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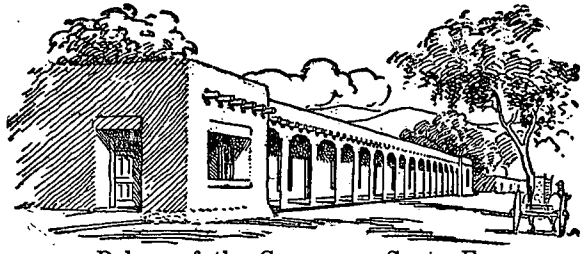

Palace of the Governors, Santa Fe

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Business communications should be addressed to Mr. P. A. F. Walter, State Museum, Santa Fe, N. M.; manuscripts and editorial correspondence should be addressed to Prof. Frank D. Reeve, University of New Mexico, Albuquerque, N. M.

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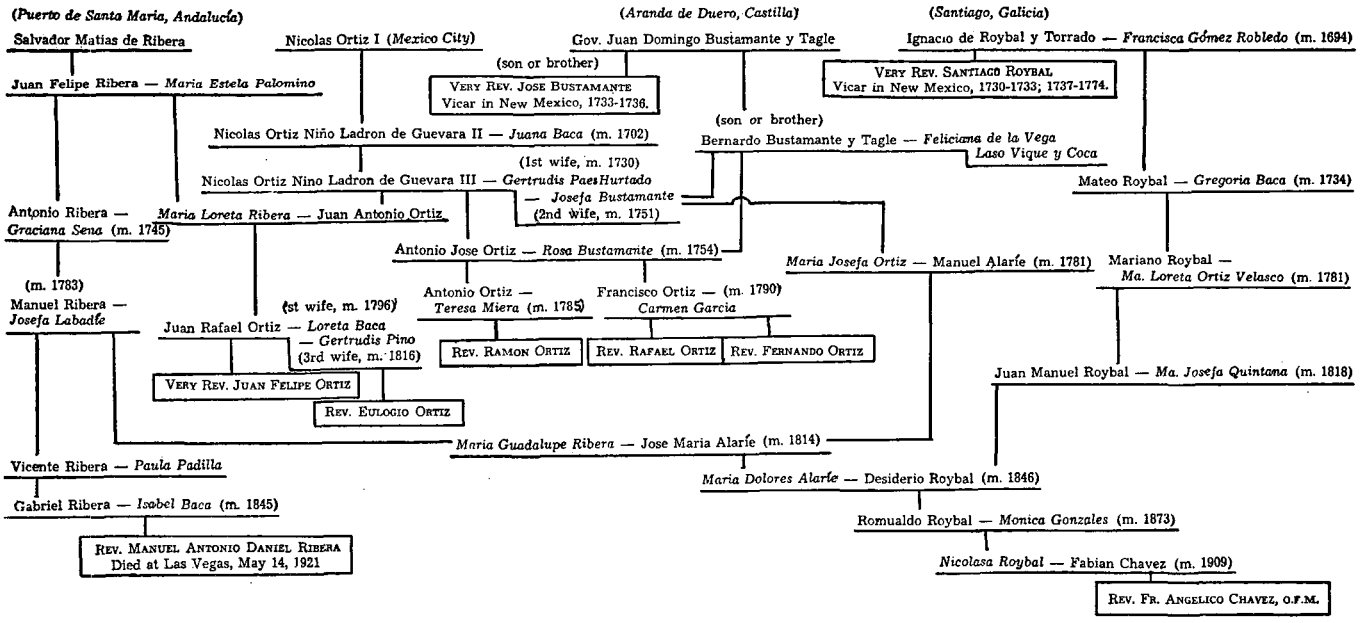


Genealogical Chart of the RIBERA, ORTIZ, BUSTAMANTE, and ROYBAL Families of New Mexico which produced native clergy in the past, showing a remarkable inter-relation among them within the long span of two centuries and a half. The clergymen's male ancestors are printed in roman type, the female in *italic*. Dates in parentheses give the year of marriage. (Data compiled and chart prepared by Fr. Angelico Chavez, O. F. M.)

# NEW MEXICO HISTORICAL REVIEW

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## RAMON ORTIZ: PRIEST AND PATRIOT

*By* FIDELIA MILLER PUCKETT*

An hour later the door into the big room of the city prison opened and the colonel, a young priest, and the surgeon of the garrison stepped in.—The man with the yellow beard was kneeling before a squaw seated on a bench. He was washing and binding up her wounded feet. —The young priest walked forward and touched Anthony on the shoulder. "I see we both serve the same master, señor," he said.—"We have come to help you. Wipe your hands on my gown.—My name is Ramon Ortiz. As you may have guessed, I am the cura of El Paso—and yours!"[1]

THE many thousands of readers who followed the adventures of Anthony Adverse in Hervey Allen's widely-read novel of the same name may recognize the above quotation and remember the gratitude they felt toward the young Padre for his kindness to the sorely tried Texan prisoners. However, few of those readers may know that "Ramon Ortiz" was a true historical character who had actually figured in a similar occurrence one hundred years ago. In 1844, George W. Kendall, a journalist, first brought the

* Fidelia Miller Puckett (Mrs. C. A. Puckett) of El Paso, Texas, wrote this very interesting article in 1935 as a "theme paper" which has never been published intact. Mr. Luis Alfonso Velarde of El Paso acquainted me with it, and its author has graciously given me permission to edit it for publication in the NEW MEXICO HISTORICAL REVIEW. I have confined myself to correcting genealogical data which are based on Twitchell's many erroneous assertions, and these corrections are appended to the footnotes to avoid altering large sections of Mrs. Puckett's original text. There are also some helpful notes offered by Mr. Velarde. *N. B. My interest in the origins of the Ortiz family is also personal, as shown in the accompanying chart which I have drawn up from accurate data in civil and church records.*—Fray Angelico Chavez.

1. Hervey Allen, *Anthony Adverse* (New York, Farrar & Rinehart, inc., 1933) pp. 1184-1185.

young "cura" into national prominence when he published his account of the Texas-Santa Fe Expedition. This book, which was read and discussed in every corner of the United States, created such a furore of resentment against the Mexicans that it helped to precipitate the war with Mexico. The name of Ramon Ortiz was on many tongues, although to a people who knew the whole Mexican race only by the Santa Anas and the Armijos he must have seemed a paradox. After the war and its consequent antagonisms had become only a part of history, the good priest was quickly forgotten by the nation; but with the ever-growing interest in the development of our great Southwest and its literature, Ramon Ortiz is being rediscovered. Soldier and trader, historian and adventurer alike seem to have known, liked and respected him, and all who have delved into the fascinating writings of these pioneer chroniclers have encountered his name so many times that they must have felt at least a faint curiosity about the man. In my case, the desire to become better acquainted with the young "cura" was first aroused by a few lines in Ruxton's *Wild Life in the Rocky Mountains.* The young British adventurer told of his rejection of the invitation from the "prefecto" of Paso del Norte because, he says, "I had letters to the cura, a young priest named Ortiz, whose unbounded hospitality I enjoyed during my stay."[2] This interest led me into a quest for added information from all available literature and from the lips of a few surviving relatives who knew and loved Father Ortiz personally. My findings have been incorporated in the following short biography.

For many centuries the name of Ortiz has been a distinguished one in the pages of Spanish and Mexican history. During the struggle of Spain with the Moors, a certain Ortiz gained immortal fame by virtually stealing, almost single-handed, the city of Guevarra from the Moors, and was rewarded by his sovereign with the title "Niño Ladron de

2. G. F. A. Ruxton, *Wild Life in the Rockies* (New York, Macmillan, 1916) p. 23.

Guevara."[3] The descendants of this valiant cavalier proudly kept this addition to their name for many generations, and in 1582 we find Don Pedro Ortiz Niño Ladron de Guevara entering New Spain as the Secretary of War and Government to Don Domingo Petriz Cruzate, captain-general of the province of New Mexico and successor to Otermin.[4] At that time the Spaniards had all been driven from New Mexico by the Indian uprisings, and Cruzate and Ortiz were unsuccessful in several attempts to reconquer the province. In 1692, Don Diego de Vargas was appointed governor of New Mexico, and he, too, chose an Ortiz to aid him in his campaign,—this time the younger brother of Pedro, Nicholas Ortiz Niño Ladron de Guevara. With Don Nicholas into the savage territory went his wife, Maria Coronado, and his son, Don Nicholas II.[5] From that time on, during Spanish, Mexican and United States supremacy, the Ortiz family has figured prominently among the "ricos politicos" of New Mexico.

Nicholas Ortiz II proved himself worthy of the blood of the conquistador and reconquistador flowing in his veins, spending fifty busy years helping to subdue the Indians and

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3. R. E. Twitchell, *Spanish Archives of New Mexico* (Cedar Rapids, Iowa, The Torch Press, 1912) I, 177. While this gives the origin of the name, "Ladron de Guevara," it and the name "Ortiz" are neither synonymous nor interchangeable.—Fr. A. C.

4. *Ibid.*, p. 2. Cruzate's Captain, "Don Pedro Ladron de Guevara," thus signed his name in two matrimonial investigations at El Paso in 1691 and 1692 (*Archives, Archdiocese of Santa Fe*); also in civil documents as secretary to Cruzate (Bancroft Collection, *Southwest Originals*); and this is his name in his marriage to Maria Gomez Lozada, July 16, 1684 (Peabody Museum, *Bandelier Notes from the first marriage book of El Paso*). Twitchell here inserted "Niño" and "Ortiz" to identify him with the altogether distinct Nicolas Ortiz family which did not arrive until 1693.—Fr. A. C.

5. *Ibid.*, p. 177. De Vargas had no Ortiz officers in his Reconquest Campaigns of 1692 and 1693. The primogenitor of the New Mexico Ortiz family arrived in the latter year as a settler and is so included among the new colonists: *Nicolas Ortiz*, son of the same, native of Mexico, forty years old. His wife is Mariana Coronado, daughter of Francisco Hernandes, twenty-eight years old, and a native of Jimiquilpa. Their six children are: Josefa, fourteen; Manuela, three; *Nicolas*, ten; Antonio, eight; Luis, six; Francisco, one year old (*Spanish Archives . . .*, v. II, Velasco list, no. 54c). Although he had signed up as a sergeant at Zacatecas, Nov. 30, 1692 (*Biblioteca Nacional de Mexico*, leg. 4, pt. 1, pp. 814-816), a later list drawn up at Durango and Parral, Aug. 19-Sept. 1, 1693, has him and his family among the civilians (*Ibid.*, pp. 830-834). One of his sons, *Nicolas Ortiz II*, who later did become a prominent soldier, is here set down as eight years old, and ten years old in the Velasco list above.—Fr. A. C.

building a home for his ever increasing progeny. As a reward for his zeal, he was given a large grant of land near the San Ildefonso pueblo by the "most excellent Viceroy, the Conde de Galvez, by authority of the King himself."[6] A home was built on the Ortiz grant, but so frequent and disastrous were the Indian depredations that the grandsons of Nicholas were forced to seek more protected dwellings within the city of Santa Fe.[7] Here, in 1813, one of these grandsons, Don Antonio Ortiz, alferez-real of Santa Fe, and his wife, Maria Teresa Mier,[8] became the proud parents of a son, whom they called Ramon.

There were already several daughters in the family, one of whom, Ana Maria, was grown and married, and the couple had almost despaired of being blessed with a son. With the

6. *Ibid.*, p. 318. Nicholas Ortiz II was the first to append "Niño Ladron de Guevara" to his name, probably harking back to a paternal or maternal grandparent as was often the custom in those times. (In this page referred to by Mrs. Puckett, Twitchell mixes up sons and grandsons with their fathers and grandfathers in one inextricable mass). Already in 1697, Nicolas Ortiz II, a mere youth of seventeen, received a special military citation for bravery from Governor De Vargas (*B. N. M.*, leg. 4, no. 1a). He was stationed at the post of Bernalillo when he married Juana Baca, Nov. 6, 1702 (*A.A.S.F.*). Back in Santa Fe, where he lived the rest of his life, he acquired lands and fortune as a very diligent merchant (*Spanish Archives . . .*, v. I, nos. 181, 102, etc.). He died in 1742, leaving his wife and three sons: Francisco, *Nicolas III*, and Toribio (*Spanish Archives . . .*, v. I, no. 647).—Fr. A. C.

7. *Ibid.*, p. 319. Church and civil records of the first half of the eighteenth century show that the many descendants of these three Nicolas Ortizes (I, II, III), by their respective children, were living both in Santa Fe and the Pojoáque-Nambé district. Some individual families moved back and forth between the Capital and their northern grant lands. But Indian depredations were certainly not the cause, for this peaceful area has been populated continuously by Spanish people from 1697 to this day.—Fr. A. C.

8. Actual date of birth unknown; year figured from age at death, according to notice in *El Paso Daily Herald* (March 6, 1896, p. 4, col. 2). Nor have I been able to find the birth record of Ramon Ortiz in the Santa Fe or Rio Arriba books for this period, although I did find those of several brothers and sisters: Francisco de Paula Ortiz, Feb. 8, 1790, in Santa Fe; Jose Manuel and Salvador Jose Miguel Ortiz, twins, June 5, 1795, at Nambé; Maria del Rosario Ortiz, Sept. 4, 1799, at Pojoáque; Maria del Refugio Ortiz, April 30, 1805, in Santa Fe; Maria Josefa Ortiz, March 18, 1810, in Santa Fe (*A.A.S.F.*). The WILL of Don Antonio Ortiz in the New Mexico Museum Archives provides the following data: Drawn up, April 27, 1837. Don Antonio was a son of Jose Antonio Ortiz and Rosa Bustamante. Up to this date he and his wife, Maria Teresa Miera, had been married for forty-nine years. Their eleven children are named in the following order: Francisco de Paula "the eldest," Maria Barbara, Miguel and Manuel (these two died after baptism), Ana Maria, Juana Maria (died after baptism), Maria del Rosario, Maria del Refugio, Maria Josefa, *Jose Ramon*, and Ana Teresa (died after baptism). The testator further on refers again to "*my son, the Padre Don Ramon Ortiz*" and to a son-in-law, Jose de Jesus Sanchez (*Casa Mortuoria de Doña Rosa Bustamante* and other Ortiz Papers).—Fr. A. C.

Names of parents from Ecclesiastical Records of Juarez Mission, *Libro de Entierros*, 1886-1896, f. 231.

strong and simple faith of the Spanish mother, Doña Teresa had never ceased to pray to St. Joseph to intercede in her behalf that God might send her a son. She made a solemn vow that, should her boon be granted, she would return thanks by rearing her son for the priesthood. Her prayer was answered, but by the time Ramon was born, her husband had died, and she knew that she was soon to follow him. Doña Teresa never regained her strength, and a few months later she called her eldest child to her death-bed and entrusted her beloved infant to his sister's care, admonishing Ana Maria not to fail to carry out the promise made to St. Joseph. Ana Maria had a child of her own, a daughter, Josefa, about the same age as Ramon, and the two children were entrusted to the same nurse. During the whole of their lives, these two "hermanos de leche" were as deeply devoted to one another as if they had been truly brother and sister.[9]

A few years after the adoption of Ramon, Sr. Delgado, the husband of Ana Maria, was killed; the young widow later married the brilliant and dashing Colonel Antonio Vizcarra.[10] Col. Vizcarra was attached to the presidio at Santa Fe and had gained much renown as an Indian fighter. A man of commanding appearance, dignified, with perfect manners, and the best horseman in Santa Fe,[11] he was, with his glamorous background, just the type for an impressionable boy to regard as a hero. To Ramon he was a model of manhood, and the boy's one desire was to emulate his foster-

9. Interview with Mrs. J. O. Najera, nee Daguerre, daughter of Refugio Samaniego de Daguerre.—From the tenor of Don Antonio's will it appears that Doña Teresa Miera was still living in 1837; and from the baptism of her daughter, Maria Josefa, we learn that her parents were Don Anacleto Miera and Maria Tafoya. She and Antonio Ortiz were married in the military chapel, Santa Fe, on June 20, 1785. Their eldest, Francisco de Paula Ortiz, married Martina de Arce in Santa Fe, April 13, 1809. Maria Josefa married Manuel Doroteo Pino, Nov. 15, 1826. Barbara was the wife of Jose de Jesus Sanchez. Ana Maria was already married to Fernando Delgado in 1814, and their child, Maria Josefa de Jesus del Pilar, was born in Santa Fe, Jan. 25 of that same year (*A.A.S.F.*).—Fr. A. C.

10. Interview with Mrs. J. J. Flores, nee Samaniego, daughter of Fernando Samaniego, grand-nephew of Father Ortiz.—On June 16, 1821, took place the burial of the bones of the Alférez, Don Fernando Delgado, and of two soldiers, brought to the military chapel of Our Lady of Light in Santa Fe. In this same chapel, April 14, 1824, his widow married Don Jose Antonio Vizcarra, Lieutenant Colonel in charge of all troops in New Mexico, the son of Juan Jose Vizcarra and Gertrudis Alvarado, residents of Cuencame, Province of Durango (*A.A.S.F.*).—Fr. A. C.

11. R. E. Twitchell, *The Leading Facts of New Mexican History* (Cedar Rapids, *Iowa, Torch Press*, 1912) p. 23.

father in every way possible. In 1823, Colonel Vizcarra was chosen, by popular petition, first "jefe politico" of New Mexico under the Mexican regime,[12] and Ana Maria became the first lady of Santa Fe. As Ramon was then nine years of age, it was high time to give serious thought to his education. There was no school worthy of the son of the governor closer than Durango, and Ana Maria, mindful of their mother's vow, urged that Ramon be sent to the diocesan seminary in that city. Accordingly, the lad set out on the long trek into Mexico, and it is a pity that we have no record of his sensations and experiences during that journey. Probably the thrilling accounts of the Indian fights which he had heard from the Colonel had made him eager for the adventure and compensated in some measure for the sorrow he must have felt at being separated from his beloved family.

During the next six years, Colonel Vizcarra's fame and popularity increased. After his first term as "jefe" had expired, he was made inspector-general of the Mexican forces in the territory, in recognition of his success in subjugating the Navahos. The first big caravans from the east were beginning to arrive in Santa Fe, and Colonel Vizcarra, with his troops, escorted some of the richest of these trains from that city to Choteau's Island, to protect them from the Indians. In 1828, he again occupied the governor's chair for a short while, until the regular appointee could arrive from Mexico.[13]

Meanwhile, young Ramon was becoming restless in the confinement of the seminary; his letters home carried pleas for permission to return. Josefa had been married, at fourteen years of age, to a Don Samaniego, and had moved to Sonora,[14] and Ramon had begun to realize more than ever his segregation from all he held most dear. He had reached the age when he must begin serious preparation for Holy Orders if he was to remain at the seminary, and he rebelled at the thought of the restricted life of a priest. His soldier

12. L. Bradford Prince, *Concise History of New Mexico* (Cedar Rapids, Iowa, The Torch Press, 1914) p. 150; Twitchell, *op. cit.*, p. 16.

13. *Ibid.*, pp. 17, 22, 26, 43.

