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Lansing B. Bloom

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No. 1

BOURKE ON THE SOUTHWEST, VI

Edited by LANSING B. BLOOM

CHAPTER IX

ARIZONA NOTES, 1873-74

FOR THE next two years Lieutenant Bourke remained in the Department of Arizona as "acting engineer officer" and as aide-de-camp to General Crook.¹ The records extant for this period are rather meager: a single volume of notes; two newspaper articles which were published, one in San Francisco and the other in Boston; and a few casual details.

In spite of the fact that Crook had the Indian situation in Arizona well in hand after his winter campaign, it would be a mistake to think that scouting and fighting abruptly stopped in March, 1873.² Fights with renegades averaged two a month during the next two years; there was a six-weeks' scout from San Carlos—again in the dead of winter, and a two-months' scout in the Bill Williams mountains in the spring of 1874.³

What part Bourke had in these operations is not known, but it is clear that he trailed over most of Arizona and at least once he was across in Sonora:

1. Compare with chronological record given in NEW MEXICO HISTORICAL REVIEW, VIII, 5-7.

2. See the list of engagements, in NEW MEXICO HISTORICAL REVIEW, IX, 165-167.

3. Heitman, *Historical Register*, II, 438-441. On August 19, 1874, occurred the fight at Adobe Walls, Texas.

[Oct. 4, 1874] Today is the feast of Saint Francis which I spent, with so much interest and amusement, last year, at Magdalena, Sonora, Mexico.

No details of that visit are found, but years later Bourke wrote up for a newspaper friend in Boston what he says "is a true story of the hanging of four murderers in Tucson, Arizona, early in September, 1873." He may have witnessed this incident on his way to Sonora. One of the victims named Williss had been in jail for a year; the others had Spanish names, and the story of their crime and expiation reads like a dime-novel. It was published in *Boston* (a sample of Bourke's humor perhaps) with the black-type heading: "A Tucson Tragedy: a True Tale of Terror: Knights of the Green Cloth, and the Pawnbroker's Last Pledge."⁴

The single notebook of 1874 begins September 22 with a brief diary of a march from Camp Verde to San Carlos. Under date of September 25 he writes:

Passed old Camp Reno on our R[ight] today, also two little streams flowing into Tonto Ck. from W. Passed a number of old Aztec ruins today. Examined one and found it to be the remains of a temple "teocalli." An outer wall of rock had enclosed a house, having a court-yard, in center of which could still be discerned a three-terraced teocalli, with foundation of an altar (?) on top. An entrance through the house discovered signs of an attempt at making arches . . .

After arriving at San Carlos, he recorded:

Indians had a big dance tonight . . . The condition of affairs on the San Carlos we found astonishing and gratifying. Indians present numbered 875. All living in villages with regular streets, houses of brush 12' high, bunks elevated two feet above the ground. Every morning at 7 o'clock their villages are policed with the greatest care and every Sunday an inspection is made to see that no

4. Under date of Sept. 5, 1887, Bourke pasted the newspaper clipping with the comment: "I wrote it while at Rockville, Maryland, last fall."

Richardson & Roster, The Greater Southwest, 407-8, quote the report of the coroner's jury. The hanging actually occurred Aug. 8, 1873.

garbage has been allowed to accumulate around their quarters, and that beds and blankets are clean. Indians are *detailed* each morning to work in fields, to make adobes and other employments for which they make good laborers. Average 100 adobes daily to the hand. Are very happy and seem well fed. Scarcely any sickness. Under best of discipline. Governed with firmness and justice. Are very well behaved. Not at all insolent. Always uncover the head when saluting a stranger. Credit for all this is due to Maj. Randall, Babcock, and Ward, also Lt. London.⁵ Indian Agent Clum just arrived and has quietly adopted all the military rules of management. Seems a good man.⁶

Indians had a dance last night in honor of arrival of Gen'l Crook, with whom they held a long conference today. Santos, Juan-clishé, and El Cal being the speakers. Said they were now thoroughly whipped and under General C's orders. What he said, they would do &c &c &c. Would work like white people and hoped they would have plenty of work, so they could get money to buy blankets. Wanted to live there always and if any Indians came there from other Reserves without passes, would make them go to the guard-house or would kill them as they had the other bad ones. Thought the bad ones were all dead now, at least all among them were. (Found all at S. C. [San Carlos] pleasant, affable gentlemen.)

From here the command proceeded north to Camp Apache, arriving September 30:

Found at post Majors Randall and Babcock, Capts. Montgomery, Reilly, Lieuts. Rice, Dodge, and Pratt.

A general count of the Indians took place today; over 1760 are present on the Reserve. A mild form of calenture prevails among this tribe.

5. Maj. George M. Randall had been placed in command at Camp Apache in the spring of 1873.

6. John P. Clum was commissioned agent by the Department of the Interior in February, 1874, and arrived at San Carlos in August. See NEW MEXICO HISTORICAL REVIEW, III, 7.

during the present season. Indians all seem orderly and well-disciplined. Post in fine order. Scenery is beautiful. Maj. Babcock relieved from the Department today. News received by courier of our Indians from Camp Verde, under guide Zeiber, having killed 13 renegades. Three of our Indians killed in the fight. . . .

The Apaches . . . seem to put a high estimate on the telegraph line, without, of course, understanding its mode of operation. Last fall, while Pitone, Alchisay, and Uclenny were in Prescott, I sent a telegram from them to their friends on the Reserve, having it carried by courier from Tucson to this place [Camp Apache]. Greatly to their surprise, a party of their friends met them on the mountains outside of the post, anxious to see what truth there was in the mysterious message so quickly conveyed. . . . Lieut. and Mrs. Rice leave here next week for Omaha via Santa Fe and Denver. Ogilby's and Worth's companies of the 8th Inf. may be with us tomorrow, in which case the General and myself will depart for Prescott by Tuesday, Randall's Company leaving on same day. . . .

Two Apaches are confined in guard-house for attempting to cut off their wives' noses—the punishment among this tribe for conjugal infidelity. Major Randall is determined to put an end to this and other cruel and inhuman customs of the Apache nation.

Many sincere friends of these Indians regret that the philanthropy supposed to actuate those intrusted with their charge is not superior to the mercenary influences of trade. The shrewdness and discernment of the savage are known to be great; for every departure from an established rule, their curiosity demands an explanation. Noticing that every seventh day, the store at the military post was closed, they learned the day was "Domingo" or Sunday and an opportunity was improved of informing them this cessation from business was in obedience to the Almighty's commands and in His honor. But while such an interpreta-

tion was of itself comprehensible enough, a collateral circumstance threw a shade of suspicion upon the integrity of the translation. The establishment at the Indian Agency under the supervision and control of the Agent himself, was and is still kept open for business every day without distinction, to the no small wonder of the aborigines incapable of appreciating the religious conversation of men whose actions assure the world filthy lucre alone is the object of their coming to Arizona. . . .

Gen'l Crook held a long conference with the Indians today. - They asked for another agent, saying Mr. Roberts was a liar while Major Randall always spoke truth. We're glad to see Gen'l Crook and sorry to have Maj'r Randall leave. Hoped Major Ogilby would prove as good a commander.

Been busy all day laying in supplies for our trip to the Moqui pueblos and the Grand Cañon of the Colorado.

Oct. 7th, 1874 (Wednesday). Left camp Apache at 9 A. M., accompanied by three Indian guides, "Mickey Free," Santos, and Huero . . . [At] 5 miles met 2 Co's of 8th Inf. under Lieut. Craig. . . . [At] 18 miles came to forks of road, right hand branch, N.N.E. to New Mexico . . . Mickey Free says tomorrow we shall camp on Shevelon's Fork, called by the Apaches Sin Lin; on Friday the Colorado Chiquito will be reached, and on Sunday the Moqui village of Oraybe . . .

Oct. 8th. . . . At Cooley's ranch, established last year, found good, comfortable adobe houses, and outbuildings and corrals of pine fencing. Crop this year consisted of 90,000 lbs. barley. Stock numbered between 230 and 250 head . . .

The party continued its march northward, Lieutenant Bourke as usual making his careful fieldnotes, accompanied by detail maps of the route followed. The chief interest in his record lies in the fact that it was his first visit to the Hopi pueblos and in his ethnological observations. A few years later he was to make a more extended study of this

people and there are few details in this first record which he did not use in his later writings.⁷

Shortly after his return to Prescott, he made his first essay into the field of scientific writing with an article which he sent to the *Daily Alta California* in San Francisco. It was published with the heading, "The Moquis of Arizona: a Brief Description of their Towns, Their Manners and Customs."⁸ It reveals a wide familiarity with historical sources, including the voluminous government reports of Whipple, Beale, Ives, and Wheeler, but in this respect it has less value than in its ethnological data. Bourke was not in a position to verify or correct the historical vagaries and surmises of earlier writers, with the result that his statements as to historical facts are sometimes at fault. The value of his work, both historically and ethnologically, lies in the observing and interpreting of his own times. In the case of the Hopi pueblos this may be illustrated by a few quotations from the notebook and from the above newspaper article, supplementing the information which is to be found in his later publications.

