THE GERONIMO CAMPAIGN

(By H. W. DALY, Chief Packer, Q. M. Dept. U. S. Army)

In giving a narrative of the principal events of this memorable campaign, it may be well to remember that they are given as a dry statement of facts coming under my personal observation as packmaster in charge of the pack trains with Capt. Emmet Crawford's command, and later with that of Capt. H. W. Lawton (afterwards Gen. Lawton), the operations being under the directions of the department commander, Gen. George Crook, and his successor, Gen. Miles.

Late in May, 1885, it was reported at Whipple Barracks, Prescott, Arizona, that Geronimo, with about 150 of his band, had broken out from the Fort Apache Reservation and started for the Sierra Madre Mountains in Old Mexico, and that Lieut. Britton Davis, Third Cavalry, under whose control the Chiricahuas were, was in pursuit with a company of Indian scouts, having with him Chief Chatto as First Sergeant of Scouts. On May 29, I received orders to pull out for Ash Fork with my pack train, and to proceed thence to Deming, New Mexico, by train, and there report my arrival by telegraph to Gen. Crook, then at Fort Bayard. On June 1, I received orders to await the arrival of Capt. Crawford, and to report to him.

He arrived on the evening of June 6, and I met him at the train. On his invitation I went with him to the Railway Hotel, where we had a full conference as to the situation. I had known Capt. Crawford for years on numerous Indian campaigns, and as he knew that I was personally acquainted with Geronimo and other chiefs of his tribe, many of whom had served as scouts in New Mexico and Arizona, it is but natural that he should have taken me into his confidence.

We discussed the probable duration of this expedition; the personnel of the scouts; the reliability of Chatto, and, knowing the extreme caution of these renegades, their natural selection of terrain to avoid surprise, and their mode and rapidity of travel, either on foot or mounted, we also discussed freely a plan for scouting both flanks of the Sierra Madre Mountains and for guarding all waters along the line. Capt. Crawford stated that Gen. Crook would have sufficient troops to guard every water hole on the line, and a small number of scouts with every troop to "sign ride" the country between waters, and that a second
line of troops would be stationed along the railroad, as water might be available.

It was thought that this disposition would afford ample protection to the settlers within a radius of 100 miles from Guadaloupe, should hostiles attempt to reenter Arizona or New Mexico, and that the troops, with the aid of the scouts, would give them a warm reception. It was considered that it would be best to exercise the greatest vigilance in the vicinity of Guadaloupe Pass, inasmuch as it lay in the direct line of travel from the Sierra Madre Mountains to the Apache reservation.

Capt. Crawford said that Lieut. Elliott and Al. Sieber, with a company of Indian scouts and pack train, would join him on the next day, and that his movements would depend upon what news they brought of having cut any signs of the hostiles; also that Capt. Kendall and Lieut. Hannah, with a troop of the Sixth Cavalry, then at Deming, would form a part of his command.

On the morning of June 8, Lieut. Elliott and scouts having reported, we proceeded by special train to Separ, a station on the Southern Pacific, due west from Deming. On reaching Separ, Capt. Crawford learned of the whereabouts of Lieut. Britton Davis and his scouts, and we detrained and pulled out for Skeleton Canon, due south of Separ, where we went into camp to await the arrival of Lieut. Davis. He arrived the following day, with sixty scouts and a pack train.

On the morning of June 11, the command broke camp and traveled in a southeast direction, passing by Black Springs, Fronteras and the hamlets of Bavispe, Basaraca, Guachinera, and thence in a westerly direction to the Opata Mountains, and about three miles west of the village of that name, reaching this point June 21. Here it was learned that the hostiles had rounded up and killed a few beef cattle, and headed north for the Sierra Madre Mountains. The following morning we moved about two miles east of the Opata, and camped near where the hostiles had killed the cattle.

From the report brought in by the scouts, it was learned that the hostiles were in camp in the foothills of the Sierra Madre, not far from our camp. That night Capt. Crawford sent Lieut. Davis, Lieut. Elliott, Al. Sieber and fifty scouts, with Chief Chatto as first sergeant, to locate their camp, attack them and destroy their camp, and, if possible, to cause them to surrender. Next day, June 23, a runner came in with the information that one of the hostiles had been killed, one or more wound-
ed, and fifteen captured, without any casualties among our men.

Lieut. Davis returned that afternoon with his command and brought in the fifteen prisoners, composed of women, boys and girls of all ages. Old Chief Nana, of the Warm Spring Apaches was among the number. This old rascal was the war chief of Victoria’s band that made life a burden to the people of New Mexico for the three years 1879-80-81, and led the troops of the Fourth and Ninth Cavalry in many a long and weary chase. With the exception of himself and twenty-five warriors who were absent on a raid, the remainder of Victoria’s band were massacred in the Tres Castios Mountains, Chihuahua, Mexico, by Gen. Terassas with two troops of irregulars and some Tarahumari Indian scouts. By the way, it was these same troops that killed Capt. Crawford in 1886, to which reference is made in this article.

