

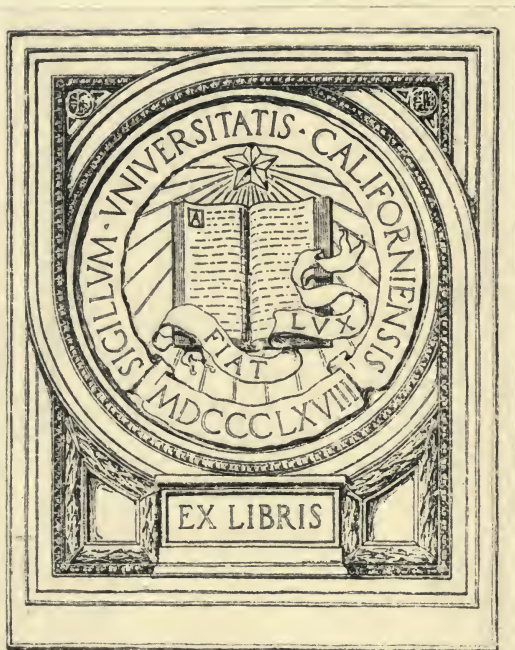
Annals of old Fort Cummings

New Mexico 1867-8

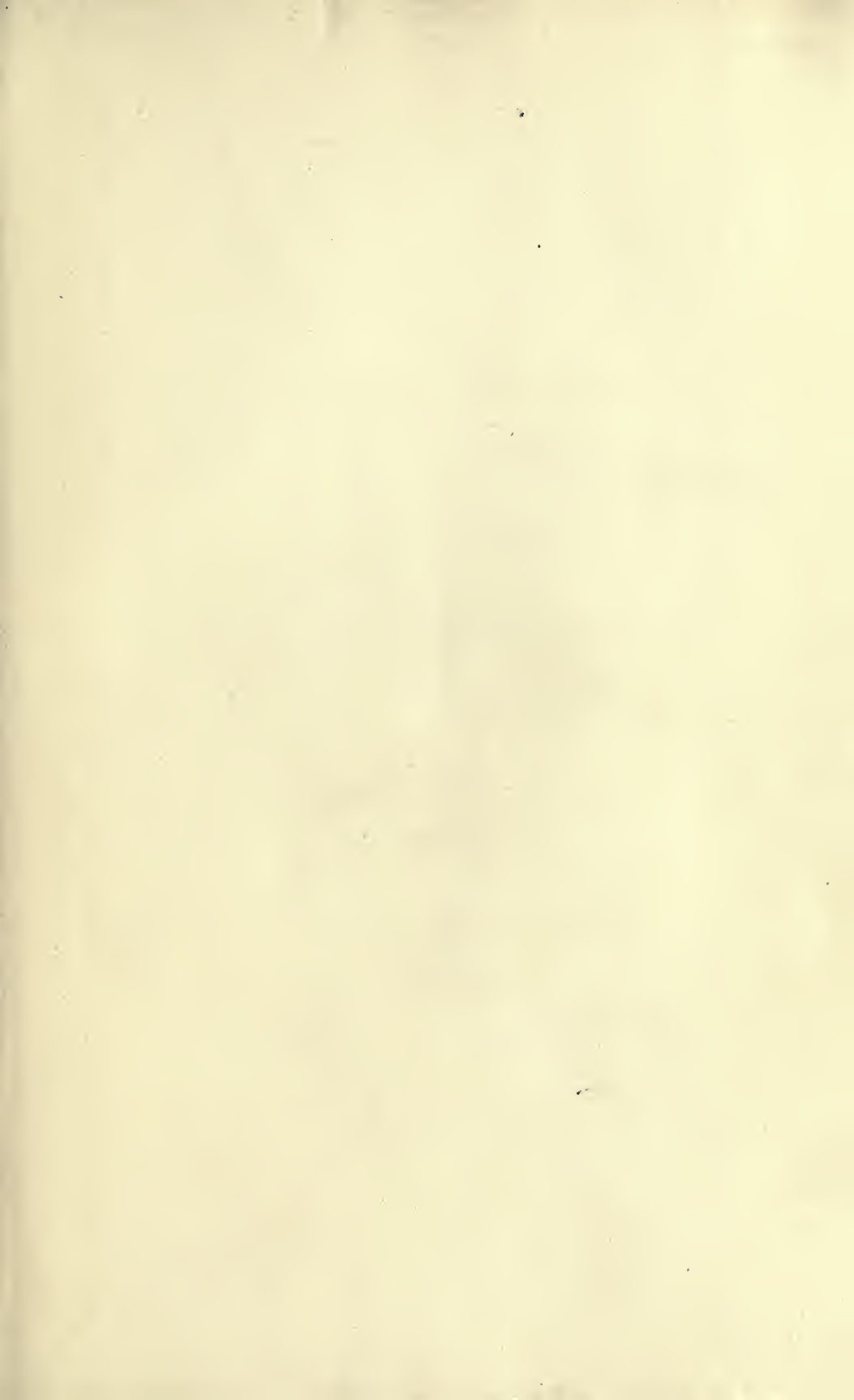
by

William Chapman Parker, M.D.





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William Thornton Parker, M. D.

As a boy of seventeen years and the youngest first-class Hospital Steward ever appointed in the U. S. Army, 1867-8. Serving with the 3rd. U. S. Cavalry on the Plains during the Indian War, and at Fort Cummings New Mexico, with the 125th. Regt. U. S. Colored Troops. Appointment signed by General U. S. Grant, U. S. Army, February 1st, 1867.

Annals of Old Fort Cummings

New Mexico, 1867-8

by

William Thornton Parker, M. D.

Author of Personal Experiences among our North American Indians
Records of the Association of Acting Assistant Surgeons U. S. Army etc.
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Dedication

To the memory of the Officers and Enlisted Men of the **125th Regiment Colored Troops, United States Army**, whose faithful and gallant service, at Fort Cummings, New Mexico, during the Apache Indian War, in the 60's, won the respect of their Indian foes, and the admiration of their friend, the author.

Northampton, Mass.

February, 1916.

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W. Thornton Parker, M. D.
1916

Fort Cummings, New Mexico 1867

Fort Cummings! What memories cling to its short but honorable record. Staunch and strong it seemed to derive inspiration from the glorious hills and mountains at whose feet it nestled. Here it stood, a shelter to its faithful garrisons, and a haven of refuge to the weary and imperiled emigrants and travelers who hastened to it for succor and relief.

Twenty years of existence; short, indeed, as compared with older and stronger forts over which has floated the stars and stripes of our beloved land. Designed by Gen. George B. McClellan of the United States Army, it presented an unique and military appearance and was well adapted for the purposes for which it was constructed.

Fort Cummings in Latitude $32^{\circ} 26' n$, Altitude 4778—was located at Cook's Spring, and near the southern entrance to Cook's Canyon guarding Butterfields trail to the Miembres River. Cook's Peak of the Cook's range, one of those isolated peaks peculiar to this region, located at the southern end of the Black or Miembres Mountains towered above the reservation—the snow clad Sentinel of the Southwest, or as the soldiers familiarly called it "Old Baldy." This grand old

peak has an altitude of from ten to twelve thousand feet and is the highest land mark in Southern New Mexico. The reservation was established in what is now Luna County, October 2nd. 1863. The reservation was declared by the President in 1870.

The post was abandoned in August 1873, and reoccupied in 1880. It was abandoned again on October 3, 1886, and turned over to the Interior Department on October 2, 1891. A pyramid of stones was erected at each mile of the boundary. Cook's Peak is about seven miles northwest of the post. The site of the flag staff was in the center of the reservation as originally planned, but this was added to by authority of the President, November 26, 1880.

I am indebted to my friend, Edward Pennington of Deming, New Mexico, who has known this section for more than thirty years, and who has patiently labored to preserve the historical records of this interesting region, for much valuable information concerning this old fort.

It is recorded that as early as 1853, Captain Cook, U. S. Army with a command of the famous Second Dragoons of Mexican war, fame came down into this section of New Mexico on an exploring expedition. The advance guard under a lieutenant found the spring and camping ground at the base of a bald and snow capped mountain, and named it "Mount Republic," but when the main command some days later reached the

spring, the commanding officer named the peak, the canyon and this portion of the Miembres Mountains, Cook's Peak, Cook's Spring, Cook's Canyon and Cook's Range which names have been retained to the present time "thus making record that Captain Cook of the 2nd U. S. Dragoons once lived, and had his being in this important locality. After the mustering out of Co. B 1st California Volunteers, and the 125th Colored Infantry Volunteers, and the 38th U. S. Colored Infantry, detachments of the 8th and 4th U. S. Cavalry formed the garrisons. One of the last commandants was Captain Adna R. Chaffee U. S. Army, afterward Chief of Staff U. S. Army. After the old fort was turned over to the Interior Department by which it was leased to the Carpenter, Stanley Cattle Company, the stately old battlement with its medieval watch tower and grand *salleporte*, degenerated into a cattle corral." "The tall flag staff from which Old Glory reflected the rising and setting sun for more than twenty years of stormy strife, was chopped for the fuel to heat the branding irons. Now only traces of the adobe walls are left to mark the site of what, at one time was the best walled fort in New Mexico or Arizona."

