

# PASSWORD



THE EL PASO COUNTY HISTORICAL SOCIETY

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VOL. XVII, No. 2

EL PASO, TEXAS

SUMMER, 1972

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# PASSWORD

Published quarterly by The El Paso County Historical Society  
EUGENE O. PORTER, Editor

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Nevada was admitted to statehood in 1864. Within six years she had grown into the largest foreign-born state in the Union, 44.2 percent of the population being foreign born. The state attracted Irish and Cornish miners, Italian and Swiss charcoal burners, German ranchers and merchants, Chinese domestics and laborers, and French-Canadian woodcutters. In the twentieth century wave after wave of Greeks, Slavs, Danes, Japanese, Italians and Basques flooded the state to fill the new industrialized mines, operate small businesses, and expand the livestock and dairy trades.

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## THE CAPTIVITY AND SUFFERING OF MRS. JANE WILSON

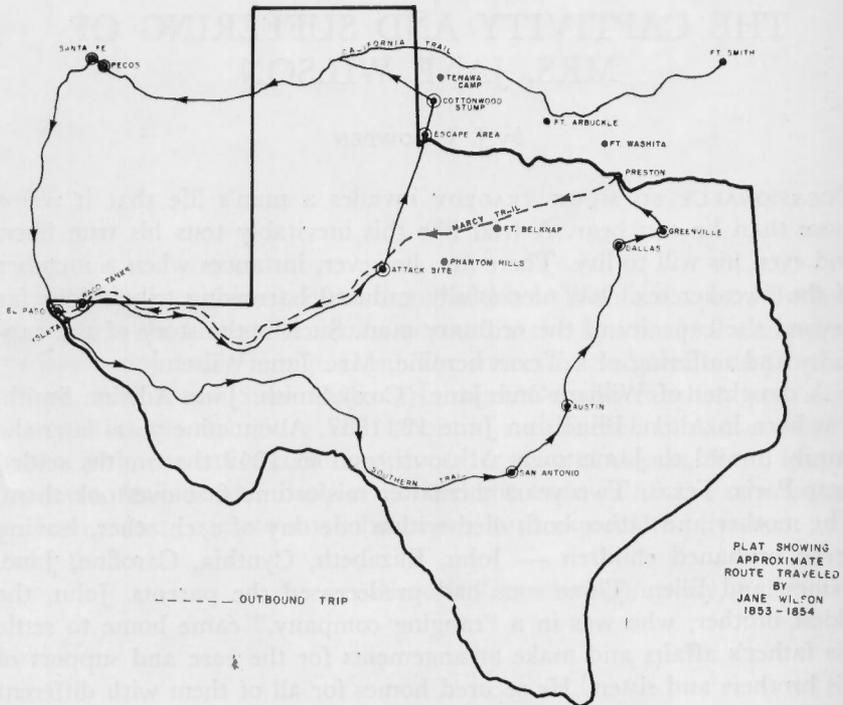
by J. J. BOWDEN

OCCASIONALLY SO MUCH TRAGEDY invades a man's life that it seems more than he can bear. A trial like this inevitably tests his true fiber, and even his will to live. There are, however, instances when a member of the "weaker sex" has successfully endured harrowing tribulations far beyond the capacity of the ordinary man. Such is the story of the captivity and suffering of a Texas heroine, Mrs. Jane Wilson.<sup>1</sup>

A daughter of William and Jane (Cox) Smith, Jane Adeline Smith, was born in Alton, Illinois on June 12, 1837. About nine years later the family moved to Jamestown, Missouri, and in 1847 the Smiths settled near Paris, Texas. Two years thereafter misfortune first overtook them. The mother and father both died within one day of each other, leaving seven orphaned children — John, Elizabeth, Cynthia, Caroline, Jane, James, and Ellen. Three sons had predeceased the parents. John, the eldest brother, who was in a "ranging company," came home to settle his father's affairs and make arrangements for the care and support of his brothers and sisters. He secured homes for all of them with different neighbors, except for the youngest, Ellen, whom he planned to take to an aunt. The day after he left with Ellen, winter fever struck him and he died within a week.<sup>2</sup>

During the next three years Jane lived with first one and then another of the friends and neighbors of the family, until just prior to her sixteenth birthday, when she accepted the marriage proposal of James Wilson, of Hunt County, Texas, who was three years older.<sup>3</sup> The wedding occurred on February 1, 1853.

James Wilson and his father, stricken with gold fever, gathered up their families<sup>4</sup> and property and joined the Henry Hickman wagon train for California. The train — consisting of twenty-two wagons, fifty-two men, twelve women and several children — left Hunt County on April 6, 1853. Travelling over the Marcy Trail (see map) toward El Paso, Texas, the party reached the Guadalupe Mountains without incident. On or about the 1st of June, while the wagon train was camped near the foot of the majestic Guadalupe Peak, the Mescalero Apaches swooped down out of the night and drove off nineteen head of cattle belonging to the Wilsons. Early the next morning, six men started in pursuit but the Indians drove them back. Upon reaching El Paso, the Wilsons, "not being able to travel well with Mr. Hickman's train," decided to remain



*Route traveled by Jane Wilson*

there "til the arrival of another party of California emigrants."<sup>5</sup> Five other men from the train stayed with them.

The Wilsons camped near Ysleta, Texas, while awaiting the arrival of the next California train. Some time in the latter part of July, Mexicans living south of the Rio Grande stole nearly all of their remaining property.<sup>6</sup> Several days later the Wilsons decided to return to Hunt County. Upon their departure on August 1, 1853, the Wilsons, seeking compensation for their losses, carried off "quite a number of stock" belonging to the Tigua Indians of Ysleta. Four Tiguas pursued and caught up with them at Hueco Tanks.<sup>7</sup> The Wilsons responded to the Indians' demand for the return of their animals by firing upon them. The Indians, seeing that force would be necessary to recover their property, fired back, killing both G. W. and James Wilson. The Indians, without stopping to bury the two dead white men, escorted Jane Wilson, and her three minor brothers-in-law back to Ysleta. After a speedy inquest, the local *alcalde* found the Indians' action justified.<sup>8</sup>

Martin Hart, who was travelling<sup>9</sup> to Northeast Texas, asked the bereaved widow to join him. Jane Wilson, destitute and heavy with child in a land of strangers, gratefully accepted his kind invitation for herself

and her young brothers-in-law. She sold their wagon and most of their few remaining possessions to raise funds sufficient to permit the four of them to rejoin their friends and relatives. The party, which consisted of Mr. Hart, the Wilsons, four other American men, and a Mexican *muchacho*, left El Paso, Texas, on September 8, 1853, in one wagon.<sup>10</sup> Travelling rapidly over the Marcy Trail, the small party passed safely through Mescalero Apache territory. But upon reaching the vicinity of present-day Stanton, Texas, three of the Americans "ran off" with some of the animals. Hart, feeling that they were out of Indian territory as only one Indian had been sighted since leaving El Paso, and being anxious to overtake the thieves, started in pursuit on September 20, 1853, with John Wilson. Jane and the other two boys remained behind with the Mexican and the other American, a discharged soldier. Hart instructed them to continue driving towards the post on the Clear Fork of the Brazos River.<sup>11</sup>

After Hart left, the Mexican drove rapidly eastward during the rest of the day. The American, who was walking behind the wagon, was unable to keep this pace. He started falling behind and soon lost sight of his companions. When he failed to arrive at camp after dark, his friends feared and believed that the Indians had probably killed him. Jane's group arose early the next morning and continued its journey without incident until nearly noon when, at a point about 80 miles from the post (near Westbrook, Texas), they saw two mounted Tenawa (Northern Comanche) Indians charging upon the wagon from the front and two more from the rear. Upon reaching the wagon, they started circling it cautiously. The Mexican, becoming frightened, jumped out of the wagon and went toward the Indians in order to make peace. Thereupon the Indians charged him with a savage war whoop, which frightened the four mules drawing the wagon. The animals turned out of the road and commenced running as hard as they could. However, after a short distance, one stumbled, and the others were obliged to stop. The Indians ordered the Mexican to unharness the mules. Meanwhile, Jane and the two boys had gotten out of the wagon and viewed the scene breathlessly and with fearful suspense. After the mules were freed, the Indians stripped the Mexican of his clothing, tied his hands behind his back, and ordered him to sit on the ground. One of the Indians then shot him from behind, while another stabbed and scalped him. The Indians placed the bloody scalp in the Mexican's hat, then being worn by one of the savages. After plundering the wagon, the Indians ordered the horrified woman and the two youths each to mount one of the mules and join them. The Comanches, with their three captives, departed from the scene of the attack in a northeasterly direction. As they moved away,

Jane looked back and saw the poor Mexican "weltering in his blood and still breathing."<sup>12</sup>

Hart caught up with the three Americans, and they apparently settled their differences<sup>13</sup> before reaching the post on the Clear Fork of the Brazos on September 23, 1853. Hart and John Wilson started back early the next day to meet the wagon. They reached the scene of the attack three days later. Hart hitched their horses to the wagon and started back to the post. They "lost" one of the animals on the way, however, so Hart sent John ahead to report the attack and seek assistance. Captain H. H. Sibley immediately dispatched a party to bring in the wagon and another to examine the scene of the attack. The second party returned on the 7th of October and reported that, due to the dryness of the ground, it was unable to find any trail or sign.<sup>14</sup>

In the meantime, Ohto, a Southern Comanche of the Firté Quack Camp, advised Sibley that the Mexican had made his way to his camp.<sup>15</sup> Sibley ordered him brought to the post for medical treatment.<sup>16</sup> Sibley was interviewing him when a party consisting of General Thomas J. Rusk, Colonel A. S. Johnson, and several other companions, arrived. When Sibley asked advice on the best way to proceed, they pointed out that a punitive expedition<sup>17</sup> against the Indians would jeopardize the lives of the captives, and recommended efforts be made to secure their release by the payment of a handsome ransom. Sibley contacted Sanaco, Chief of the Southern Comanches, who was then camped in the area, and he agreed to attempt to locate the Wilsons and negotiate with their captors for their return. To show his gratitude, Sibley gave Sanaco presents worth two hundred dollars, and promised him even greater rewards if he was successful. Rusk and Johnson agreed to secure a special appropriation from either the State of Texas or the Federal Government to pay the reward.<sup>18</sup>

Meanwhile, following the attack, the Indians and captives travelled till sundown. While supper was cooking, the Indians proceeded to divide the plunder. Some articles of sentimental value to Jane, being considered worthless by the Indians, were thrown into the fire. The Mexican's scalp, much to Jane's horror, was stretched on a stick to dry it by the fire. Next came the distribution of the captives. George was claimed by the chief; Jane, by a second Indian; and Meredith, by a third, who was actually a Mexican who had been captured as a youth in Chihuahua and raised as an Indian. The Indian who received Jane stripped her of all her clothing "except barely enough to cover her person."<sup>19</sup> She also lost her most prized possession — a fine head of hair. Continuing the torment of the young expectant widow, the savages proceeded to mortify her by decorating their heads with her shorn locks.

After the captives received a meager meal, George and Meredith were bound, both hands and feet, and bedded down for the night next to their respective "masters." The other two Indians tied Jane's feet and forced her to lie between them to prevent her escape. Though heavily burdened with grief and exhausted by the cruel and humiliating experiences of the day, Jane's deep fear for her life kept her from obtaining any sleep that night. At that time she little realized the extent of the even heavier trials which lay ahead of her.

The next day the party resumed its journey in the same direction. The two boys were treated kindly by the Indians. Their faces were painted in Indian fashion. They were given bows and arrows, mounted on good animals, and appeared to enjoy their new mode of life. Jane, on the other hand, suffered a great deal of pain as a result of being obliged to ride astride a horse. Her unprotected head and body were sunburned badly. The party continued its journey northeasterly for the next ten days, and nothing of interest happened to Jane.

On the twelfth day following the attack, the party was joined by two braves and a squaw. Jane's hopes that the squaw would be compassionate and protect her from further abuse proved short lived. Instead of helping, the squaw became one of Jane's principal tormenters, and inflicted new and even more cruel punishment upon her. Her horse was taken from her and she was mounted on an unbroken mule, without the benefit of a bridle. Although her captors furnished her with a saddle, it was so worn that it served only to torture her further. The mule frequently would buck and thus pitch her over its head. As the animal gradually became tame and the "topping" incidents subsided, the chief commenced the practice of riding up and shaking the Mexican's scalp before the mule's eyes to make it rear up in fright and plunge Jane to the ground with great violence. Should she fall under the animal, the savages would try to make it kick her. This occurred as often as a half dozen times a day. The falls so stunned her that a considerable amount of time transpired before her senses returned. These repeated falls greatly amused the savages, whose peals of laughter would rend the silence of the barren countryside. Whenever she failed to rise and remount her mule swiftly enough to suit her captors, they would beat her unprotected body violently with a riding whip, gun stick, or lariat end. The squaw, on occasions, would prod her with a sharp jab in the rear with her spear. All of these acts were designed, in Jane's opinion, to cause her to miscarry.

The party travelled every day—starting at ten o'clock in the morning and continuing till four in the afternoon. While in camp, Jane had to work like a slave, not being allowed a moment's rest until all chores were

completed.<sup>20</sup> Each morning she was required to bring in and hold the animals until the resumption of the journey. If one of the wilder beasts ran off, she had to chase it until she caught it, and then would be knocked down by the chief for her want of skill. As a result of chasing the stock through the briars and bushes, her meager clothing was torn to ribbons. After all the others were ready to go, she had to saddle and mount her mule without assistance. Notwithstanding her pregnant condition, and aching from head to toe, Jane was expected to keep up with the rest of the party. Since the savages would not permit her to drink except while in camp, she suffered exceedingly from thirst. The party frequently crossed beautiful streams. Jane would point to her parched tongue and blistered head and body and beg for permission to stop in order to quench her thirst and soothe her burns, but the Indians always denied her request with contempt.

