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Our Indians of the Southwest
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Wm. H. H. H.
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Our Indians of the Southwest.

By General O. O. Howard.

Article ~~Second~~. **Third.**

We now change our course aiming toward the Southern part of Arizona. At Fort Bayard, which we take en route, the officers extend to us a hospitable reception, and we replenish ourselves with all needed stores. But after leaving Bayard, for a time, our thoughts are turned away from the main object of the expedition by the inhabitants of the country, who were watching our movements with various signs of suspicion and hatred. It is indeed a wonder, a problem not easy of solution, what becomes of the vast multitude that at the end of every month are discharged from the jails and penitentiaries of the world. Formerly a wave of population which embraced such, and could be traced from the lower Texas frontier northward to the British line - a wave which left its foul detrition both along and beyond our borders.

Now however as this frontier has disappeared the population having surged quite across the continent, we lose trace of the jail element, except where some Alaskan corners or mining canyons, have caught and held these pestilential people. When they are met with, they are easy of recognition. They are cowardly, foul mouthed accusers of each other, and vicious. Such appeared the mining corner

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through which our way led. Seeing the indians in our party, they barred their houses, or fled from them in terror, alarming the neighborhood. At the little town which formed the nucleus of mining operations the crowd pressed closely upon us and so persistently saluted the indians with gibes and threats, that they became alarmed for their safety. By keeping Ponce and Chie as much in the background as possible and by conciliatory speeches we succeeded in soothing the mob. It was difficult to defend the "peace policy" to them. They declared "it was milk and water." "It would do well enough if it could be carried out." "Nobody believes it can be." Such moderate expressions were interlarded with unending profanity and Billingsgate. Fortunately for us, after considerable parley and factious opposition they consented to let the trial be made, and to allow ^{to} us the hated Indian scouts as the essential instrument.

Ten miles beyond this mining village a party of prospectors was ~~contented~~ encountered. The leader, a prominent citizen, who had had a brother killed by Apaches, catching a glimpse of the two of the hated race, saluted me with a horrid oath, and declared, that he meant to kill the indian scoundrels on the spot. One of our number fearlessly meeting him said: "Sir; you will kill me first!" and while he gazed steadily into his face, the bitter man changed his purpose, dropped his rifle by his side and muttering something about that "damnable peace policy" which allowed savages brutes to go at large, rode off without further ado.

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Nothing is more wonderful to one bred in a city, than the exhibition of skill on the part of indians and frontiersmen in the seeing of everything indicative of the nearness of animal life and in the knowledge and quick interpretation of sign-language; for example: Ponce is riding by me with his eye on the ground; in a lazy fashion; when of a sudden he cries out: "Adeer, a deer," and springs up the side of a hill, rifle in hand, like a trained dog, following a fresh track which was so faint, that it escaped other notice except his. Again a few days later, he was ^{mounted} lying prone patting his horse's neck as he walked along the beaten trail. A single horsetrack caught his attention, he immediately followed it and it took him off at quite an angle from the direction in which we were moving. In a few minutes he galloped back, calling out "Apache, Apache!" I asked Jeffords to explain to me how he knew, that it was an Apache. Ponce laughed quite heartily at my simplicity, and then answered, "feet small, pony no shoes, indian, horse go all around like Apache. American ride straight ahead." The result of finding this horsetrack led to a larger party's trail. Our indians soon told us that these strangers, as yet invisible belonged to Cochise, were riding mules, ponies and American horses - all mounted; that the cavalcade consisted of men, women and children. Putting ourselves upon this scent without sight of indian or white man, for

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two days longer we wind around among the sand hills and through the wastes of Eastern New Mexico, till the Stein Peak ^{or Moggillon} Mountains begin to rise and stretch themselves across our pathway. At the foothill the indians ~~made~~ all ~~we~~ keep together and follow the lead of Chie who proceeded in advance some two or three hundred yards. Although this country was treeless, except in the mountains, yet here and there were found shoots, straight and tall, which had the firmness of a dry corn stalk. They were covered with long blade-like leaves lopping around them. Chie set fire to these shoots one after another. Each flashed up quickly and emitted a small cloud of smoke. I said "What does he do that for, Ponce?" He answered, "Paz, - Humo Paz". i.e. Peace - Smoke Peace.