A somewhat pretentious front of "doby" walls with archway entrance and look-out above it, and within on either side of the arch were the guard rooms and prison cells with some rooms above in the tower.

Altogether the Fort presented an ancient look which made the American flag floating from the tall flag staff in the center of the parade ground look almost out of place. These "doby" walls about twelve feet in height formed a huge square against which within the enclosure were erected the various buildings occupied by the garrison, i. e., the barracks, the hospital, the officers' quarters, the quarter-master and commissary departments, etc. Opposite from the main entrance there was a door going out to the hay stacks in the rear. The sentries walked their beats day and night at both entrances and there were also guards at the doors of the quarter-master and commissary departments. To the rear of the fort were huge piles of hay stored for the use of the cavalry and the quarter-master's department. As Fort Cummings was the only walled fort of New Mexico in the sixties, its situation at the mouth of Cook's Canyon, and upon the trail to Arizona and Central New Mexico which it guarded, gave it considerable importance.

The "doby" buildings were low structures with flat roofs, built against the inner walls of the fort. There were no outside windows even in the hospital. All the windows looked upon the parade ground—there were of course no outside windows in the fort walls. The floors were of dirt. In some rooms army blankets were fastened down with wooden pegs for carpets. In one corner of each room was a large open fireplace. The legs of the bedsteads were in good

sized tins containing water to prevent large red ants from crawling upon the beds. Overhead we nailed up rubber blankets, so that scorpions, centipedes, and tarantulas would slip off on to the floor, and be less likely to fall on the sleeper. Rattlesnakes got into our store rooms and into any open boxes, or among blankets and clothing.

In 1867 when the writer was stationed at Cummings the old civil war regiment of veterans the One Hundred and Twenty-fifth United States Colored Volunteers, which had seen splendid service in the Civil War, was stationed there together with a detachment of that gallant old regiment, the Third United States Cavalry. They had taught their Apache enemies to respect their soldierly qualities in several sharp encounters. The good old Fort was a lonely place to live in. To the west and south-west stretched the limitless prairie, dreary and desolate. A short distance opposite the archway was the sutler's ranch where was the general store and the officers' mess. In the direction of the entrance of the Canyon was the famous Cook's Spring where a few stunted trees were the only green things visible in the landscape save the everlasting mesquite bushes.

From the spring flows a bounteous supply of good water. It was the only water between Mason's ranch and the Miembres river. Bell, in his excellent record of events in this section in 1867-8 describes Fort Cummings as "A charming little fort enclosed in a square palisade protecting

Cook's Canyon." We who were stationed there in those perilous times found little that was "charming" about it, but harassed and anxious parties forced to proceed through this gloomy region were glad enough to find protection from its faithful defenders. Cook's Canyon was in itself a "journey of death" six miles or more in length, and with a gloomy gorge of four miles to add to its terrors. It is a typical New Mexican Canyon upon whose rugged sides as late as 1868 were to be found the skeletons of federal and confederate soldiers who fought a battle in its lonely fastnesses. Here too in this Canyon many an emigrant train, and travellers, and hunters, as well as soldiers of the regular army, have gone to their deaths at the hands of the cruel Apaches. It was in this same Canyon that a stage-coach carrying six Americans fell into an Indian ambush. Their horses having been killed, the travellers turned the stage over on its side, and fought for days holding off their enemies who were under the immediate command of the famous Apache chief, "Cochies," until at last famished and exhausted from lack of water, their ammunition expended, the Indians closed in upon them, and in a deadly hand to hand battle the Americans perished. Cochies is said to have declared that with a hundred warriors as brave as those Americans he could have driven all the pale-faces west of the Mississippi back to their homes where they belonged.

This was a famous old Canyon, and many adventures come to mind as I recall "Old Baldy," more often snow-capped than not, rising as a veritable sentinel of the south-west and towering high above the little garrison of Fort Cummings so often at the mercy of its Apache enemies.

It is the passage westward through the Miembres Mountains known as Cook's Canyon which opens upon the vast plain, the Madre plateau.

Fort Cummings was the protector of Cook's Canyon. The tales told of this gorge in the sixties where so many massacres were perpetrated by the Indians were gruesome enough.

The Miembres Apaches with everlasting hatred killed with their silent arrows every white man they could find. Cook's Canyon was one of their favourite spots, and it is said that as many as four hundred emigrants and soldiers have lost their lives in that short four mile gorge.

The terrors of Cook's Canyon which Pass Fort Cummings protected, is thus described by Mr. Bell in 1867. "Hundreds of miles before we reached Cook's Canyon I listened with an anxiety to the stories told me by frontiers men about the dreadful massacres perpetrated by the Indians in that dread gorge. It was said that even soldiers dared not stir a mile from the post, and that it was just a toss up whether any traveller got through alive. These reports were only the surviving echoes of events which have made Cook's Canyon and the Miembres Mountains memorable in the annals of

New Mexican massacres. Cook's emigrant road was dreadfully roundabout; and the sufferings of the emigrants from want of water, and loss of their stock, might well form a subject for one of Mayne Reid's novels."

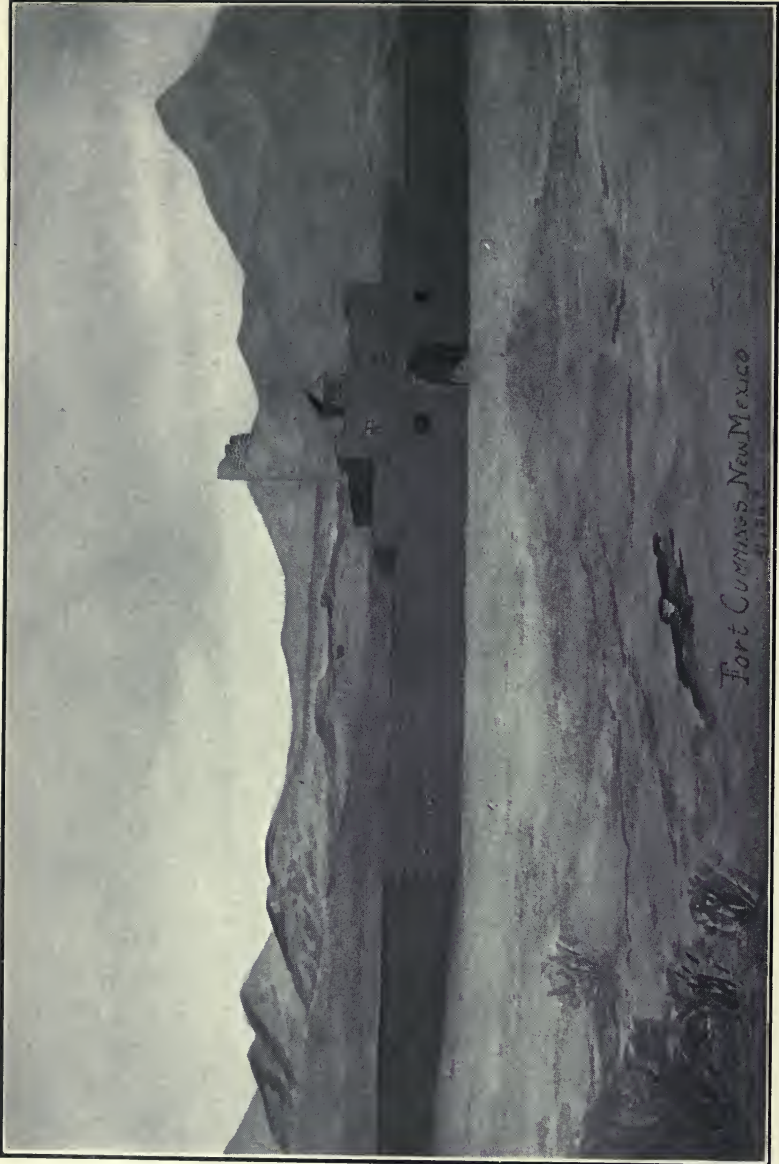
A settler in the sixties stated that he had counted nine skeletons while passing through the Canyon, and the graves and heaps of stones which used to fringe the trail will long bear record of those dreadful times.

In 1867 the military authorities caused detachments of soldiers to collect the bones in the Canyon and to bury them in the post cemetery.

In the office of the Post Hospital we had a large fine skull which had been bleached by exposure of "wind, weather and wolves." This skull had a large hole in the occipital region more than an inch in diameter, which was supposed to have been made by a tomahawk in the hands of an Apache.

"The topography of New Mexico is said to be composed of lofty plateaus crossed by mountain ranges enclosing broad valleys. Two divisions of the Rocky Mountains are prominent: that on the East, and higher, ending abruptly near Santa Fe; the Western or Sierra Madre Range, passing through in a series of lower and often detached mountains to join the Sierra Madre Range of Mexico.

