

An  
**A PACHE**  
**CAMPAIGN**

IN THE SIERRA MADRE



AN ACCOUNT OF THE EXPEDITION IN PURSUIT OF THE HOSTILE CHIRICAHUA APACHES  
IN THE SPRING OF 1883

by **John G. Bourke**

CAPTAIN THIRD CAVALRY, U. S. ARMY

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WITH AN INTRODUCTION BY

**J. Frank Dobie**

This short but fascinating chronicle written by an eye-witness and participant, tells the story of the United States Army's 1883 campaign against the Apache Indians in the Sierra Madre. Out-of-print and virtually unprocurable for many years, it unites in its pages three famous figures in Western history — Geronimo, the Apache; General George Crook, the greatest of our Indian-fighting soldiers; and John Gregory Bourke, one of the most sympathetic and best-informed writers on American Indian ethnology.

Captain Bourke, in addition to scholar-

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# AN APACHE



# CAMPAIGN

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CAPTAIN JOHN G. BOURKE  
AS SOLDIER, WRITER AND MAN

BY J. FRANK DOBIE

CAPTAIN John G. Bourke understood the Apache people and the Apache country. He knew the Apaches—also other tribesmen—as a soldier, as a scholar, and as a man with eager sympathies for nearly all things human except greed, fraud, and injustice, against which his righteous indignation burned until the fire of his own life went out.

While *An Apache Campaign* is an independent unit of writing, it illuminates and is illuminated by certain other works written by Bourke. It had been published serially in *Outing Magazine* in 1885 before it was issued as a book the next year by Charles Scribner's Sons. Bourke's chief work, *On the Border with Crook*, was also published by Scribner's in 1891. This remains one of the dozen or maybe only half-dozen most illuminating and most

readable interpretations of the Southwest of pioneer days yet published. Although about a third of the book deals with General Crook's campaigns against the Sioux, Cheyennes and other horse Indians to the north, the Apaches, the Mexicans, the early-timers, and—always—the natural features of Apache land live through the pages. In 1892 the Bureau of American Ethnology published Bourke's *The Medicine Men of the Apache*—probably the meatiest thing that has appeared on medicine men of any American tribe.

During nearly a quarter of a century on duty as a soldier in the Southwest, Bourke was absorbing as well as studying the land and its natives. He wrote on "The Folk-Foods of the Rio Grande Valley and of Northern Mexico" and on "Popular Medicine, Customs and Superstitions of the Rio Grande." He contributed ten papers to the *American Anthropologist* and was president of the American Folklore Society when he died. His first book (1884, published by Scribner's) was *The Snake-Dance of the Moquis of Arizona*, the pioneer work on that subject. A student of world folkways, he saw the Apache medicine men not as an isolated species but through the *Arabian Nights* as translated and annotated by Richard F. Burton,

through Robert Burton's *Anatomy of Melancholy* and through scores of other works in various languages. The title of his most learned work, *Scatalogic Rites of All Nations* (Washington, D. C., 1891) suggests his range and catholicity. He had an urbane perspective, understood relationships and kinships.

Not many scholars of Bourke's latitude and altitude have kept the charm and vividness of his first-person narrative. He was freest as a writer when he could exercise his sense of humor. He belonged in the tradition of humanistic-scientific army officers who, beginning with Lewis and Clark, charted the Western wilderness not only as to geography but as to flora, fauna, and native tribes. *On the Border with Crook* is dedicated to Francis Parkman "by his admirer and friend." Other scholars whose names are written into the history of the West and who were friends with Bourke include Frank Hamilton Cushing of the Zuñis, Washington Matthews of the Navajos, John Wesley Powell, first understander of the desert west, Jesse Walter Fewkes, George A. Dorsey, and, last of their line, Frederick W. Hodge, who outlived Bourke more than fifty years.

The chief available facts on Bourke's life are

in his historical narratives already named and in generous selections from his notebooks edited with biographical sketch and bibliography by Lansing B. Bloom and published serially under title of "Bourke on the Southwest" in the *New Mexico Historical Review* (Vols. VIII-XIII, 1933-1938, and Vol. XIX, 1944).

John Gregory Bourke was born in Philadelphia, June 23, 1846, his father and mother having come over from Ireland as bride and groom about eight years preceding. They were of the upper class, "practical Catholics," with fine linens and liberated minds. Their children—a girl and a boy in addition to John—were brought up in a home of love and books and on the maxim "that a gentleman was ever noble; that his nobility was most surely proved by his quiet, unostentatious kindness to the suffering, and that one of the first Christian duties was to 'visit the sick and bury the dead.'" At the age of eight Bourke was put to studying Greek, Latin and Gaelic.

He ran away from home in 1862 soon after his sixteenth birthday and enlisted in the 15th Pennsylvania Cavalry, serving with it as private throughout the Civil War. He was in various actions. Soon after being mustered out of the service (July, 1865) he was appointed cadet

in the Military Academy at West Point, whence he graduated in June 1869, the eleventh in a class of thirty-nine. He was later invited back to West Point to teach languages, but declined.

Commissioned 2nd lieutenant, he was assigned at once to the 3rd Cavalry, with which he remained, except when on special duty, the rest of his life. His first post was Fort Craig, on the Rio Grande, from which in January, 1870, he set out for Old Fort Grant in Arizona—"the most forlorn parody upon a military garrison in the most woe-begone of military departments." It was only fifty-five desert miles southward—a hard day's ride, two days' march—to Tucson.

Tucson, in which the Shoo-Fly restaurant and the Congress Hall Saloon stood out as prominent institutions, was a mere village, but it was also "the commercial entrepôt of Arizona and the remoter Southwest, the Mecca of the dragoon, the Naples of the desert." Not long after Brigadier General George R. Crook arrived in Arizona (1871), Bourke became his aide-de-camp and remained in that intimate position with "my great chief" for many years. On campaigns he acted as adjutant-general and again as engineer officer. A promotion to first lieutenant came in 1876; another to captain in

1882. During all these years he was active in the field most of the time. He had a year off (1881-1882) in which to investigate the manners and customs of the Pueblo, Navajo and Apache Indians—just before taking part in another Apache campaign. Next he took a year's leave of absence to marry and travel in Europe, visiting museums especially. He was with Crook when Geronimo made his final surrender in March, 1886. In this same year he was "ordered" to Washington to study and to write out his voluminous notes. He remained on this assignment for five years—the most productive of his life so far as writing goes. He was fifteen days short of being fifty years old when he died June 8, 1896.

Only one other writer who penetrated the Southwest during Indian days and "unlocked his word-hoard" on it had gusto, spirit, seeing eyes, hearing ears and power of expression comparable to Bourke's. He was an army officer also (British) but younger and not so ripe: George Frederick Ruxton, who wrote that incomparable book of travels, *Adventures in Mexico and the Rocky Mountains* (1847) and *Life in the Far West* (1848), still quoted by everybody writing on the Mountain Men. These two primary chroniclers had imagination and

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a sense of style as well as knowledge. Men of action and also of books and thought, both saw violence; but it would never have occurred to either to worship it and thereby to enter into the well-paying kingdom populated by "Westerns."

Bourke knew the right tempo of this land of intense sun, where shaded repose was—and is—supremely valued even in the most violent times. A passage from *On the Border with Crook* and an anecdote from his published notebooks will illustrate not only tempo but humor.

In answer to the inquiry of a stranger in Tucson, came this reply: "You want to find the Governor's? Wa'al, podner, jest keep right down this yere street past the Palace s'loon, till yer gets ter the second manure-pile on yer right; then keep to yer left past the post-office, 'n' yer'll see a dead burro in th' middle of th' road, 'n' a mesquite tree 'n yer lef', near a Mexican 'tendajon' (small store), 'n' jes' beyond that 's the Gov.'s outfit. Can't miss it. Look out fur th' dawg down to Munoz's corral; he 's a salivated son ov a gun."

"Judge Charlie Meyers of Tucson was a terror to evil-doers and an upright, conscientious ad-

ministrator of justice, although he knew scarcely any law. Being afraid of assassination, he kept in his house after dark. One night in response to a terrible knocking, he roused, raised the little shutter from a hole he had cut in his front door, and demanded to know who is there.

“‘Me, Jedge.’

“‘And who are you, mine frent?’

“‘Jedge, I want to give myself up. I’ve just killed a man.’

“‘Vot you keel him for?’

“‘He called me a liar en I—’

“‘Vare you keel him?’

“‘Down in George Foster’s Quartz Rock Gambling Saloon’ (a notorious deadfall).

“‘Vary goot, mine frent, dot’s all right,’ said the judge soothingly. ‘Dot’s all right. Go now unt keel unudder von.’ Then he turned back to bed.”

His going-out nature, helped by his linguistic brightness, enabled Bourke to talk with every man in his own language. An Apache scout might be unwilling to give his name to a stranger, but he’d give it to this comrade who was also comrade to the general. Bourke was detailed to use his Spanish in a Pan-American Congress; he laughed with the Mexican servants on the border. He was always wanting to



enter the doors of life that he saw ajar. The Apache scouts are having a sweat bath; Bourke must have it with them. Their medicine men are making big medicine; he must sit with them, absorbing lore to go into his pictured pages.

Ethnologists usually write about man or the races of mankind. Bourke wrote about particular men, letting them represent tribes, classes. To him every Apache was an individual. Models of pictorial specification are common in his writings. Take this from *An Apache Campaign*.

“All night long the Chiricahuas and the Apache scouts danced together in sign of peace and good-will. The drums were camp-kettles partly filled with water and covered tightly with a well-soaked piece of calico. The drumsticks were willow saplings curved into a hoop at one extremity. The beats recorded one hundred to the minute, and were the same dull, solemn thump which scared Cortez and his beleagured followers during *la Noche triste*. No Caucasian would refer to it as music; nevertheless, it had a fascination all its own comparable to the whir-r-r of a rattlesnake.”

Nobody else has left such luminous sketches of army men at the little forts and camps in Apache days as Bourke. Take his pictures of

Captain Russell, an Irishman who had advanced from the ranks, who read science without assimilating it and expressed "moi private opinyun that de whole dam milleetery outfit is going to hell."

"A nice little lunch was spread in an adjoining tent, to which any one could repair at pleasure. There was much pleasant converse, story-telling, a little singing and a great deal of drinking. Lieut. Robinson and I being the junior 'subs' and also the 'staff' of the Battalion, were selected to make the toddies. Neither of us had been trained as a bartender and of course some little preliminary instruction was necessary to enable us to prepare toddies that would pass the inspection of gentlemen of such extended experience in that line as those whom we were serving. We made up in assiduity what we lacked in education; our first effort was pronounced a dead failure; our second was only a shade better. Our third extorted signs of approval. They came rather slowly or reluctantly from the lips of Captain Russell: 'I declare to God'l moighty, Mister Robinson, dat's a moighty fine tod-dee; oi tink it wud be a good oidee to put a little more sugar in soak.'"

You can always judge a man by what he admires. Bourke admired General Crook enor-

mously and must have been distinctly influenced by him. Crook was about the only Indian-fighting general of the West worthy of admiration. Self-righteous O. O. Howard, glory-seeking Custer, Chivington, who was only a colonel but who excelled in pretenses to piety and in brutality, puffed-up Miles, who betrayed good Apaches and Crook both and who lied to the nation—these and some others of their kind seem trivial and base compared to Crook, who was noble and who looms noble in Bourke's noble book.

Books about the West that can be so designated are not numerous, but a high percentage of those that are noble show a strong sympathy for wronged Indians and moral indignation—a virtue that has almost disappeared from the so-called free enterprise newspapers of America—against the wrongers. Crook never relented against the white “vampires” preying on Indians and triving in times of Indian troubles. He classified most Indian agents as vampires. So did Bourke. All the troubles with the Chiricahua Apaches, Bourke said, could be traced to rot-gut whiskey sold them by “worthless white men.” Bad as a bad Indian might get, Crook held, “I have never yet seen one so demoralized that he was not an example

in honor and nobility compared to the wretches who plunder him of the little our government appropriates for him."

They were both men of strong feelings, decently governed, always on the side of decency and justice. It may be that his forthright stands and expressed opinions kept Bourke from rising above the rank of Captain during his third of a century as a soldier. Upon reading, in 1881, that the tyrannical Czar of Russia had been assassinated, Bourke recorded: "This was a good thing . . . I hope before many months to be able to chronicle the assassination of Bismarck, one of the coldest-blooded and most unprincipled tyrants who have ever sprung into power." Another diary record of the same period reads in part: "President Hayes made such an ado about reform in the administration of the government that some people four years ago were deluded into believing that he was honest in his expressions, but a uniform duplicity and treachery have convinced the nation that something besides Appolinaris water at a state dinner or an unctuous outpouring of sanctimonious gab at all times is needed to make a man holy."

Bourke remains very modern.

*May, 1958*

# AN APACHE CAMPAIGN

## .I.

WITHIN the compass of this volume it is impossible to furnish a complete dissertation upon the Apache Indians or the causes which led up to the expedition about to be described. The object is simply to outline some of the difficulties attending the solution of the Indian question in the Southwest and to make known the methods employed in conducting campaigns against savages in hostility. It is thought that the object desired can best be accomplished by submitting an un mutilated extract from the journal carefully kept during the whole period involved.

Much has necessarily been excluded, but without exception it has been to avoid repeti-

tion, or else to escape the introduction of information bearing upon the language, the religion, marriages, funeral ceremonies, etc., of this interesting race, which would increase the bulk of the manuscript, and, perhaps, detract from its value in the eyes of the general reader.

Ethnologically the Apache is classed with the Tinneh tribes, living close to the Yukon and Mackenzie rivers, within the Arctic circle. For centuries he has been preëminent over the more peaceful nations about him for courage, skill, and daring in war; cunning in deceiving and evading his enemies; ferocity in attack when skilfully-planned ambuscades have led an unwary foe into his clutches; cruelty and brutality to captives; patient endurance and fortitude under the greatest privations.

