



Arrangement of two drawings by Giraud

By Frederic Schwaatka

Among the few great Indian tribes that cover vast areas of land and are so numerous in population that they are divided into many petty clans, we find the Apaches of the southwestern part of our country holding no small place.

The Apaches are divided into no fewer than seven principal clans, which acknowledge no common chief or chiefs, and have but little sympathy in common, even warring against one another under the stimulus of bribes, - the pitiful pay of a soldier often being sufficient to ally them with their common enemy, the white men, against any of their brothers in blood.

The word *Apache*, converted back into its own language, signifies *people*¹, and is synonymous with many tribal names among savage nations, - as *Lacotah* or *Dacotah* with the Sioux, and *Inuit* with the Eskimo. The first conquest of the Apaches by civilization, imperfect as the conquest was, came from the inroads of the Spaniards who had overrun old Mexico. It was more of a peaceful conquest than those old Castilians were wont to make, much of it being, through the medium of the Spanish Jesuits, of a religious nature, and so early was this conquest that Santa Fe and Albuquerque, long considered frontier posts, claim priority over St. Augustine, the first city of the Atlantic. One Cabeça de Vaca appears to have been their first military conqueror, and they seem fortunate that in him there did not exist in cruelty and tyranny another Cortes or Pizarro. Nor is this comparison wholly our own, for it is affirmed that the Apaches, singular as it may seem, know of the name and doings of Hernando Cortes, probably through intertribal tradition, and picture him alongside of de Vaca much to the detriment of the former. In fact, it was explained to me that Cabeça de Vaca, meaning a cow's head, was but the Spanish translation of the Apaches' name for the first soldier among them, and was thus given in reverential esteem.

¹ The writer is wrong. The term "Apache" is a Zuni Indian word meaning "enemy". In the apache language, the word used to identify themselves is "N'de, Dinii or Tindé" (S. Noirsain).

From Spanish rule, with the liberation of Mexico, they passed under the new government, and after the Mexican war with us the resulting boundary ran ruthlessly through the heart of their country, paying less attention to them than to the barren lands which it divided, and which for untold ages had been their home. Nor did the thin fabulous strip known as the *Gadsden Purchase* do more than throw the preponderance of the great tribe upon our shoulders.

The diplomatic Apaches were keen enough to see the new international relations, especially as it bore upon them as a people whose reliance for subsistence, arms, ammunition, and clothing rested in no small way upon their success in raids upon the white people ; and from this standpoint they oscillated in friendship or enmity from one side of the border to the other with an alacrity that should rank them high among the diplomats of fame. On one side hung high the fair flag of truce, and on the other, as at half-mast, the black standard of no quarter ; and with such deadly and cruel effect was this alternation made, that we saw the humiliating spectacle of two civilized nations, claiming rank among the nations of the world, sitting in solemn conclave to devise a common plan that would annihilate a batch of breechclouted bandits whose whole numbers would not have made the hundredth city in either land, and to do this surrendering the highest prerogative of national sovereignty - the sacredness of their soil - to the soldiery of other. Once Victorio, a presumptuous and daring chief of Apache Land, dared to flaunt the three hawk feathers of his lance in the faces of the eagles of both the North and South ; and all conversant with Indian history know how that chief met his tragic death, after being driven away, exhausted, and hungry across the boundary line into the arms of the Mexican soldiery, where he and the greater part of his band were swept from the face of the earth, Victorio dying fearlessly at the front as became a chief.

My first visit to Apache Land was in 1871. Then the favorite route to Arizona was to round Cape St. Lucas of Lower California, sail through the gulf until the mouth of the Colorado was reached, up which shallow river boats plied and distributed passengers for the few river villages and inland points where a scanty population wrested a precarious existence. From the mouth of the Colorado River it was deemed necessary to send through a courier with dispatches to Fort Yuma, distant ninety miles, I believe, by the trail. Three long days we were steaming up the swift, shallow and tortuous river, and when we did finally reach Yuma we found that our courier, a lithe active, young Yuma Apache, had slipped across the trail in thirteen hours, or at the rate of about seven miles an hour the whole distance. Dressed in the uniform that their creator issued to them, with perchance a dangling necklace or armlet of beads to ornament it, and a homeopathic breech-clout, these sinewy deer-hounds of the desert, with fists clinched across their breasts, with a mouth full of messages, will keep up a "dog-trot", hour in and hour out, for a time only limited by that which is necessary to reach their objective point, however far it may be away, - and this too across valleys carpeted with cactus, and hills and mountains beset with flinty footings. Some of their running feats of endurance are marvelous to relate, and are oftentimes made in a withering heat that makes life in the open field burdensome almost beyond bearing to the white man.

