentleman was ever noble; that his nobility was most surely proved by his quiet, unostentatious kindness to the suffering, and that one of the first Christian duties was "to visit the sick and to bury the dead."

I have buffeted with the World—have had my share of trials, tribulations, dangers; been elated with the aspirations of ambition, stung with the bitter disappointment of defeat; have found the world a Dead Sea apple,—have known great men and ignoble ones, fair women and false, but throughout all life's changes I have clung to the truth in this one line . . . "The Greatest of These is Charity."

When I entered the room where my dear mother lay dying, I was silently accosted by those in attendance; Mrs. L. C. DuBarros, spoken of in the preceding pages; the wife of my brother, Joseph Morton Bourke; Helen Killion; and Mrs. Murtland. Helen Killion was a very noble woman. An Irish servant-girl of the higher grade, who had lived nearly all her life in the best families, she met with some accident years and years ago and going to my mother for sympathy, found it. She was told not to worry, but to come straight to our home, take what could be given her, and if she found herself at any time able to do a little work about the kitchen or dining-room, to do it; if not, not. She remained with us until strong enough to obtain employment elsewhere, but never forgot the kindness, and, even when old age began to make its mark upon her, would from time to time, drop in to assist in our household upon hearing that mother was ailing. She must be now not far from seventy years old, but still bright and active, an accomplished cook, and a noble woman. . .

Mrs. Murtland and mother were girls together in Ireland and often, as Mrs. Murtland has delighted to tell me, they used to take off shoes and stockings and paddle about in barefooted glee in the limpid waters of a brook near Strokestown.

I am anticipating a little in writing here what Mrs. Murtland did not tell me until later in the evening at tea, when she said, "John, I've known your dear father and your dear mother for more than fifty years. Your father was a noble, honorable, Christian gentleman: I always was proud to regard him as a brother. You must tell your little children about him and bid them remember that they must be proud of him for he was one of the old family of the De Burgos." . . .

Mother was bright, cheerful, resolute, but very weak. Her mind was clear and calm, but her strength was gone. . .

Seeing that she was worrying about my great disappointment in the matter of the Inspectorship, I took occasion to assure her that I was not in the least cast-down, that everyone in Washington recognized that record and merit had not been considered; that my friends in the army and out of it had not hesitated to express their condemnation of the whole transaction which would result in worse consequences to Cleveland than to me. Indeed, some of the papers, the "Sun" of New York among others, had come out with an opinion that the Senate would never confirm the nominations. Mother smiled grimly and, shaking her head, said: "I am glad the Senate has knocked old wind-bag Cleveland to one side. He never was a gentleman and couldn't tell a gentleman when he saw one. He was a coward during the war and didn't have the courage to go out and fight for his country when she needed him." . . .

There were many friends calling at the house. . . Miss Breen . . . was my school-teacher in the parochial school attached to Saint Mary's R. C. Church, 35 years ago. She was then what is called an "old maid," being close on to forty, but still as then a very handsome woman, erect, lithe, fine complexion, bright eyes, pleasant, contented expression. She has always lead a pure life and has enjoyed freedom from care, being in possession of a good income, more than enough to justify every want. . . Saint Mary's School was noticeable for two facts: better, nobler women than the teachers, especially Miss Breen and Miss Clark, never

breathed; while the urchins assembled included some of the worst brats the sun ever shone upon.

There were many good boys too, but there was no means of keeping the bad boys in proper subjection. I have since learned that two of those boys were hanged, and two sent to the penitentiary. I am so bitterly opposed to any attempt on the part of the Roman Catholic Church to interfere with our public school system that I insert the above to give an idea of the experience which has led me to this conclusion. . .

December 13, 1888, Thursday. Mother perceptibly weaker in the morning, but cheerful and resigned, having already received the last sacraments (on Tuesday, just before my arrival). My cousin, Lizzie Griffiths, came up on the morning train from Wilmington. Her husband, Richard Griffith, City Treasurer of Wilmington, was one of the two candidates the Democrats were able to re-elect at the last contest when the Republicans succeeded in obtaining control of the state, for the first time in its history . . .

Lizzie is the living image of her mother, my father's sister (Catherine Bourke). She looks for all the world like one of the Spanish beauties put on the canvas by Velasquez,[3] and in her appearance, movement and manner, recalls the fact that Ireland had former close relations with the Castilian monarchy, that during the dispersion of the Spanish Armada, many of the finest vessels went to pieces against the cruel cliffs of Sligo and that Sir Richard Bourke delivered over to Sir William Bingham sixteen hundred dollars of gold, the distinctive ornamentation of the young Spanish noblemen shipwrecked on his coast, and whom he is credited with having put to death. But there's a more charitable interpretation possible—that he gave up the gold collars as a "blind", and allowed the young hidalgos to be secreted and absorbed among the population. Certain it is that we have a tradition of Spanish blood being in our family some hundreds of years ago and Lizzie's type of beauty gives it the fullest possible corroboration. . .

. . . Mother said to me: "What hour is it, my son?" "Half past ten, dear mother." . . . She asked me to kneel down and receive her blessing, and called upon God to bless me and my dear wife, my children and our children's children forever; and my wife's parents, in all things. Then my brother Joe came in and received her last benediction . . . Perhaps, it may be well to say that when the Viaticum

3. Bourke had visited some of the European art galleries five years before this.

was administered to mother, as it was last evening, her wonderful strength of voice and will made a powerful impression upon the officiating priest, Father Denver, (who told me he was connected with the army, being a nephew of old Colonel Denver, after whom the grand metropolis of Colorado takes its name.) He hesitated about performing the last rites until assured that both Dr. Morton, Sr., and Dr. Morton, Jr., had no hope of her living twenty-four hours. Mother collected herself with her usual force of will and in a clear, resonant voice, audible in the next room, recited spontaneously all the prayers appropriate to such a solemn occasion. These were the "Confiteor," or Confession of Faith, and Act of Resignation to the Will of God from Whose Hand Death comes to us: one of Faith in all that the Catholic Church teaches; one of Hope in a blessed Immortality, one of Charity, or Love towards all the World, accompanied by a specific declaration of Forgiveness of all those who have, in any way, injured us; one of Contrition for all our Sins. The concluding prayers were the Pater Noster, the Hail Mary, and the Invocation composed by Saint Bernard of Clairvaux, asking the Intercession of the Blessed Virgin in the hour of our trouble. It is a beautiful service. I care not how atheistical may be the man present on such an occasion, his soul will be moved to its depths by the pathetic pleading, the humble confession of human frailty, the confident hope, the sublime faith, the ample forgiveness of all injuries, made manifest by the devout Catholic soul, on its entry into the Valley of the Shadow.

There is always, when possible, an altar prepared upon which burn candles typical of the Light of the World to Come, and upon which also are placed sacred pictures or carvings, generally statues of the Madonna and the Crucifixion of our Lord. In the hand of the dying is also placed a crucifix, or the Rosary. The bystanders are requested to kneel down, the last absolution and the Eucharist are given, and if circumstances permit, the Seven Penitential Psalms, or one of the Litanies is chanted.

In my mother's case, death came more slowly, and she lingered for hours on the threshold before crossing into the Beyond . . .

December 14, 1888, Friday . . . The Angelus bells were ringing the hour of noon and the clock marked twelve. All

we could say, all we could feel, was "Thank God," the agony was over.

I went in . . . and tried to pray. I suppose I did mutter some words, but my heart went back years at a bound to the days when I was that dead mother's baby son, her wild, wayward boy, her joy, her idol. . .

"The night has a thousand eyes,
And the day but one;
Yet the light of the bright world dies,
With the dying sun.