In peace he has commanded respect for keensighted intelligence, good fellowship, warmth of feeling for his friends, and impatience of wrong.

No Indian has more virtues and none has been more truly ferocious when aroused. He was the first of the native Americans to defeat in battle or outwit in diplomacy the all-con-

quering, smooth-tongued Spaniard, with whom and his Mexican-mongrel descendants he has waged cold-blooded, heart-sickening war since the days of Cortez. When the Spaniard had fire-arms and corselet of steel he was unable to push back this fierce, astute aborigine, provided simply with lance and bow. The past fifty years have seen the Apache provided with arms of precision, and, especially since the introduction of magazine breech-loaders, the Mexican has not only ceased to be an intruder upon the Apache, but has trembled for the security of life and property in the squalid hamlets of the States of Chihuahua and Sonora.

In 1871 the War Department confided to General George Crook the task of whipping into submission all the bands of the Apache nation living in Arizona. How thoroughly that duty was accomplished is now a matter of history. But at the last moment one band—the Chiricahuas—was especially exempted from Crook's jurisdiction. They were not attacked by troops, and for years led a Jack-in-the-box sort of an existence, now popping into an agency and now popping out, anxious, if their

own story is to be credited, to live at peace with the whites, but unable to do so from lack of nourishment.

When they went upon the reservation, rations in abundance were promised for themselves and families. A difference of opinion soon arose with the agent as to what constituted a ration, the wicked Indians laboring under the delusion that it was enough food to keep the recipient from starving to death, and objecting to an issue of supplies based upon the principle according to which grumbling Jack Tars used to say that prize-money was formerly apportioned,—that is, by being thrown through the rungs of a ladder—what stuck being the share of the Indian, and what fell to the ground being the share of the agent. To the credit of the agent it must be said that he made a praiseworthy but ineffectual effort to alleviate the pangs of hunger by a liberal distribution of hymn-books among his wards. The perverse Chiricahuas, not being able to digest works of that nature, and unwilling to acknowledge the correctness of the agent's arithmetic, made up their minds to sally out



from San Carlos and take refuge in the more hospitable wilderness of the Sierra Madre. Their discontent was not allayed by rumors whispered about of the intention of the agent to have the whole tribe removed bodily to the Indian Territory. Coal had been discovered on the reservation, and speculators clamored that the land involved be thrown open for development, regardless of the rights of the Indians. But, so the story goes, matters suddenly reached a focus when the agent one day sent his chief of police to arrest a Chiricahua charged with some offense deemed worthy of punishment in the guard-house. The offender started to run through the Indian camp, and the chief of police fired at him, but missed his aim and killed a luckless old squaw, who happened in range. This wretched marksmanship was resented by the Chiricahuas, who refused to be comforted by the profuse apologies tendered for the accident. They silently made their preparations, waiting long enough to catch the chief of police, kill him, cut off his head, and play a game of football with it; and then, like a flock of quail, the whole band, men, women, and chil-

dren—710 in all—started on the dead run for the Mexican boundary, one hundred and fifty miles to the south.

Hotly pursued by the troops, they fought their way across Southern Arizona and New Mexico, their route marked by blood and devastation. The valleys of the Santa Cruz and San Pedro witnessed a repetition of the once familiar scenes of farmers tilling their fields with rifles and shot-guns strapped to the plow-handle. While engaged in fighting off the American forces, which pressed too closely upon their rear, the Apaches were attacked in front by the Mexican column under Colonel García, who, in a savagely contested fight, achieved a "substantial victory," killing eighty-five and capturing thirty, eleven of which total of one hundred and fifteen were men, and the rest women and children. The Chiricahuas claim that when the main body of their warriors reached the scene of the engagement the Mexicans evinced no anxiety to come out from the rifle-pits they hastily dug. To this fact no allusion can be found in the Mexican commander's published dispatches.

The Chiricahuas, now reduced to an aggregate of less than 600—150 of whom were warriors and big boys, withdrew to the recesses of the adjacent Sierra Madre—their objective point. Not long after this the Chiricahuas made overtures for an armistice with the Mexicans, who invited them to a little town near Casas Grandes, Chihuahua, for a conference. They were courteously received, plied with liquor until drunk, and then attacked tooth and nail, ten or twelve warriors being killed and some twenty-five or thirty women hurried off to captivity.

This is a one-sided description of the affair, given by a Chiricahua who participated. The newspapers of that date contained telegraph accounts of a fierce battle and another “victory” from Mexican sources; so that no doubt there is some basis for the story.

Meantime General Crook had been reassigned by the President to the command of the Department of Arizona, which he had left nearly ten years previously in a condition of peace and prosperity, with the Apaches hard at work upon the reservation, striving to gain a

living by cultivating the soil. Incompetency and rascality, in the interval, had done their worst, and when Crook returned not only were the Chiricahuas on the war-path, but all the other bands of the Apache nation were in a state of scarcely concealed defection and hostility. Crook lost not a moment in visiting his old friends among the chiefs and warriors, and by the exercise of a strong personal influence, coupled with assurances that the wrongs of which the Apaches complained should be promptly redressed, succeeded in averting an outbreak which would have made blood flow from the Pecos to the Colorado, and for the suppression of which the gentle and genial taxpayer would have been compelled to contribute most liberally of his affluence. Attended by an aide-de-camp, a surgeon, and a dozen Apache scouts, General Crook next proceeded to the southeast corner of Arizona, from which point he made an attempt to open up communication with the Chiricahuas. In this he was unsuccessful, but learned from a couple of squaws, intercepted while attempting to return to the San Carlos, that the Chiricahuas had sworn ven-

geance upon Mexicans and Americans alike; that their stronghold was an impregnable position in the Sierra Madre, a "great way" below the International Boundary; and that they supplied themselves with an abundance of food by raiding upon the cattle-ranches and "haciendas" in the valleys and plains below.

Crook now found himself face to face with the following intricate problem: The Chiricahuas occupied a confessedly impregnable position in the precipitous range known as the Sierra Madre. This position was within the territory of another nation so jealous of its privileges as not always to be able to see clearly in what direction its best interests lay. The territory harassed by the Chiricahuas not only stretched across the boundary separating Mexico from the United States, but was divided into four military departments—two in each country; hence an interminable amount of jealousy, suspicion, fault-finding, and antagonism would surely dog the steps of him who should endeavor to bring the problem to a solution.

To complicate matters further, the Chiricahuas, and all the other Apaches as well, were

filled with the notion that the Mexicans were a horde of cowards and treacherous liars, afraid to meet them in war but valiant enough to destroy their women and children, for whose blood, by the savage's law of retaliation, blood must in turn be shed. Affairs went on in this unsatisfactory course from October, 1882, until March, 1883, everybody in Arizona expecting a return of the dreaded Chiricahuas, but no one knowing where the first attack should be made. The meagre military force allotted to the department was distributed so as to cover as many exposed points as possible, one body of 150 Apache scouts, under Captain Emmet Crawford, Third Cavalry, being assigned to the arduous duty of patrolling the Mexican boundary for a distance of two hundred miles, through a rugged country pierced with ravines and cañons. No one was surprised to learn that toward the end of March this skeleton line had been stealthily penetrated by a bold band of twenty-six Chiricahuas, under a very crafty and daring young chief named *Chato* (Spanish for Flat Nose).

By stealing fresh horses from every ranch

they were successful in traversing from seventy-five to one hundred miles a day, killing and destroying all in their path, the culminating point in their bloody career being the butchery of Judge McComas and wife, prominent and refined people of Silver City, N. M., and the abduction of their bright boy, Charlie, whom the Indians carried back with them on their retreat through New Mexico and Chihuahua.

It may serve to give some idea of the courage, boldness, and subtlety of these raiders to state that in their dash through Sonora, Arizona, New Mexico, and Chihuahua, a distance of not less than eight hundred miles, they passed at times through localities fairly well settled and close to an aggregate of at least 5,000 troops—4,500 Mexican and 500 American. They killed twenty-five persons, Mexican and American, and lost but two—one killed near the Total Wreck mine, Arizona, and one who fell into the hands of the American troops, of which last much has to be narrated.

To attempt to catch such a band of Apaches by *direct* pursuit would be about as hopeless a piece of business as that of catching so many

fleas. All that could be done was done; the country was alarmed by telegraph; people at exposed points put upon their guard, while detachments of troops scoured in every direction, hoping, by good luck, to intercept, retard, mayhap destroy, the daring marauders. The trail they had made coming up from Mexico could, however, be followed *back* to the stronghold; and this, in a military sense, would be the most *direct*, as it would be the most practical pursuit.

Crook's plans soon began to outline themselves. He first concentrated at the most eligible position on the Southern Pacific Railroad—Willcox—all the skeletons of companies which were available, for the protection of Arizona.

Forage, ammunition, and subsistence were brought in on every train; the whole organization was carefully inspected, to secure the rejection of every unserviceable soldier, animal, or weapon; telegrams and letters were sent to the officers commanding the troops of Mexico, but no replies were received, the addresses of the respective generals not being accurately known. As their co-operation was desirable,

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General Crook, as a last resort, went by railroad to Guaymas, Hermosillo, and Chihuahua, there to see personally and confer with the Mexican civil and military authorities. The cordial reception extended him by all classes was the best evidence of the high regard in which he was held by the inhabitants of the two afflicted States of Sonora and Chihuahua, and of their readiness to welcome any force he would lead to effect the destruction or removal of the common enemy. Generals Topete and Carbó—soldiers of distinction—the governors of the two States, and Mayor Zubiran, of Chihuahua, were most earnest in their desire for a removal of savages whose presence was a cloud upon the prosperity of their fellow-citizens. General Crook made no delay in these conferences, but hurried back to Willcox and marched his command thence to the San Bernardino Springs, in the south-east corner of the Territory (Arizona).

But serious delays and serious complications were threatened by the intemperate behavior of an organization calling itself the "Tombstone Rangers," which marched in the direction of the

San Carlos Agency with the avowed purpose of "cleaning out" all the Indians there congregated. The chiefs and head men of the Apaches had just caused word to be telegraphed to General Crook that they intended sending him another hundred of their picked warriors as an assurance and pledge that they were not in sympathy with the Chiricahuas on the warpath. Upon learning of the approach of the "Rangers" the chiefs prudently deferred the departure of the new levy of scouts until the horizon should clear, and enable them to see what was to be expected from their white neighbors.

The whiskey taken along by the "Rangers" was exhausted in less than ten days, when the organization expired of thirst, to the gratification of the respectable inhabitants of the frontier, who repudiated an interference with the plans of the military commander, respected and esteemed by them for former distinguished services.

At this point it may be well to insert an outline of the story told by the Chiricahua captive who had been brought down from the San Carlos Agency to Willcox. He said that

his name was Pa-nayo-tishn (the Coyote saw him); that he was not a Chiricahua, but a White Mountain Apache of the Dest-chin (or Red Clay) clan, married to two Chiricahua women, by whom he had had children, and with whose people he had lived for years. He had left the Chiricahua stronghold in the mountain called Pa-gotzin-kay some five days' journey below Casas Grandes in Chihuahua. From that stronghold the Chiricahuas had been raiding with impunity upon the Mexicans. When pursued they would draw the Mexicans into the depths of the mountains, ambuscade them, and kill them by rolling down rocks from the heights.

The Chiricahuas had plenty of horses and cattle, but little food of a vegetable character. They were finely provided with sixteen-shooting breech-loading rifles, but were getting short of ammunition, and had made their recent raid into Arizona, hoping to replenish their supply of cartridges. Dissensions had broken out among the chiefs, some of whom, he thought, would be glad to return to the reservation. In making raids they counted upon riding from

sixty to seventy-five miles a day as they stole fresh horses all the time and killed those abandoned. It would be useless to pursue them, but he would lead General Crook back along the trail they had made coming up from Mexico, and he had no doubt the Chiricahuas could be taken by surprise.

He had not gone with them of his own free will, but had been compelled to leave the reservation, and had been badly treated while with them. The Chiricahuas left the San Carlos because the agent had stolen their rations, beaten their women, and killed an old squaw. He asserted emphatically that no communication of any kind had been held with the Apaches at San Carlos, every attempt in that direction having been frustrated.

The Chiricahuas, according to Pa-nayo-tishn, numbered seventy full-grown warriors and fifty big boys able to fight, with an unknown number of women and children. In their fights with the Mexicans about one hundred and fifty had been killed and captured, principally women and children. The stronghold in the Sierra Madre was described as a dangerous, rocky, almost in-

accessible place, having plenty of wood, water, and grass, but no food except what was stolen from the Mexicans. Consequently the Chiricahuas might be starved out.

General Crook ordered the irons to be struck from the prisoner; to which he demurred, saying he would prefer to wear shackles for the present, until his conduct should prove his sincerity. A half-dozen prominent scouts promised to guard him and watch him; so the fetters were removed, and Pa-nayo-tishn or "Peaches," as the soldiers called him, was installed in the responsible office of guide of the contemplated expedition.

By the 22d of April many of the preliminary arrangements had been completed and some of the difficulties anticipated had been smoothed over. Nearly 100 Apache scouts joined the command from the San Carlos Reservation, and in the first hours of night began a war-dance, which continued without a break until the first flush of dawn the next day. They were all in high feather, and entered into the spirit of the occasion with full zest. Not much time need be wasted upon a description of their dresses; they

didn't wear any, except breech-clout and moccasins. To the music of an improvised drum and the accompaniment of marrow-freezing yells and shrieks they pirouetted and charged in all directions, swaying their bodies violently, dropping on one knee, then suddenly springing high in air, discharging their pieces, and all the time chanting a rude refrain, in which their own prowess was exalted and that of their enemies alluded to with contempt. Their enthusiasm was not abated by the announcement, quietly diffused, that the medicine men had been hard at work, and had succeeded in making a "medicine" which would surely bring the Chiricahuas to grief.