These Yuma Apaches are the most westerly of the family, living along the Colorado River in its lower part in Arizona, while on the upper part is found the Mojave branch, two sub-clans almost identical in many characteristics. They alone of all the great Apache tribe cremate their dead, a cremation so effectual that it does not cease with the body, but includes all the personal effects, however valuable, even to their *wick-e-ups* (the universal Arizona expression for their crude houses).

These *wickeups* (as I notice the spelling in an Arizona journal) are made of a circular row of long lithe brush, bent down toward the center and interwoven into a rough semi-globular shape, not unlike the half of an egg-shell on its rim. Over this is thrown other brush and a light sprinkling of dirt as a protection from the sun's rays. When these materials are scarce, mud is used as a substitute, the wealthier class being sometimes supplied with a piece of canvas. Their more permanent adobes are now and then made by digging into a steep dirt bank at an expenditure of muscular energy that one would hardly think possible among any band of Indians showing such squalor and laziness in every other department of life.

The dialect difference in the Yuma and Mojave Apache pronunciation of their common language is not noticeably great, but these again, on the contrary, differ from all the other Apache tribes to an extent apparent to persons who make no profession to linguistics. Theirs are the harshest and abound the most in guttural inflections of all the dialects of this desert tribe, some of which are toned down to a softness quite pleasant to the ear, although these extremes readily comprehend each other.

Once the Yuma and Mojave bands held high ranks as warriors among the Apache tribe, but their country being easy of access, they were the first to succumb to civilization, and have gone a long way on that road of extinction which is marked out to those peculiarly tempered savages who can absorb only the vices and but few of the virtues of such a contact.

To combat their ailments they have only the usual superstitious rites of a few ignorant "medicine-men", and occasionally make use of those heroic and barbarous treatments so common with savages. One of these I think may be interesting. A great hole, large enough to receive the body of the invalid in a recumbent position, is dug in the ground. In this excavation a fire is maintained until the ground is heated to its greatest possible extent, when the embers and ashes are scraped out. Several layers of damp mud are immediately used to plaster the walls of this fiery furnace, and the invalid is then placed within and covered up with mud, the head alone protruding. The escaping steam makes the torture endured by the poor wretch, for the thirty-six to forty-eight hours of misery in the prison of baked clay, oftentimes insupportable, and but few survive the severe ordeal. A Mojave squaw, with the Americanized name of "Polly", rallied from this terrible inquisition, but it took the kindest treatment for two months under the care of a white physician to save her life.

Nearly all the Apaches are addicted to tattooing, their faces and wrists being usually adorned, and, as far as I casually noticed, there being no difference between the men and women. Paints and pigments of all characters are eagerly sought for temporary personal ornamentation, the Yumas and Mojaves even descending to stove-polish, boot-blackening, and mud. Undoubtedly the latter, in some of its applications, serves a more practical purpose than mere ornamentation. A thin coating of soft clay is carefully down upon the skull, until it resembles, when dry, a shining bald head or an inverted earthen bowl. This is left on for two or three days, until it has served its purposes of deadly destruction, when the earthy skull-cap is broken with a stick and the beating process continue until every particle of dust is thoroughly eradicated, when the hair is washed with the soft pulp of the root of the Yucca palm, which produces a soapy lather. After this the hair is energetically rinsed and then whipped in the open air until dry. From all this manipulation it emerges as glossy and as soft as silk.

This Yucca palm is commonly known as the Spanish bayonet and oftentimes as the soap-weed, the latter name being evidently derived from this peculiar use by the Indians and Mexicans. It is one of the most extensively common plants of Apache land and

contiguous countries, and it is well for those localities that a commercial use has been found for this abundant weed, its pulp, according to recent experiments, bidding fair to give a very fine grade of printing-paper. Thus the vulgar soap-weed that cleanses the outside of the Apache's head may yet improve its interior through the medium of the press.