In the afternoon the party usually camped on the side of a high hill. While the Indians scanned the horizons, Jane was sent out to gather fuel for the camp fire. Since she had no help, Jane was compelled to carry the larger pieces of wood upon her bare back. These rough burdens cut so deeply into her bruised and sunburned flesh that blood ran down to her feet. She performed these and other chores that would tax the stamina of the strongest man. She did her best, but in her dazed and exhausted condition, she frequently did not know what she was doing. Should she fail to accomplish a task satisfactorily, she would be beaten, kicked, and stomped, until her flesh was raw. The Indians also threw large stones at her whenever they wanted her to move faster.

Since the band depended on hunting for subsistence, several days often passed when they were unable to kill any game. Unless there was ample food, they fed Jane little or nothing. At night she slept without covering upon the ground, exposed to the cold autumn winds. Whenever it rained, the Indians would make a tent out of Hart's wagon sheet, but Jane was not allowed to take shelter under it. To Jane, it seemed that they were trying to kill her piecemeal; nothing she did would soften them into pity. She soon ardently wished that death would bring an end to her torment.

Once her mule became so tame that the Indians could not frighten it into bucking her off, it was taken from her. She then had to travel on foot. The road over which they travelled was so stony and full of thorns that her feet soon were badly cut and bruised. When she started dropping behind, they would try to ride down and beat her till her senses reeled. As she later stated, "many a mile of that road is marked with my blood, and many a hill there has echoed to my useless cries."<sup>21</sup>

After stumbling along for several days, Jane became so crippled that the Indians would point the direction in which they planned to travel



"Mrs. Jane Wilson in Captivity," drawn especially for *PASSWORD* by José Cisneros.

and start her out early each morning. They usually overtook her before she travelled very far. She realized that these brief periods of freedom from surveillance afforded her only opportunity for escape. Although she

did not believe she could reach civilization, she decided to try to escape in order to deny the savages the pleasure of seeing her die.

On the morning of October 14, 1853, the twenty-fifth day of her captivity, the Indians thrust her ahead as usual. Although she had eaten no breakfast and was very weak, the hope of being able to escape her tormentors gave Jane the strength to strike out at a hurried steady walk. Once safely out of sight of the camp, she turned off the trail and commenced looking for a suitable hiding place. She soon found a thick clump of bushes and quickly buried herself deep within its concealing foliage.<sup>22</sup> After what, to her, seemed an eternity, she cautiously ventured out to look around. She soon discovered evidence that the Indians had searched diligently for her but apparently had given up when they concluded she had wandered off and died. Describing her feelings at this time, Jane stated:

My situation was now distressing beyond all description. I was alone in an Indian country, some hundreds of miles from the nearest friendly settlement. I was without food, without shelter, and almost without clothing. My body was full of wounds and bruises, and my feet so swollen I could hardly stand. Wild beasts were around me, and savages, more wild than beasts, roamed on every hand. Winter was coming on, and death in its most terrible form stared me in the face—I sat down and thought of my lonely and exposed situation . . . in the midst of the wild prairies—my cup was filled to overflowing, but I resolved to live in hopes, if I died in despair.<sup>23</sup>

After living like a frightened rabbit in her bushy refuge for three days, Jane mustered enough courage to move about a half mile to a grove of hackberries, where she built herself a little house of bushes and grass. Here she lived for nine days, subsisting upon nuts and berries<sup>24</sup> and quenching her thirst at a nearby spring. But her lot was not improved materially, for it rained seven successive nights. Each night she was drenched to the skin, an experience which made her spend long sleepless hours shivering from the cold. Whenever sleep did come, she was tormented by dreams of seeing tables spread with an abundance of food of every kind and if, in her dream, she reached for any of it to satisfy her hunger, the effort would awaken her to the realities of her pitiful plight. Due to the lack of proper nourishment, she wasted to a mere skeleton.

At first the wolves, which came as close as five paces from her primitive abode, and whose frightful howling would set the woods to ringing, caused Jane no little concern. It especially frightened her when they would follow close behind her whenever she went to the spring for water. She expected them to attack and devour her at any moment. However, she soon discovered that they were great cowards, and could be scared away by throwing rocks and sticks at them.

On October 26, 1853, while standing on a small hill, Jane noticed a group of well armed men riding in a northeasterly direction at some distance. Most of the party had passed before she became satisfied that they were *Comancheros*<sup>25</sup> and not Indians. She finally attracted the attention of a few who lagged behind and they immediately came to her assistance.<sup>26</sup> Seeing her pitiful condition, several of the men gave her portions of their spare clothing in order to dress her comfortably. After attending to her wounds and feeding her the best meal she had eaten in over a month, the *Comancheros* invited her to join them. They explained that as soon as they completed trading with Comanches they would return to New Mexico. Jane readily accepted their offer, and was given a gentle little burro to ride.

The party travelled for about three days before sighting its destination, a Comanche camp on the edge of a creek. Here the leader of the *Comancheros*, Juan José, a San Ildefonso Pueblo Indian, advised Jane that he did not think it would be safe for her to enter their camp. He suggested that, unless she was willing to run the risk of being recaptured, she should hide in a nearby ravine until they had completed their transactions. To soothe her anxiety, he promised to come for her after dark. Late that night Jane became excited when Juan José failed to return; she feared that he might desert her. Therefore, about midnight, she started creeping toward the *Comancheros*' camp. Before getting very far she noticed a Comanche walking within twenty steps of her. Fearing capture, she immediately threw herself to the ground, and did not move for hours. As dawn started to break, she began inching her way toward Juan José's camp. Shortly thereafter, while pretending to be herding his animals, Juan José found her. He explained that their camp was full of Indians and that if they discovered her he doubted that he could save her. Therefore, he made her again lie down on the hard cold ground and covered her with dry grass. Here she remained through the long day. After dark, an intolerable thirst finally drove her to leave her hiding place long enough to sneak a quick drink from the babbling nearby creek. Later Juan José came and brought her some bread. He scolded her for taking chances, and cautioned her not to leave her hiding place the next day for any reason. The following day dragged along slowly, and she frequently overheard the Comanches discussing their dealings with the *Comancheros* as they passed nearby. That night Juan José returned, and this time brought her a blanket and several loaves of bread. He told her the Comanches had left, but that he and his associates had decided to trade with the Tenawa Comanches, and would attempt to rescue her brothers-in-law. He pointed out that it would be too dangerous to take her along, and therefore, they would have to leave her there for about eight days.

Although Jane felt more than a little apprehension over her own safety, she was anxious to secure George's and Meredith's release.

Early on the morning of the third of November, Jane waved goodbye to the *Comancheros*. As they disappeared from sight, Jane's spirit sank to a new low, for deep in her heart she felt they would never return. However, she resolved to wait and see.

In the ravine where the *Comancheros* had camped she found a large log which had been left burning. Nearby she discovered the hollow stump of a large cottonwood. Luckily it was big enough for her to climb into and thus formed a perfect shelter and hiding place. By wrapping up in her blanket and stacking bark and leaves over her head, she could keep out the chilly north winds. Whenever the cold became unbearable, she would lift herself out of the stump and stir the smoldering log until it would break into a crackling fire. Nonetheless, her fear of being spotted by the *Comanches* prevented her from spending very much time before the fire. Just as soon as the numbness of the cold subsided, she would scamper back to the stump. Several days after the *Comancheros* left, a blue norther hit the area and the temperature fell to a low degree. Her "warm up" trips and good luck in keeping the log burning undoubtedly saved Jane from freezing. The inclement weather and birds also brought an end to the hackberry crop. Thereafter, the bread left by Juan José and water from the creek comprised her only source of subsistence. The wolves soon found her retreat, and often would scratch around its side in an effort to gain entrance. Their presence materially increased her misery and discomfort.

As each day slowly passed, Jane's spirits and strength ebbed. During this period, she spent most of her time singing hymns and repeating the prayers she had learned as a girl. The morning of November 11, 1853, found her so stiff and weak that she could no longer climb out of the stump. Just as she verged on despair, she heard voices. At first, she thought the *Comanches* had returned, but soon recognized them as belonging to the *Comancheros*. Since they did not know where she had hidden, they were "hollering" to attract her attention. She put her mouth to a knot hole and began calling to them; however, her voice was so weak they could not hear her. Finally one of them came close enough to the stump to overhear her feeble cries. Two of the *Comancheros* climbed to the top of the stump. They lowered a rope down to her and placed the middle of it under her arms and around his back. Then, with each man holding an end of the rope, they hauled her up to the top and safely let her down on the outside of the stump.

Although Jane was disappointed that the *Comancheros* had not been able to rescue George and Meredith, she rejoiced that they had returned

in time to save her. After a nourishing meal and a sound night's rest, Jane recuperated to the point where she could travel.<sup>27</sup> Juan José furnished her with a horse and treated her in the kindest manner possible during the trip back to New Mexico. The party arrived at Pecos, New Mexico, on or about November 26, 1853; there her friends put her in the protection of a gentleman who could speak the English language, because she could travel no further in her delicate condition.

A few days later Lieutenant and Mrs. John Adams passed through Pecos on a trip to the east. Jane made her situation known to them, whereupon Mrs. Adams gave her a calico dress and a pair of shoes. Lieutenant Adams advised the *alcalde* of the pueblo to inform Governor David Meriwether of Jane's plight. The *alcalde* promptly sent Juan José to Santa Fe, where he gave the governor news of Jane's escape and their efforts to secure George's and Meredith's release. He stated they had found the Tenawas camped on the Red River near a place called Sand Hills, which was located between three and four hundred miles southeast of Santa Fe. Although he had seen one of the boys and had made a diligent effort to purchase or rescue him, he was unsuccessful. At the close of the meeting, Meriwether gave Juan José forty dollars as a reward for his services. He also employed Juan José and two of the other *Comancheros* to return to the Tenawa camp and make another attempt to ransom the two boys.<sup>28</sup>

United States Attorney William Watts Hart Davis praised<sup>29</sup> the *Comancheros* for assisting Jane, and concluded that they undoubtedly saved her life. On the other hand, Lieutenant Colonel Philip St. George Cook, Commander of the Second Dragoons and the army's outstanding authority on prairie campaigning, condemned the traders because they did not rescue the Wilson boys.<sup>30</sup>

Meriwether promptly dispatched his son, Raymond, to Pecos with a gentle mule and sidesaddle to bring Jane to Santa Fe. When Raymond and Jane arrived at the capitol on December 3, 1853, Meriwether was shocked to find "a most pitiful looking object." She was dirty, ragged, and her hair was hanging all over her shoulders.<sup>31</sup> Nevertheless, ten days later, in his official report<sup>32</sup> to Commissioner of Indian Affairs George W. Manypenny, he described her as:

... a remarkably intelligent and modest young lady of fine personal appearance, and will become a mother in a few weeks. Her peculiar situation, her sufferings and ladylike deportment have strongly excited the sympathy of all those who have seen her, and the ladies of this place appear to vie with each other in acts of kindness and attention toward this distressed and be-reaved stranger.

Meriwether bought her a new wardrobe and secured a room for her in

Mr. and Mrs. Charles L. Spencer's home.<sup>33</sup> Also, he arranged for Dr. de Leon to treat Jane and deliver her baby.<sup>34</sup>

Before the *Comancheros* could reach the Tenawa camp, progress was being made in Texas to secure the release of the Wilsons. In a letter<sup>35</sup> to Commissioner Manypenny, Special Agent Robert S. Neighbors, on November 21, 1853, reported that Sanaco had learned that they were prisoners of a band of Northern Comanches, who were then on a foray into Mexico. On January 3, 1854 he again wrote<sup>36</sup> Manypenny and advised him that Sanaco was still in pursuit of the Tenawa band.

Ten days later Governor E. M. Pease of Texas received a copy of Meriwether's report of December 13, 1854 concerning Jane's suffering and escape. The next morning he wrote<sup>37</sup> Neighbors and pointed out that since the outrage had occurred within the limits of his agency, it was Neighobr's duty to take prompt action to secure the early release of the Wilson boys. Pease also wrote Meriwether and thanked him for his assistance, and made arrangements to meet all expenses for the care of Jane and her baby and for their transportation back to her people as soon as her and her baby's health permitted.

On January 23, 1854 Neighbors reported<sup>38</sup> that just as soon as "winter broke" he planned to visit the Comanche camps in order to locate the Wilson youths. News accounts<sup>39</sup> of the captivity of the Wilsons circulated throughout the land. This publicity generated widespread public sympathy for the Wilsons. As week after week passed without favorable results, Neighbors received a great deal of criticism.<sup>40</sup>

Meanwhile, Aaron V. Brown and a party of Indian traders, while travelling in the country south of the Wichita Mountains, came upon the Tenawa camp.<sup>41</sup> Upon learning that the Tenawas still held George Wilson, Brown pressed for his release. But his captor refused, saying that he was old and needed George to catch his horse for him. Finally, with the assistance of the principal chief of the Northern Comanches, Brown succeeded in ransoming the boy for forty strands of beads, eight yards of strouding, ten pints [sic] of powder, twelve bars of lead, sixteen yards of blue drilling, one-half dozen pieces of paints, six plugs of tobacco, four butcher knives, six rounds of brass wire, and twelve yards of Choctaw stripe. The chief received a pony, a rifle, and half a dozen plugs of tobacco for his services. The chief, upon being questioned, advised Brown that Meredith was with another band of Comanches. George begged to be taken there in order that he might trade places with the younger boy. George explained that Meredith could not be of much service to the Indians, and therefore he feared they might kill him. It was then that Brown decided to send another member of his party, N. Johnson, to secure Meredith's release. Early in March, 1854, Brown took George to Fort

Washita, where he became the charge of Major Andrew A. Hemphreys. A little later Meredith was also ransomed and delivered to Captain S. G. Simmons at Fort Arbuckle.<sup>42</sup> Later on the boys were returned to Texas. On July 31, 1854 Congress appropriated<sup>43</sup> one thousand dollars as a reward to Brown and the other traders for their services.

