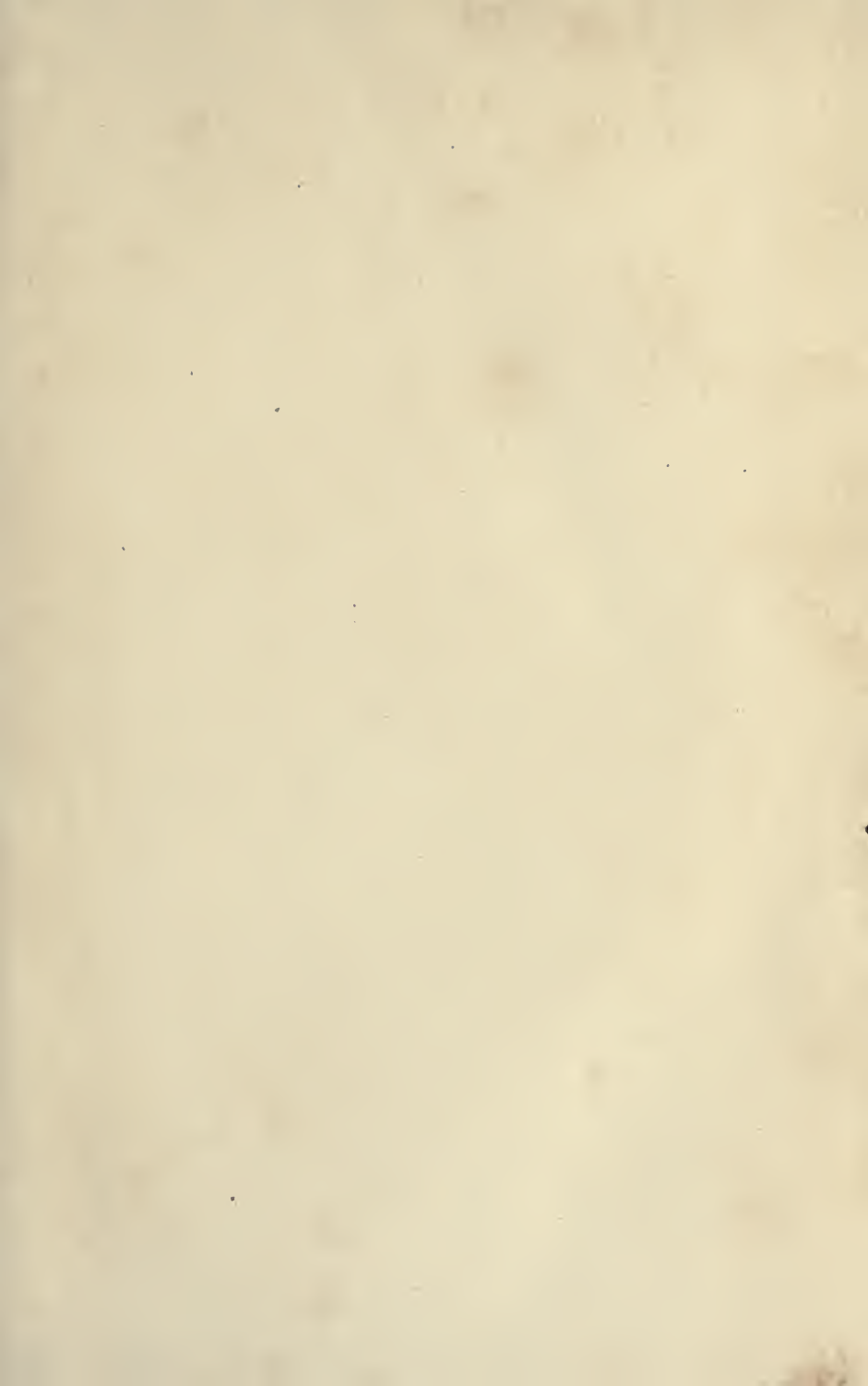


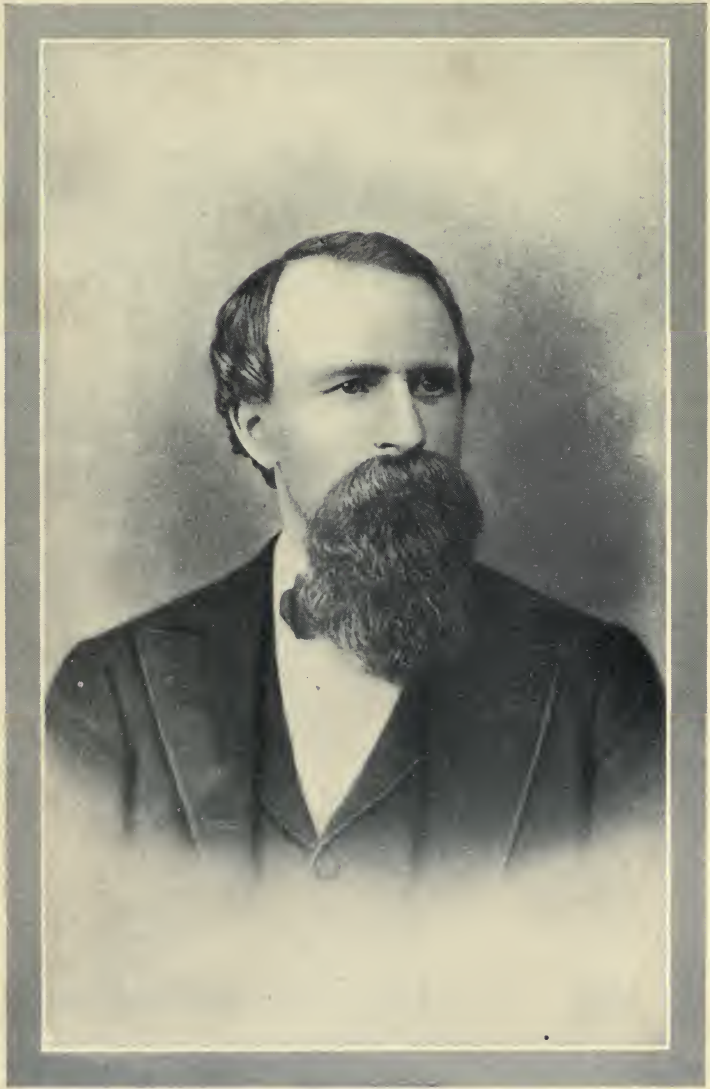
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A. P. K. SAFFORD.

HISTORY
OF
ARIZONA

BY
THOMAS EDWIN FARISH,
ARIZONA HISTORIAN

VOLUME VIII

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HISTORY OF ARIZONA.

VOLUME VIII.

HISTORY OF ARIZONA.

CHAPTER I.

INDIAN AGENCIES.

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RIES OF OFFICIALS—EXPENDITURE OF GOVERNMENT FOR INDIANS—CENSUS OF INDIANS IN ARIZONA IN 1863—LOCATION OF DIFFERENT TRIBES—CLAMORINGS FOR WAR OF EXTERMINATION—GENERAL ORD TAKES COMMAND OF DEPARTMENT OF ARIZONA.

One of the great drawbacks to the early settlement of the Apache question was the authority given to the Indian Agents upon the reservations. The following is a brief review of the establishment of these agencies from the formation of the Territory up to the year 1875. Charles D. Poston was the first Superintendent of Indian Affairs. As we have seen, he came in by way of California, accompanied by J. Ross Browne and some others, arriving at Fort Yuma about Christmas time, 1863. There they distributed quite a number of presents to Pasqual and his band. The company then went on to Tucson, and during the month of January, 1864, Poston and Browne made a tour into Sonora and back. Poston sent in his resignation with his report when he was elected the first Delegate to Congress from Arizona. George W. Leihy then held the office until November, 1866, when he was killed by the Indians. George W. Dent served from 1867 to 1869, and was succeeded by George L. Andrews, who held the office in 1869 and 1870, and was in turn succeeded by H. Bendell, who held it in 1871 and 1872, the office being abolished in the latter year, the agents reporting directly after that time to the Indian Commissioners in Washington. The Government, however, sent out special inspectors occasionally to

visit the agencies. Prior to Poston's appointment and the organization of the Territory, an agent at Mesilla, New Mexico, had a merely nominal control of the Arizona Indians.

In February, 1859, the Government caused a reservation to be set apart on the Gila for the Pimas and Maricopas, this having been the home of the Pimas for centuries. This reservation embraced all the lands which they had under cultivation at the time of the acquisition of Arizona. The survey was made by Colonel A. B. Gray, and embraced one hundred square leagues of arable lands, most of it susceptible of irrigation. The length of the reservation is about twenty-five miles, and its breadth about four miles, and the Gila river runs through it from one end to the other. They had a good many horses and cattle. In 1858, the first year of the Overland Mail Line, their surplus of wheat was one hundred thousand pounds, which was purchased by the stage line. In 1859 Mr. St. John was sent among them as a special agent, with a supply of Indian trinkets and agricultural implements. That year they sold two hundred and fifty thousand pounds of wheat and a large quantity of melons, pumpkins and beans. (Browne, "Apache Country," p. 110.)

Fish, in his manuscript, says: "The production of grain and trade increased each year, and in 1866 they sold wheat and corn amounting to about two millions of pounds, besides a large amount of barley, beans, etc. The most of this was bought by Indian traders, located at Maricopa Wells and the Pima Villages, at

from one to two cents per pound, trade, and then resold to the Government for the use of troops in Arizona at from six to seven cents per pound, cash. This is a specimen of the way in which the old Indian ring fleeced both the Indians and the Government."

The Pima agents were A. M. White to 1865; Levi Ruggles in 1866, 1867, 1868 and 1869, with C. H. Lord as Deputy in 1867; F. E. Grassman in 1869 and 1870; J. H. Stout in 1871, 1872, 1873, 1874 and 1875.

A reservation for the Yumas was set apart in 1863 on the California side of the Colorado at Fort Yuma. This reservation extended for twenty-five miles along the river and to the west as far as the foothills. In 1864 Francis Hinton was employed by Superintendent Poston as agent for the Yumas. After the occupation of Fort Yuma by the United States troops, the Yumas were held in check, but the power and glory of this nation has departed.

Mr. Poston, when in Congress, as we have heretofore stated, succeeded in getting an appropriation of a hundred thousand dollars for colonizing the friendly Indians in Arizona on a reservation on the Colorado river. In 1864 he selected a reservation on the Colorado river bottom at Half Way Bend, in latitude 34° 10', which extended from a point four miles above Ehrenberg some forty-five miles up the river. Here comfortable adobe buildings were constructed after 1867. These lands were set apart by Congress in an act approved March 3rd, 1865, and consisted of a hundred and twenty-eight thousand acres, bordering on the

river and commencing between Ehrenberg and La Paz. From 1864 to 1866, they were in charge of Herman Ehrenberg; from 1866 to 1869 John Fudge was the agent; Helenas Dodt in 1870; J. A. Tanner from 1871 to 1875.

During the Navaho war in New Mexico in 1862 and 1863, as we have seen, the Navahos were placed on the Pecos reservation in that Territory. The Coyotero (White Mountain) Apaches, seeing how the Navahos had been vanquished, were easily placed upon a reservation, but discontent was soon manifested among them, and when the California Volunteers were withdrawn, they ran away. "In May, 1868," says Fish, "General Sherman and Colonel Toppan, peace commissioners, visited New Mexico, and arranged to remove the Navahos from the Pecos to their old home near Fort Defiance. By treaty of June 1st, 1868, their reservation was located in the northeast corner of Arizona, and adjacent parts of New Mexico. It comprised an area of fifty-two hundred square miles. Some important additions were afterwards made to it on October 29th, 1878, and January 6th, 1880, making it the largest reservation in the United States. The agent at the Navaho reservation in 1878 said: 'Within ten years, during which the present treaty with the Navahos has been in force, they have grown from a band of paupers to a nation of prosperous, industrious, shrewd, and (for barbarians) intelligent, people.'" They were reported at that time to be eleven thousand, eight hundred in number, and the owners of twenty thousand horses, fifteen hundred cattle, and five hundred

thousand sheep. They were tilling nine thousand one hundred and ninety-two acres of land, and obtaining ninety-five per cent of their subsistence from civilized pursuits. Their march of improvement was not halted, for in 1884, the Navaho tribe was estimated at seventeen thousand, they cultivated fifteen thousand acres of land, and raised two hundred and twenty thousand bushels of corn and twenty-one thousand bushels of wheat, and had thirty-five thousand horses and one million sheep.

In December, 1882, a reservation for the Moqui Indians was established west and south of the Navaho reservation. Some changes in the boundaries of their reservation have since been made.

The Mohave reservation was set apart on March 30th, 1870, the area being fifty-five hundred and seventy-two acres. The Indians living along the river bottom gleaned a precarious living from what they could raise, from the native products of the country, and what they could beg at the post. This reservation of the Mohave Indians herein noted, must not be confounded with that of the Apache-Mohaves. As will be hereafter shown, they were two different tribes, the Apache-Mohaves being an offshoot of the Mohaves, but of a more warlike nature.

The Mohaves, however, complained, and quite justly, that the Government failed to furnish them implements, tools, seed, etc., to enable them to work their lands and support themselves, and here it can be stated, and very truly, that the Indian Department always neglected

the friendly Indians, while to the hostiles it made presents under the plea of pacifying them. In 1876 there were about nine hundred of these Indians living on the Colorado reservation, and there were about six hundred living from Fort Mohave to the Needles, all of them self-supporting. This reservation was originally intended for all the river tribes, also the Wallapais and the Yavapais, but only a portion of the Mohaves and some others could ever be induced to occupy it permanently. They had to depend on the annual overflow of the river for irrigation, which often failed and resulted in a failure of their crops. Beginning in the year 1867 and ending in the year 1874, a canal, nine miles long was dug, which cost twenty-eight thousand dollars, but which proved to be a failure. The Indians took great interest in it, and also in a system of waterwheels, which also proved a failure, and did considerable work. A portion of the Mohaves lived near Fort Mohave and fared very well, but those that are left seem to retain all the vices of border railroad and mining towns, and are addicted to gambling and drinking. They have degenerated fearfully and are a hopelessly wretched and deplorable race, tainted with syphilitic diseases. The Colorado river reservation seems to have been rather a poor one for agricultural purposes, and the Indians realized very little for their labor. The Government issued rations to them to help them out, furnishing them about one-third of their support. The balance they secured from the fruits of

their labor and the natural products of the country.

The Wallapais lived in the mountains east of Mohave. They were a brave and warlike people, and were continually at war with the whites. After their submission they did good service against the Apaches. In 1871 Vincent Colyer established a reservation at Beale Springs, where they were gathered. In 1874 they were moved to the Colorado reservation, and placed with the Mohaves, much against their will. The heat of the river bottom did not agree with them, and the debauched condition of the Mohaves was a source of annoyance, as well as an example to the women and young men that would soon destroy the sacred marriage relations in their own tribe. In vain they pleaded to be allowed to return to their own mountain home. They pleaded their services in helping the whites to conquer hostiles and promised, if allowed to go back, to become self-supporting. Not obtaining permission, they left in a body, and, on reaching their home, they raised the white flag and protested that they had come back to live in peace, so they were given a chance and they lived up to their promises. A tract of two thousand square miles on the Grand Canyon bend of the Colorado river was set apart for them in 1881 and 1883, where they now live. They have greatly degenerated, however, and are considered a destitute and vicious lot of beggars. The Beale Springs reservation was abolished by General Howard in 1872. While the Wallapais were at Beale Springs, they were under the

care a part of the time of Captain Thomas Byrne, Twelfth Infantry, who was a genius in his way. "Old Tommy," as he was affectionately called, was a great friend to the Indians and succeeded by his straightforward and kindly ways in gaining their confidence. After he was suspended by the acting agent, he remained at the agency, regarded by all the tribe as their brother and adviser. The Wallapais took some offense at the new agent and suddenly left the reservation to go on the warpath. "Old Tommy" knowing how much it would cost Uncle Sam in blood and treasure if the outbreak was not stopped, mounted a horse and followed the Indians, and succeeded in getting them to return, promising them that their wrongs would be righted. The following account of what happened is given in Bourke, "On the Border with Crook," p. 163:

"Back they went, following after the one unarmed man. Straight to the beef scales went the now thoroughly aroused officer, and in less time than it takes to relate, he had detected the manner in which false weights had been secured by a tampering with the poise. A two year old Texas steer which, horns and all, would not weigh eight hundred pounds, would mark seventeen hundred, and other things in the same ratio. Nearly the whole amount of the salt and flour supply had been sold to the miners in the Cerbat range, and the poor Hualpais, who had been such valiant and efficient allies, had been swindled out of everything but their breath, and but a small part of that was left.

“Tommy seized upon the agency and took charge; the Hualpais were perfectly satisfied, but the agent left that night for California, and never came back. A great hub-bub was raised about the matter, but nothing came of it, and a bitter war was averted by the prompt, decisive action of a plain, unlettered officer, who had no ideas about managing savages beyond treating them with kindness and justice.”

In 1871 Colyer established a temporary reservation at Date Creek. About two hundred and twenty-five Indians, mostly Apache-Mohaves, had been gathered in here prior to this date, and allowed to roam and get a living by hunting or as best they could. In June, 1871, the Government commenced to issue rations from this agency to the Indians in this part of the Territory. They were, however, transferred to the Camp Verde reservation in May, 1873, and moved from the Verde in March, 1875. Previous to being put upon the reservation they were in open hostility with the whites, committing most of their depredations around Wickenburg and vicinity. Lieutenant F. H. E. Ebstein had charge of the Date Creek Agency, and was superseded in July, 1872, when General O. O. Howard abolished the reservation, or feeding station as it was sarcastically called. When the transfer was made, Williams became agent at the Verde.

“About this time,” says Fish, “the ‘Indian Ring’ began to get in their work, and they were remarkably successful in the manipulation of contracts, etc. While Dr. Williams was in charge of the Apache-Yumas and Apache-

Mohaves, he had refused to receive certain sugar on account of the presence of great rocks in each sack. Peremptory orders for the immediate receipt of the sugar were received in due time from Washington. Williams placed one of these immense lumps of stone on a table in his office, labelled 'Sample of sugar received at this agency under contract of —.' Williams was an honest, high-minded gentleman, and deserved something better than to be hounded into an insane asylum, which fate he suffered. Williams was not the only agent who went to an insane asylum. Colonel J. Roe Young who, at one time, was Indian agent at Sacaton, died in a Kentucky Insane Asylum not many years ago."

The Indians got but little of what was appropriated for them. It was notoriously the fact, and a standing joke in this country was, "Do Indian Agents Steal?" No one ever heard of an agent being punished. General Crook stated that there never was a person punished in Arizona for defrauding the Indians. The more docile the Indians were, the more abuse they got. When they became self-supporting, like the Navahos, the Government gave them nothing. If they were deadly and murderous like the Apaches, the Government took care of them and fed them. Issuing rations was the proper thing when we had destroyed the native means of subsistence, but the tribe that worked and helped itself should have been aided further toward civilization in other ways. "A few years ago," says Fish, "the Government erected fifty cottages for the Wallapais near Kingman,

and furnished them with stoves, etc. Through the custom of burning the effects of the warriors who die, few of these cottages remain."

In 1871 Colyer established a temporary reservation at the Verde, this being on the dividing line between the Apaches proper and the Yavapai, quite central, and one with which the Indians were well satisfied. After the surrender of Chalipun, in 1873, at Camp Verde, there was no time lost in putting them to work. Colonel Julius W. Mason superintended the getting out of an irrigating ditch, and Walter S. Schuyler had the immediate charge of the Indians. The reservation was established some miles above the post. There were few tools, but they were strung along the line of the ditch, and every tool that could be, was secured. There were a few old tools of different kinds at Fort Whipple, which were sent down, and the best possible use made of them. With these and with sticks hardened in the fire, the Apaches soon had a ditch completed five miles long, with a width of four feet, and three feet deep. Mason and Schuyler labored assiduously with the Apaches, and soon had about fifty-seven acres of land planted with melons and other garden truck, of which the Indians are very fond, and preparations for planting corn and barley on a large scale were made. The prospects of the Apaches looked bright, and there began to be hope that they would soon become self-sustaining, but it was not to be. The "ring" of Federal officials, contractors and others, succeeded in securing the issue of peremptory orders that the Apaches should leave

at once for the mouth of the sickly San Carlos, there to be herded with the other tribes. The Apaches were contented on the Verde and satisfied with their surroundings there. They had been promised that it should be their home, and to remove them was bad faith, particularly as their work was beginning to show results, and they had every prospect of becoming self-supporting. The move did not take place until the following winter, when the Indians flatly refused to follow the special agent sent out by the Indian Bureau, not being acquainted with him, but did consent to go with Lieutenant Geo. O. Eaton. There were two thousand of these Indians in 1873, and in August of that year about nine hundred of them ran away, but four hundred of them returned in September. W. S. Schuyler succeeded Dr. Williams as agent. The place proved to be unhealthy and there was much sickness at the agency, which caused it to be changed somewhat. In 1874 there were a thousand and seventy-eight Indians at the place, and by June the soldiers had brought in more, increasing the number to fifteen hundred and forty-four. These Indians were removed, not only against their will, but also against the protest of General Crook. Referring to the removal of the Indians, Dunn, in his "Massacres of the Mountains," says: "To the statement of the commissioner of Indian Affairs: 'I believe now no one in the Territory questions the wisdom of the removal of the Verde Indians', Colonel Kautz bluntly replied: 'So far as my observation goes, I have

seen no one who endorses it, except those connected with the Indian Department.' ”

This removal was in March, 1875, and was in charge of Special Commissioner Dudley. On the way to the San Carlos reservation, the Tontos and Yavapais had a fight among themselves, in which five were killed.

The placing of the Indians on the Verde was in accordance with General Crook's arrangement with them when they surrendered, he then promising them that they should stay there as long as they were peaceable and good Indians. The removal of them to San Carlos was opposed by Crook, and had a bad effect on the Indians, as it seemed to them that Crook had failed to keep his promises, and the result was that, to a certain extent, they lost faith in the general, and in all promises made by the whites.

The Chiricahua reservation was established in October, 1872, by General O. O. Howard, on the conclusion of his treaty with Cochise. Prior to this time all attempts to induce this tribe to leave its old home had resulted in failure. In pursuance of this treaty Cochise ceased hostilities, and used his influence with such effect that in October and November, over a thousand Apaches had gathered upon this reservation, not only the Chiricahua Apaches, but also some of the Mescaleros, who were closely affiliated with them. The reservation included approximately that portion of Cochise county lying east of the Dragoon mountains. Its southern boundary was the international line between the United States and the Mexi-

can Republic. It was set apart by executive order of December 14th, and by the end of the year over a thousand Indians were being fed, according to the report of the agent, Thomas J. Jeffords. In setting apart this reservation, it was found that Rogers and Spence had a claim on Sulphur Springs, having located there in 1868. To settle this claim Rogers was given a hundred and sixty acres of land on the reservation, where he remained, keeping a trading post. The agency was at Sulphur Springs, Cienega de San Simon, Pinery Canyon and Apache Pass, successively. Cochise remained faithful to the time of his death in 1874, and was succeeded by his son, Taza, although neither had full control of all the bands. There were no farming lands, but the Chiricahuas were not farmers and did not care to learn the business.

The reservation being on the Mexican border, there was much raiding across the line, which Agent Jeffords insisted was not done by his Indians, but by those from San Carlos and other points, a statement which was not generally credited by those outside of the reservation. Superintendent L. E. Dudley, of New Mexico, endeavored to have the Chiricahuas removed to the Hot Springs, but they refused to go. In April, 1876, after the killing of Rogers and Spence, which has been heretofore noted, the Indians, fearing punishment, fled to the mountains of Mexico, and from that time on, for six long years, the history of the Chiricahuas was one of continual struggle, as will be shown in future pages of this history. By the

influence of Governor Safford, and against the advice of General Kautz, then in command, the removal of all the Indians was ordered. A band of a hundred and forty went to Hot Springs; three hundred and twenty-five, under Taza, were sent to San Carlos in June, and the remaining four hundred ran away to commit depredations on the frontier. These last figures were according to Agent Jeffords. The reservation was restored to the public domain by executive order of October 30th, 1876.

Vincent Colyer established a temporary reservation at Camp McDowell in 1871, but it was abolished the following year by General Howard. He also established reservations the same year at Camp Grant and Fort Apache. The establishment of the White Mountain reservation is dated November 9th, 1871. As all these reservations were for the Apaches, they were practically one after the move from Camp Grant. In 1872 General Howard changed the Camp Grant reservation to the Gila, naming it San Carlos. This reservation seems to have extended to the New Mexico line.

The salaries of the officers for the San Carlos reservation for the year 1884 were as follows: Agent, \$2,000; Storekeeper, \$900; Physician, \$1,200; Clerk, \$1,200; Chief Scout, \$1,000; Head Farmer, \$900; Issue Clerk, \$900; School Teacher, \$800; two School Teachers, \$600; Matron, \$600; Seamstress, \$600; Assistant Farmer, \$750.

December 14th, 1872, the executive order creating the reservation was supplemented by several new orders; that of August 5th, 1873,

cut off all the Gila Valley above Old Camp Goodwin; that of April 27th, 1876, cut off a strip on the east; that of January 28, 1877, cut off a strip of seven thousand four hundred and twenty-one acres in the northeast corner, and that of March 31st, 1877, the southwest corner south of the Gila. As left, the reservation contained four thousand four hundred and forty square miles. The agents were as follows: Ed. C. Jacobs, George H. Stevens, H. R. Wilbur, C. F. Larrabee, W. H. Brown, J. E. Roberts, and John P. Clum during the period from 1872 to 1876. H. L. Hart was agent in 1877-78; Adna R. Chaffee in 1879-80; J. C. Tiffany in 1880-81; Phil P. Wilcox in 1882-83, and G. Ford in 1884. From 1882 the reservation became practically under control of the military commander.

In the early years of these reservations the great objection on the part of the Indians to coming upon them and remaining, was the system of "tagging," (Bourke, "On the Border with Crook," p. 219,) which they regarded as humiliating, and to which their proud spirits could not submit. This caused many of them to leave the reservations, and yet it would seem it was the only way of keeping them where the agent could locate his Indians. The Apaches were gradually disarmed, and the use of "tizwin," the native liquor, was suppressed. One cause of trouble and outbreaks was the putting of strange and different tribes on the same reservation, which caused the usual jealousies and bickerings that always arise under these conditions.

The total expenditures of the government on account of the Indian service, from 1789 to 1900, amounts to more than three hundred and sixty-eight millions of dollars. More money has been paid to extinguish Indian land titles, than to extinguish the titles of foreign nations, and the cost of our Indian wars has been equal to the cost of all our foreign wars.

In 1863 the number of Indians in Arizona was estimated as follows:

Apaches	5,000
Papagoes	7,500
Pimas & Maricopas.....	5,000
Cocopahs	3,000
Yumas	5,000
Yampais	2,500
Chimehuevis	2,000
Mohaves	5,000
Wallapais	2,000
Pah-Utes	500
Moquis	7,000
Navahos	15,000
Apaches Man	100
	59,600

The different tribes of Indians in the Territory were originally located as follows:

COLORADO RIVER AGENCY.

Mohaves at Mohave.....	677
Mohaves at Needles.....	667
Mohaves at Fort Mohave.....	700
Wallapais	700
Chimehuevis	141

NAVAHO AGENCY:

Navahos	20,500
Moquis, (Pueblo)	2,029

PIMA AGENCY:

Pimas, Gila Reservation.....	3,723
Maricopas, Salt River Reservation..	93
Maricopas, Gila Reservation.....	203
Pimas, Salt River Reservation.....	543
Papagos, Gila Bend Reservation....	75
Papagos, Nomadic	1,800
Papagos, San Xavier.....	517
Papagos, Peerless Well.....	248

SAN CARLOS AGENCY:

Coyotero Apaches	612
Tonto Apaches	856
Mohave-Apaches	501
San Carlos Apaches.....	1,134
White Mountain Apaches.....	1,739
Yuma-Apaches	51
Havasupias, (unattached)	215

Total.....37,724

The foregoing figures are probably a little under the real number in some instances. According to the census of 1900 there were but 26,480 Indians in Arizona. There is some omission in this, probably; some of the Pueblo tribes may not have been included.

From the date of the entry of the California Column into Arizona, and for many years thereafter, there was an element that was opposed to any peace with the Apaches. Their

cry was extermination and, as we have seen, General Carleton and many others adhered to this policy. The civilians who gave out this cry were those who were fattening on Government contracts, holding lucrative positions in many ways. They were merely sojourners in Arizona. Her magnificent forests; her mountains rich in gold, silver and copper; her valleys, productive as any known to man; her hills covered with nutritious grasses; this paradise of the stockman, lumberman, farmer and miner, did not attract them. The latent wealth of the future commonwealth did not appeal to this class, whose only desire was to gather quickly the crumbs which leaked from the Federal feed basket. Another, and by far a more numerous class of the population were those who realized the possibilities of the future, and desired to build here their homes, the empire builders who imperilled life and fortune in an effort to reclaim the Territory from savagery to civilization, but saw their neighbors murdered, their homes pillaged, their stock stolen, and their fields laid waste by a foe as ruthless and relentless as any that had ever cursed mankind. Under these conditions all classes were clamoring for a war of extermination. Agencies and reservations were denounced as "feeding stations and depots of supplies" for the hostile Apaches, where they could recruit their strength and form plans for new atrocities. Throughout the country the newspapers echoed the popular cry: "Do away with the agencies; fight the Apaches to the death." The Governor and Legislature were in full sym-

pathy with the people in this popular outcry, which had become common to every Arizonan, for the feeling that now actuated all the citizens of the Territory was one of bitter hatred and revenge for their murdered friends and relatives. War for aggrandizement or gain was not thought of except by the few who composed the ring which received Uncle Sam's money in return for services rendered. The people were crazy for blood; the spirit of revenge burned at fever heat, for during these years, up to and including 1870, they could see no progress, and became discouraged and clamorous for reform. The troops were blamed, and the officers declared unfit for their positions. In military circles there was a division of opinion, inspectors and officers not always agreeing as to the best policy to be pursued. It was a time of excitement and exaggeration, of unreasonable views and acts, and while the Indians were responsible for many outrages, the whites were guilty of many crimes against the Indians. The spirit of revenge seemed to have taken hold of all classes, depriving men of their cooler judgment. The feeling of human kindness which is said to be implanted in all men, was smothered, and it was not to be wondered at. It is hard to be calm when one's relatives and friends are being butchered, and this applied as well to the Indian as to the white man.

In June, 1869, Major General Thomas relieved General Halleck in command of the Military Division of the Pacific, and General Ord succeeded to the command of the Department

of California, which included Arizona. "General Ord," says Fish, "was an enthusiastic exterminator so far as the Apaches were concerned." In September, 1869, he wrote: "I encourage the troops to capture and root out the Apaches by every means, and to hunt them as they would wild animals. This they have done with unrelenting vigor." General Halleck, who preceded General Thomas in command of the Military Division of the Pacific, said, as has been heretofore stated: "It is useless to negotiate with these Apache Indians. They will observe no treaties, agreements or truces. With them there is no alternative but active and vigorous war till they are completely destroyed, or forced to surrender as prisoners of war."

Soon after being placed in command of the Department of California, General Ord visited Arizona, making a personal inspection of the principal forts in the Territory, and laying his plans for future operations. It does not appear, however, that his visit resulted in much good. He was a Civil War veteran, a graduate of West Point, and a First Lieutenant in 1849 in the regular army, and, later, was a Major General in the Civil War, where, through long and distinguished services, he gained a place in the history of our country during those trying times.

CHAPTER II.

EXPEDITIONS AGAINST INDIANS.

NUMBER OF WHITES KILLED BY INDIANS—INCREASE OF MILITARY—NUMBER OF INDIANS KILLED AND CAPTURED BY MILITARY—KING WOOLSEY'S ACCOUNT OF LIEUTENANT MCCLEAVE'S SCOUT—FIGHT AT HARQUA HALA SPRINGS—COLONEL BARNARD'S FIGHT WITH APACHES UNDER COCHISE.

General Devin's report for 1868 shows that in the Northern District, in forty-six expeditions, one hundred and forty-six Indians had been killed, sixty-one wounded, and thirty-five captured. In the south little had been done during that time. Several new posts were established and much work was done at the forts. The force this year was two regiments of infantry, and nine of cavalry. In Pima County for the year ending July 17th, 1869, fifty-two whites were killed and eighteen wounded by Apaches. In the next year forty-seven were killed and six wounded, besides destruction of property in every part of the Territory. Hardly a freighter, stockman, or farmer, that did not suffer from Indian raids.

The "Prescott Miner," of March 6th, 1869, contains the following item:

"Indians continuing depredations around Prescott and all the adjacent towns, killing citizens and running off stock."

This paper, on the same date, notes the succession of General Ord in command of the De-

partment of California, and says: "The number of companies in Arizona is increased to thirty-six, which will be re-enforced by eight companies to be forwarded as soon as possible. The number of troops when the re-enforcements arrive, will be about eighteen hundred. The operation of the troops during the last quarter in Northern Arizona has been of considerable interest. The scouts of General Alexander, Colonel Price, Major Clendenin, and Lieutenants Hasson, Sommerbee and Wells, resulted in the capture of numerous Indians and the killing of sixty-four, and the destruction of the villages and property of several warlike parties of Indians who have been committing outrages and killing the settlers in the Territory. The war parties of Indians are mostly roving Apaches, some of them being from the hostile branch of the Hualapai tribe."

In a letter dated from the Vulture Mine, July 12th, 1869, King Woolsey gives an account of the scout of Lieutenant Wm. McCleave of the 8th U. S. Cavalry, a description of which has been given in Volume 3 of this History as related by William Furr. The following is King Woolsey's report:

"On July 6th they arrived at Harqua Hala Springs. An Indian appeared on a high point overlooking our camp, waved his gun high in the air, and sounded the warwhoop, all of which was a signal of battle. Then opened one of the most terrific Indian fights I have ever had the pleasure of witnessing.

"After the first half hour it was plain that we could drive them at will, but the 'old man,'

as the boys called McCleave, thought it best to keep them close to us until we wanted to retire to the plain below. Our men fought Indian fashion, every man from behind a rock. Had they been exposed they would not have lasted ten minutes. At six o'clock orders were given to saddle and pack up. The Indians saw the move and rushed furiously to the charge. It was a dear charge for them, and during the few minutes it lasted, we hurt more Indians than we had in the previous two hours fighting. Numbers fell and were dragged back to the rocks, and three lay dead in full view. We had one man wounded severely in the head. We forced a passage to the plain below, and camped for the night. At daylight the cliffs at the entrance of the canyon and below the water were black with the red devils, apparently busily fortifying. Knowing that we were compelled to have water, they were using every exertion to prevent us from getting it. At eight o'clock A. M., after having grazed our horses and breakfasted, orders were given to pack, saddle, and fall in. After detailing a rear guard, and every fourth man to hold or lead horses, we only had thirteen soldiers and two citizens to face the enemy; this small band was drawn up in a line and, after a few stirring words from our General, we deployed on foot. The Apaches welcomed us with loud shouts, waving bright lances and guns in the morning sun. They had evidently been reinforced during the night and, being now well fortified, were eager for the contest. We marched directly toward the fortified hill until within five hundred yards of it. We

diverged to the right, crossing the canyon and gaining the high ground on the north. This move was executed in full view of the enemy, who appeared to be completely stupefied. As soon as we faced about and bore down toward the water, they sullenly left their fort, hurried around, and crawled into the rocks overhanging the water. As they were shifting from the fortification, we had an opportunity of approximating their number, and I think that at least sixty left the hill and passed into the rocks, where also were others. Our train was halted within four hundred yards of the water, and we were ordered to advance. Our advance was a succession of charges or rushes from one cluster of rocks to another, one half of our force covering while the other half charged. In about one hour the water was cleared, and about one-half of our fighting force had crossed the canyon and occupied the rocks lately in possession of the savages.

“The train and horses were now ordered to the water. The Indians rallied and made a desperate attempt to regain their lost ground, but failed, losing one of their chiefs, quite a number of their warriors, and leaving us masters of the field. Thus ended two of the hardest contested Indian fights I have ever witnessed. I think they outnumbered us the last day at least five to one. The fighting was almost entirely done by the soldiers as, besides myself, there was but one citizen, William Fourn, in the fight. Our leader proved himself worthy the great reputation he bears. He was everywhere, and always at the right place.”

On August 14th, 1869, General Devin transferred his headquarters to Tucson. The "Miner" of October 30th, 1869, prints a letter under date of October 13th, 1869, from Tucson, giving an account of Indian depredations in that locality, and especially one in which the band was headed by Cochise. The last paragraph of this letter is as follows:

"Colonel Barnard has now two companies under his command, with orders to follow Cochise's trail by day and night, wherever it may lead."

In the "Miner" of December 12th, 1869, is the report of Colonel P. F. Barnard of his fight with the Apaches under Cochise:

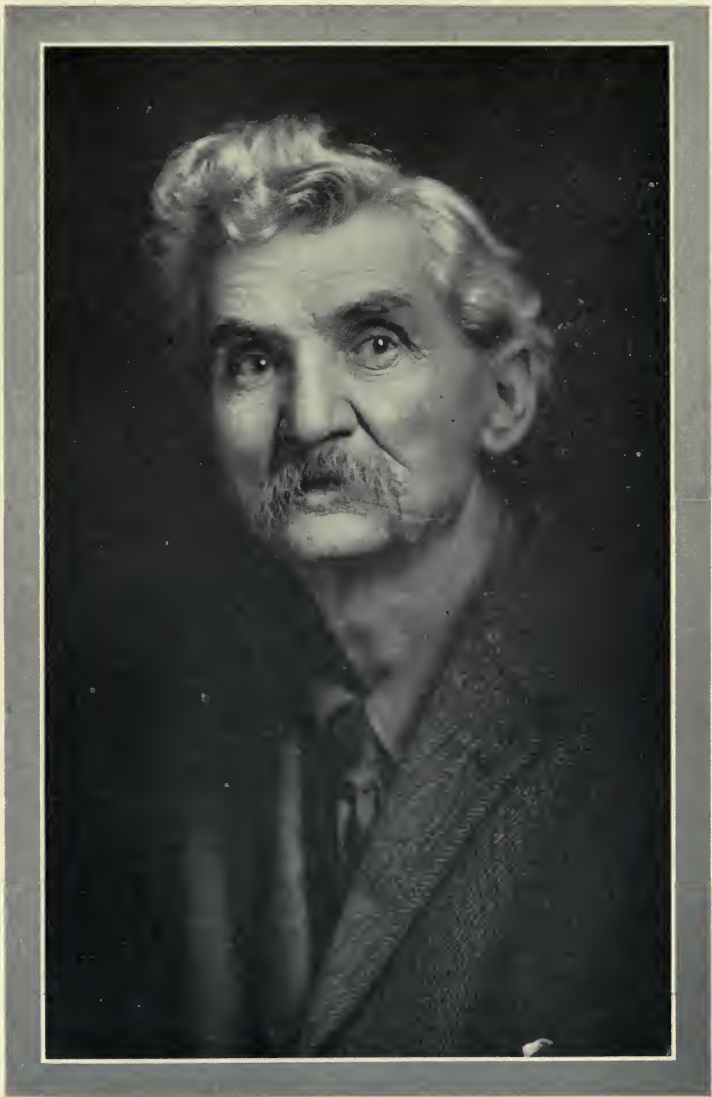
"On the 16th of October Colonel Barnard started from Camp Bowie with sixty-one men and fifteen days' rations, marching entirely by night, which rendered it difficult to follow the trail of the Indians. On the 20th he came upon a camp which appeared to have been deserted but a day or so, where he halted the command, not being able to see the trail. The Colonel galloped into a canyon, while the guide with five men climbed toward a rocky mesa. The Colonel, looking back to see how the men were getting up the hill, saw several Indians running for the crest. He got back as quick as his horse would carry him, and ordered his men to tie their horses to the trees and get to the tops of the hills as quickly as possible, leaving six men with the horses. Before the men had reached half way up the hill, the Indians had opened fire on the guide and the five men with him, compelling them to take shelter behind rocks. At this,

firing commenced at all parts of the rocks above us. The troops were placed about thirty yards from the ledge occupied by the Indians, which enabled them to shoot arrows at any person who might show himself. Here two men were killed and one wounded. The men then made themselves secure behind the rocks, and the sharp-shooting commenced in earnest and was kept up for a half hour, when the Colonel gave the command of the troops occupying the rocks to Lieutenant Lafferty, while he disposed of the rear guard and pack train which was just coming in. When the Colonel reached the place where he had left the horses, he found that they were greatly exposed to the enemy's fire, and, it being impossible to advance, Lieutenant Lafferty was ordered to fall back and bring the dead with him, which he was unable to do. One man in coming down the hill, fell over the rocks and broke his leg. The animals were then removed to a place of safety, leaving the Lieutenant and a few men to protect the dead bodies until something could be done to drive the Indians from the rocks. The Colonel with twenty men moved to the left in hopes of being able to get in the rear of the enemy, but found every point on the mesa well guarded, and as he got within gunshot, they would open fire upon him. He then took thirty men and went to the right, determined to get to the top of the mesa if possible. This movement was made around a hill so that the Indians could not see him until he reached the place that he intended to charge from, where he found a deep canyon that he had to lead his horses down and up before reach-

ing the top of the mesa. He had not more than made his appearance here until they commenced firing upon him. He then gave his first sergeant fifteen men, with orders to occupy the hill nearest the mesa and try to make the Indians leave their stronghold near the dead men. This fire had great effect on them as several men were killed from this point. He again returned to the place where the animals were left and gave Captain Adams all the men he could spare, with orders to report to Lieutenant Lafferty to make a charge and get the bodies of the dead men. Just as Captain Adams arrived and was about to report to Lieutenant Lafferty, he, Lieutenant Lafferty, was shot, the ball taking effect in the cheek, breaking and carrying away the greater portion of the lower jaw, the bullet and broken bones greatly lacerating his face. Success was now made a loss, and there being no place where the command could camp in this vicinity out of gunshot range of the hill, besides which the whole country being thickly settled with timber, night appeared very dark, as it had been raining all day, the Colonel thought it best to withdraw and not lose more men in the vain attempt to dislodge the enemy, which could not have been done with twice the number of men. In his report the Colonel says: 'The men all fought well, and no men could have done better than they did. I feel certain that I could not have dislodged the Indians with a hundred and fifty men without losing at least one-half of them. The Indians were brave, but many of them must have been killed and wounded.' He is returning to the place of ac-

tion on the night of the 24th, with every man mounted. He says further: 'The enlisted Indians you have sent me will be of great assistance to me in finding the camp at night, and, I hope, in a more accessible place. I will march altogether by night, when I can follow the trail. In contending with Cochise I do not think I exaggerate when I say that we are contending with one of the most intelligent hostile Indians on the continent.'

"Eighteen Indians are known to have been killed during the fight, and in Colonel Barnard's command two privates were killed, and Lieutenant Lafferty was wounded."



A. F. BANTA.

CHAPTER III.

EXPEDITIONS INTO INDIAN COUNTRY.

BANTA'S DISCOVERY OF "METEORIC CRATER"—
 BANTA, COOLEY AND DODD ORGANIZE EXPE-
 DITION TO HUNT "DOC THORN MINES"—
 BANKS OF LITTLE COLORADO USED AS NEU-
 TRAL GROUND BY INDIANS FOR TRADING PUR-
 POSSES—ARRIVAL OF EXPEDITION IN APACHE-
 LAND—OBJECTION OF PINALS TO PROGRESS OF
 EXPEDITION — EXPEDITION RETREATS — AP-
 PROACH OF THE MILITARY—FEATS OF INDIAN
 FOOT RUNNERS — ORGANIZATION OF PEACE
 PARTY TO TALK WITH MILITARY—PEACE
 PARTY ARRESTED BY MILITARY—RELEASE OF
 PEACE PARTY—MILITARY OFFICERS ENTER-
 TAINED BY APACHES.

A. F. Banta figured as prominently in the early history of Arizona as any other American. As we have seen, he came into the Territory with the Gubernatorial Party, and his activities thereafter cover almost every line of work. In 1866 he was adopted into the Zuni tribe. He was a scout for General Crook, and in 1871 discovered what is now known as Meteoric Crater, in Crater Canyon, while carrying dispatches from Fort Whipple. Banta's own story of the discovery follows:

"In 1871 I was acting as scout and guide for Lieutenant Wheeler, who was at the head of an expedition exploring the Canyon Diablo. I was always scouting out around whenever the expedition was in camp, and one day I came to the edge of a great saucer-shaped hole in the

ground. The more I looked across it the further away the other side seemed to be. I, of course, had my rifle with me, and took a notion to fire a shot across the hole. My first shot I shot almost straight across the hole. To my astonishment I did not see any dirt fly on the other side, but did see a cloud of dust rise from the bottom of the hole, about half way across. I then fired another shot, at a considerable elevation, but it didn't reach across. I then fired a third shot, at a still higher elevation, and it barely reached the other side. Upon my return to camp I reported my discovery to Lieut. Wheeler, who investigated it, and called it Franklin's Hole, by which name it was known for many years, and which it is sometimes called to this day. I was known as Charley Franklin in those days, and Lieut. Wheeler named it after me."

In Volume 2 of this History, on page 241, a short biography of Mr. Banta is given, in which it is stated that he was a member of the 10th Legislature, from Apache County. This is an error, for Apache County was not then created. During the session of the 11th Legislature, Mr. Banta was a member of the "Third House," and was instrumental to a large degree in the formation of Apache County, in which county he was appointed Probate Judge. He was a member of the 12th Legislature, under the name of C. A. Franklin. His name was afterward changed to A. F. Banta.

Banta does not tell us why he changed his name, and, in accordance with his ethics, it is unwise and rude to ask.

In July, 1869, Banta, with C. E. Cooley and Henry Wood Dodd, organized an expedition to look for the Doc Thorn Mines. They had with them a few Coyotero Indians for protection and guidance. Before they left the Indian village, Captain Cressy, of the 3rd U. S. Cavalry, stationed at new Fort Wingate, with a detachment of soldiers and a guide, was sent over to inspect the outfits of the three prospectors, which he did on the morning of their departure, July 12th, 1869. The purpose of this inspection was to prevent illicit traffic in arms and ammunition with hostile Indians.

Says Mr. Banta: "Of our three selves, each one had his pet object in the consummation of this most remarkable expedition and wild goose chase, viz.: Cooley was for seeking the Doc Thorn placers, in the existence of which he was a firm believer; Dodd to escape, for a time at least, his oldtime and implacable enemy, John Barleycorn; the writer, at that time being young and full of the Quixote spirit for adventure, and not caring a tinker's wink where he went or didn't went, simply went along as a matter of course; anything for adventure and the glad, free life in the open.

"In the great extent of territory which has been subdivided into the counties of Coconino, Navajo, Apache, Greenlee, Gila, and a part of Graham, any one of which is much larger than is many an eastern state, all segregated from old Yavapai county, mother of counties, since the year 1869, and which was an almost unknown and unexplored region of mountainous country, not a single habitation of civiliza-

tion existed. But over all the Apache was the undisputed despot, who defied the white man to intrude or bring his crime-begetter, civilization. The Little Colorado, in its 150 miles of sinuous course to a junction with the Rio Colorado Grande, near the northern base of the San Francisco mountain, did not contain a settlement. The present towns of St. Johns, Springerville, and all others, even Fort Apache, had not been thought of at this time. Nevertheless the Little Colorado possesses an unique distinction among all the rivers of the great southwest; not on account of any scenic territory through which it flows, although its great canyon near the San Francisco mountain is second in grandeur only to the Grand; nor to any medicinal or sanitative properties of its waters, but to the fact that from time immemorial, and since the extinction of a once semi-civilized people that dwelt here, this stream has been recognized by all warring tribes of Indians to be neutral territory, and immune from the whoop of savage warfare. Between hostilities, the various tribes occupying the territory upon either side of the Little Colorado river, met in armed neutrality on their respective banks of the river, to barter and sell their simple commodities. On the summit of a distant mountain peak peace signal smokes were made, and at once trading parties were organized and armed to meet the coming Apaches at the river. The writer accompanied a party of Zuni Indians on one of these expeditions in the summer of 1866, and at other times thereafter.

“Notwithstanding the peaceful nature of these ‘trading trips’ it was necessary at all times to be prepared to fight a hostile party if met while en route to the neutral ground. Every precaution was adopted to guard against surprise, and, if a small party, to deceive the enemy as to numbers. At night a good watch was kept. Do you know how Indians ‘stand guard’? Never like the fool white man who goes stumbling about in the darkness, making more or less racket, thus enabling a skulking foe to hand him a bunch of lead, or an arrow, the silent messenger of death. No, the Indians never do these fool stunts; on the contrary, all lie down in a circle, and the more warriors, the larger the circle, and vice versa. In this position most any noise can be heard, and at a much greater distance than in an upright position. Lying within reach of one another, the watch-time divided so as to cover all for that duty, the watch starts on its round; one lies there awake, listening, and when his time is up, he touches the one next, and No. 1 goes to sleep while ‘next’ listens, and so on around the circle, and when the last in the circle has completed his watch, it is time to move. In case of an alarm the touch goes around the circle almost instantly and every warrior is wide awake and listening. If necessary, the chief gives his orders, and likely a few scouts are sent out, while the others slip to cover like silent shadows or noiseless spectres. The writer has, at divers times, formed one of the units in the circle above described.

“Following the old Apache-Zuni trail, at noon the third day out from Zuni, we reached the Little Colorado river, at the point of rocks which juts out into the river perhaps a mile to the east of where Colonel Hunt’s old ranch was subsequently located. After crossing the river into Apacheland, noon camp was made, and Cooley caught a mess of bonytails for our dinner. That night we made camp about the middle of Concho wash, which was thickly covered with grass and willows, the grass being more than knee high. Among the willows I found an Apache wickiup, and a heavy storm of rain coming on, I slept the night in the Apache house. Without further incident deserving of mention, our party arrived at the home of the Coyotero Apaches on the Carizo Creek, late in the afternoon of July 18th, 1869.

