

SOME UNPUBLISHED HISTORY OF THE SOUTHWEST

Foreword

It is indeed a privilege to be asked to write an introduction to this interesting story of Arizona's early days.

Col. Cornelius C. Smith, who has preserved, arranged and edited this material covering the activities of two illustrious brothers and Arizona pioneers, William S. and Granville H. Oury, has rendered a distinct service to the people of his native state.

He is the grandson of William S. Oury, the elder brother who, in Durango, Mexico, married Inez Garcia, whose parents came from Spain to Mexico about 1828. Oury and his wife came to Tucson from Mexico in 1856, from which time he was a resident of Arizona.

His brother Granville H. Oury arrived in Tucson about the same time.

Col. Smith, the son of William S. Oury's daughter, was born in Tucson, April 7, 1869. Measured by the lapse of time he himself is something of a pioneer. His father was Col. Gilbert C. Smith, who enlisted in Company B 5th California Volunteers in September, 1861. Soon promoted to be a second lieutenant, he served in Arizona during the troublesome years following the opening and ending of the civil war, during which time he courted and married Oury's daughter.

The son of this union, Cornelius C. Smith, grew up amid the activities of early military life in the southwest, and it is not at all singular that we find his mother endeavoring, but without success, to have her son appointed to a cadetship at West Point. However, the youngster pluckily decided that the path his father trod was good enough for him. Just as he came of age—on April 9, 1890—young Smith enlisted as a private in the regular army. He was assigned to troop K of the Sixth U. S. Cavalry (The Galloping Sixth).

His advancement was extremely rapid. The army records show that he passed through the grades of corporal, sergeant, and first sergeant of his troop within the first year. On June 1, 1891, a little over a year from his enlistment, he was awarded the coveted "Congressional Medal of Honor," than which there is no higher decoration in our army and navy; the equivalent of the famous Victoria Cross of the British soldier.

The official War Department record reads:

“Near White River, South Dakota, on June 1, 1891, Sergeant Smith with four men of his troop, fought a superior force of Sioux Indians, holding their position against repeated efforts of the Indians to capture it and subsequently pursued them a great distance.”

The Oury brothers were Virginians by birth and southerners by sentiment. Both at once became leaders in the new territory. William S. was a member and for some time secretary of the first constitutional convention that met at Tucson on April 2, 1860, sheriff of Pima county for two terms, 1873-77, one of the three men who met and organized the Arizona Pioneers' Society at Tucson in 1884, and always a civic and social leader. He died at Tucson on March 3, 1887, seventy years old.

Granville H. Oury, his brother—or Grant, as he was best known—was the politician of the family. It was his wife who wrote this diary here published. Grant succeeded his brother, William S., as secretary to the first constitutional convention in April, 1860. He took part in the unfortunate Crabb Expedition which went into old Mexico on a land grabbing excursion, in the winter of 1856-57, was elected on the democratic ticket for two terms as delegate from Arizona in Congress, 1880 and 1882.

He lived for several years at Florence where he practiced law with great success. He died at Washington, D. C., in 1891.

Colonel Smith's story of his famous relatives is a welcomed addition to the written history of Arizona's early days.

Phoenix, March 6, 1931.

WILL C. BARNES.

SOME UNPUBLISHED HISTORY OF THE SOUTHWEST

By COLONEL C. C. SMITH, U. S. Army, Retired

CHAPTER I.

Activities of William S. Oury

Certain papers, letters, documents and newspaper articles, which bear on the pioneer history of the southwest, have come to my hands. This material is from relatives and their friends, some more or less prominent but all respected citizens in their day, in the region here written of. The substance of these papers is of such nature, it is believed, as will be taken note of by those of pioneer ancestry—and some others—in our southwestern states, those devoted to the early history of this section of our country. The segregation and arranging of the data into a readable sequence has been a task requiring considerable time and study, but a labor full of interest. It is given to the reader in the hope that he, or she, may find it entertaining.