On June 24 Lieut. Hannah with a part of Troop "A" was sent to Fort Bowie with the prisoners, and with him was sent a scout named "Dutchy," a most incorrigible and vicious scoundrel, who had made the night hideous in camp by his over-indulgence in mescal, obtained in the village of Oputo the day before. "Dutchy" was ordered to be confined in the guard-house at Fort Bowie on arrival there. That afternoon was spent in rearranging cargoes to be carried by the two pack trains, giving an average of 300 pounds to the pack mule. On the morning of the 25th the command moved in a southeasterly direction, and by easy marches, until the hamlet of Nacori was reached, and thence fourteen miles south of that village, where a permanent camp was established on a little tributary to the Jarras River, where there was an abundance of wood, water and succulent grasses for the animals.

Captain Crawford having realized that it would be utterly impossible to overtake the Indians by following their trail, and that it was their policy to encourage pursuit and thereby wear out our stock, determined to remain quiet and to send the pack trains back to Lang’s Ranch, New Mexico, for supplies. He directed me to bring back all the supplies and ammunition possible, and if practicable to get another pack train and thereby return with about three months’ supply for the command.

So far I have not attempted to give a narrative of each day’s travel, the terrain and distance traveled, and it is sufficient to note that our scouting was along the southern flank of the Sierra Madre Mountains, which were cut up by seemingly impassable ravines and hills covered with pine, fir, oak, moun-
tain mahogany, scrubby cork trees, giant cacti, and of thorny undergrowth. The small tributaries of the Jarras River rushed madly down between boulders of immense size, making fording them a perilous undertaking. Game was plentiful, there being an abundance of small white deer, black and brown bear, and wild turkeys, with which the scouts kept our camp supplied.

On the route to Lang's Ranch we passed through the villages of Guachinera, Basaraca and Bavispe, thence in a northerly direction across the Bavispe Range and the Janos Plains towards Loco Pass in the San Louis Range. We passed by the Sierra Medio, the scene of the Tupper and Rafferty fight in 1881. Three miles north of the pass is Lang's Ranch, where we found Lieut. James S. Petit in command of the supply camp, and one troop of the Fourth Cavalry, under Capt. Budd. Lieut. Huse in command of Troop "C," Fourth Cavalry, with another pack train arrived soon after, he (Lieut. Huse), being under orders to relieve Capt. Kendall’s troop, which was to take station at Alamo Waco, New Mexico.

The three pack trains were loaded with the necessary supplies, and under command of Lieut. Huse the return trip to Crawford's camp was made in ten days. On the following day Lieut. Davis and myself were ordered to select twenty of the best pack mules from the pack train that had joined us at Lang's Ranch—Carlisle's pack train—and two of his packers, and the remainder was ordered back to Fort Bowie. The supplies were divided between the two remaining pack trains—Daly's and Hay's—making a cargo of over 300 pounds to the pack mule.

On August 2 the command broke camp and traveled in a northeasterly direction, which led us into the steep spurs of the Sierra Madre Mountains, which towered above us grand and gloomy, hidden at times by fleecy clouds, truly well chosen as a suitable home for the fleet and vindictive Chiricahua Apaches. After five days of continuous climbing over rugged spurs, a runner came in with the report that five of the hostiles had been killed by the scouts of Lieut M. W. Day's company, and that some women and children had been captured. These scouts were a portion of Maj. Wirt Davis' command that had been operating on the northern flank of the mountains and had crossed the divide and come in touch with our party.

Later in the evening of that day, Chief Chatto and Al. Sieber returned and reported that the hostiles had been caught by surprise by Lieut. Davis' scouts, and many were forced to jump over a steep bluff in order to escape being captured. Had
This happened a day later the scouts of both commands would have caught the hostiles in a trap of their own choosing.

This occurrence scattered the hostiles, a part taking down the divide in a northwesterly direction, and the main party taking across the divide in an easterly direction.

Crawford decided to follow this latter party, but realizing that the condition of the troop horses was such that they could not stand the rough climbing, he concluded to send them back to the line, and on the next morning Lieut. Huse started back with them for Lang's Ranch, taking ten pack mules and two packers to transport their supplies.

On the afternoon of August 8 we pulled out from camp and picked up the hostile trail. On the third day, on reaching the crest of what we assumed to be the summit of the Sierra Madre Mountains, we bivouacked at a camp made by the hostiles two days before. The remains of some slaughtered ponies found here testified that they were not only short of meat, but also that their animals were playing out. From here Capt. Crawford sent out an advance scouting party under Lieut. Britton Davis and Al Seiber, with three days' rations, in hopes that they might overtake the hostiles.

Toward sundown heavy clouds, laden with moisture, hung on the summit, and as they sank down the steep sides of the mountain, vivid flashes of lightning shot downward, revealing the cavernous depths along the flanks.

As we were encamped on a hog-back the water flowed on either side, north and south; on the northern side a precipice of unknown depth would reveal itself as the lightning shot down into space. The frightened animals huddled together as if for protection, and the hair of their tails stood out straight as if supported. On the southern side mountains, or what appeared as such when traveling in the lowlands, now looked like hillocks in the distance, and stretched as far as the eye could reach—a magnificent panorama, never to be forgotten.

