

Hispanic Art in Texas and Hispanics in Texas Art 1840s to 1960s

Hispanic Art in Texas:
An Interdisciplinary Teacher Institute
Houston
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THE LONG ISLAND RAILROAD. MANHATTAN BEACH

PAIN'S
GREAT WAR SPECTACLE

MEXICAN
WAR



GILMORE'S BAND.

SIEGE OF
VERA CRUZ

MUSIC AMPHITHEATRE.



Remington, Mexican Cowboy, late 19th c.



Theodore Gentilz, Water Vendor, 1845



Robert Jenkins Onderdonk, Back Door to The Chapel
at Mission San Jose, San Antonio, Texas, 1898



- Caption: **Mexican** girl sewing in her home. Robstown, Texas. Contrary to the prevalent idea, **Mexicans** generally are extremely neat and clean even when they live in most crowded conditions



FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER

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THINGS IN AND ABOUT SAN ANTONIO.

By Richard Everett.

On the morning of September 24, 1848, the train of the Santa Rita Silver Mining Company, bound for Arizona, came in sight of the ancient city of San Antonio, Texas. It was a bright, pleasant morning, and the scene was quite Oriental. After twelve days of slow travel across the prairie from the sea coast, meeting with very sparse evidences of civilization, San Antonio appeared to the the shores of some walled curtain. The view of the city and

surrounding country helped out the similarity. Over a mass of low white buildings, located on the verge of a borderless plain, swelled the dome of the old Mission Church, while clumps of oaks and mesquites served for the palms and date trees of Eastern lands. Two rivers wind through the city, flowing from living springs only a short distance beyond the suburbs. One, the San Antonio, flows in a vast volume from a rocky basin, which, encroached by mossy masses and overhanging foliage, seems derived for the especial feeding-place of myrtle and willow. The other, the San Pedro, flows from a little pond, formed by the outcropping of five sparkling springs, which bear the same name. The mission lake, enclosed in a grove of easily shot and peevish trees, is one of the most beautiful natural objects of pure water in the United States, that even the delicate roots of the waterlilies and the smallest pebbles may be distinctly seen. In the grove we packed our wagons, and beneath the shade of the thick foliage built our campfires. The tired miles, traced home upon the neighboring prairie, manifested their fatigue by repeated calls upon the thick carpet of



ELIAS BERENSON.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.



PRIMITIVE BUILDING, NEAR SAN ANTONIO.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR CORRESPONDENT.

free fight which often take place, it is surmised that the article may be had in some mysterious manner. At these exchanges may be seen the muleteer, fresh from the coast or the Pecos, with dry clothes and a dozen or so of silver dollars; the United States soldier, just from the barracks, abounding in socks and tobacco; the herdsmen, with his blanket and the long knife, who is a man of every Mexican; the distended crupper, rough, bearded and armed with his large holster, pistol and long, horse-knife, dancing, eating, drinking, swearing and carousing, like a party of Captain Kidd's men, just in from a long voyage. Among the women may be

seen all colors and ages from ten to forty; the Creeks, the Pueblos, the Mexicans, and rarely the American or German—generally in each case, the disheveled widow or discarded mistress of some soldier or follower of the army. San Antonio is rapidly improving. Near the Alamo a fine hotel of stone is being erected by an enterprising German. The new Catholic Church is a grand edifice for Texas. Near the city is a quarry of limestone, so soft that it can be cut with a common knife. Exposed to the air for any length of time, it hardens and becomes solid. Some fine warehouses, lately built, are completed; one is

rented by the United States for a storehouse and barrack building. The wretched and dilapidated portions of the town have been disposed to erect costly dwellings, probably for the reason that a building of any pretensions to style and finish is a rare article nearly white. Everything, but the stone used in imported iron from Cleveland; window frames from Boston, and pine lumber from Florida. Iron chandeliers are brought from Michigan, and glass from Pittsburgh. A railway from some point on the coast is needed to develop and improve the country, and until one is constructed San Antonio will be a poor and isolated city.



