

Obituary of Patrick G. McGloin

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Death of Patrick G. McGloin Recalls Career
of Man Who Was Associated in Early History
of San Patricio County

PIONEER SUCCUMBS IN SAN ANTONIO

The death of Patrick G. McGloin in San Antonio, Texas on the morning of St. Patrick's Day, and who was buried in San Patricio on the 18 of March removed an honored and interesting character from our midst. Deeply regretted throughout Southern Texas most especially does San Patricio count claim the right to mourn the passing of this pioneer; whose name is interwoven with her history and whose venerable years extended from through the early days of the McGloin and McMullen colony to our present time.

Patrick Gilbert McGloin was born in County Sligo, Ireland in 1832. In 1845 his father, Gilbert McGloin sailed with his family for America, in response to a call from his brother, the empressario Santiago McGloin, to come and take part in the development of the grant of eighty leagues of land which he had obtained in 1829 from the Mexican government. It extended from Corpus Christi bay up the right bank of the Nueces River, and reached near to San Antonio. After a long voyage, they reached New York, thence to New Orleans, Galveston, and finally to McGloin's Bluff in Corpus Christi bay, the loading place of the colonists. They were transported in two wheeled carts drawn by oxen, and journeyed to their allotted place, Fairy Grove, which is now in Live Oak County. All went well until the tragic ending of the life of Gilbert McGloin. He was drowned while driving his cattle from the over-flowed bottoms of the Nueces River. Thenceforth there were difficult days ahead for the sons of the family, Alexander and Patrick. But the added responsibilities, the obstacles to be overcome, the difficulties surmounted day by day served to make them strong self-reliant men who, whenever illegible gave their best untiring efforts.

Alexander became the district and county clerk of San Patricio, a position he held until his death. San Patricio County at that time extended over all its now adjoining counties and the office of clerk was a very important one.

When, in 1861, the call to arms was sounded, Patrick McGloin responded, and in Donley's Company, Buchel's regiment, he spent four years as a soldier in Texas and Louisiana.

On his return, he was a trusted employee of large cattle companies, always meriting the highest commendation of his employers. In May 1869, in Corpus Christi he was married to Miss Mary Ann Malloy, a lady of inestimable worth. He purchased, for sentiment sake the old homestead of his distinguished uncle on the bank of the beautiful Round Lake. Here he established perhaps the first stock farm in the country. Here ten children came to crown their happy union, eight reached maturity, but two survived him, George D. with whom he passed his last years and who is in the banking business in San Antonio, and Roget, a prosperous business man of Sinton.

Mr. McGloin was a forceful character. He was uncompromising when his principles were involved. He was loyal to his church, and to the country of his adoption, but he never ceased to love and cherish the memory of the land where he was born.

He was fearless in anger and brave under trials. When sorrow was illegible upon his brow, his heroic spirit bent, but did not break. Like a Christian soldier he bore the severest of trials and emerged from them with renewed trust and confidence in God.

He possessed a fine mind, cultivated by constant reading. He was an interesting conversationalist, for his perfect memory could bring you face to face with the eventful times through which he had lived. He especially cherished his uncle's memory, and he related many thrilling stories of his life. He said that the empressario always began a journey towards nightfall. One afternoon, as the sun was sinking, this small dark-eyed man rode up to their home at Fairy Grove. He had come from his home at San Patricio and was riding his black pony. The fire in his eyes betrayed the fact that he was on unusual business. His partner, John McMullen had been slain in San Antonio, and he was hurrying on to that village.

Next evening, on the same pony he rode into San Antonio, covering a distance of one hundred and fifty miles in twenty-four hours. The endurance of the horse and rider has always been a marvel to those accustomed to long rides.

Mr. McGloin took his part in the social life of the Colony's capital, San Patricio. Miss Lizzie McGloin, the brilliant and accomplished daughter of the empressario, was the social leader and the idol of the colonists. She brought from her convent school all that it had given her and generously shared it with them. Then came Miss Mary Malloy from New Orleans, daughter of Mrs. Owen Gaffney by a former marriage. She, too, was a highly cultivated lady, with so fair a face and form as to become the acknowledged beauty of the day.

Gilbert McGloin, the handsome son of the empressario, won her for his bride, only to leave her a widow in a few short years. Then, in 1855, Santiago McGloin laid down the burden of life and died at the Round Lake near San Patricio. He saw him die and was at his funeral.

We are drifting from the days that made this chapter of Texas history, but as we recede from it, more dimly we shall see the petty faults and mistakes of this daring band of Irish colonists and gloriously grander will loom up their real intrinsic worth. When future historians shall write the stories of the colonies of Texas, there will be none more romantic than the McGloin—McMullen. We have been too near to them to fully realize what they did. They sailed the seas and they knew they left old Ireland forever, but they turned with brave determination to the west to make for their oppressed countrymen a place of refuge in a new land.

Their leader, with no thought of a chance to perpetuate his name, preferred to take possession of it in the name of his beloved St. Patrick. He honored himself when he placed the name of San Patricio on the map of Texas. No recognition has ever been given the projector of this undertaking of such magnitude and such results. No county has ever named for him, but St. Patrick

took care of his work, and his greatest monument is the happy prosperous, prominent descendants of his colony that dwell all over Texas.

But methinks some day, when these descendants awaken to the heritage that is theirs, they will mark the spot where their forefathers landed on McGloin's Bluff, on the western shore of Corpus Christi bay, and proclaim to the world that Texas has, as well as Massachusetts, a Plymouth Rock. They will see that its glory never fades nor its wonder never die.

K.D.B.