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Don Williams of the
United States Navy

George T. P.

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The Indians of the Southwest.

By General O. O. Howard.

Article Second.

Under the administration of General Grant an effort was made to correct some of the abuses which the Press and members of Congress, from time to time, alleged to be existing in the Indian management. It was sought, among other decisive measures, to secure a nomination of Agents and as far as practicable of other employees, by the different religious bodies of the United States.

The field-division, in this effort, assigned the Indians that I had in charge to the Dutch Reformed Church.

Before my second visit to Arizona, I took the delegation to visit the representative Society of this Church in New York. I know no assemblage of men more dignified and impressive. A large room was well filled with a company of men; the majority were whitened with age, and their countenances bespoke the training and the sweetening process of our social and working christianity.

The Indians, being ushered in, the company rose, in their solemn way, to receive them. Their friend Vincent Colyer was present, whose familiar face relieved somewhat their embarrassment. After a little delay one after another recited the grievances of his people to sympathetic ears and received in response such cheer and encouragement as loving sympathy could suggest. In the evening a

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crowded assembly met them at the church. Through the Interpreter and myself these savage chiefs addressed the people and obtained ringing applause, even in such a staid and solemn place as a Presbyterian Church. Pedro, since he left his lodge has been growing in ideas. He speaks: You have schools, churches, places where clothes are made, houses filled with wealth, wagons, horses, cars and more than I can speak. We have nothing. We are very poor. I have been thinking hard. We had, long ago, all the land. The Indians were once as one man, now they are divided and the white men have all the land and everything. Now I am going to be a white man. I shall wear white man's clothes. I shall cook and eat the white man's food, and I want my children to go to school and learn to be white men. I am done."

The others, each in his own way made his speech. There appeared to be progress, and sanguine friends felt strong hopes, that the levers of civilization were already well placed. An army officer, familiar with Indian habits once said to me: "Do you know that when a chief from a wild tribe is taken to Washington and afterward returned to his people, ~~that~~ they declare that he has been bewitched and will not credit half that he tells them?" Yes this is true. And it is also true that few Christians make good missionaries, to the uncivilized races. It takes mental and moral power under the guidance of a strong, persistent will to make much real progress. It moreover requires perennial faith in God and in His Word to exhibit abundant results among savage men. Unbelieving intellect

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sneers at even this. How much less then is to be expected from an Indian chief returning from his surprises and new convictions to the poligamous wigwam and to the old gipsey ways of his people, where roaming is more attractive than labor and jollity preferable to perplexing thought. The Indian visits to the East do impress the memory and the imagination with the white man's power, and beget a fear of conflict with him. This is the good. This is the gain. Too often on account of the affinity of evil, the Indians are morally worse after the visit. Some white men, purely for gain, by bribes, by liquor and by other baits to passion, endeavored to demoralize the delegation with me. Instances of the conduct with other visitants which have come to my knowledge, have been too vile for description.

The Division and the Return.

At New York the delegation was divided. The two Pimas, the Date Creek Indian and the Papago chief went with Doctor Bendell by the way of California. The other five accompanied me through Colorado and New Mexico, by the way they had come. This, after the railway, necessitated four hundred miles by stage to reach Santa Fe, and thence upwards of four hundred miles on horseback, for the most of the party, to Camp Apache, the home of Miguel, Pedro and Eskel-tecela. Santo and Concepcion belonged near old Camp Grant more than a hundred miles farther.

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Instead of Captain Wilkinson, ^{who went on the first journey} I took for aide and companion at this time, Captain J. A. Sladen, an officer of lengthy service and ripe experience.

One thing the Apaches had learned to do to perfection; it was to be bold in begging, especially for what they fancied would give them eclat on their return. Therefore, in fulfilment of the promises of the Commissioners, the Secretary and the great father, we took great pains at Santa Fe to purchase horses, saddles, bridles and blankets for the Indians. As soon as mounted and furnished, we traveled without accident and with few incidents worthy of note for two hundred miles. This brought us to Fort Wingate. It is located on the border of the extensive Navajo Reservation. Here by a previous appointment we were to meet, in council, chiefs, sub-chiefs and principal men of the Navajos.

