[p. 345] *Camp of John Glanton, near Fronteras.*
"None left to tell the story." mystery of the Desert.

[p. 347]

John Glanton.

John Glanton was born in South Carolina, but when a mere youth his parents moved to Texas and joined the settlement of Stephen Austin «at Gonzales.[548]» Nothing remarkable distinguished young Glanton in his youth from the young men of the settlement, without it was a deep *religious* feeling and a strict moral conduct. A young orphan girl, whose parents had been killed by the Lipans, gained the affections of the young South Carolinian, whose love was returned. The marriage day was set, though his affianced was only seventeen. Glanton had built a log hut for his bride on the bank of the beautiful Guadalupe. «The future appeared with rosy hues, full of joy and bright with happiness.» One day while most of the male settlers was at Austin's house discussing the threatening attitude of Mexico, a band of Lipan warriors charged on the outskirts of Gonzalez, killing and scalping the old women and young children, and carrying away the girls, Glanton's betrothed among the latter. The alarm was given and instant pursuit made by the frenzied frontiersmen. The next day the savages were overtaken and suffered a severe defeat at the hands of the outraged Texians, but the prize for which they fought, the poor girls, «after suffering horrible outrages in the hands of the Lipans,» were tomahawked and scalped while the fight was raging. «Glanton rescued the gory locks of his beloved from the death clutch of a painted demon that he slew, and ever afterwards wore the sad memento next his heart.»

From this tragic scene, Glanton returned a changed man, «no longer the happy farmer and kind neighbor, he became a gloomy monomaniac hating all mankind.» He would often absent himself from the village and when he returned he invariably brought fresh scalps. During the war of Texas Independence Glanton was a "free scout" attached to Fanning's command,[549] «he had many desperate encounters with the Mexican Soldiery,» and was one of the few who escaped from the massacre at Goliad. He always "raised the har" of his slain, and rumor gave him the credit of being the owner of a mule load of these barbarous trophies, smoke dried in his lonely hut on the Guadalupe. He drank deeply and sought the companionship of the most hardened desperadoes of the frontier. In all Indian fights he was the devil incarnate. «On one occasion he with "Deaf Smith"[550] followed fourteen Comanches to the Rio Pecos and returned with the "*har*" of the entire party, five white women captives and twenty horses.» During the civil wars between the Regulators and Moderators,[551] Glanton would join neither party, but with the utmost impartiality pick a quarrel with some famous fighter of one or the other party and "rub him out." Any other man in Texas would have been lynched, but his terrible loss, his services in the Mexican and Indian wars, made him respected by the «masses and gave him strong friends of» men in power. He was outlawed by Houston,[552] but this did not effect him in the least. [p. 348]

During the late war between the United States and Mexico, he was a "free Ranger" hanging around our army without belonging to it, often going out with scouting parties but always independent of all authority. «During all this time he had never been wounded, and his early religious impressions seemed to still cling to him, which in his diseased state of mind found vent in the most horrid blasphemy.» At the close of the Mexican War, hearing that the governor of [Sonora] «Durango» was offering fifty dollars for every Apache scalp brought in, he organized a motley band of adventurers and entered the service of his old enemy Gen. D. José Urea, the Butcher of Fanning's command. Urea gladly gave all encouragement to the "Scalp Hunters" and seemed equally pleased when Ranger or Indian went under. He offered an additional bounty for the hair of a famous Apache Chief "Santana"[553] of one thousand dollars.

Glanton had made two raids in the Indian country, with but small profit and had met with considerable loss. There was in camp drying thirty seven of those disgusting articles of trade, Apache scalps, cut with the *right ear* on, to prevent fraud, as some Indians have two circles to their hair. This was the band of cutthroats that I had joined and such was John Glanton, the Captain of the Scalp Hunters of Sonora.

Wild Scenes in the Great Desert.

Next day after my arrival at Fronteras, Glanton with ten men started for "La Villa de Mapimí" to obtain the bounty on the scalps. During their absence we had rather a gay time, attending Fandangoes in town, and receiving calls of the "poblana" at the camp. «Wine, women, and gambling was the order of the day, some of the men not only lost all they owned, but their share in scalp money yet to be won, the hair still growing on wild Indians who understandably might object to having their head covering "raised." Several fights took place, one ranger was killed in a fair duel with rifles at forty yards. This state of affairs was expected among the lawless set that composed the band.»

