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Bourke on the Southwest, II

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BOURKE ON THE SOUTHWEST, II

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CHAPTER II

WINNING HIS SPURS

OF his boyhood days Bourke entered in his notebooks little more than the glimpses which may be gleaned from his "Family Memories." Just one anecdote must suffice, the recording of which was occasioned by the fact that, at the time of his mother's death, the undertaker was Charles Nantly.

[December 15, 1888] . . . His brother "Ned" had been my favorite schoolmate; a brighter, more thorough-going young imp never lived. Together we attended Zane St. Grammar School, where, among the nearly 500 boys, if the least mischief transpired and Ned Nantly wasn't in it, I've simply forgotten about it, that's all. Ned and I made up our minds to go to Pike's Peak. (This was way back in 1858 when Pike's Peak was "booming.") [1] Well, we stole and saved every glass-bottle, every shred of linen or woolen, all the old iron, newspapers and such riff-raff as could be accumulated and disposed of them to an old one-eyed pirate, who was a junk-dealer on Dock St. We realized something over $13.00 (thirteen dollars) but our designs were detected and frustrated, I can't remember exactly how; it is enough to say that the State of Colorado lost two very valuable citizens; we might have been hanged for pony-stealing or something of that kind, had we carried our project into effect. . . .

We are left to surmise whether Bourke's father used his cuss word when this particularly boyish plot was discovered, but at least it is evident that Nantly found in young Bourke a most congenial spirit.

Three years later our eaglet was more successful in escaping from the parental nest. There were dark days

* The first installment of this study, based chiefly on the field notebooks of the late Captain John G. Bourke, U. S. A., appeared in the NEW MEXICO HISTORICAL REVIEW of January, 1933.

1. Probably Bourke should have dated this enterprise in 1859, when he was about thirteen years old.

for our country in the summer of 1862 and many a northern youth broke away from restraint and got into the fight to preserve the Union. Bourke's mother did not want him to go, and he was too young anyhow—his birth date was June 23, 1846, so that he was little past sixteen when he ran away from home and enlisted as a private in Company E of the Pennsylvania cavalry. Doubtless by that time he had pretty well attained his growth; recruiting officers were not overcareful that summer—and Bourke's age went down as nineteen.[2]

In his later notebooks there are occasional allusions to his Civil War service, but because of his natural reticence they are very meager in detailed information. One comes from the year 1880:

November 2 [1880].[3] . . . At supper, Colonel Gardner and I spoke of my first meeting with his family which happened in this wise. The war of the Rebellion was at its height and treason was on the top wave of anticipated success, when in the summer of 1862, I enlisted. I was a harum-scarum boy, ambitious, adventurous, hot-headed and patriotic. I was past (15) fifteen and in my own conceit just the stuff out of which Generals should be made. I soon had a carbine in my hands and was "going through the motions" at *Carlisle, Penna.* Early in the winter of 1862, our Regiment (the 15th Penna. Cavalry) was ordered to *Louisville, Ky.*, and *Nashville, Tenn.*, arriving at the later place in time to participate in the seven days' fight at *Stone River* under General W. S. Rosecrans.[4] While passing through Ohio, we

2. Yet family tradition has it that Bourke swore that he was *eighteen!* Very possibly the recruiting officer was another Irishman; here was a "broth of a lad" eager to get in, and it is not difficult to imagine the mathematical reasoning of the two. Bourke had passed his sixteenth birthday and, therefore, was in his *seventeenth* year—and he could truly say that he was "goin' on *eighteen.*"—"thin, begorrah, yez goin' on *nointeen,*" says the genial sergeant; and that seems to have been the entry made—except that there was room for only the last word! Their "mental reservation" explains the later error on the part of those who thought that Bourke was born in 1843. (e. g., *Journal of American Folklore,* IX, 139).

3. At this date Bourke was connected with Headquarters, Department of the Platte, and was on an official visit to the Spotted Tail (Rosebud) Sioux Agency in Nebraska.

4. Bourke's service to the end of the Civil War was with this cavalry regiment, in the Department of the Cumberland. Later he was voted a congressional medal of honor "for gallantry in action at Stone River, Tenn., December 31, 1862, and January 1, 1863." *Official Army Register* (1896); Heitman, *Historical Register* (1903).

were received with an exuberance of welcome and hospitality which could not easily be understood by people who did not share in the operations of those years of anxiety and peril. Ohio was especially charitable and warm-hearted to soldiers passing through her limits; when our three (3) trains reached Belle-fontaine, a very large crowd had assembled at the depot and we were at once beset with invitations to partake of refreshments at different houses. My elbow was touched and, upon turning around, I was accosted by an unusually handsome, bright-eyed young lady of the dangerous age of "sweet sixteen." She said that her father and mother would be glad to have me come to their house and bring a half dozen of my comrades with me for luncheon. I complied gladly with the invitation, as did my friends, and a right royal lunch we had. The young lady gave me her name—Gardner—and said she would at all times be glad to hear from me. I did send her several notes expressing my thankfulness for her courtesies and received very pleasant replies; but my life at that period was so eventful and so busy that continued correspondence with anybody was an impossibility and soon the acquaintance on my side had faded away into the remembrance of favors received from a lovely girl.

In speaking of this to General Crook, himself an Ohioan, he remarked when I gave the name of the young lady—"Gardner—why I know those Gardners very well, one of the boys was on my Staff during the war." So, in this way, I was thrown against Col. Gardner, with whom this evening, as upon other occasions, I have had pleasant conversations regarding his lovely sister, since married and dead.

Bourke was honorably mustered out on July 5, 1865, and a little later (October 17) he was appointed (as from Illinois on the recommendation of General George H. Thomas) a cadet in the U. S. Military Academy at West Point. Here he passed the next four years, graduating on June 15, 1869, the eleventh in a class of thirty-nine. Tradition has it that his rating would have been even better, had he not declined to give the authorities certain information they wanted regarding some escapade among the cadets. Here again it is tantalizing that our knowledge of

Bourke himself must be gotten indirectly from the notes he has jotted down about various friends and associates. Two entries are quoted, one of which centers around one of his fellow cadets.

April 6th 1880.—My friend Lieut. Philip Reade . . . . is one of the most original geniuses I've ever encountered. . .

Reade was brought up in good circumstances,—a great misfortune for him—as poverty would have stimulated his ambition and given his intellectual powers something to work for. At the Milt. Academy, he was a shrewd, bright fellow, quick as a flash to seize upon the subtle points of a mathematical demonstration, but unjust to himself in the total lack of application to study.

He had a number of escapades while there—some of them exceedingly laughable. I remember that he climbed into the recitation room of the "immortals" (in math.) of our class and during the absence of instructors and janitors set about an examination of the instructor's desk to find the list of "subjects" for the approaching "January." Professor Church happened along at the time and took a notion to go in this very room, the door of which Phil, very fortunately had locked and, while Prof. Church was waiting for the janitor, "old Luke," to come up with the key, [he] boldly slipped down by a rope from the window and reached ground in safety.

He was unsuccessful in that venture, but undismayed, for we next heard of him doing one of the boldest things ever dreamed of at West Point, that breeding place of courage. Reade bribed Captain Warner's negro servant and one cold morning, just after Christmas, he entered Warner's bed room at reveille dressed in the negro's coat and blacked up like a minstrel. It was so dark and Warner was so sleepy that he never suspected anything wrong, and beyond swearing at the "d-d negro" for his clumsiness, said nothing. Reade took out Warner's boots to be blacked and returned for his clothes which he brushed with so much care that he found in the pockets of his pantaloons the memoranda of the topics each cadet in the "Immortals" (the section presided over by Warner) would be required to discuss or demonstrate at the Examination. Need it be said that the Academic Board was amazed at the profound knowledge displayed by the young gentlemen whose recitation marks

for the preceding six months had apparently shown them to be idlers or block-heads! Yet such was the case; the section did magnificently and for a long time, no one was the wiser; not until Phil Reade had left the Academy did the secret leak out.

Appointed to a Lientenancy in the Regular Army, Reade drifted out to the plains of Colorado and Kansas. . . .

In September, 1880, Bourke was sent from Omaha on official business to Washington and found opportunity not only for a few days with his mother in Philadelphia but also for a brief visit to West Point—the first since his graduation in 1869.

Saturday, September 18th. (New York) Received a telegram from my class-mate, Sam Tillman, that he was on his way down from West Point to see me; punctual to appointment, he arrived at the Brevoort at 7 P. M., and arranged for our return together to the academy.
Sunday, Sept. 19th. Tillman breakfasted with me at the Brevoort and then I went to mass at Saint Stephens, on 28th Street, where the music was of the highest order. We lunched together at Delmonico's up-town saloon and then took the Hudson River R. R. train for West Point.

My reception by the Bachelor's Mess was extremely cordial. Professor Kendrick, the president of the Mess, my venerable old instructor in Chemistry, Mineralogy and Geology, was very glad to see me, and so also were the many good fellows with whom I had been a cadet or with whom I had served on the frontier and from whom I had been parted for years. There was Perrine, whom I had failed to catch in N. Y., and whom I had not seen since the night of our Graduation Dinner at Delmonico's in June, 1869; Frank Michler, last seen at Fort Mojave, Arizona, in 1873, Ned Wood, George Anderson, Braden, Wherry, Dr. Alexander, Godfrey, Sears, Bergland, & others.

The Point itself was unchanged. In beauty still unrivalled. The Point still was young—I alone had grown old. I called upon the Superintendent, Genl. Schofield, who received me courteously, and then visited Professors De Janon, Bass, and Andrews—the first two being very glad to meet me, but the last showing a little pique at my de-

clining to serve in his Department.[5] I was also most cordially greeted by Professor Larned who met me on the sidewalk. The "Custer" Statue is a fearful monstrosity and ought to be pulled down.

Upon his graduation in June, 1869, young Bourke was commissioned a second lieutenant in the 3rd U. S. Cavalry, and he was directed to report for active duty at Fort Craig, New Mexico.

5. In another connection under date of December 10, 1888, Bourke refers to "the peremptory order telegraphed to Crook, August 21, 1872 (mailed from Los Angeles, Cal., to Prescott, Arizona) directing me to report at once to the Superintendent of the U. S. Military Academy for duty as instructor in the Department of Languages, —which detail I succeeded in having revoked in order to remain on duty in the campaign against the Apaches."

CHAPTER III

INTRODUCTION TO THE SOUTHWEST

Veteran of nearly three years of service in the Civil War and now graduated after four years of study at West Point, Lieutenant Bourke had, nevertheless, barely turned his twenty-third year when he bade adieu to his family and friends in Philadelphia and turned his face westward. From September 29, 1869, when he reported at Fort Craig to the spring of 1875, he was to see strenuous service in New Mexico and Arizona. What army life in those years might do to a man can be appreciated in a rather startling way by comparing the two photographs of Bourke in 1869 and 1875.[1]

Apparently Bourke did not at once adopt his methodical, uniform system of note keeping. For these six years, five notebooks have survived which are of four different types, and the earliest entries are of the year 1872.[2] In order, therefore, to see the Southwest and its people as Bourke first saw them; and in order to become acquainted

1. For the latter, see the NEW MEXICO HISTORICAL REVIEW, VIII, frontispiece.

2. Beginning in February, 1876, Bourke adopted a leather-bound type of book, measuring about 4½"x7½" but varying considerably in thickness, with ruled pages.

with army life as Bourke knew it—in its personnel and in its activities—it will be necessary to take advantage of various entries which he made in subsequent parts of his records.