“Coming with the chief and some of his best and most trusty braves, we were most cordially received by the people in the rancheria. By a system of signals used by all Apaches, our coming was known at the Coyotero camp two days before we arrived there, and was known by tribes farther to the westward, so on the morning following our arrival at the Carizo, several Pinal and White Mountain Apaches came into camp to ‘size us up,’ having been sent to do so by their respective chiefs. By this system of signalling, news is transmitted to all parts of the Apacheria inside of twenty-four hours.

“It became necessary that we remain at the Coyotero camp for several days to recuperate ourselves and animals; to better study the sentiment of the Apaches, and to organize a suit-

able party before we attempted to invade the country of the fierce Pinals to the westward. In the meantime the women and girls built a good wickiup for our use, which was well thatched, dry and comfortable.

“My outside clothing consisted of a suit of buckskin and moccasins in which I slept every night. My saddle animal was tethered close to me at night, and on my saddle, which I used for a pillow, I had a canteen of fresh water and a small buckskin sack, holding nearly a quart, filled with pinole (parched cracked corn or wheat), on which I was good for three or four hundred miles of travel. Being always ready for an emergency, ever watchful and alert, the Apaches named me Bah-dah-cleshy, the Gray Fox, and I was pretty well known to many of the old-timers as ‘Buckskin Charlie.’ In the old days it was never considered good form to ask anyone his name; as a matter of fact, to do so, was a piece of blankety-blank impertinence. Wherefore, I have known many men for more than twenty years, without once hearing their names spoken.

“The simple life of the Apache, as he was in his native element before contamination and utter degradation by the noble (?) white man, was one of proud manhood and independence. He was not, as now with schools and civilization (?) the dirty, immoral vagabond that he is today. Had Alexander Pope witnessed, as the writer has witnessed, the degrading evolution of the Indian trying to imitate civilization in his nondescript habiliments, the great poet would have said more than: ‘Lo, the poor In-

dian, whose untutored mind sees God in the clouds and hears him in the winds.' He would have unmercifully scored the 'noble' white man for his debauchery of the simple red man.

* * * * *

"Having gained the confidence and consequent friendship of the Coyotereros, we secured a party of warriors, including the chief and his brother, El Diablo, also the interpreter, Miguel, and one middle-aged woman, to accompany us on our phantasmal expedition in search of a more than El Dorado, the 'Doc Thorn gold placers.'

"Cooley had obtained from Doctor Thorn, before leaving the Rio Grande, all necessary data as to 'landmarks,' etc., which included the 'Sombrero Butte,' the Sierra 'Pintados' and the 'Stone Corral.' As Doc Thorn was a captive among the Apaches in the late fifties, by whom and for what purpose was the 'stone corral' built? It was an old structure in Thorn's time. A legend of the Santa Catalina mountains, eastward of Tucson, says that at one time the Jesuit priests worked a very rich mine in those mountains. Thirty-nine years ago Johnny Hart and the writer, on a prospecting trip into the Santa Catalinas, found an old stone house and stone corral in a deep canyon, but at the time knew nothing of the 'legend'; it simply excited our wonder and no more.

"The day set for our departure arrived. We bade our Coyotero friends goodby, and hit the trail leading over the range to the eastward. On the afternoon of the second day out from the Coyotero camp on the Carizo, we made camp in the shade of a large cottonwood tree, near

the east bank of Cibicu Creek. At this time the Cibicu Creek was the division line of territory between Coyotero and Pinal Apaches, and therefore it was neutral ground. In early times, and in fact, in all times, it was the universal custom among the American Indians to have their hunting grounds strictly defined, each tribe possessing territorial rights, and for a member of a neighboring or other tribe to trespass thereon was a *casus belli*, and one of the principal causes for the many intertribal wars. It was also customary to designate certain places as neutral or common grounds, where members of various tribes could meet to barter and sell. It was absolutely necessary for all parties to respect the neutrality pact, otherwise all intercourse between the people must cease.

“Prior to the Kit Carson campaign against the Navahos, and for some years thereafter, it was no uncommon sight to see a party of Navahos encamped on the north bank of the Little Colorado River, and a similar party of Apaches on the south bank, having met on this ‘neutral’ strip to exchange commodities; although at the time the bitterest hatred existed between the two camps. There are other reasons for these ‘neutrality grounds’ but I have said enough, and will not go further into the details in this matter.

“The following morning our semi-war party were in no rush to break camp at the Cibicu, as, before leaving this neutral strip, it was necessary to have some definite plan of action in case of war, before we crossed the Rubicon and plunged into, as it was afterwards proved, a hos-

tile territory. Therefore, the forenoon was devoted mostly to 'war-talk.' Whilst engaged discussing the pros and cons of a prospective war, we were not a little surprised to see in our midst a fierce-looking Apache brave, splendidly mounted bareback upon a fine black stallion. He carried a long lance, and his whole body was naked, except the 'indispensable,' painted in the war colors of the Apache nation. The warrior's appearance was so sudden and silent, he seemed to have dropped from the heavens. When we first observed this strange Indian, he was silently and stoically sitting on his horse, not having as yet uttered a word, nor did he speak until first addressed by our chief. After an exchange of a few guttural words with our chief, and a significant gesture with his lance, he recrossed the Cibicu and disappeared westward into the territory of the Pinals.

"After the swift departure of the Pinal warrior, our Apache allies had a war talk among themselves, and immediately at its close, through the interpreter Miguel, we were informed of their decision. The chief said: 'Our visitor was a Pinal brave and his mission from his chief, Bah-dah-clah-nah, Black Wolf, was to warn us that further progress westward into Pinal territory was prohibited; that if we persisted it involved war; that his people knew our object was pesh-la-chi, yellow metal, which they did not want us to find; that if you people found gold, your people, meaning Americans, would cover the whole country and take possession as they did of the lands of the Hualapais.'

He had reference to the Prescott section of the Territory.

“Here was a dilemma, though not wholly unexpected to be sure, but a real situation confronted us, and it was no theory by any means and it necessitated another, or supplemental ‘war-talk’ by our little party. This we proceeded to do in the usual manner, sitting in a circle, with a small fire in the center of the ring. The customary smoking having been indulged in, the Apaches talked over the situation for perhaps a half hour, in which they decided on a plan of action. The chief did about all the talking, as he discussed the predicament, and the only signs occasionally made by the other members of the tribe were evidently those of approval. Having finished his talk to his people, the chief turned to us three Americans and, through the interpreter, said: ‘The question of going on in defiance of the Pinalis would be left to our decision; if we said go, they were willing to go; that the Coyoteros (referring to themselves), were all true warriors, accustomed to following the war trail, and were not like timid fawns, afraid of their own shadows, and if the Pinalis had decided for war, then let it be war to the death, for they did not possess any more skill, endurance or bravery, man for man, than the Coyoteros; but,’ said the chief, ‘I leave the matter to you; I have spoken and you have heard and understand my words.’

“It was evident that our Apache allies were perfectly sincere, and it was further evident to us that they did not care to assume the responsibility of a war with the Pinalis, or else they

wished to rely upon the (supposed) superior judgment of the 'white man.' Having heard the talk made by the Apache chief, we talked over our situation, and it was unanimously agreed between our three selves that we had bumped up against a serious difficulty.

"The situation presented itself this wise: There were three of us in the Apacheria, surrounded on all sides, for a distance of from one to two hundred miles, by hostile foes who, at that very moment, were fighting to the death for their hereditary rights, and for their lives and for their liberties, and that, too, with our own nationality, the 'white skins.' However, Webster truthfully defines the so-called American savage when he says: 'The savages of America, when uncorrupted by the vices of the civilized man, are remarkable for their hospitality to strangers, and for their truth, fidelity, and gratitude to their friends, but implacably cruel and revengeful toward their enemies.' But, in this matter of cruelty and savagery, the civilized Christian man, with his inquisitional instruments of torture, and his witch tortures and burnings, and other methods of cruelty, is so far ahead of the so-called savage in devilishness, that he can give the red man cards and spades in the game, and then win out, thumbs down. This is a bitter pill for the 'civilized' egotist to swallow; nevertheless it is the gospel truth, and cannot be truthfully contradicted.

"In our deliberations we arrived at the conclusion that a fight with the Pinals was an absolute certainty so soon as we passed westward beyond the limits of the neutral strip; that to

involve our Apache friends in a war with a neighboring tribe and other tribes westward, and solely in a selfish interest of our own, was hardly the square way to act, no matter what amount of yellow inducements were or might be in front. Therefore, we told the chief that notwithstanding the well known bravery of himself and his warriors, we had decided it was prudent, considering the smallness of our party, to execute at once a 'masterly retreat' back to the Carizo creek.

"Whether or not it was the prospect of avoiding a fight with the Pinals, or the returning to the rancheria and their women and children, I cannot say, but I do say they seemed pleased with our decision to take the back trail. The pack animals were immediately loaded and the 'retreat' began, with more or less precipitancy. Still, I don't wish to insinuate that our party was at all timorous, and the haste made at the beginning of the return march may have been caused by the burros being anxious to return home and be relieved of their packs. This seems to be the most plausible reason for the fast time made in returning.

"In due time we were again occupying our wickiup in the rancheria on the Carizo. The day following our inglorious skiddoo back from the Cibicu, reports of a big military expedition penetrating the Apacheria from the south began to reach us by Apache runners. The character of this military expedition was, of course, wholly unknown to us, we being at that time at least six days' march to the southward of our Carizo camp. The first runner came into

camp some time during the night of July 23rd, and the following morning all were informed of the approach of an armed force; this runner, by the way, in proof of his report, displayed a badly shattered arm, which had been almost shot away by a soldier or other person along with the troops. Of course, in a crude way, we fixed his arm with improvised splints and bandages, and our surgical work proved successful, for the man got well and recovered the use of his arm. At this juncture of affairs, Cooley and Dodd became seriously alarmed; as for myself, knowing the troops to be so far away, I had not the slightest uneasiness, for I never thought once of danger from our own Apaches. On the contrary, both Cooley and Dodd feared our Apaches would kill us in retaliation for the killings by the soldiers. In accordance with the generally accepted notion of the red man, our massacre would naturally follow; hence the reasonableness in the alarm felt by Cooley and Dodd.

“The evening of the 24th, another runner came in and reported the soldiers were still advancing, and that they were numerous enough to cover the whole country. On the evening of the 25th, another messenger arrived, who reported ‘the soldiers are many, and when breaking camp this morning many of them were already on the top of a high mesa before all had left their camp.’ Of course four troops of cavalry with their Indian allies and a big train of pack-mules, all strung out in single file along an Indian trail, must naturally make a very long and picturesque line of blue coats, their

arms and accoutrements glinting in the rays of the morning sun. The evening of the 26th another runner came in and said the troops were still headed in our direction, and he estimated their number at about four hundred men. Early in the evening of the 27th one of our Apaches came in and said: 'The soldiers are encamped at the junction of two streams,' giving their Apache names, which have slipped my memory, but are now known by the whites as the east and west forks of White river, and he had talked, at a long distance, with a 'cautivo,' the interpreter for the military; and that he understood the interpreter to say: 'His party, (the military), wished to see all the Indians and have a peace talk with them.'

"I have gone into detail in the matter of the daily movements of the military in order to show how utterly impossible it was for the troops to surprise or capture our camp. Had our people known the falsity lying behind the white flag displayed by the interpreter, and that his words were 'forked like a snake's tongue,' the troops could not have found a living soul in our rancheria had we any reason or desire to escape from them. It can readily be seen that our camp was daily informed of the movements of the troops, fully five days prior to their encampment at the junction of the east and west forks of the White river, on the 27th day of July, 1869, thirty-five or forty miles from our rancheria on the Carizo.

"The foregoing daily reports made by the runners may appear to many to be incredible, but to illustrate the great distances that were

covered by Indian foot-runners, I will cite feats performed by the Yuma Indian foot-runners:

“In the old days of the Colorado Steam Navigation Company at Yuma, it was the custom of the company agent at Yuma, Captain Polhamus, after the river steamer had been gone two days, three days were usually required, to dispatch a message to the agent at Port Ysabel, at the head of the Gulf of California. This message was given to a Yuma, who carried it afoot across a sandy desert a distance of ninety miles, reaching his destination the same day the river steamer was due to arrive, but invariably in advance of the boat. The Indian always covered the distance between sunrise and sunset, performing the same feat on his return. Another celebrated Yuma runner cleared his 121 miles between sunup and sundown, and the following day repeated the same feat. This was done under a prearranged test case made by Americans at Yuma.

“Chief Es-cah-pah came to our wickiup and requested Cooley and the writer to accompany him to the camp of the soldiers, to have a ‘peace-talk’ with the ‘big chief of the soldiers.’ We promised the chief that we would go, but Dodd objected to the plan and declared that he would not remain behind in the Indian encampment. Dodd did not care to be left alone with the Apaches for the reason, as he said, ‘the soldiers had been killing the Indians at every opportunity, and destroying their corn and other crops, and the Indians might retaliate by killing me.’ It was necessary that one of us should remain in camp to look after our common and personal

plunder, and to act in case some unforeseen contingency should come up. Therefore, I said to Dodd, 'You and Charley go with the chief, and I will stay here with the Indians.'

"The chief accepted the change and smilingly said: 'I did want my younger brother with me, but he is without suspicion or fear, and shall remain with my people.' All matters being satisfactorily arranged, the 'peace party,' consisting of Chief Es-cah-pah, El Diablo (the chief's oldest brother), the cautivo, Miguel, as interpreter, C. E. Cooley, and Henry Wood Dodd, started for the camp of the unknown soldiery, forty miles away to the southwest.

"Our 'peace party' reached the soldiers' camp in the afternoon of the same day, but instead of being received with open arms and crowned with white blossoms, they were immediately surrounded and disarmed by the troops and a strong guard placed over them, with orders to shoot down anyone or all of them should any move be made to escape.

"Here was a dilemma of which our Apaches in the rancheria and myself were in total ignorance. Huero, the sub-chief, left in charge of our rancheria on the Carizo, sent out scouts to take note of all movements in and about the encampment of the soldiers. The scouts, returning at intervals, reported that our peace party had undoubtedly been shot as not one of them could be seen in the soldiers' camp, and that the soldiers continued to fire upon any Apaches who exposed themselves. This situation of affairs naturally placed me in a very embarrassing position, to say the least, alone in the camp of

a wild, savage people, any one of whom might plug me at any moment, in retaliation for a relative killed by the troops. However, I deemed them a reasonable people; that they knew it was the original intention of the chief to have me along with his peace party and why it was otherwise ordered; that had I gone with the peace party my fate would have been the same. Therefore, the Apaches must know that I was no party to the 'white flag treachery' and the supposed murder of the peace party. Taking this view of the situation I felt no alarm in the least, and carried myself as one of their own people. I talked with the sub-chief, Huero, and endeavored to convince him how improbable was the supposition that our peace party was killed, and how all would be well in the end.

"A little while before the sun set behind the range which bordered our rancheria on the west, and the third day after the departure of our peace party, Huero came to me and said: 'A large body of soldiers and some Apaches are now about two miles away;' that he did not see any one of our people with the troops, and, therefore, they must have been killed. I argued that it was unreasonable to suppose them to be murdered; that undoubtedly our friends were along with the approaching troops, but he had failed to distinguish them, owing to distance and they being mixed up with so many people. We discussed the situation; Huero was for leaving the rancheria at once, saying: 'We can easily get away from the soldiers,' and asked my advice about the matter. I argued with Huero against his plan of running away; that to do so

looked bad; and indicated a cause for doing so. Furthermore, to abandon the place at the approach of the troops would endanger the lives of our peace party, all of whom would be held as hostages for our return, and would be cowardly abandoned by us to their fate. My counsels prevailed, and not an Indian attempted to leave the rancheria. When the soldiers appeared in sight, one woman whose husband had quite recently been killed, became so frightened, she picked up her baby and fled.

“Seeing the troops yet a quarter of a mile away, Huero took my towel, which hung on the corner of our wickiup, and fastened one end of it to a stick, and the other end of the stick he tied with twisted bow strings into the top of a dwarf cedar near the south end of the little mesa, upon which was situate the rancheria, and perhaps fifty yards from our camp. When the troops were within about three hundred yards I walked out towards the south end of the mesa, where lay an oak log upon which I stood that I might have a better view of the approaching troops. All the Apaches, men, women, and children, followed me and stood about the log, the sub-chief by my side on the log. It was about sunset when the troops filed past us at a distance of perhaps forty yards. As they passed I looked for the members of our party but could not see them, nor did Huero see them, and when the last man had passed, Huero said, ‘Where are our people?’ I replied, ‘Damfino, we must have overlooked them.’ The troops made camp about a hundred and fifty yards north of and

above our rancheria. During the passing by of the troops I failed to note a single friendly expression on the face of any one of them; on the contrary, there was a sinister look and only a sidelong glance of the eyes towards me and the Indians; yet, I was not suspicious, and attributed the ominous expressions to fatigue. Soon after the soldiers made camp our peace party came into our camp, and, as a consequence, there was much quiet rejoicing among our people, dissipating all thoughts of treachery on the part of the troops.

“The officers with this troop of horse were Captain Barry in command, Lieut. Frank Upham, since retired as Major, who died a few years ago at Santa Monica, California, and Lieut. Calhoun. Also with the troops were two civilians, one acting as interpreter, and the other one was George Cooler, for many years a resident of Tucson, but who recently died at the Soldiers Home, Santa Monica, California. The twelve (tame) Apaches, including their chief Manuel, were along to do the trailing and murdering stunts.

“That evening the officers came down to our camp and had an Indian supper with us, the Apache women and girls, all of whom were more or less scantily clad, doing the culinary act. The guilelessness and wholesouled hospitality of the females, in their simple endeavor to entertain and to please the strangers, were unsuspecting of the fact that they and their little ones were to be most foully murdered on the morrow. When I looked on this, and that night learned of the intended massacre to take place early on the fol-

lowing morning, my very soul revolted at the heinousness of the crime and the foul treachery to be perpetrated.

“There was one man in our rancheria that was suspicious and who did not like the looks of things; it was Huero, the sub-chief. Several times during the evening and before the people went to sleep, he came to where I was sitting apart from the officers and taking no part in the general conversation, and asked what I thought about it, and if I thought the soldiers were all right. I answered him in the affirmative, and that so far as I could see or knew at the time, ‘everything seems to be all right, and I see or know of no cause for apprehension on our part.’ Finally he appeared to be satisfied, as I saw him no more that night.

“In the early days a story was current throughout New Mexico and Arizona that the Apaches used the precious metals in lieu of lead, which they made bullets of. I never gave much credence to the story, deeming it mythical and on a par with the numerous legends of ‘lost mines’ and ‘buried treasures.’

“One day I was away from the rancheria in company with an Apache who was about my own age. We had sat down on a point overlooking the rancheria, and while we sat down, talking as best we could, a mixed jargon of Apache, English and Spanish, he pulled out his pouch, a pouch similar to those used by frontiersmen in the old days of the muzzle-loading rifle, a chunk of white metal, and, handing it to me, asked what it was. I was not a bit wiser than he, as I had never seen any but coined silver.

The chunk was the size of a large hen egg, and heavy as lead. I told him it was some kind of metal, and probably it was lead. At that time I did not know that lead was never found in a pure state, but only as a sulphide. As I returned the chunk to him, I asked him where he got it, and he pointed southward and said, 'It's about three sleeps from here, lying on the ground and is black; plenty of it there and some day when the other two, Cooley and Dodd, go away, we will go and get some to make bullets.' Of course they could not melt it in the ordinary bullet ladle, but had to cut it into small squares and with smooth stones pounded it into bullets. It was only used in this way when they were short of lead. The Apache insisted that I keep the chunk and I put it in my sack. I handed it to Jack, and he said it was a silver nugget, and wanted to know where I got it. I told Jack the story as I tell it here. I never once attempted to find those 'planchas de plata.' "

CHAPTER IV.

EXPEDITIONS INTO INDIAN COUNTRY (Continued.)

CAPTAIN BARRY ORDERED BY COLONEL GREEN TO MASSACRE INDIANS — CAPTAIN BARRY DISOBEYS ORDERS AND IS PLACED UNDER ARREST—BIG DANCE OF THE PINALS—"DODD'S DANCE"—RECEPTION BY THE TONTOS—ARRIVAL AT CAMP RENO — INTERCEDE WITH GENERAL DEVIN FOR CAPTAIN BARRY—CAPTAIN BARRY RELEASED AND RETURNED TO DUTY — DISBANDMENT OF EXPEDITION — DESCRIPTION OF C. E. COOLEY, HIS RANCH AND HIS SQUAWS.

“After the officers had returned to their camp and all the Indians were quietly sleeping in their several wickiups, the time being between one and two o'clock, Cooley said to me, ‘What do you suppose those soldiers are here for?’ ‘Well,’ I replied, ‘to see the Indians; locate the rancheria; note the topography of the country, and take a look around generally.’ ‘Not a bit of it,’ replied Cooley. ‘Captain Barry’s orders were to secure you, then to kill every Indian in this camp, regardless of age or sex; that was Colonel Green’s order for I heard it given. As for ourselves, we have been declared outlaws, subject to a drumhead courtmartial and summarily shot, unless we can clear ourselves of the charges.’ To me this was a most astounding revelation and my blood fairly boiled with horror and indignation. I was responsible for

the presence of the Apaches, and to acquiesce in and become a party to such a dastardly, double-dyed act of treachery, was an act that even a dog would not be guilty of doing. I then resolved that come what may, no such dastardly work should go on if it was within my power to prevent or avoid it. I berated both Cooley and Dodd for bringing the troops there for so outrageous a purpose, and told them that we, (myself and the Indians), had ample time to get away, but that I had persuaded the Indians to stay there, and I would not stand for any such dirty work. As for Captain Barry, after receiving the simple hospitality of these people, to reward kindness and hospitality with treachery and cold blooded murder, he would be a disgrace to humanity; that even the fiends in hell would feel themselves disgraced by such an act, and I could not nor would not stand for it. Cooley said in reply: 'I know it's an outrage and a shame, but Dodd and I were powerless to prevent the troops coming here, as all of us (the peace party) were prisoners and under the eyes of a strong military guard, so you now understand the situation we are in.' Yet I failed to comprehend and said to Cooley, 'If you two are prisoners, how is it you are here in our camp?' He replied that himself and Dodd were on parole, having pledged their honor not to escape, and that this was done to allay suspicion among the Indians; that the massacre would have taken place this evening had the troops arrived earlier; that the massacre was postponed until morning, fearing that in the darkness many of the Indians might possibly escape. While

Cooley was making the foregoing statement, I had risen and was ready for flight, and then he asked me what I was going to do, and I said, 'Notify the people that they may make their escape.'

"It will be remembered, as before stated, that the rancheria was located near the edge of a small mesa on the east side of, and overlooking the Carizo creek on the west. The narrow valley of the creek was thickly covered with wild cane (carizo) and on the west side of it was a steep mountain inaccessible to cavalry. It was the usual custom among the Apaches to have their camps on a mesa or point, with a mountain or rough country for a background. This was done as a precaution and for protection against any sudden raid by horsemen. Our rancheria was no exception to the rule, having a mountain adjoining both front and rear, and all our people had to do was to quietly slip off the mesa into the thick cane, then climb the precipitous mountain on the west side of the creek.

"'Good God, don't do that,' said Cooley, now thoroughly excited, 'we are now outlawed and would be shot in the morning.' I answered, 'There's catching before hanging;' that I was not under parole and would hike with the Apaches; they could say to Captain Barry in the morning that they had mentioned the matter to me, and that sometime in the night I had warned the Indians and all had silently stolen away. Before this I had suggested to Cooley and Dodd that both skin out as they were made prisoners under a white flag, and under such circumstances they had a perfect right to take ad-

vantage of the situation, but both refused to do so.

“Cooley then proposed that Dodd and himself get up and go to the soldiers’ camp, awaken the officers and have another talk. I promised to say nothing to the sleeping Indians until they returned; but I warned them that too much treachery had already been practiced, and on the slightest sign of any more I would alarm the people, and ‘I mean it, so help me God.’ Both went up to the soldiers’ camp, and I walked around among the Indians’ wickiups, but kept a watchful eye on the military encampment. This was nearly three o’clock in the morning and I could see, but dimly, the sentries over the picket line.

“You must first catch your fish before you can eat it. To one like myself, whose whole life has been spent on the frontiers of our common country, and who is as familiar with the mountains and plains as most people are with the streets of their native villages, it appeared to me the acme of absurdity to even suppose that lumbering cavalrymen could catch me in the open should I choose to evade them. Hence it was evident to me that if you eat any fish, you must first catch them.

“At the first sign of treachery I intended to give the sleeping Indians warning. Cooley and Dodd were absent about an hour, perhaps, so it seemed to me, but it may not have been half that time, when both returned to camp.

“‘Well, how it is?’ I asked at once. Cooley being our talking man by the common consent of Dodd and myself, replied: ‘I think Captain

Barry will disregard his Colonel's orders and not massacre the Indians.' I said, 'What you think don't go. I want more than guesswork in a matter of this kind.' He then said they had gone over the situation with Captain Barry and his Lieutenants; they intimated my attitude in the matter; that George Cooler had also taken part in the talk; that Cooler told Captain Barry that he knew Mr. Cooley at Fort Craig, New Mexico; that Cooley was Lieutenant and Quartermaster at that post and that he, George Cooler, was a government wagonmaster under Cooley at that time, and a lot more was said at this conference. Yet I was not satisfied and Cooley said, 'Great God, Dodd, how did you understand Barry?' Dodd replied, 'If I understand the meaning of words, the Captain will not murder the Indians in the morning,' and to me he said, 'I pledge you my word on it.' I had great confidence in Dodd as he was a man of few words and absolutely fearless. By this time the stars in the eastern sky had commenced to grow dim, and relying on Dodd's statement, I lay down to sleep. The following morning, August 1st, I awoke quite late, and, springing up, I saw Captain Barry and Cooley walking along the brow of the mesa, and instantly felt that no massacre would take place.

"Captain Barry decided to hold a 'big talk' and told the chief to send out runners and have all his people in the rancheria for a 'big peace talk' next day. The Indians assembled, and I saw a few Pinals and White Mountain Apaches squatted among the bushes on the outskirts of

the rancheria, who were there to observe and hear what was said at the big pow-wow.

“On the 2nd of August the pow-wow took place. Captain Barry explained his orders from Colonel Green; that he had decided to disobey his orders to massacre them as a matter of humanity; that the consequences to himself for disobeying his superior’s orders was a very serious matter and would cause him much trouble; that the Colonel received his orders from still higher authority which was above Colonel Green, and, said the Captain, ‘I want the principal men of this tribe to go with these Americans to Camp McDowell where you will see General Thomas E. Devin, who is the only person that has the right to make peace with you, and if the General makes terms with you, he will give you papers that will protect you hereafter.’

“There was consternation among the females when the Captain made known his murderous orders, and a distinct murmur went the rounds among them. The women appeared greatly frightened and looked furtively about, and they nervously clutched their little ones as if to flee from the presence of some hideous monster. The men, on the contrary, received the news in silence and stoical indifference. On the chief’s face appeared the shadow of a smile and a baleful glitter in his one eye. And I can never forget the look of the sub-chief, Huero, when our eyes met as the captain stated his orders. However, when the people learned of my actions of the night before, they simply idolized me as if I had done something heroic, and the stand I took the previous night undoubtedly had all to do

with the attitude of the Apaches toward me afterwards when in a worse and more dangerous predicament.

“The following day, August 3rd, Captain Barry returned with his troop to Colonel Green’s camp at the junction of the east and west forks of the White river. When Captain Barry reported to his Colonel the results of his trip to the Apache rancheria on the Carizo, Colonel Green became very angry and ordered Barry to consider himself under arrest. The Captain was relieved of his command, and his First Lieutenant was ordered to assume command of the troop.

“Soon afterwards the Colonel selected another site for Camp Ord, locating it on the mesa a little further eastward, where it is to-day, known as Fort Apache. This camp was strategically situated as it was in the center of the Apacheria. Having established a permanent military camp, with a part of his command as a garrison, Colonel Green returned with the remainder of his force to Camp Goodwin south of the Gila. Soon after his arrival at Camp Goodwin the Colonel formulated a set of ‘charges and specifications’ against Captain Barry, in which he alleged ‘disobedience of orders’ and the violation of certain articles of war; all of which, summed up, was ‘conduct unbecoming an officer and a gentleman.’ These charges, specifications, etc., were sent to General Devin, commanding the southern military district of Arizona, and whose headquarters were then at Camp McDowell.

“In pursuance with the agreement with Captain Barry, our three selves, the chief Es-cah-pah, the chief’s brother, El Diablo, one middle-aged woman, Miguel, the cautivo interpreter, and twenty-six picked warriors, about ten o’clock A. M., August 3rd, 1869, made another and second start westward. This time our objective point was Fort McDowell, and not, as in the first instance, a search for an El Dorado, with Sombrero Butte, Sierra Pintados, and the Stone Corral, the guiding landmarks by which we were to find a golconda. Arriving at the outskirts of the Pinal territory, our little party of thirty-three was met, as before, by a Pinal warrior, but this time without his warpaint. Notwithstanding the pow-wow on the Carizo was held only the day before, the Pinals and other distant tribes were aware of our coming, and all knew the object of our mission to Camp McDowell.

“The Pinal warrior said he was sent by his chief, Bah-dah-clah-nah, to guide our party to a certain place where the Pinals would meet us and have a big dance as a welcome ceremony by the Pinals. This place was afterwards known, and is down on all the military maps, as Dodd’s Dance. It was here we, or at least Cooley and Dodd, came very close to the end of our earthly careers. Our party reached the place designated, under guidance of the Pinal warrior, a little while before sunset, but not a single Apache was then in sight. About dark the Pinals made a sudden appearance, and in half an hour more there were probably four hundred in sight. The Apache women made their indi-

vidual camps in a horizontal line along the base of a small hill that extended east and west, and which was thickly covered with small trees and bushes. Our camp was located about two hundred yards further southward upon more level and open ground, having bushes of chaparral scattered here and there. As soon as darkness set in, the Pinals made a large fire of pinyon, a short distance south of the line of campfires; the big fire to make light for the dancers. Shortly after this the tom-toms were heard, and the dancing began in the manner of all the North American Indians. Occasionally peals of laughter were heard, and a general feeling of good humor seemed to prevail. Cooley and Dodd had already gone up to the 'dance fire' and were seated nearby upon a log among a number of Indians. I remained standing in our camp for a while, listening to the babel of sounds and watching the ghostlike figures moving about in the firelight. Finally buckling on my two six-shooters, and throwing a large red blanket about my shoulders, I went to where the dancing was in progress. I was always wary and watchful, and ready for any emergency, however sudden and unexpected; hence, instead of squatting down within the firelight, where one could be so easily plugged, I attempted to pass unseen around on the west side. But the keen eyes of the Apaches discerned me, and finding myself observed, I approached to the outer rim of the firelight. The Apache girls, ranging in age from fullgrown down to four or five years, gathered together with joined hands, the tallest in the center and tapering both ways from the center, the

ends of the two horns terminating with five-year old girls. Thus, in the shape of a crescent moon, they danced up to me and back again, the tallest one in the center repeating a few words, and the others joining in a sort of refrain. At times the words caused much laughter among the men who had stopped their dancing to look at the girls dance. By the laughter among the men I imagined they were guying me, so withdrew back into the darkness. Passing around to the north side I sat down amidst a lot of bushes and small trees, outside the range of the firelight, but where every movement of the Indians could be seen plainly.

“The Pinal chief, Bah-dah-clah-nah, during the smoke and talk guaranteed protection, and his responsibility for the safety of our animals and other plunder. The chief’s hair had recently been cut off close to the skull, a sign of mourning for the death of a brother killed by the troops a short while before. The chief didn’t present a very prepossessing appearance, squatted on a blanket in front of we three Americans who were standing, Dodd on the left, Cooley next, and I on the right. Always possessed of a keen sense for the humorous or ridiculous, in whatsoever guise it might appear, I was forced to chuckle when the chief said he would be responsible for our property, and, nudging Charley, remarked, ‘Look at that Jack Sheppard head, it has a responsible look, don’t it?’ Cooley, taking my remark seriously, said, ‘Great God, what else can we do, we are helpless and in their power.’ Cooley often said to me, ‘You would laugh at some fancied absurdity, no

matter how serious or dangerous the situation, even when tied to a mesquite tree to be burned, perhaps, simply because you see something absurd, while I see nothing to laugh at under such dangerous situations.'

"While sitting down amongst the bushes and small trees, having been there perhaps an hour or more, I suddenly heard a rustling noise over to my right. Looking quickly in that direction I could see a bunch of Apaches apparently struggling together. They were outside the firelight and I could see but dimly their outlines as they struggled amidst the brushwood. Once or twice I caught the faint glint of arms. All this took place in less time than it takes to tell it, and several shots were fired. Simultaneously with the shooting every infernal imp, big and little, male and female, as it seemed from the great uproar, began yelling and whooping as only the American Indian knows how to whoop. Pandemonium was sure in evidence at that particular moment. In less than a minute after the first shots were fired, not an Indian campfire could be seen along the line, and only the big dance-fire remained to lighten the impish-looking scene.

"To realize and to fully comprehend that awful hubbub and scene, it must be seen, as words cannot describe it. Just imagine all the women screaming at their little ones at the top of their voices as they scattered like so many quail into the brush, and the screaming of the women more than supplemented with the whoops and yells of two or three hundred demoniacal, hideously painted savages, all yelling or whooping for the

lives of the 'white skins.' Truly it was an interesting scene to look upon, from a flying machine at a good, safe elevation. That night's scene is vividly impressed upon my mind, and although it is now over forty-two years since it took place, yet I can see it to-day as plainly as I then saw it.

"Shortly after the pandemonium had broken loose, a half dozen young Apaches came to where I was sitting in the brush and said to me, 'Yucoshe, Apache donjudah, Apache mata,' which translated, was, 'Go away, the Apaches are bad and will kill.' I went with them, keeping outside the range of firelight, and the young Apaches forming a line behind and between me and the howling and shooting mob. We made a circuit and arriving at our camp, the young fellows pointed in a certain direction and told me to go, and to-morrow make 'the smoke' on the top of a high hill and they would come to it. The young men then returned to their people. I secured my rifle and canteen and my buckskin sack of pinole, previously described, yet I could not go and leave the other two, if yet alive. I decided to make a sneak on the howling bunch, and try to ascertain if Cooley and Dodd were alive. I made the sneak all right without being observed or recognized by the Apaches. As a precaution I took off my hat, and, holding my red blanket well up about my head, the sneak was comparatively easy. All this was a risky piece of business, or piece of foolhardiness, seeing that the young Apaches had assisted me, and pointed out the way for my escape. But I had made up my mind that there were not enough Apaches in

the country to make me desert my two companions, if alive, and I could rescue them. Reaching the outskirts of the mob I stood for a few moments in the semi-obscurity and looked for my fellows. Presently I saw Cooley in the rear of our friendly Coyotereros, and, slightly stooping, I made my way to him. Without speaking, I caught hold of the tail of his coat and gave it a slight jerk. Cooley turned his head and, at first took me to be an Apache until I whispered: 'Get out of this.' We cautiously slipped back and made our way to our camp. I then asked after Dodd and he said, 'I haven't seen him since the row first began, and don't know if he is alive or not. What had we better do?' Getting our rifles ready for instant use, my advice was to wait a short time to see if Dodd would show up; that the chief of the Pinals had pledged our safety and the return of our animals, and it was best not to be too hasty; that the chief was for us and he must have an influence and a following, and with our Coyotereros, a majority was on our side. Now that Cooley still lived it was also probable that Dodd also was alive, and it is always best to take matters philosophically and not allow yourself to become 'rattled' however serious the situation. Therefore, I said to Cooley, 'If Dodd don't show up, and if the red fiends make a break, we will give them a hot reception, abandon our outfit, take to the brush, and then it is each one for himself and the devil or the red fiends for the unlucky one who may be caught.'

"We had stood there, rifles in hand, for perhaps fifteen or twenty minutes, watching the

painted imps jumping, yelling, shooting, and altogether making themselves absurdly ridiculous, causing us to wonder if we should see another sunrise. Presently Dodd came to us, panting, blowing, and mad as a hornet. His dander was up and, cursing the Apaches for all he could think, he snatched up his sixteen-shooting Henry rifle, and had not Cooley caught his arm, Dodd would have fired into the crowd of howling savages, regardless of either friends or enemies. The wrath of Dodd, like that of Achilles, was finally mollified, and, taking off his hat, he exhibited several bulletholes in it, also as many more holes in his coat which were made by the same means. The Apaches had made our friend do some pretty lively dancing, at the same time they amused themselves by shooting bullets through his hat and coat; hence the wrath of Dodd and the name thereafter of 'Dodd's Dance.'

"The Apaches possess a grim sense of humor and it is often displayed in an unique manner, and had not the Apaches warned me of their intention to kill us, I should have concluded that the whole thing was done to test the courage of the 'white skins.' It seems, however, that quite a large number of the tribe had lost a number of relatives in fights with the troops and others, and they wished to have revenge by killing us, and it was thus the rumpus started.

"That night it was decided among us to 'sleep with one eye open.' Cooley and Dodd lay down near the packs, but I lay down a short distance away among some thick brush. I kept awake as long as I could, listening to the inces-

sant yelling of the Indians, but finally went to sleep. Awakening early in the morning, I looked about and saw perhaps a hundred warriors lying in a double circle around our camp. They were the chief's trusted men, and, with our Coyoteros, were placed there on guard to prevent our assassination while we slept. Instantly realizing the situation, and hearing some terrific snoring by Cooley and Dodd, the whole matter struck me as being a bit humorous, and I was forced to laugh at it. Jumping up, I went around to the feet of the two snoring men, and, kicking their feet, I yelled, 'Get out of this.' The way their blankets flew and the alacrity with which they sprang to their feet with rifles in hand, would sure have surprised Davy Crockett himself. My actions and those of Cooley and Dodd caused our Indian guards to laugh, in which Cooley and Dodd joined as soon as they could get their eyes open to see and comprehend the situation. Both declared that my kicking them up out of their sound sleep would lessen the length of their lives at least five years.

"Of course we were very thankful to see the rising sun, and Cooley said, 'I didn't expect to see sunrise again.' About eight o'clock the chief, Bah-dah-clah-nah, came down to our camp to talk and laugh over the pleasant (?) scenes and events of the past night. However pleasant and entertaining they may have been to the chief and his people, we held very radical views to the contrary, and at once requested the chief to have our animals brought in as we wished to push on at once to Camp McDowell. The chief demurred to our great haste, urging us very

strongly to remain for another night's entertainment, and, as a further inducement for us to tarry longer, he said more of his people would be there and a bigger dance would be given. Cooley, being 'talking-man,' said: 'We regret very much the necessity which compels us to hurry forward; otherwise we would esteem it one of our greatest pleasures to remain another night or for a week, to enjoy the delightful entertainments and pleasant sensations which their 'welcome dance' had given us. Nevertheless, we declined, with regrets, further hospitality at this time from the fact that our time was limited and we were forced to hurry onward.' After listening to Cooley's soulful, if not very truthful, but diplomatic harangue, Dodd and myself then and there voted Cooley to be the Chief Monumental Liar of the United States, and the puny efforts of Ananias and wife were as the simple prattle of little children compared with Cooley's easy flow of prevarications.

"The chief appeared to be satisfied with Cooley's (truthful) statements and at once ordered our animals to be brought in, and we saddled and packed and were on the move by ten o'clock. To protect us while passing through his territory, and until we reached the confines of the Tontos, the chief sent along with us a considerable number of his best warriors under a sub-chief. Our Pinal escort travelled with us to the camp of a large body of Tonto warriors under the famous chief Da-chay-ya. As before, however, we were met by a Tonto warrior who led us to the camp of the Tontos, but in this camp there were no women and children, and

no signs of a 'welcome dance' as was the program with the Pinals. All the Tontos were in their war paint and, at that time, on the war-path. Arriving at the Tonto encampment, the sub-chief of our Pinal escort formally turned us over to the chief of the Tontos, with whom we made camp that night. The Pinals then withdrew some distance and made camp all to themselves. There appeared to be a spirit of hauteur existing between the two peoples.

"In the earlier days, before the advent of white settlers, and with no common enemy, the white skins, to fight, the various tribes scrapped one with another, as much to keep up the war spirit, and the practice of their art of war, as for any other purpose. At this time, August, 1869, the whites had been only a few years in the country north of the Gila river. Prescott, then but a little more than five years old, Wickenburg, Yuma, and Tucson, were about all the towns in Arizona. True, Phoenix had been surveyed and platted at this time, but where the city now stands was covered with sagebrush and greasewood. Therefore, the feuds between the Apache tribes had not yet died out, hence the apparent coolness between Pinal and Tonto.

"Early on the following morning the two Indian parties broke camp, the Pinals returning eastward and the Tontos, under Chief Da-chayya, as our escort, continuing westward. Here I wish to remark, by way of parenthesis, that during our previous days' marches, after leaving the Pinal camp, known thereafter as 'Dodd's Dance,' that our friend Dodd had seriously proposed that we kill any Indian who

met us with propositions of any more 'dance welcomes.'

"During our travels with the Tontos nothing worthy of note occurred until we reached the western rim of the Sierra Anchas, a wide range of mountains. At this point we had a magnificent view, the whole valley of Tonto creek lay spread out at our feet, with the Mazatzal range of mountains bordering the valley on the west, in which are the celebrated Four Peaks. At the southern end of the Mazatzals, near the southeastern base of the Four Peaks, and a short distance below the junction of Tonto Creek and the Salt River, is now located that most wonderful structure, the great Roosevelt Dam and Reservoir.

"We made a halt at the rim while the chief made his 'peace smokes' to notify other Tontos who might be in the intermediate section between us and Camp Reno that our party was not to be molested. Away off to the westward beyond the valley of Tonto creek, and close up to the eastern base of the Mazatzal range, could be dimly seen a small brown or bare spot, which the chief pointed out and said, 'There are the soldiers, there your people.' It was Camp Reno. 'You are my friends and can go there in peace,' said the chief. 'I cannot go for I and my people are even now at war with those white skins, but my warriors over there now will not molest you. I have signalled to them that you are friends, and when you reach your people do not forget your true friend, Da-chay-ya.' He also said, 'I have desired to live in amity with the

whites, and all I asked for was the right for me and my people to live.'

"Bidding good-by to Da-chay-ya and his people, we began the descent of the precipitous side of the Sierra Anchas. In the miles of travel from the rim to Camp Reno, we saw no Indians, although plenty of the freshest sign was seen en route.

"Camp Reno, (long since abandoned) was located two or three miles west of Tonto creek, upon an open mesa that gently sloped down toward the Tonto from the eastern base of the Mazatzals. Upon either side of the camp were two deep brushy ravines containing water. These ravines run parallel to and perhaps two hundred yards distant from the military camp, and they afforded an excellent screen for an enemy approaching the camp.

"After we had ascended from Tonto Creek to the top of the mesa, the military camp was plainly in view, probably three thousand yards away. Our party of thirty-three, all on foot, excepting the cautivo and us three Americans, marched along in plain view of the camp, and while we could see soldiers walking about, not one of them perceived our approach until we had arrived within perhaps three or four hundred yards of the camp. Suddenly an alarm was raised and we could see the troops rushing hither and thither, and falling into line under arms; a skirmish line thrown out composed of the commanding officer, the first sergeant, the citizen blacksmith, and the post trader. Observing the excitement in the camp, we halted, and told the Indians to remain where they were

while we three rode up to the skirmish line. We were within forty yards of the line before they discovered we were whites. The commanding officer, a Major Collins, who had been standing pretty 'close' to a convenient stack of hay, came out and shook hands, declaring he was 'glad it was no worse, for I fully expected an attack upon the camp.' He appeared to be unduly excited, but was to be excused this time as he arose from a sick bed to repel a supposed assault, there being no other commissioned officer in the camp at the time. I called the Major's attention to the two ravines and said: 'Had an attack been planned, those ravines would have been used.' The Major admitted the correctness of my observations, but said: 'I am too sick to give proper consideration to any matters.'

"At the time the alarm was first given, the tables had just been laid for dinner, and this probably accounts for the bad lookout; and, furthermore, the cattle herd had been attacked only the day before, in which attack one herder had been killed and a soldier wounded; this, too, no doubt, had to do with the great excitement manifested at our approach.

"Major Collins invited us to his tent for dinner. All used tents, there being only one small adobe hut which was used for ammunition. We sat at the table, but the Major, being sick, took to bed again. Soon after we sat down at the table, we were a little surprised to see a lady enter, having a baby in her arms, who laughingly remarked: 'This is a pretty country for

a white woman, where she must be locked up in a powderhouse to prevent capture by Indians.'

"We lay over here three days, and two of my party had a strenuous bout with their old-time enemy, John Barleycorn, and, as usual in all such scraps, they were badly worsted in the encounter. Our Apaches refused to go any further, but would not give any reason for not caring to go on to Camp McDowell, which was only forty-five or fifty miles from Reno. The interpreter for the camp had told them that McDowell was full of Pimas and Coco-Maricopas, the hereditary enemies of all Apaches.

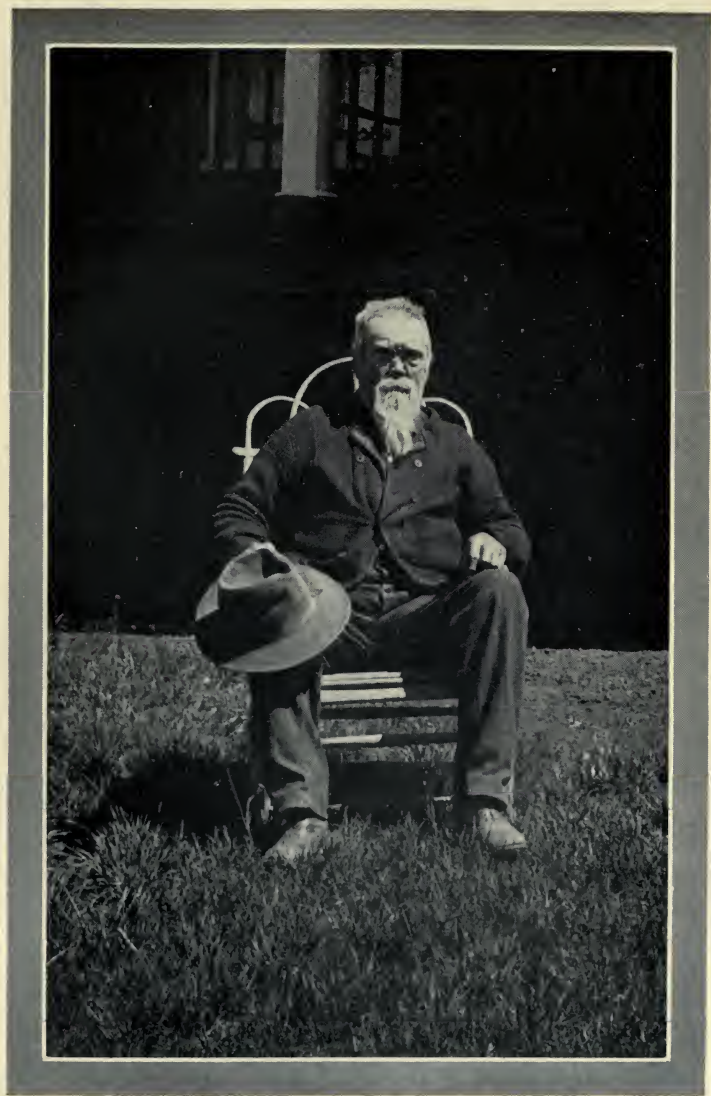
"Our Apaches were encamped in the ravine on the north side of the military camp, and on the night of our second day at Reno, the chief asked me to go to his camp. He then told me of his intention to start on the following morning for their rancheria on the Carizo, and tried to persuade me to return with them, saying: 'The people on this side are no good; all the Apaches like you as a brother; let them, (Cooley and Dodd) go on, we don't want them any more, but you go with us to our home.' Finding I was determined to go on to McDowell, the chief said: 'When you come back, go to the top of mountain east of rancheria and make signal smoke, and I will come or send others to you, but be sure to come alone and stay by the smoke until I come to you.' Had I been anything but the young fool that I was, having no business at McDowell, or anywhere else, I would have returned with the Apaches, and in due time, have gone with them for the 'white metal' and, even if ignorant of its true character at the time, I would have

known after a time. But I didn't, and possibly lost a fortune in those planchas de plata.

"Our Apaches positively refused to go on to Camp McDowell and, on the morning of our third day at Camp Reno, they took the trail back to their rancheria on the Carizo. In order to anticipate Colonel Green and to help Captain Barry out of his difficulty, we deemed it necessary to proceed to McDowell. Taking advantage of an escort of cavalry, under Colonel Elger, that were going over to McDowell, we accompanied the escort for protection, and, without incident worthy of notice, we reached headquarters of the southern Military District of Arizona in safety.

"The day after our arrival at Camp McDowell we called upon General Thos. E. Devin and explained the situation at Carizo, and the action of Captain Barry, with an earnest request that the Captain be as leniently dealt with as the case would permit. The General gave us to understand that at the proper time due consideration would be given to our statements and all extenuating circumstances bearing upon the matter. Suffice it to say, soon afterwards Colonel Green's charges, specifications, etc., were received at headquarters, but were promptly returned 'disapproved,' and Barry ordered to be returned to duty.

"We remained at McDowell ten or twelve days, and then proceeded to the Salt River, stopping at the ranch of Captain Jack Swilling. Here we separated, Cooley and Dodd going up to Prescott, whilst I remained with Jack, whom I had known some years before."



