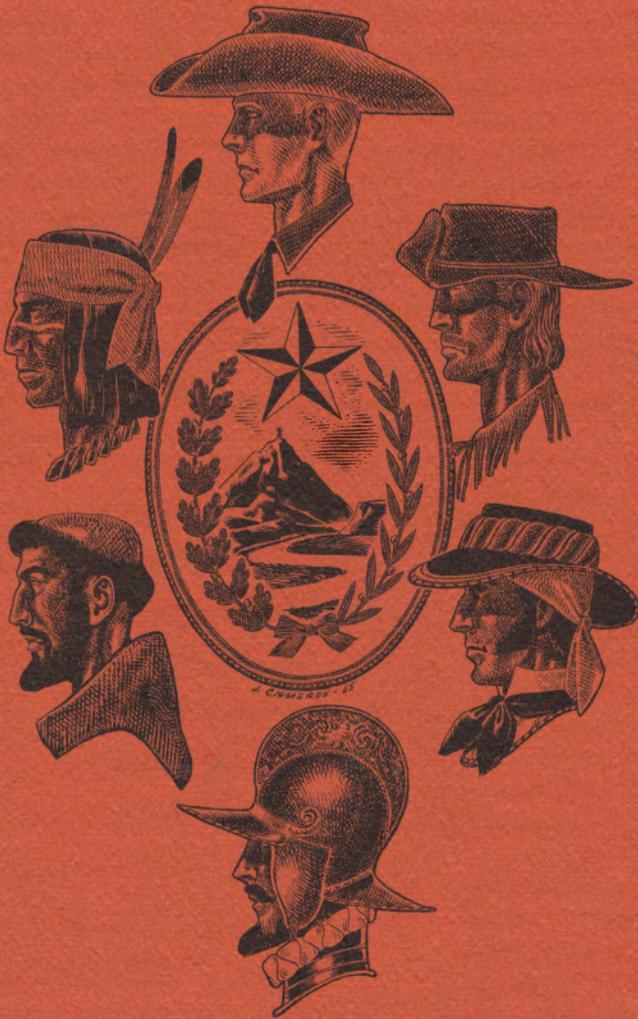


PASSWORD



THE EL PASO COUNTY HISTORICAL SOCIETY

VOL. XX, No. 1

EL PASO, TEXAS

SPRING, 1975

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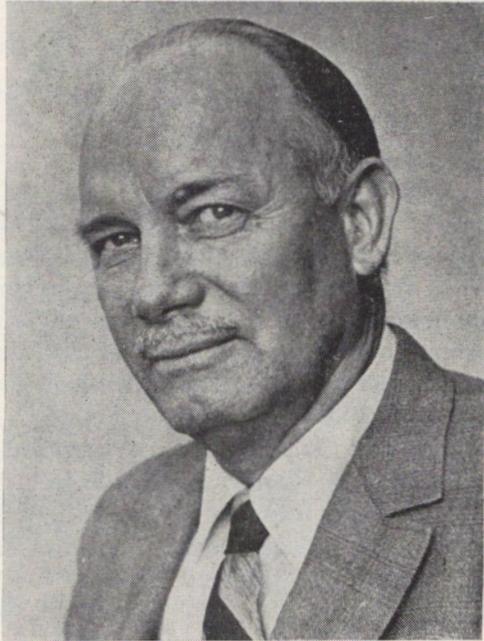
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THE PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE

by WILLIAM I. LATHAM



Dear Members of the El Paso County Historical Society:

As we move forward in 1975 to our country's bi-centennial, we can take pride in El Paso County's role in the development of a great nation.

It seems to me we need to tell the story of El Paso over and over. To do so, we need to obtain new facts and material of the history of El Paso County and the Southwest.

It is my hope that this year all of us will work together to achieve these goals. I am counting on the support and active cooperation of each member of the Society during 1975, looking forward to 1976 when we will all stand tall and celebrate the 200th anniversary of the birth of our nation.

Sincerely,

WILLIAM I. LATHAM
President

NEW EDITOR

President William I. Latham of the El Paso County Historical Society has announced the appointment of Conrey Bryson to succeed Dr. Eugene O. Porter as editor of *PASSWORD*. Dr. Porter served as editor for nineteen years, since the inaugural issue of the publication in 1956. At the same time, Latham announced the establishment of an editorial board to supervise and assist in the publication of *PASSWORD* and the Society's news-letter, *EL CONQUISTADOR*.

In attempting to preserve the high quality of historical journal launched and well established by Dr. Porter, your editor feels the need of wide support and participation by members of the Society. He invites your comments, suggestions, and articles deemed worthy of inclusion in these pages.

Published quarterly by THE EL PASO COUNTY HISTORICAL SOCIETY
CONREY BRYSON, *Editor*

Correspondence in regards to articles, and books for review should be directed to
CONREY BRYSON, 600 Gregory Way, El Paso, Texas 79902.

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PASSWORD

Published quarterly by THE EL PASO COUNTY HISTORICAL SOCIETY
CONREY BRYSON, *Editor*

Editorial Board: Dr. E. Haywood Antone, Leon Metz, Mrs. John J. Middagh,
Mrs. Eugene O. Porter, Millard G. McKinney.

VOL. XX, No. 1

EL PASO, TEXAS

SPRING, 1975

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EUGENE O. PORTER—1899-1975

by CONREY BRYSON

In 1940, Dr. Dossie M. Wiggins, President of Texas College of Mines, went shopping for a Professor of Latin American History. He was impressed enough by the credentials of an instructor at Ohio State University that he flew to Columbus to recruit the prospect. Wiggins wanted to be sure that both Dr. Eugene O. Porter and his pretty red-haired wife, Mary Ellen, would like west Texas. He found them a pair of adventurous spirits who wanted to give it a try.

Porter's PhD was still glistening (Ohio State, 1939), although he had graduated from Ohio Wesleyan nineteen years earlier. Many of those intervening years had been spent making a living—teaching and representing an educational association, selling books to college professors. In the mid-thirties he decided to return to college, gaining his Masters degree in 1936 at Ohio State, with a thesis on the Colorado Coal Strike of 1913. His doctoral dissertation was a history of Methodism in Mexico. This, and a few other articles on Latin American history convinced President Wiggins that he had found his man.

Mary Ellen Baker had been attracted by the sparkling reputation of a brilliant lecturer in Current Events at Ohio State, enrolled in his class, and became Mrs. Eugene Porter. Notes were not permitted for instructors in the History Department at Ohio State, and Gene Porter had already developed the lecture style that would make his name a legend at the College of Mines, Texas Western, and the University of Texas at El Paso. Two generations of students remember with affection the breezy professor who entered the room with a well organized lesson framed in his active mind. Student comments and questions were fitted into the pattern, and the lecture came to a climax that left eager students wanting more.

Such performance, of course, is the fruit of an ever inquiring mind. Dr. Porter took the trouble to gather into a bound volume the articles he has written for various historical journals, other than *PASSWORD*, across the nation. Their scope indicates the breadth and depth of his searching: boundary disputes among the states that border the Ohio River, the origin of the cigarette, oleo-margarine and trade barriers, the temperance movement, Polydore Vergil, a forgotten historian; and articles on such subjects as "The General Staff" and "The Articles of War." These latter reflect his service in Army Intelligence in both the World War II and Korean Conflict years. He rose to the rank of Major, and rendered outstanding service in this country and in Germany. Through the years, he added to his teaching specialties the histories of Russia and the Far East. All this was invaluable to his country.



*At the last social function he attended, a testimonial dinner on Jan. 10, 1975, Dr. E.O. "Gene" Porter, right, beloved educator and author, received a token of appreciation for his years of devoted service as editor of **PASSWORD**. Society president William I. Latham, made the presentation on behalf of El Paso County Historical Society board of directors.*

(Credit: Commander M. G. McKinney USN Ret.)

This was the man who, nineteen years ago, accepted the responsibility of founding and editing a journal for a new historical society at the storied Pass of the North. He gave it the name of *PASSWORD*. In its first year, it was described by *History News*, monthly magazine of the American Association for State and Local History, as "one of the finest periodicals of a local historical society." The same association awarded the publication its award of merit the following year.

Dr. Porter's intense searching of documents in both English and Spanish, has pushed forward the frontiers of historical knowledge in a score his own articles in *PASSWORD*; and by his example and skillful editing he has drawn the talents of an enviable list of able historians. Such a heritage, by its very nature, expands into the future, and we who try to carry Gene Porter's work forward have the advantage of standing on the shoulders of a giant.

EUGENE O. PORTER MEMORIAL AWARD

In memory of the founder of *PASSWORD*, its editor for its first nineteen years, the El Paso County Historical Society establishes the Eugene O. Porter Memorial Award, to be presented annually to the author of the best article published in each volume of *PASSWORD*. Judging will be under the direction of the Editorial Board of the Society.

The cash payment for the annual award will be made entirely from contributions made to the Society in memory of Dr. Porter, and members are urged to send their contributions to El Paso County Historical Society, Post Office Box 28, El Paso, Texas 79940, designated for the Eugene O. Porter Memorial Award. The amount of the award will be announced in a future issue of *PASSWORD*.

Major destructive floods are known to have occurred in El Paso in 1849, 1864, 1867, 1882, 1884, and the most destructive of all in 1897.

PASSWORD XVIII, 95.

The Maverick family gave two words to our language. From Texas pioneer Samuel Maverick was derived the term "maverick" to describe an unbranded calf. It is now applied to independent people who wear the brand of no political party or class. Samuel Maverick's descendant, Maury Maverick, created the word "gobbledygook" to describe useless words in bureaucratic communications.

WHERE IS THAT BURIED TREASURE

by ROBERT N. MULLIN

There is only one search for buried treasure I really know anything about.

Not that there have been no alluring prospects within easy riding distance of El Paso. Right here in the Franklin Mountains there are some tempting prospects, most notably the fortune in gold and silver reputedly left by the Spaniards when they fled the Indian uprising of 1880, pausing only long enough to cave in the mouth of the mine shaft and conceal the location with stones and brush.¹

Hunters for buried treasure could hardly know which one of the hundreds of look-alike sandhills on this side of the Mexican border somewhere east of the town of Columbus, New Mexico, conceals the loot from the daring payday holdup at the copper mines of Cananea, Mexico. The only one of the robbers to get away alive carried the money, in cans, mason jars, and kyacks, tied to the back of a mule which he led from the area. He managed to reach United States soil, and at an isolated place, well away from traveled roads, he buried the plunder; he knew well that every lawman on the border would be looking for a stranger with a suspiciously large quantity of *pesos* in his possession. I believe that he later admitted in writing his participation in the Cananea robbery, claiming that he had never gone back to hunt for the buried ill-gotten gains. I talked with him once, but I can't claim that he told me about the buried treasure.²

Of all the hidden-treasure locations that dot the Southwestern landscape, perhaps the most provocative is one near the spring known by the cheery name, Dead Man's Hole. It is 170 miles east of El Paso, and a nearby cliffside conceals a fortune that, by comparison, would make the Rockefeller family look like paupers. Frank Dobie and some other authorities may question the truth of this account, but no skepticism ever shook the conviction of the area's early settlers and many of their later-day kinfolk.³

The treasure is identified as that garnered by a party led by Arizona bandit Richard Zwing Hunt and his local collaborator, Juan Estrada, in their raid on the mines and smelter, as well as the mint and the cathedral at Monterey, Mexico. The loss was reported to include a fortune in silver ingots, 29 bars of gold bullion, and many sacks of minted gold coins, a load so bulky that 20 pack mules were required to carry it out of Mexico.

Perhaps Zwing Hunt and his outlaw companions from Arizona believed the old slogan, "A secret shared is a secret lost." Anyway, it appears that one night the raiding party camped at Barilla Spring ("Barrel

Spring") west of Dead Man's Hole, and when Zwing and his pals moved on the next morning, a number of the others remained there permanently—under sod. Possibly this development had a chilling effect on Juan Estrada; at any rate, he afterward deserted his home near Van Horn Wells, not many miles from Dead Man's Hole. He is supposed later to have been living inconspicuously at a village in Mexico—a place, incidentally, a long way from Monterey.

