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## Es-kin-in-zin

John P. Clum

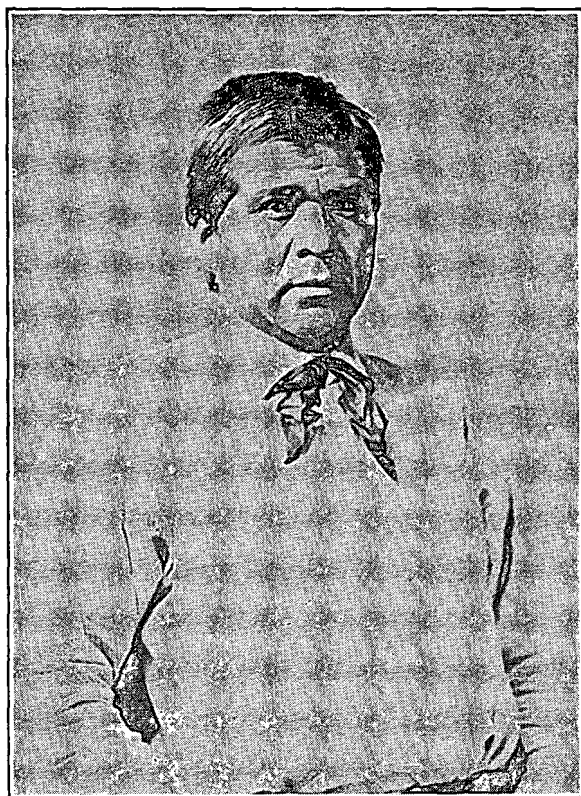
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ES-KIM-IN-ZIN

Chief of the Pinal and Arivaipa Apaches. Photo taken at Washington, D. C., in September, 1876, while on a tour with a party of 20 Apaches under the direction of John P. Clum, United States Indian Agent

# NEW MEXICO HISTORICAL REVIEW

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ES-KIN-IN-ZIN

BY JOHN P. CLUM

This was another of those moments in life that one never forgets. I was up against the real thing, and I began to consider my chances for success more seriously than I had done before. The thrill of the adventure had lured me to the canyon's rim. There I stood face to face with a more or less desperate situation. Everything depended upon the fidelity of the Apache police. I had been at San Carlos only about a month. Did I know these Indians well enough to trust them in such an emergency as this? If they failed me the agency employes would, doubtless, have additional gruesome reminiscences with which to regale my successor. Then, too, I reminded myself that our needle-guns were defective. The ejectors were broken, and after firing a shot the shell had to be forced out with a ramrod. These reflections were by no means reassuring.

But, whatever may have been my thoughts, I did not hesitate. The undertaking ventured upon must proceed to a finish. After a brief consultation it was decided that we would divide our "forces" into four attacking "columns." Es-kin-os-pas remained with me, while the other three policemen deployed by circuitous trails so that we might "surround" the camp of the moonshiners.

While the stalwart three were stealthily moving to the respective positions assigned them, my dusky retainer and I crept slowly straight down toward the hooch camp. When sufficient time had elapsed for our three "co-operat-

ing divisions" to arrive at the designated points, my side partner — brave and sturdy Es-kin-os-pas — broke the stillness of the night with a startling "war-whoop" that echoed and re-echoed savagely throughout the wild canyon. This was the signal agreed upon for the attack. Instantly our supporting "columns" repeated the "war-cry," and, judging from the number and quality of the fierce yells emitted by my grand army, the astonished Indians in the "tuh-el-pah" camp easily might have imagined that there were forty — or even four hundred — engaged in this attack instead of only four- or, I should say - *five*, for I vied in the yelling with the lustiest of the bunch.

Our approach had been so stealthy and the surprise so complete that the aboriginal brewers had no opportunity to resist. In an instant they found themselves covered by five needle-guns in the hands of men who looked as if they were not in a mood to be trifled with. Whether or not they thought we were supported by reserves I never knew. The women scampered for the brush and disappeared, but the men stood stolid, austere — seemingly unperturbed. I thought some of them looked a bit bored — but even so, that was better than being bored by one of our 50-caliber bullets. At all events they surrendered without a kick. Our search for weapons disclosed a few hunting knives, but no fire-arms.

Having detailed three-quarters of our army to guard the prisoners, Es-kin-os-pas and I busied ourselves with emptying the kettles of their precious contents. After the "still" had been *officially* dismantled we lined up our eleven prisoners (all men) and started on our return march to the agency, where we arrived during the wee hours of "the morning after." The prisoners were assigned to quarters within the temporary guard-house, while all four divisions of my faithful army bivouaced at the portal. As for myself, I found my humble couch most alluring after the experiences of my first midnight raid with the San Carlos Apache Police.

But only a few hours were devoted to rest and sleep — for there were matters of vital importance to the new administration demanding our attention that morning. At ten o'clock the Apache moonshiners were arraigned before the Apache Supreme Court. The Chief Justice having led the raiding party in effecting the arrest of the prisoners, addressed the court and explained to the Associate Justices the nature of the charges against the defendants and the evidence offered as proof of their guilt. This statement was unanimously corroborated by the Apache Police Force. Without hesitation or delay the Apache Supreme Court declared the Apache moonshiners guilty as charged; sentenced each of the defendants to a number of days' imprisonment at hard labor in the Apache agency guard-house, and remanded the prisoners into the custody of the Apache Police while serving the sentences imposed.

And thus it happened that my first mid-night raid at the head of this newly organized, experimental San Carlos Apache Police Force yielded important results which were not only immediate, but most wholesome in establishing the new administration on a practical and efficient basis. These results were of a three-fold nature. In the first place, the experiences of that night exerted a marked influence in establishing mutual confidence between the Apache police and myself. Secondly — and of the highest importance — was the fact that the raid offered an opportunity for a conspicuous demonstration of the just, swift and effective functioning of the Apache Supreme Court, — while a third and vital result of this vigorous prohibition enforcement gesture was its immediate discouraging effect upon the would-be home-brewers. Assuredly we had "put a crimp in the operations of local 'moonshiners' and 'bootleggers'." Thereafter offences against the bone-dry rule were of rare occurrence, — and never of an aggravated character.