"The mind has a thousand eyes,
And the heart but one;
Yet the light of a whole life dies
When love is done.[4]

4. A clipping inserted from the Washington *Capital* of December 30, 1888.

# THE NAVAHO EXILE AT BOSQUE REDONDO

*By* CHARLES AMSDEN

JANUS, the two-faced god of ancient Rome, would have been an appropriate deity for the Navaho of the early 19th century. The tribal countenance of this time has two markedly different aspects, and in the accounts of contemporary observers we find high praise and scathing blame strangely intermingled. Weaving was in its most brilliant stage, the bayeta period, and the fame of the Navaho blanket grew like young corn in summer. That was the smiling aspect of Janus, and for it we may thank the women of the tribe. His sinister side is seen when the activities of the men are probed, and we find that while the women sat peacefully at home plying spindle and batten to the ever-growing glory of their craft, the warriors were no less intent upon a reputation in their own right. They were out pillaging the communal lands and herds of the Pueblos and the isolated farmsteads and small villages throughout Spain's remote province of New Mexico.

Thus did it come about that the native resident shuddered at the very name which to the visitor from the United States called up a pleasing image of pastoral bliss and honest industry; and if one asked a chance acquaintance for an opinion of the Navaho, the tone of the reply would depend greatly upon whether that person had just bought a blanket or lost a band of sheep. But the men managed to ravel the tribal repute much faster than the women could spin it, and it was generally agreed throughout the Spanish settlements of the Rio Grande valley, from Taos on the north down to sun-baked Socorro, that the Navaho were the foremost scourge of a land that knew its scourging well. Scarcely a chronicler of the period, from Zebulon Pike in 1807 to "El Gringo" Davis in 1857, neglects to pause a moment in his narrative and curse the raiding Navaho, ac-

tive on a front extending from the Hopi villages of Arizona to the Comanche country in Texas.

And just as the weavers of the period were encouraged and stimulated by the warm reception given their vivid and durable blankets by Mexican settler and American visitor alike, so were the raiders favored by the political fortunes of the time. Of the growing tension between Spanish and Anglo-Saxon America they knew and cared little. Free as wild antelope and simple as children, they had yet to learn that the world is a large place, filled with tribes of white men who fight among themselves like tribes of Indians. So slowly did this lesson penetrate the Navaho mind that the new tribe known as Americans had them crushed and utterly beaten almost before they had convinced themselves that any serious harm lay in these handfuls of ruddy-faced soldiers who were continually riding into their country, alternately to intimidate them with threats of extermination and to wheedle them with promises of gifts and protection —always in the name of a chief known variously as "President" and "Washington." The Navaho heard much of this chief in the parleys his fighting men were always so willing to hold. A great believer in talk he seemed to be: treaties were his solution for every trouble, with much big talk about peace and friendship. That was probably because his soldiers obviously did not know much about the country or about Indian fighting, or because Big Chief Washington was afraid to lead his own war parties against the powerful, swift-riding Navaho. These boastful, talkative Americans were no more to be feared than the Mexicans who had been living on the borders of the Navaho country for so many years now, or than the faint-hearts known as Pueblos—a tribe of farmers at heart who were no match for fighting men. None of the three was a real menace to Navaho freedom, being rather a welcome annoyance, adding a fine thrill to the roving, marauding life; and what a great life it was, raiding the Pueblos and the Mexicans for livestock and women, and parleying with the Americans for presents!

Boom times were these for the Navaho, ending—as such times do—with a crash that set their world to ringing.

## EXIT SPAIN

New Mexico fell just short of three centuries under Spanish rule. Francisco Vasquez Coronado, the explorer, claimed the territory for Spain in 1540 and his priests at once set about its Christianizing; Juan de Oñate, the colonizer, began its settlement in 1598, and Diego de Vargas, the conqueror, definitely established Spanish sovereignty after the bloody events of the Revolt of 1680. With the 19th century revolt charged the air again: in 1810 Mexico declared its independence of Spain, and remote New Mexico had another master before it fully realized that such great changes were even in the air. But the first regime of independence in Mexico was not a successful affair, and it was not until 1824 that our distant northern province began to notice a sensible change in its fortunes. In that year it rose to the dignity of statehood in a territorial merger which included Chihuahua and Durango, with Chihuahua City the capital of this splendid political creation. Durango, jealous of Chihuahua, objected to the arrangement; so New Mexico was cast adrift as a territory later in the same year. In 1836 came a new constitution for the Republic of Mexico, and New Mexico was made a department in a sweeping political gesture wihch fixed neither eastern nor western limits to its extent; and as such it continued until the American occupation of 1846 came as the forecast of a permanent change of sovereignty which was to offer the erstwhile forgotten province the honor of figuring again as a territory, then as a state once more. New Mexico is the original "football of politics;" it has been everything, some things twice.

These changes of political stature and complexion meant nothing to the free and belligerent little nation living in the rugged, barren country lying between the San Juan and the Rio Grande rivers, on the northern borders of Spanish America. The Navaho may have noticed that

raiding was more profitable and less risky than it used to be, with their Mexican neighbors deep in politics and the Americans creeping in over the Santa Fe Trail to add a new element of uncertainty to the complexion of the times. At any rate they were at their raiding best during this time of political change. Bancroft the historian records a treaty of peace with them in 1823, with trouble again in 1825 (comment enough on the durability of treaties!), and "continued hostility" in 1840-41. L. Bradford Prince, another chronicler of these turbulent years, tells us that Juan Bautista Vigil ( later the last of the Mexican governors of New Mexico) made campaigns against the Navaho in 1823, 1833, 1836, and 1838, and summarizes the situation with the words: "All through this period, down to the final overthrow of the Navajoes long after the American occupation, there existed an almost constant condition of warfare with that powerful tribe." The Navaho had boasted that they let the Mexicans live on, only because of their usefulness as shepherds to the tribe, and the taunt seems scarcely to have been an exaggeration of their power. New Mexico was under their thumb, and they bore down where and when it pleased them. But events were shaping themselves to relieve the pressure.

THE UNITED STATES STEPS IN

General Stephen W. Kearny occupied Santa Fé with American troops in August, 1846, as one of the strategic moves of the Mexican War. He learned quickly enough that his problems of conquest and pacification included an enemy within an enemy, for later in the same year he instructed Colonel Alexander W. Doniphan, already on his way to occupy Chihuahua, to give some attention to the Navaho situation. Major William Gilpin of Doniphan's command accordingly led two hundred men marching up the Chama valley, down the San Juan river and up the Little Colorado, cautiously circling the Navaho territory in a maneuver

that must have proved surprising to its occupants. Doniphan with his main force went meanwhile to Albuquerque, down the Rio Grande to the mouth of the Rio Puerco, and up that stream to Ojo del Oso, where New Fort Wingate later stood. There the two forces joined and a treaty was signed with a number of Navaho who had been gathered in for the occasion. The treaty did little beyond forming an acquaintance between American and Navaho which was destined never to ripen into a beautiful friendship, but one incident of the negotiations is worthy of record. The Navaho were being gently rebuked for making war on the Mexicans, and one of their number replied that he could not understand why they should not do what the Americans themselves were doing! And Doniphan had to explain rather lamely that he was fighting the Mexicans with one hand and protecting them with the other. As a cowboy would say, it was a private scrap, not a free-for-all; but such fine points were beyond the simple Indian.

Doniphan's treaty of 1846 aged rapidly and to little purpose, with Navaho raids more frequent than ever; so in 1848 Colonel E. W. B. Newby replaced it with another, after an "expedition" under his lead had plunged madly into the Navaho deserts and come out almost without firing a shot. In 1849 came Major John M. Washington who marched from Jemez to Cañon de Chelly, where a "lasting peace" was concluded with the Navaho thereabout. The latter turned over some stolen property and captives, and agreed to make a larger delivery at Jemez thirty days later. Washington jogged on happily to Zuñi, and upon his return to civilization he learned that the Navaho, instead of going in repentance to Jemez, had raided Santa Fé!