14. Interview with Mrs. Najera.—Don Florentino (?) Samaniego, father of Dr. Mariano Samaniego; he moved to Bavispe, Sonora.—Note by Luis Alfonso Velarde.

ancestry and his intense admiration for the man he called father made him long for a military career of his own. His entreaties became so urgent that Colonel Vizcarra, secretly in sympathy with the boy, decided to make a visit to Durango to talk the matter over with him. In his position of importance, Vizcarra was privy to all the quarrels then raging between the Franciscans and the secular native-born priests; few knew better than he the bitter fight the church was having against poverty and political interference. He had no desire to see his ward thrust into this atmosphere of bickering and intrigue, nor did he feel that a descendant of conquistadores could be happy in any life but that of a soldier. Despite Ana Maria's fearful warnings against any interference with her mother's sacred compact, the Colonel went to see the Bishop of Durango and sought to have Ramon relieved from the vow. The good Bishop assured him that Doña Teresa, despite her pious motives, had been wrong in seeking to determine the future of her son, and that the Church did not consider such an oath as binding.

It was a relieved and happy Ramon who began his preparations to leave the seminary. He and his foster-father discussed plans for his future, agreeing that a course of intensive training in the famous "École Militaire" of St. Cyr would be the best way to begin his career. Ramon resolutely overlooked any secret qualms he might have had in thus disregarding his mother's wishes, and impatiently awaited the day for departure. When all was in readiness, an epidemic of cholera broke out in the city. Among the first victims was the redoubtable Colonel Vizcarra. One can imagine the depths of Ramon's despair. In addition to his grief at the loss of the only father he had ever known, there was the awful fear that this calamity might be the vengeance of an offended God. Doña Ana Maria and all the other pious women of the family also regarded the tragedy as a manifestation of the Divine Will and urged Ramon to think no more of renouncing his calling. There was nothing for him to do but to turn back to his studies. Colonel Vizcarra had left but little money; so he could not go on with his military schooling had he been so inclined. He foresaw that the day

was not far off when he would have to help to care for his sister and repay some of her former kindness to him. Slowly he became resigned to the inevitable.[15]

As the years passed and he grew wiser, he began to realize that he could probably be of greater service to his country as a priest than as a soldier. In 1832, the Rt. Rev. Jose Laureano de Zubiría, the new Bishop of the Durango diocese which included New Mexico, chose Padre Juan Felipe Ortiz, cousin to Ramon, as vicar general.[16] From these two men, Ramon learned the deplorable condition of the church in the province since the end of the Franciscan Custodia, and the great need for zealous priests to restore the dilapidated churches and missions and to re-arouse the zeal of the faithful.[17] In 1830, there were less than a dozen pastors to minister to more than forty thousand souls.[18] Ramon felt a challenge in the accounts of the struggle of the church to provide priestly ministrations, particularly for the "pobres" and the Indians, and became fired with impatience to do his part in alleviating their misfortunes. He had not long to wait. Because he had distinguished himself both in scholastic aptitude and religious zeal, a papal dispensation was obtained permitting his ordination at the age of twenty-one.[19] His first assignment was a small, primitive mining village in Mexico where his parishioners were mostly Indians and "mestizos."[20] To a young man of gentle birth, reared as Ramon had been in an atmosphere of breeding and culture, the life into which he was so suddenly thrust must have been very trying. There seems to be no record of these next few years, but it is evident that they taught him two things which stood him in good stead throughout his life. He learned to understand and sympathize with the "pobres," and he acquired a certain skill in ministering to bodily as well as to spiritual needs. From his Indian parishioners he learned the efficacy of many of their simple remedies and the use of

15. Interview with Mrs. Najera.
16. Prince, *Concise History . . .*, p. 155.
17. H. H. Bancroft, *Arizona and New Mexico, 1530-1888* (San Francisco, The History Co., 1889) p. 290.
18. Prince, *op. cit.*, p. 18; Bancroft, *op. cit.*, p. 342.
19. Interview with Mrs. Flores.
20. Interview with Mrs. Flores.

"yerbas" to cure ills when no doctor's prescriptions could be secured. With this knowledge and the aid of a small handbook called " Dr. ____'s Method" he helped many a poor sufferer to regain his health; when he was an old man, he took great delight in proving to his Paris-trained physician-nephew that the primitive methods sometimes succeeded where more scientific measures failed.[21]

By the time he was twenty-five, Ramon had served his apprenticeship, and was ready for a position of responsibility in a larger parish. Ecclesiastical records show that on January 1, 1838, Padre Ramon Ortiz first administered the sacrament of baptism in Paso del Norte, as "cura" of the mission, Nuestra Señora de Guadalupe.[22] This mission was in good repair, as it had been in constant use since the Franciscans had built it some hundred and seventy-five years before.[23] It had been one of the first churches to be secularized,[24] and was also one of the few to draw a regular stipend from the Mexican government.

In Paso del Norte, Ramon found a comfortable house awaiting him, and, at last, he could send for his sisters, Doña Ana Maria and Doña Rosario.[25] No sooner had he settled down to a life of comparative comfort than bad news arrived from Josefa, who was still in Sonora. Her husband had fallen a victim to Apache arrows, leaving her and her five small children unprotected in that wild and savage land. The young priest immediately set out on the dangerous trip to Sonora. After many days of irksome travel, he succeeded in rescuing the young widow and her children and bringing them safe and sound to his home.[26]

With such a large addition to his family, the need for a

21. Interview with Mrs. Najera.—Dr. Mariano Samaniego was trained at the Sorbonne and knew Pasteur personally.—L. A. V.

22. Church Records of Juarez, *Libro de Bautismos*, 1830-1840.

23. John Russell Bartlett, *Personal Narrative of Explorations and Incidents in Texas, New Mexico, California, Sonora and Chihuahua, connected with the United States and Mexican boundary Commission, during the years 1850 to 1853* (New York, D. Appleton & Co., 1854) I, 190.

24. Bancroft, *Arizona and New Mexico*. p. 342.

25. Rosario was commonly called Rosalita. See Susan Shelby Magoffin, *Down the Santa Fe Trail and into Mexico, 1846-1847*. Edited by Stella M. Drumm. Yale University Press, 1926.

26. Interview with Mrs. Flores.

new home became imperative. Much as he loved the companionship of Josefa and the chatter of her brood, there was no chance for prayer and meditation, for conferences and study, with so many people about. As material and labor could be had almost for the asking, it was not long before the little rectory became a spacious and comfortable dwelling, the largest in the village.[27] The house was of adobe, like all houses of Mexico, but the inside walls of the principal rooms were whitened with calcined "yezo" and the floors were carefully coated with soft mud, which hardened into a dry smooth covering, over which Doña Ana could spread her few treasured carpets. There were two patios, with rooms built in hollow squares around them. Opening into the first patio were the reception and living rooms, the guest bedrooms, and the pastor's little apartment. A narrow "sala" led into the second patio, which was paved with cobblestones, and often served as an outdoor family dining-room in warm weather. There was a wall, Moorish fashion, in the center, and the kitchen, the "comedor" and the bedrooms for the women and children surrounded it. Back of the second patio was the corral for the poultry and animals, and around the corral the quarters for the "domesticos." Behind the house, an orchard and vineyard covered several acres, extending as far as the "acequia" which furnished the principal water supply for the hacienda.[28]

Padre Ortiz was hospitable almost to a fault, feeling that so much luxury was forgivable for a priest only if it were shared impartially among all who might need food or refuge. Doña Ana Maria was a gracious and capable "patrona" and did all she could to make even the most humble of visitors welcome and comfortable. But so generous was the good Padre with his possessions that her patience was often sorely tried. It was difficult to keep a well-stocked larder, for no sooner had she laid in her supplies than Father Ortiz would find a dozen hungry mouths to feed. The wine from the vineyard, the fruit from the orchard, the milk from the cows and

27. Present site of the Plaza de Toros.—L. A. V.

28. Interview with Mrs. Najera. The "Acequia del Pueblo," still in existence.—L. A. V.

goats, the vegetables from the garden, as well as the precious coffee and sugar which could be secured only when a wagon train arrived from Chihuahua,—these all became the common property of the parishioners. Josefa, who personally cared for the Padre's quarters, complained that it was impossible to keep his bed in proper order, as it was no uncommon occurrence for him to take the linen and blankets off his own freshly-made bed to carry them to some ailing member of his flock who had no covering for his "colchon." Such household equipment was at a premium in those days, with no shops nearer than Santa Fe or Chihuahua, and the Padre's gifts meant that he often had to sleep on a bare mattress until more bedding could be secured.[29]

As there was no inn in the village, Padre Ortiz opened his house to the many traders and travellers who arrived in Paso del Norte and needed a few nights lodging. The fame of the Ortiz hospitality spread throughout the Southwest. It was an unforgettable experience for a weary and thirsty traveller, who had journeyed many miles over the dry sandy wastes, to arrive at the fertile little settlement on the Rio Grande, and to find a genial host, a clean bed, a good meal, and a bottle of the palatable "vino del pais" awaiting him. The few who have left written records of their adventures on the Chihuahua trail in the early nineteenth century never fail to mention with gratitude the hospitality of the "cura" of Paso del Norte.

In the pursuance of his arduous clerical duties, Padre Ortiz was indefatigable. There were more than five thousand souls in his parish proper, and a few thousand more in small settlements scattered up and down the Rio Grande.[30] Frequently he made trips on horseback, or on his favorite mule, to these small missions to say mass, and at every hour of the day or night he was at the beck and call of any who needed the services of a priest.[31] He never stopped to consider personal safety or convenience when summoned to minister to

29. Interview with Mrs. Najera.
30. Bartlett, *op. cit.*, p. 192.
31. Cleofas Calleros, *San Jose de Concordia.* Leaflet. Reprint from *World News*, El Paso, Texas, June 4, 1932.

the dying. A fifteen mile trip in the dead of night, over rough country, where unfriendly Apaches lurked behind every bush and where frequent sandstorms made the going even more hazardous, was no uncommon occurrence in the life of this intrepid missionary. His untiring zeal for their welfare and his endless unselfishness endeared him to rich and poor alike. There are hundreds of the "pobres" still living who remember his kindness with gratitude. Even today you have only to mention the name of Padre Ortiz to any old Juarez settler in order to see his face light up and to hear a burst of enthusiastic praise. One old woman, whom I met quite by chance and afterwards went to visit in her one-room adobe dwelling, met my query about the "cura" with a delighted "Si, si, señora. The good Padre himself got up out of a warm bed at midnight to marry my husband and me—and without grumbling, either." Why she chose such an hour for the nuptials, I was too discreet to inquire, but it was evident that she still felt a warm gratitude to the Padre for his assistance.

There were reasons other than his charitable nature and his lavish hospitality that made Padre Ortiz the most popular man in his community. He was personally a fine figure of a man, with a frank, handsome, intelligent face, and a well-knit athletic figure. He had a certain ingenuous charm of manner which seemed to attract people of all stations in life, although he was rather quiet and reserved in the presence of strangers. At home, he enjoyed the comradeship of his young grand-nieces and grand-nephews immensely, and he joked with them or listened to their tales of woe with equal sympathy. The children called him "Padrino" (Godfather) at first, which Concepcion, the youngest, soon changed to an affectionate "Papanino," and this nickname clung to him the rest of his life. He is still "Papanino" in the memory of the few surviving relatives.[32]

His one great love other than his church and his family was his country of Mexico. He was intensely patriotic and had an intimate knowledge of the political affairs of his country. When he was at school, Durango had been one of

32. Interview with Mrs. Najera.

the hot-beds of the revolution,[33] and the boys had had many dissensions and debates over the rebellion. His relatives in New Mexico were all closely concerned with the formation of government in the new republic, and were intensely patriotic, also.[34] The war with Texas and the uprisings in New Mexico he had watched with dismay, for he sensed, along with the intelligentsia of his time, the approaching trouble with the United States and the danger of an American invasion. From the letters of his cousins in Santa Fe, from the lips of the traders en route to Chihuahua, and from the couriers, he kept in touch with the affairs of state, and was well-informed of the latest developments in the relations between the two republics. He had many good friends among the Americans, but he resented American encroachment in Mexican territory and American interference in governmental affairs.

Among his intimate friends in Paso del Norte was Don J. M. Elias y Gonzales, commandante of the presidio, at whose house he was a frequent visitor.[35] Here he met many distinguished people,—all the ranking military and the important "politicos" from both the province and the interior. It was from General Elias that he had first news of the capture of the Texas expedition under General McLeod and of the expected arrival of the prisoners in Paso del Norte. Thus it happened that he was present when the little band marched in. If he had felt a natural patriotic satisfaction at the frustration of what he regarded as a Texan plot and an armed invasion, that sentiment was quickly replaced by the surge of Christian indignation that the first sight of the pitiful little band aroused in him. Captain Damacio Salazar, who had been in charge of the captives, had treated them with unwarranted cruelty, had murdered those who were not able to keep up on the march, and had starved and robbed and beaten the others, until they were more dead than alive.[36]

33. Twitchell, *Leading Facts . . .*, II, 7.

34. *Ibid.*, p. 10, gives list of "diputados" of New Mexico from 1822-1846. List mentions seven relatives of Ramon Ortiz.

35. George Wilkins Kendall, *Narrative of an Expedition Across the Great Southwestern Prairies from Texas to Santa Fe* (London, David Bogue, 1845) II, 37.

36. Thomas Falconer, *Texas, Santa Fe Expedition* (New York, Dauber & Pine Bookshops, Inc., 1930) p. 98; Kendall, *Narrative . . .*, I, 490-568.

When Salazar reported with his charges to Elias at El Paso, the General's wrath and indignation at this condition equalled that of the Padre. He censured the captain severely and eventually sent him back to New Mexico in disgrace. General Elias set about alleviating the sufferings of the little army at once. Cakes and chocolate, followed by a "sumptuous supper" were served, a three-day rest was ordered, and Generals McLeod and Navarro were taken home by General Elias, as his personal guests.[37] The prisoners were kept under guard, but were allowed many privileges. Padre Ortiz was given permission to do what he could for the men and to take whom he would to his home, provided he would be personally responsible for their safe return to the presidio. As all one-hundred and eighty of the men were in dire need, the task of looking after only their most pressing wants was a prodigious one, but the young priest was equal to the occasion. Doña Ana was acquainted with the situation, and she immediately summoned the women of the household and set them all to work making shirts and underclothing. The servants were ordered to haul water from the acequia for innumerable baths, and to prepare all available food. The Padre also appealed to his friends for assistance, and the response was overwhelming—shoes and clothing, medicine and bandages, food, shaving and bathing facilities were soon forthcoming for the men for whom he could not care personally. His own home was a bustle of activity from morning until night, while "los Tejanos" repaired the ravages of the past seven disastrous weeks. Refugio, Josefa's oldest daughter, never tired of telling her children in later years of the number of stitches she had taken and the tubs of water she had heated and the glasses of wine she had poured for her uncle's numerous guests.[38]

Among the Texans was a young journalist, George W. Kendall, one of the editors of the *New Orleans Picayune,* and for him Padre Ortiz conceived a great liking. In his fascinating *Narrative of the Texan-Santa Fe Expedition,*[39] pub-

37. *Ibid.,* I, 570.
38. Interview with Mrs. Najera.
39. *Op. cit.*

lished the following year in London, Kendall writes at some length of their meeting and subsequent friendship:

On one occasion he (Ortiz) asked me if I would not be pleased to see the town and visit him at his residence, some mile or two distant from the house of General Elias. On my accepting his invitation, he sent a servant for one of his horses for my use. The servant soon returned with a noble animal, richly caparisoned, and the young cura mounting his mule, we rode over the beautiful town. . . . Arrived at the residence of my kind friend, a neat dwelling surrounded by trees and vines, he called a servant to take charge of the animals, and at once led the way into the interior. Here I found Captain Caldwell and a number of our officers, comfortably enjoying the hospitalities of the young priest, and loud in their praises of his kind attentions and exceeding liberality; for they had all been provided with coat and clean clothing by their charitable entertainer.

To myself he was even more unremitting in his offices of attention and kindness.—During a visit of some two hours, young Ortiz appeared to be studying my every want. In addition to an excellent dinner, with wine of his own making, which he gave me, he invited me into his private study, where a bath was provided. Hardly had I partaken of the luxury before a girl brought me clean flannel and linen throughout —and when I say that for the previous seven weeks I had had no change of clothing, and that vermin had taken forcible possession of all my ragged and dirty vestments, the luxury of once more arraying myself in clean linen will be appreciated. But the liberality of Ortiz did not stop there, for notwithstanding I told him I had a sufficiency and obstinately refused taking it until further resistance would have been rude and almost insulting, he still pressed a sum of money into my hands.—Towards sunset, the cura, having ordered the same horse to be again saddled for me, we left his quiet and hospitable mansion for the residence of General Elias; and if I had before had reason to thank Ortiz for his kindness, I soon had still greater cause for gratitude for the opportunity he gave me of making Salazar completely and perfectly unhappy. He told me that I might openly expose any jewelry I had saved as there was no further danger of being robbed. Consequently, I displayed my breast pin and watch and chain, and on the ride back to Elias' through the principal plaza, I saw Salazar in front of a small tienda, conversing with friends. On the pretext of purchasing a handkerchief, I dismounted and swaggered past the avaricious Salazar, jingling the gold coins in my pockets. Ortiz, who was holding my horse, was aware of my object in thus "showing off" before Salazar, but not a word did he say.

We departed from El Paso at noon the next day. As we were on the point of leaving the house of General Elias to join the main party, the servant of young Ortiz arrived with a horse, saddle and bridle for

my use as far as Chihuahua, a distance of nearly three hundred miles. Of this unexpected charity I had not before received the least intimation; nor did the liberality of the incomparable cura end there. He ordered his domestics to bake two or three cart-loads of excellent bread for use of the prisoners on the road, and sent his own team of oxen to transport it. To those most in need, he gave articles of clothing and imitating the charitable example of their pastor, the citizens were very liberal in their gifts.

Seldom have I parted from a friend with more real regret than with Ortiz, and as I shook him by the hand for the last time, and bade him perhaps an eternal adieu, I thought if ever a noble heart beat in man it was in the breast of this young generous priest. Professing a different religion from mine, and one, too, that I had been taught to believe inculcated a jealous intolerance towards those of any other faith, I could expect from him neither favor nor regard. How surprised was I, then, to find him liberal to a fault, constant in his attentions and striving to make my situation as agreeable as circumstances would permit.[40]

It is rather ironical that the book which lauded the good priest so unreservedly should have helped to aggravate the war between the United States and Mexico which he had long feared. Again his patriotism and his duty as a Christian were to come into conflict, and again Christian charity was to be victorious. When the news reached him of the cowardly treachery of Governor Armijo, who had delivered New Mexico to the United States without allowing a single shot to be fired, he was naturally very indignant. He sought to incite his patriotic countrymen to avenge this insult to the honor and courage of Mexicans, and he became actively engaged in promoting armed resistance to the branch of the United States army under Colonel Doniphan which was then heading towards Chihuahua.[41] It was largely due to his influence that the Paseños rose in arms to meet the Americans at Brazito; and it was he who kept up a constant communication with Chihuahua to advise the government there of the strength of enemy resources.[42] A courier was despatched by the Padre to advise the governor of the unhappy outcome

40. Kendall, *Narrative . . ., II*, 38-45.

41. W. E. Connelley, ed., J. T. Hughes, *Doniphan's Expedition and the Conquest of New Mexico and California* (Topeka, Kansas, The Author, 1907) pp. 97, 391.