C. E. COOLEY.

Banta thinks the Doc Thorn mine a fable.

The C. E. Cooley mentioned above, afterwards became one of General Crook's most reliable scouts. He married, according to the Indian custom, two Apache girls, sisters, of the Coyotero, or White Mountain tribe, and, through his influence that tribe to a great extent, became allies of the whites.

In 1874 Mrs. Summerhayes, in her book "Vanished Arizona," gives the following description of Cooley's house at his ranch, not far from Fort Apache:

"Towards night we made camp at Cooley's ranch, and slept inside, on the floor. Cooley was interpreter and scout, and, although he was a white man, he had married a young Indian girl, the daughter of one of the chiefs, and was known as a squaw man. There seemed to be two Indian girls at his ranch; they were both tidy and good looking, and they prepared us a most appetizing supper.

"The ranches had spaces for windows, covered with thin unbleached muslin (or *manta* as it is always called out there), glass windows being then too great a luxury in that remote place. There were some partitions inside the ranch, but no doors; and, of course, no floors except adobe. Several half-breed children, nearly naked, stood and gazed at us as we prepared for rest. This was interesting and picturesque from many standpoints perhaps, but it did not tend to make me sleepy. I lay gazing into the fire which was smouldering in the corner, and finally I said in a whisper, 'Jack, which girl do you think is Cooley's wife?'

“‘I don’t know,’ answered this cross and tired man; and then added, ‘Both of ’em, I guess.’

“Now, this was too awful, but I knew he did not intend for me to ask any more questions. I had a difficult time, in those days, reconciling what I saw with what I had been taught was right, and I had to sort over my ideas and deep-rooted prejudices a good many times.

“The two pretty squaws prepared a nice breakfast for us, and we set out, quite refreshed, to travel over the *malapais* (as the great lava-beds in that part of the country are called).”

The two young squaws mentioned by Mrs. Summerhayes were good cooks and house-keepers, having learned their trade through association with the wives of the officers at Fort Apache.

This remained Cooley’s home until the time of his death. Jim Bark, well known in Phoenix, and now a resident of Mayer, Arizona, made a visit to Cooley a few years ago, and from him I derive the following:

The house was well built and quite well furnished. The ranch had a fine orchard of deciduous fruits, and besides cattle and horses, Cooley had raised grain and other products, which found a ready market at Fort Apache at good prices. As far as material wealth was concerned, he was well fixed; his children were well educated and well cared for. His two wives ran the house, and, it is said, to a great extent, ran him. Bark relates the following episode which occurred during his visit there:

“They had some quarrel with Cooley, and to escape their vengeance he climbed upon the roof of the building. One of the squaws threw rocks at him for a while. Coming down after the storm had ceased, he gave me quite a dissertation upon the advantages and disadvantages of polygamy.”

Bark states that he, Cooley, had grown fleshy, and during his visit Cooley received a letter from a New York firm and read it. It amused him to such an extent that, sitting in his chair in the shade of a tree in front of his house, he became so convulsed with laughter that he fell out of the chair and rolled over on the ground, squirming with hilarity. The reason was that the firm, from whom he had ordered a suit of clothes, giving his measurements, replied that they made clothes for men and not for horses. Cooley measured somewhere about sixty inches around the waist. He died on his ranch in the summer of 1917.

CHAPTER V.

THE MILITARY.

REPORT OF MAJOR-GENERAL GEORGE H. THOMAS ON MILITARY AFFAIRS IN ARIZONA—REPORT OF GENERAL ORD—GENERAL ORD'S ACCOUNT OF CAPTAIN BARRY'S DISOBEDIENCE OF ORDERS—EXPENSE OF SUPPLYING RATIONS TO TROOPS IN ARIZONA—FOURTEEN MILITARY POSTS IN ARIZONA—DESERTION OF TROOPS—POLICY OF EXTERMINATION FOLLOWED BY BOTH MILITARY AND CITIZENS—CONDITIONS IN 1869 DESCRIBED BY BANTA—ESTABLISHMENT OF CAMP ORD, LATER KNOWN AS FORT APACHE.

Major-General George H. Thomas, commanding the Department of the Pacific, with headquarters at San Francisco, in his report to the Adjutant-General of the United States Army, under date of September 27th, 1869, made the following reference to Arizona:

“Having performed duty in Arizona some years past, and then getting familiar with the topography of the country, and not having time to make a personal inspection of my whole command, I have depended upon the report of the inspector-general of the division, and special reports of the department commander for information, and have to report as follows: Fort Yuma, at the junction of the Colorado and Gila rivers, is an important post as a depot of supplies for that Territory; it is garrisoned by one company of infantry, and reported in good con-

dition. The garrisons at Tucson, Bowie, Grant, Goodwin, McDowell, Verde, Reno, Colorado and Mohave, I considered favorably situated for supervision of the Indian Territory, and have maintained them as found. Camps Willow Grove and Wallen having become useless, the garrisons of these posts, two companies, were used to establish a post at Toll Gate, which commands one of the passes most frequented by the Indians in their excursions from the north to the south. Active operations have been continued against the Indians of Arizona during the whole summer, in which the troops displayed great energy and perseverance, and were eminently successful—so much so that one tribe, the Hualpais, have sued for peace, and the chief given himself up as a hostage for the future good conduct of the tribe. For details of the operations of the troops in Arizona, your attention is respectfully called to the annual report of Brevet Major-General Ord, the Department Commander, to be forwarded, and the report of the inspector general of the division on Indian Affairs, which has been forwarded direct in obedience to instructions.”

The following is the report of General Ord, dated September 27th, 1869, referred to in the foregoing:

“Sir: I have to report that during the past year my efforts, and those of the troops in this department, have been directed, first, to the reduction of the hostile bands of Indians which have, since the country was known, infested Arizona and portions of Nevada; second, to the exploration of extensive districts of which white

men had little or no knowledge and which were supposed to be the retreats of hostile bands; third, the reduction of expenses by the evacuation of posts no longer needed, either because the country had become settled and the settlers capable of self-protection, or because it was found uninhabitable for whites or Indians, or because the garrisons were too small for offensive operations, and only invited roving bands to attack the government herds and trains which supplied the posts.

“My return of expeditions and scouts will show the success of the troops in reducing the hostile Apaches and kindred tribes. These Arabs of Arizona have heretofore neither given nor asked quarter; their hands have always been bloody, their favorite pursuit killing and plundering, their favorite ornaments the finger and toe-nails, the teeth, hair, and small bones of their victims. Their homes are in the high mountain ranges and mesas north of the Gila, which separate its tributaries from those of the Colorado. Some bands occupy mountains south of the Gila, and their expeditions extend far into Mexico.

“On taking command of the department I was satisfied that the few settlers and scattered miners of Arizona were the sheep upon which these wolves habitually preyed, and that, if that wilderness was to be kept free from Apache robbers and murderers, a temporizing policy would not answer; therefore I encouraged the troops to capture and root out the Apache by every means, and to hunt them as they would wild animals. This they have done with un-

relenting vigor. Since my last report, over two hundred have been killed, generally by parties who have trailed them for days and weeks into the mountain recesses, over snows, among gorges and precipices, lying in wait for them by day and following them by night. Many villages have been burned, large quantities of arms and supplies of ammunition, clothing and provisions have been destroyed, a large number of horses and mules have been captured, and two men, twenty-eight women, and thirty-four children taken prisoners; and though we have lost quite a number of soldiers, I think the Apaches have discovered that they are getting the worst of it. Some of the bands, having the fear of extermination before them, have sued for peace; others, being driven to the defensive, compelled to fight for their women and children and plunder, have not had much time, lately, to hunt miners, attack settlers, and capture stock.

“There are, I think, not to exceed one thousand fighting men of the Apaches left; and if we continue as successful in reducing them as during the last year, the result is only a question of time. Colonel John Green, major First United States Cavalry, in a recent scout into the White Mountains, a country of which we know but little, after destroying some villages, killing a number of warriors, and destroying a large quantity of corn, etc., having heard of a village thirty miles north, where the Indians were reported friendly, and anxious to appease the troops, sent Captain John Barry, First United States Cavalry, to examine the matter, and, if he found them concerned in hostilities, to

destroy them. Thus he describes the result: "On the night of August 1, Captain Barry returned with his command, and reported that when he reached Miguel's village, there was a white flag flying from every hut and every prominent point; that the men, women and children came out to meet them, and went to work to cut corn for their horses, and showed such a spirit of delight at meeting them, that the officers united in saying that if they had fired on them they would have been guilty of cold-blooded murder; even my chief scout, Manuel, who has no scruples in such matters, and whose mind was filled with taking scalps when he left camp, said he could not have fired on them after what he saw.

" "Captain Barry also found that the white men had nothing but some provisions and implements, being what they represented themselves, prospecting miners. Miguel reiterated that he wanted to go on a reservation where he could be protected, and Captain Barry repeated what I had previously told him—that he must go to Camp McDowell and see the district commander. He also gave him a letter for that purpose. Miguel promised to start on the following day, and commenced to make preparation at once. The white men were also to accompany him. The Apaches have but few friends, and, I believe, no agent. Even the officers, when applied to by them for information, cannot tell them what to do. There seems to be no settled policy, but a general idea to kill them wherever found. I also am a believer in that, if we go for extermination; but I think, and I am sustained

in my opinion by most of the officers accompanying my expedition, that if Miguel and his band were placed on a reservation properly managed, and had a military post to protect them, they would form a nucleus for the civilization of the Apaches, as they seem more susceptible of it than any tribe I have seen. I even believe that, if the Apache is properly managed, he could be used against the Apache, and so end the war in a short time. Miguel said that he had soldiers, and would place them at my disposal whenever I wanted them. The reservation, with a military post, should be in the White Mountain country, where they could raise crops and sustain themselves with but little cost to the Government, the climate and soil being excellent for such purpose. The only difficulty would be to make a wagon road into that country; but by proper exploration it might be accomplished. If this scheme should fail, a military post in that country would be of invaluable service in suppressing the Indian war in Arizona.'

“Of course the extermination policy is resolved upon only when every other means fail to protect our people; and if it is possible to induce the Apache to accept terms, it should be done; and this being the first formal proposition for surrender from that section, General Thomas E. Devin, commanding in Southern Arizona, has been instructed to send Colonel Green, with sufficient forces, again into the White Mountain country, to visit Miguel's village, examine the vicinity carefully with a view, if deemed necessary, to open a road to it from the Gila Valley or from the West; to learn how

far the country is adapted for a healthy reservation of sufficient extent to hold the friendly Apaches and afford them a field to hunt in and land to cultivate; and he will report on the probable expense of establishing a post in that vicinity; not that it is intended to increase the number of posts in that Territory, for I think we have too many there now.

“The earnestness with which the troops make war on the hostile Apaches is in proportion to the good will which is shown toward the inoffensive or friendly Indians. Many of the border white men, especially those that have been hunted, or lost friends or relations by them, regard all Indians as vermin, to be killed when met; and attacks upon and murder of quiet bands, who in some instances have come in to aid in pursuit of more hostile savages, is nothing unusual in Arizona. One citizen is now in confinement, arrested by the troops, for an attempt to murder a friendly Hualapai near Camp Mohave; and dozens of them are at large now who have tried it and succeeded. These citizens are not proceeded against by the civil authorities of the country. Reservations, to be at all safe from such attacks in that country must be forbidden ground to all white men, save the troops sent there to watch the Indians and guard them, and officers of the Indian Bureau. As an instance of the necessity of isolating reservations, the Pimas and Maricopas, always friendly, who cultivate the soil and render good service with the troops as scouts in reducing the hostile Indians, have a reservation on the Gila river. A number of Mexicans and some few

American squatters have settled upon portions of it; I am informed that the Indian agent is one of them. As the cattle of the settlers and Indians will stray and be occasionally lost, and stock break into fields, there is no good feeling between the Indians and the settlers; the latter accuse the Indians of trespassing against them, and threaten vengeance. The Indians, being numerous, are defiant and sullen, and difficulties of a very serious nature would have ensued had not General Alexander, commanding the nearest military post, interfered. The difficulties are still pending, and the new military superintendent should have authority to remove the settlers, as yet not numerous.

“The services rendered by some of the friendly chiefs as scouts to the troops are so important and useful as to merit high commendation from commanding officers, and deserve reward. If within the intent of the law authorizing the employment of such scouts, I would recommend temporary organization of companies with the most useful Indian chiefs as officers.

“The scouting expeditions in Arizona have given us much useful information, and a few fertile valleys heretofore unknown have been found. A survey of the military reservation in Arizona has been completed. There was an extensive unexplored district between White Pine and the Colorado river, which was supposed to be rich in precious metals, and into which small prospecting and other parties were venturing, so that a proper regard for the general desire for correct knowledge of it required that it should

be surveyed and mapped. I, therefore, with the approbation of the division commander, General George H. Thomas, directed an expedition to be fitted out and an escort to be furnished, placing the whole under Lieutenant George M. Wheeler, United States engineer, who, assisted by Lieutenant D. W. Lockwood, United States engineers, and furnished with a small sum by the Chief Engineer, General A. A. Humphreys, is now engaged in this duty. A careful military and scientific reconnoissance of this portion of the great American desert, such as Lieutenant Wheeler will make, may result in much valuable information, which will be published as soon as practicable. Lieutenant Wheeler, when last heard from, September 10th, had made good progress in his explorations. One of his party had reached the Pahrnagat Valley, and another the Meadow Valley, en route to the Colorado.

“In administering an extensive military department like this, containing over four hundred and fifty thousand square miles, or greater by about one hundred thousand square miles than the original thirteen States, occupied by a population of savages estimated at from fifty to seventy-five thousand, garrisoned by three thousand men, or three to every four hundred and fifty square miles, who are scattered in thirty posts, camps, and cantonments, many of them only accessible at certain seasons of the year, and after crossing extensive deserts, the expenditures are principally due to the cost of transporting supplies. The expense of supplying rations at Camp Goodwin, one of the posts in Arizona, and of feeding animals there, can be

compared with similar expenses in San Francisco, when it is known that a barrel of good flour is bought in San Francisco for the army for from \$4 to \$5 in gold; and it has heretofore cost, to take two hundred pounds of freight to Camp Goodwin, in Arizona, about \$30 in gold, going by land from Yuma Depot. A barrel of flour purchased in Arizona costs, delivered at Camp Goodwin, about \$25 in gold; so that it has cost the Government purchasing supplies there or thereabouts five or six times as much to feed the soldiers there as here, and the ration for a horse at Camp Goodwin costs now about five times as much as it does in San Francisco.

“There are fourteen posts in Arizona, with an average garrison of one hundred and fifty men each, or two thousand one hundred men. There are in the Territory three thousand three hundred horses and mules; and to maintain these troops and animals it costs the Government, not including fuel, quarters, medical attendance, arms and accoutrements, ammunition, clothing, pay of the troops and employees, or stables, at least \$4,000 per day; add the other items all the more expensive, where, as in Southern Arizona, a foot of lumber costs twenty-five cents, and the cost to the Government for the troops in Arizona is not far from \$3,000,000 per annum.

“Almost the only paying business the white inhabitants have in that Territory is supplying the troops, there being as yet but few mines in that country worked to profit; and I am informed from every quarter that if the paymasters and quartermasters of the army were to stop payment in Arizona, a great majority of

the white settlers would be compelled to quit it. Hostilities are therefore kept up with a view to protecting inhabitants most of whom are supported by the hostilities. Of course their support being derived from the presence of troops, they are continually asking for more. There was in Arizona, January 1, 1860, according to the Army Register, not a single army post or soldier; and there was then more travel across the southern part of the Territory than now, more need for troops there, and more Indians. It therefore becomes a question if this large expenditure cannot be reduced by reducing the number of troops in the country to the minimum, consistent with the interest of the whole country. For these reasons I have recommended, and the division commander has approved and ordered, the concentration of troops in Arizona at the most important posts, both with a view to economy and their greater efficiency.

“The transportation of freight heretofore by land from Yuma Depot to Tucson, for the supply of southern Arizona, will hereafter, (if present arrangements answer), be dispensed with, and supplies will be sent by water to Guaymas, and thence to Tucson, at a saving of nearly one-half. These and other means taken to that end, it is hoped, will reduce the quartermaster’s estimates at least one-third. The additional comforts now furnished the troops in this department, such as better quarters, post and company gardens, canned fruits and vegetables, (where vegetables cannot be raised), have reduced the number of desertions. There

were reported as deserted last year six hundred and ninety-four (694) men, to date this year, one hundred and sixty-three (163) only are reported, and the troops have shown by their increased energy and zeal that there is much gratitude in the stomach, and that the best way to keep the soldier is to keep him comfortable when not in the field.

“When the troops in Arizona are concentrated, a portion of them can be usefully employed as parties, with engineer officers and proper facilities, exploring the extensive district north of the Upper Gila, and on both sides of the Little Colorado, now comparatively unknown, and it may be found valuable in minerals. I recommend that Congress be asked for an appropriation of fifteen or twenty thousand dollars and that three or four competent engineer officers be detailed on this duty. The division commander authorizes me to say that escorts can be furnished them from this department. Should the appropriation I recommend be granted, these exploring expeditions will give us reliable information, now much needed, of the country through which the thirty-fifth parallel railroad is proposed to be built, and contribute to the protection of the parties of adventurous miners who are pushing their way into those wilds, many of them with insufficient supplies or means of defense, and who are not to be deterred because others have gone there and never been heard of.

“Portions of a band of Pi-Utes, from northern Arizona, who frequent the valley of northern California, and who, under the skillful

soldiership of General Crook, commanding the department of the Columbia, were compelled to submit last year, have been recently troublesome in Surprise Valley. Additional troops have been sent there, and the matter has been, by order of the division commander, placed under control of the commander of the sub-district of the Lakes, composed of portions of this Department and that of the Columbia, with orders to act in the premises, so that no serious difficulty need be apprehended.

“In connection with the reduction of civil employees, ordered from Washington, it was found unnecessary to discharge many civilians in this department, the reduction having been already made to nearly the maximum allowed; but I beg leave to call attention to the fact that the duties of blacksmiths, farriers, carpenters, wheelwrights, teamsters, guides, interpreters, packers, and other skilled laborers, are as necessary in building, wagonmaking and repairing, shoeing, transporting freight, and other similar duties for the army, as they are for the business and support of our frontier towns; that our army posts are the nucleus around which such towns collect; and there are not mechanics or skillful laborers in the United States willing to enlist as soldiers and perform such duties for sixteen dollars per month in greenbacks, when in every village or settlement among the mountains and plains such labor is worth from three to ten dollars in gold per day. The result is, we have not soldiers to do such work, and either civilians must be hired to perform it for the army, or the army posts and expeditions in the

Indian country must be abandoned and the troops concentrated at places where they are not needed.

“I have the honor to be, very respectfully,
your obedient servant,

“E. O. C. ORD,

“Brigadier and Brevet Major-General Com-
manding.

“Brevet Major-General E. D. TOWNSEND,
“Adjutant-General United States Army.”

In the foregoing report nothing is said of Colonel Green's order depriving Captain Barry of his command, and preferring charges against him. An entirely different version of that episode is given from that given by Mr. Banta, whose life was forfeit had Captain Barry obeyed orders.

The policy of extermination of the Apaches was followed by the military and the citizens of Arizona to a great extent, up to 1870. In 1869, after the inauguration of President Grant, a Peace Commission was appointed. Their activities in Arizona will be treated fully in subsequent pages of this history.

In 1869, while the war was pressed ruthlessly both in the northern and southern territory of Arizona, the exterminating policy, to some extent, was relaxed in the northern portion of the Territory, but it seems was relentlessly prosecuted in the southern portion.

The following, taken from a story by Banta, which was printed in his paper, “The Observer,” in St. Johns, Apache County, in the year 1911, gives a vivid picture of conditions as they existed prior to and during the year 1869:

“That readers of ‘The Observer’ may better comprehend conditions as they existed forty-two years ago, in a country now covered with happy homes and settlements long since unused to the whoop of the cruel, bloodthirsty and savage Apache, a country known at that time as the ‘Apacheria’ and unknown and unexplored by white men. True, King S. Woolsey, with a force of two hundred citizens, fought his way into the Tonto Basin in the spring of 1864, but after the celebrated ‘Pinole Treaty,’ was forced to fight his way out again, and from that time down, almost to 1880, the country remained a terra incognita. The section of which I speak, included the whole country north of the Gila river, and east of the Verde river; also bounded on the north by the Little Colorado river, and on the east by the frontier villages of western New Mexico. These Mexican villages were subject to Indian raids, by either Navahos or Apaches, at any and all times down to comparatively recent times.

“The military, ever in advance, had established camps at several points near the southern and western edges of this Apacheria; in fact, Camp Reno was located well inside the Apache lines, being near the eastern base of the Mazatzal range, and perhaps two or three miles west of Tonto Creek. This camp was garrisoned with one company of infantry, and the camp was almost daily harassed by the Tonto Apaches under the leadership of Chief Da-chay-ya. The Apaches were so numerous and hovered so closely about the camp, that it was considered dangerous to even wander a hundred yards from

the military camp. If wood were needed, a detachment of soldiers was sent with wagons, and many times the wood party had to fight for their lives. In all the country of which this story relates, not a single white man had his habitat, nor a settlement existed.

“Before closing these preliminary remarks, it is necessary that I should say a few words anent the military, their camps, locations and operations.

“At the time the event of which this story relates, the year 1869, the Territory of Arizona was subdivided into two military districts, the northern commanded by Brevet Brigadier General Frank Wheaton, with his headquarters at Fort Whipple; the southern district, and the one in which this story is concerned, was commanded by Brevet-Brigadier General Thomas E. Devin, with headquarters at Camp McDowell. Arizona at that time was in the Military Department of the Pacific, commanded by Brigadier General E. O. C. Ord. Camp Goodwin, first established by the California Volunteers in 1864, and named in honor of Arizona's first acting governor—not the first appointed by Mr. Lincoln, but the first one to act—was situated about three miles south of the Gila river, but after being occupied for a number of years, it was finally abandoned on account of its unhealthfulness. Camp Goodwin pertained to the southern military district, and in 1869 was garrisoned with several companies of the First Cavalry, besides infantry, under the command of Colonel John Green. The troops stationed in the Territory in 1869 were the First and Eighth Regiments of

Cavalry; also the 12th Infantry, and the 'thieving' 14th Infantry.

"Along in the year 1869, and years prior thereto, the Apaches were exceedingly troublesome — their normal condition, however — and were incessantly committing acts of pillage, rapine and murder throughout almost the whole of southern Arizona. General Devin was reliably informed that many of the depredations that were committed in various parts of southern Arizona, and laid at the door of Cochise and other bands of Apaches south of the Gila, were being committed by the Apaches from the Apacheria of the north.

"Early in July, 1869, Colonel Green, commanding at Camp Goodwin, received orders from McDowell headquarters, to take all his available force, and personally head a campaign of 'extermination' against the Apaches in the mountains north of the Gila river. Pursuant to orders, Colonel Green crossed the Gila at the head of four troops of the first cavalry and a small auxiliary force of friendly Apaches under Chief Manuel. The Colonel plunged at once into the unknown mountain fastnesses, and after many days' clambering and climbing over almost precipitous and worse, canyons, the command finally encamped on the evening of July 27th, 1869, near the junction of two mountain streams, which are now known as the east and west forks of White River, and about a quarter of a mile west of the present Fort Apache. All along the line of march hostiles were met with, many of whom were killed, and more wounded. Any stock seen by the troopers were killed, and all

growing crops destroyed. In fact, it was a campaign of retaliation—one of extermination and devastation.

“At this point Colonel Green, finding himself in the very heart of the Apacheria, decided to establish a camp as a working base, and named it Camp Ord. His acts were afterward approved by the General commanding, and the camp made permanent by a general order. That camp is now known as Fort Apache.”

CHAPTER VI.

THE MILITARY (Continued).

GENERAL GEORGE STONEMAN TAKES COMMAND—
 HIS POLICY — THE “RING” AGAIN — CON-
 TRACTORS’ LUST FOR MONEY LEADS TO WAR
 ON INDIANS — METHODS EMPLOYED BY
 APACHES—APACHE OUTRAGES — KILLING OF
 KENNEDY AND ISRAEL — ATTACK ON LENT
 AND HARPENDING MINING PARTY — KILLING
 OF SHIRLEY — “JEFF” DAVIS’S EXPERIENCE
 WITH INDIANS—ATTACKS ON WAGON TRAINS
 —A. P. K. SAFFORD APPOINTED GOV-
 ERNOR OF THE TERRITORY—HIS INTERVIEW
 WITH THE “NEW YORK HERALD”—ASKS
 THAT ARIZONA BE ALLOWED TO RAISE
 VOLUNTEERS — GOVERNMENT FURNISHES
 ARMS AND AMMUNITION FOR CITIZEN MILI-
 TIA—HOW THE APACHES SECURED ARMS AND
 AMMUNITION — ACTIVITIES OF MILITARY —
 LIEUT.-COLONEL SANFORD’S EXPEDITION —
 —LIEUTENANT CUSHING’S EXPEDITION —
 LIEUTENANT GRAHAM’S EXPEDITION — CAP-
 TAIN WILLIAM ORY’S EXPEDITION.

About the middle of the year 1870, General George Stoneman was assigned to the command of Arizona, with headquarters at Fort Whipple, and assumed command in July of that year. General Stoneman was a general in the Civil War and, as a cavalry officer, left a distinguished record. The task assigned to him in Arizona was a difficult one. The people, as we have seen, were aroused to frenzy and demanded the



GENERAL GEORGE STONEMAN.

immediate annihilation or capture of the Apaches, and because speedy relief did not follow his appointment, he was censured to even a greater degree than his predecessors had been. Arizonans were impatient and could not await any natural solution of the Apache war, but demanded that victory should come at once. Stoneman went about his work carefully. Arizona at that time was not fully explored. Fully one-third of the Territory was, and always had been in the hands of the Apaches, and, so far as the general public was concerned, was a terra incognita. Stoneman was accused of spending too much time in the details of establishing new posts, and the improvement of old ones, the building of roads, etc. Consequently, the "red tape" business of military circles received a liberal share of abuse. While this popular outcry against the General in command of Arizona was going on in the Territory, in the East a sympathetic feeling was gaining ground that demanded the use of pacific measures with the Indians, and Stoneman was censured for being too severe in attacking all Apaches for the offenses of the few. However, it must be said that much of his policy was good and finally led to a solution of the Indian problems. He believed by furnishing rations and blankets to a few friendly Indians, it would induce others to come in and so gradually lessen the work of subduing them. He believed also in placing them upon reservations, which was following Mason's idea, that putting them to work raising corn was better than keeping them on the warpath, raising scalps. He be-

lieved that they should be taught to earn their own living, but when this plan was attempted it was denounced by another class who cared not for blood or treasure. Contractors had much to say and pulled the wires to a great extent. If the Indians did work to maintain themselves, it lessened the contractors' chances of making an enormous amount of money out of their contracts, as many of them did. This element was strong and the "ring" was laboring to defraud the poor natives out of what the Government gave them. To be at the head of an Indian agency was a lucrative position, although the salary was small. The contractors' "ring" reached from Tucson to Washington, and included many men who held responsible positions. These men came to Arizona to make money in the quickest way possible, and that quickest way was to defraud the Government and the Indians. Says Fish: "Of all the contractors of early days it is hardly possible to find one who remained in the Territory. As soon as they made their money, they went East or to San Francisco to live. Not one of this patriotic fraternity cared a fig for Arizona. The people were taught to oppose agencies where the Apaches worked and were fed. They feared that it would reduce the military force for one thing, and that it would suspend campaigns and lead to an inactive state of war. What they wanted was a war of extermination. It was under this state of feeling that the Camp Grant massacre was perpetrated," an account of which has been given in a previous volume.

When the Indians encountered Americans and American troops they soon discovered that they had a different foe to deal with than the Mexicans. In tracing the adventures of different military bands and citizen militia who, aided by the friendly Indians, time and again undertook to dislodge the Apaches from their last fastnesses in the Santa Rita and northern ranges, one is compelled to award the Apaches the palm of bravery in defense of their homes and the treasures inherited from their fathers. Very few of the warlike tribes were at peace with the Americans at this time. It is stated that at Camp Reno Da-chay-ya's band of Tontos and some others were peaceable and doing some work, but often those who pretended to be friendly were harboring and feeding the hostiles. John T. Dennis, who lived near the site of the present waterworks of Phoenix, lost a large number of cattle and horses through a raid of the Yavapai Apaches, and these raiders were probably aided by some who pretended to be friendly.

In the winter of 1870 and spring of 1871, the Apaches, probably by agreement, resorted to the tactics of making attacks simultaneously in different places at great distances apart, for the purpose of disconcerting their enemies, wearing them out and confusing them in their movements. They dared not meet the troops in battle, even where they had the advantage, but resorted to a Fabian policy. The Apaches, as we have seen, would often crawl up to the very edge of a fort, and kill a sentinel, a herder or a wagoner with a bow and arrow, which made no noise, and their

presence would not be known until the body of their victim was discovered. This mode of warfare kept the soldiers and settlers in constant alarm, for they lost many of their numbers without even seeing or hearing the enemy. Murders were becoming frequent and the Indians left no trail for their enemy to pursue. Matters were approaching a state as discouraging as that cast over the Territory when the troops vacated it some ten years before at the outbreak of the Civil War.

From Bourke's "On the Border with Crook," Hamilton's "Resources of Arizona," and Hinton's "Handbook of Arizona," I condense the following stories of Apache outrages, which show the condition of Arizona at this time:

In the spring of 1870 Kennedy and Israel owned a ranch about a mile below old Camp Grant on the San Pedro. They had gone into Tucson to obtain laborers to work on their ranch, and had hired a number of Mexicans. The party, consisting of about thirty, started for the ranch. Just after they left the Canyon del Oro they were attacked by about forty Apaches. Kennedy and Israel were both shot, Israel dying on the spot, but Kennedy, although badly wounded, succeeded in crawling a short distance from the camp. Most of the party succeeded in reaching some sheltering rocks and escaped from the Indians. The Indians plundered the wagons and set fire to them. One of the Mexicans, although badly wounded, succeeded in reaching Camp Grant where he gave the alarm, telling the story of the massacre. The troops were immediately sent out to the

scene of the tragedy and reached the place a little before daylight. They found Kennedy, shot in the breast with an arrow, perfectly rational, but suffering terribly. He stated that at the time of the attack he jumped upon a mule and was making good his escape when he was shot by an Indian. The mule was also shot, but Kennedy got far enough from the camp to avoid the Indians, and then laid down. He had broken the arrow off trying to pull it out. He was taken to the camp but died shortly after reaching there. A company under the command of Lieut. Howard B. Cushing started upon the trail of the Indians who had a considerable start of the troops, something over a day. One thing occurred which materially aided the pursuers. Among the things taken by the Indians was a box of patent medicine. The Indians, thinking it was whiskey, drank quite freely of it. The pursuers soon discovered that the medicine had affected them as the trail showed where they had staggered along, running against trees, bushes and cacti. The troops followed for several days, and finally succeeded in overtaking and surprising them one morning before daylight. The soldiers raised a terrific yell and poured a volley into the Indians which laid several low. The Apaches made for some rocks, but were soon driven from their shelter, many of them being killed and many being taken prisoners. The soldiers had followed them to the northwest, the Apaches making for the Tonto country. Although taken by surprise many of the Indians managed to effect their escape, the prisoners taken being mostly squaws.

In the summer of 1870 a party, from the Comstock mines of Nevada, fitted out by Lent & Harpending of San Francisco, was on its way to Fort Bowie for the purpose of examining the mines in that vicinity which had lately been discovered and were attracting considerable attention, as they were reported to be extremely rich. The party passed Maricopa Wells and all seemed to be going nicely. No signs of Indians had been seen, but, suddenly the party was surprised and attacked by the noted Cochise and his band. Many of the company made their escape in various conditions, but as the day was hot and most of them had little on but their underclothes, they arrived at Camp Grant in sad plight. Running through the brush and prickly pears had almost stripped them of what they originally wore, and some of them were badly wounded besides. It was the old story; they had seen no Indians and suspected no danger. Lieutenant Cushing, with a company, left Camp Grant in pursuit of the hostiles, whom they followed for several days, going over the ground where the city of Globe stands to-day. They overtook a part of the Indians and in trying to run down two of them, they had one man killed. They also lost an animal or two and killed one or perhaps two, Indians. The hardships of the trip over the mountains were such that both men and animals were about exhausted on their return to camp.

In the north the Indians were not idle. In the summer of 1870 a Lynx Creek miner, named Shirley, while hunting, went to a spring for a drink and was captured by the Indians. Being

missed, his friends searched for him and found his trail to the spring and saw where he had been surrounded and taken prisoner. All traces of him from that spot were lost, but a few years afterwards, in the Black Hills, the skeleton of a man was found tied by withes to a tree, head down, and the remains of a fire which had been built under his head were still visible. It was reasonably certain that the bones were those of the unfortunate Shirley, who was so tortured to death.

C. Davis, better known as "Jeff" Davis, had a lively experience. In those days he lived on a lonely ranch near the head of the Hassayampa and was engaged in farming and stock raising. The latter pursuit, however, was not a success, for whenever he had accumulated a few head of stock, the Indians would confiscate them. "Jeff" was a great hunter and on one of his expeditions he came upon a band of Indians in the heavy pine timber. Stepping behind a tree he waited until the foremost savage got within range, when his trusty rifle rang out and the Indian fell to rise no more. The astonished redskins looked around to see whence the attack came, and ere they could recover themselves, two more bit the dust. The remainder fled panic stricken, "Jeff" shooting as long as one was in sight.

In 1870 Stephens, Weaver, and some others, were on their way to Salt River, and a Mr. Hanna was on his way north with a load of grain for Prescott. They camped on the Agua Fria, twenty miles north of Phoenix, and had not separated long when the Indians attacked Hanna

and destroyed his train. It was the same band of Indians, no doubt, that massacred Major Sniveley and his party, and also captured a wagon and team out of Crete Bryan's train, besides committing numerous other depredations.

A. O. Noyes had a sawmill twelve miles from Prescott, where he cut a large quantity of lumber. It is stated that on his books were crosses against the names of over three hundred men with whom he had dealings, who had been killed by the Indians. During the years 1868, 1869, 1870 and 1871, Arizona and her people suffered the most.

General Stoneman, as has been stated, assumed command in Arizona about the middle of the year 1870, and was succeeded by General Crook in June, 1871. General Stoneman's tenure of office, like that of many of his predecessors, was of short duration, but he was very active. The expeditions which he organized, in some of which Governor Safford took part, explored the entire Apache country much of which, up to that time, had been unexplored by the whites. The combats of the Federal forces under his command, were discouraging to the hostiles. Through him a truce was declared between the Mohaves, the Wallapais, the Yavapais, and the Apache-Yumas, on the Colorado.

A. P. K. Safford, of Nevada, was appointed Governor of the Territory of Arizona by President Grant and took office in April, 1869.

After spending a short time in the Territory, and familiarizing himself with conditions, he left for the East. The "Miner," under date of February 12th, 1870, has the following:

“In an interview with the ‘New York Herald,’ Governor Safford said that on the first of January we had an army of fifteen hundred men, while the Apaches numbered over twenty thousand.” (If this is meant to be twenty thousand warriors it is evidently incorrect, for the entire population of the Apaches at that time did not number twenty thousand; probably two thousand warriors were all they could muster). “There are only fifteen or twenty military posts throughout the Territory. We need hardly add that the force is barely sufficient to carry on even a defensive warfare, while the property of the inhabitants is some distance from the posts and is constantly in immediate danger. The Apaches want no peace whatever. Time after time have we tried to teach them agricultural pursuits and change their mode of existence but scarcely had they been courteously received when some daring outrage would be committed, after which they would fly to their strongholds in the thickly wooded forests. Plunder is their ruling passion, and they follow it with a will, and it is almost impossible to get at them. In reply to a question as to what military force would be needed, Governor Safford said about three regiments of cavalry and one thousand infantry; that it was the opinion of military men that such a force would, within a year, eradicate the difficulty.

“Reporter: ‘Under the circumstances, what would you recommend as a proper course to be pursued?’

“Governor Safford: ‘As a matter of economy, to say nothing of humanity, I think the

Government should expend a sufficient sum to secure a permanent peace. Such a course would induce immigration. Surely, if you cannot protect yourselves you cannot protect the country. I am firmly convinced that the policy which is now being pursued by the Government will never tend to develop the country."

"He goes on to say that he does not believe in extermination, for the Indians have their rights, but the inhabitants of the Territory have also their rights, among which is peace. There are some peaceable tribes, including the Pimas, Papagoes, Maricopas, Mohaves and Yumas, always on good terms with the inhabitants, and they prosecute their agricultural labors with earnestness and honesty, but it is easy to be seen that over a Territory, three times as large as the State of New York, some sufficient force is requisite in order to protect the peaceably disposed."

One of the first acts of Governor Safford was the writing of a letter to General Thomas, then in command of the Department, asking that Arizona be allowed to raise volunteer troops for service against the Indians, which had, as we have seen, been recommended by both General Halleck and General McDowell. The manner in which this communication was received by the military authorities is shown in the following proclamation by the Governor:

"To All Whom It May Concern:

"Whereas, the constant depredations and uniform successes of the Apache Indians in murder and pillage, require courage and sacrifices by all our citizens, or the Territory will

continue to be overrun, our fair fields desolated, and our people driven out or exterminated; our lives and property, and the safety of our homes and firesides depend, to a great extent, upon our own exertions. If we help ourselves, the Government will be stimulated to more effectually help us. I know we have already lost many of our bravest and best; I also know that our people have been impoverished by constant robbery, and that few can even ill-afford to make additional sacrifices, but, on the other hand, if we continue to struggle and fight on in common, we may hope to soon witness the complete subjugation of our relentless foe, and thereafter possess in peace a Territory unsurpassed in leading resources and salubrity of climate; and

“Whereas, moved by these positive convictions, on the 31st day of August, 1869, I addressed a communication to Major-General George H. Thomas, then commanding the Military Division of the Pacific, requesting rations, arms and ammunition for three companies of citizen volunteers, which communication was referred to the General of the United States Army at Washington, and in reply the following circular was issued:

“ ‘HEADQUARTERS, DEPARTMENT OF CALIFORNIA,

“ ‘San Francisco, November 3, 1869.

“ ‘CIRCULAR No. 20.

“ ‘In answer to application to the General Commanding the Army for authority to furnish arms, ammunition and rations to three com-

panies of volunteers, serving against the Indians in Arizona, the following reply is received:

* * * * *

“Whenever the commanding officer of an organized body of troops in Arizona is moving against hostile Indians, there is no objection to his taking along such citizens as obey his orders and assist him with their arms. This is the best way for the people to aid the military.

“Very respectfully your obedient servant,
 “E. D. TOWNSEND,
 “Adjutant General.’”

“Whenever armed citizens choose to join a command moving against hostile Indians, they will be furnished with rations, and, if necessary, with ammunition, but nothing more.

“By Order of Major-General THOMAS,
 “WILLIAM D. WHIPPLE,
 “Asst. Adjutant General.
 “Headquarters Military Division of the Pacific,
 “San Francisco, Nov. 1, 1869.
 “By Command of Brevt. Maj.-Genl. ORD,
 “JOHN P. SHERBURNE,
 “Asst. Adjutant General.

“OFFICIAL:

“E. W. STONE,
 “Brevt. Lieut.-Col. U. S. Army, A. A. A. G.’
 and,

“Whereas, the military force within the Territory is inadequate to carry on an aggressively destructive war against the Apaches, or to insure protection to life and property, even in the most populous settlements:

“NOW, THEREFORE, the Government of the United States having furnished for the

use of our citizens 744 improved breach loading guns, with ample ammunition, I, A. P. K. Safford, Governor of the Territory of Arizona, and Commander-in-Chief of the militia thereof, call upon every able-bodied man, subject to military duty, to immediately aid in organizing the militia in accordance with law and with the recommendations of my proclamation of October 18th, 1869, in order that the arms may be distributed, and the militia force prepared for active service in the field, and for co-operation with the regular troops.

“Given under my hand and the seal of the Territory, at Tucson, this second day of May, A. D. 1870.

“A. P. K. SAFFORD.

“By the Governor:

“COLES BASHFORD,

“Secretary of the Territory.

“(Seal) “By THOS. E. McCAFFREY,

“Assistant Secretary.”

From the foregoing it will be seen that although the General Government refused the Governor's request for authority to raise volunteer troops, it was in favor of establishing a Territorial Militia, and furnished arms for that purpose.

In the “*Miner*,” under date of March 26th, 1870, I find the following:

“Governor Safford, according to a dispatch to the ‘*San Francisco Chronicle*,’ obtained the consent of the Senate Committee on Military Affairs, to recommend the raising of two volunteer regiments in Arizona for service against the Indians.”

It is unnecessary to say that authority was never given to raise these volunteer regiments.

It was a mystery at that time as to where the Apaches got their ammunition and guns. Of course they captured a great many guns, but not sufficient to account for the number of which they were possessed during this trying period. Many supposed that they were supplied by the Moqui Indians, as they were known to be constantly trading with the hostiles. The following official communication bearing upon this subject, was published in the "Miner" of July 23rd, 1870:

"Fort Wingate, New Mexico,
"July 2, 1870.

"To Brevet Major General George F. Wheaton,
"Commanding the Northern District of
"Arizona,
"Fort Whipple, Arizona.

"Sir:

"Your communication of the 10th of May, 1870, is at hand and I found it at Fort Defiance, Arizona, on my return from the Moqui Villages, where I took station on the 9th day of May last. The Moqui Indians have been in the habit of visiting Prescott and Fort Whipple, Arizona, from Oraibi, one of the Moqui villages under my charge. No doubt exists in my mind that the Oraibi trade more or less with different bands of the Apaches, as do several of the other villages, but not to so great an extent. During my stay I talked to them of the bad policy they were pursuing and its probable effects if not discontinued, but as they are situated in a remote land and as they are but Indians, I doubt if any re-

monstrance I could make would have any effect. However, I made all the villages promise to treat hostile Apaches as their enemies, as well as ours, threatening a discontinuance of Governmental assistance, and the arrest and trial of the chief who allowed any further trading with any of the Apaches. I expect soon to make another visit to the Moqui villages for the purpose of vaccinating all their inhabitants and relating the contents of your letter to them. It would be impracticable to get any Moquis to act as scouts as they are lazy, cowardly, and have their growing crops to attend to. I will mention the matter to the chiefs and send an Indian to Prescott with such information in regard to the matter as I can collect.

“Very respectfully your obedient servant,
 “A. L. PALMER,
 “Captain U. S. A.
 “Special Agent for Moqui Indians,
 “Arizona Territory.”

The following is General Order No. 9, showing the activities of the military at that time:

“Headquarters Department of Arizona,
 “August 2, 1870.

“GENERAL ORDER NUMBER 9.

“Following summary of successful operations against the Indians in this Department during the past three months is published for general information. Other scouts have been made creditable alike to officers and men engaged, but not having encountered Indians, no result other than scouting and acquiring a topographical

knowledge of the country, although special mention of these are not made.

“Lieutenant-Colonel G. B. Sanford left Camp McDowell in the latter part of April, with an expedition consisting of Troop E, First Cavalry, Lieutenant Sherman; Troop B, 3d Cavalry, Captain Meinhold and Lieutenant Smith; Company A, 21st Infantry, Brevet-Major Collins, five officers and eighty men, and moved to Pinal creek where he established a scouting camp. The expedition remained out over seventy days, and marched over five hundred miles. The following is a brief summary of the principal events:

“The command moved down Tonto Creek and up the Salt River and across to the Pinal Creek, where a large field of wheat was discovered and destroyed. On the 30th of April, Brevet-Major Collins was detached with a portion of the command, consisting of Lieut. Smith, 3rd Cavalry, and twenty-five men from E Troop, 1st Cavalry; twenty-five men from B Troop, 3rd Cavalry; three men of Company A, 21st Infantry, with citizen Murphy as a guide. Moving in an easterly direction and striking a trail, he followed it for eight miles and came upon a rancheria where a large quantity of mescal seeds was found and destroyed, the Indians having abandoned it but a few hours before its discovery. Pushing on eight miles further, he charged and succeeded in killing nine and capturing four, and destroying large quantities of mescal, blankets, seeds, etc. On returning to where he struck the first rancheria he discovered three Indians, and succeeded in killing two. He then returned to camp upon Pinal Creek, having

been out twenty-four hours, marching forty-five miles, and succeeding in killing eleven Indians and capturing four, besides destroying a large amount of property of great value to the Indians.

“The horses of B Troop, 3rd Cavalry, being in bad condition and the infantry having been constantly on the march, Colonel Smith replaced B Troop with E Troop, 3rd Cavalry, Captain Sutorius; and Co. A, with Co. G, of the 21st Infantry, Lieutenant J. M. Poss, one hundred and ten men in all, including E Troop, 1st Cavalry, which was not relieved. On the 21st, near Canyon Creek, for the purpose of moving with great rapidity, the pack train was placed in a secure position and left in charge of Lieutenant Poss with a guard of fifty men.

“Colonel Sanford started on the 25th with part of his command, and moved in an easterly direction towards the Black Mesa. About daylight on crossing the Aurora Colorado, evidence was discovered of the Apaches being present in large numbers, also corn fields, etc. Just before sunrise the command entered a large fertile valley bordering a beautiful stream of water, and almost immediately discovered a rancheria. The command was at once deployed and ordered to charge, which they did with a will. Other rancherias were found in various directions, and the men scattered in pursuit. About 10 A. M., the command was reunited, when about twenty-one Indians were found to have been killed, and twelve prisoners taken, also three horses and three mules captured. Large quantities of articles valuable to Indians

were destroyed. The valleys for miles were planted with corn. The command then returned, scouting through Turkey Valley, across Sombrero Butte, Salt River, Rio Pinto, and Tonto Creek, the result of the expedition being as follows:

“Apaches killed, 33. Captured 16 animals, horses 3, mules 3, besides having destroyed large fields of wheat and corn, and numerous other things of value to the Indians. In the rancherías on the Chevelon the scalp of a white man was found, and numerous articles which had been taken from citizens and volunteers.

* * * * *

“On the 29th of May, Lieutenant Cushing, 3d Cavalry, with Lieutenant Smith, 3rd Cavalry, fourteen men of B, and twenty of F, troops, 3d Cavalry, and thirty men of K Troop, 1st Cavalry, started in pursuit of a band of Indians who had attacked and captured a wagon train and killed some citizens near Canyon del Oro, on the road between Tucson and Camp Grant. Having discovered the trail, it was followed for a distance of about a hundred and seventy miles, when, in the afternoon of the 4th of June, having reached the top of the Apache mountains, discovered signs of being in their vicinity. The command was withdrawn down the eastern slope of the mountains into camp without having been discovered. At midnight the command moved towards the point where the campfires were seen, crossing the summit and moving down the western slope within about three miles of the rancherías, where the command was divided, Lieutenant

Cushing leading the direct attack, and Lieutenant Smith moving on the flank. At daylight on the morning of the 5th, the attack was made. In thirty minutes the rancherias were struck by Lieutenant Cushing's party, and the Indians, taken by surprise, ran down a canyon, where they were met by Lieutenant Smith and his party, and many killed. The Indians scattered in every direction, thirty being wounded in the immediate vicinity. Many hostiles were reported as killed by the men and two guides. The rugged nature of the ground where the rancherias were situated made it more than probable that many Indians were killed which were not seen by the commanding officers. Large quantities of prepared mescal and property, taken from the captured Indians, were destroyed, also two mules recaptured, the others having been killed.

"Lieutenant Cushing reports that the men behaved throughout in a manner worthy of the highest commendation, particularly recommending to the attention of the Department Commander Sergeants Warfield of the 3d Cavalry, and Whooten of the 1st Cavalry, and guides Manuel and Oscar Hutton.

"These expeditions were made pursuant to instructions from Colonel Cogswell, commanding the subdistrict of Southern Arizona; and he reports them as having been in every way satisfactory.

"On the 3rd of June Lieutenant Graham, with fourteen men of M Troop, 3d Cavalry, started in pursuit of a band of Indians who had driven off a herd of cattle from the immediate

vicinity of Fort Whipple. Lieutenant Graham started without waiting to saddle, and pushed them to such an extent that they abandoned the herd, except three which they had killed, which he recovered, and killed two Indians.

“Expedition under the command of Captain William Ory, 3rd Cavalry, consisting of Lieutenant Cradlebaugh, 3rd Cavalry, acting as assistant sergeant, and thirty-five enlisted men of Troops A, C, L, and M, 3rd Cavalry, left Camp Verde on the 27th of May, 1870, with instructions to locate a practicable wagon road from Camp Verde to the new post in the White Mountains, and to the mouth of Cottonwood Fork on the Colorado Chiquito. Captain Ory returned on the 27th of June, having been successful in finding a practicable road to both points indicated. In one of the several engagements with the Indians, the command killed one and captured seven, having one sergeant and two privates wounded in the attack. The commanding officers convey their thanks to the officers and men engaged in the above operation for the energy and perseverance displayed. By such exertions they not only reflect credit on themselves but on the regiments to which they belong.

“By command of Brevet Major General Stoneman,

“E. W. STONE,

“B. L. COLLINS, U. S. A.,

“Acting Assistant Adjutant General.”

CHAPTER VII.

OUTRAGES BY INDIANS.

“MINER” EDITORIAL DESCRIBING TRIP THROUGH INDIAN COUNTRY — INTERVIEWS BETWEEN GENERAL STONEMAN AND INDIANS — “MINER” PRINTS PETITION TO PRESIDENT WITH LIST OF THREE HUNDRED AND ONE PERSONS KILLED BY INDIANS IN SEVEN YEARS.

