

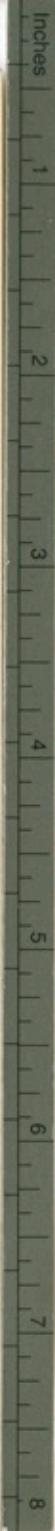
STORY.

Published in Newspaper.

No. 18, Vol. 9.

SUBJECT:

Chie, or A Young Apache Chief.



STORY
Published in Newspaper.

No. 18, Vol. 2.

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Chief, or a Young Agents Chief.

duplicate copy

The Story of Chie.

A Young Apache Chief Who Was Manly and Grateful.

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~~On my second journey to Arizona and New Mexico~~ I made
the acquaintance of the son of an Indian chief who was slain ^{years ago} by
one of our officers. The chief's name was Mangus Colorado. ~~The~~
story is that ~~he~~ ^{in a tent} ~~was shut up~~ ^{shut up} with several other leading Indians in
a Sibley tent; ~~that~~ his brother, Cochise, cut his way out, but
~~that~~ those who remained in the tent were killed and their bodies
hung up in Apache Pass where they remained until they became
~~mere~~ skeletons. Cochise who, at the time of my visit to his
stronghold in Arizona, told me this story; ^{he added} ~~and then said~~ that he
had been an enemy to ^{us} ~~the white men~~ ever since, and ~~that he~~ had
slain at least ten white men for every Indian they had killed
belonging to his tribe.

^{found}
The young man, the son of Mangus Colorado, was not with
Cochise and his band in Arizona, but at a wretched station in New
Mexico called Tulerosa. He was in 1872 apparently about twenty
years of age, ~~He was~~ very neat in his attire, having a pictur-
esque Indian dress of deerskin, ^{which was} ornamented with beads and fringes.
Very pretty moccasins embroirdered in front and covering his
ankles gave a handsome appearance to his small feet. His hands,
too, were of small size and his features ~~were~~ regular, ~~and a~~
~~choice in structure as you could expect in the Indian race.~~ He
was ~~about~~ five feet ten inches tall and straight as an arrow, ^{and}
~~he~~ seldom wore anything on his head. His black hair ^{had} ~~was in~~ sev-
eral short braids falling upon his neck which looked as if some

The Story of Chile.

A Young Apache Chief Who Was Manly and Grateful.

On my second journey to Arizona and New Mexico I made the acquaintance of the son of an Indian chief who was slain by one of our officers. The chief's name was Mangus Colorado. The story is that he was about with several other leading Indians in a Sibley tent; that his brother, Cochise, cut his way out but that those who remained in the tent were killed and their bodies hung up in Apache Pass where they remained until they became mere skeletons. Cochise who, at the time of my visit to his stronghold in Arizona, told me this story, and then said that he had been an enemy to the white men ever since and that he had slain at least ten white men for every Indian they had killed belonging to his tribe.

The young man, the son of Mangus Colorado, was not with Cochise and his band in Arizona but at a wretched station in New Mexico called Tuberosa. He was in 1872 apparently about twenty years of age. He was very neat in his attire having a picturesque Indian dress of deer skin, ornamented with beads and fringes. Very pretty moccasins embroidered in front and covering his ankles gave a handsome appearance to his small feet. His hands, too, were of small size and his features were regular and fine. He was about five feet ten inches tall and straight as an arrow. He seldom wore anything on his head. His black hair was in several short braids falling upon his neck which looked as if some

one had aided him as mothers do their daughters in ~~making up that~~
~~part of his toilet.~~ He was ~~exceedingly~~ ^{very} athletic. He would ^{often} ~~would~~ ^{left}
~~leave~~ his young wife and child to hunt game for the officers and
 never came back to camp empty handed. The officers of the
 neighboring garrison said "Chie is a good boy, always reliable."
 Some of the doubtful would say: ~~that~~ "he is good for an Indian."