April 6th [1878] . . . Capt. A. K. Long, of the Subsistence Department . . . was the first officer with whom I travelled after receiving my commission. He was going to Fort Union, New Mexico, to be depot commissary and I was journeying to Fort Craig, New Mexico, a post on the Rio Grande about 200 miles below Santa Fé. We met in Saint Louis, at the R. R. depot of the Missouri Pacific R. R. and travelled together to Kansas City, thence over the Kansas Pacific R. R. to Sheridan, Kansas, (a little town 809 miles West of St. Louis). We stopped at Fort Harker, Kansas, a post built for the protection of settlers against the Cheyenne Indians, then very bad. From Fort Harker, we went north 30 miles to the camp on the Republican (Solomon's Fork) of Major Tilford's Battalion of the 7th Cavalry, with which my friend Tom March was then serving. Unfortunately, a cold strong wind was blowing, so we couldn't go hunting the buffalo as we intended, but we had all the buffalo meat we wanted to eat. In going over the Kansas Pacific R.R., herds of buffalo several times ran across the track directly in front of the engine and passengers had a lively time popping at them from the car windows; one or two seemed to be wounded, but none were killed. Ellsworth and Abilene, in those days, were hard towns, filled with the worst dregs of Texas and Missouri society, not to forget the gamblers, dead-beats and cut-throats who had flocked in from all points of the compass, north, south, east and west. Vigilance committees had been organized previous to our arrival and many victims of outraged justice had already expiated their crimes, without much time for repentance.

At Sheridan we took the stage and travelled 330 weary miles to Fort Union, which was then the Head-Qrs. of our Reg't. I was temporarily assigned to the command of Company "I" of the Regiment, and remained at the post a fortnight. Thence, I went to Santa Fé, 110 miles, and from there, a wearisome jog of 182 more to Fort Craig. . . .

August 3. [1879] The newspapers contain the notice of the death at Hudson, N. Y., of general debility, on July 31st, of Major John V. DuBois, (retired) late 3rd U. S. Cavalry.

Major Dubois was the commanding officer of the first expedition with which I was concerned as a commissioned officer—the march of a Battalion of five companies of the 3rd Cavalry from the valley of the Rio Grande in New Mexico to the valley of the Gila, in Arizona. The order for the transfer of our regiment with the 8th Cavalry, came in February, 1870, the rendezvous appointed for the companies being Fort Cummings, and the date for the movement to commence, March 1st.

At that time, I was attached as 2nd Lieutenant, to company "E" (Captain Alex. Sutorius), our station being Fort Craig. Fort Craig was a four company post (occupied by two companies) surrounded by an earthen rampart, with ditch and five bastions; the other company (one of the 15th Infantry, commanded by Capt. F. W. Coleman, an able and companionable gentleman) and the band and Hd. Qrs. of the 15th Infantry, occupied the adobe houses built during the war and still in fair condition.[3] My own Qrs. were the worst in the lot and consisted of a single room, quite large, not less than 20 ft. square, with earth floor and roof, the latter caving in but still held in place by an immense cottonwood stanchion bolstering up the principal "viga" or rafter. The apartment was not palatial in any sense. I had a small iron bedstead, a bottle-green glass mirror, a few pegs upon which to hang uniform and sabre, three pine shelves filled with books, a round pine table, near which, seated in one of my two chairs, I used to study by the flickering light of a brace of candles; a wash-bowl, at first of tin and later on as I grew more opulent, of coarse stoneware, and finally a heavy iron poker serving the double purpose of stirring at the fire and of stirring up "Espiridion," the Mexican boy, who, in the wilder freaks of my imagination, I sometimes looked upon as a "valet."

There wasn't much to do; the post was a lonesome sort of a hole maintained at the north end of the "Jornada del Muerto" for the protection of travellers against prowling

3. [Sept. 6, 1880] . . . Coleman was a very fine officer and kept the post in good discipline; all except the laundresses who, for some reason or other, gave him a world of bother. They were always quarrelling and Coleman had his hands full in trying to keep the peace. One day two very belligerent dames were brought before his high court of justice and at once began an exchange of abuse and billingsgate, the principal point of which was the culmination: "Din, fur phat and fur phoi, Mrs. O'Dougherty, did you call moi bi, Jamesie, a nayger?"

"Troth, thin, oill hev *you* to understhand, Mrs. O'Shaughnessy, dat *oi'm* de saynior laundhrise in dis ridgemint en oi want no wur-ruds wid you."

Apaches. In the morning, reveillé, then stable-call, breakfast, guard-mounting, cavalry drill, reading, lunch, reading and generally an afternoon ride of eight or ten miles, then stable-call again, parade, supper and a little more reading. The whole business was novel to me and for that reason, I did not have time to get weary of it. There was considerable travelling about the country to be done, keeping me busy in moving from post to post.

The villages of Paraje, San Marcial, and Contadera, none of them of any size or consequence, gave us an excuse for horse-back rides; the inhabitants were very poor and the houses, of adobe, ill-furnished, the peculiar feature being that the main room was well-supplied with settees and mattrasses upon which the men of the house could take their "siesta" in the afternoon, and the walls were covered with cheap looking glasses, as a decoration. The men wore a costume of wide-brimmed sombrero, coarse white cotton shirt, loose pants or drawers of cotton, & moccasins in place of shoes, (altho' the latter of American manufacture were coming into general use).

The women always were attired in loosely flowing robe of calico or gauze and instead of hats or bonnets which were unknown in that part of the Rio Grande valley, at that time, folded a black shawl or "rebosa," around the head and shoulders in such a way as to completely conceal all the face except the left eye. In figure these were, as a rule, tall, slight, straight and graceful, the erectness of figure and graceful undulation of movement being attributed to their constant practice of carrying heavy loads of water upon the head. In person, they were, so far as my observation extended, neat and clean, bathing frequently in the large "acequias" or irrigating canals which conducted the waters of the Rio Grande to the barley fields and vine-yards. Frequently, in my rides across country, I came upon bevies of women—old matrons and pretty maidens, splashing in the limpid water, the approach of a stranger being the signal for a general scramble until they were all immersed up to their necks. They never seemed to mind it in the least and I may as well admit that I rather enjoyed these unexpected interviews.

One brief paragraph will answer for all the villages on the Rio Grande; they were built in the form of a hollow square, the interior, or "plaza" being the place of rendezvous for every public purpose, markets, religious proces-

sions, camping places for travellers—everything of that kind. The houses, all of one story and flat roofed, varied in size from one room to a dozen, according to the circumstances of their owners, were built of sun-dried bricks, with roofs, made of small rafters, covered first with a layer of osier twigs, over which was packed a certain depth of "juspe" or lime cement with a mixture of gypsum. This same composition formed the flooring, except in the houses of the very poor who contented themselves with their mother-earth. Where a family was pretentious, a carpet of rough woolen, woven in alternate black and white stripes, called "jerga" was spread out in the "best" rooms, but those in ordinary use went bare.

So far as food was concerned, the New Mexicans were not badly off. Chickens and sheep, pigs and goats were plenty and cheap, beef was not scarce, vegetables grew luxuriantly and fruit of poor quality in considerable quantity. Never have I seen such large onions and beets, the former the diameter of a soup-plate and of a very mild flavor, without acrid pungency. Tomatoes were good, chile excellent, great strings of it drying against the walls and upon the roofs of all the houses; potatoes scarce, but beans, of the black or frijole variety, extremely cheap, and so nutritious as to equal bread in their hunger-staying qualities. Grapes and peaches were the principal fruits and wine in some quantity was made in the valley. The wood used altogether for fuel was mesquite, which exudes a gum equal to that from the acacia; this made so hot a fire that cottonwood had to be added to temper its fierceness. Another curious piece of vegetation was the "amole" or soap-weed, whose roots gave a lather like soap and were much employed as a detergent for the scalp.

The means of transportation to be found in the valley, aside from the "Army wagons" belonging to the various military posts, were little "carretas," drawn by one or two mules, the poor animals not much bigger than rats; "prairie-schooners"—immense lumbering things requiring the united force of from 20 to 25 mules to pull them and their cargoes; or the old-fashioned wagon from the San Luis valley, made in the rudest fashion, held together by raw-hide thongs, and running on wheels framed of solid sections of large pine trees. Neither the wooden axles, nor the wooden wheels ever had any grease put upon them and, as may be readily imagined, the blood-chilling creaking once

heard was never to be forgotten. These contrivances were at that date much used in the Northern part of New Mexico, but they once in a while made their appearance near Fort Craig and when travelling could be heard for three or four miles.

The Pueblo Indians and many of the Mexicans didn't have carts even, but hauled or packed their "plunder" from point to point on the backs of little donkeys or "burros" which I have seen carrying a load of fire-wood, eight or ten ft. high. Some of these "burros" were not very much larger than the great "jack"-rabbits of the country, but they were very patient and docile, flapping their enormous ears in a philosophical way, as they trudged along the sandy roads.

These preliminary pages are in no sense to be taken as a description of the valley of the Rio Grande, as I found it in 1869 and '70; a more complete account will be found elsewhere in my note-books, the remarks here made being for the purpose of introducing some slight narrative of our march into Arizona, of which I have nowhere preserved an itinerary.

On marching down from Fort Craig, we took the right or west bank of the river, to avoid the "jornada del muerto," ("the day's journey of the dead man") so called because a wanderer could just about reach the end of it before dying of exhaustion and thirst. This desert of ninety miles in length was formerly greatly dreaded, there being no water upon it. Now there are two places, the "tanks" at the Aleman and Jack Martin's artesian well, so situated that marches need not be longer than 30 miles without water. At the north end of the Jornada is the Peak of San Cristóbal, with an upper contour rudely resembling the face of a man asleep.

When we left Fort Craig, Major Coleman very politely drew up his men and band at the gate and gave us a complimentary musical salute as we defiled past them.

Before we reached Fort Cummings, we made camps at Palomitas, a little Mexican hamlet, and at Cow Springs, a fine source of water, both at the foot of the eastern slope of the San Mateo Mtns.

At Cummings we met Major Dubois who assigned me to duty upon his staff as Quartermaster of the Expedition. Dubois was a short, thickset man who gave very strong evidence of having seriously impaired a mind and physique

originally of respectable power. He was fond of good living and prone to over-indulgence in stimulants; of no force of character and disposed to cavil at the actions of his superiors, but kind to his subordinates, gentle in his demeanor and perfectly well bred at all times and under all circumstances. I cannot recall a single instance where he lost control of himself even for a moment or where he failed to accord to a subaltern the complete respect and courtesy so punctiliously exacted for himself. In the routine of camp and garrison life, he was well posted, but not fertile in expedients. He received me with great cordiality, explained to me my duties and the time when we were to start, etc.

To see that everything in the way of transportation was all right, kept me fully occupied all that day and the next; the train didn't number all told more than 31 or 32 six-mule wagons and to an experienced officer would have been a matter of but small concern; with a young officer the case assumed more importance and it really became a great strain upon my mind how to foresee all the requirements of our little battalion. There was food to be stored away for men and officers and grain for the horses; each company loaded its own baggage so I was spared one great annoyance, but to prevent any detention from accidents to wagons or harness or mules, extra poles, jockey-sticks, hounds etc. were provided, "open links" and mule-shoes packed in wagons, a few extra pieces of harness laid by, and in each jockey-box, a can of axle-grease, and other necessaries, secured. As our line of march would lie across a desert country scarcely inhabited, we supplied ourselves with a water-wagon holding several thousand gallons, and carried upon the wagons great piles of cord wood.