The most barbaric forms of witchcraft have within fairly recent periods been practiced by them, especially by the two bands we have named and the Tontos, a clan of central Arizona. Among the Apaches, men are never accused of this crime, but at extremely long and rare intervals, some luckless squaw in a village that had seen more than its share of misfortune is accused of these calamities as a witch. Either man, woman, or child can bear witness against the unfortunate, although the highest chief in the vicinity seems to be the proper one to prosecute her. The accusation once lodged, and, of course, as such complaints always are, believed without thought or trial, the entire village is summoned to the proceedings, which generally mean an execution. In carrying these on the victim is stripped to her waist and then tied up by her thumbs with strong thongs, her toes barely touching the ground. All of their devilish energies are now bent on extorting a confession from the wretch. Any of those who have had any misfortune, however remote, imaginary or real, are at perfect liberty to flay the supposed witch with mesquite or willow switches until she faints from exhaustion, or terror and weakness forces a false confession in the vain hope of obtaining relief from her terrible condition. If she will not thus please them, the whipping is kept up until the executioners themselves are exhausted, when one by one they leave her to die, which results unless she be lucky enough to liberate herself from the thongs after the last one has departed. Should they wring a confession from her, she is beaten to death with stones and sticks, and all of her property burned, even to her rude house and rude utensils.

On ordinary deaths, these Apaches mourn for a few days in wild plaintive cries that the uninitiated might mistake, at a distance, for the cooing of the turtle-dove. The nearest relatives cut off their hair as close as possible, and their mourning is kept up until the hair grows out. All these latter rites are denied the poor wretch executed for witchcraft, but she is till entitled to a burial at the hands of her relatives if they make no display to insult the superstitious dignity of the tribe.

There are but few other superstitions that have such disastrous results in their applications. It would almost seem that they had some supernatural dread of water, and this in a country where that fluid is conspicuously scarce. Fish never enters into their diet, although they are not hard to procure, and they repel them in a way that can only be based on superstition. Canoes are never used, although an occasional raft is made to transport effects in one direction, and, in general, a river is of no more use to them than furnishing drinking water or establishing a flat valley in which they can travel more readily on foot or horseback. In this way all traveling is done, and all household effects are transported either on the backs of horses or of squaws, the women generally predominating. Some of the muscular feats of the latter, while thus engaged, even rival the endurance and strength of the stronger sex, as shown in their runners. A Yuma squaw had been known to carry over 300 pounds of bulky hay between four and five miles over a mountain road and without stopping in the way. Not much was left to the imagination of the story-teller either, as the hay was weighed on tested scales and the route pursued was a well-known measured one. More marvelous cases are heard of occasionally, but they are not so authentic.

Birds are also rejected as food, although they are used in cases of distressing scarcity; especially the wild turkey, which stands better in their estimation. Other native articles of diet, on which they yet subsist to a certain extent, are baked mescal, the bean of the mesquite tree, the fruit of the giant cactus, and the prickly pear. To furnish them with meat they find extensive variety in the black and white tailed deer, antelope, bear, ground-rats, rattlesnakes, and rabbits (hares). Nothing exists to show that the Apaches were ever cannibals. No part of a slain animal is unused, even the smallest bones being broken open in order to save the marrow.

No drink-loving old toppers ever enjoyed their liquor so much as have the Apaches whenever they could procure it, a vice, however that is rapidly subsiding as the tribes are concentrated at agencies more directly under the eyes of watchful authorities. Mescal made from that plant by the Mexicans, found its way in days gone by, when the population was scattering and the laws lax, into Apache maws with every trade and dealing between the two races. From corn they made a fermented drink called *tiz-win*, which is not as strong as the corn-whisky of civilization, but their peculiar method of drinking it compensates for its lack of strength. For some three days before it has reached its highest point of fermentation not a single piece of food is allowed. At the end of that period they fill themselves to their utmost capacity with the unclarified *tiz-win*. Although half starved, it takes but a few moments to make them feel as they had had a major-general's rations for six months previous while the most conspicuous effect is to swell their bump of combativeness to an inordinate degree. If a large number have indulged in this liquor, serious outbreak and disturbances are almost sure to ensue, especially if other bands of Indians or any whites are near enough for them to reach before this temporary stimulated combativeness has worn away. In fact, after having, when sober, decided to go upon the warpath, by far the most important preliminary is the manufacture of huge quantities of *tiz-win*. Its peculiar composition, and the no less peculiar manner of taking the liquor, gives it a most lasting effect upon the system, and an Indian with his stomach distended with it is said to have ahead of him six to eight days' "spree", and during all this time his warlike qualities are sure to be most conspicuous.