The "lasting peace" lasted almost two years: 1851 found Colonel E. V. Sumner leading the American army's almost "annual" tour of the Navaho territory and giving his followers an extra thrill by marching ten miles into Cañon de Chelly, greatest of Navaho strongholds. As usual no serious accidents marred the perfect enjoyment of the out-

ing, and Sumner reported the Navaho "completely overawed." The Americans did gain an important tactical advantage from this junket, by establishing Fort Defiance—first military post in the Navaho country—in 1851-52. This bold gesture of a "great power" toward a petty handful of half-savages rather belied its terrifying name until in 1854 a soldier of the garrison was killed (apparently by a Navaho) and the tribe was induced to apprehend and hang the culprit in solemn assembly of the troops. It was later learned that they had substituted a Mexican captive in the role of honor of the occasion; yet people will say that the Indian has no sense of humor!

Fort Defiance had its dampening effect upon Navaho activities for a time (aided by a judicious distribution of goods to the spoiled tribe), but in 1857 a negro servant was killed and warfare resumed its desultory round. In 1860 the Navaho attacked Fort Defiance but were repulsed, and a retaliatory sortie rather carried off the honors of the affair by killing many of their horses and sheep. Again the Americans had scored a point—one that was to prove very useful in later actions of the same sort. The Navaho, as usually they did when they found themselves in a tight place, sued for peace; diplomacy had become almost a recognized profession among them, and they understood its uses. It was the year 1861, and Indian affairs were giving way to graver matters in the military mind. So the small war was concluded with a treaty while the larger one got under way on the distant Potomac.

### Carleton and Carson

Fifteen years the American army had occupied New Mexico, and the mythical Swiss navy could hardly have been less effective. The Indians ran riot: Navaho on the northern frontier, Comanche and Kiowa on the eastern, Apache to the south and west. Now came another menace: the Confederate invasion under General Sibley swept north through the Rio Grande valley, captured Albuquerque and Santa Fé,

and drove on toward Fort Union, nerve center of Federal military strength for the whole Southwest. The hour was at its darkest, the proverbial hour "just before the dawn." The lowering skies cleared when the Confederates were routed at Apache Cañon; but day really broke for troubled New Mexico when Brigadier General James H. Carleton was appointed department commander. His first report to the War Department shows him a man of action:

Headquarters Department of New Mexico,
Santa Fe, N. M., September 30, 1862.

GENERAL: I have the honor to inform you that I relieved General Canby in command of this department on the 18th instant, and he left this city for Washington, D. C., four days afterwards. I find that during the raid which was made into this Territory by some armed men from Texas, under Brigadier General Sibley, of the army of the so-called Confederate States, the Indians, aware that the attention of our troops could not, for the time, be turned toward them, commenced robbing the inhabitants of their stock, and killed, in various places, a great number of people; the Navajoes on the western side, and the Mescalero Apaches on the eastern side of the settlements, both committing these outrages at the same time, and during the last year that has passed have left the people greatly impoverished. Many farms and settlements near Fort Stanton have been entirely abandoned.

To punish and control the Mescaleros, I have ordered Fort Stanton to be reoccupied. That post is in the heart of their country, and hitherto when troops occupied it those Indians were at peace. I have sent Colonel Christopher Carson [Kit Carson] with five companies of his regiment of New Mexican volunteers, to Fort Stanton. One of these companies, on foot, will hold the post and guard the stores, while four companies mounted, under Carson, will operate against the Indians until they have been punished for their recent aggressions. The lieutenant colonel, with four companies of the same regiment, will move into the Navajo country and establish and garrison a post on the Gallo, which was selected by General Canby; it is called Fort Wingate. I shall endeavor to have this force, assisted by some militia which have been called out by the governor of the

Territory, perform such service among the Navajoes as will bring them to feel that they have been doing wrong.

I am, general, very respectfully, your obedient servant,

JAMES H. CARLETON,
*Brigadier General, Commanding.*

Brigadier General Lorenzo Thomas,
Adjutant General, U. S. A., Washington, D. C.

Carleton's method of bringing the marauding Indians to feel that they had been "doing wrong" is stated with his characteristic simple vigor in his instructions to his right-hand man, Kit Carson, dated at Santa Fé, October 12, 1862:

All Indian men of that tribe [Mescalero] are to be killed wherever and whenever you can find them. The women and children will not be harmed, but you will take them prisoners, and feed them at Fort Stanton until you receive other instructions about them. If the Indians send in a flag and desire to treat for peace, say to the bearer that when the people of New Mexico were attacked by the Texans, the Mescaleros broke their treaty of peace, and murdered innocent people, and ran off their stock; that now our hands are untied, and you have been sent to punish them for their treachery and their crimes; that you have no power to make peace; that you are there to kill them wherever you can find them; that if they beg for peace, their chiefs and twenty of their principal men must come to Santa Fé to have a talk here; but tell them fairly and frankly that you will keep after their people and slay them until you receive orders to desist from these headquarters; that this making of treaties for them to break whenever they have an interest in breaking them will not be done any more; that that time has passed by; that we have no faith in their promises; that we believe if we kill some of their men in fair, open war, they will be apt to remember that it will be better for them to remain at peace than to be at war. I trust that this severity, in the long run, will be the most humane course that could be pursued toward these Indians.

There were rumors of another Texas raid, and it was no time for half measures. Treaties, moreover, had lost

their novelty—and the new department commander was no treaty-maker in any event. Twenty-five years of service as an army officer on the western frontiers had taught him a number of things about Indians. He knew that the Navaho in particular had been spoiled by too many treaties, too much empty talk and hollow threatening. They had a lesson coming—a lesson long delayed by the timidity or the ignorance of Carleton's predecessors in office—and he (with Kit Carson's expert help) would see that they learned it well. There was no thought of revenge, no impulse of cruelty, in either mind. These two men had the hard commonsense to draw the inevitable conclusions of their long experience with Indians. They fully understood the evil, they knew the only remedy; and with the cold precision of surgeons they went to work.

Carleton's view of the situation is well stated in his letter of September 6, 1863, to the adjutant general at Washington:

> The purpose now is never to relax the application of force with a people that can no more be trusted than you can trust the wolves that run through their mountains; to gather them together, little by little, on to a reservation, away from the haunts, and hills, and hiding places of their country; and then to be kind to them; there teach their children how to read and write; teach them the arts of peace; teach them the truths of Christianity.

And then? This frontier Indian fighter who has been accused of ruthless cruelty in the handling of his difficult problem, continues in a vein of surprising idealism:

> Soon they will acquire new habits, new ideas, new modes of life; the old Indians will die off, and carry with them all latent longings for murdering and robbing; the young ones will take their places without these longings; and thus, little by little, they will become a happy and contented people, and Navajo wars will be remembered only as something that belongs entirely to the past.

THE NAVAHO ROUND-UP

The outcome of an expedition led by a Carson and directed by a Carleton could never for a moment have been in doubt. By February 1, 1863, the general was able to report to Washington that the Mescaleros were completely subdued: "I have now three hundred and fifty of that tribe at Fort Sumner and *en route* thither. These comprise all that are left of those Indians, except a few who have either run off into Mexico or joined the Gila Apaches. I shall try to settle what have come in on a reservation near Fort Stanton, and have them plant fields for their subsistence the coming year."

The reduction of the Mescaleros was but one phase of the task Carleton had set himself and chosen the famous scout to conduct in person. The Navaho offered a harder problem, for their territory was larger and more difficult to invade, while the tribe was well provided with livestock for food, clothing, and transport, and could make a long resistance.

Elaborate preparations were made for the Navaho campaign, scheduled to begin July 1, 1863. Fort Stanton was reoccupied, Fort Craig strengthened, Fort Wingate and Fort Sumner established. Fort Wingate was garrisoned by four companies (some 300 men) of the First California Infantry Volunteers, who were to have "at least two companies in the field all the time." Carson was ordered into the Navaho country with his regiment of First New Mexico Volunteers, his total force being twenty-seven officers and 709 men, of whom 206 were unmounted according to Sabin. A new military post, Fort Canby (near present-day Ganado, Arizona) was to be his headquarters, and there large stores of military supplies were gathered.