42. George R. Gibson, *Journal of a Soldier under Kearney and Doniphan* (Glendale, California, The Arthur H. Clark Co., 1935) p. 324.

of the encounter at Brazito, but he was stopped by Colonel Doniphan's men, who thus learned the names of the chief instigators of the resistance. Colonel Doniphan ordered the arrest of Padre Ortiz and his colleagues, Srs. Pino, Jaquez, and Belundis.[43] During the parley that followed, Doniphan, like so many others, was struck with the personality and intelligence of the priest, and offered him his freedom if he would give his word of honor to cease his activities against the United States army. Padre Ortiz answered frankly and honestly that he could give no such promise, and he explained that while he had nothing but kindly feelings to the American as a race, his duty to his country compelled him to do all he could to bring about the defeat of her enemies. The Colonel was thus obliged to keep him under surveillance. Among Doniphan's men, however, were many Irish Catholics, and when Padre Ortiz learned that it had been many weeks since they had heard mass or received the sacraments, he requested to be allowed to look after their spiritual needs. His priestly conscience could not bear the idea of even an enemy soldier going into battle without all the moral support his religion could give him. Permission was granted for him to circulate among the soldiers at will, and to say mass for them in the Mission.[44] The troops remained in El Paso from December 26, 1846, to February 8, 1847, and by the time orders were received to march on to Chihuahua, the Padre had many friends among the men, including the Colonel himself. Doniphan felt, however, that some assurance should be made for the safety of the soldiers whom he was obliged to leave in charge of the post at Paso del Norte and for the traders who were passing along the Santa Fe trail. Accordingly, he decided to take Father Ortiz, Pino, Jaquez, and Belundis, with him as hostages. He issued a warning to the Paseños that if any depredations were committed upon the United States citizens either in El Paso or Chihuahua, his prisoners would be put to death.[45] When the little army set out from El Paso, the Padre was allowed to travel in his own

43. Connelley, *Doniphan's Expedition . . .*, pp. 90, 97; Gibson, . . . *Soldier Under Kearney . . .*, p. 324; Magoffin, *Down the Santa Fe Trail*, p. 209.

44. Luis Alfonso Velarde.

45. Connelley, *Doniphan's Expedition . . .*, pp. 97, 397.

carriage, which he had amply provisioned with food, water, and other necessities, knowing only too well the dry sandy wastes over which they would have to travel and the lack of supplies along the way. On the trip he held frequent conversations with the Colonel, warning him that the Mexicans had several thousand trained soldiers guarding the capital of Chihuahua, and urging him not to expose his handful of ill-equipped troops to certain slaughter. Colonel Doniphan himself was rather fearful of the outcome since he had heard that General Wool, who was to have joined forces with him, had abandoned his march upon Chihuahua.[46] However, he gave no inkling of his apprehensions to his prisoner. He discussed the future of Mexico with Ortiz, questioning him as to his opinion of Guizot's proposal to place Louis Philippe on the throne of the republic in order to preserve the balance of power. "Such an ideal is too preposterous to deserve serious consideration," replied the priest. "The Mexicans, especially those living in the northern states, would treat the proposition, if made to them seriously, with indignation and contempt.—Mexicans, not less than Americans, love liberty; Mexico would rather be conquered by her sister Republic and lose her national existence than submit to a foreign prince."[47]

Before the regiment had advanced more than seventy-five miles across the dry Jornada, the water problem became acute. Many of the men had no canteens and had sought to provide a little supply of water by filling their sabre-sheaths. This was soon exhausted, and both the men and the beasts were suffering from thirst. Food was also scarce. They had only the most meager commissary and could find little game along the way. Padre Ortiz saw that the little army might defeat itself from lack of proper provisioning, but the great charity of his heart would not let him endure the sight of men, many of them his friends, suffering from thirst and falling by the wayside. He brought out his "ollas" which he was carrying for his own use and distributed the precious liquid among the soldiers, although they were still many

46. *Ibid.*, p. 396.
47. Hughes Diary, reprinted in *ibid.*, p. 399.

miles from the next possible supply. Providentially, a heavy downpour the following day set the mountain torrents raging and assured the water supply for the remainder of the trip.[48]

When they were within sight of the enemy near the Sacramento river, Padre Ortiz made a last desperate plea to Colonel Doniphan to save himself and his men by surrendering to the superior, well-entrenched Mexican forces who, he honestly believed, would make short work of the Americans. Doniphan only laughed and replied that he was confident of victory.[49] The night before the battle, the carriages were put in the center of a corral formed by the supply wagons, and guards were placed around them to see that they did not escape to communicate with the enemy. One of these guards was a young man called Odon Guitar, later a Confederate general, who had joined the army for a lark. He and Ortiz struck up a friendship and enjoyed a lively conversation while waiting for the excitement to start. Guitar pretended to be highly pleased with his assignment in the rear of the army with a congenial companion, saying that he felt a little squeamish about killing men towards whom he had no real resentment. To which Ortiz replied: "Young man, I perceive that you had in mind a good time when you enlisted, and, while you are not so intent on picking quarrels with the enemy, I have no doubt of you fighting well if you have to." That he was right in his surmise was proved the next day when the fighting was at the highest. Guitar abandoned his guard duty and plunged bravely into the fray. Many years later, Guitar was in El Paso and remembered the good Padre. He made inquiries, and learning that Father Ortiz was still "cura," he went to call on him at the Mission. The Padre was very old and almost blind, but he recognized the Missourian, and they re-lived the battle of Sacramento and their night of talk and forebodings.[50]

The details of the battle of Sacramento have been told many times—how on that Sunday morning, February 28, 1847, less than a thousand ragged and worn American sol-

48. *Ibid.*, p. 400.
49. *Ibid.*, p. 406, note.
50. *Ibid.*, p. 407.

diers engaged in a hand-to-hand fight for three and one-half hours with picked Mexican troops and completely routed them. According to eye-witnesses, at the beginning of the fighting, the Padre and his fellow-prisoners stood on the seats of their carriages, eager to see what was going on, but as the fighting increased and the casualties grew, Father Ortiz fell to his knees, rosary in hand, and prayed fervently for the wounded soldiers and for victory. That night his task was a sad one. Several hundred of his countrymen lay wounded on the battlefield, and all night he worked among them, easing their pains as best he could or whispering words of absolution and consolation into dying ears.[51]

Meanwhile, back in El Paso, the situation at the Ortiz hacienda was a strange one. Several American traders with their wagon trains had followed in the wake of Colonel Doniphan's army and among them was Samuel Magoffin and his young bride, Susan Shelby. Susan, a young Kentuckian of gentle birth, was unused to hardships, and by the time they had reached El Paso del Norte, she was in no condition for further travel, at least until the going became less hazardous. When he heard of the Magoffin's dilemma, Padre Ortiz, as always, had let his charitable principles outweigh his patriotic fervor, and he offered them the hospitality of his home. He was fully aware that Samuel's brother, James Magoffin, was a dangerous enemy to Mexico and was then in custody at Chihuahua; and the Padre, himself, was a prisoner of the Americans. The Magoffins accepted the generous invitation gratefully, Samuel having known beforehand of the comforts of the hacienda and the kindness of its inmates. The women of the Ortiz household, in their innermost hearts, must have resented harboring the friends of their brother's captors, but their sense of hospitality toward a guest in their home prevented them from betraying even the slightest coolness. Susan, who had never known any Mexican women before and had felt a strong antipathy toward the whole race, was completely captivated by her hostesses. Before many days had passed, she was on the most intimate terms with them, borrowing their recipes, copying

51. F. S. Edwards, *Campaign in New Mexico*, quoted in Connelley, p. 426.

their dresses, and going with them regularly, staunch Protestant though she was, to Sunday mass.[52] She confided to her diary that Doña Ana Maria was a "muy Señora" in her estimation, evidently intending it as highest praise; and the well-bred young daughters of Josefa—Refugio, Adelaida and Concepcion——aroused her warmest admiration.[53] The days, however, were anxious ones for all of them, as the conflicting reports regarding the outcome of the battle drifted into Paso del Norte. When the news favored the Mexicans, Ana Maria carefully concealed her elations; and when word of an American victory arrived, it was Susan who "would not say one word to hurt the feelings of the family."[54]

Colonel Doniphan released Padre Ortiz from custody as soon as the troops were safely in Chihuahua. The good man lost no time in hastening back to his home where he knew his anxious sisters were awaiting him. However, it was nine long days before Susan could write in her journal: "Well, joy to the family, el señor Cura has at last returned; arrived this morning about ten o'clock. The news of the battle is as we last heard—the battle lasted only thirty minutes, with not more than seven to fourteen killed on either side."[55] In view of the official statements that not less than three hundred Mexicans were killed and five hundred wounded, while the Americans lost only three men, the Padre's report of the battle of Sacramento seems to need some explanation.[56] Possibly he was so chagrined over the outcome that he wanted to keep the news from being spread about, but it is much more likely that his version was only an attempt to adapt a harrowing story to feminine ears.

It was fully a year later that the last battle of the war was fought. In the meantime, Padre Ortiz had been doing all in his power to keep his fellow-citizens from despairing of victory. After the battle of Santa Cruz, he was obliged to concede defeat, but he still hoped to save the citizens of New

52. Magoffin, *Down the Santa Fe Trail*, p. 202.

53. *Ibid.*, p. 20; Dr. Gabriel Samaniego.—Adelaida Samaniego de Velarde was my grandmother.—L. A. V.

54. Magoffin, *Down the Santa Fe Trail*, p. 216.

55. *Ibid.*, p. 217.

56. Connelley, *Doniphan's Expedition*, p. 415; p. 422, note.

Mexico from bowing to a conqueror's yoke. Accordingly, he announced his candidacy for the next congress at Mexico City, and was elected almost unanimously.[57] Once among the legislators, he made an impassioned but losing fight against the terms of the treaty of Guadalupe Hidalgo, which ceded New Mexico to the United States. His work was not entirely in vain, however. Due to his eloquence and fervor, he was appointed, in 1849, commissioner to New Mexico in charge of carrying out that part of the treaty which allowed a choice of citizenship to the New Mexicans.[58] This task was much to his liking.

He went from town to town exhorting the inhabitants to retain their allegiance to Mexico and to move to Mexican territory as soon as possible. The government had promised to finance the removal of all families who wished to leave New Mexico, allowing twelve dollars for each child and twenty-five dollars for each adult. So successful was Father Ortiz, at first, that in one town he visited nine hundred of its one thousand citizens agreed to go, and he estimated that the number of abdications would eventually result in seriously depopulating New Mexico. He was unduly optimistic, however. Only $25,000 had been advanced by his government, and when that was exhausted there was difficulty in obtaining another grant. Also, the United States authorities in the territory had become alarmed and made it increasingly difficult for the residents to sign the formal affidavit of citizenship. Padre Ortiz was requested to leave, and sub-agents were appointed in his stead, but their privileges, too, were suspended when it became clear that the desire for emigration was wide-spread. Padre Ortiz wrote to Governor Maas complaining of his treatment,[59] but by the time the Congress of Mexico was ready to act, the New Mexicans, due to financial and property right difficulties, had lost their first enthusiasm and many were ready to retract their declaration to leave the territory. Altogether, possibly less than three thousand individuals, many of them wealthy "hacendados,"

57. Interview with Mrs. Najera.

58. Bancroft, *Arizona and New Mexico*, pp. 472-473.

59. Pedro B. Pino, *Noticias Historicas* (Mexico, 1849) pp. 92-98, cited in Bancroft, *Arizona and New Mexico*, p. 473.

had withdrawn their "peones" and possessions to Chihuahua by 1850, but even this was a considerable number from a total population of about sixty thousand, including Indians.[60] After this final disappointment, it is surprising that the patriotic priest did not turn into an embittered and disillusioned man, but he seems to have accepted his defeat with Christian fortitude. He returned to his parish in time to receive Bishop Zubiría, who was just returning from a visit to New Mexico, and to arrange services at the Mission in his honor. John Russell Bartlett, first United States boundary commissioner, had also just arrived in El Paso, and Padre Ortiz and the Bishop made him a friendly visit to enlist his aid in preventing dispossession of the Mexican settlers on the Texas side of the Rio Grande.[61] The Americans in the vicinity were not proving generous victors, and many of them greatly annoyed the Mexican population by determined efforts to despoil them of their property. This was done by the use of Texas "head-rights" (grants of lands, usually 640 acres, to those who served in the war) located on property which had been for a century or more in the quiet possession of the old Spanish colonists and their descendants. The latter, to avoid litigation and, sometimes, in fear of their lives, abandoned their homes and sought refuge on the Mexican side of the river. Mr. Bartlett received the visitors sympathetically, served them as ample a collation as his meager commissary allowed, and later made a faithful investigation of the situation, finding matters as had been represented to him by the clergymen.[62] He reported the situation to Washington, but it is doubtful if many of the unfortunate Mexicans ever received compensation for stolen lands.

The entrance of the Americans into El Paso brought other seeds of discord into the hitherto peaceful valley, and a strong feeling of animosity grew up between the Spanish and the American born population. Padre Ortiz frequently found himself forced to assume the role of peacemaker to prevent serious quarrels between his ignorant, child-like

60. *Mexico Mem. Rel.*, 1849, p. 14, and 1850, p. 22, cited in Bancroft, *op. cit.*, 473; Prince, *Concise History . . .*, p. 148.

61. Bartlett, *Personal Narrative . . .*, p. 148.

62. *Ibid.*, pp. 212, 214.

proteges and the new arrivals, whom the Mexicans regarded as unwelcome usurpers. Those living on United States territory could not reconcile themselves to the changes which the new government necessarily entailed or to the abandonment of age-old prerogatives. This feeling of resentment flared into active resistance when an American named Howard filed claim to the Salt Lakes,[63] which for many years had been a source of revenue to the Mexicans of Paso del Norte and its surrounding territory. In the seventeenth century the Spanish crown had granted the Guadalupe Salt Lakes to Paso del Norte and neighboring towns to be considered common property; and in 1824 the Mexican government conceded to those same towns the use and produce of the newly-discovered Lakes of San Andres. By the treaty of Guadalupe Hidalgo, the United States had promised to respect all private land-titles to lands situated within the boundary ceded by the Mexicans to the United States; thus the Mexicans who had become American citizens, as well as those on the Mexican side, considered themselves in possession of the same rights and privileges as had been granted them by Spain and Mexico.[64] About 1860, a road was built to the Guadalupe Lakes by popular subscription, and soon many Paseños from both sides of the Rio Grande had worked up a profitable trade, hauling salt to Chihuahua and other Mexican towns. When, in the 1870's, they were suddenly dispossessed of the free use of the Lakes and were informed that henceforth they would have to pay an "Americano" for every load of salt carried away, the Mexicans were first bewildered and then openly rebellious. Padre Ortiz, who felt that his countrymen were being abused, but who was intelligent enough to realize that Judge Howard was legally within his rights, was hard put to calm the seething Paseños. His efforts were powerless to prevent an uprising, and much blood was shed and lasting animosities engendered before a peaceful settlement was reached. In 1878, the United States government made official inquiry into the source of the

63. 45th cong., 2nd sess., H. of R., Ex. Doc., No. 84, p. 67.

64. *Ibid.*,—*"The Salt Lake War."* Judge Louis Cardis was murdered by Howard, the "Americano" mentioned above, because of his defense of Mexican rights. L. A. V.

trouble, and Padre Ortiz, as a highly respected citizen of long standing, was called upon by General Hatch to give testimony. He wrote a lengthy letter in Spanish to the General, who was in charge of the Board of Inquiry, explaining the attitude of his countrymen and the basis of their claims to the Salt Lakes. This letter, which is reproduced in full in the Congressional Record,[64a] gives an interesting insight into the difficulties that beset the growth of this border city with its intermixture of two races and two civilizations.

This letter seems to be the last recorded account of Padre Ortiz' active concern in civil and political affairs. Changes were taking place rapidly in the Mexican government, in his parish, and in his home life. Doña Ana Maria and Doña Rosario died, leaving Josefa as "patrona" of the hacienda, which was fast decreasing in prosperity. The Paseños, who had always been an agricultural people, were becoming impoverished by the unprecedented drouths that were occurring more and more frequently. No longer did the Rio Grande overflow each spring, fertilizing their vineyards and orchards and the acequias ran dry for weeks at a time. Apache Indian depredations increased; the loss of horses and cattle assumed serious proportions.[65] Many were forced from their "rancheros" and thus lost their means of livelihood. According to an article in the *El Paso Daily Times* (Feb. 15, 1896), the city of Juarez and its surrounding towns had lost more than one-half their former population in less than twenty years. The Ortiz lands suffered along with the rest. The vines which had so long furnished the famous "vino del pais" withered and died; the fig trees ceased to bear; the cornfields and bean patches had to be abandoned.

However, material affairs gave the good Padre little concern. As long as there was enough money to keep his promising young grand-nephews in school and a roof over his and Josefa's heads, he was content. By 1860, the three grandnieces had all married well. Refugio, the eldest, was the wife of a prosperous Santa Fe trader, Daguerre; Adelaida's husband was a well-known merchant of Paso del Norte; and

64a. 45 Cong., 2 Sess., Hse. Ex. Doc. 84, p. 67.
65. Bartlett, *op. cit.*, p. 152.

Concepcion had married Ynocente Ochoa, one of the most prominent citizens and a close friend of the Padre.[66] He was proud of his adopted children, but Mariano, the elder nephew, who was studying medicine, was the apple of his eye. Remembering his own boyhood disappointments, he had made no attempt to influence unduly the choice of the boys' professions, but he was overjoyed when Mariano decided to become a physician. He determined to give him the best education possible, and he carried out his plan. Mariano was sent to Mexico for his first degree, and eventually to Paris for special training. He returned home to make an enviable name for himself and to become the progenitor of some distinguished offspring, including a grandson, Ramon Novarro (Samaniego) of motion-picture renown.[67]

Political and governmental changes in Mexico were not so much to his liking. His Hidalgo blood revolted at the idea of Benito Juarez, a half-breed and an enemy to the Church, at the head of the government; but even more did he resent the unwarranted usurpation of Maximilian and the downfall of his beloved Republic. So, when the French had forced the Juarez troops to Paso del Norte, in 1865, their pitiful, hungry faces and bare, bleeding feet evoked his ever-ready sympathy. He had little money of his own to aid them, but Sr. Velarde responded to "Papanino's" appeal and furnished food and clothing for the little band. The lists of the supplies issued to Juarez and his men, bearing the signature of the great revolutionist, are still in the possession of Sr. Alfonso Velarde of El Paso, grandson of Adelaida.

During the tumultuous revolutionary years, the financial situation of the church in Mexico had become acute. With New Mexico a separate bishopric since 1857, the diocese of Durango was no longer able to maintain its own seminary, and available priests became fewer and fewer. The cura of Del Norte had to care for a number of small settlements

66. Dr. Gabriel Samaniego, son of Dr. Mariano Samaniego.—Alejandro Daguerre was the full name of Refugio's husband. Adelaida's husband was Rafael Velarde, my grandfather. Ochoa owned wagon-trains that plied between Trinidad, Colorado, and Chihuahua.—L. A. V.