The squaws keep the interior of their houses creditably clean, but the streets are rather squalid, filled with garbage and emitting a perfume of putrid vegetation, drying meat, goats, sheep, donkeys [burros], manure, dogs, chickens, and other smells for which no name can be assigned. Coleridge might have come to the Moqui villages before stigmatizing the smells of Cologne. . . . Furnaces are to be seen, cylindrical holes one foot in diameter and 2 feet deep, lined with cement and used as ovens for baking corn. . . .

Of the religion of the people we learned nothing, altho we saw in nearly every house painted pieces of wood marked with rude representations of the human figure, probably idols. . . .

7. See various titles in the Bourke bibliography, *NEW MEXICO HISTORICAL REVIEW*, VIII, 11-15.

8. Bourke says that this was published as a monograph, but no such copy has been located. Doubtless the text was identical with that of the *California* newspaper.

Of the value of our money they could scarcely be made to understand an idea—they knew well that with it in Santa Fé, Salt Lake City, and Prescott could be bought muslins and calicoes and powder; but of the worth to be assigned each note it was a matter of the greatest difficulty to make them believe anything. A bargain just concluded with them often was broken through their being displeased with some figure in the engraving. When a woman's figure formed part of the picture, success most frequently attached to our bargain. In trade they showed themselves more keen and we would have had no trouble in disposing of a lot of bright red flannel shirts at almost any valuation.

One of the hardest duties a young officer can be called upon to perform is to purchase grain after dark from a set of rapacious, ignorant, one-sixteenth civilized savages and have to do this without the necessary small change, while the Indians insolently ridicule as spurious any estimate of a greenback greater than a dollar."

"Mickey Free," our Apache sergeant, proved equal as a trickster to any of his adversaries and to hear him expatiate with unblushing effrontery upon the almost priceless value of the paper money in *his* possession, one would think the knaves were not all dead yet. For two dollars he purchased better blankets than we could get for ten, and, more than that, the Moquis seemed to lie under lasting obligations to the young imp.

Today [October 13] General Crook had a long talk with the Moquis, telling them they must cease commerce with all Apaches not on the Reserves,

9. Some light is thrown on how the money difficulty was met by entries on the fly-leaf:

"Oct. 12. Borrowed from Sergeant \$1.60; Green 1.25; Cahill .25; Cahill 3.00; Scott \$10.

Oct. 13. General Crook borrowed of Hawes \$20; of Cahill \$5; of Mr. Lewis \$2; and of Lt. Bourke 10, and of Scott \$5."

Oct. 16. Camp on Colorado Chiquito, paid Cahill \$5—\$3.25 being for himself and \$1.60 for the men of the escort—money borrowed Oct. 12th. This was done with the knowledge and consent of the Sergeant of the escort.

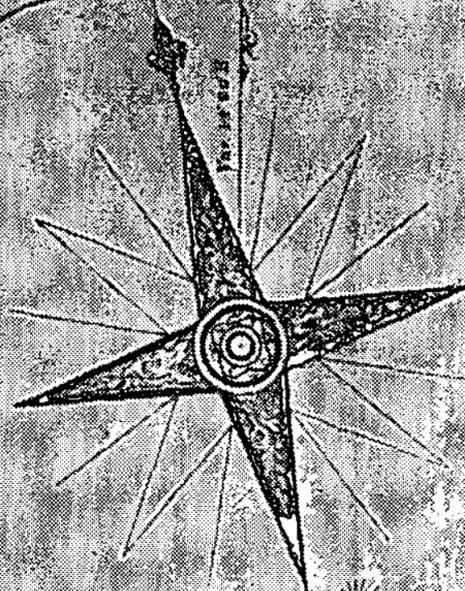
Oct. 19. Camp on W. slope of San Francisco Mountain, paid Mr. Scott \$10 borrowed from him Oct. 12. General Crook desired me to note he had borrowed \$4 from Mr. Lewis Oct. 14th."

which they promised to do. Besides, they agreed to let us have 1,000 pounds of shelled corn at 4 cents a pound in sacks; a very liberal deduction from the outrageous impositions of yesterday. They are also to give us a guide hence to Oraybe, their main village, and, if the General wishes, from there to the Colorado Cañon. . . . Our Apache guides left us today to return to the Sierra Blanca. . . .

. . . The village of Oraybe is now in a condition of decadence and not perhaps as populous as the three visited yesterday. . . . The supply of water is more ample and the soil seemingly more generous; in every direction, look where you will, are *forests* of peach trees, the limbs of not a few breaking down under their burden of the delicious fruit, upon which our hungry soldiers are now delightedly feasting. Not even in New Jersey, Maryland, Tennessee, Michigan, or California, famed for their pomological productions, can be found fruits of better size for the table, more juicy or more grateful flavor than those lying on the ground about us in hundreds of bushels and which the squaws, in clusters of half a dozen, are engaged in drying on the sandstone benches on the southern side of the mesa. Probably thousands of pounds are at this moment exposed within a radius of three miles from camp. . . . The Indians here say there is a Mormon settlement on the line of tomorrow's march. . . . Not being able to obtain a guide at Oraybe, General Crook was reluctantly compelled to return towards Prescott. . . . The Moquis have no doors, no window-shutters, and no window-panes. In very cold weather warmth is afforded by closing doorways with fur coverlids.¹⁰

. . . The Moquis are a thrifty, frugal and industrious people—one of the few native tribes which do not impose all the drudgery of domestic and outdoor labor upon the women. . . . The wilder and nobler Apache and Navajo disdain the effeminate Moqui, over whom their superiority must be conceded in every manly and barbaric virtue.

10. Excerpts from the notebook of 1874.



MOQUI VILLAGES

(Dist. Apache)

SAND DESERT

No Wood Water or Grass

Open Country

RED COLORADO CHICUTTO

ST. SIGHEAVES

FRANCISCO MOUNTAINS

Low Buttes

Pine Timber

Springs

BILL WILLIAMS ST.

FOREST

No. 128.

SKETCH OF Gen. Orook's Trail

FROM

CAMP APACHE

TO

MOQUI VILLAGES, A. T.

BY

JOHN G. BOURKE

Second Lieutenant Third Cavalry, Aid-de-Camp.

OCTOBER, 1879.

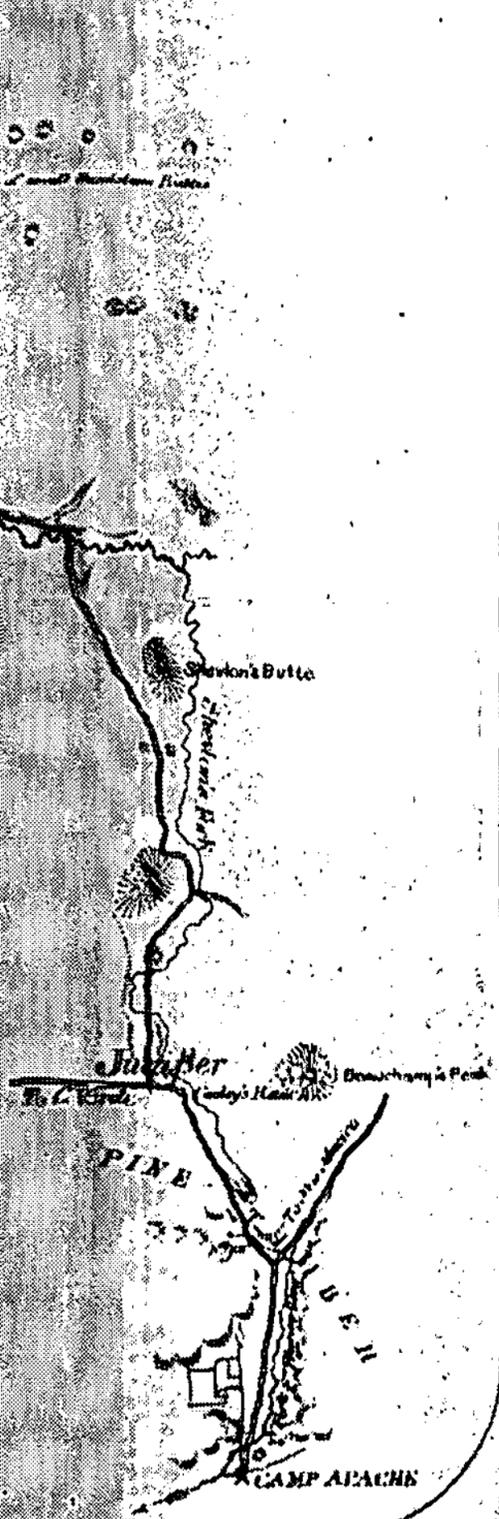
SCALE - One Inch to 12 Miles.