By May, 1854, Jane and her baby were strong enough to start their long trip back to northeast Texas. Meriwether paid her passage<sup>44</sup> on a wagon train bound for El Paso, Texas. He also made arrangements for Josiah F. Crosby to meet her there. Crosby met the train, took the mother and child into his home, and provided for all her meals while in his charge. In a letter<sup>45</sup> to Pease, Crosby commented that Jane was "in a very bad condition, not having yet recovered from the severe bruises received at the hands of the Indians." After Jane had recuperated from the trip from Santa Fe, Crosby arranged for her passage to San Antonio in one of W. T. Smith's wagon trains, and Lieutenants Ward and Wood agreed to look after her during the journey. On July 1, 1854, Pease wrote<sup>46</sup> Crosby, thanking him for his assistance and offering to reimburse him for all expenses he had incurred. Jane was met in San Antonio by I. A. Paschal, a close friend of Pease. He, likewise, took her into his home and cared for her and her child while there. Next, Jane went by stage to Austin, where she found a warm welcome from the Governor and his wife, Lucadia Niles Pease. Jane told her story to Lucadia, who wrote the account of her captivity and sufferings to her sister, Juliet Niles, in far away Connecticut.<sup>47</sup>

After resting a few days in the Governor's mansion, Jane and her baby left on a stage "to travel more than four hundred miles further" to her friends, brother and sister,<sup>48</sup> where one may hope they found welcome and sympathetic understanding.

We would like to know more of the later life of Jane, her baby, and the three Wilson boys but, after playing their roles in this frontier incident, they fade back into the obscurity from which they came.

#### REFERENCES

1. Recognition is given for encouragement and references to source material given by Dr. John L. Waller, who suggested that this article be written.
2. D. M. Dewey, *A Thrilling Narrative of the Suffering of Mrs. Jane Adeline Wilson During Her Captivity Among the Comanche Indians* (Rochester, N. D.), 5-6. The 1850 census for Lamar County, Texas, shows Elizabeth and Ellen Smith (ages 18 and 5, respectively) as living with the Robert M. Wortham family, and James (age 8) with Rev. Anthony Travelsled. The other children could not be found on the 1850 census for Lamar or adjoining counties.
3. James is listed on the 1850 census for Hunt County as living with his father, G. W. Wilson (age 50); sister Sally (age 25); and four brothers—Jesse (age 15); John (age 13); George (age 11); and Meredith (age 4). G. W. Wilson rented a farm located on the National Road about 8 miles west of Greenville from M. A. Wright on November 25, 1850. Deed records of Hunt County, Texas, Book A, Page 371.

4. Sally and Jesse apparently had left home by 1853, for only the three younger boys had joined their father on the trip.
5. D. M. Dewey, *A Thrilling Narrative of the Suffering of Mrs. Jane Adeline Wilson During Her Captivity Among the Comanche Indians*, 7. It is not known whether this statement means that the loss of their livestock prevented the Wilsons from proceeding west of El Paso, or if friction arose between them and Hickman.
6. There is a possibility that there was some relationship between the theft of the Wilson's animals and those of James Magee. The later incident led to the July 18, 1853, raid on the El Paso del Norte (present day Juarez) jail by a group of Americans and the death of Esler Hendree, District Attorney of the 11th Judicial District of Texas. *The Standard* (Clarksville, Texas), September 10, 1853.
7. The Hueco Tanks, a group of natural cisterns in the Hueco Mountains, are located about thirty miles east of El Paso, Texas.
8. *The Standard*, October 1, 1853. Governor David Meriwether, in writing his autobiography in 1886, recalled his interview with Jane in December, 1853. The passage of some thirty-three years caused his memory of certain minute details to become somewhat garbled and hazy. For instance, he mistakenly asserts that James and his father were killed by Comanches near Phantom Hill while bound for California. He states that the Wilsons broke a harness and stopped to repair it. As soon as the rest of the wagon train was out of sight the Comanches attacked, killing James and G. W. Wilson and carrying Jane and the two boys off as captives. Robert A. Giffen, *My Life in the Mountains and on the Plains* (Norman, 1965), 219.
9. There is some confusion over the reason of his trip. Jane Wilson states that it was a business trip which needed his immediate attention. John Frost, *Indian Battles, Captivities and Adventures* (New York, 1856), 381. However, Captain H. H. Sibley states that Hart, a member of the ill-fated Rhine Train, was returning to Texas. Sibley to Major R. S. Neighbors, October 8, 1853 (Mss., Record Group 75, National Archives). After his return from El Paso, Martin Hart became a well known citizen in the Grayson-Hunt Counties area.
10. The late Dr. Rister states that there were five wagons. He intimates that G. W. and James Wilson were among those killed in the Rhine Party Massacre. Cart Coke Rister, *Border Captives* (Norman, 1940), 90. Sibley also states that the Wilsons were killed in the Rhine Party Massacre, but it is known that the Wilsons were not members of that party. Sibley to Major R. S. Neighbors. October 8, 1853 (Mss., Record Group 75, National Archives).
11. This post was one in a chain of frontier forts extending from the Red River to the Rio Grande. It was established on November 14, 1851, at a location about fourteen miles north of present-day Abilene, Texas, and abandoned April 6, 1854. It later became known as Fort Phantom Hill. Walter Prescott Webb and H. Bailey Carroll, *The Handbook of Texas* (2 vols., Austin, 1952), I, 630.
12. D. M. Dewey, *A Thrilling Narrative of the Suffering of Mrs. Jane Adeline Wilson During Her Captivity Among the Comanche Indians*, 8-9. The Mexican gave a somewhat different account of the attack. He states that, after circling the wagon cautiously for some time, they fired at him. The ball struck the fore-gate of the wagon. Thereupon, he attempted to return the fire, but was prevented from doing so by Jane, who forcibly withheld the rifle. Seeing this, the Indians dashed up, seized and tied him. Next, they shot him in the shoulder and scalped him. Thinking him probably dead, they stabbed him several times to insure it. Jane was then mounted upon a mule, one boy on another, and the youngest lad was taken up behind one of the Indians. The party then departed in great haste, taking a southwesterly direction. Sibley to Major R. S. Neighbors, October 8, 1853 (Mss., Record Group 75, National Archives).
13. The theft of the animals was not reported. Sibley later stated that the five men had "come ahead of the party . . . for some cause not fully explained." Sibley to Major R. S. Neighbors, October 8, 1853 (Mss., Record Group 75, National Archives).
14. *Ibid.*

15. The fourth American (Sibley calls him a Dutchman) came up shortly after the attack was over. He spent the night with the Mexican, but heartlessly abandoned him the next morning. He made it to Fort Belknap safely on October 4, 1853. *Ibid.*
16. He was showing signs of complete recovery when W. E. Parker saw him early in September, 1854. A new cuticle had formed over his denuded skull; however, he contracted dysentery and died after a few days' illness. W. B. Parker, *Notes Taken During the Expedition Commanded by Captain R. B. Marcy, U.S.A., Through Unexplored Texas* (Philadelphia, 1856), 217.
17. Rusk specifically mentioned, as an example, the White case. On October 23, 1849, the J. M. White party from St. Louis was attacked on Point of Rocks (about 163 miles northeast of Santa Fe) by a band of Apaches. The male members of the party perished, and Mrs. White and her daughter were carried off as captives. When Major William N. Grier surprised and attacked the band, the Indians killed Mrs. White. Annie Heloise Abel, *The Official Correspondence of James S. Calhoun* (Washington, D. C.), 88.
18. Sibley to Major R. S. Neighbors, October 8, 1853 (Mss., Record Group 75, National Archives).
19. D. M. Dewey, *A Thrilling Narrative of the Suffering of Mrs. Jane Adeline Wilson During Her Captivity Among the Comanche Indians*, 9. In a letter to Richard Borin by Mrs. Charles L. Spencer, dated December 14, 1853, and copied in the February 25, 1854, issue of *The Standard*, it is stated that the Indians took all of her clothing except "one undergarment and a shirt." However, in her interview with Governor David Meriwether, Jane mentions that she wore out her shoes and carried food in an old ragged apron. Robert A. Griffin, *My Life in the Mountains and on the Plains*, 220.
20. Jane complained that she was treated in a more inhumane manner than Negroes were treated in either Missouri or Texas. Robert A. Griffin, *My Life in the Mountains and on the Plains*, 219. However, many of the things which Jane considered to be inhumane were, in fact, merely the Comanche way of life. Comanche women customarily did all work except warfare and hunting. Ernest Wallace and E. Adamson Hoebel, *The Comanches; Lords of the South Plains* (Norman, 1969), 92-94, and Elizabeth Scott, *A Study of the Chronicles of Indian Captivity in the Southwest* (Mss., Master's Thesis, University of Texas, Austin, 1946), 30-33.
21. D. M. Dewey, *A Thrilling Narrative of the Suffering of Mrs. Jane Adeline Wilson During Her Captivity Among the Comanche Indians*, 17.
22. Governor David Meriwether is probably in error in regard to the particulars of her escape from the Comanches. He states that one evening while looking for firewood she discovered a large hollow cottonwood stump as high as she could reach and decided to use it as a hiding place. Later that night after sneaking out of camp and after walking down the trail about a mile, she circled around the camp before making her way back to the stump. The next morning she was able to watch the Indians preparing to leave through a knot hole. Several hours later she observed three of the Indians searching for her. Robert A. Griffin, *My Life in the Mountains and on the Plains*, 220-221.
23. D. M. Dewey, *A Thrilling Narrative of the Suffering of Mrs. Jane Adeline Wilson During Her Captivity Among the Comanche Indians*, 18.
24. *Ibid.*, 19. Meriwether remembered a little different story. He stated that the evening before she escaped, the Indians had killed and cooked a whole antelope. The next morning she packed up as much as she dared, without exciting their suspicions, and wrapped it in an old ragged apron. She tied the strings around her neck and carried it on her back like a knapsack. After her meat gave out she subsisted on turtles, frogs and a large snake which she was able to catch at the spring. Since she had no means of starting a fire, she ate them raw. Robert A. Griffin, *My Life in the Mountains and on the Plains*, 220.
25. *Comancheros* is the term which was applied to the New Mexicans who traded with the Comanches and other plains Indians. Walter Prescott Webb and H. Bailey Carroll, *The Handbook of Texas* (2 Vols., Austin, 1952), I, 386.
26. Jane could speak Spanish and had picked up a little Comanche while with the Indians. Therefore she could freely communicate with the New Mexican Co-

- mancheros. Robert A. Griffin, *My Life in the Mountains and on the Plains*, 218.
27. Rister was apparently mistaken when he stated that Jane was so weak that she could not sit a horse and had to be carried in a travois. Carl Coke Rister, *Border Captives*, 96.
  28. Meriwether to G. W. Manypenny, December 13, 1853 (Mss., Records of the National Archives, Washington, D. C.), Record Group 75.
  29. W. W. H. Davis, *El Gringo or New Mexico and Her People* (Chicago, 1962), 110.
  30. Cook to Governor David Meriwether, December 4, 1853 (Mss., Records of the National Archives, Washington, D. C.), Record Group 98; and Charles L. Kenner, *A History of New Mexican-Plains Indian Relations* (Norman, 1969), 95-96.
  31. Robert A. Griffin, *My Life in the Mountains and on the Plains*, 219. In a letter written in 1889, Meriwether stated that, upon her arrival in Santa Fe, Jane presented the most pitiful spectacle he had ever seen. She was "in rags, emaciated, and her mind somewhat disordered." Continuing, he stated that after being "comfortably clothed and cared for her mind soon resumed its natural brightness." Anonymous, "The Captivity of Mrs. Wilson," *Frontier Times* (1924), I, 22-23.
  32. Meriwether to G. W. Manypenny, December 13, 1853 (Mss., Records of the National Archives, Washington, D. C.), Record Group 75.
  33. Mrs. Spencer to Richard Borin, December 14, 1853. Printed in *The Standard*, February 25, 1854.
  34. Meriwether to G. W. Manypenny, April 27, 1855 (Mss., Records of the National Archives, Washington, D. C.), Record Group 75.
  35. Neighbors to G. W. Manypenny, November 21, 1853 (Mss., Records of the National Archives, Washington, D. C.), Record Group 75.
  36. Neighbors to G. W. Manypenny, January 3, 1854 (Mss., Records of the National Archives, Washington, D. C.), Record Group 75.
  37. Dorman H. Winfrey and James M. Day, *The Indian Papers of Texas and the Southwest*, 1825-1916 (5 Vols., Austin, 1966), III, 182-183.
  38. Neighbors to G. W. Manypenny, January 23, 1854 (Mss., Records of the National Archives, Washington, D. C.), Record Group 75.
  39. *Texas State Gazette*, January 24, 1854; *The Standard*, February 25, 1854.
  40. *Texas State Gazette*, February 7, 1854.
  41. The camp was located near the headwaters of the Washita River, about fifteen miles south of the Sand Hill. Grant Forman, *Advancing the Frontier* (Norman, 1968), 264.
  42. *Ibid*; Dorman H. Winfrey and James M. Day, *The Indian Papers of Texas and the Southwest*, 1825-1916, V, 169-170; and *The Standard*, March 18, 1854.
  43. *United States Statutes at Large*, X, 332 (1854). Manypenny, in discussing these services, stated that they were performed at considerable personal risk by the traders as acts of pure philanthropy, without hope of reward. He pointed out that they not only furnished the goods which were necessary to secure the boys' release, but had lost a substantial amount of time. He placed the value of their goods and time at \$400. Therefore, he recommended that they be reimbursed for at least that amount. Manypenny to Secretary of Interior Robert McClellan, May 16, 1854 (Mss., Records of the National Archives, Washington, D. C.), Record Group 48.
  44. Meriwether expended a total of \$640 in caring for Jane. He was stunned when Auditor P. Clayton refused to reimburse him on the ground that the expenses were unauthorized. In an explanation of the account to Commissioner of Indian Affairs G. W. Manypenny, he stated that when Jane was found some two hundred miles east of Santa Fe, she was in bad health and perfectly destitute. He felt that the government was obligated to help her and did not feel that he should "loose the amount of his pocket." Since the United States refused to reimburse him, Meriwether decided to accept Governor Peases' offer and sent the account to him. Pease sent him a check for the full amount. However, in the meantime, Manypenny approved the account and the check was returned to Pease, Robert A. Griffin, *My Life in the Mountains and on the Plains*, 224-225; Meriwether to P. Clayton, January 26, 1855 and Meriwether to G. W. Manypenny,