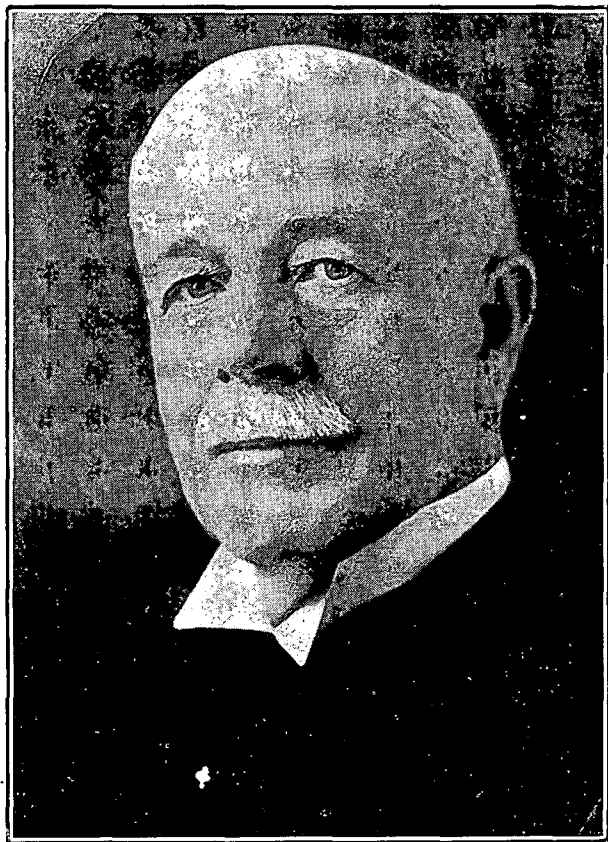
Es-kin-os-pas was not only a good policeman, but a

skilled tailor as well. And, moreover, he was independent of the foreign markets, as the material for all of his suits was home-made — from the skin of the deer. I was first made aware of his skill with the shears and needle when he presented me with a handsome suit of buck-skin, consisting of knee-pants and jacket, heavily fringed and neatly fitting. I liked the suit immensely and wore it often — and have always regretted that I lost it. Not long before I resigned from the agency a Yavapai Indian artist requested the privilege of placing some decorations on the suit. I left the suit with him to be “painted,” and, when I left the reservation — forgot it. Hence it is that now I have only the memory — and three photographs — of the buckskin suit.

The order releasing Es-kim-in-zin from confinement as a prisoner at Camp Grant was not issued until October 5, 1874, and about the middle of that month he returned to his family and people after an absence of nearly six months. Immediately upon his arrival at San Carlos he was re-instated as head chief and ever thereafter proved himself a worthy and faithful friend to me, to his people and to the peace. His conduct was most exemplary, and he was foremost among those making strenuous efforts toward self-support and civilization.

At his request he was given permission to occupy and cultivate several acres of vacant land on the Rio San Carlos a few miles from the agency, and he immediately set to work clearing this land of brush and constructing a ditch for irrigation purposes. I obtained for him a plow and a few other necessary farming implements and occasionally loaned him an ox-team from the agency. That he was fairly successful was demonstrated by the fact that two years later he sold \$65 worth of barley just before he left with me for the trip to the east.

Occasionally he would make a passing reference to the massacre of his family at old Camp Grant and his impri-



JOHN P. CLUM  
(Author of Es-kim-in-zin)

sonment at hard labor in chains at new Camp Grant — but never in bitterness. He had been deeply wronged by the pale-face, but never by word or act did he indicate any desire on his part for revenge. He protested that his heart was not *bad* toward anyone; that he wished to forget the past and to think only of the future, meanwhile doing his best to improve his own condition and that of his people. He now had another family whom he treated with marked kindness and all seemed contented and happy. Doubtless the object of his deepest affection was the little daughter he had borne away in his arms from that awful scene of slaughter on the morning of April 30, 1871.

In the varying conditions which prevailed during my administration Es-kim-in-zin had numerous opportunities to demonstrate his loyalty, force and courage. During the week in March, 1875, when the newly arrived Indians from the Rio Verde reservation seemed determined to resist my authority I found that Es-kim-in-zin had not only been counseling these Indians in a wise and diplomatic manner, but that he had appointed himself as chief detective and had organized a sort of secret service force which, on two or three occasions, he had stationed as my special body-guard where they could render instant assistance in the event of an attack by the rebellious Rio Verdes. Later when I questioned him regarding the matter he confessed and defended his action by saying there were bad men among the Rio Verdes and he did not want to take any chances on having me killed — or even injured. I shall never forget that Es-kim-in-zin voluntarily faced the same danger he feared for me — and only a true friend will do that.

A little later in that same year I took Es-kim-in-zin with me to Camp Apache when I assumed charge of that agency, and in the serious and trying complications which developed there he proved himself a loyal and capable aide at all times and under all circumstances. These instances



will serve to indicate the general character of this Apache chief as displayed within my personal observation and experience, and will help others to understand the ever increasing friendship that existed between us.

From a retrospective viewpoint, the plan for taking a score or more Apaches on a tour of the east during the latter part of 1876 seems to me a very bold undertaking but at the time the only feature that gave me pause was the question of finances. The story is worth the telling and will be entered later in a separate chapter. The taking of the Indians was absolutely unauthorized, and I departed from the reservation without leave. But the feature that astounds me now is my confident plan to take these "wild Indians" fresh from their (then) remote Arizona mountain trails and within a month transform them into effective actors on the American stage. And yet that plan was actually carried out with fair success in so far as the merits of our wild west stunts were concerned.