On the 12th the scouts returned and reported the trail of the hostiles as having scattered. Crawford then decided to send a stronger force, with fifteen pack mules, and with instructions to hang to the trail at all costs, and to force a fight or surrender. They were to keep him informed of conditions, and he would keep in as close touch as possible. The hostiles were evidently hard pressed, as they were dropping their ponies on each day's travel. The trail also showed that there were not more than five or six ponies with the renegades. The scouts reported that they
were climbing the steepest portion of the Sierra Madres, and that many pack mules would be killed in the climb after them. Crawford asked me what I thought about it, and I replied that I had no fears on that score, knowing that every mule in the train was as sure footed as a chamois, and as careful with the load on its back as a mother with a child in her arms. Every mule was a pet with the packers, and each knew its name when spoken to in a voice of caution or word of encouragement, as well as a human being in a similar position would understand it. I may add the mule evidenced approaching danger quicker than a man would, and knew instinctively how to avoid it.

On the afternoon of the 13th Lieut. Davis, Al Sieber and fifty scouts, with Chief Chatto, started, taking with them fifteen pack mules and three packers. Knowing Sieber to be as true as steel when on a trail of a hostile, I cautioned him as they pulled out: "Don't forget that Chatto is with you, if it comes to a fight, or trying to surprise the hostiles." They left camp in a drizzling rain, and it kept up for the next five days, until every blanket and piece of canvas was water-soaked.

Climbing up one side and down the other of a series of broken ridges that seemed to be without end, and with an occasional bog, waist or belly deep, that tried the mettle of both men and animals. On the 18th the sun rose bright and clear, and with it the spirits of everybody.

Capt. Crawford expressed uneasiness in not hearing from Lieut. Davis, and decided to send Lieut. Elliott, with twenty-five scouts, ten pack mules and three packers, to endeavor to overtake him and be guided by circumstances, but, in any event, to send a runner back with the first information obtainable. By noon the following day the heart of the Sierra Madres had been crossed, and the downward trend of the broken range was noticeable. On the 21st the headwaters of the Casa Grande was reached, and the valley could be seen spreading out in the distance, bright and green. The sight of the green valley, with numerous beef cattle roaming at will, gladdened the hearts of man and beast.

On the 22nd the valley of the Casa Grande was reached, and the Sierra Madre Mountains had been crossed by mounted men and pack animals, a feat considered impossible by the Mexicans on either side of the divide.

The pack-mules appreciated the fact, as they sailed in cropping big juicy mouthfuls of succulent wild timothy and white grama grasses. The animals had been subsisting on pine grass
for the past fourteen days, and this being utterly devoid of sus-
tenance, they had fallen off in flesh very considerably.

On August 24 we entered the hamlet of Casas Grandes and
and learned that Lieut. Elliott, scouts and packers, had been
captured and put in prison or guard-house by the Mexican
forces (irregulars!) and that Lieut. Davis and his party had
crossed the river about a mile above the town, on the trail of the
hostiles and were in pursuit of them.

As I had the care of the scouts with Crawford, in the ab-
sence of both the lieutenants and Al Sieber, the captain, on en-
tering the plaza, and before riding up to the commandant’s
house, instructed me to keep a sharp lookout in case of treachery.
As the captain entered the house, every packer had his gun across
the saddle in front of him, the mules being rounded up and held
there by the scouts, and every street leading into the plaza was
watched for an indication of trouble. I dismounted and stood in
the doorway.

Possibly this may seem as an act of bravado, but I had occa-
sion to remember that Lieut. McDonald, of the Fourth Cavalry,
and his company of Indian scouts and pack-train had been made
prisoners in the little hamlet of Ascension in 1881. The “al-
calde,” or mayor, had received him and party most royally, and
gave a dance in honor of the occasion of his friendly visit. Dur-
ing the evening, and before the dance opened, a courier was sent
post haste to notify the commanding officer at the town of Janos
that a hundred Americans had entered the town armed to the
teeth, and make all haste possible in coming to their rescue. The
scouts were placed in a corral enclosed by a strong adobe wall,
and the lieutenant was given a room in the mayor’s house. In
the early grey of the morn the corral and packers were surround-
ed by Mexican cavalry, and the lieutenant placed under arrest.
The whole party was marched to Janos under guard, and kept
prisoners for two weeks, and fed on parched corn, until Gen.
McKenzie effected their release. It was well that they turned
them loose as they did, as two troops of the Fourth Cavalry were
starting out from old Fort Cummings, N. M., to open negotia-
tions in force.

In the meantime I noticed the captain rising from his seat,
and the mayor all bows and smiles. The lieutenant, in brass
buttons on his short coat and down the legs of his trousers, step-
ed forward and saluted, and the order was given for the release
of Lieut. Elliott and his party. In fifteen minutes up they
marched, as sorry looking an outfit as I ever saw, barring Lieut.
McDonald, and in a few minutes more the pack-mules were led up, about as sorry looking objects as the men. The firearms of the scouts and packers were restored to them. Everything being in readiness, we rode out of town and bivouacked on the Casa Grande, about five miles west of the hamlet.