- April 27, 1855 (Mss., Records of the National Archives, Washington, D. C.), Record Group 75.
45. Crosby to Governor E. M. Pease, June 10, 1854 (Mss., Pease Papers, Public Library, Austin, Texas).
  46. Pease to Josiah F. Crosby, July 1, 1854 (Mss., Pease Papers, Public Library, Austin, Texas).
  47. Pease to Juliet Niles, July 29, 1854 (Mss., Pease Papers, Public Library, Austin, Texas).
  48. *Ibid.*

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Upton County, Texas, was created in 1887, one of six to be created out of the western portion of Tom Green County.

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There are 96 varieties of cactus in Texas.

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Oil was discovered in Upton County, Texas, in 1925.

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In a special election in 1950 Hot Springs, New Mexico, changed its name to Truth or Consequences, after Ralph Edward's radio show of that name.

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Galusha Pennypacker, a general in the Union Army, was too young to vote in the presidential election of 1864.

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Allspice is not a combination of spices but a combination of aromas, having a hint of cloves, cinnamon, and nutmeg. Columbus discovered it in the Caribbean on his first voyage and took it back to Spain. However, it would not grow in Europe. Even today it will grow only in its native Caribbean.

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In 1821 when Iturbide was crowned emperor of Mexico, he chose a flag that was a banner of red, white, and green with a central emblem of the Aztec eagle wearing a crown.

—*Amigos*

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The troops of the Tenth Cavalry were called "buffalo soldiers" and sometimes "Grierson's brunetts" after their commanding officer.

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The topaz is the official gem of Texas.

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*Sangria* is a Spanish punch made with wines and fruit juices.

—*Amigos*

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Upton County, Texas, was named for two brothers, John Cunningham and William Felton Upton.

## JUDGE SWEENEY WATCHES A REVOLUTION

by JOSEPH U. SWEENEY  
intro., ed., & ann. by MILDRED TOROK

ON MAY 12, 1911, when Madero's *Insurrectos* took over the City of Juárez, ex-County Judge Joseph U. Sweeney of El Paso wrote to his brother, John, in Richmond, Virginia, to describe what he saw of the events. He had stood atop the El Paso Laundry on the corner of Santa Fe and 7th Streets to watch the action.

"I presume you have been deeply interested in the events transpiring in Juarez," he wrote at the beginning of his five-page, single-spaced typewritten letter. "I sent you a telegram early in the week to let you know that all were well."

This remarkable letter is among Judge Sweeney's personal and business papers in the U. T. El Paso Archives. It is signed "Jo." in Judge Sweeney's handwriting and has reposed, unnoticed and unread through the years, in the center of an old, flimsy-sheeted letter press copying book.

According to the obituary notice in the *El Paso Times* of November 18, 1942, Judge Sweeney was born on May 6, 1875, in San Antonio. His parents came to El Paso by wagon train when the town was known as Franklin. At age 25, Sweeney was elected County Judge and served until he was elected mayor of El Paso in 1906. He was known as a "liberal and progressive" mayor, and it was while he was in office that Mayor Sweeney was host to Presidents Taft and Díaz during their historic meeting on the border. After 1910, Judge Sweeney returned to private practice, but his papers show that he was keenly interested in politics until his death at age 67.

The letter follows:

May 12th, 1911.

John T. R. Sweeney,  
307 E. Grace St., Richmond, Va.

Dear Jack:—

It has been some time since I received your letter and I feel that I have been neglecting you very much in failing to answer you earlier, but in view of the fact that you hear every week from the folks, I have always felt that it was not so incumbent upon me to write often as it otherwise would be. I see your letters to the folks every week, and am delighted to know that you are progressing nicely, and sincerely trust that you will be able to graduate this year.

I presume you have been deeply interested in the events transpiring in Juárez. I sent you a telegram early in the week to let you know that all were well.

The *Insurrecto* army under (Francisco I.) Madero has been lying in the foot hills across from the smelter<sup>1</sup> for the past three weeks, but on Monday last early in the morning a small detachment of insurgents were fired upon by Federal troops with the result that it precipitated a battle.

When the battle opened, I was anxious to observe its prosecution as closely as possible, so Dr. [James B.] Brady, Dr. [Henri] Letord and myself went to the Union Depot and secured positions on the roof. The fight was then in progress across the river and rapidly approaching Juárez, so we went down to the water works plant on the river bank opposite the Santa Fe Coal Shoots and took positions on box cars along the levy line.

We found that we were in line of fire, and then went up the canal bank following the fight as it progressed toward Juárez until we reached Seventh Street. We then secured positions on top of the El Paso Laundry which is located on the north bank of the canal on the corner of Santa Fe and Seventh Streets, distant about 250 yards from the point where a very stubborn, several hours' fight took place.

Immediately opposite from our position on the Mexican side, you will recollect the grove of trees along the river front with a few scattered adobe houses north and west of that point. In the most westerly house, a detachment of Federal soldiers had taken refuge after having retreated from their line of entrenchment.

The *Insurrectos* came in single file in squads of fifteen or twenty, keeping the bank of the Mexican *acequia* [irrigation ditch] between them and the house, and took positions about 150 or 200 feet east of the house. They then proceeded to try and dislodge the Federals. Three *Insurrectos* approached the rear of the house and dynamited it. About 35 or 40 Federals evacuated the position, running southeasterly towards Juárez. They were required to cross an open field for about 300 feet before they could secure shelter in other houses. I saw a number of these Federal soldiers shot down. Some were killed while others were wounded. The fight raged at this point for possibly two and one-half or three hours.

After dislodging the Federal soldiers, the *Insurrectos* then advanced into Juárez through the big alfalfa field immediately west of the Santa Fe bridge. They used the Mexican levy constructed of rock and timber as a breast-works, and in a very short time obtained possession of the Mexican guard house at the south end of the bridge. They then advanced across to the Mexican Central [railroad] bridge, and there to the Mexican Northwestern [railroad] bridge, and from there to the Stanton Street bridge, taking each one in turn. Up to this time, I should judge that there were not more than 150 or 200 *Insurrectos* engaged, and they were slowly but surely driving in the Federal outposts.

Along about three o'clock, a large body of *Insurrectos* approached from the west in the same manner, and went to the support of those in front. They then commenced a determined advance on the City, advancing from house to house towards the center of Juarez. All the fighting up to this time was being done with Mauser and 30-30 rifles, no machine guns or rapid firing guns or artillery yet being in use.

About four o'clock in the afternoon, large numbers of the *Insurrectos* had penetrated Juarez and you could hear the rattle of the machine guns and the rapid firers. They sounded very similar to steel hammers on your big steel frame buildings in the City. About five or six o'clock in the afternoon, large reinforcements of *Insurrectos* were deployed over the hills and in the ravines approaching Juárez from the extreme west.<sup>3</sup>

Then the Federal artillery which was located up immediately in the rear of the Federal barracks commenced action. The Federals had two cannon which consisted of a two and one-half inch bore and a three inch bore which threw solid shot. They also used two mortar guns which threw shrapnel into the approaching *Insurrectos*. The artillery fire was directed in a northwestwardly direction, the shells falling and exploding about two and one-half miles from the barracks and on the hills and in the ravines immediately opposite the [El Paso] Santa Fe Depot. It was a beautiful sight to see the shrapnel bursting up in the air and scattering its death-dealing missiles on the hills and in the valleys surrounding. The artillery fire was well directed and did considerable execution which resulted in compelling the *Insurrectos* to mask their approach back of the hills and required them to come in on foot instead of on horseback. The machine guns were also directed towards the approaching *Insurrectos*. The guns were located in the vicinity of the church [Nuestra Señora de Guadalupe] in the heart of the City on some of the buildings. You could hear the incessant pounding of these guns and could see the dust rising out across the top of the mesa and in the valley where the bullets were skipping about.

The *Insurrectos* used two smooth bore, three-inch cannon in reply to the Federal artillery. These cannon were located at a point about 2500 feet directly west of the Santa Fe Depot, one being located in the hills and the other at the gate of the Mexican *acequia*. These guns were made by the *Insurrectos* down in Pearson, Mexico, in the machine shops. They were constructed out of piece shafting. They did some execution, but not very much. Early in the fight, the breach of one of the guns blew out, putting the gun out of action, but the other kept pounding away for a couple of days. Its fire was directed on the barracks and at the church.

Night came on and the *Insurrectos* were scattered all over the eastern, southern and northern portions of the City of Juárez. The small arms

kept up a continuous rattle. It was interspersed occasionally with the boom of heavy artillery issuing from the center of the City. This was caused by the *Insurrectos* using dynamite and throwing hand grenades. The fight did not conclude at sunset but continued throughout the entire night.

Tuesday morning, practically the entire insurgent army consisting of from 1600 to 2000 men had gained access to the City. The Federals were massed at Cowboy Park, at the bull ring, in the church and municipal buildings, and in the barracks, numbering in all about 700 regulars and about 300 volunteers. At this time early in the morning, artillery firing became very heavy in the city by reason of the *Insurrectos* making combined assaults on the various positions held by the Federals. Along about noon, the *Insurrectos*, under Col. [Jose] Garibaldi captured the bull ring, but were unable to sustain their position by reason of the fact that artillery and Federal reinforcements were brought to that point and dislodged them. They were also running short of ammunition, and as a consequence, fell back to the river. Cowboy Park was then attacked and machine guns were brought into service and did effective work in behalf of the Federals. The pressure of the *Insurrectos* on all sides was entirely too much for the Federals and they slowly commenced to fall back from the bull ring and Cowboy Park toward the Church and municipal buildings.

Col. [Manuel] Tomborel of the Federal Army met his death in the execution of this maneuver. He was shot in one leg, through his sword hand, through the breast, and through the head almost immediately between the eyes.

The next general assault took place in the vicinity of the church. A large body of federal troops took possession of the church and fought from the roof thereof. They were dislodged by the insurgent fire and retreated westerly towards the barracks where the main body of Federals were located under the direct command of Gen. [Juan J.] Navarro. The insurgents then massed in the vicinity of the barracks and directed their fire against same, using what artillery they had captured. After sustaining a heavy fire for a considerable period of time, Gen. Navarro hoisted a white flag and surrendered to Col. Garibaldi and Gen. [Benjamin J.] Viljoen, the Boer general. Navarro surrendered with approximately 480 men. The dead and wounded on both sides will approximate 250.

The *Insurrectos* are now in complete control of Juárez. Madero is organizing his provisional government and they are seeking to place the city in order and restrain lawlessness. On Thursday afternoon, El Pasoans were permitted to visit Juárez. The papers estimated that 10,000 men, women and children went over to Juarez on that afternoon.

The wounded are being cared for in improvised hospitals in Juarez and El Paso. Practically every surgeon in the City tendered his services

and was busily engaged with the wounded. The *Insurrectos* are removing the dead, burying some and burning the bodies of others. John O'Keeffe told me this afternoon that he was over yesterday and that he saw an entrenchment in the western portion of the City filled up with creosoted railroad ties on which were many bodies being burnt. Cattle, dogs, sheep, goats and horses killed during the battle were also being burnt.

Excellent order prevails, taking into consideration the conglomeration of humanity in Juarez. The responsible officers among the *Insurrectos* are bending every effort towards preserving and protecting property. They have placed guards over practically every house in the City containing any valuables, and are exhibiting admirable efficiency as administrators. Their conduct toward their captives has been admirable in the extreme. No cruelty or unnecessary severity has been inflicted upon the vanquished Federals or their sympathizers.

I want to state that what was called "The American Legion" in the *Insurrecto* army consisting almost entirely of Americans was in the forefront of the battle and was the first to penetrate the heart of the City.

The *Insurrectos* captured about a thousand Mauser rifles and many thousand rounds of ammunition. They have control of the most important part of the northern frontier and are rapidly recruiting an army. During the battle, the southern portion of the City of El Paso was under a hail of lead almost constantly. The majority of the people here are now very familiar with the whistle of high power guns in action, and it was really amusing, forgetting the tragic scene being enacted, to see people dodge as a bullet whistled by. Certainly, you realized that when you heard the bullet, it has already passed, but as a matter of form, you were entitled to a dodge.

