

# The Miner.

Prescott, Arizona Territory.  
SATURDAY MORNING, AUGUST 6, 1870.

## NOTES OF A TRIP TO THE VERDE

### Some Account of Men and Things.

Reader, it is Thursday night, and as we sit alone, in our rough-looking, scantily-furnished sanatorium, the thought strikes us that it is necessary for us to write up three mortal columns of matter before the MINER can be put to press, to-morrow evening, "worked off," and started on its journey to its subscribers, and what with the squealing of swine, mewing of cats, barking of dogs and other annoying noises which come up from every side, and grate harshly upon the ear, the thought is not a very pleasant one. But the task must be done; the press must be fed on something, in order that it may produce food for thought. This being the case, we will endeavor to write an account of

OUR TRIP TO THE VERDE, which was made week before last, in company with General George Stoneman, commander of the Military Department of Arizona, Gen. Frank Wheaton, late commander of the Sub-District of Northern Arizona, and now in command of Fort Whipple; Col. M. Cogswell, late commander of the Sub-District of Southern Arizona, and now Inspector-General of the Department of Arizona; Col. C. W. Foster, late Chief Quartermaster of Northern Arizona and now A. Q. M., at Fort Whipple; Dr. H. R. Wirtz, Medical Director of the Department; A. F. K. Safford, Governor of the Territory; John Wasson, Surveyor-General of the Territory, and Mr. Herbert Bowers. It will thus be seen and admitted that we had the best of company, and thinking that short sketches of each of them will not be out of place in this article, we commence with

**THE CHIEF—GEN. STONEMAN.**  
Who has a national, yes—a world-wide reputation—for gallantry, high-toned honor and gentlemanly bearing, and it is a source of regret to us, that we are not sufficiently acquainted with his past history, to give anything like a correct inkling of it. We must, however, state that he entered the West Point Military Academy—from his native State, New York, many, very many years ago, graduated with honor, and has ever since served his country with zeal and ability. He was one of the first American officers to visit this Territory, which he entered while it was still under the Government of Mexico. When he first visited Tucson—the present capital of Arizona—the Mexican flag floated over a Mexican garrison there, but that and garrison soon, thereafter, disappeared. He was stationed in Texas at the breaking out of the late war, in command of a Company, the men of which he requested to accompany him north, but their sympathies being with the brave children of the Land of Sun, they refused to comply with his request, and he set out alone. His services during the war are well known, and have become a part of the history of his country. After the war—when the flag of the "lost cause" was folded and laid aside—when the eucalyptus and magnolias of the glorious sunny land over which it had floated in triumph and defeat—bowed their heads before an ill wind, that strewed their leaves upon the graves of the heroes who had fallen in its defense, General Stoneman, as did most brave soldiers of the North, forgot the past and was willing to let bygones be bygones. He was soon after, by recollecting bright, appointed Military Governor of Virginia, and had well nigh healed the deep scars and furrows which grim war had cut into the hearts of Virginia's surviving people, when the demagogue, stay-at-home politicians of the North, who, during the war had robbed both soldiers and citizens, now, that all peril was passed, inaugurated that most cowardly, oppressive and tyrannical warfare upon living and dead Southerners. Not satisfied with knowing that the South was a stricken corpse—incapable of hurting or even frightening anybody, they wanted said corpse mutilated, and because Stoneman would not tarnish his honor, by carrying out their oppressive, cowardly programme, he was relieved, and his place filled by another. The people of Virginia—grieved, threatened, and anxious to show their love and esteem for Stoneman, waited upon and requested him to accept a nomination for Governor, of the Conservatives of the State. He refused, and advised them to rally around their present patriotic Governor, Mr. Walker, an advice they followed, and which as the sequel has proven, was good. At the present time, many Democrats of California—a state in which Gen. Stoneman has long resided, and is well and favorably known—talk of nominating him for the office of Governor, and, while well satisfied that he would sweep that State for the Democrats, and make a good, liberal minded Governor for all parties, we really hope he will not be nominated, and that, should he be, he will not accept. He is here now, and our people want him to stay and perform a work, the accomplishment of which will add more to his laurels than being Governor of California. We mean the subjugation and consequent pacification of the hostile Indians.

