

Notice
Notice for the "Voice"
received Jan'y 17th 1894

No 3 I

Subject
The Distinctness of Indian Children
(Cochran's photograph in Aug 1892)

Of the
Western for the
Western

No 3

Chapter
Of the
(Lectures on the

THE INSTINCTS OF INDIAN CHILDREN.

(Bochesse's Stronghold)
in August 1872

A friend writing me the other day intimated that my life was once saved by some "papooses". 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 ^{in Arizona} 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 live oak 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 east-ward, 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~~ the sudden animation, ^{not ex-} the manifestation of joy which the whole party took on, including the animals, when our eyes fell upon the pearling stream, the bordering grass ^{plots} and the shade-trees roundabout; we were fatigued and greatly needed sleep, yet, the first thing we did was ^{which was} to get our breakfast and spread it upon our canvass table extended upon the ground.

As we sat, the five of us, Captain Sladen, Mr. Jeffers the interpreter, Ponce and Chie [the two Indians]

THE INSTINCTS OF INDIAN CHILDREN.

(Booker's through-hole)
in August 1877

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

Along the western slope of the Dragon range of mountains, and some fourteen or fifteen miles south of the Tucson wagon-road, issues a stream of water, clear as crystal beautiful, cool and refreshing. Near the foothills through which the brooklet flows, were in 1872 several live oak 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 my 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 pearting 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 out our breakfast and spread it upon our canvas table, extended upon the ground. As we sat, the five of us, Captain Shaler, Mr. [the two Indians] the interpreter, Force and Chie [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 north-ward to a jaggy cliff a few miles away. Next, with only one remark, our hand-some young ^{Indian} ~~man~~ - a son of Mangus Colorado ^{have} 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 ^{lay} ~~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 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 the eldest said in Apache, which was transmitted to me through Spanish into English by Ponce and Jeffords "Chie says you ^{all} are to come!"

At once we ^{caught} ~~made~~ up the animals, packs, saddle, and mounted. The boys pointed the direction for us to take, but never ^{would} ~~would~~ go ahead; ^{of us} they admired our clothes, boots, spurs and other things, surveying each article and studying it with minuteness. We follow^{ed} the path by which they had come for, ^{a distance} ~~I should~~ ^{according to Belinote} think, six or seven miles; first north-ward and then west-ward

5-2
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 Jeffers interpreted, "he is yonder" - pointing northward to a jaggy cliff a few miles away. Next, with only one remark, our hands some young ^{Indian} - a 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 ^{day} 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 ascertained 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 ordinary 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, ^{mountain} 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 Jeffers "Chie says you are to come!"

At once we ^{mounted} up the animals, packs, saddles, and mounted. The boys pointed the direction for us to take, but never go ahead; they admitted 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, ^{about} six or seven miles; first northward and then westward

passing into the heart of the Draggoon 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} ~~placed~~ gentle 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 ~~and~~ 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. ^{Somewhere in hiding} 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 ^{other} necessity. Ponce and Chie ^{seriously & earnestly} conversed with him, and gave the substance of what Nahta said. The talk was not very cheery, ^{to our anxious ears} nor very hopeful. We must wait and see; the answer would ^{be coming} ~~come~~ "mañana!" (tomorrow). Perhaps the most aggravating word in the Spanish language is that word mañana, particularly when it is repeated: mañana - mañana! 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.

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

of the robber chieftain and his captains, as he called them together. The inhabitants were the old men, women and children

One sub-chief--a vigorous young Indian
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It was sun-down when we arrived. After we had arranged in charge of the camp. Dochis himself was not yet to be seen. ^{Somehow} about thirty years of age, I should judge - named Nanta, was

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 of what Nahata said. The talk was not very cheery, not very
 Ponce and Chis conversed with him, and gave the substance
 lighted more for the cheer of it than from any necessity.
 Nahata gathered his people around our camp-fire, which was
 our camp and spread our blankets on the ground for a bed,

[~~paraphrases~~ if you ⁴prefer]

The little children, who had already received tid-bits from our evening meal, some of whom ^{laughingly} had undertaken to teach us the beautiful Apache language, lingered in our bivouac, and several of them lay down confidently 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 ^{bright} morning the old chieftain with his tall figure and dignified deportment revealed himself to us, coming from some unknown ^{forest} ^{mounted with escort} ^{so} ^{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.

Gouverneur's Island, N.Y.
December 16th 1893.

O. O. Howard

Maj-General U.S. Army

1020 words
O.O.H.

1050 words

December 18th 1893
Governor, S. Island

For "The Voice"
New York City 18-20 Astor Place

Manuscript

The Distincts of
Indian Children

Dec 16/93. Sent Dec 19/93 Gov Island
W.H.

