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Subject:
Our Settlements of the Northwest

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Our Indians of the Southwest.

By General O. O. Howard.

During the year 1872, by direction of President Grant, I made two trips across the continent for the purpose of Indian peace-making. It came about somewhat in this way.

Mr. Vincent Colyer, a recognized friend of the Indian had made, as a Government official, extensive journeys among numerous tribes, during the preceding year, some of them reaching to the extreme Southwest. His reports were elaborate, full of incidents and gave satisfaction to the peace-policy advocates. But as there were still numerous bands roaming through the Territories, the atmosphere was burdened with complaints. The most noted band, that claimed the famous Cochise for a leader, was still alleged to be in open war. His men were preying upon the scattered settlements and extending their thieving expeditions beyond our boundaries into Mexico.

Father Lang, as the well known friend of the Indian Commission was called, opposed as he was according to his Faith to war, conceived the project of utilizing the military arm. He began by proposing to dispatch me, a soldier without arms, to the troubled district to bring the Indians to peace. He visited the Honorable Secretary and said: "Why not send General Howard?" The Secretary carried the matter to the President, who replied: "Yes, certainly, send him. There is certainly no harm in one more trial for peace." Of course I went.
On spices of the continent

By General O. E. Howard

During the year 1878, by direction of President Grant, I made two trips across the continent for the purpose of taking notes on

in... I can point somewhere in this way.

Mr. Assistant Post, a resident of Iowa at the time, and who

saw the proceedings over some of them receding to the continent.

Howard. His reports were adequate, filling of infiltrating and Essex

Continental. The Iowa Post Office, as the name indicates, is a

inscribed name according to the Territories, the Territories

increased with contamination. The Iowa Post Office is the

former option for a teacher who was still allowed to go on their way.

the men were having when the secretaries returned and exchanged

their identical expositions regarding our possession into Mexico.

Either Iowa, as they well knew, lying at the Indian Commission

was evident, opposite as any was necessary to the faith of our own;

being the projected or attaining the Territory, the Post Office.

before to make the Indians to become "yes secretaries"

such film. There is a reference to learn in one more spring butﻴ©ый

of course I meant.
The success of the first effort.

The first journey began early in March and was by way of San Francisco and the Pacific, thence via the Gulf of California and the Colorado River.

The second was through Denver, Santa Fé and across the Territory of New Mexico. The first expedition had a moderate success, and was, though less hazardous, most important in preliminary peace-measures which paved the way to the second.

After a month’s ranging from tribe to tribe in Arizona, to acquaint and become acquainted I succeeded in effecting a remarkable field-meeting. There were assembled on the Arivipa in the neighborhood of old Camp Grant, various tribes of Indians, tame and wild, who hated each other, Mexican residents and white men, none or less emancipated from civilized restraints, with the Governor, the territorial officers and United States soldiers.

Several Apache children, who had been stolen after the Camp-Grant massacre of Indians, were brought back and finally restored to the tribe to which they belonged. Pimas and Papagoes and Apaches, that had fought each other for half a century, came to embrace after the Indian manner and made mutual promises of enduring peace (amid the moistened eyes of the lookers on. Santo, an old chief with a short neck and thick hair, sprinkled with gray, said: "Now the canyons will be filled up and the crooked trails be straightened and smoothed." He set a piece of quartz in the midst and re-
The success of the Peace Alliances

The Peace Alliances played a critical role in shaping many of the key events of the era.

The alliances were intended to prevent wars. They were formed to ensure the peace and

The Peace Alliances had a remarkable success, and

...
marked: "While this stone lasts, there shall be peace."

After considerable anxious diplomacy and the risk of a midnight visit to a wild Apache camp, I secured delegates for Washington.

It was an odd group. They represented tribes hundreds of miles apart and each tribe spoke a different language. There were ten, including the Interpreter, who was really a half-breed, though leaning strongly to the Indian side. His Mexican blood was indicated by his name, Concepcion. He had spent the greater part of his life among Indians. Of the ten, two were Pimas, one a Papago from near Tucson; two, Date Creek Indians, and the other five, Apaches, distinguished by the rivers or mountains where their people roamed.

A hundred miles east of the Arivipa, over and beyond jagged hills and flinty canyons, with trails not yet smoothed by Santo's prophecy, we find Camp Apache. Here the company is completed. Here are the last parting scenes, so wonderfully like those among white faces, when a Steam-ship is departing for a lengthy voyage. Indians had come in to the post for rations. They sat on the ground, as multitudes have always sat and waited, for the distribution of bread. There were many tears and much apprehension at this parting.