Having said so much about "Old George," as an old soldier, recently, and affectionately, call him, we propose to touch him up a little, personally, and then "return him to duty." He is tall and slim; exceedingly active; methodical; plain and easy of approach. He knows all about harnessing a mule, fastening a pack, and, indeed, about almost everything else. He is temperate, just, and except when on a raid, is never known to ride a Government mule up or down a steep hill. In his younger days, he used to ride "the world," riding wild mustangs and throwing the lasso, but the "piles" of glory won by him, on horseback, in California and the South, now prevent him from doing hard service in the saddle, and it is with difficulty and danger that he rides on horseback at all. Such is the man who now commands the Military Department of Arizona.

**GEN. FRANK WHEATON.**  
Is fat, fair, jolly, and about 40. He has been in the Army upwards of 20 years, and is a fine type of the old race of gentlemen. He has served in New Mexico, and several other outlandish regions, including this. Blessed with a liberal education, good temper and pleasing manners, his society is worth a couple of dollars. While in command of the Southern sub-district, he won the applause and esteem of our citizens by reconstructing bad Apaches and preventing a war with the Pimas and Maricopas. He served with distinction in the late war; was taken prisoner on the bloody field of Ball's Bluff, sent to Richmond and kept in duress vile for about three months. After the war, he was appointed to rule over the city of Charleston, South Carolina, and so well and faithfully did he perform that delicate task, that he won for himself the love and esteem of the Charlestonians, who, when the Colonel was about to leave them, met together and passed a series of resolutions thanking him for the course he had pursued. He is an American—who "knows no north, no south, no east, no west," yet thinks it an honor to hail from Indiana, the State in which he first saw the light.

**DR. H. R. WIRTZ.**  
Entered the Academy, from Pennsylvania—his

native State—nearly thirty years ago, and has served in the Army upwards of twenty-four years. He has the reputation of being one of the best informed gentlemen in the Medical Department, and we are confident he deserves it, for there is no subject or science upon which he is not well posted. He passed seven years of his military life in New Mexico, and would have remained there longer, but for the fear, which took possession of him, that he was fast becoming "galvanized." He loves to relate tales of old mountain men and Indian fighters—with most of whom he has had an intimate acquaintance—and has promised to give us the history of Bill Williams. Dr. Wirtz has crossed the Continent more than a dozen times; been shipwrecked on the ocean, twice; escaped death repeatedly, and, to crown all, served at Fort Yuma a couple of years.

**COL. C. W. FOSTER.**  
Entered the Army a score or more years ago, and is, of course, a confirmed old soldier. He is, we believe, from "away down in Maine." He has served in Florida, Mexico, Alaska, and several other places. During the late war, he had charge of a Bureau in the War Department, at Washington, and gave good satisfaction. He is honest, conscientious, honorable, and of course, stands well at Washington, and with the people who know him. Having thus "accounted for" our military companions de voyage, we propose to give short pen and ink sketches of the civilians of the party, and will commence with

**GOV. A. F. K. SAFFORD.**  
Who was "born when quite young," in the State of Illinois, and is now in the prime of life. In stature, the Governor is a "shorty," but his architecture is such as to enable him to get around quite lively, under heavy burdens, and to present a taking appearance, although he has never been known to take anything, not belonging to him. He is, eminently, a man of action—full of life, hope and energy. His head is round on Indian and other affairs, and his great desire is to see the people of this Territory happy and prosperous. He came to this coast shortly after gold was discovered, and has "roughed it" in California, Nevada and here, since. He is good-natured, gentlemanly, possesses a goodly stock of hard sense, and is a favorite with our people.

**JOHN WASSON.**  
Our new Surveyor-General, is a mild, good-natured individual, and a scion of a goodly family. He is, we believe, a native of Ohio. He has helped edit papers in Idaho, Nevada and California. He is enraptured with Arizona, and leaves no means untried to acquaint himself with her rich and varied resources, and his letters to California papers go to show that he is capable of writing them up.