High table lands, isolated peaks and deep canyons characterize the western side. The Rio



Fort Cummings New Mexico

Grande Valley descends from an elevation of nearly six thousand feet near the Colorado border to three thousand feet in the south. Several mountains have an elevation of twelve thousand feet.

Bell states that in answer to the question, "Where is the central range of the Rocky Mountains"? his answer is, "nowhere!" There is no continuous central chain whatever. The so called Rocky Mountain system, from the northern boundary of the United States to their southern termination, consists usually of two chains of the "Summit Plateau," and separating it from the plains on either side.

The eastern and western chains communicate by means of transverse ridges at irregular distances, thus cutting up the "Summit Plateau" lying between them into a succession of isolated plains or "parks" of great elevation.

The word "park" in Rocky Mountain phraseology has a specific signification, and is used exclusively to designate those lofty, well watered plains, or prairies, to be found all along the "Summit Plateau" shut in on all sides by mountains.

Gradually the Summit Plateau widens out, and sinks to the southward, until it can no longer be recognized as a distinct table-land.

Along the main lines of travel (1867) throughout the whole western country, at distances from sixty to three hundred miles apart the United States Government was obliged to maintain a

great number of little military establishments termed "forts". In many instances not a white man lived in the intervening country, and yet, without them, overland travel would have been impossible. Too thinly garrisoned to wage aggressive war against the red-men, they afforded the only protection the emigrant or traveller had to hope for, on the way. From these garrisons, military operations and expeditions were frequently fitted out by commands detailed for that purpose marching from the larger posts like Leavenworth, Riley, Harker, Wallace, Union, etc., containing spacious storehouses filled with munitions of war. Cavalry detachments were repeatedly sent out from these little forts like Cummings to relieve and rescue emigrant trains, resisting fierce Indian attacks, and in spite of the fact that these garrisons were viciously attacked and forced to battle for existence when ammunition was at a low ebb, every possible assistance was promptly supplied, often at great hazard to the safety of garrisons.

During 1867-8, notwithstanding the general Indian war existing through Kansas, Colorado, Indian territory, and Southern New Mexico, long ox trains heavily laden with goods, often eighty wagons in a train, each wagon carrying six to eight thousand pounds drawn by eight, sometimes ten, yoke of oxen with three "bull whackers" for each wagon "to help them along" with their heavy leather thongs, ventured along the Santa Fé trail.

The spring grass of 1867 was the earthly sign that now was the time for warriors to get busy.

Never before had hostility to the "pale faces," raged so fiercely in the hearts of the savage Indians, in the western territories. Never had so large a combination of tribes been formed to drive the roadmakers and soldiers back of the Mississippi. From Dakota to the borders of Texas almost every tribe had put on war paint, and had mounted their war steeds.

The 38th U. S. Colored Infantry had certainly had its share of troubles. Recruited largely from Georgia negroes, they had gone through all the usual trials of recruits: they had marched all the way across the Great Plains, and had experienced the usual privations and dangers incident to the the Santa Fé trail in 1867. To make matters still worse another deadly foe they had not reckoned with, cholera, attacked them. The mortality had been large in spite of the best army medical care, and even the good surgeon and his wife had fallen victims. So when they reached the lonely Apache-infested Fort Cummings with nothing but the hard work of garrison life and constant vigil, with amusement and diversion almost wholly wanting, no wonder the strange new life developed discontent which led to plottings and schemes for almost any change.

These more or less ignorant colored soldiers had been bouyed with delusive hopes on leaving the fertile lands of Georgia, and found themselves

in this dreary prison-like abode exposed to all the discomforts of a frontier station, and to all the dangers incident to contact with a powerful tribe of merciless Apaches forever on the war path. It was enough to sadden the hearts of the best white troops.

The Veteran Volunteers with their gallant officers had marched away; and with the exception of their own officers and a detachment of the 3d U. S. Regular Cavalry and some white quarter-master employees, there were no other white men to aid in preserving order.

In the early days of colored troops in the regular army, to get the best results, it was essential that white troops should be on duty in the same garrison so that discipline could be enforced when necessary. It was a decidedly risky experiment to attempt making soldiers of former slaves. They needed the object lesson of contact with white troops, and being of an imitative disposition the colored man took the white soldiers as his pattern, and carefully watched every gesture and movement with inquisitive concern. Recruited from the most dangerous and shiftless of the freed negroes they were naturally lazy and disinclined to do the work required of them. They spent their leisure time in gambling, drinking and quarrelling, that is to say, many of them did so. Every possible punishment employed for discipline in the frontier posts was inflicted upon them to control their

evil propensities. They were stood on barrels, they were "bucked" and gagged, they were marched about the garrison with heavy planks tied to their backs bearing the word "gambler" marked in chalk. Everything was done to discipline them, every means taken to make soldiers of them. But so rapidly did the mutinous spirit develop in the command, that only by the merest chance was a tragedy averted. Through the confession of a maid servant it was discovered that these colored soldiers had entered into a plot to kill every white man in the garrison, to capture the horses and such property as they might desire, and to carry off the officers' wives as their slaves.

The details were so completed that every match was to be dampened so that no light could be made, and the caps were to be removed from every revolver. With remarkable coolness the officers prepared to face the terrible situation. We must remember that this was before the telephone had come into use and there was no telegraph station in the garrison, and no railroads in the territory. The nearest railroad station was at Fort Hayes in Kansas, hundreds of miles away.

A rumor was purposely circulated that the pay master would be expected within a day or two. The colored soldiers were ordered to be mustered on the parade ground without arms. It had been previously arranged that the detachment of the 3d Cavalry (white) were to secretly occupy the quarters of the colored men when they formed

on the parade, and to prevent at all hazard their returning to their quarters to secure their rifles.

The two Napoleon guns had been loaded to the muzzle with grape and canister, and two of the officers had been detailed to turn the guns upon the mutineers should occasion require.

The commanding officer, with the officers and white non-commissioned officers of the garrison, appeared before the command. The commanding officer after commenting on the military penalties for mutinous conduct, then and there announced to them that their plot had been fully discovered, and he demanded the immediate surrender of the ring-leaders. The colored soldiers rushing from their ranks started for their quarters where they expected to find their rifles. They were brought to a sudden halt by finding the doors closed, and at the windows stood the faithful 3d Cavalry-men with their carbines leveled at them. Turning, they saw that the officers had drawn their revolvers and that the guns were pointed threateningly in their direction. In terror many fell upon their knees and begged for mercy, others protested their innocence, and pointed out the ring-leaders who were quickly secured with the assistance of the guard from the guard-house, which had been carefully selected from the men who could be depended upon. The mutineers were confined and court-martialed. In some instances the ring-leaders were even "bucked" and gagged. In a short time the disturbance was

thoroughly quelled and the post resumed its usual order of things.

After the writer had been ordered north, upon his arrival in Santa Fé, he was informed that a serious attempt at mutiny had been fortunately frustrated, and the narrator furnished the incidents as here reported, which may have been overdrawn.

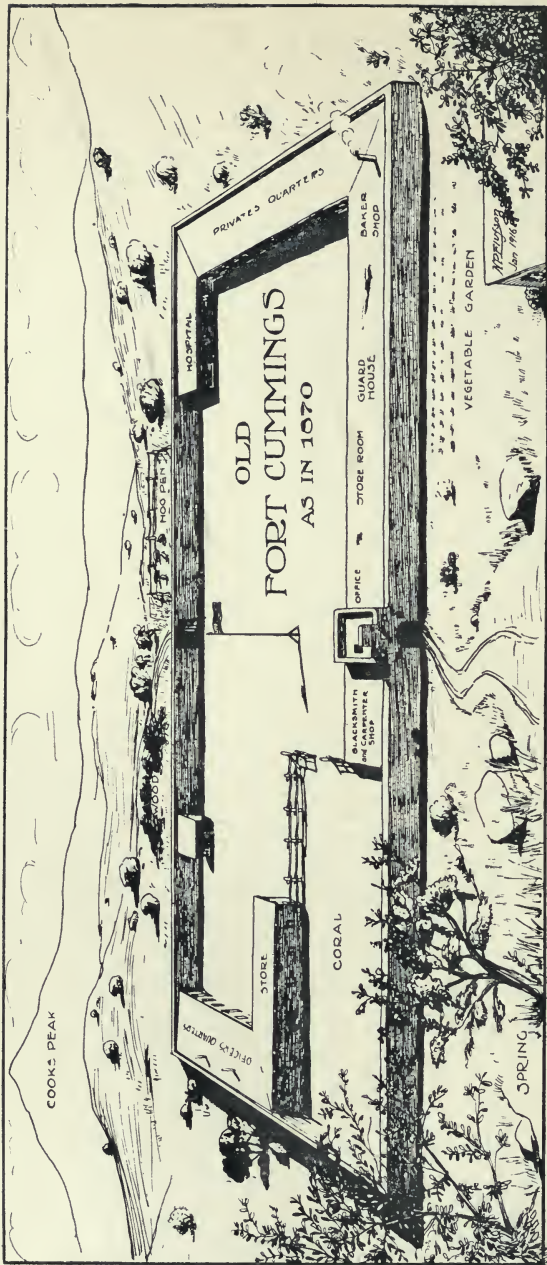
From such discouraging beginnings developed a military organization of brave and efficient soldiers, who afterwards made excellent records for themselves in many deeds of gallantry in battles with the Indians. No longer do the red men throw taunts at the black soldiers for they have found them foemen worthy of their steel. No longer do officers consider it humiliating to serve with colored troops. On the contrary they are favorite commands to-day. The 24th and 25th Infantry and the 9th and 10th Cavalry are a credit to the U. S. Army. Post schools, and devoted and intelligent officers have developed the colored recruit until he has become a trustworthy, brave and intelligent soldier.