When I came to Tulerosa I found there the famous scout
 and interpreter, Jeffords, who was the only man that Cochise in
 his vengeful forays had spared. ~~Cochise once saved his life~~
~~when his Indians slew a whole stage full of travellers who were~~
~~being driven along the Tucson road not far from Apache Pass. He~~
~~had spared him again when he had gone alone into his stronghold~~
~~to the Dragoon mountains of Arizona.~~ ^{He} ^{accompanied} ~~This scout agreed to go~~
~~with me to find the terrible chieftain.~~ ^{if = Little Chie} ^{would go with us}
 After my first inter-
 view, Jeffords sought out Chie or "Little Chie" as he called him,
 and asked him if he would not go with me and himself on the long
 journey from Tulerosa to the Dragoon mountains. Chie ^{said} ~~replied~~,
 "I will be glad to go with you and General Howard if ~~he~~ General
 Howard ~~will~~ give my wife a horse. As he firmly held to that
 condition I procured a horse for him and another for his wife.
~~I think his~~ ^{his} first idea was to let her and her ~~little~~ ^{with our party,} child ride
 with our party, ^{but later was induced to leave them} ~~but when I agreed to take all the Indians who~~
~~were there back to their old home near the Rio Grande to a beau-~~
~~tiful spot where there was a warm spring and a well watered and~~
~~fertile country which they called Canada Alamosa, he concluded to~~
~~let his wife and baby remain with the tribe.~~

one had aided him as mothers do their daughters in making up that part of his toilet. He was exceedingly athletic. He would leave his young wife and child to hunt game for the officers and never came back to camp empty handed. The officers of the neighboring Garrison said Chie is a good boy, always reliable. Some of the doubtful would say "he is good for an Indian." When I came to Tuleza I found there the famous scout and interpreter, Jeffords, who was the only man that Cochise in his vengeful forays had spared. Cochise once saved his life when his Indians slew a whole stage full of travelers who were being driven along the Tucson road not far from Apache Pass. He had spared him again when he had gone alone into his stronghold in the Pigeon mountains of Arizona. This account agreed to me with me to find the terrible chief. After my first interview Jeffords brought out Chie or "Little Chie" as he called him, and asked him if he would not go with me and himself on the long journey from Tuleza to the Pigeon mountains. Chie replied, "I will be glad to go with you and General Howard if he (General Howard) will give my wife a horse. As he firmly held to that condition I procured a horse for him and another for his wife. I think the first idea was to let her and her child ride with our party, but when I agreed to take all the Indians who were there back to their old home near the Rio Grande to a beautiful spot where there was a warm spring and a well watered and fertile country which they called Canada Alamosa, he concluded to let his wife and baby remain with the tribe.

Ponce

In a similar way another young Indian of importance was induced to go with us. ~~His name was Ponce.~~ I could not get a horse for Ponce so I let him ride behind me for I had a ~~strong~~ ^{powerful} ~~powerful~~ horse ~~a part of the time and later~~ ^{and later} by exchange, a good sized ~~saddle~~ mule. Sometimes I would ride and Ponce walk and sometimes it was a relief for me to walk and let Ponce ride. By this method of transportation he and I became very chummy; but Chie seemed to be ^{me} more affectionate ^{after a few days} and became strongly attached to me ~~after a few days of campaigning together.~~

~~He~~ left his Indian people and those of Ponce in the valley of the Rio Grande where I had provided for their proper entertainment near a general merchandise store which were so often found in those days on the frontier. The trader was very glad to supply the Indians and charge the same to our Indian Department. It was a party of nine which started West. We kept on together for hundreds of miles until we came near the Mogill ~~on~~ mountains on the borders of Arizona. We had many adventures ^{along the way} where our Indians were exposed to extreme danger. ~~from~~ ^{the} roughest of white men, prospectors and miners. At these

times I was able to give prompt and adequate protection to both Ponce and Chie. ~~Chie was more frightened than I had seen him and said: "I will make a man for that white man."~~

When we were nearing the first mountain range Chie ran out ahead some two hundred yards or more and commenced making ~~fires and~~ smokes. There was a little gum tree growing there which would catch from a lighted match and blaze up quickly with puffs of ~~smoke~~. Chie made nine of these as near in a circle as

Chie trembling immediately said ^{to me} in Spanish, "I will do as much for you when we come to the Indians."