The orders for the Navaho campaign were identical with those guiding the Mescalero operations which preluded it, except that the Navaho were given until July 20, to surrender themselves and join the captive Mescaleros at Fort Sumner. After that date all men capable of bearing arms

were to be killed, all women and children held as captives; crops were to be destroyed, livestock either taken for military use or killed. A bounty of one dollar for each sheep and twenty dollars for every sound horse and mule stimulated Carson's volunteers to look sharp and sweep clean. Garrison commanders throughout the department of New Mexico were ordered to scour their respective territories for Navaho and Apache bands, for it was soon seen that the round-up was scattering the Indians far and wide. The commander at Fort Wingate was instructed to destroy all crops within a radius of seventy miles of his post. And so throughout the summer and fall of 1863 the whole military resources of New Mexico were bent to the task of making either a corpse or a prisoner of every Navaho then living. The Utes joined the hunt for their own personal reasons and profit; and so many citizens of New Mexico went Navaho-hunting that the governor had to call them off by proclamation in May, 1864.

Carson marched his command directly to the Pueblo Colorado, where Carleton had ordered him to establish Fort Canby. The post established, he left it with a garrison force and himself took the field. His reports tell of a series of "scouts" throughout the late summer and fall of 1863. Wherever Navaho might be, there rode Carson and his men, covering the whole broad sweep of desert country lying between the Little Colorado and Cañon de Chelly. Zuñi and the Hopi villages lay within the area and Carson visited them both. Each had been suspected of aiding the Navaho, so the colonel deliberately made them take the role of enemies of that tribe by sending out warriors with his scouting parties. He gave them fair warning that aid to the foe would bring destruction of their villages; this Carleton had solemnly promised the Zuñi, "as sure as the sun shines." The Ute had declared themselves long since, and were happily applying the Carleton policy to their traditional enemies. A very good policy they found it, except that Carson (on orders from Carleton, and against his own judgment)

would not let them keep captives they took, for use as slaves or for sale to the Mexicans. They might keep livestock, however, and Carson noticed that their interest in the campaign languished when they had accumulated all the animals they could well manage. Like the Navaho, they were accustomed to fight only for plunder; but they made efficient scouts and spies, and Carson complimented them highly in his returns from the field.

Chasing small parties of fugitives, capturing livestock, destroying crops, Carson rode up and down the western frontier of the Navaho. He fought no pitched battles, stormed no fortresses, and the work seemed a costly effort from which little good was coming. Carleton encouraged him: "As winter approaches you will have better luck." He could be patient as well as fiery; and small bands of Navaho were already coming in voluntarily, destitute and half-starved.

Winter came, with heavy falls of snow to drive the fugitives down from their mountain retreats, and the general back in Santa Fé urged a move long planned—the invasion of Cañon de Chelly, where the Navaho had always felt themselves secure. So on January 6, 1864, Carson with fourteen officers and 375 men moved upon this tremendous fissure of red sandstone, into which previous expeditions against the Navaho had glanced timorously and then retreated in haste, lest its sheer walls prove a death trap. He did not enter it at once (Carson had learned years ago that he who takes fewest chances lives longest, in frontier warfare) but divided his forces into two parties and sent one along each rim of the chasm to reconnoiter the depths below. The plan was to join a third detachment, Company H of the First Cavalry, New Mexico Volunteers, under Capt. Albert H. Pfeiffer, which had been sent direct from Canby to reconnoiter the eastern opening of the eastern branch (now called Cañon del Muerto) of the cañon. The parties on either rim advanced to within sight of the eastern mouth, but no sign of Pfeiffer's party was seen. Puzzled, Carson turned back

to his camp, and there was the missing contingent! They had traversed Cañon del Muerto from east to west, a distance of some thirty miles, with Indians harrying them constantly from above, and ice on the stream in the Cañon bottom making progress painfully slow. Not a man was lost, however, for the very height of the cañon walls—more than a thousand feet for much of the distance—kept the enemy from doing any severe damage. It was a bold move, nevertheless, for the Navaho might have hemmed them in or laid a successful ambush in the little-known depths of the great chasm. Pfeiffer knew neither their strength nor the character of their stronghold when he plunged into it and staked all on his ability to win through.

Company H had found few Indians on its march—but might there not be more fugitives in the south branch? Captain Asa B. Carey took the company and marched through Canñon de Chelly from the west, while Carson and the command waited shivering in the base camp. Carey had less trouble and better fortune than Pfeiffer, for a large group of Navaho surrendered to him without a struggle, and "that night I counted 150 full-grown Indians in my camp, besides many children," he says in his report.

The cañon invasion determined the success of the round-up. Even the *ricos,* the wealthy stock owners of the tribe who thought they could retire with their herds to the lofty Chusca Mountains and escape American capture, saw that their enemy would go anywhere to get them, while the humbler tribesmen beheld their last refuge taken away. To all the dread truth came plainly home, that nowhere on earth could they hide themselves away from Kit Carson's men. "We have shown the Indians that in no place, however formidable or inaccessible in their opinion, are they safe from the pursuit of the troops of this command; and have convinced a large portion of them that the struggle on their part is a hopeless one," Carson wrote to his commander on January 23, 1864. Death, capture, starvation, surrender: those were the alternatives. Most of the tribe

chose surrender, and all through the spring of 1864 Forts Canby, Defiance and Wingate, did a thriving business in Navaho prisoners en route, via Los Pinos on the Rio Grande, for the new home of the tribe at the Bosque Redondo, near Fort Sumner on the Pecos. A count made the next year showed a total of 8,491 Navaho assembled there in the distant Mescalero country.

Fort Canby was abandoned in August of 1864. The troops were sent into Arizona on an Apache campaign, Carson going to the Bosque Redondo for a time, later on a successful expedition against the allied Comanche and Kiowa on the western plains. Pressure on the Navaho was continued relentlessly, however, and in March of 1865 Carleton was informed by a "chief" who had been sent back from the Bosque to persuade others to surrender that only six small bands were left. Largest of these was that of Manuelito, sometimes called the "last great chief of the Navahos," comprising about one hundred persons in very poor shape. But these few die-hards caused little trouble; the Navaho as a free people had ceased to exist.

Carleton and Carson had performed a highly successful operation, removing the offending organ bodily and with scant loss of blood, for the casualties on either side were not high. But would the patient recover and return to normal health? That problem, unhappily, could not be solved by their special type of skill. In truth, their work was done. Carleton had charge of the Navaho throughout their captivity, it is true, but his military mind like his military machine proved utterly unadapted to the problem that now arose: a problem in psychology, in sociology, in economics, in government. It was doomed to failure; not only for being imperfectly understood and grossly mishandled, but for resting on the old false premise that the red man can be made like the white man. So the great human drama of Bosque Redondo moves into its second act, of which the scene is laid in a vast, barren valley which ten thousand unskilled and unwilling hands are expected, somehow, to transform into a farm.

BOSQUE REDONDO

The Bosque Redondo—part of a reservation forty miles square, with Fort Sumner in its center—proved no Promised Land, and the "children" who were forcibly led forth from their wilderness to people it clamored unceasingly to be led back again. In its new home the transplanted tribe found itself sharing the bottom-lands of a broad bend in the Pecos river with some four hundred Mescalero Apache who were there first and considered the place rightfully their own. It was Carleton's plan to develop farming in the irrigable portions (estimated at six thousant acres) of the locality and make both tribes self-supporting, contented and peaceful tillers of the soil. The Navaho were accordingly set to work at digging ditches and breaking ground for planting. The work did not please the formerly free-roving Indian; neither did its monotonous, unmilitary character appeal to the soldier in charge of this curiously socialistic experiment in civilization by fiat of military government. It required no Delphian oracle to foretell that matters would not run smoothly in the new colony, but only a daring imagination could have conjured up all the miseries and disappointments that actually came to pass.