In making up my party for this trip Es-kim-in-zin was the first Indian invited to go. He was greatly pleased and entered into the project with his usual enthusiasm. Throughout the trip he exerted a most helpful influence in maintaining harmony and good cheer, which was a matter of no small importance. Moreover, he proved himself an actor of no mean ability.

On our return trip we went from Philadelphia direct to the end of the railroad at El Moro, Colorado. One evening as we were passing through a middle western state a robust conductor entered the car in which the Indians were traveling. I chanced to be in the car at the time and was standing with two or three other passengers near the door through which the conductor entered. He glanced savagely at the Indians and exclaimed: "The \_\_\_\_\_ 'I'd like to have every scalp hanging to my belt.'" "Why so?," I ventured to inquire, "have these Indians harmed you, or your family or friends?" "No," he said,



TAH-ZAY

Oldest Son of Cochise and hereditary chief of the Chiricahua Apaches. Went on trip east with Agent Clum in 1876. Stricken with pneumonia and died at Washington, D.C., October, 1876.

He was buried in the Congressional Cemetery.

"they have not, but they are a bunch of blood-thirsty savages, etc." After he had emitted a little more of his rough stuff, I pointed to Es-kim-in-zin, mentioned the cruel murder of his family and friends, his imprisonment at hard labor in chains, etc., and then I added: "That man is an Indian, an Apache — you call him a savage, and yet he has no desire for revenge; he only wants to forget the past and live a good and useful life. HE'S THAT KIND OF A SAVAGE, and has always lived in the Arizona mountains, while you have enjoyed the advantages of a Christian civilization. What do you mean by 'blood-thirsty'? WHAT KIND OF A SAVAGE ARE YOU?" The menacing glance he flashed at me bespoke the hot blood of cruel barbarian forebears that surged in his veins. "Who has the tickets?", he snarled. I handed him the tickets and the incident was closed.

#### AN APACHE DIPLOMAT

Soon after our return to the reservation from the visit to the East an extraordinary situation developed which afforded Es-kim-in-zin an opportunity to demonstrate his loyal friendship, as well as his rare tact and effective diplomacy. The episode had to do with a *good will visit* to the camp of the Chiricahuas. It will be remembered that Cochise — the noted war-chief of this sub-division of the Apache tribe — died in 1874, leaving two sons, Tah-zay and Nah-chee — then in the full strength and vigor of young manhood. Although brothers, these two young hereditary Apache chieftains differed widely in build, disposition and personal appearance. Both were tall, but Tah-zay's broad and manly frame was well draped with solid flesh, and he was consistently even-tempered and genial — in fact, he was an all-round "good mixer," while Nah-chee — slim and angular — was stern and taciturn, with

a serious cast of countenance and an inclination to haughty reserve. Included among those who accompanied me on the eastern trip was the young Chiricahua chief, Tah-zay — the older of the Cochise boys. While our party was visiting in the city of Washington Tah-zay developed a severe case of pneumonia which resulted in his death. He was buried in the Congressional Cemetery.

It is important now to recall the fact that about two months prior to starting on the trip to the East I supervised the removal of the Chiricahuas from Apache Pass to the San Carlos reservation, and that these Indians selected a location for themselves along the Gila river about twenty miles east from the main agency — where I established a sub-agency for their convenience. This was in June, 1876.

I returned from the eastern trip just in time to celebrate the first of the new year (1877) at the agency. Whenever called away from the reservation for any considerable time it was my habit, upon returning, to visit the several Indian camps in order to maintain personal contact and acquaintance with the different bands; to observe their general condition and attitude; to discuss any complaints or petitions that might arise, as well as to offer suggestions for their permanent betterment.

And so it happened that one bright morning in January, 1877, — having invited Es-kim-in-zin and half-a-dozen other Apache friends at San Carlos to accompany me — I gathered up the reins of a fairly good four-in-hand team and drove up to the sub-agency for a little heart-to-heart talk with the Chiricahuas. We discussed their affairs in most friendly fashion, and I was congratulating myself upon the satisfactory conditions which evidently had prevailed during my absence, when Nah-chee suddenly gave a very serious trend to the conference. Until that moment he had said very little, but I attributed his comparative silence to the habitual reserve of his nature.

His startling inquiry was in regard to the death of his brother, Tah-zay. He said I had taken his brother away in good health and had returned without him; that he had been told his brother was dead; that he could not understand why he had died unless someone who had influence with evil spirits had caused his sickness and death, for all of which he wanted explanation and satisfaction — and he distinctly intimated that he suspected I was responsible for the pain he felt in his heart, because I had taken his brother away when he was young and strong and well — and had not brought him back.

It was a serious moment. These Indians entertained dire superstitions. They feared evil spirits that could cause sickness and death. Their medicine-men were employed chiefly to drive away these unseen sprites — and they might kill, without fear of penalty, anyone suspected of being in league with such unwelcomed visitors from another world.

Nah-chee had me at a great disadvantage. His audience was in full sympathy with him — both in his bereavement and in his uncanny superstitions. Furthermore, he had about him a goodly company of stalwart warriors ready and willing to do his bidding, while I was alone with my half-dozen Apache friends from San Carlos.

There was a brief period of ominous silence during which I was making a frantic mental search for some reply that would appease — if not satisfy — the dangerous mood of Nah-chee. But that reply was never uttered. All necessity for a defence on my part vanished in an instant. The crisis had developed a genuine diplomat in the person of my staunch and capable friend — Es-kim-in-zin.

Abruptly he began speaking, and in a very grave and quiet manner he related the details of the illness and death of Tah-zay. Es-kim-in-zin's natural inclination to stutter lent an added impressiveness to his address. He told of the wise and serious pale-face medicine-men and the neatly clad nurses who had attended and watched over the

sick Indian; of our anxiety because of his illness, and of our great sorrow when he died; of the manner in which the body was prepared for burial, and of the coffin of polished wood with its plate and handles of bright silver. When he described the funeral he became eloquent as he spoke of the great men who came as a tribute of respect to the dead Apache. General Howard, who made the treaty of peace with Cochise — the father of the dead man — was there, and so was the Commissioner of Indian Affairs who represented the Great White Father at Washington.