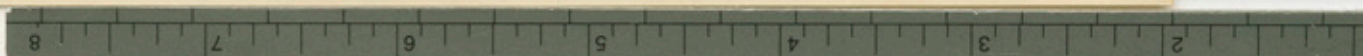
[Photograph of ...]

Advice
written for the "Voice"
and returned Jan'y 17th 1894

No. 3.

1 Extra copy filed with
duplicate M.S.S.
"No 3 &"

Subject
The instincts of Indian Children
(Coehise's changed in Aug 1872)



(For " THE VOICE ")
New York City.

THE INSTINCTS of INDIAN CHILDREN

(Coehus's Strong-Held)
in August 1872 ..

~~A friend writing me the other day intimated that my life was once saved by some " papooses". 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 ~~the~~ ^{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-

(For "THE VOICE"
New York City.)

THE INSTINCTS OF INDIAN CHILDREN
(Cochran's Story)
in August 1892

A friend writing me the other day inquired about my life and
once saved by some "paposes". This is hardly a correct ver-
sion of the story. Permit me to depict a few scenes that were

incidentary to the events referred to.

Along the western slope of the Dragon range of Mon-
tana in Arizona, and some fourteen or fifteen miles south of
the Tucson wagon-road issues a stream of water, clear as crystal,
al, beautiful, cool and refreshing. Near the foothills through
which the brooklet flows, were in 1872 several live oak 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 Indian boys, 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 traveler
in warm climes can realize the sudden animation, due, the ex-
citation of joy which the whole party took on, not exclud-

ing the animals, when our eyes fell upon the pearly stream, the bordering grass-plats 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 canvass table which was extended upon the ground.

As we sat under the shade of the oak, the five of us, Captain Slader - Mr. Jefferds 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 Jefferds 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

ing the animals, when our eyes fell upon the peering stream,
the bordering grass-plate 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
which was extended upon the ground.

As we sat under the shade of the oak, the time of us,
Captain Shadler - Mr. Jeffers the interpreter, - Ponce and
Gite (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 pondering" -
pointing northward to a jagged cliff a few miles away. Next,
with only one remark our handsome young Indian - a son of
Mangus Colorado - whom I have called Gite, 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 dis-
tant 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

descried that the Indians were two lads, one about ten, the other perhaps fourteen years of age. They ~~had~~^{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 Poné and Jefferds "Chie 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; ^{of us} 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~~^{according to estimate}, of six or seven miles; first northward and then westward, 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 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.

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other perhaps fourteen years of age. They had saddles, 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 translated to me through Spanish into English by

Forbes and Jeffords "This 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 wanted our rifles, 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, ~~about a mile~~ of six or seven miles; first north-
ward and then westward, passing into the heart of the Dry-
den range; we passed a narrow defile, and then turned into a
sudden opening, a tract of about forty acres of grassland;
here this opening appeared surrounded by walls rising 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 named 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~~ ^{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 ^{of} what Nahta said. The talk was not very ^{to our anxious ears} cheery, nor very hopeful. We must wait and see; the answer kept coming: "Mañana" ! (tomorrow). Perhaps the most aggravating word in the Spanish language is that word mañana, particularly when it is repeated : mañana - mañana ! 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 inhabitants were the old men, women and children of the
robber-chief and his captains, as he called them, to-
gether with their various followers, who had gone out in dif-
ferent 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 Natche, was
in charge of the camp. Besides himself he was in charge of
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, Natche
gathered his people around our camp fire, which was lighted
more for the cheer of it than from any other necessity.
Ponce and Gile conversed eagerly and earnestly with him, and
gave the substance of what Natche said. The talk was not very
cheerful, nor very hopeful. We must wait and see; the answer
help coming: "Machana" (tomorrow). Perhaps the most
particularity when it is repeated: machana - machana! The cir-
cumstances are the more trying when your life or your health
hangs upon the word.

The bright scene ended when our party broke up, the women
and the old men went away to the sleeping habits for their
night-camps. Without further waiting we followed 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(papooses 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 confidently 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 ^{bright} morning the old chieftain with his tall figure and dignified deportment revealed himself to us, coming forth mounted with escort from some unknown smugery, listened to our Indians and our story, and so we began, the ~~the~~ 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 little children (narrator) who had already
received his share from our evening meal, some of which
laughingly undertook to teach us the beautiful Apache language,
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"This does not mean war." I took their conduct as a
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the morning-light. During that morning the old chieftain with
his tall figure and dignified deportment remained himself to
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(Cochise's Stronghold in August)
them and there, the negotiator of a peace which lasted as

by

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

Governor's Island, N.Y. City.

December 18th 1883.

Major General, U. S. Army.

(1020)
(words)