In the present time of war with its tortures and horrors, few realize what perils and privations and constant nerve strain the Indian War veterans faced! They have never been fairly honored for their faithful endurance. It was theirs to be at the birth of a mighty empire. They took no part in the destruction of peaceful homes. Women in terror looked and longed

eagerly for their coming. Children looked to them as their succorers and protectors, not as merciless murderers. Honor is their due.

May I be pardoned if I state that it makes an old Indian War Veteran "pensive" to see pictures in old weeklies of Christmas boxes, mail bags of letters and all kinds of goodies and comforts sent to the soldiers of the Civil War, and to the Spanish War Veterans and to the Pacific Island stations; and now our charitable women are knitting scarfs and sending chocolates, pipes and tobacco to foreign soldiers; but who ever heard of anything being sent to our gallant soldiers of the frontier?

Almost every dollar of pay was spent for some luxury like goats' milk butter at two dollars and a half a pound, and seldom obtained. Poor sardines at one dollar fifty a box, and the poorest kind of shirts and stockings at the sutler's. No one pretended to wear a "boiled shirt," the frontier name for cotton shirts. Sometimes the Indians would get "boiled shirts" and wear them all out side. In loneliness time dragged on with seldom if ever a letter or newspaper, with everlasting wishing to know what was going on in the world, and how it fared with friends at home. Hardly a book in sight except morning reports, sick reports, or an occasional printed order from Department Headquarters, or the findings of court-martial where some desperate homesick soldier had been sentenced to "death by musketry." Oh!



OLD
FORT CUMMINGS
AS IN 1870

PRIVATES QUARTERS

HOSPITAL

BAKER SHOP

GUARD HOUSE

STORE ROOM

OFFICE

OFFICERS QUARTERS

STORE

CORAL

BLACKSMITH
and SHIP

VEGETABLE GARDEN

WATER

COOKS PEAK

WATER
SPRING

WOOD PILE

the loneliness of it, the darkness of evenings, the silence of it, save the calls for drills, guardmount, retreat and other drum and fife calls. When ammunition was almost gone we saw a cruel fate of unpreparedness; all this made us bitterly regard the government which seemed to have deserted us. Now and then news came of this and that command, too few in number to stem the everlasting superiority, slaughtered and mutilated, and every captive tortured to death by demonish red skins. Then would come what seemed a day of reckoning, and after terrible marches where men maddened with thirst would open their veins and drink their own blood, and after all sorts of gloriously brave exploits of our boys in blue, the murderous devilish Indians would be cornered for the whipping they needed. Then the philanthropic societies in Boston and Philadelphia would demand of the President that telegraphs to the border, and fast couriers should be sent to call off the troops, and promise food and luxuries and gifts, and even guns and ammunition for the Indians, but nothing, absolutely nothing, for our brave boys in tatters and dirt-colored clothing, ragged and worn, which long ago were uniforms for American soldiers. Are not our Indian War Veterans worthy of respect?

I have seen Troop F of the gallant old 3d Cavalry giving exhibition drills in the east. Their uniforms were spick and span, and in perfect soldierly fitting, and it recalled to mind the time when equally brave and competent "yellow legs"

of this same old regiment of whom everyone should be so proud, had instead of boots, strips of "gunny sack" tied as best they could to hold them on, and instead of blue well-fitting uniform coats, gunny sacks, the corners cut off, and a slit in the bottom, and the dirty sack pulled over the head like a sweater, and tied about the waist with an old cord or rope which they were lucky enough to find. How good Saint Francis of Assisi whose ragged habit has won so much praise, must have looked from heaven, brave soldier he had been in early days, and how he must have admired and blessed them in their enforced poverty. How he who voluntarily starved himself, must have pitied their miserable food and wretched beds, on the wet ground! The arms were kept clean, well oiled, serviceable for instant use, but shining brass and polished steel were not for the gallant old 3d in those dreary days which tried the souls of the bravest.

Near the Spring in the old days was located a small "doby" ranch for the convenience of the brave couriers of the 60s the pony express riders. Here they exchanged their mail pouches, obtained their remounts, and a short rest before continuing their gallop through the Canyon and on to Fort Bayard by way of the Mexican villege of Miembres, and the hot spring known as the Ojo Caliente.

It is located on the trail about six miles west of the Miembres river.

It issues from a mound which rises some fifty feet above the level plain; it is some twelve feet

deep, and about the same in diameter, and looks very like the crater of an extinct volcano, although the mound may have been formed by the incrustations of lime deposited for ages from the water.

“Carbonic acid gas bubbles up continually from the bottom, and the more the bubbles, the hotter the water becomes. The temperature when I visited it, was 127° fahr. Nitrate of silver produced no precipitate; evaporation, no perceptible residue; and as the water was tasteless and gives no odor of sulphur, I concluded that it is of unusual purity, though not medical in any way. I kept an egg in the crater all night, but it was still uncooked in the morning; the spring is, however, a little too hot for bathing and would scald anyone unfortunate enough to slip into it. The hot and smoking streams trickle down from the mound through gaps in its side, one of which is conducted into a bath house. This location belonged to Mr. Virgil Maston who lived here with his wife and daughter and two or three men. Afterwards it was known as Hudson’s Spring.” The Apache Indians held this wonderful spring in superstitious veneration. Men and animals who drank of this spring and lived by its mound were safe from Indian attack, but, I noted three of the heaviest rifles I had ever seen, too heavy to aim without a rest, and yet of only 36 or 38 calibre.

One of the pony express riders met with a sad fate. The writer had gone to Miembres from

Fort Cummings with an escort of troopers of the Third Cavalry to take medicine to the fever-sick people at that place. Upon returning to Fort Cummings he reported that they had not encountered any Indians, but that the pony express rider Charlie Young had not yet reached Miembres. This created considerable excitement in the garrison, because Charlie was a popular pony express rider. He had been well-educated in a Western University, and his family were prominent people in St. Louis, but through evil associations, and especially by gambling, he had lost a considerable sum of money. In his despair he had volunteered to the pony-express director for a position as rider in New Mexico.

He was a brave and companionable man, said to be a fearless rider, and a crack shot, and so when his absence at the Miembres was reported, the commanding officer suspecting that he had been "jumped" by the Apaches, sent a search party of cavalry-men to find his remains. Far beyond Cook's gloomy Canyon and quite a distance from the trail they found his naked, mutilated body. Everything had been taken including his scalp. The soldiers returned with his remains to the garrison where the body was washed, and placed in a rough coffin and buried in the lonely post cemetery where I trust it still reposes in peace.

The fire wood required by the garrison was obtained in Cook's Canyon under the shadows of "Old Baldy." It consisted of cedar and scrub

oak, and the quarters were heated by burning this wood in large open fire-places ; there were no coal stoves. To obtain this important supply a detail of from sixteen to twenty men with a strong well-armed guard would take wagons and go into the canon, and procure the needed wood supply for the garrison.

After the gallant old 125th had marched away, the 38th U. S. Colored Infantry from Georgia garrisoned the old fort. On one occasion while guarding a wood party they came suddenly upon Apache Indians. So suddenly did they meet each other that the Indians believed it was a military force sent against them, and the colored soldiers thought the Indians were looking for them, so both Indians and soldiers beat a hasty retreat, and the officer in command of the the detachment returned to the garrison with the wood-choppers in a very unamiable frame of mind. If this detachment had been composed of the gallant old 125th, a very different conclusion would have been arrived at. In every direction around Fort Cummings we could see our wiley foe, the Apache Indians, forever watching us. Their rifles seemed to be ever turned toward old "Cook's Spring" whence came the garrison's water supply. Some mornings we could find the Indian's moccasin tracks upon the parade ground, they having scaled the wall and crossed the parade ground and scaled the opposite wall without being observed. They did this by attaching a

long hair lariat to a heavy stone. They would throw this over the wall and by a see-saw motion it would cut into the "doby" bricks. When it held fast, the Indians would by this assistance be enabled to climb the walls. They emerged in the same manner.

Late in the Fall the writer was detailed to take a package of official papers to Fort Bayard. An escort of three troopers of the 3rd was provided.

Soon after we left the Miembres, Indian signs became more and more frequent. Beyond the Ojo Caliente we noticed the signal smoke, and when our trail reached the "Devils Pass," more than half way to Bayard, the signals increased, and in the worst place of all, our canteen strap gave way threatening the loss of our precious water supply. When dismounted to repair damages even the gallant old 3d troopers could ill conceal their annoyance caused by the delay. Then on we rode to finish our journey and reached Fort Bayard in safety.