The great danger to miners, prospectors or soldiers, while crossing this arid waste, arises from drouth. From spring to spring where there is sufficient water to sustain life, the reaches are often too great for one day's travel. Even the Indians, sometimes suffer greatly for the want of it. Just ahead a little way up the mountain was a famous spring. There was not another known to our Indians within forty miles. Imagine our disappointment in finding here, scarcely water enough for the men. As soon as Chie came to this spring, he began to bark, imitating to perfection the coyote. An answering bark was heard at a distance, from behind a large rock. Chie bounded up the height and disappeared. In a few moments two indians were seen quietly descending the steep toward us. It was Chie and a stranger. While stolidity of behavior is not, as has been often stated

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been often stated, a special characteristic of the indian, yet there is much of it affected at the beginning of an interview. Our stranger ate some crackers, drank some coffee and smoked a pipe. Then without further remark turning toward Chie, said "I must go." He immediately left and ran up the height. Ponce also left us for a visit to the new found friends.

Cochise's scout, for such was the stranger indian, soon returned with his family. He was mounted with his child behind him, while his spouse like the wife of ^E Auneas, followed him on foot. Ponce soon appeared in another direction conducting a party of ill dressed, dirty looking indians. Evidently no water had been wasted from the scanty spring in such laving luxury.

One old woman, wrinkled and haggard was a repudiated wife of the robber chief. Soon all were the best of friends. Sixty strange indians, with our party of eight, were eating, smoking and chatting, while their animals, with ours on the large plat of grass close at hand, were quietly feeding.

Next morning we are told that Cochise is still more than a hundred miles distant. None of these who were evidently located here for a watch, dared go with us. They insisted that we must diminish our party. Three turned off to Camp Bowie to join the wagon already gone thither.

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me and said: "Dont you think you take too much risk. Eight could have made some resistance but how is it with only five?" I replied "The risk is indeed great, but I have thought the matter over carefully and feel constrained to proceed. I thought of the Scripture words of comfort: He that saveth his life shall lose it, but he that loseth his life for my sake, shall find it."

This day's ride of forty miles was tedious in the extreme. The atmosphere was dry. The sun beat upon us with scorching power. There was no water anywhere. The animals suffered as much as the men from thirst while they toiled on. Chic and Jeffords promised a delightful spring near the Chiricahua range. At sun down Chic deviating a little from the route rode to a hollow where he had expected to find water. But there was not one drop! The spring was dry! So we pushed forward with decreasing hopes, following the gulches, higher up the mountain. Just as twilight was fading into night, we saw on our right some black, perpendicular rocks. Coming closer, the glad sound of water trickling down in several streams ^{was} heard. At their foot we discover^{ed} a well filled basin hollowed in the rocks. Imagine the joy at the discovery. How glad we were to drink at this fountain and like Rebecca give to our animals also.

Sulphur Springs.

Under the same cloudless sky, and a sun unrelenting in the diffusion of its heated rays, we toiled on over the Chiricahuas and across the broad, dry Sagebrush Valley, that touches in deceptive

me and said: "Don't you think you take too much risk. Night could have made some resistance but how is it with only five?" I replied "The risk is indeed great, but I have thought the matter over carefully and feel constrained to proceed. I thought of the dangers of course, but that saveth the life shall save it, but no that I wish his life for my sake, shall find it."

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Polish Spring.

Under the same cloudless sky, and a sun unrelenting in the brightness of its heated rays, we toiled on over the wilderness and across the broad, dry Saskatchewan Valley, that touches its deceptive

nearness the Dragoon Mountains, which ragged, grey and lofty have intercepted all western outlook.