OUR PORTICO.—THE MEXICAN NATIONAL SPORT.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.



VIEW OF SAN ANTONIO—THE FAIR.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.

THINGS IN AND ABOUT SAN ANTONIO.

(Continued from page 96.)

here, bringing good old-fashioned furniture along with their larger herds. Their neat cottages and vegetable gardens are noticeable all about the suburbs. As a general thing, they are a better class of settlers than those found in our large cities, and are doing for Texas a work of civilization very much needed. Among the native population there is a little or no change. There is not a steam engine nor a flour mill in San Antonio. All the dry goods, groceries and manufactured articles needed for a city of eight thousand or ten thousand people, whose trade with the frontier amounts to millions every year, are hauled from the sea coast, one hundred and fifty miles, upon wagons and rail-cars. Flour, potatoes and onions are among the articles of export, the situation of the inhabitants being concentrated upon cotton and cattle. There is not a good bakery, a first-rate cook or a model class hotel in the city. Ice, cut from the ponds of Massachusetts wells, whenever there is a load in town, at from fifty to seventy-two cents per pound. Nothing is cheap but the tough, stringy grassed beef, which may be bought in the hoof for from two to two and one-half cents per pound. One of our New Englanders who spent a day or two in the city, declared that the opportunity for making money were so easy and varied for a man of small capital, that the very desolation made him feel worth at least a million.

Walking about the city and its environs, you may well fancy yourself in some strange land. The houses, many of them built of adobe, one story high, and whitened, seem with their red-tiled roofs, white, black and copper-colored. The narrow streets, the stout old walls which seem decreed not to crumble away, the aqueducts, along which run the waters of the San Pedro, the Spanish language, which is spoken by almost everybody, the dark, hooded figures that gaze at you from the low doorways—everything in the Mexican quarter of the city especially, breathes a condition widely different from what you are accustomed to behold in any American town. To conduct business carefully, it is necessary to employ clerks who understand Spanish, or the language spoken by Mexicans and called Spanish, as a large amount of trade is done by Mexicans.

The better class of people, Americans and foreigners, speak of "the States" and "New from the States" when referring to any other portion of the country than Texas, except to the West.

A large element of the population of San Antonio is Mexican. There are a few respectable, intelligent and wealthy families, but the majority are of the lower order, with all the vices and some of the virtues belonging to the latter classed. The men, whenever they work, are employed as teamsters, drivers and day laborers. It is the general belief, founded as I believe on fact, that a Mexican

is good for nothing unless in service over cattle, horses and mules. The kind of high talent is towards the stock. In this Cape Cobles divert themselves by playing whist, and in that

last business in his hands a deadly snare. His throw is swift and certain, and it is alike dreaded by man and beast. Every outside farm and horse-race has its same sort of "experts," as they are



MAIN PLAZA, SAN ANTONIO, TEXAS.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.

most harpoon bilious and chickens, so does the juvenile Mexican take at once to the lance, and with precocious skill lariat dogs, goats and calves; and thus, growing up in constant practice, the

called in Texas, whose duty it is to catch runaway and refractory oxen, horses and cattle, and in the business they become wondrous expert. It is ludicrous to see the shepherd air which at once comes over an old man when the lance has lightened around his throat. Experience has taught him that all attempts to escape are vain, and with a miserable lack of resignation he submits to be led up.

The free and easy style of life which is characteristic of the lower order of Mexicans is soon to surprise a stranger. He sees children of both sexes, from two to six years of age, strolling about in the conventional and closely-fitting costume bestowed upon them by nature. Wives, short and dumpy, with forms profuse of artificial fatness, and in the single article of attire usually denominated a petticoat, brief at both ends, are observed in-doors and out, manifesting not the slightest regard for the curious glances of the passer-by. Parties of men, women and children bathe in the San Antonio river, just outside the corporate limits, without the assumption of decency. This comfortable fashion was formerly in vogue within the city, until the authorities concluded it might with propriety be dispensed with.

