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Bourke on the Southwest, III

Lansing B. Bloom

BOURKE ON THE SOUTHWEST, III

Edited by LANSING B. BLOOM

CHAPTER V

ARIZONA'S INDIAN PROBLEM, 1870-1872

IN THE spring of 1870, the 3rd and 8th regiments, U. S. Cavalry, were transferred under Major DuBois from New Mexico to Arizona.[1] At Fort Cummings where the troops assembled, 2nd Lieut. Bourke was assigned to staff duty as quartermaster for the expedition to Camp Grant, and at the same time he was transferred from Co. E to Co. F of his regiment, the 3rd Cavalry.[2]

During the years between the Mexican War and the Civil War, the Apache tribes of the far Southwest had become a most complicated and serious problem. From western Texas to the Colorado river, more engagements were being fought than in all the rest of the trans-Mississippi region combined; and when in 1861 practically all of the U. S. troops were withdrawn from their police duty in the Indian country for service against the Confederate forces, naturally the Apaches thought that they were getting the best of it.

In New Mexico after the Texans had been driven from the Territory, the problem was partly solved by the vigorous policy initiated by General J. H. Carleton. But in Arizona matters went from bad to worse, after the treacherous treatment of the Chiricahua chief, Cochise, by Lieut. Geo. N. Bascom who, late in 1860, violated his own flag of truce. "From this time forward, Cochise was the sworn enemy of the whites, and for more than twenty years he and his tribe were at war with them. Bascom's stupidity and ignorance probably cost five thousand American lives and the destruction of hundreds of thousands of dollars worth of property."[3]

1. See pages 39-40.
2. See pages 43, 45.
3. T. E. Farish, *History of Arizona*, II, 32-33.

At the close of the Civil War, the Territory of Arizona was transferred from the military department of New Mexico to that of California, and during the winter of 1865-66 a force of about 2,800 California volunteers was operating against the hostiles. By April of 1866, nine hundred Apaches had been placed on a temporary reservation at Camp Goodwin; and thus was initiated in Arizona the system which General Carleton had started at Bosque Redondo, New Mexico. More than twenty years were to elapse before the system was fully worked out, but the underlying idea was to offer any hostile tribe just one alternative: if they would surrender to the United States authorities and locate within a restricted area called a "reservation," they would be protected and cared for; otherwise they would be relentlessly tracked down and killed.

It would have been a sufficiently heroic task to reduce the various hostile tribes of Arizona to a civilized manner of life, had a single branch of the federal government been given undivided authority to carry it out. But unfortunately responsibility was divided, overlapping, and far too often the authorities were at cross purposes. Our federal administration had at its service in the war department the U. S. army for the punishing of lawlessness and (in its police capacity) for the preventing of lawlessness; but since 1849 the federal administration had also had a "department of the interior" to which, among other matters was specifically assigned that of "Indian affairs." This latter branch, which may be regarded as the *civilian* administration of the Indians, was directed by a "commissioner of Indian affairs," and under him in Arizona from 1864 to 1872 was a territorial "superintendent of Indian affairs," and subordinate to him were local Indian agents. After 1872, the superintendency was abolished and agents reported directly to the commissioner at Washington.[4] It is scarcely to be wondered

4. H. H. Bancroft, *History of Arizona and New Mexico*, 544. This author states that "before 1864 an agent at Mesilla (New Mexico) had merely nominal control of the Arizona Indians."

In his notes made in the fall of 1872, Bourke gives the following interesting list:

Names of Indian Agents and Agencies in Arizona

Hon. H. Bendell, Superintendent, - Prescott, A. T. (Arizona Territory)

at that friction, jealousy, and open antagonism often developed between officials and agents of the two departments, war and interior.

Early in 1866 the California volunteers were withdrawn, being replaced by troops of the regular army, from the 5th, 14th, and 32nd infantry, and 1st and 8th cavalry. Detachments of these regiments were engaged in the numerous combats of the next four years.[5]

In October, 1867, Arizona was formally declared a military district; and in 1869 Arizona and southern California were formed into a military department with headquarters at Fort Whipple. General George Stoneman became the first department commander, taking charge in the summer of 1870, shortly after the interchange of troops between Arizona and New Mexico which brought Bourke from Fort Craig to Camp Grant.

Writing some twenty years later,[6] Bourke stated:

There are two great divisions of Indians in Arizona—those who cut the front hair at the level of the eyebrows, and those who do not. The latter belong to the widely disseminated Apache-Navajo family, one of the branches of the Tinneh stock which has conquered its way down from the circumpolar regions of the north, where many bands speaking the same language still live . . . The other tribes of Arizona are, or have been until a comparatively recent period, sedentary Indians who, in manners, customs, and personal appearance, strongly resemble the Pueblos of New Mexico. Among these are to be named the Cocopahs and Yumas, living on the lower Colorado and at the mouth of the Gila; the Maricopas and Pimas, on the Gila at or near the Big Bend; the Papagoes, of the same language as the Pimas, but brought into the Christian fold by Jesuit missionaries nearly two centuries ago; the Mojaves, who plant in the lowlands of the Colorado below the Grand Cañon;

5. F. B. Heitman, *Historical Register of the U. S. Army*, 1789-1903, II, 426-435.

6. J. G. Bourke, "General Crook in the Indian Country," in *Century Magazine*, xli, 650-652 *passim*.

Dr. R. A. Wilber	Papago Agency
J. H. Stout, Maricopas & Pimas,	Sacatón
J. A. Robert, White Mountain Reservation,	Camp Apache
C. F. Larrabee, San Carlos Division,	White Mt. Res.
Dr. J. A. Tonner	Colorado Reservation
[Thos.] J. Jeffords	Chiricahua Reservation
J. Williams	Rio Verde Reservation
Capt. Thos. Byrne	Beale's Springs Reservation

the Moquis, who live in houses of stone on the apexes of lofty cliffs and who are a patient, industrious set of farmers of a very religious turn of mind . . . The Navajo differs from the Apache only in having absorbed whole communities of Pueblos, and in having come to a considerable degree under the influence of Catholic missionaries of the Franciscan order, who supplied him with horses, sheep, peach trees, and other necessaries which gradually brought about a change in his character. . .

But the Apache stands as one of the divisions of the American aborigines (the others being the Lacandones of Guatemala and the Araucanians of Chile) who scorned the religious teachings and despised the military power of the Castilian, and the Apache differs from these others not only in having kept his own boundaries intact, but in having raided and plundered without cessation since the days of Cortez over a zone of the viceroyalty of Mexico or New Spain which . . . comprehended the southwestern corner of what we now call Colorado, half of Texas, all of Arizona, New Mexico, Chihuahua, Coahuila, Sonora, and Durango, and, on occasion, even as far south as Zacatecas.