Our course is oblique and crosses ^{the} Camp Bowie and the Tucson wagon road, twenty five miles from the former at Sulphur Springs. Here a Mr. Rogers; who was afterward murdered by indians, kept a trading post. Here the stage horses, when the line was open, were stabled. As an outpost for Camp Bowie there was stationed here a small detachment of soldiers. How surprised the men were to see our dusty party come upon them from the flanking desert. Addressing mine host, we say: "Mr. Rogers, can you give us anything to eat?"

"No, no, " he answers "but I have enough to drink." But we dont want whiskey." "Dont want whiskey! why not?" He asks in astonishment "It is good whiskey."

The little ^{of soldiers} garrison shared their bread and bacon with us, and brought us excellent water from the spring. Here we remain without explanation, a group, mysterious to the garrison, till the bright stars had replaced the sun, when in silence we saddled up and moved away toward the Dragoon Mountains. When we had at last passed the broad valley and begun to ascend the foot hills of the range, we made a dry camp, and waited for daylight. Without breakfast, the party set out again, at sunrise; and kept on for a few hours until, as was much desired, the noise of flowing water was heard. It proved a clear cool mountain spring. Here breakfasted animals and men, taking a refreshing two hours rest. The Dragoon Mountains ^{were} ~~was~~ at hand.

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Ponce and Chic show us a gap in the range, that looks in this morning light like the fresh cut of a Railroad. "Shall we go there" asks Jeffords. Ponce answers: "No, not yet." Cochise is there, we must go through to the other side, taking the next gap. He will not let you go straight to him."

However humbling to our pride, like Dante in his Inferno, we as implicitly followed our wise guide, who in brief Spanish gave for his improbables as good reasons as the shade of Virgil. Along the streams ^{when one is} ascending ~~and~~ or descending the ridge a fair pathway is found, so that early in the afternoon, the other side is reached. Here Chic made signs to unsaddle and proceeded to free his own pony from the girth. He had led us to a pretty, shady oak with branches low, broad and thick, which invited to repose. The slopes were covered with excellent grass, while a sparkling brook danced along close at hand. Chic had hardly placed his saddle and blanket under the tree, when without a word, he bounded off over the rocks and crags, in the direction of that "railroad cut." All day we had been making at intervals in circular order, five fires. This device was to tell of our approach, how many in the party, and that our mission meant peace. But as yet there had not been a responsive smoke, not even the footfall of a horse to indicate the presence of the redoubtable chieftain or any of his clan. Chic quickly disappeared beyond the rocks in the deep canyon. We proceeded to prepare the dinner, write up the note books, and otherwise in camp ways, consume the time until his return, for we understood by Ponce's

help that Chie, like the young shepherd of Israel, proposed to beard the lion in his lair.

The two lads.

Near night two indian boys fourteen and ten came riding leisurely toward us, from the west. Both were mounted on the same horse. For bridle they had a small rope, tied to the under jaw, with a lopp over the neck. The boys dismounted, looked us over carefully, scarcely speaking; then sitting on the ground, they delighted themselves with our crackers and coffee. The repast finished, they said to Ponce, that Chie had come to their lodges, (pointing toward the neighboring gap, where Chie had disappeared,) and that he wanted us to join him. In a trice horses and mules were saddled and we hastened away to trace out unknown paths before the sun should disappear. The boys acted as our guides, though they refused to ride in advance. One of them took a great fancy to our cheerful friend Captain Sladen. He eyed every article of his clothing, admired his belt and pistol and did not neglect to examine with care his horse and equipments. It would not be surprising if the good natured young savage, coveted these luxuries, and thought in his gypsy intellect, that they might be his in the event of his chieftain continuing the twelve years war, for a space long enough to "take in" our party. Still he gave no hostile look or demonstration, and surely suspicions after danger, are needless.

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after danger, are needless.