Mexican amusements, in the shape of cockfights and fandangos, help to elevate and refine the people of San Antonio, such as choose to participate. Every Sunday, just after mass at the old Mission Church, there is a cock-fight, generally numerously attended. The pit is located in one of the churches, about one-eighth of a mile from the last building, going past the church door about the time of service, I observed a couple of Mexicans kneeling near the door in a pious attitude, which would doubtless have appeared very sober and Christianlike, had not each one held a smart gamecock beneath his arm. These men! They had evidently passed a moment on their way to the cockpit, in order to loiter over their little short-swingings for the past week.

The fandangos take place every evening, and are patronized by the lower orders of people, who, as the Spanish circus proprietor in "Hard Times" would declare, "must be satisfied." A large hall or square room, lighted by a few lamps hung from the walls, or lanterns suspended from the ceiling, a pair of negro fiddlers and twenty or thirty couples in the full enjoyment of a "habera," or the Mexican polka, help make up the scene. In the corners of the room are refreshment tables, under the charge of old women, whose coffee, frijoles, tortillas, boiled rice and other eatables may be obtained, whiskey being constantly not sold. From the heavy and



MISSION OF CONCEPCION, SAN ANTONIO.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.

Theodore Gentilz, Fandango, 1845



- Evaluate for stereotypes.