Everything was at last in order and the word was given to move out the next day, February 28th. That afternoon and night, I had a little leisure to become acquainted with my associates and familiarized with my surroundings. Fort Cummings was a pretty little post, garrisoned by one company of the 15th Infantry, officered by Captain Hedburg[4] and Lieuts. Fitch and Ryan. They treated us with the greatest cordiality and did everything possible for our comfort. The post itself was neat as a pin and pleasant enough, not too far from civilization to be dreary and possessing a pleasant climate.

4. Capt. Alfred Hedberg.

It was situated alongside of Cooke's Spring, and at the foot of Cooke's Peak, a towering land-mark of great prominence in this region. The Apache had in former years been very troublesome to immigrants, but since the establishment of this garrison, had made their attacks upon trains at points farther west.

A word at this point upon the organization and "personnel" of the Battalion; we had five companies of the 3rd Cavalry, officered as follows:

Major John V. Dubois, 3rd Cavalry, commanding
Assistant Surgeon—Styers, medical officer
2d Lieut. John G. Bourke, (1) A. A. Q. M.
2d Lieut. W. W. Robinson, (2) Adjutant
A. A. Surgeon—Kitchen, (3) ass't medical officer

"B"	3rd Cavalry.	Capt. Meinhold and 2d Lieut. Smith
"E"	3rd "	Cap't Alex Sutorius
"F"	3rd "	1st Lieut. H. B. Cushing & 2d Lt. Bourke
"K"	3rd "	Cap't G. Russell & 1st Lt. L. L. O'Connor
"H"	3rd "	Cap't Frank Stanwood & 2d Lt. W. W. Robinson

Of Major Dubois, I have already spoken.

Doctor Styers[5] was a gentlemanly and skilful medical officer. I did not see much of him during the trip, on account of my duties. He very kindly presented me with a suit of old Spanish armor, consisting of breast and back-plate, helmet and gorget, found near the western extremity of the "Llano Estacado" or "Staked Plain." This armor was simple in style and construction and no doubt once covered the body of a Spanish or Mexican foot-soldier, who must have lost his life while on some expedition of discovery or war, years and years ago.

The helmet was a plain, round casque, with hole in top from which a plume perhaps descended; this helmet was provided with a fixed visor of sheet iron and a gorget or neck-piece of hammered iron scales upon a backing of linen. Back and breast-plate require no detailed description; they were merely concave plates of sheet-iron, shaped to fit the body and when in condition for service must have been held in position by buckles at the sides. The breast plate was ornamented around the edges by a line of brass buttons. I

5. Charles Styer. Heitman, *Historical Register*, I, 935.

carried this old armor with me to Arizona, where the breast and back-plates were stolen. The casque and gorgets I afterwards gave to the wife of Judge Savage of Omaha, by whom it has been preserved with great care.[6] The age of this armor I never could learn; it was of the style used by the infantry in the 17th and 18th century, but may have been of any period prior to our occupation of Texas and New Mexico. Its preservation from rust is attributable to the extremely dry climate of the staked plains, where rain falls so seldom.

Lieutenant W. W. Robinson, a classmate of mine at the Mil'y Academy, was, and is, a high-toned, soldierly officer, gentlemanly in all his dealings and much liked by his associates. (He has since been transferred to the 7th Cavalry.)

Doctor Kitchen only remained with us for a few days, when he was relieved and returned to Santa Fé.

Captain Meinhold was an elderly man, of fine physique and great personal attractiveness. (He has since died.)

Lieutenant Smith, the subaltern of his company, sometime afterwards became greatly distinguished under Lieut. Cushing in a fight with hostile Apaches, in which 46 of the enemy were killed. (I visited the battlefield myself and saw the bodies). In 1871 he resigned from the service.

Lieut. H. B. Cushing was a reckless man, one of the most daring and most completely regardless of consequences I have ever met. He was one of the most gallant Indian

6. In this connection, the following later entry is of interest: April 16 [1880]. Dined with my friends, Judge and Mrs. Savage and Mr. Will Morris (their son). In the evening, listening to the Judge's lecture before the Nebraska Historical Society, upon the "Discovery of Nebraska"—an erudite, finely worded and finely delivered discourse which alluded in terms of panegyric to the labors of the French and Spanish Catholic missionaries of early days.

According to the Judge, the Platte country was first "settled" by the French who under Laclede, in 1764, laid the foundation of the present noble city of Saint Louis; but it was explored and described by French and Spanish missionaries far earlier than the date just given.

Marquette, the gentle, noble and heroic Jesuit, the explorer and discoverer of so much of the vast region lying along the Upper Mississippi and between it and the Missouri, was in this vicinity about 1640, and made a topographical chart, (now in Montreal,) in which the position and course of the Upper Mississippi, Missouri, Illinois, and Platte rivers are delineated with surprising accuracy. Of Coronado's discovery in 1541-2, the printed verbatim account from the *Omaha Republican*, of April 17th, will give the best idea; the Spanish armor referred to is a suit found by some men of my old company, "F", 3rd Cavalry, in the region near the Pecos river in 1869, and by them given to Ass't. Surgeon Steyer who presented it to me and I, in turn, to Judge Savage's wife. (the newspaper clipping follows.)

fighters in the regular army and had made the Apaches of New Mexico and the Staked Plain feel his power. Moving out from Fort Stanton as a base, he had almost wiped out "Cadette" and "Jesús La Paz" on one or two occasions, killing numbers of the enemy, capturing nearly all of their stock, besides retaking all that they had run off from ranchmen and cattle-raisers. In one of these engagements, his 2d Lieut. Frank Seaton, my classmate, was shot through the wrist and body and soon after died. As I couldn't get along with Captain Sutorius, the Regimental Commander transferred me to Cushing's company, which I joined at Fort Cummings.

Cushing was of a slight figure, small but well built, nervo-sanguine temperament, eyes blue-gray and piercing, hair light-brown, complexion florid. His bravery was beyond question, his judgment, as I had good reason afterwards to learn, was not always to be trusted. He would hazard everything on the turn of the card. Cushing occasionally drank rather more than was good for him, yet I cannot say that I ever saw him lose his self-control. He was a great gamester too, but with all his faults, an energetic, ambitious, and daring soldier, one who never turned his back upon an enemy. (He was killed by Cocheis' band of Apache Indians near the Ojo del Oso or Bear Springs, in the Mesteñes or Whetstone Mountains, S. E. Arizona, May 5, 1871.)

Cushing belonged to a family which had made a fine record during the Civil War. One brother, Milton B., was a Paymaster in the Navy. A second "Albemarle" Cushing, won his curious agnomen in his desperate attack upon the rebel ram "Albemarle" which he blew up with a torpedo, recklessly risking his own life in the attempt which met with a brilliant success. A third brother, Alonzo, had but recently graduated from West Point, when he was assigned to the command of his Battery and took part in the momentous struggle at Gettysburg, Pennsylvania. He was shot through both hips and his men were carrying him off the field, when the gallant youngster reflecting that his Battery was holding an important place in the line and that his absence would leave it without a commissioned officer, declined to be moved and insisted upon keeping in command, sitting upon a "stretcher," resting against a pile of knapsacks. He received another wound (slight) in one hand and before the battle ended, was shot through the brain and

died upon the field. His remains were afterwards interred in the Cemetery at West Point, New York.

When I first joined the company ("F"), it had in its possession not far from 60 to 70 Indian ponies and horses captured from the Apaches and two or three cows and one young bull, all of good mixed Durham blood which had been presented for the use of the enlisted men by the cattle owners in New Mexico, whose herds had been recovered by this indefatiguable little body of troops.

Of Captain Sutorius I can't say much: he was a negative, no-account man, a native of Switzerland, ignorant, opinionated and considerably given to drink. Very many vacancies existed in the regular army at the outbreak of the rebellion, caused by the resignation of disaffected officers who abandoned their colors to adhere to the fortune of the seceding states. To fill these vacancies, almost any old soldier was commissioned without regard to merit, capacity or record. Sutorius was one of those others advanced. He had been a bugler and, of his own choice, had acted as waiter for the officers' mess at the post where he was stationed. He never rose with his good fortune, but remained always an ignorant thick-headed "waiter." (Dismissed from the service for drunkenness by sentence of General Court Martial, September, 1876.)

Of a very different type was Captain Gerald Russell; he too, was a "promotion from the ranks," only in his case, advancement was the recognition of true merit and gallant service and not the coquettish favor of blind Fortune. Russell was born somewhere in the mountains of Kerry, Ireland, and had never lost the sweet, lisping brogue of his native wilds. The son of poor parents, his early advantages had been almost imperceptible and fate apparently had destined him for the position of cobbler in his native village. A fit of disgust, ambition or something else, induced him to immigrate to the United States where he had scarcely landed before he enlisted in the regiment of "mounted rifles," now known as the 3rd Cavalry. Before the war, as a non-commissioned officer, he had attracted the attention of his superiors by his great gallantry and general good qualities. Receiving promotion with almost the firing of the first gun upon Sumter, he applied himself assiduously to his new duties and became a hard student. By one of those strange freaks of character which so frequently lead the best men astray, Russell, who so humbly admitted his ig-

norance, was not too proud to study faithfully, but he disdained any application to the rudimentary branches of knowledge and confined himself to advanced topics in science and history.

The harvest produced was a curious and laughter-provoking jumble of philosophical and scientific theories, quaintly expressed in high-sounding phraseology, pronounced in a brogue rich as cream, and a substratum of shrewd common-sense acquired in his long military experience on the plains which contrasted oddly with an almost child-like ignorance of the ways of the world.

When I first met him, Russell was already a sufferer from "hemiplegia," or paralysis of the left side, which gave to his gait and movement the funniest sort of a limp, accompanied by a simultaneous, spasmodic jerk of the left wrist and fingers. This paralysis, his friends told me, had been occasioned in the following manner: while the 3rd cavalry was at Little Rock, Ark., assembling preparatory to its march out to New Mexico, a remount of fine horses was received from Kentucky. These were soon distributed among the companies, but there remained one fine looking fiery animal which refused to acknowledge any control; men and officers alike were afraid to go near him, as fast as some bold rider jumped on his back, just so fast was there a demoralized cavalryman describing a fearfully eccentric curve through the air.

The general verdict was against the horse; every one said what a fine creature, everyone admitted it was a pity he couldn't be retained in the regiment, but at the same time conceded that it would be imprudent to keep such a fractious charge who might at almost any hour be the means of inflicting irreparable injury upon the trooper in charge of him.

Capt. Russell patiently and quietly listened to these remarks, in which as a good cavalryman he felt he could not concur; to him it seemed a disgrace that a regiment of cavalry should reject a finely formed steed for no other reason than that he was a trifle too high-strung. Sooner than see him sent back to "depot," "Jerry" would ride him himself, and ride him right then and there. In obedience to his instructions, the horse was blind-folded and firmly bound until Russell should be properly braced in the stirrups. This was soon done, the rider was seated like a centaur upon the horse's back, and at a given signal, the band-

ages covering eyes and lines were removed and for a moment the horse stood perfectly quiet. Then he lazily turned his head and gazed in a dreamy, abstracted sort of manner at the insignificant creature, who had had the audacity to bestride him! Captain Russell mistook this behavior for docility and submission and pressed the horse's flanks with his limbs. Away dashed the horse, flying down the street like a winged Pegasus, Russell sticking to him as if he were glued to the saddle; for a few seconds, it was an open question which should gain the victory, man or beast; but the horse solved the problem by jumping with full force into a newly-excavated cellar where he landed himself and rider in a shockingly mangled condition. Russell was dug out with a broken leg, and broken, mashed or bruised ribs, arm and collar-bone, and placed upon a shutter to be carried off to the hospital. Just before fainting away with the intense pain, he raised his head slightly and with a smile of triumph and defiance remarked to those about him: "oi knew dam-m well-l oi cud roide um-m!"