On the 15th of October, 1870, the “Miner” had an editorial written by John Marion, which follows:

“On a trip through Arizona the Indians had not changed much since last we saw them in 1866, but we missed some familiar faces, and as the members of the tribes could give no straight accounts of their whereabouts, the conclusion forced itself upon us that they had fallen while raiding upon the whites. (This is from Camp Thomas.) The supposition was that all the Indians around the post were Coyotero Apaches, and it is probably correct. We circulated about the post considerably during the evening of our first day there and gleaned some facts regarding our red brother and the country, the relation of which may prove interesting to our readers. Our guide, who appeared to be well posted, assured us that the Coyotero band or tribe numbered nearly six thousand souls, fifteen hundred of whom might be classed as warriors, which we think is an over estimate. They have four chiefs, the head one being Seskalthesala, whose chieftainship came

down to him. His ancestors were Pedro Miguel and Chiquita Capitania. He has but one eye but manages to see clearer with that than do many of his brother chiefs with their two eyes. In a word, he is by far the shrewdest, most able Indian in the tribe. The Coyotereros profess to be at peace with the whites, but those who know them best look upon such profession as a good joke. Seskalthesala and his followers have, for years, been friendly with us, not for any love they have for us, but for motives of policy, and no truer idea of the sentiments of the tribe can be given than the fact that Seskalthesala, whom they once revered and styled 'Capitania Grande,' has sunk into insignificance and disrepute among them. Yet we have some faith in the peaceable professions of the remaining chiefs, and believe that we can ally them to us by treating them squarely and properly, which is by keeping a respectable number of troops in their country, assisting them to raise crops, furnishing them with medicine, and seeing that they stay at home and do not steal away on expeditions. When all this is done the Coyotereros may act honestly. Their country is a delightful one, and it is said they are passionately fond of it. Go where you will through it and you will find plenty of game, grass, timber, and water, with sufficient agricultural lands to produce food for ten thousand people. They know how to raise corn, wheat, and vegetables, at least the women do, and of late years they have had particular luck with their crops and have raised enough corn and fodder to sell to the posts. We know it to be the fixed opinion

of Arizonans that the Apache cannot be tamed, as proper measures for doing so have never been taken, but it may be that the opportunity will soon be here. We hope so at all events, and it is cheaper by far for the country to further their civilization than it is to fight them, which latter mode of dealing with them has, so far, proven an expensive way of subduing them. The Coyotereros speak the same language as their friends the Pinalenos and Tontos, and perhaps the Apache-Mohaves, which latter tribe is now normally at peace with us. All being Apaches, they visit one another, intermarry, and get along together, so that it looks ridiculous to be at peace with one clan and allow them to become acquainted with our ways and means, while fighting their friends and brothers. Although the Coyotereros say the other clans are anxious to make peace with us, the recent murders and robberies committed by them do not look much like it. All Apaches are on good terms with the Zuni and Moqui Indians, and a brisk trade is kept up among them. On the contrary, the powerful Navaho tribe, once part and parcel of the Apache nation, and still speaking the same language, are deadly foes to the Apaches, killing them whenever and wherever they can and robbing them at every opportunity. The Navahos are also the scourge of the Moquis and Zunis, and, being brave Indians, all others are afraid of them. But a little while ago a party of these King Robbers killed a Coyotero and stole his horse, and soon after cut down the wheat which the poor Zunis were growing, and packed it away with them. The Coyotereros,

male and female, are a hardy, good looking, intelligent race of Indians. The women are noted for their virtue and industry. The men spend their time in gambling and lying around, when not hunting or stealing. They manufacture from buckskin very good monte cards, a pack of which was secured by Dr. Wirts. They are exceedingly suspicious, superstitious and religious, consequently have great faith in and reverence for their medicine men. If memory serves us right, they deposit their dead in caverns with all their personal effects. We would be delighted to find out something about our near and very dear neighbors, the Pinalenos and Tontos, but only heard that the Pinalenos could, perhaps, muster fifteen hundred warriors, which, if true, is better for us, for they are a villainous set of robbers and murderers.

“The next morning the sun shone brightly upon the camp, and we awoke with the first tap of the drum, ate a hearty breakfast, and started down the river to look for a new site for a post, that is, Colonel Stoneman, Major Cogswell, Major Green, Captain Smith, and all the doctors went for that purpose and we accompanied them so as to be on hand to record any incident that might occur, for there was a steep canyon in front of the site whose depth had to be determined, and in doing it some of the officers might fall down and break their necks. The new site gave entire satisfaction to all, and Colonel Stoneman accepted it for the future home of his braves. It is on a high mesa a hundred feet above the level of the stream, and cannot be other than a healthy location. An

Indian powwow was to take place this forenoon, and when our party got back to camp, many Indians were squatted under the trees near Colonel Stoneman's tent, anxious to shake hands with him and eager to talk in their smooth, wild dialect. After the usual presentations were made, Mr. Miguel took the floor and addressed himself to Chairman Stoneman, saying in substance that he was glad to see him; that God made man different, the white man he made rich and the red man he made poor, which was all a mistake on Mr. Miguel's part, but he continued in regard to where he had made peace with Colonel Green, and had been a good man ever since.

"Seskalthesala spoke next. He commenced by saying that he had much to say and was going to say it, which remark made us feel uneasy for we were anxious to get on the road and strike on, but he continued and we were forced to listen to the whole speech. The veins in his neck swelled until they were as large as a man's finger; his mouth opened, and he said he had heard a good deal about Stoneman, and was glad to see him. God had brought them together to smoke in peace, (a gentle hint for some cigarettes which were immediately furnished and passed around), and what he had said or might say would be written on stone and he thought it would last. Of course this was merely a figure of speech, for neither the old fellow nor any of his tribe understood the art of writing on stone or anything else. Then in token of his love for the rations of beef that had been given to him, he said that he was always glad

to get to eat meat; that snow would soon come and his people needed clothing. Once they were rich in horses, mules, asses, and cattle, and could trade with the Zunis for everything they needed, powder and lead included. Now they were poor, the soldiers and the frosts having destroyed their crops, and they did not even have powder and lead to kill game with.

“Pedro, who appeared in a green suit of manta, commenced in a begging strain. His people wanted more rations, guns, powder, lead, and clothing. He declaimed against the Navahos, and ordered them kept on their reservations, or, if they would not stay there, he would fight them and steal from them. He wanted a physician and an Indian Agent for his people, and expressed a laudable desire to learn something about two Indians whom he once sent to Tucson and who, it was rumored, had been massacred near that place. He furthermore said that one of Cochise’s friends, named Cheis, had visited Colonel Green, and was anxious to make peace with the Americans, and that he believed that Cheis meant what he said. He then spoke about the Pinalenos, and said that all but one chief were tired of war. Pedro then subsided, and Miguel spoke in a new vein. He wanted hoes, axes, and other tools for his people, so that they could till the ground and make themselves comfortable. This speech pleased Colonel Green and General Stoneman better than all the rest. General Stoneman inquired if they, the chiefs, had said all they desired. Upon being answered in the affirmative, General Stoneman then commenced by promising to do all he could for the

Indians who had lived in peace with the whites. God, he said, wanted all people to live in peace. Away to the East were myriads of white men, and the great Father of all Indians and Americans would do right by all. This appeared to please the reds, who grunted their approval. General Stoneman then said that should the Navahos continue to war upon them, he would issue orders to the commanders of posts to send their soldiers against the Navahos. He advised them to abandon the foolish custom of burning the clothing of those who died as it kept them poor and naked. He said that he would keep on giving them rations of meat, and perhaps flour, providing they would live peaceably and assist the troops in hunting and killing bad Indians. He tried to impress them with the idea of the great cost to the Government of flour, beef, etc., and promised them corn, etc., and said he hoped that thereafter they would raise grain and vegetables to feed themselves. He further said that the business of the soldiers was to kill bad Indians and protect citizens, and if they did not behave themselves and stop stealing from posts and settlements that they would all get killed. In two months he would be prepared to furnish them with medicines, and would also write to Congress for an Indian Agent for them.

“The Colonel’s talk being ended, Miguel, with fitting words and great tact, asked the General what he intended doing with Barbrashae, an old and bad Pinal chief, who was then in the guardhouse in a wilted condition. After inquiring about the case, the General asked Miguel

what he would like to see done with him. Miguel would not say further than that the prisoner was in the General's hands; that he had been a bad Indian, but was then, and would thereafter be, incapable of doing harm, for the very good reason that he was in feeble health and could not last long. Finally Miguel acknowledged that he wished Barbrashae set at liberty and he would go security for his good behavior in the future if the General demanded it, but that he first wished to give Barbrashae a piece of his mind. In answer to this proposition the General said, in substance, that he would release Barbrashae, but that if he wanted to keep on fighting he could do so and he would get killed. This pleased the Indians and they applauded with a vim. After a general handshaking, the conference broke up. We bade goodbye to our friends, and started for Camp Goodwin, never stopping until we arrived on the banks of that noble stream, the Agua Prieta, or Salt River, which was late in the afternoon. The distance traveled was eighteen miles over a very rough country, containing plenty of wood, water, and grass. During the night Paymaster Monroe and the Honorable Sylvester Mowry arrived and told us the news."

Under date of October 14th, 1871, the "Miner" prints a petition to the President, attached to which was a list of three hundred and one names of people killed by the Apaches since 1864, which number was probably not one-half, but was at least ten per cent of the adult American population of Arizona at that time. This petition and list follow:

“The undersigned citizens of the Territory of Arizona, regarding the present anomalous state of affairs concerning the Indian difficulties in the Territory as being in the highest degree unsatisfactory and perilous to our interests as a community, respectfully represent:

“That we desire nothing more earnestly than peace with the Apaches.

“That last spring, many disheartened by our sufferings and losses from hostile Indians, were preparing to abandon the Territory where we have labored and waited for years, hoping for the subjugation of the Apaches, when the assignment of General George Crook to the command of this Department gave us new hope, and we determined to hold on a little longer, and believed that the operations inaugurated by the General were calculated to result in a speedy settlement of our troubles, but, just as his plans were being successfully put in force, we learn that the matter is taken out of his hands and turned over to the Peace Commissioners.

“That although we had no confidence in their policy, being satisfied from past experiences that no peace treaty to which the Apache is an equal party can be lasting, we were willing to give all the assistance in our power to the Commissioners to aid them in their plans, but since the arrival of their agent here, we perceive with dismay that the most hostile tribes refuse to treat with him, and have continued their murderous and thieving raids as boldly and viciously as ever.

“That we are disappointed and discouraged by the policy of the agent in proposing to con-

tinue the practice of giving asylum and aid at military posts indiscriminately to all Indians choosing to seek it, as the past has proven that the warriors can thus leave their families and property in security while they make marauding excursions over the country, and return with their scalps and plunder to the protection of the posts.

“That we are satisfied that the party having authority to make peace treaties with our Indian enemies should also have power to promptly punish violations of such treaties.

“Therefore, we, your petitioners, do most earnestly ask your Excellency to inform us whether it is the design of the Government to place the management of affairs pertaining to Indians in Arizona, not now living on reservations, in the hands of the Peace Commissioners, or under the control of the Department Commander.

“And we do further most respectfully represent that if the policy here inaugurated by the agent of the Peace Commissioners is to be persisted in, the deserted homes of our friends and neighbors, and the graves of those slain by the Apaches, which line every road and trail, and fill every graveyard in Arizona, warn us that if we remain here, we must expect a similar fate.

“One cause for this movement is that we of Arizona, and the people of California in our behalf, have exhausted, to no purpose, every other means by which we hoped and believed the protection of life and property in Arizona might be secured, and, as a last resort, appeal to the President in a manner direct.

“That the most prejudiced against the settlers on the frontiers might be convinced that this effort has not been wantonly put forth, and at the same time to prove the terrible necessity for some means, yet untried, by which we may hope to obtain protection, we publish, in connection, a list of such of the Indian murders and robberies as have been recorded since March, 1864. We will permit this cause to speak for itself, to the American people, and then, without apprehension, we will leave the fair and disinterested of our fellow citizens to draw their conclusions with regard to us. Here, then, is the list:

“We will commence with Yavapai county, where, on March 4th, 1864, the savages whom we had partially clothed and fed, dug up the hatchet, and without cause or provocation, commenced a career of murder and robbery unparalleled in the history of the west, by murdering five Mexicans and three Americans: Upton, Mellen, and a man whose name is unknown to us.

“March 16th, they attacked the ranch of Sheldon & Forbes, near Prescott, and killed a Mr. Cosgrove.

“June 1st, Belnap was murdered near Walnut Grove.

“June 6th, they waylaid and killed W. P. Jones in the Big Bug District, and shockingly mutilated his body.

“On the same day Samuel Harrison was slain in Battle Flat.

“July 24th, poor Jack Beauchamp lost his life while exploring the country east of Prescott. The ‘friendly’ Coyoteros killed him.

“March 13th, three men, names unknown, were killed near Camp Date Creek.

“March 15th, 1865, Charles Smith was killed near Wickenburg.

“March 20th, they killed a Mr. Somers near the same place.

“April 10th, L. Cross was murdered at the sink of the Hassayampa while herding a band of animals; twenty-one animals were stolen, and seventeen arrows shot into Cross' naked corpse.

“Mr. Alexander was killed some time in this month about two miles west of Prescott.

“March 2nd, a soldier, name unknown, fell into their hands near Prescott, and was butchered.

“In April, 1865, a Mexican teamster was killed in Mohave County.

“May 2nd, a Mexican was killed near Lynx Creek.

“May 3rd, at Willow Springs, between Camp Date Creek and Kirkland Valley, Richard Bell, Cornelius Sage and Charles Cunningham fell victims to the savages.

“May 26th, John Ryan, a soldier, was murdered near Wickenburg.

“June 2nd, Harry, alias 'Hog' Johnson, murdered on Arrastra Creek, while on herd.

“July 22nd, they killed a soldier named John Whitting, near Skull Valley.

“Some time in August Sheriff Calkins and two soldiers were severely wounded, between Lynx Creek and Fort Whipple.

“In 1865 or 1866 they murdered a son of Pauline Weaver near Wickenburg.

“In 1865 or 1866 they attacked Pauline Weaver and a man named Raymond, inflicting

upon Raymond a wound which finally caused his death.

“March 30th, 1866, Wallapais killed Edward Clower at the Willows, on the Prescott and Mohave road.

“May 1st, John Broderick, a soldier, was shot and killed on the Rio Verde, near Camp Verde.

“About the same date a body of an unknown man was found on the trail to Walnut Grove, corpse mutilated and filled with arrows.

“In September, 1866, Wm. Boone was killed in Mohave County.

“November 8th, William Trahern, Leroy Jay and L. M. Linton were murdered while going from Woolsey’s ranch to the Bully Bueno mill and mine.

“November 10th, G. W. Leihy, Superintendent of Indian Affairs, and his clerk, a Mr. Evarts, were most foully murdered while passing through Bell’s Canyon, by Indians whom Mr. Leihy had treated with great kindness.

“In 1866 or 1867, Steinbrook was killed at or near Walnut Grove.

“April 27th, E. A. Bentley died from the effects of a wound received in a fight with Indians at Weaver Hill, a short time previous.

“February 19th or 20th they killed, near Martinez’s ranch, on the Prescott and La Paz wagon road, Jack Gould and two other men, whose names are unknown to us.

“About this date two soldiers, named Harrington and Duvall, of Co. B., 32nd Infantry, lost their lives near Camp Verde.

“In March J. Taggart was murdered in Mohave County.

“In the same month D. T. McCall was murdered in Mohave County.

“June, 1867, William Taggart was murdered in Mohave County.

“July 27th, near Walnut Grove, Harvey Twaddle received a wound, from which he died August 5th.

“August 1st, they killed a soldier on Big Bug Creek.

August 3rd, two soldiers were killed in Bell’s Canyon.

“August 7th, I. A. Wamsley was killed on the Lower Agua Fria.

“September 10th, they killed W. M. Sexton near Burnt Ranch.

“March 31st, 1868, Indians attacked a mail party between the Willows and Cottonwoods on the Prescott and Mohave road, killed two soldiers, Corporal Troy and Private Glover, and wounded the carrier, Charles Spencer.

“May 13th, Joe Green and John McWhorter were attacked and killed between Camps McDowell and Reno.

“May 18th, they killed John C. Baker, east of the Rio Verde.

“May 29th, a man was killed between Prescott and Skull Valley.

“June 16th, between McDowell and Reno, four soldiers, Sergeant Lemon and Privates Murphy, Merrill and Morrow, were killed.

“July 23rd, a soldier named Joachim was shot dead near Williamson Valley.

“August 30th, the savages killed a man named Oscar Kelly, between Wickenburg and the Vulture Mill and Mine.

“August, John Altman was murdered in Mohave County.

“September 2nd, a Mexican, Juan Teps, was murdered between Prescott and Lynx Creek.

“In September a man named R. C. Bean was killed near the White Mountains.

“September 4th, Robert Smith was shot and killed within sight of the Big Bug Mill.

“October 28th, they killed B. F. Thompson, one and a half miles from Prescott.

“October 24th, J. J. Gibson received a wound, from the effects of which he died November 7th, 1868.

“October 25th, they killed Josiah Whitcomb near the Burnt Ranch.

“October 26th, they attacked a party near the Cienega and wounded George Bowers mortally. He died October 30th at Camp Verde.

“November 26th, they killed a soldier near Wickenburg, and a day or two afterwards a man named Robert Nix.

“November 8th, they made an attack on a pack train in Big Bug District, and killed Jose Rico, Secundia Lopez and Jose Molino.

“November 12th, Frank Pougeot fell into their clutches near Wickenburg and was cruelly murdered.

“December 1st, John O'Donnell was killed near Camp Willows, about sixty miles west from Prescott.

“Some time in 1868 they attacked John Dickson and Matt Welsh, who escaped.

“In 1869 they killed as follows:

“February 22nd or 23rd, William Burnett, near Granite Wash on the Prescott and La Paz road.

“February 25th, John Howell, between Skull Valley and Kirkland Valley.

“February 26th, David Osborn, near Prescott.

“April 18th, Milton S. Hadley, at Camp Toll Gate.

“May 29th, J. Sheldon, near Willow Grove.

“August 18th, Harrison Gray, at Walnut Grove.

“August 21st, a Mexican, name unknown.

“August, William Taylor, murdered in Mohave County.

“About the same time, near Beale Springs, a man called ‘Doc’ was murdered.

“September 8th, four Mexicans, near the Vulture Mine.

“October 16th, Julius Pelet, at the old Mexican camp, lower Lynx Creek.

“November 27th, George Melvin, near Williamson Valley.

“November 11th, they captured John Y. Shirley near Lynx Creek, about twelve miles east from Prescott, and burned him at the stake.

“November 27th, Thos. N. Berry was killed near Prescott.

“December 28th, an unknown Mexican was killed between Camp McDowell and Phoenix.

“December 13th, Wesley Finnerty was murdered at Kirkland Valley.

“February 10th, 1870, Indians stole four animals from some placer mines on the Hassayampa, about twelve miles from Prescott.

“February 21st, the reds visited Phoenix, and got away with sixteen head of cattle.

“February 28th, a man named Jacob Smith was killed on the Mohave road, seventeen miles

from Prescott, his body stripped, horribly mutilated and filled with arrows.

“March 18th, they made a raid on the herd belonging to the Big Bug Mill Company, wounded the herder, and got away with ten horses and mules.

“March 22nd, a party of three men prospecting about eighty miles northeast from Prescott were attacked, all seriously wounded and their animals stolen. Ferdinand Wander was wounded mortally and shot himself dead with his own revolver to end his sufferings. The other two reached the settlements two days later, nearly dead from loss of blood and want of water.

“About the same date a party of prospectors on Bradshaw Mountain, about forty miles southeast from Prescott, had four pack mules stolen by the Indians.

“April 1st, the rascals drove off a hundred and thirty head of sheep and goats belonging to H. Brooks, one mile from Prescott.

“April 7th, a Mexican was shot through the arm while cutting wood, two miles above Prescott.

“The same day a large band of Indians made a descent on a herd of mules belonging to Mr. Ariola, Wickenburg, killed one Mexican herder, badly wounded another, and got away with seventy-four fine team mules.

“April 17th, the Indians murdered William Pearson while he was plowing in Mint Valley, fourteen miles from Prescott, and drove off his animals.

“April 18th, P. Dorgan was shot and seriously wounded while prospecting near Camp Date Creek.

“April 19th, a man named Greeley, a station-keeper on the road ten miles below Wickenburg, was murdered near his house.

“April 23rd, a Mr. Seebright, who had charge of a herd of three hundred and fifty sheep, near Williamson Valley, was murdered and all the sheep stolen.

“May 18th, Oliver Peterson was shot and three animals stolen, at Walnut Grove. Mr. Peterson died from his wounds about three weeks afterwards.

“June 3rd, the Indians made a raid on a herd of sixty head of cattle between Fort Whipple and Prescott, belonging to A. G. Dunn. The herder was shot through the hand. Although the Indians were closely pursued for twenty miles, they got off with eleven head, and killed six head on the trail.

“June 4th, Indians attacked the Government herd at Camp Verde, killed the corporal in charge of the herd, and drove away twelve animals.

“June 6th, Alfred Johnson and Mr. Watson were murdered on the road between Skull Valley and Camp Date Creek.

“June 13th, Indians stole two horses and ten burros from Burger & Lambertson, at Walnut Grove.

“July 24th, Messrs. Thomas, Elliott and Dawson, coming to town with a load of barley, were attacked by thirty Apaches and, after an hour's

fighting, were obliged to abandon their wagon and load, which the Indians burned.

“August 10th, Apaches stole six head of cattle from Joe Fye on Salt River.

“About the same date Indians stole nine horses and mules from the Eureka Mill, at the head of Lynx Creek, and drove off three animals from the Davis Ranch on the Hassayampa, also shot and slightly wounded S. Ball near the Bradshaw Mountains.

“August 27th: during the week ending August 27th, the Apaches gobbled up fourteen head of horses and mules in Williamson Valley, nine near Camp Hualapai, two at Wickenburg, and five at Deep Wash Station on the La Paz Road.

“September 14th, Indians stole nine head of cattle from J. H. Lee, at American ranch, in Round Valley, twelve miles from Prescott.

“October 6th, Wm. E. Dennison was murdered by Indians at Davis' ranch on the Hassayampa, eight miles from Prescott.

“November 13th, Wm. Farley and J. T. Bullock were brutally murdered by Apaches near the Big Bug quartz mill.

“November 15th, Thomas Rutledge was murdered and mutilated by Indians within half a mile of Prescott.

PIMA COUNTY.

“March 1st, 1864, Gilbert W. Hopkins and W. Wrightson were murdered near Fort Buchanan.

“Here follows a lapse of two years during which no newspaper was published at Tucson, and consequently no record of the Indian depre-

dations in Pima county for that term is extant. It is probable that during this period eight Americans were burned at the stake near Apache Pass, and that murder and robbery became 'wholesale' on the Santa Cruz, Sonoita and San Pedro.

"March 26th, 1866, Major Miller, U. S. A., and four soldiers were attacked and murdered at Round Valley, on the road from the Pima Villages to Camp Grant.

"June 7th, 1867, three Mexicans were murdered between Camp Grant and Tucson.

"June 4th, a white man, name unknown, was murdered on the ranch of Jesus M. Elias, near Camp Grant, and on the same day, another man was murdered on the ranch of Tomlinson & Co., on the San Pedro.

"March 23rd, 1868, Johnson and Daniels were murdered near Picacho.

"May 6th, a Mexican, three miles from Tucson.

"May 26th, four men, Brownley, 'Tennessee,' Knowles and King, between Tucson and the Rio Grande.

"July 13th, near the Cienega, Soto and Barba murdered.

"July 15th, near San Xavier, a friendly Indian was slain and a woman carried off into captivity.

"July 16th, Alonzo M. Erwin murdered at Camp Grant.

"July 23rd, near Camp Crittenden, two men were murdered and a man named Carroll captured and carried off.

"July 24th, a Mexican named Cozozo was murdered near Camp Grant.

“August 27th, James Pennington, near San Xavier.

“November 10th, a Mr. Ballon near Apache Pass.

“November 13th, a Mexican near the same place.

“February 26th, 1869, they murdered two men, Price and Davis, near Camp Grant.

“March 19th, two Mexicans were murdered near Picacho.

“March 23rd, a white man was murdered near Camp Grant.

“April 13, seven Mexicans murdered near Camp Crittenden.

“April 14th, near same place, two soldiers were murdered.

“May 11th, between Tucson and Camp Grant three men murdered.

“March 28th, a man killed at San Pedro.

“June 10th, the savages murdered Mr. Pennington and son, of Sonoita.

“June 19th, Jose Jaramillo was murdered at Soldiers' Farewell.

“June 26th, at the same place, two men lost their lives.

“July 3rd, on the San Pedro, three men, Johnson, McMurray and O'Donnell, fell victims to the savages.

“July 15th, a Mexican at Palo Parado ranch.

“August 25th, man murdered at Soldiers' Farewell.

“October 6th, seven men, four soldiers and three citizens, were murdered near Apache Pass. Among them were Colonel Stone, President of the Apache Pass Mining Company, and

a Mr. Kaler. The names of the other victims are unknown.

“October 13th, two Mexicans murdered near Tucson.

“November 26th, Benjamin Aiken and a Mexican were murdered on the Sonoita.

“November 30th, Richard Halstead was murdered near Florence.

“December 14th, they murdered the mail carrier between Florence and McDowell.

“About the same date they murdered three men near the Cienega.

“September 7th, 1869, Indians made a descent upon a ranch at the Rillito, and captured thirty-five head of beef cattle, the property of Don Pancho Gomez.

“September 9th, two Texans, named Benton and Foster, returning to their native State, were murdered by Indians at San Pedro.

“October 13th, a band of Indians captured a herd of ninety cattle at the Rillito, and killed one Mexican and four horses.

“October 21st, a Mexican named Pesquiera was fired at by Indians near Nine Mile Station, and his horse shot dead under him.

“November 27th, Indians captured Government herd at Camp Bowie.

“November 27th, Indians stole two horses from the station of J. Miller at the Cienega.

“November 28th, Indians visit Camp Crittenden at night, kill a cow at a distance of two hundred yards from the post, and carry off a tent.

“About the same date they attacked the premises of Mr. Barnes at Camp Wallen, carried off his effects and then burned his store and storehouse.

“December 1st, Indians steal thirty-two head of mules from the ranch of Mr. Allen, bordering on Tucson, in view of Camp Lowell.

“December 4th, the bodies of three Americans, recently murdered, were discovered near the Cienega.

“December 10th, the mail rider on the route between Florence and Camp McDowell, was murdered and the mail captured. Indians endeavored to fire a ranch at Camp Grant and stole a Government mule.

“January 8th, 1870, Samuel Brown and J. Simms were murdered by Indians at the San Pedro settlement and their team captured.

“January 17th, Indians invaded the premises of Clint Thompson, at Sacaton, and captured forty-five head of cattle.

“January 18th, thirty-eight head of cattle captured by Indians near San Xavier.

“January 20th, they attacked the Sonora mail stage near Sasabi Flat. E. Aguerra, his clerk, and two passengers were murdered.

“January 31st, Indians made a descent upon the ranch of Mr. Morgan near Camp Crittenden, and drove off three mules belonging to W. J. Osborn.

“February 2nd, Solomon Warner and Dr. Wakefield were attacked by Indians near Camp Crittenden, the former wounded, and the latter killed.

“February 3rd, Indians attacked a train near the Point of Mountain, drove off the escort, killed two men, wounded one, drove off twelve mules, and carried off a considerable amount of property.

“February 8th, Diego Campio was murdered by Indians in the neighborhood of Florence, and teams and other property captured.

“February 22nd, Indians stole six fine blooded cows from the ranch of Mr. Allen near Tucson.

“February 26th, Indians visited the premises of Colonel Ruggles, near Florence, and stole two horses from the corral.

“March 1st, Indians made a raid upon the ranches of Brown and Gardner, near Camp Crittenden, and captured all the stock belonging to both ranches.

“March 7th, the Paymaster’s clerk, en route from Camp Reno to Camp McDowell, with an escort of thirteen soldiers, was wounded, and one of the escort killed.

“April 6th, a Mexican named Siez was murdered at Rillito; his horse and the horse of his companion captured.

“April 7th, a herd of two hundred cattle, the property of Juan Gregalba, stolen from a field in the vicinity of Tucson.

“April 10th, A. J. Jackson murdered by Indians at San Pedro.

“April 11th, a Mexican named Soto was murdered and scalped in the neighborhood of Camp Wallen.

“April 18th, Indians visited Camp Grant and stole three horses from Captain Hinds’ wagon, and four mules, the property of C. Conwell.

“April 17th, Indians visited the ranch of J. Miller at the Cienega, and killed one of the soldiers stationed there.

“April 21st, a party of Mexicans coming from Sonora were attacked by Indians at the Potrero, and six men killed.

“June 6, two hundred Indians attacked the wagons of Messrs. Kennedy & Israel, near Canyon del Oro, murdered both men, captured the teams and goods, and burned the wagons.

“June 8th, Indians made a raid upon the ranch of Mr. Gardner, on the Sonoita, murdered David Holland, captured a Mexican boy, and ran off a herd of cattle.

“June 15th, Indians take twenty-eight head of cattle from San Xavier, the property of Mr. Lazard.

“June 25th, Indians attacked a prospecting party near Cottonwood Springs, on the road from Florence to Camp Grant, wounded Messrs. Myers, Johns and Curtis, and captured the wagon and its effects valued at about two thousand dollars.

“July 1st, Indians attacked the train of Mr. Yerkes near the San Pedro and killed one mule.

“July 10th, Mr. Yerkes' train again attacked, at Oak Grove, fifty odd miles from Camp Goodwin, and one animal captured.

“On the same day Messrs. Smith and Ynigo were murdered on the ranch of Peter Kitchen, fifteen miles from Tubac.

“July 14th, Indians visited Point of Mountain Station, eighteen miles west of Tucson, and captured six mules.

“July 17th, Indians attacked the ranch of J. C. Blanchard, near Tubac, carried off all his effects, and fired the buildings.

“August 7th, Thomas Venable, Peter Riggs, and a Mexican killed by Indians at Davis Springs, eighteen miles from Camp Crittenden. Wagons and goods to the value of over six thousand dollars burned, and the stock driven off.

“August 8th, the mail rider and two other men, Scott and Young, were murdered at the Cienega, twenty-five miles eastward from Tucson. The station, with much property, was destroyed.

“August 13th, Indians attacked station at Point of Mountain and seriously wounded Mr. Blowe in the left shoulder.

“August 18th, mail stage attacked by Indians halfway between the Cienega, and the San Pedro; murdered Wm. Burns, driver, John Collins, stage superintendent, and two soldiers of Co. D, 21st Infantry.

“December 28th, they attacked a freight train between Tucson and Camp Goodwin, killed Martin Rivera, wounded two others and captured thirty head of oxen.

“The same day a party of Sonorians were attacked near Tubac and two were killed.

“September 23rd, 1868, John Killian was waylaid and murdered within one mile of Hardyville.

“October 1st, in Sacramento District, four men, Messrs. Woodworth, Benjamin, Judson, and Baker, met their death at the hands of savages; Sam Knodle wounded, lost the use of his right arm.

“June 24th, 1867, the savages killed a mail carrier, name unknown, near Beale Springs.

“August 20th, James H. Stimpson, Frank Messer, and Edward Yonker lost their lives while visiting mines in Sacramento District.

MISCELLANEOUS.

“January 5th, 1871, Indians made a night attack upon Lieut. Cradlebaugh's command, con-

sisting of the Lieutenant himself, citizens Peck and McCrackin, Surgeon Steigers, and twenty enlisted men, which resulted in the wounding of Dr. Steigers and private Meyers, the killing of twenty-three government horses, and the capture of three. This happened about forty miles east from Prescott.

“January 11th, a Mexican train was attacked near the Agua Fria Station on the road from Phoenix to Wickenburg; one Mexican was killed and three were wounded. The savages took a horse and thirty-two head of cattle after having destroyed the contents of the wagons.

“About this date the savages made a raid upon the Gila, and stole eighteen head of mules.

“January 14th, Apaches stole thirty or forty mules from the vicinity of Arizona City.

“About the same date they got off with seven head of cattle and twelve horses from Culling’s Station on the Prescott and La Paz road.

“On the 19th, near Camp McDowell, they attacked a train belonging to W. B. Hellings & Co., killed George King, wounded P. Fenton, and another man. They then burned the wagons and their contents and put off towards the mountains with Mr. Helling’s animals, twenty-five mules.

“February 8th, Indians fired on some citizens near Camp Verde.

“About the same date Indians stole four horses from Phoenix.

“Also at Willow Grove, a party of Wallapai Indians shot a man and ran off with several head of stock.

“February 11th, a party of fifty savages was discovered when about to attack Beach’s train,

near Prescott, and being charged by the whites, fled.

“Soon after this they visited the ranch formerly owned by Littig on Lower Granite Creek, about twelve miles from Prescott, and opened fire upon two men who were at work for A. C. Williamson. The men held their ground for awhile and then fled.

“About the same date a party of them paid their respects to the settlement on the Rio Verde, five miles below Camp Verde, and robbed a poor woman, Mrs. Ralston, of a lot of clothing and other property. Previous to this they tried to get some animals out of the corral, but did not succeed.

“They next attempted to capture the stage between Phoenix and Wickenburg.

“January 23rd, the savages made a raid on the ranches near Tumacacori, wounded a Portuguese named ‘Joe,’ and drove off four horses.

“January 31st, near Sacaton, a party of Apaches attacked three men who were at work for D. C. Thompson, cutting hay, and at the first fire wounded a man whose name we do not know. The Indians were followed, but eluded their pursuers, one of whom, A. Gonzales, strayed from his comrades and on returning in the night was taken for an Apache, shot and wounded by Frank Griffin.

“On the night of January 29th, they attempted to steal some horses from the San Pedro, were discovered, when one Indian was killed and another wounded.

“About the same time they attacked a party of three men and one woman on the road near Camp Bowie, and robbed them of their stock.

“February 1st, they tried to steal stock near Tucson, but were unsuccessful. They tried again on the morning of the 4th with better success, for we learn that they drove off 110 animals from Adam Linn’s ranch.

“February 15th, Indians attacked Lieutenant Riley and ten men while guarding a government herd, near Infantry Camp in the Pinal Mountains, killed one soldier, wounded two others, and captured about seventy head of mules and a number of cattle.

“About the same date they pounced upon a herd of beef cattle near Camp Thomas, now Camp Apache, and drove them off and subsequently they attempted to capture some stock near Camp Verde.

“March 2nd, a white man, while at work near Phoenix, was chased into his house by Apache-Mohaves.

“About the same time, near the same place, several Pima and Maricopa Indians killed about twelve head of cattle belonging to Messrs. Holcomb & Murray.

“March 7th, a band of Indians captured and destroyed the U. S. Mail near Gila Bend, wounded the driver and drove off the mules.

“March 10th, Mr. Ainza’s train, en route to Infantry Camp, with Government supplies, was attacked by a large band of Indians, and two teamsters were killed and one wounded.

“On the same day Indians attacked the train of Manuel Ynigo between Camps Grant and Pinal—killed one soldier, one Mexican, and captured sixteen mules.

“March 11th, an Indian walked into the store of the post trader at Camp Apache, and stuck his lance through the body of Mr. Redmond, killing him instantly.

“On the 14th, Hinds & Hooker’s herds, at Infantry Camp was attacked; two herders were killed and their arms captured by the savage assailants. Later in the day the sentinels at the post were fired upon.

“March 18th, a band of Indians made a descent upon the ranch of Mr. Hughes at Camp Crittenden, killed Mr. Cook; captured his team, and sacked the building and premises.

“The same day a party of savages attacked a ranch within sight of Camp Crittenden, murdered two men, robbed and burned several houses, stole two horses and other property.

“March 21st, Indians in strong force descended to the valley of Tubac, killed L. B. Wooster and Miss Trinidad Aguirre, and destroyed property to the value of fifteen hundred dollars.

“March 24th, Indians carried off ten head of cattle from a ranch five miles west of Tucson.

“On the 26th Hanna’s freight train was attacked near Agua Fria Station by about a hundred and fifty Indians, Apache-Mohaves, who killed Mr. Hanna and one other man; burned the wagons and their contents, and took twenty-two mules.

“April 1st, near Camp Date Creek, a large party of Indians attacked a train of five wagons, four belonging to Dr. W. W. Jones, and one to Henry Lachman. The savages killed Mr. Lachman, wounded another man, plundered the wagons, and drove off the animals.

“April 2nd, near Peeples’ Valley, a party of savages killed a man named Wykoff, wounded John Burger, got three animals, two guns, and some ammunition.

“April 9th, Indians captured the herd of Juan Elias, near San Xavier on the Santa Cruz.

“April 12th, a band of Indians from the Camp Grant Reservation swept over the San Pedro Valley, killing Mr. Long, Mr. McKenzie, and Mr. Chapin, and wounded a Mexican.

“April 5th, Lieutenant Howard B. Cushing, W. H. Simpson, and a soldier named Green, killed by Indians in the Whetstone Mountains.

“April 14th, Indians captured twenty head of stock from a herd belonging to Hinds & Hooker near Cababi. The U. S. mail wagon was captured twelve miles east of San Pedro, the driver, Mark Revlin, killed, and the animals captured.

“May 1st, Indians captured forty head of oxen from a train near Camp Verde.

“May 8th, Indians captured eighty-seven head of animals from a train on its way from Camp Verde to New Mexico.

“May 15th, the reservation Indians stampeded from Camp Apache, drove off the government herd, and captured the military mail.

“June 3rd, Indians stole four head of horses from a ranchman on the Upper Verde.

“June 5th, Indians killed Mr. Gantt, at Agua Fria, and captured the herd of Bowers Brothers, numbering one hundred and sixty animals.

“June 7th, a large force of Indians devastated the Upper Santa Cruz Valley, killed four men and wounded two. Among the killed were two

Americans named Saunders and Blanchard; the balance killed and wounded were Mexicans.

“June 16th, Indians stole four horses from Mr. Lambertson at Walnut Grove.

“June 23rd, Indians murdered Mr. Cooper near the Vulture Mine.

“July 7th, Indians killed a mail rider and captured a mail wagon near the Apache Pass.

“July 9th, Indians fired into a party of miners between Prescott and Bradshaw, and wounded one man named Leonard.

“July 10th, Indians stole five mules from a settler near Wickenburg.

“July 11th or 12th, a company of infantry, under Captain Smith, was attacked by a band of Cochise's Indians between the Cienega and Rio San Pedro; one private, W. H. Harris, was killed, and three wounded.

“July 22nd, Indians drove off a herd of cattle from the upper Santa Cruz, finishing a series of continual raids in the course of which two hundred head of horses and cattle had been captured from the valley.

“July 20th, Indians captured the Government herd at Camp Bowie, killed the herder, one McDougall, and wounded a soldier named Foley.

“July 24th, Abraham Henning murdered by Indians near Camp Hualapai.

“July 25th, two men fired upon by Indians a few miles north of Prescott, and one slightly wounded. Two horses killed at the mining camp on the Hassayampa. Two mules stolen by Indians from the premises of C. Y. Shelton at Lynx Creek.

“July 26th, a band of Indians visited Walnut Grove and stole eleven head of stock from the corral of Wm. Simmons.

“August 3rd, Indians, a second time, captured the herd of Bowers Brothers at Agua Fria.

“On the same day Indians made an attack upon Messrs. Rogers and Smith, near Camp Date Creek.

“August 5th, Messrs. Harrington and Whisler murdered and a Mexican wounded near Camp Verde, the animals and arms of the murdered men secured by the savages.

“August 6th, Indians captured fourteen head of horses and mules, the property of Wales Arnold, near Camp Verde.

“August 7th, Joseph Burroughs murdered by Indians near Camp Verde. Mail stage fired into while en route to Wickenburg from Prescott.

“August 14th, Indians stole thirty head of stock from a ranch near San Xavier on the Santa Cruz.

“August 22nd, Indians drove off three horses belonging to Mr. Lambertson, from his farm at Walnut Grove.

“August 25th, six mules stolen by Indians from Captain Kaufman’s escort, between Camp Verde and the Little Colorado.

“September 1st, eight head of horses, the property of a party of miners, stolen by Indians from Pine Flat.

“September 5th, Gabriel, a Mexican herder in the employ of Mr. Campbell, murdered by Indians at Chino Valley.

“September 6th, Indians visited Camp McDowell, killed some stock, and carried off tents and clothing.

“September 4th, Indians captured seventy-five head of Government animals from Camp Crittenden.

“September 10th, Indians fired into a detachment of Pinal prospectors, killed one man and two horses.

“September 13th, a mail rider and a stock herder murdered by Indians two miles from Tucson, the mail captured and destroyed, and the mule of the mail rider taken by the Indians to the Camp Grant Reservation.

“September 22nd, Indians visited the settlement at Agua Fria, and burned a house belonging to Daniel Hatz.

“September 23rd, a party of Indians captured a herd of twenty cattle from a ranch two miles south of Tucson. They were followed by a party of citizens, and so closely pursued that they abandoned the plunder and took refuge on the Camp Grant Reservation.

“Some three weeks ago an American and a German left Prescott to hunt for game, and not having been heard from since, the supposition is that they have been murdered.

“Then, within the past few weeks, and while the Indians had full knowledge of the presence in their midst of a ‘Peace Commission,’ they broke into and robbed a house at Skull Valley; stole a horse from T. W. Boggs of lower Agua Fria, over a ton of corn from John Townsend of the same place, and hundreds of bushels of corn from farmers of other localities, shot at the mail carrier near Wickenburg, and fired upon some men at Kirkland Valley.”

CHAPTER VIII.

OUTRAGES BY INDIANS (Continued).

GOVERNOR SAFFORD'S MESSAGE CALLS ATTENTION TO OUTRAGES—PUBLIC SENTIMENT IN REFERENCE TO CAMP GRANT MASSACRE—MILITARY ACCOUNT OF CAMP GRANT MASSACRE—TRIAL OF PARTICIPANTS—CHARGE OF JUDGE TITUS—DEFENDANTS ACQUITTED—MORE OUTRAGES BY INDIANS—LIEUTENANT CUSHING'S EXPEDITIONS AGAINST HOSTILES—KILLING OF LIEUTENANT CUSHING.

In his message to the Legislative Assembly at Tucson, January 14th, 1871, Governor Safford called attention to recent outrages in the month of August, linking the Indians in a simultaneous movement along the Southern Overland Route. Two stage drivers were killed, one stage captured and all on board were murdered. A train was taken and all with it killed. A stage station twenty-two miles east of Tucson was taken, and but two of the inmates escaped alive. Several others were killed about that time. He said that the Coyoteros and Apache-Mohaves, branches of the Apache tribe, had expressed a desire for peace, and that a large reservation had been set apart for the former by the United States. He said: "I visited the reservation in June last, and believe the larger number of this band earnestly desire peace. I found they were very poor, with no seed for planting except that furnished by the military authorities, and they were of necessity obliged to roam over a large extent of country, as

Indians always are, unless provided with ample agricultural facilities. I found the military doing everything possible to provide them with seeds, but were not authorized to supply even their present wants, except in limited amounts; consequently the Indians had to principally depend upon game for subsistence. Much dissatisfaction and ill-feeling exist on the part of the settlers on account of the general belief that portions of this tribe join with marauding bands against them, and, as soon as their nefarious work is done, return to their reservation for safety. The Apache-Mohaves have received no assistance except from the military authorities, and that of necessity has been limited; and from personal observation, strengthened by information received from officers and citizens who have been more or less among them, I am convinced that they have been for some time past in a suffering condition; and I shall not be surprised if in a few weeks, and perhaps days, they are again in open hostility. Three persons were murdered recently near Prescott, and it is charged, by well-informed citizens, to these Indians. They have also banded together in considerable numbers, and made demands on the inhabitants of Chino Valley for food, with which the latter were unable to comply. The Indians retired without actually commencing hostilities, but informed the people that they would return with increased numbers and take what they wanted. The danger was considered so imminent that all the families of the valley were removed to Prescott for safety, and quite as much alarm now prevails with the people as when these Indians were in avowed hostility.

“The Indians now engaged in open hostility are the Pinals, Tontos, what is commonly known as Cochise’s band, and more or less renegades from all the bands that assume to be on terms of peace. It is also a well established fact that the Navahos, who occupy a reservation in New Mexico, have made frequent raids, and stolen property and murdered citizens as far west as Prescott. I believe I have fairly stated to you the condition and position the Apache Indians occupy toward us at present.”

An account of what is known as the “Camp Grant Massacre” has been given in a previous volume in the biography of W. S. Oury. The following, clipped from the two leading papers in the Territory at that time, shows public sentiment in reference thereto: The “Arizona Citizen” of May 6th, 1871, says:

“The canyon is situated south of the Gila River, some forty miles east of Florence, and about sixty miles north of Tucson. For weeks it had been known that a band of Indians was camped in that vicinity, and numbers of animals were stolen from the friendly Papagoes near Tucson. Four citizens in the San Pedro Valley were murdered by the party there encamped. These discoveries were rendered more believable by the fact that it was redskins, and that they had made one of the old style Pinal Treaties with the commander at Camp Grant. They had been receiving rations from that post for some time, and had, in an apparently friendly mood, settled themselves in the canyon near the post, and while eating government supplies would make their murderous raids and return under the shadow,

as it were, of Camp Grant, gorging themselves on the meat of stolen mules, horses, donkeys, and cattle, rejoicing in their success, gloating over their plunder, living in fancied security, and preparing to make another raid on some settlers or travellers. Having proof of their treachery, the dwellers in Tucson and vicinity went after these Pinals, and of the entire band in camp, after the attack, only seven are known to have escaped."

The "Prescott Miner," under date of June 10th, 1871, has the following:

"Many declare that the Indians killed 'were under the protection of the Government, having surrendered themselves and being considered prisoners of war.'

"Yes! as prisoners of war, armed to the teeth, unrestricted, and under no surveillance whatever. Prisoners of war, camped at a distance of four miles from the post to which they owed obedience. Prisoners of war who visited the valley of the Santa Cruz, distant eighty miles, and murdered two persons, and captured all the cattle and horses in the neighborhood, a few of which, together with an ornament worn by one of the victims, were recaptured at Camp Grant. Prisoners of war who next captured the United States mail twelve miles east of the San Pedro, and sixty-five miles from their rancheria and murdered the driver. Prisoners of war who marched to the San Pedro settlement and there murdered the last settlers in the valley, whence the avenging force followed their trail to the Camp Grant encampment. Prisoners of war who had just succeeded in all their depredations and were again on the warpath to the number of more than

a hundred, with the commanding officer at Camp Grant at the head of forty men following on their trail. Over five hundred Indians, fantastically styled 'Prisoners of War,' to whom provisions and ammunition were supplied. Less than three hundred and fifty Indians were present when the Papago Indians made the attack. The band were on the warpath with Captain Stanwood in pursuit.

"We have seen the action of the Papago Indians and the men who accompanied them termed a cowardly slaughter of helpless women and children. We do not know it to be such, but we are credibly informed that some of the women and children were killed, which could not possibly have been otherwise where men and women are collected indiscriminately, and men, particularly Papago Indians, in the excitement of battle, are not the proper persons of whom to expect wise discrimination. We should be as ready as any of our contemporaries, to denounce a war upon women and children, but such this was not. It was the action of the people, aroused by governmental neglect, who took up arms and marched forward, prepared to encounter the enemy of double their number, and avenge their wrongs, or perish in the attempt, and we say: 'God speed every such mission.'"

From Bourke, "On the Border with Crook"; Dunn, "Massacres of the Mountains"; and the Fish manuscript, I condense the following:

In February, 1871, a party of women came into Camp Grant in search of a captive boy. Through them communications were had with Es-kim-in-zin, the chief of the band. The chief

said that his people wished to make peace. As there were no provisions made for caring for them, Lieutenant Royal E. Whitman, who was in command at the post, told them to go to the White Mountains. They were not willing to do this. It was finally agreed that they were to surrender to him and remain around the post as prisoners for the present. By March 5th about three hundred had come in and surrendered. Some of them were too old to go on the warpath, and some were peaceably inclined. Whitman sent a full account of this to division headquarters, and six weeks later received an answer stating that his communication had not been indorsed in accordance with official etiquette, and it was returned therewith, with instructions to return it to Department Headquarters "properly briefed." The fate of three hundred people was of less importance than the manner of addressing a report. The red tape business with our Government has caused much trouble and delays which could be avoided. These Indians were employed in some useful work, such as cutting hay, etc. They were counted and rations issued to them every day, but soon after being removed a little further from the post, the count and issuing of rations was every third day. They behaved well as far as known by the officers in charge. The citizens, especially at Tucson and vicinity, were indignant at this feeding of the Apaches, and refused to believe that they had surrendered in good faith. The military authorities had not taken the necessary precaution to prevent the hostiles from coming in and mixing with them. Most of these Indians were

friendly, but there were, doubtless, some hostiles in this number who were on hand to aid those who were on the warpath.

The following is the military account of the Camp Grant Massacre, condensed from the Fish manuscript:

In accordance with the peace policy which had been decided upon by the United States Government, these Indians were placed upon a reservation not far from the post. They were principally the Pinal and Aravaipa bands of Apache Indians. After some experimenting, Royal E. Whitman, a lieutenant in the Third Cavalry, was assigned to duty as their agent. He was unscrupulous, and had outside parties in Tucson to work the business. A sutler's store was first started, then a blacksmith shop, and butcher shop. His sharp practices and moneymaking proclivities soon became disagreeable to the Indians. Some have claimed that this caused dissatisfaction when it was discovered that they were being cheated out of what the Government was giving them, but notwithstanding all these stories, and that Whitman was considered by many as a worthless fellow, he had great influence with the Indians, and could do more with them than any one else. During the winter of 1870-71, it was claimed that these Indians committed many depredations within a radius of a hundred miles to the southwest. On the killing of Wooster and wife on the Santa Cruz, above Tubac, indignation meetings were held in Tucson. At these meetings there was much "speechifying," as we are told, about killing the "red devils." It was claimed that it was these In-

dians around Camp Grant that were committing the depredations. Arrangements were made at one of these meetings to organize a militia force, and W. S. Oury was elected captain. The resolutions drawn up received the signature of eighty-two of the Americans. One result of these meetings was the appointing of a committee to visit the department commander, General Stoneman, who was at that time on the Gila, near Florence. The committee consisted of W. S. Oury, S. R. DeLong, J. W. Hopkins, and some others. They made a trip to the Gila, and saw the General. The result of the conference was, in substance, that the General had but few troops and could not protect nearly all the places, and could not give them any aid; as Tucson had the largest population of any place in the Territory, he gave the committee to understand that Tucson would have to protect itself. The committee returned, a little disappointed in not getting the aid they had sought and hoped for, and feeling generally cross and grieved over their hard trip and the loss of a mule.