The following day Capt. Crawford struck out in a direct line for the boundary, going into camp three days later, close to the scene of the "Garcia" fight, on the western edge of the Janos plain, and sent despatches to Gen. Crook, then at Ft. Bowie, Arizona.

In the first days of September the captain sent Hay's pack-train to Ft. Bowie to recuperate. This pack-train was afterwards divided into sections and apportioned among the troops on the line. About the middle of September, Crawford sent me to Ft. Bowie for a similar purpose, and on arrival at Bowie I was ordered to the southern flank of the Chiricahua Mountains, about twenty miles east of Bowie, with instructions to turn over ten pack-mules and two packers to Capt. Carpenter, stationed at Galeyville. His camp was situated in a little park, with an outlet through a box canon on its northern side, through which could be seen the San Simon Flat and the Stein’s Pass Range in the distance.

On the night of my arrival a courier, Navajo Bill, arrived in camp with dispatches from Gen. Crook to Capt. Carpenter, with the information that the hostiles were reported coming down the Stein Pass Range, and with orders for him to cut across the valley and endeavor to intercept them. Everything was in readiness by 3 a.m., and the two troops pulled out through the box canon. On the following morning Navajo Bill and I struck out on the back trail for Ft. Bowie. On the western edge of the little park it narrowed toward a dry ravine, up which the trail went to the top of the divide. At the mouth of this ravine a family lived in a frame shack, who at this time were rounding up a bunch of horses on the divide. A short distance from the mouth of the ravine we cut hostile signs, scattered somewhat, the droppings of their ponies still steaming. I remarked to Bill, "this is valuable information for Gen. Crook to know as soon as possible," and determined to ascertain for a certainty their probable destination. A little farther on we found a burro and its rider shot dead. This man belonged to the shack we had just passed. Farther on up the trail we found that the hostiles had captured some ponies from a shack on the crest of the hill about two miles from the first shack.
We followed the trail on up as it ascended towards the di-
vide until we became satisfied that this hostile party would
bivouac on the top of the divide for much needed rest, and also
to watch the movements of the troops cutting across the valley.
Not wishing to give them the impression that their location was
known, we traveled back on the trail and then pulled over a
saddle of the range to the main traveled road to Ft. Bowie. Hav-
ing traveled about five miles toward Bowie, a bunch of horses
were seen on our left, coming down the slope at a two-forty
gait, a rider in front waving his hat, and one behind driving the
horses. On they came for dear life, shouting: "Indians! In-
dians!" On coming up they stated that they had been run off
the divide by the Apaches, and they thought the family at the
ranch had all been murdered. I informed them that they were
alive with the exception of one man we found dead by his burro.
I advised them either to drive their stock to Ft. Bowie or down to
the railroad station. This latter advice they followed.

Having lost fifteen or twenty minutes, Bill and I hastened
on to Ft. Bowie. On entering the parade ground we were met
by Captain Cyrus S. Roberts, (now brigadier general, retired),
Gen. Crook's adjutant general, and informed him of our dis-
covery of the hostile party. He immediately took us to head-
quar ters, where we gave our information to the general. I
stated to the general that it was my impression that the hostile
party would bivouac on the divide that night, keeping pickets out
watching the flat for any movement of the troops in their di-
rection, and also watching Ft. Bowie; that they had undoubtedly
seen the dust of Carpenter's troops on crossing the valley. Soon
after the general left and took the train at Bowie Station for
New Mexico, with the evident purpose of making a fresh disposi-
tion of the troops in that quarter.

On the afternoon of the following day Capt. Roberts in-
formed me that Capt. Crawford was on the trail of the hostile
party; that they had stolen a number of horses from the ranch,
and were beating back toward the Chiricahua Range again.
Also, that he was sending out Capt. Thompson's troop of the
Fourth Cavalry to pick up Crawford's trail, and render him
any assistance possible.

Knowing Capt. Roberts well, I ventured to question the ad-
visability of sending the troop to follow Crawford, as they would
be of no practical assistance. I advised that Thompson's troop
be sent down the Chiricahua Range, as I believed that the hos-
tiles would follow an old wood road that led to the top of the
range, and thus they would be caught between two fires. However, Capt. Roberts was obeying orders, and Thompson started out to follow Crawford. It was found that the hostiles did follow the old wood road over the range, and thence into Old Mexico.

This practically ended the campaign for the summer.

A few days later I met Al Sieber, who gave me an account of their trip after the hostiles since they left us on the summit of the Sierra Madres. He stated that the hostile party kept one day's march ahead of them; that in passing Casas Grandes, Lieut. Davis left two scouts to inform Capt. Crawford that they would follow the hostiles as far as possible, and that they seemed to be heading for New Mexico. They knew of the trouble Lieut. Elliott got into, but as they felt that Crawford would settle it they did not think it advisable to lose any time in pursuing the hostiles.