Printed at Engineer Office, Military
Division of the Pacific.

J. M. Mallory

1st Lt. 1st Corps of Engineers
Chief Engineer.



Between Apaches and Moquis the contrast is striking; the former inured to the privations of nomadic life and darkened by constant exposure to the sun; the latter enjoying all comforts attainable by a people ignorant of the working of metals but enervated by an almost monastic seclusion and blanched by the protection of cool and lofty houses. The comparative fairness of the Moqui complexion has given rise to frequent remark, undiminished by encountering among them individuals of pure white skins, auburn hair and ruddy cheeks, corresponding to the Albinos of Equatorial Africa. They say that long ago these Albinos were numerous but are at present much reduced, probably not over fifty living in the entire nation. The other Moquis do not intermarry with them and the existence of a mutual contempt may be detected. . . .

To the archaeologist and ethnographer this peculiar people of the remote Southwest must, for a long time to come, furnish matter for reflection and discussion. Their habitations, manners and customs are today practically what they were when Cortez was "Marquis of Oaxaca," 350 years ago; and, if from their condition we may assume, as we have a right to do, a similarity in all respects between them and the other nations of Mexico encountered by the first Spanish adventurers, we must frame new ideas of the Aztecs whose advanced civilization formed the theme of soldiery report and monkish story; the gorgeous palaces of Montezuma fade away and leave us villages of squalid stone tenements; instead of a homogeneous and strongly cemented autonomy, we see a nation composed of many peoples, distrustful each of the other, indifferent to the maintenance of peace at home and impotent to resist aggressions from abroad. Historical iconoclasts have ere this alluded to Montezuma as a petty Captain, his Capital as a paltry and disorderly jumble of mud huts. The eloquence of Prescott has gilded the achievements of Cortez with the glamor of romance, but the coming generation may applaud the Spanish com-

mander more for what he tried to do than for what he really won.¹¹

Bourke expressed regret in his notebook that the party had been unable to visit the Grand Cañon, but as they approached the Colorado Chiquito river they passed through the Petrified Forest:

For four miles the country was fine red sand, strewn with fragments of basalt, flint, and a variety of porphyry, base flint and crystals of red jasper of small size. Petrified wood could be seen in profusion, so nearly resembling fuel that had camp been made old soldiers would have been misled into raising it from the ground. At times the petrified chips, splinters, and blocks reminded us of the floor of a carpenter's shop. Trees petrified in the stump with stone branches lying near the parent stem were also passed but no silicified twigs were met with.¹²

So closes out the record of our brief stay in the country of the Moquis—a nation interesting in many points as being one of the two or three maintaining the same domain today as they did when Cortez landed at Vera Cruz, and possessing all the industrial arts which can be acquired by a people unacquainted with the working of metals. While we have made the journey not without some profit and great interest to ourselves, it is not one to be repeated with advantage. Inhospitability, mendaciousness, rapacity, and filth are not the qualities to contemplate which one cares to travel for 80 miles across a desert without wood or grass and with only one watering place of importance and that one the stream on which we have made camp tonight, with current so turbid and sedimentary

11. Excerpts from the *Daily Alta California* of Dec. 14, 1874.

12. This comment is rather different from that with which, some years later, Bourke ended his article on "General Crook in the Indian Country" (*Century Magazine*, xli, 660):

"No better description of this great forest has ever been given than the one made by the first American trapper who visited it fifty years ago. 'Podners,' he said to his comrades on returning to Taos, New Mexico, for the winter, 'I seed a pewtrified forest of pewtrified trees, with their pewtrified limbs chock-full of pewtrified birds, a-singin' of pewtrified songs.'"

that after bathing in it our faces and hands are encrusted with red clay and sand. Everyone in the party rejoices at being once more across the line separating us from "God's country" where once at least each day can be found a pleasant spot for a bivouac alongside some purling stream or near some crystal spring. . . .

Our absence from Prescott has been, for all that, replete with much of interest and importance. The operations of the military posts and Indian reservations at Camps Verde, Apache, and San Carlos have been inspected; the strange towns of the strange Moquis visited, and much scenery, good, bad, and indifferent, plain, mountain, fruitful field and arid desert, bubbling spring of crystal freshness and stagnant pool of slime and alkali, seen and experienced with varying sensations of pleasure or discomfort, but all alike laid away in the recesses of memory as episodes in one of the most pleasant trips of our military career.¹³

CHAPTER X

FROM WHIPPLE TO SAN FRANCISCO

*March 12th, 1875.*¹ General Crook received telegraphic notification from Adjutant General Townsend of his assignment to duty as Commanding General of the Department of the Platte, with Headquarters at Omaha: also congratulatory telegrams from Major G. M. Randall, Colonel Coppinger and other officers of his old Regiment of the 23rd Infantry. Colonel A. V. Kautz, 8th Infantry, assigned to take command of the Department of Arizona, with his brevet grade of Major General. The above information, altho' anticipated for some time, caused no little excitement when officially conveyed to our little community of Fort Whipple. No one can doubt the affection entertained for Gen'l Crook by the officers and soldiers of his command and by their families; and altho with pleasure he accepts the new condition of things, he and his staff will leave with

13. From the notebook of 1874.

1. Beginning the Bourke notebook of March 12-April 25, 1875.

many deep and unfeigned regrets the refined and hospitable circle of Fort Whipple and cherish with unalloyed affection reminiscences of the joyful days passed there.²

Mrs. Kautz, Mrs. and Miss Lynch, and Mrs. Thomas immediately concerted the necessary preliminaries for a complimentary Ball and supper to be tendered the General and staff prior to their departure.

Nearly six years have dragged their sluggish course along since first I crossed the Rio Grande with a fresh commission and eager aspirations for glory: dear comrades have died, friends have come and gone, posts have been established and discontinued; yet still I have staid, apparently a fixture of the soil. But few other officers have had the good fortune to witness the operations carried on against the hostile Apaches, from their inception to their close and not one perhaps had the same opportunity of forming an acquaintance with this Territory and its people. Now to new scenes and to new acquaintances, the hand of Destiny carries us; may they be as bright and as noble as those we leave behind!

March 13th, Sunday. Telegrams of regret received from Ewing, Collingwood, Nelson, Rockwell and other friends.

Message sent to Major Ogleby, 8th Infantry, acquainting him with the fact of the General's release from duty in this Dept.³ Busily engaged all this day and the 14th in necessary preparations for our departure which will probably take place on or about the 25th inst. Honorable Coles Bashford, Sec'y of State for Arizona, transmitted by telegraph the resolutions of thanks to Gen'l Crook, his officers and men, for the noble services performed by them in Arizona, passed by the Territorial Legislature.

Joint Resolution of Thanks to Gen. George Crook
Be it resolved by the Legislative Assembly of the
Territory of Arizona. That the thanks of the
 people of Arizona Territory are due and through
 their Representatives in the 8th Legislative Assem-
 bly are hereby tendered to that gallant soldier,
 Brigadier General George Crook, and the officers

2. The next page holds a clipping from the *Oakland (Calif.) Tribune*, Mar. 12, which discusses Crook's transfer.

3. Maj. Fred D. Ogilby had, it will be remembered, succeeded Randall at Camp Apache.

and men under his command for the noble services they have rendered this country in subduing the hordes of hostile Indians that had, until the advent of General Crook in our Territory held the country under a reign of terror and civilization in check. *That* we recognize the fact that the policy that General Crook has pursued has been the means and the only means that could have effected the final grand achievement of peace within our Territory and immunity from depredations from the savages. Making war as he has, with vigor when war had to be waged and being merciful and just at all times to those in his power, he has not only commanded the respect but won the esteem of the savages themselves.

That the Secretary of the Territory be instructed to transmit a copy these Resolutions to General Crook and to the Secretary of War and to all the papers printed in this Territory.

Approved, February 12th, 1875.

March 15th. The General Crook club rooms at Fort Whipple are being elegantly decorated for the Ball of next Tuesday [Weds.] evening: festoons of evergreens hang from the walls, while the ceilings are adorned with stars and wreathes of the same material. Over each window hang guidons and sabres and the regimental standards of the 8th Infantry, bearing the proud record of noble service, occupy the corners. Whether judged by the number of guests invited to participate or the elaborate nature of the preparations made for the occasion, there is no reason to doubt that it will be one of the finest affairs ever known on the Pacific coast.