In the early part of April, 1871, a raid was made upon the San Xavier and stock driven off by Indians. They were pursued and some stock recovered. One Indian was killed. It was claimed that he was identified as one of the Camp Grant Indians, he having lost a certain tooth which made him a marked man. The pursuing party returned to Tucson and claimed that the raiders were Camp Grant Indians. In a short time a plan was arranged to pursue the raiders. This plan was promulgated by one Jesus M. Elias. Some Papago Indians were

sent for to assist, and it was arranged for all parties to meet on the Rillito on the 28th of April. This was done with great precaution and secrecy. Parties were sent to guard the road that no news should be taken to Camp Grant of any parties leaving Tucson. The various parties met as agreed, and comprised the following: Papagoes 92, Mexicans 48, and Americans 6, total 146. The Americans made a very small showing considering the amount of blustering they had done. Adjutant General J. B. Allen furnished a wagon with arms and ammunition and stores for the expedition. The father of the project, Jesus M. Elias, was elected commander of the company, although W. S. Oury was along and seems to have been one of the main ones in the enterprise. The company left the Rillito at 4 p. m. They rested most of the next day on the San Pedro to avoid being seen, then started at dark, making an all night's march, and reached the Indian camp just at daylight and, in full view of the post, fell upon their unsuspecting victims, killing a hundred and twenty-eight of them in a few minutes. The surprise was complete, and old and young of both sexes went down before the assailants. Not one of the attacking party was hurt. Twenty-nine children were spared and taken by the Papagoes and sold as slaves. Out of this number, however, two escaped, and five were recovered from Arizonans. It was the custom with the Pimas as well as the Papagoes to sell the children taken from the Apaches to other tribes and into Sonora. The bloody deed was accomplished on the morning of the Holy Sabbath, April 30th,

1871. The company then went into camp for breakfast and to spend a portion of the Lord's day in rest and thanks for their victory. Captain Penn, commanding at Fort Lowell, sent word to Lieutenant Whitman of the movement. On receipt of the message the latter at once sent two men to tell the Indians to come in, but the message was too late, the bloody work had been done. Dr. Biresly, post surgeon, with twelve men, was then dispatched to the place with a wagon to bring in any wounded that might be found. In his report Dr. Biresly said: "On my arrival I found that I should have but little use for wagon or medicine. The work had been too thoroughly done. The camp had been fired, and the dead bodies of some twenty-one women and children were lying scattered over the ground. Those who had been wounded in the first instance had had their brains beaten out with stones. Two of the best looking of the squaws were lying in such a position, and from the appearance of the genital organs and of their wounds, there can be no doubt that they were first ravished and then shot. Nearly all the dead were mutilated. One infant of some ten months was shot twice, and one leg hacked nearly off."

The party claimed as a justification of this massacre that they found an Indian boy riding a horse which was identified as one belonging to Don Leopoldo, and that some of the clothing of Dona Trinidad Aguirre was also found. Take it altogether the proof against these Indians was very slight. The trail followed led toward this point, but it does not appear that it was attempted to be followed for the last thirty miles

at least, for the march was made in the night to avoid being seen; besides, the trail was then some three weeks old. It matters but little as to the proof. No act could justify the indiscriminate massacre of women and children. At the December term of court a hundred and four of the perpetrators of this deed were indicted and tried before Judge Titus at Tucson, and were acquitted, the jury being out twenty minutes. It was impossible, under the existing feeling, to convict a person for the killing of an Apache. One of the principal reasons for this trial was, perhaps, the fact that President Grant wrote to Governor Safford stating that if the men who participated in this massacre were not brought to trial before the civil authorities, he would proclaim martial law in Arizona. At all events, the trial was had, and in his charge to the jury Judge Titus, among other things, said:

“The Government of the United States owes its Papago, Mexican and American residents in Arizona protection from Apache spoliation and assaults. If such spoliation and assaults are persistently carried on and not prevented by the Government, then its sufferers have a right to protect themselves and employ a force large enough for that purpose. It is also to be added that if the Apache nation, or any part of it, persists in assaulting the Papagoes, Mexicans or Americans in Arizona, then it forfeits the right of protection from the United States, whether that right is the general protection which a Government owes all persons within its limits and jurisdiction, or the special protection which is due to prisoners of war.

“Now, gentlemen, what is the evidence before you on this branch of the question? Have the Apache Indians, and especially that portion of them quartered near Camp Grant on which the deadly assault described in the indictment was made on the 30th day of April last, been persistently assailing, despoiling and murdering the Papago, Mexican and American residents of Arizona, and has this been prevented by the United States? The evidence is quite full on this subject, and I submit to you whether it does or does not prove that the Apache Nation, and especially that portion of it on which the assault charged in the indictment was made on the 30th of April last, then and now is in hostility to all the Papago, Mexican and American residents in Arizona, including the defendants and such as they? Has this or has it not been continued for years? Has it been attended with loss of life and property? And has the Government of the United States prevented this? Does or does not the evidence in the present question show that the clothing, arms and other property of murdered and despoiled Papago, Mexican and American residents of Arizona have been found in the possession of those on whom the assault charged in the indictment was made; that an obvious trail or Indian road leads from the place or places of this murder and spoliation direct to the encampment, and that these Indians, before and since the assault charged in the indictment, have admitted their participation in this murder and spoliation? After this is shown, is there any evidence that the United States Government has stopped this, or had done so on the 30th of

April last? If you find that the evidence proves these practices, you will find whether it proves also that they were and are persistent. If you find that the murder and spoliation had been or were, on the 30th of April last, persistent, or if you find that this murder and spoliation were not persistent, you will find accordingly one of the following conclusions:

“First: That the attack charged in the indictment was or was not a justifiable act of defensive or preventive hostilities, or

“Second: That it does or does not cast such reasonable doubt on the motive in making the assault charged in the indictment as will render you unable to see whether the defendants were actuated by murderous malice in making such an assault. Accordingly as you find the affirmative or negative of these conclusions, your verdict will be guilty or not guilty.”

It must be admitted that this charge was equivalent to instructions to acquit the defendants, which was done.

Lieutenant Whitman seemed to have had remarkable success in gaining the confidence of the Indians, notwithstanding his moneymaking proclivities, as he induced many of them, under their chief, Es-kim-in-zin, to return after the outrage, believing that the military had no part in the massacre, but soon one of the returning parties by some blunder was fired upon by a squad of soldiers, and the Indians fled to the mountains, more hostile than ever.

The exterminating policies had received a fair trial in Arizona and had been found to be a failure. A careful study of the Indians, their num-

bers two hundred years ago, and the numbers within the United States to-day, sets aside at once the possibility of exterminating them. This policy has been tried several times, but the Indians continue as numerous as ever.

There had been killed by Indians within a short time on the Pedro, Henry Long, Alex. McKenzie, Sam Brown, Simms, and others; on the Santa Cruz, Wooster and wife, Sanders and others; on the Sonoita, Pennington, Jackson, Carroll, Rotherwell and others. These murders were all laid to the Indians on the reservation, but, as a matter of fact, Cochise and his band were constantly raiding the country.

During the winter of 1870-71, there was no cessation to the amount of scouting conducted against the Apaches, who resorted to a system of tactics which had often been tried in the past, and always with success. A number of simultaneous attacks were made at widely separated points, evidently to confuse both the troops and the settlers by spreading a vague sense of fear all over the Territory, and imposing upon the military an exceptional amount of work and hardship. Bourke says:

“Attacks were made in southern Arizona upon the stage stations at the San Pedro, and the Cienega, as well as the one near the Picacho, and upon the ranches in the Babacomori Valley, and in the San Pedro, near Tres Alamos. Then came the news of a fight at Pete Kitchen's, and, finally, growing bolder, the enemy drove off a herd of cattle from Tucson itself, some of them beeves, and others work oxen belonging to a wagon train from Texas. Lastly came the kill-

ing of the stage mail rider, between the town and the Mission Church of San Xavier, and the massacre of the party of Mexicans going down to Sonora, which occurred not far from the Sonoita.

“One of the members of this last party was a beautiful young Mexican lady—Doña Trinidad Aguirre—who belonged to a very respectable family in the Mexican Republic, and was on her way back from a visit to relatives in Tucson. That one so young, so beautiful and bright, should have been snatched away by a most cruel death at the hands of the savages, aroused the people of all the country south of the Gila, and nothing was talked of, nothing was thought of, but vengeance upon the Apaches.

“Lieutenant Howard B. Cushing was most active at this time, and kept his troop moving without respite. There were fights, and ambuscades, and attacks upon Indian rancherias, and night marches without number, several very successful. When the work oxen of the Texans above referred to were run off, the Apaches took them over the steepest, highest and rockiest part of the Sierra Santa Catalina. Cushing followed closely, guided by Manuel Duran and others. Progress was necessarily slow on account of the difficulties of the trail. The only result of the pursuit, however, was the recovery of the meat of the stock which the Apaches had killed when they reached the canyons under Trumbull's Peak. Three of Cushing's party were hurt in the ensuing fight, and several of the Indians were killed and wounded.”

Lieutenant Cushing was afterwards killed by the Indians, an account of which, given by Bourke, follows:

“On the 5th of May, 1871, Lieutenant Howard B. Cushing, Third Cavalry, with several civilians and three soldiers, was killed by the Chiricahua Apaches, under their famous chief, Cochise, at the Bear Springs, in the Whetstone Mountains, about thirty-five miles from Tucson and about the same distance to the east of old Camp Crittenden. Cushing’s whole force numbered twenty-two men, the larger part of whom was led into an ambuscade in the canyon containing the spring. The fight was a desperate one, and fought with courage and great skill on both sides. Our forces were surrounded before a shot had been fired; and it was while Cushing was endeavoring to lead his men back that he received the wounds which killed him. Had it not been for the courage and good judgment displayed by Sergeant John Mott, who had seen a good deal of service against the Apaches, not one of the command would have escaped alive out of the canyon. Mott was in command of the rear-guard, and, in coming up to the assistance of Lieutenant Cushing, detected the Apaches moving behind a low range of hills to gain Cushing’s rear. He sent word ahead, and that induced Lieutenant Cushing to fall back. After Cushing dropped, the Apaches made a determined charge and came upon our men hand to hand. The little detachment could save only those horses and mules which were ridden at the moment the enemy made the attack, because the men who had dismounted to fight on foot were unable

to remount, such was the impetuosity of the rush made by the Chiricahuas. There were enough animals to 'ride and tie,' and Mott, by keeping up on the backbone of the hills running along the Babacomori Valley, was enabled to reach Camp Crittenden without being surrounded or ambuscaded.

"Inside of forty-eight hours there were three troops of cavalry en route to Crittenden, and in pursuit of the Apaches, but no good could be effected. Major William J. Ross, at that time in command of Camp Crittenden, was most energetic in getting word to the various military commands in the southern part of the country, as well as in extending every aid and kindness to the wounded brought in by Mott.

"When the combined force had arrived at Bear Springs, there was to be seen every evidence of a most bloody struggle. The bodies of Lieutenant Cushing and comrades lay where they had fallen, stripped of clothing, which the Apaches always carried off from their victims. In all parts of the narrow little canyon were the carcasses of ponies and horses half-eaten by the coyotes and buzzards; broken saddles, saddlebags, canteens with bullet holes in them, pieces of harness and shreds of clothing scattered about, charred to a crisp in the flames which the savages had ignited in the grass to conceal their line of retreat.

"Of how many Apaches had been killed, there was not the remotest suggestion to be obtained. That there had been a heavy loss among the Indians could be suspected from the signs of bodies

having been dragged to certain points, and there, apparently, put on pony back.

“The Chiricahuas seemed to have ascended the canyon until they had attained the crest of the range in a fringe of pine timber; but no sooner did they pass over into the northern foothills than they broke in every direction, and did not re-unite until near our boundary line with Mexico, where their trail was struck and followed for several days by Major Gerald Russell of the Third Cavalry. They never halted until they regained the depths of the Sierra Madre, their chosen haunt, and towards which Russell followed them as long as his broken down animals could travel.

“Of the distinguished services rendered to Arizona by Lieutenant Cushing, a book might well be written. It is not intended to disparage anybody when I say that he had performed herculean and more notable work, perhaps, than had been performed by any other officer of corresponding rank, either before or since.”

Lieutenant Cushing was one of the best and bravest officers in Arizona, and his continued campaigns against the hostiles had had a telling effect. He was considered the most successful Indian fighter in the army; brave, energetic and tireless, he followed the foe to their strongholds and there attacked them with vigor and spirit, dealing them blows the savages could not withstand. In him Arizona lost one of her most worthy defenders; a man who, at this critical time, she could ill afford to part with. He was the Custer of Arizona, and it can be said of him: “It is a part of life and the mystery of fate, that

to all men who must have their will, there comes a time when there is neither turning back nor to the side. It must be on, and on, and on, to an end that is either immortal or better to be forgotten. And it is from such ends that the children get either the story of shame, or the luster of a name shining out on the dark night of the past as a star of the greatest magnitude.”

Lieutenant Cushing belonged to a family which won deserved renown during the Civil War. One of his brothers blew up the ram *Albemarle*; another died most heroically at his post of duty on the battlefield of Gettysburg; another, enlisted in the navy, died in the service.

CHAPTER IX.

CITIZEN EXPEDITIONS AGAINST HOSTILES.

C. B. GENUNG'S DESCRIPTION OF TOWNSEND'S EXPEDITION—INDIANS KILL HERDER AND STEAL HERBERT BOWERS' CATTLE—JOHN TOWNSEND APPOINTED CAPTAIN OF PURSUING PARTY—JOINED BY PARTY OF SOLDIERS UNDER LIEUTENANT MORTON—CATCH INDIANS AND KILL THIRTY-FIVE—REST OF INDIANS ESCAPE—AGAIN CATCH AND KILL INDIANS—PURSUERS RETURN TO PRESCOTT AND ARE BANQUETTED—FIFTY-SIX INDIANS KILLED, AND ALMOST ALL STOCK RECOVERED.

One of the most successful raids against the Indians by a volunteer party was made under the command of John Townsend in June, 1871, an account of which is published in the Los Angeles "Mining Review" under date of May 13th, 1911, by C. B. Genung, who assisted in organizing the expedition, and was Townsend's lieutenant, which account follows:

"In June, 1871, I was farming in Peeples Valley, Arizona. Having occasion to go to Prescott and my wife not feeling safe at the ranch with the small force of men that I could leave behind, she concluded to go with me as far as Ed Bowers' ranch and station and visit with Mrs. Bowers until I returned. The Bowers family were our nearest neighbors at that time, and they were twelve miles away on the road to Prescott in Skull Valley. I took with me W. H. Smith, my wife's brother, and a young man named Boyce

for escort. We all stayed at Bowers' ranch the first night, and the next morning as we were leaving, my wife called after me: 'Don't forget the indigo.' She had sent me for indigo before and I had forgotten it.

"I had told my wife that I would remain in Prescott but one day and return the third day. I had some business with the Quartermaster which took me to Whipple where Herbert Bowers was keeping the sutler store. I found Herbert a very sick man, and, as he was a dear friend of mine, I spent a good deal of time with him, trying to cheer him up. He had a bad case of yellow jaundice, and was in bed all the time that I stayed with him.

"I got settled up with the Quartermaster and got my voucher for what he owed me, and was back in Prescott late in the evening and had everything ready to start home in the morning. At 9:30 I started from the Diana Saloon—across the plaza to where I slept. Right out on the plaza I came upon Herbert Bowers standing there like a statue. My first impression was that he was out of his head. I asked him what in the world he was doing there. He said, 'Charley, the Indians killed one of the herders and have gone with a hundred and thirty-seven head of horses, mules and cattle from my Agua Fria ranch. The other herder escaped the Indians and brought the word to the ranch. Nathan, my brother, sent a courier in to me, also one to Camp Verde. I have applied at Whipple for help, but there are no men or animals there to go; all I can get there is one old pack mule.'

"I said to him: 'You go to Brook & Lind's stable and get all the saddle horses they have and

have them brought down and tied here at the Diana Saloon, then go to C. C. Bean and tell him that I want his buckskin team—one for me and the other for Smith, my brother-in-law.’

“I walked into the saloon and told the people what had happened, and called for volunteers to go out and get the stock back. The Diana Saloon stood on the corner where the St. Michael Hotel now stands, and there were several more saloons right along side by side. The news spread like a flash and there were plenty of men to go but they had no horses. Just two men who were willing to go had horses, Tom Rodrick of Kirkland Valley, and Jeff Davis of Davis ranch on the head of the Hassayampa. I saw John McDerwin in the crowd and called him to one side and asked him if he would tell my wife the next day that I had gone after Indians and not to expect me back until she saw me, which he agreed to do. By this time the horses began to come to the hitching rack. I singled out the men that I wanted, and we all got some lunch of whatever kind we could scrape together, and at eleven o’clock—just an hour and a half from the time I left the saloon to go to bed—there were eleven of us mounted and ready to make the most successful raid against the Apaches that ever started from Northern Arizona.

“I had met John Townsend and been introduced the day that I stayed in Prescott, and as he was an Indian fighter I made inquiry for him before we got started and learned that he had started for his ranch on the lower Agua Fria, which was about twenty miles below Bowers’ ranch; that he had gone via the Vickers ranch which was on the then only wagon road from

Prescott to the Agua Fria. I wished to take the short trail, so sent two men via Vickers' ranch to ask Townsend to join us, which he did, and we were all at the Bowers ranch before daylight. As several of our horses needed shoeing, we got the negro blacksmith who was working for Bowers and had a good shop, to fit the shoes, while the men drove them on as fast as three hammers could do it.

“By sunrise we all had had breakfast, and had a sack of flour, some bacon and coffee that we had got at the ranch. Just as we were ready to start I called all to attention and suggested that we elect Townsend captain of the company, which was agreeable to us all. Then we were off, sixteen of us, having picked up four men besides Townsend in the Agua Fria settlement.

“What provisions and some cooking tools that we had were packed on the old Government mule.

“We travelled pretty fast after we got strung out on the trail of the stock until about noon, when we stopped to water and rest our horses. Tom Rodrick had been in town drinking pretty hard for several days and was very anxious to have a drink of whiskey, thinking perhaps some of the men had a bottle in their saddle bags. We all had saddle bags on our saddles those days. Tom called to Townsend and said, ‘Captain, if I can't get a drink I'll die sure.’ Townsend replied: ‘Oh! not so bad as that, Tom.’ Says Tom: ‘I bet you two hundred dollars I'll die in fifteen minutes if I don't get a drink.’ He lived, although he didn't get the drink.

“The first night we camped on a sidehill where there was good grass, and the next morning we were moving by daybreak, and about sunrise we

ran into a soldier camp where they were just eating their breakfast. The soldiers had started from Camp Verde and had a Mexican for guide who had been a prisoner with the Apaches for a number of years, and he knew about where to cross the mountains to strike the trail that he knew the Indians would have to take the stock over. So when he struck the trail they made camp, where we came upon them. There were twenty-eight enlisted men, a doctor, and a young lieutenant named Morton, in charge. The lieutenant was fresh from West Point, and as we rode along, Townsend being in the lead, the lieutenant asked one of our party who the leader was, and was told that Mr. Townsend, the man in the lead, was our captain. The lieutenant called to Townsend and walked out a little way toward him, as Townsend pulled his horse a little to one side and stopped. He said: 'Mr. Townsend, my name is Morton, and I suppose we are all out on the same business and I would like to accompany you.' 'All right,' said Townsend, 'come ahead,' and he rode on.

"We had a bad, slow trail all forenoon, climbing over a rough malapai country, and for long stretches the mescal was so thick that two horses could not pass on the trail. The mescal leaves were as sharp as needles and as hard as steel. It would ruin a horse if he happened to run against one.

"The soldiers soon came stringing along and overtook us about the time that we got to the top of what was known as Ox Yoke Mountain. There we found several ox yokes which had been taken off of oxen that had been run off in other raids by the Indians. The Mexican guide told us that

it was twelve miles down the mountainside to the Verde river from that point.

“Here the Mexican guide said that the Indians were liable to fire the brush ahead of us; so we rushed our horses down the steep brushy trail as fast as we could, but we had not gone more than two or three miles before we saw the smoke rising down the canyon below us. The trail led down the north side of a ridge which was cut with steep gulches, and as it was on the north side and the mountain was very steep the brush and grass did not burn very readily. Still nearly all of the soldiers were cut off by the fire and had to leave the trail and make their way around as best they could, everybody for himself.

“We reached the Verde river about two o’clock in the afternoon, horses and men all pretty tired and hungry, but all safe and sound. We crossed the river at the mouth of the east fork, and camped to let our horses rest and graze while we got something to eat ourselves. Here we scoured the country thoroughly to be sure that the Indians had not divided their party, but satisfied ourselves that the whole lot of them had gone the one trail up the east fork. About four o’clock we started again on the trail, which led up the river for several miles, then turned up the face of a great table mountain which was one mass of lava boulders and the trail so steep that most of the men had to dismount. Townsend had told me about this place, having learned of it from some soldiers who had been there and had to turn back as the Indians had rolled boulders down from the top until the whole face of the mountain seemed to be flying rocks of all sizes. The mountain is several miles long, and from the top

down for many hundred feet it is a perpendicular bluff, then slopes to the river below. The trail ran along under this bluff, and the Indians could stop an army from passing along that trail if they were to throw over even small sized boulders. Several parties before us had gone as far as the foot of this mesa where the trail started up, and then had given up the job and turned back. When we got to this point we all bunched up and some of the men started up the trail. Townsend let them go a little while and then called them back; told one of the soldiers to fire a shot to recall those that were out of hearing of his voice. When the men were all turned back we strung out single file, which was the way we travelled all the time, and before sundown were back at the place we had left several hours before.

“Townsend said to the lieutenant, ‘Have some of your men fire a shot or two at a mark.’ Townsend wanted the shots fired, but did not want the citizens to waste their ammunition. He thought it did not make so much difference whether the soldiers had ammunition or not. When we overtook the soldiers that morning Townsend was mad, for up to that time the citizens and soldiers when they hunted Indians together never could get along agreeably. The officers had always wanted to boss the job, and made a failure of it every time. So far Lieutenant Morton had not made any suggestions at all, but had just come along, which was agreeable to Townsend and all the rest of us.

“We built up big camp fires, fired a few shots, put out a strong guard and made down our beds, which among the citizens consisted of saddle

blankets and saddle for pillow. We knew the Indians were watching our every move from the high rough points which surrounded us on all sides. We got our suppers and still kept the fires burning bright, and all lay down to rest if not to sleep. The guard was changed every two hours, and at two o'clock the fires were all out, and as noiselessly as possible we mounted and retraced our steps to the foot of the big mountain which we reached just as the light began to show in the east. Noiselessly we began to climb up the face of that mountain, and by the time it was light enough to see to shoot, we were all over the worst of it; but we had now several miles to travel along the face of the mountain directly under that great bluff which seemed to hang over in places.

“It was very slow travelling until we got past this big black mesa, then we had rolling hills to cross with occasionally a pretty rough canyon. About six o'clock the Mexican guide, who was ahead, threw up a hand and we were all on the alert. There had just gone over the ridge about a mile ahead of us an Indian on a horse. We were then in sight of quite a large piece of comparatively level land and could see cottonwood trees in the bottom along the East Fork, which at this place proved to be dry. Townsend and I jumped off our horses to tighten the cinches on our saddles, which let several of those that were in the line behind us go by, and they were going as fast as they could. Among the others that passed us was the lieutenant.

“When we had travelled about a quarter of a mile, Townsend ahead of me, he saw an Indian track in the dry dirt which bore off the main trail

to the right, and we followed it as fast as our horses and eyes would allow, and of course all who were behind us followed us. Across the flat that we had seen from a distance we all went as fast as our horses could carry us, and on the opposite side of the river we ran into an Indian camp pretty well hidden in the brush. The Indians had most of them gotten out of their camp and were making for the hills through the thick brush, but we were shooting everyone we could see that was near enough to make it worth while trying our guns on.

“As we were crossing the dry river bed I noticed one Indian running apparently behind a hill, and I started for the top of the hill as fast as I could, and just as I reached the top I caught sight of a big fellow running down a gulch. I dropped him, and as he fell, I saw another in a bunch of oak brush about seventy-five yards away. I shot him, and he fell in the brush. Among the soldiers was a Corporal Flynn who had done duty for a long time between Camp Verde and Prescott as mail carrier, and Flynn saw the last Indian that I had shot when he fell, Flynn having followed me up the hill. Flynn said, ‘you hit, but I think you only wounded him.’

“So I told Flynn if he would ride up on a little point of a hill that overlooked the place where the Indian fell so that he could see if he ran out, and at the same time cover my horse, which I left where we stood, that I would go into the brush and see what I had done to the red. Flynn stationed himself where he could see all around, but could see nothing of the Indian, so I advanced cautiously into the brush and in a few minutes heard shots off to my right. I looked and there

were seven or eight soldiers about two hundred yards away, and then I heard a bullet strike a rock close to me. Flynn began to yell like a crazy man, and said: 'What are you d—d boys doing? Trying to kill a white man?' The soldiers had seen my black hat moving in the bushes and mistook me for an Indian, and had all taken a shot without dismounting. I found the Indian who had crawled into the thick brush; but he was a good Indian.

"We had spent so much time looking for the Indian that there was no use in doing anything but to go and find the balance of the people. We returned to the Indian camp, and were the last to get there.

"Morton, the trailer, some citizens and a few soldiers had struck a big trail while running on the main trail that we had been following. This trail crossed the main trail at right angles and led up a small ravine to another Indian camp, but much smaller than the one we had struck. The lieutenant had no rifle, but killed a big buck Apache with his forty-five—about the first one that was killed. Altogether we had killed thirty-five Indians that we knew were dead. We plundered the camp and about five o'clock took the trail and followed it until dark.

"After we had eaten something and were sitting around camp, Townsend asked the trailer what was the meaning of 'Wapop' in the Indian language. He said it meant 'Oh, Father!' Then Townsend told of shooting a young Indian about eighteen or twenty years old and breaking his leg. The fellow grabbed hold of a brush and pulled himself up; stood on one foot and slapped his breast and cried out: 'Wapop! Wapop!' two

or three times before he got the second shot. This was probably a white man who had been with the Indians so long that he had forgotten his mother tongue, as all who saw the body said it was much whiter than any Indian.

“The next morning we took the trail as soon as we could see distinctly, not wishing to miss any sidings, as we were on the rolling country which we knew was the divide between the East Verde and some other stream, and we were expecting the Indians to break up into small parties as was their custom when followed and pressed by the whites. However, this did not happen in this instance, as we had completely fooled them and put them entirely off their guard by doubling back to the Verde from the foot of the big mesa. It was very lucky the Indian the men saw on horseback the day before did not see us, or the alarm would have been spread, and we should only have got the thirty-five.

“We traveled on a trot or lope for several hours the morning of the fourth day out, through cedar and juniper timber, over mesa and rolling hills along the foot of the mountain. About ten o'clock the leaders came right on to a big rancharia in a big canyon, the banks of which were so high and so near perpendicular that there was no way of getting down into the canyon only by single file down a narrow trail. The Indians were getting away. I took in the situation at a glance, and saw several Indians skulking into a gulch that ran into the main gulch near their camp. I forced my horse to jump down about ten feet, where he landed on loose sloping dirt, and made across the big gulch (which was about

one hundred yards wide) up on to the mesa on the opposite side, and made a dash to try to head off the Indians that I had noticed going up the mouth of the small side gulch. The mountain to the west of them was so steep and bare of brush that they dare not try to climb it, and I managed to get ahead of them and shot two. One raised up in a sitting posture, and I was about to give him another shot when 'Hold on, boys,' came from the corporal. He had been right at my heels, the same as the day before. 'Hold on, boys! Don't waste your ammunition. I'll finish him wid a rock!'

"I had seen an Indian down the gulch when I jumped off to shoot the first one, and I tried to watch the banks to prevent him from escaping; I had never taken my eyes off the place where I saw him long enough for him to climb the steep bank, and the mountain was too bare for him to try that side. Several of the men had followed up the gulch on foot from the Indian camp at the mouth, and I had asked them to look carefully, which they thought they did, but none found him. Still I would not give it up and remained in my position. Finally a young fellow named John Bullard came in sight from among the juniper trees and stopped right above where I had lost sight of the Indian. I hailed him and told him what I had seen, and for him to get into the gulch and hunt carefully while I watched from where I stood.

"With as little delay as possible he climbed down, and pretty soon a big boulder hid him from me; then a gun went off and Bullard's head came up from behind the boulder. Then down it went again out of my sight. Then up came

the head again, and Bullard climbed up on the boulder and, holding up his right hand (from which a part of the forefinger had been shot off with the guard of his pistol a couple of years before by Indians who waylaid him while he was on his way from Townsend's ranch on the Agua Fria), he halloos to me, 'I've got even with that finger. I'm very much obliged to you, Charley.' On all the trip Bullard had not got an Indian until this one.

"I went back now to the place where the Indians were camped, and the men had already plundered the camp, looking for valuables, and among other things they had found a buckskin sack with a lot of indigo balls in it, and that reminded me of what my wife had sent me to Prescott for. I poured about a pound of them into my saddle holsters to take home with me. The men had captured several guns, a few buckskins, etc., but nothing of much value.

"In the scrap at the Indian camp Townsend had a very narrow escape from an Indian bullet. He was walking through some brush and was within a few feet of a wounded Indian who was lying behind a boulder, so that Townsend could not see him, with his rifle cocked and sighted, and if Townsend had taken one more step he would have been within range, but Providence was with him. Jeff Davis caught sight of the Indian, called out to Townsend and stopped him, and, in the same breath, finished the Indian. We got a lot of roasted mescal and some horse meat at this camp, and took up the trail again, which led to the southeast from this point through low hills and long mesas.

“We had traveled some three or four hours and were following a long, low grassy ridge which was skirted on the south and west by a big wide canyon which seemed to run far back into the mountain. The trail ran along the top of the ridge, which in some places was quite narrow as it wound around the head of some short gulch that ran off toward the big valley below to the east. There was quite a little rise in this ridge just before it pitched off into the large gulch to the west of us, and as the Mexican trailer rode nearly to the top of the ridge, he threw up his hand and stopped and turned his horse partly around. He had seen what he supposed were two Indians on horses going ahead of us on the same trail about six hundred yards in advance. Townsend slipped up and peeked over the ridge, watched a very few moments, then turned and came back and started down a very steep gulch which we could see led to the big wash. If we could get down it with our horses we should not be in sight of the Indians until we were close to them.

“Townsend had brought the gun that came so near killing him and had several buckskins laying across his saddle upon which rested the two guns. As he passed me he started down the gulch, dropped the Indian’s gun, then dumped the buckskins, and was cleared for action. I had no plunder to dispose of except the indigo, and I could not part with that, for my wife sent me after it. That was a rough gulch, but our horses were surefooted, and we landed on the level ground side by side. Here the ground was soft, sandy land, and we turned our horses loose and gave them the spur.

“The Indians were going very slowly and appeared to be asleep, for we were in plain sight of them for as much as three hundred yards. They were following the main trail and were crossing a grassy flat with bunches of oak brush scattered here and there. We ran our horses at full speed to within forty yards of them, and both jumped off at the same time and fired. Both of us shot the same Indian as he was nearest to us, and we could see that he had a long rifle laying across the horse in front of him. We had both noticed before we jumped off that there were two on one horse, and at the crack of my gun the nearest Indian pitched head foremost off the horse, and with him went the gun and a big quarter of horse meat that he had laying across the horse’s withers.

“The other two Indians jumped off the horse they were riding, and began firing at me, as I was in the open ground and Townsend was behind a small bunch of grass brush and the Indians had the horse between them and Townsend. They fired three or four shots at me, one with a Henry rifle and the other with a six shooter. I was jumping sidewise and trying to reload my rifle when Townsend got in a shot and broke the right arm of the Indian who had the rifle. Then they both started to run, keeping as much as possible the brush between them and us. They had run only a few steps when they ran together, and the one with the six shooter got the Henry rifle and gave the pistol to the one with the broken arm. All of this time I was trying to get a shot, but there was too much brush and they were taking advantage of it.

“Then we both made a dash for our horses. Townsend’s horse had stood still where he left him, but mine had moved off a little way, and I suppose he did the wise thing, for if he had stood right beside me as the other horse did, he might have been shot and killed. When I ran toward the horse he became frightened and would not let me catch him. When I realized that I could not catch him readily, I started running after the Indians. Townsend had started along the side of a low hill trying to get a shot, and at the same time trying to head them off to give me a chance. The Indians kept in the wash which headed about one-quarter of a mile from where we shot the first one. Along the wash on each side was a growth of oak brush higher than a man’s head, which prevented Townsend from getting a shot. Townsend was on the left of the Indians, which made it necessary for him to turn in his saddle in order to use his gun. He said if he had been on the other side he could have had plenty of shots at them.

“At the head of the gulch there was a low divide, and there the Indians separated. One ran down the gulch and the other through some brush and was out of sight, but Townsend kept in sight of the one with the rifle and followed him for something like a mile before he got a good show to shoot. Then he hit him in the back of the head and killed him instantly. When Townsend rode up to where the Indian lay he took hold of his ankle to pull him down out of some brush, and the grain of his hide slipped like he had been scalded. When I came up to Townsend he was examining the Henry rifle, and he asked me if I had seen the wounded In-

dian, which, of course, I had not. He called my attention to the way the hide had slipped on the dead Indian's leg, and while we were commenting on it the balance of our party began to show up on the hill about half a mile back on our trail. We got up in sight and they were all soon with us. We desired to go back to the big wash that we had crossed in overtaking the Indians, to camp, as it was then about sundown and we knew there was water and feed there. On our way back I was riding next to Townsend, the other men having caught my horse and brought him along. I said, 'Townsend, why didn't you shoot when you jumped off your horse?' His reply was, 'Why didn't you shoot?' I said, 'I killed that big Indian all right,' and we both claimed to have shot the Indian. When we got back to where he lay, we examined the body and found the small Henry rifle hole, and the bullet must have passed through his heart, while my big Sharp's bullet had passed through right between his shoulders. We had both fired at the same time, and we both thought the other had not fired. Townsend said to me, 'How many have you killed?' I said, 'Two yesterday and two this morning.' 'Well,' he replied, 'you count this one. That shot would have killed a big bunch if they had been in line.' 'How many have you got?' I asked. 'Eight,' was the answer, 'and one gone with his right arm all shot to pieces. We will track him up in the morning and that will be nine for me.' The gun that had caused us both to shoot at the same Indian proved to be the herder's gun that was killed when the herd was taken. The horse that he

rode belonged to the Bowers ranch, and the other horse belonged to the late Robert Postle. It was quite a noted race horse. The whole command had sat and watched Townsend and me until the first shots, then came on as fast as possible.

“One of the soldiers had noticed a road leading up the mountainside across the valley some eight or ten miles away, and recognized it as a road that he had traveled several years ago, and said that it led from old Camp Reno on Tonto Creek to Green Valley. That was the first that we had an idea where we were at. From what I can learn from people who have lived in that country, the creek that we were camped on is now known as Wild Rye.

“The next morning we were out as soon as we could see and tried to locate the wounded Indian. We found his track where he had crawled through the brush and skulked along for nearly half a mile, then in some way he built a signal fire and other Indians had come to him during the night and taken him away. So Townsend only counted eight for the trip. After satisfying ourselves that there was no show to find the wounded Indian, we took the trail and about ten o'clock struck Tonto Creek and the old wagon road before mentioned. The Indian trail led down the creek to a point below a small canyon that the road was built around. There the Indians had left the road and creek and taken to the hills again, going east. Here we halted for the first time to consult. As our horses were in very bad shape (several being entirely or partially barefooted) and our grub all gone, that

is, the citizens' grub, we concluded that it would be folly to go on further on the trail, and we also realized that the Indians were thoroughly roused, as we had seen smokes by day and fires by night on the mountains for the past twenty-four hours.

"Some of the party were in favor of going back and trying to get home via Camp Verde. It was also suggested by some that we might as well take our back trail. The suggestion made some merriment among the wise ones, and Townsend spoke up and said five hundred men could not get back by the way we came without losing half of them. Townsend hunted up the soldier who had recognized the wagon road the day before, and learned what he could about the country and the road. The soldier had been over the road but once, but he thought we were not more than a few miles from Old Camp Reno and from there there had been wagons over the Reno Mountain road. We concluded to go to McDowell, and as we began to mount our horses, Townsend remarked, 'We will have to be on our guard from now on or somebody may get hurt.' That was the most talk that he had made on the trip at any one time, and the lieutenant had not said that much so as to be heard by the citizen part of the crowd, and we all began to think he was all right. Even Jeff Davis had quit calling him 'corporal' when he had occasion to address him, and called him 'Mr. Morton.' We were halted on a mesa of a considerable extent while we were consulting about the road to take. The mesa was covered with prehistoric ruins of some kind, and they had covered many acres of ground. We had a good road until we

reached the old abandoned post. We passed a few miles above the post what had been a garden irrigated with water taken out of Tonto Creek. This was done by soldiers while the post was occupied, we afterward learned. We reached the old ruined post about noon, having traveled some twenty or twenty-five miles that morning, and had spent a considerable time hunting for the Indian with a broken arm. That Indian, building a fire with one hand was a puzzle to us all. He must have had matches.

“As we found a fine large stream or spring near the old camp we concluded to camp there that night to rest our horses. Several of the citizens had walked all the morning to favor their horses. My own horse was very lame, and the first thing that I did after reaching the camp was to hunt up the old blacksmith shop, and I found plenty of shoes that were good enough to keep a horse’s foot off the ground. I also picked up quite a lot of nails, most of which had been bent, but I got enough to put a shoe onto my own horse and a lot to spare for the others. While several other men and I were hunting for the nails, we were startled by seeing some of the fellows in camp run to their horses, while others were running to camp from where they had been picking blackberries, of which there was quite a patch at this place,—the first that I had ever seen on the Pacific coast growing wild. The excitement was caused by a big cloud of dust about two miles up the McDowell road—just at the mouth of a canyon that the road passes through before it reaches the open mesa country. Our first impression was that it was

Indians coming with a band of stolen stock, as we could see nothing but the dust, and a glimpse of something moving. Only a few of us had our horses when we heard a bugle call, and the soldiers said it was a command to charge, and I guess it was, for here they came, just tearing the earth until they were within about four hundred yards. Then they subsided and walked their horses into camp, and none of them a bit hurt. It turned out to be a company of cavalry sent out from McDowell to kill Indians, and as our soldiers were all mounted on white horses, they were mistaken for a band of sheep, and the officer in command had the horn blown—I suppose to scare them away so they would not eat him. The officer stopped and talked a while with our men, and made a strong talk with some of the boys, trying to induce them to join him and go after the ones we had lost. He went so far as to offer to dismount some of his men and send them back to McDowell, and mount the citizens on the fresh horses. There were men in our party who would have liked to have accepted the offer had it not been for the bugle. The name of this officer I do not recall, but the guide was Hi Jolly, one of the men imported to the United States with the camels which were brought to Texas in the early fifties. When the McDowell officer struck the trail of the Indians where we had left it, he took the back track—the trail that we had come to Tonto Creek by, instead of following the Indians. He was afterward court-martialed for that. Hi Jolly made the complaint, I believe, which brought him before a court-martial. Hi Jolly was a good and

careful guide and scout, and died a few years since at Quartzsite, Yuma County, Arizona.

“Our party slept at the Old Post that night, and we could see signal fires in every direction on the mountains. The next day we started to make McDowell. Townsend spoke to the lieutenant, whom we had all learned to like by this time, and told him to have his men keep close up and not get scattered as there was liable to be Indians trying to cut off any who might lag behind. It was a long rough ride over the Reno Mountains, and we were all tired after the excitement of the chase and our horses were badly fagged and sore footed. We scattered out on both sides of the road and after we came in sight of McDowell (which we could see ten or twelve miles away) I was riding on the upper side of the road and Townsend was below the road. I noticed him working his way up toward me and when he got alongside he said to me, ‘Suppose they don’t give us rations when we get down there,’ nodding at the post, ‘what shall we do?’ I replied, ‘I don’t know.’ Says he, in an undertone, ‘We will take the post,’ and turned to go back to his place in the line of march. As he started off, I said, ‘All right, Townsend.’ I will say here that we had been living off the soldiers’ rations after the third day out and had eaten everything they had the day before, except some mescal that we had found in the Indian camps.

“We didn’t have to take the post, however, as the commanding officer did everything he could for our comfort—gave us good quarters for ourselves and horses, and an order for any-

thing that was in the commissary. I believe his name was Major Dudley. We rested at McDowell two days, then started for Prescott via Black Canyon and Townsend's Ranch, where Townsend found his family all safe and well. This woman had been staying at the ranch alone with her small children and no neighbors for several miles. The ranch is more than forty miles from Prescott and right in the heart of the Indian country, but she had dogs and guns. The lady raised a large family, and is living somewhere in this country now. The Indians killed Townsend some time after; shot him at long range, but didn't dare to go near him to get his horse. The faithful animal stayed with him several days, then went home. They found the body by back tracking the horse. Townsend had seen signs of a large party of Indians in the country, and, having no neighbors to go with him, he went after them single-handed, as he had done many times before. In all he killed thirty-five Apaches in the five years that he had lived on the Agua Fria River.

“Our party broke up next day at the Bowers ranch, having been gone eleven days and recovered all but fourteen head of the horses and mules stolen. The soldiers went to Camp Verde, and those of the citizens that didn't belong in the Agua Fria Valley, returned to Prescott, where we found the citizens organizing a searching party to go out and find and bury us. As they didn't know that we had joined issues with the soldiers, they concluded that the Indians had got us into some tight place like the Black Mesa on the East Fork of the Verde, and killed

us all. I got to Prescott about ten o'clock in the morning and was preparing to start that day and drive through to Skull Valley, where I had left my wife and baby nearly two weeks before to be gone only two nights, but my friends got around me and persuaded me to stay until next day as they were preparing an entertainment for me and the balance of the party. That was a day and night of great rejoicing in Prescott, it being the first time that the Indians had been followed, overtaken and severely punished by either citizens or soldiers for their crimes. It was really the beginning of a long fought battle in which the Indians got the worst of it every time. While we were at McDowell we occupied the quarters of a company of cavalry that had gone to meet General Crook, who had just come to the country, and was on a tour of inspection of its geography, which he accomplished by going to every military post before he started his campaign, which ended so successfully.

“When I had put my team back in Brook & Lind’s stable, I walked down across the plaza, and someone introduced me to a Mr. John Dun, from Virginia City, Nevada. We talked a few minutes and he asked me to come into the store a minute (we were standing in front of Levy Bashford’s store). Dun said: ‘Mr. Bashford, give me that gun, if you please.’ Bashford went and brought out a new Winchester rifle, one of the latest models. Mr. Dun passed the gun to me and said: ‘See if that is any good. If it is, keep it.’ I certainly kept it until it was burned with my house and all its contents in Salt River Valley. That act of Dun must have suggested

something, for the citizens of Prescott presented John Townsend with a gun just like it, with appropriately engraved plates on the stock, and also presented Lieutenant Morton with a pair of gold-mounted forty-five pistols, properly engraved. I will say that the older officers at Verde had sent Morton out as a lark, not expecting him to accomplish anything, and were having a lot of fun about it at first, but when he was gone longer than he was rationed for, they began to get uneasy about 'the boy' as they called him when he first left them. When he returned it was a different name he bore.

"The night's entertainment consisted, first, of a wine supper, the table being the full length of a new store that Bashford was building. In the center of the table was a row of wine baskets set end to end the whole length of the table. This wine was Hammond's Port Wine,—the first I ever saw. The first course served was wine, and then Judge Howard made a little speech, and winked with both eyes. Then we had a course of wine, then a short speech from R. C. McCormick, and another course of wine. We had short speeches and wine until most of the party went wine-ding home. The old Prescott pioneers did do things right when they started.

"The next morning, having my load all ready the night before, I started with William H. Smith and Charles Boyce for Skull Valley. Arriving at the Bowers station where there were several military officers sitting on the porch, I drove up alongside of the steps, and as my wife and Mrs. Bowers came down the steps, I handed my wife the holsters that I had put the indigo

balls in at the second fight, and said to her: 'Here is the indigo, wife. I had a h—l of a time to get it.' The next day I got home to Peeples Valley, having been gone nineteen days, when it was my intention on leaving home to be away only five days. There I found John Burger suffering badly from some wounds that he had received at the hands of the Apaches on April 1st of that year, when his companion, H. Wyckoff, was killed while he and Burger were on their way from Peeples Valley to Wickenburg. Burger had three balls in his right side and was shot through the left thigh, which wound crippled him for life. The wounds were nearly all healed when I left him and he was getting around a little on crutches. When I returned the wounds in his side were badly inflamed and were full of proud flesh. One rib had been shot entirely in two and the ends of the rib were growing together nicely when I left him, but when I got the inflammation down and the proud flesh burned out of the wound, I found there were little ulcers formed on the ends of the new bone. I cut them off with my pocket knife, and with such attention as I was able to give him, Burger was out of bed and quite well in a short time. He was one of the early settlers of Phoenix, and was killed accidentally in his own mill on Humbug Creek. His wife still lives in Phoenix.

"Altogether we killed fifty-six Indians, and got all of the stock back but fourteen head—and Mrs. Genung got her indigo."

CHAPTER X.

INDIAN TROUBLES, THE MILITARY, MURDERS
AND LYNCHINGS.

CALIFORNIA LEGISLATURE PASSES RESOLUTION
RELATING TO INDIAN AFFAIRS IN ARIZONA—
GENERAL STONEMAN SUPERSEDED BY GENERAL
CROOK—NEWSPAPER CRITICISM OF GENERAL
STONEMAN—MURDERS BY MEXICAN OUTLAWS
—REPRISALS—MURDERERS LYNCHED—SET-
TLEMENT OF VALLEY OF SAN PEDRO BY MARK
ALDRICH—MORE INDIAN OUTRAGES—ROADS
BUILT BY STONEMAN—FIGHTS OF CAPTAIN
MOORE AND CAPTAIN RUSSELL WITH INDIANS
—GENERAL CROOK TAKES COMMAND.

Arizona and the West were anxious that the Apaches should be conquered at once, because about this time it began to dawn upon the West that Arizona was a great mineral country. The California Legislature in 1871 passed the following resolution:

“Joint Resolutions of the Legislature of California relating to Indian Affairs in the Territory of Arizona:

“WHEREAS, we are fully assured that the following statements are true:

“That the inhabitants of the Territory of Arizona are now, and for years past have been, the victims of the most cruel outrages at the hands of the Apache Indians;

“That hundreds of them, including women and children, have been murdered by these savages within the last few years;

“That neither homes nor property in that Territory, outside its principal towns, are safe from savage incursions;

“That in but exceptional places can any high-road be traveled without great danger;

“That many of the citizens of our own State, while there on business, have fallen victims to these Indians;

“That at no time in the history of that Territory have the Indians been more hostile, or the lives and property of the people less safe, than within the past two months;

“That the nation is rich enough to afford, and strong enough to enforce, protection to its people living in its own Territory and under its own flag, as well as those abroad in other lands;

“That for the murder of the fewest number of its citizens who have been slain by these savages in Arizona in any two months in the last two years, the United States Government would have declared war against every Power in Europe had its citizens been so murdered there for want of proper protection from European Powers;

“That the feeling and belief are universal on the part of the people of this State, and we believe of the Pacific Slope, that when General Crook was sent to Arizona, he was the right man in the right place;

“That he is as humane as energetic, and if allowed sufficient means and given the discretion to which his experience in the management of Indian Affairs entitles him, and not interfered with in his operations, he will, in a brief period, arrest this reign of terror and blood, and give

security to the long-suffering people of this Territory; and

“WHEREAS, we do most seriously believe that in all the land no such prompt and efficient measures are required for the protection of our people as in the Territory of Arizona, THEREFORE:

“1. BE IT RESOLVED BY THE SENATE (the Assembly concurring), that it is the duty of the Government of the United States to give the most prompt and efficient protection to the people of Arizona against the Apache Indians; that all attempts to treat with or otherwise appease them until they are made to feel the power of the Government, will prove futile in the future as they have in the past, and must result only in encouraging these savages to continue deeds of carnage.

“2. That in no other way can this protection be so promptly and efficiently extended to our suffering brethren in Arizona as by furnishing General Crook with ample means and by giving him the largest discretion on the course to be pursued toward the savages.

“3. That the President of the United States be, and he is hereby, urged and implored to prevent further interference with the military operations of General Crook, otherwise than by aiding his designs, until these savages are subdued and the people of Arizona are made secure in their lives, homes and property.

“4. That his Excellency, the Governor of this State, be requested to telegraph these resolutions and the preamble to the same to the President of the United States; that he cause to be sent copies

of the same to each of the Senators and Representatives in Congress of the Pacific States and Territories, and to each of the Governors of the same; and that our Senators in Congress be instructed and our Representatives be requested to urge upon the Government at Washington such action in the premises as is indicated by these resolutions.”

The resolutions reflected the will of the citizens of Arizona, and showed the temper of the people of the Golden State and the West generally.