Bakeltegela, the eldest Chief, who made me look into his large steady eye to see that there was no badness there, drew me to his wife and daughters, and made me explain and promise. Old Santo praised me over and over to the children of Miguel and Pedro to reassure their hearts. For be it remembered, this was no light thing,
this going to Washington! These Indians had heretofore never seen a telegraph post nor a railway. My old professor Cleveland, the chemist and geologist, forty years ago saw his first rail-track and rail carriage. His eyes sparkled behind his spectacles with new delight and his face wrinkled into a wondering smile at the sight. But he shook his head and declared: "I'm too old, I'll not risk it! So never did he ride, except in his own well tried chaise, from the Androscoggin to Boston. What was the risk of the venturesome Eneas, who only journeyed from Troy by the way of the African coast to Italy, to these prospective three thousand miles through vast regions, to them unknown? I did not wonder at their fears but at their simple confidence in a white man's promise of a return.

Besides the Indians, we here added to the party the Arizona Superintendent, Dr. Bendell, and Mr. Cook, the Pima Indian teacher. These with Captain Wilkinson, my Aide de Camp, the drivers of the wagons and a few soldiers constituted the party.

Our conveyances were an old lofty six mule wagon, Dr. Bendell's four mule ambulance and a few saddle horses.

Now behold our improvised chariots with Indian outriders! We go from "Apache" that green plateau, smuggled away among the Sierras, taking up our eastward march.

Our first camp is made where there is a glade-like opening in the almost continuous forest. "Apache men must not work!" So says half blind Miguel as he bends his solitary eye on me, when I
These findings may be described in the context of previous research on the role of emotion in decision-making. In particular, studies have shown that emotional states can significantly influence our ability to make rational choices. When considering a new project, it is crucial to be aware of how your emotional state may affect your decision-making process.

For example, negative emotions such as anxiety or fear can lead to overthinking and indecision. On the other hand, positive emotions such as excitement or happiness can enhance creativity and problem-solving abilities. Therefore, it is important to manage your emotional state to ensure that your decisions are based on rational analysis rather than emotional bias.

Another factor to consider is the influence of social norms and expectations. In many cultures, there is a pressure to conform to societal expectations, which can sometimes overshadow personal values and goals. To overcome this, it is essential to be aware of the expectations placed on you and to make decisions that align with your own values and beliefs.

In conclusion, when making decisions, it is crucial to consider the role of emotion and social factors. By being aware of these influences, you can make more informed and rational choices.
begin to gather sticks for the camp fire. "We must all work," I reply. "Take the hatchet and come and help me, Miguel." "Tatâh no work, white tatâh no work." "I am as big a tatâh as you are Miguel," I laughingly join. Thereupon he joins me half in sport, and the rest follow suit. This was the first lesson. Before long he would spring to anticipate me in this kind of choring. One should have been there to have seen these wild faces as the appliances of civilization now to them, from time to time dawned upon them.

After the fire was started and cooking well begun, a square piece of canvas, like the fly of a tent was spread upon the ground and a plate with knife and fork put into position for each guest. Of course I was the host and sat at head of this lowly table. The easiest position was cross-legged, like the tailor on his bench. Some of the Indians squatted, some leaned sidewise and forward like the disciples in the picture of the supper and some of the white men kneeled. After the viands were placed, it was difficult to resist the call of appetite till the shortest grace had been said. Soon the preliminary reverent uncovering of the head, became a potent sign.

We also, rather awkwardly at first began the uses of those knives, forks and spoons. Pedro, for example, who acquired polite processes fastest, would spear the slice of bread with his fork, while yet he took the meat in his fingers. Louis of the Pimas, who spoke four languages and whose broad braids of hair shining black, hung to his calves and the demure old Santo were
obliged to how to preserve their equanimity derable meal-time extension.

My Sabbath drill was for a while a little irksome. It was I think at the end of the second day, when the order was given to halt till Monday. The restless Miguel came to me, mounted on his gray pony and with a Chinaman's brevity said:

"Miguel go - his house - come back." Mr. Cook shook his head and long haired Louis said: "No more Miguel!" Three days afterward, when we had emerged from the forest, and had entered upon those vast over-land stretches of the tree-less wilderness we caught sight of a supple horseman riding, at an angle toward our party. As soon as he was near enough for recognition, I was glad to hear the doubting Louis say; "He aqui Apache Miguel!" It was indeed Miguel, true to his word. This return was the more gratifying to me as an earnest proof of the confidence which I wished to repose in these indians. I have trusted Indians and white men and have been betrayed. Who has not? Still, until I lose all faith in man, I shall not cease to test the principle, that has usually worked well; that trust begets trust. The exceptions may be numbered on the fingers, whereas the rule is abiding.