The second in command, now left in charge of the camp, was a man of gigantic size who «rejoiced in the name of Holden,» called "Judge Holden of Texas." Who or what he was, no one knew, but a more cool blooded villain never went unhung. He stood six foot six in his moccasins, had a large fleshy frame, a dull-tallow colored face destitute of hair and all expression. «Always cool and collected, but when a quarrel took place and blood shed, his hoglike eyes

Camp of John Glanton, near Fronteras.

"None left to tell the story. mystery of the Desert.

JOHN GLANTON.

John Glanton, was born in South Carolina, but when a mere youth his parents moved to Texas and joined the settlement of Stephen Austin at Gonzalas. Nothing remarkable distinguished young Glanton in his youth from the young men of the settlement, without it was a deep religious feeling and a strict moral conduct. A young orphan girl, whose parents had been killed by the Lipans gained the affections of the young South Carolinian; whos love was returned, the marriage day was set, though his affianced was only seventeen. Glanton had built a log hut for his bride on the bank of the beautiful Guadalupe, the future appeared with rosy hues, full of joy and bright with happiness. One day while most of the male settlers was at Austins house discussing the threatening attitude of Mexico, a band of Lipan warrios charged on the outskirts of Gonzalas, killing and scalping the old women and young children, and carring away the girls, Glanton betrothed among the latter. The alarm was giving and instant pursuit made by the frenzied frontiersmen. The next day the savages were overtaken and suffered a severe defeat at the hands of the outraged Texians, but the prize for which they fought, the few girls after suffering horrible outrages in the hands of the Lipans, were tomahawked and scalped while the fight was raging. Glanton rescued the grey locks of his beloved from the death clutch of a painted demon that he slew, and ever afterward wore the sad memento on next his heart. From this tragic scene Glanton returned a changed man, no longer the happy farmer and kind neighbour, he became a gloomy monomaniac hating all mankind. He would often absent himself from the village and when he returned he invariably brought fresh scalps. During the war of Texas independance Glanton was a "free scout" attached to Fanning's command, he had many desperate encounters with the Mexican Soldiery and was one of the few who escaped from the massacre at Goliad, he always "raised the hair" of his slain, and rumor gave him the credit of being the owner of a mule load of these barbarous trophys, smoke dried in his lonly hut on the Guadalupe. He drank deeply and sought the companionship of the most hardend desperados of the frontier, in all Indian fights he was the devil incarnate, On one occasion he with "Deaf Smith" followed fourteen Comanches to the Rio Pecos and returned with the "hair" of the entire party, five white women, captives and twenty horses. During the civil wars between the Regulators and Moderators, Glanton would join neither party, but with the utmost impartiality pick a quarrel with some

[p. 349] would gleam with sullen ferocity worthy of the countenance of a fiend.» His desires was blood and women, and terrible stories were circulated in camp of horrid crimes committed by him when bearing another name in the Cherokee nation and Texas. And before we left Fronteras a little girl of ten years was found in the chapperal, foully violated and murdered, the mark of a huge hand on her little throat pointed out him as the ravisher as no other man had such a hand, but though all suspected, no one charged him with the crime.

He was by far the best educated man in northern Mexico. He conversed with all in their own language, spoke in several Indian lingos, at a fandango would take the Harp or Guitar from the hands of the musicians, and charm all with his wonderful performance, out waltz any Poblana of the ball, "plum centre" with rifle or revolver, a daring horseman, acquainted with the nature of all the strange plants and their botanical names, great in Geology and Mineralogy, in short another Admirable Crichton,[554] and with all an arrant coward. Not but that he possessed enough courage to fight Indians and Mexicans or anyone where he had the advantage in strength, skill and weapons, but where the combat would be equal, he would avoid it if possible. I hated him at first sight, and he knew it, yet nothing could be more gentle and kind than his deportment towards me, and would often seek conversation with me and speak of Massachusetts, and to my astonishment I found he knew more about Boston than I did. «This intellectual beast saw fit to patronize me in the most insulting manner, lecturing me on the immorality of my conduct in drinking and gambling! This was shortly after the murder of the "muchacha," and when I made an angry reply he said "come Jack, don't bear ill will, shake hands and make up." I replied "no, I thank you, your hand is to large and powerful, it leaves its mark." Holden gave me a look out from his cold cruel eyes and quietly said, "you are there, are you? well look out or my hand may squeeze the life out of you yet, my young bantam." I felt like trying my revolver on his huge carcass, but prudence forbid bringing matters to a deadly issue at present.»