A committee of prominent citizens of Prescott called upon Gen'l. Crook this morning, presenting a letter from a convention held last night at the Court House, asking that Gen'l. Crook hold a farewell reception to afford the great throng of his admirers an opportunity of manifesting their deep sense of his integrity, valor and ability as a true gentleman and soldier.

Prescott, March 16th, 1875.

To Brig. Gen'l. George Crook,
Headquarters Department of Arizona,

Sir,

At an informal meeting of a large number of citizens of Prescott and vicinity, when the subject of your early departure from our midst was discussed, it was thought proper to say to you that, although you have been among us for nearly four years, although your services are as familiar as "household words," yet a large portion of our people have never met you personally and many indeed do not today know you by sight.

The desire, therefore, to meet you is universal and it was decided to ask if you would set apart an evening when our people could see you, accompanied by your Staff, at the Court House in Prescott, take you by the hand, thank you for the peace our Territory enjoys and bid you good-bye.

We are, General,

Very Respectfully &c.

Committee. { T. J. BUTLER
C. P. HEAD
THOMAS CORDIS

As the hour of our departure approaches, the scenery around Fort Whipple seems to grow more lovely, coquettishly adding new graces to the beauties we have known so long. Old Thumb Butte lifts his scraggy head above the general contour of the Sierra Prieta, which white with snow bounds our vista on the West and South; to the North, San Francisco Mt'n wrapped in a mantle of virgin white, pure as the saint whose name it bears, looms up into a cloudless sky, a noble landmark, one which will long hold a fond place in our memory. Even the pine trees on the hill-side grow more majestic as if they sought to entice us to stay.

A sky of immaculate blue, a temperature serene as that of Italy and an atmosphere unruffled save by the softest Zephyrs, combine to make our last days at Whipple the most charming of those we have spent here.

March 19th. The ground this morning is covered with a light drapery of snow and a bracing north east wind

assures us that Winter has as yet no intention of relinquishing his Dominion over Northern Arizona. General Kautz's staff as thus far known will consist of Lieut. Thomas Wilhelm, 8th Inf., A. D. C. and Adjutant General and Lieut. E. D. Thomas, 5th Cav., A. D. C. and Engineer Officer. Invitations for the Farewell Ball, of Wednesday evening next are now issued; one may be seen on the foregoing page.

A list of invited guests and a programme of the dances will be found over the leaf. The extracts herein contained are clipped from the editorial columns of the "Arizona Miner," of March 20th, 1875.⁴

A prominent decoration in the ball-room is to be seen above the heads of the musicians; it consists of a large golden star, nearly covered with a wreath of evergreen, inside of which, surrounding a portrait of the General, may be read the legend in German text, "Arizona's best friend."

March 20th. Turned over Engineering property to my successor, Lieut. E. D. Thomas, 5th Cav.

March 22nd. General Crook relinquished command of the Department this morning in orders, General and Special, hereto appended.

General Kautz assumed control, issuing General Orders, No. 8, in which his staff is announced.⁵

Many invited guests arrived to-day, which fact, added to the bustle incident to the transfer of the Head Qrs., imparted an air of decided activity to Fort Whipple.

Lieutenants Powell, Loshe, Pitcher (8th), Carter, 6th Cav., Captain Porter, 8th Inf., Colonel Nelson, U. S. A., Colonel and Mrs. Mason, 5th Cav., Major and Mrs. Brayton, 8th Inf., were among those reaching Hd. Qrs. on this date.

March 23rd. The complimentary reception tendered General Crook by the citizens of Prescott in the name of the people of Arizona, took place to-night at 7 o'clock, in the new brick building known as Hatz's Restaurant. All of the officers and ladies stationed at and visiting Fort Whipple were conveyed to town in ambulances belonging to the Q. M. Depot, and for a short time the hum and rattle of wheels bore a faint resemblance to Broadway. Upon coming to town, the party was received by a delegation from the main

4. The list of guests fills three pages; and three more hold clippings from Arizona papers.

5. The first of these is countersigned by Bourke, the second by Thomas.

committee on reception and headed by the 8th Inf. band proceeded to the place of convention. Here upon an elevated, carpeted dais were seats for General Crook and Kautz and their respective staffs; nearest the stage, rows of arm-chairs were devoted to the use of the great number of ladies present whose bright toilettes were admirably set off by the dark clothing of the surging mass of male humanity behind them.

Behind the platform and above it a canopy formed of the national standard made a simple and becoming decoration to screen the hero of the occasion.

Above the arm-chair in which General Crook took his place, hung his portrait embowered in evergreen and enclosed in the words, "Firm, Just, Brave, True."

Mayor Luke, chairman, then addressed the General as follows:

"In the name of the people of Prescott, I welcome you, General Crook, the hero of Arizona;" and afterwards presented to the audience Hon. John A. Rush who, in a telling speech, expressed the sentiment of regret of the people of Arizona to learn of Gen'l Crook's assignment to new fields of duty. The reply, made by the General was terse, emphatic, full of feeling and productive of round after round of applause. In succession remarks were then made by General Kautz, Captain Nickerson, Lieut. Bourke and others, those of Nickerson being especially good and finely delivered.

Telegrams were read to the audience expressing a sympathy of views and a coincidence of regrets on the part of the towns of Tucson, Yuma, Phoenix, &c. The entire audience, numbering considerably over 300, now came forward in single file to shake the hands of General Crook and his staff, it was certainly a deeply suggestive scene this spectacle of merchant, miner, artizan, farmer and laborer, struggling forward to bid God-speed to the man they had learned to love as their Savior and Deliverer.

Probably never in the history of our Union has such a spontaneous ebullition of feeling been witnessed on the frontier. Everything about the affair betokened the earnestness with which the citizens had entered into it, all seeming to feel they were saying Farewell to one who had been not merely a soldier executing orders but a friend truly devoted to their welfare.

An abundance of champagne, distributed among the guests, exhilarated them for the enjoyment of dancing, and to the notes of the fine band many couples were soon whirling in the mazes of Lancers and Waltzes. About 10:30 p. m. General Crook, Gen'l Kautz and their staffs with the guests from Whipple withdrew.⁶

March 24th. The farewell hop of this night was one of the grandest successes I ever knew. Whether in the decorations, the arrangements of the room, the good order of the dances, the excellence of the music, the elaborate toilettes of the ladies and the fine uniforms of the officers, or, finally, the perfection of the supper—in all respects, the affair was beyond criticism and beyond description. More citizens attended this entertainment than any other given at Whipple during my residence. A separation did not take place until 2 a. m., of the 25th. Upon the walls were inscribed complimentary expressions of good-will towards General Crook and the members of his personal staff departing with him. The supper, comprehending every article of diet to be procured for love, labor or money, would have done honor to Delmonico's, while the savory dishes became ten fold more appetizing when presented with so much affectionate good-will.

N. B. The supper at this party was prepared under the personal supervision of Mrs. Kautz, Mrs. Wilkins, Mrs. Small, Mrs. Thomas, and Mrs. Aldrich, who had just cause to feel proud of their grand success.

March 25th. A sad day of parting, perhaps to meet no more until the Earth and the Sea shall give up their dead.

By invitation, I breakfasted with General Kautz, Mrs. Kautz, and General Crook. The other guests were Miss Kitty Hitchcock and Captain Porter, 8th Infantry. After breakfast, escorted by a numerous and dazzling retinue of ladies, officers and citizens in vehicles and on horseback, General Crook, Captain Nickerson and family and myself left Fort Whipple at 9 o'clock, and took the road to Fort Mojave.⁷ Miss Carrie E. Wilkins very courteously drove me in her phaeton to the rendezvous (near the Burnt Ranch about five miles from Prescott.) appointed for the

6. Bourke here inserted clippings from the *Arizona Citizen*, Mar. 27 and the *Arizona Miner*, Apr. 26.

7. The attention of the reader is here called to the route taken to reach Omaha, Nebraska.

final exercises of Farewell. A sky of immaculate blue, mountain scenery sweet beyond compare, a temperature of celestial serenity were the auxiliaries giving additional brightness and beauty to the gala array of carriages, horses and people drawn up on the summit of a little flat knoll in the center of which the departing guests took station. Champagne and other stimulants were soon in generous circulation and after a few moments' desultory conversation, General Kautz called the assembly to order and in a speech replete with wit and good points, bade an affectionate farewell to the late Department Commander and staff and wished them new honors in their new fields of duty.