Captain Russell's pet grievance—the one subject upon which he was wont to expatiate upon the slightest provocation—was the decadence and degeneracy of the Regular Army. "Its moi proivate opinyun, Borruk," (he would say to me) "its moi private opinyun, based upon exparyinze, for oi've bin now nointeen yee-ers in the U-noi-ted Staates Army, that de whole dam mil-lee-tery outfit is goin' to Hell." His lamentations generally were pointed by a reference to the constitutional worthlessness of his 1st Lieutenant, Lawrence Lu-shus O'Connor, a handsome, round-voiced, round-limbed "broth of a bi" from the "ould dart." Public opinion was decidedly adverse to O'Connor and credited him with being a coward; this I was never thoroughly satisfied could be the case. O'Connor was certainly worthless and being lazy and lethargic, several times failed to follow fresh Indian trails with proper energy; still, if brought face to face with an enemy, it is likely that he would have stood his ground and fought. He and his wife were great thorns in old "Jerry's" side. Mrs. O'C. was a bright woman, well-educated and able to write a good letter, but with a very creamy brogue. Her shrewdness and tact saved her husband from many a pit-fall, and enabled him to defy the inquisitions of Courts-Martial, but we lost them both by the operations of the Benzine Board, in Dec. 1870.

In October 1869, O'Connor and his better half were on

their return from District Hd. Qrs. at Santa Fé, where they had been in attendance upon O'Connor's periodical trial for drunkenness or some offense of that kind, which came around regularly once a quarter. Near Albuquerque they came to "La Bajada," (the Descent") a very severe grade, having an overhanging vertical wall of some hundred of feet on one side and a sheer precipice of five hundred on the other. The descent was so risky that stage-passengers always alighted and made their way down on foot, while the driver found abundant occupation in taking care of his train and slowly creeping down with a "heavy brake on," wheels "locked and shod" and the conductor at the head of the leaders. That was the only orthodox way of going down "La Bajada" in those days, but O'Connor had different ideas. He left Santa Fé close behind the conveyance which carried U. S. Marshall Pratt and his party. When Pratt reached La Bajada, of course he got out and walked down, letting his driver have as light a load as possible. He hadn't perceived O'Connor so close behind him and in fact, up to that day had never had any personal acquaintance with him. What was his astonishment to hear behind him (when he had almost reached the bottom) a fine round Irish voice exclaim, "Oh! She'll git down all roight, I dun'no," and to find himself, upon turning, face to face with O'Connor. "Shure! she'll git down all roight, I dun'no!" repeated O'Connor, and Pratt, looking up the break-neck grade, saw what had elicited this expression of confidence. O'Connor and his driver had both left their ambulance and descended on foot, while Mrs. O'C. was left to manage, as best she might, the four half-bred mules which pulled it. There was no "brake," no "lock," no "shoe," and the mules, sawing on the feeble bits which held them, appeared ready to dash at any moment down the hill. Pratt, in fear and disgust, cried out, "Why! My God Almighty! Man! I wouldn't drive down 'La Bajada' myself!"

"No," replied O'Connor, "nur oi." However, Mrs. O'Connor got down without injury and to cement acquaintance, O'Connor presented Pratt and his party to his wife and invited them all to take a drink, glibly running over the names of the most expensive wines as if they were the ordinary features of his wine-list. "Come now, gentilmin, Come now, nom-i-nate yer pi-sins— Sherry, Hock or Tókay?" Pratt thought he'd take a thimbleful of Sherry, and another gentleman inclined to Hock, and a third concluded

that Tó-kay was good enough for the likes of him. "But Larins-Lushus, Darlint!" dextrously interposed Mrs. O'Connor, don't yiz know that the Sherry, the Hock and Tó-kay is all gone—intirely? But we have some rale good fhiskey in the black bottle." "Well," said O'Connor, "damn their furrin ingray-jints anyhow—shure fish-key's the dhrink fur a gintilmin all-ways"; so the whole party turned themselves loose on the black bottle.

I had a very funny experience with Russell at Fort Selden on the Rio Grande in the fall of 1869. I had marched a detachment of recruits down the river and at Selden had to turn over those assigned to Stamwood's and Russell's Companies.

Stamwood, who was commanding the post, directed his first sergeant to receive the recruits and see that they had all the equipments for which he should have to receipt; but Jerry Russell didn't do business in any such style; he would receive his recruits in person.

I drew them up in two ranks, open order, called the roll, and inspected, finding all right. Captain Russell, I thought, would order the detail to be marched to his Company quarters, but he first made them a little speech, which I insert as nearly word for word as I can remember, altho' I have told the story so often that I am pretty confident the "oration" is almost exact: "Young Min! I conghratulate yiz on bein assigned to moi thrupe, becos praviously to dis toime, I vinture to say that moi thrupe had had more villins, loyars, teeves, scoundhrils and, I moight say, dam murdhrers than enny udder thrupe in de United States Ormy. I want yiz to pay sthrict attintion to jooty—and not become dhrunken vagabonds, wandhrin all over the face of Gods Chreashun, spindin ivry cint ov yur pay with low bum-mers. Avoide all timptashuns, loikewoise all discipashuns, so that in toime yez kin become non-commissioned offizurs; yez'll foind yer captin a very laynent man and very much given to laynency, fur oi niver duz toi no man up bee der tumbs unless he duz bee late for a roll-call. Sorjint, dismiss de detachmint."

Russell was at that time a bachelor and was very fond of remarking confidentially to the younger officers that he was "tinking boime-by of going back to de States and seein' wat dame Forchin'll do fur me in de way of a dam noice woife."

His company never would come up to his views of discipline. "I decleer to God'l'moity! (he would say), "the base ingratoichude of dem *wearies* of moine is perficly 'stonishn! Dey hev everyt'ing dat mortil man kin want, clodin, food, few-el, good grub, vidgitibbles and good quarthers, and here to-day they hev just smashed a bran new skillit over my nice first Sarjint's head'n all becoz dey didn't hev enough toe-ma-tusses in dere God-dam supe!"

O'Connor had been sent out from Selden to follow up a fresh Indian trail which gave promise of resulting in an active skirmish. Russell had given him the picked men of the Company, mounted on the best horses and well provided in every way with rations for seventeen days. The trail led straight towards the San Agostino pass in the Organ Mtns, in which range a band of Apaches had been known to lurk for some time.

O'Connor had as fine an opportunity as soul could wish for glory; but he wasn't hunting for glory. Quietly leaving the trail he struck into the towns of Mesilla and Las Cruces, 30 miles below Fort Selden on the river, where he intended to lie "perdu" until his rations were eaten up. He ignored the fact that a new paper had lately been established in one of these towns, the "Las Cruces Borderer," which would be glad to have him figure as an "item." In due course of time, the "Borderer" was delivered by mail at Fort Selden and the effect it produced on Cap't. Russell was very mirth-provoking. After recapitulating to me all that he had done to give "dat dam outfit, O'Conn-nur-r" a chance to attain distinction and dwelling bitterly upon his sneaking into "Crú-cis," Russell continued, and "din he wint to a 'Boyle at Bull's,'" where (quoting from the paper in his hand and hissing the words as he read) "Lootinint Law-rins Looshus O'Con-nurr of the tur-r-d Cavalry appeared to de bist advantij."

I have alluded to Russell's "scientific" acquirements; I may here interpolate an anecdote under this head, stating however that the date was long since the year of which I am now writing. It was in the last week of December, 1876. Russell and I were serving together with General Crook's Expedition against the hostile Sioux and Cheyennes in Wyoming and had both started out with the cavalry column under General Mackenzie and taken part in the attack upon Dull Knife's village in the cañon of the Big Horn Mountains. After completely destroying the village

of 200 lodges and scattering the Cheyennes, we started back to rejoin the main command under General Crook, with whom we marched up and down the Belle Fourche, looking for other Indians. Coming back over the Pumpkin Buttes, Christmas morning, 1875, the weather was something not soon to be forgotten; the mercury was frozen in the bulb and a howling wind froze everything solid. The leafless trees standing guard over the solidly frozen streamlets, the frozen tufts of grass and weeds glistening under the weight of ice crystals, & the forbidding, leaden sky would have been enough, without the marrow-chilling tempest, to remind us that winter was King in those desolate regions; but with the aid of the icy storm, our surroundings discouraged us greatly. Our eyebrows, eye-lashes, and moustaches were congealed and had it not been for the Esquimaux-like clothing of fur and buck-skin which we all wore, I am certain that numbers of us would have laid down, never to rise again alive.

My companions were taciturn and solemn, but old "Jerry" Russell became rather voluble in his disquisitions upon "soy-inces." Doctor Wood broke out with the exclamation: "well!" of all the beastly weather that God ever made!—this beats all I ever knew." "Docthur!" interposed old Jerry, very quietly, "our ansisthurs was better prephared for such wedther than oursilves." "How was that?" queried the young sawbones. "Well, sor, dey hed hair on 'im haf a fut long." "Oh, I don't believe any such stuff as that, Captain," remonstrated the Doctor. "Oh, yiz, indade, Docthur," persisted Russell, "all histhry and soyinces and thrue pheelosophy goes to show that our ansisthurs hed very shart tails and hed hair an'm haf a fut long; and furder, Docthur Wud, tis moi provit opin-yun det your grandfadder or your great grand-fadder, enny way, must have ben in a mu-zee-um."

Wood was too nearly frozen to get angry, but he abruptly terminated his "scientific" discussion with old Russell.

I will leave Russell for the present to make some slight reference to other members of our Battalion, being able to do this as I shall have occasion further on to tell a few stories of my old friend who, albeit [with] certain eccentricities of character, and solecisms in language, was a brave old soldier, tender-hearted as a woman, and proud of his profession.

Captain Frank Stanwood was, physically, a man far above the average; of good education and intellectual powers, he was amiable in manners and of a very witty mind and good humored disposition. His library, which he very kindly permitted me to examine on several occasions, was large and well-selected, considering the embarrassments to be encountered in those days by Cavalry officers on the frontier who had the slightest taste for reading. Stanwood was, without intending any harm, sometimes inclined to be a trifle irreverent in religious matters. I remember a visit he paid me at my qrs. in Tucson, Arizona, in December, 1870, when I also had as my guest old Colonel "Bobbie" Pollock, Captain of the 21st Inf'y. "Bobby," a native of the Quaker City, had quitted home so young and had wandered about the world so much (he had been in California with the first influx in 1849) that he remembered but little of his eastern training, excepting an hereditary prejudice against Yankees. Stanwood was a Boston boy and, as such, old Bobbie had a prejudice against him, even in face of his long acquaintance with him and knowledge of his high tone of character and accomplishments.