Physically, the Apache is perfect; he might be a trifle taller for artistic effect, but his apparent "squattiness" is due more to great girth of chest than to diminutive stature. His muscles are hard as bone, and I have seen one light a match on the sole of his naked foot. Twenty years ago (1871) when Crook took him in hand, the Apache had few wants and cared for no luxuries. War was his business, his life, and victory his dream. . .

I was serving in Arizona for two years before Crook's arrival, which was not until June, 1871. I know that a book could be written regarding the black night of despair, unrelieved by the glint of one kindly star, in which all that pertained to that Territory was involved. I have in my possession copies of Arizona newspapers of those years which are filled with accounts of Apache raids and murders and of counter-raids and counter-murders. No man's life was safe for a moment outside the half-dozen large towns, while in the smaller villages and ranchos sentinels were kept posted by day and packs of dogs were turned loose at night. All travel, even on the main roads, had to be done between sunset and sunrise; the terrorized ranchmen who endeavored to till a few acres of barley or corn in the bottoms did

so with cocked revolvers on hip and loaded rifles slung to the plow-handles. . .

Of the American troops and their officers in general nothing can fairly be said but words of praise: they were conscientious, brave, energetic, and intelligent; anxious to do their whole duty, but not acquainted with every foot of the ground as the Apaches were. In a word, they were not savages.

To fight savages successfully, one of two things must be done—either the savages must be divided into hostile bands and made to fight each other, or the civilized soldier must be trained down as closely as possible to the level of the savage. No matter how well disposed or how brave and bright a soldier might be, it took time and attention to teach him how to take care of himself in face of so subtle an enemy as the Apache. Under our then system of recruiting from the slums of the great cities, our army often got very inferior material. . .

During the period from 1866 to 1870 there had been no cessation of Apache hostilities and the two or three thousand troops, stationed at strategically located posts over Arizona, saw very strenuous and constant service.[7] For

7. For convenient reference, a chronological table of forts and camps in Arizona during this period has been compiled from data given in Heitman, *Historical Register;* Bancroft, *History of Arizona and New Mexico;* F. C. Lockwood, *Pioneer Days in Arizona;* Patrick Hamilton, *Resources of Arizona* (1884); and Bourke, "Field Notes, Nov. 18, 1872 to April 8, 1873" (ms.):

Fort Defiance, 1849; at Cañon Bonita. The first military post in (later) Arizona.

Camp Independence, 1850; east of the Colorado at the junction with the Gila. Soon moved across the Colorado and renamed *Fort Yuma.*

Fort Yuma, 1851; altitude 355 ft.

Fort Buchanan, 1856-61; near Calabazas ranch, 45 mis. southeast of Tucson. First named *Camp Moore;* in 1867 reestablished as *Camp Crittenden.*

Fort Mojave, 1858; on Colorado river near head of Mojave valley. Abandoned 1861-63, later reestablished as *Camp Mojave.* Altitude 600 ft.

Fort Breckinridge, 1859; at junction of Arivaipa and San Pedro rivers. It was first called *Fort Arivaipa,* then *Breckinridge,* then *Fort Stanford,* and in 1862 it became (old) *Fort Grant.* In 1873 the post was moved to a new site at the foot of Mount Graham and was known as (new) *Fort Grant.*

Fort Barrett, 1862; at the Pima Villages.

Camp Lowell, 1862; the Tucson post, 7 mis. northeast; abandoned 1864; reoccupied 1865, and made permanent in 1866.

Fort Grant, 1862. See *Breckinridge.*

Fort Bowie, 1862; at Apache Pass; made permanent in 1863. Altitude 4,826 ft.

Camp Whipple, 1863; in Chino Valley. Transferred (1864) 20 mis. south near Prescott and made department headquarters. Also called *Whipple Barracks* and *Prescott Barracks.* Altitude 5,700 ft.

Camp Supply, (1863?); on the Little Colorado near modern Holbrook. Later named *J. A. Rucker Camp.*

Camp Goodwin, 1864; a temporary reservation on the Gila river north of Mt. Graham; broken up at the end of 1868. See *Fort Thomas.*

Camp Lincoln, 1864; on the Verde river 30 mis. east from Prescott. The post was moved slightly in 1871 and renamed *Fort Verde.* Here for several years was an Indian reservation.

Camp Colorado, 1864; on the Colorado River Indian reservation. Also called *Camp La Paz.*

example, General T. C. Devin's report for 1868 showed that there had been forty-six expeditions in the northern area of the district which resulted in 114 Indians killed, 61 wounded, and 35 captured. In the south little had been accomplished, although Cochise, chief of the Chiricahua Apaches, had promised to keep the peace.

When Bourke arrived in Arizona, the state of affairs had indeed become desperate. As another writer says:[8]

During the years '69, '70, and '71 Apache atrocities had mounted steadily to a climax of terror and bloodshed. Scouting expeditions were carried on all the time by army officers unsurpassed for bravery and knowledge of Indian ways. But the territory to be covered was vast, arid, and mountainous. There was neither telegraph nor railroad; supplies had to be brought from great distances; the foe was as wily and resourceful as any that ever arrayed itself against the white man. The Apaches struck simultaneously at points far apart, and so added distraction to terror . . . The *Prescott Miner*, in the autumn of 1871, published a list of Apache murders and atrocities occurring between March, 1864, and the fall of 1871. Three hundred and one pioneers had been murdered, two of whom were known to have been burned alive; fifty-three were wounded and crippled for life, and five carried into captivity.

8. F. C. Lockwood, *Pioneer Days in Arizona*, 164-165.

Fort Mason, (1864?); 12 mis. southeast of Tubac. (Later called Camp McKee?)
Fort McDowell, 1865; on the Rio Verde 8 mis. above junction with Salt river (Rio Salado). Altitude, 1,800 ft.
Camp in Skull Valley, (1865?); near Prescott.
Camp McPherson, 1866; on Date Creek, a southern tributary of the Bill Williams, about 60 mis. west of Prescott and in the heart of the Apache-Mojave country. Here also was a temporary asylum for Indians. In 1868 the name was changed to *Camp Date Creek*. It was abandoned (1874) when the Indians were moved to Camp Verde. Altitude, 3,726 ft.
Camp Wallen, 1866; on Badacomari Creek 65 mis. southeast of Tucson. In 1876 it gave place to *Fort Hauchuca*.
Camp Crittenden, 1867-74; built on the hill just above old *Fort Buchanan*. In 1876 it became *Fort Huachuca*.
Camp Reno, 1869; in Tonto valley at the foot of Reno Pass; a substation of Fort McDowell.
Camp Hualpai, 1869; on Mojave Creek 1½ mis. southeast of Aztec Pass and 45 mis. northwest of Prescott. First called *Camp Toll Gate*. Altitude 6,000 ft.
Camp Apache, 1870; 180 mis. north of Fort Bowie in the heart of the Coyotero-Apache country with the peaks of the White Mts. as a background. This important post had been occupied in the latter '60s and was known variously as *Camp Mogollon, Camp Ord, Camp Thomas* (distinct from *Fort Thomas*). Altitude 5,600 ft.
Camp Verde, 1871; far up on the Rio Verde. See *Camp Lincoln*.
Camp Beale's Springs, (1871?); 43 mis. east of *Fort Mojave*.
Fort Thomas, 1875; on the upper Gila river above the site of old *Camp Goodwin*.
In the authorities above cited and on maps of this period, the names of perhaps twenty other posts may be found but without sufficient definiteness to be included in this list.