Shaking hands for the last time now followed and amid the sobs of the ladies and tears of the sternest men this melancholy duty was at last accomplished. Over 125 people were on the ground . . .⁸

A runaway team of horses broke the elegant carriage of Major Wilhelm, seriously injuring as was first thought, Mrs. Wilhelm; but, fortunately, only a slight fright was experienced.

Old San Francisco reared his snowy head above the scene looking majestic as an ancient king; one last fond look at the snowy crowned monarch of the Sierras, one last fonder, more lingering look at our beloved friends and, amid uproarious cheers for General Crook, Captain Nickerson and Lieut. Bourke, we shook from our feet the dust of the Aztlan and commenced our journey to the land of the Dakotahs. Another star gleams in the horizon of the future.⁹ Camped at old Camp Hualpai. 37 miles.

March 26th. Moved to Willow Springs 45 m.

March 27th. Moved to Beales Springs 40 m.

March 28th. Moved to Mojave (Fort) 36 m.

These days' marches were without any special incident; on the 26th, we met at Anvil Rock, General Morgan and Lieut. Savage returning from General Court Martial duty at Mojave. Received a letter from Captain Byrne, 12th Inf.¹⁰ As we approached Mojave, the weather grew very

8. Bourke names many of these; and follows with two pages of clippings from the *Arizona Miner*, Apr. 27.

9. Here Bourke has sketched an epaulette showing two stars! Crook was commissioned a brigadier general Oct. 29, '73, and did not become a major general until Apr. 6, 1888.

10. Capt. "Tommy" Byrne is already known to the reader. He should not be confused with Capt. "Jimmy" Burns.

warm and our faces were badly burned in the sun. The banks of the Colorado were fringed with cottonwood and willow trees in full bloom and far as the eye could reach the sinuous course of the turbid stream which connects our new Department with the old could be traced.

At the fort, an old-time hospitality awaited us; Capt. and Mrs. Thompson, Lieut. Allen, Dr. and Mrs. Lawrence, Mr. Ben Spear, Mr. Paul Bréon, Mr. Charles Schroeder and some others had assembled to greet us on our arrival. The Battery belched forth its salute of (13) thirteen guns, after which an elegant dinner was served at the residence of Capt. Thompson, the post commander. To-morrow, Easter Monday, March 29th, we are to cross the Colorado river, ascend the mountain known as Pi-Ute Hill and begin our journey across the desert of Southern California.

Easter Monday, March 29th. Transferred our heavy wagons across the Colorado river at day-break; partook of an elegant breakfast with the Thompsons and received the farewell greetings of a number of friends with whom we exchanged pledges of champagne. About 9:30 started for the Ferry and were soon being pulled across the river by the sturdy arms of Mojave Charons;¹¹ when on the Nevada side, one of our mules becoming frightened made a rush overboard and in doing so impaled himself upon one of the heavy iron bolts on the side of the vessel, tearing a gash in his breast about two inches in diameter and six in depth. This accident occasioned some delay but we were soon climbing slowly up the steep grade of the Eastern slope of the Pi-Ute Mountains: twelve miles out from Camp Mojave, passed the boundary monument between Nevada and California, making two states and one territory within whose limits we had been in one day; i. e. Arizona, Nevada and California. Descending this mountain range on the other side, our course lay across a barren, rocky and sandy plain for nearly 12 miles when we reached Pi-Ute Springs, a beautiful little jet of water in a rift of barren hills. The stone buildings and corrals here were constructed as a picket station by the 9th Infantry in bygone days. Water is forced from its bed by a small hydraulic ram, in fine working order. Through the courteous consideration of Capt. Thompson, we

11. To those familiar with the Colorado river at that point and with the Mohave Desert beyond, this metaphoric allusion to the River Styx and the ferryman to Hades will not seem incongruous.

were overtaken shortly before getting to this point by a courier with a copy of the latest number of the *Arizona Weekly Miner*, with an account of the ceremonies incident to the General's departure. Extracts from it are inserted also the valedictory editorial of the "Arizona Sentinel." Heard last night and to-day that the Companies of the 12th Inf., now in Arizona, are to be removed and the posts on the river now occupied by them garrisoned by companies from the interior of Arizona.

To-day the wind blew bitter cold from the north-west. *Tuesday, March 30th.* A long, uninteresting drive of forty (40) miles to Marl Springs, through a country barren and devoid of picturesque adornment, with no vegetation save the wild date, cactus, Spanish Bayonet, soap-weed and artemesia; with rugged masses of Basalt, piled like Ossa upon Pelion in grand relief with the arid desert below. Lunched midway on the journey at Rock Springs. Found Marl Spring station a little "dug-out" excavated in the side of a mountain marl; the joists supporting the roof were gnarly branches of the stunted mountain cedar peculiar to this section; the thatching was formed of the leaves of the wild date palm and limbs of various species of cactus.

The thorny plants indigenous to Southern California and Arizona had been brought into requisition to constitute railings and fences for the corrals and other appurtenants of the house.

In the "dug-out" proper, a small den, in dimensions 15 by 20 feet, served as a sitting room, general sleeping apartment and bar-room. On one side some sacks of barley were piled up ready for issue and sale to passing teams; on the other, a counter provided with a small decrepit pair of Fairbank's scales, was the only ornament. Behind this arranged on a set of weak-minded shelves, were a few cans of peaches, tomatoes and peas; yeast-powders, sardines, candles, heavy shirts, pickles, matches, cigars, and tobacco, in promiscuous confusion and perhaps not aggregating in value \$200.

Dismal as this place was, it yet parodied the functions of a mecca to weary prospectors who hied from the adjacent hills to learn at the "station" the latest news or what passed for news with these poor people.

Who had "struck it rich" in the Greenwood; whose drift had "got in on" the "pay streak;" what Scotty Smith's ore was probably worth to the ton; were "things lively"

down to Cerbat; who was running the station at "Sody," why Wallace "got shot" and how—in lazy continuity, the talk drifted slowly along from meridian until far after sunset.

The raiment of the miners was as monotonous as their conversation; cow-skin boots, old patched pants, coarse woolen shirts and hats which had a look of having been born second-hand.

Yet to these hardy prospectors our nation is largely indebted for much of its material development and prosperity on the Pacific coast; the mines of Washoe, Arizona, Pike's Peak, Boise, and Panamint owe their discovery to the very class of men whose colloquy and appearance are referred to in these pages; seldom do any of the poor wretches make money, like straws on the wave of a fast-advancing civilization they float along helplessly until they strand forever on some barren shore and become an example and a mockery to the children growing up in the mining towns. Sometimes, one more fortunate than his comrades will manage to sell at a fair figure mineral ledges he has "prospected" and "located;" and then for a brief carnival the dissolute and depraved run riot with his hard-earned gains; when the last dollar has gone, with no companion save a pack mule and dog, no fortune except a pannier or two of provisions, a pick, shovel and horn-spoon, away from the glittering lamps and squeaky music of the faro-banks which stand to him as the semblance of an alluring civilization, away to the desolate plains and rugged mountains, descending gloomy cañons or slowly climbing dizzy precipices, away, restless as the Wandering Jew, until the sharp twang of the Apache's bow brings rest to the weary feet or until, worse fate, old age shall surprise him decrepit and almost imbecile, despised as a suppliant by the same gin-mills which trace their first prosperity to his old-time prodigality.¹²

March 31st. The character of country remained unchanged, except that during forepart of the day, wild date palms were much more numerous than at any other time on the trip. The last six or seven miles of the thirty-six passed over to-day led us across the dry bed of a dry lake, known as "Soda Lake," about seven miles in average width and nearly thirty in length. The painful, snowy whiteness

12. Another clipping from the *Arizona Miner* (Apr. 9) comments on "Sheridan, Crook, and Kautz."

of this vast mineral deposit unrelieved by a single stem of vegetation; prepares the mind for the information that from this point Northward runs "Death Valley," where no living creature exists, and where not infrequently prospectors and travellers have perished for want of food and water. According to Lieut. Wheeler's (U. S. A.) calculations this station of Soda Lake is 200 feet below sea level. A bubbling spring of crystal water springs to the surface near the door of the house; experienced travellers avoid its use as, being impregnated with soda, it has the effect of a drastic purgative. As a deterrent, nothing can be imagined better, although it slightly corrodes the skin.

This station consists of (2) two good adobe houses with shingle roofs and a stone kitchen.

At this station, we found a very curious and entertaining "record" book of the arrivals at the station; the following will better serve to convey an idea of the scope and character of the volume than a more extended description:

"Tuesday, Mar. 5th, Drunken Irishman, Two Mexicans, broncos, Dutchman same who was here last week, Judge Dixon, Dr. Sawyer, a teamster, two miners unknown, Sam Patterson."