67. Interview with Mrs. Najera.—Navarro is a common and noted Spanish family name, but Ramon's movie-name, "Novarro," appears to have "been made in Hollywood."—Fr. A. C.

without pastors, some eighty miles distant.[68] With the rumor of a railroad to El Paso, people were flocking to the Rio Grande, and there were many Catholics among them. The only church on the Texas side of the river closer than Ysleta was a small adobe chapel at Concordia, which had been built by Father Ortiz and his assistant, Father Vasquez, probably in 1859. They called this chapel San Jose de Concordia el Alto, and once a month the two priests from the Mission took turns in crossing the river to say mass.[69] On other Sundays, the Joseph Magoffins, the Joseph Glasgows, and other of El Paso's "first families," with many of the old Spanish settlers and a flock of newer arrivals, ferried across the Rio Grande to attend services at Nuestra Señora de Guadalupe, the old Mission of Juarez. Until 1892, the Mission was the real parish church of both Juarez and El Paso; and on its records are the names of many of El Paso's leading citizens who were married or baptized or buried by its beloved cura.

Years wore on, and Padre Ortiz became less and less able to look after his numerous flock. He could no longer make journeys on horseback, and a small buggy, drawn by mule, became his favorite mode of transportation. However, the advent of the Jesuits in the 1880's brought him able and willing assistants both for Mission services and for the many sick-calls up and down the river.[70] In 1892, when Father Ortiz had become old and almost blind, Father Pinto, S.J., the regular assistant to Father Ortiz, promoted two churches for El Paso, and thereafter the American population worshipped at the Immaculate Conception Church or the Church of the Sacred Heart.[71]

With the death of Josefa, about 1885, Father Ortiz sold the old home and retired into smaller quarters. His house-

68. New Mexico became a provisional diocese, or vicariate apostolic, independent of Durango, by decree of Pius XI, July 19, 1850, and the first bishop appointed was John Baptist Lamy. By decree of July 28, 1853, Santa Fe became a full-fledged diocese. However, the southern part of present Arizona and, it appears, the New Mexico district bordering on El Paso del Norte, remained in the diocese of Durango until 1857 or 1859, when they were annexed to the diocese of Santa Fe.—Fr. A. C.

69. Rev. J. C. M. Garde, S. J., Vicar, El Paso Diocese.—San Jose de Concordia el Alto, no longer in existence, stood near the site of the first Fort Bliss.—L. A. V.

70. Calleros, *San Jose . . . , op. cit.*

71. *Ibid.*

hold needs were taken care of by an old housekeeper, Refugio Garcia, but his nieces and nephews, with their growing families, were his constant visitors. "Papanino" was looked upon as the patriarch of the Ortiz tribe, who consulted his wishes on all important family decisions. His own wants were simple, but he gave generously as ever of his little revenue to help with the education of his great-grand-nieces and nephews. His lack of interest in this world's goods, however, was sometimes a source of irritation to his more practical friends and relatives, and an amusing story is told of him in this respect:

There was an old Apache woman among his parishioners who for many years had brought a nugget of gold as her offering each time she came to services at the Mission. With characteristic lack of curiosity, the good Padre made no inquiries as to the source of the valuable metal, but one day the old woman confided to him that she felt her days were numbered and that she wished to reveal the location of the mine to him, so that he might look after her family when she was gone. She had taken an oath of secrecy when she had inherited the knowledge, and a tribal superstition predicted immediate death for one who broke such a pledge. As a consequence she had decided to wait until she felt sure that death was upon her. She led Father Ortiz a few leagues from the town, but the Padre saw she was too feeble to go farther and suggested that they postpone the trip until a later day. She pointed out the general direction and described a few identifying landmarks before they turned back, exacting a promise from him to return soon to locate the mine's entrance. A few days later a messenger arrived from the Apache settlement with the news of her death. True to his word, Padre Ortiz made a few half-hearted attempts to locate the gold; then he dismissed the whole matter from his mind. In later years, the priest happened to mention the matter of the nuggets to a friend, who immediately became fired with excitement. The friend told a friend, and he told a friend, and the hunt was on. However, by that time all the landmarks had disappeared and the Padre had only a vague idea as to the general direction, so the source of the nuggets

remained a secret. When chided for his carelessness in later years, Padre Ortiz always said, laughingly, that the nuggets were probably not valuable, anyway. He had never had them assayed! Thus a probable fortune was lost and unregretted; and the Padre continued to live his peaceful life, rich only in the love of God and of his flock.[72]

By 1890, his health began to fail. A cancer at the top of his spine, together with the infirmities of old age, caused him to spend more and more of his time in bed, and he gradually became blind and helpless. Dr. Mariano Samaniego, his favorite nephew, kept close watch over him, seeking to alleviate his suffering as much as possible, and Juan Ochoa, adopted son of Concepcion and Ynocente Ochoa, was his constant companion. However, the end was near. On March 6, 1896, the following item appeared in El Paso's little four-page newspaper:

> The death of Father Ramon Ortiz from cancer is expected at any hour. He is 85 years of age, and comes of a family of high standing. He is an uncle of Dr. Samaniego, Sras. Daguerre and Velarde, and the late Sr. Innocente Ochoa. Father Ortiz has been a marked figure in local history from times extending back beyond the Mexican war.[73a]

That night prayers were said in many a home in Juarez and El Paso for the recovery of the popular priest, but it was time for Padre Ortiz to claim his long-deserved reward, and on March 11th at 3:30 A.M., he breathed his last.[73b]

The following day a requiem mass was sung in the old Mission where he had served so faithfully for fifty-eight long years; the churchyard and plaza in front overflowed with black-robed, weeping women and silent, grief-stricken men. Hundreds crossed over from El Paso to pay a last tribute to the old pastor, and there were floral offerings from prominent Protestant friends who were unaware that Catholic custom does not sanction flowers at the funeral of a priest. One exceptionally beautiful offering came in the name of the United States Government, by courtesy of the Ameri-

72. T. J. Turner, "Lost Mine," article in *El Paso Herald*, October 8, 1910, p. 1.—According to my father, the entrance to this mine could be seen (if one knew where to look) from the "door" of Our Lady of Guadalupe.—L. A. V.

73a. *El Paso Daily Herald*, March 6, 1896, p. 4, col. 2.

73b. *El Paso Daily Times*, March 12, 1896.

can consul. The whole city went into mourning, all business houses were closed for the day, and it was weeks before many of the faithful could be persuaded to remove the black crepe from their doorways. The funeral procession of eighty carriages and fifty horsemen, followed by more than a thousand humble folk on foot, was the longest ever seen up to that time in the Southwest.

Notices of the death of Padre Ortiz appeared in many of the Nation's leading newspapers, none of which was more heartfelt than the black-bordered tribute in the New Orleans *Picayune*. In El Paso, Juan Hart, editor of the *El Paso Times* and a long-time friend of the Padre, printed this eulogy:

> The death of the venerable and beloved curate of Juarez, which occurred yesterday morning at 3:30 o'clock, caused great sorrow in Juarez and El Paso. Father Ramon Ortiz began labors for Juarez when he was a handsome, warm-hearted and brilliant youth of twenty summers, and for the past sixty-two years, his home has been an asylum for orphans and for all who were in need of a home and comfort, food and clothes. His door ever swung to the call of charity, his big warm heart loved all humanity, and if everyone to whom he has done a kindly act could lay a flower on his grave today, his beloved form would rest beneath a mountain of flowers. His heart was full of kindness, his nature was gentleness itself, and he did good for the love of doing it. No wonder the good people of Juarez loved their curate almost to adoration.[74]

Today, all that is mortal of Padre Ramon Ortiz rests in a little cemetery adjoining the chapel of San Jose, about four miles from the city of Juarez. Near him sleep many whom he had known and loved in life, among them Josefa, Mariano, and Concepcion. All are interred in concrete vaults, but that of the Padre is covered with a heavy marble slab on which is inscribed a Latin epitaph:

P. X.
Raymundo Ortiz
Mexican-urbis-Passensis
Divitissime parocho
Caritate patriae
Paterno concrediti-Gregis amore
Pietate erga Deum
Apprima claro

74. *Ibid.*, March 13, 1890.—The editor was Juan Hart Siquieros, son of Capt. Simeon Hart.—L. A. V.

V—idus—Martias—Ad—MDCCCXCVI
Vito functo
Marianus-Samaniego-et-cognation
Tumulum
Mentix-gratissimae
Argumentum.
P. P.

(Translation)

The Peace of Christ be With You

To Ramon Ortiz, of the Mexican Pass City, abounding in charity, (serving) as a host of your native land, most generous in your paternal love for the flock entrusted to your care, and most ardent in your devotion to God, Mariano Samaniego and his kinsmen have erected this monument as a token of their most devoted affection, on this, the fifth day before the Ides of March (11th of March) 1896.[75]

Thus lived and died one of the true Hidalgos, the last priest of pure Spanish blood to preside at the Juarez Mission. The last trace of his hacienda has disappeared, and the huge Plaza de Toros and numerous tiendas now occupy its once peaceful grounds. But because of his great charity and love for his fellowmen, his name is inscribed indelibly in the annals of our great Southwest; and even when all who knew him in life are gone, many will read with sympathy of Ramon Ortiz, who had the heart of a soldier and the soul of a saint.

75. Translation by Catherine Flynn, Latin Dept., El Paso High School.—San Jose was a private chapel that once belonged to our family but has passed into other hands. It stands in the "Pueblito de San Jose" due south of Juarez.—L. A. V.

# A CIVILIAN AT OLD FORT BAYARD 1881-1883

*Edited By* ROY GOODALE[1]

November 22, 1881

After staying at Fort Cummings about 1 month, Co. "K" (23rd Infantry) was ordered to Fort Bayard! So we made the march in 2 days in wagons, pretty good post and quarters. Capt. Goodale[2] ordered back to F. Cummings and started in ambulance at 2 o'clk am. He is to meet relay ½ way.

November 23

Received telegram from Capt. G. arrived safely.

November 24

Thanksgiving—all well, beautiful day and post.

November 26

All our mornings are very fine—wrote sister Thurston and Hiram Whitehouse about 1 week ago.

December 5

Splendid weather! Dr. Cocket left this morning.

December 12

The past week has been very fine—a little frost at night. Capt. G. returned from Fort Cummings safe and sound. Letters fr. Bro. G. B. Swazey. He made me a present of $25 God bless him!

December 18

Last night it rained hard—11 shots were fired at thieves trying to steal waggons and mules. No one hit. Dear Fide[3] very low! She has only been ill a few days but we all have been very anxious about her.

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1. Extracts from the diary of Ephriam Goodale (1806-1887) of Orrington, Maine. He was a retired farmer who after selling his farm lived with his son, Greenleaf Austin, while at Camp Supply, Fort Leavenworth, Fort Dodge, and Fort Hays.

Roy Goodale is the great grandson of Ephriam, and a graduate student in History at the University of California, Berkeley.

2. Brig. Gen. Greenleaf Austin Goodale, then Capt. 23rd Infantry.

3. Fidelia Beach Goodale, wife of Greenleaf Austin whom the latter met and married at Jacksonville, Oregon, while stationed at nearby Fort Klamath.

December 19

Dear Fide bid us farewell and died at 10 o'clk. What a beautiful character had this charming woman! An own daughter could never treat an own father with more delicate kindness and love than she has ever shown me.

December 20

How kind are all the officers and their ladies of the post —all lavish of their attentions and sympathy. The funeral of dear Fide at 3 o'clk. Lt. [R. H.] Pratt read the service at house and grave finely and we had good singing.

December 21

Greenleaf and Mrs. Hay engaged all day in looking over dear Fide's things and distributing little gifts so friendly.

December 22

Went to Silver City. What large stocks of goods for a small place!

December 23

Mrs. Hay went this morning 8 o'clk. for Ft. Bliss Tex. Capt. G. arrived home safe saw Mrs. Hay on cars.

December 25

Christmas—boys[4] had lots of presents. Capt. G. and I dined at Lt. Pratt's—fine dinner.

December 29

After dinner the boys and I went to top of mountain over the stream. Evening we called at Lt. Martin's. Mrs. Martin and her mother, Mrs. Swift very pleasant ladies—very.

December 31

Last day of the year. What changes!

January 1, 1882

Sunday 1882! On this beautiful morning I was greeted by the boys with "a happy new year, Grandpa!" Mrs. Martin had Sabbath School and Lt. Martin read Episcopal service pm.

January 2

Fine morning. Greenleaf with bad cold.

4. Roy Lewis and Col. George Swazey, sons of Greenleaf Austin.

January 7

The past week I wrote to Katie Whitehouse and Dea Thomas George. Greenleaf has had a bad cold but is much better now. A lot of Mexicans with loaded ox teams came up to post trader. What queer outfits! One cart loaded with pepper made entirely of wood and rawhide! Not an ounce of iron. Last thursday a cattle thief was shot dead at suttler's store. How little human life is valued out here. It seems that the "cowboys" or rustlers are growing scarce. Four of them were shot 12 miles from here the other day and the owner got his stock.

January 8

Episcopal service and Sab. School Lt. and Mrs. Martin.

January 9

Wrote [Prof. George] Lincoln [Goodale] and wife—a little snow.

January 16

Lt. [C. D.] Cowles and family with us. Mrs. Cowles was formerly of the Sandwich Islands.

January 19

Last night 7 shots fired by a drunken sentinel. Wrote Mr. Marston.

February 7, 1882

Since last date there has been but little news. We have been to Silver City. There has been frequent snow squalls—cool nights—warm days. Dr. Whiting has vaccinated our family and all the post. Report says one case of smallpox S. City.

February 8

I wrote Mrs. George—fine day.

February 13

My vaccination has made me sick for days. One of the cavalrymen shot his horse this morning—crazy it is said. Wrote Willis Thurston. Also Ann Chapin last Saturday.

February 28

Last day of month. Good letter from S. E. Nourse. It has

been quite squally since last date part of the time. Inspection this morning. Pretty good.

March 20

Capt. Goodale went to Demming this morning for his mother White and Mrs. Hay—

April 9

Easter sunday—my birthday—76 years old. I found $5 under my plate at breakfast from dear Greenleaf who has gone with Mrs. White and Mrs. Hay to Demming. We had a charming visit from them. Mrs. White reminds me so much of dear Fide—she gave me a fine raw silk handkerchief. We had a fine ride to Santa Rita.

April 18

Capt. G. and Co. "K" and two companies cavalry started for Sepor after Apaches on border of old and New Mexico. Twenty day's rations. G. gave me $5 more. Only 1 co. at post.

April 25

The air is full of rumors of Indian hostilities. One man killed and four wounded in Lt. Martin's cavalry company.

Wrote Capt. G. at Separ N. M.

April 29

Last night Capt. [R. I.] Eskridge and Co. [left] 11 o'clk. with 10 day's rations—post left all alone. Wrote Capt. G.

May 9

The past week has been squally—some rain, snow, and hail. I was sick yesterday—better this morning. Expect companies pm. How I long to see dear Greenleaf. Capt. Eskridge and Co. came back from Lordsburg, N. M.

May 26

Since last date all the companies have returned to post looking well. All glad to see them. New suit of clothes from N. Y. for dear Greenleaf. Wrote sister Thurston, Lizzie Waters and Adelaid—

June 9, 1882

Since last date we have had a number of fine showers. A party of visitors from Fort Cummings came up and spent

two or three days. Hop in their honor. Yesterday I went to Silver City with Lt. [Stephen] O'connor and [Lt. O. L.] Wieting.

June 29

Day before yesterday we went in 3 ambulances to Pache de Nos to meet 2 companies troops on march to another post. Had a fine ride and picnick. Two officers came up with us. Garden looks well. Rec'd letter from Willie Chapin and answered it.

July 22

Very hot for 2 weeks. 146 bats killed from one window. Lot of Mexican teams come—dull at post—two cavalry companies went out 15 day's rations. Mrs. [T. M. K.] Smith gave us ride. Lt. Wieting and family gone to New York 6 mo. leave. Harry Waters' wife died about 1 week ago.

August 5

Hot 2 weeks—2 companies cavalry returned yesterday. I went to Wall and Maggie O'Brien's wedding 1st Aug. at Silver City—nice wedding in chh. Fine ride to Hanover Gulch with Mrs. Eskridge and family. Rain.

August 24

Greenleaf quite ill today—frequent showers. Lt. Duprey made us 3 day's visit—rode to S. City with him. A fine pleasant fellow.

August 29

I rode to Silver City with Lt. Martin's family. Fine ride.

August 31

We were invited to Col. [J. K.] Mizner's and stayed till 1 o'clk. Had a fine time—refreshments and music.

September 1

Heavy shower—I told the boys we went to Col. Mizner's last summer and came back this fall!

September 3

Went down to new barracks. Company inspection.

September 14

I have been quite ill for the last 10 days part of time fine

weather. Flowers looking splendidly. Dr. Cocket and Lt. Duprey called a few days ago.

September 25

Beautiful morning. My health better. We are having plenty of melons from the garden; grapes, apples, etc. Mr. and Mrs. Kelley from California arrived and have performed on the violin and organ one evening—very fine artists. Mr. Kelley 70 and Mrs. Kelley 32. He is the finest player I ever heard and so droll and funny!

November 1, 1882

The Kelleys have come and gone—at our house one night. Wrote sister Thurston. A private died at hospital.

November 3

Some cases of dyphtheria and no school. Private buried.

November 4

Over to Reading Room. Capt. G. gone to S. City.

November 23

Cold with 4 in. snow. Capt. G. and Lt. Cowles gone hunting till Sat. 4th Cavalry to come soon.

December 11

Headqrs. 4th Cav. Since last date the Band and Col. [W. B.] Royall and family have arrived—very pleasant family. I went to Silver City last Friday. Last Sunday Capt. G. and the boys started for Fort Bliss via Fort Cummings to be gone a week. Last night two Episcopalian clergymen lodged with us—

December 25

Christmas—Capt. G. and the boys had a good visit to Fort Bliss and Mexico and ret'd safely. Lots of presents this morning for self and boys. Letter and handkerchief from Carrie and one fr. Cousin Belle today. Greenleaf gave me 1 silk hkf., 1 silk necktie, 1 linen hkf., oranges, apples, cigars, etc. etc. All the officers and ladies interchanged presents in the most generous manner. We had a most luxurious dinner —roast turkey, oysters, venison, sausage, and a nice dessert. This evening we were invited to Lt. Martin's and had a nice

supper, plays etc. What a delightful family! Met the Swartz brothers, Mrs. Munn, and Dr. Whitney.

January 1, 1883

We have entered on another year with all its unknown events. Oh, may God keep and bless us as a people and family. One family at post have lost 4 children by diphtheria—the rest of the family were ordered into a tent and their house and furniture burned up! A good deal of excitement. The school stopped—no other cases.

January 16

The post has had many festivities, meetings, etc. Catholic and Episcopal services. Sergeant Scott dead and buried. Attended masquerade ball reading room.