This tribe at the time was nearly nine thousand strong. They had ten thousand horses and more than a hundred thousand sheep and goats. They manufactured an excellent blanket, known in commerce as the Navajo-blanket. It has a peculiar reddish stripe and is as ⁱⁿ firm texture as the Brussels carpet. This tribe has in past years given much trouble to our people and to other indians. They had long been at war with the Apaches to the west of them, and there was still a hostile feeling existing between them. In pursuance of my belief that the true method for us, a powerful people, uniformly to pursue, is not to foster the elements of hatred and division, but

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everywhere those of love and union, I sought to bring about a formal reconciliation between the Navajos and the Apaches. Fortunately the chiefs on both sides were very desirous of making peace with each other. Still after our arrival at Wingate I was not a little perplexed how to proceed; for neither party was willing to make the first advances nor to appear to be the bearer of the Olive branch. When the appointed hour for the council had come there were neither Navajos nor Apaches on the ground which had been selected for the interview.

Who has not been through the delicate process of bringing together two friends who have been, for some time, estranged from each other. Each desires forgiveness and reconciliation, but is too proud or too sensitive to broach the matter. At last the difficulty is surmounted by you, the mediator. You become the depository of the troublous sediment, which not estranged, is the reservoir of the water of healing.

So with bent brows the Indians separately approached our little bevy of officers, told their causes of anger and their desires for friendship. I then went to the meeting place alone, and called each party to counsel with me. They then came slowly, solemnly, simultaneously and arranged themselves for a talk. The court of St. James could hardly outdo these wild barbarians in ceremonial observances.

The scene which followed their recapitulation of past wrongs, made with a show of deep feeling and native grace most eloquent, was remarkable.

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Their faces lighted up, their tones changed from the accents of complaint to those of heartiness and joy. They suddenly arose and embraced, two and two, then exchanging companions they continued the touching ordeal. Now in the most friendly style, like old companions reunited, they commenced to talk and laugh and extended the occasion like a gladsome festival through the entire night.

All were gratified at the results. Peace makes peace. Neither Indians nor other men can be governed long by war measures alone. If we mediate successfully for peace, the mediating party is embraced in the happy consequences.

There was a crying evil here, which a preventive measure, adopted immediately after our visit to the Navajos, quite successfully eradicated. Frontier stock men, while they have a cabin for their herders and a small corral used when branding the calves and young cattle, take the vast unoccupied public domain for their pasture land. They lose much of their stock, cattle and horses. Signs exist of stock killing, and horses permanently disappear. The herders and owners stoutly accuse the Indians for their losses.

The preventive measure was to establish an Indian police, - put the war-chief, the elegant Manuelito, at its head and pay each member of the company a small salary. It was just what was needed here, where the majority were well disposed, excellent to prevent, anywhere among the civilized or the savage, the involvement of the good by the bad in the troubles that proceed from the commission of crimes

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which are otherwise seldom discovered or punished.

Camp Apache.

In good spirits and in good health, at the end of a few weary marches we, at last, catch glimpses of Apache. To army men the approach to a garrisoned Post in the wilderness must awaken peculiar emotions. It is the brotherly greeting; it is the hospitality; it is full of the associations of home. Here while Major Dallas was commanding, one was never disappointed. How elegant the rough quarters appeared, how green the grass plat. How soothing and gentle the music of the deep cutting river! What a cozy nest this is; planted, shaped and habited here amid protecting hills and ornamented by countless trees. "But, sir," says Madam Dallas, "it is so lonely!" It is true. However beautiful the situation it is not sufficient to compensate for social loss.

Our Indians were welcomed back with the liveliest demonstrations. Each returning brave was a hero. But Miguel, with his lost eye restored, took the palm and enjoyed his triumph, till the home-made teswin had obscured the vision of himself and his friends by its relentless effects. Eskeltecela laughed heartily and talked rapidly; and no doubt was telling wondrous tales to wife and children and gathering friends.

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under the bows of trees as heretofore. He does not put off the white shirts, though they may be a little soiled from travel. He gives Major Dallas an account of the new methods of cooking, and furnishes an interesting outline of the changes that he proposes to make in the art of cultivation. We smiled at poor Pedro's enthusiasm, but while Miguel and Eskeltecela have ^{since that time} perished in petty indian brawls, Pedro has continued his efforts at well doing.

The delays and hindrances.