History is made up of the deeds of men—this history—for such it is—deals with the activities of certain men fairly well known in their time in the southwest, men whose work has never been fully recorded; and, because of this, more about them is not known to present day southwesterners. A few of these old timers are still living, but they have passed beyond the age, or the inclination, to be intrigued into recording what they and their deceased companions did; and this is where some of the papers now in my possession enter—they give us some history that ought to be recorded.

To properly grasp how and why the characters of this story happen to contribute to southwestern history, it is essential to know what impelled them to action. This is found in varied interests, and in the insistence of these men, along with others, to uphold certain territorial boundaries contested by opponents—for instance, after Texas independence (1836), to and beyond the time of the Mexican War (1846-48), the Texans claimed not only what is now Texas, but as far west as the entire course of the Rio Grande. Both the New Mexicans and the Mexicans contested this claim, which resulted in the ill-fated Santa Fe expedition in 1841; and in 1846, the Mexican War. New Mexico

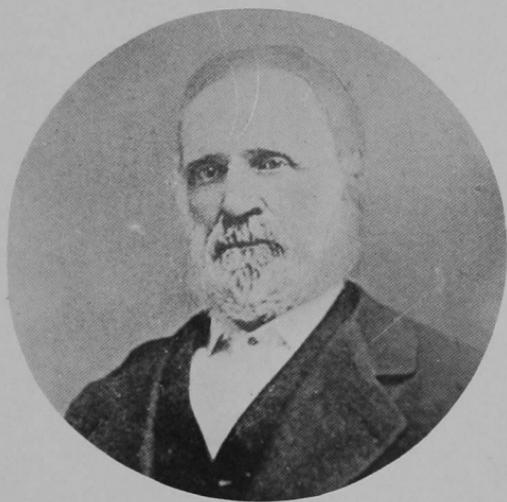
was not satisfied with the claim of Texas; and when Arizona, in 1861, attempted a territorial government, under the Confederate States, with the capital at Mesilla, on the Rio Grande, New Mexico, again objected. Nor was Texas in those times—as shown by John R. Baylor's expedition to New Mexico—considerate of either New Mexico or Arizona. These disputed boundaries caused, at different times, much bitterness as will be shown later.

Now we will take up the men who figured in these disturbances, and who contributed to the southwest some history which has not been published before this time. These men lived in stirring times, took part in what was going on actively, and lived to see the country they settled in change from a "wild and woolly west" to a land of peace and prosperity.

As stated before, the papers from which this story is compiled came to me from relatives and their friends. The most entertaining, to my notion, are those of my mother's father, the late Wm. S. Oury, of Tucson, Arizona. The reader will please understand that this is not a family history, in spite of the fact that biographical sketches of the characters (who are my kin) are given. These sketches are presented simply to round out the authenticity of history.

William Sanders Oury, whose life was truly a subject for literature, romance and history, was born in Abingdon, Washington County, Virginia, on the 13th of August, 1817. His father was Augustus Oury, of the third American generation of a Scotch family which settled in Virginia early in the 18th century. Wendel and George Oury, the great-grandfather and grandfather of William, fought in the Revolutionary War under Washington. As a young man he attended Georgetown University. In 1833, with his father and family he moved to the town of Louisiana, Pike County, Missouri; and in the same year, leaving home, he went to Texas. His going to Texas came about through previous importunities of Stephen Fuller Austin, known to history as "The Father of Texas."

The Austins and the Ourys were neighbors and friends in Virginia, Stephen Austin and Augustus Oury, who were about the same age, being boyhood companions. After Austin obtained from Mexico (1821 to 1823) confirmation of the grants in Texas, his father (Moses Austin) had negotiated for in 1820, he set about looking for families as colonists, and approached Augustus Oury on the subject. Oury did not respond, but, as above stated, later went to Missouri. Here, William Oury, hav-



Wm. Sanders Oury

ing often heard his father talk of his friend Austin and Texas, made his decision to leave home and join Austin in his colonization project at San Antonio. Young Oury at this time was nearing seventeen, but was precocious, as were many of his time, and filled with the spirit of adventure of his Highland forebears. From the time he joined Austin's colonists in 1833 to February, 1836, he was in various parts of Texas, engaged in different callings, principally as interpreter, having acquired a good knowledge of Spanish. In February, 1836, he was with the force of Col. Wm. B. Travis fighting for Texas liberty, and when that force went into the Alamo, Oury was with it.