**HERBERT BOWERS.**  
Is known to most citizens of the Territory. He first saw the light of day in the old Granite State; started for California in 1849, arrived in Arizona in 1861, and with his brother Nathan, has, since that time, been engaged in business here. He has, probably, done as much as any other citizen of the Territory, for the Territory, and we hope that his efforts to develop the country will be crowned with success, and meet with merited reward.

**THE OBJECT OF THE OFFICERS.**  
Civil and military, in making the trip, was to take a view of the country; scan its resources, and learn its wants. Right well did they perform the task, as will hereafter be seen.

**THE START.**  
Was made from Fort Whipple, about one o'clock, on the afternoon of the 16th ult. Previous to starting, all partook of a No. 1 repast, which was served up at headquarters. Thus fortified, no time was lost in getting into the vehicles, and away we rattled, down Granite Creek, between the green hills that skirt it on either side. We took the upper, or hilly road, and were not long in reaching the head of Woolsey Valley, where we met with a kind reception from Mr. and Mrs. Branaman, with whom we conversed until the drivers had watered the animals, when word was given to proceed. Up to this point,

**THE COUNTRY.**  
passed over, was hilly, and few farms had been seen, but now the green valley with its large fields of corn, lay spread before, behind and on every side of us, inviting rapid motion, and bringing forth applause from those who had not previously beheld it. To the south, high above us—lay stretched out in all its pristine grandeur, the Sierra Prieta range of mountains—clad in green, ornamented with noble trees, crowned with lofty peaks, and pierced with veins of silver, gold and copper, whose great wealth will one day astonish the world and make Arizona a rich and powerful State. We could scarce keep our eyes off that mountain range, in which are centered the hopes of our people; and in which many of them have toiled and suffered. To the North, not far off, the Black Hills raised their heads and shut out from view the lofty peaks known as the Bill Williams and San Francisco. Westward—behind us—stretched an immense valley—(Chino), over one hundred miles in length, and from ten to twenty in width, with here and there on either side of it, short ranges of mountains, from which high peaks ascended and pierced the blue sky. To the East, the view was equally magnificent, but of a more irregular nature—the country being somewhat broken and ragged-looking. The ride down Woolsey Valley was a pleasant one, the road being hard, level, and fringed with vast fields of corn. The distance from Pinon Ranch, to the Agua Fria, about four miles, was made in about thirty minutes. Upon arriving, John Reese, the worthy major dome, bussed himself in looking after the wants of the party, some of whom retired to sequestered shades on the river's banks, divested themselves of their clothing, and bathed in the cool, clear waters. After supper—which by the way, was a first-rate one, a half hour was spent in viewing matters and things around the fine ranch, and we were first that the strangers within its gates were astonished at seeing thousands of dollars worth of improved machinery, implements, etc., which were snugly housed in an immense corncrib. It being too late in the day to visit the flouring mill, a mile or so below the ranch, all hands took seats in the hall of Mr. Bowers' farm-house, and, while the cool, healthy breezes from the Sierra Prieta played with locks of ever-abundant matters were discussed and stories told, with great gusto, until the clock struck ten, and all retired to rest and sleep. "The ranch" was up next morning, at peep o' day; breakfast was served and work commenced. Our escort of cavalry, which was commanded by Lieutenant Henry Ayers, Third Cavalry, took up their line of march for the foot-hills, where they rested, and grazed the animals, and our ambulances here is slight. Lieutenant F. H. Dibble, Twelfth Infantry, with twelve or fourteen enlisted men and two guides—Messrs. Rice and Dickson, had reached the ranch the evening before, from Whipple, on their way to Camp McDowell, to look out a good route for a wagon-road, which we hope they have, ere this, found and located. Bidding them and our friends of the ranch good-bye, we bounded over the grassy plain at a fair rate of speed, and were soon climbing the low, rounded hills north of Woolsey Valley. We were not long in reaching Ash Creek, a beautiful stream which rises in the Black Hills, and murmuringly flows southward until it becomes lost in the Agua Fria. While stopping upon its banks, a few moments, a view was taken of the surrounding country—and a delightful view it was. A little while and we came to where the new road leaves the old. We took the former, which follows up the valley of a dry arroyo for about a mile, when it leaves it, crosses a rolling country and enters a fine forest of pine, oak, etc., near the eastern skirt of which there is a delightful stream of pure water, which has been named Cherry Creek, upon whose banks we stopped to lunch. Along this stream are many small but rich valleys. Lunch being over, we ascended around the hills for a few moments, and exulted over the beauties of nature, as seen in mountain, valley and stream. Again, we clambered into the vehicles; the mules were started, and we were off. Before us rose a high range of hills, whose summit we must gain before looking down upon the

