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## Geronimo

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# New Mexico Historical Review

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## GERONIMO\*

APACHE PASS will ever be intimately associated with Apache Indian history, and especially with the life stories of Cochise and Geronimo. There, for two or three decades, the former was a dominant figure as chief of the Chiricahuas, and there, a little later, the latter made his debut as a notorious renegade.

Many of our readers may not at once recall the exact location of Apache Pass, but if, a little more than a half century ago, they had been travelers along the old southern overland stage road between El Paso and San Diego they would distinctly remember this pass as the most dangerous section of that route because of frequent and savage attacks by hands of marauding Apaches.

The pass is a picturesque depression or divide in southeastern Arizona, separating the Chiricahua mountains on the south from the Dos Cabezas range on the north, and affording reasonably easy grades for the famous overland highway which for so many years threaded a sinuous course through its scenic defiles.

Away back yonder in those "early days"—about 1860—a small detachment of United States troops arrived in Apache Pass from New Mexico and established a military post in the midst of the canyon recesses, which later became well known as Fort Bowie, and 1872, by special order of General O. O. Howard, the Chiricahua Indian Agency was located about a mile west of the fort. And there I found these two important government outposts when I first visited that historic section in June, 1876.

Glancing backward about three quarters of a century, we find that the Apaches who then roamed in American territory contiguous to the international line were under the leadership of two capable and daring chiefs—Mangus Colorado and Cochise. The former held sway in south-

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western New Mexico and the latter in southeastern Arizona, and General O. O. Howard states that these two chiefs were brothers. It is alleged that few, if any, depredations were then committed in American territory by the Indians under Cochise.

But a new and bloody chapter in Apache history was entered upon with the establishment of the military post in Apache Pass in 1860. Lieut. G. W. Bascom was the officer in command. Soon after his arrival he induced Cochise, with a brother and another relative, to come to the military camp for a talk. Having these Indians in his power he made them prisoners. Cochise cut a hole in the back of the tent in which he was confined and escaped with only a slight gun-shot wound in one leg. The other two Indians were hanged by Bascom. Cochise vowed that he would avenge the treachery practiced toward himself and the killing of his relatives. Thus began a bloody strife with this band of Apaches which was destined to continue nearly thirteen years.

Early in 1863 Mangus Colorado was made a prisoner through a treacherous plot similar to that adopted by Bascom at Apache Pass. Mangus was being guarded at night in an adobe structure within the little hamlet of Apache Tejo, near Silver City, N. M., and while he was sleeping a guard prodded him with a hot bayonet. Mangus leaped up with a yell and was promptly shot. The guards alleged that he was attempting to escape. This occurred in February, 1863. I passed through Apache Tejo early in May, 1877, with Geronimo as a prisoner, and the story of the killing of Chief Mangus was reported to me then by Indians who were familiar with the circumstances.

Although the powerful Mangus was dead, he left many daring and willing friends who were neither slow nor ineffective in their bloody deeds of retaliation. Most prominent among these avengers was the young chief Ponce, who, nine years later — 1872 — was one of the two Apaches who conducted General O. O. Howard into Cochise's strong-

hold, and whom, five years still later, I held as a prisoner with Geronimo and other renegades when we passed through Apache Tejo in 1877.

It was about 1870 that President Grant promulgated what was popularly termed his "Peace Policy" in connection with the management of the Indians. Ever since the hanging of the two Indians at Apache Pass by Lieut. Bascom in 1860, Cochise had persistently indulged his bloody thirst for savage revenge — which seemed insatiable, and the heavy toll in lives of Americans and Mexicans taken by this desperate and exceedingly dangerous Apache chief was appalling.

Mr. Vincent Colyer of New York was a member of the Board of Indian Commissioners appointed by President Grant to assist in the administration of the Peace Policy. Mr. Colyer at once (1871) made an extended tour of the west and talked with as many of the various tribes of Indians as practicable. The president had urged Mr. Colyer to make the utmost endeavor to secure an interview with the notorious Chiricahua Indian chief, but his efforts to meet Cochise resulted in utter failure.

But President Grant persisted — as was his habit — and in February of the following year he assigned to General O. O. Howard the difficult and hazardous task of meeting and treating with Cochise. General Howard left Washington for Arizona March 7, 1872, going by way of California. While his special mission was to interview Cochise, he was instructed to visit all the Indian tribes of the territory.

Although General Howard had the decided advantage of being able to command whatever military co-operation he might deem desirable, he met with no better success on his first trip in his efforts to interview Cochise than had Mr. Colyer. Thereupon he selected a party of ten Arizona Indians, mostly the older chiefs, to accompany him to Washington. These Indians represented the Papagos, Pimas, Mojaves and the Arivaipa Apaches. This party

left Camp Apache, Arizona, June 1st, going by way of Santa Fe, New Mexico (where I was then stationed), and arriving at Pueblo, Colorado, June 17th, from which point they took train for Washington.

Undaunted by the ill success of his first trip, General Howard left Washington on July 10, 1872, for a second and more determined effort to meet Cochise, returning to Arizona by way of Santa Fe, N. M., where I again met him.

In his book, "My Life Among our Hostile Indians," published in 1907, General Howard has given the details of his meeting with Cochise in an exceedingly interesting manner. A few of the most important features of his narrative—reduced to their lowest terms — will suffice for the purposes of this story.

Some perplexing delays were experienced in arranging for the visit to the Chiricahua country, but a definite plan was finally decided upon and General Howard left Cañada Alamosa, New Mexico, on Sept. 20th accompanied by Capt. Sladen, his aide, Tom Jeffords, Jake May, a young Apache chief named "Chie" and two packers. He soon picked up another young Apache chief named "Ponce."

Regarding the "social status" of these two Indians, General Howard says: "With those Tulerosa Indians was a young chief called Chie, the son of Mangus Colorado — Cochise's brother, a notorious Indian killed in 1863. . . . Ponce, another young chief, who, with a roving band, had recently fled from Fort Stanton (N. M.), was somewhere near Cañada Alamosa depredating on the country, and our soldiers from different posts were out scouting and hunting for this very band of renegades."

It is not probable that, under ordinary circumstances, General Howard would have selected these two young Apache renegades for his traveling companions, but his was a desperate mission which justified desperate methods, and, if necessary, desperate associates.

General Howard does not qualify his statement that Mangus Colorado and Cochise were brothers. Chie was

the son of Mangus, and Ponce and his father were sub-chiefs under Mangus — and both were staunch friends of Cochise.

At first Chie objected to going because he had no horse, but General Howard overcame this objection by presenting him with two horses, — one for himself and one for his wife. Ponce also objected for two reasons — he had no horse and there would be no one to care for his people. General Howard says he gave Ponce a horse and “furnished their gypsy band with 30-days’ supplies (at a Mexican hamlet) on conditions that they remain there and did not depredate.”

When General Howard left this bunch of renegades and resumed his journey toward Arizona he was astonished to see Ponce following on foot, and upon inquiry he learned that the young chief had gallantly given the horse to his wife. And so it happened that sometimes Ponce rode behind with the general, and sometimes the general walked while Ponce rode his horse. General Howard says this arrangement greatly pleased the young chief. Tom Jeffords was selected to accompany the general because he had traded with the Cochise band and held their confidence — and also had a fair knowledge of their language.

General Howard’s rank in the regular army, together with the special authority vested in him by the President, placed the military and civil authorities of New Mexico and Arizona subject to his command in matters pertaining to the very important mission he had undertaken, but this plenary power did not in the least assuage the bitter enmity of the settlers toward the Apaches — two of whom were now members of the general’s official party.

Because of this extreme hostility on the part of citizens, General Howard found himself in imminent danger on at least two occasions before he arrived in the camp of the notorious Chiricahua chieftain. At Silver City, N. M., the citizens were most determined and the situation was desperate, but, the general tells us, “fortunately there were

present several sensible men who helped us to remain through the night without suffering violence." And it may be added, the next morning these same "sensible men" helped the general to get safely on his way with the first glow of the dawn.