Stanwood understood all this and loved to do everything to excite the old man's antagonism. We had all to sleep in one bed-room—the only habitable room in the house, and when it came time to go to bed, Pollock and I were talking; Stanwood interrupted by asking for silence as he was going to "say his prayers." Then clasping his hands, he devoutly and audibly thanked "God that we have been born in *Boston,* because thou knowest, O! Lord! that having been born in *Boston,* it is not necessary that we should be born again." Old Bobbie swallowed the whole thing as a genuine prayer, and the next morning when we were alone together commented savagely upon the — conceit of "them ere—— Boston Yankees——," making the air blue with profanity. (Stanwood died at his home in Boston, Dec. 20th, '72.)

The night before we left Fort Cummings, the officers stationed there came down to our camp to pay a last visit. The officers of the Battalion were invited to meet them in Colonel Dubois' tent.

A nice little lunch was spread in an adjoining tent, to which any one could repair at pleasure. There was much pleasant converse, story-telling, a little singing and a great deal of drinking. Lieut. Robinson and I being the junior

"subs" and also the "staff" of the Battalion, were selected to make the "toddies." Neither of us had been trained as a bartender and of course some little preliminary instruction was necessary to enable us to prepare "toddies" that would pass the inspection of gentlemen of such extended experience in that line as those whom we were serving. We made up in assiduity what we lacked in education; our first effort was pronounced a dead failure; our second was only a shade better. Our third extorted signs of approval. They came rather slowly or reluctantly from the lips of Captain Russell; "I declare to God'l moighty, Mister Robinson, dat's a moighty fine tod-dee; oi tink it wud be a good oidee to put a little more sugar in soak."

We complied with this suggestion and kept a few lumps of sugar soaking to make fresh tumblers of toddy as fast as those in use should be emptied. The effects manifested themselves after awhile; the party became decidedly merry. Towards midnight the visitors withdrew, with many warm shakes of the hand and cordial expressions of goodwill for our good fortune on the journey. Weary and sleepy, I started to seek my couch; but I found that a second lieutenant's duty didn't cease with the departure of guests; in fact it only commenced. The plain English of the matter is that we had to act as valets for such of our elderly companions as had eaten too many ham-sandwiches, pickled oysters or articles of that kind on the bill of fare which, since the beginning of the world, have made giddy and light-headed gentlemen who have not, oh! no! by no means! been in the smallest degree affected by a dozen or more tumblers of strong punch. Stanwood had gone to bed, "straight as a string"; Dubois had crawled off, unaided, and without anything remarkable in his gait or demeanor except the persistency with which the guy ropes of the tents wound themselves around his little, fat, chubby legs. He bade us goodnight and blessed us all with a fervor that brought tears to our eyes and his own.

Meinhold and Russell were sad wrecks, jolly and maudlin, limp and incapable of moving hand or foot; their eyes stuck out from their heads as void of expression as grapes with the skins off. A Temperance lecturer would pronounce them both "drunk"; in the language of the frontier, "they had it up their snoots," and were rather inclined to be "high." Not to beat about the bush too much, they were Drunk. Lawrence Lucius O'Connor was drunk too, but he

didn't count, he always was drunk. We never took any notice of O'Connor except when he was sober. Cushing and Smith were able to help Robinson and myself quite a good deal; we grabbed Meinhold by the waist-band and he doubled together like a jack-knife or an old carpet-sack, to use the expression of an old officer, but he offered no resistance as we laid him upon his bed and stripped off boots, collar and coat and covered him up with a pair of blankets.

"Jerry" Russell was less tractable; we found him as we got back to the tent, seated in a camp-chair; scarcely able to move a joint but trying very hard to whistle to his dog "Toper." "Toper," more in sorrow than in anger, flapped his tail in response to these manifestations of affection, as "old Jerry" spoke to him; "To-pur" yee dam baste! yer dhrunk, Topur, yer dhrunk, Topur, en oi know it." This bright little dialogue (or monologue rather, because I don't remember that poor Toper spoke even so much as a bark) was varied by Russell's every now and then sinking back in his chair, twiddling his thumbs and trying to sing the refrain of his favorite song—"Too-ril, loo-ril, wan-oyed Roil-lee!" "Too-ril, loo-ril, wan-oyed Roil-l-lee."

Robinson tapped him briskly on the shoulder: "Come, come, Captain, it's time to go to bed." Russell was very obstinate: "No, no, Misther Robinson, no bid for mee dis noight." "But Captain," I expostulated, "you must go to bed; it's long after midnight, we are to have reveille at 5, everybody's in bed. We've just put Captain Meinhold to bed." This was a lucky remark to make; Russell and Meinhold, altho' firm friends, had between them that curious rivalry which has so often been remarked as existing between Teuton and Celt.

Russell would have staid up all night sooner than have it said that he had been driven from the field before Meinhold; but the yielding of his adversary, rendered him more amenable to reason. "Is dat dam outfit of Meinhold's gan to bid, Bor-ruk?" he inquired. "Why yes, Captain, we had to *put him to bed.* Don't you hear him snoring?" Somebody *was* snoring and whoever it was wasn't *playing* at snoring, either, but doing his level best and getting along at a lively rate with no brake on. I thought, under the circumstances, it would do no harm to give the credit for the whole performance to poor old Meinhold, especially as the sound had such a favorable effect upon Russell. He chuckled to himself and asked in a vague, drunken manner: "Is dat

damned outfit av a Meinhold gan to bid? Din *oi* kin *retoire* wid *hon-ur-r-r,*" and as he said this, he struck his breast dramatically as if he had repeated "The old guard dies but never surrenders." We took advantage of his mollified condition of mind and soon had the representative of old Erin's Green Isle snoring in a most frantic rivalry with his comrade from the "Vaterland."

My description of my comrades is accurate. Nothing has been set down in malice. To those personally unacquainted with these gentlemen of whom I have been writing, the eccentricities and oddities of character may perhaps be taken as the whole perimeter or at least the salient lines and angles; but such a judgment would be a gross injustice to them and to me; they were rather the incongruous and ridiculous elements which are discernible in human nature everywhere and in no situation more so than on the remote frontier where people through a sense of isolation, seek a more intimate companionship with those who are thrown into their society and probably for the very same reason, feeling that there is no one to criticize, except close friends and intimate associates, are more careless about hiding little foibles and peculiarities from observation.

I wish I could remember as vividly and in proper sequence the general features of the topography of the line of march. My memory is constituted in such a way that I retain for a long time the impressions made upon me by individuals, but in a sense of locality I am lacking in details but always capable of describing the character of a district with an approach to correctness, even if my account of the lesser meanderings of roads and streams be somewhat at fault. From Fort Cummings, New Mexico, to Fort Bowie, Arizona, and from the latter post to Camp Grant (since abandoned) by way of Tucson, the country differs but slightly in its main features and but little more in its vegetation and animal life.

It is a vast alternation of plain and mountain, the ridges running from north to south and bearing the names of Cook's Peak, Mimbres Mountains, Stein's Peak, Chiricahua, Dragoon and Santa Catarina. None of these is much over 9,500 or 10,000 ft. in height, but in ruggedness they present as many obstacles to passage, except by the regular gaps, as if they were half as much higher. Pine and scrub oak, with some juniper and considerable "manzanita" grow upon the elevations or in the cañons; the plains, styled in the

Spanish language "playas" or "beaches," bear a thick covering of blue and white "grama" grass, with the innutritious stocky grass called "sacaton," soap-weed, cactus in the varieties of ocatillo, nopal, saguara and tuña; sage-brush and grease-wood, with "palo verde" as you enter Arizona. In S. W. New Mexico, "Prairie-dogs" were not unusual. In Arizona, they are scarcely ever seen and only along the eastern border. The Giant Cactus ("saguara" or "pitahaya") presents itself to view upon nearing Fort Bowie, and stands boldly against the horizon like a sentinel upon a rampart. Its usual height is not above 30 ft., but it is occasionally to be found nearer sixty. In no part of the United States does the "Mescal" or Century plant grow in the same luxuriant profusion as in Arizona. Its gorgeous velvety blossoms color the sides of the hills at all seasons and its roasted stalks and core, form the staple food of the Apache Indians. The "Mescal," Saguara, Tuña, and Mesquite, all contribute, in one way or another, to the dietary of the aborigines, and the Saguara, Tuña and Mesquite are used in building. The Mexicans tap the "saguara" for its juice, which is boiled with pulverized sugar to make a palatable candy; the topmost branches bear in the month of June a fruit, in taste similar to our raspberry, greatly sought after by the wild Indians and preserved as a marmalade by the Mexicans. The umbrella-like ribs of the decayed saguara are spread upon the rafters of houses to serve as the base of the earth or gypsum roof. Of the mescal, a highly intoxicating liquor is distilled, which has the taste and produces the effects of Scotch Whiskey; this and "tiswin," a mild barley beer, flavored with cinnamon, are the staple intoxicants of Northern Mexico.

The juice of the "nopal" or tuña has a clarifying power, of which I have spoken at other times: the sliced leaves or "plates," immersed in muddy water will speedily cause a subsidence of any argillaceous matter held in suspension; its virtues as an anti-scorbutic have long been recognized by army officers of experience on the plains; stripped of its thorns it will sustain the lives of cattle in bad winters when hay and grass are not within reach and if the juice be mixed with sand and clay and a small addition of bullock's blood, it may be poured out in frames which hardening will make durable pavements for the interior of houses.

The beans of the two varieties of mesquite growing in Arizona are greatly prized by the Indians as food and are

much relished by horses; the fruit of the "manzanita" and the acorns of scrub-oak, with the seeds of sun-flowers, wild gourds and various species of grass complete the diet-list of vegetables in general use among the aboriginal tribes of that region.

Our line of travel lay nearly due west to Tucson, taking us through: 1st the town of "Miembres" ("Osiers") a little plaza, built of stone, on the clear mountain stream of same name which rises in the San Mateo Mountains and flows nearly due south to Laguna Guzman in the state of Chihuahua, Mexico. 2d. Hot Springs. Our battalion kept slightly to the left of these wonderful thermal springs, which contain silica in solution and deposit a coating of it upon every twig or branch immersed in their waters.
3rd. Soldier's Farewell, the last station in New Mexico.
4th. Steen's Peak. A tolerably high range with a good deal of pine towards the crest and in the ravines.
5th. Fort (then Camp) Bowie, the first point in Arizona, a military station of two Cos. in the "Apache Pass" of the Chiricahua Mtns. The Apache Indians were then making this part of America a perfect Hell upon earth. No small party could travel from station to station in S. E. Arizona, unless by night and with each man's hand constantly on his arms. Such settlers as braved the danger, ploughed their fields with rifles slung across their backs or strapped to the plough-handle. In my journals and scrap-books of Arizona, a very complete account of this tribe and of General Crook's campaign, which resulted in their complete subjection, can be found.

On our march over to Bowie, Captain Russell and I became stanch friends; the old man frequently in conversation gave me the benefit of his philosophical views, frequently calling attention to the mutual affection exhibited by his horse "Charlie" and mare, "Katie"; "I decleer to Gol'l'moitee, Bor-ruk, the amount of afficshun existing betwane dim two dumb animals, 'Chollie' and 'Kettee' is perficly 'stonish'n." One morning, our old friend made his appearance at reveillé with his lower lip swollen out of all shape from the bite of a venomous spider or wasp. All that we could get him to say on the subject was that "some dam-m-m baste of a bug stung it."

We regretfully parted with Captain Russell at Fort Bowie, of which garrison his company was ordered to form part. Captain Stanwood also separated from the Battalion

at same point, enroute for Camp Goodwin, on the Gila river, opposite the mouth of the San Carlos.

The Post Commander of Fort Bowie was Captain Thomas Dunn, 21st Infy, a very good-hearted gentleman, but very odd in his behavior and a subject of considerable amusement to me in our after acquaintance.