Winding around the foothills, we followed a crooked stream, back through a narrow pass, having a moderate ascent, into the very heart of the mountains. The sun had set, but there was sufficient light for us to get glimpses of our situation. A small band of indians were waiting under some trees. I looked around. Here was a natural fortification -- Canyons to enter by, and canyons for leaving. The plat was envired by a natural wall, varying in height from one to two hundred feet. It enclosed thirty acres of grass land, having a cienega, or small swamp near the center. Many good, abundant springs were tributaries to a fine spring of water, which intersected the area. We pitched our camp beneath a tree amid a throng of these wild people, who at first appeared happy and curious. Soon Tygee, the camp commander paid us a visit, ceremonious and courteous enough, but there was no word from Cochise.

At night the children came and laid down at our feet, on our blankets. I knew that this meant peace for that night at least, and so slept without apprehension.

The Chief coming.

The next morning, just after breakfast, when we had begun to be anxious as to what we should do next, a singular cry was uttered some distance off, and Ponce declared, with animation, "He is coming!"

Immediately preparations were made by the indians near me for receiving him, by widening the circle and placing a blanket on the ground for his seat. All were silent and the scene presented was

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not unlike that of a congregation waiting for their pastor to enter and open the service.

In a few minutes there came rapidly down a ravine a single indian, who looked very fierce as he approached, carrying a long lance in his hand. He was short and thick set, and painted in that ugly way where vermillion is combined with black. As soon as he reached us, he dismounted and hastened to Jeffords standing near by and embraced him very warmly. Jeffords said very quietly, "this is his brother." Neither Jeffords or any of the Indians ever spoke the name of Cochise. They called him in Spanish "mi hermano." In Apache Schicache meaning "my brother".

I had hardly been introduced to Cochise's brother, who called himself "Juan", when a mounted party following came in sight. This consisted of a fine looking Indian, accompanied by a young man and two indian women. It was Cochise. He dismounted and saluted Jeffords like an old friend. He then turned to me and I was presented in this phrase: "General, this is he; this is the man." As I took his hand I remember my impression. A man fully six feet in height, well proportioned, having large dark eyes, and face slightly painted with vermillion - unmistakably an indian, hair straight and black with a few silver threads touching his neck behind. He gave me a warm grasp of the hand, and said very pleasantly: "Buenos dias." His face was really pleasant to look upon, making me say to myself, "How strange it is that such a man can be the robber and murderer, so much complained of." In my frequent interviews afterward, I

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perceived that when conversing upon all ordinary matters he was exceedingly pleasant, exhibiting a childlike simplicity; but in touching upon the wrongs of the Apaches, in public council or on horseback, in fact when he considers himself to be specially on duty as the Chiricahua Chief, he is altogether another man.

We walked together and sat down side by side on a blanket, beneath a fine spreading oak, which sheltered us from the scorching rays of the sun. The attendants of Cochise were his son Natchi, a lad about seventeen, a wife about thirty years of age and his sister. As soon as his sister reached Ponce, she sat down by him and taking his hand, began to weep aloud. It was a very sad wail, and continued until Cochise and I passed under the oak tree. It was the weeping over a mutual friend or relative the two had lost.

Already a circle of indians, men, women and children, gave form and interest to our proceedings. Cochise first gathered from Ponce and Chie, everything that they knew of my history and designs.

It was well to have two such good friends to create a bias in our favor. After this questioning he turned to me and said pleasantly: "Will the General explain the object of his visit?"

I answered: "The President sent me to make peace between him and the citizens." He replied: "Nobody wants peace more than I do. I have done no mischief since I came from Canada Alamosa. But I am poor, my horses poor and few. I might have got more by raiding the

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Tucson road, but I did not do it."

He acknowledged that he had twelve Captains out of camp in different directions getting their living as robbers do.

Our plan of making a common reservation on the Rio Grande, for his and other Indians was broached. Cochise replied: "I have been there, I like the country. Rather than not to have peace, I will go and take such of my people as I can, but it will break up my band." Why not give me Apache Pass? Give me this and I will protect all the roads. I will see that nobody's property is taken by the Indians."

As he said this, his eye flashed and he lifted his chin a little proudly. He evidently desired to gain that controlling point.