However, they had not proceeded more than ten miles when they met a small party of prospectors, one of whom had lost a brother at the hands of the Apaches. At sight of Chie and Ponce this avenging brother leveled his rifle at the Indians, but General Howard deliberately threw himself in front of the ready weapon and told the infuriated prospector he would have to kill him first. The prospector was finally persuaded to postpone the killing, but his remarks were not complimentary either to the Indians or to the general.

Entering Arizona the trail led through the San Simon valley to Apache Pass and thence across the Sulphur Springs Valley to the Dragoon mountains, where, early in October, General Howard found the camp of the renegade chief concealed in a rocky fastness which is still known as "Cochise's Stronghold." The party had been reduced to five; General Howard, Capt. Sladen, Tom Jeffords, Chie and Ponce.

There were days of "peace talks" and palavers. Cochise declared that the trouble really began with the hanging of the two Indians at Apache Pass in 1860. General Howard further quotes him as saying; "You Americans began the fight and now Americans and Mexicans kill an Apache on sight. I have retaliated with all my might. I have killed ten white men for every Indian slain."

Nevertheless, Cochise was now ready to make peace, and it is not unlikely that the wily old chief boasted to General Howard of his prowess, and at the same time boosted his achievements to the limit, with the hope of obtaining the best terms possible in the proposed treaty. Finally, on October 13, 1872, the terms of the treaty were agreed upon, the boundaries of a reservation were fixed,

Tom Jeffords was designated as agent and sixty days' rations arranged for.

Thus General Howard had the extreme satisfaction of seeing his important and hazardous mission terminate in complete success. With a sense of deep gratitude for what had been accomplished in behalf of peace and prosperity, the general shook hands with Cochise for the last time and started on his return trip to Washington.

The reservation did not include "Cochise's Stronghold." It was situated east of the Sulphur Springs valley and embraced the greater part of the Dos Cabezas, Chiricahua and Swisshelm ranges. *The Mexican line was the southern boundary* and the agency was established in Apache Pass near Fort Bowie. Tom Jeffords continued to serve as agent for the Chiricahua Apaches until relieved by me nearly four years later — in June, 1876.

This brief historical review has been entered here in order to impress the fact that as late as 1872 southeastern Arizona was a remote and isolated frontier; that definite information relative to the Indians of that region was difficult to obtain, as well as to suggest the general conditions prevailing in and about Apache Pass for a decade or two prior to the appearance of Geronimo as a conspicuous figure in Apache history.

In February, 1874, President Grant commissioned me agent for the Apaches at the San Carlos agency, which is located on the Gila river at its confluence with the Rio San Carlos and about 150 miles northwest from Apache Pass. Nearly all of the Indians then at the San Carlos agency were known as Arivaipa Apaches. In that same year, and prior to my arrival in Arizona, Cochise died, so that I never had the opportunity of meeting the noted chief — a fact I deeply regretted.

On my arrival at San Carlos in August, 1874, I found about 800 Indians assembled on that reservation. Soon after several small bands were brought in from the ad-



ja cent mountains which increased the number under my direction to about 1000.

In March, 1875, the Indians from the Rio Verde reservation, situated near Prescott, were removed to San Carlos and placed in my charge. There were about 1400 of these Indians, comprising nearly equal numbers of Tontos and Mojaves — with a few Yumas.

In July, 1875, under orders from the Interior Department, I removed 1800 Coyotero Apaches from the Camp Apache agency, locating about half of these adjacent to the main agency at San Carlos and the remainder at a sub-agency on the Gila about twenty miles east of San Carlos. Thus it will appear that within a year the number of Apaches under my charge and direction increased from 800 to approximately 4200.

And now the scene of our narrative returns again to Apache Pass. Cochise left two sons, Tah-zay and Nah-chee. After his death a bitter rivalry developed between Tah-zay, the elder son, and Skin-yea, who had served as head war-chief under Cochise, as to who should succeed to the leadership of the tribe. The government officials recognized Tah-zay, but this action, instead of settling the controversy, only widened the breach between these stalwart aspirants and established an enmity which was destined to culminate in mortal combat.

Peace was maintained for about two years after the death of Cochise, but on April 6, 1876, a raiding party led by Pi-on-se-nay, a brother of Skin-yea, attacked the overland stage station at Sulphur Springs, twenty-six miles west of Fort Bowie, killed two men named Rogers and Spence, and committed other depredations in the San Pedro valley.

Lieutenant Henley, with a troop of cavalry from Fort Bowie, followed the trail of these renegades for some days and finally overtook them near the Mexican border, but did not succeed in inflicting any punishment upon them.

Nearly a month after this outbreak I received the fol-

lowing telegraphic orders from the Commissioner of Indian Affairs:

Washington, D. C., May 3, 1876.

Agent Clum,  
San Carlos, Arizona.

Appropriation made by Congress. Will arrange for additional supplies. Proceed to Chiricahua; take charge of Indians and agency property there, suspending Agent Jeffords, for which this dispatch shall be your full authority. If practicable remove Chiricahua Indians to San Carlos. For that purpose use not exceeding three thousand dollars. Governor Safford has been advised.

(Signed) J. Q. Smith,  
Commissioner.

Before entering actively upon the execution of these orders I insisted that a sufficient military force should be ordered into the field to afford ample protection to settlers in any emergency. General August V. Kautz, commanding the Department of Arizona, hesitated, but upon receipt of orders from the War Department he sent the entire sixth cavalry into southern Arizona. This unwarranted hesitation on the part of the local military authorities caused a delay of about three weeks in the active prosecution of my orders.

I chanced to be in Tucson when the above telegram from Washington was received there. Having made my request to General Kautz for military support *in the field*, I proceeded at once over the trail (125 miles) to San Carlos for the purpose of organizing a special police force to accompany me to Apache Pass. About a week later I was back in Tucson with an escort of fifty-four Arivaipa and Coyotero braves who constituted my *personal body-guard and free-lance army*.

While waiting for the cavalry to *arrive in the field* the citizens of Tucson had an excellent opportunity to observe the character and conduct of my Apache police *at close quarters*. Since the organization of this police force at

San Carlos in August, 1874, its members had rendered most valuable service on the reservation, and reports of their efficiency and dependability had spread throughout the territory, but the average citizens of Arizona had visualized this force *only at long range*. Hence when this company of fifty-four stalwart Apache police — fully armed and equipped for action — marched into the ancient and honorable pueblo of Tucson they presented a unique and impressive spectacle, and the onlookers were fully persuaded that the reports of their efficiency and prowess had not been exaggerated.

During this period of “watchful waiting” for the sixth cavalry to arrive *in the field* a committee of Tucson’s “leading citizens” came to me with a request for AN APACHE WAR-DANCE — they were eager to witness *a genuine spectacle of this character*. Would the visiting police oblige them? I consulted the police and found them not only willing but enthusiastic. Accordingly the date for the “out-break” was set. On the day appointed a load of wood was hauled to the center of the old Military Plaza, and as soon as it was dark the “camp-fire” was kindled. Forthwith the spectators began filing into the plaza by scores and hundreds — until we had an expectant audience estimated at fully 3000. The stage was set — ON WITH THE DANCE!

And now appeared the grotesque actors — thirty-five robust Apache braves stripped to the waist; their bodies and faces hideous with streaks and smears of “war-paint”; some wearing fantastic head-gear, and each bearing a lance and shield, a bow and arrow, or a rifle — according to the act assigned. Accompanying these were the “chanters and musicians” with their tom-toms. The instruments all being “in tune” the “first act” was precipitated without hesitation or delay. This was the “instigation scene” in which a lithe dancer performed gracefully with lance and shield. Gradually the number of active participants increased until the camp-fire was circled by a score or more

of wildly gesticulating figures of ferocious aspect and the night air was vibrant with a discordant chorus of blood-curdling "war-whoops."