From Bowie to Tucson is 110 miles due west. Twenty-eight miles out, at Dragoon Springs, we met the Battalion of the 8th Cavalry, marching over to New Mexico to take our places.

At San Pedro station on San Pedro river, 55 miles from Bowie, we saw the first Arizona "station"; a good enough house of adobe, with a "corral" of the same material. Like nearly all the "stations" of that day, it was kept in a most barbarous style. A story current in Arizona at that date, and popularly believed to be true, places the scene of the following experience at "Duncan's" ("San Pedro") ranch. The stage, as the "buck-board" was jocularly called, deposited its load of passengers one evening for supper. One of these passengers was an Englishman, sent out from London to look into some mining property in Arizona. In dress and manner and speech, he was the typical "Bow Bells," Cockney, baggy plaid trousers, cloth gaiters, short sack-coat, little hat with a blue veil, umbrella and goggles,—the Henglish tourist's idea of a suitable costume for travelling in the wilds of America.

As he dismounted, he observed at the side of the main door, a small cottonwood three legged stool supporting a tin basin and a lump of rosin soap, while from a peg in the adobe wall, hung a ragged, "slazy," dirty strip of huck-a-back, facetiously intended for a towel. There was no help for it; the Englishman felt he was a trifle dirtier than the towel;—that was one consolation. He splashed the basin full of water about his neck and head and into his ears and eyes, ridding himself of a fearful accumulation of sand and alkali dust and by closing his eyes tight, managed to get through with the towel without becoming sick. The poor fellow thought at the time that that was the dirtiest towel he had ever seen; before he had been in Arizona a week, he learned to look back upon it as one of the daintiest pieces of linen that ever lady's fair hand had embroidered.

Inside the ranch was the "bar"; mud floor, rough counter, three pine shelves for bottles, tumblers and other paraphernalia, walls of adobe with a small looking glass and

three or four advertisements of liquor firms doing business in San Francisco, and two or three stools, the companions in misfortune of the one in front of the house.

The sleepy bar-tender was in soiled shirt and with hair in ill-kept condition, because he had been too busy or too sleepy for the past three months to give it any attention; but he hadn't been too busy or too sleepy to put on his "six-shooters," which, like everybody else about the ranch, he wore constantly.

The supper was in strict keeping with the rest of the establishment; a bare pine table, china plates, tin cups, and knives and forks in various stages of decrepitude. There was tea, made from the native grasses of the territory, biscuits, with an extravagant excess of soda, bacon, putrid and sour, sugar that would have delighted the soul of an entomologist, it was so full of ants and bugs and flies; stewed dried apples, each separate slice standing out sodden and distinct from its fellows, and the whole dish having a painfully strong suggestion of Do-the-boys Hall; and as the crowning piece of the meal—sausage, in two ways—in globules and in casing. Mr. Duncan, the proprietor, had recently killed a pig and, in the exuberance of his good nature, was "going to set 'em up for the boys." The Englishman wasn't making much of a meal, to speak of; he sipped the tea mechanically and pushed the cup away from him in ill-concealed disgust; the bacon, he didn't pretend to even look at, but he thought he could find a small share of work for his teeth in trying to masticate the lumpy dried apples and soda biscuits. To do this, however, it was necessary to swallow a few flies; the first two or three made him sick. He became indignant; the meal was a transparent swindle, a glaring outrage, a trap for extorting a dollar from the unwary and unprotected. He had about made up his mind to forward an account of the affair to the British Minister at Washington, when the "garçon!" of the establishment leaned over his shoulder and hissed in his ear the question—"Gut sassige ur ball?" The Englishman didn't like the looks of the waiter in the least; he was, as it were, the antipodes of anything to be seen in "Pell-Mell," or in any fashionable restaurant on the "Stwand."

He was hirsute, red-eyed, sunburned, coatless and shoeless; his rolled up sleeves and revolver on hip imparted a "Dick Dead-Eye" tone to his make-up, which might have

had a good effect on the stage, but in real life was the reverse of pleasant.

He was a prospector, "down on his luck," who had taken to "slinging hash" as a temporary buttress against the assaults of famine. Once more he whispered—"Gut sassige or ball?" The Englishman asked for an explanation of the cabalistic formula. The reply was that "ball" sausage was the plain sausage meat in globular masses; but "gut" sausage was the same article in a bladder cuticle. The Englishman, desiring to avoid dirt as much as possible, intimated his preference for "ball": thereupon the waiter roared through the aperture in the wall between dining-room and kitchen; "ball sassige for one." The cook, an individual as hirsute, as dirty and as fully armed as the waiter, called back in an irritated tone "— your — soul to —, didn't I tell you the ball's all gone," and immediately the waiter returning to the Englishman, howled in his ear; "— it, the ball's all gone; take gut, you — take gut."

The Englishman wrote back to London that the mine he had been sent to examine was no doubt rich in ore, but that the great lack of wood and water and the great abundance of Apache Indians in Arizona were very discouraging obstacles to its development and for those reasons only he felt compelled to decline the superintendency.

Three miles down the San Pedro, north of the station, was the hamlet of "Tres Alamos" to which we had to send for barley for our command. From this station to the "Cienaga" (swamp) is 25 miles, south of which 20 or 25 m. is the Ojo del Oso where poor Cushing afterwards (May 5, 1871) was killed in a fight with Apaches. To Tucson, the then capital of Arizona, is 25 miles more. I shall not make any prolonged reference to our march, the beautiful sunsets and sun-rises excelling those for which Italy is famed, the mirages, or the mournful aspect of the odd vegetation upon the "mesas" we crossed. I shall pay due attention to all that portion of my service in the note-books which I purpose filling from the great quantity of material on hand, in the form of letters sent home, rough notes, itineraries and maps made while scouting in that part of Arizona. We remained in the quaint old Mexican Presidio of Tucson for two days and then resumed our march for (old) Camp Grant, 55 miles to the North, keeping on the western skirts of the Santa Catarina Mtns., the whole way and camping one night at the picturesque "Cañada del oso."

Camp Grant, (since abandoned) with its "personnel" including Col. Dunkelberger, scenery, climate, fauna and flora, and topics of service there, deserves and shall receive at my hands at some future date a more fitting recognition than a few brief paragraphs of notice in a journal opening under another heading.

And so ends the rough sketch of the reminiscences conjured up as I heard of poor Dubois' death; it has been commenced in haste, completed without skill, but I trust it ends appropriately by saying of my old Commander:

Peace to his Ashes.

CHAPTER IV

ARIZONA IN 1870

April 7th [1880]. My old friend, Capt. "Jerry" Russell, 3d Cavalry, was in Omaha, all day yesterday and today, much to my regret, as I missed the pleasure of meeting the eccentric and good-natured old fellow. . . . Jerry's life, to quote his own words, had been unusually eventful. "Fursth, a bog-throtther, thin a cob-bhler, din an im-migrant, din a 'wea-r-r-y' (i.e. his designation for a private soldier), din a carp-r-r-il, din a Sor-r-gint and now oi'm a commissioned off-sur and a cap-tin fur loife s'long's oi bee-have moisilf, and a gintlemin, bee act of Con-gress, bee J— C—."

Russell, when I first met him at his station, Fort Selden, New Mexico, a post on the Rio Grande long since abandoned, had great trouble with his 1st Lieut. O'Connor,—as already described. . . .

He was the soul of hospitality and never, except on one occasion, failed to invite visiting officers to take "pot luck" with him. The occasion referred to was during the time he was stationed at Fort Bowie, Arizona, a small garrison occupying the place and making it necessary to detail officers from other posts every time a General Court Martial was ordered. A party of young officers—Sherwood, since killed in the Modoc war (in 1873), Silva (run out for cowardice in the Modoc war, in '73), "Jim" Riley and Lewis, both since resigned, and I think, "Paddy" Miles, all of the 21st Infantry, were ordered up from Tucson to assist in administering the decrees of the blind goddess upon "pay-day drunks." Every house in the garrison was thrown open

to them, excepting Russell's, but the explanation received from him was sufficiently clear and satisfactory. His cook had deserted and poor Jerry having himself to "browze around" from house to house for a living, could not possibly do anything for the "in-thir-tain-mint" of the new arrivals. They begged him "not to mention it" but old Jerry refused to be comforted and took the matter greatly to heart, brooding over it more and more with the libations of the afternoon. As night wore on, the potations of most of the officers as, I am sorry to say, was then almost the rule in Arizona and New Mexico, became deeper and more frequent and Russell's maudlin explanations of his inability to entertain were growing monotonous with iteration.

About 2 in the morning, the seance broke up, the young lieutenants being stowed away in one big room, with half-a-dozen hospital cots in it. They were just tucked in nicely under the blankets and getting ready to dream of promotion, sweet-hearts, Indian campaigns and other subjects when they were aroused by the noise of a chair crashing upon the floor and to their horror they saw in the pale light of the moon, a figure all clad in white, holding in one outstretched hand a package of some kind and in the other, uplifted, a gleaming poniard!

Their fears of assassination were promptly dispelled by "old Jerry's" reassuring tones: "Oi'm sor-r-ry to thrubble yiz, gintilmin, but de fact is, oi cudn't slee-eep until oi'd dun somethin fur yur intir-tain-mint. Moi cuke—Lloyd—diserthid las' Winsday, so oi couldn't in-tir-tain yiz at all, but av Lloyd, moy cuke, hadn't diserthid las' Windsay, oi'd a bin moity glad to intir-tain yiz all in moi "miss." But I've brought yiz all some refrishmint which oi want to share wid yiz, becos' moi cuke, Lloyd, diserthed las' Winsday"—As he spoke, he thrust the hunting knife, he held uplifted, into the mysterious package which discovered itself to be a can of Irish potatoes, and breaking off the cover handed to each Lieutenant in turn a mouthful upon the end of the blade. In vain were protests and excuses: Russell would hear of no denial; he was obstinate in his resolve to do "somethin' fur dare in-tir-tain-mint, "his cuke, Lloyd, had diserthid las' Winsday and he cud foind nothin but purtatees"—and in spite of all opposition, he forced his unfortunate young friends to consume the contents of the can. The next morning they were all sick;—not from the whiskey they had drunk, of course, but from the potatoes forced down their throats at their nocturnal "in-ter-tain-mint."

In the management of his company, he was a stern disciplinarian, as he understood discipline—gentle to the well-behaved, but a perfect terror to the lazy and indifferent. I was talking with him one morning when a new recruit walked up to the Captain to complain that he hadn't been granted a "mounted" pass. Russell explained goodnaturedly that he never gave recruits the privilege of taking a horse away from the Company picket line until he was satisfied they knew how to take care of them. Hereupon, the soldier, in a very insolent way, tore up the "application" he had written and made some impudent remark. Russell never lost his temper, but quietly called to 1st Sergeant Cox, who was standing within hearing. "Sor-jint Cox, I want yiz to try'n foind o noice twinty-eight poun' log fur dis young gintilmin's back; dat'll do my man, dat'll do." (This last to the recruit.) And then turning to me he said, "Oi rickon dat'll put an ind to de young gintilmin's hoi-lar-ri-tee. . . . "

Marching with him from the Rio Grande, N. M., to the Rio Gila (Arizona) in 1870, I noticed his whole company, or nearly the whole, marching on foot, "packing" their saddles and "kits" on their shoulders, while a small detachment, mounted, drove the horses along in a herd in front. Seeing my amazement, he asked me quietly—"Phat do yiz tink ov dim "wea-r-r-ees" ov moine, over dare, Borruk?" Thinking to placate the old man, I answered, that I thought they were a very fine lot of men and that he certainly had the very best company in the regiment. "Do yiz tink so, now, Bor-ruk? said he—well, sor-r-r, on de conthry, dare the damnedest lot ov villins, loyers, bum-mers, teeves, and oi moight say, dam' schoundhrils 'n murdherers there are in dee Unoi-ted Steets Ormy."