valley of the Verde, and seeing the country beyond; but, thanks to Lieutenant Owen and the men of Company C, Twenty-first Infantry, we found the task an easy one. It was soon gained, and what a sight presented itself! True, it was not new to us, who had seen it before, but it was so to the majority of the party, who then, for the first time, beheld it, and who appeared to be highly pleased with it. The great valley, with its thousands of rich acres of bottom-lands and miles after miles of foot-hills, covered with a thick growth of nutritious grasses; the serpentine Verde, and the not distant ranges of mountains known as the Mogollon and Massassa, were in plain view, and not far to the northward, the great San Francisco, the highest mountain peak in Arizona, reared its proud head high above all other objects. While descending the easy grades of the mountain, a black speck was discernible, perched upon a knoll, in the centre of the valley, which we surmised was Camp Verde. Nearer and nearer we drew until the rows of adobes and the star-spangled banner which floated over them were plainly visible. The day was hot, and having a laudable desire to strike a cool, shady place, we traveled fast until the Verde—that noblest, most beautiful of mountain streams—was reached. We were met on its banks by Lieutenant Cradlebaugh, Third Cavalry, who piloted us over the ford. The river was lower than we had ever seen it, yet for a distance of 50 yards, the water was from one to three feet deep, and ran over the gravelly bed with great speed. Being tired, and in need of something "soothing," we did not cast many glances at the big and little fishes which propelled themselves through the water, but straightway made for the "quarters," where we were agreeably welcomed, housed and taken care of by Col. W. H. Brown, (the post commander), and his lady; Mr. and Mrs. Wales Arnold, Captain W. Hawley, Dr. Steigler, and Lieutenant Cradlebaugh. Lieutenant Owens, a valuable officer, under whose supervision the new road was built, was out on a scout, and did not return until the next day after our arrival. Monday came, and found General Stoneman unable to accomplish a task he had laid out for himself—that of viewing Captain Hawley's "cut-off" route, over the Mogollon, to New Mexico and the Coyotero country. But, the day was well employed by the General and his staff officers—Col. Cogswell and Dr. Wirtz—in inspecting every man and thing in and around the post. The troops, consisting of a small remnant of Co. C, 21st Infantry, and a troop of Third Cavalry, were reviewed. Right well did they perform the various evolutions through which they were put, and we know that they looked soldier-like, for we heard Col. Foster and Dr. Wirtz say so. The review being over, General Stoneman did a noble, generous act, by ordering the chains to be taken from two prisoners—soldiers who had deserted, and who, since their arrest and imprisonment, several months ago, had worked hard and behaved as good boys. We were not present when this act of clemency was performed, but were told that the men almost wept for joy. Next day, (Tuesday) Governor Safford, Gen. Stoneman, Wheaton, Col. Cogswell, Col. Brown, Capt. Hawley, and Mr. Wasson, mounted their horses, and rode out to the summit of the Mogollon chain of mountains, beyond the steepest hills and worst places on Capt. Hawley's route. The day was exceedingly hot—the thermometer at the post, in adobe houses, indicating 106°—and the road viewers had a warm time of it, while riding over hot plains and walking up steep hills. Gov. Safford and Gen. Wheaton suffered considerably, and "acknowledged the corn." The Governor informed us that he once saw Stoneman's face turn very white, yet he uttered no complaint; on the contrary, when the summit was reached, and a great deal of timber and grass were visible on every hand, the great raider gave vent to his feelings by jumping and yelling like an Indian, interspersing his yells by such remarks as these—"The most beautiful country I have seen in many a day." "Grass and water enough in sight for millions of stock, and sufficient timber to supply the Pacific coast for a century."