The committee had expressed their eager desire for a "genuine spectacle," and when I observed the audience gradually retreating from the circle of lunging and howling performers I suspected that the play was becoming a bit too realistic to suit the fancy of the average "pale-face." Presently Chief Justice French edged his way to my side and with an expression of unfeigned alarm and the tone of a veteran pleader he said: "Clum, hadn't you better stop this before the Indians get beyond your control?" I replied (with apologies to John Paul Jones) "Why judge, we have *just begun* to dance."

And now the climax was approaching — for which our "infatuated" audience was wholly unprepared. None knew that I had supplied a half-dozen blank cartridges for each rifle in the custody of this apparently frantic bunch of athletic savages. Suddenly the sharp crack of a rifle echoed keen and clear above the din of the frenzied dance. This was the signal for a chorus of SUPER-YELLS, and then — BANG! BANG! BANG! BANG! came the nerve-racking explosions from some twenty additional rifles, fired in volleys or in rapid succession. Meanwhile the vocal exercises and athletic contortions of our unrestrained entertainers approached the peak of noise and confusion. To the average spectator it looked as if these unleashed representatives of the famed San Carlos Apache police were running amuck.

Fortunately, the old Military Plaza afforded ample "exits" for our (now) near-terror-stricken audience. That was "no place for a minister's son." No benediction or recessional was necessary, and, although the retreat was orderly, we very soon realized that our "enthusiastic" audience had quite spontaneously and almost unanimously deserted the "auditorium" without according to our "perfect performance" the usual complimentary "prolonged applause."

The following excerpts are from the *Arizona Citizen* of May 27, 1876 .

“The war-dance last night by the detachments of San Carlos Apaches at present in Tucson was a sight long to be remembered. The lateness of the hour and the pressure of matter compel us to pass it at present with a mere reference. Previous announcement that the dance would take place drew several thousand spectators to the Military Plaza early in the evening. \* \* \* “The Indians seemed particularly delighted with the occasion, \* \* \* and danced their Devil’s quick steps and Virginia reels around the great fire blazing in the center with as much gusto and fierce delight as was ever delineated in the wildest Indian fiction. The dance continued for several hours and consisted of sorties by small squads of Indians at a time; then larger parties; then all hands around together, the whole interspersed by the frequent discharge of blank cartridges from the arms in their hands..

If the interest manifested by the people in these orgies of the Indians pleased the latter and showed them that we are satisfied and feel friendly to them so long as they behave themselves, the main object of the dance was accomplished.

Marijildo Grijalba (the interpreter) was the master of ceremonies and seemed to be in perfect and friendly accord with the Indians.

The citizens of Tucson were so well pleased with the general deportment of the police during their entire visit there that a purse was raised by popular subscription and the company presented with uniforms — white pants, red shirts and an obsolete style of army hat. Not an expensive outfit, but highly valued as expressing friendliness and good will.

It is apropos to recall here that only five years previously some of the leading citizens of Tucson had secretly organized and stealthily led a party of Americans, Mexicans and Papagos to the Arivaipa Canyon — sixty miles north from Tucson, and there at dawn on April 30, 1871, attacked a camp of sleeping Apaches and brutally shot and

clubbed to death 118 Indians — women, children and old men. Now (1876) the Apaches were, practically, the guests and entertainers of the residents of this same remote frontier community. Strange things happen in strange ways. Neither the Apache Indians nor the citizens of Tucson had materially changed in character during the five years that had intervened, but, fortunately, they had come to a better understanding of, and with, each other.

As soon as General Kautz arrived in Tucson he sent his aide, Colonel Martin, to me with a request that I indicate how the troops should be assigned in the field. When I demurred Colonel Martin insisted that the commanding general was very desirous that I should express my judgment in the matter. This I finally did, and within an hour Colonel Martin returned to my quarters with a copy of an order just issued by General Kautz assigning the troops exactly as I had suggested. I never have been able to decide whether this action was a bit of fine courtesy on the part of General Kautz, or a clever plan to bridge to me full responsibility for whatever might eventuate. In view of the fact that General Kautz had hesitated until the War Department had ordered him to give me "all military assistance necessary," I suspected that his scheme was to shift the command to me — to the extent of deciding what military aid was "necessary" and how that aid should be employed. Whatever motive may have lurked in the mind of General Kautz, his orders to the troops in the field — based upon my suggestions — operated in complete harmony with the purposes of the campaign.

The capture of the murderers of Rogers and Spence and the contemplated removal of the Chiricahua Indians to San Carlos was regarded as an enterprise of more or less formidable proportions, and the campaign was not undertaken without serious misgivings. The very name of the Chiricahua Apaches had been a terror to the citizens of Arizona, New Mexico and Sonora for many, many years.

Scores of graves in this southwestern region marked the final resting places of their victims. It was variously estimated that this tribe could muster from three hundred to five hundred able warriors — all well armed, brave and experienced. For more than a decade under Cochise they had successfully defied the troops — both American and Mexican, and had been victorious in almost every engagement with these troops. Skin-yea, the old war-chief under Cochise, was still living — and still influential. Would he seize upon the present situation as his opportunity to rally his dusky braves under the old standard and lead them back along those free, familiar trails which ever led to scenes of plunder and bloodshed? These and similar considerations had determined me not to go upon their reservation until *I* was prepared to dictate terms to *them* — and not they to me; to have the settlers protected in case of open hostilities, and be prepared to quell an outbreak without a protracted Indian war.

That General Kautz and his staff were apprehensive of danger was evidenced by the general's action in tendering me a company of cavalry to serve as my personal escort from Tucson to the Chiricahua agency, which was located in the heart of Apache Pass. As I felt secure with my body-guard of Apache police I thanked the general for his consideration and declined the cavalry escort.

It was the afternoon of June 4, 1876, when I arrived with my Indian police at Sulphur Springs, the scene of Pi-on-se-nay's recent murders. At the same time several companies of cavalry were moving down the Sulphur Springs and San Simon valleys to convenient positions where they might be ready for prompt action in case the renegades attempted further depredations. These two valleys were broad and open so that the approach of the invading forces (each separate column trailed by a dense cloud of alkali dust) could be readily observed by the Chiricahuas, who, from adjacent peaks, had been watching our movements with the deepest interest.

The crisis for the Chiricahuas had arrived. The next morning the San Carlos police would be at their agency in the very heart of the pass, with all the supporting troops in position for immediate and effective action. The fighting spirit of Skin-yea, the old war-chief, was thoroughly aroused, and he exerted himself to the utmost in an effort to induce the entire tribe to take the warpath and resist to the bitter end. In this course he was ably supported by his brother, Pi-on-se-nay.

Tah-zay and Nah-chee stoutly opposed the plans of the old war-chief. These two young sons of Cochise declared that they had sworn to their father on his deathbed to keep the treaty he had made — and that they would be faithful to their oath.

That night the Indians gathered for council in a deep canyon illuminated by a great campfire. That bitter enmity which for two years had been smouldering in the breasts of these two families of savages was here to seek and find its ultimate and extreme satisfaction in blood and death. The council began and the hot blood of the Indian was soon beyond control. Suddenly the sharp crack of a rifle rang down the mountain side and the fierce Apache yell proclaimed the deadly strife begun. This fearful test was finally to determine who was fittest to succeed the dead chieftain — his sons or his war chiefs.

The deep and rocky canyon, wrapped in the sable veil of night, peopled with weird shadows flung from the flickering embers of the smouldering council fire, the keen reports of the rifles resounding from cliff to cliff, the demoniacal yells of the savage participants in this mortal combat — each lent a feature to make the picture wild, fierce and terrifying in the extreme. The bullets sped through the air as if impatient to maim or kill the fighting fiends. Presently a well directed shot from Nah-chee's gun struck Skin-yea square in the forehead, piercing his brain. The towering frame of the brave, bad warrior swayed a



moment in the darkness and then fell prone upon the mountain side. Skin-yea had fought his last fight.