He stated that Chatto and some of the scouts had been very ugly on the trip, and that at times their lives were in danger. He also said that he and Lieut. Davis were then going to headquarters to discuss the cause of the outbreak, which he would tell me later. I told him not to be too aggressive and that I would hate to be in Lieut. Davis' boots, for I knew the "old man" would know the cause of the outbreak.

A few days later Lieut. Davis told me he had resigned his commission, and Al Sieber "took his blankets" back to San Carlos. I felt sorry for him as a better scout, one who understood the Indian in all of his numerous phases, I never met. He was utterly fearless, but still had sense enough to know when numbers were too many for him. His services to the government ever since the close of the Civil War had been invaluable.

The Winter Expedition

In the early part of November Capt. Crawford rode into camp and stated he was starting for Ft. Apache to enlist a new company of scouts, the term of enlistment being six months, and that he wished me to have everything in readiness so as to be able to start by the end of the month.

On November 29 we left Ft. Bowie. The party consisted of one hundred Indian Scouts, divided into two companies, of fifty each, Lieut. M. P. Maus (now colonel Twentieth U. S. Infantry), in command of the first section, and Lieut. Wm. Shipp (Lieut. Shipp was killed at Santiago during the Spanish-Ameri-
can War), that of the second. Tom Horn was chief of scouts for the first, and Wm. Harrison that for the second company. Dr. Davis was the medical officer, and Hospital Steward Ne-meeck, two pack-trains, Hay’s and Daly’s, of fifty pack-animals each, and twenty-eight packers, completed the command. Capt. Emmet Crawford was in command of the expedition.

The route taken was by way of the Dragoon Mountains, Tombstone, Fronteras, thence through the Cumpas Valley range of mountains. From this point the route took a northerly course toward Nacori, arriving at the summer camp, fourteen miles east of Nacori, in the latter days of December, 1885.

From this camp, as during the summer campaign, scouts were sent out daily to endeavor to cut any sign of hostile trails. Perhaps I ought to state here that during the summer campaign at no time were we on the trail of Geronimo, Nachez and their band.

In the Chiricahua tribe each chief had his own following, and each was extremely jealous of the other. Chatto operated in New Mexico, and joined hands with old Nana of the Warm Springs Tribe, after Victoria was killed by General Terasas. In one of Chatto’s raids he killed Judge McComas and his wife on their way to Silver City, and captured their little son, Charley. This led to the campaign of 1883, known as the Sierra Madre Campaign, by Gen. Crook in person, with the expectation of rescuing Charley McComas. Peaches, a White Mountain Apache, who led the expedition to the stronghold of the hostiles, stated a white boy was with the renegades, but he was never found. No doubt he was killed by the squaws.

Chihuahua, another chief, had his following, and with him were some of the brightest of the Chiricahua tribe, such as Hosanna and other of that ilk. This chief was first sergeant of a company of Indian scouts in New Mexico, under Lieut. James A. Maney (now major Seventeenth Infantry), of the Fifteenth Infantry, in 1880, and after the outbreak of Geronimo from Ft. Apache or rather their camp on Turkey Creek, in May, 1885, Chihuahua and Hosanna led our forces during the summer cam-paign. Geronimo, during all that time lay hid in his stronghold in the Sierra Madre, and neither he nor any of his following made a raid during the past summer, as far as came to my knowledge. The killing of a few of Lawton’s troop, left at Guadeloupe Pass by Capt. Lawton to guard the camp while he was absent with the main body of the troop, was done by a party of Chihuahua’s band. The capture of a band of ponies at
White's Ranch, the raid into Ft. Apache, or the Apache camp on Turkey Creek, resulting in the killing of twelve of the friends and capture of six Indian women and children, in the month of November, were also by Chihuahua's band. The capture of fifteen women and children of Chihuahua's band on June 23 was effected by Chatto in the mountains north of Opata, not as a feat of arms to please the white race, but to show the followers of Chihuahua, as well as Hosanna, that he was their master.

In the early days of January, 1886, I became convinced, from certain signs and actions of our scouts, that they knew more about the whereabouts of the hostiles than they had reported to Capt. Crawford. One night I questioned Corporal Juan, a White Mountain Apache, and accused him of this, and, after I had become satisfied of it, I told him to bring Noche to me. They came, and after questioning him, I told them they must go to Crawford in the morning and tell him all they knew. Later, after the scouts and packers had retired for the night, I went to Capt. Crawford, who was in bed, but still awake, and informed him of my impressions, and of the talk that I had with Juan and Noche. The next morning Noche and the medicine man approached Capt. Crawford, and later commenced an harangue to him and to the scouts that he had assembled in a half circle about him. After talking for some time, he, the medicine man, produced a small buckskin bag which he took around to each scout to kiss, and each repeated after him some form of vow or obligation. I then became convinced of their sincerity, and that they would find the hostiles. That day a scouting party was sent out, and on their return they reported that they had located the camp of the hostiles, and that they were engaged in sun-drying some meat, evidently beef from some cattle that they had rounded up from a raid on some Mexican hacienda.