The history of the Alamo is known, so that will not be repeated here, but Wm. S. Oury's part in that history is here pertinent. When Travis saw that he must have aid, he sent forward messengers on different days. Before he went into the Alamo he sent messengers for re-enforcements on February 12, 13 and 16; and after he went in, on the 24th and 29th, and on March 3. The names of all the dispatch carriers are known excepting those sent out on February 12 and 29. Oury was selected to carry out the appeal of February 29. He told my mother, his daughter, "I know that dispatches were carried from Travis on the Colorado; from his camp at San Antonio; and from the Alamo; and I was sent out with one a few days before the massacre." On April 21, 1836, he was with Sam Houston at the battle of San Jacinto, where Santa Ana was captured.

After Texas independence, he was with the Texas Rangers, under Col. Jack Hays, fighting the Indians. He took part in the battle of Plum Creek where Hays with 200 Texans defeated 600 Comanches. This was in 1840. In 1842 he again fought the Comanches with Hays at Bandera Pass. These campaigns, and association with Hays, resulted in a life long friendship between the two men, of which more will be said later.

Late in 1842 and early in 1843, he was a member of the Mier Expedition. This expedition is famous in the history of Texas. On December 21, 1842, Capt. Wm. S. Fisher, and Capt. Ewing Cameron, with 259 men, attacked the town of Mier, in the Mexican state of Tamaulipas, six miles from the right bank of the Rio Grande, opposite the Texas town of Roma. At first they were successful, but Gen. Ampudia coming up with 2000 men prevailed on the Texans to surrender on honorable terms. Captain Fisher (himself wounded) having a considerable number of wounded, and believing he could not get back to Texas without the loss of two-thirds or more of his command, decided to surrender on the terms proposed.

On the last day of December, General Ampudia set out with his prisoners for Mexico. They passed through Matamoras, Monterey and Saltillo. One hundred miles beyond Saltillo, they came to the Hacienda Salado, where they arrived February 10, 1843. During the march the prisoners had been hatching up a plan to escape, and it was decided to make the attempt just before sunrise on the 11th. Captain Cameron and Captain Sam Walker (afterwards Lieutenant Colonel under Hays as Colonel, and who was killed at the battle of Huamantla), were prime movers in this adventure. Big Foot Wallace, famous in Texas as a scout, and a friend of Oury's, was also with Fisher and Cameron.

The plan succeeded—that is the escape—but the Texans apparently jumped from the frying pan into the fire. They were now in the heart of the enemy's country, and would soon be surrounded by hundreds of Mexicans eager to recapture them.

On February 12, the Texans marched fifty miles toward Saltillo, and after grazing their horses set out again that night, leaving the main Saltillo-Monclova road and going into the mountains to the west. From the 13th to the 18th inclusive, they spent trying to make their way through the barren mountains, during which time they suffered intolerably from the lack of food and water. They killed and ate some of their horses, and a number of them, becoming exhausted and deranged through hunger and thirst, wandered off and got lost. I recall, as a boy, hearing Mr. Oury tell how he and some others of his companions, while trying to make this escape, came upon a large rattlesnake which they killed, cooked, and ate with avidity.

It appears that when the attack was made on Mier there were 261 men. Of these 68 were casualties in and around Mier, and 193 were started on the march for Mexico as prisoners. These 193 effected their escape at the Hacienda Salado on February 11, but only 160 had been recaptured up to February 27, the other 33 having been killed, died or were lost in the mountains.