The report is current that Gen. [Antonio] Rabagò of the Federal army is approaching from the south with a column of from 1500 to 2000 men; that Escudero with a column of men is approaching from Mulatto on the southeast, and that Gen. Luke [Luque] with another column is approaching from Ojinaga on the east. I presume that the *Insurrectos* will send out columns to meet each one of these Federal columns and engage them in detail. I certainly do not believe that they will permit them to join forces for a general assault. I do not believe that Juárez can be fortified against an assault by reason of the fact that it sits virtually in a basin surrounded on the south, west and east by mountains, hills or high ground. Good artillery, well posted, could in a few hours reduce the town to dust. Consequently, I do not believe that the *Insurrectos* will make the mistake made by Gen. Navarro and endeavor to defend the city from within, but that instead they will give battle on the outside. An extra issued this afternoon states that Chihuahua is now under siege.

The people of this city have had an opportunity of seeing the first battle ever fought in the world wherein all the arms in use were modern, high power guns.

Cousin Joe left Deming on Wednesday morning and is now in Los Angeles. He seems to be enjoying his trip considerably, and I presume will return through here before going home.

Remember me to Dr. and Mrs. Reade and Lida, also to Mr. and Mrs. Hawkins and family, Dr. Horsley and any of my other friends that you may meet.

Your brother,  
(signed) Jo.  
(Joseph U. Sweeney)

#### REFERENCES

- 1 This is at the present location of International Boundary Marker No. 1. The U. T. El Paso Archives recently came into possession of a few pictures of the army gathered there.
- 2 Now the Colonial section of Juarez, roughly across the river from Hart's Mill (Hacienda Cafe).
- 3 New York Times, Jan. 15, 1917. "La Mesa, N. M. General Benjamin J. Viljoen, who was known as "The Fireband" during the Boer war, and who was regarded as one of the most dangerous Boer leaders, died at his home here early today from pneumonia. After the war he came here and established a colony of his countrymen. He acted as military adviser to Francisco I. Madero during the Madero revolution in Mexico. His son is now with General Pershing's forces in Mexico.

"General Viljoen was in his forty-ninth year and was born in Woodhouse, Eastern Cape Colony. At the age of 18 he joined the gold rush to the Rand, and in 1890 entered the service of the Boer Government. Three years later he began to help organize the Boer military forces, in which he soon rose to the rank of Major. In 1896 he broke up the Jameson raid by capturing Dr. Jameson, and for his services was promoted to be Commandant of Militia and Special Commandant of burghers in the vicinity of Johannesburg. During the Boer war he gave the British great trouble and at the end was exiled to St. Helena. In 1902 he was paroled and after returning to South Africa to bid his country farewell forever, came to this country."

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The maguey or *agave Americana*, called by the Aztecs *metl*, was cultivated from very ancient times and considered by the Mexicans to be indispensable. The plant furnished not only food but its leaves served as roofing for their huts, its fibers were manufactured into cloth, cords, slings, sandals, and paper, its roots furnished medicine, its juice their favorite beverage, *pulque*, and its sap by condensation their sugar.

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*La Merienda* in Mexico, like the tea in England, can be a full-sized meal or an afternoon snack, tea and toast or chocolate and *pan dulce*.

—Amigos

# LETTERS HOME: W. W. MILLS WRITES TO HIS FAMILY

notes by  
EUGENE O. PORTER

(PART TWO OF FOUR PARTS)

[Editor's Note: the footnotes are numbered sequentially throughout the series. For this reason it is necessary to state that if the material in the notes comes from the text of W. W. Mills, *Forty Years At El Paso 1858-1898*, edited by Rex W. Strickland (El Paso, 1962), the citation will read *Forty Years*, and if from the Introduction or notes of Dr. Strickland, the citation will read "Strickland." It should also be repeated that the letters are published as they are in the original, with *italics* and without corrections in spelling, punctuation, and capitalization or with the use of the tedious [*sic.*].

[no place, no date]

I learn that Capt Lane the worst of the officers of San Augustine Spring<sup>88</sup> notoriety has been reinstated in his regiment and is on his way to this country again. Government has seen proper to do this and I will not complain but there is a personal matter between me and him with which government has nothing to do, he sayed at this Post while I was a prisoner at Bliss that he called me a liar at Fillmore and that I did not resent it. he then never expected to see me again, he will meet me now under very diferent circumstances and I will make him retract that statement or I will cram it down his throat.

The Texans are hovering round and I have some hope that we will have a fight soon.

Anson says he "would not act as a Spy" but does not say why, people have very diferent ideas of what constitutes a Spy, in some cases I would act in that capacity. I was not a Spy in El Paso nor could I have been for I was on mutual ground and our goverment had not at that time commenced to treat the enemy as beligerants. No, soldier has a brighter reputation than Major Ander.

I never wrote to Judge Watts or any one else anything concerning the treachery of particular officers, in my official report I stated the facts and if they are not disposed to act upon them it is no affair of mine. I could bring plenty of evidence before a court martial to d—m allmost any of those officers.

I will go on no foolhardy scouting expeditions but wherever there is a prospect for a brush with the enemy there will I be in the midst. Uckon Borantos & Dr Rour all known to Anson are here with us.

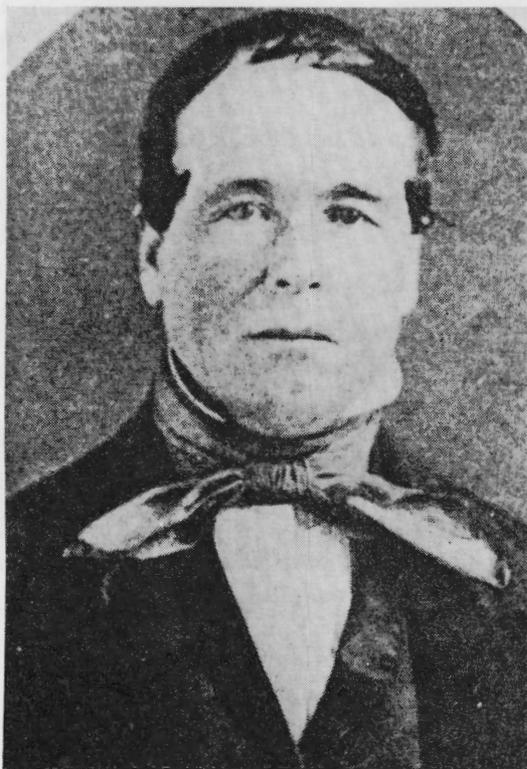
It would cost you a great deal of money to come here via Independence & Santa Fe, you could not come and return under 500\$. You would be about 20 days on the way out.

I will write to Jeff Cason soon. Anson says nothing about Robertson or G I Clarke. I learn from you that Robertson is at Majattan, would

like to write to him but it would be so long before a letter would reach him. Wonder why I never received an answer from W L Diffendoffer<sup>39</sup> at New Holland Lancaster County Penn.

If you apply for the Consulship do it through your own delegation without troubleing Watts. Diffendoffer resigned for fear of the Texans and will not be reappointed.

W.W.Mills  
Fort Craig N. M.



*James P. Mills, Father*

*Copied by Cdr. McKinney from Anson Mills, My Story, as are the other three Mills photographs.*

Jan. 14, 1862

My dear Father

When I wrote you last the Texans were on the way from Mesilla toward this place. They came within 35 miles of the Fort and returned toward Mesilla without meeting any of our troops. We were all greatly disappointed and I am fast loosing my good opinion of my former friends the Texans. Each party is now maneuvering for an advantage and it is hard to tell when the fight will come off but we intend to thrash them even at a disadvantage.

I have received two letters from you and one from sister Caroline which is all I have received from the States, the mails must be at fault. A captain with a flag of truce was sent from here to the Texans a short time ago, by it I learn that Bill Conklin<sup>40</sup> & George Coldwell<sup>41</sup> killed each other in a fight at El Paso. They were both well known to Anson, Coldwell owed him fifty dollars.

On the first day of this year I was appointed a 1st Lieutenant of Volunteers and attached to the Staff of Col Roberts as Aid de Camp. this is just the position I wanted and though I have very little to do now except as I volunteer for certain services I am confident that I can be of more service in this position than in any other. I act at the same time as Interpreter at Headquarters and have the planing of some expeditions to El Paso to learn what the Texans are about. Occasionally I volunteer to take a ride with capt Lord or some other officer on a Scouting expedition and thus pass the time.

I see by the papers that Judge Watts has presented a bill to organize the Territory of Arizona. if it passes I will be sure of some good office there even if I should be knocked out of the collectorship. I wonder who will go to Congress for Arizona.

It is sayed here that my friend R L Robertson was killed in some battle in the States, does Anson know any thing about him?

I get considerable more pay than Anson but evry thing here is so expensive and I have been obliged to spend so much money that it will be some time before I can save any thing. both the horses which I brought from El Paso died since from the fateague of the journey by which I loose \$150. I bought another one the other day which cost me 100\$ cash.

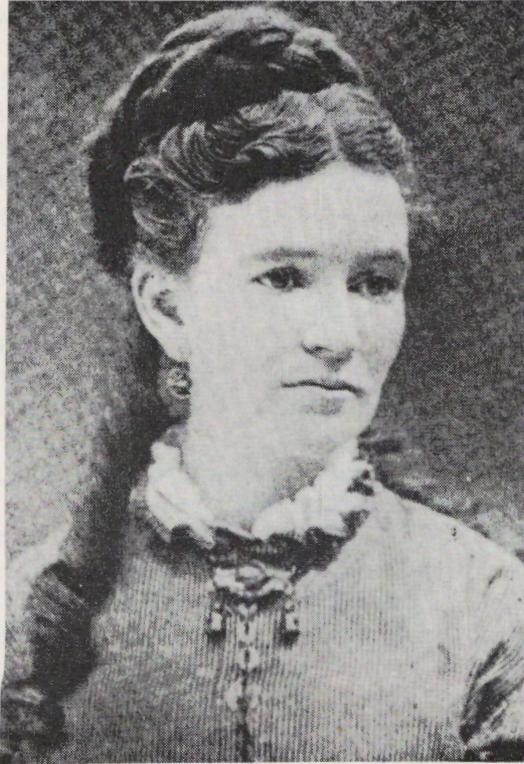
I cannot help being impatient at our not moveing down the country but I guess we will go some time and when we do go we will make a sure thing of it.

Asever

WmW.Mills

Ist Lieut. Vols.

Many thanks to Caroline  
for her kind letter



*Caroline Mills Martin, Sister*

Fort Craig N.M.

Jan. 20, 1862

My dear Father

Yours & Ansons of the 14th & 18th of Dec. are rece'd. Anson says he enclosed me a letter from Secretary Chore but I did not receive it.

It appears that I am forever to be misunderstood by my best friends in relation to certain things and I have allmost formed a resolution not to try to explain myself any more; I was one month a prisoner in the Guardhouse at Fort Bliss, I was very near being hanged or Shot, but at the end of that time the Texans Seeing that such confinement would soon kill me let me run at large telling me that if I attempted to make my way up the country I would be taken and Shot. I watched and worked

for two long months for an opportunity to come and you know how I finally did come, the more I think of that journey the more I wonder that I ever Succeeded, as it was I arrived at this Post *crazy* with want of water & sleep. As soon as I arrived here I wrote you the whole truth in relation to the matter but Strange as it may appear evry letter I have received from home says some thing about my "release"!!! - - - Even Caroline was glad to hear that Judge Watts<sup>43</sup> had "ordered" me to be released. Why dount Judge Watts "order" Jeff Davis to disband his army at once??? I refused to give my Parrol and our pickets took a Texan Lieutenant and party prisoners who were sent out by Col. Baylor<sup>43</sup> to bring me back at all risks. this is the way I was "released." Shame.

I have nothing new to write in relation to movements here, I suppose you think it strang that we have not retaken Mesilla & El Paso before this time, well, I think it is but as a soldier I can say no more. I believe we will take those places and hope it will be soon but I cannot tell now. The Texans are reinforced but we do not know how many men they have. About two weeks ago I planed an expedition to El Paso for information, found a man to go and submitted it to the Colonel, he approved and the man has gone, he is a poor man well known to Anson, if he succeeds he gets two thousand dollars. He ought to return tonight and if he does I will give you some hints as to what he brings though you know in these times it is not best to tell evrything.

This morning 150 Texans came into a little town 35 miles below here, day before Capt. Lord<sup>44</sup> & myself were there waiting for them with force enough to whip them, three times we have been that near to a fight. Capt Moore<sup>45</sup> of the Dragoons committed suicide here a few days ago by shooting himself through the head. Drunkeness.

Now that I am a Lieutenant and have the very position I wanted I intend to stay in the army as long as there is any fighting to do here. Do you know that I could now get into the regular Army? What do you & Anson think about it? Col Canby<sup>46</sup> told an officer that he would recommend me and evry officer at this Post would do the same thing, this recommendation in the hands of Judge Watts would be equivoilent to an appointment. However I would rather have my present position as long as it lasts than to be in command of a regular company. Wait till we have had a battle, it may be easy for me to get a regular appointment then and it may be—that I will not want it.

I have always urged you to come to Texas or New Mexico but now is not the time. I wrote you a long letter some time ago telling you what money could be made at El Paso as soon as our troops go there, then you & Allen should come. You can get the consulship at El Paso as I wrote you before and it would just suit you. You ask about our houses



*Eliza Jane Smiley, Sister*

at El Paso, the Texans are keeping their whores in them.

Asever

Wm W. Mills

1st Lieut. Vols.