April 1st. Marched through very deep sand to Camp Cady, 36 m., requiring 14 hours for the journey; observed along route how the sand blasts had carved and fashioned the hardest rocks into fantastic shapes. Lunched at "the caves," in a low, narrow box cañon of the Mojave River. Deep gashes and cracks in the rocks about indicate the action of earthquakes. Country very barren; nearly destitute of wood, water and grass. Found Camp Cady an old government post of adobes, rather dilapidated and rapidly going to ruin.

April 2nd. Made a rapid march of 40 miles over an improved country to the "Cottonwoods," where, finding the road to Bakersfield impracticable for heavy wagons, Gen'l C. changed his intention and determined to move direct to Spadra, the terminus of the R. R. Lunched this a. m. at the "Fishponds," 20 miles out; the character of our food on this trip has been excellent. The liberality of our kind-hearted friends at Prescott and Fort Whipple has kept us supplied with champagne, claret, whiskey, brandy, turkey, chicken, cake and other delicacies grateful to the weary and hungry traveller.

Slept this night under the "ramada"; had a feline concert I cannot soon forget. An old tom-cat whose body beyond a doubt contained the soul of Rossini or Mendelsohn set up a most infernal squalling at foot of my bed and at end of each piece would retire behind a cottonwood pillar evidently to compose some new symphony as we could hear him run through the gamut of all the Cat music since the days of George Washington. My sleep for this reason was slightly impaired.

Saturday, April 3rd, 1875. Moved to Freer's Ranch 38 miles; for first 20 miles, line of travel lay through a forest of date palms, afterwards belts of scrub juniper. Progressing Los Angelesward, the houses and farm buildings improved greatly in appearance with each mile of way.

Sunday, April 4th. When we awoke this a. m., a heavy sea-fog overspread the whole face of the country, obscuring the Cucamongo and San Bernardino Mountains near by, which we saw yesterday covered with snow. The pass in which this ranch is situated is called Cajon Pass and through it the R. R. to Arizona is to be built.¹³ Passed along through a tributary, gorgeous in emerald green tapestry, variegated with countless wild flowers. The adjacent fields covered with green and russet were lighted up by the rays of the morning sun, straggling through the now fast dissipating clouds. Farmhouses on every side, showing every evidence of thrift and comfort, vineyards with thousands upon thousands of vines; orange, apple, peach, English walnut and olive trees and bee-hives by the hundred were to be viewed on either hand. At 10 a. m. passed the "Cucamongo" ranch, renowned for the fine grade of wine there manufactured. The road was most excellent and our vehicles thundered along with the velocity of a R. R. train. At 12:30 p. m. reached Spadra, the terminus of the R. R. running E. from Los Angeles. Found it a collection of hastily constructed houses, grog-shops &c., tenanted by R. R. employees and evincing signs of life, greatly different from the quiet apathy to which we had become accustomed in Arizona.

That evening, General Crook and staff and a small party of friends dined at Ruebottom's.

Monday, April 5th. A short ride on the R. R. brought us to Los Angeles, and carried us through the heart of semi-

13. Not until the spring of 1881 was rail connection with the East completed through southern Arizona and New Mexico.

tropical California. The egotism and inclination to boasting of the Californians now seemed pardonable and justifiable as we were called upon to contemplate the magnificent vista of fields, glowing in purple, green and gold with a background of sun upon the deeply-scarred flanks of the mountain ridges. Vineyards, alternating with orange groves and bordered by fields of alfalfa which stretched to the limit of vision, well-constructed ranches, great herds of cattle and droves of sheep, spoke in praise of the substantial wealth of the country, while the noble old Mission Church of San Gabriel, reaching its buttresses to within 50 yards of the iron rails appealed to men to devote some little care to the accumulation of treasure not of this world. The rich haciendas of Shorb, Wilson, Stoneman and others lined the way and prepared us in some measure for the bright little city of the Angels, in whose streets to-day mad speculation and legitimate business distract the attention and almost banish the recollection of the fact that its foundation in 1781, by the Spaniards, was the extension of the Catholic religion among the neighboring tribes of aborigines. The hospitality of the gentry of Los Angeles is already proverbial; in their treatment of Gen'l Crook's party, the old reputation of the community was fully sustained.¹⁴

The same evening, we started by rail to San Fernando, 31 miles; thence by stage to Bakersfield; the "San Fernando cut," 156 feet deep, 400 yards long, through a ridge or stratum of indurated clay and sand is a dangerous pass, just admitting one team at a time, and is a favorite resort for the robbers lurking throughout Southern California. Old Fort Tejon, now known as Beale's Springs¹⁵ is a situation deserving of a more general reputation for beauty, salubrity and value. Nestling in among lofty snow and pine clad mountains, many little bubbling brooks find their way from the rocky fastness across the grassy turf and among the clumps of oak trees which almost hide the buildings. As our vehicle slowly drove through its limits, ourselves and companions forgot in the enjoyment of the moment the bitter cold of the night previous and the petty discomforts inseparable from all stage travelling.

14. The *Los Angeles Express*, Apr. 6, carried an interview with General Crook which here fills six pages. And many other clippings of this approximate date are scattered through the subsequent notes.

15. Not to be confused with the Beale's Springs 43 miles east of Fort Mojave. See N. M. HIST. REV., IX, 183.

Taking cars at Bakersfield, a journey of 18 very pleasant hours terminated in San Francisco, where we found excellent quarters in the Lick House, famous the world over for its beautiful dining room, decorated elaborately with scenic illustrations of the mountains, lakes and coast of the state of California. A run of visitors now commenced, leaving General Crook no time to do anything but receive calls from the prominent business men, politicians and army officers of the city of San Francisco as well as a goodly representation of those from the whole Pacific Coast. Invitations to dinners, receptions, parties and other entertainments came in such numbers that an acceptance of them all would have prolonged our stay to weeks instead of days. At the residence of A. E. Head, we were the recipients of a complimentary dinner, more gorgeous in its appointments than any at a private mansion I have ever seen. The officers of the U. S. A., stationed at Angel Island, invited us to a matinee, memorable from the throng of beautiful and refined young ladies there found assembled. Visits to the Opera ("Girofle-Girofla") to the Theatre and Minstrels, and dinner parties with various friends made our evenings pass like a summer cloud. During the day, scores of old friends and scores of new came flocking in to congratulate the General on his new assignment and express earnest wishes for his complete success in his new field of service.¹⁶

16. The (Yuma) *Arizona Sentinel* of Mar. 20th quoted the following "Washington gossip" from the *Alta California*:

A Washington correspondent tells a nice little story about Mrs. General Crook who recently passed some weeks at the Capital. She is very desirous of having her husband transferred from Arizona where the climate is telling upon his health, as she says. At a recent entertainment the President (Grant) was promenading with Mrs. Cook, when she ventured upon a plea for her husband. The President answered her by saying that General Crook was too valuable where he was to be exchanged to any other post, and added: "He serves his country so much better when his wife is with him that you will have to return."

Mrs. Crook was a Miss Daly of Winchester, Virginia, and was captured by her husband just after the celebrated battle in which he acted so conspicuous and brave a part. She is very handsome and sprightly, so she saucily answered the President by telling him that her husband was a greater General than he or Sheridan; "for," she said, "it only took him two hours to reconstruct me, and, after ten years' trial, you and Sheridan have failed with the South." The President got even with her at their last meeting, when she asked: "Am I really to take that long journey through the Indian country to rejoin my husband?" "No," he said; "I am going to send General Crook to Alaska, and you can join him at San Francisco."

Mrs. Crook has had nine happy years with her husband and is as proud of his military record as if she had never needed reconstruction.

CHAPTER XI

EASTWARD THROUGH UTAH

With vivid recollections of the ovation tendered the General by his numerous warm friends on the Pacific coast and escorted by a delegation of admirers, our transcontinental journey began at Oakland at 6 a. m. of the 13th April.

Governor Pacheco of California met the General at Sacramento, in a very hearty and kindly manner, presenting some prominent gentlemen who had accompanied him to the depot. One of them, Major George B. Sanford, 1st Cavalry, U. S. A.

At Ogden, Utah, the disagreeable news was borne across the wires of the break in the U. P. R. R. near Green river, caused by the unexpected floods which the melting of last winter's heavy snows had occasioned.

We now turned S. on the Utah R. R. going to Salt Lake where General J. E. Smith and his officers were awaiting General Crook at the R. R. depot and conducted himself and staff to the Walker House, one of the two prominent hotels where quarters had been prepared for them. After dinner, we were driven to the post of Camp Douglass, 3 miles from town and 700 feet above it. Here we found the garrison of 6 companies and Hd. Qrs. of the 14th Infantry, pleasantly situated in regard to everything except officers' quarters which were very inferior and very old.