At the end of five days, Glanton returned without money, three of the party wounded, and all as mad as hornets. Their story was as follows, the second night after they left us, they discovered a camp of Sonoreans, judging that they must have goods of value along, they resolved to plunder them, disguising themselves as Indians. At midnight they charged the camp with frightful yells, the surprised Sonoreans made but little resistance and fled leaving their camp to the supposed Apaches. Glanton found some forty mules and burros with packsaddles, blankets, provision &c. but no money, and five women. Three Mexicans were killed. They were scalped as well as three of the women, who being old and ugly were knocked in the head. The murderers turning loose the stock, withdrew, carrying away the best of the blankets and two young Senoritas. Travelling all night they reached a retired place that they considered safe from pursuit. Halting here they spent the day in a brutal saturnalia, the two poor girls being subjected to gratify the lust of the gang. At dark they in turn were surprised by a large body of Sonoreans who took them for Apaches. The unfortuneate girls were brained at once to prevent all unpleasant discovery, and then with the fierce warwhoop of the Tontos [Glanton's band] charged home on their assailants with Indian lances, with so much fury that they gave them a free passage, and Glanton, not deeming it safe to venture into Mapimi, returned to Fronteras with eight additional scalps and three men wounded. [p. 350]

A stormy council of war was held, Glanton said that the Senoritas had stated that their party was on its way to upper California where gold had been found in immense quantity.[555] We resolved to go a gold hunting, as such stories had reached Fronteras «and the greasers in town were busy in preparing large stocks of "tasajo" "frejoles" and "pinola." These rumors combined with the old tradition of the Spaniards of "El Dorado"[556] which all mountain men do most religiously believe, set us all nearly crazed with the gold fever.» Hitchcock alone doubted our success in California, he thought that Maj. Graham's command would gather all the gold before we could reach the placers![557] and volunteered to venture into Villa de Mapimi and cash the hair, the bounty amounting to over two thousand dollars. Glanton gave the required permission when with "Long Webster" and "Charley McIntosh," a Cherokee half breed, left with the scalps, Indians and greasers.

We gave out that we were all going to Mapimi, and passed through town together making a great display of the raised hair and Indian lances. When five miles from the Presidio, «we lost sight of the place behind a rocky "mesa," and being satisfied that no lurking spy was on our track,» Hitchcock and his two companions, after being instructed to meet up at the end of eight days at a place well known to the band "El Ojo la Conejo" or Rabbit Spring, kept on to the south while the rest in Indian file climbed the mesa on our left and pushed on over the parched plain. We passed a few miserable jacals of herdsmen, the few inhabitants fleeing in affright, taking us for Apaches. To impress this belief more forceably on their minds, we gave them a specimen of savage war whoops, and towards night coming on to a drove of fat beeves, we killed several and sent the rest scampering away with arrows sticking in their flanks, this with the remains of a poor vaquero who was slain and scalped by Judge Holden.

[p. 351] This was sufficient to convince all "Arizuma" that the fell [foul?] Apaches were out on the war path in force. We passed the night at a deserted Hacienda, feasting right royally on the juicy beef, smoking the rest to pack along. Next day we reached the rendezvous, the "Rabbit Springs." The place had been recently visited by numerous horsemen, the ground around the spring was trod into mire, fresh horse chips, remains of cattle, and other signs of late visitors. A lofty "petahaya" rose near by on a cliff, an arrow sticking in it informed the experienced eye of our mountain men that the horsemen were Marricopas.[558] Scouts were dispatched on all sides, hunting parties were sent out, a camp was formed in a gulch near the spring, and every precaution taken to insure our safety and comfort until the return of Hitchcock. Our scouts reported that the Indian trail led towards New Mexico, the hunters returned with cattle and sheep, so we lived right royally. «Our life was indeed a merry one, we were the "Free Lances" of the 19th century, our life reminded me of that of the Buccaneers of the Spanish Main. And there is real enjoyment in a lawless, vagabond life on the Frontier. I liked it.»

In seven days our hair traders returned, their venture had been a decided success. Glanton's little affair had after all helped them, as the Sonoreans continued to believe that the attack had been made by Apaches. Urea's agent paid them the cash, the Mexican scalps passing for good Indian without question. Hitchcock brought a supply of "pass whiskey," ammunition and "pinola." That night a regular orgie was held in camp. Glanton proved that he was well fitted to be the master spirit of the fiendish band, drinking deeply he swore with the most fearful oaths, that we were all sinners bound to eternal perdition, that it was his mission to save us, he then knelt down and in well chosen words prayed with all the fervor of a hard shell Baptist for the salvation of all. Suddenly he sprang up and drawing his revolver opened fire on us right and left, one of the Canadians received a shot in the leg as a gentle reminder to flee from the wrath to come. Judge Holden seized the madman in his powerful arms, laid him down and soothed him as a mother would a fretful child, and Glanton soon sank into a drunken sleep.