Zwing Hunt never got back to claim his share of the plunder. Some time after he had returned to Arizona, Zwing, then 24 years old, was shot and killed in the Swisshelm Mountains not far from Tombstone. His killing was not related to the raid on Monterey.

Buried treasure is always illusive, but the reports of its whereabouts seem indestructible. And the treasure-hunting itch is not confined to any age group or degree of sophistication. The first time I heard about the fortune hidden near Dead Man's Hole was when it was an ill-kept secret that a group of El Paso businessmen were subscribing substantial sums of money to finance a "scientific" search for the treasure. That was 50 years after the alleged burying. I never learned the outcome of this venture. As far as I know, the fortune still lies undisturbed in its resting place—if it really was ever put there in the first place.

The only occasion in which I was personally involved in a hunt for treasure was at Carrizozo, New Mexico, not long after the end of World War I. Carrizozo was justly proud of her impressive County Court House and first-class store buildings, but the jewel in her crown was the Carrizozo Eating House. It was a meal stop for the Rock Island and E. P. & S. W. passenger trains, and the food was excellent. Furthermore, the few sleeping rooms available to travelers were noted for their comfortable beds with relatively lump-free mattresses and fresh, clean sheets. The mirrors over the washstands were not cracked or fly-specked, and there was always fresh water in the big pitchers. Small wonder that people traveling regularly in the area went out of their way to get meals or lodging at the Carrizozo Eating House.

Carrizozo was in the Southern New Mexico territory, where my friend Abner Carruth was sales representative for the Calumet Oil Company of El Paso, soliciting orders from merchants and garages. (Garages were few in many of the smaller communities, but the general store sold not only kerosene, axle grease, and harness oil, but the hand-operated gasoline pump at the curb marked the one place where a person could buy gasoline, motor oil, and cup grease.) One time, when I was making the rounds of his territory with Ab, he told me about a man who had offered to make his brother wealthy. It was not quite an unfamiliar story.

It seems that an old prospector named Dixon, a familiar figure on the border, had made a confidential proposition to Abner's brother, Rufus

("Spec") Carruth, who was service manager at the Watkins Motor Company of El Paso. Spec had made it possible for the old man to acquire an ancient pickup truck with practically no down payment, and in appreciation he offered to let Spec have a half-interest in his fabulously rich gold mine near the top of the east side of a high peak in the Organ Mountains. He showed two reports from Reckhart's Assay Laboratory indicating that ore samples examined had a high gold content and traces of silver. All a partner was expected to do was to put the money for the development work, clearing the partially collapsed shaft and building a road to carry the ore down the mountain. Following his brother Abner's counsel, however, Spec resisted the temptation to become—maybe a very wealthy man.

Ab had scheduled our travel time so as to have an overnight stop at Carrizozo, but we were delayed somewhat by a punctured tire. The casing was stuck hard and fast to the rim. (That was before the day of demountable rims.) It did not take long to paste a patch over the hole in the tube, put a boot on the casing, and remount the tire on the wheel, but the final delay was in getting the tire reinflated with a balky little hand pump. As a result of the delay, there was only one unoccupied bedroom at the Carrizozo Eating House when we arrived, so Ab and I had to flip a coin to see which would get the bed and who would occupy the cot the manager sent up to the room.

The young black man who brought the cot was a very cocky individual, newly employed there as a bus boy and porter. I do not remember his name, but for present purposes the name "Jim" will do. He obviously was displeased with the size of the tip he received for delivering the cot, and when he reached the door he turned and threw the coins on the floor, remarking, in effect, that we and our small change could go jump in the lake.

Each room in the Carrizozo Eating House was equipped with a small stove and, at a slight additional fee, heat could be supplied. As we were leaving the dining room after dinner, we stopped at the desk and asked for a fire in our stove. Presently Jim came to the door and entered without knocking; he had a scuttle of coal and some chips, including, I suspect, one on his shoulder.

As Jim started preparations for the fire, Ab Carruth said to me in a stage whisper that he was afraid we had not buried that sack deep enough. I hadn't the faintest idea what he was talking about, but caught his wink and played up to him. The conversation, in effect, ran something like this:

M. "We couldn't have dug any deeper without a shovel."

C. "What if somebody finds it in the morning before we get there and calls the sheriff?"

M. "More likely he would just take the sack and we would never see that money again."

(By this time, Jim's eyes were almost popping out as he kept fiddling around with the stove, putting in coal one lump at a time, and readjusting the damper in the stovepipe. The whispered conversation continued.)

M. "Fifty thousand dollars is an awful lot of cash to leave laying around. Are you sure we can find the place tomorrow?"

C. "Sure. Three or four miles out on the Corona Road, about half a mile past that wide arroyo. It is right beside one of these clumps of greasewood. It'll be easy to find."

When Carruth started talking in a normal voice about some other matter, Jim suddenly lost interest in the stove and beat a hasty retreat.

At breakfast the next morning, there was no bus boy on duty in the diningroom. When we had finished our business in town and went back to the Carrizozo Eating House to check out, Carruth inquired casually about Jim. The question set off the fireworks.

"I don't know what happened to that no 'count rascal. He ran out of here last night without even finishing washing the dinner dishes, and dashed off somewhere in that old auto of his." Then, in a burst of high indignation, the lady added: "What makes me mad is that he went off with my brand new shovel!"

Jim left Carrizozo equipped with hearsay and shovel—the two essential ingredients for any buried treasure hunt.

NOTES

1. For a summary of legends on the Lost Padre Mine, see J. Frank Dobie, *Coronado's Children*, (New York, Grossett and Dunlap, 1930) 185-8.
2. Eve Ball, New Mexico historian, of Ruidoso, tells the story of the Cananea holdup (around the turn of the century) and its treasure in a forthcoming work on Bert Judia, once a foreman at the W. W. Cox ranch.
3. Dobie calls Dead Man's Hole "El Muerto Springs"; see *Coronado's Children*, Chapter X, "Los Muertos No Hablan."

In May 1956, 75th anniversary of the arrival of the first railroad train in El Paso, the El Paso County Historical Society received from the El Paso and Southwestern Railroad a deed to "Old 3420", a 198,000 pound steam locomotive. The Society presented it to the City of El Paso. It still stands in front of the Union Depot.

PASSWORD I, 110.

The first President of the United States to visit El Paso was probably Benjamin Harrison.

The word *gringo*, often applied to Americans along the border, is used in other parts of the Spanish speaking world to apply to almost any foreigner. It is possibly derived from *Griego* (Greek).

MEMORIES OF THE MAGOFFIN HOMESTEAD

by JOSEPHINE MAGOFFIN LUCKER

(EDITOR'S NOTE: The Magoffin Homestead, a Texas Historical Site, listed on the National Register of Historic Places, is one hundred years old in 1975. At the annual Hall of Honor Banquet of the Society in November, 1974, Sister Josephine Magoffin Lucker was invited to relate reminiscences of the old home where she grew up. Sister Josephine is a member of the Maryknoll Sisters, a Catholic Missionary Community, and has spent 16 years in Africa. The following are excerpts from her address, given in the form of a letter to her great grandfather, Joseph Magoffin, one of the honorees of the 1974 Hall of Honor.)

November 24, 1974

Dear Great-grandfather:

Do you know that we are having a party tonight, and it's in your honor? Actually, the people of El Paso are honoring themselves, but they are doing this by focusing on individuals in the community who stand out as representing the best in themselves.

I never met you, but as a child, after seeing pictures of you as a portly gentleman with a flowing white beard, I figured you must be like Santa Claus. So of course I liked you right away.

When I received the ticket for this banquet and read "JUDGE JOSEPH MAGOFFIN" printed there, I found that revealing. After all, you had so many other titles that could have been chosen. I guess the people of El Paso wanted to say that they admire the courage of a man who is able to evaluate and make decisions in a fair and wise way.

But I remember you most because I grew up in the Homestead which you built. My brothers and I came here to live when our mother, your granddaughter Harriett, died and we were still very young. That homestead at 1120 Magoffin Avenue is such a warm, friendly place! And, though I have rather always taken for granted the lovely furniture, I want to compliment you, great-grandfather, for your choice of the set you gave my grandmother on her 18th birthday. Do you remember? You gave her a beautifully carved four piece set, bed, dresser, wardrobe and vanity, which won the first prize at an exhibit in New Orleans in 1885. Well, I used to run to look at myself in the full length mirror on the wardrobe doors. So I really appreciated your thoughtfulness. Both Octavia and Joseph, who are here tonight, were born in that big carved bed with the canopy top!

But I want you to know that I just couldn't appreciate that piano in the front hall as much. I was told that you had it brought overland, all the way from Baltimore, before the railroads came to El Paso, because my great-grandmother, your wife Octavia, played very well and that you often had evening socials. Well, I wanted to play that piano, so I took lessons, but I didn't succeed; even the piano-teacher informed the family that my talents did not lie in a musical direction. I know how pleased you must be that Octavia, whom we have already acknowledged as being

here tonight, has worked so hard to preserve this heritage and keep the Homestead intact. Truly hers has been a work of love, and stands as a tribute to her own artistic appreciation of beauty and meaning, and of the value of tradition.

Being here at supper time reminds me of meals at the Homestead when Grandmother used to regularly use the Meissen and Dresden China dishes from Germany. And that, too, tells me a lot about you, great-grandfather. You certainly were way ahead of any women's liberation movements in the way you encouraged your daughter, my grandmother, to stand on her own feet. I especially remember when I was to leave the warmth and security of the Homestead for the first time, in order to go to school in Washington, D. C. I was crying and I didn't want to leave, when grandmother said gently, "Josita," that's the name the family call me, "I know how you feel, but just listen to me for a minute. You'll go by plane and arrive in a few hours. When I was your age, my father sent me by stage-coach, and I didn't come home for the Christmas holidays either." So, to me, the Homestead has never been a static symbol, but rather it has been a symbol of the family and roots and love we all need in order to be sent outward, to be outgoing in openness and sharing with others.

But I wonder, great-grandfather, how you felt, when, after grandmother finished her schooling in Washington, she asked you if she could go abroad and visit Europe. That was in 1893 and she was 20 years old. I'll bet you were tempted to hold back and say "But, you aren't old enough," or "but, my dear, I haven't been to Europe myself" or "your mother and I would be too worried about you," But then, maybe you thought back to your own family background and remembered that your aunt Susan, the wife of your Uncle Sam, had been the first American woman ever to travel down the Santa Fe trail and into Mexico. Her parents had trusted her, at the age of 19, to marry and go off with your father's brother into what was then a vast unknown area, full of danger and hardships. Yes, your aunt, Susan Shelby Magoffin, had been quite a woman. Did what you remembered about Susan help you to say "yes" to grandmother? Your positive affirmation of trust in her was reflected in the dishes she brought back from Europe, but more so in the way she encouraged and trusted me. Do you see, great-grandfather, how you were part of that process of my growing up?

I don't think of you as remote. I imagine that you had as many hopes and fears as we all do today. In enjoyed reading a letter you wrote in your boyhood when you described life as a teenager in early El Paso. Your letter was headed Magoffinsville, May 3, 1860, and part of it described the hazards of rapid transit of your day. Let me quote:

I escaped, a most miraculous escape, the other day, perhaps I never will again—as ninety-nine times out of a hundred a person would either be killed



Highlighting the El Paso social scene in 1896, was the wedding at the Magoffin Home of Lieutenant William J. Glasgow and Miss Josephine Magoffin. Magoffin Home—Highlighting the El Paso social scene in 1896, was the wedding at the Magoffin Home of Lieutenant William J. Glasgow and Miss Josephine Magffin.

Credit: (Octavia Glasgow, copied by Cdr. M. G. McKinney USN Ret.)

or have some bones broken certain—I was standing in front of Ben Dowell's billiard saloon awaiting the arrival of the mail together with four or five officers from this place and Fellmans. We saw the mail coming in at a rapid pace and remarked that was pretty tall driving. In coming up in front of the post office the driver struck his horses and made them dash around an adobe wall next to the sidewalk where we were all standing around a buggy of General Jones that was there. Everybody ran for their lives, and I that was standing between the buggy wheels had to jump inside of the buggy to have a chance for my life as there was no other chance of escape. The buggy was turned over and broke to pieces, the whole of it, and I remained under it after the coach had passed twice over it, breaking the hind wheels, the shafts, and the body of the buggy all to pieces. Everybody thought that I was seriously hurt, but I fortunately escaped with but a few bruises and a good scare.