There is much evidence to show that alcoholic liquor made from corn is an ancient drink with these people, everything that was necessary to manufacture it is being found in their old ruins, and under circumstances that make such a conjecture not unreasonable. Even in the caves of the old cliff-dwellers of Arizona there among the Indians have been found cemented deposits of corn of this great agency ; so ancient that when disturbed the grains fell from the cob a mass of impalpable powder, leaving the cob, singularly enough, as fresh as if had been gathered but the harvest before.

To ramble for a moment from the main subject in considering the ancient cliff-dwellers of Apache land, - I was not a little surprised to hear of many cliff-villages yet unexplored. An idea prevails that the cliffs and caves of Apache land have been nearly all included in the researches of archeologists and curiosity hunters. An old Apache of San Carlos agency, whose perfect confidence had been won by a government official, spoke of many that he knew had never been inspected and that were full of relics. He wished to conduct his confidant to a place not far distant. He added that only a small part of the remains known to the Apaches had ever been examined.

San Carlos agency, on the river of the same name, is the great central point where the Government has gathered from time to time the greater portion of almost all the Arizona bands of Apaches, who are slowly acquiring the arts of peace and will soon be a useful part of the agricultural population of that region. Here from the eastern boundary are

bands of the Yumas and Mojaves from the central districts, and of the Sierra Blanca tribe from the north-eastern corner. The only important Arizona band not directly represented are the warlike Chiricahuas, and they are quartered on the reservation of which this agency is the headquarters, - except the leaders, recently surrendered, who have been exiled to Florida.

Their partly civilized, partly barbaric agency-life is not uninteresting in some of its aspects, especially while the barbaric element yet predominates. The Government has cultivated their martial feelings, and at the same time turned them to its won account, by enlisting the most trusty warriors as soldiers in its own service, and using them as a police and detective force against one another, and especially one tribe against another. No less than three full military companies of these scouts were, until recently, distributed among the Indians of this great agency ; and as the white soldiers were at the same time placed at distant points on the boundaries of the reservation, the Indians were thereby lifted a little in their ideas of sovereignty and self-government.

In every cluster of *wickiups*, and in fact in almost every family, might be found one of these scouts, acting in the interest of the Government, and forming, in effect, a secret detective system more efficacious than the detective bureau of civilization. While every crime was reported to the white chief-of-scouts, care was taken that the informer should never be known. But not long ago *Ki-at-ti-na*, the head war-chief of the Chiricahuas, tired of the monotonous restraint of the military, gathered around him a few of his belligerent band, still footsore from the warpath. They indulged in a preliminary war dance, and, sending couriers to all likely to join them in an outbreak, impatiently awaited the results. The chief's fleetest courier was a spy, who gave immediately warning of all the concerted movements and intentions before an advance was really made. The chief's first intelligence of the result of his plot was his arrest by the scouts of his own tribe and his arraignment before the authorities at the agency.

An Indian accused of any crime is tried before a jury of Indians, and when *Ki-at-ti-na* had gone through all the processes of his trial, there hung over his head a three-years' sentence in the penitentiary at Alcatraz within the Golden Gate. Even death has been meted out to offenders by Indian juries. A guard-house inclosed less criminals, and through one of its windows peered the face of an Indian sentenced for life

These Indian soldiers, in all that pertained to arms, ammuniton, pay and rations, were on exactly the same footing as other soldiers in the service, except that their term of enlistment might be variable. A calling of the muster-rolls sounds like that of Hungarian Hussars or Polish Lancers, a deception of the ear that an inspection of the written names would not confirm. Their savage passion for finery and display cropped to the surface in an inordinate desire for military parade and exhibition, even to the extreme of monotonous drill, but much had been denied them in those particulars, as on their primitive status rests much of their efficacy as scouts against other bands.