I replied: "Perhaps the Government would do that, but I deemed it vastly better, for him and his people to go to Alamosa. Five rivers were there for the Indians. The Rio Grande, Alamosa, Rio Negro, the Palomas and the Percha, affording fine planting grounds in their valleys; good grazing for thousands of cattle, plenty of mescal and good hunting in the mountains.

The mescal is a wild plant, forming around a central stalk, like the cabbage. The leaf is bayonet shaped and stiff, with a pointed extremity. The Apaches make several dishes from it, some palatable and sweetish like the Pine-apple. The drink from it is somewhat stronger than the ordinary hop beer.

Cochise enquires: "How long will you stay? will you wait till my Captains come in and have a talk?" These were startling

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questions, but one must not betray apprehension to a savage. So I declared: "I came from Washington to meet you and your people. I must stay as long as necessary."

Appearing pleased, he immediately despatched messengers, and said it would require four or five days to assemble his captains.

Now, his manner changing, sometimes plaintive and sometimes fierce, he recited the wrongs of the Apaches. "We were once a large people, covering these mountains. We lived well, we were at peace. One day my best friends were seized by treachery, they were murdered. The worst place of all is Apache Pass. There five Indians were killed. Their bodies were hung up and kept till they were skeletons. Now Americans and Mexicans kill an Apache on sight. I have retaliated with all my might. My people have killed Americans and Mexicans and taken their property. Their losses have been greater than mine. But I know they are many and we are few. Apaches are growing less and less every day. Why shut me up on a reservation? We will make peace; we will keep it faithfully. But let us go around free as the Americans do. Let us go wherever we please." I answered: "That all this country did not properly belong to the Indians. All God's children had an interest in it. Therefore to keep the peace we must fix meets and bounds. Such a peace as he proposed would not last a week. Should some rough prospectors, well armed, fire upon and kill a portion of his band, or should some of his wild young men take the lives of the citizens,

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should some of his wild young men take the lives of the citizens,

the peace would be hopelessly broken."

After considerable more complaint and pleading he said: "The Americans began the fight." I said in reply: "A large number of our people agree to what you state. Now they wish all such horrid work as war, murder and robbery to cease." He smiled pleasantly and said thoughtfully: "I am glad you came."

It was now proposed to send Captain Sladen for the purpose of notifying Camp Bowie and other military posts of what had been done. Cochise shook his head and said: "I want you to go, the soldiers will hear you. Jeffords and Captain Sladen can stay here. We will take care of them." Chic consented to be my guide. All business being settled we mounted and rode through a canyon to the outside of our handsome prison, Cochise and several of his indians accompanying us. The view from this point on the western foothills was grand. Mountains and valleys, rivers and canyons lie beneath you in full view. I did not wonder that the indians delighted in their magnificent home. We stopped under the shade of a tree and leaned against a large flat stone; As he looked forth, Cochise said: "Shicowah -- my home."

Chic and I set out, due east, following a trail till night obscured all traces of it. Then we scrambled over rugged heights and through deep gulches, such as in daylight we would not have under-

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taken. I tore my coat to shreds, pricked my limbs with thorns, and made such poor headway that I was fearful of remaining in the mountains all night. But the young indian never faltered, occasionally he exclaimed: "Camino no bueno." Then we would try again, probing in another direction. Occasionally I hugged the mule's neck, as he ascended a precipitous height, or pulled him after me along the sides, where it was too steep to stand still, and at times I slid down to the bottom of a deep ravine by getting behind, and pushing the mule ahead of me. He would be going along bravely in a canyon, when the leading mule would stop, planting his feet on the very brink of a precipice, so back we would turn, regain the mountain side, work past the precipice and slide down again.

My Spanish was poor and meagre, and Chie's no better, while his English was worse. In fact the only english words I heard him say were "Yes sir" and "Milky way". No words of impatience escaped either of us. Yet when finally we emerged upon the plain we each in his own language, with considerable gusto, began to sing.