January 22

Very cold nights for 2 weeks—8 or 10 above zero. Lt. O'Connor and family arrived. We were invited to attend Mrs. Col. Mizner's "German" but declined. All well.

January 31

Amateur theatricals at Co. "K" barracks. Play of "Lending a Lover." It went off splendidly. Capt. Eskridge, Lt. ————, Miss Royall, Miss Martin, Lt. Martin, Mr. Mizner took parts. Full house after play at hop room.

February 3, 1883

The boys were to have had a picknick today but too cold and windy—three Chinamen killed out of four just above our post!

February 6

Three Mexicans arrested for the above murder. They are being tried at Central City today. Hop at Reading Room last night.

February 28

Last day mo. This mo. has been quiet, not cold. Amusements 2 or 3 times per week. Rev. Mr. Gamble of Silver City had preached nearly every Sab. evening.

March 23

Wrote Augustus Chapin. Co "K" plowing and sowing.

March 25

Gen'l Angar, Gen'l ————, Col. Forsyth and other officers arrv'd about 11 am. A salute of 15 guns, band, etc. Chh. services at 8 pm after which Col. Royall gave a reception and we met all the officers at his house. Had a fine time, refreshments, etc. They all left Monday morning.

March 27

Capt. Goodale, Lt. [E. de R.] Nichols, Lt. Wieting, George and self all went to Silver City. Rumors that Indians are out and committing murders. 5 or 6 ranchmen killed. We met the pack mules of two companies of cavalry dispatched this morning from Ft. Bayard to hunt them up.

March 28

Lt. Nichols' wife and baby are with us. Mrs. Nichols is Col. Haller's daughter.

March 29

Judge ———— and wife killed by Indians! Great excitement this morning, some talk of sending out another company of our post, Infantry. Capt. Eskridge's company went out for about a week.

April 9

My birthday, 77 years old. Greenleaf gave me a $10 gold piece which I gave back to him. Gen'l McKinsley, Capt. Woodruff, Lt. ———— called. Mr. Ed Pearson came last friday. We called at Lt. Martin's evening.

April 10

Greenleaf, Ed, and Frank Bennet gone to S. City.

April 27

We have had a most brilliant "German" this evening at New Barracks, about 18 couples besides visitors. Most stayed till 3 o'clk—decidedly gay. Mr. Pearson left Sat. 28th.

April 29, 1883

Good Chh. services—Mr. Gamble preached.

April 30

George sick. Letters fr. Lizzie and Mrs. Chapin.

May 28

This mo. thus far has been cold and backward till last

week or 10 days. Terrible cyclones reported all over the continent nearly. Capt. G. has been selling off and packing up for our long journey, poor fellow is terribly tired. We have boarded at O. C. Pratt and Nichols.

June 1

Called at all the officers qrs. Mrs. Capt. Eskridge gave me a nice silk hkf—called on Mrs. Hugo. We started for S. City 11 am—on cars for Demming. Dined at Metropolitan Hotel. Started on cars for Fort Bliss 7 pm arrv'd about 11 at Post and met Col. Fletcher, Capt. Wheaton and Lt. Hay. A most cordial recp'n, lodged at Col. Flecher's, pleasant people all. Post of 2 companies but oh, how dry and hot! Fort Bliss is in Texas on the river Rio Grande.

June 2

Rested all day.

June 3

Capt. G. and Mrs. Hay went to town to chh. We went over to hear Mrs. Lt. [E. B.] Bolton sing and play—very fine.

June 4

We drove to El Paso, quite a smart place.

June 5

Drove to El Paso del Norte in Old Mexico—a queer old M. town, queer gardens, Cathedral 300 yrs. old, relics, etc.

June 6

Oh, hot hot! 100 deg! This post 2 companies. Officers kind.

June 7

We start tomorrow and am glad to get out of heat.

# FREDERICK E. PHELPS: A SOLDIER'S MEMOIRS

*Edited by* FRANK D. REEVE

(*Concluded*)

In March, 1879, I received my long delayed promotion to First Lieutenant after nearly nine years' service as a Second Lieutenant. This promotion carried me to "F" Troop, which was stationed at Fort McIntosh, near Laredo. My commission dated from the 20th of March, 1879, but I was directed to wait at Fort Clark until further orders. On the 11th of May, 1879, my second daughter, Elsie L., was born at Fort Clark. Of course, I could not move my family for sometime and, in fact did not go down to Fort McIntosh until September. Just before Elsie was born, Auntie came to Fort Clark to live with us. Mary's sister, Maggie, had died at Celina the previous October of tuberculosis, and we at once wrote Auntie to make her home with us. She came by rail to San Antonio and from there to Fort Clark, a distance of one hundred and fifty-six miles, by coach, and the roads were in such a horrible condition that it took her three days to finish this coach ride. We had only three rooms in all. The front room was our bed room and sitting room. Immediately behind this was our dining room and we screened off one end of this to make a place for Auntie. The kitchen was immediately in the rear, but before Elsie was born, we moved into the other end of the house where we had five rooms, and we thought this was quite sumptuous. In September, I proceeded to Fort McIntosh by way of San Antonio, taking my family with me and all my household goods, which filled two six-mule wagons. When the order finally came for me to go to Fort McIntosh, I was out hunting and got home at nine o'clock that night, which happened to be a Saturday. Mary had a good supper waiting for me and after I had disposed of it, I was sitting on the porch smoking my pipe when she came out and told me that an order had come from the commanding officer, about four o'clock, that I was to start the very next morning for my new station. The temporary Post

commander was Major Wilcox.[87] I went over to his quarters and he told me there was an ambulance and some wagons at the Post belonging at San Antonio, that the Department commander had ordered them returned, and that he had telegraphed that I would leave the next day with them.

I was provoked, of course, over the exceedingly short notice, but said nothing. At reveille the next morning I told my first sergeant, for I was in temporary command of the troop, to send the entire troop to my quarters as soon as they had breakfast. The Quartermaster let me have a lot of rough lumber; by noon all of our furniture was packed, crated, and loaded on the wagons, and at one o'clock we pulled out for San Antonio. My family rode in the ambulance. We had a pleasant trip to San Antonio, and from there to Laredo, except that we were nearly devoured by mosquitoes a part of the time. On arrival at Fort McIntosh I reported to my new troop commander, Captain A. P. Carraher,[88] with whom I was fated to serve for some years. Carraher was a typical Irishman, had come into the regulars from the volunteers, and as an officer was absolutely worthless. He was noisy, overbearing, very harsh with his men, drank hard, and every time the troop went on a scout during the six years that I was with him he went on sick report promptly, leaving me to the command of the troop. I was immediately appointed Post Adjutant, and was practically placed in command of the troop, as I took reveille, the daily drill, and afternoon stables. The retreat and tattoo roll calls were taken by the Second Lieutenant, Mr. Pinder,[89] who had been recently transferred to the troop, and who was, I think, the handsomest man I ever saw in the Army. He was married. His wife was a fine young woman, and she became an intimate friend of Mary and me. I hear from her once in a while even yet. Pinder

87. John Andrew Wilcox was born in Washington, D. C. He was commissioned 2nd Lieutenant, 1st Cavalry, March 28, 1861, and advanced to the rank of Major, 8th Cavalry, March 20, 1879.

88. Andrew Patrick Caraher was born in Ireland. He enlisted as Captain, 28th Massachusetts Infantry, December 13, 1861, and was mustered out with the rank of Colonel, November 7, 1865. He re-enlisted as 1st Lieutenant, July 28, 1866, and was advanced to Captain, January 15, 1873.

The name is spelled with only one "r" in Heitman, *Historical Register*. . . .

89. Joseph William Pinder was born in Georgia. He was commissioned 2nd Lieutenant, 8th Cavalry, August 15, 1876.

was a reckless wild blade, careless in regard to his duties, more so in money matters, and did not last very long.

In July, Elsie was taken very ill and the doctor informed me that I must send her east to save her life. We started immediately and traveled one hundred and fifty miles to San Antonio whence Mary, Auntie, May and Elsie started for Urbana, and I returned to my station. The change of water and climate did wonders for Elsie, and she rapidly recovered.

In October, I took six months leave of absence and joined my family, who had gone to Saint Mary's, and that winter we lived with father and mother in the old house, Mary having charge of the household. On the 29th of the following January, my daughter, Margie, was born. That was one of the worst winters that I ever saw in Ohio, but we managed to get through very comfortably. When Margie was ten days old, I received a telegram from the War Department asking me if I was willing to give up the balance of my leave and go to Jefferson Barracks,[90] Missouri, just below St. Louis, for temporary duty; I promptly accepted and a week after I proceeded there and reported for duty.

Jefferson Barracks was then the Cavalry Recruit depot and I found that I was to be assigned to the command of one of the recruit companies. The commanding officer was my own Colonel Neill;[91] I found Williams,[92] of my class and regiment, there as Adjutant, and Captain Foote,[93] of my regiment, was the Quartermaster. Mary joined me about two months afterward, and we spent a very pleasant summer at this place, but in September I received an order to go to

90. For a brief history of this long-time western military post, established in 1826, see Henry W. Webb, "The Story of Jefferson Barracks," NEW MEXICO HISTORICAL REVIEW, XXI, no. 3 (July, 1946).

91. Thomas Hewson Neill was born in Pennsylvania. He graduated from the United States Military Academy and was commissioned 2nd Lieutenant, July 1, 1847. He held the rank of Brigadier General of Volunteers during the Civil War. He was commissioned Lieutenant Colonel, February 22, 1869, and Colonel, 8th Cavalry, April 2, 1879.

92. Richard Algernon Williams was born in Pennsylvania. He graduated from the United States Military Academy and was commissioned 2nd Lieutenant, 8th Cavalry, June 15, 1870. He was promoted to 1st Lieutenant, May 17, 1876, and Captain, April 24, 1886.

93. George Franklin Foote was born in New York. He enlisted as a private in the Civil War and was mustered out with the rank of Brevet Lieutenant Colonel, July 18, 1865. He re-enlisted as 2nd Lieutenant, July 28, 1866, and attained the rank of Captain, January 18, 1881.

Fort McIntosh to be assigned to duty as Quartermaster. On the first day of October, 1881, I assumed the duties of Quartermaster, Commissary, Adjutant, Post Treasurer, Post Signal Officer, and Post Ordnance Officer, all of these in addition to my duties as troop officer. It had been decided to build two new sets of barracks, an administration building, and two warehouses; I found that Major S. S. Sumner,[94] of my regiment, who was in command, had applied for me to do this work. He was one of the best officers to serve under that I ever knew, and I have always been very much attached to him, and to his lovely wife. He is now a Major General on the retired list. The Post Surgeon was Captain F. C. Ainsworth,[95] Medical Department, now Major General and Adjutant General of the Army. Major Sumner was a very easy man to get along with, prompt and active in the discharge of his duties. Captain Ainsworth and I did not get along so well together. He was a splendid surgeon and had a fine hospital, but was tenacious of what he thought were his rights; I suppose that I was equally tenacious on the other side, and we frequently clashed, but my acquaintance with him proved to be of very great value in after years. He gave me my present detail on recruiting service at Pittsburg and helped me in every way to get Fred his commission in the army; the last time I saw him in Washington we had a good laugh over old times at Fort McIntosh.

With all these duties piled on to me, I worked exceedingly hard, getting up at four o'clock and five o'clock in the morning; I made the rounds of the stables and of the work shops, then went to where the buildings were being erected at six, checked off the workmen to see that all were present, had my breakfast at seven, mounted the guard at eight, and put in the whole day around the buildings and the office, doing nearly all the clerical work in my office after dark. I was

94. Samuel Storrow Sumner was born in Pennsylvania. He was commissioned 2nd Lieutenant, June 11, 1861. He was promoted to Major, 8th Cavalry, April 2, 1879, and attained the rank of Brigadier General, February 4, 1901.

Samuel Storrow Sumner was a brother of Edwin Vose Sumner, Jr. See note 40.

95. Fred Crayton Ainsworth was appointed Assistant Surgeon, November 10, 1874, from Vermont.

only allowed one clerk, P. A. Ord, a nephew of General Ord,[96] and generally known as "Buck." He was a stalwart boy of nineteen, and an excellent clerk; he messed with us, and we were the warmest of friends until his untimely death.

One of the most aggravating things that ever occurred to me was in the following June when I received a telegram from the Chief Quartermaster of the Department that there was about forty thousand dollars left in his hands for barracks and quarters, and that if I would get into his office, before midnight of June 30th, ground plans, cross sections and elevations, together with an estimate of the cost of materials and labor for another barrack and commanding officer's quarters, two or three sets of officers' quarters, and various other buildings, we could have the money. After consulting with Major Sumner, Ord and I went to work, drew the plans, cross-sections and elevations, and made blue prints of the same, showing all the dimensions; we made estimates for the stone, brick, sand, lumber, nails, glass, etc., and the necessary labor to put up the buildings, and at noon of the 30th day of June, sent a telegram to the Chief Quartermaster that the plans, etc., had been mailed. We had worked almost continuously for forty-eight hours, leaving our office that morning at three o'clock. To my disgust, on the first day of July we received a telegram stating that the telegram of June 28th had been sent to our post by mistake, and that it was intended for another post.

In November, 1882, Captain Carraher had a misunderstanding with the commanding officer of the Post in regard to the number of men he had absent from a dress parade, and the commanding officer required all company commanders to at once submit a statement of how many men were absent, on what duty, and by what authority. Captain Carraher's report showed that he had twelve or fifteen men absent on a hunting trip without any authority from

96. Edward Otho Cresap Ord was born in Maryland. He graduated from the United States Military Academy and was commissioned 2nd Lieutenant, July 1, 1839. He served with distinction in the Civil War and retired with the rank of Major General, conferred January 28, 1881. See the *DAB* and *Appletons' Cyclopedia.*

the Post commander, who, of course, was the only one who could authorize it, and he received a sharp reprimand from Major Sumner for exceeding his authority. Up to this time I had had a soldier cooking for me and, of course, he belonged to my own troop. Captain Carraher also had one. Army regulations forbid this practice, but it was utterly impossible on the frontier to get civilian servants at any cost, and the practice of having soldier cooks was almost universal. I paid my man twenty dollars a month out of my own pocket; he attended target practice, muster, and Sunday morning inspections, but was excused from his other duties, and Captain Carraher's man was excused from everything, except target practice and muster. The next morning Captain Carraher ordered me to return my man to duty in the company, but did not turn in his own and, as I lived next door to him, I soon discovered this, but said nothing.

Auntie was with us and she and Mary did the cooking, but on the 25th of November Mary presented me with her second child, Fred; the very next day Auntie stepped on a rusty nail and was completely disabled for two weeks. There was no one to do the cooking but myself, and for two weeks I not only performed all my official duties but had to prepare all the meals and do the housework, for Mary and auntie were both in bed. One day Major Sumner asked me if I had attended to some important matter and I had to acknowledge that I had completely forgotten it. He looked at me a moment, then quietly said, "Phelps, you appear to be about worn out, have you too much to do?" I then told him the whole story, that besides working from daylight to midnight I had all the cooking and housework in my house to do. He asked me where my servant was and I told him that Captain Carraher had turned him in. He asked me if Captain Carraher had turned in his man, and I declined to answer the question, telling him that he could easily find out for himself. He immediately sent for Captain Carraher and asked him why he had taken away my man and kept his own, adding that I had declined to answer any questions about it. Captain Carraher, of course,

could offer no explanation. Major Sumner turned to me and asked me the name of the man that I had had, and immediately upon receiving the name, issued a written order detaching this man from the troop. He put it down in black and white that the soldier was to report to the Quartermaster, The Commissary, The Post Signal Officer, The Post Treasurer, and the Post Ordnance Officer for duty as cook in his kitchen, and sent a copy of the order to Department headquarters with a letter explaining the circumstances; to Carraher's utter amazement the order was promptly confirmed by the Department commander. Mary did not recover rapidly, and in the meantime an order came from the War Department transferring the troop to Fort Clark. Doctor Ainsworth immediately informed the Post commander that it would be dangerous to her life to move Mary at present, and I applied to Department headquarters for authority to remain behind until she could travel, but for some reason the Department commander disapproved it. Why, I never knew. I immediately went to Major Sumner and told him that he could put me in arrest, but that I positively declined to either attempt to move my wife in her then condition or to go away and leave her alone. He immediately telegraphed to Department headquarters that he had assumed the responsibility of ordering me to remain behind; he explained the matter more fully in a letter and then the Department commander approved it. The result was that the troop left without us, and Captain Carraher was directed to leave ten men behind to go with me. About the first of June we proceeded to Fort Clark, going the first day only seven or eight miles. Mr. Ord went with us that far and remained in camp with us that night. The next morning he said good bye to us and returned, and I never saw him again, for in a little over four years he died at old Fort Concho. When our regiment rendezvoused there, on the march to Dakota, I went to the cemetery and saw his grave. He was one of the best young men I ever knew. He was particularly attached to Margie, in fact to all my children, and was very kind to them.

Shortly after my transfer from Fort McIntosh to Fort Clark, Texas, in the summer of 1883, my troop was ordered for the summer to Meyers springs. This spring is under a pile of rocks in a desolate valley, about four miles from the Southern Pacific Railroad and one hundred and fifty miles from Fort Clark. For one hundred and fifty miles east and west of this place the Rio Grande flows through a large canyon; the only place in this three hundred miles that animals can be crossed was just opposite Meyers springs and forty-five miles distant from that place. At this point two canyons come down, one on each side of the river, and the water there was shallow, so that a party of raiding Indians could follow down one canyon, cross the river and reach the plains by the other canyon.

The Southern Pacific Railroad with working parties of five or six men each scattered along the road, asked that troops might occupy this canyon to keep the Indians from raiding from the Mexican side and threatening their working parties. It was impossible to keep troops down in this canyon on account of the awful heat, for it was not more than one hundred feet wide and the walls two or three hundred feet high; besides, in case of a flood, it would be a regular death trap, there being no escape.

Accordingly a troop of cavalry was kept at Meyers springs to pursue at once any parties crossing from the Mexican side. The troop was camped on a level plateau of sand and gravel, with not a tree within forty miles, and nothing green in sight. The plain was half gravel and half sand and thinly covered with long sage brush. The hot wind blew almost continuously all summer and brought clouds of dust on the camp; it was a very uncomfortable place. We could get no fresh meat and had to live on ham and bacon all summer and, of course, no vegetables at all. Doctor Blair D. Taylor,[97] Medical Department, was with us that summer. About the middle of July, Doctor Taylor and I took a dozen men and started for the Pecos river about sixty miles from our camp, partly to explore the

97. Blair Dabney Taylor was born in Virginia. He was appointed Assistant Surgeon, June 26, 1875.

country and partly for a hunting and fishing trip. We struck the Pecos river about fifty miles above its mouth where, on the western side, came down a little mountain stream, roaring and plunging among the rocks, and making an ideal camping place. We got there Sunday afternoon and, shortly after making camp, I laid down under a big sycamore tree and went to sleep. I dreamed that my father had died. He was at home at Saint Mary's, and I had not received any information that he was even ill. The dream made such a strong impression upon me that it woke me up, and I immediately told Doctor Taylor that I should return at once to camp. By this time it was dark and I could not ride over the mountain trail, but at daylight the next morning I took two men and pushed rapidly from camp, leaving Doctor Taylor and the party on this stream for a few days. I made the sixty miles to Meyers springs by sunset. Captain Carraher came out of his tent and, the moment I saw his face, I knew that he had bad news. I asked him if there were any telegrams for me, and he said, "Yes." I said, "My father is dead." He replied, "Yes, but how did you know it, the telegrams only came last night by mail from Fort Clark. Your wife received them and forwarded them; she told my wife, who wrote to me by the same mail." He handed me two telegrams from my brother, one saying that father was very ill and the other, one day later, that he was dead. These telegrams had been delayed, and were both more than a week old, so that it was impossible for me to reach home in time for the funeral.