General Crook was called upon by all the officers and their families and was also honored by a salute according to his brevet rank: after witnessing dress-parade, we returned to our hotel in town.

Salt Lake has been so much written about and so greatly studied that perhaps it is better understood than any of our cities on the frontier and a diffuse description of it is not necessary in this place. We found it a community of some 20,000 people, mostly professing with more or less fervor, the polygamic tenets of the "Church of Latter Day Saints of Jesus Christ," called generally "Mormons." The situation of the town in contiguity to the Great Salt Lake and on a barren alkali flat is most unpromising but the patience and skill of the religious fanatics making the first settlements have overcome many almost insuperable obstacles and made the desert truly to bloom as a rose. The streets

are 80 feet wide, with canals full of running water on either side and shade and fruit trees in abundance around all the dwellings and in front of them. The manufactures of the vicinity are yet feeble, but promise very valuable results in time: salt can be obtained from the lake water in the wonderful ratio of 1 to 4! Woolen goods of very excellent texture are produced in quantities sufficient for all domestic demands.¹

Two fine hotels, the Townsend House and the Walker House, the first a Mormon, the second a Gentile establishment, afford accommodations of no mean order to weary travellers. The Walker House is provided with hot and cold baths, electric bells, gas, first class Billiard rooms, new carpets and furniture and all the modern conveniences.

April 16th. General Clauson, so styled, son-in-law of Brigham Young, Colonel Hooper, formerly delegate to Congress, and other representative men of the Mormon community paid their respects to General Crook and gave him a message from President Young, asking him to visit the head of the Mormon Church at his residence, the Lion House; Mr. Young offered as an apology for not first calling upon General Crook the increasing burden of his years and the remembrance of a gross insult offered him when last at the "Walker House." Accordingly, under escort of the gentlemen mentioned, General Crook and staff proceeded to the "Lion" or "Bee" House, a structure irregular in plan, but vast in size, built of stone and surrounded by a close of considerable area; the wall, bounding the precincts is of concrete, defended by buttresses of the same material. Over the main entrance, a lion couchant is seen and on the very apex of the building, a golden beehive, emblem of intelligent industry, adopted by the Mormons as one of their symbols, attracts the notice of the passer by. This building serves, among other purposes, as the residence of many of Brigham Young's wives or concubines, but his favorite harlots have special domiciles allotted for their use. "Amelia's"

1. A clipping follows from the *Army and Navy Journal*, April. 24, 1875, to which Bourke had evidently sent copies of the *Arizona Miner*. The latter is quoted: "Since General Crook must go away, we are pleased to know that General Kautz succeeds him, instead of a stranger to this Department. Arizona is a slumbering volcano, so to speak, that is liable to break out into a state of eruption at any moment, and it will require a steady hand. . . in case of another upheaval, to keep from getting scorched by the red-hot fire and brimstone that the Apache Devil knows so well how to stir up."

house, inhabited by the youngest and prettiest of his harem, is built according to the latest Chicago touch, with Mansard roof, bay windows and projecting balconies. A portion of the "Lion" house is laid off for use as Offices of various kinds and in one of these, the main reception room, Brigham Young awaited General Crook's approach, surrounded by the Grand Council, the Apostles, Elders and other dignitaries of his sect. The meeting was cordial and interesting and endured long enough to afford me an opportunity of noting what was important or valuable for future reference. Portraits of the long line of Mormon bishops ranged about the walls gave the room the semblance of a cheap picture gallery; the artistic execution of these paintings was very inferior and spoke very forcibly of the artist's want of talent in his art or the homely traits of the dead and gone rulers of Zion; in general, the shrewd, penetrating sensual and cold-blooded looks of these believers in the text of Moroni inspired the observer with repugnance and disgust; the same aspect of low cunning, lechery, avarice and grasping ambition, combined with some share of practical business tact can be discerned in the faces of Brigham Young and his living associates.

Brigham Young in age is 75, corpulent of body, massive in frame and yet very bright intellectually. Animal passions strongly marked in countenance and evidently a man of no common character, but, as I think, has no faith in the creed he inculcates as the only means of salvation. All the Mormon leaders are in manners plausible and in conversation insinuating; their courtesy to officers of the Army stationed among them is very marked; from motives of policy, they avoid a conflict with the military forces, not perceiving apparently that a more insidious and more deadly agent than War has already seized upon the throat of their power and is quietly but surely and rapidly suffocating it. The Pacific R. R. has effected a greater revolution in Utah than 100,000 soldiers could have done in the time elapsed since its completion [in 1869]. Mormonism with its salient feature, polygamy, can exist only in the isolation of our Great Western Solitude and this seclusion once rudely broken in upon by the iron messengers of a nobler civilization and more exalted religion, the disciples of Smith and Young, unable to find new deserts, unacquainted with more secluded fastnesses must submit to a destiny of dispersion and ex-

inction. If in twenty years, the vast edifices erected by this singular religion yet stand, it will be among an assemblage of unsympathizing and cynical antagonists jealous of the presence in their midst of the smallest vestige of the creed that but lately ruled the valleys of Utah.

The Mormons profess a belief in the Holy Bible and in the text of a supplementary book written or engraved on sheets of copper by Moroni, represented as an angel of God; yet neither of these volumes commands the respect accorded the "revelations," dictated by God to his chosen people by the mouths of his duly designated Apostles. These "revelations" are varied and comprehensive in character, ranging from a decision upon questions of dogma to counsels in matters of business; Grace and Green Groceries, Religious regeneration and Railway management, Architecture and Growth in Holiness curiously mingle and alternate in the Fatidical [prophetic] enunciations with which Brigham Young regularly edifies the devout and regales the skeptical. The Mormons adopting the keystone of Catholic teaching—Submission to authority—carry the doctrine of Blind Obedience from Religion to Politics and Commerce; the church prescribes, and proscribes; what article of Faith shall be believed and what article of merchandise shall be patronized come equally within the jurisdiction of the Bishops, whose domination now somewhat impaired is yet of great potency.

Every street corner has its store bearing aloft the sign of a human eye, surrounded by a cabalistic symbol;

Z. C. M. I.
Holiness to the Lord.
(eye)
Cheap Dry Goods
and
Groceries.

Z. C. M. I. = Zion's Co-Operative Mercantile Institute.

To these establishments, the pious Mormons wend their way, buying and selling one to the other that trade may as far as possible be kept from the hands of the Gentiles.

Nevertheless some of the mercantile firms of strongest standing, are conducted not alone by Gentiles but by seceders from their own Faith. The House of Walker Bro's, doing an annual business of millions, bears the name of

young men who have openly defied the authority of Brigham and the church.

Little can be said of polygamy except reprobation, and scorn; the women who knowingly submit to a condition of concubinage in a Christian country would maybe have become prostitutes in the absence of such a religious dispensation; yet there are among the Mormon women examples of keenness and intelligence and in my own conversation with them I was not favored with any confidential outbursts against the degrading, soul-destroying influences by polygamy such as enliven the pages and chapters of books and treatises by travellers generally.

The Mormons claim, and the claim must be allowed, that by their unaided energy they have overcome obstacles such as no other settlers in our midst have ever had to encounter, making what once was the most frightful solitude of the Great American Desert blossom as the rose. Their city is a glorious exponent of the powers of man and ranks high in the list of corporations to be noted for careful drainage, good ventilation, abundance of foliage, well-arranged gardens and common-sense dwelling houses. The equability of the climate, the charm of the majestic mountain scenery near by, the abundance and cheapness of fruit, vegetables and all articles of diet and the present accessibility by R. R. promise a bright and happy future for the valley of the Great Salt Lake when the objectionable religious feature shall have been eliminated.

The noble ranges, snow clad from January to December, known as the Wahsatch and Oquirrh Mountains hem in the valley on R. and L. and from their ore-seamed flanks have already commenced to yield rich returns in silver, iron and copper, a bright harbinger of the metallic harvest Utah will furnish the world after better development.

Salt Lake City has but few buildings of note and none of much beauty.

All tourists are expected to visit the Tabernacle, as the cathedral of the Mormons is called; here courteous attendants will always be found to escort and inform visitors. Its ground plan is an ellipse with transverse and conjugate diameters of 250 and 125 feet. 40 feet above floorings, the red sandstone walls give support to the trusses and struts bearing the ellipsoidal wooden roof, 68 feet from the upper extremity of its vertical conjugate axis to the planking

below and 77 feet from the wooden shingles on the exterior to the same point. Any glowing anticipation of architectural elegance is brusquely dissipated upon seeing this enormous stone mud-turtle, for such it resembles; the builders sacrificed all aspirations after a beautiful ideal to the more important demands of ventilation, acoustics and capacity.