There were other great men present whose names he did not know, but he would always remember the very good man\* who talked about the "Great Spirit," and read about Him from a book, and told us that He was the God of the Apache as well as of the white man.

Then he described the wonderful "glass wagon" in which the coffin was placed, and the many grand "coach wagons" with glass windows and little doors and soft cushions — all drawn by beautiful black horses — and how General Howard and Commissioner Smith and the good man who talked to the Great Spirit, and the other great men and all of us Apaches got into the coach-wagons and rode to a beautiful place on the bank of a river (the Congressional Cemetery on the East Branch of the Potomac) where there were many trees and shrubs and flowers, and smooth gravel trails, and all about were hundreds of stones of different shapes with writing on them, and there was a great fence all around the place.

Here, the Chiricahuas were told, many of the great chiefs and warriors of the white men were buried, and the stones had been placed there to mark their graves, and the writing on the stones told the names of the dead heroes and what great things they had done. And now a grave had been prepared for Tah-zay in this beautiful place, and there we buried him — and we were all very sad — but we had

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\*Dr. J. E. Rankin, pastor of the First Congregational Church, Washington, D. C.

done everything that was right and good for Tah-zay while he was sick and after he died.

Having uttered this graphic recital my diplomatic friend paused and allowed a moment of absolute silence to preceed his climax. Then, looking intently into the faces of the group of Chiricahuas about him, he declared with marked emphasis that he was glad and proud because he had been privileged to witness the very remarkable things of which he had spoken; that he was sure his words had seemed good to Nah-chee and to his friends; that Tah-zay had been a good and a brave man — the son of a great and famous chief; that he had lived well and had died in that wonderful city where the Great White Father lives — and his grave was there amid the tombs and monuments of those who had been great chiefs among the white men.

Again Es-kim-in-zin paused briefly, and then with dignified poise, his voice vibrant with suppressed emotion and his eyes beaming with a spirit of subdued exultation he concluded his masterful address with the following resistless appeal to the reason, pride and honor of the relatives and friends of the deceased: "My friends, I have spoken long and you have been very patient, but I had to speak because the story is good and true. And now I know you all feel as I do. A good man, a friend, a great chief is no longer with us. We are sad, and yet any family or tribe must esteem it a great honor and feel very proud to have had one of their members cared for in the grand city of the Great White Father as Tah-zay was while ill, and then buried amid the graves of pale-face heroes with the pomp and circumstance that marked the obsequies of the youthful Chiricahua chieftain."

The magical effect of this tragic recital was at once apparent. In a few words I corroborated the facts as related by my friend. Nah-chee's countenance was still serious, but when he spoke his voice was calm. He said he believed we had spoken the truth; that our words had

sounded pleasant in his ears, and that they had softened the pain in his heart. Soon after this the conference was concluded, and Nah-chee never again referred to the subject of his brother's death.

Es-kim-in-zin told his story in the Apache language — the only language he knew — , and while I have given it a liberal translation I have endeavored to record a literal presentation of the facts and sentiments expressed by my Apache friend.

The details of this narrative indicate that the illness and death of Tah-zay were not devoid of beneficial results, for they afforded the Indians with our party an opportunity to observe the civilized methods and customs of caring for the sick and preparing the dead for burial, as well as our funeral rites and ceremonies — all of which, under ordinary circumstances, were about the last things I would have thought of bringing to their particular attention.

In June, 1877, when I told Es-kim-in-zin that I was about to abandon my position as agent for the Apaches he was greatly depressed and pleaded with me to remain. "Nan-tan," he said, "we want you to stay and take care of all the Indians here on the San Carlos reservation, and then when you are very old we will take care of you." At that time Es-kim-in-zin held the clearer vision. He realized much better than I did what an orderly and sympathetic direction of their affairs meant to the Apaches. In after years when I have reflected upon the evil days which fell to the lot of the Apaches, always — unbidden — there has loomed a vision of what "might have been." and always I have regretted that I did not share that vision with Es-kim-in-zin in 1877, for, assuredly, if I had remained at San Carlos the subsequent life-story of this loyal but ill-fated Arivaipa chief would have followed fairer lines, while the mass of the Apaches, as I confidently believe, would have been led up gradually to a condition of reasonable comfort and substantial independence.



But fate decreed otherwise, and on July 1, 1877, I took my official departure from San Carlos. Just before I left I had an interview with Es-kim-inzin during which he said: "This is a sad day for me and for all the Apaches. We have had a good time since you have been with us. No one knows what will happen when you are gone. Many bad things happened to us before you came, and we had much trouble and sorrow. When some of these things happened I was blamed. You know all about these things. If there should be trouble here again I will be blamed. I have not made trouble and do not want to make trouble for anyone. I want to live at peace and make my own living and raise things for my family to eat. I can do this and I will do it. I will leave the reservation and then no one can blame me for what happens here. I will go down to the Rio San Pedro and take some land where no one lives now, and I will make a ditch to bring water to irrigate that land. I will make a home there for myself and my family and we will live like the other ranchers do — like the American ranchers and the Mexican ranchers live. Then I will be happy and contented and no one will blame me for what others do."

This was a brave step for Es-kim-in-zin to take, and the idea originated with himself. When he told me his plans I encouraged him, for I could think of no better way to avoid a repetition of his former difficulties. And so it happened that Es-kim-in-zin and I left the reservation about the same time — I for Tucson, and he for the San Pedro valley about 60 miles north of Tucson. During the next two years Es-kim-in-zin visited Tucson several times. I was glad of these opportunities to talk with him, and was greatly pleased to learn that he was both contented and fairly prosperous. But these visits from this friendly Apache soon came to an end, for in 1880 I established myself in Tombstone, and our Indian rancher was too busy with his crops and herds to make such a long journey. And so it happened that since he could not conveniently come

to see me, I finally went to see him. But that was years later — in 1894 — and I found this same Es-kim-in-zin away down in Alabama, at Mount Vernon Barracks, where he was then being held as “a prisoner of war.”

