

THE WEEKLY ARIZONIAN

SEPTEMBER 4, 1869.

We are in receipt of the first number of the San Diego Bulletin—a clean, respectable looking sheet, of twenty-four columns, just started in San Diego. It is quite sanguine of the future greatness of San Diego—as, in fact, is every other paper on the Pacific coast. But here, the Bulletin has made a monstrous female goose of itself at the very outset—proclaiming itself a partisan journal, before its existence became known outside its city:

"As regards our political career, we can only say that we have always voted and lived up to the great advancing views of the republican party, and believing that such party has heretofore, and will strive in the future to advance the true principles of liberty and equality in all men; protect the nation's honor, and advance the best interests of the country, we shall support the Republican party."

Now, it is very proper for our contemporary to proclaim itself so long as it intends to act, but it is the action we condemn. San Diego is yet young and stands much in need of advocacy on the great questions of railroads and navigation, and will never gain anything by having her political ulcers probed. Let the Bulletin, therefore, if it would be of any material benefit to San Diego, throw aside its political "non foolery" and attend first to the great projects to be matured before San Diego can take the exalted position which she seems destined to occupy. This matter settled, it will then be excusable in the Bulletin to give a little space to political nonsense.

The New York Sun has evidently conceived a decided antipathy to Arizona, and indulges in every species of falsehood in the hope of accomplishing something to the detriment of the Territory. Every account from Arizona is remodeled, or in some manner distorted before finding a place in the columns of the Sun. Here is the manner in which Major Duffield's report has been represented:

"Major Duffield, special agent of the Post Office Department in New Mexico, reports that it has been impossible to send the mails to Arizona, on account of the Apache Indians."

Certainly, many heavy calamities have happened to the mails in Arizona: between Tucson and Fort Yuma, and again, between Tucson and the Rio Grand, it is well known how annoying the Indian has proved to the mail service. But, happily, the mail service on either route is in the hands of men who do not believe, to any very great extent, in things "impossible," and we think the fact that the mails, notwithstanding Indian hostilities, continue regular, is sufficient proof that there is no impossibility about the matter—unless, indeed, the impossibility of a characterless newspaper to accomplish anything which must be brought about by a revolution in public opinion. You must cease to indulge in nonsense, Sun; Arizona is, at present, too much a reality—too much a gigantic fact to be injured by one, or all, of your silly representations.

Latest News.

(From files of the daily New Mexican.)

Cincinnati, August 18—The women's suffrage convention is called for September 18th; the call is signed by 120 ladies; among the gentlemen signers are included ministers lawyers physicians, editors, etc.

Washington, August 18—It is authoritatively denied that Secretary Rawlins tendered his resignation, and that it had been offered Gen Dodge.

Gentlemen recently elected to the Virginia senate visited the Secretary of War and received satisfactory assurances that the test oath would not be administered to members.

Richmond, Aug. 18—The excessive drought prevailing throughout the state will materially shorten the crops, if not make them a total failure. Great suffering is anticipated.

Omaha, August 20—Information has been received of the safe arrival at Helena of the North Pacific Railroad expedition from Puget Sound via Wallawalla; they express themselves highly pleased with the route and believe in the entire practicability of the route; they found a pass through the Rocky Mountains with an elevation of not over five thousand feet, and are now examining the country north of Helena.

City of Mexico, August 18—The conspiracy against the life of Juarez, the discovery of which has already been reported, has been completely

frustrated, and all the principal conspirators including five generals, have been captured; one of the latter has since escaped and is now in Michoacan. A large number of persons arrested for complicity with the plot have been liberated. The Mexican army is to be filled up by enlistments, and recruiting parties are to be sent throughout the country offering extra inducements.

Washington, August 17—The acting secretary of the treasury, upon the recommendation of the commissioner of internal revenue, has reduced the pay of assistant assessors in the states and territories on the Pacific coast from eight to seven dollars per day.

New York, August 18—General Dix was arrested yesterday at the instance of John Mitchell, the Irish patriot, for alleged false imprisonment.

WHITE MOUNTAIN INDIANS.

Miguel, the One-Eyed Chief—A Trip to his Village—Hospitality of his Tribe—Invasion by Col. Green—Excitement.

(Communicated.)

By those who have read the ARIZONIAN of last week it will be remembered that Col Green met, among the White Mountains, a party of three Americans. We believed, and it was the prevailing opinion throughout, that these men maintained themselves among the Indians by a system of unlawful traffic, but the following letter from one of the party, now at Camp McDowell, to Mr. R. M. Crandal, of this place, will certainly place the character of the writer upon a better footing. We cannot say more now as we have concluded to surrender all our space to the publication of this letter—giving information regarding the general appearance of a district of country hitherto unexplored. Messrs. Crandal and Cooler, two well known citizens of this place, will vouch for the writer's veracity, and reliability of character:

CAMP McDOWELL, A. T.