Next morning we started for the "El Dorado" or the mystic city of Cibola.[559] Tradition represented this city as situated in a deep valley surrounded by lofty mountains. It was inhabited by a race of white Indians called "pintos" «or by the trappers "Prince of Wales Indians,"» that there was abundance of gold and silver in the place. To find this great city, to sack and plunder it, appeared to the crazed brains of Glanton a matter of easy accomplishment. All believed in the legend, and all swore to follow Glanton to the death «and even Judge Holden was gleeful at the idea of sacking a city full of beautiful women. [p. 352]

Leaving the "Ojo de Conejo"» we travelled for several days over a barren desert destitute of all animal life, but the home of the great Petahaya and giant cactus. On the third day, a strange object miles away attracted our notice, it appeared like a tent, but what was a tent pitched in the desert for? We started for it and after three hours ride reached a sad scene, a broken «immigrant» wagon, skeletons of cattle and horses, the remains of an American on the ground, while in the wagon was the bodies of a woman, a little girl and boy, all killed by arrows and scalped. Singular to relate the wagon was not plundered, «the common household goods of the western pioneer still remained unmolested. The wagon was on a broad fresh wagon trail going west [the Gila Trail].[560]» The baggage was searched to find some clue to the mystery, but the only scrap of writing found was on the flyleaf of a small Mormon Bible which was as follows, "To Ollis, from her defender, Hickman."[561] «From this we concluded that it was a Mormon family that had met so sad a fate.» One of our men, "Mountain Jim," who had been examining the arrows said, "this is the work of white men, no doggon red niggers carry so many kinds of arrows and leave them behind." «And sure enough among the arrows were the iron headed ones of the Lipans of Texas.[562] There was none left to tell the tale, the Mystery of the Desert, could not be solved. The supposition was that a train of Mormon emigrants, on their way from New Mexico to California, was followed by some gang of frontier outlaws and this family murdered for revenge.» The wagon was fired and the bodies consumed on this strange funeral pyre. We continued our weary aimless march, and at the close of the day found water and gammer grass in an arroyo to the great relief of our suffering animals.

Next day after climbing on a rugged cerro, Glanton who was at the head of the column cried out "El Dorado at last by God." We all hurried to the front where a most extraordinary spectacle greeted us. From the other side of an extensive plain rose the houses, towers, domes and walls of a vast city! What appeared to be fortified walls run for miles, and lofty battlements stood out in bold relief. The city had a strange, weird aspect, something unreal and unnatural. We sat in silence gazing on this realization of our hopes, when the mocking laughter of Judge Holden broke the spell, "So Glanton this is El Dorado, is it? the city of gold and fair women, I wish you joy for the discovery, a city of sandstone built by dame nature."[563] It was too true, the grand city in our front, the legendary Cibola of the Spaniards, the city of white Indians of the trappers, was one of those curious freaks of nature, common in New Mexico, strange shaped columns of sandstone wrought by the action of the rain on the hills during ages. Though we all were used to such

[p. 353] *El Dorado, Exploded.*
Lecture on Geology, by Judge Holden.

[p. 355] sandstone formations yet we had never met with any equal to this. Nature had carved out here a city whose towers and columns would cause the cyclopic ruins of Thebes and Luxor to appear like children's toys in contrast. As we neared the silent streets of the place, the beautifully proportioned Moorish domes, the light symmetrical towers, became gradually piles of sandstone and marl, and looking back to the hill from which we first espied this "El Dorado," its summit appeared crowned with a frowning fortress with plumed warriors on its walls! The delusion seemed perfect, yet it was only walls of marl with yuccas and cactus growing behind them. «A portion of the sandstone arose from a barranca, in this we found a small stream of excellent water.