Fort Craig New Mexico

February 12, 1862

My dear Father

The prospect is that we will have *the* battle today or tomorrow. the enemy is within 15 miles of this Fort evidently intending to attack it. I know these Texans and know that the fight will be a desperate one but they are deceived as to our strength and temper and they must loose in the end. Anson appears to be uneasy about my situation but I have acted

honorably in evry respect with evry one, even with the Texans themselves and can loose nothing but my life.

If we gain this battle we will be in possession of El Paso very soon.

You do not know how much pleasure it gives me to meet those fellows at last on equal terms.

Asever

W.W.Mills



*Marietta Burckhalter, Sister*

Fort Craig, New Mexico

March 6, 1862

My dear Brother

The texans instead of attacking the Fort attempted to pass round it and in doing this they were two days in the hills without water. On the

morning of the 21st of February they reached the river five miles above this place just as our advance arrived there to meet them. their bank of the river was a cottonwood bosque (a bottom covered with cottonwood trees) while our bank, the western, was a beautiful plain. Here we fought the battle of "Valverde"<sup>47</sup> a harder contested and bloodier battle than Chipewa<sup>48</sup> or Lundys Lane<sup>49</sup> or Buena Vista<sup>50</sup> or Melino del Ray.<sup>51</sup>

We arrived on the ground about 9 O'clock of such a beautiful morning as you see only in this country. Skirmishing with small arms across the river immediately commenced. the enemy planted his artillery in a thicket near the bank of the river and our battery was placed in a grassy plain opposite to and within three hundred yards of his.

McRae's battery, yet to become historical, consisted of six field pieces named by Capt. McRae<sup>52</sup> a NorthCarolinean, Lieut Michler,<sup>53</sup> your friend, Lieut. Bell, Volunteer and ninety five men. the firing immediately commenced, and such firing, it was not like your artillery duels at long tauge in the states but the firing of two well handled batteries within 300 yards of each other. the reports of the pieces amounted allmost to a continual roar. here a man, there a horse, and then a gun carriage was knocked into attoms by a round shot or a shell.

But the bravery and skill and coolness of our men proved to much for the enemy and in one hour the texan battery was as silent as the grave, some of their pieces being dismounted by McRaes round shot and others being drayed back into the woods by hand, their horses having nearly all been killed.

The enemy now retired further back into the wood and some of our reinforcements having arrived Col Roberts<sup>54</sup> ordered Capt Selden<sup>55</sup> with the 5th Regiment of regular Infantry to "cross the river and advance and drive the enemy from the wood, if necessary at the point of the bayonett," the men plunged into the river up to their arms and were soon formed on the other bank cheering for the Union the while. the enemy could now be seen in the wood about 1500 yards in front of them. the 5th, now the "bloody 5th" advanced steadily and for a few moments evry thing was quiet, the stillness which proceeds the storm. presently came a voley from the 5th then a return from the texans followed by a continual sputtering of marketry, drowned occasionally by the cheers of our brave men as "the men borne insensible to fear" gave way from clump after clump of cottonwoods and retreated toward the hills. When Capt Selden was ordered to advance with less than 600 men it was not supposed that the enemies main body had yet arrived at the bosque but he soon found that he had charged into the center of probably 2000 men and being flanked on both sides he retired in good order to the river bank. In that charge a company of texan cavalry armed with Lances & Revol-

vers charged a company of Colorado Volunteers.<sup>56</sup> the Colorados stood firm until the cavalry came to within about 100 feet of them and delivered one volley, after that volley the Lancer Company was no more, not a dozen of them were able to ride off the field. We now crossed the battery and waited until evening for our reinforcements to arrive when a general advance was to take place. So far we had gained the advantage in every encounter and we felt confident of gaining the victory in an hour; but you know these texans, they saw that their only salvation was in a forelorn hope. our advancing column extended for half a mile up and down the river with our battery in the center by some mistake left without a sufficient support. from the nature of the ground the texans could see our movements while we were ignorant of theirs. taking advantage of this Col Scurry<sup>57</sup> collected over 1000 men behind a drift of sand with the design of charging our battery and *bravely desperately* did he carry this design into execution. our battery got into play in good time and poured the grape & canister into the advancing column mowing them down by scores and dozens, but on they came revolver in hand, literally climbing over the dead bodies of their comrades. our reinforcements were too far off and we lost our battery and with it the day and retired in good order to the post. Capt McRae stood his gun till the last and even after being wounded refused to surrender and was shot through the head and body. Mickler was shot through the breast while raming the last charge into one of his pieces. of these three officers and 95 men only Lieut Bell and 35 men were left able for duty. that night after they arrived in the fort those 35 brave fellows formed and saluted Lieut Bell and while they wept they cheered for McRae for Mishler and for the Union.

I will not tell you how many men we lost, we know that the texans lost more than we did and we will defeat them yet or show them that Valverde was only a skirmish. I have seen Scurry since the battle, he came to the Fort with a flag of truce, he called me Emmet and enquired about you.

Some time I may be able to tell you some thing about my own performances at Valverde but I have no time now. I learn from released prisoners that the texans say they will hang me but as I told you before I have done nothing dishonorable and they can take nothing but my life and even to get that they will have to come where "deaths brief pang is quickest."

There are over 1000 commissioned officers here, I am one of the Eight "mentioned" for gallant conduct in the battle of Valverde.

Asever your Brother

W.W.Mills

## EXPLANATORY NOTES

38. The Union forces under Major Lynde deserted Fort Fillmore and straggled eighteen miles eastward to San Augustine Springs where they were overtaken by Colonel Baylor with about 200 men. Major Lynde surrendered unconditionally.—*Forty Years*, 54.
39. William L. Diffenderfer was a brother of David R. and Frank R. The 1860 census of El Paso County shows William a resident of San Elizario, engaged in merchandizing. The three brothers returned east during the Civil War.—Strickland, 178-79.
40. William (Bill) Conklin is described as "a merchant, gambler, adventurer of parts and occasional driver for the Butterfield Overland Mail." Dr. Strickland states that the time of Conklin's death is unknown.—Strickland, 176.
41. The editor was unable to identify George Coldwell. Mills makes no mention of him in his *Forty Years*.
42. See *PASSWORD*, Spring, 1972, 21, 13n.
43. See *Idem.*, 21, 21n.
44. Unable to identify Captain Lord.
45. Captain Isaiah N. Moore was born in Pennsylvania. He was appointed to the Military Academy on July 1, 1847. His death occurred on January 16, 1862.
46. See *PASSWORD*, Spring, 1972, 21, 23n.
47. Mills in his *Forty Years*, 59-63, devotes a 4-page chapter to the battle of Valverde, fought on February 21, 1862. Dr. Strickland describes Mills' account, 59n, as "egocentric." For more objective presentations see Colton, *Civil War in the Western Territories*, 26-36; Hall, *Sibley's New Mexican Campaign*, 83-103; and Keleher, *Turmoil in New Mexico*, 164-174.  
About 3800 Union and 1700 Confederate troops took part in the battle. Casualties on each side were around 200. See Daniel Connor, *PASSWORD*, "Civil War Operations in West Texas and New Mexico, 1864-2," *PASSWORD*, i, No. 3 (August, 1956), 90-98.
48. The Battle of Chippewa was fought on July 5, 1814 in the Lake Ontario-Niagara campaign of the War of 1812.
49. The Battle of Lundy's Lane was fought twenty days after Chippewa.
50. Buena Vista, a *hacienda* seven miles from Saltillo, proved a bloody battle for Mexico. General Taylor estimated the number of Mexicans killed and wounded as roughly 2,000 while the number of Americans included 267 killed, 456 wounded and 23 missing.—H. H. Bancroft, *History of Mexico* (San Francisco, 1890, 6 vols.), v, 432-33.
51. Molino del Rey (King's Mill) was "proportionally the bloodiest" battle of the Mexican War. It was one of several battles necessary to capture Mexico City. It was fought on September 7/8, 1847.—Bancroft, *History of Mexico*, v, 497-500.
52. Captain McRae was a native of Fayetteville, North Carolina and an 1851 graduate of West Point. See Marion Cox Grinstead, "Alexander McRae—Soldier's Letters Home," *PASSWORD*, xi, No. 4 (Winter, 1966), 157-161.
53. Lt. (Brevet Captain) Lyman Mishler (not Michler) was of the regular army.
54. See *PASSWORD*, Spring, 1972, 21, 16n.
55. Major Henry Selden. For some unexplained reason, Mills failed to mention Selden's death at Valverde.
56. The Colorado Volunteers were also known as "Pike Peakers."
57. See *PASSWORD*, Spring, 1972, 22, 37n.

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The pioneer society, according to Frederick Jackson Turner, has seemed to its socialist critics not so much a democracy as a society of "expectant capitalists."

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Frontiersmen believed sulphur and sorghum to be blood purifiers. One was not to get wet or chilled by weather while taking the mixture.

## HERITAGE HOMES OF EL PASO

### The Ainsa House



*The Ainsa Home  
Photo Taken in 1938.*

The handsome mansion at 1011 North Mesa Street was built in 1915 by Gibson and Company for Mr. and Mrs. Frank S. Ainsa. The house has three stories and a basement, is of yellow brick construction, and its style is Greek Revival. There are dormer windows on the third floor and a wide entablature, just under the roof, extends all around the building. The front part of the roof is upheld by six columns with Ionic capitals, and a balcony under the roof, at second story level and extending the width of the house in front, is also upheld by Ionic columns but of much smaller diameter than the ones supporting the roof. There is a low wall with an ironwork fence and plaster columns enclosing the property. There used to be an electric lock on the front gate which was controlled from the house. There is also a two-story detached garage. Servants quarters were on the second floor and on the first was a turn-table to enable a car to be turned around. This, however, no longer operates.

While the house was under construction Pancho Villa was taking over the town of Juárez and during the fighting stray bullets sometimes found their way into El Paso, doing little harm, however. One day the columns supporting the roof of the Ainsa house proved too weak to hold the heavy roof overhang, and they collapsed with a terrific reverberation which was heard all

over the neighborhood, bringing down also the front portion of the roof. Of course, many people rushed to see the debacle and someone took a photograph and sent it to an eastern newspaper which printed it with a caption stating that this was the result of a shelling by Pancho Villa! When the (no doubt embarrassed) builder reconstructed the columns, he assured Mr. Ainsa that they were strong enough to support a railroad train.

Oddly enough, there is no entrance hall to the house, one entering directly into the very large drawing room which extends the width of the house. Wood panelling, with heavy tapestry above the wood, and a terrazzo floor made for elegance. Opposite the front door is a large fireplace with a white marble mantel and above the mantel is a mirror. The stairs leading to the second floor are concealed behind the chimney. Upstairs there are six large bedrooms and two baths. There is a terrace and pergola, upheld by columns that extend to the south of the house. This was the scene of many gay parties on warm summer evenings.

Frank S. Ainsa was born in Oregon in 1881 and came to El Paso as a lad of sixteen. He made a substantial fortune in the wholesale grain and flour business. He married Miss Roselle McNamee and they had six children and a number of grandchildren: Enid, who married Eugene Callahan, a young cavalry officer, had three children; Marian (known as "Winkie"), who married John Breitling, an army officer; Patricia, who married Baron Istban de Koranyi of Hungary, also had three children; Francis, who married Evelyn Fraser, fathered eight children; and the twins, Misses Geraldine and Roselle.

Members of the Ainsa family lived in the mansion for more than fifty-six years. Mr. and Mrs. Ainsa are deceased but Geraldine and Roselle lived in the house until it was sold in 1971 to Malcolm McGregor and Associates for use as law offices. Today the appearance of the house is very much changed, as the columns, balcony and all trim which had been white are now painted brown.

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THE GRAND CANYON was discovered by Francisco Vázquez de Coronado.

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So far as is known, the first horse-race even seen in Texas was held by soldiers of the Ramón-St. Denis expedition on June 24, 1716, to celebrate the Feast of St. John.

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Scurvy resulting from improper diet was called *mal de loanda* by the Spaniards.

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Daniel Boone, said to be a nephew of the famous Kentucky frontiersman, settled in Texas.

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There are two Philip Nolans in American history—one, a fictional character in Edward Everett Hale's patriotic fable, *The Man Without A Country*; and the real Philip Nolan, "the greatest wholesale horsethief in history" and a confidential agent of Major General James Wilkinson. He was killed by the Spanish while on a horse-stealing expedition to Texas. Hale apologized for his mistake in using the name "Philip Nolan."

## SOUTHWEST ARCHIVES

### The El Paso Public Library

The gods dwelling on top of Mt. Franklin smiled upon this city in 1908 when they brought Maud Durlin here from New York to become director of the El Paso Public Library. She was one of those rare persons who could not only see individuals and their peculiar talents in proper context, but also one who could define and guide the functions of an institution towards its proper goal. Artist Tom Lea and book designer Carl Hertzog are among the notables who have acknowledged the profound influence she had on their lives. It has been suggested by one close to her that she established the whole cultural tenor that prevails in El Paso even today.\* It is certain that at the public library she put into effect a policy that has since become a cardinal tradition with her successors, which is to seek out, acquire, catalog and make available to the public all material, published or unpublished, pertaining to El Paso, the Southwest and Mexico.

In 1912, she resigned from the library to marry John Kevin Sullivan, a mining engineer, and went with him to live in the Mogollon Mountains of New Mexico, where he engaged in mining activities in that mineral-rich region. In 1917, they returned to El Paso to live and, once again, Mrs. Sullivan took over as head of the library—a position she held until her death in 1943.