I have often thought of these circumstances, but cannot explain them. I had not the slightest idea that my father had been ill and yet the dream was so vivid that I could not mistake it. I went to my tent to write to my mother and, while doing so, a man rode into camp and informed Captain Carraher that a party of fifty Indians had crossed the river and the railroad and were raiding the cattle ranches. He said that he came from a little station four miles from our camp, and that the news came there from the telegraph operator at Langtry, a station twenty miles

further down the road, who reported that the working parties had come in greatly alarmed, saying they had seen the Indians. Instantly boots-and-saddles were sounded and, in thirty minutes, the whole troop, except a small camp guard, were moving toward the canyon mentioned above to take possession of it and prevent the Indians' return. Telegrams were hurried to Department headquarters notifying them of our action. Our rations were sent to us once a month from Fort Clark and a carload was due that day. We only had two days' rations in camp, so I took the pack mules, a dozen men, went to the station to see if the car had arrived, and procured ten days' rations, Captain Carraher going straight to the canyon. I found the car on the side track, but the station agent refused to allow me to open the car, which was sealed, as he had received no way bill. I insisted upon having the rations and he peremptorily refused to open the car, so I put him under a guard, broke open the car, took out ten day's rations, packed them on the mules, and started on Captain Carraher's trail. I marched as rapidly as possible and arrived at the head of the canyon way after dark. I knew the trail down the canyon was very narrow and steep in places, winding along the face of the cliffs, so I went down ahead on foot striking matches from time to time and we finally arrived at the bottom. We remained there all the next day; about dark one of the men from camp came down and brought a telegram that the whole story was a fake, that the operator at Langtry was suffering from delirium tremens, and had made up the whole story. The next morning we started back, Captain Carraher going through to camp at once, while I camped at a water hole where we found fresh deer tracks. As soon as we had watered the animals and filled our camp kettles, we moved half a mile away and camped behind a hill. Doctor Taylor, who was a keen hunter, and I went back to the water hole; he stationed himself about a quarter of a mile away in a little canyon where tracks showed deer were in the habit of coming down. I concealed myself within twenty yards of the water hole and patiently waited for the deer to come, but about sunset, getting tired, I returned

to camp. Doctor Taylor came strolling over and, to his astonishment, a large buck deer was drinking out of the pool, but immediately made off before he could get a shot. If I had remained at the pool ten minutes longer, no doubt I would have gotten him, and Doctor Taylor abused me for a week for my neglect. We returned to camp the next day; this little trip took my mind somewhat off my grief.

We had been at Fort Clark but a few weeks when we were ordered to Del Rio, a one-company Post thirty miles west. I dreaded this because Carraher would be in command and I knew that it would be very unpleasant for me. There were only two houses there and we each took one. About this time our new Second Lieutenant, Matthew F. Steele,[98] now a Major of the 2nd Cavalry, joined us. He had just graduated at West Point and was a young, active and energetic officer, one of the best I ever saw. We speedily became very warm friends and are to this day. In June, I was ordered to Fort Leavenworth in command of the Texas Rifle team for the rifle competition. Just before this it had been discovered that in surveying the limits of the Post at Del Rio the engineer had made a mistake, both sets of officers' quarters were just outside the line and on private property.

Land around there was not worth more than ten or fifteen cents an acre, and the strip we occupied was not more than half an acre in extent, but the owner thought he saw a chance to bleed the Government and immediately demanded one thousand dollars for that little strip. Naturally enough the Government refused and, pending some other arrangements, we were ordered to vacate the houses and go into camp. I knew Mary and the children could not stand tent life in that climate in summer and therefore arranged to take them home. To go east required three full tickets and two half tickets, amounting to about two hundred dollars, which was, of course, a heavy drain on me, and would even then only carry us to St. Louis.

98. Matthew Forney Steele was born in Alabama. He graduated from the United States Military Academy and was commissioned 2nd Lieutenant, 8th Cavalry, June 13, 1883.

While I was Quartermaster at Fort McIntosh, a young man came to Laredo in charge of the railroad terminus and brought me a letter of introduction from a classmate of mine. Of course, we had him to dinner the following Sunday; for that dinner Mary prepared a number of spring chickens and that young man ate two himself. I was always fond of raising poultry and at that time had a large number of chickens in the yard. This young man, whose name was Farley, took Sunday dinner with us every week for several months; when we went away he told me if there was anything in the railroad line that I wanted to let him know. He had been the private secretary of the General Passenger Agent, and was, I think, his nephew. Remembering this, I wrote him at once from Del Rio. I told him that I had to send my family east and asked him if he could get me half-fare tickets to St. Louis. Nearly a month elapsed and the time to start had arrived, but I had received no reply, so I concluded that he had forgotten all about me. The very day before we were to start I received a letter from him from the city of Mexico, to which place he had been transferred to represent the railroad interests, but I had not heard of it. He expressed the hope that it was not too late and inclosed a pass reading, "Pass Captain Phelps, wife, nurse, children and extra baggage, from Del Rio to Urbana, Ohio," which pass was signed by the General Passenger Agent of the Missouri Pacific System. The next day Captain Carraher took his wife and daughter down to the Depot and I was there with all my family. He had to buy tickets, and when he discovered that I had a through pass for my entire family he was astonished. He told me that he had asked for half-fare tickets and had been refused, and asked me how in the world I got the pass. I only laughed and told him that I paid for my pass with spring chickens, and I never did tell him the rest of the story. On arrival at some point in Missouri, Mary and the rest went on east while I proceeded to Fort Leavenworth. While on the rifle range there I received a telegram from the War Department directing that, as soon as I had taken my men back to Fort Clark, to proceed to Lexington, Kentucky, and

report to the President of the Agricultural and Mechanical College of Kentucky, at that place, for duty as instructor in tactical and military science. I had been making some effort to obtain a detail of this kind at Meadeville, Pennsylvania, where an officer in my regiment held that position and was about to be relieved, but had utterly failed. I knew nothing of a vacancy at Lexington and for a long time wondered how it happened that I was ordered there.

I learned a year later that it was through the efforts of a classmate of mine to whom I had been kind when he was down and out. This man graduated at the foot of our class. He was the son of a prominent politician in New York City. After serving a few years with his regiment he resigned. While I was Adjutant at Fort McIntosh, a detachment of recruits for the regiment came down. I took charge of them and when I called the roll each man stepped to the front and answered "here." Finally I came down to the "J's"; to my utter astonishment, there stood the name of "Lovell H. Jerome"[99] and, looking up, there stood my classmate in the garb of a recruit. I went on calling the roll; when through, I dismissed the men to their camp and called to Jerome, shook hands with him and asked him what he was doing there. He said he had enlisted in hopes of recovering his commission. I told him to come to my quarters that evening. I introduced him to Mary; she gave us a nice lunch on the porch and left us alone, and we talked of old times nearly all night. There were one hundred horses at the Post to be sent down to Ringgold Barracks, one hundred miles distant, and I suggested to Major Sumner to put Jerome in command of the men to take them there. Of course, as he was only a soldier, he had to eat the same food as the other men and in that country this meant the straight ration and nothing more. But just before he left I sent him a box containing a lot of good things to eat, not forgetting a box of cigars. He got the horses down in good shape and did very well for a year. He was then ordered before a

99. Lovell Hall Jerome was born in New York. He graduated from the United States Military Academy and was commissioned 2nd Lieutenant, 2nd Cavalry, June 15, 1870, and resigned from the service, April 12, 1879. He re-enlisted and served as private and corporal from March 16, 1880, to January 31, 1882.

board of officers for examination and passed easily, but he could not stand his good luck, at once went on a terrible spree, and ended up in the guardhouse. Of course, this killed all chances for his commission and shortly afterward he was discharged. I next heard of him at old Fort Duncan through a letter from his father in New York, who stated that he had heard that his son was actually suffering for food and raiment, that he knew by bitter experience that any money he might send him would be spent in dissipation, and asked my advice. I immediately wrote him to send fifty dollars to a firm of merchants there, whom I knew, who would furnish him a good suit of clothes and other necessities; I also gave him the name of a hotel there where he could board, suggested that he write the proprietor that he would send him a check each month for his son's board, and that in the meantime I would endeavor to get his son some employment. I knew the Collector of Internal Revenue; I also knew that he had eight or ten men whose duty it was to patrol the Rio Grande and intercept smugglers, and I asked him to give Jerome one of these places which carried good pay if I remember right, one hundred dollars a month, and the use of a horse, and he promptly appointed him. I heard nothing more of him until a short time after we went to Del Rio, when one day a carriage drove up to my quarters and to my astonishment there was Jerome dressed in the height of fashion. Of course, he stopped with me and told me that night that he had been transferred to the office of the Collector of Internal Revenue at Corpus Christi, that he was now the Deputy Collector and was out on an inspecting tour. He stayed with me two days and then went on. Shortly after I went on a scout; on my return Mary told me that he had stopped there on his return and spent a day with her. She had told him of my efforts to get a college detail, as they were called, and that I had failed. He expressed his sympathy, but said nothing more. I learned that he wrote his father in New York, that his father was an intimate personal friend of the then President of the United States, Arthur, and that his father asked the President to give me one of these details, as a partial

payment, as he expressed it, for my kindness to his son; this is the way that I obtained that detail. It was very acceptable to me for it took me away from Captain Carraher; it also enabled me to be with my family in civilization for three years, and to put May in school, for of course there was no school on the frontier. I reported at the college in September, shipping my household goods there also, and we were soon comfortably fixed in a small frame house on the college grounds. These Agricultural Colleges, by an act of Congress of 1862, were each given a grant of thirty thousand acres of land for each member of Congress that the state might have. Kentucky at that time had seven members of Congress and accordingly received two hundred and ten thousand acres of western land; the law required that they should sell it, invest the proceeds in good bonds, and apply the interest on the money to the college. Besides this, Congress gave each college the sum of fifteen thousand dollars in cash each year, so that I soon found that this college had an income of over twenty thousand dollars a year from the Government. The law further provided that any of these colleges should have not less than one hundred and fifty male students, above the age of fifteen, who should be subject to military drill, wear a uniform, and should be entitled to an officer of the Army to act as instructor, the Government furnishing the arms, equipments, and ammunition. When I arrived there, the college had already opened and they had about one hundred and fifty students, but I found that they had never drawn the arms and equipments from the Government; they had about fifty old muskets that had been used during the war, but not a sign of a cartridge box, belt or bayonet. The only excuse they gave for not obtaining these arms was that the Government required them to give bond in amount double the value of the arms, and this they had been unwilling to do. Well, I quickly persuaded them to do so and went to Washington to present the request in person. I had no trouble in obtaining two hundred new cadet rifles, just the same kind as were used at West Point at that time, with a full complement of equipments and blank cartridges, and I also procured two cannon with the

necessary equipments. Like most colleges, they were a great deal more anxious to get the appropriation than they were to have any military discipline or drill. I found that it was simply a farce, and that I was not expected to do much of anything, but was very promptly asked to take the position of assistant instructor in mathematics, without any pay, which I promptly but politely declined. I finally persuaded the President, J. K. Patterson, who had been at the head of the college since its organization in 1869, and who only retired last year, 1909, to allow me one hour a day for drill and instruction. The boys soon became interested in the drills and dress parades, and made rapid progress. The next year the college increased its roll of students, and by the time that my detail of three years was up they had over four hundred boys, fairly drilled and capable of making a respectable appearance, but the discipline was practically a farce. The faculty were not willing to punish a student for any offense except drunkeness, and it was all I could do to get one or two disciplined even for that. College closed in June and we immediately went to Urbana to spend the summer.

For several years my mother had had a cottage at Lakeside, a kind of Methodist camp meeting ground on Lake Erie, a few miles from Sandusky. I had never been there, but in August she wrote me and urged me to visit her there; accordingly I took May and went up to spend ten days in the latter part of August.

It is not necessary for me to describe Lakeside and its beauties, for all my children have been there and know it well, but on this, my first visit, I found the place practically deserted, there not being probably more than one or two hundred people on the grounds. My sister Sue had married, some years before, Reverend E. A. Berry, a Congregational Minister, and I found both at the cottage. I was then, as I always have been, a great smoker, and I took with me a box of cigars. The day after I arrived Mr. Berry had to go to Detroit, so I drove him across country about six miles to the nearest railroad station, for at that time the branch road to Lakeside had not been built. When I returned, I went

to my box to get a cigar, found it empty, and found in it Mr. Berry's card containing the inscription, "Ta, Ta, I hope you enjoy yourself." The villain had taken every cigar I had. I left and went down to the hotel on the ground; when I told the clerk that I wanted to buy a box of cigars, he almost fainted and told me that no tobacco could be had on the grounds, that its sale was absolutely prohibited. The nearest town was Sandusky, ten miles distant, and a terrific north-east storm, with high winds and heavy rain, was raging. There was no way to get to Sandusky except by boat, and that, a rickety old affair, was not running; the only other way to get there was to drive across the country six miles to the same depot that I had taken Mr. Berry. I was utterly disgusted and raged up and down the grounds, alternately cussing Lakeside and Mr. Berry, and for three long days I never had a smoke. On the fourth day I discovered a gentleman out on the wharf smoking a cigar; I supposed I looked longingly at it, for he gave me a quick look, then approached me, holding out his hand, and called me by name. I saw that he was the gentleman, Mr. Trueblood, who the previous year had been an instructor at the college at Lexington. He laughed and said, "I know what is the matter with you; you are out of cigars." He divided what he had with me, and I have blessed his memory ever since. The next day I got over to Sandusky, bought a supply of cigars and, a few days afterwards, returned to Urbana, declaring that I would never go back to Lakeside; but I have spent many happy days there since with my wife and children.

We spent the summers of 1876 and 1877 at Lakeside. Mary had a very intimate friend, a widow, from Sidney, Ohio, by the name of Jennie Zinn, who spent that summer with us, a jolly, lively little woman, to whom we were much attached. In August, I received my order relieving me from duty at Lexington on the first of September and to report to my troop at Fort Clark for duty. Leaving my family at Lakeside, I went to Lexington, shipped our household goods and went on to San Antonio.

While at Fort Clark in 1878 May developed a lameness,

the result of a fall down stairs; the surgeons announced that hip disease had set in and that she must be sent east immediately to have a support fitted to her limb, possibly to be operated upon. That was just before Elsie was born and I could not get away, Aunty took May to Cincinnati; I telegraphed my brother Charley to meet her there and have her examined by a specialist. He did so, and they decided that no operation was necessary at that time, but fitted a brace to her limb and told Aunty that she would have to wear it for some years. Aunty then took her to Urbana. In about a month I received a letter from her stating that the doctors had decided that they would have to perform a severe operation upon her, but that May had begged that it be postponed until I should get there. As she expressed it, "Don't let the 'Goctors' cut me till papa comes, I want him to hold my hand." At that time she could not pronounce the word "doctor" correctly. As soon as I got the letter I telegraphed to a classmate of mine, Charley Morton,[100] now a Brigadier General, who was then on recruiting service in St. Louis, asking him to get me, if possible, a half-fare round-trip ticket from San Antonio to St. Louis, and inclosed Aunty's letter to explain why I needed it. Three or four days after I received a telegram from Morton saying, "Wait, pass coming," and two days afterwards, I received a round-trip pass from San Antonio, to Urbana, good until used, and I hurried home. To my great relief I found Aunty had misunderstood the specialist and no operation was necessary. I had been granted ten days' leave to make this trip, but started back the next day, as I did not think it right to take any more of the ten days' leave than was necessary to get back, as my leave was granted under a mistaken supposition, that is that May was to be operated upon. I bought a ticket from Urbana to St. Louis, not deeming it proper to use the pass again; on arrival in St. Louis went to Morton's office to thank him and ask him how he got the pass. He told me that, immediately upon receipt of my letter,

100. Charles Morton was born in Ohio. He enlisted in the Union Army as a private, July 29, 1861, and served until September 14, 1864. He graduated from the United States Military Academy and was commissioned 2nd Lieutenant, 3rd Cavalry, June 15, 1869. He was promoted to the rank of Captain, November 17, 1883.

he went to the General Passenger Agent of the Missouri Pacific System and asked for a half fare ticket, handing him my letter, and also Aunty's, to explain the circumstances. He said the General Passenger Agent read the letters and, without saying a word, called his stenographer and told him to send a dispatch to me, "Wait, pass coming," and immediately wrote out a pass and handed it to Morton to send to me. Morton started to thank him when he held up his hand and said, "Captain, two years ago I was in California and I received a dispatch that my little girl was to be operated upon immediately for hip disease, and that she had begged the doctors to wait for me. I hurried home, but found that they could not wait and she had died under the surgeon's knife. So long as I am General Passenger Agent no parent shall be kept away from his child when an operation is to be performed, if I can help it." I asked Morton to take me around to his office and introduce me, which he did, and I thanked him and handed him back the pass, telling him that it was a mistake, that no operation had been or would be performed, and that as I had obtained the pass under an error I declined to use it. He looked at me a moment and then said, "Mr. Phelps, you Army officers are the 'damdest fools' in one way of any people that I know. You were not to blame for the misunderstanding in any way, and you will use that pass to go back or, by George, you will have to go over another line. You Army people are too honest and square. Now take that pass back," which, of course, I cheerfully did. May recovered very slowly but, by the constant and unremitting attention of Aunty and Mary, she finally recovered.

When I left Lakeside this time, I knew that my troop would shortly be ordered from Fort Clark to Fort Davis.[101] I left them behind so that when they did join me they could go straight to Fort Davis, as I knew the march from Clark to Davis would be a very hard one. I joined my troop at Fort

101. Fort Davis was established October 7, 1854, on Limpia Creek, in Latitude 30° 36′ and Longitude 103° 36′ to protect the San Antonio-El Paso highway against Indians: It was abandoned in April 13, 1861, and reoccupied, July 1, 1867. The reservation embraced 300 acres. It was abandoned finally on June 30, 1891. The Fort was named in honor of Jefferson Davis.

Clark and found that my Captain, H. S. Weeks,[102] who had been promoted vice Carraher, who had died the previous year, was on sick leave, and that the Second Lieutenant, Steele, had gone east to be married. Late in September I started for Fort Davis. "G" Troop, under command of Fechet[103] and "K" Troop, under command of Lieutenant Shunk,[104] and my Troop "F," marched together under Captain Fechet's command.