But, it was after the Civil War, when you came back to settle in El Paso in 1868, that I assume you could have been very discouraged. You had been through the terrible experience of war. Your brother Sam, and I know the two of you were especially close because he was your only brother, had been killed in the war. It happened at the time when Sam had been journeying, on a weekend leave, to a very unwarlike rendezvous . . . for Sam had been riding on his way to visit his fiancee when he was

shot. Remember his last letter written to your father, James It was dated June 14, 1864:

Dear Father:

I guess that you will think that the devil has got me by this time, or the Yankees, which is only a little worse, but then you are mistaken, for although they have come pretty near several times, I am still alive, kicking and right side up with care.

You have read all about the battles, so I will write about private matters. I called to see Miss Sallie, and we wish you, Dwyer, and sisters Octavia and Annette, and all my friends could be with us next month; as I expect to be married on the 25th of July, Santiago's Day, if the Yankees are not in possession of that part of the country. It would give me much pleasure to have you present on that day, but I fear it is too far for you to come in so short a time.

Your father had worn himself out supplying goods to the troops of the South. Not only had he lost his business investments, but his home and property were confiscated by the victors. But your father, James, would not be put down by all these setbacks. He made the long and difficult journey to Washington to pledge his loyalty to the Government and to begin negotiating for the return of his property. But what a personal sadness it must have been for him when he learned, at this time, of the destruction of his Homestead. The San Antonio *Herald* reported: "The friends of Mr. Magoffin will be sorry to learn that a sudden rise in the Rio Grande and a change in its channel have swept away the magnificent dwelling house of that gentleman, together with sutler's store, officers quarters, etc. Nothing was saved but the vigas and door frames as they floated past."

Still James was determined to carry on. But on his way back from Washington he became ill and died at your sister's home, the home of the Dwyers, in San Antonio. So James did not reach El Paso again.

It that why you became so involved here, great-grandfather, why you invested your life in this land of Texas, in this community of El Paso? For by 1875 you had rebuilt the Homestead.¹ The Homestead was always much more than a building, for you brought people together in a personal way by carrying on the tradition of hospitality and friendliness that had made your father a legendary figure, loved and respected all along the border. Then you were also active in politics to help institutionalize the possibilities and values which could lead to the growth of this community. As Mayor, you displayed the ability to satisfy varying interests, somehow setting aside and getting above conflicting interests and international and inter-city divisions to enlist the good will of people. H. G. Wells has said that the historian's test of an individual's greatness is "what did he leave to grow?" El Paso is your answer.

Your must have been so pleased when your daughter, Josephine, married that dashing young Lieutenant William Jefferson Glasgow. He was

your kind of man; you sensed that when you first met him at a social in the Homestead. Your families had much in common. I know, because Grandfather used to tell me stories about family history and they were true ones.

His father, Edward J. Glasgow, had also been one of those intrepid young men who traveled the Santa Fe Trail in the 1840's. An earlier relative, William Clark, was credited, together with Meriwether Lewis, with exploring the vast expanse of the Pacific Northwest in 1804-1806. Though Grandfather teased sometimes about ancestor worship, he loved to talk about family history, because he realized that we are inspired by the past to take hold of the present.

Grandfather would be telling me exciting stories like these when he was helping me with my mathematics homework, and I would be saying "but this problem is impossible." He would never tell me an answer, but he would point out the directions and help with a correction here and there. And when I did geometry problems I felt very proud because he let me use his engineering set with its precision compasses. He encouraged me by sharing the experience that he had as a young Lieutenant when, as engineer officer of the Department of Texas, he was instructed to draw the first military map of Texas based on the polyconic projection.

My grandmother Glasgow, too, had her way of teaching me. I remember once when I was in high school that I had had a miserable day and didn't like anyone anymore. Instead of sympathizing with me, grandmother asked me what I had done to be outgoing and interested in others, instead of just waiting for people to come to me.

Just because of the way they lived, Grandmother and Grandfather Glasgow taught me so much about people; and people from all over the world kept dropping into the Homestead to visit. It was through the eyes and conversation of all these guests that I also learned how much the General and Mrs. Glasgow meant to them. How warmly all were welcome to our house. When I heard the African expression that "a guest is never an interruption" it described what I had experienced at the Homestead. Many of you who are sitting here, I am sure, have visited Grandmother and Grandfather and could echo the depth of another African saying which was so true of their hospitality "I have eaten your kindness."

Grandfather, being a retired general, enjoyed calling Grandmother "the Admiral," which I thought was a fitting salute to her partnership with him, and it kept us from discovering who outranked the other! Grandfather celebrated his 100th birthday in style in the Magoffin Homestead, receiving telegrams and greetings from all over the country. At that time he also had the honor of being the oldest living graduate of West Point. He and grandmother set another family record when they

celebrated their 70th wedding anniversary.

Grandmother startled me once, when I was in college, by asking me: "Josita, tell me if we have done all right in the way we brought you children up. You've experienced many other girls now, and their families, so you can compare." I remember giving Grandmother a big hug and commenting: "You'll have to see how we turn out, but so far, I wouldn't hesitate in giving you an 'A'."

Sometimes, great-grandfather, people ask why I am in Africa, and why do I plan to go back there, after finishing studies I am now engaged in, when I have so many roots in this community? Do I care about El Paso? Yes, I care very much about El Paso and all of you. Maybe that is why I am in Africa. Because the same values we are celebrating here tonight, the value of community, and of people who care enough about others to be involved with them, are not a matter of geography. Just the stark fact that today 20 percent of the world's population (Americans are in that 20 percent) consume 80% of the world's resources and energy points to a dangerous imbalance in our world community.

So you understand, great-grandfather, why El Pasoans have to be concerned both in this community and in the world-wide community.

With love, your great-granddaughter,

Josita.

NOTE

1. The Magoffin Homestead, built by Joseph Magoffin in 1875 and still standing, is some ten blocks nearer to downtown El Paso than the original James Magoffin settlement. A Texas historical marker at Magoffin and Willow Streets marks the site of Magoffinsville, which was also the site of the first military post to bear the name "Fort Bliss."

For a comprehensive description of the present Homestead, see Harriot Howze Jones, "The Magoffin Homestead," *PASSWORD*, XI, 61, Summer 1966.

Fray Alonso de Benavides, who visited the Pass of the North in 1626, gives an intriguing explanation of how the Indians along the river came to be called "Mansos."

When they come peacefully and tame (*mansos*), we say to the dogs "*Sal Ai*" (Get out!) so that they may not bite them; they also are accustomed to take precautions that we tie up the dogs, crying to us "*Sal ai! Sal ai! Manso!*" (Get out! We are tame, or peaceable!) And by this name of Mansos they are commonly known among us.

—*The Memorial of Fray Alonso de Benavides, 1630*, translated by Mrs. Edward E. Ayer. (Albuquerque, Horn and Wallace, 1965) 13.

The real name of O. V. Aoy, for whom El Paso's Aoy school was named, was Jaime Aoy Olives Vila, according to records in the Latter-day Saints Temple in Logan, Utah, where he received holy ordinances in 1886.

GROWTH OF THE MORMON CHURCH IN EL PASO, TEXAS

by ELLEN B. WHIPPLE

(NOTE: The author received valuable help from former *PASSWORD* editor Dr. Eugene O. Porter in the development of this article.)

May 24, 1974 marked the 43rd year since the first Mormon Chapel was erected in El Paso at 3625 Douglas Street. It was also the first in Texas. This chapel is still in use; however it underwent a complete renovation during the past year. The architect was Guy L. Fraser (who also designed Austin High School) and the builder Samuel E. McClellan of Colonia Juarez, Mexico. How well this building was constructed speaks for itself. After 43 years it still has its original plumbing, boiler, tile roof, stained glass windows, hardwood floors and pews. A building inspector from Salt Lake City remarked that it was a building with character. In 1960 the recreation hall was doubled in size and additional class rooms built underneath, everything blending with the original construction materials. The chapel was dedicated on May 24, 1931, fully paid for at a cost of \$75,000.00. No Mormon chapel is dedicated until it is fully paid for. At that time El Paso's population was 101,000 with 510 members of The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints, commonly called Mormons. Now, 43 years later, the city-county population is 401,000 with 3,800 members grouped into eight wards.

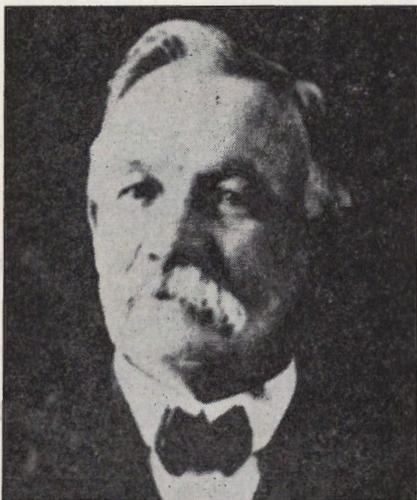
For convenience and efficiency the Mormon Church is divided into Stakes, each presided over by a president and two counselors. A Stake is subdivided into wards and each is presided over by a bishop and two counselors. When a ward gets too large for one leader to know and handle properly, it is divided into two wards. Several wards comprise a Stake. The El Paso Stake in 1974 had 17 wards, or branches: seven in El Paso, four in Las Cruces and one each in Hatch, Truth or Consequences, Deming, Alamogordo, White Sands and Mescalero, New Mexico.

To go back to the beginning, the first Mormons who traveled anywhere near this area, to the best of our knowledge, were members of the Mormon Battalion. This was a body of men who were willing to volunteer to serve the United States Army during the war with Mexico in 1846. The Mormons had been persecuted and driven from their comfortable homes in Nauvoo, Illinois because of their religious beliefs. In January 1846 they were camped on Indian land at Mount Pisgah, near Council Bluffs, Iowa. President James K. Polk instructed General Kearny to enlist 500 Mormon men to aid in the conflict with Mexico. Captain Allen was delegated to go to the "Mormon" camps to enlist the services of these men.

The Mormon families were quite destitute because all they were permitted to take with them was food, clothing, cooking utensils and seeds

that could be carried in a wagon box, so the call was accepted enthusiastically: it meant that these men would be under the protection of the U.S. Government, clothed as well as being paid \$7.00 a month to help their families. At the end of their journey they would be permitted to keep their arms when they were mustered out of the service. Their march took them through Santa Fe, New Mexico and south along the Rio Grande turning west near Rincon. Cooke's Peak, located 35 miles north east of Deming or 50 miles west of Hatch was named for Lt. Col. Philip St. George Cooke, the Battalion Commander.¹ They marched to California amid many hardships, and upon completing their assignment they returned to Salt Lake Valley where they were reunited with their families who had crossed the plains under the leadership of Brigham Young and there built their homes. The first Mormons to reach the Salt Lake Valley arrived July 24, 1847.