Because of her interest in her husband's profession, she saw the value, in this area, of subscribing to mining journals and of collecting the papers, documents and records of mining engineers. This resulted in not only obtaining for the library a priceless collection of old magazines on the subject, but also the valuable files of James H. Parker, a prominent engineer who, with his brother, Morris, held mining interests in three states and in Mexico. The mining collection received a rare supplement in 1968 when this writer—archivist of the public library at the time—was privileged to receive on behalf of the library, a complete file of *The Bullion* from the Longuemare family. This is a mining newspaper which was published in Socorro, New Mexico and El Paso, Texas from 1883 to 1892 by Professor Charles Longuemare.† The professor, by the way, was chairman of the great silver convention held in El Paso in 1892.

Because El Paso is the gateway to Mexico—in fact, was once part of Mexico—Mrs. Sullivan was deeply aware of her responsibilities to regional historians. As a consequence (and it should be borne in mind that she operated on a shoe-string budget), she acquired the fabulous collection of Spanish and Mexican books which include such prizes as the forty-two volume set of *The Unedited Documents of the Archives of Seville* (in Spanish), *Memoirs of the Conquistador Bernal Diaz del Castillo* translated by J. I. Lockhart (1844) in two volumes, and the priceless nine volume set of Lord Kingsborough's *Antiquities of Mexico* (1831), which contain ancient Indian paintings and hieroglyphics.

This last-named is worth many thousands of dollars today, but Mrs. Sullivan bought it for only a few hundred dollars from the William Gillett Ritch estate where it was discovered stored in his barn. Ritch had been acting

Governor and Secretary of State in New Mexico during the 1880's, and was an avid and knowledgeable collector even in those early days. The bulk of his collection reposes in the Henry E. Huntington Library and Art Gallery in San Marino, California, one of the great privately endowed libraries of our time, but they did not get it all, thanks to Maud Sullivan and her collector's eye.

Since then, the Mexican collection at the El Paso Public Library has been enriched by the acquisition of the Rusk-Edwards Collection and the papers collected by Cleofas Calleros. Elizabeth Hooks Kelly, who became librarian in 1955, purchased valuable papers from the estate of Peyton Edwards, pioneer attorney in El Paso, who had married into the family of Thomas Jefferson Rusk. Following the defeat of the Mexican forces at the Battle of San Jacinto, Rusk, as Secretary of War under Sam Houston and Commanding General of the Texas Army, had been one of the signers of the Treaty of Velasco, which provided for the cessation of hostilities between Mexico and Texas. Only five original copies of this Treaty are known to exist and the El Paso Public Library has one of them in the Rusk-Edwards Collection. As a curious note, it bears the signature of General Antonio López de Santa Anna who, indeed, spelled "Anna" with two "n's".

The Cleofas Calleros Collection was obtained and cataloged by Virginia Hoke, who became Southwest Librarian after the books and materials on this subject had attained such great proportions that it became necessary to organize a new department of the library in order to care for it. The Calleros Collection consists of some three thousand pages of manuscripts and documents from Mexico—the earliest of which is a document of the Spanish Inquisition dated 1623. Also, it contains baptismal and marriage records from Paso del Norte and other points within the Provincias Internas of New Spain.

The manuscript collection held in the vault of the institution contains typewritten drafts of such items as J. Frank Dobie's *Apache Gold and Yaqui Silver*; C. L. Sonnichsen's *Roy Bean: Law West of the Pecos*; Owen White's *Autobiography of a Durable Sinner*; Tom Lea's *The Wonderful Country*; *Cock of the Walk* by Haldeen Braddy and many others.

Also, locked in the vault are the famous Aultman Collection of photographic negatives which deal with a variety of Southwestern subjects and personalities from the turn of the century. Next to them is the Anson Mill's Survey Map of El Paso in 1859, plus Mill's correspondence with Mrs. Sullivan.

Most impressive is the newspaper collection, a large part of which is stored both in the original bound volumes and on microfilm. There is the only complete file extant of *The Lone Star*, published in El Paso from 1881-86. A run of the *Galveston Daily News* from 1878 to 1917 was a gift from Richard Fenner Burges, who wrote the charter for the library and who was the first chairman of its Board of Trustees in 1904. There is an almost complete run of the *El Paso Times* and *El Paso Herald* except for a few missing issues in their first months of existence. Both papers were begun in April, 1881.

Other newspapers include the *Black Range*, published in Chloride, New Mexico during the 1880's; the *Texas State Gazette* of 1849; *Thirty-four* of Las Cruces (1878-80); the *El Paso Sunday Telegraph* (1897-98); and the

*Monday Graphic* of El Paso (1897-98).

An effort to obtain the official papers of El Paso mayors was begun by Virginia Hoke and has been continued by her successor, Southwest Librarian Lisa Lovelace. The more honest administrations have already donated their records to the library. The latest mayor to do so was Peter de Wetter, whose papers were an archivist's dream. They were boxed in such good order that it was only necessary to index them and store them on the shelves.

Naturally, only the highlights of some of the more important collections have been touched on here, as a book could probably be written about each individual archival group. Also, since this column is about archives and Southwest materials, there has been no attempt to describe the many other worthwhile features of the library. But the direction—the initial impetus—given by Maud Durlin Sullivan, a truly charismatic person, has paid off a hundredfold. Today the El Paso Public Library is one of the outstanding archival repositories in the country.

\*See Betty Mary Goetting, "Maud Durlin Sullivan," *PASSWORD*, viii, No. 1 (Spring, 1963), 11-14.

†For more information about *The Bullion* see "Southwest Archives," *PASSWORD*, xiii, No. 4 (Winter, 1968), 141.

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THE MISSISSIPPI RIVER was called "Río de la Palizada" by the Spaniards and "Colbert" by the French.

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Beautiful movie star<sup>†</sup> Dolores Del Rio was born Lolita Dolores Asunsoló de Martinez in Durango, Mexico, on August 3, 1905. At present she is retired and lives on her estate in Coyacan, a suburb of Mexico City.

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The persimmon is a member of the ebony family (Ebonaceae).

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Texas was at one time called "Amichel" by the Spaniards.

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Smith County, Texas, was named for a native South Carolinian, James Smith, who served as a general in the Texas Revolution.

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The oldest police force in the United States is the Texas Rangers. They were founded in 1835.

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A train was derailed near Pueblo, Colorado, in 1875, and tumbled into a bed of quicksand. It has never been found although searchers have explored to a depth of fifty feet.

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The Spanish league was a rather elastic unit of measurement. In the 18th century it was usually equivalent to 2.61 miles.

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Los Adaes was once the capital of Texas.

## BOOK REVIEWS

### MAVERICK TALES

by J. D. RITTENHOUSE

(New York: Winchester Press, \$8.95)

During the years that Jack Rittenhouse owned and operated his Stagecoach Press in Santa Fe, lovers of Southwestern Americana came to know exactly what to expect of him: beautiful little gems of editing, printing, and designing. To find now that he has turned his talents to writing about his favorite subject doesn't surprise us a bit, and we open his "Maverick Tales" with the pleasurable anticipation of finding another gem. And we are not disappointed.

Take the title, for instance. It's perfect. The book is a collection of stories. No. Not stories. *Tales*—in the sense of all that word implies: a relation of a series of events, maybe not exactly "proper," and maybe a bit on the gossipy side. And they're "maverick" in several senses, the most obvious of which is that they're a mixture of two genres—story-telling and chronicle. They don't carry anybody's brand, not even that outfit's known as historical fiction; for in these tales Mr. Rittenhouse uses no poetic license, takes no liberties with the facts. As he himself tells us in his Introduction:

Each of these episodes has been written from old records.

Nothing was invented. If there is dialogue, it was from the pen of someone who heard the words spoken.

So: "Maverick" is exactly what these "Tales" are: history and story in superb combination.

To illustrate the combination, consider the first tale. It's entitled "Cavalier on the Bayou" and has as its subject LaSalle's dismal attempt to establish in the "Land of the Flesh Eaters" (you see, the word "Texas" hadn't been used yet in the 1680's) "the first colony—a French colony in Spanish territory." In this tale, we are given all the ascertainable facts as to why that attempt at colonization failed—ignorance, bungling, sickness, Indians, the Spanish. But we see it all from the viewpoint of several of the participants, principally two men—LaSalle himself, proud and arrogant and overbearing—and one Jean L'Archeveque, whom "History has named . . . as one of the killers" of LaSalle. What we get, you see, is historical account blended with that kind of insight into human character which the fiction writer presents.

Like "Cavalier on the Bayou," each tale in the collection centers on a single event (to use the historical term) or "action" (to use the literary one). The tales are arranged chronologically according to the period "setting" which they cover, and all together they span a period of almost three hundred years in the busy tapestry of Texas—taking the reader from the bitter scenes of hate, betrayal, and murder which LaSalle set in motion through the numerous Causes which brash young Texans always espoused to Texas outlawry in the early twentieth century.

And the people you'll encounter along the way will fascinate you. Consider two of them, as an example. Early on, you'll meet young Jose Bernardo Gutierrez y Lara, one of the fallen Father Hidalgo's former revolutionaries, who all but singlehandedly rallied the Texans behind his green flag of liberation from Spain. Later, you'll become acquainted with a rowdy, tough Irish immigrant, Dick Dowling, whose pluck and daring contributed

mightily to the victory for the Texas Confederates in the Battle of Sabine Pass. Listen to what a Union signal officer said to Dick shortly after the battle: ". . . you and your forty-three men, in your miserable little mud fort . . ., have captured two Yankee gunboats, many stands of small arms and plenty of good ammunition, and all . . . with six popguns and two smart 'Quakers.' And that is not the worst of your boyish tricks. You have sent three Yankee gunboats, six thousand troops and a general out to sea in the dark. You ought to be ashamed of yourself!"

And you'll meet unpleasant people too—not the stock "bad guy" figures of romance who die "with their boots on, preferably in a shoot out," but the unpicturesque human vermin who kill and seize and plunder and then, likely as not, die "from a clout on the head with an ice mallet" or fall, in a drunken stupor, from a wagon: "A wheel passed over his head, and that was the end of Clay Allison, aged thirty-seven."

If the history of our Southwest is your fancy, this book is for you. And if you're a literature buff, this book is also for you. As I say "Maverick Tales" is a Rittenhouse gem.

—LILLIAN COLLINGWOOD

*The University of Texas at El Paso*

## THE BLACK MILITARY EXPERIENCE IN THE AMERICAN WEST

*ed & ann. by JOHN M. CARROLL*

(New York: Liveright, 1971, \$17.50)

Books on Blacks have become almost *de rigeur* in recent months, but John Carroll's impressive literary contribution is not just another quickie ground out to fill up the obvious omissions of past years.

The hundreds of youngsters who grew up on a steady diet of Saturday afternoon shoot-em-ups, and later their children, glued to television screens watching heros like the Lone Ranger, were rarely confused with the projection of a black man charging into battle on his cavalry horse. After all, history books had conveniently blanked out the fact that there were, indeed, brave Negroes who helped win the West along with Lewis and Clark and Custer and all the rest.

Carroll's collection of writings present what he considered to be the best writing about the black military experiences. He has edited the selections and grouped them according to subject. He takes up the forts, the four black regiments, the individuals, the cavalry, black-white relations, the period before 1866, from 1866 to 1900 and the period thereafter. Who but a few knowledgeable scholars would be conversant with such names as York, Flipper, Estevan? Who is likely to be aware that the last Indian fight in the country was tackled by the Tenth Cavalry, an all-Negro unit, in 1918 when they battled the Yaqui near Nogales, Arizona?

Dr. Eugene Porter, editor of *PASSWORD*, was contacted by Mr. Carroll to add to the compilation by giving permission to reprint from the 1966 fall issue, "Quitman: The Worst Post at Which I Ever Served" by George Ruhlen. This was an account of the untenable, tumbledown cavalry post, served at various times by the four black units, the Ninth and Tenth Cavalry and the 24th and 25th Infantry.

Not the least of the book's appeal is the profusion of drawings and paintings by contemporary and early Western artists. José Cisneros of El Paso keeps good company with the likes of Frederic Remington and Charles Rus-

sell. His sixteen sketches of the soldiers and Indians of the past century show the same careful detail and insistence on accuracy that mark his superb Spanish soldiers of other publications.

Carroll himself writes about the first black graduate of West Point. Henry Ossian Flipper, who was recognized in print in 1965 by Texas Western Press with its *The Western Memoirs of Henry O. Flipper*. The pioneering cadet struggled through West Point to win a commission, but spent only four years in Western outposts until he was accused of embezzling commissary funds at Fort Davis and court-martialed. He was convicted, not on the embezzling count, but for offering to make the account good with a hot check. Carroll makes what seems an obvious point, that the proud soldier was persecuted for his color and suggests that it might behoove some organization to look into the facts again and perhaps clear his name.

On the other side of the coin, an article by that excellent Western writer and government-baiter, J. Evetts Haley, "The Racial Troubles on the Conchos," is what Carroll calls "factual though racially biased." Haley makes no bones about what he considers the government's stupidity for sending unqualified, recent slaves to do a job for which they were unfitted.

The hefty price matches the size of the book, but the serious historian as well as the dabbler will cotton up to *Black Military Experiences*.

—BETTY LIGON

*The El Paso Herald-Post*

#### SPANISH TEXAS: YESTERDAY AND TODAY

by GERALD ASHFORD

(Austin & New York: The Pemberton Press, 1971, \$7.50)

All too infrequently a book is written that fulfills a long-felt need. *Spanish Texas* is such a book. As the author carefully notes in his Introduction: "The story of Spanish Texas . . . has a profound significance for the understanding of American culture as a whole, and especially the culture of the Southwest, for Texas was the focal point for the fusing of the Southwestern States, all of them, into the American Commonwealth, where they have produced under continuing Spanish-Mexican influence a type of civilization which, though as thoroughly American as the civilization of New York or Virginia, is yet subtly different."