Man and nature seemed in league from the outset to defeat Carleton's solution of the Navaho problem. Man's part was a feud of increasing bitterness between the civil and military authorities of the federal government—between Matthew Steck, superintendent of Indian affairs in New Mexico under the department of the interior, and General Carleton, military commander of the territory. Carleton, having by military tactics provided the hungry mouths to feed, expected Steck to help with the feeding. The military were fighters, not Indian guardians, was his attitude: he had carried his campaign to a successful end and spoiled the Navaho for war; now let the Indian service foster their career in the arts of peace. Steck, however, saw matters differently. He had never favored the removal of the Navaho from their homeland (although he did believe in

the reservation-and-concentration policy) and he had no appropriation, no provision of any sort, for assuming the sudden burden of eight thousand helpless, starving souls. Carleton had started this mess, let him clean it up. Steck, in short, sulked; and sulking, he campaigned so actively against the Bosque plan that a controversy arose involving the whole territory of New Mexico and the honor and glory of the departments of war and interior at Washington, until finally a special committee from congress journeyed to the scene of dispute and took reams of testimony on whether the Indian service should be under one or the other department, whether Indian tribes should be packed about the country like traveling minstrels or settled on reservations in their own territory. All of which helped mightily to feed and clothe the destitute Navaho.

Carleton made heroic efforts to meet the situation and his disgruntled soldiers worked like Trojans. Thirty miles of irrigation ditch was dug, two thousand acres of land ploughed and planted to wheat, corn, beans, by the season of 1865. But there can be no harvest with nature unfriendly: every crop planted in the years 1864 to 1867 was a failure. Sometimes it was insects, again drought; or again, a flood in the Pecos, or lashing winds or unseasonable cold. The land seemed cursed and all went wrong. The water (slightly alkaline, even the most ardent pro-Bosqueists admitted) sickened men, killed livestock (the Indian said), and poison weeds killed more. Starvation and want were never beyond sight, with rations habitually short and unpalatable; for the Navaho found it hard to accustom themselves to wheat flour, the staple of diet. Wood was difficult to find (fancy a Navaho grubbing up mesquite roots!), and the captives shivered through bleak winters in flimsy shelters of brush and canvas, while the Comanche and Kiowa raided their dwindling flocks and herds.

Mescalero and Navaho never realized Carleton's fond prophecy that the two, being racial cousins, would merge into one people. They fought and bickered continually, and

when the entire Mescalero contingent of nearly four hundred souls silently left the reservation one night in November, 1865, the Navaho were too hopeless to rejoice. They got the Mescalero lands—but to what good, if nothing came to harvest? In the spring of 1868, utterly discouraged and demoralized, the Navaho planted almost nothing, determined at last to meet fate unresisting, (although their agent suspected they were preparing a secret desertion). At last, it was clear that the Bosque Redondo experiment had failed: the Navaho would not become farmers and the government would not maintain them in idleness.

The government gave in. Lieutenant General W. T. Sherman and Colonel S. F. Tappan came out from Washington in May, 1868, as peace commissioners to negotiate with the Navaho for their removal to a reservation in the old tribal territory. Both parties were in a tractable mood after so much suffering on the one side and so much costly experimentation on the other, as General Sherman indicated in the following letter to Senator John Sherman, his brother:

Fort Union, New Mexico, June 11, 1868.

Dear Brother: I have now been in New Mexico three weeks along with Colonel Tappan, peace commissioner, for the purpose of seeing the Navahos, and making some permanent disposition of them . . .

We found 7,200 Indians there, seemingly abject and disheartened. They have been there four years. The first year they were maintained by the army at the cost of about $700,000, and made a small crop. The second year the cost was about $500,000, and the crop was small. Last year the crop was an utter failure, though all the officers say they labored hard and faithfully. This year they would not work because they said it was useless. The cost has been diminished to about 12 cents per head a day, which for 7,000 Indians makes over $300,000, and this is as low as possible, being only a pound of corn, and a pound of beef with a little salt per day.

Now this was the state of facts, and we could see no time in the future when this could be amended. The scarcity

of wood, the foul character of water, which is salty and full of alkali, and their utter despair, made it certain that we would have to move them or they would scatter and be a perfect nuisance. So of course we concluded to move them. After debating all the country at our option, we have chosen a small part of their old country, which is as far out of the way of the whites and of our future probable wants as possible, and have agreed to move them there forthwith, and have made a treaty which will save the heavy cost of maintenance and give as much probability of their resuming their habits of industry as the case admits of . . .

So on June 1, 1868, another Navaho treaty took its place in the long series. This one, however, thanks to the severity of Carleton and Carson, was to be more than a scrap of paper. It was drawn to encourage farming (for the men must be kept busy somehow), with free implements and seeds, a tract of land (not over 160 acres) to each head of a family wanting it, and a small clothing allowance yearly for ten years. It provided for schools as needed, one for every thirty prospective pupils. Fifteen thousand sheep and goats were to be bought for the tribe; and they were urgently needed, for the Navaho agent in 1868 estimated that the exiles upon returning to their old home had only 1,550 horses, 940 sheep, and 1,025 goats: less than half an animal for every person, if we take the agent's estimate of the population at 8,000 souls.

The conquered Navaho set forth from the Bosque on June 18, 1868, and on November 1 of that year Agent Dodd at New Fort Wingate formally assumed charge of "7,111 Navajo Indians, viz.: 2,157 under 12 years of age, 2,696 women, 2,060 men, and 201 age and sex unknown." The Navaho were home again, a sadder and a wiser tribe.

### After-Effects

The effects of this violent and complete disruption of Navaho life are beyond calculation. As long as a Navaho remains upon the earth the epilogue of Bosque Redondo will be still in the playing, for this episode of five years duration

turned the stream of tribal history into a new channel for all time to come.

Bosque Redondo was a military conquest, and very much more: it was the utter subjugation of as free a people as could be found anywhere within or upon the horizons of civilization. No mere change of political sovereignty was at stake as in the wars between western nations, no transfer of nominal allegiance from one state to another, with only a brief disruption of the accustomed routine of living. Bosque Redondo was a moral holocaust, as devastating to Navaho civilization as were the barbarian invasions of the Dark Ages to ours. It destroyed their material prosperity, —but that was soon recovered. It abolished their freedom, —but even that was of less consequence than its greatest result, which was a silent inner transformation: the destruction of this remarkable people's morale, of its audacious, unbounded confidence in itself. The transformation is epitomized in the spectacle of a nation of barbarian nomads accustomed to ride far and free, fearing nothing on earth and hearkening to no lesser voices than those of the tribal gods, meekly shouldering the hoe at the beck of an alien master. To most Indian tribes civilization has come in assimilable draft. To the Navaho it came as a rushing flood, tumbling their whole world topsy-turvy. From a freedom almost idyllic they were plunged into a perpetual semi-servitude, in just five years.

But we must not over-sentimentalize the effects of Bosque Redondo, for two strongly corrective facts are beyond question established. The first is that the Navaho merited heavy punishment for their cynical disregard of the lives and property of their neighbors, Pueblo and Spanish; and five years of bitter exile is not an inhuman retribution for two centuries of rapine and murder. The second is that the Navaho deliberately threw themselves in the pathway of a relentless force, the westward march of European civilization, and came off very well in the end. No longer free, they are a nation still: larger, wealthier, more secure, than

ever before. They have weathered a crisis that proved fatal to many a tribe—that of final adjustment to the conquering American. If that inevitable clash was a brutal shock, Navaho arrogance must be held equally responsible with American rigor. Both parties may with reason deplore the event and rejoice at the outcome; for here, as so often elsewhere, history is justifying at its leisure an act of seemingly intemperate haste and severity.

NOTE ON BIBLIOGRAPHY.—H. H. Bancroft; *Arizona and New Mexico*, L. Bradford Prince: *Historical Sketches of New Mexico*, and R. E. Twitchell: *Leading Facts of New Mexican History* and *Military Occupation of New Mexico*, were principally used for the Indian troubles of the first half of the 19th century.