The next day Capt. Crawford formed a party to go on foot to attack the hostile camp. He left six scouts and the packers, except three, with me to look after the camp, and gave me instructions to store the officers' baggage, which was very little, and several hundred deer skins that the scouts had accumulated, at the village at Nacori, where the alcalde had promised to care for them. Three packers, with eleven pack-mules, were selected to accompany the command to carry the rations and extra ammunition. Orders were given that each man and officer should carry his own blanket, and all surplus impedimenta was cut out. That night, after supper, the officers and packers and a few of the scouts sat around the camp-fire discussing the proposed scout on foot through the mountains. Some did think the scheme
practicable, and so expressed themselves to Capt. Crawford. He, however, insisted that if they expected to surprise the hostiles, it would be necessary to take as few animals as possible, and to keep those taken well to the rear, and to travel light. The officers and chiefs of scouts were ordered to provide themselves with moccasins, as their heavy boots would make too much noise. He also ordered that a rope corral should be made around camp each night, outside of which no one would be allowed to pass except under guard. The captain told me he would like to take me with him, but that I was needed more with the pack-train, as one upon whom he could depend to bring it up when needed.

About sundown on the night of January 3, 1886, they pulled out in single file, with Crawford in the lead, followed by the other officers, the scouts and the packers bringing up the rear. The captain called out a cheery "good-bye," as I watched the command from the top of a neighboring hillock, as it started up the slope. As they disappeared from view in the gathering darkness, I turned back with a feeling of depression, a choking sensation that I could not shake off that night.

The following day was spent in preparing dugouts in which we stored all supplies and settled down to await news from the command.

On the morning of January 9, Corporal Juan with three scouts came in with a note from Capt. Crawford, saying that he was on the trail of the hostiles, and directing that I take the pack-train loaded with all supplies, except the deerskins stored at Nacori, and to join him as soon as possible. He said that Juan would show me a short cut whereby I could avoid his tortuous and difficult trail and save much distance. The pack-train was immediately gotten ready and sent to Nacori for the supplies there, and then returning by the way of our camp, we pushed on for the Jarras River where we bivouacked that night, having made about forty-six miles in all.

Our camp that night was on the bank of the river, at the mouth of a small box canyon. On the other side rose a steep, rugged mountain, so high that its top was lost in the clouds, while at its base was a narrow ledge with scarcely standing-room for animals, and between it and our camp the waters rushed over rocks and boulders, a maddening river, that bespoke an ugly crossing in the morning.
At daylight on the morning of the 10th the crossing was made without accident, and we started up the mountain, the steepest I have ever ascended. We made a dry camp, or rather a wet camp, that night, as there had been a drizzly, misty rain falling all day which made the climbing very laborious for man and beast, and at times dangerous. Sufficient water was caught in canvas for making our coffee, and we laid down to spend a dismal and uncomfortable night.

The following morning, the ill-fated January 11, the sun rose clear and bright. After half an hour's travel we struck Capt. Crawford's trail, and the traveling became much better. About 11 a.m. a courier came in with a note from Lieut. Maus, stating that Capt. Crawford had been shot and mortally wounded by Mexican troops; that they were out of rations, and urging me to rush forward the supplies. I immediately "cached" all impedimenta, and started forward to make a forced march to join the command. About three hours later another courier arrived with orders for me to select a camp, and the information that they were bringing the captain on a litter. Soon thereafter I could see their party coming slowly down the side of the opposite mountain, and selecting a camp where there was running water, we anxiously awaited their arrival. About half an hour later they came in, the scouts carrying the litter, and very soon poor Crawford was lying on the ground before me, apparently unconscious. Having put up the only tent in the command, a common "A" tent, the captain was made as comfortable as possible in it. I spent the night at his side, watching for any sign of returning consciousness, but without avail.

The following day a "travois" was constructed, and I made a "wickiup," or shelter, of withes and canvas for the travois, to protect the captain from the sun and rain. The supplies that I had cached on the mountain the previous day were brought to camp, and everything put in readiness for the return trip to Nacori. During the day Dr. Davis had prepared a little nourishment, made from a can of extract of beef, which Capt. Crawford swallowed with difficulty and evidence of great pain. Soon after this was given him, I noticed signs of returning consciousness, and taking his hand I asked if he knew me, and if he could understand what I said, to which he replied by a pressure of my hand. I then asked him if in case of his death, he wished to be buried by the Masonic fraternity, and he again replied by pressing my hand, and also by a grateful look in his eyes. This was the only occasion in which he showed any signs of being conscious, although I spoke to him several times. I asked him if it
was the Mexicans or the scout "Dutchy" that shot him, but he made no reply. That night Lieut. Shipp and I remained with him, he taking the first and I the latter half of the night.

On the afternoon of January 13, Lieut. Maus decided to return to the line, in the neighborhood of the Canon de los Embudos, and there await instructions from Gen. Crook, first sending a courier in advance to inform the general of the conference with Geronimo. An account of this conference, and also of the events of Capt. Crawford’s operations, will be related later.