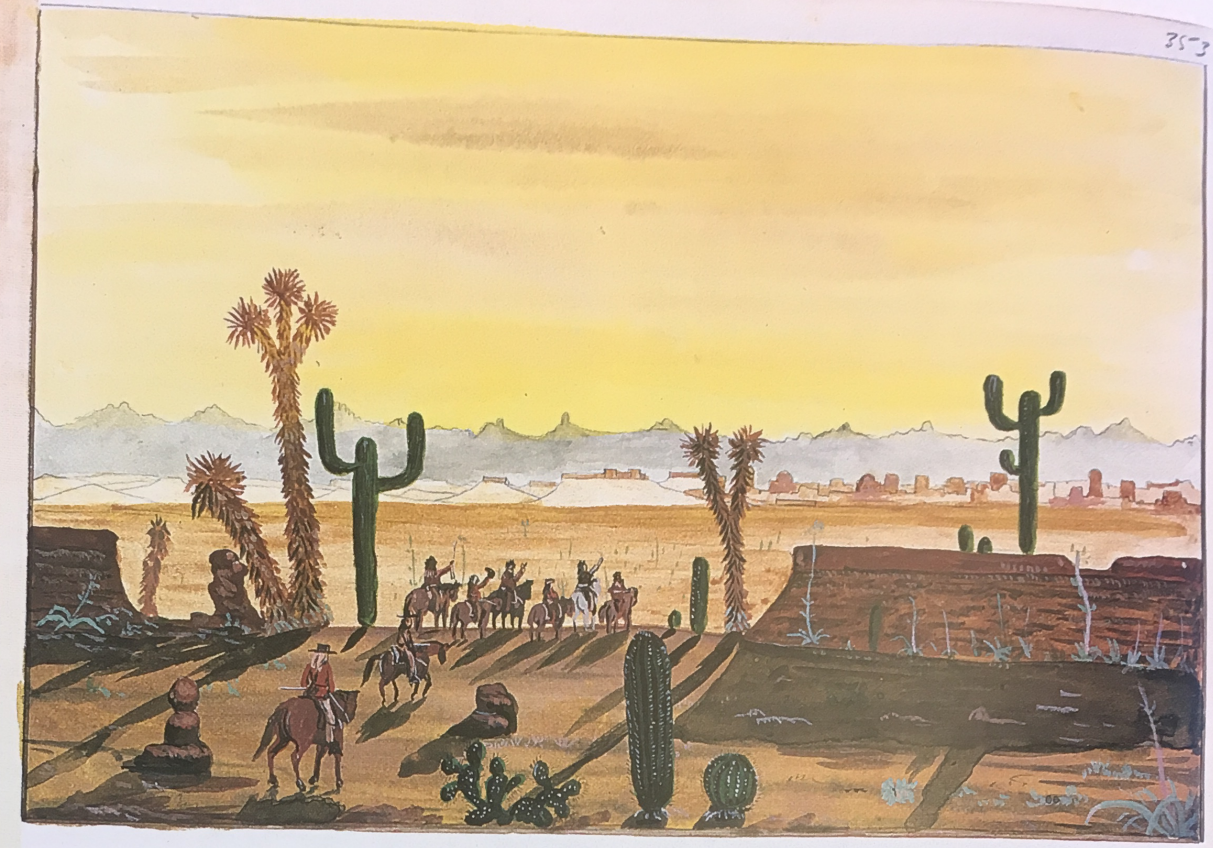
Though there was no grass, Glanton decided to remain here all night. We had brought along a small supply of mesquite beans, of which our poor animals made an apology of a supper.» Judge Holden, mounted a rock for a rostrum, and gave us a scientific lecture on geology. The "Scalp Hunters" grouped in easy attitude around, listened to the demon like "literati" with marked attention. The whole formed an assemblidge worthy of the pencil of Salvator Rosa. His lecture no doubt was very learned, but hardly true, for one statement he made was "that *millions* of years had witnessed the operation producing the result around us," which Glanton, with recollections of the Bible teaching his young mind had undergone, said "was a d—d lie."[564]

«Guards was stationed, and the night passed away quietly.» Next morning we moved out of the enchanted city, our route being towards the north. Indian signs were plenty today, a column of smoke rose perpendicular in the air from a rock crowned mesa that we had just passed. It was answered by another and still others, away off to the north of us until over twenty of these signals was in sight. We had come to hunt Redskins, but it seemed as if we might be hunted ourselves. Yet no Indian had been seen, but evidently the Apache nation was aroused for the signals covered hundreds of miles. «Though great care and watchfullness was execised yet there was no faltering among these iron men; all felt sanguine that if attacked we could come off victors and raise much hair.» A ride of forty miles brought us to gammer grass and water [They were probably on the Colorado Plateau, west of Zuñi. See map, p. 11]. Our mountain men pronounced the stream the Little Colorado.[565] During the night all was quiet. Some of the hunters had the good luck to kill a large brown Bear, which was very acceptable, for we had no fresh meat since we left the "Ojo del Conejo." «Our animals had their fill of grass and mezquite beans, and appeared as brisk as ever in the morning.» All the next day mounted Indians was seen in the distance but we moved on without being molested.