William Samuel, Main Plaza, San Antonio, 1839

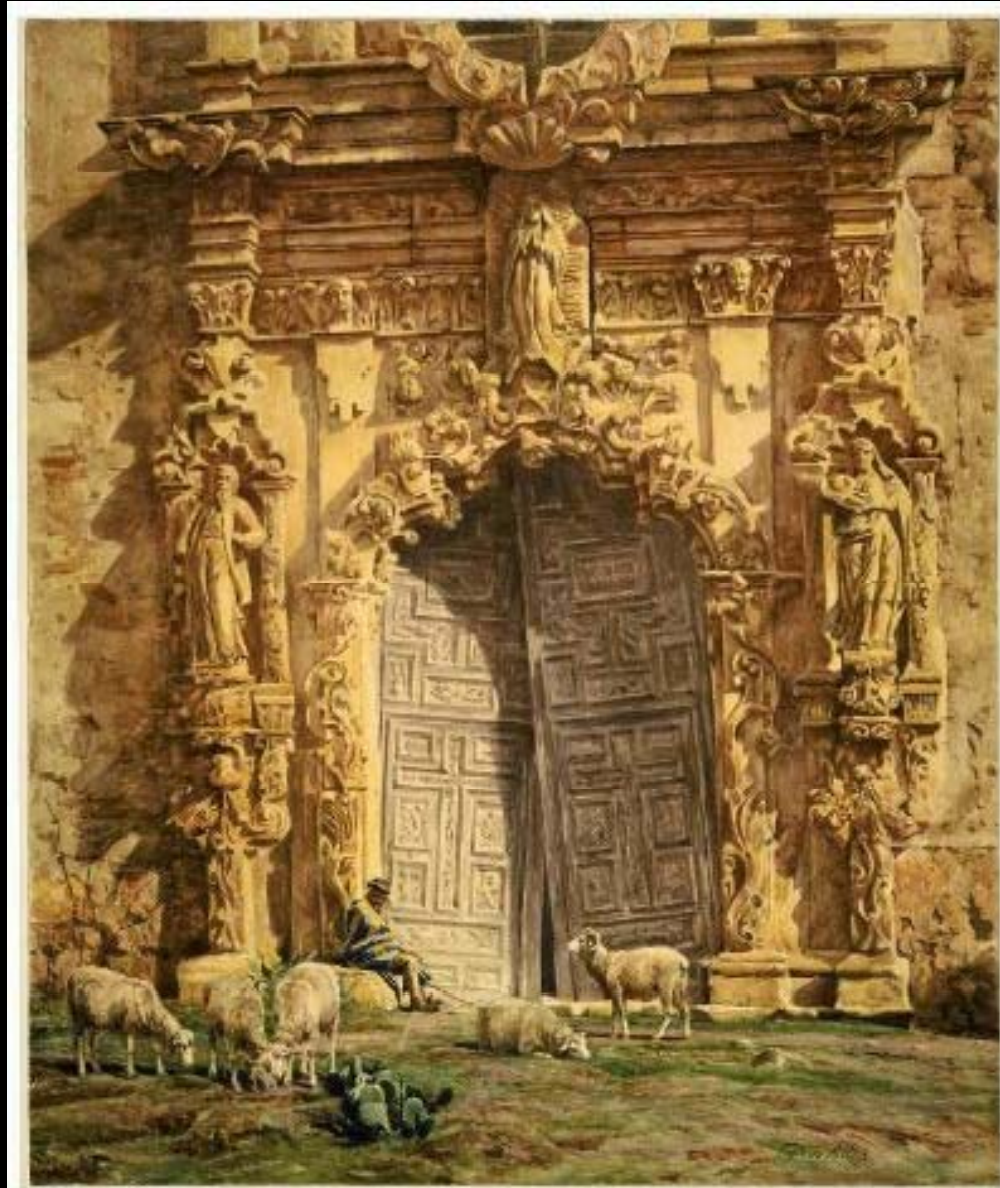


Thomas Allen, Market Plaza, 1878-79