In developing his thesis the author discusses the twenty expeditions that entered what is now the State of Texas or touched its coast before the occupation of the area by Spanish missionaries, soldiers and settlers. In addition to the well-known expeditions of Cabeza de Vaca, the real discoverer of Texas, of Coronado, and of de Soto, the author discusses such little-known expeditions as those of Don Luis de Carvajal y de la Cueva, Juan de Retana, Alonso de León, the 1691 expedition of Don Domingo Terán de los Ríos, and the Ramón-St. Denis expedition of 1716. Incidentally, Terán tried to saddle Texas with the unwieldy name of El Nuevo Reyno de La Nueva Montaña de Santander y Santillana.

But these accounts, although important and interesting, are only blossoms for the fruit that comes forth in the last chapter. Here the reader learns that the first "Plan of Government," adopted unanimously by the members of the Consultative Assembly at San Felipe de Austin on November 13, 1835, continued in effect the Mexican laws then prevailing in Texas. Thus the Mexican regime, although it ended over a century ago, has left more than a trace

of influence on the laws of the State. Actually, Spanish-Mexican influence is present not only in the laws but also in the governmental policies, in the social customs, farming and ranching, architecture, religion, and "the character of every inhabitant from whatever nation descended." And this influence, the author emphasizes, is growing at an accelerated rate as the number of Spanish-speaking persons increases percentage-wise compared with the increases in the number of non-Spanish speaking.

*Spanish Texas* is a good book. It should find its way into the library of every Texan, in fact, of every American that he might gain a better understanding and appreciation of his country.

—EUGENE O. PORTER

*University of Texas at El Paso*

### SPANISH AND MEXICAN LAND GRANTS IN THE CHIHUAHUAN ACQUISITION

by J. J. BOWDEN

(U. T. El Paso: Texas Western Press, 1971, \$12.00)

This is a welcome and much-needed book about the history of land grants in El Paso and the surrounding area. Perhaps few people realize that a considerable portion of the land donated to empresarios, communities and individuals and their heirs and assignees by the King of Spain and, later, the Mexican government during their sovereignty in the Southwest, was validated by the United States in the Gadsden Treaty of December 30, 1853.

These parcels of land acquired after the Mexican War from the State of Chihuahua covered some twenty-three million acres and consisted of twenty-six grants which embrace all of present-day El Paso, Hudspeth, Culberson, Jeff Davis and Presidio counties in Texas and a large part of several counties in southern New Mexico. With so much land involved, a great many complications arose during the validation of these grants and after their disbursement by sale or inheritance. Naturally, only a land specialist of wide experience would be able to untangle the complicated skein of their history.

J. J. Bowden is a land specialist with proper credentials. A 1948 graduate of Texas Western College (now U. T. El Paso), he also has a Master's in history from there and a degree in law from the University of Texas at Austin. His Master's thesis was submitted in 1952 on *The Ascarate Grant*. In 1969, Texas Western Press published a monograph by him entitled *The Ponce de Leon Land Grant*. In addition, he has published several other historical works dealing with Texas land matters, including a six volume study, *Private Land Claims in the Southwest*. At present, he is employed as Counsel for Continental Oil Company.

Mr. Bowden has produced a good reference book on a dry and difficult subject. Without wanting to be petty, and at the same time disclaiming anything but a superficial knowledge of land grants, I would like to suggest that the author has not, in a few instances, paid enough attention to his sources. Also, he could have been more diligent about investigating material and documents that have turned up since the early days when he began his search. For example, on page 94 of his book, he writes of a special commission appointed by the *ayuntamiento* of Paso del Norte to survey the Canutillo Grant, consisting of "José Ynacio [sic] Marconi, Lorenzo Provencio Jose María Vela and Juan María Ponce de Leon." Reel 45, frame 237 of the Juárez Archives stored on microfilm in the UTEP Library, gives the names

of the commissioners as José Ygnacio Rascon instead of "Marconi," and José María Velarde instead of "Vela."

In a footnote on page 101, Bowden states that "*Canutillo* is an Indian word meaning a bend in the river." Apparently, he talked to the wrong Indian because *Canutillo* is Spanish for "little cane," or more specifically, as used in local parlance, "canebreak."

One other small point: Bowden offers no substantial evidence in the first footnote on page 8 that the Guadalupe Miranda of the Beaubien-Miranda Grant (later known as the Maxwell Grant) of northern New Mexico is the same Guadalupe Miranda of the southern New Mexico grant. He blithely asserts that they are, in fact, the same person. I have frequently heard New Mexico historians discuss this point at length. According to them, the name is a common one and, on occasion, the southern Miranda would act in a manner inconsistent with the character of the northern Miranda. Was there more than one Guadalupe Miranda? It is about time for somebody to research and resolve this question of identity once and for all.

Be that as it may, this book will serve scholars as a guide for a long time to come.

—BUD NEWMAN

*University of Texas at El Paso*

#### FORT SELDEN: MAY 1865-JUNE 1891

by HUGH M. MILTON II

(Las Cruces, New Mexico: no publisher data, 1971; paper, \$1.25)

Eighteen miles north of Las Cruces, New Mexico, near Radium Springs, and sixty-five miles from El Paso stand the remains of one of the most historic forts of the Old West—Fort Selden. Its history is replete with tales of Indian fighting and of interesting persons who visited the fort from time to time or were stationed there during the twenty-six years of its existence. General Douglas MacArthur, for instance, spent part of his early childhood there. It was his "first residence" and he never tired of telling of his experiences "in riding the escort wagons and of playing in the sand." (See his *Reminiscence*, page 16.) Lydia Spencer Lane, wife of the post commander (1869) and author of the Southwest classic, *I Married a Soldier*, was profuse in her praise of the post.

Fort Selden was established in May, 1865, for the purpose of protecting settlers and post roads from marauding Indians, largely Mescalero and Gila River Apaches. It was a small fort, quartering only two companies, one of cavalry and one of infantry. It was named in honor of Colonel Henry Raymond Selden, a native of Vermont and an 1843 graduate of West Point. Selden served during the Civil War as commander of the First New Mexico Volunteers and saw action in the battles of Pigeon's Ranch (Glorieta) and Peralta. He died on February 2, 1865 at Fort Union where he was also buried.

There is some dispute as to when Fort Selden was officially closed, some claiming 1891, others, 1892. At any rate, upon deactivation the land was given to the Department of Interior and thus reverted to the public domain. In 1926, however, Henry Bailey acquired the land with a plan to have it made into a national park. Upon his death the title passed to his son, Henry, Jr. In 1962 he agreed to give seven acres on which the post had stood to any organization that would accept responsibility for its preservation. The

State Legislature, taking advantage of the offer, accepted the land for a state park and placed its administration under the State Park Commission.

The author of this small but interesting and fact-filled study with its five maps and three drawings is a retired major general (Reserve), a former superintendent of New Mexico Military Institute, and a former president of New Mexico State University. He is to be commended for his contribution to the military history of the Southwest. He is also to be commended for his generosity in donating all profits from the sale of his book to the Doña Ana County Historical Society. Those interested in obtaining a copy should address their requests to the Society, P. O. Box 3962, University Park Station, Las Cruces, New Mexico, 88001. Add twenty-five cents to the purchase price of \$1.25 to cover the cost of handling and mailing.

*University of Texas at El Paso*

—EUGENE O. PORTER

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George Catlin, George Caleb Bingham, Charles M. Russell and Frederic Remington are considered the greatest of the 19th century artists of the West. Today a good Russell or Remington will bring \$150,000.

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A clan maintains the assumption of blood relationship through the maternal line. A gens (pl. gentes) maintains the blood relationship through the male line.

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In primitive society the biographical and geographical bonds were much intertwined.

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The vine called Queen's Wreath is a native of Mexico where it is called "Flor de San Diego" and sometimes "Margarita."

—*Amigos*, MARCH, '72

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THE NUECES RIVER was so-named because of the many pecan trees along its banks.

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YMATINIGUIAPACMICEN (sometimes spelt Smatinguiapacomisam) means "River Where There Are Colors for Painting Shields" and was the Indian name for a village five miles east of the present city of San Antonio, Texas.

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Actually, there were only six Cities of Cibola, not seven.

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Fray Juan Padilla, accompanying the Coronado expedition, was killed by Indians, thus becoming the first Christian martyr in what is now the United States.

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The term "Trackless Wilderness" is fiction and nothing more. All accounts of early exploration in America show that the country was crisscrossed with trails.—Gerald Ashford.

# HISTORICAL NOTES

## LA COCINA

If the *tortilla* is the staple food in Mexico, *mole* is the great ceremonial dish. Both are pre-conquest; both date at least back to the tenth century when Quetzalcoatl, king of Tollan, feasted on beans, corn, squash, tomatoes and chili. He invented the two most popular drinks of the Mexicans, *pulque* and *chocolate*. During his reign turkeys were domesticated for ceremonial dinners and *mole* was his favorite sauce.

Whenever *mole* was first made, it is known from the records of the early historians and priests that the Aztecs served it with every kind of meat. It might be brown, green or red mole and it could be cooked with turkey, rabbit, pheasant and quail, venison and wild boar. It was made with peanut oil, peanut meats, several kinds of chili, and almost always with chocolate. The *mole* we eat today has been developed into a gourmet dish by the addition of herbs, bread crumbs and almonds. Like the chili sauces, *mole* has as many recipes as there are cooks to make it. A very good *mole* paste is available in canned containers in the gourmet sections of El Paso grocery stores and in Juárez markets. The traditional dish for Christmas dinner in Mexico is *gran mole* or *mole de guajolote*. The turkey is baked or boiled, then cut into pieces. The mole is mixed with the broth to the desired thickness and poured over the meat and heated.

*Amigos*, DECEMBER, 1971

Our members should become acquainted with *Amigos*, described as "The International Magazine." Its short stories and articles are not only interesting but also informative as, for examples, the above "La Cocina" and "Posadas and Piñatas," published in our spring issue. It is filled with pictures, with suggestions as where to eat and to shop, and with information concerning such sundry matters as "U.S. Agricultural Quarantine," "Customs in a Nutshell," "Spanish Mini-Lessons," and Mexican recipes.

*Amigos* is edited by Frances Hatfield with Dorothy Jensen Neal and Julia Breck serving as Assistant Editors. The annual subscription rate of \$3.00 should be mailed to Jorge Bate, Publisher, P. O. Box 9185, El Paso, 79982.

Incidentally, *Amigos* makes an excellent gift for a friend "back east."

During the short life of the Republic of Texas, four men served as president, one man serving two terms: David G. Burnet, Ad Interim president, March 1836 to October, 1836; Sam Houston, October, 1836 to December, 1838; Mirabeau B. Lamar, December, 1838 to December, 1841; Sam Houston, December, 1841 to December, 1844; and Anson Jones, December, 1844 to February, 1846 when Texas formally entered the Union.

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Governor Preston Smith, on March 8, 1971, signed into a law a bill that gave the *Lupinus texensis* and any other variety of bluebonnet legal status as the Texas state flower.

## CONTRIBUTORS to this ISSUE

J. J. BOWDEN was born in El Paso where he attended public school. He received the A.B. degree in 1948 and the M.A. (History) degree in 1952 from Texas Western College, now the University of Texas at El Paso. Previously, in 1951, he received a law degree from UT Austin.

Through his writings he has become recognized as an authority on the history of the Southwest. His "The Magoffin Salt War" was published in *PASSWORD*, vii, No. 3 (Summer, 1962), 95-113. He is also the author of *The Ponce de Leon Grant* (El Paso: Southwestern Studies, No. 24, 1969, Texas Western Press). This was reviewed in *PASSWORD*, xiv, No. 4 (Winter, 1969). His most recent book, *Spanish and Mexican Land Grants in the Chihuahuan Acquisition*, was published in 1971 and is reviewed in this issue of *PASSWORD*.

MILDRED TOROK has been a staff member of UT El Paso since 1954 and for the past four years has been associated with the recently-formed Archives Division of the Library. Before coming to El Paso with her husband to make her home, she lived for many years in Tucson, Arizona. Not a Southwesterner by birth, she feels like one by long association and interest.

This is Mrs. Torok's first contribution to *PASSWORD* but, it is hoped, not her last. She is constantly on the lookout for interesting and important material to be extracted from the historical collections presented to the UT El Paso archives.

BETTY LIGON is a native Texan, having been born in Decatur where she was graduated from high school. She attended Wayland College and completed her degree at West Texas State University where she was a member of Alpha Chi, honorary scholastic fraternity.

Mrs. Ligon has worked on several newspapers and journals and, since 1969, has been a reporter on the *El Paso Herald-Post* where she is also editor of the "Book Shelf." She is the mother of five children. Her husband is a retired Air Force officer.

LILLIAN COLLINGWOOD, a native Pasaño, is Assistant Professor of English at the University of Texas at El Paso. She received her A.B. from Texas College of Mines, now UTEP, and her Master's in English from the University of Michigan. She is a frequent contributor of book reviews to *PASSWORD*.

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On the frontier headaches were relieved by cold potatoes. They were cut into three-eighths-inch slices and laid in a 2- or 3-ply folded cloth about four inches wide and long enough to tie around the head at the brow and above the ears. In the summer the potatoes were kept cold by immersing them in the well.

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On the frontier a tea brewed from the roots of the burdock served as a "spring tonic." It also served as a "blood thinner."

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"Ornery" is a word much used on the frontier. In cowboy vernacular, a bucking broncho that did not respond to gentle treatment was described as ornery.