The aged Santo was my favorite. It was he who responded to the sentiment that he and I had a common Father in the Heavens. Once having given me his trust, he never withdrew it. His vaccination at Washington made a fearful and dangerous wound, yet his confidence was never shaken. He believed that it would come out rightly. But once did I move him sadly. The Indians were on the stage between Puebla and Santa Fe and I told them that the earth revolved, that I had a friend who had sailed entirely around this globe. Santo said with much feeling: "You have been like a father to us. You have told us the truth. You have never deceived us. We are on our way home. Now do not talk that about the earth. Nothing can make us believe that. Indians do not think that way. We want to keep you our friend!"

My son, Guy, then a lad of sixteen, took charge of Santo and all others bound for Camp Grant and conducted them thither over the

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My son, Guy, then a lad of sixteen, took charge of Santo and all others bound for Camp Grant and conducted them thither over the

rough mountain tracks. Some messengers including our half-breed interpreter were sent southward to open communication with Cochise, whose men were still roaming and robbing.

Meanwhile Captain Gladen and I visited the distant camp and farming patches of the Sierra Blanca Blancos. There can be no harm in giving the reader a portrait of the Captain, particularly as he must frequently encounter his pleasant face in the coming expedition: Of middling stature, straight, stout, broad shouldered, shortish neck, a countenance ruddy and full, a chiseled head with square front, eyes large, hazel, now sad and solemn, and now sparkling with good feeling or twinkling with humor; add hair quite straight and black, with heavy mustache and my genial, faithful, fearless, intelligent companion stands revealed. He has employed his leisure in the study of medicine and has off and on enjoyed considerable practice.

Lodge after lodge among these wild people reveals to him the squalor, the suffering and the dreadful loathsomeness of their condition. With his small assortment of drugs and his gentle manners and happy voice, he becomes for the time an angel to the hopeless sufferers.

I shall not delay to describe the several tribes of peaceful Indians, that we visited, the meeting of Col. Leib and other officers at the present site of ^{the} San Carlos reservation, the encountering of rattle snakes and other reptiles, attended with marvelous escapes, but hasten back to Camp Apache to meet the returning messengers from the hostile country.

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The reader will be obliged to examine maps and the wonderful pictures of Professor Powell, who with his one hand, the other having been given to his country in the war, not only let himself down hundreds of feet into the caves and canyons of this region, but has sketched the wild, jagged, precipitous, tortuous river cuts, so as to furnish a faint idea of this land of ^{jumbled} rock heaps, shapeless, numberless hills, and uncouth mountain crags, between which the mazy river squirms its way and froths like a silvery serpent. In eight days is completed this side journey of full two hundred miles. The horses and mules gladly rest their weary legs on the grass or plain travelling while our party indulges for a couple of days in the renewed hospitality of the generous garrison.

Cochise still a myth.

Our messengers had come back to Apache without finding a trace of Cochise. Concepcion, who took the lead of them in the search, was, I suspected, too timid to penetrate within the robber-precinct. Since the first visit to Arizona all attempts to secure an interview with the famous Indian had proved unavailing. Hence it was plain, that I must try some new expedient. It was therefore soon resolved to find some one of Cochise's trails and set ourselves to follow it till we had discovered the man. Of course it was like any ordinary bear hunt, attended by the exciting uncertainty of the number and disposition of the animals to be hunted.

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In keeping with this plan we are in a few days at Tulerosa, about one hundred and fifty miles south east of Apache. Here was Victoria's band of discontented New Mexican Apaches; the Government having an Indian Agency for them and a small garrison of soldiers. The Indians said: "We are dying off here, Oh! take us back to our home on the Rio Grande, - Cañada Alamosa, there, has good water, good food and good land!" We patiently heard their complaints, promised to carry their requests to Washington and engaged to visit the salubrious cañada, if Victoria would send a delegation with us.

During our stay at Tulerosa a singular character visited the garrison. In this sparsely settled country every man is well enough known, to be called by his first name, or an abridgement of it. I cannot vouch that it is his own. This man went as "Tom Jeffords". Capt. Sladen thinks it a failing on this lower frontier, that no American speaks well of his neighbor. For example, he encounters a frontiersman: "Sir, do you know Jeffords?" "Tom Jeffords, do you mean? Yes, I've known him this ten year!" "What sort of a man is he?" "He is a bad egg. He trades with Indians, sells them liquor, powder and shot. They dont kill him 'cause he's bot them up." It would not be fair to Jeffords to guage his character on this testimony. One thing concerning him was true. At one time while he was "running the Mail" between Santa Fé and Tucson he had succeeded, in getting and in preserving for many years, the good will of the most hostile Indians, so that in those barbarous times, when

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of the most hostile Indians, so that in those desperate times, when

passengers, mail-men and stage drivers had all been robbed and killed, Jeffords had been spared.

