THE INSTINCTS OF INDIAN CHILDREN.

A friend writing me the other day intimated that my life was once saved by some 'papoose.' This is hardly correct version of the story. Permit me to call a few scenes that were preliminary to the event referred to.

Along the western slope of the Dragoon range of mountains, and some fourteen or fifteen miles south of the Tucson wagon-road, issues a stream of water, clear as crystal healthful, cool and refreshing. Near the foothills through which the brooklet flows, were in 1872 several liveoak trees short and stumpy, yet having sufficient expanse to afford us agreeable shade. Under one of these trees between eight and nine in the morning, my party consisting of three white men and two New Mexico Apaches made a halt.

We unsaddled our horses and mules and relieved the pack-animals from their tiresome loads. We had made a long journey of several hundred miles from the eastward, having already crossed three ranges of mountains, and except a short in a dry camp, we had continued our march through the previous night; the sun was very hot and any experienced traveller in warm climes can realize the sudden animation, the manifestation of joy which the whole party took on, including the animals, when our eyes fell upon the pearling stream, the bordering grass and the shade-trees roundabout; we were fatigued and greatly needed sleep, yet, the first thing we did was to get our breakfast and spread it upon our canvas table extended upon the ground.

As we sat, the five of us, Captain Sladen, Mr. Jeffords the interpreter, Ponce and Chico, the two Indians
eating our meager fare and sipping our coffee, we tried to plan for the next steps in hunting for the old chief, who had so long eluded our search. Ponce said something which Jeffords interpreted: "he is yonder"—pointing northward to a jaggy cliff a few miles away. Next, with only one remark, our handsome young house Indian—son of Mangus Colorado—whom I called Chie, sprang up and ran straight to the jagged cliff. As I watched him ascending the height, I asked "What did he say?" I was told that it was something to the effect "I will go to the old chief's camp." All the rest down in the comfortable shade, and slept till it was time for the next meal.

It was now in the afternoon. After our dinner had been cooked and quietly eaten, Ponce called our attention to a distant object; it was evidently a horse coming toward us from the north-west, and when somewhat nearer, with our glasses we saw that the horse was carrying two Indians. We waited with some curiosity for their approach; when near enough, we descried that the Indians were two lads, one about ten, the other perhaps fourteen years of age. They had no saddle, but were guiding with the customary rope-bridle tied around the under jaw of the horse. They came to our party, dismounted, sat down quietly, ate some crackers and drank some coffee that we gave them, meanwhile hardly speaking a word, certainly nothing to indicate the object of their visit. The eldest said in Apache, which was transmitted to me through Spanish into English by Ponce and Jeffords, "Chie says you are to come!"

At once we packed up the animals, packed saddle and mouned. The boys pointed the direction for us to take, but never go ahead; they admired our clothes, boots, spurs and other things, surveying each article and studying it with minuteness. We followed the path by which they had come for, should think, six or seven miles; first northward and then westward...
I am writing to inform you that the government has approved the transfer of my current position to a new location. I will be moving to [new location] and begin my duties on [date].

Please let me know if there are any formalities or procedures I need to follow regarding the transfer. Any assistance or guidance you can provide would be greatly appreciated.

I look forward to working with you and your team in my new role.

Sincerely,

[Your Name]
passing into the heart of the Dragoon range; we passed a narrow defile and then issued into a sudden opening, a tract of about forty acres of grassland; here this opening appeared surrounded by walls varying in height from one hundred to three hundred feet; a stream of water coursed through the middle — the debris of rocks had formed gentle slopes along the boundaries of the place and a few live-oaks gave variety to the landscape, so hemmed in, and shelter to the inhabitants, a shelter only needed a few hours about midday.

The inhabitants were the old men, women and children of the robber chieftain and his captains, as he called them, with their various followers, who had gone out in different directions through Mexico, New Mexico and Arizona "to get their living." One sub-chieft — a vigorous young Indian about thirty years of age, I should judge, — named Nahta, was in charge of the camp. Cochise himself was not yet to be seen.

It was sun-down when we arrived. After we had arranged our camp and spread our blankets on the ground for a bed, Nahta gathered his people around our camp-fire, which was lighted more for the cheer of it than from any necessity. Ponce and Chie conversed with him, and gave the substance of what Nahta said. The talk was not very cheery, nor very hopeful. We must wait and see; the answer would come "manana!" (tomorrow). Perhaps the most aggravating word in the Spanish language is that word manana, particularly when it is repeated: manana — manana! The circumstances are the more trying when your life or your death hangs upon the word.

The bright scene ended when our party broke up, the women and the old men went away to the sloping debris for their night-camps. Without further waiting we pillowed our heads upon our saddles, and stretched ourselves upon the ground with one blanket for a bed, and one for cover.
The little children, who had already received tid-bits from our evening meal, some of who had undertaken to teach us the beautiful Apache language, lingered in our bivouac, and several of them lay down confidingly upon my blanket. I said to Jeffords and Sladen "This does not mean war!"

I took their conduct as a harbinger of peace, as we all did, and so slept comfortably till the morning-light. During that morning the old chieftain with his tall figure and dignified deportment revealed himself to us, coming from some unknown snuggery, listened to our Indians and our story, and we began then and there the negotiations of a peace which lasted as long as he lived.

Governor's Island, N.Y.
December 18th 1833.

O.O. Howard
Brig.-General U.S. Army

1020 words
0.04
For The Vace
New York City 18-20 Astor Place

Manuscript
The Secretary of
Indian Affairs

Dec. 10 93
Sent Dec. 15 93

[Handwritten text in red ink]
Auction
Written for the Peace
Announced Jan 17, 1844

No. 3
1 40'd Cyp, fed with
500 cwt., M. S. S.