Scarcely had Pi-on-se-nay realized his brother's death when he was himself completely disabled by a bullet fired by Tah-zay which crashed through his right shoulder. The die was cast. The fortunes of war no longer favored these veteran fighters. Wounded, defeated and disheartened Pi-on-se-nay fled into the shelter of the darkness assisted by a few of his followers. Thus did the young sons of Cochise defend with their lives the oath they gave their dying father.

Two companies of the sixth cavalry en route to Fort Bowie made their camp near mine at Sulphur Springs on the night of June 4th.. Included among the officers with these troops was Colonel Oakes, commander of the regiment. Sulphur Springs was located on the old southern overland stage route and the distance to Fort Bowie (in Apache Pass) was twenty-six miles. For about twelve miles the highway led through the open country to the mountains at the mouth of the pass. Inasmuch as my police were marching on foot and the weather was exceedingly warm I directed them to leave camp at daybreak in order that they might escape from the valley before the heat became too oppressive — and to wait for me at the mouth of the pass.

Colonel Oakes was traveling in an ambulance with four mules, while I had a light wagon and was driving four light horses. The colonel and I rolled out of camp just as the buglers sounded "boots and saddles" for the troops. Having the lighter and speedier outfit, I reached the mouth of the pass a mile or two in advance of the colonel. My police had arrived an hour before and were well rested. A great cloud of alkali dust down the valley indicated that the troops were plodding along some three or four miles behind their colonel. When the military ambulance drew up at the mouth of the pass I asked Colonel Oakes if he intended to await the arrival of his cavalry

escort before entering the pass. His response was; "Do you intend to wait for the troops?" I am sure he knew I had no such intention. Anyhow, Colonel Oakes was a "regular fellow" and we were good friends, and so I told him that my escort was only awaiting my orders to resume the march. The colonel smiled and said: "Well Clum, if these police can escort you through the pass they can escort me also, and I'll go right along with you." I assured Colonel Oakes that I would esteem it both a pleasure and an honor to share my escort with him. Thereupon the order was given to proceed. A dozen alert scouts were detailed as the advance guard and these scattered out along the slopes on either side of the pass to watch for "Indian signs" and to forestall a possible ambush, while the main body of the police were divided into front and rear guards for the two conveyances which were transporting the grizzled colonel and myself. Our progress was cautious but genuinely interesting, tinged with a wierd fascination which was not marred by any overt act on the part of the Chiricahuas, and we arrived at Fort Bowie safely an hour in advance of the colonel's cavalry.

Thus it transpired that instead of accepting a company of the sixth cavalry to serve as my personal escort on this trip, I escorted the colonel of that regiment over the most dangerous section of the march with my "personal body-guard and free-lance army" of Apache police — and I know that our stealthy advance through Apache Pass registered a page in Colonel Oakes' memory that was unique among his varied military experiences.

The Chiricahua agency was located about a mile west from Fort Bowie and when I arrived there at noon on June 5, 1876, I found both Tah-zay and Nah-chee, the young sons of Cochise — heroes now after their successful fight with the old war-chiefs — were there to greet me, and as soon as I had explained to them fully the purpose of my visit they readily consented to the proposed removal of their band to the San Carlos reservation.

At this time Agent Jeffords informed me that there was another band of Indians on the reservation known as "Southern Chiricahuas;" that these Indians really belonged in Mexico, but when Cochise made the treaty with General Howard *the Southern Chiricahuas elected to include themselves in that treaty*, and ever since had been reporting quite regularly at the agency for their rations; that the recognized chiefs of this band were Eronemo, (Geronimo), Hoo and Nol-gee, and that these chiefs desired to have an interview with me.<sup>1</sup>

Although I had been actively associated with the affairs of the Arizona Apaches for two years I had never before heard of Geronimo, and my first meeting with the Indian occurred on the afternoon of June 8, 1876. Accompanied by Hoo and Nol-gee, he related to me how he and his people had joined in the Howard treaty, and now that the young were going to San Carlos the Southern Chiricahuas desired to go there also. His families, however, were some twenty miles distant down near the Mexican line, and he only desired permission to go and bring them in. Although this permission was finally granted, the general demeanor of the wily savage did not inspire complete confidence, and accordingly some of my scouts were dispatched to shadow his movements.

Geronimo hastened to rejoin his followers, who, in fact, were then located only about ten miles distant from Apache Pass. A few brief orders were quickly given and at once the quiet camp was transformed into a scene of active but cautious preparations for a rapid march. Every bit of superfluous equipage was cast aside. The feeble and disabled horses were killed, as well as the dogs — lest their bark should betray the secret camp of the fleeing savages. As soon as these preparations had been completed the Southern Chiricahuas, with Geronimo in command, moved

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1. Agent Jeffords informed me that the name of this Indian was "Eronemo," and it is so spelled in my official annual report for 1876. In my annual report for 1877 the name is spelled "Heronemo," which is the English pronunciation of the Spanish name "Geronimo."

rapidly to the Mexican line and thence to the Sierra Madre mountains, their former home, and which for years after became the stronghold of the renegades.

As soon as my scouts discovered the abandoned camp of the renegades with its many evidences of a hasty flight they lost no time in reporting the same to me. Immediately I conveyed this information to General Kautz, commanding the Department of Arizona and who was then at Fort Bowie, and requested him to send some troops to bring back or punish the fleeing Indians. Major Morrow, who, with three companies of cavalry and a company of Indian scouts was stationed in the San Simon valley just east of Apache Pass, was ordered in pursuit, and although he took up the trail immediately and followed rapidly into Mexico, Geronimo succeeded in making good his escape with all his families and effects.\*

These events introduced Geronimo to the country as a renegade. Prior to this time he was positively unknown either as "Eronemo," "Heronemo" or "Geronimo" outside the limits of the Chiricahua reservation and his native haunts in Sonora. He was a full-blooded Apache, and Agent Jeffords is authority for the assertion that he was born near Janos, Mexico.

During the evening of June 8th a very dark, mean looking Indian came into the agency and announced that he was a member of Pi-on-se-nay's party; that his chief was badly wounded and desired to know upon what terms he might surrender to me. I told him that Pi-on-se-nay was a murderer and would be treated as such, whereupon the messenger expressed the opinion that his chief would not surrender. At once I summoned Tau-el-cly-ee, my sergeant of police, and instructed him to select twenty of his best men and bring in Pi-on-se-nay — *alive if convenient*. At the same time I cautioned him to march with

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2. My official communication to General Kautz under date of June 9, 1876, advising him of Geronimo's flight and requesting pursuit by the troops, was published in full in the *Arizona Citizen* on July 29, 1876. See copy on file in the Congressional Library.

loaded rifles in order that if there was to be any shooting his men would be able to join in the fray with disconcerting alacrity and deadly effect. Then, pointing to the messenger I said: "This man has just come from Pi-on-se-nay's camp. He will go with you. If he proves a good guide bring him back, but if not — well, then I don't care to see him again." The sergeant simply grinned and said: "She bu-ken-see" (I understand). I then took a Winchester rifle and a six-shooter from the messenger and told him that *if* he came back I would return his arms to him. He did and I did.

Late the next afternoon Tau-el-cly-ee returned bringing with him Pi-on-se-nay and thirty-eight other prisoners — mostly women and children. Inasmuch as Pi-on-se-nay had been at large over two months since the killing of Rodgers and Spence the citizens of the territory were extremely anxious to know what might be transpiring at Apache Pass. Therefore I wired Governor Safford brief details of the murderer's arrest, and also informed him that it was my purpose to bring Pi-on-se-nay to Tucson for confinement and speedy trial in the federal courts. Within a few days I had good reason for regretting that I had advised the governor of my plan to bring the prisoner to Tucson.