Once in Arizona, our respective companies, "Jerry's" E, commanded by himself and the one I was attached to, "F," commanded by 1 Lt. H. B. Cushing, as brave a soldier as ever drew breath, were engaged constantly in hard work with the wild Apache Indians. The traveller of today, who is whirled into Tucson in a sleeping car, drawn by a locomotive, will not readily believe that less than ten years ago, the Apaches made the territory of Arizona a Hell; nor will he, as he visits the wonderful mining district of "Tombstone," readily credit that within sight of where it now is, poor Cushing was killed by Cocheis' band and "Jerry" Russell time and time again whipped by them.

But old Jerry's pluck was indomitable; he kept after Cocheis so long as a horse in his troop could follow the trail, or until the Apaches would scatter like crows. In the Dragoon Mountains, the trail one afternoon had become very "hot," showing that our troops were gaining on the enemy. Russell halted his men long enough to let their jaded horses sip a few mouthfuls of water from the gurgling streamlet which flowed down through the "cañon" and engaged in conversation with Bob Whitney, his guide, as to the plan to be followed in the further pursuit when suddenly from all sides, from every pinnacled crag, bang! bang! bang! sounded the rifles of the Apaches, whose exultant war-whoop told poor Jerry only too plainly that he had been drawn into an ambuscade! He turned to speak to his guide, but at that very moment, poor Bob Whitney reeled from his saddle, shot through the head, his brains splashed all over Jerry Russell's face! By great shrewdness, Russell managed to hold the Indians at bay until dark and then sneaked out of the cañon, (fortunately he had not ventured in very far and his halting his company to water almost at its mouth caused some of the impatient young Indians to precipitate the attack) leaving a number of animals, but getting away with his killed and wounded.

He wrote me a long letter soon after, descriptive of his fight, which I remember very well contains the perfectly true, but oddly expressed idea—"Oi tell yiz wat it is, Borruk, it's dam-m-m hor-r-d wor-ruk, dis snatchin' de lor-rills from de br-r-row ov Fa-m-me."

The unfortunate guide, Bob Whitney, was one of the handsomest men I ever saw; with a face deeply tanned by exposure to Arizona's sun, the rich color mantling his cheek was well set off by an abundance of fine glossy black hair and a pair of very expressive, hazel eyes; in statue, though not much over the medium height, he was so finely proportioned that he would be considered tall. He was a good horseman and very daring scout. He showed me a number of bullet wounds received in action with Indians and what caused me most wonder! a half dozen long scars on his right arm, caused by arrows. Whitney was with a party of whites surprised by Indians; the fleetness of his horse saved him, but one young Indian pursued desperately determined to gain his scalp. Whitney kept his sombrero whirling in the air behind his back, warding off the arrows the Indian threw at him. As the Indian was going at full

speed, he couldn't aim or pull so well as if moving more slowly, to which fact Whitney always attributed his escape, almost without a scratch, the three arrows which caught his arms ploughing up only enough of the flesh to leave deep scars.

Russell gained great popularity with the people of Southern Arizona. When the 3d Cavalry was ordered away from the territory (in Dec. 1871), Russell had to march his company out by way of Tucson. While there he was the recipient of a great deal of attention, which he accepted with becoming modesty. Among other courtesies, a number of gentlemen invited him into "Charlie Brown's" "Congress Hall" Saloon to drink his health, in something which was labelled "Champagne." "Jerry's" reply was characteristic: "moi friends, Oi tank yiz fur yur koindness. Oi don't pur-tind to bee a foighter—becos' oi've no mo-no-mee-nia for foightin' Injins, but at the same toime, Oi can't bear to see my friends kilt and dare prop-per-tee goin to der-struc-shun widout doin' somethin' fur to purtick thim." (Loud Applause).

That night, a party of nine second lieutenants assembled in a house in Tucson, belonging to Lord & Williams, (one of the principal firms). The purpose of these Lieutenants in thus meeting was vague and ill-defined; it was principally to growl at the dilatoriness of promotion and in a secondary way to drink a little toddy together before parting.

"Jerry Russell" happened by and someone I really can't tell who, proposed that the meeting be properly organized with Capt. Russell as presiding officer. This motion was carried by acclamation and Jerry, with his "blushing horrors thick upon him" was led to the only chair in the house, the rest of the party sitting upon the floor, *a la Mexicaine,* or upon the bundles of blankets in which they had slept during preceding nights.

Then it was moved and adopted that each of the party, in proper turn, should sing a sentimental song, tell an original joke or story or forfeit a bottle of wine. "Jerry" led off in a piping treble, his cracked and husky voice rendering Morre's pretty song in a very feeling way: "Bee-lieve me ov all dim indearing young-g cher-rums" etc. This, as in duty bound, we applauded heartily. Then "Dave" Lyle, (now of the Ordnance Corps, but who at that time was connected with Lieut. Wheeler's Survey in Arizona) gave what he

said was a "Chinnook" song, in the language of that tribe. It sounded like a buzz-saw. Lieut. Ross (an A. D. C. of Gen. Crook's, since resigned) gave us very sweetly "Annie Laurie in the trenches," by Bayard Taylor.

When it came my turn, as I couldn't sing any more than a screech-owl, I yelled at the top of my voice a Spanish madrigal which I had often heard howled by our Mexican packers; and so it went on, each singing as best he could, until the name of W. W. Robinson, my classmate, (now of 7th Cav.) was called. Robinson arose, said he couldn't sing a note and sooner than sing as wretchedly as some of the gentlemen who had preceded him, he would gladly forfeit a bottle of wine. (Tremendous applause.) The wine was obtained without much trouble (notwithstanding it was now past midnight) and drunk with becoming honors. Again the roll was called by our worthy chairman, who was about this time getting to be very drunk and very dignified, and again each in turn rendered his tribute in sentimental song, until Robinson was called upon. He declined more emphatically than before—said he had never sung a word in all his life and would produce another bottle of wine sooner than try. Knowing that Robinson was married and that wine cost $5.00 a bottle in Tucson, I expostulated with him and said, "sotto voce", "Great Caesar's ghost, Rob, sing something. Anything will do in this drunken crowd"—and thus encouraged, Robinson essayed that beautiful hymn, "Rock of Ages," with which he was progressing famously when Ross (W. J.) in a spirit of deviltry called the chair's attention to the fact that Robinson was trying to impose upon us with a comic song. "Dat's so, Mis-ther Robinson," said Russell, very decidedy, "dat's so; yiz must sing us a sintimintil song, or none at all, at all."

"Why Captain," replied the injured singer, "that's the Rock of Ages,—one of the most beautiful"—"Niver moind, Mr. Robinson," replied the chair, this time with much sternness of manner—"niver moind excuses; it may be a comic song or it may not be, but at laste the ói-jée is de-soididly objectionable, so yiz'll pay de bottil ov woine widout furder thrubble." Which poor Robinson did with scarce-concealed disgust.

Is it necessary to interpolate the remark that shortly after this the meeting broke up and that we carried our chairman home to bed?

. . . Of Russell's deep studies in history and philosophy,

I think, I've already spoken, but I must mention his colloquy with Capt. Alfd. Taylor, of the 5th Cavalry, since retired. "Taylor, mee boi," said Russell, oim an Evo-lu-tionist—oim an evolutionist. To Hell wid de Pope. To Hell wid de Pope." This was when Jerry and Alfd. Taylor were both very drunk; when sober, Jerry was a dutiful son of the Church. . . .

Friday, April 5th. [1878] . . . Learned of the death of Colonel Thomas C. Devin, 3rd Cavalry, Brevet Major General, U. S. Army. This announcement recalled to my mind my first meeting with "old Tommy Devin," in Tucson, Arizona, in March 1870, where he was Commanding Officer of the District and I was Quartermaster of Major Dubois' Battalion of the 3rd Cavalry, which had just marched into Arizona from its previous station on the Rio Grande. The small-pox was raging furiously in Tucson, spreading each day on account of the curious custom the Mexican population had of burying their dead with processional honors and the music of violin, flute and harp.

General Devin, after consultation with Bishop Salpointe, determined to stretch his official authority to the utmost and prohibit any more funeral processions until the pest had abated; then the town authorities took courage and insisted on all garbage and refuse being removed outside the town limits and burned. The infected were next isolated, and every means taken to eradicate the disease, for which everybody seemed to give the lion's share of the praise to General Devin.

It was a curious place in those days—Tucson: the capital of the Territory of Arizona and the site of a military post, Camp Lowell, it had a greater percentage of American population than would have resided there without those attractions. As a trading point, it was at that time the Emporium of Southern Arizona and Northern Sonora and the depot of supplies for all our military posts between the Mexican boundary and the Gila river. The stores were numerous and well filled with goods required in that climate; the streets lively with people, clad in peculiar garb—Mexicans dressed in loose white shirts, "calzoncillos" or drawers coming to the feet, which were either bare or covered with canvass shoes; hats of coarse straw reaching far beyond the shoulders and having wound about them a band of velvet and bead-work, made to resemble a rattle snake.

So much for day costume; at night this was supplemented with a coarse "serape," or blanket wound about the shoulders. It might be proper to mention as part of the costume the cigarrito, as no Mexican was ever seen without one. In smoking, they display excessive urbanity: the most ragged "payazo" or clown could approach the wealthiest "ranchero" and ask for a light which was never refused. In doing this there was always an immense amount of bowing and scraping and an interchange of polite salutations.

The situation of Tucson was extremely beautiful. To the traveller coming from the East during the month of March the town presented a most inviting aspect, set as it was in a garniture of emerald green barley fields, through which coursed scores of little rivulets flashing like diamonds in the sun. These were the irrigating ditches, carrying to the fecund earth the moisture needed for the great crops of barley and corn raised yearly in the valley of the Santa Cruz. A ramble through the narrow, dirty streets of one storied adobe houses rather rudely dispelled the illusions of beauty aroused by the first glimpse of the town from the hills six miles to the east. Chickens, pigs, dogs and children played, fought, yelled, crowed, squealed and barked in, around and over piles of manure and garbage; such women as appeared were so closely wrapped in thick, black shawls, called "rebosas", as to be unrecognizable. At each corner, little stores, called "tendajons," dispensed supplies which were as different from the articles usually vended in American establishments as was the crowd of Mexican and Indian half-breeds frequenting them from the patrons of village stores in the United States. For example, there was no whiskey for sale; its place was taken by a fiery distillation from the saccharine principle obtained by roasting the stalks and leaves of the Century Plant—Mescal: sugar appeared in the form of little weird, black cakes weighing a pound apiece and worth eight for a dollar. "Carne seca" or dried beef, "jerked" in the sun and tasting, when first put in the mouth, like a bunch of rope, "Chile colorado," an aromatic pepper, the condiment par excellence of the Mexican cuisine, eggs, garlic, radishes, oranges (from Sonora,) and little flat loaves of bread were the main supplies in each of these little places, but coffee and other of our groceries, with tobacco, commanded a ready sale.