While the road party were soaring and suffering, as above, Mrs. Brown, Mrs. Arnold, Col. Cogswell, Foster, Dr. Wirtz, Lieut. Cradlebaugh, Mr. Arnold and myself visited the ruins, "graveyards" and farms below the post, going down the river as far as Joe Melvin's ranch, where we helped ourselves to vegetables, etc., and were right royally treated by Joe and his better-half. Having mentioned ruins and "graveyards," it may be well enough for us to explain that the numerous bluffs along the east side of the river, as well as those along Beaver and Clear Creeks—large streams which empty into the Verde below the post—are thickly covered with walls of ancient buildings, around which a great deal of broken pottery, of various colors, lies scattered. The "graveyards," Col. Cogswell and Dr. Wirtz thought—after prospecting them with pick and shovel, and finding neither ashes nor bones—were not "graveyards" at all. Their theory is, that they are old battle grounds, and that the heaps of stones were placed on spots only where warriors fell. This may be so. But who can tell? Nobody, we surmise, for the race which once peopled this country has passed away, and left no intelligible records behind, at least, so far as known.

Was established in 1854, where it now stands, on a small mesa, on the east bank of the Verde, in a delta formed by that stream and Beaver Creek. The houses, of which there are a number of fine ones, have all been erected by the men of Company C, 21st Infantry, under the direction of Col. Brown. The roofs are of shingles, which were manufactured near Prescott. The post is, in our opinion, the cleanest, most comfortable one in the Territory, and, being in the heart of the Apache country, is certain to be an important post for years to come.

When the new road to New Mexico is completed, as it soon will be, all the rich valleys of the Verde will be taken up and cultivated; towns will be built, and the water of it and its tributaries turned to good account. Then, the distance from the Verde to Santa Fe will be only about 350 miles; and from Prescott to Santa Fe, 400 miles; that, too, by a route upon which there is abundance of timber, grass and water; the longest stretch upon which no "living" water has yet been found, is not to exceed 25 miles. As work will soon be commenced on the road, east of the Verde, by the troops, citizens of the country who will be benefited by the opening of the road should aid in its construction, in some way, and we call upon them to do so.

**OUR RETURN.**  
Early Wednesday morning, we bade good-bye to our Verde friends, and started homewards, via the old and terrible Grief Hill route. Grief Hill—(appropriate name)—is one of those trap-pose monsters over which it is next to impossible to construct a good road, and we were more than ever convinced of the excellence of the new road, as after clambering up so rough and rugged a "road," as that over Grief Hill. We reached home about dark, and although we had traveled over a fine and beautiful country, all admitted that there was "no place like home."

**Things at Phoenix.**  
The following is extracted from a letter written at Phoenix, July 28th, by our venerable friend, J. T. Alsop:

The Lord looked down on us and sent a shower of rain yesterday, that wet the ground about two or three inches. There has been considerable rain up the river, for it is rising. I am busy planting corn now. But few farmers have planted any yet. Our valley is improving some, quite a number of houses have been built and more land is about to be put under cultivation. We are beginning to excite some attention. Our old friend Rush, in company with Mr. Bradford, has opened a store here. Hellings, and Co. are about to open another. Barnett of Wickenburg, will be here with goods in two or three weeks, and Judge Hayden about the same time. So you see, we will probably have a good chance to buy white shirts for ourselves, new dresses for our wives, ribbons for sweethearts, and toys for the children. Viva in Phoenix!

## ACCOUNTS OF SUCCESSFUL OPERATIONS AGAINST THE APACHES.

HEADQUARTERS DEPARTMENT OF ARIZONA,  
PRESCOTT, AUGUST 2, 1870.