Tah-zay's bullet had made an ugly wound in Pi-on-se-nay's right shoulder. This wound was carefully dressed daily by the post surgeon at Fort Bowie, and in the meantime my police mounted a double guard over the dangerous prisoner.

Arrangements for the removal were speedily completed; a freight train of "prairie schooners" operated by the firm of "Barnett & Block" was in readiness for the transportation of "baggage" and invalids, and on June 12th the sons of Cochise — with their followers, families and effects left Apache Pass and started for the San Carlos reservation without protest. The company totaled 325 men, women and children — escorted by my Indian police.

As soon as I had seen this picturesque caravan well

on its way out of Apache Pass I returned to the agency for the prisoner, who had been left in the sole custody of that most dependable aide — Sergeant Tau-el-cly-ee. For my personal transportation I was using a single seated rig and four horses. Placing Pi-on-se-nay on the seat beside me I directed Tau-el-cly-ee to follow close behind, mounted on his faithful steed. Within a couple of hours we had rejoined the caravan, which had struck camp for the night at Ewell Springs, in the foothills of the Dos Cabezas range.

As a striking type of the genuine Apache war-chief Pi-on-se-nay towered as if created for the part. He was a trifle over six feet tall, straight as an arrow, lithe as a panther. His form was that of an ideal athlete; a frame of iron compactly bound with sinews of steel — indicating strength, speed and endurance; clean-cut features as if chiselled by a sculptor; an eye as keen but less friendly than that of Geronimo, and a complexion almost black. Although he was nursing a serious wound during the time he was in my custody, he impressed me as being an Indian who could give a splendid account of himself in any combat, and one whom I would rather not meet alone on the trail if he were in an unfriendly mood.

Because of the apparent painful nature of his wound no shackles had been placed on Pi-on-se-nay. Nevertheless Tau-el-cly-ee and I were inclined to take every reasonable precaution against the possible escape of our wily and dangerous prisoner during the night. Accordingly we spread a pair of blankets on the ground, and having allowed Pi-on-se-nay to make himself as comfortable as possible in the center of these, we spread a single blanket over the wounded Indian — weighting down the overlapping ends of this blanket with our own precious bodies as we stretched out for the night on opposite sides of the prisoner. If we slept at all it was with one eye open — as the saying goes.

June 13th proved to be a very hot day as well as an unlucky day so far as my plans for Pi-on-se-nay were concerned. The main caravan was in motion at daybreak,

for the next camping grounds with water was at Point-of-Mountain stage station — thirty miles distant across the Sulphur Springs valley with its long stretches of alkali shimmering under the blaze of the June sun. Having seen the last of the Chiricahuas on their way, I harnessed up my four-in-hand, adjusted Pi-on-se-nay on the seat beside me and headed westward with Tau-el-cly-ee and his sturdy charger bringing up the rear.

The duties and responsibilities of the last week had proved a test of endurance and after a dozen or more miles in the June heat and alkali dust I became a bit drowsy and, for an instant, my eyes closed. When I opened them my dark-visaged companion was glaring at me. Without appearing to heed his gaze I purposely allowed my head to nod a couple of times and closed my eyes again. When I suddenly roused myself an instant later "my friend the Indian" had straightened up his stately form, turned in his seat until he was facing me, and his flashing eyes bespoke the intense excitement he strove to control. He had no weapons. Was he hoping for a chance to snatch one from my belt — my knife, — my six shooter? I dunno. Anyhow, these considerations served to keep me wide awake until we drew rein in front of Tom Williams' road-house at Point-of-Mountain.

Among the first to greet me at this station was Deputy Sheriff Charlie Shibell and his assistant, Ad Linn, armed with a warrant for Pi-on-se-nay. I had planned to convey the prisoner to Tucson personally, with a guard of Indian police, but the deputy sheriffs with the warrant held the right of way. So I delivered Pi-on-se-nay into their custody about two o'clock p. m. on that thirteenth day of June, and at nine o'clock that same evening the old war-chief escaped. This, of course was a great misfortune, as the trial and punishment of this murderer under the direction of the federal courts would have had a most beneficial and far-reaching influence among the Apaches of Arizona. And what grieved me more was the firm conviction that

if Pi-on-se-nay had remained in my custody the Indian police would have landed him in the jail at Tucson not later than June 15, 1876. Pi-on-se-nay was killed in Mexico about two years later.

The following is quoted from my annual report for 1876 to the Commissioner of Indian Affairs:

On June 18th the Chiricahua Indians were located on the San Carlos reservation without trouble or accident. The terrible shade of that tribe's dreaded name had passed away, and the imaginary army of four or five hundred formidable warriors had dwindled to the modest number of sixty half-armed and less clothed savages.

In the fall of 1876 I took a score of Apaches, including Tah-zay, on a trip to the east. While visiting at Washington Tah-zay was stricken with pneumonia and died. He is buried in the Congressional Cemetery — where his ashes rest amid the graves of many other distinguished Americans. General O. O. Howard, who made the treaty with Tah-zay's father four years prior, attended the funeral.

With the removal of the Cochise Indians to San Carlos the Chiricahua reservation was abandoned, hence it was no longer convenient for Geronimo and his band to step from Mexico onto the reservation and again from the reservation back into Mexico. While this was a decided handicap to the renegades it did not deter them from making frequent raids through southeastern Arizona and across into southwestern New Mexico, where they had friends among the former followers of old Mangus Colorado — one of whom was Ponce, who accompanied General Howard into Cochise's stronghold. Troops were frequently sent out for the purpose of intercepting and punishing these marauding bands, but Geronimo succeeded in evading pursuit until the San Carlos police were again ordered on his trail.

The dissatisfaction of the people of Arizona with the inadequate protection afforded settlers in the southeastern



part of the territory by the military, and the ineffectual efforts of the troops to apprehend and punish the bands of renegade Apaches who were making too frequent raids between Sonora and New Mexico, was expressed in no uncertain terms by the territorial legislature. On February 8, 1877, that body passed an appropriation of \$10,000, and authorized the governor to enroll sixty militia for the protection of citizens against hostile Indians.

Immediately Governor Safford wired me a request for sixty of my San Carlos police to serve as territorial militia against the renegades. I advised the governor that I would be happy to comply with his request provided Captain Beauford, my chief of police, could be placed in charge of this militia company, as I did not deem it wise to send these Apache police out under the command of a stranger. Governor Safford promptly gave his hearty approval to my suggestion. On February 20th I arrived in Tucson with this company of police and turned them over to the governor. Without delay Captain Beauford and the Indians were enrolled as territorial militia, equipped and rationed and, on February 23rd, were despatched for active scouting in southeastern Arizona.

My "school days" included a three years' course at a military academy, and during the last two years at that institution I held the rank of captain. This, of course, made me familiar with the manual of arms and company drill, and as we had four companies we frequently indulged in skirmish and battalion drills. Because of my fondness for military maneuvers I had amused myself sometimes by drilling my Indian police. A pleasing result of this "pastime" is shown in a photograph of my body-guard taken at Tucson in May, 1876, in which the company is formed in "a column of twos."

The transfer of a body of Apache police to the governor of Arizona for service as territorial militia in a campaign against hostile Indians was a unique event in frontier history. Such a momentous occasion seemed to de-

mand some elaborate and spectacular ceremony, and nothing could be more appropriate than a military gesture with the firing of a salute by the entire company as a climax. The Apache police had never heard of "blank cartridges" and therefore it seemed to them entirely proper that ball cartridges should be used in firing the salute, in which opinion I heartily concurred — inasmuch as no "blanks" were obtainable. The trail from San Carlos to Tucson measured about 125 miles, and short drills were held each morning and evening while en route. As the Indians entered heartily into the spirit of the game we were able to make a very creditable showing when the fateful moment arrived for our grand act.