Unfortunately, as Bourke himself indicates later in his notes, his notebooks of these first years were lost or stolen, so that it is impossible to give any complete account of his service from the spring of 1870 to the fall of 1872. However, sufficient details have been gathered from various sources to give us a pretty clear idea of his first relations with Arizona. From such details it is possible, therefore, to block in the main lines of the picture; after which the picture will be filled in by several reminiscences, entered at later points in his field notebooks but relating to this introductory period.

A chronological list of engagements, beginning with the arrival of the 3rd U. S. Cavalry in Arizona, shows the following record:[9]

date	place	troops engaged
Mar. 15-16, 1870	near Sol's Wash	detachment Co. H, 21 Inf.
April 30	Pinal Mts., near San Carlos	detach. E, 1 Cav; B, 3 Cav; detach. A, 21 Inf.
May 25	Tonto Valley	E, 1 Cav; E, 3 Cav.
May 29-June 26	near Camp Apache	detach. A, 3 Cav.
June 2	near Copper Cañon	detach. C, 21 Inf.
June 3	near Ft. Whipple	detach. M, 3 Cav.
June 5	Apache Mts.	detachs. K, 1 Cav. and B and F, 3 Cav.
Do.	Black Cañon	detach. M, 3 Cav.
June 15	east branch of Rio Verde	E, 3 Cav.
June 24	White Mts.	detachs. A, C, L, M, 3 Cav.
July 25	Pinal Mts.	F, 3 Cav.
Aug. 1	Skirmish Cañon, Apache Mts.	K, 1 Cav; F, 3 Cav.
Oct. 6	Pinaleno Mts.	F, 3 Cav.
Oct. 29	Pinal Mts.	C, 1 Cav.
Dec. 14	Mount Turnbull	F, 3 Cav.
Jan. 1, 1871	Pinal Mts., near Gila river	detachs. G, 1 Cav. and H, 3 Cav.
Jan. 7	Ciénega, near Camp Verde	detachs. A, E, G, 3 Cav.
Jan. 9	East Fork river, near Mazatzal Mts.	Do.

9. Heitman, *Historical Register*, II, 435-438 *passim*.

Feb. 12	Apache Pass, Chiricahua Mts.	detach. C, 8 Cav.
Feb. 13	Sierra Galiuro *(sic)*	F, 3 Cav.
March 21	Peloncillo Mts.	detach. K, 3 Cav.
March 28	Gila river, near Gila Mt.	Do.
April 1-3	Camp Date Creek	detach. B, 3 Cav.
April 4	Sierra Ancho	F, 3 Cav.
April 11	Apache Mts.	Do.
April 12	Do.	Do.
April 16	Dragoon Mts.	detach. K, 3 Cav.
May 5	Whetstone Mts.	detach. F, 3 Cav.
June 1	Huachuca Mts.	Do.
June 8-9	East Fork river, Mazatzal Mts., and Wild Rye Creek	detachs. A, E, G, 3 Cav.
June 10	Huachuca Mts.	F, 3 Cav.
July 13	Ciénega de los Pinos	G, 21 Inf.
July 19	Bear Springs, near Camp Bowie	detach. K, 3 Cav.
August 25	Arivaypa Cañon	D, H, and detach. F, 3 Cav.
Sept. 5	Chino Valley	
Oct. 24	Horseshoe Cañon	K, 3 Cav.
Apr. 17, 1872	near Camp Apache	detach. D, 21 Inf.
April 25	Juniper Mts.	detach. K, 5 Cav.
May 6	scout from Camp Hualpai	detach. K, 5 Cav.
May 19	Do.	Do.
May 23	Sycamore Cañon	detach. A, 1 Cav.
June 10	Bill Williams Mt.	Do.
July 1	Gardiner's ranch, Sonora Valley	detach. F, 5 Cav.
July 13	cañon of Whetstone Mts.	Do.
July 25	Moore's ranch, Sonora Valley	Do.
July 27	Mount Graham	A, 8 Cav.
Aug. 6	Chiricahua Mts.	Do.
Aug. 27	Davidson's cañon	detach. F, 5 Cav.
Sept. 8	Camp Date Creek	E, 5 Cav.
Sept. 25	Muchos Cañon, Santa María river	B, C, & K, 5 Cav; Indian scouts.
Sept. 30	Squaw Peak	detach. A, 1 Cav.
Do.	near Camp Crittenden	detach. F, 5 Cav.
Oct. 25-Nov. 3	Santa María Mts. and Sycamore Creek	B, C, and K, 5 Cav.

November 25	Red Rocks or Hell Cañon	C, 5 Cav; Piute scouts.
Nov. 26	Red Rock country	B, 5 Cav.
Dec. 7-8	Do.	K, 5 Cav; detach. G, 23 Inf; Indian scouts.
Dec. 11	Bad Rock Mt., north of Old Camp Reno	detachs. L & M, 1 Cav; detach. I, 23 Inf; Indian scouts.
Dec. 13	Mazatzal Mt., north of Old Camp Reno	Do.
Dec. 14	Indian Run	E, 5 Cav.
Dec. 28	Salt River Cañon	G, L, M, 5 Cav; Indian scouts.
Do.	Red Rock Springs and Red Rock Valley	detach. H, 5 Cav.
Dec. 30	mouth of Baby Cañon	detach. E, 5 Cav.
Jan. 2, 1873	Clear Creek Cañon	detach. K, 5 Cav; 1 man of G, 23 Inf; Indian scouts.
Jan. 16	Superstition Mt.	B, C, G, H, L, M, 5 Cav.
Jan. 19	East Fork, Verde river	detach. E, 5 Cav.
Jan. 22	Tonto Creek	K, 5 Cav.
Feb. 6	Hell Cañon	detach. A, 1 Cav.
Feb. 20	near Fossil Creek	I, 1 Cav.
Mar. 19	Mazatzal Mts.	K, 5 Cav.
Mar. 25	near Turret Mts.	detach. A, 5 Cav.
Mar. 27	Turret Mts.	detachs. A, 5 Cav. and I, 23 Inf; Indian scouts.