### GENERAL ORDERS, No. 9.

The following summary of successful operations against the Indians in this Department, during the past three months, is published for general information. Other scouts have been made, creditable alike to officers and men engaged, but not having encountered Indians, no results other than scouting and acquiring a topographical knowledge of the country having been obtained, special mention of them is not made.

Brevet Lieutenant-Colonel G. B. Sanford, left Camp McDowell, A. T., in the latter part of April, with an expedition consisting of Troops "E," 1st Cavalry, Lieutenant Sherman; "B," 3d Cavalry, Captain Meinhold, and Lieutenant Smith; Company "A," 21st Infantry, Brevet-Major Collins,—5 officers and 80 men, and moved to Pinal Creek, where he established a scouting camp. The expedition remained out 77 days, and marched over 500 miles. The following is a brief summary of the principal events:—

The command moved down Tonto Creek and up the Rio Salado and crossed to the Pinal Creek, where a large field of wheat was discovered and destroyed. On the 20th of April Brevet-Major Collins was detached with a portion of the command, consisting of Second Lieutenant Smith, 3d Cavalry, and 25 men from "E" troop, 1st Cavalry; 25 men from "B" troop, 3d Cavalry, and 3 men of Company "A," 21st Infantry, with citizen Murphy as guide. Moving in an easterly direction and striking a trail, he followed it for 8 miles, and came on a rancharia where large quantities of mescal, seeds, etc., were found and destroyed, the Indians having abandoned it but a few hours before its discovery. Pushing on about 8 miles further, he discovered the Indians, whom he charged, and succeeded in killing 9, and capturing 4, destroying large quantities of mescal, baskets, seeds, etc. In returning to where he struck the first rancharia, he discovered three Indians, and succeeded in killing two, and returned to camp (on Pinal Creek) the next day, having been out twenty-four hours, marching 45 miles, and succeeding in killing 11 Indians and capturing 4, besides destroying a large amount of property of great value to the Indians. Major Collins makes special mention of Lieutenant Smith, 3d Cavalry, and Sergeant Samuel Ferguson, Troop "E," 1st Cavalry.

The horses of "B" troop, 3d Cavalry, being in bad condition, and the Infantry having been constantly marching, Colonel Sanford replaced "B" troop, with "E" troop, 3d Cavalry, Captain Soderberg, and Company "A," with "G," of the 21st Infantry, Lieutenant J. M. Ross; 110 men in all (including "E" troop, 1st Cavalry, which was not relieved).

On the 24th, near Cannon Creek, for the purpose of moving with greater rapidity, the pack-train was placed in a secure position, and left in charge of Lieutenant Ross, with a guard of 50 men. Colonel Sanford started at two o'clock a.m., on the 25th with balance of command, and moved in an easterly direction towards the Black Mesa. About daylight on crossing the Arroyo Colorado, evidences were discovered of the Apaches being present in large numbers; also corn fields etc. Just before sunrise the command entered a large fertile valley, bordering a beautiful stream of water, and almost immediately discovered a rancharia, and then others. The command was at once deployed and ordered to charge, "which they did with a will." Rancharias were found in various directions, and the men scattered in pursuit. About 10 a.m. the command was re-united, when 21 Indians were found to have been killed, and 12 prisoners taken; also three horses and three mules captured; large quantities of articles valuable to Indians were destroyed. The valley for miles was planted with corn. The command then returned, scouting through Turkey Valley, crossing Sombrero Butte, Salt River, Rio Pinto and Tonto Creek. The result of the expedition being as follows:

Apaches killed, ..... 33. Captured, ..... 16.  
Animals captured, Horses, ... 3. Mules, ... 3.  
besides having destroyed large fields of wheat and corn, and numerous stores of value to the Indians. In the rancharias on the Chiricahon the scalp of a white man was found, and numerous articles which had been taken from citizens and soldiers.