Thomas Allen, Mission San Jose, ca. 1879

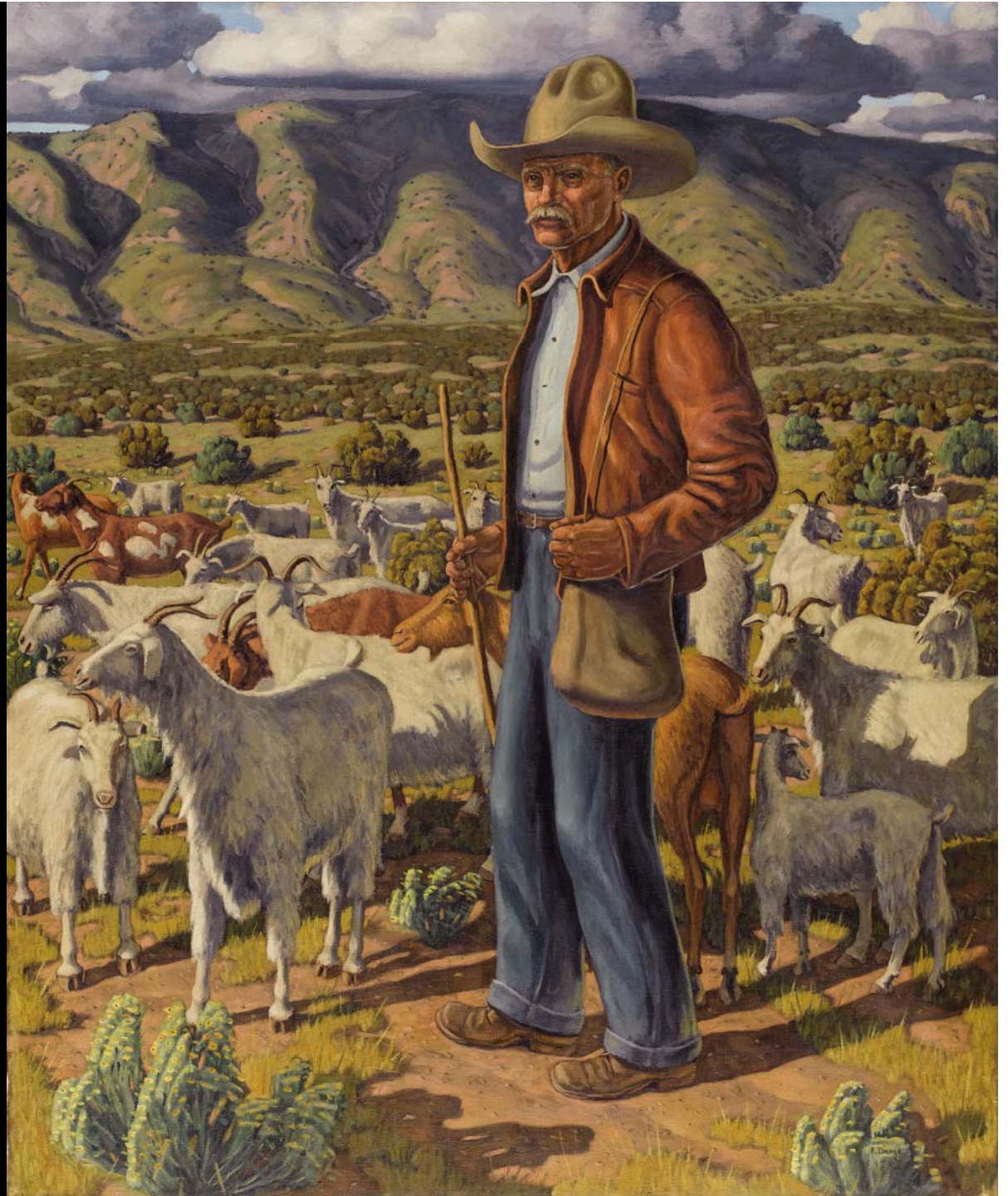
- Evaluate for stereotypes.