Delivering our packet at Head-quarters, we found considerable excitement in the garrison, caused by an audacious Apache raid. Fort Bayard consisted of the usual collection of buildings typical of a so-called frontier "fort," but no wall or stockade enclosed. In the center was the usual parade ground with the staff for Old Glory, and a brass Napoleon 6 lb. gun, on each side of it, pointing towards the main approach. It had happened that only a few days previously, early

in the morning, before guard mount, a considerable body of Apaches, in war paint, dashed into the post firing right and left, at every one in sight, and even at the doors of the buildings as they passed, and then wheeling, yelling and firing, had ridden away. They were well mounted, and although the gun squad had rushed to load the cannon; before the gun strings could be placed for firing, they were out of range, as their defiant yell died away in the distance! The next day or the day after, we took with us another packet and a good supply of ammunition, for our Sharp's carbines and our "navy six shooters." We made a cautious and rapid trip to the Miembres, and started early in the morning after our arrival, for our return to Fort Cummings, and got through the Canyon safely, although all the way from Bayard, Indian signals were increasing. We noted that the Apaches were showing themselves just out of range, and at sundown the coyote calls sounded loud and numerous. Sometimes we thought the calls were from wolves, and sometimes we felt sure that they were Indians. We found the old post more vigilant than ever, the sentries doubled, front and rear. Later when the morning and evening gun no longer saluted Old Glory at Reveille or Retreat, we learned that we were reduced to three rounds per man for ammunition! A desperate situation.

As when the mighty engines of a great steamer stop during the voyage at sea, and a sense of dread of impending danger comes over the pas-

sengers, so when our morning and evening guns no longer echoed among the hills about old Fort Cummings, we realized that we were in a situation more or less desperate for the husbanding of every drachm of powder suggested preparation for a possible "last stand."

Two picked men, on the best of the Cavalry horses, had volunteered, to ride out in the night for Fort Selden at the southern end of the Jornada del Muerto, hoping that the desperately needed ammunition could be obtained and sent to Cummings by wagon with suitable escort. On the top of all this, was the anxiety caused by the lack of discipline and efficiency in the newly arrived Georgia colored soldiers! This anxiety nearly resulted in a bloody tragedy later on. The little band of white men officers, non-coms, cavalry men, quarter-master men, etc., would have fought hard for the lives of the women and children, and for their own existence, but it would have been a well-nigh hopeless battle. We needed ammunition sadly, but above all, some more of the gallant old 3d Cavalry to keep affairs safer inside the garrison, as well as to hold off the impudent and blood-thirsty Apaches, waiting like hungry wolves for a chance to exterminate us!

With all the nonchalance of Americans, the garrison duties went on as usual. The drum and fife sounded gaily at Reveille, Guard Mount, Drill, Retreat, and Tattoo, and the lonely "Taps" closed

the days of strenuous drilling, and every possible precaution was taken to make a brave resistance successful. While everyone was keyed up ready for action, almost sleeping on their arms as it were, one night the post was startled by a shot fired near the rear entrance to the fort. Instantly the "long roll" was sounded, lanterns were lighted, the troops were all in ranks in front of the barracks, every man was armed and ready, and the women rushed to the Commanding Officer's quarters for the "last stand" as agreed upon in case of danger.

The Commanding Officer with the officer of the day and the sergeant of the guard were at once on the spot, questioning the negro sentinel. "Why did you fire"? asked our Commander. Well Colonel, the "bar" came right straight for me, and I wan't agoing to let no "bar" eat me up, and I just thought it mought be an Indian in a "bar" skin, so I fired! Another sentry was detailed, and the old fort quieted down for a very disturbed rest. When morning came some troopers sought for that "bar", for sure enough the darkies aim had been good and there was blood on the ground. In some mesquite bushes they found one of the old post dogs, a big black harmless fellow, a relic of the gallant 125th. The poor beast had been in the habit of making "sentry go" with the guards, and the sentry of the 38th had taken the good old dog for a "bar" and thereby created a startling sensation.

When the brave soldier boys of the 125th regiment Colored Volunteers U. S. Army march-

ed away for mustering out after its faithful and honorable career as a regiment in the Civil War as well as Indian War service, the Commanding Officer presented the writer with his great powerful dog, "Fighting Joe Hooker". We all called him Joe for short, and we all felt that his courage and kindly disposition placed him on the honour roll at old Fort Cummings.

So Joe found a home in his young master's quarters and slept on a wolf-skin at the door. Woe betide anyone who should wish to enter without permission.

Every morning after guard mount "Joe" quietly left the Fort and joined the herders in the valley near by, where he spent the day, ever on the lookout for wolves with which he loved to battle. At retreat he came home and was ready for his hearty evening meal which had been saved for him during the day.

From his station in the signal tower, a tin covered turret above the Fort gate, the guard could see about the country in every direction, and his post was always considered important. The morning following the alarm, the guard in the turret discovered a small train in the distance, approaching the Post. It could be seen at once that the wagon train had stopped and that active firing was going on. The Commanding Officer, always ready and prompt to render assistance, ordered out his cavalry detachment with the Hospital Steward for medical officer, and sent it to relieve them.

More than once, relief had been sent to harassed trains, and when the Apaches got sight of the "yellow legs", as cavalrymen were called in those days, they made off with a few parting shots which seldom did much damage. One trooper was wounded with two bullets and an arrow wound in the chest. The bullet wounds were not serious, but blood poisoning from the arrow wound, finished his military career.

Game was sought for, now and then, in the lonely, dangerous Cook's Canyon, but the fact that the Apaches were almost constantly in the neighborhood of the Fort, made it difficult to obtain permission for hunting parties of less than a dozen men as the danger was too great. Even the supply of water for daily use was obtained under guard, and with vigilant caution. There came a lull in Indian activities and few Indians were seen near the Fort, and things seemed quiet so far as Apaches were concerned. The writer was able to obtain permission for a cotton tail rabbit hunt in the Canyon, and to be allowed to ride out alone, Mounted on a good horse, with a Sharp's carbine and a "Navy six shooter" he rode out past "Cook's Spring" which supplied the garrison, past the Pony-Express ranch, and around the base of "Old Baldy" up into the gloomy treacherous Canyon. It was a beautiful clear afternoon without any sign of Apaches for some days. Gaining confidence from the silence and the pleasure of the ride, he turned to the left and penetrated a little side Canyon.

No tracks of Indian or game appeared, and the trail was so clear he loped forward. Hardly had the thought of absence of danger suggested itself than he found that he was in the midst of a lot of Apache squaws, busily engaged in setting up teepee poles. Of all the astonished Indians the writer ever saw, and of all the astonishment the writer ever endured, this was surely the banner event! The Indians straightened up from their work with amazement written on their faces. They seemed rooted to the earth and made no effort to spring forward and drag the rider from his horse. The rider, after a pause which seemed endless to him, awoke to activity and completely turning his horse around, vigourously made use of his spurs, and bending low on his horse's neck, he dashed for the trail of the main Canyon with the yells of the Apaches ringing in his ears, and expecting to be hit by bullet or arrow every moment. As onward he raced with his sure footed cavalry horse, he saw the weekly buckboard mail wagon going towards the fort, and then he heard the clatter of pony hoofs behind him and the yells became more distinct. In a moment the buckboard driver took in the situation; he lashed his horses, and on we dashed past the Spring, and up the incline to old Fort Cummings with every bit of speed we could make. So near were the Apaches, the sentinel and some of the guard rushed out and fired on the Indians, who quickly wheeled, and soon were out of sight in the recesses of Cook's Canyon. Almost breath-

less, men and steeds panting from their exertions and the excitement of the wild run, were thankful to be in a safe harbour. "Cotton tails" offered no inducements for lonely hunting trips after that experience.

One of the thrilling incidents for the writer was going on an errand to the Pony Express Ranch one evening for his superior officer. It was after Tattoo had sounded when he left the ranch, and started on his way to return to the garrison. The night was dark and the way led through bushes and over a stony path to the archway of the main entrance. Behind him was the opening of the gloomy Canyon through which his faithful horse had so gallantly carried him only a few days before. The young soldier paused an instant as he stepped out in the lonely night, and brought his pistol well within reach. In his hand he carried a Mexican cane. Made of a large steel ramrod and mounted with an ebony handle, a ten cent piece fastened at the end, and a Mexican dollar for the guard, it looked more like a foil than a walking stick, but was no mean weapon when skilfully handled.

Cautiously wending his way towards the garrison, he had covered more than half the distance when he was suddenly startled by a noise directly in front of him. The place was overrun with rattlesnakes—often the guard killed one when on his post—and coyotes and wolves howled like Indians, and Indians like coyotes almost every

night after Taps, but this sound came from a heavier body and moved slowly in his direction. Well he knew how frequently the Apaches, out of pure bravado, crept about the post and over the walls : and the corral-wall could soon be sawed down with horsehair ropes and the stock stolen. The Indians tie a heavy stone to a horsehair lariat, and throwing it over the wall, by a sawing motion they can cut it down to the earth. Four or five Indians sawing together and then pushing the wall now deprived of support could break it down, and, in the confusion, rush in and carry off the stock. It was this latter idea which suggested itself, and he knew that a sharp knife would soon end his career if his lonely presence were discovered. Quick work before the garrison was alarmed would be their method, and so, quietly drawing his Colt's revolver, he waited for developments which quickly came. A Mexican's jackass which had strayed from the Pony Express rider's ranch moved steadily towards him and disclosed himself, that was all : with a sigh of relief he hastened onward.