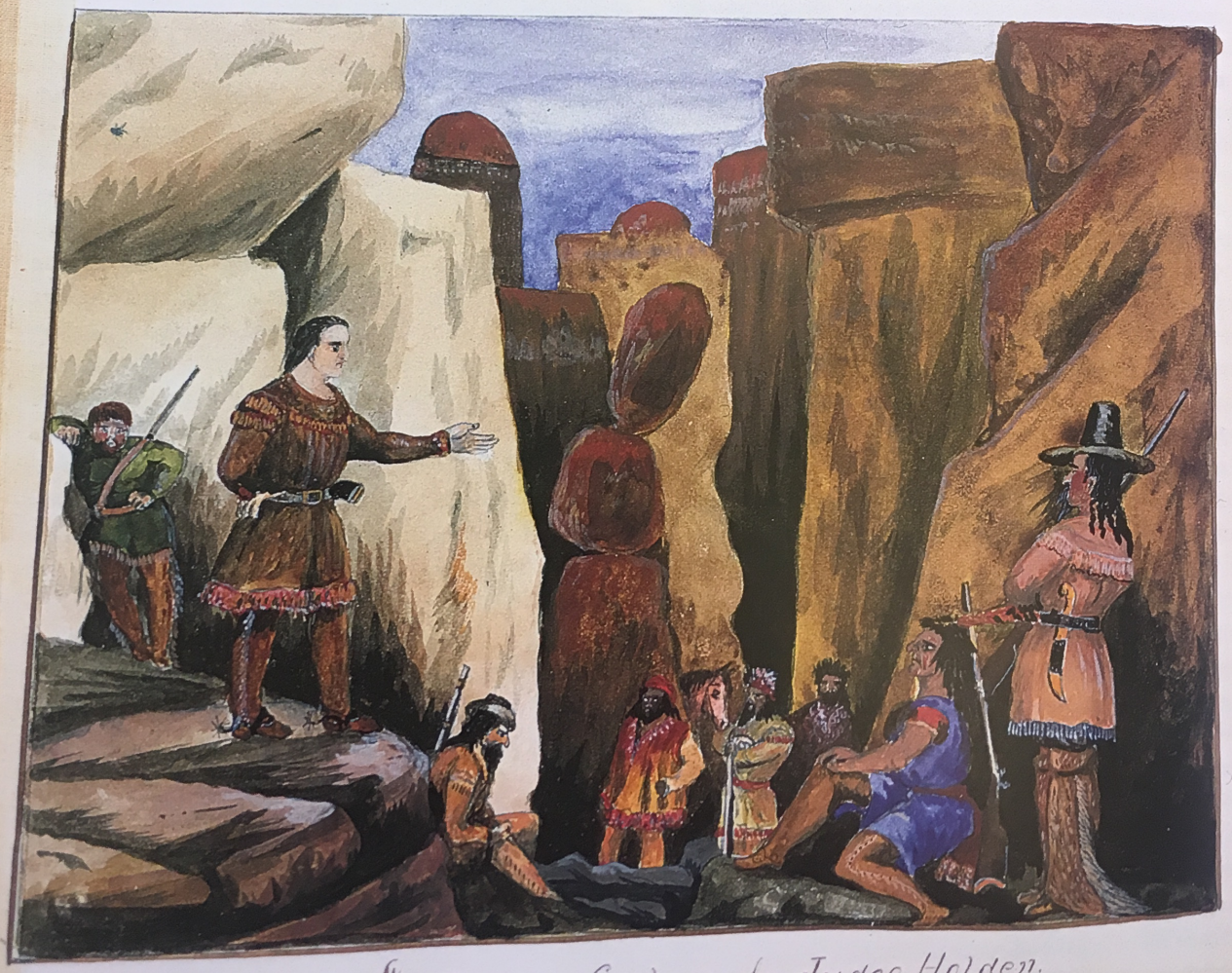
[p. 356] This night after a march of at least fifty miles, we were compelled to halt in the plain without water. Next day we moved on over the hot arid desert when about noon we decended into an arroyo hoping to find water. All was still, no Indians or smoke had been seen today, when a volley of arrows fell among us and the [Coyotero] Apaches' warwhoop sounded on all sides. Though unexpected, the attack found us not unprepared. It was scarce the work of a minute for our entire party to be well covered by the huge rocks and our animals safely secured in the ravine. «The attack ended as sudden as it came;» the only person visible to me was Ben Tobin, who shared with me the huge boulder behind which I crouched. Soon the crack of a rifle, succeeded by a wild cry, told us that our comrades were on the alert and a redskin hit. I incautiously raised up to look, to see if I could see an Indian, when three arrows whizzed by my head, one carrying away my hat with a hole in it more suitable for ventilation than ornamental purpose. «Again, for minutes all was silent, while away up high in the air, appeared black dots moving in a circle, they were "zopilotes" or the black vulture of Mexico, having scented blood from an unknown distance, came flocking to the feast.»