The colonies in Utah seemed to prosper, and in 1874 Daniel W. Jones was called by Brigham Young to organize a mission in Mexico. Among the Mormon Elders who went with him were Helaman Pratt, whose great grandson (Gerald M. Pratt) lives at 5000 Love Road in El Paso, and



*Isaac Washington Pierce
His was first Mormon family to settle
in El Paso.*

Ammon M. Tenney, whose three grand-daughters live in El Paso. (Hettie and Alice Cardon and Maude Schofield). These Elders purchased the land that was later known as the Mormon Colonies in Mexico. Six colonies located in the State of Chihuahua were Pacheco, Juarez, Dublan, Garcia, Diaz and Chuichupa. Originally, two were located in Sonora, Morelos and Oaxaca. However, Oaxaca was washed away by the Vavispe river; then those colonies settled in Morelos. These missionaries stayed in the El Paso area until 1876, living in Juarez, Franklin (as El Paso was known then) and San Elizario and Ysleta.²

The first Latter Day Saints to make their home in this vicinity were Isaac W. Pierce (whose grandson Dr. Wendell Pierce and granddaughter Mrs. Harold E. Turley are living in El Paso) and family, who moved from the Mormon Colonies in Chihuahua, Mexico to the international border in the year 1897. Religious services were held in his home which was also used as headquarters for the Mormons who passed to and from

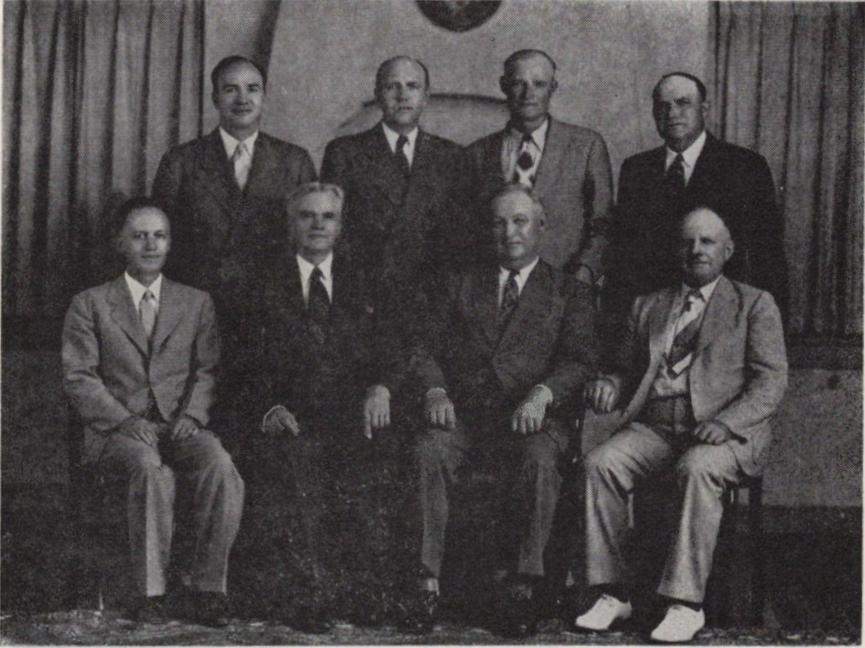
the United States and Mexico. After the death of Isaac Pierce, August 21, 1906, religious services were held in the home of his son, Arwell L. Pierce.

In the early summer of 1909, the few members who were living on the international border of El Paso and Juarez, were organized into a branch of the Dublan Ward. Juarez Stake, and Elder James Mortenson was appointed presiding Elder. Religious services continued to be held in the Pierce home. This branch organization continued to function until July 28, 1912 when on account of revolutionary activities in Mexico, the Latter Day Saints in the colonies left their homes to come to the United States. Most of them came to El Paso; however, one colony remained in Diaz only 65 miles from the Columbus, New Mexico border. The late Levi S. Tenney (daughters mentioned above Alice, Hettie and Maude) was in Dublan when Stake President Junius Romney gave the orders for them to go to the United States. Levi rode all night to reach Diaz and relate the instructions; and this group entered the United States on July 29, 1912 at the Monument, also called the Corner Ranch or Dog Springs, near Hachita, New Mexico. Mr. Tenney also served later on as a scout with the Pershing Expedition.

These refugees could be likened to Moses and the "Children of Israel" leaving Egypt. All they were permitted to bring with them on the train was a trunk, suitcase or roll of bedding. Those arriving in Juarez by train were permitted to come to El Paso immediately, but their baggage was held up until the next day. It is not difficult to imagine the feelings of these people arriving in a strange land, no home, no friends, no means of support. It was not long, however, until they found that they were among friends. Many of them were installed in a lumber yard with hastily drawn up partitions to divide families. Some were put in hotels and some in unfinished apartments. For five weeks the United States Government sent a supply wagon around each day to give them food. This gave the people an opportunity to find work and to get settled. The church in Salt Lake City later reimbursed the government for this service to their members. All together about 4,000 people came out of Mexico, many by train while others followed by wagons. Only a few were able to bring out horses.

Almost immediately a branch of the church was established. However, with such a large concentration of people coming to El Paso at one time, it was difficult to take care of them. For anyone who wanted to leave and had relatives in any of the western states, the railroads offered free transportation. Most of them did have someone; consequently, these former colonists from Mexico were scattered into Montana, Utah, Arizona, New Mexico and California. Some others returned to their former homes in the Colonies of Mexico, so this left only a small number of Latter Day Saints in El Paso.

It was not until October 11, 1918 that Arwell L. Pierce was ordained a bishop and El Paso Branch became the El Paso Ward. Bishop Pierce chose as his counselors John W. Wilson and Benjamin Earl Stevens with Joseph F. Done as ward clerk. In the year 1919 the El Paso Ward was annexed to the St. Joseph Stake, Thatcher, Arizona.



Arwell L. Pierce, (2nd from right, front row), Bishop of the El Paso Ward for 24 years, with seven men who served as his counselors: Front row, Willard Whipple, Sr., John W. Wilson, Trenial Pauly; Back row, Lionel M. West, Edward Vernon Turley, Benjamin Earl Stevens, and George Q. Payne.

Very soon after the organization of the Ward, a movement was set afoot to gather funds for the erection of a Ward Chapel and Recreation Hall. Meetings were held in the various homes until the membership became too large; then rented halls were used, the last one being the Odd Fellows Hall on Santa Fe Street. Members worked diligently to raise funds for the chapel. Donations were made in cash, labor and materials by scores of friends who were not members of the church. The First Presidency in Salt Lake City made generous contributions also and land was purchased at the corner of Douglas and Alta Streets. The ground was broken for the erection of the new ward building on October 26, 1930, and on Christmas day the corner stone of the building was laid with proper ceremonies. On Sunday, January 11, 1931 a copper box was placed in the corner stone of the building and filled with the standard

church works, gospels commentaries, current newspapers, etc. Of the original building committee numbering seven men, only two remain. They are Edward Vernon Turley and Willard Whipple who were also on the first trainload coming from the Colonies of Mexico. At the time Elder Turley was Second Counselor to Bishop Pierce and Elder Whipple was Sunday School Superintendent and also Ward Choir Director. Others in the committee were prominent business men: Arwell L. Pierce, John W. Wilson, Trenial Pauly, George Q. Payne and Samuel D. (Tio Sam) Myres.

The El Paso Ward Chapel was dedicated on May 24, 1931, with



Dedication of L.D.S. Chapel 3625 Douglas Street, May 24, 1931. The tall bearded man in front of the window is Heber J. Grant, President of the Mormon Church.

Heber J. Grant, President of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, coming from Salt Lake City to preside and offer the dedicatory prayer. Mayor Ray E. Sherman gave a welcoming address on behalf of the people of El Paso, and hundreds of visitors joined with church members for an audience that filled the church and the adjoining portico.³

In 1942 Bishop Pierce was called to preside over the Mexican Mission and Elder George Q. Payne was ordained bishop of the El Paso Ward. The ward now belonged to the Mount Graham Stake with headquarters in Safford, Arizona. In 1950 the membership had grown large enough to divide. On September 17, 1950 Elder Joseph L. Kleinman was ordained

bishop of the El Paso First Ward and Elder Willard Whipple was ordained bishop of the El Paso Second Ward by Joseph Fielding Smith a member of the Council of the Twelve Apostles of the Church. Both congregations met in the Douglas Street chapel at alternate times.

In 1952 the congregation of Spanish speaking members was made part of the El Paso Stake and was called the El Paso Third Ward. A chapel had been built in 1937 at 600 South St. Vrain to serve these people, however, they were not part of the Mt. Graham Stake. They belonged to the Spanish American Mission, headquarters in San Antonio, Texas. Guillermo Balderas, Sr. served as the first Lamanite (Mexican) bishop in El Paso, in fact, the first in the Church.

Because of the growth in membership, Wards in the El Paso area were organized into the El Paso Stake on September 21, 1952. Elders Harold B. Lee and Spencer W. Kimball of the Council of Twelve Apostles came to El Paso to conduct the re-organization. Elders Lee and Kimball were both to become Presidents of the Church. President Kimball today presides over the world's more than three million Mormons. Edward Vernon Turley was named as the first President of the El Paso Stake, which was also the first Stake organized in Texas. George Q. Payne and Keith Romney were named as Councilors. Another first was the ordination of Andres C. Gonzales, Sr., as the first Lamanite Patriarch in Texas and in the Church.

On February 20, 1955 the Stake was reorganized with Lionel Marcus West President, Keith Romney and Joseph DeVon Payne counselors. (Later Keith Romney was ordained bishop of the Las Cruces Ward and Willard Whipple, Sr. was selected first counselor to President West.) The membership grew rapidly and on August 4, 1957 another ward was organized and divided from the Second Ward, which meant another building fund had to be started. Elder F. Wayne Graham was ordained bishop of the Fourth Ward. It met in the Ysleta Woman's Club. Elder J. K. Bowden donated several acres of land at 1212 Sumac and on October 29, 1961 a chapel was ready for occupancy. Upon the release of Bishop Graham, Elder Roland L. Hamblin was called as bishop of the El Paso Fourth Ward until he was transferred to Odessa, Texas. Then Elder L. Burton Redd was sustained. Under his direction, the building was finally paid for and dedicated in April 1965.

The Douglas Street chapel was no longer large enough to hold the membership of the Stake so it became necessary to hold quarterly conference meetings elsewhere. For several years the Scottish Rite Temple was used, then again because of increased population larger facilities were needed, so Liberty Hall was rented four times a year for quarterly Stake conference meetings.

The need for a Stake Center was keenly felt. Also needed was a recrea-

tion hall where the youth could participate in sports activities. It was decided the Fourth Ward chapel should be enlarged to more than twice its size to accommodate two wards and the necessary rooms for Stake offices and facilities, as well as a badly needed cultural hall for dances, dramas, musicals and a gymnasium for basketball. Again the membership gave freely of their time, talents and monies and the Stake Center was completed in June, 1965.

The Fifth Ward chapel located at 400 Rosemont was dedicated May 19, 1967. It was November 15, 1959 that the First Ward was divided and a new El Paso Fifth Ward was created. They had no building so they met for five years in the Upper Valley Fairyland Kindergarden building. Harold E. Turley was ordained their first bishop, but he was called to preside over the West Mexican Mission and Elder Gerald M. Pratt was ordained bishop. The fifth Ward worked on getting a building of its own and on Mother's Day, 1966 the first meeting was held in the new chapel. Dedication came a year later and since that time the building has been enlarged to include a modern kitchen, library, additional classrooms and a gymnasium.

The Sixth Ward chapel was dedicated June 2, 1974 with Lawrence A. Durnford as bishop. The First and Second Wards were divided in 1960 which created the Sixth Ward and Elder Lamar E. Redd was ordained bishop. The ward's first meeting house was one of the army chapels in Logan Heights. Later the Sixth Ward shared the Douglas Street Chapel with the First and Second Wards until its building at 5510 Hondo Pass was completed. The first service was held in the new building on Mother's Day 1971 and at this time Lamar A. Taylor was Bishop.

The next building completed was the L.D.S. Institute of Religion at 2114 North Oregon Street. This building is for the purpose of holding religious classes for the students at the University of Texas at El Paso. It was built in 1969. In November, 1970 it was made a ward, with John N. Abersold Bishop. He served two years. In 1972 the ward was reclassified a Branch and all Sunday services are held there for University students and young people throughout the city who care to have membership.

Meanwhile the building on St. Vrain Street became inadequate, so the members of the Third Ward, who are Spanish speaking, now attend church in the Douglas Street chapel. Those who live in different areas of the city may attend the ward nearer their home if they prefer. This ward is presided over by Guillermo Balderas, Sr.

Another church building site is located on Viscount, near Ponder Park, and members of the Second Ward, who are sharing the chapel at 1212 Sumac, are in the process of raising funds to build another chapel. The Mormon Church owns lots at 5901 Timberwolf. Presently they are being used for a soft ball park. The Bishop's Storehouse building is located on

1514 Alta Street; and the Genealogical Library, owned by the church, is located at 3651 Douglas Street.

It has always been difficult for our young people to keep up with scouting requirements, camping, hiking, nature studies, etc., so a campsite was purchased in April, 1971 at Waterfalls, New Mexico, near Cloudcroft. A road has been built, plus a building for the needs of the Stake. The building consists of a kitchen, rest rooms and showers, and one large room for games, eating or inside activity.