Like so many other officers of the Army, who afterwards rose to high rank with honourable record, General Geo. A. Forsyth was once the Commanding Officer of old Fort Cummings. A list of all the officers who served at Fort Cummings during its short history of twenty years would present names afterwards highly distinguished. All these officers and their commands

came in contact with the Apache warriors. General Forsyth thus describes them. "Cruel, crafty, very quick to scent danger, equally active to discover a weak or exposed place within his reach, tireless when pursued, patient in defeat, and merciless in success, always seeking the maximum of gain at the minimum risk, the Apache was well named by the late General George Crook, "the tiger of the human species." Nor is it to be wondered at, when they had developed the highest art of Indian warfare under the tutelage of that "tiger of tigers," the great Apache War Chief, Cochies!

Cochies was the hereditary war chief of the Chiricahua Apaches, and one of the ablest leaders they ever had. His operations extended through Arizona and New Mexico into Old Mexico. His last important raid resulted in his surrender near Fort Bowie, Arizona. Victoria, in 1879, was chased into Mexico by U. S. troops. Natchez was a son of Cochies and inherited his father's hate of the white race.

Until the winter of 1861-62 the Apaches of the Chiricahua Mountains had not interfered with the Mail Company, and for two years during which their coaches ran along the trail, presents of blankets and food kept them on good terms, but after this a young West Point Officer named Barkett, so the story goes, summoned the Chief Cochies to explain concerning the abduction of a Mexican boy. Cochies and a half dozen of his

head men responded to the summons. They denied the charge of abduction whereupon the officer issued orders for their arrest. Cochies in a moment slit open the canvas of the tent where he was confined and escaped, but his companions were all secured. A man named Wallace who was on friendly terms with the tribe volunteered to go alone and treat with them. He did so, and sent back a message to Barkett that in his opinion the boy had not been stolen, but that he himself, was now a hostage in their hands. Barkett promptly hanged the Apaches, and Wallace was promptly hanged on the opposite side of the Pass. This tragedy over, Cochies and his entire band fled to their mountain fastnesses, never more to come in contact with the white man, unless in the execution of their unquenchable revenge. Cochies vowed that he would be the enemy of the white race as long as he lived. Long before this had happened, the execution of the Miembres Apache Chief, Mangas Colorados at old Fort McLane, then located twenty miles west of the Rio Miembres, a post long since abandoned, had aroused the whole Apache tribe to vengeance, and every white man they could find was doomed.

Cochies was a tall, stately, finely built Indian, who seemed to be rather passed middle life (in 1870), but still full of power and vigor both physical and mental. He was a king among the Apache Indians, who were reckoned the most terrible of all the Aborigines. It is conceded

that in cunning, endurance, ferocity, and what may be expressed as "deviltry", he has never had an equal on this continent, and it is safe to say the world has never known his superior !

Lieutenant Cushing had the reputation of being "an officer of wonderful experience in Indian warfare, who with his troop, the famous 'F' of the 3d Cavalry, had killed more savages of the Apache tribe than any other officer or troop of the U. S. Army had done, before or since." This is the opinion of such a gallant Indian fighter as Captain Burke of the 3d U. S. Cavalry, well known in the Army as an experienced Indian fighter. It was he who said, "Troop 'F' of the 3d Cavalry than which a better never bore guidon."

General Crooks' Command "started from Fort Craig, marched to the tumbled down village, Paraje de San Cristobal at the head of the Jornada del Muerto "(the journey of the dead man)" which is the Sahara of New Mexico, then across from the Point of Rocks trail to the long since abandoned camp at Ojo del Muerto, or (dead man's spring), to what was called Fort Mac Rae, where we forded the river to the west, and then kept along the eastern rim of the timber clad Miembres Mountains, through Cow Springs to Fort Cummings, and thence due west to Camp Bowie, situated in the Apache pass of the Chiricahua Mountains in south-east Arizona." Like any commander marching through an enemy's

country, every precaution was taken to guard against surprise from the most treacherous of foes, the Apache Indians. Scouts and flankers exercised the utmost vigilance. The quaint old rules among frontier scouts like our Bill Dixon at Elliott, and Amos Chapman at Camp Supply, "Buffalo Bill," James Hickok " (Wild Bill)," and other gallant old fellows we knew on the frontier were like this: "When you see Apache 'sign', be keerful; 'n when you don' see nary 'sign' be more keerful."

New Mexico, like Arizona, was in those days separated from "God's country" by a space of more than a thousand miles without a railroad anywhere west of Fort Hayes in Kansas. The officers who once got out there rarely returned for years. Commands moved slowly from camp to camp with seldom an incident to break the dull monotony of constant vigil against ambuscades, and little that was interesting to look upon as we journeyed, save the ever-recurring signal smokes of the Apaches to show that our progress was duly watched from elevations on either flank. We realized that foemen, brave and desperate fighters, would plan and plot for our speedy destruction, and this was "the school for courage," where we studied!

The names of heroes like Custer, Elliot, Crook, Forsyth, Miles, and many others will live for all time, but the lesser lights, the unnamed heroes

will live in the influence which brave deeds have ever exerted upon their successors in the American Army.

My dear old friend General Carrington describes the Indian. "Isolated, yet in communication through the little mirrors which flash the sunlight, and pass his signals for miles; dashing forward at a run with the person crouched on the pony's neck, firing in this sheltered position, riding everywhere apparently at random;" concealed in the sand of the desert with bushes tied to his head, and rising out of the ground with sudden and accurate shot, imitating the cry of the wolf when it will hide his night visits, or worry his possible victims. "These Indians are everywhere where you suppose they are not; and are certain to be nowhere where you suppose them to be."

In ambush and decoy, splendid; in horsemanship, perfect; in strategy, cunning; in battle wary and careful of life; in victory, jubilant; and in vengeance, fiendish and terrible! As the old Scout Bridger said of them. "Where there ain't no Injuns, you'll find them thickest."

115 miles from Albuquerque is Fort Craig, a military post placed on the top of some barren sandy bluffs, overlooking the Rio Grande which stream we cross before entering the dreary Jornada del Muerto "Dead Man's Journey," or "Journey of Death." The valley is more like a level central trough between the bluffs or cliffs on either

side, the dangerous fastness of the merciless Mescelero Apaches. The "Sierra Madre" of New Mexico to the Miembres Mountains south of latitude 33° make a formidable barrier, the "divide between the waters of the Colorado Chiquito and the Gila on one side emptying into the Pacific; and the Rio Grande on the Atlantic slope. Cook's Canyon is the pass through the Miembres Mountains which opens upon the vast plain, the Madre Plateau. All this region had been depopulated by the Apaches and Navajos on one side, and the Comanches on the other.

	Miles	Elevation
"Fort Craig on Rio Grande		3857
Fort Craig to Fort Cummings, foot of Cook's Canyon	104-1	4094
Summit of Cook's Canyon	3-1	
Foot of Cook's Canyon	3-6	
Fort Bayard, from Fort Cummings	44	

Runk's Survey.

At "Soldier's Farewell" two miserable water holes were found. While we looked at the thick green puddle, full of creeping things, slime, and all sorts of abominations, from which we had to drink, a feeling of dread for the future involuntarily crept over us.

The Burro Mountains were not, as they appeared to be, an ordinary range rising from the plain, but the crowning ride or summit of the great continental water partings; and although they rose from a much higher base than the ranges to

the east and west of them, by 1208 feet higher than Ojo Caliente, six miles west of the Miembres River, 23 miles distant, the slope up their sides was not rapid enough at first to be distinctly apparent without our surveyor's levels.

The Mescalero Apaches had their home among hills and mountains bordering on the grave-marked region, the Jornada del Muerto. Along the trail, mesquite bushes, apparently growing in a little cluster, would suddenly rise, and prove to be the temporary head dress of these fierce savages, who had hidden themselves in this manner in the sand. They instantly poured in a deadly fire upon the unsuspecting travellers. The ideal Apache warrior was the Chiricahua, named after his rocky fastnesses of the "Turkey Mountains." The last virile remnant of a powerful race, it long looked uncertain if he ever would be whipped. Crushed he never was. Old Fort Cummings had ceased to exist as a military stronghold long before its merciless enemies had been under some semblance of governmental control.

Physically the Chihuicahui became the flower of his race. It is not presumable that he had any initial advantage over his cousins the Tontos Jicarillas, and other Apaches. Geronimo was a full-blooded Chihuicahui. Na-chi-ta, a famous Apache, was a son of old Cochies whose very name made the soldier look to his arms and ammunition.