Colonel Sanford reports that all the men engaged conducted themselves in a highly creditable manner, and mentions the following as having come specially under his notice:

First Sergeant Michael Hawley,	"E" Troop, 1st Cavalry.
Sergeant Samuel Ferguson,	" "
John Lindley,	" "
Jeremiah Kane,	" "
John Brown,	" "
Corporal Green M. Smith,	" "
William Graves,	" "
Charles Rhodes,	" "
Trumpeter George Webber,	" "
Private Timothy Sullivan,	" "
George Smith,	" "

First Sergeant Charles Brown,	"E" Troop, 3d Cavalry.
Sergeant Jeremiah Foley,	" "
George W. Dickman,	" "
William Roberts,	" "
Hugh McEwen,	" "
Corporal Martin Hart,	" "
Henry Bowers,	" "
John McVetley,	" "
Isaac Stephenson,	" "

And Private Michael Shehan, Company "A," 21st Infantry. On the 29th of May, Lieutenant Cushing, 3d Cavalry, with Lieutenant Smith, 3d Cavalry, 14 men of "B," and 20 men of "F" troops, 3d Cavalry, and 30 men of "K" troop 1st Cavalry, started in pursuit of a band of Indians who had attacked and captured a wagon train, and killed some citizens near Canon del Oro, on the road between Tucson and Camp Grant. Having discovered the trail, it was followed for a distance of about 170 miles, when in the afternoon of the 4th of June, having reached the top of the Apache Mountains, discovering signs of being in their vicinity, the command was withdrawn down the eastern slope of the mountains into camp, without having been discovered. At midnight the command moved towards the point where the camp fires were seen, crossing the summit and moving down the western slope, within about three miles of the rancharia, where the command was divided, Lieutenant Cushing leading the direct attack, and Lieutenant Smith moving on the flank. At daylight on the morning of the 5th, the attack was made; in thirty minutes the rancharia was struck by Lieutenant Cushing's party; the Indians taken by surprise, ran down a canon where they were met by Lieutenant Smith and his party, and many killed. "The Indian dead laid scattered in every direction, thirty (30) being counted in the immediate vicinity, many more however, were reported as killed by the men and the two guides." "From the rugged nature of the ground where the rancharia was situated, it is more than probable that many Indians were killed which were not seen by the commanding officer." Large quantities of prepared mescal, and property taken from the captured train was destroyed, also two mules recaptured, the others having been killed.

Lieutenant Cushing, reports that the men behaved throughout in a manner worthy of the highest commendation, particularly recommending to the attention of the Department Commander Sergeants Warkoff, of the 3d Cavalry, and Wooten, of the 1st Cavalry, and Guides Manuel, and Oscar Hallen.

These expeditions were done pursuant to instructions from Colonel Cogswell, commanding Sub-District of southern Arizona, and he represents them as having been in every way entirely satisfactory, and concurs in the several recommendations of the senior officers commanding the expeditions.

On the 3d of June, Lieutenant Graham, with 14 men of "M," Troop, 3d Cavalry, started in pursuit of a band of Indians, who had driven off a herd of 59 cattle, from the immediate vicinity of Fort Whipple. Lieutenant Graham, started without waiting to saddle, and pushed them to such an extent that they abandoned the herd (except three which they had killed), which he recovered, and killed two Indians. An expedition under the command of Captain Wm. Hawley, 3d Cavalry, consisting of Lieutenant Cradlebaugh, 3d Cavalry, Acting Assistant Surgeon Soule, and (55) fifty five enlisted men of Troops "A," "C," "L," and "M," 3d Cavalry, left Camp Verde on the 27th of May, 1870, under instructions to locate a practicable wagon road from Camp Verde to the new post in the White Mountains, and to the mouth of Cottonwood Fork, on the Colorado Chiquito. Captain Hawley, returned on the 27th of June, having been successful in finding a practicable road and to both points indicated. In one of several engagements with the Indians, the command killed one (1) and captured (7) seven Indians, having (1) one Sergeant and (2) two privates wounded in the attack.

The Department Commander conveys his thanks to the officers and men engaged in the above operations for the energy and perseverance displayed. By such exertion, they not only reflect credit on themselves, but on the Regiments to which they belong.

BY COMMAND OF BREVET MAJOR-GENERAL STONEMAN:  
E. W. STONE,  
Brevet Lieutenant-Colonel, U. S. A.,  
Acting Assistant Adjutant General.