In accordance with the agreement entered into with the Mexican authorities, the American troops were to reach the boundary line *not sooner than May 1*, the object being to let the restless Chiricahuas quiet down as much as possible, and relax their vigilance, while at the same time it enabled the Mexican troops to get into position for effective co-operation.

The convention between our government and that of Mexico, by which a reciprocal cross-

ing of the International Boundary was conceded to the troops of the two republics, stipulated that such crossing should be authorized when the troops were "in close pursuit of a band of savage Indians," and the crossing was made "in the unpopulated or desert parts of said boundary line," which unpopulated or desert parts "had to be two leagues from any encampment or town of either country." The commander of the troops crossing was to give notice at time of crossing, or before if possible, to the nearest military commander or civil authority of the country entered. The pursuing force was to retire to its own territory as soon as it should have fought the band of which it was in pursuit, or lost the trail; and in no case could it "establish itself or remain in the foreign territory for a longer time than necessary to make the pursuit of the band whose trail it had followed."

The weak points of this convention were the imperative stipulation that the troops should return at once after a fight and the ambiguity of the terms "close pursuit," and "unpopulated country." A friendly expedition from the United

States might follow close on the heels of a party of depredating Apaches, but, under a rigid construction of the term "unpopulated," have to turn back when it had reached some miserable hamlet exposed to the full ferocity of savage attack, and most in need of assistance, as afterwards proved to be the case.

The complication was not diminished by the orders dispatched by General Sherman on March 31 to General Crook to continue the pursuit of the Chiricahuas "without regard to departmental or national boundaries." Both General Crook and General Topete, anxious to have every difficulty removed which lay in the way of a thorough adjustment of this vexed question, telegraphed to their respective governments asking that a more elastic interpretation be given to the terms of the convention.

To this telegram General Crook received reply that he must abide strictly by the terms of the convention, which could only be changed with the concurrence of the Mexican Senate. But what these terms meant exactly was left just as much in the dark as before. On the 23d of April General Crook moved out from Will-



cox, accompanied by the Indian scouts and a force of seven skeleton companies of the Third and Sixth Cavalry, under Colonel James Biddle, guarding a train of wagons, with supplies of ammunition and food for two months. This force, under Colonel Biddle, was to remain in reserve at or near San Bernardino Springs on the Mexican boundary, while its right and left flanks respectively were to be covered by detachments commanded by Rafferty, Vroom, Overton, and Anderson; this disposition affording the best possible protection to the settlements in case any of the Chiricahuas should make their way to the rear of the detachment penetrating Mexico.

A disagreeable sand-storm enveloped the column as it left the line of the Southern Pacific Railroad, preceded by the detachment of Apache scouts. A few words in regard to the peculiar methods of the Apaches in marching and conducting themselves while on a campaign may not be out of place. To veterans of the campaigns of the Civil War familiar with the compact formations of the cavalry and infantry of the Army of the Potomac, the loose,

straggling methods of the Apache scouts would appear startling, and yet no soldier would fail to apprehend at a glance that the Apache was the perfect, the ideal, scout of the whole world. When Lieutenant Gatewood, the officer in command, gave the short, jerky order, Ugashé—Go!—the Apaches started as if shot from a gun, and in a minute or less had covered a space of one hundred yards front, which distance rapidly widened as they advanced, at a rough, shambling walk, in the direction of *Dos Cabezas* (Two Heads), the mining camp near which the first halt was to be made.

They moved with no semblance of regularity; individual fancy alone governed. Here was a clump of three; not far off two more, and scattered in every point of the compass, singly or in clusters, were these indefatigable scouts, with vision as keen as a hawk's, tread as untiring and as stealthy as the panther's, and ears so sensitive that nothing escapes them. An artist, possibly, would object to many of them as undersized, but in all other respects they would satisfy every requirement of anatomical criticism. Their chests were broad, deep, and full;

shoulders perfectly straight; limbs well-proportioned, strong, and muscular, without a suggestion of undue heaviness; hands and feet small and taper but wiry; heads well-shaped, and countenances often lit up with a pleasant, good-natured expression, which would be more constant, perhaps, were it not for the savage, untamed cast imparted by the loose, disheveled, gypsy locks of raven black, held away from the face by a broad, flat band of scarlet cloth. Their eyes were bright, clear, and bold, frequently expressive of the greatest good-humor and satisfaction. Uniforms had been issued, but were donned upon ceremonial occasions only. On the present march each wore a loosely fitting shirt of red, white, or gray stuff, generally of calico, in some gaudy figure, but not infrequently the sombre article of woollen raiment issued to white soldiers. This came down outside a pair of loose cotton drawers, reaching to the moccasins. The moccasins are the most important articles of Apache apparel. In a fight or on a long march they will discard all else, but under any and every circumstance will retain the moccasins. These had been freshly made before leav-

ing Willcox. The Indian to be fitted stands erect upon the ground while a companion traces with a sharp knife the outlines of the sole of his foot upon a piece of rawhide. The legging is made of soft buckskin, attached to the foot and reaching to mid-thigh. For convenience in marching, it is allowed to hang in folds below the knee. The raw-hide sole is prolonged beyond the great toe, and turned upward in a shield, which protects from cactus and sharp stones. A leather belt encircling the waist holds forty rounds of metallic cartridges, and also keeps in place the regulation blue blouse and pantaloons, which are worn upon the person only when the Indian scout is anxious to "paralyze" the frontier towns or military posts by a display of all his finery.

The other trappings of these savage auxiliaries are a Springfield breech-loading rifle, army pattern, a canteen full of water, a butcher knife, an awl in leather case, a pair of tweezers, and a tag. The awl is used for sewing moccasins or work of that kind. With the tweezers the Apache young man carefully picks out each and every hair appearing upon his face. The tag marks his place in the tribe, and is in reality

nothing more or less than a revival of a plan adopted during the war of the rebellion for the identification of soldiers belonging to the different corps and divisions. Each male Indian at the San Carlos is tagged and numbered, and a descriptive list, corresponding to the tag kept, with a full recital of all his physical peculiarities.

This is the equipment of each and every scout; but there are many, especially the more pious and influential, who carry besides, strapped at the waist, little buckskin bags of Hoddentin, or sacred meal, with which to offer morning and evening sacrifice to the sun or other deity. Others, again, are provided with amulets of lightning-riven twigs, pieces of quartz crystal, petrified wood, concretionary sandstone, galena, or chalchihuitls, or fetiches representing some of their countless planetary gods or Kân, which are regarded as the "dead medicine" for frustrating the designs of the enemy or warding off arrows and bullets in the heat of action. And a few are happy in the possession of priceless sashes and shirts of buckskin, upon which are emblazoned the signs of

the sun, moon, lightning, rainbow, hail, fire, the water-beetle, butterfly, snake, centipede, and other powers to which they may appeal for aid in the hour of distress.

The Apache is an eminently religious person, and the more deviltry he plans the more pronounced does his piety become.

The rate of speed attained by the Apaches in marching is about an even four miles an hour on foot, or not quite fast enough to make a horse trot. They keep this up for about fifteen miles, at the end of which distance, if water be encountered and no enemy be sighted, they congregate in bands of from ten to fifteen each, hide in some convenient ravine, sit down, smoke cigarettes, chat and joke, and stretch out in the sunlight, basking like the Negroes of the South. If they want to make a little fire, they kindle one with matches, if they happen to have any with them; if not, a rapid twirl, between the palms, of a hard round stick fitting into a circular hole in another stick of softer fiber, will bring fire in from eight to forty-five seconds. The scouts by this time have painted their faces, daubing them with red ochre, deer's

blood, or the juice of roasted mescal. The object of this is protection from wind and sun, as well as distinctive ornamentation.

The first morning's rest of the Apaches was broken by the shrill cry of Choddi! Choddi! (Antelope! Antelope!) and far away on the left the dull slump! slump! of rifles told that the Apaches on that flank were getting fresh meat for the evening meal. Twenty carcasses demonstrated that they were not the worst of shots; neither were they, by any means, bad cooks.

When the command reached camp these restless, untiring nomads built in a trice all kinds of rude shelters. Those that had the army "dog tents" put them up on frame-works of willow or cotton-wood saplings; others, less fortunate, improvised domiciles of branches covered with grass, or of stones and boards covered with gunny sacks. Before these were finished smoke curled gracefully toward the sky from crackling embers, in front of which, transfixed on wooden spits, were the heads, hearts, and livers of several of the victims of the afternoon's chase. Another addition to the *spolia opima* was a cotton-tailed rabbit, run down by these fleet-

footed Bedouins of the Southwest. Turkeys and quail are caught in the same manner.

Meanwhile a couple of scouts were making bread,—the light, thin *tortillas* of the Mexicans, baked quickly in a pan, and not bad eating. Two others were fraternally occupied in preparing their bed for the night. Grass was pulled by handfuls, laid upon the ground, and covered with one blanket, another serving as cover. These Indians, with scarcely an exception, sleep with their feet pointed toward little fires, which, they claim, are warm, while the big ones built by the American soldiers, are so hot that they drive people away from them, and, besides, attract the attention of a lurking enemy. At the foot of this bed an Apache was playing on a home-made fiddle, fabricated from the stalk of the mescal, or American aloe. This fiddle has four strings, and emits a sound like the wail of a cat with its tail caught in a fence. But the noble red man likes the music, which perhaps is, after all, not so very much inferior to that of Wagner.

Enchanted and stimulated by the concord of sweet sounds, a party of six was playing fiercely



at the Mexican game of "monte," the cards employed being of native manufacture, of horsehide, covered with barbarous figures, and well worthy of a place in any museum.

The cooking was by this time ended, and the savages, with genuine hospitality, invited the Americans near them to join in the feast. It was not conducive to appetite to glance at dirty paws tearing bread and meat into fragments; yet the meat thus cooked was tender and juicy, the bread not bad, and the coffee strong and fairly well made. The Apaches squatted nearest to the American guests felt it incumbent upon them to explain everything as the meal progressed. They said this (pointing to the coffee) is Tu-dishishn (black water), and that Zigosti (bread).

All this time scouts had been posted commanding every possible line of approach. The Apache dreads surprise. It is his own favorite mode of destroying an enemy, and knowing what he himself can do, he ascribes to his foe—no matter how insignificant may be his numbers—the same daring, recklessness, agility, and subtlety possessed by himself. These Indian

scouts will march thirty-five or forty miles in a day on foot, crossing wide stretches of waterless plains upon which a tropical sun beats down with fierceness, or climbing up the faces of precipitous mountains which stretch across this region in every direction.

The two great points of superiority of the native or savage soldier over the representative of civilized discipline are his absolute knowledge of the country and his perfect ability to take care of himself at all times and under all circumstances. Though the rays of the sun pour down from the zenith, or the scorching sirocco blow from the south, the Apache scout trudges along as unconcerned as he was when the cold rain or snow of winter chilled his white comrade to the marrow. He finds foods, and pretty good food too, where the Caucasian would starve. Knowing the habits of wild animals from his earliest youth, he can catch turkeys, quail, rabbits, doves, or field-mice, and, perhaps a prairie-dog or two, which will supply him with meat. For some reason he cannot be induced to touch fish, and bacon or any other product of the hog is eaten only under duress; but the

flesh of a horse, mule, or jackass, which has dropped exhausted on the march and been left to die on the trail, is a delicious morsel which the Apache epicure seizes upon wherever possible. The stunted oak, growing on the mountain flanks, furnishes acorns; the Spanish bayonet, a fruit that, when roasted in the ashes of a camp-fire, looks and tastes something like the banana. The whole region of Southern Arizona and Northern Mexico is matted with varieties of the cactus, nearly every one of which is called upon for its tribute of fruit or seed. The broad leaves and stalks of the century-plant—called mescal—are roasted between hot stones, and the product is rich in saccharine matter and extremely pleasant to the taste. The wild potato and the bulb of the tule are found in the damp mountain meadows; and the nest of the ground-bee is raided remorselessly for its little store of honey. Sunflower-seeds, when ground fine, are rich and nutritious. Walnuts grow in the deep ravines, and strawberries in favorable locations; in the proper season these, with the seeds of wild grasses and wild pumpkins, the gum of the mesquite, or the sweet, soft inner bark of

the pine, play their part in staving off the pangs of hunger.

The above are merely a few of the resources of the Apache scout when separated from the main command. When his moccasins give out on a long march over the sharp rocks of the mountains or the cutting sands of the plains, a few hours' rest sees him equipped with a new pair,—his own handiwork,—and so with other portions of his raiment. He is never without awl, needle, thread, or sinew. Brought up from infancy to the knowledge and use of arms of some kind,—at first the bow and arrow, and later on the rifle,—he is perfectly at home with his weapons, and knowing from past experience how important they are for his preservation, takes much better care of them than does the white soldier out of garrison.

He does not read the newspapers, but the great book of nature is open to his perusal, and has been drained of much knowledge which his pale-faced brother would be glad to acquire. Every track in the trail, mark in the grass, scratch on the bark of a tree, explains itself to the untutored Apache. He can tell to an hour,

almost, when the man or animal making them passed by, and, like a hound, will keep on the scent until he catches up with the object of his pursuit.

In the presence of strangers the Apache soldier is sedate and taciturn. Seated around his little apology for a camp-fire, in the communion of his fellows, he becomes vivacious and conversational. He is obedient to authority, but will not brook the restraints which, under our notions of discipline, change men into machines. He makes an excellent sentinel, and not a single instance can be adduced of property having been stolen from or by an Apache on guard.