If it is remembered that Bourke arrived in Arizona as an officer of Company F, 3rd Cavalry, some of his field service during this period will be evident from the above table. This is a record, however, simply of fights with hostiles; from one post or another, times without number, a detachment was out on the trail which failed to make contact with those whom they sought. And often six or more detachments were in the field simultaneously, doggedly trailing and scouting into every corner of the labryinthian "Apache country." In actual distance alone during a single year of such service, many an officer like Bourke or one of Jerry Russell's "wearies" could have estimated that he might have ridden clear across the United States.

Moreover, almost immediately Bourke was assigned to

duty which took him to all parts of the military department, south into Sonora, west to the Pacific coast, and a few years later into the north and northwest. In the years following the Civil War, General George Crook had made an enviable record as an Indian fighter in the far Northwest; and as a result of the furore in the east caused by the horrible "Camp Grant massacre," President U. S. Grant had Crook transferred to Arizona, to relieve Stoneman. By an order issued at Drum Barracks[10] on June 4, 1871, Crook assumed command and a week later he was at Tucson (then the territorial capital). Shortly afterwards he selected Bourke as one of his three aides-de-camp.[11] This relieved Bourke from immediate duty with his troop, and he was soon in the field on his first campaign with General Crook.[12]

May 23d. [1880] Major A. H. Nickerson, Ass't Adj. Gen. U. S. A., formerly A. D. C. to General Crook, arrived at Hd. Qrs. [Fort Omaha, Neb.] on a short visit, en route to Santa Fé, New Mexico.
May 25th. Read in the telegrams the statement of the death at Columbus, Ohio, May 24, of my old friend, Cap't. Thomas L. Brent, retired list, formerly 3d Cavalry. This officer represented in his descent two of the finest families of the country,—the Lees of Virginia and the Carrolls of Carrollton, Maryland. I served with him in the 3d. Cavalry, in Arizona, in 1871 and together we went through many scenes that were exciting and pleasurable and some that were hazardous. Under General Crook, in his first campaign against the hostile Apache Indians, we scouted from Tucson, Arizona, to Camp Bowie and thence north via the "Dos Cabezas," "Sierra Bonita" (or Mount Graham) and head

10. Drum Barracks, between Wilmington and San Pedro, California, was headquarters of the department.

11. He already had Capt. A. H. Nickerson, 23 Inf., as an aide. In Bourke, "Field Notes, Nov. 1872-Apr. 1873" is pasted the following *General Orders, No.* 18:

Headquarters Department of Arizona
Drum Barracks, Cal., September 1, 1871.

The following named officers, having been directed by the War Department to report for duty upon the personal Staff of the Department Commander, are hereby announced as Aides-de-Camp to the undersigned:

Second Lieutenant *William J. Ross*, 21st Infantry.
Second Lieutenant *John G. Bourke*, 3d Cavalry.

George Crook,
Lieut-Col., 23d Infantry,
Bvt. Major General,
commanding.

12. The following excerpt is from the notebook of "Apr. 9-July 26, 1880."

courtesy D. Appleton-Century Co.

GENERAL GEORGE CROOK
sketch by Frederic Remington
(Century, March, 1891)

of "Aravaypa" and "Gabilan" cañons to the Rio Gila, and still north up the Rio San Carlos and over to the Sierra Blanca at the post of Camp Apache where we replenished supplies, and from Camp Apache nearly due west along the crest of the then unknown "Mogollon" Mountains to the post of Camp Verde on the stream of the same name and from there to Fort Whipple, near Prescott. The total distance marched was close to 660 miles and the time occupied —from July 11th, 1871 to August 31st of same year.[13]

One day in August while the command was marching through the pine forests on the summit of the "Mogollon" range and along the edge of the vertical wall of basalt which faced the "Tonto Basin," Brent and I were riding with General Crook, the latter slightly in our front. Suddenly, a couple of stalwart Apaches who had been lying in ambush, jumped from behind a screen of low bushes, yelled a defiant war-whoop, fired two arrows at General Crook and recklessly hurled themselves over the cliff. Whether from the audacity of the attack, the imminent danger to which our chief was exposed, or the reckless disregard of life and limb evinced by the naked Indians as they went bounding like rubber balls from rock to rock down the almost vertical face of the precipice—or from all these causes combined, we were petrified with astonishment and didn't promptly enough obey General Crook's orders to dismount and fire upon the fleeing savages. They escaped, not, however, without wounds, as we could see that one of them was badly hurt in the left arm. The arrows had whistled by General Crook's head and imbedded themselves so deeply in a tall pine tree that it was impossible to extract more than half the shafts.

Shortly after this we were obliged to make a very long march, hoping to reach the Rio Verde. The country was unknown to us, our guides had never seen it before and our movements, consequently, became very uncertain. After travelling for 7 or 8 hours, the heat of the sun and the glare from the barren blocks of basalt besetting our line of march (for we had now gotten out of the forest and were descending the open flanks of the mountain), became extremely annoying and the command suffered greatly from thirst. General Crook sent me with a detachment off to one flank to look for springs or creeks or water-holes. In a very few

13. F. C. Lockwood, *Pioneer Days in Arizona*, p. 174, gives an excellent appraisal of this initial campaign.

moments, I had crossed a low range of hills and found myself at the edge of a deep cañon, impossible to descend, and could see flowing at the bottom a most tantalizingly pretty streamlet; our poor mules and horses brayed and neighed piteously, but to no avail. Descent was impracticable without wings. The whole command marched alongside this aggravating little cañon for a distance, if I remember aright, of 14 miles and long after dark reached its mouth at the point where the streamlet emptied into what we took to be the Beaver creek fork of the Rio Verde. Everybody was tired out, but poor Brent so exhausted that he could only get off by falling from the saddle and immediately after was attacked with a copious haemorrhage of the lungs.

He was a genial, companionable and scholarly gentleman and a soldier whose bravery, intelligence, and ambition were far in excess of his physical powers.

The following amusing anecdote of the army medical service takes us into the country southwest of Prescott, and it is believed to relate to the fall of 1872.[14]

January 9th, 1881. Remained at Hd. Qrs., during morning, attending to official business. Day very cold. Left in the afternoon for Council Bluffs, Iowa, where we staid overnight at the U. P. R. R. Depot, meeting the others of our party, Indians and all. This night was so cold that mercury froze in the Bulb.