Tobin called my notice to a movement on a mesa that rose some four hundred yards from us on our right. The headdress of a warrior was seen concealed behind a clump of yuccas. He reconnoitred the arroyo. As if satisfied that he was out of range, he left his cover and came forward to the very edge of the cliff, and presented in bold relief against the sky as graceful a warlike figure as ever an ancient Greek warrior did. Laying flat down I got his range, when he gave a shrill cry and I let him have it. His cry changed into a yell and springing clear of the rock he fell a corpse at the foot of the mesa.

«I heard Glanton cry out "Qui dou! the niggers are going to charge," when» yells arose on all sides, arrows flew in clouds, and a crowd of painted, yelling and leaping devils closed in on us from all quarters. The next few minutes seemed hours to me. There was no mistake I was badly scared and, without knowing what I was about, laid about me like mad, out yelling the redskins themselves. All was confusion, rifles and pistols cracked, the hoarse shouts of the rangers gave token that all were engaged. In five minutes the horrible melee was over and all that could of the enemy fled. Glanton and five others were with us in the last rush, and while I expected to get h—l for being afraid, to my surprise I received their rough compliments for doing grandly, and I found myself quite a hero. Five Apaches lay in sight besides the one at the foot of the hill. «Glanton said that this one must be some chief of note, and one of the Delawares



El Dorado, Exploded.



Lecture on Geology, by Judge Holden.

"Judge Holden, mounted a rock for a rostrum...." Possible site of Judge Holden's geology lecture. Little Colorado Canyon near Cameron, Arizona. Photograph by Wm. Goetzmann, 1996.

[p. 357] volunteered to crawl out and bring the scalp, well wrapped up in a Mexican serape he reached the body, raised the hair, when he received an arrow square in the forehead, he returned to us with his disgusting trophy, his wound proved to be slight, the arrow having glanced up between the skull and scalp.»

A Indian fight on the Little Colorado.

Glanton pointed out a grove of Pecan and cabbage trees some two miles further down on the bank of the arroyo,[566] and said we must gain that place or all of our animals would die of thirst. He gave his orders, the rangers crawled away to give the details to the rest. Soon one of the pack mules loosened on purpose, dashed down the ravine towards the grove, this was the signal to go, and the next moment all were in the saddle, and amidst a shower of arrows and, to our asstonishment, shots from firearms, we charged on the skulking foes in our front and made for the haven of refuge. When we left our covert, we could realize the extent of our danger. Indians on foot swarmed all around, throwing up their arrows like hailstones and several were armed with Escopettes. Their ponies were brought up and now the mounted yelling fiends were on us. "Ride like devils for the timber," cried Glanton, and ride we did, «and while our spurs drew blood our arms were not idle. Pistols cracked on all sides, and many a yelling demon went down in our first burst of half a mile.» I was soon out of the thickest of the conflict and with nine others gained the grove unharmed. Out on the plain a cloud of dust from which arose shouts and [p. 358] savage yells mingled with the reports of firearms, told how desperate was the melee around our comrades. Our impulse was to go back to their assistance, but our orders, was to hold the grove. We sprang off, secured our horses tied lassos all around our shelter, and secured our pack mules as they came running in, the smell of water being their guide. Glanton made a desperate dash for our position, and with thirteen others cut their way through and reached the grove, Judge Holden and "Long Webster"[567] coming in on foot their horses being killed.

«The Apaches charged us home, but our rifles sent them howling back with diminished numbers.» We had now breathing time to look about us, fourteen of our party was missing and of the twenty four present, seven were wounded, four of these quite seriously. Twelve of our pack animals were gone. Fortunately our provision and ammunition mules had come in safe. All hands went to work with a will. Dr. Irving attended to the wounded, trees were cut down and formed into barricades, our suffering animals watered from the spring of excellent water that gushed from under the roots of a gigantic Pecan tree, and picketed out to graze on the gammer grass. And taken altogether our affairs were not so bad after all.

The Apaches were having a "big talk" out about a half a mile from our position. One old shriveled up "buck" was making a violent speech, judging from his actions, and soon a cordon of warriors was thrown

volunteered to crawl out and bring the scalp, well wrapped up in a mexican serapa he reached the body raised the hair, when he received an arrow square in the forehead, he returned to us with his disgusting trophy, his wound proved to be slight, the arrow having glanced up between the scull and scalp.