He has the peculiarity, noticed among so many savage tribes in various parts of the world, of not caring to give his true name to a stranger; if asked for it, he will either give a wrong one or remain mute and let a comrade answer for him. This rule does not apply where he has been dubbed with a sobriquet by the white soldiers. In such case he will respond promptly, and tell the inquirer that he is "Stumpy," "Tom Thumb," "Bill," "Humpty

Sam," or "One-Eyed Reilly," as the case may be. But there is no such exception in regard to the dead. Their names are never mentioned, even by the wailing friends who loudly chant their virtues.

Approaching the enemy his vigilance is a curious thing to witness. He avoids appearing suddenly upon the crest of a hill, knowing that his figure projected against the sky can at such time be discerned from a great distance. He will carefully bind around his brow a sheaf of grass, or some other foliage, and thus disguised crawl like a snake to the summit and carefully peer about, taking in with his keen black eyes the details of the country to the front with a rapidity and thoroughness the American or European can never acquire. In battle he is again the antithesis of the Caucasian. The Apache has no false ideas about courage; he would prefer to skulk like the coyote for hours, and then kill his enemy, or capture his herd, rather than, by injudicious exposure, receive a wound, fatal or otherwise. But he is no coward; on the contrary, he is entitled to rank among the bravest. The precautions taken for his safety prove that

he is an exceptionally skillful soldier. His first duty under fire is to jump for a rock, bush, or hole, from which no enemy can drive him except with loss of life or blood.

The policy of Great Britain has always been to enlist a force of auxiliaries from among the natives of the countries falling under her sway. The government of the United States, on the contrary, has persistently ignored the really excellent material, ready at hand, which could with scarcely an effort and at no expense, be mobilized, and made to serve as a frontier police. General Crook is the only officer of our army who has fully recognized the incalculable value of a native contingent, and in all his campaigns of the past thirty-five years has drawn about him as soon as possible a force of Indians, which has been serviceable as guides and trailers, and also of consequence in reducing the strength of the opposition.

The white army of the United States is a much better body of officers and men than a critical and censorious public gives it credit for being. It represents intelligence of a high order, and a spirit of devotion to duty worthy of un-

bounded praise; but it does not represent the acuteness of the savage races. It cannot follow the trail like a dog on the scent. It may be brave and well-disciplined, but its members cannot tramp or ride, as the case may be, from forty to seventy-five miles in a day, without water, under a burning sun. No civilized army can do that. It is one of the defects of civilized training that man develops new wants, awakens new necessities,—becomes, in a word, more and more a creature of luxury.

Take the Apache Indian under the glaring sun of Mexico. He quietly peels off all his clothing and enjoys the fervor of the day more than otherwise. He may not be a great military genius, but he is inured to all sorts of fatigue, and will be hilarious and jovial when the civilized man is about to die of thirst.

Prominent among these scouts was of course first of all "Peaches," the captive guide. He was one of the handsomest men, physically, to be found in the world. He never knew what it was to be tired, cross, or out of humor. His knowledge of the topography of Northern Sonora was remarkable, and his absolute veracity and fidel-



ity in all his dealings a notable feature in his character. With him might be mentioned "Alchise," "Mickey Free," "Severiano," "Nockié-cholli," "Nott," and dozens of others, all tried and true men, experienced in warfare and devoted to the general whose standard they followed.

## . II .

FROM Willcox to San Bernardino Springs, by the road the wagons followed, is an even 100 miles. The march thither, through a most excellent grazing country, was made in five days, by which time the command was joined by Captain Emmet Crawford, Third Cavalry, with more than 100 additional Apache scouts and several trains of pack-mules.

San Bernardino Springs break out from the ground upon the Boundary Line and flow south into the Yaqui River, of which the San Bernardino River is the extreme head. These springs yielded an abundance of water for all our needs, and at one time had refreshed thousands of head of cattle, which have since disappeared

under the attrition of constant warfare with the Apaches.

The few days spent at San Bernardino were days of constant toil and labor; from the first streak of dawn until far into the night the task of organizing and arranging went on. Telegrams were dispatched to the Mexican generals notifying them that the American troops would leave promptly by the date agreed upon, and at last the Indian scouts began their waddances, and continued them without respite from each sunset until the next sunrise. In a conference with General Crook they informed him of their anxiety to put an end to the war and bring peace to Arizona, so that the white men and Apaches could live and work side by side.

By the 29th of April all preparations were complete. Baggage had been cut down to a minimum. Every officer and man was allowed to carry the clothes on his back, one blanket and forty rounds of ammunition. Officers were ordered to mess with the packers and on the same food issued to soldiers and Indian scouts. One hundred and sixty rounds of extra ammu-

dition and rations of hard-bread, coffee and bacon, for sixty days, were carried on pack-mules.

At this moment General Sherman telegraphed to General Crook that he must not cross the Mexican boundary in pursuit of Indians, except in strict accord with the terms of the treaty, without defining exactly what those terms meant. Crook replied, acknowledging receipt of these instructions and saying that he would respect treaty stipulations.

On Tuesday, May 1st, 1883, the expedition crossed the boundary into Mexico. Its exact composition was as follows: General George Crook in command; Captain John G. Bourke, Third Cavalry, acting adjutant-general; Lieutenant G. S. Febiger, engineer officer, aide-de-camp; Captain Chaffee, Sixth Cavalry, with Lieutenants West and Forsyth, and forty-two enlisted men of "I" company of that regiment; Doctor Andrews, Private A. F. Harmer of the General Service, and 193 Indian scouts, under Captain Emmet Crawford, Third Cavalry, Lieutenant Mackey, Third Cavalry, and Gatewood, Sixth Cavalry, with whom were Al.

Zeiber, McIntosh, "Mickey Free," Severiano, and Sam Bowman, as interpreters.

The pack-mules, for purposes of efficient management, were divided into five trains, each with its complement of skilled packers. These trains were under charge of Monach, Hopkins, Stanfield, "Long Jim Cook," and "Short Jim Cook."

Each packer was armed with carbine and revolver, for self-protection, but nothing could be expected of them, in the event of an attack, beyond looking out for the animals. Consequently the effective fighting strength of the command was a little over fifty white men—officers and soldiers—and not quite 200 Apache scouts, representing the various bands, Chiricahua, White Mountain, Yuma, Mojave, and Tonto.

The first rays of the sun were beaming upon the Eastern hills as we swung into our saddles, and, amid a chorus of goodbyes and God-bless-yous from those left behind, pushed down the hot and sandy valley of the San Bernardino, past the mouth of Guadalupe cañon, to near the confluence of Elias Creek, some twenty

miles. Here camp was made on the banks of a pellucid stream, under the shadow of graceful walnut and ash trees. The Apache scouts had scoured the country to the front and on both flanks, and returned loaded with deer and wild turkeys, the latter being run down and caught in the bushes. One escaped from its captors and started through camp on a full jump, pursued by the Apaches, who, upon re-catching it, promptly twisted its head off.

The Apaches were in excellent spirits, the medicine men having repeated with emphasis the prediction that the expedition was to be a grand success. One of the most influential of them—a mere boy, who carried the most sacred medicine—was especially positive in his views, and, unlike most prophets, backed them up with a bet of \$40.

On May 2, 1883, breakfasted at 4 A.M. The train—Monach's—with which we took meals was composed equally of Americans and Mexicans. So, when the cook spread his canvas on the ground, one heard such expressions as *Tantito' zucarito quiero; Sirve pasar el járabe; Pase rebanada de pan; Otra gotita mas de café,*

quite as frequently as their English equivalents, "I'd like a little more sugar," "Please pass the sirup," "Hand me a slice of bread," "A little drop of coffee." Close by, the scouts consumed their meals, and with more silence, yet not so silently but that their calls for *inchi* (salt), *ikón* (flour), *pezá-a* (frying-pan), and other articles, could be plainly heard.

Martin, the cook, deserves some notice. He was not, as he himself admitted, a French cook by profession. His early life had been passed in the more romantic occupation of driving an ore-wagon between Willcox and Globe, and, to quote his own proud boast, he could "hold down a sixteen-mule team with any outfit this side the Rio Grande."

But what he lacked in culinary knowledge he more than made up in strength and agility. He was not less than six feet two in his socks, and built like a young Hercules. He was gentle-natured, too, and averse to fighting. Such, at least, was the opinion I gathered from a remark he made the first evening I was thrown into his society.

His eyes somehow were fixed on mine, while

he said quietly, "If there's anybody here don't like the grub, I'll kick a lung out of him!" I was just about suggesting that a couple of pounds less saleratus in the bread and a couple of gallons less water in the coffee would be grateful to my sybarite palate; but, after this conversation, I reflected that the fewer remarks I made the better would be the chances of my enjoying the rest of the trip; so I said nothing. Martin, I believe, is now in Chihuahua, and I assert from the depths of an outraged stomach, that a better man or a worse cook never thumped a mule or turned a flapjack.

The march was continued down the San Bernardino until we reached its important affluent, the Bávíspe, up which we made our way until the first signs of habitancy were encountered in the squalid villages of Bávíspe, Basaraca, and Huachinera.

The whole country was a desert. On each hand were the ruins of depopulated and abandoned hamlets, destroyed by the Apaches. The bottom-lands of the San Bernardino, once smiling with crops of wheat and barley, were now covered with a thickly-matted jungle of semi-



tropical vegetation. The river banks were choked by dense brakes of cane of great size and thickness. The narrow valley was hemmed in by rugged and forbidding mountains, gashed and slashed with a thousand ravines, to cross which exhausted both strength and patience. The foot-hills were covered with *chevaux de frise* of Spanish bayonet, mescal, and cactus. The *lignum-vitæ* flaunted its plumage of crimson flowers, much like the fuchsia, but growing in clusters. The grease-wood, ordinarily so homely, here assumed a garniture of creamy blossoms, rivaling the gaudy dahlia-like cups upon the nopal, and putting to shame the modest tendrils pendent from the branches of the mesquite.

The sun glared down pitilessly, wearing out the poor mules, which had as much as they could do to scramble over the steep hills, composed of a nondescript accumulation of lava, sandstone, porphyry, and limestone, half-rounded by the action of water, and so loosely held together as to slip apart and roll away the instant the feet of animals or men touched them.

When they were not slipping over loose stones or climbing rugged hills, they were breaking their way through jungles of thorny vegetation, which tore their quivering flesh. One of the mules, falling from the rocks, impaled itself upon a mesquite branch, and had to be killed.

Through all this the Apache scouts trudged without a complaint, and with many a laugh and jest. Each time camp was reached they showed themselves masters of the situation. They would gather the saponaceous roots of the yucca and Spanish bayonet, to make use of them in cleaning their long, black hair, or cut sections of the bamboo-like cane and make pipes for smoking, or four-holed flutes, which emitted a weird, Chinese sort of music, responded to with melodious chatter by countless birds perched in the shady seclusion of ash and cotton-wood.

Those scouts who were not on watch gave themselves up to the luxury of the tá-a-chi, or sweat-bath. To construct these baths, a dozen willow or cotton-wood branches are stuck in the ground and the upper extremities, united

to form a dome-shaped framework, upon which are laid blankets to prevent the escape of heat. Three or four large rocks are heated and placed in the centre, the Indians arranging themselves around these rocks and bending over them. Silicious boulders are invariably selected, and not calcareous—the Apaches being sufficiently familiar with rudimentary mineralogy to know that the latter will frequently crack and explode under intense heat.

When it came to my time to enter the sweat-lodge I could see nothing but a network of arms and legs, packed like sardines. An extended experience with Broadway omnibuses assured me that there must always be room for one more. The smile of the “medicine-man”—the master of ceremonies—encouraged me to push in first an arm, then a leg, and, finally, my whole body.

Thump! sounded the damp blanket as it fell against the frame-work and shut out all light and air. The conductor of affairs inside threw a handful of water on the hot rocks, and steam, on the instant, filled every crevice of the den. The heat was that of a bake-oven; breathing was well-nigh impossible.

“Sing,” said in English the Apache boy, Keet, whose legs and arms were sinuously intertwined with mine; “sing heap; sleep moocho to-night; eat plenny dinna to-mollo.” The other bathers said that everybody must sing. I had to yield. My *repertoire* consists of but one song—the lovely ditty—“Our captain’s name is Murphy.” I gave them this with all the lung-power I had left, and was heartily encored; but I was too much exhausted to respond, and rushed out, dripping with perspiration, to plunge with my dusky comrades into the refreshing waters of the Bávispe, which had worn out for themselves tanks three to twenty feet deep. The effects of the bath were all that the Apaches had predicted—a sound, refreshing sleep and increased appetite.

The farther we got into Mexico the greater the desolation. The valley of the Bávispe, like that of the San Bernardino, had once been thickly populated; now all was wild and gloomy. Foot-prints indeed were plenty, but they were the fresh moccasin-tracks of Chiricahuas, who apparently roamed with immunity over all this solitude. There were signs, too, of

Mexican "travel;" but in every case these were "*conductas*" of pack-mules, guarded by companies of soldiers. Rattlesnakes were encountered with greater frequency both in camp and on the march. When found in camp the Apaches, from superstitious reasons, refrained from killing them, but let the white men do it.

The vegetation remained much the same as that of Southern Arizona, only denser and larger. The cactus began to bear odorous flowers—a species of night-blooming cereus—and parrots of gaudy plumage flitted about camp, to the great joy of the scouts, who, catching two or three, tore the feathers from their bodies and tied them in their inky locks. Queenly humming-birds of sapphire hue darted from bush to bush and tree to tree. Every one felt that we were advancing into more torrid regions. However, by this time faces and hands were finely tanned and blistered, and the fervor of the sun was disregarded. The nights remained cool and refreshing throughout the trip, and, after the daily march or climb, soothed to the calmest rest.