General Stoneman was superseded by General Crook through the influence of Governor Safford, and, as far as I can see, he was much misjudged. The following, from the Los Angeles “Daily Star” of May 6th, 1871, is one of the many harsh criticisms which were indulged in against him at that time:

“REMOVAL OF GENERAL STONEMAN.

“There must be something very peculiar in the atmosphere of Arizona, as it certainly is very unhealthy down that way for military commanders. Scarcely does one get installed in office, and certainly before he has become acquainted with the peculiarities of the country and the interests of its inhabitants, than he is removed, and another takes his place—to be, in his turn, summarily sent to the right about. The Territory was organized in 1863, but it was well on in 1864 before the ‘outfit’ reached the country, and the formal declaration of the organization of the country made, which took place at old Fort Whipple, on what was known as Postle’s ranch. During these seven years we think we are safe

in saying that there were more commanders in Arizona than one could count on his fingers without repeating. We know of three changes having been made in less than one year—how many since we can scarcely count. The result of these changes has always been unfortunate for the country as the plans of the predecessor were generally upset by the successor, and there was a change all around, during which the war against the enemy was relaxed.

“Well, we have now another change, and that, as usual, before the incumbent has become properly acquainted with his charge. We see by the papers from Arizona that General Stoneman is on a tour of inspection of the Territory, the second since his appointment. His fault seems to have been that he was too ready to give expression to a hastily formed opinion, and to act on what he thus believed to be for the economical administration of the affairs of his command, rather than as it turned out, for its efficiency. He went there with the very best intentions, as was testified to by the ‘Miner,’ and as, indeed, it was to be expected. But on making his first tour of inspection or investigation, he came rather suddenly to the conclusion that because, traveling with a numerous escort, he was not attacked by the Apaches, the country was perfectly peaceable, the alleged outrages by the Apaches were magnified, if not manufactured for sensational purposes as well as interested motives, and, acting on this conviction, he so reported to the Government and began dismantling camps and sending the soldiers out of the country. A greater mistake was never made. It was worse than the

imbecility of poor Mason. Had he made himself acquainted with the habits and practices of the Indians, consulted the wants of the people who, for years had been struggling to maintain the country, almost unaided, for the United States, and benefited by the experience of the many good and true men in the Territory, he never would have made that indiscreet report, much less would he have attempted to carry his recommendations into effect. But he turned a deaf ear to all remonstrances, ignored the opinions of the people, acted on his hastily formed conclusions, and permitted the Indians almost to gain the ascendancy in the country. For the past few months the Indian depredations have been more extensive and fatal than at any other period since the American occupation. The result is, he is now deprived of his command by order of the President, leaving behind him in the Territory a reputation as the most unpopular commander Arizona has ever had."

It was not only the Apaches the early settlers had to contend with, but the Mexican outlaws as well, who, escaping to Sonora, were protected by Governor Pesquiera. The following are well authenticated incidents of Mexican outlawry, some of which met well merited punishment:

On December 24th, 1870, three men, Reid, Lytle, and Oliver, were murdered at Mission Camp by three Mexicans, who escaped to Sonora. On the 2nd of January, following, Governor Safford sent an agent for them. They were found without difficulty, but the Governor of Sonora, Pesquiera, declined to give them up, and referred the matter to the Secretary of State.

In December, 1871, a man named Baker who lived at Blue Water station, and drove stage between that place and Tucson, was killed, together with his family. A reward of a thousand dollars was offered for the murderers, but the case was abandoned when it was learned that the Mexicans had reached Sonora and were under the protection of the Mexican Government.

Governor McCormick, in speaking of the border troubles, remarked that when the Blue Water and Mission Camp murders were committed, he reported the same to the authorities in Washington, saying that should such things continue, it was probable that a strong force would invade Mexico and retaliate. The matter was brought to the attention of the Mexican Government, whose reply was that they were unable to guard their frontier, and could not be responsible for acts of their people across the border.

On January 14th, 1871, the Arizona "Miner" said: "The alarming frequency of deeds of violence in our community, and the tardiness with which justice is meted out, will, we fear, judging from the ominous mutterings of the people, culminate in a vigilance committee, a self-constituted arbiter of justice so common to the frontier wherever laws are not promptly and strictly enforced." The futile appeals to both the Mexican and American Governments for protection, and the prolonged delay in the adjustment of difficulties, compelled the citizens to avenge their own grievances, or to submit unprotected to continued wrongs and outrages.

The Cienega, or as it is now known, Pantano, was a noted station in those days, and it is

claimed that murders were committed by the stage employees, who posed as honest hosts. At one time they murdered the United States paymaster and his guard, securing seventy-five thousand dollars. The Apaches, in turn, murdered all the bloodthirsty crowd at the Cienega. These atrocities were committed in the early seventies. The place, in later years, was destroyed. In 1897, four men, who posed as prospectors when they passed through Tucson, came from San Francisco, and honeycombed the whole place. It is supposed that they had some knowledge of the treasures hidden there, and that they took away a large amount with them.

In March, 1872, a stationkeeper, William McFarland, at Sacaton, on the Tucson road, mysteriously disappeared after leaving Gandara's ranch. A large party of Americans went to Gandara's to make investigations. One of the party, Bedel, attempted to go into the house when Gandara shot him, and then tried to escape, but was riddled with bullets. On the following day a party went in pursuit of Manuel Reyes, who had threatened to kill four Americans in revenge for the death of a comrade. Reyes took refuge in a house where there were several women and children. All the inmates were ordered to leave the house; as soon as they were out, an onslaught was made, and amid the general shooting Reyes was killed. An hour or two before Aguilar, another Mexican, was shot from his horse. Fears were entertained of a general uprising of the Mexicans, and places of business in Sanford and Florence were closed, the citizens holding themselves in readiness to act, if

necessary. Governor Safford, however, soon afterwards made his appearance, a body of troops was stationed in the vicinity, and peace was finally restored.

King S. Woolsey, who had a ranch at Stanwix station, (Agua Caliente), had a Mexican boy whom he had brought up with the kindness of a father. A Mexican desperado, formerly in his employ, met the boy one day and, after some words about his going to kill Woolsey, he shot the boy. The Mexican was captured. On the following day, August 8th, 1872, the boy was buried, and the man was led out and shot beside the boy's grave. At Kenyon Station, on the Yuma road, Edward Lumley was killed on the 18th of August, 1873, by Lucas Lugas and Manuel Subiate. He was beaten, stabbed and shot. On the 31st of the month Lugas was found in a thicket of underbrush, where he was shot after a vain attempt to kill his pursuers. Subiate was also captured the same day and placed in the Yuma county jail. He denied having any connection with the affair but this statement was rebutted by strong circumstantial evidence. On the 8th of August, four men were hanged for murders committed the previous day.

This prompt and determined action of the people was deemed necessary to save the lives and property of the scattered population. A Mexican named Mariano Tisnado was arrested for cattle stealing in Phoenix, and strong suspicions were entertained that he was accessory to the murder of Mr. Griffin a short time before. It was announced that his trial would take place on the 3rd of July, 1873. Early that morning

a number of farmers came in from every direction and assembled at the courthouse square. A little after six they took Mariano Tisnado out and hung him on the gate of Monihon & Starr's corral, where now stands the Monihon Building on the northeast corner of First Avenue and Washington Street. They feared that he would be acquitted if he was brought to trial.

At midnight of August 3rd, 1873, a Mexican couple, Vicente Hernandez and his wife, were murdered in their home at Tucson with knives and clubs, by Leonardo Cordoba, Clemente Lopez, and Jesus Sagaripa. The murderers were arrested on the following day, and a confession obtained from Cordoba acknowledging their participation in the deed. He also disclosed the place where the plunder was buried. After the funeral the following day, a meeting was held. The unanimous demand was that the murderers should be executed at once. At the March session of the court, two noted criminals had been given their freedom, although it was well known that they had taken the lives of innocent men. At the time of the Hernandez murder there was in the jail another murderer, John Willis by name, who, it was determined, should be hanged with the three Mexicans. Accordingly the meeting adjourned until the following morning, August 8th, when, at an early hour, the jail was surrounded, and the prisoners demanded. Two forked posts were planted in front of the jail door, and a pole placed on them. Four ropes with nooses were then suspended from the pole. A Catholic priest was summoned and allowed

sufficient time for his ministrations. The prisoners were then led forth and hanged. The hanging was done calmly and deliberately, the feeling being that it was for the best interests of the community at large. The following is the report of the inquest, which shows the feeling of the citizens at that time:

“We, the undersigned, the jurors summoned to appear before Solomon Warner, the coroner of the county of Pima, at Tucson, on the 8th day of August, 1873, to inquire into the cause of the death of John Willis, Leonardo Cordoba, Clemente Lopez, and Jesus Saguaripa, find that they came to their death on the 8th day of August, 1873, about eleven thirty o’clock in the morning, in the courthouse plaza, in the town of Tucson, by hanging; and we further find that said hanging was committed by the people of Tucson en masse; and we do further say that in view of the terrible and bloody murders which were committed by the three Mexicans above named, and the tardiness with which justice was meted out to John Willis, a murderer, the extreme measures taken by our fellow citizens this morning, in vindication of their lives, their property, and the peace and good order of society, while it is to be regretted and deplored that such extreme measures were necessary, seem to have been the inevitable results of allowing criminals to escape the penalties of their crimes.”

G. R. Whisler, keeper of Burk’s station on the lower Gila was murdered at noon on July 7th, 1874, by a Mexican named Ventura Nunez. Threats had been made by the border bandits to murder all the station keepers from Gila Bend

to Yuma, and the discovery of Whisler's violent death caused widespread fear of criminals. Governor Safford inaugurated a plan which appeared to have worked very well; authorizing responsible parties to offer suitable rewards for the apprehension of criminals. Accordingly, Woolsey, of Stanwix Station, nine miles below Burk's, immediately offered five hundred dollars for Ventura Nunez, dead or alive. Three Mexicans soon captured the murderer, who was brought back on the 11th of December. There was quite a large assembly of men present who took the man from the authorities and hanged him.

The valley of the San Pedro was first settled by Mark Aldrich and others in 1865. In 1868 they took out a ditch. Apache depredations commenced in 1867 and continued during 1868. In 1869 a number of new settlers came in, but up to February 7th, 1871, only one death came from natural causes. The Indians committed their usual atrocities. During the time of which we write, 1868 to 1871, Cochise's band was busy in the southern part of the territory. Settlers on the Sonoita and the Santa Cruz, and as far south as Nogales, were murdered and their stock driven off. The only one who stood the test was Pete Kitchen, whose adopted son was killed on his home place, and whose laborers plowed his fields with rifles at hand ready for use. Upon his buildings he had lookouts to warn him of the approach of Apaches. At no time, probably, in the history of Arizona, was there a darker outlook than in 1871. Stoneman had done but very little, except in the way of building roads. Two

which he built in the northern part of the Territory, one from Horsehead Crossing on the Little Colorado to Camp Apache, and the other from Camp McDowell, via Burro Head to Sunset Crossing, were of great assistance to General Crook in his subsequent military operations.

The most important fights during Stoneman's command of this department were those of Captain Moore and of Captain Russell. Captain Moore left Tucson on the 12th of March, 1871, and reached McDowell about the first of April. Continuing his expedition, a few days later he attacked a rancheria, which is said to have contained more than a hundred warriors, of whom twenty-nine were killed during the engagement, besides many wounded, who, according to the custom of the Indians, were removed from the battlefield. Returning to Tucson, Captain Moore went to the relief of Captain Russell who, with a small force, had engaged Cochise with about a hundred and fifty well armed, well drilled warriors, about twelve miles from the crossing of the San Pedro, near what was afterwards known as Benson. Captain Russell had about eighteen men in the engagement, one of whom was killed and one wounded. While the fight was confined to the plain, Cochise rapidly fell back for a distance of five miles, with a loss of fifteen warriors killed, and it was not until after the Indians had reached the mountains and entrenched themselves among the rocks that Captain Russell was compelled to retire and send for re-enforcements. Among those killed was Azul, the chief who planned the expedition which re-

sulted in the killing of two white men the year previous.

The whole Apache country at this time had been mapped; many of the Indians were gathered on the reservation on the Colorado river, and some were employed around the different forts and camps.

General Crook took command in June, 1871, but almost immediately was halted in his military operations by instructions from Washington to await the result of the labors of the Peace Commission, which was then on its way to New Mexico and Arizona.

CHAPTER XI.

THE PEACE COMMISSION.

GOVERNOR SAFFORD'S PROCLAMATION IN REGARD TO—ARRIVAL OF COMMISSIONER VINCENT COLYER—MAKES EX PARTE REPORT—RECEIVED WITH CORDIALITY BY MILITARY BUT NOT BY CITIZENS TO WHOM HE REFUSED HEARINGS—COLYER'S LETTERS REPORTING HIS ACTIONS—CAMP APACHE—INDUSTRY OF APACHES—CONDITION OF APACHE INDIANS—REFERENCE TO CAMP GRANT MASSACRE—TALKS WITH COYOTERO APACHE CHIEFS.

Upon being notified that the Peace Commission was on its way to the Territory, Governor Safford, on the 15th day of August, A. D. 1871, issued the following proclamation:

“WHEREAS, I am informed, as I am departing for the Pinal Mountains with a large force for the purpose of exploring the agricultural and mineral resources of that region, that a commission has been ordered by the President of the United States, to examine into the Indian affairs of the Territory, with the view, if possible, of securing a peaceful solution of the question, and my absence may continue until after the arrival of said commission, and

“WHEREAS, the object most desired by the people of this Territory is the cessation of Indian hostilities, and the means which will most speedily accomplish this result will be hailed with joy by every inhabitant.

“NOW, THEREFORE, I, A. P. K. Safford, Governor of Arizona, call upon the officers and citizens of the Territory to receive said commissioners with kindness and hospitality; to give them all the aid and information upon such subject before referred to within your power and knowledge. They have been selected with a view to their integrity and humanity of purpose, and sent here in the legal performance of duty. If they come among you entertaining erroneous opinions upon the Indian question and the condition of affairs in the Territory, then, by kindly treatment, and fair, truthful representation, you will be enabled to convince them of their errors.

“Given under my hand and the great seal of the Territory, this 15th day of August, A. D. 1871.

“A. P. K. SAFFORD.

“By the Governor:

“THEO. F. WHITE,

“Acting Secretary of the Territory.”

Having spent some time in New Mexico investigating the Apaches in that Territory, Vincent Colyer, who was the Commissioner, reached Arizona, having been given ample powers to locate reservations, make treaties with the Indians, supply them with all things necessary for their actual wants, and gather them upon the reservations so established. Colyer did not take the settlers into his confidence, nor did he, at any time, try to get their side of the story. As he declared himself, his business was entirely with the Indians and with the military in the different departments; naturally, as a consequence, his report can only be considered as *ex parte*, and

while, in every instance, he excuses the crimes of the Indians, citing outrages on the part of the whites which provoked them to reprisals, at this late day it must be conceded that lawless officials and private citizens robbed, killed and plundered the Indians, who regarded all whites as enemies and waged a war to avenge cruel and unnecessary wrongs perpetrated upon them, and that in many instances the Indians were not altogether to blame.

The report of Colyer, which is contained in his letters printed in the following pages, recites the beginnings of the wars between the Apaches and the whites, and shows that, according to the records of the Indian Department, the Apache Indians were the friends of the Americans when they first knew them, and asserts, with how much truth no one can say, that they always desired peace with them, and that when they were placed on reservations in 1858 and 1859, they were industrious, intelligent, and made rapid progress in the arts of civilization.

The only Indians placed on reservations at the times mentioned, were the Maricopas and Pimas, which were, at that time, and always had been, friendly to the whites, and, as before stated, were the hereditary foes of the Apaches.

The report, continuing, says that their ill-will and constant war with the Mexicans arose from the fact that the Mexicans denied them any rights to the soil as original occupants, and waged wars of extermination against them; that the peaceable relations of the Apaches with the Americans continued until the latter adopted the Mexican theory of extermination, and by acts of inhuman

treachery and cruelty made them our implacable foes; that this policy has resulted in a war which, in the last ten years, has cost us a thousand lives and over forty millions of dollars, and the country no quieter nor the Indians any nearer extermination than they were at the time of the Gadsden purchase; that the present war will cost the people of the United States between three and four millions of dollars this year (1871); that these Indians still beg for peace, and all of them can be placed on reservations and fed at an expense of less than a half million of dollars a year, without the loss of a life.

This is rather a broad assertion and it was not borne out by subsequent events. However, these representations were considered by the President, and Commissioner Colyer was directed to proceed to New Mexico and Arizona, and there take such measures as he deemed wisest to locate these Apaches upon suitable reservations, feed, clothe, and otherwise care for them, and the President instructed the War Department to cooperate with the Commissioner. In obedience to these orders he went to these Territories, and in consultation with the officers of the Army, Indian Agents in New Mexico, and officers of the Army under General Crook in Arizona, Mr. Colyer proceeded to put his plans into execution, and in his report he says:

“The Indians came in gladly in large numbers, and at last advices over four thousand, being one-half of all the roving Apaches, were living peaceably upon the reservations; that no depredations have been committed by any of these Indians since they came in, and that before spring, if

they are unmolested, and have sufficient food, we shall have peace restored to these Territories; that Generals Schofield, Stoneman, and other army officers reported that the Apaches who came into the military posts last year paid for a large part of the rations issued to them by supplying hay and wood to the garrisons at much less cost to the Government than that paid to the contractors for the Army." The report says: "That the act of Captain Nelson, the army officer in command at Camp Grant, in turning back the party of two hundred armed citizens, who imperiously demanded to cross the Indian reservation at that post, was necessary; saved the three hundred Indians collected there from another bloody massacre, and the nation from a disgrace, and thanks Captain Nelson for it."

This, of course, was mere assumption. The citizens of Tucson, in common with all citizens of Arizona, were anxious to interview Colyer; find out just what his disposition was towards them, and what his plans were for ending the Indian war. It is nonsense to suppose for a moment that two hundred citizens would attack a fort like that of Grant while the military were in possession, well armed and equipped with gatling guns, just for the pleasure of murdering a few Indians there. General Crook condemned Nelson for issuing this order, saying that the road passing from Florence to within four miles of the post was a public highway and that to deny any armed American the right to enter the reservation, was to deny anyone the right to travel over this road, since it was necessary for self-protec-

tion that all parties should carry arms in traveling.

General Crook had issued an order to enlist twenty-five Apache Indians as scouts, to fight the Apaches, but upon learning that Colyer was coming into the Territory on a peace mission, rescinded the order. In reference to this Mr. Colyer says: "The order countermanding the previous order of General Crook, of employing Apaches to fight Apaches, was made by the General himself, greatly to his honor." It should be remembered that General Crook, when hostilities were resumed by orders from Washington, enlisted Apaches to fight Apaches, and in this way conquered the hostile tribes.

Mr. Colyer says he was "received with cordiality by General Granger (commander in New Mexico), General Crook, and all the officers of the army in New Mexico and Arizona, and that there was at no time any discord of action."

Upon his return to Washington the reservations which he had selected, and the arrangements which he had made for the protection and subsistence of the Indians upon them, under the care of the officers of the army under General Crook, were approved by the President and the Secretary of the Interior, and directions given by General Sherman for their permanency.

Of the complaints made by officials and editors of newspapers in Arizona, of a want of courtesy toward the white settlers, as well as the vituperation and abuse of the press of Arizona and California, the commissioner takes but slight notice. He said that the business for which he was sent was accomplished, and that he trusted for his

vindication to time and the results with which he believed God would prosper the work. Suffice it to say that it was found necessary in a very short time to set aside his report, and to instruct General Crook to resume hostilities.

The report opens with extracts from the report of Agent Steck, Indian Agent for New Mexico, for 1857-58 and '59, showing the condition of the Apaches in New Mexico at that time in a very favorable light, and then, continuing, recites the slaughter of the Apaches of Mangus Colorado's band by Johnson in 1841, which has been before recited; the capture of Cochise and some of his Indians by Lieutenant Bascomb; the escape of Cochise; the murder of his warriors which drove Cochise and his band into war against the whites, ending with the Pinole Treaty of King Woolsey, which has been fully recited in these pages, together with the killing of Mangus Colorado while a prisoner, and other outrages committed by the whites upon the Indians.

Mr. Colyer further says: "With these official records before us, showing the injustice and folly of their treatment by the Mexicans in denying them any rights to the soil on which they lived as the original occupants; their goodwill toward the Americans, who, on their first acquaintance, treated them justly; their industrious habits and peaceable character when placed on reservations and allowed a fair opportunity to gain a livelihood; the inhuman treachery and cruelty on the part of white men, which have made them our implacable foes, and the heavy cost, both in life and treasure, which these events have entailed upon us, we have felt it our duty, for the last three

years, to endeavor to better the condition of the Apache Indians of Arizona. Of the present character of these Indians there is not much difference of opinion between 'Christians' and 'Exterminators,' but in their treatment as one believes in their salvation, the other in their destruction—there is disagreement.

"Congress, at the earnest solicitation of the board, having passed the appropriation of \$70,000, referred to in our report of last year, 'to collect the Apache Indians of Arizona and New Mexico on reservations, furnish them with subsistence and other necessary articles, and to promote peace and civilization among them,' the board at its meeting in May directed 'its secretary to visit the Apache country, to take such measures as might seem expedient to prevent the perpetration of further outrages like the Camp Grant massacre, and, if possible, avert the apprehended war.'

"On the 13th day of July, in company with Commissioner George H. Stuart, I called upon the President at Long Branch, New Jersey, and, reporting to him the condition of affairs in New Mexico and Arizona, we received letters from him to the Secretary of the Interior and Secretary of War, directing that enlarged powers be given to such agent as the Secretary of the Interior might select to effect 'so desirable an object' as above indicated.

"The acting Secretary of the Interior having selected me as the agent, authorized and requested me to proceed to New Mexico and Arizona Territories, and there take such action as in my judgment seemed wisest and most proper

for locating the nomadic tribes of these Territories upon suitable reservations, bringing them under the control of the proper officers of the Indian Department, and supplying them with necessary subsistence, clothing, and whatever else might be needed. The Department invested me with full powers to be exercised according to my discretion in carrying into effect its views in relation to the Indians referred to.”

The gist of his report is contained in letters from Mr. Colyer, which follow: The first two letters relate entirely to the Indians of New Mexico, and are not of particular importance to Arizona. The other letters I give in their entirety:

“Camp Apache, Arizona Territory,
“September 6, 1871.

“Since my last letter, dated August 22, 1871, I have the honor to report that, in company with Nathaniel Pope, superintendent of Indian affairs in New Mexico, John Ward as interpreter, and Philip Gonzales, as guide, with an escort of twenty soldiers under a sergeant of the Fifteenth U. S. Infantry, Company K, we left Camp Craig, New Mexico, on the 23rd of August, 1871, with fifteen days' rations, for the Apache Indian country, in New Mexico and Arizona, to inspect the upper valley of Cañada, Alamosa, beyond the mountains, at Hot Springs, Ojo Caliente, and the Tularosa Valley, to ascertain their suitability for an Indian reservation. After a very interesting ride of three days, travelling about twenty-eight miles a day and camping at night, we arrived at noon of the 25th at Ojo Caliente. We here met, by appointment, O. F. Piper, Esq., agent for the Southern Apaches, who, in com-

pany with Senor Trojero, alcalde of the Mexican village of Cañada, his nephew, and Sergeant Stackpole, Fifteenth United States Infantry, had ridden on horseback over the mountains which run between the Cañada proper and the Springs. They also brought with them Loco, one of the Apache chiefs, who had been in company with the Senor Trojero over to Arizona in search of Cochise, under the direction of Superintendent Pope, who had already forwarded to the Department an account of their expedition, and of its failure, owing to Trojero's having fallen in with General Crook, commanding the department of Arizona, and being as he says, ordered back and forbidden to pursue his errand further.

“We examined the neighborhood of Ojo Caliente (Hot Springs) carefully, and finding the area of land capable of being cultivated far too small for the necessities of a tribe as large as this band of Southern Apaches, we were very reluctantly compelled to seek further. Its proximity to Cañada Alamosa, though separated by high hills or mountains, and, like that valley, it being a favorite place of resort of the Indians, made us hope to find it suitable for a reservation.

“Trojero, the scout, said that the Mexicans employed by General Crook, whom he met at his camp, were among the worst villains in Mexico, and the Indians were part of Miguel's band of peaceable Apaches from the White Mountain reservation, who said they had to enlist in the service or be considered enemies.

“These stories, circulated by Trojero among them; his having been sent back by General

Crook, together with the excitement produced by the threats of massacre from the settlers at Rio Mimbres, so alarmed the Indians that it was next to impossible to secure an interview with them, although Agent Piper had promised any and all of them presents, who would come out to meet the 'commissioner from Washington,' whom they were eager to see, but only two, Loco and Francisco, the Navaho interpreter, could be persuaded to trust themselves, and Loco trembled like a frightened child when they saw us coming. Time, however, with patience and care, will yet succeed. We left Ojo Caliente on Saturday, 26th August, resting over Sunday, and, after a very interesting trip, we arrived at the Tularosa Valley on the 29th of August, and the White Mountain reservation, this place, on the 2d of September.

"VALLEY OF THE TULAROSA.

"I carefully inspected the valley and neighborhood of the Tularosa river, and finding the same to possess most of the requisites necessary for a home for the Indians, it being remote from white settlements, surrounded by mountains not easily crossed, sufficient arable land, good water, and plenty of wood and game, I officially notified Colonel Pope that I would designate it as an Indian reservation, agreeably to the authority given to me by you in your letter of the 21st July; and I telegraphed to the Secretary of the Interior, via Santa Fe, to that effect, on the 29th August.

“CAMP APACHE, ARIZONA.

“I was received very kindly by Colonel Green, commanding, and the officers of the post, at Camp Apache, and found that at the time of my arrival dispatches had been received from General Crook at Camp Verde, countermanding his order to enlist Apache Indians to fight Apaches, which was construed by those present to mean a virtual suspension of hostilities. This order of General Crook, abandoning the practice of taking peaceable Indians from the cornfields and compelling them to go on the warpath against their brethren, speaks much for his humanity and good sense, and was a great relief to my mind. The General being on his way to Prescott, where his headquarters are established, and his campaign for the present being at an end, all fears of my orders crossing his movements are now removed. There are several tribes and bands of Indians, who have lived here for many generations, and who could not be removed to either Camp Grant or the Tularosa Valley without great suffering to themselves, possibly a war of great expense to the Government, and as this reservation had been set apart for this special purpose by the War Department, under the advice of the late General Thomas, I concluded, with the matured advice of Colonel John Green, to select it as a reservation, and asked that the protection, provisioning, &c., ordered by the Government, be extended to the Indians at this place also. I enclose you a copy of my letter to Colonel Green upon the subject. Before leaving Santa Fe I

believe that I reported that I had set apart \$2,000 to be expended and forwarded, under the superintendence of W. T. M. Arny, Agent of the Pueblos, for clothing, a few agricultural implements, subsistence, &c., in good order and well selected. We have waited four days for the Indians to come in, and to-day, about three hundred and forty reported.

“INDUSTRY OF THE APACHES.

“I inclose several reports of Lieutenant Colonel Green, giving an account of his experience with and the character of these Apaches. By referring to one of these letters you will see Colonel Green, First Cavalry, says: ‘The Apache Indians furnished one hundred and ninety tons of hay,’ for which he paid them in flour. They brought it into his camp, in the White Mountains, fifteen tons a day. They supplied the garrison with all the wood they used, bringing it in at the rate of thirty cords a day, using their hands and a few broken axes to break it off, and the hay they cut with old knives, and the whole was brought into the post on their backs, and it was really interesting to see the spirit in which they went to work, and what nice, clean hay they brought in, much superior to any I have seen furnished by contractors in Arizona. Yesterday upwards of four thousand pounds were brought. Even the children went to work with alacrity. One little child that could scarcely walk brought in nine pounds, for which he received three-quarters of a pound of flour, and was highly delighted with his success.

I propose to supply the new post with hay in the same way, which will be much cheaper than if done by contract.

“I was sorry that the supply of grain at this post did not admit of my complying fully with the general’s wishes in giving them corn for seed. I could illy spare a very small amount, so that their planting will not be as extensive this year as I had hoped. I am in hopes that by next year I will be able to furnish them with sufficient seed, and would also respectfully recommend that the department commander urge the necessity of furnishing the ruder implements of agriculture, as at present their only means of farming are sharpened sticks, and it is wonderful to see with what advantage they use them. They frequently ask for other seed than corn, particularly pumpkins, beans, squashes, and melons. It would probably be well for the Indian Bureau to send an agent to look after the interests of these people. I ask them, ‘Why are you so poor?’ and the answer invariably is, ‘How can we be otherwise? We had not much originally, and now we can get nothing; we do not steal; we cannot go to the mescal country, as we are liable to be met and killed by scouting parties.’ I know myself this to be the case, hence they have either to starve or steal; or we must feed them until they can raise enough for themselves. Mrs. Green informed me that when the sick garrison was removed from Camp Goodwin, on account of its unhealthiness, to this place, she was carried all the way, ninety miles, over the mountains, on a litter, by the Apaches, on their shoulders; she having been an invalid

at that time. Mrs. Green was much attached to them in consequence. I expect to leave for Camp Grant in a day or two. V. C."

"CAMP GRANT, ARIZONA TERRITORY.

"September 18, 1871.

"Immediately after the massacre of the peaceable Indians at Camp Grant by the citizens of Tucson, the news was received by the peaceable Apaches on the White Mountain reservation, and nearly all of them, some six hundred in number, under the leadership of Es-cet-e-cela, their chief, fled frightened to the mountains. The evening before their departure a herder, a soldier detailed for that duty was killed. The only band which remained was Miguel's, numbering about two hundred and seventy-five Indians, under that chief. Colonel Green demanded of Miguel the arrest of the murderer; Miguel replied that he did not belong to that band. The Colonel persisted, and Miguel sent out and had one of Es-cet-e-cela's Indians killed, and parts of the body brought in as testimony that the order was executed. On the arrival of General Crook some twenty-five Indians belonging to Miguel's band were enlisted as scouts, much against their will as we afterwards learned, to operate against the other Apaches.

"These twenty-five Indians, acting under Colonel Guy V. Henry's orders, had attacked a rancheria within hearing of the garrison at Camp Apache, and killed five Indians of Es-cet-e-cela's band. As I before reported to you, on

the evening of my arrival at the reservation, four couriers arrived from General Crook at Camp Verde, one hundred and sixty miles distant, from which place they had ridden in three days, with orders to discontinue the enlistment of Indians, the orders having previously been to enlist as many as one hundred.

“Hearing that Es-cet-e-cela was in the mountains near the post, I dispatched his son-in-law, a Mr. Stevens, mailrider at the post, with a message for him to come in, a promise of protection, and a suit of clothes. Miguel had been sent for by Colonel Green, some days before. The two chiefs arrived the same afternoon, September 6th, and visited me apart.

“I told Es-cet-e-cela the war was over, and all offenses must be forgiven. He said the soldier-herder was not killed by one of his band, but by an Indian from Rio Bonita, sent over by the Indian survivors from Camp Grant massacre to stir them up to war. He complained of Miguel’s killing an innocent Indian for it, and afterwards killing five more of his band without cause. We had hard work to reconcile him, but, with the aid of Colonel Green and Mr. Cooley, the interpreter, we succeeded. The chiefs met, stood some forty feet apart, eyeing each other, with arms folded haughtily. The interpreter stepped up, and, leading Miguel forward, put his hand into the hand of Es-cet-e-cela, when they first shook hands and then embraced.

“The next day we opened the boxes of clothing, coats, pantaloons, manta (sheeting), calico, thread, needles, awls, handkerchiefs, and

blankets, and placing them in charge of Mrs. Colonel Green, who has been a warm friend of the Indians; arranged the Apaches in bands and families, and, taking a careful list of the names of the heads of all the families, with the number of their wives and children, Mrs. Green, distributed to every one, three hundred and sixty-two persons all told, a suit of good clothing. Without being solicited to do so, the chiefs all dressed in coats and pantaloons, and many more young men requested pantaloons and coats than we could supply. When all had received their presents, and were departing for their villages, a happier, more grateful and decently behaved set of poor people I have never seen.

“TALK WITH COYOTERO APACHE
CHIEFS, CAMP APACHE, ARIZONA
TERRITORY.

“A few hours before the issue of clothing, the following interview with the Apache chiefs was held at Camp Apache, (Fort Thomas), Arizona Territory, September 7, 1871. In the presence of Colonel John Green and the officers of the post, Commissioner Colyer opened the council with prayer, and, addressing the chiefs, said his words would be few; Colonel Green would inform them what his orders were from the President. The colonel told them that he was instructed to feed all the Apaches who came in and remained peaceable upon the reservation, the boundaries of which were explained to them. Commissioner Colyer then said that the great council (Congress) at its last session appropriated money to feed and clothe them as long

as they remained at peace and upon the reservation; if they went off the reservations they were liable to be killed.

“Es-cet-e-cela shakes hands: ‘He asked God’s blessing upon this meeting. It is getting late and he has but little to say. He has heard all that is said, and before God, he believes that it is good. Tonight he will sleep well. He won’t have to tread sleepless over the mountains, but has a plain road. Now they have grass, can hunt the turkey, and have what they need. Some of his people are absent, but he will get word to them as soon as possible; for the purpose of getting them in he wants a pass.’

“Commissioner Colyer said: ‘The colonel will give it to him.’

“Miguel.—‘He has but little to say. He sees now that we have fixed things so that he won’t have any stones to stumble against. He, like the commissioner, has but little to say, but what little he does say he means to live up to. His reputation is well known as a man of peace. He likes his home and quiet way of living. He has always been a farmer on the Carrizo, and that valley has been father and mother to him. He sees that when the soldiers do wrong they have balls and chains to their feet, therefore he is afraid to do wrong, nor has he any desire to. In his youth he was wild, but since he was up to Santa Fe and talked with his governor, he has kept on the Carrizo and worked on his farm. He asked for Stevens and Cooley as his agents. He knows Cooley, and wants him to keep his young men from going out. Some of his people are sick, and he has corn to gather, so he wants

to go home in the morning. He will come in to see the colonel whenever he can. Sometime since he was told his father from Washington would come, and now he has come. His beef and his corn will be weighed out to him; when can he reach up to it? He would like his beef issued on the hoof, so that he can get the hide and tallow. (The colonel so promised.) He sees that peace has been actually restored. When his young men return from General Crook, he will see that they do not go soldiering any more. It is well one of his soldiers came back sick.'

"The morning after the distribution of clothing, Miguel, Es-cet-e-cela, and Pedro, with several headmen, called at our quarters to bid us goodbye. Miguel said he should pray to the Great Spirit to take care of the commissioner, and, hereafter, if any soldier kicked him (Miguel), he should send him word to tell the President.

"DEPARTURE FOR CAMP GRANT.

"We left Camp Apache at noon, September 8, 1871, for Camp Grant, Arizona, with an escort of ten mounted infantry, under Lieutenant Peter S. Bumos; a packtrain to carry our provender, with some clothing for the Indians at Camp Grant, and such Indians as we might meet on the way. We had two Indian young men, one from Miguel's and one from Es-cet-e-cela's band, to accompany us, to act as runners to communicate with any Apaches they might meet, and inform them of the peaceful intention of the President, and of the establishment of

reservations, with protection and food for all who wished to be at peace.

“Our route lay across the mountains to Black River, over to the headwaters of the San Carlos, down the San Carlos to the Gila River, across the Gila to Mount Trumbull, over that mountain to and down the Aravaipa Valley to Camp Grant. Our march through this portion of the heart of the Apache country was very encouraging. Our Indian guides, improvising white flags and signalling their friends of our approach by lighting fires and making smokes, brought them out by scores. They met us on the trail, bearing white flags made of white buckskin, and came from the most inaccessible places and from where you would least expect them. At night our camp was surrounded by them, and the soldiers soon got so used to their presence that we all slept soundly though they frequently outnumbered us five to one. During the whole march, though we were thus surrounded, not an animal was disturbed nor an article stolen. We opened our packs and distributed clothing to all, old and young.

“I have visited seven-eighths of all the Indians now under our flag, including Alaska, and I have not seen a more intelligent, cheerful, and grateful tribe of Indians than the roving Apaches of Arizona and New Mexico.”

CHAPTER XII.

THE PEACE COMMISSION (Continued).

ARRIVAL AT CAMP GRANT—REFUSAL TO ALLOW ARMED CITIZENS TO CROSS RESERVATION—APACHE CHILDREN TAKEN INTO CAPTIVITY—INTERVIEW WITH APACHE CHIEFS AT CAMP GRANT—TALK WITH ES-CIM-ENZEEN, HEAD CHIEF OF ARAVAIPA PINALS—OPPOSITION TO THE INDIAN PEACE POLICY.

“We arrived at Camp Grant on the 13th inst., and found a white flag flying over the post, the effect of the telegram forwarded to its commander through the kindness of the Secretary of Interior and the Secretary of War on the 3rd of August last. We were hospitably received by Lieutenant Royal E. Whitman and Captain Wm. Nelson, commanding the post. Soon after our arrival we learned that a company of one hundred and seventy-five or two hundred white citizens from Tucson (the town where the body of citizens came from who committed the massacre some few months since) were on their way to, and within twelve miles of, the reservation, and were expected in on the morrow. Two Mexican couriers, who had arrived some days previous, reported that the expedition was gotten up with a view to breaking up the reservation. Captain Thos. S. Dunn, Twenty-first United States Infantry, and Agent Wilbur, of the Papagoes, who came up with the party, informed us that it was a party of ‘prospectors,’ who were coming through the reservation on their way to the

mountains. At the same time we were informed that Governor Safford, with a party of three hundred citizens, who had recently passed through the reservation, was expected in on his return homeward on the morrow. As the reservation is within a valley and surrounded with mountains, without a road or trail through it leading anywhere, and as the Indians had only just come in after much persuasion, and were under evident fears of another attack, the impropriety of allowing these armed bands of citizens to rendezvous upon the reservation was apparent. As either the Indians or these citizens had to leave the reservation, I promptly informed Captain Nelson that if he permitted these citizens to come nearer than ten miles of the post, I would have to send out Indian runners to the Apaches, and, gathering them together, ask him for a sufficient escort to conduct them with me over to the White Mountain reservation. Captain Nelson replied that he should regret to have me do that, and instead he would forbid the party of citizens from approaching nearer than within ten miles of the post; and he issued an order to that effect. He forwarded this order by a corporal and four men that evening, who met the party twelve miles away. At four o'clock the corporal sent in word that he had met the leaders, and that they had declared that 'they would cross the reservation.' Captain Nelson then directed Lieutenant Whitman to ride out and meet the party and inform them that he was prepared to enforce his order, and had his guns in position, and would open fire upon them on their appearance at the mouth of

the Canyon opposite the post; Captain Nelson loading up the waterwagon belonging to the post and sending it out to them, that they might not suffer in case they should conclude to go back, which the report of Captain Nelson says they very reluctantly consented to do. They left with the declaration that they could use the white flag as well as we, and if that would bring in the Indians they would bring them in and put them on a reservation where it would not cost much to feed them. They went off around the reservation toward the east, Captain Thos. S. Dunn accompanying them. It was reported that a band of Papago Indians were with them, but Dr. R. A. Wilbur, the agent of the Papagoes, who came into the post with the party, said that he had no knowledge of any of his Indians being present. As the Papagoes, for many years, have had a feud with the Apaches, and as they were the people whom the citizens of Tucson brought with them on their former visit and who had assisted so vigorously in the massacre, I was very much surprised, and expressed my great regret to Dr. Wilbur at seeing him accompany another expedition from the same place of a character so similar to the former, and composed of a portion of the same people, in a foray against another Indian tribe. He informed me that he had no authority from Dr. Bendel, the superintendent of Indian Affairs of Arizona, or from the Indian Office, to leave his agency. I called his attention to the fact that his presence with such a party was calculated to awaken distrust among the Apaches as to the honesty of our intentions in inviting them in, and I suggested to

him the propriety of returning to his agency as soon as possible. The Doctor said that he had never received any copy of the laws of the Indian Bureau, and being uninformed of his duties, was not aware of there being any impropriety in his being here under such circumstances. He returned to his agency two days after the above interview. Before he left I requested him to use every means in his power to recover from the Papagoes the twenty-eight children stolen from the Apaches during the massacre. He promised to do so.

“Permit me to call your attention to the fact that these children have not yet been returned to their families, though it is now more than four months since they were stolen. As they were captured while their parents were being killed, though held as ‘prisoners of war’ by the Army, the War Department, without other aid, has the power, it seems to me, to recover them if they are still in our country. It is reported that the majority of them have been carried over into Sonora by the Papagoes and sold to the Mexicans. In that event, I would respectfully suggest that application be made to the Government of Mexico, through the Department of State, for their return. Events at this post (Camp Grant) are, in one respect, singularly similar to those at Camp Apache. Here, as there, immediately after the massacre at Camp Grant, the killing of one white man was their official announcement that the Apaches were going out on the warpath. The first Indian chief who came to this post last spring and asked to be allowed to live at peace, was Es-cim-en-zeen. He was

the leader of his people and, up to the time of the massacre, was as peaceable and contented as man could be. He had two wives, five children, and about fifty of his people killed in the massacre, and this seems to have partially crazed him. He came in after the attack, and, assisting at the burial of his family, seemed reconciled, but, by a very unfortunate blunder, some troops from the White Mountains, who came down the Aravaipa Valley nearly a month after the massacre, getting frightened at unexpectedly coming upon some of the Indians who had peaceably returned, opened fire upon them. It was Es-cim-en-zeen and his family. At this he became enraged, and bidding Lieutenant Whitman a formal goodbye, fled with his people to the mountains, and, it was said, killed a white man on his way. As I considered the massacre of Es-cim-en-zeen's family and people at Camp Grant an inauguration of a condition of war between the whites and the Apaches, and Es-cim-en-zeen's act in killing the white man, assuming that he did it, an incident in that war, and as my instructions were to feed, clothe, and otherwise care for all roving Apache Indians who wished to come in and be at peace, without regard to previous offenses, I had no hesitation when Lieutenant Whitman sent for him, to give him, together with Captain Chiquito and the other chiefs and their people, assurances of peace and protection.

“The chiefs first sent in their runners to see all was right, who, meeting with the Indian runners from the White Mountains, and hearing of the liberality and kindness of the Government,

as displayed on our journey thither in the distribution of clothing, etc., returned to their chiefs and people, told their story, and brought them in.

“Up to this date two hundred and forty-five Apaches have arrived, all but ten (White Mountain Indians) being the same that were here before the massacre. As at Camp Apache, I distributed a suit of clothing, manta (sheeting), calico, needles and thread to each Indian, man, woman, and child.

“Lieutenant Whitman informed the chiefs that his orders from the Secretary of War were to feed them as long as they remained at peace on the reservation. Commissioner Colyer told them Congress had appropriated the money, and the President had sent him here with the clothing, and instructions to the Lieutenant to feed them. If they left the reservation, the limits of which he explained to them, they were liable to be killed.

“Esce-nela, chief and Cassay, counsellor, claims to have always kept the peace. Ten years ago he was at Goodwin, and then they had a chief named Na-nine-chay, who governed all their tribes. He has met many officers, but that I was the first one to express regret at the Camp Grant massacre. (William Kness, interpreter, here remarked that Lieutenant Whitman had expressed regret, but this chief was not present.) He had no doubt but that God put it into the heart of the President to send me out here. He is satisfied that God is listening to this talk. He intends now to talk with reference to eternity, as though the world was to last forever.

He believes that I will tell him the truth. He has no doubt but that I am sorry for the killed at the massacre. He is sorry for the Indians who have been taken away prisoners. He believes now that the centipedes and tarantulas (bad reptiles) among their enemies will hurt no more. He believes that now we will protect them; that we are now as father and mother to them. He heard of our coming; now he is glad to meet us. He said his people were living here peaceably, receiving rations three times a week, up to the time of the massacre. He believes neither the lieutenant nor any of the officers knew of the coming to attack them. It was about four o'clock in the morning when they were attacked; 128 killed, 29 taken prisoners. He and all the captains lost some of their families. He lost two wives, four children, three men (one old man), and two of his nephews were taken away. He lost fifty of his band. When the Tucson people attacked him, his best wife got separated from him and he could not find her. It was dark. If he could have found her he would have fought and died with her. There had been over five hundred of his people on the reservation at the time of the massacre. About thirty days after the attack about four hundred had returned, and were on the reservation, when a lieutenant and a party of troops under his command, fired into some of his people.

“Commissioner Colyer asked: ‘Does this country still please them, after what has occurred? Or, if Lieutenant Whitman and the interpreters and soldiers were to take them far-

ther up into the Pinal country, would they prefer it?’

“Answer: ‘The country still pleases them; they wish to remain here; this has always been their home, the home of their fathers, and they want Lieutenant Whitman as their agent, and these two men as their interpreters. They wish to go out and hunt, and if this campaign is stopped, they will show that they can behave themselves. They have now had their talk, and they would like to have their share of the goods distributed to them now. When the other chiefs come in, they can have theirs.’

“In the afternoon they came again. Esce-nela said he had been thinking over what I had told him, and now he had come to speak of it. Said he wanted to plant wheat on the San Pedro, and corn on the Aravaipa.

“Commissioner Colyer remarked that the chief had changed his mind since yesterday. He said nothing to that, but that he wished the man who was there should remain there. Mr. Austin owns the farm. Mr. Filmore occupies it.

“Es-cim-en-zeen said: ‘He was glad to come in to his old home. He was the first to come in and make peace before and was happy in his home here. He got his rations every three days. He was living not far from here. He was making tiswin (a drink) in peace, when one morning he and his people were attacked, and many of them were killed. The next day after the massacre he came into this camp because he knew it was not the people here who had done it; it was the people from Tucson and Papagoes. He then continued to live here in the valley for nearly

thirty days, when his people were again attacked; this time by a squad of military men, and, although none of his people were killed, yet that made him mad, and he went on the warpath. He now admits he did wrong, but he was grieved, and he could not help it. The one who first breaks the peace is the one who is to blame. He believes Commissioner Colyer has come to make peace, and is glad he has put tobacco before him to smoke. They have always known that they had a great father and a great mother. The commissioner had sent out for him, and probably thought he would see a great captain, but he only saw a very poor man, and not very much of a captain. If he had seen him about three months ago, he would have seen him a captain. Then he had a band of seventy men, but they had all been massacred; now he has got no people. Ever since he left this place he has been in the neighborhood; he knew he had friends here, but he was afraid to come back; but as soon as he heard the commissioner was here then he came in. He never had much to say; he likes this place. He has said all he ought to say, since he has no people anywhere to speak for. If it had not been for the massacre, there would have been a great many more people here now; but, after that massacre, who could have stood it? It was not possible for any man to have stood it. When he made peace with Lieutenant Whitman his heart was very big and happy. The people of Tucson and San Xavier must be crazy. They acted as though they had neither heads nor hearts.'

“Sunday Morning, September 17, 1871,—The chiefs calling to see Commissioner Colyer, he told them ‘he was glad to see them. They must not expect everything to go right at first. It takes a long time to heal a wound. They have a good friend in the President, and he will do his best to deal justly and kindly with them.’

“Es-cim-en-zeen replied that ‘he thanked God. They are happy now, but perhaps as soon as the commissioner has gone the soldiers will begin to kick them and point their rifles at them. That they didn’t like. They are contented now, but their young men are active, and being prevented from hunting they collect around the post, and get mixed up with the soldiers. Sometimes the soldiers kick them and throw stones at them; this makes trouble, as the young men feel bad.’

“Commissioner Colyer told them they would try to separate the post from the Indian agency. This they said was good, and it pleased them. They were glad that nothing had happened while he was here to break this good peace. They think the people of Tucson and San Xavier (the Papagoes) must have a thirst for their blood. They seem to be always pursuing them. They think that as soon as the commissioner has gone these people will return again and try to massacre them. They want, as soon as he hears anything of the kind, that he will return and judge for himself. They believe that these Tucson and San Xavier people write for the papers and tell their own story. The Apaches have no one to tell their story, so they want the commissioner to come again. They think it must have been God who gave him a good heart to come and see

them, or he must have had a good father and mother to make him so kind. The commissioner told them 'It was God'; they said, 'It was.' They said, 'they believed the Papagoes could not have any God, they had always been so cruel, and had tried to persecute the Apaches as long as they could remember.' It is just three days since they, the Apaches, have been here, and they have been happy. It seems to them that the arroyos, (ravines), have been all smoothed over; that there are no more thorns or briars to prick them, nor snakes and reptiles to poison. He said that Lieutenant Whitman knew their story; knew how happy they were here in peace, up to the time of the massacre; knew all about that massacre; knew how he had returned after it; knew how he had been fired upon by the White Mountain soldiers. After that he wished to confess he had gone on a raid against the Papagoes to recover his children. He liked Lieutenant Whitman, but he was so unhappy that if he had not heard that the commissioner was coming, he never would have come in.

"Commissioner Colyer told them that 'they must not fight the Papagoes or white people any more. He had already sent for the children, and when he got back to Washington he would ask the President to request the Government of Mexico to return their children.'

"Es-cim-en-zeen said, 'It seems to him now as if he had his children in his own hands. God had certainly put it in my heart. He was very happy.'

"Commissioner Colyer said that he would ride up the valley with them this morning to see the place of the massacre and hear their story.

“Es-cim-en-zeen: ‘A long time ago they took off a wife of his, and he believed she now is at Fort McDowell. Na-zen-i-ctee is her name. She is living in the house of one of the captains of the soldiers.’

“September 19, 1871.—Captain Chiquito, of the Aravaipa. The commissioner told him he was glad that he had seen him before he left for Washington.

“Captain Chiquito: ‘He has nothing more to say than the other chiefs had said; he confirms all that they have said; he had heard that his father and mother had come and he asked to see him. The same God who rules the sun, he believes, had sent me here to see them. Ever since the other Indians had told him that I was here he wished to see me, and for that reason he had hurried in from the hills. It must have been God who had put it into both of our hearts to hurry to see each other. He thanks us for having sent him out food and clothing last night.’