Colonel Pope, the Indian Superintendent, had once succeeded in reaching the wary Cochise with a message through him. It was a good Providence that threw him in our way. Jeffords was a tall, spare man, with reddish hair and whiskers, very companionable and pleasant in his deportment, while he proved, in emergencies, to be resolute and fearless in an unusual degree.

"This is Mr. Jeffords?" "Yes, sir, that is my name."

"Can you take me to the camp of Cochise?" He looked steadily and inquiringly into my eyes and asked: "Will you go with me there without soldiers?" Yes, "I answer, "if necessary." "Then I will take you to him."

Jeffords first secured as a guide a handsome young Indian called Chie. He was the son of the celebrated Mangus Colorado (Cochise's deceased brother, killed by our people some time ago). Chie showed great reluctance at first but finally yielded to the promise of a horse for his young wife.

Ponce.

The journey back to the Rio Grande, so very much out of direction, besides the fulfillment of a promise to Victoria and the gaining the full confidence of Chie, had really quite another object. It was to find Ponce, the chief of a small band of Indians, that had recently deserted their reservation at Stanton and were wander-

passengers, mail-men and stage drivers had all been robbed and killed. Jelliffe had been spared.

Colonel Pope, the Indian Superintendent, had once succeeded in rescuing the very people with a message through him. It was a good Providence that threw him in our way. Jelliffe was a tall, spare man, with reddish hair and whiskers, very amiable and pleasant in his deportment, while he proved, in conversation, to be resourceful and fearless in an unusual degree.

"This is Mr. Jelliffe," I said, "that is my name." "Can you take me to the camp of Goshutes?" He looked steadily and indignantly into my eyes and asked: "Will you go with me there without soldiers?" "Yes," I answered, "if necessary." "When I will take you to him."

Jelliffe first appeared as a guide a handsome young Indian called Chie. He was the son of the celebrated Goshute Hunter Goshute's deceased brother, killed by our people some time ago. Goshute showed great reluctance at first but finally yielded to the promise of a horse for his young wife.

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ing in the mountains presumably not far from Canada Alamosa.

Jeffords needed him to complete the interpretation. Jeffords put the English into Spanish and Ponce translated the Spanish into Cochise's Apache. Again my careful interpreter wished, like a good General, all the chances in his favor. He says: "Ponce is a favorite friend of the old man. He is the son of old Ponce who, you know, while alive, was a great chief, had many horses and could speak and read the Spanish language."

From Canada Alamosa we turned at first down the valley of the Rio Grande. The party now consisted of Jeffords, Jake May (an interpreter who spoke Spanish more fluently than Jeffords), two packers, Chie, or little Chie as we called him, Captain Gladen and myself. We were prepared for trails, or directions without trails.

A wagon, taking the roads, and joining us when needed or convenient, followed.

The first day, after refitting, we are jogging along the trail, which here ran over the rough land between the tributaries to the great river, when Jeffords' sharp, experienced eyes detect the track of an unshod horse. It was quite fresh. The rider had most likely ridden to the brow of the hill, seen us approaching and then turned quickly back. Jeffords and I followed the trail rapidly for a few miles, when of a sudden we came to an abrupt descent. There was a break in the rolling land made by a cross-canyon. We stopped and looked below. Down there in the bottom flowed the Rio Cochillo Negro. We could trace its tortuous course for many miles through

ing in the mountains presumably not far from Canada Alamosa.
 Jellards needed him to complete the interpretation. Jellards
 put the English into Spanish and Jones translated the Spanish into
 Cochino's Apache. Again my careful interpreter wished, like a good
 general, all the elements in his favor. He says: "Jones is a favor-
 ite friend of the old man. He is the son of old Jones who, you
 know, while alive, was a great chief, had many horses and could
 speak and read the Spanish language."

From Canada Alamosa we turned at first down the valley of the
 Rio Grande. The party now consisted of Jellards, Lake May (an in-
 terpreter who spoke Spanish more fluently than Jellards), two pack-
 ers, this, of little else as we called him, Captain Jinnah and my-
 self. We were prepared for trails or directions without trails.
 A wagon, taking the horses, and joining us when needed or con-
 venient, followed.