It is interesting to note the remarkable growth of the Church in Las Cruces since 1945. At that time they only had 19 members and held services in the Woman's Club. Now they have four wards and three buildings, with a membership of 854 people.

August 24, 1974 the El Paso Stake was divided and a new Las Cruces, New Mexico Stake was organized. Besides the New Mexico wards mentioned above, two wards from Silver City were included. Their membership is over 3,000 and Harold E. Daw, former bishop and professor at the University is the new Stake President. This necessitated the reorganization of the El Paso Texas Stake. On August 25, 1974 former President Harold E. Turley was ordained a patriarch and his First Counselor, Dr. J. Harold Mullen, was set apart as the new El Paso Texas Stake President. At that time only the seven wards in the confines of the city comprised the El Paso Stake. However, on September 22, 1974 the El Paso Fourth Ward was divided and a new El Paso Eighth Ward was established. Emanuel Gale Cardon was ordained bishop of the Eighth Ward. Membership in the El Paso Stake is now 3,800 members.

Mormon Chapels should not be confused with Temples. The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints is a Temple building people. The Temples are fashioned after Solomon's Temple and are used for sacred ordinance work, both for the living and the dead. There are only sixteen of these Temples: six in Utah, two in California, one in each of the following places, Idaho, Arizona, Hawaii, New Zealand, England, Switzerland, Canada, and one just completed in Washington, D.C. Only members with a bishop's recommendation are permitted to enter these sacred places. Chapels, such as the one on Douglas Street, are all over the world, numbered in the thousands and are opened for public worship to members and nonmembers alike.

Starting with one ward in El Paso in 1918, a chapel built in 1931, then a Stake organized in 1950, now there are fifteen Stakes in the State of Texas and numerous wards.

NOTES

1. Bernard DeVoto, *The Year of Decision* (Boston, Little-Brown, 1943) 370.
2. For an informative, sometimes amusing, account of these first Mormon missionaries in El Paso, see Daniel W. Jones, *Forty Years Among the Indians* (Los Angeles, Westernlore Press, 1960) 242-257.
3. Souvenir program of dedication, author.

ACROSS NORTHERN MEXICO WITH WISLIZENUS

notes by EUGENE O. PORTER

(Part Three of Three Parts)

May 14 [1847].—We left this morning for *Parras*, in the State of Coahuila. On most maps the Laguna de Parras is laid down as the western boundary between Durango and Coahuila; some Mexicans told me that in the Bolson de Mapimi the Rio Nasas is considered as the boundary line. Our road run parallel with a near mountain chain to the right, and was most ascending. In the latter part of our march we saw from a hill *Parras*, at the foot of the same chain, which makes here a bend towards southeast. The first sight of the town reminded me of el Paso, on account of the great many gardens and vineyards that surround it. Entering the town, I was struck with the luxuriant growth of pomegranates, figs, and fruits of all sorts, and with the enormous height and circumstances of the common opuntias and agaves, which I had seen already in the State of Chihuahua, but much smaller. The opuntias had trunks of one foot diameter, and the agave americana grew to the height of from 10 to 15 feet, making excellent hedges. The town itself was much handsomer than I had expected. It has some fine streets, with old substantial buildings, a large "plaza," and a general appearance of wealth and comfort. We encamped in the Alameda, a beautiful public walk, shaded with cotton trees and provided with seats to repose. Early in the morning a concert of thousands of birds, many mocking birds among them, that live here quite undisturbed, awoke us from our slumber. These Alamedas, fashionable in all the Mexican cities, do honor to the taste of the Mexicans for flowers, gardens, and natural embellishments. To prevent any injury to the trees, our horses were kept outside the Alamedas. Parras was probably built towards the end of the seventeenth century, and received its name from its vine, *parra* meaning vine-branch. The cultivation of the vine is at present a principal object of industry in Parras. The vineyards are mostly on the hilly slopes of the limestone mountains west of town. They produce a white and red wine, both of very pleasant taste, resembling somewhat the wine of el Paso, but more heating and stronger, though I doubt very much if the wine would stand a long transport by land. I tried, at least, with a friend of mine, to take a sample of it to the States, but from some cause it had nearly all evaporated when we reached Saltillo. The population of Parras is estimated at from 8 to 10,000, and with the surrounding settlements at nearly double that number.

When General Wool arrived here last year, the citizens of Parras were very well treated, and formed a very favorable opinion of the Americans;

but those friendly relations came near being interrupted at present by a fatal accident. One of our wagon drivers, a very quiet man, had been assaulted by a Mexican loafer, and received several wounds, from the effect of which he afterwards died. As the prefect of Parras was not able to find out the guilty person, the friends of the wounded man took revenge on some Mexicans, and more disturbance would have grown out of it if we had stayed longer. We rested in Parras two days, and left it on the morning of

May 17, on our road to Saltillo. From Parras we marched about five miles in an eastern direction, through a plain, to *San Lorenzo*, or, as it is commonly called, *Hacienda de abajo*, a large, splendid hacienda, belonging to the above mentioned Don Manuel de Ibarra. The roads from el Pozo leads directly to this place; by going to Parras, several leagues are lost. The hacienda has all the appearance of a large and rich village, and Don Manuel, who resides here, lives, no doubt quite comfortable. From here the road was winding over a hilly and rocky country, till we arrived in *Cienega Grande*, a hacienda of Don Rey de Guerrero, (25 miles from Parras.) The mountains consisted yet of the same compact limestone; but sometimes, on the road, pieces of fresh-water limestone are seen, and roots and other objects in the creek were incrustated by lime.

May 18.—Through a wide valley, with mountains to the north and south, we went today (18 miles) to *Rancho nuevo*, and encamped about one mile southeast of it, in a valley. On our road we saw a great deal of lechuguilla, and very large *palmettos*, a species of yucca with branches in the crown. Some miles from our camp, in a corner, amidst mountains, lies *Castañuela*, an old but small town, from which a shorter but very rough road leads over the mountains, to Parras. A fine creek runs by it, descending from the southwest mountains and turning towards the northeast.

May 19.—Marched 25 miles, to *Vequeria*, a small place on a creek of the same name. The very tortuous road led over a hilly and broken country. From one of the hills we perceived, towards the ENE., the distant mountains of Saltillo. About five miles from Vequeria we passed a creek with very clear water, the San Antonio, which unites below, near Patos, with the Vequeria creek. In several places to-day, but principally in small valleys, we met with groves of yuccas, or palmettos, of unusual height, exhibiting sometimes a dozen branches in the crown, and growing from 30 to 40 feet high.

Northeast from Vequeria is an opening in the surrounding mountains, through which the mountain chain of Saltillo appears again. The route through this pass is the shortest and most direct for Saltillo, but with wagons one has to take a southeastern course to avoid the mountains. About one mile from Vequeria, in the pass leading to Saltillo, lies Patos,

a small town.

May 20.—Made 22 miles to-day, from Vequeria to *San Juan*. Having ascended for some time, we came to an elevated and wide plain, surrounded on all sides by high mountains. Towards the east we distinguished already the mountains of Encantara and Buena Vista. We passed several ranchos and haciendas on the road, among them the Hacienda de los Muchachos, where all the houses of the "peons" were built entirely of the yucca tree. From the thickest trunks they had made the doors; from the smaller and the branches, the walls; and the roof was covered with the leaves. While I stopped in one of the huts to taste some tortillas, my horse came near unroofing another by eating it up. Such a simple and primitive structure of houses would authorize us to presume a very mild climate, but I am told that the winters are generally very rough in this high plain.

We encamped at *San Juan*, a place renowned by the battle fought here in the revolutionary war against Spain.¹ At present, nobody lives here. On a hill of limestone stands a deserted rancho, and below is a green spot, with fine spring-water, and some miry places around it. Here we camped. General Wool's camp is about 15 miles from here, in Buena Vista.

May 21.—As we expected to meet General Wool to-day, there was a general brushing up this morning in the camp; but as it was impossible to create something out of nothing, we looked as ragged as ever. In the marching line, too, an improvement was tried. Usually, during the march, the men selected their places more according to fancy than military rule, and it was not uncommon to have our line stretched out to five miles, or three-fourths of the regiment marching in the vanguard. But, to-day, to my utter astonishment, the heroes of Sacramento fell into regular line, and marched so for nearly an hour, till the spirit of independence broke loose, and the commanding voice of Colonel Doniphan had to restore order again. However, after about 10 miles march over the plain, we arrived in "*Encantada*," where some Arkansas troops were encamped. According to orders from headquarters, we encamped here also. The battle field and General Wool's camp at Buena Vista were five or six miles from here, and visits were soon exchanged between the two camps. With some friends from the Illinois regiments, I rode in the afternoon over the battlefield and to General Wool's camp.

Encantada is the southern opening of a pass that is here about five miles wide, and narrows itself towards the battlefield to about two miles. On the east side of the pass a steep and rough chain of limestone rises, that may be about 1,000 feet higher than the pass, while towards the west a chain of hills, connected with more distant mountains, forms a barrier. A wagon road leads through the narrow valley, and between this road and the western chain of hills runs at first a small creek that comes from

Encantada, and nearer the battle field a deep, dry ravine, formed probably by torrents of rain. Towards the battle field the high mountains on the east form at their foot a small table land, ending in many gullies towards the road, or west. On this small table land, from half a mile to a mile wide, the battle was fought; but in the narrow gullies and precipitous ravines the bloodiest *mêlées* took place. This locality was certainly the most suitable for a small army against a superior force, and the selection of the battle field bestows as much credit upon General Wool, as does the battle itself, which has been sufficiently commented upon by eye-witnesses, upon General Taylor and the whole army. The Mexicans call the place, very appropriately, *Angostura*. Buena Vista is a rancho about one mile northeast of Angostura, on the road to Saltillo, General Wool had fixed his camp there since the battle.

May 22.—The General, with his staff, rode to our camp to review our regiment. A salute was fired, and he expressed himself highly satisfied with the martial appearance of the great marching and fighting regiment of Missouri, though he seemed not to admire our uniform. We received orders to march from here to Saltillo, Monterey, and Matamoros.

Before leaving Encantada I will remark, that the elevation of this camping place is 6,104 feet, which is the highest point on our road from Chihuahua. From here we shall descend very abruptly to Monterey, which is but 1,626 feet above the sea, and may be considered as the eastern limit of the high plains and mountains of this part of Mexico.

On May 23, in the morning, we left Encantada, passed by the battle field and General Wool's camp, and marched through Saltillo and six miles beyond it before we encamped. In Wool's camp the old American cannon belonging to our regiment were left, while the conquered Mexican pieces were taken along as trophies, to Missouri.

Saltillo, or *Leona Victoria*, the capital of Coahuila, lies at the commencement of a wide plain, covering the sloping side of a hill which hides the view of the city in approaching it from the southwest. The city is very compact, shows half a dozen steeples, has clean streets, a beautiful church, etc.; but at the same time it has something narrow and gloomy, and the wide plain around it does not improve its rather awkward position. The population of the city was in 1831 about 20,000,³ but it seems to have diminished since that, and at present a considerable portion of the inhabitants had absented themselves. I stopped for some hours in the hotel of the "Great Western," kept by the celebrated vivandière, honored with that *nom de guerre*, and whose fearless behaviour during the battle of Buena Vista was highly praised; she dressed many wounded soldiers on that day, and even carried them out of the thickest fight.³

Through a long, sloping, ill-paved street we proceeded on our way to camp, which was near some ranchos, on a dam. In going there, I per-

ceived for the first time a plantation of *maguey*, (*agave americana*,) the same plant which we had seen, from Chihuahua down, often enough used for garden fences, or growing wild on dry and sunny places; but here it was raised and planted for the especial purpose of preparing *pulque*, a whitish, slightly alcoholic beverage, which I had already tasted in Saltillo and found it quite palatable. Some of the plants were just in the state of production. The white liquid was collected in the heart of the plant, where, by cutting the stem out in the right season, a cavity is formed, into which every day about one gallon of a sweet, saccharine juice exudes, from which, by short fermentation, the *pulque* is prepared. By a more protracted process they obtain from it also a spirituous liquor, that is very freely used in Mexico, and called *Mezcal*, (*Mexical*.)⁴ From the fibres of the thick blades of the *agave americana* the old Mexicans⁵ prepared a very fine paper, on which they printed their hieroglyphic figures. At present they work these fibres into ropes, bags, and thread, though for the latter purpose a smaller and related species of *agave* (*lechuguilla*?) is more used, whose finer and stronger fibres are called *pita*. The juice of the *agave* contains before the season of flowering an acrid principle, which is applied to wounds for cauterization. As the *maguey* is a perennial plant, and useful in a variety of ways, a plantation of it in the southern part of Mexico is generally considered a good investment.