As I approached this prisoner of war in his Alabama exile I was not surprised to observe that he was not only well armed, but that he was engaged in a strenuous and aggressive combat. Neither was I surprised to learn that this situation met with the hearty approval of the commanding officer, for, as a matter of fact, the prisoner was armed with a pitchfork and was battling with natural elements for the common welfare. When I first caught sight of Es-kim-in-zin I thought he was stacking hay, but upon a little nearer approach I discovered that, with the assistance of a couple of squaws, he was arranging a hugh pile of leaves and straw as the basis of a compost with which to enrich the soil of the garden, for, be it known, he had voluntarily assumed the role of head gardener for the Alabama Apache community — which then consisted of upwards of 400 Indians.

Absolutely unaware of my identity Es-kim-in-zin gave a hasty glance in my direction and continued with his work. Evidently he was interested in his job and not in casual visitors to the camp. We had not met for about 15 years, but he must have observed something familiar in my form or stride, for his second glance was more prolonged. Nevertheless, he was still on his job as head gardener. By this time I was near enough for him to recognize my features and when he turned toward me the third time he stopped with a jerk. I met his eager gaze for an instant and then hailed him with a cheerful, “Hello Skimmy!” Instantly he forgot all about his job. Flinging his fork aside he abandoned the compost and hastened to meet me. I had seen Es-kim-in-zin excited before — but never demonstrative. He fairly hugged me. Whenever excited he stutted, but finally he managed to say: “Nan-tan Clum, high-u lah non-dah?” (Nan-tan Clum, where did you come

from?). I repeated the same query to him: "Skimmy, high-u lah non-dah nee?" As soon as he could control his speech he replied with a prolonged "en-zah-a-a-a-t," while with a wave of his hand he indicated that the "great distance" was to the westward. When I asked him *why* he was in Alabama he stuttered furiously as he exclaimed: "Cle-el-chew en-chy, Nee bu-kin-see." (Great lies. You know.) And after these informal greeting we commandeered some tobacco and sat down for a "nosh-tee" and a "yosh-tee" — meaning a sociable smoke and a heart-to-heart talk.

Es-kim-in-zin erred in thinking that if he established himself on the San Pedro he would not be blamed for what happened on the reservation. Whenever there was any sort of an "outbreak" indulged in by any of the numerous bands of Apaches then assembled on the San Carlos reservation it was easy for someone to allege that the ex-chief of the Arivaipas was in sympathy with the offending Indians and that he was aiding and abetting the renegades. While in Tucson I published the *Citizen*, and at Tombstone I established the *Epitaph*. In both of these publications I persisted in the defense of Es-kim-in-zin in the absence of competent evidence substantiating the charges made against him. Threats to attack him at his ranch were frequent. But in spite of many handicaps this friendly Indian lived and labored and prospered on his San Pedro ranch for *ten years* — and then came the attack. A friendly and timely warning enabled him to escape with his life.

Presently Es-kim-in-zin will tell his own story and I have sought to avoid unnecessary duplication of details. In fact, I have no personal knowledge of these details from the time of his last visit to Tucson in 1879 until I met him again in Alabama in 1894, but during this period I was always eager to learn all facts affecting the conduct and experiences of my ill-fated friend.

After my interview with Es-kim-in-zin at Mount Vernon Barracks I determined to make a vigorous plea in the name of simple justice in his behalf, but before filing this

plea I made a final effort to learn the nature of any crimes he might have committed, or had been charged with. I desired particularly to know the specific charges which had resulted in his exile to the renegade camp as a prisoner of war. I had not been able to obtain this information at the latter camp. On the contrary, Captain Wotherspoon, the commanding officer, and others in authority apparently regarded this prisoner in a most friendly fashion.

In my struggle to obtain a show of tardy justice for Es-kim-in-zin I had confidently expected that the Indian Rights Association would extend a helping hand, and with this end in view I addressed a communication on the subject to Mr. Herbert Welsh — the corresponding secretary. My dismay can readily be imagined when I read the following paragraph contained in a letter from Mr. Welsh under date of Philadelphia, February 1, 1894.

“I remember meeting Es-kim-in-zin, the Apache Indian of whom you speak, some years since at San Carlos. From what the military officers told me at that point, he had been guilty of many crimes. They seemed to regard him as a particularly cruel and treacherous man, although I suppose his history was not very different from that of many other Chiricahua Apaches.”

In the first place Es-kim-in-zin was not a Chiricahua Apache, and, secondly, while Mr. Welsh quoted hearsay charges he did not submit any evidence in support of those charges. I was seeking *evidence*, and so I sent the following reply to the corresponding secretary of the Indian Rights Association:

#### POST OFFICE DEPARTMENT

Washington, D. C.

February 7, 1894.

Herbert Welsh, Esq.,

Philadelphia, Pa.

I am in receipt of your letter of the 1st instant, and am disappointed to learn that you entertain a very poor

opinion of Es-kim-in-zin. I know him well and like him well. To me he has a very sad history. I am anxious, however, to learn the whole truth concerning this Indian before I enter any plea for him at this time, and if you have any evidence showing that he has "been guilty of many crimes," or that he is "a particularly cruel and treacherous man," I wish you would give me the benefit of the same. I have been a friend of Es-kim-in-zin for 20 years, but have been willing at all times to hear evidence of his faults — such evidence has been wanting in competency or wanting altogether. The Indian is not perfect, but he is better than those who persecute him. He may have done wrong, but the wrongs done him have been infinitely greater — or else a knowledge of his misdeeds has been kept from me in a most extraordinary manner. I only ask to know what his crimes are?