Having made the captain as comfortable as possible in the travois, we pulled out of camp, ascending a steep and ugly mountain, with one packer leading the mule with the travois, and with two other packers, one at each pole, to ease it over rough places and to bring them into proper line when making abrupt turns in the trail. The scouts were continually on the outlook for as smooth a trail as could be found, so as to make the trip as easy as possible for the poor captain. On January 17, while on the march, one of the men lifted the canvas that protected Capt. Crawford, and saw that he was dead. He immediately reported the fact to Lieut. Maus, who at once selected a suitable camp, and we bivouacked for the night. That evening I improvised a stretcher for carrying the body. On January 21 we reached Nacori, and there, near the unfenced cemetery of the little hamlet, we dug a grave in which we lowered the body to rest, wrapped only in his blanket, but with some slabs about it to protect the body from the earth. There was no funeral oration, no dirge, no taps, but we moistened his grave with our tears, and on bended knees repeated the Lord’s Prayer, and "So mote it be."

I cannot pass, in this poor account of his untimely death, without paying a tribute to this remarkable, manly man, whose character and worth were so well-known to me. He was the bravest among the brave; gentlest among the gentle; he forgave and overlooked the faults and frailties of others, while being the most chivalrous and gentlemanly officer and man that I have ever known in or out of the service. The loss to all those who knew him, and particularly to Gen. Crook, was irreparable. There was but one officer that could have taken his place in that campaign, Lieut. Charles Gatewood of the Sixth Cavalry. Gatewood knew the Indian character thoroughly; they knew and trusted him, and had he been in charge of the Chiricahuas at Ft. Apache, as he had been formerly, this outbreak would never have occurred. Now to return to the events of the expedition.
of Capt. Crawford, that ended in his receiving his death wound. The Indians had left the camp where our scouts had located them before Crawford’s command reached there, and their trail led off over the mountains, but, as he wrote me in the note brought to me by Juan, towards an unknown objective. The trail was followed with all possible speed until the night before the hostile camp was attacked, when Capt. Crawford formed a corral by stretching ropes around the bivouac, and allowed no one to go beyond it. This was done to prevent, if possible, any chance for the scouts to get out and give a warning to the hostile camp of his approach. This was a factor that always had to be considered, for the Chiricahuas expected or hoped that their friends among the scouts would give them timely warning of approaching danger. This would enable them to pack their camp outfits and saddle up, and also give them time for a parley in case they desired to surrender, or for their families to escape in case they wished to fight. In the former case a squaw was sent into the American camp to pave the way for a talk, they knowing that no harm would befall her.

On January 10 the hostile camp was located, and disposing his scouts to the best advantage, the command was given for the attack. The rush on their camp was so sudden and so unlooked for that the hostiles had only time to grab their rifles and break for the river, scattering in all directions and leaving everything in the hands of the scouts. Their ponies, dried meat and camp outfits were all abandoned. Crawford knew full well that it would be folly to attempt to follow their scattered trail, and soon gave up the chase and went into camp on the site of their camp. That evening a squaw made her presence known by calling to our scouts, and told them she had been sent to have a talk with the captain. When she came in she said that it was Geronimo’s camp that they had jumped, and that he (Geronimo) wanted to have a talk with Capt. Crawford. Crawford told her he would talk with him the next morning, and she left camp to deliver the message. The command being worn out with the tiresome marching and climbing mountain trails, all retired to rest with a sense of security, and with the feeling that the campaign was practically ended.

Such, however, was not to be the case, as the light of the coming day brought forth an unforeseen occurrence that changed the whole aspect of affairs, an occurrence that was destined to prolong the campaign for another long nine months, that led to a change of department commanders and to international compli-
cations. To understand fully this unfortunate affair, it will be necessary to go back some five or six years, or to be more definite, to the year 1880.

In the State of Chihuahua, Mexico, especially along its southwestern boundary, where the Sierra Madre Mountains divide it from the State of Sonora, there were in these mountains numerous strongholds for the Yaqui Indians and their neighbors, the Chiricahuas. The depredations committed by the latter on the little hamlets along its northern flank made life a burden to their citizens. Women and children were captured, and cattle in droves were driven to their strongholds, where they were secure from molestation by the Mexican troops.

Gen. Terrazas, brother of the Governor of the State of Chihuahua, organized two companies of “irregulars,” made up from volunteers from the various hamlets of Ascension, Janos, Casas Grandes, etc. For scouts and trailers, a company of Tarahumari Indians were enlisted. These scouts were as fleet of foot and as bloodthirsty as the Chiricahuas. This organization was known as the S. P’s. “Seguridad Publicos,” similar to the State Rangers of Texas.