May 24.—We left our camp this morning for *Rinconada*, (25 miles.) Having marched about 18 miles through a wide plain, we reached some deserted ranchos which had been destroyed by a part of the American troops. From here the road winds itself through a mountain pass, with precipitous mountains of limestone on both sides; the pass is, on an average, two miles wide, and a creek with clear water runs through it. The way leads mostly over a very hilly and broken country, and the scenery is wild and romantic. About three miles from *Rinconada* there is a place in the pass where it is scarcely more than 500 yards wide. General Ampudia had commenced here some fortifications by throwing up redoubts and other works; and from the narrowness of the pass, and the steepness of the road ahead of it, the position is undoubtedly most formidable; but, after the battle of Monterey,⁶ the place was abandoned by the Mexicans.

Rinconada belongs to the State of Nuevo Leon, which we have entered now, and is a deserted rancho, in a corner of the mountain pass, on the same creek. Although everything there is at present in a state of desolation, it seems to have been a well cultivated place, judging from the long line of cotton trees along the water, and the many pomegranates and fig trees in the garden. *Rinconada* is 3,381 feet above the sea; we have therefore descended from *Encantada* within 48 miles, 2723 feet.

May 25.—Always descending, we still marched for some time through the pass, which widened successively into a large valley, surrounded to-

wards the north and south by high barriers of mountains. Passing by *Santa Catarina*, a village to the right of our road, and by a large mill, *Molino de Jesus Maria*, we encamped within about four miles of Monterey, (24 from Rinconada,) with the bishop's palace in sight. In the afternoon we had a thunder storm, with rain, the first good shower since we left Chihuahua.

May 26.—Started this morning for *Monterey*, the celebrated capital of Nuevo Leon. The road passed at the foot of the bishop's palace. This building of stone looks more like a chapel than a palace; around it some walls and retrenchments were erected. The hill which it occupies is a projecting spur of the nearest mountains, about 100 feet higher than the road, but very steep and rocky. General Worth's charge upon this fort does not stand the lowest among the many gallant deeds which this Murat of the American army has performed in the present war.⁷ From the height of the bishop's palace a beautiful view is enjoyed over Monterey, lying about one mile east of it, over the black fort a little to the north, and over the whole wide plain which spreads out northeast of Monterey. The city looks to great advantage from here; and many gardens in the suburbs give it a lively appearance, and the more compact center forms a fine contrast with this green enclosure. Riding through along suburbs, we arrived at last on the Plaza, where the Mexican troops had been pressed together before they capitulated. Many houses in the streets, principally on the corners, yet showed the marks of cannon and grape shot. A great many of the Mexicans must have left the city; it seemed, at present, to contain more Americans than Mexicans. Most of the stores, at least, belonged to Americans. The population of Monterey, in peace, is estimated at from 15 to 20,000.⁸ Many of the houses are built of limestone, instead of adobe; in the suburbs they are generally covered with stone. The climate of Monterey is very mild. With an elevation of 1,626 feet above the sea, it is protected on three sides by the mountain chain of the Sierra Madre, whose eastern ramifications end here rather abruptly; and towards the east, where the country is hilly but not mountainous, it lies open to the breezes of the gulf. Oranges and southern fruits grow here in the open air. In one of the gardens I saw, too, a very tall and high palm tree. The country around Monterey is generally very fertile.

Our regiment marched that day four miles beyond Monterey, to General Taylor's camp, on the *Walnut Springs*. In riding there, I passed by the "black fort," a strong fort for the plain, northeast from the city, commanding the main road and a great part of the city. The fort had been repaired by the Americans, and most of the conquered cannon found a place in it.

When I came to camp, a crowd of officers and men was collected about a simply dressed and plain looking individual, covered with a straw hat,

that could not belong to any other person than to the "old Ranchero" himself, as the Mexicans used to call him—to the hero of Palo Alto, Monterey, and Buena Vista. When introduced to him, I found him as plain and easy in his conversation as in his appearance; and he was so kind as to give us some interesting details in relation to the battle of Monterey. General Taylor seems to be very partial to his camping ground, on the Walnut Springs; and the fresh spring water and fine timber are sufficient reasons for it.

On May 27, about noon, we left General Taylor's camp for *Marin*, (20 miles.) We marched through a wide plain, the mountains changing into hills. Chaparrál of course covers the ground, but the soil seems to be richer and more fertile than heretofore. We passed several ranchos and villages on the road, as San Domingo, Agua Fria, San Francisco, which were inhabited, and others that had been destroyed by the American troops. Marin is a small town, on an eminence near the *Rio Meteros*, which seems to be the northern headwater of the San Juan.

On May 28, we marched 33 miles, to Carrizitos. The country was hilly, and all around us thick chaparrál; but the chaparráls in the lower country, from Monterey to the sea-shore, are rather different from those on the high plains and mountainous parts of Mexico. Although sundry species of mezquite prevail in both of them, other shrubs disappear here entirely, or diminish at least, while new shrubbery and small trees take their place. So, for instance, disappears here the *Fouquiera splendens*; yuccas become very scarce; cacti in general diminish in number, but in place of them new shrubs and several trees appear, as the so called "black ebony" tree, a *Mimosea*, with very solid wood; the *Leucophyllum texanum*, a shrub, with violet flowers of delicious odor, etc. As a change, too, in the animal kingdom, I have to mention that I saw in the plain, east of Monterey, the American partridge, or quail, (*ortyx Virginiana*) again, which is never found in the higher regions of northern Mexico; but instead of it, a related bird the *ortyx squamata*, (Vigors.)

About six miles from Marin is the spot where General Canales, with his guerilla band, had captured, some months past, a rich train of the American army, and killed most of the unarmed wagon drivers. The bones of these ill fated men, which were either not buried at all or dragged out by the wolves, were scattered about in all directions. Another more horrid spectacle offered itself to our eyes near *Agua Negra*, a deserted village, where a man (and, to judge from the pieces of clothing, an American) had been burnt to ashes, some bones only being left. In seeing such horrors, known only in old Indian warfare, can anyone blame the American troops for having sought revenge, and burning all the villages and ranchos on their route which gave refuge to such bands of worse than highway robbers? The right of retaliation, as well as expediency, com-

mand, in my opinion, such measures against such unusual warfare; and when carried out with some circumspection, it will break up these guerilla bands much sooner than too lenient a course.

About half way on our road we passed a deserted rancho, with water; but we marched on to Carrizitos, a place with several burnt ranchos, but with a fine creek, excellent grass, and plenty of wood.

May 29.—In the forenoon we went but seven miles, through chaparrál plain, to *Cerralbo*, a tolerably good looking town, with many houses of stone, and some silver mines in the neighborhood. We made a noon halt to-day. Some troops of North Carolina and a company of Texan rangers were stationed here. The latter had captured this morning a well-known chief of a guerilla band, who was said to have committed many cruelties against Americans. He was sentenced to be shot, but refused to make any confessions. He boasted of having killed many men, and that he did not expect any better fate for himself. The execution took place on the Plaza. When led there and placed against the wall of a house, he requested not to be blindfolded, or shot in the back, according to Mexican custom, which was granted. After a short conversation with the priest, he prepared and lit a cigarrito with a steady hand, but had not quite finished smoking it, when some well-aimed balls pierced his heart and head. He died instantly. His name was Nicholas Garcia; and whether guilty or innocent, he died like a brave man. Some rumor was afterwards started that he was the brother of General Canales, but in *Cerralbo* I understood that he was well known there, that his mother lived there yet, and that he had no other connexion with Canales than having belonged to his bands.

From *Cerralbo* we marched that afternoon 15 miles, to *Puntiagudo*, a burnt village on a creek, which is one of the headwaters of the *Alamo*. *Cerralbo* is 1,000, *Puntiagudo* but 700 feet above the sea. Since our descent from Monterey, we have constant east and southeast winds coming from the gulf, and heavy dews wet our blankets every night. Since we have left the higher regions, we perceive often in the sandy parts of the road a very large black spider, reminding me of the bird-catching spiders of South America; the Mexicans considers it poisonous.

May 30.—We marched to-day through the endless chaparrál 30 miles, to *Mier*, celebrated by the Texan invasion in 1840.⁹ It is a town with from 2,000 to 3,000 inhabitants, and has many stone buildings, while others are mere huts with straw. It lies on the right bank of the *Alamo* or *Alcontre*, a small river that runs, five miles below, into the *Rio Grande*. On the Plaza, the corner house was shown to us where the Texans, in their memorable expedition, fought against the ten-fold number of Mexicans. We encamped outside the town, near the river.

May 31.—Took a very early start this morning for Camargo, (25 miles.) Our road left here the river, but I followed its bank yet some

miles, because I had learned that some singular, large oyster-shells were found there. For a long while I perceived only a great number of recent shells, living yet in the river or on the shore, till I discovered at last, in a clay bank of the river, a whole bed of the supposed oyster-shells, which were in fact very large specimens of the genus *Ostrea*, belonging undoubtedly to the cretaceous formation. The place where I found them is close to the river, about two miles from Mier, and about three from its mouth in the Rio Grande. According to similar accounts of large oyster-shells on the upper Rio Grande, this cretaceous formation seems to extend higher up on the Rio Grande as far as Laredo, and it is most likely connected, too, with the same formation lately discovered in Texas. Loaded with specimens, I turned into the road again, and, passing several creeks, ranchos, and villages, arrived at the left bank of the San Juan, opposite Camargo. The San Juan, whose headwaters we passed at Monterey, is here a broad and respectable stream that falls into the Rio Grande about nine miles below Camargo, near San Francisco. In high waters, steamboats drawing five feet go from the mouth of the Rio Grande up to Camargo, and a large depot has therefore been established here by the War Department; but at present the water was too low for such craft, and we were told that we would have to march, probably, as far as Reynosa before we could find steamboats. A ferry boat, managed by a rope drawn across the river, brought us to the opposite shore, where Camargo lies. This is a town of 1,000 or at most 2,000 inhabitants at present, with some stone houses and a great many huts. The American depots and store are generally kept in large tents or in large shanties, with wooden roofs and walls of canvas. The situation of the town, in a sandy plain, offers nothing the least attractive; but if we also add to the deep sand that covers all the streets a constant disagreeable wind, and the brackish, sulphureted water of the Rio San Juan, it must be considered a very unpopular place.

On June 1, we left for *San Francisco*, (nine miles from Camargo.) I had been detained in town by some business till all the troops had left, and rode therefore alone, behind them. The road was very sandy, and the head wind filled the air so with dust and sand, that it was most painful to the eyes; on both sides of the narrow road was thick chaparrál. Riding ahead, therefore, with half-shut eyes, and reflecting upon the good chance that the guerrillas would have to put an end to my scientific rambles forever, I was met by a return part of our regiment, reporting that one of our men, Mr. Swain, who stayed behind the troops, had just been killed by some Mexicans near the road. The death of the unfortunate man had no doubt saved my own life. We soon came to the fatal spot. The body had already been removed by his friends, and several Mexicans, who were found under most suspicious circumstances on the nearest rancho,

had been made prisoners. This party examined several other ranchos; in one of them a Mexican uniform, American books and clothes, and a hidden Mexican, were found, which were also taken to our camp. They were examined there by some of the officers; and as only strong circumstantial evidence, but no direct proof was found against them, they were acquitted. Some friends of the deceased, I understood afterwards, dissatisfied with the decision, followed the Mexicans on their way home, killed four or five of them, and burnt their ranchos.

San Francisco is a small village on the Rio Grande. No steamboat was in sight, but we were informed that there were several in Reynosa, 39 miles below. We left, therefore, San Francisco in the evening, and marching all night, we arrived next morning, on

June 2, in Reynosa, a small town on the Rio Grande. The river is here quite considerable, about 200 yards wide, and six or more feet deep. The banks are low, sandy, barren, and covered with chaparrál, like the surrounding plains. A barometrical observation which I made here, about ten feet about the level of the water, gave an elevation above the sea of 184 feet, so that the fall of the river from here to the mouth, a distance by water of from 300 to 400 miles, would on an average be one foot in two miles.