Having a lift over the last twenty miles in Mr. Roger's lumber wagon, we arrived at the post of Camp Bowie when the sun was an hour high, having accomplished fifty eight miles from Cochise's camp. When we came to the vicinity of Apache Pass, Chie lost his usual cheerfulness, his sorrow appeared to be genuine. Jeffords once told me that the boy asked him, who killed his father Mangus Colorado? He answered: "The Americans did it." Chie then said

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with deep feeling: "Why did they do it?" "It was because they were bad men," Jeffords replied. After that, Chic never referred to the subject again.

After procuring the necessary supplies from Major Sumner and gathering up the remnants of our party, sent to Bowie, we turned back, and by dark were going into camp at Sulphur Springs. After a slight experience travellers will, except in the larger towns of Arizona, be careful to sleep outside of corrals and houses. That is such travellers as prefer pure air and unappropriated quarters. I told Chic, he might put his bed with mine, to protect him against the watchdogs at this station, who seemed ravenously inclined to bite him. He looked at my bear skin and said: "Shosh tōn judah. . . Apache" That is: "Bear bad for Apache." I told him to throw it aside and we would sleep without it. He was a warm bed fellow that cold night. It is astonishing how much these open air people exceed the rest of us in animal heat; going without pants, they oil their legs continually with the marrow of the deer; their skin becomes tough and thick. One indian who had some clothes given him, took ^{off} his pants in a cold snap. He explained that he did it in order to keep warm - the pants were too cold.

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mountains had been gained. Cochise and Capt. Sladen were eagerly watching from a pinnacle and when we were yet more than fifteen miles distant, discovered the approach.

The Indians with Sladen and Jefferds spread out in grand array descended with joyous speed to meet us. In the night previous, on a rumor that soldiers were coming, Sladen informed me that he had the satisfaction of realizing how promptly an indian can change his base.

We lay down that night on the new camping ground. It was covered by craggy sandstone rocks and situated far up the mountain side. Just in rear was a rough bridle path, rendered practicable for leading up horses and mules to the summit.

This camp afforded the best natural defense with a line of retreat along the crest. Instantly upon the approach of soldiers, the women, children and luggage, would pass up the height and off, while the warriors would hold in check and probably destroy their enemies, horses and men, who might rashly undertake the attack.

Cochise sent his sister, who had authority with a few other indians with directions to stay by the wagon, near the base of the mountain and protect the supplies. The next morning the soldier apprehension, being somewhat relieved the camp was moved to the same vicinity. Jefferds and Sladen being sent in advance to plant a white flag on the top of a globular height, which rounded up its back like some huge elephant, in the western valley. The flag showed

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every passer-by that peace was the order of the day. The women clapped their hands when they saw it waving, and I could hear them say: "Shi tekeh shieslin june," that is "I the flag of peace love."

Our home while waiting for the absent indians was taken beneath a green oak. A short distance away, perhaps twenty or thirty yards was the house of Cochise. It consisted of a sandstone rock, twenty feet high and near it a large size scrub oak. A couple of boughs, bushy enough to thicken the shade were laid against the tree. A place for sleeping, a little larger than a man, was hollowed out in the ground. So much for the house. The furniture consisted of two or three buckskins, two or three blankets, long used; some bows and arrows, a costly rifle, saddles and bridles; an "olo", a kind of earthen jar for water; a little waterproof basket, two or three knives and one small tin pail for coffee. The provisions on hand hung upon a branch of the oak - some fresh deer meat and jerked venison, either deer or antelope. They had also mescal and a seed somewhat smaller, but resembling that of the pumpkin. There was also a pile of Cochise's horse shoes. They are made of thick hide with the hair down. When about to move, he puts them on, enveloping the hoof, and tying with strings below the fetlock. When he halts, he takes them off. They are particularly used for horses with tender feet and generally on the forefeet only.

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The Dance.