A muddy stream and a clear spring.

I shall not soon forget the second Sabbath. We were near that muddy stream in New Mexico called the Puerco. A little abandoned hut, the only sign of habitation, was hastily cleared of the dust and rubbish that other sojourners had left on the floors; a few sticks for firewood, after much search were gathered and the provi-
sions unpacked and brought in; but soon our men reported that the animals would not drink the water of the creek. Then the white men were vexed at me for halting there. The little town, but a few miles ahead, was across the Río Grande, and a ferry was said to be running. The place was full of whiskey and I dreaded exceedingly the spending a night and a day where the temptations would be so great to the Indians, the drivers and the soldiers. Therefore I persisted in remaining at the Puerco.

At night we set aside pails filled from the creamy stream, hoping that the water-mud would settle. But in the morning the water had not cleared. It was still such a clayey porridge that nobody could drink it. The thirsty horses pawed the brink and catching the hateful stuff in their lips held their noses high in air rejecting it with their own peculiar indignant protest. But fortunately, for my peace of mind Concepcion and Antoneto, the young Pima chief while wandering over some rocky ground came across a natural basin of clear water. The anxiety was over and we were fairly supplied.

There is nothing more effective in winning the temporary good behavior of savage or unruly men than to bring them under the influence of a simple religious service. And a permanent foothold results in behalf of civilization, if the soul is thus brought by divine help into regenerated condition.

Mrs. Browning beautifully says:

"And, not to work in vain" (ver) "must comprehend
...
Humanity, and so work humanly,
And raise men's bodies still by raising souls.
As God did, first."

The harvest is consequent upon the seed-sowing. In keeping with this faith we held a brief service. Captain Wilkinson gave yeast to the mixture of talk and Scripture by the richness of his voice in song. Once he sang "the cleansing fountain". After his closing verse:

"When we've been there ten thousand years,
Bright shining as the sun,
We've no less days to sing God's praise
Than when we first begun."

I noticed that Pedro, who certainly could not have understood the words, was in tears. He arose, went straight to the Captain and folded him in his arms, saying with a softened voice:

"Bueno, bueno!" It was about the only Spanish word that he could utter. Another incident occurred here illustrative of the quickness of outward conformity to technical usage. I have mentioned Mr. Cook, the Pima teacher. He was a German by birth, served as a soldier during our war, for a portion of the time in the Southwest in the neighborhood of these Indians.

He became religious while a soldier. After his discharge he worked awhile in Chicago. But his ardent mind found no rest. The impression was upon him that he must return to Arizona and teach
the Indians so as to bring them to a knowledge of Christ. So he did. He worked his way back in his poverty making a remarkable journey with little money, of more than three thousand miles. We found him conducting two schools among the Pimas and Maricopas. Like all successful missionaries he first learned the language of the people that he designed to instruct. So that now Mr. Cook talked quite freely with Louis in the Pima language.

The incident to which I referred was this: Louis, on this Sabbath of the Pueblos, had been drawn into a dispute with some of our party and after a time became impatient, fretful and then sullen. For this conduct Mr. Cook reproved him. He thereupon became angry. I called him to me and asked: "Louis, what's the matter?" "I'm going back," he replied. "What for?" "Teacher don't treat me right, he insults me. He say - Louis no Christian!"

Doctor Bendell, who was a Jew, then inquired into the serious trouble and succeeded in adjusting the difficulty. Louis' tribute, thus given to his Christian progress was indeed of a meager and doubtful character, yet it is something gained when an Indian can be insulted by being called reproachfully "no Christian."

Crossing the Rio Grande.

I had considerable dread of this great river. One of the most vigorous of my West Point classmates, Lieutenant Davant in attempting to cross this river with his horse, was carried away by the overwhelming force of the current and drowned. The difficulties
The purpose of this paper is to present some of the principles and procedures of risk analysis. The risk analysis process involves identifying potential hazards, assessing their likelihood and impact, and determining appropriate control measures. It is a systematic approach to managing risks and ensuring safety.