On the 5th of May the column reached the

feeble, broken-down towns of Bavispe and Basaraca. The condition of the inhabitants was deplorable. Superstition, illiteracy, and bad government had done their worst, and, even had not the Chiricahuas kept them in mortal terror, it is doubtful whether they would have had energy enough to profit by the natural advantages, mineral and agricultural, of their immediate vicinity. The land appeared to be fertile and was well watered. Horses, cattle, and chickens thrived; the cereals yielded an abundant return; and scarlet blossoms blushed in the waxy-green foliage of the pomegranate.

Every man, woman, and child had gathered in the streets or squatted on the flat roofs of the adobe houses to welcome our approach with cordial acclamations. They looked like a grand national convention of scarecrows and rag-pickers, their garments old and dingy, but no man so poor that he didn't own a gorgeous sombrero, with a snake-band of silver, or display a flaming sash of cheap red silk and wool. Those who had them displayed rainbow-hued *serapes* flung over the shoulders; those who had none went in their shirt-sleeves.

The children were bright, dirty, and pretty; the women so closely enveloped in their *rebozos* that only one eye could be seen. They greeted our people with warmth, and offered to go with us to the mountains. With the volubility of parrots they began to describe a most blood-thirsty fight recently had with the Chiricahuas, in which, of course, the Apaches had been completely and ignominiously routed, each Mexican having performed prodigies of valor on a par with those of Ajax. But at the same time they wouldn't go alone into their fields,—only a quarter of a mile off,—which were constantly patrolled by a detachment of twenty-five or thirty men of what was grandiloquently styled the National Guard. "Peaches," the guide, smiled quietly, but said nothing, when told of this latest annihilation of the Chiricahuas. General Crook, without a moment's hesitancy, determined to keep on the trail farther into the Sierra Madre.

The food of these wretched Mexicans was mainly *atole*,—a weak flour-gruel resembling the paste used by our paper-hangers. Books they had none, and newspapers had not yet

been heard of. Their only recreation was in religious festivals, occurring with commendable frequency. The churches themselves were in the last stages of dilapidation; the adobe exteriors showed dangerous indications of approaching dissolution, while the tawdry ornaments of the inside were foul and black with age, smoke, dust, and rain.

I asked a small, open-mouthed boy to hold my horse for a moment until I had examined one of these edifices, which bore the elaborate title of the Temple of the Holy Sepulchre and our Lady of the Trance. This action evoked a eulogy from one of the bystanders: "This man can't be an American, he must be a Christian," he sagely remarked; "he speaks Castilian, and goes to church the first thing."

It goes without saying that they have no mails in that country. What they call the post-office of Basaraca is in the store of the town. The store had no goods for sale, and the post-office had no stamps. The postmaster didn't know when the mail would go; it used to go every eight days, but now—*quién sabe?* Yes, he would send our letters the first opportunity.



The price? Oh! the price?—did the *caballeros* want to know how much? Well, for Mexican people, he charged five cents, but the Americans would have to pay *dos reales* (twenty-five cents) for each letter.

The only supplies for sale in Basaraca were fiery mescal, chile, and a few eggs, eagerly snapped up by the advance-guard. In making these purchases we had to enter different houses, which vied with each other in penury and destitution. There were no chairs, no tables, none of the comforts which the humblest laborers in our favored land demand as right and essential. The inmates in every instance received us urbanely and kindly. The women, who were uncovered inside their domiciles, were greatly superior in good looks and good breeding to their husbands and brothers; but the latter never neglected to employ all the punctilious expressions of Spanish politeness.

That evening the round-stomached old man, whom, in ignorance of the correct title, we all agreed to call the Alcalde, paid a complimentary visit to General Crook, and with polite flourishes bade him welcome to the soil of Mex-

ico, informed him that he had received orders to render the expedition every assistance in his power, and offered to accompany it at the head of every man and boy in the vicinity. General Crook felt compelled to decline the assistance of these valiant auxiliaries, but asked permission to buy four beeves to feed to the Apache scouts, who did not relish bacon or other salt meat.

Bivouac was made that night on the banks of the Bavispe, under the bluff upon which perched the town of Basaraca. Numbers of visitors—men and boys—flocked in to see us, bringing bread and tobacco for barter and sale. In their turn a large body of our people went up to the town and indulged in the unexpected luxury of a ball. This was so entirely original in all its features that a mention of it is admissible.

Bells were ringing a loud peal, announcing that the morrow would be Sunday, when a prolonged thumping of drums signaled that the *baile* was about to begin.

Wending our way to the corner whence the noise proceeded, we found that a half-dozen of

the packers had bought out the whole stock of the *tienda*, which dealt only in mescal, paying therefor the princely sum of \$12.50.

Invitations had been extended to all the adult inhabitants to take part in the festivities. For some reason all the ladies sent regrets by the messenger; but of men there was no lack, the packers having taken the precaution to send out a patrol to scour the streets, "collar" and "run in" every male biped found outside his own threshold. These captives were first made to drink a tumbler of mescal to the health of the two great nations, Mexico and the United States,—and then were formed into quadrille sets, moving in unison with the orchestra of five pieces,—two drums, two squeaky fiddles, and an accordion.

None of the performers understood a note of music. When a new piece was demanded, the tune had to be whistled in the ears of the bass-drummer, who thumped it off on his instrument, followed energetically by his enthusiastic assistants.

This orchestra was augmented in a few moments by the addition of a young boy with a

sax-horn. He couldn't play, and the horn had lost its several keys, but he added to the noise and was welcomed with screams of applause. It was essentially a *stag* party, but a very funny one. The new player was doing some good work when a couple of dancers whirled into him, knocking him clear off his pins and astride of the bass-drum and drummer.

Confusion reigned only a moment; good order was soon restored, and the dance would have been resumed with increased jollity had not the head of the bass-drum been helplessly battered.

Midnight had long since been passed, and there was nothing to be done but break up the party and return to camp.

From Basaraca to Tesorababi—over twenty miles—the line of march followed a country almost exactly like that before described. The little hamlets of Estancia and Huachinera were perhaps a trifle more squalid than Bávíspe or Basaraca, and their churches more dilapidated; but in that of Huachinera were two or three unusually good oil-paintings, brought from Spain a long time ago. Age, dust, weather,

and candle-grease had almost ruined, but had not fully obliterated, the touch of the master-hand which had made them.

Tesorababi must have been, a couple of generations since, a very noble ranch. It has plenty of water, great groves of oak and mesquite, with sycamore and cottonwood growing near the water, and very nutritious grass upon the neighboring hills. The buildings have fallen into ruin, nothing being now visible but the stout walls of stone and adobe. Mesquite trees of noble size choke up the corral, and everything proclaims with mute eloquence the supremacy of the Apache.

Alongside of this ranch are the ruins of an ancient pueblo, with quantities of broken pottery, stone mortars, Obsidian flakes and kindred *reliquice*.

To Tesorababi the column was accompanied by a small party of guides sent out by the Alcalde of Basaraca. General Crook ordered them back, as they were not of the slightest use so long as we had such a force of Apache scouts.

We kept in camp at Tesorababi until the night of May 7, and then marched straight for

the Sierra Madre. The foot-hills were thickly covered with rich *grama* and darkened by groves of scrub-oak. Soon the oak gave way to cedar in great abundance, and the hills and ridges became steeper as we struck the trail lately made by the Chiricahuas driving off cattle from Sahuaripa and Oposura. We were fairly within the range, and had made good progress, when the scouts halted and began to explain to General Crook that nothing but bad luck could be expected if he didn't set free an owl which one of our party had caught, and tied to the pommel of his saddle.

They said the owl (*Bú*) was a bird of ill-omen, and that we could not hope to whip the Chiricahuas so long as we retained it. These solicitations bore good fruit. The moon-eyed bird of night was set free and the advance resumed. Shortly before midnight camp was made in a very deep cañon, thickly wooded, and having a small stream a thousand feet below our position. No fires were allowed, and some confusion prevailed among the pack-mules, which could not find their places.

Very early the next morning (May 8, 1883)

the command moved in easterly direction up the cañon. This was extremely rocky and steep. Water stood in pools everywhere, and animals and men slaked their fierce thirst. Indications of Chiricahua depredations multiplied. The trail was fresh and well-beaten, as if by scores—yes, hundreds—of stolen ponies and cattle.

The carcasses of five freshly slaughtered beeves lay in one spot; close to them a couple more, and so on.

The path wound up the face of the mountain, and became so precipitous that were a horse to slip his footing he would roll and fall hundreds of feet to the bottom. At one of the abrupt turns could be seen, deep down in the cañon, the mangled fragments of a steer which had fallen from the trail, and been dashed to pieces on the rocks below. It will save much repetition to say, at this point, that from now on we were never out of sight of ponies and cattle, butchered, in every stage of mutilation, or alive, and roaming by twos and threes in the ravines and on the mountain flanks.

Climb! Climb! Climb! Gaining the summit of one ridge only to learn that above it tow-

ered another, the face of nature fearfully corrugated into a perplexing alternation of ridges and chasms. Not far out from the last bivouac was passed the spot where a large body of Mexican troops had camped, the farthest point of their penetration into the range, although their scouts had been pushed in some distance, farther, only to be badly whipped by the Chiricahuas, who sent them flying back, utterly demoralized.

These particulars may now be remarked of that country: It seemed to consist of a series of parallel and very high, knife-edged hills,—extremely rocky and bold; the cañons all contained water, either flowing rapidly, or else in tanks of great depth. Dense pine forests covered the ridges near the crests, the lower skirts being matted with scrub-oak. Grass was generally plentiful, but not invariably to be depended upon. Trails ran in every direction, and upon them were picked up all sorts of odds and ends plundered from the Mexicans,—dresses, made and unmade, saddles, bridles, letters, flour, onions, and other stuff. In every sheltered spot could be discerned the ruins,—buildings, walls,



and dams, erected by an extinct race, once possessing this region.

The pack-trains had much difficulty in getting along. Six mules slipped from the trail, and rolled over and over until they struck the bottom of the cañon. Fortunately they had selected a comparatively easy grade, and none was badly hurt.

The scouts became more and more vigilant and the "medicine-men" more and more devotional. When camp was made the high peaks were immediately picketed, and all the approaches carefully examined. Fires were allowed only in rare cases, and in positions affording absolute concealment. Before going to bed the scouts were careful to fortify themselves in such a manner that surprise was simply impossible.

Late at night (May 8th) the "medicine-men" gathered together for the never-to-be-neglected duty of singing and "seeing" the Chiricahuas. After some palaver I succeeded in obtaining the privilege of sitting in the circle with them. All but one chanted in a low, melancholy tone, half song and half grunt. The solitary excep-

tion lay as if in a trance for a few moments, and then, half opening his lips, began to thump himself violently in the breast, and to point to the east and north, while he muttered: "Me can't see the Chilicahuas yet. Bimeby me see 'um. Me catch 'um, me kill 'um. Me no catch 'um, me no kill 'um. Mebbe so six day me catch 'um; mebbe so two day. Tomollow me send twenty-pibe (25) men to hunt 'um tlail. Mebbe so tomollow catch 'um squaw. Chilicahua see me, me no get 'um. No see me, me catch him. Me see him little bit now. Mebbe so me see 'um more tomollow. Me catch 'um, me kill 'um. Me catch 'um hoss, me catch 'um mool (mule), me catch 'um cow. Me catch Chilicahua pooty soon, bimeby. Me kill 'um heap, and catch 'um squaw." These prophecies, translated for me by an old friend in the circle who spoke some English, were listened to with rapt attention and reverence by the awestruck scouts on the exterior.

The succeeding day brought increased trouble and danger. The mountains became, if anything, steeper; the trails, if anything, more perilous. Carcasses of mules, ponies, and cows lined

the path along which we toiled, dragging after us worn-out horses.

It was not yet noon when the final ridge of the day was crossed and the trail turned down a narrow, gloomy, and rocky gorge, which gradually widened into a small amphitheatre.

This, the guide said, was the stronghold occupied by the Chiricahuas while he was with them; but no one was there now. For all purposes of defense, it was admirably situated. Water flowed in a cool, sparkling stream through the middle of the amphitheatre. Pine, oak, and cedar in abundance and of good size clung to the steep flanks of the ridges, in whose crevices grew much grass. The country, for a considerable distance, could be watched from the pinnacles upon which the savage pickets had been posted, while their huts had been so scattered and concealed in the different brakes that the capture or destruction of the entire band could never have been effected.

The Chiricahuas had evidently lived in this place a considerable time. The heads and bones of cows and ponies were scattered about on all sides. Meat must have been their principal

food, since we discovered scarcely any mescal or other vegetables. At one point the scouts indicated where a mother had been cutting a child's hair; at another, where a band of youngsters had been enjoying themselves sliding down rocks.

Here were picked up the implements used by a young Chiricahua assuming the duties of manhood. Like all other Indians they make vows and pilgrimages to secluded spots, during which periods they will not put their lips to water, but suck up all they need through a quill or cane. Hair-brushes of grass, bows and arrows, and a Winchester rifle had likewise been left behind by the late occupants.

The pack-trains experienced much difficulty in keeping the trail this morning (May 9). Five mules fell over the precipice and killed themselves, three breaking their necks and two having to be shot.

Being now in the very centre of the hostile country, May 10, 1883, unusual precautions were taken to guard against discovery or ambuscade, and to hurry along the pack-mules. Parties of Apache scouts were thrown out to

the front, flanks, and rear to note carefully every track in the ground. A few were detailed to stay with the pack-mules and guide them over the best line of country. Ax-men were sent ahead on the trail to chop out trees and remove rocks or other obstructions. Then began a climb which reflected the experience of the previous two days; if at all different, it was much worse. Upon the crest of the first high ridge were seen forty abandoned *jacales* or lodges of branches; after that, another dismantled village of thirty more, and then, in every protected nook, one, two, or three, as might be. Fearful as this trail was the Chiricahuas had forced over it a band of cattle and ponies, whose footprints had been fully outlined in the mud, just hardened into clay.