On reaching Tucson I marched the company in a column of twos to the "Governor's Palace." Here the company was halted and stood at "parade rest," facing the "palace," while I rapped at the door. As soon as the governor appeared the company was brought to "attention." Orders were then given for the following evolutions; "Carry arms;" "Rear open order;" "About face;" "Load;" "Aim;" "Fire;" "Recover arms;" "About face;" "Close order;" "Present arms." These orders were given in English and the evolutions followed the old Upton tactics. Having fired the salute and with the company standing at "present," I made my most graceful personal salutation to the governor — AND DELIVERED THE GOODS.

The following local item appeared in the *Arizona Citizen* (Tucson), Saturday, February 24, 1877.<sup>3</sup>

Indian Agent John P. Clum arrived here on Tuesday with sixty stalwart armed Apaches from San Carlos reservation, with a view to their enlistment under the call of the governor in pursuance of an act of the late legislature. Mr. Clum marched them in front of the governor's office where they fired a salute and were inspected by the governor. Afterward they were assigned Tully, Ochoa & Co's large corral as a camping ground where they remained until leaving for the field Friday. Their conduct was order-

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3. On file in the Congressional Library.

ly and highly creditable in every way. Captain Beauford informed us that he did not even have to speak to any of them in a corrective tone. Agent Clum in this instance has done the public a very valuable service and given another of many proofs of his desire to promote the welfare of the people generally.

Meanwhile there were reports of frequent raids in which stock was stolen and traded off at the small towns along the Rio Grande, thus adding much to the prosperity of the renegades. It so happened that Lieutenant Henley, who led the troops from Bowie on the trail of Pi-on-se-nay in April, 1876, was passing through the Rio Grande valley in the latter part of February, 1877. There he saw Geronimo, whither he had come on one of his *trading tours*. Lieut. Henley at once telegraphed to General Kautz that he had seen Geronimo in the vicinity of Las Palomas, and that the renegade undoubtedly was making his headquarters at the Southern Apache Agency, at Ojo Caliente, New Mexico. General Kautz telegraphed this information to the War Department and that department transmitted the facts to the Commissioner of Indian Affairs. The result was the following telegram to me:

Washington, D. C., March 20, 1877.

Agent Clum, San Carlos:

If practicable take Indian Police and arrest renegade Indians at Southern Apache Agency; sieze stolen horses in their possession, restore property to rightful owners, remove renegades to San Carlos and hold them in confinement for murder and robbery. Call on military for aid if needed.

(Signed) Smith, Commissioner.

These orders imposed upon me one of the most important and exciting campaigns I have ever undertaken. With the approval of Governor Safford, I sent a courier to Captain Beauford directing him to proceed at once to Silver City, N. M., with his company, and having enrolled

about forty additional police at San Carlos I hastened to join Beauford at Silver City. At that point the "Arizona Apache Territorial Militia" were taken over by me, their names once more entered upon the agency pay roll — Captain Beauford included. Having thus been reinstated as members of the San Carlos Indian Police Force they were merged with the company I had brought with me from San Carlos, and the entire body proceeded thenceforth under my direction. The distance by trail from San Carlos to Ojo Caliente is something like 350 or 400 miles, and the greater part of my little army of Indians measured the entire distance of the round trip on foot.

General Hatch was in command of the Department of New Mexico with headquarters at Santa Fe. Just before leaving San Carlos I sent a despatch to General Hatch advising him of the nature of my orders and requesting him to assign sufficient troops at convenient stations in the field to co-operate in the protection of the citizens of southwestern New Mexico should serious trouble occur. At Fort Bayard I received a reply from General Hatch informing me that in compliance with my request he had ordered eight companies of the ninth cavalry into the field. Having completed all preliminary details I left Silver City with my police and started on the long trek over the mountains to Ojo Caliente. All along the route we were warned that the main body of the renegades was gathered in the vicinity of the Southern Apache Agency; that this aggregation totaled from 250 to 400 well armed, desperate Indians, and that these rude and ruthless redskins were impatiently waiting for an opportunity to greet us in the most enthusiastic fashion. These rumors served to sustain the interest in our march into New Mexico.

At Fort Bayard it had been arranged that Major Wade, commanding the troops in the field, and who was then at Fort Union, should meet me at Ojo Caliente with three companies of cavalry on the morning of April 21st, but when I arrived at that point on the evening of April 20th

I found there a telegram from Major Wade advising me that he would not be able to reach Ojo Caliente until April 22nd.

Doubtless this delay was unavoidable, but it placed the full responsibility of a most serious situation squarely up to me. It was obvious that if I remained two days at Ojo Caliente with my San Carlos police there would not be a renegade within fifty miles of that point. But troops were now co-operating *at my request*. If I took any action against the renegades without consulting the officer commanding the troops in the field I must be SOLELY responsible for the results.

I had sent a dependable scout to Ojo Caliente several days in advance of my arrival and he informed me that Geronimo with between 80 and 100 followers was then camped about three miles from the agency, and that he had come in to the agency that very day for rations. We had been on the trail nearly a month and had marched all the way from San Carlos for the special purpose of ARRESTING GERONIMO. Our only chance for success was through prompt and resolute action. In these circumstances I determined that we would undertake to make the arrest without delay — relying entirely upon the loyalty and efficiency of the Apache police.

As before stated, most of my police were on foot. We had marched cautiously to within twenty miles of the agency — where we had camped at noon on April 20th. There I selected twenty-two Apache scouts who had horses as a special body-guard to accompany me to the agency, where we arrived shortly before sundown. Captain Beauford was instructed to bring the main body of the police to a spring about ten miles from the agency that evening, and to complete the march to the agency leisurely the following morning.

This proved a most fortunate maneuver. The renegades knew that some Indian police were on the trail from Arizona, but they did not know how many, and their gen-

eral attitude after my arrival at the agency convinced me that they were of the opinion that the twenty-two police who escorted me in constituted my entire force. Upon this hypothesis I based my plan of action.

The main agency building faced the east, fronting on a large parade ground. About fifty yards to the south stood a large commissary building which, happily, was vacant. From this commissary building a row of employee quarters extended eastward along the south line of the parade ground, while the east and north limits of the parade ground were marked by a deep ravine. Such was the general plan of the field on which I hoped the renegades might speedily be lured to their Waterloo.

As soon as it was dark I despatched a courier to Captain Beauford with orders to bring his reserves in before daylight — and to observe the utmost caution and quiet in approaching the agency. At about 4 a. m. the reserves, numbering about eighty, arrived and were at once quartered in the convenient commissary building, each man with thirty rounds of fixed ammunition AND HIS GUN LOADED. This bit of strategem, in which the innocent commissary building was destined to duplicate the trick of the famous TROJAN HORSE, operated so effectively that it has been a matter of self-congratulation ever since.

At daylight I sent a messenger to the renegade camp to inform Geronimo and the other chiefs that I desired to have a "talk" with them. They came quickly — a motley clan, painted and equipped for a fight. Supported by a half-dozen of my police I took my position on the porch of the main agency building over-looking the parade ground. The remainder of my special escort of twenty-two were deployed in an irregular skirmish line — half of them northward toward the ravine, and the other half southward to the commissary building. Captain Beauford had his station half-way between me and the commissary, and, let me repeat, every man had thirty rounds of fixed ammunition AND HIS GUN LOADED.

The police were instructed to be constantly on the alert and ready for instant combat, but not to shoot: (1) unless ordered to do so by either Captain Beauford or myself; (2) unless Captain Beauford or I began shooting; (3) unless the renegades began shooting. The reserves were instructed that at a signal from Captain Beauford their sergeant would swing wide the great commissary doors and then race eastward along the south line of the parade ground, and they were to follow hot on his trail at intervals of about two paces — every man with his thumb on the hammer of his gun.