Aug. 25, 1869.

CAPT. R. M. CRANDAL:—

I see by your city paper that we are reported as living among the Apache Indians, in the White Mountains, and thinking that the public might construe that notice into something injurious to ourselves I shall inform you how we came to be among those Indians; and if you think it necessary that the explanation be made public please hand this letter to the editor of the ARIZONIAN:

Last May I started from Socorro, with a party to explore the White Mountains and the Salt River. On our arrival at Cuero we failed to organize a party of sufficient strength to enter that country, so we turned our attention to the Zunia mountains where we found gold in paying quantities but no water. While in these mountains I learned that two parties of White Mountain Apaches had been into Fort Wingate to see the commanding officer, Col. A. W. Evens, 3d cavalry, and that there would be a council held by the Apaches and Navajos at the Ojos Calientes, south of Zunia about 12 miles. I took my party, went to Zunia, and started thence for Fort Wingate, leaving my party at Zunia. I remained at Wingate, with Col. Evens, several days, examined copies of the letters that these Apaches had brought in, consisting of letters from various prospecting parties who had penetrated their country and had been well treated by them. One of these letters was from Dr. Thorn, of Limitar, N. M., who said that the Salt River, or Pinal Apaches had driven his party back, and on meeting these Indians of the White mountains were treated very kindly; and were advised by them not to attempt to go further west as they would be killed by the other Indians. All these letters spoke highly of this band of Indians, and on my consulting judge Turner, whom I met at Wingate, en route for Prescott, and Colonel Evens, also several other friends, I came to the conclusion to wait and have a talk with these Apaches. On July 5th I understood from Delgadito and Barboncito, the two head chiefs of the Navajos, that they were going to the council to make peace with the Apaches, and that these Indians were good to the whites and would take me into their country. In the mean time Col. Evens had written to Gen'l Getty, at Santa Fe, in regard to these Indians; Gen'l Getty's reply was to have Major French, the agent of the Navajos hold a council of the Navajos and see if they would be willing to have these White Mountain Apaches on the Navajo reservation. This council was attend-

ed by the Revd. Vincent Colyer, the great Peace man, and by Dr. Palmer, the great Bug man who has the load that spirits blood from his eyes. On Major French asking his Indians if they were willing for the Apaches to live with them, they emphatically said "no," and consequently no Navajos visited the council of the Apaches. Before leaving Canon Bonito, the Navajo post, Major French gave me some tobacco, garden seeds, and several articles to give to these Indians, also good advice for them. On my return to Wingate, W. Dodd, brother of the late Col. Dodd, volunteered to accompany me—so we pulled out from Wingate, July 5th, made Zunia the same day, saw the one-eyed chief Miguel and had quite an interesting talk with him. He seemed well pleased that we were going into his country. We remained one day at Zunia and went back to Wingate to get provisions. Col. Cressy accompanied us on our return to Zunia, where he informed Miguel that the commanding officer at Fort Wingate could not make peace with him, that it would be necessary to go to Santa Fe to see the General, that we were going into his country to look for gold and that he must treat us well, and in return that we would go with him to Santa Fe and assist him in making peace; to all of which he readily assented, promising to protect us from all bad Indians and to show us where there was plenty of gold. On the 10th we started for the White Mountains, having been joined at Zunia by a young man named Charley Franklin. We crossed the Little Colorado about six miles above the mouth of the Zunia river, and for several days we traveled over the finest timbered and watered country that I have ever seen—as a stock country it cannot be excelled. On the 18th we arrived at the Indian village of the chief Miguel. We were met several miles from the village, by all the band; women and children, all gave us a hearty welcome and escorted us to town. The village is on a beautiful stream finely timbered—walnut, Sycamore, pine—and in fact a finer variety of timber than I have ever seen in any part of the west. The valley is wide and has more available land than any of our streams in New Mexico. We found plenty of corn here and relished the roasting ears "muchly." This stream is called the Carrizo, and is a tributary of the Rio Prieto. We remained in the vicinity for several days, prospecting, found no gold, but found silver indications. The chief of the White Mountain Apaches, that live on the Bonito and Prieto, sent two Indians to tell us to wait eight days for him, as he was west of the Prieto, getting mescal. In the mean time we had collected about 40 Indians under Miguel and started west for a stream that they represent as being full of gold. When we had, at length, arrived close to the stream an Indian came dashing up to us—he was painted white, and armed with an Infantry breech-loading gun—he said we must turn back, that his chief would not allow us to proceed further west, and if we did that they would kill us all. Just then the band hove in sight. Miguel put us behind the command and told us not to be alarmed as those Indians would have to kill him and his Indians before they should injure us. The Chief of the other party came forward and said we were in his country, that we must turn back, or otherwise he would fight us. Our Indians said they had promised to show us the gold and that it was to their interest to do so, as we could show them how to secure it, and that they could buy more manta and other goods better with gold than with horses and deer skins, and if we would say go on, they would go, notwithstanding. At this time another party of Apaches, under a chief named "Chiquito," came to us. They advised us to go back as the Salt River and Pinal Indians were very strong and we would get them into trouble if we attempted to go on, but our Indians would not, at first, listen to any argument, fearing we might believe them cowards. By this time we were completely surrounded, and from the loud talking, and all talking at once, we thought our time had come; but Miguel kept constantly telling us, through the interpreter to "stand still," "don't shoot," "don't be afraid," "you shall not be hurt," &c. This excitement lasted about half an hour when the short-haired scalpers drew off on condition that we would go back on our trail—which we did on a double quick. On our arrival at the village we found another runner from the White Mountain chief Pedro, saying that Pedro was not ready to come. His two men were still with us and I