Fort Bowie certainly deserves more than a passing notice, it witnessed many stirring scenes of Indian warfare, and its little garrison held its own through many a lonely dangerous day. One incident comes to mind where an officer and his escort were followed and killed close to its wall, and the horrified and baffled little garrison were forced to witness not only the death of the officer, but also to see a savage Apache warrior cut out the officer's heart, and in Indian fashion drink the blood from the bleeding heart. To drink the heart blood from a gallant enemy was supposed to confer additional courage in the victor. The writer has witnessed this idea acted out in wonderful mimicry during a war dance of Ojibway warriors in North Western Minnesota in the Fall of 1879.

“There never has been adequate public recognition of the inestimable service rendered by the small United States regular army in the Indian campaigns.

The great wilderness west of the Mississippi was held by powerful tribes of singularly warlike and blood thirsty savages. It has been said that for every man the hostile Apaches lost, they killed twenty-five white men !

Abreast of the first hardy pioneers, appeared the West Point officer, and his little company of trained soldiers, and the more regular settlers never made their appearance until in campaign after campaign, always very wearing and harass-

ing, and often very bloody in character, the scarred and tattered troops had decisively overthrown the Indian lords of the land. Campaigns whose activity and hardships no civilized war could parallel." And yet when these noble old Indian War Veterans have sought for a modest and most reasonable pension to make their remaining days endurable, their petition has been ignored by Congress.

„Save for the presence of the regular Army, a large portion of territory inclosed within the limits of the flourishing states of the great plains and the Rockies, would still be in the possession of hostile Indians, and the work of settlement in the west could not have reached its present point.

The lonely little posts, where for many years at a time the soldiers wearing the national uniforms lived and warred and died, with quiet endurance, surrounded by the desolation of vast solitudes, and menaced by the most merciless of foes, have now either been abandoned, or are the seats of flourishing towns, which, but for the exertions of these soldiers, would never have come into being; and the memory of the deeds done during the lonely years of peril, fades as rapidly as the walls of the Cantonments crumble.

They attracted scant notice at the time in the roar of our huge and busy national life; and they were forgotten almost as soon as done. Yet their consequences were of far reaching

importance, and it seems only fitting that they should be appropriately commemorated." *Atlantic Monthly*, 1892.

The charm of the frontier of Kansas, Colorado, Indian Territory, and New Mexico has gone forever.

The great ocean of plains is now a mighty empire of farms, villages, and beautiful cities. Only the mountains and the glorious sky and bright light of the sun remain, the excitement, the hardships, the dangers from savage foe are also gone. No one who has lived on the "frontier" of 1867 will ever forget the deep impressions the wild life instilled in him. As an old veteran has said, and he was a man of uncommon and undoubted courage, the more you have to do with Indian warfare, the more you dread the Indians, and try to keep out of their way.

"Men may be very brave at first, but the continual anxiety soon takes the dash out of them, you bet."

"To see the American trooper on the plain in a hostile Indian Country, after interminable marches, wearied and reduced by exposure, protracted work, and insufficient food, with his worn out rusty uniform" would not inspire praise! "The bugle sounds; and these apparently ungraceful troopers, after their long march, and a few hours of sleep, perhaps on the wet prairie, or on the snow covered ground, will

swing into their saddles with a motion that dazzles the eye by its mechanical precision. There they sit motionless ; and if one scans their faces, one will observe that unmistakable look of intelligence which is not the result of discipline, but of education, and which is so noticeably absent in the automatic soldiers of the Old World. When the trumpet sounds again, mark the soldierly ease and grace with which these troopers dash off, though they have been weeks on the march, half starved, fighting Indians day by day, passing sleepless nights, enduring every kind of weather, and privations, undaunted by pitiless frosts and snows, the dust of the great plains, or the terrible thirst of the alkali deserts, and one must say in view of their great endurance, their ever cheerful readiness, and easy but perfect discipline, that American soldiers," (especially American cavalrymen) "are the best in the world." It is owing to these qualifications that we had in them such excellent Indian fighters, and I venture to say that nowhere in the armies of the Old World could a body of troops be selected of equal numbers who would compare at all favorably with them in Indian campaigns.

Is it any wonder we have dedicated our first book on the Indians, "Personal Experiences Among Our North American Indians," "to the gallant old 3d Cavalry"? All the way across the great plains for weeks and months, in the saddle we had ridden with those splendid troops, and with them we had shared the most advanced

picket, the anxious night and dawn at the dangerous Cimarron Crossing.

Through the wild Apache land we rode with them, and in the anxious days at Cummings we had looked up to them as our strongest hope. Is it any wonder that half a century has not dulled, and time will never dull the deep sense of hope and security which their steady soldierly competence insured.

The sight of the cross sabres and magic number 3 still brings to us in our old age a soldier's esteem and affection for the gallant old 3d Cavalry U. S. Army. The world, even to-day can produce no better cavalymen than they. Their memory is ever dear to us.

We call to mind as the shadows lengthen, so many brave and true American soldier friends, so many brave hearts who served with us on the great plains, and in the Apache lands in the 60's. For most of them the "last call" has sounded, and never more will "boots and saddles" mean the excitement of a possible "affair with Indians." The veteran soldier of the Indian Wars was a soldier worthy of the name, and "second to none" on earth for intelligent courage and fighting ability. There is no "rear" in Indian warfare and seldom any cover, and the only certainty is that in case of capture, the ending will be death by terrible torture. I have never seen anyone who was in the hands of Indians, and had escaped death.

South of the Fort was located the "bivouac of the dead," the simple "post cemetery," over which no careless feet ever trod, save those of Indian or wolf.

There, in this lonely spot so many brave soldiers have had the "last call" sounded, and the last rifle volleys fired over their last resting place. Here is enshrined the dust of many a brave soldier and frontiersman.

"Their sabres are rust.
Their good steeds dust,
Their souls are with the Saints, we trust."

And of those who are living who have served at this gallant little fortress, where are they now?

Scattered far and wide, but never one of them, from general to private soldier who is not proud of having served at old Fort Cummings. A word from any one of them would be gratefully received by the writer.

Old Fort Cummings has fallen to ruins. Its massive "doby" walls have crumbled, and Old Glory no longer "catches the gleam of the mornings' first beam" from its once graceful flag staff. Only "Old Baldy" still wears the same snow white crest, and keeps its lonely everlasting vigil, as the "sentinel" of Cook's Canyon, and of the south west.

Comrades, we pledge the cup of memory to dear old Fort Cummings! Peace to its ashes, eternal glory to its gallant records. We love and cherish its memory until "taps" sounds its pitiful notes for us! Fort Cummings, adieu!

William Thornton Parker, M. D.

Northampton, Massachusetts.

March, 1616.

The Old South Western Santa Fé Trail.

“Rude highway to heaven ! The bearded and
strong,
Left white-topped wagons, and weary cattle,
They said to the sordid old world ‘So-long’,
Their souls unshucked ; in the Indian battle,
Husked free, by the red Apache spears !
In clumps of cactus their bones are sleeping
Strewn with the skeletons of their steeds,
And a rattlesnake in the white ribs creeping,
Makes a gruesome epitaph, Mate !—I say
For a freighter who fought on the Santa Fé.”

You have not forgotten the ford, I know,
That wagon corral and the log fires in it,
“Old Baldy” lifting his brow of snow,
“As white as your crony’s head this minute
Oh, the yarns we spun, the songs we sung
Of ‘home, sweet home’ and blue ‘Juniata !’
While up in the pines the new moon hung ;
And, pshaw old partner, what’s the matter ?
Does it hurt you yet, when your hair is grey,
What she said that night, on the Santa Fé ?”

Robert McIntyre.



CAPTAIN W. THORNTON PARKER, M. D.
Aide-de-Camp Army and Navy Union, U. S. A.

Post Script

The Records of the Rebellion give two small engagements in Cook's Canyon, July 10 and July 24, 1863; the first between Union troops (Rangers) and Indians: on the second there was no official report, aside from the date.

This information, such as it is, has been pieced together from atlases and maps (the U. S. Geological Survey.) "Deming sheet" shows Fort Cummings, from the Official Records of the Rebellion, and from private sources.

Speaking in Denver, August 24, 1914, the Hon. Lindley M. Garrison, Secretary of War, said in part, "I want to say that it was the presence of the army in the great north-west that made possible the present great population.

The soldiers of the United States Army blazed the trail, and protected those who sought a new country. The western country was bought and consecrated by the fidelity, loyalty, skill and energy of our gallant army."

And undoubtedly facing the certainty of the awful Indian torture in case of capture, added to the honour and glory of the services they rendered. W. T. P.