The 160 recaptured Texans reached the Hacienda Salado, the place of their late escape, on March 24, where they received the news of the order of Santa Ana that every tenth man should be shot. On the morning of the 25th, they drew beans from an earthen jar, or olla, held high above their heads so they could not see into it—black beans meaning death. In the jar were 17 black and 143 white beans. Both Oury and Big Foot Wallace were among the 143 to draw white beans. They, with

all the other prisoners not shot, were taken to the City of Mexico and put in prison, where they remained for some time, but were finally liberated. Madame Calderon de la Barca, in her "Letters on Mexico" speaks of seeing the Mier prisoners in their prison in the City of Mexico.

On being liberated, Oury returned to San Antonio where he acquired a farm outside of the city; the old mission of San Jose de Aguayo being on his land. In 1846 he was with the Texas Rangers under Colonel Hays, at the battle of Monterey, being personal interpreter for General Taylor. In this battle his captain, Gillespie, was killed. In 1848 William Oury's father, and his family, moved to San Antonio, but remained only eight months when they returned to Missouri, William staying in Texas.

In 1849, when the gold rush to California was on, Oury, with his two friends, Jack Hays and John McMullen, left for the gold fields going through Mexico by way of Durango and Mazatlan, taking ship at the latter place for San Francisco.

Hays and McMullen became prominent in California; and Oury, later, attained prominence in Arizona. In 1880, when Jack Hays, Jr., married one of McMullen's daughters they spent part of their honeymoon with Mr. Oury and family in Tucson. I believe that John Hays Hammond, the famous mining engineer, is related to the Hays family. In 1880-81 I attended the same school in California as did John McMullen, Jr., and, because of the friendship of the McMullens and the Ourys, spent many happy times with John at his father's fine residence on California Street in San Francisco, where the McMullens were social leaders. In their fine mansion was a splendid ball room, and I can recall vividly the New Year's ball they gave in 1881, at which was the elite of San Francisco; and many army and navy officers in full dress uniform. John McMullen, Jr., and I were boys at that time, about 12 years of age, but we enjoyed all that was going on, particularly the refreshments.

In 1856, Mr. Oury left Sacramento, California, with his family, in a covered wagon, bound for Texas, there to reside. At Yuma his second child, Louise, was born; my mother, then four years old, being the first. Louise Oury as a young woman married Lieut. J. B. Girard, a surgeon in the army. On arrival in Tucson Oury decided to settle there. Being a man of energy, determination and character, he at once became prominent in this new community. The type of man that he was is described by Chas. D. Poston in his "Apache Land," a work on Arizona written in verse, where a tribute to both William and Granville

Oury, brothers, appears; and by his obituary as published April 1, 1887, by the Arizona Daily Star of Tucson. Poston says—page 63—in connection with the capture of the nun, Sister Seraphine, by the Apaches:

“Oh! for a magic telephone
To communicate with old Tucson;
Her chivalry would quickly arm,
And never let me come to harm.
The Ourys’ brave as lions cubs,
And dare-devil as Beelzebubs;
Pete Kitchen on his skew-bald horse,
With Papago auxiliary force,
Would make pursuit with bated breath,
To rescue, or meet their death.”

His obituary reads, in part: “The deceased was a remarkable man, a Virginian by birth and education, a strong physical constitution, a clear discerning mind, a close observer of men and events, with a good memory, strong convictions and indomitable will.

“He was a natural leader of men, and as such always stood in the front rank; he commanded the respect of all, and notwithstanding he was a strong partisan Democrat, he commanded respect of his political adversaries, who gave him the credit of honesty in his convictions.”

When he arrived in Tucson he found a small adobe town surrounded by a wall for protection against the Indians. He established a cattle ranch on the Santa Cruz, about half a mile south of what was later called Silver Lake; that is about two miles from town. The Indians were in the habit of coming on moonlight nights and killing his cattle. He determined to move to the ranch for the protection of his stock. He was told by the people of Tucson that this would be suicidal, but he knew Indians, and that if he could make an example of a few of them he would be bothered no more by their cattle stealing.

He employed four or five good men to stay with him and one night, after he and his men had posted themselves in hidden locations in the brush fence about the corral, they heard the hoot of an owl which was the call of an Apache scout to his companions to let them know that there were cattle in the corral and no one was about.