For the campaign of conquest and conditions at the Bosque Redondo, the following official sources afforded most of the information: *Annual Reports of the Commissioner of Indian Affairs*, 1863-69; *Report of the Joint Special Committee on the Condition of the Indian Tribes*, 1867; and the field reports of Carson, Carey and Pfeiffer, as published in Edwin L. Sabin: *Kit Carson Days*.

Carleton's correspondence, of which excerpts are quoted, is published in the Joint Special Committee Report. The Sherman quotation is from Rachel Sherman Thorndike (editor): *The Sherman Letters*.

Good popular accounts of this episode in Navaho history are available in Sabin, above cited, and J. P. Dunn, Jr.: *Massacres of the Mountains*.

Southwest Museum,
Los Angeles, California.

## EDITORIAL

THE SILVA NIETO INSPECTION.—An English visitor recently showed up at El Morro National Monument who has suggested a revised reading of the inscription of Governor Don Francisco Manuel de Silva Nieto (1629-1632).

Under date of November 28, the custodian, Mr. Evon Z. Vogt, wrote to the editor that Mr. A. W. Barth (M.A., London) had arrived there *afoot* on October 6. "He had hiked and caught rides all the way from San Diego in order to satisfy a long, long desire to visit El Morro. Apparently he has read and studied nearly everything ever written about the *escrituras* and the history of the old conquistadores."

Mr. Barth had already written to the officers of the Historical Society, and there has been further correspondence since. The inscription is partly obliterated, so that there has been some doubt as to the correct reading at three places. Mr. Barth's contribution concerns the last line especially.

The Spanish text reads as follows:

Aquí [llegó el señor y gobe] rnador
Don Francisco Manuel de Silva Nieto
Que lo imposible tiene ya sujeto
Su brazo indubitable y su valor
Con los carros del Rey nuestro señor
Cosa que solo el puso en este efecto
De Agosto [de Mil] seiscientos Veinte y Nueve
Que sbyen a Çuni pase y la Fe lleve

The two passages in brackets are conjectural; the latter may be a numeral for *cinco* or possibly *nueve*. Mr. Barth believes that the inscription was meant to be read in pentameter verse. It would seem to be somewhat difficult to handle some of the accents in such a reading, but it is one of the

arguments advanced by Mr. Barth to show that the two verbs of the last line must be in the third person, subjunctive, rather than in the first person, past tense, as the reading has been hitherto.[1]

In this same line, in the curious "sbyen" the letter *b* has a crossline through the lower part which cannot be reproduced without a special type. In other words, it is a double letter from which Mr. Barth gets "se bien", and his reading of the last line is: "That he (Silva Nieto) may well pass to Zuñi and carry the Faith."

The editor is in accord with Mr. Barth in his revised reading except as to one point. We believe that the subject is impersonal: "That one (anyone)" may now go to Zuñi and carry the faith. None of the "royal carts" had ever before gone westward from the Rio Grande with supplies for the missionaries; never before had missions been established at Acoma or at Zuñi or in the Hopi country. This has now been accomplished and Governor Silva Nieto is on his way back to Santa Fé with the father custodian, Fray Estévan de Perea, when this record is inscribed upon El Morro. The governor's part is done; he has opened the way for permanent missionary work in the Zuñi and Hopi pueblos.

Father Perea wrote two short reports, *relaciones*, of this event which were published later in Spain. These were to have been included in the present issue of the HISTORICAL REVIEW but they must be held over to a later number. They may well accompany a fuller study of Fray Estévan de Perea who was certainly one of the most remarkable characters in New Mexico history. L. B. B.

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1. Twitchell, *Leading Facts of New Mexican History*, I, 338, note, gives a partial translation of this inscription, and also of another of which he gives (at p. 288) a full page reproduction. He attributes this second also to Governor Silva Nieto, but the date is clearly "1620", not "1629", and therefore must belong to Governor Juan de Eulate. Bancroft, *History of Arizona and New Mexico*, 159, follows Simpson in reading the "1620" correctly, but Coan, *History of New Mexico*, I, 190, follows Twitchell in the misreading of the date, with the result that he has Silva Nieto *returning from* Zuñi in July and *going to* Zuñi in August.

The awkward, and improbable, change from third person to first person in the verbs of the Nieto inscription (according to the translation hitherto accepted) is eliminated by Mr. Barth's reading.

## BOOK REVIEWS

*A History of Ancient Mexico,* Vol. I, by Fray Bernardino de Sahagún. Translated by Fanny R. Bandelier from the Spanish version of Carlos María de Bustamante. viii and 315 pp.; portrait. Fiske University Social Science Series, Fiske University Press, Nashville, Tennessee, 1932.

Mrs. Bandelier has begun a most meritorious task in translating into English the first four books of Sahagún's *History of Ancient Mexico.* Fiske University, moreover, deserves the greatest praise for assuming the patronage of her useful undertaking. It is of paramount importance that the succeeding volumes containing the remaining eight books of Sahagún's history also appear.

Fray Bernardino Sahagún (1499-1590) came to Mexico about 1529. Taking great interest in the religion and customs of the recently conquered Aztecs, he set to work systematically to amass all information relating to them. His procedure was to interrogate the learned Indians of one community (Teopopulco near Calhuacan) and then to check these statements against those of other well informed Aztecs from two other towns (Tlaltelolco and Mexico). This research took place between 1547-1577, so that the learned friar had plenty of time to amass and digest a considerable body of first-hand information. The scientific spirit shown by him in comparing and criticizing his sources is almost unique in the literature of the Conquest.

Although several manuscript copies of the History were in existence and were frequently used by historians of a later period, this magnificent study did not find its way into print until 1830 when the Mexican edition of Bustamante appeared, followed shortly by another edition in Kingsborough's *Antiquities of Mexico.* In 1880 an edition in French was published, translated by D. Jourdanet. But none of these editions, because of language, rarity, and price, is readily accessible to the American student.

Mrs. Bandelier in making her translation, and Fiske University in bringing it out, have done a great service to all students of anthropology. The translation is clear and careful, the type and size of the volume are convenient, the index is complete, and the price is low. The content produces the largest and most critical body of data on the customs and religious beliefs of the Aztecs in any single first-hand source. To have this information, unblurred by the commentaries of abstractors, will aid ethnologists and historians alike. The translation will be extremely useful in deciphering the *Codex Florentino,* a picture manuscript edited by Sahagún and published in 1906 by the Mexican Government. The sole defect is that all the books of Sahagún were not published at once, but after such a solid and propitious beginning, let us hope that the full series eventually will appear. Hearty congratulations are in order for both the translator and the publishers of this major source book for Aztec ethnology.

GEORGE C. VAILLANT.
American Museum of Natural History,
New York City.

*Pedro de Alvarado, Conquistador.* By John Eoghan Kelly. (Princeton University Press, 1932. viii-279 pp., with maps and plates. $3.50.)

To the superficial reader the picture of Alvarado and his achievements will be a marvelous tale, which under the skillful handling of the author is glamorous and fascinating. To the thoughtful reader the book will be provocative in many ways.

From first to last, the author seems to advocate the principle that "might makes right." Frequently he reveals an animus of intolerance towards those who view the historical records differently. To him Las Casas was "a prototype of certain modern Dissenter clerics," "hysterical, untruthful, intolerant", and the circumstantial charges made by this Dominican friar against the conquerors were based

on "alleged outrages" (pp. 204-205). In fact anyone who pictures the facts at variance from Mr. Kelly is liable to the epithet "sentimentalist" (p. 118). The historian H. H. Bancroft is "pro-Aztec", "bigoted", a "partisan of Moctezuma" (91-92). When he uses the phrases "inhuman cruelty practised in the name of religion" and "bloodthirsty traits", he is speaking of the Aztecs—not of the Spaniards. Yet in many a well-substantiated instance such terms fitted the conquerors equally as well,—and near the top of the list would stand Pedro de Alvarado. They were ruthless invaders of every right, individual and ethnic, of the conquered peoples. When the latter fought back (and they did resist desperately at times), they were seized as slaves and branded like cattle. Who today, looking back upon both sides of the picture, will argue that the conquistadores manifested a very high grade of humanity, or of Christianity? They and their religion were the product of their past and of the times in which they lived; and the same was true of the native peoples in America. Any acceptable history of the conquest must show impartially what happened; a biography, as in this case, is usually *ex parte* in presenting the facts.