The long wished for sight of steamboats at last greeted our eyes; two were lying in the water, and others were coming up. The *Roberts* and the *Aid* were engaged for our regiment, and everybody prepared for embarking. Our wagons had to be driven back to Camargo, and all our riding animals sent by land, through Texas, to Missouri; but as the latter was considered tantamount to a loss, most of us gave their horses away for a trifle, or made them run off. A great many of these animals, after a rest of some months, would have been better for service than imported ones, yet unused to the climate and country; but as there was no provision made for it, the men as well as the government suffered the loss.

On June 3, I went with the battalion of artillery on board the *Roberts*. As we had to cross a sand bar some miles below, the cannon and baggage had to be carried there by land, and then taken aboard. This delayed us till evening, and we laid by for the night.

On June 4, we started with daylight, and, running all day, we made more than half way to Matamoras. The river was rather at a low stage, and it was not uncommon to hear and feel the boat strike on sand bars; but as the sandy bed is clear of rocks and snags, there is no danger in such collisions. The course of the Rio Grande is certainly the most tortuous that I have seen; the Mississippi compared to it is a straight line. By observing only the direction, one will often be at a loss whether he ascends or descends the river. I remember one place particularly, where it runs directly south; after having made some five miles, it returns due north so nearly

to the place from which it started, that it is only separated from it by a small strip of sand bank. The country around it was level and flat; near the river the soil seemed to be very good; but very few settlements of cultivated land were to be seen; the chaparrals seemed to grow thinner, and trees with long beards of Spanish moss (*Tillandsea asneoides*) made their appearance. Sundry wooding places provided the boat with wood, most of which was mezquite and black ebony. During the whole day we saw six steamboats; in the night we laid by again.

On June 5, about noon, we reached *Matamoros*. As the city is half a mile from the river, and we staid but half an hour, I could get only a glimpse of it. It is built on the plain, at a trifling elevation; the houses are either stone or adobes; the plaza and the principal streets were occupied by Americans, and the rest of the city seemed rather deserted. As to beauty of situation or imposing buildings, it cannot compare with any of the larger cities we have met with on this route.

From *Matamoros* we passed by *Fort Brown*, where the star-spangled banner was flying, and the battle-fields of *Palo Alto* and *Resaca de la Palma* were pointed out to us in the distant chaparrals towards the north. The river was here in a very navigable state, but continued to be as crooked as ever. I saw many palm trees of small size; more settlements along the banks; sugar and cotton plantations among them, but chaparral always in the back ground. We laid by in the night, but after midnight we started again with the rising of the moon, and arrived in the morning of

June 6 at the "mouth of *Rio Grande*," and encamped on the left bank of the river. About one mile from our camp was the high sea and the embouchure of the river. On the left side of the mouth were some commissaries' and private stores established, and the place is known as "*Mouth of Rio Grande*." Opposite, on the right side, stands another small village, called "*Bagdad*." In the river lay some smaller steamboats and schooners, but no larger crafts, which have a better anchorage nine miles from here, in the *Brazos Santiago*. An express was sent there to engage vessels for our regiment as soon as possible; we staid here in the meanwhile, because it is a decidedly better camping ground.

We had to wait three days, which I spent mostly on the seashore. The long-missed sight of the ocean, the salt plants and fine shells on the beach, and the refreshing sea bath, called many old recollections to my mind; and the fine oysters, sea-fish, crabs, and other delicacies, to be got in the modern *Bagdad*, left the body not without its share of "creature comforts."

During our stay here I tried, too, for the last time in Mexico, my faithful barometer, which I had brought with me from *St. Louis, Missouri*, and after daily use upon the long trip, had carried safely to the seashore.

Often had I taken this delicate instrument on my back, and treated it like a spoiled child; but my paternal cares should be repaid. These last observations on the seashore proved it, to my gratification, to be yet in good order, and a further comparison in St. Louis showed that during the whole time it had changed but a trifle. I was in hopes to find on the seashore some meteorological tables for comparison and calculation of my barometrical observations, but in that I was disappointed. In the Quartermaster's office, at Mouth of Rio Grande, was indeed a very good barometer hanging up, but no regular observations were made; it was used only for the "northers." On the 8th we were informed that ships were ready for us in Brazos. We left, therefore, on

June 9, our camp on the Rio Grande, and travelled by land to *Brazos Santiago*, (nine miles.) The cannon were carried there by water, the baggage in wagons, and the men went on foot. The road goes over deep sand, and for the greater part along the beach. A wooden bridge leads over the arm of the sea that forms the small island known as *Brazos Santiago*. We soon reached the harbor, where many vessels were anchored; and a number of frame houses, with commissaries' stores, groceries, etc., formed a village around it. This was the last place we saw on this side of the gulf, and no doubt the meanest which I have seen during the whole trip. The whole island is but one sheet of sand; never a tree or a blade of grass has grown here; no other water is found but a brackish, half fresh, half salty liquid, from holes dug in the sand; no other faces are seen but those of stern officials, or of sly speculators, who would as soon go to Kamtschatko if they could make money there. In short, it is an awful place, where nobody would live, but from necessity or for money. Fortunately, our stay was not long. We slept but one night on the sand of the island, and went next day,

On June 10, on board of our ships, the *Republic* and the *Morillo*, both sailing vessels, for New Orleans. I embarked with the artillery on board the latter, and we cleared in the afternoon of the same day. After a voyage of seven days, not interrupted by any unusual accident, we arrived safely at New Orleans.

The noise and bustle of a large city confused me, as it were, for a short time; but those impressions from the lonesome prairie and desolate charráls were soon overpowered by the enjoyment and luxuries of cultivated life.

Our regiment was discharged and paid off in New Orleans; and from a ragged set of boys, they turned at once into "gentlemen." Having finished my own business in New Orleans, I started for St. Louis, my home, and arrived there early in July, to rest awhile from the hardships of the expedition.

After an absence of 14 months, I had travelled from Independence to Reynosa, on the Rio Grande, about 2,200 miles by land, and about 3,100 by water, and had been exposed to many privations, hardships, and dangers; but all of them I underwent, for the scientific purpose of my expedition, with pleasure, except the unjust and arbitrary treatment from the government of the State of Chihuahua, which deprived me of six months of what I always valued the highest, my individual liberty, and prevented me in this way from extending my excursion as far as I at first intended, and of making its results more general and useful.

EXPLANATORY NOTES

1. This was very likely the battle of San Juan de los Llanos, fought on June 18, 1817. The Spaniards under the command of Commandante General Ordoñez suffered a devastating defeat at the hands of the Navarrese General Espoz y Mina.—Bancroft, *History of Mexico*, Vol. IV, 667-68.
2. The 1960 population of Saltillo was 49,400.
3. The "Great Western" is one of the mystery women of the pre-Civil War Southwest. The federal census of 1860 listed her as living in Socorro, New Mexico, under the name of Sarah Burgett, also spelled Bourgett, which is very likely the correct spelling. She was born in Clay County, Tennessee and early became a camp follower. She went to Mexico with Taylor's army in that capacity. She arrived in El Paso, Texas (then called Franklin) in April, 1849 and operated a restaurant in Coon's compound. After a year at the Pass she moved to Socorro where she married a dragoon named Albert Baumann. From Socorro she moved to Yuma, Arizona, very likely because her husband was transferred. There she died sometime in the 1860's and was buried in the military cemetery at Yuma. When the waters of the Colorado began washing away the cemetery, her body along with the others interred there, were transferred to the old presidio in San Francisco. Her nickname, taken from the steamship *Great Western* which was launched in 1838 for service with Europe, was appropriate, as she was a large hulk of a woman—six feet four inches in height and weighing well over two hundred pounds.—Information furnished by Dr. Rex W. Strickland, Professor of History, Texas Western College.
4. *Mescal*, a small cactus (*Lophophora williamsi*) is not only the source of *pulque* but the plant itself is used as a stimulant and antispasmodic by the Mexican Indians.
5. The "old Mexicans" is a reference to the Aztecs who inhabited the central tableland—*Mesa Central*—of Mexico when Cortez arrived in 1519.
6. The battle of Monterey began on late Sunday afternoon, September 20, 1846, and continued until the twenty-fifth when the Mexicans evacuated the citadel. General Taylor's men numbered 6,600 while General Ampudia's force numbered 10,000. With the capture of Monterey the campaign on the Rio Grande may be considered as ended.—Bancroft, *History of Mexico*, Vol. V, 376-402.
7. General William Jenkins Worth (1794-1849), for whom Fort Worth, Texas is named, is described as a "proud, resolute, commanding mein under fire and his promptness and decision in giving orders inspired his subordinate with confidence." He has not received the "full glory of his attainments" because of his "truculent, defiant and insulting" ways.—D. A. B.
8. The 1960 census showed Monterey with a population of 185,800.
9. In 1842, not 1840, when Mexico was invaded by the Republic of Texas; 304 men under Colonel W. S. Fisher disobeyed the orders of President Sam Houston and of their commanding general, Alexander Somervell, and invaded Mexico. After a desperate battle with General Ampudia they were forced to surrender at Mier on December 26. Then followed their march through Mexico as prisoners, their attempt to escape, their recapture, and the sentencing of some to death by a sort of lottery. One hundred fifty-six white and seventeen black beans were placed in a pot. The men who drew the black beans were shot to death while the survivors were imprisoned in the unhealthy castle Perote with the survivors of the Texas Santa Fe Expedition.—Walter F. McCaleb, *The Mier Expedition* (San Antonio, 1959), 197. For a fictionalized account of the Mier Expedition see Fanny Chambers Gooch, *The Boy Captive* (1910).

BOOK REVIEWS

[Editor's Note: All books reviewed in this issue are available from the El Paso County Historical Society, P.O. Box 28, El Paso, Texas 79940, or from Book Sales Chairman, Cdr. Millard G. McKinney, (USN Ret.), 4904 Louisiana St. Phone 565-8784. Members of the Society receive a ten percent discount on books priced at more than \$6.00].

JOHN F. FINERTY REPORTS PORFIRIAN MEXICO, 1879

Edited by W. H. TIMMONS

El Paso: Texas Western Press of U.T. El Paso, \$12

TADEO ORTIZ: MEXICAN COLONIZER AND REFORMER

by W. H. TIMMONS

(El Paso: Texas Western Press of U.T. El Paso, \$3

[No. 43 of "Southwestern Studies Series"])

Bill Timmons, U.T. El Paso's much-esteemed historian, cannot be accused of rushing into print. He is a persnickity scholar whose last book, published by Texas Western Press in 1963, was *Morelos of Mexico*, still the standard book on the great leader of the Mexican Independence movement.

Dr. Timmons seemed almost embarrassed that late 1974 saw publication, within months of each other, of these two books—one exhaustingly edited by him, the other a short monograph the length of which belies both the time it took to research and write and the importance of its subject.

John F. Finerty was a sterling representative of a now-dead breed of 19th Century newsman: the two-fisted, hard-drinking, Irish patriot with a flair for turning a phrase. One might very well compare him with William Howard Russell, the famed "special correspondent" for the Times of London who blew the whistle on cabinet-level incompetence which helped send a British army to its doom in the Crimea in 1857. At least the two of them had the same short-fused temperament, sense of news, writing ability, occasional ingenuousness, and undisguised bias in their reportage.

Finerty originally had been sent out by the *Chicago Times* to join Gen. George Crooks' 1876 campaign against the Sioux. He was remembered for being tall in the saddle, his carbine slung on the pommel, coatless with a pipe clenched between his teeth as he rode as far up front of Crook's column as he was allowed. Out of his experiences came some scintillating newspaper copy and a book, *War-Path and Bivouac*.