January 10th, 1881. Left Council Bluffs, Iowa, for Running Water, Dakota, going by way of Chicago and North-Western R. R., to Missouri Valley Junction, thence by Sioux City & Pacific to Sioux City, Iowa, and from that point following along branches of the Chicago Milwaukee and Saint Paul R. R. As I was seated along side of Revd. Mr. Riggs and Revd. Mr. Dorsey, our conversation naturally drifted to Indian matters and especially to Indian therapeutics. I gave them an account of the sickness and cure of Chimahuevi-Sal, one of the prominent chiefs of the Apache-Yuma[15] tribe in Arizona, living at Camp Date Creek in that territory. This Indian, a handsome specimen of physical strength and beauty, was "taken down" with a violent attack of inflammation of the lungs, complicated with every

14. It is from the notebook of "Feb. 5-March 8, 1881," written at Fort Omaha, Neb. Camp Date Creek will be found in the list of military posts, *supra;* the "list of engagements" shows trouble at Date Creek and in the Santa Maria country from September to November, 1872.

15. A slip, on Bourke's part, for *Apache-Mojave.* See below.

variety of pulmonary and bronchial trouble, fever and indigestion. There were two or three Army Doctors at the post who jumped at the chance of experimenting with the case. They certainly displayed no niggardliness in the amount of medicines they gave their patient: commencing with syrup of squills and paregoric, they put him through the whole dispensatory, now giving him a dose of ipecac, now a little Jolu; Cod liver oil in large quantities to furnish heat inwardly and Croton oil to furnish it on the outside. Then they gave him warm baths and applied mustard poultices to his feet. But no effect was perceptible—the sick man kept getting worse and worse, his cheeks were hollow, his voice tremulous and his eyes shone with the gleam of approaching dissolution. More than that, most wonderful thing of all, the poor Indian had no appetite. After swallowing half a bottle full of cod-liver oil, three or four teaspoonsful of ipecac, taking four (5) grain quinine pills, having a pint of Croton oil rubbed on his chest and experiencing the stimulating effects of a mustard foot-bath, Chimahuevi's system "failed to respond," as the medical men termed it, and he refused to notice the food set before him. There was but one thing for our gentlemanly Sawbones to do and they did it; they declared that Chimahuevi's time had come; that he hadn't many more hours to live and that he should settle up all his mundane affairs and turn his thoughts to the joys awaiting him on the Shining Shore. But Chimahuevi-Sal didn't seem to enter very enthusiastically into the Shining Shore business; to be candid, he most decidedly "bucked" against the idea of joining the Angel Band. This world was plenty good enough for the likes of him and he proposed to remain in it to the very utmost limit of possibility. Se he summoned the "head medicine man" of his nation. It must be understood that among the Indians of Arizona, a "medicine man" can "pitch in" and stay with perfect immunity from responsibility until he has planted seven of his victims under the daisies, or rather under the crocuses, because they don't have daisies in that part of the country. His loss of popularity in the tribe is then intimated to him by a committee who take him and roast him to death; that is if they can catch him. As a general thing, "medicine men" who have buried six patients prefer to retire from active practice and leave the field to younger men; this is a rule which might be observed with advantage in *our boasted* higher civilization, but for some reason, *our*

medicine men are not limited as to the number of their victims and consequently never know exactly when to retire from the front ranks of professional life, as their *Apache-Mojave* brethren do. As may be supposed, our American practitioners were fearfully discomfited by Chimahuevi's action in sending for the Apache-Mojave Doctor and became very much exasperated at such Lieutenants as ventured to ask in a solemn kind of way if the Indian had been "called in for consultation with them?" Such a query whenever made, and it was truly astonishing how many lieutenants were making it about that time, was always sure to produce an explosion of wrath and a perfect trend of expletives against all the dash-dash-dashed Indians in America and all the dash-dash-dashed idiot Lieutenants in the U. S. Army. The anger of our medical staff was somewhat assuaged but not wholly appeased by our rather lame explanations that we were merely in quest of enlightenment upon a point of professional etiquette and that had we even so much as dreamed that our gentlemanly, talented and experienced friends of the Medical Corps had been superseded by a savage Indian we should, from motives of delicacy, have carefully refrained from making any allusion to the subject. Somehow or another, our apologies only made the "pale-face medicine men" all the madder and evoked another storm of objurgation upon the dash-dash-dashed idiot Lieutenants which we felt, in our hearts, was intended to have a very personal application.

To be brief, Chimahuevi-Sal sent for his Indian medicine man, told him that the pale-faced pill-carpenters had failed most ignominiously in their efforts to restore him to health and concluded by promising the Apache-Mojave doctor his all-potent friendship in case he succeeded in "pulling him through" his troubles. The "medicine man" accepted the contract and at once began to make his diagnosis: in this he was a great deal more expeditious than the white Doctors had been. They had made every sort of an examination and had come to no sort of a definite conclusion: from their remarks, one might judge that Chimahuevi Sal was suffering from a trifle of everything—mumps, bronchitis, cerebro-spinal meningitis and Bright's disease, without any absolute certainty as to which was most serious in its indications. In the exactness of his conclusions, as in the promptness with which he arrived at them, the medicine man again showed his power. He had only to thump the

sick man on the chest once or twice to be able to announce in a very precise and dogmatic way that a spirit had seized upon Chimahuevi and had to be dispossessed before the sick chief could get on his "pins" again. Everything was soon ready for the exorcism—the medicine man appeared, naked to the waist and daubed from head to foot with paint and powder; his long black hair, in which a few feathers hung, dangled loose to his waist: in each hand he held a gourd filled with shot which rattled a fearfully dismal accompaniment as he thumped himself in the ribs with his elbows and howled a blood-curdling lay. Half the young bucks of the tribe had been sworn in as deputies and seated themselves in a circle around the dying man, upon whose naked breast, the half-healed blisters proclaimed the abortive efforts of the pale-faced Doctors. Within the extended circle a few old wrinkled hags were cooking over a little fire of juniper branches, in an iron camp kettle borrowed from the Quartermaster's Department. In this kettle they had made a fearful mess, by boiling water with tobacco, coffee-grounds and slug-worms, which latter they would crack open to let the green "jism" run out. Then singing (!) commenced, the boss medicine man leading off in a howl that would have made a coyote ashamed of himself, and followed by all the bucks and squaws whose din showed they were engaged in a work of love.

I don't know how long this performance was continued; I had to leave the post, the evening of the day it commenced, but for the whole time that I was within ear-shot, the dismal music of the thump, thump, thump of the drums and iron kettles, the rattling of gourds and the howls of the singers were maintained without the slightest sign of intermission. The recovery of Chimahuevi-Sal was accomplished very speedily; the Demon which possessed him could endure all the tortures our Doctors had inflicted upon him, but when it came to listening to the music (!) of the Apache-Mojaves, it found it hadn't the necessary fortitude, so it retreated in a very hurried and undignified manner.