Fifteen thousand can be placed within its walls, most of the audience can be seated and in case of fire the broad doors, placed not more than 25 feet apart insure the safety of the vast multitude worshipping there on solemn occasions. The peculiar mathematical configuration of the buildings causes every note of the organ, every sentence of the preacher and the words of the singer to be heard with a refreshing and unusual distinctness in all parts of the edifice.

The organ, claimed to be the 2nd largest in the U. S., and the 4th or 5th largest in the world is 48 feet from pedestal to crest of pipes, of which it now has 2300, with the intention on the part of the Mormon authorities to augment this number to 3200 as soon as possible: it will then be worked by hydraulic power.

During our visit, workmen were *inside* the organ, busy in its repair; one of the elders of the church courteously invited us to go inside the vast instrument and for a few minutes we moved about amid immense pipes of all sizes and tones. This instrument's especial merit is the mellowness and depth of its tone and simple beauty of its external appearance.

The Mormons declare themselves very proud of a production from their own resources, erected by their own people.

Upon gala days, this tabernacle is adorned in great profusion and not always in good taste with flags, banners, standards, evergreen wreaths and festoons; this occasions an odd architectural innovation in the hundreds of holes bored in the ceiling and walls the use of which is a problem of difficult solution until the guide explains that through them ropes and cables are passed to sustain the scaffolding the workmen must use in getting the necessary decorations into position.

On the spandrels of the arches supporting the galleries were affixed mottoes, some of which I write from actual

transcript: "Obedience is better than Sacrifice," "Suffer Little children to come unto me," "We thank thee, O God, for a prophet!" "Keep your armor bright," "God bless our teachers," "The kingdom of God or nothing," "Honor thy father and mother," "Praise the Lord, Hallelujah," "Glory to God in the Highest," "The Pioneers of 1847," "Be temperate in all things," "Utah's best crop, children," &c. &c. &c.

This building, first commenced in 1864, was completed in 1867; an average of 300 workmen being employed on it for that time.

Near the tabernacle, a temple of very imposing character is in course of erection in granite of fine crystallization brought from near the "Emma Mine." In elevation it is almost a reproduction of Westminster Abbey.²

The Mormons say all this labor has been in sequence of plans submitted to Brigham in a "revelation" by an Angel: the celestial visitant's knowledge of architecture is worthy of much commendation.

The hotels of Salt Lake, the "Walker" and "Townsend" Houses, already mentioned, are very carefully conducted, and rarely fail to give satisfaction to all who may visit them. During our stay, the "break" on the R. R. caused many passengers, anxious to escape the inconveniences of an enforced detention at Ogden, to imitate our example and seek the more pleasant accommodations of the Mormon capital. Each hotel was crowded to its utmost and in a spirit of rivalry which pervades every principle of their management, the respective proprietors, gave a number of very enjoyable little hops, participated in by a majority of the guests from each establishment. The Townsend House is supported by Mormon capital, its rival representing the moneyed interests of the Gentile population. At the former house were met many young ladies belonging to the principal families of Brigham Young's church: one of them, I was informed, was the 28th daughter in a family. Very little social intercourse is maintained between the conflicting religious elements peopling the valley of Deseret; both parties seem anxious to conciliate the good-will of the military authorities, who in turn are very careful not to incline, in their official relations, toward either side.

2. In San Francisco and in Salt Lake City Bourke secured a number of photographs of the buildings and scenery of which he writes, and these were inserted in his notes, together with numerous clippings from those cities and from Omaha.

The great evening drive of Salt Lake is to the military post of Camp Douglass, at the hour for band practice and dress-parade. The level, hard-beaten drive of 3 miles from town to the post is fairly lined with vehicles, filled with ladies, gentlemen and children. Around the parade-ground, at the time of our second visit to the Camp, between one hundred and two hundred conveyances of every character were ranged, the occupants listening with appreciation to the band's rendition of operatic airs. The animation of this regular evening scene is a very marked and agreeable incident in the daily routine of garrison life at Camp Douglass.

After band practice followed dress-parade of the 6 companies stationed at the post: Major Bryant, 14th Inf., conducted the manoeuvres. In a pleasant evening breeze, blowing from the Lake, the spectators rapidly sought their way back to their homes in town.

Salt Lake claims one of the most elegant and complete buildings for banking purposes in the United States; unfortunately, the bankruptcy of Jay Cooke & Co. involved those concerned in the Western enterprise and caused a suspension of business in this concern, a very handsome edifice, arranged interiorly with what looked more to me like attention to the comfort of the bank directors than to the security of deposits to them confided.

Tesselated pavements, counters of rich black and white marble, surmounted by a railing of bronze and walnut, with windows of cut glass; heavy chandeliers of bronze, lofty ceilings very handsomely frescoed—a "directors' room," furnished in red morocco and oiled oak, carpeted without consideration of cost—this grandeur and luxury will now make a poor recompense to depositors whose hard-earned moneys will be withheld from them forever or at best during the whole tedious process of liquidation.

From Salt Lake to Ogden and from Ogden to Omaha, our travels were one succession of delays due to the unprecedented snows of last winter having been very suddenly melted by the great heat of an early spring; in places for 200 miles, the track of the U. P. R. R. was washed away or had sunk in the soft yellow clay lining the banks of Green River and its affluents. Much trouble was experienced in providing sleeping-car accommodations for the pent up humanity anxious to escape from confinement; finally, our train started with its load and after a journey of five in-

stead of two days reached our destination. Our passengers determined to make the best of a bad bargain; as we had all been previously acquainted with each other or with common friends of long standing, we became sociable more rapidly, even than is the rule on the Overland road.

Our party comprised: General George Crook, U. S. Army; Captain A. H. Nickerson, U. S. A., A. D. C.; Mrs. A. H. Nickerson and little daughter, Florence; Cutter McAllister, Esq., and Miss J. G. McAllister, San Francisco; Chico Forster, Esq., Los Angeles; W. B. Hellman, Esq., and family, Los Angeles; Thomas Mott, Esq., Los Angeles; Archibald Colquhoun, Esq., London, Eng.; W. B. Lyon, Esq., Los Angeles; Mrs. Keeney, Albert Morrow, Esq., J. C. Stubbs, Esq., and Mrs. Stubbs, all of San Francisco; and the writer.

At Laramie city, General I. N. Palmer, U. S. A., Colonel 2nd Cavalry, comd'g the post of Fort Sanders, met General Crook on the train and as we slowly passed the post, the band, drawn up in line played a few complimentary strains, acknowledged as best we could by waving of handkerchiefs to the officers (Clarke and Fowler) in charge.

At Cheyenne, Gen'l Reynolds, Colonel of the 3rd Cavalry, awaited General Crook's coming. Among the officers with him we saw many old familiar faces and found our hands warmly grasped by friends we had known in the troublous days in Arizona.

The next day, April 25th, our congenial party broke up, the Gen'l and his staff remaining in Omaha, the others going by various lines East and Southeast to New York and Saint Louis. Scarcely had we been shown to our rooms in the Grand Central Hotel when the notes of the "General Crook March," played by the band of his old regiment, the 23rd Infantry, broke upon the air and a long line of Officers, most of whom had served under General Crook from British America to Mexico, filed up the main stairway headed by the soldierly figure of Colonel R. I. Dodge. Our long journey fittingly and delightfully terminated in a warm welcome from old comrades whose bread and blankets we had so often shared on crag and in cañon, across mountains and desert in the glorious days of the long ago.

Lieut-Col. R. I. Dodge, Lieut. and Adjutant Charles Bird, Lieut. and R. Q. M. W. F. Price, Lieut. F. Dodge, Cap-

tain O. W. Pollock, Captain Charles Wheaton, Lieut. P. Broderick, Lieutenant O. L. Wieting, and Lieut. Lockwood were among those of former Arizona acquaintance, who at this early opportunity paid their devoirs to the new Commander of the Dep't. General Brisbin, 2nd Cavalry, Captains Eagan and Wells, Lieuts. Allison and Sibley of the same regiment were among the new friends met at this time. A full and very accurate description of the complimentary reception tendered by the Merchant's club, in behalf of the people of Omaha, will be found herein, extracted from the pages of the local journals.

The next morning, General Crook assumed command of the Department of the Platte and announced the members of his staff;³ nothing of importance in the Department could well be transacted until after consultation with Lt. Gen'l. P. H. Sheridan, to see whom Gen'l Crook went, May 1st, to Chicago, taking me with him.

As will appear later, General Phil Sheridan was to be the one chiefly instrumental in the return of Bourke to the Southwest in 1881, under special assignment to continue his ethnological research.

(To be continued)

3. This announcement was dated at Omaha April 27. Captain Nickerson and Lieutenant Bourke were continued as aides-de-camp.