Oury had instructed the men to allow the Indians to kill a beef, and while they were in the act of skinning it, to fire, as in

that way they could kill more Indians since he calculated they would be bunched around the carcass. It turned out just as he had planned, and when the firing ceased, the Apache tribe was minus three warriors. He never had any trouble with cattle stealers after that; and other ranchmen—principally Mexicans, for there were very few Americans in Arizona at that time—began to leave the walled town and live on their ranches nearby.

It was Mr. Oury who brought the first American cattle—from Missouri—to Arizona. This was in 1868, when he brought his daughter, my mother, home from school, the Sacred Heart Convent in St. Louis. The Oury herd, because of its contrast with the Sonora long-horns, up to that time the only cattle in Arizona, was much spoken of in the early days around Tucson. It is said that Father Kino, the apostle to the Papagos, brought the first cattle (and horses) to Arizona in 1700—these were Spanish long-horns from Sonora, but to Oury belongs the credit of bringing in the first cattle of a finer breed. This in itself is one bit of heretofore unpublished history.

Mr. Oury was shortly after coming to Tucson, placed in the office of sheriff. One of the arrests he made is worthy of mention here. Two Mexicans killed and robbed a tendejon (small store) keeper, known as Piernas Negras (Black Legs), and wife. The murderers had come up from Sonora and one night forced an entrance into the room where Piernas Negras and his wife were sleeping and stabbed them to death, after which they went to an irrigation ditch and washed their bare feet, having stepped in the blood of the poor unfortunates murdered. In the morning when it was learned what had happened, the suspects in town were rounded up—it was none too safe to leave town because of the Apaches—and forced to submit to an examination of their feet, the scheme being Mr. Oury's. One of the men was discovered by a tiny bit of blood under a toe nail. A grilling brought about a confession, and with it information on the partner in crime. These men were publicly hanged.

A man of strong convictions—with views always of a decided nature, as were Oury's, and living in the time he did—at times found opposition. Such opposition was publicly expressed by a man named Flournoy who concluded that Tucson was not big enough to hold him and Oury, the result being a duel in which Flournoy was killed. This affair was in 1860, and the field of honor was just to the south of what in later years was the site of the Eagle Flour Mill.

In 1871 Mr. Oury was the leader of the expedition which went to the Apache Reservation, at the junction of the Arivaipa Creek with the San Pedro, near old Camp Grant, to punish the Apache raiders who killed a ranchman and his wife named Wooster; and for other raids traced to these Indians. This affair caused considerable stir in the East, as well as in Arizona, in that it had both its partisans and those who condemned it. Certain misguided individuals—far away from the scenes of Apache savagery—have called the result of this expedition the “Camp Grant Massacre.” But that Oury, and the others with him, was justified is shown in an honorable acquittal by a federal court which tried them. General Sherman, at that time commanding the U. S. Army, was highly condemnatory of Oury, and was instrumental in having him brought to trial. But judging from the General’s action in a somewhat similar case in Texas, a little later in the same year, he appears to have had one set of views for Arizona and another set for Texas. This was the case where Satanta, a famous—or infamous—chief of the Kiowas attacked a wagon train between Jacksboro and Fort Griffin, killing six of the seven teamsters, one finding his way back to Jacksboro with the news. From the *Frontier Times* (a magazine published in Bandera, Texas, devoted to frontier history, border tragedy and pioneer achievement) of April, 1930, I quote from an article entitled, “Satanta and His Trial:”

“General Sherman had seen and heard enough. His report to Washington, written at this time, summed up the failure of the Indian experiment: ‘The benevolent, civilizing peace policy, so urgently advocated by a class of people in the eastern states, has received a long and fair experimental trial with these Indians. They have been regularly fed and the kindest treatment accorded them by our authorities, but it has not had the slightest effect upon them. They have no more conception of gratitude than so many wolves, and they have not only acknowledged their atrocities, but have boasted of them. There was scarcely a day during our trip through the frontier settlements of Texas that we did not see or hear of some persons who had suffered Indian raids, and there seemed no prospect of their ceasing. The question has resolved itself into this: That the border settlements of Texas must be annihilated or the Indians chastised and disarmed.’ ”

In all probability it was General Sherman’s idea that the army should do the chastising and disarming of the Indians, but Mr. Oury, as the reader will see later, tells why the men of Tucson and vicinity took the matter into their own hands.