Chimahuevi-Sal celebrated his restoration by going on the war-path. It took our troops nearly three months to drive him and his little band back to the Reservation, such was the rugged and inaccessible character of the mountains in which he took refuge. Captain A. H. Nickerson, 23rd Infantry, (at that time A. D. C. upon Genl. Crook's Staff and now a Major in the Adjutant General's Department, at

Washington) and Captain James Burns, 5th Cavalry, since dead, were entrusted with this duty and performed it well and notwithstanding the great trouble Chimahuevi-Sal gave, I never heard either of these officers say an unkind word about him; maybe the sufferings he had undergone at the hands of our "medicine men" may have seemed to them to have justified any measure of retaliation. Yet our Doctors always maintained a bold front on this point and strongly averred that it was their treatment which had saved Chimahuevi-Sal's life; that the Croton blister had drawn all the inflammation from the lungs and that the only thing needed after that was *rest,* which, perhaps, the tortured invalid found in the howls and yells and drumming of the Apache conjurors. I thought I noticed after this occasion, that whenever any of the Lieutenants who had scoffed at the failure of our Doctors and extolled the greater skill of the *Indian* "professors,"—whenever any of these Lieutenants had an attack of indisposition—no matter what its nature, —dyspepsia, malaria or jaundice, our medical men put him through a course of sprouts, and drenched him with all the vile compounds in the laboratory—just to get even, I suppose.

In a recent book appears the somewhat curious statement: "In 1869, the Indian department was turned over to the Quakers, and all the agents appointed at the different agencies were Quakers. They were ordered to put a stop to all tribal wars." [16] The author apparently is referring to the fact that in 1867 a "board of peace commissioners" was created at Washington for the management of Indian affairs, but it is doubtful whether any Quakers were sent to Arizona. Some of the Indians agents in the Southwest during the '70s were able men and gave excellent service, but others were certainly incapable and in some cases they were unscrupulous profiteers.

The new board was made permanent in 1869, and the movement had strong backing in the East—President Grant and many others, both military and civilian, were in full sympathy with the idea of protecting the Indian from injustice and working out a uniform policy which would result

16. G. B. Grinnell, *Two Great Scouts and Their Pawnee Battalion,* (1928), 215.

in the real welfare of the Indian. But conditions in Arizona were not correctly understood in the East, and if the "Camp Grant massacre" was a "gross outrage" perpetrated by Tucson citizens with the help of a lot of Papago Indians, so also was it a gross outrage on Arizona for the peace commissioners to send out, as they did, Vincent Colyer, "an ultra fanatic, with full powers to settle the Apache question."[17]

Colyer, who had visited New Mexico, and even reached the Moqui towns in 1869, arrived [in Arizona] in August, 1871. Crook, in obedience to his orders, suspended military operations, and Governor Safford issued orders for the commissioner's protection, with a view to restrain the popular fury. Colyer came fully imbued with the belief that the Apaches were innocent victims of oppression, and the whites wholly to blame for past hostilities; and he would listen to nothing not confirmatory of his preconceived views, scorning to seek information from the rascally citizens, the bloody-minded officers, or anybody else who knew anything about the real state of affairs. Protected by an escort, he visited the posts and met several bands of Apaches, just then disposed by the destitution arising from past reverses to come in, make peace, and be fed. From them he got all the testimony he desired on their peaceful and harmless disposition.

He approved or selected temporary reservations or asylums at Camps Grant, Apache, Verde, McDowell, Beale Spring, and Date Creek; then he went on to California in October, followed by the curses of Arizonans, but fully convinced that the Apache question was settled. . .

Within a year from Colyer's arrival, the Apaches are known to have made 54 raids, and killed 41 citizens. The absurdities of his report were somewhat apparent even at Washington; and though his acts were approved, orders were sent to Crook through General Schofield in November 1871, not only to enforce strict measures on the reservations, but to wage war on all who refused to submit. February 1872 was fixed as the date before which all must come in, or take the consequences.[18]

As a sequel to the Colyer mission was that of General

17. Bancroft, *History of Arizona and New Mexico*, 561-562. Bourke calls Colyer "that spawn of hell."
18. Bancroft, *op. cit.*, 562-563.

O. O. Howard who arrived in April, 1872, as a personal representative of President Grant and with the especial object of finding Cochise and straightening out matters with him. The powerful Apache tribe of which Cochise was the chief had their home in southeastern Arizona, in the fastnesses of the Chiricahua mountains (whence their name) and in the Dragoon mountains farther north. East and west through their country ran a main artery of travel; at their feet and trending to the northwest lay the San Pedro valley; farther west but within easy striking distance lay the Santa Cruz valley; while directly south lay the vast expanse of Sonora and the wild retreats of the Sierra Madre. It was a most strategic location and it is small wonder that the Chiricahuas were determined not to be moved elsewhere.

Howard was a very different type of man from Colyer, and in spite of the strong prejudice in Arizona against him he was successful in reaching Cochise and in making peace with him.[19] And yet the settlement was not decisive, for the Apache chief won his point that they should have a reservation in the Chiricahua mountains; and later (as we shall see) he insisted that no promise had been given Howard that they would refrain from raiding across the line into Mexico.

The mission of General Howard was not confined to dealing with Cochise. He consulted freely with the citizens of the territory and while many differences of opinion persisted, his visit did result in better mutual understanding between them and the country at large.

Howard visited the posts; did much to encourage the submissive bands; made treaties between Apaches and their

19. See Howard's own account as told by Lockwood, *op. cit.*, 166-170. Later Bourke quoted Howard as claiming to have achieved his object "with a treaty and with prayer." Maj-Gen'l O. O. Howard, *My Life and Experiences among Our Hostile Indians*" (1907), 120-121, explains "Grant's Peace Policy." After Grant became president in 1869, he appointed his former staff officer, Ely Parker, as head of the Indian Bureau; and then invited the various churches to recommend Indian agents and other employees, and a distribution of the agencies throughout the country was then made. "Many were reserved to the Roman Catholics, some assigned to the Methodists, some to the Episcopalians, some to the Presbyterians, some to the Baptists, Lutherans, and other denominations." The Dutch Reformed Society of New York nominated the agents in Arizona. (*Ibid.*, 177).

Pima and Papago foes; changed the Camp Grant reservation to the Gila, naming it San Carlos; and carried away some chiefs on a visit to Washington.