Mr. Kelly has made a thorough study of his subject and, despite the fact that he is such an advocate of his hero, he has made a valuable addition to the literature on Spanish American history. He is a decade off as to the marriage of Isabella (p. 3), and necessary accents are frequently omitted. The presswork and illustrations are excellent. L. B. B.

*Flaming Arrow's People.* By James Paytiamo (an Acoma Indian). (Duffield and Green, 1932. 158 pp.; illustrated in colors by the author. $2.50.)

The authorship of *Flaming Arrow's People* is credited to James Paytiamo, as are also the illustrations. The latter are of mask dancers, and shards of pottery on which are Acoma designs of both ancient and modern times. In fact, the book is a mixture of both ancient and modern. One

wishes that the author had adhered to but one, and that a reader might have had a more unified concept of the Acoma Indian of one time or the other. In the main, the book is an authentic work on customs, superstitions, habits, and ceremonies of Acoma Indians of yesterday—and today. Those who are acquainted with the Indians of today and with their history long past are able to separate details and clarify the material used in the book. The Acoma words which are used are well used, authentic, and are so well indicated by syllables and spelling that the reader has little difficulty in pronouncing or studying them.

The author missed an opportunity of giving the reader a very exciting chapter on the Spanish siege of Acoma. He barely alludes to this historically important event when he mentions the young men of the village slipping out and returning with water-weeds which they throw down upon the Spaniards the next morning.

Bread making and baking, making paper bread, drying squash, melons, and other foods are recited very truly, and in detail that makes the book a very interesting and useful one for accurate information on these topics. The making and use of prayer sticks are very interestingly told, as is the hunting ceremony. The author says, however: "each one goes off by himself to pray to strange gods. We pray to mountain lions, eagles, hawks, wolves, and other wild beasts." The gods of the Indian are not "strange" in any sense of the word from his standpoint. His gods are more real, more near, and more common to him than the God of his white brother is to the white man.

Such discrepancies as the above show that the author was not given a free hand at his manuscript, but that some editor retold the story in too many instances, doing away with much of the Indian flavor and often obscuring the meaning or giving a wrong impression of the Indian. Mr. Paytiamo would never have said, on a visit to Zuñi, that the attire of the men "made them look like a prehistoric Captain Kidd and his pirate crew." Nor would he say: "Now

bees' nests out here in New Mexico are very hard to find," any more than he would say: "then I pray to strange gods."

A beautiful passage in the book closes Chapter X. One feels that it is too bad that this is not the final chapter on this account, and he reads on through six more chapters feeling that he has said goodby to the Pueblo boy who is telling the story and has again entered the realm of the white man.

The book is a real contribution in that its material in most instances is authentic. Subsequent editions, carefully revised, would be an educational asset to schools. The dedication notice should correct the name of Superintendent "H. B. Peairs" of Haskell Institute.

ISIS L. HARRINGTON.

U. S. Indian School,
Albuquerque.

*Indian Excerpts from the Memorias for the History of the Province of Texas by Father Morfi.* By Frederick C. Chabot, translator and editor. (Privately printed. The Naylor Printing Company, San Antonio, Texas, 1932. pp. xxii, 85. Illustrations.)

Perhaps the best single source of information concerning the Texas Indians is Father Juan Agustín Morfi's *Memorias.* The illustrious Franciscan, professor of theology at the College of Santiago Tlalteloco, accompanied Don Teodoro de Croix, commandant general of the *Provincias Internas,* on his tour of inspection into Texas in 1778. It was this visit to Texas which stimulated the Father's interest in the history and the natives of that region. His *Memorias,* written by 1783, and for long regarded as the standard authority for Texas history, although unpublished to the present day, was not intended as a finished historical narrative, but rather as a detailed assemblage of facts from which a concise historical sketch was to be drawn. That this history was ever written only recently became known when Dr. Carlos E. Castañeda, librarian of the Latin-Amer-

ican Collection in the University of Texas library, discovered Morfi's *Historia de la Provincia de Texas, 1673-1779* in the old Convento Grande de San Francisco in Mexico City. The *Historia* does not supplant the *Memoria* as a veritable mine of information on aboriginal culture in Texas.

Mr. Chabot, who has made many contributions to the early history of San Antonio, presents in translation those parts of the *Memorias* "which particularly concern the various Indians of the Province of Texas; their tribal divisions, characteristics, customs, traditions, superstitions, and all else of interest concerning them." The annotations to the excerpts are adequate, and reveal the scholarly care with which the editor studied his documents. The thoroughness of this study is further revealed in a well prepared and quite extensive bibliography. In an introduction, called a "Prolog", Mr. Chabot briefly recounts how the fund of information concerning the Tejas Indians was gradually expanded until Father Morfi made his greatest contribution. The translation of the excerpts, supplemented by Mr. Chabot's notes and introduction, make this work an invaluable handbook on the Texas Indians.

The format of the volume is to say the least, *de luxe*. The binding is leather, with a flap and leather thongs for tying in the manner of old Spanish books. The same idea is carried out with double columns, marginal notes, and beautiful capital letters. The book is illustrated with several old prints and maps.

J. LLOYD MECHAM.

The University of Texas,
Austin.

*Pioneer Days in Arizona*. By Frank C. Lockwood. (The Macmillan Company, New York, 1932, 387 pp. Illustrated. $4.00.)

Rather loosely joined and sketchy and yet most interesting and informative, *Pioneer Days in Arizona*, by Dr. Francis Cumming Lockwood of the University of Arizona,

adds little to what is known of Southwestern history but does furnish an attractively printed and readable compilation of widely scattered facts which reflect the modes of life from the Spanish Occupation to Statehood in the wide domain now known as Arizona. Dr. Lockwood relies for his data in the Introduction which he headlines "Catching Archaeology Alive" (using the oft quoted Lummis phrase) upon the discoveries of Hewett, Cummings, Judd, Harrington, Fewkes, Kidder, Guthe, all at one time or other connected more or less with the School of American Research at Santa Fé, as well as others who have of late years added mightily to the story of prehistoric life in the Southwest; putting especial stress upon the dating of Arizona Pueblo ruins by the astronomer Dr. Douglass, with his epochmaking tree-ring chronology.

The author inaugurates his story of the pioneers with a vivid sketch of Estévan, to whom he refers as "A gigantic Arabian black man" (although by what authority is not clear) "the first man to come into view * * not a white soldier or priest" "as the curtain rises to introduce the European actors in the Arizona drama." Adopting the opinions of Bandelier, Hodge, and other historians, he presents Fray Marcos de Niza as "an honest, brave, but zealous priest" saying that "surely the monk quite as much as the devil deserves his due." Discussing the route taken by Coronado he leans to the theory that Coronado came marching down the Santa Cruz past the present site of Tucson, a theory that has but a slim basis of fact. Anyway, the author feels "that every certified hoof-beat of a Spanish charger made in what is now an Arizona town, is worth much gold and many silver dollars to the present inhabitants of such a town." It is in this free and easy manner with picturesque and romantic side-remarks that Dr. Lockwood introduces the many characters who tramp, trot, and gallop across his pages. It is a motley array of savages, priests, missionaries, soldiers, trappers, prospectors, outlaws, politicians, and merchants who pass review, not so much in detail as with meteoric

flashes of apt phrase and high lights of diction. Never dull, the author who writes well, makes vivid the many thrilling episodes and events which form part of the history of Arizona. It becomes evident, however, that up to the days of the Civil War, these occurrences had their motivation outside of present Arizona borders. As part of New Mexico, with its capital of Santa Fé too remote and feeble either to protect or to develop the region beyond Zuñi, Arizona's destiny was woven by the men who came from the south, the west, and the east, so that it had but little in common with what is now its neighbor and for centuries was its ruling power, New Mexico.