To conduct a thorough risk analysis, it is essential to understand the inherent risks associated with a project or activity. This includes identifying potential hazards, assessing their likelihood and impact, and evaluating the effectiveness of existing controls. The risk analysis process should be iterative, allowing for refinement and improvement as more information becomes available.

Risk analysis is a critical component of project management and is often used in conjunction with other risk management tools, such as contingency planning and crisis management. By conducting a comprehensive risk analysis, organizations can make informed decisions that minimize potential losses and maximize the likelihood of project success.

In conclusion, risk analysis is a vital tool for managing risks and ensuring the success of projects and activities. By understanding the principles and procedures involved, organizations can effectively manage risks and achieve their goals.
of the passage when the water was high were proverbial in the army. At this time the Rio Grande had risen far beyond its usual bed and was as swift in its flow as the Mississippi.

As we approached the bank opposite the little town of Albuquerque the Indians were full of wonderment as to our crossing the flood when presently they caught sight of a flat-boat coming with great swiftness from a point high up the other shore. It landed below us and was dragged by ropes back to our position. An occurrence here, which came near resulting in a fatal blow, made this ferriage memorable. We had in our party, going East with us, a young man of a peculiar temperament. Tall, lank and sombre, and having his mind replete with stories of wonderful adventure, he invariably shaded his yarns, of which there were many to tell, with a dark and gloomy coloring. He was dubbed "Dismal Jeems". It required close packing to get all of our company on board the flat-boat. As I stepped from the shore, I saw "Dismal Jeems" standing close to a mule near what the Detroit Free Press would call "the south end" of the animal. The young man's apprehensions of a dismal nature were doubtless aroused when the boatmen were pushing that uncertain craft into the current, but never for one moment did he suspect trouble from that quiet mule who was standing demurely with steady upright ears so near him. Just how, no one could tell, whether with one foot or with two - it was uncertain - but something struck poor Jeems below the breast, when he turned a quick summersault into the water.
At the moment when the water was high, we were unexpectedly caught in the rain. The raindrops on the roof made the sound of a heavy shower. It was raining heavily and the sound of the water echoed in the room.

We were all seated in the living room, the floor was wet, and the sound of the water made it difficult to hear. The rain continued to pour down, and we were all waiting for it to stop.

As we were watching the rain through the window, we could see the trees swaying in the wind. The raindrops made the leaves glisten and the sound of the water made it difficult to concentrate.

After a while, the rain started to slow down, and we were able to hear the sound of the wind. The sky started to clear up, and we could see the sun shining through the clouds.

We sat in silence, waiting for the rain to stop, and enjoying the sound of the wind and the sun.
Luckily it was on the shore side - for in a minute he was rescued, crying out lustily as he emerged and regained the deck with dripping garments: "Oh, dear, Oh, dear, help me!" This incident added another link to our Jeems' dismal chain. Those naughty Indians, savage as they were, would clap their hands, bend their flexible bodies an laugh, remorselessly crying: "Jondaisie tonejuda." (the mule bad.)

The flat-boat could only reach a sandbar about two thirds of the way across, then followed the wading with a horseman for a pilot. One wagon was stalled and many important articles lost. The mules wallowed in the mud beneath the shallow water and often sank in the quicksands so that it was with great difficulty that they were saved from drowning. We were indeed in a sad plight when we reached our camp a little outside of the town. And to add to our misfortunes the very disaster that I had feared came upon us. Part of the men, including the driver of my own wagon became crazy with liquor. But to my satisfaction the Indians kept the promise, which they had made me, not to drink. Even Conception, who had an almost uncontrollable thirst for the insane beverages restrained himself at Albuquerque. In consequence, at Santa Fé which we shortly after visited, he compensated himself for his abstinence, and showed us most plainly what effect abundant fire-water could produce upon Indian blood. From spasms of screaming to spasms of laughter, from praying and begging to fierce cursing, in brief, the rapid and continuous transitions from seeming good nature to bad blood were both ludicrous and terrific. This finally ended in the usual besotted
stupidity. Miguel and the other Indians watched and held him till his drunken sleep relieved their guard. They here too kept to their promised sobriety.

The first Rail Road.