The weather was delightful and we had an exceedingly pleasant march. Ducks were plentiful and with my shot gun I kept the mess bountifully supplied. Captain Fechet and I were old and intimate friends, but that was the first time that I had met Lieutenant Shunk. He was over six feet tall, very slender and cadaverous, and the most rapid and continuous talker that I have ever met. He had a fund of anecdotes, and as we generally rode together at the head of the command, he kept us in a roar of laughter a good share of the time. I never met a more companionable man, and we have been warm friends to this day. On arrival at Fort Davis, I found Captain Weeks there, he having passed us on the road. I selected a good set of quarters, but did not send for my family until February following because it was constantly rumored that we were to go to Dakota in the spring. In February, Captain Weeks and I determined to put in a company garden to raise vegetables for the men, but we delayed doing so until we could get some assurance that the regiment would not move that spring. At his suggestion, I wrote to Major H. J. Farnsworth,[105] of the Inspector General's Department, then on duty in Washington, an old friend, and

102. Harrison Samuel Weeks was born in Michigan. He graduated from the United States Military Academy and was commissioned 2nd Lieutenant, 8th Cavalry, June 15, 1868. He was promoted to Captain, April 4, 1885.

103. Edmond Gustave Fechét was born in Michigan. He enlisted as sergeant in the Union Army, June 19, 1861, and was mustered out November 21, 1865, with the rank of 1st Lieutenant. He re-enlisted as 2nd Lieutenant, 8th Cavalry, July 2, 1866, and was promoted to Captain, May 23, 1870.

104. William Alexander Shunk was born in Indiana. He graduated from the United States Military Academy and was commissioned 2nd Lieutenant, 8th Cavalry, June 13, 1879. He was promoted to 1st Lieutenant, July 23, 1885.

105. Henry Joseph Farnsworth was born in New York. He enlisted with the rank of Captain of Volunteers, July 8, 1864, and was mustered out, September 1, 1867, with the rank of Brevet Lieutenant Colonel. He re-enlisted as 1st Lieutenant, June 14, 1867, and attained the rank of Major, September 22, 1885.

asked him to find out quietly for us if there was any danger of the regiment moving that year, explaining my reason. He answered that he had gone to the War Department and was authorized to say to us unofficially that the regiment would not move that year. So we put in our garden and I sent for my family. When the family came, my brother's daughter, Kate, came also, to my great delight. Kate was a lively girl, fond of dancing and company and a great favorite with all of us. Lieutenant Sayre,[106] of our regiment, became devoted to her at once, and I had unlimited fun joking them both. About the first of May Captain Weeks, with whom I had been at West Point for three years, and who was a very intimate personal friend, was in poor health and, at my suggestion, we went to a creek about twenty-five miles away to camp out for a week to fish and hunt. We took half a dozen men with us, a couple of tents, and for three days we had a great time, but one evening a soldier of our troop rode into camp and handed us letters, saying that the regiment was to march for Dakota in ten days. Of course, we hurried back to the Post to commence preparations. Kate and Mr. Sayre were engaged to be married. I arranged to send my family home, as no women and children would be allowed to accompany the regiment and Kate, of course, was to go with them.

Mr. Sayre informed me that as soon as he got to Dakota he intended to get a leave of absence for four months, go to Ohio, where they would be married, and have a wedding trip to West Point, New York, Washington and other places. I told him that when we got to Dakota he might be unable to get his leave of absence, in fact, I doubted it very much. I suggested that he and Kate should be married at once, that he should turn over to her the money they expected to spend on a honeymoon trip and that he should let Kate, under Mary's guidance, buy their household goods at Cincinnati and ship them to Fort Meade, South Dakota, where he knew his station would be. When he got there she could join him, or if he could get a leave of absence he could go east on a short leave. He thought the plan a wise one and, under the

106. Farrand Sayre was born in Missouri. He graduated from the United States Military Academy and was commissioned 2nd Lieutenant, 8th Cavalry, June 15, 1884.

advice of Mary and myself, Kate consented. The family was to leave the next day for the railroad station, twenty miles away. Sayre and I went down to the little Mexican town just below the Post and got the license. We there found a poor Methodist Minister and asked him to come to my quarters the next day at noon to perform the ceremony; but, as we wanted to spring a surprise on the other officers and ladies, he must come up at ten o'clock, come in the back way and keep out of sight, to which he laughingly agreed. The next day about ten o'clock, I sent out a circular notice requesting all the officers and their wives to appear at our house for a little surprise party. Not a soul knew what was going on; about half past eleven they all gathered on the big porch, full of curiosity to know what was to be done. The regimental band came marching across the parade ground and stopped in front of the house; immediately following them was Sayre, Troop "A," and my Troop "F," the men appearing in their blue shirts and campaign hats ready for the march. This aroused still more curiosity, but still nobody guessed. At sharp twelve o'clock Mary came out of the hall door with Mr. Sayre, I followed immediately after with Kate on my arm, and the little parson came sneaking out behind us. Quickly stepping into the middle of the porch, Mary and I lined up on opposite sides, the minister stepped forward, and, with a gasp of astonishment, everyone saw that a marriage was about to take place. Immediately after the ceremony there were shouts of congratulations, the band played the wedding march, Mary and I passed the wedding breakfast, consisting of lemonade and tea cakes, the ambulance drove up to the door and in thirty minutes they were on their way to the depot, I asking Sayre to look out for my family, as I was too busy to go. He returned that evening and said that they had gotten off safely at four o'clock. I had warned him to be careful and get the tickets via New Orleans and the Cincinnati Southern Railroad to Cincinnati, and he said he had, but a few days afterwards I got a letter from Mary stating that before they arrived at New Orleans they found that the agent had palmed off on him tickets to New Orleans, thence to Vicksburg, thence to Memphis, thence to

Louisville, thence to Cincinnati, which forced them to change cars at Vicksburg, Memphis, and Louisville, and added a whole day to their journey. I rubbed it in on Sayre for weeks afterwards for being so addled as not to be able to buy railroad tickets properly. I reported the agent to the Railroad Company and he lost his job, as I found out that he got a commission by selling tickets that way instead of the way that Sayre had asked for. He had asked for the tickets all right, but did not take the trouble to examine them.

On the 17th day of May, one troop having come down from Fort Bliss to join us, we formed a line on the parade ground ready for the long march to Dakota. Some years afterwards I wrote an article for the Cavalry *Journal* telling of this march and this article, which forms the next chapter in this little book, will give my children an idea of that march.

(THE END)

## *Notes and Documents*

In connection with the document printed below, the reader is invited to read the story of the same event as printed in the NEW MEXICO HISTORICAL REVIEW, vol. 22, p. 146 (April, 1947). It is recorded in the diary of Dr. James A. Bennett who, as a United States Dragoon, participated in this fight with the Indians.

According to Clinton E. Brooks, "This battle is described in an account which originally appeared in the Santa Fe Gazette on the 15 April, 1854. . . . It was taken from the official report of General John Garland. It was reprinted in the May 27, 1854 issue of the St. Louis Republican. Dr. Bennett later vividly described the battle in full detail as follows:" F. D. R.

In the spring of 1854 scarcely a day passed without rumors of murders and robberies or devastations by the Indians. No single man or small party could travel anywhere in the Territory with safety. 'Twas with caution that the people left their doors for they knew not the moment that the Red Skin might pounce upon them.

On the afternoon of the 29th of March, news reached our fort at Taos that 1500 head of cattle had been driven off and 2 herders had been killed that day. The bugle sounded, "To Arms." 60 young, hardy, and as courageous men as our army could boast vaulted into their saddles to pursue their aggressors. Night came on as we continued our march. A small comet appeared in the sky; by some it was considered ominous. A Sergeant remarked to me at the time, "I think we shall have a fight and if we do, it will be the last that I shall ever have." At midnight we encamped at a little ranch, called the Cienequilla, upon the east bank of the Rio Grande. From people here we learned that 15 Indians had passed the previous evening, driving a large herd of cattle, and on their route had killed a white man whose body they left lying in their track.

At the first sign of day we were up and off. 'Twas a lovely morning. The rays of the sun were reflected upon the snow crowned mountains and gave them a grand and sublime appearance as we neared them in pursuit of the foe. During the night 2 men had deserted and 3 more had been sent along the bank of the river to see if any Indians had crossed, leaving our party 57 strong. Eight o'clock that morning found us in a deep ravine about 5 miles from our night's encampment. We passed through a narrow defile and came suddenly upon the trail of at least 400 Indians. This we did not expect but we were in the trap and

must depend upon our own efforts to escape total annihilation. The column was brought to a halt. The last man had scarcely entered through the defile when a yell burst forth that caused each heart to stand still. The echo resounded from rock to cliff and ere it died away 200 warriors sprang upon the rocks in view above us.

The report of a rifle was heard. The ball whistled by and another followed in quick succession, taking effect upon one of the horses. 'Twas the work of a moment to secure our horses, form a line, and charge up the mountain. The soldiers, never heeding danger, rushed madly on and into the very camp of the Indians. Volley followed volley but we drove them back. They left 8 dead bodies upon the field but only one of our men was killed. We supposed the worst was over. Alas! It was but the beginning.

8 men remained in charge of our horses, and no sooner had we driven the Red Skins from their camp than these 8 men called for assistance. We immediately rallied upon our horses and found that the Indians had made 3 unsuccessful attempts to seize them. In so doing they had wounded 2 or 3 men. Several horses, smarting from the pain of their wounds, were rearing, kicking, plunging, and causing others to break loose, go flying among the Indians, and be caught by them.

We took our position outside and around our animals, forming a circle for our own and their protection. Shots followed each other in rapid succession. We heard the monotonous sound of the savages' drum upon the hill. Indians shouted from point to point. Their dusky forms, gliding with the agility of the deer from rock to rock and creeping ever nearer our party, discharged with deadly aim their pieces. With sudden demoniacal yells the savages would rush upon us from all directions at once and fire. Their volley would be responded by the dying groans of poor fellows whose fates were sealed. Some victims shouted, "I'm shot! I'm shot!" and fell to the ground to welter in their own blood and die without a sympathetic word. Others cried for help when no help was to be had.

But do not suppose the soldiery had been idle all this time. The Indians are seen hurrying to and fro on the heights above us. One gives a bound in the air and falls a corpse; his body is at once seized and hurried into the background. Another rides upon the hill, and wears an air of defiance as he sits upon one of our captured steeds; the loud report of a Sharps rifle is heard and the horse plunges forward . . . but riderless. Men are falling dead and wounded on all sides. The foe have gradually lessened the dimensions of our circle. The trees and boulders are no longer a protection for us, and something must be done. One half hour more in this position and not a man would be left to tell the tale.

We concluded, after five hours of fighting, to retreat. Leading our horses we neared the narrow defile through which we had entered this ambuscade and observed the pass was literally lined with these fiends

in human form waiting to finish their well-planned slaughter. No time was to be lost. We turned to the right and commenced the ascent of a steep, abrupt mountain with scattered underbrush on its face. The moment we changed our direction, the Indians left their hiding places and hurried up the mountain before us. As we reached the summit, another inhuman yell burst forth and the savages poured upon us in scores, rushing up face to face. Rifle and pistol balls, arrows and lances flew in all directions, dealing death and destruction. Some grappled hand to hand with drawn sabre cutting right and left. All dragoons came to the conclusion that they must die there and knew that death was preferable to being taken captive. Both parties fought like tigers. After 10 to 15 minutes, the Indians gave way and fell back.

Our number of able-bodied men was getting small. The wounded men were placed in the center. We then moved along the top of the ridge of the mountain for another half mile. While going that half mile the Indians made 7 successive charges upon us and were repulsed each time by our sturdy little band. The seventh and last of the charges beggars description. No tongue can tell it; no pen can write it as it was; only he who saw can know. The Indians seemed to make one grand rally and were determined to crush us at once. One fierce deafening volley came from the firearms. For a moment we were enshrouded by a dense volume of smoke. As the passing breeze wafted it past us, a cloud of iron-pointed arrows came hissing in our midst, darkening the air and strewing the ground beneath our feet. Men shouted in despair but determined to fight to the last. Horses writhing with death pangs trampled men underfoot, and rushed headlong over the precipice, falling a mangled mass of flesh and blood in the abyss below. The noble sergeant who predicted his death . . . where is he? Look in the midst of the battle where danger is thickest. Noble fellow! Sword in one hand, pistol in the other, countenance pale but firm, he contends with 5 stalwart braves. Three arrows are buried in his body but still he beats them back.

Once more the Indians recede. The pieces are loaded with all possible dispatch, and the last ammunition is in the guns. Look at those faces. Not one ray of hope illumines their sky. Simultaneously those having horses mount them, thrust their spurs into the flanks of the steeds, and make one great last effort to force their way through the circle formed around them. Shot follows shot; their way is obstructed by the foe who would still hold their game. They crowd their horses upon the Indians. The last shot is discharged. The heavy sabre, seen to glisten in the air, falls with a heavy blow and returns upward reeking with gory blood. The circle is broken; still there is hope. Our little band pass over a bridge of mangled bodies of friends and foes. One exclamation bursts from every lip, "Forward, Forward for Life!" On we rushed our noble steeds of war, trained to Indian warfare, with their nostrils extended, straining every sinew, bounding over every impediment, and mangling the bodies beneath their feet. Just at this moment

the 3 soldiers sent to the river in morning were seen descending a mountain path. The Indians, supposing reinforcements were approaching, turned and fled from us. We also continued our flight.

* * *

The letter below has been transcribed from a microfilm copy in the library of the University of New Mexico. The original is housed in the National Archive, Washington, D.C., among the incoming correspondence, superintendency of New Mexico, office of Indian affairs, old records. F.D.R.

Head Quarters Fort Defiance, N. M.
June 12th 1856

Sir—

Having recently distributed certain farming tools to the Zuñis & Moquis entrusted to me for that purpose by Agent Mayers, I deem it my duty to communicate to you the result of my observations at those Pueblos.— So isolated are they, and so naturally dependent upon this post, that I trust you will excuse me in this matter.

Zuñi, 60 miles South of us, has improved considerably since I last saw it, two years ago. Its people appeared more cheerful, better clad, more provident and many than before; I think they are increasing, and now number some 1300 or 1400 persons.

They slowly enlarge the area of their planting grounds, under the stimulus afforded them by our market. I gave them four plows intended to be used with mules or horses, and, at their request, I showed them the manner of using them; by all means they should have been calculated for use with oxen. At present they have no other proper draught animals, nor is it desirable that they should have. The possession of many mules or horses will assuredly lead to a taste for roving habits, if, indeed the Navajoes do not rob them of all such animals.

Two or three, *possibly four*, plows may be given them pr. year with advantage. But beyond this I am certain to give them any thing will, in every way, have a very bad tendency.

The Corn which we purchase in Zuñi costs us there some $4000.00 pr. an. They also sell considerable to the Navajoes. In this way they have means enough of making every proper purchase. *Gifts* to them can only lead to idleness.

The so called "Seven Pueblos of Moqui" are situated some 90 or 100 miles to the West of us. While the Zuñis have descended from those who once lived in the "Seven Cities of Cibola" of Castañeda, the seven villages of Moqui are the identical "Seven Cities of Turayan," but neither have any reliable traditions. Six of these Pueblos are in clusters of three each, these clusters being some seven

miles a part; seven miles farther from us is the single pueblo of Oraibe, the largest of all.

All of them are built of stone, upon rocky cliffs, some 200 or 300 feet above the valley, and wholly inaccessible to any but the most sure footed beast.

At present there may be some 2000 or 2500 inhabitants in these seven Pueblos. They say that their numbers are decreasing, which is undoubtedly true. In fact, unless some thing be done for them, they are doomed to utter extinction; that something *can not be done too soon.*

Their viscious system of intermarriage has deprived them of all manliness, & the Navajoes ride over them rough shod. It will be very difficult to puebloize the latter while the Moquis give so unfavorable an example of that system; for this reason, if for none other, it would be well to resuscitate those Pueblos. For this, the most important thing is *to give them a market;* the next is that they should have a *special agent.* Such an agent might have the care of the Zuñis also. When it is remembered hom completely isolated from all others these Pueblos are, and how exposed they are to inroads by wild Indians, it seems not to be asking too much for them. Still, if it be so deemed, then the Pueblos of Acoma, Laguna, and Pojuate, might be entrusted to his care. All these Pueblos form a tolerably well defined district, of which Fort Defiance is the most central occupied point.

If there be any where a Missionary who is *really anxious* to practice self-denial, and to "take up his cross" he will find an *open field* at Moqui.

This post is ready to take all the corn which they can produce, the only thing which they will have for sale for many years to come. Besides the directly favorable effect of such a market, our visits there would be a check upon the exactions of the Navajoes.

But in order that we can buy their corn it is absolutely necessary that an accessible store house should be built near each of the clusters, and one at Oraibe; the Moquis are anxious that this should be done. I think $1000.00 would build all these store houses; but I can not with propriety ask Genl. Garland to make the cost chargeable to Army appropriations.

I can make the doors and windows here, and from along our road can cut and haul the roofing timbers. This the Moquis can not do, & if they could, it would cost them one half of the entire expense. It would be proper that I should do this only upon condition that the buildings should be used for the sole purpose of storing corn by our recognized agent, and that whether the Pueblos are "Citizens" or not, no powder, lead or ardent spirits, shall be sold in them without the consent of the superintendent of Indian affairs in this Territory, and that of the Commanding officer of this post.

When these Store houses are put up, every inducement to industry

will have been afforded them. But it is absurd to give them farming utensils, when they already produce more than they want, and can not sell the surplus. When a market is thus afforded them, not one dollar should be *given* them; it will have the most pernicious tendency. It will not only lead to idleness directly, but will destroy the necessity of a market; and such is their character that they will at once expect to be supported by the Government. The giving these people a market I believe to be not only the cheapest and most efficient means of saving them, but without it I am certain that all other efforts will be entirely fruitless. The influence that so small an expenditure, if it restores these Pueblos, will have upon the wild Indians, ought not to be overlooked.

I ask for this subject your favorable consideration. If you deem it beyond your power to authorize such an expenditure, I then ask that you will refer the matter to higher authority.

In the mean time I will thank you if you will inform me of your views in the premises—.

I am Sir,
Very respectfully,
Your obedt. Servt.
(signed) H. L. Kendrick.
Captn. 2nd Artillery & B. Major
Commg. Fort Defiance.—

To
Hon. D. Meriwether
Gov. & Sup. Indian Affairs
Santa Fe, N. Mex.
Copy for Commissioner of Indian Affairs—
H. L. Kendrick
Bt. Maj. & Comd. Post

*Sun in the Sky.* Walter Collins O'Kane. Norman, Oklahoma: University of Oklahoma Press, 1950. Pp. xvii, 261. Illustrated. $4.00.

This volume comprises number thirty in *The Civilization of the American Indian Series,* which the University of Oklahoma Press began to publish in 1932. As its contribution it presents a well-rounded picture of the life of the Hopi Indians who reside in a dozen settlements in northeastern Arizona. The book is of particular interest because the Hopi are a large tribe who have managed to retain much of their aboriginal culture right down to our own day.