The first part of the second chapter devoted to "The Mission Fathers in Arizona" belongs in reality to New Mexico annals for it is not until Father Kino established his mission stations, some years after the Indian rebellion of 1680, that Arizona history begins. The story of Kino and Garcés, a Franciscan who followed him half a century later, is fascinating. The tale of the missions ends with 1781, when "a veil of obscurity settles down over the missions of Arizona. The heroic and germinal period had come to an end."

It was not until 1824 that the trappers, as the first path finders, reached Arizona. According to Dr. Lockwood, between 1824 and 1832, there were hundreds of them who "touched upon Arizona soil, and in passing left more or less enduring records in geography, literature and patriotic achievement." Those to whom reference is made with picturesque anecdote and occasional biographical reference, include the saintly Jedediah Smith, Kit Carson, Miguel Rubidoux, Sylvester and James Pattie, Ewing Young, Peg-leg Smith, Old Bill Williams, David E. Jackson, Milton Sublette and Pauline Weaver, few of whom really belong to Arizona.

Army operations, less than ninety years ago, unlocked Arizona wilds to the rest of the United States. The Mormon Battalion under Lt. Col. P. St. George Cooke, made its slow and painful march from Santa Fé to the Gila and

thence across southern Arizona by way of Tucson to Warner's Ranch, its California goal. The wars with the Navajos, partly waged in present northeastern Arizona, and the trek of the California column, the skirmish at Picacho, are the outstanding events of the days between the war with Mexico and the separation of Arizona from New Mexico during the Civil War. The establishment of army posts, the scientific expeditions of the Fifties, and the conflicts with the Apaches close the pioneer period.

No doubt the days that have followed the Civil War, held as much of romance and daring as the earlier periods of Arizona history, but they are too near to the present to be nimbused by the glamour which time alone can give. Nevertheless, the chapters which deal with mining, schools, agriculture, newspapers, books and libraries, crimes and the courts, roads and trails, towns and cities, and finally "The Achievement of Statehood" will hold the attention of the reader and round out a kaleidoscopic design of historic and literary merit. Without pretending to be a complete history or a series of detailed biographical studies, the book is one that might well be read with profit not only by every one interested in American history but that should be supplemental reading in every Arizona school house.

Opportunity to create something original and noteworthy in typography and binding which such a volume presents, was not seized by the publishers although the book is up to the high standard of the Macmillan Company, with due regard to accepted rules as to margins, spacing, display, presswork and illustrations. Here and there, the accenting of Spanish words is neglected and there is lack of verification of historic detail and proper names, but these are minor defects easily remedied in future editions. Taken all in all, Dr. Lockwood has achieved a well worth-while task which he set himself and which will give him a place among Southwestern historians and writers. His earlier works are *Emerson as a Philosopher, Robert Browning, Freshman and his College, Public Speaking Today, The Freshman*

*Girl,* and it was not until he had reached his 64th year that he turned to historical writing in a lighter vein when he published *Arizona Characters* to be followed by a *Life of Edward Everett Ayer.*—P. A. F. W.

*Zebulon Pike's Arkansas Journal: In Search of the Southern Louisiana Purchase Boundary Line.* Edited by Stephen Harding Hart and Archer Butler Hulbert. Denver, Colorado, 1932.

*Pike's Arkansas Journal* is volume one of *"Overland to the Pacific,"* a narrative-documentary history of the great epochs of the far west, being published by the Stewart Commission of Colorado College. In addition to the journal itself, the present volume contains three papers, as follows:

1. An introduction to the series in which the general editor, Dr. Hulbert, points out some of the major geographical considerations which affected overland migration. Among these are the fact that the highest of the Rocky Mountains and the Continental Divide rarely coincide; the fact that the greater streams—the Missouri and the Arkansas, followed by the first explorers—did not afford the most feasible routes across the Rockies; and the fact that, while the great mass of the Rockies blocked migration, "they had the salutary influence of diverting the flow of population around the arid Utah-Nevada-Arizona basin which lay directly west of them." Dr. Hulbert then describes the way in which the actual paths of the Oregon and California trails became known through a study of the township plats in the General Land Office, and the origin of the series from the complaints of a group of students of the inaccessibility of the sources of western history. In *Overland to the Pacific* the editor proposes to include the best representative material for the major epochs of far western history: "the occupation of Oregon, the Mormon hegira, the 'Conquest' of the Southwest and California, the gold rush to California, the road-and-railway survey era of the fifties, the Civil War experiences of those new western states or territories, min-

ing in the west outside of California, the building of the Pacific railways, Indian wars of the sixties and the beginning of the invasion of the West by cattle king and pioneer agriculturist." (p. xxv.) Dr. Hulbert then describes "the state of the American mind relative to the Far West in the first ten years" of the nineteenth century, concluding that, at the time of the publication of Pike's *An Account of Expeditions in 1810,* the reading public was much in the dark concerning the Trans-Mississippi West.

2. A sketch by Stephen H. Hart of the life of Pike from his birth in New Jersey in 1779 to his death as a brigadier-general during the War of 1812. This is followed by a detailed account of Pike's papers and of the various editions of his works. Mr. Hart then describes the discovery in Mexico by Dr. Herbert E. Bolton of the manuscripts taken from Pike by the Spaniards in 1807 and their return by the Mexican Republic to our government.

3. What may prove a definite contribution by Dr. Hulbert to the much discussed question of the purpose of Pike's expedition. Dr. Hulbert defends Pike by a bold attack on "low grade literary fortune hunters" and others who have accused this ambitious young lieutenant of acting as a spy upon Spanish territory in connection with the Burr-Wilkinson conspiracy. Contrary to the custom of those who have read their own suspicions into the records, Dr. Hulbert allows Pike to speak for himself and builds up strong cumulative evidence that the expedition of 1806 was merely an ordinary routine investigation of the Spanish-American boundary. Highly indignant at the treatment given Pike by previous writers, the editor is rather bellicose in tone, and handy with his epithets. However, he is not without justification. One is impressed by his fairness in interpretating the evidence, and overwhelmed by the cumulative weight of his arguments.

*Pike's Journal* comprises about two thirds of the volume. In it we have day-by-day entries from the time Pike and his men set out from Belle Fontaine near St. Louis until

their capture by the Spaniards on the upper Rio Grande. The Journal and Pike's maps—recently recovered from Mexico—correct some errors in Capt. Coues' *The Expeditions of Zebulon M. Pike,* and give strong support to Dr. Hulbert's conclusions regarding the purpose of Pike's expedition.

The volume is a noteworthy contribution to western history. It and the volumes to follow are not intended for experts, but for the wider reading public—a fact made obvious by phrases from the jacket: "His Search for the Boundary Napoleon Forgot", referring to Pike himself; and "Stolen by the Ladies of Santa Fe!", referring to a man whom Pike could not locate in Santa Fé, but who saved Pike's journal from capture by the Spaniards.

Few errors were noted. In quoting from Bolton's Papers of Zebulon M. Pike, 1806-1807 *(American Historical Review,* vol. xiii, page 798-99) the editors have omitted the word "boundary" and changed "archive" to "Archives." William Morrison is correctly described on page 170 as a resident of Kaskaskia, Ill., while on p. xciii he is identified as a St. Louis merchant. Several errors result from the fact that the editors have followed Pike's spelling of French and Spanish proper names. Thus we have "Lelande" (pp. xciii., 170) for "Lalande," "Malgares," (pp. 59, 79, &c.) for "Melgares," "Valasco" (p. li) for "Velasco," and "Nimesio" *(ibid.)* for "Nemesio." These slight errors, however, detract little from the book, which is of the greatest value, both for what it promises and for what it performs.

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