“Two Pinal Indians came with Es-cim-en-zeen. Says that yesterday he sent a boy named Un-pin-al-kay to the Pinals, and about noon he saw a smoke on his trail, and he don’t know what it means unless he saw his people. He was to return in four days. He will bring in all the people he can. He thought that all the Pinals would come into this reservation as soon as they heard of the treatment he was receiving.

“I visited the scene of the massacre on Sunday morning, September 17th; some of the skulls of the Indians, with their temple bones beaten in, lay exposed by the washing of the rain and the feeding of the wolves. I overtook Es-cim-en-

zeen, who had ridden before us, and found him wiping the tears from his eyes when he saw them.

“By referring to accompanying papers, it will be seen that the account of this horrible massacre as given by Lieutenant Royal E. Whitman, Third Cavalry United States Army, the officer in charge of the camp at the time, is amply sustained by his brother officers and citizens then present. Some of these affidavits make the affair even more horrible than Lieutenant Whitman described it to be.

“OPPOSITION TO THE INDIAN PEACE POLICY.

“The ‘Arizona Citizen,’ a professedly republican paper, published at Tucson, and the ‘Arizona Miner,’ democratic paper from Prescott, have been excessive in their abuse of Lieutenant Whitman, Colonel Green, and all other officers of the army who have shown the least sympathy for the Apaches, charging them with many crimes. The editors seem to fear the damaging effect produced in the public mind by the statements made officially by these Army officers of the general good conduct of the Apaches whenever they have been allowed an opportunity to display it, and of the horrible brutalities committed by the people of Arizona upon them at the Camp Grant massacre. Their statements that the Indians left that reservation and went on raiding parties against the citizens is denied by every officer and citizen at the post.

“Oscar Hutton, an old pioneer, who has the reputation of having personally killed more Indians than any other man in Arizona, testifies un-

der oath not only that the statement of Lieutenant Whitman is correct, but that he had never seen Indians on a reservation or at peace about a military post under so good subjection, so well satisfied and happy, or more teachable and obedient, than were these. 'I was repeatedly requested to watch every indication of anything like treachery on their part, and I will give it as my deliberate judgment that no raiding party was ever made up from the Indians fed at this post. I have every reason to believe that had they been unmolested, they would have remained and would have gradually increased in numbers, as they constantly had been doing up to the time I left the post.'

"And Mr. F. L. Austin, the post trader, a gentlemen well known and respected, not only fully indorses Lieutenant Whitman's statement throughout, but says, 'the Indians, while here, seemed to be under perfect control, and in all my business with them, in paying for some one hundred and fifty tons of hay for the contractor, never had any trouble or difficulty of any kind. They very readily learn any little customs of trade, etc. It is my opinion they would have remained and increased in numbers had they not been attacked.'

"Mr. Miles L. Wood, the beef contractor for the military, testifies that he 'was not absent one day, and personally issued every pound of beef drawn by them. They brought tickets to me, on which I issued. After completing the issue, I took the tickets to acting commissary of subsistence, and verified them by the official count of that day. I never had any trouble in my deliv-

ery. Lieutenant Whitman selected an Indian for policeman, gave him his orders, and good order was always preserved. I have lived in California, and have seen a great deal of Indians. Have heard a good deal of the Apaches, and was much surprised at the general intelligence and good behavior of those I saw at this post.'

"William Kness, the mailcarrier at the post, swears that though he has lived on the Pacific coast for twenty-six years, familiar with Indians, and prejudiced against the Apaches, yet 'made it a point to study the character and habits of the Apache Indians at Camp Grant, before the massacre, and the result was that I was convinced that they were acting in good faith and earnestly desired peace. They were industrious, the women particularly so. Among all the Indians I have ever seen I have never met with as great regard for virtue and chastity as I have found among these Apache women. In regard to the charge that after they were fed they went out on raiding parties, I have to say that I do not believe it. They were contented under our supervision, being in every three days for rations, and their faces familiar, and their number constantly increasing. I have read the statement of Oscar Hutton in regard to this point, and I have no doubt that he is correct, that no raiding parties were ever made by the Indians from this post. I also believe that if the massacre had not occurred we should have had from eight hundred to one thousand Apache Indians on this reservation before this time.'

"On the day of my arrival at Camp Grant, finding that no copy of the orders of the War De-

partment dated Washington, July 18, 1871, had yet been received here by General Crook, I took the liberty of inclosing copies, and also a copy of the instructions of the Interior Department, to him for his information.

“In our interviews with the chiefs of the Aravaipa and Pinal Apaches at Camp Grant we found that, notwithstanding so many of their people had been killed at Camp Grant, they still clung to the Aravaipa and San Pedro Valleys as their home, and would not listen to our proposal to remove them over to the White Mountains. Believing it better, for the sake of peace, that their wishes should be acceded to for the present, in consultation with the officers of the post we concluded to fix the limits of their reservation as follows: Bounded north by the Gila River; west by a line ten miles from and parallel to the general course of the San Pedro River; south by a line at right angles to the western boundary, crossing the San Pedro ten miles from Camp Grant; east by a line at right angles to the southern boundary, touching the western base of Mount Trumbull, terminating at the Gila River, the northern boundary.

“We carefully instructed the chiefs about these boundaries, impressing it upon their minds that they must not go beyond them; that while within these limits they would be protected and fed; if they went beyond they would become objects of suspicion, and liable to be punished by both citizens and soldiers. They said they understood it.

“Our first intention was to limit the boundaries of the reservation to a distance of ten miles

square on each side of the post; but as the Gila River on the north did not much exceed that distance, and formed a good natural boundary which the Indians could easily remember, and the country on the east was a barren waste, yielding nothing that the white man cared for, but considerable food, such as mescal, mesquite beans, and cactus fruit, of which the Apaches were very fond, we concluded to extend the limits to the Gila River on the north, and the westerly base of Mount Trumbull on the east. The assurances given to us by the officers and citizens most familiar with the habits of the Indians before referred to, that they would not leave the reservations if properly fed and cared for, dismissed all doubts from our mind concerning this point.

“Should the Government approve my action in locating this reservation, there are some improvements made by several settlers, on the San Pedro, which should be appraised by Government officers and the owners paid for them. Several of the ranches are good adobe buildings, which will be of value for the use of the Indian Department. While it is true that no claim of pre-emption by settlers holds good as against the Government, when made on Government land not yet surveyed, yet it is but fair that where the improvements can be of use to the Government, as in this case, the owners should be compensated.

“As the mountains are barren and the valleys infected with a malarial fever, the tract of country designated above is worth little or nothing to anyone but the Indians, who are acclimated. And as it is absolutely necessary that a certain and well-defined tract shall be first set

apart for them before we can expect them to leave the highways and other portions of the Territory, it seemed to me that justice, as well as wisdom, suggested that we should select such places as they themselves chose and would reside upon—where we could protect and civilize them.

“That the massacre at Camp Grant fairly illustrates the sentiment of a large portion of the people of Arizona and New Mexico on the Indian question, is painfully confirmed by the fact that nearly every newspaper here has either justified or apologized for the act. That the President’s ‘peace policy,’ so popular in the States, does not meet with much approval out here is unquestionably true; and any one who comes here to execute it must expect to meet with disapprobation. I have been met with a storm of abuse from these newspapers in their every issue; but, thank God, it does me no harm, and though I have received positive assurances that my life would be in danger if I visited certain localities, yet, as much of this is probably mere bluster, I should go there if my official duties required it.

“Probably I should not have referred to these threats if the Governor of the Territory, A. P. K. Safford, Esq., had not taken the precaution to issue a ‘proclamation’ in the ‘Arizona Citizen,’ calling upon the people to treat the commissioners ‘kindly,’ as though the governor supposed they were not likely to treat us kindly, unless he took some such extraordinary means as this to induce them to do so. This proclamation concludes with the following words: ‘If they (the commissioners) come among you entertaining erroneous opinions upon the Indian question and

the condition of affairs in this Territory, then, by kindly treatment and fair, truthful representation, you will be enabled to convince them of their errors.' A manifesto so remarkable, that we thought, in kindness to the governor, the less notice I took of it the better.

“There is evidently a wrong impression in the minds of the editors of these newspapers concerning the object of our visit to these Territories. They seem to think that we have come to ‘examine into the Indian Affairs of the Territories’ generally; whereas, our instructions from the President, through the Secretary of the Interior, are simply to ‘locate the nomadic tribes upon suitable reservations, bringing them under the control of the proper officers of the Indian Department, and supplying them with necessary subsistence, clothing, and whatever else may be needed.’ ”

CHAPTER XIII.

THE PEACE COMMISSION (Continued).

THE FRONTIERSMAN'S SYMPATHY WITH THE PEACE POLICY—GILA RIVER AGENCY—TONTO APACHES AT CAMP McDOWELL—REPORT OF J. H. STOUT, SPECIAL INDIAN AGENT—REPORT OF COLONEL N. A. M. DUDLEY—REPORT OF CAPTAIN JAMES CURTIS—TALK WITH DACHAY-YA AND SHELTER PAU—REPORT OF CAPTAIN NETTERVILLE—REPORT OF COLONEL DUDLEY.

“Camp McDowell, Arizona Territory.

“September 24, 1871.

“We left Camp Grant at 6 o'clock, evening, September 19, preferring a night ride to the hot sun across the desert of fifty miles, from the San Pedro to the Gila River. We arrived at Florence, a new and enterprising town, chiefly occupied by Americans, on the Gila, by noon the next day. Here I met a number of citizens, and a party of miners who had just returned from an unsuccessful tour of prospecting among the Pinal Mountains near by. They all wished me 'God-speed,' and said they 'hoped before God the President would be successful in his efforts to bring in the Indians upon the reservations.' Nothing could have been kinder than their expressions of hearty good-will toward the present administration. From this I infer that I may have been hasty in my conclusions contained at the close of my last letter, that the 'peace policy' toward the Indians was unpopular in Arizona.

I arrived at that impression from reading the newspapers of Tucson and Prescott. But I am told that these papers only reflect the opinions of the traders, army contractors, barroom and gambling saloon proprietors of these two towns, who prosper during the war, but that the hardy frontiersman, the miner, poor laboring men of the border, pray for peace, and I believe it.

“Our ride down the dusty valley of the Gila, from Florence to the Pima and Maricopa reservation, a distance of twenty-eight miles, in the hot sun, on horseback, the thermometer standing at 135 in the sun, 104 in the shade, was fearful. The men and animals were thoroughly used up.

“GILA RIVER AGENCY.

“The agency building is a good one, though too small for the work to be done. A school house and room for the teacher should be built. Agent Stout and his young wife, the Rev. Mr. Cook, the teacher, and the physician, were at home and attending to their duties. Mr. Stout complained of want of means, the remittances received from Superintendent Bendell being too small to meet the quarterly dues for salaries of the officers.

“The chiefs were called together the next day, September 22, and we had a talk with them. Those present were Antonio Azul, the head chief; Swa-mas-kor-si, chief of Ki-ki-mi village; Ki-o-sot, 2nd chief of Ki-ki-mi village; Ki-co-chin-cane, chief of Shu-uk village; Miguel, chief of Staw-to-nik village; Candela, chief of Stu-ka-ma-soo-satick village; Se-per, chief of Pep-chalk village. I told them that, by the President's directions, I had been sent to

learn about their troubles, especially with regard to their quarrel with the settlers on Salt River, and the diversion of the supply of water from their acequias, and to inform them that, under your direction, I had set apart reservations for the Apaches. They, in common with the Papagoes, have been in the habit of raiding on the Apaches, and I informed them that this must cease; that if the Apaches came down there and troubled them they were to defend themselves and punish the Apaches; but that they must not go up to the Apache country and make war on them, unless they were requested to do so, officially, by some Army officer, which request would come through their agent. I told them they must also quit their raids on the white settlers on the Salt River, or else they would be punished. They had made several wholly unprovoked attacks on the settlers on the Salt River, destroying their crops of corn and tearing to pieces their houses and furniture; one poor man, now employed as farm hand at the agency, having lost everything he possessed by them.

“The chiefs replied that they had some bad young men in their tribe, as we had among white men. That they go up Salt River, notwithstanding their remonstrances against it; if they got into trouble or were killed they could not help it and no one would be sorry, but that their whole tribe ought not to suffer for it. They have always lived peaceably with the whites and they meant to continue to do so. They said they required more land than the present limits of their reservation allowed.

“In their early days they lived more by hunting; deer abounded in that country before the

white man came, and that with deer meat and mescal they then got along very well, but that now they had to depend for subsistence almost wholly upon farming, and as they now had schools and were rapidly learning the ways of the white man, they needed more land and larger water privileges.

“They were always led to suppose that the white men wanted them to kill the Apaches, but that if they knew the boundaries of the Apache reservation, they would keep off from it. I explained the boundaries of the Camp Grant reservation and told them that the Apaches complained bitterly of the Pimas and Papagoes for their constant warfare upon them and particularly of late of the Papagoes for having assisted at the massacre at Camp Grant and carrying off their children into slavery, and again repeated that these feuds must cease. That the President would have peace. They promised to tell their young men, separated from us on very good terms, and, lingering about the agency for some time, rode off well mounted on brisk looking ponies. Most of the tribe seemed quite prosperous and independent in their manner; indeed, this last quality they carry so far it becomes rudeness. They have a very large idea of their own importance and prowess, and I was informed that on one occasion when Colonel Alexander, who commanded at Camp McDowell, the nearest military post, threatened them with chastisement for some misconduct, they drew up five hundred fighting men of their tribe and dared him to come on. As Colonel Alexander had but one small company of cavalry, he had to forego the chastisement.

“I fear their young men will need a little disciplining before we shall have things run altogether smoothly on their reservation, and I sincerely hope Congress will make provision to purchase the additional land they really need for their support and comfort.

“The school under Rev. Mr. Cook is hopefully under way, and I think the Government is fortunate in securing his efficient and earnest services.

“On my return to Washington I received the following letter from the agent, showing how much the Pimas and Maricopas are suffering from the want of the water of the Gila River, diverted by the white settlers, and how serious is their dissatisfaction:

“ ‘UNITED STATES INDIAN AGENCY,
“ ‘Gila River Reservation, Arizona Territory.

“ ‘October 19, 1871.

“ ‘Dear Sir: When you were here it was supposed from the amount of water in the bed of the river above here that there would be a sufficient quantity to reach the lower part of this reserve to enable our Indians to irrigate their fields as usual in preparing them for the reception of their crops. Though there was apparently plenty of water for that purpose, and though it continued to rise for a while after you left, it has now fallen to its normal state, and not a drop of it has reached their fields. The time for preparing their lands is now at hand, but having no water they can do nothing.

“ ‘People who have lived on the Gila for years tell me there never was before such a thing as a dry riverbed on this reserve this time of the year.

As a matter of course, our Indians are very much dissatisfied and blame the settlers who are above us for taking away their water. On Sunday morning last, Chin-kum, a chief of one of the lower villages, and one of the best chiefs in the reserve, came to me and said that for many years he and his people had 'lived from what they planted,' but now they had no water; white men up the river had taken it from them, etc. After spending a few moments in telling me of his wrongs, he made known the object of his visit, which was to obtain leave to take the warriors of his village, numbering one hundred and twenty-seven men, and by force of arms drive the whites from the river.

“ ‘I was not a little astonished at this manifestation, but quietly told Chin-kum he must not go. I spent an hour in telling him of the fearful results which must surely follow such a step, and finally succeeded in inducing him not to go. But he told me this, that he would wait one month, and if the water did not come to them then, he would take his whole village, which numbered one hundred families, and move to the Salt River settlements, where, as he said, there is always water. As the settlers of that vicinity are and have been for years at enmity with these Indians, I assured him that trouble would certainly follow such a step as that, and urged him to remain on the reserve. He went away silenced, but not satisfied, and I have not the slightest doubt that in a month from now he and his village will leave the reservation.

“ ‘Day before yesterday Ku-vit-ke-chin-e-kum, chief of the Va-Vak village, called and said he

was going to Salt River with his tribe, as there is no water for his fields. I of course told him not to go, but I am afraid it did no good. There are six or seven other villages on that part of the reserve, which is about the only part of it that can ever be reached by the water, the rest of the land being too high; and if the water does not come soon I think they will all leave.

“ ‘These Indians have always been well-disposed toward our Government, and for years they have served as a protection to travellers on this route from Texas to the Pacific coast. They claim the land lying above them on the Gila, but long since gave it up because they were assured that when they needed it they should have it. It seems to me that that time has come, and while these Indians are still friendly to the whites, it would, in my opinion, be a wise plan to give them a portion of the land they claim. A few thousand dollars would do this now, and may, perhaps, avoid an expenditure of ten-fold proportions, in case there should be trouble between them and the citizens here. The superintendent of Indian Affairs is away on business at San Francisco just now, so I write this to you.

* * * * *

“ ‘Very respectfully, &c.,

“ ‘J. H. STOUT,

“ ‘United States Special Indian Agent.

“ ‘Hon. Vincent Colyer.’

“ ‘TONTTO APACHES AT CAMP McDOWELL,
ARIZONA TERRITORY.

“ ‘We left the Pima agency on the evening of the 22d, preferring night riding to the hot sun

across the desert to McDowell, arriving at Desert Station, twenty-five miles, at four o'clock in the morning, and leaving there at nine in the morning, reached Camp McDowell at nine at night, meeting with a cordial and hospitable reception from General N. A. M. Dudley and the other officers at the post.

“My object in coming here is to open communications with the Tonto Apaches, and for this purpose General Dudley has this morning sent out runners with white flags, and kindled ‘a smoke.’ I am informed that Da-chay-ya, the able chief of the Tontos, has been in at McDowell several times during the past few years, and that on two occasions he has been dealt with very treacherously; at one time shot in the back, and at another time attempted to be poisoned by a post doctor; whether he will answer my call remains to be seen. A party of Indians was reported last evening as having been seen by two straggling soldiers, making signs as if they wished to come in, a few miles below the post. As I had informed the Indians at Camp Grant that I was coming here, and they had sent runners up this way, the officers here think that the Indians know it and wish to come in.

“4 p. m. The Indians have kindled their answering fires upon the top of the Sierra Ancha—a high mountain twenty miles from here—northward, near old Fort Reno. They are evidently in earnest, as the smoke at times is dense, extending at intervals over a distance of a quarter of a mile. We hope to see some of the Tontos here to-night.

“Two companies of the Third United States Cavalry, being part of Colonel Henry’s and Gen-

eral Crook's command, are camped below here under waiting orders.

“I inclose copy of my official letter to General Dudley asking for detachment of soldiers to open communications with the Tonto Apaches, and his reply thereto.—V. C.”

“CAMP McDOWELL, ARIZONA TERRITORY,

“September 27, 1871—11 P. M.

“The party with the flag of truce, sent out at my request, by General Dudley, to try to open communications with the Tonto Apaches, returned this afternoon, having been only partially successful, as you will see by the report inclosed from Major Curtis. He had seen several Indians on the hills, exchanged friendly signals with them, and after spending a day immediately surrounded by them, had separated from them without any indications of ill will or molestation. It is very difficult to obtain their confidence so soon after they have been pursued by the soldiers, and as I am now dealing with another band of Apaches, different in their habits, and living quite apart from the Pinals, Coyoteros, Aravaipas, and the other bands with whom I so recently have held friendly intercourse, I am not in the least discouraged at Major Curtis not having brought in any of the tribe. As you will see from his report he is quite sanguine that they will come in soon.

“In the event that they should come in I have provided that General Dudley, commandant of McDowell, should feed, protect, and otherwise

care for them at this post, until such time as he may have a sufficient number, when he can remove them to Camp Grant. Meanwhile, in order that they may be thus looked after, I was compelled to declare this military reservation, five miles square, a temporary Indian reservation, which I did with the advice of the military officers at this place. As soon as we can see how many of them come in, and learn their wishes as to a locality for their home, I have arranged with General Dudley that he should communicate with the Department, and it can order their removal. For the present, I am only anxious to keep them in from the warpath, and to get them to look upon the Government as their friend. Other things will follow.

“That there may be no delay in this, and that every effort may be made to get them in, I requested Captain Thomas McGregor, who commands a detachment of troops in the field, under marching orders (temporarily suspended) from General Crook, to send out another flag of truce in another direction to the Tonto country.

“Although copies of your instructions of July 21, and orders of War Department July 18 and 31, written at the suggestion of the President, were forwarded to General Crook from Camp Apache, September 7, and have been received there, and an express messenger arrived here from there yesterday, yet no copies were forwarded to the officers here. They are much troubled about it and have written to the general. Fortunately it has made no difference in my progress, as I have gone right on with my work, and the officers here as well as at Camps Grant

and Apache have not hesitated to carry out these orders. I mention it only that you may fully comprehend the situation. Probably General Crook's movements have disarranged his mail.

"Altogether, I feel greatly encouraged and am confident that in Arizona, and among the Apaches, the President's policy of peace will be as successful as it has been in all other portions of the Indian country.

"I leave for Camp Verde (D. V.) tomorrow.
—V. C.

"Since my return to Washington I have received the following report of the coming in of the Tonto Apaches to Camp McDowell, Arizona Territory:

" 'Camp McDowell, Arizona Territory,

" 'November 2, 1871.

" 'Sir: As you will remember, just before you left McDowell I sent Major Curtis out with a white flag to old Fort Reno; he was at the time unsuccessful in his attempt to open communication with them notwithstanding he saw several Indians on the bluffs and hills near him, none of whom showed any hostile demonstrations. He left his flag in the old ruin of a chimney of the stockade, returning to McDowell. This expedition had its good results, as events since have proved. The Tontos saw the soldiers with an emblem of peace. It was a strange sight. Days passed and no Apache visited the post; signal fires were constantly kept burning during the night at the garrison for some time. At last a party of four came in. I received them

warmly, took them to my quarters, and had a long talk with the principal man among them, 'One-Eyed Riley.' He had been twice in at McDowell two or three years since, and was recognized by Lieutenant Grant, who had, I think, met him at Reno. He said the Tontos wanted to know what the soldiers were going to do; that he had been sent in to find out what the white flag meant in the hands of the soldiers; that if we said peace, they were ready. I assured him that the President wanted all fighting to cease; that he was ready to feed and reasonably to clothe all good Indians who would come in with their families and do right; that I could not talk with him more fully as I wanted to see some of the great men of the tribe; that I would clothe him, give him a good supply of provisions for his party, and he must go out and bring in a good number of chiefs. He asked for six days. I gave him the time, and faithful to the hour he sent in a principal man, who possessed most excellent sense. He said they were all ready for a peace; they were tired living in holes and on the tops of mountains; now their women and children had to pack all their water two and three miles; they could not go down to the streams at all except at night, for fear of the soldiers; that they had to scatter in parties of two and three to sleep in safety; that they hid their infants and small children away in the holes among the rocks for safety; even the rabbits were safer than the Indians; that their people were all nearly starving; that they must steal or starve; that the soldiers had driven them away from their corn-

fields; game was scarce; they were afraid to go out and hunt. He spoke of his children, four of whom had been killed by the soldiers, with tears running down his cheeks. He wanted to make a big peace, roll a rock on it, and make it last till the rain came and washed the rock level with the land; that God told him he must come into McDowell that day and do all he could to make the big soldiers' hearts like his—ready to do what was right. He said he did not want any blanket that day for he was satisfied that the soldiers now wanted to do right, and he wanted to go back and induce Da-chay-ya and all his captains to come in, and the blankets and clothes would retard his rapid travelling. I have been present at a great many talks with Indians on the plains the last seventeen years, but I have to acknowledge that I have never seen more feeling or good sense exhibited by an Indian than this Apache showed. He asked for five days to go and see all his people; said they would take different directions, and get as many to come in as possible. He expressed great fear of the Pimas; did not want them allowed to come into camp while the Apaches were here. I sent a military escort out in their rear, and fortunate that I did, for some lurking Pimas were lying in wait for them out on the trail, all of whom were brought into camp and told if they even fired at an Apache on the reservation I would shoot them as readily as we had been shooting the Apaches. Up to the time I was relieved (Major Curtis has succeeded me in command), I would not permit the Pimas to come

near the garrison when I could prevent it. I consider it unfortunate that the Pimas are allowed by their agent to come to McDowell at present. This party brought in some eighty or more Indians of the Tonto Band. Major Curtis was much engaged at the time they came in and did not have the opportunity to give them the attention they expected.

“The Indian ration was reduced to one pound of beef and one pound of flour, or rather corn, upon which an Indian cannot subsist, and of course will not be content with it, as they have neither roots, game, nor fruit here to eke out the ration. I do not believe it requisite to keep them near McDowell. All that I have talked with express a desire to be allowed a reservation near Reno or Sunflower Valley; these points are away from the Pimas, from settlements, and need have only one company of soldiers near them with their agent. There is not a particle of doubt in my mind, all the stories to the contrary, that they, at this moment, are anxious for a peace, and a lasting one. No man can talk with them an hour without being convinced of this fact.

“Captain McNetterville, who has been out by direction of Major Curtis, and had a talk with Da-chay-ya, on his return seemed to have been most favorably impressed with their sincerity; before, I believe, he never had any confidence in them, and was in favor of exterminating them if possible. Dr. Howard, the medical officer who accompanied Captain McNetterville, expressed

great surprise at the intelligence and earnestness shown by their talk and manner.

“ ‘It must not be expected that a peace made with these various bands, scattered all over a great, wild territory like Arizona, New Mexico, and Sonora, will be perfect for a long time. Many bad Indians will refuse to come in. These will have to be hunted down; and if the good ones are now cared for, properly fed, reasonably clothed, and kindly treated, they can easily be induced, in my opinion, to help catch this class of renegades and bring them to proper punishment. It is going to take a good deal of patience, careful judgment, forbearance and humane treatment; but I have the strongest belief it can be accomplished. If we fight them one or two years, it has to be done in the end; for it is not to be supposed the Government is going to keep up a perpetual war on them.

“ ‘If I remain in the Territory, I only ask that I may be stationed at a post overlooking a reservation; for I know a race of beings possessing the intelligence so prominently exhibited by the Apaches can be taught to appreciate the advantages of living at peace with the whites, whom they frankly recognize as every way superior to themselves. But this desirable result can never be brought about by following two directly opposite policies at the same time—one war, the other peace.

“ ‘With best wishes, &c.

“ ‘N. A. M. DUDLEY,

“ ‘Brevet Colonel, United States Army.

“ ‘Hon. VINCENT COLYER.’

“CAPTAIN CURTIS’S REPORT OF ARRIVAL OF EIGHTY TONTO APACHES AT McDOWELL.

“ ‘Headquarters Camp McDowell, Arizona Territory.

“ ‘November 3, 1871.

“ ‘Sir: Since your departure I have been steadily engaged in trying to open communication with the Tontos and Apache-Mohaves. They sent in a messenger about October 14, and by the 20th I had in over eighty of them, from the two different bands above stated. Es-cal-la-tay, the head of the Four Peak Indians, came with his band, and the Apache-Mohaves with their own chief. I had only a short talk with them at the time, they being willing to wait until others would get in, so as to have a grand council and settle the whole matter. Da-chay-ya, with his Indians, had not yet arrived. At this juncture of affairs, and after they had been camped near me for three days, they suddenly disappeared about midnight, and went back to their mountain homes.

“ ‘I found upon inquiry that some rascally Mexicans had been talking to them, and, as near as I could learn, frightened them out by telling them that the Pimas were coming after them. I cannot prove this, but I believe it. That these Indians have a great dread of the Pimas is well known. I have written the Indian agent at Sacaton, Mr. J. H. Stout, telling him that he must keep his Pimas and Maricopas away from this post. These Mexicans are many of them guides, &c., and are well aware of the fact that if we make peace their occupation will be gone.

“ ‘Two days after these Indians left I sent Captain Netterville, Twenty-first Infantry, to Sunflower Valley, thirty miles from here, to renew communications and find out what was the matter. Inclosed please see his order, private instructions, and copy of report.

“ ‘They do not wish to come here and stay, for two or three very strong reasons: 1. They are afraid of the Pimas and Maricopas, and the latter can readily reach this place. 2. They are too far from their mountains to gather fruit or mescal or to hunt, and without some such aid they cannot subsist on a pound of beef and one of flour. 3. They have a natural indisposition to leave a country where they have always been accustomed to live. 4. They say that they can plant and get plenty of water on Tonto Creek (near Reno). It is, however, difficult to supply Camp Reno, as the road is very bad. Troops were stationed there at one time, but the post was broken up on this account.

“ ‘It seems to me that there ought to be a trusty agent constantly on the spot here to attend to all these things. I have but \$400 that I can expend for them, which is but a drop in the bucket, when they all need blankets and clothing. All that I can do is to give them a little manta, calico, and tobacco. Then, again, I am peculiarly situated. If I take the responsibility of declaring a temporary reservation, my action may be disapproved by the department commander, or I may not be able to get the means of supplying it. Troops should be with them wherever they may be, and I have not the power to put them there. One thing seems to me certain, that

they will never be contented near this post. I believe that it is better to so shape things as not to crowd them. The whole country around Reno, Tonto Creek, and Greenback Creek is unsettled by the whites, and they never go there. It seems to me that Tonto Valley is the place for them. It can be supplied with flour by pack trains, and beef can be driven there.

“ ‘Tonto and Greenback Valleys (the latter about twenty miles southeast of Reno) are said by those who have been there to be the best adapted places for this purpose in this whole Territory. Greenback Valley is small, but very pretty, and has plenty of timber and grass and fine bottom land for cultivation with but little irrigation. The road from here to Reno, as I said before, is very bad, but Reno can be supplied, as stated, by pack trains for the present.

“ ‘I hope that you will take some action in this matter without delay. In the meantime I shall try and collect these Indians here or at Sunflower, and let them, if there, send for their rations. It is impossible for me to send out there, for I have not the means of so doing. You can see that I am so situated that I cannot promise them anything, and the whole thing may fall through for this reason. I think they mean to make a lasting treaty of peace if they can be made to feel that they are not being deceived.

“ ‘I will advise you further when the grand council is held.

“ ‘I am, sir, very respectfully,

“ ‘JAMES CURTIS,

“ ‘Captain Third Cavalry, Commanding Post,
and ex-officio Indian Agent.

“ ‘Hon. VINCENT COLYER.’

“TALK WITH DA-CHAY-YA AND SHELTER PAU, HEAD CHIEFS OF THE TONTO APACHES, AT McDOWELL.

“ ‘Camp McDowell, Arizona, Territory,

“ ‘November 2, 1871.

“ ‘Sir: I have the honor to report that, in compliance with Special Orders No. 170, dated Headquarters Camp McDowell, Arizona Territory, October 25, 1871, I left this post and proceeded to Sunflower Valley, and complied as near as possible with special instructions given me by the post commander. I arrived at Sunflower Valley at 5:30 P. M. on the 27th of October, and went into camp at Stockade. On the morning of the 28th I commenced building fires and kept them burning during the day as signals. On the morning of the 29th my signals were answered from a hill near camp. At 10 o'clock four Indians came into camp. I gave them something to eat and sent them out at once to tell their chief, Da-chay-ya, to come in; that I wanted to have a talk with him. In the evening two more Indians came in from another direction, who said they belonged to Shelter Pau's band. I also sent them out with the same instructions. On the 30th four Indians and two squaws came into camp with a message to me from Da-chay-ya and Shelter Pau that they would come and see me the next day. I gave these Indians something to eat, and sent them out of camp to come in again when their chiefs came. On the 31st, about twelve o'clock, Shelter Pau and forty warriors arrived. In the afternoon of the same day Da-chay-ya, with twenty of his warriors, and four or five squaws, with children, arrived. I

had a talk with both chiefs that afternoon, and told them my mission; they appeared to be well pleased with what I said to them, and would reply to me the next morning. They were in a very destitute condition, being nearly naked and apparently suffering very much from the cold. They both appeared to be anxious for peace, and expressed a desire to live happily with all mankind. I gave each band a sack of flour and issued them some beef. The next morning, November 1, both chiefs came into camp, and desired to have a big talk. The following is what Dachay-ya said: 'I don't want to run over the mountains any more; I want to make a big treaty; I will live with the soldiers if they will come to Sunflower Valley or Camp Carroll, if Government will establish a camp there; I will make a peace that will last; I will keep my word until the stones melt; I cannot go to Camp McDowell because I have no horses and wagons to move my women and children, but at Camp Carroll I can live near the mountains and gather the fruit and get the game that is there. If the big captain at Camp McDowell does not put a post where I say, I can do nothing more, for God made the white man and God made the Apache, and the Apache has just as much right to the country as the white man. I want to make a treaty that will last, so that both can travel over the country and have no trouble; as soon as a treaty is made I want a piece of paper so that I can travel over the country as a white man. I will put a rock down to show that when it melts the treaty is to be broken. I am not afraid of the white man or the Mexican, but I am afraid of the Pimas

and Maricopas, who steal into my camps at night and kill my women and children with clubs. If I make a treaty I expect corn and wheat, pumpkin and melon seed, and I will plant near old Camp Reno. I want the big captain to come and see me; see how I get along; and will do whatever he wants me to do. If I make a treaty I expect the commanding officer will come and see me whenever I send for him, and I will do the same whenever he sends for me. If a treaty is made and the commanding officer does not keep his promises with me I will put his word in a hole and cover it up with dirt. I promise that when a treaty is made the white man or soldiers can turn out all their horses and mules without anyone to look after them, and if any of them are stolen by the Apaches I will cut my throat. I want to make a big treaty, and if the Americans break the treaty, I do not want any more trouble; the white man can take one road and I can take the other. I will send some men with you to the big captain at Camp McDowell, and when they return I want him to put on a piece of paper what he promises, so that I can keep it. Tell him that I am sick now, but will go to see him in twelve days if I have to crawl on my hands and knees to get to him. Tell him that I will bring in all the wild Apaches that I can, and if any will not come I will tell the captain who they are and where they live. I have got nothing more to say.'

“I then asked Shelter Pau what he desired to say. He said he had nothing more to say than Da-chay-ya; he wanted the same as Da-chay-ya did, and that he would come into the post the same time as he did. I then gave each chief

one beef and left the camp at Sunflower Valley at 10 o'clock, accompanied by sixteen Indians belonging to the two bands, and arrived at this post this a. m. at seven o'clock, having marched a distance of sixty miles.

“ ‘I have reported the loss of one mule, which was kicked by a horse and so badly disabled that he had to be shot, after which the Indians ate him.

“ ‘I am, sir, very respectfully, your obedient servant,

“ ‘W. McC. NETTERVILLE,

“ ‘Captain Twenty-first Infantry.

“ ‘First Lieutenant A. D. King, U. S. A.

“ ‘Post Adjutant, McDowell.’

“ ‘CAMP McDOWELL, ARIZONA TERRITORY,

“ ‘November 17, 1871.

“ ‘Dear Sir: I thought you would be glad to hear how your policy was working at this point. Major Curtis has done all in his power, and consulted my views in nearly all his actions. It has been slow work, however, the responsibility having to be taken for everything done.

“ ‘Captain McGregor’s command has never sent out the white flag you arranged for; I believe he intended to, but for some reason unknown to me he did not do it. The company of Mexicans enlisted as soldiers are still here, as worthless a set and as idle as I want to see.

“ ‘Major Curtis and myself compared notes night before last, and we counted up about two hundred Indians in all, who have come into camp since you left, representing the Apache-

Mohaves, Four Peak, Da-chay-ya and Tonto Apaches. Da-chay-ya, with fully eighty males, a few boys included, but no women, came into garrison and was warmly received by Major Curtis. He fed them the scanty allowance prescribed, clothed up Da-chay-ya and three other principal men, and gave the four good blankets. The first two days they appeared quite happy and pleased. On the afternoon of the 14th the major had a talk with them. All expressed a desire for peace. Da-chay-ya said he was sick; his breast, where he was shot by an infamous surgeon, most foully, gave him great pain. He appeared earnest for peace; said they were poor, starving, but that his people could not come into McDowell and live on the half ration allowed by the Government; that there was no mescal, no game, no chance to obtain anything beyond the pound of corn and pound of beef. His people would not be satisfied; the soldiers had no right to expect an Indian to live on less than a white man. Some of the points put by Da-chay-ya were discussed at length. He seemed to comprehend the situation. It was explained to him that no officer here was authorized to locate them on a reservation in their own country; that there was no authority to increase his ration or give blankets to his people. (Your order for blankets had not come to hand approved, at the meeting of this council.) He appeared somewhat dissatisfied, but did not express it in words. Up to the breaking up of the talk he asserted his wishes for peace, and a good long one.

“ ‘He wanted to go out for a few days; said he would come in again in four or five days.

Major Curtis told him that he would send off a written treaty for the approval of the great chief at Washington, the President. In it he would recommend that a large tract of country near Reno, including Tonto Bottom and Sunflower Valley, be reserved for their sole occupation; that he would try and get an agent sent among them for the purpose of instructing them how to cultivate the soil and use the implements which the Government would undoubtedly furnish them; that the Government would in all probability locate a company of soldiers near them to protect them from the Pimas and whites who might attempt to hunt or locate on their grounds. These points they seemed to be pleased with; but they could not live upon what they were getting now.

“ ‘The council for the day was ended. They sent their parties up to the wood yard at dark, as they had been doing two nights previous, for their night’s supply of fuel, built their fires and commenced cooking their beef. About seven p. m. they suddenly left in a body, Da-chay-ya, the Mohaves and all. That they were frightened off by some parties or person no doubt can exist, inasmuch as they left their meat cooking on the fire; besides, they left several of their bows and quivers filled with arrows hanging on the trees where they were encamped.

“ ‘At the council in the afternoon Da-chay-ya stated that he would leave some of his men back in garrison till he returned. What should have so suddenly changed his mind none of us is at all able to tell; the Mexican soldiers and citizen packers had free access to their camp, as well as

soldiers. No insult was offered or injury done them that we know of.

“ ‘I feel very much disappointed at this result; everything promised so fair. I heard Dachay-ya say two or three times that all his people would come in soon; that the Four Peak Apache-Mohaves were all in Sunflower Valley talking about coming in; that he thought they would come to the post with all their families in the course of ten days, when they heard what the soldiers had to say.

“ ‘They have more warriors than I gave them credit for; nearly all that came in with Dachay-ya were able-bodied men, only one or two very old men in the party.

“ ‘I believe an influence was brought to bear upon him by outsiders which frightened him off. His former treatment made him suspicious and fearful of some treachery, notwithstanding he was assured that if no understanding was come to, he should be allowed to go unmolested back to his family, providing no depredations were committed by his band. Not a thing was taken by one of them that I have heard of, and there were hundreds of soldiers' shirts hanging on the clothes lines of the laundresses near their camp. There is a singular mystery regarding their sudden departure that I cannot understand.

“ ‘The robbery of the mail stage and the killing of five citizens, a week ago, by an unknown party, near Wickenburg, of course is laid to the Indians. At first even the Prescott papers partially admitted that it was a party of Mexican bandits from Sonora. Indians, when they attack a stage, are not apt to leave the horses, blankets, and

curtains of the coach behind; in this case they did. I do not believe there was an Apache near the scene of the murder. All honest men have the same opinion, if they dared to express it.

“ ‘Yours truly, &c.,

“ ‘N. A. M. DUDLEY,

“ ‘Brevet Colonel United States Army.

“ ‘Hon. VINCENT COLYER,

“ ‘Commissioner.’ ”

CHAPTER XIV.

THE PEACE COMMISSION (Continued).

CAMP VERDE RESERVATION—THE APACHE—MOHAVES—REPORT OF REV. DAVID WHITE, POST CHAPLAIN—ARRIVAL AT CAMP WHIPPLE, GENERAL CROOK'S HEADQUARTERS—REFUSAL TO ADDRESS MEETING OF CITIZENS—DEPARTURE FROM TERRITORY—FINAL STATEMENT AS TO APACHES COMING IN.

“Camp Verde, Arizona Territory,

“October 3, 1871.

“We arrived at Camp Verde on the evening of September 30; General Grover and the officers under his command at the post received us kindly. Early in the morning after our arrival, at my request, the General sent out an Indian interpreter to inform the Apache-Mohaves of our arrival, and to request them to meet us at the Springs, twenty-five miles up the valley of the Verde, on the following noon. Arrangements were made to have one thousand pounds of corn, three beef cattle, and a good supply of clothing forwarded to the Springs, and at daybreak October 2, we were up and ready for the journey. General Grover, a lieutenant (former commandant of the post), Mr. Beal, a citizen, Mr. Ward, the interpreter, and an escort of five cavalry, accompanied us. The beef cattle were driven ahead, and the corn and clothing carried on twelve pack mules. We arrived at the Springs about noon. General Grover selected for our camp a clear hilltop a short distance above the Springs, over-

looking the valley. There were no Indians to be seen, though there was smoke burning up a near ravine. The Indian interpreter informed us that he had been to several of their villages, and found many were sick from want of food, but that all who were able had promised to come. General Grover, thinking that the presence of several white men who, returning from a deer hunt, had followed us, might be one of the causes of the absence of the Indians, suggested that they leave us. I agreed with him, and the five Apache-Mohaves arrived. Soulay was so emaciated from sickness and hunger that the General hardly recognized him. He was so weak he lay down on the ground, his head resting under the shade of a sagebrush. There were no trees near. The General thinking that he was suffering from an attack of intermittent fever, I prepared a mixture of quinine and whisky and gave it to him, but he soon asked for food, which we gave him. After an hour or so he recovered his strength and we had a talk. He pointed to the valley of the Verde below, where a white man had erected a cabin the year before, and said, 'Where that house stands I have always planted corn; I went there this spring to plant corn, and the white man told me to go away or he would shoot me; so I could not plant corn there any more. Many white men hunted for deer over his mountains, like the three men who had just gone down the valley; that if they met any Indians they shot them, and that they killed all the game or frightened them so much the Indians could not get near them with their bows and arrows, and as the white people would not let them

have any ammunition, they could not kill the deer. There were some mesquite beans, mescal, and cactus figs on the mountains, but they could not live on that in the winter, and they did not see what was left for them but to die. If they went to the post to get some food they could not get any, and the general scolded them about their young men stealing and drove them off. The chiefs could not get anything for their people to eat; they were gradually losing their influence over their young men, who, finding themselves starving, would occasionally go on the roads and farms and steal stock to eat; they knew it was wrong, but how could he stop it, or blame them, when they were all dying for food?' At my request the Indians kindled more fires, and sent out three more runners to bring the Indians in. During the afternoon four parties of three or four each arrived; they were hungry and nearly naked, and confirmed the interpreter's story that numbers of the Indians in the villages from which they came were too sick to come in. We gave them food and clothing. During the night several fires answering our signals were seen on the mountains across the valley, and early the next morning, October 3, a party of thirty men, women and children arrived. After giving them some food and clothing we had a talk. The chiefs repeated nearly all that Soulay said the day before, and together earnestly desired that the valley of the Verde from Camp Verde up to the old Mexican wagon road, about forty-five miles, and for a distance of ten miles on each side of the river, might be set apart for them as an Indian reservation, and they agreed that if the Apache-

Mohaves, who were scattered over the middle and western portion of Arizona, who rendezvous about Date Creek, would come in and live with them, they would make room for and welcome them cheerfully upon their reservations. I asked them if they would not be willing to go over to Date Creek and have their home located there. They said there were too many white people around there, and the country did not suit them as well as the valley of the Verde. General Grover and the officers and the citizens I met at the post, all agreed that the valley of the Verde was the best location for a reservation for them. Accordingly, on my return to the post this afternoon, I addressed a letter to General Grover setting apart the valley of the Verde as a reservation for the Apache-Mohave Indians.

“Since my return to Washington I have received the following letter from Rev. David White, post chaplain, reporting the full success in the coming in of over five hundred Apache-Mohaves at Camp Verde Reservation:

“Camp Verde, Arizona Territory,

“November 22, 1871.

“Dear Sir: I write congratulating you on the success of your mission to the Indians of this Territory. Since you left, five hundred and eighty Apache-Mohaves have been in and drawn rations. It affords me pleasure to say that the food given out by Captain Hawley (now in command) is given in good faith. The Indians appear well pleased. There is but little danger in travelling anywhere on account of Indians. I have made

the trip alone from here to Prescott. Others have done the same.

“ ‘Respectfully, your obedient servant,

“ ‘DAVID WHITE,

“ ‘Chaplain United States Army.

“ ‘Hon. VINCENT COLYER.’

“ ‘Camp Whipple, near Prescott, Arizona,

“ ‘October 6, 1871.

“ ‘We arrived here on the evening of the 4th, and were received quite cordially by General Crook, who insisted upon my making his quarters my home. Indeed, throughout my journey in Arizona and New Mexico, I have been received with the utmost kindness by the officers of the Army, as I have before reported.

“ ‘The general and I differed somewhat in opinion as to the best policy to be pursued toward the Apaches, but as these differences were honestly entertained and kindly expressed, it did not lessen the cordiality of our intercourse; and as he desired me to frankly express my opinion if there was anything in his official action which I questioned, and as he had been pleased to do the same with me, much to my satisfaction, I told him I could not help expressing my regrets that he should have felt it to be his duty to censure Major Wm. Nelson for his manly defense of the Indians on the reservation at Camp Grant.

“ ‘The following day, with the advice of General Crook and that of Captain Frederick Van Vliet, who commands at Camp Hualapai, we arranged that the Hualapai Indians, who congregate around Beal Springs, a military post, about two hundred miles to the northwest of Prescott,

should be fed at that post, and a temporary reservation be declared one mile around the camp until a more permanent reservation could be selected. The recent discovery of silver mines, and the uncertainty of their precise location, in the country inhabited by the Hualapai Indians, made it impracticable for us to do any more than the above for the present.

“General Crook also thought it not advisable to attempt to move the Apache-Mohaves who range through the country in the neighborhood of Date Creek, this winter, to the reservation at Camp Verde, but that they should be fed at Camp Date Creek until the spring, when they may consent to move. With his advice, we therefore decided to name that post, and for one mile around it, a temporary reservation, and General Crook issued the necessary orders accordingly.

“Mr. Merriam, (Marion), the editor of the ‘Arizona Miner,’ and several other gentlemen, called to invite me to address in public meeting the citizens of Prescott on the Indian question. I read to Mr. Merriam, (Marion) his editorials, published before my arrival, wherein he called me a ‘cold-blooded scoundrel,’ ‘red-handed assassin,’ etc., and said, ‘Colyer will soon be here, * * * We ought, in justice to our murdered dead, to dump the old devil into the shaft of some mine, and pile rocks upon him until he is dead. A rascal who comes here to thwart the efforts of military and citizens to conquer a peace from our savage foe, deserves to be stoned to death, like the treacherous, black-hearted dog that he is,’ etc., and told him that I had no hankering after that kind of ‘mining.’”

“The gentleman assured me that they would protect me with their rifles and revolvers; but as my official duties were wholly with the Indians, and the officers of the Government having them in charge, and I was unable to see sufficient reasons for addressing a public meeting in which I should have to be protected with rifles and revolvers, I respectfully declined. Mr. Merriam (Marion), gave me a beautiful specimen of gold quartz, and I thought we had parted pretty good friends, but three days after he published an editorial containing several gross calumnies, and abusing me worse than ever.—V. C.”

“Washington, D. C., December 20, 1871.

“We left Prescott for home Saturday morning, October 7, accompanied with many expressions of goodwill from the officers of the Army stationed at Camp Whipple.

“In passing through Kirkland Valley, near Date Creek, the stage stopped at a farmer’s house and inn toward evening, where we found the family greatly excited over the murder of an Indian. The landlord declined to give me the details of the affair, and I vainly endeavored to obtain them from a corporal and two soldiers who were standing there; they having been sent for from Camp Date Creek to protect the family. The landlord asked for seats in the stage for his wife and daughter to go to Wickenburg, saying he feared an attack upon his house that night by Apache-Mohave Indians, and wished to have his family in a place of safety. As the Apache-Mohaves had been for the last two years at peace, and were not included among those against whom General Crook was conducting his campaign, and, as I

have reported before, are estimated to number over two thousand people, the affair was important. The ladies, who were refined and intelligent persons, were taken in the coach, and from them I learned the following particulars:

“ ‘The Indian was standing in the front door of the tavern, when three white men came up the road on horseback, and demanded a Henry rifle which the Indian held in his hand. ‘No,’ was the reply, ‘this is my gun,—my property.’ ‘Jump off and take it,’ says one to another; upon which one of the riders dismounted and reached for the rifle. The Indian stepped back. The white man sprang forward and seized the rifle, and with the butt end knocked the Indian down in the door of the tavern. We screamed and begged the party not to murder an Indian in the house, or his tribe would retaliate by murdering the inmates. The Indian was dragged out and killed and buried there in the yard, when the party mounted and made off with his rifle. The day following a straggling party of the same tribe of Indians—the Apache-Mohaves—was coming up the road, soliciting work from the farmers along the route, as is their custom. When within a mile of the tavern where the Indian was killed, three farmers, who supposed they were coming to attack our house, fired into the Indians—about twenty in number—and wounded and killed several of them, who were carried off by their associates in their rapid retreat.’

“The killing of the first Indian took place while the landlord was absent, or he said he would have prevented it. He had thought it prudent to send his family by stage to Wicken-

burg, but, with the aid of the soldiers and some neighbors, he intended remaining, and would endeavor to pacify the Indians.

“On our arrival at Camp Date Creek, near midnight, I awoke Captain O’Beirne, the commander, and delivered the orders of General Crook, arranging for the feeding of the Apache-Mohaves at his post. I informed him of the above facts in the hope that he would investigate the affair.