The late Chas. F. Lummis in his "Land of Poco Tiempo" condemns expeditions like Oury's, but in opposition to that I will quote again from "Satanta and His Trial," and from Captain Price, in his "Across the Continent with the 5th Cavalry:"

"Moreover, the situation was complicated by the interference of certain sentimentalists in the eastern states. These self-appointed champions of the Indian were not blameless for what happened upon the frontier of Texas. Many generations removed from contact with savagery, they pictured the southwestern red man as a victim of the frontiersman's brutality, and exerted pressure upon the Grant administration which cost many a life, created violent distemper upon the border, and all but checked the civilization of the new country."

Captain Price says, "The California Volunteers were dispatched to Arizona in 1862 to check the operations of a Confederate force and hold the country. The settlers followed the troops as military stations were established and engaged in the pursuits of a new country. The few troops stationed in Arizona from time to time endured many hardships and encountered many dangers in efforts to subdue the savages, who delighted to revel in carnivals of crime. They murdered farmers in their fields, miners at their claims, and freighters beside their teams. Promising settlements were abandoned and mining industries were paralyzed. Marauding bands were frequently pursued from the scenes of their outrages directly to the shelter of the reservations where they could draw supplies to equip themselves for another raid."

Mr. Oury's part in the "Camp Grant Massacre" is shown below by extracts from a paper read by him in April, 1885, before the Society of Arizona Pioneers. He was the first president of this society.

"Having been chosen by our worthy President to give a paper upon some incident connected with the early history of Arizona, the writer has elected as his theme the so-called Camp Grant Massacre, believing it to have been one of the events most important in its results to the peace and progress of our Apache cursed land. To give a mere recital of the act of killing a few, more or less, of bloodthirsty savages, without a detail of the causes and provocations which drove a long suffering and patient people to the adoption of remedial measures so apparently cruel in their results, would be a gross wrong and injustice to those of our friends and neighbors who in various ways gave sanction and aid to the undertaking, and would fall far short of the object and aim of the writer to give fair and impartial history.

“In the year 1870, in accordance with the peace policy which had then been decided upon by the U. S. Government, the Pinal and Arivaipa bands of Apache Indians were collected together and placed upon a reservation around Old Camp Grant, at the junction of the San Pedro and Arivaipa creeks, about 55 miles from Tucson. * *

“The Indians soon commenced plundering and murdering the citizens of Tucson, San Xavier, Tubac, Sonoita, San Pedro and every other settlement within a radius of 100 miles of Old Camp Grant, in the confidence that if they escaped to their reservation they reached a secure haven. During the winter of 1870-71 their murders and depredations were so numerous as to threaten the abandonment of nearly all the settlements outside of Tucson, especially that of San Pedro the most numerous and important of all. In the meantime, the citizens of Tucson were aroused, meetings were held upon the occurrence of each new murder and outrage * * * until the slaughter of Wooster and wife on the Santa Cruz, above Tubac, so inflamed the people that an indignation meeting was held in Tucson. A great amount of resoluting and speechifying was indulged in, and it was determined to raise a military company at once, for which a paper was drawn up and signers called for, to which 82 Americans signed their names. The writer was elected captain, and all hands pledged to eat up, blood raw, every Apache in the land immediately upon recurrence of a new outrage.

“A committee was appointed to visit the Department Commander, General Stoneman, at the time, on the Gila, near Florence, consisting of S. R. DeLong, J. W. Hopkins, and the writer—the remaining names not now remembered—which committee started at once for its destination. The result of the conference with that august personage, General Stoneman, was that he had but few troops, and could give us no aid; that Tucson had the largest population in the Territory, and he gave us to understand that we must protect ourselves. With this cold comfort, we returned to our constituents, and although no public demonstration was made, at a quiet assemblage of some of our oldest and most substantial citizens, it was resolved that the recommendation of General Stoneman should be adopted, and that to the best of our ability we would endeavor to protect ourselves.