Very truly yours,  
John P. Clum.

The only probable crime named by Mr. Welsh was the alleged killing of a man by Es-kim-in-zin soon after his family had been massacred at Old Camp Grant in 1871, and the survivors had been attacked a second time and fired upon by troops. That charge has been considered in connection with the story of the massacre.

At this time I was located in Washington as an official in the Post Office Department, and this position afforded me special facilities for obtaining information from other departments of the government. Having failed to secure satisfactory evidence from other sources, I addressed a communication to the Hon. Secretary of War, requesting information as to the crimes for which Es-kim-in-zin was being punished. In reply the secretary suggested that I come to his office and talk the matter over with Captain Davis, who had charge of all details connected with the Indian prisoners in Alabama. It was the latter part of February, 1894, when I called upon Captain Davis. The captain was exceedingly courteous and the interview very satisfactory — excepting that I was not advised of any *specific charges*. Captain Davis did say that the action

against Es-kim-in-zin had been taken as "a military precaution," but that the War Department was not desirous of retaining the custody of this prisoner.

Having been unable to discover any competent evidence of cruelty, treachery and crime on the part of Es-kim-in-zin after this long period of asking and seeking, I decide to submit my plea for justice through the office of the Commissioner of Indian Affairs, and the same was set forth in the following communication.

#### POST OFFICE DEPARTMENT

Washington, D. C.

May 31, 1894.

Hon. Daniel M. Browning,  
Commissioner of Indian Affairs,  
Washington, D. C.

Dear Sir:

I have the honor, herewith, to return to you my letter of March 24, 1890 (File No. 10830), and also four other papers which I have marked as exhibits "A", "B", "C" and "D", respectively, relative to the history and character of Es-kim-in-zin, an Apache Indian chief now held as a prisoner of war at Mt. Vernon Barracks, Alabama.

My letter referred to above was written more than four years ago and gives a brief history of Es-kim-in-zin — as I knew him up to that time. He is now a prisoner of war — I think unjustly so. It is alleged that he is a treacherous, cruel, bad Indian. I have sought for proof of these charges, but find that the unfortunate Indian has been condemned, sentenced and exiled, not only without trial, but without the filing of specific charges. The order exiling him from Arizona was "a military precaution" — it certainly could not be regarded as a military necessity. There are those who believe in Es-kim-in-zin as fully as I do, among whom are some officers of the army. General O. O. Howard, who knew this Indian before I did, still has confidence in him, and Captain Wotherspoon, who has had charge of him during his confinement at Mt. Vernon Barracks, has only good words to speak for him.

Let us consider, briefly, some of the details in the history of this Indian. Hon. Vincent Colyer says in exhibit

"C" that Es-kim-in-zin was the first Indian chief who came into the military post at Old Camp Grant, Arizona, in the spring of 1871, "and asked to be allowed to live at peace." While there under the protection of our flag and troops — and assured by our officers that he and his people could sleep at night in their camp "in as perfect security" as the officers could in theirs; he and his people — in the grey dawn of the morning, while yet asleep — were set upon by a band of assassins, under the leadership of Americans, and one hundred and twenty-eight of his tribe — his family, relatives and friends — old men, women and children, were brutally murdered and their remains savagely mutilated. Es-kim-in-zin saved only one member of his family from this horrible slaughter, and this was a little girl, two and a half years of age, whom he caught up and carried away in his arms as he fled from his terrible assailants.

If the conditions had been reversed and this had been a massacre of Americans by these Indians, how many pages of history would have recorded the bloody deed, and what chaste monument of purest marble would have marked the spot where defenceless women and helpless children had met such cruel death, — and how the memory of that crime would have steeled our hearts against mercy for the Apaches!

But not so with Es-kim-in-zin. The very next day we find him back in the military camp (see exhibit "A") where he is assured by the officer in command that no soldier had any part in, or sympathy with this horrible butchery. No one can read exhibits "A", "B" and "C" and then say that Indians have not hearts to feel as well as bodies to suffer.

Es-kim-in-zin still had faith in Lieutenant Whitman — and I may add that he still has to this day — and so he returned with the survivors of his band and once more placed themselves under the protection of the troops. But what followed? Within six weeks his camp was charged by a troop of white soldiers — mark the fact that these were soldiers — his people assualted, fired upon, driven out and scattered among the mountains. What excuse is it to say that this was "a very unfortunate blunder" (see exhibit "C")? What wonder is it that Es-kim-in-zin "became enraged," or as he said himself, "it made him mad;"

that his heart and his hand were stirred to seek revenge, and that a white man was killed either by himself or by his band? Is it not more wonderful that he stopped at the death of only one of a race with whom he had formerly maintained relations of perpetual war, and who, since a truce had been declared, had exercised so much treachery and cruelty toward him and his people?

The enemies of Es-kim-in-zin emphasize his crime by saying that the man he killed had be-friended him. They appear to lose sight of the fact that all this treachery, cruelty and murder toward the Apaches was enacted after the most solemn assurances of friendship and protection had been made to the Indians by the commissioned officers of the American Government. Is it not strange that we can pass lightly over the one hundred and twenty-eight treacherous and cowardly murders instigated by white men, while we carefully treasure the memory of a single killing by an Indian, and, after a lapse of twenty-three years - point to him and say: "this man murdered his friend" — without even giving him the benefit of the circumstances which instigated the crime?

Within the two years which followed the massacre at Old Camp Grant, Special Commissioners Vincent Colyer and General O. O. Howard visited Arizona. They did not find Es-kim-in-zin "treacherous, cruel and bad," but on the contrary they had great confidence in him, and when I was made his agent General Howard gave me a letter to him, and the general believes in the old chief to this day.

When I went to Arizona in 1874 I found Es-kim-in-zin at New Camp Grant in irons, engaged in making adobes for the soldiers, and then, as now, there were "no specific charges against him," I was told by the officers at the post that he was confined "because Major Randall did not like him" and regarded him as a "bad Indian" (see my letter of March 24, 1890, herewith.)