One rough prospector whom brother had been killed by a party of suddenly seized his rifle & screaming he would kill us. Chie & Ponce arrived at Chie's & stepped into the house & said "I saw that man running with a pistol & he killed us."

In a similar way another young Indian of importance was induced to go with me. His name was Ponce. I could not get a horse for Ponce so I let him ride behind me for I had a powerful horse a part of the time and later, by exchange, a good sized saddle horse. Sometimes I would ride and Ponce walk and sometimes it was a relief for me to walk and let Ponce ride. By this method of transportation he and I became very chummy; but Chie seemed to be more affectionate and became strongly attached to me after a few days of campaigning together.

He left his Indian people and those of Ponce in the valley of the Rio Grande where I had provided for their proper entertainment near a general merchandise store which were so often found in those days on the frontier. The trader was very glad to supply the Indians and charge the same to our Indian Department. It was a party of nine which started West. We kept on together for hundreds of miles until we came near the Mojave mountains on the borders of Arizona. We had many adventures where our Indians were exposed to extreme danger. At these times I was able to give prompt and adequate protection to both Ponce and Chie.

When we were nearing the first mountain range Chie ran out ahead some two hundred yards or more and commenced making fire and smoke. There was a little gas tree growing there which would catch from a lighted match and blaze up quickly with bursts of smoke. Chie made nine of these as near in a circle as

~~he could~~
~~was practicable.~~ Then he commenced barking precisely like a coyote. He was soon answered by another voice of the same nature from the woods on the mountain side. When I raised my field glass ~~to my eyes~~ I saw him running up the slope and shortly after another Indian meeting him. While they stopped to talk with each other we pushed on, led by Ponce, to find ourselves in a few minutes near a spring of water, the only one in that neighborhood. Before the expiration of a half hour we were surrounded by a small band of Cochise's Indians and were talking with the sub-chief who was there with his band, ~~probably~~ on out-post duty; ~~for~~ ^{still} it was ~~yet~~ over a hundred miles to the stronghold of his chief.

On advice of the Indians we diminished our party to three white men and two Indians, namely to Jeffords, the interpreter, Sladen, my aide, Ponce, Chie and myself. After passing over the Chiracaua range we came to Sulphur Springs on the Tucson road where there was a ranch kept for the stages by a man by the name of Rodgers. It was usually called "Rodgers Ranch". Here there was good grass, and plenty of water. Rodgers had a guard of soldiers from Camp Bowie, ^{located} twenty-five miles to the eastward near Apache Pass. When Rodgers was without this guard he had the protection of several fierce dogs. When I went into camp that night I was spreading my robe made of the skin of a mountain sheep and looking up I saw that the Indians hesitated to ~~put down~~ ^{spread} their blankets and lie down as usual. I inquired what was the matter. Chie answered that they were afraid of the dogs. These

was ~~precisely~~ ^{he could} Then he commenced parking precisely like a coyote. He was soon answered by another voice of the same nature from the woods on the mountain side. When I raised my field glass to ~~see~~ I saw him running up the slope and shortly after another Indian meeting him. While they stopped to talk with each other we pushed on, led by Ponce, to find ourselves in a few minutes near a spring of water, the only one in that neighborhood. Before the expiration of a half hour we were surrounded by a small band of Goshute's Indians and were talking with the sub-chief who was there with his band, ~~probably~~ on outpost duty. For it was yet over a hundred miles to the stronghold of his chief.

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dogs were trained to keep off Indians and they were ugly to them. I invited Chie to come and share my humble bed. He thought that my robe was a bear skin and so he cried out, "Shosh no bueno!" Shosh means bear in Apache so that he really said, ~~mixing the two languages~~, "Bear, no good!" I settled the matter by putting away my robe and using only blankets. He slept near me and was thus protected from the dogs while Ponce had like entertainment with Jeffords, the interpreter.

I will not give ^{more} ~~the~~ incidents of this journey only to say that the next morning Chie was able to leave us in camp on the West side of the Dragoon range close by a beautiful running creek, and proceed into the stronghold of the great chieftain, as our forerunner. Before night he had sent word to us to join him; and we found our way, guided by two Indian lads, into the terrible stronghold. There was an inlet and there was an outlet but we were hemmed in with the Indians upon a large grass plot by natural walls almost perpendicular from one to two hundred feet in height, apparently sustained by the natural debris at the base. A stream of water coursed rapidly through this singular plateau. We were doubly at the mercy of the Indians.