Statement from the Official Records
relative to the history of the 125th Regi-
ment United States Colored Infantry Volunteers

It is shown by the official records that the 125th Regiment United States Colored Infantry Volunteers was organized at Louisville, Kentucky, between February 23 and June 2, 1864, and was mustered into service to serve three years. Some of the stations of the regiment, in addition to Louisville, Kentucky, were, as shown by successive bi-monthly muster rolls, and the muster-out rolls, as follows :

December 31, 1865	—Camp Chase, Ohio ;
February 28, 1866	—Cairo, Illinois ;
April 30, 1866	—near Fort Leavenworth, Kansas ;
June 30, 1866	—en route to Fort Union, New Mexico ;
August 31, 1866	—Fort Selden, New Mexico ;
October 31, 1866	—Fort Craig, New Mexico ;
December 31, 1866	— “ “ “ “
February 28, 1867	— “ “ “ “
April 30, 1867	— “ “ “ “
June 30, 1867	— “ “ “ “
August 31, 1867	— “ “ “ “

October 31, 1867—Fort Union, New Mexico.

It appears that Company D, said regiment, was stationed at Fort Cummings, New Mexico, from August 12, 1866, to October 2, 1867.

The first commander of the regiment was Colonel Charles D. Armstrong, who resigned in April, 1866. He was succeeded by Colonel William R. Gerhart. The regiment was temporarily commanded by subordinate officers at different times between August, 1865, and August, 1866, and after that continuously by Colonel Gerhart.

The regiment was mustered out of service at Fort Leavenworth, Kansas, December, 27, 1867.

It appears that the 125th United States Colored Infantry was the last volunteer organization of the Civil War to be mustered out of service.

War Department,

The Adjutant General's Office,

February 8, 1916.

Justice to Indian Fighters

The passage, by the House of Representatives, Feb. 16, of the Keating bill, pensioning Indian War Veterans and widows, marks a distinct step toward final justice for deserving American soldiers—the brave fellows who blazed the way for civilization in the wild west.

A purple ink stamp that reads "Bancroft Library" is located to the right of the end of the paragraph above.

All credit is due Representatives John A. Key, of Ohio, Chairman of the House Committee on Pension, and Edward Keating, of Colorado, father of the bill, for their labor of love in behalf of the old Indian fighters. It is hoped the Senate will see the equity of this measure and pass it before the present session of Congress ends.

American Standard,

March, 1916.

Twenty-Five Year War

For a quarter of a century, after the close of the Civil War, the trans-Missouri country was the scene of almost innumerable conflicts between the Caucasians and the Indians. The latter stubbornly contested the invasion of their hunting grounds.

“It is impossible to overestimate the importance of the service rendered by these Indian fighters. They opened the West to civilization and settlement. They battled with a brave, cunning, merciless foe, and usually they faced fearful odds, but they were almost uniformly successful. They fought no Austerlitz, but in every State of the trans-Missouri West is some Thermopylae rendered immortal by their life blood.”

“I saw more fighting at Beecher’s Island than during all the four years I served with the ‘Army of the Potomac,’ ” is the testimony of one of the survivors of Forsyth’s famous fight with Roman Nose.

From Report No. 115, 64th Congress,
1st Session, House of Representatives,
Pension for Indian War Veterans,

“In 1882 General Forsyth made a brilliant expedition against the Apache Indians from Fort Cummings defeating them in an engagement near Stean’s Peak, and following them into Mexico as far as Janoes River. Assistant Surgeon Newton,

and Acting Assistant Surgeons Cocky and Lacy, U. S. Army, were stationed at Fort Cummings in 1882 when General Forsyth was in command.

The Adjutant General's Office,
Washington, March 8, 1916.

Dr. William Thornton Parker,
Valley View,
65 Columbus Avenue,
Northampton, Mass.

The field and staff, Company A, and other companies of the 38th United States Colored Troops were mustered out of service at Indianola, Texas, January 25, 1867. Company F, 38th United States Infantry, arrived at Fort Cummings, New Mexico, June 4, 1868, and relieved Company A of this regiment, which company left June 6, 1868.

It does not appear from the records that a man named Charles E. Clark was a commissioned officer in the 38th United States Colored Troops (Volunteers).

The Adjutant General.

The Apaches

An Army Opinion of the Indian Question.
To the Editor of The Springfield Republican.

A clipping from the "Panhandle," an enterprising little paper published at Mobectie, Tex., in the interest of cattle raising, which has made this section of country justly famous :

"The work of the Apaches in New Mexico and Arizona, horrifying as it has been, has done more for the cause of humanity than any break they ever made before. We have conversed with an eastern gentleman who was almost in the midst of it. He has heretofore been a staunch believer in the Indian policy, but since looking the matter square in the face he would out-Herod Herod in the ranks of exterminators. The territories are more than ever before filled up with prospecting tenderfeet from the east. It is always easy to think lightly of barbarities committed a thousand miles away, and seems the height of magnanimity to sympathize with the Indian for his wrongs, and condone his soul-sickening atrocities toward the Christian men and women of our own race. But when the people of the east feel peculiar sensations about their own scalps, flee for their own lives, and see the slain and tortured about them, they are brought to a realizing sense of the situation ! The late Apache outbreak has made thousands of new converts to the side of God and humanity and extermination."

The editor knows what he is talking about when he protests against the sentiment so common in the east, that every hard-fought Indian fight is another "massacre." There are tribes of Indians, no doubt, struggling faithfully toward civilization, and such efforts deserve to be encouraged, but the Apaches I believe are absolutely untamable, and extermination would seem to be the only remedy applicable. Certainly it ought to be tried; old Indian fighters declare that the best Apache is a dead one. We need a strong hand to govern the Indian, and the Army has always proved itself capable of securing not only the best interests of the pioneers and settlers in the wild west, but has done very much for the good of the Indians themselves. The amount of money wasted by the Indian department, and stolen by dishonest Indian agents would pay a good share of the expenses of the needed increase of the army. Then the Indians would be taught a lesson which they have not yet learned, viz.: that by good conduct they could expect and receive justice, and for their evil deeds swift and sure punishment. The army has always been required to do well-nigh impossible things in Indian outbreaks, and no sooner have they forced these blood-thirsty savages to terms than a storm is raised by would-be philanthropists of "cruelty" and "massacre". The troops are sent away unthanked, the Indians loaded with presents and fed into condition for another series of murders and outrages. As the editor

of the Panhandle most justly remarks, if only some of these philanthropists could experience the horrors of an Indian outbreak, we should hear less about Indian "massacres" from them!

William Thornton Parker, M. D.

Acting Assistant Surgeon U. S. Army.

Fort Elliot, Mobeetie, Wheeler County, Texas,

May 19, 1883.

I am permitted to make some extracts from a most interesting and valuable letter received from Colonel G. G. Gale, United States Army, ret., who knows all this region of Southern New Mexico in which Fort Cummings is located.

28 Feb'y, 1916.

My Dear Dr. Parker :

I have received your note of the 24th and am very glad if I may be of use to you. My acquaintance with old Fort Cummings was very limited being only from June until September of 1880. The post had been abandoned for several years, but the walls were intact and several of the rooms and buildings fit for such purposes as store rooms, etc., and we used them as such. The two rooms on either side of the sally-port were serviceable, and we used one for a guard room and the other for an ordinance room. The room above the sally port had disappeared.

I will try to answer your questions.

The "Jornada del Muerto" or "day's journey of death" was a long wide valley west of the San Andreas mountains and separated from the Rio Grande by the two lower ranges, Cristobal and Caballo. After crossing the river below Fort Craig, one left the Fort Stanton road and turned almost due south on to the Jornada. There was no known water for a hundred miles or more for a long time, but in the course of time it was found not very far from the southern end at what was known as Martin's well. I have never travelled its entire length and so am telling you this partially from hearsay. It was a perfectly open flat valley, slightly rolling and principally in grass. What shrubbery there was, was very low and principally of the "grease wood" type; the grass was excellent when there had been rain but you probably remember that there might occur whole seasons without it.

Fort McRae was near the northern end of the Jornada, on the Ojo del Muerto. I get this from a publication in the club library, without a title page: the book is not entirely reliable as it says McRae was three miles west of the river instead of east, but I think the name of the spring is correct.

The Rand McNally Atlas makes it exactly 50 miles from Cummings to Selden in a straight line: I think 65 miles by trail is a good estimate. We used to scout across to Colorado, a little

Mexican town near the R. R. Station "Rincou" and some miles above Selden, and always did it by making a "dry camp" and finishing the journey in the early morning.

Philip St. George Cooke was a West Point graduate of the class of 1827. He was originally a lieutenant of the 6th Infantry, but was transferred to the 1st Dragoons, and in 1853 was Lieutenant Colonel of the 2nd Dragoons. He became its Colonel in 1858 and a B. G. in 1861.

Here is another curiosity of history. Although his name is spelled Cooke, the peak and spring, etc., are all Cook. I think there can be no doubt as to the naming of the peak. At all events I have always understood that it was named for him.

I think General Forsyth served at Fort Cummings sometime after 1880. He was Lieutenant Colonel of my regiment, and for several years the camp was occupied by a detachment of the regiment. He may have been there. I do not know whether General Read ever served there.

I might add that after Fort Cummings was finally abandoned as a military station, the spring was acquired by the railroad company, thoroughly cleared out and roofed in, and the water pumped to one of its nearby stations. * * *

Yours most truly

G. G. Gale,

Colonel U. S. Army, ret.

Jack Co.