Soon after this I made an official request for the release of Es-kim-in-zin, and this request was complied with without opposition on the part of the military, from which I inferred that the Indian's offences — whatever they might have been — were not of a serious nature. From the time of his release (as stated in my letter herewith) until the day I left San Carlos no man was more faithful to the best interests of the reservation than this same In-



dian Es-kim-in-zin. We had many trying times at San Carlos from 1874 to 1877, and not once in all those years was Es-kim-in-zin found wanting in action or advice. I frequently depended upon his support when I felt my life was in danger, and he never failed to do his duty well.

When I left San Carlos Es-kim-in-zin expressed a fear that there might again be trouble on the reservation and so he said to me "I will go down on the San Pedro and take up some land and live like a white man — then they will not blame me for what happens on the reservation." I may state in this connection that Es-kim-in-zin had been industrious on the reservation, and before he left with me on the trip to Washington in 1876, he sold about \$65 worth of barley which he had raised that year.

It was under these circumstances that this Indian took up a ranch on the San Pedro in 1877, improved it with irrigation ditches and stocked it with horses, cattle and farming implements. I was then living in Tucson, Arizona. As soon as Victorio and his outfit left the reservation it was at once rumored that Es-kim-in-zin was "in sympathy with the renegades." At every fresh rumor of trouble with the Indians at San Carlos fresh charges were made against the ex-chief on the San Pedro — accompanied by frequent demands that he should be imprisoned or killed. I was then publishing the *Arizona Citizen*, and several times defended the Indian in its columns.

The subsequent story of Es-kim-in-zin is best told by himself in a statement made to Captain Wotherspoon under date of March 1892, and which is now on file at the War Department. This statement is substantially as follows: "Seventeen years ago I took up a ranch on the San Pedro, cleared the brush, and took out water in a ditch which I made. I plowed the land and made a fence around it like the Mexicans. When I started I had three horses and 25 head of cattle. I was on the San Pedro ten years; then I had 17 horses, 38 cattle, a large yellow wagon for which I paid \$150; four sets of harness for which I paid \$40, and another wagon which cost \$90, but which I had given to some relatives. I also had many tools."

"For about three years I drew rations from the agent. After that I did not draw any more till I was sent to the agency by Lieutenant Watson (seven years later). I bought all my family clothing and supplies with the money I made.

About four years ago (1888) Lieutenant Watson came to my ranch and gave me a paper from Captain Pierce, the agent, and told me I had better go to the San Carlos reservation; that citizens would kill me if I did not; that there were about 150 citizens coming with pistols. They came the next day after I left my ranch, and they shot at my women, putting bullets through their skirts, and drove them off."

"They took 513 sacks of corn, wheat and barley, destroyed 523 pumpkins and took away 32 head of cattle. I took my horses, wagons and harness with me to San Carlos. I am not sure that the citizens took the 32 head of cattle at this time, I only know that when I went back to my ranch the next time they were gone."

"After that I went to Washington, and when I returned they asked me if I did not want to go back to my ranch on the San Pedro, and I said 'no', I would not be safe there and would feel like a man sitting on a chair with some one scratching the sand out from under the legs. Then Captain Pierce said that I could select a farm on the reservation. So I went with Lieutenant Watson and selected a piece of land on the Gila just above the sub-agency. Lieutenant Watson surveyed it for me. I made a ditch for irrigating, and had water flowing in it, and had nearly finished fencing the farm when I was arrested."

"When I was arrested I had 21 horses and six head of cattle, and these have since increased to 38 horses and 68 cattle. Since I have been away one wife and some of my children have looked after the farm for me."

Such is a part of the story of Es-kim-in-zin as told by himself. But the drama does not end here. In 1871 his people were attacked and massacred by citizens, and in 1874 I found him a prisoner of war, in irons — disliked by some in authority and regarded by them as "a bad Indian." In 1888 (if we accept his own story as true — and it has not been denied) he was again compelled to flee from a company of armed citizens who were coming to take his life; his family were assaulted and fired upon and finally driven away, and his ranch looted. Although compelled to abandon the lands which he had improved and occupied for ten years on the San Pedro he was still undismayed, and once more set himself to work to make a new home on lands within the limits of the reservation, which had been

set apart by the government for the sole use and benefit of the Indians.

He has just completed some important improvements when some of his relatives commit a crime, and it is deemed judicious, once more, to make Es-kim-in-zin a prisoner of war, and a little later — without trial, without giving the accused the benefit of a single witness — the old Indian is taken from the reservation guardhouse at midnight and sent away into exile — as a military precaution. He is again “disliked” by some in authority, and it is once more alleged that he is “a bad Indian,” and that he “was liable to aid and abet the renegades,” — but the proof of these allegations does not appear to have been filed with the papers in his case.

And so it happened that when I visited Mt. Vernon Barracks last January I found there this Indian who has suffered and endured so much; who, through so many years, has striven against a cruel fate for the betterment of his own condition and that of his people; who has been accused so many times — justly in some instances, but falsely in more; who has been persecuted, humiliated, imprisoned, ironed and finally exiled — not only without trial, but “without specific charges.” I found him sharing the same fate with Geronimo, who was always a renegade while in Arizona. Though broken-hearted over his many misfortunes, I found him not only orderly but industrious — for he has charge of the Indians’ garden, and, true to his character, **HE IS GIVING THE COMMUNITY THE BENEFIT OF HIS LABOR AND INTELLIGENCE**, while Geronimo only makes little bows and arrows to sell — **FOR HIS OWN BENEFIT** — to travelers he meets at the railway station.