Pueblo was on our route. It was the terminus of our staying, for here began the Denver and Santa Fé narrow gauge Rail Road. As we neared the town we suddenly came upon the track. The Indians ran to the track road and sat down beside the curious framework; timidly and curiously they felt at the spikes which fastened the iron rails; looked long at the freight and cattle cars, which were standing near at hand; and then, like children after the first surprise of new gifts, clapped their hands with great glee. Soon the train excites additional surprise as it backs slowly to the terminus to take us aboard. The party files slowly into the small coaches and takes seats, two and two. I was astonished myself at the evident terror the Indians manifested. They fairly crouched between the high backs, put down their heads and covered their darkening faces with their hands. "What's the matter now, Eskeltecela?"

The interpreter translates the old man's affrighted reply: "We've said we'll go with you. We've given you our whole hearts and we will go where you go!" "But what makes them so queer, Concepcion?"

"Why, sir, they are afraid." After a few miles of the safe and easy riding they straightened up and began to take accounts of the
hills and mountains. The fear was allayed and gave place to other emotions.


New wonders opened before them as towns became larger and more frequent, and the size, variety and grandeur of their structures increased. The climax of surprise was reached in New York City; not in the magnitude of that cosmopolitan city; not in the thronging multitudes, nor the beautiful buildings; not in the Central Park, which they visited whose abundant collections and natural objects delighted them; nor in the forest of shipping, the like of which was beyond their wildest dream; no, it was on beholding for the first time, one eyed Miguel with two eyes, being apparently restored to sight. An artificial eye had been prepared and introduced into his poor vacant socket. It was indeed so like the real eye as to defy any but the closest scrutiny.

The Indians in Philadelphia visited the Park, the Girard College, the manufactories, the many amusements and were made happy there as all strangers are by the cordiality and notice of the people, but they paid their most marked attention to the Penitentiary. They walked up and down the different galleries. These branch out, like the spokes of a wheel in horizontal position, from the central hall. The Indians as they sauntered along stopped to gaze through the grating and were filled with compassion for the inmates. Before leaving the building Miguel came to me with the interpreter. He
New York Philharmonic Foundation

The New York Philharmonic Foundation has an important role to play in our national life. It is not only a source of artistic inspiration but also a mechanism for the dissemination of knowledge and understanding. Through its educational programs, it can help to foster a greater appreciation of music among our youth. The foundation also plays a vital role in the funding of new music and the support of young composers. It is through such initiatives that we can ensure the continued vitality of our cultural heritage.

To get support for these goals, we must first establish the need. The New York Philharmonic Foundation is a registered non-profit organization and is therefore exempt from federal income taxes. However, it relies heavily on donations and grants from foundations and individuals. It is crucial that we advocate for the importance of the arts and the role that the New York Philharmonic Foundation plays in their promotion.

The foundation's board of directors includes a diverse group of professionals from various fields, including business, law, and the arts. Their contributions are invaluable, and we must ensure that they have the necessary resources to carry out their responsibilities.

In conclusion, the New York Philharmonic Foundation is a vital institution that plays a crucial role in the cultural life of our country. It is our responsibility to support its efforts and ensure its continued success.
had a very solemn aspect. He said: "Is there one man confined in
here who is innocent of any crime? If there is such a one, I want
to speak to him. For I was once taken prisoner and carried to
Santa Fé and kept in prison for a year. I was innocent of any crime.
I was very sad and lonely then. I dont want another man to be so
unhappy."

Next came the Washington visit. Here a week was put in to good
purpose. We had glimpses at the myriads of curiosities at the
Capitol and other public edifices. We saw the great father and
his first and second friend with whom the Indians would always have
to do. We looked at the Navy Yard and the Washington Arsenal, whose
big guns and little ones have taken the heart from so many other
delLEGations from savage life. We took our way to schools, uni-
versities and churches, but nothing imparted such rich enjoyment as
our visit to the college of the deaf-mutes. For here bright eyed
boys quickly established their sign communication with the Indians.
They all rivaled the boys in their curious imitation signs. The
bear, the cat, the dog, the horse and what not were successively
caricatured by the oddest, most expressive motions. The Indians
were greatly entertained and often afterward mentioned these boys,"who talked with their hands and arms."

Now in July I made my preparations for the second trip,
I will defer an account of it to the next paper. It has been my
fortune since my first entry into the Government service to have
much to do with the Indians. Old Eiskeltecela expressed a thought
one day as I talked with him. "White men seem to think Indians are all alike. There are good ones and bad ones." True enough. In their savage warfare when age and sex are never spared by them from demoniac outrage, all intrinsic goodness may well be doubted or denied by the people who suffer. Yet when peace comes, and good will has won upon them, the very same men, who were demons in war, have become children. Win their confidence and change their souls. Then the victory is won.