After two miles of a very hard climb we slid down the almost perpendicular face of a high bluff of slippery clay and loose shale into an open space dotted with Chiricahua huts, where, on a grassy space, the young savages had been playing their favorite game of mushka, or lance-billiards.

Two white-tailed deer ran straight into the

long file of scouts streaming down hill; a shower of rocks and stones greeted them, and there was much suppressed merriment, but not the least bit of noisy laughter, the orders being to avoid any cause of alarm to the enemy.

A fearful chute led from this point down into the gloomy chasm along which trickled the head-waters of the Bávisme, gathering in basins and pools clear as mirrors of crystal. A tiny cascade babbled over a ledge of limestone and filled at the bottom a dark-green reservoir of unknown depth. There was no longer any excitement about Chiricahua signs; rather, wonder when none were to be seen.

The ashes of extinct fires, the straw of unused beds, the skeleton frame-work of dismantled huts, the play-grounds and dance-grounds, mescal-pits and acorn-meal mills were visible at every turn. The Chiricahuas must have felt perfectly secure amid these towering pinnacles of rock in these profound chasms, by these bottomless pools of water, and in the depths of this forest primeval. Here no human foe could hope to conquer them. Notwithstanding this security of position, "Peaches" asserted that the Chiri-

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cahuas never relaxed vigilance. No fires were allowed at night, and all cooking was done at midday. Sentinels lurked in every crag, and bands of bold raiders kept the foot-hills thoroughly explored. Crossing Bávispe, the trail zig-zagged up the vertical slope of a promontory nearly a thousand feet above the level of the water. Perspiration streamed from every brow, and mules and horses panted, sweated, and coughed; but Up! Up! Up! was the watchword.

Look out! came the warning cry from those in the lead, and then those in the rear and bottom dodged nervously from the trajectory of rocks dislodged from the parent mass, and, gathering momentum as each bound hurled them closer to the bottom of the cañon. To look upon the country was a grand sensation; to travel in it, infernal. Away down at the foot of the mountains the pack-mules could be discerned—apparently not much bigger than jack-rabbits,—struggling and panting up the long, tortuous grade. And yet, up and down these ridges the Apache scouts, when the idea seized them, ran like deer.

One of them gave a low cry, half whisper,

half whistle. Instantly all were on the alert, and by some indefinable means, the news flashed through the column that two Chiricahuas had been sighted a short distance ahead in a side cañon. Before I could write this down the scouts had stripped to the buff, placed their clothing in the rocks, and dispatched ten or twelve of their number in swift pursuit.

This proved to be a false alarm, for in an hour they returned, having caught up with the supposed Chiricahuas, who were a couple of our own packers, off the trail, looking for stray mules.

When camp was made that afternoon the Apache scouts had a long conference with General Crook. They called attention to the fact that the pack-trains could not keep up with them, that five mules had been killed on the trail yesterday, and five others had rolled off this morning, but been rescued with slight injuries. They proposed that the pack-trains and white troops remain in camp at this point, and in future move so as to be a day's march or less behind the Apache scouts, 150 of whom, under



Crawford, Gatewood, and Mackey, with Al. Zeiber and the other white guides, would move out well in advance to examine the country thoroughly in front.

If they came upon scattered parties of the hostiles they would attack boldly, kill as many as they could, and take the rest back, prisoners, to San Carlos. Should the Chiricahuas be entrenched in a strong position, they would engage them, but do nothing rash, until reinforced by the rest of the command. General Crook told them they must be careful not to kill women or children, and that all who surrendered should be taken back to the reservation and made to work for their own living like white people.

Animation and bustle prevailed everywhere; small fires were burning in secluded nooks, and upon the bright embers the scouts baked quantities of bread to be carried with them. Some ground coffee on flat stones; others examined their weapons critically and cleaned their cartridges. Those whose moccasins needed repair sewed and patched them, while the more

cleanly and more religious indulged in the sweat-bath, which has a semi-sacred character on such occasions.

A strong detachment of packers, soldiers, and Apaches climbed the mountains to the south, and reached the locality in the foot-hills where the Mexicans and Chiricahuas had recently had an engagement. Judging by signs it would appear conclusive that the Indians had enticed the Mexicans into an ambushade, killed a number with bullets and rocks, and put the rest to ignominious flight. The "medicine-men" had another song and pow-wow after dark. Before they adjourned it was announced that in two days, counting from the morrow, the scouts would find the Chiricahuas, and in three days kill a "heap."

On May 11, 1883 (Friday), one hundred and fifty Apache scouts, under the officers above named, with Zeiber, "Mickey Free," Severiano, Archie McIntosh, and Sam Bowman, started from camp, on foot, at daybreak. Each carried on his person four days' rations, a canteen, 100 rounds of ammunition, and a blanket. Those who were to remain in camp picketed the three

high peaks overlooking it, and from which half a dozen Chiricahuas could offer serious annoyance. Most of those not on guard went down to the water, bathed, and washed clothes. The severe climbing up and down rough mountains, slipping, falling, and rolling in dust and clay, had blackened most of us like Negroes.

Chiricahua ponies had been picked up in numbers, four coming down the mountains of their own accord, to join our herds; and altogether, twenty were by this date in camp. The suggestions of the locality were rather peaceful in type; lovely blue humming-birds flitted from bush to bush, and two Apache doll-babies lay upon the ground.

Just as the sun was sinking behind the hills in the west, a runner came back with a note from Crawford, saying there was a fine camping place twelve or fifteen miles across the mountains to the southeast, with plenty of wood, water, and grass.

For the ensuing three days the white soldiers and pack-trains cautiously followed in the footsteps of Crawford and the scouts, keeping a sufficient interval between the two bodies to

insure thorough investigation of the rough country in front. The trail did not improve very much, although after the summit of a high, grassy plateau had been gained, there was easy traveling for several leagues. Pine trees of majestic proportions covered the mountain-tops, and there was the usual thickness of scrub-oak on the lower elevations. By the side of the trail, either thrown away or else *cachéd* in the trees, were quantities of goods left by the Chiricahuas—calico, clothing, buckskin, horse-hides, beef-hides, dried meat, and things of that nature. The nights were very cool, the days bright and warm. The Bavispe and its tributaries were a succession of deep tanks of glassy, pure water, in which all our people bathed on every opportunity. The scouts escorting the pack-trains gathered in another score of stray ponies and mules, and were encouraged by another note sent back by Crawford, saying that he had passed the site of a Chiricahua village of ninety-eight *wickyups* (huts), that the enemy had a great drove of horses and cattle, and that the presence of Americans or Apache scouts in the country was yet undreamed of.

Additional rations were pushed ahead to Crawford and his command, the pack-trains in rear taking their own time to march. There was an abundance of wood in the forest, grass grew in sufficiency, and the Bávíspe yielded water enough for a great army. The stream was so clear that it was a pleasure to count the pebbles at the bottom and to watch the graceful fishes swimming within the shadow of moss-grown rocks. The current was so deep that, sinking slowly, with uplifted arms, one was not able to touch bottom with the toes, and so wide that twenty good, nervous strokes barely sufficed to propel the swimmer from shore to shore. The water was soft, cool, and refreshing, and a plunge beneath its ripples smoothed away the wrinkles of care.

On May 15, 1883, we climbed and marched ten or twelve miles to the southeast, crossing a piece of country recently burned over, the air, filled with soot and hot dust, blackening and blistering our faces. Many more old ruins were passed and scores of walls of masonry. The trail was slightly improved, but still bad enough; the soil, a half-disintegrated, reddish

feldspar, with thin seams of quartz crystals. There were also granite, sandstone, shale, quartzite, and round masses of basalt. In the bottoms of the cañons were all kinds of "float"—granite, basalt, sandstone, porphyry, schist, limestone, etc.; but no matter what the kind of rock was, when struck upon the hill-sides it was almost invariably split and broken, and grievously retarded the advance.

### .III.

ABOUT noon of the 15th we had descended into a small box cañon, where we were met by two white men (packers) and nine Apache scouts.

They had come back from Crawford with news for which all were prepared. The enemy was close in our front, and fighting might begin at any moment. The scouts in advance had picked up numbers of ponies, mules, burros, and cattle. This conversation was broken by the sudden arrival of an Apache runner, who had come six miles over the mountains in less than an hour. He reached us at 1.05, and handed General Crook a note, dated 12.15, stating that the advance-guard had run across the

Chiricahuas this morning in a cañon, and had become much excited. Two Chiricahuas were fired at, two bucks and a squaw, by scouts, which action had alarmed the hostiles, and their camp was on the move. Crawford would pursue with all possible rapidity. At the same moment reports of distant musketry-firing were borne across the hills. Crawford was fighting the Chiricahuas! There could be no doubt about that; but exactly how many he had found, and what luck he was having, no one could tell. General Crook ordered Chaffee to mount his men, and everybody to be in readiness to move forward to Crawford's support, if necessary. The firing continued for a time, and then grew feeble and died away.

All were anxious for a fight which should bring this Chiricahua trouble to an end; we had an abundance of ammunition and a sufficiency of rations for a pursuit of several days and nights, the moon being at its full.

Shortly after dark Crawford and his command came into camp. They had "jumped" "Bonito's" and "Chato's" *rancherías*, killing nine and capturing five—two boys, two girls,



and one young woman, the daughter of "Bonito," without loss to our side. From the dead Chiricahuas had been taken four nickel-plated, breech-loading Winchester repeating rifles, and one Colt's revolver, new model. The Chiricahuas had been pursued across a fearfully broken country, gashed with countless ravines, and shrouded with a heavy growth of pine and scrub-oak. How many had been killed and wounded could never be definitely known, the meagre official report, submitted by Captain Crawford, being of necessity confined to figures known to be exact. Although the impetuosity of the younger scouts had precipitated the engagement and somewhat impaired its effect, yet this little skirmish demonstrated two things to the hostile Chiricahuas; their old friends and relatives from the San Carlos had invaded their strongholds as the allies of the white men, and could be depended upon to fight, whether backed up by white soldiers or not. The scouts next destroyed the village, consisting of thirty *wickyups*, disposed in two clusters, and carried off all the animals, loading down forty-seven of them with plunder. This

included the traditional riffraff of an Indian village: saddles, bridles, meat, mescal, blankets, and clothing, with occasional prizes of much greater value, originally stolen by the Chiricahuas in raids upon Mexicans or Americans. There were several gold and silver watches, a couple of albums, and a considerable sum of money—Mexican and American coin and paper. The captives behaved with great coolness and self-possession, considering their tender years. The eldest said that her people had been astounded and dismayed when they saw the long line of Apache scouts rushing in upon them; they would be still more disconcerted when they learned that our guide was "Peaches," as familiar as themselves with every nook in strongholds so long regarded as inaccessible. Nearly all the Chiricahua warriors were absent raiding in Sonora and Chihuahua. This young squaw was positive that the Chiricahuas would give up without further fighting, since the Americans had secured all the advantages of position. "Loco" and "Chihuahua," she knew, would be glad to live peaceably upon the reservation, if justly treated; "Geronimo" and

“Chato” she wasn’t sure about. “Ju” was defiant, but none of his bands were left alive. Most important information of all, she said that in the *ranchería* just destroyed was a little white boy about six years old, called “Charlie,” captured by “Chato” in his recent raid in Arizona. This boy had run away with the old squaws when the advance of the Apache scouts had been first detected. She said that if allowed to go out she would in less than two days bring in the whole band, and Charlie (McComas) with them. All that night the lofty peak, the scene of the action, blazed with fire from the burning *ranchería*. Rain-clouds gathered in the sky, and, after hours of threatening, broke into a severe but brief shower about sunrise next morning (May 15).

The young woman was given a little hard bread and meat, enough to last two days, and allowed to go off, taking with her the elder of the boy captives. The others stayed with us and were kindly treated. They were given all the baked mescal they could eat and a sufficiency of bread and meat. The eldest busied herself with basting a skirt, but, like another Penelope,

as fast as her work was done she ripped it up and began anew—apparently afraid that idleness would entail punishment. The younger girl sobbed convulsively, but her little brother, a handsome brat, gazed stolidly at the world through eyes as big as oysters and as black as jet.

Later in the morning, after the fitful showers had turned into a blinding, soaking rain, the Apache scouts made for these young captives a little shelter of branches and a bed of boughs and dry grass. Pickets were thrown out to watch the country on all sides and seize upon any stray Chiricahua coming unsuspectingly within their reach. The rain continued with exasperating persistency all day. The night cleared off bitter cold and water froze in pails and kettles. The command moved out from this place, going to another and better location a few miles southeast. The first lofty ridge had been scaled, when we descried on the summit of a prominent knoll directly in our front a thin curl of smoke wreathing upwards. This was immediately answered by the scouts, who heaped up pine-cones and cedar branches,

which, in a second after ignition, shot a bold, black, resinous signal above the tops of the loftiest pines.

Five miles up and down mountains of no great height but of great asperity led to a fine camping-place, at the junction of two well-watered cañons, near which grew pine, oak, and cedar in plenty, and an abundance of rich, juicy grasses. The Apache scouts sent up a second smoke signal, promptly responded to from a neighboring butte. A couple of minutes after two squaws were seen threading their way down through the timber and rocks and yelling with full voice. They were the sisters of Tô-klani (Plenty Water), one of the scouts. They said that they had lost heavily in the fight, and that while endeavoring to escape over the rocks and ravines and through the timber the fire of the scouts had played havoc among them. They fully confirmed all that the captives had said about Charlie McComas. Two hours had scarcely passed when six other women had come in, approaching the pickets two and two, and waving white rags. One of these, the sister of "Chihuahua"—a prominent man among the

Chiricahuas—said that her brother wanted to come in, and was trying to gather up his band, which had scattered like sheep after the fight; he might be looked for in our camp at any moment.