Theodore Gentilz, Mission San Jose and San Miguel de Aguayo, 1845



Darge, Old
Pedro the
Goatherder,
1930



Fred Darge, Sombrero and Cowboy, 1930s



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Darge, Friendly Encounter, 1930



Jose Arpa, Artist's Son, 1900



Jose Arpa Picking Cotton, 1929

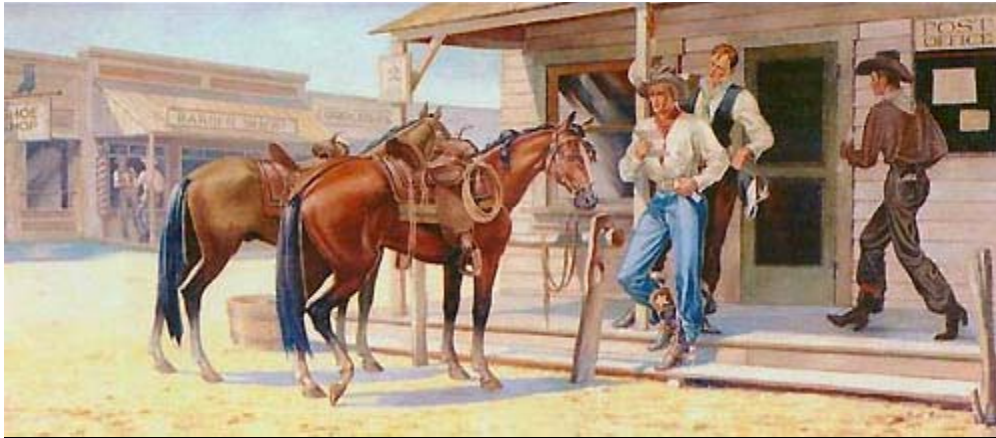


Porfirio Salinas, Bluebonnets, 1957



Porfirio Salinas, Irish Flats, 1950s





**Jose Aceves, Big City
News, 1939**

**Jose Aceves, Mart , Texas
(McClennan Family), 1937**