In the autumn (1872) he came back to complete his work, making several changes. He abolished the asylums at McDowell, Date Creek, and Beale Spring, permitting the Indians to choose homes at the other reservations.[20]

As already indicated, the operations of the war department had been checked with the sending of Vincent Colyer, but late in 1871 General Crook was directed to proceed with his coercive measures—after February 1872. The general campaign which he had in view was delayed until late in the year, but meanwhile scouting continued from the various military posts and of these activities we are given some very interesting glimpses by several passages in Bourke's field notes. All of these are later entries, but they relate to this year.[21]

October 30th (1880) . . . Stanton has been recalling reminiscences of a trip we made together in Arizona, in 1872. General Crook was then organizing an armed force of Hualpai Indians to go out after the Apache Mojaves and had started out from Prescott for the reservation of the former tribe at Beale's Springs, leaving me to follow after with Col. Stanton. When we reached Camp Hualpai, or rather shortly after we had left there, we were assailed by a violent storm of wind and snow, in the Juniper Mountains. Our tents were blown down and fires almost drowned out. We managed to cook something and to warm ourselves by the sputtering embers before starting out to overtake Gen. Crook and his party who we knew were without rations.

We found them at Fort Rock, a miserable little station on the road near the Colorado river. We unloaded the pack-mules we had brought along and gave the welcome rations to our comrades. The people of the ranch, a couple of rough-fisted fellows, very good naturedly set about preparing some food for us, a task in which all of us helped either by suggestion or more active participation. Providentially, the number of cooks did not spoil the broth and the Irish stew, for such it was, proved to be most palatable.

20. Bancroft, *op. cit.*, 564.

21. The first is an entry made while on a stage journey through Nebraska with Col. T. H. Stanton and two others, in notebook of "Aug. 21-Nov. 8, 1880," p. 784.

Our party, with some recent accessions, now comprised the ranch-men, Gen. Crook, Lt. Ross, A.D.C., Major Mason, 5th. Cav., Lt. Frank Michler, Dr. [Washington] Matthews, and myself and a real good jolly time we had. The ranchmen complained to Gen. Crook that the See-uinches and Hualpai-Supais,—two small bands living in the Grand Cañon of the Colorado, had run off between sixty and seventy head of their stock. I remember this particularly because these tribes are almost unknown to the white man. From Fort Rock, our expedition pushed on to the south of the Cerbat mountains to attack the Apache-Mojaves, but when we got to the Devil's Well, they sent in word that they were coming to surrender.

This Devil's Well merits a few words of description. It is a deep cup-shaped basin in the bosom of lofty mountains, having at its base a spring of pure fresh water which flows into the Bill Williams Fork of the Colorado, through the Santa Maria. Here we found ourselves in presence of two confronting civilizations: the Spanish, with its wealth of devotion and religious feeling prompting the dedication of each rivulet and mountain peak to some gentle saint; and the American, with its immense personality seeking to commemorate the discoverer in the Discovery. Who can tell what zealous friar or mail-clad soldier first named the Holy Mary? But there can be no such want of certainty as to who first saw the Bill Williams. And this, I said, is really an exemplification of strongly-developed national traits; the Santa Maria and the Bill Williams.

While we were awaiting the arrival of the Apache-Mojaves, our Hualpai and Chimahuevi allies made night hideous with their howling. Lauriano, the cook in our pack train, worked like a beaver, to prepare appetizing dishes and certainly did wonders, altho' his combinations of beans, tomatoes, chile, cheese and bacon-grease might strike an American as a trifle peculiar. He had a rich, powerful voice and a correct musical ear and was not at all loth to sing when called upon, as he frequently was, to do so. I can hear him yet starting up the pretty madrigal:

> "Caballero, por ventura
> Conocía á mi marido?"

a dainty little bit of sentiment which goes on to recount the inquiry addressed to a returned soldier by a beautiful young widow, whose husband had never returned from the war

with France. She wishes to learn if, by chance, this cavalier had ever met her husband and goes on to tell how noble, strong, handsome and brave he was.

The cavalier replies that he certainly had known such a man, but that he was a traitor and coward and as such had suffered a well-merited death; after saying which of course, he sues for the widow's hand. She scornfully repels his advances, indignantly refutes the aspersions cast upon her husband and expresses her determination to sell all her jewelry and trinkets and retire with her little daughter to a nunnery.

Then the stranger discloses himself as her husband who has been seven years a prisoner in a French castle, and the song concludes with an outburst of endearment from both husband and wife. It was very pretty in music and in sentiment and was the piece most frequently demanded by officers when sitting around the packer's camp-fire. Colonel Mason and Lt. Michler were especially fond of it, the latter being able to sing it quite well. I at first thought of writing it down here, but as I cannot give the music for it and a translation of the words would be necessary anyhow, I have spared myself some trouble by giving merely a synopsis, as above.

At the Devil's Well, the first band of the Apache-Mojaves, some one hundred and twenty-five in number, made their submission under their old chief, Ah-cu-la-huata and Enacinyusa—(The Setting Sun and the Red Rabbit). The whole tribe looked like a panorama of rag doll babies, but the two chiefs vied with the glories of Solomon in their rainment of army officer's cast-off uniforms. I wonder what the dapper lieutenants who once sported those epaulettes, shoulder-straps and gold-bedizened coats would have felt to see them covering those two old sore-eyed, dirty-faced and frowsy-headed Indians! One of the young squaws with this band did not look to be more than 15 years old and yet she carried in her arms a little mite of a half-frozen baby which she told me by signs was only seven sleeps old. This she had carried across the mountains, keeping up with the rest of her family, on their way in to surrender.

The Apache-Mojaves soon affiliated with our Hualpais, the two tribes being connected by marriage, but it was easy to see that our younger Indian soldiers held themselves a little above their un-uniformed relatives.

Corporal "Joe", a bright boy, made it a point to come

up every night to General Crook to get orders for the Hualpai soldiers just as he saw Colonel Mason do for the white soldiers.

This particular band of Apache-Mojaves afterwards lived with the Hualpais at Beale's Springs, where under my old friend, Tommy Byrne, they remained at peace with our people. Tommy had four of the boys "on duty" at his mess. The weather was so fearfully hot, they discarded all clothing except moccasins and breech-clout. I was very much amused the first time I took lunch at that mess to see these four naked boys file in and solemnly take station behind our seats, each one armed with a long green branch to drive away flies.

July 7th (1879) . . . The Post-trader at Fort Hartsuff[22] formerly occupied the same position at the post of "Beale's Springs," Arizona, where I met him in 1871, 2 and 1873. Beale's Springs will always hold a high rank in my estimation as one of the meanest places on God's foot-stool. It was at that time garrisoned by a small company of the 12th Infantry, under command of Captain Thomas Byrne. The Reservation and Agency of the Hualpai Indians were established at this point and troops were stationed there to protect the Agent, afford shelter to travellers and keep up a show of force. How inadequate this was may be seen from one fact. The Hualpais numbered not far from four hundred warriors, noted for their daring, celerity and physical endurance. Their country extended up to the Grand Cañon of the Colorado and included some of the lateral gashes which cut into the bosom of the earth fully as deeply as the principal chasm.