Heard
The grievances of Indian Children
(Cookier's Thanksgiving in Aug 1872)
( For "THE VOICE"

New York City.

THE INSTINCTS of INDIAN CHILDREN
(Cochise, Strong Head)
in August, 1872...

A friend writing me the other day intimated that my life was once saved by some "papouses." This is hardly a correct version of the story. Permit me to depict a few scenes that were preliminary to the event referred to.

Along the western slope of the Dragoon range of Mountains in Arizona, and some fourteen or fifteen miles south of the Tucson wagon-road issues a stream of water, clear as crystal, healthful, cool and refreshing. Near the foothills through which the brooklet flows, were in 1872 several liveoak trees, short and stumpy, yet having sufficient expanse to afford us agreeable shade. Under one of these trees between eight and nine in the morning, my party consisting of three white men and two 'New Mexico' Apaches, made a halt.

We unsaddled our horses and mules and relieved the pack-animals from their tiresome loads. We had made a long journey of several hundred miles from the eastward, having already crossed three ranges of mountains, and except a short halt in a dry camp, we had continued our march through the previous night; the sun was here very hot and any experienced traveller in warm climes can realize the sudden animation, aye, the manifestation of joy which the whole party took on, not exclud-
...
ing the animals, when our eyes fell upon the pearling stream, the bordering grass-plats and the shade trees roundabout; we were fatigued and greatly needed sleep, yet, the first we did was to get our breakfast and spread it upon our canvass table which was extended upon the ground.

As we sat under the shade of the oak, the five of us, Captain Slade, Mr. Jeffers, the interpreter, Ponce and Chie (the two Indians) eating our meagre fare and sipping our coffee, we tried to plan for the next steps in hunting for the old chief, who had so long eluded our search. Ponce said something which Jeffers interpreted: "he is yonder" —pointing northward to a jaggy cliff a few miles away. Next, with only one remark our handsome young Indian—a son of Mangus Colorado—whom I have called Chie, sprang up and ran straight to the jagged cliff. As I watched him ascending the height I asked "What did he say?" I was told that it was something to the effect "I will go to the old chief's camp." All the rest lay down in the comfortable shade, and slept till it was time for the next meal.

It was now in the afternoon. After our dinner had been cooked and quietly eaten, Ponce called our attention to a distant object; it was evidently a horse coming toward us from the northwest, and when somewhat nearer, with our glasses we saw that the horse was carrying two Indians. We waited with some curiosity for their approach; when near enough, we
described that the Indians were two lads, one about ten, the other perhaps fourteen years of age. They no saddle, but were guiding with the customary rope-bridle tied around the under jaw of the horse. They came to our party, dismounted, sat down quietly, ate some crackers and drank some coffee that we gave them, meanwhile hardly speaking a word, certainly nothing to indicate the object of their visit. The eldest said in Apache, which was transmitted to me through Spanish into English by Fante and Jeffords "Chico says you all are to come!"

At once we caught up the animals, packed, saddled, and mounted. The boys pointed the direction for us to take, but never would go ahead; they admired our clothes, boots spurs and other things, surveying each article and studying it with minuteness. We followed the path by which they had come for a distance, I should judge of six or seven miles; first northward and then westward, passing into the heart of the Dragon range; we passed a narrow defile, and then issued into a sudden opening, a tract of about forty acres of grassland; here this opening appeared surrounded by walls varying in height from one hundred to three hundred feet; a stream of water coursed through the middle, — the debris of rocks had formed slopes along the boundaries of the place and a few live oaks gave variety to the landscape, so hemmed in, and shelter from the sun to the inhabitants, a shelter only needed a few hours about midday.
The inhabitants were the old men, women and children of the robber chieftain and his captains, as he called them, together with their various followers, who had gone out in different directions through Mexico, New Mexico and Arizona "to get their living." One sub-chief - a vigorous young Indian, about thirty years of age, I should judge, named Nahta, was in charge of the camp. Cochise himself somewhere in hiding was not yet to be seen.

It was sundown when we arrived. After we had arranged our camp and spread our blankets on the ground for a bed, Nahta gathered his people around our camp fire, which was lighted more for the cheer of it than from any other necessity. Ponce and Chie conversed soberly and earnestly with him, and gave the substance what Nahta said. The talk was not very cheery, nor very hopeful. We must wait and see; the answer kept coming: "Manana"! (tomorrow). Perhaps the most aggravating word in the Spanish language is that word manana, particularly when it is repeated: manana - manana! The circumstances are the more trying when your life or your death hangs upon the word.

The bright scene ended when our party broke up, the women and the old men went away to the sloping debris for their night-camps. Without further waiting we pillowed our heads upon our saddles, and stretched ourselves upon the ground with one blanket for the under-bed, and one for cover.
The little children (papoozes if you prefer), who had already received tid-bits from our evening meal, some of who had laughingly undertaken to teach us the beautiful Apache language, lingered in our bivouac, and several of them lay down confidingly upon my blanket. I said to Jeffers and Sladen:

"This does not mean war!" I took their conduct as a harbinger of peace, as we all did, and so slept comfortably till the morning-light. During that morning the old chieftain with his tall figure and dignified deportment revealed himself to us, coming forth mounted with escort from some unknown snuggery, listened to our Indians and our story, and so we began them and there, the negotiations of a peace which lasted as long as he lived.

Governor's Island, N.Y. City,

December 16th 1893.

O. O. Howard

Major General, U. S. Army.

(1020 words)
THE INSTINCTS of INDIAN CHILDREN, 
(Cochise's Stronghold in August) 
(1872) 

by

Major General O. O. HOWARD, U.S. Army.