must say that I never saw finer looking Indians in my life. They told us that their chief Pedro, had about 200 braves in his band, and if these two be a fair specimen, it is a brave tribe. On the 25th of July a strange Indian came into the village and created quite an excitement. It was some time before we could find out what the matter was, but finally we learned that a large party of soldiers had succeeded in destroying a rancharia and quite a lot of corn, and had wounded one Indian and taken several prisoners. The rancharia thus destroyed belonged to a portion of Pedro's band, and we naturally felt alarmed thinking that Pedro might retaliate on us, but our friends told us not to fear, as Pedro had some of his people to us and they could protect us. They also said that this party had instructions from Pedro not to go to the place where they were jumped, and it was their own fault, and that they had but themselves to blame. On July 30th another runner arrived saying that the troops were on the Prieta and would lay there that day, and in all probability proceed next day to the Bonito, and from there afterwards, to the Carrizo.

As we did not know the intentions of these troops we deemed it prudent to make for them, so Dodd and I, accompanied by Miguel and three of his men, started for the Rio Prieto. Upon arriving here we found the command had left, but we took the trail and followed it across on the Rio Bonito and just at dark found the camp. Here we found Colonel Green, 1st cavalry, in command, to whom we reported. He was, very justly, surprised to see two white men with these Indians and, quite naturally, inquired what the devil brought us here, in this country, among the Indians, where he had four companies and expected to fight every minute. We recounted to him all the particulars; still, if it had not been that I recognized George Cooler, who, upon my making myself known to him, told the Colonel who I was, I think Dodd and I would have been furnished government transportation to Goodwin or Grant. But we were treated very kindly by the Colonel, Captain Barry, and everybody. The Col. having deemed it necessary to place the Indians under guard, we requested to be treated in like manner, that these Indians who had so much confidence in us should not think we had betrayed them, and so, for the first time, I lay down to sleep with a sentinel standing guard over me. In the morning when I awoke I picked up a canteen to go to the river and get some water, when the sentinel sang out "halt!" and you had better believe me, I halted instantly; he following close behind me to the river. When coming back Col Green called me and said "I am sorry that you left that young man over there, (alluding to Charley, whom we left at the village, on Carrizo.)" "but the best thing I can do will be to send Captain Barry with his command to get him away." Just before starting, the Col. had a talk with Miguel who showed his letters, of which he had several—one from James H. Carleton, Ed. Evens, Major Chapin, and various other officers. He told the Col that he had always been friendly to the whites, that he had never stolen anything from them, that he could find no tracks of stolen animals going into his country, that he was anxious to get protection from the government, and that we were going with him to Santa Fe to see General Getty and get permission from him to live on his ranch, or to see if he would put himself and his people on a reservation.

Upon arriving at the village I saw the wife of the Chief run up to captain Barry hold out her hand and say "soldado bueno." We camped that night within about 100 yards of the rancharia; in half an hour every woman and child that could carry fodder were carrying loads of it to the horses; baskets of corn were given to the men, who pitched into it with pleasure, and I could see the difference it made in them—all were on the fight a few hours before, but now were sitting, or stretched full length upon the ground smoking the pipe of peace—each had eaten his fill of Indian roasting ears and now seemed at peace with all mankind. Even Manuel and his tame Apaches were cooled down and were talking and laughing with their wild brothers.

Before leaving, the Captain had a long conversation with the chief Miguel; he told him that he had come with the intention of killing him and all his people, thinking that they were bad Indians, but that he had changed his mind; they must, however, go immediately to Camp McDowell and see general Devin, and that I would accompany them. He gave me a letter to Gen'l Devin and took his command and started for the Rio Bonito, while we got everything in readiness for our trip to McDowell; the particulars of which trip I will give you, perhaps by next mail—at present let it suffice to say that between the White Mountains and Camp McDowell I have seen the richest country I ever set foot in.

I am, dear Bob,

Yours truly,
C. E. COOLER.