In a whole year, the entire 8th Cavalry, under an energetic and skilful commander, Maj. Wm. Redwood Price, had pursued this little band from crag to crag and cañon to cañon, the Hualpais finally consenting to Peace not because they did not have the advantage of the troops in nearly every engagement, but because they were tired of war.

It is related of this campaign, that mountain howitzers were brought into service to shell the Hualpais from one of their strongholds. One shell is known to have killed two and wounded three of the enemy, but in this manner. Three years after the 8th Cavalry had left Arizona, a small hunting party of young Hualpai bucks found one of these shells in

22. In Nebraska. The excerpt is from the notebook of "March 11-July 11, 1879."

the mountains. They picked it up, examined it and satisfied themselves that it must be hollow; but how to get to the inside of the iron sphere was something beyond their power. At last, the idea occurred to them that they had better *cook* it in their fire; so they thrust it in the ashes and sat around in a circle awaiting developments which soon came in the shape of a tremendous explosion, knocking two of them to Kingdom Come and covering the others with ashes, sand and scars.

When I first went to Beale's Springs with General Crook in November 1871, the Hualpais were in a half-satisfied sort of a condition, ready to break out into open war upon the smallest incentive.

Captain Byrne had already won their respect for his honesty, their implicit confidence in his word — but they didn't fear his power. Captain Byrne was determined that they should look up to him as the representative of the whole power of the Government. Calling all the chiefs and warriors to a grand council, he addressed them in words which I put down, as nearly as memory allows, as they flowed from his lips while giving his account of the affair to General Crook. "Charlie, sez oi, (Hualpai Charley was the principal one of the disaffected Indians) ar yez fur pace, Charlie, sez oi, or fur war-r, Charlie, sez oi." "Oh Cap'n," sez he to me, sez he, "me damgud Injun." "That's roight, Charlie, sez oi, thet's right, because, Charlie, sez oi, av yez iz fur war-r-r, sez oi, oi'll move out agin yiz, with moi *whole command,* sez oi, and in a month, Charlie, sez oi, there won't be a dam Wallapoop left aloive."

"Tommy Byrne" was a fine old soldier, one who loved his profession and felt a great pride in his position;—his one failing was an over-indulgence in alcohol which he strictly contended he took only as "medicine," for the *"neuralgy"*. I think I can yet see the old man, narrating his interview to Gen. Crook, his face flushed with excitement, making a fine contrast to his iron-gray locks and flowing snowy beard.

I have purposely rambled out of my path to jot down these reminiscences, suggested by my meeting with Mr. Moore, because I have always regretted very keenly that I did not more completely keep my journals, note and scrap books during the period of my service in Arizona and New Mexico. Captain Byrne played a by no means insignificant part in the task of reducing the Indians of that wild country

to submission. He had acted well during the [Civil] war, was wounded and had been a prisoner in Libby, for a great many months. Under his administration, the little post at Beale's Springs was rapidly pushed to completion, if that can be styled complete which hasn't a blade of grass, a stick of timber and but a small amount of drinkable water. All day long and all year through the fierce rays of the sun beat down upon that mass of black lava, sending the thermometer away up above par and making the half-roasted garrison sigh for a flight to the timber-crested mountain range of Cerbat, 15 miles to the eastward.

Here "Old Tommy" remained with his "Wallapoops," doing all that mortal could do to preserve friendly relations with them and to prevent war. Nothing gave him greater satisfaction than to see his wards advancing in the habits of civilization; the most that any of them did was to assume some teamster's cast-off shirt or doff [don?] a rejected old slouch hat. Paper collars were particularly affected by them, and the contrast between this emblem of a partial civilization and the brass ear-rings, or bare legs, of total savagery impressed itself upon the beholder in an instant.

The squaws of this tribe were perfectly wild for castor oil, smacking their lips after every dose as if they had been partaking of honey. They didn't use it for its medicinal qualities but as a delicacy, and almost drove the post surgeon wild by their importunate demands to be supplied with the drug.

"Tommy", in course of time, came to be a terror to the grand army of scoundrels and "dead-beats" who surround an Indian Reservation, like vultures flocking to banquet upon a putrid carcass. Men caught selling whiskey to the Indians never asked him for any mercy; they knew that they had none to receive.

On one occasion, "Tommy" and a detachment of his men surprised an establishment all ready for business, in a secluded ravine. The party was not exactly on the Reservation, but their intentions were obvious and as the Hualpai chiefs themselves had lodged the complaint, Captain Byrne lost no time in considering legal technicalities, but summarily seized and destroyed every particle of property and turned the rascals adrift with a total loss on their investment. In fact, the whiskey was the property of a man named Hardy, who lived on the Colorado river near Fort Mojave and was a sort of a contractor, speculator, Congres-

sional candidate, farmer and anything else you please. These men were either selling the vile stuff on his account or else having purchased it from him felt that they had a right to claim his interposition to secure "redress" from Captain Byrne.

Hardy rather prided himself upon his legal knowledge and thought he would have an interview with the military commandant and brow-beat him into paying some damages to his clients. But he reckoned on false premises: "old Tommy" wasn't to be bull-dozed by anybody. "But what right had you, Captain Byrne," demanded Hardy, "to destroy that whiskey?" "Roight! Roight! ez it?" said the thoroughly exasperated Captain, "Roight! Dam yer sowl! Aint oi monarch ov all I survey?" Hardy beat an inglorious retreat, but after that, always used to say that "Tommy Byrne" was the "damnedest fool he ever saw."

I don't wish to crowd the pages of this journal too much with anecdotes of my old friend, reserving a more complete description of him and his peculiarities until a more appropriate occasion. A goodly volume could be filled with anecdotes of himself and his Hualpai friend, Charlie, Seguanya, Levy-Levy, Sharum, Corporal Joe, and old head-men like "Enya-cui-yu-say" and "Ahcoo-la-wahta."

Communication with the Hualpais was ordinarily kept up through Johnny Quina, the son of a laundress, who, not having any white play-mates, naturally took to associating with the young savages and used to run around with them, in a condition closely bordering on nudity.

It was my lot to have to remain at Beale's Springs for 4 days in mid-summer. The heat was not great for that place, only 110 degrees F. in the shade, but each lump of lava glowed with heat like the slag from an iron-furnace. We didn't have a thing to do; too hot to drill; no shade to shelter us, no mail to give us occupation. Those who played poker did so, I got a pack of cards and wore them out playing "solitaire." This kept me from thinking of myself. Being able to play the game fairly, I succeeded with it very often, altho' I came near catching myself cheating several times. . .

(to be continued)