The old chieftain did not show himself till the next day. At the first interview after his arrival Chie pleaded my case strongly with his uncle. He showed him what a friend I had been ^{to him} ~~to the Indians~~, and how I had returned Apache children ^{to their people} that wicked men had carried off and scattered among families in Arizona and Mexico ~~to their relatives~~; and he assured him that I would make a

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peace for his tribe. I ~~regarded~~ ^{found} Chie then as an able advocate and a faithful mediator.

At last when it became necessary for me to go to Camp Bowie, leaving the stronghold about five o'clock in the evening, I was obliged to place Jeffords ^{and} ~~Sladen and the Indians~~ as hostages for my return and for the fulfilment of my promises. I asked Cochise to let me have one of his Indians as a guide.

One after another refused to go. They were afraid and said,

"The peace is not made, we shall be killed." ^{The brave} ~~My young friend~~

^{fully realizing the danger} Chie stepped forward and said, "I will go!" ^{He then asked} ~~with General Howard if~~

Captain Jeffords ~~will~~ ^{him} let me have his mule. This arrangement

was made and we set out together. We were obliged to pass over the top of that rough range. Soon darkness came on and we could only ^{get on} go guided by the stars. No path could be followed that

night. Chie would go ahead of me and when the road was bad he would cry out, "Camino no bueno!" That is, "The path not good!" Then I would halt till I would hear his cry again,

"Camino bueno!" Then I would follow on. We managed to descend the east side of the mountain by following ravine after ravine, avoiding precipices as best we could. My clothing was sadly rent and my hands and face scratched, but Chie had better material in his deerskin dress to resist the ^{thorns} ~~vents~~ but he did not escape the scratches on his forehead and hands. How happy we were when we emerged upon the foot hills that night. We both began to whistle. Chie and I knew so few Spanish words that we could not extend our conversation and the only English that I heard him speak was "Milky-way."

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could not extend our conversation and the only English that I
heard him speak was "Miky-way."

We came again to Rodgers' ranch. We rested our mules and made Rodgers himself harness two little mules that belonged to him to a low wagon which had a floor of poles. Upon this, rolling ourselves in our robes, we slept very comfortably while Rodgers drove us over the twenty-five miles of rough riding. When we were passing through Apache Pass approaching the post of Camp Bowie Chie and I were awake. He was very sad and I could only take his hand in sympathy. It was there that his father had been slain by my countrymen and left to decay. Once Chie had asked Jeffords, "Why did the white men kill my father?" Jeffords could only answer, "It was bad white men who killed your father." Good white men would not have done it."

Cochise had said in my first talk with him, "Why not give us Apache Pass? There my brother ^{Chie's father} and other Indians were slain. Apache Pass has never been cleansed since then. Give us Apache Pass and we will purify the place." The Indians had some ceremony by which they believed they could clear out the bad spirits that still hovered ~~around~~ ^{there} in the pass.

Chie continued my friend during all that wonderful expedition and was always a friend to the interpreter and to the white men till Captain Jeffords, whom I had left as an agent for the whole tribe then located at Sulphur Springs, had been removed and another agent appointed. This other agent brought there a large cavalry force and carried the five hundred Indians away in a body to San Carlos, at least a hundred miles distant, and put them with Indians with whom they had never affiliated.

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Cochise's Indians kept the peace as long as he lived but they broke out and began to ravage the country after that forced removal to San Carlos. Then I have understood that Chie joined the hostiles whom Geronimo commanded and perished in that war with Crook and Miles, which ended in their complete subjugation and transference to the East. It was almost an extermination.

*was so much
who showed me such gratitude*

Chie would have made a fine scholar and an able man could he have had the opportunities which fell to his cousin, Antonio Apache, of whom your readers have heard.

*children of the same tribe now enjoy at
Barclay & elsewhere*

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 could he have had the opportunities which fell to his lot.
 Antonio Aguirre, of whom your readers have heard.

*Children of the same tribe were employed in
 Goshute's household*