“At Culling’s Rancho Way Station (Culling’s Well) on the desert, east of Ehrenberg, I found nearly two hundred and fifty Apache-Mohave Indians living in temporary wicki-ups, and hanging around begging at the ranches. I called the head men together and inquired why they did not go to the agency on the Colorado, or at Date Creek, and what were their means of obtaining a living. They said that at the Colorado Agency, Iraytabe, the chief, discouraged their coming, drove them off, and threatened them with punishment if they returned. At Date Creek they could get nothing to eat, and ‘it only made the officers mad to see them.’ Mr. Cullings fed them occasionally, but they were half starving and naked. I distributed some wheat among them and gave them a letter to Colonel O’Beirne at Camp Date Creek, requesting him to look into their condition, and if they belonged to the band which usually reported to him, to feed them under the President’s order.

“At Ehrenberg I met Dr. J. A. Tonner, agent for the Mohave-Apaches, on the Colorado River, who reported everything peaceable and progressing hopefully at his agency. He said he

would take care of the Indians at Culling's ranch, and remonstrate with Iraytabe at his inhospitality. He earnestly asks for help in the establishment of schools, and reported the children eager to learn.

"Arriving at Los Angeles on the 13th of October, I regretted that my time would not allow me the pleasure of calling upon General Stone- man, at Wilmington, as his position as former commander of the department of Arizona would enable him to give me much information on Indian affairs. I addressed him a note, however, and on my arrival at San Francisco, October 19, I received a very kind reply from the general, accompanied with a copy of his final report on Arizona.

"AT SAN FRANCISCO.

"General Schofield was glad to see me. The many exaggerated reports in the newspapers of the 'cross-purposes between General Crook and the peace commissioner,' had made him desirous to learn the truth. When he ascertained that instead of placing the Indians on the reservation which I had selected, 'under the care of the proper officers of the Indian Department,' as I had been directed to do in my instructions from the Secretary of the Interior, I had availed myself of the clause which allowed me 'full power to use my best discretion,' and I had left the whole business under the supervision of General Crook and the officers of the Army, I believe that he was satisfied that the 'cross-purposes' only existed in the imagination of a few worthy people in Arizona, and those whom they have misled.

“I arrived in Washington on October 27th, and made my verbal report to the President in the presence of the Secretary of the Interior and Secretary of War, on the 6th of November. By direction of the President, on the following day I made a brief report in writing to Hon. Secretary of the Interior, giving a description of the reservations selected in New Mexico and Arizona, which was inclosed to the President by the Secretary of the Interior, with an indorsement recommending that ‘in pursuance of the understanding arrived at in our conversation with the Secretary of War on the 6th instant, that the President issue an order authorizing said tracts of country described in Mr. Colyer’s letter to be regarded as reservations for the settlement of the Indians until otherwise ordered, I have the honor to suggest that the proper officers of the War Department be directed to notify the various bands of roving Apaches that they are required to locate on reservations immediately, and that upon so doing they will be fully protected and provided for by the Government so long as they remain on said reservations, and preserve peaceable relations with the Government, one another, and the white people, and that unless they comply with the request they will not be thus provided for and protected.’

“These recommendations were approved by the President, transmitted to the Secretary of War, and, under General Sherman’s orders, were directed to be carried into execution by Lieutenant-General Sheridan and Major-General Schofield, commanding the division of the Missouri and Pacific.

“Late advices from the agents and Army officers in charge of the Apache Indian reservations established in New Mexico and Arizona, under the President’s order, state that the roving Apaches have come in in large numbers. There are now reported to be at Cañada Alamosa nineteen hundred; Camp Apache, Arizona Territory, thirteen hundred; Camp Grant, Arizona Territory, nine hundred; Camp Verde, Arizona Territory, five hundred; Camp McDowell, Arizona Territory, one hundred—total, four thousand seven hundred.

“No reports have been received at this office from the feeding stations temporarily established until the reservations can be selected, at Camp Hualapai and Camp Date Creek, where there are probably one thousand more. Without counting these there are more than one-half of all the roving Apaches of these Territories now at peace and within call, reaping the benefit of the ‘peace policy.’

“Of the complaints made by the officials and editors of Arizona of my want of courtesy in not accepting their generous hospitalities, as well as of the threats so freely made to ‘mob,’ ‘lynch me,’ ‘hang me in effigy,’ ‘stone me to death,’ as a ‘thief,’ ‘robber,’ ‘murderer,’ ‘red-handed assassin,’ etc., and abuse generally of the press of Arizona and elsewhere, I have taken little notice, as the business upon which I was sent to Arizona and New Mexico was successfully accomplished, has received the approbation of the administration and I trust to time and the good results which I believe will follow as my vindication.

“Very respectfully, your obedient servant,
“VINCENT COLYER.”

The foregoing letters of Vincent Colyer, which are embodied in his report to the Secretary of the Interior, are instructive in many particulars. They show conclusively the condition of the Indians at the time of his visit, and bear out the statement heretofore made, that the hostiles were demoralized, both in the east and the west. An unrelenting war had been made upon them, particularly from 1868 up to this time, 1871, a period of three years, during which time the entire Apache country had been surveyed, mapped and outlined. The waterholes were known to the whites; the trails were known; roads had been built through that country, and forts established in its very heart, so it is not surprising that the Indians were willing to meet the Commissioner more than halfway. Many of them had been gathered around the forts and were working, employed by the military in chopping wood and furnishing hay, which was paid for in corn, a pint cupfull at a time. The bucks cut the wood and hay; the squaws brought it in on their backs, and yet the Indians furnished it at a rate much lower than the contractors had been getting.

All through his report it is shown that the Indians, even where rations were furnished them, were half starved, and compelled in many instances to rob, steal, or die. The feeling, of course, of the whites, at that time, was bitter against the Indians, because at no time were they safe outside the settlements, unless in large bodies, and wherever an adventurous pioneer attempted to establish a home, the Indians came in and deprived him of his stock and whatever else he had of value to them.

It seems, according to the statements of Colyer, which are unquestionably correct, that there were gathered in over four thousand Indians, which comprised fully one-half of all the tribes which had been at war with the whites; the Coyoteros, a great many of them; the most of the Tontos; many of the Pinalenos; the Apache-Mohaves, and the Apache-Yumas. The warring tribes, those which were still ready to fight to a finish, were the Chiricahua Apaches under Cochise, with a few Mescaleros and Pinalenos; the Apache-Mohaves under Del Shay, with a few of the Tontos, and the Wallapais.

About the time that Colyer was leaving the Territory, occurred what is known as the Wickensburg Massacre, which is referred to in his report, a full account of which is given in the succeeding chapter.

CHAPTER XV.

THE WICKENBURG MASSACRE.

STAGECOACH ATTACKED BY PARTY OF MOUNTED MEN, FIVE PASSENGERS KILLED, TWO WOUNDED—DIFFERENCE OF OPINION AS TO WHETHER OUTRAGE COMMITTED BY INDIANS OR MEXICANS — VERDICT OF CORONER'S JURY — DESCRIPTION OF KILLED AND WOUNDED—C. B. GENUNG'S BELIEF AND STATEMENT—MIKE BURN'S IGNORANCE OF OCCURRENCE.

What is known as the Loring Massacre occurred on the 5th of November, 1871. On account of the prominence of some of the victims, it was commented upon very extensively, not only in Arizona and California, but throughout the East.

The Wickenburg correspondent of the "Journal-Miner" gives the following account of the massacre, the communication being printed in that paper on November 11th, 1871:

"At a point about nine miles from Wickenburg a party of mounted men, either Indians or Mexicans disguised after the fashion of Apache warriors, rushed down upon the stage as it was passing through a canyon, and fired a volley into the passengers, killing all but two persons, and slightly wounding these. The wounded, Mr. Kruger and Miss Sheppard, not being disabled, immediately sprang from the stage and started together towards Culling's Station, while one de-

tachment of the bloodthirsty demons surrounded the stage, and the other went in pursuit of the fugitives, and kept up a desultory fire, which, being all mounted, was unsteady, so that only a slight wound was received by Miss Sheppard, and neither sustained further injury than the wounds inflicted by the first fire. The pursuit was kept up for a distance of nearly half a mile, the pursuers being kept at bay by Kruger, who still retained his revolver and fired upon them whenever they came too near, causing them to scatter and retreat, but only to rally again to the pursuit until finally they withdrew and joined their fellows. The fugitives continued on their way toward Culling's Well Station until they hailed the eastern bound mail a few miles from that station. Here they were picked up by the driver, who retraced his steps to the station, from which point information of the calamity was sent to Wickenburg via the Vulture Mine, the bearer fearing to proceed by the direct route. The dispatch reached Wickenburg about midnight, when two parties of citizens started for the scene; one of them to bring in the dead bodies, and the other, under command of George Munroe, to take the trail of the murderers. Upon reaching the stage a most horrible picture was presented to their sight. Five men, Messrs. Loring, Shoholm, Lanz, Hamel, and Salmon, who, eighteen hours previous left Wickenburg full of life and hope in the happy anticipation of soon again greeting their friends after a prolonged absence, lay side by side rigid in death and drenched in blood; the unavenged acts of a murder as dark and damnable as ever stained the

hands of an assassin. The mystery which surrounds the identity of the murder exists in the disposition of the mail and baggage. One mail sack was cut open and its contents scattered over the ground, the other was left untouched. The baggage of the passengers was broken open, and while articles of little value were carried away, large sums of money and other valuables remained. All this would suggest the work of ignorant savages, but as neither the ammunition nor animals had been removed, some are of the opinion that the outrage was perpetrated by a band of Mexican bandits from Sonora. Mr. Kruger, who has really had the best opportunity of deciding this question, states positively that they were Indians, but at all events the next mail may bring reports which will place the guilt of this terrible crime where it properly belongs, when we hope it will not be left to the local authorities to redress the wrong or avenge an outrage against the Government and their people at large."

The passengers on this coach when leaving Wickenburg, were in high spirits, anticipating no danger whatever along the route. Their arms were stored beneath the cushions of the seats for convenience and safety. All were in high glee, anticipating soon a reunion with their friends and families. Miss Sheppard and Mr. Kruger, and three others sat on the inside of the coach. Young Loring rode on the outside in company with the driver. The first notification of danger was at a point about nine miles from Wickenburg when they were startled by the voice of the driver, calling out: "Apaches! Apaches!!"

Scarcely was the alarm given when a volley was discharged from the rifles of the savages into the stage coach, succeeded almost instantly by a second volley. The driver and two passengers were killed outright at the first fire, and the remaining four passengers, with one exception, were wounded. "At that time," says J. M. Barney, "the survivors were Miss Sheppard and Messrs. Hamel, Kruger and Loring. The last named had thus far escaped uninjured. As the Indians were rushing upon the stage, after firing the first volley, Miss Sheppard and Mr. Kruger sprang to the ground at the side opposite to that from which their assailants were approaching, and escaped with their lives. Unfortunately for Messrs. Loring and Hamel, in the excitement of the moment, they lost all presence of mind and jumped from the stage at the side occupied by the Indians.

"The former, being unarmed, could offer no resistance, and so endeavored to escape by flight. This effort, however, was hopeless. He soon found himself in the center of a group of savages, and there fell, pierced by two bullets and dispatched by a lance thrust in the breast. Mr. Hamel was killed at about the same instant, and those who were best acquainted with the Indian customs believed that he must have fought bravely for his life, as he was the only member of the party who was scalped—it having been customary among the savages to disfigure in such a manner only the bodies of those who fell while fighting courageously to defend their lives.

"The trailing party (under George Munroe) then returned to Wickenburg, where Captain

Meinholdt and some soldiers were met. Some of the citizens then joined Captain Meinholdt's party, and, returning to the scene of the attack, again picked up the trail of the murderers and followed it until both citizens and soldiers became thoroughly satisfied that the authors of the deed had gone on to the Camp Date Creek Reservation.

“It was apparent to the relief party that while awaiting the approach of the stage coach, the savages had been secreted near the roadside, behind piles of grass and shrubbery, which they had collected and arranged in a manner not to attract attention, placing the bundles in an upright position to give them the appearance of clumps of shrubbery produced by the natural process of growth. These hiding places extended parallel to the road for some distance and, it was evident that, when the stage had reached a point about the middle of the ambush line, it was raked by the fire of the assassins in three directions—in front, in rear, and directly opposite the side.

“At a late hour on Monday night, the bodies of the victims were brought into Wickenburg, and, on the following day, the inquest was held, the following being a copy of the verdict rendered:

“‘We, the undersigned, summoned as a jury to hold an inquest on the bodies of the following named persons, found murdered in the stage coach, about six miles from the town of Wickenburg, on the La Pas road, on the morning of the 5th of November, 1871, from all the evidence obtained from the two surviving passengers, do find that C. S. Adams, John Lanz, Fred W. Loring,

Fred W. Shoholm, W. G. Salmon and P. M. Hamel, (found scalped), came to their death by gunshot wounds, received at the hands of Indians trailed towards the Date Creek Reservation.

“ F. Purcella,	Julius A. Goldwater,
David Morgan,	W. W. Weber,
Aaron Barnett,	Dennis May,
Charles H. Richardson	Charles Barbour,
Mack Morris,	Foreman.’

“The survivors, Kruger and Miss Sheppard, were confident that the murderers were Apache-Mohaves from the Camp Date Creek Reservation. They had on the blue pants worn by the Reservation Indians and had the gait, appearance and bearing of Apaches during the whole time they were under observation. In addition to this, Captain Meinholdt, of the 3d Cavalry, who had been detailed to find out, if possible, who they were, followed the tracks in the direction of Camp Date Creek. The footprints were round toed, after the manner of the Apaches. On the trail a reservation hunting bag was picked up, and a pack of cards, with the corners cut off, such as were used by the Apache-Mohaves. He declared in his report to his superior that it was his firm conviction that the murderers were Camp Date Creek Apaches. Furthermore, subsequent to the committal of the murder, two of the Reservation Indians died of gunshot wounds, but whites were not permitted to see them.

“The suspicion that had at first been expressed by a few—that the crime might have been committed by Mexican bandits—furnished sufficient grounds for the starting of such a rumor. Thereupon, interested, so-called friends of the

Indians, here and elsewhere, seized upon this flaw in some people's judgment for the purpose of making capital out of it, but a number of well-known Wickenburg citizens, who had examined and buried the bodies, as well as followed the trail of the murderers, published over their signatures a letter containing the best of proofs and reasons for asserting that Indians had committed the deed. The letter was as follows:

“ ‘Wickenburg, November 12th, 1871.

“ ‘Editor of the ‘Miner’ : In looking over the last issue of your paper, Nov. 11th, and a report giving details concerning the late tragedy which occurred near our place, we wish to correct one error—the murderers were not mounted on horses, but were all on foot, and wearing the Apache mocassins, leaving on their trail many Indian articles, (among others, bone dust used by the Indians as a medicine), which were brought in by George Munroe. As the affair is a serious one and unprecedentedly bold, our citizens, wishing to have the blame attached to none but the guilty ones, have spared no trouble or expense in thoroughly satisfying themselves as to the identity of the murderers.

“ ‘As soon in the morning as it became light enough to see a footprint, a party of our citizens was on the spot, and took the trail. Judging from the indications, after killing the passengers, something scared the Indians, causing them to leave in hot haste, scattering in different directions. After following up their different trails a distance of four or five miles, they all united, forming one large trail and leading toward the Date Creek Reservation. The trail

showed them to be a large party of Indians, some forty or fifty in number. It was useless for the few citizens then on the trail to follow them farther, the Indians having some twenty hours the start.

“ ‘They returned to Wickenburg, where they met Captain Meinholdt, with a detachment of troops from Camp Date Creek, and orders to use all efforts to find out who the murderers were. Thereupon Mr. Munroe and Mr. Frink immediately returned with Captain Meinholdt and his command, again took up the trail, and followed it until citizens and soldiers were all thoroughly satisfied that the perpetrators of the horrible deed were Indians.

“ ‘We, being of the scouting party, subscribe to the above as being a true report, having been the first upon the ground after the massacre and of the last to leave the trail.

“ ‘W. J. Barclay, George Munroe,
 Edward Prentiss, George Bryan,
 Jose Maria Salallo.’

“The public mind, however, continued to be divided, certain interests harping upon the matter until they succeeded in schooling a portion of the Eastern public into the belief that white Arizonans had committed the crime for the sake of plundering the passengers and to make sure of the continuance of the war with the Apaches. These were, of course, base slanders and through the untiring efforts of General Crook were later disproved and the guilt fastened—beyond any reasonable doubt—upon Apache-Mohave Indians.

“The best known and most prominent victim of this deplorable tragedy was Fred W. Loring, who was twenty-two years of age and a native of Boston, Massachusetts. He had graduated from Harvard in 1870, and immediately engaged in the business of journalism in his native city. Early in 1871 he had joined the ‘Wheeler Expedition,’ which he accompanied throughout all its rambles, finally reaching Prescott on his way home. Although a boy in years, Mr. Loring was a mature man in mind, whose name had already become familiar throughout the nation as an author and ‘contributor’ of rare merit. His untimely death created a great sensation in the East, and at once the press of New York and New England wheeled into line, and concluded that ‘the Apache must be treated with less Bible, and more sword.’

“Messrs. Hamel and Salmon were likewise members of the ‘Wheeler Expedition.’ Both gentlemen were residents of San Francisco, where the latter left a wife and two small children who were dependent upon his efforts for support.

“Mr. Shoholm was on his way to his home in Philadelphia after an absence of many years, part of which time he had been a member of the firm of Jewell & Co., of Prescott.

“C. S. Adams had a wife and three small children in San Francisco and was on his way to join them when overtaken by death. For ten months preceding his departure from Prescott, he had been in charge of the flour depot of W. Bichard & Co., at that place.

“John Lanz, the driver, who was better known as ‘Dutch John,’ came from San Bernardino, California, about four weeks before his death, and had obtained a situation as driver on the Ehrenberg-Wickenburg stage, the fatal trip being his second one over the route, and the first one from the Wickenburg end of the line.

“Miss Sheppard, who had been quite seriously wounded in the attack, was later taken to Camp Date Creek for medical attention, going from there to Southern California in company with Mr. Kruger. Not many years later Kruger reported her death in that State from the effects of the wounds she had received, which left him as the last survivor of the most atrocious killing of whites by savages in Arizona.”

Miss Sheppard was a member of the demi-monde, a beautiful woman who dressed in the height of extreme fashion; adventurous, as is fully demonstrated by her being in Arizona at this time, and said to be quite fascinating, whose charms found a ready market. She was kind and generous, dividing with the unfortunate, nursing the sick with motherly care; she had a warm place in the hearts of her male acquaintances.

At first, as before stated, this was supposed to have been the work of Mexicans, disguised as Indians. C. B. Genung, to the day of his death, believed that Mexicans committed this atrocity, and makes the following statement in regard to it:

“In the fall of 1871 a man named J. M. Bryan, commonly called ‘Crete’ by his acquaintances, had the contract to haul government freight

from Ehrenberg, on the Colorado River, to Ft. Whipple, Camps Wood, Verde, Apache, and Ft. McDowell. His business called him to different posts and he generally travelled by stage from one post to another. When there was no stage route he generally used a saddle horse or mule, of which he had several good ones. Bryan had an acquaintance with whom he generally took his meals when in Wickenburg, which was a central point for his teams. One day Donna Tomase, as the woman was called, (she was a California Spaniard. Her right name was Mrs. Bouns), called Bryan into her house, and told him not to ride in the Wickenburg and Ehrenberg stage any more. When questioned she told him that there was a plan laid to rob the stage; that she had overheard some Mexicans talking in a brush shack behind a saloon nearby where she lived, and cautioned him again about going by stage. He took the advice and did his travelling in the saddle from that on. It was not long before the woman's story was confirmed. The stage left Prescott at night on account of Indians, arriving at Wickenburg before daylight on the following morning. * * * At a point about nine miles from Wickenburg toward Ehrenberg, the road crossed a small sandwash which had scrub oak brush growing on either side. In this wash, hidden by the banks and brush, lay the Mexicans. When the stage was well into the wash, the horses were stopped and the stage riddled with bullets. * * *

“Of course this was supposed by most people to be the work of the Indians, quite a number of whom were at that time at Camp Date Creek

about twenty-five miles northwest of Wickenburg. The Mexicans had worn moccasins and scalped Adams in order to mislead the public. At the time I was working from twenty-five to thirty of the Date Creek Indians, gathering my crop of corn, beans and potatoes on my ranch in Peeples Valley, twenty-seven miles north of Wickenburg, and I had some men among them that I knew I could trust. As soon as I heard the news I sent two Indians across to Date Creek to learn if these Indians knew anything about the matter. They returned the same day and assured me their people knew nothing about the massacre, but that it must be Tonto Apaches from the eastern country.

“In a very few days Bryan came by my place, on his way from Wickenburg to Prescott, and told me the story. Among this band of fifteen Mexicans was one who Mrs. Bouns was slightly acquainted with, and whom she called Parenta; his name being the same as her family name. She got him into her house, filled him up with wine and he told her the whole story; how these men had all stayed at a house out on the road a little west of the town the night before the massacre, and went out to the place before daybreak. The place had been picked out some days before. This young Mexican claimed that he was sick that night and did not accompany the crowd that did the work, but told of Adams shooting one of the party; that they had taken the wounded man to the Agua Caliente springs on the Gila River to get well. The officers went from Phoenix and got the fellow with the hole in his shoulder, brought him to Phoenix, and he was killed in

the jail by a man who still lives in Phoenix. John Burger killed one of them in a corral at the lower station on the Agua Fria near where the S. F. P. & P. R. crosses that stream. The ringleader, a redheaded native of Gibraltar, named Joaquin Barbe, with another of the band, got on the warpath and run amuck in Phoenix, and Joe Fye and Milt Ward, deputy sheriffs, chased them out of town and killed both of them, and they all got what was coming to them, but one. He got wise and left the country. Bryan was very careful who he told the story to, and it was passed among the right men to attend to such matters. The scalping of Adams was all right to fool a tenderfoot, but we oldtimers knew that Apaches never scalped, although they frequently mutilated otherwise.”

If this massacre had been committed by Indians, it is strange that Mike Burns knows nothing of it, because he has been collecting Indian history and Indian stories, and recording them carefully, no matter whether to the credit of his race or not, and if the Indians had been the culprits, some of the Indians, the Yavapais or Apache-Mohaves, with whom he has been associated since his early youth and manhood, would certainly have given him an account of it. On the contrary he professes to know nothing of this massacre, and never heard of any attempt to assassinate General Crook, although he says this might have happened and he never know of it; so I give all the evidence tending to show that it was committed by the Indians, and also the evidence of Mr. Genung going to show that it was committed by Mexicans. It will always remain

a mystery as to who were really the murderers. General Crook, as we shall see, at first believed that it was committed by the Indians, and, according to Captain Bourke, spent a long time in ferreting out the perpetrators, but from the fact that a month later, or thereabouts, he employed these same Indians, whom he tried to capture or kill at Date Creek, as scouts to run down the renegade Apaches, it would seem that he might have changed his mind, although there is no record of that extant.

CHAPTER XVI.

THE WICKENBURG MASSACRE (Continued).

GENERAL CROOK TAKES UP HUNT FOR MURDERERS
—INVESTIGATION STOPPED BY PEACE COM-
MISSION—INVESTIGATION BY GENERAL CROOK
RESUMED—MEETING WITH INDIANS AT
CAMP DATE CREEK—SELECTION OF MURDER-
ERS BY MOHAVE INDIANS—ATTEMPTED AR-
REST BRINGS ON FIGHT—C. B. GENUNG'S
ACCOUNT OF HAPPENING—CAPTAIN JOHN G.
BOURKE'S ACCOUNT OF ATTEMPT ON GEN-
ERAL CROOK'S LIFE—DEATH AND BURIAL OF
CAPTAIN PHILIP DWYER—FIGHT WITH
INDIANS.

William Gilson, at that time a prominent citizen of Date Creek, and afterwards one of the early settlers of the Salt River Valley, during the latter part of January, 1872, informed General Crook that he believed the Date Creek Indians committed the Wickenburg Massacre. Mr. Gilson was friendly to these Indians, and this opinion was given only upon well grounded suspicions. General Crook took the matter in hand, determined to ferret out the murderers, arrest them, and turn them over to the civil authorities for trial. He set spies, both Indians and whites, at work to hunt up the testimony, plenty of which was soon after forthcoming, and what was at first a mystery, was soon cleared up by a strong chain of evidence. First came an Apache-Mohave Indian boy, who had been raised by Dan O'Leary, the well-known

scout, whom the robbers and murderers had sent for that he might tell them the denominations of the greenbacks which they had secured at the time of the massacre. Some of these greenbacks had been left by the Indians, they not knowing their value. Next came Irataba, chief of the Mohave Indians, and one or two of his captains, and several of his warriors, who testified that the murderers, after going to Date Creek, went upon the Colorado River Indian Reservation, and boasted of the deed they had done, spent their stolen greenbacks and displayed other plunder. These actions were brought to the notice of other white men besides General Crook, among whom were Dr. Tonner, then Indian Agent at the Colorado River Reservation, who assisted in procuring these facts. Wallapai Indians also substantiated the accounts given by Irataba and his friends. The murderers repeatedly stated that fifteen of their number had made the attack, while fifteen more were within hailing distance ready to give aid; that they had taken very little clothing, trinkets, or articles of that nature, for fear that their possession might some day lead to their detection.

Continuing, J. M. Barney says: "In March of 1872, General Crook, accompanied by Lieutenants Bourke and Ross, started from Fort Whipple, along the Mohave road, towards the Colorado River. He reached Beale Springs where he succeeded in getting some Wallapai Indians to agree to go out and help him persuade the Apache-Mohaves to come into Camp Date Creek, where they were to be fed and taken care of by the Government. This was merely a

ruse upon the part of General Crook whose main object was to get hold of the robbers and murderers belonging to that tribe, and, knowing that the two tribes—the Apache-Mohaves and Wallapais—were more or less friendly, realized at once that it would not do to trust the latter with the real secret of the expedition. General Crook, with his two lieutenants and Wallapai Indian allies, trudged on foot through snow and slush towards a rendezvous, where, by previous arrangement, two companies of cavalry were to go under the guidance of Dan O'Leary and some Wallapai scouts for the purpose of taking in hand the murderous Apache-Mohaves. Just at this time an express came to General Crook with orders to cease hostilities and to let the Indians and 'Peace Commissioners'—who were about to arrive in Arizona—settle the question. General Crook obeyed the orders and returned to Fort Whipple. Later on in that same year—about the month of August—having been granted authority to chastise bad Indians, General Crook, with Lieutenant Ross, Henry Hewitt, and a few other persons, soon after started for Camp Date Creek to carry out his old object of arresting the murderers who had taken part in the Wickenburg Massacre. Before leaving his headquarters the General had sent couriers to the Apache-Mohaves and Apache-Yumas, asking them to meet him in conference at Date Creek, which they agreed to do.

“The General and his party reached the post on the 7th of September, but found that no Indians had yet come in to meet him, as had been

promised. The following day, however, some fifty Indians, led by their Chief, Ochocama, made their appearance, armed and painted, and apparently ready for war. In the meantime Dr. Herman Bendell, Superintendent of Indian Affairs for Arizona, and Col. James M. Barney, of Ehrenberg and Yuma, had arrived from the Colorado River; Captain Byrne, D. H. Smith, Irataba, the Mohave chieftain, Irataba's son, and another Mohave Indian, had come in from Camp Beale Springs; while Charley B. Genung, William Gilson, and other citizens from the neighboring valleys were also present. It was then arranged by General Crook that the Mohaves should be kept out of sight of the Apache-Mohaves until everything should be ready for arresting the murderers. The time for the council came and the parties to the conference assembled on the parade ground adjacent to the post. Three or four of the stage robbers were present among the crowd of Indians, while one, known as 'Chimihueva Jim'—a very bad Indian, who spoke English quite well—could not be induced under any circumstances to come to the post, but remained in the nearby mountains. General Crook, together with the other citizens mentioned above, as well as Lieutenant Volkmar, who commanded the post, were seated on benches opposite Chief Ochocama and his braves, when Chief Irataba and his Mohave followers made their appearance and shook hands with their red brethren. There being but about fifty Apache-Mohaves present, General Crook asked for information regarding the five or six hundred Apache-Mohaves and Apache-



COL. JAMES M. BARNEY.



Yumas, who, a short time previously, had drawn rations at the post. He could gain but little knowledge about this matter from Chief Ochocama, whose brother was, at the time, a prisoner in the guardhouse for having attempted to smuggle arms from the post, and for having disobeyed an order of Dr. Williams then Indian agent at Date Creek.

“It had previously been understood by the white citizens and Mohaves that one of the latter was to hand to each one of the murderers of the stage passengers, a piece of tobacco. One of the Mohaves immediately proceeded to carry out this part of the program, offering the first piece to the chief, Ochocama, who hung his head and did not let on that he understood what the Mohave meant. He was finally persuaded to take hold of the tobacco, while his countenance rapidly changed from one blue color to another, his discomfiture ending by dropping his piece of tobacco to the ground as soon as he could. Another and another Indian was given his piece of tobacco, and the last murderer had just clutched his when, agreeably to previous understanding, a soldier attempted to arrest him. Quick as thought, another savage stabbed the soldier with a knife. The soldier pulled his pistol and shot. General Crook rushed in and tried to stop the fracas, but it was too late, as the Indians and soldiers were cross-firing upon one another. Three soldiers caught hold of the chief, Ochocama, who would have gotten away from all three had it not been for Dan O’Leary, who, winding his fingers in the chief’s long hair, threw and secured him, whence he was led to the

guardhouse. During the disturbance Ocho-cama's brother who, as has been stated, was a prisoner in the guardhouse, made two attempts to escape through the roof and was shot by a guard. Lieutenant Ross, observing an Indian taking a deadly aim at General Crook, pushed that officer out of range of the gun just in time, the bullet that was intended for him hitting and killing an Indian. Most of the Indians ran away when the firing commenced, but the chief and those who had to remain fought like demons. The bloody ending of this gathering, although regrettable, was inevitable, as the Indians would have resisted arrest under any circumstances. Ochocama, the chief, did not much relish his incarceration in the guardhouse, and finally made his escape through the roof, when he was shot at twice, pierced with a bayonet once but eventually succeeded in getting away to the hills, where, according to the story of some Apache-Yumas, who later came into Mr. Gilson's place, he died of his wounds. This chief was one of the worst Indians infesting the Territory at that time, and, according to his own confession, had murdered Mr. Leihy and Mr. Evarts in Bell's Canyon, on November 10th, 1866, for no other reason than that he had been told that Mr. Leihy had stolen some goods intended for his tribe. Mr. Leihy was Superintendent of Indian Affairs at the time, having succeeded Charles D. Poston in that position, and Mr. Evarts was his clerk. His murderers tried to lay the blame of the crime on the Pimas, just as they afterwards endeavored to make the Tonto Apaches shoulder all their other evil deeds. This treacherous

chief and his brother had also murdered a man by the name of Taylor on the Colorado River, in August of 1869.

“After the row Mr. Gilson went back to his ranch and stayed there alone, while Mr. Genung, having Indians working for him on the road over the Antelope Mountains, was furnished with a small escort of soldiers, went home, and told his Indians what had taken place. Upon receiving this information they all left.

“Some seven Apache-Mohaves, including the chief, Ochocama, who died of his wounds, and his brother, were killed in this fight, while no doubt many others were wounded. Many more would have been killed but for the earnest efforts of General Crook and Dr. Bendell to put a stop to the firing. The soldier who was stabbed by the savage who commenced the trouble had been severely wounded and soon after passed away.”

Mr. Genung's account of the attempt of General Crook to capture or kill these Indians who were supposed to be the murderers, follows:

“In July, 1871, I concluded to build a wagon road from Wickenburg, via Antelope Creek and Peeples Valley to connect with the road leading from the Colorado River at Ehrenberg to Prescott. There was a road that could be travelled by light rigs and empty teams but no load could be handled over it. My neighbors agreed to help me, as Wickenburg and Phoenix were our best markets and to haul a load to either of these places we had to travel about sixty miles, whereas it was only twenty-seven miles by the road that I proposed to build from Peeples Val-

ley to Wickenburg which was on the Phoenix road. I employed a few white men at \$75.00 per month, a few Mexicans at \$65.00 and board, and started to work. There was quite a number of Yavapai Indians in and around Peeples Valley at the time, and when they learned what I was doing they asked for work; and, as they were willing to work for fifty cents per day, the same as I had paid them when they worked for me on the Colorado River Reservation, I put a lot of them to work. My neighbors did not approve of my working Indians, but, as the Indians would do about as much work with pick and shovel as the average white man or Mexican, I put them on; gave them flour, beans, sugar, and coffee and venison. I gave one of the Indians fifty cents per day and furnished him with cartridges, and he kept the camps well supplied with fresh meat and his squaw dressed the skins, which made it a good job for the hunter. I thought it better to work the Indians and have them where I could watch them, than to be uncertain of their whereabouts. Then again, the white man had occupied their lands and hunting grounds, crowded them back so that they were too glad to go onto the reservation. Then after they were all on the reservation the agent starved them until they had to go back to the mountains to get something to eat.

“I built the road from Wickenburg to Kirkland Valley for \$4765, and without the Indian labor I could not have built it for less than seven or eight thousand dollars.

“When I started work on the road a man named George H. Wilson, commonly called

Yackey Wilson, moved from his ranch three and a half miles below Wickenburg up to Antelope Creek and put up a seven room house and started a station. Wilson was a good station keeper and did a good business with the placer miners as well as with the travel that came that way as soon as the road was possible for teams. While I was working on the road I received one day a letter from General Crook who had been at Fort Whipple but a short time; he having arrived in the Territory in June of the same year. In the letter Crook asked me if I could go with some of the head men of the Yavapais and see him at Whipple. I wrote to Crook that I would try to locate some of the captains and go with them as soon as I could. Crook did not tell me in his letter what he wanted, but from the talk that I had with the three soldiers that brought me the letter, I inferred that he wanted to enlist some of the Yavapais to help fight the Hualapais and Tonto Apaches. I sent an Indian to Camp Date Creek to talk with some of the Indians which I supposed were there, but my Indian returned that night and told me that nearly all the Indians had gone out into the mountains and only came into the post once a week to draw rations. The doctor at the post had advised this move as the Indians were having chills and fever at their camp near the post. As I was very busy I concluded to take one Indian and go and see Crook, knowing that I could induce the Indians to do anything that I thought was for their good. The next day I took an Indian that I knew well, and with two white men drove to Prescott. It took five days the way the road ran at that time

to make the trip—two to go and two to come, and one day in town. I went to see Crook and took my friend, Herbert Bowers, who was post trader at the time, to introduce me, and my Indian, Tom. I found Crook much different from other commanding officers that I had met in Arizona. He was more like a pioneer miner or prospector to meet—just a common plain gentleman. He told me that Mr. Bowers had told him of my efforts to get the other commanders to employ the Yavapais as scouts and trailers, and asked me if the Indians would like to do it. I assured him that he could enlist every Yavapai that was able to go. He then asked me how long it would take to get the Indians together so that he could have a talk with them at Date Creek. I told him that a week would give them plenty of time. That was a good talk for me, for I had been trying for several years to do just what Crook had proposed, but there never was a man in command before that who had sense enough to do it. When I told Tom what Crook wanted, he was highly elated.

“On my return to my ranch I killed an Indian in Kirkland Valley by Tom’s advice, and when Tom knew he was dead he said General Crook had commenced to kill Tontos, which was true, for if Crook had not sent for me when he did, I should not have found the Indian at the station in Kirkland Valley.

“It was more than a month before I heard from Crook again. Then he wrote me asking me if I could get the Indians in to Date Creek by a certain day. I wrote and told him that I

could get all of the ablebodied men in by the appointed time. This correspondence was done by couriers.

“I had a young Indian captain named Waw ba Yuma, working for me, and most of the twenty-five working Indians that I had were of his band. I told him that General Crook wanted all the strong young men of his tribe to go with the soldiers and fight the Tontos. The Indian said to me: ‘You tell General Crook that, when I am done work here I will go and so will all of my young men.’ I said to him, ‘You had better go and see the General and tell him yourself.’ ‘You can talk for me and for my people,’ said Waw ba Yuma. I sent out Indian runners and had all of the young men of the tribe at Date Creek on the appointed day. I met General Crook there and we called the meeting in front of the officers’ quarters on the south side of the parade ground. I was a little surprised to meet Irataba, the head chief of the Mohaves there, but thought nothing of it at the time. The white men were seated with backs against the buildings, Irataba just in front of us and the Yavapais sitting on the benches and standing before us. Crook had brought a man named Charles Spencer from Mohave County to interpret for him. Spencer had done a little talking for Crook when Irataba got up and began to pass pieces of tobacco to some of the Indians, and in a few seconds had passed out eight or ten pieces, when some soldiers who had been standing among the Indians began to grab the ones to whom the tobacco had been given, at the same time drawing their revolvers. The Indians, be-

ing surprised and scared, struggled desperately and several of the arrested ones escaped; the soldiers began shooting, and those that had no revolvers ran to their quarters and got their rifles and began shooting at every Indian that they could see. Crook, myself and Col. Jas. M. Barney were the only ones present who did not take an active part in some way in the fracas. We just stood by and looked on. The Indians had left their guns at their camp with the women and children and some of the soldiers ran to the camp which was about one half mile from the post, and secured all the guns and bows.

“When I realized what had been done I went and got my arms and hunted up Crook and asked him what he meant by inducing me to get the Indians into the post under pretense of friendship and then killing a lot of them—eight I believe were found. He said that Irataba had told the agent at the Colorado Reservation that the Yavapais had murdered the Loring party, a short time before, while en route by stage from Wickenburg to Ehrenberg, and that the pieces of tobacco were handed to the ones that Irataba had learned were of the party who attacked the stage and killed seven people. I told Crook that it was a lie; that I knew it was Mexicans who had done the killing and robbing of the stage. I was getting madder every minute and told Crook that if anything happened to my family through this treachery that I should hold him personally responsible; that I was living in the midst of the Indians and that I could expect nothing but that they would blame me for all the trouble. He said in reply to my talk that he

would see that I had protection. I mounted my horse and rode as fast as I could to the camp on the road. I told the Indians what had happened and told them that I could not keep them at work any longer and that they must go into the mountains and stay until I made a signal smoke at a certain high place on my ranch. Waw ba Yuma did not like the idea of going but I made him understand that all the people would be afraid and that I should have to stop work anyhow until I had a chance to see and talk to all the Yavapais.

“It was nearly a month later when Lieut. Trout, the quartermaster at Camp Date Creek, Frank Murray, the butcher at the post, and a soldier came to my ranch about noon. Trout asked me if I had seen any Indians since they left my camp, which I had not, nor had there been one seen at or near the post. He said he wanted to get them back, if possible. I went out to the place agreed upon and raised a big black smoke. In a very short time my friend Tom, his squaw, and one more Indian came to the ranch. I told Tom what Trout said and told him that Trout would issue rations to all who went for them. I had a lot of talking to do and told the Indians that they could come and camp near my house if they wanted to. Tom asked me what all the soldiers were doing there, Crook having sent a company of cavalry to my ranch as soon as he could get them there after the affair at Date Creek. I explained the matter as well as I could, and after Trout and his party had left I had a lot of talk and explained the matter, placing all of the blame on Irataba,

and he was the one to blame for the whole trouble. Irataba was jealous because the Yavapai were getting better treatment from the officers at Date Creek than his people were receiving from the Indian Department, hence the jealousy.

“I had to do a lot of talking to get the Indians to go back to Date Creek to meet Crook the second time, he having promised to return their guns and other things that the soldiers had taken from their camp. Finally I told them that if they would come and meet Crook that I would be there and see that they got their guns and that I would be right beside Crook, and if the soldiers tried to bother them that I would have my pistol in my belt and would shoot Crook three times. A few, those who had lost their guns, went in to the post on the appointed day. I was there and told Crook that we would do our business with the Indians in front of the sutler’s store instead of going onto the parade ground as on the other occasion. There were no seats provided but Crook had ordered all the stolen property to be brought out and placed on the ground near where we stood. I told the Indian, Tom, to get his gun. When he picked it up and examined it, I asked him if it was all right. His reply was ‘Kely-eppy,’ meaning ‘no good.’ I told another one to go get his gun, and that was ‘kely-eppy’ also. I showed Crook that there had been screws taken out of the locks. He at once ordered the commander of the post to bring out some guns that were there and twenty rounds of ammunition for each gun. They were turned over to those who had lost

their guns without any ceremony. When the old guns that the soldiers had taken were examined, it was found that there was not one but what had been ruined for the use of the Indians. If a screw was taken out the Indian had no possible means of replacing it. Twenty rounds of ammunition was a great prize. The only way that an Indian could get ammunition was to go to La Pas or Yuma and get some white man to buy it for him. That act restored confidence in General Crook. He enlisted a lot of these Indians, agreeing to take care of all who were left in camp, i. e., the women, children and old men. The first thing he did with the new soldiers was to go out and thrash the Hualapais; then enlisted some Hualapais to help clean up the Indians of the country east of Prescott."

Again quoting from J. M. Barney:

"From Camp Date Creek General Crook returned to Fort Whipple and had been there but a short time when a dispatch from Dr. Williams was received by him, in which he was informed that Jemaspie, chief of the Apache-Yumas, with about a hundred of his people, had returned to the reservation and expressed a desire for peace.

"General Crook immediately returned to Date Creek and found upon arriving there that the Indians were not then prepared to talk, owing to the fact that the wife of one of the principal chiefs was sick. On the morning of the third day after his arrival, however, a council was held at which these Indians agreed to practically all the conditions imposed by the General—to stay upon the reserve; to report the fact to their

agent whenever any bad Indian came among them; to help the white citizens chastise hostile Indians whenever called upon to do so; and, lastly, to aid the authorities in bringing to justice those Indians who had murdered the stage passengers.

“This being all the General desired the Apache-Yumas to do, he promised, on the part of the Government, to do everything necessary for their welfare as long as they lived up to this agreement.

“Having also heard that they intended to take the life of the friendly Mohave chief, Irataba, for having betrayed the Apache-Mohaves, he warned them not to do so, explaining at the same time that Irataba was not the first person who had given information about the murderers.

“General Crook then returned to Fort Whipple and commenced immediate preparations for extensive operations against the Apache-Mohaves and other hostile tribes, which were later carried out with encouraging success.”

Captain John G. Bourke, in “On the Border with Crook,” gives the following account of the attempt upon General Crook’s life, which is substantially the same as the foregoing:

“Sixty-two miles from Prescott to the southwest lay the sickly and dismal post of Camp Date Creek, on the creek of the same name. Here were congregated about one thousand of the band known as the Apache-Yumas, with a sprinkling of Apache-Mohaves, tribes allied to the Mohaves on the Colorado, and to the Hualapais, but differing from them in disposition, as

the Date Creek people were not all anxious for peace, but would now and then send small parties of their young men to raid and steal from the puny settlements like Wickenburg. The culmination of the series was the 'Loring' or 'Wickenburg' massacre, so called from the talented young scientist, Loring, a member of the Wheeler surveying expedition, who, with his companions—a stage-load—was brutally murdered not far from Wickenburg; of the party only two escaped, one a woman named Shepard, and the other man named Kruger, both badly wounded.

“General Crook was soon satisfied that this terrible outrage had been committed by a portion of the irreconcilable element at the Date Creek Agency, but how to single them out as individuals and inflict the punishment their crime deserved, without entailing disaster upon well meaning men, women and babies who had not been implicated, was for a long while a most serious problem. There were many of the tribe satisfied to cultivate peaceful relations with the whites, but none so favorably disposed as to impart the smallest particle of information in regard to the murder, as it was no part of their purpose to surrender any of their relatives for punishment.

“It would take too much time to narrate in detail the 'patient search and vigil long' attending the ferreting out of the individuals concerned in the Loring massacre; it was a matter of days and weeks and months, but Crook knew that he had the right clew, and, although many times baffled, he returned to the scent with re-

newed energy and determination. The culprits, who included in their ranks, or at least among their sympathizers, some very influential men of the tribe, had also begun, on their side, to suspect that all was not right; one of them, I understand, escaped to Southern California, and there found work in some of the Mexican settlements, which he could do readily as he spoke Spanish fluently and once having donned the raiment of civilization, there would be nothing whatever to distinguish him from the average of people about him.

“Word reached General Crook, through the Hualapais, that when next he visited Camp Date Creek, he was to be murdered with all those who might accompany him. He was warned to be on the lookout, and told that the plan of the conspirators was this: They would appear in front of the house in which he should take up his headquarters, and say that they had come for a talk upon some tribal matter of importance; when the General made his appearance, the Indians were to sit down in a semi-circle in front of the door, each with his carbine hidden under his blanket, or carelessly exposed on his lap. The conversation was to be decidedly harmonious, and there was to be nothing said that was not perfectly agreeable to the whites. After the ‘talk’ had progressed a few minutes, the leading conspirator would remark that they would all be the better for a little smoke, and as soon as the tobacco was handed out to them the chief conspirator was to take some and begin rolling a cigarette. (The Indians of the southwest do not ordinarily use the pipe.) When the first

puff was taken from the cigarette, the man next to the chief was to level his weapon suddenly and kill General Crook, the others at the very same moment taking the lives of the whites closest to them. The whole tribe would then be made to break away from the reserve and take to the inaccessible cliffs and canyons at the head of the Santa Maria fork of the Bill Williams. The plan would have succeeded perfectly, had it not been for the warning received, and also for the fact that the expected visit had to be made much sooner than was anticipated, and thus prevented all the gang from getting together."

Digressing at this point, Captain Bourke gives the following account of the death and burial of Captain Philip Dwyer, 5th U. S. Cavalry, which is pathetic in the extreme, and goes to show the sufferings of our soldiers in these frontier posts; the officers and men dying, oftentimes without the aid of physician or priest, much less the tender ministrations of women.

"Captain Philip Dwyer, Fifth Cavalry, the officer in command of the camp, suddenly died, and this took me down posthaste to assume command. Dwyer was a very brave, handsome, and intelligent soldier, much beloved by all his comrades. He was the only officer left at Date Creek—all the others and most of the garrison were absent on detached service of one kind and another—and there was no one to look after the dead man but Mr. Wilbur Hugus, the post trader, and myself. The surroundings were most dismal and squalid; all the furniture in the room in which the corpse lay was two or

three plain wooden chairs, the bed * * * * and a pine table upon which stood a candlestick with the candle melted and burned in the socket. Dwyer had been 'ailing' for several days, but no one could tell exactly what was the matter with him; and, of course, no one suspected that one so strong and athletic could be in danger of death.

"One of the enlisted men of his company, a bright young trumpeter, was sitting up with him, and about the hour of midnight Dwyer became a trifle uneasy and asked: 'Can you sing that new song, "Put me under the Daisies"?"

"'Oh yes, Captain,' replied the trumpeter; 'I have often sung it, and will gladly sing it now.'

"So he began to sing, very sweetly, the ditty, which seemed to calm the nervousness of his superior officer. But the candle had burned down in the socket, and when the young soldier went to replace it, he could find neither candle nor match, and he saw in the flickering light and shadow that the face of the Captain was strangely set, and of a ghastly purplish hue. The trumpeter ran swiftly to the nearest house to get another light, and to call for help, but upon returning found the Captain dead.

"Many strange sights have I seen, but none that produced a stranger or more pathetic appeal to my emotions than the funeral of Phil Dwyer; we got together just as good an apology for a coffin as the timberless country would furnish, and then wrapped our dead friend in his regimentals, and all hands were then ready to start for the cemetery.

“At the head marched Mr. Hugus, Doctor Williams, (the Indian Agent), myself, and Lieutenant Hay, of the Twenty-third Infantry, who arrived at the post early in the morning; then came the troop of cavalry, dismounted, and all the civilians living in and around the camp; and lastly every Indian—man, woman and child—able to walk or toddle, for all of them, young and old, good and bad, loved Phil Dwyer. The soldiers and civilians formed in one line at the head of the grave, and the Apache-Yumas in two long lines at right angles to them, and on each side. The few short, expressive and tender sentences of the burial service were read, then the bugles sang taps, and three volleys were fired across the hills, the clods rattled down on the breast of the dead, and the ceremony was over.”

Continuing his description of the attempt to murder General Crook; Captain Bourke says:

“As soon as General Crook learned of the death of Dwyer, he hurried to Date Creek, now left without any officer of its proper garrison, and informed the Indians that he intended having a talk with them on the morrow, at the place designated by himself. The conspirators thought that their scheme could be carried out without trouble, especially since they saw no signs of suspicion on the part of the whites. General Crook came to the place appointed, without any escort of troops, but carelessly strolling forward were a dozen or more of the packers, who had been engaged in all kinds of melees since the days of early California mining. Each of these was armed to the teeth, and every revolver was on full cock, and every knife ready

for instant use. The talk was very agreeable, and not an unpleasant word had been uttered on either side, when all of a sudden the Indian in the centre asked for a little tobacco, and, when it was handed to him, began rolling a cigarette; before the first puff of smoke had rolled away from his lips, one of the warriors alongside of him levelled his carbine full at General Crook, and fired. Lieutenant Ross, aide-de-camp to the General, was waiting for the movement, and struck the arm of the murderer so that the bullet was deflected upwards, and the life of the General was saved. The scrimmage became a perfect Kilkenny fight in another second or two, and every man made for the man nearest to him, the Indian who had given the signal being grasped in the viselike grip of Hank Hewitt, with whom he struggled vainly. Hewitt was a man of great power, and able to master most men other than professional athletes or prize-fighters; the Indian was not going to submit so long as life lasted, and struggled, bit, and kicked to free himself, but all in vain, as Hank had caught him from the back of the head, and the red man was at a total disadvantage. Hewitt started to drag his captive to the guardhouse, but changed his mind, and seizing the Apache-Mohave by both ears, pulled his head down violently against the rocks, and either broke his skull or brought on concussion of the brain, as the Indian died that night in the guardhouse.

“Others of the party were killed and wounded, and still others, with the ferocity of tigers, fought their way out through our feeble lines, and made their way to the point of rendezvous at the head of the Santa Maria.”

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