A sufficient number of rum-mills, bearing such titles as "Congress Hall," "Dew Drop," and "Magnolia" existed to

attest the presence of American residents. In all, "music," that is to say the squeaking of an ill-tuned harp and mouth organ, charmed the ears of the votaries of the gaming tables. There was no attempt made at concealment. Faro, poker, Diana, and roulette were the American games, but there was also a class of games of Mexican derivation, patronized with equal ardor by both nationalities; these were "Chusas," "Loteria," and "Monte." It was very funny to watch the expressions of the different countenances; the impassive stolidity and cunning of the dealer, mechanically shuffling the cards or rolling the balls; the anxienty, greed, fear, disappointment, hope and exultation alternating in the faces of the betters as they lost or won. The sums changing hands were not great: generally, the stakes ran from 50c to $5.00; occasionally, some fortunate winner, flushed with wine! I should have said flushed with rot-gut whiskey, would pile up 20, 30, maybe 40 chips, of an aggregate value of from 10 to 25 dollars, and then all interest would converge upon him. The Mexicans were nearly all named "Jesús"or "José," but their American elbow-touchers were "Colonels," "Judges," and "Doctors."

The principal restaurant, in those days, was the "Shoo Fly," on the street running into the Plaza from the Main Street. Mrs. Allen was the name of the presiding genius. The food wasn't as bad as it might have been. Some grumblers used to take exception to the number of flies in the soup, forgetting that the poor little flies had appetites as well as any other form of creation and that if the soup were not good they wouldn't fly into it. Mrs. Allen, in person, waited upon the table, carefully looking after the wants of each guest. The first time I dined there she hobbled into the room, very lame in one foot. I lost my appetite when I heard her say: "Oh my sore toe! That poultice I put on came off again this morning!"

The young officers then in Arizona were a harum-scarum, good-natured, devil-may-care set, who gave General Devin a great amount of trouble to keep them in order. One of them, Lieut. Jerome, of the 8th Cavalry, (long since resigned from service) was marching one Christmas Day, at the head of his Company, down the Santa Cruz Valley into Tucson. As he reached the mill-dam, three miles from town, he dismounted from his horse and threw himself by a dexterous somersault into ten feet of water. This performance was to gain a bet of $10.00, made with a brother

officer riding by his side. The half chilled officer (winters are sometimes chilly in Arizona, at least too chilly for such actions as above) rode into town and there spent his gains in treating the men of his detachment to whiskey. General Devin sent for the delinquent and after giving him a sound talking to upon the unseemliness and want of dignity of such conduct, dismissed him to his quarters with an admonition not to repeat the offense if he didn't want to be court-martialled. Such is the account of the affair given by Gen. Devin's friends; but there is another side of the story which must not be ignored in any narrative pretending to be impartial. This is the story of Lieut. or ex-Lt. Jerome. He admitted the correctness of the story up to the moment of the interview, but he always claimed that just as soon as General Devin began to berate him, he fixed his eagle eye upon the General and froze him in his seat. Most of the people in Tucson believed General Devin's story and discredited Lt. Jerome's altogether.

About the time of our arrival, Lieut. Winters of the 1st Cavalry, a very gallant soldier, was married. The usual festal supper was had and then the wedding party departed. A quartette of Winter's friends thought they would serenade him but when they assembled under the windows of the room occupied by the bridal couple, none of the party had brought along any music and they were all so elevated with liquor and enthusiasm that they could sing but one song in concert:—"Just before the battle, mother," which they rendered with telling effect.

One of the eccentric, indefinable characters to be met with so frequently on the frontier was "Major" or "Marshal" Duffield: he was to outward appearance remarkable chiefly from the fact that he was the only man in Tucson who ever wore a stove-pipe hat. But he was also renowned for the number of rows and personal "difficulties" in which he had figured, always with success. He carried about with him a small-sized arsenal of revolvers and pistols of all calibers,—if my memory is not entirely at fault, I think he never had less than ten or eleven about his person at one time.

Well, as might be expected, he was an object of dread to his neighbors, even in that rough community. One day a train came in from Texas, and one of the teamsters immediately started to the nearest "saloon" to "hist in a cargo of pizen." Becoming pretty full, he stampeded most of the

quiet citizens from the streets by displaying his revolver in a belligerent way; an operation called, I believe, "shelling the town." Some one told him of Duffield's reputation for his prowess, and awakened in his manly breast a desire to extinguish his rival. But it was a bad day for him when he started out upon his mission. It wasn't long before he found a small cluster of "gentlemen," to whom he made know the object of his search. "Gents, I'm Waco Bill, from Texas, blood's my color, I kerries mee korfin on mee back, kin whip mee weight in bar meat and the hummin' of pistol balls is mu-u-u-u-sic in mee ear—Whar's *Duffield?* I'm a goin' ter whip *Duffield.*" The last words had just left his mouth when he found himself sprawling on his back, levelled to the ground by a lightning blow from the horny hands of his opponent. True to his instincts, the Texan as he rolled grasped his revolver but before the weapon could be drawn, Duffield had shot from out of his coat pocket and a pistol bullet lodged in the groin of the unfortunate Waco Bill. "My name's *Duffield,*" said the distinguished Arizonian, with a Chesterfieldian wave of the hand, "and them eer's mee visiting keerd." (This story was told by me to Sir Rose Price when we were travelling together with a party of officers on the Loup Fork of the Platte River in Nebraska in 1875, and he made use of it in his book, "The Two Americas," where it may be found even worse told than here. I make mention of this fact to save myself from the charge of plagiarism.)

Duffield was killed by a man named Holmes in a dispute about a mining claim on the Rio San Pedro, in Arizona, in 1875.

Then there was "Charlie Meyers," the "Judge" of the town, who was a sturdy, honest, well-meaning Dutchman, quite well versed in pharmacy and physiology but rather "off color" as a disciple of Blackstone. He discharged the duties of his position with commendable fidelity, making a grand display of "Wood and Bache's Dispensatory," "Parke's Military Hygiene," "Beck's Medical Jurisprudence," and other works of that kind which the ignorant Mexicans who mostly thronged his forum fondly imagined to be Digests and Pandects of all the laws in creation. A few petty fines and amercements, or where the offender was a "vagamundo," (or tramp) sentencing him to two weeks in what the "Jedge" called the "Shane Gang," constituted the extent of the business transacted.

The "Jedge" followed the even tenor of his way, and was growing dignified, bold, gray and heavy-paunched, surrounded by a galaxy of little Mexican children, when one evening his post-prandial meditations were disturbed by a case calling for the exercise of rather more legal ability than the "Jedge" felt he possessed. This was nothing more nor less than a plain case of fraud of this complexion. A German Jew, named Wolf, doing business in a small way as a "Monte-Pio," or Pawn-broker had hired a family of Papago Indians to work in a field he owned. He told them he would give them one "peso" (dollar) for their day's labor. Now the rascal well knew that they understood him to mean the current rate of wages which was one dollar per diem for each grown hand and half for children—as the family was composed of father, mother, son and daughter, it may be understood that they were grievously vexed when they were offered only one-third of the stipend for which they had contracted, not to count the pound of flour which generous people frequently presented to each of these Indians after an unusually hard day's labor.

Appeals to Wolf's reason and generosity were alike in vain; no help was to be had unless the "Juez" (Judge) could extend it and the Jew felt he was a match for the representative of the blind-folded Goddess almost any time. Indians were not competent witnesses, so he told the "Jedge," and more than that he stood ready to prove by his clerk that he had only promised a dollar, that he had already offered it and was now ready to pay it. The poor Papagoes could only urge, through the interpreter, immemorial custom and usage. The judge was nonplussed; his sympathies were plainly on the side of the defrauded Indians, but he couldn't find any way to help them. He looked over his Webster's Dictionary and carefully scrutinized the "Materia Medica" —he could do nothing except adjourn the Court until morning and seek the advice of some well-informed lawyer. So he said slowly: "Volf, I can't find nudding in dem lawbooks shust now about dis matter and I adshurns dis Goort until der morrer at den o'glock, when ve'll resume id, bud, Volf, vile I can't find nuddin in der law about der gase, I dink it my dooty, Volf, to dell yer that the sheneral obinion of dis gommunity, Volf, is dot you is von Got-tammed son-of-a —, in vitch obinion, Volf, dis Goort most heartily goincides." Wolf lost his temper at this novel exordium, answered the judge in an impudent way, was fined ten dollars for "con-

tempt of court" and started home a wiser and a sadder man. The judge gave half the fine to the poor Papago Indians, who started off in gay spirits, thinking Judge Meyer's Court the very fountain of Justice.

The Papago Indians herein spoken of are as good people as any tribe of savages on the face of the earth. Docile, well-behaved and subordinate, they have never yet killed a white man and for generations have abstained from going on the war path, except when harassed and plundered by their hereditary enemies, the Apaches. Their women are proverbially chaste; a Papago prostitute is a thing unheard of. These people are devout Catholics and rightfully proud of the beautiful church, built with their own hands two hundred years ago, under the superintendence of Jesuit missionaries.

This church, "San Xavier del Bac," is one of the most beautiful examples of the Moresque Style I have ever seen, and altho' it would be presumption for me to lay claim to architectural taste, I will say that San Xavier, altho' built simply of adobe and lava will sustain the most rigid criticism for perfection of detail, of proportion and general effect. It is impossible for any examiner, be his creed what it may, to stand under its cloistered arch and survey its parts, without yielding to a sentiment of religious veneration and paying a tribute of respect to the memory of the great and good men who crossed the sea generations ago to bring the Bread of Life to these poor benighted savages.

My first "ball" or "baile" in Tucson was an affair deserving of mention; the room was without flooring, other than the pounded dirt, the walls coarsely whitewashed and lighted with candles backed by tin reflectors. The ladies were all Mexicans of various shades from deep chocolate, through black and tan to pale lemon; they sat upon wooden benches extending around the room, and without backs, so that to save dresses from the lime on the walls it was necessary to sit bolt upright. No introduction was necessary; if a gentleman wished to dance with a lady, he asked her, and she accepted or declined at her option. After each dance it was de rigueur to invite your partner to partake of "dulces," or refreshments, and in all cases these invitations were accepted, not that the young lady always ate what was purchased for her; frequently she would take the "pasas" (raisins), "bollos" (sweet-cakes) or other refection, wrap them up in her handkerchief and keep them to take home.

Those who wished it could have "mescal" or "wine." In Arizona this "wine" is mostly "imported" and a viler decoction of boiled vinegar, logwood, alum, and copperas never was bottled. The ladies had a curious method of expressing their preference for a gentleman; this was done by breaking over his head a "cascarrón" (literally "eggshell"), or eggshell filled with cologne water or finely cut gold paper. The recipient of this delicate compliment had to return it in kind and then to lead the young lady to the dance. The energetic musicians extorted something like music from their wheezy mouth-organs and tinkling harps. This is my recollection of a Tucson "baile," barren and meagre enough it looks to me now, but there was a time when my companions and myself thought nothing of staying at one of them all night and of going to six in a week if we could.

This is a long digression to make, but the mention of Geneal Devin's death has brought back to my mind my first meeting with him in Tucson and from that the divergence has been easy and I find myself insensibly recalling to mind my long and varied experience in that country, our associates, the scenery and peculiarities, as well as the sterner features of scouting against the hostile Apaches, who in 1869, 1870 and 1871 were complete masters of the Territory but in 1873 and 1874, thanks to General Crook and his soldiers, where the most completely subdued Indians in America. . . .

(To be Continued)