In one of the last and then one of the most important and decisive campaigns waged against the most warlike bands of the Apaches, the Chiricahuas of south-eastern Arizona, all of the friendly Apaches scouts were employed and but one company of white troops, and in the contest which ensued in the broken mountainous defiles of the Sierra Madre of Mexico none of the white troops were used. Their endurance and rapidity of action are superior to that of white men, and creep and dodge through the rocks like squirrels in the branches of trees in their dense foliage.

Portraits of some of their most famous scouts are given. *Nat-tzuck-ei-ah*, a Chiricahua squaw, was one of the most important against her own tribe in the campaign into Mexico just alluded to. Even before the main command had started she departed

alone and on foot to determine the whereabouts of the hostiles in the vastness of the Sierra Madre mountains. On his trip she was absent for about six weeks, unceasingly prosecuting her object. A Chiricahua herself, it was evidently her intention to gain the Indian camp, claim that she had been captured by and escaped from the whites, find out all that she could, and then at the first favorable opportunity prove traitor to her tribe. Treachery is a distinguishing feature of the American Indians, but it is almost wholly a trait turned to account against the enemies of the tribe. Even the lowest Digger Indian has some faint conception of honor in his tribal relations in war, and among some it compares well with, if not exceeding, that among civilized nations, but the Apache seems to have absolutely none.

The painstaking labor to which will go to emphasize their cruel treachery seems almost fiendish in the extreme. "Way back in the 50's" an emigrant family, winding its toilsome way through the burning desert of the Gila valley, on the road to California, found themselves, at the bottom of a steep hill, which they vainly essayed to ascend. A band of Tontos Apaches, bent on some fiendish foray, passing that way, came upon the scene and at once willingly offered their services to carry the effects to the top of the hill. Not only did they do this, but the empty wagon was spared to the exhausted horses and hauled up by hand. This wonderful act of kindness was terminated by the massacre of the owners on the crest of the mesa, while all unawares they were reloading their wagon, the only object of the pretended friendship being undoubtedly to throw the victims off their guard. I visited this spot over a decade later, and some four or five whitewashed head-boards, encircled by a neat fence of native mesquite brush, kindly placed there by some frontiersmen, were not only monuments to the dead, but to as foul a piece of treachery as was ever perpetrated by one of the most savage of Indian tribes.

It will be seen that *Nat-tzuck-ei-eh's* nose had been somewhat abbreviated, an old mode of punishment among them for marital infidelity : a punishment that had been stopped by the authorities along with other cruel practices. In virtue and modesty the eastern Apaches compare favorably with the best of Indians, but unfortunately the same cannot be said of the western tribes.

The most important scout in the campaign noted above was one *T'zoe*, whose translated name is said to mean "Peaches", at least he was known by this latter name among the white people of Arizona. *T'zoe* had long been held in distrust by his tribe, and he deserted them in order to save his life, which, from their low mutterings and half-concealed threats, he believed to be in danger, knowing right well the Indian character, that they waste no time in hearing the arguments of the tone fully accused. Going to the nearest agency, the San Carlos, was a jump "*from the frying-pan into the fire*", as he was immediately imprisoned, tried, and sentenced to death. The general revolt of his tribe, however, made him more useful to the Government as a guide than as a corpse, and he was spared the latter alternative by accepting the former, and right well did he do his work. It seemed singularly dramatic that this forced outcast of the tribe, compelled to flee in danger, should in so short a time be leading back into their mountain stronghold an army of his kith and kin that destroyed a third of the warriors of their own tribe.