Finerty visited Mexico twice, in 1877 and 1879, the latter trip with a group of American industrialists who hoped to cement better trade relations with the country then under the rule of President Porfirio Diaz. After the trade delegation left, the Chicago-based newspaperman stayed on and traveled the country from Vera Cruz to El Paso del Norte, writing regularly for his paper and keeping extensive notes. In 1904, debt and cancer-ridden, he gathered up his Mexico-days information and wrote a book but died before he found a publisher. The manuscript became part of the Finerty family papers and, with their full cooperation, was resurrected by Dr. Timmons who edited and annotated it for publication, including correction of Finerty's often execrable Spanish but otherwise taking care to leave the book unaltered, preserving the author's spontaneity, 19th century newspaperese, and its sense of immediacy. Resultingly, *Finerty* is an exceptional work—a professional newspaperman's humanistic first-hand view of Mexico a century ago.

Tadeo Ortiz, of course, is in a different league. It is an offshoot of Dr.

Timmons' long and hard-won research into the life of Morelos. Tadeo Ortiz de Ayala, the creole from Guadalajara, was a diplomatic agent of Morelos' and by 1821, when Mexican Independence had been achieved, had become one of the great figures of the country. An expert on the geography of the country, an experienced diplomat, a visionary and a man of splendid literary attainments as well (Ortiz' *Mexico Considered as a Free and Independent Nation* has been cited as a principal influence on the political and social thought of Benito Juarez). Appointed Director of Colonization for Texas in 1832, Ortiz fell victim to the cholera epidemic that ravaged Mexico then and died at the age of 45.

Both these books should have very special interest to any person thirsting for knowledge about the history and progress of our southern neighboring country, and few historians are better qualified to write about this than Wilbert H. Timmons of U.T. El Paso.

It should perhaps be pointed out that while *Tadeo Ortiz* is a part of Texas Western Press' renowned Southwestern Studies Series—a paperback, *Finerty* is a book of exceptional beauty of design, something that has become expected of the Press and people like E. H. Antone and Carl Hertzog, and something never failing the expectation.

University of Texas at El Paso

DALE L. WALKER

ACROSS THE RIO TO FREEDOM

by ROSALIE SCHWARTZ

(El Paso: Texas Western Press, University of Texas at El Paso, Southwestern Studies No. 44, \$3.00).

The "Underground Railroad," stretching phantomly from the slave-states to Canada, became famous in history, story and song, as a route for anyone strong enough and brave enough to escape to freedom. But the perilous paths into the everglades of Florida and across desert and river into Mexico were also channels to liberty.

Rosalie Schwartz, presently enrolled in the doctoral program of the University of California at San Diego, has written about the thousands of blacks who escaped from slavery—first from the Atlantic Coast colonies into Spanish owned Florida; and later, across the "Rio Bravo" into Mexico from Texas. She has recounted the moves westward of plantation families from cotton-growing states, where slave labor was considered essential for profit, into the new and vast plains of Texas, then a part of Mexico. She emphasizes throughout the constant fight against slavery by Mexican Federal laws and by physical and financial aid equal and surpassing many times the zeal of the abolitionists of the northeastern United States, in aiding slaves to escape from their masters and to stay free. At one time, the Mexican government paid slave owners for runaways, rather than return the fugitives to their former life of slavery.

When good slave labor became more urgent, and the price went up as high as \$1,500 each in Texas, a new business developed—capturing and stealing blacks to be sold on the block. Free blacks who came into the state by land, or as crew on ships in the ports of Louisiana and Texas, were abducted and sold into slavery.

At the same time, Mexico boldly invited slaves to escape and settle on land granted by the Federal Government, together with tools and other accommodations. Among such settlements were Eureka, established in the Tampico

district by Luis N. Fouché, a free Negro from Florida; and a settlement at Tlacotalpán.

It was noted by travelers that the government protected the rights of the fugitives, and that in many cases these ex-slaves were industrious, honest, acquired an education, and used their skills learned in slavery to secure positions of wealth and honor. The opposition of Mexico to slavery and the flagrant invitations to the slaves to flee across the Rio Grande to freedom, were among the causes of the war for Texas Independence.

English-language newspapers in Mexico deplored the new black settlements, and predicted they would become a burden and a social detriment. But *El Siglo*, a Mexican publication said: "We hope that our leaders will be able to increase our population, and that they open the doors of the Republic to all races, to all men who, with their labor or their intelligence, may find their well being here, and contribute to the welfare of the Republic."

The hot desert climate, the mountains, the Indians and the Rio Grande must have provided many exciting stories of escape, rivaling those of any passengers on the "Underground Railroad." I should like to have read about them in Rosalie Schwartz' purely historical and factual report, to find it more fascinating and readable.

El Paso, Texas

DRUSILLA NIXON

LEE MOOR: SHIRT POCKET TYCOON

by HAWLEY RICHESON

(Guynes Printing Company, El Paso, Texas, 1975), 93 pages. \$6.00, through El Paso County Historical Society. Directors of the Lee Moor Children's Home have designated the Society as sales outlet for this book.)

The biography of Lee Moor, West Texas empire builder, is a story with a Horatio Alger twist. Lee Moor came west in 1898, at the age of twenty-eight, seeking health, not fortune, for he suffered from advanced tuberculosis. However, by 1907, he had completely conquered his dread disease and also, with the help of his staunch wife Beulah, he had launched what was to become one of the greatest financial empires in the history of West Texas.

Hawley Richeson, in his slim volume, sketches the progress of Lee Moor from his initial primitive ranch homestead east of Orogrande to his later construction, farming, large-scale ranching, industrial, and philanthropic enterprises. The author blends examples of Moor's characteristic drive and determination to overcome hardships with the names and activities of the fast-developing Southwest of the early 1900's. The final enterprise of Lee Moor and the one for which he and his wife will be longest remembered was the founding of the Lee and Beulah Moor Children's Home, which opened its doors in 1959. The Home is operated according to its benefactor's philosophy of "motivating people to achieve"; its motto is the Biblical phrase "... what then shall this child be?" (Luke 1:66)

The author also sketches for his readers the many facets of Lee Moor the man, little known to the general public because of his lifelong aversion to publicity. His dominant characteristic was the compulsive drive which made him work twelve to sixteen hours a day and demand the same of his top employees. Few could stand the pace, but Moor himself forged on unabated until 1958 when he died of cancer a month after his eighty-eighth birthday.

One of Moor's eccentricities, considering the extent of his multi-million dollar business activities, was his habit of transacting business from well-worn

notebooks always present in his shirt pocket and notes stuffed in a bulky wallet in his hip pocket. From this habit the author drew the title of his biography of Lee Moor.

In *Lee Moor: Shirt Pocket Tycoon*, Hawley Richeson has given his readers a biography which well-represents its subject. It is written without ostentation in concise, forthright language. The handsome volume contains many interesting photographs of Lee and Beulah Moor, their family and friends; of pages from the shirt pocket notebooks; of construction projects of Moor's early contracting business; and many pictures of the Lee and Beulah Moor Children's Home and its directors.

Most important of all, Hawley Richeson in this biography has fulfilled the wish of Lee Moor's surviving family that his story be told in a way that will provide inspiration today to those who aspire to great accomplishments in the face of great odds.

El Paso, Texas

—WINIFRED M. MIDDAGH

The architect of the El Paso Union Depot was probably D. H. Bernheim (or Burnham) and Company, of Chicago. Pioneer El Pasoan Frank Powers was the builder.

PASSWORD I, 62.

The principal ranches of Wyoming, Montana, and even Colorado received the major portion of their cattle not from Texas but from Oregon. The early emigrants traveling westward along the Oregon trail took with them many first-rate British-bred cows and bulls, and on the Pacific Coast these animals proliferated. Consequently, the typical cattle drive of this period consisted not of scrawny longhorns coming north from Texas, but of sleek, well-bred cattle heading east from Oregon.

from *Centennial* by James A. Michener

In June, 1881, eight months after Apache Chief Victorio was killed, an eighty year old warrior named Nana led survivors of the Apache band on a series of raids in Mexico and New Mexico, crossing the Rio Grande near El Paso. Covering a thousand miles of enemy territory, often riding seventy miles a day, Nana's band of some 40 warriors, eluded pursuit by a thousand soldiers and hundreds of civilians, killed perhaps a hundred Mexicans and Americans, and stole some 200 horses and mules. Nana was finally captured with Geronimo, and died in 1896, about 95 years old.

—From *Nana's Raid of 1881*, by Harold Miller,
PASSWORD, XIX No. 2, Summer 1974.

The Memphis, El Paso and Pacific Railroad was chartered in 1856. Its successor, Texas and Pacific, reached El Paso in 1881.

ACTIVITIES OF YOUR HISTORICAL SOCIETY

Quarterly programs for 1975 are under direction of a Program Committee with Chris P. Fox as General Chairman. Other members are Al A. Blumenthal, Sol H. Bargman, Marion A. Boone, Dr. Jim Chips, Ed Daley, Bob Dymysza, S. H. (Bud) Newman, Tom Peterson, Curtiss Tuller, and Ewing Waterhouse. The first meeting of the year was held at the Plaza Theatre, February 27, with a program featuring Brig. Gen. Robert M. Hardaway, Commander of William Beaumont Army Medical Center.

Other quarterly programs are scheduled as follows:

May 29, 7:30 P.M., Plaza Theatre, program to be announced.

August 28, 1975, Annual Picnic, McKelligon Canyon.

October 30, 1975, Plaza Theatre, annual meeting and election of officers.

On March 1, the Texas Historical Commission and the El Paso County Historical Society co-sponsored a Missions Seminar at the Ysleta Mission in El Paso. The subject of the regional seminar was "The Preservation of Indigenous Mexican Colonial Architecture in the El Paso area and Rio Grande Valley."

On December 1 to 15, the Society sponsored a showing of original Norman Rockwell drawings at the Chamizal National Memorial. The exhibit was arranged by James M. Peak, Membership Chairman, as an invitational event for new members. New members who joined at the showing were given souvenir Norman Rockwell prints. The event was staged with co-operation of the Massachusetts Mutual Life Insurance Company, owner of the originals, and Franklin G. Smith, Superintendent of the Chamizal National Memorial.

IN MEMORIAM

ROBERT B. PRICE, JR.

DOROTHY JENSEN NEAL

ESTHER DARBYSHIRE McCALLUM

HAL M. DAUGHERTY, SR.

COL. WALTER D. THOMAS

TAYLOR POORE

J. L. COGGESHALL

CONTRIBUTORS TO THIS ISSUE

WILLIAM I. LATHAM, new President of the El Paso County Historical Society, is Editor of *The El Paso Times*. He came to El Paso in 1932 and has been a member of the *Times* staff since 1941, with interruption for service in World War II. He previously served as City Editor and Managing Editor.

ROBERT N. MULLIN, a Charter Member of the Society, has been a valued contributor to previous volumes of *PASSWORD*. A long time resident of El Paso, and a City Alderman in the R. E. Thomason administration, he now resides in South Laguna, California.

SISTER JOSEPHINE MAGOFFIN LUCKER is a great-granddaughter of Joseph Magoffin, a 1974 honoree of the El Paso Hall of Honor. She was born in Tientsin, China, and grew up in the Magoffin Homestead with her grandparents, General and Mrs. William J. Glasgow. As a member of the Maryknoll Sisters, she served 14 years in Africa, and is now doing graduate work at Mundelein College in Chicago.

ELLEN B. WHIPPLE, Public Communications Director for the El Paso Stake, Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, was born in Idaho, where her father was a pioneer homesteader. She attended Brigham Young College and Utah Agricultural College, and came to El Paso in 1930 as the wife of John Harold Mullen. Widowed in 1933, she married Willard Whipple, Sr., in 1942.

EUGENE O. PORTER edited the concluding chapter of the Wislizenus narrative as his last major editorial work for *PASSWORD*.

DALE L. WALKER is Director of News and Information for the University of Texas at El Paso. A graduate of U.T. El Paso, he previously worked in television news and special events at KTSM-TV.

DRUSILLA NIXON, widow of El Paso physician Dr. L. A. Nixon, was educated at Toledo University, studied music at Temple University, and took further college work at U.T. El Paso. She is active in El Paso church and cultural affairs.

WINIFRED M. MIDDAGH is a teacher at El Paso Community College and a member of the Editorial Board of the El Paso County Historical Society. Her late husband, John Judy Middagh, was an outstanding El Paso journalist and historian.

NEW MEMBERS OF THE EL PASO COUNTY HISTORICAL SOCIETY

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