On the 18th (May, 1883), before 8.30 A. M., six new arrivals were reported—four squaws, one buck and a boy. Close upon their heels followed sixteen others—men, women, and young children. In this band was “Chihuahua” himself, a fine-looking man, whose countenance betokened great decision and courage.

This chief expressed to General Crook his earnest desire for peace, and acknowledged that all the Chiricahuas could hope to do in the future would be to prolong the contest a few weeks and defer their destruction. He was tired of fighting. His village had been destroyed and all his property was in our hands. He wished to surrender his band just as soon as he could gather it together. “Geronimo,” “Chato,” and nearly all the warriors were absent, fighting the Mexicans, but he (“Chihuahua”) had sent runners out to gather up his band and tell his peo-

ple they must surrender, without reference to what the others did.

Before night forty-five Chiricahuas had come in—men, women, and children. "Chihuahua" asked permission to go out with two young men and hurry his people in. This was granted. He promised to return without any delay. The women of the Chiricahuas showed the wear and tear of a rugged mountain life, and the anxieties and disquietudes of a rugged Ishmaelitic war. The children were models of grace and beauty, which revealed themselves through dirt and rags.

On May 19, 1883, camp was moved five or six miles to a position giving the usual abundance of water and rather better grass. It was a small park in the centre of a thick growth of young pines. Upon unsaddling, the Chiricahuas were counted, and found to number seventy, which total before noon had swollen to an even hundred, not including "Chihuahua" and those gone back with him.

The Chiricahuas were reserved, but good-humored. Several of them spoke Spanish flu-

ently. Rations were issued in small quantity, ponies being killed for meat. Two or three of the Indians bore fresh bullet-wounds from the late fight. On the succeeding evening, May 20, 1883, the Chiricahuas were again numbered at breakfast. They had increased to 121—sixty being women and girls, the remainder, old men, young men, and boys.

All said that "Chihuahua" and his comrades were hard at work gathering the tribe together and sending them in.

Toward eight o'clock a fearful hubbub was heard in the tall cliffs overlooking camp; Indians fully armed could be descried running about from crag to crag, evidently much perplexed and uncertain what to do. They began to interchange cries with those in our midst, and, after a brief interval, a couple of old squaws ventured down the face of the precipice, followed at irregular distances by warriors, who hid themselves in the rocks half-way down.

They asked whether they were to be hurt if they came in.



One of the scouts and one of the Chiricahuas went out to them to say that it made no difference whether they came in or not; that "Chihuahua" and all his people had surrendered, and that if these new arrivals came in during the day they should not be harmed; that until "Chihuahua" and the last of his band had had a chance to come in and bring Charlie McComas hostilities should be suspended. The Chiricahuas were still fearful of treachery and hung like hawks or vultures to the protecting shadows of inaccessible pinnacles one thousand feet above our position. Gradually their fears wore off, and in parties of two and three, by various trails, they made their way to General Crook's fire. They were a band of thirty-six warriors, led by "Geronimo," who had just returned from a bloody foray in Chihuahua. "Geronimo" expressed a desire to have a talk; but General Crook declined to have anything to do with him or his party beyond saying that they had now an opportunity to see for themselves that their own people were against them; that we had penetrated to places vaunted as impregnable;

that the Mexicans were coming in from all sides; and that "Geronimo" could make up his mind for peace or war just as he chose.

This reply disconcerted "Geronimo"; he waited for an hour, to resume the conversation, but received no encouragement. He and his warriors were certainly as fine-looking a lot of pirates as ever cut a throat or scuttled a ship; not one among them who was not able to travel forty to fifty miles a day over these gloomy precipices and along these gloomy cañons. In muscular development, lung and heart power, they were, without exception, the finest body of human beings I had ever looked upon. Each was armed with a breech-loading Winchester; most had nickel-plated revolvers of the latest pattern, and a few had also bows and lances. They soon began to talk with the Apache scouts, who improved the occasion to inform them that not only had they come down with General Crook, but that from both Sonora and Chihuahua Mexican soldiers might be looked for in swarms.

"Geronimo" was much humbled by this, and went a second time to General Crook to have a

talk. He assured him that he had always wanted to be at peace, but that he had been as much sinned against as sinning; that he had been ill-treated at the San Carlos and driven away; that the Mexicans had been most treacherous in their dealings with his people, and that he couldn't believe a word they said. They had made war upon his women and children, but had run like coyotes from his soldiers. He had been trying to open communications with the Mexican generals in Chihuahua to arrange for an exchange of prisoners. If General Crook would let him go back to San Carlos, and guarantee him just treatment, he would gladly work for his own living, and follow the path of peace. He simply asked for a trial; if he could not make peace, he and his men would die in these mountains, fighting to the last. He was not a bit afraid of Mexicans alone; but he could not hope to prolong a contest with Mexicans and Americans united, in these ranges, and with so many Apache allies assisting them. General Crook said but little; it amounted to this: that "Geronimo" could make up his mind as to what he wanted, peace or war.

May 21st was one of the busiest days of the expedition. "Geronimo," at early dawn, came to see General Crook, and told him he wished for peace. He earnestly promised amendment, and begged to be taken back to San Carlos. He asked permission to get all his people together, and said he had sent some of his young men off to hurry them in from all points. He could not get them to answer his signals, as they imagined them to be made by Apache scouts trying to ensnare them. Chiricahuas were coming in all the morning,—all ages, and both sexes,—sent in by "Chihuahua" and his party; most of these were mounted on good ponies, and all drove pack and loose animals before them. Early in the day there was seen winding through the pine timber a curious procession,—mostly young warriors, of an aggregate of thirty-eight souls,—driving steers and work cattle, and riding ponies and burros. All these were armed with Winchester and Springfield breech-loaders, with revolvers and lances whose blades were old cavalry sabres. The little boys carried revolvers, lances, and bows and arrows. This was the band of Kantenné (Looking-Glass), a

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young chief, who claimed to be a Mexican Apache and to belong to the Sierra Madre, in whose recesses he had been born and raised.

The question of feeding all these mouths was getting to be a very serious one. We had started out with sixty days' supplies, one-third of which had been consumed by our own command, and a considerable percentage lost or damaged when mules rolled over the precipices. The great heat of the sun had melted much bacon, and there was the usual wastage incident to movements in campaign. Stringent orders were given to limit issues to the lowest possible amount; while the Chiricahuas were told that they must cut and roast all the mescal to be found, and kill such cattle and ponies as could be spared. The Chiricahua young men assumed the duty of butchering the meat. Standing within five or six feet of a steer, a young buck would prod the doomed beast one lightning lance-thrust immediately behind the left fore-shoulder, and, with no noise other than a single bellow of fear and agony, the beef would fall forward upon its knees, dead.

Camp at this period presented a medley of

noises not often found united under a military standard. Horses were neighing, mules braying, and bells jingling, as the herds were brought in to be groomed. The ring of axes against the trunks of stout pines and oaks, the hum of voices, the squalling of babies, the silvery laughter of children at play, and the occasional music of an Apache fiddle or flute, combined in a pleasant discord which left the listener uncertain whether he was in the bivouac of grim-visaged war or among a band of school-children. Our Apache scouts—the Tontos especially—treated the Chiricahuas with dignified reserve: the Sierra Blancas (White Mountain) had intermarried with them, and were naturally more familiar, but all watched their rifles and cartridges very carefully to guard against treachery. The squaws kept at work, jerking and cooking meat and mescal for consumption on the way back to San Carlos. The entrails were the coveted portions, for the possession of which the more greedy or more muscular fought with frequency.

Two of these copper-skinned ladies engaged in a pitched battle; they rushed for each other

like a couple of infuriated Texas steers; hair flew, blood dripped from battered noses, and two "human forms divine" were scratched and torn by sharp nails accustomed to this mode of warfare. The old squaws chattered and gabbled, little children screamed and ran, warriors stood in a ring, and from a respectful distance gazed stolidly upon the affray. No one dared to interfere. There is no tiger more dangerous than an infuriated squaw; she's a fiend incarnate. The packers and soldiers looked on, discussing the points of the belligerents. "The little one's built like a hired man," remarks one critic. "Ya-as; but the old un's a *He*, and doan' you forget it." Two rounds settled the battle in favor of the older contestant, although the younger remained on the ground, her bleeding nostrils snorting defiance, her eyes blazing fire, and her tongue volleying forth Apache imprecations.

But all interest was withdrawn from this spectacle and converged upon a file of five wretched, broken-down Mexican women, one of whom bore a nursing baby, who had come within the boundaries of our camp and stood in mute terror, wonder, joy, and hope, unable to

realize that they were free. They were a party of captives seized by "Geronimo" in his last raid into Chihuahua. When washed, rested, and fed a small amount of food, they told a long, rambling story, which is here condensed: They were the wives of Mexican soldiers captured near one of the stations of the Mexican Central Railway just two weeks previously. Originally there had been six in the party, but "Geronimo" had sent back the oldest and feeblest with a letter to the Mexican general, saying that he wanted to make peace with the whites, and would do so, provided the Mexicans returned the Apache women and children held prisoners by them; if they refused, he would steal all the Mexican women and children he could lay hands on, and keep them as hostages, and would continue the war until he had made Sonora and Chihuahua a desert. The women went on to say that the greatest terror prevailed in Chihuahua at the mere mention of the name of "Geronimo," whom the peasantry believed to be the devil, sent to punish them for their sins.

"Geronimo" had killed the Mexican soldiers with rocks, telling his warriors he had no am-



munition to waste upon Mexicans. The women had suffered incredible torture climbing the rough skirts of lofty ranges, fording deep streams of icy-cold water, and breaking through morasses, jungles and forests. Their garments had been rent into rags by briars and brambles, feet and ankles scratched, torn, and swollen by contusions from sharp rocks. They said that when "Geronimo" had returned to the heart of the mountains, and had come upon one of our lately abandoned camps, his dismay was curious to witness. The Chiricahuas with him made a hurried but searching examination of the neighborhood, satisfied themselves that their enemies—the Americans—had gained access to their strongholds, and that they had with them a multitude of Apache scouts, and then started away in the direction of our present bivouac, paying no further heed to the captured women or to the hundreds of stolen stock they were driving away from Chihuahua. It may be well to anticipate a little, and say that the cattle in question drifted out on the back trail, getting into the foot-hills and falling into the hands of the Mexicans in pursuit, who

claimed their usual wonderful victory. The women did not dare to turn back, and, uncertain what course to pursue, stayed quietly by the half-dead embers of our old camp-fires, gathering up a few odds and ends of rags with which to cover their nakedness; and of cast-away food, which they devoured with the voracity of famished wolves. When morning dawned they arose, half frozen, from the couches they had made, and staggered along in the direction taken by the fleeing Chiricahuas, whom, as already narrated, they followed to where they now were.

And now they were free! Great God! Could it be possible?

The gratitude of these poor, ignorant, broken-down creatures welled forth in praise and glorification to God. "Praise be to the All-Powerful God!" ejaculated one. "And to the most Holy Sacrament!" echoed her companions. "Thanks to our Blessed Lady of Guadalupe!" "And to the most Holy Mary, Virgin of Soledad, who has taken pity upon us!" It brought tears to the eyes of the stoutest veterans to witness this line of unfortunates, reminding us of

our mothers, wives, sisters, and daughters. All possible kindness and attention were shown them.

The reaction came very near upsetting two, who became hysterical from over-excitement, and could not be assured that the Chiricahuas were not going to take them away. They did not recover their natural composure until the expedition had crossed the boundary line.

“Geronimo” had another interview with General Crook, whom he assured he wanted to make a peace to last forever. General Crook replied that “Geronimo” had waged such bloody war upon our people and the Mexicans that he did not care to let him go back to San Carlos; a howl would be raised against any man who dared to grant terms to an outlaw for whose head two nations clamored. If “Geronimo” were willing to lay down his arms and go to work at farming, General Crook would allow him to go back; otherwise the best thing he could do would be to remain just where he was and fight it out.

“I am not taking your arms from you,” said the General, “because I am not afraid of you

with them. You have been allowed to go about camp freely, merely to let you see that we have strength enough to exterminate you if we want to; and you have seen with your own eyes how many Apaches are fighting on our side and against you. In making peace with the Americans, you must also be understood as making peace with the Mexicans, and also that you are not to be fed in idleness, but set to work at farming or herding, and make your own living."

"Geronimo," in his reply, made known his contempt for the Mexicans, asserted that he had whipped them every time, and in the last fight with them hadn't lost a man. He would go to the San Carlos with General Crook and work at farming or anything else. All he asked for was fair play. He contended that it was unfair to start back to the San Carlos at that time, when his people were scattered like quail, and when the women and children now in our hands were without food or means of transportation. The old and the little ones could not walk. The Chiricahuas had many ponies and donkeys grazing in the different cañons.

Why not remain one week longer? "Loco" and all the other Chiricahuas would then have arrived; all the ponies would be gathered up; a plenty of mescal and pony-meat on hand, and the march could be made securely and safely. But if General Crook left the Sierra Madre, the Mexicans would come in to catch and kill the remnant of the band, with whom "Geronimo" would cast his fortunes.

General Crook acknowledged the justice of much which "Geronimo" had said, but declined to take any action not in strict accord with the terms of the convention. He would now move back slowly, so as not to crowd the young and feeble too much; they should have time to finish roasting mescal, and most of those now out could catch up with the column; but those who did not would have to take the chances of reaching San Carlos in safety.