While General Crook was in the Sierra Madre Mountains on his campaign, many never before imagined sites of ancient races were discovered, and in such vast extent as to be almost bewildering in magnitude. There seemed to be a series of colossal steps or terraces made by man, the lowest of which, near the streams, was evidently inhabited by these crude and ancient people. On the tops of these hills or mountains, around whose sides the steps of terraces appeared, and apparently independent of them, were immense

and extremely effective fortifications, considering the rude weapons they then had, - a sort of rallying point of defense for the people living near the streams. Why these terraces, between the stream where they dwelt and overlooking fortifications where they probably fled in danger, should have been constructed it seems hard to conjecture, unless it is possible that they lived near a constantly hostile and active enemy of which they had the greatest fear, and these, although for protection, were their garden-plats or limited grazing-grounds for their goats. An incline would have been as good, and would have cost no such immense outlay of labor in building the retaining walls. In many places through these rude structures had protruded the large pines of the country, some of which were two to three feet, or even more, in diameter. Everywhere often in no small quantities, could be found their pottery, huge stone mortars for grinding corn (called *me-tates* in the vernacular of the country), and stone implements of war, and axes and hatchets. Under the overhanging cliffs were found caves that had once been inhabited, one series of apartments having no fewer than twenty-two rooms. Over one of these rooms was a large granary, capable of holding many bushels of grain. Here were corn-cobs, showing great age, mixed with pottery and stone axes. On the walls of these rooms were hieroglyphics and pictured representations, none of which had been copied or secured. It seems not unreasonable to argue from their cheerless homes and mighty fortifications that this was an inferior race of people in the age in which they lived. Even the Apaches who have made these labyrinths of lava their hiding-places superstitiously avoid these old ruins, and per chance this very fact may have saved to science valuable archaeological matter when the time comes for the investigation of these strange ancients.

Superstitions are shown in their dress and ornaments, or rather in the charms which adorn and compose these. The medicine jacket and belt are common to the whole Apache family, and are about the counterpart of similar dresses so common with savages. From the head of the Chiricahua hangs a single buckskin string about two inches wide and as many feet in length, its upper end braided in the hair. This is ornamented with all the different pieces of shells they can obtain, and for which they seem to have a reverence, while beads and ornaments of silver and other metals help to cover it with an almost solid coating of decorations.

Maidens may be distinguished from matrons by the peculiar arrangement of their hair, the former wearing what in their language is called a *nah-leen* (*nah-leen* strictly interpreted is maiden). It is flat and of a beaver-tail dumbbell shape, covered with red, and closely studded with gilt buttons, if procurable, the hair being tied with this to prevent its flowing over the shoulders as with married squaws. In general, it may be said that the eastern tribes, Sierras Blancas and Chiricahuas, are far finer in dress than those of the western parts, the Yumas and Mojaves, the intermediate tribes of San Carlos and Tontos being also intermediate in dress. Still farther to the east in New Mexico are the Mescalero and Coyotero Apaches, also very ornamental in dress, but in other respects beyond the ken of this article in their now quiet isolation.

The war-dress of these warm-weather warriors, when actually in a campaign, is not so resplendent in buckskin and beads, nor is it so warm. A gorgeous bonnet of three hawk feathers is about the only display, and the rest has a sort of simplicity known only in the Garden of Eden. An old weapon with them was a heavy round stone and joined in a common case of rawhide taken from the tail of a horse or ox so as to be continuous and seamless. This was used like a policeman's club, and has its counterpart in the Sioux "skull-smasher", a word which describe it at once. The wild Chiricahuas use the lance, and do some good work with it in a decisive fight. Even the armed warriors use it

in killing cattle and stolen stock to save their ammunition thereby, while some of the most horrible tortures practiced on their captives by these fiends are inflicted by this instrument. With the introduction of firearms into their warfare fell the shield into disuse. It was a gaudy appendage of the primitive savage, but it exists among the Apaches only as a relic for which they can obtain so much money from the curiosity seeker. They care but little for money, however, except to appease a craving for gambling, or to meet immediate wants.

They are behind no other savages in their love for the allurements of gambling, and use all sorts of implements, from the most intricate games of cards to the simple throwing of sticks and hoops, and in nearly all of these games their play is one of hazard, in the excitement their horses, rifles, and even the shirts on their backs, changing ownership.

Only in their dances do they excel the physical energy put forth in their gambling plays. From sunset till sunrise can be heard the beating of their drums and toms-toms, and night after night is it kept up. Old squaws and young children dance until they can no longer, and cease from exhaustion and fatigue ; a cessation of but a few minutes and they are up and at it again. Their medicine dances take place in cases of sickness and distress, to drive away bad spirits or keep them from doing harm. In these the squaws are never allowed to take a part, but in peace, weddings, and feast dances, young and old of both sexes form a conspicuous part. The "corn-dance", to make that plant productive, is also a monopoly of the medicine-men, while besides all these there exists the war, the conqueror's, and the chief's dances, varying in type through all the possible motions and gesticulations of the human body.