“A few days afterwards, in the beginning of April, 1871, the arrival of a courier from San Xavier brought the sad intelligence that the Indians had just made a descent upon that place, and had driven off a large number of cattle and horses. The alarm drum (the usual way of collecting our people) was

beat—a flaming cartoon, carried by a man who accompanied the drummer, was displayed with the following inscription: ‘Injuns! Injuns! Big meeting at the Court House, come everybody—time for action has arrived.’

“This device had been so frequently resorted to, and the result obtained so unsatisfactory that it failed to draw. Meanwhile, a party of citizens had saddled their horses, and learning from the San Xavier courier the direction the marauding Indians had taken, made off, hoping to intercept them before they reached the Cebadilla Pass. In this they were disappointed, for the Indians had gone into the pass before they arrived, but they met the pursuing party from San Xavier, and the whole party followed the trail through the pass and overtook the rear Indian, driving the stock on a tired horse, and killed him, and recovered some of the cattle, other Indians escaping with the horses and the freshest cattle.

“Upon the return of the party to Tucson, I hunted up one of them—Jesus Maria Elias, and had a long conversation with him, in which he told me, ‘Don Guillermo, I have always been satisfied, and have repeatedly told you so, that the Camp Grant Indians were the ones that were destroying us. I now have proof positive. The Indian we killed, I will swear, and others will swear, is a Camp Grant Indian. I have frequently seen him there, and know him well by his having a front tooth out, and as further proof, when we overtook the Indians, they were making a direct course for Camp Grant. Now it devolves upon you, as one of the oldest American residents of the country, to devise some means of saving us from the total ruin which the present state of affairs must inevitably lead to, if not remedied. And your countrymen; they are the only ones that have the means to furnish the supplies necessary to make a formal and effective campaign against our implacable enemies. I know my countrymen and will vouch that if arms, ammunition and provisions, however scant, are furnished them, they will be ready at the first call.’

“I replied, ‘Don Jesus, for myself I will answer that I will at all times be ready to do my part, and will at once issue a call for the assemblage of my people at the courthouse, where you can publicly state what you have just told me, and some concerted plan can be adopted, which may give the relief desired.’

“With a sad shake of the head he answered, ‘No, Don Guillermo, for months we have repeatedly held public meetings at which many patriotic speeches have been made and many glowing resolutions passed. Meanwhile, our means of subsistence have

been rapidly diminishing and nothing accomplished. We cannot resolute the remorseless Apache out of existence—if that could have been done, every one of them would have been dead long since. Besides, giving publicity to the course we might determine to pursue would surely defeat any plan we might adopt. You are well aware that there are wealthy and influential men in this community whose interest it is to have the Indians at Camp Grant left undisturbed, and who would at the first intent to inquire seriously into their operations, appeal to the military (whose ear they have) and frustrate all our plans and hopes.’

“I saw at once the truth and force of his argument, and replied, laying out the plan of action, and saying, ‘I will aid you with all the zeal and energy I possess.’

“He then developed the following plan: ‘You and I will go first to San Xavier, see Francisco, the head Papago there, and have him send runners to the various Papago villages, notifying them that on the 28th day of April, we want them to be at San Xavier, early in the morning, with all the force they can muster, for a campaign against our common enemy, the Apaches; Francisco to be prepared to give them a good breakfast on their arrival, and to send a messenger to meet me at once. I will see all the Mexicans who may desire to participate in the campaign and have them all ready to move on the day fixed. You make the arrangements with the Americans you can trust, either to take active part in the campaign, or render such assistance in supplies, arms, ammunition and horses as will be required to carry out the expedition, and on the day fixed (April 28) news of the arrival of the Papagos at San Xavier having first been received, all who are to be active participants in the campaign will leave town quietly, and singly, to avoid giving alarm, and rendezvous on the Rillito, opposite San Xavier where the Papagos will be advised to meet us, and where, as per arrangement, the arms, ammunition and provisions will be delivered and distributed.’ ”

* * * * *

“Here you have the plan of the Camp Grant campaign, as proposed by Mr. Elias.