"Geronimo" reiterated his desire for peace; said that he himself would start out to gather and bring in the remnants of his people, and he would cause the most diligent search to be made for Charlie McComas. If possible, he would join the Americans before they got out

of the Sierra Madre. If not, he would make his way to the San Carlos as soon as this could be done without danger; "but," concluded he, "I will remain here until I have gathered up the last man, woman, and child of the Chiricahuas."

All night long the Chiricahuas and the Apache scouts danced together in sign of peace and good-will. The drums were camp-kettles partly filled with water and covered tightly with a well-soaked piece of calico. The drumsticks were willow saplings curved into a hoop at one extremity. The beats recorded one hundred to the minute, and were the same dull, solemn thump which scared Cortez and his beleaguered followers during *la Noche triste*. No Caucasian would refer to it as music; nevertheless, it had a fascination all its own comparable to the whir-r-r of a rattlesnake. And so the song, chanted to the measure of the drumming, had about it a weird harmony which held listeners spell-bound. When the dance began, two old hags, white-haired and stiff with age, pranced in the centre of the ring, warming up under the stimulus of the chorus until they

became lively as crickets. With them were two or three naked boys of very tender years. The ring itself included as many as two hundred Indians of both sexes, whose varied costumes of glittering hues made a strange setting to the scene as the dancers shuffled and sang in the silvery rays of the moon and the flickering light of the camp-fires.

On May 23, 1883, rations were issued to 220 Chiricahuas, and, soon after, Nané, one of the most noted and influential of the Chiricahua chiefs, rode into camp with seventeen of his people. He has a strong face, marked with intelligence, courage, and good nature, but with an understratum of cruelty and vindictiveness. He has received many wounds in his countless fights with the whites, and limps very perceptibly in one leg. He reported that Chiricahuas were coming in by every trail, and that all would go to the San Carlos as soon as they collected their families.

On the 24th of May the march back to the San Carlos began. All the old Chiricahuas were piled on mules, donkeys, and ponies; so were the weak little children and feeble women.

The great majority streamed along on foot, nearly all wearing garlands of cotton-wood foliage to screen them from the sun. The distance traveled was not great, and camp was made by noon.

The scene at the Bávispe River was wonderfully picturesque. Sit down on this flat rock and feast your eyes upon the silver waves flashing in the sun. Don't scare that little girl who is about to give her baby brother a much-needed bath. The little dusky brat—all eyes—is looking furtively at you and ready to bawl if you draw nearer. Opposite are two old crones filling *ollas* (jugs or jars) of basket-work, rendered fully water-proof by a coating of either mesquite or piñon pitch. Alongside of them are two others, who are utilizing the entrails of a cow for the same purpose. The splash and yell on your right, as you correctly divine, come from an Apache "Tom Sawyer," who will one day mount the gallows. The friendly greeting and request for "tobacco shmoke" are proffered by one of the boys, who has kindly been eating a big portion of your

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meals for several days past, and feels so friendly toward you that he announces himself in a pleasant, off-hand sort of way as your "*Sikisn*" (brother). Behind you are grouped Apache scouts, whose heads are encircled with red flannel bandages, and whose rifles and cartridges are never laid aside. Horses and mules plunge belly-deep into the sparkling current; soldiers come and go, some to drink, some to get buckets filled with water, and some to soak neck, face, and hands, before going back to dinner.

In this camp we remained several days. The old and young squaws had cut and dried large packages of jerked beef, and had brought down from the hillsides donkey-loads of mescal heads, which were piled in ovens of hot stones covered with wet grass and clay. The process of roasting, or rather steaming, mescal takes from three to four days, and resembles somewhat the mode of baking clams in New England. The Apache scouts passed the time agreeably enough in gambling with the Chiricahuas, whom they fleeced unmercifully, win-

ning hundreds of dollars in gold, silver, and paper at the games of *monte*, *conquien*, *tzi-chis*, and *mushka*.

The attractive pools of the Bávispe wooed groups of white soldiers and packers, and nearly the whole strength of the Chiricahua women and children, who disported in the refreshing waters with the agility and grace of nereids and tritons. The modesty of the Apaches of both sexes, under all circumstances, is praiseworthy.

“Chato” and “Loco” told General Crook this morning that “Geronimo” had sent them back to say that the Chiricahuas were very much scattered since the fight, and that he had not been as successful as he anticipated in getting them united and in corralling their herds of ponies. They did not want to leave a single one of their people behind, and urged General Crook to stay in his present camp for a week longer, if possible. “Loco,” for his part, expressed himself as anxious for peace. He had never wished to leave San Carlos. He wanted to go back there and obtain a little farm, and own cattle and horses, as he once did. Here it

may be proper to say that all the chiefs of the Chiricahuas—"Geronimo," "Loco," "Chato," "Nané," "Bonito," "Chihuahua," "Maugas," "Zelé," and "Kantenné"—are men of noticeable brain power, physically perfect and mentally acute—just the individuals to lead a forlorn hope in the face of every obstacle.

The Chiricahua children, who had become tired of swimming, played at a new sport to-day, a mimic game of war, a school of practice analogous to that established by old Fagan for the instruction of young London pickpockets. Three boys took the lead, and represented Mexicans, who endeavored to outrun, hide from, or elude their pursuers, who trailed them to their covert, surrounded it, and poured in a flight of arrows. One was left for dead, stretched upon the ground, and the other two were seized and carried into captivity. The fun became very exciting, so much so that the corpse, ignoring the proprieties, raised itself up to see how the battle sped.

In such sports, in such constant exercise, swimming, riding, running up and down the steepest and most slippery mountains, the

Apache passes his boyish years. No wonder his bones are of iron, his sinews of wire, his muscles of India-rubber.

On May 27, 1883, the Chiricahuas had finished roasting enough mescal to last them to the San Carlos. One of the Apache scouts came running in very much excited. He told his story to the effect that, while hunting some distance to the north, he had discovered a large body of Mexican soldiers; they were driving back the band of cattle run off by "Geronimo," and previously referred to. The scout tried to communicate with the Mexicans, who imagined him to be a hostile Indian, and fired three shots at him. Lieutenant Forsyth, Al. Zeiber, and a small detachment of white and Indian soldiers started out to overtake the Mexicans. This they were unable to do, although they went some fifteen miles.

On the 28th, 29th, and 30th of May the march was continued back toward the San Carlos. The rate of progress was very slow, the Mexican captives not being able to ride any great distance along the rough trails, and several of our men being sick. Two of the

scouts were so far gone with pneumonia that their death was predicted every hour, in spite of the assurances of the "medicine-men" that their incantations would bring them through all right. "Geronimo," "Chato," "Kantenné," and "Chihuahua" came back late on the night of the 28th, leading a large body of 116 of their people, making an aggregate of 384 in camp on the 29th.

On the 30th, after a march, quite long under the circumstances,—fifteen to eighteen miles,—we crossed the main divide of the Sierra Madre at an altitude of something over 8,000 feet. The pine timber was large and dense, and much of it on fire, the smoke and heat parching our throats, and blackening our faces.

With this pine grew a little mescal and a respectable amount of the *madroña*, or mountain mahogany. Two or three deer were killed by the Apache scouts, and as many turkeys; trout were visible in all the streams. The line of march was prolific in mineral formations,—basalt, lava, sandstone, granite, and limestone. The day the command descended the Chihuahua side of the range it struck the trail of a

large body of Mexican troops, and saw an inscription cut into the bark of a mahogany stating that the Eleventh Battalion had been here on the 21st of May.

The itinerary of the remainder of the homeward march may be greatly condensed. The line of travel lay on the Chihuahua side and close to the summit of the range. The country was extremely rough, cut up with rocky cañons beyond number and ravines of great depth, all flowing with water. Pine forests covered all the elevated ridges, but the cañons and lower foothills had vegetation of a different character: oak, juniper, maple, willow, rose, and blackberry bushes, and strawberry vines. The weather continued almost as previously described,—the days clear and serene, the nights bitter cold, with ice forming in pails and kettles on the 2d and 3d of June. No storms worthy of mention assailed the command, the sharp showers that fell two or three times being welcomed as laying the soot and dust.

Game was found in abundance,—deer and turkey. This the Apache scouts were permitted to shoot and catch, to eke out the

rations which had completely failed, the last issue being made June 4th. From that date till June 11th, inclusive, all hands lived upon the country. The Apaches improved the excellent opportunity to show their skill as hunters and their accuracy with fire-arms.

The command was threatened by a great prairie fire on coming down into the broad grassy valley of the Janos. Under the impetus of a fierce wind the flames were rushing upon camp. There was not a moment to be lost. All hands turned out,—soldiers, scouts, squaws, Chiricahua warriors, and even children. Each bore a branch of willow or cottonwood, a blanket, or scrap of canvas. The conflagration had already seized the hill-crest nearest our position; brownish and gray clouds poured skyward in compact masses; at their feet a long line of scarlet flame flashed and leaped high in air. It was a grand, a terrible sight: in front was smiling nature, behind, ruin and desolation. The heat created a vacuum, and the air, pouring in, made whirlwinds, which sent the black funnels of soot winding and twisting with the symmetry of hour-glasses

almost to the zenith. For one moment the line of fire paused, as if to rest after gaining the hill top; it was only a moment. "Here she comes!" yelled the men on the left; and like a wild beast flinging high its tawny mane of cloud and flashing its fangs of flame, the fire was upon, around, and about us.

Our people stood bravely up to their work, and the swish! swish! swish! of willow brooms proved that camp was not to be surrendered without a struggle.

We won the day; that is, we saved camp, herds, and a small area of pasturage; but over a vast surface of territory the ruthless flames swept, mantling the land with soot and an opaque pall of mist and smoke through which the sun's rays could not penetrate. Several horses and mules were badly burned, but none to death.

For two or three nights afterwards the horizon was gloriously lighted with lines of fire creeping over the higher ridges. As we debouched into the broad plain, through which trickled the shriveled current of the Janos, no



one would have suspected that we were not a column of Bedouins. A long caravan, stretched out for a mile upon the trail, resolved itself upon closer approach into a confused assemblage of ponies, horses, and mules, with bundles or without, but in every case freighted with humanity. Children were packed by twos and threes, while old women and feeble men got along as best they could, now riding, now walking. The scouts had decked themselves with paint and the Chiricahua women had donned all their finery of rough silver bracelets, wooden crosses, and saints' pictures captured from Mexicans. This undulating plain, in which we now found ourselves, spread far to the north and east, and was covered with bunch and *grama* grasses, and dotted with cedar. The march brought us to Alisos Creek (an affluent of the Janos), a thousand yards or more above the spot where the Mexican commander García, had slaughtered so many Chiricahua women and children. Human bones, picked white and clean by coyotes, glistened in the sandy bed of the stream. Apache baskets and other furni-

ture were strewn about. A clump of graves headed by rude crosses betrayed the severity of the loss inflicted upon the Mexicans.

Between the 5th and 8th of June we crossed back (west) into Sonora, going over the asperous peak known as the Cocospera.

In this vicinity were many varieties of mineral—granite gneiss, porphyry, conglomerate, shale, sandstone, and quartz,—and travel was as difficult almost as it had been in the earlier days of the march. We struck the head waters of Pitisco Creek, in a very rugged cañon, then Elias Creek, going through another fine game region, and lastly, after crossing a broad tableland mantled with *grama* grass, mesquite, Spanish bayonet, and Palo Verde, mescal, and palmilla, bivouacked on the San Bernardino River, close to a tule swamp of blue, slimy mud.

The scouts plastered their heads with this mud, and dug up the bulbs of the tule, which, when roasted, are quite palatable.

On the 15th of June the command recrossed the national boundary, and reached Silver Springs, Arizona, the camp of the reserve under Colonel Biddle, from whom and from all of

whose officers and men we received the warmest conceivable welcome. Every disaster had been predicted and asserted regarding the column, from which no word had come, directly or indirectly since May 5th. The Mexican captives were returned to their own country and the Chiricahuas marched, under Crawford, to the San Carlos Agency.

Unfortunately the papers received at Silver Springs were full of inflammatory telegrams, stating that the intention of the government was to hang all the Chiricahua men, without distinction, and to parcel out the women and children among tribes in the Indian Territory. This news, getting among the Chiricahuas, produced its legitimate result. Several of the chiefs and many of the head men hid back in the mountains until they could learn exactly what was to be their fate. The Mexican troops went in after them, and had two or three severe engagements, and were, of course, whipped each time. When the road was clear the Chiricahuas kept their promises to the letter, and brought to the San Carlos the last man, woman, and child of their people.

They have been quietly scattered in small groups around the reservation, the object being to effect tribal disintegration, to bring individuals and families face to face with the progress made by more peaceable Apaches, and at same time to enable trusted members of the latter bands to maintain a more perfect surveillance over every action of the Chiricahuas.

Charlie McComas was never found; the Chiricahuas insist, and I think truthfully, that he was in the *ranchería* destroyed by Crawford; that he escaped, terror-stricken, to the depths of the mountains; that the country was so rough, the timber and brush-wood so thick that his tracks could not be followed, even had there not been such a violent fall of rain during the succeeding nights. All accounts agree in this.

Altogether the Chiricahuas delivered up thirteen captives,—women and children,—held by them as hostages.





CONTINUED FROM FRONT MATTER

ship, possessed a sharp eye, a vivid style and a sardonic sense of humor—all of which are exemplified in this book—which supplements the materials in his classic *On The Border With Crook*. This republication—the first since 1886—restores to print a neglected and important piece of Western Americana. It is reprinted almost *verbatim*; the only significant change has been the spelling of Geronimo's name which, in the original, was spelled "Hieronimo."

J. Frank Dobie, a shrewd and able judge of values in Western History, has written the introduction.

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