In conclusion I will quote from the final plea made by Es-kim-in-zin in the statement before referred to. He says: “Since I put down a stone with General Howard many years ago, and promised that I would never do anything wrong, I have not broken my promise. I ask to be sent back with my family to San Carlos, and given the land surveyed by Lieutenant Watson; that it may be given to me forever, and I will never ask for rations, or anything else for myself or my family from the government. I want to work like a white man and support my family. I can do it and I will always be a good man.”

The Secretary of War has referred the consideration of matters pertaining to the Apache prisoners of war to Captain Davis, and I have been advised by that officer that the War Department is willing, and even anxious to transfer the custody of Es-kim-in-zin — as well as the other prisoners — to the Indian office, or to any responsible parties (with the consent of your office) who may have in view a plan looking to the improvement of their condition and the permanent settlement of such Indians.

I regret that I am not in a position to make any recommendation in the matter of the future of Es-kim-in-zin. I have presented the facts in the story of his life as I believe them, and I trust that you will feel, as I do, that the plea of this Indian is entitled to prompt consideration. I have felt it an obligation which I owed to Es-kim-in-zin to present this statement in his behalf. It is my conviction that something should be done, and that speedily — to the end that Es-kim-in-zin and his family be permanently settled upon lands which shall be his during the remainder of his days, and — if he is not to be returned to Arizona — that stock and implements be furnished him at his new home, in just compensation for those he was compelled to abandon in Arizona.

Very respectfully,

JOHN P. CLUM.

It will be remembered that the corresponding secretary of the Indian Rights Association states that the military officers at San Carlos told him that Es-kim-in-zin had been guilty of many crimes and that they regarded him as a particularly cruel and treacherous man. Es-kim-in-zin tells us that about 1888 Captain Pierce, acting agent at San Carlos, sent Lieutenant Watson to his ranch on the San Pedro to warn him that about 150 "citizens" were coming to kill him, and would kill him if he did not flee to the agency at once.

These "citizens" had made various charges against Es-kim-in-zin and had repeatedly threatened his life during the ten years he had been living and laboring on his San Pedro ranch, and if the military officers at San Carlos believed that he had been guilty of many crimes and re-

garded him as a particularly cruel and treacherous man, it is not quite clear to me why Captain Pierce would take the trouble to send Lieutenant Watson 50 miles over a rough mountain trail to warn this criminal that he would be killed unless he, forthwith, fled for protection to these same military officers at San Carlos. In 1877 Es-kim-in-zin had voluntarily abandoned the reservation and the protection it afforded, and in 1888 the acting agent was under no official obligation to renew that protection, and assuredly not to a particularly cruel and treacherous criminal.

Had Captain Pierce felt convinced that Es-kim-in-zin was a criminal and merely desired to save him from assassination, he would have sent Lieutenant Watson with a squad of soldiers to arrest him and bring him to the agency as a prisoner. Instead of such action he warned him in a friendly and humane manner of the impending murderous assault. Later, when it was decided that it would be unsafe for Es-kim-in-zin to return to his San Pedro ranch, Captain Pierce told him he might select a new farm within the limits of the reservation. This permission greatly pleased Es-kim-in-zin, **EVEN THOUGH HE HAD TO BEGIN THE WORK OR RECLAMATION ALL OVER AGAIN.** Lieutenant Watson went with this friendly Indian and together they selected a piece of land along the Gila river just above the sub-agency, and Lieutenant Watson **TOOK THE TROUBLE TO SURVEY THE LAND.** This action would indicate that both Captain Pierce and Lieutenant Watson felt that Es-kim-in-zin had been deeply wronged and that they desired to do all in their power — not only to express their sympathy, but to protect him in the possession of this land for the remainder of his life. As soon as the survey was completed Es-kim-in-zin set himself industriously at work digging an irrigation ditch and clearing, leveling and fencing the land.

Judging from the friendly and timely warning sent to the San Pedro ranch, and the kindly and sympathetic

assistance rendered in connection with the locating of the new ranch on the Gila, it is obvious that there were some military officers at San Carlos who did not hold Es-kim-in-zin guilty of many crimes and regard him as a particularly cruel and treacherous man.

After my plea in behalf of Es-kim-in-zin had been duly considered by the Commissioner of Indian Affairs I was advised by that official that he was in a quandary as to what action to take in his case, alleging that he feared that if the unfortunate Indian was returned to San Carlos he would be killed by some of the "citizens" who had formerly threatened his life and had finally attacked his ranch on the San Pedro.

Feeling that I had done all I could — all that was practicable in the circumstances to obtain a show of justice for my oppressed Apache friend, I waited. My official duties with the Post Office Department involved frequent trips to the Pacific coast. While glancing through a San Francisco paper on one of these tours I was startled by the following head lines: "NOTED APACHE CHIEF DEAD." "Es-kim-in-zin Ex-chief of Arivaipa Apaches Dies at San Carlos."

Later at Washington I was informed that the return of Es-kim-in-zin to Arizona had been accomplished with the utmost secrecy as a precaution against violence on the part of certain "citizens;" that only the officials directly concerned with his removal had any knowledge of the plan, and for this reason I had not been advised of the action decided upon by the Indian office.

Doubtless the officials at Washington were justified in maintaining such profound secrecy, but I felt they might at least have taken me into their confidence. I would like to have visited Es-kim-in-zin before his departure from the east. It would have been an inspiration to witness the renewal of his fine spirit in anticipation of his return; to observe his expressions of unfeigned joy; to watch his beam-

ing eyes; to hear him stutter; to have him tell me he knew I had pleaded for his delivery from prison; to grasp his hand in a final farewell, and hear him say once more: "She gee." "She kizzen." (My friend. My brother.)

Es-kim-in-zin's last wish was realized — his wish to return to San Carlos where he might spend his last days amid the mountains and mesas and valleys that were his before the pale-face came, and that his last breath might be drawn from the free air of his Arizona homeland. This happy realization must have flowed like a grateful balm to many cruel memories, soothing his chastened soul and making him — on the rim of the Great Divide — still capable of forgiving those who had wronged him.