“As soon as the writer was convinced (after concentration at the rendezvous) that no further increase was to be expected, he proceeded to take account of stock with the following result—Papagos, 94; Mexicans, 48; Americans, 6; in all 148. * * *

“Just here it occurred to me that we had neglected a very important precautionary measure, and I penciled the following

to H. S. Stevens, Esq., Tucson: 'Send a party to the Canada del Oro, on the main road from Tucson to Camp Grant, with orders to stop any and all persons going towards Camp Grant until 7 o'clock A. M. of April 30, 1871.'

"This note I gave to the teamster who had not yet left our camp, who delivered it promptly, and it was as promptly attended to by Mr. Stevens. But for this precaution our campaign would have resulted in complete failure, for the fact that so many men absent from so small a population as Tucson then contained, was noted by a person of large influence in the community, and at whose urgent demand the military commander sent two soldiers, with dispatches to Camp Grant, who were quietly detained at Canada del Oro, and did not reach that post until it was too late to harm us. * * *

"They (the Indians) were completely surprised and were sleeping in absolute security in their wickiups, with only a buck and a squaw as lookouts on the bluff above the rancheria, who were playing cards by a small fire, and who were both clubbed to death before they could give the alarm.

"The Papagos attacked them in their wickiups with clubs and guns, and all who escaped them took to the bluffs and were received and dispatched by the other wing, which occupied the position above them. The attack was so swift and fierce that within a half hour the whole work was ended, and not an adult Indian left to tell the tale. Some 28 or 30 small papooses were spared and brought to Tucson as captives. * * *

"Here might your historian lay down his pen and rest, but believing that in order to fully vindicate those who were actors in this drama, and others who were aiders and abettors, he craves your indulgence, whilst he gives a brief summary of the causes which drove a long suffering people to such extreme measures. Through the greater part of 1870 and the first part of 1871, these Indians held a carnival of murder and plunder in all our settlements, until our people were appalled and almost paralyzed. On the San Pedro, the bravest and best of its pioneers had fallen by the wayside—instance, Henry Long, Alex McKenzie, Sam Brown, Simms and many others, well known to all of you; on the Santa Cruz, Noble Wooster, his wife, Sanders, and an innumerable host slept the sleep that knows no waking. On the Sonoita, the gallant Penningtons, Jackson, Carroll, Rotherwell, and others, slain without a chance of defense, and our secretary, Wm. J. Osborn, severely wounded. In the vicinity of Tucson mail drivers and riders, and almost all others whom necessity caused to leave the protection of our adobe walls were pitilessly

slaughtered—the array is truly appalling. Add to this the fact that the remaining settlers on the San Pedro, not knowing who the next victim might be, had at last resolved to abandon their crops in the fields and fly with their wives and little ones to Tucson for safety, and the picture of misery is complete up to that memorable and glorious morning of April 30, 1871, when swift punishment was dealt out to these red-handed butchers, and they were wiped from the face of the earth.

“Behold now the happy results immediately following that episode—the farmers of the San Pedro return with their wives and babes to gather their abandoned crops. On the Sonoita, Santa Cruz, and all other settlements of Southern Arizona, new life springs up, confidence is restored, and industry bounds forward with an impetus that has known no check in the whole fourteen years that have elapsed since that occurrence. In view of all these facts, I call on all Arizonians to answer on their consciences—can you call the killing of the Apaches at Camp Grant on the morning of April 30, 1871, a massacre?”

Mr. Oury declined honors at the hands of the people of Arizona, excepting at one time the office of sheriff; that of first president of the Arizona Pioneers Society; and in 1921, he was acclaimed by the Daughters of the Revolution the first pioneer of Arizona, which fact is recorded in the annals of that society at their headquarters in Washington.

Mr. Oury died in the spring of 1887, at his home in Tucson.

(To be continued.)