Because the renegades believed they held a decided advantage in the matter of numbers I did not think they would hesitate to assemble on the parade ground in front of my position — and this proved true. They came trailing in just as the sun rose gloriously above the New Mexican ranges. Was this to be the final sunrise for some, or many, of us who were watching it — and each other — so anxiously?

Sullen and defiant, the renegades were finally gathered in a fairly compact group in front of me, and, as is their custom on such occasions, their most daring men (and just the men I wanted — such as Geronimo, Gordo, Ponce, Francisco, etc.) were pressed forward as a menace to my personal safety. They fully appreciate that the immediate presence of such desperate characters, fully armed and smeared with paint, is anything but reassuring to a "pale-face."

Promptly I addressed my exceedingly picturesque audience, telling them that I had come a long distance on a very important mission, but if they would listen to my words "with good ears" no serious harm would be done to them. With equal promptness Geronimo replied that if I spoke with discretion no serious harm would be done to us — or words to that effect. This defiant attitude convinced me that it would be useless to continue the parley. The crisis had arrived. The hour had struck which

was to determine the success or failure of our expedition. The excitement, though suppressed, was keen. Would they, upon discovering our superior force and arms, submit without a struggle, or would the next moment precipitate a hand-to-hand fight to the death between these desperate renegades and the bravest and best fighters the Apache tribes of Arizona could produce? On either side were the most determined of men. The slightest cause might change the history of the day.

The situation demanded action — *prompt action*, and very promptly the signal was given. Instantly the commissary portals swung open and Sergeant Rip started his sprint along the south line of the parade grounds. As if by magic the reserves came swarming out from the commissary, and, in single file, leaped after their sergeant at top speed with intervals that left room for the free use of their weapons. We had started the "action" — most impressive and spectacular action, with those lithe Apache police bounding along, each with his thumb on the hammer of his loaded rifle, - alert, - ready and, thus far, in comparative silence.

However, the release of the reserves had not failed to startle the renegades. At the same time there was enacted a little side-play which, in my judgment, was potent in deciding the issues of the day. At the first sight of the reserves emerging from the old commissary building a half-dozen of the straggling followers of the hostiles started to move away from the parade ground. When these failed to obey our orders to return, Captain Beauford raised his rifle and leveled it at one of the would-be fugitives. There are always a few belligerent squaws who insist upon intruding whenever a "war-talk" is in progress and one of these athletic ladies had stationed herself, doubtless designedly, close by our stalwart chief of police. With a wild yell she sprang upon Beauford and clung to his neck and arms in such a manner as to draw down his rifle — making a superb "tackle" and "interference." I had been



keeping my two eyes on Geronimo, but with the echo of that genuine Apache yell I turned just in time to appreciate Beauford's expression of profound disgust when he discovered that he had been captured by a squaw. Then he swung that great right arm to which the lady was clinging and she landed ingloriously on the parade ground — and at a respectful distance. Really, a bit of comedy injected into a most serious situation.

This episode consumed less than a minute, but it held the attention of the entire audience and enabled us to get fifteen or twenty additional police in that galloping skirmish line. Also, when Captain Beauford raised his gun the second time the police indicated that they were ready to follow his lead — if shooting was to become general. All of which produced a most wholesome effect on the minds of the renegades. In the meantime the maneuver of the reserves was such a complete surprise and had been executed with such dash and daring that before the renegades fully realized what was happening they found themselves at the mercy of a threatened cross-fire from our two skirmish lines which were now deployed on the west and south sides of the parade grounds, with the angle at the old commissary building. Geronimo was quick to comprehend the hopelessness of his position. Thereupon he recalled the stragglers and readily agreed to a "conference."

Immediately I directed Geronimo and three or four of his lieutenants to come to the porch where I was standing. Their compliance was stoical. Feeling assured that the crucial moment had passed, I handed my rifle to one of my police and told Geronimo that as we were to have a "peace talk" we would both lay aside our arms. Geronimo frowned his objection, but we had the advantage. I took his gun from him — a bit rudely perhaps — and the same is still in my possession, a much prized trophy of that expedition.

Having taken the guns from half-a-dozen other "bad men" we settled down for the "peace talk." Geronimo

adjusted himself in a squatting position on the porch immediately in front of me. I began by reminding him that we had met nearly a year before at Apache Pass when he had agreed to accompany the Chiricahua Indian to San Carlos. To this he replied: "Yes, and you gave me a pass to go out and bring in my people, but I could not get back within the time you allowed, so I did not return — I was afraid." In a most serious manner I told him the story of the killing of his dogs and old horses; his deserted camp; his hasty march into Sonora; the pursuit of the troops, etc., and suggested that if he had really desired to go to San Carlos he would not have hot-footed it in the opposite direction. He gave me a fierce glance but made no reply. "Well," I continued, "I must be your good friend because I have traveled so far to see you again. Now I want to keep you with me and to know where you are, and so I will provide you with a special escort and then you will not stray away and be afraid to return." Geronimo glared in sullen silence.

Thereupon I ordered him to go with the police to the guardhouse. He did not move. Then I added: "You must go now." Like a flash he leaped to his feet. There was a picture I shall never forget. He stood erect as a mountain pine, while every outline of his symmetrical form indicated strength and endurance. His abundant ebon locks draped his ample shoulders, his stern features, his keen piercing eye, and his proud and graceful posture combined to create in him the model of an Apache war-chief. There he stood — GERONIMO THE RENEGADE, a form commanding admiration, a name and character dreaded by all. His eyes blazed fiercely under the excitement of the moment and his form quivered with a suppressed rage. From his demeanor it was evident to all that he was hesitating between two purposes, whether to draw his knife, his only remaining weapon, cut right and left and die fighting — or to surrender?

My police were not slow in discerning the thoughts of

the renegade. Instantly Sergeant Rip sprang forward and snatched the knife from Geronimo's belt, while the muzzles of a half-dozen needle-guns in the hands of Beauford and the police were pressed toward him — their locks clicking almost in unison as the hammers were drawn back. With flashing eyes he permitted himself to indulge in a single swift, defiant glance at his captors. Then his features relaxed and he said calmly; "In-gew" (All right) — and thus was accomplished the first and only *bona fide capture* of GERONIMO THE RENEGADE.

The prisoner was forthwith escorted to the blacksmith shop, and thence to the guard-house. At the blacksmith shop shackles were riveted on the prisoner's ankles. These were never removed while he remained in my custody, and never should have been removed except to allow him to walk untrammelled to the scaffold.

Immediately following the arrest of Geronimo six other renegades were taken into custody, disarmed and shackled — one of whom was "Ponce." But, at that time, I had no idea I was arresting an Indian who had been a trusted and useful member of General Howard's official party on his important mission to Cochise's Stronghold. While en route over the mountains from Silver City to Ojo Caliente we had cut the "hot" trail of a raiding band which my scouts found led back to the Warm Springs reservation. After my arrival at the agency I learned that this band had preceeded us there only a couple of days; that they had brought in some stolen stock; that Ponce was the leader of this band, and that he exerted a great influence among the renegades. This was all I knew of Ponce, and it was on this record that I caused his arrest.

And thus it transpired that when Major Wade finally arrived at Ojo Caliente with his escort of cavalry on April 22nd, Geronimo and the other principal renegades had been arrested and shackled and were under guard by the San Carlos police.

My orders from Washington under date of March 20th

having been successfully executed, it was decided that Captain Beauford with the main body of police should start on their return march to Arizona without delay with the hope of intercepting some small bands of renegades who were believed to be raiding between Ojo Caliente and the Dos Cabezas mountains. Accordingly I selected twenty-five of the police to serve as my personal escort and guard for the prisoners, and furnished the remainder with thirty days' rations and 3000 rounds of ammunition. Thus equipped and in high spirits Captain Beauford and his command took the homeward-bound trail on the morning of April 23rd.