In 1880, at the close of the Victoria Campaign (Gen. Buell’s), Lieut. James A. Maney, Fifteenth Infantry, with a company of Indian scouts and a pack-train, traveled with his command from the Candalaria Mountains to within a day’s march of Tres Castillos, a range of mountains which formed a basin, with but one outlet, through a box canon. Owing to the hostiles having retreated to the interior of the state, it was deemed unnecessary for the American forces to accompany Gen. Terrazas further, and Lieut. Maney returned, rejoining the expedition at El Paso, Texas. The following day Gen. Terrazas bivouacked in the Tres Castillos, where his pickets soon after signaled approaching dust which, by the aid of field glasses, was made out to be the Apaches moving rapidly in the direction of their camp. Terrazas deployed his men on either side of the canon, having put out all signs of his camp-fires, and allowed the hostiles to enter the basin, where he annihilated the band, with the exception of twenty-five women and children, which were taken as captives to Chihuahua to grace a triumphal entry. The war chief Nana was absent with twenty-five warriors, making a raid on the little hamlets, or else Victoria’s tribe of the Warm Spring Apaches would have been destroyed. This established the reputation of this organization as Indian fighters.
In the Geronimo campaign of 1885, Major Wirt Davis (Brig.-Gen. U. S. Army, retired), Fourth Cavalry, operated on the northern flank of the Sierra Madre Mountains in the State of Chihuahua, having two companies of Indian scouts, about one hundred, with Lieut. M. W. Day in command of the scouts, and Frank Bennet as chief of scouts. He also had two pack-trains of fifty pack-animals each, and twenty-eight packers, with pack-masters Patrick and Houston in charge of trains, a force similar to Capt. Crawford, which was operating on the southern flank of these mountains, in the State of Sonora.

When Capt. Crawford crossed the Sierra Madres with two pack-trains and entered the little village of Casas Grandes, the previous summer, it became known for the first time that the mountains were passable in that section to beasts of burden. The organization referred to, the Seguridad Publicos, and Tarahumari Scouts got together under the leadership of a captain, whose name I find blotted in my diary of these days, and not to be outdone by the Americanos, crossed the Sierra Madres, in quest of Geronimo. On coming down the steep sides of the mountains on the Sonora side, they located the smoke of the hostile camp-fire the same day that Capt. Crawford jumped their camp, and planned to attack the hostiles the following morning.

In the meantime Crawford had made his attack, and when the hostiles fled across the Jarros River he occupied their camp. Crawford's command, being worn out by continuous day and night marching, through thorny undergrowth and laborious climbing up and down the steep sides of the mountains, their clothing literally torn in shreds, laid down for the night for the rest they sorely needed. They knew that now there was no danger of an attack from the hostile camp, and no doubt they had visions of the successful termination of the hard campaign. In the grey light of the morning of January 11, 1886, their camp was startled by the rapid fire of rifle guns, the balls striking the ground in their midst. In an instant everybody was out of bed, gun in hand; the scouts shouting "Nacoya, Nacoya, Mucho!" (Mexicans, lots of Mexicans). As the Apaches hate and despise the Mexicans, the firing soon became general on both sides.

Capt. Crawford ordered out Lieuts. Maus and Shipp, with Scouts Horn and Harrison, to cause our scouts to cease firing, and as Lieut. Maus and Scout Horn spoke Spanish fluently, it was expected they would explain that they were American troops and not hostile Indians. However, the Mexican troops paid no heed and kept up their fire. Capt. Crawford took Scout
‘‘Dutchy’’ with him, and handing his gun to him, climbed on top of a large boulder so that he could be seen distinctly by the Mexican troops. He was in the uniform of an American officer, although it was literally torn in shreds, and disfigured from all semblance of a uniform. Taking a handkerchief in each hand, he waved them about his head shouting: ‘‘No tiro, no tiro, Americanos, Americanos!’’

About twenty-five yards distant from him, and across a small ravine, a Mexican, taking a rest against a pine tree, took deliberate aim and shot down poor Crawford. In falling from the boulder his right arm was broken, and one of his eyes was blackened, and when found a few minutes later he was unconscious. The scout ‘‘Dutchy’’ claimed that he killed the Mexican that shot Crawford, as well as another that was approaching in rear of the one shot. However, before notifying the officers, Dutchy first took occasion to go through Crawford’s pockets and appropriate what money he had on his person.

Scout Horn received a flesh wound in the left arm and three Apache scouts were also wounded. On the Mexican side, the captain in command was killed and seven men wounded. By this time the firing had ceased, and Dr. Davis and the hospital steward did all that was possible for Capt. Crawford, as well as for the other wounded. In the meantime, Lieut. Maus had sent Concepcion, a Mexican and Apache interpreter without command, to the camp of the Mexicans, requesting information as to why they continued firing on our party after they had learned that we were Americans. Concepcion did not return, and soon called out that he was a prisoner and that they would not let him return. Lieut. Maus then went in person to their camp, and was promptly made a prisoner also. He informed them that he was an officer of the United States Army, and that the scouts were in the employ of our government. They then used threatening and villainous language towards him, and finally said they would only release him when he had furnished a certain number of ponies for transporting their dead and wounded. Thereupon he called to Lieut. Shipp to send the required number of ponies to the Mexican camp. As the ponies had been captured by the scouts in the attack upon the hostile camp, they refused to give them up, and said that they would fight and die before giving them to the Mexicans. Lieut. Shipp reported this to Lieut. Maus, and informed him that we could spare eleven pack and three riding mules that could be sent instead of the ponies. These were sent, and Lieut. Maus and Concepcion were released.