The ages which some of them reach appear surprising, considering their rough mode of life in the past, which seems sufficient to end it rapidly when the physical powers begin to fail. *Got-ha*, a Sierra Blanca, a once famous warrior of their tribe, is probably eighty or ninety years of age, and seems hale and hearty yet. Could this old stage of the sandy deserts concentrate the salient points of his life into a volume, it would rival the tales of Daniel Boone or Kit Carson.

Age however, finds only a place in their councils of peace, and young blood rules in times of war, unless some mighty chief, with a record of battles that none can gainsay, bears all before him even in his age. It is a keen appreciation of the eternal fitness of things that has helped them in no small way to hold for so long the mastery of the South-West in peace and in war. One mighty chief of theirs was Cochise, a household word in the literature of Indian depredations. A Chiricahua himself, his success was sufficient to join many bands under his rule, and especially those *renegados* so common in all Indian warfares and so numerous in every band who will join ever revolt without regard to tribe or cause, if the revolt only promise booty and that bloody excitement which their nature craves.

For years he was the terror of all in Arizona, and for a long period before his own tribes could be turned against him the sum total of his battles placed him plainly ahead. For savage strategy and barbaric grand tactics he will always be a mark in the annals of Indian warfare, and will be better known as this country settles up to that extent that it will demand a history of its own. Cochise bravely acknowledges he was out-generaled once. A military train of a score of wagons, guarded apparently by only a small platoon of cavalry, bore down through Apache Pass, where Cochise had some 200 or 300 warriors in waiting, and their eyes glistened with delight as they looked at the chance of an easy capture of the hard bread, molasses, sugar, and tobacco on which they might revel for weeks. They made one wild yelling charge on the train from every quarter,

when, instead of savage luxuries, there came from each wagon a blinding, crashing volley from nearly a score of well-armed infantrymen. Cochise's warriors were sent flying back life surf, and, as they fled up the steep sides of the canyon, were picked off like squirrels in a tree. Cochise died some nine or ten years ago a natural death, a singular ending for one who had been so active in the trade of death. However much they may have hated him in that frontier land, even their legislature honored him with a conspicuous county, showing that their hatred could not conscientiously descent into contempt.

After Cochise came Victorio, whose fate has been noted. Then Nana led them for a brief period of time, and then came Natchez, son of Cochise, who rules the Chiricahuas band. Juh (pronounced *Hoo*) was a noted leader, and met his death in a way that was scarcely heroic. Blindly drunk with mescal, he attempted to ride from a Mexican town to his village, his head buried in his hands, and his elbows and the responsibility of getting home resting on the pony's shoulders. As they crossed a shallow stream, the horse, believing it was his turn, leaned forward for a drink, and Juh was precipitated into the water, and there, with his face in that kind of liquor that he had not followed closely enough in his life, he was drowned.

Loco is an important chief, he being at one time medicine-man. In a career uniformly good - as savages judge careers - and nowhere brilliant, it is hard to speak further of him in a contracted article. Geronimo, said to be a captured Mexican youth², might be styled the Daniel Webster of the Apache Senate. His advice was always sought on every particular matter of state, and his influence therein was equaled by few before his incarceration in a Florida prison, as the result of the latest and one of the greatest outbreaks under him, which ended with his surrender. Cato, Bonito, Chihuahua, Mangas, and Zele form the lesser lights in this list of leaders.

Railroads run their double bands of iron through their deserts, mines pour their ores from the sheltering sides of their mountain homes, an inexorable decree has cramped them to a corner of their country, where they now wrest a living from the soil they once trod as masters, and it may be well said that the Apache sun is near the horizon of their national destiny.



This article first appeared in the Century Magazine, vol. XXIV, 1887-1888. It is reproduced here as initially published with its original spelling, punctuation and formatting.

² Geronimo was a pure Bedonhoke Apache, not a mixed blood nor a Mexican.