A reader's reaction to *Sun in the Sky* will be greatly influenced by the point of view from which he judges the work. If he is an anthropologist who hopes to find information beyond what is already available in technical journals, he is apt to be disappointed. If, on the other hand, the reader is a layman who is curious to learn something about Hopi customs, he is likely to be well-satisfied. Since the author does not claim to be writing for a professional audience, it is only proper that his book should be evaluated from the standpoint of a lay reader.

*Sun in the Sky* affords an overall view of contemporary Hopi Indian life, but historical or background material is supplied wherever necessary. Most of the volume is based upon the author's personal experiences and observations. These extend over a number of years and range over the full extent of Hopi territory, but the main emphasis appears to fall on Moenkopi and other progressive or acculturated villages, rather than on the old, conservative pueblos on the mesa tops. Clever use of the first person creates an atmosphere in which the reader feels himself accompanying the author on his various journeys about the reservation. In this way one comes to be familiar with the harsh but colorful environment in which the Hopi live, and gradually acquires an understanding of their daily habits, working pursuits, religious beliefs, and contacts with other Indians and Whites.

The author is at his best when dealing with native arts and crafts, but his grasp of the complicated socio-religious system is rather weak.

The entire work is suffused with Professor O'Kane's warm sympathy and affection for his Hopi friends. Indeed, his enthusiasm is so great that occasionally it betrays him into dealing idealistically rather than realistically with his material. There is a tendency to omit or gloss over anything unpleasant or improper according to White American standards. Among other things, one is given the impression that the Hopi are clean and tidy, which is not the case; and the neat living room that is pictured on page 112 is anything but typical of the general run of residences.

In spite of occasional flaws, Professor O'Kane's book gives ample evidence that he is a keen observer and a good reporter. His text is clear and readable, and its value is enhanced by a large number of original photographs and a useful index. When one realizes that by profession the author is an entomologist, the wonder is not that he has committed an anthropological error here and there, but that he has produced so sound a portrayal of one of the most complex Indian cultures still functioning within the borders of the United States.

University of Michigan MISCHA TITIEV

Albert N. Williams. *Rocky Mountain Country.* American Folkways, no. 20. General editor, Erskine Caldwell. New York: Duell, Sloan and Pearce, 1950. Pp. xxv, 289. $3.50.

Albert Williams, a fourth generation Coloradoan, says that "Rocky Mountain Country is mostly the mountains in Colorado, plus the fringe along the southern border of Wyoming and the few fingers that jut down into New Mexico." (xvi) Herein are six great ranges, the Front or Rampart, Sangre de Cristo, San Juan, Sawatch, Park, and Medicine Bow, as well as a number of lesser ones. Here also are more than fifty of the eighty peaks in the United States which attain or exceed an elevation of fourteen thousand feet.

Between the ranges lie the Colorado, Platte, Arkansas,

and Rio Grande river valleys, fruit and vegetable gardens of today. Within this region are the great mineral fields: Clear Creek, Cripple Creek, Blue River Canyon, Aspen, Leadville, Silver Cliff, and Silverton (see five maps, following p. xxv).

The author has examined the evolution of this Rocky Mountain Country in a series of chapters dealing with explorers (Spaniards and Anglo-Americans), fur traders, Pacific trails, early gold rushes, and the Civil War. This much of the volume seems to the reviewer to constitute a Part One of the book. Then follow two chapters, one on mining in the Leadville area, devoted mainly to the fantastic career of Horace Tabor, the other on mining in the Cripple Creek area, woven about the career of Winfield Scott Stratton.

What might be a third part of the book is comprised in the "sociological" chapters on labor (Ch. IX, "Men with Grievances") and agriculture (Ch. X, "Men with Hoes"), and a final chapter as an evaluation of a regional type, "The Rocky Mountain Man of Today."

Mr. Williams has written a book that will hold the interest of most readers. His style is vivid, sprightly, and earthy, by turns, according to the needs of his material, and he has amply justified the thesis that there is a Rocky Mountain Country which may be studied as a region. Or, to put the matter differently, he shows that there is as much justification for applying a regional study technique to the Rocky Mountain Country as there is for any other "region" which may be singled out.

It seemed to this reviewer that a regional technique is weakest when used with reference to such subject as "Labor Troubles." Here greater insight into the problem may be gained by studying the labor question across the board, as it were, than as an aspect of the development of a region. True, there were (and are) unique situations which would develop in the field of labor relations in a mining frontier, but the study of unique features loses much of its meaning if such study obscures the general, common features of a subject. For instance, an appreciation of the economic structure of the United States in April 1914 would not permit one to interpret the "Ludlow massacre" as a time when "For a few

horrible days the United States tottered on the brink of revolution in the bolshevik manner." (p. 237). Colorado is not the only locality in the United States wherein struggles between labor and management have been violent.

Finally, are there traits which define a Rocky Mountain type man? Mr. Williams believes there are, or at least that such traits are developing (he states, p. 272, that . . . "Rocky Mountain Country is just coming into its own regionalism." . . . ). It is certainly true that a unique region should produce a unique type (or vice versa), or that the very concept of a regional study rests upon the existence of a unique type. To date, the author believes that the Rocky Mountain type is one who " . . . prefers to lay away the cares of the work-a-day world and seek the other values that lie beneath the surface of a man's personality." (*loc. cit.*).

How such a type would have emerged out of some three or four generations of fur seekers, ore seekers, and land seekers, the reviewer would not know, though he would acknowledge that some differences would have to develop between people who live in the vivid consciousness of natural grandeurs as opposed to those who, for example, are surrounded by man-made grandeurs of a strictly urban life.

THEODORE E. TREUTLEIN
San Francisco State College, California

*Records and Maps of the Old Santa Fe Trail.* Kenyon Riddle. Pp. 104. [1949] Privately printed by the Author. Raton, New Mexico.

The genesis of this book lies in Mr. Riddle's boyhood interest in the Santa Fe trail. A civil engineer by profession, he has devoted his spare hours throughout a life time to a study of this subject.

The best part of the book, and the real contribution by the author, are five pocket folding maps which present a detailed historical picture of the trail. They are based on intensive study, including much field work, and are probably the best to be found. A stiff card ruler accompanies the

maps for the convenience of readers who wish to measure distances.

The author states that the trail has been marked in the past in relation to the route of the Santa Fe railroad. His maps link the trail to the modern highways for the convenience of motorists. Pages 36-37 constitute an index to the map. Each numbered historical place on the map has a corresponding number in the text followed by a description.

Mr. Riddle makes a plea for the placing of correctly located highway historical marks. Some of them now in place, he contends, are inaccurate and ought to be changed.

The material in this book is not well organized. There are numerous excerpts from primary and secondary histories of the trail. The story could have been told more in the author's own words. However, it will be of interest to many people, and the maps will be especially useful.—F.D.R.

*The Valley Below.* Alice Marriott. Norman, Oklahoma: University of Oklahoma Press, 1949. Pp. 243. $3.00.

In *Maria: The Potter of San Ildefonso,* Alice Marriott wrote sensitively and often beautifully of the life of a people alien to her. In order to be near her work at the pueblo, she set up housekeeping with Margaret Lefranc, artist and creator of fine illustrations for *Maria* and this present book, in a Spanish-American valley community nearby. *The Valley Below* is an account of their life in that community, the humorous approach dominant, the serious present too, to make an interesting blend. To say all this so solemnly is a little foolish and foolhardy, for Miss Marriott, in having a thoroughly witty time, has thrust now and then at the solemnities, even those of her profession, ethnography.

In the first part of the book she takes us humorously, even hilariously at times, through the discomforts and mishaps of refurbishing an old 'dobe house, dealing with an earnest but inept handyman, controlling a houseful of irrational Siamese cats, getting water out of a perverse well and equally perverse well experts, battling the eccentricities of a coal and wood stove, negotiating the intricacies and doubts

of house-buying, getting peace and sleep during the nocturnal debates of rights to irrigation water, the purse-emptying, house-crowding mania for pottery, the trials of building an addition to the house. There has been some method in this approach. Chapter XIII begins: "Now I seem to have reached the point, according to ethnological custom, where I must go beyond the household and its dwelling, and define and describe the surrounding community in relation to the specific unit." So the latter half of the book, maintaining the humorous approach, though with less dominance, deals with the social life of Indians and Spanish-Americans, ending in a series of well-told little stories of the neighboring Maclovio Salazars, and a sensitively felt story of the Penitentes. Thus the book that began "with the idea of an orderly description of a society" became one "about a house and its being lived in, and about some of the people who came and went there." It traced also a change in the two women. "The impersonality of being moderately successful, urban, professional women was gone from us. We were women, and our neighbors came to us for help because they knew we would understand and would give it."

There are some things one regrets about this book, regrets them because Alice Marriott writes so well. Despite her own denials of success in portraying a society, a good deal of understanding does come through, but it has to make its way through the convention that controls the book. The convention goes something like this. An urbanite, feeling decay in the city, indeed in his own culture in general, turns to "the simple life." He does not do it with the whole-hearted romanticism of, say, a St. John de Crèvecoeur. He sees some of the lighter ironies and laughs at his discomfiture. The *Atlantic* used to run sketches of this sort for its urban readers, and still does occasionally. And *slick* humor uses the idea. The convention has many extensions. Sometimes the adventurer not only finds the natives inept, costly, but lovable, but is himself a competent, self-reliant person who may with ingenuity control the situation. As long as this happens, we get more of the narrator than of the native. Miss Marriott's first chapter starts off so thoughtfully, in such finely-

woven prose, that one expects more objectivity than he gets. The humor, as I said, is lively, and understanding comes through. But the enigmas of alien ways, that we would like to solve rather carefully, remain incompletely penetrated. One would like to see Miss Marriott try a serious approach in fiction, something like that of Katherine Anne Porter.

University of New Mexico E. W. TEDLOCK, JR.

*Western Land and Water Use.* Mont H. Saunderson, Denver, Colorado: University of Oklahoma Press, 1950. Pp. xi, 217. $3.75

Americans living east of, say, the 100th meridian, have long been apathetic toward the problems of Western land and water. Call it provincialism, political immaturity or ordinary ignorance. That's the way it is, or has been.

The Easterner whose view of the West hitherto has been bounded by Pike's Peak and Yellowstone Park on one side and Hollywood, in Technicolor, on the other, is due an awakening. Western resources were never the exclusive concern of the West, and they are less so today. In fact, if one were collecting specimens of public policy issues of gravest importance to the nation, he might concentrate on the subject of this volume without missing much. It appears that it is high time for national comprehension of a national problem. Historical developments are forcing it.

Not all the lack of a Western consciousness is the fault of the inhabitants of other regions. Until now, nobody has come forward with a very striking analysis of the great array of policy questions confronting the West. Except in isolated spectra, the picture simply has not been painted for the layman's eye to see. Generally, the literature has appeared in one of two forms—the gaudy metaphor of the novelist and scenario writer and the soggy jargon of the researcher. In short, the curious few have had a choice between a literary hot foot or a sleeping pill.

Mont Saunderson attempts in *Western Land and Water Use* to tell the story accurately without stifling the reader. It's a good try, the best to date, even though the book does

not quite fulfill the somewhat lavish promise of its dust jacket: the author "... spares no interests, either private or governmental ..." and he "proposes stringent measures...." For those who are familiar with the subject, the treatment here provides little that is new or surprising. Its merit lies in the scope and comparative palatability which Saunderson manages to attain in a field of study that usually lacks both.

*Western Land and Water Use* contains a factual account of public ownership in the West, of taxation and its effects upon land values, of such federal legislation as the Taylor Act, of reclamation and forestry, of river-basin development. To that extent, it is a reference manual. Of far greater significance is its omnipresent backdrop of public vs. private control of Western land and water. This volume moves into bitterly controversial areas, and if it fails to come up with the solid answers, who has? Certainly not the Hoover Commission, which became slightly unhinged when it tackled some of the same questions from the standpoint of public administration.

The problem begins with the protection of water reserves in the upland watershed lands and reaches a climax in the multi-purpose valley developments. Along the way are the clashing interests of ranch operators, state and local governmental units, and such federal agencies as the Bureau of Reclamation, Department of Agriculture, Army Engineers, Federal Power Commission, Forest Service and the National Park Service. For variety, there is the relatively new creation, the valley authority. An integrated policy aimed at reconciling these diverse interests presents about as many alternatives as there are general theories of government.

To stop the deterioration of watershed lands and consequent sedimentation, Saunderson warns that "corrective action must come through public programs for land and water use, in recognition of the public interest in a resource-conservation problem that is now beyond the scope and means of the farms and ranches that use the land." Permanent federal public ownership is probably a closed question "for the lands that have important watershed, forestry, and recreation values." Hydroelectric power is the key to federal reclama-

tion development, and "we should have much more public interest, debate, and participation in the planning of programs and projects."

Saunderson was on leave from the U. S. Forest Service during the preparation of this book, but he did not leave behind the remarkable esprit de corps of that organization. The Forest Service receives gentle treatment, and the flexibility of its management program draws special praise. It is upon privately owned holdings, estimated to contain about 90 percent of the total forest-land growth capacity, that interest must center, he argues, if an acute timber shortage is to be avoided.

River engineering has been overemphasized, in the author's view. "There appear to be important but as yet undeveloped interrelationships between the drainage reclamation of wet lands and other drainage, and the work of flood control downstream. Thus it seems more and more apparent that the control, development, and use of water resources of a major drainage basin should be accomplished through basin-wide plans and programs." For carrying out river-basin planning and development, Saunderson proposes the establishment of a federal-state commission and a program supported by parallel legislation by the states.

As for those who scoff at joint federal-state action, he adds: "Can they propose a more workable plan?" Short of a unified, all-enveloping federal program, can they indeed?

Texas A&M College JOE R. MOTHERAL

*The Epic of the Chaco:* Marshal Estigarribia's Memoirs of The Chaco War 1932-1935. Edited and annotated by Pablo Max Ynsfran. The University of Texas, Institute of Latin-American Studies, Latin-American Studies, VIII. Austin: University of Texas Press, 1950. Pp. xv, 221. Illustrated and maps.

The Epic of the Chaco, the story of Paraguay's border war against Bolivia in 1932-1935, is a familiar story in the chronicles of war: that of the valiant fight by a weaker nation against the aggressions of a more powerful neighbor

seeking expansion and aggrandizement under the guise of protecting its own national interests.

Marshal Jose Felix Estigarribia, General of the Army, entered the military services of Paraguay as a second lieutenant in 1910. His later successes in the Chaco War indicate that he possessed that natural insight and ability of the successful military leader of knowing not only how but when to apply his knowledge of the military sciences. In 1927 he was offered and accepted the post of Assistant Chief of Staff of the Paraguayan Army and later, the post of Chief.

The area under dispute in the Chaco War was that section of northwest Paraguay in the triangle formed by the junction of the Paraguay and Pilcomayo Rivers. It is contiguous to Argentina on the south, Brazil on the north, and Bolivia. It is primarily a vast waterless plain, covered mostly by bushes of hardwoods and cactus. The acquisition of this wasteland would provide for Bolivia an outlet on the Paraguay River leading to the open sea, a commercial convenience not enjoyed by that South American nation since the loss of her Pacific seaboard to Chile in 1879. The loss of this vast territory would be for Paraguay an amputation of over a third of her national territory and a serious blow to her national pride.

Bolivia commenced inroads into the Chaco as early as 1927 along the Pilcomayo River in the south and later, as motor transportation became available, into the interior of the Chaco itself. Paraguay's Chief of Staff attempted to counter these moves by the establishment of Paraguayan centers of resistance in the areas of the greatest Bolivian menace and by the development of lines of communication into the interior by the construction of telegraph lines and roads. Estigarribia was dismissed from his post as Chief of Staff in 1928 as the result of a dispute over his policies, and his counter-offensive preparations were abandoned. Paraguayan military policy, as well as their troops, withdrew to the inner boundary of the Chaco along the Paraguay River.

Bolivia, however, was not blessed with a pacifistic policy and, aided by the renouncement of Estigarribia's defensive policies, continued her advancement into the Chaco as fast

as the weather and construction of roads would permit. When another tour as Chief of Staff in 1930 ended in dismissal for the same reasons as before, Estigarribia decided to concentrate his efforts in a smaller field and offered to organize, in the threatened Chaco itself, a Division of troops, a major military sub-division not yet reached by the small Paraguayan Army. His offer was accepted. It was Estigarribia's division that was first involved in an outpost skirmish on July 15, 1932, that brought into actuality the "hot war" with Bolivia. Estigarribia occupied the unique position in this war of being not only the planner but also the executor of the Paraguan military strategy.

In his Memoirs he portrays the fortunes and failures, most particularly the fortunes, of the Paraguayan Army in the War of the Chaco, in three major subdivisions, namely: The Initial Offensive, The Defensive and, part three, The Offensive to the End. In Estigarribia's chronicle of the war, the layman will find an interesting narrative of battles fought against discouraging combinations of superior forces and an unfriendly terrain. The student of military science will recognize a brilliant application of basic military principles. Faced with a Bolivian penetration into the Chaco from all quarters, the Paraguayans under Estigarribia's direction employed the defensive tactics of a strong offense. Limited in the number of troops and supplies available, an economy of force was employed by relying on minimum strength in the north and central sectors to contain the Bolivian forces there, while the major portion of the Paraguayan Army launched an offensive in the south in September of 1932, with good results.

Unfortunately an overextension of lines of communication in the south, plus the spectre that haunts all aggressively successful military commanders, lack of sufficient supplies and materiel when and where needed, proved too much for the straining new Paraguayan Army. Part Two of the Memoirs records a "strategic withdrawal" along the southern front and the assumption of the defensive in the Chaco. The arrival of replacements for the combat units and a gratifying effort by the Asuncion Government in the matter of war

materiels, placed the Paraguayans in a position to resume the offensive by September, 1933, with the Battle of Pampa Grande. From that point on, the Paraguayans fought not only a numerically superior and better equipped army but a despairing lack of supplies, particularly in the line of motor transport, so vital to any sustained movement and supply over the Chaco Desert. Although occupying the strategically advantageous position of operating on interior lines of communication along the inner arc of the perimeter instead of the outer, Paraguay was handicapped throughout the war by this lack of motor transport. Repeated requests for more trucks and gasoline to the home government were lost in the depth of a rapidly emptying national purse. The Paraguayan forces nevertheless continued a series of effective tactical moves to overcome local reverses and to roll back sufficient Bolivian outposts to gain the banks of the Pilcomayo to the south and even the Parapiti River, marking the west central limits of the Chaco.

Ultimately, negotiations initiated jointly by Argentina, Brazil, Chile, Peru and the United States were successful in bringing the belligerents to agree on terms of an armistice and at noon on June 14th, 1935, the cease fire was ordered on all fronts in the Chaco, with the national boundaries back where they were before three years of war, with thousands of dead to show for the effort expended.

A familiar story in the annals of war and one that will be repeated—correction, that is being repeated. Korea, 1950.

University of New Mexico MAJOR D. A. VAN EVERA

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## ERRATA

Vol. 25, p. 41, note no. 8 should state that Fort Leavenworth was located on the Missouri river, not on the Arkansas.

# CONSTITUTION

OF THE

## HISTORICAL SOCIETY OF NEW MEXICO

(As amended Nov. 25, 1941)

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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