Surely these indians were hospitable. The first evening in the dim light, they gave us a dance of welcome. Imagine two rows, as in the Virginia reel, keeping time to the rough music, two women moved toward one man. He follows them as they retire. At times the men cross over and all form one rank, the men facing one way and the women the other; all go forward and back; suddenly the women face about, the men following suit without losing time; occasionally all the dancers move around in a circle. The drum is made, as among various other tribes, by stretching a piece of buckskin over an "olo" or other vessel. For drumsticks they use any withe, hooped at one end; with this the leader beats time, and in accompaniment, all continue to sing. If two women have paid special attention to a partner, a forfeit consisting of some present must be paid. One of our packers, whom the indians called Pi-nal-a-pi, Stone, a very tall man, upward of fifty years of age, who had been much with indians, always delighted them when he joined in the dance. The forfeit was demanded of him as soon as the dance was over. He exclaimed: "What can I give them?" Ponce said, "haven't you two shirts on?" "Sure enough," he replied, and instantly pulled off one, and gave it. Ponce declared in Spanish: "You'll never want for anything. A man who gives his last shirt is sure to prosper."

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The Apache Women.

The women whose husbands were absent, to secure predatory supplies, had their temporary homes under different trees, to our rear and left along the mountain side. Their behavior was good. Most of them were industrious, spending their time in burning the mescal, tanning the skins of deer and taking ^{care} of the children.

As soon as they procured a little cotton from us, they worked busily in making it up into garments. They wore a short skirt, a sacque reaching a little below the waist and moccasins with tops; almost all have beads, some a few, and some many strings. These women were modest in their deportment and free from any exhibition of wantonness. I did not see one in this camp with the usual mark upon her, that the Apache women generally have, as a punishment for adultery. That mark is made by cutting off a portion of the nose.

The Children.

It is wise for a visitor, here as elsewhere, to establish a good footing with the children. Quarrels are very apt to brew with people, who are either indifferent or averse to their society. The Apache babies are each packed upon a board, sheltered with basket work. I noticed the mother dip her child in the clear cold stream, wrap it in a piece of cotton cloth, put it on its curious bed, and then bind over it a piece of buckskin, leaving the feet and head completely uncovered, a strap or bail, enables the mother to swing the child upon her back, resting the strap against her forehead as she walks. In this ^{way} her arms are free, and she carries the child

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for hours. From two years old to twelve, the boys seldom have any clothing, except the one strip of cotton around the body below the waist. At first, the children were very shy, but with a few exceptions, a bit of cracker, a lump of sugar or a piece of candy conquered their fears. Day after day, I noticed them sporting upon the rocks in all kinds of plays, usually happy and hearty. Of course there were the usual fallings out, followed by alternations of cloud and sunshine. Often they would spend much time in watching me while writing and were quite successful in imitating copies that I set them. They amused themselves greatly in teaching me their language, laughing often, and doubtless thinking me a very dull scholar.

Perhaps the most interesting feature of this gypsy life is the eating. They go a long time without food, except when they have provisions in plenty, then they keep them always ready. So as, whenever they are hungry, to eat without any formal table setting.

When we came to eat we spread our canvas table as before described. The meal being ready, I invited Cochise to sit beside me and if there were room, extended the invitation to any of his captains who were present. As soon as we were seated, men and boys would crowd into every interval. I generally had a man upon my side and a little boy upon my knee, as I sat cross legged, both of them eating from my plate and drinking from my cup.

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He brought a rumor that soldiers were coming. The indians were frightened. While we were in doubt, this indian drew close to me, put his arm around me, and expressed his earnest desire for peace. He trembled very much at the prospect of an attack. The scare was occasioned by distant glimpses of Captain Sladen and Capt. May returning from a trip to Bowie. This incident, like the night camp-moving, shows in what constant trepidation these people live.

I think it was the 19th day. Ten Captains having come in, when a formal council was called. The new comers, several of them, were exceedingly rough and troublesome. The adjustment of difficulties was more trying. We had to abandon, as Cochise had said, the taking of these indians with their own consent to Alamosa and finally assented to give them the Chiricahua Mountains with the adjoining valleys for their reservation.

The Spiritists.