Javier Gonzalez, Ice House, 1945





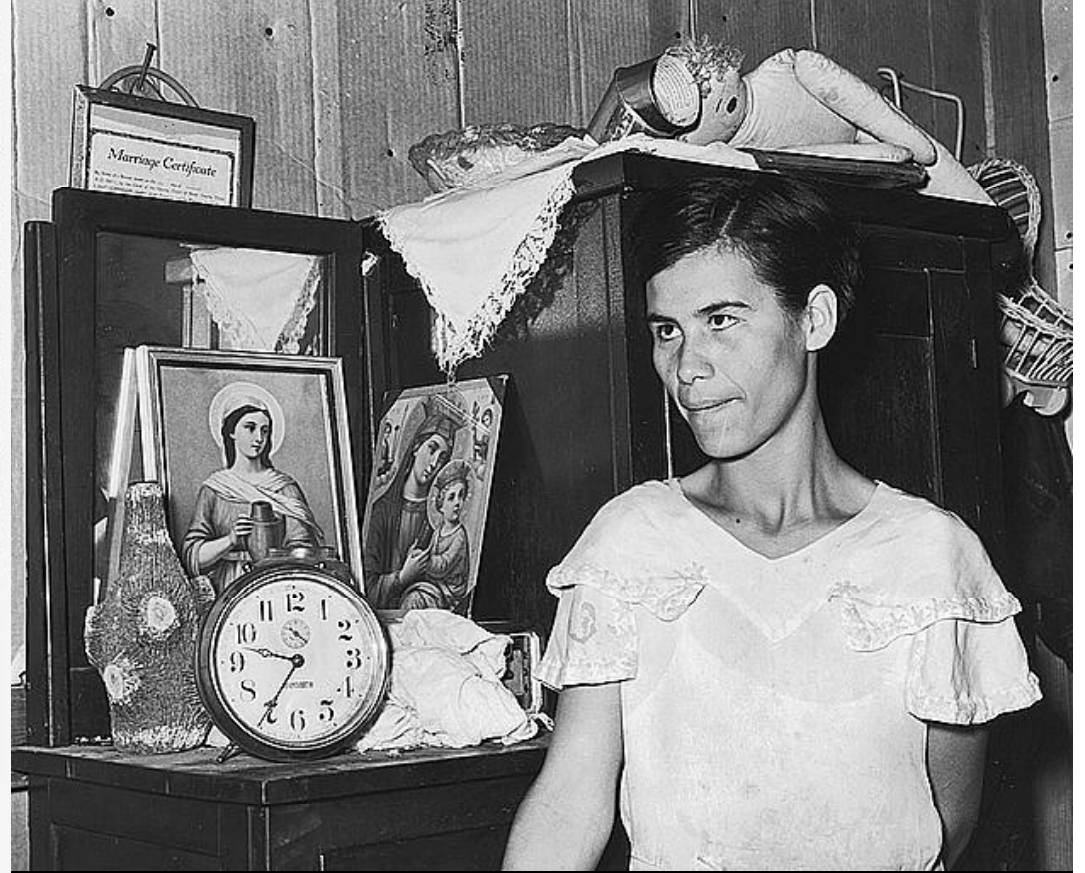
Manuel Acosta,
Ventana
Amarilla, 1955





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C. PERRE



G. PERRE



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VEEV HILBYLE EIGH



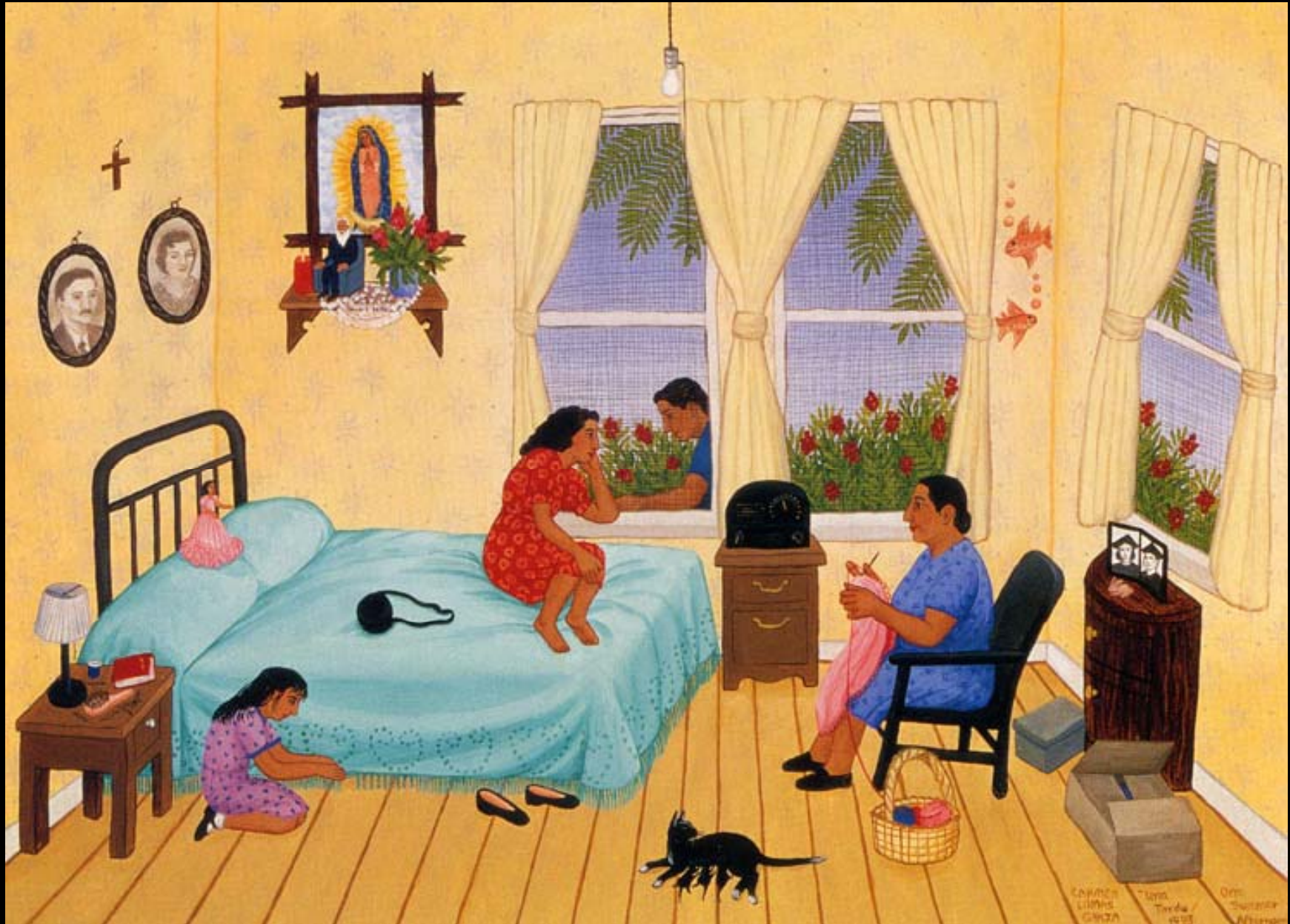


DEDICO EL PRESENTE RETABLO A LA Sma. V. DE SAN
JUAN DE LOS LAGOS POR ABERME SALVADO DE UN
TEXANO ME LLEBARA, ME ESCODI DEBAJO DE UN
ARBOL CON MI HERMANITO ALA ORILLA DE LA CARRETERA
"Concepcion Zapata"
S.L.P. MAYO 10 DE 1948