The first day, after resting, we are together along the trail,
 which here ran over the rough land between the tributaries to the
 great river, when Jellards' sharp, experienced eyes detected the track
 of an unused horse. It was quite fresh. The horse had most likely
 ridden to the brow of the hill, seen us approaching and then turned
 quickly back. Jellards and I followed the trail rapidly for a few
 miles, when at a sudden we came to an abrupt descent. There was a
 break in the rolling land made by a stone-thrower. We stopped and
 looked below. From there in the bottom flowed the Rio Grande. It
 looked like a small stream its tortuous course for many miles through

the bottom land toward the Rio Grande. The ordinary banks varying in width from a few yards to a half a mile showed many spots for cultivation. At intervals waving cornfields in the bright sunlight lent a peaceful charm to the picturesqueness of the view. Immediately in our front we beheld indian children at play, women around some diminutive camp fires at work, and a group of men a few rods distant squatting on the ground. To complete that picture there were here and there quietly grazing along the river a number of indian ponies.

With no apparent hesitation we descended the zigzag horse-path and slowly approached the group. The indians, many of whom were playing cards, and the rest looking on, appeared deeply absorbed in their game. At first, of our coming they took not the least notice. Jeffords, discerning Ponce among the players made a sign to me that all was right and proceeding to the circle, sat down beside a thick set, pleasant visaged young indian and addressed him. This was Ponce; he answered a word or so in Spanish and then went on with his game. Soon the game being over the indians began to take favorable notice of me. They called out enquiringly: "Tatah? Tatah?" a term, which has the same meaning as "Tyhee" among the northern tribes. Then they gathered closer around me examining my clothing and my equipment in detail with unrestrained curiosity.

Ponce, as we afterward found was an exceedingly intelligent savage, speaking the Spanish fluently; a large hearted fellow, lazy enough in camp, but quick on the scout or the hunt.

To going with us he opposed two serious

the bottom land toward the Rio Grande. The ordinary banks varying in width from a few yards to a half a mile showed many spots for cultivation. At intervals waving coverfields in the bright sunlight lent a peculiar charm to the picturesqueness of the view. Immediately in our front we beheld Indian children at play, women around some distinctive camp fires at work, and a group of men a few rods distant awaiting on the ground. To complete that picture there were here and there quietly grazing along the river a number of Indian ponies.

With no apparent hesitation we descended the zigzag horse-path and slowly approached the group. The Indians, many of whom were playing cards, and the vast looking ox, appeared deeply absorbed in their game. At first, of our coming they took not the least notice. Suddenly, discerning Torres among the players made a sign to me that all was right and proceeding to the circle, sat down beside a thick set, pleasant visaged young Indian and addressed him. This was Torres; he answered a word or so in Spanish and then went on with his game. Soon the game being over the Indians began to take favorable notice of me. They called out enquiringly: "Tatahi Tatahi" a term, which has the same meaning as "Tyee" among the northern tribes. Then they gathered closer around me examining my clothing and my equipment in detail with unrestrained curiosity.

Torres, as we afterwards found was an exceedingly intelligent savage, speaking the Spanish fluently; a large hearted fellow, jazy enough in camp, but quick on the alert or the hunt.

To going with us he opposed two serious

objections - one he presented by the inquiry "Who will care for these indians?" and the other by the laconic expression "I have no horse." The first objection was removed at a neighboring Mexican village where a thirty days supply of provisions was procured and furnished to these gypsies upon condition that they would not steal the corn of the citizens, and would remain where they were till their leader's return. I also presented to Ponce a horse, expecting of course that he would use it for the journey.

As we were about setting forth the next day, I noticed Ponce running along the trail on foot, and called out in Spanish, "Where is your horse?" He simply, with a mysterious look pointed back to the indian lodges, and ran on. Like his friend Chie, to console her for his absence, he on the eve of starting had presented the horse to his wife.

objections - one he presented by the inquiry "Who will care for these Indians?" and the other by the logical expression "I have no horse." The first objection was removed as a neighboring Mexican village where a thirty days supply of provisions was stocked and furnished to these Indians upon condition that they would not attack the town of the Indians, and would remain where they were till their leader's return. I also presented to Ponca a horse, expecting of course that he would use it for his journey.

As we were about setting forth the next day, I noticed Ponca remaining along the trail on foot, and called out in Spanish, "Where is your horse?" He simply, with a mysterious look pointed back to the Indian lodges, and went on. Like his friend Gile, to console her for his absence, he on the eve of starting had presented the horse to his wife.