About this time I received a telegram from the Commissioner of Indian Affairs directing me to take all of the Indians at the Warm Springs Agency to San Carlos "if, upon consultation with the military authorities, such action was demand desirable." General Hatch and his staff heartily favored the proposed removal and arrangements were at once made to that effect.

Victorio, who later became notorious as a desperate renegade, was the recognized chief of the Warm Springs Indians at that time, and neither he nor any of his followers made serious objection to the removal after they had learned from me and my police force the manner in which all Indians were cared for at San Carlos.

As these Indians had very few "household effects," and a majority of them had been living under conditions which made it necessary for them to be "ready to move at a moment's notice," all preparations for the march to San Carlos were quickly concluded.

General Hatch had not only been cordial in his cooperation but had been most generous in his commendations of the splendid results accomplished by the San Carlos Apache police. In these circumstances I felt it would be courteous to request him to detail a small escort of cavalry to accompany the main body of the War Springs Indians over the trail to San Carlos. I even argued that such

an escort was desirable owing to the fact that Captain Beauford and his command were well on their way to Silver City before the order for this removal was received, therefore no police were available to serve as an escort. General Hatch was both cheerful and prompt in complying with my request. Lieutenant Hugo and a few troopers were detailed for this duty.

May 1, 1877, was the date set for our departure from Ojo Caliente and all seemed in readiness for the start to Arizona. But on that morning while hurrying about to assure myself that all were actually on the move I saw an Indian sitting on a step in front of one of the employe quarters, his elbows on his knees, his face in his hands and his loose hair covering both face and hands. When I spoke to him he simply moaned. Very soon I discovered that this Indian had smallpox. The situation was desperate. We must start on the return trip. This Indian could not travel with the others, and I could not leave him alone to die. Fortunately one of my police men had had the disease and was immune. He consented to drive the team assigned to convey the sick Indian in a hastily improvised ambulance. In less than an hour after I first saw the sick Indian his transportation had been provided and he had joined our caravan — however, always maintaining a respectful distance in the rear of the wagon conveying the prisoners.

Mr. M. A. Sweeney, chief clerk at the San Carlos agency, who had preceeded me to Ojo Caliente on scout duty, was given full charge of the main body of the Indians on this march over the mountains to Silver City. An actual count showed 453 men, women and children. This company presented a very long and very thin line as they stretched out along the trail — and at the end of this line followed Lieutenant Hugo and his guard of honor. I have mentioned this "very long and very thin line" and the "guard of honor" for the purpose of correcting the

statement that these Indians were "transported forcibly" from Ojo Caliente to San Carlos.

Lieutenant Hugo was a capable officer and a good fellow — and he led willing troopers, but it was obviously impossible for him to patrol effectively that "very long and very thin line" with thirty or forty soldiers, and if any of those Indians had determined to scatter into the mountains he could not have prevented their going, nor could he have effected their capture with his limited command. The difficulty experienced by troops in their efforts to apprehend and punish fleeing or marauding bands of Indians has been demonstrated too frequently. Moreover, Mr. Sweeney informed me that during this march a majority of the Indians were from ten to twenty mile in advance of this "guard." Even if Captain Beauford and his San Carlos police had been patrolling the trail these could hardly have prevented the escape of small parties had any of the Warm Springs Indians entertained determined opposition to removal to San Carlos.

Having seen the main body of the Indians started on the westward trail, and having arranged for the transportation of the sick Indian by means of the "improvised portable isolation hospital," I could now give my undivided attention to the prisoners. The shackles which the prisoners were wearing were "home-made" and were riveted to the ankles. This made it impracticable to convey them over the trail as they could neither walk nor ride on horseback. Therefore a large transport wagon was provided for their accommodation, into which they were loaded as comfortably as circumstances would permit. Our provisions and camp outfit were carried in another wagon, and at a safe distance behind these two vehicles trailed our "peripatetic pest-house." The special escort of police, all well mounted, were divided into two squads — advance and rear guards, and with my last duty at Ojo Caliente accomplished I mounted my horse, waved a signal which

meant "let's go" — and the tedious trek to San Carlos was begun.

Although homeward bound, the first stage of our journey led us further away from Arizona. In order to pass a spur of the mountains which extended southeasterly from Ojo Caliente it was necessary to follow the wagon road back to Las Palomas on the Rio Grande; thence southwesterly to old Fort Cummings; and thence northwesterly to Silver City where we joined the main body of the Indians who had come over the trail. From Silver City we proceeded westerly over the Burro Mountains and thence to the Gila valley which was followed to the San Carlos reservation.

The smallpox developed a really serious situation as the disease was then prevalent in both New Mexico and Arizona. After we left Silver City our ambulatory hospital was taxed to the limit and several died on the trail. Even after the Indians had been located at their new home on the Gila the malady continued to manifest itself with more or less fatal results.

Barring the ravages of this disease the removal of the Warm Springs Indians was accomplished without serious difficulty or mishap. The prisoners gave us no trouble en route, and on May 20, were safely delivered into the agency guard-house at San Carlos.

The efficiency of the San Carlos Indian Police force once more had been demonstrated in a conspicuous manner. During the round trip the police had traveled approximately 800 miles. A majority of them had covered the entire distance on foot. Unaided by the troops they had accomplished the arrest of Geronimo and sixteen other outlaw Indians. Twenty-five members of this force were detailed as the sole escort and guard to accompany the renegade prisoners while en route in wagons from Ojo Caliente to San Carlos — a distance by the wagon road of fully 500 miles. The anticipated danger of an organized attack and attempt to rescue the prisoners by some of their

renegade friends who were still at large had not materialized, but the police had been constantly alert — prepared for any emergency. For twenty days and twenty nights they had kept faithful watch and vigil, and when the journey ended they delivered their prisoners safely and in irons to the agency police on duty at the guard-house at San Carlos. Sure! They finished the job.

In this narrative of the arrest of Geronimo and the removal of the Warm Springs Indians I have endeavored to present conditions as they existed and events as they occurred with the utmost accuracy, but the facts as I have given them are in conflict with an official statement published on page 61 of the annual report of the Secretary of War for 1877. This conflicting statement is contained in the annual report of Brigadier General John Pope, dated at Fort Leavenworth, Kansas, September 15, 1877, as follows: "The Warm Springs Apaches whom, at the request of the Interior Department, I had transported forcibly to the San Carlos Agency in Arizona, . . . etc." This brief and concise pronouncement by General Pope would contribute an interesting item to military history if it were not faulty in several important particulars. First, the Interior Department did not request the military authorities to remove the Warm Springs Indians to Arizona. Second, General Hatch and his staff made no pretense of assuming the responsibilities and directing the details involved in the removal of these Indians. Third, the only Indians "transported forcibly" at that time from Ojo Caliente to San Carlos were the prisoners, and these shackled renegades were arrested and transported by the San Carlos Apache police absolutely unaided by the troops. Fourth, is a fault of omission in that the statement completely ignores the splendid services rendered by the San Carlos Apache police at Ojo Caliente on that eventful day when the troops failed to arrive at the time agreed upon. Outside of the inaccuracies and inequalities as above set forth,



General Pope's report may be accepted as entirely fair and dependable.

My original orders from Washington were to arrest Geronimo and hold him in confinement "for murder and robbery," and I felt that the next step in his career should be a trial in the federal courts, in fact this seemed the only intelligent and just course to pursue. It was obvious that the trial and conviction of this renegade in the regular courts of the "pale-face" would produce a tremendously beneficial moral effect upon the Indians generally, and inasmuch as Pi-on-se-nay had cheated us out of such an example less than a year previous, I was especially desirous of bringing Geronimo to trial.

Accordingly I advised the sheriff of Pima county, at Tucson, that Geronimo was held in the guard-house at San Carlos, in irons, subject to his orders, or the orders of the court he represented; that he was charged with murder and robbery, and that I was anxious to assist in supplying the evidence necessary to secure a conviction. No action was taken by the sheriff and Geronimo was never brought to trial.