Carmen Lomas Garza, Quinceañera, 2001



Carmen Lomas Garza, Una tarde, 1993



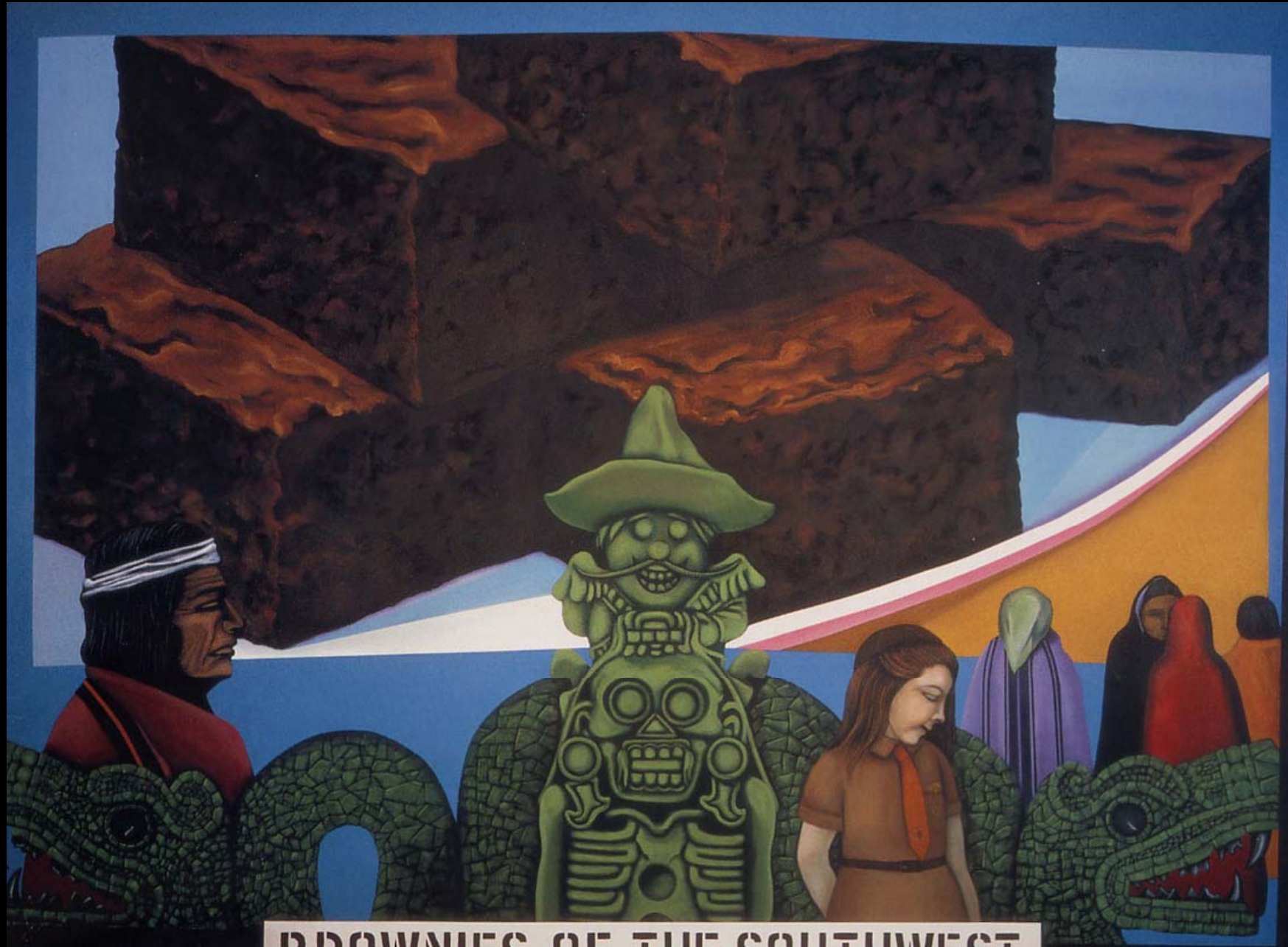
Jesse Treviño, Guadalupe y calavera, 1976



Jesse Treviño, Pescadores, 1995



Mel Casas, Humanscape 62, 1970



BROWNIES OF THE SOUTHWEST

Mel Casas, Humanscape 68, 1973



Amalia Mesa-
Bains,
Ofrenda to
Dolores del
Rio, 1984



Consuelo Jimenez
Underwood, Virgen de los
Caminos, 1994



Juan Miguel Ramos



John Hernandez, Hi-C Avenger, ca. 1995