A Indian fight on the Little Colarado.

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around our position. «For this, we little cared, and building fires we cooked a dinner of mule meat, cut from one of ours, that we were oblidged to kill, it being disabled.» Our mountain men and Indian fighters were in high glee, for they said that there was no other water for seventy miles, and in consequence the savages would soon be compelled to "vamose."

But they would not go without another trial, the mules that they had captured from us, were brought into line and fastened together by lariats, then a crowd of redskins dismounted and under the cover of this moving breastwork advanced on us. Glanton ordered us to hold our fire until he gave the word, when they came within two hundred yard and arrows struck the trees, he shot down the right flank mule which made the left wheel round, exposing the storming column to our rifles. A deadly volley was poured in, and then twelve with Glanton sprang on our horses and charged on them before they could regain their ponies. The result was glorious we regained the grove without loss, while seventeen Indians lay dead on the plain and several warriors had to be helped into the saddle. The Apaches had enough, their sentinels withdrew, and the entire party disappeared among the yuccas and rocks to the south. All of our mules were recaptured but two, and we caught several Indian ponys.

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The Code of the Desert.

Though the enemy had retreated, our situation was one of great danger, our band reduced to twenty four, and only fourteen of them fit for duty. Hundreds of miles from any settlements, encumbered with our wounded, and liable to be attacked at any moment by fresh bands of hostile Indians, was sufficient to daunt the boldest and most experienced Indian trailer. John Glanton was a man of prompt action and remorseless in carrying out his decisions. He ordered Lieut. Holden and D'r Irving to examine all of the wounded and report all that were *unable* to *ride*. Glanton then called us together in a distant part of the grove, where we received the report of the ministers of fate, who gave the names of *four*, who could not travel any further at present. Glanton made a short but forceable speech, the drift of it was "that *mercy*, and our safety demanded the death of these four, and that the laws of the desert sanction it." I was horrified and expressed myself freely, but the execution was ordered. All were compelled to draw lots to decide what four should commit the murders. Twenty Apache arrows were placed in a Coyote skin quiver, four of them being marked at the point. Thank God I drew a blank! The poor fellows had watched our proceedings with anxious eyes. One was a young Kentuckian, Dick Shelby, two were Delawares, the other a Sonorean. Sam Tate drew the one marked for Shelby, Long Webster that of the Mexican, and a Delaware Indian volunteered to dispatch the two of his tribe. They were informed of their fate, and the best of care given them during the entire night. All were busy, the worst of the mules were killed and jerked. Their hides made into moccassins leggings &c.,[568] bags of mezquit beans gatherd, and after a few hours sleep, all that could move were ready to start at early dawn. We moved off in silence, the executioners standing beside the victims with Apache war clubs in hand, and when well clear of the grove, Glanton fired his pistol, when we all heard the dull crushing sound, that told us the deed was done, all felt sad and guilty.

Coup de Grace.

The Great Canyon of the Colorado.

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We marched due north all day, after the terrible sacrifice on the altar of necessity in the grove. Little conversation was held, we moved on in silence, moody and suspicious of each other. Our wounded suffered dreadfully but with the lesson of the "lottery of death" before them, they endured their agony without complaint. «Most of them were compelled to ride on pack saddles, and though every thing was done to alleviate their misery, they seemed in constant dread of being put out of the way.» Dr Irving done wonders, he gathered a species of cactus, cut away the outside and thorns, made a pulp of the soft part, and polticed their wounds with it. This reduced the inflammation and had a wonderful cooling effect.

A young Mexican, Manuel Reis, who had no less than six arrow wounds in his body begged of me not to let him be killed as the men in the grove were. I firmly pledged myself to protect him. I sounded three of the men and they declared that they were heartily sick of this butchering of comrades, and would allow no more of it.

«No Indians and but few signs were seen today.» With but two hours rest at noon we pushed on all day and halted for the night in a strange old ruin, with no water to be found. All we had in our gourds was gone, the wounded men having received the most of it. Two of the poor fellows died during the night, which was one of extreme misery to all. «The Negro though not badly wounded was one of the two that died, the other was a French Canadian, only known as "Buckskin" a fine specimen of the "coureur des bois."[569] At his request his horse was killed and buried with him in the ruins. The scene was wild and impressive. Here in these ruins, built by a people in ages so remote that the Indians have not the least tradition concerning them,[570] we buried the Norman and the African the extreme types of man, so far away from the place of their nativity.[571]

The Burial in the Casa Granda.