After the Council, the same night an Apache prayer meeting was held in a curious little nook, above our camp. At first we heard the sound of a multitude of women, imitating the moaning of the wind. This sound gradually died away. Then all sang with words. At the expiration of three quarters of an hour, a young man, hitherto rough toward us came, and pleasantly invited us to join the meeting. We went and were seated outside the circle, which was formed

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by the women facing inward. The Chief, the captains and the men were inside the circle. As soon as the singing had ceased, one indian after another would pray or speak without rising. The chief's talks, mournful in tone, were yet the most authoritative. I could hear him mention Jeffords' sobriquet, "Stagalito" meaning "Red beard". Our whole case was evidently being considered, according to their fashion, in Divine presence, either of the God of the earth, or of his spirits.

Surely these were solemn moments, when you could not determine on which side of the Styx their superstition might land you. Fortunately the spirits were on our side, for as we learned the next day, at the council, their answer to the indian incantation had been: "The white man and the indian are to drink of the same water, eat of the same bread, and be at peace."

The object of the mission being now accomplished, we set out for a confirmatory gathering at Dragoon Springs, where by appointment the officers from Bowie were to meet us.

It was an interesting cavalcade. I rode a good, stout mule, having Cochise's interpreter behind me, encircling my waist with his supple arms. When Cochise was mounted with his face newly painted with vermillion, his countenance wore an unwonted repellant aspect. He was immediately the commander on duty. The indians, en route, made several wild charges. I could then easily understand, why almost any train of mules would be stampeded by them.

by the women facing inward. The chief, the captain and the men were inside the circle. As soon as the singing had ceased, one Indian after another would pray or speak without rising. The chief's talks, mournful in tone, were yet the most authoritative. I could hear him mention Jeffords' sobriquet, "Stagallite" meaning "Red Head". Our whole case was evidently being considered, according to their fashion, in Divine presence, either of the God of the earth, or of his spirits.

Surely these were solemn moments, when you could not determine on which side of the Jyts their superstition might land you. Fortunately the spirits were on our side, for as we learned the next day, at the council, their answer to the Indian incantation had been: "The white man and the Indian are to drink of the same water, eat of the same bread, and be at peace."

The object of the mission being now accomplished, we set out for a conference gathering at Dragoon Springs, where by appointment the officers from Bowie were to meet us.

It was an interesting cavalcade. I rode a good, stout mule, having Gochise's interpreter behind me, encircling my waist with his supple arms. When Gochise was mounted with his face newly painted with vermilion, his countenance wore an unwonted repellent aspect. He was immediately the commander on duty. The Indians, on route, made several wild charges. I could soon easily understand why almost any train of mules would be stampeded by them.

Arriving at Dragoon Springs, Cochise located his command with apparent carelessness, but really with such skill, that every man could have been in three minutes under cover in a little ravine, and in three minutes more, if necessary, could have passed behind a round hill, and have gained the mountains without danger. Cochise said to Jeffords: "I know your party and trust you, but these people from Apache Pass, I do not know. How long have you known them?" Jeffords said, "I never saw them." This was all the talk that preceded that military arrangement.

Conclusion.

Just as I was closing this article, some six years after the events related, I received a letter from Colonel Watkins, the Indian Inspector from the new reserve of these Apaches at San Carlos. He writes: "I have been among these Apaches for the past month, learning their condition and their needs. In their talks with me they generally speak of the peace you made with them, and of the better way of living they have learned since then. You placed a stone on the "Mesa", and told them, as long as that stone lasts, so long the peace shall continue." The stone still lies on the "Mesa" and we are still at peace."

The next words of Col. Watkins, doubtless too flattering, afford me much satisfaction: "The benefit to humanity, the Indians and white settlers, accomplished by your course among these people cannot be estimated. It is enough to have lived a whole life time for

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He showed that Cochise kept his promise till death and always spoke of me with the warmth of attachment. His eldest son was equally true. He was taken to Washington three years ago, where I happened to be on a short visit. Attacked with a malignant fever, he died there and I was present at his funeral. This tribe

This tribe now but a remnant, are consolidated with other Apaches at the San Carlos Reservation, Arizona. As I understand they kept the peace, as long as we preserved our part of the agreement, and the majority ever since, notwithstanding our own flagrant violations of the same.

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